

Tower RADIO



10c
15¢ in Canada

A TOWER MAGAZINE

JULY

N
B
C



ANNETTE
HANSHAW

It's Tough to be a Comedian
says JACK PEARL

IS YOUR VOICE RIGHT FOR RADIO?

VISIT RADIO'S HOLLYWOOD

Do you want to watch your favorites broadcast?

HOW I INVENTED RADIO *by GROUCHO MARX*

Tell us.. YOUR MOST ENJOYABLE

Name the most **Helpful**
DRUG STORE Sales Person
who has ever served **You**.
Describe the incident . . .

\$1,000 IN CASH
for Answers

Shopping means thrills for every woman . . . Thrills in finding new items for home and personal use . . . New values . . . New time-and-labor saving articles that modern manufacturing and merchandising make possible!

Write, in 50 words or less, the most *helpful* service ever given you by a Drug Store salesman or saleswoman. Tell us about this enjoyable shopping experience — *what* you bought — *how* you were helped in making your purchase. Then put that sales person's name on the ballot at the right (or facsimile thereof). Fill the ballot in completely. Mail to us as directed. That's all. Act *at once* to share in July's \$1,000 in awards!



A Two-way Opportunity:

- (1) To earn easy, quick cash yourself
- (2) To help a Drug Store Sales Person win both local and national FAME

Read this double-page announcement before you begin to write. Courtesy—enthusiasm—knowledge of goods on display—honest desire to *help* you—these are the qualifications of the ideal Drug Store Sales Person. During what recent Drug buying experience did you receive such *helpful* attentions? *How* and *why* were you pleased?

You need not buy anything to compete. Letters will be judged on their merits: value of the sales person's service to *you*—manner in which you tell of the Drug buying incident, etc. Keep your letter within 50 words. Have both it and your ballot in the mail before midnight, August 15, 1934. Address Shopping Editor, TOWER MAGAZINES, 55 Fifth Ave., New York City.



Look for this seal on store windows

(Entries may be used by publisher in any manner desired and will not be returned.)

Duplicate awards will be paid in case of tie. Decision of judges final. Only *one* statement per person for each of the monthly Cash Offers in this series. Tower employees and their families are excluded.

DEALERS: Beautiful two-color Friendly, Helpful Service Window Seals are yours for the asking. They will identify you as co-operating in this tremendous nationwide movement to improve store SALES and SERVICE. Write Ben Irvin Butler, TOWER MAGAZINES, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

HOME • SERENADE • NEW MOVIE
TOWER RADIO • MYSTERY

Tower

Shopping Experience

\$1,000 IN CASH AWARDS!

Help TOWER MAGAZINES Choose the 1934 Retail Sales Honor Roll
CASH for TOWER Readers—FAME for Store Sales People

Get better acquainted with store sales people. Learn to accept their judgment and *helpfulness*. You will be repaid in greater values and satisfaction every time you shop!

Through this program of awards and recognition, TOWER MAGAZINES hope to encourage a finer relationship between stores and their customers. You owe it to yourself to try for an award—and to your community to help a local Drug Store sales person win membership in the 1934 TOWER Retail Sales Honor Roll. Send both a statement and ballot *today!*

To All Retail Drug Sales People:

Be courteous—*helpful*—always. The receipt in our office of 5 ballots bearing *your* name, admits you to membership in the 1934 TOWER Retail Sales HONOR Roll. You will be given an attractive *bronze* honor badge of identification. 10 ballots, similarly received, entitle you to membership and a *silver* HONOR badge. 25 ballots, similarly received, give you membership and a *gold* HONOR badge—highest recognition of all.

10 FREE Trips to New York

In addition, each 1934 TOWER Retail Sales Honor Roll winner will be provided an opportunity to obtain still greater reward. A FREE trip to America's retail capital—New York—FAME as one of the nation's *ten best* retail store sales persons—This is the final goal for each of those 10 Drug Store Salesmen and Saleswomen who write the best ten (50-word) statements on WHAT CONSTITUTES *FRIENDLY, HELPFUL* SERVICE. Think, now, what *you* will write when *your* name appears on the Honor Roll! Be the Drug Clerk from *your* city to earn this glorious visit to the center of retail activities! Civic and merchandising leaders will be here to acclaim you for your achievement!

Watch August issue of Tower Magazines . . . \$1,000 in added awards for enjoyable experiences buying groceries. You may try for each month's Cash Prizes.

82 CASH AWARDS:

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

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

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

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

.....CHECK
(Drug Store Sales Person's name) (Man?) (Woman?) WHICH

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

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

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

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

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

Magazines

Fred Allen

Man, Lover and Mouse

A complete expose of Bedlam's
idol of radio in next month's

TOWER RADIO



Wido World

Tower Radio

CATHERINE McNELIS, *Publisher*

VOL. 1, NO. 4

A TOWER MAGAZINE

JULY, 1934

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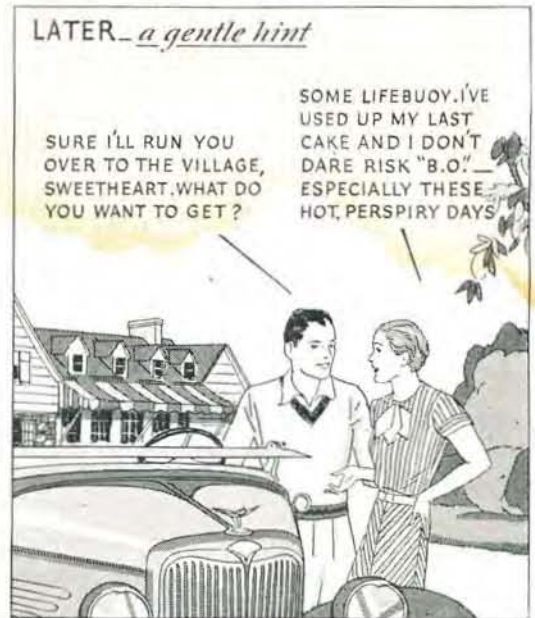
ON SALE AT WOOLWORTH STORES AND NEWSSTANDS THE FIRST OF EVERY MONTH



MY DEAR, HAVE YOU WATCHED THAT ENGAGED COUPLE? POSITIVELY SCANDALOUS THE WAY SHE TREATS HIM — SO COLD, INDIFFERENT



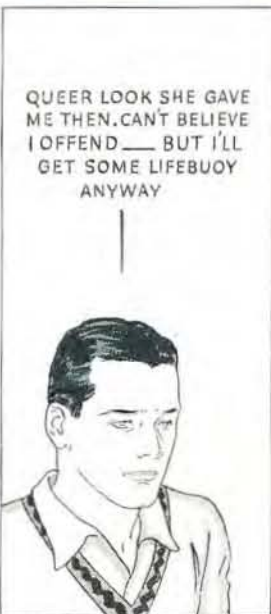
THEY'VE NO RIGHT TO TALK ABOUT ME LIKE THAT. OF COURSE I'M INDIFFERENT — HE'S CARELESS. OH, DEAR, HOW CAN I WARN HIM?



LATER... *a gentle hint*

SURE I'LL RUN YOU OVER TO THE VILLAGE, SWEETHEART. WHAT DO YOU WANT TO GET?

SOME LIFEBOUY. I'VE USED UP MY LAST CAKE AND I DON'T DARE RISK "B.O." — ESPECIALLY THESE HOT, PERSPIRY DAYS



QUEER LOOK SHE GAVE ME THEN. CAN'T BELIEVE I OFFEND — BUT I'LL GET SOME LIFEBOUY ANYWAY



"B.O." GONE... *a real romance now!*

WHY THEY'RE LIKE TWO LOVEBIRDS NOW AND JUST SEE HOW MUCH FRESHER, SPRUCER HE LOOKS!

MUST BE LOVE

AND LIFEBOUY!



SIS SAYS SHE JUST LIVES IN THE TUB THESE HOT DAYS — THANKS HER LUCKY STARS FOR LIFEBOUY — SO REFRESHING!

LIFEBOUY has proved a blessing to countless heat-weary folks. Its deep-cleansing lather penetrates and purifies pores — leaves you feeling fresh as a field of daisies! Even your mind's at ease! For you know that creamy, deodorizing Lifebuoy lather stops "B.O." (body odor).

Complexions need its mildness

Dull complexions quickly respond to Lifebuoy's super-mild purifying lather.

Nightly facials bring new color, smoothness, beauty. The clean, pleasant scent vanishes as you rinse.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau



EVEN HER HUSBAND NOTICED IT ...



GOOD MORNING! THERE'S SUCH A NICE BREEZE TODAY — MY WASH IS DRY ALREADY

HOW DO YOU DO IT? YOU'RE ALWAYS THROUGH HOURS AHEAD OF ME. I'VE BEEN SCRUBBING AND BOILING ALL THE MORNING



WHY I NEVER SCRUB OR BOIL MY CLOTHES. I JUST SOAK THEM IN RINSO SUDS... IT FLOATS THE DIRT AWAY

AND YOUR WASH IS THE WHITEST I'VE EVER SEEN! I MUST TRY RINSO, TOO



ONE WEEK LATER

YOU'RE LOOKING MIGHTY PLEASED WITH YOURSELF, JESSIE. WHAT'S UP?

I FEEL AS THOUGH I HAVE A NEW LEASE ON LIFE, DEAR! I'M WASHING CLOTHES A NEW WAY — WITH RINSO. NOT A BIT OF HARD WORK, AND LOOK! THE CLOTHES ARE 4 OR 5 SHADES WHITER

AND HONEY, I'M GOING TO SAVE LOTS OF MONEY NOW! I'LL TELL YOU HOW...



YOU see, Rinso soaks out dirt. Clothes don't need to be rubbed to pieces against a washboard. They will last 2 or 3 times longer, and we'll save lots of money.

Makers of 40 famous washers recommend Rinso. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Safe for colors — easy on hands. Great for dishes, too — and for all cleaning. Gives rich, lasting suds — even in hardest water. Try Rinso!

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.



Behind the Dial

By
NELLIE REVELL

All the latest news about your favorite radio stars, in and out of the broadcasting studios

ARTHUR BORAN, the impersonator heard with Donald Novis and Frances Langford on the House Party program over NBC, might have been a singer instead of a mimic if it hadn't been for Mae West. It was while playing with the lady of the enticing curves in vaudeville that he discovered his gift for mimicry. "Mae had so many boy friends bothering her," explains Boran, "that they seriously interfered with her ambition to write. Finally I was elected to pinch-hit for her over the phone and stall them off when they called up. After that I found I could not only imitate her voice but anybody's else I concentrated upon and thus I switched from singing to impersonations."

MINUS 38 pounds, Morton Downey returned to the Columbia network after an absence of seven months. Two things accounted for the loss in weight—diet and "Kantze." "Kantze" is a small but ambitious dog who joined the Downey menage several months ago. Downey's waistline began to shrink when he started to train "Kantze." When the singer says "Come," the pup immediately jogs off in another direction; when he orders him to beg, "Kantze" lies down and plays dead. (Please turn to page 8)



News Photos, Chicago

Although Lillian Roth, of stage and screen, is new to radio, she has more mike poise than experienced broadcasters. Above, Clara, Lu 'n' Em, favorites of the airways.

**SWEEPING ACROSS THE SCREENS
OF THE NATION!**

VIVA VILLA!

**AT POPULAR
PRICES**
Direct from its
**\$2 Broadway
Engagement!**



10 MONTHS TO MAKE! 100 CAMERAS FILMED IT! 10,000 IN THE CAST!

No wonder critics compare it in their reviews to "The Birth of a Nation." Because "Viva Villa!" astounds the world with its magnitude, its romantic thrills, its nerve-tingling drama. He loved his country and fought for it...he adored its women and took them! You'll thrill with each throbbing minute of it!

Starring WALLACE BEERY

with Fay Wray, Leo Carrillo, Stuart Erwin, Geo. E. Stone, Joseph Schildkraut, Henry B. Walthall, Katherine De Mille. *Produced by David O. Selznick. Directed by Jack Conway. From the screen play by Ben Hecht, suggested by the book by Edgcomb Pinchon and O. B. Stodd.*

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER



*Morton Downey returns to the
air after extended absence*

Behind the Dial



Bert Lawson

Wide World

Left to right above: Milly June and Bill Adams play leads in T. S. Stribling's broadcast of "Conflict." Marion Claire, whose golden voice has so often been heard as guest artist on Fred Allen's Hour of Smiles. Bing Crosby broadcasting a la sportswear from KHJ, Los Angeles. Gladys Swarthout, the star of the operettas broadcast from the Palmolive Beauty Box Theater.

(Continued from page 6)

Culinary notes: Tony Wons has a weakness for soups. . . . Jack Denny acknowledges his wife's supremacy in the kitchen but insists on mixing the salad dressing. . . . Blake Carter's idea of a perfect dinner is roast beef, Yorkshire pudding and mince pie. . . . Bing Crosby's palate is pleased with coddled eggs, raw onions, Boston cream pie, chocolate ice cream and plenty of coffee. . . . Don Bestor's missus is one of the best cooks in captivity with the result that the maestro seldom dines away from home. . . . And Annette Hanshaw likes this menu: Vegetable soup, creamed spinach, fried southern chicken and fruit cake.



Frederick Worlock plays that lovable character, Raffles, on the air, which he combines with stage appearances in "Dodsworth," New York play.

ROXANNE WALLACE, the deep-voiced singer, wasn't always a contralto. She was a soprano when she came to New York from the Southwest to study voice culture. She contracted diphtheria and when she recovered found that she had become a contralto. Miss Wallace was born in Tullahoma, Tenn., "a wide place in the road," as she describes it, but brought up in San Antonio, Texas. Her father, a construction engineer, was a Dane and her mother part American Indian.

THE Eton Boys have found a way of getting some of the rice in China inside some of the hungry Chinamen in China. They save the envelopes from their fan mail, then their secretary carefully removes the stamps and forwards them to a Newton, Mass., lady interested in missionary work. The latter sends them to a mission in China where the cancelled stamps are sold to provide rice and other necessities for the afflicted of China.

That queer sounding instrument heard on Don Bestor's program is a vibrophone. It combines the qualities of an organ and a harp and is operated by electric air pressure. Bestor, who plays the vibrophone himself, first heard it in a funeral parlor where it was used to produce hymns. He has found that its beautiful tones are just as useful in producing dance music. (Please turn to page 10)

THE GREATEST NOVEL
OF THE TWENTIETH
CENTURY NOW BRINGS TO
THE SCREEN HUMANITY'S
TORTURED HEART-CRY!



LESLIE HOWARD

IN
"Of Human Bondage"

By W. Somerset
MAUGHAM

The story of a man
who burnt up his soul
for an idol cold as ice!... with

BETTE DAVIS

FRANCES DEE · KAY JOHNSON
REGINALD DENNY

AN RKO-RADIO PICTURE
Directed by John Cromwell
A Pandro S. Berman Production

Jimmy Durante is "nonplussed"
over the coffee business

Behind the Dial



G. H. Pickett

Left, Jack Denny, David Ross and Jeanie Lang, who are on Jack Whiting's Hudnut hour.

Right, Fred Waring, who heads one of the leading orchestra organizations of the air.



Culver

(Continued from page 8)

As a result of the exchange of musical programs between the United States and Russia, American dance music is enjoying a great vogue in the land of the Soviets. The most popular tunes there are "Let's Turn Out the Lights," "Happy Feet," and "Big, Bad Wolf." Jack Denny, who keeps track of such things through correspondents there, says "Volga Boatman," "Dark Eyes" and "Two Guitars" are rarely heard in Russia. Here, no program of Russian music is considered complete without them.

BABE RUTH, who started as a sandlot player, is doing all he can for sandlot baseball in his NBC series. Each week the Sultan of Swat gives away 900 autographed baseballs, 100 fielders' gloves and a

trip to New York or Chicago to some boy. He dramatizes his own life story and comments on the high spots of each day's games on the three evenings he broadcasts.

WHEN you hear the swish of paddle wheels on Captain Henry's Show Boat, the sharp, quick ring which warns of the rising curtain and other such familiar Thursday night radio sounds, you are listening to the handiwork of Harry Saz. He is chief of a staff of eight sound effects men employed on that program. The clatter of horses' hoofs, the slamming of doors, the firing of pistol shots, the thump of marching feet—all these are the work of Saz and his crew.

There are lots of jokes about "bath-tub singers" but here's another version. One of Alexander Gray's first appearances on the air was the direct result of such a performance. He was stopping at a mid-West hotel at the time when the adjoining room was occupied, unknown to Gray, by an advertising agency man on a hunt for talent. He heard Alex singing in his tub, knocked on the door and offered him thirteen weeks in radio.

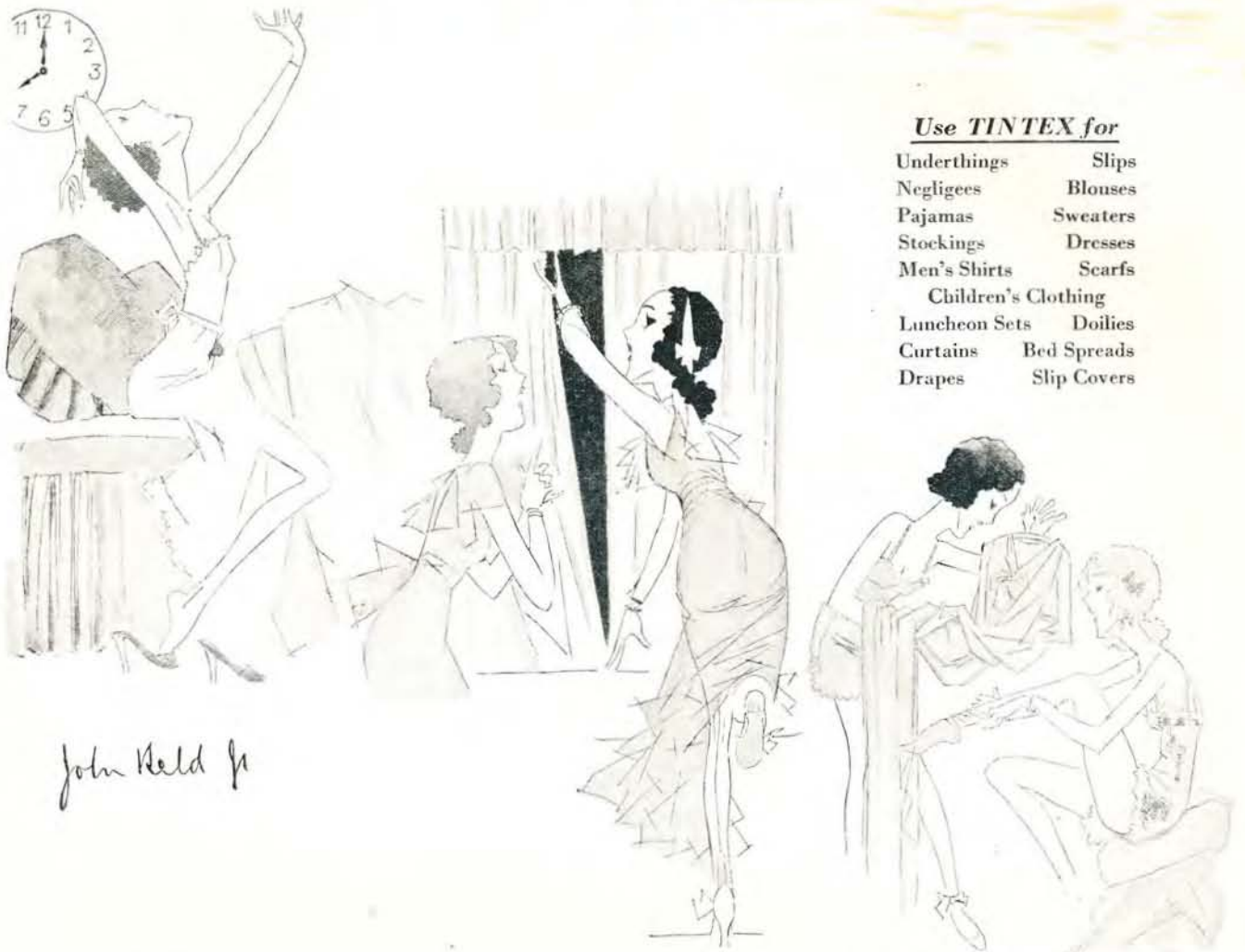
Before radio: Dick Powell (Please turn to page 46)



Culver

Jessica Dragonette, after a broadcast, busy autographing programs for her enthusiastic fans.

Tintex— World's Largest Selling TINTS and DYES



John Held Jr.

Use TINTEX for

Underthings	Slips
Negligees	Blouses
Pajamas	Sweaters
Stockings	Dresses
Men's Shirts	Scarfs
Children's Clothing	
Luncheon Sets	Doilies
Curtains	Bed Spreads
Drapes	Slip Covers

Your Wardrobe—from A.M. to P.M.—needs TINTEX

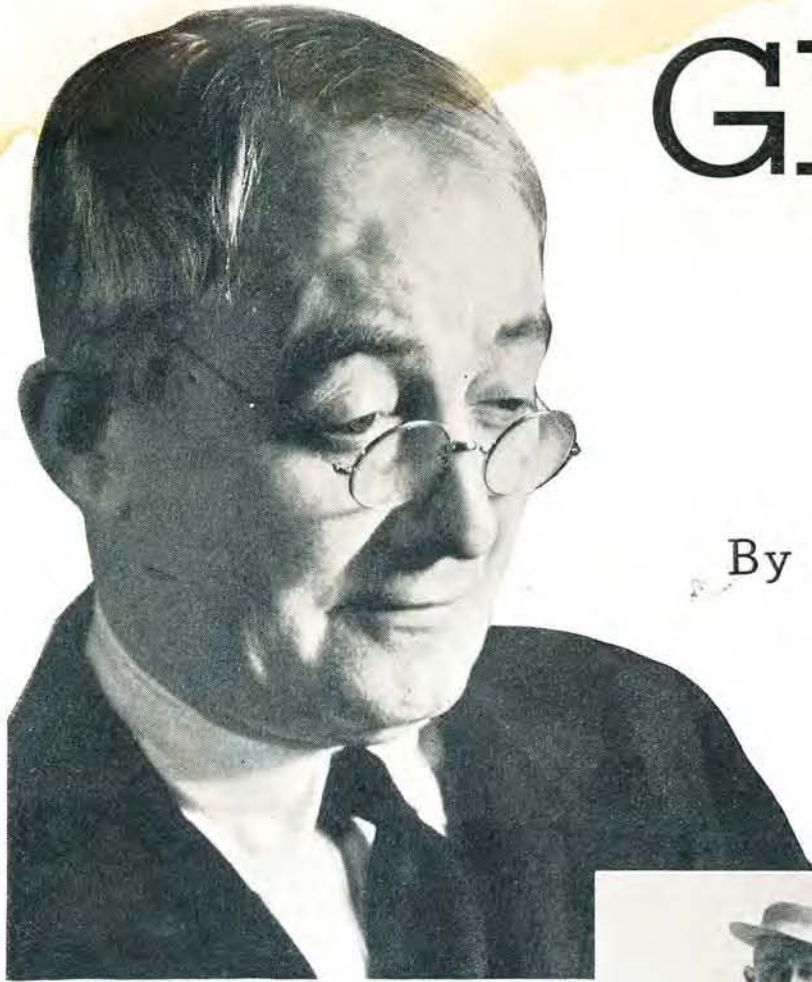
EVERYTHING you wear—from the time you get up until you go to bed—needs Tintex. Apparel that has faded from the sun or frequent laundering becomes as colorful as when new—with Tintex. Or you can give anything an entirely different color, if you wish. And so easily! So quickly! So perfectly! Let the 35 brilliant, long-lasting Tintex Colors keep your summer wardrobe gloriously gay and ever-new in color—and at the cost of just a few cents!

*On sale at drug stores and
notion counters everywhere*

PARK & TILFORD, Distributors



THE YANKEE DOODLE BOY GROWS UP



Vandamm

By JOHN SEYMOUR

Left, George M. Cohan as the small-town editor in "Ah, Wilderness." Below, in the days of "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway."

Radio baffles George M. Cohan. "It gobbles material so fast!"

RADIO is a Frankenstein!"

George M. Cohan, Grand Young Man of the American show world, stood in his dressing room backstage at the Guild Theater where he has been playing to capacity audiences in Eugene O'Neill's "Ah, Wilderness," his head cocked slightly to one side in that characteristic way of his.

"Yes, sir! It gobbles material. It eats it alive." He gestured with his folded spectacles to emphasize his point, "that's why radio is the way it is today, and I just don't know what anyone can do about it."

"You know I don't think the fellows who are in it give all their best stuff to radio. And why should they? If some one thinks of a really good gag or a bit of business he can take it and put it into a show and play it over and over again for thirty or forty weeks and get many times the amount of money for it.

"No, sir, a fellow can't give his best to radio unless he's willing to go out there and throw his heart and soul away on one Sunday night. Then there are all



Morrison, Chicago

those other Sunday nights coming after—and what'll he do then?

"Radio is a terrific drain on you. Believe me, I know. They say, 'Oh, it's easy—you're only on the air fifteen minutes'. But it keeps me working all week just getting ready for those fifteen minutes. Then it's all used up and I've got to start over again.

"It's all so young yet. Maybe as radio goes on it will turn out whole battalions of geniuses able to service it with first rate stuff. But right now it's too much for any one man.

"But here's my idea for the present—and I think it would work. What you're doing in radio the way it is—is playing every town in the whole country at once. I don't see why that is necessary. Why not divide the country up regionally? Play, say New England one night, Dixie the next, the Middle West the next, and so on. In that way the performers would have a chance to catch a breath. They could work with their material and smooth it over

and perfect it. It would result in a much better quality of performance and wouldn't be quite so hard on all those concerned."

(Please turn to page 63)



One of the entrances to the National Broadcasting Studios is shown above. Right, the home of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Special Photographs by Wide World



Want to see your favorites in action? Here's how to see the inside of radio

By Jesse Butcher

HOW TO VISIT

Radio's Hollywood

THE Summer vacation season now in progress finds radio's capitol—New York—thronged with visitors from near and far eager to explore its wonders and to catch a glimpse, if not an autograph, of the microphone favorites. And Chicago, too, growing increasingly important as a radio centre, is getting its quota of vacationists who had listed radio among their holiday plans. Tens of thousands are descending on the broadcasting temples of one or the other city to pay tribute to the gods and goddesses of the ether, who, be it said, are not unappreciative of the opportunity of human contact with those able to make the pilgrimage. The environs of the National Broadcasting Company and Columbia Broadcasting System studios, indeed, are meeting places of kindred souls, rich and poor, urban and suburban, important and unimportant—all bent on seeing what goes on behind the microphone.

How shall the visitors explore the radio centres? Is it possible to see many of the stars? Where do they go to lunch? How does one go about getting tickets for a broadcast? We'll do our best to answer these and other questions for TOWER RADIO readers.

Since New York quite properly may be termed radio's Hollywood, we shall start functioning as your guide in that world metropolis. We begin our tour on

Fifth Avenue and proceed along that famous highway until we arrive at Forty-ninth and Fiftieth Streets where we enter the pretentious grounds of Rockefeller Centre, with its foreign government buildings, skyscrapers, fountains and gardens. A walk westward through the promenade takes us to Radio City, the headquarters of the National Broadcasting Company—the home of key stations WEAJ and WJZ. The official address of NBC is 30 Rockefeller Plaza; the huge broadcasting plant and main offices are housed in the imposing RCA Building, regarded in architectural circles as one of the most beautiful skyscrapers in the city.

We shall find the spacious corridors of and entrances to the National Broadcasting Company studios alive with radio folk day and night, celebrities of greater and lesser degree as well as the common soldiery of the army of entertainers, hurrying to or from rehearsals and performances or just standing around chatting. One is quite apt to brush elbows with Jessica Dragonette, Jack Pearl, Ed Wynn, Baby Rose Marie, Graham McNamee, Walter Damrosch, Paul Whiteman or other NBC favorites. Let us watch this exciting scene for a while and defer our tour of the studios until later. We should get a preview of all of radio row before settling down to the (Please turn to page 60)

GROUCHO



Groucho's brother, Chico, as the faithful lieutenant, Penelli.

HERE I sit, all hot and bothered, in the luxurious privacy of the West Forty-second Street Turkish Baths, dictating for the first time the memoirs of my radio career to Thursday, my man Friday, while a Swedish masseur is giving me a Russian rub-down.

Through the revolving doors are wafted the strains of an orchestra bearing my name (Perlman's Playboys). A radio on the wall is bellying forth a transcription of my famous serial, the Adventures of Amos

Marx and Andy Marx. In the steam room, the attendants are singing the chorus of my song which is on everyone's lips, "I'm Just a Vagabond Rubber."

Yet it only seems like yesterday—well, day before yesterday—all right, have it your way—it only seems like three weeks ago Tuesday that I was but a humble weaver of dreams working at my loom and a microphone to me was just a musical instrument you played on with drumsticks.

The old-fashioned horse had just been supplanted by the telephone (later called Marx's folly—see any current market report.) The Spanish-American War had played three weeks in the Philippines and folded on the road. Robert Hudson was just steaming up the Fulton and I was getting steamed up over radio.

RADIO was just a child's plaything then. (I used to take the tubes out and throw them against the wall to hear them pop.) Now look at it! O tempora! O Morris! (Morris was the elevator boy at station WHEW where I got my start.) Well, I hardly know where to begin. I don't know when to stop, either. Just give me a couple of drinks and see for yourself.

Do you really know the versatile Groucho? Do you realize that he has succeeded under the names of Rudy Vallee, Roxy and Ed Hill?

By
GROUCHO MARX

as told to
EDWARD R. SAMMIS



Tower Radio, July, 1934

I suppose I ought to begin with Marconi. I seldom do begin with Marconi, though. I prefer to start with antipasto, follow that with a plate of Minestrone and work up to Marconi gradually. Which reminds me, I must brush up on my Italian. Goodness knows Penelli has brushed up on me often enough, and turn about is only fair play.

Marconi, DeForest and I were all sophomores together at old Gorgonzola for six years. I was always inventing things for which those boys got the credit. But I'm wiser now. I get credit everywhere.

We worked as one man. (Two of us were always loafing.) But we had trouble with DeForest. He wanted to build a harmony act in every set. It got so bad after a while that we couldn't see DeForest for the trios.

But to get back. One night Marconi was up all night tinkering (he was a deep tinker) and in the morning he announced proudly:

"Last night I got Chile!"
"Marconi, you dope!" I chided. "Why didn't you get an ulster?"

That touched his pride and he went right on until he got Siam, the Straits of Penang, Upper Mongolia, Nagasaki, Kankakee, Kamchatka and German Measles. After that it was plain sailing.

Leaving college, I tried the theater, supporting my three brothers in an acrobatic act. But all the work fell on my shoulders. So I gave it up. The boys were lost without my support. In fact they haven't been able to earn a dollar for themselves from that day to this.

I felt that the world had no place for them then. I was a misfit in a two-pants suit, a monkey-wrench in the machinery of life. I couldn't even look myself in the face. I didn't have money enough to buy a mirror.

One day with my grind organ—I was doubling for an Italian street

MARX *tells all*

pianist—I wandered idle and ill at ease. Suddenly a sign caught my eye—a nasty crack. I stepped back and read: "GINSBERG'S BOWLING ALLEYS, pin-setter wanted." I hesitated about going in and applying, for I hadn't eaten for three days and I was a little shaky on my pins.

At last I mustered up my courage and fell through the revolving doors. I found myself inside a radio station. Still numb with surprise, or just numb, I said to the bouncer, "Where may I find Ginsberg's Bowling Alleys?" He replied: "This is a radio studio, young mugg. That was only a blind ad. We're looking for a crooner."

I snapped out: "I just saw him going around the corner as I came in."

That floored him and before he came back at the count of nine, I had installed myself as manager and fired the whole crew.

I didn't want my folks to (Please turn to page 58)



"It only seems like yesterday—well, day before yesterday—that the microphone to me was just a musical instrument you played on with drumsticks. Robert Hudson had just steamed up the Fulton and I was getting steamed up over radio."

Radio started, affirms Groucho, when he was a sophomore at Gorgonzola with Marconi and DeForest.

Tower Radio, July, 1934

UNCLE SAM'S

If war were declared tonight Gen. Douglas MacArthur, Army Chief of Staff in Washington, through the vast War Department short-wave radio system could be instantly put into direct contact with all his corps commanders in different parts of the United States. At the same time he could communicate with the commanding officers of Army posts in Panama, Alaska, Hawaii, the Philippines, and China.

General MacArthur by means of this invisible web, which includes the air radio network, could also issue orders to Army planes and to Army transports in the Atlantic and Pacific. In addition to this the general could direct the work of hundreds of amateur radio operators, inasmuch as the Army Amateur Radio System is a part of the far-flung net.

There is nothing in the world like this radio system and it has been built up so quietly that few are aware of its existence. The crowning achievement has been the erection of Station WAR, across the Potomac from Washington. Notwithstanding the fact that WAR has the most thrilling call letters of any radio station in the country it is practically unknown. Although WAR houses fifteen powerful short-wave transmitters directly reaching the en-

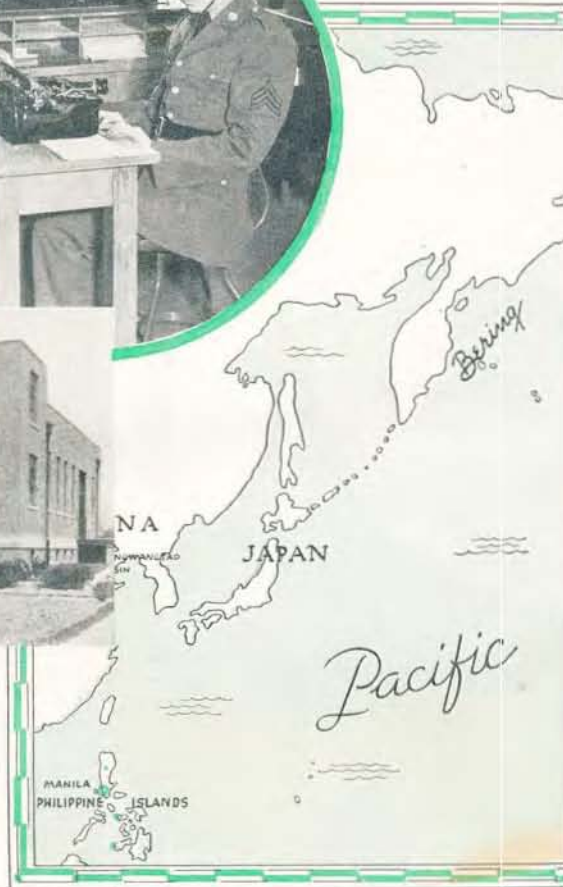
Few Americans know of the vast Army system of 136 stations, ready for peace or war

By ROBERT D. HEINL

A young soldier receiving radio messages at the United States War Department Message Center.



Above, Station WAR, at Fort Myer, Va., across the Potomac from Washington. This picture and the map, showing location of Uncle Sam's many radio stations, were prepared for Tower Radio by the United States Signal Corps. Station WAR, housing fifteen powerful short-wave transmitters, is heard all over the world.



OWN RADIO.

tire United States and many parts of the world, and is operating day and night, it is doubtful if one resident of the national capital out of a thousand ever heard of its existence.

Built primarily for war purposes the Army radio net would also be of invaluable service to the United States in time of great disaster. Regardless of earthquakes or floods the messages would still get through because there are no poles or telegraph wires that could be destroyed.

Even under the emergency pressure of war it would take one and one-half to two years to build up such a communications system as the Army now has. It takes about the same time to make a good radio operator. Thus not only is the system being developed in peace-time but operators are being constantly trained. At the same time the network serves the useful purpose of handling the Army's telegraphic orders, messages of instruction, administrative work, and other routine business.

Messages are now all sent over the Army radio system

in clear English but if war were declared or if any peace-time emergency demanded it, this could be instantly changed into code, with which all operators are equally conversant.

If the enemy tried by its wireless to jam the frequency upon which the Army was sending, the Army would be off this frequency and sending on another before the enemy could locate it. If the enemy by means of airplanes succeeded in bombing the principal stations the service would not be disrupted because duplicate receiving apparatus is installed at other points.

The radio net was established by the Signal Corps following the World War. During the first year 741,000 words were sent. In 1933, according to the report of Maj. Gen. Irving J. Carr, Chief Signal Officer, the Army net now consisting of 136 stations sent 80,215,308 words.

As the initial step in a close-up of how this tremendous task is carried on the writer visited the War Department Message Center, in the Munitions Building in Washington, the head- (Please turn to page 89)



When you undress for bed—



—Undress your FACE too!

Use all the cosmetics you wish, but remove them thoroughly the Hollywood way—guard against unattractive Cosmetic Skin

MANY A GIRL who *thinks* she cleans her face before she goes to bed does not *thoroughly* free the pores, but actually leaves bits of stale daytime make-up to choke them all night long.

“Heavens! What’s *wrong* with my skin!” Soon she discovers the warning signals of unattractive Cosmetic Skin—enlarged pores, tiny blemishes, blackheads, perhaps.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Lux Toilet Soap removes cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its ACTIVE lather

sinks deeply into the pores, carries away *every vestige* of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. During the day before you put on fresh make-up, and ALWAYS before you go to bed at night, give your skin this gentle Lux Toilet Soap care. In this simple way you *protect* your skin—keep it lovely!



I use cosmetics, of course! But thanks to **Lux Toilet Soap**, I'm not a bit afraid of Cosmetic Skin

Joan Blondell

STAR OF
WARNER BROS.'
"SMARTY"



Precious Elements in this Soap



In this soap are precious elements Nature puts in skin to keep it youthful. Hollywood stars, whose complexions are priceless, have used this pure, fine soap for years. Begin your Lux Toilet Soap beauty care today!

Jessica Dragonette hides her beauty to be known only for what she broadcasts

"WHEN I stand before the microphone," says Jessica Dragonette, "I have a strange feeling of disembodiment. I am no longer in the studio: I have a sense of being in many places at once. I am in Mexico, in California, in Maine. North, East, South and West are suddenly as one. It is—well, it is a good deal like stepping through some sort of magical door into another dimension. I become a part of an incredible modern miracle."

Jessica Dragonette is Jessica Dragonette's real name. Her father was of French descent. She was reared from early childhood in a convent, educated by Dublin nuns who gave her her beautifully chiseled speech. When she came to New York in her teens she knew nothing of the outside world. She wanted to sing but she did not know where or how.

She began to study and her story assumes familiar aspects. Study was expensive. Living in New York was expensive. She had very little money.

About that time Max Reinhardt was putting on "The Miracle" at the Century Theater. She applied for a place in the choir. Her voice was



G. Maillard Kessler

Just a VOICE

By

HENRY BELLAMANN

small but she could pronounce Latin in the continental manner (a heritage from her excellent convent education) and she was accepted. Later this same accomplishment gave her the only solo in the production after sixty-five other singers had failed to please the exacting Reinhardt.

"I want that child to sing it," he said, and that settled it.

Her next engagement was in Earl Carroll's Vanities. She lost that job because she wouldn't appear in scanties. There followed various singing jobs: the Grand Street Follies, musical comedies, the role of Kathia in "The Student Prince."

Her first broadcast thrilled her. She had some sort of prophetic feeling about it.

● *Jessica Dragonette has been chosen for the stage, but she prefers the radio, where she remains a voice alone.*

"This is what I am going to do," she said at the time. "I am going into it seriously. I want to do something different and important in radio."

The microphone fascinated her. Her teacher protested and her friends tried to dissuade her. "You will be lost there. No one ever sees you—you are just a voice."

She decided that was what she wished to be—just a voice, and through that one channel to give everything she had.

She experimented. She read Shakespeare over the air, she wrote and read children's stories, she was in skits, she sang all sorts of things. And constantly she studied her medium. The early microphone was a tricky and unpredictable instrument. No one knew much about microphone technique. It had not been studied or formulated.

She, herself, has summed this up better than anyone else. "I learned that sincerity was the first requirement. Color of voice is all-important. I found that the microphone loves gentle (Please turn to page 92)



Jack Pearl and Cliff Hall (Sharlie) have been together for four years. "He's necessary to my success," says the Baron.

It's Tough

TO BE A

COMEDIAN

says JACK PEARL

Special Photographs by Wide World for TOWER RADIO



1. "I'm quite a botanist—

6. "the biggest bush in the country.



2. "I used to play botan, botan—

7. "Why, it took 42 barbers—



3. "who's got the botan!

8. "to trim it!



4. "My cousin Hugo—

9. "You don't believe me?"



5. "He got a prize for raising—

10. "Vas you dere, Sharlie?"

He's a Pearl of Great Price because of his gag man—and he frankly admits it.

"I owe my success to Billy Wells."

By CHARLES MARTEL

BACK in 1914, two burlesque comedians, under contract to rival firms, met at a benefit, became good friends, liked each other's work

When they parted, the first one said to the second:

"We ought to be working together some day. You wait, you Dutchman, I'll get you yet!"

Not long after, the first comedian, Billy Wells, left the burlesque stage to become a gag man and writer of comedy scripts. The next comedian left the burlesque stage too, but for stardom on Broadway. His name was Jack Pearl.

Time marches on. The scene now shifts to the office of an important advertising agency in 1932, eighteen years later. Billy Wells, who by now has a long string of successful movies and Broadway revues to his credit, is doing some scripts for radio.

Just at the moment he is expounding an idea he has for a team of negro comics which may outshine Amos 'n' Andy.

"It's a natural!" he says, pounding the desk with his fist, "here are these two boys out in a boat fishing. They're both lying about the fish they caught. Every time Rastus tells how big his fish was, then Sam says, 'Yeah, I use one

that size for bait.' They're terrific liars, see? In fact they keep lying all the time—"

That was as far as he got. Everyone at the conference looked at everyone else and cried with one voice:

"Jack Pearl!" "The modern Baron Munchausen!" yelled Billy Wells. "It's perfect!"

And that is the real story of how the Baron was born. It seemed that this agency had also been looking for an idea for a show for Pearl, and here it was, dropped right into their laps out of a clear sky. No one knows what ever became of the two mythical negroes. They were never heard of again from that day to this.

Billy Wells hopped right out of that office and proceeded to run, not walk, to the nearest telegraph office. Jack Pearl was in Paris just then, taking a vacation.

"I sat right down and wrote out the longest cable I had ever sent anyone in my life," Wells recalls, "and I sent it collect. I outlined the whole idea and told him if he liked it he could pay for it. Otherwise it would be on me."

Later that day he got an answer back. Pearl, evidently believing that brevity is the soul of

(Please turn to page 74)



Pearl and Wells work out each broadcast together. They pin the important gags on a felt board and build up to them with minor laughs.

Loretta Lee is the red head who sings with George Hall's orchestra. Her voice goes out over CBS.



No wonder Lanny Ross is so mad about Mary Lou on the Maxwell House Show Boat. Here is Rosaline Greene, the girl who gives the radio audience that voice.



Joseph Melvin McElliot



Alta Day

Sylvia Froos left radio for movies. Now she is back singing over CBS.



Connie Boswell has gone off on her own and is heard with Stoopnagle and Budd on the Camel hour.

AND
television
IS JUST
AROUND THE
CORNER

Mary Howard, the radio actress of a hundred airway roles.



Bert Lawson

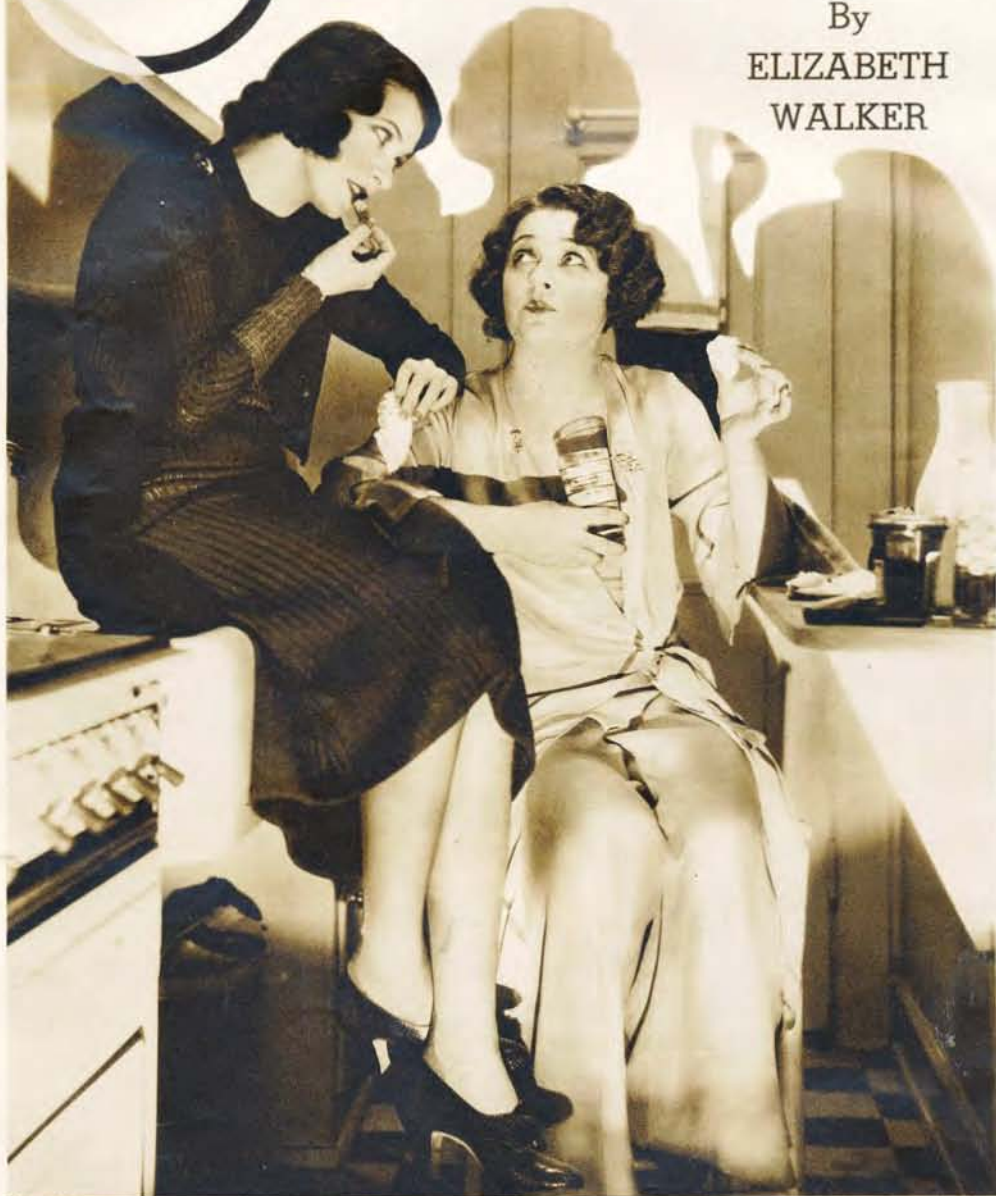
Listen for charming Vera Van's voice over Columbia network.



Ray Lee Jackson

Out of Failure

By
ELIZABETH
WALKER



Myrt (Myrtle Vail) and daughter Marge (Donna Damerell) in kitchenette of their Chicago apartment.

into SUCCESS

A bank crashed! Despair was upon them! Then Myrt and Marge were given to radio

SEVERAL years ago, before Myrt and Marge began shuttling to and from Columbia's Chicago studios and their homes on the Gold Coast in their own shining automobiles, radioland's most famous mother and daughter, they faced each other across the living room of their then modest apartment. Their countenances, customarily so alert, were blank with bewilderment. And for excellent reason.

The neighborhood bank to which Myrt had entrusted her life-time savings when she retired from the stage the year before had closed its polished brass doors. And Marge was convalescing from a costly illness.

"What will we do?" asked Myrt, staring dismally at the pretty, brown-haired girl, outstretched on the sofa opposite her.

Marge wrinkled her brow thoughtfully, then: "I've got an idea!" Her dark eyes eagerly sought her mother's face. "Why don't you write an act for us? One that we can do on the air."

"On the air?" A tiny frown began furrowing its way across the other woman's forehead. "Don't be ridiculous!"

"But—" argued Marge, "you always wrote your own in vaudeville. And everybody knows how big they went over. Why—"

"That's not the point," interrupted Myrt impatiently. "If I go back to writing acts, I'll write them for Broadway, not for—for broadcasting."

Myrt rose from her chair, a petite, slim-hipped, amazingly youthful looking woman, and started to pace up and down the little room. What misguiding star, she mused, had led her to throw away her prima donna billing on the Orpheum Circuit, and retire? As she pondered the question, the events leading up to her voluntary retirement stumbled across her mind.

Vividly she recalled that day some twenty years before when she had faced her first theatrical audience at the old La Salle Theater in Chicago. A mere slip of a girl, with bright red curls and a boundless belief in herself as a second Bernhardt, she had—unknown to her conservative British parents—slipped away from school, and joined the chorus of the musical comedy then playing there.

There, too, she had captured the attention of the leading man, George J. Damerell. THE George J. Damerell who, as the original Prince Danilo of "The Merry Widow," had fluttered the pulses of hundreds of susceptible ladies all the way from Maine to Mexico. Yet once he had gazed into the azure depths of her twinkling eyes, his own heart began to miss, and—

They were married. In due time, Donna—or, Marge, as she is called now—was born; then, a few years later, George, Jr., arrived.

Plump, pink-cheeked babies, both of them, Myrt could not bring herself to part with them when time came for her to resume her way around the amusement circuits of the country. So, she compromised and took them with her.



Myrt



Marge

She did, that is, until they achieved school age when she established a home for them in Chicago. A real home it was, too, with boxes spilling over with flowers at most of the windows, and a cookie jar crammed with cookies in the kitchen. Curiously enough, Myrt, herself a fugitive from a classroom, was determined that her children should have college educations.

HOWEVER, family history was fated to repeat itself. Returning for a brief mid-winter holiday when Donna was fifteen and a sophomore at the Lake View High School, Myrt was welcomed home by her daughter with the announcement: "I've quit school; I'm going on the stage."

When Myrt and her husband (who, by this time, was also her partner in vaudeville) returned to the road Donna went with them. And with them she remained, doing a song and dance specialty at the end of their act, for almost two years.

Then a yen to be "on her own" inspired her to join the chorus of a revue, then current at the Rainbo Gardens in Chicago. And from there she drifted back into vaudeville, this time under a Balaban and Katz banner.

Meanwhile—that day which all dyed-in-the-wool troupers scrimp and save for came to her parents—Retirement Day! Years before, Myrt and George had promised each other that when their savings account reached a certain magic figure, they would take their last bow, and retire to that earthly Nirvana where the shrill cries of stage call boys cannot penetrate.

So back to Chicago they came, "to live again" (they said) "like civilized people." Maybe some day, when they no longer thrilled to the (Please turn to page 96)



SONGBIRD'S HOME



Special Photographs by Cal

Gladys Swarthout stepped from the Metropolitan to operetta on the air, as star of the Palmolive Theater. Her marriage to Frank Chapman, concert baritone, is an idyll of New York musical circles.

Tower Radio, July, 1934



The famous radio philosopher talks of many things, from hurry to rain, from newspaper reading to failure

Tony Wons'

NEW SCRAP BOOK

ONE of my favorite pastimes is observing the newspaper habits of us mortals and one of the best places to observe them is in public conveyances, where you can peek over the shoulder of your neighbor. Of course, you are likely to get a dirty look, but the information you glean is worth it.

The fate of Europe may be at stake. A catastrophe in Asia may wipe out thousands of lives. The boundary lines of a nation may be altered by the signing of a treaty. But, unless the news strikes home, Mrs. Average America will turn to the fashion and the society pages without more than a glimpse at history in the making on the front page.

War clouds hanging over China and Japan may threaten our entire civilization, but that must wait until Mr. Average America has read the sports pages or looked up his pet stock quotation.

A picture of a little baby, a smiling silk-stockinged divorcée, even a petty hold-up will command more attention than the most cataclysmic political event, and nothing short of a World War can knock a good murder story off the front page.

We're a funny people and the fellow who coined the expression about "man bites dog" knew what he was talking about.

For a woman, the greatest art of conversation often is—silence.

WHY is it that some people who drive cars are always in such a hurry? They drive like mad through congested streets or around dangerous curves in the country, and put themselves as well

as others in danger. When they get home or wherever they happen to be going, they probably sit about, twiddling their thumbs and feeling the weight of time heavy on their hands. Is it a disease—this hurry, hurry, hurry? To be sure, some never reach the destinations to which they were hurrying—like the fellow whose tombstone boasted:

*"I passed a cop without fuss;
I passed a load of hay;
I tried to pass a swerving bus,
And then I passed away."*

A MAN going on a business trip takes more time in preparation than most of us do for the journey which we are going to take into eternity. We do not even like to think about it. We shout whoopee, we occupy our minds with trivial things that cannot last, but we hate to think about this all-important event.

In that respect we are as foolish as the king who, on the day of his death, called his jester, telling him that it had always been his wish to give his jewel-studded scepter to the greatest fool on earth.

"You are the greatest fool I have ever known," said the king, "and as I am going upon a long journey I want to give you my scepter."

The fool asked the king where he was going, to which he replied, "I do not know."

Then the fool said, "Have you made preparations for the trip?"

"No," answered the king. "When are you coming back?" queried the fool.

"Never," groaned the king.

The fool fumbled the gorgeous staff in his hand for a few moments. Then he said to the king:

"My lord is going upon a long journey from which he does not expect to return, and has made no preparation for the journey. Do you not think that you should keep this jewelled stick? You have never met so great a fool as yourself!"

When writing a love letter, advise the French, begin without knowing what you are going to say and end without knowing what you have said.

WHEN you visit California or Florida and it happens to be raining when you get there, the natives will tell you, "Oh, this is the first time it's rained in ever so long!" Why are they ashamed of that rain?

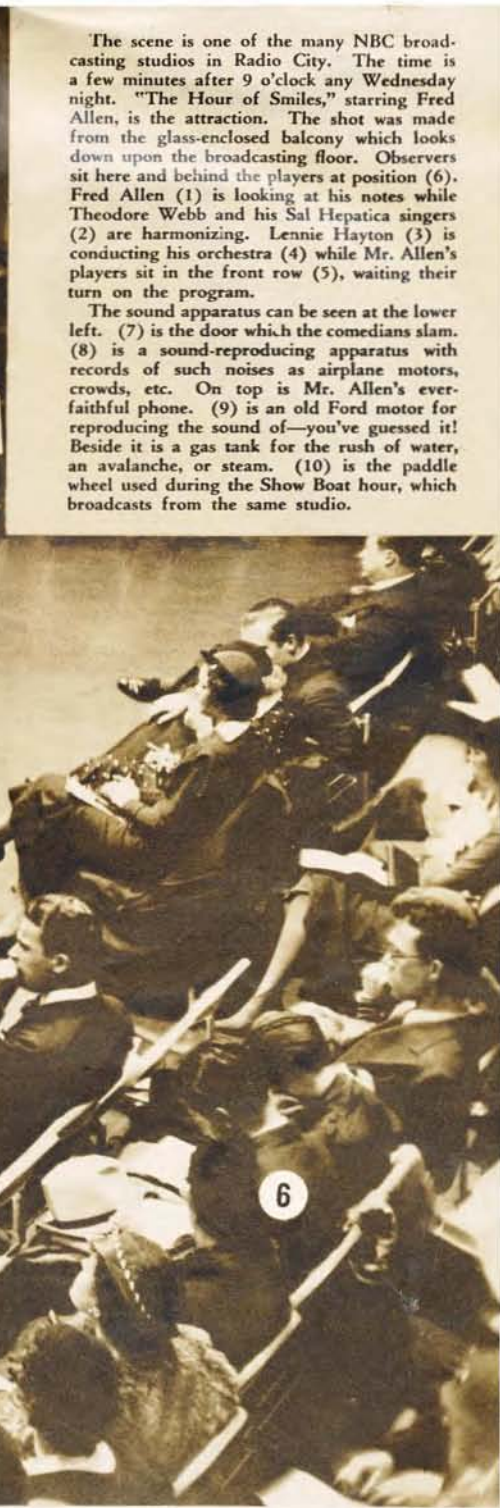
I spent some time in California, and rain was conspicuous by its absence for so long, I almost forgot what it looked and felt like. The weather was beautiful all right but there seemed no stop to it. I began to yearn for a change.

When at last it did rain, I never was so glad to see old Jupe Pluvius before in all my life. I put on an old coat and strode out on the avenue, holding my face up to catch those cool, refreshing drops.

That experience taught me to love the rain. There is real pleasure in taking a stroll during a drizzle or a torrent—if your health is good. There is something within my own being. I can understand how people have had their most inspired thoughts while walking in the rain.

(Please turn to page 66)

THAT'S HOW BROADCASTS ARE BORN



The scene is one of the many NBC broadcasting studios in Radio City. The time is a few minutes after 9 o'clock any Wednesday night. "The Hour of Smiles," starring Fred Allen, is the attraction. The shot was made from the glass-enclosed balcony which looks down upon the broadcasting floor. Observers sit here and behind the players at position (6). Fred Allen (1) is looking at his notes while Theodore Webb and his Sal Hepatica singers (2) are harmonizing. Lennie Hayton (3) is conducting his orchestra (4) while Mr. Allen's players sit in the front row (5), waiting their turn on the program.

The sound apparatus can be seen at the lower left. (7) is the door which the comedians slam. (8) is a sound-reproducing apparatus with records of such noises as airplane motors, crowds, etc. On top is Mr. Allen's ever-faithful phone. (9) is an old Ford motor for reproducing the sound of—you've guessed it! Beside it is a gas tank for the rush of water, an avalanche, or steam. (10) is the paddle wheel used during the Show Boat hour, which broadcasts from the same studio.

THE BOY

FROM NAGY BECSKEREK



LAST month Margaret Sangster told you of Joe Penner's childhood. He was born Joe Pinter in Hungary. For the first nine years of his life he lived with his grandfather, rector of a church in Nagy Becskerek. His first job was as assistant to the local fire lookout, scanning the countryside for smoke from his uncle's church tower.

About twenty years ago Joe was brought to America to join his parents. They lived in Detroit and there Joe went to school. After hours, Joe worked at odd jobs. On Sundays he was a boy soprano in a church choir. But Joe wanted to go on the stage. From minor theater jobs he drifted to burlesque. The going was tough. In those days Penner little thought he would ever be a success. Joe tried vaudeville but it wasn't until he chanced upon the line "Wanna buy a duck?" that he became a smash hit. That line changed the course of Penner's career.

BEING a duck salesman sounds easy, when you hear it for the first time from a stage—or over the ether. You think—"That's funny, now; but it won't be funny very long." That's where Joe Penner's genius comes in. For he never lets down. He's continued to be funnier, louder and funnier, ever since he made his original hit. And when I say original hit, I mean original hit!

Go back in review, for a moment, over the boy's life. For he is still essentially a boy—he's only twenty-nine at the instant of writing. No real fun as a child. Hard work, living with an old grandfather and watching for fires, for the first third of his existence. No language until he was ten—no understandable U. S. words to make into a song or a monologue. And then from ten on, sky-rocket! Flaring up from the earth to a place among the stars. The stars of that firm institution—the American Theater.

From the hour of his inspiration about the duck, Joe never lacked for good vaudeville billing—no pun intended! He says, now, that it's hard for theater managers to give him a better place than they used to in the old days, although now he's a great star and then he was nothing but a popular comer.

"Folks always handed me a fine break!" he says, in explanation. "They were always square with me and I was always square with them. Nobody ever has any trouble in the show business when they play fair."

It was inevitable that Joe Penner should look toward the revues. Vaudeville—as vaudeville—couldn't satisfy him forever.

In 1927 he got an offer—a peach of an offer—from a high grade musical production, "The Greenwich Village Follies." That gave Joe his big time rating on the Mecca street called Broadway. It also gave Joe a far bigger thrill—and a more lasting chance of happiness. For it was on Broadway that he met Eleanor Mae Vogt—the girl who was to become his wife.

Eleanor Mae was also playing in the Follies. She was one of the original Russel Markert girls—a member of a troupe that had taken a flock of cities by storm. Dainty and dark—with the largest, loveliest eyes in the world, that was Eleanor Mae! She knew that she was in love with Joe the second she saw him, wise-cracking, on the stage. She says it was because he had such a sad look—as if he were searching for something inaccessible. Joe hadn't a secret sorrow—and he wasn't searching for something inaccessible—but that expression has stood many a young lover in good stead before. Don't think Joe didn't make the most of it. He went on looking more and more wistful until Eleanor Mae's heart cracked wide open, and there you are!

They weren't married right away. It wasn't one of those love-at-first-sight, kiss me quick, hop off to city hall romances that get Renovated six months later. Joe Penner has a hard head on his sturdy Hungarian shoulders—and Eleanor Mae is as sane—as she is beautiful.

"That's the trouble with so many theatrical marriages, and other marriages, too—" Joe Penner told me (and make a note of this, girls and boys, for it's valu-

Mrs. Joe Penner was Eleanor Mae Vogt. Joe met her when they were in the Greenwich Village Follies. She fell in love with him at first sight.

Across the page you can trace Joe during a broadcast from a laugh to a sob. They tell a tabloid "I-didn't-know-that" drama without any words.



APR 28



How Joe Penner came from the obscurity of burlesque to be duck salesman for all America

By
MARGARET E.
SANGSTER

able advice!) "a fellow and a girl jump in without knowing about each other. Oh, sure, they know what they look like, and that it's swell to dance together, and that the future seems pretty from a taxi at dawn. But they don't know all the little fool things—like which one has rare meat, and whether you're cranky before breakfast, and if money's too important, and what makes the head get swelled. My wife and I found out those things first. She said she wanted to do certain things and she didn't want to do certain other things—and then I gave her my platform. I knew plenty about her character, and she could darn near read my mind before we legged it to a preacher. That's why—" Joe grew suddenly, and rather sweetly, shy, here, "that's why, after being married six years we're still crazy about each other!"

After the Follies closed came a series of personal appearances at some of the more colossal of the motion picture houses, and after that came a series of revues which, though they flopped, gave Joe an added prestige, and an even higher rating. Tattle Tales Revue, Vanderbilt Revue and East Wind were some of the names that never clicked on the Great White Way. Then Joe—just to be doing something different—tried (Please turn to page 72)

Special photographs for Tower Radio by Wide World



Ray Lee Jackson

Peggy Allenby (above) is one of the best actresses on the air and yet very little known. She is the speaking voice of Gladys Swarthout in the Palmolive Beauty Box operettas. You have heard her on the Show Boat hour and with the Radio Guild.

The Unknown BATTALION

Richard Gordon (below in circle) won a real place for himself on the air as Sir A. Conan Doyle's famous detective of Baker Street in the Sherlock Holmes series, much missed from the air.

Georgia Backus (lower right) has played one of the leading roles with that absorbing series, the Eno Crime Clues, and she has a prominent spot in the new Palmolive Beauty Box Theater.



Calver



Calver

Curtis Arnall (left, above) is best known as Buck Rogers in the radio adventures of that dashing hero in the 25th Century. Born in Denver, Colorado, about 25 years ago. Was on the stage in California before coming to radio in 1932 in "Just Plain Bill." Athletically inclined, likes to sail a boat in Summer, tramp in the Winter snow.



Calver

Edward Reese (right, above) is the redoubtable Spencer Dean of the Eno Crime Clues series. Born in Baltimore in 1891, Reese is a veteran of the stage, although he started out to be a surgeon. He made his debut in a Cleveland stock company at ten dollars a week, was behind the footlights for twenty years. He is one of radio's best actors.

Ray Lee Jackson



De Mott

Rosaline Greene (above) is one of the really pretty girls of the airways. She is the speaking voice of Mary Lou on Cap'n Henry's Show Boat and she plays in the Palmolive Beauty Box. Occasionally with Eddie Cantor.

These are the radio soldiers of the line, who do their bit but are little known

Porter Hall has just quit radio for motion pictures. He was the voice of Mussolini on "The March of Time" for three years and has appeared in "Roses and Drums" and "Forty-five Minutes in Hollywood."

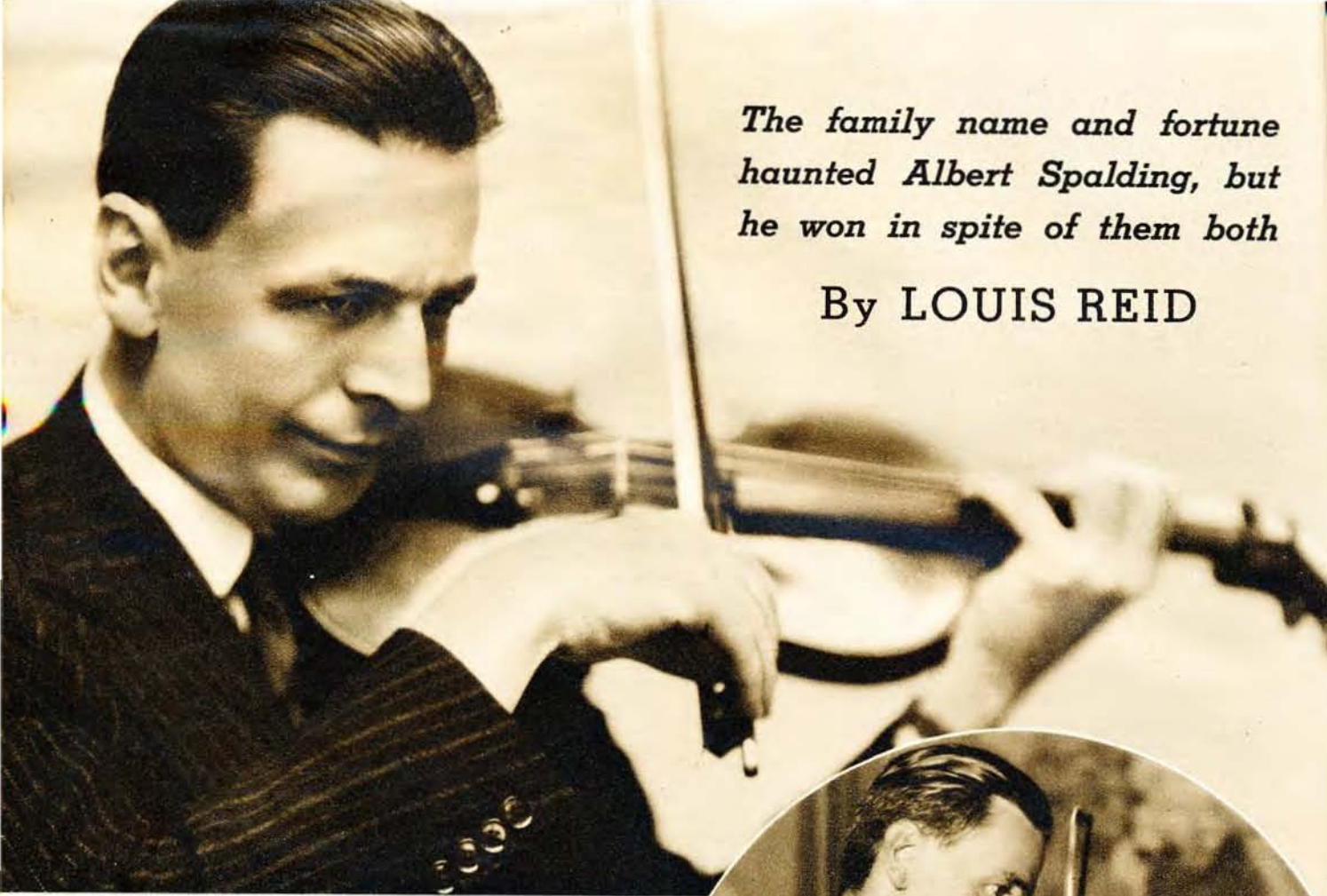


Calver

Jack Smart (below) is one of the amusing comedians of radio, yet you probably know little of him. He regularly lends aid to Fred Allen, appears in "The March of Time" and also in "Forty-five Minutes in Hollywood."



De Mott



The family name and fortune haunted Albert Spalding, but he won in spite of them both

By LOUIS REID

Albert Spalding is the first top-rank violin virtuoso to become a regular air performer. Top, as you see him on the concert stage and, right, as he broadcasts, sans coat.



RICH MAN'S SON

WHEN Albert Spalding packs up his Guarnerius—fiddle to you, Pappy—in July for a vacation at his Connecticut home he will have set two records to which the radio mahatmas can point with pride. He is the first of the top rank violin virtuosos to have become a regular performer on the air, and he is the first concert artist in any class whose popularity, indicated by a season of thirty-nine incredible weeks, can compare with that of the jazz kings, the gagsters and the torch-singers.

We say incredible because when Spalding started upon his radio engagement there were grave doubts in the broadcasting world whether he would prove a consistent drawing card in the parlors. Up to the time of his debut the top-notch fiddlers were confined to infrequent appearances at the microphone.

As guest artists from time to time for a particularly daring sponsor they served the useful purpose of some

special what, ho! publicity. They came to the radio, Heifetz, Elman, yes and Spalding; played their sonatas and concerti and returned to the rarified air of their concert halls as men who had collected some uncommonly easy money at no sacrifice to their artistic prestige.

Meanwhile, radio, musically, was looking up. The restless armchairs had begun to yawn over the steady diet of Broadway's hey-hey and Hollywood's amorous ballads. The music lover, too, had drawn up a chair to his radio, hard-pressed as he was financially and unable or unwilling to patronize the concert box office in his old manner. With him was that increasing portion of the population that was finding more and more pleasure in fine music, who were developing what Daddy Damrosch calls musical appreciation. For these listeners there were, of course, frequent symphonic hours provided by the broadcasters, *(Please turn to page 77)*

Join the million Americans who write their worries to the nation's counselor each year

By VOICE OF EXPERIENCE

Take Your Problems TO THE VOICE of EXPERIENCE



ADVISER TO ALL AMERICA
The Whole Nation Listens to Him

THIS month I have endeavored to answer some of the most interesting problems that I have received in the last four weeks.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:

I am a bride of six months; am nineteen years old and my husband is twenty-one. My husband's folks live about a mile from us and are raising chickens. They are doing fairly well. One grandmother lives there all the time; the other several months a year.

Now, my mother-in-law is a woman who does not love housework and is slightly spoiled. She and the rest have been exceptionally nice to me. My problem is this:

They want us to go into partnership with them, which would not require much money, for my husband is drawing only a small salary. That part does not bother me; but they also want us to live with them and their house is small.

Now, I like his folks and want to keep on liking them; but when I think of eating and sleeping there and being with them all the time, I can see how it would work out. My husband doesn't understand why I object to moving there.

What would you advise?

Mrs. J. M., (California)

ANSWER: Little bride, my advice, based on years of experience and thousands of letters giving me the outcome of such arrangements as you refer to, makes it necessary for me to say, "Let well enough alone!"

Not one roof in ten thousand is big enough to cover two families of in-laws. Many happy relationships, existing where the families have lived apart, have changed into intolerable arguments and dissensions when the two families tried to live together. Particularly would this situation be aggravated in your case, if, in addition to living together, a partnership is to be formed in business.

Your lives are your own and you may decide to make this contemplated move; but you have asked for my advice and I must tell you frankly that you have not

one chance in a thousand, no matter how fine his folks are, no matter how amiable you might be, to make this arrangement succeed.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:

I am a girl of twenty and am acquainted with a man of thirty-four, who lives in New Jersey. I have seen this man only twice, yet my parents insist that I should marry him, if I can, because he has a good job and can give me all that my heart desires.

Although we have corresponded considerably, I am sure that I do not care for him. I have stayed at home almost all my life and really am tiring of home conditions.

Do you think marrying him would be a logical escape?

LONELY L., (Connecticut)

ANSWER: One of the first essentials to a happy marriage is mutual devotion, and a second is a thorough understanding and knowledge of each other's habits of life, ideals and temperaments. Even though your parents seem to want to marry you off and you are anxious for an escape from loneliness at home, such a marriage as you suggest is far from a safe avenue of escape.

Providing this man is willing to marry you, you would probably find that to rush into a life partnership with him would prove one more case of "acting in haste to repent at leisure." While loneliness and the monotony of home conditions are not desirable, marriage for other than logical reasons usually proves a leap from the frying pan into the fire. I heartily advise against it.

(Please turn to page 81)

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.

MICROPHONIES

By
RAYMOND
KNIGHT



RAYMOND KNIGHT is known to radio as the creator of the Cuckoos, as well as author and star of the Wheatonville sketches. He has a humorous, shrewd slant upon radio and he is going to tell you his impressions in TOWER RADIO each month.

THIS column comes to you through the courtesy of the Opportunity Gasoline Company, makers of Opportunity Gasoline, the gasoline that knocks but once.

7:15-7:30—Comedy Duo

JOE: WHO WAS THAT LADY I SEEN YOU WITH LAST NIGHT?

JOE-JOE: THAT WAS NO LADY—THAT WAS MY WIFE.

3:30-9—Ladies Only

This column will endeavor to answer a few household problems each month, but don't hold me to it. After all I have my work to do.

Here's one from Mrs. C. O. D. of Tuning Forks, Kentucky.



Menace No. 1 gives advice on little Willie and applies psychology to the kiddies.

DRAWINGS BY D. B. HOLCOMB



Radio features we can do without, No. 2:
The opera singer who terrorizes the mike.

Question: Dear Mr. Knight—How can I keep the raisins in raisin pudding from sinking to the bottom?

Answer: Dear Mrs. C. O. D.—I have a simple little solution to this problem which I have given on the air oft and again. I have a recipe for raisin pudding with which for years, wives have tempted their husbands and their lovers. . . . I should say their husbands or their lovers. Here's the way to do it! Take two or three cork stoppers, and cut these stoppers into little slices. To each slice of cork, attach strings of different lengths and tie these strings to the raisins. Then drop the corks into the pudding. The corks will float and the raisins will be suspended all through the pudding, at different depths. Put the pudding into the oven and bake for twenty-four hours. Remove, take a box of paints and paint each slice of cork to resemble a slice of banana. You may then call your pudding "Mock Banana Pudding." When it has become sufficiently cool, throw it out the window and get some apple pie from the bakery.



What's going on in radio and who cares? Do you believe in the art of the air and what of it?

10:15-10:30—English Lesson

IT REALLY HAPPENED! THERE'S A LARGE ADVERTISING AGENCY IN TOWN INSIDE WHOSE PORTALS IT WAS BORN. ONE OF THE LARGE CLIENTS OF THE LARGE AGENCY HAD CAST A RUMINATING EYE AT RADIO, WHEREUPON HE WAS RUSHED INTO THE LARGE CONFERENCE ROOM OF THE LARGE AGENCY. THE MEETING WAS CALLED TO ORDER, THE PLANS WERE LAID ON THE TABLE (SOLID MAHOGANY) BEFORE THE HEADS OF ALL DEPARTMENTS (ALSO SOLID MAHOGANY) AND AFTER MUCH PROING AND CONNING, THE BRIGHT MINDS OF THE AGENCY LOOKED AT THE CLIENT FOR APPROVAL. THE CLIENT PUFFED MIGHTILY AT HIS BLACK CIGAR (IT HAS TO BE BIG AND BLACK FOR THE SAKE OF LITERARY TRADITION), LOOKED ABOUT THE MEETING AND REMARKED, "WHAT OUR COMPANY NEEDS IS A NEW SLOJAN!"

12-12:15—Advertising Talk

Gentlemen and members of the Board of Wimpy Brothers Garbage Receivers, Inc., I take great pleasure at this time in introducing Mr. Throckmorton P. Fernitney, vice president in charge of sales of the Colossal Broadcasting Company, who will speak to you about your forthcoming radio program.

Applause

Mr. Fernitney:—

"Gentlemen and garbage receivers—I mean Garbage Receivers Manufacturers, you are soon going on the air with your new radio program. Now to begin with, I've

Airway-household peril No. 3:
The crooner who whispers his torch songs into the mike.

(Please turn to page 87)



Sweet Adeline, my Adeline! At night, dear heart, for you I pine! You know the deadly radio quartette.

FRANK MERRIWELL'S RETURN

He steps from the novels of the '90s to the air, as gallant and honest as of yore



Puffer Studio, Camden, Me.



Gilbert Patten as he was in 1896, when he created that beau ideal, Frank Merriwell.

Frank Merriwell novel by Gil Patten, reproduced by permission of owners of copyright, Street and Smith.

The first issues of the Merrivell stories. The sales ran into millions and Frank became famous.

OR RADIO TO THE RESCUE

By TOM REYNOLDS



Photo by Donald Briggs

Gil Patten (above) as he is today, elderly, with a youthful twinkle in his eye.

Donald Briggs plays Frank Merriwell on the air, while Dolores Gillen is Inza.

And now Frank Merriwell is on the radio—brought back so that children of today may meet him for the first time, and their elders may have the reminiscent thrills of living again the adventures of the dauntless Frank at Fardale Academy and at Yale.

Few characters in American fiction ever attained the enormous popularity of Frank Merriwell. Each week there was a brand new story, 20,000 words long, in a bright paper cover and selling for a nickel. The total sales ran into millions.

Sedate America at the turn of the century looked with horror upon dime novels as a class—but Frank was different. There was no Old Sleuth or Deadeye Dick about him. Frank Merriwell neither drank nor smoked nor swore nor gambled. He had all of the virtues and none of the vices.

FRANK MERRIWELL was the beau ideal of brave deeds, clean living and clean thinking; the jewel and ornament of Teddy Roosevelt's plea for "the strenuous life"; the embodiment of the good, the true and the beautiful.

And now he is on the radio. Burt L. Standish is the name that appeared on those old paper covers as author, but the real name of Frank's creator is Gilbert Patten.

Today Patten is an elderly (*Please turn to page 79*)



Have You a Radio Voice?



Says Mr. Stanley

"There is no such thing as a radio voice. There is no special 'microphone quality' which separates all voices into radio sheep and radio goats. Any type of voice which is properly produced in nature can be properly reproduced on the radio."

"The practice of crooning will bring definite harm to any voice. The constriction of the throat muscles, the holding-in of tone, required by crooning, will work great damage to a real voice."

"It is possible that if Martinelli, singing close to a microphone, should suddenly let out one of those great tones of which he is capable he would blow out transmitter tubes all over the country and put an entire network off the air."

"Why do women have more difficulty attaining radio success than men? The fault lies in the radio receiving set in your home. Most of these do not register frequencies above 5,000. That range includes more of the male voice than the female, which is pitched an octave higher."

By
DOUGLAS STANLEY

Master of Science (New York University); staff consultant on voice testing for Electrical Research Products, Inc.; associated with the late Dean Holmes C. Jackson, of N. Y. U. Medical School in research on voice for eight years; fellow of the Acoustical Society of America and of the American Association for the Advancement of Science; author of "The Science of Voice" (1929) and "The Voice—Its Production and Reproduction" (1933).

THE time has come to smash some of the bugaboos that have existed since the very beginning of radio broadcasting.

Countless thousands of people have worried and wondered, have hoped or despaired, because some alleged expert told them that they did or did not have a "radio voice."

A very mysterious thing, this "radio voice." If you had it, you could go anywhere (under the expert's direction, of course!); and if you had it not, you were doomed to failure, no matter how hard you tried.

Let me say right here that there is no such thing as a "radio voice."



Above, a graph of the pleasant melodies contributed by Rudy Vallee and his band.



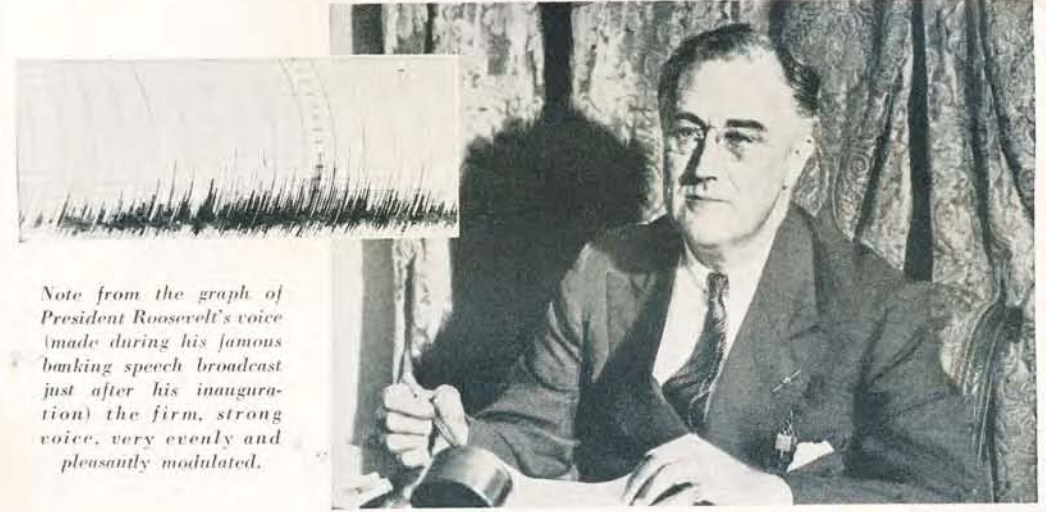
Ruth Etting is an example of great feminine radio success. Right, graph of her voice.

There is no one type of voice that radio must have, to the exclusion of all other types. There is no special "microphone quality" which automatically separates all voices into radio sheep and radio goats.

The truth is that any type of voice which is properly produced in nature can be properly reproduced on the radio. If the voice is good in nature it will be good on the radio, no matter what its type, range or color.

The thing to do is to develop the inherent qualities of your own voice, whether it be a light, high soprano, a deep, rolling contralto, a robust tenor, or a cellar-plumbing bass. All of these types, and many more, are heard regularly and successfully on the radio, just as they are heard in ordinary life.

I can say with literal truth to every reader of TOWER RADIO that you do have a radio voice. Pro-



Note from the graph of President Roosevelt's voice (made during his famous banking speech broadcast just after his inauguration) the firm, strong voice, very evenly and pleasantly modulated.

vided the physiology of your throat is normal (merely normal, mark you; nothing exceptional is required) there is nothing physically to prevent the sounds issuing from that throat from equalling in beauty the sounds issuing from the throat of a Caruso or a Melba.

There goes another bugaboo—the ancient superstition that great singers have a throat structure different from ordinary mortals. There is a widespread belief that Caruso's throat, especially, was exceptionally large and powerful and that this physical structure was the secret of his great success. Actually it is entirely possible that some obscure railroad track-walker, filing clerk or deep-sea diver who doesn't sing a note may have a throat structure not only as good as Caruso's, but better.

It is well, then, to forget about throat structure and pay some attention to voice production. Later in this article I shall discuss some of the fundamentals of voice production, but before I do, there is another bugaboo that needs to be "cracked down upon."

This is the notion of "radio technique." The phrase is widely used, but it is just as false and just as misleading as the notion of a "radio voice."

The general idea of "radio technique" seems to be that the only way to sing on the radio is to sing softly. The prevalence of this idea led to a virtual plague of crooners which has over-run radio for the past few years and is only now beginning to lift.

Actually, there is no more necessity for sing-

ing softly on the radio than there is for whispering on a vacant lot. Radio is now fully equipped to take care of even the biggest voices, and the success of such stars as Martinelli in the tenor range and Rosa Ponselle in the soprano range abundantly proves it.

Not only is there no necessity for crooning, but the practice will bring definite harm to any voice. The constriction of the throat muscles, the holding-in of tone, required by crooning, work great damage to a real voice and inevitably make it impossible for the voice to cover the full range and power it should have.

The strain involved in crooning may surprise some people. The word "croon" itself brings up visions of the effortless humming of a Negro mammy, softly singing her child to sleep. Actually, radio crooning requires tension on the constricted muscles of the throat, which have to be held very tightly, and all you have to do is to watch the facial contortions of a crooner to see for yourself (Please turn to page 93)



An unusually interesting voice graph is that of Ed Wynn, made as it lapses into a "So-o-o-o!"



Harriet Hilliard

TALKS on BEAUTY

SUN-TAN is really the big skin problem of Summer. Whether you spend three months or three days vacationing, you should know how to make the sun help you to greater beauty. Rightly managed, sun-tan is an aid to beauty. But it is not always rightly managed.

What you want, of course, is to get a nice, even coat of tan without getting sunburned, blistered skin or any of the other unpleasant results of too much or unwise exposure to the sun.

If you want to be a lovely sun color, from a rosy beige to a really coppery tone, take your sunburning slowly to begin with. You have all seen a girl badly sunburned. Her skin blisters and peels. And later on, after she has acquired a coat of tan, those peel places show as lighter spots. It is hard to get a really even tan on skin that has first been badly burned.

In the very beginning of your tanning, expose the body as carefully as possible to get the tan even. Straps over the shoulders or around the neck should be shifted from place to place so that the skin under them has a chance to get brown. And be sure to give the legs a chance to tan—back and front and both sides. Bare-leg tan is attractive. In fact, nothing is quite so ugly in Summer as white legs without stockings. They look so out of keeping, so unsummery, especially if arms, hands and shoulders, neck and face, are all tanned.

I always think it looks a little bit ridiculous to see a woman all dressed up in a street suit, with bare legs. They are most attractive for sports and vacationing and I think they are convenient and appropriate when you are wearing evening dress, if you like. But not for city streets when you are wearing a dark tailored suit.

If you overdo the matter of exposure to begin with— (Please turn to page 71)

Photos specially posed for Tower Studios

Harriet Hilliard gives suggestions on how to get that much-desired summer sun-tan.

•
*To tan or not to tan.
 That is the problem
 of the summer season*
 •

The MAN with the GIFT of FRIENDLINESS

WHO is Cheerio? He has never been photographed. He prefers to keep his identity a secret, to be simply a friendly spirit who enters your home. It is said that Cheerio's name is Charles K. Field and that he is a cousin of Eugene Field, the poet. TOWER RADIO prefers to present Cheerio as the man who has that rarest of gifts—the gift of friendliness. Also it is interesting to note that Cheerio's first sponsor in 1927 was his personal friend, Herbert Hoover, before he became President of the United States.

MANY people think he is either crazy or faking, but he is neither. He is deeply, almost fanatically, sincere.

Here is a man who devotes his entire life to bringing a word of courage and good cheer to others. He receives not one penny for it. He has built up one of the largest and most loyal audiences in radio. Countless times advertisers have sought to commercialize that audience, to pay out money in return for Cheerio good will.

All have been refused. No one ever can, and no one ever will, pay Cheerio one solitary cent for the thing he gives so freely.

How can such things be? How, in a hard-bitten, cynical modern world, can such a thing as pure altruism exist? Here is the answer.

You have to start with a magazine editor out in San Francisco. As a member of that city's famed Bohemian Club, as one of the

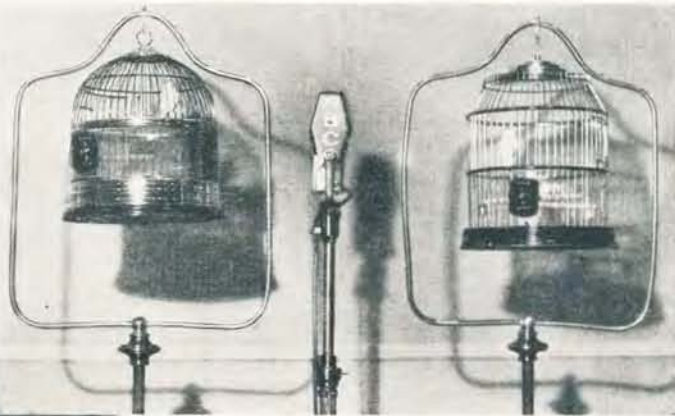
alumni family of his alma mater, Stanford University, as a figure in the civic life of San Francisco, he finds himself one of the two or three most popular toastmasters in that convivial metropolis by the Golden Gate.

He has a gift—the gift of friendliness. People recognize it at once. They want him to lead their gatherings and their meetings, they want that gift of friendliness.

Such a gift should be shared with others. Cheerio realized that, and shared generously through meetings and personal contacts.

THEN a marvelous new force came into modern life—the force of radio. This opened up limitless possibilities for expanding the circle of good will, for sharing the gift of friendship. Whereas Cheerio had been limited to the contacts one man might make in one community, now the magic of radio could carry his voice—in a single instant—to a circle of homes that it would take him a lifetime to visit in individual journeys.

But radio, in its earlier stages, was a grim, forbidding thing. Heavy microphones, condensers, antennae on one end; and horn speakers, dials and batteries on the other. Could so intangible a thing as a friendly spirit get through all that machinery? Would the



You've heard the trilling of canaries on Cheerio's program. They are real blue canaries, sing exactly on key and belong to Elizabeth Freeman.

Cheerio's radio announcer, Lyle Van, blond, blue eyed, a really important member of the studio family.



Special Photographs by Collier

When Cheerio says "Good-morning" the greeting comes from a friend who isn't paid to say it. It is an honest wish of good cheer

By TOM CARSKADON

essence of Cheerio be lost in a maze of dials, knobs and tubes?

Cheerio decided to try it. First in his capacity as magazine editor, speaking about his magazine. The experiment was amazingly successful. That friendly spirit *did* register. Listeners felt that a friend was actually present and speaking directly to them.

This quality is given to few people. Any number of persons, no matter how amiable off the air, become merely disembodied voices on the radio. Cheerio was one of those who could get through the machinery of radio and reach the human heart.

He now saw a field of larger usefulness opening up before him. He would bring this gift of friendliness to the sick, the bedridden, the aged, the weary, the lonely—to all the forgotten folk who so pitifully needed a friend.

Then a miracle happened. Cheerio's gay greetings, the brightly imaginative songs, poems and stunts that he included in his programs, went beyond the original circle for whom they were intended. The entire family, the hale as well as the ailing, the young as well as the old, took them up. Cheerio became the treasured friend of all.

HE started first with a fifteen-minute program on station KGO in Oakland, just across the bay from San Francisco. His circle of listeners grew with great rapidity. His first appearance was in 1925, and shortly afterward he sold out his interest in the magazine to devote his entire time to radio.

During the next year his Cheerio circle of good will expanded so rapidly that he decided to transfer his activities to the great broadcasting centers of the East. The broadcasting executives at first were a little skeptical. A man who never announced his name, a man who refused to accept a penny for his services—it didn't sound logical.

Cheerio persisted, however, and eventually convinced them. With the encouragement and backing of a personal friend, Herbert Hoover, who was later to occupy the White House, the first program was put on by the National Broadcasting Company from its New York headquarters on March 14, 1927.

The rest is radio history. Cheerio's friendly circle of



The Cheerio studio clock is decked with bluebirds.

A staff of office workers handles the correspondence attracted by Cheerio's program. An extensive filing system is used.

listeners, which he calls the Cheerio Exchange, was built up so rapidly that two years later, when the question arose as to whether or not the program should continue, the National Broadcasting Company received the greatest number of letters it had received since it was founded. All of them demanded that the program continue. It has continued and will continue.

Here, then, is a monumental work built up by a man who refuses to accept pay, either in money or in fame. It is his authentic contribution to his fellow-men.

How does he live? He has a very modest private income, and he contents himself with this quiet life, secure in the knowledge of the good he is doing, and does not envy the more opulent lives of his commercial broadcasting brothers.

HE has to forego the material pleasures that he might have if he would commercialize himself, but he gains something very precious. When Cheerio bids you "Good-morning" you know the greeting is not coming from a man who is being paid to do it. You know it is *sincere*. Cheerio, out of the fullness of his heart, is bidding you "Good-morning" because he honestly wants to give you a happy greeting for the day.

These things are intangibles, of course. Yet listeners are constantly writing in to express their gratitude for one radio figure who does not carefully build up a friendly atmosphere in order to—in the same "friendly" voice—sell them something to eat, drink, wear or clean their teeth with. Cheerio keeps faith with his listeners.

Those listeners are an astonishingly large and loyal group. Some people get the mistaken idea that he appeals only to invalids and women and children. Recently he casually asked for a show of letterheads, and astounded everybody by the number of bank presidents, heads of businesses, general managers, engineers, business and professional men of every kind who wrote in on their own letterheads to tell how much they enjoyed the Cheerio program.

Through it all, he remains totally anonymous. He is never interviewed, never photographed, never reveals his name. There is a reason for this, too.

Cheerio wants to be simply a friendly spirit who enters your home. He wants you to imagine him in whatever form pleases you most. He wants you to clothe that voice and that friendly spirit with whatever bodily form you think it ought to have.

He doesn't want to tell you who he is, because that would make him a definite individual, and that definite individual could receive your thanks and a measure of fame. It is not fame that he is seeking, just as it is not money he is seeking. He is trying, by means of that special gift of friend- (Please turn to page 86)



RADIO PAGEANT

*Critical comments
on programs old
and new*

By
**THE TOWER
OBSERVER**

SUMMER is here and radio is in the doldrums. Edwin Franko Goldman, the hot weather march king, has succeeded Toscanini on the airwaves. Baseball scores have taken the place of wisecracks by the bigger comedians. The season is in retrospect.

Radio marched on during the past months. The kilocycle moguls turned from comedy to music in a big way and literally took over the operatic, symphonic and concert stages. The season was rich in notable musical names. This avalanche of fine music reached its height when Toscanini played the Siegfried Idyl.

It has been a great year. If you like statistics, here they are. "Wagon Wheels," "Carioca" and "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" have been played over 7,000 times; the season hit its high point in comedy with the Wirt congressional hearing; over 2,000 hours of unadulterated advertising ballyhoo

were jammed into the general entertainment.

Next season's trend is not defined yet. It may continue along the path of better music, or it may swing in the direction of dramatic sketches. It is too early to determine yet.

THE most interesting spring event has been the launching of light opera by the Palmolive Beauty Box Theater. The season started with "The Vagabond King" and soon the theater was trying the experiment of doing an operetta such as "The Rogue Song" in installments over a period of two weeks.

The light operas have been splendidly adapted for auditory appeal and Gladys Swarthout, of the Metropolitan Opera Company, has been an ideal choice for heroine. The odd radio dual role method used by such features as (*Please turn to page 95*)

Comedian Phil Baker still is being annoyed effectively by Beetle. Baker has developed a star radio act of wide appeal.

Ray Lee Jackson



Rosa Ponselle (below) has brought her spectacular soprano from the Metropolitan to radio.

Gladys Swarthout (right) also comes from the Metropolitan as prima donna of the Palmolive Beauty Box Theater. Her lovely voice is delightful.

Victor Keppler



King of Baseball, Babe Ruth,
becomes sensation as radio star

Behind the Dial

(Continued from page 10)
 was a church soloist. . . . Little Jack Little was a song plugger. . . . H. V. Kaltenborn at one time was a lumber jack. . . . Edith Murray was a song demonstrator in a New Orleans department store. . . . Nicholas Kemper operated Little Theaters in Europe. . . . Tommy McLaughlin was an actor with the Jessie Bonstelle Stock Company. . . . Jack Smart was an advertising agent. . . . Jimmy Kemper was a soda-fountain Clerk.



George Olsen and Walter O'Keefe confer on the music for Ethel Shutta's program. She is Mrs. Olsen to you.

concluded that a song these days must have the word "old" in it to be successful. There is "The Old Spinning Wheel," "The Old Water Wheel," something about the old covered bridge and the old red barn. And still a favorite is "The Old Oaken Bucket." So Enoch is thinking of doing a sentimental pavan to "The Old Flannel Shirt."

GENE and Glenn, creators of those hilarious characters "Jake and Lena," are now on a coast-to-coast hook-up on NBC. They hold a record for receiving gifts from radio audiences. At one time when they were broadcasting only over WTAM, and "Lena" was about to wed, listeners donated no less than 154 wedding rings to help the "ceremony" along. Other "wedding" presents sent by mail and express filled three rooms in the studio building. But since that radio wedding, Gene and Glen, who off the air are Eugene F. Carroll and Glenn Rowell, have been divorced from their real wives. Both decrees were handed down the same day in Cleveland.

JOHN B. KENNEDY, the NBC commentator, is famous for his ready wit. When he was associate editor of *Collier's* he journeyed to Chicago to interview Al Capone, then awaiting trial for his income tax violations. Kennedy wanted Capone to contribute some facts about his career for an article he was doing but the gang leader was hesitant about selling what he called his "biograph." He told the editor: "I've been offered five hundred grand for my biograph." Kennedy promptly exclaimed: "Mr. Capone, my magazine wouldn't give one-twentieth of that amount for your epitaph." (Please turn to page 54)

From his position on the podium Enoch Light has



Above, Leon Belasco and his vocalist, Roberta Wells, rehearse for their *Armour* program—the one with Phil Baker and his Bottle.



Cecil Lean and his wife-partner, Cleo Mayfield, caught unawares. These ex-vaudevillians are heard on the *Ward's Family Theater*.

Bert Lawson

Happily married!...

Summer Fruits & The NEW JELL-O

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



Blueberries and peaches
molded in Lemon JELL-O



Melon balls molded in Lime JELL-O



Strawberry JELL-O with garland of fresh berries



Cherry JELL-O cubes
with whipped cream



Diced Raspberry
JELL-O with
fresh raspberries

Easier! . . . Quicker!
Richer
in fruit flavor!

Because

**THE NEW
JELL-O**

dissolves
in warm water!

Jell-O is a product of General Foods.

FRESH summer fruits and the new Jell-O were just made for each other. Ripe, rose-hearted strawberries find an ideal mate in tender, glowing Strawberry Jell-O. The tingling tartness of Lemon Jell-O gives character to midsummer's dusky blueberries and golden peaches. Why, every fruit you can name has a perfect affinity in *some* luscious Jell-O flavor!

But be sure to get genuine Jell-O, the gelatin dessert that dissolves in water only slightly hotter than lukewarm. Then there's no steam to carry flavor away.

And there's no boiling heat to delay setting! You can put Jell-O into the refrigerator right away—have it ready to serve in surprisingly short order.

Try some of these delectable hot-weather combinations—and invent new ones of your own! Gay and capricious color schemes . . . smart tricks to make a little bit of fruit serve a whole tableful of people.

Keep all six Jell-O flavors on hand. Every Jell-O package has an inner seal to keep the flavor orchard-fresh.



General Foods, Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me your new recipe book, "What Mrs. Dewey Did with the New Jell-O."

Name _____

Street or R. F. D. _____

City _____ State _____

Print name and address plainly. If you live in Canada, address General Foods, Ltd., Cobourg, Ont. (This offer expires July 1, 1935.)

News of the New

VAGABOND hats, crushable hats, pull-on hats, hats that you can tuck into your overnight bag as casually as you would a silk scarf. They are all out of date except for sports wear and in their place we have formally shaped hats that tip down at one side, or at the back. They may be less frugally trimmed than hats women wore a generation ago, but they are definitely reminiscent of the good old pre-war, pre-depression days.

During the era of ultra-simple head-gear for women, there were those who said that wide brimmed elaborate hats could never return. They seemed out of the question in a world of subways, buses, automobiles, and telephone booths. Women simply wouldn't be bothered. Yet all things, it would seem, are possible in the world of fashion. The same season that brings to us streamline cars of the most compact type is also marked by a revival of Merry Widow hats with cartwheel brims, wide enough to please any fashionable girl of the 1890's, when the wide-brimmed Merry Widow hat was in favor.



THERE is the story of the overweight lady at a summer hotel who sucked lemons between meals to reduce her weight. The doctor looking on asked her why she did it and met with no success when he tried to explain that even a lemon contains some calories and that every calorie we eat in excess of what we need is likely to be stored away in the form of extra weight.

The lady in question held to the opinion that if such things as lemons and spinach, lettuce and cabbage actually did contain calories they were not the kind of calories that made one fat. Only bread and butter and candy contained that kind of calories. She forgot the example of the patient cow who, living on a diet of nothing but grass, clover and other greens, manages to produce creamy milk from which our butter and cheese are obtained.

A little knowledge may not always be a dangerous thing, but the little knowledge about calories that many of us have had has turned out to be very misleading. Bread and butter, cereals



and sugars, because they have a higher caloric count than fruits and vegetables, have been looked on with suspicion.

Girls in quest of slimmer waistlines have taken their lettuce without benefit of the mayonnaise or French dressing needed to give the lettuce palatability and proper balance. Thousands of women have deprived themselves of the pleasure of eating appetizing, well balanced meals all because of their wrong impression that certain foods are fattening and that others are not. They have not only worried themselves into a state of depression on the subject of food, but have made themselves tiresome to their companions at luncheon or dinner.

A really thorough knowledge of calories and their role in nutrition would take years of study. A glimpse into any scientific book on the subject mystifies us with its scientific terms and formulae. The important thing to remember is that a certain number of calories are necessary if we want to go on moving about, working, playing or thinking, that all real foods contain some calories and that no food is really fattening unless we eat too much or exercise too little.



THREE years ago we asked one hundred men to tell us in the answers to a questionnaire, what they liked and what they didn't like in feminine dress and make-up. To the question, "What do you like least in the way of woman's hair dress?" a memorable number wrote "Bangs." That, however, does not mean that there is something about bangs that men don't like, because now that bangs have come back in favor it is usually the men of the house who look on admiringly. It simply means that, even though they won't admit it, men are as much ruled by fashion as woman. Three years ago bangs seemed a little out of fashion or eccentric.

Whether it started in Paris or Hollywood it is hard to say. Perhaps these new bangs are among the fashions that started independently at about the same time in both fashion centers. You have only to study the new head dresses in current magazines and newspapers to know how varied are the possibilities of the new banged coiffure.



AN odd assortment of nicked cups, saucers and plates, chairs with wobbly legs or faded plush coverings, out-of-date window hangings, shabby rugs and battered kitchen utensils! Any discards like that we considered good enough for the summer cottage. What if the mattress had grown hard or bumpy with age. Fresh sea or country air should be enough inducement to sound sleep.

Now all this has changed and the modern home maker feels as great a sense of responsibility for the taste displayed in the furnishings of her vacation home as she does in her year-round residence. Lowered prices have had something to do with this. Dishes and glassware do not have to be ugly to be inexpensive and the cheapest sort of material may be made into most charming window curtains.

Discarded furniture may still have its place in the vacation home but not until it has been soundly mended and painted or refinished and for a reasonable price you may buy sturdy cottage furniture that is in as good taste as that used in your city home.



Have a Good Vacation

If you have been grinding away, month after month, you need a special tonic. It is the world-famous health builder, the blending of sunshine, fresh air, change of scene, rest and diversion—a vacation.

Plan to enjoy a totally different kind of a life for a short time. New ideas, new scenes, new people afford recreation. And recreation is necessary to health and good spirits. Joy, pleasure and laughter invigorate mind and body. They help to tone up the entire system.

What would you like to do in order to have a complete change? Motor, hike, or take a trip by rail or steamer? Will you go deep into the woods near a lake or a mountain? Or sun yourself on the beach at a summer resort? Active sports or quiet leisure, or both?

But while you are happily planning your vacation and thinking of the good times and the rest you will have, keep in mind that people are more likely to be hurt or to hurt themselves when in strange surroundings than when in familiar ones. Don't let your vacation be spoiled by a needless mishap. You can guard against most accidents.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has prepared a booklet "First Aid" which tells you what to do in event of accidents. Send for your copy, read it and take it away with you.

VACATION "DO'S" AND "DON'TS"

At Ocean, Lake or River

Know how to resuscitate in cases of apparent drowning.
Do not go in swimming when you are overheated, or within two hours after eating.
Never go in bathing alone at any time, even if you are a strong swimmer.
Do not dive unless you are sure of the depth.

In the Woods

Don't drink from wayside springs, streams or strange wells, unless the water is boiled, in order to avoid intestinal or other disorders.
If you come in contact with poison ivy or poison sumac, wash exposed part in at least five rinsings of soap and water. In a serious case, see a doctor.
Break a burned match before dropping it, to be sure that the flame is extinguished. Never leave a fire or embers burning.

Anywhere

In case of fire caused by gasoline or kerosene, smother flames with sand or dirt, or with blankets, coats or other heavy woolen articles. Never use water.
Never throw away a lighted cigarette or cigar. Get a "First Aid" booklet and keep a First Aid kit at hand.



SEND FOR THIS BOOKLET

The Metropolitan's free booklet, "First Aid" tells what to do and how to do it—at home as well as when you are away—in event of broken bones, burns, sprains, poisoning, apparent drowning, fire, wounds, electric shock, bites, sunburn, sunstroke and common accidents of various kinds.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.
One Madison Ave., New York, N.Y.
Dept. 734-B

Please send me, without cost or obligation, a copy of your booklet "First Aid."

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

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

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SHORT WAVE Department



Round the World

By
Captain HORACE L. HALL

Combing the earth for verifications of your short wave catches

WHEN short wave DXing was in its youth very few fans thought of sending stations an accurate report of how they had heard their transmissions. Some of these listeners did and the various stations were so pleased to receive the reports, especially from distant lands, that they would answer the writer telling him he had heard a program originating in their studios. This was the birth of the word "verifications."

Fans have a habit of saying, "I heard that," when a new or distant "catch" is mentioned. But if he has received a verification of his report from the station, no one can doubt him.

When you have a verification, or "veri" as the term has been shortened to in short wave parlance, you have proof of what you say you heard.

Invariably when short wave fans view my collection of verifications they ask me, "How did you know what language to write to these stations in?" Not being a linguist and knowing only our own "Americnese" I have always written to the foreign stations in my own tongue. The return answer generally is written in English, which seems to be almost a universal language.

Naturally programs originating in Daventry, England or English possessions—Australia, Bermuda or India—are all in English. Germany uses three languages to tell the world who they are, first German, then English, followed by a lengthy Spanish announcement. Neither Rome, Italy nor Pontoise, France has any English announcements. The former has a saccharine voiced lady announcer who says, "Radio Roma-Napoli." The latter station does condescend to give the news items occasionally in English, otherwise, "Hillo, Hillo, ici est Radio Coloniale," is considered sufficient for the listener to know he has snared Paris. EAQ, Madrid, Spain, has regular announcements in their own and our speech. Moscow, U. S. S. R., has gone so far in trying to make known her political situation that they have set aside certain days that they classify as, "Programs of Broadcasts in English, Sunday, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday." You will easily identify them when the "International" is played and their now famous phrase, "Hillo, Hillo. Here is Moscow," is spoken.

CT1AA, Portugal, is yet to be heard speaking English but cleverly identifies the station with three coo-coo calls, between every selection.

CNR, or "Radio Rabat dans Maroc" is the one and only African station that fans can count on. The use of a metronome for an identifying signal is needless as when the long awaited announcement comes, "Hillo, Hillo, Radio Rabat" you do not need to hear the other signal.

PHI, Huizen, Holland, has a silver-tongued linguist for an announcer. He clearly and distinctly tells you that you have heard PHI, by repeating the phrase in not only one language but in six, *i. e.* Dutch, Malay, German, French, English, Spanish and Portugese. Who has not heard this world famous announcer?

OXY, Skamleback, Denmark, will probably be back with us this Summer and when it is 6 P.M. here they will broadcast the midnight chimes there.

NOW that we have covered all the European stations that do and do not have English announcements we will skip to the South American stations. Here we will hear very little of our own language but in its place we will hear various identifying signals.

YV3BC, Caracas, Venezuela, has long since impressed on the listener's mind that they are on the air when they strike chimes.

HC2RL, Guayaquil, Ecuador does say, "Hello, Hello, America."

YV5BMO, the amateur in Maracaibo, Venezuela, who just lately went commercial, has found a gong very effective.

"Anchors Aweigh" is played by H-1-1-A, the (Please turn to page 84)

Captain Hall, short-wave expert, looks over his collection of "veris," many of which are exceedingly rare.



Wide World

Two Creams needed for your *Two Skins*

a greaseless cream to prevent *Dryness* in your **Outer Skin**



... an oil cream to fight *Wrinkles* in your **Under Skin**



YOU HAVE TWO SKINS! Each entirely different.

Your wafer-thin Outer Skin is dried out by sun and wind . . . by heat and cold. It needs a cream that restores moisture.

Your Under Skin—many times thicker and full of nerves, blood vessels, and tiny oil glands, is kept firm and full . . . un-wrinkled . . . *by oils*. It needs an oil cream.

That's why it is impossible to treat both skins satisfactorily with any one single cream.

How wrinkles begin

Wrinkles mean that the tiny oil glands in your under skin are failing to pour out sufficient natural oils . . . the under skin shrinks . . . lines form.

This starved under skin needs a deep, penetrating, oil-rich cream . . . Pond's Cold Cream. This famous cream goes deep—encourages the under skin to remain firm, young, wrinkle-free! And, because it is so deep penetrating, Pond's Cold Cream is a superb skin cleanser! Its precious oils loosen pore-deep dust, rouge, powder . . . float every last particle to the



For your **UNDER SKIN**—Pond's oil-rich Cold Cream or Pond's new Liquefying Cream that melts instantly.

For your **OUTER SKIN**—Pond's Vanishing Cream. Corrects dryness. Holds powder.

surface. Your skin is liberated! Clear!

To soften your outer skin and keep the natural moisture from evaporating so fast, cover your face lightly with Pond's filmy Vanishing Cream. This cream contains a remarkable moisture-restoring and softening substance. See how your skin holds powder and rouge smoothly—over a foundation of Pond's Vanishing Cream!

Here's the way Mrs. Henry Field uses Pond's:
1. "At night, I smooth Pond's Cold Cream all over my face and neck, wiping it off with Pond's Tissues. Then more Cold Cream . . ." (If you like a quicker melting cream, use Pond's new Liquefying Cream which is equally

Mrs. Henry Field OF CHICAGO

(Left) Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, of New York. Each keeps her skin's fresh beauty by using Pond's Cold Cream for her Under Skin, Pond's Vanishing Cream for her Outer Skin.

rich in oils, and a marvelous cleanser.)

2. "Then I pat on Pond's Vanishing Cream, leave it on all night.

3. "In the morning"—and during the day—again a Pond's Cold Cream cleansing. I finish with Pond's Vanishing Cream to keep my skin soft . . . hold my make-up."

Mail Coupon for Samples . . .

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. G,
 48 Hudson Street, New York City

I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for samples of all Pond's Creams and three different shades of Pond's New Face Powder as checked.

I prefer Light Shades I prefer Dark Shades

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1934, Pond's Extract Company

COOKING over the AIR



FIRST CHOICE

It took Jane Ellison to discover that lemon pie has proved to be the favorite dessert of thousands of women.

SECOND CHOICE

Chocolate frosting that needs no cooking turned out to be second choice of 2,500 women questioned by Miss Ellison.



LADIES, may I present Miss Ellison, famous culinary expert!" That's Billy Bradley speaking, every Wednesday morning at 10:45 Eastern Standard time—9:45 Central Standard time, 8:45 Mountain time and 7:45 Pacific Standard time over WABC and associated stations of the Columbia Broadcasting System. Not only is Billy Bradley the right-hand man on this program of magic recipes, ready with his "poems" and his interruptions, but, Miss Ellison assures us, he makes an excellent taster.

Jane Ellison is not only an expert trained in home economics and cooking. She is also a practical housewife with a thorough knowledge of the tastes and talents of the average homemaker. While she stands before the microphone in her perfectly equipped kitchen with every up-to-date kind of utensil, she has a definite picture of the woman listening in, whose kitchen may not be so well equipped and who may have

to plan and prepare meals for families with all sorts of fussy notions about food.

"This modern woman," Jane Ellison tells us, "is just as deeply interested in cooking as her mother or grandmother—but she is impatient. Maybe she goes to business. If not, she has social duties or club work. She is always on the lookout for dishes that are delicious and at the same time easy to make in the shortest time possible."

Miss Ellison isn't satisfied in mere guess work about her radio listeners so when she wanted to find out which of her magic dishes they liked the best she sent out questionnaires and obtained about 2,500 answers. The result showed a definite weakness for lemon pie—not just regular lemon pie, but the kind that is made without cooking. The second choice was chocolate frosting, showing that women still have time to bake layer cakes and cup cakes.

Here are some of the popular recipes:

CHOCOLATE FROSTING

2 squares unsweetened chocolate
1 1/3 cups (1 can) sweetened condensed milk
1 tablespoon water

Melt chocolate in double boiler. Add sweetened condensed milk, stir over boiling water five minutes until it thickens. Add water. Cool cake before spreading frosting.

Three squares of chocolate may be used for a richer chocolate flavor, and four squares may be used if bitter-sweet frosting is desired.

For chocolate marshmallow frosting, proceed as for chocolate frosting adding eight marshmallows which have been quartered. Omit water. Stir until they begin to blend but are not fully dissolved.

Another short-cut cake frosting that has proved a general favorite—as well as a surprise—is Coconut Broiled Frosting. It calls for:

1/2 cup sweetened condensed milk
2 tablespoons butter, melted
4 tablespoons brown sugar
1 cup shredded coconut

Combine all ingredients and blend well together. Spread on cake. Place very low in broiler under a slow flame. Broil until the frosting bubbles all over and the surface becomes light brown. Remove from broiler. Cool.

LEMON MERINGUE PIE

1 1/3 cups (1 can) sweetened condensed milk
1/2 cup lemon juice
Grated rind of 1 lemon or 1/4 teaspoon lemon extract
2 eggs
2 tablespoons granulated sugar
Unbaked crumb crust

Blend together sweetened condensed milk, lemon juice, grated lemon rind or lemon extract, and egg yolks. Pour into an eight-inch pie plate lined with an unbaked crumb crust. Cover with meringue, made by beating egg whites until stiff and adding sugar. Bake until brown in a moderate oven (350 F.) Chill before serving.

LEMON CREAM PIE

1 1/3 cups (1 can) sweetened condensed milk
1/2 cup lemon juice
Grated rind of one lemon or 1/4 teaspoon lemon extract
1/2 cup whipping cream
2 tablespoons confectioners' (4X) sugar
Unbaked crumb crust

Blend together sweetened condensed milk, lemon juice and grated rind. Pour into an eight-inch pie plate lined with an unbaked crumb crust. Cover with whipped cream sweetened with confectioners' sugar. Chill before serving.

UNBAKED CRUMB PIE CRUST

Roll enough vanilla wafers to make 3/4 cup of crumbs. Cut enough vanilla wafers in halves to stand around edge of pie plate. Cover bottom of plate with crumbs and fill in spaces between wafers. Pour in filling as usual.

Either of the lemon pie fillings can be poured into a baked eight-inch pie shell, instead of an unbaked crumb crust.

If you have any questions you would like answered about cooking or other home service programs, or if you would like expert advice on any of your own home problems, write to the Food Editor, TOWER RADIO, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

"Gee, but you're beautiful I'm crazy about you"

Read how a simple clothes secret helped Nancy win Romance



"A new girl in town—and, lucky for me, visiting right next door," said Bill.



He lost his heart on the spot, but—"Her clothes alone cost a fortune," he thought...So he



didn't dare dream she could live on his salary until one day Nancy burst out with



"Silly boy—I've learned how to make my clothes money go far!"

HER STORY



"I'm lucky at finding bargains, especially in silks and cottons. Then I never let things get faded or old looking. I use Lux for



all my things—dresses, blouses, sweaters. Most things wash, you know, but I don't take chances on wrong washing. Cake-soap



rubbing and soaps with harmful alkali too often fade colors, wear out materials. I stick to Lux—that's my clothes secret."



Your clothes money goes farther this way

Clothes are important to success—to romance, clever girls frankly admit.

"That's why it is so foolish," they say, "to let wrong washing fade colors, spoil texture and fit. We don't risk this—we always use Lux."

To be safe, you'd better insist on these exquisite tissue-thin flakes for your nice things, too! They dissolve

instantly in lukewarm water—contain no harmful alkali as ordinary soaps often do, to fade and shrink—do away with the dangerous rubbing you have with even the mildest cake soap.

Whatever is safe in water will come out of Lux like a dream—look new all season long. Gentle Lux care makes your clothes money go twice as far!

Programs You'll Want to Hear

THE list of your favorite programs is as accurate as we can make it, but we can not be responsible for any changes in schedule. All time given is Eastern Daylight Saving Time. CBS stands for the Columbia Broadcasting System; NBC for the National Broadcasting Company. The stations connected with NBC-WEAF belong to the so-called red network; the stations connected with NBC-WJZ belong to the blue network.

Popular Variety Programs

A&P Gypsies—directed by Harry Horlick; Frank Parker, tenor (Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Co.) 9 P.M. Monday, NBC-WEAF.

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

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

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

Big Show—Gertrude Niesen, soprano; Mady Christians, dramatic star; guest stars (ExLax Co.) 9:30 P.M. Monday, CBS.

Big Hollywood Show—Abe Lyman and his orchestra; "Accordiana" (Phillips Dental Magnesia Co.) 8:30 P.M. Tuesday, CBS.

Major Bowes Capitol Family—Waldo Mayo, conductor and violinist; Tom McLaughlin, baritone; Nicholas Cosentino, tenor; Hannah Klein, pianist; Four Minute Men; male quartette—11:15 A.M. Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Broadway Melodies—Everett Marshall, baritone; Jerry Freeman's orchestra; chorus (Bi-So-Dol Co.) 2 P.M. Sunday, CBS.

Camel Caravan—Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd, comedians; Connie Boswell, soloist; Glen Gray's Casa Loma orchestra (R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.) 10 P.M. Tuesday and Thursday, CBS.

Chase and Scribner Hour—"Schnozzle" Jimmy Durante; Rubino and his violin; orchestra; Teddy Bergman (Standard Brands, Inc.) 8 P.M. Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Chase and Scribner Tea Program—Jack Pearl, with Cliff Hall; Peter Van Steeden's orchestra (Standard Brands, Inc.) 8 P.M. Wednesday, NBC-WEAF.

Chesterfield Program—Andre Kostelanetz orchestra playing and accom-

panying Rosa Ponselle, soprano (Monday); Nino Martini, tenor (Wednesday); and Greta Stueckgold, soprano (Saturday) (Liggett and Myers Tobacco Co.) 9 P.M. CBS.

Colgate House Party—Donald Novis, tenor; Frances Langford, blues singer; Arthur Boran, mimic; Rhythm Girls; Melody Boys; Brad Browne, Master of Ceremonies; Don Voorhees orchestra (Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.) 9 P.M. Saturday, NBC-WEAF.

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

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

Forty-five Minutes in Hollywood—Mark Warnow's orchestra; radio preview new movies; Eton Boys quartette; Cal Yorke interviewing guest stars (Borden Co.) 10:30 P.M. Sunday, CBS.

Freddie Rich Entertains—Sylvia Froos, blues singer; Charles Carlile, tenor; Do Re Mi Girls; double male quartette; Freddie Rich's orchestra—9:30 P.M. CBS.

General Tire Company Program—Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone; Frank Parker, tenor; Don Bestor's orchestra—10:30 P.M. Friday, NBC-WEAF.

Gulf Headliners—The Revelers Quartette; Al Goodman's orchestra; Pickens Sisters; Irving Berlin (Gulf Refining Co.) 9 P.M. Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Hall of Fame—Guest artists, orchestra directed by Nat Shilkret (Lehn and Fink) 10:30 P.M. Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Happy Wonder Bakers—Phil Duey, Frank Luther, Jack Parker and Vivien Ruth (Continental Baking Co.) 8 P.M.

Monday, Wednesday and Friday, CBS.

Hour of Smiles—Fred Allen, comedian; Theodore Webb; Sal Hepatica Glee Club; Ipana Male Quartette; Lennie Hayton's orchestra (Bristol-Myers Co.) 9 P.M. Wednesday, NBC-WEAF.

Hudson Vocalians—Conrad Thibault, baritone; Lois Bennett, soprano; choir; Honey Dean, blues singer; Harry Salter's orchestra (Hudson Motor Car Co.) 8:30 P.M. Tuesday, NBC-WJZ.

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

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

Manhattan Merry-Go-Round—Tamara, Russian blues singer; David Percy, baritone; Men About Town orchestra (R. L. Watkins Co.) 9 P.M. Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Mohawk Treasure Chest—Howard Phillips, baritone; Martha Lee Cole; Don Allen and his orchestra (Mohawk Carpet Mills) 10:30 A.M. Thursday, NBC-WEAF.

Maxwell House Show Boat—Cap'n Henry (Charles Winninger); Lanny Ross, tenor; Lois Bennett, soprano; Annette Hanshaw, blues singer; Conrad Thibault, baritone; Molasses 'n' January; Gus Haenschen's orchestra (Maxwell House Coffee) 9 P.M. Thursday, NBC-WEAF.

Mollé Show—Shirley Howard and the Jesters; Milton Rettenberg, pianist; Tony Galucci, guitarist (The Mollé Co.) 7:30 P.M. Monday, Wednesday and Thursday, NBC-WEAF.

Morton Downey's Studio Party—Morton Downey, master of ceremonies and star soloist; Freddie Rich's orchestra; also guest artists—8 P.M. Saturday, CBS.

Nestlé's Chocolaters—Ethel Shutta, soloist; Walter O'Keefe, comedian; Bobbie Dolan and his orchestra (Lamont, Corliss & Co.) 8 P.M. Friday, NBC-WJZ.

Old Gold Program—Ted Fiorito and his orchestra; Dick Powell, master of ceremonies (P. Lorillard Co.) 10 P.M. Wednesday, CBS.

Oldsmobile Presents Ruth Etting—Also Johnny Green and his orchestra and Ted Husing (Olds Motor Works) 9:15 P.M. Tuesday and Friday, CBS.

Palmer House Promenade—Ray Perkins, master of ceremonies; Gale Page, contralto; guest artist; Harold Stokes orchestra (Palmer House, Chicago) 10 P.M. Tuesday, NBC-WJZ.



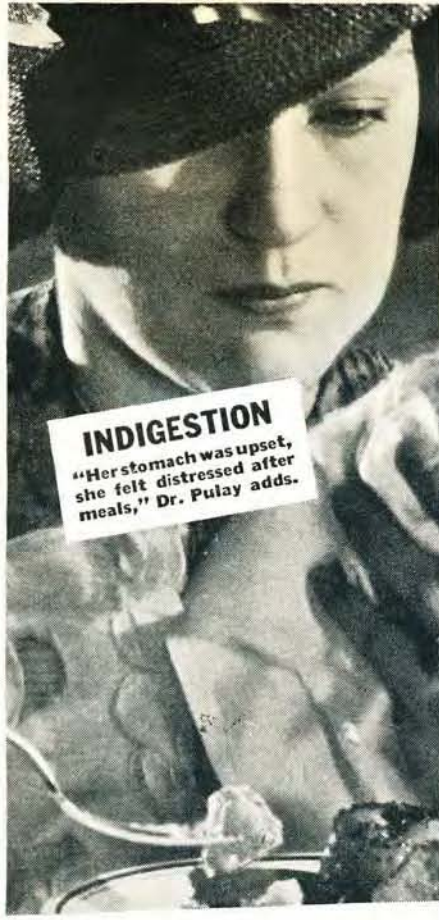
Know the Salesperson who Serves You

HOW well do you know the salespeople who are so important in giving you satisfactory merchandise and service? Share in \$1,000.00 in monthly cash prizes for the best letters of

50 words or less telling about your favorite DRUG STORE SALESPERSON. See the first inside cover and page 3 of this magazine for details how you can share in these awards.



(Please turn to page 57)



“Every one of these ills was corrected *—in 30 days*”
 reports DR. PULAY, noted Vienna specialist



● Dr. Pulay is the famous author of 120 important medical articles; eminent member, Austrian Society of Dermatologists.

NOTE how similar your troubles are to those in the case illustrated above and described here by Dr. Pulay:—

“This patient’s skin was greasy, full of pimples, itchy. Scalp covered with dandruff. Perspiration excessive.

“She often had indigestion, was frequently constipated. An X-ray of her intestines showed ‘self-poisoning.’

“I had her eat Yeast. At the end of four weeks, her skin was completely clear, her digestion greatly improved, and her intestines worked perfectly . . .”

If your skin is broken out . . . stomach upset . . . bowels sluggish—this “case history” can help you!

Fleischmann’s Yeast makes your stomach juices flow faster . . . strengthens your bowels . . . softens waste so it passes easily from your body.

As Dr. Pulay explains, it is “so much better than cathartics, which are weakening and so harmful to the delicate tissues of your bowels.”

Won’t *you* take advantage of this great doctor’s experience? Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann’s Yeast (rich in vitamins B, D, G) every day, for 30 days at least. Directions are on the



label. Get it at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains. Get some *today*.

Let Fleischmann’s Yeast tone up your system, clear away impurities, and so give you a clearer skin.

See how soon you have healthier digestion, better appetite, regular evacuation, and worlds more energy! Won’t you start eating Fleischmann’s Yeast right now . . . today?

● Paul Roberts, of Hollywood, Cal., writes: “I developed a bad case of indigestion, was ‘all in,’ felt ‘headachy.’ The doctor advised Fleischmann’s Yeast. Soon I felt fine.”



Copyright, 1934, Standard Brands Incorporated

Even "first timers"
 get good snapshots
 with Verichrome.
 This adaptable
 film tolerates
 exposure errors...
 you'll get good
 pictures even when
 the timing is not
 just right.

VERICHROME
gets the picture

Accept nothing but the
 familiar yellow
 box with the
 checkered
 stripe.



**HOW VERICHROME
 DIFFERS FROM ORDINARY FILM**

1. Double-coated. Two layers of sensitive silver.
2. Highly color-sensitive.
3. Halation "fuzz" prevented by special backing on film.
4. Finer details in both high lights and shadows.
5. Translucent, instead of transparent.

Made by an exclusive process of
 Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

KODAK
VERICHROME
FILM

Behind the Dial

(Continued from page 46)

IF Leon Belasco loses out as an orchestra leader he has another job waiting for him at NBC. It came about this way: Belasco, having a moment or two on his hands, went sight-seeing about the Radio City studios. A door bearing the legend "Employment" caught his eye and he entered an office to be greeted by a smiling young lady. She handed him two blank forms to fill out and invited him to use a convenient desk for that purpose, which he did. Belasco then resumed his self-conducted Cook's tour of the air castles and forgot the episode. However, he was reminded a week later. A letter directed him to report to the studios the following Monday at 9 A.M. to enter upon his duties as a page boy!

VIA short waves: Margaret Daum is knitting tiny garments—her blue Persian cat is expecting a family. . . . Mary Small, the 11-year-old singer, is an accomplished pianist. . . . There is great rejoicing in the studios over the return of Mme. Schumann-Heink. "The Grandmother of Opera" is very popular with all employees from pages to vice-presidents. . . . Pedro De Cordoba, "The Friendly Philosopher," used to be a leading actor in the silent films, but theater and radio work have kept him so busy he has never appeared in a talkie.

Is Jimmy Durante mortified? He's speechless! He's covered with ignominy! What's all the agitation about? Well, Jimmy, that well-dressed man, is pinch-hitting for Eddie Cantor on the Chase and Sanborn Coffee hour. And on exhibition all over the country are placards showing Jimmy's schnozzle inhaling the aroma from a steaming cup of Maxwell House Coffee! His endorsement of the rival brand, of course, was given before he had any thought of broadcasting for C. and S. But that doesn't remove the fact that Jimmy now is completely nonplussed, seeing he is drawing down plenty of smackers for cutting up capers for dated coffee.

THE right name of Edith Murray, the blues singer, is Edith Fernandez. Her mother's maiden name was Murray which she adopted for stage purposes early in her career. She has been warbling ever since she was a tiny tot when the teacher in school stood her on a chair to sing to the class. Edith's tastes run to outdoor sports. She rides, golfs and sails a boat but never owned or drove a car. She hates crowds and likes to live in the country.

JOHN DREW COLT, son of Ethel Barrymore, has turned radio actor and is appearing in a dramatic program on WMCA, independent New York City station. . . . Despite the fact that Roger Wolfe Kahn inherited millions by the death of his father, Otto H. Kahn, the financier, he is continuing his career as a radio maestro. . . . Colonel Rich, second husband of Irene Rich, film and radio star, is now married to the crippled daughter of Dinty Moore, famous Manhattan restaurateur. . . . The Mystery Chef (John McPherson) must be good. In twenty-five years of married life, his

wife has never missed a dinner with—and by—him. . . . Borrah Minne-vitch, leader of the Harmonica Rascals, can play twelve different mouth instruments.

GLADYS SWARTHOUT, prima donna of the Palmolive Beauty Box Theater, is married to Frank Chapman, the concert baritone, and son of Dr. Frank Chapman, the eminent ornithologist. Miss Swarthout (of course you know she is also the mezzo-soprano of the Metropolitan Opera House) is seen everywhere with her husband—walking in Central Park, riding, at parties and at rehearsals. Both being singers they practice together daily, taking turns at the piano. Neither makes a professional engagement without the other's approval.

Ed Wynn's "So-o-o-o" was born of nervous reaction when he stumbled on a line in an early broadcast. Jeanie Lang's giggle originated much the same way. When Paul Whiteman told her she was hired to sing with his band, she was so thrilled she giggled. The Jazz King thought it cute and advised her to keep it in the act, which she did, as the whole world knows.

HERE'S a funny one: A man who claims to be his father is suing George Givot for support. The actor says he is an imposter, that his father was killed in a massacre in Russia. Givot, by the way, isn't the Greek heard on the Eddie Cantor program, as so many listeners believe. A Boston advertising man, Harry Einstein by name, is the "Grik" Park Your Carcus, heard on those broadcasts.

RUDY VALLEE gets the credit for making popular the song, "The Man on the Flying Trapeze," but it was Kathryn Parsons, "The Girl of Yesterday," who first sang it on the air three years ago. . . . Sally Schermerhorn is the right name of Sally Singer, vocalist with Leo Reisman's orchestra. She has the distinction of being the only owner of race horses in radio, two thoroughbreds running under her colors. . . . "What Can I Say After I Say I'm Sorry" is regarded by Ruth Etting as her lucky song. It is the number with which she began her singing career in Chicago years ago. . . . Marjorie Anderson, the society lass who plays broken-hearted wives in the Beatrice Fairfax dramas, owns a silver mine in Colorado.

Appearing as guest star on a recent program John Barrymore delivered the soliloquy from "Hamlet." His resonant voice faded out on the last line, and the orchestra immediately struck up "You Oughta Be in Pictures." Somebody oughta tell the compiler of that program just what John Barrymore has been doing all these years in Hollywood.

In lighter veins: According to Groucho Marx's definition, Radio Row is the place where friends are picked — to pieces! . . . And Lanny Ross, after his experience there, has come to the conclusion that Hollywood is the place where every man is a brother-in-law!

I'm sending some of the latest
snapshots of Bill—he's swell, Sis,
and wants to meet you. He's the

Captain
a hot
I
so he
with
Summer



How much more one snapshot tells about the way he looks than a whole letter! One snapshot, and you almost know him. What a fascinating way to make letters clear and interesting. The friends—the places you go—the things you do—slip them into the envelope in the form of snapshots. They really tell the story. Snapshots are more truthful, more expressive than ever, when you use *Kodak Verichrome Film*. Make your next pictures with Verichrome and see the difference. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Don't just write it—PICTURE IT—with snapshots

How to use Your Radio

*The world knocks at your door.
Only planned listening will
keep you alert to its call*

By
JESSE BUTCHER

HE who listens may learn much from the commentators and from the variety of talks timely and informative, as well as the special broadcasting events that sponsors and the networks themselves provide for the listening audience. One may keep up to the minute on the kaleidoscopic changes, political, economic and otherwise, that are affecting our lives. The President of the United States from time to time reports direct to his fellow citizens on what has been accomplished and what remains to be done. The voices of kings and prime ministers compete for the listener's attention with cabinet officers, members of

Congress, governors and other public notables. Public questions are debated over the air, news commentators interpret the happenings of the day, rival leaders and their followers seek to win the listener's sympathy for their political theories.

In this series we have urged upon the listener that he seek to get the greatest

value out of his investment in a radio set by planning his listening. With the networks trying to please the general and specific tastes of a heterogeneous audience running into the millions, it naturally follows that random dialing frequently results in the fan missing a program directly aimed at his interest or taste. Planned listening contemplates the set owner taking a few minutes to read over the published time tables of programs on the air and conform his listening to things that appeal to him or that he should know in order to keep abreast with the passing scene. The rewards of planned listening, which requires only a few minutes, will be hours of satisfactory radio entertainment.

In no other division of radio programs than the group we shall discuss in this article is the reason for perusal of the time tables better illustrated. Excluding the commentators and established series of informative talks, the general run of talks are arranged by the chains on very short notice, in some instances with only a day's notice. Also scheduled in limited time are the various special events of public interest, such as the English Derby, the laying of the corner stone of some great project, the sounds made by the eruption of a volcano; a Congressional hearing and the like.

BOTH the Columbia Broadcasting System and the National Broadcasting Company maintain departments in New York, with foreign representatives the world over, that rival each other in combing the globe for interesting special broadcasts. Each endeavors to tie up these features and talks as exclusives for the dialers on its key stations and affiliates. The announcements frequently are rushed to the papers at edition time. The radio set owner who does not read the time tables is cheating himself of the chance to hear many of these exciting, last minute programs that the broadcasters provide for his enjoyment.

The various commentators on the air are a benefaction to the housewife who wants to be conversant with what is going on in the world. The complexities of the political situation at our national capital, for example, are cleared up each Saturday night by Frederick William Wile, who broadcasts over Columbia at 6:30, Eastern Daylight Saving Time. This veteran political analyst reviews the highlights in the great American game of politics as he has watched the flashes during the week. Impartially, he makes clear what the majority and minority parties and leaders are doing and thinking.

Another keen observer through whom the listener may learn much regarding the personalities figuring in the political news of the week is H. V. Kaltenborn. Under the title "Leaders in Action," heard over the Columbia airways each Saturday night at 10:30 P.M. he paints arresting world pictures of the men and women who are leaders in politics. Over the National Broadcasting Company's WEAJ outlet, John B. Kennedy discusses each Thursday at 6:30 P.M. in his own incisive and interesting (*Please turn to page 78*)

H. V. Kaltenborn paints arresting pictures over the air of the world's great in his Columbia series of broadcasts, "Leaders in Action."



Programs You'll Want to Hear

(Continued from page 52)

Plough's Musical Cruiser—Vincent Lopez and his orchestra; Ed Sullivan, columnist; Three Scamps, vocal trio; Charlie Lyon (Plough, Inc.) 10 P.M. Wednesday, NBC-WJZ.

Program of the Week Hour—Humor, music, drama, personality, book and news of the week highlighted under direction of Ted Sherdeman (Schlitz Brewing Co.) 10 P.M. Friday, CBS.

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

Romantic Melodies Program—Don Amece, master of ceremonies; Sally Ward, dramatic sketch with guest artist; Eric Sagerquist orchestra (D. D. Corporation) 7:30 P.M. Thursday, NBC-WJZ.

Rings of Melody Program—Ohman and Arden, piano duo; Arlene Jackson, songs; Edward Nell, Jr., baritone (Perfect Circle Co.) 2:30 P.M. Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Richard Hudnut Melodies—The Powder Box Revue with Jack Whiting, Jeanie Lang, Jack Denny and his orchestra (Hudnut Co.) 9:30 P.M. Friday, CBS.

Silken Strings—Charles Preven and his orchestra; guest artist (Real Silk Hosiery Mills) 7:30 P.M. Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Silver Dust Serenaders—Paul Keast, baritone; Thelma Goodwin, soprano; Rollo Hudson's orchestra (Gold Dust Corp.) 7:30 P.M. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, CBS.

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

Terraplane Cavalcade—Al Trahan, comedian; Saxon Sisters, male quartette; Graham McNamee, master of ceremonies; Lennie Hayton's orchestra (Hudson Motor Car Co.) 10 P.M. Saturday, NBC-WEAF.

Texaco Fire Chief Band—Ed Wynn, Graham McNamee, male quartette, Fire Chief Band (Texas Co.) 9:30 P.M. Tuesday, NBC-WEAF.

Voice of America—Alex Gray, baritone; Mary Eastman, soprano; guest artist; Nicholas Kempner's orchestra (Underwood Elliott Fisher Co.) 8:30 P.M. Thursday, CBS.

Voice of Firestone—Richard Crooks, tenor; guest artist; Harvey Firestone, Jr., speaker; William Daly's orchestra (Firestone Tire and Rubber Co.) 8:30 P.M. Monday, NBC-WJZ.

Venida Program—Rip Lasher, Broadway columnist; guest stars; orchestra (Rieser Co.) 6:15 P.M. Saturday, CBS.

Ward's Family Theater—Cecil Lean and Cleo Mayfield; James Melton, tenor; guest stars; Green Stripe orchestra (Ward Baking Co.) 6 P.M. Sunday, CBS.

Waring's Pennsylvanians—Fred Waring with Poley McClintock; the Lane Sisters, Stuart Churchill, Babs Ryan and her brothers, guest artists (Ford Motor Co. Dealers) 9:30 P.M. Sunday and 9:30 P.M. Thursday, CBS.

Paul Whiteman—With Lee Wiley, blues singer; Deems Taylor, master of (Please turn to page 67)

"TALK ABOUT
TATTLE-TALE GRAY!
DID YOU NOTICE
DORA'S LINENS?"

"I KNOW!... BUT
IT'S NOT HER FAULT.
HER SOAP'S
TO BLAME."



Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with Fels-Naptha Soap



Clothes can't gossip—no indeed! Yet the very linens you set on a tea table—if they're a little dull and grayish—can tell tales on you. They can say that your clothes are poorly washed—that dirt is still hiding in them. So you seem careless to others—when it isn't your fault at all. It's your soap that's to blame—it doesn't get ALL the dirt out.

But change to Fels-Naptha Soap—and "Tattle-Tale Gray" scampers off forever! It's bound to—for Fels-Naptha is one soap that has the ability to *loosen* dirt completely. It *coaxes* grime out of tiniest threads. It gets clothes clean clear through—*dazzling white!* And here is why: Fels-Naptha is *not only* marvelous soap—*golden richer soap*. But it holds *lots of dirt-loosening naphtha*, too.



And the beauty of it is—Fels-Naptha is *safe* for everything! Never harsh like "trick" soaps. You can trust your finest chiffons and silk stockings to Fels-Naptha. It's a real pal to your hands—for there's soothing glycerine in every bar. And it's thrifter, too. You can now buy Fels-Naptha at the lowest price in almost twenty years.

Fels & Co., Phila., Pa.



© 1934, FELS & CO.

Who discovered EX-LAX?



WHO discovered it first for the family? Mother? Father? Big Brother Bill? Grandpa?

There are different answers—but all agree that, once tried, Ex-Lax becomes the family laxative from that time on!

Mother discovered it!

A mother told us she started to use Ex-Lax because little Johnnie revolted against the customary dose of castor oil—and she found that a delicious little chocolate tablet of Ex-Lax solved the problem perfectly.

Big Brother Bill did!

Brother Bill, who is an athlete, broke a long habit of taking strong stuff after he learned that mild, gentle Ex-Lax did all that powerful, disturbing purgatives did.

Grandpa wants the credit because his age made him doubly careful that the laxative he took was mild and gentle.

Everybody discovered it!

So you see, while all sorts of people— young and old—claim to have discovered Ex-Lax, all of them agree that Ex-Lax is the perfect laxative—mild, gentle and effective.

When Nature forgets—remember Ex-Lax! You can get Ex-Lax at all drug stores. 10c and 25c.



Groucho Marx Tells All

(Continued from page 15)

know I had gone into radio. I had always promised them I would make an honest living. So I hid my identity under the pseudonym of Roxy. As Roxy I came to be a famous showman and made quite a name for myself out of discarded electric light bulbs.

But still I wasn't satisfied. I had seen Kate Smith, Crosby, Morton Downey all rise to glory under my management. And what had I got out of it? A mere eighty per cent!

I wanted to go on the air in person. The owner of the station where I drew my miserly four grand a week—it was still located in Ginsberg's Bowling Alley—promised time after time to put me in radio. At least three times a day he'd say to me, "Groucho, you abysmal cluck, if you do that once more, I'll give you the air!"

But at last my chance came. Our chief crooner also swept out the elevator shaft, and one day he fell down on the job. There was no one to go on in his place. So I stepped into the brooch. Instead of doing my interpretation of Hamlet, as everyone had expected, I did Hamlet's interpretation of those Four Hawaiians, the Marx Brothers.

I was about to go into a rumba after finishing my rumba when Ginsberg rushed out and shouted: "Good gracious, Groucho! You've done it all in pantomime!"

I brushed off my coat, rolled up my shirt sleeves and observed with Dignity (he had just come in) "Are you trying to tell me *my* business?"

But posterity (it was at that time just around the corner) proved that I was right. The letters poured in—in fact they are still pouring in—declaring that the Marx silent hour was the finest thing that had ever been heard on Station WHEW.

I became known then and there as the Silent Marx Brother. I later sold out my title to my Brother Harpo, (a famous harpist of whom you may have heard who was then in a dither over a zither for a pretty fancy figure. As no one had either seen

me or heard me at that time, it was comparatively easy, except that Harpo wanted to settle for half.

So there I was, at a tender age, my name already established in radio as something which mothers used to frighten their kiddies, heart whole and fancy figure (in fact, a neat thirty-six.)

CASTING about at Random, my summer estate on the Hudson, I decided to become a maestro. I would have become a maestro of ceremonies, but I never stand on ceremony.

I gathered about me a bassoon player, a man who played the viola under the impression that it was a horse and three bass drummers. I then arranged to go on the air as Maestro Marx and his Mad Musclemen of Melody.

Will I ever forget that opening night on station WHEW! I hope so. I've been trying to for years. It was indeed a gala night. The roses, the tulips, the confetti! All the critics were there. In fact, thinking it over later, it seemed to me that every one there was a critic.

I tried to lead with my saxophone. That was where I made my first mistake. Professor McGinsberg, my boxing instructor, told me always to lead with my right. During that premiere broadcast a slight error occurred. The applause went to my head. I became confused. Instead of playing the saxophone before the microphone, I played the microphone before the saxophone.

Shortly afterwards I changed my name to Rudy Vallee for reasons which I do not care to mention here, and I may say with all modesty that my orchestral efforts under that name have been crowned with some success.

I might never have become a crooner had it not been for the sheepest accident. I was having tea one afternoon with Madame Alto-Contralto, the distinguished opera singer, when I chanced to look out the window and observing a goat on a bock-beer sign, I thought for the moment that I was

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

WHY NOT SEND

TO YOUR FAVORITES?



Gertrude Niesen.....	July 8, 1912	Phillips Lord.....	July 13, 1902
Martha Boswell.....	July 9, ---	Floyd Gibbons.....	July 16, 1887
H. V. Kaltenborn.....	July 9, 1878	Georgia Brown.....	July 17, 1910
Graham McNamee.....	July 10, ---	Harry Horlick.....	July 20, ---
Helen Pickens.....	July 10, 1909	Gracie Allen.....	July 26, ---
Johnny Marvin.....	July 11, 1897	Rudy Vallee.....	July 28, 1901
Harry Von Zell.....	July 11, 1906	Lewis James.....	July 29, ---

back at the Chalet Marx in dear old Switzerland and broke into a yodel.

Mme. Alto-Contralto laid down her knife and fixed me with those piercing black eyes of hers. "My dear bhoys—" ahoy—ahoy—" she yodelled, falling right in with me, "I never knew that you had such a golden verce—eet ees a gift!"

"The heck it is!" I shot back at her. "It cost me ten payments at a correspondence school!"

Mme. Alto-Contralto was almost instantaneously on the phone, calling none other than the renowned Professor Ginsbergsky. It seemed that the professor was now away up town. Station WHEW had become station WOWW. The professor was in the money. She told the professor in no uncertain terms (the terms, to be exact, were a dollar down and a dollar a week) that she had a new discovery for him, a crooner.

"SEND him right over," I heard the professor reply, "only send him prepaid!" Dear old professor! He hadn't changed!

For a moment as I entered the salon, I was overawed by Professor Ginsbergsky's black and silver furniture in the manner moderne, until I recognized two installment collectors waiting to return it to Second Avenue.

To make a long story unbearable, I got the job. I signed a contract with the professor to do all the singing on his station. I was a quartet, three trios, and a piccolo player, and the Four Eton Boys.

I thought all was beer and skittles. Then I awoke one morning to make a horrible discovery. My voice had changed. I couldn't speak above a bass.

From that day on I found all doors in radio closed to me. Those that weren't closed were manned by bouncers instructed to throw me out.

There was nothing left for me to do but to go into Grand Opera. Again I deemed it advisable to change my cognomen. Few people realize that Chaliapin, the name which I use when angling before the Golden Horseshoe (not to mention a lot of old rusty ones), is simply Groucho Marx spelled backwards.

Ambition still burned fiercely within me, although for a long time I was under the impression that it was just my old heartburn.

Today, as a result, I am the five leading news commentators. You hear me as Edwin C. Hill, Boake Carter, and Lowell Thomas, also H. V. Kaltenborn and Frederic William Wile.

It is only natural perhaps that I am partial to the program which I broadcast under my own name for American Oil. And here and now I want to say that it is not true that Brother Chico who plays the faithful Penelli, writes my stuff. Chico can't write. He dictates it.

I am happy at last. I feel I have found my *metier*, which is to interpret the news so no one can understand it. I am always last on the scene where things are happening, so I get the latest news.

I feel there are too many things in the world which people can understand. Thus if you give them the news so that they can't understand it, they'll have something to think about.

And if thinking will keep them out of pool halls, then I'm satisfied. It's what I had in mind when I first explained radio to Marconi.

● *"Ha! Goody—goody! She's all tuned up pretty—but was it a job! I kind of thought Johnson's Baby Powder would fix her up, though. 'Cause it keeps me so comfortable and frisky. Let's get going!"*



● *"Now for a little spin to cool me off after all that work. Never tried to ride this gadget before, but it looks easy when Buddy does it! Step up—and OVER, baby! Seems like it's kind of teetery—CAREFUL!"*



● *"OUCH—for crying out loud! The horrid old thing doesn't work right! 'Course it didn't hurt, but I think I'll get Mother to smooth away the bumpy feeling with Johnson's Baby Powder. And here's something other mothers ought to know—"*



● *"There's a big difference in baby powders. Prove it yourself, this way:—Feel different powders between your thumb and finger. Some are really gritty! But Johnson's is soft as down. No orris-root or zinc stearate in it!"*



Send 10¢ in coin (for convenience fasten coin with strip of adhesive tape) for samples of Johnson's Baby Powder, Soap and Cream. Dept. 74, New Brun- **Johnson & Johnson** wick, New Jersey. NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

JOHNSON'S *Baby* **POWDER**

WHAT WAS KAY'S *Summer Secret?*



What was there about Kay that warm July night that captivated Jerry, the town's hard-to-get bachelor? If romance is passing you by, read this true story—

Adorable Kay! Sticky heat waves don't interfere with *her* popularity—she knows how to keep herself attractive to men. In the summertime she's especially careful to take odorless Ivory baths. For she realizes how quickly the faintest trace of perspiration—or soap perfume—repels a man's interest. It was her freshness, her feminine daintiness that won Jerry—and now she's engaged!

You can't insist too strongly on having odorless Ivory Soap beside your tub in this hot weather. No perfumed or "medicinal" soaps, please! For their odor may linger for hours. But Ivory leaves your

skin fresh as a camellia—with no soapy perfume to conflict with the fragrance of your real perfume.

If you want your complexion to have that fine-pored, baby-smooth look, wash your face with Ivory night and morning. Ivory is *pure*—so pure that doctors advise it *even for the super-sensitive skins of tiny babies*. It doesn't dry up the natural oils that keep the skin young.

For a few spare pennies you can get a whole summer's supply of Ivory from your grocer. Don't risk another unpopular date—start your odorless Ivory beauty treatments today!

IVORY SOAP

99 ⁴¹/₁₀₀ % PURE • IT FLOATS

How to Visit Radio's Hollywood

(Continued from page 13)

pleasant assignment of seeing programs put on.

So on our way we walk two blocks east to Madison Avenue, where at Fifty-second Street, we arrive at the home of the Columbia Broadcasting System. The exact number of the building is 485 Madison Avenue. As at NBC, the headquarters of WABC vibrates with the bustle and activity of the radio folk who function on this great network. If you have a memory of voices you are quite apt to identify Morton Downey, Sylvia Froos, Connie Boswell, Tito Guizar, David Ross, Ted Husing or Alex Gray—to select at random from the galaxy of CBS celebrities.

Should you have the inclination you may want to see the homes of some of the local stations you may have picked up on your set; they are within walking distance. WNEW is on the adjoining corner to the Columbia headquarters, WOR is a few blocks away at Broadway and Fortieth Street and WMCA is on the same thoroughfare near Fifty-third Street.

VISITORS to Chicago who want to see Columbia's radio activities should ask for directions to the Wrigley Building on North Michigan Avenue where the chain maintains spacious quarters and studios. NBC's mid-Western broadcasting operations center in a huge two-story rectangular penthouse atop the Merchandise Mart, which is just west of the junction of Chicago and Michigan Avenues. The same vivid scenes one finds in New York are duplicated in Chicago. It may be your good fortune to run into Myrt and Marge, Wayne King, Amos 'n' Andy, Gene Arnold, Edgar Guest, Jane Meredith, Ben Bernie, Phil Baker or Edna Wallace Hopper, whose ether appearances are staged in the Windy City.

Many fans have asked us to tell them what restaurants the stars patronize at lunch time. Of course, because of their prominence and popularity, they circulate widely and one may run across them in prominent hotels and restaurants. But when the stars have rehearsals in progress or programs imminent, they are more than likely to be found in any one of the dozen or more restaurants around Columbia and NBC headquarters—the nearer to the studio the more likely. A delightful camaraderie exists among ether performers and the visitor fortunate enough to be dining in the same restaurant may eavesdrop quite unashamedly on the exchange of banter and animated chatter among them.

Is it difficult to obtain tickets of admission to a broadcast? As a general proposition, it may be stated that tickets are obtainable to most sponsored broadcasts but it is not always easy to get them on short notice. We are told that the waiting list for the Sinclair Minstrels program, emanating from NBC's Chicago studios, is eight months behind! There are several factors which the fan must keep in mind in attempting to get tickets for his favorite program. He should not forget the old law of supply and demand. And, as we have indicated, what

a demand! There are several popular programs, such as Show Boat, Rudy Vallee, Chase and Sanborn Hour and the Fred Waring program which receive as high as 10,000 applications a week. Then, too, it should be borne in mind that the sponsor not infrequently uses the broadcasts as a business adjunct. Naturally, he elects to give first call to his dealers, customers and others directly allied with the sale of his product.

The sponsor is not unmindful of the appreciative listening audience which wants to see the broadcast and he does the best he can to set aside a quota for it. But the ticket distribution problem is generally an insurmountable one as far as providing for all is concerned—there are just so many seats available despite commodious studios.

And so the visitor should write far in advance for tickets and he should express his willingness to accept duceats for some other broadcast than the one he desires in the event the supply has been exhausted. Generally speaking all broadcasts are interesting to watch. Recently, we found ourselves enjoying broadcasts of a type that do not appeal to us when listening at home. The technique of putting a show on the air, with the cryptic hand signals, the surprisingly made sound effects and the reversal often of popular conceptions regarding the business, is interesting to the beholder.

THE National Broadcasting Company has partially solved the ticket problem by including in the grand tour of its New York headquarters, brief visits to the galleries above each of its thirty odd studios. On a recent tour, we saw portions of five well-known sponsored programs, two sustaining periods and two rehearsals. For the visitor unable to obtain tickets for an entire broadcast during his stay in New York, this innovation has proved a boon.

In addition to the broadcasts put on in its many studios, in the Madison Avenue citadel, the Columbia System stages several of its big audience-attracting programs at its new Radio Playhouse on West Forty-fourth Street, near Broadway in the heart of the theatrical district.

The listener should send his application for tickets addressed simply as the case may be, to The National Broadcasting Company, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, or, for Chicago performances, to the Merchandise Mart in that city, and to the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York, or Wrigley Building, Chicago. The chains will send the tickets direct or through the agency or sponsor channel. And so write weeks in advance of your trip.

We have indicated that one may make a tour of the broadcasting stations seeing for oneself whence the sounds come and learning first hand much interesting data regarding the mechanics of ether transmission. Guides explain the intricacies of the business in laymen's terms and the visitor's own eyes will be sufficient to enjoy the elegance of many of the studios, which have been decorated by noted artists. The unfolding, exciting panorama, quickened to the same tempo as the sound waves carrying the broadcasts, will thrill the visitor and add to his enjoyment at home later as he resumes his dialing.

(Please turn to page 62)

FAOEN BEAUTY AIDS at 10¢
give you \$1 to \$3 Quality!



SCIENTIFIC COMPARISON PROVES THEIR FINENESS AND PURITY

Every day the smartest women everywhere are changing to Faoen. They have learned that Faoen Beauty Aids give them utmost quality, unsurpassed by beauty aids that cost far more. If you do not know this startling fact, read the report of a famous Research Laboratory:

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

Now—try Faoen today!

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

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

—10¢ each at—
F. W. Woolworth Co Stores

DOES BABY HATE HIS VEGETABLES?



● Scowls . . . howls . . . struggles . . . why does a sweet-tempered baby turn stubborn when vegetable feedings start?

Usually because his vegetables aren't strained uniformly. Home-cooked vegetables can't be uniformly smooth. That's why baby has a hard time getting used to them. But remember . . .

HE'LL LIKE CLAPP'S!



● Clapp's Baby Foods are always silky smooth—unvarying in "feel" and flavor. So babies like them!

And every spoonful holds its full share of body-building vitamins and mineral salts. Clapp's Foods are cooked in air-tight, glass-lined kettles to protect these vital elements.

ONLY 15¢
In the New Enamel Purity Pack



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Please send me your free book, "Before Your Baby Goes On Vegetables."

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How to Visit Radio's Hollywood

(Continued from page 61)

THE fans should see the master control rooms of both NBC and CBS in New York and Chicago. As a rule the physical equipment of a factory, plant or foundry are not interesting to the visitor unidentified with the business. But the master control room of a chain, constituting as it does the very heart of the complex networks, is bound to quicken the pulse of even the most blase on-looker. For before his eyes, the tourist sees regional and coast-to-coast hook-ups set up or destroyed in a twinkling. His own station in some far off part of the continent may be included in the hook-up of the moment and he cannot fail to be impressed as he watches how a "break" in the network immediately is discovered among the stations knitted together for the program on the air.

Yes, everything connected with broadcasting is interesting, whether the fan mail department in which are received the millions and millions of

letters that you write in appreciation or condemnation or for give-aways, or the publicity department where alert young star builders set down on paper the things you want to know. You will not be disappointed in your trip to the New York or Chicago radio centers. Undoubtedly, many of your conceptions will be changed but by the same token you will have that much more to talk about with your friends when you get back home.

And finally, some of you have wanted to know if radio stars are approachable. The answer is definitely in the affirmative. We have mulled over in our minds scores of radio performers and we cannot recall one who does not delight in exchanging a word of greeting with a fan. Unlike performers on the legitimate stage who see their audiences in totality, radio stars see only an infinitesimal part of their public—the few fortunates able to get tickets for the program.

TOURING THE STUDIOS

A few of the popular audience-attracting programs in New York, tickets for which the visitor should write well in advance of his radio pilgrimage, are as follows:

Bakers Program—with Joe Penner, Harriet Hilliard, Ozzie Nelson Orchestra. NBC.

Good Gulf Headliners—with Irving Berlin, Revellers Quartette, Pickens Sisters, Al Goodman's Orchestra. NBC.

Ford Program—Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians, guest artists. CBS.

Voice of Firestone—Richard Crooks, tenor; guest artists, Wm. Daly's Orchestra. NBC.

The Big Show—Gertrude Niesen, Erno Rapee Orchestra, guest stars. CBS.

Oldsmobile—Ruth Etting, Johnny Green, Ted Husing. CBS.

Texaco—Ed Wynn, Graham McNamee. NBC.

Palm Olive Beauty Box Theater—Operettas. NBC.

Camel Caravan—Col. Stoopnagle and Budd, Connie Boswell, Glen Gray Orchestra. CBS.

The Hour of Smiles—Fred Allen, Lennie Hayton Orchestra, guest artist. NBC.

Plough's Musical Cruiser—Vincent Lopez Orchestra, Ed Sullivan, guest artists. NBC.

Fleischmann Hour—Rudy Vallee, guest artists. NBC.

Maxwell House Show Boat—Cap'n Henry, Lannie Ross, Annette Hanshaw, Conrad Thibault. NBC.

Kraft Program—Paul Whiteman and his Orchestra, Deems Taylor, Al Jolson. NBC.

Cities Service—Jessica Dragonette, Rosario Bourdon Orchestra. NBC.

Hudnut Powder Box Revue—Jack Whiting, Jeanie Lang, Jack Denny's Orchestra. CBS.

General Tire—Jack Benny, Mary Livingstone, Don Bestor's Orchestra. CBS.

Byrd Expedition—Broadcast from Little America. CBS.

Fans who visit the Chicago studios of NBC and CBS may desire to see one or more of the following programs which are popular with broadcast-goers:

Swift Garden Program—Coe Glade, contralto; Vigoro Little Symphony. NBC.

Sinclair Greater Minstrels—Gene Arnold, Joe Parsons, male quartette, end men. NBC.

Contented Program—Gene Arnold, Lullaby Lady, male quartette, Morgan Eastman. NBC.

Wrigley Program—Myrt and Marge—back-stage life sketches. CBS.

Household Utilities—Edgar Guest, poet; Alice Mook, soprano; Charlie Sears, tenor; Koestner's Orchestra. CBS.

Hoover Sentinels—Chicago A Capella Choir; Edward Davies, baritone; Koestner's Orchestra. NBC.

Armour Program—Phil Baker, Harry McNaughton, Martha Mears, Orchestra. NBC.

Schlitz Beer Program—Ted Sherdeman provides "song of the week" and play, book and personality of the week. CBS.

First Nighter—Dramatic sketch with June Meredith, Don Ameche, Sagerquist Orchestra. NBC.

National Barn Dance—NBC.

The Yankee Doodle Boy Grows Up

(Continued from page 12)

The super-song-and-dance man is tremendously interested in radio, and radio, from all reports, is just as much interested in him. He has been flooded with offers of late. If he so desired he could have remained on the air right through the Summer with one program or another. But he wants to take a rest. Then there are a number of what he calls "little things" he has in mind. Like fixing up a play he wants to get ready for next season.

But he expects to be back on the air again around August. And it looks now as though he might be on the air, right along after that.

HE doesn't enjoy radio exactly. It is too strenuous and wearing, too baffling for that. But it fascinates him. He thinks it has great unrealized possibilities.

There are a lot of things about it that annoy him, that he doesn't understand. In one of the last broadcasts of his winter series he got off a song about it. The burden of it was that here he had spent all his life learning to be a showman and he thought he had some idea about show business, then he went into radio and was given the idea that he didn't know anything about it at all. Someone was always saying that he had to do this and had to do that and couldn't do this and couldn't do that.

"So all you can do," he remarked wagging his head, "is just wait until everyone has had his say and then just forget it all, go home and get some words on paper regardless, bring them down to the studio and put them on the air! If you tried to consider all the rules and taboos and things you'd never get anywhere."

Cohan thinks that is one thing that is wrong with radio. Too many boys standing around with blue pencils, waiting to fix things up.

Another thing is the lack of originality, the follow the leader spirit.

"The trouble with radio," he said, "is that there's so darned much of it. It's like trying to intrigue a man's appetite with food when he is already stuffed to the eyebrows. He may pick out a delicacy or a dainty here and there. But the solid ordinary fare doesn't interest him. He's had so much of it.

"That's why radio has reached the point where it's got to have showmanship. I don't mean to belittle the boys in the business. They have done a wonderful job. When you consider how new radio is, how fast it has come up and the vastness and smoothness of the organization, it is overwhelming. You've got to admire them for what they've done.

"But the novelty of getting programs has worn off; there are all these shows on all these stations from morning till night going everlastingly. People will soon get so sick they won't listen unless they are given something new, something different.

"For myself I wouldn't want to go into it in an executive capacity unless I had something definite I could contribute. I wouldn't want to be just a figurehead. There wouldn't be any fun in that.

"And I couldn't be anything else un-

(Please turn to page 64)



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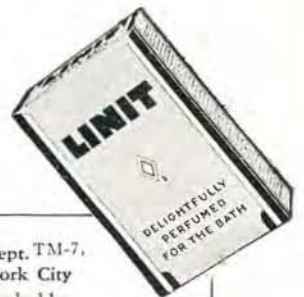
ANY WOMAN would be delighted to have one or more of these attractive, long-lasting, waterproof lipsticks. You have three popular shades to choose from (see coupon below) and you will be amazed at their genuine quality and real value—yet they cost you only 10¢ each.

This generous offer is made possible by the makers of LINIT, that well-known Beauty Bath preparation that is used by fastidious women everywhere—to keep the skin as soft and smooth as velvet. You will be fascinated by a LINIT Beauty Bath and its *instant* results in beautifying your skin.

Merely send the top from a LINIT package with 10¢ (to cover cost of wrapping and postage) for EACH lipstick desired, using the coupon printed below.

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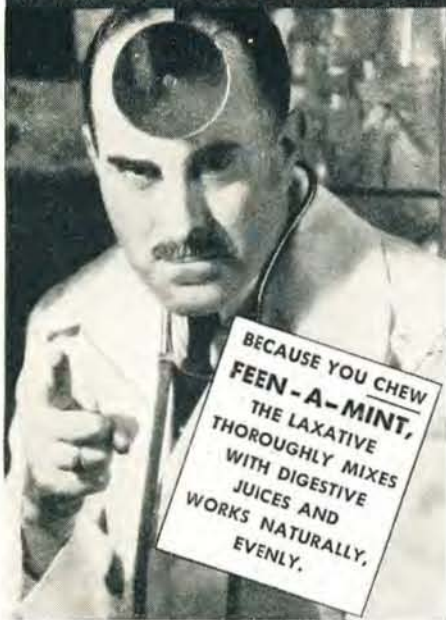
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The Yankee Doodle Boy Grows Up

(Continued from page 63)

CHEW
YOUR
LAXATIVE

CONSTIPATION
COMBATED MORE EFFECTIVELY
WITH A **CHEWING-GUM**
LAXATIVE—SCIENCE FINDS



**BECAUSE YOU CHEW
FEEN-A-MINT,
THE LAXATIVE
THOROUGHLY MIXES
WITH DIGESTIVE
JUICES AND
WORKS NATURALLY,
EVENLY.**

Every day thousands of men and women are finding that the scientists are right—that chewing FEEN-A-MINT mixes the laxative with important gastric juices which makes it work more smoothly and naturally.

This is one of the main reasons why FEEN-A-MINT is so dependable—why there is no griping, no nausea.

FEEN-A-MINT is delicious to take—it has a fresh, minty flavor...It is non-habit-forming...A modern laxative for people of today.

Don't take chances with ordinary laxatives—Heed the doctor's advice.

I CERTAINLY LIKE
FEEN-A-MINT'S
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CERTAINLY MAKES
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LAXATIVE WORKS.



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The Chewing-Gum LAXATIVE

less I had it in my mind pretty clearly just what ought to be done. It would mean I'd have to mess around with myself for a long time first and see what I think about it.

"Oh, there are some things that occur to me, of course. There are a lot of things that radio hasn't done yet. One thing that could be done is to improve the quality of the drama. There's not much good drama on radio. Oh there are some good script shows like Amos 'n' Andy. I think they're great. They don't try to get wise. They just have that little human touch, presenting characters as they really are.

"ONE reason radio drama is bad is the acting. There's room for a lot of improvement there. I suppose the only way to remedy that is to hire better actors and pay them more money.

"As to the writing, I don't know. Even a genius couldn't turn out stuff at the rate that radio demands. Take these comedians using the old gags out of the books. I recognize the old medicine show routines and the minstrel afterpiece numbers—remember I go away back. But you can't blame them can you—at the pace they have to keep up?

"But radio seems to have overlooked the plays that have been written, that are all there. Take the plays of Pinero, of Henry Arthur Jones, of Clyde Fitch—all the plays that have been on the American stage in the past twenty or thirty years? Why couldn't they be adapted for radio? It seems to me there would be a great public for them.

"Of course, they would have to be rewritten by somebody who gets everything in terms of sound and sound alone. But that shouldn't be so hard. After all, when you're writing a play for the stage, you sit at your desk and play the whole thing through in your mind. Why couldn't that same thing be done for the air?

"The best play, it always seemed to me, is the one the audience writes. You know—where the people out front start saying to themselves: 'Now I know what he's going to do!' And I don't see why that underlying principle couldn't be carried right over into radio.

"Well, those are things that will come when people get to thinking in terms of showmanship.

"But radio is a specialized business. We live and learn. I've learned a lot already in my brief time on the air. For one thing I've learned that you can't get too smart over the air. One time I went on and said, 'Well, I get paid whether you listen to me or not, so if you don't like it, as Will Rogers says, all you have to do is reach over and turn that little dial.' Boy! Did a lot of people burn up!"

He chuckled softly at the recollection.

"The letters poured in. I was just trying to have my little joke and people thought I was a wise guy trying to get fresh with them.

"We who are living here in New York forget how seriously people living in the little towns, in the country, take their radio. It means everything to them and they want it straight from the shoulder. I've tried to give

them satire and they misunderstand and think you're just being bitter. You can't be too subtle. There's something about the medium that won't take it.

"THE simple, human thing, the homely everyday touch is what people want in radio. Or good broad comedy. Laughs are always welcome."

Cohan gets a great kick out of his radio fan mail, especially the letters from old timers who remember him or members of his family from the theater.

"Every time I go on the air, it seems to be sort of an old home week," he grinned, pulling the lobe of his ear, "they write in to say that they remember having heard me play the violin in Buffalo, or saw me play at Pastor's or that they caught the Four Cohans when we were out on the road. That's nice, you know. And it makes me feel young again."

Just then someone came in bringing a photostatic copy of the first song he ever wrote. It was called "My Beautiful Venus" and went like this:

*"Venus, beautiful Venus, how bright you shine,
None shall ever come between us,
sweet Venus mine,
None so bright as my darling, so far up above,
Venus, my beautiful Venus, my shining love."*

Cohan with his irrepressible spirits, started to sing it, then observed:

"It was written originally for a quartet. But I could sing you four parts except that I've got to save my voice."

He took another look at the song and fell to reminiscing.

"Yes sir, it was forty years ago that I took that song to a publisher and I'll never forget it. I went up a flight of stairs to this little dingy office over a saloon. One of the publishers was sitting there, a fellow who used to be a prizefighter and did a little singing on the side. I laid my song on his desk. He read it, then he looked up at me and roared:

"So you want to be a songwriter, eh?"

"I told him I had figured on something of the kind.

"Well, my boy,' he bellowed, 'if you take up songwriting as a profession, you'll have one comfort anyway. No matter what you do you can never sink any lower.'

"I told that at a songwriters' dinner one night and it was a funny thing—they all walked out on me.

"Those were the days in the songwriting business though. Nobody ever worried about royalties. If you had a smash hit the publishers would take you downstairs and buy you a glass of beer."

It seems a wonder that radio hasn't drafted Cohan for an executive job—or subsidized him while he "messes around with himself" until he figures out what radio ought to have.

He is a dynamo of energy, a fountain head of versatility, in many ways the most remarkable man the theater has produced.

Perhaps to the country at large he is best known as a songwriter, the author of "Over There," "Mary's a

Grand Old Name," and a tremendous number of others, over two hundred in all and he is still turning them out at a terrific rate, writing some originals for his broadcasts and adapting some of his old tunes to new lyrics. In fact the titles of his songs give you a pretty clear idea of the history of the country during his life time right down to "Good-bye, Mr. Racketeer, Good-bye," and "What a Man!" dedicated to President Roosevelt.

He writes his songs with little musical knowledge and sings them without much more. But they all have rhythm and swing and gusto to them, and all have a tune that is easy to hum, and a sentimental appeal.

But he has also been as prolific a playwright as a songwriter, having authored some forty plays on his own and collaborated on as many more.

Among those of his own authorship are "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway," the idea for which came to him one night when he was stranded in New Rochelle, a Manhattan suburb, "Broadway Jones," "Seven Keys to Baldpate," "Get-Rich-Quick-Wallingford" and "The Tavern." He has an impish sense of humor which breaks out now and then, mystifying public and critic, a Celtic strain of madness. It turned "The Tavern" into a hit burlesque, but in "Pigeons and People" he was just a little ahead of everybody. However, Cohan was having his fun.

And practically all of the time he was engaged in these many pursuits, he was following out an extraordinary career as an actor dating from the time when as one of the Four Cohans, a famous theatrical family, he did his first specialty at the age of fourteen, billed as "Tricks with a Violin."

SPRINGING surprises has been a particular delight of his, going from song-and-dance man to producer, from writer of sentimental comedy dramas to satirical burlesque.

But he capped them all this season when he suddenly went arty and took the straight character role of the small town editor and understanding father in Eugene O'Neill's "Ah, Wilderness."

It was practically during the critics to say that a veteran song-and-dance man was out of place in a highbrow Theater Guild production. But Cohan, with his genius for success, turned it into a great personal triumph.

O'Neill wrote the play with the idea of having Cohan play the role. It is evidently founded on a reminiscence of the playwright's own youth, and he must have felt a temperamental kinship between Cohan and his own father, James O'Neill, a trouper of the same barnstorming, one-night-stand period in which Cohan was moulded, with something of the same easy-going kindly Irish temperament.

For it is paradoxical that the man whose name has become almost synonymous with Broadway is less a product of Broadway than anyone on that symbolic street.

With his leisurely, simple manner, his slow, modest, unpretentious way of speaking, he would seem far more in place behind the type font of a country newspaper than in the brawling clatter of a stage dressing room.

But perhaps the troupers of the barnstorming days were more like that. His habits were set before the high pressure stuff came into vogue. All (Please turn to page 66)

Very Smart!

This complete eye make up by

Maybelline



STYLISTS and beauty authorities agree. An exciting, new world of thrilling adventure awaits eyes that are given the glamorous allure of long, dark, lustrous lashes . . . seductively shaded lids and expressively formed brows. And could this perfectly obvious truth be more aptly demonstrated than by the above picture?

But how can eyes acquire this magic charm? Very easily. Maybelline Mascara will instantly lend it to your lashes . . . Maybelline Eye Shadow will instantly impart the extra alluring touch to your eyelids . . . and Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil will give the requisite smooth smartness to your brows. Anyone can achieve true loveliness in eye make-up . . . and with perfect safety if genuine Maybelline preparations are used.

Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids have been proved utterly harmless throughout sixteen years of daily use by millions of women. They are accepted by the highest authorities and contain no dyes. For beauty's sake, and for safety's sake, obtain genuine, pure, harmless Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids. 10c sizes at all 10c stores.



Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil

smoothly forms the eyebrows into graceful, expressive lines, giving a perfect, natural effect. Of highest quality, it is entirely harmless, and is clean to use and to carry. Black and Brown.



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delicately shades the eyelids, adding depth, color, and sparkle to the eyes. Smooth and creamy, absolutely pure. Blue, Brown, Blue-Grey, Violet and Green.



Maybelline Eyelash Grower

A pure and harmless tonic cream, helpful in keeping the eyelashes and eyebrows in good condition. Colorless.



Maybelline Eyebrow Brush

Regular use of this specially designed brush will train the brows to lie flat and smooth at all times. Extra long, dainty-grip handle, and crested bristles, kept clean in a cellophane wrapper.



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Instantly darkens eyelashes, making them appear longer, darker, and more luxuriant. It is non-smearing, tear-proof and absolutely harmless. The largest selling eyelash beautifier in the world. Black, Brown, Blue.



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Now *May's Lips* say "KISS ME"



Try the Stage and Movie Lipstick

If you admire the appealing "kissableness" of the lips of the movie stars and the girls in the Broadway shows, just try their lip make-up *yourself*—the new **KISSPROOF Indelible Lipstick, Special Theatrical Color**... This lipstick discovery is so wonderful it has been placed by the make-up experts in the dressing-rooms of both Hollywood Studios and New York Theatres! The stars could certainly pay anything—yet you can have exactly the same smooth, alluring **KISSPROOF** they use for a few cents! Have the thrilling new "lip appeal" it will give you *tonight*. You can get **KISSPROOF LIPSTICK** in all shades, including the *Special Theatrical Color*, at all toilet goods counters and at the 10c stores.

Kissproof

Indelible LIPSTICK

The Yankee Doodle Boy Grows Up

(Continued from page 65)

that is a little strange and bewildering to him. He goes right home to his apartment after the theater, follows the ball games, has his cronies and his hideaway, where he likes to retire for a highball and a sandwich, just as though he lived on Second Street instead of Broadway.

The trouper in him, however, shows in his dislike of daylight hours.

"Getting up in the middle of the night to play a matinee!" he snorted, "Never could get used to it. Guess I've got a dancer's heart. Takes it about six hours to get warmed up."

Looking back over his career, he is not particularly impressed by his successes.

"You just keep on working," he said, "and pretty soon you bury the lazy brilliant fellows who are always too tired."

Here is the man who knows what the average American wants and has given it to him time and again in songs, in plays, in entertainment over the air. He could give radio that element of showmanship. If he won't come peaceably into an executive job, then radio ought to kidnap him.

Tony Wons' New Scrap Book

(Continued from page 27)

There are two types of people who get it in the neck: those who are too timid—and those who are too reckless. It takes a lot of patience to deal with either type.

PSYCHOLOGISTS say that each one of us has an inferiority complex which we display in some manner. I've been thumbing through some biographies, and it's downright startling to note how some of the most famous people in history overcame physical handicaps to achieve a high place in society. For example:

- Beethoven was deaf.
- Lord Byron had a club foot.
- Robert Louis Stevenson was consumptive.
- Cesare Borgia had a bad lisp.
- Helen Keller is blind.
- Theodore Roosevelt was an invalid in his youth.

Wagner wrote his best works in jail. Voltaire was a chronic invalid. Samuel Johnson was scrofulous. Rembrandt was consumptive. Spinoza was almost blind. John Milton was blind. Chopin died of tuberculosis. Maybe a physical handicap is an advantage. Maybe it spurs one on. But, logically, it seems to me that if you're blessed with good health and a sound body, you can more easily accomplish the things that lead to success. Inferiority breeds contempt.

Simile: Diplomatic as a man who remembers a woman's birthday but not her age.

DOESN'T it make you resentful when you hear somebody unmercifully criticize some poor devil who has failed? Well, let us take a look at the failure.

A man cannot fail at anything unless he has tried something. The failure, therefore, is a man who has tried, and the bigger the things he has tried to do, the more failures he will have had in his days.

But a failure stands a good chance

of winning some day, because he will try again. The man who never tries—there is not much hope for him. About the only thing he is good for is to criticize those who fail.

I don't think much credit is due to the man who has never had to fight against misfortunes, tough luck or failure. If you have never had the dreams, the hopes, the castles which you have built up with sweat and blood and pain, don't pat yourself on the back for your position in the world. You may have accomplished something, but you can claim little credit for it.

But the man who has tried and tried and found fate in conspiracy against him, yet keeps right on trying—that is the man who deserves the credit. He is the man to whom we should take off our hats. He is a fighting failure. He is a successful failure.

Tony Wons appears every Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings at 11:30 A.M., E. D. S. T., over the following CBS stations:

- WABC-W2XE, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WHK, CKLW, WHAS, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WQAM, WDBO, WLBZ, WBRC, WICC, WDOD, KRDL, KLZ, WLBW, WHP, KTRH, WGLC, KLRA, WFEA, WREC, WISN, WSFA, WLAC, WDSU, WTAR, KOMA, WMBG, WDBJ, WHEC, KSCJ, WSBT, CFRB, WACO, WMT, WWVA, KFH, WSJS, WORC. He appears every Tuesday and Thursday mornings at 11:30 A.M., E. D. S. T., over the following CBS stations: WABC-W2XE, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WGR, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WOWO, WDRG, KMBC, WHAS, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, KERN, KMI, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI, WCST, WBRC, WBT, WBNS, KRDL, KLZ, WHP, KTRH, KFAB, WREC, WCCO, WLAC, WDSU, KOMA, WDBJ, KSL, WIBW, WMT, WMBG.

TONY WONS

The Radio Philosopher

writes exclusively for

TOWER RADIO each month

Programs You'll Want to Hear

(Continued from page 57)

ceremonies; Nikita Baliieff of "Chauve Souris" fame (Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corp.) 10 P.M. Thursday, NBC-WEAF.

White Owl Program—Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians, with George Burns and Gracie Allen (General Cigar Co.) 9:30 P.M. Wednesday, CBS.

Worcester Salt Program—Zoel Parienteau's orchestra; Margaret Daum, soprano; Harold Van Emburgh, baritone; guest speakers—6:45 P.M. Friday, CBS.

Dance Bands

Leon Belasco—12 midnight Monday and Friday, CBS.

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

Don Bestor—12 Midnight Monday and Thursday, NBC-WJZ.

Emil Coleman—11 P.M. Tuesday, 12:30 A.M. Friday, NBC-WJZ.

Charlie Davis—11:30 P.M. Monday; 12:30 A.M. Thursday; 12 Midnight, Sunday CBS.

Jack Denny—12:30 A.M. Tuesday; 10:30 P.M., Wednesday; 12, Midnight Saturday, NBC-WEAF.

Eddie Duchin, (Pepsodent) 9:30 P.M. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, NBC-WJZ.

Phil Harris—11:30 P.M. Sunday, NBC-WEAF; Tuesday, NBC-WJZ.

Claude Hopkins—10:45 P.M. Tuesday; 12 Midnight, Wednesday, CBS.

George Hall—12:30 A.M. Wednesday, 5:15 P.M. Thursday, CBS.

Isham Jones—11:20 P.M. and 11:30 P.M. Thursday and Friday, CBS.

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

Vincent Lopez—11:30 P.M. Monday, NBC-WEAF; 11:35 P.M. NBC-WJZ.

Paul Whiteman—11:35 P.M. Saturday, NBC-WJZ.

Waltz Time—Abe Lyman's orchestra, with Frank Munn and Muriel Wilson (Sterling Products Co.) 9 P.M. Friday, NBC-WEAF.

Leo Reisman, with Phil Duey, baritone, (Phillip Morris & Co.) 8 P.M. Tuesday, NBC-WEAF.

Concerts, Operettas and Classical Music

Cities Service Concert — Jessica Dragonette and Cities Service Quartet; Frank Banta and Milten Rettenberg, piano duo; Rosario Bourdon's orchestra (Cities Service Co.) 8 P.M. Friday, NBC-WEAF; 8:30 P.M. over WFAA, WDAF, KPRC.

Hoover Sentinels Concert—Edward Davies, baritone; Chicago a Capella Choir, direction of Noble Cain; Josef Koestner's orchestra (The Hoover Company) 5:30 P.M. Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Library of Congress Chamber Music—Guest artists 4:15 P.M. Monday, CBS; Minneapolis Symphony orchestra—Eugene Ormandy, conducting (General Household Utilities Corp.) 9:30 P.M. Tuesday, CBS.

NBC Music Appreciation Hour—Walter Damrosch conducting, 11 A.M. Friday, NBC-WEAF and NBC-WJZ.

NBC String Quartette, with Egon Petri, pianist as soloist, 6 P.M. Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Packard Symphonic Concerts—Dr. (Please turn to page 68)



be truly Irresistible

Why stand aside while some lovely girl attracts all the men. You, too, can become irresistible and find yourself in that very girl's place. Just learn her secret of using the correct beauty aids.

Irresistible Beauty Aids are both correct and irresistible. Beauty experts recommend them for their purity and quality, comparing them favorably with \$1 and \$2 preparations, yet they are only 10 cents at your 5 and 10 cent store. Try them and see for yourself what marvelous results you will achieve through the daily use of Irresistible Beauty Aids.



Irresistible Beauty Aids

THUMBS DOWN



"NO, Jim, I'll take your Great Aunt Susie to the party, but I won't take *that* girl. I spent one miserable evening with her and hanged if I'll let myself in for another endurance test. Thumbs down on her!"

There is no quicker way for a girl to kill her chances of popularity and good times than to have the offensive odor of underarm perspiration on her person and clothing.

It's doubly hard to excuse when Mum makes it so easy to avoid.

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Programs You'll Want to Hear

(Continued from page 65)

Walter Damrosch conducting 100-piece orchestra, John B. Kennedy, narrator, (Packard Motor Car Co.) 10 P.M. Monday, NBC-WJZ; New York Philharmonic orchestra—Arturo Toscanini conducting, 3 P.M. Sunday, CBS.

Palmolive Beauty Box Theater—Musical comedies and light operettas with galaxy of well-known stars; Nathaniel Shilkret's orchestra; Palmolive Chorus; (Palmolive Co.) 10 P.M. Tuesday, NBC-WEAF.

Radio City Concert—Radio City Symphony orchestra; chorus and soloists! 12:30 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Rochester Civic Orchestra—Guy Fraser Harrison, conducting, 3 P.M. Tuesday, NBC-WJZ.

Piano and Organ Music

Fray and Braggiotti—10:45 P.M. Thursday, CBS.

Pollock and Lownhurst—12 Noon, Tuesday, NBC-WEAF.

Playboys—Six hands on two pianos—Leonard Whiteup, Walter Samuels and Felix Bernard, 1:45 P.M. Wednesday and 10:30 P.M. Saturday, CBS.

Ann Leaf at the organ—2:15 P.M., Monday, Tuesday and Thursday; 3:30 P.M. Saturday, CBS.

Lew White at the organ—Daily; 8:30 A.M., NBC-WJZ.

Children's Programs

Babe Ruth—the King of Swat himself—(Quaker Oats Co.) 8:45 P.M. Monday, NBC-WJZ.

Buck Rogers in the 25th Century—(Cocomalt Co.) 6 P.M. Monday to Thursday, inclusive, CBS.

Frank Merriwell's Adventures—(Dr. West's Tooth Paste Co.) 5:30 P.M. Monday, Wednesday and Friday, NBC-WEAF.

Jack Armstrong—(General Mills Inc.) 5:30 P.M. daily except Sunday, CBS.

Bobby Benson and Sunny Jim—(Hecker H-O Co.) 6:15 P.M. Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, CBS.

Horn and Hardart Children's Hour with Paul Douglas as Master of Ceremonies, 11 A.M. Sunday, CBS. *Lady Next Door*—Directed by Madge Tucker, 4:45 P.M. Monday, Tuesday and Thursday, NBC-WEAF.

NBC Children's Hour—Milton J. Cross, master of ceremonies, 9 A.M. Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

The Singing Lady—Nursery jingles, songs and stories (Kellogg Co.) daily except Saturday and Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Skippy (Sterling Products Inc.) 5:15 P.M. daily except Saturday and Sunday, CBS.

Dramatic Sketches

Bar X Days and Nights—Romance of Early West (Health Products Co.) 2 P.M. Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Easy Accs—(Wyeth Chemical Co.) Jane and Goodman Ace, 8:15 P.M. Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, CBS.

Death Valley Days—With Tim Frawley, Joseph Bell, Edwin M. Whitney, John White; the Lonesome Cowboy; Joseph Bonime orchestra (Pacific Coast Borax Co.) 9 P.M. Thursday, NBC-WJZ.

First Nighter—June Meredith, Don Ameche, Cliff Soubier; Eric Sagerquist orchestra (Campana Corp.), 10 P.M. Friday, NBC-WEAF.

Myrt and Marge—(William Wrigley Jr., Co.) 7 P.M. daily except Saturday and Sunday, CBS.

One Man's Family, with Anthony Smythe, 11:30 P.M. Saturday, NBC-WEAF. *Patri's Dramas of Childhood* (Cream of Wheat Corp.)

Soconglond Sketches—Arthur Allen and Parker Fennelly (Standard Oil Co. of New York) 8 P.M. Monday, NBC-WEAF.

Roses and Drums (Union Central Life Insurance Co.) 6 P.M. Sunday, CBS., 11 A.M. Monday and Wednesday, NBC-WJZ.

The Wife-Saver, with Allen Prescott (Fells & Co.) 11 A.M. Monday and Wednesday, NBC-WJZ.

Comedy Sketches

Amos n' Andy—(Pepsodent Co.) 7 P.M. daily except Saturday and Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Clara, Lou and Em—Louise Starkey, Isabelle Carothers and Helen King (Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.) 10:15 A.M. daily except Saturday and Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Eddie East and Ralph Dumke—(Tastyeast Co.) 7:30 P.M. Tuesday, NBC-WEAF.

Gordon, Dave and Bunny (Oxol Company) 5:45 P.M. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, CBS.

The Goldbergs—Gertrude Berg, James Walters and others (Pepsodent) 7:45 P.M. daily except Saturday and Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Mystery Sketches

Eno Crime Club—Edward Reese and John MacBryde (Harold S. Richie & Co.) 8 P.M. Tuesday and Wednesday, NBC-WJZ.

Ghost Mysteries, by Elliott O'Donnell, 10:30 P.M. Wednesday, NBC-WEAF.

Featured Singers

Baby Rose Marie—(Tastyeast Co.) 12:15 P.M. Sunday and 7:15 P.M. Monday, NBC-WJZ.

King Crosby—Jimmy Grier's orchestra (John H. Woodbury Co.) 8:30 P.M. Monday, CBS.

Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson—(Bond Bread Co.) General Baking Co., 5:30 P.M. Sunday, CBS.

Madame Ernestine Shumann-Heink, famous prima donna, (Gerber Products Co.) 10 P.M. Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Tito Guizar—(Brillo Mfg. Co.) 12:30 P.M. Sunday, CBS.

Smiling Ed McConnell—(Acme White Lead and Color Works) 6:30 P.M. Sunday and 12:30 P.M. Wednesday, CBS.

Wendell Hall (F. W. Firch Co.) 7:45 P.M. Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Inspirational Programs

Cheerio—8:30 A.M. daily except Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Del Monte Ship of Joy—with Hugh Barret Dobbs; Doric and Knickerbocker quartets; orchestra direction of Meredith Willson (California Packing Co.) 9:30 P.M. Monday, NBC-WEAF.

Tony Wons—Keenan and Phillips (S. C. Johnson Company) 11:30 A.M. Tuesday and Thursday; also (sustaining) 11:30 A.M. Monday and Wednesday, CBS.

Voice of Experience (Wasey Products) 12 noon daily except Saturday

and Sunday; also Tuesday at 8:15 P.M., CBS.

Household Hints

Cooking Close-ups—Mary Ellis Ames, home economist, (Pillsbury Flour Co.) 11 A.M. Monday, Wednesday, Friday, CBS.

Mystery Chef—(R. B. Davis Co.) 9:45 A.M. Tuesday and Thursday, CBS; also 9 A.M. Wednesday and Friday, NBC-WJZ.

Ida Bailey Allen—10:15 A.M. Thursday, CBS.

News Commentators

Boake Carter (Philco Radio and Television Corp.) 7:45 P.M. daily except Saturday and Sunday, CBS.

The Human Side of the News—Edwin C. Hill (Barbasol Co.) 8:15 P.M. Monday, Wednesday and Friday, CBS.

H. C. Kallenborn—6 P.M. Friday, CBS.

Looking Over the Week—John B. Kennedy, 11 P.M. Tuesday, 6:30 P.M. Thursday, NBC-WEAF.

Lowell Thomas (Sun Oil Company) 6:45 daily except Saturday and Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Frederic William Wile—The Political Situation in Washington, 6:30 P.M., Saturday, CBS.

Walter Winchell (Andrew Jergens Co.) Sunday, 9:30 P.M. NBC-WJZ.

Miscellaneous Programs

Adventures in Health—Dr. Herman Bundesen (Horlick Malted Milk Co.) 9:45 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Byrd Expedition—William Daly orchestra; Fred Crockett, Harry Von Zell; mixed chorus; guest speakers, 10 P.M. Saturday, CBS.

Gene and Glenn (Gillette Safety Razor Co.) 7:15 daily except Saturday and Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Louella Parsons Interviews Movie Stars—Raymond Paige orchestra; Dorothy Chase; (Charis Corp.) 1:15 P.M. Wednesday, CBS.

Radio Pulpit—The Rev. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman 10 A.M. Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Science Service—Instructional and informative special talks: 4:30 P.M. Wednesday, CBS.

Harriet Hilliard

answers beauty questions exclusively for readers of

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Place ingredients in pint jar in order listed. Fasten top on jar tightly and shake vigorously for 2 minutes. The mixture will blend perfectly. If thicker consistency is desired, chill before serving.

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Know Your Music

By
**PITTS
SANBORN**



Richard Wagner

RICHARD WAGNER expresses in music the full flowering of the Romantic Movement of the Nineteenth Century.

His personal tastes led him to the theater, and he composed little of importance aside from his operas. But in opera his name stands first. He is the most thorough and far-reaching of all musical liberators and reformers, transmuting the conventionalized opera of his youth into the "music drama" of his maturity. He was not only a supreme musician, but also a dramatic poet, writing his own librettos, and a pamphleteer fighting for his theories. He dreamed of a "union of the arts" in the theater which should include painting, sculpture, and architecture as well as music, poetry, and drama. It has been said of him that, taken by and large, he is altogether the most interesting figure in the history of music.

Wagner was born in the Saxon city of Leipzig on May 22, 1813. Whether his real father was the police-actuary Friedrich Wagner or the actor Ludwig Geyer, who later married his mother, will, perhaps never be determined. At any rate, the madcap child grew up in close familiarity with the theater, and in an atmosphere where literature and art played a considerable part. How the twig was bent may be gathered from the fact that at fourteen he wrote a tragedy on a vast scale, but when he proudly told his family about his authorship they hard-heartedly accused him of neglecting his studies. However the young egoist dauntlessly set to work in secret to learn how to compose music for his drama.

He continued to compose actively while finishing his academic studies. After some unfruitful adventures in opera writing and a visit to Paris, where he was so short of money that he had to support himself by arranging dances for piano and cornet, transcribing operas, and writing for the musical papers, he got his historical opera "Rienzi" accepted by Dresden, where it was given with signal success on October 20th, 1842. The following January his "Flying Dutchman" was produced in Dresden, and the next month he was appointed conductor at the Dresden Opera.

Wagner seemed now to have found the high road to success. His "Tannhäuser," an advance toward a new style, was brought out on October 19, 1845. The overture, the festal march,

and the beautiful song to the evening star all being destined to spread the composer's fame. Meanwhile Wagner had mar-

ried Minna Planer, a pretty actress, intellectually his inferior. But at this time he was devotedly attached to her, and everything pointed to a prosperous career in the Saxon capital.

The revolutionary years of 1848-1849, however, upset all that. After differences with the government, Wagner joined the revolutionary movement and was exiled for some years from Germany. Still his new opera, "Lohengrin," with its celestial knight who travels in a swan-drawn boat, was produced at Weimar in 1851 under the direction of Wagner's friend and champion, Liszt.

Now a wanderer without a country, Wagner tried Paris again to no avail and then settled in Switzerland at Zurich, where he began the cycle of music dramas that was eventually to be "Der Ring des Nibelungen." He was befriended by Otto and Mathilde Wesendonk, and Mathilde became, in his own words, his "muse." Under her influence he composed "Tristan and Isolde." In 1861 Napoleon III brought Wagner cheer by commanding a production of "Tannhäuser" at the Paris Opera. For this occasion he revised and amplified the opening scene; only a fiasco resulted.

Once more he was in despair, when the enthusiastic young King of Bavaria, Ludwig II, sent for him promising every sort of aid. By royal command "Tristan and Isolde" was produced at Munich in 1865. Because of political difficulties, however, Wagner once more sought refuge in Switzerland. There he completed his comic opera "Die Meistersinger," with its famous "Prize Song," which was staged at Munich in 1868. Minna having died, he married Cosima, daughter of Liszt and divorced wife of Hans von Bülow, a woman whose commanding intelligence and force of character were thenceforth of immeasurable help to him.

In 1871 he returned to Germany, settling in Bayreuth in northern Bavaria. There he built a special Festival Playhouse for his works, where "Der Ring des Nibelungen" was produced in the Summer of 1876, comprising "Das Rheingold," "Die Walküre," "Siegfried," and "Götterdämmerung." In spite of the sensational artistic suc-

cess of this colossal work, embodying all of Wagner's reforms, it failed to make money, and the composer was forced to give concerts and seek other means to prepare for a second festival. That occurred in the Summer of 1882, when "Parsifal," a consecrational festival stage play, was triumphantly given to the world. Wagner did not long survive this crowning success. With his family he visited Venice the following Winter, where he died suddenly on February 13, 1883, leaving his widow Cosima and his son Siegfried to carry on his work and reap the rewards of fame and fortune that were at last the Wagner portion.

Pitts Sanborn, who will write about the famous composers in TOWER RADIO each month, is one of the best known music critics in New York. He was critic of The New York Globe, The New York Evening Mail, and is now critic of The New York World-Telegram. He is a contributor to many magazines and author of "Prima Donna," a novel of the opera, and "Greek Night," a novel of contemporary New York. Mr. Sanborn was radio commentator with the Philadelphia Orchestra last season.

Mr. Sanborn will write about a celebrated composer each month. This is part of TOWER RADIO'S service to its readers, in order that they may better understand the best music.

Talks on Beauty

(Continued from page 44)

in spite of all my caution and advice—you must take a lot of trouble afterward to keep the skin in good condition. You know, once the skin gets really tanned you can lie in the sun without worrying. The coat of tan protects it from the burning heat of the sun, and there is little danger of blisters and discomfort. But if you let it burn and blister to begin with, then that skin will peel off and leave a fresh, tender layer exposed—and you have to begin all over again with your sunburn treatments.

Right here comes the most important thing I know about getting the right kind of sun-tan. For best results you must protect the skin before going into the sun by covering it with a generous coating of oil, cream or lotion. There are special creams and lotions for just this purpose that give the skin wonderful protection.

I always do this and I find that it is of the greatest help in avoiding unsightly and painful burning and blistering. Some girls add a coating of talcum dusted on after excess oiliness has been wiped off with facial tissues as a further shield against the sun. Be careful not to rub it off. Just use soft, short strokes of the tissue. Rubbing or scrubbing or any other heavy motion is distressing to a skin made tender by the sun.

After the excess cream has been removed, pat the skin with little pads of absorbent cotton wet with witch hazel or some soothing skin lotion. This is better than washing the skin right after your sun bath.

EVEN with the most careful treatment, some girls suffer a good deal after exposure to the sun. There are wonderful creams and lotions to apply to the skin for such cases. They may (Please turn to page 91)



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Queen of Sheba

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The Boy from Nagy Becskerek

(Continued from page 31)

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his hand (and his face and voice) before the camera. He made fifteen two-reel comedies for the Warner Brothers before he returned to his real love—the stage.

"Yes, I liked making pictures," he said, "and in no time at all I'll be going out to the Coast again to make some more—I have a couple of contracts on the fire now. Star? No, I won't star. What I want to play is second leads. A comedian can't play a real honest star part—who wants to see the comic of the piece making serious love? I don't mind playing second fiddle. And then, more often than not, it's the second fiddle that carries the tune!"

WITH pictures and revues out of the way, what was left? Don't make me laugh—Joe Penner had eaten part of his slice of lucky cake, but he hadn't come to the frosting. Radio was on the map—and what radio!

Joe, of course, had done broadcasting. There was the usual local stuff arranged by the theaters he'd appeared in, and there had been one or two try-outs on small sustaining programs. Joe Penner hadn't enjoyed the thought of radio—he liked a gang to laugh with and to kid—he didn't get this stuff of going in a room by yourself and talking to a mike. It wasn't until Rudy Vallee gave him his opportunity on a big program that he really absorbed the idea of broadcasting before a complete audience. That was a year ago—but how the idea has grown! It didn't take long for the powers that be to hear Joe's message—yes, message! After three or four appearances on the Vallee program, Joe was given a program of his own. And that brings us up to date—for Joe is doing his stuff for the Bakers of America. Along with his ducks he's now selling doughnuts and drop cakes, bread and buns.

I think that Joe Penner is more astonished by his success on the air than he has been by any of his other previous forms of success. The stage career, like Topsy, "jus' grew." Grew from the time that he was a boy in school to the time when he attained the star dressing room and the best spot on the program. The success upon the air didn't grow. It happened overnight. Joe rated a reception greater than a burst of hand-clapping, and an avalanche of chuckles. Radio gave him an appreciative throng of listeners that you couldn't possibly crowd into any one theater. His "Wanna buy a duck?" ceased to be a gag line. It became a veritable classic. And Joe ceased to be a trouper—he became a big business man. Joe is so busy, now, that he has to be approached cautiously through an army of desk clerks and publicity men and secretaries. And that's not because he thinks he's important. It's because he is important—so important that he's in danger of being swamped.

I'D seen Joe Penner on the stage. I'd listened to him on the air. But I met him in his penthouse atop the St. Moritz—one of New York's swankiest and newest and most cosmopolitan hotels. Joe's home is higher—much higher—than the bell tower of the tallest church in Nagy Becskerek, Hungary. And the view from his porch takes in Central Park and all of upper New York and a flash of river and a

flame of sunset sky. If he wanted to hang out a red flag every time there is a local fire, he wouldn't get much rest—but then he doesn't get much rest anyway. That's one of his few sources of grief.

"You know," he told me, as he sat still for a minute and stared across the magnificent vista of city, "I was always darn sorry for stars. For people like Garbo, I mean—going around in smoked glasses, being followed and having pieces torn off their clothes for souvenirs, and not getting a chance to eat a sandwich in a dog wagon or see a newsreel. I used to think I'd hate to be like that. Well, of course, I'm no Garbo—don't get me wrong—but I am beginning to learn what it's all about. When I go places they do follow me, and kids yell and old ladies beam. And I don't get time to go to parties much—or give 'em, either. And I do enjoy parties. And I wouldn't know a vacation—a regular vacation—if one up and bit me in the ankle.

"What do I do for fun, you ask? Why, I work. In the Summer I sneak in a little golf, sometimes, but not much. My greatest kick—want to know what that is?" Joe Penner's face softened, became almost radiant, here. "It's reading my fan mail. Not just the letters that want pictures and autographs that tell me how good I am and how I got a laugh. I mean the letters from sad people that I've made smile when they thought there weren't any smiles left. I mean letters from lonely people, living on farms, perhaps, who are nearly crazy for the sound of a new voice. I mean letters from people who are sick—who are getting well, and—aren't getting well. There was a kid with a bursted appendix," the tone I was listening to wasn't the silly, lisping "you na-h-sty man" tone, "in a hospital in the town where I played last week. He wrote me—the nurse in the ward wrote for him, I mean. He said he was ga-ga about my stuff. I sneaked over to the hospital to see him between shows, and I thought he'd never let go of my hand—he couldn't believe I was really there. 'Gosh, you're Joe Penner!' he'd say. 'You've come to see me.'

"That was last week." Joe's eyes were looking over the roof tops. "I sent him a letter and a picture from the next town. Last night my wife and I sent flowers for his funeral... The nurse wired me what had happened. He was a great little kid!"

JOE PENNER'S life story! This is about the end of it—for the present. For Joe Penner, as I said a while ago, is but twenty-nine. He's young yet—terribly young in everything except experience. And though he seems to be at the very top of the ladder, I like to believe that there are more ladders to come, and better ones.

In spite of his success and the fame and money that he's piling up, Joe Penner isn't spoiled—never think that. He is unaffected, and at times rather inarticulate. He's anxious to please—not only his audience but the casual people, such as interviewers, with whom he comes in contact. He knows that his "Wanna buy a duck?" will never cease to be a trade mark, but he knows also that he can't stop there. He still works over frayed joke books and new musical scores. Figuring out

fresh routines, odd bits of business, different laugh getters.

His old grandfather is no longer living—he's gone to that place where silver church bells ring forever. But the father and the mother are listed in Detroit's city directory, and Joe visits them there whenever he can sneak away from work. He says it's sort of embarrassing to visit his parents, the place is so crowded with pictures of him.

"I tell them," he confided, "they'd better take down a few of the photos. I tell them the neighbors'll misunderstand and think they're goofy."

Ambition? You don't need to ask that. Joe Penner's chief ambition is reflected in his work. Just a desire for better, faster, and—if possible—cleaner comedy. Just the hope that the public will keep on liking him, and applauding him, and writing fan letters. Tucked carefully away in the background of his mind is a dream or two. A trifle more of leisure, and a place to go in the Summer for a good time (not a farm crowded with water fowl—an estate with a swimming pool!). Perhaps, in his agile brain, there's even the plot of a book to be written in the far future. And maybe some kids to play with the toy ducks that his admirers shower upon him. Stuffed ducks and wooden ducks—satin and plush ducks and ducks made of real feathers!

After all—shrug your shoulders if you must—those ducks are a symbol. And not one of them is blue, like the few other birds we might mention!

Joe Penner appears every Sunday night at 7:30 P.M., E. D. S. T., over the following NBC stations:

WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WLW, WJR, WTMJ, WLS, KWCR, KFI, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL, WIBA, KSTP, WEBC, WDAY, KFYR, WRVA, WPTF, WWNC, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WSM, WMC, WSB, WJDX, WSMB, KVOO, WKY, WFAA, KPRC, WOAL, KOA, KDYL, KGO, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KTAR, KTHS, WSYR, WAPI.

Boy, Page Mr. Ripley

You have heard of players being unable to complete a performance owing to illness but here is an instance of an actress playing part of a role and dropping out between the acts.

The Palmolive Beauty Box Theater was presenting "Rogue Song" in two parts over a period of two weeks. While Gladys Swarthout sang the role of the heroine, Princess Vera, in "Rogue Song," Peggy Allenby handled the dialogue. Between Part I and Part II, a baby was born (on April 20th) to Miss Allenby, in private life Mrs. John McGovern. Helene Dumas played the Princess Vera in Part II.

Mrs. McGovern was out of the Palmolive cast for eighteen days. Eunice Howard played the talking half of the heroine of "Blossom Time."

Little Eleanor McGovern, the baby, is doing well.

... HOW JANE WON HER HUSBAND A JOB



WHY HEXIN DESERVES THE CREDIT

JANE'S nerves were strained to the breaking point. She was tired—she had a frightful headache.

How could she face this important situation? She was so anxious to make a good impression. Luckily, she took Bill's advice—2 HEXIN tablets with water.

All Jane really needed was rest but that was out of the question.

HEXIN made her relax even while she was getting dinner. That's how HEXIN works. It contains no habit-

forming drugs—leaves no druggery after-effects—is SAFE.

After taking HEXIN, Jane began to feel more and more relaxed. Then it seemed as though her headache were being drawn away and sure enough it had vanished a few minutes later.

Jane was radiant and charming that evening. Bill got the job and they are leaving for New York next week.

Bill says Jane got the job for him but she gives HEXIN the credit.

Send coupon below for FREE trial size package.



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Please send me a generous FREE sample of HEXIN.

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

"It's Tough to Be a Comedian"

(Continued from page 21)



ashamed to show face because of rash and pimples. Cuticura Soap and Ointment worked like magic. In a few days trouble vanished.

Baby born red-eyed and cried all night, no one had any sleep. Thanks to Cuticura, completely healed in 3 or 4 weeks.

I gladly recommend Cuticura to other people who suffer like I did.

I now have the loveliest complexion and I am thankful to Cuticura for it has done wonders for my complexion.

Painful itching, burning ringworm on little girl's face, neck and arms. In six weeks skin smooth and clear.

Tormented with dandruff for five years. Scalp itched and burned. In short time entirely healed.

Feel I owe many, many thanks to your wonderful soap and ointment.

One many thanks to Cuticura. It did wonders for my baby.

to

Cuticura OINTMENT AND SOAP

Cuticura Ointment 25c and 50c, Soap 25c at leading drug and department stores. Also at variety stores in 10c sizes.

FREE! Helpful folder on Cuticura Products for the care of the skin and scalp. Write Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. TM-4, Malden, Mass.

wit, at least in cables, had sent a three word message:

"Marvelous! Beautiful! Terrific!" Then he had added as an after thought:

"P. S. Don't answer unless you intend to pay for it."

NEEDLESS to say, the Baron took the next boat back home, went on the air shortly after, and has been on the air ever since, with time out for a jaunt to Hollywood.

That is why Jack Pearl says with a modesty rare enough in comedians:

"What success I have today I owe to my gag man. He thought of the idea. He is the greatest writer of comedy material alive in the world today. And he works his head off for me.

"You hear a lot of comedians say, 'How'd you like that joke I wrote?' It's ridiculous! A comedian is a fellow who gets up there on the stage and puts a joke across. He doesn't write the sayings. Why should he? It's not his job. And a comedian, no matter how clever, is no better than the fellow who writes his stuff."

There are other reasons too why Pearl thinks so highly of Billy Wells. For one thing, they are the best of friends. They pull together like a pair of well-seasoned draft-horses.

"We've never had a serious argument," said Jack. "I've said, 'Billy, you can improve that script here and here,' but I've never said, 'Billy, this script is terrible. It's horrible.' We understand each other and we get along."

"Jack," observed the small excitable Billy Wells, "is a natural. He has the one priceless gift—mike personality. He doesn't have to mugg or clown or take falls to get a laugh. His personality goes right out over the air. I'll just hear him make any ordinary statement and I've got material for a line for the Baron.

"Jack has one bad habit, though. He'll call me at two or three in the morning to tell me he's just thought of a great gag. Then it'll turn out he's telling me back one I told him two weeks before. But I can forgive him because outside of that he's the grandest guy alive.

"I used to talk my stuff for him into a dictaphone talking the way he talks, so I could play it back and get an idea of how it was going to sound.

"But now I use records of the broadcasts. We have them sent up to my place right after the show, then we check them over and see where we hit or missed and why.

"Then later when I'm getting ready to write his stuff I play them over and drop into the swing of his stuff. The reason is that what I write for him looks dead on paper, but when he gets hold of it, he gives it plenty!

"I don't have to put in anything for those mis-pronounced words, sputterings and funny noises. I just have blanks and he can 'ad lib' to perfection.

"We usually work together. But I do a lot of research beforehand. You know to point up those lies of his, we have to have a basis of truth. So when Cliff makes some statement about the number of sheep in New South Wales, or defines some queer disease, it's got to be right. We'd be called on it if it weren't.

"Then I have what we call my 'defense.' It's the last line of defense on

this script. It's a felt board and we peg in the punch laughs, spacing them through the script, pinning the gags to the board on little slips of paper. Then we build up to them with minor laughs and the research stuff.

"DURING the broadcast I'm in the control room and Gene, my secretary, is out in the audience. We clock every laugh (not counting our own) and grade them, fair, good and 'belly.' We also clock the rounds of applause. The best we ever did was one hundred and twenty-six laughs and twenty-six rounds of applause in sixteen minutes on the air. And was that a record! We usually clock around a hundred and twenty laughs for eighteen minutes of playing time which isn't doing so badly."

But we must go back to the beginning to get the full flavor of the story of Jack Pearl and Billy Wells, and the metamorphosis of a slapstick burlesque comic into a great radio character.

Jack Pearl was born Jacob Pearlman in the teeming, brawling Ghetto which produced Eddie Cantor, Ben Bernie, Phil Baker and many another comedian. As Cantor once observed, you had to learn to laugh there to survive.

Jack was a canny and observing youth, with a quick ear for the burble of dialects about him, and a ready tongue to repeat them.

"I will let you in on a little secret," said Jack, "I can do six or eight dialects just as well as I can do the German. But I soon found that a Jack of all trades is a Pearl of no great price in the show business. So I stuck to the German. The hand of Destiny was in it too—but more about that later.

"I would hear Mrs. Mannheim talking over the fire escape and I would mimic her guttural German sounds, right back to her, not exaggerating, mind you, or poking fun, so she could take offense. But just straight out like she talked. I got a kick out of it.

"But I had no thoughts of being a comic then. I wanted to be a great dramatic actor. After a while the family moved up into Harlem. I left school and got a job as messenger boy for a theatrical firm. I used to see the great people of the stage around and they were my gods.

"I DON'T suppose many people now remember the late Thomas A. Shea, but he was my particular idol. He used to do melodramas in the grand manner, especially one gory piece called "The Bells," in which he had a swell strangling scene.

"I would go to see that show again and again and strangle myself all over the place. I was acting all the time. I'd go into a barber shop up there in Harlem and swagger around and bel-low: 'Well, am I next?' way down in my boots, the way Thomas A. Shea would do it.

"This barber was a friend of Herman Timberg's father, who was also a barber and he used to say to me, 'Kid you oughtta go on the stage.'

"One day the great Timberg himself came in the shop and the barber introduced me. We talked a while and it seemed Timberg was just taking out a show of 'School Days.' He offered me a kid part in it.

"I jumped at the chance, threw up

my job and went over to Newark to rehearse. Only I had been talking way down in my toes so long, imitating Shea that when they put me in this part I was a flop. I almost lost my job because they thought I was older than I said I was. But they gave me another chance and I got on to talking up high.

"When they got out on the road everybody had to understudy someone else and I drew an Italian. I got to talking Italian dialect so much it almost got to be second nature to me.

"Then out in Minneapolis, Timberg got sick. The German dialect comedian had to take his place. That left the German's spot open. They tried some one else and he didn't click. So I got my chance. And all that mimicking I'd done down there in the Ghetto, all those guttural German tongue clackings I'd heard came back to me.

"But if it hadn't worked out that way, I might never have become a German dialect comedian. It was Destiny taking a hand. That's the only way you can look at it.

"I WENT on in vaudeville for a few years. Then back in St. Paul I got my chance to go into burlesque. The Twin Cities—twin breaks. They've always been lucky for me. That's the way things work out.

"Maybe it doesn't sound like much of a break, going into burlesque. But it's a great training school. Why do you know what I had to do? Sing and dance—right away, without any training. But I got out there and I sang and I danced. I took falls. I made people laugh.

"It was while I was in burlesque that I met Billy Wells. He was comedian for another circuit. But we met and sort of took to each other.

"Then we didn't see each other for a long time. Billy had gone into writing and he was doing all the shows for George White. I had been signed by the Shuberts and was being starred on Broadway.

"It was a funny thing that brought us together again. I used a line in a sketch where I said, 'Now I'm going to serve you some burnt bread—pardon me, I mean toast.'

"Billy caught my act. He came back stage and took me to task for using that line. He said it was his line. He said, 'Now listen, Jack, you and I have always been good friends. I didn't think you'd be using my line like that without permission.' I told him I had no idea it was his line, that I'd just picked it up somewhere. I told him I'd quit, but he said, no, to go ahead, and after that we became better friends than ever.

"Not long after, I wanted a sketch and I asked Billy how much he'd want to write me one. Billy told me he couldn't take my money because he was under contract to White, but he'd be glad to do one just for the sake of friendship. So he sent one over and it was great. I sent him a Christmas present later and that sort of touched him, because he thought not many guys would do that.

"Then the Chrysler people wanted me for a series of radio sketches, about eight or nine, I think, and at last I was able to get Billy to do them for me. It was just straight gags and German dialect stuff, but it seemed to go over pretty well and it was as a result of that, that the agency got interested in me and wanted Billy and me to hatch up some kind of an idea.

(Please turn to page 76)

THE SMART MOST SATISFACTORY WAY TO AVOID UNSIGHTLY HAIR ON ARMS & LEGS



... Make it **INVISIBLE** With **MARCHAND'S**

That's the best way to banish ugly dark hair on arms and legs. **MAKE IT INVISIBLE** with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. That's what smart women are doing. It's daintier, safer—results are **MORE SATISFACTORY**.

Remember this. Hair growth on limbs is natural. To shave it off or rub it off or to try to affect the hair roots, goes against nature. And nature hits back by making hair grow back thicker and blacker.

So don't touch the hair, advise Marchand's hair experts—take the blackness out of it. **MAKE IT INVISIBLE**. One or two treatments with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash makes it so light and unnoticeable, no one sees it. Then you can wear all the short-sleeved frocks and sheer stockings you want. No worries about coarse regrowth or irritating the skin. Arms and legs look smooth, dainty, attractive always.

Summer is here. Use Marchand's now. Easy to do at home, takes 20-30 minutes, most economical.

Blondes Use Marchand's To Keep Hair Beautifully Golden

Marchand's Golden Hair Wash is used by thousands of attractive blondes. It restores youthful color and luster to darkened hair—brings a new loveliness of lights and glints to dull hair. Keeps blonde hair from darkening. Used safely, successfully at home. Not a dye. Economical—be sure to get genuine.

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

Ask Your Druggist Or Get By Mail

Use Coupon

MARCHAND'S HAIR EXPERTS DEVELOP MARVELOUS NEW CASTILE SHAMPOO—FOR ALL SHADES OF HAIR

Now—a shampoo that brings out the hidden innate beauty of the hair—natural, rich color—soft, silken texture—free of soap film because it rinses completely. Does not change color of hair. Ask your druggist for Marchand's Castile Shampoo or write us.

C. Marchand Co. 1734
251 W. 19th St., N. Y. C.

45c enclosed (send coins or stamps). Please send me a regular bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

Name

Address

"It's Tough to Be a Comedian"

(Continued from page 75)



ALL you need is boiling water and White Rit—then simply *swish* the color out of your dress!—leave the fabric as white as when it left the loom—dissolve spots and stains at the same time—and make re-tinting or dyeing easier because *all* the old color is removed and even the lightest shade "takes" easily.

White Rit affects only the dye, not the cloth—leaves the material soft and pliable as new—never harsh, brittle or rotted. It is harmless as boiling water. Millions of women now use White Rit in the laundry for the *family washing*—to make white goods *really white*, to take out mildew, grass or fruit stains, ink spots or rust marks. White Rit is the *original* color remover that cannot be successfully imitated because it is protected by 5 separate patents. *Insist on White Rit.*



Remember: White Rit takes old color out—Instant Rit puts new color in. 33 Rit Colors—clear, sparkling, professional. So easy, so sure, you'll have perfect results every time.

✓ REMOVE COLOR, SPOTS AND STAINS FROM:
Draperies Lingerie Slip Covers Dresses
Table Linen Stockings Bed Spreads

YOU'LL HAVE "BETTER LUCK"



"THAT was when Billy got the Munchausen idea. He says the character of the great liar is always popular and it seems to have worked out that way. The original Baron Munchausen was a sort of legendary character in Germany. Some of his exploits were written down, some just handed on from mouth to mouth. He's sort of like the Paul Bunyan of the Northwest in this country.

"I don't know that we'll keep the Baron very much longer. He's had his day. But I'll keep on doing the same kind of thing. I'll tell you the reason why.

"They talk about comedians wearing out, slipping down hill, being tossed on the ash heap. It makes good Broadway columns, maybe, but that's all.

"Once you've really hit, you're never altogether dead. You've got that talent, whatever it is. No critic can take that away from you. You're the same man, aren't you? Look at Marie Dressler. They thought she was finished. She couldn't even get bit parts. Then she came back to be the First Lady of the Screen.

"Maybe you're right on top for a while. Well, you can't stay there long, because people have got to have something fresh, a new sensation, a change. Like this year it's Joe Penner. Then after a while you settle down, you find your public, the people that like you, and you stay there. It's better, it's healthier, more normal that way. And you really ought to be able to go on forever.

"Maybe your routine gets tiresome. Well, so does the routine of living. But you get up every morning, tie your shoe the same way, go to work through the same old door. The time comes for a change, yes. That's why a comedian should go off the air every so often.

"After a while I may take a rest for a year. When I come back I may not do the Baron any longer. I may do comedy dramas instead. But I'll stick to that German dialect role. It's my trademark, just like Ed Wynn's 'so-o-o,' or Joe Penner's duck. We spent years building those things up, just as a manufacturer builds up his business trademark. We'd be crazy to let 'em go.

"There's an old stage gag that sums the whole thing up for me. An Irishman and a Jew are out there clowning. The Irishman socks the Jew and the Jew says something the Irishman doesn't understand. 'What did you say?' asks the Irishman. And the Jew replies: 'What does it matter so long as they're leffing?'

"That's it. What does it matter as long as they're laughing?

"I get letters from people who say that I've made them forget the depression for a while, that I've made them laugh. That's what I've tried to do all my life—what I want to do—just make people laugh.

"GOSH, you know I wish I could hear them laugh. An audience is a good thing for a comedian. There's something infectious about a laugh. I hear it and I start laughing too and I feel better about it. That's why I have people in the studio. I don't play to them to the neglect of my air audience. To me they're just a part of the whole big audience that I can see and

I'd like to see them all, hear them all laugh if there was only some invention that would make it possible.

"Oh, I suppose I'll have my tough times yet, too. But I'll be prepared for them. I'm a cautious sort of a fellow and I like to think of things ahead of time. So you know what I'm doing? I'm practising dialects. All the time I'm practising dialects. I can do an Irishman, a Scotchman, a Frenchman, a Russian just as well as I can a German. I'll read out loud from the paper in all these different dialects. I'll talk to myself when I'm shaving. It's sort of setting-up exercises for me. So if the time comes when Pearl has to hustle for cakes for a while, I'll be a character man. And I'll always be in demand, because I can play any kind of a part—at twenty-five dollars a day. And it would be fun, too.

"But wait," he said, "I want you to put something in there about Sharlie."

Sharlie is Cliff Hall, who came by the name of Sharlie because in their conferences, Billy Wells could never remember to call him Cliff.

"He's been with me for four years," said Pearl, "and he's as necessary to my success as Billy, with that fine voice of his, that quick understanding and help in building up my lines."

PARADOXICALLY enough, in real life the lush and braggart Baron is the simplest, most honest and truthful of men, meticulous in his smallest dealings, a philosopher who thinks about things and analyzes them, and although he believes implicitly that everything in life is settled beforehand by fate, a champion worrier.

His superstitions are legend, like his theory that if you pull his ear lobe, he must pull yours in return. Billy Wells did that once and then jumped a train just pulling out. Pearl hired a taxi and chased the train to Paterson, New Jersey, just so he could pull Wells' ear lobe.

Pearl collects all sorts of odd objects, hairpins, buttons, pennies, because someone told him it was good luck. He stuffs his pockets with them and keeps the overflow in a box.

"Let me get you a box of those things," said Pearl one time.

"Okay," jeered Wells, "how about a collection of hand-carved ivories?"

Wells is practical, devil-may-care, taking things as they come, a dynamo of energy, while Pearl is easy going, gentle, sentimental.

It is almost enough to make you believe in Jack Pearl's idea of destiny that the friendship of these two men should result after so many years in the recreation of one of the great comic characters of the ages.

Jack Pearl appears every Wednesday night at 8 P.M., E. D. S. T., over the following NBC stations:

WEAF, WTIC, WTAC, WEEL, WJAR, WCSH, WLIT, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI, KSD, WOW, WOC, WHO, WCKY, CFCF, WMAQ, WTMJ, WIBA, WEBC, WDAY, KFYP, WPTF, WUNC, WMC, WJDX, WSMB, WAVE, KVOO, KTBS, WOAI, KOA, KDYL, KGO, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KTAR, KFL, WAPI, CRCT, WIS, WRVA, WIOD, WFLA, WSM, WSB, KPRC, WJAX. (WDAF off 8:15), (WKY off 8:15).

Rich Man's Son

(Continued from page 34)

but hours which for the most part were inconveniently placed on the air schedules.

Save in isolated instances the regular commercial evening periods were devoted chiefly to the typical showman's ideas of entertainment—comedy, song, light music, the regular accepted forms of what once passed for super-vaudeville.

Into this picture came a sponsor with the enterprising notion of appealing to the parlors—to the real music lovers, the potential music lovers, to those seeking some new artistic balance to the radio men—with an internationally famous violinist.

It was on October 4 that Albert Spalding began a weekly series of programs in which he shared a half hour with a baritone, Conrad Thibault, and an orchestra led by Don Voorhees.

It seemed at first that here was what, ho! exploitation on a grand scale. The first, fine careless rapture subsided and strangely there was left a feeling of enduring enthusiasm for a program that was so capably planned and carried out that it gave pleasure to high-brow and low-brow alike. In fact, it might be said that the Spalding program had that rare quality of universal appeal.

Albert Spalding, in short, clicked in the parlors. And how did he do it? First, of course, by his sheer mastery of the bow, and secondly because he built his programs to demonstrate the tonal beauty of the violin. Ask this man who overcame the apparently insurmountable obstacle—in America, at least—of family business prestige to achieve world renown as a musician, why he has won popularity on the air and he will answer that it is because he regards the violin as a singing instrument. Not only regards it as such, but takes care that it suggests the human voice in the selections he plays for his air audiences.

Let the other fellows display their pyrotechnics—their technique in pizzicati and cadenzas and other sparklers of spectacular virtuosity. Spalding will continue to emphasize melody, and again, melody. Not that he can't be spectacular himself when he wants to be.

We remember the occasion of the opening of the Columbia Radio Playhouse last Winter when in the elaborate bill provided by those radio rajahs it came time for Spalding to do his bit. His bit happened to be Wieniawski's trickily difficult concerto for violin and orchestra—a composition calling for specially educated fingers, a sure technique, a sensitive touch.

But this was a special occasion. Ordinarily he foregoes the fireworks, sticks to the superb melodies of the ages, from Beethoven to John Bland, from Cesar Franck to Stephen Foster. Recently he included "My Old Kentucky Home" on his Wednesday night broadcast, not because it is a piece of great art "but because it is a great melody."

"Of all instruments," he will tell you, "the violin is most capable of imparting beauty of melody. It is an eloquent, noble instrument whose variety of expression is difficult to equal and impossible to surpass."

It is for him the most personal of all the instruments, capable of expressing sublime language, the most exquisite

spiritual and sensuous beauty.

Such a viewpoint obviously calls for a devotion to the work he plays that amounts almost to reverence. He seeks to carry his listeners deeply into the message of his music and away from himself. Perhaps it is for this reason that he endures as an interpreter. One hears the music rather than the musician.

A hard worker always, he is a firm believer in the notion that only through one's accomplishment as an artisan can one achieve art. And so we find him taking infinite pains at his radio rehearsals, going over and over comparatively simple things and such familiar, to him, selections as Kreisler's "Caprice Viennois" until he is sure he has obtained the perfection he wants.

Watch him at his two and three hour rehearsals on Wednesday afternoons preparatory to his performance of some few minutes on the air later in the day and you will see an intensely nervous figure. You will see him between selections and while the orchestra is playing alone pacing up and down the side of the room, his violin tucked under his arm, a deep frown upon his brow. His cue comes and he returns to his position in front of the band to repeat again and again this phrase and that, this bar and that until the work is letter-perfect. His nervousness leaves him at his public performance. Then he is poised, calm, sure of himself.

Radio startles his imagination as it does that of most figures of the musical world. He finds it difficult to realize that in one evening he is reaching a larger audience than in all of his years of concert hall recitals. Like most figures of the music world he sees in radio an incomparable medium for the development of musical interest, for acquainting people with the great masterpieces of history. He is immensely gratified with the enormous interest that his own radio concerts have elicited throughout the country—an interest that made possible the extension of his season to a few weeks short of a year.

A SERIOUS, thoughtful individual—though not solemn—he takes his radio work seriously. As seriously, indeed, as he has taken his career from the time he decided to show the world that the name of Spalding need not be exclusively identified with athletic pursuits.

That the fellow has ruggedness of character is best demonstrated by the fact that he overcame through sheer perseverance the handicap of a name. When one thinks of Albert Spalding today one doesn't conjure up a nationally famous sports trade mark. His father was J. W. Spalding, a highly successful sporting goods manufacturer. His mother was a gifted singer and pianist who was the first American girl to be invited to play with the Theodore Thomas Orchestra in Chicago. From her he inherited his musical talent—a talent which, incidentally, was encouraged by his father.

The latter believed in the old-fashioned training of American sons—putting them early on their own, and so it was that after Albert graduated from the Bologna Conservatory in Italy he had to make his own way. The sledding was hard. There were times in his early career when he was glad to give

(Please turn to page 78)



GIVE YOUR
DRESS
FRESH COLOR
THAT LASTS AND
LASTS AND LASTS!

as ordinary "surface dyes" never can!

WHERE ordinary dyes just give a "color wash" to clothes—Rit soaks into every fibre and every thread—through-and-through—*instantly*. Rit contains one remarkable new chemical (registered in the U. S. Patent Office) that no other tint or dye can have for 17 years—that makes Rit quicker, easier and surer than any product you have ever used!

Rit in its new form (not a soap!) is a quick-dissolving tablet for convenience—won't leave streaks and spots of undissolved dye as powders often do. Color won't rub off—not affected by perspiration—won't look "dyed". Try this new Rit—and you'll be lastingly grateful to the scientist who discovered it!



Your choice of 33 colors! Rit's complete color range meets every need. And every color is clear, sparkling, professional. Rit leaves the material soft and pliable as new. You'll have perfect results the first time and every time with new Instant Rit.

✓ CHECK THIS LIST OF RIT USES:

Draperies Hooked Rugs Slip Covers Bed Spreads
Lingerie Bridge Sets Table Cloths Children's
Sweaters Men's Shirts Stockings Clothes

YOU'LL HAVE "BETTER LUCK"





*Go in'
to town!*

GAY! CAREFREE! Bubbling over with enthusiasm! Life's worth living when digestion is good, when annoying little irritations aren't gnawing at your disposition.

To help keep digestion in trim, chew Beeman's. Chew it often. Chew it after meals. It is pure, wholesome, helpful — it aids digestion. And its flavor is delicious — smooth, cool, and refreshing. And *kept* fresh, too — for the new Triple Guard Pack guarantees Beeman's fragrant freshness until *you* puncture the air-tight wrap. Try Beeman's now!

Chew
**BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM**



Rich Man's Son

(Continued from page 77)

concerts for as little as \$25 a performance.

His name haunted him in America—haunted him and plagued him. Another dilettante, another rich man's son playing in the role of artist! He might have had an easier time had he had within him a real, or even an assumed, Bohemianism. But he was not a Bohemian in any sense of the word. That rugged, pioneering inheritance forbade a pose or a strut.

And it was several years before his country took seriously his claims to artistic merit. In fact, it was not until he was 23 years old that he finally won serious consideration. The year was 1911 and the occasion was a performance with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, in which he played Sir Edward Elgar's concerto for violin and orchestra.

Following that performance recognition came quickly until today he has a tremendous popularity in all parts of the country. Before he came to radio he regularly made almost 100 performances a year. No other violinist has consistently played so often over a period of years. He has appeared and been reengaged from one to fifteen times, with every leading symphony orchestra in America and Europe. His concert fees alone usually total close to \$100,000 a year. His radio season is reported to be even more lucrative, his weekly compensation being around \$1,500.

He is the best known American concert artist abroad and the only American violinist, and one of three, who has ever had the honor of an invitation to

play with the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra. The other two were Kreisler and Ysaye.

Albert Spalding never took a lesson in the violin after 16. However, he did study harmony and counterpoint. He believes, with Shaw, that the capable man teaches himself.

One of the most intelligent, most articulate of musicians, he maintains that there is no formula, no magic secret for imparting the playing of any instrument. "The best your teacher can do for you," he says, "is to show you how to study."

He has a great respect for style. On the other hand he has little use for tradition. It may be that one reason radio appeals to him so strongly is that it too has seemingly little use for tradition.

Style is everything in radio—and Albert Spalding, the stylist, who makes his fiddle sing, is having a perfectly grand time.

Albert Spalding appears every Wednesday night at 8:30 P.M., E. D. S. T., over the following CBS stations:

WABC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WGR, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WOWO, WDRC, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WFBL, WJSV, KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBR, KGB, KFRC, WDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI, WGST, WBRG, WDOD, WRR, KLZ, KTAT, KTRH, KLRA, WREC, WCCO, CKAC, WLAC, WDSU, KOMA, KSL, KTSA, WIBW, CFRB, WMT, WORC.

How to Use Your Radio

(Continued from page 56)

way people who have figured in the news of the week.

Under the sponsorship of Barbasol, Edwin C. Hill, one of the most gifted of contemporary journalists, talks in his colorful manner over a CBS hook-up on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 8.15 P.M. on "The Human Side of the News."

Two commentators, specializing in interpreting the daily grist of news, whose programs merit the attention of the dialers, are Lowell Thomas and Boake Carter. Thomas, author of "With Lawrence in Arabia" and a dozen other best sellers in the non-fiction field, is one of the busiest broadcasters in radio, what with appearing on the air, writing books, lecturing and darting about the country. Of him it is told that recently after a hectic several weeks trying to keep his engagements around the country, he managed to get to his country estate at Pawling, N. Y. He was met at the door by Mrs. Thomas, who said: "Yes? Oh, you are Lowell Thomas? How do you do. I am Mrs. Thomas." Under the aegis of the Sun Oil Company this noted commentator is heard at 6:45 nightly from Monday to Friday, inclusive, over WJZ stations.

Boake Carter, Philco Radio and Television Corporations' news star, who is heard on the same nights at 7:45 over WABC and affiliates, is the man with the pleasant Oxford accent who comments rather fearlessly on the news of the day. He is not afraid to speak

out and his voluminous fan mail indicates the hold he has on the public.

TUNE in on Sunday at 12:30 past noon on the University of Chicago round table at which current events are taken up. This interesting program is carried by WEA and affiliates. If you like to hear interviews with unsung heroes—the man who handles the rear tiller on a fire truck, a window washer who works sixty stories above the street, or the chauffeur of a police radio car, listen to William Lundell's series on WJZ each Friday afternoon at five o'clock. The talks arranged by the Academy of Medicine in cooperation with Columbia and carried over the air each Tuesday at 10:45 in the morning are worth hearing. Important health suggestions coming from noted doctors are given to the listener.

We wish we could tell you some of the interesting special broadcasts that National and Columbia are trying to arrange for you during these summer months. Who knows, one or the other may land the former Kaiser or Stalin. Who would not want to listen to them, no matter what one's opinion. Perhaps, Otto, the pretender to the Austrian throne, who is very much in the news, may be prevailed upon by one of the persuasive representatives of NBC or CBS to say a few words to America. The world is seeking to enter your drawing room and we must not miss the knock. Plan your listening hours and enjoy the radio at its best.

Frank Merriwell's Return

(Continued from page 39)

man with a sturdy frame and youthful twinkle in his eyes that belie his recorded years and his snow white hair. Obviously there is something of the eternal boy in this weaver of so many boyish adventures.

"Putting Frank Merriwell on the air is as exciting as anything I ever tried," says Patten. "People sometimes ask me how I can write three radio scripts a week and keep it up steadily, but that is mere loafing. Think of the old days when I had to turn out a complete twenty thousand word story every week!"

Those indeed were the days, and Patten recalls that at the height of the Merriwell vogue, he used to dictate the stories to three secretaries.

"I found that I was unable to dictate sitting down," says Patten, "so I got up and walked. Back and forth across the office I'd go, walking and talking out a Frank Merriwell adventure as I went. I became curious to see how much distance I covered, so I bought myself a pedometer and found that in three hours of dictating I walked exactly four and one-half miles."

THE first Frank Merriwell adventure appeared on April 14, 1896. Patten recalls the date with whimsical exactitude. It was published by Street and Smith and the author received just sixty dollars for it.

That first story began a series which continued weekly for eighteen years and brought a profit to the publishers estimated in millions. Only a small percentage of this return ever reached the author, for Patten wrote the stories on a straight salary basis and the most he ever received from any publisher for any one story was about a hundred and fifty dollars.

"I wrote just about 800 of the Frank Merriwell stories," Patten estimates. "They were published and re-published in many forms, always with a ready market. Various collections were issued as the 'Medal Library,' the 'Merriwell Library' or the 'Burt L. Standish Library,' and some of the stories were combined to make a series of twenty-eight regular size books that were bound in cloth and sold for seventy-five cents each."

Mostly they were sold in those little combination cigar and candy stores that were so common in America a generation ago. Over in one corner was a big red magazine rack, and on it were displayed the Frank Merriwell stories, side by side with Frank's less decorous contemporaries, such as Nick Carter, Diamond Dick and Old Cap Collier, and the immortal Bible of the barber shops—*The Police Gazette*.

WHAT made Frank Merriwell so popular? The lure of disreputable adventure and wholesale bloodshed of the typical dime novel were completely lacking in the Merriwell stories. Frank was always highly moral, always taught the strong to protect the weak, children to obey their parents, and human beings to be kind to other human beings.

Patten tells why he thinks the stories were so popular. "Always the stories (Please turn to page 80)



HOW THE WRONG SHADE OF FACE POWDER CAN MAKE YOU LOOK YEARS OLDER

Pavlova's Experience

ANNA PAVLOVA, the great dancer, was giving two concerts in a distant city. The first night she looked gloriously young and vibrant. But the second night she was another woman altogether—she looked old and haggard. Something terrible had happened to cause the transformation. What was it?

Just this: By mistake the wrong colored spotlight was thrown on her. And the effect was that she appeared twenty years older. The audience whispered—"My, how old Pavlova looks." The right light was immediately switched on. But the damage was done! No one in the audience could be convinced that Pavlova hadn't grown old.

Your Face Powder Shade—Aging or Youthifying?

What holds for lighting holds for face powder shades, too. The wrong shade can make you look five to ten years older. Many women, choosing their face powder shade on the wrong basis, are victims of a decidedly aging effect. Could it be possible that *you*, too, are paying the penalty of the wrong shade of face powder? Look at the above illustration. It gives you some idea of the difference the right and wrong shade of face powder makes.

One Way to Tell

There is one way to tell which is the right shade of face powder for you—which shade makes you look young rather than old—and that is to try all the five basic shades. As Lady Esther has demonstrated and, as color specialists confirm, there are five basic shades which supply the needs of all types of women. One of these will prove the most flattering and—youthifying—for you. And Lady Esther offers you the opportunity of finding out that shade at her expense.

At Lady Esther's Expense!

Simply mail your name and address and you will receive a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Try them all on your face before your mirror and instantly one of these shades will prove *the* one for you. Mail coupon now for all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

(You Can Paste This on Penny Postcard)

LADY ESTHER, 2020 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

I want to find the right shade of face powder for my type. Please send liberal supply of all 5 shades of Lady Esther Face Powder free and postpaid.

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

This offer not good in Canada. (4)



NO MORE DATES WITH HER
—SHE DOES NOTHING BUT
POWDER HER NOSE
ALL EVENING

Pretty As a Picture... But This Fault Made Her Seem COMMON!

THE first man who ever really attracted her—and she knew she had lost him. She never dreamed of blaming her “eternal powder puff.” She never realized it made him think her cheap, and gave him the impression she had a coarse, greasy skin that was—well, not well cared for!

Wonderful New Makeup Secret

But how lucky she was! She finally met him again—after she tried a wonderful new triple-fine powder a friend told her about. It was called Golden Peacock Tonic Face Powder. And it had two other amazing features. Instead of mixing with skin oils, it repelled moisture. It refused to clog pores; instead, by a certain secret ingredient, it actually worked to tone and refine the skin. It mantled the tiny blemishes, caused by ordinary, coarser make-up, as if they had never existed. And on their second date she hardly had to reach for her powder puff all evening. Her skin glowed with a fresh, natural peach-bloom softness that never betrayed a hint of shine. It entranced him!

Try this powder now! Get a box at any drug store—only 50c; or the purse-size package at any 10-cent store. See now how evenly it looks on your skin. If your dealer cannot supply you, just write, and get a generous sample—free. Specify your shade—whether White, Flesh, Light Brunette or Dark Brunette. Address Golden Peacock, Inc., Dept. K-212 Paris Tenn.,



Golden Peacock Face Powder

Frank Merriwell's Return

(Continued from page 79)

had action,” he points out, “and it gave the readers a thrilling glow of satisfaction to see right always triumph over wrong.

“Furthermore, the action was not merely surface action between nonentities. I put in characterization. I tried to make the people in my stories real people.

“And,” adds Patten with a canny twinkle in his eye, “I always aimed to please the parents, and have them on my side.”

TODAY he is pleasing both parents and children with the new radio series. All the familiar characters are there. The very first episode landed Frank on the station platform at Fardale Academy and his adventures and heroism among the cadets of that select military school began at once.

The radio episodes include the beautiful brunette, Inza Burrage, who entwines Frank's heart; the blonde, Elsa Bellwood, a clinging vine type; and, of course, Frank's wealthy and sneering rival, Bart Hodge, the villain.

“The time of the action in the radio scripts,” says Patten, “is the early Nineteen Hundreds. I think that era had more glamour than our present rather disillusioned post-war age, and I want to retain the color of those early years.

“Of course, I have to change some things slightly. Thus when Frank gets into an automobile and starts off, I first have him crank the machine, of course, because there were no self-starters in those days. However, I have him speak of stepping up the auto to sixty miles an hour, and no ordinary automobile in those days could do sixty miles.

“I put in that detail so that modern listeners won't laugh at slow machines. I try to strike a balance between strict historical accuracy and smooth action of the story.”

FRANK MERRIWELL himself remains the same sturdy hero on the radio that he was in the paper bound books. He protects helpless dogs and horses against people who beat them, protects small boys against larger toughs who bully them, and is ever ready to fly in the face of danger, be it fire, mad dogs, storms or what not, to rescue people in peril.

It was radio, indeed, that rescued Frank Merriwell from library shelves, and the author expresses himself as delighted with the way the part is played on the air. The radio dramas are produced in the Chicago studios of the National Broadcasting Company and are broadcast three afternoons a week over the Red network.

Donald Briggs, a popular young actor in the Chicago studios, takes the part of Frank Merriwell on the air. The lovely Inza Burrage is played by Dolores Gillen, and her own beauty is admirably suited to that of the fictional heroine.

People often ask where the name of “Frank Merriwell” ever came from, and why the author chose “Burt L. Standish” as his pen name.

Gilbert Patten has answers for both of these questions. “The name of Frank Merriwell,” he explains, “is simply a combination of what I considered the three outstanding characteristics of the boy. He was frank, merry and

well—so I called him Frank Merriwell!

“As for my own pen name of Burt L. Standish, that goes back to the favorite poem of my boyhood, ‘The Courtship of Miles Standish.’ I chose the name of Standish because I admired Captain Miles Standish. The ‘Burt’ comes from the last syllable of my own name, Gilbert, but I wanted to be a little bit different in my spelling, and so I made it ‘Burt’ instead of ‘Bert.’

“As for the initial, L.,” Patten added with a chuckle, “I just pulled that out of the air, and if there was any reason for choosing L as a middle initial of my pen name, I have long since forgotten it.”

PATTEN has never stopped writing fiction since he sold his first story, at the age of sixteen. He has been editor of numerous popular priced fiction, or “pulp” magazines, and has written under many names in addition to the “Burt L. Standish” of the Merriwell series. Some of the other pen names he has used are—Herbert Bellwood, Emerson Bell, Colonel R. A. Swift, Burt R. Braddock, and Morgan Scott.

Patten now makes his home in New York City, where he has done most of his writing. His only son, a husky young man in his thirties, had a sort of Frank Merriwell career, except that he ran away from college to explore the West, and is now engaged in some sort of mining operations in California.

GILBERT PATTEN today is ruddy complexioned, healthy and good humored—the sort of man that Frank Merriwell might grow into when he reaches his sixties. He attributes his health to temperate living habits, and to the start given to him by a vigorous boyhood in the little town of Corinna, Maine, where he was born and spent most of his boyhood.

“My father,” says Patten, “was a devout Seventh Day Adventist, or ‘Go-Upper,’ as the villagers called him. He emulated the Lord in that he was a carpenter by trade, and both my parents originally intended that I should be a preacher.

“However, when I was sixteen I sold a story for fifty dollars, and then another longer one for seventy-five, and I ran away from school and decided to try life on my own. After several years of effort, during which I sold many stories and in between times was a factory worker, manager of a baseball team, and editor and owner of a country newspaper, I found myself, at the age of twenty-one, making \$1,000 a year from my writing. I decided then and there to give that all of my attention.

“I took a trip to Omaha, and returned with just ten dollars left. I thought that was enough to get married on, and so I got married and settled down to writing and have been working at it pretty steadily ever since.”

Mr. Patten is very comfortable in his New York apartment in Winter, but what he is most proud of is his summer home at Camden, Maine, on Penobscot Bay. The official title of the home is “Overocks,” but Patten likes to refer to it as “The house that Frank Merriwell built.”

Take Your Problems to the Voice of Experience

(Continued from page 35)

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:

I am a young man, twenty-two, in good health, tall, strong and fairly good-looking. In spite of these blessings I am unhappy and discouraged. Here is the reason:

I am bashful, backward, self-conscious and feel ill-at-ease in the presence of the opposite sex. I work in a hospital bakery and eat with the nurses and attendants. They know that I am bashful and not talkative, so they either kid me along or leave me to eat by myself. I have had a high school education, yet I find it hard to converse even with members of my own sex.

Naturally, I want to associate with girls and plan for a home, but I am just so shy that this seems impossible, for when they see how self-conscious I am they give me "the gate."

What shall I do?

JOHN.

ANSWER:

John, your self-consciousness and shyness dates back to some point in your childhood, when you were forming your pattern of life. All of us as children feel inferior and many times our parents unconsciously carry that inferiority for us over into our adulthood. Through their lack of understanding, they do not help us to develop emotionally.

In the first place, you have an inferiority complex. This is not an unusual thing, but you are the only one who can overcome this condition. I suggest that, inasmuch as I have devoted a lot of study to this subject of self-consciousness, that you let me send you five pamphlets dealing with this problem, each of which is offered for one three-cent stamp, or five stamps for the entire group; or, if you are able to have access to a good public library, I would recommend that you read an excellent book called, "How to Be Happy Though Human," by Dr. W. Beran Wolfe; also those chapters dealing with self-consciousness and inferiority in Dr. Alfred Adler's book, "Understanding Human Nature."

If you will act on the suggestions contained in these excellent treatises, I believe you will thank me for having brought them to your attention.

I wish you success!

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:

Should a young man first think of getting on the road to success before going out for a good time and getting some enjoyment out of life? Or should he go out for the enjoyment first and seek success later in life?

I go to night-school four nights a week; usually go to a show on Friday and study Saturday and Sunday. Many of my boy-friends remark, "I'm going to have a good time while I am young, because I'll be young only once!"

(Please turn to page 82)

RADIO ANN—She Gets Her Man!



WHAT Yeast Foam Tablets did for Ann's skin, they should do for yours. These delicious tablets of pasteurized yeast strengthen the digestive and intestinal organs, give tone to the nervous system. With the true causes of your trouble corrected, your skin becomes clear and smooth. Indigestion, constipation and nervousness all go. All druggists sell Yeast Foam Tablets. Get a bottle today!

FREE INTRODUCTORY PACKAGE

NORTHWESTERN YEAST COMPANY TG7
1750 North Ashland Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

Please send free sample of YEAST FOAM TABLETS and descriptive circular.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

See the first inside cover and page 3 of this magazine . . . and share in \$1,000.00 in prizes.



"To Your Health." July Babies



Schumann-Heink on the air!
World's best-loved mother;
world's best-loved singer!
Every Sunday, NBC Blue
Network. See local papers
for time.

—AND DID YOU KNOW?

Your Birthstone is THE RUBY
Your Birth Flower is THE WATER LILY
. . . and these other famous people were born in July, too—
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE • STEPHEN C. FOSTER • ADMIRAL
DAVID G. FARRAGUT • JOHN PAUL JONES • JOHN D. ROCKE-
FELLER • CALVIN COOLIDGE • GEORGE M. COHAN • BOOTH
TARKINGTON • JOHN QUINCY ADAMS • MARY BAKER EDDY
ELIAS HOWE • GEORGE SAND and CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN

WHAT an imposing list of famous birth-fellows you July babies have! Maybe some day you'll be just as famous as they are—even more famous!

But that's in the future. First, you've got to get big and strong and learn to walk and talk.

And getting big and strong is where Gerber's come in.

For in just a few months you'll be demanding, yes, actually demanding, your quota of good, healthful, full-of-vitamins strained vegetables.

And listen, July Babies, when that time comes, whisper "Gerber's" in mother's ear. Because they're the best you can possibly get. On account of special Gerber processing—cooking with oxygen excluded—valuable vitamins are retained in high degree. Gerber's also have important mineral salts.

And besides being better for you they save mother work—and besides saving her work they save her money too. Isn't that all your mother needs to know?

Your Store's Baby Department

When you go shopping, look for the Gerber complete line. It means "Baby Headquarters."



Strained Tomatoes . . . Green Beans . . . Beets . . . Vegetables . . . Carrots . . . Prunes . . . Peas . . . Spinach . . . 4½-oz. cans. **Strained Cereal** . . . 10¼-oz. cans. **Ask Your Doctor**

Gerber's

9 Strained Foods for Baby™



Gerber Products Company,
Fremont, Michigan
(In Canada: *Grown and Packed by*
Fine Foods of Canada, Ltd.,
Windsor, Ont.')
Please send me free copy of
"Mealtime Psychology," by Dr.
Lillian B. Storms. (Enclose 10c if
you would like birth-month data
for each month and a picture of the
Gerber Baby, ready for framing.)

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Take Your Problems to the Voice of Experience

(Continued from page 81)

Is this good reasoning? Or should one think of his goal first and wait for enjoyment later?

Thank you for your reply.
JOE (Chicago.)

ANSWER:

May I congratulate you, Joe, upon your attendance at night-school in order to get an education and upon the evidence contained in your letter that so far you have devoted your time toward bettering yourself mentally, instead of wasting precious days as so many young men do in sowing wild oats.

There is no question but that we are young only once; but youth, my boy, is not measured in years. I know some young fellows that are old in their twenties, simply because they argued that you are young only once and they burned the candle at both ends, with the result that they were burned out physically and mentally just at the time when they should be commencing to live.

I have as my close friends men and women long past fifty who, both mentally and physically, are youth personified. Whereas, the young man in his twenties who has dissipated his time and energy, finds little pleasure in life and becomes a liability instead of an asset to the community in which he lives. He has chosen a wrong pattern of life. Those who find life interesting, happy and enjoyable throughout many long years are the ones who have not chosen pleasure as a goal in life, but have prepared themselves for a very definite service. They have learned to co-operate. They have prepared themselves in their youth to be able to live co-operatively. Instead of selfishly taking all from life that it could give, they have conscientiously applied themselves that they might put all into life that they possibly could.

Again let me say, "Yes, you are young only once"; but youth can last over a lifetime, providing that it is spent wisely; or it can be limited to a few brief years of metaphorical dancing followed by many years in paying the fiddler.

Stick by your guns, lad. Let those pleasure seekers, who are too self-centered to catch the true vision of life, sow all the wild oats that they want to. That's their business, not yours. Just remember, however, that if you sow wild oats you are not going to reap kernels of happiness.

You carry on as you have begun and you'll have no need to worry about either the happiness or enjoyment which will come with your harvest.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:

I am twenty-five and ran away from home when I was fourteen. I have never gone back since. I have traveled from coast to coast five times.

Now I am deeply interested in a girl and am seriously considering getting married. Do you think anyone like me can settle down to a happy married life?

SMITTY.

ANSWER:

Do you mind my talking to you as

though you were a younger brother? Probably the boys have nicknamed you "Smitty." You have asked me, a stranger, a serious question and you have signed yourself with a nickname. You tell me much about yourself in the few lines that you have penned and in your signature.

You've been away from home now eleven years; have crossed the continent five times and yet you have never taken the trouble to drop by and say "hello" to Mother and Dad.

Many boys suffer from wanderlust and become roamers, who later settle down and make excellent husbands, fathers and citizens. Many others, my boy, remain restless hoboes at heart. If you are still restless and uneasy, except when you are on the move, then you are not ready to settle down. You are not looking at life from the serious viewpoint.

I am more concerned about the happiness and success of the marriage you contemplate from the standpoint of the girl you are thinking of marrying than I am from your standpoint. If she is the average girl, she would want to settle down in a home. If she means enough to you and you have had your fill of wandering, then there's the possibility that you could make her happy. On the other hand, if this would be just another temporary thrill for you, when the newness of marriage began to wear off, your feet would begin to itch for the open road; and, if you remained at home, the fact that it took on the proportions of a prison for you because of your desire to get away would, in all likelihood, cause you to be uncompanionable and even mentally cruel to your own wife, who would then appear to you in the guise of a jailer holding you in leash, when your spirit cried to get away.

If, in order to appease that wandering spirit, she agreed to tramp the country with you, she would probably be equally unhappy.

I congratulate you upon studying this problem out before taking the fatal step and I want to encourage you to do more studying before you do get married.

Postpone that marriage for a little while, during which time analyze yourself carefully and see whether you are content now to really settle down and become part and parcel of some community, a real husband and potential father in a home of your own. If you are absolutely sure that this can be done, that this is what you want, then I would advise your getting married. On the other hand, if you love this girl, naturally you will want to do what is best for her, and if you find that your interest in her is the only anchor that holds you in one locality, marriage is not advisable.

I think you will find that future events will bear me out in this analysis; and for her sake and yours, I hope that you have had a surfeit of wandering and are ready to accept the responsibilities of manhood.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:

My eight-year-old boy is not very dependable. If I send him to the store and demand that he hurry,

he says "Yes," but he takes his time. In school he is disobedient and has lots of trouble with the principal. He is always getting into fights. In the marching lines he pushes and annoys other children in the classroom. He is forever speaking out of turn and kissing the little girls. When he is reported to the principal and is asked why he does those things, he always answers, "Because I want to." He promises to do better but doesn't. He is not mean. In fact, he is good-natured and very unselfish.

This boy is the oldest of three children, Voice of Experience. What can I do to get him straightened out?

Mrs. E. P. (Milwaukee.)

ANSWER:

The characteristics of your boy, as you have outlined them, are effects; and though you have given me these in detail, you have said nothing about the predisposing causes. You have failed to tell me how you discipline him; what effect the discipline of the principal has on him, other than that he never keeps his promises. You stated that he is the oldest of three children, but you have given me no inkling as to how he reacts toward the other two children.

Any good psychiatrist will tell you that the recital of your letter, however, shows that this boy is blamed for things which, in reality, are not his fault. He is the oldest child and for several years he has realized that at home he has not been the privileged character he once was. Mother is giving more affection to the younger children than to him; and since in childhood we are selfish little creatures, this boy has rebelled against this condition. Now that he is going to school, he is trying to get in the school some of the attention that he does not get at home. If he were good and studious and never got into mischief, he would go unnoticed. So he is resorting to these pranks in order to call attention to himself.

The way that you as a parent react to these manifestations of his and the way that the principal and his teacher react will in a large measure determine that boy's whole future. Space limits my going into the problem of disciplining a child in this column, but I have ten pamphlets, all dealing with the proper method for parents to meet the peculiarities of pampered, nervous, wilful, stubborn children. If you can afford to send the thirty cents in stamps required for these pamphlets, I guarantee that they will be invaluable to you. If you cannot afford the thirty cents (and I leave it to your honesty), I suggest that you and other parents write to me in care of TOWER RADIO and let me put this valuable information in your hands. They will not only solve the problem of this mother, as regards her recalcitrant child, but will offer a solution to many parental problems of discipline and child behavior.

Another fascinating
Short Story by
Margaret Sangster
in Next Month's
TOWER RADIO



FOR GLORIOUS HAIR, youthful and natural... free from that dull, faded look... be sure you use Colorinse in the shampoo wash. Not a dye or a bleach, it gives the hair a shimmering softness and a rich, colorful lustre that is entrancingly beautiful. There are 12 tints to choose from... and you can use it as often as you please, for it is entirely harmless.

10c

at all 5 and 10c stores and beauty shops—Nestle Colorinse, Super-Set, Golden Shampoo and Henna Shampoo.

Nestle
COLO RINSE



30 facial baths 10¢

The very basis of a fine complexion is *clean pores*. Don't clog them with thick, waxy creams--bathe them daily with pure Vi-Jon Liquefying Cream. Melting at body temperature, Vi-Jon's cleansing oils flow deep into the pores and free them of all impurities, leaving your skin sweet, fresh, lovely.

Anybody can afford daily "beauty baths" with Vi-Jon Liquefying Cream. A 10c jar holds enough for 30 thorough cleansings. Cream of this quality -- and quantity -- usually costs four to 10 times as much. Light, dainty, delicately scented. Try it. Also try these other high grade creams:

VI-JON
VANISHING CREAM

VI-JON
COLD CREAM

VI-JON
THEATRICAL CREAM

10c at F. W. Woolworth Stores

VI-JON LIQUEFYING CREAM



VI-JON LABORATORIES . . ST. LOUIS

Short Wave Department

(Continued from page 48)

Dominican Republic station that says they are using only seven and a half watts power but who comes in like a one hundred watter.

One station on Colombia that does give their call letters in English is HJ1ABB, Barranquilla. The station's owner and operator says "Ha-Ya-Une-Ah-Bay-Bay."

In Havana, Cuba, we have COC. They announce very clearly as "This is station COC, Havana, Cuba. Please send all reports to Post Office Box 98" and again this same sentence is said in their native tongue.

The various other South Americans that roam "hither-and-yon" on their mad desire to be heard are there for you to guess at their call letters. Literally I throw up my hands in disgust when after an endless program they go off the ether waves without even a "hello" in English.

The two twins in Australia are very easy to identify. Mainly because they speak English throughout the program and station announcements come in rapid succession. VK2ME, Sydney, has caught the laughing notes of the Kook-a-burra bird and converted it into their undying identifying signal.

WHEN you write are you sure they can read your hand writing? Let us detour slightly from the subject. In my mail there are always letters from fans asking questions, giving station data, etc. Sometimes I have real difficulty reading these otherwise interesting letters, simply because the writing is so poor. I sometimes think how difficult it would be for the officials in charge of foreign stations to read these illegible letters. How can a director of a station verify a program when he cannot even understand what has been written to him? To condense this paragraph into one sentence, typewritten letters are the best, a necessity when writing for a verification.

An important fact to be kept constantly in mind, when writing to these stations is this. Remember these stations are like business houses. Do not becloud the issue with too many unnecessary words. Stick to your report. If you heard the program for ten minutes write something like this.

Radio Station VK2ME, Sydney, Australia.

Dear Sirs,

Please verify my reception of the following program heard on April 15, 1934.

6.00 A.M. (EST) Gramophone record.

6.03 A.M. (EST) Station announcement.

6.06 A.M. (EST) Military music.

6.10 A.M. (EST) Lady singing.

Your signal was heard here on (car-phones or loud speaker, as the case may be).

Thanking you in advance for your reply,
Name and Address.

Another necessity is the enclosure of an International Reply Coupon with every report sent to a foreign station. These Coupons can be purchased at any post office for nine cents and are redeemed in the country they are sent to, for the equivalent of a stamp for a letter sent first class.

A good collection of veris is a joy

forever. I have had some very interesting experiences with verifications sent from abroad. Especially from the Asiatic stations.

In 1928 I received my first short wave "verification." That was from VK2ME, which was acknowledged on a card. This naturally was written in English, as we all know that is the language used in Australia. From 1928 to 1931 my interest in the short waves lagged, due to lack of capable receivers and the absence of information on the short wave stations as to their schedule of time on the air, etc.

In 1931 when F3ICD, Saigon, Indo-China, was on the air I had re-entered the short wave field again. My answer to a request for a veri from this station was more than I expected. Although I had written to this station repeatedly and no response had been forthcoming I decided to play the indifferent one and continued to wait. After what seemed an eternity their answer came, written in perfect English signed by "L. Ingerieur Chef du Station." They also sent me a subscription form to fill out for a listener's assistance to the development and the improvement of their transmissions. "The yearly subscription is: "Twenty-five dollars (Indo-China dollars)." This letter which by the way verified my reception is still my most prized veri.

A veri from Siam is thrilling to receive. On the envelope in type that resembles paint are the words, "Post and Telegraph Department." The flap of the envelope has the official crest, which resembles an idol or Buddha, with spread double wings. "Telepost Bangkok" uses the same crest and the body of the letter is in perfect English.

Bandoeng or Sumatra, Java, send a rather ordinary letter but a "rare" veri is well worth waiting months to receive.

J1AA, Japan just does not either answer or verify due to a law in that land which does not permit them to verify any reception on their short wave transmissions. Several fans have veris from J1AA, which they received before this law was passed.

THE answer to a report sent to the Daventry station reads like this: "The British Broadcasting Corporation thanks you for your report of December 27th, 1932, on the transmissions from the Empire Broadcasting Station, but regrets that specific verifications of reception cannot be given. Signed, Broadcasting House, London."

France now sends a questionnaire along with their verification which is in the form of a letter written in French. The questionnaire asks you, among other things, "What type of program do you prefer?" One fan answered this and asked them why their programs consist of so much talk. They replied that the reason for this was that the programs were really intended for their "fearless Colonists in Africa, who do not receive regular mail and newspapers."

Rabat, Morocco, sends out a long stereotype letter which used to be Germany's way of answering until lately when they started to mail out cards with the letters "DJC" or "DJB" in large type.



Use FREE Coupon Below

When you were young, and your Dad called to you, "Hello Dirty Face," he was referring to surface dirt—"clean dirt," actually.

Today, of course, you avoid dirt on the surface of your skin—but are you sure about the dirt under the surface?

Test your own skin. Get your own answer—a mighty important answer when you realize that sub-surface skin dirt (caused by make-up, atmosphere and traffic dust, alkali in soap and water) is the greatest cause of enlarged pores, blackheads, dry skin and other blemishes.

Send for a FREE Trial Bottle of DRESKIN, Campana's new skin-cleanser invention. Make the famous "ONE-TWO-THREE TEST" on your own skin: (1) Dampen a dab of cotton with DRESKIN. (2) Rub gently over your face and neck. (3) Look at the cotton. If it is dirty—heed the warning! Don't take chances with enlarged pores—skin blemishes!

DRESKIN removes hidden dirt—neutralizes alkali—reduces the size of pores. Send for FREE trial bottle TODAY.



Campana

Dreskin

THE ORIGINAL SKIN INVIGORATOR



CAMPANA DRESKIN, 2947 Lincoln Highway, Batavia, Illinois

Gentlemen: Please send me FREE and postpaid a Trial Bottle of DRESKIN, Campana's Skin Invigorator—enough for 4 or 5 skin cleansing treatments.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

If you live in Canada, send your request to Campana Corp., Ltd., T.M.-7 Caledonia Road, Toronto, Ontario.

I'VE BEEN CRAZY TO "PUT UP" WITH OLD CRACKED, SHABBY WINDOW SHADES!



... That's why women buy these

IMPROVED WINDOW SHADES for 15¢ EACH

THINK of the thrill of replacing *all* your old, dingy shades with new Clopays at 15c each! Yes, they're full size shades that won't crack, fray, or pinhole. Recently vastly improved, too—made heavier, stronger. Wooden slat included. And you need trim only *one* side to fit narrow windows. Clopays easily attach to old rollers without tacks or tools. Plain colors and chintz effects! Perfect, too, for summer camps and cottages. Send 3c stamp for color samples to Clopay Corp., 1308 York Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

At All 5c and 10c Stores

CLOPAY WINDOW SHADES

BLUE PRINTS

Colonial House, Italian House, each 6 rooms. Normandy House, Swiss Chalet, Modernistic House, Spanish House, each 5 rooms. If you're interested in a new home, you will want to see these blue prints before you build. Send 3 cents for each blue print you want to

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

MAKES IRONING EASY

TRY THIS FREE

This modern way to hot starch ends mixing, boiling and bother as with lump starch. Makes starching easy. Makes ironing easy. It restores elasticity and that soft charm of newness. No sticking. No scorching. Your iron fairly glides. Send for sample.



THANK YOU

THE HUBINGER CO., No. 792, Keokuk, Ia.
Your free sample of QUICK ELASTIC, please, and "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

A clever veri is sent by HCJB and is an acquisition for any collector.

HVJ, Vatican City, on the air from 5 to 5:15 A.M. on 19.84 meters and announces as, "Pronto, Pronto, Radio Vaticano" will verify your reception with a picture of Vatican City.

YV3BC, Caracas, Venezuela, sends a wonderful booklet with your report verified on the front cover. This book tells you of all the interesting attractions in Caracas, also about the studio and transmitter.

Two veris that few have in their collection I was fortunate enough to get. A little tale can be told about them. For *one day only* "Radio Budapest" sent a special program and on that same day in the evening Vienna sent a special. These stations I heard and have had my report verified and both stations answered in English.

THE South American and Dominican Republic verifications are very colorful but there again you run into Spanish.

No one has ever seen a Moscow veri without remarking the crude paper they use. There are absolutely pieces of wood pulp in the mixture. How they ever typewrite on it is a mystery to me. But they answer promptly and the Radio Editor, or should it be Editress, is Miss Inna Marr whose name is known to all.

EAQ, Madrid, Spain, sends a card with the station's call letters on it but they change the color every year.

PHI, Holland, has a new card with the letters PHOHI entwined above a view of the serial masts.

Why some people still insist on calling the Roman station 12RO, is a wonder to me. When their verification card reads: "1 RO and 2 RO." 1 RO was on 80 meters and 2 RO is on 25.4 meters. An ink line is drawn deliberately through 1RO—80 meters.

A rare "bird" to hear is VQ7LO, Nairobi, Kenya Colony, B.E. Africa.

Now here is one that I doubt if any other fan in the country can brag about having. This is from a station in the Ellice Islands. One morning while tuning on the forty meter band I heard what sounded to me like well worn gramophone records. Then there was silence for a few minutes followed by a man talking with a typical Oxford accent. He said something about Ellice Islands and then went into slow code. Although I know very little about code I could just make out "VP."

It did not take me long to find out that VP were the International call letters assigned to the Gilbert and Ellice Islands. I wrote the station just what I had heard. He verified my reception and added that he "worked" his transmitter for inter-isular communication. The records were only used occasionally. Although I had sent him an International Reply Coupon he returned it saying, "there were no post office facilities or amenities on the island at all." He added a rather mournful note to his letter saying there were only three Europeans in the group and distant ships passing on the horizon caused him to feel desperately homesick.

The League of Nations sends a personal letter to everyone who reports their transmissions which originate in their studios in Geneva, Switzerland.

Sydney sends a card with the map of Australia printed on it and a picture of their native bird, the Kooka-burra whose voice many fans have heard but few have seen.



GRIFFIN ALLWITE

makes it easy to
PUT YOUR BEST FOOT FORWARD

For only ALLWITE will clean, whiten and give that "new shoe" finish.

ALLWITE actually removes spots instead of covering them with a chalky coating that soon wears away. ALLWITE won't cake, crack or rub off on clothes or upholstery . . . and you can use it on all white shoes, leather or fabric.

This famous GRIFFIN quality is available in the convenient ready-mixed bottle or the economical tube for as little as 10c.



"Accept No Substitute, There Isn't Any"

GRIFFIN MANUFACTURING CO., Inc., B'KLYN, N. Y.

JANE GETS "LURE" WITH MOVIE EYES



Have the Witching Eyes of the Movie Stars Tonight

You can have exactly the same "eye-appeal" movie and stage stars do...instantly...by darkening the brows and lashes with the wonderful make-up discovery they use. With DELICA-BROW! Let DELICA-BROW make your eyes literally wells of allure tonight—bigger, brighter... irresistible. DELICA-BROW is waterproof, too. Remember the name. Get it at any toilet goods counter, or at the 10¢ stores.



The Man with the Gift of Friendliness

(Continued from page 43)

liness with which his creator endowed him and that special medium of radio which science has developed in his time, to do something for mankind.

Most of his listeners understand his attitude and respect his desire for privacy. Many times his wishes have been violated, either by deliberate spoil-sports, or misguided well-wishers, who have attempted to seek out and publish his identity. . . . However, neither Cheerio himself nor the National Broadcasting Company has ever nor will ever officially confirm any identification.

THIS self-effacement may strike some persons as odd, yet daily Cheerio's mail brings letters of understanding and gratitude. One morning, for instance, his listeners heard him read a communication which ran:

Of the many messages of affectionate remembrance which have come to my mother in the last few days, I think none was appreciated more than yours. I thank you for it in her behalf and my own.

Certainly it was interesting to see, as it must be inspiring to you to know, that she kept this message in that small number from her oldest and most intimate friends—a message from a person she had never seen, whose name she does not even know, and yet whose voice so deeply penetrated her heart.

And the signature of that beautifully understanding letter was

OWEN D. YOUNG.

That letter from one of the outstanding leaders of American industry and public life will indicate the quality of audience which Cheerio can and does command. This audience was made definitely visible three years ago, on the occasion of the fifth anniversary of the Cheerio program. A listener suggested that all faithful members of the Cheerio circle should place a red cardboard "C" in their windows during anniversary week.

From the White House itself, as the First Home in the land, through offices on Fifth Avenue, business houses, homes of every description down to the humblest cottage, those red "C's" blossomed forth in countless thousands of windows in one of the most remarkable tributes ever evoked by a radio program. The red "C" has now become an annual tradition at Cheerio's anniversary.

CHEERIO has surrounded himself with a happy group of assisting artists who are beloved daily visitors in homes throughout America. Who of the listeners does not know Russell Gilbert, or "Gil," who regularly conducts the program every Saturday, and who so ably carries on the work of the Cheerio Exchange when Cheerio himself is away during the Summer or is absent at any other time. Russell Gilbert's fine baritone voice, his remarkable gift for dialects and comedy, his whole-souled personality endear him to thousands.

His petite blond wife is Lovina Gil-

bert, the "Sweet Lady" of the Cheerio broadcasts. Lovina has a beautifully clear soprano voice, assists in the preparation of the programs, and is one of the mainstays of the broadcast.

Geraldine Riegger, the even-tempered, good-natured "Gerry" has a rich contralto voice and a sunny nature that make her "one of the family" to thousands.

The fine Irish tenor of Pat Kelly always "gets" the ladies when he sings. Pat, once an announcer, and now supervisor of all the NBC announcers, is so popular that he must take time from his official duties to appear on the Cheerio program.

THE Cheerio program is on the air six days a week from 8:30 to 9, Eastern Daylight Saving Time, over WEA and the Red network. And six days a week the orchestra leader of the musicians, who are called "little peppers" because they put pep into the program, is J. Harrison Isles. He is an experienced leader, who rehearses endlessly so that Cheerio may read his poems right on the beat of the accompanying music. Completing the studio family is the blond, blue-eyed announcer, Lyle Van, the "perfect youth," who also takes a lot of kidding in the studio.

And then the birds!! One must not forget Elizabeth Freeman and her Blue Canaries (so called because although visibly yellow canaries they are actually Blue Birds of Happiness). For perhaps the thousandth time, let it be set down here that those birds are real, very real canaries, not tin whistles; and not only do they contribute a pleasant background of trilling and chirping to the whole program, but also they have an uncanny ability to remain exactly on key as they follow orchestral music.

The artists on the Cheerio program, the office workers and the office expenses are paid by the National Broadcasting Company. Cheerio himself receives nothing.

The office work is vastly more than most people realize. A staff of five full-time office workers and an extensive filing system are necessary to keep track of the birthday celebrities around whom the program is built, the research material about historical figures, the musical library, the brimming shelves of program material, the voluminous correspondence, and the birthdays and wedding anniversaries of listeners who are entitled to special mention. Only birthdays over ninety and wedding anniversaries of fiftieth and above are entitled to special mention, and yet there is an astonishingly large number every day.

Cheerio's office is informal, "homey" looking, with growing plants, aquaria for goldfish, comfortable furniture and pictures of beloved friends.

This is where he sits and works, this is his sanctuary, this is where his program is prepared. This, however, is not his shrine. His shrine is in the hearts of his listeners.

ARE YOU READING . . .

NELLIE REVELL'S BEHIND THE DIAL?

All the News of Your Radio Favorites

NO MORE FRECKLES,
WEATHER-BEATEN SKIN



No matter how dull and dark your complexion, how freckled and coarsened by sun and wind, Nadinola Bleaching Cream, tested and trusted for over a generation, will whiten, clear and smooth your skin to new beauty. Just apply tonight: no massaging, no rubbing; Nadinola begins its beautifying work while you sleep. Then you see day-by-day improvement until your complexion is all you long for: creamy white, satin-smooth, lovely. No disappointments; no long waiting; money back guarantee in every package. Get a large box of Nadinola Bleaching Cream at toilet counters, or by mail postpaid, only 56¢. Nadinola, Box T-19, Paris, Tenn. Generous 10¢ sizes Nadinola Beauty aids at many 5¢ and 10¢ stores.

Nadinola Bleaching Cream

**AMERICA'S STANDARD
SHOPPING
CONVENIENCE**



Rest Tired Arms
Same Good
Quality

Today's
Big
Value **5¢**

At Most Stores of
F. W. Woolworth & Co.

**DEUBENER
SHOPPING BAGS**

Garfield Park, Indianapolis, Ind.

WELCOME

The next time you come to New York plan to stop at a hotel where "Welcome" means something more than a word on the door mat.

If you stop at the Hotel Knickerbocker you will be guaranteed a warm, friendly welcome. Every courtesy will be yours. This is a fine new 400-room hotel and every room has its own private bath and radio. Write for booklet T.

Rates from \$2.50 Single
\$3.50 Double

HOTEL KNICKERBOCKER

Carl F. Johnson, Manager

120 West 45th Street
New York

Microphonies

(Continued from page 37)

invented a new slogan for you . . . here it is . . . 'Wimpy Brothers Garbage Receivers Have An Air of Distinction.' Now, let me tell you about this radio campaign. . . . Gentlemen, we are going to make the United States of America garbage receiver conscious! How? It's all a question of knowing local conditions and being able to smell out prospects. Now first, every house has a family and every family has to eat, doesn't it? And what they don't eat is garbage, isn't it? And you can't just leave garbage hangin' around the house, can you? No! You've got to put it in some place, haven't you? And where's that? In a garbage receiver, isn't it? Certainly. And that makes every house and every family in the United States of America that owns a radio set, a potential garbage receiver purchaser, doesn't it? Certainly! Well, that's what you start with. Every one of the radio audience is a garbage receiver prospect!

"Now gentlemen . . . the next thing is confidence! When you go up to the microphone, don't say to yourself . . . 'Well gee, perhaps they don't have any garbage'—or 'I don't know whether these folks would care for a garbage receiver'—NO! Say to yourself—'Boy, here's ten million houses that are just chock full of garbage and what they need is ten million Wimpy Brothers Garbage Receivers to dump it in!'"

"And gentlemen, within sixty seconds after our first program has gone off the air, the radio audience is going to rush out to hardware stores from Maine to California and from Florida to the Canadian border, and within sixty minutes from the close of our signature song, your entire output for 1934 is going to be sold. Because, gentlemen, after listening to our program . . . the radio audience is going to think of nothing else but garbage!"

1:10-1:15—Hill and Dale, Comedy HILL: WHO WAS THAT LADY I SCENE YOU WITH LAST NIGHT? DALE: THAT WAS NO SCENE THAT WAS AN ACT.

2:00-2:30—"What's in a Name?"—Shakespeare

Now I was told this the other day and it may be only another one of those legends, but here it is. Walter Lippmann was going on the NBC airwaves at, say, 5:30. At 5:20, he rushed up to one of the shining new NBC pages and said—"I'm Walter Lippmann, I'm on the air at 5:30. Where do I go?" The page said, "What's the name?" "Walter Lippmann—I think it's Studio 8C." The page looked over the chart. Time passed. "I'm sorry there's a rehearsal in 8C." "But where do I go?" "What's the name?" "Walter Lippmann!" More time passed. The page had no luck. "Ye gods," shouted Lippmann, "it's 5:20 now. . . . Get me somebody who knows something around here. Get me Mr. Aylesworth!" The page looked up with a bright expression and said—"Yessir—What department is he in?"

3:15-3:45—Fun in an Elevator

Of course to appreciate fully that last one you have to know that Merlin Aylesworth is president of the National Broadcasting Company. Anyway you all know who Jascha Heifetz (Please turn to page 88)

KOOL

MILDLY MENTHOLATED
CIGARETTES



SOMETHING TO CELEBRATE

When will you, too, sign this declaration of smoking comfort? "Down with cigarettes that dry our throats. We want a refreshingsmoke. We want Kools" . . . (signed) "A nation of contented Kool smokers." KOOLS are mentholated, mildly. The smoke is cooler, but the fine tobacco flavor is fully preserved. Cork tips protect lips. Finally, FREE coupons packed with KOOLS bring gilt-edged Congress Quality U. S. Playing Cards and other merchandise. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) Send for illustrated list.

FREE HANDSOME GIFTS...



Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.



**MAKE YOUR PERMANENT
LAST 3 TIMES AS LONG**

WOMEN everywhere are finding that the secret of keeping a permanent wave is to reset it regularly with the new Wildroot Wave Powder. Naturally curly and straight hair are also easy to set with this inexpensive home-made wave set. Just buy Wildroot Wave Powder, mix with water, and follow simple directions in package. Never leaves white flakes, dries quickly, keeps indefinitely. Used by hairdressers. At all drug and 5 and 10 cent stores.



**10c
MAKES 1 PINT**

New improved
**WILDROOT
WAVE POWDER**

RADIO GIRL
PERFUME
and FACE POWDER

Unseen Beauty Wins

To visible beauty add this exquisite fragrance and you will have irresistible charm... RADIO GIRL Perfume is compounded from French essential oils—to glorify the modern American Girl... And RADIO GIRL Face Powder spreads a delicate film to beautify and protect your skin. There is a shade for your complexion.

(Use this Coupon for FREE SAMPLES)
"RADIO GIRL," St. 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-7

Name.....
Address.....

Microphonies

(Continued from page 87)

is. Here is mistaken identity story No. 3586, series of 1934. Heifetz entered one of the expensive NBC elevators, carrying his violin case. Now NBC has elevators especially for musicians who are carrying violin cases, grand pianos or Mack trucks. So the elevator operator said, "You'll have to take the service elevator." "I'm Jascha Heifetz" thundered the violin virtuoso. "I don't care if you're Rubinoff!" retorted the operator. "You take the service elevator."

**5:00-6:00—Music Depreciation
Hour**

This selection we are about to hear is a typical harmonic hors d'oeuvre. Hors d'oeuvre—or horse d'oeuvre must not be confused with horse—de—combat. That's a horse of another color. This number was written in 1666—or 1766—or maybe it was 1866—anyway it was in the 66's. When the selection opens you will notice the overtones of the French horns. . . . In the middle you will notice the undertones of the piccolos. In the finish you will notice which is the nearest exit.

In the allegro non troppo (in English this is "Happy Go Lucky") you will notice the woodwinds going "peep-peep-peep-peep"—this is to represent the birds giving the call to the listeners.

In the allegro non sequitur—you will hear the bass horns going "pouf-pouf-pouf-pouf"—This is to represent the listeners giving the bird to the musicians.

When the music goes HUM—that is what we call the "leit motif."

When it goes—choo choo—that is the locomotive.

7:10-7:30—Dramatic Sketch

NBC has 350,000 pieces of music in its library. Or maybe it's a million. Anyway, the other day Frank Black, talented music director of NBC wanted the melody of the old German drinking song—"Schnitzelbank." (Of course as you know, that's the one we all sing in the Brauhauses with a stein on the table and someone's secretary on the knee.) Well, did the boys look for it in the archives and did they find it? No! But was Herman Rolfe, the erudite and genial old Music Demon stumped? No, by godfrey! He reached into his desk drawer and with a wave of his hands produced one of these new glass beer mugs with scenes painted on the sides by John Held, Jr., and others of his ilk. And sure enough there were the words and the music of "Schnitzelbank" decorating the mug. The mug (i.e. the beer mug, not

Herman Rolfe) was sent up to Frank and with serious mien (not to be confused with chow mein) an arranger was put to work to copy the music and the lyrics from it. First he'd take a drink and then copy a line—then another drink, et cetera. As you might say—they took the words right out of his mouth.

**8:00-8:30—Swartzkopf Bros.,
Comedy Team**

PAT: WHO WAS THAT LADY I
SEEN YOU WITH LAST NIGHT?
MIKE: THAT WASN'T LAST
NIGHT—THAT WAS RAY NIGHT.

9:15-10:00—Poetry Hour

(It only seems like an hour)

Many requests have been received for copies of the simple little poem which was recently broadcast over Station KUKU by the Poet of the People—Tony (Wons in a Lifetime) Guest. Here it is

"Baby's Bubbles"

(To Be Read Slowly and with Feeling)

Baby's in his cradle
Baby's in his crib
Baby's making bubbles
That fall upon his bib.

Little air bubbles,
That float upon the air,
Sometimes they break on baby's nose,
And sometimes in his hair.

Remember, when baby coos and gurgles,
And drools a little bit,
It's really fairy bubbles he makes
And not—just spit!

10:00-10:30—"East Is Yeast" . . .

You've heard the Fleischmann program on the air? Well, then, suppose I rise to the occasion and tell you about one of the voluntary testimonials received by the advertising agency which puts on the Vallee airing. It read as follows from left to right . . . "I want to tell you how much Fleischmann's yeast has meant to me. Recently while on a hunting trip in North Carolina, tramping through cane and rough country, I acquired a fatal case of blood poisoning . . ."

12 Midnight—Sign Off

This column has come to you by courtesy of the Fishback Bolt and Nut Company. Have you ever tried Fishback's bolts and nuts? If you will send them your name and address they will be delighted to send a catalogue of their bolts—and nuts to you!

Watch for the August TOWER RADIO

Striking Features—Brilliant Personality Stories

Pictures—Gossip—Fiction

All the News of Your Air Favorites



Have You a Baby in Your Home?

Here are 7 Diagram Patterns for baby things . . . 10 cents complete

One of the joys of a baby is sewing for him—or her. Diagram patterns are an easy new way to sew from patterns you make yourself. Complete directions and instructions are given for the following baby things:

- ★ The newest thing in knitted rompers with bunny decorations.
- ★ Diagram pattern and embroidery design for short-sleeved jacket.
- ★ Diagram pattern and embroidery design for baby bonnet.
- ★ Bear floor pad covered with glazed chintz.
- ★ Bird and animal appliques.
- ★ Pads for nursery chair made from scraps of colored cotton.
- ★ Small coat hanger and cap stand covered with satin ribbon.

Send 10 cents For a Complete set "BABY PATTERNS" to

Frances Cowles

TOWER MAGAZINES

(INCORPORATED)

55 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Uncle Sam's Own Radio

(Continued from page 17)

quarters of this great network.

Here something like 2,500,000 words are cleared a month and the speed with which everyone was working reminded me of the telegraph room of the Associated Press in New York City. When I asked Capt. George L. Townsend, in charge of the Message Center, how long it takes to get a message to Manila, the answer was: "It takes just as long as it takes to send it. Radio travels at the speed of light which is about 186,600 miles a second."

Neither does it take any great amount of time to send one of these radio messages. On high speed to San Francisco the Army net is able to send from 200 to 400 words a minute. They receive from there at about the same rate.

The operators are young soldiers from eighteen years of age to approximately twenty-seven. The men are selected from the Army who seem to be especially adapted to the radio work. They have had no training when they come in and first take a course at the Signal School at Fort Monmouth, N. J.

One of the difficulties experienced is that these men become so proficient that they are continually taken away from the service by the commercial radio companies. Their Army pay is only \$21 a month and the outside concerns pay \$143.50 a month. Of course these men are all available in war but in the meantime, it creates quite a problem of the WAR net to keep its personnel. The men are in the Army today and in civil life making a good living tomorrow.

Nevertheless they seem to be quite happy during their term of service in the Army. There is never any trouble with the men. They all like the work and work from eight to fourteen hours a day. There is seldom a complaint received regarding the work of the Army net.

In receiving, high-speed messages are recorded on dictaphone records. The records are slowed up in transcribing and written on typewriters at a rate of about thirty-five or forty words a minute. When messages are sent they are first written on perforated type. If the messages are to be received by typewriter, the tapes are run slowly; if they are to be received on records, or on tape with automatic ink recording, they are run fast.

TYPICAL of the resourcefulness of the Army at this time is how the Signal Corps is reclaiming an abandoned ship-yard at Battery Cove, south of Alexandria, on the Potomac. Without any additional appropriations this is being converted into a station for the network, telegrams being relayed to the WAR Message Center by wire. It is quieter down there and the incoming messages can be heard better than in Washington.

There was such a pile of junk on the place that the river was hardly visible but Lieutenant Roberts of the Signal Corps with the aid of CWA workers has cleared the land and what was a little old wooden shack is rapidly being replaced by a first-class receiving station. They are even going in for landscape gardening down there and when they get through Uncle Sam will have

(Please turn to page 90)

Don't be an AIREDALE



IN the merciless slang of Hollywood, a girl with hair on arms or legs is "an Airedale." That's why film stars take hair off and keep it off with X-Bazin, the safe, efficient, and reliable hair remover.

Spread mild, creamy X-Bazin over your limbs and under arms. With beautiful certainty it destroys the hair swiftly, completely, avoiding the blue look—and the irritation—that comes from shaving. X-Bazin leaves your skin virginally white, smooth and hair-free—and definitely discourages re-growth.

Be sure to get genuine X-Bazin today at drug or department stores—50c for the new Giant Size tube; 10c for good-sized tubes at five-and-ten cent stores. X-Bazin also comes in powder form.

HALL & RUCKEL, Inc., Est. 1848, Brooklyn, N. Y.

X-BAZIN

removes hair

FREE CHARACTER READING CHART

• A "get acquainted" gift from REJUVIA, the favorite lipstick of more than a million women. A complete 17 x 22" scientific character reading chart absolutely FREE to you. Study your sweetheart's character • Analyze your friends • Learn what you are, and why you are • You will be amazed with the mysteries that this chart will reveal to you. Mail your name and address on penny post card. No cost. No obligation. SEND NOW TO: Rejuvia Beauty Labs., Inc., Dept. G-40 395 Broadway, N. Y.

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Colloidal Solution Sets Records For Drying Up Blisters, Relieving Itch

ARTICLES in medical journals and text-books praise a "poison-ivy" treatment to which doctors have been giving more and more attention. This treatment, using "colloidal aluminum compound" (or CAC) soothes itching like magic; marvelous for quick drying of blisters, preventing spread of infection and giving relief for burning and pain. You can now use this "CAC" treatment yourself! Ask your druggist for it by the name HYDROSAL. In either liquid or ointment form, HYDROSAL is highly effective and amazingly quick. Excellent for such skin disorders as eczema, boils, burns, sunburn. Be sure to get the right name however—HYDROSAL.

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Skin Irritations

Relieve
Complexion
Blemishes



WHAT is more aggravating and distracting than a mean pimple, a patch of itching rash or roughness, or a bit of chafing, in some spot where contact with your clothing creates a nagging discomfort? But it doesn't have to be endured, for Resinol Ointment and Soap give amazing relief from such conditions.

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Your druggist sells Resinol Ointment and Soap. Have them on hand for quick treatment of every-day skin ills or hurts. Would you like a free sample of each? Write Resinol, Dept. 4-J, Baltimore, Md.

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SHOE CLEANER & DRESSING

REALSHINE CO., INC. • GALVESTON, TEXAS

Uncle Sam's Own Radio

(Continued from page 89)

something to be proud of, and at a minimum cost.

Station WAR in a part of the military reservation of Fort Myer, Va., is located alongside Arlington National Cemetery, where it seems to stand as a silent and eternal guard over the sleeping heroes. With its many transmitters WAR is continually communicating with stations thousands and thousands of miles away. The hum of activity is so great that a siren has to be sounded to warn the operators when certain high voltage motors, which might endanger their lives, are turned on.

There is an emergency electrical unit ready to start on an instant's notice in case the regular electrical power goes out. Likewise at Battery Cove receiving station there are storage batteries in case the power should fail there. There are emergency lights. Likewise are provided living quarters, kitchens, baths and so on for the soldiers at Battery Cove as well as WAR so that they may remain at their posts indefinitely. Thus the War Department radio system appears to be ready for anything at any time.

A thing which catches your eye at Station WAR is the clock which Sergeant Webber, in charge of the station, has devised. At first glance it looks like an ordinary Western Union clock, but upon examining it closer you discover that it is far more than that. The clock not only tells you what time it is in Washington but in all the time zones reached by the radio net.

AMONG other vast expanses the net covers Alaska, which is about a third as big as the United States. It might not be so difficult to figure out the Alaskan time difference but maybe the next minute it would be necessary to know the time in Panama. The clock seems to have everything, Alaska, Panama, Greenwich, Mountain and all the other times.

I was at WAR at 3 o'clock in the afternoon and the clock told me that it was then 9:30 o'clock in the morning in Hawaii, and 4 o'clock in the morning of the following day at Manila. Think what a job it would be if the station operators would have to stop to calculate these differences of time, or if they even had to go to the trouble of looking in a book.

There is such a roar of machinery at WAR that the men there would seem to have about as much chance listening to radio signals as pressmen would have reading newspapers while the papers are going through the presses.

One was struck by the neatness and immaculateness of the War Department Message Center and Station WAR. These places were as spick and span as a battleship. Battery Cove will be the same way when completed. The exteriors of the stations will be as attractive as the interiors. Some 500 rosebushes will adorn the landscape at WAR. (Without cost to the Army, it was explained.)

The Army Amateur Radio System, which ties into the War Department network, has made remarkable progress. Directed by Capt. Garland C. Black, of the Signal Corps, it provides an additional channel of radio communication throughout the continental limits of the United States

that could, in time of emergency, be used to supplant the land lines, both telephone and telegraph, that might be seriously damaged or destroyed by flood, fire, ice, tornado, earthquake, riot or insurrection. The amateurs are likewise placed at the disposal of the Red Cross. Each Red Cross chapter, wherever it may be located, has an amateur short-wave broadcasting station at its disposal whenever an emergency should arise.

THE amateur radio operators become familiar with the Army methods of radio procedure and all basic principles and methods of technique involved when using radio as a method of communication in the field. When all other methods of communicating have failed the amateurs have time and again proved themselves of invaluable assistance and often heroes.

The WAR radio net connects with every Army corps area in this country as follows: 1. Boston, 2. Governor's Island, New York, 3. Baltimore, 4. Atlanta, 5. Fort Hayes, Columbus, O., 6. Chicago, 7. Fort Omaha, Nebr., 8. Fort Sam Houston, Tex., and 9. Presidio of San Francisco. There is also a direct connection with Wright Field at Dayton, O.

Within each corps area there is an amateur corps area net, which comprises a net control station located at the corps area headquarters and a secondary station located within each state in the corps area. Then there are amateur state nets, each of which comprises a net control station for the state and a secondary station in each district within the state, each state being divided into five districts.

Next follow the amateur district nets, each comprising the district net control station and all other stations within the district. The local stations are distributed throughout the districts so as to include, insofar as possible, all geographical localities comprising the district. The amateur stations in each net operate with each other and work independently of all other nets, allowing the maximum operation by all stations.

Messages are handled within a net by being transmitted from a secondary station to the net control station, from a net control station to a secondary station, or between secondary amateur stations, as the case may be, depending upon the station of origin and the station addressed.

In case the amateur station addressed is not in the same net as the station of origin, the message is transferred between the nets by the amateur net control stations. In case the message is from a station in a district net in one corps area to one in a district net in another corps area, it is handled through channels in the proper sequence by the net control stations. In many cases it is consequently relayed a number of times. This requires care and accuracy on the part of all amateur operators to insure its accurate handling.

Membership in the Army Amateur Radio System is open to any American citizen who holds an amateur station license. It is a labor of love as amateurs do not receive any additional pay or compensation as a result of their

(Please turn to page 92)

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TRY IT.... YOU'LL LOVE IT

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A new Remington Portable. Carrying case free. Use 10 days without cost. If you keep it, pay only 10¢ a day. Write. Say: How can I get a Remington Portable on 10-day free trial offer for only 10¢ a day. Remington Rand Inc., Dept. TO-5, Buffalo, N. Y.

Talks on Beauty

(Continued from page 71)

be put on as soon as you come in out of the sun. But if the skin is not too sensitive, it is better to give it the cream and lotion or witch hazel treatment first.

When there is no special sensitiveness use your regular finishing cream and make-up after the lotion.

In spite of taking the greatest care, some girls never get a protective coat of sun-tan. Sometimes they freckle, and sometimes they just burn and peel all Summer long. The only thing for them to do is to try to avoid exposing the skin to the sun.

If you are one of those, you should use the heaviest sort of cream and powder protection before taking a dip. Keep under water—right up to your shoulders—while in bathing. A long, enveloping beach robe ready to put on the minute you step out of the water, is a splendid protection.

Clothes this Summer, it seems to me, make their problem a rather pleasant one. Big shade hats—those straw cartwheels that are so becoming—smart little long-sleeved cotton jackets, and scarfs of linen or cotton all help them to keep the sun off the face, shoulders and arms.

It is very detrimental to hair if it is exposed too much to burning sun. An oil shampoo now and then, to keep it from getting dry and brittle during the sunburn season, is a great help. And a shade hat helps the hair, too.

Your make-up must be changed a little when you get tanned. Ozzie Nelson thinks sun-tan is becoming to girls because it makes them look so healthy, and I suppose that idea is the foundation of the present popularity of skins that range in Summer from beige to bronze. So whatever make-up is used it must emphasize a look of health. A deeper face powder and a different shade of cheek rouge and lipstick are usually needed for tanned skin, and eye make-up should be used rather lightly. Any suggestion of artificiality is out of keeping with a good coat of tan.

Here is another point about sun-tan: It makes you look slender. In motion pictures, you know, you use a dark make-up on the body when you wear a bathing suit because it makes you look so much slimmer than with the same expanse of white skin.

Even finger nail cosmetics should be different when you have reached the sun-tan stage. For those who go in for extremes, there is a bronze nail polish put on clear to the tips that looks wonderful, especially on blondes. It is extreme, of course—but it is effective. And for brunettes who wish to look striking there is an opaque white polish.

Harriet Hilliard appears every Sunday night at 7:30 P.M., E. D. S. T., over the following NBC stations:

WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WLW, WJR, WTMJ, WLS, KWCR, KFI, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL, WIBA, KSTP, WEBC, WDAY, KFYR, WRVA, WPTF, WWNC, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WSM, WMC, WSB, WJDX, WSMB, KVOO, WKY, WFAA, KPRC, WOAI, KOA, KDYL, KGO, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KTAR, KTHS, WSYR, WAPI.

HOW PERFECTLY SIMPLE



A NEW DEODORANT CREAM APPLIED LIKE A LIPSTICK

Instantly banishes odor for the day

BEAUTY advisers to more than 10 million women have poured their praises upon Perstik because it is the *dainty* new way to rob perspiration of its offensive odor. Your fingers hold the handsome lipstick case—they never come in contact with the cream.

A few quick strokes each morning gives you unflinching all-day protection against odor.

Physicians' Wives Use Perstik

Wives of thousands of physicians are daily users of Perstik because it is just as safe as it is easy to use. Perstik never irritates, even after shaving. Not greasy. Heartily approved by Good Housekeeping.

Perstik is as friendly to fabrics as it is to your skin. You can apply Perstik and slip right into your dress.

On Sanitary Pads

Perstik is just the grandest thing in the world for sanitary napkins. Two strokes across the pad—and your secret is your own.

Be certain to get real Perstik, in the handsome new black-and-ivory case with the name right on the cap. Perstik is sold in all stores from coast to coast.



Doctors say that perspiration increases during moments of excitement. To freshen up before your "big moments", carry an extra Perstik in your bag.



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THE ORIGINAL "LIPSTICK" DEODORANT

OIL UP WITH



3-IN-ONE

Tough grass seems tender when you've used 3-in-One on the mower. As it lubricates, this oil keeps bearings cleaner and prevents rusting. Get a handy can or bottle and try it. Door locks, hinges, guns and household tools should be oiled with 3-in-One regularly.

She wanted to know WHY

"It's very mysterious," she said. "My skin positively blooms with beauty when I use that face-powder!"

We gave her a glass of water, and she found the secret! Poured Luxor into the glass. Saw it float. Pressed it down with her finger. Her finger stayed dry! "Why, it's moisture-proof!" she said.

That means Luxor is shine-proof for hours; won't clog pores or enlarge them. Try Luxor, and see! Or clip coupon.

Hear June Meredith in "Talkie Picture Time", NBC Sunday afternoon. See local papers.



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Please send me your generous trial packages of Luxor Moisture-proof Powder, Rouge, and new Special Formula Cream. Enclosed is ten cents to help cover mailing costs.

This offer not good in Canada.

Check, Powder: Rose Rachel _____ Rachel _____ Flesh _____

Rouge: Radiant _____ Medium _____ Sunflower _____

TM-7 _____ Pastel _____ Vivid _____ Roseblush _____

Name _____

Address _____

Uncle Sam's Own Radio

(Continued from page 90)

affiliation with the Signal Corps, nevertheless the number continues to grow. In addition to the 1200 active radio amateurs there are probably some 2,000 radio amateurs, according to Captain Black, who in the past, have been members of the system but who for some reason or another, have been forced to withdraw from active participation. Many of this number would return to active membership status should a national emergency or disaster arise.

Considering that the War Department radio system has been a comparatively recent acquisition, its present state of development is fantastic to contemplate. Messages traveling at a speed which would circle the earth five times in a second, flash from the Washington station high above Cuba to the well guarded forts in the Panama Canal Zone.

Others go from the capital in a single jump to Hawaii and the Philippine Islands and then on up to where our troops are stationed at Tientsin and Chingwangtao in China. Still others go from Washington through San Francisco and Seattle to Anchorage in Alaska and clear up to Point Barrow on the Arctic Ocean.

At the same time Station WAR is clearing such messages as these, it is in touch 24 hours a day and 7 days in the week with the forts in the principal cities in the United States. It should give the average citizen a feeling of assurance to know that whatever happens the Army's great communications system is always at the disposal of Uncle Sam for the protection of this great country of ours.

Just a Voice

(Continued from page 19)

tones—a maximum of quality and a minimum of quantity, and that effects are a question of tempo rather than dynamics, and that the greatest concentration is necessary to put feeling across."

WHILE she was learning all of this she was also studying languages, dancing and acting. Engagements were few and far between and sometimes she lived more on hopes and aspirations than on food. Jessica Dragonette, like all serious artists, found no royal road to success.

People often ask what she really looks like. That is difficult to answer. She is a changeable person. No two of her photographs ever look like the same person.

She is little and blond. (She says her eyes are plaid.) She is pretty enough to have been selected for the Vanities. She is poised, but not too dignified for her size. She moves slowly and thoughtfully. She listens with an attention that is flattering. One must not forget her sense of humor. It never deserts her.

Jessica Dragonette is not a recluse. At her house there are frequent gatherings of artists, musicians, writers, and men and women of importance. But they are not there because they are important. They are her friends because they are interesting human beings.

Her daily mail has little of the usual character of fan-mail. There are letters from doctors, lawyers, judges, senators, busy men and women who stop to write a line of appreciation for a communication which they found charming, inspiring, hopeful, and consoling.

A woman in a distant state sent a lace handkerchief. "This was my wedding handkerchief," she wrote. "I have kept it for thirty years. I want you to have it and when you marry I hope you will carry it."

A little girl working in a bakery in Wisconsin sent a Madonna set in a shrine of roses. She had made it in her off-time, building the structure of sugar roses patiently and beautifully that each one should be perfect. The accompanying note said: "If it gives you one moment of pleasure, I shall

be repaid for the time and work."

A steady stream of such tributes and offerings come to the broadcasting station. Every letter is answered. Most of them Miss Dragonette answers herself.

Some months ago Miss Dragonette was away making a personal appearance for charity. She had to fly back to New York for her weekly broadcast. The newspapers mentioned the incident. A flood of letters and telegrams arrived within the next few days imploring her to stay safely on the ground.

MISS DRAGONETTE can be called a radio veteran. She has been in the field continuously for the past eight years. She was the first artist to do singing and script reading on the same program. (Again that superior speech came to her aid.) She was the first exclusive artist to be signed in radio. She was in the first international broadcast. She made the first broadcast to the South Pole. Her picture was the first television portrait.

Many times people ask her what her ultimate goal is, what is her ambition, what does she want to do eventually—the stage, the screen, the concert platform, or grand opera?

Her reply is surprising, and illuminating. The radio is her goal, her ultimate ambition. The radio is an end in itself. Miss Dragonette is constantly studying her own work and the work of others. She plans and invents. She memorizes every note of music she sings over the air. She knows that this is her chosen work and that she has found her place. She has an audience that runs into millions. She is loved, and she is well paid. Above all she is happy.

Jessica Dragonette appears every Friday night at 8 P.M., E. D. S. T., over the following NBC stations:

WEAF, WTIC, WBEN, WTAG, WOAL, WTMJ, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI, KYW, KSD, WOC, WHO, WOW, CRCT, KOA, KTBS, WRC, WEBC, WKY, WEEI, KDYL, WJAR, KTHS, WGSB, WCAE, WLIT, WBFR, WRVA. (WGY off 8:30), (WFAA on 8:30), (KPRC off 8:30), (WDAF 8:15-8:30).

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Clean and polish with ColorShine White Kid Cleaner. Amazing results. Easy to use. Does not rub off. Or for cloth and buckskin shoes use ColorShine All-Purpose White Cleaner. Either only 10¢ at Woolworth stores. Bottles or tubes.



FOR details on how to share in the \$1,000.00 cash awards being given this month turn to the first inside cover and page 3 of this magazine. Write a winning letter!

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Every room with Bath
Daily \$2.00 up
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Located in a delightful section which retains traditional dignity and quiet charm. Here is every provision for comfort. Solarium, roof garden, lounge, library, recreation rooms and entertainment.

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EVERYTHING INCLUDED

Room and private bath. Meals at hotel. Sightseeing tours. Radio City Music Hall. Shopping tours.

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Room and bath. Meals at hotel. Royal Blue Line sightseeing, uptown and downtown. Radio City Music Hall. Empire State Observation Tower. NBC Broadcasting Studio at Radio City. Choice of other entertainment.

Also 4, 5 and 6 day tours at proportionately low cost.

WRITE FOR DETAILS

The
GEORGE WASHINGTON
23rd Street and Lexington Ave., New York City

Have You a Radio Voice?

(Continued from page 41)

the strain the crooner is under. All radio singers who adopt the radio "technique," even singers of serious music, use this method of voice production.

Radio technicians, the men who operate the control panels in broadcasting studios, are partly responsible for the vogue of the crooner. From a technical standpoint, crooners are easy to handle.

In the center of the control panel for every broadcasting studio is a needle which registers electrically the amount of energy being poured into a microphone. If the tone is loud, the needle goes up. If the tone is soft, the needle stays down.

There is danger in a sudden loud tone. If the tone is too loud it may—and occasionally does!—blow out the transmitter tubes of the broadcasting apparatus and knock the station completely off the air. This is the one disaster above all others that a radio engineer fears. For instance, it is entirely possible that if Martinelli, singing up close to the microphone for a very soft passage, should suddenly let out one of those great tones of which he is capable—without stepping back from the microphone—he would blow out transmitter tubes all over the country and knock an entire network off the air!

A crooner presents no such dangers. His tone is always soft, always safe, and an engineer has to do little more than set his controls at normal levels and let things ride.

Both of the major networks, Columbia and NBC, have systems for recording the fluctuations of that control room needle. As each broadcast goes on the air, the movements of the needle are registered automatically on endless strips of graph paper.

The graph shows exactly how much volume of sound was going into the microphone at any given instant. The result is a virtual "picture" of the voice. You know what the voice sounds like, and the graph shows what it looks like.

The National Broadcasting Company is especially proud of its voice-graph of President Roosevelt delivering his celebrated speech on banking just after his inauguration. This graph shows the President to have a firm, strong voice, very evenly modulated and, of course, all listeners know its pleasing quality. By contrast, a voice-graph of Premier Ramsey MacDonald of Great Britain shows high hills and deep valleys, indicating his dramatic pauses, his oratorical passing from thunderous tones to merest whispers—and back again.

Columbia exhibits the sweeping, vital graph of a great operatic voice such as that of Rosa Ponselle; the jagged curves of Gertrude Niesen's voice in a smoldering blues song; the calmer graph of Ruth Etting. Graphs have been made showing the contrast between the pleasant melodies of Rudy Vailee and his band, and Dr. Walter Damrosch and his symphony orchestra; and an always interesting graph is that of Ed Wynn and his famous "Soooooo!"

Consideration of voice graphs brings (Please turn to page 94)

Here's That Amazing New Discovery For BLONDES!



Brings A Clear Lightness Unknown Before!

An almost magical way has been found to increase and intensify the special allure of the Blonde Girl. To enable you to attract as never before, if you're blonde... with the golden shimmer of your hair!

Science has found a way to marvelously enhance the beauty and fascination of light hair. Even when it is dull and faded-looking, to restore its real blonde color and lustre!

No matter how lovely your hair is now, this discovery will make it lovelier... give it a dazzling gloss and sheen... make you a golden magnet of feminine appeal.

Win and Hold Men

It is called Trublond. Try it just once. It is SAFE—not a dye. Simply acts to bring out the natural hidden color, golden light and fluffiness to your hair. And when hair has darkened and become streaked, Trublond quickly brings back its original color and sparkle.

You use it like an ordinary shampoo. Get a package of Trublond—for a few cents at any drug or department store or at the 10c stores. Begin using your blonde charm to the utmost!



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You can learn at home in spare time. Course endorsed by physicians. Thousands of graduates. Est. 35 years. One graduate has charge of 10-bed hospital. Another saved \$100 while learning. Equipment included. Men and women 18 to 60. High school not required. Easy tuition payments. Write us now.

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Only an inch and a half long, they're the tiniest, daintiest, most truly invisible pins you've ever used. Beauty shops find them indispensable for those soft curls and flattering ringlets. You'll like their strong snap and tight grip—and they are richly enameled, of course, as are all Sta-Rite hair pins. To cents at your favorite store in black, brown, gold or silver color. Or send 10c for full size pack. Specify color desired.

STA-RITE HAIR PIN CO., Shelbyville, Ill.

STA-RITE HAIR PINS WAVE SET

Have You a Radio Voice?

(Continued from page 93)

up the oft-repeated question—Why do women have more difficulty attaining radio success than men?

The answer to that question lies primarily in the radio receiving set in your own home, rather than in the feminine voices themselves or the broadcasting machinery.

The sound of the human voice is sent forth in waves or vibrations. These vibrations are spoken of as frequencies, and in general the frequency range runs from fifteen vibrations per second for the lowest bass note which the human ear is capable of hearing, up to fifteen thousand vibrations for the highest sound the ear can hear.

That is the extreme range for human singing and human hearing, and for practical purposes a frequency range up to ten thousand will include virtually any voice now on the air.

THE trouble is that most radio receiving sets now on the market—even the best of them—do not register frequencies above five thousand. That range will include more of the male voice than of the female, which is pitched an octave higher, and therefore male voices sound more natural and pleasing.

The net result of this blotting out of the higher frequencies in the female voice is to make a shrill voice sound shriller and a thin voice sound thinner. That is the handicap which female voices have to run. Defects which are unnoticed or easily forgiven in real life are magnified and distorted in radio receiving sets, because the frequency range is cut off at the top. The hazard is far less for male voices, because of their lower frequencies, and that is one major reason why men are more successful on the air than women.

Please note that the blame for this limited frequency range is placed upon the radio receiving set, and not upon the broadcasting apparatus. As a matter of fact, the broadcasting end of radio has passed beyond the receiving end. Most of the better stations of the country, and especially the large network stations, put out on the air a frequency range up to the needed ten thousand. The proper broadcast is floating around up in the air, all right, but so few receiving sets are capable of bringing it down into the home.

So much for reproduction of the human voice, and now a word about production. Three factors are involved in producing a singing note.

First is the actuator. The pressure of the breath against the vocal cords is the actuator. Please note, however, that the breath pressure merely causes the sound and does not carry it. As a matter of fact, the breath is exhaled at the rate of approximately one inch a second, while sound travels 1,100 feet per second, so that if the breath car-

ried the sound, as so many people suppose, it would be necessary to have a gale blowing through the throat at the rate of 750 miles an hour!

Breath does not flow at a steady pressure, but has an "on and off" tension which produces the vibrato. It is this vibrato, the rapid vibration in pitch and intensity while a single note is being sung, that is the major factor in determining the quality of the voice. The tremolo is always associated with throaty singing. It has a rapid narrow pitch flutter and no intensity variation.

The second part of the mechanism for producing a singing tone is the vibrator. The vibrator consists of the vocal cords themselves, and the muscles which control them. There are two sets of muscles, the stronger set governing the lower register, and the weaker set governing the higher, or falsetto, register.

Vocal training is largely dependent upon the isolation, separate development and ultimate coordination of both registers.

The third factor in producing a singing tone is the resonator. This consists of the resonance cavities of the head and throat, and the trachea and bronchial tubes. In a proper adjustment of the resonance cavities for pitch and quality, the throat is held firmly open and the muscles are in tension. During crooning, an unnatural way of singing, the throat is held closed and the constrictor muscles are in tension. This is the definition of throaty technic. Continued soft, or mezzo-voce, singing always leads to crooning and is vocally destructive.

These are the physical factors in producing the voice, and my years of experience as a teacher of singing, together with my scientific investigations, have shown me that normal individuals vary but slightly in their vocal equipment.

THUS it is safe to say that virtually anyone can be taught to sing, if he has a normal throat. On the question of how well he will sing, or what success he will make, other factors enter immediately. A sense of pitch, quality and intensity, a sense of rhythm, a feeling for musical expression are inborn psychological factors, and while proper instruction may bring these latent factors to the surface, mere instruction cannot create them where they do not exist. Obviously, also, personality, showmanship and general deportment have a great deal to do with ultimate success in the theater, concert hall or on the radio.

I should say that proper instruction is the crucial factor in bringing out the inherent possibilities of any voice—and proper instruction can only be based on proper knowledge of what the human voice is like and how it is produced.

Are you following the exciting new developments in the world of short wave?

Captain Horace L. Hall, foremost short-wave authority in America, tells you all the new developments in TOWER RADIO each month.

Radio Pageant

(Continued from page 45)

the Show Boat hour is utilized in casting the Palmolive operetta. For instance, Peggy Allenby speaks the roles that Miss Swarthout sings, while Theodore Webb sings the roles that John Barclay acts. All of which sounds confusing but it is smooth enough on the airways.

As you can guess, this air feature gets our award of merit for the spring months.

WHILE Rudy Vallee's variety hour seems to us to have grown a bit turgid and stale, the Paul Whiteman interlude has developed in appeal. It started on the upgrade when Al Jolson deserted mammy songs to try the ambitious drama of "Emperor Jones" and other plays. It developed into an interesting experiment with Balieff, late of the Chauve Souris. That astute showman is something of a bloomer on the air. Did you hear Whiteman's superbly orchestrated "Evolution of the March"? There was a genuine thrill in one moment of this number, when the brasses depicted a Roman legion on the march, trumpets blaring.

Whiteman is still master of rhythm and color.

THE quest for new comedians is still exactly where it was when Joe Penner began to blaze across the horizon. No new funster has been discovered. The radio powers-that-be still experiment with Bert Lahr, Lou Holtz and Joe Cook. Air opportunity has knocked so many times at Mr. Lahr's door that the din has been pretty terrific.

Jack Benny has moved over to a new program but the fooling is just as casual and adroit. And the dignified Don Bestor may in time be as good a conductor-stooge as Frank Black. The radio critics look upon Eve Sully, who made her debut on the Eddie Cantor program, as a find. She is another irrepressible dumbbell, pert and naive, a la Gracie Allen. But even Gracie falls on us these days. Jack Pearl has registered a real improvement now that comedy sketches have been introduced into his program.

ANOTHER award of the month goes to Babe Ruth, who is making regular program appeals to American youth over the air. Ruth is amazingly good over the ether, the Ruthian personality registering in as genuine and hearty a manner as it does in the Yankee Stadium. Ruth propels himself just as gustily over the airwaves as he does in a home run.

THE broadcasts from the Byrd South Pole Expedition continue to be as difficult to catch as Dillinger. It begins to be doubtful whether or not the radio public is ever going to find out if the boys down under have anything interesting to tell. And we wonder what the Byrd boys think of the many broadcasts directed at them from

(Please turn to page 96)

Tower Radio, July, 1934

Learn Her Magic Secret of Beauty

She is not a wealthy debutante nor a famous screen star. But she is so lovely because she discovered the magic secret that Blue Waltz Beauty Aids, used daily, make you compellingly beautiful always. Start sharing her secret today . . . you will find the results so marvelous that your dream of popularity, romance and love will indeed come true.



Blue Waltz

FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK

Face Powder, Lipstick, Perfume, Cold Cream, Cream Rouge, Brilliantine, Talcum Powder. Each only 10c at all 5 and 10c stores

The Fairest Offer Ever Made to VICTIMS OF ACID INDIGESTION

NOW I KNOW WHY MILLIONS USE TUMS!

SO positive are we that you will approve this new way to treat stomach distress, caused by acid indigestion, that we offer this "Guarantee Test." Just ask your druggist for the special new 3-roll Carrier Package of Tums; only costs 30c. Attached you will find a generous test packet of Tums. Use this test supply the next time you feel distressed. See how quickly Tums counteract acid and dispel gas. Then, if you don't agree that Tums give the quickest, most positive relief possible, just return the Carrier Package unopened. Your druggist will refund every penny you have paid. Carrier Package includes handsome gift Tums users have always wanted—a metal pocket carrier, that keeps a Tums roll fresh and sanitary in pocket or purse.

Try Tums today. Millions already use these refreshing candy-like mints, which act to neutralize excess acid without over-alkalizing the stomach. Tums contain no soda—or any water soluble alkali—that's why!

A. H. LEWIS MEDICINE CO., St. Louis, Mo.

TUMS

FOR THE TUMMY

SPECIAL Tums Package Includes Special "No Risk" Offer and Gift Pocket Carrier

TEST PACKET Lets You Prove Tums Are Quicker Relief .. OR MONEY REFUNDED



TUMS Contain No Soda!

DO THIS for white shoes

Clean with Shinola. Fine for all shoes—suede, buck, canvas and kid. Removes spots quickly and restores that "new shoe" look. At all stores.



10¢
liquid,
tube or
cake

There's a Shinola Product for every shoe. Pastes and liquids, all colors, only 10¢ each.

What Drug Store SALESPERSON

has given you the most *friendly, helpful* service? \$1,000.00 in cash will be given for this month's best letters in answer to that question. Turn to the first inside cover and page 3 for details how you can win.



LOOK! 10¢ PACKAGE
MAKES A QUART OF
DELICIOUS ICE CREAM

New Way—3 Minutes!

How rich and smooth! So easy to make the new way—with Kreemy Freeze. Simply mix one package, pour into refrigerator trays or hand freezer and freeze. Pure, wholesome, economical. Quick! Obtain a package today!



A. E. Starkie Co., Dept. G-2
5520 Northwest Highway, Chicago, Ill.

French Vanilla Dutch Chocolate

Name

Address

Radio Pageant

(Continued from page 95)

American studios. Apparently a new hardship has been added to exploration.

THE search for another Alexander Woolcott goes on. The town crier, you know, has gone in training in the easy chair of his Sutton Place apartment for the Summer. Meanwhile, authors come and go, none having quite the Woolcott touch of intimate gossiping. Not in the Woolcott manner but interesting in his own way is another raconteur-editor, Fulton Oursler. Listen to him on the air. He's worth while.

DURING the past month they took microphones into Ann Hathaway's cottage at Stratford-on-Avon. You have heard the thud of hoof beats at Churchill Downs. You have listened to the voice of Prince George from London, Soviet orchestras and static from Moscow. But our awards of interest go to the Palmolive operas, John Barrymore's brief kilocycle rendition "Hamlet," Rosa Ponselle's singing, the hour in which the Show Boat deserted the Mississippi to do "The Mikado," and Mr. Whiteman's aforementioned "Evolution of the March."

Out of Failure into Success

(Continued from page 25)

knowledge of being able to do as they pleased of evenings, and of sleeping in the same bed day after day, they might embark upon some other business. Until then, however, they were content to live lazily on their thrifty savings.

But that day a year later, as Myrt paced restlessly up and down that living room, she rued their retirement. Those hated one-night stands—how thrilling they suddenly became! And a vast homesickness for the theater surged over her as she thought of the blur of faces on the other side of the blinding footlights.

"If this bank closing means going back to work," said Myrt, relaxing again in the chair opposite her daughter, "the best place to go, I suppose, is the stage. Funny thing, though," she hesitated, and her sober gaze caressed the homey room, "I never realized how I'd hate to leave this place."

"But we wouldn't have to leave here," broke in Donna. "Not if you write an act that we can do on the air. We could come back every night. We could."

"Well," conceded Myrt, "I'll think it over."

And think it over she did. She began listening in on the family radio; and, as she listened, subconsciously she studied what she heard, analyzing the programs, noting what advertisers sponsored them. Then—

Tossing restlessly on her bed one Saturday night a few weeks later, she decided to read herself to sleep. But her hand, as it groped for the lamp on her bedside table, brushed against a stick of gum, and suddenly she found herself wondering: "Why isn't Wrigley on the air?"

That dispatched a new train of thought: What prevented her from thinking up a radio program for them? It was a mad midnight dream, of course, but—

What sort of entertainment, she idly speculated, would lend itself best to the makers of chewing gum? A revue? News cast? Musical interlude? Air drama? She preferred the idea of an air drama; but here was another obstacle: What kind of air drama?

Back flashed her thoughts to a party she had attended earlier that evening, and she recalled how several of the guests, when Amos 'n' Andy time came, insisted upon tuning in on the Harlem harlequins.

Why had they done it? Because they were curious. And they were curious because the creators of the two black-face comedians had availed themselves of the oldest device in the world for holding interest—the suspenseful serial drama.

That realization molded Myrt's thoughts. She would write a suspenseful drama for the imaginary Wrigley hour, a drama having for its principals, two girls whose roles she and Donna could enact.

And that raised a final question. What kind of girls were people who chewed gum most interested in: Stenographers? Co-eds? Chorus Girls? CHORUS GIRLS!

Like a flash came an inspiration—the inspiration that gave birth to the imaginary Myrt, a veteran of Broadway's girl shows, and her less worldly stepping sister, Marge. Myrt and Marge!

There was no more sleep for the real Myrt that night, nor for the four nights that followed. Night as well as day she worked, frantically plotting out and writing the first ten episodes of Myrt and Marge's make-believe adventures in and out of Broadway night clubs and Park Avenue pent houses.

ON the morning of the fifth day, through the intercession of a mutual friend, she was ushered into the private office of Phillip K. Wrigley, son of the founder of the chewing gum company.

"I wonder if you know," Mr. Wrigley regarded her closely across his mail-strewn desk, "that you are the 215th person to approach this company during the past two years with a radio idea?" And when Myrt admitted that she did not, he added: "Just exactly what is yours?"

For answer, she unrolled the scroll of manuscript, clutched firmly in a small white hand, and began to read. At first the young gum magnate only half-listened, dividing his attention between her and some unopened letters on his desk. But she never faltered. Not Myrt! She comes of sturdy stock.

Her great-grandparents followed the pioneer's path from London, England, to Sheboygan, Wisconsin, where her grandmother, the first white child in that region of redskins, was born. And the only time that Myrt herself ever retreated from an enemy was when, as a small girl in Joliet, Illi-



SEW-NO-MORE
new amazing cream. Mends rips, tears, holes, burns, snags, in any fabric without needle and thread—for cotton, wool, silk, denim, etc. Quicker, neater, easier. Mends don't show—all patterns matched perfectly. Saves money, eyes, time. Millions using it.

Boils! Washes! Irons!

ONLY 10¢ A TUBE

Anyone, even a child, can use it. Now you can do an hour's mending in a few minutes. Stops runs in hose. Also makes hems, seams, pleats, tucks, etc. Hundreds of money-saving, time-saving uses. Guaranteed satisfactory results, or money back.

Tear out this coupon as a reminder—and get Sew-No-More at most any Wool-Worthington's or other 5 and 10¢ store.

AGENTS WANTED—Write Dept. T-780, So-Lo Works, Cincinnati, Ohio. Dealers, write: So-Lo Works, Cincinnati, Ohio.

SEW-NO-MORE

the **CHORE GIRL** PURE KNITTED COPPER

INSTANTLY CLEANS POTS AND PANS
patented parallel outer layers give

"double the wear, where the wear comes"
Metal Textile Corporation, Orange, New Jersey

MAKE LOVELY LINGERIE . . . from diagram patterns. Form-fitting slip, negligee jacket, shorts, nightgown, tailored combination. Ten cents will bring you diagram patterns for all this lingerie. Address Frances Cowles, Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

NOW ONLY 50¢ for the famous dollar bottle

Now that DeWans costs no more than ordinary hair removers, women can enjoy the mildness . . . the skin-kindness . . . the pleasantness of a facial depilatory . . . on their arms, underarms and legs. At all drug and department stores . . . 50¢.

DE WANS Special Facial HAIR REMOVER

nois, a mouse jumped out of the organ on which she was practicing.

Her tenacity was rewarded. Before she reached Episode No. 4, Mr. Wrigley had forgotten his unread mail.

"I like it," he said as she finished. "But before giving a decision, I'd like to have my father hear it." He consulted the day calendar on his desk; it was the second Thursday in October, 1931. "Could you arrange a complete audition by—say next Monday?"

Myrt nodded her bright red head. What happened next is radio history. Unlike the majority of ether entertainers who, after countless setbacks and disappointments, launch their air careers over local stations, Myrt and Marge, three weeks later, made their air debuts upon a coast-to-coast network. And on it they have remained, five nights a week and thirty-nine weeks a year, ever since.

Lesser stars might become slightly dazzled by their own brilliance. But not Myrt or Marge.

True to the type she personifies before the microphone, Marge is the essence of girlish sweetness. Pretty, popular, only 20 years old, and—next to her mother—the greatest fan mail receiver at the Chicago CBS post office, she remains unspoiled, unaffected. She would rather dance than eat. And she "simply adores" to bake cakes and buy pretty clothes and attend Celebrity Nights at Chicago night clubs with her latest boy friend.

Nor is Myrt any less "regular." Sympathetic to a fault, fiercely loyal to her old friends, brimming with fun, she is, nevertheless, one of the shrewdest women on America's air rialto.

Illustrative of this is an incident which occurred when a young actor, a member of the Myrt and Marge cast, served notice on the sponsors of the act that they must double his salary or—. As Jack Arnold Marge's air sweetheart, he was a tremendous favorite with the fans, so his ultimatum was received with dismay by everyone—except Myrt.

As if to prove that the hand which guides the pen also dictates the act, she promptly authored him out, simply by having the radio Romeo, whose role he took, jilt Marge and altar-walk with another girl.

Stranger even than the fiction she writes is the factual success story of Myrt, and her daughter, Marge. Like the air drama to which they owe their sky-ride to radio renown, it is a seemingly endless serial. There is no stopping it—or them.

The Story of BABE RUTH

King of Swat and Idol of headliner. Baseball becomes a radio. Next month, TOWER RADIO will tell you the dramatic story of the Babe and what he thinks of radio.



Clear Skin WINS LOVE

Letters like this prove that what Ambrosia has done for others, it can do for you. You feel Ambrosia tingle; you know it is cleansing as nothing has done before. Blackheads, pimples, muddiness disappear. Your skin has the clear, glowing freshness of youth. Ambrosia cleans pore-deep as only a liquid can.

Skin dry? Follow every Ambrosia Cleansing with Ambrosia Dry-skin Cream. Penetrates, restores oil, ends dryness, smooths wrinkles.

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Ask for Ambrosia preparations at drug or department stores. 75¢. Slightly higher in Canada. Also in smaller sizes at 10¢ stores. Hinze Ambrosia, Inc., 114 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

"Now I Can Keep My Real Age A Secret"

NO LONGER AM I TROUBLED WITH GRAY HAIR

You can easily look years younger. With an ordinary small ounce of BROWNATONE, you can tint those streaks or patches of gray or faded hair to lustrous shades of blonde, brown, or black. Also splendid for toning down over-bleached hair.

For over twenty-two years this tried, proven and popular preparation has aided American women the country over in retaining their youthful charm and appearance. Millions of bottles sold is your assurance of satisfaction and safety. Don't experiment. BROWNATONE is guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair—active coloring agent is of vegetable origin. Easily and quickly applied—at home. Cannot affect waving of hair. BROWNATONE is economical and lasting—it will not wash out. No waiting. No disappointments. Just brush or comb it in. Easy to prove by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of hair. Shades: "Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black"—cover every need.

BROWNATONE is only 50¢—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

SPORTSWEAR

• A LA SHUTTA •

Hats, dresses and shoes from Best & Co., New York.



Crisp and smart is this tailored suit made of Stevenson & Sons linen. With this suit Miss Shutta wears a pert piqué roll-back hat with a box-pleated peak.



Photos by Barunbo Studins

For tennis, Ethel Shutta, popular radio star, selects a simple little dress of Skinners seal blue, tea dance crepe. Navy shoulder buttons and a navy and white buckle add smart accents to the dress.

This charming golf or spectator frock of Empire End-to-End silk is worn by Miss Shutta. The dress is peach with a belt and ascot tie of dark brown. A natural Leghorn hat and smart brown and white oxfords complete the ensemble.

Ethel Shutta, popular radio star, selects her summer sports clothes

If you would like to know where these lovely clothes may be purchased in your own vicinity write to Adele Gardiner, Fashion Editor, Tower Radio Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

S A V A G E

a new and
utterly ravishing
transparent-colored
lipstick



Called "SAVAGE," because its maddening hues and the completely seductive softness it imparts to lips, found their inspiration in primitive, savage love. Also, because its extreme indelibility permits Savage to cling as lip color has never clung before . . . *savagely!* Of course, it is different from ordinary lipstick. Put it on—rub it in—then, delight in finding that nothing remains on your lips but ravishing, transparent color. Four really exciting shades; and you are invited to actually test them all at the Savage Shade Selector prominently displayed wherever Savage is sold.



SAVAGE SHADE SELECTOR

In addition to providing you with a practical means of trying Savage before buying, the Savage Shade Selector supplies the means of removing the highly indelible Savage stains from your wrist. A bottle of Savage Lipstick Stain Remover and a dispenser of felt removal pads are provided. SAVAGE . . . CHICAGO

TANGERINE . . . FLAME . . . NATURAL . . . BLUSH

20¢ AT ALL LEADING 10¢ STORES

LARGE SIZE SAVAGE IN EXQUISITE SILVER CASE MAY BE OBTAINED AT THE MORE EXCLUSIVE TOILET GOODS COUNTERS \$2



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■ Miss Anne Gould spent much of her early girlhood in the Hawaiian Islands. Her adventurous spirit not only made her an expert surf rider, but she went to the bottom of the ocean herself to secure certain rare shells and corals for her col-

lection, the finest private collection in America. She studied in Paris under two famous French masters and her paintings are exceptionally fine. She is a proficient horsewoman and loves the open country. She always smokes Camel cigarettes.



CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER,
MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS THAN
ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND

Why Miss Anne Gould, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jay Gould, prefers Camels

"Why do I smoke Camels? Because I honestly like their taste better than any of the other cigarettes," says Miss Gould. "Like most of the girls I know, I prefer a mild cigarette—that's another reason I am devoted to Camels.

Besides, I see no reason for letting cigarettes make you nervous—Camels never make me edgy or jumpy. And I really believe you could smoke Camels forever and ever and not get tired of their fine, smooth flavor."

Camel's costlier tobaccos are Milder