

# Tower RADIO

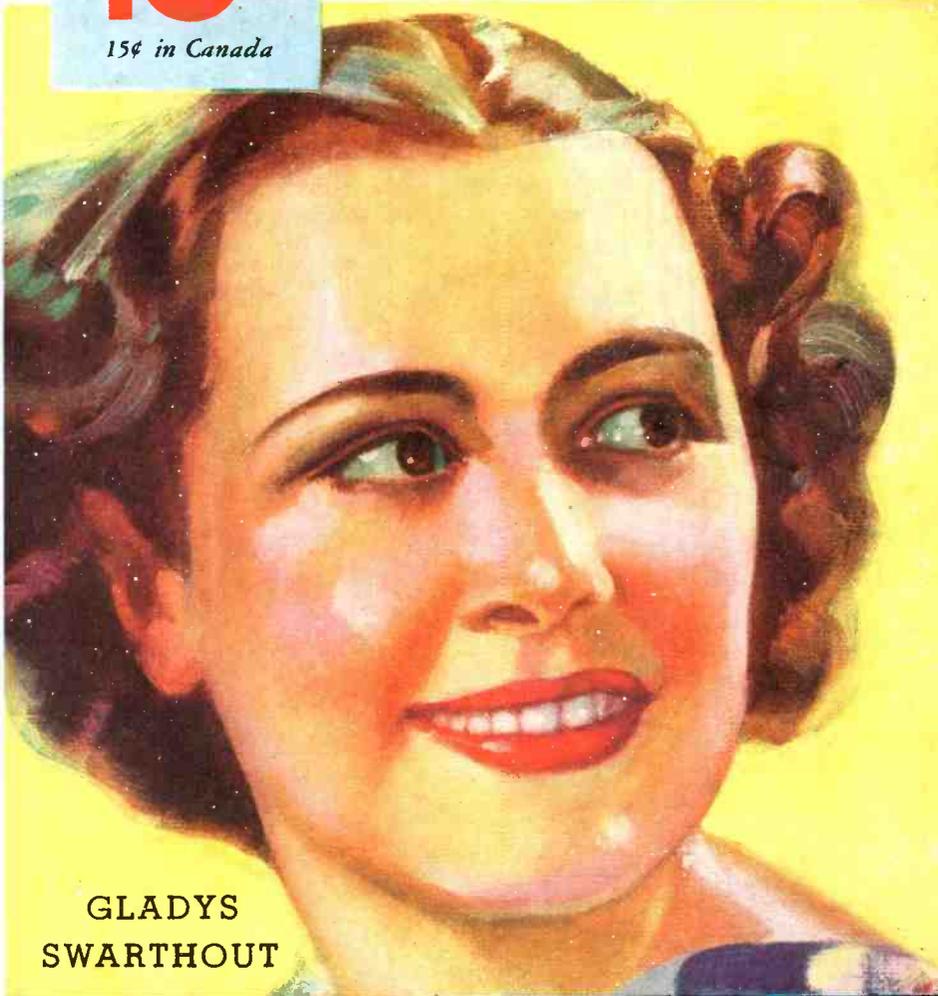


**10c**

15¢ in Canada

A TOWER MAGAZINE

AUGUST



GLADYS  
SWARTHOUT

## TWO AGAINST THE WORLD

*The remarkable romance  
of BURNS and ALLEN*

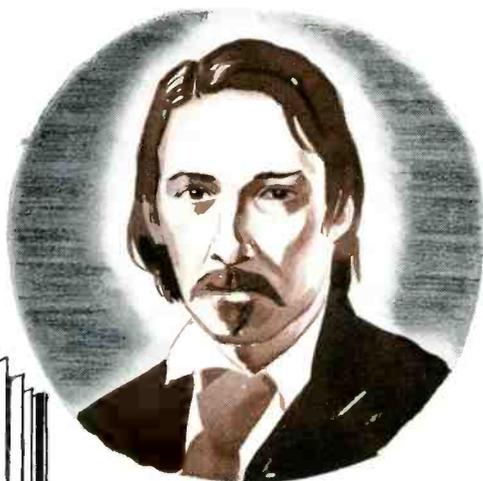
**BABE  
RUTH'S  
MESSAGE TO BOYS**

**DIARY OF A RADIO ROMEO  
BY JIMMY DURANTE**

THE COMICS PICK THEIR FAVORITE COMEDIAN  
COULD YOU BE A RADIO ANNOUNCER?

**SPECIAL ENLARGED  
SHORT WAVE DEPARTMENT**

If Robert Louis Stevenson had traded his pen for a camera..



*Wallace*  
**B E E R Y**  
*Jackie*  
**C O O P E R**  
 IN ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S  
**TREASURE ISLAND**

WALLACE BEERY *as* Long John Silver  
 JACKIE COOPER *as* Jim Hawkins  
 LIONEL BARRYMORE *as* Billy Bones  
 OTTO KRUGER . . . . . *as* Dr. Livesey  
 LEWIS STONE . . . . . *as* Captain Smollett  
 "CHIC" SALE . . . . . *as* Ben Gunn  
 WILLIAM V. MONG . . . . . *as* Old Pew  
 DOROTHY PETERSON . . . . . *as* Mrs. Hawkins

Directed by Victor Fleming • Produced by Hunt Stromberg  
 A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Little did he know that one day his immortal story of "Treasure Island" would come to life...just as his other thrill-novel "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" captivated the world. Two million copies of "Treasure Island" have quickened the heart-beat of men, women and children.

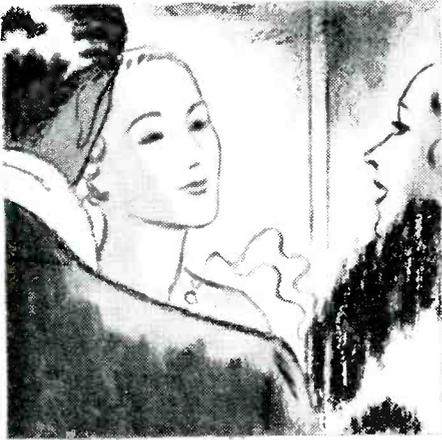
Glorious news that each exciting moment has been recaptured to stir your soul! Wallace Beery is Long John Silver, and Jackie Cooper is the adventurous youth Jim Hawkins, whose boyish loyalty will grip your emotions, as he did before when he adored his "Champ" with tear-dimmed eyes. Lionel Barrymore too, gives his most thrilling performance. See the cast of all-stars!

It is a great picture and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is proud to have devoted its vast resources to the production of this, the year's important entertainment!

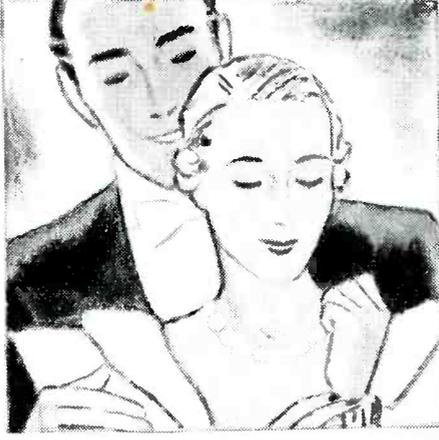


# Isn't It A Shame!

SHE HAS A BIG HOUSE . . . A SUCCESSFUL HUSBAND . . . BUT OH, HER TERRIBLE TEETH!



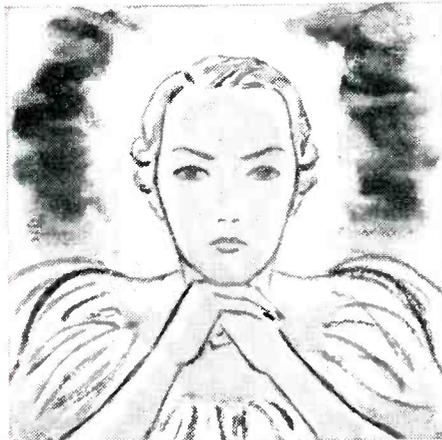
**E**mily's house is a show-place—the finest house in town. And Emily is as gracious and lovely as her house is grand! But—there's a "but" about Emily!



**E**mily's successful young husband would send to the ends of the earth to grant her smallest wish! But—the "but" about Emily gives her many bad moments!



**W**hen Emily goes to parties in other people's houses, she doesn't seem to "click." She feels left out of it all. For the "but" about Emily is her teeth!



**E**mily's husband should tell her what people notice about her teeth—that they look dingy and ugly. If only she'd go to her dentist . . .



**H**e'd explain that it's "pink tooth brush" which is responsible—that she should clean her teeth with Ipana—and massage Ipana into her gums.



**B**y the time Emily's gums were firm, her teeth would be good-looking again. She'd be attractive again! And she'd get plenty of compliments!

**Y**OU, like Emily, should examine your teeth in a mirror, by bright daylight. If your teeth look dingy and ugly, "pink tooth brush" may be at the root of the trouble. To be sure that your teeth are brilliantly clean and good-looking—do as many dentists suggest: clean them with Ipana Tooth Paste, and each time, put a little extra Ipana on your

## Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

brush or fingertip, and massage it directly into your tender gums. The foods of today are not coarse enough to stimulate the gums and keep them hard. Inactive gums often become tender, and sometimes bleed. This is "pink tooth brush."

Stimulate your gums and keep them firm with a twice-daily massage with Ipana. The ziratol in Ipana aids the massage in toning them. In protecting them against "pink tooth brush," you are safer from gum troubles like gingivitis and Vincent's disease. You can feel safer, too, about your teeth. Remember: Ipana for tender gums, and Ipana for clean teeth.

TUNE IN THE "HOUR OF SMILES" AND HEAR THE IPANA TROUBADOURS WEDNESDAY EVENINGS —WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

**I P A N A**  
TOOTH PASTE



**VISIT**  
"A CENTURY OF PROGRESS"  
SEE IPANA MADE FROM START TO FINISH  
See the Ipana Electrical Man. General Exhibits Group Bldg. No. 4—Chicago, June—October, 1934.



★  
**THE MOST  
DRAMATIC STORY**  
ever written about  
**a Radio Star**

★  
The untold life of  
**CONNIE BOSWELL**  
in Tower Radio  
next month  
★

# Tower Radio

CATHERINE McNELIS, *Publisher*

VOL. 1, NO. 5

A TOWER MAGAZINE

AUGUST, 1934

Cover by ARMAND SEGUSO

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**ADVERTISING OFFICES**

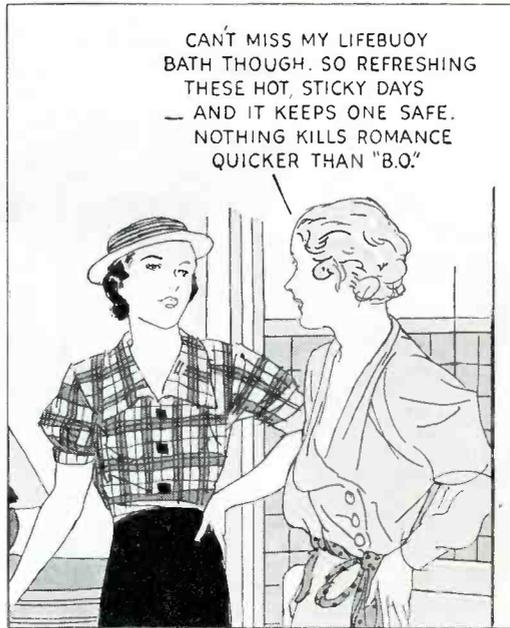
55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.  
919 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.  
Russ Building, San Francisco, Cal.

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



HELLO, MARY, DARLING. JIM'S WORKING LATE SO I DROPPED IN FOR A CHAT

SPLENDID—BUT MIND IF I HOP IN THE TUB FIRST? I'M MEETING MY HUSBAND IN TOWN FOR DINNER AND I'M LATE NOW



CAN'T MISS MY LIFEBOUY BATH THOUGH. SO REFRESHING THESE HOT, STICKY DAYS — AND IT KEEPS ONE SAFE. NOTHING KILLS ROMANCE QUICKER THAN "B.O."



IS MARY HINTING? HAVE I EVER OFFENDED? IS THAT WHY JIM ACTS SO INDIFFERENT—STAYS IN TOWN SO OFTEN LATELY? I'D BETTER USE LIFEBOUY, TOO



LATER

HOW FRESH AND CLEAN I ALWAYS FEEL AFTER MY LIFEBOUY BATH! NO FEAR OF "B.O." NOW EVEN ON THE HOTTEST DAY



NO "B.O." NOW— *good times for all*

YES, I'M CALLING FOR JIM AT HIS OFFICE. WERE DINING IN TOWN

SO ARE WE! LET'S MAKE IT A FOURSOME

HONEY, YOUR LIFEBOUY KEEPS MY SKIN MUCH CLEARER

I CAN SEE THE DIFFERENCE. IT CERTAINLY DID WONDERS FOR MINE, TOO

**M**EN and women everywhere find Lifebuoy a truly remarkable complexion soap. It *deep-cleanses* pores. Gently searches out impurities that cloud the skin. Adopt Lifebuoy and *see!* A lovelier complexion is yours for the taking!

Brisk cold showers, lazy warm tub baths — whichever you choose for summer, Lifebuoy *always* gives thick, creamy lather. Lather which refreshes, protects! Stops "B.O." (body odor), so common in hot weather. Lifebuoy's fresh, clean scent vanishes as you rinse.

*Approved by*  
Good Housekeeping Bureau

## NO MORE *HOT* WASHDAYS FOR HER



HEAT, STEAM, SCRUB, BOIL! IT'S KILLING ME. ISN'T THERE SOME EASIER WAY TO GET CLOTHES WHITE?

OF COURSE THERE IS



OH, TELL ME!

SOAK THE CLOTHES IN RINSO SUDS — INSTEAD OF SCRUBBING THEM. RINSO LOOSENS EVERY SPECK OF DIRT



NEXT WASHDAY

SO I TRIED RINSO AND LOOK! 4 OR 5 SHADES WHITER WITHOUT BOILING

OR SCRUBBING? FINE! OUR CLOTHES WILL LAST MUCH LONGER NOW

**HURRAH! WE'LL SAVE LOTS OF MONEY!**

**S**OME women have saved up to \$100— just by changing to Rinso. For Rinso soaks out dirt—saves clothes from being

scrubbed threadbare. It is safe for your finest cottons and linens—white or colors. Makers of 40 famous washers recommend Rinso. Gives rich, lasting suds—even in *hardest water*. Wonderful for dishes and all cleaning—easy on hands! At your grocer's.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.



THE PICKENS SISTERS



ments of music by their parents, the Pickens Sisters of the South learned old Negro songs from their devoted mammy.

"Alone since we parted, I'm left broken hearted—" Jane, Patti and Helen Pickens are on the air. Taught the riddi-



**A SUAVE VILLAIN —  
A DEEP MYSTERY —  
A STUNNING GIRL —**

» » » That's all Bulldog Drummond wanted! And Scotland Yard spent the unhappiest hours of its life learning that Drummond . . . as usual . . . "got" his villain . . . and got his girl!

**JOSEPH M. SCHENCK**  
*presents*

**Ronald Colman.**

*"in*  
**Bulldog Drummond**  
*Strikes Back"*

*with* **LORETTA YOUNG**  
**WARNER OLAND • UNA MERKEL**  
**• CHARLES BUTTERWORTH •**

*Directed by* **ROY DEL RUTH** • *Released thru* **UNITED ARTISTS**  
**a DARRYL F. ZANUCK production**



# Behind the Dial

By  
NELLIE REVELL

*News about the famous folk along Radio Row and their plans for next season*

**Y**OU can dismiss as mere Radio Row rumors those stories that Rudy Vallee will switch his affiliations from the National to the Columbia network. The fact is his sponsor, the Fleischmann Company, has renewed its contract with NBC for another year. At the same time the contract with Rudy for his hour variety show was extended for a similar period.

• • •

**E**DDIE CANTOR, on the other hand, will transfer his allegiance to Columbia when he starts work for his new sponsor, the Pebecco Company, next February. Meanwhile he has eight weeks to go on his old contract with Chase and Sanborn which he is expected to play out in the Fall on NBC. Cantor's salary with the new concern jumps to \$10,000 weekly, and are the New York newspaper radio editors mad! He has charged them with all sorts of things and as we gallop to press they are thinking of suing him for libel.



*Ruth Robin, whose singing voice over the Columbia network has won so many admirers.*



Paramount

*The ole maestro himself. Yowsah, Ben Bernie is the name. Playin' his trusty fiddle, folks, in his next fillum, "Thank Your Stars."*

## Why Paul Whiteman declines to save his money

EDWIN C. HILL writes those "Human Side of the News" broadcasts almost as fast as he talks them. Hill has the trained newspaper man's ability to turn out copy at a terrific pace, and his articles require little or no editing. It is a trick he learned in his reporting days when he was accustomed to having his stories yanked out of his typewriter by copy boys, paragraph by paragraph, as fast as he could write.

PAUL WHITEMAN isn't ambitious to join the ranks of the millionaire maestros, of which there are at least three in radio. It is King Paul's idea that too much money leads to indifference in performance and he would rather concentrate on his career than the amassing of a fortune. As a result of this philosophy of life Whiteman spends his coin freely, one might say extravagantly, and consoles himself with the thought that music is more important than money.

BOBBY BENSON, the CBS serial program, is the creation of Peter Dixon's pen. Billy Halop, thirteen-year-old actor, creates the title role. Because of the western locale of this series, Bobby has been receiving thousands of letters from boys and girls asking about dude ranches; and the burden of answering them became so great that the sponsors finally had to prepare a form letter telling what localities have such accommodations.

*Below, right, is Peggy Healy, the cute singer with Paul Whiteman and his band. Below, left, Lee Wiley, caught unawares at a rehearsal.*



Culver

Culver

SALLY BELLE COX, radio's champion cry-baby, learned the art of imitating wailing infants while employed at a Cleveland orphanage. She conceived the idea of transferring her talents to radio, but had a hard time convincing studio officials that a girl could simulate a child better than a sound-effects man. Finally she enlisted the aid of an NBC hostess, Miss Georgia Price, who introduced her to Raymond Knight. At that time Knight was producing "Raising Junior," the sketch in which Peter Dixon and Aline Berry appeared, and he engaged her to play "Junior." Ever since Miss Cox has been a fixture around the studios and has been heard on a score of prominent programs during the last three years.

CREDIT for starting the current craze of popular songs based on nursery rhymes, or at least anticipating it, goes to Mary Danis, blues singer with Enoch Light's orchestra. A year ago, before Mother Goose had become a song plugger, Mary was interpolating her own



*Singin' Sam and his bride, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Frankel to you, enjoying their honeymoon.*

versions of the nursery rhymes with her song numbers. Now everybody's doing it. There is "What's Sauce for the Goose," "This Little Piggie Went to Market," "What Do Animals Say?" etc., and shortly there will be "The Grasshopper and the Ant," a Walt Disney number which may prove as big as "The Big Bad Wolf."

### Behind THE DIAL

Ernie Hare, of Jones and Hare, once traveled with a circus so small that the only elephant they had was on the posters. But they did have a mangy lion for which Hare posed as the keeper. "Is that a man-eating lion?" asked a lady one day. "Sure, lady," Ernie replied, "but we are short of men today and all he gets is beef."

MADGE TUCKER, director of The Lady Next Door program, recently conducted a quiz among NBC children on John Milton, the poet. Fourteen-year-old Roslyn Silber, the Rosie of The Goldbergs, walked off with the honors. Asked what she knew about Milton, she replied: "Why, he got married and wrote 'Paradise Lost.' Then his wife died and he wrote 'Paradise Regained.'" (Please turn to page 49)

# Tell us.. ANOTHER

*What Grocery Store salesperson  
has been most HELPFUL to you?*

**HOW? WHEN? WHERE?**

## **A TWO-WAY OPPORTUNITY:**

- (1) To earn easy, quick cash, yourself**
- (2) To help a Grocery Store salesperson win local and national FAME.**

Pick from behind the counter of any *grocery* store in which you trade, the *one* salesperson from whom you have received the most *helpful* service. Put that salesperson's name on the official ballot on the right hand page of this announcement (or facsimile thereof). Then submit to TOWER MAGAZINES, New York, a letter of 50 words or less describing this enjoyable *grocery* shopping experience. Tell *what* you bought—*how* you were helped in making your purchase—*when* and *where* the incident occurred.

Help *yourself* to earn part of this \$1,000 which is available only to *August* readers of TOWER MAGAZINES. Help that neighborhood grocery store salesperson who has given you *friendly, helpful service*, win FAME in the 1934 Retail Sales HONOR ROLL sponsored by TOWER MAGAZINES!

## **\$1,000 IN CASH!**

**Help TOWER MAGAZINES Choose the  
1934 RETAIL SALES HONOR ROLL**

**Cash for TOWER READERS—  
FAME for Store Salespeople**

Sit down immediately after reading this announcement over carefully and compose your letter of 50 words or less. Get it in the mail *today*—in plenty of time to be an August winner!

### **82 CASH AWARDS:**

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

(Awards given ONLY in accordance with rules stated in this announcement)

Courtesy—enthusiasm—knowledge of goods on display—honest desire to *help* you—these are the qualifications of the ideal Grocery Store salesperson.

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

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

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

## **A Program to Improve Relations Between Store Salespeople and Their Customers**

TOWER MAGAZINES believe that in these three words—*Friendly, Helpful Service*—lies a basis for finer understanding between store salespeople and their customers. It is the basis upon which we want *you* to help us pick the 1934 Retail Sales Honor Roll.

Not only may you win an award yourself, but you may help bring *fame* to a grocery store salesperson in *your* community.

### **To All Grocery Store Salespeople:**

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

**HOME • SERENADE**

# Tower

# enjoyable shopping experience



By Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

## 10 FREE TRIPS TO NEW YORK

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

## NEW MOVIE • TOWER RADIO MYSTERY

# Magazines

Tower Radio, August, 1934

## \$1,000 IN CASH for August TOWER Readers!

### FAME for Grocery Store Salespeople

Write about an enjoyable experience in which you received *helpful* service from a Grocery Store Salesperson. Follow suggestions on opposite page. Watch September issues of TOWER MAGAZINES, too . . . \$1,000 more in awards for buying experiences in a Department Store. You may try for each month's awards.

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# RADIO PAGEANT

**S**TRANGELY enough the two best actors on the air aren't actors at all. Babe Ruth seems to us to be outstanding with his straightforward comments and yarns about the one grand passion of his life, baseball. The other histrionic star is Maxie Baer, the shy and retiring pugilist from California. While preparing for his championship battle with Primo Carnera, Baer from his training camp played the role of a taxi driver in a three-times-a-week series, "Taxi." Maxie worked acting into his training routine with ease and facility. He handles repartee as smoothly as he does a sparring partner. If a pleasant personality counts for anything, Maxie ought to be champ when you read these lines.

**T**HE great radio public is getting its yearly respite from gags. The comics are on vacation. Many of these vacations are not voluntary although farsighted comedians, such as Ed Wynn, early realized the menace of wearing out a welcome. The rest go into hot weather exile because the sponsors quit the air on the theory that the radio listening army dwindles when confronted with the lure of a car and an open road on a hot night.

Recently the air waves have been going in strongly for song writers. George M. Cohan, who, of course, is far more than a tune constructor, led the way with his rhymed banter. His short satiric jingling about life off and on the air waves made him stand out on the ether parade but some of

the other composers have been vastly less distinguished. George Gershwin got away with it neatly but the expert melody maker, Irving Berlin, with a colorless air personality, turned out to be a radio dud.

As these composers parade their songs it is interesting to note the shifting vogue in popular melodies. For instance, observe the march of Berlin hits from the early syncopation of "Alexander's Ragtime Band" through the sentimental years of "The Song is Ended" and "Blue Skies" down to today's "Heat Wave." Yesterday—in the golden era of Coolidge—America wanted sentimentality, today hot sophistication, tomorrow—what?

*Critical comments  
on programs old  
and new*

By  
**THE TOWER  
OBSERVER**

**T**HE recent Gettle kidnaping case in Los Angeles gave radio (anyway, the Columbia system) an opportunity to show what it can do with just-off-the-griddle news. The handcuffs had hardly been snapped upon the wrists of the confessed kidnapers when the crime—done in episodes after the fashion of a mystery thriller—was re-enacted on the air with a cast including the actual law (*Please turn to page 88*)

*Paul Whiteman, expert of rhythm and color, has been presenting one of the best weekly interludes on the air.*



Wide World

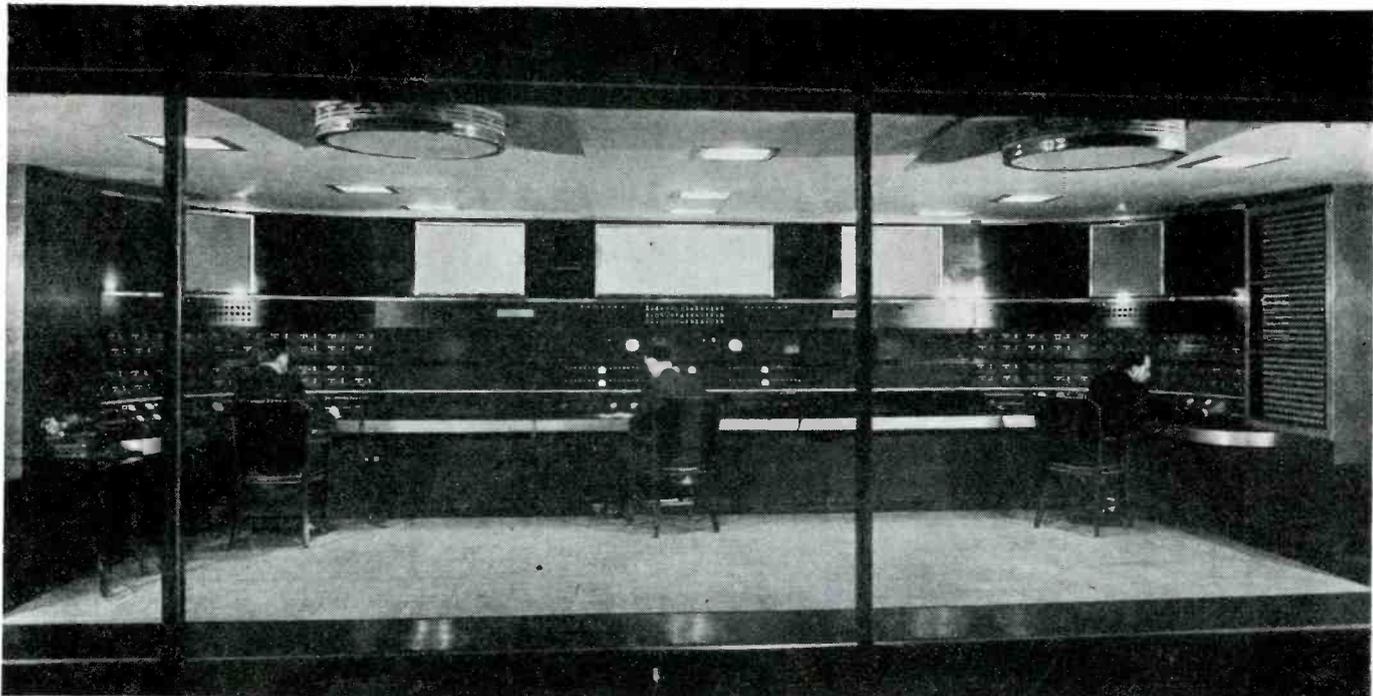
*Jascha Heifetz's single radio concert was the outstanding musical event of the whole microphone season.*



Rotofotos

*Song Composer Irving Berlin came to the air. The man who wrote an unparalleled series of hits, from "Alexander's Ragtime Band" to "Heat Wave," contributed a mild radio personality.*

Ray Lee Jackson



Rotofotos

*The great Master Control Board at Radio City, the nerve center of the National Broadcasting Company's great system. Here co-ordinating engineers, under command of a senior master control supervisor, sit in unceasing vigil, unsung soldiers of the radio.*

YOU turn the dial of your radio just as Rudy Vallee goes on the air with his famous "Your time is my time." At the same second radio followers in Flagstaff, Arizona, in Seattle, Washington, in Miami, Florida, and in Portland, Maine, have switched on the Vallee hour. You lean back in your easy chair and so do fans all over America. That's how easily a program comes to your loudspeaker.

How is all this accomplished?

A great army of skilled technicians are radio's unsung heroes. The results of their efforts are written in good transmission of programs rather than in publicity. Theirs is the arduous task day and night of erecting and disassembling coast to coast and regional hook-ups and of performing numerous other jobs in order that the big programs may be carried clearly and uninterruptedly to your radio set.

Radio programs are conveyed by special program wires, actually telephone wires, from station to station from which points they are flung out on the air again, for the benefit of the set owners in the listening areas covered by the affiliated stations. It will be news to some that the familiar chimes heard over the National Broadcasting Company's stations and the frequent Columbia announcement: "This . . . is the Columbia Broadcasting System" are really cues or signals for the engineers to disassemble the network of the moment and shift to another or several webs as the exigencies of the program structure may require.

Network programs are made possible through the cooperative effort of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and the chains. For overseas broadcasts, the facilities of RCA Communications, Inc., or the American Telephone organizations are used. The National Broadcasting Company leases permanently 20,000 miles of telephone wires at an annual rental of nearly \$3,000,000 and the Columbia Broadcasting System preempts 13,000 miles at a yearly cost of \$1,800,000. In addition thousands and thousands of extra wire facilities are engaged by these two great organizations as the occasion arises.

In order to "pep" up the voices or musical sounds that are offered to us, the telephone company maintains so-called "booster" stations every ninety miles along the telephone lane. Two shifts of maintenance engineers per unit constantly are on duty to keep the

# HOW RADIO Comes to You

By JESSE BUTCHER

*An army of technicians works day and night with a single order: "The show must go on!"*

onward march of words and music from halting.

ALL the foregoing is preliminary information essential to a visit we shall now make to NBC and Columbia to see for ourselves how networks are built and programs sent out to the listener on the precise second for which they are scheduled. Sitting in the office of Edwin K. Cohan, technical director of Columbia, we marvelled at the delicate instruments and up-to-the-minute devices which gave him a complete picture of what is happening over the far flung network of ninety-seven stations from New York to Hawaii.

There was, for instance, a recording volume indicator which sketched in ink, zig-zag fashion, the vocal and instrumental sounds heard over the chain enabling him whenever he elected to check up on the volume range of a feature. Among other technical gadgets was a tiny microphone which permits him to talk back and forth directly with Little America Antarctic in arranging the broadcasts from Admiral Byrd's base which have been heard over the United States each week. Over in the corner one noted an elaborate "high fidelity" receiving set by means of which Mr. Cohan can pick up most any station in the world and listen to the kind of reception. (Please turn to page 75)

# TWO

*George Burns and Gracie Allen met eleven years ago in Union Hill, N. J. Both their lives started at that moment. Burns realized instantly that he needed Gracie. In their first act George was the comedian, but he soon saw that Gracie got the laughs. So the act was switched.*



Paramount

## By NAN CAMPBELL

**G**EORGE BURNS and Gracie Allen have been married eight years.

Three years before that they teamed as a vaudeville act.

That makes a grand total of eleven years that these two have been trouping together.

They have tasted the bitterness of failure and defeat. Now their cup is filled with the wine of success. But their love remains the same. Never once has it wavered. Never once have they been anything but Burns and Allen—a partnership—a team—two against the world.

Perhaps you have heard parts of their story before, but in order to know its full flavor, to feel its vital

significance you must hear it all. It is a story that has few parallels in show business, a simple yarn about two people who love each other and, hand in hand, reached the fabulous city of success.

They met, eleven years ago, in Union Hill, New Jersey. Really both their lives started at that point. George was old beyond his years, and cynical. The poverty he had suffered as a child, his singing in saloons for a few pennies to help his mother who eked out a living by dressmaking—had made him so. Gracie had not known actual want as George had but she had been desperately ill for a good part of her young life and been forced to make her way in the hard theatrical world in spite of it.

At the time they met neither of them were "doin' so good." George was teamed with another man in a

# Against the World

*The most remarkable love story in all radio is the eleven year romance of Burns and Allen*

dance and patter act. It was definitely mediocre and they had known what it meant to be stranded in tank towns wondering not only where they were to get train fare to New York, but next day's breakfast as well. Gracie had been working in vaudeville, too, but jobs had been none too plentiful and she was taking a stenographic course.

For some time, George had been thinking that he might do better if, instead of his man partner, he had a pretty girl in his act. And then, on that fateful night in Union Hill, Gracie came back stage to visit a girl friend of hers who was also on the bill and was introduced to George. Right away he realized that not only did he need a girl in the act—he needed Gracie. He was too desperate over finances to see, then, that it was love.

Gracie accepted his offer of becoming his professional partner and they went into rehearsal immediately.

**Y**OU know, of course, that in their first act George was the comedian. He had all the funny answers and Gracie asked the questions—"played straight" in vaudeville parlance. And then George noticed that the audience only smiled politely at his jokes but laughed out loud at everything Gracie said. He was smart enough to realize that whatever future success they were to have depended upon a direct about-face. He began giving Gracie the comedy lines and he played straight.

But what you have been led to believe is that immediately this change was made they became an overnight hit as a team. That is not true. Years and years of trial, hardship and heart-ache lay before them.

Burns and Allen deserve their success. They have worked for it so long.

They knew that it was inevitable that they marry for ever since they had teamed together there had been no other man in Gracie's life—no other woman in George's.

It happened one night in a small eastern town when, after playing to a particularly unsympathetic audience, George said, "Come on, Gracie, let's get some coffee and a sandwich across the street and try to think up some new gags." The gags had to be originated by themselves or not at all—for there wasn't enough money to pay, as prosperous vaudeville acts do, for material.

Over the hot coffee George became expansive. "Look, Gracie, wouldn't it be funny if, when you make your first entrance you say . . . m'mmm . . . what could you say?"

He looked up and saw that she wasn't listening.

"Gracie!" he said to bring her back from whatever path her mind had taken, "We need a new gag for your entrance."

Still she wasn't listening. And then, he said, "Let's get married, Gracie."

She listened then.

But getting married was difficult because both cherished the idea of doing it rather nicely, not as vaudeville troupers but as average, ordinary people, of having a real honeymoon away from the theater. However, they were getting pretty consistent bookings and it would have been bad business to turn any engagement down. Now that they knew they were to be married they had a joint future to plan for. But once they played a split week. They married—and had a wonderful four-day honeymoon.

George was the brains and the boss of the act. After all, it was he who had seen that Gracie was the funny member of the team. His mind (*Please turn to page 64*)



Paramount

*Burns and Allen had part of a split-week vaudeville booking open. So they got married and went on a four-day honeymoon. Above, new portrait of Gracie Allen.*

# The Diary of

The devastatin' Mr. Durante, the newest crooning Casanova, tells all to the waiting world

By  
JIMMY DURANTE

As told to Edward Sammis

Drawings by Charles Muhlolland

**T**HURSDAY—Wha' a day! I'm up with the lark—as usual. In fact the same lark I been on all night. Hurryin' out of my palatial mansicum for the studio, I stumbles carelessly over Jean Harlow and Joan Crawford parked on my doorstep. I'm to pass them by with a sociable nod when they tells me they been waitin' there for hours just for my autygraph. It touches me to the quick—and I got a tender quick!

Arrives at the studio to find a mob of admirers pleadin' for a lock of my hair. How devastatin'! In the last three weeks I've given away two toupees and a hair mattress!

On the set and finds four screen sireens proposin' to my double. Must make a memorandum to myself to boin up!

Leaves the studio incognito—that means out the back door: I'm a wreck! Who says life is a bed of gardenias with us lovers?

Home at last—alone with my radio. I'm turnin' the dial for somethin' to soothe my tortured nerves and what do I get? Rudy Vallee! It sets me to thinkin'. Millions is ravin' over him. The vagabond lover! In fewer woids—a bum! What's he got that I ain't got? A tenor voice and a mop of wavy hair. Why my hair would be just as wavy as his if I hadn't give it all away!

**FRIDAY**—I'm restin' between clinches at the studio in my magenta dressin' gown when Meadows my butler hands me a telegram. "When will Garbo learn to stop pesterin' me?" I inquires nonchalant. "It's not from Greta, sir," Meadows informs me, "it's from NBC."

"Listen Meadows," I retaliates, "I'm tired of readin' them anonymous mash notes. If they can't sign their name they gets no photygraph." But out of sheer ennui I opens it up and starts readin':

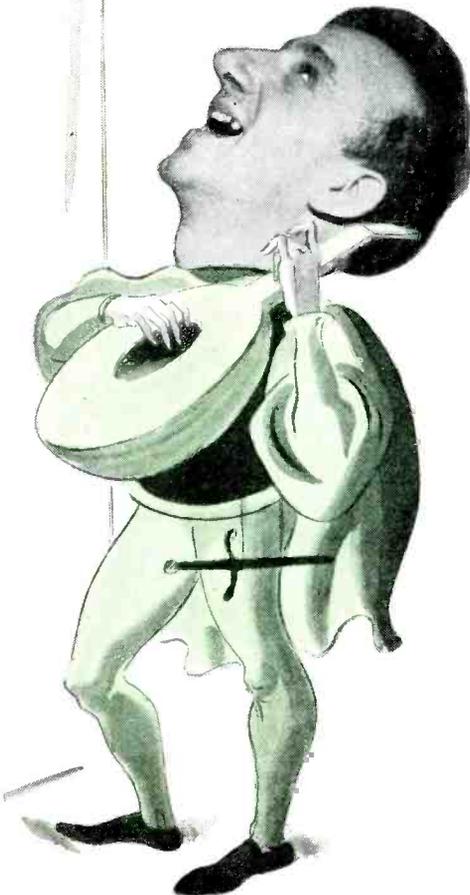
"**RADIO CALLS YOU EXCLAMATION POINT MILLIONS OF WOMEN WHO HAVE RUN THEIR OLD MAN INTO BANKRUPTCY PAYIN' THREE ADMIS-SIONS NIGHTLY TO SEE YOUR PROFILE ON THE SCREEN ARE DEMANDIN' YOUR MYSTICAL ALLURE FOR NOTHING OVER THE ETHER WAVES STOP NAME YOUR OWN FIGURE.**"

"Okay!" I answers, "since I can name my own figure—I'll take Mae West!"

**SATURDAY**—I'm in a quandary, dear diary! That's French for up a tree. Heretofore NBC merely signi-fies "Nothin' But Crooners." Where I come from the word crooner only means one thing and that 'Fight!' What is it—that me, the great Thes-pain, should yodell for a livin'? Besides it ain't bein' true to my profile. It ain't no exaggeration to say that my Schnozzle has put Barrymore's in the shade. Should I give it all up to be known as the Troubadour of Romantic Tonsils? So I wires NBC that my answer is "Yes" and then again "No"—concludin' with an emphatic "Per-haps."

**TUESDAY**—I'm walkin' down the street mindin' my own business when a fella ups to me and says: "Lissen—what's the advantage of havin' such a big nose?" "My good man," I re-sponds, "if you want to know what's the advantage of havin' such a big nose—I'll tell you what's the advantage of havin' such a big nose. I'm sittin'

in a restaurant—see? I orders a bowl of chick-en soup de luxey. The waiter brings it and when he's still ten feet away I cries: "Stop, it's clam chowder!"



# A Radio Romeo



WEDNESDAY—I'm sittin' down to a simple breakfast of caviar and truffles topped off with a filly mignon when another wire comes from NBC cryin':

"WOMEN EVERYWHERE IS CLAMORIN' FOR DURANTE HAVE OFFERED THEM CROSBY VALLEE AND MORTON DOWNEY WITH LANNY ROSS

AS A CHASER BUT THEY ONLY ANSWER WE ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES HOW ABOUT IT KID QUESTION MARK"

I wires back: "DEAL OFF HAVE DECIDED TO REMAIN TRUE TO MY SCHNOZZOLA"

"WHY TRY TO KEEP UP WITH YOUR SCHNOZZOLA?" the telegram continues, "IT'S WAY AHEAD OF YOU!"

Oh well what's the use? Finally I capitulates and notifes them thusly: "AM IN NO MOOD TO DICKER WILL SETTLE FOR HALF AND FURNISH MY OWN FAN MAIL"

THURSDAY—Another day! And here I am a crooner. Now all I got to do is keep the news from my old man.

FRIDAY—The phone rings. A mugg tells me he hears I'm goin' on the air and how would I like some lessons in elocution. I tells him I can do without it. "You got the nerve to say you can do without elocution," he jeers. "Why you ham! I'll bet you don't even know what the woid means!" "Oh yeah!" I retorts courteously, "I had an uncle who died of it." That flattens him!

MONDAY—Another wire comes from NBC saying I go on the air Sunday and I got to have a theme song right away. I'm aghastrical. It isn't enough that

they're hirin' a great lover for a price that is noncommittal, but for the same money they got to have a composer too, hey? Well, I'm equal to it. I got composin' in my blood. It's the Paderewski in me. I runs my fingers through the three remainin' strands of my wavy hair in perplexium. Then I sits down at the pianna and lets my fingers wander idly over the keys, gazin' dreamily at the ceilin'.

I feels someone lookin' down at me and there is Meadows—a quizzical expression on his pan.

"Are you quite yourself, sir?" he asks, agitated.

"Meadows," I answers, "what a question! Of course I ain't myself. Was Shakespeare himself when he wrote Cleopatra? In fact was Cleopatra herself when she wrote Shakespeare? Meadows, I'm beside myself. I'm in the mood to create!"

"You mean you think you have an idea for your theme song, sir?" Meadows inquires respectful.

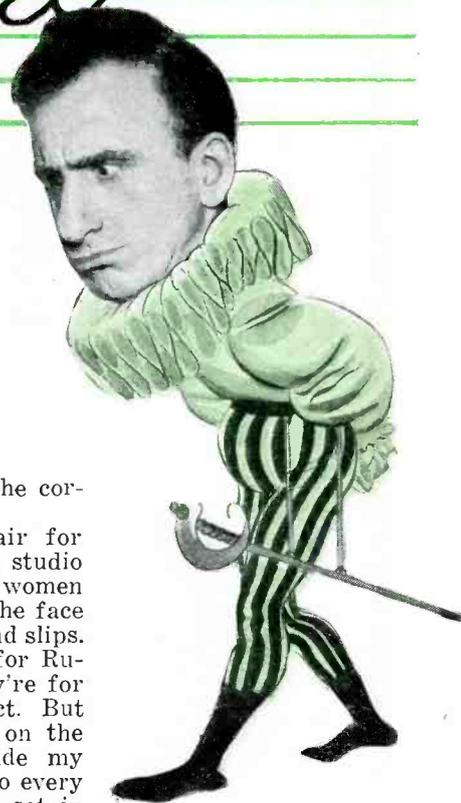
"Yes, Meadows," I answers, my fingers still playin' tag with the keys, "Yes, Meadows, I think I do . . . I think I do . . . a think a dee a tink a doo a dink a doo a dink a dee a dink a doo . . . I've got it Meadows . . . Inka Dinka Doo . . . the song with a message!"

"But what does it mean sir?" Meadows inquires.

"Why Meadows it simply means . . . Inka Dinka Doo! What did Beethoven mean when he wrote the Moonlight Sonata? Meadows he meant Inka Dinka Doo!"

What a tune! It's a song for posterity—and pos-

*Jimmy Durante takes his soul message to the ether and what happens? Millions of Americans cheer!*



terity is just around the corner!

SUNDAY—On the air for the first time, with the studio crowded with admirin' women anxious for a look at the face that launched a thousand slips. With a pityin' glance for Rubinoff, who thinks they're for him, I goes into my act. But while I'm a comedian on the exterior, on the inside my soul is singin' a song to every woman at every radio set in the land. At heart I'm a crooner, and all of a sudden it breaks out in me. I can't go on pretendin'. The Pagliacci in me rears its head. I tosses my script aside, shuts my eyes dreamily, and—croons. It's colossal! And as the audience is swoonin' I realize at last I found my true art. Why, I'll make bums outta Vallee and Crosby. And why not? I got more nose to sing through, ain't I?

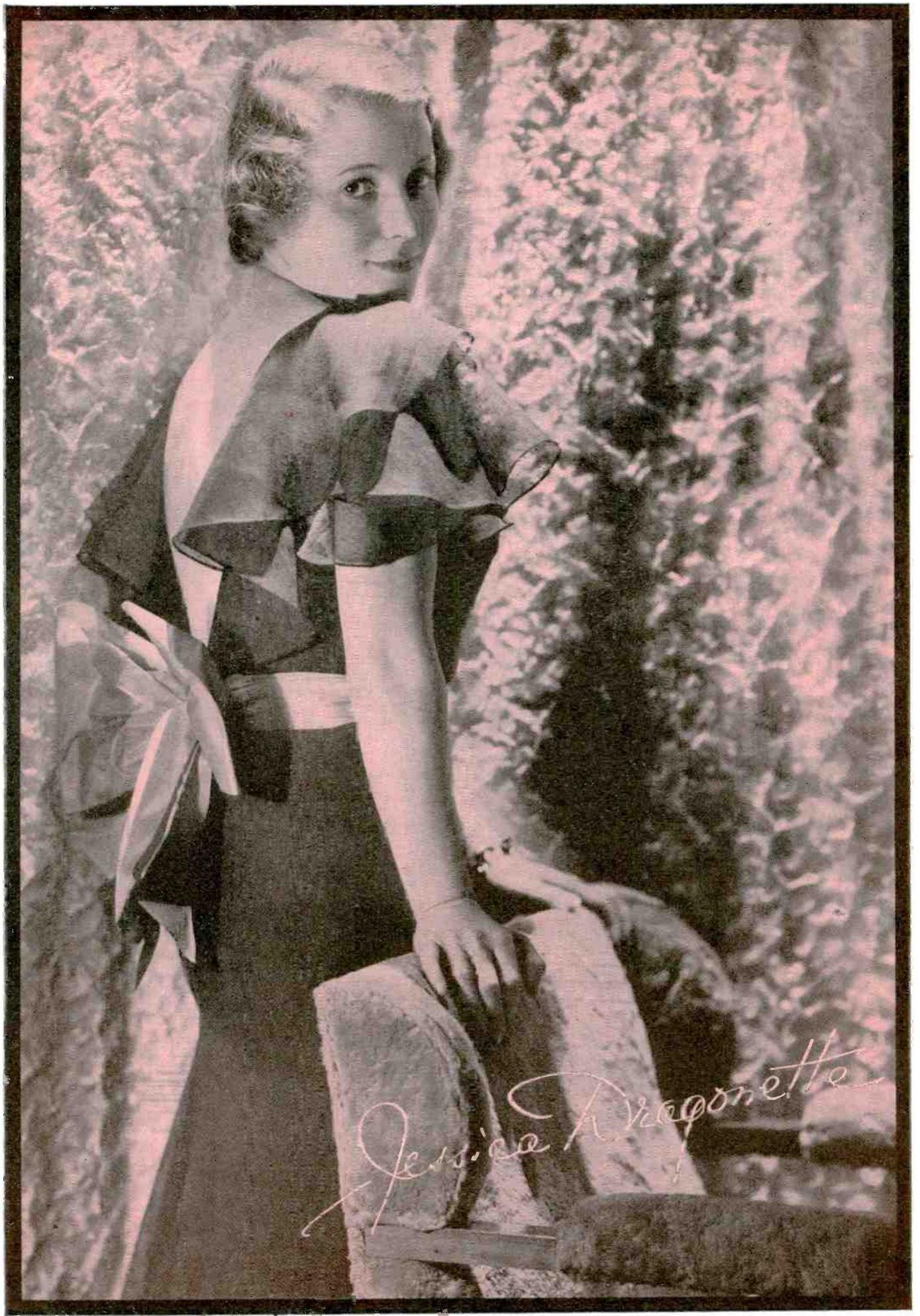
MONDAY—To avoid the fawnin' populace on the street I slips into a department store for want of anything else to do. I says to the floorwalker: "I'd like a set of false teeth. Have you got any good ones?" "Say," he replies, "we got the falsest teeth in town. They're so false they'll even bite your tongue!" You coulda knocked me down with a dentist's assistant!

WEDNESDAY—My radio fan mail starts pilin' in by the truckload. I'm vindicated! That means I ain't kickin'! Why, my voice has got that same mystical appeal on the air that my devastatin' profile has on the silver screen. Women everywhere—from the rock-bound coasts of California to the Rudy Vallees of Maine—are pennin' me mash notes. Listen to this from a heartsick woman who writes me from the Labanza: "Dear Jimmy: Down here we are miles from civilization, and our only entertainment is the radio. When I

hear your magic voice on the air I can imagine exactly how you look. I picture you as a tall, dark chap with wavy hair and rugged features—the he-man type, with a dash of romance." Only a dash? Lady, you don't know the half of it. If what I got is a dash, then Niagara Falls is only a leak in a drain pipe.

TUESDAY—Unfold the mornin' gazette to find my picture and Helen Morgan's starin' at me from the front page. They're linkin' our names together in a way that ain't plutonic. Why, the story even says I'm sendin' her gardenias every (Please turn to page 52)





Jessica Progonette

# THE RADIO COMICS PICK THEIR Favorite Comedian

*TOWER RADIO asked the funny men to name the best air humorist and they selected Jack Benny*

**W**HO is the comedians' comedian? Who, in the opinion of the gag fraternity, is the premier funster of the air?

This question has been bothering the editorial staff of TOWER RADIO for a long time. When things had finally reached a pass where the office boy was chewing up a gross of pencils a day out of sheer perplexity, it became evident that something drastic had to be done.

So TOWER RADIO decided to hold its own election.

Everything was conducted with the utmost secrecy. Ballots were sent to all the comedians disguised as theater passes so they would be sure not to throw them away.

**N**OW after weeks of anxious waiting during which the votes trickled in from San Francisco where Eddie Cantor was visiting relatives, from the flagpole of Essex House where Burns and Allen are dodging autograph seekers and from the South African veldt where those intrepid journalists, Groucho and Chico Marx, have been in search of the latest gнус, the returns are complete. Word of the outcome can now be given to the waiting world.

That word is that the leading comedians of the air have crowned Jack Benny and not in the way you think. They have placed upon his brow the Golden Benny, signifying that they have selected him by an overwhelming majority as the Sultan of Smiles, the Gargantua of Gurgles, the High Priest of Howls and the Behemoth of Belly Laughs.

Even Benny's wife, and stooge, Mary Livingstone, voted for him, which is some kind of tribute, but Jack would have been high man without her ballot.

Groucho and Chico Marx voted for each other. But they had to do that to keep peace in the family.

Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd evidently were of two minds, named Stoopnagle and Budd, about the whole matter, for their ballot read as follows:

"Jack Benny, Fred Allen and Phil Baker tie for first place."

Perhaps they hoped that all the comedians named would fly at each others' throats and then Stoop and Budd could step in and take over all their contracts.

Jimmy Durante, after recovering from his mortification at having to make a choice, picked Benny, adding that (*Please turn to page 97*)

*Sultan of Smiles is Jack Benny, say the comics.*



*Special photograph for TOWER RADIO by Wide World*



# Waltz

*Master of soothing rhythm is  
Wayne King, six foot son of Illinois*

By DARRELL WARE

THE bane of many a writer's existence plays a saxophone and leads a band at the Aragon ballroom in Chicago. He has played there for nearly eight years—his entire musical life as an orchestra leader—despite the fact that the newspaper profession has heartily slammed him on occasion. Even while interviewers' knuckles grew sore on the panels leading to his backstage retreat, Wayne King has gone on drawing thousands into his ring of admirers until a current national popularity poll shows him more than twice as popular as the next orchestra. In addition he is now listed as the top commercial bandmaster on this thing we call radio.

Four broadcasts a week on the NBC and CBS networks place him in this spot, since his sponsor, Lady Esther, was recently announced as the leading single sponsor on the air. And yet no ballyhoo and press agenting has been called into play—in fact publicity has been severely discouraged—but Wayne King's great national reputation rests just where he wants it to rest—on the music of his orchestra and nothing else.

Tall stories have been written about this six-foot son of Illinois, and a large percentage of them have been "pans," because it is only natural for a rebuffed writer to turn to his only weapon of revenge, the typewriter. Wayne doesn't want anything written about him. He definitely hates publicity. In an age when most celebrities pose if they hear a sound even remotely like that of a camera shutter, Wayne keeps the door well locked.

He has given only two real and authentic interviews in eight years in the limelight, and as recipient of both of them, I would like to tell you all I can about this elusive gentleman—Wayne King.

Imagine any man doing exactly what he wants to with his life! Born in Savannah, Illinois, Wayne King tried most of the jobs from banking to mechanic's apprentice. He didn't like any of them and eventually called on his talent for handling a clarinet. This led him

*Maurice Seymour*



in and out of jobs, sometimes as many as five a week, but he stuck with his latest profession. Soon he added the saxophone to his accomplishments and eventually achieved comparative success by joining Del Lampe's orchestra.

This was the connection that put Wayne in the path of his big break. J. Boldwalk Lampe, father of Del and noted as a composer and arranger, took an interest in the new member of his son's band. One day he

*Wayne King is the top commercial bandmaster right now, playing on both NBC and CBS.*

# King

Maurice Seymour



Wayne King flies his own plane.

cornered Wayne and made an offer that practically came out of the blue as far as Wayne was concerned: Would he consider becoming leader of the orchestra playing at the Aragon, one of the largest ballrooms in the world?

Yes, Wayne King would. Moreover, he did. On his first night at the beautiful palace of dancing he stood before a set of musicians who were utter strangers to him, and who resented the change in leaders—and Wayne led, or followed them—he has never been sure which it was.

"I didn't know whether the baton should be moved this way, or that," Wayne told me, illustrating. "I had no ideas about the type of music I would feature, or what to do with the job now that I had it. I merely stuck through that terrible evening and a few more like it, and I listened to the best friend a person ever had—Lampe. The dear old fellow used to sit on the balcony the whole evening long, and then make suggestions which I gratefully followed. The type of music I play now is largely due to his influence."

Wayne indicated the composer's picture on the desk of his little room off the band platform of the Aragon. "I have a half dozen arrangements of his which are the best in my library. I play those regularly. When I quit this business, I'll toss away every other (Please turn to page 82)



Illustrations by Cy Klauk



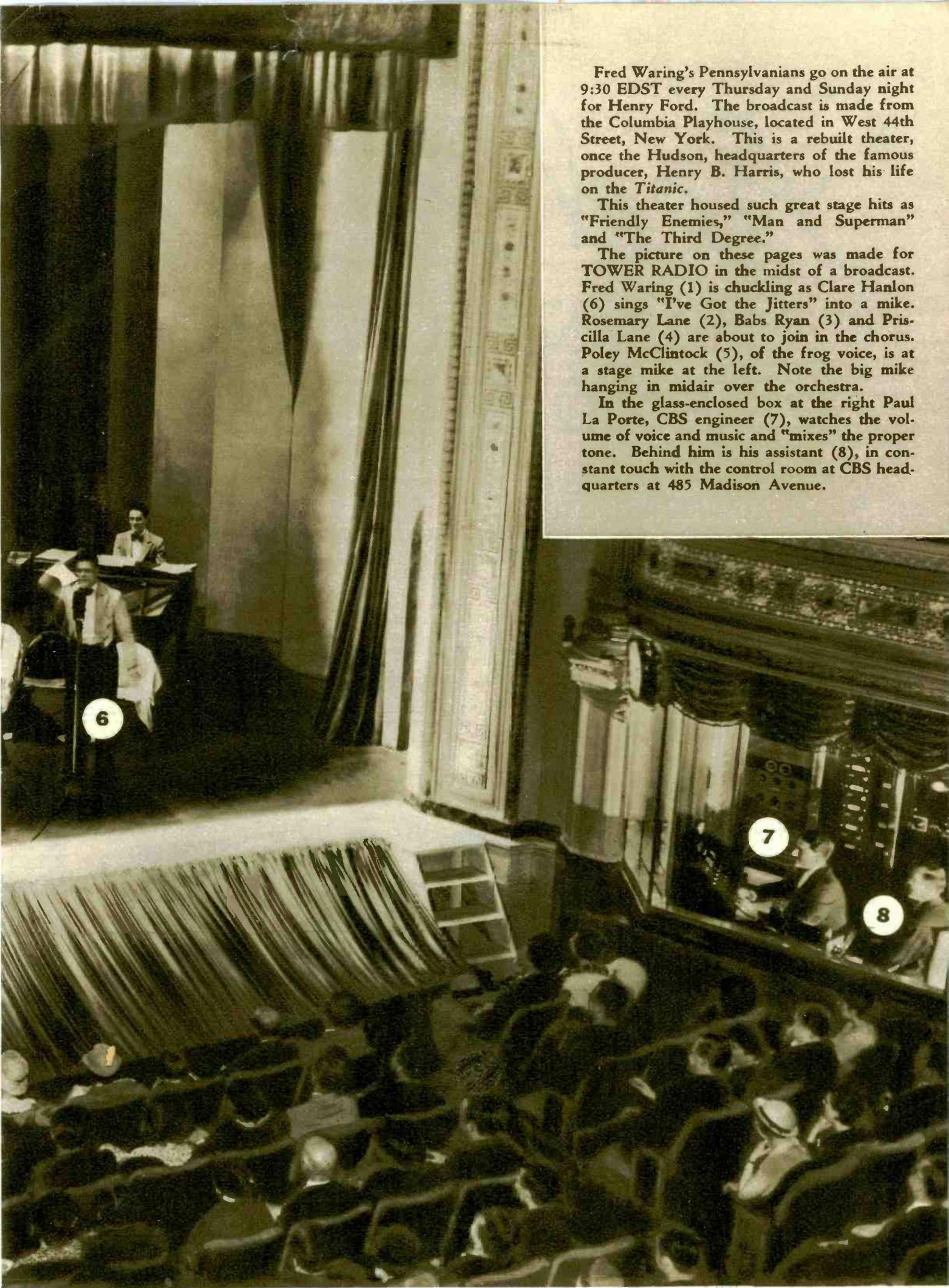
•  
COLUMBIA  
PLAYHOUSE  
ON THE  
AIR

Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians go on the air at 9:30 EDST every Thursday and Sunday night for Henry Ford. The broadcast is made from the Columbia Playhouse, located in West 44th Street, New York. This is a rebuilt theater, once the Hudson, headquarters of the famous producer, Henry B. Harris, who lost his life on the *Titanic*.

This theater housed such great stage hits as "Friendly Enemies," "Man and Superman" and "The Third Degree."

The picture on these pages was made for TOWER RADIO in the midst of a broadcast. Fred Waring (1) is chuckling as Clare Hanlon (6) sings "I've Got the Jitters" into a mike. Rosemary Lane (2), Babs Ryan (3) and Priscilla Lane (4) are about to join in the chorus. Poley McClintock (5), of the frog voice, is at a stage mike at the left. Note the big mike hanging in midair over the orchestra.

In the glass-enclosed box at the right Paul La Porte, CBS engineer (7), watches the volume of voice and music and "mixes" the proper tone. Behind him is his assistant (8), in constant touch with the control room at CBS headquarters at 485 Madison Avenue.



# Fred Allen

## MAN, LOVER AND MOUSE

### I. The Man

**T**O know Fred Allen, the Man, one would have had to know Fred Allen, the Boy, and that would have been impossible. Fred Allen had no boyhood. He grew practically overnight from a rickety baby into what he is today. He was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, of a respectable family and was christened John Florence Sullivan. In those days, babies in Cambridge had no boyhood to look forward to. The reason was the close proximity of Harvard University which was not a university at all then but just a college, which it still may be for all I care.

He was a moody baby, laughing hysterically one minute and staring grimly at the ceiling the next. He sneered at everything and everybody until one day his mother said to him, "Take that look off your face," but the child refused. And what is more important, *he never has!* It is this tremendous lack of will power that still astounds the casual observer. And most of Mr. Allen's (to call him by a name that has become a house-

hold word) observers are casual. From childhood, he has taken the easiest way. This was later dramatized and ran for three years on Broadway.

But let Mr. Allen tell you more about this in his own words: "I was teething on a dictionary and several times my mother took the words out of my mouth, years before I was able to talk. I was graduated from the High School of Commerce, Boston, and was presented with a diploma which, twenty years later, I discovered was a piece of blank paper. I went to Harvard, not to study, but to get some ivy for an old lady who couldn't afford to paint her cottage. She later died and I returned the ivy, so I owe nothing to Harvard. In 1914, I went on the stage for the first time. A magician asked for a committee and the only other person in the audience was asleep. I have been on the stage ever



*A complete exposé of the Bedlam idol, from New England boyhood to Broadway stardom*

By SALLY BENSON



since. I don't know what became of the magician. I always wear a dress suit and top hat to bed in case I dream I am attending a society function. It saves the bother of waking up to change clothes or starting off on another trance. I hate dryads, farthingales, wimples, pogosticks, arch supporters, duennas and house detectives. I like gazelles, andirons, vinegar, field mice, lilacs, hors d'œuvre and Jefferson Machamer. I don't look well in a trombone or a high rate taxicab and am seldom seen in either."

"My early days were spent in Brighton, Allston and Dorchester, where I attended North Harvard, Washington, Allston and Thomas Gardner Schools. I have lost the diplomas and cannot prove I was ever educated. I have often wondered why a statue has not been erected in my honor at the High School of Commerce. I called this apparent oversight to the attention of Headmaster Downey some time ago. He said, 'We don't need a statue to remind us of you—you were a bust here for years.'"

It was after this statement which was syndicated in forty-seven newspapers that Mr. Allen was forced to leave Cambridge for good. Mr. Allen tries to lie out of this incident in his career, claiming he left Cambridge fearing that some years later Joyce Kilmer would write, "Only God can make a tree."

## II. The Lover

AT the time of the Jack the Ripper murders in London, the eyes of the world were focused on Mr. Allen who, when questioned, kidded back and forth and finally wound up denying he'd ever been in London. It is a well known fact, however, that a man calling himself Paul Huckle and later, Fred James, was seen in Australia about this time. This Huckle or James played the banjo and juggled a bit and (Please turn to page 94)

Special Photographs  
by Wide World  
for TOWER RADIO



Across these pages are characteristic close-ups of Fred Allen, caught during a broadcast.

Fred Allen and his wife, Portland Hoffa, in "The Little Show" four years ago, before radio beckoned to the comedian.



# Daughter OF THE OPERA

**Y**OU really should have seen that rehearsal. The Palmolive Beauty Box Theater company were in the midst of whipping into shape an operetta to be presented the next evening over the air. Two directors stood on boxes in the middle of the studio. It was the job of one to conduct the huge orchestra and the chorus of singers. The other, in shirt sleeves and a mop of fiery red hair, had charge of the people with speaking parts. Some sixty people, all rustling scripts and music, asking questions, milling around or humming snatches from their songs, seemed completely to fill the room. At one side a man with dozens of curious looking gadgets handled the sound effects. He jangled a chain, when a chain had to be jangled. He did something terribly mysterious to make you think two men were approaching on horseback. He slapped two objects together when the hero was supposed to be beaten with a whip.

And in the midst of all this melee sat Gladys Swarthout, the star of the program, dressed in a smart dark brown sports suit and light tweed jacket and as calm as a country morning in May. She is an extremely smart young woman, this youngest mezzo-soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company, with her sleek brown hair parted in the middle and brushed back from her forehead. Her clothes are designed by Elizabeth Hawes. If you didn't know she was an opera star, you'd take her for a chic society debutante.

I was immensely curious to know how this girl (whose story reads like one of Horatio Alger's little success numbers) felt about plunging into the highly commercial trade of radio after her several seasons with highly artistic and un-commercial opera.

**A**MIDST the din of rehearsal she made herself heard well enough for me to learn. And if you have been brought up with the profound respect for opera that I have had and if you have been fed stories of the terrific work entailed in operatic singing, you will be as startled as I was when Gladys Swarthout said, "Radio is simply grand, but opera is ever so much easier."

She must have seen the amazed look on my face. With a gesture of her expressive hands she swept the studio. "Do you suppose anyone who will hear us on the air tomorrow night will realize all the work that has gone into the presentation of this operetta? Do you imagine that a soul outside the business will realize that both the dialogue and the musical directors worked all night long after they got this script? I doubt it. When a production—any production—appears to go smoothly people think it is all very easy. They cannot realize what terrific labor has gone into it.

"This Winter I sang in a number of operas. For 'Linda' I rehearsed exactly fourteen hours—no more—and those hours were scattered over several weeks. For these programs I sing once a week, but I am at this studio rehearsing for three solid days of every week—working and working hard. And that doesn't include the time I spend alone at the piano learning my songs. And yet I'm just one small cog in the great machine of radio.

"When we decided to do 'Rogue Song' we were faced by the problem of what I should sing, for in the picture, you remember, Catherine Dale Owen did not sing a note. It was easy enough to turn some of the solos into duets. We put in 'Lonely Hearts' as a solo for me, but another number was still necessary. When we couldn't find one that suited, the musical director sat down and wrote one. All of that was done in less than a week. That's one of the things I adore about radio—the inventiveness, the daring, the eagerness of everyone to leap into any breach. And then, of course, I'd be quite mad if I didn't admit that the money

*De Mirjien*

*Gladys Swarthout is the prima donna of the Palmolive Beauty Box Theater operettas.*



*Gladys Swarthout is the wife of the concert singer, Frank Chapman. Theirs was a musical romance. Both are shown above.*

to be made is wonderful. This Winter I sang for art. You know, of course, how terrifically opera stars' salaries have been cut. We were all willing to take the cut to help keep the Metropolitan going. But we had to do something else in the Summer to make money if we were to go on singing for art.

"And there is another great compensation about radio. Naturally it is infinitely thrilling to appear before a great opera audience, to sing the divine music of those traditional scores. That is a personal and very gratifying thrill. But it is also soul satisfying to stand before the microphone and sing some sweet and simple song, known and loved by millions, with the realization that those millions are listening in and loving it as I am.

"THE opera means a great deal to me. It was the realization of all my youthful dreams. It is terribly exciting to know that I, an American and American trained, am allowed a place in opera. I hope we will be able to go on next year. It wouldn't seem like New York without the Metropolitan. Opera is old, tried and true. Radio is young, new, exciting."

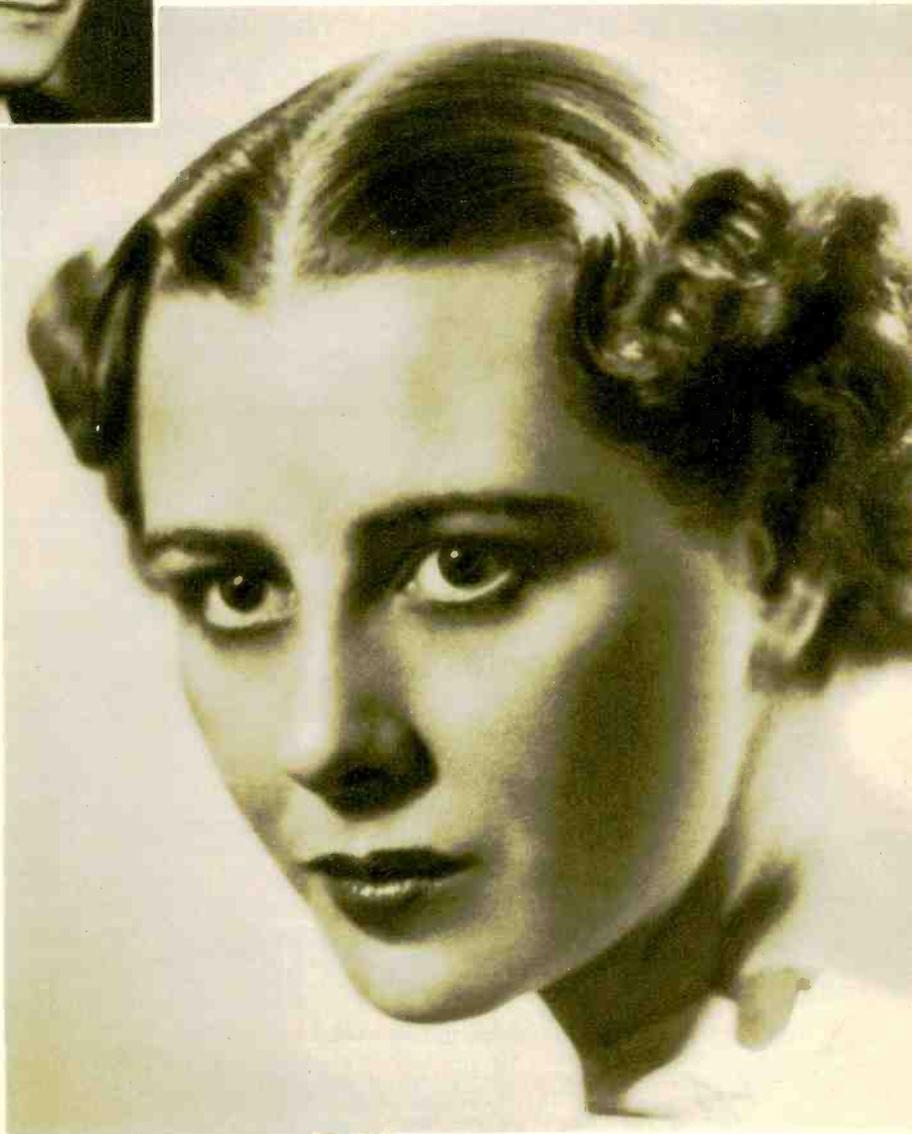
I think it is quite wonderful that Gladys Swarthout is proud of her American background, proud that she learned to sing in America and glad to admit it. Her career should be an inspiration to every girl who wants to refute the old adage about a prophet in his own country.

She was born in Deep Water, Missouri, a little town which, she told me "has a population just about big enough to fill one concert hall." At thirteen she fibbed about her age and secured a job as soloist in a Kansas City Church. She was doggedly determined that she should have a singing career, but she had not the faintest idea from where the money to secure the best teachers was to come. It was given in a curious way and the incident upon which her whole career pivots will give you an intimate insight into Gladys' character.

It happened that she appeared in a student's recital in Kansas City. Gladys was singing and her teacher accompanying her when Gladys reached for a high note and missed it. Instead of rushing on to the next passage or becoming embarrassed and confused, she stamped her foot, walked over to the teacher at the

*Gladys Swarthout, who stepped from the Met to radio, belongs to the new order of opera stars*

By NAN CAMPBELL



*Both photos by De Mirjian*

piano, in view of the whole audience and said, "Please start the song again." And, to the teacher's amazement, she said to the audience, "I know I can get that note if I try it again. Do you mind if I begin again at the beginning?"

Even if they had wanted to, the audience was too amazed at such persistence and poise to object. Gladys began the song again, came to the troublesome note and hit it clearly and firmly. It did not occur to her that she had done anything very unusual until after the recital a member of one of Kansas City's most influential families came back stage and offered to finance her through the best lessons that money could provide, because she had shown such determined courage that night. Incidentally, every penny of the money advanced has been paid back.

Once, much against her mother's wishes, she sang in a vaudeville theater. The (*Please turn to page 60*)

# Tony Wons's

## NEW SCRAP BOOK

*What is life? questions the Wisconsin radio philosopher. Do you love dogs? What about fast motor cars?*

ONCE upon a time, the story goes, a Chinese emperor of the Ming dynasty ordered a history of life to be written. It took a staff of philosophers five years to complete the epic, and then they laid the ponderous volume before him.

The emperor took one look at it and shook his head. They would have to make it briefer if he was to read it. So off they went and set to work on an abridged version. That took them three more years and by that time the emperor had suffered a stroke and was on his deathbed. When they brought him the condensed history, it still was much more than he could read. "Alas!" he cried, "if only I could understand the history of life before I die!"

One of the philosophers stepped forward and said, "I will give you what you want in eight words—'We are born—we suffer—and we die.'"

I think that old philosopher was prejudiced. Life is more than that. The big question is: "How can we spend the interval between the cradle and the crepe with a maximum of happiness and a minimum of grief?"

Ask a million people what is the best way to derive the most out of life and you will probably get a million different answers. One would say, "Eat, drink and be merry." Another, "Bury yourself in books, study and think." Still another would say, "Breathe, eat, and propegate your species." And so on.

How can you decide how to enjoy this thing called life? Nobody can tell you that, and the only advice I can offer is this. Get all the knowledge you can, get all the experience you can, and then decide for yourself what is best for your type of character. It will require brains and imagination, but it will pay you to use both, rather than follow sheepishly and blindly the rules that somebody else lays down for you. And remember this old adage—The best way to be different is to be yourself.

SOME time ago I was sitting in a restaurant over on Lexington Avenue in New York, when a girl came rushing in and gasped, "Water! Water! Give a glass of water, quick! An elderly man just fell all the way down the subway stairs!"

Now you know the subway stairs are made of concrete and iron, and if I were to fall down twenty of them and hit the bottom platform, which is as hard as any rock, you would probably talk about me in the past tense. But

the elderly gentleman fell down, and we all thought he was dead until a couple of chivalrous fellows carried him into the restaurant and laid him on the floor. In a moment a policeman appeared. I saw him lean over to see if he was still breathing. He smelled the man's breath and winced, as if he, too, were going to faint. Then he took him vigorously by the arm, and behold, the dead man got up and walked with him over to the police station.

Somebody near me said: "Do you think he is badly hurt?" And another answered, "Naw. He's got callouses all over his body from bumps like that. You can't kill that guy so easily."

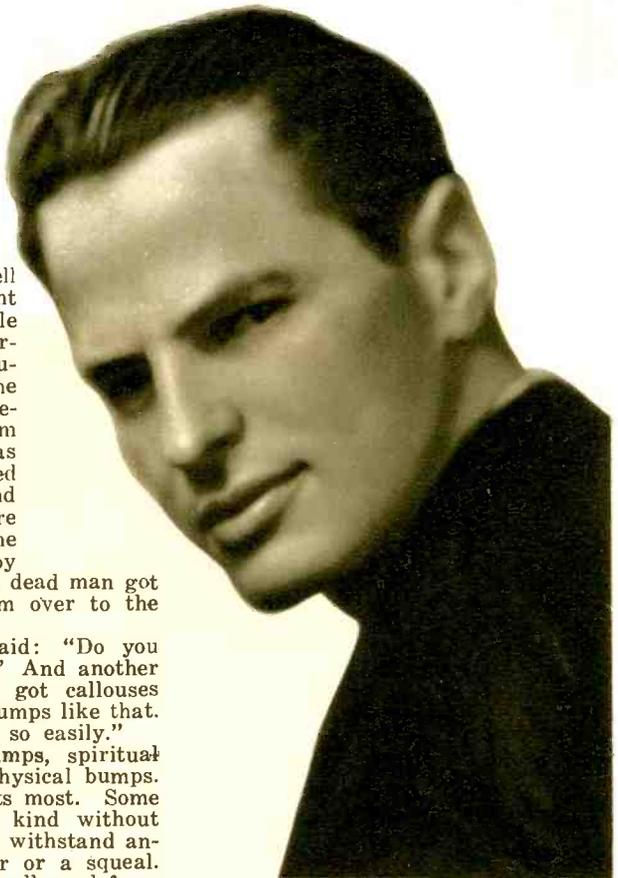
There are mental bumps, spiritual bumps, and there are physical bumps. I don't know which hurts most. Some people can endure one kind without flinching, and others can withstand another without a murmur or a squeal. We all get more or less calloused from life's bumps. In time we don't feel those bumps. The Indians used to take their young children and teach them to endure hardships that would discourage and kill weaklings. They inured them to bumps, so that when they grew up they would not easily be discouraged or licked. I think it was W. F. Farquaharson who said:

*"Bumps do things to our lives, it's true,  
Which nothing else in this world  
could do;  
But bumps there are and will always  
be,  
And they must be hit by you and by  
me."*

DO you like dogs? Sure you do! Loyalty is a seven-letter word that was invented to describe the way a dog feels toward its master. A dog doesn't say much, but its actions speak far louder than words. You can't help but love them—and miss them when they go—like the boy who prayed like this, according to Queene B. Lister. . . .

*Dear God: He was an old-man dog . . .  
Here is his bowl and his pillow.  
We buried him this morning  
Beneath the garden willow. . . .*

*If terriers go to Heaven . . .  
It's raining so tonight,  
Please whistle, God, and pet him  
Until he seems all right. . . .*



*God, if he will not eat,  
But maybe just stands still . . .  
Please pick him up a little  
And talk to him until . . .*

*He wags his tail against You,  
Then let him lick Your chin.  
He was my dog . . . (Old Buddy)  
Please, God . . . please take him in.*

WELL, they are making autos speedier and speedier. You may never let your new car out to 80 or 90 miles an hour, but, according to the ads, it's gratifying to know you have that much power in leash.

What I will never understand is why motorists who drive through the city parks are always in such a lickety-split rush. It may be a sunny summer day in a New York park. An oasis in an ugly blur of tenements, skyscrapers, and congested streets. The grass seems greener, the sky bluer because of the contrast with the world outside. Here are real grass, real flowers, real trees. No mirage this. A breath of the country in the midst of the sordid metropolis. A garden of Eden, a bit of heaven. Paradise regained.

Yet, there they flash—one car after another—the drivers apparently oblivious. (Please turn to page 56)



Photos specially taken for Tower Radio by Wide World

Clara, Lu 'n' Em broadcast daily from the Chicago studios of the National Broadcasting Company.

**T**HE grandfather's clock in the downstairs hall of the sorority house pointed to midnight as a group of girls, their number indistinguishable in the shadows, tiptoed softly up the winding stairway. They were students in the School of Speech at Northwestern University, bound for a spread on the floor above.

"Hurry! You're late." A pretty, dark-haired girl, with a smile that flashed white through the semi-darkness, appeared unexpectedly at the head of the stairs.

"Hello—Helen King," came muffled whispers. "Happy birthday!" Then they followed her along a dim corridor into a room, a typical college girl's bedroom—except for the bureau. Its top had been miraculously cleared of the discarded dance programs, odd gloves, extra hairpins and smiling likenesses of young men which customarily covered it, and transformed into a buffet. Sandwiches and salted nuts spilled over the edges of inadequate candy dishes onto it, while a chicken, stuffed and roasted, gleamed like polished bronze in the light of the candles on the birthday cake in the center.

For a brief moment, the largest, the "To Grow On" candle in the middle of the appetizing mound of wax and white icing flickered wildly, throwing a shaft of light, like an aviator's beacon, across the bed where two girls lounged in pajamaed comfort. It caught the copper in the hair

# Three Matrons OF EVANSTON

By ELIZABETH WALKER

of the one whom the stragglers had addressed as Isobel—Isobel Carothers—then played across the pale, expressive face of the other girl—Louise Starkey.

Had not that group of ravenous young collegians been so intent upon the banquet before them, they might, perhaps, have sensed something ominous, something out-of-the-way about that "To Grow On" candle. They might, even, have grasped the message which subsequent events would show it was trying to convey that night: That the future "growing" of the dark-eyed beauty whose birthday cake it adorned was to be merged somehow with the growth of those girls on the bed. But its message, if such it was, went unheeded.

While it sputtered and spat, the chicken vanished and the sandwiches disappeared. Then the cake was cut and passed. Helen King, passing it for (Please turn to page 62)



*Clara, Lu 'n' Em have immortalized on the air  
the characters formed during college days*

# COULD YOU BE A Radio Announcer?

## Can You Qualify?

Present requirements for a position as staff announcer at National Broadcasting Company headquarters in Radio City include the following:

**A COLLEGE EDUCATION**

**TWO YEARS' EXPERIENCE AS AN ANNOUNCER**

**KNOWLEDGE OF AT LEAST ONE FOREIGN LANGUAGE**

**FAIRLY GOOD MUSICAL BACKGROUND**

**EXECUTIVE ABILITY**

**PLEASING PERSONALITY**

**GOOD SPEAKING VOICE**

**N**EXT we hear the orchestra playing a march from Victor Herbert's operetta, 'Babes in Toyland.'

Sounds easy, doesn't it? All you have to do is to get up and say what the orchestra is going to play next. Why, it's a cinch—

But is it? Is this job of being a radio announcer so simple as it seems? If you talk to executives of the two major national networks, you may get some surprises.

"Announcing is one of the most exacting jobs in all radio," says Patrick Kelly, supervisor of announcers for the National Broadcasting Company. "We pick our men with extreme care."

John S. Carlile, production manager for the Columbia Broadcasting System, is equally emphatic. "In a single year," says Mr. Carlile, "we have listened to as many as 1,200 applicants in our auditions for announcers, and of that number only three persons actually were given jobs."

Well, that's different! It is obvious that a great many young men throughout the country want to become radio announcers, and it is equally plain that the weeding out process must be a very severe one. What are the standards used? What requirements must a would-be announcer meet?

Anyone would naturally suppose that the first requirement would be a good speaking voice. But it isn't! No radio authority, anywhere, places voice quality first.

As Patrick Kelly, who selects the announcers for NBC, explains it, "Mere voice quality won't get a man anywhere unless he is competent to handle all phases of an announcer's duties. A voice is like a musical instrument. You may give a man a grand piano, but if

he can't play it, the instrument is no good to him. On the other hand, if you give even an old honkey-tonk piano to an artist such as Paderewski, he will make it sound like something."

**T**HE importance of the announcer in radio's scheme of things is pointed out by John S. Carlile, who is in charge of both announcers and program directors for the Columbia Broadcasting System.

"The announcer is an ambassador," says Mr. Carlile. "He is the liaison officer between all of the elements which lie behind the microphone—program, client and product—and the persons out in front of the microphone, the listening audience."

"On a commercially sponsored program, his function is two-fold. He must present the program, and he must present the product itself. In carrying out these functions, he must register primarily as a pleasing personality. I don't mean to imply anything precious

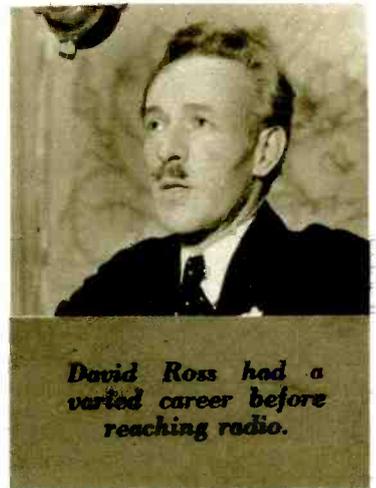
*Milton Cross is one of the veteran announcers. He has been active since the early days of radio.*



*It's a tough game with exacting requirements. One system tried out 1,200 applicants last year, accepted three!*

By THOMAS CARSKADON

*Special Photographs for TOWER RADIO by Culver*



*David Ross had a varied career before reaching radio.*

or anything esoteric in that phrase. I mean simply that the announcer's attitude toward people in general and toward the work he is doing should be friendly and pleasant, so that a listener might say, 'Why, I'd like to meet that chap.'

"An announcer must have flexibility. Emergencies are constantly arising in broadcasting, and an announcer's ability to think fast and accurately under pressure constitutes a prime test of his value to the company.

"He must be adaptable. He should be able to announce a serious program of classical music in a dignified manner, and a few hours later join an informal get-together such as a Morton Downey studio party and be one of the gang, and sound as though he were having a genuine good time. Frequently the prepared announcements for a program come in at the last minute. An announcer should be able to take one glance at this continuity and establish its mood instantly. Furthermore, he should be able to write his own continuity where none is supplied, or where a last minute change makes some new program notes necessary."

The points mentioned by Mr. Carlile indicate something of the duties and responsibilities of an announcer. What are the qualifications he looks for to meet these duties?

"First, a man must have a good educational background," says Mr. Carlile. "College training is very helpful and a good standard, but we don't make that a rigid requirement because it is entirely possible for an alert and intelligent man to get the equivalent of a college education in general experience.

"We stress this educational background because an announcer does not deal with words alone. It is entirely possible to learn by note that a certain combination of letters has a certain sound, and thus achieve a mechanically perfect pronunciation of a composer's name or a title of a foreign piece of music.

"**W**HAT we are looking for is some comprehension of what the composer stands for, some sense of his place in music, and some comprehension of what the words of the foreign title mean. Believe it or not, these things very definitely show in the voice. We want an announcer, when he mentions a historical personage,

a literary work, a piece of music, to sound as though he had heard of that thing before, and has some idea of its significance.

"In developing these qualities, actual experience on some radio station is very valuable. Again, we don't make this a rigid requirement, but there are so many experienced men who are qualified and who are on our waiting lists that it is virtually impossible for a man to get a job as a network announcer at headquarters in New York unless he has had some experience elsewhere.

"If an aspiring announcer has had some training in music or in acting, or both, these are highly valuable qualifications indeed. His voice, of course, must be a well developed organ of speech—meaning primarily a flexible and useful organ of speech, without regard to any one particular quality of voice. As for diction and accent, we strive first and always for naturalness, and we want an accent that is not too closely identified with any particular locality. We want our men to be natural, and to be individual; and at Columbia we pride ourselves upon a staff of announcers who are individual entities.

"As for the actual mechanics of breaking into the game of radio announcing, I should certainly recommend getting a job on a local station, no matter how small, in order to get some practical experience. A man who writes in to Columbia Broadcasting System headquarters in New York is told quite truly that there are no vacancies at present, and that we always have a waiting list of tested and fully qualified men who are subject to call. If a man insists that we hear him, however, and if his training and experience indicate that he might have some possibilities, we sometimes grant him an audition. We tell him quite frankly, however, that he must come to New York at his own expense and his own risk, and we promise him nothing."

It looks like a hard game to break into from the top—meaning the big networks which emanate from New York—but there are plenty of individual stations scattered throughout the country. (*Please turn to page 52*)



TED HUSING

### *Why Are There No Women Announcers?*

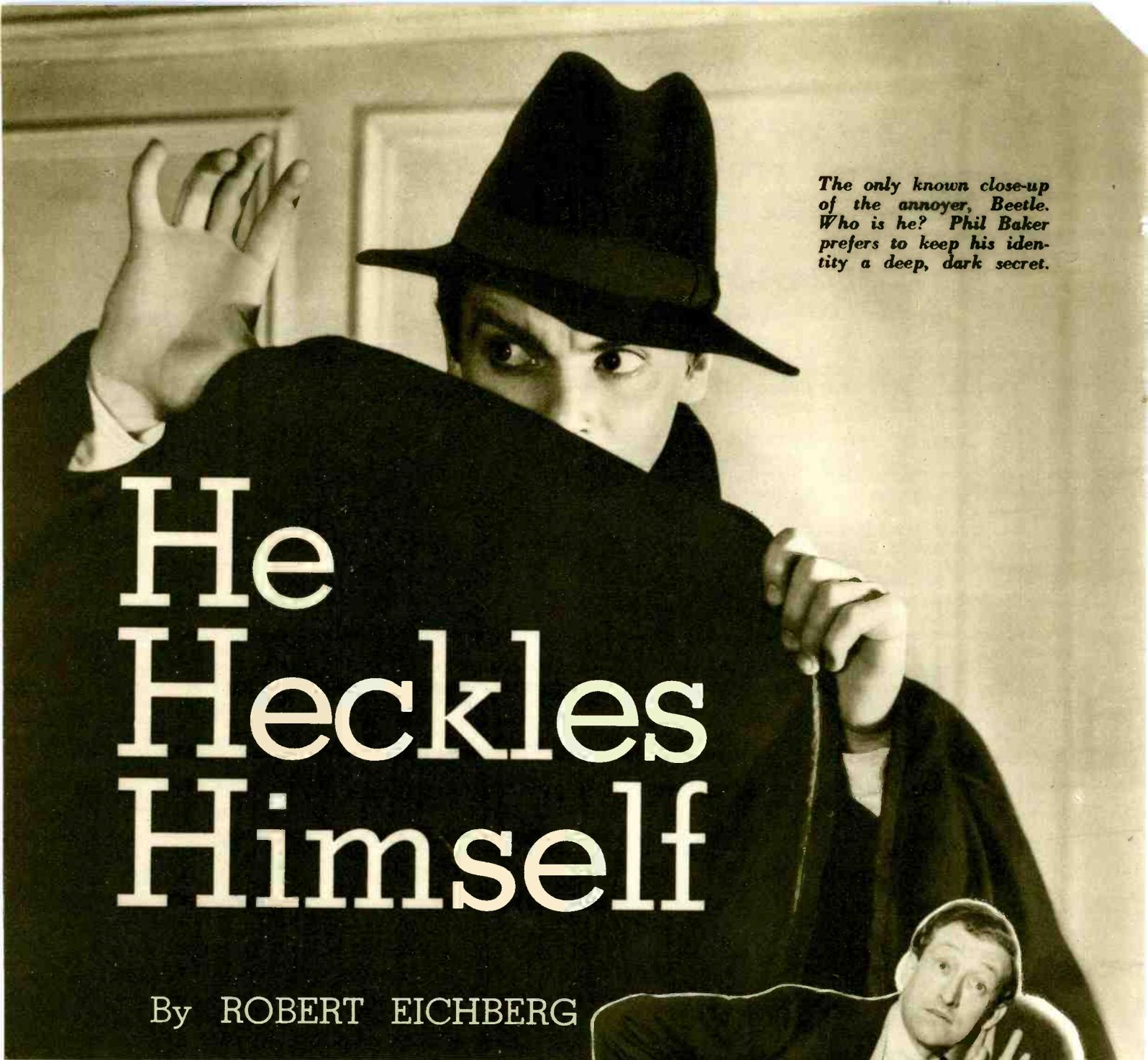
John S. Carlile, production manager for the Columbia Broadcasting System, gives this answer:

"The public does not believe that a woman's voice carries authority, except in those particular fields, such as cosmetics and dress, which are natural to her. And even in the field of fashions, for instance, listeners would prefer to hear Paul Poiret if they could get him!

"Also, men's voices have more of the low frequencies in them and reproduce better on the radio than women's voices, which run more to the high frequencies and sound thinner and shriller and flatter. It is almost always true that when a woman's voice carries conviction it gets into the mannish tones."

GRAHAM McNAMEE





The only known close-up of the annoyer, Beetle. Who is he? Phil Baker prefers to keep his identity a deep, dark secret.

# He Heckles Himself

By ROBERT EICHBERG

Maurice Seymour

**O**F course you don't believe in ghosts! Well, neither did I—until I interviewed Phil Baker, star of the Armour program, on the subject of his "haunter," Beetle.

You can continue to think what you please, but as far as I am concerned, Beetle has become an actual ghost—the ghost of a singing waiter named Jojo. Wait a minute before you decide I'm crazy—there's a real story here.

**U**P in Studio 3B, Eddie Dunham, NBC production man for the Armour Hour, sat in the control room with a couple of the engineers, swapping stories about blondes they had met at parties, and waiting for the cast to turn up for a rehearsal. The boys had scarcely got past their sixth blonde when three men and a girl walked into the studio.

The men were Phil Baker, Harry McNaughton, who plays the part of Bottle, and Leon Belasco, the orchestra leader who talks like either Chewowsky or Rubinoff. The girl was Mabel Albertson, leading lady in the program's sketches.

"Hey, Phil," Eddie Dunham shouted into a microphone, "where's Beetle?"



Harry McNaughton, who is Bottle, the butler, is very British.

Culver

## Everybody wants to talk back to a radio comic so Phil Baker invented his own heckler

"Don't worry," Baker replied. "You'll hear him when we get started."

And, by golly, you did hear him! He was just a voice floating into the studio. You didn't see him. But he was right on the job, making unpleasant remarks, on schedule.

After the program was over, Phil and I sat down to smoke a cigarette and talk things over. I wanted to find out more about this Beetle. And Phil didn't mind discussing him.

"Beetle," Phil told me, "is the answer to a problem that bothered me during all the years I wanted to put on a radio program. The stooges that were on the air weren't really genuine, 14-karat stooges. They were simply straight men or feeders, such as are used in most small-time vaudeville acts.

"A stooge is something quite different. Originally, he was a member of the audience, planted in a box or some other prominent place in the theater and all primed to heckle the performer on the stage. You see, nearly everybody at some time or other thinks of some wise-crack he wants to call to the entertainer. But he doesn't quite dare to shout it; first, because none of us like to make ourselves conspicuous; second, because an usher might throw him out.

"But the stooge is sacred. Although he is sitting in the audience, he's really part of the show. The usher can't eject *him*—and the more conspicuous he is, the better everyone likes it. So the audience feels that the stooge is their ambassador—their champion in a battle of wits with the man on the other side of the footlights. Remind me to get back on this subject later.

"Well, to go back a few years—. I think I've always been considered one of the performers who featured stooges most strongly. Many people have given me credit for originating the idea of having a heckler in the audience. It's flattering—but incorrect. My first use of a stooge was purely accidental, and I assure you that it was one of my most embarrassing moments.

"It happened in the old Winter Garden theater, more years ago than I like to remember. I was putting on a Sunday evening concert there—playing the accordion and doing a brief monologue.

"Suddenly a foghorn voice in the audience boomed out, 'Hey, Phil! Willya play 'Jada, Jada, Jing-jing-jing?'" That was one of the song hits of the day.

"Not to be upset, I went on with my act as though nothing had happened, despite a few giggles that broke out in the audience. Finally things quieted down, and the act was running smoothly again when that voice blasted out with, 'Ain't-cha gonna play 'Jada,' Phil?"

**T**HE audience roared. I looked over the sea of faces and spotted a fellow whom everybody knew as Jojo. He had been a singing waiter with Irving Berlin at Tony Pastor's, and was famous all over town for the volume of his voice. That night he sounded louder to me than any public address system you hear today.

"Anyway, after the laughter subsided I told him I'd play it if he'd come up on the stage and sing it. That got another laugh. And when he started arguing with me, we got the biggest laughs I ever had. The amusement reached its height when I chased him down the aisle and up into the balcony, where I finally caught him. I dragged him onto the stage and he sang 'Jada' while I played it. The audience was delighted.

"It went over so well that I struck up a deal with Jojo right after the show, and put him into the act. I



Kaufman and Fabry

Phil Baker's first job was secretary to Carl Laemmle, now head of Universal, then making Mary Pickford films.

gradually built his part up with laughs. I found out that the audience liked it best when Jojo made remarks which apparently caused me a little embarrassment. They had always seen assured, self-confident performers, who quickly squelched or utterly ignored hecklers, and the sight of the entertainer getting a bit the worst of it in an exchange of wits delighted them.

"That's the basis from which Beetle has been developed."

"Is Jojo still with you, Phil? Is he Beetle?"

"No, Bob. After about a year I had to let him go. I'd put him in the act on my own responsibility, and the theaters weren't paying me anything extra for him. He asked for a five-dollar raise, and I simply couldn't afford to give it to him. Five dollars meant more to me in those days than fifty dollars do now. So Jojo went. But the stooge idea stayed. I've always worked with one since then.

"Adapting the idea to radio was quite a problem. Simply having somebody in the studio to make wise-cracks wouldn't do, for that wouldn't retain the bond between the stooge and the listener—the bond that had always existed between the stooge and the theater audience of which he was so obviously a member.

"Being a radio listener myself, I know that most people occasionally feel like (Please turn to page 90)

# THE SOUND QUEEN

*Ora Nichols is the only woman employed as sound expert in radio*

By GRACE MACK

**H**ER real name is Ora Nichols. But around the Columbia Broadcasting Studios they call her "Noisey."

If you saw Ora you would wonder how she ever happened to acquire such a nickname. There is certainly nothing about her looks or her manner to justify it. She is a tiny, very feminine person with a soft, gentle voice. But the truth of the matter is that Ora is a sorceress. She doesn't take rabbits out of hats but the feats she performs are even more amazing.

Perhaps the magic carpet of radio has transported you to Africa. You've heard the staccato chatter of monkeys. Wild animals crashing through the forest. And then the sinister sound of a rattlesnake. So realistic were these sounds that you may even have felt gooseflesh traveling down your spine. There was, however, no cause for alarm. It was merely Ora, working her black magic upon you. To give you the monkeys' chatter she rubbed a wet cork up and down the side of a bottle. The sound of the animals crashing through the underbrush was a whisk broom held close to the mike, with Ora's sensitive fingers running through the straws. The sinister rattle of the snake was the tinkle of tiny sleighbells which Ora found at the ten-cent store.

To go backstage with Ora Nichols is to visit a veritable den of magic. There, neatly filed away in cabinets, ready to be unleashed on call, is a cacophony of sounds, ranging from the roll of thunder and the rattle of machine guns to a cat's meow and a pig's squeak.

Many of these sounds are recorded on phonograph records and are used over and over again. They are classified and filed like books in a library. On the card index you will see such classifications as:

- Barnyard sounds
- Screams—Snores—Typewriters
- Felling tree with axe
- Felling tree with saw
- Monks chanting
- Football crowds
- Horse and wagon in snow
- Horse and wagon on gravel road
- Battle records—Machine Gun
  - Infantry
  - Heavy Artillery
  - Rifle Fire
- Cavalry—Horses passing at trot
- Horses passing at gallop
- Mumbling records—Female voices
  - Male voices
  - Mixed voices

The sounds on file in this unique library seem endless. And yet new sounds are always being asked for. Consequently, every few months the sound effects department of a broadcasting studio goes through their files and makes a list of new and unusual sounds which might be required. On the list may be such sounds as: Men walking on duck boards. The plop-plop of horses' (Please turn to page 96)



*Ora Nichols, who carries on the work of her husband in creating sounds, is shown with her noise cabinet.*



*The Lombardos: Lebert, the worrier; Carmen, the peacemaker; Guy, the task-master; Victor, the happy-go-lucky. Above, Guy and his wife, Lilly Belle.*

*They started with a boy band, succeeded because of their family allegiance*



# The STORY OF Four Loyal Brothers

By  
**JOHN  
SEYMOUR**

**P**RACTICALLY everyone knows by now that Guy Lombardo's Royal Canadians orchestra is primarily a family affair.

The brothers Lombardo—there are four of them now since Victor joined up a few years ago—the main spring of the eleven piece band. They have hung together without a break since the old days way back in London, Ontario, when Guy, a fledgling maestro in knee pants haggled for their first bookings.

There is more of the remarkable in that fact than meets the eye.

Consider these four brothers, of volatile Latin temperament (the Lombardos are of Italian descent) with strongly divergent personalities, submerging their personal differences and antagonisms, spurning individual opportunities for increased money and fame to work together for a common end over a period of nearly twenty years in one of the most trying businesses on earth.

How many families could offer a similar record of harmony? Or a record remotely like this?

The saga of the Lombardo success really begins with Guy Lombardo, senior and Mama Lombardo.

Papa Lombardo, himself an amateur musician of parts, started it all when he dinned into his growing boys the credo:

"To learn music properly, a year must first be spent solely in studying rhythm and reading notes."

It was enforced in turn on each son as he came along. Today, the senior Lombardo, taking his ease on the duck farm de luxe on the Lambeth Highway two miles south of London which his sons have purchased out of their earnings, is a little dubious about the way it all turned out.

"I'm still not sure it's all right that the boys should make their living by their playing," he sighed, wagging his patriarchal white head, "I had intended to give them music as an accomplishment, not as a vocation. But—" he shrugged his stocky shoulders with a typically Latin gesture of resignation, "I guess they know what they want, all right."

Living a few blocks away (Please turn to page 85)

# BABE

*The Babe believes in baseball and he wants every boy to love the national game*

**B**ABE RUTH is a happy man these days. He is happy because three times a week he has a chance to step up to the microphone and knock out a home run message that goes straight to the hearts of millions of boys all over the United States.

True, he gets well paid for his work. I have heard that he gets as much as a thousand dollars for a single broadcast. An athlete, remember, has to make money while he can. He can't earn it all his life, like a business man.

But I think this chance he has to talk straight from the shoulder to many times more boys than could ever be packed in one big auditorium means much, much more to him than that check which he gets at the end of the week.

What he wants to say to the boys of America can be summed up in two words:

"Play ball!"

Time and again he has remarked to the men who help him prepare his talks for the radio:

"Let's put some more stuff in there about telling the kids to get out on the corner lots and play baseball! That's what I want to get over to them."

**T**HE Babe believes in baseball. He thinks it is the greatest sport ever invented and a fine thing for those who play it. He has seen it build strong, healthy bodies, with alert, well-controlled muscles. He has seen it build character, with sureness and swiftness of judgment, quickness of decision, and above all, what he feels to be most important in any walk of life, sportsmanship.

All during his career, baseball has been the unquestioned king of national sports. That is, up until recent years. Lately, its leadership has been challenged by other sports. Football, with the huge stadiums accommodating great crowds, has

*Special for TOWER RADIO by Wide World*



Wide World

*The Babe (above) in a characteristic pose. Ruth started playing baseball at six.*

*Right, Babe Ruth broadcasting. His air appearances have been the year's sensation.*



# RUTH TALKS TO THE AMERICAN BOY

By

JOHN SEYMOUR

*Illustration by Clarence Leeder*

come to the front. And especially golf, with its own heroes like Gene Sarazen and Bobby Jones.

The Babe is worried about that. He thinks that baseball is still the greatest game of all, and the only thing that is needed is a drive to awaken the interest of the kids of the country in the grand old sport.

So I went up one night to where the Babe was broadcasting from the Rockefeller Center Building to ask him about it.

I watched him go through his program before an audience of boys who were lucky enough to get in to the studio to see him.

He sat at a table before a short, squat microphone reading from a paper. He had tried standing up at first, but that made him nervous. It was so different from being out there on the ball field. But after they let him sit down, all that nervousness left him and he was all right. He always insists on having two or three of his team mates from the Yankees sitting at the table with him, though, just so he will feel more at home.

Then there would be a part in the program where radio actors would act out some interesting or exciting event that had happened in his long and eventful career.

These are all things that the Babe remembers. He tells them as he remembers them to the men from the advertising agency who help him on the program. Then they work them up like a play being given in a theater so that they come over the air as though they were really happening.

The Babe went ploughing along, reading in a perfectly natural voice, pronouncing words as they seemed to him, just as though he were talking to some one. Somehow he seemed out of place in that studio among all those pale indoor workers with his bronzed face and broad massive shoulders hulking about the little reading table. It brought out with full force what a giant in stature the Babe really is.

AFTER the broadcast, the boys swarmed down upon him like flies, asking for autographs. They came in from the corridors, they seemed to drop from the ceiling. They asked him to write his name on everything imaginable, on baseballs and baseball bats, on hatbands and cuffs.

And the Babe, patiently complying, while business appointments waited, reminded one of a big, good-natured St. Bernard, grinning good-naturedly while children tugged at his ears because he loved them.

At last the crowds of boys thinned away and we sat down for a chat in a quiet corner of the studio. I asked him if fewer boys didn't seem to be playing baseball than before.

"Yes," he said, "we notice it in the big leagues. There isn't as much material coming in as there used to be. You know in the old days some of our best ball players used to come from the big cities. That isn't true any more. Know where they're coming from now? From the country districts—from Alabama and Texas and Kansas.

"It's only natural. The kids in the cities don't have any places to play any more. All the vacant lots are built up. There are too many windows around that can be broken.

"By golly, if parents want their kids to play baseball, they ought to see to it that there are more playgrounds and diamonds in the city. The back lot always produced our great ball players, our real stars. Take

that away and we won't have them any more."

Maybe city officials throughout the country will heed the Babe's plea and take action. Mayor La Guardia in New York City has just recently ordered that more space be given over to play-grounds.

I ASKED the Babe what a boy should do who wanted to become a great ball player like himself.

"There is only one way to become a great ball player," replied the Babe, "that's through practise—more practise—and still more practise. I don't mean playing just once or twice a week—I mean playing *every day!* And you ought to start early too. I started when I was six.

"Then a boy ought to play every position, too. Not just one that he likes. In baseball you can never tell where you'll end up. I used to be a pitcher. Sometimes they call on me to play the infield. You've got to be ready for anything."

The Babe's radio talks have brought in a tremendous response of mail. He went on the air the first time from Chicago. You would hardly think that many boys would take the trouble to sit down and write a letter that very night. But the first mail the next morning contained over *five thousand letters* for the Babe! At the end of his first three weeks on the air, his mail had piled up to over three hundred thousand letters—certainly a record for a fifteen minute program. I wanted to know if that pleased him. He beamed.

"Sure!" he said, "that shows the boys haven't lost their interest in baseball. All they need is someone to stir 'em up, to get 'em out and get 'em to playing. And believe me I'm glad I have the chance to do it. More interested kids means better material for the leagues and more fans for the game, too."

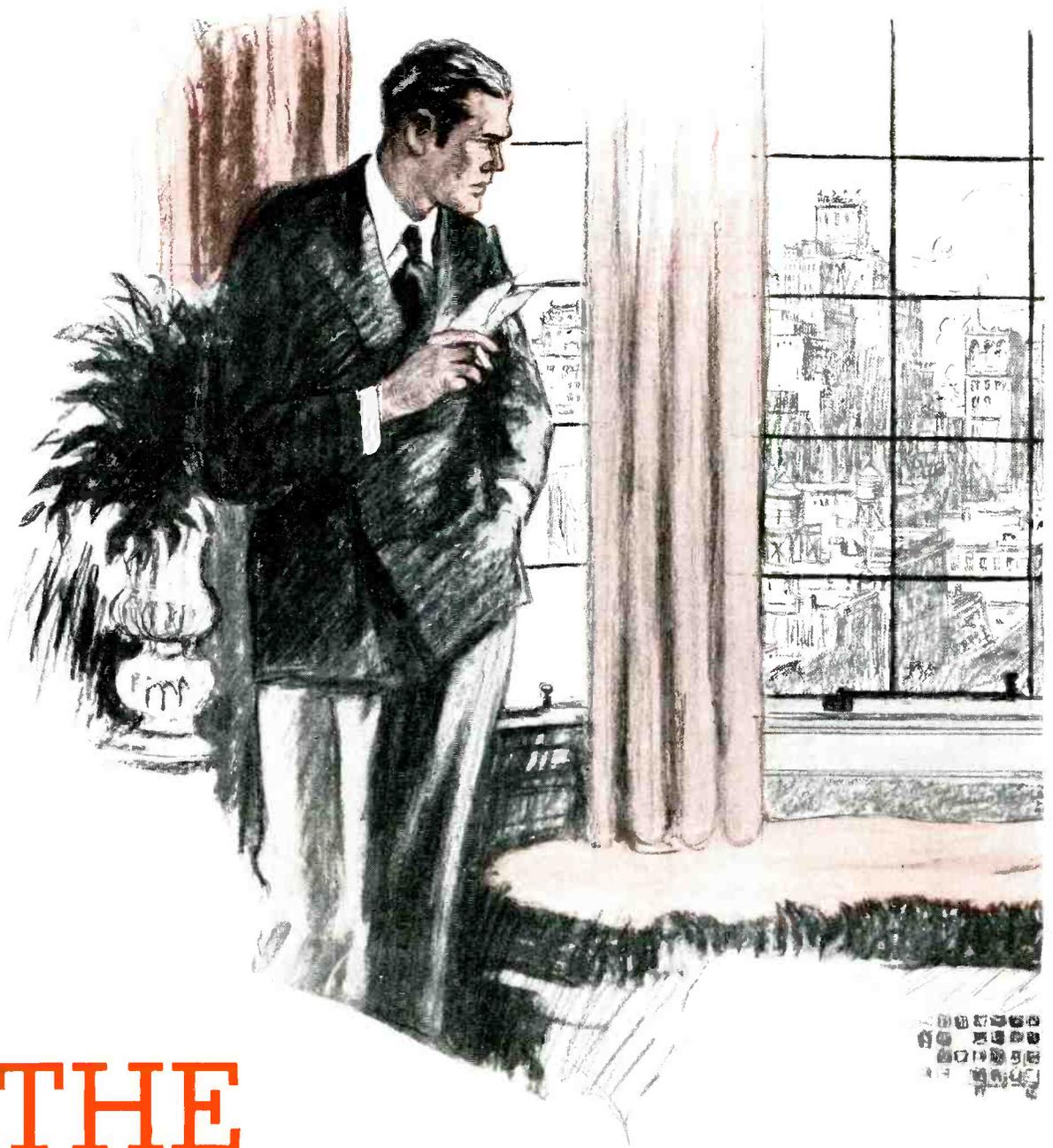
THE Babe is playing the regular schedule with the Yanks this year, so when he is out of reach of New York he has to go on the air from whatever town he happens to be in.

Traveling around like that, he naturally can't take his letters with him, because they would get lost. So he delegates to his wife and two daughters who remain at home in New York the job of reading and sorting all the letters that come in and getting them ready for him to look over when he returns. They are just as great baseball fans as he is and they love it although it keeps them busy all day.

It is twenty-one years now since Babe Ruth started to play professional baseball. Today he is the greatest active figure in the entire world of sport. There is no great fighter, golfer, football star or race horse active today that can come anywhere near him in record of achievement or in popularity. He is a natural idol.

Yet no one could have had an unhappier start in life. He was left an orphan, and at a time earlier than he can remember, he was put into St. Mary's Industrial School, a home for foundlings, in Baltimore.

He started in to play baseball at the age of six. But he had no idea of making that (*Please turn to page 66*)



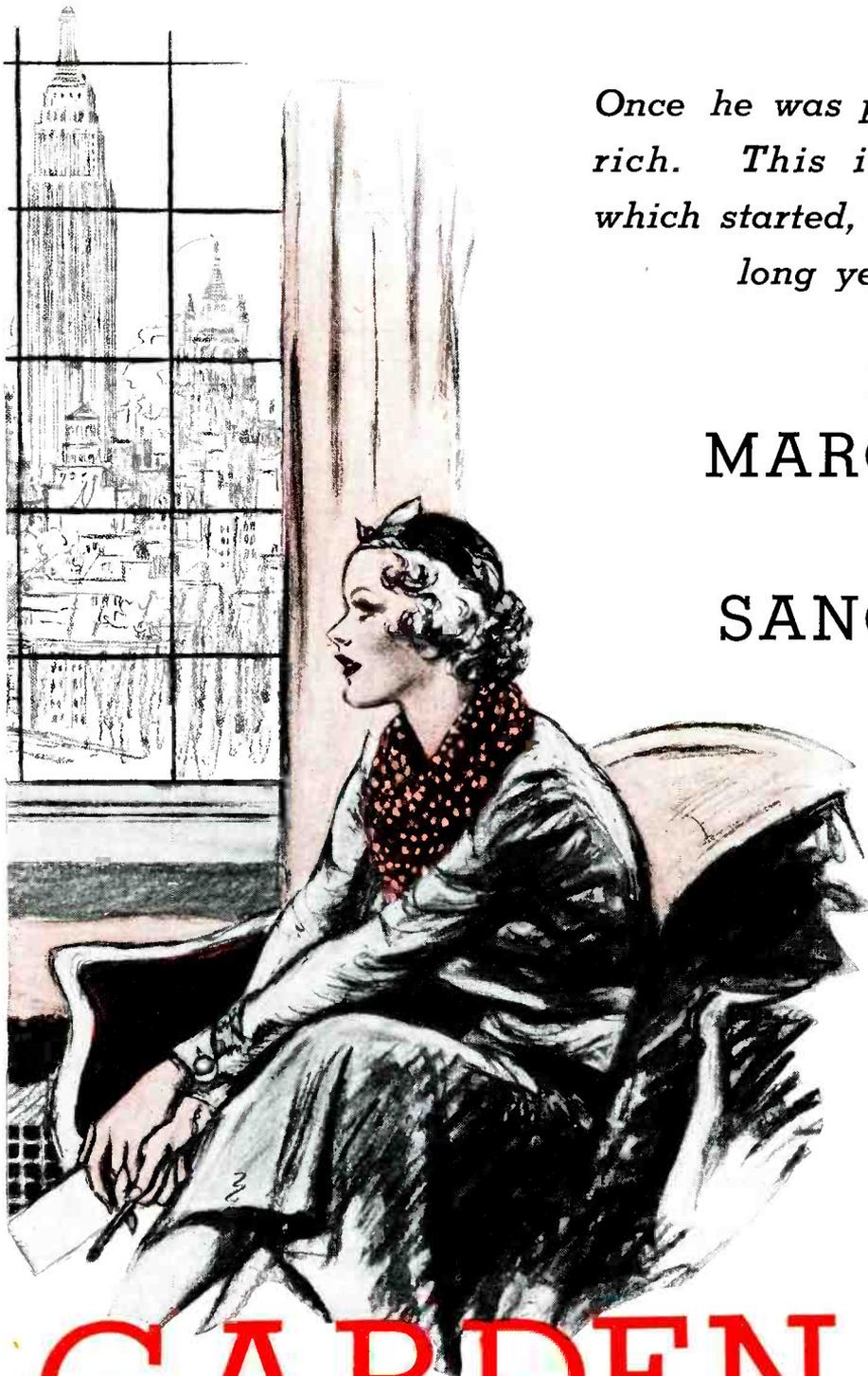
# THE REMEMBERED

**T**HE girl sat in the hotel lobby and pulled her shabby shoes back into the shadow of her skirt, and thought long, cynical thoughts. About the hotel lobbies that she had walked through with shiny shoes, when she had had what it takes. About the great gulf that lies between being a guest in a hotel—and interviewing someone else who lives in a hotel. Once she, herself, had been interviewed—not in a hotel, in the drawing room of her own home. That was on the morning of her debut, half a decade ago!

The girl sighed and wondered what she would ask the man whom she was waiting to interview. It seemed so silly that she, Marian Cabot, should be hanging around anxiously, hoping for recognition—for a few patronizing sentences—from an uncouth Italian. What

though the Italian in question were Tony Corelli, the newest sensation of the air? Was a radio star different, more important, than other mortals, in the final analysis?

Radio star! Marian catalogued the Corelli neatly in the long list of people whom she had interviewed during her last three years as a feature writer. Lucky for her she possessed an easy gift of words—that she'd done stories for the Junior League Magazine in the old days. The gift was responsible for her job on the woman's page of a daily paper. It was her bread and butter and occasional marmalade. It had, on occasion, given her an echo of glamour. It had, at other times, made her forget—briefly—her father's spectacular failure and his suicide, and her mother's death, and the sale of



Once he was poor, once she was rich. This is their romance, which started, unknown to them, long years before

By  
MARGARET  
E.  
SANGSTER

Illustration by  
RAEBURN VAN BUREN

*Tony Corelli looked down upon the street many stories below. "If the money'd been born with me I could've gone to fine schools—and talked different—and it wouldn't seem funny that I was asking you for dinner."*

# GARDEN

her beloved home, and the shattering of her dreams.

All around her buzzed the varied life of the hotel lobby: a blonde woman, a screen star, maybe, darted past; another woman—elaborately hennaed, swathed in Summer furs, chatted with the manager; a lean, bronzed man in good tweeds, with a bag of golf sticks ordered a taxi. A group of girls fluttered by—obviously bound for Summer camp—chattering and laughing. Two stout buyers glanced in her direction; their glances slithered swiftly away from her obvious shabby respectability. But over and above the constant change, the colors and glances and excitement, Marian was hearing the crisp words of her editor, making the assignment.

"They say this guy, Corelli, is shy," he had barked,

"they say that's why he won't give many interviews—and won't talk when he does give 'em. Shy, hell—conceited, if you ask me! You make him talk, Miss Cabot; show him that Vere de Vere act of yours—being a wop he'll probably fall for it. And for Pete's sake, make him tell where he got his catch line. The stuff, I mean, about flowers. It's so darn silly!"

Marian had said: "Silly or not, that line's put him across with the fans."

The editor had answered: "Get a good story and it may put you across." . . .

MARIAN sighed. How much longer would this Tony Corelli keep her waiting? She'd been on the dot for her appointment, only (Please turn to page 68)



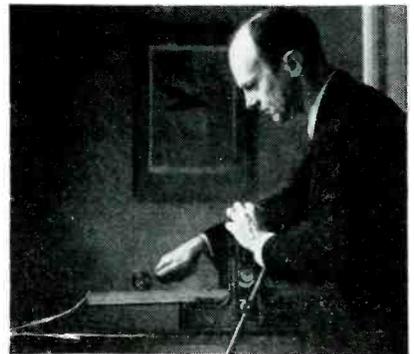
# The POPULAR

**N**INE years ago in an office in one of New York's leading newspapers there reposed a huge contraption which looked like a cross between a wrecked grand piano and a cabinet of hospital instruments.

It was a radio—complete with batteries, crystals, wires and heaven knows what else. Of course, there was no loud speaker—simply a couple of sets of ear phones, but it was so fascinating that all of the employes of the paper could be found hovering around it (when they should have been working) and remarking in hushed tones, “Just think, that woman I hear singing must be at least three miles away and her voice is so plain . . .”

Among the admirers of the new contraption was Deems Taylor, composer and music critic. He examined it carefully, heard the singer who was “three miles away” and scurried to his typewriter to create a long article for the Sunday newspaper.

In this article he proved conclusively that (A) the only possible advertising that could be done over the radio was the advertising of radio parts and that (B) eventually every person in the country would own a radio set so there would be no further need for such advertising and



*Deems Taylor is an enthusiastic amateur photographer.*

*Tower Radio, August, 1934*

*Deems Taylor went broke writing grand operas but the radio has brought him prosperity and country-wide fame*

By

PEGGY

HARRIS

*Mr. Taylor wrote two grand operas, "The King's Henchman" and "Peter Ibbetson," for the Metropolitan Opera House.*

*Mr. Taylor lives in Connecticut and spends his spare time in his completely equipped workroom.*



# HIGHBROW

hence artists would refuse to work for nothing and that (C) the radio was a novelty and a fad and could not possibly last for more than a year or a year and a half. What's more he proved all this without the shadow of a doubt. That was in 1924.

And now Deems Taylor can recall that article and chuckle for the radio has made him prosperous and famous and the program upon which he appears instead of advertising radio parts describes the delicious flavor of Miracle Whip Salad Dressing!

DEEMS TAYLOR has needed the radio—and its financial blessings, for he has known what it means to be broke. He is, as you know, the composer of two operas, "The King's Henchman" and "Peter Ibbetson." It took him eleven months to write one and ten months to write the other—and that meant he worked consistently and consecutively every day for as many hours a day as his eyes held out. There was time for nothing

else. So he finished with an opera completed but with no money. As music critic and editor of a musical magazine he made enough, but it was the radio that brought him the excellent income he now enjoys.

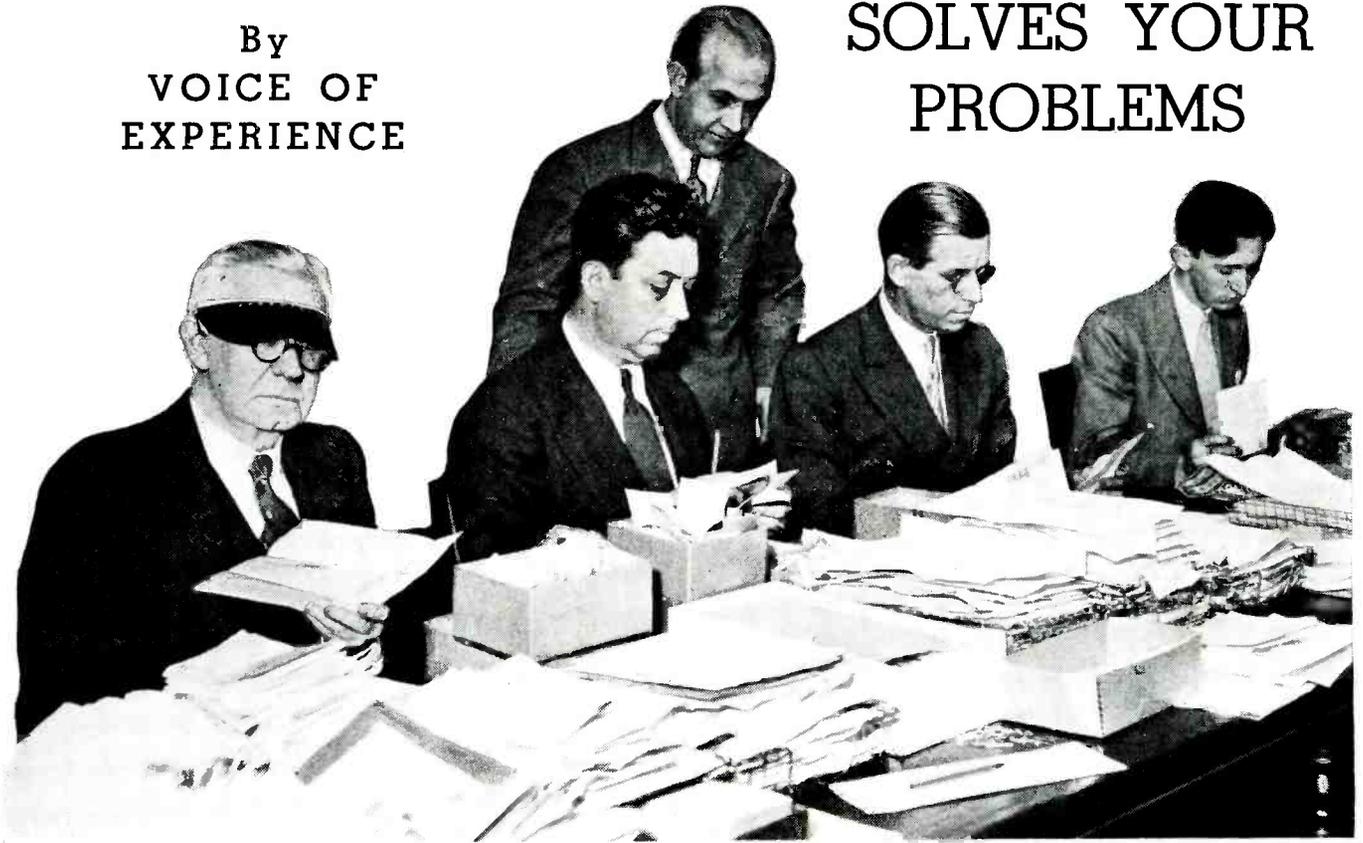
And that came about in a curious way. Just after "The King's Henchman" was completed he was guest of honor at the Dutch Treat Club and spoke about opera as entertainment and as a vital part of the theater. At the luncheon was Deac Aylesworth, who invited him to open the National Broadcasting Company with a performance of "The King's Henchman." Taylor accepted, produced the opera and explained the story. The performance ran forty-five minutes over the allotted time—a thing that is now unheard of in radio, where every second counts and every word is timed. But it proved one thing to Taylor—that radio is a medium for conversation.

Let him tell you his theory in his own words. And see if you agree with him. (Please turn to page 78)

# The Voice of Experience

By  
VOICE OF  
EXPERIENCE

SOLVES YOUR  
PROBLEMS



Wide World

*The Voice of Experience watches his staff open the morning's mail.*

*He knows all the answers to  
the worries of the nation*

**I**N the brief time that I have been conducting this column of questions and answers in TOWER RADIO, I have been pleased both with the number and diversity of the problems submitted and also with the ever-diminishing number of that type of questions which shows clearly that the writer has mistaken me for a fortune-teller.

It has often been contended that only weaklings would submit their intimate problems to anyone else for solution. Certainly this is given the lie by the high average type of letters in my daily mail.

In reproducing a part of these letters in my monthly column, followed by my analyses, I am trying to reach not only the persons whose problems are presented, but also the thousands of others who are facing or may be expected at some time to face the same sort of difficulty in their lives. For this reason, the interest in this column is by no means confined to the few whose letters have been chosen for publication.

Letters sent to me in care of TOWER RADIO come to my office unopened. I keep my files inviolable, never under any circumstances breaking a confidence placed

in me. For that reason, any of my readers who feel that they have an intimate or intricate problem which he or she is unable to solve can feel absolutely secure in presenting that problem to me. Names and locations are never used, even on those letters that are published, and details that would identify the writer, even to his intimate associates, are deleted. In this way the greatest good can be accomplished for individual writers with a minimum chance of anyone save the writer knowing just whose problem is being discussed.

I appreciate the confidence shown in me, as evidenced by the ever-increasing mail. I shall try to merit both the interest and confidence of my readers throughout the entire run of this series.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:

I am asking your advice. I am nineteen years old and don't dare entertain my boy-friends at home, which I, naturally, want to do. The boys that want to go with me are highly respected; but I must sit home night after night, dreaming of good times I am not allowed to have. I think I am old enough to entertain boy-friends and to think some day of a home of my own; but how can that be possible under these circumstances?

Do you think I should meet my boy-friends on the sly? I have a good reputation and would like to keep it. I don't think that fellows would think much of me if I had to meet them somewhere else besides my home.

*(Please turn to page 71)*

**HOW TO WRITE TO THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE** You can write the Voice of Experience by sending your letter in care of TOWER RADIO, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. It will be forwarded to the counselor unopened.

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

# Microphonies

The radio humorist presents another daily program. A day with Knight on the air

By RAYMOND KNIGHT

**T**HIS column comes to you through the courtesy of the Ajax Animal Chaser Corp., makers of devices to keep the wolf away from the door. Simply place the Ajax Personal Package of Lavender-scented Dynamite under the front porch, press the button and wham! . . . the door disappears. The wolf, chagrined at finding no door, slinks away with his tail between his legs. Sometimes, in addition, his tail trips him up.

7:15-7:30—Setting-Up Exercises

SAME THING ALL AROUND, EVERYBODY? GOOD—OH, EDDIE, SET 'EM UP AGAIN!

8:00-9:00—To the Ladies

This month I am answering a letter from Mrs. Petunia Frisbie of Pearly Gates, Wisconsin. Mrs. Frisbie writes me, on pink stationery, asking—"Will you tell me something about oysters?"

Dear Mrs. Frisbie—I shall be very glad to say a kind word for the oyster and also, give my regards to Mr. Frisbie. Here is a little dissertation on "Oysters for the Formal Dinner."

Many people do not like oysters but it is only a question of familiarity. As you know, familiarity breeds content whereas oysters breed pearls which grow up only to be cast before swine—but I'm getting away from my subject. The important thing is to know *in what months are oysters good*—(i.e. not well-behaved, but edible.)

Here is the rule. Oysters should be eaten only in those months which have a "B" in them, as the rule is "Oysters B in Season." These are the Winter months. Take for example—January. You spell out the month J-A-N-U-A-R-Y and—wait a minute—there

You know the air comedian with his own audience, the laughing stooge.



Another air menace hard to take: the hot-cha child singer of blues.

seems to be some mistake. Oh yes, the letter is "S"—"Oysters S in Season" ("S" for "is"). So we'll start over. Has January an "S" in it, you ask yourself or any convenient bystander. Certainly — J-A-N-

U-A-R—Wrong again! We'll try December—D-E-S-C—Hold everything. Let me figure this thing out.

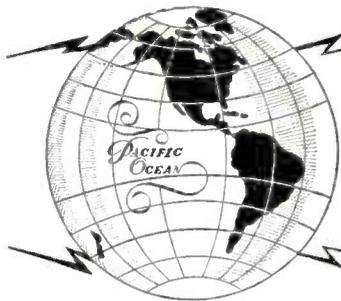
Dear Mrs. Frisbie, I have come to the conclusion that a nice fruit cup is the best thing to start the formal dinner. If things work out all right, I'll put a recipe for this in one of my future columns.

Drawings by D. B. Holcomb



9:30-10:00—Sports Broadcast  
THIS SPACE IS SPONSORED BY THE BUSHWICK BAT CO., MAKERS OF BASEBALL BATS, BELFRY BATS AND EYELASH BATS. DO YOU HAVE BATS IN YOUR BELFRY? ARE THEY BUSHWICK BATS? CAN YOU FACE YOUR WIFE AT 3 A. M. WITHOUT BATTING AN EYELASH? DO YOU BAT YOUR EYELASHES WITHOUT BUSHWICK BATS? SEND IN YOUR SOLUTION TO THIS PUZZLE AND SEE WHERE IT GETS YOU.

10:30-11:00—Opera Broadcast  
I heard most of those operas that the Lucky Strike people put out on Saturday afternoons right at the opera house. They worked on them with the patience of a camel and broadcast them with a Chesterfieldian bow of decorum. (My, how the man plays with words!) And while I was there I picked up two stories from Earle Lewis, the treasurer of the 'Met,' which you ought to have.  
The first story is the one about the traffic cop who has directed the traffic in front of the Met for years during the opera season. He never could be induced to go and see a performance, but one Saturday afternoon he was at home off duty, and he happened to hear one of the Lucky Strike broadcasts. This aroused his curiosity to the point where, when next he was on duty, he asked if he might take a look at one of the acts. Mr. Lewis urged him to see the entire opera, but to no avail. He would see one act and one only. The opera that evening (Please turn to page 84)



# SHORT WAVE

By Captain  
**HORACE L. HALL**

*The foremost short wave authority  
in America writes exclusively for  
TOWER RADIO*

## Snaring Australia

**I**F short wave fans could have their choice in the matter they undoubtedly would want all the months in the year to be like our Fall or Winter because these periods really are the height of the DX season. From September to March we snare the long distance stations. But, now with the Summer here, we should not throw up our hands in disgust and shelve the short wave apparatus but take what comes our way and be on the "lookout" for the unusual.

July and August may be "dead" months for logging the elusive South Americans and Orientals. But the European stations classed as "foreign locals" are generally at their best, and the twin stations in Australia are never heard any better than they are in these warm months. Summer treats the "Aussies" kindly and one can almost rely on hearing the laughing notes of the Kookaburra bird when one tunes in VK2ME, Sydney, Australia. This station which is active only on Sunday transmits on 31:28 meters with the following schedules: 1 to 3 A.M., 5 to 9 A.M., and 11.30 A.M. to 1.30 P.M. Eastern Standard Time.

Then on Wednesday and Saturday we should rise early if we want to hear VK3ME, 31:55 meters, Melbourne, Australia. Radiating a program consisting of endless gramophone records and regular station announcements we sometimes wonder why we bothered to leave our downy beds to hear a record we may know by heart. But such is the life of the short wave fan, not regulated by reason, but by the fact that on Wednesday from 5 to 6:30 A.M. and Saturday from 5 to 7 A.M. Eastern Standard Time, he can hear Australia. And don't think for a moment the thrill of hearing these Oceanic stations ever decreases. No, it increases. Whenever fans congregate and the time grows late and it is nearing the zero hour of either of these stations coming on the air, one fan will look at his watch, then at the short wave receiver and say in a hushed voice, poignant with enthusiasm, "Australia will be on now." Yes, hearing the VK's does make the heart beat just so much faster and the eye brighter.

**F**OR those of you who wonder what you should be hearing from abroad we list the following. In the early morning hours the nineteen-meter band is extremely active. GSF, 19:82 meters, Daventry, England, comes on at 6.30 A.M. EST and directly above "that most easy" to find station we have HVJ, 19:84 meters, Vatican City. This station is scheduled (*Please turn to page 95*)



*Special Photograph by Wide World*

*Captain Hall quit the sea to become the leading short wave expert in this country. Daily he combs the earth by radio from his apartment in the heart of New York City.*

## Prominent Short Wave Fans

**A** YEAR or two ago the people who were interested in short waves were either experimenters in the high frequencies or young enthusiastic boys who threw a few parts from the junk heap together and then boasted a short wave receiver.

I have seen fans who came to my home and brought a fantastic outfit that they were "hearing the world" with. But I defy anyone else but the owner to operate the "set." A home-made contraption can rarely be operated by anyone but the constructor of it.

Into this vast army of short wave fans have come, by degrees, men who are at the height of their professions whether they be executives, diplomats, lawyers, bankers or doctors. Men of the highest intelligence. In passing let me review some of these men with whom it has been my good fortune to come in contact.

**T**HE first is Mr. Paul Hofer, Jr., of Kew Gardens. He is a very distinguished gentleman who decided to go "short wave." Not to experiment with screw driver and coils but to get a receiver and "listen to the world" in comfort. He knew that when this part of the world is just getting up the Orientals are getting ready for bed. Mr. Hofer, Jr., rose early, very early, *in fact five A.M.* and snared a station many a fan would give most anything to hear. That station was JIAA, 30:40 meters, Japan. He has had remarkable "luck" with his receiver. But he uses common sense as to when and where to tune.

One morning I received a (*Please turn to page 95*)

# DEPARTMENT

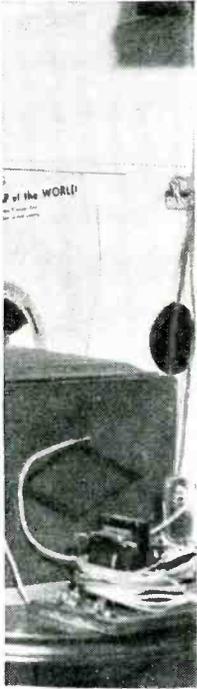


## Newest Trend in Short Wave Receivers

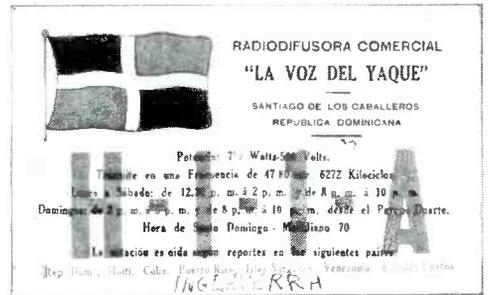
WHAT is the latest in short wave receivers? Right now, we hear from good authority that the manufacturers are turning toward the tuned radio frequency circuit. They have been experimenting along these lines for many a month. Now, they feel that what the short wave enthusiast really wants is not the "noise boxes" that countless tubes seem to bring in their wake but something finer, quieter, and more far-reaching.

Can you, honestly, DX on a high-powered superheterodyne, with comfort, as well as on a small T.R.F. receiver of, let us say, five tubes? Yes, in the country away from interference. But in the city where every tram brings in its passing, howls and squeals, it is impossible.

Our one hope for better short wave reception (now mind me, not of the foreign locals, because they with their tremendous power can override the majority of noises created by man-made interference) lies in the *perfect* T.R.F. receiver that will give us the *quality, volume, and selectivity* of the superhet. It will be with us before long.



The simple post card veri mailed out by Lisbon, Portugal.



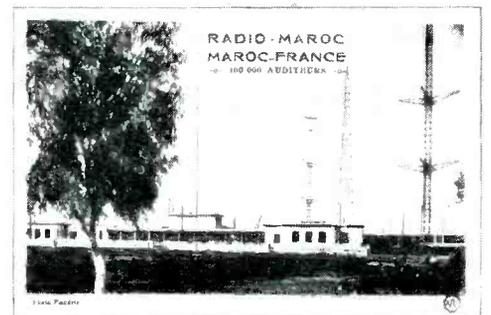
Santo Domingo's verification features the flag of the republic.

*Route your DX cards for Spain. Marcad Vuestros telegramas para España "Via Transradio" A.C.A.*

**TRANSRADIO ESPAÑOLA, S. A. - MADRID**  
**ESTACIÓN DE ARANJUEZ**  
 A C. H. Hall  
 Confirmamos su recepción de nuestro emisor  
**EAQ**  
 El 19 de Mayo 1932 a 405 ES en  
 comunicación con  
 Antena *Antena Nacional* Potencia *30 kw* On *la 30.60*  
 Agradecemos mucho su informe.  
 TRANSRADIO ESPAÑOLA, S. A.

If you are a short wave fan you collect verifications, which foreign stations send to prove your reception of their programs. Above, verification sent out by EAQ, Madrid, Spain.

The DX fan hates hot weather because it spoils short wave radio reception. Here's how to beat the heat



Veri of the voice of Morocco, "Hillo, Radio Rabat dans Morocco!"

**VK2ME "THE VOICE OF AUSTRALIA"** Power 12 kilowatts Wave Length 31.25 metres

**A.W.A. Owns and Operates**  
 Radio-Wireless Services to Great Britain, The Continent of Europe and North and South America.  
 Wireless Telephone Services to Great Britain, The Continent of Europe, North and South America, Java and New Zealand.  
 Complete Radio Stations in Australia. Please New Guinea and Fiji.  
 Wireless Services on ships of the Australian Mercantile Marine.  
 Radio-direction Works for the mail.  
 Factors of every kind of transmitting apparatus and Radio-telegraph and telephony.  
 Research and experimental laboratories.  
 World-Wide Broadcasting Service

**AMALGAMATED WIRELESS (A/IA) LTD.**  
 AUSTRALIA'S NATIONAL WIRELESS ORGANISATION

The Kookaburra bird is featured on Sydney's broadcasts and veris.

# DESIGNED FOR LILLIAN ROTH



*With this smart little two-piece spectator sports frock Miss Roth wears a woven straw belt in navy and white, a turned-up Panama sailor with a navy grosgrain band and navy and white sports pumps.*



*Photos by Barnaba Etio 192*

*For active sports wear Miss Roth selects this simple, one-piece piqué dress in bright canary yellow. The butterfly shoulders, high round neckline, brown wood buttons and unusual waistline are features of the dress.*

*Sports clothes preferred  
by popular radio singer*

If you would like to know where these lovely clothes may be purchased in your own vicinity, write to Adele Gardiner, Fashion Editor, TOWER RADIO MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Clothes from  
Best & Company  
New York

# Harriet Hilliard

## TALKS ON BEAUTY

**N**O matter how hot it is on the stage of a theater or on the bandstand of a hotel dining room, or in front of the mike at a radio studio, you just must look cool when you are helping entertain a summer audience. So when our readers ask for advice about how to look their best in warm weather, I hope that perhaps I can give them some real help from my own experience.

The most important thing is to *look* cool. You have had this kind of compliment, I am sure. I was sitting the other night thinking how stifling hot it was. But I wore a crisp white organdy dress. A man came up, his collar all wilted, perspiring. He said: "You look as cool and fresh as a daisy."

I began to feel cool, after that. If you are dainty and fresh and cool looking, your dog-day beauty problem is half solved.

I wear the airiest, most comfortable things in Summer, with thin sandals and light-weight summer jewelry. And I take especially particular pains with make-up.

Cosmetics, and all the other beauty aids, can be used with special skill in hot weather to help along the appearance of coolness. There are the most refreshing creams and lotions, cologne and toilet water, powders, soaps, lipstick and rouge that help give that special look of freshness and daintiness essential to midsummer beauty.

I always use lighter make-up in Summer, and recommend it to others, too. For there must be nothing heavy about the appearance when the temperature goes high. We have a letter from a reader on this matter of summer make-up.

"Please tell me," writes H. C., "something about make-up for warm weather. I have blue-gray eyes, black eyebrows and lashes and light brown hair. My skin, which is rather dark, is a little oily."

Oily skin is emphasized by the heat. You should wash it thoroughly, though gently, with soap and water night and morning. Give it a cold cream massage at night. Then remove the excess cream with facial tissue before washing the face.

After the daily bath pat the skin with toilet water. I just slosh it on in warm weather. It keeps the skin always fresh and sweet and of course tends to counteract oiliness.

Choose a medium rouge and a powder blended to match the skin tone. But remember that a little lighter powder should be chosen in Summer than usual. As the face gets warm it perspires, of course, and the moisture makes the powder look darker than it is. Then the face looks dirty.

Here is another letter about make-up. Mrs. F. C.



Roy Lee Jackson

Summer presents the age-old, difficult problem of how to keep cool. Miss Hilliard has invaluable suggestions

writes: "I like to use rouge, but I have trouble getting it on so that it looks natural. Can you give me any suggestions about putting it on, and about how much to use to look best?"

**W**HEN I first began to take an interest in make-up a girl I knew, an actress, gave me some advice. "When you put on rouge," she said, "just try doing it this way: Close the lips and smile at yourself in the mirror. And rub your rouge on the fat part of the cheeks, the part that puffs up in a little mound when you smile." I have always followed that advice, and it is a sure way for getting rouge on in the right place. There is no need to analyze your face, to think whether it is wide or narrow, short or long. Just put the rouge on those little puffs of the cheek and it will be right.

The matter of how much or how little rouge to use is an age-old question. Common sense should decide it. There should be just a flush, as natural looking as possible. I think the most important thing about cheek rouge is to be sure that it is well blended with the real tone of the skin. To begin with, of course, the right shade should be chosen. You can get help on that when you buy it. There are make-up experts who are glad to give advice about all these things. Then, after you apply the rouge, it should be well blended off at the edges with the fingers.

Paste rouge should be applied with the fingers. Dry rouge should be put on with a clean little puff. Powder goes on after the rouge, of course. And be sure you use one of those soft little powder brushes to get the excess powder off, for nothing (*Please turn to page 63*)

# Programs You'll Want to Hear

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

## Popular Variety Programs

**Accordiana**—with Abe Lyman's Orchestra; Vivienne Siegal, soprano, and Oliver Smith, tenor (Sterling Products, Inc.) 8:30 P.M., CBS.

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

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

**Armour Program**—Phil Baker, comedian; Harry McNaughton; Mabel Albertson; Irene Beasley, blues singer; orchestra (Armour Company) 9:30 P.M., Friday, NBC-WJZ.

**Big Show**—Gertrude Niesen, vocalist; Erno Rapee and his orchestra; guest star (Ex-Lax Co.) 9:30 P.M., Monday, CBS.

**Broadway Vanities**—Everett Marshall, baritone; Elizabeth Lennox, contralto; Irving Kaufman, song and voice impersonations; mixed chorus; Victor Arden's Orchestra (Bi-So-Dol Co.) 8:30 P.M., Wednesday, CBS.

**Bowes' Capitol Family**—Major Bowes as master of ceremonies; Waldo Mayo, Tom McLaughlin; Nicholas Cosentino; Hannah Klein; Four Minute Men (NBC service from Capitol Theatre, New York) 11:30 A.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

**Chase and Sanborn Hour**—Jimmy "Schnozzle" Durante, comedian; Rubinoff and his orchestra; Teddy Bergman doing Rubinoff's speaking lines (Standard Brands, Inc.) 8:00 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

**Cheramy Program**—Maxine, mezzo-soprano; Phil Spitalny's Ensemble (Cheramy, Inc.) 10:30 P.M., Friday, CBS.

**Chesterfield Program**—Andre Kostelantcz Orchestra playing and accompanying Rosa Ponsell (Monday); Nino Martini (Wednesday); and Grete Stueckgold (Saturday) (Liggett and Myers Tobacco Co.) 9:00 P.M., CBS.

**Colgate House Party**—Joe Cook, comedian; Donald Novis, tenor; Frances Langford, blues singer; Rhythm Girls; Melody Boys; Don Vorhees' Orchestra (Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.) 9:30 P.M., Monday, NBC-WEAF.

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

**Contented Program**—Gene Arnold; Lullaby Lady; male quartet; orchestra conducted by Morgan L. Eastman; Jean Paul King announcer (Carnation Milk Co.) 10:00 P.M., Monday, NBC-WEAF.

**Corn Cob Club of Virginia**—rustic music; male quartet (Larus and

Brothers Co.) 10:00 P.M., Wednesday, NBC-WEAF.

**Dixie Circus**—"Uncle Bob" Sherwood, famous circus clown; Bradley Barker, animal imitator; Frank Novak's Orchestra (Individual Drinking Cup Co.) 6:45 P.M., CBS.

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

**Forty-five Minutes in Hollywood**—Mark Warnow's Orchestra; movie guest stars (Borden Company) 10:30 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

**Fred Allen's Hour of Smiles**—Fred Allen, comedian; Theodore Webb, the Ipana Troubadour; the Marshall Bartholomew Singers and Lennie Hayton's Orchestra (Bristol-Myers Co.) 9:00 P.M., Wednesday, NBC-WEAF.

**General Tire Program**—Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone; Frank Parker, tenor; Jimmy Grier and his orchestra (General Tire and Rubber Co.) 10:30 P.M., Friday, NBC-WEAF.

**Gulf Headliners**—The Revellers Quartet and Will Rogers with Pickens Sisters; later special series of star broadcasts from Europe (Gulf Refining Co.) 9:00 P.M., NBC-WJZ.

**Hall of Fame**—Guest artists; orchestra directed by Nat Shilkret (Lehn and Fink Products Co.) 10:00 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

**Let's Listen to Harris**—Phil Harris and his orchestra with Leah Ray, blues singer, (Northam Warren Co.) 9:00 P.M., Friday, NBC-WJZ.

**Little Miss Bab-O's Surprise Party**—Mary Small, juvenile singer; William

Wirges' Orchestra; guest artists (B. T. Babbitt Co., Inc.) 1:30 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

**Manhattan Merry Go Round**—Tamara, Russian blues singer; David Percy, soloist; Men About Town; orchestra under direction of Jacques Renaud (R. L. Watkins Co.) 9:00 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

**Maria's Certo Matinee**—Lanny Ross, tenor; Mary Lou; Conrad Thibault, baritone, and Gus Haenschel's orchestra (General Foods Corp.) 3:00 P.M., Friday, NBC-WEAF.

**Maury H. B. Paul's Society Comment**—with Fray and Braggiotti, piano duo; Freddie Martin's Orchestra (Elizabeth Arden) 9:00 P.M., Tuesday, CBS.

**Maxwell House Showboat**—Charles Winninger (Cap'n Henry); Lanny Ross; Annette Hanshaw, blues singer; Muriel Wilson, soprano; Conrad Thibault, baritone; Molasses 'n' January, comedians; Gus Haenschel's Orchestra (General Foods Corp.) 9:00 P.M., Thursday, NBC-WEAF.

**Morton Downey's Studio Party**—Downey as master of ceremonies with a varied sustaining cast; orchestra (sustaining program) 8:00 P.M., Saturday, CBS.

**Mollé Show**—Shirley Howard and the Jesters, Red, Wamp and Guy; Milton Rettenberg, pianist; Tony Calucci, guitar (The Mollé Company) 7:30 P.M., Monday and Thursday, NBC-WEAF.

**Music on the Air**—with Jimmy Kemper (Tidewater Oil Co.) 7:30 P.M., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, CBS.

**Nestlé's Chocolateers**—Ethel Shutta, soloist; Walter O'Keefe; Bobby Dolan's Orchestra (Lamont-Corliss Co.) 8:00 P.M., Friday, NBC-WJZ.

**One Night Stands**—Pick and Pat, blackface comedians; guest singer; orchestra under direction of Josef Bonime (United States Tobacco Co.) 9:30 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

**Plough's Musical Courier**—Vincent Lopez and his orchestra; Ed Sullivan, columnist; Three Scamps; Frances Langford, contralto; guest artist; Charles Lyons (Plough, Inc.) 10:00 P.M., Wednesday, NBC-WJZ.

**Raymond Knight and his Cuckoos**—Mrs. Pennyfeather; Mary McCoy; Jack Arthur; The Sparklers and Robert Ambruster's Orchestra (A. C. Spark Plug Co.) 9:00 P.M., Wednesday, NBC-WJZ.

**Richard Humber and the Studebaker Champions**—Richard Humber and his orchestra; Joey Nash, tenor (Studebaker Sales Corporation) 9:30 P.M., Tuesday, CBS.

**Tender Tea Leaves Program**—Jack Pearl—the Baron Munchausen; Cliff Hall; Peter Van Steeden's Orchestra (Standard Brands, Inc.) 8:00 P.M., Wednesday, NBC-WEAF.

**Schlitz Program of the Week**—Stoopnagle and Budd, comedians; music, drama, popular and semi-classic music (Schlitz Brewing Co.) 10:00 P.M. Friday, CBS.

**Sinclair's Greater Minstrels**—with Gene Arnold, interlocutor; Joe Parsons, bass; male quartet; Bill Childs, Mac McCloud, Clifford Soubier, end men; band under direction of Harry Kogen (Sinclair Refining Co.) 9:00 P.M., Monday, NBC-WJZ.

**Ward's Family Theater**—James Melton, tenor; guest stars; Joseph Pasternack's Orchestra (Ward Baking Co.) 9:00 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

(Please turn to page 54)

## FACTS ABOUT RADIO FOLKS

The Beale Street Boys, CBS radio quartet, got their start at the Peabody Hotel in Memphis, where two were waiters, one was a floor boy and the fourth a bus-boy. . . . Morton Downey has been playing his first supper club engagement in Chicago, at the Chez Paree. . . . He opened May 26th. . . . The Downeys anticipate an addition to the family in about four months. . . . The tallest saxophone player anywhere is John Langford, member of the Isham Jones orchestra. . . . He is six foot ten. . . . Joe Cook is in Hollywood making a comedy for Fox, but he is still on the Colgate House Party hour, broadcasting from the Coast. . . . Gertrude Niesen started a vaudeville tour in June. . . . Bing Crosby finished his broadcast series on May 28th, and remains on the Coast until the expected addition to the Crosby family arrives. . . . Ruth Etting is making six short films for RKO. . . . The Mills Brothers scored a hit in London. . . . The first colored artists ever to appear in a command performance, they sang "Lazybones" and the King smiled. . . . Glen Gray and his Casa Loma band are appearing at the Glen Island Casino in Westchester, outside New York, for the Summer. . . . Arthur Tracy's vaudeville tour takes him to the Coast. . . . Our choice for the oddest name in all radio: Minerva Pious, who is a member of Fred Allen's cast of comedy players.

**Maestro Don Bestor declares war on  
the word "jazz," wants it outlawed**



Culver



Ray Lee Jackson

*Joy Lynn is the pretty singer heard each week with Don Bestor and his orchestra.*

*Left, Joe Cook, snapped during a broadcast just before he left New York to go to Hollywood, where he combines film acting with radio work.*

(Continued from page 9)

THAT haunting, unnamed musical theme of the Andre Kostelanetz programs with Rosa Ponselle, Nino Martini and Grete Stueckgold came into being in a more casual manner, probably, than any other theme on the air. When the new series was completed, Kostelanetz asked Charles Henderson, his piano player, to write a theme song that would be far away from the fanfare type—something soothing and "indefinite." When Henderson played it for the conductor, Kostelanetz immediately extracted a few entrancing bars from the middle and adopted them for his theme. That's why it has no definite beginning and no definite conclusion.

**Behind  
THE  
DIAL**

How Charles Correll (he's Andy to you) met his wife, the former Marie Janes, of Newton, Iowa, is an interesting story. With Amos (Freeman Fisher Gosden in private life), he was playing McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, eight years ago, when he was attracted to a pretty young woman seated in the first row of the theater. She smiled and he smiled—and Andy noticed she occupied the same seat at every performance the rest of the week. The boys moved to a neighborhood theater the following week—and there was the same young lady smiling at Andy from the same spot at every show. And so, they met and were married. Amos is married to the former Leta Schreiber, who was secretary to the general manager of the Chicago Tribune when they middle-aided it seven years ago.

FATHER COUGHLIN, radio's fighting priest, resumes his broadcasts in October. Here are some statistics about one of America's outstanding characters made by radio: It is estimated that he reached an audience of 30,000,000 people via twenty-seven stations on his chain. His audience contributed \$500,000 last year to his many projects, of which sum \$380,000 was consumed by the broadcasting charges. His mail averages 80,000 letters a week.

RADIO ROW is still wondering how Joe Cook got his job with that Saturday night program. He landed it without an audition, and that is a violation of all radio precedent. Cook tried for years previously to get on the air and used to give trial performances by the hour. Two years ago he swore he would never give another—and he didn't. Yet he was sent for and handed one of the choice jobs of the season; the only explanation that Cook can find for his engagement is that somebody must have told his sponsor he was good.

JOE COOK'S decision not to give an audition was reached after a rather distressing experience. When he gave his last audition two years ago, the comedian asked the musicians to refrain from laughter unless his material genuinely amused them. The result was peals of merriment all through the performance and a vigorous protest from the audition board at its conclusion. "What is the big idea," they demanded, in substance, "of all those prop laughs? You can't influence the board by any old trick like that." And they turned thumbs down on Cook's application. The comic was so mad that he never entered another radio studio until he had a contract in his pocket.

School teachers are not infallible. When Glenn, of Gene and Glenn, was a little boy in school his infectious laugh used to break up the discipline of the classroom. Teachers, losing patience, persisted in predicting that unless he settled down and stopped laughing he would never amount to much. Glenn fooled them by commercializing his giggle for radio. Today that laugh is known to Jake and Lena fans from one end of the country to the other and has brought its owner fame and fortune.

HARRY VON ZELL, while working as an announcer at Pacific coast stations, got his first real radio break. Paul Whiteman went (Please turn to page 92)

# FRED WARING

## MIXES A SALAD

*Showing that the hand  
that wields a baton may  
do very well with a salad  
fork and spoon*



*For mixing a simple  
lettuce salad Mr.  
Waring advises the  
kind of wooden salad  
bowl that gourmets  
use in France.*

CERTAINLY Fred Waring is no cooking expert, but he's willing to pass on a few ideas about salads. And certainly no one could call Fred a fussy man, but—if you're asking him—please make the salad without benefit of either garlic or onions.

For a plain lettuce or endive salad to serve with roast chicken or other meat in the Continental manner, Mr. Waring is all in favor of one of those old-fashioned French wooden salad bowls that gourmets insist give the salad a peculiarly fine flavor. The salad greens should be well washed, well drained and thoroughly chilled. Then pop them into the salad bowl, add about four tablespoons of oil and two tablespoons of vinegar, sprinkle with salt and pepper to taste and mix thoroughly with a wooden salad fork and spoon.

For a more elaborate salad Fred Waring likes nothing better than pineapple and cream cheese with mayonnaise dressing. You may simply put a ring of canned pineapple on crisp lettuce with a cube of cream cheese on top and a little mayonnaise on the side or you can cut the pineapple into small wedge shaped pieces and spread each with a little cheese and then arrange on the lettuce leaves.

And avocado or alligator pear salad also looks good to Mr. Waring, especially for a rather light luncheon or dinner when something fairly substantial is needed to give the meal proper balance. For a really hearty luncheon salad try this. Choose a medium size avocado, allowing one for each two servings. Peel off the outside skin, cut in two and remove the pit. Place each half on a bed of lettuce, spread with mayonnaise and sprinkle with chopped pecans or walnuts.

Another avocado salad a la Waring is made by combining sliced avocado and sliced tomato on lettuce leaves with mayonnaise dressing.

A dark meat chicken salad that Mr. Waring recommends is made from equal parts cubed dark chicken meat and finely cut up celery, to which a little drained crushed pineapple is added, served on lettuce with mayonnaise.

A satisfying tongue salad is made from equal parts fresh boiled or corned tongue cut into quarter inch cubes, and finely cubed celery, flavored to taste with coarsely chopped white onions and dill pickles. Mr. Waring's favorite Waldorf salad is made from equal parts diced celery and apples, to which is added a little diced pineapple and pecans, served on lettuce.

*SURPRISING COLORS HIDDEN IN HUMAN SKIN PRODUCE*

# Remarkable Change in Powder Shades



**OPTICAL MACHINE FINDS**  
*Bright Blue* IN BLONDE SKIN  
*Grass Green* IN BRUNETTE  
**NEW SHADES GIVE "LIFE" TO ALL SKINS . . .**

(from left) Mrs. William T. Wetmore uses Brunette. Miss Charlotte Young and Mrs. Hal Fitzhugh Lee use Pond's Rose Cream.

**DO YOU KNOW** that there is now a face powder that actually contains the hidden colors in human skin?

A delicate machine has made this possible!

A machine that discovered bright blue in blonde skin . . . vivid green in brunette. Hidden shades that give transparency to blonde skin . . . creamy charm to brunette.

Pond's tested over two hundred girls' skins with this scientific machine. Dazzling complexions to wan, dull skins . . . we tested every one.

*New shades freshen skin*

From all of this study we evolved the six perfect powder shades that will enhance—enliven—any coloring.

NATURAL . . . perfect for very fair blondes.

Brightens the face . . . ROSE CREAM is for most blondes and for fair-skinned brunettes. Adds fresh luminous quality to the skin.

LIGHT CREAM for ivory-skinned blondes and brunettes. Adds a velvety radiance to skin . . . BRUNETTE (Rachel) for brunette and "creamy" skins. Gives them life!

ROSE BRUNETTE, a warmer shade . . . gives sparkle to sallow skins and tones down ruddiness . . . DARK BRUNETTE is for brunettes of pronounced coloring. And for sun-tanned skins.

And Pond's—in these heavenly new shades—spreads with such marvelous smoothness that you *stay* powdered all day long. The perfume is very French—very expensive! Yet Pond's is amazingly reasonably priced. A glass jar for only



*Made of the finest ingredients*  
**ONLY 55¢**

**10¢**

55¢ contains as much as many \$1.00 boxes. The extra-big jar is \$1.10. Five-and-tens and Variety Stores carry 10¢ and 25¢ sizes.

★ *Send 5¢ for Two Special Boxes* of Pond's Face Powder and an extra sample . . . three different Light or three different Dark Shades, with directions for choosing your shade.

Pond's Extract Co., Dept. H, 92 Hudson St., New York  
 I enclose 5¢ (to cover cost of postage and packing) for Two Special Boxes of Pond's new Face Powder and an extra sample—three different shades in all.

I prefer 3 different *Light* Shades   
 I prefer 3 different *Dark* Shades

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

Copyright, 1934, Pond's Extract Company



**NATURAL    ROSE CREAM    LIGHT CREAM    BRUNETTE    ROSE BRUNETTE    DARK BRUNETTE**

# A FACT!

SCIENCE ADVANCES NEW DATA THAT MAY COMPLETELY CHANGE YOUR IDEAS OF CIGARETTES!

YOUR ENERGY VARIES DURING THE DAY



## Experience of Camel Smokers Confirmed

Here's a basic discovery that throws new light on our past knowledge about cigarettes. It embodies an "energizing effect"...a quick restoration of the flow of natural body energy. .a delightful relief from fatigue and irritability. You do "get a lift with a Camel," and it is a pleasure that you can repeat as often as you like.

CAMELS can literally relieve fatigue and irritability

Are you irritable...cross and fussy when tired? Then light a Camel. As you enjoy its cool, rich flavor, you will quickly feel your flow of natural energy being restored. That "done-in" feeling drops away. Your pep and cheerfulness come flooding back.

### EFFECT IS NATURAL

The effect is produced by Camels in a wholly natural and utterly delightful way. So, whenever you feel run-down, tired and irritable, just light a Camel.

You can smoke just as many of these delightful Camels as you want. You can increase your flow of energy over and over again. And you need *never* worry about your nerves. For remember: *Camel's costlier tobaccos never get on your nerves.*



TOO TIRED FOR FUN... and then she smoked a Camel!

**CAMEL'S  
COSTLIER TOBACCOS  
NEVER GET ON  
YOUR NERVES!**



Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS — Turkish and Domestic — than any other popular brand.

KNOW THIS FEELING? The feeling of being too "all in" to respond to the gaiety of the crowd? That's one of the many times to light a Camel and enjoy its rich flavor while your flow of healthful energy is restored. You will *like* Camels—a matchless blend of costlier tobaccos!

Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

"Get a LIFT with a Camel!"

# Radio from the Inside

BY THE MAN AT THE CONTROLS

**R**ADIO'S a mad, mad business. It's chuck full of all sorts of happenings—some crazy, others half-crazy. Behind its glittery entertainment, its big business and its mighty influence upon millions of listeners are far more interesting stories than there are crooners or decrepit jokes.

They're worth recording in print, so I'm going to corral the incidents, the paradoxes, the artist's foibles, the sponsorship sprees, the bright brayings, and about everything else I can lay my big ears on. I think that maybe it'll be a monthly feature, for most of the stuff you'll read won't find its way into other channels. There will be low-downs on the high-ups—not malicious, but mirthful. These will be interpolated with my own observations and ramblings. There will be no idle rumors about radio's idols. I'm going to take my fun where I find it, and try to bring it to you.

**I** FOUND some fun one night over in Radio City, watching the awe-stricken folks gasping at their first glimpse of real broadcasting studios and artists in the flesh. They were all immensely impressed—that is, with the exception of a couple of farmers from up-state New York. But the braided page boy was doing his best for dear old NBC to make their visit sensational.

"There," he said, pointing to the artists around, "is Fred Allen, and that's Lennie Hayton with him. There's Lanny Ross talking with Paul White-man in the corner. See—there goes Rudy Vallee and Graham McNamee with another announcer."

Finally one of the Hiram's spoke up: "Say," he said, "ain't you got any celebrities around here?"

**B**Y the way, it takes herculean efforts to crash the Radio City citadel, you know. All sizes of uniformed attendants form a barricade, and to go through them without a studio pass or special credentials is like going through the mill. Or, at least one feels that way at the end. A friend of mine in the advertising business—a very nice chap—decided to drop in and eavesdrop on an NBC program, but he didn't have the printed "Open Sesame." He displayed his advertising affiliations, his automobile license, his police card, and finally his vaccination and a mole behind his left ear. But all this was of no avail. Then, in desperation, he flashed his season pass to the studios of National's arch-rival, the Columbia Broadcasting System.

The chief St. Peter of NBC's portals stood at attention, tipped his hat, and my friend swept regally by.

## *Citing Sight Impressions!*

George Jessel—a cloak-and-suitor dressed up for the visiting buyers.

Kate Smith—the neighbor's big sister who's always helping the others.

Jack Benny—Mary's little lamb.

Lanny Ross—Little Lord Fauntleroy grown up.

George Hall—A Mephistopheles who decided to be a nice guy.

David Ross—Charlie Chaplin as Hamlet.

George Olsen—a set of uppers and lowers on my dentist's shelf.

Fred Waring—Svengali become a small-town collegiate.

George Burns—ham and eggs, sunnyside up.

Vincent Lopez—the hotel barber who tries out all the hair tonics.

**F**LOWERS are such an endearing expression of sentiment, and often there is much meaning that goes with them. But when a certain radio star receives a lavish corsage of white orchids for her microphone appearances each Friday night, I begin to wonder what that means. Particularly, when the sender is a handsome insurance executive and the recipient is lovely Jessica Dragonette.

**K**ING GEORGE of England is a word-scarred veteran of the microphone, having broadcast to these shores on quite a few occasions. In fact, His Majesty has a special solid gold microphone for his exclusive use.

But I'm really curious to know if Queen Mary will be allowed to borrow it from her husband when she makes her very first broadcast early in September. England's first lady will be heard over Columbia from Glasgow, Scotland, when she launches the world's largest ship, "Number 534."

It'll be a big day at Glasgow, but at Buckingham Palace no one will be home. Perhaps a dropper-inner at Buckingham on that date will find tacked to the front door a penciled sign, saying: "Come back later. Out to launch."

**A**FTER listening to some of our artists talking about themselves, I'm beginning to think that they form their own boast-to-boast networks.

There's a proverb that says something about he who has friends is wealthy—or words to that effect. If so, then Little Jack Little must be a millionaire. For the other night during a single broadcast, I heard him

say "and now, my friends" eleven times. I counted them, hoping friend Jack would make it an even dozen, but I guess eleven must be his lucky number.

**T**YPING out the word w-e-a-l-t-h-y a moment ago started me off on a tangent of thought—or, at least a tangent. It seems there's a myriad of ways to coin money in radio without being branded as a counterfeiter. Some people—who're probably nice to their parents—have an ingenious knack of cashing in on ten per cent of this, and ten per cent of that. Some of them get it coming and going—another variation of easy coming, easy going. But the prize case happened a few weeks ago, and I simply must tell you about it.

A well-known band leader was signed for an attractive commercial several weeks before he was to wind up a successful twenty-six-week contract under another sponsor's banner. It was merely a matter of the maestro bettering himself on a bigger hook-up with more time and money—and he and his first meal check were parting on the best of terms. In fact, the latter consulted the said baton-wielder as to the choice of his successor, asking him if he thought that, say Joe Blank and his band would be a good bet to follow on the bandstand. The departing leader said he thought so, but he'd first have to give the suggested band careful consideration through thorough study.

He then went to the manager of Joe Blank and said that the sponsor had left it entirely up to him to pick the orchestra that was to take his place, and for the small consideration of ten per cent he would recommend Blank. The latter, sponsor-famished—especially at such a lucrative plum in view—gladly agreed. And that's the payoff.

## PROBE RADIO ADVERTISING

Radio advertising is to be subjected to the scrutiny of the Federal Trade Commission, according to the Commission's announcement. This announcement means that the Federal Government will extend to radio advertising the same principle that for years has been applied to newspaper, periodical and other forms of advertising, under Section 5 of the Federal Trade Commission Act, which gives the Commission jurisdiction over unfair methods of competition in interstate commerce. This the courts have held to embrace false and misleading advertising.

Pursuant to that plan, the Commission addressed letters to the broadcasting stations requesting them, beginning July 1st, to mail weekly copy of commercial continuities, which will be checked to determine whether or not any of them are in violation of the Federal Trade Commission act.

It is pointed out that the jurisdiction of the Federal Trade Commission extends to false and misleading advertising and has nothing to do with the length or form of the advertising announcements.

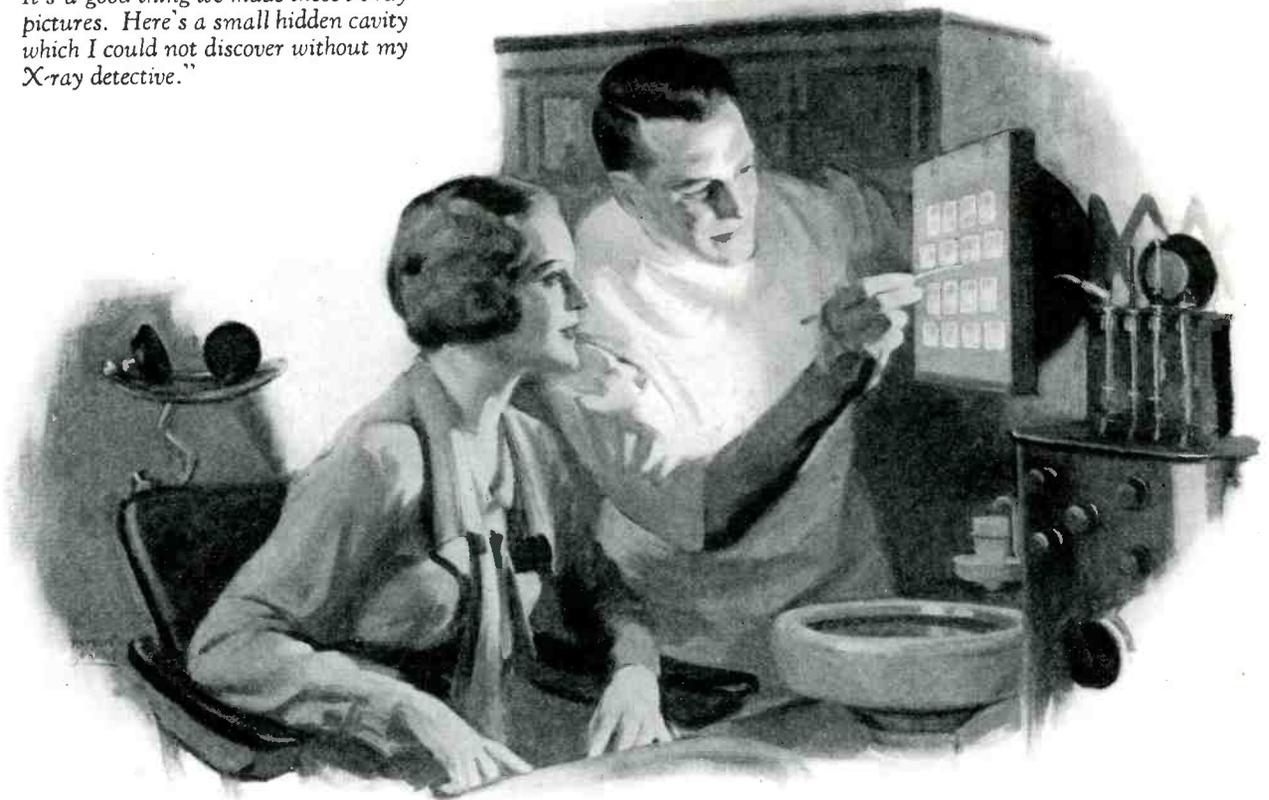
**B**ING CROSBY'S fans will just hate to be told that for his screen appearances it takes the stickiest of adhesives to keep his ears back from covering the supporting players. . . . "You nasty man" was a favorite expression in Atlantic City ten years ago when Joe Penner was a seashore burlesque headliner. . . . Morton Downey is sinking his shekels into a Brooklyn factory that turns out glass through a patented process. . . . None of the pretty gals who were chosen "Miss Radio" in the past six years are on the airwaves now—all of which means something or other. . . . The rival networks are trying to get together to ban the appearances of newspaper columnists who inveigle talent to appear before the microphone with them free of charge, claiming it's hurting the artists who like to get paid for working. . . . Eddie Cantor, who usually says some pretty nice things about himself, struck a new high not so long ago in declaring "I'm the greatest emissary the Roosevelt administration has." . . . Some of the musicians in the orchestras around the chain studios harvest more money for themselves than do the executives that hire them. . . . Norman Brokenshire would like to have a job.

(Please turn to page 56)



# Your Dentist's Detective

*"It's a good thing we made these X-ray pictures. Here's a small hidden cavity which I could not discover without my X-ray detective."*



**P**OSTPONING a visit to your dentist is not postponing trouble. It is bringing it closer. Time and money will be saved by a visit to your dentist every six months. It is impossible to have good health if the teeth, gums and soft tissues of your mouth are not kept in good condition.

If your dentist advises X-ray pictures of your teeth, take his advice. With the X-ray to inform him, he knows the condition of the deeper structures, the roots and the tooth sockets. In many cases early cavities can be found only by X-rays. If you have pyorrhea he may discover it at a stage in which it can be successfully treated.

Because an aching tooth demands prompt attention it is usually far less dangerous to health than the undiscovered trouble-maker. A tooth may seem to be sound and healthy and yet hidden trouble may be brewing. Infection may exist at the root of a guilty tooth long before it is suspected that anything is wrong. Meanwhile, the surround-

ing bony structure is being broken down and destroyed, while infection may be absorbed into the system through the blood stream. Such infection may damage the heart and other vital organs, may cause eye, ear, sinus, nerve, joint or digestive trouble.

When a firmly rooted tooth is to be extracted an X-ray picture may be needed to assist the dentist. Sometimes the roots are hooked or teeth may have failed to come through the gums. In such cases damage to the jaw-bone may result from a "blind" extraction.

If you have sound teeth and gums, then a correct diet, including some hard and "crunchy" food, will help to keep them healthy. Teeth, living parts of the body, are built by food. They need the minerals contained in eggs, milk, vegetables, fruits and cereals.

Send for the Metropolitan's free booklet, "Good Teeth." Address Booklet Dept. 834-B.



**METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY**  
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

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# Programs You'll Want to Hear

(Continued from page 48)

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

*Paul Whiteman*—Paul Whiteman and his orchestra; Deems Taylor, master of ceremonies; Mystery Singer; guest artists (Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corp.) 10:00 P.M., Thursday, NBC-WEAF.

*Zoel Parenteau Orchestra*—with Harold Van Emburgh, baritone; Margaret Daum, soprano (Worcester Salt Co.) 8:00 P.M., Friday, CBS.

## Concerts and Classical Music

*Cities Service Concert*—Olga Albani, soloist; Cities Service quartet; Frank Banta and Milton Rettenberg, piano duo; Rosario Bourdon's Orchestra (Cities Service Co.) 8:00 P.M., Friday, NBC-WEAF.

*Hoover Sentinels Concert*—Edward Davies; a Capella Choir, under direction of Noble Cain; Joseph Koestner's Orchestra (The Hoover Co.) 5:30 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

*La Forge Berumen Musicale*—(sustaining feature) 3:00 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

*Lieutenant Francis W. Sutherland and his Seventh Regiment Band*—(sustaining) 4:00 P.M., Tuesday, CBS.

*Melody Hour*—with Milo Miloradovich, soprano; Charles Stratton, baritone; Grande Trio (sustaining program) 8:00 A.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

*Packard Presents*—Dr. Walter Damosch and his hundred piece symphony orchestra; John B. Kennedy, narrator, (Packard Motor Car Co.) 10:00 P.M., Monday, NBC-WJZ.

*NBC Symphony Orchestra*—with Josef Lhevinne, pianist; Frank Black, conductor (sustaining program) 10:30 P.M., Thursday, NBC-WJZ.

*Palmolive Beauty Box Theater*—Musical comedies and operettas presented with a galaxy of well known stars; Nathaniel Shilkert's Orchestra; Palmolive Chorus (Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.) 10:00 P.M., Tuesday, NBC-WEAF.

*Radio City Concert*—Radio City Symphony Orchestra; chorus and soloists (NBC service from Radio City) 12:30 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

*Sousa Men's Band*—under direction of Eugene La Barre (sustaining) 4:00 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

*Spalding Concert*—Albert Spalding, violinist; Don Vorhees' Orchestra (The Centaur Co.) 10:30 P.M., Wednesday, CBS.

*Symphonic Hour*—Howard Barlow and orchestra (sustaining) 3:00 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

*Voice of Firestone*—Gladys Swarthout; vocal ensemble; William Daly's Symphonic String Orchestra (Firestone Tire and Rubber Co.) 8:30 P.M., Monday, NBC-WEAF.

## Piano and Organ Music

*Abram Chasins*—pianist, 2:15 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

*Fray and Braggiotti*—piano duo (sustaining) 10:45 P.M., Thursday, CBS.

*Helen Gennert and Edith Davis*—4:00 P.M., Wednesday, CBS.

*Ann Leaf at the Organ*—(sustaining)

2 P.M., Monday, Tuesday and Thursday; 4:00 P.M., Saturday, CBS.

## Children's Programs

*Babe Ruth*—The King of Swat himself; baseball comment; dramatization (Quaker Oats Co.) Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 8:45 P.M., NBC-WJZ.

*Buck Rogers in the 25th Century*—(Cocomalt Co.) 6:00 P.M., Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, CBS.

*Bobby Benson and Sunny Jim*—(Hecker H-O Co.) 6:15 P.M., daily except Saturday and Sunday, CBS.

*Frank Merriwell's Adventures*—with Donald Briggs and Dolores Gillen (The Western Co.) 5:30 P.M., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, NBC-WEAF.

*Horn and Hardart Children's Hour*—a variety show given by children, with Paul Douglas acting as master of ceremonies (Horn and Hardart Co.) 11:00 A.M., Sunday, WABC-W2XE, CBS.

*Jack Armstrong—All-American boy*—(General Mills, Inc.) 5:30 P.M., daily except Sunday, CBS.

*Lady Next Door*—directed by Madge Tucker (sustaining program) 4:45 P.M., Monday, Tuesday and Thursday, NBC-WEAF.

*Let's Pretend*—(sustaining) 10:35 A.M., Saturday, CBS.

*Little Orphan Annie*—with Shirley Bell and Allen Baruck (Wander Co.) daily except Sunday at 5:45 P.M., NBC-WJZ.

*NBC Children's Hour*—Milton J. Cross, master of ceremonies (sustaining program) 9:00 A.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

*Singing Lady*—nursery jingles, songs and stories (Kellogg Co.) 5:30 daily except Saturday and Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

*Skippy*—(Sterling Products, Inc.) 5:15 P.M., daily except Saturday and Sunday, CBS.

*Sunday Morning at Aunt Susan's*—(sustaining program) 9:00 A.M., Sunday, CBS.

*Winnie the Pooh*—(sustaining program) 5:30 P.M., NBC-WEAF.

## Dance Bands

*Ben Bernie's Blue Ribbon Orchestra*—The Old Maestro himself and all the boys (Pabst Premier Sales Co.) 9:00 P.M., Tuesday, NBC-WEAF.

*Charlie Davis and his Orchestra*—11:45 P.M., Tuesday; 12:30 A.M., Thursday; 11:20 P.M., Friday, CBS.

*Charlie Previn and his Orchestra*—(Real Silk Hosiery Mills) 7:00 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

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

*Henry Busse*—12:30 A.M., Sunday and 11:45 P.M., Thursday, CBS.

*Isham Jones*—11:20 P.M., Sunday and Monday, CBS.

*Jack Denny*—12:30 A.M., Tuesday, NBC-WEAF.

*Jan Garber*—(Northwestern Yeast Co.) 8:00 P.M., Monday, NBC-WJZ.

*Leo Reisman*—with Phil Duey, baritone (Phillip Morris & Co.) 8:00 P.M., Tuesday, NBC-WEAF.

*Leon Belasco*—12, midnight, Monday; 11:45 P.M., Friday, CBS.

*Little Jack Little*—(Continental Baking Co.) 9:15 P.M., Friday, CBS.

*Ozzie Nelson*—11:30 P.M., Tuesday; 12 midnight, Thursday, CBS.

*Reggie Childs*—11:20 P.M., Wednesday and Saturday; 12 midnight, Thursday, CBS.

*Ted Fiorito*—12 midnight, Saturday, CBS.

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

## Dramatic Sketches

*Bar X Days and Nights*—Romance of the early West (Health Products Corp.) 3:00 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

*Conflict*—drama by T. S. Stribling, Pulitzer Prize winner, 10:30 P.M., Tuesday, CBS.

*Court of Human Relations*—8:30 P.M., Friday, CBS.

*Dramatic Guild*—9:30 P.M., Saturday, CBS.

*Easy Aces*—Jane and Goodman Ace (Wyeth Chemical Co.) 8:15 P.M., Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, CBS.

*First Nighter*—June Meredith, Don Ameche, Cliff Soubier; Eric Sagerquist's Orchestra (Campagna Corp.) 10:00 P.M., Friday, NBC-WEAF.

*Irene Rich*—with supporting cast in sketch—(Welch Grape Juice Co.) 7:30 P.M., Wednesday, NBC-WJZ.

*Just Plain Bill*—with Arthur Hughes (Kolynos Sales Corp.) 7:15 P.M., daily except Saturday and Sunday, CBS.

*Love Story Program*—dramatic sketches with Broadway and Hollywood stars (Wm. R. Warner Co.) 9:30 P.M., Wednesday, NBC-WJZ.

*Ma Perkins*—with Virginia Payne, Margery Hannon, Karl Hubel, Willard Farnum and Charles Eggleston (Oxydol Co.) 2:45 P.M., Monday to Friday inclusive, NBC-WEAF.

*One Man's Family*—with Anthony Smythe and cast (sustaining program) 11:30 P.M., Saturday, NBC-WEAF.

*Radio Guild*—(sustaining program) 3:00 P.M., Monday, NBC-WJZ.

(Please turn to page 93)

## THINGS YOU SHOULD KNOW

James Melton once sang in the University of Georgia Glee Club. . . . As a kid George Burns, of Burns and Allen, organized a "peewee quartet" which sang in neighborhood bar-rooms for pennies. . . . Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink is the mother of eight children, grandmother of eleven and great grandmother of four. . . . Albert Spalding is always nervous before his broadcasts and walks rapidly about the studio. . . . H. V. Kaltenborn speaks extemporaneously, using only brief notes. . . . Jack Denny uses the longest baton of any orchestra leader. . . . It measures almost a yard. . . . Johnny Marvin's father runs a restaurant in Butler, Okla., and is the champion fiddler of the state. . . . The first broadcast of a White House musicale took place on May 17th over NBC. . . . Hillbillies presented traditional American folk tunes. . . . Muriel Wilson is back on the Show Boat program as Mary Lou, succeeding Lois Bennett, who, in turn, succeeded Miss Wilson some time ago.



Dr. Latzel is Physician-in-Chief of Internal Clinic, in Vienna's largest free hospital; author of "Symptoms of Gastric Cancer."

# "All three of his ailments disappeared... *quickly*"

says DR. ROBERT LATZEL, clinic head in Vienna's largest free hospital

Read Dr. Latzel's complete explanation of this case . . . it may be similar in many ways to yours!

"MR. H. B.," Dr. Latzel reports, "was a civil engineer. He had become chronically tired out, with boils, a very poor appetite and the usual distressing stomach symptoms.

"His abdomen was flabby, large. Intestines were weak, clogged. He was nearly always constipated.

"I put him on a Yeast diet — asked him to report back in a week. By that time, one of his boils was gone, another had

started to dry up. In 3 weeks, his skin was entirely clear, he had good color, healthy appetite. Constipation stopped. He showed every sign of improved energy.

"Run-down health, poor complexion, indigestion, heartburn, and other troubles usually come from poisons carried through the blood from the intestines," states Dr. Latzel. "Yeast softens the clogging waste in the body so you can clear it out . . . regularly."

Why not go to your grocer, or a

restaurant or soda fountain and get some Fleischmann's Yeast right now . . . then eat 3 cakes every day, following the directions on the label? Each cake is rich in vitamins B, D and G that every one of us needs.

Start to eat Fleischmann's Yeast today! And keep it up for 30 days at least! See what it's like to feel *real well!*



**Fleischmann's Yeast Does 3 Things for You**—It (1) stimulates your stomach juices (2) strengthens the muscles of your stomach and intestines (3) softens waste so it passes easily from the body.

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**THERE'S** a new way to take snapshots—an easier way. With a Jiffy Kodak . . . the smart folding camera that's so simple to use.

At the touch of a button the Jiffy leaps out—ready for action. A click of the shutter and you've made a picture.

Smartly designed in metal and enamels—as trim as a lady's compact. The Jiffy comes in two sizes . . . for 2½ x 4¼ inch pictures, \$9 . . . for 2¼ x 3¼ inch pictures, \$8. *If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak.*



**YOU'LL** get better pictures with Verichrome Film. In the glaring sun or the porch's shade—this film gets the picture. The cheaper the camera . . . the slower the lens—the more the need for Verichrome. Load your camera with Verichrome for better pictures. Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, New York.

## Radio from the Inside

(Continued from page 51)

**S**PONSORS are a serious lot. I've seen many of them in control rooms of studios, discussing what's wrong with the program and the artist. But when the announcer starts the first word of the commercial spiel, they shush everybody, stretch their ears, and listen rapturously. The announcer's final words, when they finally do come, always are greeted by the sponsor's exclamation of "Marvellous" . . . "Great" or the like.

But the talent on the program aren't similarly affected. They accept the commercial announcements in a more humorous philosophical way. During the broadcast of a certain laxative recently from Carnegie Hall, Stephen Fox, an actor, sat on the stage with a broad smile as the announcer extolled the virtues of the product.

Mr. Laxative was there that evening, and at the end of the broadcast, he rushed over to the script writer, and breathlessly asked: "Tell me, do you think Stephen Fox is loyal to our product?"

**H**ERE'S a swell human interest story I picked up at Columbia—one that O. Henry himself might have liked. Anyway, I like it, so I'm passing it on to you.

About three years ago, Georgia Simmons, who did negro impersonations on the West Coast, being particularly

noted for her characterization of "Magnolia," happened to tune in to Irving Kaufman's portrayal of "Lazy Dan." Through admiration for his work, she wrote him a letter. The note began a correspondence back and forth across the continent that continued without interruption. In the meantime, Kaufman himself had become a follower of "Magnolia" via the loudspeaker. He watched her progress with interest and admiration.

Not long ago, Georgia came to Manhattan in search of a niche on one of the large chains. She decided to find one first on her own, before ferreting out Kaufman whom she was anxious to meet personally for the first time. After a long series of auditions, she was selected to play the black-face role of "Juliet" on the Bi-Sodol program with baritone Everett Marshall as the star. She went to her first rehearsal at Columbia.

Someone said: "Miss Simmons, I want you to meet your "Romeo"—Mr. Kaufman."

So, after three years, these two capable artists are, through chance, appearing together as a comedy team. And that, by the way, lets you in on the identities of that drawly, blackface pair—"Romeo and Juliet."

*And that's all for now—thanks for reading.*

## Tony Wons' New Scrap Book

(Continued from page 28)

livious to the beautiful bas relief of this greenery after the squalid, humid, obnoxious atmosphere of the city streets. I am glad there are speed limits in the parks—they ought to be enforced more rigidly.

*Many a radio soprano doesn't practice what she screeches.*

It is hard to imagine a perfect man or woman. If there is such a being, it must be pretty lonely here in a world where error seasons our work and life.

There are some who think that scientific men are perfect—never make mistakes. The scientist makes more

mistakes than anybody else because he tries more things. He tackles more tough jobs, while most of us just go ahead in the same old rut from day to day. We don't apply the lash to ourselves in order to get out of it. Everybody makes mistakes, but if you make them, make the most of them.

**Y**OU'VE heard the story of the ugly duckling—and how it turned into a lovely swan. Well, every time I look at a garbage can, I am reminded of that fable. For out of that garbage is created the cleanest article in the world—a bar of soap. If that isn't a paradox, it will do until one comes along!

*Tony Wons appears every Sunday at 5:15 P.M., E. D. S. T., over the following Columbia network:*

WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WAAB, WGR, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WOWO, WDRC, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, WCAU-W3XAU, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WCCO, WBNS. He appears every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 11:30 A.M., E. D. S. T., over the following Columbia network: WABC-W2XE, WADC, WOKO, WNAC, WKBW, CKLW, WDRC, WHAS, WJAS, WEAN, WFBL, WJSV, WQAM, WDBO, WDAE, WGST, WBRC, WICC, WBT, WDOD, KVOR, WBNS, KLZ, WLBW, KTRH, WGLC, KLRA, WFEA, WREC, WSFA, WLAC, WDSU, KOMA, WMBD, WMBG, WDBJ, WHEC, KTSB, WTOG, KSCL, WSBT,

WMAS, CFRB, WACO, WMT, WWVA, KFH, WSJS, WORC, WOWO, WHP, WBIG, WLBZ. On Monday and Wednesday, the following stations are added to the chain: WCAO, WCAU, WSPD, WPG. Mr. Wons also appears on Tuesdays and Thursdays at 1:45 P.M., E. D. S. T., over the following Columbia network: WABC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WGR, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDRC, KMBC, WHAS, WCAU-W3XAU, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WFBL, WJSV, KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI, WGST, WBRC, WBT, WBNS, KRLD, KLZ, WHP, KTRH, KFAB, WREC, WCCO, WLAC, WDSU, KOMA, WMBG, WDBJ, KSL, WMT, WOWO, WIBW. On Tuesdays station WSPD is added to this network, and on Thursdays, station CFRB.



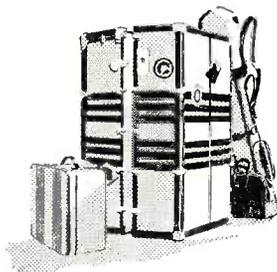
“Try and  
get this  
snapshot  
back”

He'll carry it and look at it and show it until it's worn dog-eared—this square of paper. Because it's a snapshot of *the* girl. Her smile. Her sweetness. Put down on paper, by some magic, so he can carry it around with him, and feel always that she's near. Now pictures like this are easier to make than ever. *Kodak Verichrome Film* extends snapshot possibilities amazingly. Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, New York.

**The pictures you will want TOMORROW . . . you must take TODAY**

# VACATIONISTS! Know Your Music

Don't forget to pack  
in the most important  
thing of all!



**T**HE vacation rush is on! Packing left for the last minute! When you check up, be sure that you've taken along one of the most important things of all—a good supply of Ex-Lax!

A change of cooking, different water, staying up late nights—all these things are apt to throw you off-schedule.

And when you're off-schedule—even temporarily—you can't get the full fun out of your vacation. So if you're looking forward to happy vacation days—take this extra precaution: Take along a liberal supply of Ex-Lax.

Ex-Lax, the chocolated laxative, works over-night without over-action. It doesn't cause stomach pains. It doesn't form a habit. You don't have to take Ex-Lax every day of your vacation, like some laxatives. And Ex-Lax is good for every member of the family.

At all drug stores, 10c and 25c.



Ludwig  
Van  
Beethoven



By  
PITTS  
SANBORN

**LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN** ranks as the greatest composer of symphonic music the world has known. He achieves this rank not only through his nine symphonies and principal overtures for orchestra, but also through the allied forms of the concerto, the piano sonata, the string quartet, and other chamber works. And he is, further, the composer of a noteworthy opera, "Fidelio," some fine songs, and the colossal Mass in D, besides vocal pieces of less importance. He is the prophet in music of nineteenth century romanticism, breaking away from the comparatively formal and impersonal tradition of the eighteenth century to express in tone his personal emotions with an intensity and force seldom equalled before.

Beethoven was born in the Rhine city of Bonn on December 16, 1770. His father and his grandfather were musicians, and at the age of four he began to study both the clavier and the violin. At eight he played in public and presently he began to compose. A set of variations for piano by a "young amateur" were published in 1782. Two years later he was appointed assistant court organist. Meanwhile his non-musical education had not proceeded far beyond the three R's and a smattering of Latin.

In the spring of 1787 Beethoven visited Vienna. There he played before Mozart, who was so impressed by the lad's ability to improvise on a theme he had given him that he exclaimed to the other listeners: "Keep an eye on this man—the world will hear of him some day!"

Beethoven was recalled to Bonn by the illness of his mother. After her death he had to make arrangements for the support of his two younger brothers and the care of his shiftless, drunken father, thus shouldering family burdens of which in one form or another he was never to be rid.

He played viola in the theater—

an invaluable experience; he went on composing, and he won the praise of Haydn, who

stopped at Bonn on his way back from London to Vienna. Late in 1792 Beethoven went again to Vienna, which was thenceforth to be his home. He studied with Haydn for a time and later with Schenk, Albrechtsberger and Salieri. In March 1795 he made his first public appearance in Vienna, playing his own piano concerto in B flat. Still more important was his concert five years later at the Vienna Court Theater when he gave the world his First Symphony.

It was also about this time that the illness declared itself which afflicted Beethoven through the rest of his life and resulted eventually in his total deafness. Nevertheless, the twelve succeeding years—years of turmoil in Europe, marked by the rise and domination of Napoleon Bonaparte, to whom Beethoven originally dedicated his "Eroica" symphony—were a singularly fruitful time for the composer. In the fulness of creative vigor, he composed his remaining symphonies, except the Ninth; his principal overtures, including the third "Leonore" and the "Egmont"; his opera, his concertos, and a splendid array of sonatas and chamber works.

In spite of his political liberalism, his independent and somewhat uncouth manners, his irascible temper, and his growing eccentricities, Beethoven was received with favor during these years in the houses of a number of the haughty Austrian nobles, to some of whose daughters he paid court. The famous letter to the "Immortal Beloved," which was discovered among his papers after his death, must belong to this period. Although the identity of the lady to whom it was addressed cannot be ascertained, conjecture as a rule awards the palm to either the Countess Guilietta Guicciardi or her

(Please turn to page 67)

# Tintex

• **KEEPS YOUR  
SUMMER APPAREL  
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Stockings • Slips • Men's Shirts  
Blouses • Children's Clothes*

*Curtains • Bed Spreads  
Drapes • Luncheon Sets  
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*On sale at drug stores and  
notion counters everywhere*

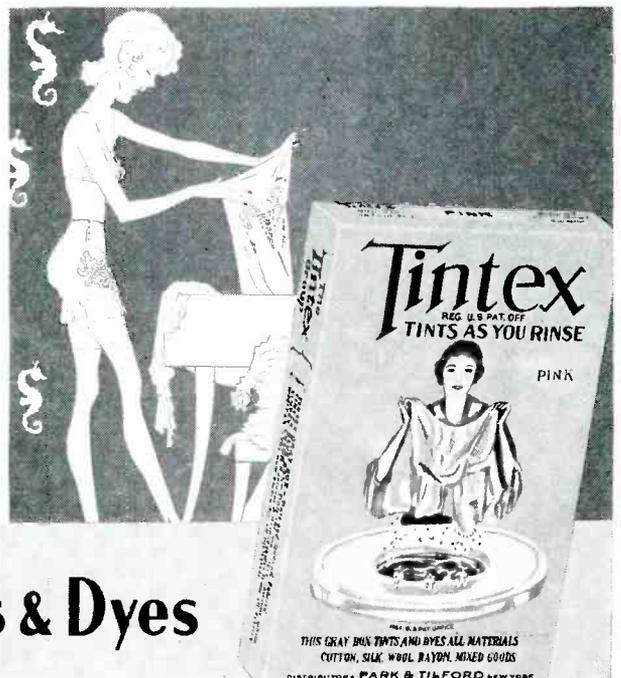
## • **GAY NEW COLOR FOR FADED APPAREL** •

**A**DMIRING eyes follow the smartly dressed woman. During the romantic summer days your apparel must be bright . . . fresh . . . gay in color. And that's why you need Tintex . . . to restore faded colors—or give new colors—to everything you wear. It's so easy, so quick. You simply "tint as you rinse"!

Millions of smart women depend on Tintex to keep apparel color-fresh . . . home-decorations bright, too. They find it such an economy . . . for Tintex costs only a few cents and saves dollars.

Try Tintex today. See its perfect results—results that only professional work can equal. There are 35 brilliant, long-lasting colors from which to choose!

**PARK & TILFORD, Distributors**



**Tintex** *World's  
Largest  
Selling* **Tints & Dyes**

## No longer a Spinach-spurner . . .



His Mother's  
feeding him  
**CLAPP'S!**

● Mothers say it seems like magic—the way babies who refuse home-cooked vegetables change their minds when they're given Clapp's! But the reason is simple: *Babies like the taste of Clapp's.* Clapp's Baby Foods are always silky-smooth, unvarying in "feel" and flavor. And always rich in vitamins and mineral salts. They're cooked in air-tight, glass-lined kettles to preserve these vital elements.

### Clapp's 15 Foods for Babies



### In the New Enamel Purity Pack

● Ask your doctor which of these fifteen Clapp's Foods your baby should have now: Baby Soup Strained, Baby Soup Unstrained, Vegetable Soup, Tomatoes, Asparagus, Spinach, Peas, Beets, Carrots, Wax Beans, Apricots, Prunes, Apple Sauce, Beef Broth, and Wheatheart Cereal.



### Send for FREE BOOK

HAROLD H. CLAPP, INC.  
Dept. 74, Rochester, N. Y.  
Please send me your free book, "Before Your Baby Goes on Vegetables."

Name.....  
Street and Number.....  
City..... State.....

# Daughter of the Opera

(Continued from page 27)

minute she came off the stage there was a telephone call for her. She expected to be paid back for her disobedience by having some bad family news confront her but instead she was told that her teacher, who was booked to give a concert that night, was ill and that Gladys was given the chance to take her place. Thus pupil appeared in place of teacher in her first professional concert.

It has always been that way with Gladys. She has always seemed able to appear at a moment's notice, to deal with pressing situations with calmness and assurance.

As a matter of fact it was for concert work she studied, her first big engagement being with the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra in 1923. And it was because of the success of later concerts that her friends and backers begged her to try out for opera. When she had an audition with the Chicago Opera Company she did not know a single operatic role but that didn't stop her. As near as I can figure out nothing has been able to stop Gladys Swarthout. And in less than six months she learned twenty-one operatic roles.

Even when she was not singing she took the advice of Mary Garden and attended all rehearsals, listening to the great stars, learning, by their example, what to do and what not to do. Work in the famous Ravinia Opera for three summers followed and then, at last, the great Metropolitan opened its well-guarded doors to her and the little girl from Deep Water was a success. The local girl had made good in the big city.

LAST year she married Frank Chapman, a concert baritone, whose father, Dr. Frank M. Chapman, is a member of the staff of the American Museum of Natural History.

Theirs has been a musical romance. They met, some years ago, when Gladys was on a vacation in Italy and each told the other his musical ambitions. She attended his New York debut and he was in a box when she sang her first role with the Met. Later they gave a joint recital and a few months later became engaged.

And now, as the final climax of Gladys' career comes radio and her chance to reach, with her beautiful voice, millions of listeners. Although they have been on the air but a short time the condensed operettas which comprise the Palmolive program are a great success.

Curiously enough, Gladys does not do the speaking parts. She sings and another girl says her lines. This is purely for convenience sake. Gladys can, of course, read lines. She does it, when the occasion arises, in opera, but it is much easier to put a large program like the operettas together, easier to rehearse different parts at different times by using singer for one part and speaker for the other. And in connection with that I must tell you a perfectly swell story, which could happen in no other branch of show business but radio.

A certain Peggy Allenby had been reading Gladys' lines. One night she went on and gave a grand performance. Two days later her baby was born, a real child of the air. And, valiant woman that Peggy is, she missed just two weeks' performances.

A substitute was called in for two performances only. When little dramas like that are constantly being enacted in radio it is no wonder that a woman with determination and courage and persistence such as Gladys Swarthout has is thrilled to be connected with this new art.

Gladys is simplicity itself. She is without pose or mannerisms. She is charming, and intelligent but quite as normal and average a girl as you or I, except that she was blest with a beautiful voice. Or maybe that exception is wrong. I don't know about your voice. I do know about mine—and it sounds nothing at all like Swarthout's.

Gladys is a product of this age. She is no more like the tempestuous, temperamental opera stars of a generation or so ago than Mae West is like Lillian Gish. She has a job to do—a worthwhile job—and she does it thoroughly, convincingly and efficiently.

*Gladys Swarthout appears every Tuesday at 10 P.M., E. D. S. T., over the following NBC network:*

WEAF, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WCSH, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WWJ, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WLW, WMAQ, KSD, WOC, WHO, WOW, WTMJ, WEBC, WDAY, KFYZ, WRVA, WPTF, WUNC, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WSM, WMC, WJDX, WSMB, WAVE, WSOC, KFSD, WKY, KTBS, WOAI, KOA, KDYL, KGIR, KGHL, KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KTAR, KSTP, WBAP, KVOO, WSB, KTHS, CRCT, CFCF.

## SPEAKING OF RADIO—

Jack Benny and his chief stooge, mite mate and severest critic, Mary Livingstone, are in Hollywood making a picture for United Artists . . . Meanwhile Jack is keeping up his General Tire broadcasts from the Coast . . . Mary Small, star of the Little Miss Bab-O program, celebrated her twelfth birthday recently and was found to have grown five inches during the last eight months . . . While Wayne King has been taking that much needed vacation (see page 20) various orchestras, including Ted Fiorito and Little Jack Little, have been pinch-hitting . . . On May 25th Tony Wons, philosopher and TOWER RADIO contributor, celebrated his eighth anniversary . . . Tony went on the air on May 25, 1926 over WLS, Chicago . . . In 1930 he became a Columbia headliner . . . During his radio time, Wons estimates that he has written 2,518,000 words of continuity and read approximately 124,000 poems . . . Only one of these was his own and it went thus:

*All men count the same with me—  
The wise, the fool, the slave,  
the free  
For no man on the earth can know  
What made him thus—another so.*

*You're Sure Arm and Leg Hair Won't Show!*

*and*



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ONE OF THE  
57

## Three Matrons of Evanston

(Continued from page 29)

the second time, halted before Louise Starkey, who shook her brunette head wanly and motioned for the other girl to go on.

"Take a piece for Charlie, then," urged Helen, and, when Louise continued to decline, added: "How is he this evening? Did he mind about your coming out?"

A laugh like an unexpected breeze off nearby Lake Michigan rippled across the room. Charlie was Louise's make-believe husband. An only child whose cradle wish was to be "exactly like my mother," she had created him during her kindergarten days, so that she might also have a husband to talk about when she rocked beside Mrs. Starkey on the family front porch back in Iowa. Though death had since come to her mother, Charlie still existed, and his dumb-bell views on co-eds and campus life she was forever airing to the vociferous delight of her sorority sisters.

"YOU mighta knowed he'd mind," Louise's voice which, when she spoke naturally, sounded low and mysterious as a Chinese temple at dusk, crescendoed into the shrill nasal of an aggrieved cross-roads housewife. "Charlie thinks a woman's place is the pantry—after she be married. But I telled him. . . ."

"Ain't Charlie the perculerest man, though?" Helen pressed her tongue quickly against her front teeth, making a reproachful little sound. "Now Mr. Kruger. . . ."

Before even she quite realized what was happening, she had given birth, metaphorically speaking, to her own mythical man, and was entertaining that roomful of co-eds with a twangy account of how he "sorta liked" to have her keep up with "the girls."

Isobel Carothers, who had been listening quietly to this impromptu interchange, now blinked her wide gray-blue eyes and shrugged her slim shoulders.

"I guess husbands is all different," she said. "Take Mr. Casey"—she looked from Helen to Louise—"now he ain't like nary one o' yourn men."

One doesn't need to be a crystal gazer to know what happened next. From that moment on, there was never a dull moment around that sorority house. When one threatened, a cry instantly went up from some of the sisters for Louise and Helen and Isobel to ad lib another episode in the sprightly lives of their homespun heroines—gabby gentlewomen from the backlands whom they had named Clara, Lu 'n' Em.

That was in 1925. Twelve months before Admiral Byrd first circled the North Pole in an airplane. When "Charley" Lindbergh, a lanky young Swede from Minnesota, was still piloting a wildcat plane over St. Louis.

A year passed. A second Winter came and went. Then, June and Commencement Day arrived. Whirled separate directions by Northwestern's diploma mill, the three good friends parted. Isobel Carothers—Lu, to you and me—returned to Des Moines. Helen King—the Em of the talky trio—went back to her parents' home in the Los Angeles suburb of Clearwater. Only Louise Starkey—Clara—remained in  
(Please turn to page 80)

# Harriet Hilliard Talks on Beauty

(Continued from page 47)

looks worse than a face streaked with powder.

Here is another skin problem. Marian M. writes: "I have a dry skin that sometimes looks flaky and scaly when I put powder on. What can I do for it? And could you tell me what to use for softening the hands and whitening them?"

Try a gentle but firm massage with rich cold cream every night, and use a good powder base under your make-up. As for your hands, rub on a good hand lotion at night. If the hands are very rough or red, put on plenty of the lotion, or use cold cream, and pull on a pair of loose cotton gloves for the night. Gloves used for this purpose should be thoroughly washed at least once a week.

R.D. writes: "I work in an office all day and in warm weather I am much troubled by perspiration. Can you help me?"

The use of a good deodorant or non-perspirant is a necessity in controlling the perspiration. Lukewarm baths that are not too stimulating are best. Why don't you try my suggestion to H.C. and apply a pleasant toilet water generously after your daily soap and water bath? It ought to help keep the skin sweet and pleasant. And wear dresses, in very warm weather, that can be laundered.

MRS. M. G. writes of a difficulty which, doubtless, has troubled many women. "My skin," she says, "which is otherwise smooth and clear, is sometimes a little irritated on the forehead, especially in hot weather. Do you know of anything I could do to help this condition?"

I know of a famous skin specialist who clears up a lot of skin trouble by recommending frequent shampoos for his patients. The hair, especially in warm weather, harbors a lot of oil and dust, and of course makes an excellent lodging place for bacteria that might cause eruptions on the skin. He prescribes washing the hair frequently, sometimes as often as once a day. The results in clearer, better skin from this treatment are quite marvelous. I should think it worth trying in your case—with a shampoo a couple of times a week. The hair is not injured at all by frequent shampoos if a good shampoo soap or liquid is used and if it is carefully dried.

Sally N. complains of a blotchy skin. "I do everything I can to keep it clean," she says, "but it really looks very unattractive, and I don't know what is the matter."

Your trouble is probably more than skin deep. My grandmother used to give us good old doses of molasses and sulphur "to thin the blood," as she said. I wouldn't recommend any such dose as that, but I would suggest a diet containing more fresh fruits and vegetables, with a great deal of water to drink. And as much outdoor exercise you can get without becoming overtired. Keep on with your cold cream treatment. And if you can possibly manage to do so take a nap outdoors every day. A good rest and a better diet ought to help clear up the trouble.

"Thanks...and here's a tip on flavor"



Heinz  
TOMATO  
Ketchup

"FLAVOR makes the meal go"—especially when cold cuts are the order of the day. Along with those tempting slices of cold meats and cheese, serve a big red bottle of Heinz Tomato Ketchup and watch the men-folk smile. Heinz Ketchup is the *simmered-down* essence of red-ripe tomatoes carefully cultivated from Heinz-grown seed. Slow cooking evaporates excess moisture. Pure granulated sugar, finest vinegar and rare spices are added. Then the ketchup is sealed *bot* to retain that delicious "fresh from the field" flavor. Serve this delicious condiment tonight and win masculine acclaim.

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## Two Against the World

(Continued from page 15)

works as fast as a machine gun. He wrote in all Gracie's gags.

Sometimes she didn't agree with his idea. "George, honey, I just can't say that. It isn't funny," she would protest.

And then he would have to wheedle and cajole. "Look, Gracie, then just do a favor for George. Say it anyhow. If it gets a laugh—we'll leave it in. If there isn't a snicker then you're right and I'm wrong and I'll buy you a diamond bracelet."

That made Gracie laugh, for she knew there wasn't enough money to buy an agate, so she would agree to try the line. Invariably George was right. His instinct for a gag—a good gag—was unerring.

No matter how much luck was against them they put on a big front for the others in the theater. George would never admit that they didn't have a booking for the next week. Every time the headliner would ask—as the show broke up—"Well, where will you be next?" George would name some theater, the more important the better. And each time he said it with such conviction that Gracie believed it. Alone, in their little room, it was his heartbreaking duty to tell her he had only been bluffing, that he hadn't the faintest idea whether or not they would be playing anywhere. "Then you shouldn't say it, George," Gracie would tell him earnestly.

"Sure I should," George would answer. "Some day I may be right."

And one day he was right. Once, when asked the old question, "Where will you be next week?" he gave the name of the theater next in importance to the glamorous Palace. He had picked the name at random just to make an impression. And that very night the telegram came from their agent saying that they were booked there for the following week.

"Now I'll buy you the diamond bracelet," said George. Instead he treated her to a grand supper at the best hotel in town. But it was equally as worth while to Gracie. Both knew that their luck had turned, as, indeed, it had.

For, in a high class theater, the exceptional quality of their material registered and there were plenty of bookings from then on.

LIFE was looking brighter. They were beginning to reap the rewards of their love and faith.

They still had bad moments, however, and once in a Brooklyn theater they followed Ethel Barrymore and flopped so badly that they were moved from sixth to second position—a great humiliation in vaudeville circles. They were so hurt by this that they used to get to the theater before the other players had arrived and remain until the last act had left because they could not face the more successful troupers.

But the point was that everything they did they did harmoniously. Gracie felt their defeats and disappointments as keenly as did George. Triumphs and laughter they also shared.

In spite of the Brooklyn flop—and it wasn't such a deadly flop since everyone realized how difficult it was to follow the highbrow Ethel Barrymore with a patter act—they made the Palace and, eventually, were booked

for a grand tour in England.

George tells this joke on himself. It seems that he thought (and if he thought it so did Gracie) that all Englishmen wore striped trousers, spats, high silk hats and canes all the time and everywhere. So to do in England as the English do he bought himself a complete outfit. Gracie thought he looked grand. In fact, it was on this memorable occasion that she first uttered the classic line, "Isn't George pretty?" Yes, she really said that. George remembered it and used it later, with what success you know, on the radio programs.

Thus attired—and looking that pretty—George appeared before his English manager. The manager looked him over from head to heels. "But you don't open for four days," he said.

"Sure, I know," George said.

"But then why, my dear fellow, are you in your costume now?"

The striped trousers, high silk hat and spats were never worn again.

They were a great success in England and while there, there came word from a French booker requesting them to do their turn in France. They agreed and the contract was sent them, which they signed.

A FEW days later the French booker came to see their act and they found him, when they came off the stage, jabbering incoherently in broken English. It seems that he had been under the impression that they were a dance team and he knew that his French speaking audience could not possibly understand seventeen minutes of American patter. But what was he to do? After all, it was his mistake and the contract had been signed.

"Forget it," said George. "We don't want to flop in France any more than you want us to flop. Here." And he whipped the contract from the dressing table and tore it to pieces before the delighted Frenchman's eyes.

"I got a kiss on each cheek for that," George said, in telling the story later.

But he did not add the significance of the story—that Burns and Allen, in all their dealings in the theater, have played fair. They have approached life gallantly and with a forthright honesty. If they weren't at the top of the ladder today I'd never believe another copybook maxim.

They returned to America triumphant. At long last, Burns and Allen were established and whereas once they had begged for bookings, bookers begged for them, now.

And then came the miracle of radio. And from there on you know the story of their success, their fantastic success over the air and, later, in the movies.

But success has been known to separate couples who, in lean days, loved each other devotedly. It has only served to add more links in the chain which bind these two charming little people together. They realized one day that they were on top and, looking into each other's eyes, knew that it was their love and their belief in each other that had put them there.

You cannot be with them for five minutes without knowing that here are two people deeply in love. Oh, they don't hold hands and talk baby talk before you. Such shallow evidences of affection are not necessary. For these two have a rare mutual understanding,

a respect and admiration for each other. George thinks Gracie—"Googie" as he calls her—just about the cutest thing in town. And Gracie thinks George the "smartest" man in the world—and, don't forget, pretty, too. They are so anxious to tell about each other's charming characteristics and witty remarks that words tumble out, and most of the time, they talk in unison.

GEORGE is still the brains of the act. He has two writers—John P. Medberry and Eugene Conrad—working for him. They contribute valuable gags, but the bulk of the material is written by George Burns, himself.

Where does he get that screamingly funny stuff? Right out of Gracie's mouth. He practically follows her around with a pencil and simply elaborates upon the goofy things she says. She really said, "Oh, George, there you go," when he was telling her something very serious. She actually said, "I bet you tell that to all the girls" in a conversation. She talks incessantly. She tells long—and most amusing yarns—about her family. George listens to her and from her gets his ideas. Then he heightens them, makes them ridiculous and you hear the result on the radio.

When they first went to Hollywood they were handed the script for the picture in which they were to appear.

"The stuff was funny," George said, "but not for us. Gracie and I have worked up a certain style and we've got to stick to it. It's a style we both know and do best. We shouldn't change it now. But did I feel a fool re-writing those movie lines that some very high-salaried scenario writer had put in!"

It is George who makes all the business arrangements as well as writing the stuff. Gracie, very often, doesn't know what she is to say until she is handed the script for rehearsal. Sometimes she doesn't even know in what branch of show business they will be next. For she trusts George implicitly and knows that he is much better able to take care of her than she is. She is, at heart, a loving, gentle wife and much prettier than she looks on the screen or even in her best photographs. Seeing how very pretty and petite and bird-like she is you can't blame George for loving her.

And seeing how anxious he is for her welfare, you can't blame Gracie for loving him.

Yes, theirs is the perfect love, the perfect marriage and their success the perfect reward for hard work and perseverance.

It sounds almost too good to be true, doesn't it? But I promise that it is all true. If that marriage should ever go on the rocks I'll never believe anything again!

*Are you sending your beauty problems to*

**HARRIET HILLIARD?**

*The lovely radio star gives you advice*

See page 47

# FAOEN BEAUTY AIDS at 10¢

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America's loveliest women have come to depend on Faoen Beauty Aids. For no smart woman pays \$1 to \$3 for face creams, powder, lipsticks or other cosmetics when for 10¢ she can buy Faoen products—scientifically proven to be of the exact same purity and quality. Read the report of a famous testing laboratory:

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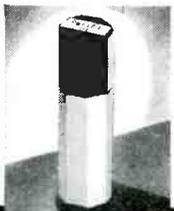
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## Babe Ruth Talks to the American Boy

(Continued from page 37)

his career. Every boy in St. Mary's had to learn a trade since there would be no one to look after him when he went out in the world, so Ruth was taught the trade of making shirts.

The Babe was one of the best all-around athletes the school ever produced. He excelled at every sport. He thought for a time of becoming a professional boxer. He might have made good at that. He certainly has the build for it. But gradually baseball got the upper hand.

He started his career in school as a catcher. But when he was in his early teens he changed to pitching and stuck to that from then on.

**W**HEN he was nineteen, Brother Mathias, one of the teachers at the school, thought it was a shame that such an athlete should waste away at shirt-making trade and took the Babe to see Jack Dunn, then manager of the Baltimore Orioles and one of the great figures in the baseball world.

It was in late Winter. The ground was still soggy with snow, and Dunn had no opportunity to watch the Babe in action or see what he could do. He talked to the Babe, was assured of his earnestness, sized up his bulging shoulder muscles, the queer clumsy grace of his movements, saw in him the natural ball player, and hired him for the Orioles on the spot, without a tryout. His first year's salary was \$600 for the season.

Now no boy was allowed to leave the school under legal age unless someone was responsible for him. So Jack Dunn became his legal guardian and foster father. He took the Babe under his wing, taught him patiently out of his rich fund of baseball lore and saw Ruth blossom out as a sensational player in his first season.

That was in the Summer of 1914. Not long after Ruth joined the Orioles, troubles crowded upon the team through the competition of the Federal League. It became necessary for the team to disband. And Babe Ruth, just out of school, was sold to the Boston Red Sox for \$2,900.

With the Red Sox, his pitching career got under full swing. He remained in the big leagues from that time on except for a short time when he was farmed out to Providence.

He made a name for himself as a pitcher. But before long his batting prowess outstripped his pitching ability, and it became too expensive to keep him in the pitcher's box, because a pitcher often plays only every third or fourth game and Babe, the King of Swat, was needed in there constantly. So he was soon switched and alternated between the positions of outfielder and first baseman.

**I**N 1919, he was sold to the New York Yankees for \$125,000, said to be the highest price ever paid for a ball player up to that time.

He had already played in the World Series of 1915, '16 and '18, with the Red Sox and since joining the Yanks has only missed a few years in the series up to the present.

Sports writers have speculated as to what makes the Babe a great ball player with various conclusions. The most popular guess seems to be that he has perfect coordination of muscle,

that is, all of his muscles work perfectly and instantly together.

His accuracy in hitting may be due, not so much to perfection of vision, as to a slight imperfection. Ball players who hit the apple squarely do not get such distance out of it. The Babe hits it slightly on the under side. His wallops go straight out for a ways, then rise into the air, due perhaps to the twist thus put on it.

There have been many dramatic moments in his career which he will describe during the course of his time on the air. But the greatest moment of his life to the Babe came during the 1932 series when the Yanks played the Cubs on the Cubs' home ground in Chicago.

The Babe came to bat at a crucial moment. The bases were full. The Chicago fans had been razzing him all afternoon, trying to get his goat. The first one over was a strike. The crowds yell and booed. The Babe turned calmly and held up one finger to the grandstand. Next came a wild ball. The Babe held up a finger on his other hand.

The pitch after that was right over the plate. The Babe swung and missed. The grandstand hooted and hissed with delirious joy. The Babe turned with perfect calm and held up two fingers, indicating two strikes.

Then he pointed right out over the center field, informing the hostile crowd that was where he intended to put the next one. It came right over. His bat cracked on the horsehide—and that was exactly where he did put it, for a home run.

"Gosh," he chuckled, recalling it, "I sure put my head in the noose that time."

It is such gestures as that which have endeared the Babe to the fans as much as great ability as a player, and which have brought the fans crowding into the parks to see him.

**H**E is one of the few players or characters in public life who have managed to remain modest and slightly embarrassed after a great exploit. Many a time after knocking out a home run, he has tipped his hat to the crowd with an awkward little gesture of self-effacement.

The Babe is known to his associates as a big, grown-up boy, simple in his tastes, loving a practical joke, good-natured and excessively warm-hearted.

During the early part of his broadcasting, a New York girl whose sight had been restored to her after many years of blindness, expressed a desire to see Babe Ruth as the one thing she wanted above all else.

Her request was granted. She was brought to a broadcast. The incident was put on the air, and while Babe Ruth was reading his lines, big tears rolled down his cheeks.

He has never forgotten his orphan days, the kindness of the Brothers and the pitiable plight of other children left without parents.

Thus in his tours of the country, public appearances and engagements have waited while visits to the orphan asylums came first.

It is a remarkable thing that Babe Ruth at forty is still a star ball player. One reason for it is the care he has taken of his legs.

When a ball player gives way, it is usually the legs that go first. But the Babe has looked after his. Dancing and golf are the two forms of recreation he has chosen to keep in trim.

While Wintering in Florida he is often on the links with Sarazen and other stars; he is an excellent golfer and could qualify for tournament play if he chose. But baseball is his one idol.

I asked him what he had thought of doing when he was through with baseball. He snorted.

"I'm not thinking of being through," he said, "I'm thinking of playing baseball. I don't know—maybe I'd like to manage a team—I ought to have some ideas about the game by this time. But gosh—that's a long time away. I've got a lot of baseball in me yet."

*Babe Ruth appears every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8:45 P.M., E. D. S. T., over the following NBC network:*

WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WCKY, WLS, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN, WJR, KOIL.

## Know Your Music

(Continued from page 58)

cousin, the Countess Therese Brunswick. Beethoven's friend, Wegeler, declares that the composer was never without a love affair, and with him love was usually a passion. Still, he never married.

After the Eighth Symphony was finished in 1812 Beethoven composed little of importance for a number of years. The abounding productiveness of his middle period was over, and his mind and body required a respite before his genius should pass into its third phase. Moreover, his increasing deafness was shutting him off more and more from human companionship. A last great creative period, however, was in preparation. This extended from the beginning of work on the Ninth Symphony, about 1817, to Beethoven's death, and the music issuing from it, of a unique and transcendent quality, included, besides the symphony, the last piano sonatas, the last string quartets, and the Mass in D.

Unfortunately these years of supreme creation were marked also by ill health, family quarrels, business troubles, sordid experiences with servants, the loneliness and isolation occasioned by deafness, and the last great tragedy of Beethoven's life, his unhappy guardianship of his nephew Karl. Meanwhile he had become so slovenly in his personal habits that once he was actually arrested as a tramp and sent to the lock-up because of his ragged clothes.

Early in 1827 Beethoven's health failed rapidly. The afternoon of March 26, during a violent thunderstorm, he suddenly rose up in bed, where he had lain unconscious for two days, clenched his fist as if in a threat, and fell back dead.

*Pitts Sanborn, one of New York's foremost musical authorities and critic of The New York World-Telegram, is writing for TOWER RADIO a series of biographical summaries of great composers, in order that our readers may better understand the best music. Next month, Mr. Sanborn will tell you about Franz Schubert.*

Tower Radio, August, 1934

# OLD AS ANCIENT EGYPT

# New as Modern Paris..



## -Alluring Eye Make-up

SINCE the time of Cleopatra, clever women have known that gracefully formed eyebrows, delicately shaded lids, and the appearance of long, dark, lustrous lashes add much to beauty.

Cleopatra, for all her wealth, had only crude materials with which to attempt this effect. How she would have revelled in being able to obtain smooth, harmless, and easy-to-apply preparations like Maybelline eye beauty aids!

To have formed beautiful, expressive eyebrows with the delightful, clean-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil — to have applied the pure, creamy Maybelline Eye Shadow for just the right touch of colorful shadow — and, to have had the appearance of long, dark lashes instantly with Maybelline mascara — truly she would have acclaimed these beauty aids fit for a queen!

Nothing from modern Paris can rival Maybelline preparations. Their use by millions of women for over sixteen years commends them to YOU! Then . . . there is the highly beneficial Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream for preserving soft, silky lashes . . . and a dainty Maybelline Eyebrow Brush for brushing and massaging the brows and lashes. All Maybelline eye beauty aids may be had in purse sizes, 10c each at all 10c stores.

MAYBELLINE CO. CHICAGO



*Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil*

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



*Maybelline Eye Shadow*

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



The Approved Mascara



Black, Brown, and the New Blue



*Maybelline Eyelash Grower*

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



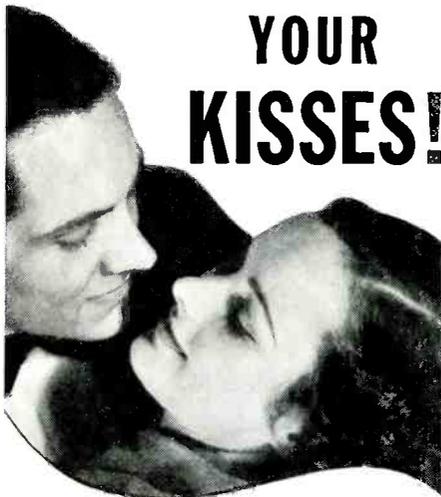
*Maybelline Eyebrow Brush*

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

# Maybelline

## EYE BEAUTY AIDS

# MAKE MEN WANT YOUR KISSES!



Give your lips alluring natural color . . . without a trace of paint

**A**FTER That First Kiss, a man likes you more than ever . . . unless, of course, your lips are coated with paint. For paint makes him think of *lipstick*, not of lips!

So to keep your lips alluring, use the lipstick which colors lips . . . *without painting them*. Tangee isn't paint. Instead it contains a color-change principle that makes it intensify your natural color and become a very part of your lips!

### LOOKS ORANGE—ACTS ROSE

In the stick Tangee looks orange. On your lips it changes to the one shade of blush-rose most becoming to your type! Thus, Tangee keeps your lips youthful-looking with natural color. Moreover, its special cream base is soothing to dry, summer lips. Get Tangee today—39¢ and

\$1.10 sizes. Also in Theatrical, a deeper shade for professional use. (See coupon offer below.)

**UNTOUCHED**—Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded look . . . make the face seem older.



**PAINTED**—Don't risk that painted look. It's coarsening and men don't like it.

**TANGEE**—Intensifies natural color, restores youthful appeal, ends that painted look.



Tangee Creme Rouge makes cheeks glow with natural rose color, even in swimming. Waterproof. Greaseless. Cannot clog pores. Its vanishing cream base *protects* skin.

Don't be switched! Insist upon Tangee. And patronize the store that gives you what you ask for.



World's Most Famous Lipstick  
**TANGEE**  
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET  
THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY TC84  
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City  
Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 1¢ (stamps or coin).

Check Shade  Flesh  Rachel  Light Rachel

Name \_\_\_\_\_ (Please Print)  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

## The Remembered Garden

(Continued from page 39)

to be informed, via the house phone—by a cool voiced secretary—that Mr. Corelli was being photographed. Idly she speculated—would he look like the photographs she'd seen in magazines? There was something vaguely appealing in these photographs, just as there was something vaguely appealing in his catch line. Why on earth did he give that line—throwing it into a sea of mad comedy? When the laughter was loudest, and the fun most furious, he'd pull it—

"Lady, kin I have—a flower?"

It made the listener catch his breath—her breath—and vision a hot slum street, and a wan kid with big eyes and beseeching, outstretched hands. It was silly, as the editor had said, but it might be—genius.

A page boy, vivid in a green and gold uniform, was sauntering through the lobby.

"Miss Cabot, paging Miss Cabot," he droned, "paging Miss Ca-bot!"

Marian was on her feet so hurriedly that she dropped her purse and gloves. She called, "Here I am!" and the boy came drifting in her direction.

"I'm to take you to Mr. Corelli's soot," he told her, loftily, and Marian treated him to a dose of her famous (around the office!) Vere de Vere eye.

"I'll find my way, alone," she said, and the boy—grudgingly—gave her a room number, and in a split second Marian was being shot upward in an elevator as gilded and mirrored as the jewel box of a Pompadour. Thirty-six floors—and then the elevator stopped and she crossed a softly carpeted hall, and was knocking at a door, and the door was swinging open.

**T**HE man who stood on the threshold was the famous personage that she had been sent to interview. He was swarthy, and a dull flush swept from his chin to his forehead at the sight of her. He was straightly built, with the lean strength of a race horse, and clever, nicely shaped hands. He stuttered: "I'm Corelli," and Marian relieved his embarrassment by saying, "I'm Miss Cabot, from the *Star*." Mentally she confirmed one rumor—the stories about his shyness were authentic. Nobody could seem to be that embarrassed and not be shy!

The radio star stood aside. He said, "Walk right in and sit down. And I'll get you a drink or a cigarette—" his voice trailed off before Marian's chill little smile. "I'm sorry," he blurted, "I didn't intend to be fresh!"

Marian took pity on the man. She said:

"You're awfully kind, but I can't enjoy myself too thoroughly during working hours. And this is work."

She entered the room and seated herself in a cozy chair beside a window. Corelli perched, precariously, on a hard, small stool in front of her. Of a sudden he grinned, engagingly.

"I don't mind the men reporters so much," he said, "honest, I'm a sap—I guess I'm not used to women."

Marian said, "I guess you aren't. Which doubtless means that you're not even engaged. I know—the world knows—that you're not married."

Tony Corelli gulped and said, "No, I'm not engaged. I never met the girl—" he stared at Marian, and gulped again. "I mean," he said, "I've been too busy. . . ."

Marian asked smoothly: "Is it because the ideal girl—Miss Right—hasn't come along as yet? By the way, have you an ideal girl?"

Tony Corelli begged, "Don't think I'm dumb—that I'm saying things to hear myself talk—but I have got an ideal girl. She has narrow white fingers, and sort of light brown, wavy hair, and gray eyes, deep and kind—and high cheek bones like Marlene Dietrich."

It was Marian's turn to flush. She had gray eyes and her light brown hair was naturally curly, and her cheek bones were high, and her slim hands were the only legacy from a fine old family. She changed the subject. She said:

"How did you happen to go in for comedy? Would you object to telling me?"

Tony Corelli answered nervously:

"I was a wop kid on the East Side," he said, "I wasn't very happy. My dad was dead; I guess he was dead. My mother worked in a sweat shop until they brought her home on a stretcher. I sold papers and ran errands and delivered bundles and swept mission cellars for a couple of slices of bread, or a dime. I learned to laugh early, to make my stomach feel less empty. I did funny jig steps—mostly in winter, when my coat was thin and my feet were cold. I sang when I was too hungry to sleep. You must think I'm a nitwit."

Marian said, "I don't. I think you're swell. Keep going." She thought, "He never gave such an interview before. I can't imagine what's come over him. . . ."

**T**ONY CORELLI went on. He said, "Once I was doing some errands for a guy who kept a saloon on the Bowery. You wouldn't know about that type of place, but it had a show and singing waiters. When it was lunch time one of the waiters slipped me a sandwich and I gave a comedy fall, as if I were overcome with shock. The waiter thought it was cute and he called the boss, and they both kidded me and I did it again and sang a song. And then they let me do the fall and sing the song in their show. A month or so later a vaudeville agent came in and saw me and gave me a chance to play bits in a five-a-day on the road. I went around whistling like a cuckoo, I was so glad to be eating regular. . . . Say, are you tired of this?"

Marian murmured, "Indeed, I'm not." She wanted to add, "It's my job," but she didn't.

Corelli continued. "The success grew, after that," he said. "When a fellow can make people laugh—really laugh—there's no stopping him. I could make people laugh—" the recurrent flush tinged his dark cheeks, "without half trying. Often I'm surprised as the dickens, even now—"

Marian Cabot said, "Nobody, honestly, can measure theatrical—movie—radio—success. You've got that thing, I fancy, called quality!"

Tony Corelli leaned forward.

"Say, don't think I'm fresh," he implored (Was "Don't think I'm fresh" his theme song, Marian wondered?) "but you've got quality, Miss Cabot. I never met anybody—any girl, I mean—that I could talk with like I'm talking to you. It's as if I'd known you all

my life. It's as if we were friends. I—I wish we were friends, Miss Cabot. The kind of friends that—have dinner together. Or lunch. Or—" his voice dwindled before Marian's cool, impersonal glance. "Gee, I'm sorry!" he murmured.

Marian Cabot's instinct told her that she could rise and make her brief adieu and return to the office. This business of trying to date her wasn't funny, even though Corelli was a comedian! But the same instinct told her that the tone of his voice was crowded with a queer respect—to quote, he wasn't being fresh! She couldn't resent him, somehow. So she merely said:

"That's all right. We'll carry on with the interview. There's a lot I still want to know."

Tony Corelli got up from the ridiculous stiff stool and walked to the window. He stood looking down at the blur of street, thirty-six stories below. After a moment he spoke.

"There's a lot," he said, "that I want to know, too, Miss Cabot. It's as if I were just being born, and I'm not too far from thirty. My whole life, until I came into the money, I've been laughing to keep from crying. Now I'm laughing to buy cars, and imported clothes, and a home, and this view—" his hand gestured toward the distant skyline, "and what's it all about? That's what I want to know, Miss Cabot. If the money'd been born with me I could've gone to fine schools, and talked different, and had friends—girls like you, I mean—and it wouldn't seem funny that I was asking you for dinner or lunch—"

**S**WIFTLY Marian Cabot was speaking, and her voice, for a perfectly logical reason, was as vehement as the Italian's voice.

"Born with money!" she said. "Don't let it fool you, Mr. Corelli. I was born with money—I had schools and learned to walk into a drawing room and pour tea and wear dresses from Lanvin. And it's the tiny talent I have—not nearly as big as your talent—that's keeping me in dresses from a bargain basement. I was born with money—and now look at me!"

Tony Corelli spoke the way a man speaks in a dream.

"That's the trouble," he said, as he turned sharply from the window, "I am looking at you. I can't seem to help doing it. . . ."

There was silence, silence so thick that you could cut it with a cake knife. Tony stood, miserably, facing Marian. Marian stared at a framed engraving—a typical framed hotel engraving—that broke the wide expanse of wall above his crisp dark hair. It was she, finally, who shattered the silence with words.

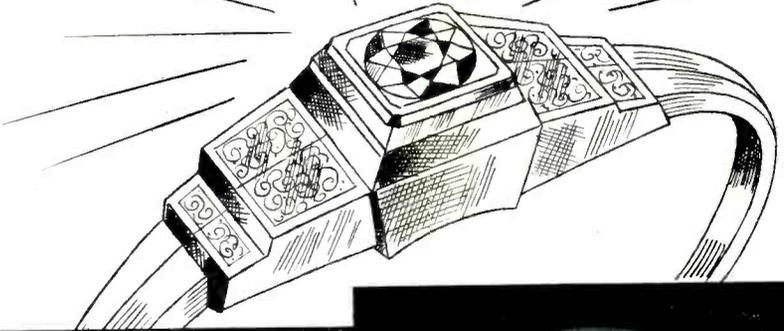
"My goodness," she said, with a nonchalance that she didn't quite feel, "we've drifted far afield, haven't we, from the business of the day? Let's get on with the interview, Mr. Corelli. There's a last question that I'm burning to ask you and I'm half afraid to ask it because you've always refused to give the answer."

Tony Corelli said:

"Strange as it may seem, there isn't any question that I wouldn't answer, if you asked me. Please don't think I'm being—"

"Being fresh!" Marian supplied. "No, I don't. I think you're being very kind, indeed, to a pest! Well—here's (Please turn to page 70)

# WIN A GENUINE DIAMOND RING!



**Its brilliance is the  
nearest thing to  
Diamond Nail Enamel**

## Write the Best Last Line for a Simple Limerick

Here's your chance to win a valuable Diamond Ring! . . . A beautiful blue-white stone . . . nearly half a carat in size . . . set in 18-carat white gold.

To be eligible for this wonderful prize, just write the last line of a simple limerick. Anybody can do it!

You get the limerick, rules and entry blank *free*—at the better ten-cent stores, where Diamond Nail Enamel is sold.

And the *best* last line written and submitted by August 1, 1934, wins the Diamond Ring Prize!

Try your hand at it! Everybody will . . . it's a lot of fun!

Diamond Nail Enamel comes in both Creme and Transparent form. In 4 smart shades:—Crimson, Cherry,



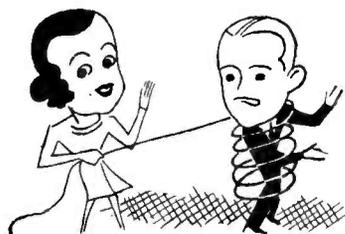
**Diamond Creme Polish will not dry the nails. It goes on evenly, without streaking. Covers nail blemishes. Gives brighter lustre and longer wear.**

Medium and Natural. Only 10¢ for generous-sized bottle, including metal-shaft brush that can't come loose from cap.

Get one or more bottles tomorrow. Ask for limerick, rules and entry blank, and enter this thrilling contest immediately!

### HERE'S A SAMPLE LIMERICK!

Diamond Nail Enamel turned a Miss Bright  
To a raving success overnight—  
Her nail tips were glorious  
They made her so victorious,  
**That she quickly roped in "Mr. Right."**



Dr. J. Parker Pray, Inc., New York City, N. Y.

No—not to  
the Beach  
YOU Wouldn't  
Dare Go!



**S**HE never made dates to go places during the day. She let him see her only at night. The darkness was romantic, she said; its soft lights intrigued her. Others believed it, but in her own heart she knew the truth. She was sun-shy . . . and for a good reason! The ruthless, revealing light of day told the truth about her skin. It was sallow, coarse, pimply—embarrassing.

Cosmetics and shadows may conceal complexion faults for a while—but sooner or later the humiliating truth will out. And it's all so unnecessary. You can have a smooth, radiant complexion like the others—and just as many friends and good times. If you don't, it's nobody's fault but your own.

For there is one time-tried aid to skin health and beauty that has proved its value to literally millions of people the world over—Cuticura Soap used along with Cuticura Ointment. Stubborn, seemingly hopeless cases of pimples, eczema and other skin troubles yield to these soothing, gentle, yet highly effective emollients.

Start today with this simple, economical Cuticura treatment—and note how your skin begins to look clearer and fresher.

Cuticura Ointment 25c and 50c. Soap 25c at leading Drug and Department Stores. Also at variety stores in 10c size.

**FREE!** Helpful folder on Cuticura Products for the care of the skin and scalp. Write Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. TM-5, Malden, Mass.



**Cuticura**  
**OINTMENT**  
AND SOAP

. . . Over half a century of success in  
controlling and healing skin troubles.

## The Remembered Garden

(Continued from page 69)

the question. How did you happen to hit on it—your catch line? The line you invariably say—the line that's become your trade mark? Everybody's curious about it—"

Tony Corelli repeated, "Curious?"

Marian warmed to her theme:

"You joke along on the air," she said, "you and the orchestra leader go through a regular—what do you call it?—routine, patter. You're funny, awfully funny. You make us laugh until we're weak. And then, when we're laughing hardest, you say it—'Lady, kin I have a flower?'—and it gets us. Why do you say it?"

**T**ONY CORELLI was embarrassed. He fiddled with his hands, like a school boy who has grown too fast, like a Newfoundland puppy who is nine-tenths feet. He spoke, at last.

"It goes a long way back," he said, "and it's so blamed personal that I've insisted on keeping it to myself. Because it was the beginning of me, really—the me I am now. It gave me—myself. I said I'd never use it for publicity, and here I go!"

"And here you go!" echoed Marian. She leaned forward on her chair. "You were saying—"

"When I was little," said Tony Corelli, "not much more than six or maybe seven—I was wandering around the city and somehow I got outside my regular beat. I'd always sort of lived and played in the slums—and there was an open square, with no grass or trees. We called it a park, and that was the swellest place I knew. But one day I went outside of the park and beyond the slums. And all at once I was in a nice part of the city. The city's like that, I don't have to tell you—the ugly part's sometimes a mere matter of a block or two from the pretty part.

"Y' know," Tony was staring at Marian, but she felt that he was scarcely seeing her, "I walked past a row of houses—the swellest houses I'd ever seen in my life—and suddenly, right in the middle of a city block I saw grass and flowers growing for the first time. Because, there, in the middle of the block, was a house with a garden. And the only thing that kept the garden from the sidewalk was a high fence—do you get the layout? Excuse me—were you saying something?"

Marian murmured a denial. She hadn't said anything, but she had wanted to say: "Of course, I get the layout. Our house was in the middle of a city block. And there was a garden."

Tony Corelli had ceased to be embarrassed. He spoke rapidly:

"I couldn't believe my eyes," he said, and some of the awe, carried across the years, was in his voice. "I stood stock still, in the street. And then I ran over to the fence and put my face tight between two of the fence rails—I had a thin face—and stared into the garden. And as I was staring, a side door opened in the house and a lady came out. She was dressed in a lacy dress, with ruffles, and she didn't have a hat on, and the sunshine made haloes all around her head. And in one hand she held a basket and by the other hand she was leading a baby—a baby girl, I guess, just big enough to walk. And she laughed and plumped the baby onto the grass, and went over to a crescent-

shaped flower bed and began to pick flowers and put 'em in the basket."

It was a long speech. Tony Corelli stopped for breath. But Marian, sitting with lowered head, was scarcely aware of the pause. She had been transplanted from the hotel room; she wasn't looking at the white hands folded in her lap. She was seeing leaf shadows dance on the velvet of a green kerchief of city lawn, and she was hearing a woman's lost laughter.

"Well," Tony Corelli had taken up the thread of the story, "I stood and watched. It was—don't think I'm an egg, talking this way—it was as if I stared into heaven. And pretty soon the lady looked up from the flowers and glanced in my direction. And I'll be a son of a gun—excuse me—if she didn't speak. She said, 'Hello, little boy—what do you want?'"

**T**ONY CORELLI gulped. He spoke with a rush of words.

"What did I want?" he questioned, harshly. "I wanted grass and sunlight and my mother in a white dress and— and beauty. Do you get me? I couldn't answer for a minute, and while I stood there, dumb as a bunny, with my face plastered against the fence, the lady walked over toward me. And when she got real close I saw that her eyes were gray and kind, and that she had high cheek bones like Marlene Dietrich, and that her hands were as white as an ad for French soap. And she repeated—'Do you want something, little boy?' And I said, 'Lady, kin I have a flower?' And she gave me—a flower. And I went," his voice shook, "I went away. But I knew what I wanted. What I was going to have, if I had anything. Where I'd be—if I were anywhere."

Marian Cabot's tone was so low that it was scarcely more than a sigh, as she whispered:

"It was probably one of those late roses that she gave you."

Tony Corelli was unaware of the whisper. He hurried along.

"I never knew who lived in that house," he told Marian. "I never went back to it—I was afraid it might be a dream. I didn't dare go back until I had arrived—not until about half a year ago, when the money and contracts were beginning to pile on top of one another. . . . The house was closed and the garden was crummy, and there were real estate signs pasted on the door and the fence. It—it hurt, seeing it in that shape. I'm quite alone, I haven't any family—I guess I'm a nut. But yesterday I got the final papers. It's mine, now."

Marian was no longer seated in the cozy chair. She was on her feet. She took a step toward the radio star, and her hand clutched his sleeve.

"It's yours?" she questioned. "The house?"

Tony Corelli nodded. He was a small boy caught in a jam closet.

"Uh-huh," he said. "Say, Miss Cabot—please don't think I'm fresh—but won't you come to dinner with me tonight—any night—and let me take you there and show it to you? The house, I mean? Maybe you could tell me how I can fix up the garden, what kind of flowers I should plant. I don't even know the names of flowers. I want it to be lovely—the way it used

(Please turn to page 83)

# The Voice of Experience Solves Your Problems

(Continued from page 42)

My father goes strong on your advice, so please answer me as soon as possible in TOWER RADIO.

ANN.

ANSWER: Ann, if your father and all other fathers who have taken the same stand regarding the entertainment of boy friends by eighteen and nineteen-year-old girls, could read some of the thousands of letters I have received from girls that were compelled to meet their boy friends on the sly, simply because they wanted to be natural and social, I think that such a problem as yours would cease to exist in short order.

I am not trying to take sides with the boys and girls against their parents. I am simply in possession of too many confessions of sorrow, grief and mental anguish, both from parents and from girls, to be able to take any other stand in justice to all concerned.

I hope for your sake, Ann, as well as for that of your parents that your father will reconsider and allow you to express your life normally; and instead of beginning to cheat or of harboring an ill feeling against your parents for not being allowed to receive friends of your age, that he will reconsider and give you the opportunity of entertaining your boy friends right at home.

## DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:

I had a very unhappy childhood. In fact, I had a father that was most brutal to us children. Besides unmerciful beatings, he often put red pepper in our mouths as punishment. You can imagine what that would do to a little girl of ten. I was compelled to sit at home and suffer these indignations until I finished High School. I immediately left and married, but separated seven years ago. Now here is where your guidance is needed:

I did not keep my marriage name. I was ashamed of my family, so I adopted another name for myself. Now I have met a young man that loves me and I love him. My former husband has since married, although I have never heard of a divorce from me. I have tried to live a clean life, but do not want to sacrifice my whole future happiness because of one marital mistake. The man who has asked me to marry him knows that I was married before, but he thinks I am divorced. I may be, but I am not sure.

Now, is it necessary for me to give my real name in order to be married? Would you let the past lay dead—marry him and find happiness through making him happy?

PEG.

ANSWER: As far as the law is concerned, Peggy, you may use any name you please and you will be just as tightly married as though you used the name with which you were christened; but, after all, it isn't fair to your lover and doesn't promise a happy marriage for you to go through with the ceremony until you are absolutely

(Please turn to page 72)



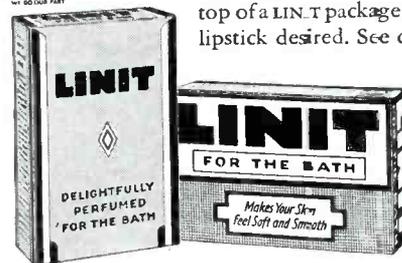
## Why the Writer of this ad suddenly took a New Interest in his wife!

BEING MARRIED to an ad-writer sometimes makes a woman skeptical about certain advertised products and their merits. I found this to be true in my case for my wife did not usually believe in the things I advocated.

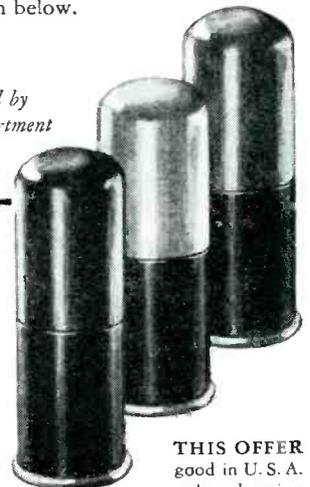
But, she DID try the famous LINIT Beauty Bath, and she DID send in the LINIT package top (and 10¢) for an attractive lipstick, 50¢ value.

I know she enjoyed the LINIT Baths because her skin is more soft and smooth than ever before. I also know she was delighted with the lipstick because of my comments on how it improved her appearance. And naturally, she is pleased at the new interest and attention I have shown in her since then.

Signed *Geo. H. Guindler*



LINIT is sold by grocers and department stores.



CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY, Dept. TM-8, P. O. Box 171, Trinity Station, New York City

Please send me.....lipstick(s). Shade(s) as checked below. I enclose.....¢ and.....LINIT package tops.

Light  Medium  Dark

Name.....

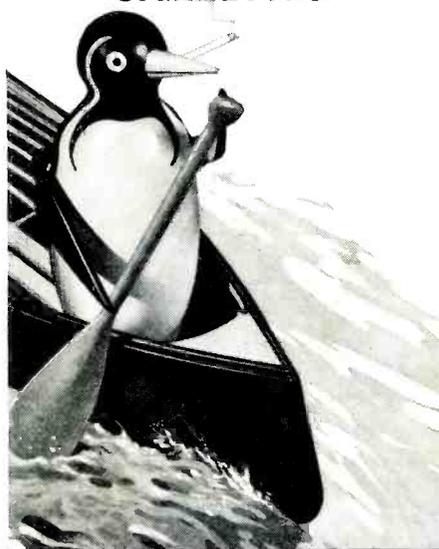
Address.....

City..... State.....

THIS OFFER good in U. S. A. only and expires Sept. 1, 1934

# KOOL

MILDLY MENTHOLATED  
CIGARETTES



**A MOST REFRESHING SMOKE**

*like a downstream paddle . . .  
like a breeze from the sea . . .  
like a shower on a dusty day . . .  
like a tall, tinkling drink . . .*

KOOLS are definitely refreshing. They're mildly mentholated to cool the smoke, save your throat, and to bring out the full flavor of the choice tobaccos used. Cork tips—easy on lips. Coupons packed with KOOLS good for gilt-edged Congress Quality U. S. Playing Cards; other nationally advertised merchandise. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) Send for illustrated list.

**FREE HANDSOME GIFTS...**



Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

## The Voice of Experience Solves Your Problems

(Continued from page 71)

sure of your release from the first husband.

If he has not gotten a divorce, but is living a bigamous life, that doesn't release you from your obligation to the law; and even after you find out definitely that you are divorced (if you are), certainly you owe it to your prospective husband to use your real name.

Suppose that something were to take place which brought to your home a person who knew you under your former name and you were addressed under that name. Don't you think it would be embarrassing and rather difficult to explain?

I have found this, Peggy: No matter what particular game we are playing in life, it pays to keep our cards face-up on the table and never to attempt to deal from under the pack. My advice to you would be to find out first your status as regards the first marriage. Then, if you care to, change your first name; but let him know about it. The moment you are married, your last name will be changed anyway, so others need not be drawn into this secret.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:

Shortly before prohibition went out, my wife, along with some of her women friends, started drinking. Now, I don't object to a man or woman taking a drink occasionally; but the trouble is she doesn't know when to stop. We have three children and she has even come home drunk before them. If I didn't love her, I would kick her out; but I cannot help but remember what she was before she took up drinking. She was so fine to me and was a wonderful mother to her children. She is even yet, when she's sober. She goes on these sprees about once a week and gets paralyzed drunk. In spite of her faults I love her and I don't want to break up my home. Whatever can I do?

JUST A HUSBAND.

ANSWER: There are some problems, my friend, that I admit my inability to cope with; some circumstances I am frank to say I cannot understand. One of these circumstances is that of a wonderful little wife and mother who will so far forget herself as to imbibe too freely of intoxicating beverages; and then, with all modesty and sense of decorum dulled into sleep by the power of drink, parade her vice before her children.

A good psychiatrist might be able to take your wife through a course of psychological re-education and overcome this habit for her. It is the only thing that I know of that would help. I have a pamphlet on "Alcoholism," which might make an appeal to her better sense and her maternal instinct, during her sober moments. I would be glad to send it to you, if you would care to have me do so; but, if her love for her children is not sufficiently strong to make her let liquor entirely alone, knowing as she does what an example she is setting for the children, I don't think a bit of literature, no matter how strongly worded, would do the job.

My sympathy to you and the little

ones; and let me hope that you will be able, through the help of a psychiatrist, to re-establish the home life that should be maintained, devoid of an alcoholic mother.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:

I went with a man for two years, whom I have known for ten years. He got a job in another town and left to go to work. He has not been home now for eight weeks and has written only two letters. My question is this: Should I sit home and wait for him or find other company?

FLORENCE.

ANSWER: That's a short letter, Florence, but you have written much between the lines. In the first place, although you have known this man for ten years and have gone with him steadily for two, now that he has been away just two months, you are tired of waiting and are tempted to seek other company.

You say he has written only two letters in eight weeks. You ask any lover, who is really in love, and he will tell you that, when the loved one is absent, the letters fly thick and fast both ways.

I am compelled, Florence, to conclude that he is not very much interested in you, and your interest in him is on the wane. This being true, my advice to you would be that, if a young man of good character wants to take you places, I'd go, if I were you. This doesn't entail your forgetting the other man entirely; but at least you are not going to waste the rest of your life sitting around waiting for an event that may never occur.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:

My son has composed a song-poem and sent it to a song service company, from whom he has received a letter saying that his poem has been approved; that they would put the melody to it and he is supposed to send fifty dollars in cash for the copyright certificate. They will also send him a copy of the song with a piano accompaniment.

I have given you the name of the company and I want to know whether they are reliable or not, or if this is just a scheme. I would like to encourage my boy if it is a legitimate concern, but cannot afford to spend the money if it isn't.

MRS. H. E.

ANSWER: I am not familiar with the company, Mrs. H. E., and, even if I were, I would be ill advised in discussing them with you. The market is glutted with poems of all kinds and it is very rare that a young chap submits a poem to a song company and has it accepted. I know what I am talking about, because I have had music published myself and am friendly with a number of the writers of "Tin Pan Alley," as the song writer's section is called.

Let me put it this way: Knowing what I do, I would not invest one penny in a poem or a musical composition or an article which I had submitted for approval to any organization. I know that if I were compelled

to do the financing, I wouldn't have one chance in a thousand of getting my money returned.

This company to which you refer may be a legitimate enterprise, but the first thing I would do, if I were you, would be to write to the Better Business Bureau of that city. Give them the facts that you have given me and, knowing this organization and the excellent service it is rendering, I am sure that you can rely on their advice.

**DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:**

I am sending you a problem which has me completely puzzled. There's a girl who lives close to me and she's about eighteen and very nice. I see her at least twice every week. I love this girl from my heart's depths. She's very nice to me, as well as I am to her. Yet, she says she doesn't love me. However, she won't look in my eye and say that.

There's another girl who hangs around me in public, who says she loves me; but I care absolutely nothing about her.

Now, Voice of Experience, I believe the second girl is the cause of my troubles with the first one, which I love. What is your advice?

C. L.

**ANSWER:** It looks to me, C. L., as though the girl you are in love with, naturally having heard about the other girl's bragging that she loves you, doesn't care to be known to be in competition for your love. She probably figures that "where there is smoke there must be fire," and that if this other girl is claiming that she loves you she must have had some reason to have become enamored of you.

I believe the only plan for you is just to follow a course of watchful waiting, during which time you should prove to the first girl there is no reason for jealousy of girl number two; and if number one really loves you, your patience will be rewarded. If she doesn't, there's just one thing left for you to do; and that's to find another girl.

Others have had to do this before you, C. L., and what others have done, you can do.

**DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:**

I have read so many of your articles and heard so many of your broadcasts that I have grown to look upon you as a kind of older brother to whom I can come for advice.

I am twenty-two and have a lyric tenor voice. I have been to Seattle for four years and have studied two years, off and on, trying to support myself and keep up my vocal studies. For a while my aunt sponsored my studies, but the good Lord has taken her and my career has stopped.

It is often said that to attain real success, one must suffer. Well, I don't mind hardships; but when it comes to suffering and acquiring nothing, not even a word of encouragement from your relatives, it gets on your nerves.

I don't want you to think I am going into this terrible state. Absolutely not. But it is making an old man of me, and I am just twenty-two.

Please tell me what would you do about my voice.

JOHN H.

**ANSWER:** In the first place, John, while it is true that the greatest singers are able to express all kinds  
(Please turn to page 74)

# Grand Chocolate Sauce speedy! can't fail!



## Eagle Brand CHOCOLATE SAUCE

2 squares unsweetened chocolate ¼ teaspoon salt  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk  $\frac{1}{2}$  to 1 cup hot water

Melt chocolate in a double boiler. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and stir over boiling water five minutes until mixture thickens. Add salt and hot water, amount depending on the consistency desired. Makes 2 or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  cups.

● Only 5 minutes' cooking! No lumps—always gorgeously creamy and smooth! The ice cream, too, is failure-proof. See free booklet. ● *But remember—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use Sweetened Condensed Milk. Just remember the name Eagle Brand.*



### FREE! WORLD'S MOST AMAZING COOK BOOK!

Contains dozens of short-cuts to caramel, chocolate and lemon good things—also magic tricks with candies, cookies, ice cream, salad dressings!

Just address: The Borden Co., Dept. TM84  
350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

(Print name and address plainly)



## Your Grocer's Motto Is Helpful Friendly Service

Whether it's a bar of soap or a long list of groceries—eggs, flour, shortening, coffee, sugar, canned staples and luxuries—your grocer is on the alert to give you friendly, helpful service . . . to offer all his experience that you may be better satisfied. Sometimes you find unusual service, which you particularly appreciate. For the best letters of 50 words or less, telling how some grocery clerk has shown you unusual service or courtesy, Tower Magazines will pay \$1,000.00 in cash. Turn to pages 10 and 11 of this magazine for details how to win.



Use FREE Coupon Below

● Years ago—remember when your Dad called to you, "Hello, Dirty Face?" It was "clean dirt" that he referred to—easily washed away.

Today, lurking *underneath* the surface of your skin, may be a much more treacherous dirt—(caused by dried make-up, atmosphere and traffic dust, alkali in soap and water)—and it is *this kind* of dirt that stops up your pores, bringing blackheads, pimples, enlarged pores and shiny skin.

Don't take chances with "dirty face" and the skin blemishes that come when pores cannot *breathe* naturally. Send for a FREE Gift Bottle of DRESKIN, Campana's new, liquid skin cleanser invention. Make the famous "ONE-TWO-THREE TEST" on your own skin. (1) Dampen a piece of cotton with DRESKIN. (2) Rub gently over your face and neck. (3) Look at the cotton! If it is dirty—heed the warning. Use DRESKIN regularly each night to remove the *hidden dirt*—neutralize the alkali—reduce the size of pores. Send for FREE trial bottle TODAY.

Campana  
**Dreskin**



THE ORIGINAL  
SKIN INVIGATOR  
—by the makers of  
CAMPANA'S  
ITALIAN BALM

CAMPANA DRESKIN,  
2918 Lincoln Highway,  
Batavia, Illinois

**Free** Gentlemen: Please send me  
FREE and postpaid a Trial Bottle of  
DRESKIN, Campana's Skin Invigorator  
—enough for 4 or 5 skin cleansing treatments.

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

If you live in Canada, send your request to Campana Corp., Ltd., TM-8 Caledonia Road, Toronto, Ontario

# The Voice of Experience Solves Your Problems

(Continued from page 73)

of emotion in their songs, it is because they, themselves, have experienced these emotions—not the least of which is suffering. Nevertheless, just because it has been said that one can sing well only after having suffered, this does not mean that everybody that suffers is going to be a singer. Most everybody that suffers learns to cry pretty well, or sing the "blues," as they call it; but I don't think you'd call these people artists.

It is a great ambition, John, to want to use one's talents and I can understand a chap wishing to move thousands with the sweetness and artistry of his voice. You see, I was a pipe organist and played for hundreds of thousands before I crushed my hands. But when I met with that accident, I didn't start crying over it; nor did I figure that my career was ended.

While your singing may seem to you to be the logical career for you to follow, nevertheless, unless an avenue opens up for you to follow that career, you would be a very foolish boy to give up simply through lack of encouragement or inability to carry on your studies. Probably later you can make an avocation out of music. Many thousands have while making themselves self-sustaining, and later on were able to realize their early ambitions and make music their chief career.

But, there's something wrong, John, when a boy of twenty-two will say that anything is making an old man out of him. Suffering, hardships, deprivation, even hunger are courses that lots of us have had to take in the school of hard knocks; and while they mature us, if we are red-blooded they don't make us feel old. They simply give us greater determination to fight against odds and win. It is a foolish boy, too, John, who finds himself face to face with a stone wall that does not use ingenuity to turn in another direction and start forging ahead. There are many other things that are worthy besides being a singer. If I were you, I would find what I was best fitted for, grit my teeth, dig in and make myself just a little better in that line than other competitors. If you will do this, I think that before you will realize it an avenue will open up for you to continue with your musical course.

Looking for sympathy gets us nowhere; and self-pity is even worse. Sometimes it pays to forget even a laudable ambition, when it has no opportunity of success, and shed some perspiration in another direction instead of tears because one career seems closed to us.

Think it over, lad, and I believe that you will conclude that I am right.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:

When only seventeen, I eloped to Maryland with a young man of twenty-six. I lived in New Jersey, while he was a resident of New York. We set up light housekeeping in New York.

After being married three months, I visited my mother in New Jersey. On my return to New York, after a three-day visit, I found my husband had moved out, leaving only impersonal belongings. I cannot get in touch with him anywhere, so I returned to my mother. Since then I haven't received one cent from him. Naturally, we have no children.

I would like to get a divorce, but I know for a fact that my husband has secured a Mexican divorce. If this kind of divorce were recognized in New Jersey and New York it would save me the price of a divorce, but I have inquired through attorneys in both states and am told that a Mexican divorce is not recognized.

Could you find out for me whether these attorneys are right and do you think that I could have my marriage annulled? I was not quite seventeen when I married and separated just three months later. I would appreciate a reply.

MRS. M. D.

ANSWER: I am sorry, my friend, that I am not able to answer your letter, because it would necessitate my giving you legal advice, which I cannot do. But I can give you a suggestion which will solve your problem for you and I can vouchsafe the belief that such a marriage, consummated before you were of age, would be annulled if you would get the cooperation of your parents.

If I were you, I would write to the Legal Aid Society in Newark, New Jersey, and put the problem to them. That is if you can't afford the fee for a local attorney. I feel sure, however, that a local lawyer would be glad to tell you what your status is and what course to take for a very small fee. His advice you can rely upon.

*Voice of Experience appears each Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, at 12 noon E. D. S. T. over the following CBS network:*

WCAL, WNAC, WGR, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, WDRC, CKLW, WOWO, KMBC, WHAS, WABC, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WFBL, WJSV, KILZ, KSL, WBC, KRLB, WWVA, KTRH, WIBW, KFAB, WCCO, WDSV, KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI. He also appears each Monday at 8 P. M., E. D. S. T. over the following CBS network: WCAL, WNAC, WGR, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WOWO, WDRC, WABC, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, WFBL, WJSV, WBT, WWVA. He talks over the following CBS network each Tuesday night at 11:45 E. D. S. T. KILZ, KMBC, KRLB, WCCO, KSL, WHAS, KTRH, WBSU, KMOX, KFAB, WIBW, WACO, KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWZ, KVI.

The most dramatic story ever written about a radio star  
The untold life of CONNIE BOSWELL in next month's  
**TOWER RADIO**

# How Radio Comes to You

(Continued from page 13)

Similarly at NBC, George McElrath, operating engineer, showed us other contrivances which enabled him to keep in touch with what was going on, devices which permitted him to see that the progress of the show was uninterrupted and others which allowed him to switch in instantly on any of the three big network shows of the moment.

Mr. McElrath showed us around the traffic department, close by the master control, radio's nerve center. In the spacious traffic quarters we saw row upon row of desks behind which sat a staff of men with braces of telephones, telegraph instruments and teletype machines. It was by means of these methods of quick communication, Mr. McElrath explained that the parent key station kept in touch with their many children scattered over radio's four winds.

While the program was on the air, he told us, the traffic co-ordinators exchanged transmission information with the affiliated stations of the hook-up. At other times they were transmitting and receiving the immense volume of program details and broadcasting data pertaining to the business.

Now, we are ready to get a composite NBC and CBS view as to how a program gets on the air and how it is conveyed to the affiliated stations. To begin, we learn that there is much preliminary work. As soon as the details of a sponsored or house program are known, a traffic sheet is prepared, scheduling the stations that are to receive it. Each station on the network is notified by teletype to await the program on such a day, hour and minute and second. If the program is not a "coast to coast," the traffic sheet will specify the feature that will be fed to the other stations and similar instructions are sent accordingly.

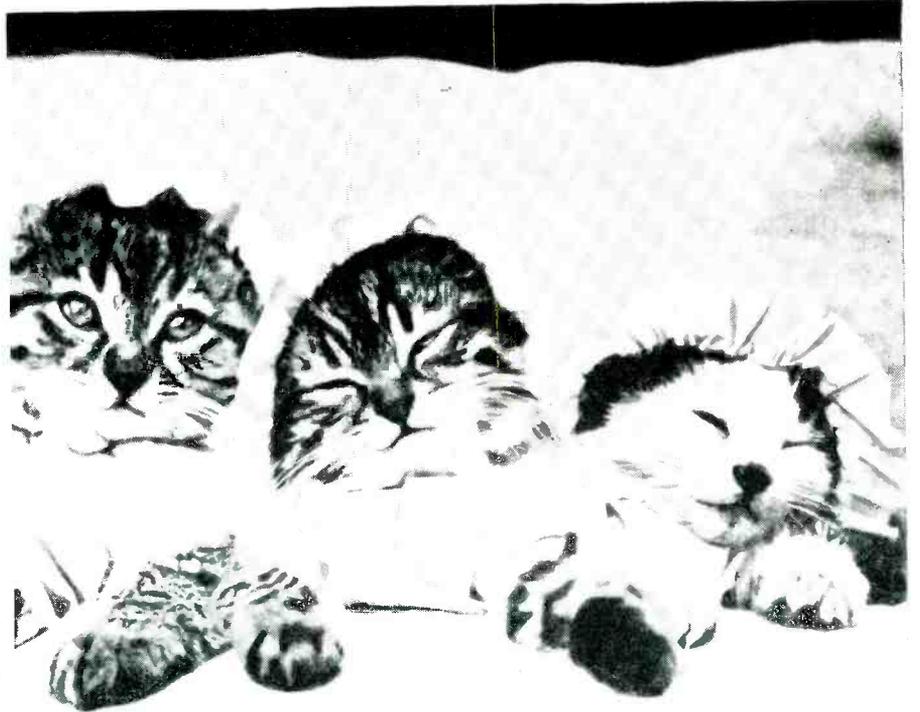
THAT all network programs are not coast to coast events is due to several factors, time differences often being one of them. Again, a sponsor may desire only regional coverage for his product. Many public talks are of a sectional interest only. Entertainment in the music field sometimes is sectional. The chain broadcaster ever must adapt his program schedule to the whims of the sponsor and audience.

Prior to the day of the broadcast, radio technicians must be assigned to the actual studio or outside point where the program takes place. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company also has to be kept informed of every task it will be called upon to perform.

And so we come to the day, the hour and the minute in which we are standing in the Master Control Rooms of the National Broadcasting Company or the Columbia Broadcasting System waiting to watch a chain program go on the air. We have arrived a few minutes earlier in order to examine the physical equipment necessary for transmission.

We first note a desk marked Senior Master Control Supervisor. He has a program by program schedule in his hand which he is studying as the minute for the change approaches. Several

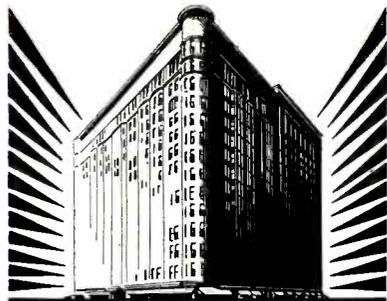
Please turn to page 76)



It's natural for cats to nap—but not natural for them to wear night togs. Just so, you housewives know it's natural for the family to like Soft Food but not natural for food to provide so little chewing. It is one of Nature's ways of keeping the teeth in condition—as vital for LOOKS as for health. Dentists say "chew your food vigorously." They mean EXERCISE YOUR TEETH. That's why they recommend chewing gum. DOUBLE MINT is the gum to enjoy. So, go ahead with your Soft Foods. Just remember DOUBLE MINT.



# see Chicago from the



## GREAT NORTHERN HOTEL

### See Everything

On your next visit to Chicago, see everything . . . not just the World's Fair, wonderful as that is, but see all of Chicago's great civic attractions, as well as the shops and theatres. You can, quickly and economically, when you put up at *The Great Northern*. Quiet, almost secluded—yet in the heart of everything! And so reasonable!

- 400 rooms, 400 baths.
- Reasonable rates \$2.50 up.
- Radio in every room.
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Special Attention to Clubs  
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USE THIS COUPON

GREAT NORTHERN HOTEL  
Chicago, Illinois

Please send me complete information about the Great Northern—the World's Fair Hotel. Our party consists of . . . persons.

Name . . . . .

Street Address . . . . .

City . . . . . State . . . . .

# How Radio Comes to You

(Continued from page 75)

feet in front of him is a circular steel paneled board resembling somewhat a telephone switchboard, indented with a bewildering array of plugs, key switches, buttons and lights. Here sit a group of co-ordinating engineers who keep an unceasing vigil on a clock equipped with a vindictive looking, large second hand, which seemed to us to overemphasize the value of a second. We were to learn later how important the seconds are.

Five minutes before the program in progress comes to a close the Senior Control Engineer gives the order to get ready the succeeding hook-up or hook-ups. As far as we could see, it consists of pushing buttons, turning small switches and making mysterious telephone calls. Green lights flashed on, denoting that the set-up was ready but not connected to the succeeding studio and control board. Our guide noticed our puzzled expression over the operation.

"You will have to go to the American Telephone Building at 32 Sixth Avenue to see part of this program changing performance," he said. He reminded us to keep our eyes on the clock and on the Master Control Board as the lightning-like program switch-over was to occur at 10:29-30 P.M. Here is what happens:

In the studio where the program of the moment is coming to an end, the control engineer on duty there "fades" it out by slowly turning a knob just as you and I do on our radio when we want to make the music softer. The announcer then rings the chimes or says, "This is the Columbia (or National) Broadcasting System." Up in the Master Control Room where we were waiting, the co-ordinating engineer cuts off the studio by turning a switch and pushes a button which notifies A.T.&T. to disassemble the network. Then, the announcer in New York recited the call letters of the key station, locally, a procedure which is followed up simultaneously by every station on the network. There follows ten seconds on one chain, twenty on the other, of absolute silence ("dead air") as far as chain broadcasting is concerned, during which the affiliated stations

make preparations to join the new network or put on local programs according to their schedules.

UNDER the spell of that red second hand it is a tense moment to us. On the precise second, the co-ordinating engineer under the watchful eye of the Senior Master Control chief, turns a switch which connects the broadcasting studio to the Master Control Board. He pushes a button which links the program by direct wire to 32 Sixth Avenue, from which point it is fed into the waiting network. The green lights on the Master Control Board turn to red signifying the hook-up has been made and the show is on.

None the less interesting is what has transpired in the studio where the new program goes on the air. Here we find a waiting cast properly stationed in front of the microphone or standing by for their turn. The order "quiet" has been given as the second hand nears the exact moment when the participants are to start talking, singing or playing. In the foreground of the studio is a windowed studio control room where in back of a miniature Master Control Panel sits the engineer. In the rear of him stands the Director of the program.

The studio engineer at the second appointed receives a white light on his board, the signal that he has "the air." The watchful director, to whom all eyes in the studio are focussed, raises his hand and points a finger at the announcer or talent who is to inaugurate the program and the music or spoken words are started on their ether journey. The studio engineer promptly turns dials to bring the program up to the desired level and one more program is made available to the millions of set owners who want to listen.

We stayed around the Master Control Board and observed a split network being initiated with the same apparent ease by the co-ordinating engineers. Three different programs occupied this period—the first featuring a local celebrity of interest only to listeners in the New York area, the second a regional sponsored program and

## BIRTHDAY GREETINGS



WHY NOT SEND

TO YOUR FAVORITES?



Nino Martini . . . . .	Aug. 8, 1904	Gene Glenn . . . . .	Aug. 15, 1905
Jane Pickens . . . . .	Aug. 10, 1911	Andre Baruch . . . . .	Aug. 20, 1906
Albert Spalding . . . . .	Aug. 15, 1888	James Meighan . . . . .	Aug. 22, 1906
Edith Murray . . . . .	Aug. 15, 1909		

the third a sustaining filler-in for the rest of the country.

We journeyed down to the Telephone Building to see what happened at the other end of all the activity we had watched at Columbia and NBC. George T. Hepburn, the Personnel Director, was our guide through the maze of Master Control Boards and network building accoutrement in the absence of E. C. McCrery, the Radio Supervisor.

He explained that the telephone engineers began assembling the skeins of the network and joining them together as far ahead as possible to the time of use. Sometimes it was a simple matter, merely arranging to join the permanently leased facilities to the key station at Radio City or 485 Madison Avenue, Columbia's headquarters. Other times there were specially installed circuits necessary, these circuits leading into the regular set-up of wires.

"For example," he said, "Guy Lombardo and his orchestra are playing a vaudeville engagement in San Antonio, Texas. In order to spot Lombardo in the "White Owl" program, we have to set up a special wire from San Antonio coming up through Texarkana and so on into Chicago, where the wire is connected with the nation-wide hook-up."

HOW such a program finally gets on the air is an example of the perfect co-ordination of effort in radio that amazes us laymen. To complete a situation that often happens, let us say that on the same night George Burns and Gracie Allen are playing an engagement in Chicago and the announcer is in New York. On the night of the broadcast all concerned are waiting near microphones in San Antonio, Chicago and New York. Each one has a script to follow the program or to watch for pre-arranged cue words, the signal to "come in" on the program. Loud speakers or headphones are enlisted. Chain and telephone officials are on the scene to cooperate. When the time arrives the orchestra or George and Gracie or the announcer just go ahead and "do their stuff." Really, it is quite the same as having two telephone extensions in our homes, in which we talk or listen to a third party as we choose.

In front of the Master Control Board in the A.T.&T. quarters are a row of desks peopled by the "trouble shooters" who are the sentinels guarding the smooth transmission of the network programs. They watch for interference and locate breakdowns. In such instances, duplicate facilities and equipment are available. General Order Number One to this army of technicians is: "The show must go on."

AS we have stated, Columbia has a total of 97 stations, NBC's "Red" network has a maximum of 63 affiliated stations and its "Blue" web 60 stations, if all supplementary stations are taken. Both chains have "round robin" telephone wires to carry their programs starting from their key stations which eventually reach Chicago through many cities and find their way back to New York. From Chicago, an important program emanating point, NBC and Columbia have permanent circuits feeding through to the Pacific Coast and branching up and down from Mexico to the Canadian (Please turn to page 78)



PARIS says—

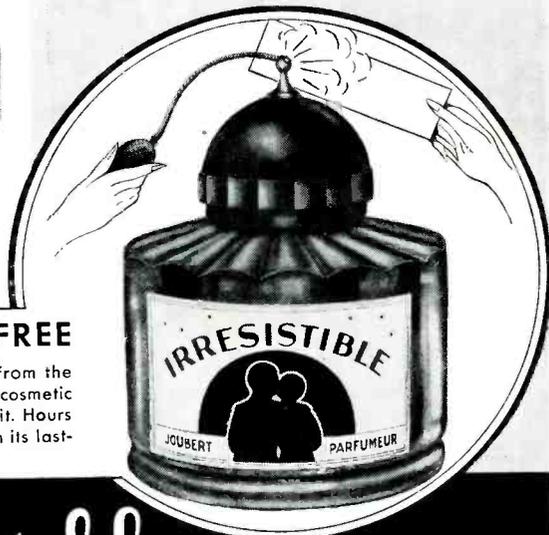
To be  
CHIC

IS TO BE TRULY

Irresistible

The smart Parisienne has long practiced the subtle art of the correct use of perfume. She chooses her perfume for its effect, for its ability to make her truly irresistible. But no longer need you envy her choice, for now with Irresistible Perfume, you can give yourself that indefinable charm, that unforgettable allure that has attracted men the world over. You will find Irresistible Perfume at your 5 and 10c store. Buy it today. One trial will convince you that it has the magic power to make you, too, more irresistible.

Try also the other Irresistible Beauty Aids, each delightfully scented with the exotic fragrance of Irresistible Perfume. Beauty experts recommend them for their purity and quality, comparing them favorably with \$1 and \$2 preparations.



Make This Test FREE

Get a free perfume card sprayed from the Irresistible Giant Atomizer at the cosmetic counter in the 5 and 10c store. Keep it. Hours later, you will still be delighted with its lasting exotic fragrance.

Irresistible  
FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Face Powder, Lipstick, Perfume, Cold Cream, Cologne, Brilliantine, Talc. Each only 10c at all 5 and 10c stores

# WHAT grocery clerk has given you the most HELPFUL SERVICE?



**\$1,000  
IN CASH**

—See Page 10—

**G**ETTING friendly, helpful service from grocery store clerks is just as everyday an event as turning on the electric lights. Yet try to get along without either! Every woman has had a special reason to appreciate her grocer.

What grocery clerk has given you the most helpful service? For the best letters answering that question, Tower Magazines are paying \$1,000.00 in cash. See pages 10 and 11 of this magazine for details how you can share in these cash awards and bring fame to a local grocery store man or woman.

# How Radio Comes to You

(Continued from page 77)

border. In addition there are permanent wire connections out of New York feeding New England and the South. From the appearance on a radio map of the thousands and thousands of miles of wires crossing and criss-crossing is derived the term networks.

At program changing time the A.T.&T. engineers made a last minute test with their chain colleagues by direct wire to Radio City or 485 Madison Avenue. Then they waited for the push-button signal or cue for them to switch the chain connection into the new network. It was all done so efficiently and quietly that it was quite undramatic. From the moment the program began the telephone engineers at 32 Sixth Avenue and scattered throughout the land assumed the responsibility for the transmission of the entertainment to the stations for which it was intended.

As the program goes over the wires, each station desiring it goes in on the "round robin," as it were, and delivers it by special wire to the high antennae we have seen in the countryside which release the words and music into the ether for the benefit of the fans in the listening area covered by the station's signals. To these transmitters, in a sense, we aim our radios when we tune in on a program.

**O**UR broadcasting friends affirm that the foreign broadcasts are no more difficult to arrange from an engineering standpoint than domestic programs. We recently were in-

trigued by two dance program pick-ups in a half hour period over Columbia—the first from a hotel in Bermuda and the second from Honolulu. According to Henry Grossman, our CBS guide, the time of going on the air and off in terms of the originating points was figured out in New York and the Bermuda and Hawaiian Island radio officials notified. The short wave facilities of RCA were engaged and on the night of the broadcast that company simply delivered the music from Bermuda to Riverhead, Long Island, where it was transferred by special telephone wire into the regular network at New York. The Honolulu program was fed into the hook-up at San Francisco after being brought by RCA short wave from our far off possession in the Pacific.

Occasionally, out-of-doors events are broadcast through a short wave combination which the chains pick up on a receiver and rebroadcast over a network. In many such cases the announcer carries a portable sending equipment strapped to his back, thus making him a walking radio station, which oddly enough is duly licensed and authorized by the Federal Radio Commission.

Radio engineering is a fascinating game. Seconds are as important as minutes in maintaining the great networks on schedule. There is a perfect co-ordination of effort in getting programs on and off the air—or should we say—on the telephone wire and to the air?

# The Popular Highbrow

(Continued from page 41)

"I have to laugh when other radio people speak of the vast radio audience," he says. "It isn't vast. It is an audience of two, three or four people—the people seated in their living rooms, cosy and comfortable before their radios. Wouldn't it be foolish of me to enter that room in person and begin to make a speech? They would think I was mad.

"Then I think it just as foolish for me to enter that room *via* the radio and start making a speech. Instead I chat with those few people, as I would if I were actually with them. I chat for a few seconds only, and then the music continues. The radio is intimate and cozy and that's what I always try to keep it when I am before the microphone.

"I think the programs which feature comedienne and have huge audiences actually present during the broadcast to laugh and applaud are all wrong. They say they do it 'to time the laughs.' Nonsense. One or two people never laugh so long or so loud as a great audience gathered together. How many times have you been reading a book alone and laughed out loud—no matter how screamingly funny it was and no matter how much you appreciated the joke? Not many times, I'll wager.

"So it seems to me that this recording of audience laughs simply makes that small audience in the living room wait for the next joke. And because

that audience is so small it must be 'chatted with' instead of 'spoken at.'

"When the Metropolitan Opera was being broadcast and I was describing the story I got a good many pro and con letters. A few people from the big cities objected to my talking while the music was being played. I assure you that I timed my chats to come when there was no vital music going on. I worked with cues exactly as an actor does and spoke only during the less important moments of the opera. The people who were enthusiastic about these explanations were those who had not seen opera and had no opportunity to do so. Good Lord! They wanted to know what was happening on the stage. They had no way to visualize it unless it were explained. Unless they had some mental picture half the effect of—and the reason for—opera was gone.

"Now, on the Whiteman hour, I time my remarks carefully. They seldom run more than fifteen seconds. I try to make them sound as intimate as possible."

**I**T is rather unusual that a man of such wide musical knowledge as Deems Taylor, a man who could very well be a first-class musical snob, is so profoundly interested in the radio and so willing to give the public what it wants without berating the average taste.

He is a thoroughly affable and

charming person—a smallish man with thinning sandy hair and horn-rimmed glasses. He looks much more like a business man and his quick, decisive movements are more like those of a business man than a temperamental composer.

He is always ready to consult with Paul Whiteman about the programs and is deeply interested in the selections made. In fact, even besides music he has a wide variety of interests.

He lives in a large country house about eight miles out of Stamford, Conn., and there he indulges in a number of hobbies. Ever since he was a boy he has liked doing things with his hands. Photography was one of his first hobbies. It still is. He has a very fine camera and makes unusual and artistic camera studies and he will work for hours to get just the lighting effect he wants.

**I**N art he has always been interested. Sketching delights him. One day he was passing a shop and saw an interesting group of objects—linoleum blocks. These are almost the same as wood cuts or blocks, except that it is easier to work with linoleum than wood. The result—although more crude—is more satisfying to an amateur.

Taylor immediately purchased enough linoleum to cover Grand Central Station and began making linoleum blocks. He protests that he does not do them well; that only in the quantity he makes and the persistence he shows lies merit. But these very hobbies of his are what keep him young, vital and full of the well-being that he seems continually to exude.

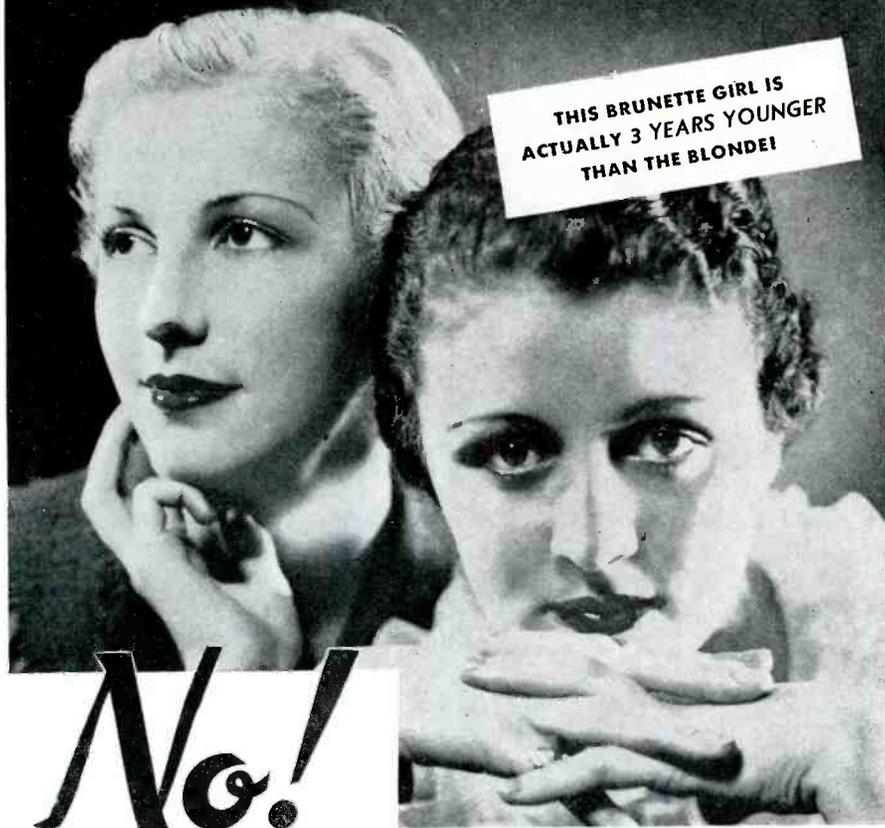
His greatest interest, of course, lies in the opera but he absolutely believes that one must take it as a part of the theater, either see it and be interested in the action or be able to visualize it—if it is presented over the radio—as a play as well as to hear its marvelous music. And you who are forced to listen to those highbrows sound off like this: "It's only the music that counts. You don't need to know anything about the story"—well, now you can give them an answer by quoting Deems Taylor, an authority, who says, "One of my favorite operas is 'Tristan und Isolde' but I never can stay awake during the second act—because nothing is actually happening on the stage—I am seeing nothing to interest me. There is no action, so I always sleep through the most beautiful part of the script—musically—while the love scene is going on.

"Nobody could possibly listen to a concert for three hours. Opera is usually three hours long. So having music and nothing else won't do. You must be able to see something happen or see it in the mind's eye as can be done through the radio when it is explained."

*Deems Taylor appears every Thursday night at 10 P.M., E. D. S. T., over the following NBC stations:*

WEAF, WTAG, WJAR, WSCH, WFI, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WLW, KSD, WOC, WHO, WOW, WDAF, WMAQ, WDAY, KFJR, KVOO, WEBC, CFCF, WKY, KTBS, KTHS, WTMJ, WBAP, KPRC, WOAL, KOMO, KOA, KDYL, KGO, KFI, KGW, KHQ, WEEL, WIBA, KSTP, CRCT, WSB, WSMB.

# DO BRUNETTES LOOK OLDER THAN BLONDES



## No!

**THE ANSWER IS THAT 7 OUT OF 10 BRUNETTES USE THE WRONG SHADE OF FACE POWDER!**

• BY *Lady Esther*

If there's one thing women fool themselves about, it's face powder shades.

Many women select face powder tints on the wrong basis altogether. They try to get a face powder that simply matches their type instead of one that enhances or flatters it.

Any actress will tell you that certain stage lights can make you look older or younger. The same holds true for face powder shades. One shade can make you look ten to twenty years older while another can make you look years younger.

It's a common saying that brunettes look older than blondes. There is no truth in it. The reason for the statement is that many brunettes make a mistake in the shade of the face powder they use. They simply choose a brunette face powder shade or one that merely matches their type instead of one that goes with the *tone* of their skin. A girl may be a brunette and still have an olive or white skin.

**One of Five Shades is the Right Shade!**

Colorists will tell you that the idea of numberless shades of face powder is all wrong. They will tell you that one of five shades will answer every tone of skin.

I make Lady Esther Face Powder in five shades only, when I could just as well make ten or twenty-five shades. But I know that five are all that are necessary and I know that one of these five will prove just the right shade of face powder for your skin.

I want you to find out if you are using the right shade of face powder for *your* skin. I want you to find out if the shade you are using is making you look *older* or *younger*.

**One Way to Tell!**

There is only one way to find out and this is to try all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder—and that is what I want you to do at my expense.

One of these shades, you will find, will instantly prove the right shade for you. One will immediately make you look years younger. You won't have to be told that. Your mirror will cry it aloud to you.

Write today for all the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder that I offer free of charge and obligation. Make the shade test before your mirror. Notice how instantly the right shade tells itself. Mark, too, how soft and smooth my face powder; also, how long it clings.

**Mail Coupon**

One test will reveal that Lady Esther Face Powder is a unique face powder, unparalleled by anything in face powders you have ever known.

Mail the coupon or a letter today for the free supply of all five shades that I offer.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

**FREE**

LADY ESTHER  
2020 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail a trial supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

This offer is not good in Canada (6)

## Now BLONDES Made Irresistible



### Amazing New Discovery For Light Hair Perfected!

An almost magical way has been found to increase and intensify the special allure of the Blonde Girl. To enable you to attract as never before, if you're blonde... with the golden shimmer of your hair!

Science has found a way to marvelously enhance the beauty and fascination of light hair. Even when it is dull and faded-looking, to restore its real blonde color and lustre!

No matter how lovely your hair is now, this discovery will make it lovelier... give it a dazzling gloss and sheen... make you a golden magnet of feminine appeal.

#### Win and Hold Men

It is called Trublond. Try it just once. It is SAFE—not a dye. Simply acts to bring out the natural hidden color, golden light and fluffiness to your hair. And when hair has darkened and become streaked, Trublond quickly brings back its original color and sparkle.

You use it like an ordinary shampoo. Get a package of Trublond—for a few cents at any drug or department store or at the 10c stores. Begin using your blonde charm to the utmost!



## Three Matrons of Evanston

(Continued from page 62)

Evanston; she still had another year in the School of Speech.

No premonition of future reunions eased the pain of that separation. Not once did they dream that the three fantastic characters whom they had created that midnight in a moment of fun for their own and their sorority mates' amusement would be the means of bringing them together again—together in a way that would focus world attention.

As a matter of fact, they had practically forgotten their syntax-scrambling favorites when, in 1930, they found themselves together once more in Chicago, drawn there by the belief that in a metropolis they might find it simpler to commercialize their Bachelor of Letters degrees. Once they were together, though, they quickly remembered.

CHITTER-CHATTERING along in their old gay but ungrammatical fashion one spring afternoon shortly after their return, a look of inspiration suddenly revealed itself upon Em's alert, intelligent face.

"Why don't we try and put the girls on the air?" Her eyes became gigantic brown question marks.

Clara and Lu giggled. Though the latter (to quote her) "was badly in need of a good job just then, and the former "wasn't finding it so easy to book the dramatic skit" which she and another girl had worked up, Em's suggestion sounded preposterous.

"You don't really think that a radio station would pay us money for this nonsense?" reproached Clara.

"It doesn't sound very practical to me, either," Lu added, gently.

But Em, whose search for a radio outlet for her quiet lovely soprano voice had led inside several local broadcasting stations, clung to the opinion that there was a place on the air for their imaginary characters. "Talking acts are going over awfully well just now," she assured the other two professionally. "Look at Amos 'n Andy!"

There was nothing more to be said after that—nothing, that is, to each other. For the next few weeks, they concentrated their vocal efforts, trying to persuade program directors of local stations to give them an audition. One finally agreed—only to stall them off at the last minute. Another, after hearing them, told them kindly that their act, "while mildly amusing, would never click."

Then Fate, that same benevolent creature who first brought them together on a college campus, initiated them into the same sorority, inspired that midnight spread and reunited them in Chicago, guided them into the Chicago Tribune's powerful WGN station. What ensued is radio history.

Overnight, the girls found themselves on WGN's sustaining program. And five weeks later, station officials had "sold" a great soap manufacturer or the idea of sponsoring them on the air at a weekly salary, running well into four figures. That was four years ago this June.

Five mornings a week now the same three girls are entering millions of American homes from Maine to Mexico, entertaining with their homely, human chatter the occupants who have come to look upon them as their friends. And everything indicates that they will con-

tinue thus for many months to come, for WGN, holder of their contracts, recently renewed them for the rest of 1934 and all of 1935.

WHO are the real Clara, Lu 'n' Em, you ask? What do they look like? How do they act away from the "mike"? What secret power has enabled them to hold on to their simple, homespun charm through four years of continued success?

To see them for the first time (as I did), sipping coffee and chatting animatedly about a refreshment table in a drug store, nineteen floors below NBC's Chicago studios where they had just finished their regular morning broadcast, you would suppose at once that they were three "young marrieds" from the suburbs, taking time out from a shopping spree. Certainly, you would never suspect they are who they are: Three young college women, still in their twenties, who by a rare understanding and appreciation of the American scene have won for themselves fame and fortune, unsurpassed by few of radioland's fairy god children.

They don't look like celebrities. Clara, a plumpish brunette with lovely white skin, is the type of young woman whom you instinctively expect to have a chubby-cheeked child by the hand. Lu, a slim, flower-like girl with a sensitive, dream-swept face and thoughtful eyes, suggests a campus poetess, gone domestic for love of her classroom hero. Bright-eyed, shining-haired Em, perhaps the most fashionable and certainly the sveltest of the trio, is the epitome of leagues of women voters and Girl Friendly societies.

"What do you do off the air?" I asked them.

Clara, the most articulate of the group, replied matter-of-factly that she supposed they did "what any other wives do who get their husband's breakfasts, and don't make evening engagements without first consulting them."

"My husband and I both like bridge—contract," she went on, the hand on which gleamed her diamond-studded wedding circlet, playing with the jabot of her smart rust-hued tailleur. "I never cared for sports until I was married. But last Summer I started to play golf with my husband, and now I'm crazy about it. Another thing we like to do is go to art school."

Without knowing another thing about her, you feel well acquainted with Clara when, in response to your most probing questions, she explains that the reason she goes to art school is, not because she thinks she has "a lick of talent in that direction," but because she wants "to encourage" her husband "who is clever that way."

Lu, likewise, slips one the key to her character when she "guesses" aloud that she is "sort of a homebody."

"I like better than anything else," she told me, "to have my friends drop in at the last minute for dinner, then sit around afterward and gab about this and that. I'm not very active."

What Lu didn't tell, however, was that she is inactive on the doctor's orders. She has a bad heart which, on more than one occasion, has threatened her radio career.

Em is "tremendously interested in social problems."

"That's one of the reasons," she ex-

plained, "why I enjoy my radio role. Em, to me, is a real person—one whom I admire a lot. She's like so many women who marry husbands who aren't very successful, and are always having children, yet never lose their gallant spirit. Em's problems are real problems. I like to help her try and solve them."

Despite this, her sociological side, the flesh-and-blood Em has another, a more frivolous one which she conceals smartly in a pair of white slacks on summer days when she and her husband pursue their favorite sport—bobbing up and down upon the heaving bosom of Lake Michigan in their sail boat.

**BECAUSE** Clara, Lu 'n' Em don't enjoy the same things, it does not follow that they do not have countless points of similarity. To a marked extent, their personal histories parallel one another.

All three of the girls hailed from average American homes in the Middle West. Clara was born in Des Moines. The County Clerk of Mount Pleasant, Iowa, had the thrill of filing Lu's birth certificate. Em first saw the dawn in Peoria.

Each of them made her initial trip to the altar after they had gotten themselves snug footholds upon the air lanes. Clara became Mrs. Paul C. Mead at a church wedding, made doubly memorable for her because the buckle of her bridal gown snapped as she was entering the church, and she sailed down the aisle with a hairpin holding her belt together.

Lu is the wife of Howard Berolzheimer, an instructor in the School of Commerce at Northwestern University; she knew him "but not seriously" during her co-ed days. Two weeks after she first met him, Em became engaged to Jonathan Mayo Miller, a young realtor whose name, prefixed by "Mrs.," now adorns her calling cards.

Each has bought herself a charming home in the nicest part of Evanston, thirteen miles away from the hubbub of the studio where they daily broadcast. Though none of them have children, all three hope to have a family some day. Like the average American woman who stays at home, their lives revolve about their husbands, their households and their friends.

Celebrity night celebrations at Chicago's stay-open-till-dawn places fail to lure them from their cozy suburban firesides. And conversations about the greener pastures of New York leave them singularly satisfied with the complexion of the small cities and rolling prairies of the Middle West, the America from which they sprang and where they now derive the inspiration for the homespun heroines who have brought them fame and fortune—Clara, Lu 'n' Em.

*Clara, Lu 'n' Em appear every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday at 10:15 A.M., E. D. S. T., over the following NBC network:*

WEAF, WTAG, WEEL, WJAR, WCSH, WFL, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBen, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WLW, WHO, WOV, WDAF, WDAY, KFYP, WOC, WTML, KSTP, WRVA, WPTF, WUNC, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WSM, WMC, WSB, WAPI, WJDX, WSMB, KVOO, WKY, WBAP, KPRC, WOAI, KOA, KDYL, WTIC.

# HELEN STOPS A WANDERING EYE



## HEXIN STOPS A THROBBING HEADACHE

**N**OW there is no need to avoid a difficult situation when you feel "below par"—no need to break important engagements on account of ordinary aches and pains.

"2 HEXIN with water" is a magic phrase to people in pain. It means relief in record time and—above all—SAFE relief.

HEXIN was originally developed for children. It could not and does

not contain any habit-forming drugs.

HEXIN eases pain SAFELY by relaxing tenseness and nervous strain—by removing the pressure on sensitive nerve ends.

Buy HEXIN from your druggist in convenient tins containing 12 tablets or economical bottles of 50 and 100 tablets.

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Please send me a generous FREE sample of HEXIN.

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## A COMPLETE WAVE FOR ONE CENT

**N**OW you can quickly and easily wave your hair at home for one cent or less! New improved Wildroot Wave Powder, approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau, makes full pint of professional wave set for 10 cents. You make your own wave set. Just mix powder with water. Dries quickly, leaves no white flakes. Keeps indefinitely. Simple directions in every package for finger waving or resetting your permanent. At all drug and five and ten cent stores.



**10c SIZE  
MAKES 1 PINT**

*New improved*  
**WILDROOT  
WAVE POWDER**

**Keep white shoes with Realshine  
Cleans purses, gloves, belts**

**10¢ AT 5-10¢ STORES**

**WON'T  
cake  
or rub  
off!!**

**Realshine**  
TRADE MARK REG.  
**WHITE**  
**SHOE DRESSING**

REALSHINE CO., Inc.  
Galveston, Texas

## Waltz King

(Continued from page 21)

arrangement I have, but wherever I go those six arrangements are always going with me."

This is one of the few touches of sentiment Wayne allows himself. Being an orchestra leader is a business. "The smallest part of it is done out there on the band platform," Wayne said. "Most of it is done right at this desk." And he did not mean signing contracts. Planning programs, going over orchestrations, handling fan mail, writing checks and signing contracts are all part of it. But Wayne spends plenty of hours building his music theoretically, in order to win his increasing numbers of listeners.

He is really a master of crowd psychology. Do you know that on days when the headlines carry streamers of a national tragedy he tears up all programs for the day, even those submitted in advance for network shows? He substitutes songs which will be more in keeping with the public's mood. When it rains, out go preconceived musical lists, and in comes a series of light, peppy, happy numbers. This is a simple maneuver—but how many leaders have thought of it?

The Aragon offers a great laboratory for one who likes to study people as well as Wayne does. Playing to an average of more than twenty-five hundred dancers a night, Wayne gets to know hundreds of them—not by name; but just the same he can tell you how many of the "regulars" are missing. He knows what nights to expect certain familiar faces. He has witnessed the meeting of many a boy and girl, watched the romance develop—yes, and even seen marriages take place on the floor of the Aragon.

"After all," Wayne grins, "what do young people come here for? Dancing? They can get that to a lot of better dance bands than this. They come here because the romantic music I give them makes every girl hope for an eventual introduction to the One Boy, and every boy to find the Only Girl. And I must say percentages are high right now. Times are getting better, because up on the band platform we can see romances coming to the logical conclusion faster than at any time since the depression came to live with us."

**O**NE of the most remarkable sights at the ballroom is to be seen during Wayne's radio broadcasts. No other band in the country works so hard during time on the air as this aggregation. Since his first broadcast in 1927, Wayne has insisted that his musicians give their best for every moment on the radio, whether a local broadcast or chain. His men betray a tenseness during such intervals that is entirely missing otherwise. Wayne stands before them coaxing rhythmic hush music from them and anyone who knows orchestras will tell you that his band is always at its peak during a broadcast.

During periods on the air, dancing practically ceases, and thousands crowd up round the band platform. They go into ecstasies as Wayne picks up his saxophone and with his eyes half closed wheedles strange melodic runs from the instrument. If you know the words to the song—as you usually do with this unique band—Wayne's saxophone practically recites them. And is he temperamental with

that sax! When he's feeling especially well and contented, his playing is astounding. When he's preoccupied or disturbed, it's merely good.

All his music is quiet—even the peppier tunes. All of them are bubbling with melody. Waltzes, bits from the classics, old time favorites. He keeps a file with a record of the date he plays each song on the radio, and this musical repertoire is gone through every so often. The filing system is to prevent use of one number too often on his broadcasts. For instance, at present he is beginning to play again some of the tunes he used last January.

Wayne never introduces new numbers unless he is honestly captivated by the melody. He much prefers to wait until a song has been tested and gained popularity before he includes it on the racks of his thirteen musicians. Until such a time, he figures there are plenty of hits to be played. And an evening spent in listening to Wayne King is sure to be filled with memories, for who has not identified a certain period of his life with the song or songs then popular? While we listened to his WGN broadcast, Wayne played a number which had his announcer, John Harrington, recalling his first kiss, although I presume this was not for publication. I know nothing of the Harrington home life.

Wayne broadcast for several sponsors—Armour and Pure Oil included—before he went on the air for Lady Esther. Wayne and his theme song, "The Waltz You Saved For Me," soon became nationally famous. Much of the success of the Lady Esther products has been attributed to King.

Wayne maintains that the orchestra is not entirely responsible for this success, giving a lot of credit to the product itself, of course, and also to the Lady Esther talks. The answer probably lies in that fact that the orchestra and the talks by Lady Esther are pleasing to the public.

But the fact still faces us that Lady Esther is the top single sponsor. Wayne broadcasts half-hour programs on CBS Sunday, Monday and Thursday, and on NBC Tuesday and Wednesday under an arrangement in effect as this is written. But consult your local paper!

As to Wayne himself, he's distinctly personable. He's wise. He knows music. He's a bear at golf (ask Ben Bernie) and he loves tennis, fishing, swimming and hunting. Up in Northern Wisconsin he has a 640-acre place, with his own private lake which he keeps well stocked. And he has a golf course where no one else has the right of way. He has a nine-room house with a studio on top, reached by a ladder which can be pulled up into the studio! This feature, on top a house in the middle of a private estate in the North Woods *should* be private. Wayne admits that he hasn't been bothered much in his hours of solitude up there.

In order to make the place easily accessible, he constructed an adjacent landing field, and he flies his own plane to this retreat. But he hasn't made the trip for a good many months now. And at present his sixth plane reposes in a Chicago hangar, unused for a half year because too many people like soft flowing music.

"But I'm going to get away," Wayne

said excitedly. "This Summer will find me deep sea fishing off the coast of Mexico. Lady Esther will have to find somebody else and so will the Aragon—I'm going to have a rest—and I've a daughter nine months old who's going to get a little personal attention."

**Wayne King and his orchestra appear every Sunday and Monday at 10 P.M., E. D. S. T., over the following Columbia network:**

WABC-W2XE, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WAAB, WKBW, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WOWO, WDRC, KMBC, WHAS, WCAU-W3XAU, WJAS, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KMOX, KVI, KRLD, KLZ, WCCO, WDSU, KSL, WFBM, WIBW, WBNS. He also appears every Tuesday and Wednesday at 8:30 P.M., E. D. S. T., over the following NBC network: WFAF, WTAG, WJAR, WCSH, WLIT, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI, WKBF, WMAQ, KSD, WOW, WOC, WHO, WDAF, WSM, WKY, WMC, WSMB, WTMJ, WTIC. On Tuesdays WFBR and WLIT, are deleted and the following are added: WFI, KSTP, WSB, WOAI, WEEL.

## The Remembered Garden

(Continued from page 70)

to be when I saw it as a boy." Marian Cabot said, with a curious breathlessness, "I've got to get over to the office and write my story. You've given me a grand interview." She said, "Yes, I will go to dinner with you, any time you ask me, and I'll be glad—" her lips were trembling absurdly, "to tell you about flowers. . . . There were zinnias and mignonette in the crescent-shaped bed, and a border of funny little colorful things called ice plants. And, against the far wall of the house, there was a double row of cosmos. . . ."

## They're Saying in Radio

Bits about radio artists: Jack Landt, of the Landt Trio and White, and Maria Bergeron, beauty prize winner, are scheduled to marry in August. . . . Joan Field, the seventeen-year-old violinist introduced by Albert Spalding, is a direct descendant of Eugene Field, famous poet and newspaper man. . . . As might be expected, it was Fred Allen who discovered that bicycles had knee action years ago. . . . Richard Humber is reducing. He shelved thirty pounds the first few weeks of his dieting. . . . Singin' Sam (Harry Frankel) is now a benedict, having married his former secretary, Helen ("Smiles") Davis, once wife of Ned Wayburn, the dance director. . . . The youngest actor ever to appear at Columbia's Radio Playhouse was a month-old baby who recently cooed and gurgled on the Bill and Ginger program.

Tower Radio, August, 1934

## Learn her MAGIC SECRET of BEAUTY



LOVE COMES QUICKEST TO THOSE WHO ARE LOVELY

To be completely lovely your makeup must be flawless throughout. . . so begin with Blue Waltz Face Powder, a satin-soft, delicately smooth powder that blends perfectly with your skin. . . then let one of the four exciting new shades of Blue Waltz Indelible Lipstick add sweet allure to your lips. . . finally, for lingering loveliness, a touch of enchanting Blue Waltz Perfume.

These and the other supremely fine Blue Waltz Beauty Aids, each 10c, are on sale at your 5 and 10c store. Try them today.



Make This FREE Test

Get a free perfume card sprayed from the Giant Blue Waltz Atomizer at the cosmetic counter in the 5 and 10c store. Keep it. Hours later, its alluring fragrance will still delight you



# Blue Waltz

FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK

Face Powder, Lipstick, Perfume, Cold Cream, Cream Rouge, Brilliantine, Talcum Powder. Each only 10c at all 5 and 10c stores

## If You Have a Man to Cook For . . .

you'll want the Tower food circular "Food Men Prefer." Real masculine menus for every meal of the day! Meat dishes! Salads! Cakes and pies! Puddings and frozen desserts! Fixed like men like them—and easy to prepare, too, from these excellent recipes. Send 10 cents to Rita Calhoun, Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

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LIQUEFYING CREAM  
VANISHING CREAM  
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FREE—Send for sample, stating preference

**VI-JON CREAMS**

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The Biggest Value in High Class Complexion Creams You Ever Dreamed of

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In 2- and 3-oz. Jars at F. W. Woolworth Stores

will not rub off

**HANDY TUBES**  
10¢ & 25¢

**CARBONA SHOE WHITENER**  
FOR ALL WHITE SHOES

# Peg Gets REALLY Kissed



Have the same "lip appeal" that the movie stars and Broadway actresses have. Use the same lipstick! It is the new **KISS-PROOF** Indelible Lipstick—*Special Theatrical Color!* This lipstick is so wonderful, it has been placed by the make-up experts in the dressing rooms of the Hollywood Studios and New York Theatres! Price is no object here—but the experts have found that inexpensive **KISSPROOF** gives matchless allure to the actresses. It will do the same for you.

Use it tonight! You will be thrilled! You can get it in all shades, including the new *Special Theatrical Color*, at any toilet goods counter and at the 10c stores.

**Kissproof** INDELIBLE LIPSTICK

**NEW KIND OF SEAL**  
FOR JAMS...JELLIES...ETC.



**JIFFY-SEAL** FOR EVERY KIND OF GLASS OR JAR!

**Saves Time—Money—Labor—Materials**

A MARVELOUS new invention needed by every housewife who makes jellies, jams or preserves. Just think of being able to seal any type of glass or jar in 1/2 the usual time, at 1/2 the usual cost! No wax to melt—no tin tops to sterilize—no mess—no waste. Jiffy-Seals give a perfect sealing job every time. Yet amazingly easy to use. Try Jiffy-Seals—the new transparent film invention. Only 10c per package of 25.

At Many Woolworth and Other 5c and 10c Stores or Your Neighborhood Store

# Microphonies

(Continued from page 43)

was "Aida," and so the second act with its great triumphant scene was selected. At the proper time Officer X slipped in with the standees, hat in hand. The curtain rose and the magnificent act progressed with Verdi's glorious music, the great orchestra, the chorus of over a hundred voices, the gorgeous pageant of color and costume and above all the beautiful voices of Madame Rethberg, Madame Olzewska and Ezra Pinza. As the curtain descended with the last thrilling strains of the music, the officer moved out into corridor, wiping his brow with a handkerchief. "How did you like it?" queried Earle. "Wasn't that worth seeing?" "I'll say so," replied the cop. "Them was two wonderful white horses you had pulling that chariot."

## 12:00-12:15—Poetry Hour

THERE IS NOTHING LIKE POETRY ON THE AIR, UNLESS IT IS THE ABSENCE OF POETRY ON THE AIR. MISS EUGENIA SKIDMORE RECENTLY READ THIS TOUCHING LITTLE PIECE ON THE AIR. IN HONOR OF POTTED PLANT DAY AT THE LITTLE MOTHERS' SEWING AND HEMSTITCHING CLUB OF EAST ORANGE, N. J.

### "Life Is Like an Anemone"

*Life is like an anemone—  
It sprouts, it grows, it flowers,  
Its color is slightly lemony,  
It stays that way for hours and hours.*

*Life is like an anemone—  
It flowers, it blooms, it droops;  
Some masculine, and some feminy,  
Some are tall, others stoops—  
Life is like an anemone.*

*Life is like an anemone—  
It droops, it fades, it withers,  
And then like those stars, the Gemini,  
It goes somewhere, yon or hithers—  
Life is like an anemone.*

## 1:30-2:00—A Page from Life

It's just one of those little things that brighten life and it happened at NBC the other day. For forty cents per head, an erect, well-groomed young page will conduct a party of visiting firemen, cousins, aunts and old ladies from Dubuque around the new NBC quarters in Radio City. Each page is equipped with 6 3/4 yards of white braid on the left shoulder of his blue uniform, and a neat little swagger stick with which he points out various studios, radio celebrities and ladies' and gentlemen's washrooms. On the day in question, one of the youngsters shepherded his fourteen or fifteen charges on an elevator and as the car started, he lifted his hand, elegantly waved his swagger stick and said "Going down." Evidently he didn't know his own strength, because the stick left his hand, neatly flew between the car and the wall and disappeared eight stories down to the bottom of the elevator shaft. For the rest of the trip he had to point with his finger, and was his face magenta!

## 3:15-4:00—Music Hour

(It only seems like an hour)

THE SELECTION WE ARE ABOUT TO PLAY IS THE MARCH SLAV BY TSCHAIKOVSKY. THIS WAS WRITTEN IN 1864 WHEN THE SLAVS WERE FREED DOWN SOUTH. THE MARCH SLAV MUST NOT BE CONFUSED WITH THE APRIL SLAV. FOR THAT MATTER, DON'T GET IT MIXED WITH CORN SLAV. IT IS ABOUT RUSSIA AND THE RUSSIAN PEASANTS WHO ARE CALLED MOUJIKS, AND WHEN YOU HEAR AN ORCHESTRA PLAY IT, YOU WILL HEAR SOME BEAUTIFUL MOUJIK. IN THE MARCH SLAV, YOU WILL HEAR THE SLAVS MARCHING. PAY NO ATTENTION TO IT. IT WILL NOT BE THE SLAVS MARCHING. IT WILL BE THE AUDIENCE WALKING OUT OF THE STUDIO.

## 7:00-7:45—Be Kind to Kangaroos Week

The kangaroo is one of man's four-footed friends, although the upper two are rarely used. Until today he has never received due recognition. Did you ever give a kangaroo a Christmas present? I thought not. But a kangaroo has feeling, just as we do. "Be Kind to Kangaroos Week" is the happy thought of Mrs. J. Fenimore Throckmorton of Kankakee, Illinois, the president of the Kankakee Kangaroo Klub. In 1928 a pet kangaroo of hers named Fanny kicked Mr. Throckmorton to death and ever since then Mrs. Throckmorton has been the champion of this poor animal. If you will send us a self-addressed, stamped envelope we will send you a photograph of Mrs. Throckmorton and Fanny. Mrs. Throckmorton is the one on the left.

## 8:30-9:00—Story-Telling

Here's that other Metropolitan Opera story I had. Since I've told the first story, you might say this was a second-story job. (The man is indefatigable.) W-e-l-l, it seems that about 1930 B. B. C. (before broadcasting), two husky gentlemen appeared at the box-office and said, "Watcha playin' tonight?" George Brassil, the handsome young man at the window, replied, "Madame Jeritza in Thais." Their eyes brightened and, throwing down a fifty-dollar bill, Husky Gentleman A said, "Two in de front row." They entered the theater just as the act opened, but within fifteen minutes they reappeared and demanded their money back. "What for?" said George. (A natural question.) "We t'ought you said dat dame was in tights!"

## 12:00 Midnight—Sign Off

This column has come to you through the courtesy of Smidgett, Garfinkle and Plotz, makers of "FFFT," the insecticide which gets its man. Simply scatter a little FFFT wherever insects are, and f-f-f-ft! they're gone. FFFT may be eaten by children... without danger to their parents. Take the cover off the bottom of a can of FFFT and mail it to us, and the FFFT will undoubtedly fall out of the can.

The inimitable radio humorist, Raymond Knight, writes each month for  
**TOWER RADIO**

## The Story of Four Loyal Brothers

(Continued from page 35)

from the Lombardo home was one, Professor Venuta, a lifelong friend of Lombardo senior. They had both come to London from the same little Italian village. It was to the Professor, then, that Papa Lombardo sent the boys when they were ready for their musical training.

Professor Venuta held with the senior Lombardo's theory of the year to be spent in the study of rhythm and reading of notes.

That training was directly responsible for their blossoming out as a top flight band years later when the boys were sure enough of their ground to defy the jumpy, jazz tempo of post war years and create a new vogue of slow, dreamy music that seemed right to them.

Guy, the eldest, was the first to trudge down the walk after school to Professor Venuta's old-fashioned parlor. He studied the violin. When Carmen came along, the Professor taught him to play the violin. The sense of rhythm seemed to be strong in little Lebert, younger than his brothers, who insisted on drumming on the table with his knife and fork, so his parents bought him a kettle drum. He broke it the first week and Papa Lombardo decided that was a sign he should have taken violin lessons as he wanted him to, anyway. But Lebert kept right on drumming on anything he could find, so his father finally gave up and bought him a set of traps.

TIME has wrought changes in their choice of instruments. Guy conducts with the violin instead of a baton, but seldom plays it any more. Carmen still tootles on the flute occasionally, but devotes more of his time to the saxophone, playing first sax with the band and occasionally using that instrument to conduct when pinch-hitting for Guy. Lebert, the indefatigable drummer, eventually gave up his traps to become one of the best trumpeters in the country.

They were a precocious lot, these fledgling Lombardos. By the time Guy was twelve he had organized his brothers into a working band, with the addition of Freddy Kreitzer, one of their playmates, as piano player.

At the request of Mrs. George H. O'Neil, whose husband, as manager of the Roosevelt Hotel in later years was to bring them for the first time into New York, they made amateur appearances before the London Mothers' Club, playing for tea and cakes.

Such rewards, however, were not sufficient for the enterprising Guy, who had a weather eye out for more tangible emoluments.

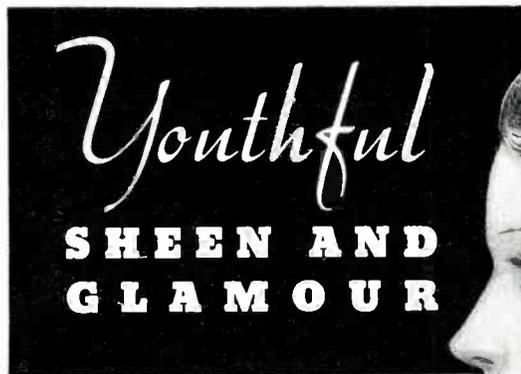
His chance came one afternoon at the little Loew's vaudeville house, where the boys had free access, since Guy was taking lessons from the conductor of the theater orchestra.

On this afternoon a temperamental vaudeville headliner billed as "Dancer Extraordinary" was opening for a week's run. She made no secret of her displeasure with the local orchestra, glaring threateningly over the footlights at the leader.

Afterwards Guy, hanging around backstage as was his custom, heard her declare to the manager that she was

(Please turn to page 86)

Tower Radio, August, 1934



**Youthful  
SHEEN AND  
GLAMOUR**

**G**LORIFY the hair with ColoRinse. Simply add it to the shampoo wash. It's not a dye or a bleach . . . just harmless vegetable compound . . . that gives the hair brilliant color tones with a soft, lustrous sheen and glamour . . . entrancingly youthful! Choice of 10 natural tints.

**10c** at all 5 and 10c Stores and Beauty Shops . . . Nestle ColoRinse, SuperSet, Golden Shampoo and Henna Shampoo



*Nestle*  
**COLO RINSE**

## Are your windows Greeting Summer Gayly?

Are you quite content and happy with the way your curtains look? If you're not, what kind of draperies would you like to have. Modernistic? Formal? Casement Draw Curtains? Ruffled Curtains? New Kitchen Curtains?

It's a simple matter to bring new beauty to your rooms when you make curtains from the diagram patterns designed by Frances Cowles. Diagram patterns are patterns you make yourself from easy-to-follow directions. The curtains listed above are all contained in one set of diagram patterns so that you have patterns available for your different rooms—all for ten cents. You'll enjoy making your curtains this new way.

Send today for a set of curtain diagram patterns—10 cents complete

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TOWER MAGAZINES, INC., . . . . 55 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

# EASY

## to clean white shoes

Restore the snowy newness of white shoes with Shinola. Cleans buck, canvas, suede and kid. At all stores.



**10¢**  
liquid,  
tube or  
cake

There's a Shinola Product for every shoe. Pastes and liquids, all colors, only 10¢ each.

## PLEASANTLY REMOVE HAIR

Smell the contents of the DEWANS bottle. See how pleasant it really is!

Hundreds of thousands gladly paid \$1 for DEWANS, because it is pleasant and gentle... safe for the face. The same big bottle is now only

**50¢**  
so anyone can afford to use it on arms, underarms and legs. Therefore, why use anything else?

**DE WANS**  
Special Facial  
**HAIR REMOVER**



## Mercolized Wax



## Keeps Skin Young

Absorb blemishes and discolorations using Mercolized Wax daily as directed. Invisible particles of aged skin are freed and all defects such as blackheads, tan, freckles and large pores disappear. Skin is then beautifully clear, velvety and so soft—face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. At all leading druggists.

## Powdered Saxolite

Reduces wrinkles and other age-signs. Simply dissolve one ounce Saxolite in half-pint witch hazel and use daily as face lotion.

# The Story of Four Loyal Brothers

(Continued from page 85)

cancelling unless he could offer a new band with the proper beat for her dance extraordinary. Then came the piping boyish treble:

"I think I know the beat you want!"

Both manager and star stared aghast at the stripling who was telling them about their business. But young Guy immediately launched into such a convincing sales talk that they agreed to try the band out in rehearsal. The result was their first week's professional engagement.

**T**HE boy band created something of a mild sensation in London. A few days later they were offered an engagement to play at the Winter Garden, a night club just around the corner from the theater. Papa Lombardo didn't know whether he liked that idea or not, but being an indulgent parent he let the boys take the job for a while to save up music for future lessons.

Shortly after their opening an incident occurred which further showed the resourcefulness of Guy. Here, once more, they had displaced an older orchestra leader. It was the custom for the band to play request numbers.

One night the unemployed band leader appeared and sat down at the table with the elder Lombardo. He handed the boys' father several intricate and difficult pieces of music and demanded that he ask Guy to play them. Papa Lombardo could not refuse and called Guy to the table. Guy looked over the sheets of music and beamed.

"And how will the gentleman have them played," he asked, "as one-steps or two-steps?"

Papa Lombardo chuckled as he recalled the scene.

"I don't know whether Guy was bluffing or not," he said, "but it worked. The maestro vanished and never bothered them again."

Other engagements followed so fast that Papa Lombardo finally decided this business had gone far enough. He locked up the boys' instruments and told them they'd better pay a little attention to their school work for a change.

But when the war came, entertaining took on the aspect of a patriotic duty and the youthful orchestra once more blossomed forth, this time, as the Lombardo Brothers, playing at recruiting camps and garden parties. Most of the family was in on this enterprise, with Guy senior, adding his rich baritone, little Elaine, the younger sister, doing comedy sketches.

**B**Y the time the war was over, they thought they were doing pretty well. They had a regular engagement to play every Summer at a dance pavilion in Grand Bend, Ontario. In 1923, they went to Port Stanley, one of the ritzier resorts on the Erie Lake front and from there into vaudeville.

As their engagements increased they had added to the band, always drawing from the ranks of their boyhood friends in New London, some of whom had studied music under them. Of the eleven men in the band now, there is only one, Larry Owens, who did not come from the home town. Larry joined them in Cleveland, early in the band's American career.

The vaudeville tour brought them to the States. When they opened

in Cleveland they took the name of the Royal Canadians for the first time.

Later, as the fame of the Royal Canadians became more generally noised about, the military people raised their eyebrows at that title which smacked of official sanction. The Lombardos explained, when some sort of inquiry was made that they just took the Canadians out of national pride and added the Royal as a touch of swank. But since they recalled that they had once played before the Prince of Wales, everything seemed to be all right.

They didn't do badly in vaudeville. But Guy wasn't very happy about it. He felt that they were primarily a dance band, not a stage band and that the sooner they got back into night clubs the better off they'd be.

Night club engagements were slow in coming. During those months they went through the only hard times they ever experienced.

Finally they got another vaudeville engagement in Detroit. On the night before they were scheduled to leave, Guy heard that Lou Bleet who ran the Claremont, a popular Cleveland night club, was looking for a new band.

Guy, losing no time, herded the boys into taxis, instruments and all and driving out to the Claremont, demanded that Bleet hear them play.

"All right, play 'Wildflower,'" said Bleet.

Guy was delighted. It was the one complete orchestration he had with him. The boys played. The unimpressible Mr. Bleet looked on unmoved and let them go without a word.

Guy was heartbroken. He thought they had missed their big chance.

But on the night of their opening in Detroit, just before going on, a telegram was shoved under Guy's dressing room door. It was signed by Bleet and read:

"Report for work next month stop offer thirty day engagement."

Then he noticed that on the envelope his name had been encircled with a heavy black pencil and opposite it was scrawled the notation:

"Unknown at this office."

**G**UY kept that telegram. It is now pasted to the wall of the Lombardo home in London. Mama Lombardo, an amply proportioned Italian woman with warm brown eyes, likes to point it out to visitors.

"I show that to the boys every time they come home to keep them from getting too conceited," she says with an amiable wink.

The boys went back to Cleveland for their thirty day engagement knowing that Bleet liked a fresh orchestra every month. They remained at the Claremont for two years and after that they went to the Carlton Terrace for two more years.

They went on the air for the first time over a local station in Cleveland. There were no "remote" lines in those days so they had to make the long trip to the studio lugging their instruments for every broadcast. But they found that the people who heard them on the air came to dance to their tunes so they kept it up.

At first there was a good deal of opposition to their style of playing.

"In those days," Guy recalls, "all the people were dancing to loud, blatant music with jerky tempo and we

gave them slow rhythm, muffled brasses. It was tough going in the beginning but slowly we got them accustomed to our style."

Pressed as to just what this style is, Guy sums it up as clearly and briefly as possible.

"We just try to play everything slow and pretty," he says.

All the secret of their charm which has kept them at the peak of popularity longer than any other dance band on the air is summed up in that brief phrase.

From Cleveland they went to the Granada Cafe in Chicago.

"Business was terrible there," Guy remembers. "We didn't know what to do about it. There was no radio line in the place, that is, no broadcasts originating from there, so we decided to pay for a local broadcast out of our own pockets. We were to go on for half an hour. But in the middle of the program the owner of the station called us up and told us to go right on. We went right on for three hours. Those were the days when you could do things like that."

**A**FTER Chicago, things began to happen in rapid order. They went on the air over the Columbia chain. There was another vaudeville tour, a triumphal one, this time. Then four years ago, Mr. George H. O'Neil, whose wife introduced them for the first time at the London Mothers' Club, sent for them to come into the Roosevelt in New York. The same year they went on the White Owl program with Burns and Allen. With that nitwit team, they have chalked up a record as one of the long run commercial shows of the Columbia system.

When Burns and Allen went to the Coast last Fall to make a picture, the Lombardos went along, got an engagement at the Cocoanut Grove in the Ambassador Hotel. The Lombardos like to move around now. By the time you read this they may be back in New York again, possibly at the Waldorf.

There is one other brother, Joe, the youngest, who isn't musical at all. The other boys felt pretty badly about that, but they finally gave up trying to persuade him. He wanted to be an interior decorator, so they sent him to school in Paris. He has done the dining room of the Lombardo home in London and wants to do the whole house, but Mama Lombardo won't hear of that. She has done a little decorating on her own and doesn't want it upset, even by Joe. Guy and his wife, Lilly Belle, did let Joe do their New York apartment on Riverside Drive, though.

The Lombardo boys play together as well as work together. They are all married. They all have summer places on Long Island and are crazy about speed boats. Lebert's preference is for fast outboard motor boats, but Victor is for anything that goes fast.

At least once a year they all get back to London to visit their parents where there is a stable of saddle horses on Papa Lombardo's duck farm *de luxe* always waiting for them.

**T**HEIR temperaments are ideally matched. Guy, the most ambitious, is the driver, the taskmaster, the salesman and the business man.

"I think the other boys would have liked to take things easy," says Papa Lombardo, "but Guy always kept them on the job."

(Please turn to page 88)

Tower Radio, August, 1934

# Your Grocery Store Clerk Is On the Job to See That You Are Served



**O**NE of the most obliging . . . one of the persons most necessary to your every-day existence, is the man behind the grocery store counter. Perhaps you've never especially thought about it—just taken him for granted. But what would you do without him?

As a shopping housewife, you no doubt recall some occasion on which a grocery clerk gave you special helpful or courteous service. For the best letters of 50 words or less, telling about your experiences, Tower Magazines is paying \$1,000.00 in cash this month. See pages 10 and 11 of this magazine for complete details—and mail your letter before September 15th!



This month's awards will be given to the best letters about friendly, helpful service in grocery stores.

## TOWER MAGAZINES, Inc.

55 Fifth Avenue

New York, N. Y.

**Aching  
CORNS  
INSTANTLY RELIEVED**



**STOPS  
PAINFUL  
SHOE  
PRESSURE**

**Also Sizes for Callouses and Bunions**

You'll have relief the minute you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. These thin, soothing, healing, protective pads remove the cause—shoe pressure; prevent corns, sore toes and blisters from new or tight shoes. It's a complete treatment—consisting of pads to end pain and separate Medicated Disks to quickly, safely



**Remove Corns and Callouses**

Sizes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions and Corns between toes. Try this sure relief today. Sold everywhere.



**Dr. Scholl's  
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Put one on—the pain is gone!

**FREE CHARACTER READING CHART**

• A "get acquainted" gift from REJUVIA, the favorite lipstick of more than a million women. A complete 17 x 22" scientific character reading chart absolutely FREE to you. Study your sweetheart's character • Analyze your friends • Learn what you are, and why you are • You will be amazed with the mysteries that this chart will reveal to you. Mail your name and address on penny post card. No cost. No obligation. SEND NOW TO Rejuvia Beauty Labs., Inc., Dept. H 40 395 Broadway, N. Y.

Try REJUVIA Lipstick today, velvet smooth, permanent waterproof, indelible, in correct shade for your individual complexion. A tested quality full size lipstick for only . . . 10 cents at most F. W. WOOLWORTH Co Stores. . . .

**Win out**

**WITH A  
CLEAR  
WHITE  
SKIN**



**End freckles, blackheads quick**

Be lovely! Have the flawless, satin-smooth skin men admire! No matter how freckled or blemished your complexion, how dull and dark, Nadinola Bleaching Cream will bring you flawless, radiant new beauty—almost overnight. Just smooth it on at bedtime tonight—no massaging, no rubbing. Instantly Nadinola begins its beautifying work. Tan, freckles, blackheads, pimples, muddy, sallow color vanish quickly. Day by day your skin grows more lovely—creamy white, smooth, adorable. No disappointments, no long waiting; tested and trusted for over a generation. Try at our risk—money back if not delighted. Get a large box of Nadinola Bleaching Cream at toilet counters, or by mail postpaid, only 50c. NADINOLA, Box T-21, Paris, Tenn. Generous 10c sizes Nadinola Beauty aids at many 5c and 10c stores.

**Nadinola Bleaching Cream**

**The Story of Four Loyal Brothers**

(Continued from page 87)

Carmen is the one with most music in his soul. He does all the arranging. He sings and writes songs too. One of his hits, "Coquette," was used for a long time as a theme song by the band.

He is also the peace maker. When anything goes wrong and temperaments start to flare up, Carmen starts to grin. Pretty soon they are all grinning and the smoke is cleared. Lebert worries the hardest and Victor is just happy-go-lucky.

There has been talk along Broadway that the Lombardos were slipping, that they couldn't maintain their popularity with the same old style. But in *The World-Telegram* poll of radio editors this year they again headed the dance band bracket.

Asked if they would ever change their style to conform to changing styles in music, Guy replied:

"Never. If we did, we would no longer be ourselves. We try constantly to improve on our original formula, the attainment of pure, fine melodic quality, but we never change it. We never go in for trick or novelty stuff. We strive to take a melody in its simplest form and give it a frame. Instead of obliterating the frame with superfluous sounds and rhythm, we try through simplification to accentuate it so that it stays in the listener's mental ear long after he has heard the actual rendition with his physical ear."

The Lombardos have just returned from Hollywood, where they made "Many Happy Returns," with Burns and Allen. But Guy specified no acting for himself and no solo spots.

That's the way they are—all for one and one for all—Royal Canadians and royal good fellows, too.

**Radio Pageant**

(Continued from page 12)

enforcement officers, from the police chief and sheriff to the district attorney. Everyone, including Gettle, was there except the kidnapers, otherwise occupied. Hollywood actors played their roles.

The stunt was tense and breathless, a real drama out of life. And it pointed a powerful moral: Kidnaping isn't healthy in California. This broadcast leads us to give the monthly prize for timely radio enterprise to Columbia's Los Angeles station, KHJ.

way, of the Easy Aces. Here is the real radio technique.

How few really appreciate the skill of Amos 'n' Andy? On the air since 1929 they have developed a day-by-day drama that moves up and down the dramatic scale—but never grows dull. Aside from the acting, this is a play-writing feat unparalleled in any field.

• • •

NOW that the Federal Trade Commission is going to check radio advertising, several of your favorite comedians may lose some of their juiciest comic material. They will have nothing to kid. You know the tongue-in-cheek attitude of some of the air stars toward the hitherto sacred sponsor and his priceless products. Some years ago Bandhandler Ben Bernie, the old maestro, started the style, which has reached its highest point with two widely divergent comics, Ed Wynn and Jack Benny.

Speaking of advertising, we are reminded that one of our favorite advertising interludes of early Summer were those of the Fox Fur Trappers in their campaign to make folks moth conscious.

• • •

OUTSTANDING moments of the month:

Jascha Heifetz playing Schubert's "Ave Maria" and Drigo's "Valse Bluette."

Rosa Ponselle singing Victor Herbert's "Kiss Me Again" and "Mi chiamano Mimi" from Puccini's "La Boheme."

Fred Allen as an ambulance chasing lawyer.

Phil Baker trading places with Harry (Bottle) McNaughton.

The Palmolive Beauty Box Theater's presentation of Oscar Straus' "The Chocolate Soldier."

THERE have been other news events on the ether. Admiral Byrd started the second year of the Chicago World's fair by pushing a button attached to an iceberg. The impulse travelled by short wave to Chicago, opened the great exposition made famous by Sally Rand's fan.

Radio celebrated the birthday of Lafayette with an international program. In a strange mix-up two Gallic comedians got on the air from Paris in place of a rhetorical eulogy and—horrors—sang some risqué songs. This well nigh caused an international complication.

Hill-billies were invited to the White House, there to broadcast their songs and melodies. Which reminds us of Fred Allen's explanation of how hill-billies are caught. Microphones, he says, are hidden in the brush and baited with guitars.

• • •

SOMEHOW the big stage and movie stars arouse no enthusiasm with us when they confront a mike. The radio seems to leave the grandiloquent manner hanging from a kilocycle. Far better for the air is the simple characterization of those Harlem idols, Amos 'n' Andy, of the Goldbergs with their Bronx heart-throbs, and, in a lesser

# Could You Be a Radio Announcer?

(Continued from page 52)

radio than women's voices, which run more to the high frequencies and sound thinner, shriller and flatter.

"In general, women are not so successful as public speakers as men, whether on the radio or otherwise. In recent years, however, there have been plenty of women before the public, notably at the last few political conventions, in the suffrage movement of recent memory, in the field of organized evangelism, and in the fields of politics and public affairs, where women such as Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt in America and Lady Astor in England have been notably active. However, it is almost always true that when a woman's voice carries conviction, it gets into the mannish tones."

That seems to settle the matter, so far as women are concerned, although there are some women announcers on local stations in this country, and one woman has been notably successful as an announcer on the principal radio station in Rome, Italy.

IT is interesting to get a personal word from some of the best known men announcers, as to what they think are the qualifications for their job. The dean of them all, of course, is Graham McNamee, who has been in the game twelve years and whose fame just about parallels the growth of radio itself.

"Aside from a pleasing voice and personality," says McNamee, "the thing an announcer needs most is the ability to think on his feet. This is still true, although radio is vastly better organized and managed now than in the hectic early stages when I first broke into it. I happened to get in early, and bump my nose against a lot of good luck. Today there is a trend toward specialization, and the opportunities for a beginner are not so great. I still love radio, and my enthusiasm on the air is quite genuine. I enjoy my present program with Ed Wynn more than any other I ever carried."

Announcers sometimes come from odd occupations before they get into radio. David Ross, of Columbia, winner of the 1932 diction medal, was a student of agriculture, poet, and superintendent of an orphan asylum before he went into radio to win fame with his soft, rich voice and classical diction. Ted Husing, the ace sports announcer for the Columbia network and one of the best ad lib men on the air, shyly confesses that his very first job was that of payroll clerk for the New York Steam Corporation. Husing regards his covering of the 1932 Democratic National Convention as the best work he ever did; his most cherished piece of "fan mail" is a complimentary letter from a professor of English at St. Mary's College, Oakland, California, following his broadcast of the St. Mary's—Fordham football game of 1932; and he says his habitual slang expressions are "yup," "nope," and "can do!"

THIS year's diction medal, the annual award of the American Academy of Arts and Letters for good diction on the radio, went to James Wallington, who jokes with Eddie Cantor and is heard on many other

leading NBC programs. "An announcer's work," says Wallington, "takes good nerves, a total lack of jitters, and not only good judgment, but good snap judgment. Native voice quality is relatively unimportant, because it can be changed by training. The diction medal given to me this year was the first one given to an announcer on popular variety programs, and constitutes, I believe, a recognition of the value of good straight American diction."

Davidson Taylor, the young Southerner who announces the Philharmonic Symphony concerts on the Columbia Broadcasting System, says, "Naturalness is a most valuable asset in an announcer, and naturalness sometimes has to be learned. There is danger in being overly-careful and overly-precise. As for classical music, I think it should be enjoyed. One doesn't have to be holy about it. If classical music isn't fun, there is no sense having it."

The National Broadcasting Company has almost a collection of "school" announcers who got their first training in Boston. These include Alwyn Bach, John Holbrook, Charles O'Connor, Howard Petrie and John S. Young. Young recently was awarded an LL.D. degree by a mid-western college, and both Holbrook and Bach are former winners of the annual diction medal.

Over at Columbia, two announcers who go in for the "punchy" type of delivery are Andre Baruch, heard on such programs as Just Plain Bill and Evening in Paris; and Harry Von Zell, who stirs up excitement on the March of Time program. Baruch says, "I always visualize one or two people sitting in a home, and talk directly to them. The more conversational an announcer can make his delivery, the better it is."

AN interesting phase of announcing which has grown up in recent years is that of free lance announcing. These men are not on the regular staff of either network, but manage to pick up some juicy plums on an individual basis. Leading figures among these "guest announcers" are Wallace Butterworth, who built up his big reputation in Chicago; Norman Brokenshire, possessor of one of the warmest voices on the air, now working in the movies; Hugh Conrad, who is heard as "Cal York" of Hollywood and on the Chesterfield concerts; Fred Uttal, actor and announcer, heard recently on the George M. Cohan programs; Ted Pearson, heard on the Ford programs; and Bill Hay, who is inseparable from Amos 'n' Andy and the Goldbergs.

Returning to the regular staffs, we find varying announcers shedding varying light on their work. Ed Cashman, who is Columbia's representative of the "Boston school" of announcing, and is heard on the Oxol, Will Osborne, and Pedro De Cordoba programs, says, "Aside from naturalness as a chief qualification, an announcer should pay close attention to the content of what he is saying, so that instead of reading words, he will sound as though he knows what he is talking about."

Howard Claney, heard on the White-man, Nestle, Packard, Vince and Bayer

(Please turn to page 90)



## Style

IN EVERY STEP *with*  
GRIFFIN ALLWITE  
for ALL white shoes

GRIFFIN ALLWITE gives a "new shoe" finish that *lasts*. Doesn't cake, crack or discolor . . . will not rub off on clothes or upholstery . . . and actually cleans as it whitens.

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FACE POWDER

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SUMMERTIME COMPLEXION

TRY IT.... YOU'LL LOVE IT

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## "A Woman may Marry whom She Likes!"

—said Thackeray. This great author knew the power of women—better than most women do. Men are helpless in the hands of women who really know how to handle them. You have such powers. You can develop and use them to win a husband, a home and happiness. Read the secrets of "Fascinating Womanhood" a daring book which shows how women attract men by using the simple laws of man's psychology.

Don't let romance and love pass you by. Send us only 10c and we will send you the booklet entitled "Secrets of Fascinating Womanhood"—an interesting synopsis of the revelations in "Fascinating Womanhood." Sent in plain wrapper. Psychology Press, Dept. 19-H, 585 Kingsland Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.



## Freckles

Secretly and Quickly Removed!

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 Star*

**Stillman's**  
FRECKLE CREAM

Mail this Coupon to Box 101.  
THE STILLMAN CO., Aurora, Illinois  
**FREE**  Booklet on Freckles.  
 Sample Face Powder.

Name .....

Address .....

## Could You Be a Radio Announcer?

(Continued from page 89)

programs, and one of NBC's most successful announcers, says, "The work primarily takes imagination, to give color and interest to what you are saying. The hardest thing of all is to be natural, but it is the most necessary."

Kelvin Keech, one of the most colorful figures on the NBC staff, was born in Hawaii of American parents, fought in France in the A. E. F., was a band leader in Europe and married in Constantinople. Keech says, "I find foreign languages and musical training a great help in announcing. I speak French and Russian, and have some knowledge of three other languages, and use them constantly."

John Holbrook, winner of the diction medal in 1931, and familiar to the listening public as announcer on such programs as the Radio Guild, and the Blackstone Plantation with Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit, says, "An announcer's chief need is the upbringing of a gentleman. There is no real substitute for that. Another requirement is some knowledge of the major languages, particularly the Latin group. An education in music is helpful, but not essential, and in my opinion, stage training is the best preparation for the work of an announcer."

Alwyn Bach, who was born in America of Danish parents and later learned to speak English with such excellence as to win the diction medal in 1930, says, "An announcer's most valuable attribute is simply common sense. He must, of course, have a decent English speech, and it is important to avoid provincialism in speech. Another requirement is at least some understanding of the music of the ages."

Ben Grauer, who steps up to the microphone and introduces such programs as those of Joe Penner, Raymond Knight and his Cuckoos, Eddie Duchin, and Walter Winchell, closes this symposium. Grauer says, "I would list the following as essentials: emotional flexibility; constant and keen sense of editorship; ability to enter into the spirit of various types of programs; and a knowledge of when to say what—and more important, when not to say it!"

There are the announcers, ladies and gentlemen. After hearing what they have to say about their own work, do you still want to set out to join them? If so, come right on in. The air is free!

## He Heckles Himself

(Continued from page 33)

making a sarcastic remark to a broadcaster. But it can't be done; he is beyond the reach of the telephone when he's in the studio, and shouting into your loudspeaker won't make your words come out of the microphone, no matter how hard you try.

"My radio stooge had to be a listener—for he was to be the vocal representative of all my listeners as far as kidding my act went. He had to have a distinctive voice, so that the audience would recognize him without difficulty. And there had to be a logical—well, fairly logical—reason for his ability to break in on me whenever he wanted.

"AFTER much thought, I hit upon the idea of the 'haunter.'"

"I'd like to know more about this 'haunter' of yours, Phil. What his name is—is he some celebrity? Is he married or single? What does he eat for breakfast, and does he sleep raw?"

"I wonder if you really do want to know? I could tell you his name easily enough, but it wouldn't mean anything to you as he's never been well known on the stage, screen or air. And I could tell you what he looks like. But if I did, I think my program would lose something for you.

"By being very vague about Beetle, I'm trying to build up a definite effect. I'm trying to enable every listener to see him just as they would like him to be. There's no great mystery about him, but if I told you he was a fellow named John Doe, five feet eight inches tall, married and the father of two children (none of which is true, by the way) what would you gain? Nothing—and you would have lost all the fun of guessing about him.

"And if you printed the information, I think a lot of radio listeners would lose a good part of the amusement they get out of having their Unknown Ambassador speak for them—having an anonymous personal representative kid me on the air. Why, Beetle would cease to be their proxy—he'd be just another radio straight man."

"By the way, you told me to bring you back to the battle-of-wits idea you were discussing before—"

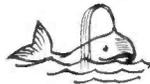
"Oh, yes. You know, of course, that five of us work on the script for the broadcast. They're Ken Englund and Jack Murray, a couple of clever gag men, Harry "Bottle" McNaughton, Mabel Albertson and myself. At first we made Beetle very vitriolic—had him saying the nastiest possible things to me. I thought it was very funny. But the audience wouldn't let me keep it up. They seemed to take Beetle's digs at me much more seriously than they were intended. So we had to tone it down. Beetle can be sarcastic, but he must sound as though it's good natured kidding. If he sounds seriously angry, I get a flood of fan mail telling me to take him out of the program, while if he keeps genial, lots of people write in to agree with him.

"I THINK the 'haunter' idea is one of the main reasons for the broadcast's popularity. Not only does he give the listeners their first chance to talk back (even indirectly); he also shows that we don't take ourselves too seriously. Nothing can be more annoying to a listener than a broadcaster who thinks his program is of lasting importance—and who shows it. Beetle proves that we can take a ribbing.

"We may fight on the air, but let



We're off on a Treasure Hunt, mates . . . with pirate ships and whales, crocodiles and storms. That is, we are, if we're readers of TINY TOWER, the new magazine that is full of good fun for little boys and girls. And after they finish the Treasure Hunt, there are so many other fascinating things to do and read.



How to make a sail boat! A sailor poem! A song! Adventures of the animals that visited Niagara Falls! Picnic page and how to make a drinking cup! A game on the beach! Jokes . . . puzzles . . . magic!



You can get the August TINY TOWER at F. W. Woolworth Co. stores and on selected newsstands—10c a copy. After the children have had one copy, we predict they will simply have to have a year's subscription . . . but that's easy. Just slip \$1.00 for 12 months' fun in an envelope with the child's name and address. If it's a birthday present, tell us, and we'll send an attractive birthday card from you with the first issue.

## TINY TOWER

55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Tower Radio, August, 1934

me assure you that if Beetle is a typical 'ghost,' I wouldn't have the slightest objection to living in a haunted house. He's one of my best assets, and I wouldn't want to be on the air without him."

Modest though Baker is in giving lots of credit to Beetle, there's no getting away from the fact that the Baker brain is really responsible for the Armour program's popularity.

To understand it fully, you must know a bit of Phil's background—a background of humble beginnings and hard work, coupled with a talent that finally led him to the top in vaudeville, theater and radio entertaining.

Born in New York, Phil felt the urge for adventure while still a boy. So he ran away from home. He got as far as Boston, where he went broke and learned what it means to go hungry. His first stage appearance was in that grand old New England town. His run was one performance; his salary, fifty cents; his engagement, to take part in an amateur night show at the Bowdoin Square Theater.

That experience, for the time being, convinced him there was no money to be made on the stage, and he came back home. After a while he took another job—in show business again, but not as a performer. He was then secretary to Carl Laemmle in the now defunct IMP Film Company, the stars of which were Mary and Lottie Pickford, and King Baggot. Phil hated the monotony of this work.

But Phil was a real movie fan, going to his neighborhood movie house almost every evening. One night it was so terribly hot that the girl who played the piano there got dizzy and had to go home. Phil didn't like silent films without music, so he sneaked down the aisle and climbed on to the piano stool. The typewriter hadn't been able to make his fingers forget the key-board.

Recalling the experience, Phil chuckled and said, "There were only about three tunes I could really play but, thank goodness, 'Hearts and Flowers' was one of them and that was always good to accompany love scenes and death-beds. Then, of course, I could make a racket with the bass keys when the Indians were coming—and the audience seemed satisfied. So, when the manager came walking down to see who was making all the rumpus, instead of throwing me out, he gave me a job. That was really the start of my career as an entertainer."

But Phil was too capable and ambitious to be satisfied with the anonymity of a nickelodeon pianist. He broke into vaudeville, playing piano accompaniment for a violinist. Gradually he lost interest in the piano, transferring his attention to the accordion, which is not only a much less usual instrument but is also far more portable.

AS an accordion player, he teamed up with Ben ("Old Maestro") Bernie. All this time Phil was a musician—not a comedian. The United States Navy gets credit for making him talk.

Phil, you know, joined the navy when America entered the World War. "Until I put on a uniform," he says, "I never had enough nerve to speak a line on the stage. But the boys knew I'd been in vaudeville, and I had to lend a hand at their entertainments. They wanted me to talk—so I talked. When I found out that they didn't throw things—that they even liked to listen—I got some self-confidence. Now (Please turn to page 92)

## All WHITE Shoes Easily Cleaned

Wonderful results with ColorShine All-Purpose White Cleaner in Tube on kid, cloth or buckskin shoes. Easy to use. Will not rub off. Only 10¢ at Woolworth stores. Twelve kinds of ColorShine for all colors and kinds of shoes.



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INSTANTLY CLEANS POTS AND PANS  
No more dishwashy hands!  
Patented parallel outer layers provide—  
**Double the Wear, where the Wear comes!**



EXPERIENCED Mothers know that summer teething must not be trifled with—that summer upsets due to teething may seriously interfere with Baby's progress.

Relieve your Baby's teething pains this summer by rubbing on Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion. It is the actual prescription of a famous Baby specialist, contains no narcotics, and has been used and recommended by millions of Mothers. Your druggist has it.

"I found Dr. Hand's such relief to my Baby that I never needed to worry on the hottest summer day".

—Mrs. Wm. H. Kempf, Williamsport, Pa.

## DR. HAND'S Teething Lotion

# A Popular HOTEL



IT MUST EXCEL!

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Every Room with Bath  
Daily \$2.00 up  
Weekly \$11.50 up  
Double \$3.00 up  
Weekly \$18.00 up  
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Located in a delightful section which retains traditional dignity and quiet charm. Here is every provision for comfort. Solarium, roof garden, lounge, library, recreation rooms and entertainment.

**2 DAYS IN N. Y. \$5.50**  
EVERYTHING INCLUDED

Room and private bath. Meals at hotel. Sightseeing tours. Radio City Music Hall. Shopping tours.

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Room and bath. Meals at hotel. Royal Blue Line sightseeing, uptown and downtown. Radio City Music Hall. Empire State Observation Tower. NBC Broadcasting Studio at Radio City. Choice of other entertainment.

Also 4, 5 and 6 day tours at proportionately low cost.

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well known Hair Beautifiers

are now on sale at your favorite 5 and 10  
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# THAT NEW WAY

To get lovely soft French  
Laundered effects in all  
your iron... no trick at all.

TRY IT  
FREE

Just see and feel the amazing difference in your ironings when you change from the bother and uncertainty of lump starch to Quick Elastic. It's that pulverized, complete starching and ironing mixture thousands are talking about. No sticking. No scorching. Wonderfully penetrating, it restores elasticity and that fresh new look and feel to things. Your iron fairly glides.



THANK YOU—

THE HUBINGER CO., No. 793, Keokuk, Ia.  
Your free sample of QUICK ELASTIC, please,  
and "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

# He Heckles Himself

(Continued from page 91)

even Beetle can't begin to shut me up."

Baker doesn't talk about his war experiences. He skips to some of the shows in which he starred after going back into civvies. Among them were "Greenwich Village Follies," "Passing Show," "Music Box Revue" "Artists and Models" and "Night in Spain." The latter two each ran for two years. He also played the best night clubs in the days when New York really had some spots that were worthy of the name. Among them were Morris Gest's Century Roof and Ziegfeld's Midnight Frolic. Only some two years ago, Phil, with Fanny Brice and Ted Healy, toured the country in "Crazy Quilt"—and cleaned up on a road which everyone else had thought was dead.

Besides these shows, Phil continued to make occasional vaudeville appearances. In one of them he set two records. One record was a run of twelve consecutive weeks at the Palace Theater in New York—the theater in which a week's run is the goal of every vaudevillian in the country. The second was made during that run. It was the salary of \$5,000 a week—the first time a vaudeville headliner and master of ceremonies ever received such a figure.

THOUGH on the radio regularly, Phil still plays an occasional week in vaudeville. His engagements include two-week runs in New York and Chicago. It's quite a grind, putting on five shows a day instead of only one a week, but Phil likes to have a visible audience.

"Yes, I like radio work," he says, "but I don't know how I'd get along without the audience they let into the studio. They give me a little encouragement when they laugh. If I were in a closed studio, with nobody out front, the silence would convince me that I was falling flat. I put in a lot of time trying to make the act

funny—even the announcements and the advertising plugs—and if there were no response, I—I'd just feel sick. That's why I still like to make personal appearances."

"But how about Beetle, Phil? Don't people see him when he's haunting you in a theater?"

"Yes, but we manage to keep the illusion and the mystery. He wears a black slouch hat pulled down over his eyes and a big, black cloak, which he holds over the rest of his face.

"A good ghost is hard to find, so you can understand why I take mighty good care that Beetle stays ghost-like—even when people see him." And don't forget to say something about the rest of the cast. They're doing fine work, and you ought to say something about them.

"There's Harry McNaughton—Bottle the Butler. He's a veteran of the stage, and a member of a very distinguished family of eminent British actors. And Mabel Albertson—one of the grandest girls I ever worked with. And Leon Belasco—he's really an outstanding orchestra leader."

And, ladies and gentlemen, that's Phil Baker. A star who is responsible for more of the show than he takes credit for—yet who wants to see his supporting cast get every possible break.

Maybe you know that already. Maybe that's why you like him—and don't like to have Beetle kid him too hard.

Phil Baker appears every Friday at 9:30 P.M., E. D. S. T., over the following NBC network:

WJZ, WBAL, WBZ, WBZA, KPRC, WOAI, WKY, KDKA, WGAR, WJR, KDYL, KWK, KOIL, WREN, WTMJ, KSTP, WEBC, WRVA, WWNC, WJAX, WIOD, WSM, WMC, WSB, WAPI, WSMB, WFAA, KOA, KSO, WENR, KHQ, KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KTAR, WHAM, WAVE, WFLA.

# Behind the Dial

(Continued from page 49)

to Hollywood to film "The King of Jazz" and needed an announcer for his Old Gold program. Von Zell won the assignment, competing in auditions with 250 other aspirants. When Whiteman finished the picture and came East, Harry was offered a job as a CBS announcer in New York. He joined the headquarters staff in May, 1930, and has been a prominent and popular member ever since.

TEN men besides himself comprise Eddie Duchin's orchestra on the Junis Cream program. Their average age is twenty-nine years. Duchin is the youngest, being only twenty-five.

WHAT is contributing to the decadence of the radio comic? Here is what one of the best of them, Jack Benny, thinks: "Many radio comedians seem unconscious of the fact that radio requires the use of a different type of humor from the stage. For instance, most of them insist upon using gags to get their laughs. A

gag is the simplest form of comedy and continual use of it tends to dull the listener with its familiarity. Listeners want comedy but can't get enough of the right kind. The comedian should realize when he is on the air he should become an actor. By that I mean he should play some sort of definite character, instead of relying on jokes to put himself across. The character goes a long way to bridge the void of new material."

Some peculiarities of Columbia broadcasters: Edwin C. Hill always drinks a glass of orange juice before going on the air. . . . Ted Husing, while awaiting his turn at the mike, indulges in dance steps, thus limbering up his legs instead of his larynx. . . . Vera Vau says a silent prayer to stave off nervousness before each appearance. . . . Burns and Allen broadcast from separate mikes at opposite ends of the studio. . . . H. V. Kaltenborn carries a good luck token in his left hand.

# Programs You'll Want to Hear

(Continued from page 54)

*Romance of Helen Trent*—Virginia Clark, Karl Hueble, Lester Tremaine and Gene McGillen (Edna Wallace Hopper) 2:15 P.M., daily except Saturday and Sunday, CBS.

*Soconyland Sketches*—Arthur Allen and Parker Fennelly (Standard Oil Co. of New York) 8:00 P.M., Monday, NBC-WEAF.

*Vic and Sade*—with Art Van Harvey, Billy Idelson and Bernadine Flynn, (sustaining program) 12:30 P.M., Monday to Friday, inclusive, NBC-WJZ.

## Comedy Sketches

*Amos 'n' Andy*—(Pepsodent) 7 P.M., daily except Saturday and Sunday for listeners east of Chicago, and 11:00 P.M., for those west of Chicago, NBC-WJZ.

*Clara, Lu 'n' Em*—Louise Starkey, Isabel Carothers and Helen King (Colgate-Palmolive Peet Co.) 10:15 daily except Saturday and Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

*The Goldbergs*—Gertrude Berg, James Waters and others (Pepsodent) 7:45 P.M., daily except Saturday and Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

*Tastyeast Seers*—Eddie East and Ralph Dumke (Tastyeast, Inc.) 7:30 P.M., NBC-WEAF.

## Mystery Sketches

*Eno Crime Clues*—Edward Reese and John MacBryde (Harold S. Richie Co.) 8:00 P.M., Tuesday and Wednesday, NBC-WJZ.

*K-7-Secret Service Stories*—(sustaining program) 7:00 P.M., NBC-WEAF.

## Featured Singers

*Baby Rose Marie*—(Tastyeast, Inc.) 7:15 P.M., Monday, NBC-WJZ.

*Grace Hayes*—(sustaining) 7:45 P.M., NBC-WJZ.

*Irving Kaufman-Lazy Dan himself*—(A. S. Boyle Co.) 2:30 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

*Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson*—(General Baking Company) 5:30 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

*Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink and Harvey Hays* (The Gerber Co.) 10:00 P.M., NBC-WJZ.

*Paul Keast*, baritone; and *Thelma Goodwyn*, soprano; Rollo Hudson's Orchestra (Gold Dust Corporation) 7:30 P.M., Tuesday and Thursday, CBS.

*Singing Sam*—(Atlas Brewing Co.) 10:30 P.M., Monday, CBS.

## Inspirational Programs

*Beatrice Fairfax*—(General Foods Corp.) 8:30 P.M., Saturday, NBC-WEAF.

*Cheerio*—8:30 A.M. daily except Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

*Elder Solomon Lightfoot Michaux and His Congregation*—10:30 P.M., Saturday, CBS.

*Pedro De Cordoba*—The friendly philosopher; Will Osborne's orchestra (Corn Products Refining Co.) 11:15 A.M., Monday, Wednesday, Friday, CBS.

*Tony Wons*, with Keenan and

Phillips, piano team, (S. C. Johnson & Son) 5:15 P.M., Sunday; 1:45 P.M., Tuesday, Thursday. Wons as sustaining feature also heard 11:30 A.M., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, CBS.

*Voice of Experience*—(Wasey Products, Inc.) 12 noon, daily except Saturday; also Tuesday at 8:15 P.M., CBS.

## Household Hints

*Cooking Close-ups*—Mary Ellis Ames, home economist, (Pillsbury Flour Mills) 11:00 A.M., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, CBS.

*Ida Bailey Allen*—radio home makers (sustaining program) 10:15 A.M., Thursday, CBS.

*Magic Recipes*—Jane Ellison (Borden Sales Co.) 11:45 A.M. Wednesday, CBS. *Mary Lee Taylor*—domestic science expert (Pet Milk Sales Corp.) 11:00 A.M., CBS.

*Mystery Chef*—(R. B. Davis Co.) 9:45 A.M. Tuesday and Thursday, CBS; also 9:00 A.M. Wednesday and Friday, NBC-WJZ.

## News Commentators

*Boake Carter*—(Philco Radio and Television Corp.) 7:45 P.M. daily except Saturday and Sunday.

*Floyd Gibbons*—The *Headline Hunter*; orchestra under direction of Nathaniel Shilkret (Johns-Manville Co.) 8:30 P.M. Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

*Looking Over the Week*—John B. Kennedy; 6:30 P.M. NBC-WEAF.

*Lowell Thomas*—(Sun Oil Co.) 6:45 P.M., daily except Saturday and Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

*Frederick William Wile*—The political situation in Washington, 6:30 P.M. Saturday, CBS.

## Miscellaneous Programs

*Byrd Expedition*—news from the Antarctic; variety program for the explorers and radio audience; William Daly's orchestra (General Foods Corp.) 10:00 P.M., Wednesday.

*Dr. Herman Bundesen*—Adventures in Health (Horlick's Malted Milk Co.) 9:45 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

*Goodrich Baseball Resumé*—(B. F. Goodrich Rubber Co.) Ford Bond announcer; 11:00 P.M. Sunday and 7:00 P.M. daily, NBC-WEAF.

*Gene and Glenn*—(Gillette Safety Razor Co.) 7:15 daily except Saturday and Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

*Metropolitan Tower Health Exercises*—Directed by Arthur Bagley (Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.) 6:45 A.M. daily except Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

*Palmer House Program*—Ray Perkins, master of ceremonies; orchestra directed by Harold Stokes (Palmer House Hotel) 9:30 P.M. Tuesday, NBC-WEAF.

*Vines Tennis Lessons*—Ellsworth Vines, Jr., famous tennis star in a series on how to play (sustaining) 9:30 A.M. Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

*Radio Pulpit*—Rev. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, 10:00 A.M. Sunday, NBC-WEAF.



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"use SALT"**

If you want a dazzling smile and firm, strong, beautifully clean teeth, be careful what you put in your mouth. Your doctor prescribes salt as a gargle, your dentist prescribes salt as a mouth wash—and that is why salt forms the base of this new Worcester Salt Toothpaste. It cleans teeth safely, it heals tender gums, it restores the natural beauty of your teeth.

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For each blue print that you want, send 3 cents to Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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All the News of Your Radio Favorites

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PERFUME  
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"RADIO GIRL" PERFUME was designed for the modern American Girl—gay, vivacious, unaffected. Though compounded from fine French essential oils, Radio Girl Perfume is produced in this country with a thought for thrift. You'll love RADIO GIRL FACE POWDER, too—with the same exquisite fragrance. It blends with your skin tone and harmonizes beautifully with rouge and lipstick shades, avoiding "pastiness" and hard contrasts. Try the flattering new "dermatone" shade that blends with all complexions. (Flesh and Brunette shades, also.)

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Send me FREE Regular Size Radio Girl Perfume and Trial Size Radio Girl Face Powder. I am enclosing 10c (coin or stamps) for cost of mailing. (Offer good in U.S. only)

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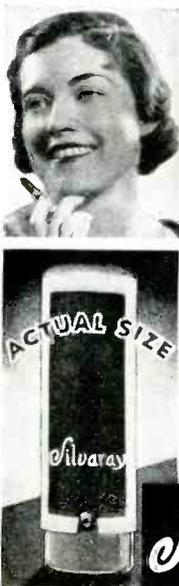
This new policy pays up to \$1500 for death from any cause; up to \$3000 for accidental death as specified. It is offered exclusively by this strong, licensed insurance company, which maintains a guarantee reserve fund with the State of California, as required by the State Insurance Laws, and which is the largest life insurance company of its kind in the State, having over 35,000 policy holders, who carry more than \$30,000,000.00 life insurance.

SEND NO MONEY—Just your name, age, name of beneficiary, and a policy, fully made out in your name will be sent to you for 10 days free inspection. NO AGENT WILL CALL. If you decide to keep it, send only \$1 to pay for your policy for at least 45 days. . . then only about 2c a day. If not, you owe nothing. OFFER LIMITED. So write today without obligation.



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**Silvaray**

## Fred Allen: Man, Lover and Mouse

(Continued from page 25)

the youngest child in the audience knows what these things lead to.

It is not for me to take sides, but listen to the statements made by various people at the time:

Paul Panzer: "Fred Allen? Never heard of him. What does his father do?"

Harriet Beecher Stowe: "I wasn't born. I just grewed."

Carrie Nation: "Out of my way, you rummy! How dare you interfere with God's work?"

Mrs. Beulah Moehl: "I think Gracie Allen is too funny for words."

The case against Mr. Allen was dropped like a hotcake and his maligners lived to hear him on the radio. He had hard sledding at this point of his career. "After playing around for a time as a tree in a forest scene," he says, "I became an understudy to a vaudeville clown. When he collapsed one night, I took his place. I was the horse's legs." After ten years of traveling incognito, ashamed to show his face in public, he landed on Broadway in the musical comedy version of "Polly With a Past." When the show closed, he got another chance playing "Meg" in "Little Women" during dress rehearsals. He was the one, if you remember your "Little Women," who came out with the red wig and the harp. The one who didn't say anything. Later he signed up for three years with Samuel Goldwyn to learn English and, this failing, he played in "Three's a Crowd" and the first "Little Show" with Libby Holman and Clifton Webb. His rendering of "Oh, Give Me Something to Remember You By" stopped the show. About this time, he was forced into radio.

Somewhere along the line, he married Portland Hoffa, his favorite stooge, because she doesn't look like Sid Silvers, and they are now known as "The Sweethearts of the Air." Portland Hoffa plays the ukelele and Mr. Allen writes his own songs and sings them. (Note to the Editor: Could I be wrong about this? We have no radio.)

### III. The Mouse

EVER since someone started the idea that clowns went around hiding breaking hearts and laughing with tears in their eyes, I have tried to avoid them. The thought that a comedian has just received word of the death of his old nurse and is carrying on bravely for my sake fills me with terror. The tradition that all funny, little men are really sad, little men has been implanted so firmly in my mind that I haven't dared give more than a wry smile in the theater for years. When one man kicks another one in the pants, I feel sure he really wants to play "Hamlet" and is only sacrificing himself to make a Roman holiday for an old, elephant-skinned thing like me who doesn't know what sorrow is.

If any of you are cursed with this same Pagliacci complex, I would advise you to go to hear Fred Allen broadcast. He doesn't hide anything. Partly because he has no inhibitions left, having exhausted his supply years ago and,

partly, because of the Mouse in him. He has no *joie de vivre*, no *savoir faire*, no *je ne sais quoi*, no Maurice Chevalier, and very little of anything else.

He looks as though he hadn't eaten for days. Maybe he hasn't. People live in swell apartments and all that nowadays and some of them, I hear, are actually starving. Still, he could drop in on the Show Boat Hour and have a cup of coffee and the Sal Hepatica people would certainly be glad to give him some of their wares. Goodness knows they ought to after all he's done for them.

Anyway, he looks terrible. He unfastens his collar and tie and bites his fingernails. He acts as though he had been hissed off more stages than you could shake a stick at. He does absolutely nothing to make his studio audience laugh. That is to say, he wears no funny hats like Ed Wynn, nor does he come out in his underwear as Eddie Cantor does at times. But he does write his own jokes and his own sketches which makes his humor essentially his own. And that, if you are good at mathematics of this sort, makes him a really funny man and not just an actor. Well, you have to say something nice about somebody once in a while.

It's marvelous to watch him. It's like watching a major operation. The Mouse in him is uppermost and instead of acting like the big shot on his program, which he is, he acts like someone they hired to clean up after the guests had left. He looks like the picture of the man who stuttered and was a laughing stock before he overcame it in six lessons. He looks like the little man in the cartoons who is labeled "The Common People."

It is strange when you think of it because as far back as they can trace, there has never been a mouse in the Sullivan family. There was a rat who came to this country around Sixteen Hundred and Something and settled somewhere around Wethersfield, Connecticut. He had to leave England and the family doesn't like to talk about him much. And it's just possible that Mr. Allen has inherited this strain. You know how those old New England families peter out. Where there were once rats, there are now only mice.

There is no space here or anywhere else to give you brief glimpses of Fred Allen, the Statesman, the Soldier and Night Watchman. Mr. Allen wants his fans to know all about him. He said, "Remember, my fans live hoping for the best . . . and the best, according to a fan's ideals, is to end up in Sally Rand's hand."

*Fred Allen appears every Wednesday at 9 P.M., E. D. S. T., over the following NBC network:*

WEAF, WJAR, WCAE, WCSH, WLIT, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WTAM, WWJ, WMAQ, KSD, WOW, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, KTBS, WTMJ, WKY, KSTP, WRVA, WSMB, KPRC, WOI, KSTP, WLW, WTAG, WTIC, KVOO, WEBC, WPTF, WSB, WSM, WEEL, WMC.

# Short Wave Department

## Snaring Australia

(Continued from page 44)

to be on from 5 to 5.15 A.M. EST., but I have never heard them at that time but found them fairly active from 10 to 10:30 A.M. EST. We mention this station in passing because if you were to hear a masculine voice saying, "Pronto, Radio Vaticano," you would know then you had logged the Vatican City station.

At 8:00 A.M., EST., FYA or Pon-toise, 19:68 meters, France, comes on with the playing of the "Marseillaise" and "Hillo, ici est Radio Colonial." This station is heard on either 25:2 meters or 25:63 meters. On the latter frequency you will be hearing them right through from 6:30 P.M. to midnight EST. Even in May they were coming in with fine volume to 10:30 P.M. Some night around 11:30 P.M. if you are "fishing" on the twenty-five meter band and hear a man talking French, don't get excited because that is just the way France acts.

To go back to the early morning, PHI, 16:88 meters, Huizen, Holland, can be heard as early as 7:30 A.M. EST. every day but Tuesday and Thursday.

There is still another Sunday special. That is Rabat, Morocco. They broadcast on 23:38 meters from 7:30 to 9 A.M. EST. and on 37:33 meters from 2:30 to 5 P.M. EST. Besides being a Sunday station this is also a *summer* station and many a listener who has had his short wave receiver a relatively short length of time will be surprised to hear the inevitable Frenchman in Morocco, say, "Hillo, Hillo,

Radio Rabat dans Maroc." Yes, you will hear them. They have fine volume this time of the year.

Of these stations you will hear on the twenty-five-meter band you have; Daventry, 25:28 meters; 2RO, 25:4 meters Rome, Italy, (better than you heard them all winter and on until 6 P.M., EST) DJD, 25:51 meters, Germany; France as we said before on two wavelengths and a "dash" or two of the Canadians.

The same holds good on the thirty-one meter band. There you will have England on 31:3 meters and 31:55 meters; DJA, 31:38 meters Germany. The Australians and the station with the three coo-coo calls for an identifying signal, that is CT1AA, 31:25 meters, Lisbon, Portugal. But this last named station is only active Tuesday and Friday from 4:30 to 7 P.M. EST.

Before we skip to the forty-nine meter band we should pause and hear EAQ, 30:40 meters, Madrid, Spain, 5:30 to 7 P.M. EST. and PSK, 36.65 meters Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, on from 7 to 7:30 P.M. and sometimes later.

**T**HE English and German stations we purposely gave no schedule for because these stations sometimes change their time on the air at very short notice but they always announce this fact during their broadcasts.

Now we will go to the forty-nine meter band. There we have Germanv (DJC), 49:83 meters, whom you will hear until close to midnight. Daventry relinquished its right to a frequency on this more than popular wavelength and concentrates on the thirty-one meter band. A brilliant move. If only more would follow suit. With W8XK, 48:86 meters, Pittsburgh, Pa.; W2XE, 49 meters, New Jersey; W2XAL, 49:18 meters, Bound Brook, N. J.; W9XF, 49:18 meters, Chicago, Ill.; VE9GW, 49:22 meters, Bowmanville, Canada; W9XAA, 49:34 meters, Chicago, Ill.; W3XAU, 49:5 meters, Philadelphia, Pa.; W8XA1, 49:5 meters, Cincinnati, Ohio; and two or three Santo Domingo stations all privileged to operate at the same time, if they so desire, is it any wonder short wave fans class this too popular band as "hectic?" From past experience I doubt if we will have clear reception of these stations. Germany yes, because tremendous beamed power is back of their radiation.

## Prominent Short Wave Fans

(Continued from page 44)

letter from Enrique Portes of the Consulate General's office of Ecuador. He asked permission to bring a friend to my house to hear a special program coming from station Prado, Riobamba, Ecuador. I willingly complied with his request. He came and who was his friend? None other than the Ambassador to the United States from Ecuador, Mr. Alfrado. A West Point graduate, a diplomat and a short wave  
(Please turn to page 97)

## PEG'S "New Eyes" work a Magic Spell!

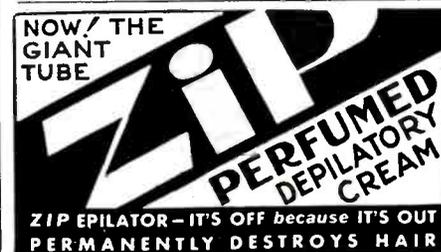


## Have ALLURING EYES Like Peg's Tonight

You can make your eyes wells of *allure*... get exactly the same effect the movie and stage stars do—*instantly!* Simply darken the lashes and brows with the wonderful make-up they use—called DELICA-BROW. In a few seconds DELICA-BROW makes your eyes look bigger, brighter... *irresistible*. "Peps up" the whole face! Try it *tonight*. It's waterproof, too. Remember the name, DELICA-BROW. At any drug or department store and at the 10c stores.



So you're going camping! Then you will want the helpful food circular "Camp and Tourist Cookery," price 10 cents. Address Rita Calhoun, Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



## THE CATCH OF THE MONTH

**S**OME months we snare two or three novel catches. The latter part of February OPM, 29:58 meters, Leopoldville, Congo Belge, South Africa sent a program, in connection with King Albert's funeral services. This we heard and have just received a "veri" of our reception. One might wait another year before hearing this station in action.

One morning last month, we were tuning at an "off" hour, (3 A.M.) and heard a station giving stock reports. At once we thought, in what part of the world was the trading day finished, so that stock reports would be of interest? Where but Australia. And that is who we had logged. The new Australian VK3LR, 31:3 meters, Melbourne, Australia, who is now on every morning except Sunday relaying the long wave stations of that Continent. This is an experimental station and they greatly desire reports of the reception of their transmissions. Here is how you can find them. You undoubtedly know where GSC, 31:3 meters, Daventry, England, comes in on your individual receiver. That is exactly where you will find VK3LR. They have been heard as early as 2 A.M. EST. On Wednesday you are very likely to hear VK3ME, 31:55 meters, Melbourne, and VK3LR, are both active.

—CAPTAIN HORACE L. HALL.

# Don't be an "AIREDALE"



"AIREDALE"—that's what Hollywood calls a girl with hair on arms and legs. That's why all Hollywood uses X-BAZIN Cream to remove superfluous hair. It is essential for legs, arms and underarms that expect to be seen! Constant research

and improvement have made X-Bazin more and more mild, efficient and agreeable. This really reliable cream depilatory leaves your skin exquisitely smooth, white and hairless—without irritation, stubble or that blue, shaved look. Even the future growth of hair is retarded.

Insist on X-Bazin—in new giant-size tubes at drug and department stores—only 50c. Good size tubes 10 cents in five-and-ten-cent stores. X-Bazin also comes in the original powder form.  
HALL & RUCKEL, Inc. Est. 1848, Brooklyn, N. Y.

## X-BAZIN removes hair



### Dispel Complexion Worries

Join the ranks of those who rely effectively upon Resinol Ointment and Soap alone as their external aid to clear, smooth, beautiful skin. This treatment, daily combats clogged pores, blackheads, pimples, roughness and similar defects—and usually wins. Safe and easy to use, soothing and beneficial in effect, Resinol Ointment and Soap are leading the way to lovelier skin. Sold by all druggists.

For free sample of each with instructions, write Resinol, Dept. 4-K, Baltimore, Md.

# Resinol

## The Sound Queen

(Continued from page 34)

hoofs in mud. The swish of the sea against the shore. The sound of a revolving door. The list is then turned over to a phonograph company which makes up the records.

THE sound engineer's real task, however, is in creating sound effects that have not or cannot be recorded and making them sound authentic to the millions of radio listeners.

Often synthetic sounds are much more realistic than the actual sounds would be. Give Ora a few yards of cellophane and half a dozen strawberry boxes and she'll produce a forest fire that would fool even a forest ranger.

Pebbles pattering on a piece of calf skin give the illusion of rain on the roof. For a gentle spring shower she crinkles tissue paper. For a steady downpour a wind machine is used.

Cocoanut shells struck together produce the effect of horses walking on cobblestones.

Sleighbells double for chattering teeth. Wind may be Ora standing close to the mike and blowing against the edge of a card. Or it may come from a mysterious black box with a crank on it, the contents of which is one of Ora's secrets.

The collapse of a building which seems to you so realistic is Ora, crushing a strawberry box. In fact, strawberry boxes play an important part in the creating of sound effects. They are ordered by the truck load and their versatility is amazing.

Recently, among Ora's list of "Sound Effects Needed for Today" was the squeak of a bedspring. She arrived at the rehearsal room with a strawberry box and a violin bow. The bow, slowly drawn across the box, was to be the squeak. The rehearsal started. The scene was one in which four people entered a cheap hall bedroom. Because of a shortage of chairs, two of the characters, after some wisecracking conversation, were supposed to sit on the bed. That was Ora's cue for the bedsprings to creak. Each time the action reached that place the director called a halt—and the conversation would start again from the beginning. Finally, Ora got a bit fed up, waiting for her cue, and decided to give them a crash of a creak. Consequently, when the two characters sat on the bed, instead of drawing the violin bow across the strawberry box, Ora crushed the box in her hand. The result was an effect which sounded exactly as though the bed had fallen down. In fact it was very realistic and caused such spontaneous laughter that the director decided to keep it in.

For a woman to occupy the position of sound engineer at a broadcasting station is decidedly unique. It is one of those things which is just naturally considered a man's job. It came about in an odd way.

ORA started out to be a musician. Through her music she met Arthur Nichols, a violinist. They fell in love and were married. They came to New York to look for work and found it at an uptown movie house—Arthur playing the violin and directing the orchestra and Ora playing the piano. Gradually Arthur became interested in drums, and particularly in inventing sound effects to go with the pictures. He finally gave up the violin

entirely and concentrated on the drums and sound effects and Ora directed the orchestra and arranged the music.

Then came the talking picture which marked the swan song of the movie theater orchestra. Mr. and Mrs. Nichols were far seeing enough to realize that their future as musicians was not particularly promising. They began to specialize in inventing devices which would imitate various sounds. They made records of these sounds. Soon they were in demand at the various broadcasting studios. At first they worked on a free lance basis. And then Columbia Broadcasting Company decided that it would be cheaper to give them a steady job. They were as happy as a young couple could possibly be. The work was fascinating. They were making good money. Their future seemed assured.

And then one day about two years ago Arthur Nichols became suddenly ill and was unable to do his work. Ora did it for him. A few days later he died.

The studio little realized how much of the work in sound effects Ora had done. They were skeptical of her being able to carry on without the help of her clever husband. She begged for a chance to try. They agreed to let her stay on for a month. Today, she is still there. Not only has she continued her husband's work but she has improved and perfected many of his inventions and added others of her own until her laboratory is now one of the most complete in the world. And she has never yet been asked for a sound that she could not furnish.

One of her most difficult assignments was to produce the illusion of a horse climbing a glass mountain. This was for a fairy story, told on a children's hour. The sounds, therefore, had to be realistic. She had to find a way to produce the tinkle of breaking glass, coupled with the slide and scrape of the horses hoofs as he struggled upward.

How do you suppose she did this?

She poured a thin layer of sand into a cigar box. Then, by pressing an ordinary drinking glass into the sand and twisting it a little, the glassy clatter was produced with such realism that those listening in were hypnotized into believing that a horse was actually climbing a glass mountain.

ALTHOUGH Miss Nichols has records for birds, dogs, cats, roosters and babies, she thinks these sounds are best done vocally. Many of these she does herself. Her baby's cry is uncannily real but she can't do it when anybody is watching her and has to shield her face with her hands. She had never heard a coyote howl but a cowboy told her what it was like and in no time at all she was doing a howl that would have sent any self-respecting coyote back to the wild prairies in shame.

Her work has made her so sound-conscious that no matter where she is, and no matter how much noise is going on, she can instantly detect anything unusual in the way of sound and she is never content until she has run it to its source—and found a way to reproduce it.

Away from the studio she lives quietly with her young daughter. And for relaxation, she crochets!

# The Radio Comics Pick Their Favorite Comedians

(Continued from page 19)

Dear Mrs. Smith:

All the comedians on the air, are great - if you insist on me picking one of them, as being better than the rest, I think I'd give my vote to the chap who plays the part of "The Fire Chief" on the Texaco Programme.

Sincerely  
Ed Wynn

P.S. The above conclusion was arrived at after a two minute discussion of the subject with my mother and the rest of the family.  
E. W.

he would have voted for Cantor, his predecessor on the Chase and Sanborn hour, but didn't consider Cantor eligible, since he was off the air.

JOE PENNER, however, threw his vote to Cantor whether Cantor was off the air regardless, although some of the judges had to be restrained from crying:

"Don't never do that!"

## Short Wave Department

(Continued from page 95)

fan. He showed me snapshots of his "radio shack" in Riobamba. And told me how he had pulled in the world with his small outfit. Did we talk politics? No. Why, because we had only one hobby in common—short waves.

Then we have the editor of *The Miami Post*, my good friend, Bob Purvis. He never mentions the toil attached to editing a daily paper. But our conversation always runs along the lines of reception conditions.

A genial, jolly all-round-pal is Rev. G. Karch. He is, "just one of the boys," to the fellows at the short-wave club that he attends regularly. Many a night a gentle knock on my door, and a "Busy, Captain?" announces his quiet arrival. Do we discuss the mysteries of religion? Never. But heated arguments wage loud and long as to what is the best aerial, directional or non-directional. With an "Oh; I must make my boat, it takes

friends and all my favorites."

A minority element among the judges was inclined to the belief that this was the Baron Munchausen's vote rather than Jack Pearl's, but they let it pass.

A special award of Diogenes' lamp was made to Ed Wynn as a result of his vote, for being the most honest comedian. Wynn voted for the Fire Chief. And his family, although not voting, agreed with him.

me two hours to get home." Four hours traveling for a little over two hours talking with a fellow fan. Does he regret it? Never. Why? Because he is a short wave fan.

A very busy man is David H. Smith, M.D. His profession is exacting to say the least. But with a skill that is marvelous he has been able to bring in the foreign locals, Japan, Morocco, and stations that some fans crave to hear. He uses a small, home-made set of few tubes, is surrounded with interference and takes his tuning as seriously as his profession. Collects verifications and lets his secretary collect the stamps from them. Has his home in Long Island but his "radio shack" in a room off his office.

So they go. Every one of them charming men who drop the cloak of care from worldly troubles and have untold pleasure in trying to identify some station thousands of miles away.

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YOUR YOUTH



### Youthful Hair Free from Gray

If your hair is off in color no charm of face can make up that defect.

**FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR** will keep you younger looking than your years; easy to use without instruction in hygienic privacy AT HOME. Odorless, greaseless, will not rub off nor interfere with curling, marcel or permanent wave; leaves the hair natural-looking, lustrous, soft and fluffy. Once you've got the shade you wish a few occasional touches keep a uniform color. \$1.35. For sale everywhere.

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STATE ORIGINAL COLOR OF HAIR \_\_\_\_\_



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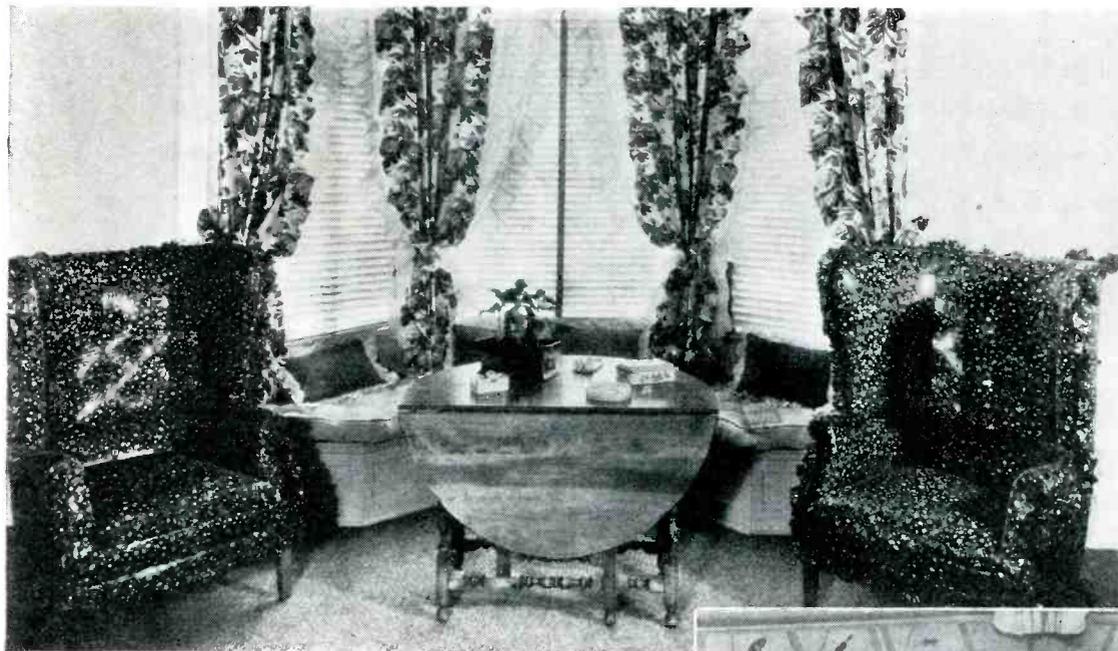
WITH X-Cream Deodorant you can safeguard yourself against any trace of offensive perspiration or body odors. This snow-white, pleasant deodorant cream is cooling, soothing, and positive in its action. Harmless to skin or fabrics—does not interfere with nature. It's the best cream yet!

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PREVENTS BODY ODORS

# The BING CROSBYS

## Buy Furniture



*Two comfortable wing chairs and a drop-leaf table are placed at one end of the Crosby living room.*

*The domain of Master Gary Evan Crosby is bright and cheerful and very simply furnished.*

*Paramount—Wide World*



*Mrs. Bing Crosby, wife of the popular radio and screen star, comments on the August sales*

**By BETTY LENAHAN**

**I** GET as much thrill out of buying new furniture as most women get from buying new clothes," said Mrs. Bing Crosby, wife of the popular radio and screen star, when we asked her what she thought of buying furniture at the semi-annual furniture sales. She became quite enthusiastic on the subject, as she loves beautiful things and the simple rooms in the Bing Crosby house show very clearly that she is quite adept at selecting and arranging furniture. She went on to say:

"Living in the same surroundings day after day . . . sitting down at the same table . . . crawling into the same bed every night is bound to become monotonous, even as eating caviar three times a day would be. Variety being the spice of life, it is perfectly logical that a new piece of furniture, now and then, is bound to brighten up the home and stimulate contented domesticity.

"Advance notices of the semi-annual sales get me started. It's really a lot like spring fever, except that it takes more than sulphur and molasses to get it out of my system.

"After shopping for weeks, the Big Day arrives when my selections are to be delivered. Bing doesn't need a seventh sense to tell him what's up. The feverish expression in my eyes probably warns him that now is the time for all good husbands to get out from under foot. Or else! And it is at times like these that I relinquish my husband to his other 'love,' the golf course, without a single sigh of regret.

"Of course when he comes home at night, he's liable to drop his cap in the fish bowl that has replaced the hall table to make room for the brand new cabinet I've purchased, the fish bowl having been transferred to the living-room. But only a few caps go to the watery grave before he gets used to the new order of things. And likes it."

I think that most women will agree with Mrs. Crosby

that variety and an occasional change in the home is just as important as it is in clothes and food and that undoubtedly the semi-annual furniture sales stimulate a keen interest in making the home more comfortable and attractive. Here is your opportunity to do just that. There are tremendous furniture sales now in progress throughout the United States. Beautiful displays, and model homes are being set up in the stores to give you ideas and the help you might need in furnishing and decorating your own home. And the prices—you will be amazed at the well designed, lovely pieces you can get for very little money. If you are not buying all new furniture at the present time perhaps just one or two carefully selected pieces will produce the desired effect.

**Savage  
excitement  
for lovely  
lips!**

20¢

AT ALL  
LEADING  
10¢ STORES



Want excitement? *Real* excitement? The kind that comes when admiring hearts beat to the thrilling tempo of the monsoon? You'll find it . . . for *your* lips . . . in the *iridescent*, savage hues of Savage . . . in the opal-clear, entirely pasteless transparency of the color thus imparted . . . in the never-compromising indelibility of Savage . . . in the utterly vanquishing softness that lips just naturally have, the longer Savage is used! Four really exciting shades . . . Tangerine, Flame, Natural, Blush. Select the one best suited to your own enchantment by actually testing them all at the Savage Shade Selector displayed wherever Savage is sold.

Large Size Savage in exquisite silver case, \$2  
at the more exclusive toilet goods counters



**SAVAGE SHADE SELECTOR**

In addition to providing you with a practical means of trying Savage before buying, the Savage Shade Selector supplies the means of removing the highly indelible Savage stains from your wrist. A bottle of Savage Lipstick Stain Remover and a dispenser of felt removal pads are provided. SAVAGE . . . CHICAGO

**S A V A G E**

THE NEW, REALLY TRANSPARENT, REALLY INDELIBLE LIPSTICK

# JOIN THE BIG PARADE

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Use Beech-Nut Gum after  
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