

# Tower RADIO



NOVEMBER

**10¢**

(15¢ in Canada)

A TOWER  
MAGAZINE



**"WE KNOW  
WE'RE LUCKY"**  
*The Romantic Story of  
the LANE SISTERS*

LEE WILEY

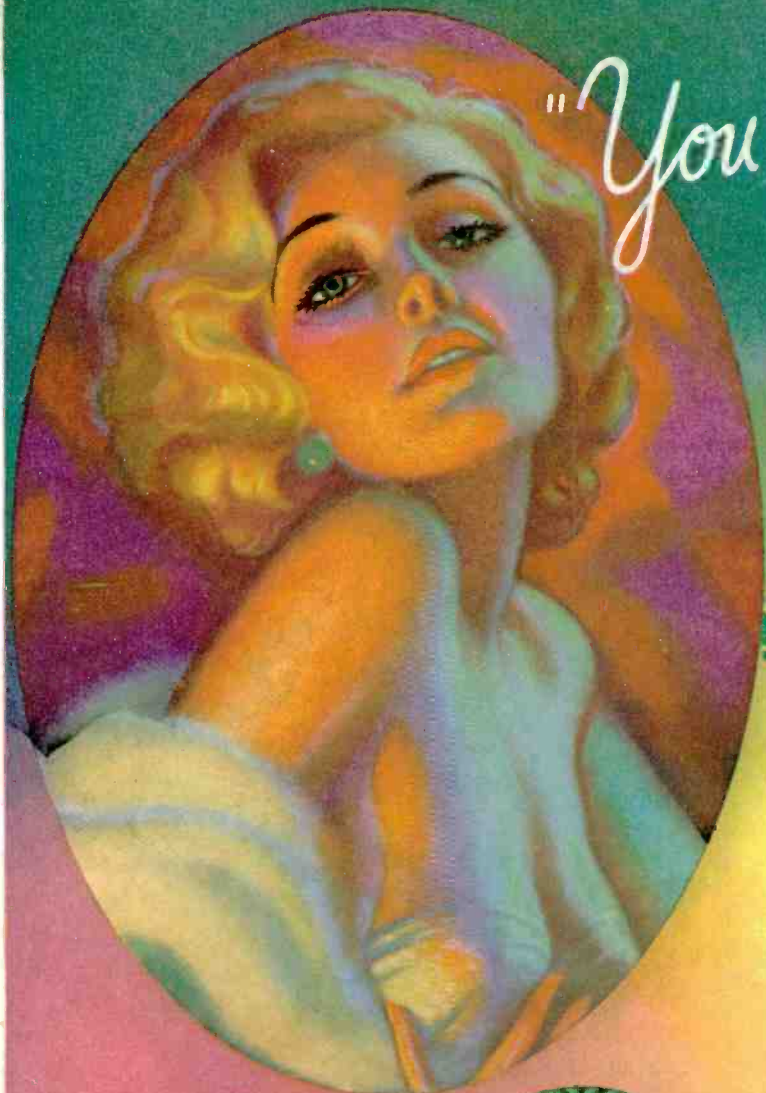
**THE TRUTH ABOUT MRS. AMOS and MRS. ANDY  
HOW TO LISTEN TO FOOTBALL GAMES**

**RADIO GOSSIP AND PERSONALITY STORIES • FICTION  
ENLARGED SHORT WAVE DEPARTMENT**



"You can't buy love"

SAY PARISIENNES



But you can buy  
and be..

*Irresistible*

LIKE a Parisienne, you can set hearts on fire if you use the lure French women never neglect... an exciting, seductive perfume. Such is IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME. This mysteriously exotic fragrance stirs senses... thrills... awakens love. It makes you divinely exciting, glamorous, utterly irresistible.

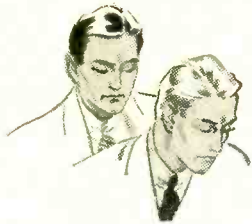
Try all the Irresistible Beauty Aids... each has some special feature that gives you glorious new loveliness. Irresistible Lip Lure melts into your lips leaving no trace of paste or film... just soft, warm, ripe, red, indelible color that makes your lips beg for kisses. Four gorgeous shades to choose from. Irresistible Face Powder is so satin-fine and clinging that it absolutely hides small blemishes and gives you a skin that invites caresses.

Irresistible Beauty Aids are guaranteed to be of purest, finest quality... like \$1 or \$2 preparations. Be irresistible tonight... buy IRRESISTIBLE BEAUTY AIDS today... full size packages only 10¢ each at your 5 and 10¢ store.



*Irresistible* Beauty Aids  
FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK





# Isn't it a Shame?

Graceful girl... lovely manners... but her teeth are dingy, her gums tender!



Don't let  
**"PINK TOOTH BRUSH"**  
 ROB YOU OF YOUR CHARM



**S**HE'S as gracious as she is graceful. She is intelligent...friendly. It's just too bad that the shadow of neglected teeth makes most people overlook her natural charm.

Yet sympathy is really misplaced. She ought to know better. The "pink" that appears on her tooth brush and dims the natural lustre of her teeth ought to warn her that *brushing the teeth is not enough*. Those tender gums say that gingivitis, Vincent's disease, even pyorrhea, may be just around the corner.

### IPANA is needed

Modern soft foods that give our gums no work or stimulation are often responsible for our gum troubles. But in spite of our daily menus—it is possible to have sparkling teeth and firm, healthy gums.

Ipana and massage is the way. Clean your teeth with Ipana twice a day. And after each brushing, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums with your fingertip or brush. The massage and the ziratol in Ipana help tone and fortify the

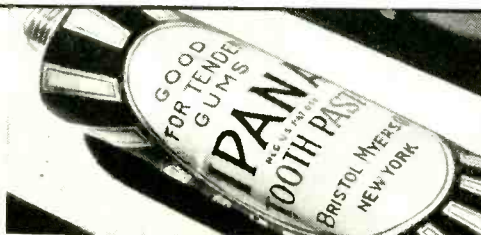
gum walls. Start with Ipana today and keep "pink tooth brush" out of your life.

### DON'T TAKE CHANCES!

*A good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury*

TUNE IN "TOWN HALL TONIGHT" AND HEAR THE IPANA TROUBADOURS WEDNESDAY EVES. —WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

**IPANA**  
 TOOTH PASTE



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. Y-114  
 73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

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



Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 Street \_\_\_\_\_  
 City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Barnaba  
Studio



# "MY YEAR OF DARKNESS"

*For the first time in her life, Lee Wiley talks about the one tragedy in her glamorous career*

IN NEXT MONTH'S  
TOWER RADIO

## Tower Radio

CATHERINE McNELIS, *Publisher*

VOL. 2, NO. 2

A TOWER MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER, 1934

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



Betty's ready for 8 hours Beauty sleep..

**What  
about her  
SKIN?**



Use Cosmetics? Yes, indeed!  
But I always use **Lux Toilet Soap** to guard  
against Cosmetic Skin

**Let's hope Betty removes daytime make-up Hollywood's way—guards against unattractive Cosmetic Skin**

**B**EAUTY sleep's *important*—for you and for your *skin*, too. So don't go to bed with daytime make-up clogging your pores—spoiling your beauty.

Many a girl who *thinks* she removes cosmetics thoroughly leaves bits of stale rouge and powder still in the pores. It is this *choking* of the pores that causes unattractive Cosmetic Skin.

Look closely in your mirror

now. Do you see enlarged pores, tiny blemishes—blackheads, perhaps—warning signals of this modern complexion trouble? Then it's time to start using gentle Lux Toilet Soap—Hollywood's beauty care!

**Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way**

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its ACTIVE lather sinks deeply into the pores, swiftly carries away *every vestige* of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night, use Lux Toilet Soap—the gentle care that for years has guarded Hollywood's priceless complexions.

In this way you can *protect* your skin—keep it lovely!



**Claudette Colbert**

STAR OF  
PARAMOUNT'S "CLEOPATRA"





# Behind the Dial

*Intimate gossip of the radio folk,  
told by their friend and counsellor*

**NELLIE  
REVELL**

**Peggy Healy is the  
cute little singer on  
the Paul Whiteman  
programs.**

*Ray Leo Jackson*

**N**EXT to being the sister of a star the hardest job in the world, relatively speaking, is being the brother of a star. That is, of course, if the sister or brother has artistic ambitions and is not content to bask in the reflected glory of his illustrious kinsman. Comes to mind in this connection Al Jolson's brother Harry, Jack Donahue's brother Joe, Rudy Vallee's brother Bill and now Bing Crosby's brother Bob. The latter, striving valiantly to establish himself as a singer on his own, is introduced in New York night clubs as Bob Crosby without any reference to his distinguished relative. I hope Bob makes the grade but he has a terrific handicap to overcome—even though he might have a better voice and a better personality than Bing.

My idea of a real revolutionist is Al Jolson. He revolutionized vaudeville with his intimate, informal method of delivery. He revolutionized musical comedy with his knee-bending, tear-jerking ballads. He revolutionized the mo-

*Hubert Altschell*

*Vaughn de Leath is one of the original personalities of radio. Now on WMCA, New York, she celebrates her 15th air anniversary in December.*



tion picture industry by making the first talkie. And now he is revolutionizing radio drama by his etherized versions of stage classics. Perhaps all this is as it should be: For Al Jolson as Asa Yoelson came to this country from Russia, the birthplace of revolutions and revolutionists.

**A**L JOLSON'S success in so many fields of endeavor is the result not only of talent and ability but a capacity to devote infinite pains to the task at hand. I know of no entertainer who works quite so hard to perfect himself in his art; and I know of none who suffers the mental anguish that Jolson does in his desire to please his public. When he was star of the Winter Garden shows, more than once I saw him standing in the wings before his first appearance, atremble with nervous apprehension while beads of perspiration gathered on his brow. But once on the stage all trace of dread vanished and Jolson was master of himself and audience. Today, in the studios, he is repeating that same performance. He paces the corridors, an abject figure of fear, but the moment he takes over the mike terror flees and Jolson proceeds to give to his audience all he has. But it is at the expense of every ounce of his energy for when Jolson finishes a broadcast he is a physical and mental wreck.

*A few years ago Chicago footpads blackjacked Jack Cusack, Ben Bernie's gag collaborator. The blows totally destroyed his vision. A few weeks ago Cusack tripped and landed on his head. The fall partially restored his sight and now specialists have hope that his eyes will soon be normal again. (Please turn to page 8)*



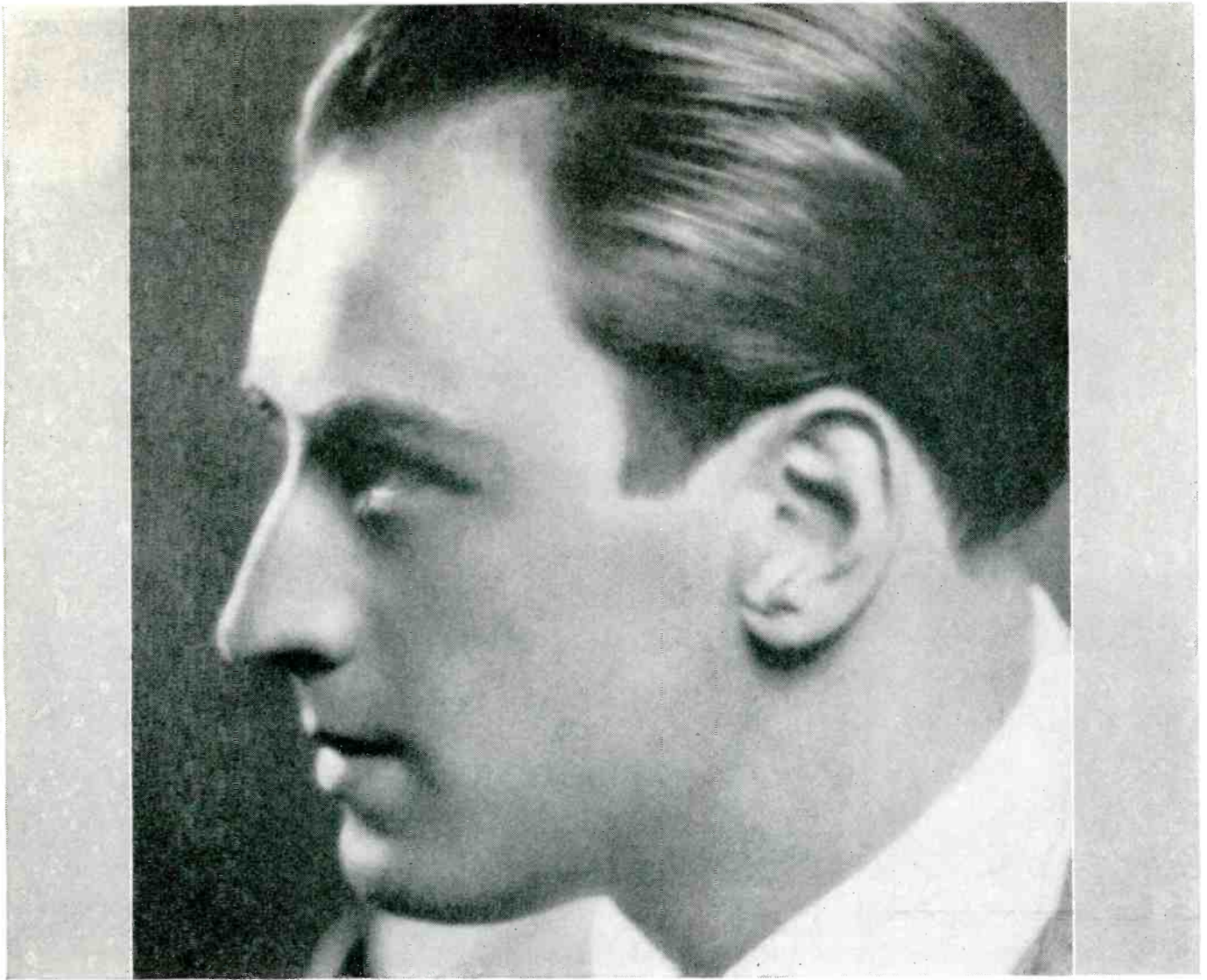


Photo by Arthur Studios, Inc.

# The Tragedy of Russ Columbo

*Crooner accidentally killed in Hollywood. Born under lucky star, only ill luck came to the handsome young singer*

**T**HE twelfth child of a twelfth child. Born under the luckiest of lucky auspices. And yet, Russ Columbo was doomed to ill luck.

That luck kept him from great success on the air and on the screen, causing him to miss by the narrowest of margins. The jinx ended with his tragic death at the age of twenty-six in Hollywood on September 2nd.

Columbo was visiting a friend, Lansing Brown, a portrait photographer. Brown, who owned a collection of antique revolvers, picked up one of the weapons. The revolver exploded, the bullet hitting Columbo above the eye and entering his brain. The singer died shortly after.

Had Columbo fulfilled a scheduled NBC broadcast on the day of the tragedy, events might have been different. But the broadcast was cancelled at the last moment.

Born in San Francisco on January 14, 1908, he was christened Ruggiero Eugenio de Rudolpho Columbo. At an early age he became interested in the violin and played in various orchestras, including those of the

Hollywood studios. His pleasing baritone soon lifted him out of orchestras and he voice doubled for numerous stars, particularly Gary Cooper. By 1931 he had won a name for himself and was dividing honors with Bing Crosby on the radio. His "You Call It Madness But I Call It Love" became his theme song and Columbo seemed destined to be a great air idol.

However, he was soon back in Hollywood and his radio vogue seemed to slip. Columbo appeared in a number of films and only recently completed "Wake Up and Dream" for Universal. Previews indicate that Columbo, had he lived, would at last have achieved a lasting success. In the picture he sings at least one hit song, "Too Beautiful."

Russ Columbo, volatile, handsome, almost six feet tall, was reputed from time to time to be sentimentally interested in many screen actresses. Pola Negri was one and recently Carole Lombard was reported to be deeply interested in the singer.

It is tragic that death came to the youthful Columbo just as he seemed about to prove himself. And radio will miss his interesting personality.



*George M. Cohan symbolizes Broadway to America but he is unlike any other Great White Way citizen*

*Excuse her Southern accent. Ann Graham, from Alabama, is with Benny Goldman's band.*



*Charles Kamarian, Inc.*



*John "Sour Notes" White, of Death Valley Days, says this was taken during a hog-calling contest.*

*(Continued from page 6)*  
**T**HE other day, preliminary to one of my broadcasts, I was interviewing Al and Lee Reiser, the piano team sometimes referred to as the early Reisers because of their milkman's matinee performance. "Who is your favorite actor?" I asked Al. "George M. Cohan," he replied. "Who is your favorite playwright?" was the next question. "George M. Cohan," he answered. "If you were a hero-worshipper, who would you idolize?" I then queried. "George M. Cohan" was the immediate response. "Say" I protested "what's all this about?" Then Al explained that his father had performed as a violinist for fifteen years in orchestras playing Cohan shows. Under those circumstances of course you can't blame Al Reiser for being a little prejudiced about George M.

**A**ND speaking of George M. Cohan I am reminded that while the Yankee Doodle Dandy symbolizes Broadway in the eyes of the nation he conducts himself wholly unlike any Broadwayite within my ken. He shuns the nocturnal resorts and never appears on the famed street except on special occasions. He lives very quietly, surrounded by a few loyal friends with whom he never tires of reminiscing of the past. When he goes to the theater he slips into the last row of the orchestra floor rendering himself as inconspicuous as possible.

*Inspiration for songs comes in curious ways. Peter de Rose, matrimonial and professional partner of May Singhi Breen, the ukulele queen, was trying to take a nap in a hammock on the grounds of their New Rochelle estate. A gardener with a squeaky wheel barrow was fussing about collecting leaves and Peter couldn't sleep. That evening haunted by the creaks of the wheel barrow Peter sat down at the piano and thumped out the melody of "Wagon Wheels" one of his biggest song successes.*

**W**HO are the best-dressed man and woman in radio? A mannequin academy in New York willing to (Please turn to page 11)

**Behind  
THE  
DIAL**

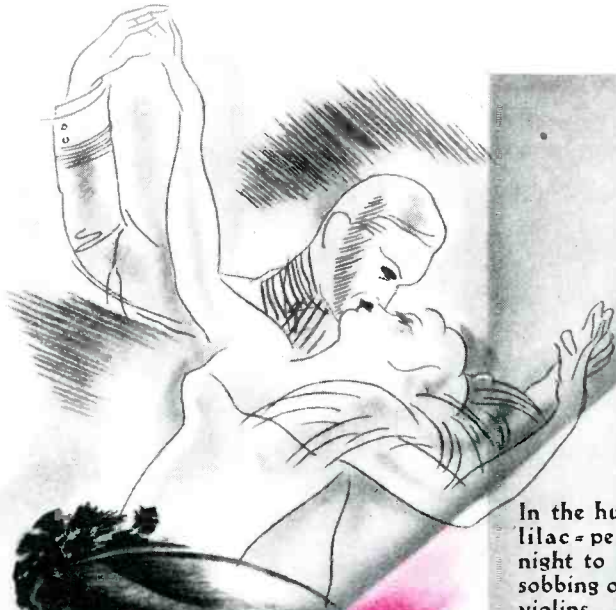


*Al and Lee Reiser, the piano team, pick George M. Cohan as their favorite star.*



WITH A WALTZ  
IN YOUR HEART

Surrender to the happy seduction of Ernst Lubitsch's most glorious picture holiday! When Maurice Chevalier with delicious gaiety flirts, sings, conquers Jeanette MacDonald, the rich and merry widow, it's your big new screen thrill! Because Franz Lehar's romance is the greatest operetta of our time M-G-M has spared no expense to make it memorably magnificent! With the stars and director of "The Love Parade".



In the hush of a lilac-perfumed night to the soft sobbing of gypsy violins . . . they danced the dance of love . . . the "Merry Widow Waltz".

MAURICE  
**CHEVALIER**  
JEANETTE  
**MACDONALD**

an **ERNST LUBITSCH** Production

THE

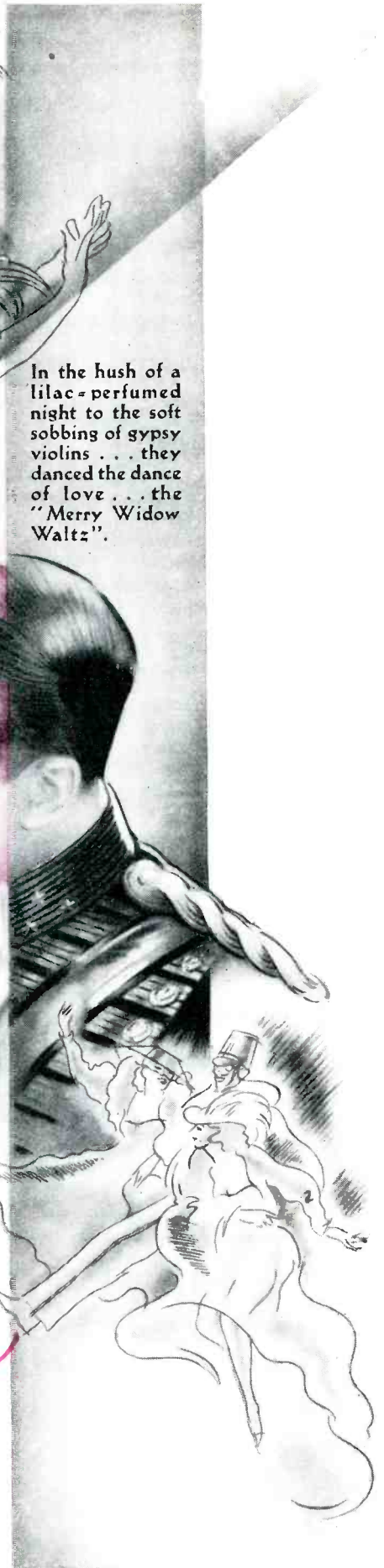
*Merry Widow*

with

**EDWARD EVERETT HORTON • UNA MERKEL  
GEORGE BARBIER . . . MINNA GOMBELL**

Screen Play by Ernest Vajda and Samson Raphaelson

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE





# Are You Satisfied with Radio?

**T**HE listening public never had a better chance than now to take a hand in deciding whether or not they want more educational and religious programs. Also, if they think more time should be given to these and other non-profit radio programs such as agricultural and labor, the public has an opportunity to say whether Congress should establish a precedent and set aside a definite portion of the broadcasting facilities, or, whether the assignment of all radio channels should be left to the newly created Federal Communications Commission.

Never before has the Government considered the kind of program to be broadcast, because the law does not give it the power of discrimination or censorship. However, having the educational and religious question put squarely up to it during the last session, Congress has "passed the buck" to the new Communications Commission. The Commission has accordingly been ordered to study the question whether or not Congress should allocate fixed percentages of broadcasting facilities to particular types of non-profit radio programs, and to report its recommendations February 1st. To give everyone an opportunity to be heard, the Commission has called a public hearing in the Capital Monday, October 1st, which many believe will virtually amount to putting the entire American system of commercial broadcasting on trial.

One of those who is of the opinion that commercial broadcasting is "on the spot" and must make a supreme effort to justify itself, is Philip G. Loucks, Managing Director of the National Association of Broadcasters, who has urged that every broadcaster in the United States be represented directly or indirectly at the hearing in October.

"I believe it will initiate the most effective survey of radio ever undertaken in the country," Mr. Loucks declared, calling the broadcasters to arms.

"It opens the door to every person and group of persons who have from time to time opposed commercial broadcasting and gives them an opportunity to make public record of their objections."

The broadcasters, believing that an adequate amount of time is now being given by them to educational,

*Here is your opportunity to have a voice in the building of air programs*

**By ROBERT D. HEINL**

religious and other cultural purposes, naturally do not take kindly to the idea of giving up more of their facilities. The industry will fight hard enough against relinquishing further channels to non-profit programs but will fight even harder to keep Congress from interjecting itself into the parceling out of radio frequencies.

This would make Congress a super-Communications Commission. It is argued by the broadcasters that radio is enough of a football now, in the hands of seven commissioners, seven political appointees as it were, but would be considerably worse off if subjected to the whims of Congress, if it had the privilege of dealing out choice broadcasting frequencies to the politically deserving.

This is not intimating that politics would play a great part in allocation of educational and religious programs, but rather that if a precedent were set in allowing Congress to designate such facilities as these, it would be only a question of time, broadcasters argue, before Congress went a step farther and began dealing out broadcasting privileges generally. This, it is contended, might upset our entire broadcasting system.

No broadcaster, probably, would publicly subscribe to the above summary of the broadcasters' position, but it can be said, without fear of contradiction, that is the way they feel about it. What they fear the most is the political angle, but this they dare not discuss because they feel they are at the mercy of the party in power when it comes to having their station licenses renewed every six months.

The man responsible for the present interest of Congress in the educational and religious programs is a Catholic priest, not Father Coughlin, as you may guess, but the Rev. John E. Harney, Superior General of the Paulist Fathers who own and operate station WLWL in New York. Father Harney was first heard from when the Radio Commission refused to grant his station more time on the channel which WLWL is sharing with WPG of Atlantic City. The priest asserted that the latter, a commercial station affiliated with the Columbia Broadcasting System, was favored by being allowed to use the channel 110½ hours (*Please turn to page 77*)

## *Do You Want More Educational and Religious Programs?*

Note: It is important that you fill out and return this ballot to TOWER RADIO, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, immediately, as the results of this poll are to be submitted to the Federal Communications Commission at Washington, which now has

the matter under consideration, and to Congress which will probably act in the matter at the forthcoming session. Thus you may have a part in helping them to form an opinion one way or another.

1. Do you favor more time being devoted to educational and religious radio programs? \_\_\_\_\_ Yes \_\_\_\_\_ No
2. Do you approve a fixed percentage, say 15% or 25% of all radio facilities being set aside for educational, religious and other programs? \_\_\_\_\_ Yes \_\_\_\_\_ No
3. If so, do you believe Congress should do this? \_\_\_\_\_ Yes \_\_\_\_\_ No
4. Or should it be done by the Federal Communications Commission, which at present has this authority? \_\_\_\_\_ Yes \_\_\_\_\_ No
5. Comment \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_





Ray Lee Jackson

*Burgess Meredith, young Cleveland actor, now plays Red Davis over NBC. Are you listening to this story of American family life?*

(Continued from page 8)

face unknown perils for the ensuing publicity, made a survey of the studios and rendered a decision, awarding the honors to Maestro Don Bestor for the man and Songstress Leah Ray for the woman. Jack Benny, George Givot, Leon Belasco, Lowell Thomas and "Lazy Bill" Huggins came in for favorable mention as did also Annette Hanshaw, Shirley Howard, Ethel Shutta, Joy Lynne and Irene Bordoni.

WITH the possible exception of Frank Luther there is no busier broadcaster than Jack Arthur. In the several years I have been in and out and around the metropolitan studios I can't recall meeting any artist more in demand. As Jack Arthur, Arthur Campbell and under other aliases he has been very, very active singing, acting or what have you. Arthur's goal is grand opera and to perfect his voice has recently been studying abroad. And at the same time—so energetic is this chap—singing at a Monte Carlo resort at a substantial stipend. One of the stations from which he does his stuff in New York is WOR. Its studio is located on Broadway directly opposite the Metropolitan Opera House, where Arthur hopes to sing some day. To arrive at that destination, just across the street, Arthur is traveling half-way around the world. Well, traffic on Broadway is terrible!

THAT currently popular octet, "The Eight Gentlemen from Milwaukee," consists of men who come from almost any place but the city of magnificent breweries. Jack Keating, first tenor, hails from Brooklyn; Morton Bowe and Carlton Boxill, second tenors, from Boston and Canada, respectively; John Seagle, baritone, was born in Paris, France; Stanley McClelland, bass, Perry, N. Y. The other three—Fred Kuhnley tenor, Burnon Jayson, bari-

*Below, a scene from Universal's "Gift of Gab," in which you can see both your favorites, Ruth Etting and Phil Baker. Beetle is out of sight.*



Universal

## *Nellie Revell tells all the latest airway gossip caught in the Radio City studios and along Columbia Row*

tone and Harry Donaghy, bass, are from other places long removed from Milwaukee. And Lee Montgomery, their coach and director, is a son of Sedalia, Mo.

*Consider also the origin of Columbia's "Modern Mountaineers." They were all reared in the hills of Bridgeport, Conn., and each is of foreign parentage. Don Pagano (otherwise "Piyute Pete") and Johnny Morella are Italians; Willard Joyce is English; Osif Demici, Russian; and Mickey and Peter Le Donne, brothers, French.*

SCRIPT writers have their eccentricities but I think Peter Dixon has one of the queerest quirks of all. The other day I chanced in the office of the creator of "Bobby Benson" and other radio serial successes while he was in the throes of authorship. Peter seemed to be having difficulties. He wrote a line, glanced over it hastily and then ripped the page from his typewriter. He repeated that performance three times, then heaved an audible sigh of relief and proceeded briskly with his labors without further delay. Later he explained if any error in spelling or punctuation appeared in the very first line of a manuscript he couldn't continue until it was corrected. After the first line he doesn't give a hang how many mistakes occur, leaving them to be amended when he reads over the completed script.

*Abe Lyman tells the story of two Jewish gentlemen on their first deep sea fishing trip. Izzie in the bow landed a fish. "Tell me, plizz," he inquired of the captain, "wot kinda fish is diss?" . . . "It's a haddock," answered the mariner. Off rushed the excited fisherman to his friend fishing from the (Please turn to page 82)*

### Behind THE DIAL



*Buddy Rogers and Jeanie Lang are appearing together on the same program. The fans like it—and so do Jeanie and Buddy. Rogers has made a name for himself on the air since deserting Hollywood.*



# The GIBSON FAMILY

MARTY, AS CLUB MAID, gives a good performance when she tells Jane to use Ivory Flakes for her stockings just as fine stores advise.

Good stores *do* tell you to use Ivory Flakes for your stockings. And here's why: The sheer silk of stockings is very sensitive. It needs a *pure* soap. Ivory Flakes are so pure that both the makers and sellers of fine stockings recommend them. These people know silk. They like the way Ivory Flakes are shaved up into tiny, curly wisps, too. Ivory Flakes won't flatten down on your stockings to cause soap spots and *runs!*

And here's a thought for you thrifty girls—Ivory Flakes cost less than other "silk stocking" soaps. There are lots more ounces in the box! Just hold on to that thought and the next time you're at your grocer's merely say, "A box of Ivory Flakes, please."

**IVORY FLAKES · 99<sup>44</sup>/<sub>100</sub> % PURE**



## IN THE DRESSING-ROOM

"'Scuse me, Miss Jane, but yo' sho' is luxurious on stockings. That soap yo' use must be pow'ful strong. Why doan yo' use nice gentle Ivory Flakes the way stores tell yo' to?"



"LADY, WHY YO' LEAVE dis chile wif me?" gasps Sam. "Yo' train goin' soon."

"Where's the station drug store? Where's my head?" demands Nurse Tippit. "Why did I forget to pack Jerry's cake of Ivory?"

"Lots o' time," says Sam, turning smooth as a chocolate custard, now that he knows the reason. Then he chuckles to Jerry, "So she's goin' to keep yo' 99 44/100% pure."

**"PURE IVORY SOAP FOR BABIES" SAY DOCTORS**



"REMEMBER THIS HAT, HENRY?" asks Mrs. Gibson softly.

"Sure!" says Mr. Gibson. "It chaperoned us on our honeymoon, Sara. And we knew we were made for each other because we'd both brought Ivory Soap!"

"It's still the finest complexion soap," declares Mrs. Gibson.

"Absolutely!" agrees Mr. Gibson. "Your complexion is as clear and fine as the day I first kissed it, 17 years ago!"

**SENSITIVE SKINS ARE SAFE WITH IVORY SOAP**





Courtesy Chicago Daily News

Mrs. Charles J. Correll



Courtesy Chicago Daily News

Mrs. Freeman Gosden

Here is the first intimate story about the little-known wives of the two idols of radio. They have never talked for publication anywhere—but here you meet them in their homes, as they really are

# The TRUTH about Mrs. AMOS and Mrs. ANDY

By HELEN YOUNG

*The romances of Mrs. Gosden and Mrs. Correll, told for the first time*

HELEN YOUNG is society editor of "The Chicago Herald-Examiner." Writing under the pen name of "The Dowager" she has held this post for over ten years. She is a frequent contributor to "The Chicagoan," furnishing numerous personality sketches of famous Chicago society leaders. Before she became society editor of "The Herald-Examiner" she had an extended newspaper experience, including editing the advice to the lovelorn, under the name of Mary Judge.

Miss Young knows both Mrs. Gosden and Mrs. Correll intimately and writes about these little-known wives of two of the world's most famous men with complete first-hand knowledge.

Of all those millions who eagerly turned on their radios to hear Amos and Andy again in September, only their two most faithful listeners-in, Mrs. Amos and Mrs. Andy, will know that little quickening heart-beat any proud wife experiences with every new phase of a famous husband's success.

What these two rarely publicized ladies think of the amazing and almost sky-rocket success of their boys they never say for publication. Both Freeman Gosden (Amos) and Charles Correll (Andy) have rather old-fashioned ideas about their private lives and their plea to interviewers is always to "leave the ladies out of it." They've been so emphatic about it, that hardly anyone outside of their immediate circle really knows that Mrs. Andy has a distinct and charming personality of her own or that Mrs. Amos has often made a suggestion which has given most of the flavor to her husband's imaginary wooing of Ruby Taylor. But those who know either Leta Gosden or Marie Correll will tell you these "shadowy" wives are real forces in their husbands' success; that they have an almost reverent respect for the genius which creates the two most lovable characters on the air and that they enjoy to the utmost the fruits of that genius.

Smart enough to know that while all this prosperity of the past half-dozen years may not last forever, they have developed a standard of living that is both graceful and



## Radio Fans, meet the unknown wives of the men who



Lightning

and companionable husbands.

THE legend which has grown through the past few years, to the effect that the Gosdens and the Corrells are inseparable companions, is really without foundation. They are, of course, intimate friends, and the men are always together during what they call "business hours." Both families have apartments in the same building (one of Chicago's most fashionable addresses on Lake Shore Drive) but each couple has almost a distinct social group. Knowing full well from the experience of their theatrical friends, that wives are often responsible for the breaking up of partnerships, they sensibly decided some time ago to avoid the possibility of any such calamity, and the result is a happy independence of action for both families.

Mrs. Gosden and Mrs. Correll, who are almost entirely different types, have known each other only since they married the team of Sam and Henry (which afterwards became Amos 'n' Andy). Neither young woman had had anything to do with radio up to that time. Mrs. Gosden met her husband a little over eight years ago, while she was private secretary to S. E. Thomasson (the present owner of *The Chicago Times*) in the legal department of *The Chicago Tribune*, over whose WGN the team was then broadcasting. They were married just about a year after the Corrells. As Leta Schreiber, Mrs. Gosden had come from St. Louis, but lived for a long time in Colorado, where she went to college. Born Marie Janes of Newton, Iowa, Mrs. Correll came to Chicago to get a job after her high school days. Through some theatrical friends, she met Charles Correll just before the big success began, and they were married so quietly that none of the newspapers seem to have made any mention of the wedding.

Of the two couples, I should say, the Gosdens go about socially most. Very few of their friends are radio people. (You might almost say, in this connection that they are to radio, what Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks used to be to Hollywood and pictures).

The first time I ever met the tall, dark-eyed lady with the nice smile, introduced as Mrs. Amos, was at a fashionable cocktail party where there was a mixture of those several groups which make up a very definite part of the cosmopolitan social life of Chicago. There were half a dozen of last year's dashing debutantes, a few bankers and their wives, a number of professional men and theirs, along with artists, several critics from newspapers, writers, the leading actress of the moment and a few well-known actors.

The social leaders and well-known clubmen, as we of the

newspapers call them, were all equally interested in the alert, well-groomed and modern life of the much lionized blond gentleman beside her. At the opera she is often the guest of some of the most prominent of the town's social regitrites. At the Dining Tavern Club, of which her husband is a member, she is always one of a gay and sophisticated group. Poised, perfectly groomed, and always dressed with distinction . . . in that restrained way that only a woman of real taste recognizes as true elegance. The same good taste is in evidence in her home. A well-known interior decorator "did" the apartment. The drawing-room, with its view of the lake, is rather formal, but exquisite. For an overmantel, Mrs. Gosden had an artist do a painting of her beloved Colorado hills, with an old southern mansion in the foreground, this to combine the feeling of her husband's Virginia origin with her western "roots." Sounds peculiar, but the effect is as perfect as the sentiment which inspired it.

The library is oak-paneled and luxurious—and the books on the shelves have been read. Her bedroom and dressing-room are French and pleasingly feminine. The picture of Amos, as we think of him in his Fresh Air Taxicab role, is utterly incongruous in that dainty room.

THE Gosdens' two children, Freeman, Jr., who's about six, and his four-year-old sister, Virginia Marie, are, of course, the world around which their mother and father revolve as complete satellites. Since Junior first lisped his little sister's name as "Ginny Ree," she has been called nothing else, and the name somehow suits her. They are beautifully mannered children, not the least spoiled nor forward, and their mother doesn't leave them entirely to the ministrations of their nurse. Because they hear their parents using "regusted" for disgusted, "unlax" for relax, the youngsters have taken to the jargon of the Fresh Air Taxicab office, and their parents, secretly amused, are still a little worried about how they can un-teach them before they start to school.

The Gosden household is a smooth-running ship, with Mrs. Gosden at the helm. There are three servants and, when there are parties, a butler for the evening. Their Sunday nights suppers are informal and gay affairs, and the buffet table is always a dream of perfection, for Leta Gosden has a flair for doing the attractive thing in decorations, lovely china and linens. Sometimes they have late parties, after the ten o'clock broadcast, and I remember last year they took a North Side movie house after the regular shows were over, and had that prohibited and much talked of film, "Scar Face" run off

for about a hundred of their friends, with supper of what Freeman called "beer and skittles" afterward.

Mrs. Correll, petite and pretty with soft brown hair worn almost severely back from her face, to show a lovely hairline and delicate little ears, has only one hobby, and that's her husband. Of a rather shy nature, she makes friends slowly. But she has a rare sense of humor and in her own home, she puts everyone at ease immediately. She likes to say she is not domestic, although she admits she can fry chicken that Andy raves about. But her friends tell me that she couldn't achieve the perfection of hospitality in such a natural way if she weren't at heart, a good housekeeper.

It is only in the past year that the Corrells have added a butler to their staff of cook and chauffeur. And to offset what might seem like "swank"



The Kingfish



Ruby



Roland Weber





create the most lovable characters of the air, Amos 'n' Andy

Brother Crawford

Charles J. Correll and his wife, in front of the Savoy Hotel in London, during his first vacation from radio in nine years. As Andy he is known to air fans throughout the world.



Wide World, London

Drawings by D. B. Holcomb

they'll explain why they did it. Last Summer they chartered a yacht from some Cleveland friends, and they were made so comfortable on it by the steward, that when the Autumn came, they took the steward with them to the apartment to "bottle." While they had the yacht, it was anchored most of the time in Lake Michigan where Andy could see it from his and Amos's beautifully furnished offices in the Palmolive building. They couldn't get away for anything but short cruises because of the daily broadcasts, but they lived on the boat most of the time and gave the loveliest deck parties for their friends all through the Summer.

Among those friends, by the way, are such celebrities as John Charles Thomas, Al Jolson, Clifton Webb, and most of the other theatrical stars who often go night-clubbing with them after the theater, when they aren't at the Corrells' apartment "unlaxing" at the cunning little bar, playing bridge in their living-room, or singing to the hosts' piano accompaniment. (Andy can play anything by ear, and it is one of the indoor sports to whistle through a new song for him, and then hear him play it at once.)

THE Corrells have no children but conspicuously present at all their parties, is Cee Bee, their Pekingese, named for their good friend, Claribelle Walsh of New York, who gave the pampered puppy to them when she came out to visit them from New York a couple of years ago. Like Mrs. Gosden, Mrs. Correll never misses a broadcast of Amos 'n' Andy, no matter where she may be at ten o'clock. Often she goes to the studio with her husband, and while she's not admitted to the actual broadcast, she hears it in the next room. She confided to a friend before she started off with her husband on their first trip to Europe recently, that she supposed at ten o'clock in England, France and Italy, she would be rushing off in the midst of a late dinner or a theater party, by sheer force of habit, to find a "wireless."



Madam Queen

While Mr. and Mrs. Andy were flying around Europe and Andy was shopping about in Paris for some of the pretties he loves to buy his pretty wife, their friends, the Gosdens, were on board a whaler up around Alaska some place, thousands of miles from anything that has to do with a radio. (Unless of course they succeeded in having the whaler brought up to date with a sending and receiving set.) They did some fishing but, chiefly, Amos rested.

But by the time you read this they will all be back

on the Chicago scene just as things begin to brighten up, and parties begin again, to be "incorporated" into the smart little sets which find them such real people and rare companions.

EDITORIAL NOTE:

By the time you read this issue of TOWER RADIO Charles J. Correll and Freeman Gosden (Amos 'n' Andy) will be back on the airways after their extended vacation.

They promise some startling changes in the adventures of their world-famous characters. But it is safe to predict that Amos 'n' Andy will continue to hold their place in the hearts of radio fans, a place never achieved by any other air idols.

Amos 'n' Andy may be heard at 7 P.M., E.S.T., each evening, except Saturday and Sunday, over the following stations of NBC:

WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, KDKA, WLW, WCKY, WENR, CRCT, WHAM, WGAR, JR, WRVA, WPTF, WIOD, WFLA.

At 11 P.M., E.S.T., they may be heard over:

KWK, WREN, KOIL, WENR, WTMJ, KSTP, WSM, WMC, WSB, WSMB, WKY, KTHS, WFAA, WBAP, KPRC, WOAL, WDAF.





# BUCK ROGERS Peeps into the FUTURE

By  
TOM CARSKADON

Drawings of Buck Rogers, Wilma Deering and Adele copyright 1934 by John F. Dille Co., Chicago. Reprinted by permission.

**D** ID you ever ask Father and Mother to sit down and tell you what things were like when they were little boy and girl? Well, sir, there was no radio in those days, and no big airplanes flying overhead, and the movies were just getting started, and automobiles were so scarce that most people still traveled by horse and buggy. Sounds funny, doesn't it? And when grandfather was a little boy, they didn't have electric lights but used oil lamps or gaslight, and street cars were pulled by horses, and even the telephone was brand new. The world was quiet and prosaic.

It is fun to think backward, but it is even more fun to think forward! What is coming in the future? What wonders that nobody knows about now—just as grandfather never dreamed of radio or movies—will be familiar to everybody 500 years from now?

There is a radio program which has many interesting answers. It is called "Buck Rogers in the 25th Century," and you hear it on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings over the Columbia Broadcasting System network. It takes a make-believe journey far into the future and tells of the wonders which many bright people think will be in existence in those coming centuries.

*Buck Rogers and Wilma Deering, as played by Curtis Arnall and Adele Ronson, and as they appear in the famous newspaper strip.*





*Here's the whole story of the feature that boys and girls love for its glimpse of an exciting age five hundred years from now*

What an exciting time they have, up there in the future. People ride around in rocket airplanes that go all the way to the moon and other planets; they have inertron belts that enable them to walk around in the air, just like birds; and they have electro-hypnotic machines that enable them to read the minds of other persons aloud. They fight with death rays and vibro-destroyer rays, they wear space suits for stepping off into space, and see immense distances with the telescope.

The chief character in the story is Buck Rogers. He has a most interesting history. He was an American soldier in the World War, and when the war was over he left the army and went to work in the mines. One day there was a terrific explosion, followed by a cave-in that left Buck buried in a little pocket far down in the mine. From a crack in the earth came a curious gas which put Buck to sleep, but didn't kill him. "Suspended animation" the scientists call it, and it is something like what happens to bears when they go to sleep for the Winter, except that Buck, instead of staying in the cave for one Winter, stayed there for 500 years!

When he woke up, he found a completely new world—the world that will be in existence 500 years from now. Everything was new and strange to him, but Buck was a very brave and very bright young man, and he quickly made his place in this new world.

He met Wilma Deering, a beautiful young girl who explained to him the new inventions and wonders of that future world. Buck learned quickly, and made friends with Dr. Huer, a brilliant scientist, who was

constantly working on startling new wonders.

Buck was still in America, but he found that the capital of the country had been changed from Washington to Niagara. That was because the new age was based on electricity and power, and Niagara Falls was the greatest source of water power in the country.

Buck wanted to know if there was something he could do to serve his country, and there most certainly was! America was being invaded by great armies of Mongolians, who had conquered Europe and were now swarming over the land of the free and the home of the brave. Americans were scattered, and were living in "orgs," or groups, in caves and valleys.

Buck rallied the forces of his native land, reorganized the army, put up a brilliant fight against the enemy, and finally succeeded in beating the Mongolians decisively and driving them from the country. For this he was thanked by the President and the nation, and Buck entered the President's service.

Adventures came thick and fast. Buck and Wilma and Dr. Huer visited distant (Please turn to page 70)

*The wicked Ardele, as played by the young and beautiful Elaine Melchior.*



*Walter Seigel*

*Calcer*

*Buck Rogers as broadcast. Left to right: Walter Pearson (sound effects), Joe Grinby, Curtis Arnall, Edgar Stehli, Adele Ronson, Paul Douglas (announcer), E. R. Johnstone (author), and Walter Tetley.*







Rosemary LANE Trucilla





# Never a Heartache

*Rosemary and Priscilla Lane  
know how lucky they are*

By NAN CAMPBELL

**T**HE magic kingdom of radio seethes with romantic stories of men and women who struggled for years to attain stardom. A goodly number of entertainers were vaudeville showmen who, broke and disillusioned, at last found their dreams realized over the air.

All of this is grist to the story teller's mill, but these are not the only fascinating yarns.

Take the case of the Lane sisters, for instance. Rosemary and Priscilla who warble with Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians had no struggles along the path to success. Two years ago they came to New York to visit their sister, Leota Lane. They met Fred Waring. He asked them to sing. They did. Three weeks later they were members of his troupe.

Yessir, it was as simple as that. No heartaches. No disillusionments. They walked right into a job and have kept that job ever since. The story of the Lane sisters is to be found, however, in their keeping of the job, in the quite amazing training to which Fred Waring put them. They're still in training, still going through a rigorous course in the art of show business.

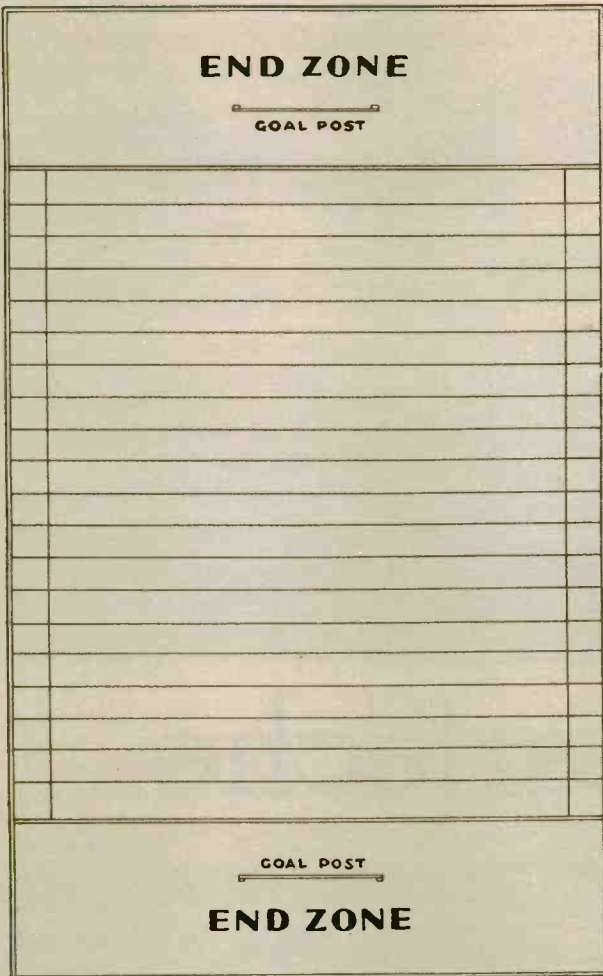
When they appeared before Fred Waring they were not completely unknown to him. Two other sisters—Leota and Lola (that's Lola Lane of the movies) had already made names for themselves as a singing sister team. Fred knew Lola Lane well. When he looked at Priscilla and Rosemary he saw two beautiful, fresh, enthusiastic young girls with pleasant, untrained voices. They were raw material, sculptor's clay. They had no preconceived notions of showmanship, no bad stage habits. They had no stage habits at all. They were simply young and pretty. It was up to Fred Waring to make them good entertainers. And that has been one of his jobs for the last two years. The girls are still in the process of development. (Please turn to page 91)

*At the top of page, Priscilla Lane who, with sister Rosemary at right, sings with Fred Waring each Sunday and Thursday night.*

Photos by Barnaba







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Make a diagram of a football field on a blackboard or sheet of paper.

ARMY	POSITION		NAVY
	L E	R E	
	L T	R T	
	L G	R G	
	C	C	
	R G	L G	
	R T	L T	
	R E	L E	
	Q B	Q B	
	L H	R H	
	R H	L H	
	F B	F B	

Johnson

IT'S a beautiful day, folks, and I only wish that you could be here to see these two teams tearing into each other—wow, there goes Jones for another 10 yards right off that Stanford strong side! . . . And right up back of the stadium, that golden sun is sinking in the West! . . . What a day, folks, and what a game! . . . And, zowie! There goes that fellow Jones again . . ."

You've all heard Graham McNamee, Ted Husing and all the other shining stars of sports broadcasting going into ecstasies over the Rose Bowl classic, the Notre Dame vs. Army, or some of the other big games scattered throughout the land of gridirons. And the way those announcers talk, you begin to feel that the football fan who has to stay home and take his football by radio just can't have any fun. In fact, he might just as well turn over and listen to Dr. Goofus' health sermon.

Actually these big-time pigskin reporters of the air are bringing mighty accurate and graphic pictures of football conflicts. When the announcers keep repeating the fervent wishes that their audience could be at the game, they hit on the one important thing which is necessary to the proper enjoyment of football over the air. Whether unconsciously or otherwise, the announcers realize that the spectator at a game has no problem of imagining the field of play, the line-up of the players, etc., as well as following the intricacy of the individual play. All these things are really necessary to proper enjoyment of any sport, and especially football, because of the great amount of technicalities which have been introduced into the game during the past ten years.

With the thought that thousands of adult radio fans have never been to a big-time football game and thousands of schoolboys are craving to learn the game better, several big-time coaches have all been very helpful in contributing suggestions which make up this "How to listen to a football game" plan.

How to design a simple frame for holding the line-ups of the two teams. Players' names are on slips, as at left.



Here are several simple fireside plans which will add interest and thrills to gridiron broadcasts this Fall

By JOHN CASEY



International

Jack Haggerty, coach of Georgetown University and former quarterback of the World's Champion professionals, the New York Giants football team, is probably one of the greatest technical football minds in the business. A product of the Lou Little school, Haggerty played under Little when the latter was turning out great teams at Georgetown and before he joined Columbia at \$18,000 a season. One of Haggerty's hobbies has been development of the technical side of football in a simple, understandable form, so that the game can increase its audience and the football fan can really understand what is back of every cross-buck and spinner.

Coach Haggerty was a great help in this TOWER RADIO plan for successful football listening. He, like every other coach, knows that teaching rookies the fundamentals is the hardest job of all. And like every coach, our technical adviser realizes that seasoned veterans and coaches have to keep brushing up on fundamentals. Thus, with a quick course in football terminology and a simple means of "watching" the play, the radio fan can develop a new interest and knowledge of a highly interesting sport, without even leaving the comfort of his own fireside.

Throughout Saturday afternoons this Fall the airways are full of big-time football games, conflicts between individual stars, and school grudge battles which, in some cases, run back for thirty or forty years. The thrill of watching these games is a great recommendation for the television experts to hurry up, so that the football fan may really enjoy the game at home. Next to television, the TOWER RADIO football guide is the surest means of enjoying and "watching" the game.

What the radio fan at home must



Wide World

graphic right in your own living-room.

TALKING this whole matter over with Slip Madigan, famous leader of little St. Mary's in California, and Jimmy Crowley, noted "Four Horsemen" and now coach of Fordham University, we were impressed with their opinion that a development of the blackboard, as used by coaches in explaining new plays to their teams, would be the ideal way to "watch" a game at home. Draw out a gridiron, as shown in the diagram across the page, then zig-zag a piece of chalk up and down the board in accordance with the motion of the teams, with one color of chalk representing one team and another color used for the opponents. This would probably be the best way to "see" the gridiron through your loud-speaker.

However, few of us have blackboards, and just as simple, if slightly less effective, is ruling a piece of paper about two feet by one in gridiron style according to the diagram. On the paper diagram, which can be laid out flat on a table near the radio, the use of two colored crayon zig-zag lines to represent the advance



Wide World

International

Upper center, Knute Rockne; above, Pop Warner, grand old man of the gridiron; right, Eddie Casey of Harvard.







*Top row, left to right: Chick Meehan of Manhattan, Slip Madigan of St. Mary's, Elmer Layden of Notre Dame, Jack Haggerty of Georgetown and Lou Little of Columbia. Right, Jimmy Crowley, like Layden, one of Notre Dame's famous "Four Horsemen," and now coach of Fordham University. These men are master minds of football.*



*International*

and retreat of two teams is a good plan. However, if graphing continuous play of the game is too much bother, a small white button, or poker chip, or similar object can be used to represent the ball. An arrow should be drawn on the side of it to indicate the direction the ball should take. Then, instead of penciling the movements of the teams, the button can be moved up and down the field with the progress of play. The arrowhead is turned in the direction of the goal of the team carrying the ball.

The other diagram shows a line-up holder which you can make without undue effort. Names of players should be printed on slips to fit into the frame. In most games there are last-minute changes in position for certain players and in those cases blank chips should be ready on which to print the name and new position. The daily newspapers on the day of the game will give you the line-up and position of the players and this can be used so that names and positions of the players will be all prepared before the kick-off. Then, as the announcers call out the line-up, any necessary changes can be made and a check made on the line-up as given in the paper.

It is well also to have some scratch paper handy for the tallying of scores, unusual plays, extra long kicks or run-backs or punts, or any other more-than-casual information. The tallying of these notes will aid the fan in a more complete view of the game.

**N**ATIONALLY famous football coaches like Chick Meehan of Manhattan, Pop Warner of Temple, and Eddie Casey of Harvard have been instrumental in developing in their business a jargon which is as foreign to the average person as the language of the chemistry lab or the mother-tongue of the high priests of Tibet. There are hardly any synonyms or simple terms for this football language and such mystifying words as spinner, lateral, and fake must be used. The radio announcer has learned these words and understands their meaning. When he broadcasts, the fan must understand the language too—or he is lost. We are not trying to scare fans away from football broadcasts, but rather to suggest that, if they are not well versed in the modern football game and its mass of technical phrasing, the first thing to do before listening-in is to procure a football rules book. This is a very helpful thing to have, aside from explanation of words, as it is a fountain of information and describes so much better the real meaning of such vague announcements as "Smith, 10 yards for holding." Any sporting-goods store or similar establishment will be able to provide

the rules book for 1934, priced well under 50 cents.

The radio fan who sits at home, equipped with the TOWER RADIO diagrams and a rules book, is sure to become so engrossed in the realism of it all that he may feel the tingle of the north wind in a stadium 1,000 miles away. But there are several good rules for the fan to follow in his playing the game at home.

As canny Slip Madigan, the coaching wizard of the west coast, sees this matter of the fellow listening-in, the fan should note on each successive play the name of the player carrying the ball, the kind of play used, the number of yards gained, the men who interfered for the ball carrier, the men who made the tackle, whether first down was made on the play and if not, how much was still left to be gained at the completion of the play.

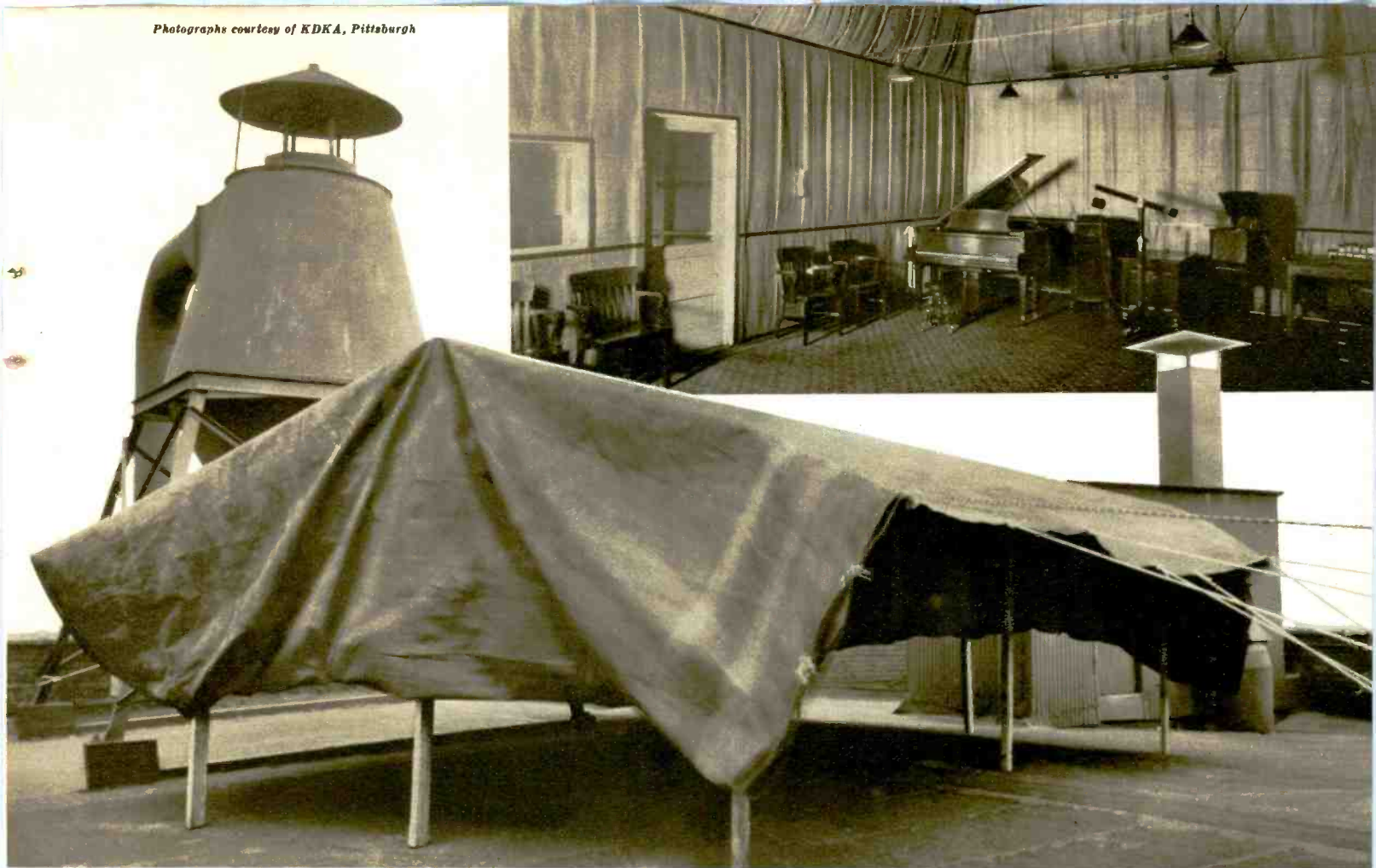
In the matter of first down, a measuring "chain" of paper, showing the needed ten yards, can be made to lay upon the diagram. The "chain" is a great help in keeping in mind how many yards are required and, with that knowledge in mind, it is interesting to note the play selected.

No doubt Chick Meehan, when coach of New York University a few years back, brought football to its most colorful point, with violet-colored uniforms, white helmets, and the much-vaunted and spectacular military shift. Both Meehan and Lou Little, the coach of the Rose Bowl winner of last season, have developed a certain something over and above mere football which makes the present-day game something of a pageant, aside from its athletic endeavor. Both of these men recognize the powerful emotional appeal behind such little matters as shooting off a cannon at each score and having a student dressed as a lion cavorting on the sidelines. These details, which are wholly apart from the game itself, somehow seem just as impressive when described over the radio by a Ford Frick or an Eddie Dooley.

**T**HE late Knute Rockne was a past master at sideline technique. He knew the value of tricky cheer leaders and dressing his team in gold-colored silk pants. Today at Notre Dame, another of the "Four Horsemen," Elmer Layden, is carrying on for "Rock." The Rockne-Anderson period of coaching at Notre Dame showed what radio can do or football and a school. The now famous Middle Western university saw its rise to fame in the era of broadcasting. Coast-to-coast hook-ups are great things for gasoline and coffee sales, but they are also the best known means of building up a university. Give any school a good football team and three or four Saturdays a year of national broadcast games—and that school can declare dividends.

It is this kind of interlocking of football and radio, as well as the excellence with which football can be adapted to the loudspeaker, which has made the radio football fan the most rabid of all the sports listeners-in. Players on the teams now realize when they go out on the field in big games that their actions are being transmitted right into their homes, into hospitals and places of confinement, as well as to thousands of fans too far away to attend. This has been a great asset to the game because, in the case of thousands of football lovers who were forced to remain at home during the depression, the interest was kept up, since each Saturday afternoon the loudspeaker was a free (*Please turn to page 69*)





Above, the first tent studio of KDKA, on the roof of a Pittsburgh building. Adjoining was the transmitter room. Inset, the first room used by KDKA for broadcasting musical programs. This went into service in 1921 and showed how the tent had influenced—and always will—the interior furnishings of a radio studio.

# BROADCASTING HAS A BIRTHDAY

*Exactly 14 years ago KDKA  
opened the first radio station*

By **ROBERT D. HEINL**

**I**T was the talk of Pittsburgh fourteen years ago when from a rough box room on one of the taller buildings of the Westinghouse plant, Station KDKA formally inaugurated a strange thing called broadcasting. Except for a modest press dispatch, the rest of the United States was unaware of the momentous development, because the transmitter was only using 100 watts power. Assuming it carried any distance, few outsiders could have heard it, for the reason that they had no receiving sets.

To meet this situation the Westinghouse Company had a number of simple sets manufactured which they distributed among friends. Thus the first broadcast audience was drafted. Among these select few there was more excitement over the performance of that little 100-watter than there is today over Station WLW, which is operating in Cincinnati with 500,000 watts power.

"After a period of testing and experimental operation, the Westinghouse Company on November 2, 1920, put into operation the first broadcasting station in the world, now known as KDKA, and transmitted as its first program the returns of the Harding presidential election," H. P. Davis, vice-president of Westinghouse, who was in charge of the broadcast, said, describing the historic event to students at Harvard University.

"Following this, a daily program from 8:30 A.M. to 9:30 P.M. was immediately instituted. The daily schedule of the station has been continued without interruption up to the present time."

The erection of the original broadcasting station didn't "just happen." Dr. Frank Conrad, an engineer, who later was to put on the celebrated Harding election broadcast, had been operating a radio telephone transmitter experimentally from a garage at his home in Pittsburgh. Amateur radio operators accustomed to dots and dashes began picking up his programs, mostly phonograph records. They liked them and began asking where the music was coming from. The Westinghouse people watched this activity very closely.

"**T**HE thought came which led to the initiation of a regular broadcast service," Mr. Davis said. "An advertisement of a department store in a Pittsburgh newspaper, calling attention (*Please turn to page 56*)



"Goodbye Mammy,"



# HELLO DRAMA!"

*From minstrel end man to histrionics. But Al Jolson is serious about art for art's sake*

By THOMAS REYNOLDS

**I**NTRODUCING Mr. Al Jolson—dramatic artist. They didn't call him that in the old days. Lew Dockstader used to shove him out in a minstrel first part, amid a rattle of bones and banging of tambourines, and announce him as "Our pre-meer end man, Al Jolson."

The Shuberts dressed him up in black face and white gloves and set him down in the middle of girl-and-music shows to star in such things as "Bombo" and "Robinson Crusoe, Jr." The phonograph companies sold his "Mammy" records and called his name blessed; the movies dubbed him "The Jazz Singer" and watched him put the talkies on their feet; and even radio first called him a "singing comedian."

But now it's "Al Jolson—dramatic artist," and don't smile when you say that, Stranger! The sunflower-eyed little boy from St. Petersburg, Russia, whose father wanted him to be a cantor in a synagogue but whose voice and personality made him the wonder boy of Broadway, has been hitting the high purple in drama and getting away with it.

Shakespeare, Molnar, Eugene O'Neill—those are playwrights to make even the highest brow take notice.

Al takes them in his stride, and looks around for more. People thought it was a gag at first, the ancient, old-as-greasepaint gag about the clown wanting to play *Hamlet*, but even the wise guys are silenced now. "The Singing Fool" succeeded!

"Everything I do from now on is going to be straight, serious drama," says Jolson. "Of course, if a joke comes along in the course of a regular play, I'm not going to shy at it and jump off the road like a nervous filly, but what I mean is, I'm through with gags for gags' sake. After all, there are only about so many jokes in the world, and I've already told most of them."

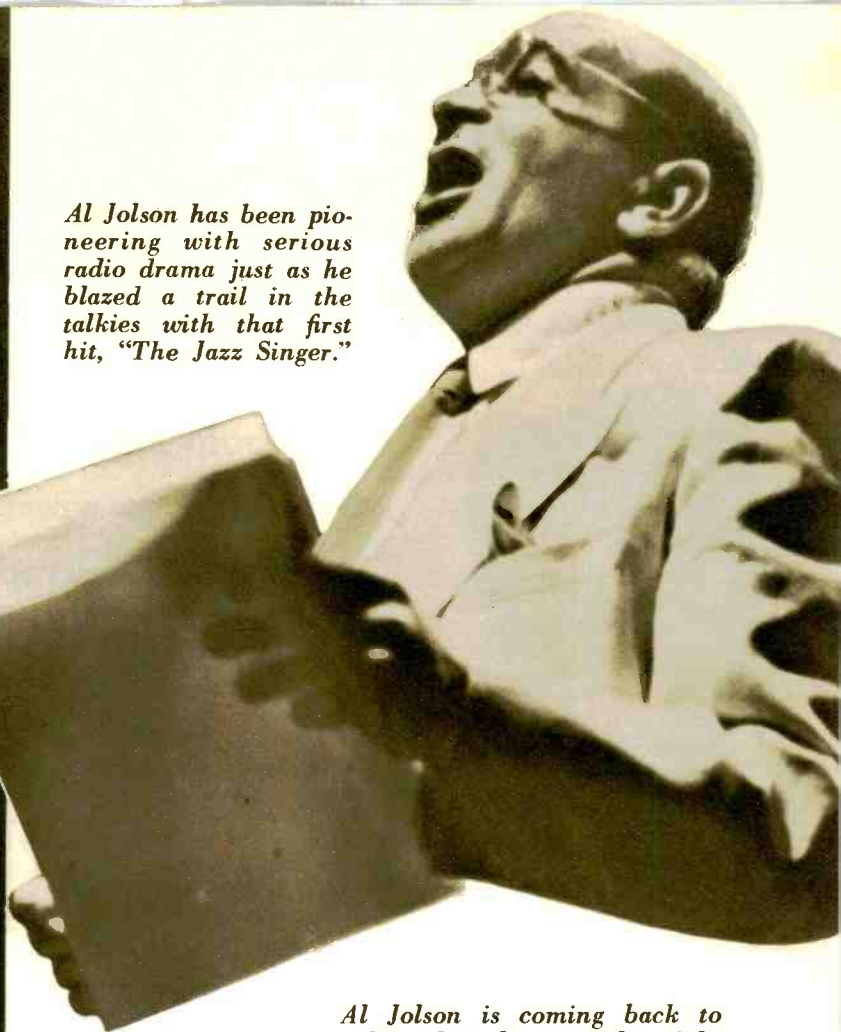
"Straight drama on the radio gives me a chance to do something I have wanted to do for many years. I was a little hesitant at first, as who wouldn't be, but the public response has been fine, and people write in for more. I have been trying more and more difficult things and the response has been so encouraging that I mean definitely to keep on in that direction."

**H**EAR him speak those words! The voice that launched a thousand imitators—poor fools who thought that all you had to do to be Jolson was to kneel down in the footlight trough, half-talk the second chorus and shout "Mammy" at the end—and survived them all, has been intoning the blank verse of Shakespeare. The story-telling, piano-sitting, encore-loving Al has been wandering around in O'Neill's human





*Al Jolson has been pioneering with serious radio drama just as he blazed a trail in the talkies with that first hit, "The Jazz Singer."*



*Al Jolson is coming back to radio when he gets the right dramatic opportunities.*

*Special Photographs for TOWER RADIO by R. H. Hoffman*



jungles as the Emperor Jones, picking off a Pulitzer prize winner such as "Porgy," or lending a discerning touch to the pathos and skimming, Hungarian fantasy of Molnar's "Liliom." Our Al has turned highbrow—but wait a minute. Here's a dissenting voice!

"Highbrow is not the word," says Al Jolson, actor, turned earnest for the moment. "No matter how big a reputation a play has, I won't try it unless it has good solid 'theater' in it. Emotion, clash, and drama—these are the elements that audiences want, and they are just as forceful and effective when given exalted expression in a good play as when given cheap expression in a poor play. I don't shy away from big names, but I do insist that plays have good, meaty drama in them."

Strong words from an ex-minstrel boy, but Al's touch is sure, and his sense of theater comes from a lifetime including every variety of the amusement business.

"It is hard to get the right plays for radio presentation," says Jolson. "We select them with a good deal of care, and sometimes we just can't find what we want. That is why I appear on the air for a few weeks and then stay off for a few weeks and then come back on again. I'd be willing and the sponsor would be willing for me to go on steadily, but we have to stop every once in a while to get together some plays."

Those radio plays of Al Jolson's have gone into the Thursday night "Music Hall" program over the NBC Red network. This is the program presided over by Paul Whiteman and his band and sponsored by Kraft-Phenix. Here's a thought. If Jolson has been going over so well on the radio with straight, serious drama, why doesn't he try it on the regular stage?

"I'm willing to try it," says Al, with a sly smile, "if some New York manager will make me an offer!"

Gentlemen of Broadway, (Please turn to page 54)





# WANT TO BE RICH?



Foz Films

Rudy Vallee.....\$2,500

*It's a gold mine for the lucky maestros who wrest a fortune from the microphones*

## THOMAS CARSKADON

**H**ERE'S a chance to penetrate to the very heart of radio. Money may make the world go 'round, but it is music that makes the radio dials go 'round. Something like seventy-five per cent of all radio programs involve music in some form or other (even if only as a theme to introduce the talking, as in Amos 'n' Andy) and every popularity poll ever taken shows musical programs far in advance of any other single classification.

Where does it all come from? Who are the men who make the music, and what are they paid? Which is the highest salaried orchestra in radio, and how much does it earn? How does one get to be a radio musician? Why do so many radio orchestras sound alike! It is easy enough to fire such questions as these, but getting the answers is something else again. You are entering the realm of radio's trade secrets. You are asking to lift up the hood and see the actual wheels go 'round. Okay, brother, maybe we can do it. Anyway, let's go!

First off, let's dazzle ourselves with a few high figures. Unquestioned title as the top-money band of radio goes to Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians. The smiling young man from Tyrone, Pa., received exactly \$5,000 per broadcast for his programs for the Ford Motor Company over the Columbia network. There were two programs per week, making a neat take of \$10,000 every time seven days rolled past the Waring cash register.

That \$5,000 per broadcast stands as the top for a regular contract in radio. Closest to it is Paul Whiteman's \$4,500 contract for his Thursday night Kraft-Phenix program over the NBC Red network. In each case the \$5,000 or the \$4,500 includes everything. With Waring it includes Rosemary and Priscilla Lane, "Babs" Ryan, the frog-voiced Poley McClintock, and all the Waring entourage, and with Whiteman it includes Ramona, Peggy Healy, Jack Fulton, and all of Paul's bright little boys and girls. Those leaders are paid big money, but they put on a big show.

**A**BLE to smile at both of them when the week's totals are added up is Wayne "Waltz" King, the Chicago boy who stays in Chicago and sets honeymooners goofy the world over. King's quoted figure is a mere \$1,500 per broadcast (yes, just a "mere" \$1,500 for a half-hour program, Uncle Abner. Ain't it terrible the way these boys ain't paid nothin'?) but the joker is that he has a total of five broadcasts per week, heard both on the NBC and Columbia networks. That gives him a weekly draw of \$7,500, and he is able to smile very pleasantly to Waring and Whiteman, don't you think?

A contract that excited the envy of all radio, is the one awarded to Ben Bernie and all his lads. Yowsa, the Old Maestro who whips up the froth for Pabst Blue Ribbon has

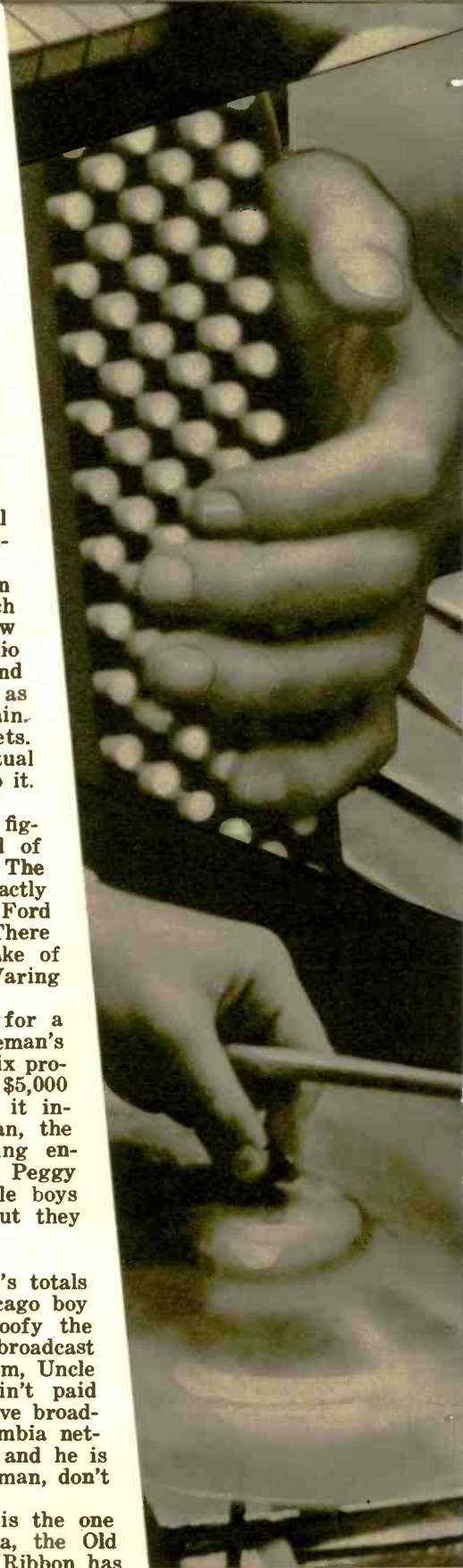


Ray Lee Jackson

Paul Whiteman....\$4,500



Guy Lombardo....\$3,500





# ...TRY MUSIC!

a neat little document tucked away in the inside pocket which says \$4,000 per week, and—oh, sweeter than sugar in the honeycomb—it runs for five years!

Heavy money is also listed in the contract given Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians. This outfit is built around the four Lombardo brothers and is run on a cooperative basis. When their weekly stint over the NBC network is finished, the boys have \$3,500 per broadcast to divvy up among themselves, and that should keep a few wolves away from a few Lombardo doors.

Rudy Vallee, ace showman of the air with his Thursday night Fleischmann Varieties, receives \$2,500 just for himself and his Connecticut Yankees, and the company pays extra for all the rest of the talent on the program. The same figure of \$2,500 per broadcast buys George Olsen and his music, including songs from the Michigan boy's charming wife, Ethel Shutta. A newcomer in those select \$2,500 per broadcast ranks is Ted Fiorito, a San Francisco boy who rolled in from the West to show New York what he could do.

**A**L GOODMAN, one of the most experienced musical comedy conductors in the business, gets \$1,750 per broadcast, and the same figure goes to the very suave, very fashionable Glen Gray and the Casa Loma orchestra. Abe Lyman and his Californians are quoted in radio circles at \$1,750 per broadcast, and Nat Shilkret, the old Victor Talking Machine Company maestro, is quoted at the same figure for a major broadcast such as the Palmolive operettas.

To pick off one of the high priests of Harlem jazz, Cab Calloway or Duke Ellington, costs the sponsor \$1,500 per broadcast. Jack Denny, the smiling sophisticated leader at the Hotel Pierre in New York, broadcasts his music under the stars for \$1,350 per hearing, if you have \$1,250 to spend you can get a broadcast from Vincent Lopez (and maybe he will play "Nola" for you on the piano) and the same figure of \$1,250 will induce Ted Weems and his boys to agitate the air waves for you.

Ozzie Nelson, the young Rutgers College football star and lawyer, decided that waving a baton was more profitable, and proved it! Last season he was in the \$1,000 class, but he and his boys and the lovely Harriet Hilliard made such a hit on the Joe Penner program that this year the wise ones are moving Ozzie up into the \$1,250 class. It takes one thousand dollars to get a radio program from Don Bestor and his vibraharp (an instrument of his own invention) and the same sweet figure of a thousand smackers per broadcast goes to Isham Jones, of the Chicago Joneses.

Nice figures, aren't they? Nice honey, nice (Please turn to page 89)



Fred Waring.....\$5,000



Paul Gibson, Chicago

Ben Bernie.....\$4,000



Wayne King.....\$1,500





# ROXY Returns

*One of the greatest of showmen, S. L. Rothafel comes back to theater and radio*

By NELLIE REVELL

THE depression is over. Roxy is back on the air again and stockholders of the original Roxy Theater, anxious about their dividends, are demanding his return there. The radio audience, devoted to Roxy after twelve years of broadcasting, cried for him like the children in the advertisements for the product he exploits ethereally. So Roxy, undaunted by temporary set-backs culminating in his retreat from Radio City, resumes his role as the Barnum of the broadcasters. It was inevitable because it is his rightful heritage.

About twenty years ago I first met Roxy. I was introduced to him by the late Rennold Wolf, dramatic editor, critic and columnist of *The New York Morning Telegraph* and one of the best wits and newspapermen



Culter

*Roxy has always made his dreams, mere fantasies to the world, become realities.*

of that or any other generation. The Strand Theatre, destined to make history as the first of the cinema cathedrals, was in course of construction at Broadway and Forty-Eighth Street. Roxy sat on an up-turned box in the watchman's shanty and told us of his plans.

I don't know which was the more hard-boiled—Rennie or I—but I do know that both of us thought this man Rothafel a dreamer and, moreover, a dreamer soon due for a rude awakening. His eyes aglow with anticipation, his voice vibrant with enthusiasm, he pictured the future of the films in colors altogether too vivid for us. And when he got on the matter of movie theaters, predicting for every city temples even more elaborate than the Strand then rearing its walls, we were, frankly, more than ever convinced that what Rothafel needed most was a keeper. Indeed, it all sounded so fantastic that when we left I remarked to Wolf:

"It's a good trick—if he does it."

And Rennold agreed with me. Well, in the light of subsequent developments, all I can say now is that it is just too bad Rennie and I didn't possess between us one-tenth of Roxy's imagination. What Broadway was rather pleased to regard as "Roxy's Folly" developed just as Roxy envisioned. It revolutionized motion picture presentation and in one grand leap took the movies from store shows and nickelodeons to million dollar edifices.

Roxy, at that time newly come from what smug New Yorkers like to consider the hinterlands to attract attention by his innovations at the Regent Theater, was very talkative. He was enthusiastic over his new project and wanted the whole world to share his joys of anticipation. Today he is the (Please turn to page 64)



*"Many monuments have been erected to me, but stone and steel do not endure. My home and family mean more to me than anything else," says Roxy, the great showman.*



*Jeanie Lang has attained her success through character and great determination*

By  
**HELEN HARRISON**

**S**O few have ever been able to "see" Jeanie Lang for her giggle—which has put in total eclipse the interesting personality of which the giggle is but a symbol!

She has been called cute, coy, sweet, cunning and several other varieties of adjectives that drain character from personality and are about as wholesome a diet to lasting fame as sugar, jam and ice cream to permanent health!

Jeanie has spice—a spice made up of strength of character, a devotion to her career. She has no false notions about her immense success. She is all but overwhelmed by it.

But to know Jeanie one must follow closely her young life which began on December 17th, 1911. The place was St. Louis. Jeanie was the third of the Lang children, coming after two boys who have become her especial pals. The eldest is Stanford Arthur and then came Edward Goodman. They both now attend Washington University. After Jeanie came James Kay and Nelson Story, and it need scarcely be mentioned that, among this "male quartette," Jeanie is probably the most spoiled sister that ever lived!

Little Jeanie, with her great ambition packed in her wisp of a body, quietly attended the Maplewood public schools, and then entered Maplewood High. The Langs of St. Louis are among what may be called the "best people." They are not "society"—but of that wholesome stock that is the background of communities; and they were entirely pleased with Jeanie's participation in school dramatics.

Her first taste of stellar singing for entertainment came just before Jeanie finished high school. It is true that in each infrequent school play she managed, somehow, always to get a part—usually "a small one"—and she ever hoped it would give her an opportunity to sing. Then, during her senior year the play decided on was to be an operetta! "Cherry Blossoms." Little Jeanie couldn't eat, she couldn't sleep, she was numb at times, speechless, dreaming.

But when she casually mentioned it would be fun, maybe, some day, to go on the stage, the Langs shuddered perceptibly.

And then, unbelievably, she was given the leading role! She was vastly thrilled and terribly excited! And there was mention made, during more than one evening meal, that school plays were all very well—but there was to be no nonsensical talk about the stage.

But there was talk. Jeanie saw to that. And it almost distracted the whole family.

The Fortune Lumber Company, with father Lang at the helm, is a business of considerable proportions, and from *(Please turn to page 84)*

*The girl nobody knows. Jeanie Lang's true personality and character have never before been revealed.*

*DeMirjian*

# NOT ALL Giggles





# The GIRL who has EVERYTHING

By NAN CAMPBELL



*Special for TOWER RADIO by Wide World*

*Helen Jepson at the mike and relaxing on a Long Island beach. Here she rests with her husband and her two-year-old daughter. Miss Jepson won her Met contract via radio.*



*Ray Lee Jackson*

I KNOW a woman who is completely happy. Maybe you can tell that she is by listening to her beautiful voice over the air on the Paul Whiteman-Kraft hour. Her name is Helen Jepson. She has everything that a woman could want.

Complete happiness is an unusual possession in show business. The temperamental, high-strung, erratic folk who entertain you on the radio, the screen and the stage often seem to have no talent for rich living. Ambition whips them. Restlessness is a part of their lives. Many times their desire for fame and fortune eats into their souls.

Not so Helen Jepson. Her life is perfect—and she is wise enough to know it and be thankful.

Just listen to all her blessings! She has a husband who adores her and whom she adores—a man who shares her interest in an enthusiasm for music. She has a two-year-old baby daughter—a wanted and well-beloved child. And she has a career—triumph piled upon triumph. She will achieve the ultimate goal of every singer when, this Fall, she steps upon the Metropolitan Opera stage. Now I ask you? Could any woman want more? Oh, yes, I almost forgot. She has beauty besides—brown eyes and pale blond hair—and, naturally, with all her success, she has money, too.

The story of her romance and her rise to success is one of those idyllic stories which happens in real life all too seldom.

FROM the time she was thirteen she sang. And her voice was lovely as a lark's. In her home town—Akron, Ohio—she was constantly in demand for choir work and glee club singing and all the local operettas and comic operas boasted Helen in the leading roles. But she knew that she had to have real instruction to be numbered among the great, and she was not afraid of hard work.

As soon as she had finished school she went to Chat-tauqua Lake to study and it was there she first met George Possell, flutist in the New York Symphony. Never was there a more ideal spot for a romance. The country is beautiful and every path leads to some exciting trysting place.

The minute Helen set eyes on George Possell she thought he was grand but she was quite sure that he would never deign to notice her. After all she was just a girl. He was a man—twelve years her senior. She was only a struggling student with a voice that remained to be proven. He was a real musician with an already established career in many different orchestras.



## *From an Akron, Ohio, choir to radio success and the Metropolitan Opera House, the career of Helen Jepson reads like fiction*

She could worship him, it is true, but only from afar.

Helen was much too shy to seek him out. She merely nodded to him when they met after their first introduction and then she noticed that an amazing thing was happening. *He* was seeking her *out*. He questioned her about her plans for the future, told her stories of the great Galli-Curci (with whom he had been on tour), showed her how like is the flute to the human voice and gave her many valuable tips about voice placement and tonal quality. But all during that time she did not realize that his interest was anything more than the kindly interest of an older man in a talented young girl. In fact, she did not realize it for years.

After the Summer at Chautauqua Lake, Helen went to Philadelphia where she promptly won a musical scholarship and continued to win others for five years. This eventually led to a contract with the Philadelphia Opera Company, in which she sang both in Philadelphia and on tour.

**F**OR years George Possell was a part of her life. Their paths crossed many, many times, as is natural in musical circles, and each time she was with him, her admiration and respect for him grew. And as she became more sure of herself, more firmly implanted in the musical world, she began to realize that his feeling for her was something more than she had thought it to be that Summer at Chautauqua Lake.

It was this long friendship that made them so sure of each other when they married at last. Already they had proven their mutual capacity for companionship.

They knew in what direction the interest of each lay. And every time they were together they had new things to discuss. "We seem never to run out of conversation," she told me.

They were married in New York in the Little Church Around the Corner and went to Europe on an exciting and glamorous honeymoon. On the boat they gave a concert together—he accompanying her on the flute. Together they saw Italy, Spain, France. And, returning to America, they realized that they needed but one thing to complete their happiness.

The baby arrived after they had been married about a year and a half. Helen sang in opera, "The Secrets of Suzanne," six months before the baby was born. But she did not give up her study during the entire time before the baby's arrival. A week before Sally Patricia was born, Helen took a three-hour music lesson and two weeks afterwards she was studying again. So it's a pretty sure bet that Sally Patricia will be a musician.

Helen wanted to go back to professional work, but this was right in the midst of the depression and there was no work to be had. She tried every day to get an engagement, but even the most famous singers were unable to do so—so what chance did a girl as little known in New York as Helen have?

But she did have determination, and nothing—no discouragements—would stop her from studying. The famous Queena Mario took a great interest in her at this time and taught her. And always there was her husband to stand behind her (*Please turn to page 76*)

*Helen Jepson's love for George Possell, an able musician, has been a vital part of her life and her career.*

*Special for TOWER RADIO by Wide World*





The Candid Camera  
Views the  
**COMICS**



*All photos by R. H. Hoffman*

*Above, the duck salesman, Joe Penner, not only skyrocketed to fame but has also been able to continue as a headliner. After a summer vacation, Joe is as funny as ever.*



*Above, the one and only Jack Pearl with his personal friend and professional pal, Cliff Hall, Sharlie to you. They were snapped during a radio broadcast just after the Baront had told a terrible whopper. These two have held their high place in radio for over two years and are still going strong.*

*Right, the inimitable Jimmy Durante during a broadcast. His atcha-cha-cha has carried him from night clubs to vaudeville to musical comedy to movies to radio. But Jimmy is modest. He gives all credit to the Schnozzola for which he is famous.*





*TOWER RADIO makes canvass of the orchestra leaders and finds Paul Whiteman is their ideal bandmaster. Although music is their bread and butter, they're fans even as you and I*

# Their Favorite MAESTRO



Ray Lee Jackson



Wide World

Top, Paul Whiteman, now entitled to wear a high hat. Above, Abe Lyman.

**T**HE king still reigns! Long live the king!" Thus Paul Whiteman has been acclaimed by his fellow dance orchestra leaders anew, in a poll conducted by TOWER RADIO, as the authentic King of Jazz.

Almost every other throne in the world has tottered since jovial Paul the First laid claim to the musical crown. Even in the musical world many a doughty contender has arisen.

But in the opinion of those best qualified to know, his brother band leaders, King Paul still reigns supreme.

Many interesting sidelights were uncovered by the balloting, but most interesting of all is the disclosure that the maestros of popular music apparently suffer from classical yearnings, in spite of the more lucrative rewards in their own field.

This was indicated by the number who showed a personal preference for Arturo Toscanini, the Italian genius who wields the baton over the New York Philharmonic Orchestra in Carnegie Hall.

Some split their preference, indicating one favorite in the popular and another in the classical field. Among these was Leo Reis-

*Arturo Toscanini is the idol of serious minded orchestra leaders.*

man, who with engaging frankness, voted for himself in the popular field and for Dr. Karl Muck as his favorite classical conductor. Dr. Muck is the renowned German musician who for several years conducted the Boston Symphony Orchestra and is now retired living in Germany, where he has conducted at many of the famous Bayreuth Festivals.

Whiteman himself gave evidence that when he sits down before the loud speaker, he prefers the classics to jazz, naming as his favorite Leopold Stokowski who created quite a stir in musical circles last Winter when he presented his Philharmonic Orchestra in nightly fifteen minute programs of the works of the masters, under the Chesterfield sponsorship, with great success.

**I**N the popular field Abe Lyman and Guy Lombardo were runners-up to Whiteman. Lyman, whose "Melodiana" program is heard weekly over the Columbia network, like Whiteman, has made a name for himself in stage band and night club work, as well as on the air. Lombardo has built a solid following during his years on the White Owl program with Burns and Allen. He will be heard on another commercial program this Fall.

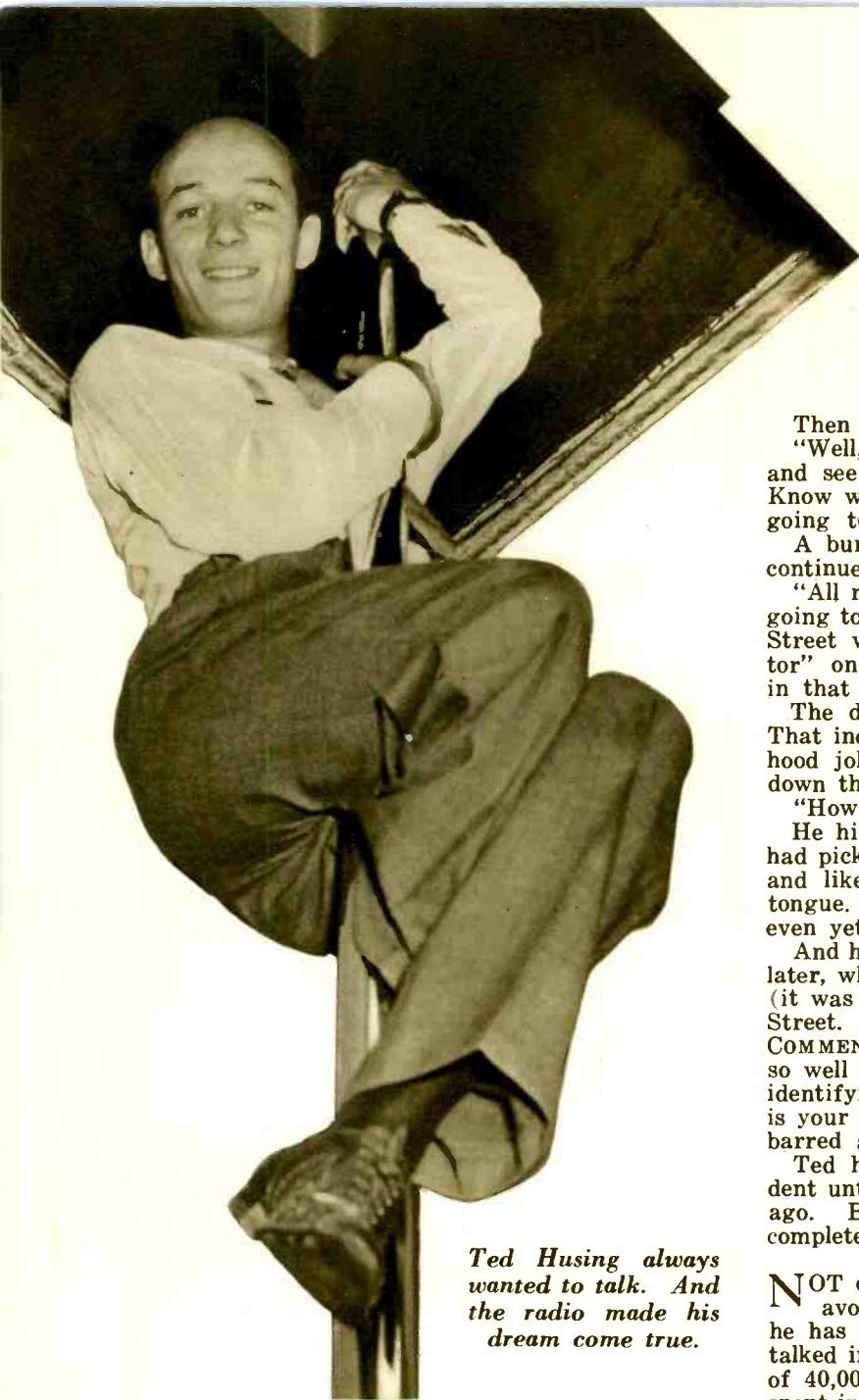
Some of the leaders merely indicated their choice, while others went into their reasons at length. Still others could not bring themselves to vote at all, for the orchestra leaders constitute a close knit fraternity, where a preference for one or the other is likely to cause wounded feelings.

Jack Denny was one of those who reasoned out his choice of Whiteman.

"Paul Whiteman is my (Please turn to page 75)







*Ted Husing always wanted to talk. And the radio made his dream come true.*

# Mile-a-Minute HUSING

*A fast worker is Ted, who has done more for sports in America than almost any other man*

By EDWARD SAMMIS

ONE summer afternoon not long ago in years, but a considerable time as measured by the world's change, a group of boys were sitting on a curbstone in that quiet uptown New York neighborhood near Columbia University, talking about what they were going to do when they grew up.

A lean and lanky youth listened with patient scorn while his buddies described the arduous and brilliant careers they had laid out for themselves.

Then he declared:

"Well, you boys can work if you want to. Go ahead and see where it gets you. I'm not going to work. Know what I'm going to do? I'm going to talk. I'm going to be a—commentator."

A burst of laughter broke from the boys. But he continued:

"All right. You can laugh if you want to. But I'm going to have an office some day on West Forty-second Street with the words "Edward Husing—Commentator" on the door. And people are going to walk in that door and pay me for talking."

The declaration was greeted by jeers and catcalls. That incident made Ted Husing the butt of neighborhood jokesters. They would yell at him as he went down the street.

"How's the commentator today?"

He himself hardly knew what the word meant. He had picked it up somewhere in his voluminous reading and liked the sound of it, rolling it around on his tongue. Radio, which was to make it a byword, wasn't even yet in its infancy.

And here is the curious and ironical fact. Some time later, when Ted Husing got his first radio job at WJZ (it was in 1925), his office was on West Forty-second Street. And although it didn't say "EDWARD HUSING—COMMENTATOR" on the door, he still liked the word so well that he used it for a number of years as his identifying phrase on the air, signing off with, "This is your commentator, Ted Husing," until the networks barred such phrases.

Ted himself had quite forgotten the boyhood incident until his mother reminded him of it a short time ago. But it is significant when one realizes how completely his boyhood ambition has been fulfilled.

NOT everyone would agree that he has succeeded in avoiding work. In the course of his radio career he has traveled to date some 400,000 miles. He has talked into a microphone only slightly less than a total of 40,000 hours. Of these, a goodly share have been spent in the nerve-racking business of sports and news broadcasting. In the early pioneer days of radio, he was often on the air for twelve hours a day.

That would be work—hard work—to some people. But not to Ted. He loves it, every minute of it, and wouldn't mind at all if he were still on the air every hour of the day.

He is happiest when he is in the thick of things, rushing from job to job, casting his impressions into words and spilling those words out in machine-gun style—radio's mile-a-minute man.

The luckiest thing that ever happened to Husing, as it turned out later, was the fact that he spent those boyhood years from the time he was twelve until he was seventeen in the neighborhood of Columbia University.

Famous figures of the athletic world, meeting him years later, could hardly believe that this was the same skinny kid who used to be known as the locker-room handy man and the locker-room nuisance.

It was, "Here, kid, catch this towel." And "Come on, boy, where are those oars?"

Whatever the sport, Husing was always around, an unofficial mascot, a hanger-on, always in the way, but with ears wide open, picking up the lingo and the background, especially of the minor sports which he was later to do so much to popularize over the air.

But he did not stay put (*Please turn to page 50*)



*The radio humorist plots  
another ideal all-day program  
for those who can take it*

By  
RAYMOND KNIGHT

# *Microphonics*

**T**HIS column comes to you through the courtesy of the Clere-Vue Back Scratcher Company, makers of the back-scratcher which sees all, knows all and scratches all. Every Clere-Vue Scratcher is equipped with a full-sized chromium periscope which allows you not only to watch while you are probing but also tells you if anyone is talking behind your back.

Start from scratch with a Clere-Vue this month! No more itch-hiking! No more scratching your next door neighbor by mistake! Simply adjust the patented periscope, grasp your Clere-Vue securely and dig in for the Winter.

The Clere-Vue Musical Back Scratchers now play the current success—"I've Got An Niche in the Hall of Fame."

## 8:15-9:00—For Ladies Only

This month I am answering a problem thrown at me by Mrs. Thaddeus Thrimble of Water Tower, Nebraska, who writes—"Dear Mr. Knight: I live miles from the nearest town, so I never visit a beauty parlor. I'm getting older every year and I want to take the wrinkles out of my face. How can I do it inexpensively at home?"

In response to this heart-rending appeal, I herewith give my solution:

### "How to Lift Your Own Face"

FIRST SIT DOWN AT YOUR DRESSING TABLE AND LOOK AT YOUR FACE IN THE MIRROR. AFTER YOU RECOVER FROM THE SHOCK, TAKE AN INDELIBLE PENCIL AND MARK CROSSES ON ALL THE LINES WHICH YOU WISH TO REMOVE FROM YOUR FACE. THEN LOOK IN THE MIRROR AGAIN AND ENJOY A GOOD LAUGH. IT WILL PROBABLY BE THE LAST ONE YOU WILL HAVE FOR SOME TIME. NEXT TAKE YOUR FACE AND REST IT, CHIN DOWN ON THE EDGE OF YOUR DRESSING TABLE. AN ORDINARY CLAMP, SUCH AS FASTENS YOUR MEAT CHOPPER TO THE KITCHEN TABLE IS NOW USED TO CLAMP THE FACE TO THE TABLE SO THAT IT WILL NOT MOVE AT THE WRONG TIME AND, FOR EXAMPLE, LIFT THE NOSE OVER THE EYE. WITH THE FACE THUS WELL SECURED, WE NOW BRING (Please turn to page 86)

*You know the blues singer. She has a husky voice, a svelte figure and can make a mike whimper with one sad song.*



*Drawing by D. B. Holcomb*



# Blasted into FAME



Ray Lee Jackson

**T**HE *Graf Waldersee*, one day out from Hamburg, lurched like a drunken sailor.

In the steerage, yellow with the glow of dim swinging bulbs, a youngster lay huddled in a bunk. He had been very ill, but now he rose from the bunk, rummaged through the family bundles, and fished up his violin. It had brought him good food in the past, at weddings and parties, and even in the orchestra of a Cossack regiment. The formula was simple. When people saw a little boy with a violin they asked him to play—then they gave him things to eat.

The boy climbed the narrow steps to the deck above. He could hear the clatter of dishes and hum of conversation in the great first class dining-room. The *Graf Waldersee* had no orchestra to drown such noise. The boy sneaked into the room and flattened himself against the wall.

It was a lady at the captain's table who noticed him first, noticed his dark, frightened eyes darting about, the intensity with which he clutched his violin case.

"Young man," she said in German, "will you favor us with a tune?"

The boy played. Slowly the hubbub ceased. People

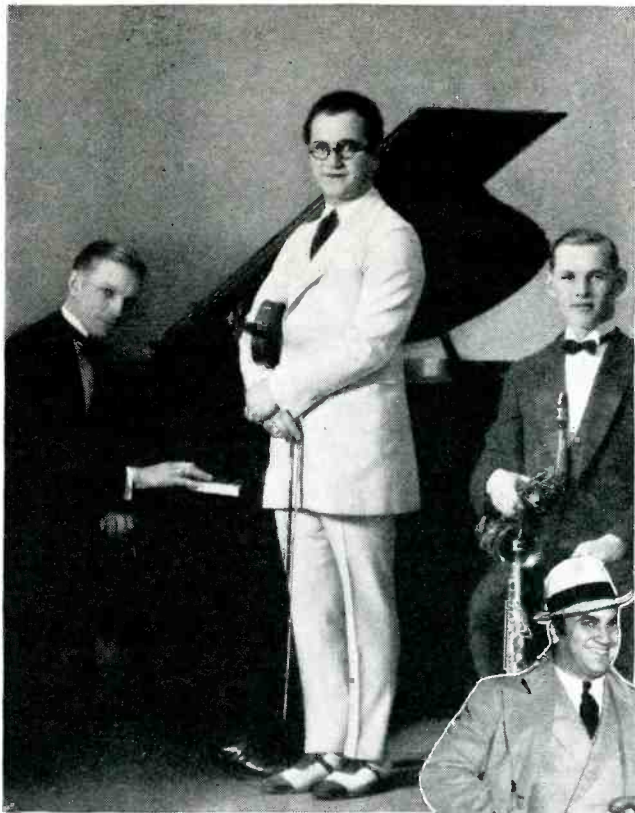


Above, the birthplace of David Rubinoff in Grodno, Russia, which is now Poland. Left, Rubinoff during his early professional years in Pittsburgh.



Stedford





Lee Bros.

Rubinoff with two of the ten-piece orchestra which he organized in St. Paul.

put down knives and forks to listen. It may not have been great music that they heard but it was good music played with passion and fervor.

Passengers crowded about the boy.

"Wunderbar, wunderbar!" cried the captain, who was broad and florid, "wunderbar! What is your name?"

"David Rubinoff," the boy replied, shy now that he was not playing.

"Are you traveling alone?"

"No, sir. My father and mother are on board, and my younger brother."

"Where are they?"

"In the steerage, sir."

"Oh."

There was a pause. The lady who had invited young David to play broke it.

"Your parents should feel proud of their son," she said kindly. Then she asked, "How old are you, my boy?" She used the familiar *du*.

"Fourteen."

The captain put his hand on the boy's shoulder. "Come and play for us in the evenings. We will be very pleased to hear you."

The next time David came, he brought his brother Phil. Phil played the balalaika, a stringed instrument as popular among the Russian masses as the ukulele was in this country a short time ago. They played duets—and ate first class food—fresh eggs, butter and white bread.

Thus David Rubinoff discovered his violin was a veritable "Open Sesame" from the steerage to the first class for him and his family. Many times through the years the charm worked as potently as it had that evening on the *Graf Walderssee*. In Rubinoff's hands

*They call him the violinist of the masses but he was ribbed into popularity by Eddie Cantor. Every "knock" was a boost!*

By  
BOB FABER



De Haven Bros.

Rubinoff with the act which took him from obscurity to fame. Left, Dave and Eddie Cantor.

the violin was a magic key to fame, to fortune, and to national distinction that reached a climax when he stood in the White House in 1932 and was greeted by President Hoover. It brought him the keys to seventeen cities presented by as many mayors, and the adulation of millions listening to him on the radio or in the theaters. That violin in his hands was indeed an "Open Sesame" from the steerage of life to the first class.

DAVID RUBINOFF was born in Grodno, Russia, now Poland, September 3, 1897. His father, Rubin, worked in a tobacco factory, his mother operated a laundry mangle in addition to taking care of her family of seven. The family was wretchedly poor, and father Rubinoff tried to augment his meagre factory earnings by driving a horse and carriage in the evenings. Such activity was typical of the enterprise which the Rubinoff's passed on to their children.

The family possessions were few, but among such essentials as beds, chairs, and clothing was the luxury of a balalaika. First brother Herman played it. He was the oldest. Charles and Phil played it too, but no one could pluck from those mute strings the wierd harmonies, the wild, barbaric gypsy tunes, the sombre and profound Russian melodies, that seemed to spring from David's charmed fingertips.

Gottfried, the violin teacher, heard him. Day after day the teacher walked past the Rubinoff dwelling, and at every visit heard more startling improvisations. Gottfried knew the Rubinoff family as he knew every other family in town. He spoke to the father.

Rubin shook his head. "Musicians and writers starve," he said. "Besides, (Please turn to page 71)



# Give the Little

*She loved the radio comic but refused to be a microphone doormat. So she staged a rebellion*

By

STEWART ROBERTSON

**N**O!" cried Oswald Bagg with outraged vehemence as he ramped around a rehearsal room at the Faranear Broadcasting Company. "Do you think I've gone squiffy? Absolutely, for the last time, I say no!"

For an instant Miss Brenda Varenne compressed her fulsome lips to a mutinous scarlet line, then she relaxed with a despairing sigh. After all, Oswald was just a great big boy, even though his critics did use nouns that were more descriptive.

"I—I thought you loved me," she said faintly.

"But I do," Mr. Bagg assured her. "I worship you, and after we're married I'm prepared to come across with everything a comic's wife should have, but I will NOT let you pull any gags on my radio hour. That's my dish, and any change would be futile, especially seeing that women have no sense of humor."

An innocent bystander, after a casual glance at Mr. Bagg, would have absolved Brenda of any such cardinal sin. The comedian's face, on which the features had been assembled by a slightly inexpert hand, was scarcely one which a vibrant brunette would choose to have leering at her over the morning coffee unless she possessed a flair for the ridiculous, but he rattled on with bland persistence.

"MY stars, darling, I should think it would be glory enough to be associated with me for good old Frozone Refrigerators without always making such a blather over every new script. I'm big-hearted. Don't I let you work with me right through my comedy crossfire?"

"Crossfire!" seethed Brenda. "That means an even break, so you know it can't be that. Stooging, that's what it is!"

"Sweetheart, you're so ravishing——"

"But still a stooge," said Miss Varenne bitterly. "A feeder. Ugh! If you think I'm going to grow into one of those wives who floats up witty lobs for her husband to smash all over the studio, chalk your cue and try again. I don't have to stooge—I'm a real person!"

Mr. Bagg bobbed his carrotty head. "Of course you are. The best little steam-heated contralto on the whole Faranear system. That's why I allow you to sing two numbers on every program."

"Then if I'm so good, give me a third."

"Listen," said the comedian piteously, "what's all this boring from within about? First you want gags, which I interpret as a slur at my ability, then you want more numbers. It would destroy the delicate balance of the hour, spongecake, not to mention cutting into my time, and anyhow, my public wouldn't stand for it."

"Then I'll make you a present of all my time," flashed Brenda, dusting her nose to acquire courage. "I'm through. For some obscure reasons, Oswald, I'm in love with you, but I refuse to be a doormat. Here's news—I've been invited to go on the air three times weekly for the new Stitch-In-Time Face Lifting Parlors. They'll give me my own orchestra, but they want my entire services, so I'll ask you to release me from my contract."





# Girl a BAND

OSWALD wheezed like a steam shovel in rough going. Like many another star, the thought that any of his supporting cast might be afflicted with the germ of genius had never occurred to him, and the chance of losing even artistic touch with his gifted fiancée threw him into a panic. To camouflage this he fell back on what he chose to call his dignity.

"Sorry," he said loftily after several impressive ahems and grunts, "but it's out of the question. Your radio contract is made with me, personally, and I won't let you go. First, because I'll admit your loss would weaken the program; secondly, because wrinkle repairing isn't as noble as refrigeration, and therefore unworthy of the one I lahhve."

"Very well," said the little singer. "No release, no wedding."

With great presence of mind, Mr. Bagg pretended not to be listening, and plunged into reading the script, making excited whining noises like a puppy who finds himself in the midst of a thousand entrancing smells.

"Heh-heh-heh," he chortled. "Not bad, not bad at all. I dropped a hint or two to that gagman, Pete Wrench, as is my custom, and darned if he hasn't worked up my ideas pretty well. Get this—you say to me that I must be a very important man, and I say that all my people were that way, especially my grandfather, who had ten thousand men under him, and you say what was he, and I—heheh—I crack that he was a cemetery watchman. Comical, I call it." Miss Varenne drew an expressive finger across her creamy throat, and realized for the first time that some spinsters remain in that state on purpose.

"No release, no wedding," she chanted.

"You'll like this one better," continued the stubborn Oswald. "You say to me that you hear my girl is very fair and has a mind of her own—that's just in the script, y'understand—and when I pull the cork I say yes, you might call her a decided blonde."

"Your girl happens to be dark and devilish," said Brenda icily, "No re—"

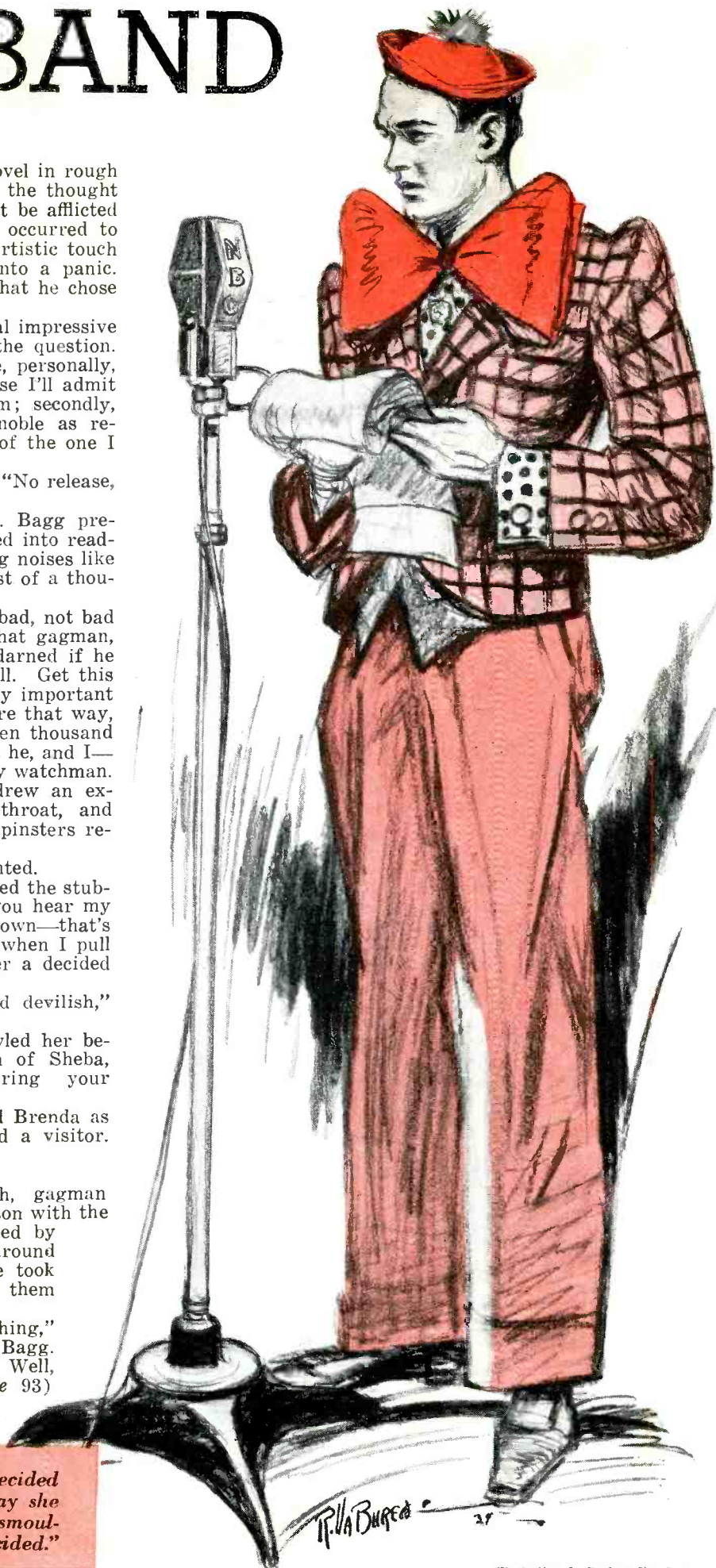
"That won't get you a thing!" bawled her beloved. "Not if you were the Queen of Sheba, down on your knees and wearing your pinkest—"

"Don't be indelicate, darling," cooed Brenda as the click of the door latch announced a visitor. "There's a gentleman present."

THE entry of Mr. Peter Wrench, gagman extraordinary, and an irascible person with the eye of a hanging judge, was welcomed by both contestants. They fluttered around him, showering compliments, until he took refuge behind a piano and glared at them suspiciously.

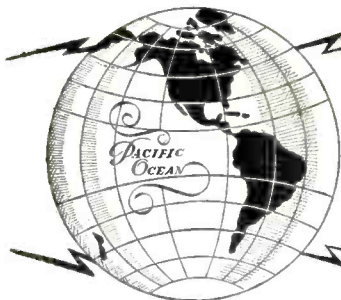
"Looks as though you want something," he declared with a scowl toward Mr. Bagg. "More and better jibes, I suppose. Well, I've got better (Please turn to page 93)

"My girl is what you call a decided blonde," quipped Oswald. "I'll say she is," agreed Brenda, as the comic smoldered, "I was there when she decided."



Illustrations by Raeburn Van Buren





# SHORT WAVE

*The lure of "pulling" radio stations across oceans and continents continues to build army of DX fans*

By Captain HORACE L. HALL

*Foremost authority on short wave in America.*

## New Stations on the Air

**F**ALL is here! New stations are on the air. Some are heard and then there are others that we know are under construction and will be logged probably any day.

Before we speak about the newcomers let us briefly discuss reception conditions for the past few months. Never before have fans spent so many hectic hours at short wave receivers. Even the "foreign locals", i.e., England, Germany, France and Spain were far from consistent. There were days when even these extremely high-powered stations were hardly heard in New York and throughout the United States. All listeners will agree that the usual clear, steady reception known as "summer reception," fell far below our expectations. This condition was keenly noticeable between the hours of 14:00 and 21:30 G.M.T., or in other words, when the sun started to sink into the West, the signals coming from the East only *began* to be heard. Reception of any of the foreigners was "out" during the afternoon. It has been stated in previous articles that spots appearing on the sun may have caused this unusual condition.

England and Germany, sadly affected by heat waves, blossomed forth when August turned the corner and September came into view.

During the Summer we had some very unusual reception, not of the European stations, but the Asiatics. Every morning, if you rose early enough you could hear "that Jap" on 27.93 meters. When we say "that Jap" that is exactly what we mean. He was always on, sometimes with weak signal strength and then again, very



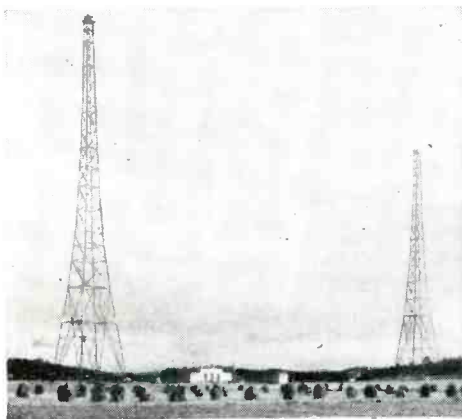
good. I have never heard him give any call letters, but correspondents, who understand code say that this Oriental has definitely been identified as JVM. You incredulous listeners, with either a short wave receiver or an all-wave outfit, try some morning at 5:30 to 7:00 A.M., E.S.T. You will undoubtedly hear him. For the present he has discarded the gongs and bells that always announced to the listener the termination of

one selection and the beginning of another. One morning I tuned in JVM and a Japanese play was the attraction. For exactly the entire period that the station was on, two men talked continuously. A woman's voice broke the monotony. She would say just about one word and be gone. If I had understood that language, I might have "enjoyed" the program.

Way back in the early part of June a Japanese station was logged on 7880 KC. Although it was a known fact, among short wave verification collectors, that the "J" stations had refused to verify any and all reports sent to them, one fan, who did not know this, wrote them a letter and asked for a "veri." Lo! and behold! In the course of time along came the veri. A letter. Just this one listener's bit-of-luck swept like wild fire and before very long, every fan who heard the J's wrote. I can just imagine the (*Please turn to page 68*)

*The DX fan loves to reach across the globe for his music. Below, a German symphony orchestra plays for the world at large in the Zeesen station at Munich.*

Willy Waiteker, Munich

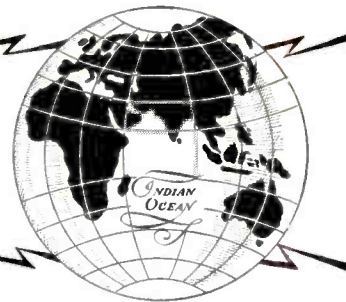


*Have you heard Stockholm, Sweden, over your short wave set? Above is a recent picture of the station and its antenna.*





# DEPARTMENT



## Late DX News

**M**IKE MICKELSON, Minneapolis, Minn., sent us some information on what the writer considers a fine catch. This fan says that he listened to a carrier for twenty-seven minutes before anything was said and then, "VPD testing, stand by." This was on about twenty-two meters. The call book lists this as: Suva, Viti Levu, Fiji Islands.

Leonard F. Reading, London, England, informs us that the United States short wave transmissions are now being heard very satisfactorily, but the forty-nine-meter band is still very poor.

VQ7LO, 49.5 meters, Nairobi, Kenya Colony, Africa, was always considered a summer catch, but as reception conditions are just the opposite to what they were, we may hear this low-powered station this winter.

RV15, 70.2 meters, Khabarovsk, U.S.S.R., is a winter station for the listeners in the eastern part of the United States. Reports from fans on the west coast tell us that this station has been heard all through the Summer from 3 A.M. to 7 A.M., E.S.T.

Javanese commercial phone stations have been very active this season and undoubtedly will also be heard during the next few months. Reception of these Far East stations depends largely on the wavelength and the time of day they are in operation.

CP5, La Paz, Bolivia, South America, is back on the air regularly from 8 to 9 P.M., E.S.T., on a frequency of 6080 KC. or 49.3 meters.

The lure of pulling a station's program over oceans and continents will never lose its appeal to the real DXer. Here are a few stations that we will all be after this Winter. These extremely low-powered Java stations will certainly

test the tuning ability of old and young in this popular sport of tracking short waves to their lair. Here they are! Soerabaia on 49 meters will shift to 67 meters with a power of 1000 watts. Batavia on 70 meters went to 124 meters with an increase of power to 10 KW. Semarang on 69 meters will shift to 122.2 meters with 150 watts and they have already installed a new aerial mast, one hundred and eighty feet high.

The only information we have on the Shanghai, China, stations is that XQHA has a transmitter on 53 meters relaying the long wave station. XQHC on 1300 KC. said some months ago that they would have a 5 KW. short wave outfit on the air in the near future.

For those who are interested in logging amateur stations, just to prove their DX ability, we give them this hint. VK3ZX, Australia, transmits a regular Sunday program on 7000 KC. from 1:30 to 3 A.M., E.S.T. Records are played and the operator announces each item together with station call and the slogan, "Voice of the South." The power is 25 watts. He sends out a card with a kangaroo on it (not a live one).

VK3LR, 31.31 meters, Melbourne, Australia, broadcasts programs transmitted by National stations between the hours of 3 and 8 A.M., E.S.T.

From a verification received from Ruyssede, Belgium, we learn that ORK, 29.04 meters is using 9 KW. power. The program which (*Please turn to page 68*)



QRA RADIO RUYSSLEDE BELGIUM  
West Flanders

To Mr. Captain J. S. Hall  
The Clifford E. Denton  
Trophy Committee, 280 Broadway  
New York N.Y.

**QSL**

WE **ORK**

UR QRK OF OUR XMITTER **ORK**

QRH 29.04 M. Mny tks.

INPUT 20 Kwatts.

ON Sept. 22<sup>nd</sup> 1933 AT 3 P.M.

BEL RADIO

*Like other DX fans you probably collect veris, or verifications, sent by foreign broadcasting stations to verify the reception of their programs. Above, the veri from QSL, in Belgium.*

*Left, Mrs. D. R. D. Wadia, wife of a Bombay, India, barrister and an enthusiastic short wave fan. Hunts American stations when she isn't hunting big game.*



# ASK

## The VOICE OF EXPERIENCE

*The world turns to him for advice and counsel. Why not you?*

By

VOICE OF EXPERIENCE

**A**LTHOUGH I was supposed to be "on vacation" until I returned to the Columbia Network on September 10th, I imagine some of my readers would consider mine a strange vacation indeed.

During the six weeks I was off the air, I wrote two new books to be offered in connection with my broadcasts this Fall, dictated hundreds of pages of manuscript while stretched out on the sands of Atlantic City's beautiful beach; made personal appearances four and five times daily for one week at the Earle Theatre in Washington, D. C., followed that with a week's engagement at the Steel Pier in Atlantic City, and then appeared at the Hippodrome in Baltimore! It's a good thing I enjoy my work or this would have been anything but a vacation for me.

But I really derived a lot of pleasure out of the trip and incidentally was afforded the opportunity of getting some good laughs at my own expense.

One of the requests made of the theaters where I was to appear this Summer was that I be given "dignified publicity." Either my idea of the meaning of the word dignified is askew, or else the publicity agents at the different theaters had a subtle sense of humor. For example—one theater had booked little Shirley Temple's new picture for the week I was to be there, and here is the way the big electric sign in front of the theater read:

IN PERSON—THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE  
BABY TAKE A BOW

But that was mild compared to the billing at the Steel Pier. This institution is known for its display of monstrosities, but I was not prepared for the big sign which said to all who looked:

"Come in and see our Freaks—

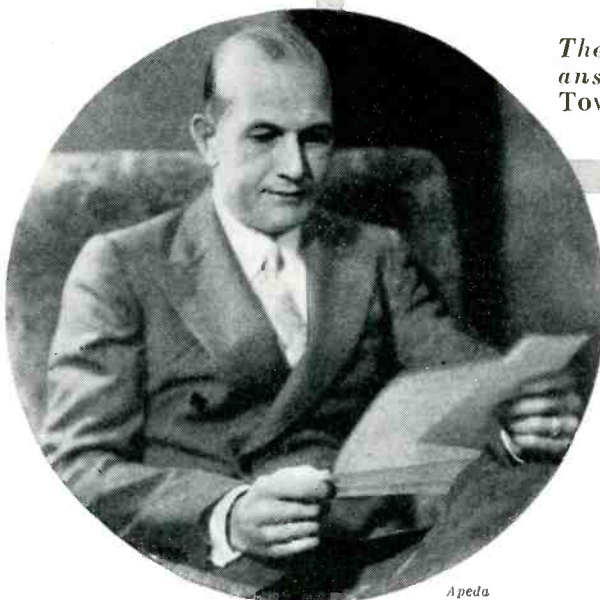
The Sea Serpent

The Haunted Castle

The Sea Elephant

The Voice of Experience!"

It is evidently fortunate for me that I do not take myself too seriously. When I went to Baltimore, I told the management of the peculiar billing I had received



Apeda

### 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.

*The Voice of Experience answers problems for TOWER RADIO exclusively.*

and asked that I be shown just a little more consideration. This was agreed upon and I felt easier until I caught my first glimpse of a bit of banner swinging across Utah Avenue in front of the theater. It announced my personal appearances and the new Wheeler-Woolsey comedy being shown on the screen. But here is how the sign read:

In Person

The Voice of Experience

Wheeler and Woolsey  
"Cockeyed Cavaliers"

If any more such announcements were made, I thought probably I would get a tactful request from my radio sponsors to come back to New York and go into hiding once more.

But enough about myself—let me turn now to the stack of letters asking for reply and see if I can find some that will prove interesting, not only to the senders, but to all of my readers.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE: Will you please discuss the thing they call "homesickness"? What really is "homesickness"? Does it come naturally when one is away from home? How can it be prevented and cured?

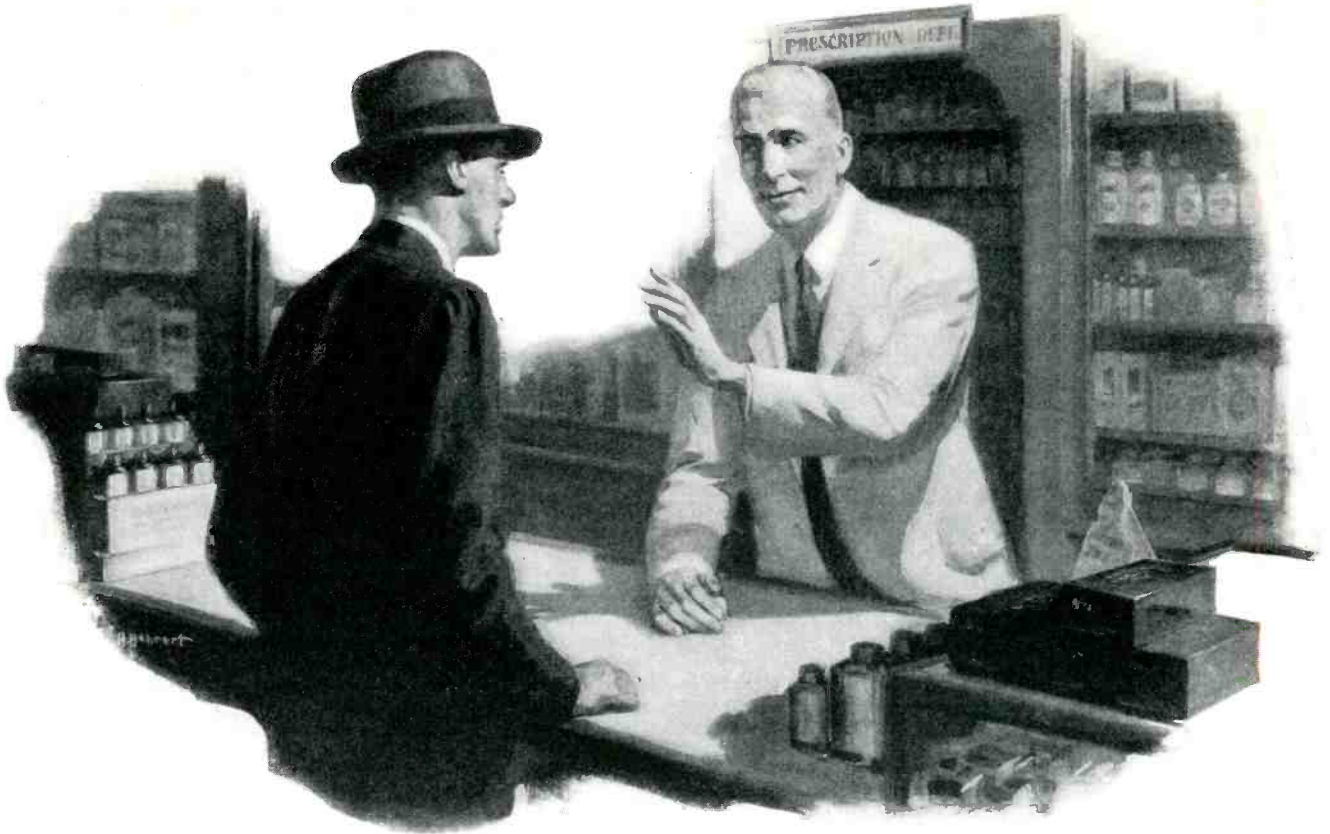
This may seem like a silly lot of questions to ask, but I am sure it is worth while. I expect to leave in a month for a distant town. I never thought of "homesickness" until a friend, to whom I spoke about my trip said, "Gosh, I hope you won't get homesick." And signed, "Bud."

ANSWER: I believe, Bud, that I discussed this thing called "homesickness" in a recent issue of TOWER RADIO. Evidently you must have missed this article.

If you experience "homesickness," it is a certain indication that you are not emotionally mature for your age—that you are not as self-sufficient as you should be, but are afraid to go away (*Please turn to page 80*)



# Appendicitis Warnings



*I can give it to you, of course. But if I were you I wouldn't take anything for it without the advice of a doctor. Those abdominal pains may mean appendicitis."*

THE symptoms of appendicitis vary. Almost always, continued pain and tenderness in the abdomen are the first indications of an acutely inflamed appendix. Of course, not all intestinal aches are caused by appendicitis, but anyone who has continued, unrelieved abdominal pain, especially if it is accompanied by nausea or vomiting, needs competent medical attention at the earliest possible moment and not self-medication.

If it is appendicitis the use of a laxative is dangerous. It stimulates violent intestinal action and may spread the inflammation, cause the appendix to rupture, or induce peritonitis. Moreover, the sufferer should not be given food, drugs or medicine of any kind unless prescribed by the attending physician.

Send for your doctor immediately if there is any suspicion of appendicitis. In making his diagnosis he may find it necessary to make one or more blood cell counts or to observe your temperature for a few hours, keeping you quietly in bed under close observation.

Your doctor may decide that the attack does not clearly denote appendicitis and can be relieved without an operation. But if it is a clear case of acute appendicitis, he will probably recommend an operation within the shortest possible time.

Performed by an expert surgeon, early in the attack, before the appendix has burst or peritonitis has begun, an operation for acute appendicitis should cause little concern.



**METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY**

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

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

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# Programs You'll Want to Hear

**T**HIS list of your favorite programs is as accurate as we can make it as we go to press, but we cannot be responsible for any changes in schedule. All time given is Eastern Standard Time. CBS stands for the Columbia Broadcasting System, NBC stands for the National Broadcasting Company. Stations connected with NBC-WEAF belong to the so-called red network; stations connected with NBC-WJZ belong to blue network.

## Popular Variety Programs

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

**Adventures of Gracie**—With George Burns and Gracie Allen; orchestra. (White Owl Cigar Co.) 9:30 P.M., Wednesday, CBS.

**Armco Ironmaster Program**—Fifty-piece orchestra under the direction of Frank Simon; guest artists; Bennett Chapple, narrator. 6:30 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

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

**Armour Program**—Floyd Gibbons, master of ceremonies; Irene Beasley, blues singer; Mabel Albertson; Roy Shields' orchestra. (Armour Co.) 9:30 P.M., Friday, NBC-WJZ.

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

**Bowes Capitol Family**—With Major Bowes; Waldo Mayo, conductor and violinist; Tom McLaughlin, baritone; Nicholas Consentino, tenor; Hannah Klein, pianist; The Guardsmen. 11:30 A.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

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

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

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

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

**California Melodies**—Raymond Paige's orchestra; Kay Thompson and the Rhythm Kings; guest stars. 10:30 P.M., Friday, CBS.

**Campana Program**—To be decided. (Campana Sales Co.) 6:30 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

**Dennis King and Louis Katzman's Orchestra**—Musical programs with dramatic scenes from famous plays. (Enna Jettick Shoe Co.) 10:00 P.M., Wednesday, NBC-WJZ.

**Dreams Come True**—Barry McKinley, baritone; Ray Sanatra's orchestra. (Procter and Gamble Co.) 3:00 P.M., Monday, Wednesday and Thursday, NBC-WEAF.

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

**Forty-five Minutes in Hollywood**—Mark Warnow's orchestra; radio preview of new movies; Cal Yorke interviewing movie guest stars. (Borden Co.) 10:00 P.M., Thursday, CBS.

**Gems of Melody**—Special featured soloists; orchestra. (Father John's Medicine Co.) 7:15 P.M., Thursday, NBC-WEAF.

**Gulf Headliners**—Variety program emanating from European points. (Gulf Refining Co.) 9:00 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

**Hall of Fame**—Guest orchestras. (Lehn & Fink Products Co.) 10:00 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

**Hollywood Hotel**—Series written by J. P. McAvoy; Dick Powell; Louella Parsons and guest film stars; William O'Neal; Muzzy Marcellino; Ted Fioreto and his orchestra; Rowene Williams elevated to stardom in nationwide auditions. (Campbell Soup Co.) 10:30 P.M., Friday, CBS.

**House by the Side of the Road**—Musical and dramatic program featuring Tony Wons. (S. C. Johnson & Son Company) 5:30 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

**Jello Program**—Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone; orchestra. (General Foods Co.) 7:00 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

**Lavender and Old Lace**—Muriel Wilson, soprano; Frank Munn, tenor; Gustav Haenschen orchestra; Ohman and Arden, piano duo. (Bayer Co.) 8:00 P.M., Tuesday, CBS.

**Let's Listen to Harris**—Phil Harris and his orchestra; Leah Ray, blues singer; guest stars; William Wirges orchestra. (B. T. Babbitt Co.) 1:30 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

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

**Manhattan Merry-Go-Round**—Tamara, Russian blues singer; David Percy, baritone; Men About Town;

orchestra under direction of Jacques Renard (R. L. Watkins Co.) 9:00 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

**Maxwell House Show Boat**—Cap'n Henry (Charles Winninger); Lanny Ross, tenor; Annette Hanshaw, blues singer; Lois Bennett, soprano; Molasses 'n' January; Gustav Haenschen's Orchestra (Maxwell House Coffee) 9:00 P.M., Thursday, NBC-WEAF.

**Maybelline Musical Romance**—Harry Daniel's Orchestra; Don Mario Alvarez, soloist; guest movie stars (Maybelline Co.) 3:30 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

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

**Radio City Party**—John B. Kennedy as master of ceremonies interviewing radio's outstanding stars; orchestra under direction of Frank Black (Radio-tron Co.) 9:00 P.M., Saturday, NBC-WJZ.

**Raymond Knight and his Cuckoos**—with Mary McCoy; Jack Arthur; The Sparklers; Robert Armbruster's Orchestra (A.C. Spark Plug Co.) 10:00 P.M., Saturday, NBC-WEAF.

**Roxy and his Gang**—with Roxy acting as master of ceremonies (Fletcher's Castoria Co.) 8:00 P.M., Saturday, CBS.

**Richard Himber and His Studebaker Champions**—Richard Himber's Orchestra; Joey Nash, tenor (Studebaker Sales Corp.) 7:00 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

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

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

**Smith Brothers Program**—to be decided—9:00 P.M., Saturday, NBC-WEAF.

**Summer Interlude**—Lud Gluskin's Orchestra; Henrietta Schumann, pianist; The Three Marshalls, mixed harmony team (Ex-Lax Co.) 8:30 P.M., Monday, CBS.

**Texaco Program**—Starring Ed Wynn, the Fire Chief; orchestra (Texas Co.) 9:30 P.M., Tuesday, NBC-WEAF.

**Town Hall Tonight**—Fred Allen, comedian; Songsmith Quartette; Lennie Hayton's Orchestra (Bristol-Myers Co.) 9:00 P.M., Wednesday, NBC-WEAF.

**Ward's Family Theater**—Buddy Rogers and Jeanie Lang; Three Rascals; Roger's Orchestra (Ward Baking Co.) 9:00 P.M., Sunday, CBS (after Oct. 7th, shifts to 7:30 P.M., same evening).

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

**Paul Whiteman and his Orchestra**—Guest artists (Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corp.) 10:00 P.M., Thursday, NBC-WEAF.

## Dance Bands

**Buddy Rogers**—12:00 midnight; Tuesday and Friday, NBC-WJZ and (Please turn to page 95)

## With the Airliners

Kate Smith always takes a fresh stick of gum and a drink of ice-water just before her opening announcement . . . Frances Langford's hobby is going to the movies . . . Harry Richman is a vegetarian . . . And Vee Lawnhurst loves grapefruit . . . Elizabeth Lennox, the contralto, is married and has an eight-year-old son . . . Among Ralph Kirbery's odd jobs before he became well known as the Dream Singer: editor of the first telephone book for a mushroom Texas town of 500, called Ranger . . . Buddy Rogers got a lot of telegrams when he opened his new radio series . . . The tersest was "Luck. Lopez," while Lennie Hayton wired: "May your down beat never waver, old kid" . . . The Bing Crosbys named their twins Phillip Lang Crosby and Dennis Michael Crosby . . . Jack Smart is Cousin Willoughby on Fred Allen's program . . . Everett Marshall plays the title role in a musical version of "Cyrano de Bergerac" on Broadway this Fall.



# Seven Years Apart — Yet Both have Skin equally Young

Beautiful Vanderbilts examined  
by Dermatologist for Skin Age  
... both get 20-Year-Old Rating



*Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt*

famed for her brunette beauty. Her skin was rated by the dermatologist as being practically the same as it was eight years ago. Mrs. Vanderbilt says: "The thorough cleansing Pond's Cold Cream gives keeps my skin clear—fine-pored—seems to wipe away tired lines."

*Miss Frederica Vanderbilt Webb*

is an enchanting young blonde with a skin exquisitely fair. The dermatologist declares it to be "a perfect skin of twenty." She says: "I've never had a coarse pore, blackhead, or blemish. I'm sure this is due to Pond's Cold Cream."

**YOUNG** skin is firm and fine of texture—its color clear—glowing—radiant.  
**OLD** skin is loose, lined, crêpy—its texture is thick and coarse—its color dull—sallow—dark.

These conditions, dermatologists report, are due to loss of tone—impaired vasomotor circulation—failure of glands to produce youth-sustaining oils.

When the two charming Vanderbilts, pictured above, were examined by a dermatologist, their rating was the same. In

actual age, they are seven years apart.

Both of these two noted society beauties are faithful users of Pond's Cold Cream. Could there be more convincing proof that this cream actually keeps the skin young—the young skin at the height of its loveliness?

Cleanse your skin with Pond's Cold Cream every night. Pat it in briskly. It will sink into the pores—float away impurities that linger there. And every morning freshen your skin with this fragrant luxurious cream.

Then your skin will look alluringly

young—clear—silken. Powder and make-up will smooth on evenly and lastingly.

### New quick-melting cream

Pond's now makes a liquefying cream. It melts instantly on the skin. It contains the same specially processed oils for which Pond's Cold Cream is famous.

Send coupon for a 3 days' supply of Pond's Cold Cream, 3 other Pond's effective beauty aids and powder.

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. L, 48 Hudson Street, New York City . . . I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for a 3 days' supply of Pond's Cold Cream with samples of 3 other Pond's beauty aids. I prefer three different Light shades of powder  I prefer three different Dark shades

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
Copyright, 1934 Pond's Extract Company



Test your skin for these age signs. Your mirror will tell its true age. Specially Processed Oils in this cream correct Skin Faults

### CORRECTS SKIN FAULTS USUAL in the 20's



Roughness      Blackheads and large pores      Dryness

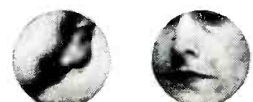


Laughter lines      Little defects

### FIGHTS OFF AGE SIGNS USUAL after 30



Crêpy skin      Worry lines      Sallowiness



Sagging tissues      Discolorations



# Mile-a-Minute Husing

(Continued from page 34)



Ted Husing and Les Quailey

With the mechanical apparatus they use in football broadcasts

long. All during his boyhood the family had been on the move. His father was a restaurateur who frequently changed the place of his business.

After a few years at Stuyvesant and Commercial High Schools, Ted began to get the itch to roam again. With one of his pals he set out to bum around the country, heading with sublime unconcern for any place there was anything exciting going on, the floods at Galveston, Texas, or the auto races at Indianapolis.

Once during the war he got into an aviation squadron at Pensacola, Florida, until they found out how young he was. Again his enthusiasm for aviation got him into the first air squadron of the New York police force where he helped build the planes, worked as a mechanic, did some flying; everything there was to be done.

Before long, however, it became necessary for him to turn his attention seriously to making some money. There wasn't anyone around just then who seemed willing to pay money to hear him talk. So he became—of all things—a dance instructor.

"It all worked out naturally," he said. "In those days we had a lot of neighborhood social clubs. One of them, I remember, was called the Red Onion. We used to go to a different one every night, dancing for cups and prizes. Jimmy Cagney used to go around with us, and Jimmy Dunn and George Raft. I found that I had the knack of teaching people steps. And pretty soon they offered to pay me for it.

"I used to ply a lively curbstone traffic out in front of the dance halls. Then the Charleston came in and I was made. I went down to Florida in the wintertime and taught the Charleston at the St. Petersburg Coli-

seum, one of the biggest in the world. On the side I also had a fat man's class in physical instruction."

Finally he drifted back to New York, got married and felt that the time had come to settle down into some kind of steady and sensible job. He tried, but his gift of gab was still so good that he managed to talk himself into and out of every job he tackled.

He was, in rapid succession, a payroll clerk with a steam company, a

life insurance salesman and a floor-walker for a furniture company.

THEN one day he saw an ad in a newspaper that WJZ wanted an announcer. There were only six hundred and ten other applicants, but that didn't even give him pause. His chance to be paid for talking was in view at last.

In the finals he "ad libbed" for three-quarters of an hour, describing the Shenandoah disaster, about which he knew only what he had picked up from the papers, into a dead mike. He got the job!

Husing was the fifth and last to join the staff of WJZ of probably the greatest crew of name announcers ever assembled. The others were Norman Brokenshire, Milton Cross, Lewis Reid and the late John B. Daniel.

These others who were already seasoned took the excitable, headstrong young man under their collective wings and gave him a thorough grounding in his new profession.

"Those were the adventurous days in radio," he recalled. "We wrote all our own scripts, had to double as production men—engineers, everything.

"We had to be market experts, music critics, political commentators—and tell bedtime stories.

"We were often on the air all through the day."

It was that grand old veteran, Major J. Andrew White, who got Husing into sports broadcasting. His first job was the Penn-Cornell game from Philadelphia in 1925.

"Andy White taught me the tricks of the trade. And a lot of them are so good that they will help me to keep my place on the air today. I'm not going to give them away because they are so simple anyone could pick them up, and I put in a lot of time and effort learning them.

"But there's one thing he taught me I don't mind mentioning. I'll never forget it and I have reason not to, for my whole future at a later time hinged upon it.

"That rule is, as Andy White gave it to me then: 'My boy, always keep in mind the least important detail. Check on that. The big things will take care of themselves.' I sat there, nodding my head, saying, 'Yes, sir, yes, sir!' and thinking, 'What does he want to hand me that guff for?'

"But later on I was to thank him for it. In the meantime I had left WJZ because the future there seemed limited, with all the name talent they already had.

"I had gone to Boston for a season to broadcast baseball. In the meantime Andy White had gone over to Columbia which was just being organized. He had faith in me, his protégé. And he sent for me to come over and go to work with him. I joined the staff on Christmas Day, 1927.

"IN the Spring of 1928, Floyd Bennett flew to Labrador to rescue three German fliers, and died en route. He was to be buried in hallowed Arlington Cemetery in Washington. I got the idea of broadcasting the funeral, feeling that perhaps the nation would want to mourn with the relatives.

(Please turn to page 58)

## TED HUSING'S ALL-TIME RADIO FOOTBALL TEAM

TED HUSING has broadcast more than a hundred games of football, from coast to coast, except in the South, and has seen the best of them engage in this sport, the Autumn pastime. Below are listed the eleven men in their respective positions, who stood out above the rest in the game or games that Ted saw them play. It is not an attempt at an All-American Team, but a selection of players who were outstanding in the games that Ted has reported to you.

LEFT END	Edward Manske (1932-33).....Northwestern
LEFT TACKLE	Bronco Nagurski (1928).....Minnesota
LEFT GUARD	Aaron Rosenberg (1932-33).....Southern Calif.
CENTER	Chuck Bernard (1932-33).....Michigan
RIGHT GUARD	Jack Cannon (1928-29).....Notre Dame
RIGHT TACKLE	Jesse Quatse (1930-31).....Pittsburgh
RIGHT END	Harry Ebding (1930).....St. Marys
QUARTERBACK	Barry Wood (1930-31).....Harvard
LEFT HALFBACK	Red Grange (1924-25-26).....Illinois
RIGHT HALFBACK	Ernie Pinckert (1930-31).....Southern Calif.
FULLBACK	Edward Pomeroy (1929).....Utah





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Keeps Your Apparel  
and Home Decorations  
Like NEW ..

Use **TINTEX** for Underthings • Negligees  
Dresses • Sweaters • Scarfs • Stockings • Slips  
Men's Shirts • Blouses • Children's Clothes  
Curtains • Bed Spreads • Drapes  
Luncheon Sets • Doilies • Slip Covers  
At all drug stores, notion and toilet goods counters

## • Color Magic For Every Faded Fabric! •



**H**AVE sun and laundering played havoc with your wardrobe? Or home decorations? Don't worry... Tintex will restore their faded color in a jiffy. Or, if you wish, Tintex will give them any of the smart, new Fall colors. It costs only a few pennies...and it saves dollars!

Millions of women depend on Tintex to keep their apparel color-fresh...and to keep that gay, new appearance in their home decorations. They know that the Tintex way is the shortest, simplest and surest road to color smartness! Pick out your favorite colors *today*. 35 brilliant, long-lasting colors from which to choose.

PARK & TILFORD, Distributor

# Tintex

World's Largest Selling  
Tints & Dyes



# Radio from the Inside

BY THE MAN AT THE CONTROLS

**K**ATE SMITH, on a broadcast, not many of her moons ago, quoted from an article by author Harlan Eugene Reid. It's about radio, and I give it to you:

"As long as radio can carry around the world the message of Marconi or the Pope or the President of the United States, so long as it can enter the homes of the blind of the world and bring to them a contact with the outside world that they can get in no other way—so long as it can bring music and cheer to hospitals, poor-houses and jails—so long as it can reach out to the middle of the Atlantic and carry joy to explorers at the Poles, just THAT long I'll say—there's little wrong with radio."

And, on thinking it over—their's my sentiments.

**W**HEN George Burns and Gracie Allen stepped down the gangplank, back in dear old Manhattan after a European excursion, someone asked Gracie how she found England. "Very easily," she replied. "We got off the boat and there it was."

**H**OW would you like to conduct an orchestra as its music comes to you through your loudspeaker? To make its volume rise from diminuendo to crescendo and again drop to a diminuendo? Well, this soon will be an actuality for those who are embryo baton wielders. An ingenious inventor has fabricated an electrical wand that can be attached to any radio set. With this stick, which will be a popular-priced novelty, you may stand before your speaker and by simple manipulations be able to bring forth regular radio music with your own volume effects. Of course, I don't think the Stokowskis and the Toscaninis will be very happy about having John Q. Listener serve as assistant conductor—but it certainly will be a boon for those who dizzily seek the nearest bandstand when inveigled by a few drinks.

**A**ND speaking of baton-wavers—it seems all of radio's children join the legion. Little Jack Little, Ferde Grofe, Gypsy Nina, Buddy Rogers and many others whose talents hitherto were confined to other channels have surrounded themselves with musicians. Morton Downey, who won fame and fortune as a high tenor, is the latest to join the fold. I'm really beginning to think that these people lend money to musicians, then while

the leaders shake a threatening stick at the debtors, the latter play off their notes to meet the obligations. Which, my devout followers, is how the term "obligato" came to music.

## SHORT JABS

**TO**—Rudy Vallee, who has dozens of photos of Rudy Vallee on display about his apartment. . . .

**TO**—Frank Luther, "Your Lover"—may his tribe decrease—who tells his feminine listeners to clasp their hands together and as they caress them, to imagine that it is his hand they are holding.

**TO**—Richard Himber, who started that orchestra leaders' group to censor dirty songs as a publicity gag—it's the networks that have the final authority on okaying numbers and they'll continue to exercise it . . . and . . .

**TO**—That orchestra leader who fired his entire band and hired cheaper help, hoping to trade on the reputation his original musicians made for him.

**R**EMEMBER that impressive story that came out of the war concerning one Christmas in the trenches? How on the day that marks the birth of Christ the opposing French and German forces in the front lines emerged from their holes in the ground and exchanged chocolate and cigarettes instead of gunfire and grenades.

Here's a similar yarn that never reached print. It was told to me by Josef Karr, concertmaster with the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, who won three war decorations, including the Iron Cross, in the service of the German army.

"During the war," spoke Karr, after he had finished the night's playing, "I was in the trenches on the German side, occupying a trench line on Mount Ormont in the Vosges. One day my

commanding officer brought a violin to me and asked me to play something. I put the violin in condition, and went out of my dugout into the trench and played the 'Serenade,' by Drdla. As soon as I had finished, to my surprise the Frenchmen in the opposite trench, which was just about 150 yards away, gave a good account of their appreciation with a burst of applause. Then they called over to me, telling me to play some more, and shouting 'encore.' This I did by playing Massenet's 'Meditation,' a French number, which met with the same favorable response. My impromptu concert in the trenches continued for some time—with rifles forgotten."

Music—the universal language!


**H**ERE'S something that will sweep you off your feet, if you're standing—or, if you're sitting, just take the chair from right under you. I found a man who plays forty musical instruments—forty! Count 'em. . . . His name is Frank Novak, and he proceeded to give me a private demonstration, but after he got to number 30, I took his word for the other ten. I did learn that he plays an instrument for each letter in the alphabet. Alphabetically speaking, there's the Accordion, Bassoon, Cornet, Drums, Euphonium, Flugel horn, Guitar, Irish harp, Jew's Harp, Kazoo (I play one of them), Lyre, Marimba, Nosophone (this one's played with the nose as well as the mouth), Oboe, Piano, Quarto, Rothophone, Saxophone (you'd know he'd get that in), Trombone, Ukulele, Violin, Woodwind (yeah, that's something, too), Xylophone and Zither. And I'll bet he trains on alphabet soup.

**I**T'S hard even for the gullible to believe that one of the most gobbled-up volumes published today is Ida Bailey Allen's "The Service Cook Book," but it's a fact. The culinary

tome is selling at the rate of 30,000 weekly through the medium of air plugging. Even Critic Christopher Morley commented upon it in his Saturday Review recently. I guess America's housewife figures that if the radio doesn't keep hubby home at nights, there's always K. A. (Kitchen Appeal).

**H**ERE'S a nice little story I picked up on Helen Morgan—one that gives you an idea the grand sort of person the piano-sitting, plaintive-singing girl really is. When la Morgan was a (Please turn to page 63)

## BIRTHDAY GREETINGS



WHY NOT SEND TO YOUR FAVORITES?

★ ★

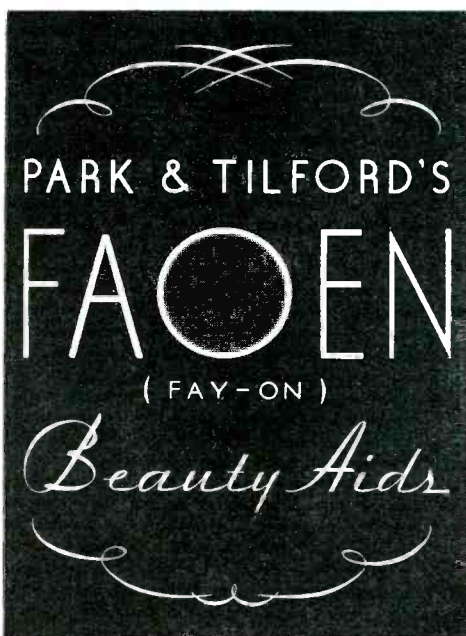
Gus Haenschen.....	Nov. 2	Will Osborne.....	Nov. 25
Jack Landt.....	Nov. 4	Jolly Bill.....	Nov. 25
Phil Spitalny.....	Nov. 7	Ted Husing.....	Nov. 27
Ed Wynn.....	Nov. 9	Jack Smart.....	Nov. 27
Conrad Thibault.....	Nov. 13	Gladys Rice.....	Nov. 27
Budd Hulick.....	Nov. 14	Peggy Keenan.....	Nov. 27
Morton Downey.....	Nov. 14	Mary Livingstone.....	Nov. 27
Jean Sargent.....	Nov. 16	Helen Jepson.....	Nov. 28
Howard Petrie.....	Nov. 22	Frank Black.....	Nov. 28
Vee Lawnhurst.....	Nov. 24	Mario Braggiotti.....	Nov. 29
Irene Wicker.....	Nov. 24	Lee Morse.....	Nov. 30
Frederick William Wile.....		Nov. 30	



*Loveliness is no longer Expensive!*



FAOEN BEAUTY AIDS at 10¢  
equal \$1 to \$3 Brands in Quality



**P**URITY and QUALITY...these are the two essentials in beauty aids. Your skin loveliness depends on them. That is why you should use nothing but the very finest. And now... science has produced in Faoen Beauty Aids superlative purity and quality...at a fraction of the price women used to pay for de luxe beauty aids. Read the report of a famous research laboratory:

"...after a complete chemical analysis, we have found that

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

Smart women... stage and screen stars...debutantes and business women...are turning to Faoen, even though they can well afford to pay more than 10¢. You, too, should change to Faoen Beauty Aids today... they are smart... they are superlatively fine... they have made loveliness *inexpensive!*

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

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



# "Goodbye Mammy, Hello Drama!"

(Continued from page 25)

there's a hint for you. Remember one condition, however. Al Jolson says, "From now on, no matter what I appear in, whether it's radio, the movies or on the stage, I'm going to do straight, serious drama."

**T**HUS the king of musical comedy signs his formal abdication papers. And there are no tears at parting, either. Al Jolson stands before you contented, smiling, straight as an arrow and brown as an Indian from New York, Florida and California sun. Al follows the summer sun around the globe, and if possible, never lets Old Man Winter catch up with him.

Maybe you wonder what the Indians might call him if they gave him one of their characteristic names. No such gloomy title as Rain-in-the-Face or Crooked Knee would go to him. Here's a guess. They might call him Big-Man-Pleased-with-Himself.

And why shouldn't he be? Al Jolson is several times a millionaire in his own right. He doesn't have to work unless he wants to. He is superbly healthy, able to enjoy a vital, active life to the full. He has had astounding success in three major fields, the stage, the movies and radio. He is married to one of the most charming girls on stage or screen, Ruby Keeler, and is supremely happy with her. What more could anyone ask? Well, Al Jolson isn't asking for anything more, either.

**H**E HAS had a most interesting life, as you may have guessed already. He was born Asa Yoelson in that old Russian city that Peter the Great caused to be built on a marshy plain looking toward the Baltic and named St. Petersburg. Some three centuries later the weak-kneed Nicky, last of the Tsars, in a fever of wartime patriotism changed the city's name from the Germanic form of St. Petersburg to the purely Russian Petrograd, and that in turn yielded to Leningrad, in honor of the revolutionary leader. Even then the city's glory did not abide for long, for the present seat of the Soviet government is the still more ancient capital of Moscow.

With all these world-shaking events, little Asa Yoelson had not the slightest connection. He was born in 1886—does his age surprise you a little?—and soon thereafter his father removed from St. Petersburg to the new world capital, Washington, D. C., where Al spent most of his childhood. His father was a cantor, and entertained the pious hope that his bright-eyed son would succeed to the same office and thus become the seventh in an unbroken line of cantors in the Yoelson family.

Little Asa had other ideas. After three unsuccessful attempts to run away from home—twice he got to New York and once to the Spanish-American War, but wasn't able to make it stick in any one of the three tries—he finally changed his name to Al Jolson, and with his brother Harry and a friend named Palmer formed the vaudeville team of Jolson, Palmer and Jolson. This team may not have set the show world on fire, but at least they covered a lot of territory.

Al Jolson happened to land out in San Francisco in 1906, just after the great earthquake had cracked and

flattened, and a three day fire had destroyed the city. San Franciscans refused to be downed, however, even by such a major disaster, and set to work to rebuild with a vigor that excited the imagination of the entire world. Working in "theaters" hastily improvised out of raw boards, miners' tents or any other material available, Al Jolson captured the heart of the rebuilding city. The day and night din of clearing away wreckage and new construction was so great that Al developed an informal way of working down close to his audience, sitting on the piano, half talking his songs, telling "ad lib" stories, and above all, filling everything he did with emotion to take the minds of San Franciscans off the disaster.

Thus did he develop and perfect the informal, emotional style that was later to make him famous the world over.

Following his San Francisco experience, he was featured with Lew Dockstader's Minstrels and traveled about the country as a thorough-going trouser. Next came Broadway and stardom, and in a long line of musical shows produced by the Shuberts at the famous old Winter Garden in New York he was one of the greatest successes the town ever knew. His own favorite show was "Robinson Crusoe, Jr.," and he also starred in such hits as "Sinbad," "Bombo" and "Big Boy."

By his fervor and his incandescence, Al Jolson took the stock Tin Pan Alley figure of the old negro "Mammy" waiting for her "honey chile" to return to Dixie, and made her an authentic item in American folklore. His phonograph records sold into the millions, and he himself helped to write a long line of song hits.

During all these years he held out resolutely against the silent movies (although he almost yielded once to D. W. Griffith) and was at least one major star who refused to go to Hollywood. Then, in 1926-7, came the talkies.

After the first big flare of curiosity over the talkies, the novelty began to wear off and interest declined. The cost of installing new equipment to produce and exhibit talkies was crushingly heavy, and for a time the whole project tottered on the verge of ruin.

**T**HEN came a picture called "The Jazz Singer," with Al Jolson in the title role. All the Jolson buoyancy and drive, all the Jolson magic in singing songs, in bringing laughs and wringing tears, were there. Here was the true splendor of the talkies, the true indication of what they might become. The picture was a world-wide sensation. You may think the honor belongs to "The Birth of a Nation," "The Covered Wagon," "The Four Horsemen" or whatever your particular favorite movie may be, but the fact remains that "The Jazz Singer" brought in more money than any movie ever made, before or since. The entire industry gives Al Jolson the credit for putting the talkies on their feet.

Radio alone remained for Al Jolson, and in due time he came to that field. His first efforts in comedy did not result in the overwhelming smash that had come to be associated with the Jolson name, although they were quite successful by any ordinary standards. Jolson discovered that radio suffered from a basic trouble of too many comedians and too few jokes. He gradually shifted the emphasis from comedy to singing and his popularity climbed in gratifying style.

Then came the most daring experiment of all. The "singing comedian" went straight dramatic. Punchinello put off his clown suit for tragic robes. Beginning modestly with dramatizations of episodes familiar in his own life and working up through more and more difficult plays, he has convinced the listening public, and cynical observers alike, that he is a real actor, and not merely trying a dramatic stunt. The transformation is now complete. Ladies and gentlemen, we give you Al Jolson—dramatic artist.

## ROWENE WILLIAMS WINS



Rowene Williams is the lucky girl on the "Hollywood Hotel" program conducted over the CBS network. Some 20,000 young women competed in a series of nationwide auditions conducted during the month of July and August, the purpose being to select a young woman to sing and act opposite Dick Powell, film star, on the "Hollywood Hotel" hour this Fall. Preliminary auditions were held at 86 Columbia stations, the 86 local station winners competing in twelve regional auditions. Finally these twelve girls participated in the last audition in New York. Miss Williams, who represented Zone 6, Chicago, won.

Miss Williams is 25 years old, weighs 135 pounds and has had five years' air experience, mostly over WCCO, Minneapolis, and KSTP, St. Paul. Four months ago Miss Williams left Minneapolis to seek a radio career in Chicago. In Zone 6 she won over 736 contestants.

The other eleven regional winners who competed in the final test were Alice O'Leary, Medford, Mass.; Betty Brunn, Columbus, O.; Helen Ault, Washington, D. C.; Margaret Chesick, Charlotte, N. C.; Doris Shumate, St. Louis; Ludi Mai Sensabaugh, Dallas, Texas; Zella Sexton, Junction City, Kans.; Betty Kelly, San Francisco; Irene Barclay, Seattle; Dell Adams, Windsor, Ont., and Vera Van, New York.

The contest was open to both amateurs and professionals.



# Have you tried this New Powder?

*that makes skin so Clear, Transparent!*

Send for  
your  
3 shades—  
They'll glorify  
your skin!



**OVER 200 GIRLS' SKIN**  
*"Color-Analyzed!"*

•Yes, "color-analyzed"! Amazing colors were found hidden in those 200 girls' skin. "A dash of bright blue. You can't see it in skin or in the powder. Except through the machine. Pond's found out the amount to make a blonde look "peachy." The touch of vivid green that makes brunette skin magnolia-like. The new Pond's powder shades were all worked out by painstaking analysis of every type of skin. Now they are ready! You'll be amazed at what they'll do for you.

**NATURAL**—compliments the fair skin of Mrs. Allen Whitney, to a golden blonde, to a glowing radiance. Excellent with gray hair.

**ROSE CREAM**—preferred by Miss Charlotte Young because it gives her lily-pale loveliness a "peachy" bloom. Ideal for blondes.

**LIGHT CREAM**—red-gold hair, delicately pink-and-white skin, prompts Miss Lilla Fisk to select this shade. It freshens the skin.

**BRUNETTE**—Brown-haired, brown-eyed, with ivory skin, Miss Mary Weld uses this entirely new glamorous shade.

**DARK BRUNETTE**—Gives brilliance to the olive complexion of the handsome Mrs. Frederic Bellingier. Brightens sun-bronzed skin.

**ROSE BRUNETTE**—Mrs. William Wetmore's vital coloring is dramatized by this sparkling shade. Makes sallow skin radiant.

HERE'S a new face powder that contains the actual tints in beautiful skin!

Have you ever noticed how some powders will make your skin look dull, gray? Or dark? Or sallow?

It's because they haven't the tints in them that are found in lovely clear skin.

Such powders destroy the good points you have. And don't add a thing to help you!

But now—just try this new powder that everybody is raving about!

**Contains actual  
Skin Tints—**

Pond's Face Powder is scientifically mixed to give you exactly the tints your skin needs to give it life, brilliance, sparkle.

The moment you smooth it on, you realize that your skin is flattered to an alluring loveliness. This is due not only to the thistledown softness of the powder

itself, but also to its glamorous shades.

These shades are all absolutely new. Different from any powder you have ever tried. Your skin looks fresh, young—smooth as velvet.

Your friends will notice the difference. Men will say the most flattering things to you. For you'll actually look years younger—and so attractive!

Read the descriptions of these wonderful new shades. And read how marvelously they were discovered.

And then send right off for your

gift boxes. You'll surely find one of these shades will make you into a very new and enchanting person.

**Finest quality—costs little**

The powder is fine, smooth and clinging. And it has a lovely French fragrance.

You can get lovely 55¢ glass jars. Also \$1.10. And smart, gay boxes for 25¢. Variety stores and five-and-tens carry the 10¢ and 20¢ sizes. But, if you want to sample this wonderful new powder first—here's the coupon!



**10¢** 1/4 actual size  
**ONLY 55¢**  
**FINEST POSSIBLE  
INGREDIENTS**

**Free!** SEND COUPON. Get 2 Special Boxes and Extra Sample free! Three different shades!  
*(This offer expires January 1, 1935)*

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. L, 92 Hudson St., New York  
Please send me FREE Two Special Boxes of Pond's new Powder and an extra sample . . . 3 different shades in all.

I prefer 3 different LIGHT shades   
I prefer 3 different DARK shades

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

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# Broadcasting Has a Birthday

(Continued from page 23)

to a stock of home-made radio receivers which could be used to receive the programs sent out by Dr. Conrad, caused the idea to come to me that the efforts that were then being made to develop radio telephony as a confidential means of communication were wrong, and that instead its field was really one of wide publicity; in fact, the only means of instantaneous collective communication ever devised."

Resulting from this idea was the decision to install a broadcasting station at East Pittsburgh and to initiate this service. This conclusion was reached early in 1920, although it was not until Fall that the equipment was ready.

In the first few months of operation of KDKA, program material was drawn largely from phonograph records. The company had a very good band. They decided to broadcast this.

THE phonograph was operated in the room in which the transmitter was located, and the announcer and others who had taken part in the program up to this time also had been using this room. With larger aggregations of talent, however, it was necessary to seek bigger quarters, so one of the auditoriums at East Pittsburgh was put into use. Dr. Conrad and the engineers immediately had difficulty in obtaining fidelity in the broadcast, due, apparently, to room resonance. To correct this they thought of placing the band in the open air and to transmit from out-of-doors.

As the warmer weather was approaching, Dr. Conrad decided to broadcast the artists from the open air studio which, as before stated, was on the roof of one of the taller buildings at the plant. For protection they erected a tent. This proved good, and everything went along satisfactorily during the Summer and early Fall, until one night a high wind blew the tent away—and so the first studio passed out and into history.

"Necessity has always been the mother of invention, and having managed to keep the service going for nearly a year we could not think of discontinuing it because we had no studio—but we saw that we would have to go indoors. We, therefore, decided to try the tent inside. Part of the top floor of this high building was cleared, and the tent 'pitched' on this floor. We were pleased to find that it worked as effectively as it had out-of-doors. Thus was the first indoor broadcasting studio developed," Mr. Davis later related.

"The subject of a specially constructed studio, however, was again revived and designs prepared for it. Taking the lesson of the tent to heart, we draped the whole interior of the new studio with the cheapest material we had available—burlap. We had now all the elements of the present studio."

Mr. Davis has since died but Dr. Conrad is still living and was judged by one of his friends to be about sixty-four years old.

The fact that KDKA did not receive a broadcasting license until a year after the Harding broadcast, after other stations had been issued licenses, had led to the assertion that it was not the pioneer. As explained by W. D. Terrell, Chief of the Field Division of the Federal Communica-

tions Commission, who was one of the two original radio inspectors in the United States, KDKA was really the first broadcasting station, but was designated as a "limited commercial service" station because broadcasting was not known at that time as such.

The license was issued to KDKA, October 27, 1920, a few days before the Harding election broadcast with special provision made "for audible radiation by use of a buzzer or telephone microphone." It was not until August 15, 1921, long after broadcasting itself had actually begun that the Government issued the first broadcasting license. This went to Westinghouse for WBZ at Springfield, Mass., government records show.

The possibilities of broadcasting now beginning to be realized, licenses were issued in rapid succession, the second going to WDY, the Radio Corporation of America at Roselle Park, N. J., and others in the following order: WCJ—The A. C. Gilbert Company, New Haven, Connecticut; WJZ—Westinghouse, Newark, N. J., and WJX, DeForest Radio—Telephone and Telegraph Co., New York.

In the meantime KDKA had been operating on its old commercial license and did not apply for a broadcasting license until December 7, 1921, the eighth station in the country to do so.

"Dr. Frank Conrad of KDKA was one of the early radio experimenters, and during these experiments he tried voice and phonograph record transmission," Mr. Terrell said. "About the only listeners in those days were the amateurs who had built their own receiving sets. When the amateurs heard music on the air, naturally they called in all the members of their families as

well as their neighbors to listen to the music coming in on their crude little home-made sets, using crystal detectors and head phones. By using the two ear pieces two could listen simultaneously. There were no loud speakers. They came later, due to the demand for greater opportunity to listen.

"Finally the source of this music became known and immediately the Westinghouse Company was swamped with letters and telephone requests for more music and favorite selections. These requests indicated there was a real public interest developing and a demand for broadcasting which was promptly followed by the erection of stations and building of receiving sets which soon developed into one of the most popular and useful public services of this generation."

MR. TERRELL added that as early as 1914 phonograph records of music were broadcast experimentally from a station in New York, and later from others. It was not until 1921 after the KDKA experiment, however, that the grand scramble for broadcasting licenses began.

So much talk had been caused by KDKA broadcasting of the Harding election returns that plans were immediately made to broadcast the inauguration ceremony. President Harding was particularly anxious for his sister in Ohio to hear it, but owing to the fact that networks at this time were unknown, station power was so low, and receiving sets were so crude, she was unable to do so.

It is a curious fact that though President Harding played such an important part in the early broadcasts he did not actually hear a radio until sometime after he had been inaugurated. The President had listened to the sputtering of wireless aboard ships, but the idea of hearing a program of music broadcast was novel, so he lost no time in accepting an invitation to listen to a set which had been presented to the National Press Club in Washington. I happened to be present at the Club that night, and I laugh every time I think of it.

I believe that it was the most expectant audience I have ever seen. Because of the presence of so distinguished a person as the President of the United States, a special representative was sent from Pittsburgh who gave a lecture, highly technical, explaining the wonderful machine those present were soon to hear. He went into minute details about frequencies, kilocycles, and other things that dazed the newspapermen present.

After what seemed an interminable period because all were so eager to listen to this latest of marvels, the lecturer finally concluded, and the engineers said they were ready for the demonstration.

The program was to be broadcast from KDKA, in Pittsburgh, but when the receiver was switched on, there was an ear-splitting quantity of static emitted. Try as they would, the experts could get nothing else.

Rather than have the performance fail dismally, a hurry call was sent to the Naval Air Wireless Station at Anacostia, a few miles away, and

(Please turn to page 67)

## About Radio Folk

Kate Smith's new theme song is "Time to Dream," by her arranger and pianist, Rony Gale . . . Rosaline Greene celebrated her 2000th air appearance on July 19th, when she appeared as usual as the talking half of the role of Mary Lou on the Show Boat hour . . . Mario Cozzi, radio singer, was for over three years secretary to Gatti-Casazza, director general of the Metropolitan Opera House . . . Muriel Wilson has a pet superstition, she never wears rings when she broadcasts . . . George Givet, when he parks his Greek ambassador accent does a swell imitation of Harry Richman . . . Julia Sanderson's favorite expression is, "Oh, rattlesnakes!" . . . When Jeanie Lang likes anything it's "Ginger peachy!" . . . Listen to what she said when she heard she was to appear on the same program with Buddy Rogers: "Was I EXCITED, and did my TEMPERATURE soar? I think he's GINGER PEACHY!" . . . Freeman Gosden (otherwise Amos) sent Frank Euck a black bear, captured on his Alaskan trip . . . With it went the message: "You may bring 'em back alive but I send 'em back alive" . . . The Pickens Sisters' most avid fan is Serge Rachmaninoff, the celebrated pianist-composer . . . He compares their voices to the violin and 'cello.



# LAST CALL!

for reader-letters telling us of your most enjoyable shopping experiences in  
**DEPARTMENT STORES**

# LAST CHANCE!

To Win Your Share of  
**\$1000 IN CASH**

## HERE'S WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT

If you really want to help friendly helpful selling, you can do your favorite department store salesperson a good turn in the next two weeks by sending his or her name to Tower Magazines on the official ballot at the right. Receipt in our office of five ballots entitles the salesperson to membership in the 1934 Retail Sales Honor Roll. The ten best letters received here from members of the Retail Honor Roll will be rewarded with a trip to New York.

## HERE'S WHAT YOU DO

Write us a letter at the same time telling of some helpful selling service this favorite clerk has given you. It may have been help in the selection of towels . . . a rug . . . a refrigerator. Fill out the ballot at the right . . . include the letter. Send it on. You may win one of the 82 cash prizes listed. (Entries may be used by the publisher in any manner desired and will not be returned. Duplicate awards in case of tie. Decision of judges final. Tower employees and families excluded. One statement per person.) Write it today. Send to Shopping Editor, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

**OCTOBER 15<sup>TH</sup> IS THE LAST DATE . DON'T FORGET!**

# TOWER

**MAGAZINES, INC.**

**HOME ■ MYSTERY ■ SERENADE  
TOWER RADIO ■ NEW MOVIE**

*Tower Radio, November, 1934*



## 82 CASH AWARDS:

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

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

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

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

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

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

.....  
(Address of Store)

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

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

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

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

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



# Here are a few DON'TS about laxatives!

Don't take a laxative that is too strong—that shocks the system—that weakens you!

Don't take a laxative that is offered as a cure-all—a treatment for a thousand ills.

Don't take a laxative where you have to keep on increasing the dose to get results!

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

You take Ex-Lax just when you need a laxative—it won't form a habit. You don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results. Ex-Lax is effective—but it is mild. Ex-Lax doesn't force—it acts gently yet thoroughly. It works over-night without over-action.

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

For 28 years, Ex-Lax has had the confidence of doctors, nurses, druggists and the general public alike, because it is everything a laxative should be.

At any drug store—10c and 25c.

### WATCH OUT FOR IMITATIONS!

Ex-Lax has stood the test of time. It has been America's favorite laxative for 28 years. Insist on genuine Ex-Lax—spelled E-X-L-A-X—to make sure of getting Ex-Lax results.



# Mile-a-Minute Husing

(Continued from page 50)

"Major White was sold on the idea, but I had less than twenty-four hours in which to work. I went to Washington and by working all night, calling on high army and navy officials at their homes, got the necessary permission, and arranged with a local station to carry the broadcast and with the telephone company for a line to Baltimore, the nearest Columbia outlet.

"By morning they had 17,000 feet of wire strung to the cemetery over fences, swamps and ditches. Then I decided to make a last-minute check-up of cemetery regulations. They had been drawn up in 1901, and way down the list I came to an obscure, archaic item: 'No photographs can be taken within the grounds without the widow's permission.'

"Suddenly Andy White's words came back to me—'the least important detail—check on that!' And there it was. I rushed to the phone, called Columbia headquarters in New York. They got Mrs. Bennett's signature and sent it by telephoto to Washington.

"It arrived just in the nick of time. Another network also had lines in there. But they had neglected to get the permission. At the last minute, the superintendent of the cemetery called the marines and had their lines thrown out. We carried the broadcast, exclusively, to the nation. Andy White's advice had saved me!"

That broadcast made Ted Husing's reputation and did much to bring the budding Columbia network into national prominence.

During the next years news broadcasting reached its peak, and Husing was everywhere in the thick of things. He announced President Hoover's famed acceptance speech from Palo Alto when the nearest Columbia outlet was at Omaha.

"In thirty days I did thirty jobs, traveling all over the country—a Shriners' Convention, a Board of Trade dinner, three world's series baseball games, three football games, and three presidential speeches."

Those days were full of adventures. Husing repeatedly demonstrated his audacity and ingenuity.

When Queen Marie refused to speak over the network, he lowered a microphone concealed in a flower basket onto the table in front of her and picked up her speech anyway.

He did the first two-way conversation to be put on a network when the Graf Zeppelin came over. There was great rivalry among the broadcasters to put the greeting to Captain Eckener on the air.

At a crucial moment, as the captain was about to be interviewed, Husing took off Eckener's hat and dropped it over a rival microphone. Then, because of his ability to understand German, he was able to interpret the commander's remarks and put them on the air immediately, a few seconds ahead of the official interpreter.

HIS most exciting job was his coverage of the attempt of army planes to sink the Mount Shasta, a target ship. The whole trip was a series of catastrophes. On the way down, the plane cracked up, and he narrowly escaped being killed. Then the ship on which they were going out to the manoeuvres foundered. And

finally some gunners mistook the ship on which he was traveling for a target and began shooting at it.

He made the return trip by car, which stalled on the railroad track in the path of a flyer. Again he barely escaped, but reached Saratoga next day in time to go on the air and describe the races.

The most thrilling job he ever did was President Roosevelt's inauguration in 1933. The circumstances were trying. It was one of the most elaborate coverages of a news event ever attempted in radio. A pall of panic hung over the entire nation. Everyone was on a razor edge of tension. Then the broadcasters were thrown into turmoil at the last minute, when the President suddenly changed his plans and came out of the Capitol through the great Columbus doors onto the East Plaza, necessitating a change in the entire set-up. Yet the only error Husing made under all the stress was to refer to the pillars of the Capitol as Corinthian instead of Ionic.

As broadcasting became increasingly

### HUSING'S FOOTBALL SCHEDULE

Ted Husing will broadcast most of the Columbia network's football games. The schedule of broadcasts, as issued by Columbia and subject to change, is as follows:

Saturday, Sept. 22—Manhattan College vs. St. Bonaventure, from New York (WABC and a New York State network only).

Friday, Sept. 28—U. of West Virginia vs. Duquesne U., from Pittsburgh (night game).

Saturday, Sept. 29—Pittsburgh U. vs. Washington and Jefferson U., from Pittsburgh.

Saturday, Oct. 6—Notre Dame U. vs. Texas U., from South Bend.

Friday, Oct. 12—Fordham Col. vs. Boston Col., from Boston.

Saturday, Oct. 13—Pittsburgh U. vs. U. of Southern California, from Pittsburgh.

Saturday, Oct. 20—Fordham Col. vs. St. Marys Col., from New York.

Saturday, Oct. 27—U. S. Military Academy (Army) vs. Yale U., from New Haven.

Saturday, Nov. 3—Princeton U. vs. Harvard U., from Cambridge, and U. of Minnesota vs. U. of Michigan, from Minneapolis.

Saturday, Nov. 10—Northwestern U. vs. U. of Illinois, from Chicago, and/or Harvard U. vs. U. S. Military Academy (Army), from Cambridge.

Monday, November 12—Boston Col. vs. Centre Col., from Boston.

Saturday, Nov. 17—U. of Michigan vs. Ohio State U., from Columbus.

Saturday, Nov. 24—U. S. Military Academy (Army) vs. Notre Dame U., from New York.

Thursday, Nov. 29 (Thanksgiving Day)—U. of Pennsylvania vs. Cornell U., from Philadelphia.

Saturday, Dec. 1—U. S. Military Academy (Army) vs. U. S. Naval Academy (Navy), from Philadelphia.

Saturday, Dec. 8—U. of Southern California vs. Notre Dame U., from Los Angeles.

Tuesday, Jan. 1 (New Year's Day)—Havana Fiesta, from Havana, Cuba.



specialized, and the announcer changed from a general utility man into an expert in one field or another, Husing concentrated more and more on sports.

Two things have been largely responsible for his success in this field, aside from his early groundwork as a mascot at Columbia. One is his phenomenal pigeon-hole memory out of which he can conjure at a moment's notice any fact or figure desired; the total of miles run by Babe Ruth around the bases, or that sensational play of Red Grange's, with dates, yardage gained and the names of other players involved.

The other is his ability to impart facts in an accurate yet entertaining manner. Both of these faculties have been self-acquired since he started his career.

The first he learned—of all places, in Washington—covering Congress. He was sent down there a year or so before he came to Columbia, as one of two announcers assigned to the capital. He was fairly fresh to radio, completely fresh to politics.

"And I had to learn the names of all the Senators and Congressmen," he said, "together with all their positions on committees and sub-committees, to say nothing of the secretaries, under-secretaries and attachés, and I had to get them right.

"It was all new to me, so there was nothing for me to do but 'bone.' I crammed day and night and I memorized 'em all. It was right there that I learned the habit of storing away in my mind great masses of information which later came in so handy in doing sports."

The other he picked up as a tip from Norman Brokenshire, now a freelance announcer, during his first year of broadcasting. The market reports were the bane of the announcers' existence. Brokenshire used to say:

"Remember—even a market report can be made interesting. Don't simply say, 'Apples are selling for so much a barrel.' But describe the apples: 'Unusually fine flavorsome Baldwins.' Indicate whether the price is a bargain or not. Don't forget—you are imparting information, and even if you are only imparting it to one person, you have a responsibility to make it accurate and to make it entertaining."

HUSING took this respect for his profession to heart. So much so, that, in later years as his reputation and the size of his audience increased, it often brought on acute nervousness and strain that he never experienced in his first happy-go-lucky days.

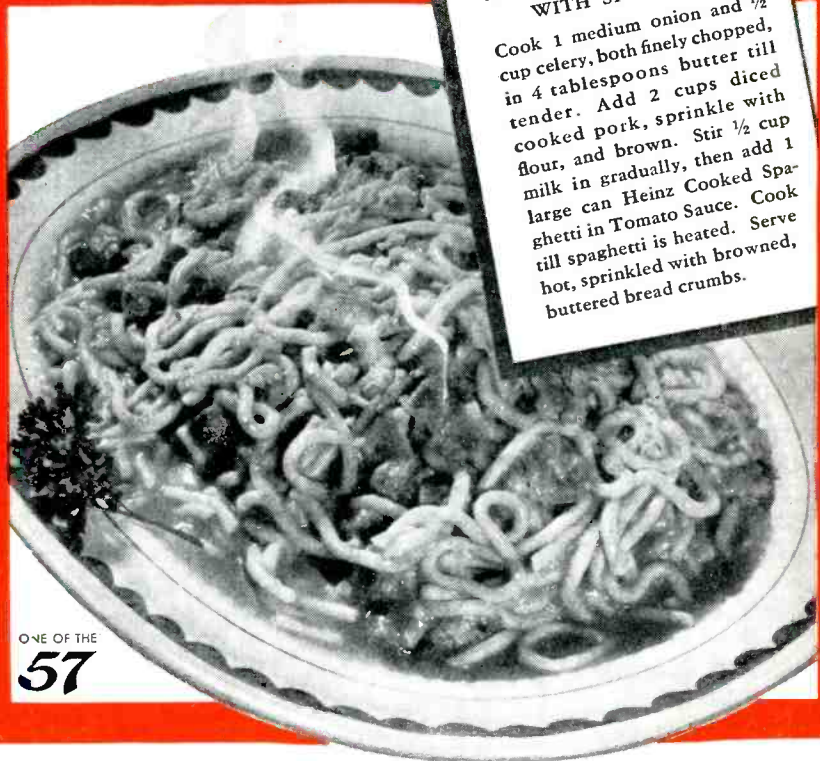
Now he scarcely speaks a hundred words in a morning before a big game and can barely bring himself to make the necessary "mike" test. His voice never goes back on him, though, because he has will power enough to keep it always under control.

His headstrong impetuosity of speech has occasionally made him a storm center, as in the famous incident when he referred to a play by Barry Wood of Harvard as "putrid." Later in the game he complimented Wood on having recovered his form, but Harvard took it to heart and barred him from the stadium. Later, the hatchet was buried, and he was readmitted for track a year ago last Spring, and finally, for football.

"People like to ride announcers," he said, "but I'd like to put anyone in our position and see if he wouldn't

(Please turn to page 60)

# A NEW LEASE ON LIFE FOR LEFT-OVERS



ONE OF THE  
**57**

## LEFT-OVER ROAST PORK WITH SPAGHETTI

Cook 1 medium onion and ½ cup celery, both finely chopped, in 4 tablespoons butter till tender. Add 2 cups diced cooked pork, sprinkle with flour, and brown. Stir ½ cup milk in gradually, then add 1 large can Heinz Cooked Spaghetti in Tomato Sauce. Cook till spaghetti is heated. Serve hot, sprinkled with browned, buttered bread crumbs.

YOUR left-over meats take on fresh appetite-appeal quickly and easily if you combine them with Heinz Cooked Spaghetti. For each tin of it has palate-pleasing flavor—and that's what left-overs need.

We make Heinz Spaghetti from fine wholesome Durum wheat. We cook it—just so—delicately limber. Then we add a succulent, keen sauce concocted of luscious Heinz tomatoes, sweet milk, meat stock



and rare spices brought by Heinz from the Orient.

So here is new life to add to left-over meats. Get a tin of Heinz ready-to-eat Spaghetti from your grocer. Try this left-over recipe.

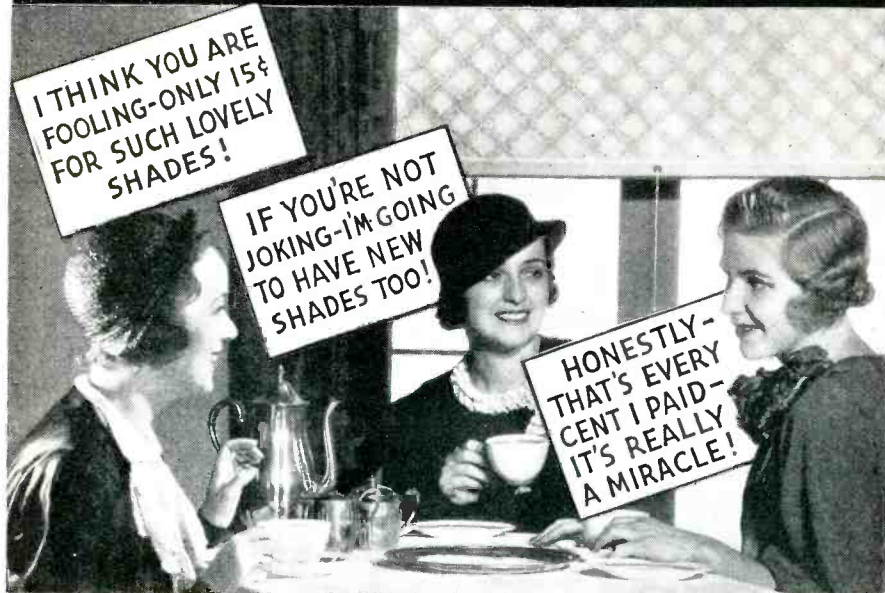
Then invent other left-over recipes with spaghetti—all of them quick, easy, thrifty, and *delicious*.

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# HEINZ *Cooked* SPAGHETTI



# "It Started A New Craze... When the Neighbors Saw My 15¢ CLOPAY WINDOW SHADES"



**\* ONLY CLOPAYS  
GIVE YOU THESE PATENTED  
EXCLUSIVE FEATURES**

**\*Exclusive Creped  
Construction**

It is the patented CREPED texture of Clopays that makes them roll easily, hang smoothly, resist wear.

**\*Patented Gummed  
Strip**

Makes attaching to rollers a matter of seconds; makes tacks, tools unnecessary.

Insist on these two features—no fibre shade without them can possibly give the satisfaction that has put CLOPAYS into more than a million homes.



**16**

**Patterns**

**Solid Colors and  
Colorful Chintz Effects**

**Be Sure You Get  
Genuine CLOPAYS**

**With These Important**

**\*EXCLUSIVE FEATURES**

"NO wonder my neighbors thought I was joking when I told them my lovely Clopay Window Shades cost only 15c each. They are wonderful. The lovely chintz patterns harmonize nicely with decorative plans in my bedrooms and plain colors in others. I've never found their equal in any other kind of shade. Their attractive \*creped texture makes them hang straight, roll straight and wear amazingly. Won't crack, fray or pinhole. So easily attached to rollers with their \*patented gummed strip, too—no tacks or tools. And you only \*trim one side to fit narrow windows. With all these advantages at such an unbelievably low price, can you blame my neighbors for following my lead in switching to Clopays? They're all doing it now." Send 3c stamp for color samples.

**Buy CLOPAY Shades At  
F. W. WOOLWORTH Stores**

# CLOPAY

**CLOPAY CORPORATION, 1343 York Street, Cincinnati, Ohio**

## Mile-a-Minute Husing

(Continued from page 59)

make his share of mistakes, too."

Although he is impartial in his liking for all sports, he is perhaps best known by the general public for his work in football announcing.

At the opening of the season this Fall he will have one hundred and twenty-three games to his credit. Football, of all sports, is preëminently a two-man job. To help him, Ted has Les Quailey who played football with him at Commercial High School and was a member of the same barnstorming professional team in post-school days.

Les had been a coach at Albert University in up-state New York. He and Ted had lost track of each other. One day Les heard a voice broadcasting, recognized it as Ted's, decided to look him up the next time he came to New York. They talked over old times and Ted offered Les a job as his assistant.

Their broadcasting is built up of an intricate system, almost a business in itself, of which putting the game on the air is almost the least part.

The keystone of the system is information. As early as Spring Les goes out, travels around the country, watches the teams practice, scrimmages with them, and brings in his reports to Ted.

Ted boils this information down into intricate records and tabulations of statistics, names, plays, whatnot. This is more than a hobby; it is almost a mania with him. Coaches have learned to trust them and give them much valuable advance information.

THEY owe the completeness of their system to the fact that Knute Rockne was once taken sick during a season when he had the opportunity for the first time of hearing Ted broadcast games of his own team.

He wrote Ted a letter, told him he liked the broadcasts, but he thought he could help Ted improve them if he would care to come out and spend some time with him.

After the season Ted went out, and Rockne gave him a thorough drilling in the fundamentals of football.

"The fundamentals are always the same," Ted declared; "it's the way a coach uses them that makes a football game. For instance, a thrust is always a thrust, but in the way it is executed it may be a rapier thrust or a broadsword thrust."

Les Quailey is the "eyes" of the combination; Ted, the nerve center and mouthpiece. Most announcers work with two observers, one from each college. Ted and Les always work together, using a push-button instrument board with lighted panels on which the names of the players appear.

The board itself is unimportant, Ted insists. It is the system with which he uses it that counts, and that he won't reveal.

Of all his achievements, Ted is proudest of the fact that he has brought the minor sports, tennis, golf, swimming, track, basketball and hockey, into broadcasting prominence.

"The major sports, baseball and football, carry themselves. But there is a far greater interest in the minor sports than is generally realized, because those are the sports in which the



listeners themselves more frequently indulge."

His greatest triumph in this field was in 1932, when he held a conference with Columbia executives in his hospital room where he was recovering from appendicitis, and persuaded them to let him put the NCAA track meet on the air from Chicago, on the hunch that it would be full of thrills. His hunch was right. He had the great satisfaction of seeing seven world records broken in that one afternoon.

He is also proud of having extended the scope of network broadcasting from the eastern college sector to include the star teams of the West, bringing into the national radio spotlight such teams as Michigan, Southern Methodist and Pittsburgh, and giving a great impetus to inter-sectional football by spotting these games prominently on the air.

**T**HIS year he looks to Bernie Bierman's Minnesota Gophers to furnish many of the season's grid thrills, with great prospects for a conference championship.

He says that games to watch will be Pittsburgh—Southern California, Minnesota—Michigan, Fordham—Purdue, Notre Dame—Southern California, Michigan—Ohio State, Tennessee—Vanderbilt, Southern Methodist—Texas, Notre Dame—Northwestern, Columbia—Yale, and Princeton—Harvard.

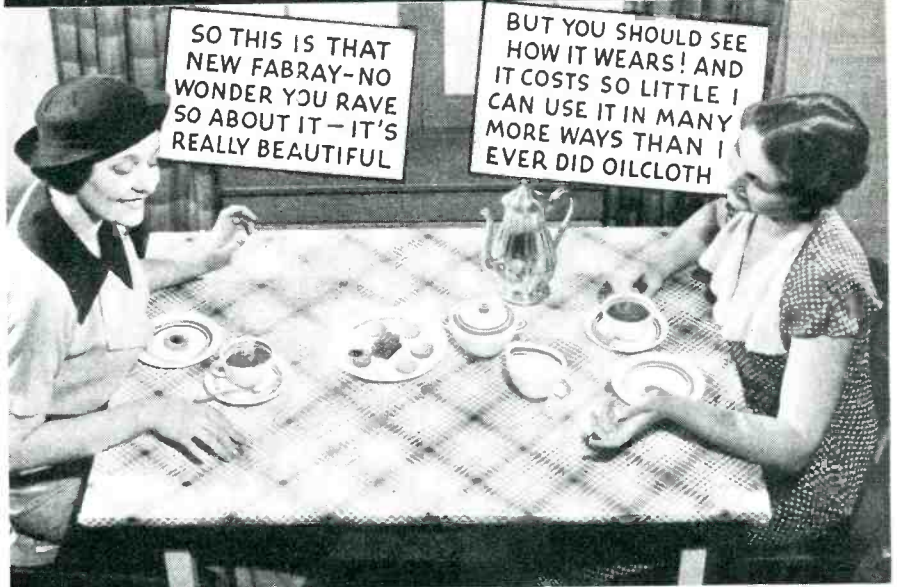
In his early thirties, he finds himself a veteran in this new profession. During the year he has added to his laurels by appearing as master of ceremonies on the Linit hour and other outstanding programs.

There is more money in that. But Ted loves it all, sports, news, or commercial announcing. He's happy as long as he's putting thoughts into words and getting paid for it.

### Speaking of Ether Idols

Joe Cook's real name is Lopez . . . Howard White, of the Landt Trio and White, once was a baker in Scranton, Pa. . . Vincent Lopez believes strongly in numerology . . . June Meredith prides herself on the fact that she is a good cook . . . Jesse Crawford, organist de luxe, got his first job when he walked into the Grauman Theater in Los Angeles and asked for the post of theater organist . . . He had never played the instrument before but he sat down—and landed the job! . . . William J. Short, supervisor of music in the Northampton, Mass., public schools sat at a New York broadcast the other night and listened to a protégé sing . . . The protégé is Conrad Thibault who, 13 years ago, came to him while a stock clerk in the local telephone company . . . Short got him a job in the choir of St. John's Episcopal Church in Northampton . . . Minerva Pious, of Fred Allen's comedy troupe, is a native Russian . . . The Mills Brothers received a handsome scroll attesting to their command performance before the King and Queen of England . . . The boys resorted to the galloping cubes (i.e., dice) to find out who would retain the scroll and John won . . . But it cost him a new Bond Street suit and twelve shirts before he emerged from the combat . . . Irene Taylor is a Fort Worth girl who made good.

**"..And I SAVE 1/2 TO 1/3 ON ALL MY OILCLOTH NEEDS WITH Amazing New FABRAY!"**



**LOOKS..FEELS..WEARS LIKE FINEST OILCLOTH**

**With Advantages Oilcloth Cannot Have!**

**"H**ERE'S another Clopay product that simply opened my eyes—FABRAY! I use it exactly as I would oilcloth—it looks exactly like it, feels exactly like it and wears like it. But the real revelation to me was its price. I save 1/2 to 1/3 on all my oilcloth needs—and that means that I can afford to use it in a dozen new places. And not only that, FABRAY does not crack or peel. It has an oilcloth surface, but a solid backing of tough fibre instead of coarsely-woven cheesecloth. You can crease it—crumple it, or even scrape it, and still FABRAY will not separate from its backing or show even the slightest crack. And it comes in a wonderful range of artistic patterns and solid colors, to fit in with any color scheme. You bet I'm enthusiastic about FABRAY." Try FABRAY and see for yourself what an advance it really is.



For Walls and Dressing Tables

For Shelves and Drawers



#### Make Convincing "RUB TEST"

Rub a piece of FABRAY briskly between your hands as if washing a handkerchief. Rub as hard as you please—you can't make FABRAY crack or peel. But try the same thing with ordinary oilcloth and see what happens. Write today for the special sample offer listed at left—a 25c value for 10c.

#### Special Sample Offer

Send 10c for 2 1/2 yards of 12-inch shelf-style FABRAY. The same amount of oilcloth shelving would cost 25c. Try FABRAY this easy way. Mention whether plain or figured material is wanted, and color preference.



**Buy FABRAY at F. W. WOOLWORTH Stores**

In these forms: Yardage 46 inches wide, 20c a yard. Made-up table covers, 36x46, edges bound, 20c each. 12-inch shelf FABRAY, 5c a yard.

**FABRAY**

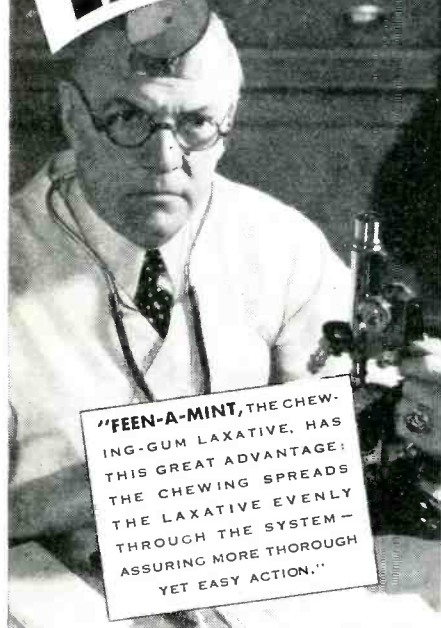
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TO BE EFFECTIVE. CHEW-  
ING FEEN-A-MINT IS  
JUST LIKE CHEWING  
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# Know Your Music



Georges  
Bizet

By  
PITTS  
SANBORN

GEORGES BIZET is known the world over as the composer of "Carmen," the most widely popular of French operas, and of the incidental music to Alphonse Daudet's famous play, "L'Arlésienne" (The Woman of Arles).

Bizet, called Georges, though his baptismal names were Alexandre-César-Léopold, is a composer who from the beginning was dedicated to a musical career. Son of a singing-teacher, he was born in Paris on October 25, 1838. At the age of nine he entered the Conservatoire, where his composition teacher was Halévy, composer of the well-known opera, "La Juive." This association naturally turned the boy's thoughts toward the theater, and it also led in time to his marrying Halévy's daughter, Genevieve.

In 1857 he was graduated from the Conservatoire, carrying off the coveted Grand Prix de Rome with his oratorio, "Clôvis et Clotilda." At this time also he shared with Lecocq (famous later as the composer of "La Fille de Madame Angot") the prize offered by Offenbach in an operetta contest, and his winning operetta, "Docteur Miracle," was actually produced at the Bouffes-Parisiennes. But the young Bizet resolutely turned away from the prospect of an easy Boulevard success with light music to finish in Rome his serious studies. From the Eternal City he sent back to Paris, among other compositions an Italian opera *buffa*, "Don Procopio," and a French opera comique, "La Guzla de l'Emir." Gifted and industrious he seemed to be assured, upon his return to Paris, of a brilliant career.

The first big opportunity came soon. A three-act opera: an East Indian subject, "Les Pêcheurs de Perles," (The Pearl Fishers) was produced at the Theatre-Lyrique in 1863. But, alas for its composer's high hopes, it failed to meet with popular approval. Incidentally, though this opera has been neglected in France, it survived fitfully in the Italian repertory and has been given in New York (in French), with Emma Calvé and Crenonini, once only, in 1896, and three times with Frieda Hempel and Caruso, the first presentation opening the Metropolitan Opera season of 1916-17.

Undiscouraged by the initial setback, Bizet completed a four-act opera, "La Jolie Fille de Perth," based, rather distantly, on Scott's novel, "The Fair Maid of Perth." But that likewise

failed when produced at the Theatre-Lyrique late in 1867. The second setback, however, affected Bizet so deeply

that for several weeks he was ill in bed. There seems to have been no successful revival of "La Jolie Fille de Perth," but the drinking-song for bass is occasionally heard in concert.

After the Franco-Prussian War Bizet returned to the theater with "Djamileh," an Egyptian opera in one act, which suffered disaster at the Opera Comique in March, 1872. In October of the same year "L'Arlésienne," with Bizet's beautiful incidental music, was a short-lived production at the Vaudeville. From the august Opera itself he received no encouragement, the management contemptuously rejecting his lyric tragedy, "Le Cid," of which he had submitted three finished acts. However, there was some balm in the fact that a concert performance of a suite derived from the "L'Arlésienne" music was acclaimed, and further appreciation followed for a second "L'Arlésienne" suite and some other instrumental works.

And then "Carmen," the libretto suggested by Merimee's celebrated story of gypsies in Spain, stirred Bizet to his best efforts. Yet only with much reluctance and after many discussions did the Opera Comique produce it on March 3, 1875.

The various objections were concisely summed up by Leuven, one of the managers of the Opera Comique, who was horrified at the prospect of a crowd of thieves, gypsies, and cigarette girls being paraded on his decorous stage. And Carmen herself!

"Isn't she assassinated by her lover?" the scandalized manager asked. "At the Opera Comique! A family theater! A theater for the promotion of marriages! We rent five or six boxes every night for these meetings of young couples. You are going to put our audience to flight. No, it's impossible!" And he begged the librettist not to have Carmen die. "Death has never been seen on this stage, do you hear, never! Don't let her die! I beg of you!"

The librettist promised to soften the character of the wanton heroine, to introduce a chaste young girl as a foil, to make the gypsies comic, to cover up the death at the end with the ballet's brilliant manoeuvres and the joyous bustle of the crowd.

In spite of this softening process,



audiences and critics were shocked, and only one reviewer had the courage to write favorably. Nevertheless, as in the case of many another shocker, "Carmen," drew so well that it was distinctly the operatic feature of that Spring in Paris. Bizet, however, was chagrined by the lack of an unqualified success. Doubts assailed him as to his ability to write for the stage, and he began work on an oratorio, "Genevieve, Patronne de Paris," which was never to be completed, for the night of June third at Bougival, near Versailles, he died suddenly, of a heart attack, it was said, due to his series of disappointments as a writer of operas.

There has been an attempt to make a mystery of his sudden death, and by a curious coincidence, Mme. Galli-Marie, who was singing "Carmen" at the Opera Comique that very night, had a presentiment of misfortune while she was singing. She finished the number, and at the end fainted. The next morning she learned of Bizet's death.

Saint-Saëns, deploring the obstacles placed in Bizet's path as often the result of the "very worst kind of maliciousness," declared that the policy imposed on him deprived the stage of five or six masterpieces that would now be the glory of France.

"Carmen" itself, despite some opposition aroused by its subject, proceeded in triumph from country to country and was revived in 1833 with overwhelming success at the Opera Comique, where it has continued to enjoy such favor that the total number of performances has mounted by now to the neighborhood of two thousand.

Next month in TOWER RADIO Mr. Sanborn, the famous musical critic, will discuss Giuseppe Verdi, composer of "Aida" and other operas.

## Radio from the Inside

(Continued from page 52)

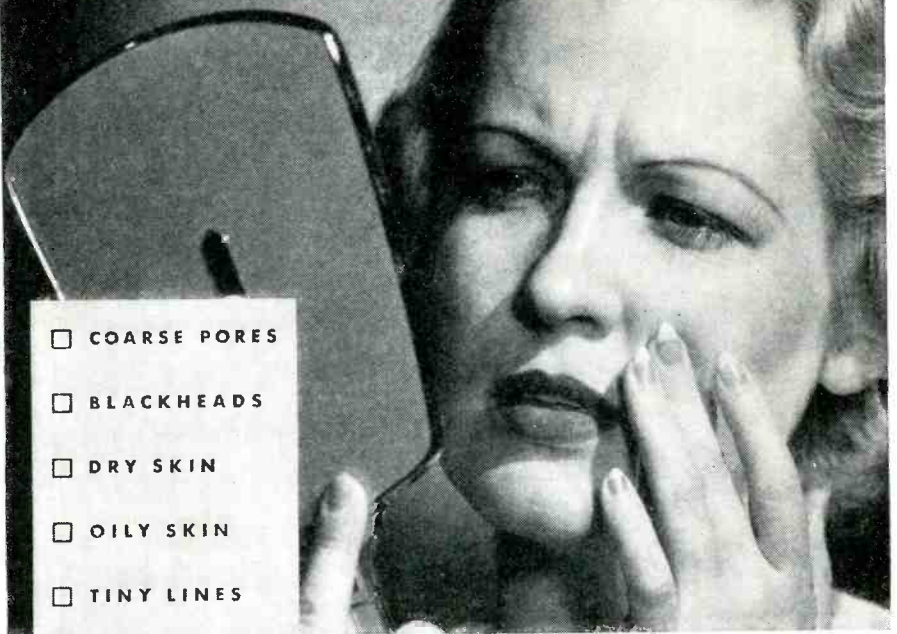
young girl in Chicago she had rather a tough time of it. To support her mother and herself the tousled-haired Helen worked at all sorts of jobs, including turns at waiting on tables, filing, sewing, etc. Finally she got a position that paid a bit more than the others—\$8 a week, to be exact. It was in a popcorn factory, and her particular duty was to insert a prize toy in each and every package. It seemed that as Helen put a toy in each package, she began thinking how happy the kiddies would be if, instead of one, she put two prizes in a box—which she did. But while this no doubt delighted the hearts of the little children, it didn't delight the popcorn people—and she was fired.

A WOMAN'S intuition is a wonderful thing—especially when that woman is the wife of a noted orchestra leader. Not long ago, Howard Barlow was taken ill with gripe, and with a much-too-high temperature, he came out of a sick bed to conduct his symphony orchestra over the Columbia network. He directed from a propped-up position in a chair. Mrs. Barlow, the former Ann Winston of the dramatic stage, was visiting out West at the time—totally unaware of her husband's illness. But a half hour after the broadcast, he received the following wire from her:

(Please turn to page 85)

Tower Radio, November, 1934

# ✓ CHECK YOUR SKIN TROUBLE



- COARSE PORES
- BLACKHEADS
- DRY SKIN
- OILY SKIN
- TINY LINES
- SALLOW SKIN

Nine Times Out of Ten

"Paralyzed Pores" are the Cause!

● By *Lady Esther*

Coarse Pores, Blackheads, Sallow and Muddy Skin, Excessively Oily or Dry Skin—practically every skin trouble to which woman is victim—is but some manifestation or other of "Paralyzed Pores".

"Paralyzed Pores" are due to nothing other than wrong method of skin care!

Ordinary methods are all right as far as they go, but they don't go far enough! They reach the surface dirt of the skin, but *not* the subsurface. And it's that underneath dirt that causes all the trouble, leading, as it does, to "Paralyzed Pores".

### Everything but the Right Thing!

In our efforts to remove this underneath dirt we do everything but the right thing. We use hot and cold applications which shock the delicate pores and render them crippled. We use strong alcoholic preparations which do not remove the dirt, but only close the pores and seal it in.

We use creams which do not penetrate, but which have to be rubbed in and which only pack the dirt in tighter. Continuing the stuffing, the pores become enlarged and stretched to the point where they lose all power to open and close—in other words, "paralyzed".

When pores become paralyzed they become enlarged and conspicuous. Blackheads and whiteheads appear. The whole breathing and functioning of the skin is impaired and it becomes lifeless and drab and either too dry or oily. It is simply impossible to have a beautiful skin with "Paralyzed Pores".

### A Penetrating Face Cream!

Lady Esther Face Cream is unique for the

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fact that it *penetrates*. It does not stay on the surface. It does not have to be rubbed in or massaged in, which only stretches and widens the pores. You just smooth it on. Almost instantly, and of its own accord, this face cream finds its way into the pores. Penetrating the little openings to their depths, it dissolves the accumulated grime and waste matter and floats it to the surface where it is easily wiped off.

### Also Lubricates the Skin

As Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses the skin it *also* lubricates it. It resupplies it with a fine oil that does away with dryness, harshness and scaliness and makes the skin soft and smooth and flexible. For this reason face powder does not flake or streak on a skin that is cleansed with Lady Esther Face Cream.

### At My Expense!

I want you to try Lady Esther Face Cream at my expense. I want you to see the difference just one cleansing will make in your skin. I want you to see how much cleaner, clearer and more radiant your skin is and how much smoother and softer. Write today for the 7-day supply I offer free and postpaid. Just mail the coupon or a penny postcard, and by return mail you'll get a generous 7-day supply of Lady Esther Face Cream.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

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Please send me by return mail your 7-day supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

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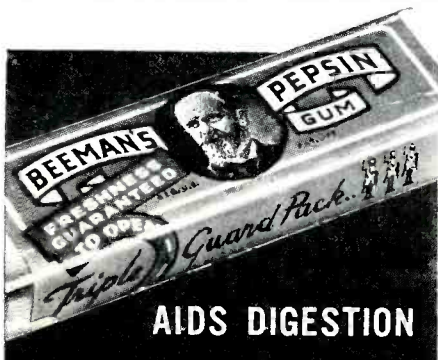
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the world!*

**CLIMB A BUILDING! Walk through air! Conquer space! Anything seems possible, nothing beyond reason, when digestion is good, when irritating little pangs aren't ragging your nerves.**

**Beeman's is a delightful and pleasant way to help keep digestion in order. For Beeman's is first of all a delicious chewing gum with a different flavor — cool and refreshing — kept fresh always by the unique new Triple Guard Pack.**

**Chew Beeman's for its savory goodness, its fragrant freshness. Buy a package today.**

*Chew*  
**BEEMAN'S  
PEPSIN GUM**



## Roxy Returns

(Continued from page 28)

same man of vision and looks into the future with the same comprehending eye, but he has grown more conservative.

In the two decades of our acquaintance I have always found Roxy a delightful host and dinner companion but a little too modest about discussing his career. A brilliant conversationalist on almost any other subject, he crawls into a shell when talk drifts to his own achievements. He prefers to tell you about his home life, his wife and children and his books, and it is with difficulty that you direct discussion into other channels.

**W**ITH Roxy's recent return to the air waves and the organization of a new "gang" of youthful entertainers to produce a weekly show on Columbia, the editor of TOWER RADIO assigned me the job of getting him to talk. I went to his home on Central Park West (he lives on the 16th floor of an apartment building where from his terraced eminence he surveys a fine panorama of the city eastward to the river and beyond) and after luncheon we retired to his magnificent library to discuss things over the coffee. There, surrounded by his beloved books, Roxy relaxed and with that same zeal that impressed me twenty years ago discoursed on radio.

"What changes have occurred in broadcasting since you first went on the air with your gang in 1922?" I asked him.

"Plenty, Nellie," he answered. "For one thing, and most important, the country is much more radio-minded in 1934 than it was in 1922. Technically there has been a vast improvement both in the projection and receiving of broadcasts. But today, as then, the artist must forget the microphone. Once he becomes conscious of it, he is lost in the vastness of space. Nothing can be done in a matter-of-fact way on the air, for the mike is too critical. You must approach it thoroughly prepared. It is so sensitive that it emphasizes flaws in diction, in orchestras, in ensembles and in voices. The listener hears things on the radio that are missed in the studio and on the stage.

"While the all-powerful 'ear' is merciless, it makes an entertainer better if he is good and, by the same token, worse if he is bad. And you have got to be natural or the broadcast will 'B-flat' and that's just too bad."

Here Roxy's face brightened into a genial grin as he chuckled over his sally. This levity rather surprised me for Roxy isn't given to puns when he applies himself to serious discussion.

"Let's skip that," I interjected hastily, a little apprehensive that his trend of thought might get out of its desired course. "What does broadcasting need most to give better satisfaction to the customers?"

"Showmanship," was the ready response. "That accounts for the tremendous popularity of Amos 'n' Andy, radio's outstanding product to date. The secret of their success is sincerity, artistry—and showmanship."

And then, warming to his subject, he went on:

"Radio showmanship is inherent—it can't be taught. Intuitively the show-

man knows just when to do things and what things not to do. He must be thoroughly versed in the subject and must master the mechanics of the medium. A good director, in sympathy with the artist, can make a singer or musician surpass himself. And complete harmony of all factors and factions is of vital importance."

"**W**HAT is the matter with the radio drama?" I asked.

"Nothing so much as improper attention to the problem," said Roxy. "Directors haven't given the projection of sketches the study required. They have depended too much on sound effects and given too little heed to the plays themselves. Dramatic interludes, until Al Jolson took them seriously, lacked sincerity. Thanks to his pioneering work, real progress is now being made. But here again you have a demonstration of what showmanship means to radio. Jolson is another grand showman who has developed a microphone technique because he understands timing—and only showmen seem to grasp this vital quality."

"What is the future of jazz?" I queried.

"It is on trial," he replied. "Its future depends upon the good taste of the maestros. They must cling faithfully to melody. There is no reason why jazz can't be in good taste. But the lyric writers should be taken to task. They have ruined many a lilt-ing tune with their insane lyrics. Artistry and real imagination are needed to save jazz for radio."

"Meanwhile, appreciation of good music is increasing by leaps and bounds. So many symphony orchestras on the air are the proof. Among the symphony conductors, Eugene Ormandy is outstanding. He is always so serious and almost 'blue' in spirit. He has a marvelous beat and his music is glorious."

"And how about radio comedy?"

"Comedy is a delicate, most trying thing to project on the air," came from the oracle. "Very few comedians seem able to visualize an audience. They demand their spectators right in front of them, needing people to give the proper inflection to their words and to time their jokes. Ed Wynn, Jack Pearl, George Givot, Jack Benny, Joe Cook, Joe Penner and Eddie Cantor, of course, are top-notchers, and I marvel that they succeed so well, for one of the hardest things a comic has to do is to read jokes—reading tends to kill spontaneity. The real trick, of course, is in timing and that is where the studio audiences come to the rescue of the gagmen. But isn't it significant that the most successful of the air comics are veterans of the stage where they first learned showmanship?"

"Who, in your opinion, is our outstanding radio personality?" was my next query.

"President Roosevelt," was the unhesitant response. "His voice has warmth, clarity in enunciation and rings with sincerity. Although he reads from a script, somehow he conveys the illusion of speaking impromptu because he is a thorough master of radio technique and timing. There is no professional entertainer



capable of gripping an audience as President Roosevelt does. And I do not think I cast any aspersions on the high office he occupies when I point out that here again the superiority of the showman asserts himself, for President Roosevelt is a master showman."

AS Roxy became enthusiastic over the radio performances of President Roosevelt, my mind traveled back to the days of another President—Calvin Coolidge—and came memories of how an idea of the imaginative Roxy brought great comfort to thousands of our wounded veterans of the World War. Roxy, visiting the Walter Reid Hospital in his professional capacity as an entertainer, noted that the soldiers had no radio. An ex-marine, his interest in the service and service men naturally is deep-seated. Therefore he was much concerned over what he considered nothing short of criminal neglect.

So he went to President Coolidge with a plan to install headsets at every bed in every military and naval hospital in the United States. Mr. Coolidge listened attentively. When he finished Roxy expected the President to ask some questions as to how the plan could be executed. But Coolidge, as characteristic of the man, grasped the practicability of the plan and didn't make a single inquiry. He merely said, "I like it." Then he sent Roxy to the cabinet officer under whose department the matter properly came, and in a few months another dream of Roxy's came into realization.

That is but one sidelight on Roxy. What a sentimentalist he is. How valiantly he has fought to discover and develop unknown talent! His charities and beneficences and other human qualities—all these have been overlooked while the image of Roxy, the magnificent—and profligate—showman has been created in the public mind.

As a result of the legends Broadway built up about him, Roxy has become a much-misunderstood man. His experience at Radio City is an example of what can happen when a perverse world insists upon glorifying one attribute above all others. This gigantic amusement enterprise, conceived in the imagination of Roxy and brought into being by the wealth of the Rockefellers, got off to a bad start. Only a superman, specially ordained by Him on high, could have averted what occurred. With the world in the slough of the worst depression in history, such a development as the Radio City theaters, with their terrific overhead, was dependent upon public support to succeed.

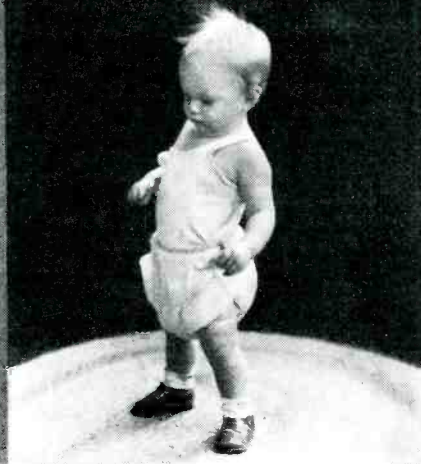
THAT support wasn't forthcoming for the simple reason that unemployment had reduced the number of theatergoers to the minimum, and funds for entertainment were not available to the great mass of people. But Roxy, extravagantly exploited as the miracle man—the super-showman—was held personally responsible. Responsible, mind you, for circumstances entirely beyond his control. The upshot was that, broken in health but not in spirit, he withdrew from the project. Recently the Radio City Music Hall, reacting to the generally improved conditions, emerged from the red and there is every indication that it is now an established, paying proposition. Which only goes to show that

(Please turn to page 66)

● *"Let's see—how does this walking business go? Clench fists, put one foot ahead of the other—but what do I do after that?... Oh, why did I ever take up walking anyway? I was doing fine, getting carried or going on all fours—"*



● *"Well, so far, so good! It won't be long now till I get to that nice splashy tub—and then for a good rub-down with Johnson's Baby Powder!... Now which foot goes ahead first? Might try both at once—the more the merrier—"*



● *"Oops! Something wrong with that idea! Feet are all right, but the rest of me's getting left far, far behind! That's an awfully hard floor down there, too—I remember it from last time! Well, look out below—I'm coming..."*



● *"... Everything's O. K. again, now that I've had my rub-down with Johnson's Baby Powder... Just test that powder between your thumb and finger—it's so smooth! Not gritty, like some powders. No zinc stearate or orris-root in it either."*



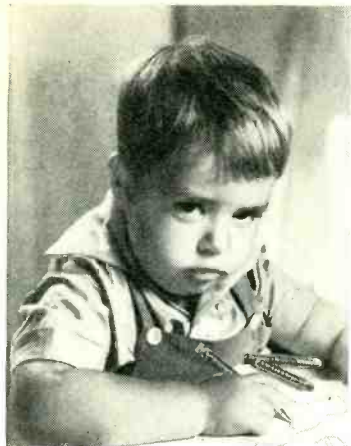
Send 10¢ in coin (for convenience, fasten coin with strip of adhesive tape) for samples of Johnson's Baby Powder, Soap and Cream. Dept. 76, New Brunswick, N. J.

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**JOHNSON'S** *Baby* **POWDER**



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"SPANKY" MacFARLAND featured in Our Gang Comedies produced by Hal Roach

**Join CRAYOLA Drawing Club and get a dandy gift—win or lose!**

Boys and girls of 14 years or under should take "Spanky's" advice and enter this new CRAYOLA Drawing Club Contest—because, win or lose, you'll get a free packet of lovely Christmas Cards.

Just make an original colored drawing for a Christmas Greeting Card. Draw any picture or design you like—or ask your teacher for a suggestion. Make your drawing on paper not over 8" x 10" in size and color it with colored wax crayons. But be sure to get the packet of Christmas Cards now, so that you'll have them in plenty of time to color and mail to your friends before Christmas. Join CRAYOLA Drawing Club now to enter the contest—and get both the Official Membership Card and the packet of Christmas Cards. Just check the No. 1 square on the coupon below and mail the coupon with the flap from a box of CRAYOLA Colored Crayon.

Present members may enter the contest merely by checking the No. 3 square and mailing the coupon with their drawings. But members who want the packet of Christmas Cards should check the No. 2 square and mail the coupon with a flap from a CRAYOLA box.

**All Drawings for the Contest must be mailed on or before December 20, 1934**

**THE PRIZES**

**BEST DRAWING, \$15; 2nd PRIZE, \$10; 3rd PRIZE, \$5; TEN FOURTH PRIZES: Ten sets consisting of 24-color assortment of "Rubens" CRAYOLA and box of "ARTISTA" Water Colors.**

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- I want to join CRAYOLA Drawing Club. Enclosed is flap from CRAYOLA package. Please send me Official Membership Card, Contest Entry Blank, and packet of Greeting Cards.
- I belong to CRAYOLA Drawing Club. Please send the packet of Christmas Cards and Contest Entry Blank. Enclosed is flap from CRAYOLA package.
- I belong to CRAYOLA Drawing Club. Here is my drawing in Christmas Greeting Card Contest. It is yours to keep and I hope it wins a prize.

NAME.....  
AGE.....  
ADDRESS.....

# Roxy Returns

(Continued from page 65)

Roxy had the right idea all the time!

Even while Roxy, through this whim of fate, was in partial eclipse, his name lost none of its luster for countless individuals. All over the world—even in such remote points as the interior of India—there are movie theaters bearing his name. And if you don't think "Roxy" has appeal to New York business men and merchants, just take a glance through the "R's" in the New York City telephone directory some rainy day. You will find Roxy barber shops, Roxy shoe-shining parlors, Roxy restaurants and delicatensens galore. There is a Roxy Coffee Shop and even a Roxy Doughnut Shoppe. There are Roxy pants pressers and a Roxy button factory.

**H**OW Roxy's familiar "Good-night, pleasant dreams and God bless you" originated casts another sidelight on the man. He used it at his first broadcast from the Capitol Theater. He had prepared some fine-sounding comment to bring his program to a close, but when the time came to deliver it he couldn't recall a single word. He stood tongue-tied for a second, and then from the heart came the simple utterance, "Good-night, pleasant dreams and God bless you."

At the next broadcast he delivered his prepared speech. And something like 15,000 letters and telegrams and heaven only knows how many phone calls came, demanding to know why he had departed from his original farewell message. When the customers express a preference so vociferously, it is a pretty dumb broadcaster who doesn't comply with their desires, so "Good-night, pleasant dreams and God bless you" was restored to become a trademark.

The origin of the name, Roxy, has an interesting history. Samuel L. Rothafel, of course, is his real name, but he has been called Roxy so long now that the staid New York Times frequently forgets to refer to him as S. L. Rothafel, even in explanatory parentheses.

He became Roxy back in his boyhood days in Minnesota. Rothafel was too long for his baseball pals, especially at exciting moments in the game. One day at a crucial period he rounded third base and started for home. As he neared the plate the captain of the team, coaching from the sidelines, raised his voice in a mighty shout.

"Slide, Roxy, slide!" he yelled, and Roxy he has been ever since. And sliding home at critical times is still one of the best things Roxy does.

**R**OXY is of humble origin and a son of American soil. After his boyhood in Minnesota he gravitated East to begin his career as a movie impresario in Forest City, Pa., an anthracite coal mining town. At the time he was a bartender in his father-in-law's saloon. But even in those days he foresaw a future for the "flickers," as managers of regular theaters then sneeringly referred to them, and converted the rear room of the drinking emporium into a picture place.

A bedsheet snatched from his mother-in-law's linen closet and tacked against the back wall was his screen. From a neighboring undertaker he borrowed folding stools which furnished seats for the customers. All went well until the undertaker had a funeral. Then Roxy functioned as the chief mourner, for, until the obsequies were concluded and the chairs returned, he was obliged to cancel performances.

The wife he married in Forest City—Rosa Freedman—has been Mrs. Roxy a quarter of a century. They have two children, Arthur, now 23, a writer; and a daughter, Beta, aged 20, who is married to George Bijur, publicity director for Bamberger's. They are one of the most devoted families to come under my observation. But while the world points to the theaters bearing his name, as his greatest achievements, Roxy himself is proudest of his wife and children.

"**N**ELLIE," he confided to me one day, "many monuments have already been erected to me, but stone and steel do not endure. See how easily they erased my name from the Radio City theaters. But thank God they can't take my family from me. After all, my wife and children mean much more to me than anything else this world can produce."

Roxy, now on the air for Castoria, may be expected to develop a lot of new talent. He has been doing that all his life, finding and fostering youthful unknowns who, under his kindly and sympathetic direction, have advanced to stardom. He is the originator of the variety type of broadcast program just as he originated the luxurious style of entertainment for the cinema cathedrals. In twelve years of providing aerial entertainment he has first presented to the public such personages as: Carlo Edwards, conductor; Hugo Reisenfeld; Vincente Ballester, Spanish baritone; David Mendoza, Mario Chamlee, Erno Rapee, Wee Willy Robyn, Gladys Rice, Philo Falco, Lawrence Tibbett, Eugene Ormandy, Evelyn Herbert, Jessica Dragonette, Jimmy Melton, Jacques Gordon of the Boston Symphony, Anna Roselle, Jeanie Lang, Reis and Dunn, Frank Black, George Olsen, and innumerable others.

There are many more but these are sufficient to remind fans that Roxy is an industrious and indefatigable producer of talent.

*The Roxy Revue may be heard over the following stations of the Columbia system at 8 P.M. E.S.T., on Saturdays:*

WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WGR, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, WOWO, WDRC, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, WABC, WCAU, WJST, WEAN, KMOX, WFBL, WJSV, WCST, WBRC, WDOD, KRLD, KLZ, KTRH, KLRA, WREC, WCCO, CKAC, WLAC, WDSU, KOMA, KSL, K TSA, WIBW, CFRB, WMT, WORC, KHJ, KOIN, KGB, KFRC, KOL, KFPY, KVI, KFBK, KMJ, KWG, KERN, KDB.

**Are You Reading  
RADIO FROM THE INSIDE?**



# Broadcasting Has a Birthday

(Continued from page 56)

they put on a phonograph record of a march made by the Marine Band. Again nothing was heard but static.

TO relieve the embarrassment, President Harding was asked to say a few words but was interrupted in the middle of a sentence by a thunderous voice from the loud-speaker which said:

"I can't make the damned thing work."

There was a roar of laughter from the audience and a minute later the strains of a Sousa march from the Marine Band phonograph record were heard, to the great relief of the perspiring engineers. Thus humbly did radio make its debut into official circles.

In the light of subsequent events one of the most interesting things in connection with KDKA was the low power used. Today 100 watts is considered almost less than nothing. Yet at the Second National Radio Conference, called by the then Secretary of Commerce Hoover, in March, 1923, I remember that David Sarnoff, now president of the Radio Corporation of America, was almost mobbed when he asked for a license for 50,000 watts for a New York station—I believe it was WJZ.

Most of the stations of the country were then using 500 watts and Mr. Sarnoff's proposal was as if someone had exploded a bombshell. The late Charles Erbstein, a station owner of Chicago, jumped to his feet and called Mr. Sarnoff one of the "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" (which he characterized as the Radio Corporation of America, the Westinghouse, the General Electric, and the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, all of which at the time owned radio stations), riding rough-shod over the people.

Mr. Erbstein declared such a super-power station as 50,000 watts would blanket all the other stations in the United States. This was at a morning session and the word "super-power" sent out in newspaper despatches so alarmed the people that by the time the afternoon session was under way, Secretary Hoover, besieged by telegrams from all over the country protesting against the terrible "super-power" menace, was obliged to issue a reassuring statement that if such a license were granted it would be on an experimental basis, to be withdrawn immediately if disastrous effects were noted. Under these circumstances, Mr. Hoover, who saw high power coming, granted the license.

It was a year or so before Mr. Sarnoff could build a transmitter to try out the idea. The same thing then happened that subsequently happened, insofar as interference was concerned, when WLW at Cincinnati, six months ago, began experimenting with 500,000 watts. The other stations hardly knew it was on the air. Today KDKA and twenty-five additional stations are using 50,000 watts.

All this occurring in fourteen years gives the listener an idea of the rapidity with which broadcasting has developed.



*Two is company*  
(MAYBE FOR KEEPS!)

## IF YOUR COMPLEXION STAYS MIRROR FRESH

LET him look at you with ardent eyes! You can stand the close-ups all evening long—if your complexion stays as clear and fresh, as free from shine, as the moment you left your mirror. And it will—if you're using Marvelous Face Powder, the sensational new powder perfected by Richard Hudnut.

Marvelous Face Powder actually stays on from four to six hours—and you can time it yourself. Through long hours of dancing, driving in the wind, you can count on looking your very best. Marvelous Face Powder contains a remarkable new ingredient discovered by the Richard Hudnut laboratories—an ingredient that makes the powder cling as though part of your own skin texture. Yet Marvelous Face Powder never looks floury, never cakes

or clogs the pores. It is as light and fine a powder as science can make. The fifty-year reputation of Richard Hudnut, as the maker of fine cosmetics, is your assurance of its purity.

Marvelous Face Powder costs only 55¢ for the full-size box, at any drug store or department store. Yet so sure are we that you will like it that we will send you free trial packages in the four most popular shades. You may put it to the only convincing test—a trial on your own face. Won't you clip the coupon and mail it right now?

**OTHER MARVELOUS BEAUTY AIDS**  
Marvelous Liquefying Cream... Tissue Cream... Foundation Cream... Hand Cream... Skin Freshener... Rouge... Lipstick... Eye Shadow... Lash Cosmetic... Manicure Preparations... Dusting Powder... Only 55¢ each

*New Discovery* BY RICHARD HUDNUT  
FACE POWDER NOW STAYS ON FROM 4 to 6 HOURS  
(BY ACTUAL TEST)

**MARVELOUS** Face Powder 55¢



*Free* Four trial packages of Marvelous Face Powder, in the four most popular shades—also Marvelous Make-up Guide, with authentic information on correct combinations of powder, rouge, lipstick.

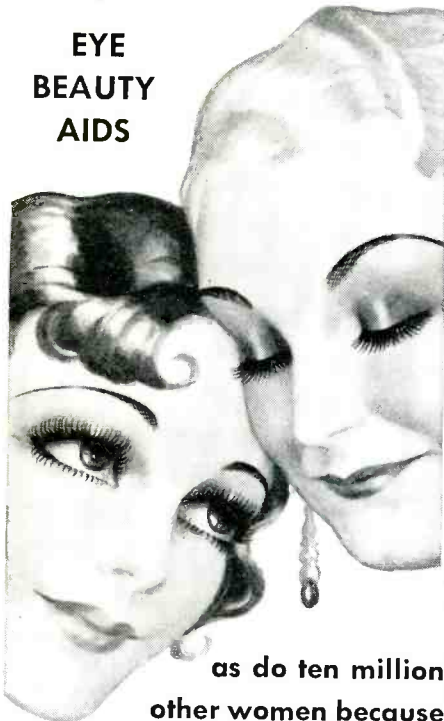
H-2  
RICHARD HUDNUT, 693 Fifth Avenue, New York City  
Please send me, free and postpaid, trial packages of Marvelous Face Powder and Marvelous Make-up Guide.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_



# BOTH Mother and Daughter PREFER Maybelline

EYE  
BEAUTY  
AIDS



as do ten million  
other women because  
they know they are

The  
Approved  
Mascara



BLACK,  
BROWN AND BLUE



BLACK AND BROWN



COLORLESS



BLACK OR WHITE  
BRISTLES



BLUE, BROWN, BLUE-GREY  
VIOLET AND GREEN

... absolutely harmless  
... most effective  
... of highest quality  
... the quickest and easiest  
way to have the natural  
appearance of attractively  
beautiful eyes.

From sweet sixteen to queenly fifty, women of all ages the world over have learned that Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids are the safe, simple way to lovely eyes—eyes that instantly appear larger, brighter and more expressive. Beauty-wise women appreciate, too, the never-failing high standard of purity and harmlessness guaranteed by the famous name of Maybelline. Try these delightful aids to a new and more beautiful YOU!

Maybelline Eye Shadow  
Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil  
Maybelline Eyelash Tonic  
Cream  
Maybelline Eyebrow Brush  
and the world-famous, approved Maybelline mascara.

All Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be had in purse sizes at all leading 10c stores. Try them today!

## Short Wave Department

### New Stations on the Air

(Continued from page 40)

stack of mail staring some stolid oriental in the face.

Long ago I had written but they never answered me. So I gave up. But lately, hearing of this other fan's luck, I wrote again and this is what Mr. Tositada Matuyuki, Engineer-in-Chief, answered me: "The commercial station 'Nazaki' which was recently built at Nazaki, Japan, is now transmitting various frequencies every day. The station that you heard on June 5 was this Nazaki station."

### Late DX News

(Continued from page 41)

consists of the news items spoken in French, then musical selections followed by the news in Flemish. The playing of the Belgian National hymn, "Brabanconne," concludes their transmissions. This station is heard daily, with fair volume from 1:45 to 3:15 P. M. E.S.T.

OUR2, 49:4 meters, Vienna, Austria, has been off the air for reconstruction purposes but will be back, with a regular program any day now.

Listeners who have no objection to losing a few hours of sleep really should stay up November 11 and listen to a special broadcast from HIX, 49:5 meters, Santo Domingo, R. D. The hours of transmission will be from 3 to 5 A. M. E.S.T. The International DXers Alliance, Bloomington, Illinois, have arranged many special and unusual broadcasts for the coming DX season. Latest data on these is released in their official organ, the "Globe Cir- cler."

### Latest News of the DX Fans

THE really newest station on the air, at the time of going to press, is OA4AC, Lima, Peru. It is said to be the most powerful short wave radio station in South America. Operating on 38:36 meters or 7820 KC., with 20 kilowatt power.

One night, within a week after their arrival on the ether waves, I tried for them and heard their program. Nightly they are in operation, with a schedule time of 10 to 11:30 P.M., E.S.T. This schedule is not from the station, but the hours that we have heard them. The program consists of American music, with announcements in Spanish. One can distinctly hear the announcer say "La Vox del Peru, Lima."

The writer is almost positive he heard VWY, 38.5 meters, Kirkee, In-

Kay Fayre is an enthusiastic New York short wave fan and a member of Captain Hall's Club. She, herself, is a radio entertainer.



KAY FAYRE

Her first radio experience was at the age of thirteen, when she won an amateur contest on Station WFBH (now non-existent) in New York City. A few years later she sang in vaudeville and in 1929 did several radio programs on local stations merely as a hobby. In 1930 she toured the United States by automobile, non-professionally, but just for the thrill of it, sang several programs on many stations throughout the states, particularly in the Northwest. In 1932 Kay Fayre went back into show-business, touring the entire continent with a unit, in which she impersonated several of the prominent radio stars. While on this trip, which was of six months' duration, she broadcast from practically one radio station in every city in which the show played. In 1933 she concentrated her activities entirely on broadcasting and spent six months doing four weekly programs from Boston. About this time she became interested in short wave.

On her return from New England, Kay Fayre was booked by WOR, in New York, to be featured on Norman Brokenshire's Variety Hour each Friday night at 9:30. She is a DX fan in her spare time.

dia, but thereon "hangs a tale." Bolinas, California, was heard calling Japan almost every night around 9:30 P.M. from KWE, 19.4 meters. "Hello, Tokyo, one, two, three, four. How are you hearing us, Tokyo?" This end of the contact we heard and naturally wanted to know what Tokyo had to say to Bolinas. We scanned the dials and on 38.5 meters we heard a "swish," pulled the signal out of oscillation and clearly and distinctly we heard music— weird, almost wild music. It was not Japan, but who was it? Then came the voice of the announcer saying something about "Kirkee," "Kirkee." We continued to listen and the music played on. The noise level was rather high, but we switched on the recording outfit and made a disc of what we heard. Purely for reference purposes. The time we held the station was from 9:40 to 10:11 P.M., E.S.T.

More cannot be said about this catch until we receive word from the Indian State Broadcasting Corporation at Bombay, India.

Everybody is becoming a DX fan. If you have joined the fascinating game of capturing remote radio stations, be sure to read  
**CAPTAIN HALL'S SHORT WAVE COMMENTS  
IN TOWER RADIO EVERY MONTH**



# How to Listen to Football

(Continued from page 22)

ticket to the big games. With times better again this season, thousands of fans are back in the grandstands who would have lost interest had it not been for radio.

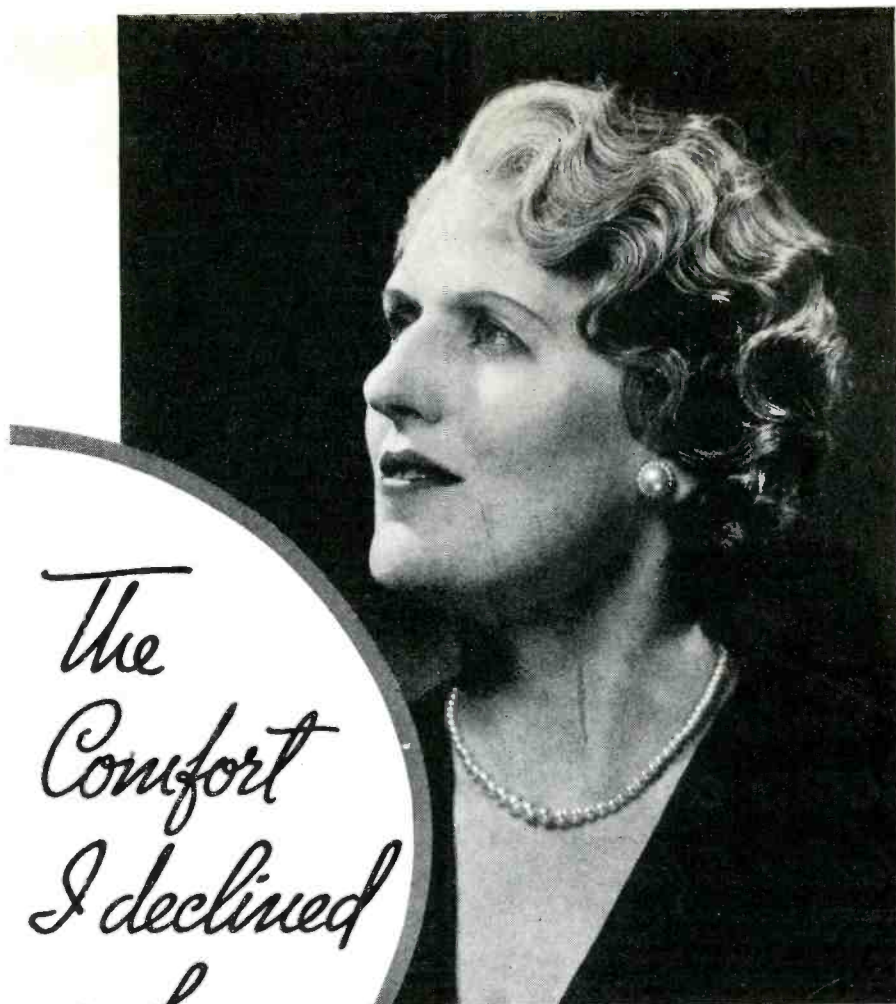
**HUNK ANDERSON**, now head coach of North Carolina State College, told us about the influence of college football on the schoolboys and what they could learn from their older brothers. Comparatively few schoolboys are able to attend big college games but with close attention to old Master-Mind Hunk's advice, we're sure regular Saturday game broadcasts, used with a **TOWER GUIDE**, are just about as good as going to one of the football schools such as are held each Summer at Southern California, University of Michigan, Columbia, and many other collegiate institutions.

Hunk believes that the schoolboys could improve their game a great deal if they would observe the kind of plays called by a college quarterback and compare those selections with the choice of the high or prep school field general under similar circumstances. The mixture of plays and defenses, the time chosen to gamble, and the importance of weight and conditioning are matters which should impress the student of the game, according to Hunk.

This interesting coach, whose brilliant handling of the Notre Dame team last Fall was responsible for the sensational win over Army in the closing of the Eastern football season, likes to speculate on such things as the effectiveness of a particular play, the effect of the weather on the two teams, and the ability of some ball carriers to gain more consistently on certain plays. If these things interest a football coach who eats and sleeps the game, they certainly should make important notes for the fellow listening-in to the big games. These are the kind of inside things to watch for while sizing up the two football teams during the first quarter of play.

**THERE** is a great deal of worthwhile argument as to whether the radio fan who tunes in on football wants his broadcast technical, whether he would rather have lots of the "golden sun sinking in the west," or would prefer specialized information by real experts in the gridiron game. A fellow like Eddie Dooley, who, in his days as quarterback at Dartmouth, was known as "Death," and who now broadcasts big games from New York, could easily go technical if that is what the radio fan wants. Somehow it seems too bad that a national poll cannot be conducted to determine the consensus on this point.

Most of the Husings and McNamees agree that there has been a marked trend in the past few years toward a more technical broadcast, with words like "fake" or "reverse through the line" used indiscriminately in the belief that the average listener understands football. That being the definite trend in radio, it makes even more necessary some definite plan such as this suggested **TOWER GUIDE** idea for following the airwaves football games this Fall.



The  
Comfort  
I declined  
so long

"I don't know why I refused so long to believe that Midol might help me, unless it was because I had tried so many things that never did. But I'm thankful I *did* try it, about two years ago, and haven't had a severe time since I learned to rely on this form of relief."

Some such endorsement could truthfully be given by numbers of women who have found, sooner or later, that Midol does relieve periodic pain. In many cases, these tablets have spared women even any discomfort at this time; nearly all receive definite relief.

Perhaps you have feared to take anything that acts as quickly, but

don't be afraid of its speed! Midol is *not* a narcotic. Midol is quite as harmless as the aspirin you take for an ordinary headache.

Should you decide to try this remarkable form of relief for periodic pain, remember the name of this special medicine—and remember that Midol is a special medicine for this special purpose. Do not take instead, some tablet that is made for aches and pains in general, and expect the same results. Ask the druggist for *Midol*. Do this today, and be prepared!

## An Invitation

to try it without expense; just mail this to Midol, 170 Varick St., N. Y., and get trial box free.



Name .....

Address .....



# I was Starving for Romance



until a  
"scrap of paper"  
led me to loveliness

I used to be considered plain and dull and couldn't seem to make friends or attract men at all. I was so lonely that many a night I cried myself to sleep. How strange to think that a chance visit to the 10¢ store led me to loveliness and changed my lonely tears to smiles.

I accepted from the girl at the cosmetic counter a sample card sprayed from the giant atomizer of Blue Waltz Perfume. What exquisite fragrance! It made me think of music... moonlight... romance. Quickly I bought this perfume and the other Blue Waltz Cosmetics, too.

Next day I made up carefully with Blue Waltz Lipstick and Blue Waltz Face Powder. I finished with a touch of Blue Waltz Perfume. I left home with a fast beating heart... Would others notice how unusually nice I looked? Would they think my new perfume alluring? I soon learned the answer. Men who used to pass me with a cold nod looked at me twice and stopped to chat. Girls were friendlier, too. Soon I actually began to be asked for dates. What a thrill to be told I'm glamorous... even though I know it's really Blue Waltz Perfume that turns men's thoughts to romance.

Girls, go to the cosmetic counter of your 5 and 10¢ store... get a free sample card sprayed from the Blue Waltz Giant Atomizer... you'll love its enchanting fragrance. Buy Blue Waltz Perfume and all the marvelous Blue Waltz Cosmetics... certified to be pure and only 10¢ each.

Seize this opportunity to ensemble your beauty preparations. You find the same alluring fragrance in Blue Waltz Perfume, Face Powder, Lipstick, Cold Cream, Cream Rouge, Brilliantine, Talcum Powder. Only 10¢ each at your 5 and 10¢ store.



**Blue Waltz**  
PERFUME AND COSMETICS  
FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK

# Rogers Peeps into the Future

(Continued from page 17)

planets, and fought against the forces of hostile nature—the cold emptiness of inter-planetary space, the thin atmospheres and varying pressures on other planets—and made many interesting discoveries.

Great trouble for Buck and Wilma was caused by Killer Kane, who was constantly plotting against them. Killer Kane was assisted by the beautiful Ardala Valmar, who thought up many dark schemes.

Early last Summer the president told Buck to take a vacation during the summer months, but to come back to his service in the Fall. Buck did this, and now he and Wilma and Dr. Huer are busily engaged in strange new adventures and projects for their country's welfare. Killer Kane and Ardala are plotting against them and our hero and heroine have many escapes.

It is great fun to listen to the radio program and hear all about the strange new inventions that are supposed to be in use in 2434. That looks like a queer figure for a year, doesn't it? But, you see, the present year is 1934, and 500 years from now will make it 2434. It's just a simple piece of addition.

ONE thing to keep in mind is that all of the marvelous new machines described in the Buck Rogers program are based on known scientific principles. Based on what we already know today, it is quite possible that such machines actually will exist 500 years from now.

For instance, we know that everything in the universe, all matter, is made up of small particles called atoms. Immense numbers of these atoms cling together and make up things that we can see and touch, such as a stone or a tree. Now if we could break up those atoms in that stone, or tree or automobile we could destroy those things so completely that not even any piece would be left.

Well, scientists in America already have developed very heavy and very complicated and very expensive machines for breaking up the atom. We know it can be done, but the present process is clumsy and difficult. Isn't it easy to suppose that 500 years from now the process will be made quick and simple? Thus when Buck Rogers calls for his Atomic Disintegrator, turns it against a hostile ship and dissolves the ship, you know he is doing something that may be very simple to do 500 years from now.

It is the same way with force of gravity. This is the force which causes an object which has been thrown into the air—say, a baseball, a doll, a cat—to fall back to earth. The latest scientific belief is that this force is based on attraction between the electrical parts of atoms. It is quite possible that in another 500 years scientists will find some means of neutralizing this force and the inertion belts which Buck Rogers uses to defy gravity may be a reality.

Thus the fascinating game goes on, and it stimulates the imagination to listen to the adventures of Buck Rogers. What new inventions can you think of? Can you suggest something that not even Dr. Huer knows about, but which might very well exist in another 500 years?

Coming down to earth and the present day, now, we find that producing the Buck Rogers program is a very difficult job in radio. All of the resources of the Columbia Broadcasting System are used in getting devices that will sound like a rocket ship, or make a noise like an atomic disintegrator, or give the crackle of a lightning gun. They have to use such things as air pressure tanks, revolving steel drums, and wide spark gaps greatly magnified to give such effects.

THE Buck Rogers programs are directed by the young man who writes them. He is E. R. Johnstone, and he is the son of the head of the New Jersey State Department of Institutions and Agencies.

"I like to believe that these programs stimulate the imaginations of hearers, both youthful and adult," says Johnstone, "and help to create real interest in science. I watch carefully the ethics of plot situations in order to demonstrate bravery and truthfulness and justice, and principles of good conduct. Also I am careful about points of grammar, and endeavor to make sure that my characters always use good English."

The Buck Rogers stories originally were suggested by a cartoon strip which is very popular in daily and Sunday newspapers. The rights to this cartoon are controlled by the National Newspaper Service, 326 West Madison Street, Chicago, and many people follow the adventures of Buck Rogers both in the newspapers and on the radio. The stories are not parallel, however, and different adventures are found in the two mediums.

On the radio, the part of Buck Rogers is played by Curtis Arnall, a young man from the South who has had much radio and stage experience. His beautiful assistant, Lieut. Wilma Deering, is played by Adele Ronson, and it is a pleasure to report that she is just as attractive in real life as she is supposed to be in the stories.

Dr. Huer is played by Edgar Stehli, an actor of long experience on the stage. Killer Kane is played by William Shelley, one of the most popular actors in radio, who is as cordial and jolly in real life as he is supposed to be snarling and menacing in the stories. Kane's accomplice, Ardala, is played by Elaine Melchior, and she is beautiful, either in or out of radio. The program is sponsored by the makers of Cocomalt.

Wait a minute—the radio is turned on—now it is warming up. Here comes a familiar call, "Buck Rogers in the 25th Century!" Come on, Children. Gather 'round for a ride that takes you 500 years into the future!

You can hear "Buck Rogers in the 25th Century" over the following stations of the CBS system on Monday to Thursday evenings at 6 P.M., E.S.T.:

WOKO, WAAB, WKBW, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WABC, WCAU, WJAS, WFBL, WJSV, WBT, WBNS, WMBC, WHEC.

At 7:30 the sketches may be heard over the following stations:

WBBM, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX, WGST, KRLV, WCCO, WDSU, K TSA.



## Blasted into Fame

(Continued from page 37)

I can't afford to pay for lessons."

"But he is a prodigy. Don't let his talent be wasted."

"We'll see how good that talent is when I apprentice him at the tobacco factory."

Gottfried spoke to the mother. It was useless to think of getting David as a paying pupil. He offered to give the child free lessons if the mother would buy him a violin.

The mother who had sacrificed so much for her children, skimped a little more on food, ran the mangle later into the night, and bought a violin for three roubles (\$1.50).

For a long time, the child took the lessons in secret, hiding from the angry eye of his father. When at last father Rubinoff discovered that his son was the best of all Gottfried's pupils, he was not angry, he was pleased. From then on he sat by as the boy took his lessons, and forced him to practice long hours.

Soon Grodno was boasting of its child prodigy. He appeared at all weddings, festivals, and musical gatherings. He played at parties and religious feasts. For his playing he received gifts—occasionally a few pennies. He and Phil were a two-man string orchestra.

When Rubinoff was twelve he joined the orchestra of the Cossack regiment garrisoned in town. Although a minor, he was invited to play in the string section. Thrilled at the adventure, he slept in the barracks. The family permitted it because David brought to the larder the sugar, tea, salt, bread and the rest of the soldier's fare which was rationed out to him.

Brother Herman was in America. Like so many others of his race and age, he had run off to escape the ordeal of compulsory military service. With his earnings, he bought passage for Charles and sister Rose. The three worked, saved and, when David was fourteen they sent for the rest of the family.

Gottfried bade his pupil a tearful farewell, and gave him a violin as a gift, a good serviceable instrument that Rubinoff used for many years in this country.

Teacher Gottfried is still alive in Grodno. Regularly, on the first of every month, when Rubinoff's secretary prepares checks for rent, for telephone, for light, she writes one for Gottfried, the man who plucked a dirty-faced youngster off a doorstep, and planted him on the road to fame. And Gottfried you may be sure, does not regret the generous impulse that prompted him to save a youngster from a job in a tobacco factory.

THE *Graf Waldersee* docked at Philadelphia on June 28, 1911. Rubinoff did not see the giant sky-line of New York harbor nor the Goddess of Liberty. Perhaps it was just as well. There was nothing to frighten the impressionable youngster, nothing to make him feel that his talisman would not work in this new world.

The family moved to Pittsburgh but David went to work immediately. Through the help of his brother, he obtained an engagement at Miner's Hotel in Atlantic City. He played there throughout the Summer. In September of that year he was fifteen.

(Please turn to page 72)

## "Sticky Hand Lotions are Impossible—"

Mrs. Ely Culbertson



### Famous Bridge Expert Keeps Her

### Hands Lovely This Time-Saving Way

IMPOSSIBLE, especially for bridge players. I don't like to be conscious of my hands at a card table; they must look well and feel well if my mind is to stay on the game. I use Pacquin's all the time because I don't have to wait for it to dry," says Mrs. Culbertson. "I just rub a bit on and each time I am

amazed how quickly it goes in! There is none of that sticky film lotions usually leave. And it has an immediate softening and whitening effect. It's really the only hand treatment for a busy woman. I take Pacquin's everywhere I go. My hands can't do without it."

The reason that Pacquin's does not make your hands moist and sticky is that this remarkable cream actually feeds your skin. It sinks right into the inner layers of skin where it is needed. Utterly different from the lotions that remain on the outer skin until finally evaporation dries them.

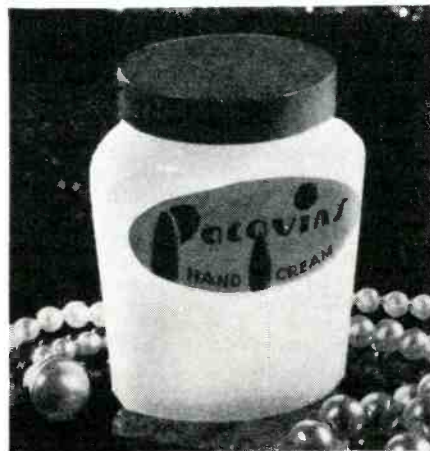
No wonder Pacquin's gives you soft, white, smooth hands! Send for the introductory jar today.

PACQUIN LABORATORIES CORPORATION  
Dept. 3-A, 101 West 31st Street, New York, N. Y.  
Please send me your generous trial jar of Pacquin's Hand Cream for which I enclose 10¢.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



# Pacquin's Hand Cream





# Blasted into Fame

(Continued from page 71)

In the Fall he entered Forbes School in Pittsburgh, an elementary school where he hoped to learn the language. He brought his own language with him, however, the universal language of music, and before long he was directing the school orchestra.

There is an interesting episode connected with this period. Young Rubinoff spent his after-school hours selling papers, running errands, and at whatever odd jobs he could find. To keep him from suffering any loss while directing the school orchestra, the principal, Joseph McDermott, paid him one dollar a week from his personal funds.

Last July, Rubinoff was in Pittsburgh playing a road engagement. He learned that Mr. McDermott was still principal of Forbes School, and immediately went to see him. It was an impressive sight. The principal, now an old man, could not keep the tears from streaming down his face. Rubinoff's voice shook. Under the spell of their talk, bystanders conjured up a vision of a small, dark boy in knickerbockers and black ribbed stockings standing before the orchestra of children, frantically waving his arms, sputtering in Russian, German, and Yiddish in his frenzy, and finally playing the violin to make his meaning clear.

From the first, Rubinoff's ambition was to be a great violinist but leisurely study was denied him. It was imperative for him to earn a living, and when the opportunity came to join a string trio, he grasped it. He played at Piatt's Cafe in Pittsburgh, on Fifth Avenue. A certain individuality in his playing caused him to be singled out even then, and he would do personality bits among the tables. He was learning the Rubinoff trick of playing to his audience, not as if the crowd were the listening unit but rather the individual patron. He learned that no matter how vast the auditorium, nor how well filled, there can be a bond of intimacy between the performer and every person there. That is one of the secrets of his success—that and his versatility.

He could conduct an orchestra with a rare ability to develop instrumental color. He quickly learned the knack of syncopation, and gave audiences what was the rage then—jazz. He doubled between Piatt's Cafe and the Camerophone Theater. Later he played at the Novelty Theater which is still extant, and several other neighborhood theaters in Pittsburgh. During that period he wore knee-pants but conducted orchestras of from five to ten men many of whom were well in their thirties. People came for miles to see the boy wonder. At the Camerophone Theater he earned the sum of \$20 weekly.

RUBINOFF'S ability to win applause shone forth even in the tawdry setting of small theaters and cafes like a many faceted jewel. Visiting performers made tempting offers to the young virtuoso. One act, the Quixie Quintet, won Rubinoff with a breath-taking salary and the promise of travel, and adventure. Against strong parental objection, Rubinoff joined the company and immediately hit the road.

It was a turning point in the life of Rubinoff. As his father feared, it meant a permanent severance of family ties. True, David corresponded with his brothers, and frequently dashed back to Pittsburgh for brief visits to his parents. He contributed liberally to their support, and showered them with gifts. But in body and spirit he was gone.

The fledgling had grown and flown. Mother would no longer watch over his linen with loving care, dad would win no more cigars by betting that his 16-year-old son was the director of a theater orchestra, not just a musician.

Dave Rubinoff had outgrown his knee-pants in Pittsburgh and was on his way to conquer the West!

The act was on the go constantly. They played, they sang, they gave concerts, and hopped from Tschaiikowsky to "Swanee River" on a stage set with gilt chairs and potted palm trees. Rubinoff's solos invariably brought down the house.

In passing it might be noted that the baritone voice in the Quixie Quintet belonged to Big Freddy Miller, now heard on the Columbia network.

When Rubinoff reached St. Paul, he took root. Musical friends counselled him to drop the hard life of vaudeville, to study, and to develop his talents. He stayed in the Twin Cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis seven years, and when he left it was as one of the biggest theatrical names to come from the Middle-West.

THE seven years in Minnesota were lean in glory but rich in progress. They were Rubinoff's formative years. Years devoted to simple living, study, and hard work. It was in the Twin Cities that Rubinoff made his greatest friendships, found his greatest happiness, and suffered the misery of loss and parting. He fell in love with a beautiful girl, a pianist. She helped him compose his "Dance of the Russian Peasants". With love as a spur, he studied his instrument intensively. At the height of his happiness, she died. He turned to study again for solace.

Rubinoff's rise to fame in the Twin Cities dates from the purchase by the firm of Finkelstein and Ruben of the Park Theater where he was conductor. The F & R circuit operated the leading theaters in that territory. Rubinoff became their finest bit of property.

Harold Finkelstein, son of one of the partners and himself an executive in the firm, recognized the genius of Rubinoff and won him a booking at the Capitol Theater in down-town St. Paul, the largest theater in the city.

Years later he repeated the picture take-off business in Cleveland, St. Louis, and Chicago to the amazement of critics and executives.

Rubinoff's rise to fame was now meteoric. He played frequent engagements at the Capitol, at the State Theater in Minneapolis, travelled to Kansas City and St. Louis to fill special bookings at interesting salaries. When the famous silent picture, "Humoresque," played in Kansas City he was imported as a starring attraction.

He organized a dance orchestra at the Calhoun Terrace Club and made it tremendously successful. The orchestra made a tour of local theaters very much as Fred Waring's and Guy Lom-

"The Sheen of Youth"



Nestle  
COLORINSE

● Are you known for the glowing beauty of your hair? You can be, if you really want to. It's so simple to always have that "Sheen of Youth"—that youthful glow of natural color that every woman would keep above all else!

You are not using a dye or a bleach—for ColoRinse is only harmless vegetable compound, made by Nestle, the creators of permanent waving. There are 10 correct shades to choose from, so that you can add as much or as little color as you desire.

The result will more than delight you. For in place of that faded, dull, aging look, your hair becomes lustreful and sparkling, color toned with a shimmering sheen of youthful, vibrant glamour. Try it after the next shampoo.

THE NESTLE-LEMUR COMPANY  
MAKERS OF QUALITY PRODUCTS  
NEW YORK



10c at all 10c Stores and Beauty Shops  
... Nestle ColoRinse, SuperSet,  
Golden Shampoo and Henna Shampoo



bardo's orchestras do now. No wonder his dance orchestra is so successful today.

During his seven years in the Middle-West, Finkelstein and Ruben boosted his salary from \$75 a week at the Park Theater to a new high of \$500.

**WE MUST** make an excursion now, as Rubinoff frequently did. During the second year of his St. Paul hegira, the violinist returned to Pittsburgh for a brief visit. There he met the man who next to Harold Finkelstein most influenced his early years, Louis K. Sidney.

Although on a vacation, Rubinoff longed to have his parents see him on the stage of Pittsburgh's finest theater, the new Aldine. Rubinoff dropped in to see the manager, Mr. Sidney, his violin under his arm, and told his story. Sidney was not impressed.

"I've got a dozen good violinists in the orchestra," declared the manager and continued the dictation which Rubinoff had interrupted.

"I had to do four encores in Minneapolis last week," Rubinoff insisted.

"We're tougher in Pittsburgh," said Sidney shortly.

"Did you ever hear anything like this?" demanded Rubinoff in desperation, and pulling his violin from its case, he began to play.

Louis K. Sidney looked at his correspondence, at the nervy twenty-year-old fiddler who stood before him.

"If you must play," he yelled, "come backstage after the last show and play for the orchestra. Now get out."

Sidney is over six feet tall, and has the physique of a football player. Rubinoff departed in dignified silence.

He knew what that audition meant. Those musicians would be unfriendly, as they would be to anyone who threatened their jobs. They would be hyper-critical. Their response would not be that of a typical audience.

Be it to Rubinoff's everlasting credit that he won from those men exactly the same measure of applause that was normally his from the public. With that applause was mingled the admiration of craftsmen who could recognize a well-phrased passage, and a full bodied chord. Sidney put Rubinoff to work in the following week's show.

Today Louis K. Sidney is the operating director of the Loew's theaters in New York City, the Capitol and State theaters on Broadway, and some dozen de luxe neighborhood theaters all over New York. As men rank big in show business, he is a big man.

Rubinoff was to meet Sidney again but not for some time. He returned to St. Paul almost like the biblical Jacob to complete his seven years. At the end of that time he had out-grown the Twin Cities as he had out-grown his knee pants and Pittsburgh.

One day Harold Finkelstein called him into the office. "Dave," he said, "I'm going to fire you. In fact, I fire you right now. There's a big future ahead of you. Chicago, New York, the road can give you much more than St. Paul. You've reached the top here. I can't let you remain without doing you a great injustice."

Rubinoff hit the road again. He played Chicago when Paul Ash was at the height of his glory, and again experienced the never-to-be-forgotten thrill of completely running away with the show. He toured through the principal cities of the North. His progress  
(Please turn to page 74)



"Ssh, Betty! . . . You're much too big to cry. Let's get Aunt Alice to tell us why a nice little girl feels so weepy and cross all of a sudden."



"This little girl says she doesn't want to play, either, Mother. Perhaps it's constipation that's making her so listless. I'd give her Fletcher's Castoria tonight."



"Oh, Aunt Alice!—I'm just fine today!—Yes, I had my Fletcher's Castoria last night—and Mother says to tell you that she thinks it's simply wonderful!"

- "I'm so glad you're better, Betty, dear! You tell your Mother that Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children just like you. And it hasn't a thing in it that would hurt your little baby brother, either. He'll love the taste of it just as much as you do."

*Chas. H. Fletcher* **CASTORIA**

The children's laxative

• from babyhood to 11 years •



Fletcher's Castoria is especially helpful in cases of colic due to gas, diarrhea due to improper diet, sour stomach, flatulence, acid stomach. And it's an effective first aid in treatment of colds.

**News for Radio Fans!**—*"Roxy"* and his gang are on the air for Fletcher's Castoria now. Be sure to listen in on this genial Master of Ceremonies and enjoy the liveliest, merriest gang of fun and melody makers that ever set the air waves dancing. Don't miss it! Saturdays, 8 to 8:45 P. M. Eastern Standard Time. Columbia Broadcasting System—coast-to-coast network.



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How to have them

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**G**IVE yourself unforgettably charming eyes in 40 seconds! All by a magic touch of the eyelashes with Winx, the super-mascara. Remember, your eyes are your fortune—I urge you not to neglect them.

You'll never realize the power of beautiful eyes until you try Winx—my perfected formula of mascara that keeps lashes soft, alluring. Your eyes—framed with Winx lashes—will have new mystery, new charm, I promise you.

So safe—smudge-proof, non-smarting, tear-proof—Winx is refined to the last degree. Yet so quick to apply—a morning application lasts until bed-time.

Millions of women prefer Winx to ordinary mascara. New friends are adopting Winx every day. Without delay, you, too, should learn the easy art of having lustrous Winx lashes. Just go to any toilet counter and buy Winx. Darken your lashes—note the instant improvement.

To introduce Winx to new friends, note my trial offer below. Note, too, my Free Booklet offer, "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them". I not only tell of the care of lashes, but also what to do for eyebrows, how to use the proper eye-shadow, how to treat "crow's feet", wrinkles, etc. . . . LOUISE ROSS.



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Merely send

Coupon for "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them"

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243 W. 17th St., New York City

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Street .....

City .....

State .....

If you also want a generous trial package of Winx Mascara, enclose 10c, checking whether you wish  Black or  Brown.

# Blasted into Fame

(Continued from page 73)

was like the triumphant march of a Roman Caesar.

By now Louis K. Sidney was director of a number of theaters for Loew's. Among them was the Allen in Cleveland. Phil Spitalny was conductor of the orchestra there. He had been in the same spot for years, enjoyed a large following, and was a difficult man to replace. To bolster a theater in Boston, Sidney shifted Spitalny there and, with his fingers crossed, gave Rubinoff the baton.

Rubinoff delivered. His triumph there was as complete as the momentous day when he opened at St. Paul. Once more the feature picture was pulled off the screen so the violinist could play encore after encore. Cleveland accepted him whole-heartedly.

It was at the Allen that Eddie Cantor saw Rubinoff for the first time. He never forgot him. His admiration for the Russian conductor, engendered at that time, prompted Cantor, years later, to give him a boost on the air—that early knocking of Rubinoff was indeed a boost to fame.

After the Allen followed several tours of the country over the Loew circuit, then a tour for the very important Publix circuit. That tour brought Rubinoff to New York.

**O**F ALL those in New York responsible for Rubinoff's success the name of Boris Morros, at one time music director for 1,500 Paramount Publix theaters throughout the United States and Canada, and now managing director of the New York Paramount Theater, stands out preëminently. Boris Morros, after a distinguished career in Russia, came to this country a fugitive from revolutionary vengeance. He dropped his past, played in the orchestra of Balieff's "Chauve Souris," joined Publix as the member of an orchestra in Memphis, and lifted himself by his own bootstraps to head of the largest musical organization in the world. His name should be bright in radio history as the discoverer of Rudy Vallee, Bing Crosby, Rubinoff and a host of others.

Boris Morros fought Paramount executives like a Trojan to win for Rubinoff freedom of expression. He had been through the ropes—he knew that shackled genius is no genius. Week in and week out he battled that Rubinoff might have the right to introduce radical arrangements, radical instrumentations, novel harmonies, strong, vivid contrast in orchestral coloring. He was always helpful with advice and encouragement, and taught Rubinoff many tricks of the conductor's art.

The wisdom of Boris Morros in giving Rubinoff a free hand, and the brilliant, dynamic popular conducting of the young maestro was justified by the only standard that Broadway knows—the box office. For five years Rubinoff stayed at the Paramount Theater at the cross-roads of the world, setting a record even for that street where broken records are as common as broken hopes. He took time out for occasional tours of the circuit. He made motion picture shorts for Paramount and for Warner Brothers.

At about this time Phil Rubinoff, younger brother of the maestro and graduate of the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, became his business

manager. His shrewdness and sagacity plus his knowledge of music have had much to do with Rubinoff's success.

On Broadway he became the mob artist of America, the soloist of the masses. Several million people heard him every year. As far as Broadway was concerned, he had arrived.

There was one field still open to Rubinoff—radio. He tackled that in January, 1931. The music that won the plaudits of blasé Broadway crowds, reached into every village and hamlet and won the same general approval. By 1932 Rubinoff had become the artist of the masses for fair.

It was Rudy Vallee who arranged for Rubinoff to audition for the executives of Standard Brands, Inc., the company distributing Fleischmann's Yeast and Chase and Sanborn Coffee. Rubinoff clicked. He went on the air prefaced by a rousing send-off from Rudy. Rubinoff had taught Rudy many tricks of conducting in the days when both were appearing at the New York Paramount. Rudy was repaying that kindness with one of his own. He said of Rubinoff:

"In Rubinoff we have a young man who has genius for the mixing of orchestral colors, and who has perfected to an even greater degree his command of the violin. In both of these, a dynamic, sympathetic, and intensely human personality makes itself felt.

"His arrangements and melodies of various tunes are all his own, and it seems that no one can bring these things out in quite the way that Rubinoff does."

When Eddie Cantor joined the Chase and Sanborn broadcast, Rubinoff was a program veteran of long standing. Yet it is common knowledge that the merciless ribbing which Rubinoff received was so much dynamite blasting him to fame. The name Rubinoff became a household word. His fan mail grew by leaps and bounds—he received letters of sympathy, of anger, letters demanding that he answer Cantor.

There is no need for that. The two men are great friends. Rubinoff claims that in Cantor he has the highest priced press agent in the world. Cantor insists that every knock is a boost. And he keeps on knocking Rubinoff.

By the standards of popular entertainment Rubinoff is a success. Not so long ago he took a dance orchestra into the Hotel Roosevelt, one of New York's finest hosteleries. The cream of radio, stage, screen, and society attended the opening. It was a far call from the cafes and restaurants where he started.

Rubinoff owns a Stradivarius violin insured for \$100,000. He purchased an elaborate home for his parents in Pittsburgh in the fine residential district known as Squirrel Hill. His devotion to his family is a passion whose intensity only his intimates know.

With a magic talisman he made the jump from the steerage of life to the first class. Today that talisman is the apple of his eye, as it was the pride of Antonio Stradivari, the violin maker of Cremona. He lavishes on it all the care and attention which such a talisman deserves—for of all things, the violin provided the "Open Sesame" that unlocked a fabulous world to a little gamin from Grodno.



## Their Favorite Maestro

(Continued from page 33)

favorite," his telegram read. "I pick him in appreciation of what he has done for popular music and the modern dance orchestra. He has elevated jazz to a stage where it is no longer considered 'jazz' but genuine music. In other words, he has synthetized dance music and symphonic music into what can indeed be called a happy medium. His original ideas are largely responsible for the dance music of today."

Ozzie Nelson wired in from the tank towns of the Middle-West, where he is playing one-night dance stands, saying:

"In reply to question as to who is my favorite orchestra leader I hesitate to answer because I admire and am extremely friendly with so many, but if forced to name one I must say Paul Whiteman."

Fred Waring declared succinctly:

"For popular orchestras, Paul Whiteman, of course; symphony, Toscanini."

**L** LEON BELASCO, whose music is heard from the St Moritz over Columbia, also cast his vote for Whiteman, as did Rudy Vallee.

Howard Barlow, whose programs of symphonic music are a sustaining feature of the Columbia network, came straight to the point, saying:

"To me there is only one, Toscanini."

Mark Warnow, who mingles classics and jazz, also voted for Toscanini, as did Ferde Grofe.

Grofe is a leading exponent of modern American music, but his choice is not surprising, for he comes of a family of classical musicians and played first violin in the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra, of which his uncle was conductor for many years.

Don Bestor, NBC conductor, expressed a liking for Abe Lyman, saying:

"I am very fond of Abe Lyman because of his orchestra experience, his frankness in business, his likeable disposition and his general handling of musicians. He adheres strictly to dance tempos and produces a grand variety for the dancers' entertainment and produces a fine balance and danceable program in his radio work. The above reasons are responsible for his fine success over a period of so many years."

Jimmie Grier also cast his vote for Lyman.

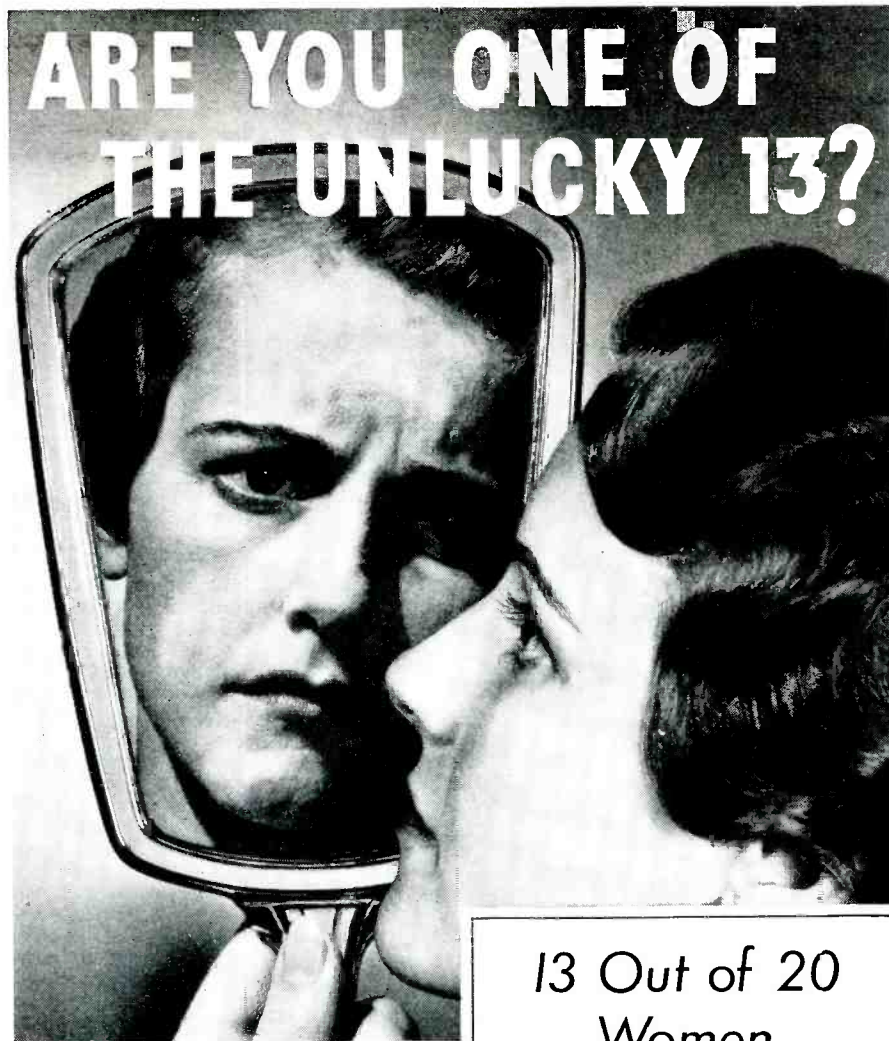
Eddie Duchin, now playing at the Congress Hotel in Chicago, went into detail as to why he preferred Lombardo.

"Guy Lombardo is my favorite orchestra leader," he wired, "because Guy Lombardo and his orchestra represent the ideal of every modern orchestra leader: a perfectly knit organization of musicians playing an unmistakable style which expresses every shade of musical meaning in a melody and is also supremely danceable. More than that, Guy's personality, his sincerity, his loyalty, his continual striving after something better makes him probably the best-liked figure in the modern music world."

Phil Harris also picked Lombardo.

**R**ICHARD HIMBER, conductor of the Studebaker Champions, went to town for Rudy Vallee as follows:

"My favorite orchestra leader is (Please turn to page 76)



By *Lady Esther*

Think of the many times a day you powder your face. And all the time you may be only succeeding in making yourself look years older than you really are!

It's an actual fact, as you can readily demonstrate, that the wrong shade of face powder can add years to your looks. Just as the wrong color hat or dress can make you look dowdy and years older than your age, so can the wrong shade of face powder make you look worn and faded, and, apparently, years older.

It's a shame, the women who are innocent victims of the wrong choice of face powder shades! Otherwise pretty, young and fresh-looking, they actually, if unknowingly, make themselves look years older than is their age.

### Are You Being Fooled?

Is the shade of face powder you are using making you look your youngest and freshest or is it making you look years older than you really are? It all depends on how you choose your shade. It's a "snare and delusion" to choose a face powder shade simply on the basis of type.

A brunette may have a very light skin while a blonde may have a very dark one. Moreover, to try to match any tone of skin is practically impossible, for there are endless variations of white, ivory and olive skin.

A face powder shade should be chosen, *not* to match any particular type, but to *flatter* one. What would be the most flattering to one shade of brunette skin might be utterly devastating to another. Therefore, the thing to do, regardless of your coloring, is to try *all* the five fundamental shades which color experts agree meet the demands of all skins.

### Your Shade Is One of These Five

Lady Esther Face Powder is made in the required five basic shades. One of these shades you will find to be the most flattering to *you!* One will instantly set you forth at your best, emphasize your every good point and make you look your most youthful and freshest.

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## 13 Out of 20 Women

Use the Wrong Shade of Face Powder and as a Result, Look Years Older Than They Really Are!

But I don't ask you to accept my word for this. I say: Prove it at my expense. So I offer to send you, entirely without cost or obligation, a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

When you get the five shades, try each one before your mirror. Don't try to pick your shade in advance. *Try all five!* Just the one you would least suspect may prove the most flattering for you. Thousands of women have written to tell me they have been amazed with this test.

### Stays on for Four Hours—Ends Shiny Nose

When you make the shade test with Lady Esther Face Powder, note too how exquisitely soft and smooth it is. It is utterly free from anything like grit. It is also a *clinging* face powder! By actual test it will stay on for four hours and look fresh and lovely all the time. In every way, as you can see for yourself, Lady Esther Face Powder excels anything ever known in face powder.

*Write Today!* Just mail the coupon or a penny postcard. By return mail you'll receive all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

Lady Esther  
2020 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

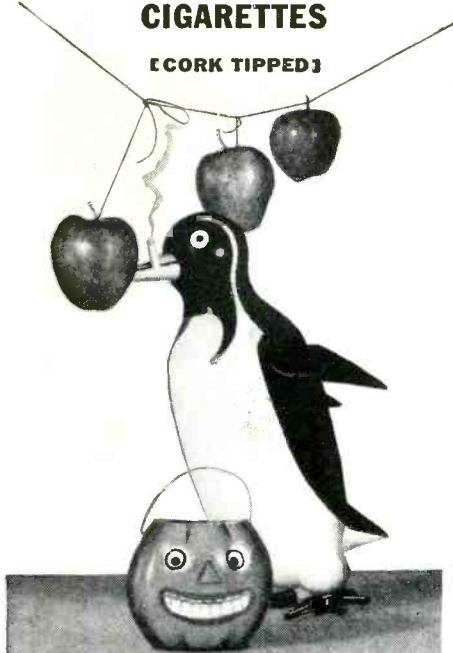
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An apple a day may keep the doctor away, but a carton of KOOLS is a sure way to keep a comfortable smoking throat always on tap! KOOLS are mildly mentholated to cool the smoke, to bring out the full flavor of the choice tobaccos used. Cork-tipped to save lips. B & W coupon in each pack of KOOLS good for attractive nationally advertised merchandise. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) Send for latest illustrated premium booklet.

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HANDSOME MERCHANDISE



**15¢ for TWENTY** 25¢ in CANADA

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky

## Their Favorite Maestro

(Continued from page 75)

Rudy Vallee, not only for his musicianly directing but also for his uncanny knowledge of selecting the proper tunes for the proper place on his program."

Glen Gray, leader of the cooperative Casa Loma orchestra named Tommy Dorsey, one of the younger conductors who was heard on a commercial program last year, as his favorite.

Like Reisman, Freddie Rich came out flatly in favor of himself, declaring:

"After an exhaustive survey, have decided on Freddie Rich."

Ben Bernie, the Old Maestro, went solidly for Leon Belasco.

Isham Jones was among those who declined to vote. But Isham, after all, is in a tough spot for he is a composer as well as a conductor and has to rely on all the boys to play his songs.

Thus the band boys have stated their preferences without regard to network, sponsor, or personal friendship. Which goes to show that even if they are in the profession and music is their bread and butter, they are just fans at heart.

## The Girl Who Has Everything

(Continued from page 31)

with his advice and moral support.

They had no maid, so between arias Helen took care of the baby. Unlike so many ambitious mothers, she even nursed the baby, herself. And always she sang with the realization that some day her chance would come.

But even then she could not be unhappy—not when she had her husband and her lovely baby.

**S**HE had had dozens of radio auditions. It remained for Paul Whiteman to discover her and give her her first real break on his program. And suddenly her career was a reality. For on the heels of her great radio success came her chance for an audition with the Metropolitan Opera Company.

It is an amazing thing for the staid old Met to listen to a radio star. Only recently has the management allowed its stars to sing at all over the air—and then only after they were firmly established in Metropolitan roles.

True, Helen had an audition exactly as if she had no fame at all, but they all knew of her popularity and it must have helped her. During that audition she knew that her last wish had been fulfilled. She was standing on the Metropolitan stage—on those historic boards once trod by Caruso, Galli-Curci, Melba and all the truly great singers. At first Helen was frightened. Then she opened her mouth to sing and she was frightened no longer. The day she signed her contract for the 1934 season was the day that fully completed and rounded out her life.

During the Summer she and George and the baby—with Helen's mother-in-law and sister-in-law—live at the beach. The mother-in-law takes care of Sally Patricia when Helen is in town, although every spare moment sees Helen and George adoring their child. Already they have detected signs of musical appreciation. When Helen sings or George plays she pats her foot to keep time and nothing seems to delight her so much as the sound of her mother's voice.

"I'm sure she will be musical," Helen told me. "And I'm determined that she will play the piano. I wish I played better than I do. I want her to have that accomplishment. Surely she will

be able to find expression in music."

The companionship between Helen and George has never lessened; they've been married three years now—for theirs is a great understanding. George plays in a number of radio programs and he knows what demands are made upon Helen. He is as interested in her career as she is and every night he questions her, "Have you vocalized today? Are you sure you have not talked too much? Is your voice well rested?"

**T**HEY have many numbers which they perform together and some day they hope to present them professionally.

Right now Helen is tasting the heady wine of success and she hardly knows how to cope with all the demands put upon her time. There are a hundred calls a day from salesmen of all sorts, from social lion hunters inviting her to parties, etc. At first Helen was tempted to do all the things requested of her. But George, older in the profession than she, saved her by insisting that she cut the nonessentials from her life and give her energy to her career.

Thus Helen Jepson—radio and opera star. Remember the time when opera stars invariably surrounded themselves with mystery and glamour, excitement and intrigue? If their fits of temperament and the wild stories of their lovers who committed suicide for love of them have seemed rather phoney to you then take a good long look at Helen Jepson, mother, wife and artiste.

Take a long look at her anyhow—she is worth your attention for her beauty alone.

*Helen Jepson may be heard with Paul Whiteman at 10 P.M., E. S. T., on Thursday evenings over the following stations of the NBC network:*

WEAF, WTAC, WJAR, WCSH, WFI, WFSB, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WLW, KSD, WOC, WHO, WOW, WDAF, WMAQ, WDAY, KFJR, WEBC, CFCF, WKY, KTBS, KTHS, WTMJ, WBAP, KPRC, WOAI, KOMO, KOA, KDYL, KGO, KFI, KGW, KHQ, WEEL, WIBA, KSTP, CRCT, KTAR.

### TONY WONS

The Philosopher of the Air Returns to TOWER RADIO  
Next Month



he is right at the table to watch—and if they don't mind—they don't eat.

I am left-handed in most everything except writing. Ten on my side of the family are left-handed. Please, Voice of Experience, what steps would you take to keep your children doing the right thing?

CLEVELAND MOTHER.

ANSWER: I wonder if it has ever occurred to your husband that the wrong treatment of those left-handed children of his may mean the ruination of their lives? An understanding father or mother who finds himself or herself the parent of a left-handed child is in a position to correct ambidexterity in that child through careful training, and make of the left-handedness an asset rather than a liability. An attitude, however, such as your husband has taken, will not correct any ambidexterity, but will probably make the child clumsy with both hands, with the result that there will be mental clumsiness and emotional infantilism. After all, that child then is far from bright.

I suggest that you send me a stamped envelope and ask for a pamphlet called "The Left-handed Child," for I have devoted about two thousand words to a discussion of how to treat this kind of youngster to prepare it for cooperation in a right-handed world. Any parent with left-handed children will find this brochure mighty favorable.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE: I am the father of a man 39 years of age, who is my only support, but he does not come to me a minute's peace. After I speak to him, he makes me repeat and repeat until I am exhausted. He seems to see terrible pictures in front of him. He has always been a clean, virtuous boy and attentive to me, but since he doesn't want me even to touch his clothes as he thinks it would be a bad influence on him. He counts and gets lost. He puts his clothing on and vertigo it off countless times. He will "So off to work and then come back ment start out all over again. He has less idea that someone is working an educational influence on him.

get thought you might be able to give some advice in my trouble.

HIS MOTHER.

ANSWER: Friend mother, much as I would like to be of assistance to you in the solution of your boy's problem, I voted you have told me indicates very clearly that his is a pathological case, a vote offering from what the physician, a compulsion neurosis, and the Comably the victim of dementia study o

program were you, I would see to it stipulated contacts immediately, a mental mendafan, a psychiatrist, and I am gress that he will tell you and your A the seriousness of this man's contribution.

Don't misunderstand me, I am not endorsing psychiatry, but merely acting in the capacity of your friend in advising you to see such a specialist and at once.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE: I am 42 and the father of two girls—14 and 10. After my wife's death last October, it was necessary for my children to be removed to an orphanage. They were explained of being unhappy at this time, so I had them transferred to a private family. This too, is very unsatisfactory. My younger daughter is th

(Please turn to page 82)

# HELEN STOPS A WANDERING EYE



## HEXIN STOPS A THROBBING HEADACHE

NOW there is no need to avoid a difficult situation when you feel "below par"—no need to break important engagements on account of ordinary aches and pains.

"2 HEXIN with water" is a magic phrase to people in pain. It means relief in record time and—above all—SAFE relief.

HEXIN was originally developed for children. It could not and does

not contain any habit-forming drugs.

HEXIN eases pain SAFELY by relaxing tenseness and nervous strain—by removing the pressure on sensitive nerve ends.

Buy HEXIN from your druggist in convenient tins containing 12 tablets or economical bottles of 50 and 100 tablets.

Send coupon below for FREE trial size package.



## HEXIN NEW PRICE 25c

HEXIN, INC., 8 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. T-7114  
Please send me a generous FREE sample of HEXIN.

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**OF OLD COLOR WITH**  
*White* **RIT**



Want to turn  
 a red dress to  
 green? Or a blue  
 to pink? Even  
 black to white  
 is easy now . . .  
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 ing water and  
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Rit affects only  
the color, not  
the fabric—  
 leaves the  
 material ready  
 for any new  
 shade (light  
 or dark) you  
 select.

JUST as White Rit takes old col-  
 or out — Instant Rit puts new color  
 in. These simplified home dye aids  
 can't be successfully imitated be-  
 cause patented, so be sure you get  
 the genuine. There are 33 spark-  
 ling Rit colors to meet every taste.  
 White Rit to remove color—In-  
 stant Rit for new color—15c at all  
 drug stores and notion counters.

**WHITE RIT**  
 COLOR  
 REMOVER

## Ask the Voice of Experience

(Continued from page 81)

a very sensitive child and lonesome. I have been considering remarrying to establish a home for them. I am in a position, financially, to keep them with me, but would such an arrangement be satisfactory? I am told that under the best of conditions it is difficult for children and a step-mother to get along. I am as lonesome as they and need companionship too. What should I do?

M. L. S.

ANSWER: Certainly, my friend, there are many cases on record of trouble between children and foster parents, but in many cases there are far more examples where a step-mother or step-father has fully taken the place of the real parent. The difficulty is simply this: We hear so much about divorce that many conclude all marriages to be failures; there is so much criticism of a step-mother or step-father, that all step-parents are usually considered failures. Bad news travels faster, while good news even dies a-borning.

If I were in your place, and could locate a good woman interested in children, I would not hesitate about

attempting a second marriage. The chances are very much in your favor, I can assure you.

*The Voice of Experience may be heard over the following Columbia stations at 12 o'clock noon, E.S.T., on Monday to Friday, inclusive:*

WCAO, WNAC, WGR, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WLWL, WDRC, KMBC, WHAS, WABC, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WFBL, WJSV, WBT, KLZ, WCCO, KSL, WWVA, KHJ, KOIN, KGB, KFRC, KOL, KFPY, KVI, KFBK, KMJ, KWG, KERN and KDB.

*He may be heard over the following stations at 6:45 P.M., E.S.T.:*

WCAO, WAAB, WKBW, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WLWL, WDRC, KMBC, WHAS, WABC, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WFBL, WJSV, WBT, WCCO.

*Rebroadcast Sundays between 11 and 12 midnight over:*

KLZ, KSL, KHJ, KOIN, KGB, KFRC, KOL, KFPY, KVI, KFBK, KMJ, KWG, KERN, KDB.

## Behind the Dial

(Continued from page 11)

stern. "Oh, Abie," he shouted, "I got me a haddock!" . . . "And ken I help it?", came from Abie, "for a haddock why don't you go take a espirin?"

GERTRUDE COGHLAN, author of the NBC serial "Mrs. Montague's Millions," and who plays in it with her daughter Margaret, is the wife of Augustus Pitou, booking manager of the Erlanger theaters. They are descendants of families famous in the history of the American stage. Gertrude Coghlan is the daughter of Rose Coghlan, star of many successful plays. Her father was Charles Coghlan, known as "the father of modern acting." Mr. Pitou is the son of Augustus Pitou, the dramatist, and in other days in the theater was one of Broadway's busiest producers and managers.

RADIO folks face the camera with emotions as diverse as their temperaments. Here are some memos on reactions the lens expert of the CBS photographic studios made at my request: Walter Pitkin, author, college professor, gentleman farmer and a man of vast energy, parries with the operator, defies him to take a decent portrait and insists on snapping the picture-taker himself. . . . Kate Smith goes through the ordeal humbly, obedient to every suggestion, intent only on being natural. . . . Roxy won't pose. He persists in carrying on a conversation, totally ignoring the photographer. The result is informal portraits and action shots. . . . Author T. S. Stribling, an amateur photographer himself, shows more interest in the focussing and technicalities of the camera than anything else. . . . Julia Sanderson would rather go to a dentist than the photographer and avoids the

issue as long as she can. When she does appear, however, she is graciousness itself. . . . And Jeanie Lang flutters about and is hard to "shoot" for she is seldom quiet a second.

ED WYNN, off the air, is one of the most serious of comics. He slaves for hours over his scripts and works out the details of a gag like a college professor doing a problem in higher mathematics. Notwithstanding his sad experiences trying to establish the ill-fated Amalgamated Broadcasting Company he is very careful about his investments. Promoters of fly-by-night enterprises long since crossed Ed Wynn off their list of prospects—or victims, as you please.

CAROL GREEN, wife of the composer-conductor Johnny, looks like Lynn Fontanne. She and Johnny were married when Carol was 18 and not yet graduated from Miss Finch's finishing school. Carol is an amateur psychologist, photographer and dress designer. When in England she received an offer to go in motion pictures, but declined. It is Carol's idea that marriage is her real career and that anything else must be a secondary issue. Working in pictures, she contends, would absorb too much of her time, and, of necessity, take too much of her interest.

FRANK NOVAK'S first contribution to the musical world was the direct cause of frequent "Used Instrument" sales. His father owned a music store in Chicago. Not content with mastering one, Frank practiced on all instruments. As his dad would learn of his latest ambition there would be a storm of protest and a sign "Slightly



Used" would appear on the instrument in the window next day. Novak now plays on something like forty different musical contrivances.

Since the movies went into the hands of the reformers more than ever there is a demand for the services of radio stars. To those already established—Eddie Cantor, Bing Crosby, Lanny Ross, Al Jolson, Burns and Allen, Jack Benny, Phil Baker, Joe Penner, Ben Bernie et al.—others are being added almost daily. And if there is a radio maestro who hasn't made a movie short I would be much obliged to the person reporting his name to this department.

**EMIL VELASCO**, the organ playing conductor of the dance band, has a couple of interesting youngsters as vocalists. Jack Goodman, the boy, is filling his first "solo" engagement. He is an ex-Whiteman Rhythmer and has done his bit in vaudeville with Ada May and Paula Stone. He arranges for Velasco as well as sings in the broadcasts several times weekly on CBS. Florence Case, feminine half of the musical team, used to be with Don Bestor. She studied for opera five years and then concluded radio (in which she has been known as Alice Blue Gown of the same) and band work would be lots more fun. Velasco picked her from five girls, all of whom he heard sing through the mike before he saw them in person.

William Stuhler and Don Stauffer, advertising agency representatives in charge of the "Forty-five Minutes in Hollywood" program, have on file the names of 200 persons capable of reproducing the voices of any screen star from Clark Gable to Mickey Mouse. Among these experts are Miriam Hopkinson, Arlene Francis, Fred Uttal, Jack Smart, Elizabeth Day and Dwight West. They are the most faithful of the film fans, literally living in the movie palaces to get pointers on the vocal peculiarities of the players.

### Facts About Air Headliners

That long distance conversation of Amos 'n' Andy (on August 22nd) was over 6,000 miles of space . . . Muriel Wilson always knits during the Show Boat broadcasts and is very proud of her handiwork . . . Danny Malone, the English importation, always sings before the mike perched on a high stool, with his feet curled around its rungs . . . "Over-emphasis on split-second timing and over-rehearsing are tending to deprive radio of its necessary spontaneity," says Rcxy. "Radio is primarily for the armchair audience at home and needs easy informality and pleasant intimacy" . . . Johnny Marvin, Oklahoma singer, ran away from home at the age of 14 to join a circus . . . Ralph Kirbery, NBC's Dream Singer, is still a bachelor. Says he likes fishing, hunting and golfing too much . . . Jack Denny once was a piano salesman . . . and Mary Livingstone once was a buyer in a Los Angeles department store . . . Rosario Bourdon has been director of the Cities Service Orchestra since May, 1927, a radio record . . . Mae West and the Voice of Experience have the same birthday, August 17th.

# Begin Now to Earn EXTRA MONEY

## for Christmas

It's easy, pleasant, profitable to sell **TINY TOWER**, the things-to-do magazine for younger children.



**O**F COURSE you want extra money for Christmas and if you've been wondering how to earn it, Tiny Tower is the answer!

*"and take my advice. It's easy to earn money for Christmas and many other things by selling subscriptions to TINY TOWER."*

Every child who sees a copy wants it . . . and parents are equally quick in their approval. Every subscription means money for you.

### Make the Christmas Season Pay You Dividends

Parents will welcome your suggestion to give Tiny Tower as a Christmas present. It also solves the gift problem for friends and relatives of children. And now is the time to get these Christmas subscriptions and earn greater profits for yourself.

**TEACHERS:** Write for information how you can supplement your income.

Write today for complete details about **TINY TOWER'S** generous offer to you.

**OLIVE REID**

## TINY TOWER MAGAZINE

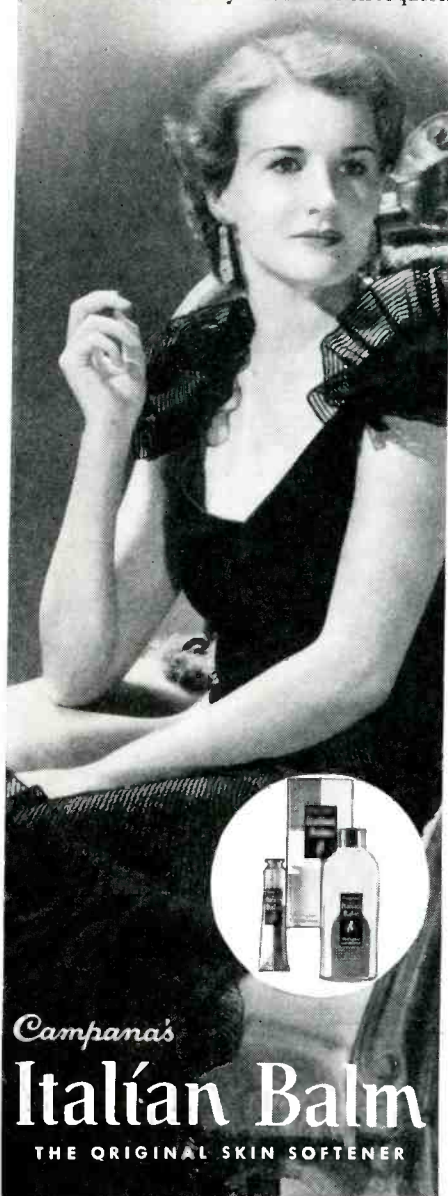
55 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK, N. Y.



# Are you a SHADOW-HUNTER?

■ Have you a skin that matches the beauty of today's fashions—or must you be a "shadow-hunter," seeking concealment in the soft lights and shadows?

Try Campana's Italian Balm for a youthful-looking skin. This *Original Skin Softener* is both a corrective and protective treatment for dry, rough, red or chapped skin. It has been the largest selling skin protector in all of Canada for over 40 years—and is today the largest seller in thousands of cities in the United States. At drug and department stores—10c, 35c, 60c and \$1.00 in bottles—25c in tubes. Generous Vanity Gift Bottle on request.



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If you live in Canada, send your request to Campana Corp., Ltd., TM-11 Caledonia Road, Toronto, Ontario.

# Not All Giggles

(Continued from page 29)

St. Louis, clear to the Coast, are scattered lumber camps operated by the company. It is Mr. Lang's established custom to visit these camps and usually Mrs. Lang accompanies him. With high school over, the carefully guarded Jeanie was taken along, for her parents privately decided to reveal Hollywood to Jeanie, so that once and for all, the glamour of the theater would be conclusively debunked.

**I**N Hollywood, Jeanie's eyes, ordinarily wide open as two saucers, grew rounder and rounder. Here she actually was—where she had dared only dream of being! The Langs were introduced to Paul Whiteman, then working on "King of Jazz." Jeanie determined to make the most of her opportunity. The facts bear her out.

In talking to the group Mr. Whiteman kept an eye on the diminutive child before him. He was looking for just such a small bundle of vivacity. And he inquired whether she could sing.

"No," the Langs smiled graciously.

"Yes," the incorrigible Jeanie piped up.

"No," from the more emphatic and less gracious Langs.

"Yes," again from the determined Jeanie.

"NO," the Langs fairly shrieked.

"Yes," said Jeanie, sweeter and slightly more determined.

Mr. Whiteman suggested a test, and, quite oblivious to parental alarms arrangements were concluded for Jeanie's test.

You know what he saw—a little bit of feminine fluff, and what Jeanie charmingly describes as her "squeak."

The decision went to Jeanie, for during the subsequent days Whiteman himself coached Jeanie, who had never had a singing lesson in her life, and who hasn't had one yet, in putting over "Ragamuffin Romeo" and "I Like to Do Things for You." Her enthusiasm was so overwhelming and the insistence of the studio so conclusive, that the Langs were won over.

**T**HE picture completed, the Langs returned to St. Louis where Jeanie soon after received an offer for a role in a Joe Cook show; but as Mrs. Lang couldn't accompany Jeanie to New York at the time, it was refused and she later returned to the Coast to make shorts for First National and Warner Brothers.

It was while she was working on these shorts that Earl C. Anthony of the NBC-KFI network offered her a chance to go on the air. As Jeanie says, "It frightened me more, even, than pictures, for I'd never been on the air before. I thanked him very much and said I'd 'think about it.'"

She did. For weeks. And the more she thought the more frightened she became. Meanwhile she was working on shorts and trying to get up enough courage to chance it.

Finally she did, and she immediately appeared on that station.

About that time Jack Denny, who had been playing in Montreal, came down to the Waldorf, and hearing Jeanie one night when KFI was on a national hook-up, he wired her to come to New York. He needed a girl to sing on his program, but no one had

come along that completely suited him.

There was some heavy correspondence between Hollywood and St. Louis and Stanford Lang was finally commissioned to accompany Jeanie to New York. It was her first visit to the great city of which she had always dreamed. And was she thrilled!

**T**HE night she arrived Denny asked her if she would like to go on the air.

Jeanie, who is something of a trouper, forgot she was tired and "frayed" and said yes with a smile, and went on the air though she had never before sung with the Denny orchestra—had not even had time to rehearse her song!

And so began a career that has been consistently successful.

What kind of person is she? What does she do? Where does she go?

Those are the questions that literally hundreds of people who heard her program, and who now hear her with Ward's Family Theater program (with Buddy Rogers), are writing to ask Jeanie day after day, along with requests for her photograph.

**S**HE lives quite simply when in New York at the Hotel Salisbury, where her brother Stanford comes for a weekend twice a month just to keep an "eye" on the sister which the four boys adore. Her mother visits her about four times a year, and those same parents, who did everything in the world to prevent Jeanie from having a career, are now immensely proud of their daughter who made good on her own.

But the thing you might never have discovered about Jeanie is what she does for others. In the midst of her great success she finds time for those less fortunate. For instance, when in Hollywood, through the church she attended, she heard of a large family who were practically destitute. There were many children who played and romped, as children will. And you know how quickly shoes wear out! Well Jeanie kept that family in shoes all the time she was out there—and may be even now, for all I know.

There is many a girl at the radio studios where she has sung who wears a dress bought for Jeanie Lang. She is ever alert to share and has helped more than one girl to maintain self-respect on a meagre salary. She is never so involved in her own career that she can't help someone up a rung.

Which brings us again to the point that there is a real girl behind that giggle—a girl with courage and character and sympathy. A girl who hopes she makes you happy—and asks only that you laugh with her!

*Jeanie Lang may be heard with Buddy Rogers and his orchestra each Sunday evening at 9 P. M., E. S. T., (shifts to 7:30 P. M. on Oct. 7th), over the following CBS stations:*

WABC-W2XE, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WBBM, WHK, CKLW, WDRC, WCAU, WWVA, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WFBL, WMBR, WLBZ, WBRC, WICC, WBNS, WFEA, WSFA, WMAS, WORC, WKBN, WSBT.



## Radio from the Inside

(Continued from page 63)

"Heard your broadcast tonight stop  
What is wrong dear are you ill?"  
His severest critic!

THE most ardent fans of Nila Mack's juvenile program, "Let's Pretend," which you hear over Columbia, aren't kiddies, but the elderly inmates of the King's Daughters' Home for Incurables at Memphis, Tenn. These dear souls write regularly, telling how they gather around the loudspeaker and follow the program religiously. There's one character in the script, known as "Little Lame Prince," and he is the hero to a 71-year-old crippled man, the son of George T. Root, composer of "Battle Cry of Freedom" and "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp."

EMIL VELASCO, organist-conductor of the Hotel Taft Orchestra, can qualify for the diplomatic corps any time the dance-band business falls off. One evening the hotel management suddenly discovered that in some unforeseen fashion arrangements had been made for the reception in the grille room, at one and the same time, of two delegations of visiting tourists from Europe—one a German group and the other an Austrian contingent. A hasty and worried conference ensued on what the musical program should comprise in order to recognize both nationalities, and yet not offend either. The problem finally was submitted to Velasco.

"We'll concentrate on Viennese waltzes," said the maestro. "The Austrians will appreciate the compliment of having their favorite music featured, and the Germans will be pleased because Viennese waltzes were written largely by German composers."

And that made everybody concerned happy, indeed.

GEORGE OLSEN, who used to lead the college band at Michigan's football games, took his youngest son to the opening gridiron clash of the season. It was the kid's first glimpse of a football scrap, and evidently he was very much impressed by the main dish and the side trimmings. For George tells me that he heard the boy speak his prayers that night and close with:

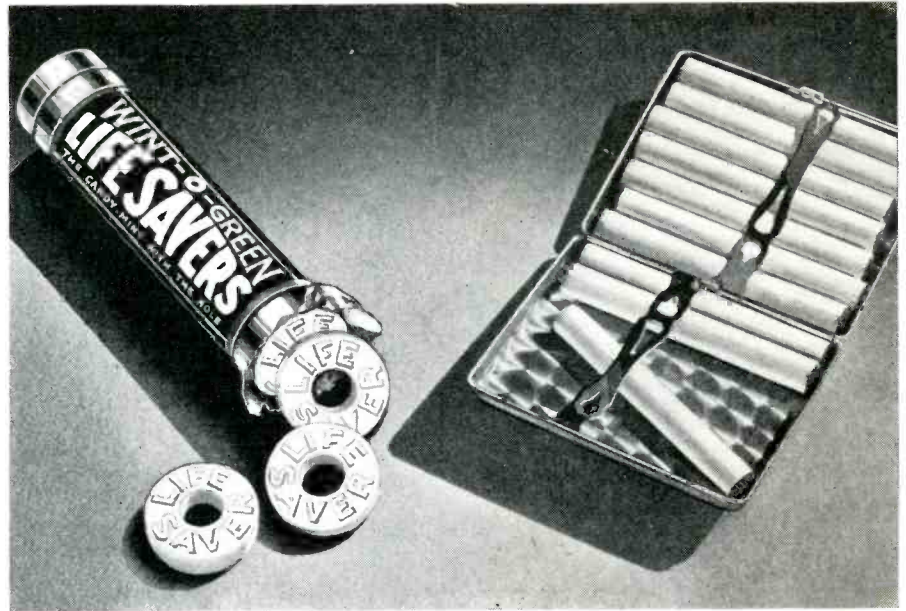
"God bless mama, God bless papa,  
God bless me . . . rah! rah! rah!"

HERE'S good news to the muscle-bound ears of the radio listener.

The Columbia network has passed an edict barring any gagging or punning on song titles by announcers, comedians or the like. That means that when a singer is going to warble the popular ditty, "I Saw Stars," some funny man won't preface it by saying something like: "Well, folks, when my wife asked me what I thought of her singing, I said 'You should practice what you screech,' so she hit me with a piano . . . and 'I Saw Stars.'" Or, they won't say "The next number is 'A Thousand Good-nights'—good-night, good-night, good-night, good-night—well, that gives you an idea of how it goes." Anyway, no more of this.

Radio marches ahead.

## GET TWO SMOKE THRILLS FOR ONE MINT



A Life Saver after each cigarette gives you a *cleaner* taste in your smoke-tired mouth . . . a *keener* taste for the next smoke!

A FAMOUS FLAVOR . . . WINT-O-GREEN LIFE SAVERS



USED at the first sign of nasal irritation—just a few drops up each nostril—Vicks Va-tro-nol aids in avoiding many colds.

Especially designed for the nose and upper throat . . . where most colds start . . . Va-tro-nol aids and gently stimulates the functions provided by Nature to prevent colds.

If irritation has led to stuffiness, Va-tro-nol reduces swollen membranes—clears away clogging mucus—enables you again to breathe freely. Welcome relief for the discomforts of head colds and nasal catarrh.

Vicks Va-tro-nol is *real* medication—yet is *perfectly safe*—for children and adults alike. And so easy to use—any time or place. Keep a bottle always handy—at home and at work.

### Note! For Your Protection

The remarkable success of Vicks drops—for nose and throat—has brought scores of imitations. The trade-mark "Va-tro-nol" is your protection in getting this exclusive Vicks formula.

Always ask for Vicks Va-tro-nol.

TWO GENEROUS SIZES—30¢ and 50¢



# IN 10 QUICK SECONDS



## S.O.S made it shine like new

One spot—a dozen spots—the whole pan black. Burned black. There's where S. O. S. shines.

Dip, rub, rinse—easy as that—and your pan is clean. Clean enough to dry on your best dish towel.

Remember, there's no other cleaner like S.O.S.—it's patented—the soap is in the pad.

At your grocer's, department, hardware or five & ten cent store—or the coupon below will bring you a generous free trial package.



**FREE** Mail this coupon or a post-card to The S. O. S. Company, 6204 W. 65th Street, Chicago, Ill., for a free trial package of S. O. S. You'll like it!

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_ C

# Microphonies

(Continued from page 35)

INTO THE SCENE THE HOME FACE LIFTER. THE BEAUTY OF THIS IS THAT IT CAN BE CONSTRUCTED IN A FEW MOMENTS WITH MATERIALS THAT ARE ALWAYS FOUND AROUND THE HOUSE AND GARAGE. IT CONSISTS OF AN AUTOMOBILE JACK, A PAIR OF PLIERS, A TIRE CHAIN AND A FEW PUSH PINS. FIRST PLACE THE AUTOMOBILE JACK UNDER THE JAW, THEN PUT THE PUSH PINS WHERE THEY ARE EASILY AVAILABLE, AND WITH A STEADY DELIBERATE MOTION CRANK THE JACK UP UNTIL YOUR FACE IS LIFTED TO THE POINT YOU WISH. YOU CAN CHECK THIS BY WATCHING YOURSELF IN THE MIRROR. NEXT SECURE THE FACE IN PLACE WITH THE PUSH PINS, REMOVE THE JACK AND THEN GO OUT AND SIT ON THE BACK PORCH UNTIL WINTER COMES AND YOUR FACE FREEZES. THE PUSH PINS MAY THEN BE REMOVED, AND THE RESULT IS ALL THAT ONE WOULD EXPECT. . . . YOU'RE WELCOME, MRS. THRIMBLE!

### 9:30-9:45—Frank and Earnest— Swiss Bell Ringers

FRANK: Yesterday a phrenologist studied my head, and the most embarrassing thing happened.

EARNEST: Tell me, Frank!

FRANK: He started reading the bumps up on top, and then he read my forehead and then he read my eyebrows—and by the time he got to my chin . . .

EARNEST: Yes, yes!

FRANK: Was my face read!

### 12:00-12:30—Health Talk

(Note: The following diet will absolutely guarantee the dietarian a loss of one hundred pounds in three weeks. It is, of course, advisable that a person taking this diet weigh over one hundred pounds to begin with.)

Take a grapefruit in your hand and squeeze it—the grapefruit, not the hand. Divide the juice into two equal halves. This is the first day's menu. Drink one-half of the juice in the morning and the other half at night.

It doesn't make any difference which half you drink first. Do the same thing for the second and third days; only on the second, use one lemon and on the third, one prune.

For the fourth day take a gallon of water and boil it for fifteen minutes. As the bubbles come to the top skim them off and put them into a jar in the ice box so they won't spoil. The steam which results may be kept in a separate jar, but do not put this in the ice box as it melts the ice. For the fourth day drink a glass of this boiled water. For the fifth day—seven-eighths of a glass and so on until the water has all been used up. You see we are gradually accustoming our system to taking less nourishment. When the water has disappeared, then open the jar of steam. This should be divided into four portions, and then eat one portion each day. Next open the jar of bubbles and divide them into enough

portions to last out the remainder of the three weeks. If eaten in a room with a light that has a purple lampshade the bubbles will resemble caviar and will be much more palatable.

At the end of two weeks you will find, I think, that you have lost the hundred pounds. This will be found kicking around the house and you may have the janitor dispose of it. Next month we'll tell you how to get it all back.

### 1:00-1:05—Glad-Hand Program

AND NOW FOR A PROGRAM OF POPULAR MUSIC SENT TO YOU BY THE GLOCKENHAUFER GAUNTLET CO. THE ORCHESTRA PLAYS ITS CHRISTMAS GIFT SONG—"I CAN'T GIVE YOU ANYTHING BUT GLOVE BABY."

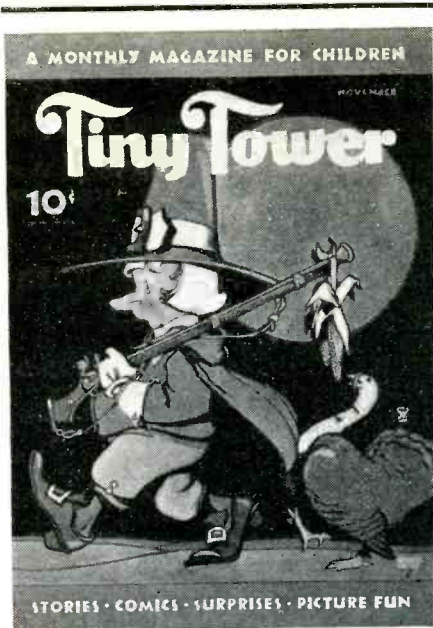
### 2:00-2:45—Sports Broadcast

Ladies and gentlemen, we are about to send you a vowel-by-vowel description of Graham Husing as he describes the annual Yale-Harvard game.

Here he comes, ladies and gentlemen. Graham Husing is just entering the booth. The reporters are giving him a fine hand. He's carrying the old microphone under his arm and he seems to be in splendid condition. He's wearing the colors of the Irrational Broadcasting Company, and he's jumping up and down to limber up his vocal chords. Incidentally, Graham Husing is a five-letter man. He won them all last year—A, E, I, O, U—Graham is probably the best broken-sentence runner on the air today. Here's the kick-off, ladies and gentlemen. Graham just kicked off his raccoon coat, and sat down at the table. He caught the microphone on his forty-two-inch waistline, and made a run of eight sentences before he was drowned by a three syllable word. He certainly is in fine condition, and to see him running down the kicks that some of his listeners made is a great sight. Here's another play. It's a play upon words, and Graham was thrown for a loss of sixteen newspapers because he fumbled a hyphenated word, and lost the point of the joke. By Jove—he's out in the open now and giving a beautiful running description of the uniforms the Harvard Band is wearing—three sentences . . . ten sentences . . . fifteen . . . twenty . . . what a broken-dialect runner he is. Only five more sentences to go . . . four . . . three . . . two . . . Oh-oh! . . . He's down with only one more sentence to go and the game is lost at the last minute! It was a Czechoslovakian half-back that got Graham. He fractured his larynx trying to pronounce his name.

### 3:00-3:15—Thisa and Thata

THROUGH THE COURTESY OF THE PHYSICIANS MACHINERY AND TOOL COMPANY OF CUTUP, WISCONSIN, THE FOUR JOLLY ANAESTHETISTS WILL KEEP YOU IN STITCHES WITH THEIR THEME SONG—"SHE DIDN'T WANT TO WALK UPSTAIRS FOR A NEEDLE AND THREAD, SO THE SURGEON RAN HER UP ON A SEWING MACHINE."



**Give Your Children  
 A SURPRISE  
 THANKSGIVING  
 PRESENT**

"THE most exciting day in the month is when the mailman brings Tiny Tower," writes a little girl named Janice. Children love to get mail addressed to them and it's extra special mail when a copy of Tiny Tower arrives.

*Your Children Shouldn't  
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There's no other monthly magazine like Tiny Tower for younger boys and girls. It is so amusing, so interesting and colorful . . . full of scores of things to do and make, that parents are as enthusiastic about it as children. Stories, puzzles, covers, drawings, picture fun. It's many a mother's happy answer to "Mom, what shall I do now."

A year's subscription to Tiny Tower is \$1.00—fun stretched out over a whole year for only ten dimes. Be sure and give us the child's name on your subscription order so the mail-man will bring a personal copy.

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**TINY TOWER**

55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

**3:30-4:00—Poetry Hour**

At this time, dear friends, we present, through coercion, Miss Eugenia Skidmore, our poet lariat. We call her poet lariat on the theory that if we give her enough rope she'll hang herself. Miss Skidmore writes all her poetry with absolutely no help whatsoever, and you'll believe it after you hear her. Miss Skidmore.

**MISS SKIDMORE:**  
 Dear lovers of poetry . . . I will read out loud my little poem entitled simply—"The Circus."

(Note: It has to be read out loud, to be grasped)  
**I LOVE THE CIRCUS, SO FULL OF ANIMALS.  
 WITH LIONS, TIGERS AND TWO-HUMPED CAMELS  
 WITH GIRAFFES, ZEBRAS AND HIPPOPOTAMUSES  
 I LOVE IT ALL—FROM THE TOP TO THE BOTTOMUSES.**

**I LOVE THE LADIES UPON THE TRAPEZES  
 IT'S REALLY HARD, ALTHOUGH IT LOOKS EAZYS  
 AND THE ACROBAT—MY HOW HE BOUNCES!  
 AS WELL AS THE FUNNY PAINTED CLOWNSES.**

**I LOVE THE STRONG MEN AND COWBOYS FROM TEXAS  
 IT'S A QUESTION OF ART—NOT A QUESTION OF SEXES  
 I LOVE TO SEE THE BULGE OF THEIR MUSCLES  
 IT MAKES YOU REALIZE THAT UNDERNEATH ARE RED CORPUSCLES**

**I LOVE THE PARADE—I LOVE THE MUSIC  
 THERE'S SO MUCH NOISE—IT'S VERY CONFUSIC  
 THE TENTS—THE SAWDUST—THE POPCORN AND PEANUTS  
 UNLESS YOU GET GOOD SEATS YOU CAN'T—SEE—MUCH.**

**I LOVE THE MAN WHO IS SHOT FROM THE CANNON  
 IT THRILLED ME JUST LIKE THE OPERA—MANON  
 AND SPEAKING OF OPERAS, AS WE WERE, YES INDEEDA  
 I LOVE TO DRINK PINK LEMON AIDA.**

**6:00-6:30—Advice to the Lovelorn**

**QUESTION:** "Dear Mr. Knight: My boy friend used to see me every night. Now he doesn't come to see me at all. He goes around with another girl and the other day when I tried to get in his automobile, he pushed me out while the car was going twenty-five miles an hour. Do you think he still loves me?" Signed Angela Face.

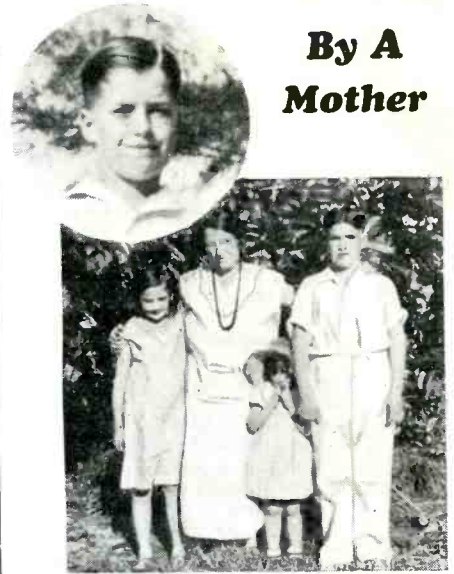
**ANSWER:** Now, Angela dear, you know faint heart ne'er won fair lady—or-gentleman. At the rate we are living nowadays, twenty-five miles an hour isn't very fast. Try again, Angela, say when the car is going fifty miles an hour. If he pushes you out at fifty, I doubt that he loves you.

**8:00-8:45—Music Depreciation Hour**

And now, ladies and gentlemen, we come to the musical *pièce de résistance* of the evening, so-called because it's a beautiful piece, played with lots of  
*(Please turn to page 88)*

**A TRUE STORY**

**By A  
 Mother**



**who brings up her four children very differently from grandma's way**

Here's a story that covers three generations. Mrs. G. R. Strong, of Clermont, New York, sends us this letter.

"In olden days," she writes, "when my mother was a girl she was a delicate child. She tells me that at nine in the morning she was given a patent medicine for biliousness; at noon she took another for chronic constipation; and at three she took a blood builder. She has often told me people didn't know much about health when she was a girl.

"I often contrast my four fine, healthy youngsters with mother. We don't fill them up with medicines the way people used to in mother's day. Thanks to my doctor's directions we just use Nujol regularly. It has not upset their stomachs, and even when they had whooping cough they only had serum and Nujol.

"I could write a book about Nujol from my fourteen years of married life. My husband's father uses it, and at seventy-four he is well and takes long walks.

"The children are Bud, age thirteen; Royal, age ten; Elaine, age nine; and Joyce, age four. All of them are bright, active, and alert. They are advanced in school, and up to standard in weight and height. They love outdoor sports—hiking, swimming, and so on. We think we're pretty lucky to have discovered such an easy way to keep in good shape.

"You can publish this—maybe it will help some other families to keep well!"

Nujol, "regular as clockwork" now comes in two forms, plain Nujol and Cream of Nujol, the latter flavored and often preferred by children. You can get it at any drug store.

What is your Nujol story? If you have been using Nujol for ten years or more, if you are bringing up your children on it, tell us. Address Stanco Incorporated, 2 Park Avenue, Department 19U, New York City.

Copr. 1934, Stanco Inc.



# CORNS

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**QUICK  
SAFE  
RELIEF!**

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Franklin Pub. Co., 800 No. Clark St., Dept. B-500 Chicago

# Gray Hair

## Best Remedy is Made At Home

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.

Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, making it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

# Microphonies

(Continued from page 87)

resistance. In honor of our Swiss evening, Maestro Armbruster's Orchestra of Individuals is going to render the William Tell Overture. The Maestro leads the orchestra, and he also leads an interesting life. He was born in Holland on the Zuyder Zee, and the first musical selection he ever wrote was the popular song entitled, "Zipping Zuyder Through a Straw." At the age of eight, he ran away from his family, and at the age of nine, his family ran away from him.

He studied music at the Swiss Bell Ringers school, where a good chime was had by all. At twelve he was playing in the grammar school orchestra and at twelve-fifteen he was playing hookey. At twenty he was a conductor in London, and two years later he was promoted to be a motorman. Today he stands head and shoulders above American musicians. Come down off that ladder, Maestro, and introduce the selection.

## 9:00-9:15—Amos and Annie— Comedy Duo

AMOS: DID YOU KNOW I BOUGHT A CAMEL?

ANNIE: I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW YOU SMOKED.

AMOS: WELL, I DID TO CARRY STUFF ACROSS THE DESERT.

ANNIE: WHAT DESERT?

AMOS: SAHARA.

ANNIE: A SWELL ACTRESS.

AMOS: ACTRESS?

ANNIE: SURE—SAHARA BERNHARDT.

AMOS: SKIP IT!

ANNIE: WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR CAMEL?

AMOS: I LOADED HIM WITH CHOPPED CABBAGE AND HE COLLAPSED.

ANNIE: WHAT MADE HIM COLLAPSE?

AMOS: THAT WAS THE SLAW THAT BROKE THE CAMEL'S BACK.

## 11:00-11:30—Kiddies' Hour

And now, kiddies, if you'll all be in bed by midnight, I'll tell you the story of Blue Riding Hood and how she ended the Great Depression.

ONCE UPON A TIME, there was a little girl named Blue Riding Hood . . .

WHO LIVED all alone in a forest . . . AND IN ANOTHER PART of the forest, lived a wolf.

THE WOLF'S NAME was "Doormat" because he was always found at the door.

ONE DAY BLUE RIDING HOOD PUT ON her little blue dress and her little blue stockings and her little blue hood—and she was a Rhapsody in Blue . . .

AND SO SHE SET OUT through the forest . . .

AND AS SHE WALKED ALONG she kept picking up things from the ground.

AND SHE WAS very happy

SUDDENLY she met the Wolf!

WHAT ARE YOU GATHERING? said the wolf . . .

NUTS! said Blue Riding Hood.

FOR WHOM? said the wolf . . .

FOR MY GRANDMOTHER, said Blue Riding Hood. She is my relative.

SO'S YOUR OLD MAN, shouted the Wolf and he disappeared.

SO Blue Riding Hood . . .

WENT ON through the forest . . . UNTIL she came to her grandmother's house . . .

AND SHE LIFTED her dainty little white hand and knocked.

SO WHAT? shouted the grandmother.

WELL, Blue Riding Hood went in and there was her grandmother

DRESSED in a new fur coat and a diamond choker.

WHY, GRANDMOTHER, said Blue Riding Hood, what big eyes you have!

THOSE are capital I's, said the grandmother.

WHY, GRANDMOTHER, what big teeth you have! said Blue Riding Hood.

MADE ESPECIALLY for me, said the grandmother.

WHY, GRANDMOTHER, what a big head you have! said Blue Riding Hood.

THAT WAS SOME PARTY LAST NIGHT, said the grandmother.

BUT WHERE, said Blue Riding Hood, did you get that fur coat?

FROM THE WOLF, said the grandmother.

AND WHERE IS THE WOLF? cried Blue Riding Hood.

I ATE HIM, shouted the grandmother.

YOU ATE HIM, yelled Blue Riding Hood. Why?

SOMEBODY HAD to end the depression, screamed the grandmother!

AND THAT IS HOW BLUE RIDING HOOD'S GRANDMOTHER ATE THE WOLF INSTEAD OF THE WOLF EATING HER, AND NOW THE WOLF IS NO LONGER AT THE DOOR.

## 12:00 Midnight—Sign-Off

THIS COLUMN HAS COME TO YOU THROUGH THE COURTESY OF WHAM, THE 100% INSECTICIDE. WHAM, SPELLED W-H-A-M, IS THE ONLY INSECTICIDE WITH A NITROGLYCERINE BASE. SIMPLY DROP A CAN OF WHAM ON THE NEAREST INSECT AND W-H-A-M!!! IT'S GONE! SO IS EVERYTHING ELSE. BUY WHAM THE NEXT TIME YOUR WIFE'S FAMILY COMES TO VISIT YOU.

Of course you are reading

**RAYMOND KNIGHT'S  
MICROPHONIES**

in TOWER RADIO each month.

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**"I Couldn't Sit,  
Couldn't Stand.  
Couldn't even Lie Down!"**

**IF THERE** is anybody who knows what suffering is, it is the person afflicted with Piles!

Piles can do more to torment you and pull you down physically and mentally than almost any other single ailment. Yet on account of the delicacy of the subject many hesitate to seek relief.

Yet Piles can have a very serious outcome, often necessitating surgery.

If there's anything that is genuine treatment of Piles it is Pazo Ointment! Pazo almost instantly relieves the pain, soreness and itching and stops any bleeding. But, more than that, Pazo tends to correct the condition of Piles as a whole.

This is why: Pazo is threefold in effect.

First, it is *soothing*, which relieves the soreness and inflammation. Second, it is *healing*, which repairs the torn and damaged tissues. Third, it is *absorbing*, which dries up any mucous matter and tends to shrink the swollen blood vessels which are Piles.

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Tens of thousands of folks who used to suffer from miserable backaches, shoulder pains and chest congestion, now put on an Allcock's Porous Plaster and find the most soothing relief. It's simply wonderful for muscle pains caused by rheumatism, neuritis, arthritis, sciatica, lumbago, sprains and strains.

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## Want to Be Rich? ... Try Music

(Continued from page 27)

gravy, nice whatever-you-want-to-call-it. But, as usual, there are a couple of big, buzzing flies in the ointment.

First fly is the commission paid to the manager or booking agent. Some bands are under the management of individual agents; some are managed by the two big networks; a great many are controlled by one company, Music Corporation of America; but whoever or whatever the management, there is usually a slice of from 15 to 25 per cent that goes to the booking agent. Figure out 20 per cent (a good average commission) of \$3000 and you will find that it comes to \$600, a nice fistful of spending money for anybody, and one that leaves a large hole in taking care of the—let it be said—very necessary services of business management.

Second fly is something that a layman might not think of, and it leaves an even larger hole in the broadcasting fee. A top-rank band gets on top and stays on top by reason of the distinctive quality of its music. Distinctiveness is largely a matter of the musical arrangements used by the orchestra—the way they take the central melody of a piece and give it first to one instrument and then another, set counter melodies against it, bring striking harmonic combinations to support it, and in general make an intricate, richly orchestrated piece out of a simple melody to start with.

This takes brains, and brains cost money. Staff arrangers and independent arrangers get a heavy slice of an orchestra's total income, and competition among bands is so ferocious that it is not at all unusual for a top-rank band to pay out \$1,000 a week just for special arrangements of the pieces it plays. Paul Whiteman leads the field in this regard, and the King of Jazz retains his title largely because he has always spent lavishly to get the finest arrangements possible. He has one chief arranger on straight salary at \$400 per week, and Whiteman's total expenditure for special arrangements reaches the astounding figure of \$1,600 per week. That's real money!

THE next question is how much does the man in the trenches get out of it. How much does a regular horn-tooter, or saxophone player, the private-in-the-ranks of a big "name" orchestra make? A quick, average answer would be \$75 to \$100 a week for a regular player in a front-rank band. Some bands pretty well up pay less than this, and some of the top flight pay more.

Please note that this is for the regular players, the infantry privates who constitute the main strength of the orchestral army. Sprinkled among them are the star performers, talented players who have an outstanding specialty—a "talking" trumpet, an especially "hot" clarinet or trombone for "breaks" in the syncopated melody, or an exceptionally "sweet" violin for an obbligato against vocal choruses. What these stars get is a matter of what they can negotiate for themselves, and it may run anywhere from \$125 to \$300 or \$350 per week. One of the earliest of these individual stars was Rudy Wiedoeft, whose "hot lips" on the saxophone so fascinated a young Yale stu-

(Please turn to page 90)

# STOP THAT COLD IN ITS TRACKS!

*Don't Let It "Get Going!"*

A COLD is nothing to "monkey with". It can take hold quickly and develop seriously. Take no chances on inviting dangerous complications.

Treat a cold promptly and for what it is—an internal infection. Take a remedy that is internal and one that is expressly for colds and not for a number of other things as well.

The wise thing to take is Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine—for several reasons. Instead of a "cure-all," it is expressly a cold remedy. It is also an internal treatment which a cold requires. And it is complete in effect.

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First, it opens the bowels. Second, it combats the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever. Third, it relieves the headache and grippy feeling. Fourth, it tones the entire system and helps fortify against further attack. Anything less than that is not complete treatment.

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World's Standard

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## Want to Be Rich? . . . Try Music

(Continued from page 89)

dent by the name of Hubert Prior Vallee that he immediately changed his name to Rudy.

It may be a little disconcerting to learn that the entire Radio City headquarters of the National Broadcasting Company, operating two networks, the Red (WEAF) and the Blue (WJZ) uses only 63 full-time musicians on the regular staff. The New York headquarters of the Columbia Broadcasting System uses 53 on the staff.

You may begin to see now why different radio orchestras often sound alike. Actually the same men are playing them! From that central pool of 63 musicians at NBC and 53 at Columbia are drawn the men who make up all of the sustaining and many of the commercial orchestras. Thus, for instance, at NBC a concert grouping may be heard as one conductor's orchestra, and a couple of hours later substantially the same grouping may be heard under the direction of another conductor. The orchestras are billed not according to the men who play in them, but according to the man who directs them.

**W**AGE scales for staff musicians are set by agreement with the Musicians Union and they are uniform at Columbia, NBC, or any major radio station in New York City. This year a flat summer rate of \$100 per week per man was agreed upon by the broadcasting companies and the union, but the usual winter scale is \$100 per week for a man who is used only on sustaining programs and \$140 per week for a man who appears on both sustaining and commercially sponsored programs, as most of them do.

It will be seen at once that a man on one of the network staffs is better paid than a man in one of the independent orchestras, generally speaking. The agreement with the union stipulates 33 hours of playing per week, with one day off. In actual practice this usually works out as 5½ hours playing per day, which must be included in a total period of not longer than ten hours.

The time-spread gives the musicians some free time, and many of them make good use of it. Many of the staff musicians on the networks are outstandingly good or have outstanding specialties. Thus when outside orchestras come in for commercial broadcasts with complete outfits of their own, they often augment their forces with a few of the staff musicians whom they especially want. So long as the work is outside regular working hours, the network musician is entitled to negotiate for this work as much as he can get. The public seldom, if ever, hears the names of these specialty musicians, but some of those in greatest demand shuttle back and forth between the better orchestras and make as high as \$300 or \$400 per week.

The next time you hear Cousin Elmer at home sawing away at scales on a saxophone, don't snicker too loudly. You don't know what the boy may come to some day!

Frank Black, who is the general director in charge of all musical programs at the National Broadcasting Company, has some advice for Cousin Elmer, or any other aspiring young horn-tooter.

"Radio is unquestionably the field for

a musician to get into these days," says Black. "It is the liveliest, most varied field, and the one most likely to carry into the future. My advice to an aspiring young musician would be to develop some outstanding specialty, if possible. The rarer the goods offered, the better the price will be. And remember that network musicians get and retain their jobs because of *ability*, and the better musician you can make of yourself, the better your chances will be, in radio, or anywhere."

**JOHNNY GREEN**, composer of "Body and Soul" and numerous other song hits, including the score for Jack Buchanan's new revue, "Mr. Whittington," which has been running with success in London, is musical adviser to the program department of Columbia Broadcasting System. "The three main qualifications that we look for in staff musicians," says Mr. Green, "are extreme proficiency in reading music, an individual style, and sensitivity to conductors. A young man starting out for a career in music should get whatever orchestra experience he can, as quickly as he can, and then work up through better bands until he is ready to come to New York and show what he can do."

Once he actually tackles New York and radio headquarters, what is the actual procedure? Each of the two major networks has a union contractor, who does the actual hiring of musicians. At NBC, the contractor is Al Gaber, who is responsible to Frank Black, head of the music department. At Columbia, with a somewhat different set-up, the contractor is Angelo Materra, who is responsible to the program department. Each network has a long waiting-list, as might be supposed, and when a vacancy occurs, the contractor arranges auditions so that the best available man may be selected.

At Columbia, the 53 staff musicians are divided into four general groupings: the novelty group, symphony group, dance group and the string ensemble. Columbia has seven staff conductors, Johnny Green, Mark Warnow, Howard Barlow, Freddy Rich, Leith Stevens, Johnny Augustine and Andre Kostelanetz, who are paid a regular salary, and get an extra return for each commercially sponsored program that they get.

The National Broadcasting Company does not divide its staff musicians into fixed groups, but each conductor, so long as there are no conflicts, is allowed to choose the men he wants. NBC has three staff conductors, Joseph Littau, J. Harrison Isles and Harold Levey, on regular salary, and engages its other conductors at so much per broadcast, the amount varying with different conductors and with the size and importance of the program. Frank Black himself conducts NBC's chief classic and symphonic programs, and is heard on commercially sponsored variety programs as well; and other mainstay NBC conductors are Joseph Stopak, Harold Sanford, Bill Wirges and Jerry Sears.

So goes the world of radio music. There is a lot of work and a lot of grief in the middle of it, but there is enough rich cream on top to make it worth a trial by anybody.





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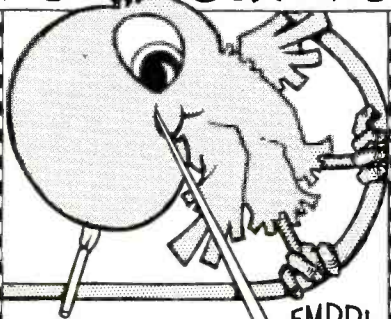
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*They Stand the Strain*

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**WOOLWORTH'S**

**INTERNATIONAL BRAID CO  
PROVIDENCE**

## Never a Heartache

(Continued from page 19)

How did he do it? How did he mould this material into the desired shape? There you have the interesting story of the Lane sisters.

Remember that they had never been on the stage before. They had come from a little town in Iowa—Indianola—where a girl who longed for stage success must be just a little bit well, er—daring. They had sung in amateur entertainments in high school. They had been in a chorus. There their experience ended. So what did Fred Waring do?

**THEY** made their first professional appearance in Brooklyn. Their number—one with Fred himself—had been carefully rehearsed. They knew exactly what they were going to do. With the assurance of youth they stepped out on the stage to sing with Fred. And then, entirely unexpectedly to them, Fred stepped to the footlights and said, confidentially to his audience, "These two gals are from Ioway—can't you see the corn sticking out of their ears?"

This wasn't in the routine. The girls were amazed, but Priscilla, who has never failed to make a come-back, went up to Fred and said, "Listen, isn't that a hayseed sticking out of your hair?"

The audience laughed. She was so cute and pretty and pert. Fred laughed too. "Well, I guess you don't need me," he said. "I'm going to take a rest and let you two kids entertain the folks."

And with that he left the stage, leaving behind two—by now—thoroughly frightened little girls. But they had to do something, so Priscilla turned to the orchestra, gave a cue, and they went into a song they knew.

That was their baptism of fire. That was lesson number one from Professor Fred Waring.

He had done it all with a purpose. He wanted those girls to learn stage poise and self-confidence and there was no better time to start teaching them than upon the occasion of their first professional appearance.

"I still get cold chills when I think about it," Rosemary will tell you now. "But believe me it was swell. After that, there's nothing Fred can do on the stage or over the microphone to stump us. And it was Priscilla's smart crack which made people realize that she could be a comedienne. Wasn't it Pat?"

"Yeah," said Priscilla, "if I am a comedienne."

Having schooled them in self-confidence before an audience Fred Waring now undertook a more serious task. For hours and hours every day he worked the two girls on diction and tone. They must be careful to make an "m" sound different from an "n". They must know the value of every note. They must make their own arrangements. With limitless energy and patience and his own brand of boundless enthusiasm he put them through a course of rigorous training.

They're still going through it. Right now they're well-known radio stars but they rehearse with Fred every day of their lives. They're still taking dancing lessons to give them

(Please turn to page 92)



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Marchand's Castile Shampoo CLEANSSES all shades of hair. It does NOT lighten or change the color of hair and is NOT to be confused with the famous Marchand Golden Hair Wash.

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 (WHO FOUGHT WITH MICKEY McGUIRE) CARRIED HIS OWN  
  
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**FIRST AID KIT**

for neater hair  
 use **STA-RITE HAIR PINS**  
 they hold better  
 Look for the Patented Crimp  
 STA-RITE HAIR PIN CO. SHELBYVILLE, ILL.



# Never a Heartache

(Continued from page 91)

poise and assurance—that's Fred's idea, and in a year he thinks they'll be ready to launch in movies. But that, too, must be learned. They must be prepared for that. So they both spend hours with a dentist to have their teeth straightened. That will take about a year. When the time comes for them to knock at the gates of Hollywood they'll be ready.

ALL of this has done something quite wonderful for Rosemary and Priscilla. You might very well imagine that two kids—they're just eighteen and nineteen—who have had so much and such seemingly easy success would take it all for granted. Instead they're filled with energy and enthusiasm and each new day is a new adventure.

As proof, listen to Rosemary on the subject of men.

"Priscilla and I aren't thinking of marriage, are we Pat?" she said. "We both like to have a good time—that's true. But I don't like New York boys—with maybe a couple of exceptions. The boys we know are wealthy kids. They're young but they're so blasé. Gee, what fun do they get out of life? They've had all the money they want. They can do anything they please. Wouldn't you think they'd be happy? But they're not. They take everything they have for granted."

"Yes," Priscilla added, "and they laugh at Rosemary and me for being thrilled by everything we do. Well, let them laugh. This is all new to us. Just two years ago we had never been to New York even. Everything we do is exciting. Why shouldn't we act thrilled, when we are?"

The answer is—Why shouldn't they? So they act thrilled on the slightest provocation. They think it is thrilling to work. "And Fred is so marvelous," they say almost in unison. It seems that he clowns through rehearsal and it doesn't seem like work. Before you know it, however, a number is all set.

A shopping tour is infinitely exciting—and they never dreamed they would have so much money to spend. Selecting clothes is too wonderful, although Priscilla and Rosemary disagree about clothes. Rosemary likes very tailored sports things. Priscilla—who is smaller and more blonde—chooses rather fussy details. As for sports—well, tennis and swimming and horseback riding are all just too, too thrilling. Monday of each week they have no rehearsals. Then they can get out into the country and be thoroughly athletic. They've never been to California and the prospect of going there some day is exciting to contemplate. For two years they've had no vacation at all. But what does that matter when it is so much fun simply to be alive? When they first started working for Fred Waring they toured all the Eastern theaters. Then came his radio contract and they began to broadcast. As soon as one program was over they started another.

This Summer when other girls were lazing through the days—they went on a tour with the band, arriving back in New York just in time to begin a new radio program.

But they're so full of youth and health that vacations are small items in their lives. Everything they do is extremely interesting. And off there in the distance is the assurance that the time will come when they can add motion picture work to their experience. They're already well known in Hollywood. Sister Lola sees to that. She listens to them every time they broadcast and has her friends listen too. She writes them constantly and gives them valuable pointers.

They are very grateful to Lola. It was she and Leota who really paved the way for them. Mulligan is their real last name. Their father was a dentist in Indianola and violently opposed—as were all his fellow citizens—to stage careers for his daughters. But Lola and Leota broke away, brooked the family opposition and became part of show life. That made it easier for Rosemary and Priscilla to say "yes" when Fred Waring offered them a job.

Their mother lives with them in New York. There is one more sister, Martha—she's the oldest—and the only one who had no desire for theatrical success. Right now Leota is in St. Louis with an opera company.

Both Rosemary and Priscilla are grateful for the luck fate dished out to them on a silver platter. But both realize that actually they're still going to school.

"Gee, Gosh!" Rosemary said. "It scares me when I think how much I don't know—and how much I've got to learn. But isn't it swell that we've got such a grand teacher as Fred Waring? Aren't we lucky?"

Yes, it's pretty swell. And the Lane girls are pretty lucky. But, to me, one of the swellest things about them is that they know just how lucky they are.

The Lane Sisters may be heard with Waring's Pennsylvanians each Sunday evening and Thursday evening at 9:30 P.M., E.S.T., over the following CBS stations:

WABC-W2XE, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WGR, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WOWO, WDRC, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, WCAU, WKBN, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WMBR, WQAM, WDBO, WDAE, KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWC, KVI, WGST, WPG, WLBZ, WBRC, WICC, WBT, WDOD, KVOR, WBNS, KRLD, KLZ, WLBW, KTRH, WGLC, KFAB, KLRA, WNAX, WFEA, WREC, WISN, WCCO, WSFA, CKAC, WLAC, WDSU, KOMA, KOH, WDBJ, WNOX, WHEC, KSL, KFTA, WTOG, KSCJ, WMAS, WIBW, CFRB, KTUL, WACO, WMT, WSJS, WORC, WDNC, WALA, KFH, WHP.

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## Give the Little Girl a Band

(Continued from page 39)

ones, egghead, but not for you; yours are tailored to fit your personality, so mull that over." He turned sharply to the now twinkling contralto. "But you don't need to be nice to a gagman, girlie, you've got brains of your own."

"You're so intuitive, Peter," murmured Brenda, as Oswald launched a stuttering rebuttal. "You see, it's like this. . . ." And for the next fifteen minutes Mr. Wrench listened to both sides of the argument and hoped that he looked wiser than he felt. After the last sultry syllable he pronounced judgment by remarking that Mr. Bagg needed his greasucups tightened.

"Nothing of the sort, Pete," blurted the comedian. "I swear I—"

"Swear?" said Mr. Wrench dreamily. "That reminds me. Here's another gag for you. Brenda asks you if you approve of women jurors, and you tell her about the old dame who was being sworn in at a trial. She seemed a bit foggy about it, so the district attorney says, 'Madam, do you understand the nature of an oath?' and she says, 'And me married to a traffic cop? Don't be sil.'"

"Thanks, Pete," mumbled Mr. Bagg, "I'll dress it up so it'll sound even better."

The gagman eyed him dangerously. "And have you brag it's your own idea? Let it ride as it is, you silly looking bashibazouk, and right now why don't you take a lollipop down the hall and round up the rest of your helpers?"

"You didn't need to be rude," pouted Brenda when crimsoning Oswald had disappeared. "He may be a teeny bit conceited, but sometimes that's only another name for pride and self-confidence, and anyway, he really can be terribly funny, and I love him."

"But you want to get off this hour." "Any girl with spirit would, Peter. Can't you help me just a little?"

"Perhaps I can," said Mr. Wrench, appraising her tea-rose loveliness. "I like you because you get mad instead of weepy, and besides, I'm off that bulbous buffoon of yours. When he's all your own burn a little sulphur on him. Bah! If that guy's a credit to his parents they couldn't have been in debt for more than a nickel."

"GO on from there, Peter," encouraged Miss Varenne.

"No feminine sense of humor, eh?" said Mr. Wrench snappily. "I wonder if he ever got his eyes high enough to look at today's hats. And his sense—say, I heard that when the big boss sounded him out on his attitude toward liquor, he said, with a perfectly serious pan, mind you, that he preferred to drink in a sitting position. Rowdy dow! A gag right under his nose, and he never knew it. Let's see, what was that last one I gave him?"

"Something about an oath." "Righto. Hm m m m m . . . I ought to do something with that one."

"But you have, Peter. It's all finished, don't you remember?"

"Silence!" ordered Mr. Wrench. "I remember something else as well. Oath, swear, swe—hahaha, I've got it, and you'll get it! Come on out to lunch, duchess, I can talk better about a lobster if I have another on a plate."

(Please \* \* \* turn to page 94)



## Water test reveals moisture-proof face powder

PROVE to yourself that Luxor won't mix with water for, then, it won't mix with the oil or perspiration of your skin; it won't mat into floury blotches; it won't slide over certain spots, leaving them bright and shiny while it cakes and hardens in other places.

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# Give the Little Girl a Band

(Continued from page 93)

THE Frozone Refrigerator Hour was three-quarters through its cycle of melody, mirth and megalomania, and the applauding audience in Station WUZY's most lavish studio was far from being chilly. Mr. Bagg had been suitably inane, Miss Varenne's luscious contralto had zigzagged its synco-pated way through two stamping numbers, the minor artists had surpassed themselves, and the announcer had craftily intimated that all other refrigerators were as the anteroom to Death Valley.

Then up to the mike stepped the grinning Oswald, in readiness for the evening's "crossfire," and Brenda, cool and dainty in sea-green shadow-pattered organdie, went to meet him with a queer little smile on her lips. A few pleasantries, and they were well away to a good start.

"Tell me," asked the little singer, "do you approve of women jurors?"

Oswald went after the joke like a seal at a dangling fish. "Not always," he countered, with a grimace to his public to advise them this was going to be tremendous. "I remember . . . mumble, mumble . . . 'I trust, madam, that you understand the nature of an oath?' and she says, 'And me married to a traffic cop? Don't be sil.'"

A dutiful ripple of laughter broke gently on the air, to be quelled as Brenda's voice came throbbing on the heels of her fiancé's.

"So I suppose," she said sunnily, "that she was given just a cursory examination."

The ripple rolled back in a roar like a seventh wave, and Mr. Bagg stared glassily at his partner.

"Curse what?" he gasped, then speech failed him for a moment, and he gave an excellent imitation of a hungry goldfish. Dimly he heard Miss Varenne say something about his girl friend's mind, and mechanically he sprung his line.

"Yeah," he said feebly, "she's what you might call a decided blonde."

Again the ripple, fainter, as though waiting for something, and again came the velvet tones.

"I'll say she is," agreed Brenda. "I was there the day she decided."

This time the roar redoubled, and a close observer would have noted that Peter Wrench, hidden in the last row, was doing more than his share of it. Even the orchestra was laughing now, and Mr. Bagg began to smoulder at the edges. The most exasperating trick in show business was being pulled on him off-he, of all mortals, was being topped off! Beaten to the punch, and never knowing where to guard for the next

one. He groaned in misery. If only he had been more generous. If only he had the agile wit of a gagman. If—"Huh?" he bumbled.

"I SAID that you must be a very important man," crooned Brenda.

"Sure, but my grandfather was even more so, with all of ten thousand men under him."

"Not really?" "I said he was," shrieked Oswald in desperation. "And why? Because he was a cemetery watchman—top that one, confound you—a cemetery watchman!"

Brenda steamed so closely in his wake that the ripple faded to a faint lapping.

"And naturally," she said smoothly, "that was surely a grave responsibility."

It seemed to Oswald that a cascade of sound was ready to engulf him, for the audience, while applauding Brenda's sally, was howling with glee at his woe-begone appearance, fully convinced that the whole thing was part of the act. Then, as he smacked his forehead, he glimpsed a telltale glister creeping out on Brenda's eyelashes as she tried to smile at him, and light at last penetrated the refrigerator insulation of his skull.

"You win, darling!" he cried manfully. "You win!"

And with one lumbering leap he was telling the microphone, "Ladies and gentlemen, this bit of fooling has been by way of farewell to our siren of song, Brenda Varenne, who will shortly be starring for the Stitch-In-Time Face Lifters . . . regrets . . . happiness . . . success . . ." The Frozone hour vanished down the misty corridors of time, and the lovers emerged from the studio to bump into the hilarious Mr. Wrench. That gentleman met Brenda's appealing gaze with a very reassuring wink.

"All set for the big day now?" he inquired.

"Next month," Oswald told him happily. "A garden wedding at my place on the Sound."

The gagman's eyes flickered wickedly. "Better not have it in the evening," he warned. "The *Culex pseudopictus* are something terrible."

"Huh?" queried the comic. "Culex ps—pspssss—what are they?"

"Why," said Mr. Wrench, unable to resist, "merely gnats to you," and he walked away, whistling.

Then Brenda saved the day. "Take this too, honey," she whispered, "and I think you'll like it better." And Oswald, meeting her uplifted mouth, agreed that she was right.

Send your beauty questions to

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## Programs You'll Want to Hear

(Continued from page 48)

12:00, midnight, Wednesday, NBC-WEAF.

*Don Bestor*—11:00 P.M., Monday, NBC-WJZ.

*Glen Gray and his Casa Loma Orchestra*—11:15 P.M., Monday and Saturday and 11:30 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

*Guy Lombardo*—12:00, midnight, Monday, NBC-WJZ and 10:00 P.M., Wednesday, NBC-WEAF.

*Harold Stern*—12:30 A.M. Tuesday, NBC-WEAF.

*Jack Denny*—10:30 P.M., Wednesday, NBC-WJZ.

*Leon Belasco*—12:00, midnight, Wednesday; 11:15 P.M., Friday, CBS.

*Leo Reisman and his Orchestra*—with Phil Duey (Philip Morris and Co.) 8:00 P.M., Tuesday, NBC-WEAF.

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

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

### Concerts and Classical Music

*Cities Service Concert*—Jessica Dragonette, soprano; Cities Service Quartette; Frank Banta and Milton Rettenberg, piano duo; Rosario Bourdon's orchestra (Cities Service Co.) 8:00 P.M., Friday, NBC-WEAF.

*Palmolive Beauty Box Theater*—Musical comedies and light operas with well-known stars participating; Nathaniel Shilkret's orchestra; Palmolive Chorus (Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.) 10:00 P.M., Tuesday, NBC-WEAF.

*Sentinels' Serenade*—Edward Davies, baritone; Charles Sears, tenor; Mary Stiele, soprano; Josef Koestner's orchestra (The Hoover Co.) 5:30 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

*Voice of Firestone Garden Concert*—Featuring Gladys Swarthout, mezzo soprano; Margaret Speaks, soprano; Fred Hufsmith, tenor, and Frank Chapman, baritone; William Daly's Symphonic String Orchestra (Firestone Tire and Rubber Co.) 8:30 P.M., Monday, NBC-WEAF.

### Piano and Organ Music

*Abram Chasins*—Pianist, 2:15 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

*Ann Leaf*, organist—5:15 P.M., Tuesday; 3:00 P.M., Wednesday; 2:00 P.M., Thursday and 4:00 P.M., Saturday, CBS.

*Alexander Semler*, pianist; 10:45 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

*Fray and Braggiotti*, piano duo; 9:15 P.M., Monday and Friday, CBS.

*Gould and Sheffer*, piano duo; 12:15 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

*Jesse Crawford*, organist, 11:15 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

*Lew White at the organ*—8:30 A.M., daily, NBC-WJZ.

*Playboys*—piano trio—6:45 P.M., Monday, CBS.

*Richard Liebert*, Radio City organist; 8:00 A.M., daily, except Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

*Salt Lake City Tabernacle Organ and Choir*—12:00, noon, Sunday, CBS.

(Please turn to page 96)

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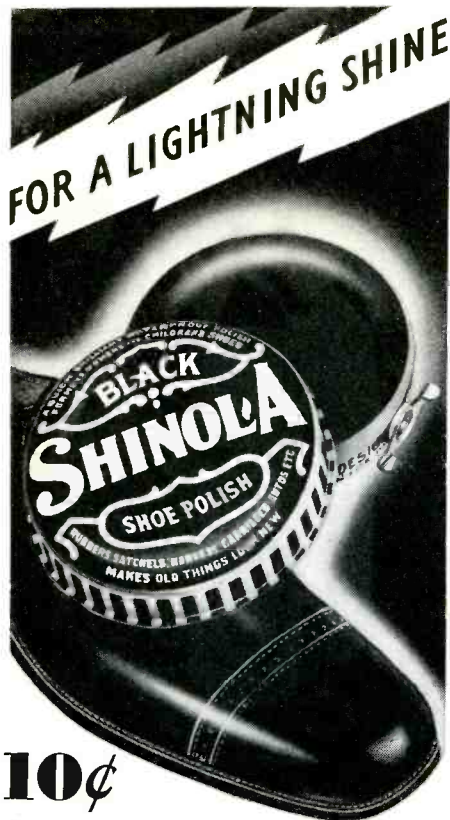


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## Programs You'll Want to Hear

(Continued from page 95)

### Children's Programs

*Billy Batchelor*—(Wheatena Corporation) 6:45 P.M., Monday to Friday, inclusive, NBC-WEAF.

*Bobby Benson and Sunny Jim*—(Hecker H-O Co.) 6:15 P.M., daily, except Saturday and Sunday, CBS.

*Buck Rogers in the 25th Century*—(Cocomalt Co.) 6:00 P.M., Monday to Thursday, inclusive, CBS.

*Coast to Coast on a Bus*—or the White Elephant Line—Milton J. Cross as master of ceremonies; 9:00 A.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

*Horn and Hardart Children's Hour*—with Paul Douglas as master of ceremonies; 11:00 A.M., Sunday, WABC (CBS) only.

*Jack Armstrong—All American Boy*—(General Mills Co.) 5:30 P.M., daily, except Sunday, CBS.

*Jolly Bill and Jane*—7:45 P.M., Monday to Saturday, inclusive, NBC-WJZ.

*Let's Pretend*—10:35 A.M., Saturday, CBS.

*Little Orphan Annie*—(The Wander Co.) 5:45 P.M., daily except Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

*Mystery Island Adventures*—Conducted by Madge Tucker; 4:45 P.M., Monday, NBC-WEAF.

*Nursery Rhymes*—Milton J. Cross and Milton James; 5:45 P.M., Tuesday, NBC-WEAF.

*Our Barn*—4:30 P.M., Saturday, NBC-WEAF.

*Red Davis*—(Beechnut Packing Co.) 7:30 P.M., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, NBC-WJZ.

*Singing Lady*—Nursery jingles, songs and stories (The Kellogg Co.) 5:30 P.M., daily except Saturday and Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

### Dramatic Sketches

*Bar X Days and Nights*—Carson Robson and his Buckaroos—(Feen-A-Mint Co.) 9:00 P.M., Thursday, CBS.

*Court of Human Relations*—8:30 P.M., Friday, CBS.

*Death Valley Days*, with Tim Frawley, Joseph Bell and Edward M. Whitney; Joseph Bonime orchestra (Pacific Coast Borax Co.) 9:00 P.M., Thursday, NBC-WJZ.

*Fish Tale*—dramatic sketch; Cadets Quartette (Booth Fisheries Corp.) 11:15 A.M. Wednesday, CBS.

*First Nighter*—June Meredith; Don Ameche; Cliff Soubier; Eric Sagerquists orchestra (Campana Corp.) 10:00 P.M., Friday, NBC-WEAF.

*Irene Rich*—Dramatic sketch with supporting cast (Welch Grape Juice Co.) 7:30 P.M., Wednesday, NBC-WJZ.

*One Man's Family*—With Anthony Smythe; 9:00 P.M., Saturday, NBC-WEAF.

*Roses and Drums*—Dramatization of Civil War stories (Union Central Life Insurance Co.) 5:00 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

*Raffles, the Amateur Cracksman*—Featuring Frederick Worlock; 7:30 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

*Soconyland Sketches*—Featuring Arthur Allen and Parker Fennelly (Standard Oil Co.) 9:30 P.M., Tuesday, NBC-WEAF.

*Terhune Dog Drama*—with Albert Payson Terhune (Spratts Patent, Ltd.) 5:45 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

*Tastyest Theater*—One-act plays

(Tastyest, Inc.) 9:45 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

*Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing*—Dramatic series starring War den Lawes (William R. Warner Co.) 9:00 P.M., Wednesday, NBC-WJZ.

### Comedy Sketches

*Amos 'n' Andy*—(The Pepsodent Co.) 7 P.M., daily except Saturday and Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

*Clara, Lou 'n' Em*—Louise Starkey, Isobel Carothers and Helen King (Colgate-Palmolive Peet Co.) 10:15 A.M., daily except Saturday and Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

*Easy Aces*—(Wyeth Chemical Co.) 8 P.M., Wed., Thurs., Fri., CBS.

*Gene and Glenn* (Gillette Safety Razor Co.) 7:15 P.M., Monday to Friday, inclusive NBC-WEAF.

*Gordon, Dave and Bunny*—(Oxol Co.) 5:45 P.M., Monday and Wednesday, CBS.

*The Honeymooners*—Starring Grace and Eddie Albert—11:00 A.M., Tuesday and Saturday, NBC-WJZ.

*Pick and Pat*—9:00 P.M., Friday, NBC-WEAF.

### Mystery Sketches

*Crime Clues*—with Edward Reese and John MacBryde (Harold E. Ritchie Co.) 8:00 P.M., Tuesday and Wednesday, NBC-WJZ.

*Dangerous Paradise*—with Elsie Hitz and Nick Dawson (John H. Woodbury Co.) 7:45 P.M., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, NBC-WJZ.

*The Shadow*—Fifteen minute thriller (Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Coal Co.) Monday, Wednesday and Friday at time yet to be scheduled, NBC-WEAF.

### Featured Singers

*Arlene Jackson*—7:30 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

*Bing Crosby* (John H. Woodbury Co.) 9:00 P.M., Tuesday, CBS.

*Bill and Ginger* (C. F. Mueller Co.) 10:15 A.M., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, CBS.

*Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson*—(Bond Bread Co.) 5:30 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

*Danny Malone*, tenor, 7:30 P.M., Tuesday and Thursday, NBC-WEAF.

*John McCormick*, noted Irish tenor—(William R. Warner Co.) 9:30 P.M., Wednesday, NBC-WJZ.

*Maxine*—with Phil Spitalny's Ensemble (Cheramy Inc.) 8:00 P.M., Wednesday, CBS.

*Mary Eastman*, soprano, accompanied by concert orchestra, 7:45 P.M., Saturday, CBS.

*Paul Keast*, baritone; Rollo Hudson's Orchestra (Gold Dust Corp.) 7:30 P.M., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, CBS.

*Sylvia Froos*, blues singer, 7:00 P.M., Thursday, and 11:00 P.M., Saturday, CBS.

### Household Hints

*Betty Crocker*, cooking talk (General Mills Co.)—10:45 A.M., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, NBC-WEAF.

*Cooking Closeups*—Mary Ellis Ames, home economist, (Pillsbury Flour



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Mills) 11:00 A.M. Wednesday and Friday, CBS.  
 Ida Bailey Allen, radio home maker—10:15 A.M., Thursday, CBS.  
 Frances Lee Barton, home economist, (General Foods Corp.) 11:15 A.M., Thursday, NBC-WEAF.  
 Magic Recipes, Jane Ellison (The Borden Co.)—11:45 A.M., Wednesday, CBS.  
 NBC Radio Kitchen, Eleanor Howe—10:50 A.M., Monday to Friday inclusive, NBC-WJZ.

### Inspirational Programs


Cheerio—8:30 A.M., daily, except Sunday, NBC-WEAF.  
 Catholic Hour—6:00 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.  
 Elder Lightfoot—Solomon Michaux and his Congregation—10:30 P.M., Saturday, CBS.  
 Voice of Experience—Human relations counsel (Wasey Products) 12:00 noon, Monday to Friday, inclusive; also Sunday at 6:45 P.M., and at midnight on an evening to be announced later, CBS.  
 Walter B. Pitkin, 8:15 P.M., Thursday, CBS.

### News Commentators

Boake Carter—(Philco Radio and Television Corp.) 7:45 P.M., Monday to Friday, inclusive, CBS.  
 Edwin C. Hill, presenting The Human Side of the News—(Wasey Products) 8:15 P.M., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, CBS.  
 George R. Holmes, 11:00 P.M., Friday, NBC-WEAF.  
 H. C. Kaltenborn—edits the news—6:00 P.M., Friday, CBS.  
 Lowell Thomas—(Sun Oil Co.) 6:45 P.M., daily, except Saturday and Sunday, NBC-WJZ.  
 Walter Winchell—(Jergens Co.) 9:30 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

### Miscellaneous Programs

American Bosch Radio Explorers Program—Historical talks by explorers from the Museum of Natural History, New York; music (United American Bosch Corp.) 5:30 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.  
 Byrd Antarctic Expedition—News from the Antarctic; variety program for the explorers and the radio audience; Mark Warnow's orchestra (General Foods Corp.) 10:00 P.M., Wednesday, CBS.  
 Ivory Stamp Club—Stamp and adventure talks by Capt. Tim Healy (Procter and Gamble Co.) 5:45 P.M., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, NBC-WEAF.  
 Football Sports Program (Shell Co.)—6:30 P.M., Thursday, Friday, Saturday, CBS.  
 Johnny Green—in the modern manner 10:00 P.M., Friday, CBS.  
 March of Time—Re-enactment of the news of the previous seven days, 9:00 P.M., Friday, CBS.  
 National Barn Dance—(Alka-Seltzer Co.) 10:30 P.M., Saturday, NBC-WJZ.  
 National Farm and Home Hour—12:30 P.M., daily except Sunday, NBC-WJZ.  
 Science Service—Instructive talks, 4:30 P.M., Wednesday, CBS.  
 Women's Radio Review—Conducted by Claudine Macdonald; guest speakers; orchestra under direction of Joseph Littau; 3:30 P.M., Monday to Thursday inclusive, NBC-WEAF.



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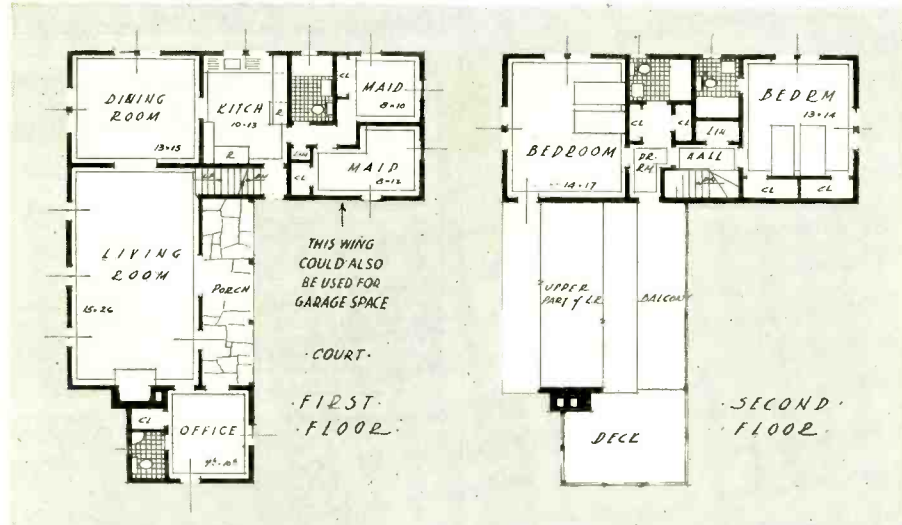
# MAPLEINE



# The House JESSICA DRAGONETTE WANTS

*It is designed in the Spanish  
manner with white stucco walls*

*Designed by Theodore Whitehead Davis, architect*



**A**N office and an open deck are two things that Jessica Dragonette finds essential to her ideal home—the office because she likes to carry on her business affairs in her own home and the open deck veranda because she likes to star-gaze. Astronomy is her hobby and a first-class telescope is one of her most cherished possessions.

Architecturally speaking, Miss Dragonette wants a house of the Spanish type—Spanish not only in appearance but in arrangement of the rooms which follows the rambling layout used in warmer climates to insure better ventilation. An additional insurance of good ventilation is the high raftered ceiling in the living-room and the arrangement of the service portion of the house in a separate wing.

Miss Dragonette would use the small room off the living-room for her own private office but it might serve as a dressing room or cloak room for guests. The second floor containing two large bedrooms with individual baths and the open balconies—ending in the open deck where Miss Dragonette would do her star-gazing—are other unusual but desirable features of the house.

The exterior of the house is typically Spanish with its white stucco walls and red barreled tiles on the roof. The use of iron rails adds an ornamental touch.

While this house designed for Miss Dragonette is based on her own personal taste and temperament, it would be suitable for almost any small family. The little room off the living-room might be used as a day-time room for the baby or a playroom for the children, and the deck might serve as an outdoor living-room just as well as an amateur astronomer's observatory.

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



## *Ivory-and-green* **TABLE DISHES** *you can use in the* **OVEN, too!**

OVENSERVE is its name. It's a soft ivory in color, hand decorated in leaf green. And every last piece of it—even the cups, saucers and plates—is built to stand oven heat. There have never been double-use table dishes like these before.

You can bake a pie in the pie plate, for example... and pop it happily from oven to table. You can use the little shallow shirred egg dishes, the cute one-handled French serving casseroles, the platters, bowls and all the rest of these pretty table dishes for baking custards and meat loaf, creamed dishes, desserts or what

have you. Out they come from the oven, onto the table they go.

Saves washing pots. And the dishes themselves are easy to wash. No scraping, no scouring. Soap, hot water, that's all.

Note also their convenient shapes and sizes... handy for parking things in the refrigerator.

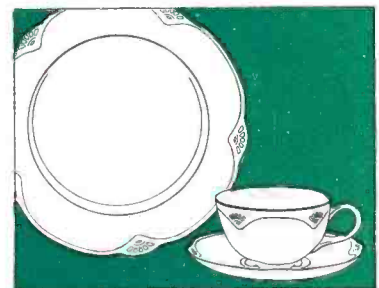
Price? Just a fraction of the cost of the kitchen ovenwares you know about.

### **HAM and CAULIFLOWER BAKE**

1 small cauliflower (cooked)  
1½ cups cracker crumbs  
1½ cups cooked ham (chopped)  
Salt and pepper  
3 tbsps. butter      1¾ cups milk

Separate cauliflower into flowerets. Butter OVENSERVE round baking dish and arrange

alternate layers of crackers, cauliflower, ham. Season, dot with butter and pour milk over all. Bake in a hot oven (425° F.) 25-30 minutes. Lift dish direct from oven to table.



### **IVORY-AND-PLATINUM DINNER SET—**

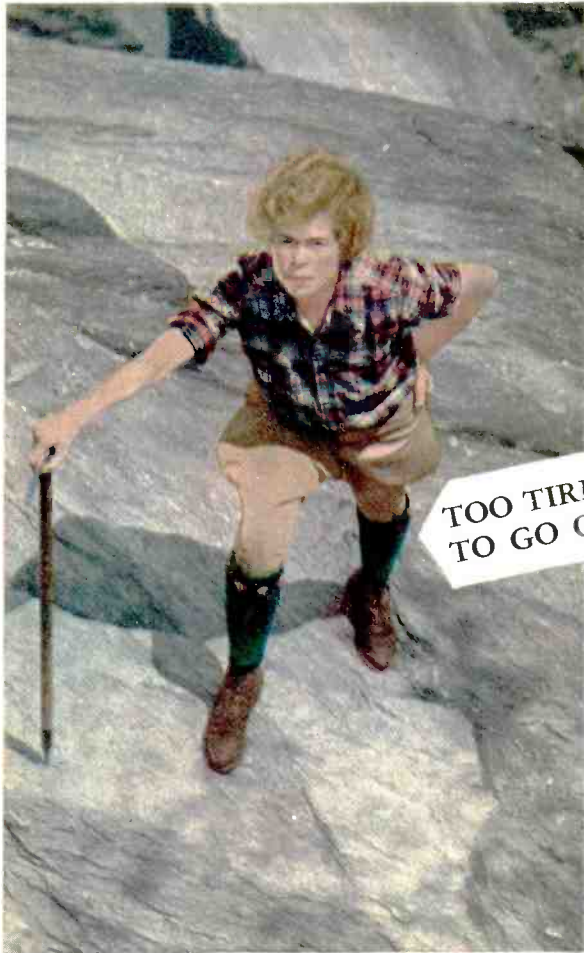
This stunning new dinner set is in gleaming ivory with design in platinum. Rich looking, yet almost classic in its simplicity! Open stock, of course. Sold by the individual piece. Make your own selection.



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TO GO ON—



—and then she smoked  
a CAMEL!

*SHE HAS SCALED 90 MAJOR PEAKS! Slender, but a marvel of endurance and energy, Miss Georgia Engelhard says: "When people tell me of being tired out, or lacking 'pep,' I don't know of better advice to give than, 'Get a lift with a Camel.'"*

## YOU'LL ENJOY

**this thrilling response in your flow of energy!**

Miss Georgia Engelhard, champion woman mountain climber, knows what it is to need energy... quickly. In light of the recent scientific confirmation of the "energizing effect" in Camels, note what Miss Engelhard says:

"Mountain climbing is great sport, but it taxes your stamina to the limit. Plenty of times up there

above the timber line, within a short climb of the goal, I have thought, 'I can't go another step.' Then I call a halt and smoke a Camel.

"It has been proved true over and over that a Camel picks me up in just a few minutes and gives me the energy to push on."

There is a thrilling sense of

well-being in smoking a Camel and feeling a quick, delightful increase in your flow of energy.

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**Costlier Tobaccos**  
**never get on**  
**your Nerves**



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**"Get a LIFT  
with a Camel!"**

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