

Tower Radio

A TOWER MAGAZINE

MAY

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LAW
CODE

HOW TO WRITE A SONG

•
THE \$40,000,000 MYSTERY
—TELEVISION

MURIEL WILSON

RUDY VALLEE TELLS

"WHAT I HOPE TO GET OUT OF LIFE"



NIGHT and DAY

Be utterly Irresistible

You, yes you, can become divinely irresistible. Use the lure that has always won love for famous, enchanting women... tempting, exotic perfume... Such is IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME. Wear it night and day to thrill... excite senses... madden hearts... with its haunting, lasting fragrance.

To make yourself even more fascinating, use all the IRRESISTIBLE BEAUTY AIDS. Each has some special feature to make you exquisitely lovely. Irresistible Lip Lure, the new, different lipstick, melts deep into your lips making them vibrant, glowing with soft, warm, red, ripe color. Irresistible Face Powder is sifted through silk...it clings for hours... conceals blemishes...gives your skin a youthful, petal-like, kissable softness.

Be irresistible today...now...forever...with Irresistible Beauty Aids. Guaranteed to be pure. Only 10¢ each for full sized packages at your 5 and 10¢ store.



Exotic perfume of glamorous allure... a clinging, lasting fragrance



Exquisite face powder, satin-fine, clings for hours



Lipstick in four gorgeous shades, for lovely, luscious lips



Cologne for a fragrant, refreshing body rub



Vanishing, liquefying, cold cream... perfect for your skin



Brilliantine that gives your hair a glorious, silky sheen



Talc that's soft and soothing as a perfumed breeze

TRADE MARK REG., CONTAINERS PAT'D

Irresistible

Perfume and Beauty Aids
FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

ONLY 10c EACH AT YOUR 5 and 10c STORE

"TERRIBLE!"—SAY THE BOOKS OF ETIQUETTE

"EXCELLENT!"—SAYS DENTAL AUTHORITY



IT ISN'T BEING DONE, BUT IT'S *One Way* TO PREVENT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"



IPANA TOOTH PASTE

Tower Radio, May, 1935

OF course it's terrible to the dictators of etiquette and the arbiters of polite society. "Why," you can hear them chorus, "such a performance would make any girl a social outlaw."

But it isn't terrible to dentists—to *your own dentist*.

"Excellent," would be his emphatic retort. "If you and every one of my patients chewed as vigorously, I'd hear a lot less about 'pink tooth brush.' And if we moderns all ate more coarse, hard foods, a big group of modern dental ills would practically disappear."

Dental testimony is unanimous! Modern gums need more work for health—vigorous workouts with coarse, raw foods. Our modern soft and well-cooked foods are to blame for the wide spread of that tell-tale dental warning, "pink tooth brush."

DON'T IGNORE "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

"Pink tooth brush" is a first warning. But neglected—it often proves to be the first downward step towards such serious gum disorders as gingivitis, Vincent's disease and pyorrhea.

Play safe—rouse your gums to health with Ipana and massage. Clean your teeth regularly with Ipana—and

each time rub a little extra Ipana into your gums. Ipana with the massage speeds circulation through the gum tissues—and helps them back to healthy firmness. And healthy gums mean whiter teeth and a brighter smile.

WHY WAIT FOR THE TRIAL TUBE?

Send the coupon below, if you like, to bring you a trial tube of Ipana. But a trial tube can be, at best, only an introduction. Why not buy the full-size tube today and begin to get Ipana's definite advantages *now*—a month of scientific dental care... 100 brushings... brighter teeth and healthier gums.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. Y-55
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 _____

CATHERINE McNELIS, *Publisher*

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Watch Next Month's TOWER RADIO for FREAKS OF RADIO CENSORSHIP

How the comedy of the air comics is cut. What words are barred and what jokes are taboo.

NEW PATHWAYS TO RADIO FAME
The opportunities radio offers—and
how to find them

A striking cover and revealing
life sketch of

JANE FROMAN

Jane Froman portrait—Barnaba Studio

COVER DESIGN BY ARMAND SEGUSO

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NEW ISSUE ON SALE THE FIRST OF EVERY MONTH

HURRY IN AND PUT
OUT THAT LIGHT, SALLY.
IT'S LATE...

NOT TILL I'VE
CLEANED MY
FACE WITH **LUX
TOILET SOAP.**
NO COSMETIC
SKIN FOR ME!

Wise girls guard against Cosmetic Skin the screen stars' way...

YOU can use cosmetics all you wish if you remove them *thoroughly* the screen stars' way. It's when you leave bits of stale rouge and powder *choking the pores* that you risk Cosmetic Skin.

Do you see enlarged pores, dullness, tiny blemishes—blackheads, perhaps—warning signals of unattractive Cosmetic Skin? Better begin to use Lux Toilet Soap, the soap especially made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

To protect your skin—keep it lovely—follow this simple rule:

Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—**ALWAYS** before you go to bed at night—use gentle Lux Toilet Soap. Its rich, ACTIVE lather

will sink deep into the pores, carry away every vestige of dust, dirt, embedded powder and rouge. Your skin will feel soft and smooth—and *look* it! 9 out of 10 Hollywood stars use Lux Toilet Soap—have used it for years!

BARBARA STANWYCK

STAR OF WARNER BROTHERS' "THE WOMAN IN RED"



OF COURSE I USE
COSMETICS, BUT
I NEVER WORRY ABOUT
COSMETIC SKIN. I USE
LUX TOILET SOAP
REGULARLY!



Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Wide World, special for TOWER RADIO

Top, May Robson was recently a radio guest of Louella Parsons, the well-known columnist. Miss Parsons is fast becoming a favorite of the airways.

Above left, Rudy Vallee gave a luncheon in New York in honor of Ray Noble, the British bandmaster who has lately become an American broadcaster.

And here are "Stella and the Fellas." That is the way Fred Waring introduces to the mike Stella Friend, Paul Gibbons, Roy Ringwald and Craig Leitch.

Behind the Dial

MARIO COZZI, the operatic baritone who enjoys radio popularity but who has never sung at the Metropolitan, isn't shedding any tears over the departure of Gatti-Casazza as director of that institution. For several years Cozzi was secretary to the famous Gatti but he had to go to Hollywood and Europe to win recognition for his voice. In an air interview with me the other day Cozzi predicted that under the new regime American singers would get a better break at the Met. Still, Lawrence Tibbett, Grace Moore, Rosa Ponselle, Gladys Swarthout, Helen Jepson, Helen Gleason and Mary Moore, among other native songbirds, did pretty well for themselves there this season.

AND speaking of the Metropolitan Opera I am reminded that that great American institution might not exist today, if it weren't for radio. The depression, as the whole world knows, so reduced the financial support of the contributors and subscribers that the directors were hard put to devise ways and means of continuing. Artists had to accept substantial salary cuts and other economies were effected. Still there weren't sufficient funds with which to carry on until radio sponsors came to the rescue and paid \$275,000 two years in succession for the privilege of broadcasting the Saturday afternoon operas.

A couple of cheers for radio!

Ruth Carhart is the newest "find" in radio. Roxy, who discovered her, expects her voice to go far.



The latest of the back of the scene news about your favorite airliners

By
NELLIE REVELL

MOREOVER, the stars agreed to sing their roles at reduced rates for good old Met if permitted to accept radio engagements, a source of revenue at one time denied them by the management. How important broadcasting is to the financial success of a songbird may be gleaned by a glance at the fees paid for such services. Here are a few items that will give you an idea, the sums accompanying each name, mind you, being the reward for a single performance on the air: Lawrence Tibbett and Lily Pons, \$4,000; Rosa Ponselle, Grace Moore and Chaliapin, \$3,500; Lucrezia Bori and Geraldine Farrar, \$3,000; Lotte Lehman, \$2,500; Richard Crooks, \$2,000; Nino Martini, Richard Bonelli and Gladys Swarthout, \$1,500; Queena Mario and Helen Jepson, \$1,000; Rose Bampton and Carmela Ponselle, \$750.

YOUNG as broadcasting is, it is fast creating its own "show - must - go - on" legends. Helen Hayes is the heroine of one of the most recent episodes:

exemplifying the tradition. At the eleventh hour an attack of laryngitis laid low Margaret Sullivan and rendered impossible her appearance in the title role of "Peg O' My Heart," scheduled for a Sunday afternoon. Miss Hayes was located at her home in Nyack, N. Y., and reached Radio City an hour before performance time. But it developed that she not only had never played Peg (a distinction in itself, for nearly every legitimate actress has since Laurette Taylor created the role) but had never even seen J. Hartley Manners' famous play and therefore was totally unfamiliar with the story. Moreover, the petite star has never played an Irish girl on the stage, in the movies, on the air, or anywhere else. Yet, after one reading of the script she took to the mike and gave a performance that caused those in the studio—not impressionable spectators, mind you, but seasoned actors, directors and announcers—to break into spontaneous applause at its conclusion. A loyal trouper and talented actress, Miss Hayes had saved a \$50,000 show, as appraised by the sponsor.

SOMETHING new in radio is the dress rehearsal before spectators that Eddie Cantor conducts at his Sunday night broadcasts. It is done for the same reason that a play is given a tryout or a film is previewed—to get audience reaction and profit thereby before the play or picture is presented on Broadway. Lines and gags that fail to register are worked upon and, when the program goes on the air, the performance is vastly bettered. In time, as listeners get to demand perfection in radio entertainment, this process, or another accomplishing the same result (like first projecting the program from a small station), will have to be evolved for the big network shows.

(Please turn to page 6)

AN EXPERIMENT IN MATRIMONY



HEAVENS, YOU SPOIL THAT HUSBAND OF YOURS—OLIVES, CELERY, MINCE—MEAT, MUSHROOMS.....

AND LAST BUT NOT LEAST—LIFEBUOY!



"B.O." WILL NEVER SEPARATE MY HENRY AND ME

IF I THOUGHT THERE WAS ANYTHING TO THIS "B.O." TALK, I'D CHANGE TO LIFEBUOY, TOO. TOM'S LIKE A STRANGER LATELY



WELL, MY DEAR, IT'S A FACT THAT WE ALL PERSPIRE—AND MAY OFFEND WITHOUT KNOWING IT

BOSH! I WAGER I COULD USE LIFEBUOY EVERY DAY FOR A WHOLE WEEK AND TOM WOULD ACT JUST AS COLD AND INDIFFERENT



FUNNY HOW JENNY TOOK ME UP ON THAT—EVEN GAVE ME A CAKE OF LIFEBUOY. COULD I REALLY BE GUILTY?



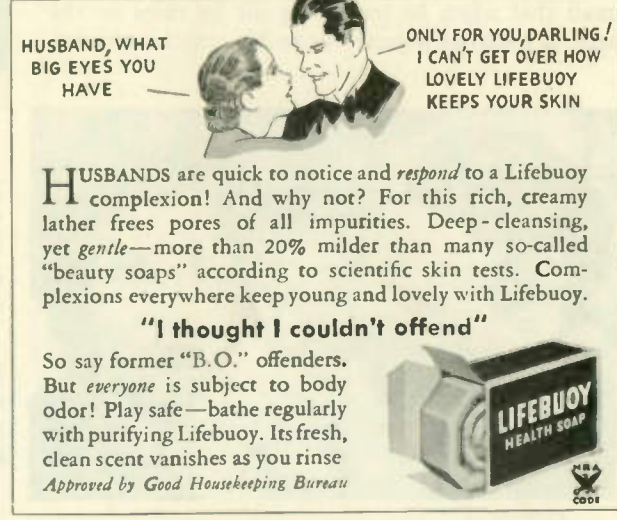
WELL, THE EXPERIMENT'S ON! HERE'S TO MY FIRST LIFEBUOY BATH! MAY IT DO ALL JENNY SAID IT WOULD



WAS THE EXPERIMENT A SUCCESS?

just look.....

SOMETHING TELLS ME I WIN THAT BET!



HUSBAND, WHAT BIG EYES YOU HAVE

ONLY FOR YOU, DARLING! I CAN'T GET OVER HOW LOVELY LIFEBUOY KEEPS YOUR SKIN

HUSBANDS are quick to notice and respond to a Lifebuoy lather! And why not? For this rich, creamy lather frees pores of all impurities. Deep-cleansing, yet gentle—more than 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps" according to scientific skin tests. Complexions everywhere keep young and lovely with Lifebuoy.

"I thought I couldn't offend"

So say former "B.O." offenders. But everyone is subject to body odor! Play safe—bathe regularly with purifying Lifebuoy. Its fresh, clean scent vanishes as you rinse

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau



WHY HER CLOTHES WILL LAST TWICE AS LONG



LOOK—IT SAYS HERE THAT ONE WASHING IS HARDER ON CLOTHES THAN MONTHS OF WEAR

I DON'T SEE HOW THAT CAN BE...



WELL, YOU KNOW HOW SCRUBBING WEARS OUT A METAL WASHBOARD. JUST IMAGINE WHAT IT DOES TO THE CLOTHES

OF COURSE WASHBOARD RUBBING RUINS CLOTHES—BUT WHO USES A WASHBOARD NOWADAYS?



I DO, FOR ONE! I HATE THE BACK-BREAKING WORK, BUT—

THEN BY ALL MEANS BEGIN USING RINSO! IT WASHES CLOTHES 4 OR 5 SHADES WHITER THAN ANY SCRUBBING BOARD EVER GOT THEM!



YOU MEAN I WON'T NEED TO SCRUB AT ALL?

NO, NOR BOIL! RINSO SOAKS OUT DIRT. IT'S SO SAFE AND GENTLE, YOUR CLOTHES WILL LAST AT LEAST TWICE AS LONG. YOU'LL SAVE LOTS OF MONEY



NEXT WASHDAY

DID YOU EVER SEE YOUR SHIRTS LOOK SO WHITE, DEAR? I WASHED THEM A NEW WAY

AND THAT BLUE SHIRT LOOKS BRIGHT AND FRESH AS NEW

This "soak-and-rinse" way gets clothes whiter, brighter

YOU NEED only a little Rinso to get creamy, lively, lasting suds even in hardest water. And my, how those suds soak out dirt. Clothes come 4 or 5 shades whiter when soaked in Rinso suds. They last 2 or 3 times longer, too—because they're not scrubbed threadbare. So safe for your finest cottons and linens, white or colors, the makers of 34 famous washers say, "Use Rinso!" And Rinso won't blacken aluminum in washers.

Like magic in the dishpan

Rinso's live suds are no end of help in the dishpan. The way grease goes is simply marvelous to see! Saves the hands. Keeps them from getting that red, soap-bitten look. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.

Rinso

THE BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP IN AMERICA

Behind THE DIAL

(Continued from page 4)

RANDOM NOTES: There must be a perfect bond of understanding between Harriet Hilliard and Ozzie Nelson. They have worked together for three years without so much as a scratch of the pen serving as a contract . . . Everett Marshall, making a picture on the Warner lot in Hollywood, doesn't have to report Wednesdays. That's the day of his BiSoDol broadcast and the contract provides the entire day is his for program purposes . . . Jack Pearl wears a wedding ring, and on the correct finger, too . . . Ruth Easton, the air actress, is partner in a New York City modiste shop . . . Francis Cleveland, son of President Grover Cleveland, makes occasional appearances in Columbia's Dramatic Guild presentations. In the Summer he conducts a stock company at Tamworth, N. H. . . . Elaine Melchior, the drama player, frequently poses for James Montgomery Flagg, McClelland Barclay and other magazine artists . . . Ben Grauer, the midget of NBC's announcerial staff, is so small that when he travels by air he rides on the back of a carrier pigeon—or so his associates claim.



Paramount

"ANNOUNCERS are just a bunch of frustrated singers and they would all croon if given half a chance." So declared Elsie Janis, the networks' first duly ordained announcer. She had just walked out of the announcers' lounge on the second floor of the Radio City structure housing NBC's activities and was peeved. Elsie was peeved because when she repaired there for a moment of rest and relaxation a room all aglow with life and laughter suddenly assumed the atmosphere of a funeral parlor. The first lady to penetrate the precincts heretofore sacred to masculine mike-masters, Elsie got the idea she was unwelcome and left in a huff. This happened shortly after Miss Janis had been made a regular member of the announcerial staff amid a great fanfare of trumpets. Since then she has been importuned by her male associates to forget the incident and join them in their diversions in their club-like quarters, but Elsie has steadfastly refused.

SPONSORS still seek to enlist the services of Al Smith. He had just rejected another offer to go on the air for an advertiser when this was written. Ten thousand a broadcast was the proposition but New York's former Governor said "No." Political aspirations are believed to be the reason for his refusal, although these might be reconciled if he deemed the product to be exploited worthy of his dignity. So far he has been invited to advertise commodities distasteful to him.

JACK ARTHUR'S portrait on a sheet of music resulted in the renewal of

James Melton is a radio favorite, and all because he had to earn his college tuition.

Rudolf Hoffmann



The Fire Chief recently became an honorary member of the International Association of Fire Fighters. It all happened at a firemen's ball in Madison Square Garden, New York. Here is the chief in person, Ed Wynn, in the guest of honor box with his eighteen-year-old son, Keenan, and directly behind sit Graham McNamee and his missus.

Left, George Burns and his comedian wife, Gracie Allen, proudly exhibit their four months' old adopted daughter whom they have named Sandra Jean.

Right, Kay Foster made her debut only four months ago and is now heard with Frank Black and his orchestra on the R.C.A. program, Saturdays.



his friendship with a World War buddy he long thought dead. The first time Arthur saw George Schmidt they were casualties in a hospital in France. The actor recovered and left his friend still seriously wounded. At the end of the war he made diligent search but was never able to get any trace of Schmidt. Satisfied he had succumbed to his injuries, Arthur two years ago dedicated one of his programs to the memory of his war companion. Imagine his delight when a few weeks ago a music publisher forwarded a letter to Jack from Schmidt, who now has a chicken farm and family near Flemington, N. J., the scene of the Hauptmann trial.

ED WYNN will shed his Fire Chief helmet and the air channels early in June to spend the Summer fashioning a show for himself for Broadway for the Fall. He plans a novelty revue on the order of "The Laugh Parade," his last vehicle in the legitimate theater . . . Eddie Cantor, too, will be in a musical production next season. It is now being written by Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay and will have a score by Cole Porter, the trio responsible for the eminently successful "Anything Goes" . . . Wonder whatever became of the project Sam Harris once had to star Cantor in a play based on the comedian's own life?

SO far as I know the only artist allowed to bring a dog to the studios is Lucrezia Bori, of the opera. "Rowdy," a miniature schnauzer, is her constant companion at rehearsals and broadcasts of the Monday night Chesterfield program. But, perhaps, since these events are held at the Columbia Radio Playhouse, "Rowdy" is exempt on the technicality that a radio theater isn't properly a radio studio.

ODDS AND ENDS: Rather finicky is Ray Lee Jackson, head of the camera department of NBC. He won't photograph an artist with a cold—says the expression isn't right when there's grippe in the system . . . The right name of Alfred Drake, baritone, heard with Rhoda Arnold on Columbia's "Diane and Her Life Saver" program, is Alfred Frederick Capurro. He is a Brooklyn, N. Y., boy, born of Italian parentage . . . Following in the footsteps of their leader, all of Don Bestor's musicians now wear spats . . . Beatrice Lillie presented a number of her New York friends with chess sets, thereby confusing them muchly. Involved somewhere is a gag but nobody has been astute enough to figure out what it is . . . Edward Nell, Jr., the handsome baritone, is expected to join the parade of radio stars to Hollywood this Spring . . . Celebrities are just folks after all. If they weren't, would Paul Whiteman call his wife, the beauteous Margaret Livingston, "Maggie," when they are home alone?

MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT is receiving \$4,000 a broadcast from that shoe sponsor on Columbia. The contract is for ten weeks, which means the First Lady will devote \$40,000 more to charity and medical ministrations for the poor. Mrs. Roosevelt's salary, by the way, jumps every time she signs a new contract. Last time she was on the air her fee was \$3,000 a broadcast. At the rate she is going on it won't be long now before her salary will be bracketed with that of Kate Smith's.

THE parade of the socialites to the microphone continues. Mary Taylor, photographer's model and one of the most dramatically ambitious of New York's younger social set, and daughter of the socially prominent Bertrand L. Taylor, Jr., occasionally appears on Sigmund Romberg's Swift Hour. An associate on the same program is Lillian Fisk, daughter of Mrs. Frederick T. Frelinghuysen. And so the radio goes swanky! (Please turn to page 59)

The **VICTOR HERBERT'S GREATEST-
BIG MUSICAL OF ALL TIME!**

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer rings up the curtain on its greatest achievement... a glamorous pageant of drama, mirth and beauty... mightier than any musical yet seen on the screen! You'll thrill to its glittering extravagance... you'll laugh at its bright comedy... and you'll cheer those new sweethearts, Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, who found their love under the creole moon. It's the screen's musical masterpiece!

Jeanette
MACDONALD • EDDY
Nelson
NAUGHTY MARIETTA



"AH, SWEET
MYSTERY OF LIFE"

"I'M FALLING IN LOVE"
"ITALIAN STREET SONG"

a W. S.
VAN DYKE
PRODUCTION
Book and Lyrics by
Rida Johnson Young

with
FRANK MORGAN
Douglas Dumbrille
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Picture
Produced by
HUNT STROMBERG



SHE LIED TO LIVE HER NIGHTS OF LOVE

RADIO Pageant

By THE TOWER OBSERVER

Should comics play to their studio audiences? Eddie Cantor makes a hit and Jack Pearl tries something new

THE controversy over the amateur hours—still being waged furiously in the world of radio—is presented by two expert protagonists on other pages of this issue. Kate Smith rises to decry the cruelty of baiting amateurs. Ray Perkins takes the stand to tell of the golden opportunities offered by such hours. You can make your own individual choice.

The Observer personally lines up with the young woman who used to sing about the moon and the mountain. But there is no disputing the wide national popularity of the amateur hours. Most of America appears to enjoy the nightly beheading of the amateur. It is the newest national indoor sport.

RADIO raises other controversies, too. Take, for instance, the two schools of comedy broadcasting.

There is the Eddie Cantor school, which believes strongly in comedy make-up to amuse the studio audience. Belief in this theory is based on the premise that laughter is contagious and that the vast listening audience will be moved to mirth by studio guffaws. Eddie, it should be noted, stops at nothing in comedy attire. Anything for a laugh.

Then there is the other side of the picture. This opposing school believes that the great air audience resents excessive studio laughter, that it feels slighted because it cannot see what is moving the lucky few to giggles, or that it is skeptical of studio mirth, having heard that a whole lot of it is guided by a monitor who holds up placards labelled "LAUGHTER," "APPLAUSE" and "SILENCE."

Here, again, you can take your choice. After all, radio has enough comics for you to pick and choose.

If hill-billy singers keep migrating to New York radio studios, this is the way Broadway will look very soon.

SPEAKING of Eddie Cantor reminds the Observer that the comic never appeared in better form than he has on his new Columbia half-hour. Here is the fastest, most amusing thirty minutes on the air—save that of Jack Benny. The comedy reaches its high point when Eddie becomes stooge for the redoubtable Parkyakakas. This find, Harry Einstein, comes along just when everyone has gone on record as saying that radio has combed completely the field of comedy and that, before long, air laughter will be extinct.

And the Observer believes that Ted Husing is an even better foil for Cantor than Jimmy Wallington.

JACK PEARL has made an interesting adventure in comedy. He has discarded the fibbing Baron Munchausen for a mellow, more philosophic character, Peter Pfeiffer, whose tribulations and laughs as a small town hotel keeper ought to give him wide range. Pearl, you should know, is an expert comedian who, with

opportunity, may become another David Warfield. Some of the metropolitan radio critics have expressed themselves as caring little for the newer Pearl but the Observer hopes that the comedian gets his chance to build, to shade, to develop Peter Pfeiffer into a real character of the airways. No comedian has greater abilities or possesses more of that essential of greatness—humanness.

IF the next generation of America isn't more music minded, if it hasn't a finer background of music, then vast fortunes in sponsor money are being wasted.

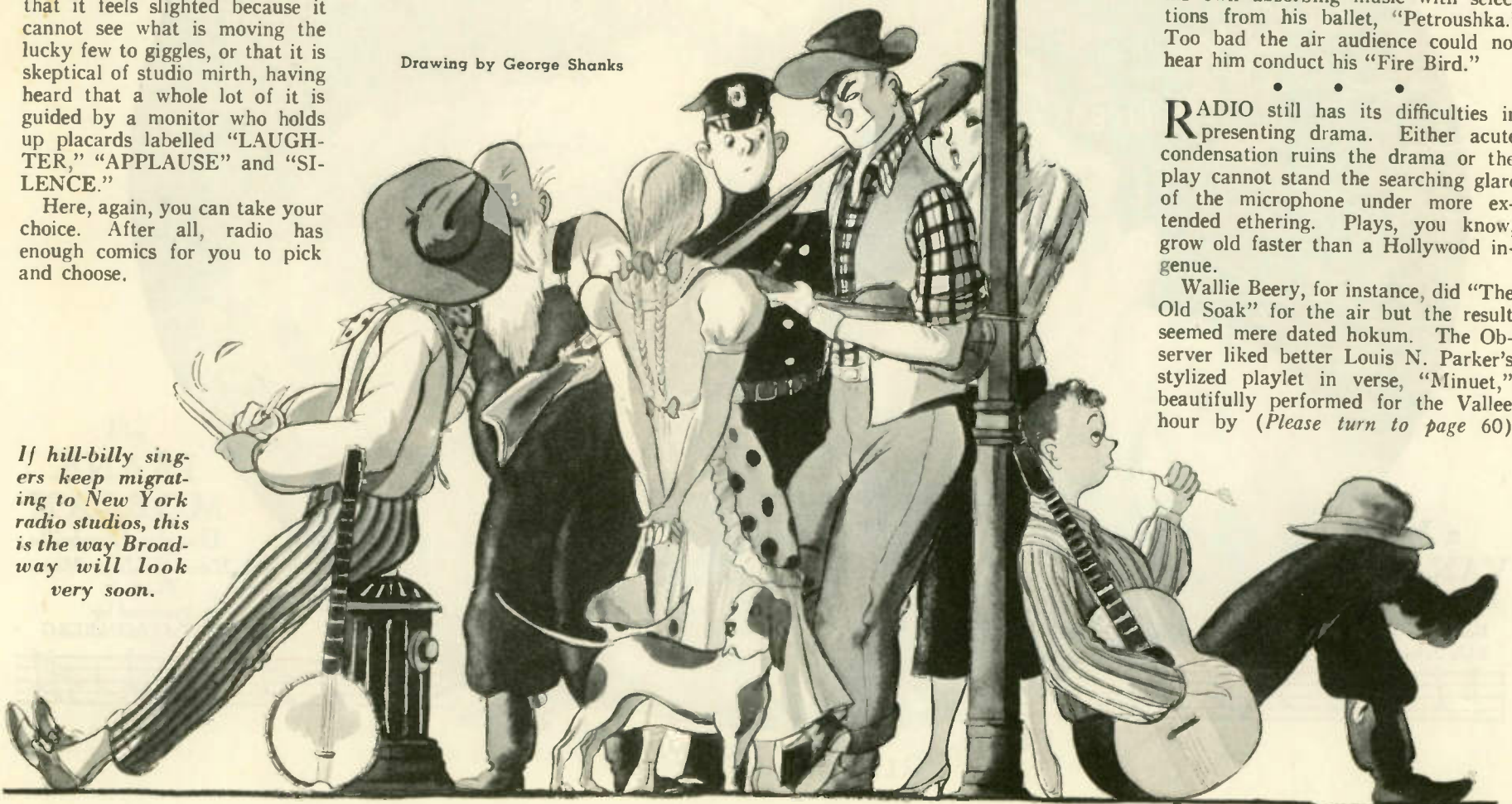
Imagine being able to twirl a dial and bring the great Russian basso, Feodor Chaliapin, into your home. The Observer doubts if radio ever offered a finer moment than Chaliapin singing the death scene of Moussorgsky's moody, tragic opera of a ruthless, half-mad czar, "Boris Godounoff." The observer watched Chaliapin sing this for the mike and the assembled audience leaped to its feet to cheer. All America should have been on its feet, too.

Another highly interesting hour was the appearance of the famous modernist, Igor Stravinsky. As conductor he made the much-played "Nutcracker Suite" a thing of ineffable lightness and charm and he revealed a little of his own absorbing music with selections from his ballet, "Petroushka." Too bad the air audience could not hear him conduct his "Fire Bird."

RADIO still has its difficulties in presenting drama. Either acute condensation ruins the drama or the play cannot stand the searching glare of the microphone under more extended ethering. Plays, you know, grow old faster than a Hollywood ingenue.

Wallie Beery, for instance, did "The Old Soak" for the air but the result seemed mere dated hokum. The Observer liked better Louis N. Parker's stylized playlet in verse, "Minuet," beautifully performed for the Vallee hour by (Please turn to page 60)

Drawing by George Shanks



Want to Write a Song?



Goldberg

Harry Revel, at the left, wrote "Stay As Sweet As You Are" among other successes, while Irving Berlin, right, has a long series of hits since he struck pay dirt with "Alexander's Rag Time Band."

Here's How!

It's a wide open field and you can strike gold with your first try—if you're good

By

DORON K. ANTRIM

SOONER or later you will take a try at writing a popular song. Almost everybody does. It seems so easy, no trouble at all, nothing like writing a book, radio script or even a short story. Apparently all you need to do is to get together a few verses and a chorus, hitch them up to a tune, and there you are.

And it's all so thrilling. The thing you fashion today may be on the lips of everyone tomorrow. Rudy Vallee, Bing Crosby, Kate Smith, all the radio stars will be singing it. Which of course, means that your song is a hit. A few minutes of your time has been turned into a small fortune.

No wonder so many are intrigued by the possibilities of song writing. You may strike a piece of pay dirt with the first prod of your pick. It has been done again and again. No one has a monopoly of the field. It is open to all and there are few endeavors in which the newcomer has a better chance. Song history is full of such instances as this: a manuscript from an unknown makes the rounds of the publishers. No one wants it. Finally one of them takes a chance and publishes it. The song makes a hit. That's the story of Irving Berlin and almost every other famous writer today. In fact, Berlin peddled his first song around for over a year before it saw the light of day.

What are the requirements of writing a song, how do you begin and how find a market when the song is written? Let's look into some of the more important details. As editor of a popular music magazine, I have had the opportunity of knowing many song writers and their methods of work.

THE first thing to remember is that a popular song is one that appeals to a great number of people. Although there are such classifications as simple heart songs, smart, sophisticated songs, comedy, novelty, production and picture numbers, ballads, hill-billies, etc., basically they all must have that illusive something that catches the public fancy.

A song invariably begins with an idea which is embodied in the title. A good title is about 60 per cent of the song since the title identifies and sells the song. It should preferably be simple, original, easy to say and the fewer number of words the better as, "Love in Bloom," "P. S. I Love You," etc.

How do you get the idea to start with? You don't really. An idea gets you. About the last thing to do is to sit down, paper and pencil in hand, and write your song. Ideas invariably come when least expected, when you are at the movies, reading the paper, walking, riding, talking with friends, any and everywhere. Walter Donaldson gets his

playing golf. He once told me, "If I have to sit down and fuss with an idea, I never get anywhere. But if an idea hits me with a bang I know I am on my way." Other song writers are much the same; George Gershwin gets many of his ideas while improvising for people at parties.

Catalog the various impressions you receive during the day and single out those that seem likely. Keep a notebook and jot down promising thoughts. Take advantage of your happy and unhappy moments. Some of the most joyous songs have been dashed off while the writer was in a blue funk as, "Take a Lesson From the Lark." Al Dubin was sitting in a night club once talking to one of the entertainers. Seeing everyone smiling and speaking to her, he said, "You must be the most popular girl in town." She replied, "I may seem to be but really I'm the loneliest girl in town." That chance remark earned Al a tidy fortune since it gave him the idea for "The Loneliest Girl in Town."

Now comes the job of expressing your idea in words or writing the lyric. Begin with the chorus since it contains the core of your idea, the verses can be added later. The traditional chorus is 32



Roy Jones

Wide World

They know how to write popular songs. You would remember Jerome Kern, right, if he had only "Old Man River" to his credit. And the popular radio-movie crooner, Bing Crosby, knows how to write a neat tune on his own, too.



De Barro

Columbia

Mitchel Parrish, left, wrote the popular tune "Hands Across the Table." You know the Britisher, Noel Coward, right, for numerous hits, the latest being "I'll Follow My Secret Heart."

bars long and runs from 8 to 16 lines. It would be a good idea to determine the tempo which seems to fit your idea. For the sentimental song, the slow fox trot (4/4 time) or waltz (3/4 time) would be suitable; a comedy or novelty chorus may be set to a fast fox trot or one-step.

Make a rough draft first. Bing Crosby writes his songs that way. He gets down the thought and the meter and leaves the final polishing to New Washington or some other. Songs are frequently written by three and even four people.

Tell the story simply, directly and compactly so a child can understand. You are not writing poetry remember. You are simply conveying your thought in rhyme. It may even be crudely expressed, the important part is to get the thought over.

GETTING the right rhyme is often a puzzle. The elimination process is sometimes used. Take the word "candy" for instance. Substitute in turn all the letters of the alphabet for "c" and you arrive at, bandy, Mandy, Sandy, etc. That's one way. A rhyming dictionary is another. If necessary sacrifice the rhyme for the thought as Mitchel Parrish did, rhyming "glamour" with "Alabama" in "Stars Fell on Alabama," which subject he got, by the way, from the title of a book.

The next step is to polish up your rough draft and even professionals sweat blood over this process. I have known Irving Berlin to fume and fuss all night before he got a six word sentence to his liking. Every word must fit like a glove and be the one and only for its purpose.

Let us take a peep into the workshop of a writer and see how a song gradually takes shape. I have chosen for this example "Swanee River" because of its simplicity and because it is an excellent model for the beginner to study. Furthermore I consider it one of the greatest songs ever written, expressing a sentiment old as the race itself—the longing for home. You will notice there are only 8 bars in the chorus, 24 in the whole song; the words are mostly in one syllable, the song seems almost childish in construction but nevertheless it is a supreme work of art.

In one of his sketch books to which I have had access, Stephen Foster tells about the various steps in writing the song. Contrary to general procedure today, he began with the first verse, writing the chorus after he had completed it.

On the first attempt, he began: "Way down upon the old plantation." While this is a good line it did not please him. It was a trifle hackneyed. He wanted to be more definite, more romantic—a river, that's what he (Please turn to page 66)

"What I Hope to

by RUDY VALLEE



I WANT always to be busy, working at something I enjoy. A life of idleness and ease holds no appeal for me. To me, the greatest satisfaction in life comes from doing well something that you enjoy doing.

In my professional career, I should like to become more and more a producer of entertainment. If I should get my highest wish I should like to become a Thalberg in the movies. Irving Thalberg is, of course, the chief producer of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pictures, and it seems to me that such a position is just about ideal. The screen combines all the elements. It has drama, it has camera work, it has microphonics, it has music, it has acting, diction—it has everything.

Radio is to me a tremendously interesting medium, but here again my ambition is to get over on the producing and executive side. Building programs, exploring the by-no-means exhausted possibilities of radio, running an organization—these things appeal to me greatly. This attitude is reflected in my own

program. Comparatively early in the game I changed over from basing the whole program on my performance, and made it a medium for presenting entertainment of all kinds in addition to my own work. Being an executive on a large radio network would be a most interesting job.

I have but little desire to travel. I am a very poor sailor, and was seasick most of the time I was in the Navy! The notion of gadding about the world for recreation does not appeal to me.

I want a home. If I have my choice of places to live, I should like to live in California. I have a home out there now, a beautiful place in Beverly Hills, but it is locked and empty.

I want my home to be a place of rest and security. I want to be able to invite my friends there—a few at a time—for quiet evenings. I don't enjoy loud, noisy parties and entertaining on a large scale. To me, there is nothing so silly, so rattle-brained, so futile and disgusting as a typical New York cocktail party. Hordes of people milling around, holding cold, wet cocktail and highball glasses in their hands, chattering in Hemingway and Hammett conversation incessantly, preening, pretending and being hopelessly artificial about everything—I avoid them as I would a plague. I hope I may never have to give any such parties in my own home.

MY experience with marriage has not soured me. It is unlikely that I shall marry again very soon—one reason being that the present marriage is still in force. It always strikes me as odd how many people forget that I have not been divorced.

I still believe that it is possible to achieve a deep and lasting happiness in some future marriage. I have always felt that a happy marriage is the ideal state for human beings, and I have not lost that faith. In the present instance, it seems to me that the circumstances were most unusual, and it would be unfair to feel bitterly toward all women because of one. I don't believe that all women are like that. I believe that out of a hundred thousand girls there would scarcely be one who would enter into marriage and give so little.

As for immediate plans, I have always enjoyed the society of attractive young women and I hope to continue to do so. I happen to be in a position where the light of publicity falls upon me, and sometimes I am made the target of women who have some scheme or other in mind, either for drawing publicity for themselves or getting something out of me. One learns to recognize and avoid them, however, and again I say they are in a decided minority, and there are straight-forward, attractive girls whom it is a pleasure to be with.

I hope always to be busy, but also I hope to have a little more free time than at present. Between radio, movies and playing in the Hollywood

Arroyo Slack

Rudy Vallee loves dogs. His pet, a Doberman, always is with him, his faithful friend and constant companion.

Get out of Life"

"My experience with marriage has not soured me. I still believe it possible to achieve a deep and lasting happiness"

Drawings by D. B. Holcomb

Restaurant in New York, I have very little time of my own. I should like more time to read, for one thing. At present about the only reading that I am certain of being able to do is the reading of *Time*, a weekly news-magazine which brings a concise, comprehensive picture of the world and current happenings. This I never miss, for I want to keep abreast of the very exciting times in which we are living, but I do wish I had a little more time for more leisurely and reflective reading.

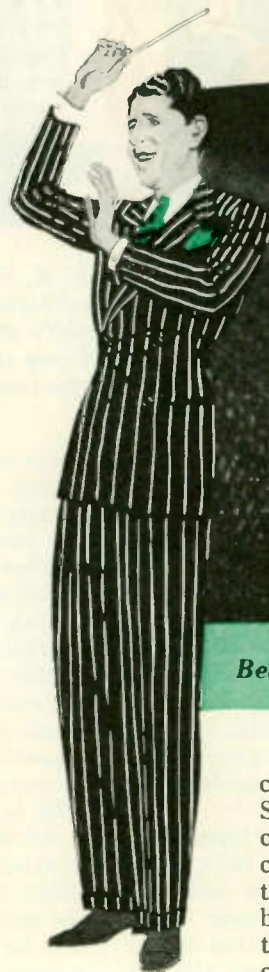
For recreation, I hope always to be where I can get out in the sun. It is the sun that brings life and warmth to the earth, and I love to lie out in the sunlight. I am very fond of swimming and bathing, and hope to have these available. I have never tried golf, but I do like a game of tennis, and I like baseball. I used to play baseball in grammar school, and I have never lost my fondness for what I think is still America's national game. I like to watch football games and baseball games, and of the two, I think I like baseball better.

I LIKE home cooking of the good American kind, and I believe that women are better at this kind of cooking than men. Most of the very fancy foreign chefs are men, but women seem to me to have the right touch in handling wholesome American food.

I like beefsteak, lamb chops, chicken, and the staple meats of this country's diet. I am very fond of tomato bisque and all of the light cream soups of the bisque type. For vegetables I like cauliflower, Brussels sprouts, peas, beans and others, and, for me, broccoli isn't spinach—it's a very fine vegetable. I like pies and hot puddings, and I think my favorite dessert of all is floating island. I also like caramel custard.

Foreign cookery I like when it doesn't go too extremely nationalistic, which usually means when it isn't too highly seasoned. For instance, I like minestrone, the Italian vegetable soup, and spaghetti, but some of the more pungent and extreme Italian dishes are a little too much for me. There are usually one or two simple dishes in almost every national cookery that I like. Best of all I like American beefsteak, as prepared in New York at Gallagher's or at Manny Wolf's.

I hope to maintain some common sense in my eating, and I have found



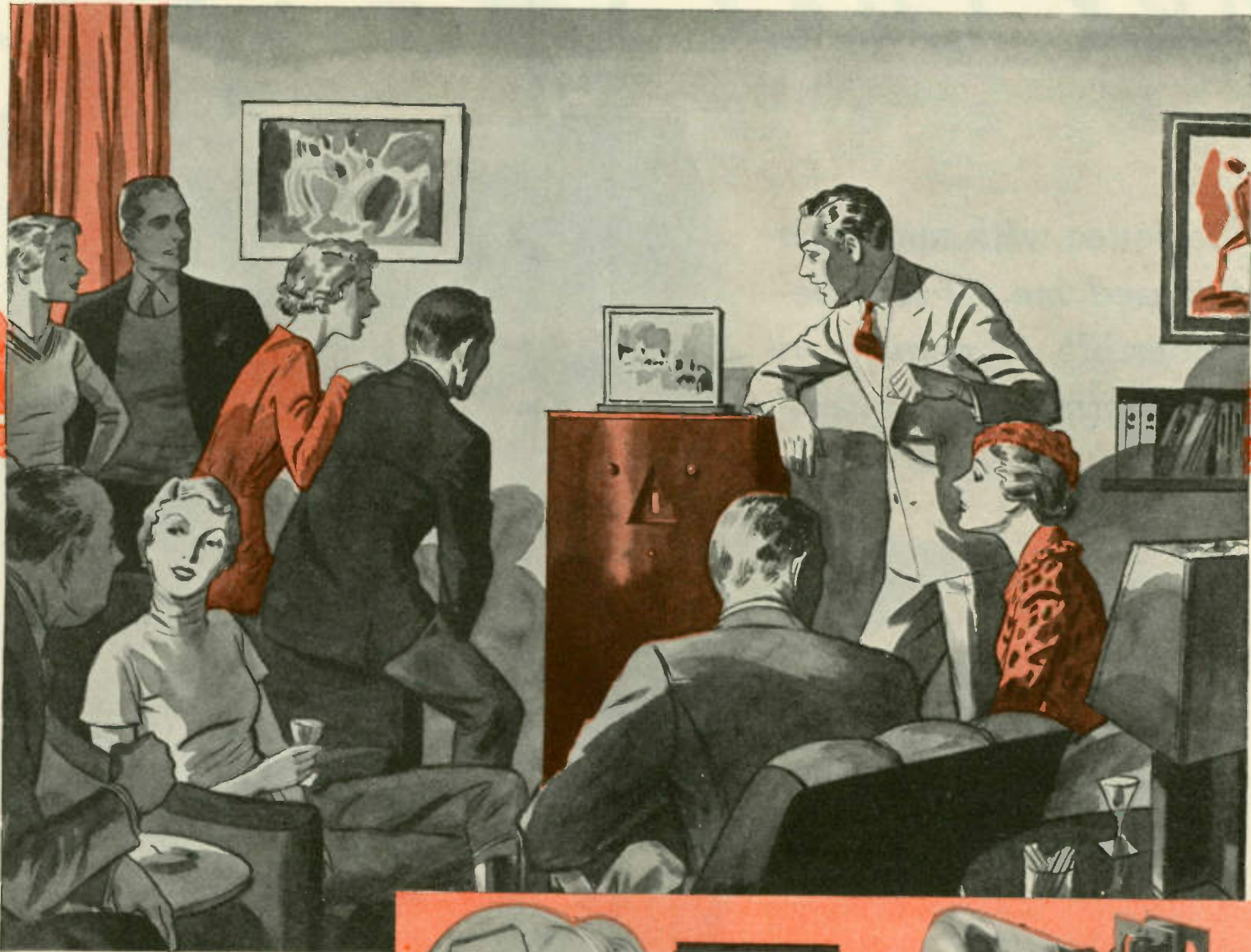
Believe it or not, Rudy Vallee isn't busy enough. He wants a bigger job, with more work.

certain dietary principles helpful. Starches and proteins should not be combined in the same meal, which, of course, rules out eating meat and potatoes together. At present I am bothered with a little catarrhal condition and I have been leaving milk and cream out of my diet on the theory that

this would help. So far, however, I have noticed no improvement, and I plan to put milk and cream back in my diet because I am very fond of them.

Diet means a lot to me because I have to keep myself in good physical condition at all times. So many activities in the amusement world run seven days per week, which gives no chance for time out and resting up, and one (Please turn to page 57)

The FORTY MILLION



Above, left, the iconoscope invented by Dr. V. K. Zworykin to emulate the human eye and serve in a television camera. The square retina is covered with a light sensitive substance upon which the "gun" in the tube's sleeve projects an electron beam to "paint" the picture. Right, the kinescope. Upon the flat end of the tube the electron beam paints the image.

ON the night of a heavyweight championship battle there are probably millions among the many millions of the radio audience who are father of the thought, "If we only had television; why don't they bring it on?"

No event on the air is more popular than a big prize fight. No sport is more adapted for television. The area of the action is limited and an electric eye, even in its infancy, ought to be able to "see" all within the glare of a roped arena.

The research experts say the "eye" is ready. To prove it they have demonstrated television of outdoor scenes featuring a tennis player swinging the racquet through the lofts and lobs. They have staged the collision of two automobiles before a television camera that forwarded the scene five miles with clarity and reality. An observer in Tennessee has noticed the ring on a finger of a violinist in New York as the bow stroked the fiddle's strings.

Then why not give television to the home?

Well, after the Dempsey-Tunney battle the commercial gods of radio's destiny blamed the research experts for being slow to solve the puzzle. That was in 1926—the golden era of Coolidge—when radio was soaring toward an economic peak. It was the year that brought the all-electric receiving set. The merchandisers were clamoring for new instruments. Something new, new, new, that was the cry. Give us television, the public wants it, cried the merchandisers. No, the laboratory was not ready to release the electrically winged images. If they did the small streaked pictures might give the new art a "black-eye" at the start. The novelty

of seeing by radio would soon take flight and pass as a mere "craze." The experts thought that possibly by 1930 all would be ready to send forth the images with sufficient boldness to defy static, fading and all the bombardments of nature encountered in space.

BUT 1930 came and passed. No television. The depression was blamed. The technicians sighed with relief. The merchandisers explained that the time was not opportune to launch a new industry; money was scarce for luxury purchases—and surely looking through the air would be a luxury!

Furthermore, if people paid \$300 or more for a television set and saw only flickering faces, some blotched with static as if an egg or ink had been slung at the actor, television would never be as popular as listening-in. What attraction would there be in watching prize fighters come through

space with an arm, leg or ear missing, because of fading or because when passing through a skyscraper the image was mangled by absorption of the wave?

Then, too, the images might be distorted by "dead spots." They might look like the freaks in a trick mirror at Coney Island. Even champions of the ring or thoroughbreds on the track might appear as "ghosts" because that often happens in television when a stray part of a wave arrives a fraction of a second after the main wave that traveled a shorter, more direct route. What would be more disconcerting than a horse finishing a race both in first and second places?

All these ills must be cleared from the air. So asserted the master minds. If not, what would the public think of television, for the multitudes have the motion picture in mind as a standard of perfection for cinema whether on the theater screen or on a home television screen.

DOLLAR RIDDLE

It will take that amount to equip stations and \$210,000,000 for home sets — but Television is just around the corner

By ORRIN E. DUNLAP, JR.

Author of "Dunlap's Radio Manual," "The Story of Radio," "Advertising by Radio," "Radio in Advertising," and "The Outlook for Television."



Dr. Vladimir K. Zworykin, wizard of television and optics, who has successfully hatched television in the laboratory of the RCA-Victor company. He is holding the kinescope.



DRAWING AND DECORATIONS BY EDWIN COUSE

The years have fled. Television is still missing from the home. What is holding it back now that the curve of the economic cycle is pointed up from the valley of depression? The research engineers the inventors are now crying "let's go!" Now, however, the merchandisers are not as bold; they are more cautious than in the bullish era. They were demanding television in 1928 when the laboratory sages were not duly and truly prepared. The tables have turned. The technicians, who have nurtured the new science designed to extend the optic nerve far across the horizon as broadcasting has extended the auditory nerve, are ready for the marts. They say "we've got it; it's now in the lap of the financial and marketing men." But the merchandisers hesitate. They are shuddering at million dollar obstacles. Now they prefer the role of a "purposeful pioneer" to that of a "wandering adventurer." They are planning television on such a scale that it appears extremely involved.

For example, here is what W. R. G. Baker, vice-president and general manager of the RCA-Victor Company, in whose laboratory Dr. V. K. Zworykin has successfully incubated television, recently reported to the Institute of Radio Engineers why

television is still five years away: "If 700,000 persons should spend \$300 apiece to equip their homes with television apparatus, that would require a total expenditure of \$210,000,000. To serve that many persons about eighty transmitting stations would have to be provided at a cost of, say, \$40,000,000 and another \$40,000,000 would have to be spent to develop an interconnecting network. It would take \$58,000,000 a year for costs of transmitter operation and depreciation."

And where would the programs come from? It is explained that if a television station broadcast once each of the 300 feature motion pictures produced in a year in the United States, that would fill only 300 or 350 program hours!

THE problem is baffling if the calculations are based on a lone organization launching the project. But television is too big, too much of a public utility for that to happen. Television, because so many people will be interested in seeing across the rooftops, across the farms, across seas and hemispheres, will summon numerous competitive

organizations to push it forward. Television is no more a one-man enterprise than is the electric light or automobile. When it starts it will

move along numerous fronts toward the firesides of America. The million dollar riddles that now stagger imaginations will melt in the attack as the experimental and commercial forces of television seek to erect a new industry on wave lengths long called "the No Man's Land of space."

Television, however, to be successful must grow naturally as did broadcasting. But because of the standards established by the microphone and by the silver screen, television is likely to be more or less guided by law and by custom, more so than were the pioneer broadcasters. Television represents the wedding of sound and sight.

If one stops to figure the costs and to cross the bridges before they are reached, the launching of the television industry is a stupendous puzzle. But why figure on 700,000 people buying \$300 sets and on eighty stations? Why not start with one or two stations in metropolitan centers? They might fan the flame of public (Please turn to page 48)

Below, the 1934 Kentucky Derby. You may see the 1936 Derby via your own television set.

Wide World



The Case of the

WHEREAS "amateur programs sacrifice the feelings of helpless contestants to make a Roman holiday. They are all based on the ridicule of failure."

says **KATE SMITH**

AMATEUR programs on the radio are both cruel and unfair. They sacrifice the feelings of helpless contestants to make a Roman holiday. No matter what it may mean to the person involved, the slogan of those in charge always seems to be "Anything for a laugh."

To me there is nothing funny in exposing the weaknesses and lack of ability of some frightened amateur. That amateur is a human being just like the rest of us. Show me a person anywhere who has his broken dreams, his desire for achievement along some line, his pathetic failure at it. You don't know how much a person may be nursed along by the notion that he can sing, or imitate bird whistles, or coax notes out of a cigar box fiddle.

Put that person in an amateur program, and what happens? He is dragged out in a brightly lighted studio, before a jeering audience and knows that any minute he may get the bell or the gong, or the trumpet blast, the cymbal, or the sour chord from the orchestra, or

whatever the signal to stop may be. How can he possibly be any good with that danger hanging over him?

He starts out. His performance is pretty bad. A few titters are heard in the audience. They grow to a laugh and then to a roar, but he keeps bravely on. Then comes the trumpet blast. The master of ceremonies makes a wisecrack, and the poor amateur goes down in bitter defeat, the laughter of the audience ringing in his ears. Why should that be? Why should all that laughter and ridicule be poured out on a helpless soul who may be hurt for life by it?

I make the flat charge that amateur programs are not honest. By that I mean they pretend to help the amateur, to give him a chance for recognition, when what they really want to do is to laugh at him. The poorer the performance, the better the amateur programs like it, because the laughs are bigger.

NOW please get one thing straight. Ever since I started in radio I have tried to help unknowns to get a hearing. I remember the struggle I had to get recognition, and it always seems to me that if I can make that struggle a little easier for some deserving person, it is richly worth my time to help. On my Wednesday matinee program there are at least twenty persons who, up until eight months ago, had never been on radio in their

lives. The big feature of my Monday night program for Hudson is that we hold a contest in a different American city each week, and each Monday night we bring forward two acts which have never been heard on a radio network before.

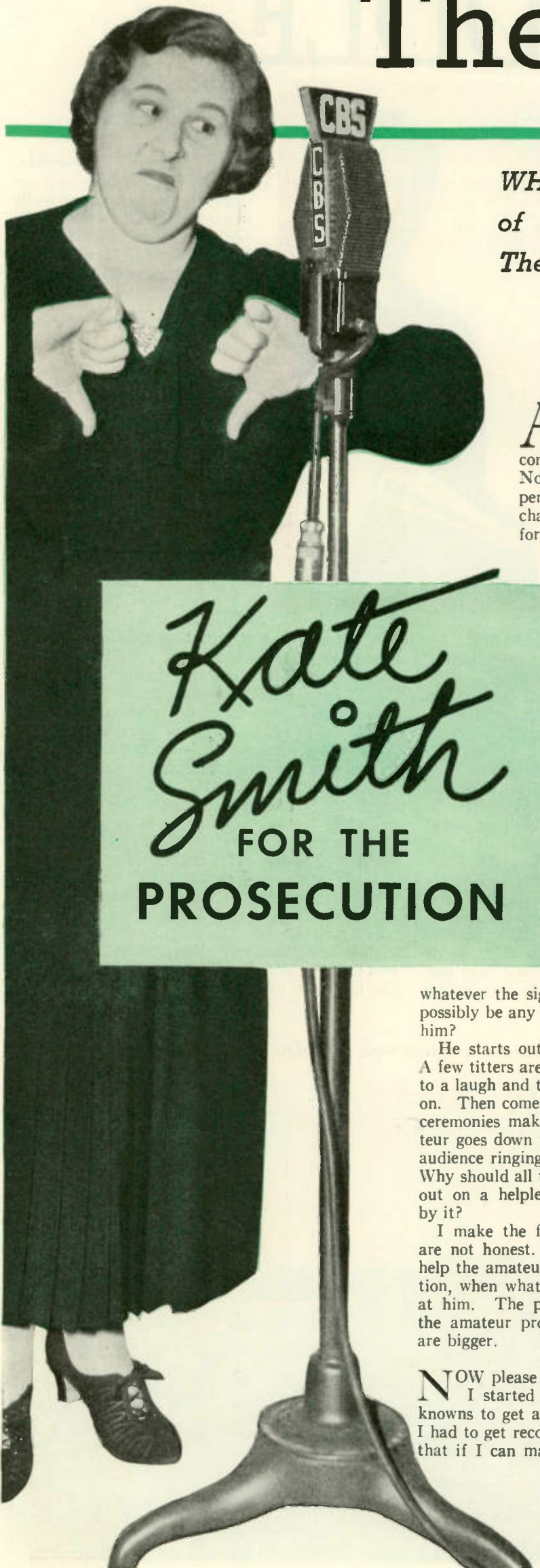
Now please note two vitally important points. Our contests are held in private, with no jeering audience, no bell, no danger of being interrupted, and every contestant is given a chance to be heard at his best. Furthermore, our contests are not restricted to amateurs. We encourage professionals, deserving, talented persons who have made good in their own cities, but have been unable to get a hearing on a nation-wide network. We welcome amateurs, and give an equal, sympathetic hearing to positively everyone who applies, but we tell the amateurs very frankly that they are up against professionals. This is the amateur's golden opportunity to prove his talents, if he has them; and if he doesn't win, no one knows about it, no one laughs at him, and he is given every encouragement to try again.

Thus we offer a sincere chance for real talent—whether it be amateur or professional—to gain a national hearing. Our contests have been going on only since the first of the year, but already a high percentage of the acts we have brought forward have been given radio contracts. This warms my heart, because I think every normal human being likes to see a deserving person make good.

I go into these matters in detail because people sometimes confuse my Monday night program with an amateur program. No two things could be farther apart. The amateur programs bring out inexperienced persons for the express purpose of getting a laugh out of them, and the more the failures, the merrier the program. In my program the privacy of those who don't succeed is never invaded. You hear only the winners, and are invited to share in the exciting discovery of new talent.

AMATEUR programs happen to be a current fad in radio. A number of cities, such as Chicago, Baltimore, New York, and others have been running local programs on local stations, and they are invading the networks. Some programs are fancier than others, but they are all based on the same thing—the chance to ridicule the failures. This is what gives them their big "kick."

What makes me angry is the assumption that the persons who do the laughing and make the wisecracks are so much better than the amateurs. I would just like to see some of those in charge of some of the amateur programs go to another station where they are not known, and try to compete. It is easy enough to be smart when you are running the show, but suppose you are unknown, out before a strange audience, with a cymbal crash hanging over you. I'll bet that some of the smoothest of the masters of ceremonies, if they were put in that position, would stutter and stumble and be worse than the amateurs. It would do me good just to see them try it some time. They might have a little more respect for the amateurs after that.



Kate Smith
FOR THE PROSECUTION

Amateur Hour

WHEREAS "amateur programs are put on frankly for entertainment. They afford genuine opportunities. Contestants are NOT held up to ridicule."

says RAY PERKINS

OUR amateur program is put on frankly for entertainment. That's what radio has to offer—entertainment—and we believe that the amateur hours are as amusing an idea as radio has developed in recent months.

Constant surprises are continually brought forth. You never know what's going to happen on an amateur hour, and that goes for those in charge of it, as well as for the listening audience. Some weird and wonderful things are heard, and some of them are very funny. Naturally you laugh—anyone would. But you also applaud sincerely when some new bit of genuine talent turns up.

Contestants in amateur hours are NOT held up to ridicule. Use a little common sense, and you will see why this is the case. There are simply too many kind-hearted people in the world to permit us to hold up contestants to ridicule—even if we wanted to. The whole purpose in putting on a radio program is to create good-will for the sponsor, and if we antagonize the feelings of listeners we do the exact opposite. Not only do we want to be polite to our contestants, but also we have to be polite to them.

That business of a chord from the orchestra to stop hopelessly bad performances bothers some people but there simply wouldn't be an amateur show without it. Amateur night is an old and honored practice in the theater, and the "hook" is its most venerable tradition. In the old days they actually used a hook to drag performers off the stage. There must be some equivalent for the "hook"—otherwise it isn't an amateur program—and we think a chord from the orchestra is about as gentle and painless a substitute as could be found.

WE believe that an amateur program does afford neophytes a genuine chance to try their wings. We accept only those who have never performed for pay, and we require all contestants to sign a statement to that effect. Think for a moment what this means. Everyone is familiar with some talented person in his group—whether the group be a men's club, a class at school, a ladies' society, a social club at church, or organization of whatever kind—who is always called upon to perform when that group has a social function.

You never know what future star may be right in your own surroundings. Some of the biggest featured names today had very modest beginnings. An amateur program on the radio may be the ladder on which your next door neighbor may climb to fame.

Just try to break into professional circles, and you will appreciate what a blessing an amateur hour is. The difficulty of getting a professional hearing is so great that many real talents never get recognition. An amateur hour is open to anyone, and let me say that recognition on such a program is a very real boost upward for the contestant. One of the acts on our Feen-a-Mint program on Sunday evenings is assured of a week's professional engagement at the Academy of Music in New York and that constitutes a very valuable starter for anyone.

Eliminations in amateur contests are sometimes

resented by the contestants, but the amateurs should remember that professionals are up against exactly the same thing. Almost every time a professional seeks a job in a show, a movie, a radio program or amusement enterprise of any kind, the professional must give an audition. The percentage of turn-downs in these auditions is very high. For every job that the average professional actually lands, he is certain to have several refusals.

EVEN if an amateur doesn't win a prize, just the experience of being in a contest is very helpful. It shows him what professional life is like, gives him confidence, and he may really learn something about his own abilities. If he actually has no talent, the contest may demonstrate it, and instead of being dissatisfied and longing for an impossible career, he will be more content to go back to his regular job and enjoy his normal existence.

Here's something I have noticed: Amateur contests are really fun for the participants. This must be so—otherwise we wouldn't get so many thousands of applications to enter.

Most of the acts we put on really offer swell entertainment. They bring brightness and informality, and Arnold Johnson—who directs the orchestra and acts as production manager of the program—and I never tire of listening to applicants. Occasionally we hear people who are in real need, and I am happy to say that we have been able to find jobs for several of these. In most cases you will find the amateurs are buoyant, light-hearted folks, and I, for one, am all for them. The listeners seem to agree with us, for we get several thousand letters each week, and only a tiny fraction of them contain any adverse criticism whatever. I am happy and pleased to be chosen as master of ceremonies on this amateur hour. Perhaps I am speaking out of turn, but I think the amateurs afford as lively and entertaining a program as you will find on the air today.

Ray Perkins
FOR THE
DEFENSE



Special Photographs for
TOWER RADIO by Wide World

Gangway for Andy Gump, who knows everything and has an opinion on every subject!

By TOM CARSKADON

Drawings reproduced by permission of Chicago Tribune-New York News Syndicate, Inc.

HAVE you ever asked daddy to read the "funny paper" to you? It is a lot of fun to hear daddy imitate the voices of the various characters in the colored cartoon section on Sunday, or the comic strip in the daily paper.

But wouldn't it be jolly to hear those "funnies" speak for themselves? Well, that is exactly what the radio makes possible. Take the Gump family, for instance. Instead of reading about them, you can now tune in to the Columbia network on weekdays at 12:15 P. M., Eastern time, and hear Andy, Min, and their son Chester do their own talking.

And what talking it is! The renowned Andy Gump, the chinless wonder who "wears no man's collar," is ready to spout forth on any and all occasions, whether his remarks are called for or not. Andy does the talking, but the real running of the household is in the capable hands of Min, his hard-working wife. Chester is their young son, and he and his father and mother really get along very well together, even if the family does seem a little funny to outsiders.

Would you like to take a trip up to the broadcasting station and meet the folks who put on this cartoon program? Come along, then, and we'll go away up to the twenty-first floor of the Columbia Broadcasting System headquarters in New York City, and down the corridor and into Studio Four, where the broadcasting is done. There are big maps and pictures of oceans and continents painted on the walls, to emphasize how the magic, unseen radio waves which start in this room go all around the earth.

THAT jolly, jolly man with the friendly smile is Wilmer Walter, and when he walks up to the microphone you know at once that he plays Andy Gump. Yes sir, here is the living, radio impersonation of the famous Andy. You look at his chin first, of course, and are surprised to discover that he has one, a nice, firm one, with a good-looking cleft in the center of it. It is a chin that any man might be proud to own, but it doesn't belong on Andy Gump!

The truth is that no such complete lack of chin as Andy shows in the cartoons, ever existed anywhere except in the cartoon. This chinless figure sprang from the imaginative pen of Sidney Smith, world-famous cartoonist and creator of the immortal Andy. Walter, also, is rather heavy-set as opposed to the lanky, beanpole Andy, but these things you don't see over the radio. You just hear

Sidney Smith's own cartoon conception of Andy Gump, who has moved over to radio to conquer new worlds.

you hear the voice of Andy Gump, and that is where Wilmer Walter comes into his own. He is a grand actor, and he has the voice and all the mannerisms of Andy down perfectly. He knows how to orate and to bluff and to bluster—until Min tells him to keep quiet—and he makes a most appealing, as well as amusing character out of the radio Andy. Wilmer Walter has had twenty-five years of stage and radio experience—he used to play the title role in "Ben Hur" in his younger days—and he is now one of radio's most popular actors, heard on the "March of Time," "The Shadow," and other programs.

Once we have met Andy, the next person we naturally want to see is Min, his wife. We look around the studio. Someone is sitting behind the piano, studying the script. All we can see is a

funny little hat perched at a crazy angle on a feminine head. One look at that hat, and we know it *must* be Min. Nobody else would wear a thing like that. The hat rises. We are quite bowled over to discover under it a very charming young woman.

She is Agnes Moorehead, one of the ablest character actresses in radio. Hats are an eccentricity with her. Once she pulls down the brim and turns it around right side foremost, the way it should be, the hat turns out to be a very stylish one. Miss Moorehead always insists that she can't study a part properly unless her hat is turned at a crazy angle. She is a slim young woman, and can make her naturally pleasant speaking voice tired and rasping for Min when she wants to. Miss Moorehead is the daughter of a minister, she was born in Boston and brought up in St. Louis, and she was educated at the University of Wisconsin and the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, and has appeared on the stage with such stars as Elsie Ferguson and Gertrude Lawrence and in the Theater Guild production of Eugene O'Neill's play, "Marco Millions." She has done a great deal of acting for radio and is perhaps best remembered for her role of Cousin Anna on the "Evening in Paris" program of a couple of seasons ago. Miss Moorehead says she has a real affection for the character of Min. She says that women appreciate what Min has to contend with.

THE boy who plays Chester, the Gump offspring, is young Master Lester Jay, a pink-cheeked lad with dark curly hair who is much in demand for juvenile parts on the radio. In the Gump stories Chester often gets into considerable mischief, but off the radio the boy who plays the part of Chester is as quiet a young man as you would ever hope to meet anywhere. He is a New York boy, and goes to school in the afternoon in order to be free to do his radio work in the morning. Lester is thirteen years old, and is now in his first year of High School. His teachers report that he is a very good (Please turn to page 40)



Chester



Min



Uncle Bim



Tilda

Hurled into RADIO

IF Muriel Wilson—Mary Lou of Showboat to you—hadn't been catapulted head first out of an automobile ten years ago, she wouldn't be on the air today, singing her way into our hearts.

"If it hadn't been for that terrible Fourth of July accident," she told me laughingly, nodding her wavy brown head in emphasis, "I'd be teaching gym today or maybe raising babies. But I wouldn't be on the air."

Early on the morning of July 4th the entire Wilson family had bundled into their new car, set for a day's outing at the beach. No sweltering in the city for them! Quite without warning, another car swept out from the side road and hit the Wilson car broadside. Muriel, seated in front with her father, bounced out like a rubber ball, her head striking a fence as she fell.

The rest of the family was battered up and shocked, but Muriel was the only one seriously injured. Hysterical, she was given a sedative by the country doctor and sent home to rest. She became unconscious, and for ten days her life hung in the balance. "Fractured skull," the doctor said briefly.

Followed weeks of pain and suffering, and convalescence. "She'll be all right," the doctor said finally, "if you keep her absolutely quiet. I don't want her chasing around like an Indian, for a few years at least."

To the Wilsons, the doctor's words brought happiness; their daughter's life was saved. But to tomboy Muriel, they were worse than a death sentence. Her brothers had trained her to keep in step with them, and no matter how hard the hand-ball stung, no matter how afraid she was to shinny up a pole, she had to do it. "Now don't be a cry-baby and act like the other silly little girls," they would say scoffingly. She grew to love sports.

All that was forbidden now and the plans of her young life to be an athlete were swept away. What could she do to make life livable again? Her mother, ever thoughtful, realized what her young daughter was going through, and would sit for hours at the piano, playing for her.

Quite suddenly, inspiration came to Muriel. In



Muriel Wilson turned to music as an outlet for her frustrated hopes to be an athlete.

church, she had always sung in the choir and in school she had the dubious distinction of being the second alto—a boy's part, for no one else could sing loudly enough to hold the part.

Singing as a career had never appealed to her; it was sissified, according to her brothers' standards. But now she had to have something to keep up her spirit, to cling to. She began to sing to her mother's accompaniment, and found that she enjoyed it tremendously. She would cultivate her voice, would be a great singer some day.

AS soon as she was up and about, while her hands were still swathed in bandages, the family, happy she had found an interest, sent her to William Rieger, famous vocal teacher. Of course they couldn't afford to pay the \$10 per lesson that he charged, but Muriel's happiness was more important than mere money. And Rieger, recognizing great promise in his eager, determined young pupil, was anxious to teach her.

At his suggestion she enrolled in the American Academy of Arts to get a thorough grounding in music appreciation, theory and harmony. Things looked very bright indeed.

And then, as has almost always been the case with Muriel, just when everything seemed to be going along smoothly, misfortune stepped in. Her father was stricken with paralysis and lay helpless and white, day after day and month after month. His dry goods business, which had supported the family comfortably, went to wrack and ruin and the family was left with very little besides doctor bills.

There was barely enough for food and shelter, let alone for
(Please turn to page 65)

Barnaba

She wanted to be a tomboy but Fate stepped in to give Muriel Wilson to the air

By MARY JACOBS

Laboratory of Life

Carlton Morse created a human story of everyday existence but radio thought that listeners wanted excitement. Yet "One Man's Family" found its place • By HARRY BLAIR

RADIO, itself young, already has a veteran program in its ranks. "One Man's Family" celebrated its third birthday this year, having begun as a weekly feature in April, 1932. It has continued every week since, much to the delight of its ever-growing legion of fans.

The success of "One Man's Family" is easy to discern. First of all, it brought to listeners a soothing simplicity at a time when all other air entertainment was still clinging to the studied speed of a passing age.

In other words, it caught the tempo of a new phase in America . . . the return of home life, which so many had felt was passing.

Back of this program stands the commanding figure of one man . . . Carlton E. Morse, whose vision created the characters and whose understanding has kept the incidents surrounding them alive and vital.

Carlton Morse's tiny office in San Francisco is a laboratory of ideals. A laboratory because there the basic chemicals which comprise the exact formula to perfect living are skilfully blended into an absorbing whole.

To glorify the commonplace, to bring out the sweet, human tones of normal, everyday living, is to give courage and inspiration to those oftentimes engulfed in the humdrum routine of life in its less glamorous aspects.

Carlton Morse has caught with almost psychic clarity the exact mood of the strata which "One Man's Family" typifies so beautifully. The personal joys and sorrows of human beings bound together in a common bond of understanding.

At first thought, it would seem that such an idea would immediately assert itself as a "natural." That radio, ever on the alert to capture the fickle pulse of public interest, would have sensed its appeal. Yet, as a matter of record, its creator, believing in his cause with all the fervor of a zealot, spent many anxious weeks convincing those in charge that he had a winner.

He holds no brief on this score. Pace and action were held to be the prime factors in moulding a radio program even so short a time as three years ago. The idea of naturalness on the air then seemed out of the question. Radio fans, the "experts" said, had to be startled into attention.

MORSE, already established at San Francisco headquarters of NBC as a crack continuity writer, not only had to overcome opposition there but was also faced with the almost hopeless task of convincing NBC officials in New York that the West had something to teach the East.

Not until letters poured in from eastern listeners, who told of sitting up long past midnight, eastern time, to catch this realistic saga of a typical American household, did the big boys on Fifth Avenue realize that "One Man's Family," like

young Lochinvar, had ridden victorious, out of the West.

Meanwhile, Morse went along steadily developing his idea, sensing that he was on the right track. "I felt that the average program suffered from over-emphasis," he explains, in his quiet, rather studious manner. "I sensed that people everywhere, subdued by adversity, were seeking a repose of spirit. A key to unlock the door to lasting happiness and contentment which, they were beginning to realize, rested entirely within themselves. An escape from the frenzied routine of post-war extravagance into the 'old-fashioned' type of home life which has always been the backbone of this country."

His tall frame slumped in an easy chair, Morse continued to speak of his "baby" with all the fervor of a proud father. Perhaps the paternal urge which failed to find expression in children of his very own, has here blossomed into the responsibilities of a family numbering thousands upon thousands who write in to him for help in solving their most intimate problems. To them, he tries to give the right answer through the actions of the people in his program.

"In planning my characters, I set about to create types who would best represent not only typical members of the average family, but who would also project by their thoughts and deeds the rapidly changing conditions of our present age," he explains.

"Pa and Ma, of course, portray the mellowed viewpoint of those persons whose years have spanned the century. Paul is typical of the disillusioned war veteran to whom ordinary events pale in comparison with the stirring days of his early manhood. Hazel, the repressed older daughter of the Barbours, is typical of the shy, home girl who still abounds in contrast to Claudia, the younger, more independent and fun-loving sister.

"Clifford is representative of the college boy crammed with knowledge, much of which he does not completely comprehend, while Jack is the younger, harum-scarum member of the family, concerned only with the present.

"The others, such as Beth Holly, the young widow whom Paul finds so attractive; William Herbert, Hazel's husband, and Teddie, Paul's ten-year-old girl, have since been added, to bring new interest into the proceedings."

To you who have entertained the Barbour family in your home every week and who have grown to know and love these characters, it might be interesting to know what they are like in real life. In other words, is it all just "play-acting" on their part, or do they really approximate their mike personalities?

THE fact that the original group who first began the program has remained intact after three years speaks reams on that score. The an-



At the right is the cast of "One Man's Family": Page Gilman as Jack, Minetta Ellen as Mrs. Barbour, J. Anthony Smythe as Mr. Barbour, Bernice Berwin as Hazel, Winifred Wolf as Teddy, Barton Yarborough as Cliff—and Mr. Morse, the author of the series.



At the left is Carlton Morse, in whose mind evolved "One Man's Family." He believed that there was a place on the air for a simple picture of home life—but he had a tough time convincing radio that he was right.

swer is that the various characters, through close association with each other and with their roles, have built up a feeling of loyalty which would do credit to any real family group. Besides the actual broadcast, there are two days of rehearsals each week, plus numerous consultations among themselves on the proper reading of the lines. There has thus been created a mood and a feeling of entirety which projects itself out over the ether and makes every word and every situation ring true.

"The story is subsidiary to the mood," Carlton Morse says in explaining this seeming phenomenon. "I have carefully avoided replacing any characters for that very reason. When Claudia was taken ill for six months, I changed the action to explain her absence. Hazel was also off the air for two months at the time her baby was born, and the story was changed accordingly."

Fanny Barbour, who so wisely and graciously presides over the destinies of the Barbour household, was a mother long before she became an actress. Minetta Ellen, who plays the role, had married and raised a family of her own before she ever faced a microphone. "Mothering" Michael Rafetto and Barton Yarborough, who are Paul and Clifford, respectively, is an old role of hers. She was selected to play mother parts with the campus players at the University of California when Yarborough and Rafetto were students there, and made her first stage appearance with them, later touring with the Berkeley Players. Similarly, her path and that of J. Anthony Smythe, who is Mr. Barbour, have crossed before, for she played his wife in many a stock production at the Fulton in Oakland.

Born in Cleveland, where her father owned the Cataract House, famous there both as hostelry and landmark, Miss Ellen early decided on a stage career. However, her family thought otherwise, giving her elocution lessons as a compromise. She married young, and the energy which makes her portrayal of Fanny Barbour such a genuine personality was diverted into this new channel after many years of home-making.

The mellowed richness of voice and rare understanding of character portrayal by means of which J. Anthony Smythe brings Pa Barbour into being each week is the result of long years of stage training. His Henry Barbour, the long-suffering but not too patient father in "One Man's Family," has become an actual figure to listeners. A native of San Francisco, he is a graduate of (Please turn to page 46)



Special Photographs for Tower Radio by Wide World

Tiny Lily Pons is in love and excited about life. She saves everything written about herself. Here, for her scrapbook, is the most brilliant interview ever done about her.

By NAN CAMPBELL

DESCRIBE Lily Pons?
Ask me something easy—like explaining the Einstein theory, for instance.

Set Lily Pons down on paper?

Well, I'd find it much less difficult to step into the cage with her pet leopard or tigress or whatever it is up at the Bronx Zoo. The leopard used to be Lily's pet. She calls it "dat animall" with such infinite tenderness in her voice that you wonder how anyone could be so heartless as even to suggest that Lily shouldn't have a full grown leopard bounding about her apartment.

That was the trouble. Lily knows and loves and understands "dat animall." She brought her back to New York from South America when she was a tiny cuddly kitten. Lily adored her, sang to her, scratched her behind the ears. But the leopard didn't remain a kitten. It became a jungle beast right in Lily's apartment and one day when Lily's maid went to dust the living-room the thing leaped down from the mantel, where it had been prowling, and spat at her. The maid fainted. The next day Lily, with tears in her eyes, took her pet to the Bronx Zoo.

"I come back 'ome," Lily told me, *almost* with tears in her eyes. "I am so lonely wizout dat animall. I understand her. But my maid—she not understand. So sad. Now I go to the zoo. Dey say, 'no, no, don't go in dat cage wiz 'er.' I say, 'I know dat animall better I know anyone.' I go in. She look at me and then she go—so," at this point Lily gives a vivid and accurate imitation of a wild leopard hissing, "she go like dat at me. But she means nozing. I know her. I put out my hand. She go like dat no more. I touch her, stroke her. Oh, she loves me so and she is in dat zoo and I am here. So sad.

"I fix nice for her. I get two or t'ree trees—not real ones, made ones—and have put in dat cage so she can climb. She likes dat but she is sad—sad like me. The maids—they not understand. Now I have no animall."

She was sad for several minutes. Suddenly she brightened. That cosy little face of hers, with those great dark eyes lit up as if someone had just given her fifty-two diamond bracelets and a sable coat. "Now I got anozer animall—a skye terrier. A leetle fellow—so high. I take him for walk. I name him B-flat. Funny, yes? B-flat, it is such a low note and I hit such high notes. B-flat. Such a funny name for my leetle dog."

Was that faint noise I heard the laughter of Lily's maid—laughing with relieved delight because Lily's new "animall" was to be a "leetle dog" instead of a jungle leopard?

YOU look at Lily Pons and wonder how so much charm can have found its way into such a tiny person. Her living-room is enormous—the ceiling two stories away from the floor. It looks like a vast cathedral and is furnished with rare *objets d'art*. Lily sits—or perches rather—on a low chair in one corner of that huge room. She wears gray flannel slacks and a dark blue sweater. She looks like a mischievous child who had just sneaked into her grandfather's study. And it is difficult to realize that from that slim throat pour forth such silver streams of sound. It is hard to imagine that this



Lily Pons, at the mike, which terrifies her. Oddly enough, Miss Pons never studied for opera nor ever planned to be a prima donna. She never took her voice seriously. At the right, Miss Pons as Gilda in the opera, "Rigoletto."



dainty, elfin person—now sad over the incarceration of a leopard, now delighted over the thought of a dog named B-flat—is a great prima donna. However, Lily Pons tells you that she is a prima donna.

At first I didn't understand just how she was using the phrase. She seemed so extremely modest, so completely without Metropolitan affectation that I couldn't believe she was trying to impress me with her position. And then, after she had used the term several times I discovered its significance to her. She thinks that that is the name of her job, the trade title of her profession. For instance, I am a writer (by trade), you are a salesman, you are a secretary, you are a pianist—Lily Pons is a prima donna.

It is sometimes very sad to be a prima donna, particularly if you are engaged to Dr. Fritz von der Becke and plan to marry him this Spring.

Radio

That's what Lily planned—but alas—this Spring, being a prima donna, she must give a concert tour and then she must hurry to Hollywood to make a "peecture" while the poor doctor stays on in Germany doctoring. If he were a rich man, Lily explained to me, and did not need to work it would be marvelous. But he must work and so must she and their tasks lie an ocean apart. Now it appears that they may not marry for two more years.

All of this makes Lily so sad. "I am lonely," she said, her eyes big again and very pathetic, "I am no gay when 'e is not 'ere. Months and months and I not see him. I am lonely. But he is a doctor. I am a prima donna." She shrugged her shoulders sadly and helplessly, "I am 'ere. He must be dere. So sad."

BUT she sparkled again when she told me of their romantic meeting. They met in South America—where she also got the leopard—when she was on concert tour. He was the ship's doctor on a boat going between Germany and South America. But he was a very good doctor. The only medical man on that big ship for seventeen days and sometimes, Lily's eyes showed their wonder at his skill, "sometimes someone 'e get appendicitis"—and don't ask me to spell that as she pronounced it—"and all by heemself 'e mus' take eet out."

After their meeting the doctor got a vacation. That was lovely. He came to America for the first time and heard his sweetheart sing in opera for the first time. It was all immensely exciting and sad that the holiday lasted no longer and that he must return to Germany and his work. Lonely as Lily is it is good that she has so much work to do. "No gay" as she is, she can lose herself in her work.

The radio she loves, although it terrifies her. The microphone hangs up there, when her translucent voice is heard over the Chesterfield hour, for the express purpose of terrifying her. She must sing into it and also sing before the actual audience at the same time. That she does not like. She wishes she need not divide her audience in this fashion. And she is longing for television to be perfected so that the unseen audience will know the "personalitee" of the artist. For your sake, I'm longing for that time, too. To know the "personalitee" of Lily Pons is a great experience.

I told her how miraculously her voice comes through the air. She was as pleased as a child with a stick of red candy. "Yes? So," she smiled, "I sing high? Yes?"

The amazing part is that she did not study, at first, to be a singer. She was born in Cannes, on the French Riviera and when she was only thirteen years old she was graduated from the Paris Conservatoire of Music not as a prima donna but as a pianiste. A few years later she gave up her musical career to play ingenue roles on the stage—which, although she did not know it at the time, was marvelous preparation for the operatic career which was to be hers.

Nightingale

It was while she was playing the piano to entertain convalescents in a French hospital that she first sang. They asked her to and she could not refuse, although she did not take her voice seriously. At last a friend heard those golden notes and persuaded her to go to the famous Italian teacher, Alberti de Gorostiaga, who was living, at that time, in Paris. He told her that she must study for opera and that was the beginning of one of the greatest coloratura voices of all times.

She made her debut in an opera house in Alsace in "Lakme" and then began the difficult and exacting grind of the small opera house of Europe. She was comparatively unknown when she was discovered by America and made her debut at the Metropolitan Opera House. Her appearance was a triumph and now, her fifth season, she is still one of the brightest stars at the Met. "Lakme," "Lucia di Lammermoor" and "La Sonnambula" were revived for her. And to see her is a treat as well as to hear her. She is so little, so cute, so dainty. And—as she herself told me—she loves to act.

She has sung in the greatest opera houses in Paris, Rome, the Colon, in Buenos Aires. In concert she was heard by the King and Queen of England in London, and, after the performance, was presented to Their Majesties. In Paris she was a sensation. There is a town named for her, Lilypons, Maryland, and also a flower, Narcissus Lily Pons. In every city in the United States she has sung—and in some of the smaller towns as well—and everywhere she has been spectacularly successful.

Yet there she sits, in her great living-room, talking as enthusiastically as a child about the adventures that life has in store for her. One of these great adventures occurs this Summer, when she makes a picture for RKO.

"My peecture. So much excitement. Hollywood is wonderful." Her eyes shone again. "Such a wonderful time I have dere. I go to all de studios. I meet de beegest stars—Joan Crawford, Ramon Novarro—oh everybody. My best friend, Jeanette MacDonald, she is dere. So much fun. But I not work dere until dis Summer. I take a 'ouse, yes? Somewhere not too hot, but not by de sea—bad for de throat. My leetle dog, my B-flat, e' go, too. 'E like eet, too, I know dat. But ver' hard work. De lights. Oh, how do de (Please turn to page 50)



Lily Pons, during a broadcast, with Director Andre Kostelanetz (right) and Announcer David Ross. Miss Pons is to make a picture for RKO in Hollywood this Summer.

Piaz Studio, Paris

THE SEARCH FOR Something Better

LISTEN to the Sigmund Romberg program on Saturday night, and you hear an hour of very smooth, very fine music and talk. It is gay, varied, immensely popular; and flows along so easily that it seems to involve no effort whatever.

But wait a minute. Have you any idea of what it takes to put on a program like that? Would you like to know something of the obstacles met, difficulties overcome and problems solved in building so deservedly popular a program as the Swift hour? Come along then, and let's observe some of the inner processes of radio.

You start right off with the choice of music. Members of the Swift family in Chicago (the firm of Swift and Company is now headed by sons of the original founder) are widely and gratefully known as patrons of the symphony, opera, and the very best in music. Last Summer they sponsored a series of symphony concerts at the Century of Progress Exposition and their first impulse was the very natural one of wanting to put symphony music into their radio program.

But it happens that the symphony is the most intellectualized, the most abstract, the most difficult form of music. Many people pretend to like symphonic music because they think it is fashionable to do so, but actually it takes considerable background really to appreciate a symphony. Its appeal is necessarily limited; whereas one of the primary objects of a radio program—naturally—is to get as large a listening audience as possible.

Well, some of the advisers in the sales organization of the company immediately urged an out-and-out jazz program. That is the quickest, easiest, most sure-fire thing to get. The suggestion was a potent one, but the heads of the firm felt that they had other things at stake. This program would bear the Swift name; they wanted it to reflect the quality which they tried to get into every one of their products. Jazz might be quick and catchy, but they wanted something better than that.

Thus a dilemma arose at the very outset, and the company brought the problem to its advertising agency, the J. Walter Thompson Company, for suggestions. The situation was thoroughly gone over, possibilities discussed, and then a very happy idea was brought forth.

The trail led to Budapest, to Broadway and to Yale University—and it brought the Romberg hour with Professor Billy Phelps to your radio

By TOM REYNOLDS

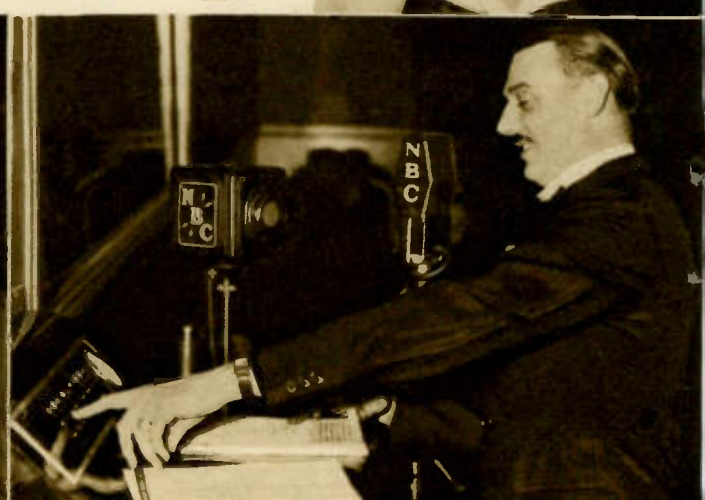
Why not try light opera? Lilted melodies, romantic serenades, lively marches, character songs—these things appeal to everyone. Furthermore, they have a basis in very real music. They are not mere jungle rhythms worked out of a native drum and then transferred to the blating trumpets of a jazz band. There is fine melody, orchestral color, real opportunity for singers and musicians in selections from light opera.

That's fine. Let's make it light opera. But no sooner is one problem solved than another one arises. Where shall we get this music? Who shall write it and conduct it? The agency puts the question squarely up to the sponsors. Do you really want the best available talent, and will you be willing to pay for it? The answer came back, an unhesitating "Yes."

NOW the real work of building the program began. Review the history of recent American music, and you find it studded with many hit operettas as "The Student Prince," "Blossom Time," "The New Moon," "The Desert Song," "My Maryland," "Maytime," and "The Song of the Flame." Now it happens that all of these—and some fifty others—were written by the same composer, Sigmund Romberg.

Certainly Romberg is the outstanding figure in the field of light opera. He is a gifted conductor, and has been leading orchestras since the age of sixteen, when he conducted a seventy-piece orchestra at the Budapest College of Music in his native

Right, George Britton, Helen Marshall and Stuart Churchill, whose voices lend appeal to the Romberg hour. Miss Marshall is a find.

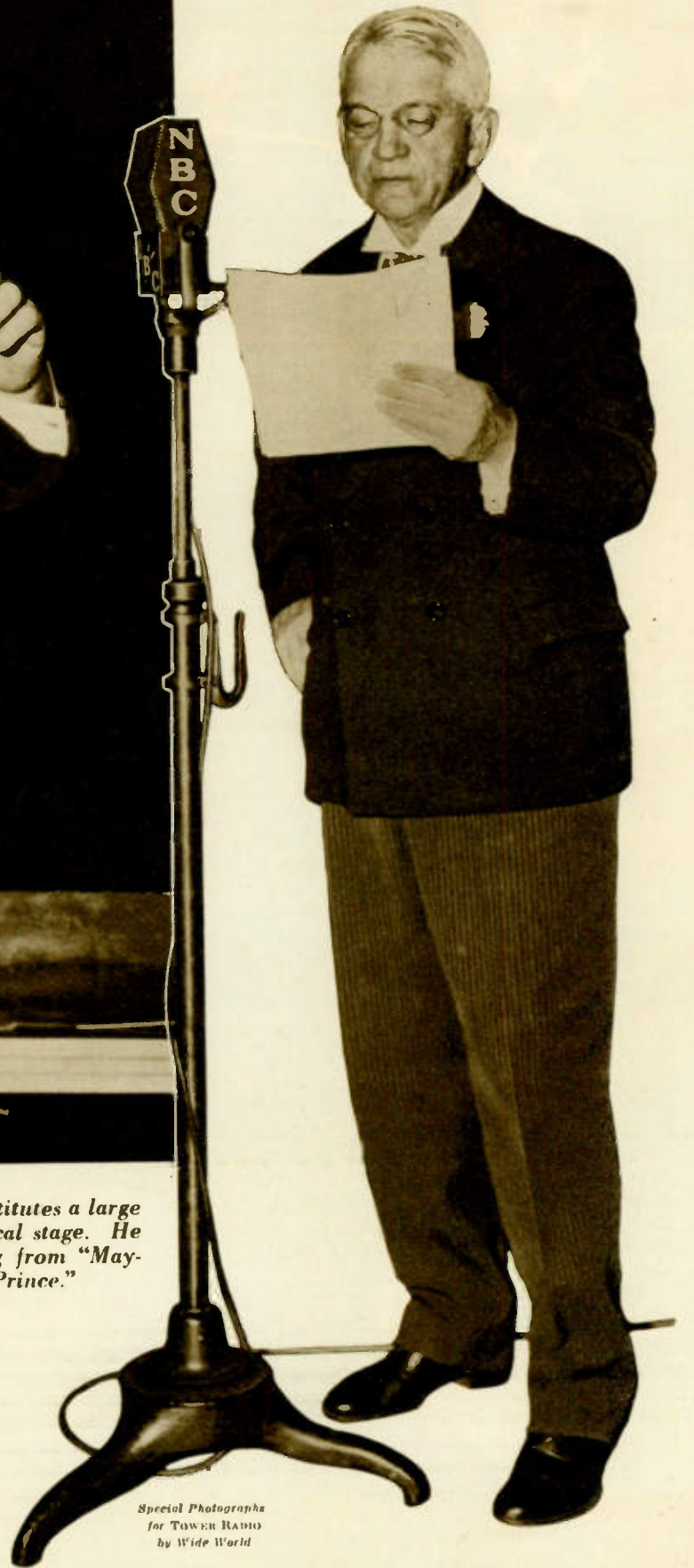


The dramatic group: Mary Taylor, Vera Allen, Lilla Fisk and Guy Bates Post. Misses Taylor and Fisk are society debs, Mr. Post had a distinguished starring career as an actor

Announcer Jimmy Wallington, and, insert above, Edward Harris, assistant conductor.



Below, Professor William Lyon Phelps, the beloved "Billy" of Yale University, whose talks feature the hour. He was the perfect choice for the program.



Hungary. Romberg could not only furnish material for a program, he could also conduct it, and, still in the prime of his creative power, he could contribute brilliant new compositions to it.

Why has so outstanding a man never been on the air before? Approached on that point Romberg gave a very peppery answer. "There have been plenty of opportunities for me to go into radio, but I preferred to wait until I was sure that I and my music could get a proper presentation. I refuse to be a mere cog in a variety show. I refuse to mark time between the scenes of a dramatic show, and I certainly refuse to be the mere musical interlude between the appearances of a radio comedian. This is not conceit. This is simply an honest respect for my works, which have been successful in the theater and in the movies, and I want to make sure that they have a fair chance for success on the radio."

Mr. Romberg certainly seems justified in his point of view. The sponsors and the agency are satisfied that Romberg is the man they want, and the sponsors are willing to pay the necessarily high figure that he earns. Now comes the all-important question of what kind of program in which to present him.

WHY not radio versions of his own operettas—either condensations of his past successes, or a new series he will write for this program? The idea certainly seems logical enough, but again Romberg proves himself not only a musician but a thorough-going showman as well. Listen to what

Sigmund Romberg's career constitutes a large part of the history of our musical stage. He has written many hits, ranging from "May-time" to "The Student Prince."

he says on the subject.

"When you attempt to condense a full length operetta into an hour radio program, something is going to suffer. It will be either the story or the music that is hurt. If you concentrate on the story, the music becomes merely a series of distracting interruptions. If you concentrate on the music, the dialogue is reduced to not much more than a series of song cues—such as 'Darling, I love you. Let me sing you a song about the moon,' or 'Count Floradora, here is the missing birth certificate at last! Stand still, all of you, until we finish singing this quartet.'"

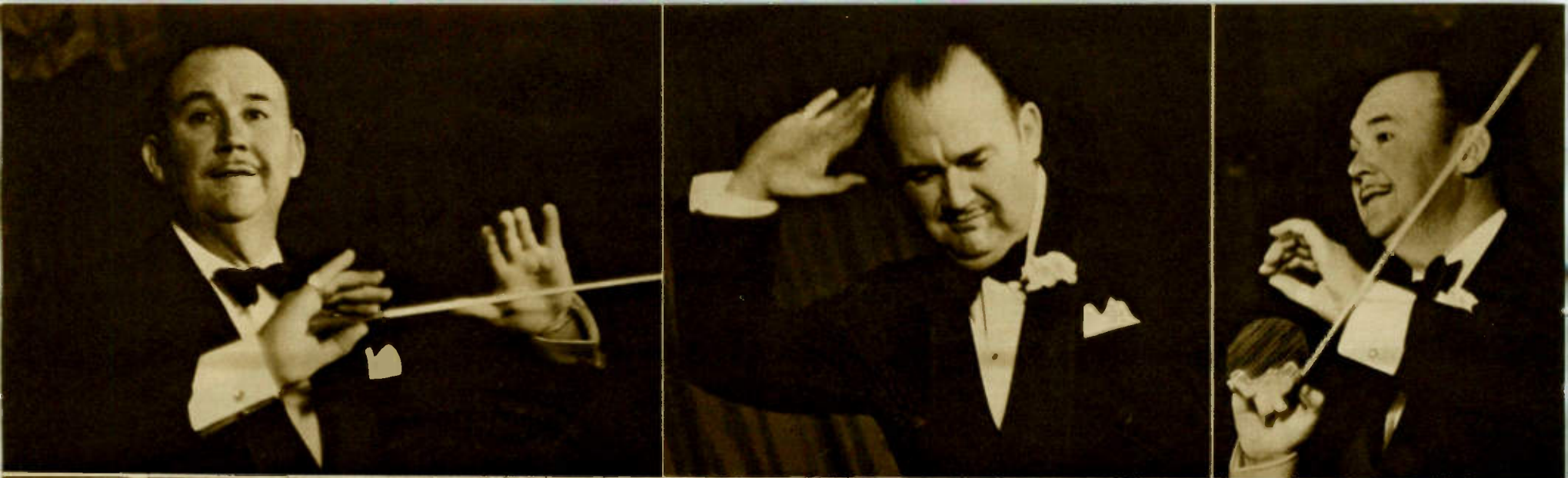
"Such things are awkward and often absurd. I believe that radio does not allow sufficient time for the careful plotting and build-up that a well constructed operetta should have. As for writing an original production each week I think it is too much to ask any composer, no matter how prolific, to turn out a new show every seven days. The quality is bound to run thin."

The first suggestion is thus pretty well disposed of, and there still remains the question of building a program for Romberg. The sponsors, the agency

and Romberg go into conference, and evolve their idea. It will be a concert program—with a difference.

SIGMUND ROMBERG himself will direct an orchestra of forty-five musicians. Instead of doing the obvious thing and confining themselves to Romberg compositions, they will range through the whole field of semi-popular, light classical and classical music, selecting numbers that combine into varied, yet harmonious programs. It will be good music, soundly orchestrated, well sung and ably directed. It will be music of such quality that symphony patrons may well take pride in it, and yet of such melodious appeal that all may enjoy it. Emphasis will be laid on romantic songs, lively marches and one- (Please turn to page 44)

Special Photographs for TOWER RADIO by Wide World



Special Photographs for TOWER RADIO by Rudolf Hoffman

JAZZ RHAPSODY

Since 1924, when he introduced "The Rhapsody in Blue" by George Gershwin, Paul Whiteman has been famous. Up to that time he had been a popular bandmaster. Whiteman has held his place as Public Maestro No. 1 ever since.

PARKYAKAKAS—He was an advertising man for a Boston furniture company and he rode into radio in a Rolls-Royce

HARRY EINSTEIN sat in his office at the Kane Furniture Company, the head advertising man for the biggest furniture company in Boston. His first appointment of the day was with a man from a local radio station who was trying to sell the company a program for advertising over the air.

"What do you think would be a good program for us?" Einstein asked. He was the typical advertising executive, his conversation businesslike and to the point.

"Well, I could give you a band—nice music, a singer, maybe," the salesman answered.

"How about some comedy?" Einstein pursued. "Could you get me this fellow, Parkyakakas, the Greek comedian, that I've been hearing over the air?"

"Sure, sure, I could get him. Know him well."

"You know him?" Einstein asked.

"Sure, I know him. But he comes high."

"How high?"

"Oh, forty dollars a week," the salesman answered.

"Okay," said Einstein, "I'll think it over and let you know."

When the man had gone Einstein turned to the advertising layouts on his desk for okay. He chuckled as he sat there, for what the salesman didn't know was that Harry Einstein, the advertising man, was also Parkyakakas, the Greek radio comedian. And that he had been living this dual life for the last year!

It is one of the strangest stories in radio and it was just a few weeks ago that Einstein resigned his job—a big job, too—with the fur-

niture company to devote himself entirely to radio work on the Eddie Cantor program.

"You've heard him, of course. You probably think he often steals the show from Cantor. Einstein insists that it is Cantor's wizardry at "selling" gags that gives him what he has. And that if Cantor were not the marvelous showman he is, Einstein would be out of radio as suddenly as he was in it.

For Parkyakakas Harry Einstein didn't hitchhike into show business. He rode in a Rolls-Royce. He was doing all right by himself. He had a big job which paid big money. He was a stockholder in his company. And for years it did not occur to him that the Greek dialect in which he told stories at banquets could ever be used in a commercial way.

His father was in the importing business and when Harry was a kid he used to hang around the office and listen to the Greeks with goods to sell. He was always a good mimic and found that he could imitate their accent perfectly.

Later, when he was an (Please turn to page 63)

PARKYAKAKAS



TWO BOYS WHO STEAL THE AIR

By

PEGGY HARRIS

SAM HEARN dropped into the Friars Club late one afternoon. He had been in show business for years—in vaudeville, in musical shows on Broadway and the road—a capable comedian was Sam.

On this particular afternoon the boys were planning their annual frolic. "Why don't you do an act?" they asked. "Will you write your own script and submit it to us?"

"Certainly," said Sam. "Should I do my rube stuff?" It was as a rube comedian that Sam was known.

"Why don't you try your Jewish dialect?" they asked. "The boys always like that. It would be a little different."

Now professionally Sam had never used Jewish dialect but he had often amused the

boys around the Friars Club with Jewish stories and invariably they asked for more. He never dreamed that this talent might be commercialized. But that night going home on the train to his house in Long Island he dashed off a Jewish comedy script. It didn't take him long to do and a few weeks later he appeared in the annual Friars show.

It was, of course, one of those things, and he never thought that anything more than just a lot of fun for his friends would come of it. But that night Jack Benny and his script writer were there. The next day they asked Sam to lunch. Sam had known Benny for years—had often appeared on the same bill with him in vaudeville—so it did not occur to him that it was anything but a friendly gesture.

At lunch Benny said, "That was very funny stuff you pulled last night, Sam."

"Thanks," said Sam. "Glad you liked it. Never did Jewish before for an audience."

"How would you like to do it before a bigger audience than that?" Benny asked. "How would you like to come with me on my radio program?"

And that's how Sam Hearn, rube stage comedian, became Schleppeerman, Jewish radio comedian—the lad who has taken the air by storm. Besides his program with

Benny, Sam has his own noon program and also works with Mark Hellinger. Next year he will undoubtedly have a big program of his own—and all because of an accident, all because Jack Benny happened to hear him doing an act made strictly for his friends of the Friars.

The name Schleppeerman, however, they doped out. A schlepper, in Jewish, is a little fellow who is always butting in and always getting blamed for it—a sort of a patsy. It suits Hearn's air characterization perfectly.

He is a little fellow, as a matter of fact, and once he butted right into show business. But nobody blamed him.

None of his people were show people but his great-grandfather—or someone—played the violin. When Sam was just a kid (Please turn to page 64)

SCHLEPPERMAN



SCHLEPPERMAN—For years he played a stage rube, then, by chance, he tried Jewish dialect at a Friars Club benefit

Something NEW all

The descendant of the Czars interviews Lady Peel, otherwise Beatrice Lillie of the radio. Result---a royal chat with the lady clown from the London music halls

I SAT in Beatrice Lillie's perfectly appointed drawing-room with its deep windows, its charming river view, its air of quiet refinement when the mistress of all this assured elegance poked her head through the door and said, "So sorry to keep you waiting. Be with you in just a moment."

Her head, with its closely cropped hair, was sleek and smart except for just one lock which stood on end.

In a moment she was sitting before me in a beautiful deep cushioned chair—a tiny smart woman in a brown, tailored gown—the epitome of everything chic and suave and charming except for that wisp of hair which would not lie down.

And this is to me the keynote of Beatrice Lillie's charm. It explains a number of things about her and hooks up her two personalities—the fact that she is not only Lady Peel, of the British nobility, but the little Canadian comedienne who has the ability to make the world laugh—the fact that she is quite as much at home with what is called Society as she is with the show people of Broadway and Hollywood.

There she sits before me—elegant, continental, a real lady. And there is that wisp of hair standing straight up from her head!

It didn't really bother her. But it served only as the peg upon which to hang a Lillie remark.

"THE horrible truth," she said to me, "is that my hairdresser has been insisting that I have a curly-headed soul. At last she got the better of me. To appease my soul I was curled. It didn't last, except for this one curious remnant of a noble experiment. And now I know that the straight and narrow path, even in a coiffure, is the best one for me."

She brushed the wisp down with the palm of her hand. It stood up again immediately.

This is so typically the Lillie way of doing things that those who have seen her on the stage or have heard her broadcasts—and surely no one would miss her—will know just what I mean and can picture how it happened.

Despite the tremendous success that has followed her, Beatrice Lillie remains perfectly natural and unspoiled. The delicious sense of humor which we find so delectable and excruciatingly funny is very definitely a part of her own vital personality.

In the English music halls where she first was starred, Beatrice Lillie became a sensation overnight. Having conquered the austere British, she came to Broadway with Charlot's Revue, and it was a case of *veni, vedi, vici*, all over again, for

Says Lady Peel to the Princess Obolensky

"I have a curly-headed soul."

"The one thing that I do not like about the air is having to read my lines from a script."

"Do you know they wouldn't let me call Noel Coward an old bachelor?"

"I have a violent case of jitters during the moment of dead silence before the air is mine."

"It's quite terrifying to be alone with the mike—like singing one's own self to sleep."

she took New Yorkers by storm.

The movies lured Beatrice Lillie to Hollywood shortly before the advent of the talkies, and though she did not fare so well professionally in Hollywood, personally she was a sensation, and there are many very funny stories told about the inimitable Bea and what happened in Hollywood!

Among the funniest of them all, and one that shows just what a sincere person Beatrice Lillie is, determined to be herself even in the most artificial surroundings, is the one about a rising young journalist, determined to get on in the world.

IT seems that the young man in question had been assigned to get a story for his magazine about Lady Peel. When he appeared at the studio where she was working he was dressed in very correct morning attire—with a none-too-correct white carnation in the lapel of his coat. He was a frightful bore and announced himself pompously, "I am here to see Lady Peel, she's Beatrice Lillie, you know!"

The members of the publicity department looked bewildered, but properly impressed, and suppressing their grins, directed the young man to her dressing-room.

At the threshold no liveried butlers asked for his hat and stick. Instead his knock at the door was answered by a cheery, "Come in!" and when he entered the room he saw Lady Peel sitting before

a dressing-table, head swathed in a make-up towel, struggling with a jar of grease paint which would not open.

"Do sit down," she said upon learning the identity of the young man and his mission, "and do be a lamb and open this nasty jar of paint for me."

The young man took the jar into his well manicured hands, realizing as he did so—(and as Lady Peel very well intended that he should)—that Beatrice and her ladyship are one and the same, and that nobody can put on airs with one of them and get away with it with the other!

She is all poise and no pose, and being such a direct and sincere sort of person herself, Beatrice Lillie expects—and appreciates—these same qualities in others.

We talked, naturally, of the radio. She said, "The one thing that I do not like about the air is having to read my lines from a script. Often, just as I am about to speak, I have an idea I feel certain would be much better than the lines as they are written. On the stage I would be free to make the most of my idea—but not on the air. The only chance I have had so far to use my wits was the time I dropped my script—quite by accident—and some dear soul held up a sign for me which read, 'Ad lib.' As if—oh well . . ."

"And why, pray tell me, are my scripts so carefully censored when my friend Alexander Woollcott may say anything he likes?"

"Do you know that they wouldn't let me call Noel Coward an old bachelor? Was it that they didn't want his real age to leak out? Or were they guarding the public from knowing that such a fascinating man is still single? But who am I to question? I took the script—and with the horrible word 'bachelor' deleted—began to read. But, I'm sure I'll never know how it happened, the word 'bachelor' seemed to slip out of my mouth, I did say it over the air after all.

"But really I do adore radio, in spite of the fact that I have a violent case of jitters during that moment of dead silence before the little red light glows to signal that the air is mine to mortify.

"Oh dear, and what things one learns from radio. The performers learn and so does the audience. Something new all the time. What if we never win any contests we have learned that the vital thing to do is 'brush your teeth twice a day, see your dentist twice a year.' Shouldn't that alone help us keep an edge on things?"

"I come to what I fondly call 'my audience' only as a voice. I have nothing to help me but that tricky little thing called the microphone—and

WHEN BROADCASTING, LADY PEEL SITS PERCHED ON A HIGH STOOL . . .



William Housler

the TIME



EKATERINA OBOLENSKY

Princess Obolensky, left, in the old Russian Boyar costume. Here this member of one of the richest and most aristocratic families of old Russia, with a family tree rooted in legend, writes her impressions of Beatrice Lillie.



Herbert Mitchell

THE CHARMING COMIC, BEATRICE LILLIE HERSELF

a man with a watch in his hand who says 'shush' every time one has an inspiration.

"Oh, yes, I've a tall white stool. I sit on it. And suddenly in the midst of a song I find myself wondering what would happen if I should miss it when I went to sit down again—or if it should break. Because it is a very ordinary stool—with no responsibility whatsoever.

"And when I'm sitting on it before the studio audience I feel much more like Exhibit A than I feel like me. I wonder what the people who see me sitting there think. But, dear me, I couldn't

do without them. It's quite terrifying to be alone with the mike—exactly like singing one's own self to sleep or telling one's self a very, very funny story. Did you ever try to do that?

"It is still hard for me to remember that there is no use making gestures to the microphone. But I find myself doing it, just the same."

Members of the Lee Perrin Orchestra and the Cavaliers Quartette will testify to that. When they first started working on Bea Lillie's program they were quite unprepared for her spontaneous, stage technique. The first night she waved toward the

microphone with one of her indescribable gestures and opened her eyes wide with that familiar look of arch fright. Everyone—including the other members of the program—laughed. The man with the watch had to do plenty of "shushing"—except that it is very hard to "shush" when one is laughing oneself.

She is a very great favorite of everyone at the broadcasting studio—from the lowliest page to the man in charge of production (he of the watch who shushes her). There she is Beatrice Lillie. Lady Peel is forgotten.

But no story about the two personalities—Beatrice Lillie and Lady Peel—would be complete without the inclusion of the legend concerning her visit to Chicago. I cannot vouch for its truth. If the remark had been made, certainly Bea Lillie would never admit it. However, I'll give you the story for what it is worth.

It seems that she had gone to an exclusive gown shop and was having a fitting. In the salon outside, waiting for the fitter, was a new-rich wife of a Chicago meat packer. With all the grandeur of the social climber this woman said, "Imagine! I am kept waiting because the fitting room is being used by an actress—an English music hall girl!"

Bea Lillie took one last look at her gown, turned to the fitter and said, "Please tell the butcher's wife she may come in now—Lady Peel is leaving."

YET only when some pretentious idiot needs taking down a few pegs does anyone know that Beatrice Lillie is Lady Peel. She, herself, is too great to have any pretensions. She is too great to be anything except her own sweet, unassuming and utterly captivating self.

She has a young son, Bobbie. He is away at school (Harrow) in England. She is a devoted mother and Bobbie adores her. But this is a part of her private life and neither mother nor son would trade a glimpse of it to see their pictures in the papers.

In fact, she cares little for publicity of any sort and she told me, quite sincerely, that she does not like the sound of her own voice.

In order to obtain a permanent record of one of her programs an electrical transcription was made during the broadcast, and a record of it presented to her.

When it was run everyone was very proud and pleased—everyone but Beatrice Lillie. She was strangely silent.

When they asked her if she liked the record she said, "Of course, it is a good thing to have. We all learn through our mistakes and I heard several things I shall change in the future, but it's too uncanny! Imagine waking up tomorrow morning and hearing one's self singing a song one sang last week. I lost my last illusion when I realized that I do sound like that. Just think—no matter where I go, or how good I get, that record can always rise up and haunt me, saying 'Why she made me, 'way back when . . .'"

And now I have found that to put the spirit of Beatrice Lillie on paper is a hopeless task. One must really see her, hear her—whether she likes to hear herself or not—to appreciate her.

The MAN of a THOUSAND PARTS

Jack Smart plays as many as five roles in one program.

Hence his reputation of radio's wonder man

DO you ever wonder where radio voices come from? Who rolls out those corn pone and blackstrap molasses accents to impersonate Senator Huey Long, of "Looziana," for the March of Time program? Who plays Joe, the harassed husband, in the "Mister and Missus" sketches? Who is the goofy, dumb-funny Cousin Willoughby on the Fred Allen programs? They must be an interesting bunch of guys.

Well sir, they are all one guy—and a couple of dozen other guys besides! Folks, meet Jack Smart. This young man acts all three of the roles referred to above, and a great many others. He sometimes plays as many as five different parts in a single program. Many people call him the ablest and busiest character man in radio.

"There is no point in sticking to one type of part all the time," says Smart. "It's more fun to put a little variety into acting. The human voice covers a wide range in volume and pitch. Mix this with a range in accents and dialects, and you have a sort of actors' stew. From it you can pick out almost any type of acting that is needed."

Jack Smart can do the trick, and does! His somewhat rotund frame—evidence of what happens to a human anatomy when it stops charging a football line and starts spouting words into a microphone—houses a naturally deep voice, an amiable disposition and an amazing array of vocal tricks.

It was he, for instance, who played the Cowardly Lion, and a goodly portion of the other fanciful denizens of the Land of Oz, when that series was

running last season. You will find him as an Arizona cowpuncher on a Death Valley Days program one night, a silk hatted doctor in a detective story the next night, and as a village constable, by heck, in a harum-scarum Fred Allen sketch on another night. Life is just a bowl of grease paint to Jack Smart. He can—and does—do anything.

HE got an early start at it, too. There is an unconfirmed rumor in Philadelphia, where Jack first saw the light of day, that the future radio star cried in so many different voices that the attending physician became confused and made out four different birth certificates.

Much more reliable is the information that the natal event took place in 1902, and if a great city paid but little attention to his arrival, it certainly accords great popularity to his radio work now. It was in this same Philadelphia that Jack Smart first manifested his budding theatrical genius. His stage was a makeshift tent in his parents' back yard. His manuscript was a little thing he had

babbled out for himself, and his chief actor and star was Jack Smart.

Admission to the show consisted of any odd trinket that might catch the eye of a small boy. Some of them were very odd. A dried fish tail painted red, a celluloid button saying "I love my wife but oh you kid," and a collection of tags from chewing tobacco were among the items that turned up at the boxoffice. Jack accepted them all, and put on his show. His parents looked on in beaming approval until they discovered the source of some of his make-up effects. The fierce mustachios which clung somewhat shakily to his tender young cheeks were made of stuffing ripped from the parental mattress!

After that his parents took him to California. He grew up to be quite a husky young specimen, vying with the native sons in his muscular development and athletic prowess. He was on many teams through grade school and high school, and in football in particular he

(Please turn to page 68)



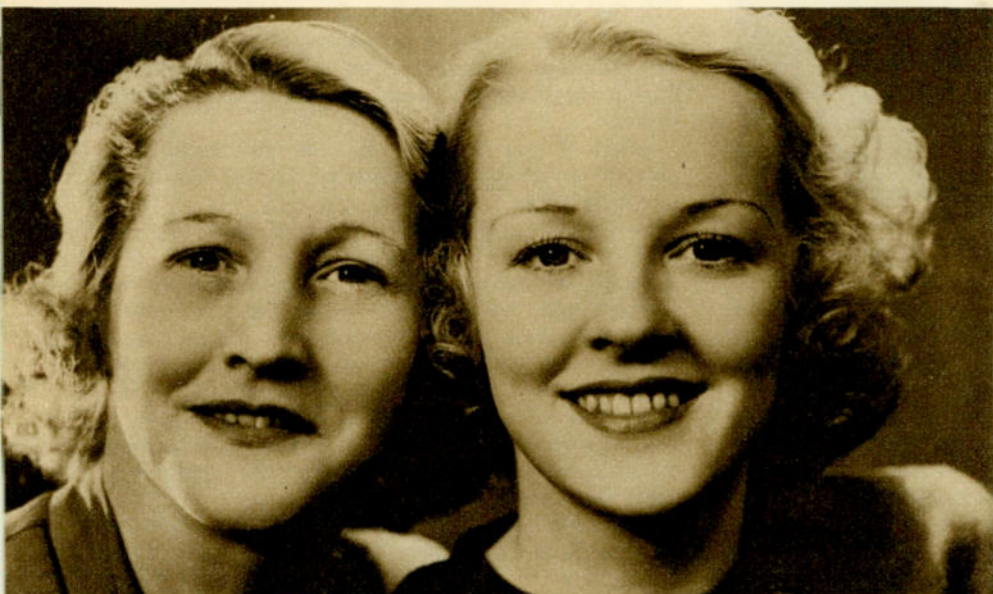
By
LEE KUGEL

When you hear a radio voice you do not recognize, it is probably Jack Smart.

Culver

Velvet VOICE

By DOROTHY NICHOLAI



RADIO is a kaleidoscopic world peopled with voices. Back of every voice is a story, and back of every story is—another story. Out of the night comes a woman's song—thrilling, full, glamorously grown-up. "Vera Van," the billing reads. "The blue-velvet voiced singer."

It is as apt a description of a dark and lovely voice as a thumbnail sketch by Alex Woollcott. Yet the owner of this amazingly mature contralto is a girl who will be just twenty her next birthday, who looks like a daffodil and who has been in radio business for a mere twelve years. Hers is a remarkable story of child talent, which cannot be told properly without bringing in another character. For Vera Van's mother is the story behind her story.

Don't stop us if you think you've heard this. Because you haven't. Here is one stage mother story which hinges on neither the old sacrifice plot nor on the battered theme of thwarted ambition. It is the story of a tiny woman who directs her daughter's dual destinies, of a girl

Vera Van and the mother who directs her destinies.

who lives two lives. It will be necessary to flip the years back to February 20, 1915. On that date, a miniature Goldilocks made her appearance at the home of a Mr. and Mrs. Webster, in Marion, Ohio. Two small boys were delighted with their new baby sister, Papa Webster passed the cigars around the brokerage office, and mother and baby did as well as could be expected. They've been doing a great deal better than anyone expected ever since—but we're getting away from our story.

There was nothing about the little blond stranger to indicate that she might turn into a dancer, except, perhaps, an unusual aptitude for kicking in her crib. She had a lusty voice, but every new baby has. Certainly there was no reason to suspect a theatrical strain to appear on the dignified Webster family tree. The closest approach to anything of the sort was Mrs. Webster's playing the piano for the church choir.

A number of Websters had served the government in various official capacities. One of Vera's great-grandfathers was a general; another an English writer, distantly related to the Noah Webster who wrote that large book which sells so remarkably well and has all the words in it. There hadn't been a performer in a Mayflower-load.

When Vera was three years old, the family doctor prescribed dancing lessons for her; she was a trifle underweight for her age and he thought exercise might build her up. Her mother noted immediately that the child took to arabesques like a duck does to Joe Penner, but she put it down as a fond mother's imagina-

(Please turn to page 62)

Vera Van lives a double life—one for the radio, the other as Vera Webster

WHEN Connie Gates first began to sing over the radio a friend of hers who was teaching her some things she didn't know about popular music, gave her a song. He had found it in England and he didn't know the name of its composer. It is Connie's very own song and it has so much of the essence and flavor of her character that I want you to know it.



In less than a year, Connie Gates reached radio's top.

"I dream a little shy dream
The skies in my dream are
always blue
Where little fancies build
a rainbow of romances
Foolish fancies that will
never come true.
Sorrow may come tomorrow
But you can borrow joy today
If when you're lonely, you will only
Build a castle of dreams in the land of Come
What May."

For all Connie's dreams are shy dreams and she always manages to borrow or take every bit of joy that every day holds.

She is as unlike the average "show person" as an old fashioned cocktail is unlike milk. Pass her on the street and you would think that she was a brisk college girl on her way to a students' assembly meeting. Look at her neat, conservative clothes, her tidy, severely arranged hair, her bright intelligent face almost innocent of make-up and you can't believe that she is a part of "show business." Is this straight-forward, business-like, un-

She Found Her CASTLE of DREAMS

Connie Gates is as unlike the average show person as a cocktail is unlike milk

By PEGGY HARRIS

dramatic girl actually the one who sings to you with such tenderness and intimacy on the Wrigley Chewing Gum program and other Columbia Broadcasting Company shows, as well as the Let's Dance program?

They can't believe that she is as she is and it is rather amazing that a radio star living in the glamorous city of New York should behave as she does, but I give you my word that she's on the level. For, like the last line in her very own song, she builds a castle of dreams in the Land of Come What May and no amount of sophisticated kidding could change Connie.

The other evening she, along with Joe Penner and other radio performers, gave their talents to a benefit. It was all very swanky. Everyone was in evening clothes. The entertainers had a box of their own where liquid refreshments flowed. It was a gay party with champagne corks giving an imitation of the Battle of the Marne. The waiter asked Connie what she wanted to drink.

"Milk," said Connie.

The crowd laughed. That was a funny gag.

Even the hard boiled waiter laughed.

"But I mean it," Connie insisted. "I want a glass of milk!"

And undaunted by everyone's utter amazement at the sight of a pretty girl in a ravishing evening gown at a gay party drinking milk, she had a fine time.

SHE lives at the Barbizon—a hotel for women only. She almost never sets foot on Broadway. When Columbia offered her a job singing at a night club she refused because she thought the type of singing she did wouldn't appeal to night club habitués. Her friends—with the exception of Vera Van—are people who have no connection with radio. Connie spends most of her free time keeping up her fan mail scrap book. In this she pastes the post-marks from every letter and she has a map of the United States on which she makes a mark every time she receives a letter from a new town.

I'll bet that there are not ten radio artists who know all the intricate mechanism of a microphone. But Connie does. She had an electrician take a mike completely apart for her and she followed all the wires into the control (Please turn to page 58)

MEET Lady Luck's side kick—Harry McNaughton—otherwise the butling Bottle of Beetle and Bottle. The visible member of those two mad wags who help make Phil Baker's programs top notch among the ace air attractions.

In the first place it was lucky for Harry to be born of a famous theatrical family. That made the going much easier when he decided to adopt the stage for a career at the ripe age of sixteen. His professional debut was in "Matrimony, Ltd.," at the Strand Theater, London, where his father was manager.

Things were going great when the War came along. Then, filled with patriotic zest, he deserted his career to join the famous "Rifle Brigade" of the British army. He saw service in most of the major engagements. For three years and nine months he was in the trenches. Every moment of the time his life was in constant danger. Yet he emerged one of the fifty survivors out of a battalion of fifteen hundred . . . and without a scratch!

It was during the War that Harry McNaughton first decided to come to America. At the hospital in Arras he had met many American nurses. He had seen their bravery under fire. He had admired their frank beauty and fine spirit of independence. He resolved that some day he would make America his home. That when he married it would be to an American girl. The first wish has materialized beyond his fondest hopes and the second is not far in the offing.

Private Harry McNaughton was demobilized on February 15, 1919. In contrast to many less fortunate, he had a job awaiting him and, marvel of marvels, it was in the land of his dreams . . . America! It had come about in this way. Many will remember the play "The Better 'Ole" which toured the United States with much success immediately following the War. The Broadway run

Baker's MAN

By HARRY N. BLAIR

having been extended, it was decided to form a road company. The important role of Bert remained to be filled and Charles McNaughton, who created the part, suggested his young nephew, Harry.

In response to a cable, the latter sailed for America on February 25th and landed in New York Harbor on March 9th, having come by slow boat. He first set foot on American soil at seven o'clock in the morning and was at the Cort Theater less than three hours later, rehearsing his role.

The engagement opened in Baltimore on March 17th with James K. Hackett starred and Harry McNaughton featured. A strange trick of fate . . . back in khaki one month after being demobilized . . . and wearing the same uniform he had worn in the trenches! The tour lasted 68 weeks, covering most of the cities and towns in the country. Perhaps you are one of the many who applauded his performance.

(Please turn to page 60)



Ray Lee Jackson

Harry McNaughton may be slow to catch Phil's jokes but he caught a career quickly.

Harry McNaughton, butler Bottle with Phil Baker, has always played in luck

TOWER STAR FASHIONS



Vera Van, lovely radio singer, features the Tower Star Fashions

TOWER Star Fashions is a new service for readers of TOWER RADIO which helps them select clothes flattering to their types. Perhaps you are the Vera Van type, petite and blond and delightfully feminine. If you are, just picture yourself in one of these charming new spring ensembles worn by her.



Pure silk washable gingham for sports wear is selected by Vera Van. The tailored suit above is yellow and black check and the blouse-top is a solid color waffle cotton simply made and mannishly tailored. With this suit Miss Van wears a little low-crowned, brimmed straw hat trimmed with a grosgrain band and a tiny bunch of flowers at the front.

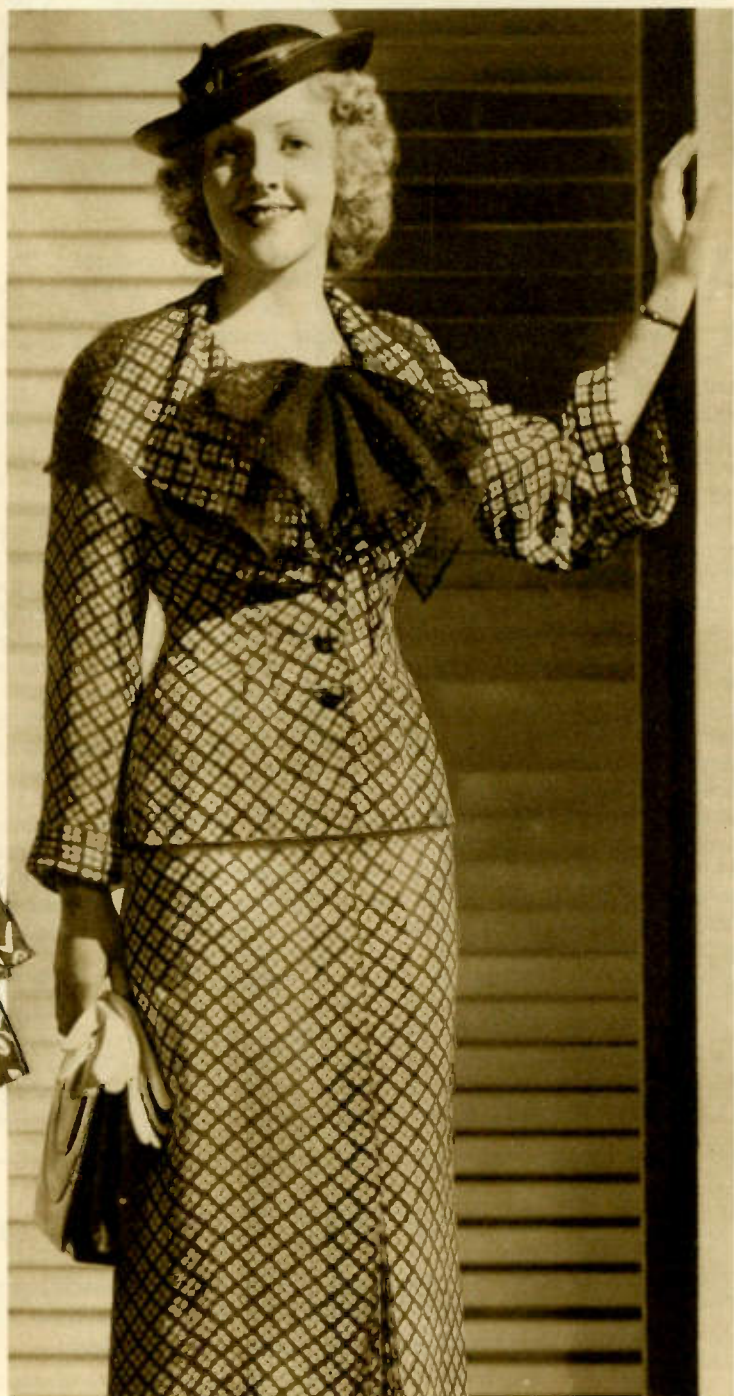
Other Tower Star Fashions sketched at the left consist of a two-piece swagger suit in solid-color monotone cloth, a three-piece ensemble of pebble sheer with a colorful hand-blocked Tahitian blouse and a tropical pure-silk plaid shirtfrock which is washable, non-shrinkable and non-fading, all available in the prevailing spring colors

The Tower Star Fashions selected by Vera Van are available to you at convenient department stores



Tower Star Fashions sketched at the left feature a diagonal sheer swagger ensemble with printed piqué accents and a specially cut Regency collar forming a yoke across the back of the coat; also a lovely crepe hostess or tea gown with long, full sleeves and a contrasting colored sash; third in line a striped, pure silk, sheer suit with contrasting solid-colored collar and cuffs.

Below, Miss Van wears a printed sheer jacket dress with the smart new mousseline de soie accents. The dress has little puffed sleeves, shirred shoulders and is trimmed at the high square neckline with a dainty mousseline de soie jabot. The fitted jacket buttons at the waist and the collar and cuffs are trimmed with contrasting bands. A jaunty little turned-up straw hat, a smart leather bag and summer fabric gloves complete the ensemble. This little suit is particularly desirable for early Spring, as it can be worn with or without a coat.



Above, Miss Van selects this delightfully feminine little pebble sheer ensemble which can be worn without the jacket to the spring bridge parties and with the jacket to the office. This frilly bib and collar are of polka-dot printed net with a grosgrain bow under the chin. The belt is fastened in front with a chromium buckle and the jacket is boxed and has pockets.

Sketched at the right are two beautiful and unusual evening dresses. For the sophisticated a flowered, printed cotton with two wide, full flounces at the bottom of the long, tight skirt. A flounce is also used at the low neckline, ingeniously caught up at one shoulder with a large artificial rose in contrasting color. And for the sweet little miss a lovely one-piece silk net with a built-up back and capelet sleeves. There are rows of tiny net ruffles at the bottom of the skirt which are also used as trimming on the detachable cape.

The Voice of Experience finds time to enjoy music for recreation in spite of the overwhelming amount of work he accomplishes during his busy week.



Specially taken by Wide World for TOWER RADIO

NEED HELP?

Turn to the counselor of millions for assistance in solving your problem

By
VOICE OF EXPERIENCE

paper or any current literary magazine will give the names of many book publishers, all of whom are anxious to find new and interesting manuscripts. My advice, however, is not to be misled into paying out money in advance to have a manuscript put into print, unless you do so merely to feed your ego and to furnish dust catchers for the book shelves of your friends. Remember this—if your book is going to become successful, it will be because of its own merit and that merit will be quickly recognized by a publisher. And publishers do not ask payment in advance to finance the printing and binding of a book—in fact, they have advanced royalties instead.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:

We would like to know whether a man would have to pay any money to a wife who left him and took all the furniture out of the house, because he wanted to move to a cheaper place, but his wife refused to go with him.

(Signed) P. A. P.

ANSWER: I cannot pass on the legal side of your question, P. A. P., but from the sociological standpoint, the man is accepted as the head of the household—someone then must budget the income and expense account, and if a husband finds that he is unable to meet a higher

rent, and in the interests of his family moves to a less pretentious home, it is his wife's place to go with him. If she loves him, she will go with him. If she refuses to go, I would say that the chances are a hundred to one that her refusal is not because she is unwilling to live in less expensive quarters, but rather that she is using that as an excuse to avoid giving her real reason for being desirous of getting a separation. Morally the man would not be obligated. To get the legal side, you would have to consult an attorney.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:

I have been living here for five months, and recently met a boy that I have fallen in love with. I do not know where he lives, only that he is supposed to live somewhere in this town. Recently I spoke of him to some girl friends of mine that have lived here all their lives. It is a small place, and one of the girls spoke up and said, "That boy is handing you a line—there is no one by his name living in this town."

Now I am convinced he has given me a phony name, but I love him just the same. He does not suspect that I know anything about his deceit. Should I speak to him about it? I would, only I am afraid it would hurt his feelings and end our friendship.

(Signed) B. H.

ANSWER: It is barely possible, B. H., that this girl is mistaken. On the other hand, it is very probable, too, that he has been "handing you a line." It has been done before, you know.

Instead, then, of openly accusing him of using a phony name, I would suggest that you say you proudly spoke of keeping company with him to some of your friends who had lived there all their lives, and they could not place him. It is perfectly natural for you to then ask him for his exact address. He knows your address and if the boy is innocent, no one's feelings are hurt. (Please turn to page 54)

A FEW months ago a committee was formed of Columbia radio broadcasters, for the purpose of investigating some of the radio schools which were openly advertising guarantees to find their pupils jobs in radio or at the microphone, and I was asked to act as secretary of this committee.

Many complaints had come to the attention of the radio authorities from men and women who had paid out good money to take the courses offered by some of these schools, only to find that their time was wasted, nothing accomplished and promises unkept.

The sole purpose of this committee was to get at existing conditions and not to act in the capacity of an advisory board. And yet, for every letter that has come to me relating experiences of an unsatisfactory character with radio schools I have received at least ten letters requesting me to pass judgment by recommending or condemning the school mentioned in the writer's letter.

A great many of these letters have been directed to me in care of TOWER RADIO MAGAZINE. For that reason I wish to go on record as being absolutely unwilling to put my stamp of approval or disapproval on any radio school. One point, however, I wish to stress, that if I were interested in paying tuition to a school of any kind, because I felt that the school offered me an opportunity to prepare myself for a career, the first thing I would do would be to demand a list of its successful graduates, together with the total number of graduates. If a goodly proportion of those graduating from

an institution have found remunerative employment in the past, this, in my opinion, is a fine recommendation for the school. On the other hand, if out of a hundred graduates only two have been placed, I would consider that I had only a two per cent gamble on the money I would invest with such a school that I would be a successful graduate.

Better Business Bureaus have subsidiaries almost everywhere—in fact, in every large city. The locations of practically all the radio schools are in large cities; so I would contact the Better Business Bureaus and ask them for a report on the school.

A third step in self protection that I would take, would be to ask some official of the school to send me the names of the radio stations or networks who accepted their recommendations of graduates. I would then get in touch with the managers of these stations and secure an unbiased rating of the school.

These three steps are sufficient to safeguard anyone seeking entry into the radio through the medium of a school—and these are the only recommendations that I, as an individual or a member of this committee, can make to those of you who are interested in attending one of these schools with an idea toward a radio career.

Do your thinking before your matriculation—not afterward—and you will be following a wise course.

A LETTER from a destitute Californian asks briefly a question which I have had submitted to me many times:

"What would you consider the best way to go about having a book published?"

The book-review section of any Sunday news-

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.



An attractive display of everything good, on a background of red and white oil-cloth, for an informal Dutch supper.

Gertrude Niesen, CBS star, solves the problem of what to do when a hungry crowd drops in unexpectedly for a bite to eat



GIVE A DUTCH SUPPER

By RITA CALHOUN

TO the radio performer, whose hours are so busily taken up with rehearsing, studying, broadcasting and the thousand and one other things which fill the twenty-four hours of the day, a Dutch Supper is the most ideal way to feed the hungry brutes who suddenly decide to drop in for a "bite to eat" at midnight or thereabouts, after a broadcast or rehearsal. At least that's what Gertrude Niesen, exotic singer of the "Big Show" program, has decided in regard to her entertaining, for she finds that by raiding the refrigerator she can set up a table of delicious foods in a very few minutes, and one which will delight the guests inasmuch as they can take fork and plate in hand and go exploring over the table, trying this and that to their heart's content. So, let's pretend we are a guest, and start on the tour around the Dutch Supper Table.

First, there is the assortment of meats, cold cuts, fish or what have you. We wave our fork in the air trying to decide which it shall be—baked ham, salami, bologna, sliced tongue, liverwurst or sardines, and finally take a stab at the baked ham, thinking perhaps it might be the best choice from the lot which will be less apt to make us dream of



pink elephants and orchid colored alligators the rest of the night. As we nip a bite off just for a taste, its delicious flavor so intrigues us that we must stop for a moment to ask Miss Niesen what she does to a ham to make it so good. And she very generously gives us the following recipe:

Either soak the ham in cold water for two or three hours or freshen by putting ham in cold water and bringing to a boil—then pour off hot water and wash thoroughly.

Put in cold water and boil for two hours. Remove skin, and spread over the fat, which, with a sharp knife has been slashed diagonally to form

diamonds, a layer of prepared mustard and a layer of brown sugar. Stick a whole clove in each diamond. Bake in moderate oven for three or four hours—about 25 minutes to the pound.

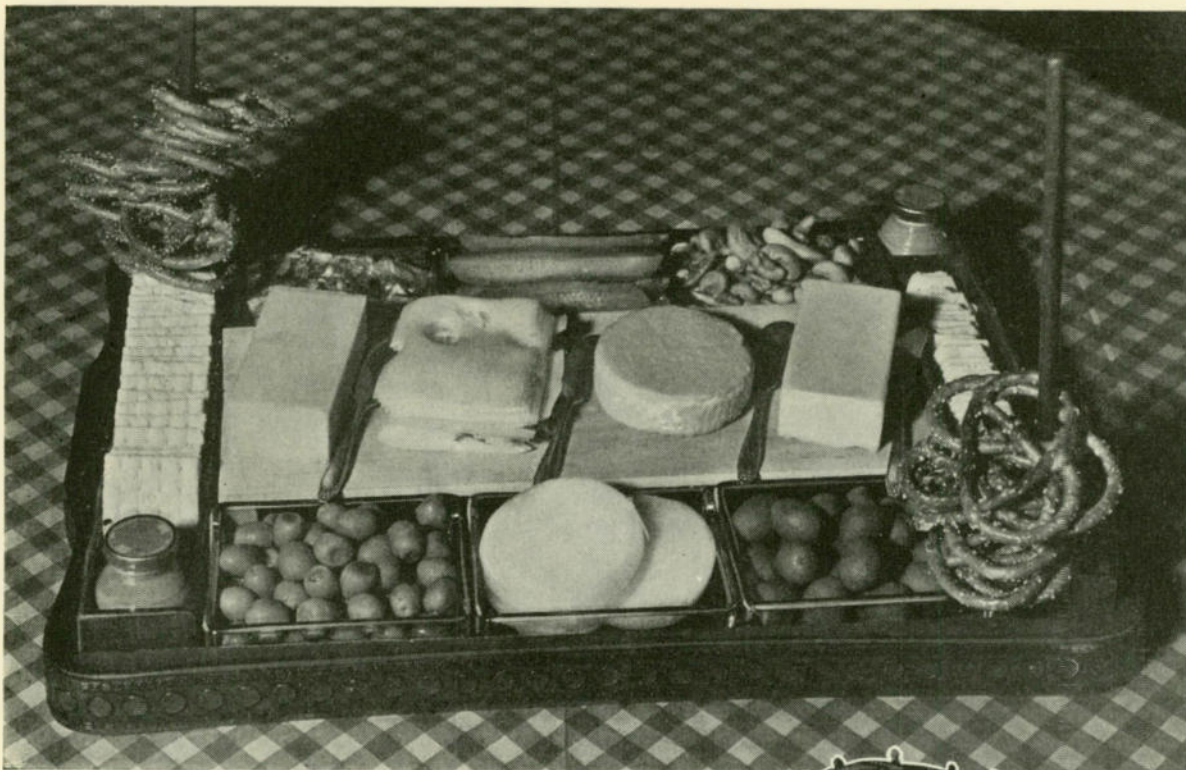
She also adds that sometimes at such suppers, when she is more prepared for such a bevy of guests, she also includes such delicacies as Steamed Clams or Deviled Crabs or Baked Beans in the menu. We pried into the secret of these culinary arts and were rewarded with several muchly prized lists of instructions, which we will pass on to you.

STEAMED CLAMS

After thoroughly scrubbing the clams to remove all sand and dirt from the shells, place them in a large steamer over boiling water, and allow to steam until the shells pop open. Remove clams from shells and dip in drawn butter. Season with a little salt and pepper if desired.

DEVILED CRABS

12 good-sized crabs
 ½ pint cream
 2 tablespoons flour
 ¼ tablespoon nutmeg, grated
(Please turn to page 34)



Surely you will find one of your favorite snacks on this large wooden tray.

Give a Dutch Supper

(Continued from page 33)

- 1 tablespoonful salt
- 1 tablespoonful butter
- 1 tablespoonful parsley
- Yolks of four hard boiled eggs
- Salt and cayenne pepper to taste

Place the crabs in a pan of warm water, add the salt and boil briskly for 30 minutes. Drain, break off all claws, separate shell, remove spongy fingers, and the stomach, which will be found under the head. Pick out all the meat.

Put the cream on to heat; blend the butter and flour and add to the thoroughly heated cream. Cook for two minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from fire, add the crab meat, hard boiled eggs mashed fine, parsley, nutmeg, salt and pepper. Clean the upper shells of the crabs and fill them with the mixture. Brush over with beaten egg, cover with bread crumbs and brown in quick oven, or put in frying basket and fry in hot fat until brown.

BAKED BEANS

- 1 pound white, red or kidney beans
- 1 teaspoon soda
- 1 tablespoon prepared mustard
- 2 tablespoons brown sugar
- 1 tablespoon granulated sugar or
- 2 tablespoons orleans or other dark molasses and
- 2 tablespoons granulated sugar
- 1 thick slice of salt pork
- Salt
- Pepper

Wash the beans and put them on to boil in cold water. When they reach the boiling point stir in the soda. Pour off immediately—rinse in cold water and cover again in cold water. Boil for 30 minutes. Remove from fire. Season with salt and pepper. Add mustard, the two tablespoons brown sugar and one tablespoon granulated sugar, or the two tablespoons orleans or other dark molasses and two tablespoons granulated sugar. Put in baked bean jar with two-inch slice of salt pork, and bake in a slow oven for six or seven hours. Keep tightly covered while baking.

The potato chips, for which we have a great weakness, struck our eye at once, and you can make

delightful ones right in your own kitchen if you will follow these directions:

Peel and slice the potatoes very thin. Dry the slices in a clean cloth and fry in deep, hot fat until a golden brown. Place on paper to absorb the grease and season lightly with salt.

The potato salad is a bit different from the usual old stand-by, so we think it deserves honorable mention:

- 1 bouillon cube
- 1 cup boiling water
- 6 large potatoes
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup French dressing
- 1 medium size onion, chopped
- 1 tablespoon chopped parsley

Boil potatoes, peel, cut in slices, add onion, bouillon cube dissolved in boiling water and French dressing. Sprinkle with parsley and hard boiled eggs, if desired.

From there we wander, already heavily laden, over to what my grandmother used to call "the apurtenance" section. This is made up of a large tray full of all the things you can sit and nibble on for hours—dill pickles, sweet pickles, big luscious looking green olives, some stuffed with pimientos, other with tiny pearl onions, and still others with almonds; all kinds of nuts; juicy ripe olives, which by the way, are one of Miss Niesen's weaknesses; sliced Bermuda onion; an assortment of cheeses—Swiss, American, Roquefort, cream, and others, which have such an affinity for the slices of crusty rye bread we spied nearby; crackers, and stacks of pretzels to go with a keg of beer which was gazing at us from the corner.

After sampling all these "finds," some ambitious person decides that a Welsh Rarebit or a Cheese

Souffle would be fine to top the evening off with, so back to the room of pots and pans, aprons and cook-stoves the party goes, and to the refrigerator to bring out these things for the Welsh Rarebit:

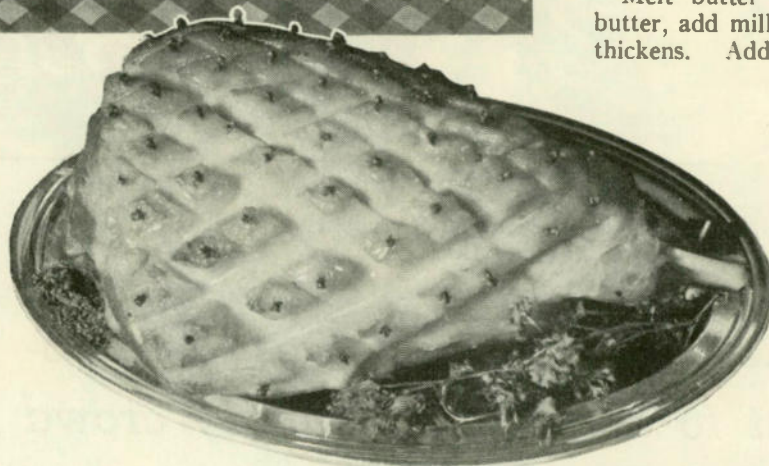
- 1 tablespoon butter
- 2 cups cheese (grated)
- 1 egg well beaten
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon Worcestershire Sauce
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cayenne pepper

Melt butter and cheese, stirring constantly. When thoroughly melted add the egg and seasonings. Add milk. When smooth, pour over buttered toast.

And over in another corner we found one member of the party struggling with a Cheese Souffle which is made a little differently from the rarebit, so here are the measurements:

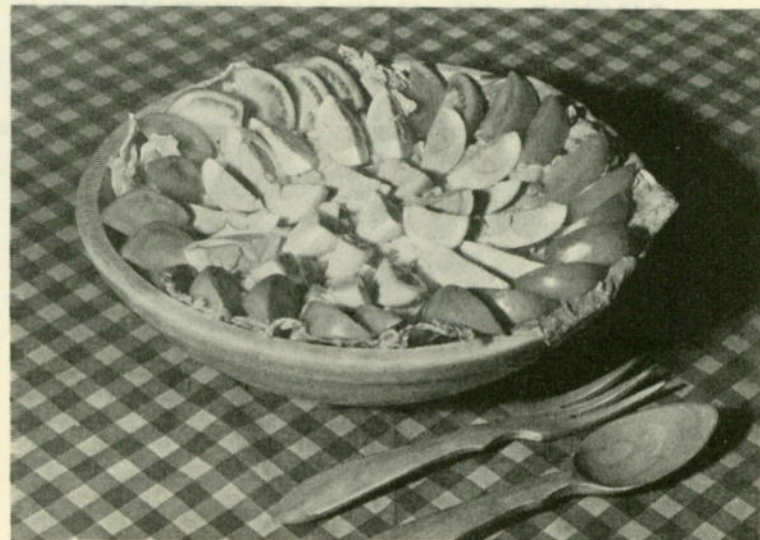
- $\frac{1}{8}$ pound American cheese (cut in small pieces)
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 3 tablespoons flour
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
- 3 eggs
- Dash of cayenne pepper

Melt butter in saucepan. Blend flour with butter, add milk stirring constantly until mixture thickens. Add seasoning and cheese. When



A golden brown baked ham garnished with parsley will find favor with all.

Good old-fashioned potato salad served in a large, simple wooden bowl.



cheese is melted remove from fire and stir in well-beaten egg yolks. Cool and fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into buttered baking dish and bake in slow oven for 20 minutes. This serves 4.

And so, leaving poor Miss Niesen, hypothetically speaking, with dozens of cheesy, floury and egg dishes to greet her eye on the morn, we "toddle off to our trundle beds" to, after all, dream of the pink elephants and orchid colored alligators.

So the next time a hungry crowd swoops down upon you, give them the famous old Dutch Supper and watch the smiles on their faces when they behold the table.

Send 10 cents to Rita Calhoun, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., if you would like our new party circular giving recipes, games and favors for parties.

Health— *through Exercise*



Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., Dept. 535-B.
1 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me the new publication on Exercise prepared by your Bureau of Physical Education.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

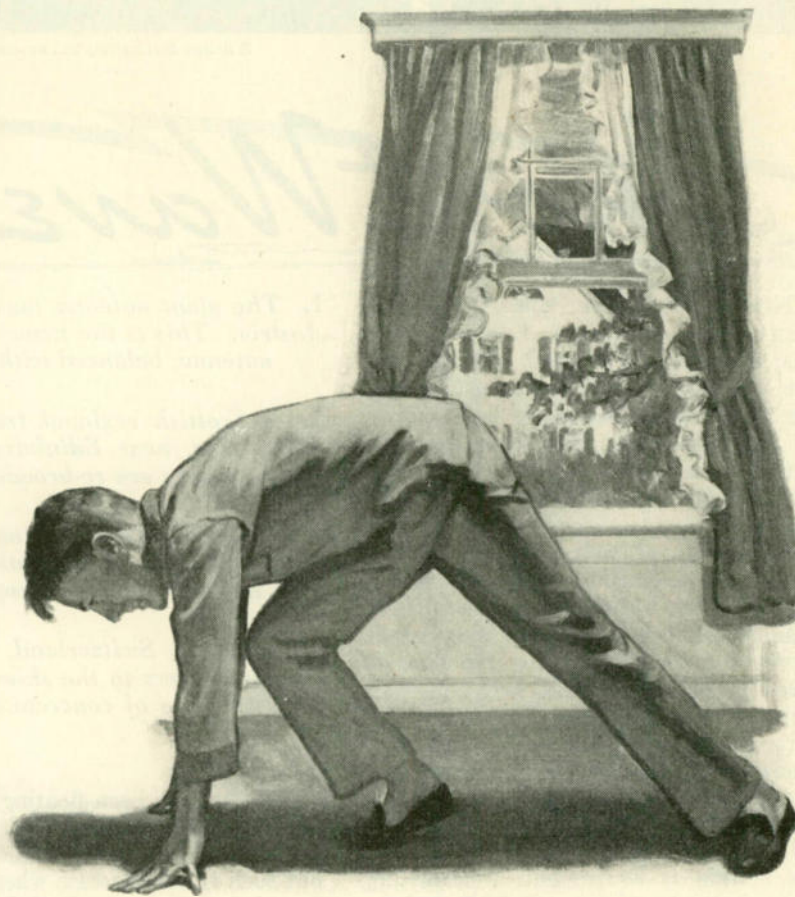
CITY _____ STATE _____

WHEN boys and girls play hard they use practically every muscle in their bodies. They run, jump, bend, twist and turn. It is the exercise they need to strengthen their muscles, straighten their backs, deepen their chests and square their shoulders.

Youngsters who are taught, as a part of their physical education, the other hygienic habits that have to do with posture, diet, cleanliness, fresh air and sleep, are bound to build stronger, healthier bodies. The pleasure found in exercise and in the skill acquired in those early years should encourage these boys and girls, when they are grown up, to continue their physical activity.

Fathers and mothers can learn from their children at play. It is easy, as one grows older, to give up exercise at the very time when it is needed. Perhaps you have forgotten that you require exercise to keep your heart and lungs in tune, to stimulate circulation, to preserve a correct posture which aids digestion and a more active functioning of other body organs.

There are some persons to whom vigorous exercise might be harmful. But unless your doctor has advised against your taking reasonable amounts of physical exercise, the booklet prepared by the Metropolitan's Bureau of Physical Education will



be helpful in supplementing your normal outdoor activity. You will not begrudge the few minutes a day given to exercise when you begin to get the benefit from it.

The Metropolitan has sent to policyholders and their neighbors more than 1,500,000 illustrated Exercise Charts. Send the coupon for the 1935 revised edition of the publication on Exercise.

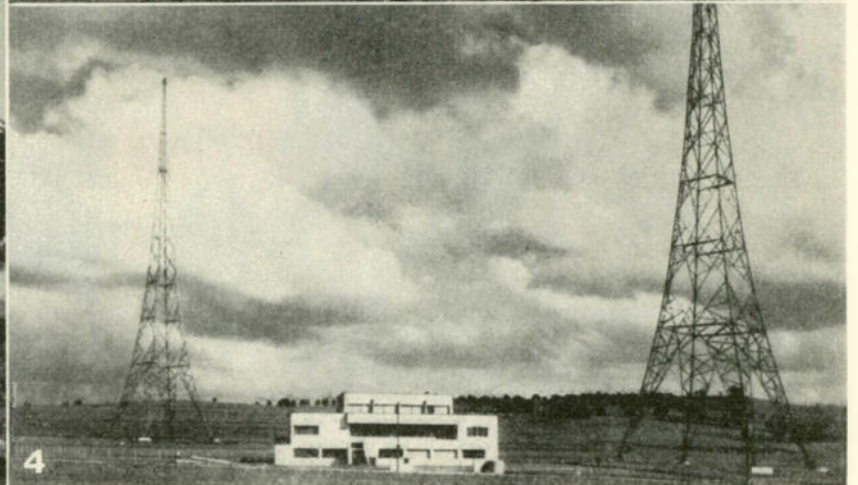
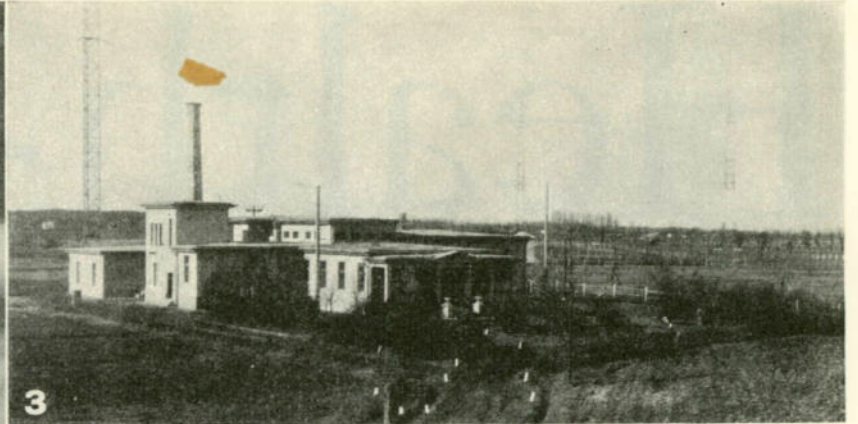
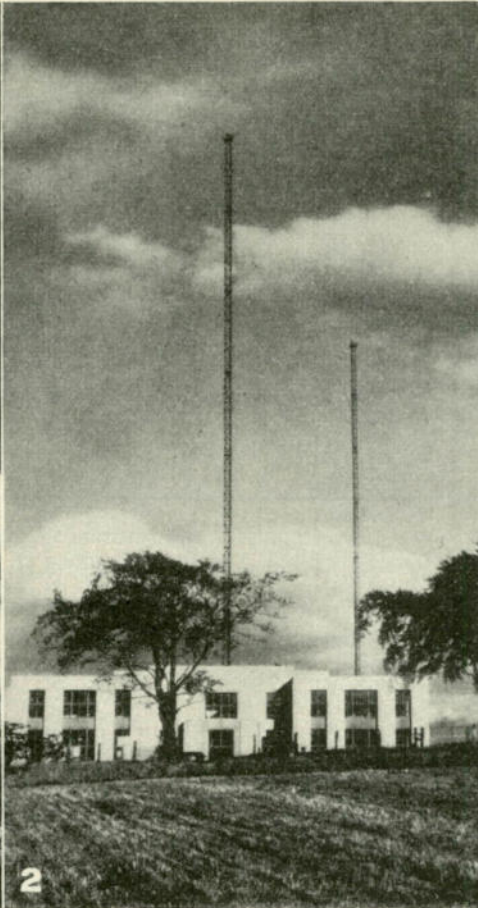
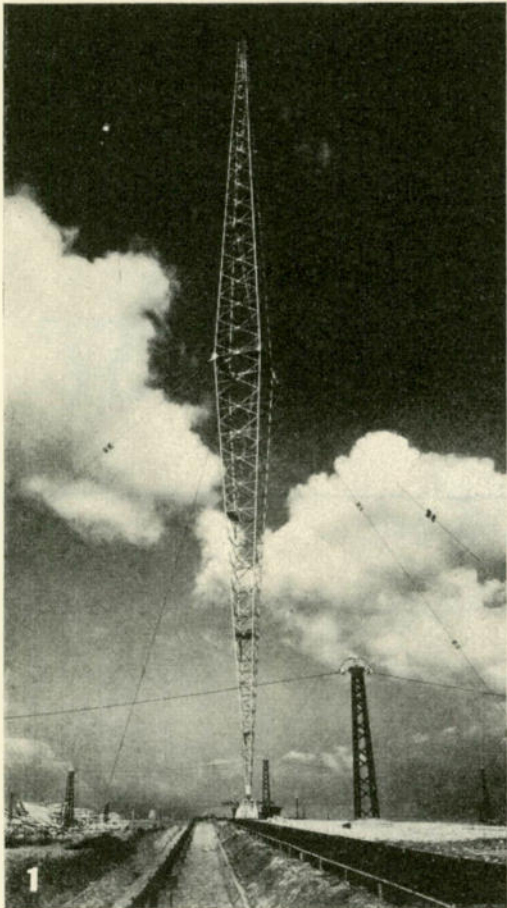


METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

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

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Short Wave Department

NOTHING is impossible when you have a short wave receiver. Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia, South and North America. Now we can add to this imposing list the islands of the South Seas. When we hear signals coming about 7,000 miles the short wave listener's heart will beat just a little quicker. The South Seas have always made us think of cannibals, waving palm trees, and throaty-voiced natives singing to the accompaniment of weird music. Tribal ceremonies that are resplendent in color and sound effects are wafted to us, *via* the ether waves, over oceans, mountains and continents until they reach the loud speaker of the short wave fan who is safely harbored in his easy chair, far, far away from the influence of the South Sea Islanders.

A short wave broadcasting station in Suva, Fiji Islands, is now operating on 13.075 kilocycles (22.94 meters) and is transmitting daily, except Sunday, from 12:30 A. M. to 1:30 A. M. Their call letters are VP1A and they are also known as "Radio Suva." This station is at present broadcasting recorded music of the American or British variety, with frequent announcements in English. Just as soon as the engineers of "Radio Suva" receive sufficient and authentic reports of reception their broadcasts will be of an entirely different character. In other words, "They will go native"—and that is what we are waiting for.

But while we are awaiting the advent of VP1A's native broadcasts we have another station's signals to snare. This proves to be almost as interesting a catch as "Radio Suva," because every day the

1. *The giant antenna mast of OER-2, Vienna, Austria. This is the newest type of short wave antenna, balanced with great guy wires.*
2. *A Scottish regional transmitting station at Westerglen, near Edinburgh. Programs originating here are re-broadcast by short wave.*
3. *The broadcasting station of HAS, near Budapest, Hungary. This station is located in the heart of the picturesque countryside.*
4. *At Bern, Switzerland, this station lifts its antenna towers to the skies. Note the modernistic type of concrete and glass studio.*

transmitter has been floating farther away from us. We all had the impression that the one thing in radio that really should be stable is a transmitter, but such is not the case when the transmitting unit is on board a vessel. Such is the case with KNRA, the call letters of the station on the Schooner *Seth Parker*. This four-masted schooner left New England many months ago and cruised along the Atlantic Coast, finally reaching the Galapagos Islands. From there the *Seth Parker* dropped from the public interest only to reappear on the short wave listener's horizon.

The first time we heard the *Seth* was when the schooner was in Tahiti. Phillips Lord, in charge of the expedition, gave a very interesting talk and

then brought some of the local talent to the microphone. From there the vessel sailed west *en route* to Samoa and seemingly their troubles began. Hurricanes, cyclones and a run of bad or, as seamen would say, dirty weather made their voyage far from pleasant. During all this time we were in contact with them and their weekly broadcasts were looked upon with favor by many, many listeners. Of course, short wave listeners did not wax enthusiastic over the re-broadcasts put on by one of our American chains but many DXers lost many a night's sleep tuning for KNRA. But the real DXer wanted to hear the *Seth Parker* direct, not through Hawaii, or any of the commercial phone circuits that were and are picking up the signals of KNRA and transmitting them to the American long wave stations.

The frequencies used by this floating transmitter are the same as those used by the Byrd Expedition when they were in Little America. KNRA seems to favor 24.3 meters and 31.2 meters. When you hear "KNRA, Seth Parker," calling KKU or whom ever they are calling, you will know that you have logged this schooner. Mr. Lord earnestly requests listeners to his programs to write direct to him. It is a very simple matter to know where to address your letters as he always gives the position of the vessel and the island they are near.

RECEPTION during the coming months will improve now that the Spring season is here. The tolling of Big Ben transmitted over the Daventry stations will be heard during the morning, noon and night.

After several weeks of experimenting in regard to the best time on the air and the most satisfactory wave length, 2RO, Rome, Italy, has settled down on 30.37 meters, during the afternoon, and 49.2 meters in the evenings. It has been said that few listeners to programs from overseas do so for the entertainment value, but any radio owner whose receiver is built for foreign reception, will spend many an hour listening to operas coming from the land of music—Italy. (Please turn to page 42)

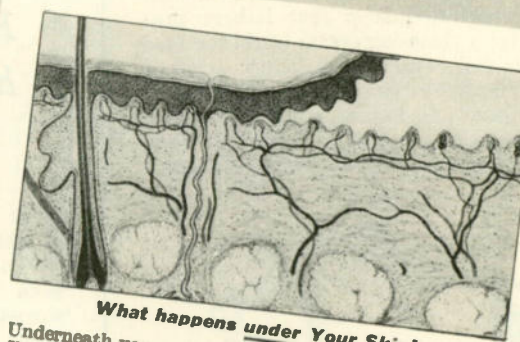


Lure of remote lands is the fascination of DX dialing—Spring brings better reception

By Captain HORACE L. HALL

Foremost authority on short wave in America

FIGHT LINES, WRINKLES, BLEMISHES WHERE THEY BEGIN—IN YOUR UNDER SKIN!



What happens under Your Skin!

Underneath your outer skin is the true skin or *cortum*. Here are myriads of tiny blood vessels, cells, nerves, fat and muscle tissues, oil glands. On these depends the beauty of your outer skin. When they grow sluggish, look out for blackheads, coarseness, blemishes, lines!

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

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

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

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

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

SAGGING TISSUES, due to loss of nerve tone, impaired circulation, fatty degeneration of the muscles.

Mrs. Crawford Blagden, Jr., of Tuxedo, New York, says: "Pond's Cold Cream cleanses thoroughly."

SEE SMOOTH GLOWING CHEEKS RETURN AS DEEP-REACHING CREAM STIRS UNDER SKIN BACK TO VIGOROUS ACTION

HAVE you ever asked yourself *where* do skin faults first begin? The answer is—in the *under* layers of your skin.

You see, the *under* layers of your skin are just full of little nerves, fibres, cells, oil glands, fat and muscle tissues. Keep *them* actively at work, and your outer skin just blooms beauty.

But once the teens are past, all these busy goings on in the underskin slow up. Oil glands begin to dry up, or lose control and give off too much oil. Circulation slows. Nerves and fibres lose their snap. Result—all sorts of little blemishes, blackheads, roughness—as you grow older, lines, sallowness, wrinkles, sagging tissues!

THAT is why you must choose a cream that *goes deep* and keeps your underskin active.

Pond's Cold Cream goes right to the underskin. Its specially processed oils sink deep. As you pat



What Mrs. Francis Grover Cleveland says to you

"Pond's Cold Cream seems to wipe away lines and blemishes—gives the skin a fresh, smooth look." Mrs. Cleveland's skin was pronounced by a leading dermatologist to be "of fine, soft texture . . . at least ten years younger than her actual age."

it into your skin, you feel the circulation freshened, stimulated. Dirt, make-up, all sorts of impurities from within the skin itself are softened, loosened, lifted from the pores. Your underskin is liberated, free to function actively again.

Take a look in your mirror, after a thorough,

deep-skin cleansing and stimulation with this cream. How much fresher and clearer your skin is! With just one treatment!

Pond's Cold Cream is pure, germ-free. Use it daily. *Every night* before retiring to flush impurities away, free the skin, stimulate its under layers.

In the daytime, too, to freshen it, bring the color to your cheeks, give your skin the satiny surface that takes your rouge and make-up so smoothly.

See what 9 treatments will do

It is easy to try Pond's. We are making it especially easy for you, by offering you a special tube of it, enough for 9 treatments! Just send us the coupon below, and a generous package is yours. Remember, the healthy, vigorous *underskin* Pond's Cold Cream gives you is a sure means to the lovely, satiny *outer skin* every woman wants.

Mail coupon today—FOR GENEROUS PACKAGE
including 9-treatment tube of Pond's Cold Cream and 3 other Pond's beauty aids.

POND'S, Dept. E-48, Clinton, Conn.

I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1935, Pond's Extract Company

The MAKE-UP BOX

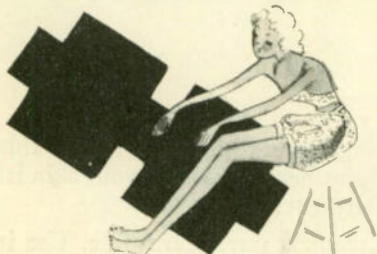
Ask Marilyn! Her Beauty Task
Is to Help You Bask in Beauty

THE FASCINATING FIVE: No, I'm not speaking of those adorable quintuplets but of a special beauty set to give you a complexion as divinely soft and smooth as a baby's. There's a cake of superfatted soap that lathers profusely; a cleansing cream to rid the face of its daily dust and make-up; a jar of special fluffy cream to cover minor blemishes and impart a pearly shimmer to the skin; a box of feathery face powder; topped off by a bottle of classic



Eau de Cologne. The whole outfit has the same clean fresh outdoor fragrance that characterizes the cologne. I just had to have all five and so will you, for the price of the set is within the most limited budget.

HINTS TO THE HIRSUTE: Hosiery this spring is triple-sheer and noteworthy is the popularity of navy blue stockings of cobweb texture. All the more reason that your limbs *must* be free from ugly superfluous hair. Now is the time to remove the dark unsightly growth that destroys the beauty of sheer silk stock-



ings. Use of a new double-surface pad with snap fastener is an easy and effective way of doing the job. True, the hair will grow in again, but it won't be that dark stubble that is often the aftermath of shaving, and is *that* a consolation!

BETTER BOSOMS: Seems as though everyone is either too flat-chested or too buxom because recent mention of this so vital subject in this column brought inquiries by the carload. Had to reorder new circulars so there's plenty to go round. Be sure to send your stamped envelope for this month's circular . . . it's just brim full of gay and exciting beauty news from—

Marilyn

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

Harriet Hilliard TALKS ON EYES

Here are beauty
hints from radio's
lovely star

I'D like to explode once and for all the theory that Continental women know how to make up. It may have been true years ago when American women were gingerly experimenting with rouge, powder and lipstick, when the use of mascara and shadow was eyed askance. But today smart debutantes as well as dignified dowagers have far more skill in the use of cosmetics than their European sisters. Typical of the Continental woman's use of make-up is a mask-like pallor of powder, eyelids heavy with a startling shade of eyeshadow and lashes beaded with mascara, plus a coating of dark lip-rouge.

Probably one reason why American girls get so much better effects is because we are more alert and receptive to beauty suggestions. Because so many of you have written me about care of the eyes and make-up, I've jotted down a few rules for beautiful eyes which I find simple but effective.

1. Sleep and more sleep is the most important factor in eye beauty. Even though my work necessitates turning night into day, you may be sure I get plenty of sleep. Eight hours at least and occasional naps in between, for nothing develops little crowsfeet about the eyes and a haggard appearance more quickly than lack of sleep.

2. An eye-bath to keep the eyes clear and fresh. Place an eye-cup half full of boric acid solution under the lower lid, tilt back your head with your eye closed, fit the cup snugly over the eye. Then open the eye and blink several times. This will wash away little specks of dust and grime and relieve eyestrain.

3. Use of a rich tissue cream or oil to lubricate the sensitive skin on the upper and lower lids. About once a week, I soak cotton pads in warm olive oil and place over the eyes, lying down for about fifteen minutes and relaxing completely. I alternate this treatment with the use of fragrant herb packs which bring a fresh radiance to the eyes.

4. Simple exercises to strengthen the muscles of the eyes. Without moving the head, look up to the ceiling, then to the floor. As far right as possible and as far left as possible. Inscribe a com-

plete circle with your eyes, moving them very slowly.

5. A good tweezer is important, too. Although the natural brow is returning to favor, I tweeze my eyebrows to a rather thin line. It seems more becoming to my type of face than if I were to allow them to grow as nature intended. But because the contours of your face should be considered in addition to the shape and coloring of your eyes it is wiser to have them first tweezed by an expert. Then with the aid of your own tweezers, you can pluck the straggly hairs as they grow in. Always go over your brows after powdering with a tiny brush to remove all traces of powder. Short and stubby brows should be lengthened with an eyebrow pencil. Start at the nose and go over and over the brows with light touches until the desired line and color are obtained.

6. Eye make-up. I have lots of fun experimenting with eye make-up. Right now I am using a soft brown eyebrow pencil, brown mascara and silver flecked lavender eyeshadow. The latter isn't nearly so artificial looking as it sounds and gives a delightful effect under bright lights. For daytime use, however, I prefer a touch of gray-blue. If you have vivid blue or soft gray eyes, use a light gray-blue eyeshadow. If you have

brown eyes, use light brown eyeshadow or olive green. Girls with hazel eyes can use green, lavender, gray-blue and brown shadow. The choice of a color depends largely upon the color of the eyes, hair and skin. But do remember to use it sparingly. With the eye closed, apply eyeshadow delicately on the eyelid near the lashes, blending lightly over the rest of the eyelid and tapering off to a shadow. Better to use too little than too much.

Two little brushes are necessary to apply mascara properly . . . one dry and the other moistened. With the moistened brush and very little mascara, start tinting the lashes brushing the upper lashes with upward strokes outward toward the temples. First one eye then the other. The lashes should be thoroughly dry before each application. When the desired effect is obtained, go over the make-up with the dry brush separating the lashes carefully.

7. To remove eye make-up, dampen a cleansing tissue and pull down the lashes one by one. Mascara comes off in a jiffy!

Since eyes are admittedly responsible for about 90 per cent of the expression of the face it is important to give them the care and attention they deserve. I can't afford to neglect mine. Can you?



Columbia
Broadcasting
System



Care of the eyes should be as much a part of
daily routine as brushing the teeth.

Every girl should concentrate upon making
her eyes her most attractive feature.

WIFE ENDS QUARRELS BY CUTTING DOWN RUNS



Young Marrieds have another scene about stocking bills!

Pretty Mrs. Elton Lord thinks her husband a "brute"—he wonders if every wife is as extravagant as she is. "How can I help it if my stockings go into runs like nobody's business!" she cries. "Don't you say another word—I'm fed up!" And so—a little quarrel becomes a big one—ends with Ruth in tears. Then...

Read Story Below



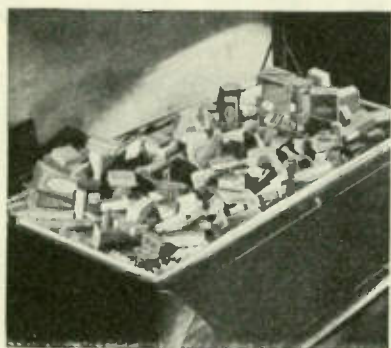
RUN TROUBLES SOLVED WITH NEIGHBOR'S HELP

"You can cut down on runs and save Elton's money if you wash your stockings in Lux," friend advises. Lux saves elasticity, so the silk gives instead of breaking under strain so easily. Cake-soap rubbing and soaps with harmful alkali weaken elasticity—then runs often start.

RIFT ENDED! Ruth and Elton find Lux does cut down run troubles. "I bet we nearly paid for this week-end trip out of what I've saved on stockings!" Ruth boasts as they roll along the boardwalk at the shore. Elton's thrilled, too. "Lucky that you got on to Lux," he says. Every husband will say that to every thrifty wife who sticks to Lux!

LUX SAVES STOCKING ELASTICITY

OUR "HOPE CHEST"



—it tells you why
you shouldn't try an
untried laxative

At the Ex-Lax plant is a big box containing 522 little boxes. Each one contains a laxative that "hoped" to imitate Ex-Lax, and get away with it.

For 28 years we have seen them come and seen them go... while Ex-Lax has gone along growing bigger and bigger year by year... simply by giving satisfaction to millions of people who turned to it for pleasant, painless, thorough relief from constipation.

WHY EX-LAX HAS STOOD THE TEST OF TIME

Ex-Lax is a chocolated laxative... but it is so much more than just chocolate flavor and a laxative ingredient. The way it is made... the satisfaction it gives... these things apparently can't be copied. They haven't been yet!

Of course, Ex-Lax is thorough. Of course, it is gentle. It won't give you stomach pains, or leave you feeling weak, or upset you. It won't form a habit... you don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

AND... THAT "CERTAIN SOMETHING"

So many imitators have tried to produce a chocolated laxative that would equal Ex-Lax. But they couldn't. Why? Because Ex-Lax is more than just a chocolated laxative. Because the exclusive Ex-Lax process gives Ex-Lax a "certain something"—a certain ideal action that words just can't explain and that no other laxative has. But once you try Ex-Lax, you'll know what we mean, and nothing else will ever do for you.

Ex-Lax comes in 10c and 25c boxes—at any drug store. If you would like to find out how good it is... at our expense... just mail the coupon below for a free sample.

When Nature forgets—
remember

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!

EX-LAX, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

B66 Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.

Name _____

Address _____



TOWER RADIO recently took a group of radio stars to Scranton, Pa., for a benefit performance. Here they are as they leave on their special car: l. to r. standing, Jerry Cooper, Jules Alberti, Miriam Gibson, associate editor TOWER RADIO, Benay Venuta, The Wallace Sisters, Rosemary Lane, J. Ulmi, pianist, Kay Thompson, Harry Goodman of Scranton, Micky Aldrich, Ronald Ames. Front row, Cliff Hall, Bob Taplinger, Ray Perkins, Jack Pearl, Fred Waring, Poley McClintock, Frederick James Smith, Editor TOWER RADIO, Johnny Davis and Frank Perkins.

Oh, Min!

(Continued from page 16)

student, and he has all the interest in sports and outdoor activities that a real boy has. In addition to his radio work, Lester Jay has made some appearances in the movies and has been in stage plays. He got his start in things theatrical when his parents entered his photograph in a newspaper contest, and a motion picture firm liked the photograph well enough to ask him to come to the studio for a movie test.

Tilda, the maid in the Gump household, is the only one who isn't afraid to talk back to the loud-talking Gumps. She makes a very funny character in the stories, and she is well played by an experienced actress on the radio. Edith Spencer is the one who takes the part of Tilda, and she has had some twenty-five years of stage experience. She is a very jovial person in the studio, even though she is called upon to make some rather cutting remarks in the stories she enacts. She is also heard in "Soconyland Sketches," "Marie, the Little French Princess," and other programs. She has two great hobbies, astrology and numerology, and is constantly besieged by fellow-players in radio who want her to tell their fortunes, but she insists the subjects are scientific and not fortune-telling schemes.

Everybody who sees Sidney Smith's cartoons of The Gumps or listens to the radio stories wants to know about Uncle Bim. He is the rich uncle from Australia in whom Andy and Min place so much hope for monetary help every now and then. Uncle Bim is played by a tall, thin, distinguished-looking actor, George Graham, who is a native of England, but has played extensively on the American stage. Mr. Graham retains just enough of his native British accent to fit in well with the Australian intonations which Uncle Bim would have.

UNCLE BIM, after he had worked long and hard in Australia and made his fortune, fell in love with a blond, light-headed bit of fluff by the name of Millie. What's more, he married her! These two have some rather comical scenes occasionally when Uncle Bim wants to sit at home and talk politics with Andy, while Millie wants "Bimmie Darling" to take her out dancing. The part of the giggling Millie is

played by Alney Alba, a little blonde who is as fluffy and cute and pretty as her cartoon counterpart. There is one big difference, however. Miss Alba has brains as well as good looks and is a very capable radio actress.

These constitute the chief characters who appear regularly in the stories. There is one more actor who is a pretty regular member of the acting company, although he plays many different parts instead of one part that continues through the stories. He is Charles Cantor, and one of the best bits of acting he has done was the role of Jeffers, the English valet, who caused many flutterings of Tilda's heart until she discovered he was already married, the wretch! Cantor has had extensive experience on the stage and in radio, and he says that acting in the Gump series is more like being in a jolly family than acting for the radio.

Now that we have met the people who act in the Gumps, would you like to know some of the background facts about the program? In the first place, you will notice that the stories on the radio are entirely independent of the stories running in the newspaper cartoons. The radio stories take Sidney Smith's familiar characters and put them through adventures that make effective radio material. With such interesting characters as The Gumps to start with, there is plenty of material for both mediums.

The producer and director of The Gumps series is Himan Brown, one of the most interesting and successful of the younger men in radio. Mr. Brown has been out of college only a few years, is still very much in his twenties, and yet, including recorded as well as single-station and network programs, he produces a total of seventeen radio programs each week. He is the producer of "Marie, the Little French Princess" series, the "Dick Tracy" series, the "Little Italy" sketches, and several individual programs. He is naturally one of the busiest men in radio, yet he has a calm, unhurried manner, conducts his business from his own home, where he lives happily with his wife and small child, and in his quiet way turns out some of the most successful productions on the air. To cap it all, this young man, a native New Yorker, studied law at

college, but after getting his degree, instead of practicing law, he went into radio and has never regretted his choice.

"WE try to make the Gumps a real American family, even though a cartoon one," says Mr. Brown. "In many radio stories of family life, you find a great deal of sorrow and heart-throbs and suspense, but we present everything brightly, with a humorous intent. The Gumps, after all, are based on cartoons, and we make them cartoon characters in spirit on the radio. However, they have a soul and spirit of essential humanity. There is something very worth-while in the way Andy and his son Chester pal around together and take up for each other; and though Min sometimes has a hard time getting Chester up in the morning, still he is never neglectful of his mother, and has a great deal of affection for her. Andy does a lot of useless talking, but you feel that he is a generous and well-intentioned soul at heart, and there are some affecting—even though comic—scenes when Andy really tries to help Uncle Bim and advise him how to handle that giddy young wife, Millie. Naturally, there is just nothing about women that Andy doesn't know—in his own opinion. Min might tell you otherwise! All in all, you meet some kindly, though comic, folks when you follow the adventures of the Gump family."

That last is a good suggestion. Tune in this morning, and the very first words to come from the loudspeaker will be one of the most famous expressions in all the history of American cartoons—Andy Gump calling, "Oh, Min!"

The Gumps may be heard each Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday at 12:15 P.M., E.S.T., over the following CBS stations:

WABC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WGR, WNAC, WGR, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WOWO, WDRC, KMBC, WHAS, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WJSV, KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI, WGST, WBRC, WBNS, KRLD, KLZ, KTRH, KFAB, KLRA, WREC, WISN, WCCO, WDSU, KOMA, WHEC, KSL, KTSA, KSCJ, WMAS.



Tintex

BRINGS COLOR MAGIC TO EVERY WASHABLE FABRIC

Keeps Your Wardrobe and Home Decorations Up-to-the Minute in Color-Smartness

The millions of smart women who are never without Tintex in their homes have learned this vital fact: *Tintex Tints and Dyes give you the color you want . . . when you want it...where you want it!*

Tintex always gives professional tinting and dyeing results . . . in a jiffy . . . without muss, fuss, or bother. Simply "tint as you rinse" and Tintex brings fashion's latest colors . . . or restores faded colors . . . to everything in your wardrobe...or home decorations. Try Tintex today! 35 brilliant, long-lasting colors from which to choose.

PARK & TILFORD, Distributors

Avoid Substitutes . . .
Tintex quality never varies! Perfect results every time. That's why millions of women
INSIST ON TINTEX

Tintex

The World's Largest Selling TINTS & DYES



Tintex
KEEPS "UNDIES" BRIGHT AND GAY
All your dainty underthings . . . negligees . . . lingerie . . . stockings . . . slips . . . laces . . . so easy to keep color-fresh, color-new with Tintex.



Tintex
KEEPS APPAREL SMART-WITH-COLOR
Tintex brings the latest Paris colors to your entire wardrobe . . . dresses, blouses, sweaters, sports clothes . . . children's frocks and men's shirts, too.



Tintex
KEEPS YOUR HOME DECORATIONS NEW
Your curtains, drapes, bedspreads, luncheon sets, doilies, slip-covers...and other home decorations are so easy to keep up-to-the minute in color smartness with magic Tintex.



TINTEX COLOR REMOVER
WHEN TO USE
Whenever you want to change a dark-colored fabric to a light color . . . first use Tintex Color Remover. It removes all the old dye. Then simply tint the fabric the color you wish with Tintex.

I was sallow and sort of logy



● Everything I ate seemed to give me gas—I just couldn't get my system regulated properly. My little boy suffered from constipation, too, and didn't like the taste of castor oil. His teacher advised me to give him FEEN-A-MINT. He thought it was just nice chewing gum and took it without the usual fuss. It gave him such a prompt and complete movement that I chewed one myself. That was over a year ago and I want to tell you that FEEN-A-MINT has been a welcome friend in relieving constipation. I wouldn't have any other laxative in the house.

Used by over 15,000,000 people

Our files are full of letters telling what FEEN-A-MINT does for people. Doctors know that FEEN-A-MINT does a more thorough job, and does it gently, because you must chew it—and chewing spreads the laxative evenly through the intestines so that more complete relief comes without straining and griping. Try FEEN-A-MINT yourself—you'll join the 15,000,000 people who are boosters for FEEN-A-MINT—15 and 25¢ at any druggist's.



CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE...
THEN IT MIXES WITH DIGESTIVE JUICES AND SPREADS EVENLY THROUGH THE CLOGGED SYSTEM. THAT IS WHY FEEN-A-MINT GIVES MORE THOROUGH RELIEF, WITHOUT VIOLENCE. ESPECIALLY ADVISABLE FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

**FOR BETTER RESULTS
CHEW YOUR
LAXATIVE**

Feen-a-mint
The Chewing-Gum LAXATIVE

Short Wave Department

(Continued from page 36)

Music lovers the world over acknowledge Rome as the center of the best in music. All we need to do is turn our dials to the lower wave lengths and 2RO's signal will leave you breathless with the beauty of its selections and lack of interruptions that are sometimes so annoying on our stations.

One cannot mention the foreign stations without thinking of the band music that comes from Germany. As one fan said, when speaking about the Deutchlandsender's station, "When they are on—they are on!" This is true. The only time we do experience any difficulty tuning in the "D" stations is when their transmissions are radiated toward Asia and Africa. At the hour that Germany is broadcasting these programs, all short wave listeners are supposed to be in bed. But dyed-in-the-wool fans never sleep! They know that DJC, 49.83 meters, transmits a varied program to North America from 5:50 to 10:30 P.M. but they insist on trying to "pull-in" DJN, 31.45 meters, in the small hours of the morning.

This identical situation is true of the English transmissions. They have their allotted time on the air divided so that it reaches every one of their colonies when their colonists are awake. Therefore when the Australians are just sitting down to read the paper and enjoy Henry Hall and his B.B.C. orchestra, Mr. New York is looking at the clock and wondering why the sun is coming up! Mr. New York also wonders why he does not receive the "G" signal at this hour with as much volume as he does from 6 to 8 P.M. The answer is simply this. The "G" stations' signals are all beamed and this very early morning transmission is directed toward Australia. When we do hear this signal, according to authorities, it is coming the "long way" round the world. It is only during exceptional radio conditions that we do hear this transmission at all.

Every radio listener has his pet station. Many that I know enjoy listening to Paris more than any of the foreign locals. There is charm, and glamour about Paris and so many people have traveled back and forth to the French capital that they get a real thrill when they tune in FYA and think, "That is gay Paree!" Pleasant memories are stirred of side-walk cafes and gendarmes strolling along in the spring sunshine. How many short wave listeners spent a school holiday in Paris, promised to return and never did! These listeners hear the true Parisian French when they listen to these broadcasts. Say what you will, no one, not even a native of France, speaks real French except one born and bred there. A professor of French, in one of our colleges, wrote me a letter and said, "When I listen to the Pontoise station's announcer I realize how poor my French really is!" There is a hint for you radio listeners who want to "brush up" on your foreign languages. With the coming of warmer days, France will be heard until one o'clock in the morning.

The Spanish station, located in the very heart of old Madrid, has thousands of daily listeners. Why? No one knows. Many reasons for the success of EAQ have been advanced. Some say the programs are good, others say that the station is "sure to come in!" Personally I think the Madrid station is popular because we hear the station announcements spoken frequently. There is no doubt in your mind to whom you are listening! EAQ is, by the way, one of the oldest established short wave broad-



SAD AND BLUE



NOW "I DO"

Blue Waltz brought me happiness

I used to be so sad, so blue. Secretly I was starving for good times, dates. It seems like a miracle to think that all those dreary days are gone and that now I'm a happy bride. And all because I discovered what alluring charm Blue Waltz Perfume can give!

It's almost magic how this exquisite perfume creates a world of enchantment around you... how, like a dreamy waltz in moonlight, it inspires romance and tender yearning.

And you can look lovelier, too. I got the thrill of a lifetime when I tried all of the Blue Waltz Cosmetics. You can get the same thrill!

Make up carefully with Blue Waltz Lipstick and Blue Waltz Face Powder. See how temptingly luscious your lips look. Notice how perfectly this fine powder blends with the natural tone of your skin, making it radiantly fresh and youthful. Your mirror will tell you honestly how beautiful you are and what a glorious improvement Blue Waltz Cosmetics have made!

You are really unfair to your beauty if you don't buy Blue Waltz Perfume and Cosmetics today. For your protection, they are "certified to be pure" and they are only 10c each at your 5 and 10c store.



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

Blue Waltz
PERFUME AND COSMETICS
FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK

The Catch of the Month

We went "gunning" one morning recently about 4.45 A.M. and chose the seemingly unpopular 70-meter band for our scene of adventure. On 70.65 meters, we "bagged" a carrier and within a few minutes the program was audible. It consisted of band selections, violin solos and announcements. It was RV15, Khaborovsk, U.S.S.R. By 5.10 A.M. the signal strength was excellent but bursts of static took away much of the pleasure of logging it. This station's signals are a steady visitor to all short wave fans on the West Coast.

The Portuguese Radio Club inaugurated a new short wave station in Parede, Portugal, operating on 24.2 meters, during the daytime and 48.4 meters in the evening. All listeners were provided with ample opportunity to tune for them. We heard them several evenings in succession on 48.4 meters. The signal was fair but built up until the station announcements were clear and distinct. Several languages, including English, are spoken by the announcer. The call letters are CT1GO.

—CAPT. H. L. HALL.

casting stations in existence.

We have a sister to EAQ and "her" name is CT1AA. This station in Lisbon, Portugal, has been breaking all records in regard to volume, quality of programs and signal strength. Cleverly using three cuckoo calls for an identifying signal, CT1AA is making itself known to all listeners. We all remember when this station was considered a "catch" but those days are gone forever. Transmitting on 31.35 meters on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday from 5 to 7 P.M. E.S.T., Lisbon is now heard in every part of the world. Test transmission's on 50.17 meters are occasionally heard and the station requests reports on reception of these signals.

We often wonder if PHI, Holland, should or should not be classed as a foreign local. This station is heard here in the United States with fine volume when operating on 25.57 meters, but due to the fact that they transmit from 7:30 to about 11 A.M., many listeners have not the opportunity to tune them in. PHI's broadcasts are really intended for the Dutch possessions in Asia. That is why Mr. Startz, the linguist announcer, generally says, "Good-night, my friends," when he signs off. If this station had an evening schedule, we are certain PHI would have many more listeners, at least here in America.

Radio has established more good-will among the people of the nations than all the ambassadors put together. That is one reason foreign countries, with possessions in various parts of the world, transmit entertaining programs to their colonists. Java likes to hear the news bulletins from Holland.

Government officials sent to Belgian Congo can listen to ORK, 29.04 meters, Belgium, and know that they are not forgotten by their homeland. Frenchmen stationed in the outposts and wilds of Morocco, can hear the news spoken from Paris by another Frenchman. Letters are long in reaching their destination and news is stale by the time it reaches them. But with a short wave receiver they are in touch with the entire world.

Tuning in foreign telephones' short wave circuits fire our imagination. Ship-to-shore conversations reveal the fact that we are all glad to get home or sorry to leave—the difference being which way the ship is going! Maybe we are growing romantic about radio, but why not?

"Only in Kotex can you find these
3 satisfying comforts"

CAN'T CHAFE .. CAN'T FAIL .. CAN'T SHOW

"Three exclusive features solve three important problems every woman faces. I explain them to you here because there is no other place for you to learn about them."

Mary Pauline Callender

Author of
"Marjorie May's 12th Birthday"



CAN'T CHAFE...

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



CAN'T FAIL

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



CAN'T SHOW...

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



● I've always felt that the real facts on this intimate subject were withheld from women. So here I present information every woman should know.

I realize that most sanitary napkins look pretty much alike. Yet they aren't alike either in the way they're made or in the results they give. For only genuine Kotex offers the 3 exclusive advantages I explain on this page — the 3 features that bring you women the comfort and safety you seek.

And did you ever look at it this way? With

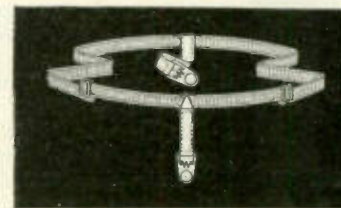
Kotex now costing so little and giving so much, there's really no economy in buying any other kind.

5 times as absorbent

Did you know this? The Kotex absorbent cellulose-cotton (not cotton) is 5 times as absorbent as cotton. It is the identical absorbent used in the majority of our leading hospitals.

If you require extra protection you will find Super Kotex ideal. For emergency, Kotex is in West Cabinets in ladies' rest rooms.

NEW ADJUSTABLE BELT REQUIRES NO PINS!



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

WONDERSOFT KOTEX

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

KOOL

MILDLY MENTHOLATED

Cigarettes
CORK-TIPPED



MEET THE STAR OF SMOKING COMFORT!

Lay-dees and Gen-tel-men! We offer an all-star feature!! The tobacco is choice Turkish and domestic. It's mildly mentholated to give your throat a most dee-lightful, a most ree-freshing coolness. There are cork tips to save your lips. And—finally—there's a valuable B & W coupon in each pack good for handsome nationally advertised merchandise (offer good in U.S.A. only). So step right up! Buy a pack or buy a carton. Have the time of your smoking lives!! And write today for FREE illustrated premium booklet.

SAVE COUPONS for HANDSOME MERCHANDISE



15¢ for TWENTY

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

The Search for Something Better

(Continued from page 23)

steps. With these will go some of the more melodic movements from symphonic works. Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony" doesn't seem nearly so formidable when one recognizes in it the melody which was made into the song, "You Are My Song of Love;" and the largo from Dvorak's "New World" symphony brings the comforting melody of "Going Home."

Here, then, is the basic structure of the program. How shall it be presented? It was agreed that the numbers should be introduced by a cultured, chatty commentator, a person with undoubted authority, and yet with friendly, human appeal. A careful search was made, keeping in mind the sponsor's behest that only a person of the very highest qualifications was wanted.

Again, all signs pointed to one outstanding figure. Professor William Lyon Phelps, the beloved "Billy" Phelps whose long years as professor of English at Yale University had endeared him to students from all over the world, seemed the perfect choice for the program. Cultured, widely traveled, and endowed with an enormous zest for living, Professor Phelps had built up a nation-wide following with his magazine articles, lecture tours, his regular monthly department, "As I Like It" in *Scribner's Magazine*, his essays and books. He could introduce music with bits of personal reminiscence, with vivid descriptions of debuts and notable performances, and aside from the music he could be given a few minutes just to chat with his audience in his own friendly, engaging fashion. Professor Phelps would add to the charm of good music the charm of good conversation.

On this point there was unanimous agreement, and Professor Phelps expressed his own delight at being associated with the program. "Radio never ceases to be an adventure for me," says this silver-haired, blue-eyed, pink-cheeked professor whose alert mind, eager manner and abounding health belie by at least twenty years the seventy years with which the calendar credits him. "At first it was like shooting into the dark. I walked up to a piece of metal mounted on a pedestal, spoke—and nothing happened. I didn't know whether anyone was hearing me or not. Then the letters began coming in; letters from all over the United States, from England, from South Africa, from the captain of a ship at sea, from a former student on a mountain-top in Utah. Now I no longer feel that I am shooting into a void. I am talking with old friends."

AFTER the engagement of Professor Phelps, only one more item remained to be settled in the program. Mr. Romberg had an idea that many musical compositions are more effective when heard against the background of a dramatized episode in the composer's life. A dramatic interlude forms a welcome bit of variety in the program, and heightens the composition which it introduces. It was agreed to include one of these each week, and the distinguished American actor, Guy Bates Post, was decided upon to play most of the composers.

In choosing soloists for the Romberg program, three highly talented young singers were selected. Helen Marshall, the soprano, is a blond, blue-eyed and very good-looking girl, vigorously American in appearance and background. Although she is still a student



Here's a Better Nail Polish —and TWICE AS MUCH for your money!

Moon Glow's popularity started in Hollywood, but now it's just sweeping the country. It is easy to see why.

THE POLISH WEARS BETTER — THE LUSTRE LASTS LONGER. Women everywhere are changing to Moon Glow Nail Polish because it is a finer, superior blend of polish. It will not chip—it will not crack, peel, fade or streak. Moon Glow outmodes other blends of nail polish.

FASHION'S SMARTEST SHADES — Take your pick of any of the six enticing colors of Moon Glow clear or cream polish. They were created to match or harmonize with the colors of ANY lipstick or rouge.

YOUR MONEY'S WORTH — The large bottle of Moon Glow Nail Polish costs you only 25 cents, and for it you get two to three times as much polish as you have been accustomed to getting for 25 and 35 cents. And, to make for even greater economy, Moon Glow wears longer and keeps its soft, moon-like lustre for many more days.

NO WONDER Moon Glow has become one of the country's fastest selling nail polishes. No wonder department stores and good drug stores from coast to coast feature it. Go to your favorite toilet goods counter and get this large size bottle of better polish for 25 cents. Or, try the generous size bottle featured by the better ten cent stores.

Send for Sample

We will be happy to send you a trial size bottle of any one of Moon Glow's six smart shades. Simply mail the coupon below.

Moon Glow Nail Polish

Moon Glow Cosmetic Co., Ltd., Dept. T55, Hollywood, Calif.

Please send generous trial bottle Moon Glow Polish () cream () clear. I enclose 10c (coin or stamps) for each shade checked. () Natural () Medium () Rose () Blood Red () Carmine () Coral. () Oil Nail Polish Remover.

Name.....
St. and No.....
City.....State.....

at the Juilliard School of Music in New York, competent critics are predicting a major career for her. George Britton, the baritone, is also a student at Juilliard, and his romantic voice emphasizes the youthful note that is so strong in the program. The tenor soloist is Stuart Churchill, and, believe it or not, he is also the drummer in Fred Waring's orchestra. His high, clear voice, very sympathetic and completely devoid of affectation, has long been a feature of Waring's presentations, and when the opportunity came for Churchill to become a soloist in his own right, Fred Waring generously made it possible for him to accept.

A mixed chorus was added to the program and placed under the direction of Edward C. Harris, a young composer and conductor in his own right, who assists Mr. Romberg in the musical direction of the program. Mr. Harris was for several seasons accompanist and coach for Lawrence Tibbett, and during his recent residence in San Francisco he has conducted the Bohemian Club symphony orchestra and chorus, and contributed original compositions to the club's musical productions.

A VIVID addition was made to the program when two young debutantes, genuinely out of New York's Social Register, joined the cast for the dramatic presentations. They are Miss Mary Taylor, very slim, very blond, and very reserved, who appeared with a summer theater company last Summer and is quite earnest in seeking a career on the stage and Miss Lila Fisk, a striking figure with her dark red hair and dark blue eyes, who is interested in music as well as dramatics, and is grateful for the opportunity of being on so fine a musical program. Both young ladies are quite serious about their work, and hate to hear the words "debutante" or "society" mentioned.

With the assembling of all these elements, the determining of the program personnel was complete. The program was then placed under the general direction of Herschel Williams, a sensitive, capable director who produced the series of Maude Adams programs last season, and this year has directed "Roses and Drums," as well as the notable series of Alexander Woollcott programs.

The buoyant, popular James Wallington, current winner of the annual diction medal, was chosen as announcer for the program. The National Broadcasting Company assigned as its production director, Herbert Liversidge, an expert in the technical handling of musical programs, and the NBC engineer at the controls is Frank Williams. Concert master for the Romberg orchestra is Bobby Dolan, and Don Walker is chief arranger. Frank Woodruff is assistant to the general director of the program, Herschel Williams.

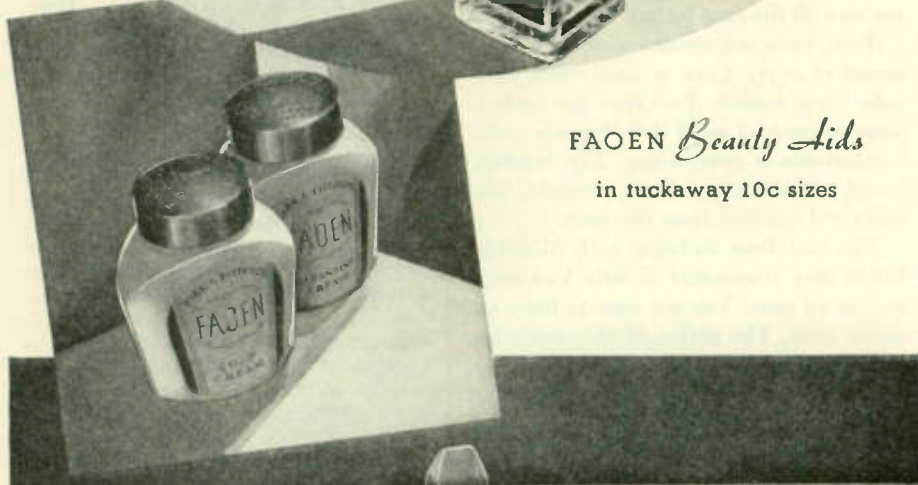
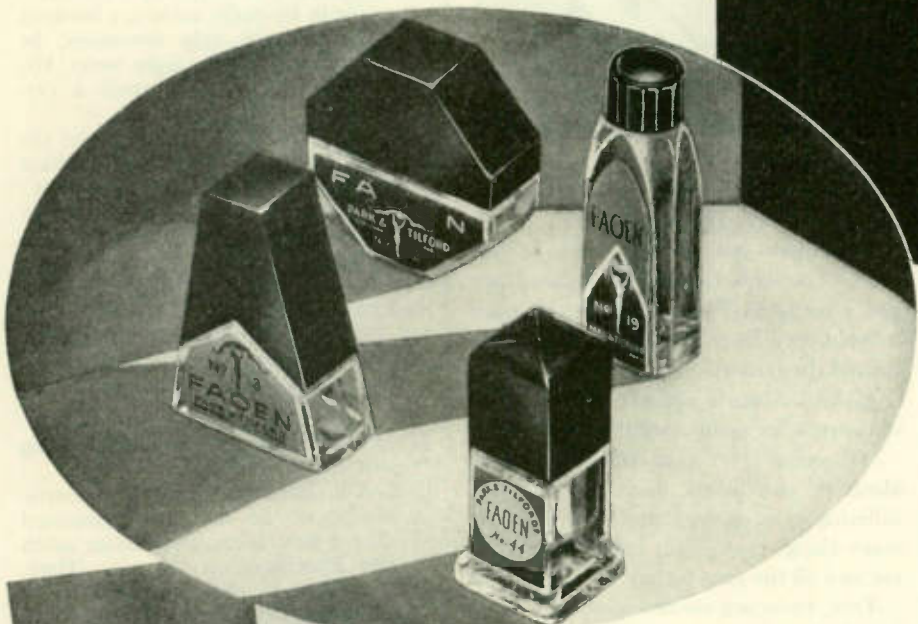
When every final detail of the program was worked out and agreed upon, there remained one last hurdle to cross before going on the air. A sample program was prepared, an audition was held in the NBC studios in Radio City and wired out to Chicago for a private hearing by the Swift company executives. They were enthusiastic. The head of a great commercial concern, however, has a responsibility. He is advertising not only for himself, but for his whole organization. His efforts are wasted unless his organization is behind him.

A phonograph recording of that audition was made, and sent to company representatives all over the United States. (Please turn to page 46)



Some call it glamour
I call it FAOEN

Miss Williams is well known both here and abroad not only for her excellent stage and screen characterizations, but for her keen perception for what's correct in fashions and things fashionable. She is now featured in the current Broadway musical success, "Life Begins at 8:40".



FAOEN Beauty Aids
 in tuckaway 10c sizes



says **FRANCES WILLIAMS**

"To be successful, an actress must possess that subtle something that accentuates her charm," says lovely Miss Williams. "Some call it glamour—but I call it FAOEN! Naturally, I have tried many expensive perfumes and cosmetics but frankly, I find that FAOEN beauty aids are more beneficial to my complexion. They've kept my skin smooth, firm and fine. As for the perfume . . . glamorous . appealing . compelling . . . call it what you will—I *prefer* it!"

In her inimitable way, Miss Williams has deftly expressed the preference of many fascinating women for FAOEN perfume and beauty aids. Let FAOEN show *you* the way to glamour!

FAOEN perfumes and beauty aids in compact sizes as illustrated, are on sale at your local five and ten cent store.

FAOEN
 (FAY-ON)
Beauty Aids

P A R K & T I L F O R D



New! AN EMOLLIENT MASCARA

that gives lashes
new glamour

If you don't agree on these three superiorities, your money back without question.

Louise Ross

THIS introduces my final achievement in cake mascara, my new emollient Winx. I bring women everywhere the finest lash beautifier my experience can produce—one with a new, soothing effect that solves old-time problems.

It has three virtues, this new emollient Winx.

- (1) It has a greater spreading capacity, hence it hasn't the artificial look of an ordinary mascara.
- (2) Its soothing, emollient oils keep lashes soft and silky with no danger of brittleness.
- (3) It cannot smart or sting or cause discomfort. It is tear-proof, smudge-proof, absolutely harmless.

I'm so confident that I've won leadership in eye make-up that I can afford this offer.

Give your lashes a long, silky effect with Winx Mascara. Shape your brows with a Winx pencil. Shadow your lids with Winx Eye Shadow. The result will delight you, giving your face new charm.

Buy any or all of my Winx eye beautifiers. Make a trial. If you are not pleased, for any reason, return the box to me and I'll refund your full price, no questions asked.



The Search for Something Better

(Continued from page 44)

States, to South America, to Europe, to the Orient. Four long months were consumed in this process, but when the program went on the air, the entire Swift organization had approved it, they were looking forward to it and enthusiastically merchandising it.

Such is the story of how the Swift-Romberg program was built, and the ultimate benefit goes to the listener. Tune in on the National Broadcasting Company network on Saturday night, and you will hear just about the finest program of light classical music that could possibly be assembled for radio listeners.

The Swift Hour with Sigmund Romberg may be heard each Saturday at 8 P.M., E.S.T., over the following NBC stations:

WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WEEL, WJAR, WCSH, KYW, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WLW, WMAQ, KSD, WOW, WDAF, WTMJ, WIBA, KSTP, WEBC, WKY, WBAP, KTBS, KPRC, WOAI, KOA, KDYL, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, WHO, WMC, WSB, WAPI, WJDX, WSMB, WAVE.

Laboratory of Life

(Continued from page 19)

that city's University, which was followed by a postgraduate course in law. Still being inclined toward acting, his family sent him abroad for a whole year. This having no effect, they became resigned to his entering upon a stage career, and he became a leading man at the ripe age of twenty-one.

In spite of his lifelike characterization of a family man, "Tony" has never married. When listening fathers write to Henry Barbour for advice, he always answers their letters—but doesn't guarantee the advice. His hobbies are writing, for his own amusement, plus a collection of tropical birds in his home aviary. He also plays golf in his leisure moments and spends a great deal of his time reading.

MICHAEL RAFETTO, who plays Paul with so much understanding, is a handsome, dark-complexioned young man whose appearance indicates his mingled British and Italian ancestry. The descendant of a pioneer California family, whose founder built the famous Placerville Inn, Rafetto was raised in the San Francisco Bay region and also studied law at the University of California. Following a brief excursion into journalism, as a member of the staff of *The Honolulu Advertiser*, he entered upon a film career which led to his present spot on the radio. Although he plays the role of a war-crippled aviator, Paul was too young for regular army service, although he did serve as a member of the Student's Training Corps during the World War.

Hazel, in real life, is Bernice Berwin, who also studied at the U. of C. where her acting talent first asserted itself. She joined the NBC in 1928, making good in her very first microphone test, and has been on the air constantly ever since. She is a slim, dainty person with dark eyes, exquisite skin and curly, dark hair. In Hazel she finds an almost disturbing quality of life. Explaining, she says: "Hazel does things to me. I always feel that she has so much to



Some women still suffer regularly; martyrs to the time of month.

Others have put this martyrdom behind them. The days they used to dread are just a memory. They approach this time without any fear. They pass it without the old discomfort.

Midol has made periodic pain a thing of the past for many, many women.

"Oh, yes," say some who have read about it, and heard about it, "but my suffering is so severe, and I've tried so many things that didn't help! Midol may not end all the pain for me."

True, there are women who are not relieved of every trace of pain when they take these tablets. But they get such a large measure of relief that they are quite comfortable in comparison. The comfort is not momentary, not an interlude, but sustained comfort from the start.

The best time to begin with Midol is before any discomfort is felt. You may escape all pain. You are sure to have an easier time. The action of this medicine is effective for hours, and two tablets should see you through your worst day.

Why postpone this comfort another month? One reason some women still hesitate to try Midol is their doubt of its being as effective as advertised. Doubters should just ask anyone who has tried it! Another reason for hesitating to take these tablets is the fear that Midol may be a narcotic. It is not.

The next time you are in a drug store, pick up a package of Midol. You will find it right on the counter. If not, just ask for Midol.

say, if she ever gets a chance to say it . . . sometimes I almost feel her trying to express herself in her own words apart from the lines of the play."

Away from the microphone, Bernice is married to A. Brooks Berwin, an attorney, and lives in an apartment commanding a breath-taking view of the Golden Gate. She plays piano and violin and finds diversion in contract bridge.

Barton Yarborough, who plays Clifford, made his microphone debut in a series of mystery serials by Carlton Morse. He is a native of Goldthwaite, Texas, and spent his youth in a frontier town, running away at seventeen to join a musical comedy. His career was interrupted by a course at U. of C. followed by stage work in both New York and London. He lives in an ocean front home with his brother, a photographer. He is tall, rangy, with fair skin, blue eyes and brown hair.

Claudia, in real life is dark-haired, dark-eyed Kathleen Wilson, a native of California, whose father, Ben. F. Wilson, is a well-known lecturer and writer. She secured her first stage experience in Shakespearean productions directed by her cousin, Irving Pichel, now a well-known screen figure. She made her radio debut four years ago and was selected for the role of Claudia without an audition so thoroughly did she fill the requirements of the role in voice and personality.

Jack is played by Page Gilman, who is a sophomore at Stanford University, squeezing in his radio activities between classes. Although only seventeen, he has been on the air for eight years. His serious ambition is to become a cartoonist.

It would hardly be fair to dismiss the cast without some mention of William J. Andrews, chief announcer at NBC, whose pleasant, friendly voice has set just the proper mood for the "One Man's Family" programs since their inception. Six feet, two inches in height, with blue eyes and dark hair, he is not yet thirty years of age. He spends most of his spare time out of doors with a side interest in coin collecting.

FINALLY, the creator of, and moving spirit in, "One Man's Family" . . . Carlton E. Morse. Thoroughly domestic in his tastes, he has just completed building a new home forty miles south of San Francisco, on the sea. Here, with his lovely wife and two prize Scotch collies, *Black Bishop* and *Black Knight*, he finds the proper atmosphere in which to create new and interesting activities for the Barbour family.

With Morse at the helm, "One Man's Family" will go on and on, implanting courage, confidence and contentment in the hearts of men and women everywhere. In a world crowded with distorted values, it will go on giving inspiration to live bravely, if not spectacularly. Its voice is the voice of millions crying to be heard. It speaks the language of the common man. Therein lies the secret of its long and well-deserved popularity.

One Man's Family may be heard each Wednesday at 8 P.M., E.S.T., over the following NBC stations (starts April 3rd):

WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WEEL, WJAR, WCSH, KYW, WFBR, WDAF, WTMJ, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI, KSD, WOW, WHO, WKY, CFCF, WNNC, WMAQ, WIBA, WEBC, WKY, WDAY, KFJR, WPTF, WMC, WJDX, WSMB, WAVE, KVOO, KTBS, WOAI, KOA, KDYL, KPO, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KTAR, KFI, CRCT, WIS, WRVA, WIOD, WFLA, WSM, WSB, KPRC, WJAX, KSTP, WFAA, WKBF, WHIO.

CHARM

Natural to Blondes
Attainable by Brunettes!



TRY A BOTTLE—FREE!

(see coupon below)

A trial bottle of Marchand's Castile Shampoo—FREE—to those who send for Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. The finest treatment you can give your hair. Guaranteed to remove every trace of stickiness. Marchand's Castile Shampoo makes your hair fresher and more charmingly alive. Send for your bottle today.

NOT every woman wants light blonde hair—but every woman wants the fascinating charm that "blonde" can give. Marchand's Golden Hair Wash, used as a rinse, will impart beauty or glorious highlights even to dark hair. A lovely golden sheen to ordinary light hair.

Another side of the secret of blonde beauty is that charming, fresh clean look so natural in the fair smoothness of their arms and legs. Brunettes may easily acquire this by using Marchand's Golden Hair Wash on their arms and legs, and there, at least, hold their own with charming blondes.

Have you been using preventative preparations? Risking depilatories? Or even shaving? Don't risk making arms and legs coarse, rough and unnatural looking. Keep the hair Nature intended you (and all of us) to have. Certainly. But make it *unnoticeable* with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Try one application of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash in one of our three economical sizes. See for yourself how bright and silky smooth your arms and legs become—how soft and alluring to the touch!

At your druggist's now, for Marchand's in the new gold and brown package. Start using it sometime today!

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR MARCHAND'S TODAY, OR USE COUPON BELOW

CHARLES MARCHAND CO. 251 West 19th Street NEW YORK CITY

Please let me try for myself the sunny, golden effect of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Enclosed 50 cents (use stamps, coin, or money order as convenient) for a full-sized bottle. Also send me, FREE, trial sample of Marchand's Castile Shampoo.

Name

Address

City State T.G. 535

FO bottle's new design
Is my idea of something
fine!



CREME POLISH
AND
CREME POLISH
REMOVER

At all 10c stores . . . Cuticle Remover—
Polish Remover—Oily Polish Remover
—six shades of polish in both the Creme
and Clear Polishes



Colorless
Natural
Rose
Coral
Ruby
Deep

Ft. Orange Chemical Co., Albany, N.Y.

The Forty-Million-Dollar Riddle

(Continued from page 13)

enthusiasm on a farflung scale as did the pioneer KDKA in a Pittsburgh garage; and the veteran WJZ atop a Newark factory. As humble as they were they pointed the way to that electrical acropolis—Radio City.

There was nothing auspicious or grand about the birth of broadcasting, then why must television begin with a \$40,000,000 network? No one worried about hook-ups in 1920 when the Harding-Cox election returns went on the air as a signpost on the way to a new industry, a new medium of entertainment and information. In fact, if the pioneers had stopped to visualize the farflung copper webs that link the stations now scattered across the continent there might have been fewer adventurers in broadcasting and the art would have progressed at a slower pace. It will be recalled that the first Presidential "network" in 1923 comprised only three stations beyond the Rockies to make broadcasting a coast-to-coast show. Now, President Roosevelt at his White House desk "chats" through 200 stations, while short waves flash his voice to foreign lands.

No one worried about programs when the "gold rush" began in radio in the early twenties. The enchantment was distance, not programs or quality of programs. So it will be with television. It will be a thrill for all Americans to see the President's face as he speaks. The first pictures need not be full length. New Yorkers will be fascinated to pick out of the air familiar faces from Hollywood; and Californians will be awed when they realize that a Broadway jazz band or dancer is coming across the continent at the speed of sunlight to perform on the West Coast television screens.

FILMS and flesh performances will be the backbone of television. Then, too, current events will be televised at the scene of action, such as fires, earthquakes, inaugurations, horse races, football games and the world's series. At first the film will probably serve as the main thread of entertainment just as the phonograph did for broadcasting. The eye, however, is more particular than the ear so the show will have to be more diversified than broadcasting is in 1935. The television program is a real riddle, but no one paused in 1921 or 1923 to figure that a successful broadcasting station would have to be on the air 6,587 program-hours a year as was WEAF in 1934.

What television needs today is competition—among image broadcasters and among manufacturers of sending and receiving apparatus. But the television "gold rush" if radio history is to repeat, is not likely to get underway until the Federal Communications Commission decides it is time to lift television out of the experimental class; assign the images a wide wave band and sanction commercialization of the waves. That will be the signal for television to come from around the mythical corner. Then the scramble for waves will begin. The rush to stake claims in the ethereal spectrum, to establish priority and seniority on an invisible channel will give impetus to industrial activity.

Skyscrapers and mountain tops may be in demand for it looks now as if television will travel on waves no longer than six-meters. Waves measured in inches do their best work, under present technical knowledge, when leaping from

Now . . . a Make-up that
Beautifies and Protects
at the same time!



ANY face powder will remove "shine" and give your skin a smoother finish . . . Any rouge and lipstick will add color to your complexion.

But all too often these are merely momentary effects. To achieve true and lasting loveliness, your cosmetics must not only beautify your skin, but protect it, too.

That is why so many women are turning today to OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick. For these are the only beauty aids of their kind made on a base of pure Olive Oil . . . an ingredient long known to skin specialists for its beautifying and protective qualities.



Try OUTDOOR GIRL Olive Oil Face Powder. Notice how light and fluffy it is, yet how loyally it clings to your face. No other powder does so much to rid the skin of dryness . . . to keep it soft, smooth and gloriously supple.

OUTDOOR GIRL Rouge and Lipstick blend naturally with the living tones of your complexion . . . make your beauty come alive with youthful radiance and color. Lips are protected against cracking and chapping. Your face is never dry or rough.



For a totally new experience in make-up, try OUTDOOR GIRL Olive Oil Beauty Aids. They come in a variety of smart shades for every type of complexion. You can get the large economical sizes at your favorite drug or department store for only 55c. There are handy purse-size packages, too, at the leading 10c counters. Mail the coupon for liberal samples of powder, rouge and lipstick.

TUNE IN—SATURDAYS, 7:30 P. M., E. D. S. T.

"The Outdoor Girl Beauty Parade"

Over the Columbia Broadcasting System

OUTDOOR GIRL
OLIVE OIL BEAUTY AIDS

CRYSTAL CORPORATION, DEPT. 2-E
Willis Avenue, New York City

I enclose 10c. Please send me liberal trial packages of Outdoor Girl Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick. My complexion is Light Medium Dark .

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

lofty pinnacles. That is why the Empire State Building was quickly engaged as a television site soon after completion. It seems that only in the spacious microwave spectrum will there be sufficient channels for the images. And fortunately static and fading is less offensive on the tiny waves. None other than Guglielmo Marconi reports that even lightning does not bother the ultra-short waves. So the once so-called graveyard of radio—the little waves—now shows promise of being a paradise for motion pictures reeled electrically through space.

But who will pay for the show? That is a paramount question. The broadcasters after two or three years on the air began to wonder about that too. They suddenly realized they had to make broadcasting a business and not a philanthropy. So they turned to advertising; the rental of electrical facilities, the sale of time and watts. Based on past experience sponsors of television have a hopeful eye on advertising. They confess the television manufacturers cannot be expected to bear the costs, and admit, "you could not expect advertisers to pay much until coverage is assured them."

There are two schools of thought in television today. One would continue to confine the images to the nest of the laboratory until perfect in every respect—comparable to the sound-motion picture. The other would push television out of the nest of science and make the images fly or fall. The first group favors complete television receivers marketed by manufacturers. The second advocates not only complete sets but parts with which the amateurs and experimental hobbyists can go to it as they did in building home radio sets. That was real fun and a joy to many. To build a set in the attic or cellar workshop or even on the kitchen table that would hum with music and reproduce words spoken miles away injected romance into radio. That is what television needs.

TELEVISION seems to have its destiny charted from the start. That alone is a handicap. Too many are planning its future. It would be better to let nature take its course.

No one could predict where the broadcasting "craze" was headed; in fact, many prophets measured its life with that of Mah Jong and the crossword puzzle. Now, however, with broadcasting as a foundation and 18,000,000 receiving outfits eavesdropping on the air in the United States, the home is seen as the television goal. Mindful of this fact the broadcasters, obviously, with millions of dollars invested in transmitting plants and the public investment in many millions of receiving instruments, do not want television to raise havoc by scrapping the present broadcasting system.

There seems to be no doubt that every effort will be made to preserve the broadcasting layout. But can it be done if sound and sight ultimately speed together on micro-waves? How can the images on tiny waves be synchronized with sound on the regular broadcast waves? That is a real puzzle. If television "catches" the popular imagination and sweeps the country with the same hurricane force as did broadcasting then nothing under the sun can stop the progress, for the alchemy of sound and sight would capture listeners and lead them away from the broadcast waves. The broadcasters, therefore, have something to worry about as they take a long look ahead because seeing and hearing together are too powerful for sound alone to combat. If television is what the public wants (Please turn to page 50)



THE FIELD OF DISHONOR

A BATTLEFIELD—strewn with the remnants of men, and of animals, and of machines designed to kill them . . . littered with the hopes and ethics, and ideals, of a world gone mad.

And this is what they would have us call "The Field of Honor!"

We gladly honor the poor devils who fight there so bravely and die there so pitifully. But for the men who put them there, the battlefield is a Field of Dishonor!

And men did put them there. Let's face facts: War is not the idea of a divine power . . . it is not an inevitability of nature . . . it is not a part of the universal scheme. Wars are made by men!

Men greedy for fame and power. Politicians so fond of seeing themselves on the front page that they'll risk international complications to

get there. Men who make a living by manufacturing implements with which the citizens of one nation can kill and maim the citizens of another nation. Men, in various lines of endeavor, who see in war a chance to line their pockets with gold.

These men make war. Not directly, of course—nothing so crude as that. But by sowing the seeds that grow into misunderstanding, hate, and finally war.

Do you want them to make another war—a war infinitely more horrible and disastrous than the last—a war in which planes will mock at "front lines," women die in their homes, children be stricken down on their way to school?

Then remember this: those who stand to profit by war are not idle, nor stupid, nor scrupulous. Neither are they without vast funds. The effort of this busy minority are

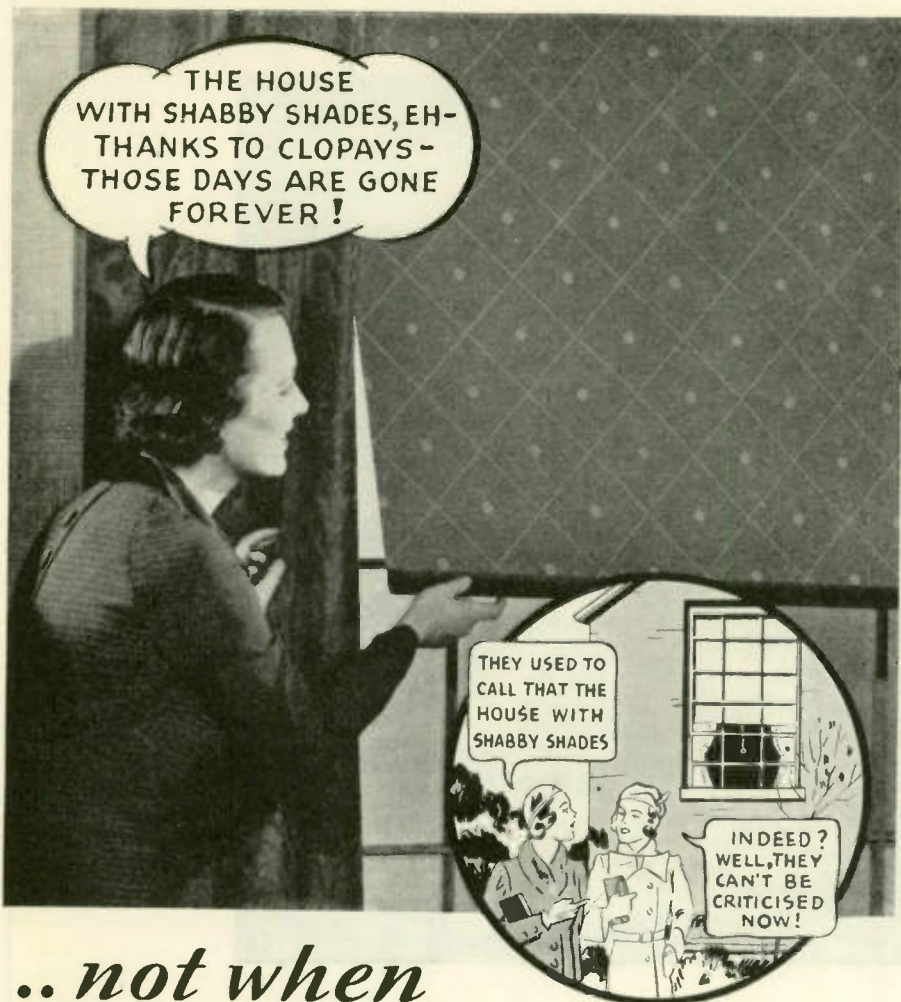
more than a match for the efforts of a lethargic majority. The one thing that can stop the coming war is an aroused public opinion of hitherto unknown magnitude. *Your help is needed!*

World Peaceways, a non-profit organization, is solidifying intelligent people's repulsion for unnecessary war. This work of showing that war IS preventable deserves your ardent support.

To advertise this hell off the face of the earth we need your help. Our advertising, and that of our foreign branches, is placing the facts before millions. Millions more must be reached until all men, everywhere, know the truth about war.

Only through what *you* contribute in time, in work, in subscription is this achievement possible. Write us today. World Peaceways, 103 Park Avenue, New York City.

"No More Shabby, Cracked Shades at My Windows!"



.. not when Lovely CLOPAY Shades are

"How deeply embarrassed I was when I accidentally overheard someone call my home 'the house with the shabby shades'! But what could I do? I simply couldn't afford to buy all the shades I needed. Luckily I found Clopays, the remarkable fibre window shades that cost only 15c each. Now there are no smarter, neater windows in town than mine. Clopays are simply wonderful. Not only all the popular plain colors, but so many lovely chintz patterns that harmonize with any decorative scheme. What amazing wear, too! Clopays actually outlast shades that cost me 3 or 4 times as much."

Clopays offer many features found in no other shades. Patented gummed

strip makes attaching to old rollers easy. No tacks or tools. Patented creped texture makes them hang straight—roll straight—wear longer. Being solid fibre instead of filled cloth, Clopays will not crack, pinhole or ravel at the edges. No other shade regardless of price can give you all these features. Clopays are sold at all 5-and-10c stores and most neighborhood stores. Send 3c for color samples to Clopay Corporation, 1356 York St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Only
15¢
EACH

And...

"HOW DID I EVER KEEP HOUSE BEFORE I FOUND FABRAY?"



New FABRAY Gives You Every Advantage of Oilcloth at 1/3 to 1/2 Lower Cost!

And think of finding a revolutionary new kind of material that serves every purpose oilcloth can serve—does it as well or better—yet costs 1/3 to 1/2 less! There's real economy. FABRAY—another CLOPAY product—actually outdoes oilcloth. Has an oilcloth surface on a fibre backing. Looks, feels and wears like the best oilcloth but will not crack or peel even when creased because it has a solid fibre backing instead of flimsy cheesecloth. Many lovely new patterns. Comes in 46-inch width for tables, also 12-inch widths for shelves. See FABRAY at leading 5-and-10c stores, or send 10c for a 2 1/2-yard roll of 12-inch shelving. State colors preferred.

CLOPAY CORPORATION, 1356 York St., Cincinnati, Ohio

The Forty-Million-Dollar Riddle

(Continued from page 48)

the microphone will have to share honors with the "eye," and it will do so on whatever practical wave lengths science deals to the art, no matter what man has involved in other waves.

There are manufacturers who wonder if it would not be wisdom to pluck the fruits of international short wave broadcasting and facsimile radio to the home before unshackling the television images. No other development, however, on the radio horizon can compare in scope industrially with television.

RIGHT now London is an active television center, more so at present than New York. It is a wonder that some enterprising American manufacturer with a flair for showmanship, to establish himself and his trade name as a transoceanic pioneer, has not developed a television set to look-in on England. That ought to be easy when the present instruments of magic at his command are compared to the crude devices Marconi utilized to ensnare the first transatlantic signal in 1901. The oversea path had been cleared for television, for on February 8, 1928, several "lookers-in" at an amateur station in Hartsdale, N. Y., reported that they saw the face of Mrs. Mia Howe winking, blinking and smiling over in London where the scanning disk of John L. Baird whirled the countenance into space.

This was only one of numerous demonstrations, some of them extremely expensive, to illustrate the possibilities of seeing by radio. The idea has been in the mind of man for

quite some time. Paul Nipkow of Germany invented the scanning disk in 1884. Since then two routes to television have been pioneered; one scans the image mechanically with a whirling disk. The other employs a cathode-ray tube which scans electrically. There is every indication that the electrical method will go into the home because it has no moving parts or motor. It is silent in operation and simplifies the instrument. The image appears on the fluorescent end of the tube, but no doubt the picture will be relayed by lenses to a large screen on the wall.

After a chat with Dr. Vladimir K. Sworykin, a wizard of television and optics, one is convinced that television in 1935 is like a rose bud in the garden of science. All it needs to blossom is financial sunshine.

But what about a network? Broadcasting thrives on the nation-wide hook-up idea. Those sound wires, however, will not carry television images. A transcontinental line of booster microwave stations would be highly expensive. It might cost more than a dollar a foot to string a special copper tube across the country to weave a television web. It's expensive from all angles—what is the missing link?

The "ether," that ever-mysterious medium, the vastness of space, seems to hold the answer. Man must learn more about the invisible. Someone, perhaps Marconi, must discover some other secret of the mysterious waves; something that will start the old order of things tumbling and there reveal the answer to the television prayer.

Radio Nightingale

(Continued from page 21)

beeg stars work so hard under dose lights? But, I work hard. Always I work—and now I work better when I am happy.

"I was married once. He was older—much. Den we divorce. I was so neurotic"—and she did the same things with that word as she had done with appendicitis and microphone—"I work hard. But it is good to be neurotic. Den you learn work—hard work."

"Now I work, too. Radio—new songs. I peek out songs. Some operatic. Some popular—but nice popular. You hear me sing 'Indian Love Call'? It is nice song. I like to sing de popular music. Nice. But I work to learn."

"I must work hard in Hollywood. I read and read and read de scripts dey send me. All nice. I cannot choose. I 'ope my peecture will be good."

And I've got a very strong hunch that it will be good. With the Pons voice and the Pons enthusiasm how could it be otherwise?

HAS the adulation, the praise, the fame she has received left her untouched? I believe it has. She is a small child making believe—playing at being a prima donna—a child with a golden flute in her throat.

She spoke of some actor in Hollywood who she had heard was temperamental. She shook her head sadly, "Temperamental—ah, too bad. Not nice."

"But sometimes," I said, "one must be temperamental in Hollywood. One must demand one's right—not be too meek."

She laughed. "I know. I know. Oh, me—I scream when I t'ink I want something. I yell until I get eet. But I work. I scream just when it is ver' necessary. Yes, I know dat."

She leaned back on the chair—for the first time during the afternoon—and stretched her arms. She sighed. "When I forty I sing no more. I retire. My leetle house in Cannes. So nice. All white. I go dere. I do not stay at opera until I ver' old and they no want me more. Forty—I go."

She will have fun in Cannes, even retired. The little white house is her real home. And she loves to cook, but now she has "no time."

The door opened. For a moment I expected "dat animall" to leap in. Having once been a part of Lily Pons' household I do not see how it could content itself up there in "dat cage." It was not the leopard, however, but a friend of Lily's come to call. We three chatted for a while—they, two, forgetting occasionally and lapsing into French, then apologizing profusely for so doing.

I got up to go. Lily did not ring for the maid. She showed me to the door herself. "When you write dis interview," she said, "you send me, yes? Tank you so much. I keep, yes? I have beeg, beeg book where I keep everyting. You no forget to send?"

Lily Pons—the darling of the Metropolitan, the favorite singer of crowned heads—Lily Pons carefully pasting everything written about her in a "beeg, beeg book."

It's a picture I shall always cherish.

Radio From the Inside

BY THE MAN AT THE CONTROLS

SOME of these radio comics can think up their "punch" lines just as easily as they do in reading them from their gag writers' scripts during broadcasts. The jokesters have proved they can deliver a single fast line in real life whenever an occasion demands one. Usually, this quick wit is utilized to save an embarrassing situation, or else, to squelch a remark flung at them.

Not so very long ago, Eddie Cantor was making a guest appearance at a fashionable supper club. During his song, an inebriated patron flung a penny at him. Obvious to everybody, it struck Eddie in the chest, dropped to the floor and circled around and then came to a halt at his feet. He of the banjo-eyes finished his number. Then picking up the coin, he walked swiftly to the penny-tosser's table. Handing it back to him, Cantor said in loud tones: "Here, you'll need this—there's only one kind of animal that throws a scent."

But Ben Bernie's otherwise clever retort to a theater heckler in a small town brought him disaster. During his stage act, the maestro broke into song, and a few bars later his voice broke. Although Ben doesn't profess to be a singer, a customer in the balcony unleashed a healthy and loud raspberry, sometimes known simply as a "Bronx cheer." Figuring to twist the nasty incident into a whole-hearted victory for himself, Bernie good naturedly stopped his song to advise the balconyite that the latter really didn't know how to deliver a good raspberry. And he proceeded to illustrate how to make a really impressive one. Instead of swinging matters to his favor by this good-natured action, it had an opposite effect. In a couple of minutes, everyone in the playhouse, taking their cue from Bernie, was making the loud noises—each trying to outdo the next person. There was no more show that night.

BEATRICE LILLIE spends her spare time at the Sixth Avenue shooting galleries knocking the clay pigeons for a loop. . . . Vinton Haworth, who plays Jack Arnold on the Myrt and Marge serial, is a cousin to Ginger Rogers. . . . Tony Wons likes poetry better than anything—save beer. . . . Nobody's turned out a good backstage radio series yet, although the movies and the theater have been given frequent treatment on the kilocycles.

TAKE it as you may, but the general public is being educated in the whys and wherefores of radio. They are beginning to absorb its business and program angles, until now it appears that even radio listeners at least know the difference between commercial and sustaining.

This serves as a brief prelude to a true story that provided the only light touch to that maritime disaster, the sinking of the Ward liner, the S.S. *Mohawk*. Considerable effort was made by the NBC and Columbia networks in establishing their radio set-ups on the rescue ship's pier in order to bring impromptu comments by the survivors to an eagerly waiting nation of listeners.

The people in the armchairs heard the graphic accounts spoken into the microphones by some of the frozen rescued ones. But there was one survivor they didn't hear.

Approached by a busy radio man, whose job was to hurry the passengers and crew of the *Mohawk* to the broadcasting spot, that one man very carefully inquired: "Is this just another

one of those commercial broadcasts?"

He was told it was a sustaining news event broadcast.

"Then I'll wait to do my talking on a regular commercial program where I can get paid," returned the fellow who should have been glad he was alive.

ANOTHER racket has wormed its way into radio circles. There are a few individuals operating in various parts of the country that make it a business, and a shady one at that, of "organizing" fan clubs. They write to the artist—usually one of the bigger stars—stating that they're a great admirer and would like to start a fan club. A reply from the radio performer is answered by the phony with a request for, say, \$100—in order to get a charter. This is followed by requests for subscriptions to a monthly publication for the artist, fan mail expenses, etc. If the mike star comes through, then plenty of favorable mail to sponsors and publications is promised—but, if he or she renigs—then comes a threat of adverse letters and publicity. However, this illegitimate enterprise is not to be confused with the bona fide fan clubs which serve a good purpose.

SHORTLY before Ray Noble, the English bandleader, took to the airwaves, Rudy Vallee's press agent arranged for the droop-eyed crooner to play host at a luncheon for radio's orchestra pilots in honor of their contemporary from across the seas. Of course, the press was invited. That's the motive of these mad radio parties. Arriving at the legalized speakeasy a bit early was a young fellow, just out of Princeton, who several days before had been delegated by his weekly news magazine to cover radio. He pleaded total ignorance of broadcasting to the editor, but that didn't make any difference. In fact, it clinched matters. "So much the better," they told him. "You'll give it a fresh angle."

Anyway, the chap, who was to bring a new viewpoint to radio, wandered around the place—from one floor to another. He didn't find the spot marking the luncheon, nor did he uncover a friendly face. He felt quite alone. Finally, he made his way to the bar where a couple of the boys were standing. He tapped the one next to him on the shoulder. The other turned around. "Say!" the newly-christened radio scribe asked, "can you tell me where this Rudy Vallee luncheon is, anyway?"

The stranger drew himself up to his full height. "Sir," he retorted. "I am Rudy Vallee."

A deeply offended Vallee presided at the luncheon that day. Someone failed to recognize him. It was a fresh angle.

CONDITIONS are such with unemployed radio talent that professionals are sandwiching their way in on the various amateur hours, hoping that a victory will result in a gold medal and a week's small-time vaudeville engagement. The first of these "ringers"—a term well known in sports circles—made their appearance in the form of a mixed duet on Ray Perkins' amateur field day over Columbia. As it happened, they won the pretty shiny medal and the promise of a stage appearance, but it so happened that a few scrutinizing folks in the radio audience spotted the couple as being regular "pros." The indignant fans wrote to Ray Perkins and Arnold Johnson in protest. A check-up (Please turn to page 52)



Sally is a little gossip... and I'm glad she is!



"I'm glad you came over to visit me while you wash your dolly's clothes, Sally. Let me lend you some soap."

"No, thanks—I brought my own kind along—'cause I don't want Arabella's clothes to do any tattling on me."



"Why, clothes can't tattle, Sally."

"'Deed they can! My mommy says the little bride across the street works real hard—but her clothes are full of tattle-tale gray—'cause she uses a soap that doesn't unstuck all the dirt."



"But my mommy's clothes are white as anything—'cause she's smart. She uses this Fels-Naptha Soap! Smell? That's naptha, mommy says—heaps of it."

"So that's why Fels-Naptha gets all the dirt. You've given me an idea, Sally—"



Few weeks later: "Goody! Goody!—strawberry ice cream!"

"That's a treat for you, Sally. You're a little gossip—but I've got to thank you for making me change to Fels-Naptha. My washes look lots whiter—and I'm delighted!"

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray"

with FELS-NAPHTHA SOAP

LITTLE gossips are cute—but you wouldn't want any grown-up gossips to see "tattle-tale gray" in your clothes.

So change to Fels-Naptha Soap—it gets clothes gorgeously white—you can count on it!

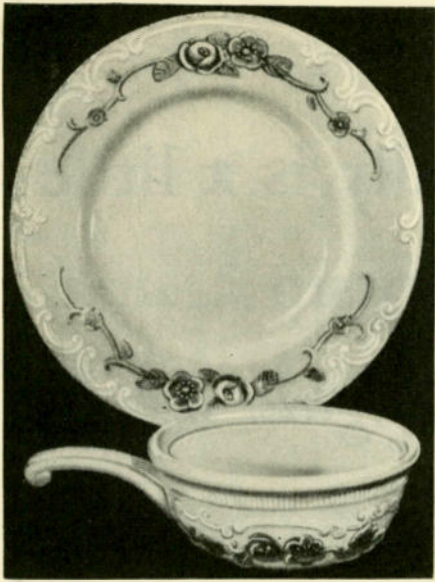
For Fels-Naptha is richer soap—unusually good golden soap! And there's lots of naptha in it, too! When these two cleaners

get busy, dirt has to let go—ALL OF IT! Fels-Naptha is easier on clothes—so gentle, so safe—you can trust your daintiest silk undies and stockings to it! It's kind to hands—there's soothing glycerine in every golden bar.

Try Fels-Naptha in tub, basin or machine. Get a supply at your grocer's today! . . . Fels & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.



© 1935, FELS & CO.



Pretty on the TABLE . . . and grand for BAKING in the OVEN

YES, those platters and serving dishes, those round and oval bowls, those cute little French one-handed casseroles, even the cups, saucers and plates, will all stand oven heat.

So bake in them . . . pies, puddings, meats, vegetables, anything you like. And whisk them from oven to table. They save work in serving. Save dishwashing.

Next time you're in Woolworth's, look over Oven-Serve dishes. They cost but a trifle. And you can do with them what you can't do with any other table dishes . . . use them in the oven!



OVENSERVE

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

Radio from the Inside

(Continued from page 51)

was made and the true fact revealed. The pair were disqualified, but they already had the medal and since possession is nine points of the law—the sponsors had to pay shekels for a duplicate, awarding it to the runner-up, one Edith Baker.

NBC is thinking about inventing a talent locator. The advertising agency handling the Rudy Vallee revues heard that Dizzy Dean was in the East for some business and fun, and decided to get him for the program. The network sent its bloodhounds out for the baseball player. They traced him to Philadelphia, then they tried to track him down at the Baseball Writers' annual feed in New York, but lost his trail there. Frantic calls were made to other cities in an effort to locate their man. They became dizzy trying to find Dizzy. Finally, the day of the Vallee broadcast arrived and the pitcher was found. He was paying a casual visit to the yeast program's rehearsal, and it was there that they stumbled upon him—too late to include him on that night's show.

Similar incidents happen a lot of times in radio. The day following Elinor Murdoch's sensational victory in the Individual Bridge Masters' Championship, the National Broadcasting officials decided that it would be a good idea to put her on the air. They tried all over Manhattan to reach her. At last, after an entire day's efforts, they succeeded through a series of messages in having her family ferret her out to tell her to telephone them. She did. "We've been trying to get you all day," a program executive exclaimed. "We want you for a broadcast. Where are you now?"

"Over at Columbia," she replied. "I just got your message after I came off from an interview on the Kate Smith broadcast."

FINANCIALLY SPEAKING . . .
Now that Otto Harbach and Sigmond Romberg have become radio fixtures, the radio higher-ups are trying to snare the holder-outer, Jerome Kern, who wants plenty . . . Harry Einstein, the former Boston furniture peddler whom you now hear as Parkyakakas with Eddie Cantor gets \$500 per broadcast—proving Einstein's theory of levity is okay. . . . Paul Whiteman, taking a lesson from the past, is frugal with his earnings. . . . Radio's highest paid warblers are Lily Pons, Kate Smith, Lawrence Tibbett, Bing Crosby, Lucrezia Bori and John McCormack. . . . Radio has increased Fred Waring's stage salary from \$3,500 to \$8,000 weekly. . . . Abe Lyman is the biggest better among the microphone folk. . . . Radio actors and actresses on the West Coast think they're doing nicely if they're handed out \$10 a broadcast. . . . Harry Cohn, script man, is \$1,000 richer every time he finishes and hands over a radio continuity to Jack Benny.

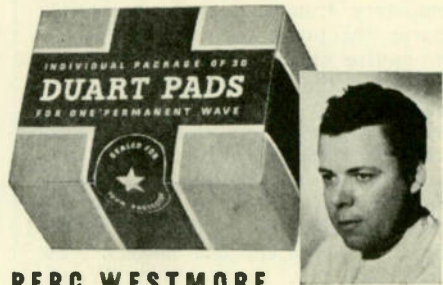
TAKING a cue from a few motion picture concerns, who've found that precaution pays, the radio networks have established files containing "dummy" addresses and telephone numbers. The "addresses" are garnered from both cities and small towns, and a checkup will reveal they are vacant lots or non-existent places. These, together with the collection of phone numbers, which, if you ring, the operator will tell you. "There is no such number," are utilized on the various radio script shows. This purpose is to prevent any possibility of



How movie stars guard the natural beauty of their hair.

Hollywood's loveliest screen stars guard the natural beauty of their hair like a precious jewel. For this reason DUART PERMANENT WAVES have become the choice of the stars and are featured in the finer Hollywood Beauty Salons. These salons take great pride in offering their famous patrons the protection of genuine Duart Waving Pads that now come in INDIVIDUAL SEALED CARTONS.

Duart and only Duart offers you this protection when you buy a permanent wave. When the operator breaks the seal before your eyes you know the waving pads are genuine Duart and never before used on another person's hair. For your next wave insist on Duart—the choice of the Hollywood stars.



PERC WESTMORE

famous make-up artist and coiffure designer at Warner Bros.' Studio says: "I cannot endorse too highly the Duart sealed package of waving pads. It is a protection every woman should demand for her hair."

FREE • SEND COUPON FOR

You can wear
a movie star's coiffure

Send for this booklet containing smart new Hollywood Hair Styles. 24 pages of photos showing how to dress your hair the way the movie stars do. Sent FREE with one 10-cent package of Duart Hair Rinse. Choose from 12 shades listed in coupon. Remember it does NOT dye nor bleach the hair.

DUART

Choice of the Hollywood Stars

Duart, 984 Folsom St., San Francisco, Calif.
I enclose 10 cents for one package of Duart Hair Rinse and the FREE Booklet of Smart new Movie Star Coiffure Styles.

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

Mark your shade of rinse.

<input type="checkbox"/> Black	<input type="checkbox"/> Golden Brown	<input type="checkbox"/> Light Golden Blonde	<input type="checkbox"/> Ash Blonde
<input type="checkbox"/> Dark Brown	<input type="checkbox"/> Chestnut Brown	<input type="checkbox"/> Henna	<input type="checkbox"/> Medium Brown
<input type="checkbox"/> Titian Brown	<input type="checkbox"/> Titian Reddish Blonde	<input type="checkbox"/> White or Gray (Platinum)	<input type="checkbox"/> Golden Blonde

duplicating actual addresses and phone numerals picked at random by the broadcast producers. It seems like an unimportant item, but the movies have found themselves with a few complaints and even lawsuits from persons who testified that they were caused considerable embarrassment and inconvenience when it so happened that their addresses and numbers were used on the screen. In radio quite a few amusing episodes resulted, but nothing as yet has reached serious proportions.

I understand the broadcasting gentry are planning also to accumulate "names" for the dramatic air programs which, as far as it is able to ascertain, are not labels of actual people. Too many coincidences of similar names among the listeners have caused a heap of trouble.

IT was at a party tossed by a Park Avenue social celebrity for cocktail-sippers of that thoroughfare and the talented folk of Broadway. The hostess introduced a musical protégé to the mixed assemblage. After shushing the crowd to an almost void silence, she softly commanded: "Play 'Love in Bloom.'" The pampered pet's fingers dashed back and forth on the ivories, accompanying himself with all sorts of facial grimaces, as he played the piece in the styles of Wagner, then Liszt, followed by DeBussy, and, finally, Mozart. His auditors were considerably impressed—with the exception of one fellow who sat in the rear of the room. He squirmed most uncomfortably in his chair.

"Can he play 'Love in Bloom' the way it was written and supposed to be done?" the uneasy one called out.

Everyone turned around and glared at him with horror. So Ralph Rainger, the caller-outer, who is the composer of "Love in Bloom," had to exit hurriedly from the glowering mob.

THE bigger they are, I've found out, the bigger they are. By this, I mean that usually the most important artists are those who are the most human, affable and considerate. Take Will Rogers, for instance. Whether or not you fancy his brand of humor is a matter of personal preference, but to know Will is to like him. He's one of the biggest-hearted gents in the show business today. During a flying trip to Manhattan, he was snared for three benefits on a single evening—the night of his own broadcast labors, too. He graciously accepted all three requests, one of which called for another radio program appearance. Geraldine Farrar also had donated her services for the broadcast, singing from another studio than the one in which the former cowboy drawled his funny and philosophical line. Before leaving he insisted on saying "hello to Jerry," whom he hadn't seen for years. Just before he left her, he shook hands with the great opera singer of another day, and said: "Jerry, when you kick off—you'll still be able to sing better than most of these artists today." There was no mistaking Will Rogers' affectionate sincerity in this remark.

And when he stepped out of the elevator for a well-earned rest, he remarked to his guide: "Gosh, this sure has been a great night in my life. I wouldn't have traded it for anything. Just think, being able to play three benefits and see a lot of old friends, besides."

Will Rogers, the man.

FRED ALLEN is in receipt of a complaint. It is from two nice elderly ladies of Bridgeport, Conn., who want the name of his program changed from Town Hall. They're not particular as

to what the new tag should be—just so long as the present one is replaced. It seems that the said ladies have some basis for their complaint at that. After traveling the distance from Bridgeport to Manhattan one Wednesday for the sole purpose of "sitting in" on the funny man's revue, they missed the broadcast.

"We came to see your Town Hall," stated the letter, "and asked the taxi man to drive us there. And he did. By the time we found out that an actual Town Hall near Broadway had nothing to do with your program, it was too late to get into your studio."

A GROUP of radio generals sat solemn-faced in a control room at Radio City. Their ears were bent in the direction of the loudspeaker which brought them the last-minute rehearsal of an hour show. The dramatized commercial plug depicted two men walking along the street, casually engaged in conversation that would lead up to the endorsement of the product. Very natural like, one of the actors began humming. "Dum-da-dum-de-da," he intoned.

Someone in the control room jumped to his feet. He was a music supervisor—a fellow whose job it is to clear each song with the publisher and to see that no repeats of a tune are made within two hours. "I don't think that number's been cleared," he declared, and dashed out of the room down to his offices.

A few moments later, he returned, breathless and severe. "I am sorry," he informed the others, "I can't find any song that would fit what he's singing as being okayed for tonight's broadcast. So since it hasn't been checked, you can't use it."

The production man tried to tell him that he didn't think there was really any title to it.

"But it's got to be something," the other replied.

They decided to call in the actor who did the humming. He was asked what was the name of the piece.

"It's no special song," he exclaimed, "just something I made up as I went along—'dum-da-dum-de-da.'"

And that's all there was to it.

STELLA FRIEND of Stella and the Fellows, now heard with Fred Waring's group, isn't a new comer to the Pennsylvanians by any means. Stella, about whom a song rhyme with "vanilla" would dovetail nicely, sang with the Waring outfit in vaudeville from 1928 to '31. She is one of the now prominent radio personalities who received their first major microphone assignments on the California Melodies series under Raymond Paige's guidance. Others were Bing Crosby, the Boswell Sisters, Vera Van and Kay Thompson, also a Waringite.

IT looks as though this Fall will be ushered in by waves of television. England already has taken the lead in the sight-sound broadcasting and some interesting developments are anticipated. While waiting for word from reports of the progress abroad, I received an item from London concerning one of the preparatory disseminations of the images, as it were. Usually a conservative lot, the television lords decided to engage in the American methods of ballyhoo for one of their inaugural splurges. A television receiver was set up in the domicile of Princess Marina who, you remember, was recently married with much pomp and splendor to Prince George. From a fashionable shop some distance away a collection of millinery was exhibited by the television apparatus, and in this manner the lovely Princess was able to select a chapeau

without taking time out to visit the store. The British fan mail that followed in its wake was lavish, indeed. But many of the writers urged that Queen Mary might have better luck with this method of choosing her head-gear.

THERE'S a popular expression that a celebrity isn't a celebrity until he's had a cigar, a Pullman car or a race horse named after him. I've ridden in a Pullman which was captioned "Husing." George Jessel claims to have a cigar bearing his label, which, he says, is more important, "because who can smoke a Pullman car, anyway?" Last year Roxy was mighty flattered when a southern radio fan wrote him that he was christening a race horse "Roxy." But lately, things haven't been looking so bright for its owner and "Roxy," the horse, has been getting only a rear-end glimpse of all the other starters in the races.

The situation prompted the owner to write Roxy, the radio impresario: "Shall I change the horse's name this year, or are you willing to pay the feed bills to keep it?"

THE Byrd Wednesday night series departed from the airwaves at the same time the expedition made its departure from Little America. Much has been said on behalf of the thrilling broadcasts, and now for a word on behalf of the sponsor, since credit should be given where it's due. Cliff (Ukulele Ike) Edwards once actually took a shower bath on the Byrd program, not for pay or because he needed the shower but solely as a build-up stunt. Elisa Ford, model for the Presidential Birthday Ball posters, appeared on the half-hour purely for the thrill of talking to the lonesome fellows at the other end of the world. No remuneration was involved in either case. But General Foods sent both the ukulele-strumming fellow and the pretty model sizable checks—just because they were nice enough to do the job for nothing.

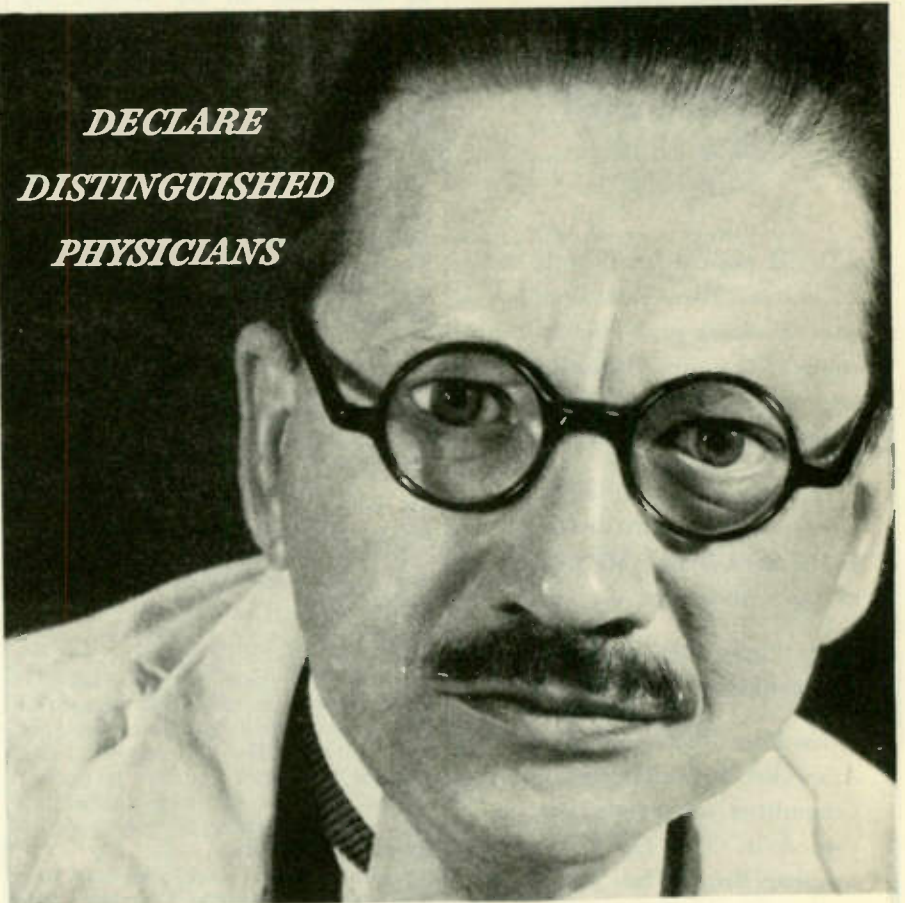
ALTHOUGH it perhaps would make a better twist to say that Goodman Ace is a non-bridge player in real life, he actually is quite proficient at the game. A dropper-inner at the Friars Club in Manhattan could find him bidding and tricking almost any evening. A short time ago he was teamed up at the folding table with Bobby Clark of Clark and McCullough, who is a 100% dyed-in-the-wool bridge player. The latter seldom refrains from analyzing each hand and holding post-mortems. At this particular rubber, Ace was set with three tricks and Clark began expounding his theories on what-should-have-been-done.

"Bobby," said Ace, "I think you're the greatest after-bidder speaker in America."

I WON'T give you the name of the well-known radio songwriter involved, but I will relay the yarn. As the result of his song successes on the air, he was hired by a minor, but ambitious movie firm to pattern musical arrangements for their firm at a salary of \$100 weekly. But he didn't get paid off. After a while, when not receiving his due became too monotonous to tolerate, he squawked. So they raised his stipend to \$200. But while he was making do, re, mi, for the pictures, they weren't even giving him his dough in return. Further complaints brought him raises to \$500 per—but not a cent in cash. Finally, when it was jacked up to \$700, with no real jack forthcoming, he threatened to quit.

"That's too much money," he protested, "for me to starve on."

— new fresh Yeast will solve the cathartic problem for thousands!



**DECLARE
DISTINGUISHED
PHYSICIANS**

DR. JULES BELOUX, a noted intestinal specialist and editor of a medical publication, reports: "Patients in my clinic obtained remarkable results from this new yeast. I am astonished . . . It is a notable discovery."

Corrects Constipation and related troubles so effectively by stimulating the whole digestive tract!

NO LONGER need you constantly "dose" yourself with cathartic drugs that make you weaker, and usually make your constipation worse!

For a new discovery that doctors call "the greatest advance in years for treating constipation and its related ailments" is now here!

It is an entirely new yeast—a new "strain" of fresh yeast—discovered by a great American medical scientist.

It speeds digestive muscles and juices. Food is thus digested better . . . carried through the body faster . . . expelled more easily and regularly.

Won't you start eating this new Fleischmann's Yeast? See how speedily

you feel full of pep . . . how quickly your skin is cleared of pimples.

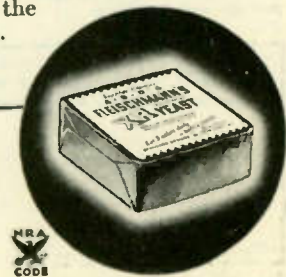
Note how soon your appetite picks up, and how you can eat what you like without distress afterward.

See how you avoid frequent colds—with the Vitamin A in this new yeast. It has Vitamins B, D and G, also—four vitamins in all, needed for health!

Start feeling better Now!

So get some of the new Fleischmann's Yeast now. Then eat 3 cakes every day—just plain, or dissolved in one-third glass of water—preferably a half-hour before meals.

You can get it at grocers, restaurants, soda fountains! Keep on eating Fleischmann's Yeast even after you've seen the first results. Keep it up!



DISCONTINUE CATHARTICS not all at once but gradually, as this new Fleischmann's Yeast "normalizes" your digestion and elimination. You should feel better in just a few days, but keep right on. It's a food, you know. So eat it regularly and give it an opportunity to really correct your constipation . . . to make you feel and look well again.

Copyright, 1935, Standard Brands Incorporated

NR
CODE

(As good as ever for baking!)

NOTE **FREE** OFFER BELOW

**It must
be good**

OVER ONE
**BILLION
GLASSES**
IN A YEAR

SUCH popularity is well de-
served. Hires Root Beer has
won its fame and friends be-
cause it is a superlatively fine
beverage—delicious and whole-
some — at an economical price.

One little bottle of Hires Ex-
tract makes 40 pint bottles of
Hires Root Beer. All you add
is sugar, water, yeast.

And think what you save! 8
glasses of Hires Root Beer for 5c.

Hires Root Beer is good — the
American Medical Association's
Committee on Foods has ac-
cepted it. The Good House-
keeping Bureau has approved
it. Buy a bottle of Hires Extract
today. All dealers have it.

To avoid oil flavored
imitations, insist on

Hires
R-J
ROOT BEER
FOR REAL-JUICES

FREE—a generous trial bottle
of Hires Extract—enough to
make 4 quarts of Hires Root
Beer—to all who mail the
coupon, enclosing 3¢ to cover
postage and handling.

FREE

The Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia, Pa.
Please send me free bottle of Hires Extract. I
enclose 3¢ for postage and packing. T-6-35

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

Canadians should mail coupon to
The Charles E. Hires Co., Ltd., Toronto

Need Help?

(Continued from page 32)

If on the other hand, he has been using a phony name with you, as these girls suggest, no matter how much you think of him now, you are better off to break with him, because only a phony uses a phony name and a phony man makes a mighty poor husband for any girl. Use a little diplomacy, however, in finding out, so as to avoid misjudgment.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE: How can I go about getting a pension. My husband was a World War veteran, deceased about a year ago, and since then we have been on the Welfare—my daughter and I—receiving help from the local Legion. No one here seems to know how I can go about petitioning the Government for the pension that is due me. Thanking you for your advice, (Signed) C. H.

ANSWER: The simplest way, my friend, is to write to one of your U. S. senators, explain your case to him, and I assure you that he will give you the courtesy of not only a reply, but of assistance.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE: After an acquaintance which has lasted 18 months, I will confess that some time ago I fell deeply in love with a girl, but because her mother has had so much to say, my love for this girl has become a kind of forced love, which her mother says is no true love at all.

Last Summer we both discussed marriage and approved of it, but now I am afraid. What do you think?
(Signed) F. L.

ANSWER: I think, my lad, that you need a lesson in what constitutes real love. In the first place one does not confess love. He professes it, brags about it, and all of that, but he doesn't confess it. You see, a confession implies guilt and there is nothing guilty about being in love.

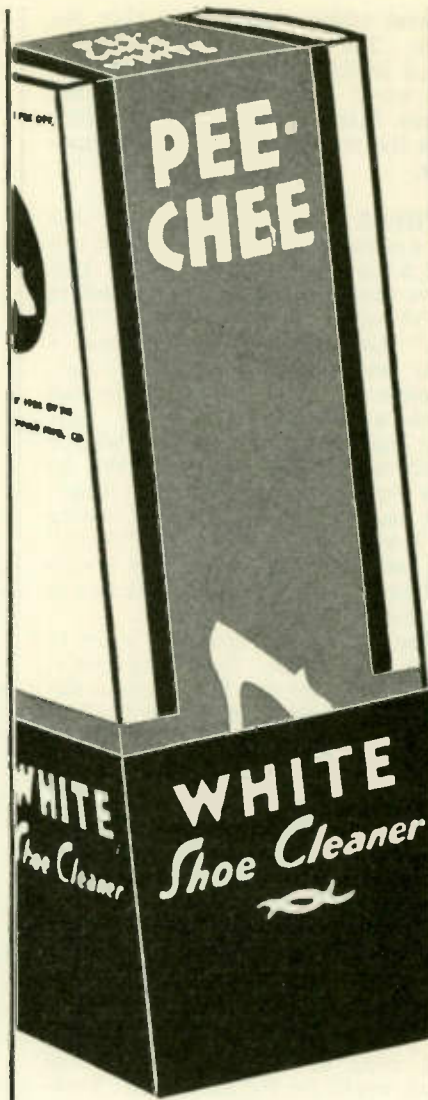
In the second place you say your love now has become a forced love. There is no such animal. So you are playing with a wolf masquerading in sheep's clothing. What you probably feel is duty, and that is very different from love. You say that one and a half years ago you fell in love. Well, your letter would indicate to me that it is time for you to fall out of it, but be man enough to tell the girl so. Then write me your real name and address, and let me send you some pamphlets, with my compliments, that will help to straighten you out on this matter of love. It is pretty important to a boy of your age.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE: I am a nurse, and have been trying to get into a hospital in my home town, but so far have been unsuccessful.

I have appealed to every one of the members of the Board for the position and every one of them has favored me to my face, but each time a vacancy occurs someone else gets the job.

I have just found out that a good friend of mine has been blocking me, and keeping me from this position, even though to my face he told me he would see if he could get the job for me. I cannot understand this of him, because he is supposed to be my truest friend. What do you think about the matter?
(Signed) RUTH.

ANSWER: It seems to me, Ruth, you have given me the key to the whole situation when you say this man is your truest friend. It is very evident that



STYLE DICTATES
WHITE SHOES
COMMON SENSE
DICTATES...
PEE-CHEE



his reason for blocking your getting a nursing position is to keep you dependent on someone, with an idea of your transferring that dependence to his shoulders. He has a much better chance to win a suit for your hand, in his opinion, under present conditions, than if you were self-sustaining, and had a permanent position. Probably he thinks he is befriending you by forcing you to remain unemployed, so that thereby he can enhance himself in your estimation as he courts you. They say all is fair in love and war, and while I don't quite agree with this, I would not censure the man too hard if he is trying to have you decide on him instead of a career. It might be a wise course for you to follow. You would know better than I.

So it seems to me there is just one of two courses open to you. Ask him to put the cards on the table and if he has been blocking your getting this position because he wants to marry you, find it out, and then decide what you want to do about it. If you don't want to marry him and never intend to do so, then make yourself clear in the matter and very probably this job proposition will work itself out satisfactorily.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE: Four years ago I was granted a divorce, but here is the trouble. I owed \$100 for it, and only paid \$50, so I have not gotten my papers. Now I want to get married again, but having been unemployed I could not raise the other \$50. Should I go ahead and get married, and pay the balance later?
(Signed) MRS. M. S.

ANSWER: If you had bought an article of furniture on the instalment plan, Mrs. M. S., and decided that you wanted to get rid of that piece of furniture and buy another, but you had only paid one-half what was due to the store where you bought it, would you have the right to go ahead and sell it? That furniture is not yours until you have paid for it in full. So you have no right to dispose of it except to the ones from whom you bought it.

Now you have bought a divorce, but you evidently got it on the instalment plan. That divorce is not yours until you have paid for it, and you have no protection until you get the papers. If this man that you want to marry really wants you, let him put up the other \$50 and clear up this first marriage. If he hasn't the \$50 then I would not say he was ready to marry you. If he does not think you're worth paying the \$50 to insure your freedom, I would not say you could expect much generosity from him later on. In fact, Mrs. M. S., I think it is a pretty good opportunity for you to find out the potential success of your second marriage by presenting your problem to your prospective second husband, rather than expecting me to solve it.

Voice of Experience may be heard each Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday at 12 noon, E.S.T., over the following CBS stations:

WABC, WADC, WCAO, WNAC, WGR, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WOWO, WDRC, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI, WBT, KLZ, WCCO, WHEC, KSL, WWVA.

Also on Sundays at 6:45 P.M., E.S.T., over the following CBS stations:

WABC, WADC, WCAO, WAAB, WKBW, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDRC, WFBM, WHAS, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WFBL, WSPD, WBT, WCCO, WHEC, WWVA.

HOW TO BE A Radio Star



Professor Knight is here shown with one of his society classes in radio technique. He is pointing out to his disciples, two of whom are kneeling in silent adoration, the principles of this month's lesson. He is holding a toy bear and explaining how B-E-A-R may be confused on the air with B-A-R-E.

**In his latest lesson, the professor tells what
NOT to say on the air---and it's plenty**

Lesson No. 5—Taboo or Not Taboo, That is the question
(What not to say on the air, by an expert who has said it all.)

IN this month's lesson, dear tyros, we are concerned with what may and what may not be said over the radio. Most people who come to me for their radio training think that *anything* may be said into a microphone, but dear me—no—that isn't the case. . . . La, no!

For example, each separate word that falls out of your loudspeaker at home and lands on the axminster, is carefully selected and passed upon by a committee of experts. This committee has its offices at the main branch of the YWCA in New York and is composed of the following members:

- Dr. Vizetelly Vasislos
Professor of Free Speech, Columbia University
- Prof. Jonathan Gosnold
President "Don't Swear in the Subway" Association
- Miss Prunella Hobbs
Headmistress, Bronx Female Academy
- Mike J. (One-eye) O'Flaherty
President M. J. O'Flaherty Bowery Social Club and Beer Parlor

The first three members are experts in suppressing everything. Mr. One-eye O'Flaherty is on the committee to

tell the others what the words under discussion mean.

Now this committee (A) is known as the Naughty Word Committee and it functions only on verbs, nouns, adjectives, and adverbs which, for various reasons, are not permitted to be given the air.

There are three other important censorship committees as follows:

- B. Public Morals Committee
- C. Party-in-Power Committee
- D. Advertising Policy Committee

I shall now consider the scope of these various committees one by one.

A. NAUGHTY WORD TABOOS

As a broadcast goes on the air the experts on this committee sit around an ingenious machine called the Anti-Profanator, invented by Thomas Edison Plotznick of East St. Louis. This machine separates the words as they go into the microphone and grades them according to their naughtiness.

The *good* words pass through the microphone without hindrance. The *doubtful* words fall out on the green baize cloth and are examined by the Committee, which accepts or rejects them. The *bad* words ring a bell and are automatically tossed into a miniature incinerator. The *terrible* words explode just before they fall on the cloth and are never heard by anyone, which serves them right, and I hope all their derivatives are acrobats.

Just to give (Please turn to page 56)

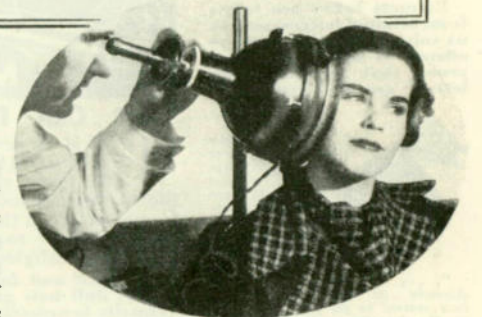
By **RAYMOND KNIGHT**



Miss Susan Hall, fair-skinned brunette (below) Miss Dorothy Richards, dark brunette

Should Brunettes use Brunette Powder?

Optical Machine Gives Surprising Answer



Over 200 girls' skin color-analyzed—to find the hidden beauty tints in skin, now blended invisibly in Pond's new powder shades.

Yes and No!

Nothing could be more foolish than for a girl to choose her face powder by the color of her hair! Some of the blackest hair is found with very white skin—commonly known as the Irish type. Some girls with brown-black hair have a muddy skin which needs to be cleared up. Others are pale. Their skin needs to be warmed up.

With an optical machine, Pond's color-tested the skin of over 200 girls, the most beautiful as well as some very poor skins. They found the secret of beautiful skin is in certain hidden tints in the skin itself. That blonde skin owed its transparent beauty to hidden notes of brilliant *blue* in it—brunette skin owed its allure to hidden tints of *green*. They blended these tints *invisibly* in the new Pond's shades. Now every girl can find the powder that will give her skin the lively look it lacks.

If you are dissatisfied with your skin, try these new scientifically blended shades—

- Rose Cream—lovely on many clear-skinned brunettes
 - Brunette—a wholly new brunette shade—gives a velvety look
 - Rose Brunette—gives a warm glow to dull skins
 - Light Cream—lightens the skin
- As you smooth them on in turn, you'll find one that brings life to your skin.

Coarse pores, blemishes are concealed. Your complexion looks satiny. Hours afterward, Pond's remains as even and flattering as the moment you put it on.

So that you may try them free of charge—Pond's will send you absolutely *free* generous samples of 5 different shades . . . enough of each shade for a 5-day test, so that you can test this powder thoroughly on the three points important in a face powder—smoothness—staying quality—flattering color.

5 DIFFERENT SHADES—FREE!

. . . mail coupon today
(THIS OFFER EXPIRES JULY 1, 1935)

POND'S, Dept. E92, Clinton, Conn.
Please send me free 5 different shades of Pond's new Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test.

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

Secrets Of Success For All Women

How to Get and Hold Jobs, Friends, Beaux, Husbands

Success or failure in the most important events of a woman's life often depends on her appearance. The French Woman's Art of Chic, Charm and Seductiveness—their alluring art of perfect "Make-up"—revealed by one of them.

Get this priceless knowledge from the unique and only

Paris Personal Fashion Correspondence

(La Marquise de C _____)

\$1.00 so invested can save you MANY

Ask yourself these questions:

1. Do you make the most of your good points?
2. Do you know how to apply Fashions to your OWN personality?
3. Can you go anywhere with poise and confidence, knowing you are correctly dressed?
4. Are you a help to your husband's position by your Smartness and Charm?
5. Are you a pretty girl neglected while a plain girl has success?
6. Do you realize first impressions are as important as references when you apply for a job?
7. Have you Buying Mistakes hanging in your closet?
8. Are you in front line or side line of your social circle?
9. Are you expert in "MAKE-UP" to accentuate your beauty?

Mistakes in buying are expensive

French Women are the most Economical in the World, yet the Best Dressed. They know little tricks that change old clothes to Smart Clothes. For centuries they have regarded "CHIC" as an ART worth studying. They hold youth and defy age. French history records many such women.

Learn the French Woman's secrets from one of them

Charm and Chic with Economy!

Send this coupon today
For expert advice for you
—individually

Send details of your face and figure, income and environment—snapshot if you wish.

(All letters held in confidence)

ANSWERS will be Practical; the latest fashions from the fountain head, Paris; what YOU should buy from your OWN shops for Supreme Smartness and ECONOMY.

*Write today. State your need—be it One correct costume or a Wardrobe for a Season—Business—School—A Cruise—Week-end—Travel—Wedding—Vacation—OR
The French Woman's Technique of Make-up.
Enclose \$1.00 and this coupon for either answer—\$2.00 for both. (Send 20c additional to cover loss on dollar in foreign exchange). Put 5c (foreign postage) on your letter. If checks, etc. are used, make out as below. Address:

PARIS PERSONAL FASHION CORRESPONDENCE

No. 1 Rue Royale, Paris, France

*Expect answer in three weeks or less. Longer if you live far from European mail steamers.

Over 1,200,000 in daily use by men and women!

Read these Testimonials—hundreds of others!

Extracts below are taken from original letters, sent to us voluntarily. A reward is offered to anyone who can prove that any of these letters are not genuine.

"Formerly my hair was thin and straggling . . . but thanks to your excellent comb, my hair is now soft, wavy and beautiful."
M. H.

"I am now 49 years old. Already at about thirty my hair started to get gray, especially at the temples, and during the last years it has become quite gray."
C. M. L.

"But in spite of short time I have been using your comb. I must say that the results are wonderful. This comb certainly does all that your advertisements promise and more. My hair is a lot darker already, also a quantity of new, dark hair is coming forth."
C. M. L.

"The time given by you for testing is ample, because already after 4 or 5 days the effect of the comb is obvious to anybody."
C. M. L.

"I have recommended your comb to friends and acquaintances as an expression of my great satisfaction."
(Signed Dr. M. K.)

This is to certify that the foregoing in extract is true and correct.

C. Lindholm
NOTARY PUBLIC

Sold in New York at All Leading Department Stores.

Manufactured Exclusively by

G. LINDHOLM CO.
607 Bergen Street
Brooklyn, N. Y.



That Can Do Wonders for Your Hair!

HERE is the new great sensation of the world, EVANS ELECTRIC COMB, the "Live" Comb which has such a remarkable power of stimulating the hair—in fact, of giving new life to the hair roots. The gentle electric current in the Evans Comb acts upon the hair as water on parched plants, thus stimulating the hair roots to renewed activity. Here are the results reported by delighted users.

Dandruff and falling hair have been checked in a few days! Dry, dull hair gained new life, became wonderfully lustrous! (Equally beneficial to permanents.)

Straight and thin hair became thick, glistening soft, wavy! In many cases of premature baldness the condition has improved as through a miracle.

TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE! This is perhaps your comment on reading the above, but European specialists explain the strange phenomenon—that the electricity through the curved double rows of teeth is able to reach all weakened hair roots—literally pouring its life-giving energy over them, waking them up and stimulating them. The electric current is generated by a battery concealed in the handle of the comb. No shocks—no sparks. You cannot feel the current, but if you put a pocket lamp bulb against the teeth you will see it light up. The battery lasts six months—spare battery costs only a few cents. Thus, at a cost of only about 5c a month you get a hair treatment which otherwise would cost you hundreds of dollars per year. You and your friends will be delightfully surprised at the improved health and beauty of your hair.

DO YOU WANT your hair more beautiful . . . better? Then don't delay in obtaining the Evans Electric Comb. Use it for seven days and if you are not satisfied in every way with the improvement in your hair, just mail it back to us, we will immediately refund your money. If you are not thoroughly convinced of what this "Live" Comb can do for your hair, it will not have cost you a cent to try it.

Money back if not satisfied!
CUT NOW

----- GUARANTEE COUPON MAIL AT ONCE TO ----- ✂

G. LINDHOLM CO.
Dept. 155, 607 Bergen St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Please send me the Evans Electric Comb I have checked. I will deposit with the postman the amount indicated, plus a few cents postage. Under guarantee—you undertake to return my money if I send the comb back within seven days and say I am not satisfied with the results. This is an absolute condition of my order.

Evans Electric Comb, small model, at \$2.50 complete. Name _____
 Evans Electric Comb, large model (double power battery) at \$3.25 complete. Address _____
City _____ State _____
Outside U. S. A. Cash with order. Check here if you prefer to send money with coupon, thus saving postage. Same guarantee applies, of course.

How to be a Radio Star

(Continued from page 55)

a few examples to guide you, I list herewith a few Good Words which may be used with impunity: Flowers, music, apples, apple-blossoms, applesauce, petunias, cupidors, diapason, diabetes, clouds, rain, sunshine, moonshine, revenue officers, still mash, imbibe, excess.

The following are some of the Doubtful Words which are liable to sound wrong and must be examined to make sure of their acceptability: Dam, Helen, Hellespont, Exegesis, sinks, blowsy, car. When properly used, they will be okayed by the committee.

Here is a list of the Bad and Terrible Words which under no circumstances can be used on the air: *

The Bad Words Committee has an excellent record of Public Service. Only twice has it erred. The first time was on May 16, 1930. A famous engineer while making a speech referred to the great Boulder Dam (then known as the Hoover Dam) and said "President Hoover is not going to present the nation with a little narrow structure, he'll give nothing if he doesn't give a good broad dam!" The committee cut him off the air in a trice.

The second time the Committee slipped was in the opposite direction. That was the night in January 1935 when Beatrice Lillie was telling how she had made ten penknives out of 20,000 seashells. She was parrying with her foil, an actor seventy years old, because there's no foil like an old foil, and the actor remarked—"That's not very many penknives." "No," responded La Beatrice, "but it's a h—l of a lot of seashells."

Unfortunately the committee had been dining that evening as the guests of Member O'Flaherty at his Beer Parlor and they slept right through the broadcast, thus allowing Miss Lillie's remark to pass into 10,000,000 homes. However, no ill effects were detected. On the contrary the Borden Company sold 835,428 cans of milk on the following day. Which is a h—l of a lot of cans.

B. Public Morals Taboo

Committee in Charge:

- Mrs. Fanny P. Twilling, Chairman (President Anti-Fingernail Polish League of New Jersey)
- Rev. T. Lucius Throckmorton (Secretary, Society for Suppression of Bicycle Bloomers)
- Francis Fish, Ph.D. (Founder of Pick-a-Daisy Day)

Public Morals are morals supposedly belonging to the public and of which they are not aware, which must not be lowered, if possible, by leering radio performers who have kiddies of their own at home and should know better.

Under this general classification the following "Don'ts" are to be observed:

1. Don't refer to Lady Godiva and her famous ride by saying—"It was marvelous—I haven't seen a white horse for ages." This calls attention to the fact that the horse did not wear a blanket.
2. Don't send a telegram in a pullman car scene as follows:—"Taking next train. Just gave berth to an old lady."
3. Don't portray an intoxicated man or woman on the air. This reminds listeners of their own parents when they are trying to forget them.
4. Don't present a picture of a public official being bribed with \$100 to put a civic contract through. \$500 is the lowest accepted price.

* Editor's Note:—Maybe you think magazines have no censorship?

5. Don't call George Washington the "father of his country." This implies too much.

6. Don't broadcast a world war scene with an American soldier who has passed out under a table in a French cafe. Your mother is liable to recognize you.

These are just a few "don'ts" but it gives you a general idea of what to avoid. Practically anything else goes if you don't tell anybody about it before you go on the air.

C. Party-in-Power Taboo

Committee in charge

- Senator Hamilton Gimp (D.) Chairman
- Senator Oscar H. Twirp (D.) Representative Alexander Hamilton Cohen (D.)

This taboo is fairly elementary and in order to know what not to broadcast it is necessary to understand the political system of the United States. The country is divided into two parts, the Democrats and the Republicans, which parties hold the reins of government in cycles, according to their horoscopes and periodic games of blackjack which are played in the Senate basement every four years.

Also the licenses of all radio stations are under the control of the Federal Radio Commission which can revoke them on alternate Thursdays if they happen to have dyspepsia. The Commission is appointed by the President whose party won the last election.

The broadcasting rules to be observed under the Party-in-Power Taboo are simple: When the Democrats are in the saddle knock h—l out of the Republicans and vice versa.

It never fails.

D. Advertising Policy Taboo

Committee in Charge

- Thomas W. Benton (Benton, Boynton, Boston & Westchester, Inc.)
- Richard A. Tompkins (J. Wallack Tompkins, Inc.)
- Harry W. Noah (N. W. Noah & Son, Inc.)

You are now treading on dangerous ground for we are getting at the heart of radio—advertising!

To put the whole question in a nutshell, which is a swell place for it, it boils down to this:

1. Never belittle the hand which is feeding you.
2. Never mention your competitor, even to call attention to the fact that his breakfast cereal contains worms.

I shall take these in order:

1. *No Belittlin'.*
If your program advertises, e.g., soap, always speak of soap in the highest terms. Ban all gags about slipping on a cake of soap, for this will intimate that soap is slippery, whereas your employer, the Tastee Soap Co., is spending millions of dollars annually to assure the public that Tastee Soap is non-skid. Speak reverently of its slogans—"if you use Tastee Soap, you can have your cake and eat it too," and "While there's life there's Soap—if it's Tastee!"

Always remove your hat and stand at attention while the program's theme song is being played. It makes a good impression and gives your scalp a chance to get some fresh air.

Although to an old ether-waver like me such an admonition seems elementary, nevertheless I know from experience that the youthful broadcaster does not see the simplest pitfalls until it is too late. If you were writing a program for Camel's Soup, would you write an amusing sketch about a spelling bee, where a boy is unable to spell anthropo-

mosphosis? You would; I suspected it! But, dear student, *you have not thought it out*. Do you not realize that this would be construed by the client as defaming his own product, because such a sketch would ridicule the learning of ABC's and *he makes alphabet soup?*

I shall close this lesson with an illustration of something that actually happened to me. It was years ago when WEAJ was simply W. E. and Radio City was but a gleam in John D. Rockefeller Jr.'s eye.

I had just sold a radio program to Wimply Brothers Garbage Receivers, Inc., makers of "The Garbage Receiver with an Air of Distinction." It was a novel program, consisting of an orchestra, a soprano, and a quartet. During the program each week I read a nursery rhyme.

On the evening in question I had "Jack Spratt" as the *pièce de resistance* and I started reading it. I recited the little piece:

"Jack Spratt could eat no fat
His wife could eat no lean
So between them both you see
They licked the platter clean."

I had no sooner finished the last line, than President Alexis Wimple arose from his chair, uttered a howl of rage, lifted the microphone and threw it across the studio, thus putting us off the air.

"My G—d," he shouted, "If they lick the platter clean it shows they eat all their dinner, doesn't it? And if they eat all their dinner, there's nothing left, is there? And if there's nothing left there isn't any garbage is there? And if there isn't any garbage, there isn't any need for garbage receivers, is there?"

P. S. I lost the job. You can't be too careful.

Next month Professor Knight will discuss crooners and other menaces, together with a history of the St. Vitus Dance Band and prove that "Life Begins at Forte!"

"What I Hope to Get Out of Life"

(Continued from page 11)

must always be ready to go out and put on one's act.

Movie making fascinates me, and I think I have some qualifications for it. My last two pictures, the movie version of George White's "Scandals," in which I appeared for Fox, and my new movie, "Sweet Music," made by Warner Brothers, have brought favorable responses, and I hope to go on and make three or four more.

I HOPE ultimately to be a producer of movies, and I believe that my professional experience will be helpful along that line. I think I know something about music, the use of microphones for recording speech and sound, and I think that by this time I have at least some sense of what the public wants and will respond to. I have had to do a great deal of hearing, judging and picking talent and I think that I have some ability at recognizing talent when it appears.

If I should become a movie producer—I don't know what chance I'll have of making it, but that's what I hope to be—I shall look forward very pleasantly to living in California. I like that state very much, and think it is entirely justified in calling attention to the beauties of its climate. It is there that I ultimately hope to make my home.

One thing I certainly want at my home is a dog. I have a dog now, a Doberman, and I find him a very faithful friend and companion. He is always ready to jump up and greet me, no matter at what outlandish hour I return home, and I can assure you that working in a night club makes a very irregular schedule. It must be a steely human heart, indeed, that doesn't respond to the warm—even though unspoken—greeting of a dog for his master.

Ordinarily I get home from work at about three o'clock in the morning. This is about the only hour of real peace that I have. There are no telephones jangling, nor rehearsals starting, nor callers arriving, and I get some real quiet, for a change. I like to put on my pajamas

and hop into bed and read for twenty or thirty minutes before dropping off to sleep.

I HOPE some day to have a working schedule that will let me have more daytime hours. As an orchestra leader and singer, it has always been my fate to be working while others are playing. I hope to have a more normal schedule of hours some day.

It was radio that brought me my greatest popularity, and I hope that I, in turn, have been able to contribute something to the development and popularity of radio. There is considerable nervous strain in working on the radio, because one is constantly working against time. However, I find that this very element of suspense makes the work more exciting.

The only trouble with radio is that there are two or three days of intense activity and rehearsal, then the program is given, and it is all over. The rest of the week is cold turkey. That is one reason why I would like to be a radio executive. The reason I hope for such a job is—believe it or not—that it means more steady work!

As for television and its possibilities for the future, that subject interests me tremendously. I hope to be in on the ground floor—both artistically and financially. It may be that television will break open the entire amusement world and all present plans—and I certainly want to be on hand when things are happening.

Rudy Vallee may be heard each Thursday at 8 P.M., E.S.T., over the following NBC stations:

WEAF, WIOD, WFLA, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WMAQ, KSD, WHO, WOW, KDYL, CRCT, CFCF, KSTP, WEBC, WDAY, WSM, WSB, WMC, WAPI, WTAG, WEEL, KPRC, WJDX, WJAR, WSMB, WOAI, WJAX, WKY, KOA, KFI, KPO, KGW, KOMO, WLW, KTAR, KFJR, KHQ, WRC, WGY, WBNB, WVIC, KYW, WDAF, WBAP, WTMJ, WWNC, WIS, WCSH, WFBR, WPTF, WRVA.



"I knew if I kept my eye on this thing Aunt Patty would leave it around some time where I could get it! Let's see—what does she do to this dingleberry on top to make it come open? Ah... that's the trick!"

"Look what I found! Contraction with a looking glass! (I'm looking very well today)... And what's this? Powder! Oh, I know what to do with that!... Put it under my chin and arms and where I sit down!"



"Hi, Aunt Pat! I tried your powder... but honest, it doesn't feel near as soft and fine and snuggly as mine. You ought to use Johnson's Baby Powder, Auntie... and then I'll bet you'd be a smoothie just like me!"



"Johnson's Baby Powder... at your baby's service! I'm comforting and soothing—a real protection against chafing and rashes. Your thumb and finger will tell you why... I'm made of fine satiny Italian talc—no gritty particles as in some powders. No zinc stearate or orris-root either... Be sure to try Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream too!"



Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

Are You Reading
RADIO FROM THE INSIDE?

SAVAGE

LIPSTICK

A transparent, entirely pasteless lipstick that savagely clings to lovely lips . . .

Excitingly, savagely, compellingly lovely . . . this freshly different lipstick whose alluring shades and seductive smoothness bring to lips the sublime madness of a moon-kissed jungle night! Yes, Savage does exactly that . . . for it colors the lips without coating them. A moment after application, the color separates from the cosmetic and melts right into the skin. Wipe the cosmetic away and there are your lips pastelessly colored to a stunning hue that stays thrillingly bright for many hours. And on the bright, silvery case, tiny savages whirl in a maddening dance . . . provocative as the lipstick itself!

Four Really Appealing Shades

TANGERINE . . . has a light orange flare that does wonders in combination with blonde hair and a fair skin.

FLAME . . . is a truly exciting, brilliant red that's decidedly bizarre in its smartness.

NATURAL . . . a true, blood color that augments the charm of brunette beauty.

BLUSH . . . the kind of transparent lipstick that changes color on the lips to brighten the lips' own natural color.



20c

at all 10 cent stores

Flavor?
Lots of it



Enjoy **Beeman's Gum**
... AIDS DIGESTION

BUILDING A HOME?

If you are, you'll be interested in these blue prints before you go ahead: Colonial House, Italian House, each 6 rooms. Normandy House, Swiss Chalet, Modernistic House, Spanish House, each 5 rooms. Send 3 cents for each of the blue prints you want to

TOWER MAGAZINES, Inc.

55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



Have You Tried Them?

Rich with pure, imported Olive Oil—three wonderful new creams by Vi-Jon—marvelous for the skin—beautifying, nourishing—and so reasonable!

Sold at the better 10c stores

If your 10c store has not yet stocked Vi-Jon Olive Oil Creams, send us 10c for full size jar. State whether you desire Cleansing, Vanishing or Cold Cream. Larger sizes at 20c and 35c. Try them.

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Vi-Jon OLIVE OIL CREAMS

She Found Her Castle of Dreams

(Continued from page 29)

rooms. Then she went home and wrote it all down so she wouldn't forget it.

Now maybe all this makes you think that Connie is a prude and is putting on a "goody-goody" act. I swear that she isn't. It's just that her dreams are shy, simple little dreams and she gets so much greater joy out of seeing the inside of a microphone than going to a big theatrical party. That's the kind of person Connie is and nothing can change her. And for her knowledge that there is joy to be had in the simple things of life and that the skies in her dream can always be kept blue—she has her parents to thank.

Connie is the sort of girl who is crazy about her family. There are quite a lot of them—her father, who married her mother with only eleven dollars and twenty cents to his name and is now a comfortably fixed business man; her mother, who makes a big fuss over Christmas and birthdays and Thanksgiving; her sister—eighteen months younger than Connie; a brother nineteen, another brother twelve and a little sister ten. They all lived together in a big house in Cleveland, Ohio, where the youngsters had rabbits and ducks and chickens in the back yard and all the neighbor kids tumbling through the house.

Connie, the eldest child, was her parents' pride and joy. They could always depend on her, and now the greatest compliment that can be paid her smallest sister is for her mother to say she is growing more and more like Connie.

Connie was sent to the convent for her schooling. Her senior year she went to high school and was the sort of girl who ran everything—you know, president of the class, on the basket ball and girls' track team, on the annual, and the lead in the senior play. Then came Western Reserve College and she was one of the most active girls on the campus.

Besides her school activities she studied piano seriously and took musical theory. As for singing, she had never even tried.

But one afternoon she was sitting on the front porch strumming a ukulele and humming some popular tune when a friend of hers stopped to listen and suggested that she try out for radio. Connie laughed, but everything registers in her active, eager brain and the next morning she presented herself at the small Cleveland station WGAY. There was, on this station, a children's hour and Connie was not even given an audition. She was told to step right up to the mike and sing a song. And the next week she had a half-hour program of her own.

She didn't get any money for this, nor did this activity exactly meet with the approval of her father at first. But when he saw how serious Connie was and how interested in radio she had become he helped her with her career, as I'll tell you in a minute.

She left the little station and went to a larger one where she demanded a salary. They gave it to her. Guess the amount! It was nine dollars a week and almost before she knew it she was a great favorite in Cleveland.

Other lands to conquer had not occurred to her until Vic Knight, one of the men at the station, returned from a trip to New York and told her that he had spoken to a Mr. Wonders about

her. He was head of the artists' bureau at Columbia. "But it's no use, Connie," Knight said. "I'll gladly give you a letter of introduction to him—if he remembers me—but he said that they had plenty of singers and he had no time even to give an audition."

A few days later at breakfast her father announced the fact that he had to go to New York on business. "Take me with you, Dad," Connie said, and told him that she could get a letter of introduction to Mr. Wonders.

"It's a go," said her father. "I'll take you and your mother, too."

Mr. Wonders spoke to them on the telephone. Yes, he did remember Mr. Knight, but it was really no use for Connie to come in. He didn't even have the time to see her and an audition was completely out of the question.

Connie's father said that was perfectly all right, that they just happened to be in New York and took the chance of calling him.

"Wait a minute," Mr. Wonders said. "Perhaps I could see you at half-past two this afternoon."

"Thank you," said Mr. Gates, "but we'll be busy at half-past two." And there was Connie wringing her hands in anguish. But her father knew more about the business world than she did, for the appointment was made for three-thirty and after Wonders had talked to Connie and her father for five minutes he rushed her into the studio and said, "I'll give you an audition."

Connie's mother was so nervous she wouldn't even come up. She stood outside and walked up and down the street. Connie's father was in the control room. The first song she sang was, "I dream a little shy dream, the skies in my dream are always blue." And her father hoped that Connie couldn't see the tears in his eyes.

When the audition was over they were taken to Wonders' office. Before him on his desk was a contract for two years for Connie to sign. Connie and her father looked at it. "You know what this means," her father said. "You'll be away from home. You'll be in New York all alone."

"I know," Connie said.

"The kids will be having birthdays and cakes and presents and there will be all the fun you like and you won't be there."

"I know," said Connie.

She reached for the pen. Her father was lighting a cigarette which he ground out in an ashtray. He got up and stood with his back to Connie, looking out the window. When she had signed her name he turned to her. Tears swam in his eyes and without a word he held out his hand to her. Like two dear pals they shook hands. And Connie knew everything that that handshake said.

In a fever of excitement they rushed out of the Columbia building to find Connie's mother and tell her everything that had happened. Together they went back to Cleveland, so that Connie could pack and return to New York.

The night before she left there was a family conference.

And Connie's father told her the things that have made her live her life as she now does.

"Don't let the so-called glamour become so important to you, Connie, that you forget the good, sturdy things in life. Be wary of quick friendships. But sure that a friend is tested before you make a friendship. Stick to ideals. We know we can depend on you."

"And Connie," her mother said, "if you should fall in love, dear, and should want to be married, you wouldn't let your ambitions stand in the way of your happiness, would you?" And Connie knew that her mother was thinking of her own beautiful life with the man who had had eleven dollars and twenty cents when he married her.

So maybe now you can understand why Connie lives such a quiet life. Yet for Connie it's a rich, full life. An occasional theater with Vera Van. Horseback riding in the park. Her thrilling fan mail—she takes an hour to answer every letter because she wants those who write her to know how truly appreciative she is. Books. Her attractive room at the Barbizon. All these things make Connie's castle of dreams. Young as she is, she has pursued no false gods. She knows wherein her happiness lies and she has the courage to stick on the path her heart tells her is the right path.

"I think I know my type on the air," she said. "I'm sure I know what I want to do. I want my listeners to feel as close to me as I do to them. I can't sing hot jazz. It would be ridiculous for me to try. But I don't necessarily want to sing sad songs exclusively. I just want to sing sweet, simple, comforting and consoling songs. I love radio. I take a vital and personal interest in my programs. But—and this is the truth—I could give it up tomorrow if the right man came along and wanted me to give it up.

"I believe that everyone should be happy. I know in what direction my

happiness lies. I've truly found my castle of dreams."

Connie Gates may be heard each Monday at 11:30 A.M., E.S.T., over the following CBS stations:

WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WBBM, WHK, CKLW, KMBC, WCAU, WJAS, KMOX, WSPD, WMBR, WQAM, WDBO, WDAE, KHJ, WGST, WLBZ, WBRC, WBT, WBNS, KRDL, WSMK, KLZ, WBIG, KTRH, KFAB, KLRA, WIBX, WMT, WFEA, WREC, WCCO, WALA, WLAC, WDSU, WCOA, WDBJ, WHEC, KWKH, KSCJ, WMAS, KFH, WSJS, WORC, WKBN, WKRC, WDNC, WOC, KVOR, KTSB, KOMA, WSBT, KOH, KOIN, WNOX, KVI, KOL, KGB, KGKO, WTOG, WACO, WHP, WDOD.

Also each Thursday, Friday and Saturday at 6:45 P.M., E.S.T., over the following CBS stations:

WABC, WCAO, WAAB, WKBW, WDRC, WCAU, WEAN.

Also each Saturday from 10:30 P.M., to 1:30 A.M., E.S.T., over the following NBC stations:

WEAF, WJAR, WCSH, WFBR, KYW, WRC, WGY, WCAE, WWJ, WLW, WMAQ, KSD, WOW, WTMJ, WIBA, WEBC, WDAY, KFJR, WWNC, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WMC, WSB, WJDX, WSMB, WTAR, WAVE, KVOO, KTHS, WKY, WFAA, WBAP, KTBS, KPRC, WOAI, WHO, WSOC, KSTP, WRVA, WTAM, WTAG, WEEL, WBEN (WDAF on 11:30), WTIC.

From 12 midnight to 3 A.M., E.S.T., over KOA, KDYL, and 12:30 A.M. to 3:30 A.M., E.S.T., over: KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KFSD, KTAR.

Behind the Dial

(Continued from page 6)

ARTHUR Q. BRYAN, the radio script writer, is responsible for a unique service now being performed for dog-owning residents of crowded Manhattan. He made "Bill and Ginger" as superintendent of the mythical "Noodles Arms" apartments take the pets of tenants for daily constitutionals. One James Daley, listening in, thought that a very practical idea and organized the Daily Dog Walking Service. He has been deluged with customers and is constantly adding to his staff of canine nursemaids.

SINCE Muriel Wilson's engagement to Fred Hufsmith was made public she has acquired a "hope chest." Radio fans made it necessary because of their contributions to Mary Lou. Dozens and dozens of beautifully hand-made towels and doilies and dresser scarfs and what-nots have come to Muriel from every corner of the country, from Canada and even Hawaii. All are gratefully received by Miss Wilson.

RUTH CARHART, recent recruit to Roxy's Gang, is being extravagantly boosted by that impresario. "One of the most important discoveries of my career with the greatest potentialities of any artist that ever worked for me," is the way Roxy describes her. Miss Carhart is an Ellsworth, Kansas, girl and her mother was a concert singer. Ruth studied voice under Mme. Schumann-Heink, at the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music and at the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia.

PAUL WHITEMAN'S three weeks' holiday in Florida cost him \$4,500 in loss of income alone. His band remained on that cheese program while Paul was sunning himself but the pay check was \$1,500 less each week he was there. Arthur Boran, the impersonator, has been made a regular member of "The March of Time." Jack Smart, delineator of a thousand and one characters on the air, impersonates Senator Huey Long on that same program.

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A great many splendid stories and features are planned for your pleasure in the forthcoming issues of TOWER RADIO. You won't miss any of them if you have the year's subscription which the coupon below will bring. A year's subscription in the United States is \$1.00. In Canada, \$1.60. Foreign, \$2.00.

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Noted Beauty
Authority
of Hollywood



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BROWN
BLUE



Black or Brown



Blue, Brown, Blue-Gray,
Violet and Green



Colorless



Black or White Bristles

• Notice your favorite screen actress, and see how she depends on well-groomed brows, softly shaded eyelids, and long, dark, lustrous lashes to give her eyes that necessary beauty and expression. More than any other feature, her eyes express her. More than any other feature your eyes express you. You cannot be really charming unless your eyes are attractive... and it is so easy to make them so, instantly, with the pure and harmless Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids.

After powdering, blend a soft, colorful shadow on your eyelids with Maybelline Eye Shadow, and see how the color and sparkle of your eyes are instantly intensified. Now form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Then apply a few simple brush strokes of Maybelline mascara to your lashes, to make them appear naturally long, dark, and luxuriant, and behold how your eyes express a new, more beautiful YOU!

Keep your lashes soft and silky by applying the pure Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream nightly, and be sure to brush and train your eyebrows with the dainty, specially designed Maybelline Eyebrow Brush. All Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be had in introductory sizes at any leading 10c store. To be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness, accept only genuine Maybelline preparations.

THIS LITTLE GIRL HAD A DOLLAR!



THIS LITTLE BOY HAD A DIME!



And the thing both of them wanted most of all was Tiny Tower, the magazine that is their very own. The little girl got a year's subscription—twelve issues for her dollar. And the little boy went right out and bought his copy, "Just like I do every month," he says.

● Tiny Tower is the greatest play magazine that children have ever had. Every page is written for the child—stories they love to hear again and again, Jack and Jill in thrilling new picture-adventures, amusing cut-outs, comics, games, puzzles, jokes, things to do and make.

● Perhaps you are like the little girl who wanted a year's subscription so she would be sure to get every single issue. Then use the coupon below. But whatever you do, don't let the children miss the fun in Tiny Tower. Ten cents will get the current copy, in its new big size, at the nearest newsstand or F. W. Woolworth Co. stores.

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Please send a year's subscription to Tiny Tower to the child whose name appears below. I am enclosing \$1.00 (check or money-order.)

Child's Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....
Begin with the.....issue
Your name and address.....

Radio Pageant

(Continued from page 8)

Leslie Howard, assisted by Merle Oberon. This reconciliation on the way to the guillotine tumbrel had both tenderness and poignancy, thanks to the able Howard.

RECOMMENDATIONS:
Lucrezia Bori's singing of Strauss' "Tales From the Vienna Woods."

Alexander Woolcott's half-hour on Stephen Foster, who climbed to the stars with the finest folk-songs of America.

The 1935 Joe Penner. Funnier and with better material.

Roxy's new discovery, Ruth Carhart. Better right now than Ruth Etting. And a tribute, too, to Roxy. His new gang program has grown into one of the best things on the air. Roxy is too good a showman to miss the bulls-eye.

And a word to Azucar, the winner of the \$125,000 Santa Anita Handicap. Azucar personally went on the air for an unscheduled appearance. Flowers were being draped around the horse's neck when the animal took over the proceedings, knocked over Announcer Clem McCarthy and the mike and put the NBC broadcast off the air in a clatter of hoof beats.

The two best speaking voices on the air: those of Peggy Allenby and John Barclay, respectively, the voices of the heroine and hero of the Palmolive operettas.

And the interesting, tuneful Romberg hour.

Baker's Man

(Continued from page 29)

Immediately after the show closed, Harry, with bulging pockets, was engaged to appear in a picture called "Wet Gold," opposite Aileen Pringle, which was filmed on location in the delightful atmosphere of Nassau, in the Bahamas. More good fortune. The assignment was like a vacation.

Returning to New York, the young English actor continued to ride a lucky streak. Mr. and Mrs. Coburn, producers of the successful "Better 'Ole," engaged Harry for a prominent role in "French Leave" which lasted sixteen weeks. This was followed by a long engagement in "Happy - Go - Lucky," which title aptly suggested Harry McNaughton's attitude at that time.

WITH plenty of reserve capital on hand, he decided to splurge. He bought a big house in Bayside, L. I., a theatrical colony near New York. Then came the lean days which every actor must experience. Lady Luck frowned on Harry McNaughton during the years 1921-22 and had it not been for the kindness of another uncle, the well-known actor, Tom McNaughton, he would often have gone without meals. Another stroke of good fortune, since few struggling thespians are blessed with indulgent uncles.

Things picked up, as they have a habit of doing. He found a role in the Winter Garden show, from the chorus of which Joan Crawford stepped to world-wide fame as a Hollywood star. It was Harry who placed her on the train when, wide-eyed with wonderment and uncertainty, she started off on the big adventure. The same revue boasted two other players who were later to emerge from obscurity to screen prominence,

Nancy Carroll and Jack Oakie.

With the arrival of talkies there came a great drift of Broadway actors toward Hollywood. Meanwhile, our hero found plenty of picture work right here in New York. He made a series of shorts for Warner Brothers at their Brooklyn studios. In one of them was a good-looking extra whom Harry picked as a winner. Several years later that same actor was to become a great film star. His name is Jimmy Dunn.

Pathé having seen McNaughton's films, engaged him to star in some pictures they were making at their studio in Harlem. The morning on which the Pathé studio fire occurred, Harry was in the midst of a comedy called "Sixteen Sweeties." While the cameras were grinding there came a sudden cry of "Fire!" and a few moments later our friend "Bottle" found himself out on the sidewalk with one of the chorus girls in his arms. The name of that chorus girl is Constance Cummings, whom film fans have since learned to admire as one of the better-known screen players. Again Dame Fortune had smiled on McNaughton! The blaze had been so rapid that seven lives were lost.

Almost immediately Warner Brothers offered him a featured role in a short with Phil Baker. These two worked so well together that the idea of a radio program was born then and there. On that movie set the characters who were later to be known to millions of listeners-in as "Beetle and Bottle" first came into being.

SITTING opposite Harry McNaughton in Sardi's famous theatrical restaurant, I couldn't help being impressed by his utter sincerity. He told me that he answers every letter he receives and that requests for photographs are never ignored.

Bottle, as to size, cannot be called half-pint, although he isn't what one would call tall. He's of medium height, inclined to be thin, and has coal-black hair. He is an all-around athlete and shoots golf in the low 80's. His actions and speech are as quick as his wit. No matter how serious the conversation may be, his blue eyes always have a merry twinkle. One cannot help being impressed by his enthusiasm and complete joy of living.

He has always been like that. Even while things were bad and he was swapping nickels with others "between engagements." Before he ever dreamed of reaching an audience of millions, without ever leaving either New York or Chicago. A recent contest proved the Baker Bottle and Beetle combination one of the most popular of the half-hour programs.

He's hoping that it will continue, although he would like time off to make a picture in England, where his name is so well known.

Meanwhile, he goes merrily on his way, a Prince of Good Fellows. Life is a hectic whirl of rehearsals, personal appearances and business conferences, between broadcasts. He seldom manages to catch more than six hours' sleep, yet never appears tired. Take it from Bottle: "There's no fun like work." And he calls himself lucky!

Harry McNaughton may be heard each Friday at 9:30 P.M., E.S.T., over the following NBC stations:

WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, KPRC, WOAI, WKY, WJR, KGW, KWK, WBAL, KOMO, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, KDYL, KWK, WREN, KOIL, WTMJ, KSTP, WEBC, WRVA, WWNC, WJAX, WIOD, WSM, WMC, WSB, WAPI, WSMB, WFAA, KOC, KSO, WENR, KHQ, KPO, WAVE, WFLA, WMAL, WSYP, KWCR, KFI, KTAR.



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But don't worry about it. Just put ColoRinse in the shampoo wash. Use as much as you want to . . . it's harmless vegetable compound, not a dye or a bleach, and you have 10 lovely shades to choose from. The instant result will delight you, for your hair will glow with renewed youthful color and glamour . . . that "Sheen of Youth" you never want to lose.

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

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Know Your Music

Illustrated by
BERTRAND
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Johann Strauss

By
Pitts
Sanborn

JOHANN STRAUSS, JR., is known in history as the "Waltz King." Of the various composers of the Viennese waltz he is the most famous, with nearly 400 pieces of that type to his credit. The best of them all, "The Beautiful Blue Danube," is one of the most widely known compositions of the nineteenth century.

To understand the true position of Johann Strauss, Jr., we must know something of his father and his brothers, for the Strausses of Vienna constituted a veritable dynasty of the dance. The waltz, the dance in triple rhythm that gave them their unique fame, is said to be of Bohemian origin. In any case, a little more than a century ago it took Vienna by storm, under the generalship of Joseph Lanner and Johann Strauss, Sr., who first were colleagues in a string quartet and then in a dance orchestra. But presently Strauss organized an orchestra of his own and began taking it on more and more extended tours, which eventually reached Paris and London. He, as his contribution to three quarter time, published 152 waltzes.

Of his three sons, though all carried on the tradition of the father, Johann, Jr., born in Vienna on October 25, 1825, was, figuratively to achieve the crown. Johann, Sr., while a devoted parent, yet had a complex against filial usurpation. His three sons he destined for business. Their mother, however, entertained other ideas. Privately she had the son Johann taught violin and composition, to such effect that in October, 1844, he openly kicked over the traces and burst forth as both waltz composer and conductor. Upon the senior Johann's death, five years later, the son combined the father's orchestra with his own, triumphantly toured Austria, Poland, and Germany, and won an engagement in 1855 to conduct summer concerts in St. Petersburg for ten years.

Meanwhile in Vienna he was conductor at the court balls from 1863 to 1870, when he resigned in favor of his brother Eduard. This he did mainly because he desired more time for composition. Offenbach and Lecocq in Paris and von Suppé and Millocker in Vienna were making operetta all the rage, and Strauss saw a chance to emulate them. His first work in that class, "Indigo," appeared in 1871. A long series followed, of which "Die Fledermaus" (1874), "Das Spitzentuch der Koenigin" (1880), "Der Lustige Krieg" (1881), "Eine Nacht in Venedig" (1883), and "Der Zigeunerbaron" (1885) are the most important. And their success has been largely due to the dances incorporated in the scores, for each operetta, in the words of one of their admirers, is a horn of plenty of the finest dance melody. Even in his admirable works for the

stage Strauss is still the Waltz King.

A brilliant episode of Strauss's career was his visit to America in 1872, when he gave fourteen concerts in

Boston and four in New York on a "monster" scale. In Boston the orchestra and the chorus each numbered 1,000. The furore he created in the puritan capital has become legendary. It has been related that in the streets women sought to kiss the sleeve of his coat, that young girls besieged him for a lock of his hair.

It seems that his Viennese servant profited in a canny way by all this enthusiasm. Some ladies had actually bribed the fellow to clip for them locks of the master's hair while he slept. What the thrifty retainer did was to shear the coat of Strauss's black Newfoundland dog, thus supplying the ladies gold lockets with what they believed to be authentic keepsakes, while the ready shearer gleefully kept their money.

Not alone in Boston, but likewise in his native Vienna Strauss was the subject of feminine adulation. Indeed, he earned the name of being one of the gayest Lotharios of the lively Austrian metropolis. In 1921 a Strauss monument was unveiled in the city park of Vienna, twenty-two years after the composer's death, which occurred on June 3, 1899. There stands the figure of Strauss, cast in bronze and gilded over. He holds his fiddle under his chin and against the strings he presses the bow. Behind him, in high relief, on a white marble background is a row of idealized figures draped in laces. They symbolize the generations of dancers that tripped at the call of his bow.

Marriage played an important but mixed role in the life of Strauss. His first wife, Henriette Treffz (Jetty) a singer, six years his senior, was forty-four when he married her in 1862. Absolutely devoted to him and his interests she acted as his secretary and manager. Her death came in 1878.

Strauss then married another singer, Lily Angelika Diettrich. This ended in divorce. His third and last marriage with Adele Deutsch, a widow who cared for him deeply, proved eminently satisfactory to them both.

How highly the "Waltz King's" works have been regarded by other musicians may be gathered from the testimony of Wagner and of Brahms. Wagner said of them: "One of Strauss's waltzes as far surpasses in charm, finish, and musical worth hundreds of the artificial compositions of his contemporaries as the tower of St. Stephen's surpasses the advertising columns on Paris Boulevards."

Brahms wrote on the then Frau Strauss's fan the opening measures of the "Blue Danube" waltz and underneath them: "Leider nicht von Brahms." (Unfortunately not by Brahms).

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Johnston

announce the marriage

of their daughter

Doris

*And there almost was
no wedding to announce*



NOT so long ago it seemed as if the happy plans were going awry. Jack seemed uneasy, unwilling to go on. Doris was crushed by his coolness.

Then a true friend told Doris, "The thing which is troubling Jack is something you can easily correct."

Happy ending!

.

It takes a true friend indeed to tell a girl that it is not pleasant to be near her on account of the ugly odor of underarm perspiration.

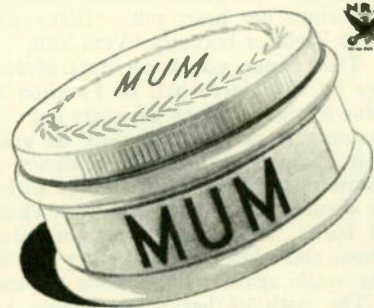
It's so unnecessary to offend in this way. For you can be safe *all day, every day*, in just half a minute. With Mum!

You can use this dainty deodorant cream any time, you know — *after* dressing, just as well as before. For it's perfectly harmless to clothing.

It's soothing to the skin, too. You can shave your underarms and use Mum at once.

Remember, too, Mum doesn't prevent perspiration itself — just that unpleasant odor of perspiration which has stood between many a girl and happiness.

Make Mum a daily habit and you can be sure *your* popularity will never be threatened on this score. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., N. Y.



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TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

LET MUM HELP IN THIS WAY, TOO. Use Mum on sanitary napkins and enjoy complete peace of mind and freedom from worry about this source of unpleasantness.

NEW KIND OF
dry rouge
STAYS ON ALL DAY



...or all night! Savage Rouge, as your sense of touch will tell you, is a great deal finer in texture and softer than ordinary rouge. Its particles being so infinitely fine, adhere closely to the skin. In fact, Savage Rouge, for this reason, clings so insistently, it seems to become a part of the skin itself... refusing to yield, even to the savage caresses its tempting smoothness and pulse-quicken color so easily invite. Try it. You'll see the difference instantly! Four lovely shades.

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YOU can banish those annoying, embarrassing freckles quickly and surely in the privacy of your own room. Your friends will wonder how you did it. Stillman's Freckle Cream removes them while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and smooth. 50¢ the complexion fresh and clear. A Jar

Stillman's
FRECKLE CREAM

Mail this Coupon to Box 100 THE STILLMAN CO., Aurora, Illinois and receive a FREE Booklet about Freckles.

Name _____
Address _____

Velvet Voice

(Continued from page 28)

tion until the dancing teacher called her attention to Vera's unusual ability.

Well, right then Mrs. Webster started to worry. She realized she had a real problem on her hands. All the Websters were strictly, strait-lacedly Methodist, and worked at it. A stage career was out of the question for a girl of the family.

"I thought of stopping Vera's dancing lessons," she says, "but it seemed a crime. She was always a born performer. She could sing as soon as she could walk—and dancing was as natural to her as playing. And she loved it so... a shy child ordinarily, she had to be dragged off the stage at recitals, because she wanted to be the whole show. She liked applause more than candy."

BRAVING family frowns and general disapproval, Vera continued her dancing lessons when the family moved to Akron, Ohio. At that time a huge pageant was produced in that city, and the tiny toe-twirler was offered a job as premiere danseuse, leading a ballet of one hundred children. The production was to tour the state, and the salary offered was \$100 a week. (P. S. Vera got the job. Her mother signed the contract.)

And that was when she started leading two lives.

"You see," her mother explained, "the family disapproved so thoroughly that I simply had to work things out to everyone's satisfaction. They were so afraid Vera might miss some of the things a normal child experiences—that she would never have time to play with other children, that her education would be a hit-or-miss proposition, traveling around... so I had to see that she had time for all of childhood's activities, that she had private tutors—everything. I had to spank her when she needed it. We were on tour nearly two years, so the whole thing fell on my shoulders. I had to be both father and mother.

"But that's only one side of the story. I didn't want to dampen her enthusiasm for the stage, or to lose sight of its glamour. I tried to keep each performance a special treat. As a result, performing still holds a certain magic for her. Even now she still thrills to footlights and celebrities. She is really two different girls. Maybe you've noticed that."

One does notice that about Vera immediately. You're talking to a rather shy, quiet young lady; the minute hand of the clock ticks a quarter off; an announcer says something about blue velvet. Like microphone magic, the shy girl steps up, sparkling with vivacity—and sings her heart out. That's when Vera Webster becomes "Vera Van."

That name, you know, was given to her by the Marco half of Fanchon and Marco when she was ten years old. She assumes it as an actor puts on grease paint; along with it she assumes the glamorous personality that goes with it, as casually as though it were a change of hats. When she leaves the microphone she takes it off and gives you that shy smile again. It's a little uncanny.

The path of her career shows how these two personalities developed. When Vera was eight, the Websters moved to Los Angeles. Some of the family disapproval had vanished by this time, to the great relief of her mother. They could see that two years of trouping hadn't spoiled the child; she was farther along in school than cousins of her own age, with tutoring and one year in Akron's public school. So when, almost as soon as they arrived in California, she was offered the role of Buttercup in



FOR just one week, take Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets before going to bed, and see how your mirror flatters you—cheeks like velvet, a lovely skin and happy, sparkling eyes.

So mild and yet so pure, countless grateful women have come to call these wonderful tablets the "internal cosmetic," because they remove the inside causes of blemishes, pimples, headaches and that general run-down feeling.

Beauty for every woman

A gratifying substitute for calomel, Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets act safely and gently on the intestines, relieving constipation and clearing the system of poison so perilous to beauty.

Ask at any drug store, for these olive colored tablets, compounded of vegetable ingredients, if you want to look and feel years younger. 15¢, 30¢, 60¢.

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COMPLETE TREATMENT 200 PHOTOS 50c
No dark room or special equipment. Send \$10 for complete postpaid treatment to print 200 3 x 5 photos (C.O.D. 50c). Our Money-Back Guarantee Protects You.

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Dress up your kitchen with new towels, pot holders, stenciled food containers, etc. Send 10c for diagram pattern to Frances Cowles, Tower Magazines, Inc., 85 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

FREE SAMPLE

DEW *Something about it*

● Dew can be applied any time and you will like its quick action. It both deodorizes and stops perspiration instantly. When the simple directions are followed, Dew Deodorant will not stain or injure delicate fabrics or the most sensitive skin. You will like its economy—all you want to use will not cost you more than \$1.00 a year.

25¢ · 50¢
Generous sizes of all drug and department stores

Mail this coupon in an envelope or poste on postcard.

FREE

MARION LAMBERT, INC., St. Louis, Mo., Dept. 112

Without cost to me, please send sample of Instant Dew.

Name _____
Address _____

"Pinafore," there was no argument—she took it.

Next she toured the big Grauman Coast theaters, singing and dancing on the vaudeville stage. Of course her mother was always with her. And only from her mother can one find out much about Vera's career. She herself has forgotten many of the things she did. Her mother's voluminous scrapbook of press notices and photographs bores her; when people insist on looking at it, she leaves the room. It seems unimportant to her; she is interested only in the present and the future.

She doesn't see anything remarkable in the fact that at ten she was doing a three-minute acrobatic toe number, considered quite a stunt for adult ballet dancers. It was easy for her. She can't see anything to get excited about in the fact that she played ingenue leads in musical comedy stock, a new role each week, at the age of thirteen. She could and she did. They pinned her curls up on top of her head to make her look older. It was simply a very special part of her day.

WHEN Vera was eight years old, she was in movies—she played in Hal Roach comedies, and did many other bit parts. When she was a tot of ten, she led a band of grown-up men on the stage—her very own band, which was called "The Dixie Revelers." She was Alice in "Alice in Wonderland" on a six months' road tour at the age of twelve. With Fanchon and Marco and without them she appeared in all big theaters on the West Coast. Part of the time she had a little girl partner; the small steppers were headlined as the La Vonna Sisters.

Vera was also one of the first children in radio; but even then her program was a very dignified one—a fifteen minute period of songs over KHJ in Los Angeles. Semi-classical songs, if you please. Her brothers, Carl and Dick, accompanied her on violin and piano, and she was billed as "The Diminutive Prima Donna." This at the age of eight.

Nobody in the Webster household ever alluded to the fact that they were harboring a child prodigy. Vera's home life was as normal and wholesome as that of your own kid sister. Consequently, today she is no more spoiled than any girl who is baby of the family and has two adoring big brothers. She was never "shown off" before company. The theater was the place for dancing, her mother said. The least trace of affection was frowned upon. Acting, too, was for the theater.

ALTHOUGH she looks much more like a girl who would rather "sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam," Vera has always been athletic. In high school she went in for sports in a big way: swimming, running, handball, gym—even boxing! She once won a medal for high jumping... But her mother reports proudly, she can sew a fine seam, too. She has a hope chest full of linens she embroidered herself. And she likes to cook.

Her ambition is pointed at musical comedy, with Marilyn the brightest star in her sky. Accordingly she is taking dancing lessons so she won't get "rusty," and twice a week she sings in an empty theater or large hall. The latter is so that she will not become exclusively a "microphone singer," since radio and stage techniques differ so widely. Lee Shubert of the producing Shuberts suggested her doing this; she wisely considers his advice worth following religiously.

For two years Vera and her mother have made New York their home, although her father and two brothers are in California—a devoted family separated by the very medium which has

made the world seem such a small place after all . . . radio. But after each broadcast, Vera receives either a wire or phone call from her dad or one of her brothers. Their big house in Los Angeles is closed, because the men of the family would rattle about dismally without their two girls.

BOTH Vera and her mother get homesick for California; there, they could jump into bathing suits and be at the beach in ten minutes—or jump in the car and in half an hour be cooking their dinner up in the mountains, camp style. People in New York, Vera complains, don't seem to know what a picnic is! She loves being outdoors and on the days when she is not working she often goes into the country to look for green fields and running brooks. Boat trips delight her, and every Sunday morning she rides horseback, very prettily and properly, in Central Park.

She spends much time planning her programs and making arrangements of songs, and she and her mother answer all her fan mail, which is a sizable job, since she averages about 2,000 letters a month. About fifteen people write her every week, faithfully. One of them is a young Italian, in this country for eight months. "Your voice brings God much nearer," he wrote recently. The letter closes with a romantic request, "May I kiss your dainty hand?"

Vera's lovely voice is a natural. She has had no voice training, except for a course in speech and voice placement under Josephine Dillon, in Hollywood, for speaking rather than singing. She considers her mother her very best critic. She likes criticism, but by that she doesn't mean praise.

"Friends always say they like anything

you do," she says, "so they're not much help. As for fathers—they're *worst* of all. Prejudiced, I'm sure. But mother knows what I can do, and helps me so much. I couldn't get along without her . . . and in case you think she's the stern chaperone all the time, you're wrong. She's a real pal. We're really more like sisters than mother and daughter. Do you think we look alike?" She asked the question eagerly, and seemed delighted when we said we did.

It is actually to her mother's direction as much as to the possession of that gorgeous voice that Vera owes her success. For little Mrs. Webster has always been her daughter's business manager.

But it is not for this that we award her a double orchid corsage to be delivered twice a day indefinitely—but rather for the fact that Vera, in spite of a stage, screen and radio career which many a person twice her age might envy, is the most unspoiled and unaffected of radio's songstresses. What this country needs is more "stage mothers" like her. There should be a school for training them and Vera Van's mother should be at the head of it!

Vera Van may be heard each Sunday at 5 P.M., E.S.T., over the following CBS stations:

WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WAAB, WKBW, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDRC, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI, WGST, WLBZ, WBRC, WBT, WDOD, WBNS, KRLD, KLZ, WBIG, KTRH, KLRA, WREC, WCCO, WLAC, WDSU, KOMA, WMBG, WHEC, KSL, KTSA, WMAS, WIBW, KTUL, KFH, WORC, WKBN.

Two Boys Who Steal the Air (PARKYAKAKAS)

(Continued from page 25)

important business man and was called upon to make speeches at banquets he told stories in the Greek dialect. Invariably he was a big hit.

But there is a vast gap between entertaining one's friends and entertaining an audience that demands professional fare. But it happened that Joe Rines, of a local Boston station, heard him one night and asked him to broadcast. Incidentally, Harry has never had an audition for radio and he has always had a commercial program.

HE wrote his own script and went on the air, advertising a firm not his own. It was a curious situation. In the daytime he did advertising for the furniture company. At night he became Parkyakakas and advertised—over the air—jewelry and furs. Yet he would have felt presumptuous offering his services as a comedian to the firm where he was employed as an advertising man.

They asked him how much he wanted for his radio work. He had no idea what performers got—so he said he'd take a hundred dollars a week. He learned later—after he had got the figure—that it was an unheard of amount for a local station.

During this time Boston was approaching its local elections for mayor. They were attempting to put over one man by splitting the ticket with dozens of candidates—a ridiculous political mix-up.

One morning Einstein, at his desk, picked up the paper and saw several new candidates—among them one lad

whose only claim to fame was that he could smoke ten cigars at one time, several in his mouth, a couple in his nose and several in his ears.

Einstein called Rines. "How about running Parkyakakas for mayor?" he asked.

It was a terrific stunt. As a joke—poking fun at the entire political mess—Parkyakakas electioneered over every program. Handbills were thrown around the town. His picture adorned shop windows and when election day came thousands of voters wrote in his name. And the fame of Parkyakakas had spread throughout New England.

It was great fun and Harry Einstein enjoyed it all immensely.

And then, one week-end, he was in New York. It was Saturday afternoon. "How can I get to Eddie Cantor?" Harry asked a friend. He was given the name of his press agent.

Now it just so happens that fifty-one Saturdays out of the year the man isn't in his office. But on this—the fifty-second Saturday—he was in. And, what was more amazing, Cantor—who is almost never in an office—was there, too, and would see Parkyakakas.

They talked. He had never heard Einstein on the air. He did not ask for an audition. He simply said, "I can't use you this week, but I will in two weeks' time. I'll get in touch with you."

Harry had given Cantor his name and address but he had not written them down. He left the office with a "Well, that's that, I won't hear from him again." But in exactly two weeks Can-

WHAT EVERY WOMAN SHOULD KNOW

. . . yet 8 out of 10 don't

You may wear rubies and ermine, the latest Paris gown, a seductive perfume—you may have every exquisite accessory. **BUT** if you don't know how to powder your face, you're cruelly handicapped from the start.

EVERY woman should recognize this fact: Nothing ages the face more than *the wrong powder, crudely put on*. Often it adds 5 to 10 years.

Every woman should know how to powder, yet many don't. And all should know about one ultra-modern powder that actually subtracts years, giving the complexion a youthful, fresh glow that is adorable—natural. It is superior because of an exclusive process—*it's stratified* (rolled into tiny, clinging wafers). Hence no grit. Its delicate texture blends softly into the skin, lasts infinitely longer—conceals pores, but cannot enlarge them.

The name of this sensational new powder that is being welcomed all over the country is **SOFT-TONE Mello-glo**, so flattering and youthifying.

It meets the latest French vogue of *powdering to look un-powdered*, now widely advocated by American beauty experts. It stands the severest "close-up" inspection—flat and shineless—as your mirror will agree.

The new **SOFT-TONE Mello-glo** is presented in five flattering shades, caressingly perfumed, 50c and \$1. Buy a box today. See how quickly this super-powder makes you look younger, more natural.

NOTE: To obtain the new **SOFT-TONE Mello-glo**, you must ask for the gold box with the blue edge, which distinguishes it from our Facial-tone Mello-glo (Heavy) in gold box with white edge.



Free

The first and only book on powdering, entitled "The New Vogue in Powdering." It shows how to look your best. The Beauty Editor of *Vogue* calls it, "An utterly new technique of powdering called Mello-glo Modeling." How to attain the complexion effect all men adore. How to accent or reduce the nose or chin, etc. How to mold your face. You can become the mistress of the fine art of proper powdering. Merely mail coupon for free book.

new SOFT-TONE MELLO-GLO

the close-up powder that gives an UN-powdered look

AT ALL 10¢ COUNTERS

The Mello-glo Co., Boston, Mass. T. M.—5-35

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

For a generous package (not a sample) of new Soft-tone Mello-glo, enclose 10c, checking shade you wish:

Ivory Flesh Pink Natural Rachel Brunette.

SAVAGE

FACE POWDER

CLINGS *Savagely!*



Here is something really new in face powder... something you are sure to welcome. A powder made on a very different kind of base, so fine, so soft, this powder hugs the skin as though actually a part of it. Try it. See for yourself, if ever you knew a powder to stay on so long... and smooth all the while it stays. There's another thrill in it too! The fineness that lets Savage cling so endlessly, also makes the skin appear more truly poreless, smoother, more inviting to the eyes. And the thrill that there is in touching a Savage powdered skin could be told you only by someone else! There are four lovely shades:

NATURAL (Flesh)
BEIGE · RACHEL
RACHEL
(Extra Dark)

20¢
at all 10 cent stores

WHITE KID SHOES CAN BE KEPT "NEW" IRENE MARCHANT

How? By always using ColorShine special White Kid Cleaner (10c) that dissolves the dirt off instead of cutting it off with sharp abrasive. The original kid finish polishes beautifully, (or leave dull if you prefer) and "won't

rub off." For other white shoes, I use the special ColorShine White Cloth and Buckskin Cleaner (10c). Get both at Woolworth's and many other stores. For valuable information write Irene Marchant, c/o The Captain Manufacturing Co., Baltimore, Maryland.

No. 11
Special Cleaner for WHITE KID SHOES

No. 12
Special Cleaner for Cloth, Buckskin Shoes



Each One Does its Own Job BETTER

FREE VALUABLE NUMEROLOGY CHART

COMPLETE SCIENTIFIC NUMEROLOGY CHART sent FREE to you by the makers of the two famous lipsticks—REJUVIA at 10c and FLAME-GLO at 20c each. Have you an Artistic Nature? Are you Mysterious, Fascinating? Are you intended for Great Love, Adventure, Success? Define your own type with this Complete Numerology Chart. Study your Sweetheart, your Friends! Does your name fit your personality? Do you vibrate to 7-9-14-27? Intriguing, Mysterious, Exciting. You will be amazed at what the numbers show. Mail your name and address on penny Post Card, No Cost, No Obligation. Send now to REJUVIA BEAUTY LABS, Inc., 308 Broadway, Dept. E40, New York City.

REJUVIA LIPSTICK 10c. FLAME-GLO LIPSTICK 20c. The only really automatic Lipstick as fine as the most expensive. America's Famous Lipstick Sensations. Three times as indelible as most other lipsticks. Why pay 51¢ or more? Get the finest for only 10c and 20c at F. W. Woolworth 5 and 10c stores.

WORLD'S BIGGEST SELLING HAIR REMOVER

ZIP

THE PERFORMED DEPILATORY

ZIP EPILATOR—IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT DESTROYS SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Two Boys Who Steal the Air

(PARKYAKAKAS)

(Continued from page 63)

tor called him long distance to Boston and asked him to be ready to go on the air with him.

JUST recently Einstein asked Cantor why he took the chance—why he gave him the spot—not sight unseen, exactly, but certainly voice unheard.

Cantor shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, I don't know. I liked you. You didn't oversell yourself."

And that was Harry Einstein's entrance into big time radio, big time show business.

He still played safe. He still kept his position as advertising manager. Just now, after his long time with Cantor, he has resigned. The world of business is left behind. The world of acting is before him—not only in the radio field but in the movies as well, for he is scheduled to be with Eddie Cantor in his next picture.

For Cantor's help he is eternally grateful. "I'm not a funny man," he said, "it's Cantor who makes me funny—if I am. He is the greatest showman of them all. I'm crazy with stage fright before every broadcast. Cantor invariably pats me on the back and says 'You're okay.' It's just what I need. I go on feeling like a million. I've never had so much fun in my life.

"Lots of people ask me how the Greeks feel about my stuff. They love it. A banquet was given for me on a Greek ship recently. They all made speeches about me in Greek—which I didn't understand—but every time I heard my name called I took a bow. The ship was supposed to sail at midnight. At three A. M. I asked the captain why he didn't sail. 'I can sail any day,' he said. 'The ship can't go until I say so. This banquet is great.'"

Yes, Harry Einstein, erstwhile advertising man, thinks show business is great. And he's willing to be Parkyakakas for the rest of his life.

Two Boys Who Steal the Air

(SCHLEPPERMAN)

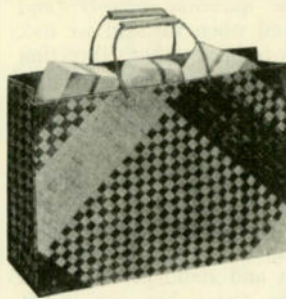
(Continued from page 25)

he played a mouth organ and showed so much talent that his family bought him a violin, gave him music lessons and before he was sixteen he was playing in a boys' symphony orchestra on the road. A great many of the musicians now in radio belonged to that organization. Sam sees them now and they talk of the old days. They have remained in the musical game while Sam, although he plays the violin occasionally for his own amusement, has wandered far afield.

HE was determined that he would be in show business—that nothing could stop him. One day he saw an advertisement in the paper stating that a comedian was wanted for a musical comedy road show. Sam, still just a kid, presented himself at the office. He didn't tell them that he had had no experience of this kind—but he didn't tell them he had. His very presence there made them think he knew the ropes—and they gave him the job.

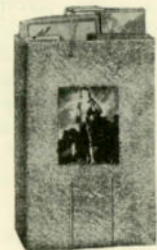
"When I think back on that," Sam

for Easter Shopping and All Year Use a NEW! Convenience DEUBENER'S BASKETLYKE CARRIER



10¢

The shoppers have purchased over 100 Million DEUBENER SHOPPING BAGS. Without boasting we feel they have earned the right to be called—AMERICA'S STANDARD



Sold in Most F. W. Woolworth Co. 5 & 10c Stores

LEATHER-LYKE BAG 5¢

DEUBENER'S SHOPPING BAGS GARFIELD PARK, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Blemishes!

need no longer mar your appearance. The antiseptic and astringent action promotes healing and renders an exquisite complexion which conceals permanent blemishes.



ORIENTAL CREAM

Gouraud

Purse Size at 10c Stores
White - Flesh - Rachel and Oriental - Tan

Now lift off

CORNS



AND STOP PAIN INSTANTLY

Just put a few drops of Freezone on that aching corn and you'll make the wonderful discovery many thousands have made. Pain stops like a flash. And soon the corn gets so loose you can lift it right off with your fingers. You'll agree that it's the quickest, easiest way to stop pain and get rid of hard and soft corns, even corns between the toes. Any druggist will sell you a bottle of wonderful Freezone for a few cents. Try it.

FREEZONE

told me not long ago, "I wonder how I had the nerve. What things we do when we're very young! We know we can't do them now so we don't. If we could keep the nerve of youth we'd be better off."

They rehearsed a couple of weeks and then went out on the road. Nobody knew Sam had had no experience. Part of his job was to sing a song and do a dance with the prima donna. While they were waiting to go on he whispered, "This is the first time I have ever been on a legitimate stage before an audience." She was so amazed she had to be told to go on three times.

They did their number. Sam was okay—and not one bit frightened. Right now that leading lady doesn't believe Sam.

Well, that's the way his career started. He went through all the ups and downs of show business—the good luck one season, the bad luck the next.

Just a short time before he began working on radio he had a stroke of bad, bad luck. A miniature version of "Showboat" had been on the road. Sam was asked to get up on the line of "Captain Andy"—one of the greatest actor parts ever written—in a week for opening in New York. Sam was thrilled. It was a big break. He studied night and day, memorized the fifty-two "sides" and was ready to step into this wonderful part—when along came the bank holiday, people had no cash to spend on the theater—and dashed were Sam's hopes of playing the immortal "Captain Andy."

Yes, he had his good years and he had his bad. But now they are all good years. Radio has rewarded him for all those years of preparation in show business.

He is—away from his work—a serious little man and he keeps as far away from the bright lights, night clubs and so-called glamour of Broadway as possible.

Twenty-two years ago he married the prima donna of the show in which he was comedian. He is married to her now—which sets some sort of record for actors, I think.

No matter where they have traveled they have always maintained a home—in the country. The boys at the Friars kid him about catching trains, commuting like any business man. But that Sam likes. He likes to putter around the house. He likes to write his radio scripts at home. He needs the help of his wife on them, anyhow.

She is the first person who hears them after he has written them. He reads them carefully to her. If she doesn't think the stuff is funny out it comes. Most of his ideas he gets going back and forth to the city on the train.

RADIO is exceedingly exciting to him. Here he has the opportunity of forging ahead in a tremendous way, an opportunity of meeting the cream of the theatrical profession and—better still—no moving about from town to town. He can stay in the home he loves with the woman to whom he has been married for twenty-two years. It's a great life.

Old vaudevillian that he is—in point of service—he likes working before an audience. The Benny programs are re-broadcast to the West Coast and invariably Sam changes some of the gags he has already used because they didn't get the laugh he expected.

He has given up his rube accent completely. He has definitely become Schleppeerman, speaking with a dialect that he used only to amuse his friends, that he never dreamed would pay him dividends.

The radio is the strangest and most accidental of all professions. And that's what keeps it interesting and exciting.

Hurled into Radio

(Continued from page 17)

ten-dollar-a-week music lessons.

"I didn't know what to do," Muriel told me frankly. "For a while I'm afraid I behaved very badly. Then I decided I wouldn't cry over spilt milk, and I wouldn't acknowledge defeat, either. I'd get my musical training and amount to something."

So Muriel quit school and went to work. "My first job," she confessed, "was with the traffic department of the Bell Telephone Company. All day long I sat on a high stool making maps of their toll lines. It was the only thing I could do, for I had been pretty good in drawing in high school, and fairly accurate. And there was no prouder girl in the United States than when I collected my ten dollars weekly salary every Saturday and took it home."

But Mrs. Wilson refused to touch a penny of it, so Muriel kept on with her beloved music lessons. "I'd take lunch from home, wear one dress till it almost fell off my back, and walk miles to save money," she told me. "Often I skipped dinner, because my funds were so low. And I came to the conclusion that if there was anything I ever wanted badly enough, I'd get it. You can always find a way if you try hard enough."

Her voice became more and more powerful, and dreams of the operatic stage filled her head. She sang in churches, in theatricals, she played dramatic roles, forgetting her unhappiness and poverty in them. In her mind's eye she had pictured herself as a very dramatic figure. Some day she'd play in opera, would be the flaming Carmen to some hero's Don Jose.

THEN came another blow. Her teacher, Rieger, recorded her lovely lyric soprano on a record and played it back to her. It wasn't thrilling, dramatic, and vibrant—it was a very high, very clear, very girlish child's voice, with as much drama as a flea. An immature, young girl's voice.

She realized that opera was not her forte and the concert stage was the medium her voice was fitted for. So she began making the rounds of music agent's offices, and made three concert tours of New England.

But while not on tour, she had to live, too. So Muriel got herself another job, a better one, at \$22 a week. It was with the Internal Revenue Office and all day long she computed people's income tax reports.

Meanwhile radio had sprung up and her cousin, Milton Cross, now NBC's veteran announcer, was urging her to go on the air. Radio singing? Where was the art in that? Every soprano's voice on the air sounded like that of a screeching cat. She thought Milton was crazy to give up a splendid future as a singer—Cross has a lovely tenor voice—for the new fad, radio. Pointblank, she refused to consider it.

Now back in 1927 there were special programs called Announcers' Programs for which each announcer got his own artists, who performed gratis. Just to oblige Milton and to fill in a last minute gap one week, Muriel consented to sing.

THEN came the deluge. Radio technique was very faulty and the mikes, it seemed, just couldn't carry women's high voices, which often blew the station right off the air. For some mysterious reason, Muriel Wilson's voice came through beautifully; it must have had just the right intensity and range for the WJZ mikes. Greatly excited, the radio engineers prevailed upon NBC's office manager—there was no program director in those days—to approach Muriel. But she still thought of radio as a by-blow and her concert work came first. So when NBC offered her two commercials, the Philco Hour and the Breyer's Ice Cream Program, at \$25 each a week, enormous sums to her, she turned them down.

"My agent had arranged a singing tour of women's clubs out West and though by the time I finished paying my traveling expenses there'd be nothing left, I decided I'd rather do that and gain experience." So on tour she went, all Summer.

When she got back to New York in the Fall the studio repeated its offer. Since she had to live, Muriel found herself on the air, and she has been on ever since on an average of twice a week. "I still thought of radio as something temporary," she told me with a grin, "until something in my own line, concert work, came along."

Once on the air, they refused to relinquish this find. For five years she was prima donna of the National Light Opera Company. "I had to sing light operas when I'd never sung them before; I had to sing jazz when I'd never sung it before. Jazz was frowned upon (Please turn to page 66)



WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE. Beautiful Prevent-Tarnish Tuck-Away or Chest, regular \$5.00 value.

... including the fashionable Viande* Knives and Forks, yet this lovely Wm. Rogers & Son Silverplate costs so little!

NEVER before has there been such luxurious quality at so low a price. Rich designs, heavy silverplate, flawless satin finish!

A service for eight costs only \$28.25. Later you can add such necessary pieces as Cream Soup Spoons, Salad Forks and Butter Spreaders. These and many other articles are available in all Wm. Rogers & Son Silverplate—at prices correspondingly low.

See the four lovely patterns—Burgundy, Guild, Paris and Mayfair—at your dealer's. See them soon. Examine them carefully. For this is the only way you can appreciate their beauty and true value.

And now, at these prices, every woman can afford a "guest" set of silver—for those occasions when she uses only her best linen, china and crystal. Plan to see your dealer today!

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BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

WHY NOT SEND



TO YOUR FAVORITES?

BIRTHDAY CONGRATULATIONS

Jack Heller.....May 1, 1908	Lew White.....May 18, —
Bing Crosby.....May 2, 1904	Raymond Paige.....May 18, 1900
Rhoda Arnold.....May 3, —	Bob White.....May 20, 1903
Freeman F. Gosden	Vet Boswell.....May 20, —
(Amos).....May 5, 1899	Roxanne Wallace...May 24, 1907
William Adams.....May 9, 1887	Al Jolson.....May 26, 1886
"Pee Wee" Hunt.....May 10, 1907	Jimmy Brierly.....May 27, 1911
Patti Chapin.....May 11, 1909	Frances Alda.....May 31, 1883
John Barclay.....May 12, 1892	

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BLACKHEADS and blemishes are due to clogged pores. Clear them up by getting pores clean to their depths with the liquid cleanser, Ambrosia. You feel Ambrosia tingle; you know it is cleansing as nothing has done before.

Doctor who studied the use of Ambrosia by women with poor complexions reported:

"In as little as three days blackheads tend to go, complexions are clearer and brighter."

If your skin is oily or sallow, follow every Ambrosia cleansing with Ambrosia Tightener. Tightener lessens oiliness, clears muddy complexions, refreshes and stimulates.

If skin is dry, follow every Ambrosia cleansing with Ambrosia Cream. Particles in this cream are 11 times finer than particles in milk. Thus it penetrates, replenishes oil, ends dryness, smooths lines.

All Ambrosia preparations are 75¢ each at drug and department stores. In smaller sizes at 10¢ stores.

AMBRŌSIA

THE PORE-DEEP CLEANSER

Blemishes!

need no longer mar your appearance. The antiseptic and astringent action promotes healing and renders an exquisite complexion which conceals permanent blemishes.



ORIENTAL CREAM

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Purse Size at 10c Stores

White - Flesh - Rachel and Oriental - Tan

LEARN TO IRON

beautifully
speedily
happily

Here's that modern way to hot starch without mixing, boiling and bother as with lump starch. Makes starching easy. Makes ironing easy. Restores elasticity and that soft charm of newness. No sticking. No scorching. Your iron fairly glides. A wonderful invention. This free test convinces. Send for sample.

TRY THIS FREE



THANK YOU—

THE HUBINGER CO., No. 132, Keokuk, Ia.
Your free sample of QUICK ELASTIC, please, and "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

Hurled into Radio

(Continued from page 65)

at home, and certainly when I was headed for opera and oratorio work, my teacher didn't give me jazz to sing. The technique for singing popular songs and classical music is entirely different, you know," she told me, "and I don't know how I got by on the air, but I did."

Sometimes it took a great deal of gumption to go through with it, too. There was the time when she had a dreadful cold and couldn't speak above a whisper. Yet a trouper can't fall down on the job, and she sang the leading role in Madame Butterfly, with no one any the wiser.

That was four years ago, when the original Maxwell House Coffee programs under the direction of Harold Sanford, were light opera presentations. When the present Showboat program was inaugurated in October, 1932, Muriel Wilson was not on the program as Mary Lou. There were two Mary Lou's before her, but in November she became Mary Lou and sang the part until a little over a year ago. Then suddenly, without warning, she landed off the air, and Lois Bennett was given the job.

"That's what makes radio so interesting," she told me laughingly, "the element of chance and unexpectedness. You're always on your toes, and you don't know what's coming next. The Maxwell people were always wonderful to me. Once, when my pocketbook was picked during rehearsal they insisted upon replacing the \$25 I had lost. Yet now, without any explanation at all, I was taken off their program. And quite as unceremoniously six months later, I was recalled. I've been Mary Lou ever since and I love it."

The reason Muriel was recalled has made her thrill ever since. Maxwell executives themselves told her about it. Like most stars, she has fan clubs throughout the country, zealots of her interests, her cheering squad. Well, it seems that they began complaining to the Maxwell people. The Buffalo fan club was particularly vehement. "If you don't put Muriel back as Mary Lou," they wrote in, "we'll not only tune your hour off every Thursday night, but we'll blacklist your product."

Who said the public's voice is never heeded in radio?

THOUGH Showboat is her favorite, Miss Wilson has appeared on many other programs on both networks. She's been on the Lavender and Old Lace programs, the Father Hill's Sunday afternoon shows, and Louis Phillippe Perfume sketches.

Some of her programs have had interesting aftermaths. One is responsible for the most moving experience of her life, and the beginning of a beautiful friendship. It was while she was rehearsing her "Songs My Mother Loved" series that it happened. As she entered the studio one day, a middle-aged lady, well-dressed and evidently refined, stepped up to her with outstretched arms. "Darling," she began, her voice breaking into a sob, "Why didn't you write?"

Stepping back in bewilderment, the woman stopped. "Oh, I don't know if you are my daughter or not," she gasped.

Gently, Muriel Wilson led her aside and listened to her story. Believing Muriel to be her own lost daughter, the woman had traveled all the way from Cleveland to see her. Her daughter had left home to come to New York to study music six months before and they hadn't heard from her since. Well-to-do people, her worried parents had searched the whole country and em-



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BY SHOP WORK—NOT BY BOOKS
I'll Finance Your Training!
Prepare for Jobs in Service Work, Broadcasting, Talking Pictures, Television, Wireless, etc., by 10 weeks practical shop work in Coyne Shops. Free Employment Service. Many earn while learning. Write for **BIG FREE RADIO and TELEVISION BOOK**, and details of my "Pay-After-Graduation" Plan. **H. C. LEWIS, President, COYNE RADIO SCHOOL** 500 S. Paulina St., Dept. 55-9K, Chicago, Illinois

Be a Hotel Hostess

Enjoy Your Work! Good positions in hotels for women as Hostess, Housekeeper, Manager, etc. Train at home, in leisure time. One Lewis student writes: "Hostess of this lovely hotel, earn a fine salary and have splendid opportunities for advancement. All due to my Lewis Training." Write for Free Book. **LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS**, Sta. LE-2101 Washington, D.C.

If you have one single

GRAY HAIR

mail this coupon

Now—before others think of you as "older"—is the time to touch up those first gray streaks. Millions—both men and women—have discovered this way to color fading strands. Just combing clear liquid through hair brings color: black, brown, auburn, blonde. Entirely SAFE . . . Hair stays soft and lustrous. Get a bottle from your druggist on money back guarantee. Or send for Free Test.

Test it FREE

We'll send Complete Test Package Free. Snip lock from hair. Try first on this. See for yourself. No risk this way. Mail coupon for Free Test.

MARY T. GOLDMAN
913 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....
Color of your hair?.....

noved detectives to run down any possible clues. One detective had come across a story on Muriel in a radio fan magazine containing her picture. So similar was it to the missing girl's with her wavy dark hair and blue eyes, that he showed it to the heartbroken mother.

"I checked up on the woman's story," Muriel told me gravely, "and found it was true. Her husband, a very fine man, was one of *Variety's*, the theatrical magazine, western representatives, and he, too, said my resemblance to his missing daughter was phenomenal."

All afternoon the mother sat in that rehearsal room, the tears streaming down her cheeks, her eyes never leaving the young singer. During her short stay in New York, she and Muriel became great friends, and Miss Wilson tried to cheer her up. When she got home she wrote Muriel; she still writes her. But that first letter Muriel prizes, for the woman said though she knew Muriel wasn't her daughter, she felt as if she were. For Muriel was everything she had ever wanted her daughter to be.

Muriel Wilson may be heard each Thursday at 9 P.M., E.S.T., over the following NBC stations:

WEAF, WTIC, WEEL, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WJAR, WTAG, WCHS, KYW, WFBR, WSAI, WMAQ, KSD, WHO, WOW, KFYP, WDAF, WKBF, WTMJ, KSTP, WRVA, WWNC, WIS, WIAX, WIOD, WFLA, WSM, WMC, WSB, WAPI, WJDX, WSMB, WAVE, WKY, WBAP, KPRC, WOAI, KTBS, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KFSD, KTAR, KOA, KDYL, KGIR, KGHL, WTAR, WKBF, (WLW on 9:30) (WEBC on 9:15) WSOC, WHIO.

Want to Write a Song?

(Continued from page 9)

wanted to bring in. Accordingly the next version ran: "Way down upon the Pedee River." Pedee was underscored heavily, indicating it was unsatisfactory. Then began a search that lasted a fortnight for the name of a southern river in two syllables. He found it one day in an atlas in his brother's office and Swanee became famous the world over. But that will give you some idea of the infinite pains taken by song writers in getting just the thought they want.

You can make no mistake in studying this song thoroughly. See how perfectly the words are wedded to the music, which is a characteristic of any good song. Also take examples of current popular songs. Write lyrics of your own to them. It's all splendid practice.

And that's the next step after completing your lyric, fitting it to the music. Sometimes the melody comes first, sometimes the words; writers use both methods.

YOU don't have to be a musical genius to compose a melody. Many of our song writers have never studied harmony, counterpoint, orchestration or the various subjects considered essential. Irving Berlin, for instance, usually sings his melodies to a pianist and arranger, who puts them down. Any number of writers can only pick out their melodies with one finger on the piano. The famous "Prisoner's Song" was composed without recourse to any instrument, although if you can play some instrument, preferably the piano, it is a help. Otherwise whistle or sing your melody to someone who can record it or learn to do that yourself. It is comparatively simple. The piano arrangement and or-

chestration are always entrusted to experts, in case your song is published. But many songs are submitted to publishers on nothing but a lead sheet, a manuscript containing only the bare melody without harmony.

Things to be remembered about writing a melody: keep it as nearly within an octave in range as possible. An octave includes the notes from *do* to *do*, as: *do re mi fa sol la si do*. Avoid wide jumps in melody, make it smooth and easy to sing. Avoid words with too many consonants and "s" sounds on high notes. Try to get a perfect fit between words and melody, so that one suggests the other.

Another thing, don't be too conscientious about taking some melody from an old masterpiece and setting it to words. It is frequently done. Classic examples are: "Always Chasing Rainbows" from a Chopin "Fantasy," and "Castle of Dreams" from Mendelssohn's "Spring Song." Only be careful when you do this that you choose a melody in the public domain or one on which the copyright has expired. You may even lift four bars from a copyrighted piece of music with impunity, but more than this renders you liable for infringement.

While on the subject of copyrights, let's clear up some of the main points. Say you have completed your song, words and melody. Make several copies with your name and date on each. Now you are automatically protected by what is called the common law copyright, which applies to all music before it is published. Many beginners fear their work will be appropriated by publishers to whom they send it. This happens rarely, if ever. (But if you want to be doubly sure, you may get an unpublished copyright.)

Write to the Registrar of Copyrights, Library of Congress, Washington, D. C., who will send you a blank to be filled out and returned with copy of manuscript and one dollar. That registers your manuscript in Washington. If you wish to publish your own work, to get a copyright follow the same procedure by sending copy of published work and two dollars.

Marketing your song is your next problem. Most of the publishers are located in New York, Chicago and San Francisco. If you live near any of these places, it would pay you to go there and demonstrate your song, that is, have it played and sung for a publisher. Ninety per cent of all songs accepted are presented in this way.

Listen to this—

Ask your local exhibitor about the new series of Voice of Experience shorts. . . . They're coming to the screen via Voe Pictures Corporation. . . . Frank McIntyre, present skipper of the Showboat, still has the dressing gown which he used when he started his stage career thirty years ago. . . . Do you know that the immortal Brahms willed three songs to Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink? . . . The Eno Crime Clues are broadcast in a darkened studio so that the players can get the feel of the theater. . . . John B. Kennedy's father was Irish, his mother was French. He was born in Canada, studied at St. Louis University. . . . 1935 is B. A. Rolfe's fiftieth year in the show business. In 1885, at the age of six, he played the piccolo in his father's orchestra at Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin. . . . Robert Armbruster played a piano for the old station WJZ when it was located at Newark, N. J. . . . January is the given name of Jan Gerber, honest! . . . Josef Pasternack always wears a scarab ring presented to him by the great Caruso.

I HAPPENED to be in the office of Jack Robbins, the New York publisher, one evening about 7:30, waiting together with some ten or twelve others to see Jack. Finally he came in. He had had nothing to eat since breakfast and was tired after a hard day but nevertheless a typical one. A typewritten sheet was put on his desk containing a lyric while three songwriters demonstrated their song. It was so cute all of us sat up, even Jack who accepted it after the third hearing. "I Saw Stars" turned out to be one of the season's hits and that's the way the average song is accepted.

If personal demonstration is not possible the next best is to secure a list of the reputable publishers and send them your manuscript. Don't be discouraged if it comes back repeatedly. That's been the lot of almost every newcomer to the field. If you really have something and persist long enough, eventually the great day arrives when a publisher accepts your song. He may offer to buy it outright or to give you a royalty contract. The amount of royalty is a matter of arrangement with the publisher. Some pay as high as fifteen per cent of the retail price of the song. Ten per cent is an average. Some publishers pay an advance on account of royalty from \$100 to \$5,000. Royalty statements are issued twice a year. If phonograph records are made you also get a percentage of every record sold. Then there are the radio performing rights.

SUPPOSE you have ample faith in your song but are unable to find a publisher. Do not despair. Publish it yourself. Innumerable songs have started in this way coming later to the attention of a publisher who took them over. To have three plates engraved will cost approximately \$18—\$6 for each plate. You could have several hundred copies made with a one color cover for about \$25.

After the song is published go to your local radio station and get some well-known radio singer to feature it. Of course, if you could induce Rudy Vallee or some other star to take up the number, it's practically made.

Stars who introduce a song and appear on the front cover sometimes demand a cut-in on the royalties. The ethics of this practice are open to question, but it's done. At any rate, if you can get a star to introduce your song with a picture on the cover, you have a strong selling combination.

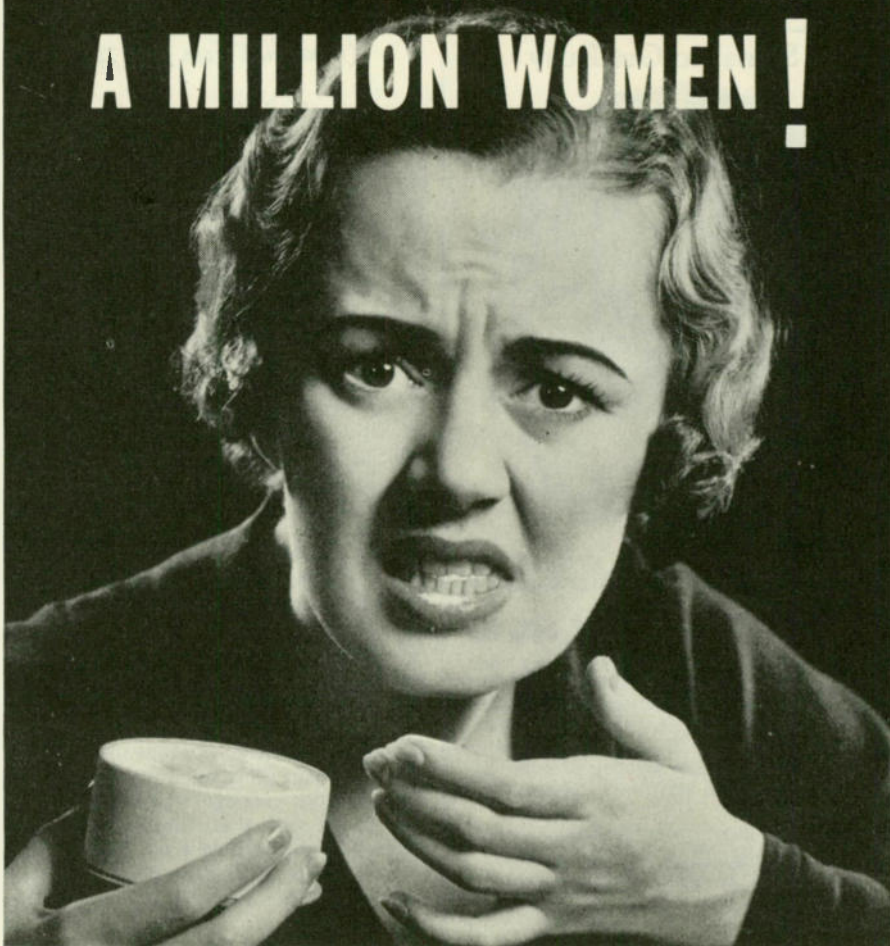
To make your song available to dance bands, it is necessary to have an orchestration made. A skilled arranger will charge at least \$100 to make an orchestration and it will cost you several hundred more to get the copies printed. Unless you have unlimited faith in your opus, it might be better to confine your exploitation to singers and sheet music.

Whether a publisher takes a song or you publish it, you can always have a hand in its exploitation, which is very important. All the publishers have competent and well-paid staffs of song pluggers whose sole duty is to induce leaders and singers to feature their firm's numbers.

But beware of song sharks, or organizations who offer to arrange, publish and introduce your song for from \$50 to \$200. They have taken millions of dollars from gullible writers. A reputable publisher never advertises for songs or accepts money from the writer. He pays the writer instead.

The best advice I can leave with you is to keep on trying and not to be discouraged. One of our star songwriters has said that you do not begin to get good until you have written at least one hundred songs.

THE TEST THAT SHOCKED A MILLION WOMEN!



Sensational "Bite-Test" Exposes GRITTY FACE POWDERS!

"I Dropped the Box, I was so Horrified", Writes One Woman!

BEHIND many a case of sore and irritated skin, behind many a case of dry and coarse skin, lies gritty face powder!

That face powder that looks so smooth to your eye and feels so smooth to your skin, it may be full of grit—tiny, sharp particles that are invisible to the eye but instantly detectable to the teeth.

You can't go on rubbing a gritty face powder into your skin without paying for it in some way. Maybe some of the blemishes with which you are wrestling now are due to nothing less than a gritty face powder. Find out! Ascertain whether the powder you are now using is grit-free or not.

Make This Telling Test!

Take a pinch of your powder and place it between your front teeth. Bring your teeth down on it and grind firmly. If there is any trace of grit in the powder it will be as instantly detectable as sand in spinach.

More than a million women have made this test in the past year as advised by Lady Esther. And thousands of them have written in in righteous indignation over their findings. One woman was so horrified, she dropped the powder, box and all, on the floor!

There is one face powder you can be sure contains no grit. That is Lady Esther Face Powder. But satisfy yourself as to that—and at Lady Esther's expense! Your

name and address will bring you a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Put it to the "bite-test". Let your teeth convince you that it is absolutely grit-free, the smoothest powder ever touched to cheek.

Make Shade Test, Too!

When you receive the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder try them all for shade, too. Did you know that the wrong shade of face powder can make you look five to ten years older?

Ask any stage director. He will tell you that one type of woman has to have one light while another has to have another or else each will look years older. The same holds for face powder shades. One of five shades is the perfect shade for every woman. Lady Esther offers you the five shades for you to find out which is the one for you!

Mail the coupon now for the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Lady Esther, Evanston, Ill.

(You Can Paste This on Penny Postcard) **FREE**

LADY ESTHER, 2020 Ridge Ave. (12)
Evanston, Ill.

I want to make the "bite-test" and the shade test. Please send me all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder postpaid and free.

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ADDRESS.....
CITY.....STATE.....
(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

Clear, Cold Light
of Morning Shows Up
First **GRAY HAIR**
A Signal to Get Busy



Not so long ago women gave up disheartened at the first sign of gray. Now they turn confidently to

FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

Watch for the first sprinkling. It's easy then to keep ALL your hair one even shade. FARR'S is a modern perfected preparation that will not wash off nor interfere with curling. Easily, economically applied in the hygienic privacy of home by brushing it through the hair. \$1.35. For sale everywhere.

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BROOKLINE CHEMICAL CO. T.M. 27
79 Sudbury St., Boston Mass.
Send for FREE SAMPLE in plain wrapping.
Name.....
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INDICATE SHADE DESIRED.

NEW EASY WAY **KEEP WIRES OFF FLOOR**
(LAMPS AND RADIO)
10c JUSTRITE PUSH-CLIP At WOOLWORTH'S
A neat job instantly. No damage to woodwork. No tools needed. Set of eight colored clips to match your cords, 10c.



THEIR MEDICINE CHEST FOR 20 YEARS

JUST 20 years ago they found this safe all-vegetable laxative. Ever since, they have kept remarkably free from biliousness, colds, headaches, and the ills of bowel sluggishness. "That little box of NR Tablets is our medicine chest," they tell their friends.

Common sense tells you your doctor is right when he says: "Use an all-vegetable laxative." Modern diets, refined foods rob you of natural vegetable laxative elements you were intended to have. It's so sensible to go to nature for help. Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) contain natural plant and vegetable laxatives properly balanced—nothing else. No mineral or phenol derivatives. The best proof of the difference is the way you feel after using them. Refreshed, more alive, thoroughly clean inside. Not depressed and given out. Another proof. You'll find no need to increase the dose. They're non-habit forming. So kind to your system. It's important to use the right laxative. And so easy to find out for yourself. The handy NR box containing 25 doses, only 25c at any drug store.

FREE 1935 Calendar-Thermometer, beautifully designed in colors and gold. Also samples TUMS and NR. Send stamp for postage and packing to A. H. LEWIS CO., Desk 136EX, St. Louis, Mo.

Nature's Remedy GET A **NR TO-NIGHT** TOMORROW ALRIGHT **25¢ BOX**

"TUMS" Quick relief for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. Only 10c.

The Man of a Thousand Parts

(Continued from page 28)

showed such ability at causing opposing players not to be where they had been before that scoring touchdowns was reduced to a relatively simple process. That broad swath down the field marked the general progress of Jack Smart.

Several universities angled for the honor of conferring on him the benefits of higher education—and a football uniform! But a reversal in the family fortunes made it necessary for Jack to go out and do a little digging for himself. You really never can tell what a promising young man will do, and Jack, of all things, turned to the stage!

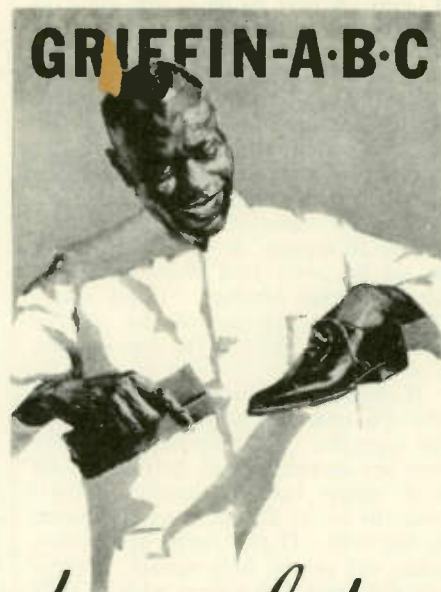
IT soon became evident that charging the footlights, football style, merely resulted in broken electric light bulbs, and something more was needed. Wherefore Jack discovered his voice. He found out that quite a few things can be done with the human voice, and a great deal of characterization and character projection depends upon voice. Athletics had developed in him good posture and carriage, nature had endowed him with a fair measure of good looks, and now that he had gone through the process of developing his own voice, he felt that he was really ready to become an actor.

Managers thought differently. Any actor will tell you that theatrical managers are a pig-headed, short-sighted crew, unable to recognize genius when it is right in front of them, and Jack Smart found managers running strictly according to specifications. He wandered over a goodly portion of the United States before he finally landed in Buffalo, N. Y., and he, a manager, and a job all got together in the same theater. This was in the stock company of T. Daniel Frawley who has since turned to radio work himself, and is heard as The Old Ranger in Death Valley Days and on many other popular programs.

SPEAKING of this point in his career, Jack Smart waxes a bit serious and says, "Working with a stock company is the most valuable experience that a young actor can possibly have. The constant changing of plays forces him to be versatile and resourceful, and the short rehearsal time keeps him on his toes and teaches him to think fast, for when a fellow actor 'goes up' in his lines—that is, forgets completely, or gives a wrong cue—the other actors must play extemporaneously and in character until the erring one can be brought back to the regular lines again.

"I joined Frawley's company as a general utility man, playing 'bits' and characters ranging from eighteen to eighty. 'Tim' Frawley gave me my first real training in dramatic technique, and I have always had a great affection and respect for him ever since. From Buffalo I went to other stock companies, playing in Canada, Massachusetts and New Hampshire, and in each company I played from 25 to 40 different parts. Now you may begin to see why it seems quite natural for me to play the many parts on the radio."

How Jack got into radio work is an interesting story in itself. After his stock company experience he came down to New York determined to conquer the city and land on Broadway. As has happened so many times to so many people, instead of landing on Broad-



for a real shine

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BLACK SHOE POLISH
NEW CAN 2/3 LARGER
EASY OPENER
ALL COLORS 10¢
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YOUTHFUL BEAUTY
for YOU too!

Why envy the other woman's RADIANTLY LOVELY YOUTHFUL skin and FAIRER COMPLEXION when you can have these yourself so QUICKLY, so SURELY, by using the NEW IMPROVED

BONCILLA BEAUTIFIER

as used by more than a million discriminating women to acquire and keep, through the years, this priceless possession—YOUTHFUL BEAUTY.

Its promise to you is this: Your skin QUICKLY becomes LINE and BLEMISH FREE, and neither too oily nor too DRY; VELVET SMOOTH; RICH in COLOR; YOUTHFUL; BEAUTIFUL.

Compare, both IMMEDIATE and PERMANENT results, with any cosmetic you ever used or heard of.



Money back if not satisfied

END CORN PAIN
STOP SHOE PRESSURE

Quickly relieve
Callouses, Bunions

If your shoes make your toes sore and feet tender; if they press painfully on corns, callouses or bunions—apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads and you'll have immediate relief! These specially medicated pads cushion and protect the sore spot; soothe and heal. They prevent corns, tender toes and blisters; make new or tight shoes fit with ease; safely remove corns and callouses. Try this wonderful treatment. Sold everywhere.

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Put one on—the pain is gone!



way he more or less landed on his ear instead!

That ear, incidentally, was the organ through which he heard radio and he was thus rather forcibly reminded of the possibilities of going on the air. Broadway could wait a while, so far as Jack was concerned, and he hid himself up Fifth Avenue—a much better looking street, anyway—to the old NBC headquarters at No. 711. The only person he knew was Kenneth Fickett, then a program director at NBC, and he found Fickett in the midst of casting and rehearsing a dramatic sketch.

Jack said, "Please let me read a few of them lines, Mister"—or words to that effect—and his old friend Fickett, who had been a fellow-actor back in stock company days, let him try it. The upshot was that Jack was given four parts in that one program, and his radio career was launched. That was in 1929, and he has been at it ever since—doubling up his roles wherever he goes and doubling up his audiences when he plays comedy parts.

JACK is a great fellow for comedy, whether the script calls for it or not. More than once he has broken up a rehearsal by an unexpected quip at some quiet moment. He is very fond of sports clothes, frequently tramping into rehearsal at Radio City in sweater and golfing tweeds, set off by socks and neckties that aren't exactly shy and retiring, to say the least. He likes to listen to broadcasts of football and baseball games, races and prize-fights, and while waiting for his turn at rehearsal, he will frequently go over to the studio switchboard and pick up the announcers' headphones to learn the progress of whatever sporting event may be being broadcast that day. Jack likes to smoke big cigars, which give him a very solid, man-of-affairs appearance as he puffs away, and he has a weakness for munching popcorn. The boyhood mustachios made of mattress stuffing have given way to an imposing brown mustache put there by nature, prayer, and liberal applications of hair grower. This brown embellishment matches his brown eyes and brown hair and the favorite color in his tastefully selected wardrobe of street clothes is—brown.

Jack Smart created the role of Joe in the "Mister and Missus" sketches based on the famous cartoon of that name by Claire Briggs. He was one of the early featured players in the "Dutch Masters" program, and has been in countless dramatic programs on both the Columbia and NBC networks. He has a very acceptable baritone voice, and has appeared in several musical programs in addition to his dramatic work.

One reason he is able to play so many different parts is that he likes to walk along the streets and study odd characters. Often he will sidle up to them and engage them in conversation just to observe their mannerisms and tricks of speech. Sometimes this method backfires. People think he is trying to ask for money and twice he has been haled into the police station on charges of panhandling, and has had to call the studio to convince the judge that he was only a radio actor trying to study character!

Jack Smart's two best assignments are the "March of Time," which has the blue ribbon stock company of radio, and Fred Allen's "Town Hall Tonight," one of the best of the comedy programs on the air. In these, as in almost all his programs, he plays different parts. The next time you hear a voice on the radio that you can't identify, here's a good guess. Probably it's Jack Smart!

Programs You'll Want to Hear

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

Popular Variety Programs

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

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

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

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

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

Bayer Musical Review—Frank Munn, tenor; Vivienne Segal, soprano; Ohman and Arden; piano duo; Bertrand Hirsch, violinist; Haenschen orchestra. (Bayer Co.) 9:30 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Beatrice Lillie Program—Famous singing comedienne, assisted by Cavaliers Quartet; Lee Perrin's orchestra. (Borden Sales Co.) 9:00 P.M., Friday, NBC-WJZ.

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

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

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

Captain Dobbsie's Ship of Joy—Hugh Barrett Dobbs as Dobbsie; Lysbeth Hughes, vocalist; Horace Heidt and his Californians. (Stewart-Warner Corp.) 10:30 P.M., Tuesday and Thursday, CBS.

Carefree Carnival—Senator Frankenstein Fishface, comedian; Charles Marshall and his boys; Rita Lane, soprano; Ben Klassen, tenor; Helen Troy, comedienne; Ned Tolliver, master of ceremonies; Meredith Willson's orchestra. (Crazy Water Crystals Co.) 8:30 P.M., Monday, NBC-WJZ.

Coca-Cola Program—Frank Black and instrumental and vocal ensemble. (Coca-Cola Co.) 10:30 P.M., Friday, NBC-WEAF.

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

Chesterfield Program—Lucrezia Bori, Lily Pons and Richard Bonelli on respective nights; Andre Kostelanetz orchestra; mixed chorus. (Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.) 9:00 P.M., Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, CBS.

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

Club Romance—Lois Bennett, soprano; Conrad Thibault, baritone; Lee Patrick and Ned Wever; Don Voorhees' orchestra. (Lehn & Fink Products Co.) 8:30 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

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

Diane and Her Life Saver—Rhoda Arnold, soprano; Lucille Wall; Arthur Drake, tenor; John Driggs; Meyer Davis' orchestra. (Life Savers, Inc.) 8:00 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

Eddie Cantor—with Ted Husing, Harry Einstein and Rubinoff, (Lehn & Fink Products Co.) 8:00 P.M. Sunday CBS.

The Family Hotel—Jack Pearl and Cliff Hall, Patti Chapin, Freddie Rich's orchestra, Leith Stevens directing. (Frigidaire Corp.) 10:00 P.M., Wednesday, CBS.

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

Forum of Liberty—Edwin C. Hill and guest stars; Edward Nell, tenor; Arnold Johnson's orchestra. 8:30 P.M., Thursday, CBS.

Gems of Melody—Eva Gingras' Melodic Tone Chorus Quartet; Dwight Meade, narrator; orchestra. (Father John's Medicine Co.) 7:15 P.M., Thursday, NBC-WJZ.

General Foods Program—Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone; Don Wilson; Frank Parker, tenor; Don Bestor's orchestra. (General Foods Corp.) 7:00 P.M., Sunday (re-broadcast 11:30 P.M.) NBC-WJZ.

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

Gulf Headliners—Charles Winninger; Frank Parker, tenor; Pickens Sisters; Revellers Quartet; Frank Tours orchestra. (Gulf Refining Co.) 7:30 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

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

Harry Reser and His Orchestra—Ray Heatherton and Peg La Centra, vocalists. (William Wrigley, Jr., Co.) 4:30 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Hollywood Hotel—Dick Powell; Frances Langford, blues singer; Ted Fiorito; Louella Parsons, screen writer; Three Debutantes; Muzzy Marcellino. (Campbell Soup Co.) 9:30 P.M., Friday, CBS.

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

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

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

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

Kellogg College Prom—Ruth Etting; guest artists; Red Nichol's orchestra. 7:45 P.M., Thursday, NBC-WJZ.

Lavender and Old Lace—Frank (Please turn to page 70)

"I HEARD HER SAY--"

"MY COUSIN OUT WEST--"

"YOU NEVER KNOW--"



Pay no attention to them .. get the real facts yourself

JUST as though it were about something of slight importance, this tossing back and forth of hearsay goes on and on—among women. "Hearsay" or "misinformation," which is it? The two words are really synonymous when this most serious subject of feminine hygiene is being discussed. Don't pay any attention to all the worthless talk. Here are the real facts.

There has been a sweeping change in the whole idea of feminine hygiene. Many women, otherwise modern, are surprisingly unaware of this. The change is in the *antiseptic*.

Zonite is safe and strong

In the field of antiseptics there is an improvement which is breathtaking in its benefit to women. Do you know *Zonite*? This remarkable antiseptic-germicide is as gentle as pure water upon the human tissues. And it is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that may be safely allowed on the human body.

A generation ago it would have seemed incredible that an antiseptic like *Zonite* could exist. In those days the only germicides powerful enough for feminine hygiene were caustic and poisonous. Yet here is this marvelous *Zonite* now available to every woman in America!

Zonite is strong and Zonite is safe.

Zonite will never harm any woman, never cause any damage to sensitive tissues, never leave an area of scar tissue. On the contrary, *Zonite* is gentle and soothing in its action. Sold at all drug stores, in bottles, at 30¢, 60¢ and \$1.00.

Zonite Suppositories Also Sold

Zonite also comes in semi-solid forms called *Zonite Suppositories* and your druggist has these for sale, at \$1.00 for a box of a dozen. *Zonite Suppositories* are dainty, white and greaseless. Each is hygienically sealed in its own glass vial.

Get the booklet "Facts for Women." It has information of great value to women given in more detail than is possible here. Read this booklet. Pass it on to other women. It contains real facts. Mail coupon below.



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 Facts for Women
 Use of Antiseptics in the Home
Name.....
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Address.....
City..... State.....
(In Canada: Sainte Therese, P. Q.)

Programs You'll Want to Hear

(Continued from page 69)



When a sweeper runs hard, it is hard on rugs, too. So keep yours easy-running with 3-in-One. All dealers; handy cans and bottles. Get some.

Blended from 3 oils for better protection

CLEANS - LUBRICATES PREVENTS RUST



WOMEN ENTHUSIASTIC OVER NEW 3-IN-ONE FURNITURE POLISH
 Beautify furniture and woodwork with this creamy new polish. Removes dirt and film; rubs to a quick lustre and dry, hard finish. At your dealer's—or sample free.

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I'll try your new furniture polish!

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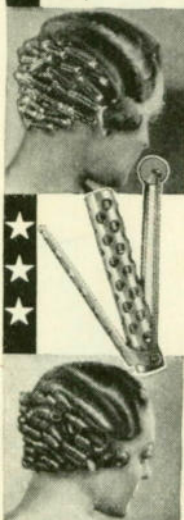
10,000 TINY SHUTTERS

Through a microscope, rough, chapped skin is like 10,000 tiny shutters torn open—broken skin—dry, hard, cracked. Ordinary lotions only glaze over this.

DAME NATURE Cream Ends Work Roughness. It

is unusually rich liquid formulated by a woman physician who found others ineffective. It absorbs into your skin—softening, smoothing and healing it—not glazing it. It makes entire skin remarkably smooth, comfy, attractive. Redness, roughness, chaps, dryness—disappear. 10c, 25c, 50c. All 10c stores. Dame Nature Co., 251 W. 19th St., New York.

★ ★ ★ YOURS! Alluring Curls of the Hollywood Stars



Hollywood Stars set the hairdress styles of the world. Hollywood Rapid-Dry Curlers—"the Curlers used by the Stars"—bring to smart women everywhere the alluring, soft, lovely coiffures that are the style. With Hollywood Curlers you can easily achieve a flattering hair dress of better and more lasting curls. Hollywood Curlers feature a soft rubber lock that keeps hair and curler securely in place. Perforations permit abundant air circulation to aid swift drying. Available in two models and three sizes to suit your need. For the best curling results, use Hollywood Curlers.

At 5¢ and 10¢ stores and notion counters 5¢

Kathleen Burke, featured in Paramount's "Lives of a Bengal Lancer"

HOLLYWOOD RAPID-DRY CURLER "THE CURLER USED BY THE STARS"

Munn, tenor; Bernice Claire, soprano; Haenschen orchestra. (Sterling Products, Inc.) 8:00 P.M., Tuesday, CBS.

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

Pleasure Island—Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians. (Plough, Inc.) 10:00 P.M., Wednesday, NBC-WEAF.

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

Manhattan Merry-Go-Round—Rachel Carlay, blues singer; Pierre Le Kreeun, tenor; Jerome Mann, impersonator; Men-About-Town Trio; guest artists; Andy Sanella's orchestra. (R. L. Watkins Co.) 9:00 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

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

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

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

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

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

Otto Harbach Musical Show—Vocalists; Al Goodman's orchestra. (Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.) 9:30 P.M., Monday, NBC-WEAF.

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

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

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

Penthouse Serenade—Don Mario, romantic tenor; Charles Gaylord's sophisticated music; Dorothy Hamilton, beauty adviser. (Maybelline Co.) 3:30 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

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

Plantation Echoes—Willard Robison and Deep River Orchestra; Southernaires quartet. (Vick's Chemical Co.) 7:15 P.M., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, NBC-WJZ.

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

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

Roxy and His Gang—Guest stars; or-

chestra. (The Centaur Co.) 8:00 P.M., Saturday, CBS.

Silken Strings—Charles Preven and orchestra; Countess Olga Albani, soprano; guest artists. (Real Silk Hosiery Mills) 9:00 P.M. (re-broadcast 12 midnight) Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

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

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

Studebaker Program—Richard Himber and Studebaker Champions; Joey Nash, tenor. (Studebaker Sales Corp.) 9:30 P.M., Saturday, CBS.

Swift Program—Sigmund Romberg, composer; William Lyon Phelps, master of ceremonies; orchestra. (Swift & Co.) 8:00 P.M., Saturday, NBC-WEAF.

Texaco Program—Ed Wynn, the Fire Chief; Graham McNamee; Eddie Duchin and his orchestra. (Texas Co.) 9:30 P.M., Tuesday, NBC-WEAF.

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

Town Hall Tonight—Fred Allen, comedian; James Melton, tenor; Songsmith Quartet; Lennie Hayton's orchestra. (Bristol-Myers Co.) 9:00 P.M. (re-broadcast 12 midnight) Wednesday, NBC-WEAF.

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

Vick's Open House—Vera Van, soprano; Donald Novis, tenor; Elmer Feldkamp, baritone; Terry Shand, specialty songs; Freddy Martin's orchestra. (Vick's Chemical Co.) 5:00 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

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

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

Dance Bands

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

Cab Calloway—12:00 midnight, Sunday, Friday and Saturday, CBS.

Glen Gray—11:00 P.M., Monday and Saturday, CBS.

Gus Arnheim and his orchestra; 12:15 P.M. Sunday and 11:30 P.M. Monday, CBS.

Jacques Renard orchestra. 12:00 midnight, Wednesday; 11:30 P.M., Friday, CBS.

Johnny Green—11:30 P.M., Tuesday and Saturday, CBS.

Leo Reisman and orchestra; Phil Dues and Johnny. (Philip Morris and Co.) 8:00 P.M., Tuesday, NBC-WEAF.

Leon Navara Orchestra—12:30 A.M., Tuesday and Thursday, CBS.

Let's Dance—3-hour dance program. (National Biscuit Co.) 10:30 P.M. to 1:30 A.M., Saturday, NBC-WEAF.

Ozzie Nelson—11:30 P.M., Wednesday, 11:00 P.M., Friday, CBS.

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

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

Concert and Classical Music

American Radiator Musical Interlude—Sigurd Nilssen, basso; Hardesty Graham, tenor; Graham McNamee, commentator. (American Radiator Co.) 7:30 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

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

Cities Service Concert—Jessica Drag-onette, soprano; Frank Banta and Milton Rettenberg, piano duo; Rosario Bourdon's orchestra. (Cities Service Co.) 8:00 P.M., Friday, NBC-WEAF.

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

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

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

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

Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy, conductor; Mrs. Anne Campbell, poetess. (General Household Utilities Co.) 10:00 P.M., Saturday, CBS. Also sustaining program; 3:15 P.M., Friday, CBS.

NBC Musical Appreciation Hour—Dr. Walter Damrosch, conducting; 11:00 A.M., Friday, NBC-WJZ and NBC-WEAF.

New York Philharmonic Orchestra—Guest conductors; 3:00 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

Palmolive Beauty Box Theater—Musical comedies and light operas; Nathaniel Shilkret's orchestra. (Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.) 10:00 P.M., Tuesday, NBC-WEAF.

Rhythm Symphony—Kansas City Philharmonic orchestra; DeWolf Hopper, narrator; guest artists. (United Drug Co.) 4:00 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Sentinels Serenade—Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink, contralto; Edward Davies, baritone; Josef Koestner's orchestra. (The Hoover Co.) 5:00 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Understand Music—Howard Barlow's orchestra. 6:30 P.M., Tuesday, CBS.

Voice of Firestone—Richard Crooks, Nelson Eddy and Gladys Swarthout, alternating. William Daly's Symphonic String Orchestra. (Firestone Tire and Rubber Co.) 8:30 P.M., Monday, NBC-WEAF.

Children's Programs

Adventure Hour—(Libby, McNeill and Libby.) 5:00 P.M. (re-broadcast 6:00 P.M.) Monday, Wednesday and Friday, CBS.

Billy Batchelor—(Wheatena Corp.) 6:45 P.M., Monday to Friday, inclusive, NBC-WEAF.

Bobby Benson and Sunny Jim—(Hecker H-O Co.) 6:15 P.M., daily, except Saturday and Sunday, CBS.

Buck Rogers in the 25th Century—(Cocomalt Co.) 6:00 P.M. (re-broadcast 7:30 P.M.) Monday to Thursday inclusive, CBS.

Ivory Stamp Club—With Capt. Tim Healy. (Procter and Gamble Co.) 5:45 P.M., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, NBC-WEAF.

Jack Armstrong—All-American Boy—(General Mills Co.) 5:30 P.M., re-

broadcast 6:30 P.M.) daily *except* Saturday and Sunday, CBS.

Little Orphan Annie—(The Wander Co.) 5:45 P.M. (re-broadcast 6:45 P.M.) daily *except* Saturday and Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Singing Lady—Nursery jingles. (The Kellogg Co.) 5:30 P.M., daily *except* Saturday and Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Skippy—(Sterling Products, Inc.) 5:15 P.M. (re-broadcast 6:15 P.M.) daily *except* Saturday and Sunday, CBS.

Tom Mix's Straight Shooters—(Ralston Purina Co.) 5:15 P.M., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, NBC-WEAF.

Dramatic Sketches

Dangerous Paradise—Elsie Hitz and Nick Dawson. (John H. Woodbury Co.) 7:45 P.M., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, NBC-WJZ.

Death Valley Days—(Pacific Coast Borax Co.) 9:00 P.M., Thursday, NBC-WJZ.

Dick Tracy—(Sterling Products, Inc.) 5:45 P.M., Monday to Thursday, inclusive, CBS.

First Nighter—June Meredith; Don Ameche; Eric Sagerquist's orchestra. (Campana Corp.) 10:00 P.M., Friday, NBC-WEAF.

Five-Star Jones—Herbert Rawlinson. (Mohawk Carpet Mills.) 12:30 P.M., Monday to Friday, inclusive, CBS.

Grand Hotel—Anne Seymour and Don Ameche. (Campana Corp.) 6:30 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Immortal Dramas—Stories from Old Testament; Chorus; orchestra. (Montgomery Ward & Co.) 2:00 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Irene Rich—(Welch Grape Juice Co.) 8:00 P.M., Friday, NBC-WJZ.

Just Plain Bill—Arthur Hughes. (Kolynos Sales Co.) 7:15 P.M., daily *except* Saturday and Sunday, CBS.

Marie—The Little French Princess—(Louis Philippe, Inc.) 2:00 P.M., Monday to Friday, inclusive, CBS.

Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch—(Wyeth Chemical Co.) 10:45 A.M., Monday to Friday, inclusive, CBS.

Myrt and Marge—(William Wrigley, Jr. Co.) 7:00 P.M. (re-broadcast 11:00 P.M.) daily *except* Saturday and Sunday, CBS.

One Man's Family—Anthony Smythe, 10:30 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Red Davis—(Beechnut Packing Co.) Monday, Wednesday, Friday, 7:30 P.M. (re-broadcast 11:15 P.M.) NBC-WJZ.

Red Trails—Story of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police. Direction, Graham Harris. (American Tobacco Co.) 8:30 P.M., Thursday, NBC-WJZ.

Romance of Helen Trent—(Affiliated Products, Inc.) 2:15 P.M., daily *except* Saturday and Sunday, CBS.

Roses and Drums—Civil War stories. (Union Central Life Insurance Co.) 5:00 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Soconyland Sketches—Arthur Allen and Parker Fennelly. (Socony Vacuum Oil Co.) 7:00 P.M., Saturday, CBS.

Stories of the Black Chamber—Dramatic sketches. (The Forhan Co.) 7:15 P.M., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, NBC-WEAF.

Terhune Dog Dramas—Albert Payson Terhune. (Spratts Patent, Ltd.) 5:45 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

The Gumps—(Corn Products Refining Co.) 12:15 P.M., daily *except* Saturday and Sunday, CBS.

The O'Neills—Kate McComb, Jack Rubin and Jane West. (Gold Dust Corp.) 7:30 P.M., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, CBS.

Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing—Warden Lawes; orchestra. (William R. Warner Co.) 9:00 P.M., Wednesday, NBC-WJZ.

Comedy Sketches

Amos 'n' Andy—(Pepsodent Co.) 7:00 P.M. (re-broadcast 11:00 P.M.)

Monday to Friday, inclusive, NBC-WJZ.

Clara, Lou and Em—(Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.) 10:15 A.M., daily *except* Saturday and Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Easy Aces—With Jane and Goodman Ace. (American Home Products) 7:30 P.M., Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, CBS.

Gigantic Pictures, Inc.—Sam Hearn, comedian; George Beuhler and Betty Jane, soloists; Alice Frost; Reggie Child's orchestra. (Tastyeast, Inc.) 12:00 noon, Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Honeymooners—Grace and Eddie Albert. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday, 11:00 A.M., NBC-WJZ.

Oxydol's Own Ma Perkins—(Procter and Gamble Co.) 3:15 P.M., Monday to Friday, inclusive, NBC-WEAF.

Mystery Sketches

Adventures of Sherlock Holmes—Louis Hector in leading role. (G. Washington Coffee Co.) 9:45 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Crime Clues—Edward Rees and John MacBryde. (Harold Ritchie Co.) 8:00 P.M., Tuesday, NBC-WJZ.

The Shadow—(Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Coal Co.) 6:30 P.M., Monday and Wednesday, CBS.

Featured Singers

Bill and Ginger—(C. F. Mueller Co.) 10:15 A.M., Monday to Friday, inclusive, CBS.

Bing Crosby and the Mills Brothers—George Stoll's orchestra. (John H. Woodbury Co.) 9:00 P.M., Tuesday, CBS.

Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson—(General Baking Co.) 5:30 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

Grace Moore—Soprano; Harry Jackson's orchestra. (Vick's Chemical Co.) 9:00 P.M., Tuesday, NBC-WJZ.

Jack Fulton and his dance orchestra. (J. L. Prescott Co.) 10:30 A.M., Monday to Friday, inclusive, CBS.

John Charles Thomas—(William R. Warner Co.) 9:30 P.M., Wednesday, NBC-WJZ.

Kate Smith—3:00 P.M., Wednesday, CBS.

Little Jack Little—(The Pinex Co.) 1:30 P.M., Sunday, Wednesday and Friday, CBS.

Little Jackie Heller—Harry Kogen's orchestra. (Chappel Bros.) 10:00 P.M., Monday, NBC-WJZ.

Pat Kennedy—Art Kassel and orchestra. (Grove Laboratories, Inc.) 1:45 P.M., Sunday and Tuesday, CBS.

Smiling Ed McConnell—(Acme White Lead and Color Works.) 6:30 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

Tito Guizar—(Brillo Mfg. Co.) 12:30 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

Wendell Hall—(F. W. Fitch Co.) 7:45 P.M. (re-broadcast 11:00 P.M.) Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Whispering Jack Smith and orchestra. (Ironized Yeast Co.) 7:15 P.M., Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, NBC-WEAF.

Household Hints

Betty Crocker—(General Mills Co.) 10:45 A.M., Wednesday and Friday, NBC-WEAF.

Betty Moore—Interior decorator; Lew White, organist. (Benjamin Moore & Co.) 11:30 A.M., Wednesday, CBS.

Cooking Closeups—Mary Ellis Ames, home economist. (Pillsbury Flour Mills.) 11:00 A.M., Wednesday and Friday, CBS.

Frances Lee Barton's "Kitchen Party"—(General Foods Corp.) 2:30 P.M., Friday, NBC-WEAF.

Josephine Gibson—Hostess counsel. (H. J. Heinz Co.) 10:00 A.M. (re-broadcast 12:15 P.M.) Monday, Wednesday and Friday, NBC-WJZ.

Madame Sylvia—Health and beauty expert. (Ralston Purina Co.) 10:15 P.M., Wednesday, NBC-WJZ.

Margaret Brainerd—Beauty expert. (William Wrigley, Jr.) 6:45 P.M., Thursday, Friday and Saturday, CBS.

Mary Lee Taylor—Domestic science authority. (Pet Milk Sales Corp.) 11:00 A.M., Tuesday and Thursday, CBS.

Inspirational Programs

Cheerio—8:30 A.M., daily *except* Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Tony W'ons—11:15 A.M., Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, NBC-WJZ.

Voice of Experience—(Wasey Products, Inc.) 12:00 noon, Monday to Friday, inclusive, 6:45 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

News Commentators

Boake Carter—(Philco Television and Radio Corp.) 7:45 P.M., daily *except* Saturday and Sunday, CBS.

Edwin C. Hill—The Human Side of the News. (Wasey Products, Inc.) 8:15 P.M. (re-broadcast 11:15 P.M.) Monday, Wednesday and Friday, CBS.

Frederic William Wile—Political Situation in Washington Today. 1:00 P.M., Saturday, CBS.

H. V. Kallenborn—Edits the News. 6:30 P.M., Friday, CBS.

John B. Kennedy—Looking Over the Week. Wednesday and Thursday, 11:00 P.M., NBC-WEAF.

Lowell Thomas—(Sun Oil Co.) 6:45 P.M., daily *except* Saturday and Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Stanley High—"The World Moves." Tuesday, 11:00 P.M., and Friday, 12:30 P.M., NBC-WEAF.

Walter Winchell—(Andrew Jergens Co.) 9:30 P.M. (re-broadcast 11:15 P.M.) Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Miscellaneous

Fascinating Facts—Artells Dickson, baritone, and Charlie Morgan, pianist; featured singers. (Delco Appliance Corp.) 5:45 P.M., Saturday, CBS.

Gossip Behind the Microphone—Wallace Butterworth and guest stars. (Norsec Co.) 11:45 A.M., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, CBS.

March of Time—(Remington-Rand.) 9:00 P.M., Friday, CBS.

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt—In series of talks, "It's a Woman's World." (Selby Shoe Co.) 8:00 P.M., Friday, CBS.

National Barn Dance—(Alka-Seltzer Co.) 9:30 P.M. (re-broadcast 11:00 P.M.) Saturday, NBC-WJZ.

Science Talk—Instructive and informative talks. 4:30 P.M., Tuesday, CBS.

William A. Brady—Behind the Scenes; 10:30 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

Woman's Radio Review—Conducted by Claudine MacDonald; guest speakers; Joseph Littau's orchestra; 4:00 P.M., Monday to Thursday, inclusive, NBC-WEAF.



—You can't whiz along the road to health on fresh air and exercise alone. It takes a well-balanced diet to really keep you going at full speed. And here's my recipe for a breakfast that gives you a flying start: Delicious Shredded Wheat and milk, heaped high with fresh fruits or berries.

This glowing young outdoor girl hands you a well-marked map for the glorious trail to health.

And crisp, golden-brown Shredded Wheat gives you a high-test energy food for the morning start. Shredded Wheat, you know, is whole wheat—Mother Nature's most perfect grain—nothing added, nothing taken away. You get a natural balance of the vital health elements in their most appetizing and digestible form.

Try Shredded Wheat tomorrow morning. Add plenty of fresh air and exercise. You'll be on the main highway that leads to a full life of buoyant health.



SHREDDED WHEAT



Ask for the package showing the picture of Niagara Falls and the red N.B.C. Uneda Seal.

"Uneda Bakers"
NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Dial a Dollar

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

Look for Tower STAR Fashions

IN THESE LEADING DEPARTMENT STORES

A style thrill ready for you . . . TOWER Star Fashions! You can see them pictured on page 30 of this issue . . . you can see them in reality in these leading stores. Ask to see them the very next time you are downtown

TOWER
Star
FASHIONS

shopping. We believe you will find among them one or more styles which are especially flattering to your type.

Address any questions to TOWER'S Star Fashion Editor, 55 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.

ALABAMA

Birmingham, Parisian
Huntsville, Mary Shop

ARIZONA

Phoenix, Goldwaters
Tucson, Whitehouse Dept. Store

ARKANSAS

Helena, H. S. Cooper
Little Rock, M. M. Cohn Co.

CALIFORNIA

Los Angeles, The May Co.
Oakland, Zuker's
Pomona, C. C. Bower & Co.
San Francisco, The Emporium, Inc.
San Jose, M. Blum & Co.
Santa Barbara, The Smart Shop

COLORADO

Canon City, Nora Hays
Colorado Springs, C. V. Clamp
Denver, Denver D. G. Co.
Fort Collins, Jo-Anne Shop
Grand Junction, A. M. Harris Stores Co.
La Junta, Holbrook Costume Shop
Pueblo, Colorado Supply Co.

CONNECTICUT

Bridgeport, Howland D. G. Co.
Hartford, Brown Thompson, Inc.
New Britain, N. E. Mag
New Haven, Gamble Desmond Co.
Torrington, Dankins Inc.

DELEWARE

Wilmington, Kennard-Pyle Co.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington, Woodward & Lothrop

FLORIDA

Miami, Burdine's Inc.
Ocala, Blocker's
Orlando, Yowell-Drew Co.
St. Petersburg, Rutland Bros.
Tampa, Maas Bros.

GEORGIA

Athens, Michael Bros. Inc.
Atlanta, Davison Paxton Co.
Augusta, Goldberg's
Macon, Mayson's
Newman, Kersey's
Waycross, The Fashion Shop
West Point, Cohen Bros.

IDAHO

Pocatello, Hassell's

ILLINOIS

Centralia, Lucille Shoppe
Champaign, G. C. Willis
Chicago, Wieboldt Stores Inc.
Decatur, Stewarts Fields
DuQuoin, Ross Store
Freeport, Borchers
Joliet, Dinot & Co.
Litchfield, Braugmans
Marion, C. W. Hay
Mount Vernon, The Fashion Shop
Murphysboro, Ross Shop
Peoria, The D. W. Klein Co.
Rockford, Wortham's
West Frankfort, Burg's

INDIANA

Crawfordsville, Adler's, Inc.
Frankfort, The Adler Co.
Gary, H. Gordon & Sons
Greensburg, Levenstein D. G. Co.
Indianapolis, Wm. H. Block Co.
Logansport, Schmitt & Kloefer Co.
Richmond, Sittloh's
Shelbyville, S. B. Morris Co.
South Bend, Ellsworth's

IOWA

Boone, The Riekenberg Co.
Cedar Rapids, H. N. Craemer
Des Moines, Connors Inc.
Dubuque, Younker Bros.
Oelwein, Roshek Bros. Inc.
Orange City, Van De Steig Co.
Red Oak, Connor's Inc.

KANSAS

Atchinson, Ramsay's
Coffeyville, Cole's
Dodge City, Levinson's
Emporia, Levinson's
Eldorado, Levinson's
Hutchinson, Levinson's
Independence, Locke's
Lawrence, The Terry Shop
Wichita, George Innes Co.

KENTUCKY

Ashland, The Smart Shop Inc.
Owensboro, Levy's Inc.
Louisville, Kaufmann Straus Co.

LOUISIANA

Alexandria, W. W. Hixson
Baton Rouge, Rosenfield D. G. Co.
Lafayette, Leon Davis
Lake Charles, Maurice
New Orleans, D. H. Holmes Co. Ltd.

MAINE

Bangor, Cortell-Segal Co.
Calais, J. Unobsky
Caribou, Pattee Co.
Presque Isle, Green Bros.
Waterville, Emery-Brown Co.

MARYLAND

Baltimore, Hochschild & Kohn Co.
Cumberland, Lazarus Company
Sparrows Point, Service Stores

MASSACHUSETTS

Boston, Wm. Filene's Sons Co.
Haverhill, Sherry Stores Inc.
Lawrence, Russem's
Salem, Besse's Apparel Shop
Springfield, Meekins, Packard & Wheat Inc.

MICHIGAN

Alpena, Thomas Gown Shop
Ann Arbor, Wm. Goodyear Co.
Bay City, Tabor Dress Shop
Big Rapids, Wilson's
Birmingham, Twin Shop
Flint, King Clothing Co.
Jackson, Jacobson's
Detroit, B. Siegel & Co.
Grand Rapids, Herpelsheimer's Co.
Traverse City, The Maple Shoppe

MINNESOTA

Austin, M. Lewis & Co.
Faribault, Gray's Style Shop
Duluth, George A. Gray Co.
Fergus Falls, Norby Dept. Store Inc.
Winona, The Fashion, Inc.

MISSISSIPPI

Clarksdale, The Madiera Shop
Columbus, The Fashion Center
Greenville, J. B. Tonkel Shops Inc.
Jackson, Fried's Shop for Women
Vicksburg, J. B. Tenkel Shops Inc.

MISSOURI

Hannibal, Reib's
Kansas City, Harzfeld's
St. Charles, Braufmans
St. Joseph, Hirsch Bros D. G. Co.
Springfield, The Style

MONTANA

Billings, Hart-Albin Co. Inc.

NEBRASKA

Columbus, Irene Shoppe
Omaha, Goldstein-Chapman
Scottsbluff, The Hollywood Shop

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Concord, Betty Alden
Claremont, Pelletier & Snowman
Lebanon, Richardson & Langlois

NEW JERSEY

Asbury Park, Dainty Apparel Shop
Jersey City, State Gown Shop
Newark, L. Bamberger & Co.
Passaic, Charlotte Shop
Paterson, Meyer Bros.
Plainfield, Claire Shoppe
Trenton, Lillian Charm

NEW MEXICO

Albuquerque, Mosler's Smart Shop

NEW YORK

Albany, David's
Binghamton, Sisson Bros.-Welden Co.
Buffalo, Adam, Meldrun & Anderson
Ithaca, Pritchard's Style Shop
Middletown, Carson & Townier Co.
Newburgh, The Sonia
New York City, R. H. Macy & Co.
Portchester, The Dorothy Shop
Rochester, David's
Saranac Lake, Altman's
St. George, S. I., Irene Dress Shoppe
Syracuse, David's
Utica, Doyle-Knowler Co. Inc.
Watertown, Frank A. Empsall Co.

NORTH CAROLINA

Asheville, Brener's
Durham, R. L. Baldwin
Elizabeth City, Hurdle's
Greensboro, Ellis Stone & Co.
Greenville, C. Haber Forbes
High Point, The Fashion Shop
Raleigh, Brocks Inc.
Winston-Salem, Arcade Fashion Shop

NORTH DAKOTA

Harvey, Fred's Store Inc.
New Rockford, Rodenberg & Schwoebel
Valley City, Fair Dept. Store
Williston, G. M. Hadderick & Co.

OHIO

Ashland, Max H. Zola
Athens, Slingluff's
Dayton, Elder-Johnston Co.
Cincinnati, Mabley & Carew Co.
Columbus, The Dunn Taft Co.
East Liverpool, Stein D. G. Co.
Findlay, Simon's
Kenton, F. W. Uhlman
Lorain, Smith & Gerhart
Mansfield, The R. B. Maxwell Co.
Marion, Uhler Phillips Co.
Massillon, Van Horn's
Portsmouth, The Atlas Fashion Co.
Toledo, Lasalle & Koch Co.
Wilmington, Lacy's
Youngstown, Strouss-Hirschberg Co.

OKLAHOMA

Blackwell, Pollyanna Shop
Duncan, The Bon Ton
Enid, Herzberg's
Frederick, Milton Marks
Guthrie, Davenport's
Pawhuska, Kerman's Dept. Store
Ponca City, Frances Shop
Shawnee, Blaine's Fashion Shop
Stillwater, G. & G. Store Co.

OREGON

Medford, Adriennes
Portland, Meier & Frank

PENNSYLVANIA

Aliquippa, Pittsburgh Merc. Co.
Allentown, Hess Brother Inc.
Altoona, William F. Gable Co.
Beaver Falls, Berkman's
Braddock, Harry H. Levine
Corry, The Nast Co.
Elwood City, Wilkoff's Fashion Shoppe
Erie, Keefe & Johnson
Harrisburg, Bowman & Co.
Jeannette, M. A. Gillespie Co.
Lansford, Brights Dept. Store
Lancaster, Hager Bros.
Lock Haven, Grossman's
McKeesport, Cox's
Oil City, Chic Dress Shop
Philadelphia, Gimbel Bros.
Reading, Pomeroy's Inc.
Scranton, The Band Box
Somerset, Polly Jean Shop
Sunbury, Mariette Shop
Wilkes-Barre, Fowler Dick & Walker
Upper Darby, Estelle's

RHODE ISLAND

Woonsocket, McCarthy, D. G. Co.

SOUTH CAROLINA

Anderson, George H. Bailes
Columbia, J. W. Haltiwanger
Florence, Katherine Cook
Greer, McHughes Spec. Shop

SOUTH DAKOTA

Aberdeen, Olwin-Angell
Watertown, Schaller's

TENNESSEE

Bristol, The H. P. King Co.
Chattanooga, Miller Bros.
Clarksville, McNeal-Edwards Co.
Dyersburg, Hollywood Frock
Kingsport, J. Fred Johnson & Co., Inc.
Knoxville, Miller's
Memphis, J. Goldsmith & Sons, Inc.

TEXAS

Abilene, Campbell's
Amarillo, Hollywood Dress Shop
Austin, Goodfriend's
Breckenridge, The Belota Shop
Brownwood, Garner-Alvis Co.
Denton, H. M. Russell & Sons
El Paso, The White House
Galveston, Maison Myro
Houston, Hutton, Inc.
Kilgore, La Mode
Laredo, A. C. Richter, Inc.
Longview, Wolens Dept. Store
Lubbock, Freed's Women's Apparel
Luling, O'Neill's
McAllen, The Fashion
Pampa, Mitchell's
Port Arthur, A. Goldboro
Temple, W. P. Rody
Tyler, Miller's
Vernon, Gold Feder's
Victoria, A. & S. Levy, Inc.

UTAH

Salt Lake City, Zion Cooperative Merc. Inst.

VERMONT

Burlington, Abernethy, Clarkson, Wright, Inc.
Rutland, The Vogue Shop

VIRGINIA

Charlottesville, H. G. Eastham Shop, Inc.
Clifton Forge, M. B. Smith
Covington, The Quality Shop
Danville, Rippe's
Harrisonburg, Paul Miller
Lynchburg, Baldwin's
Norton, The Ladies' Shop
Roanoke, Natalie Shop
Suffolk, Ballard & Smith
Winchester, The Smart Shop

WASHINGTON

Aberdeen, See & Rubenstein
Long View, Columbia River Merc. Co.
Seattle, Jerome's
Spokane, The Palace Store
Yakima, Barnes-Woodin Co.

WEST VIRGINIA

Beckley, The Women's Shop, Inc.
Bluefield, The Vogue
Clarksburg, Parsons-Soulders
Logan, Manning Clothing Co.
Wheeling, Geo. E. Stifel Co.

WISCONSIN

Appleton, Gennen D. G. Co.
Ashland, Smith Style Shop
Beloit, McNeany D. G. Co.
Eau Claire, Jos. E. Balderstein
Fond du Lac, Hill Bros.
Madison, Link Store
Sheboygan, Hill Bros.

WYOMING

Cheyenne, Bon Marche
Laramie, Kepp-Baertsch

Ask at your local department store for Tower Star Fashions. The list of stores is so great that not all of them could be given on this page.

ANNOUNCING THE WINNERS WHOSE LETTERS TOLD ABOUT
FRIENDLY HELPFUL SERVICES OFFERED BY

Department Store Salespeople

The eighty-two prizes are announced below.

First Prize . . \$250.00

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Second Prize . . \$100.00

MRS. EDWIN F. LAURIN ASTORIA, ORE.

Third Prize . . \$50.00

MRS. RAY E. BUTTON S. BELLINGHAM, WASH.

Fourth Prize . . \$25.00

RUTH BRACKER STONE New York, N. Y.
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MRS. M. MAGNANI Redwood City, Calif.
MRS. ETHEL PRESLEY Carthage, Miss.
NORA DEU PREE Kiowa, Colorado
SOPHIE MARCYAN Chicago, Ill.

MRS. OLIVER H. TAFT Syracuse, N. Y.
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MRS. J. J. MORGAN Miles City, Montana
ENEX E. BLACKBURN Dormont, Pa.
ADELAIDE NIEHAUS Cincinnati, Ohio
MRS. PHILLIP WISE Kansas City, Mo.
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ANNA FRAGER St. Louis, Mo.
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MRS. LYNDON GRAVES New York, N. Y.
MRS. ROBT. D. TOBEY Kew Gardens, L. I., N. Y.
MRS. BELLE HAMILTON Leesburg, Florida
MISS TECOA E. STONE Spartanburg, S. C.
ELIZABETH KAELO Fort Hunter, New York
MRS. MARCO CRAWFORD Denver, Colorado
ELIZABETH WATSON Cincinnati, Ohio
EULA DOZIER HOWE Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. E. M. GROVER Miami, Florida
MRS. JOHN VAN TONGEREN Chicago, Ill.
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MRS. A. W. O'CONNOR Tampa, Florida
HUGH MULLIKIN Seattle, Washington
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ALICE E. ARMSTRONG Glen Burnie, Maryland
MRS. ANNA D. KRONE Bronx, N. Y.
MRS. J. ELDER BOLGER Springfield, Ohio
MRS. HELEN R. HANSEN Cleveland, Ohio
MRS. JAMES BENNETT Red Wing, Minn.
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MRS. WESELY SAUM Yankton, S. D.

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Stiff and elegant upholstery satin makes Mrs. Wetmore's full-skirted evening gown, from Saks-Fifth Avenue.

"Everywhere you go they're smoking Camels"

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

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 MRS. BYRD WARWICK DAVENPORT, New York
 MRS. HENRY FIELD, Chicago
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MRS. WILLIAM T. WETMORE

No YOUNG MATRON is more in the heart of New York's social gaiety than the smart, much photographed Mrs. William T. Wetmore. She knows all the whys and wherefores of "what's done." And Mrs. Wetmore is smoking Camels.

"We've all gone in for them," she says. "You notice Camels on almost every table in the smart restaurants. Their smoother, richer flavor seems to fit in with the gayer, pleasanter life we are leading again. They are made of more

expensive tobaccos, I'm told, and that is probably why they never make my nerves jumpy. And it's so nice to know that if I get tired in the course of a busy day, smoking a Camel always gives me just the right amount of 'lift' in such a pleasant, simple way, without affecting my nerves."

That "lift" you get is quite natural, because smoking a Camel releases your own latent energy. Smoke a Camel yourself today the first time you feel tired.

Camels are Milder! . . . made from Finer, More Expensive Tobaccos . . .

Turkish and Domestic . . . than any other popular brand.