

Tower **Radio**

A TOWER MAGAZINE

AUGUST

10¢

15¢ in Canada



BERNICE CLAIRE

**THE HEARTBREAKS
OF RADIO EXTRAS**

RADIO'S GREATEST ROMANCE

NEW! Irresistible ROUGE

GIVES YOU A VITAL,
GLAMOROUS LURE THAT'S
IRRESISTIBLE



This gorgeous, new kind of dry rouge actually stays on all day and gives you a vital, glamorous lure that's irresistible. Because of its superfine texture and special quality, IRRESISTIBLE ROUGE blends perfectly with your skin...defies detection...and looks like the natural bloom of radiant, sparkling youth.

And such ravishing colors...utterly life-like...utterly thrilling! Four shades, created after months of experiment on living models. Choose your individual shade...see how it instantly glorifies your cheeks and sets off the beauty of your eyes. See how its rich, fascinating color clings *indelibly* and lasts until you choose to remove it with Irresistible Cold Cream.

For perfect make-up, match your lipstick to your rouge. Irresistible Lip Lure is made in the same four exciting shades. Try this new, different cream-base lipstick. Notice how it melts deep into your lips...leaving no paste or film...just soft, warm, red, ripe, *indelible* color glowing from *beneath the surface*.

To have natural lasting beauty, use all the Irresistible Beauty Aids. Each has some special feature that gives you divine, new loveliness. Certified pure. Laboratory tested and approved. Only 10¢ each at your 5 and 10¢ store.

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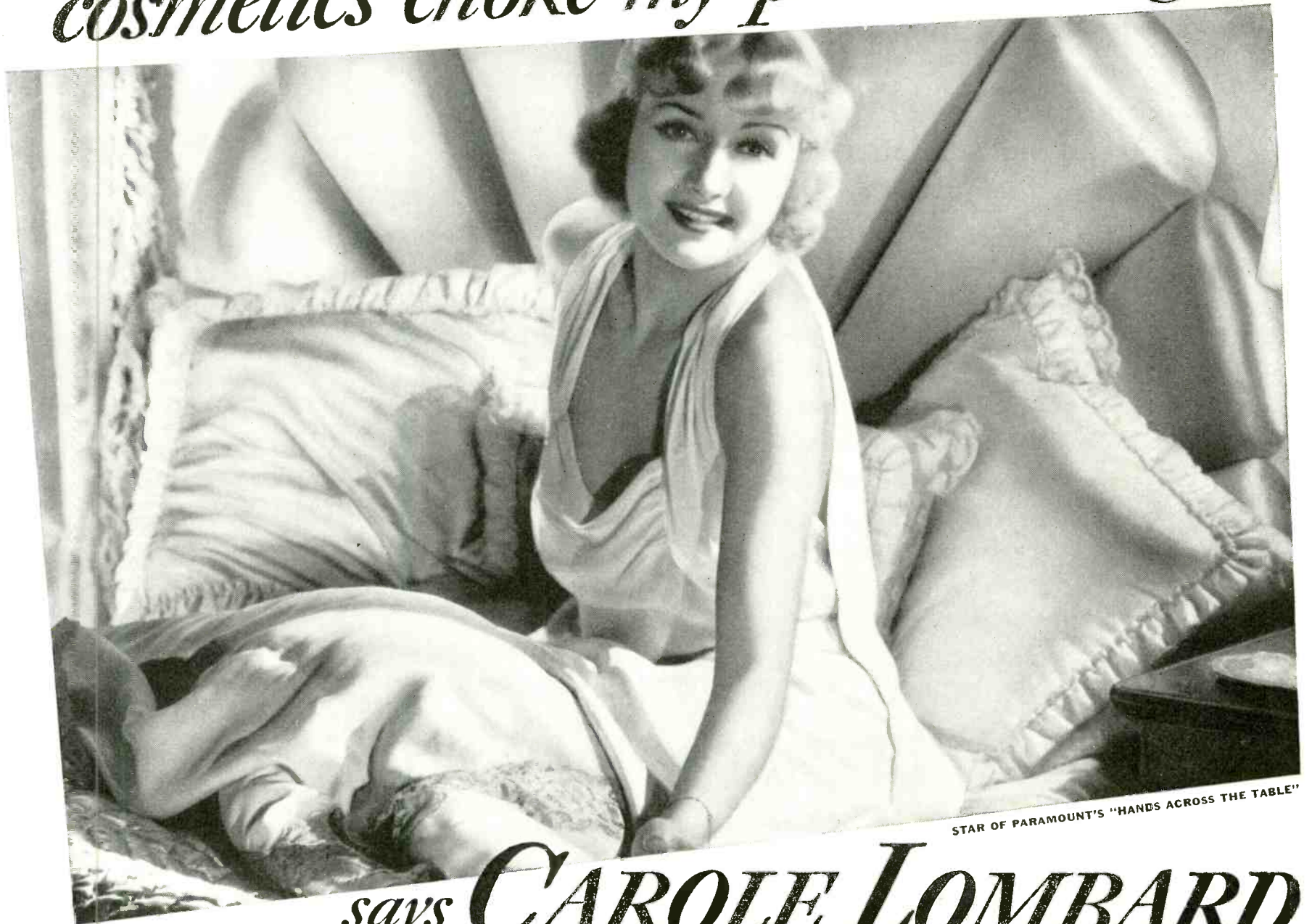
Irresistible

PERFUME AND
BEAUTY AIDS
FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

ONLY 10¢
EACH AT YOUR
5 AND 10¢ STORE

IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME, ROUGE, LIP LURE, FACE POWDER, LIQUEFYING, COLD CREAM, COLOGNE, BRILLIANTINE, TALC

“I want my sleep to be beauty sleep—so I never let stale cosmetics choke my pores all night”



STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S "HANDS ACROSS THE TABLE"

says **CAROLE LOMBARD**

“YES, I use cosmetics,” says Carole Lombard, “but thanks to Lux Toilet Soap, I’m not afraid of getting Cosmetic Skin!”

This lovely screen star knows it is when cosmetics are allowed to *choke the pores* that trouble begins—tiny blemishes appear—enlarging pores—blackheads, perhaps.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

To guard against unattractive Cosmetic Skin, always remove cosmetics

thoroughly the Hollywood way. Lux Toilet Soap has an ACTIVE lather that sinks deep into the pores, safely removes every vestige of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night—use the gentle, white soap 9 out of 10 Hollywood stars have made *their* beauty care.



The September TOWER RADIO will be replete with vivid human interest features about the fascinating world of radio and its colorful stars. You will like the lovely September cover of Vivienne Segal.

The September TOWER RADIO will present the very first short story ever written by Raymond Knight, the humorist. This first story is fast and funny.

Among the dozen or so other features is a unique one telling of the specialists of radio. These imitators of various sounds earn high salaries.

AUGUST COVER DESIGN BY GENE REX



OTHER TOWER MAGAZINES • MYSTERY • SERENADE • HOME • NEW MOVIE • TINY TOWER

VOL. 3, NO. 5

TOWER RADIO

AUGUST, 1935

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FREDERICK JAMES SMITH, Managing Editor

MIRIAM GIBSON, Associate Editor

AMY VANDERBILT, Director of Home Service

VERNE NOLL, Art Director

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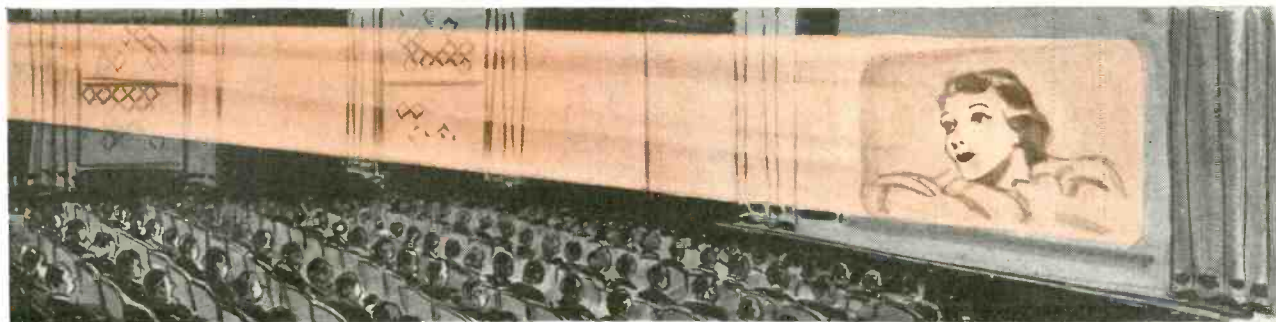
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NEW ISSUE ON SALE THE FIRST OF EVERY MONTH

Discovered

IN A
HOLLYWOOD PROJECTION ROOM!

Together,
**A GREAT
STAR and a
NEW STAR!**



The hush in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer projection room turned to a muffled whisper . . . the whisper rose to an audible hum . . . and in less than five minutes everybody knew that a great new star had been born—**LUISE RAINER**—making her first American appearance in "Escapade", **WILLIAM POWELL'S** great new starring hit! It was a historic day for Hollywood, reminiscent of the first appearance of Garbo — another of those rare occasions when a great picture catapults a player to stardom.

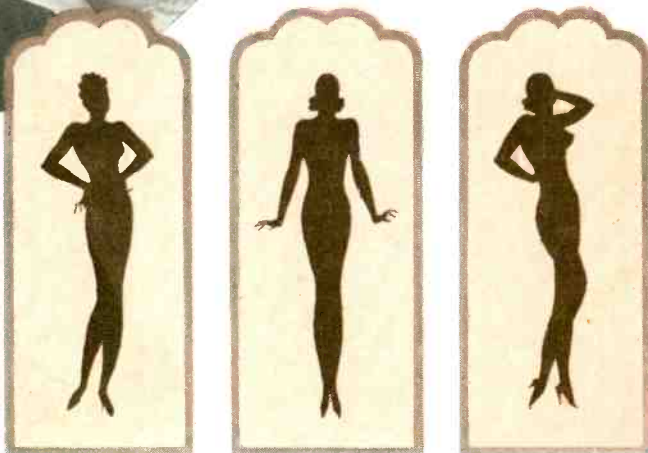


WILLIAM POWELL *in* *Escapade*

with
LUISE RAINER

**FRANK MORGAN
VIRGINIA BRUCE
REGINALD OWEN
MADY CHRISTIANS**
A Robert Z. Leonard Production
Produced by Bernard H. Hyman
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

William Powell adds another suave characterization to his long list of successes... and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer swells the longest list of stars in film-dom with another brilliant name—Luise Rainer!



Aristocrat, sophisticate, innocent—one wanted romance, the other wanted excitement—but one wanted his heart—and won it... sparkling romance of an artist who dabbled with love as he dabbled with paints... and of a girl who hid behind a mask—but could not hide her heart from the man she loved!





Ray Lee Jackson



Bob Lawrence (left) is a new radio singing hit. Below, Irene Wicker, the Singing Lady and her husband in their "Song of the City" series.

Foto News, Chicago

Behind *the* Dial

THESE summer days are busy ones in the studios where they are auditioning new acts and ideas for possible fall presentation. The success of script shows (serials like "The O'Neills," "The House of Glass," etc.) has brought into existence an almost endless number of sketches. Auditions of them go forward all day long as the corridors of the RCA Building in Radio City and the Columbia Broadcasting System's building at 485 Madison Avenue are athrong with the authors and actors involved.

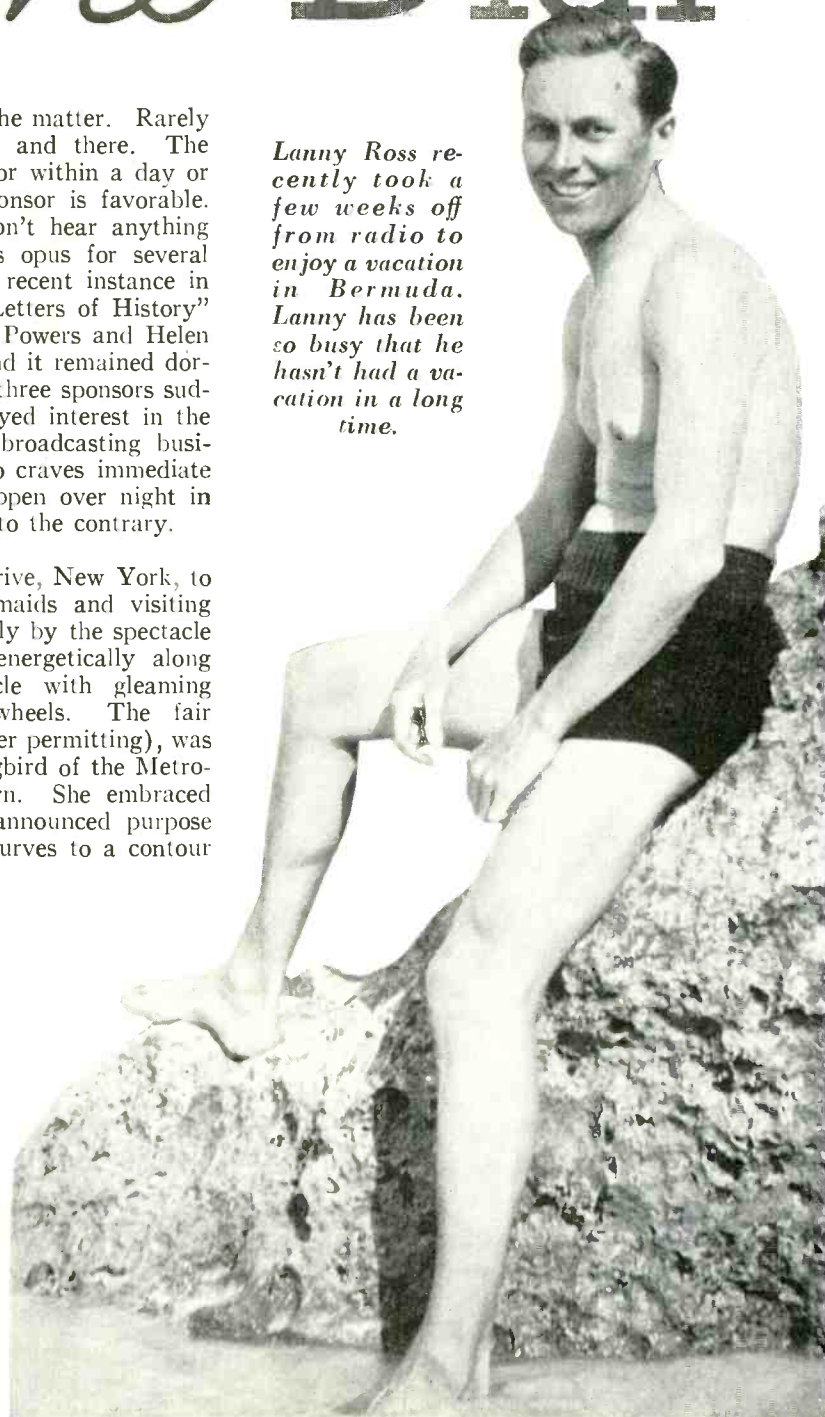
AND take it from one who has just gone through this business of getting a hearing for a brain-child, it is a hectic and heart-rending experience. There are so many slips between a script and a sponsor that you would be appalled at the obstacles to be surmounted. After arranging for the audition, in itself considerable of an achievement, the author's troubles only begin. First you must get a studio in which to do your stuff and with all the demands these days for such places that is no trivial accomplishment, either.

THEN, when the studio is set, you find rounding-up sound effects men, announcers, control-room engineers, *et cetera*, is your next headache. These men are all busy on current programs and you have to grab them as they flit from studio to studio. Finally you and your actors and your mechanical and technical aids are all ready and then comes the last-minute word that the prospective sponsor has been called out of town and will you please make the audition the following Thursday? And so it goes with many delays and disappointments until eventually the potential advertiser or his representative reach the scene and the audition, after weeks of preparation, is held.

BUT don't think that settles the matter. Rarely is a verdict rendered then and there. The author may hear the next day, or within a day or two that the reaction of the sponsor is favorable. But, just as like as not, he won't hear anything definite as to the future of his opus for several weeks—and maybe months. A recent instance in mind is that of "The Famous Letters of History" project. Ten months ago Tom Powers and Helen Menken auditioned the script and it remained dormant until the other day, when three sponsors suddenly and simultaneously displayed interest in the idea. It's a great game, this broadcasting business, but not for somebody who craves immediate action, for things just don't happen over night in radio, no matter what you hear to the contrary.

RESIDENTS of Riverside Drive, New York, to say nothing of the nursemaids and visiting sailors, have been regaled recently by the spectacle of a young woman pedalling energetically along that thoroughfare on a bicycle with gleaming handle-bars and bright red wheels. The fair cyclist, daily in evidence (weather permitting), was Rosa Ponselle, raven-haired songbird of the Metropolitan Opera and radio renown. She embraced that form of exercise for the announced purpose of reducing her Mae Western curves to a contour more favored by the movie moguls. For La Ponselle, hearing of the large emoluments which are accruing to Grace Moore, Lily Pons, Gladys Swarthout, Helen Jepson and other of her opera and radio associates, for performances before the camera, (Please turn to page 7)

Lanny Ross recently took a few weeks off from radio to enjoy a vacation in Bermuda. Lanny has been so busy that he hasn't had a vacation in a long time.



What's going on in the radio world and what's planned for the future

By NELLIE REVELL

Tintex

Brings Color Magic to Your Summer Wardrobe



Tintex—brings Color Magic to Afternoon Frocks, Evening Dresses, Evening Wraps, and Scarfs



Tintex—brings Color Magic to Sportswear, Sweaters, Sports Scarfs and Handkerchiefs



Faded Fabrics Become Gaily New With These Easy Tints and Dyes



Tintex—brings Color Magic to Summer Curtains and Drapes—Slip Covers and all Home Decorations



Tintex—brings Color Magic to Underthings and Lingerie—Lace-trimmed Negligees—Stockings

SUMMER sun and frequent launderings will fade the beautiful colors in your apparel . . . and in your home decorations, too. But never mind. Just do as millions of other smart women . . . use Tintex! In a jiffy . . . and without muss or fuss . . . these famous Tints and Dyes will restore the original color, or give a new color if you wish, to every washable fabric.

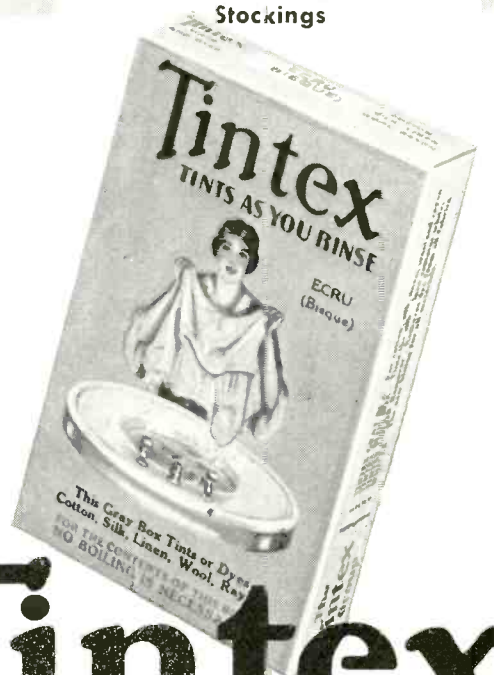
There's color-magic and economy in every package of Tintex. And *perfect* results, too! That's why women who know always *insist* on Tintex. 38 brilliant long-lasting colors from which to choose.

Avoid Substitutes . . .

Tintex quality never varies! Perfect results every time. That's why millions of women

INSIST ON TINTEX

PARK & TILFORD, Distributors



Tintex

World's Largest Selling
TINTS AND DYES

AT ALL DRUG STORES, NOTION AND TOILET GOODS COUNTERS

RADIO Pageant

THE alimentary canal—that playground of radio—soon will become one of the taboo subjects of the air, judging from a ukase just issued by the Columbia Broadcasting Company.

The new Columbia order states that products no longer will be allowed to broadcast “graphically or repellently” descriptions of “any internal bodily functions, symptomatic results of internal disturbances, or matters which are generally not considered acceptable topics in social groups.”

Columbia further states that the policy will exclude all advertising of laxatives as such. Further, it will exclude the discussion of depilatories, deodorants and other broadcasting which, by its nature, presents questions of good taste in connection with radio listening.

Unless the National Broadcasting Company follows Columbia in this ban, radio fans will have to turn to stations of that organization to follow the latest developments in the world of laxatives.

COLUMBIA may have been motivated in its decision by plain, everyday good taste. Or it may have been impelled into action by letters of protest. Nobody writes as often or as frequently as a radio fan.

However the credit may be placed, the Women’s National Radio Committee has taken a bow, feeling that it deserves a share of the glory for the Columbia move. Maybe it does. Anyway, the committee hails the whole thing as “the beginning of a new era in broadcasting,” and, “as the most important step that has been taken in broadcasting in years.”

COLUMBIA has announced other changes, too. Effective July 30th, it limits the sponsors’ commercial announcements to a maximum of ten per cent of the total broadcast period. For instance, products can be extolled for not more than six minutes of a full hour program.

And Columbia is engaging a child psychologist to pass upon children’s programs, thus guarding the morals, the inspirations and the nervous reactions of the nation’s kiddies. The Observer suspects that the doctor, whoever he may be, will be pretty busy for some months, balancing sponsor and moral values.

DID you get as much kick out of the broadcasting of the Silver Jubilee of King George as did the Observer? It came to a grand and dramatic climax when the whole British empire hailed the king and the king responded.

The fine blaze of pageantry flared when, from one side of the globe, London called the Dominion of New Zealand and a second later, from the other, came “The Commonwealth of New Zealand calling London.” In turn the Empire called South Africa, the Indian Empire, the Commonwealth of Australia, the Dominion of New Zealand, the Dominion of Canada, Newfoundland and Bermuda. These were tingling, historic moments for radio, the greatest being the response from Buckingham Palace of King George, whose voice was at first halting and husky with emotion. Then, as he progressed, he gained assurance and authority. His is a really kingly voice and his final words, his quotation of Queen Victoria’s “From my heart I thank my beloved people, may God bless them!” held not only an empire breathless but a good deal of the remaining radio-listening world.



King George wins radio honors on his Silver Jubilee and Columbia goes in for good taste

By THE TOWER OBSERVER

Caricature by Henri Weiner

THE Observer was amazed at the difference in his reactions at listening to the jubilee and at seeing it later on the screen. The films caught the sweep and the pageantry, radio captured the intimate drama. Radio was immediate, personal, close to the participants. It brought the world to the king’s side. You heard the emotional catch in the king’s voice. At St. Paul’s Cathedral you heard the tiniest inflection of the Archbishop of Canterbury’s voice, the coughs of the gathered notables, the suppressed clatter of swords.

When television comes, the Observer doubts if war can be longer possible. We will know the world’s great on too intimate terms to make them our enemies.

OF the newer radio programs the Observer likes best the varied offerings at Al Jolson’s Shell Chateau. Jolson, in last month’s TOWER RADIO, said he hoped to lick radio this time. Al appears to

have won, at last. One of the happiest offerings was Eva Le Gallienne’s bit from Franz Molnar’s romance of royalty, “The Swan.” The voice of Miss Le Gallienne seems to the Observer to be the best that has ridden the kilocycles. It is incisive, eloquent, moving.

Other Jolson visitors were Dizzy and Daffy Dean, the shrewdly mad St. Louis pitchers, who tossed repartee as easily as they toss a baseball. Tales are told that Dizzy was annoyed at Jolson’s kidding and that the broadcast almost ended abruptly. The Deans, you know, are abrupt gents when pushed too far.

An absorbing interlude on the Jolson program was the appearance of John Barrymore in a bit of that highly colored drama of rowdy Renaissance revenge, “The Jest.” Barrymore was not quite sure of his medium but he was highly interesting.

THE Observer always is a little startled at the wonders of radio. Consider, for instance, a late May broadcast. The whistle of the great new French liner *Normandie*, off on her maiden voyage from Havre, released a radio impulse which set ringing the bell of the historic mission at San Diego, Cal., for the first time in 400 years. It was once tolled by the padres to call the Indians to prayers. This time it was a signal for the fountains of the California Pacific International Exposition to start, for the raising of flags, for the fair itself to get under way. Thus radio (in spite of considerable static) spanned an ocean, a continent and 400 years. Time and space are mighty small things when radio confronts them.

RADIO has lost some of its toplineers with the arrival of hot weather. Stars depart for Hollywood or Europe, according to their various whims. The Observer dreads most of the Hollywood visits because the razzle-dazzle of movieland seems to take the zip out of radio entertainers. One happy exception has been Jack Benny. Trust the nonchalant Jack to take Hollywood in stride.

NOT so long ago months of pain and labor were required to cross the continent by covered wagon. That is, if the redskins didn’t get you. After that man perfected the pony express, the trans-continental train, the motor car, the airplane, with the distance between the two oceans shrinking before every new device.

It remained for Benay Venuta, radio’s newest blues singer, to contribute the latest step in man’s battle against time and

Fred Waring, one of the stars of the air. His hour is a national institution.

It remained for Benay Venuta, radio’s newest blues singer, to contribute the latest step in man’s battle against time and

space. She sang in Los Angeles at 7:30 A.M., E.D.S.T., at Cincinnati at 8:30 P.M., and in New York at midnight, seventeen hours after her start, thereby being the first entertainer to perform on both coasts the same day. Thus Miss Venuta takes her place beside such pioneers as Meriwether Lewis and William Clark, although the Observer doubts if either gentleman could sing a blues song as expertly. The Observer is for progress and Miss Venuta.

AMOS ‘N’ ANDY broke one of their rules recently. They called in another player to enact a role. Up to now Freeman Gosden and Charles Correll have played all the parts in the adventures of the Harlem taxi magnates whose laughs and heartaches have held the interest of America for seven troubled years. But recently they had Harriette Wilmer, of La Grange, Ill., play Julia Porterfield for an appearance or two. Otherwise the boys have been carrying on much as usual.

*Enjoy
Double Mint Gum
daily for beauty
of mouth and lips*





I'll never let you down
I'm your best friend
I am your *Lucky Strike*

For a friendly smoke—it's the tobacco that counts. I am made of fragrant, expensive center leaves only; the finest, most expensive Turkish and domestic tobaccos grown.

Copyright 1950
The American Tobacco Company



*Try me
I'll never
let you
down*



Radio Goes Adventuring

DO you know what is the most exciting time of the year to listen to your radio? No, it isn't in Winter, when the big commercial programs are at their peak with high salaried stars and entertainers. It's right now, in midsummer, when all kinds of special programs are crackling through the air.

Summer is the open season when radio steps out and really does its stuff. It is a simple matter to put on the air a singer, or an orchestra or a comedian from a studio in Radio City, but broadcasting from the inside of a diver's helmet is something else again. You may hear a million studio programs and never be more than pleasantly entertained, but when you hear the actual conversation of an aviator who is coming in from a trans-oceanic flight and is groping around in the fog trying to find his landing-field, you get an authentic thrill that simply can't be duplicated.

Broadcasting of special events by radio has improved enormously in the past two years. Last Summer you heard the comments of army officers as they zoomed upward in a stratosphere balloon, heard them describe the first symptoms of trouble, the mounting danger, the terse command, "Bail out!" and then silence—surely one of the most dramatic moments in the history of radio. With the aid of parachutes the men managed to get to earth without loss of life, and meanwhile you had been transported to the very center of one of the most daring experiments of modern science—the exploration of the earth's upper atmosphere. It requires great technical resources to bring you broadcasts like these, and equipment is constantly being improved and extended to make even more vivid the special broadcasts you hear.

Summer is the great season for these special events, for two reasons. In the first place, a great many of the big commercial programs take vacations during the Summer, and this allows the networks some free time in which to pioneer and experiment. In the second place, Summer is the great outdoors season, and there are simply more things going on, more events to be broadcast than at any other time of the year. Sports events of all kinds are held in the Summer, it is the open season for spectacular airplane flights, and explorers and experimenters of every description pick Summer for their most daring deeds.

THE moral is, don't stray too far away from your radio this Summer. That is easy to do if you stay at home, and nowadays the manufacturers have improved portable and automobile radio sets so strikingly that it is easy to take your radio right along with you on vacation.

What are some of the big events that are sched-

Radio steps out and really does its stuff in the good old Summer-time. Read the exciting events that are planned for you

By

TOM CARSKADON

Drawing by Harvey McClelland



The mike goes everywhere. Even parachute jumpers have told their sensations.

to get a line on America's athletes before the Olympic tryouts begin in the Fall.

July 9 is the date set for the all-star baseball game between teams voted on by the fans and representing the cream of the American and National Leagues. Imagine following a game that includes such stars as Dizzy Dean, Babe Ruth and Lefty Gomez all at once, surrounded by equally shining athletes for every position on the diamond.

Exciting horse races are scattered all through the Summer, and tennis gets its big thrill August 12 to 17, when the women's championship matches are held at Forest Hills on Long Island. The men's championships come along September 3 to 7, and for golf enthusiasts, the national amateur matches will be broadcast from Cleveland, September 9 to 14.

These are but a few of the sporting events that are scheduled and known in advance. Many of the greatest broadcasts of all are not listed, and are impossible to list, because special events broadcasting follows the news so closely. Who can know when a hurricane may strike, an earthquake may occur, a ship may sink, or some other great disaster may happen? When any such thing does happen, however, you may be sure that radio will be on the job, bringing a vivid picture of the events and lending both direct and indirect aid in arousing sympathy for the stricken and mobilizing efforts to relieve their plights.

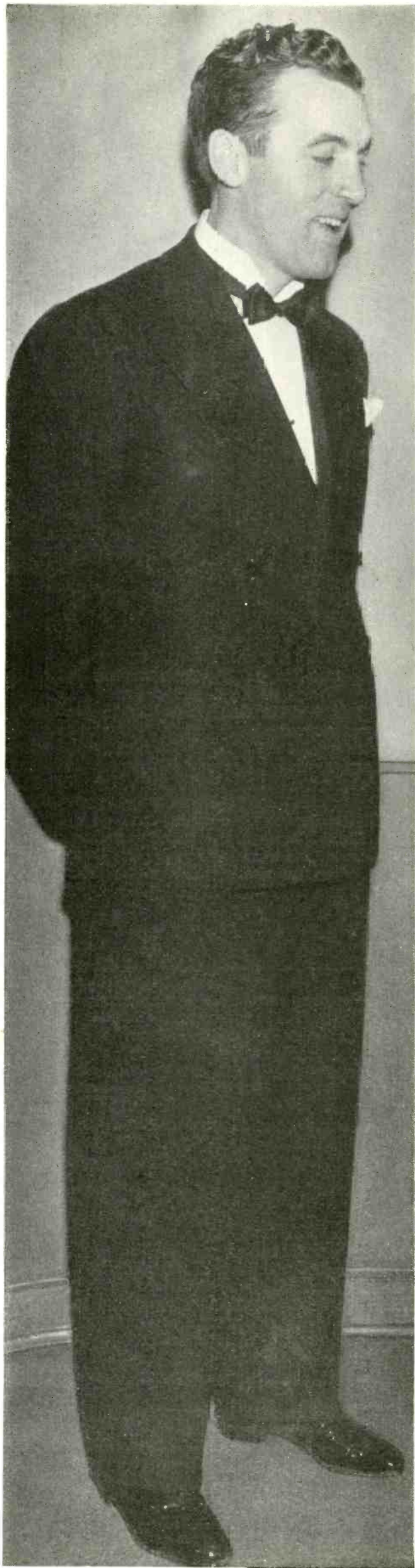
Most unpredictable of all are the aviation flights. There is no way of telling when some daredevil may take to the air, setting a new long distance or altitude or speed record, and demonstrating once more how swiftly mankind is acquiring wings. Flights grow constantly more vivid for radio listeners, due to the development of the directional beam which guides flyers through darkness and fog, and the use of two-way communication between the pilot and ground stations, which can be picked up on short wave and rebroadcast over an entire network.

uled for this Summer? Well, pull up a camp chair and let's look over the list. Naturally there will be plenty of speechmaking and dramatizations of history on the Fourth of July, and if you are athletically inclined you will be interested to know that the Fourth will also have the broadcast of the finals in the American Amateur Athletic Union track and field meet, which will be the last chance

ALL of these things rate strictly as news events, to be broadcast as and when they occur. In addition to the news, in addition to automobile races, beauty contests and yachting regattas, in addition to speeches by prominent persons in national and world affairs—there are always special broadcasts arranged by the networks themselves which demonstrate the full power and vividness of radio.

A remarkable example (*Please turn to page 64*)

RADIO'S GREATEST



Specially taken for Tower Radio by Wide World

EVER since they were kids Eleanor Holm and Art Jarrett had lived within a block of each other. Yet, even though they were born and raised in the same Brooklyn neighborhood, and learned their three R's at the same school, the two never met—that is, until one fine June day just three years ago. The fact that it was June had nothing to do with the meeting—but the writer did.

Anyway, they're now Mr. and Mrs., and since, from all appearances, they're "living happily ever after," I feel quite safe in revealing that I was the first to say "Eleanor this is Mr. Jarrett and, Art, this is Miss Holm." And what's more—to make their domestic harmony more complete, the couple have added a happy touch of musical harmony to their lives. Eleanor, when she's not splashing in a tank, is the featured singer with her husband's orchestra over the Columbia network—and doing very nicely, too.

It was a queer trick of fate that these two grew up within a stone's throw of each other without their paths crossing. By the time that June day in the year 1932 rolled around each had become somewhat famous in his and her own right. The beautiful and personable Eleanor had been for some time an aquatic wonder being capable of swimming faster on her back than some people can run forward. Despite her youth, she was a veteran of one Olympics, and at the time was readying herself for the coming international competition that Summer. Art Jarrett was a composite reproduction of the high school girls' conception of a college athlete. While Eleanor was propelling herself through the water waves, he was riding high, wide and quite handsome on the airwaves—hailed as another singing sensation.

Although they never met personally, Art couldn't have helped reading about this Holm girl's swimming exploits—and a glance at a newspaper almost any day would have brought him a picture of Eleanor emerging from a pool with a silk racing suit and a winning smile. On the other hand, with a radio in her home, Eleanor must have heard the high, stylistic voice of Art Jarrett singing "Paradise" and other popular tunes of the day. But as far as they were concerned—she was just another girl swimming like Gertrude Ederle—and he was somebody who sang on the radio like Rudy Vallee and Bing Crosby. That's all there was to it *then*, with these neighborhood kids—just an impersonal knowledge that each existed.

At the time, I was running a series of air interviews with the radio stars, known as "Meet the Artist," which, as it turned out, was an appropriate tag since it was responsible for their meeting. On this particular June day the program was in the throes of its first anniversary. A

It was two years after Art Jarrett met Eleanor Holm that she became the missus.



lot of fuss is made over milestones in radio, and this was no exception. A number of Columbia artists were gracing the broadcast, each scheduled to do a brief turn. It was all very informal with anything bound to happen. And it did.

Art Jarrett was one of the performers on this radio fare. Eleanor Holm and a few friends were our studio guests. That was the setting.

As the star-studded broadcast progressed each artist contributed his or her bit to the program. In fear that our allotted time wouldn't be ample, things were speeded too much. Finally, we found ourselves with Colonel Stoopnagle and three minutes on our hands. To keep the time filled, we began calling studio attaches and others to the mike and interviewing them, too. Page boys, negro porters, sound effects men and a studio hostess all were hustled in this slightly insane cavalcade with hasty, nutty questions and answers. There was still a half-minute left. I signalled to Eleanor Holm to step up and help pass the time for us. Her "ad lib" lines came as easy as her swimming strokes.

So it happened that Eleanor and Art appeared on the same broadcast even before they had a speaking acquaintance.

IMEDIATELY following the broadcast—I after the tumult and the shouting died—I introduced them. Art met the mermaid, and Eleanor met the artist. Then, we all hied ourselves down to the restaurant in the Columbia building for cooling drinks.

They talked in a casual sort of way. There wasn't the slightest inkling that this was the first germ of a romance. Later, I asked Eleanor how she liked Jarrett.

"Oh, he's all right, I guess," she told me. "But I don't like good-looking guys. They know it too much."

—and in the same breath.

"Say, I think I like this radio business. I've got an awful voice, but so have some of the others on it. Maybe I can go on it sometime if I don't have to give up swimming."

That was all she had to say about the man who was later to be her husband.

They never saw each other again while in Manhattan. Eleanor, always the most popular girl in the crowd, was busily occupied with her Olympics try-outs at Jones Beach, and her multitudinous social engagements—not the best combination in the world, but one she managed to mix with the expertness of a painter with oils. Art also found trouble finding enough days and nights in the week to go round. His radio activities and stage engagements were full-sized orders. And a benefit show for this and that cause wasn't complete unless Art Jarrett and his guitar were on the bill.

The next month, Eleanor literally coasted to a berth on the United States women's swimming team that gave the eighteen-year-old athlete a chance to compete in her second Olympic Games. Just before the trial swims, I asked how her competition was.

"Tough—as usual," she replied with a grin.

"And do you think you'll win?" I questioned.

"I hope—as usual," she returned.

Two years later, this past Spring, I heard her give the same replies to an announcer in an interview over the radio direct from the swimming

ROMANCE

The mike united Eleanor Holm and Art Jarrett. To them it brought love, happiness, a mutual interest

By BOB TAPLINGER

pool in Chicago where the national championships were being staged. And that afternoon she scored one of her most notable victories, lowering her 100 meter backstroke record.

Those '32 Olympics took her to Los Angeles. She out-swam the speediest water sprites from other shores. Eleanor Holm became the toast of Hollywood—or, at least, of the male portion of its population. The screen gallants took to her as she and ducks take to water. The glamorous actresses were given unwelcome places on the sidelines as the men sought the young athlete's company. Then, she was signed to a contract by Warner Brothers. There was a great hullabaloo over her entry into the movies. Studio "stills" of her in all kinds of poses and stunts were omnipresent in the newspapers and fan magazines. The Eleanor Holm publicity overshadowed the clippings garnered by film-dom's brightest luminaries. But all this fanfare failed to further her advancement on the screen. She did a few smart small parts. You may have seen her in "Elmer the Great" with Joe E. Brown, or "Hard to Handle" with the hard-hitting Cagney as its star. But a girl who had spent most of her life churning water into white foam couldn't be developed into a finished actress practically overnight.

In the meantime, Eleanor's romances were as fluctuating as the stock market reports. The gossip columns linked her name first with one admirer, and then the other. Finally, Carl Laemmle, Jr. led the field. Rumors had them engaged.

Then Art Jarrett went West for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. He figured there might be more of a future for him in pictures than in radio. He didn't have much success in snaring a big commercial program. Nevertheless, he did enjoy a meteoric rise from the previous year when he sang locally over Chicago stations. In the Windy City he had a number of local sponsors—in fact, so many that at times it was difficult for him to keep track of the broadcasts. Once, while announcing his own commercials, he got mixed, and mentioned the product of another sponsor—a rival firm. He was handed his notice.

It was a lucky coincident that brought the former Ted Weems' guitarist to the New York studios. He was on the network one afternoon—part of a program that originated in Chicago. This particular day was a religious holiday and a few CBS executives were at their homes. Evidently they had their radios going, for the next day the offices were saturated with raves about Art Jarrett's singing. A week later he came East for his network series. So much for that.

BUT now changing events had brought him to Hollywood and the movies. The one-time choir boy found himself singing to Joan Crawford in "Dancing Lady," to Ginger Rogers in

"Sitting Pretty," and to other leading ladies of the screen.

I enjoyed reading about his progress, for Art's a likable fellow who'll always be imbued with a spirit of boyish fun. One day a Hollywood column carried this item: "Art Jarrett has renewed his acquaintance with pretty Eleanor Holm and now is No. 1 man, replacing young Laemmle."

"We happened to see each other for the first time since we met through you," he later told me. "It was at one of those Hollywood parties. Both of us were having a pretty dull time, so we started talking. I talked swimming, and she talked singing, so that gives you an idea that we were both anxious to make an impression on each other. I told her about the time I tried to swim around a pier in Atlantic City, and when my wind gave out, a husky girl swimmer sped out to rescue me. We both had a good laugh about that."

Eleanor chimed in. "And I told him about one time I sang on the radio, and someone wrote in: 'I heard your broadcast last night. I think you're a great swimmer.'"

Soon, Art was helping Eleanor with her singing, and she became quite a vocalist. She gave him some pointers on swimming in the Hollywood pools and at the beaches. He practised hard, and now he is able to stay alongside of her, provided Eleanor hasn't her whole powerhouse turned on.

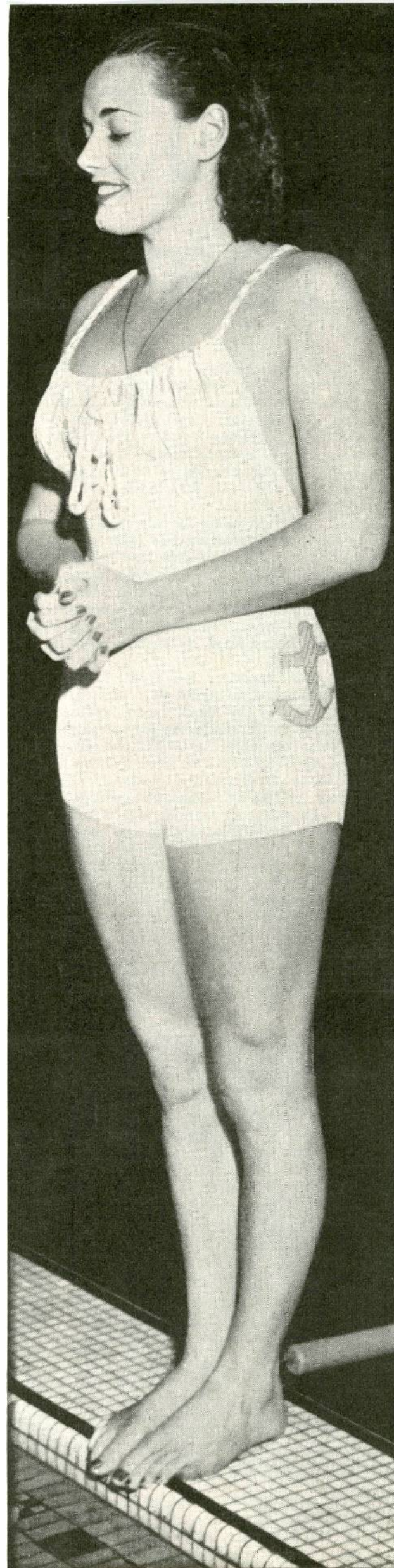
Invitations to dinners, movies and sporting events followed. They fell in love. But Eleanor knew that previously she had been fickle. She wanted to make sure this was the real thing.

"I came back to New York the following Summer," said the winsome daughter of a Brooklyn fire chief, "not so much to swim in the National Outdoors there, but to see if after being away from Art I still thought of him and loved him as much. Not being the kind of a gal who knows how to make up her mind, I decided it'd be a good test. Well, I guess the reason I swam so fast in those races was because I wanted to hurry and get back to him."

Eleanor Holm was interested only in swimming when she met Art Jarrett.

EVERYBODY but Eleanor and Art were surprised when, on September 2nd, 1933, they became Mr. and Mrs. Hollywood and Broadway sceptics said it wouldn't last.

(Please turn to page 61)



Columbia

JOE COOK'S Most Important Job

FOR five years he has "kept house" for three growing children. He has shopped for their clothes, planned their schooling, taken them to church. He has often prepared their food, for it is not always easy to keep servants in the country. He has stopped in the middle of a bedtime story to carry a drowsy little girl upstairs to bed, and he knows what it is to walk the floor in the early morning hours with a sick baby.

That's a big undertaking for any man, but especially for a fellow who has two other very important jobs. You'd think that "mothering" his brood might make him forget his other duties, or perhaps that it might make him sort of a sissy. It might, if he were anyone but Joe Cook, one of the busiest and most regular comedians of the stage and air. Both you and I know he doesn't neglect *that* job.

But the most important job of all, to him, is being a father—and to him that comes natural. Nobody knows why this should be so, because his own father and mother died when Joe was so young he can't even remember them. Yet one only has to look at the faces of his children to know that Joe Cook is the grandest dad in the world.

His talent for making a home, and creating in it that rare atmosphere of warmth and friendliness which every visitor at "Sleepless Hollow" must feel, is just as hard to explain. Because Joe never had a real home of his own until he was almost thirty.

... Maybe that's the answer. Maybe we take our homes too much for granted—that's why an orphan boy can give us lessons in home-making.

Or perhaps Joe lived so long in a make-believe world that his dreams became a part of him, and his kind blue eyes still see the bright visions of childhood. Perhaps the grown-up world, with all

By

DOROTHY ANN BLANK

its troubles and worries, is still a cruel dragon which he slays swiftly, so that he can return to a land where small boys and girls laugh and play, and things are just as he would have planned them when he was eight, like his son Leo.

It is necessary to look back—way back to a little shaver named Joe Lopez—in order to see why home and family should mean so much to a man whose business is being a clown. Joe Lopez and his brother Leo were adopted the day of their mother's funeral by an elderly couple named Cook, in Evansville, Indiana. They were poor people; they didn't live on an estate. The boys went to public school, and delivered papers and did odd jobs. When they were through work, they swung through the air on rickety home-made trapezes in an old barn, and put on shows which were the wonder of the whole neighborhood.

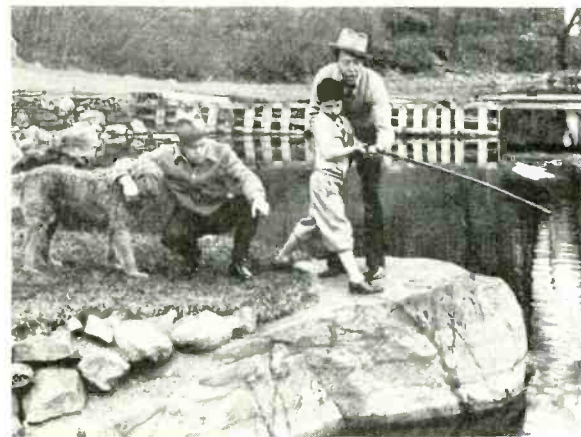
Almost as soon as they put on long pants, the Cook Brothers shook the heavy white dust of Indiana from their heels and headed for Broadway. The story of their proud purchase of glittering Indian clubs and a spangled table, and of their graceless debut in an amateur show in a Brooklyn theater, is legend—just as is the story of their later triumphs.

BUT everyone has forgotten the stuffy, gas-lit bedrooms in which they hung their hats and the lumpy, grimy beds in which they dreamed their dreams of success. Nobody remembers the cramped hotel rooms, the bare coldness in which they spent

the middle years which lead, finally, to prosperity. Nobody, that is, but Joe; a home, a real home, a place which belonged to *you*—it was always in the back of his mind.

Even after his marriage, his ambition could not be realized. The hotel rooms were suites now, but when his oldest daughter, Josephine, was born in Salt Lake City, during a brief engagement there, it worried Joe to think that she, too, must be a "road child." Joseph, Jr., who has never been called anything but Jo-Jo, arrived in Minneapolis in 1917, just narrowly escaping a Pullman birth—and no pun intended.

But three years later, things began to look more stationary. Joe was a sensation on Broadway. He never wanted to go anywhere again, except back to Evansville occasionally. The Cooks seemed, at

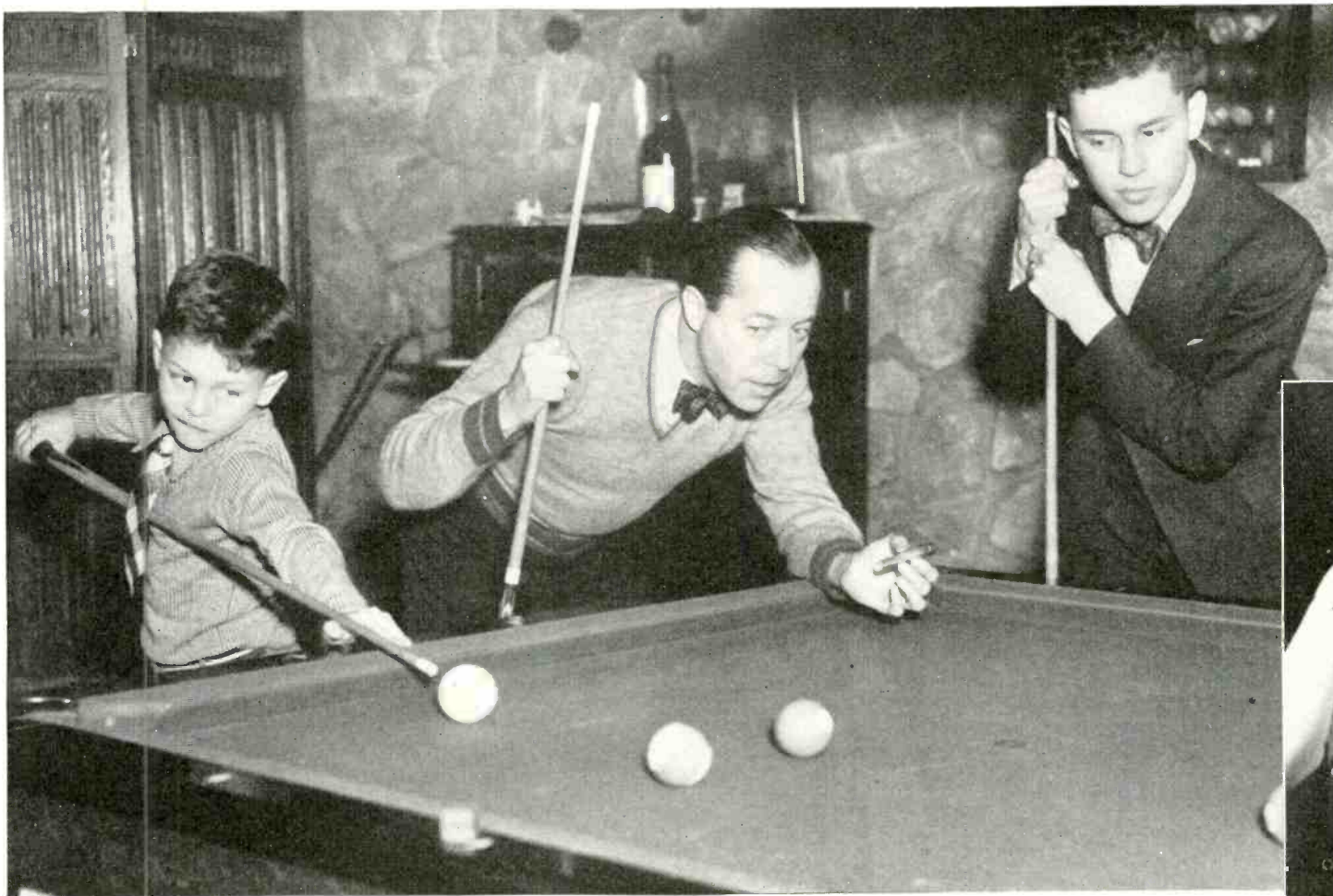


Joe and his boys fish on the Hopatcong estate (above) and play checkers (below).



While Joe tackles the cornet, Leo, age 8, plays the piano and Jo-Jo, age 18, performs on the accordion. Here's a musical family!





When Joe Cook built his home he constructed the sort of place he had dreamed about as a boy. Left, a billiard game.

Below, Doris Cook, age 13. Doris is an accomplished pianist and, like the other Cook children, loves music.



Joe's big job isn't being a comic. It's "mothering" and keeping house for three growing children

last, in a position really to settle down.

But they couldn't live on Broadway. Joe chose Lake Hopatcong, New Jersey, as a home site, and started building Sleepless Hollow. Doris, now thirteen years old, was born that first year, and Leo, the little eight-year-old chap who is the real czar of the estate, followed in good time. And still the building went on—new additions, innovations. One wonders at the tireless effort Joe has put into the place—until one realizes just why he is doing it.

Most men forget the caves and dens of their boyhood, the dear old dangerous games, the wild inventions. But Joe Cook never has. That's one reason he is the success he is today. If he plays pirate he is a pirate, you can bet, with the highest boots and the most rakish hat of all. What he does, whether it be work or play, he must do well, convincingly. He doesn't need to wear a clown's mask—he can be a real clown.

That's why, in spite of the fact that radio keeps him continually on the go—he travels the fifty miles between Lake Hopatcong and Radio City almost daily—he still finds time for Jo-Jo and Doris and Leo—and why he is in his best role as host and head of his house. Visitors are never conscious for a moment that this perfectly run menage is directed solely by a man. In fact, they hardly realize that there is no hostess present! But five years ago, divorce separated Joe Cook from his wife and from Josephine, his nineteen-year-old daughter, who lives now with her mother.

If anything could ever make Joe break up his home, it would have been this. Yet he says today that the idea never entered his mind. Well-meaning friends told him that he was crazy to try to keep house himself. What did he know about a home, about children?

Ah, what didn't he know about a home? He knew what he had always wanted, what he was building for, and he knew he couldn't farm out those kids of his to strangers. He'd keep them together, as if nothing happened—he'd show people whether he could bring up a family!

And he has. The time to visit Sleepless Hollow and prove to yourself what a good job he has done is during vacation time, when Doris and little Leo are home from Ladycliff Academy, near West Point, where they both attend school. Of course, Joe visits them there occasionally, but not often because he feels it upsets their school routine. He phones Leo frequently long distance, and the children always hurry home for various holidays.

JOE meets them in New York and after a whopping meal they all go to the theater as a special treat—or to the circus, if there's one handy. Later they drive to Lake Hopatcong. . . . It must be fun, nearing Sleepless Hollow and knowing it's your home, anticipating all its delightful surprises.

You turn off the wide main road, cross a stream called, comically, the River Styx, climb a hill—and there it is! The low, rambling house with its wide stone porches, the sloping green velvet lawn with stairs down to the boathouse on the lake; the familiar stone rabbits and little elves leaning up against the big trees. And there across the road the golf course, the silly tree hung with tennis balls, the ball diamond, and the tiny henyard with its bright windmill.

Aha, you say, you've heard about that crazy place—that paradise of gagsters and gadgets, which guests approach with fear and trembling lest the ground open up beneath their feet or the bottoms fall out of their cocktail glasses! Its name and its



Left, the Cook baseball team chooses up sides. The boys have Joe's priceless gift of humor.

Special Photographs for Tower Radio by Wide World

reputation are far more suggestive of the sound of revelry by night than of a haven of rest. It's your impression that Joe Cook designed the estate to convulse sponsors and to entertain the press.

But you're wrong. Say, don't you remember how the grown-ups in the family usually wreck Junior's electric train during the Christmas holidays, before the kid even gets a chance to play with it? It's the same principle at Sleepless Hollow. It was built and planned for the amusement and enlightenment of Joe Cook's children. He can't help it if grown men like himself turn into boys again the minute they set foot inside the gate!

That's why we say you haven't really seen Joe Cook's place until you've been there to a party. Let's snoop around while Doris and Leo are home for summer vacation.

They are met at the door by their big brother, Jo-Jo, a quiet, well-mannered boy of eighteen with curly light brown hair and his father's same gentle blue eyes. And by the (Please turn to page 50)



No Casting

TWO decades ago, a sprightly, well-dressed man strolled down Broadway. It was a street well publicized and held in awe and admiration by natives of Oshkosh, Muskogee, and points west. It was a Broadway of Rector's, Shanley's, Fritzi Scheff and Victor Herbert. No orange juice oases cluttered its corners. No blatant talking picture palaces ruined its dignity. It was a Broadway of the theater that is no more.

The dignified blade looked like an actor—you can't tell a good one from a bad one—by just looking at them. Any director will tell you that. He carried his cane on his arm, and clenched his doe-skin gloves in the approved fashion. This was a daily walk for him. His blue eyes scanned no want-ads. Work for him was not listed in the small type that was so desperately and eagerly scanned by countless other unemployed. His chances for work rested with luck and contact. Up the many side streets he strutted. Strangers to the Thespian melting pot of the world would eye him furtively. Perhaps he was young Jack Barrymore or George M. Cohan, Broadway's first son. Or perhaps he was just another sugar-coated Hammerstein ham.

If his contacts were "in" and luck was with him—"Sure I can play an English juvenile—did

The waiting rooms of the New York advertising agencies are crowded with radio extras, all hoping for their big chance. Fame or privation may be just around the corner

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES SCHUCKER

one year of stock and eight months on the road in 'Get Rich Quick Wallingford'—he might be signed to a minor role. If luck was bad, it meant keeping up a stout front, watching carefully the shine on his one and only blue serge suit, and stalling Mother Kelly for the hallroom rent.

THAT little prelude, of course, has nothing to do with radio. Radio was as far from this actor's mind as going back to his home in Indiana was. Radio was still just a gleam in Marconi's eyes. But twenty years later, his son, an offspring from a happy if turbulent union between this actor and a chorus girl, looked to this mechanical magic for a glittering career.

The son walks the street like his dad, but he doesn't strut along Broadway. He walks on

Madison Avenue. "Broadway is deadlier than a Shubert turkey," wisecracks the son. He's right. But radio, which is about the same age as this walking signpost of theatrics, is alive and kicking. It has its own casting agents, its own productions, and its own unemployed actors. This young cock of the walk was just one of them.

Like his illustrious parents, he too sees the sign NO CASTING TODAY with monotonous frequency. The agencies which produce the programs you and I tune in or off, are located on Madison and Park Avenues. These two thoroughfares are as different from Broadway as London is from Paris. Madison Avenue is cluttered with angular buildings and antique shops, run by heiresses who tired too soon of Ritz teas and doggy dowagers. In the angular buildings are the agencies. No office boys insult these



There they sit, hundreds of radio extras, waiting for a break. Their lives are crowded with hope and heartbreak.

Today

By
LESTER GOTTLIEB

actors. Receptionists, with Boston accents, do it now.

It's still the same old story, though—NO CASTING TODAY. "Sure I can play a cowboy on John Charles Thomas's show—I just finished three renewals with Bobby Benson," snaps the actor's son, lying beautifully. "Okay, kid," returns the agent, "rehearsals at one sharp, studio 3G, NBC."

The boy turns on his heel and goes back to his boarding room, tells his landlady the good news and starts brushing up his synthetic western accent.

The rest is routine. He goes through the rehearsals—long ones, short ones, annoying ones, uproarious ones. In forty-eight hours the program is on the air, begging you and me to listen. Mr. Thomas receives thousands of dollars to sing a half dozen songs in his thrilling baritone. Vince, the sponsor, spends these dollars to urge you to brush your teeth and clear your throat. It costs them an awful lot. But what about our actor friend? He was lucky this time. He got twenty dollars.

And the trek begins anew. He looks for more work, pays his bills and has his suit pressed with the money. Only this time he has added one more contact to his thin but growing list.

That's the radio business we don't know about. You hear these actors' sons, about two hundred of them, every night. But you don't know their

names. It doesn't matter. Few do. The directors have them in fat, index card files.

It's a precarious livelihood, that these supernumeraries exist on. And not one of the twenty I spoke to, advise any budding embryos to try it.

"It's too tough to get work."
"You gotta know the right people."

"We have enough competition."

There are twenty-five advertising agencies to call upon. This excludes about a baker's dozen of independent agencies like Ben Rocke, Rockwell-O'Keefe and Leading Attractions. The latter group conceive programs for agencies that are unequipped to do this chore, or too busy to create new ideas.

The radio "extras" get anywhere from \$10 to \$50 a performance. Few of them appear on more than four shows a week. The top-notchers like Jack Smart, Minerva Pious, Jerry Lesser, and Agnes Moorehead, of course, make much more. Smart has appeared on a hundred shows. He makes almost as much as the stars of the program.

But how about the two hundred who work for hours and receive not more than \$25? How about the shoe leather they wear out, the sob stories they must fabricate, and the contacts they must make, to keep on going? They are the forgotten heroes of the Columbia and National Broadcasting chains.

In the theater, a chorus girl or walk-on, might attract the attention of a wealthy playgoer or critic and, overnight, might step into a leading role. That kind of opportunity in radio is rarer than Rubinoff's violin.

The Joe Granbys, Eustice Wyatts, Ethel Everretts, Anthony Bergers, Helen Bergovays, wait for this "break"—a "break" that may never come.

One actor tells of the obstacles that block the path of these unsung Thespians in the search for work. If I printed his name he would be black-listed. Production men don't like to learn the truth.

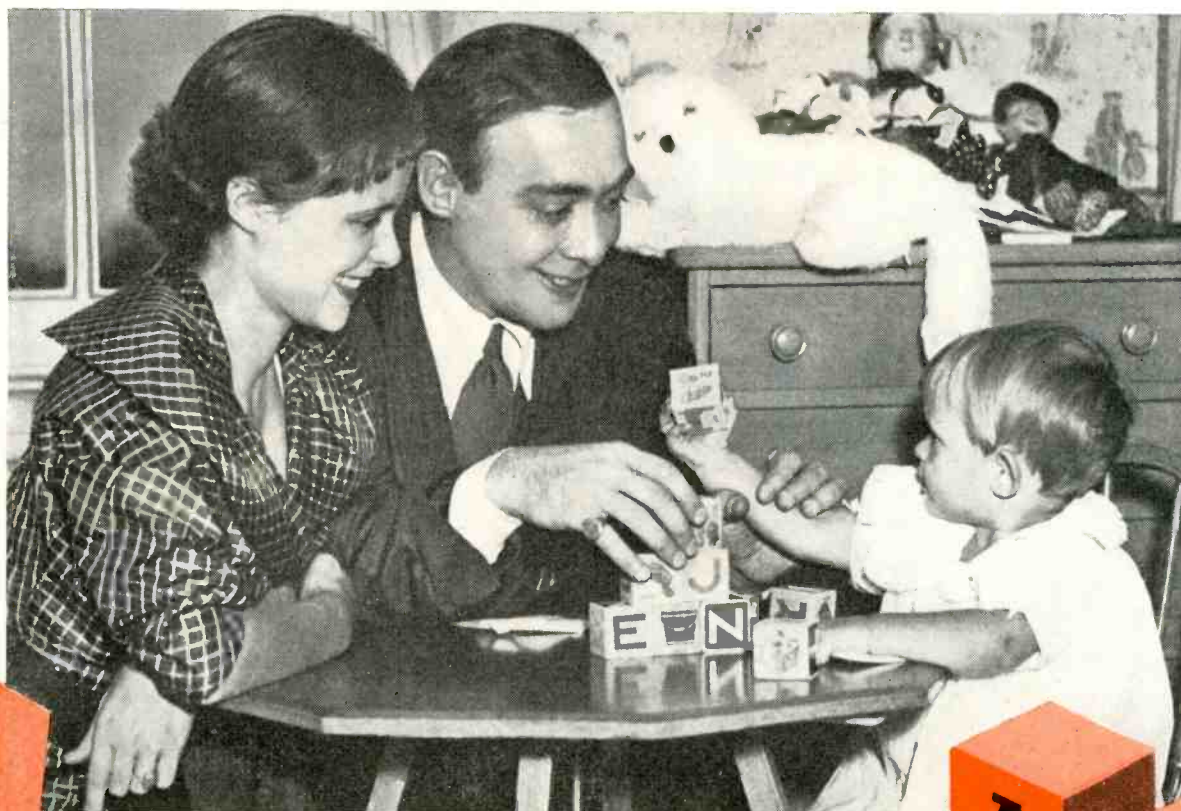
"Most directors have cliques of actors they use continually. If they read a script with a character of an old man in it, they immediately say that's so-and-so's part. So-and-so is a friend of theirs. He gets the job whether he fits it or not. More competent actors lose out."

"But," I asked him, "directors don't take any graft for this do they?"

"Very few do. But a lot of them are social climbers. Some veteran actors can get them into the Friars, the Lambs, or Players' clubs. Directors like to meet the higher-ups of the profession. That's the main reason."

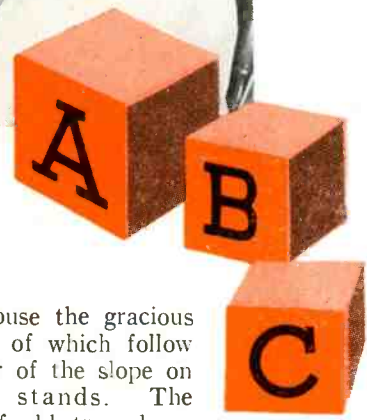
Another obstacle is in the way for actors who knew the radio directors (*Please turn to page 49*)

The wandering Phil Baker—once a boy in a Ghetto tenement—finds a home for his wife and babies



Special photo for TOWER RADIO by Wide World

Phil Baker, his wife, known to the stage as Peggy Cartwright, and their daughter, Margot, 18 months old. And there is a baby boy, Stuart Henry Baker. "I'm a lucky guy," says Phil, "I have a home of my own."



SOME people always have it. And therefore never quite realize how blessed they are. Others, without it, lack the warm wisdom to know how much they miss. While still others, for all their riches and success, can't have it really, ever.

A home, I mean. Not just a house with windows and doors and chairs to sit on and beds to sleep in and tables to eat from. But a house shared with those loved beyond all others. A house which comes close to being the very cornerstone of all that is good in life.

Now, for the first time, Phil Baker has a home. The wandering minstrel need wander no longer. Thanks to radio he doesn't have to go on tours to reach his audiences. He can reach them through the microphone set up in the NBC studios in New York.

"It's only in the last two years," Phil says, "that things have broken to make a home possible for me. I could have bought a house at any time, of course. But it wouldn't have been anything more than just that, a house, a lonely place to stop at when I happened to be in whatever part of the country it was located.

"Now it's different. I have Peggy. And Miss Muffett. And Stuart Henry. And I don't have to go traipsing all over the country. I can earn my living on the air and appearing in a Broadway show sometimes."

His voice and the earnestness of his voice doubled the importance of his words.

"At last," he went on, "I have shelves for my books. They're no longer stuck away in boxes here, there and everywhere. And I have unpacked the autographed pictures given me by friends and people I've admired, which were in storage for years, and have them framed and hanging on my library walls.

"I'm a lucky guy. I have a home."

Phil's home is up in Westchester. A

Colonial house the gracious white lines of which follow the contour of the slope on which it stands. The branches of old trees hang over the roof. In the Spring forsythia bushes shake their bells in a golden haze, crocuses push up through the lawn and there are tulips and jonquils in the garden. There are chimneys from which blue smoke rises lazily in Autumn when the air turns cold and the ragged chrysanthemums, those late comers in the garden, tug at the strings which bind them to their staples. And from almost every window you can see blue stretches of the Sound.

His home is furnished with lovely old mahogany, with great beds and chests and chairs which have been gathering their satin smooth patina since the year General Washington led his troops over those very acres. There are chintzes at the windows. Old silver is on the sideboard. And brass gleams warmly at the many fireplaces.

IT'S very different from the three rooms in the Ghetto in which Phil lived as a little boy. When the family, crowded enough by itself, must make room again and again for the relatives who emigrated from Russia. Where they often slept in rows on the floor, lying close to keep warm. Where the cramped rooms vibrated with the cries of those children too young to be sent out into the equally cramped streets.

Phil was about sixteen when he ran away from that tenement flat and the job he had as Carl Laemmle's office boy to go on the stage. So it is reasonable to suppose that the dreary boarding-houses and third-rate hotels and overnight jumps in jolting, dusty day-coaches which patterned his first professional years didn't worry him much. Besides he was young.

"And when (Please turn to page 66)

By
NAN CAMPBELL

BERNICE CLAIRE once made her way to the headlines with a "secret marriage." The story was spread all over the gossip columns and the retractions which followed were given just a couple of lines.

This is what had happened.

When Bernice was singing at a theater in Washington, D. C., a college youth appeared at the stage door and asked to see her. Graciously she admitted him and he told her—between blushes—that he had been delegated by his fraternity to request that she appear at their annual dance. Sweetly, she refused, telling him that she was playing four shows a day and was exhausted when she came to the end of them. He said he understood and then asked her to give him an autographed picture, which she did, putting his name on it.

That was that and she thought no more about the incident or the young man or the picture until a few weeks later when she read in her morning paper the startling announcement that Bernice Claire was secretly married to a college youth. The name of her supposed husband she did not even remember at first. It seemed vaguely familiar—that was all. And then suddenly she recalled the boy in Washington.

Quickly she got the columnists on the wire and asked where the ridiculous story came from, but, as always, they were evasive. Had the boy started it? Obviously not, for she received a letter from him in which he seemed as bewildered about the whole thing as she.

But eventually, finding no marriage license, the newspaper men forgot about it and the talk died down.

"If they had only known," Bernice told me, "that I'm just too busy to marry. Of course, if the right man came along—if I truly were desperately, madly in love—I don't know. But now I only imagine myself in love and I feel that it is up to me to do as much work as I can now while I am young, to save as much money as possible so that I won't be one of those pitiful old women who still cling avidly to show business.

"Singing two radio programs a week, one over Columbia and one over National Broadcasting, practicing with an accompanist every day, taking lessons—three or four a week—taking dancing lessons, riding horseback to keep my figure and attending to a million and one details to which anybody connected with theatricals must attend, going on concert tours, making personal appearances—honestly I would truly have no time for a husband."

So the romance rumors you hear about Bernice Claire are not to be taken seriously.

WHEN she first went to Hollywood "they" said that she and Alexander Grey were in love. But that was publicity because the two were playing in romantic movies together. They were very good friends. Alex had just experienced a bitter loss when his wife was tragically killed in an automobile accident. And Bernice was one of (Please turn to page 54)

Things have always come easily to Bernice Claire. Hers is no heartbreak story of success.



De Mirjian



Columbia

She's TOO BUSY TO MARRY

Stage, screen and radio are to blame for the lack of wedding bells in Bernice Claire's life. "Show business is cruel," she says

Spinach and RADIO

"For all his size and strength," says Leading Lady Peg La Centra, "Baer is really just a little boy. He's full of fun, success hasn't gone to his head at all."

Special for 'Tower Radio'
by Wide World

How Heavyweight Maxie Baer combined the two in training for his fight with Jimmy Braddock

By ARTHUR JOHNSON

MAX BAER speaking: "Do you want to know how to win a heavyweight championship fight? Just train on spinach and radio. No kidding. I mean yards and yards of good old plain green spinach, with plenty of sand in it—the kind that mother tried hard not to cook. And while the punching bag and sparring partners have their place, believe me, I'll train on a few fast rounds of radio every time."

What's more, Maxie means it! Mrs. Baer's puny little boy—isn't it too bad that he didn't grow up big and strong so he could go in for athletics?—really believes in combining prizefighting with radio. And he really eats spinach—not lettuce, or broccoli or Swiss chard, but good old gritty spinach.

"Here's the way I figure it," says Max. "Most fighters when they are training for a big bout, can't keep their minds off the fight. They keep training so hard and thinking so hard that they get themselves all tied up in knots. They climb into the ring all strained and tense, and along comes a blow that wouldn't even rock them ordinarily, and before they know it they are listening to the birdies sing. Even if radio were no good for anything else, it certainly is swell for one thing—it takes a fighter's mind off his work!"

"That's why I try to sign up for a radio series and a fight at the same time. Training rules keep me in perfect shape for broadcasting, and the broadcasting gives me something else to think about besides the fight. A microphone is not much use as a sparring partner, but it is the best thing I know for putting a fighter in good mental condition.

"Lots of people ask me what I eat when I am in training, and, when I say spinach, they won't believe me. Of course I have a lot of good rare meat and eggs—you couldn't very well train a fighter on mush and water—but, along with the meat, I have plenty of spinach. I'm the kind of guy who likes the stuff, and I can't see why people make such a fuss about eating it. All the doctors tell you to include green, leafy vegetables in your diet, and spinach is the best brand of hay I know of."

MAX grins his big, wide grin, and you see why he is one of the most likable fighters who ever held the heavyweight championship of the world. He is genuinely friendly, genuinely modest—for all his fondness for wisecracks—and he goes through life determined to get a little fun out of it on the way through. Whether it be prizefighting, lovemaking or radio, you will never catch Max taking anything too seriously.

That's why they call him the Playboy of Radio. There are hundreds of experienced, professional actors in radio who fume and fuss and study and fret over a script, trying to get a characterization just right, but nothing like that ever bothers Maxie. He just walks up to a script, looks it over, grins, and sails into it as though he had been acting on the air waves all his life.

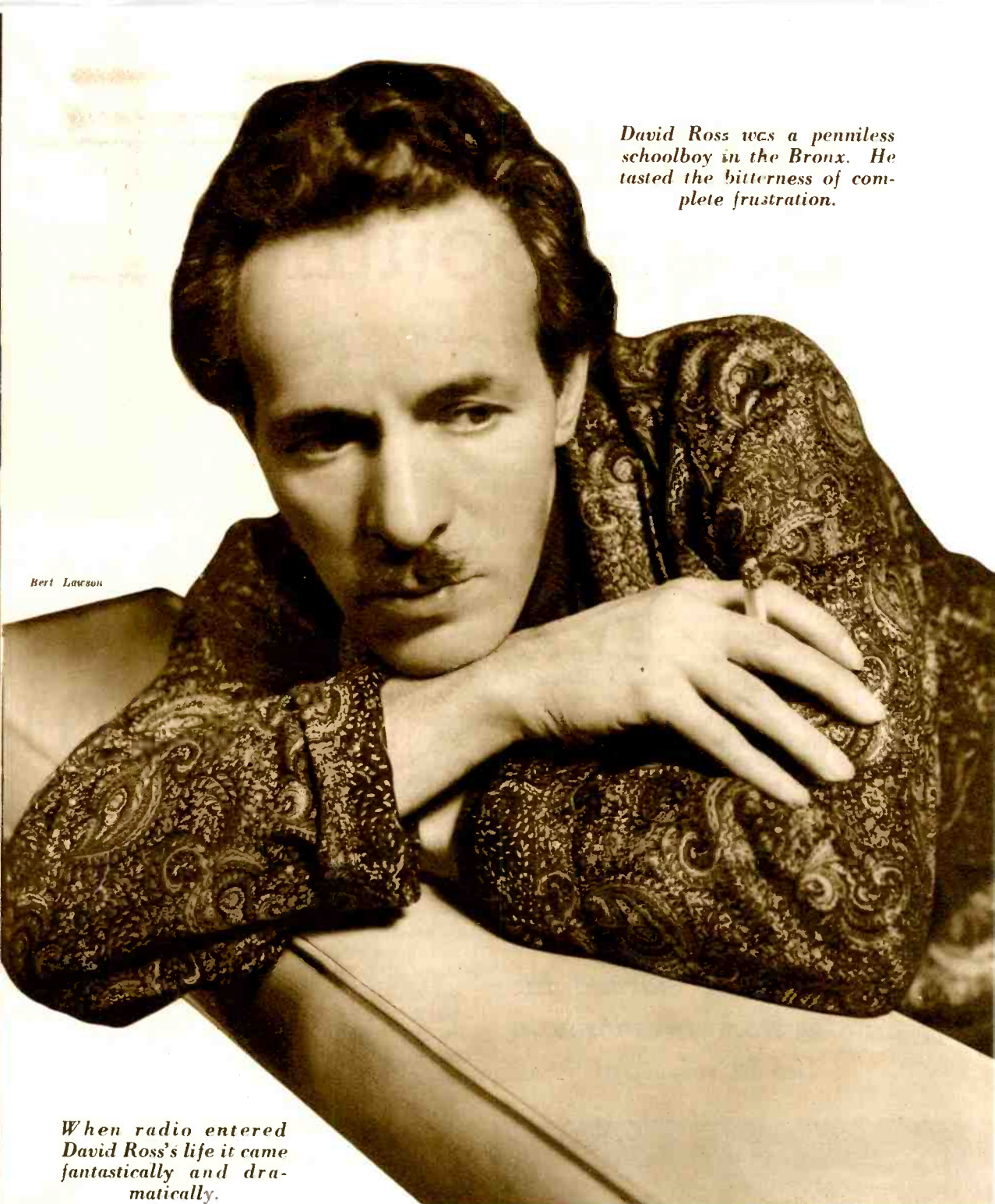
He has been on the air Monday evenings over the Red network of the National Broadcasting Company. He has played the part of "Lucky" Smith, a private detective who got his start chasing pickpockets and card sharps out of a circus.



Below, scene from Maxie Baer's radio series, with Peg La Centra and Garson Kanin assisting.



(Please turn to page 62)



David Ross was a penniless schoolboy in the Bronx. He tasted the bitterness of complete frustration.

Hert Lawson

When radio entered David Ross's life it came fantastically and dramatically.

LITTLE CORPORAL

YOU hear the voice of David Ross coming over the air, so smooth-flowing, rich and resonant, like some beautifully controlled musical instrument.

Perhaps you say to yourself:

"How wonderful to be able to speak like that—with such confidence, such self-assurance!"

Yes—you might say he *has* achieved self-assurance before the microphone now. He has achieved it after ten years of struggle with the little black disc for psychological mastery. Even though there are still occasions when he must quiet those old recurring fears by reasoning with himself:

"It's quite all right, David. If you *do* make a slip, they'll forgive you. They're all your friends out there, you know."

From the intimacy of a studio he can speak with the tongue of a god to tens of millions, unseen, unseeing. But put him up to address ten people in the flesh and his throat goes dry. His knees turn to jelly. He has never been able to overcome his fear of talking to a visible audience.

A studio audience? That doesn't bother him. He is still the radio announcer, whose words are for the listeners in his mind's eye. The studio audience is incidental. But public speaking is and will forever remain for him an impossibility.

The story of David Ross is the romance of a gentle, sensitive boy to whom the microphone brought confidence

By EDWARD SAMMIS

Had it not been for the accident of radio, David Ross would have remained all his life one of the tragic inarticulate. Doubly tragic in his case. For not only were there churning within him thoughts—his own thoughts and the thoughts of others—crying to be expressed, but he knew from early childhood that he possessed a perfect instrument for the expression of those thoughts—his voice. And yet, because of his fear of an audience, it seemed that he must remain forever silent.

AS a little ragged boy, his teachers, already conscious of this fine deep voice of his, would stand him up on a piano in the schoolroom to recite. In that instant his mind would suddenly be filled, not with the lines he had so carefully put to memory, but with what seemed to him a sea of angry, menacing, upthrust faces. No words would come, then. Only a flood of tears.

Because self-expression was denied him, he saw no meaning in the world around him. All through the years he was growing up, going to school, even well into early manhood, he tasted the bitterness of complete frustration.

Like a leaf whirled here and there by the winds of chance, he drifted from job to pointless job, sometimes earning a living, sometimes going hungry, and retreating always from the rebuffs of the world into solace of his books. From his oddly-assorted reading, his curious succession of jobs, he gathered an unrelated mass of information. None of it made sense for him anywhere.

He only grew more and more confused until it began to seem to him that, like a lost soul, he was doomed to wander through life in futility forever, without finding any release for the ferment within him.

Then radio entered his (*Please turn to page 44*)

FROM THE Deep South

CAN you imagine how it would feel to arrive at your twenty-eighth birthday a radio success, arm-in-arm with life, and to have part of the day's celebration a request from Warner Brothers to please come on over and make a test for the movies? In case you're not certain, it feels swell, and that is on the authority of Jerry Cooper, luxuriating in the throes of that joyous condition.

So gangway for Jerry, but don't let that word "success" beguile you. Brush away all mental images of gents with delicate frowns on their bulging brows, of the great artists who are lost in perpetual reverie, and of the tender souls who are photographed with the head drooping pensively upon the palm. They don't grow 'em that way down in New Orleans, where Jerry hails from, and when you look at his sunburned, good-natured face with its disarming grin, you're glad of it.

"Always liked to sing," said Jerry, blinking at one of his birthday neckties, "and I always will. It's the biggest comfort in the world. I was forever humming a tune, as the bunch at Warren East High will remember, and it kind of took the curse off algebra. Later on it had the same effect when we balanced the books at the bank—you know how they have a way of teetering at the end of the month. Same thing when I was working on the railroad. Say, have you ever seen the old Mississippi rolling around a bend, strong and resistless, such as when it describes that big arc that causes New Orleans to be called the Crescent City? Well, that was what music did to me—just swept me along until first thing I knew I was leading my own orchestra."

There is the usual success story back of that. Young man with band is heard one night by Roger Wolfe Kahn, the playboy maestro, who pulls him in on a wide hookup and gives him a chance to let that baritone throb out beyond the Louisiana parishes. Young man makes good. Somehow

Jerry Cooper learned his singing from stevedores on the Mississippi



Columbia

it has the sameness of a stencil. But consider the story of what made the success possible. A lot of people have commented on Jerry's ability to color his tones with that precious touch of intimacy and nostalgia whenever his songs cover scenery and love. He sounds, they tell him, as though he sees what he is singing about. He does. And here is why.

The Deep South can still be glamorous, is what Jerry would have you believe. Its nights can be like purple velvet, its days mellow under the same soft winds that the French and Spanish knew. Let the northern song-scribblers take away the steamboats, the moon and the levees, and there is plenty left they never dreamed of, beauty that stirs and lifts the heart. (Please turn to page 42)

By
**STEWART
ROBERTSON**

Jerry Cooper holds his great radio following because he puts the glamour of the South into his songs.



Arthur Ersmates

Among numerous other activities, Kay Thompson is chaperon and counselor to the Waring Glee Club girls. They call her "Ma."

That THOMPSON Girl

People have always remembered Kay Thompson for what she does

By **DOROTHY ANN BLANK**

THERE were three Thompson girls, back in St. Louis—but Kay was the one you were always hearing about. Marian and Blanche were always "Kay Thompson's sisters." Kay was the spunky one, the one who always did what she wanted to, whether it was good for her or not.

When they were little girls, they learned to sing under the instruction of their mother. Blanche and Marian would practice "mi-mi-mi," in high, childish sopranos. Kay had the highest voice of all. But she wouldn't go "mi-mi-mi." She thought it sounded silly.

She would, however, pound the piano like everything, when she was only four years old. In desperation, her parents sent her to a teacher. Surprisingly enough, she got to be a concert pianist in only a few years, and a mighty fine one. But she thought that was pretty silly, too. The world was full of good pianists.

It wasn't because she was pretty that people remembered Kay and forgot the other two girls' names. She was always too tall for her age; her arms were long and her hands big—the better to play the piano with. They remembered her because she was always doing something—either something remarkable or something awkward.

For instance, there was the time she played with the St. Louis Symphony, memorizing a ninety page piano concerto, among other things. She closes her eyes now when she thinks of the dress she wore.

"It was some kind of thin white stuff," she says, waving a capable angular hand to illustrate. "It wasn't long enough and it wasn't short enough, and it had scallops all around the skirt. But my mother thought I looked grand. She sat in the front row, and she was more nervous than I was. I told her to hold her breath till I came to an eight-bar passage I had to play alone. If I got past the place where I crossed my hands she could go on breathing—the worst would be over."

But just three seconds before that crossed hand solo began, Kay suddenly realized that her mind had gone blank. She couldn't remember a note of those eight bars. A very distinguished conductor, Mr. Frederick Fisher, was leading the Symphony that night. Kay blinked at him and said, audibly, "Go right ahead, Fred."

She had never called Mr. Fisher "Fred" before; but he carried on as best he could, skipping her solo. By the time Kay's next cue came, she was able to climb on again. The selection finished to a thunder of applause. She bowed awkwardly, trying to catch her mother's eye to reassure her, and started off the stage.

The stage was decorated elegantly with St. Louis's best potted palms. Kay walked straight into two of them, they fell with a crash—and so did Kay. She cried for a long time; she felt terrible about her dress, and about the potted palms. But nobody ever forgot the way she played that night.

Kay kept on taking piano lessons till she was eighteen. She attended Washington University in St. Louis; in addition to being an ace swimmer and diver she was a star all-around athlete, (Please turn to page 70)

Francia White sang for a movie star, Jean Harlow, and overnight became a radio star in her own right

Hollywood VOICE Double

By
ADELE FLETCHER

WHAT wonderful singing!" "What a voice! It's thrilling, actually!" "Surely that isn't Virginia Bruce herself! It couldn't be. Why, that voice is operatic!"

Such comments were the rule wherever the motion picture "The Mighty Barnum" was shown and, as Jenny Lind, Virginia Bruce appeared to sing "Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms."

In New York City when this picture played the Rivoli on Broadway there was in the audience a radio executive and his wife. And here again it was the same story. The theater fairly hummed with whispered praise. The radio executive's wife leaned closer: "I never heard a more exciting voice," she said. And her own voice vibrated with the emotion which had been stirred within her. The executive himself said nothing. But he did something. After the way of successful men. He telegraphed the Twentieth Century studios in Hollywood where that picture was made. "Who sang the part of Jenny Lind?" he inquired.

A week later Francia White was in New York, under contract to sing the role of Barbara Haydn in Otto Harbach's radio show and leading roles in the Palmolive Beauty Box Theater as well. Immediately her voice went out over the air waves the radio gained another star. Telephone calls and letters and even telegrams swamped the broadcasting offices.

And out in California a woman living in a Spanish house set in an acre of orange trees, all that remained of the hundreds of acres there once had been, had reason to know how strong and tenacious dreams can be. That woman was Phoebe Reade White, Francia's mother. Years before, when she had been a girl, she had studied and hoped for just such triumphs. Then she had met Francis White, a handsome, dominant southerner, and they had fallen desperately in love with each other and married. He had scowled even at the mention of a career. He had subscribed to every prejudice against the stage. A woman, he believed, belonged in the home. Unless, of course, there was a financial need. And no such need existed in the White family. The cotton interests they controlled were international.

So Phoebe White put away her dreams for love. Until Francia was born. Francia, who almost from the time she could talk, sang nursery rhymes in a sweet treble that never once wavered off key. Francia who, when she was supposed to be out playing, hid under the grand piano, for the sheer joy that shook inside of her at the sound of music. Any music. Then Phoebe White began to dream again. For Francia.

Francia had singing lessons from Louis Gravure and then from her mother who adopted the Gravure method. Francia was instructed in dramatic art and the ballet with her father's enthusiastic permission. That a girl should be accomplished he felt meet and right. That Francia would use this training in a career never entered his proud, determined head. And had he lived it is doubtful if (Please turn to page 58)



Herbert Mitchell

Francia White gave up love for a career which will take her to great heights.

YOU'RE Really Good

ONE October afternoon in 1928 Professor William Troutman sat slumped in impatience in the far rear of Bascom Theater on the University of Wisconsin campus at Madison. He was casting Bernard Shaw's "Devil's Disciple," and he wanted a gay, roistering young blade to play Dick Dudgeon, the lead.

This was the third day of tryouts, yet no Dick Dudgeon. A score of students had been waved away. No voice, no fire.

Director Troutman had never heard of this next kid on his list. He called out the name:

"All right, Don Ameche. You try it."

A student arose, his face bearing a wide smile. With easy unconcern he brought his tall figure to view on the stage.

The professor growled. Another cocky student who thought having been in his high school class play made him an actor.

The boy named Ameche read the first sentence in the script. His voice sounded out to all corners of the theater.

Director Troutman came to his feet, shouting.

"My God, you're good! Where've you been?"

The reader stopped. Then he exploded at the director coming down the aisle.

"What are you trying to do—be sarcastic?"

He pushed the script into his back pocket. That was that. He was no actor. OK. There were plenty of other interesting things in the world.

"No, no," protested the director. "I mean it. You're really good. You're Dick Dudgeon."

That is how Don Ameche, for the past three years star of the "First Nighter," "Grand Hotel," "Betty and Bob," and other NBC dramatic programs, was "found." A fairly lazy Italian lad from Kenosha, Wisconsin, who was going to use his remarkable voice for law and was already getting sick of studying, had started on the way to the two unofficial titles his radio roles and fan mail have attached to him: Don Juan of the Air, and Matinee Idol of the Air Lanes.

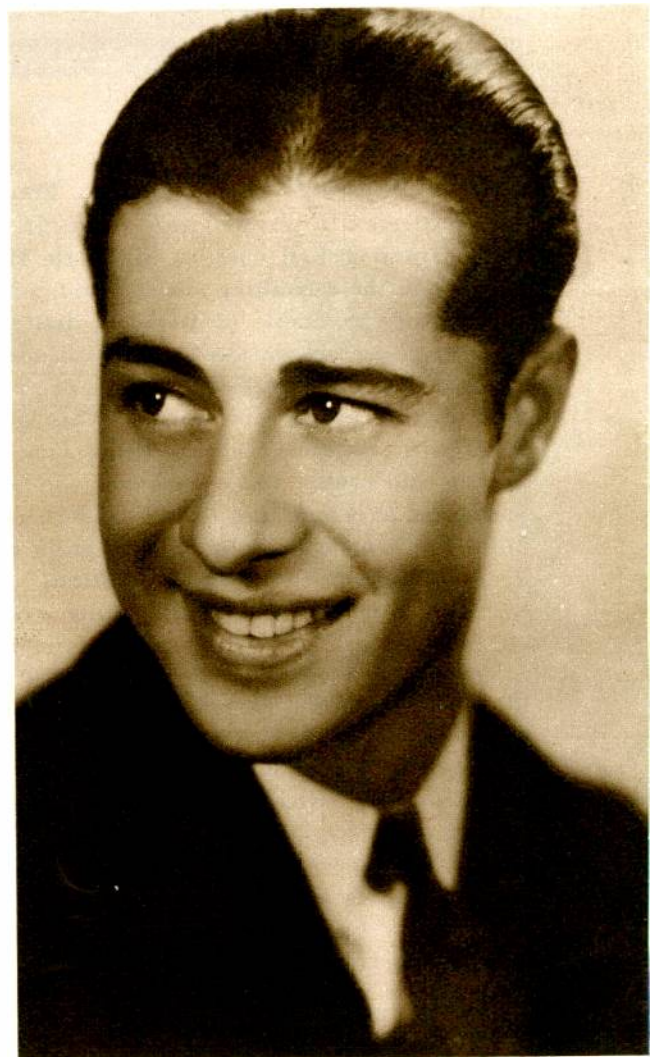
Don Ameche studied law but an amateur production changed his plans

We were talking about that important afternoon as we sat in an NBC studio lobby in the Merchandise Mart in Chicago. Several hundred people who had just watched Don's "Grand Hotel" broadcast were massed at the elevators. They were mostly young girls and housewives. Don was giving out autographs in a hearty and respectful manner. He was honored, not the signature hunters.

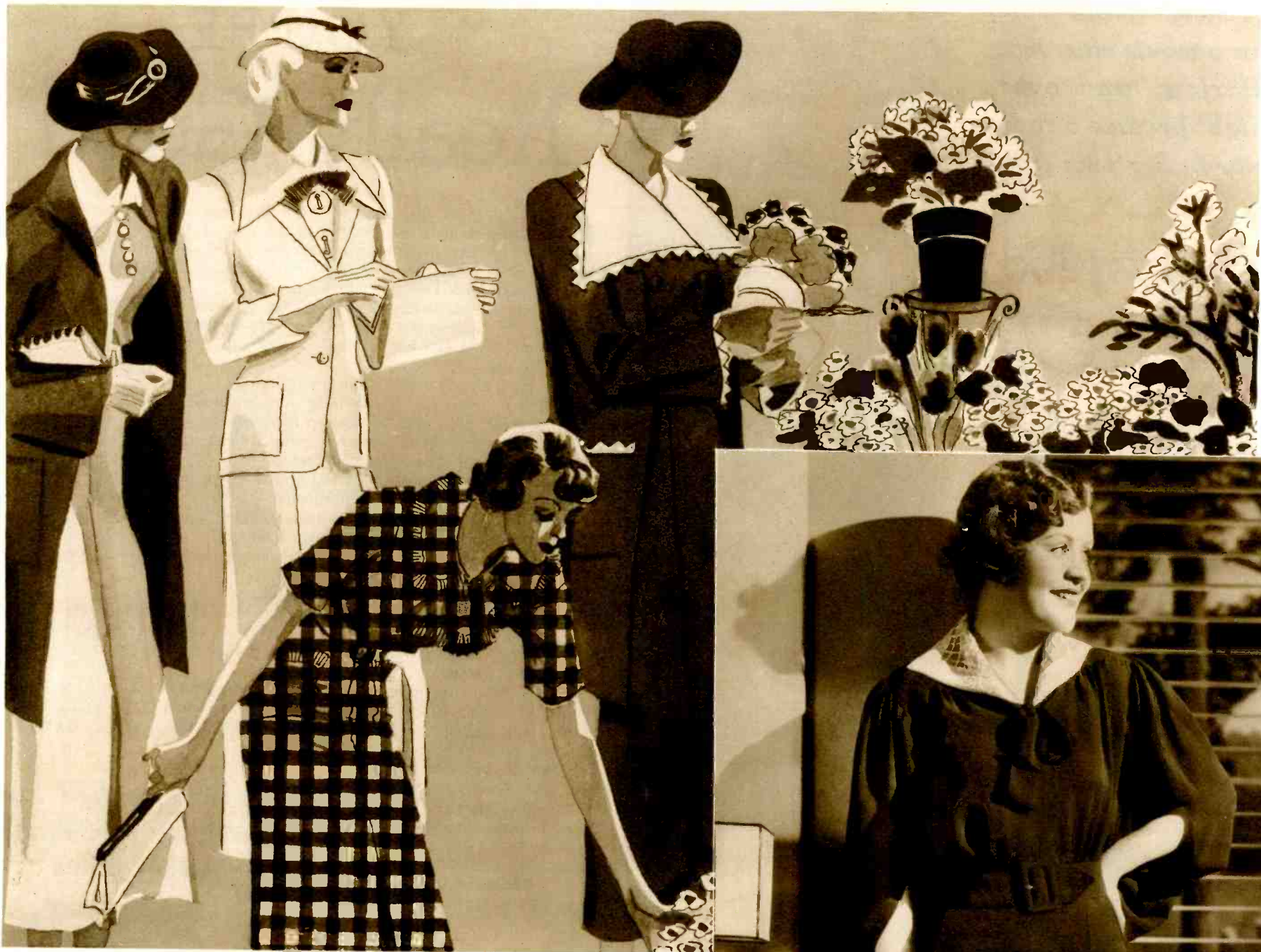
"I guess that was the biggest afternoon of my life," he was saying. A (Please turn to page 68)

By
J. GUNNAR BACK

Far from the Don Juan he portrays on the air, Don Ameche loves his family and his home in the suburbs.



Maurice Seymour



Right, Vivacious Gogo de Lys, French-Canadian star of NBC's Lucky Strike Hit Parade, goes places in this fine dark silk sheer. It gives a hint of Fall with its high-style looped sleeves, its soft, draped blouse and the refreshing lattice braid collar. *Sketched above, left*: A summertime ensemble of washable pastel crepe with a trick bias-cut swagger jacket whose sleeves are full and whose collar is peaked and pointed in the newest fashion. The one-piece dress has a soft back and bosom and a big Byronic collar. *Next*, a pure-dye silk spectator sports dress with two-tone checks, Peter Pan collar and pleating-trimmed pockets and neck. And a washable, sun-fast dress whose single breasted jacket makes it look like a suit. Underneath are short cape sleeves. The buttons are bone and the tie, grosgrain ribbon. And, *last*, a tailored dark silk sheer with self-covered buttons, a slim silhouette and a swagger coat to top it all. The fresh-looking trim is of saw-tooth piqué.

Opposite page, photograph above, Gogo says this is a really swell outfit. It's a pure silk washable plaid, a shirtwaist dress with action back, two generous pockets, pearl buckle and buttons. *Below, sketched*, a very new taffeta evening gown with a poured-into look about the hips and a romantic swirl to the full bias-cut skirt. The peplum and trim is formed of knife-pleated taffeta in another shade and the same trim is on the halter neck and low V-back. *Next*, the grand dramatic cape on this smooth-tone silk evening gown catches the eye. It's lined with white and, thrown back, discloses a regular sheath of a dress with a softly draped halter.

By KATHERINE KAREY



TOWER *Star* FASHIONS



*Let's fool the summer sun with
these air-conditioned clothes*



Miss de
Lys' silk,
faintly plaided,
washable with
shantung trim.



Herbert Mitchell

Social Rebel

Cobina Wright has led a full life—and yet found time to win a place in radio

By PEGGY HARRIS

WELL, you go into the house and Cobina Wright is giving a singing lesson. "That's splendid, my dear, simply splendid. Much better than last time," she says to the pleased pupil. And then she turns to you and says, "Forgive me, if I'm a bit under the weather today. I fell and hurt my knees. They're bandaged, you see, and I can hardly get around." And just that minute the telephone rings and she dashes up the stairs, two steps at a time to answer it.

Back once more she whispers, "I've a new cook. Don't have any idea what she's like. You'll probably have a rotten luncheon." And, just before we go to the dining-room and sit down to one of the most delicious luncheons I've ever had, she calls out to her secretary, "Get Beatrice Lillie and Fannie Brice on the wire and ask them to come to dinner Thursday. Mario Graggiotti's making spaghetti. Oh yes, and if that woman calls about the divorce law bill make an appointment for tomorrow."

And so I sit down to luncheon with Cobina Wright who has hurt her knee and can hardly get around.

I'm still a little breathless from that interview. I feel as if I had just been in a Kansas cyclone. Such vitality, such energy, such vigor I've seldom seen. Cobina Wright, whose program comes to you over the Columbia network ("Cobina Wright, Your Hostess") is a human dynamo. She is a real force.

Her life reads like some glamorous and unbelievable novel. I have space only to scratch the surface of it here. But just listen to this.

A few years ago she had an income of a hundred thousand dollars a year, in her own right. She and her millionaire husband lived on a gorgeous estate, manned by a large staff of servants. There were tennis courts, swimming pools, great ballrooms. Besides having all this she was the mother of a beautiful little girl and she was an artist as well.

Since her success on the radio her social activities have been stressed so much that the fact that she has always been a singer has been neglected. Although she was always wealthy—even long before her marriage to Owen Johnson, the writer and her first husband—she made her professional debut in Europe when she was but sixteen years old. And all during the time that her picture was appearing in the rotogravure sections of the newspapers as the hostess of this or that stunning party, she was actually a working artist. Gatti-Casazza, maestro of the Metropolitan, had offered her the opportunity of being an operatic diva, but because she wanted to sing certain roles which the other stars had already spoken for, she preferred concerts instead. And she has made many successful tours.

HOW could she do so many things simultaneously? How could she be so successful an artist, a mother and a social light? I'll pass along her secret. Whereas most society women worry and fuss over a formal dinner party for two or three weeks, occupying their minds solely with the menu, the arrangement of the guests at table, the entertainment and its other details, Cobina tells her secretary to invite a group of people whom she knows will mix well, gives her excellent cook instructions to prepare a good dinner and completely forgets about it until the night of the party. And invariably everyone has a good time. The success of these affairs, however, depends upon Cobina's wit and vivacity—of which she has a tremendous amount.

But there was another reason that her career suffered—another reason why she was not so famous an artist as Lily Pons or Rosa Ponselle. Forever and (*Please turn to page 49*)



Cobina Wright and her lovely daughter. You know Mrs. Wright for her varied program over the Columbia network.

Special for TOWER RADIO by Wide World

You know Ned Reese as Spencer Dean. He has won a brave fight with death—the odds all against him

By HAL HOWE

Here is the most dramatic story of the month—of a courageous actor's fight for his life. If you want to write words of encouragement to Ned Reese (Spencer Dean) send them in care of TOWER RADIO. They will help him in his struggle.



Ned Reese (Spencer Dean) as he was before the accident. He was injured by an automobile, his life hung in the balance for many months.

Photograph by H. Golden

HE Couldn't Give Up

LATE in the afternoon of January twentieth, the broken body of Ned Reese, known to millions of radio fans as Spencer Dean of "Crime Clues," was taken to Saint Vincent's Hospital in New York City.

That same evening the news of his injury reached the outside world through an announcement over the radio. The announcer regretted that Edward B. Reese had been seriously injured in an automobile accident and until his return a Mr. Blank would enact the role of Spencer Dean, the famous detective.

But the matter-of-fact statement, meant to allay fears, did not satisfy the ether audience.

In thousands of homes folk stared at each other aghast. To them Ned Reese *was* Spencer Dean. Some actor other than Ned Reese was not he.

The creator of the role of the beloved sleuth was so much the character that there could not be a substitution. If Ned Reese was "seriously injured" then so was Spencer Dean.

For over four years Ned Reese had played the role—he had not missed a performance—and made the character of the amazingly astute detective a beloved friend to both old and young. So, to this combination of real man and fictional characterization the radio public paid tribute.

Letters expressing solicitude and hopes for a speedy recovery came to the hospital in bales—the telephone operators were deluged with kind inquiries—a long line of kiddies and grown-ups passed steadily by the information desk to receive the simple message "Mr. Reese is doing as well as can

be expected." And more often the query was "How is Mr. Spencer Dean doing?"

But "Spencer Dean" knew nothing of this countrywide interest in his condition. For weeks he hovered between life and death, then as he slowly returned to consciousness, encased in a complicated cast, the terrific pain so racked him that he prayed for unconsciousness once more.

He did not see the floral groups that banked all four sides of his room, nor other gifts of baskets of fruit, jars of jam, etc. As he commented afterwards, "All that I wanted was to forget the terrible agony and find oblivion."

The medical board at the hospital became greatly concerned. If Ned Reese could not be awakened to a desire to live there was small hope of his recovery.



ery. They told Betty, his wife, of their fears and asked her cooperation. Now Betty is a wise little girl and she knew that the only sure way to get a person to forget a thing was to put a much stronger thing in its place. The fan mail gave her an idea. She selected a few from the pile of several thousand that had poured in from all over the country, even from England, and daily read excerpts from the most touching. Ned apparently did not hear her and when she tried to rouse him he said wearily, "Don't ask me to pay any attention to what you are reading Betty, please! The sound of your voice is soothing but my head and everything else hurt so badly that the throb of it all drowns the words."

Ned Reese as Spencer Dean and John MacBryde as Dan Cassidy in the Crime Clues.

BETTY looked at him and her heart contracted with pity. His face was drawn and white, the lines under his eyes and down either side of his cheeks had been etched there by weeks of intense suffering which still held him in its merciless grip. Yet she must, she *must* make him snap out of it.

"Ned!" she said sharply. "You've got to stop thinking of yourself for a minute and listen to this. Here is a child who has suffered for years almost as intensely as you have suffered for a few weeks. Her only moments of forgetfulness are when she can forget her pain in the pleasure and excitement of listening to Spencer Dean and she is praying for your return to the air as much for herself as for you. Now you can't, you simply can't, toss all this love and belief in you to the four winds. You've got to listen." (Please turn to page 66)

The National NUT

"Stalk 'em, stymie 'em, startle and stun 'em," was Mr. Boom Bagshot's creed, but did it work with the radio publicity man's sweetheart?

By
STEWART
ROBERTSON

THE publicity department of the Faranear Broadcasting Corporation was having a dull afternoon. The brains of those sprightly ladies and gentlemen whose chief talents lie in appreciating the arts of others were at low tide, and with one accord the inmates turned to Mr. Larry Cuff for relaxation. His curly brown head bobbing as he sensed the demand, Mr. Cuff seized a telephone, held down the cradle to prevent a connection, and swung into a monologue that required a change of voice for every sentence.

"Hello-oh, Portland," he caroled with uncanny accuracy. "Hello again. Yes, honey, your time is my time. Yowsah! I tell you it is, so why do you keep on asking, 'D'you think so, Gawge?' Huh? You think because I'm head man the program ought to be different. But am I head man? Look at the guy you were out with last night—yes, look at him! He's sweet? Well, I'll tell him when he comes in—yuh-yuh-yuh! Oh, ya gettin' sore now, hey; well, it's mutiny, 'at's what it is, mutiny. Okay girlie, g'wan to bed." Then Mr. Cuff gathered himself for an addition to his repertoire. "Atchew! Atchew! Atchew!" he bellowed. "I'm s'nervous I'm all of a Tennyson!"

Applause from the staff indicated success. "That's smooth as a kitten's wrist, Larry," cried someone. "Boom Bagshot to the life. When did you get it?"

Larry dismounted from his hobby and grinned modestly around the room. "Been practicing it for a week," he admitted. "It came hard, but I think it's about right now."

"You bet it is! Let's have it again."

Larry cautiously surveyed the lay of the land. One end of the publicity kennel opened into a large outer office, the other led to a corridor and he sat nearest the door. Plenty of chance to slip out if a touchy executive should appear. He threw back his head with the joy of accomplishment.

"Atchew! Atchew! Atchew!" came the raucous tones. "I'm s'nervous I'm all of a Tennyson!"

The staff applauded once more, and then, refreshed, turned to an imitation of work. But there

was one of the audience who remained unseen, who patted his beige suede gloves together in silent ecstasy while the dawn of an idea illumined his caricature of a countenance.

Out in the corridor Mr. "Boom" Bagshot, the national nut for Aladdin Eye Tonic—"New Lamps For Old"—had been homeward bound when the duplicate of his voice from behind a door had frozen him to the likeness of a top-heavy wax work. By the time the second effort had died away Mr. Bagshot had made up his mind, so he gently turned the handle of the door and inserted his head. Inevitably his gaze fell upon Larry.

"Hey, young fellow," croaked Mr. Bagshot, "was that you? Mimicking me, I mean."

"It was all in fun, Mr. Bagshot. I—er—"

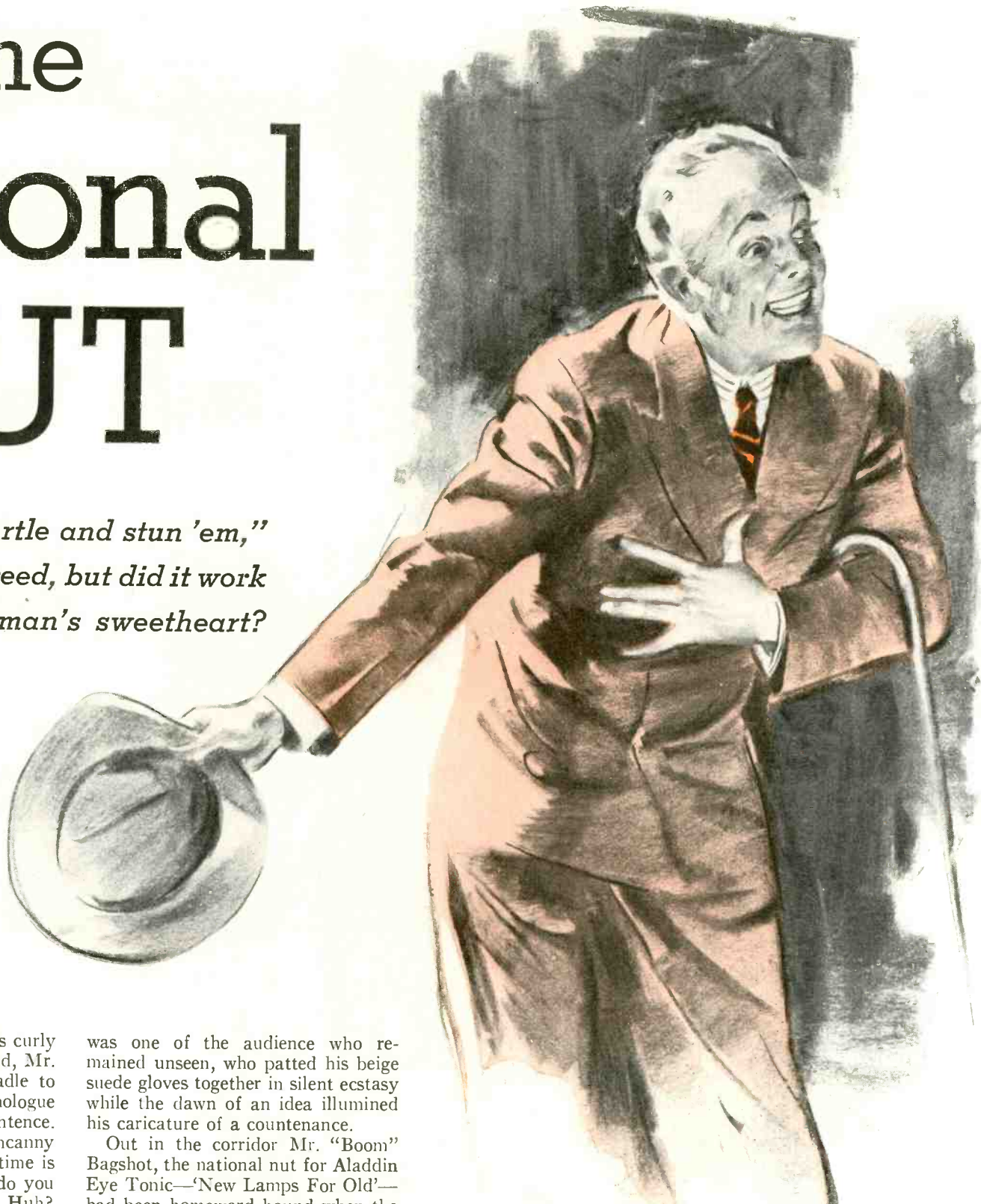
"Come out here," ordered the comedian, and once in the hall Larry was steered into an empty waiting-room. "Now," said the beaming Boom, "can you do any more?"

Larry obliged with a few sallies that had become snappy household comebacks, and Mr. Bagshot leered approval.

"You're my man," he announced, "and being in publicity I know there's no false modesty about you. Listen—beginning Thursday night you're going to do my act until I'm able to resume. Five hundred smackers a week in it."

"But—"

BUT your Aunt Minnie. Only a few need know about it, because you know quite well I've always refused to work before an audience.



"Boom Bagshot in the flesh," exclaimed the comic. "Larry, my boy, you have the gall that makes great men such as myself and a bow is due you!"

Why, I don't even do my stuff with the orchestra; I simply work with my stooge in a private studio and let the technical men worry about piecing the program together. I won't have the orchestra around because those scowling groups of barbers' enemies give me the jitters, but it's generally believed I'm not allowed to be near them because I'm so funny the cornetists lose their pucker from laughing."

"I know," said Larry. "I wrote that one."

"Then we're practically pals," bawled Mr. Bagshot, who was so noisy that he was reputed to use only crash towels. "Come on, say you'll do it."

"I might if I knew the reason."

"The reason," said the comedian, looking as if a nightmare had cantered over him, "is Number Six. My sixth ex, you know. She's on my neck for more alimony, and unless I can manage to turn up missing I'll never have a moment's rest. I

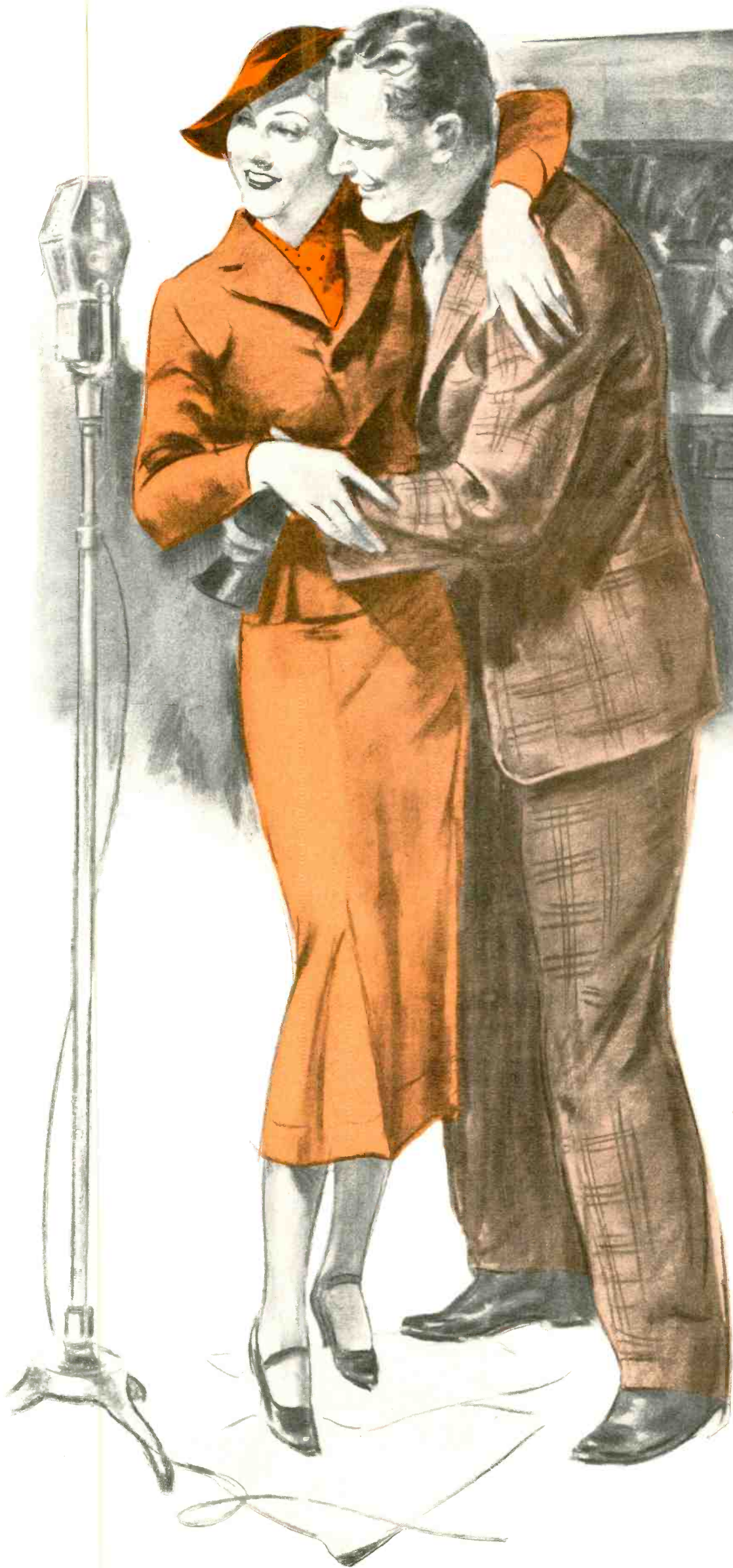


ILLUSTRATION
BY
CHARLES
LA SALLE

moved to another hotel this morning, and now you can fix it so that she'll picket Faranear in vain. Ah, woman, woman!—say, have you got a girl?"

"A beauty," nodded Larry, as a vision of the dark, lilac-eyed loveliness of Isobel Trent rose before him. "She——"

"I know, I know," interrupted Mr. Bagshot. "They're all that way to someone. Think how proud she'll be of you! Man to man, now, give me a hand."

"Okay," said Larry with his mind on Isobel's delight when she heard the news.

"That's great," said Boom, purpling with gratitude, "and here's the script for the next show. It starts off with me saying I'm overboard about grand opera, and when the stooge asks me if I've heard anything from Verdi lately, I crack that he doesn't write to me any more. You can't fall down with bullet proof stuff like that. Let's go see the big bosses."

An hour later, with everything settled, Larry went roaming through Faranear's maze of studios in search of Miss Isobel Trent. That decorative young lady, being mere second alto in the small well selected chorus of the Walla Walla Indian Remedies War Canoe, he had to wait until rehearsal ended before he could whisper his news.

Isobel's lilac eyes darkened with excitement. "It's marvelous," she breathed. "Why, our house and furniture fund will be ready in no time now." Then her underlip pouted entrancingly. "But somehow I wish it could be you, yourself, on the air."

"But it *is* me, sweetheart."

Miss Trent faced him squarely, and a keen observer would have gambled she would not always be a second alto. "You know what I mean. Here you are in the publicity department, when all the time you can be screamingly funny yourself. That monologue you did last week at Rhoda's party was as clever as anything of Boom Bagshot's."

"Where I'm supposed to be in the information booth at Grand Central?" Here Mr. Cuff smiled in the patronizing manner with which the lordly male infuriates the symmetrical sex. "Rubbish, sweetheart, that's only amateur stuff."

But Isobel kept clear of fury, although she did grit her teeth a little. "All right, darling," she said with somewhat frosty sweetness, "but don't forget that I mentioned it." After all, she was very much in love.

(Please turn to page 60)

TRAILING

The great world-wide game of stealing government secrets, packed with dynamite, gives radio some of its most authentic thrills

By TOM CARSKADON



THREATENING war clouds begin to drift over Europe. Spy scares spring up everywhere. Two beautiful noblewomen beheaded in Germany; a drastic clean-up ordered in Russia; a pair of American honeymooners arrested in Paris. On every hand there is spying and intrigue, seeking out military and government secrets.

How do spies operate? Are there any spies now working in America? How does the government protect itself against spying? Who hires spies, and how do they communicate with one another? These and countless other questions are answered in one of the most exciting programs now on the radio, the "Stories of the Black Chamber," heard on Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings over the Red Network of the National Broadcasting Company.

Would you like to visit this program and get some first-hand information about spies and spying? Come along, then, and we'll see what we can find out. The information will be absolutely authentic, too, for this program is in charge of men who have had direct authority and experience in trailing international spies.

The stories are based on the experience of Major Herbert O. Yardley, the wartime head of the American Cryptographic Bureau in Washington. The popular name for this bureau was the "Black Chamber," for often some of the rooms were darkened for the development of secret photographs and messages in secret ink, and everything the bureau did was shrouded in strictest secrecy. It was in this bureau that all messages from authorities at home to our armies and diplomatic representatives abroad were put into code and sent out. Likewise, all incoming code messages were de-coded here and sent to their proper destination.

But most exciting of all were not the regular messages but the intercepted ones. These included papers taken from enemy spies captured in battle, stray wireless messages picked out of the air, and secret messages and papers found in raids on



Tom Curtin, author, and William Perry, Black Chamber director, above. Right, the hero and heroine, Jack Arthur and Helen Claire.

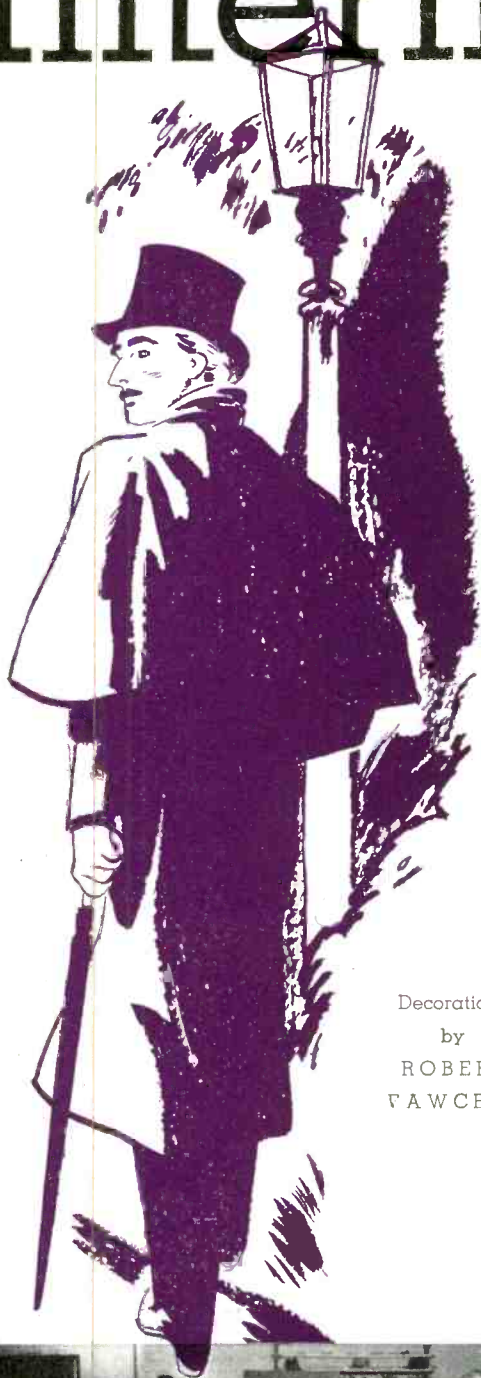
spies and spy headquarters in this country. It was the job of the "Black Chamber" to decipher all of these captured messages, to find out what their queer sounding codes really meant, to discover what mischief this country's enemies were up to.

The signing of the Armistice and the coming of peace failed to put an end to spying activities. Throughout the long and troubled post-war period, spying continued on an extensive scale, new rivalries and new jealousies developed, until it is believed that today there are more spies at work all over the earth than there ever were before in all the world's history. Major Yardley continued his work in detecting spies and spy plots until the government closed the American "Black Chamber" in 1929.

Now the things he learned about spies and spying form the basis for a genuinely thrilling radio series. The stories are dramatized by D. Thomas Curtin, noted war correspondent and author, whose personal adventures on all fronts during the four years of the World War were perilous in the extreme and gave him an intimate knowledge of exactly how spies and spy rings operate. Tom Curtin gained fame as the personal representative of Lord Northcliffe, the great English newspaper publisher, in establishing a reportorial and confi-



International SPIES



Decorations
by
ROBERT
FAWCETT



The men behind the sound effects: Stuart McQuade and Erich Don Pam.

zine sent him to Europe to do some descriptive articles, cautioning him to go to the Balkans because northern and central Europe were too dull and peaceful to be interesting. While Curtin was down in the Carpathian mountains seeking pretty stories about gypsies, the entire world suddenly erupted in north-central Europe, and Curtin, knowing a big story when he saw one, dashed up to the war zone, was one of the very first correspondents to get into Germany and come out with a story, and covered the entire four years of the conflict.

Between them, Tom Curtin and Major Yardley had a tremendous wealth of material, but putting it on the radio presented quite a problem. This was dynamite they were handling—actual government secrets, the way real spies work in peace and wartime. Anyone could see the radio possibilities of such material, but what would the government think about it? Curtin, in addition to his war correspondence and his books—"The Land of Deepening Shadow," a description of post-war Germany, and "The Tyranny of Power," a novel—had extensive experience in writing for the radio. He dramatized the "Charlie Chan" stories of Earl Derr Biggers, and he wrote the notable series of police dramas that Lucky Strike sponsored a couple of seasons ago. Curtin thought he could make effective radio dramas out of this spy material, in spite of any misgivings that anyone might have.

He drew up a number of sample manuscripts, and they were excellent. The McCann-Erickson advertising agency offered them to a very high type sponsor, the makers of Forhan's Toothpaste, who were intent upon a quality program for a quality product. They were interested at once, but they wanted to make sure that the programs would contain nothing that would embarrass the government or stir up ill-feeling among nationalistic groups.

THE government also wanted to be reassured on these points, and so did the officials of the National Broadcasting Company. Spy dramas were certainly exciting and interesting, but Curtin must be sure not to expose any government secrets or start any war scares. It looked like a pretty difficult assignment, but Tom Curtin had two strong points in his favor—he really knew his

subject; and he was just as patriotic and just as anxious as anybody else not to cause trouble with his programs.

The solution was both simple and logical. Spying is a truly international business. There are spy rings that operate to get information about all countries, convey this information to their clearing house in one of the smaller capitals, such as Brussels, and then sell information to whatever country wants to buy it. These rings are ruthless and unscrupulous, they operate not from patriotism but from motives of a sordid gain, and all countries are equally in danger from them. Tom Curtin decided to base his stories on these international spy rings, and show how American officials have to combat their activities in this country.



This plan worked perfectly. A representative of the United States Army was present at the audition of the program, and gave his full approval to the series. The broadcasting officials were satisfied that this program not only would do no harm, but would actually help America by showing citizens how this country's enemies operate. The

sponsors were convinced that here was a program both authoritative and educational and all groups agreed that the programs would certainly arouse great interest.

The programs have more than met expectations on arousing interest, for the Black Chamber stories are among the most popular on the air today. Their background assures their authenticity, and the Curtin authorship makes them tensely exciting episodes. To make sure that all details are absolutely accurate, there is a consulting expert retained for the program. He is Dr. Charles J. Mendelsohn, an associate professor of English at the College of the City of New York, a scholar in both ancient and modern languages, and noted expert on cryptograms and code messages. Dr. Mendelsohn, a native of North Carolina who attained Phi Beta Kappa honors at the University of Pennsylvania while on his way to a Ph.D. degree, was a captain in the Military Intelligence service during the war and served as an assistant to Major Yardley in the work of the "Black Chamber." His supervision assures absolute accuracy of detail.

Spies are operating in America today, posing as innocent citizens, seeking out military and government secrets and selling (*Please turn to page 57*)

Bradley Drake (Jack Arthur), and his first aid, Steve (Paul Nugent).

Below, Black Chamber spy leaders, Gale Gordon and Rosaline Greene.

dential information service for the Northcliffe papers. One of Curtin's operatives scored so decisive a scoop in exposing information about von Rintelen, the chief of Germany's spies in America, that Major Yardley asked to see Curtin in person, and the two have been friends since that first wartime meeting.

TOM CURTIN is a native of Boston, a graduate of Harvard, a warm-hearted, adventurous American of Irish descent, and a thoroughly likable person. After graduating from Harvard, Curtin coached and played semi-professional baseball for a while, then became a newspaper reporter and writer, and in the Spring of 1914 *Travel Maga-*



EXPOSING Fake Radio Schools

WHAT happens when you enroll in a fake radio school? Vivid and burning answers to this question were given in letters received by the Voice of Experience when he asked persons who had been victimized to write and tell him what had happened. On the basis of these replies, the Voice of Experience and members of his committee launched a vigorous drive against such schools.

In a special article last month, TOWER RADIO described the growth of these fake schools which prey upon the hopes of persons who are trying to get into radio; told of their misleading advertisements, their false claims of providing employment and "air appearances;" and emphasized the fact that they cannot teach you "radio technique," because there is no such thing. All you have to do is to be a good singer, a good instrumentalist, a good actor—legitimate fields in which legitimate instruction can help you—and with modern broadcasting equipment any question of "microphone technique" takes care of itself.

But the fake schools still go on, and we present now some detailed, first-hand experiences that show you exactly how they operate at every stage of the fraud. We also present evidence against dishonest schools of radio engineering and mechanics, and we shall later present sound advice from responsible broadcasting officials on how to go about getting into radio in a legitimate way. Letters quoted in this article were received by the Voice of Experience, and all names are withheld in order to prevent embarrassment to the writers and to refrain from any violations of confidence.

Here's a letter from a girl whose husband died very suddenly, leaving her, at twenty-four, a widow with two small children to support. She had been a secretary, but lost her job because of the depression. She has a good singing voice, and when she heard of a radio school in Chicago, headed by a woman who expressed sympathetic interest in her circumstances and led her to believe that a job would be waiting at the end of the course, she borrowed money from a finance company, left the small mid-western town where she lived, and went to Chicago for a course of six lessons in "radio technique," to cost \$25. Her story continues in her own words:

"I went into Chicago with high hopes and no little ambition. After one week's stay in the city,

Merciless radio gyps will break your heart and take your money. Learn how to guard against them

By TOM REYNOLDS



BEWARE OF FAKERS

Too many radio aspirants have been "taken in" by racketeers. Are you going to join this army of the gullible who have been robbed of hard-earned money?

"Learn radio technique," is the cry of the fakes. There is no such thing.

Only hard work, ability and training with the proper teachers will enable you to reach the microphone.

Read this article and you will learn how to try for radio fame and fortune.

Illustrated
by
SEYMOUR
BALL

I had received only three half-hour lessons, and as I could not afford to stay longer, had to return home, and had to make three more trips into Chicago for the three remaining lessons in the course. At the end of the time, I didn't feel that I knew anything more about radio than at the time I started. She certainly didn't teach me anything about singing, and I had studied under a competent teacher of voice for a year or so previously. As for the 'technique,' I am still at a loss to know just what was implied by the term. Anyway, at the conclusion of the course, when she could see that there was no more to be gained financially from me, her interest appeared to cease as abruptly.

"I was patient for a time, but when several weeks elapsed and I heard nothing from her, I wrote again, this time wanting to know when some of those auditions she had mentioned were going to materialize. Her reply, very brief and none too complimentary, was to the effect that she would 'take a chance on me' on her radio program the following week, and to be prepared to sing the chorus of one song. This I did, and everything went along quite well at the broadcasting station, she herself remarking later on the smoothness of that day's broadcast. As I left for home, she stated that she would get in touch with me again and have me appear on other programs to come.

"Well, again time elapsed, and no word from her. I wrote again, and the reply I received was written on a postcard for anyone in a town where I am well known, to see. Her excuse this time was that when I had appeared on her program, the musical director of the broadcasting station did not like my

work, and she dare not put me on again without his okay—adding insult to injury, as it were. I thought at the time, and still think, that it was a scheme between this station director and herself to attempt to discourage people like myself who had no more money to spend with her.

"To make a long story shorter, this said radio station went off the air a short time later, and I never heard from the lady again, with the exception of a postal card last Christmas, urging me to have some phonograph records made for Christmas presents, at bargain prices.

"To sum up the entire situation, financially I was out over \$100, including train fare covering my various trips into Chicago for lessons, not to mention the embarrassment I suffered during the months that followed, when I was unable through lack of employment to repay my loan to the aforementioned finance company, until a friend came to my rescue by lending me the money (Please turn to page 47)

This girl joined the suckers. Read the experiences of the cheated in this article.

Out of a PHONE BOOK

Gertrude Niesen says, "It was as simple as that." But her voice proves she had something when she called that agent

By DORA ALBERT

GERTRUDE NIESEN has been called exotic. She has been called sophisticated. Actually she is neither exotic nor sophisticated, except in appearance.

Her eyes turn up. Her eyebrows arch upward and then end abruptly. Where they end she has pencilled a line in. She uses a lot of mascara and heavy lip make-up. They accentuate her slightly foreign appearance. At school her nickname was hink.

Apart from her appearance Gertrude Niesen is a nervous, emotional, high-strung girl of twenty-one who has spent most of her life in Brooklyn.

Imaginative press-agents have nicknamed her "the Garbo of radio" because of her exotic appearance. But that is all nonsense. Gertrude Niesen is no more the Garbo of radio than your Aunt Jenny.

She talks freely and honestly about herself and her attitude toward life. In spite of the fact that she really believes herself to be sophisticated, she is the frankest and most honest person I have met in the radio world.

Some magazine writer came to her once and said, "Tell me, Miss Niesen, do you lie about all day reading queer books and burning incense?"

The question so annoyed Gertrude that she answered with one word. "Boo," she said. The woman fled, and Gertrude has never seen her from that day to this. She is undoubtedly firmly convinced that Miss Niesen is mad.

Gertrude Niesen is perfectly natural at all times. She has a beautiful temper, and when she is angry about anything, she shows it. There is an intense explosion, and then it is all over. She never holds a grudge or broods silently over injuries.

Between rehearsals of her songs one day she was telling me that she had always been very shy and petrified at the thought of meeting people. Because she had been so shy she had tried to cover it up by appearing cool and poised. When she made her first stage appearance everyone remarked that she was as cool as a cucumber.

Just then she was called for a song number. She sang "Night and Day," which is one of her favorites, by the way, and the orchestra leader criticized her tempo.

She was furious. "No one has ever criticized my tempo before," she said. "What do you expect me to do—sing it as if it were a dance number—Night and Day—hot cha cha? Maybe you even want me to do a tap dance with it."

A second later the storm was all over, and Gertrude Niesen was kidding with other members of the orchestra.

Another evening I saw her at the studio broadcasting. Between numbers while the orchestra was playing, she started to dance a fox-trot with one of the men in the studio. When the time came for her song, she slipped quietly from his arms and began to sing as naturally as a lark.

Gertrude Niesen has been called exotic, hard to handle, but this is not so. She knew what she wanted and went out for it. Today she is one of radio's star blues singers.



Maurice Seymour,
Chicago

To me, Gertrude Niesen is the supreme example, in radio, of a girl who found herself through her work. Emotional as she is, subject to extreme moodiness and changeability, she might have gone to pieces long ago if she had not found just the sort of work that is right for her. In her career lies a splendid lesson for every woman who suffers from self-consciousness or lack of poise. No matter how shy or bashful you are, look for the kind of work you think you can do. Through your work you will meet many different kinds of people, and learn to be at ease with them.

I am convinced that Gertrude Niesen is telling the truth when she says that at one time she could not bear to meet strangers, and that her work has been a great deal of help to her in putting her at ease with other people.



Bert Lawson

Possibly the real reason for Gertrude's shyness was that she was always very close to her mother. Her mother is young and slight and has always understood Gertrude perfectly. But that very closeness between Gertrude and her mother made it more difficult for her to face other people, who, she was sure, would not understand her.

THE story of Gertrude Niesen really begins with the romantic love match of Gertrude's mother and father about twenty-two years ago.

Her father originally worked in Texas; her mother lived in New York. Her father came to New York State to attend some sort of fair, and while he was in New York, he went to a party with his brother. His brother escorted Annita Karloff to the party. Annita Karloff, as you may have guessed, was the maiden name of Gertrude's mother.

It was a case of love at first sight between Annita Karloff and Monte Niesen. They went out together constantly for a week or two, and Monte rowed in Central Park. (Please turn to page 42)

THE *Make-Up* Box

REST IN PEACE: Here's real news for everyone who has carefully put up her hair in curlers, only to awaken in the dead of night and tear them off with loud groans. It's a curler with a tiny rubber tip that acts as a cushion and not only whips the stubborn little ends into bewitching ringlets but allows you to slumber throughout the night quietly and peacefully. The curler is nicely perforated to allow the hair to dry thoroughly and comes in two sizes . . . small, to take care of wispy locks, and regular size for average curls.



FRECKLED BUT FEARLESS: If freckles are your evil Nemesis (as they are mine) be of good cheer. For what I have discovered, my fine speckled friends, are two products. One is a bleach mask to be applied twice a week and its continuous use fades unsightly freckles with breath-taking rapidity. The other is a shade of face powder suitable for toning down the prominence of said freckles. Both these products originated in Hollywood and screen stars use them to counteract the benefits (?) of that good old California sunshine.



FOUND: A lipstick in a glorious shade of red and guaranteed not to turn purple under the summer sun. It's smooth and indelible. You apply a generous coating to your mouth, let it set, and remove with a bit of tissue. Then you're truly kissable. . . . Included in this month's circular is a complexion diet to tone up tissues and tummies . . . lots of other news too. Just write—

Marilyn

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

Harriet Hilliard TALKS ON BEAUTY

FEET, for some strange reason, are almost always discussed in a semi-humorous way or treated as an indelicate subject. Women hold forth on almost every other subject at length. They yearn to talk of their operations and go into anatomical details with utmost abandon. Yet when feet are stripped of their silken coverings and considered in terms of beauty, we are apt to become self-conscious, to laugh or even jeer a bit.

But feet today are a definite part of the beauty picture—and why not? We're showing more of them this Summer than ever before so let's see what's to be done about them. Those who suffer from corns, callouses, strained muscles, ingrowing nails are urged to take themselves to the chiropodist for treatment. But if your toes are straight, feet well-arched, ankles slim and legs shapely, a few minutes a day should be sufficient to keep them in a normal healthy condition.

During your bath, scrub the feet briskly with a stiff brush and plenty of soap, working up a thick lather. Many of you will like a medicated, deodorizing soap for this purpose. The feet should then be thoroughly dried with a rough towel, especially between the toes. Next, a massage with cold cream or perhaps a special foot balm to relieve strained and tired muscles. Starting at the base of each toe, grasp between thumb and finger and work along to the tip with a vigorous twisting, rubbing movement in spiral fashion. Finish by smoothing firmly from the tip of the toes to the ankles, and dust lightly with powder. Toenails should then be carefully trimmed, cleaned with an orange-wood stick, and lacquered with your favorite shade of liquid polish. If you use a deep shade, which is so popular for beach and evening wear, it's smart to apply it over the entire surface of the toenails.

After a particularly harrowing shopping day, when you find yourself con-

templating with horror a date to go dancing, try this: Remove shoes and stockings and plunge your feet into alternate hot and cold footbaths, ending with a cold footbath. Dry carefully, slap on handfuls of toilet water or eau de cologne and dust liberally with talcum powder. Then gather all the pillows you can find and pile them high at the foot of your bed. Stretch out with your feet propped high and your head flat, for ten or fifteen minutes . . . you'll feel like new . . . and so will your feet.

But most of those who have written to me about their foot problems are not so much concerned with foot comfort as they are about how to slenderize their ankles, or how to develop thin, spindly legs, or acquire shapely calves. To those who want to remodel their legs and ankles, I suggest exercise. Many exercises have been devised for shapely calves and slender ankles, but most of us are so busy, so rushed, that there isn't time to do them. Tap-dancing will do much for you and if you can join a class, you'll get a lot of fun out of it. Bicycle-riding, too, is another way of acquiring shapely legs, but if that isn't feasible, you can stretch out on the floor and pedal furiously in the air. And the nice part about the bicycle exercise is that it can be done advantageously by the plump and thin alike for shapely calves.

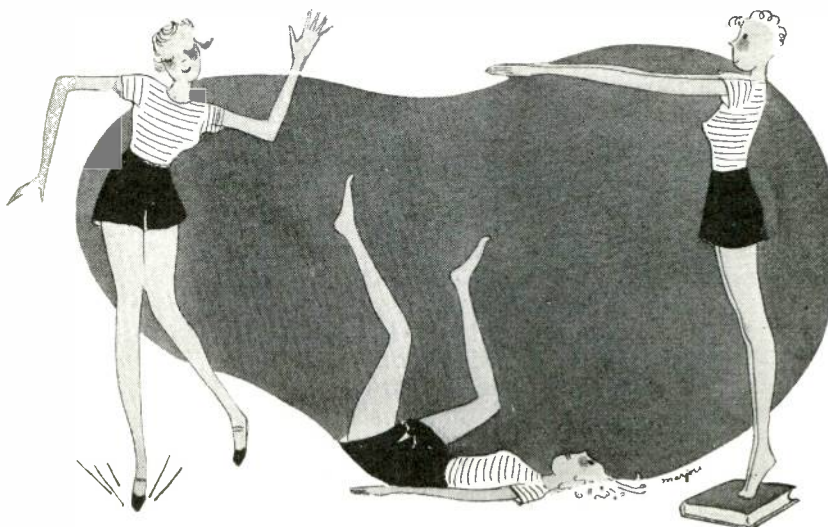
Another exercise which is as simple as it is effective is to stand in your bare feet on the edge of a thick book, with your heels over the edge, rising up on your toes and returning slowly. Do this exercise five or six times and increase gradually until you can do it twenty or twenty-five times without feeling any strain. This strengthens the leg muscles and gives the calves of the legs a well-molded look.

But the best exercise of all is walking and plenty of it. Let's get our feet into shape first by daily care and massage. Let's do our special exercises for reduc-

ing or developing or flexibility (as the need may be). Now, how about a pair of sensible shoes? You can't afford to undo all the good work by wearing tight, uncomfortable, poorly-fitted shoes. And actually, "sensible" shoes these days are far from dowdy for shoe manufacturers have combined comfort and fashion very successfully. So save your taxi money and spend it on a pair of beautifully sheer chiffon stockings for evening wear. Then step right out with a brisk graceful stride and walk your way to beautiful feet, ankles and legs.



Tap dancing is fun and an excellent way to develop slim ankles and shapely legs. Bicycle riding (even without a bicycle) is highly recommended too, and book-balancing is the perfect exercise for well-molded calves.



If you have any beauty problems, Miss Hilliard will keep them in strictest confidence and send you her suggestions. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your questions to Harriet Hilliard, in care of TOWER RADIO, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York

"Dinner's Ready"

YOU can tell by the tone of her voice, it's a good dinner. It's not only tempting but nourishing. She knows the big part that food plays in keeping her family in vigorous health.

It is no easy task, year in and year out, to plan meals for the family. The more limited the food budget, the more necessary it is to know what to buy—and why—for better health. Expensive foods may be far less nourishing than those which cost less.

Food for the family must meet a variety of needs. It must contain the elements necessary

- for growth and development of children and for renewal of body tissues in adults (Proteins and Minerals)
- to supply energy for work and play (Carbohydrates and Fats)
- to regulate body processes and protect against disease (Minerals and Vitamins).

The amount of food required varies according to the individual. Children require more of the "growing foods" than adults. People who work hard physically require more of the "energy foods."



Send for booklet "The Family Food Supply"

It tells in detail the importance of various foods—which ones contain proteins, carbohydrates, fats, minerals and vitamins; how to use them to keep your family in good health; how to do your marketing; how to use left-overs and make them appetizing; how to plan balanced and nourishing meals which the family will enjoy. Mail the coupon today for your free copy.



Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, Dept. 835-B.
1 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please mail me a copy of "The Family Food Supply" which tells about nourishing, inexpensive foods.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

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

© 1935 M. L. I. CO.

Short Wave Department

HERE in the United States engineers highly trained in the radio field spend weary hours perfecting our short wave receivers. We have wondered often why it was that our short wave transmitting equipment was not as thoughtfully planned and perfected as our receivers. So we put this question to an executive in charge of one of our largest chain networks which has a short wave outlet for its programs.

This is the answer we received from the gentleman we will call "Mr. X." He said that when our government issues a license to an organization, allowing it "space" on the high frequencies, it is forbidden that the license holder shall reap any financial benefit from such a license. This automatically makes the expense of all experimental equipment fall on the shoulders of the experimenter. In other words, if a chain network has a short wave outlet for its commercial programs it is forbidden to charge the sponsor for the program that



Tower Radio's DX observer tours the world in his own home and records his discoveries

By Captain HORACE L. HALL

Foremost authority on short wave in America.

and Japan has stepped up to the front with a string of "J" stations.

France, Italy, Germany and England have perfected "sending out" and we sit back and "listen in." We can make one suggestion for the improvement of our short wave broadcasting transmitters and that is: let the stations charge a fee for the commercial programs that are now radiated over their short wave stations and use this revenue for the establishing of new and more powerful transmitters.

Schenectady has shown us what can be accomplished and all of the short wave stations should follow in its wake or to use the parlance of the average fan "go it one better."

With four stations operating in Australia it is not difficult for the ordinary short wave listener to log one of them. It does not necessarily mean that you must leave your bed at an unearthly hour in order to hear what these stations "down under" are broadcasting.

An excellent idea is, don't go to bed! But to put all joking to one side, the majority of the real high-frequency tuners are interested enough in hearing an "Aussie" station so that they do not consider it an imposition to twirl the dials before 5:30 A.M. Otherwise their hopes of hearing the VK's are gone for that day.

VK2ME, 9590 kc., Sydney, Australia, broadcasts on Sunday only. With a schedule time on the air that is divided into three transmissions, the listener must catch one of these broadcasts or await the station's return to the air after a quiet period of several hours' duration. Listeners living in the eastern part of the United States, occasionally do hear VK2ME during their first transmission (1 to 3 A.M.) and know that when this station returns to the air at 5 A.M. the signal will be much stronger and undoubtedly clearer.

VK3LR, 9580 kc., Melbourne, Australia, may be tuned in every day except Sunday at 3 A.M. Stock market quotations and various topics of interest to the British listeners are broadcast. The musical portion of their program rarely begins before 4:30 A.M. The signal strength of VK3LR reaches its maximum by 5:30 A.M. and continues until they sign off.

VK3ME, 9510 kc., also located in Melbourne, has been active from Wednesday to Saturday, inclusive, but transmits for only two hours and that is from 5 to 7 A.M., E.S.T.

These three stations mentioned above use from six hundred watts to two kilowatts power, but another "Aussie" station using the flea power of twenty-five watts, transmitting on 7300 kc., is heard in the United States under favorable atmospheric conditions on Sunday (Please turn to page 68)

FIJI ISLANDS.
The Garden of the Pacific.
These islands were discovered in 1643 by Tasman and were ceded to Great Britain in 1874. There are about 250 islands in the group, and the total area is about 7,100 sq. miles. The population is about 172,000, of which 4,300 are Europeans. Principal exports are Sugar, Copra, Bananas, Rubber, Cotton and Shell.

Amalgamated Wireless (A/Sia) Ltd. operates the wireless services of Fiji. At the principal station—VPD—there are 3 transmitters. All these stations were designed and built in Australia by A.W.A., which also owns and operates Australian Beam Stations, Coastal Radio, Ship Stations, and Short Wave Overseas Broadcasting Station 2MC Sydney.

AMALGAMATED WIRELESS (A/SIA) LTD.
Suva, Fiji

An interesting verification from Station VPD, out in the Fiji Islands of the Pacific.

is radiated over short waves, but is permitted to charge him for the long wave outlets only.

Corporations naturally lose interest in their short wave equipment, since such broadcasting is a non-money making proposition. Consequently many of our short wave stations are falling behind the times in every point of their equipment.

The station that is kept up to standard and has become as well known in every part of the world is the one operated by the General Electric Company at Schenectady, New York.

Utilizing varying power and operating on two frequencies, this station's signals have girdled the world.

The stage is now set. The show is ready to begin. Short waves are still in the infant class. Where will they go and how far? That is the thought paramount in the mind of the short wave fans who are living in Japan, India, Australia and little specks of islands dotted in the Pacific.

From far-off Shanghai we received this S.O.S. from a short wave fan: "Why can't I hear New York?" And, "What is the reason we cannot hear the United States, when we can easily tune in Germany, England, France, and Russia?" To which we ruefully answered, "There is not enough money in experimenting with short wave transmitters to cause us to scrap our present equipment and install the latest in transmitters."

Every country in the world, except the United States, has torn down old out-moded transmitters and erected new up-to-date systems. The South American countries are literally swarming with new fairly high-powered transmitters. China is testing

PHILIPS RADIO-LABORATORIES
EINDHOVEN HOLLAND

wish to convey to you their appreciation of your kind communication on the subject of their experimental transmission of **PCJ**
N.V. PHILIPS' RADIO
A. J. Philips

Bird's eye view of Philips Laboratories, Eindhoven, Holland. Experimental shortwave broadcasting transmitter of Philips Radio. Address to: Shortwave station PCJ, N.V. Philips Radio, Eindhoven, Holland.

Frequency: 15220 Kcs, Wavelength appr. 19.71 m Position: Lat 51°27'40" N Long 5°27'15" E
Power: 20 - 4W tube type Philips 6X4 12/20000 K in the legal stages. Time of operation: Irregular. Broadcasts on Sundays on wavelength 19.71 m from 12 30 Q.M.T. the program of the PHOCH (Station PHJ, Huesen, Holland).

Announcements in NETHERLANDS - ENGLISH - FRENCH - GERMAN and SPANISH

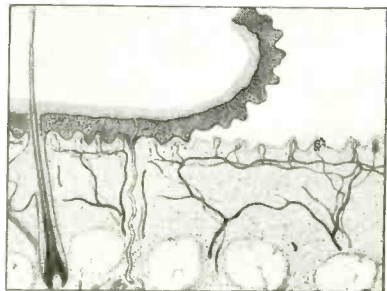
Many American DXers have received this veri from Philips Radio Station PCJ, in Eindhoven, Holland.



Below, the Post and Telegraph Building at Macao, China, in which is housed the transmitters of CQN, a prize catch for DXers.

**If you could look
Under Your Skin!**

If you could see through the epidermis into your underskin, you would discover an amazing network of tiny blood vessels, nerves, elastic fibres, fat and muscle tissues, oil and sweat glands! On these depends the beauty of your outer skin. When they grow sluggish, look out for blackheads, coarseness, blemishes—wrinkles!



LINES form here when oil glands underneath fail to nourish, and the underskin grows thin and wasted.

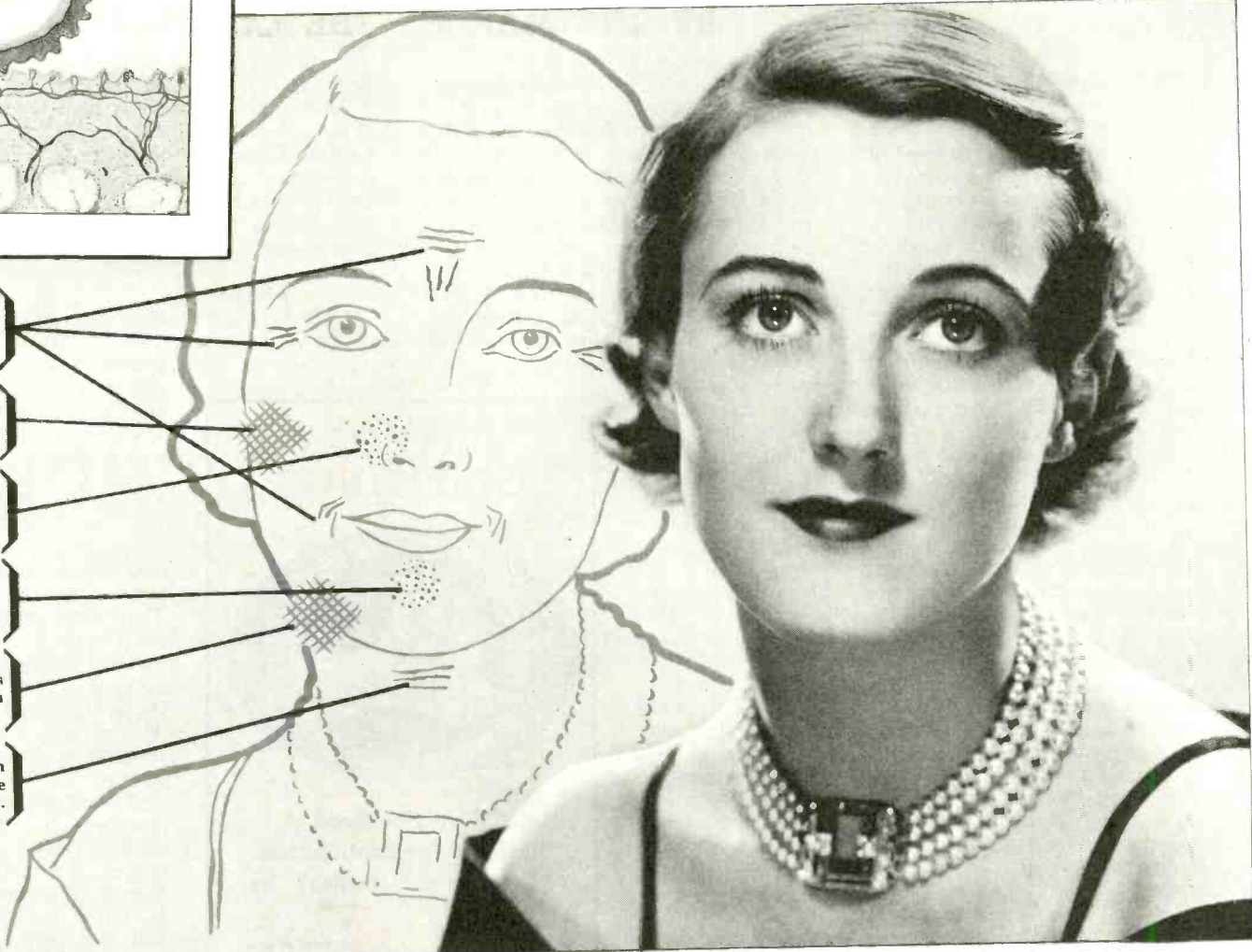
PORES stretch and grow larger when clogged by impurities from inside the skin.

BLACKHEADS form when the pores remain clogged with thickened secretions from within the skin.

BLEMISHES follow when the clogging accumulations are not removed from the pores.

DRY SKIN occurs when oil glands slow up, cease to supply the oils that make skin soft and supple.

TISSUES SAG when circulation slows, under tissues grow thin, nerve and muscle fibres lose their snap.



Miss **Helene Macy** of New York says: "Since I began to use Pond's Cold Cream, my skin is clearer, smoother, the pores invisible."

When *Underskin* fails to function, expect Lines, Blackheads, Blemishes!

*Fight them in your Underskin
with this deep-skin cream*

DO YOU KNOW what makes skin supple and smooth? The tiny oil glands *underneath* it.

Do you know what keeps it firm, young? Millions of tiny nerve and muscle fibres just *below* the surface.

What gives it that clear glow that never fails to win admiration? The active circulation in little blood vessels all through the *underskin*.

Skin authorities say the whole beauty of your outer skin depends on the proper functioning of all these things just *under your skin!* How foolish to waste time and money on beauty preparations that do not go to the root of the matter, and help this underskin to function actively.

Hundreds of women have learned to ward off skin faults, and keep their skin beautiful with a cream that goes deep—that both cleanses to the depths and rouses the slowing underskin to vigorous action—Pond's Cold Cream.

And here's the simple way they use it:—
EVERY NIGHT—with your finger tips, apply Pond's Cold Cream generously, patting it in till the skin is warm and supple. It sinks deep into the pores, flushes away dirt, make-up and impurities from



The Countess of Warwick

admired for her youth, beauty and gracious personality, says: "Pond's Cold Cream is marvelous for bringing out the dirt from the pores of the skin. I use it at least twice a day."

within the skin itself. Wipe cream and dirt away. Pat in some more cream briskly, and give your cleansed skin a second invigorating treatment with it. The circulation stirs. Oil glands are awakened. Tissues and fibres toned. See how clear and

glowing your skin looks. How satiny to the touch.

IN THE MORNING, repeat this. In the daytime, too, before you put on fresh make-up. Rouge and powder go on evenly, stay fresh for hours.

But most of all you'll be delighted with the steady improvement in your skin. By this constant care, you can rid your skin, as hundreds of other women have, of all those common and disfiguring skin faults. You can avoid blackheads and blemishes. Reduce enlarged pores. Soften lines. Firm the skin.

Send for the special 9-treatment tube of Pond's offered below. See in a few days the promise of what it can do for you. Pond's Cold Cream is absolutely pure and entirely free from germs.



Pond's Cold Cream cleanses the skin deep, invigorates the underskin, corrects skin faults.

Mail this Coupon—for Generous Package!

POND'S, Dept. H48, Clinton, Conn.
I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder.

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

Radio from the Inside

BY THE MAN AT THE CONTROLS

DON'T think all the people in radio are to be envied. There're some folks behind the scenes who have a rather tough time of it. The commercial program divisions of the networks contact the various clients to interest them in particular types of air shows for the sponsors. When an audition is arranged, these individuals listen to it with the prospective clients. Afterwards comes a series of conferences that are frequent and long. Now, the average sponsor takes great pride in his product—after all, although it might be, say, just a hair tonic to some people, it's bread and butter to him.

Now suppose a client's pride is rubbing alcohol. He passes around regular bottles to the advertising and agency people. As a courteous gesture the others are obliged to sample it. So they roll their sleeves or trouser legs and try out the fluid to show their interest. And that's where the rub comes in. The radio citizens often find it necessary to eat candy, wash with a certain brand of soap, try out a toothbrush, or, what is probably more pleasant, down some beer—depending, of course, upon the product of that particular sponsor. But one network man I know was fed some taffy candy that was passed out at the program meeting. It stuck to his teeth, and when he left the room to rid himself of the chewy stuff, two nice gold fillings went with it. But he had to come back smiling and tell the candy mogul what a fine piece of merchandise he had.

IN their own inimitable manner, the CBS and NBC networks are belittling the "scoops" that each other snares for its own exclusive broadcasting rights. Columbia did a hoof-by-hoof description of the Kentucky Derby, and National was left out in the cold. So, immediately following the horse race, the NBC outfit staged a burlesque of the event as broadcasting fare, kidding it all over the kilocycles. But when NBC carried the Indianapolis "500" auto race as its exclusive feature, the CBS was the outside party, the latter network retaliated. They fired a hilarious broadside, poking fun at the description of the auto race on the airwaves. Now, anything is liable to happen.

IF the date of his appearance hasn't been advanced so that you've already heard him, watch for the announcement of Charlie Chaplin's guesting on "Hollywood Hotel" this Summer. Only once before has the comedian's voice been heard on a broadcast. He spoke on behalf of the NRA when it was inaugurated. But this will be his bow as a radio entertainer.

HERE'S an inside story with an ironic twist. Ever since her child prodigy days, Evvone Taglioni has been a gifted pianist. Her concerts have caused her to circle the globe seven times, and critics have been lavish in their praise of her artistry. But this attractive, dark-haired girl, now in her twenties, found the going tough. As has been the case with many musical performers the depression brought fewer concerts and recitals. Hoping to get a break on the radio she took a position as a Columbia studio hostess, playing receptionist to other artists. This was two years ago—but somehow she never got her chance on the radio. In May Miss Taglioni took a European vacation for a few weeks. Her return boat was the French

liner, *Normandie*, on its maiden voyage.

In celebration of the luxurious ship's first trip the broadcasting companies made several pickups en route to these shores. A Columbia official aboard heard her playing at a ship's concert, and impressed with her ability, scheduled her to broadcast from the boat to listeners throughout the country. Her playing made a big hit. So the girl who waited for two years in the reception room of the studios for her break had to travel thousands of miles to have her talents finally recognized.

I KNOW a fellow who thinks amateur contests are the greatest thing that ever happened to radio—and to him. Out of work a year, he finally got a job as a store clerk. His predecessor had quit when he won a radio amateur contest to concentrate on becoming a big star. He's still concentrating.

DIZZY DEAN, the colorful pitcher of the St. Louis Cards, is carrying a peeve. When he and brother Daffy were the guests of Al Jolson on the star's Saturday broadcast, Dizzy claims the comedian tried to rattle him on the air, and "always kept butting in so he'd be the whole show."

"And what's more," Dizzy added, "he had the nerve to ask me for a couple of tickets to the game. He got me in a radio studio, all right, but I'd like to get him in a ball park at home plate with a bat in his hand, while I burn 'em past him."

ONE of our better-known orchestra leaders was in his cups one evening recently. "In his cups" means, of course, that he had one or more drinks too many. Surrounded by a group of other hale fellows, all wet, he barged into a night club where a former violinist with his organization was enjoying being lord and master over his own musicians. Now, the first fellow when he's inebriated, becomes very playful and jolly. He gave his former musician a big "hello, pal," topped by a resounding slap on the back. Then he seized the other's violin, and saying: "This fiddle isn't good enough for you," he whacked the \$5,000 instrument over the music stand. It dangled from the strings in several pieces.

A violin maker charged \$500 to restore the violin to some semblance of its former self. And it was the wrecker who paid and paid and paid.

BEATRICE LILLIE has written a letter to the complaint department. "I'm supposed to make people laugh," she stated, "and so they write in to tell me what a nice singing voice I have. They're making me laugh, instead. I try to give good imitations of bad singers—not bad impressions of good ones."

THIS little paragraph might solve a mystery that's had the faculty of a western military school in a dilemma lately. Paul Whiteman, Jr., aged 10, is a student there. For some time, Paul, Sr., has been in receipt of bothered letters from the authorities. The bandmaster's son always became involved in some minor infraction of the school's rules. The offenses were frequent, but not serious.

"I couldn't understand," the music master told some friends, "where all across his report card he had high grades, when it came to department he was terrible."

So Paul quietly investigated through questioning letters to his son. Then he learned the truth. Young Paul was very fond of his rifle, and while drilling to most boys was irksome, he relished it. In order to get as much of guns as possible, he'd commit these minor violations so he could be assigned to guard duty.

EDDIE DOOLEY is the former All-American quarterback at Dartmouth who's done very nicely for himself in the tougher game of radio. He told me of an incident in his air interviews that gave him more of a shock than any surprise gridiron play by an opposing team. Eddie had scheduled through his manager one of the six-day bicycle racers—an Italian pedaler whose complicated name escapes not only for the moment, but probably permanently. Exercising caution, he telephoned the bike fellow just to make sure he could speak English. Eddie was pleased to find the guy spoke our tongue rather fluently. So he wrote the interview. When the racer arrived at the studio just before the broadcast time, he was handed the script. But what Eddie had neglected to ask him was whether he could read. For the bicycle rider couldn't.

A SINGING lady on a twice-weekly cigarette radio series is a demure, self-conscious miss whom you'd never know is around until she raises her voice

in song. As a result, the other entertainers on the same program hardly pay her any attention. They call a brief "hello" to her and then go about their program preparations, completely forgetting about her presence. There's nothing personal in it; they figured she wouldn't mind. But they were wrong. She wrote a letter to the sponsor, pleading, "nobody ever gives me any attention. Please make them talk to me."

A SHORT while ago a certain radio announcer and one of the younger orchestra leaders were bosom pals. Every time the former encountered marital difficulty it was upon his friend's shoulders that he unburdened the tales of his woes. The music man unselfishly offered his consolation and advice. Finally, when the marriage knot was untied at Reno, the orchestra leader told the air spokesman it was all for the best. Evidently, he didn't mention for whom—because he's now seen places with the divorcee, and the gossip columns predict matrimony for them.

Strangely enough, announcer and batoneer are on rival tobacco programs.

THE water-proofing of a microphone, long a problem with radio engineers, has been practically perfected by Frank Faulkner of Chicago by means of an amazingly simple process. He coats the microphone with the same material a dentist uses as a temporary filling for your teeth. The substance hardens, and forms a protective coating for the mike. It was first used not long ago in the broadcast of a swimming meet in the Windy City. The announcer, microphone in hand, dove into the tank, and the mermaids swam to him, one by one, for brief interviews. This may give you an idea of what to expect on the airwaves these warm months.

A FEW months ago, Walter O'Keefe became the proud papa of a bouncing baby boy. A few days later he incorporated the event in his radio broadcast. Its central idea was that every time he tried to tell someone else on the program about the newcomer they'd stifle him with a "you oughta see my dog do tricks" or "what a ball game I saw today." It was very funny and met with enthusiastic response on the part of listeners. He decided to carry the baby business along on each program. It became a radio hit. But only a comparatively few persons knew that Walter really had made his debut as a father. So people in Air-castle Row still stop him and say: "Congratulations on that baby gag on your program. It sure is swell. How did you come to think it up?"

FRANK PHARES is a former movie writer who fabricated the dialogue for "Mata Hari" and other pictures. But he gave up a highly lucrative screen contract to try writing for radio purposes only. Now, Phares is creating the scripts for "Mickey of the Circus."

On the other hand, there's Bob Andrews, probably one of the most successful radio writers. He authored about thirty scripts weekly, including such serials as "Just Plain Bill," "Skippy" and "Betty and Bob," and probably garnered as many shekels for himself as do some of the brightest stars of the airwaves. But Andrews was dissatisfied. He threw over all these nice assignments to journey to Hollywood. They're both happy now.

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS



Why Not Send Birthday Congratulations to Your Favorites?

John S. Young.....Aug. 3, —
Nino Martini.....Aug. 8, 1904
Jane Pickens.....Aug. 10, 1911
Leonard Joy.....Aug. 12, —
Albert Spalding.....Aug. 15, 1888
Gene Glenn.....Aug. 15, 1905
Abram Chasins.....Aug. 17, 1903
Countess Olga Albani..Aug. 18, —
Julia Sanderson.....Aug. 20, —
Andre Baruch.....Aug. 20, 1906
James Meighan.....Aug. 22, 1906
Wendell Hall.....Aug. 23, —
Grace Hayes.....Aug. 23, —
Ralph Kirbery.....Aug. 24, —
Edith Murray.....Aug. 28, 1909
Paul Keast.....Aug. 31, 1905

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

That wonderful day on the river



● How precious a simple snapshot can be . . . Don't take chances with pictures that mean so much. Your camera—any camera—is better when loaded with Kodak Verichrome Film. Verichrome gives you the true expression, the naturalness. Your snaps turn out the way you want them. Always use Verichrome and be sure . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

**This day will never come again—
save it with snapshots**

Out of a Phone Book

(Continued from page 35)

Then he said to Annita, "Marry me and come back to Texas with me or I'll never see you again."

They did get married, but Annita never went back to Texas with him. Instead, after he had settled up some of his business in Texas, they went on a long trip to Europe. On the way back home, Gertrude Niesen was born somewhere on the high seas. When people tell her that she looks exotic or foreign, she explains that it's because of the foreign tinge she got by being born on the Atlantic Ocean before she arrived in New York.

Even as a child of five or six Gertrude Niesen was a fighter. She remembers one incident where a child stole her cap and she started to chase the child. She also belonged to a gang of girls who fought with another gang in the neighborhood.

As she grew older, she retreated more within herself and lived for the companionship of her mother. Yet on the surface, she did all the things that the average girl does. She went in for basketball, swimming and tennis. After graduating from Girls' High School in New York, she went to a finishing school, and she says it almost finished her. When she graduated, she was a little snob. The school was supposed to make the girls social, and instead it made them unsocial. They were firmly convinced that no one was fit to associate with them except other girls who had graduated from the same school.

Until she was sixteen, Gertrude Niesen had not been allowed to go out with boys. Now here she was, a graduate of the seminary, and almost seventeen. She began going to dances every night and sleeping all day. It was an unhealthy and not very normal existence, and if she had kept it up, I do not know what would have become of the girl.

Fortunately, she had sense enough to

realize that the life she was living was not the right sort for her, and she began wondering what she could do. She had learned *Culture* with a capital C and a lot of Latin, but what was she really good for?

At parties she sometimes sang wobbly ballads in a high soprano voice (she is a contralto now), and her friends marvelled that anyone they knew should sing so well. They convinced her that she had talent.

One day she decided to get some sort of theatrical job. She had no pull, no influence, no idea of how to go about it. But she steeled herself to the task. If her friends said she had a good voice, why should she sit home and do nothing about it?

She went to the telephone book and looked up a list of theatrical agents. Then she started making the rounds. When they asked her about her experience, she lied brazenly and mentioned every town she had ever been to on a vacation, claiming she had sung there.

AT one agent's place, the boy at the reception desk winked at her and beckoned her to his desk.

"What do you do?" he asked.

"Oh, I sing."

"What kind of singing do you do?"

"Oh, most any kind."

He gave her the names of two night clubs to go to, and she landed a job in one of them, the 300 Club.

Another agent called her at eleven o'clock at night to tell her that he wanted her to sing for someone in a vaudeville act. She landed that job, too, and doubled from the first day of her theatrical career.

Gertrude Niesen feels that her career has been something of an adventure and also a succession of lucky breaks. After she had been singing at various night clubs for about two years, a theatrical

agent asked her to give an audition for a sponsor. But they had always had the most successful and biggest names in radio on their programs, and Gertrude Niesen was unknown in radio. In the end they decided against taking on this young, unknown girl. But fortunately for her, William Paley, president of the Columbia Broadcasting System, was present at one of these auditions and he liked her singing so well that he put her on a sustaining program at Columbia. Now Gertrude Niesen is one of the leading figures of radio. In the "Big Show" she is a star in her own right.

Her torch songs are a sensation. Yet she herself, though she goes out a great deal, is not in love. She claims that she has been in love only once. When she was fifteen she fell in love with a young man she met in the country. He was a student at Princeton. When she was sixteen, he was allowed to come and visit her. They loved each other madly for a while. He wanted Gertrude to marry him. But he was practically the first man she had ever gone out with, and she could not reconcile herself to the idea of marrying so soon. Emotional as she was, there was one side of her mind that told her that the marriage would never work out. The young man was extremely jealous, and she could not lift a finger without causing him agony. Flattering as such jealousy was, she was intelligent enough to realize that it would be fatal to a happy marriage. Eventually she fell out of love, and they gave up seeing each other.

GERTRUDE NIESEN looks like the sort of person who would always be carrying the torch for someone. The reason she does not is interesting. She is the type of person who always goes to extremes. She even puts on her stockings with emotion. For her there

can be no half-hearted crushes, no lukewarm emotions. She is not a girl to have a crush on one man, to get over it in two weeks, and go ga-ga about someone else. Her first love was puppy love, after all. People who know her have told her that when she falls in love it will be terrific. It probably will.

She has never had any close women friends, no bosom chum or confidante. She does not entirely trust women. She has seen too many women double-cross one another. In a night club one night a girl who had tucked away a few drinks told Gertrude about how her best friend had stolen the only man she ever loved from her. Gertrude Niesen imagines that things of that sort happen quite frequently. Perhaps it is not entirely fair to say she is distrustful. It would be more exact to say that she is wary. When she does give her confidence, she gives it wholeheartedly.

She has a sense of humor, but she takes her work very seriously. Perhaps too seriously. She acts as if every song were a matter of life and death. She is no ga-ga little yes girl, but fights for her rights always and is never afraid to say what she thinks. When she thinks that someone is doing her an injustice, she gets a terrific pleasure out of giving that person a piece of her mind.

She loves to dance, runs to extremes of depression and elation, spends her days off driving out of town, sometimes naps during the day, never wears stockings with formal clothes, and does not like to cook.

She says that her mother has helped her with her radio work more than any other human being. Her mother loves to play the piano, and when Gertrude is rehearsing her songs, her mother plays the piano to accompany her.

It looks as if the most exotic girl in radio, the siren from Brooklyn, were a mother's girl after all!

From the Deep South

(Continued from page 22)

A belt of cypress blued by distance across a carpeting of crimson swamp flowers. Jerry may take that one out of the index next time he steps to the microphone. Jerry romantic? Why, surely; remember, his program is titled *Roadways of Romance*, and his favorite song is his own composition, "Tender Is The Night." But that's only part of him.

The other ingredient for his success is his large number of singing teachers. "About three dozen, I guess," he hazarded, "and the best gang of negro stevedores that ever trundled bales on the Illinois Central docks. Boy, what I learned from listening to those babies chant while they were loading! You know, one man in every gang doesn't do any work but sit back and sing for the others, and they come in on the refrain whenever they feel like it, which is most of the time."

There you have the alert Mr. Cooper, eager for material that will help his interpretation. Black men, plodding, their voices echoing the measured beat of the Congo drums of their ancestors, and afterward, when trapped, the clink of the chain. Listen for it next time Jerry sings "Chloe" or "Old Man River."

"After that background," says Jerry,

"I wouldn't study under the best professional teachers in the world. They'd teach me a lot I didn't know, but when they got finished it wouldn't be Jerry Cooper any longer. I'd be overtrained. I'd be combed down and prettified and standardized until I had no more personality than one of the girls in those big choruses of precision dancers."

"I haven't any delusions about opera, either. That's for the few really greats, such as Tibbett, a chap I could listen to all day. As for the ladies, I'll take Jessica Dragonette, but I like to hear anyone sing who can do it with ease. I don't like fireworks with my music. Guess that's why I gave up my orchestra; too much grief handling one if you want to sing as well, because you have to be not only leader, but the official smoother, money lender and wet nurse extraordinary in the bargain. Life's too short to go sticking out your neck like that."

HERE Mr. Cooper scowled at his walnut brown brogues. He is being exposed to a course of dramatics to polish up his manner of delivering lines and to increase his theatrical poise, and he refers to it with all the force of Junior when he has been saddled with a

recitation on Graduation Day. Then the cheerful grin comes breaking through, for Jerry knows that the course means he is going places.

"I'm a lucky guy," he admitted. "Two years ago I'd have laughed myself into a palsy if anyone had hinted I'd be here some day. I was happy down home, and I used to remind myself that if I lost my voice I could always go back and play first base on the semi-pro team in New Orleans that won a couple of city championships. I could be happy there, too."

"Once I thought I was in love; then the girl turned around and married somebody else. But shucks! here I am as good as ever, and perfectly open minded. No, nothing doing about pinning me down to my favorite type; I'm not one of those birds who go armed with a blue print and a tape measure. When the right girl comes along I'll have inside information about it, even if her hair is green."

"But I'll say one thing; it's a million to one she won't be a society girl. I haven't any yen to mingle with the smart set. I'll sing for them because they're nice people, but when it comes to this business of taking up an artist to see what makes him tick, they can

skip me. It's done all the time with actors, sculptors, all sorts of 'names,' and when the bluebloods get bored with them, which is pretty soon, they smile very graciously and pass on. But the poor pickup, who thought he'd been admired for himself instead of for what he could do, comes down with a thud that he never gets over."

WOULD he like to make a picture? That question often brings forth a languid stare and some such drivel as, "No," I said to Paraversal. "I can't be bothered this year . . .," but Jerry is too honest and vital for that sort of ghost dancing.

"I'll go like a flash," he declared. "It's a part of life, and I've got to have my whack at it. I want to see Hollywood and I want to see the country in general. I've never had much chance to travel, and this Summer, if I get a holiday, I'm off to some mountains, probably the Adirondacks. I've never seen mountains or deserts or the Great Lakes, and believe me, I'm ready for them all! I want to try everything, and then, when I'm a bit creaky in the knees, I can sit back and pick out the worthwhile parts, and maybe lie a little

(Please turn to page 57)

Matching Lips and Finger Tips are the New Sensation



Natural Lipstick
Natural, Rose and
Mauve Nail Polish



Coral Lipstick
Coral Nail Polish



Cardinal Lipstick
Cardinal Nail Polish



Ruby Lipstick
Ruby Nail Polish



IMPORTANT—READ!
Unlike many other oily polish removers that seek to imitate it, Cutex Oily Polish Remover leaves no film to dim the lustre of your nail polish and shorten its life. This is because Cutex Oily Polish Remover contains a very special oil that cannot harm the appearance of your polish or affect its wear. Play safe! Avoid unsatisfactory imitations.

Cutex offers you a complete range of matching Lipsticks and Nail Polishes

EVERYBODY'S talking about the exciting new Cutex vogue of matching lips and finger tips! . . . Every smart woman is wearing them this summer—on cruise or ashore!

And no wonder, when this color harmony of lips and nails is so absolutely *right* . . . when it's so becoming to every woman, and so suited to her every costume . . . And, best of all, when Cutex has made it so very easy to achieve.

No effort or guesswork—you simply choose your favorite Cutex Polish shades from a lovely color range running through Natural, Rose, Mauve, Coral, Cardinal and Ruby. And then ask for the

corresponding Cutex Lipstick. It will match or tone in perfectly. No more discords of purplish reds and orange reds—lips and nails "belong."

And the Cutex Lipstick is a perfect find just in itself. It's delightfully smooth and creamy—yet never greasy. It goes on beautifully and *stays* on without drying your lips in the least.

DON'T WAIT! Get at least one shade of Cutex matching Lipstick and Nail Polish today! At the Toilet Goods Department of your favorite store . . . Cutex Liquid Polish, in Crème or Clear form; and Cutex Lipstick in shades to match.

NORTHAM WARREN • New York Montreal London Paris

Little Corporal

(Continued from page 21)

life—entered it fantastically and dramatically, in a manner more suggestive of fiction than fact.

It came in a thunderclap—a thunderclap heralding a cloudburst that kept the regular artists away from a studio in the store where David was working and sent the station manager hurrying to seize David almost by the scruff of the neck and thrust him into the one career of all possible careers that could have brought release and a means of expression to him.

At that thunderclap, all confusion disappeared for him. All the hurly-burly, the disordered bits of his life, the struggle, and the retreat from struggle into books, suddenly fell into one clear pattern.

He saw that through the things which had never quite matched up, his reading aloud, his devotion to words, his linguistic attainments, the hardships he had encountered, he had been, all unwittingly, accumulating the very preparation that he needed for this career.

I LIKE this story of what radio has done for David Ross. I like it because it somehow makes this great impersonal mechanism seem somehow closer, warmer and more human.

Let us follow it then from the beginning, so that none of its dramatic twists and implications may be missed.

It is one of the curious contradictions of his career that the boy who was to win medals for perfection of speech grew up in one of those crowded warrens of northern Manhattan Island where one can hear spoken English "moidered" daily.

English was not "moidered" in his own home, however. There were always books on the shelves. In fact there were books in the house when there was not always bread.

For David's father was like himself, gentle and sensitive, interested in the inner meaning of things. A lover of nature, he was chained to city pavements; a philosopher, he was forced to earn his living as a petty shopkeeper. His theories balanced more often than his ledgers. For him there was never to be any magic touchstone of release. David's fulfillment had to do for both of them.

David's early years were filled with the sort of experiences that Fourth of July orators love to point to with pride as the smithy of success. He knew hunger and the fear of hunger. He knew cold and the dread of cold.

As soon as he was old enough to understand what responsibility meant, he had to bear his share of it. At five o'clock of a cold winter morning, you could have seen him, his face pinched from the wind, wheeling a broken-down baby carriage containing a bundle of papers as big as himself along the deserted, gusty streets of the Bronx.

Too often, he would go direct from his paper route to school, without any breakfast. Too often the grateful drowsy warmth of the classroom would be too much for him and he would fall asleep, to be awakened by a misunderstanding teacher, who, thinking him an uncommonly dull and uninterested scholar, would rap him across the hand until his knuckles stung with pain.

THERE was no money to buy warm stocking-caps or mittens like the ones the other boys had. So he tried to convince himself he had no need for stocking-caps or mittens.

"Just the training, for an up-and-

coming, red-blooded American," say the Fourth of July orators.

But this is what it did to David:

"It was like the terror of a child left alone in the dark," he said, "there was nothing secure or warm or comforting anywhere outside my home. All the world around became a fearful, hostile void, filled with haunting, shifting shapes and shadows."

About Radio Favorites

Pat Kennedy, Irish tenor, has a collection of 400 "good luck" medals. . . . Vin Haworth, the Jack Arnold of the Myrt and Marge series, has three nieces in the movies: Ginger Rogers, Phyllis Fraser and Rito Causino, dancer recently signed by Fox. . . . Anne Seymour, leading lady of "Grand Hotel," was born in New York in 1909 and educated at Cathedral School of St. Mary's, in New York. She made her stage debut at the age of twelve with Helen Hayes in "To the Ladies". . . . Harold Wayne King was born in Savannah, Ill., 34 years ago. His father was a railroad man, his mother died when he was seven. The first job of the future "Waltz King" was working in a doctor's office. . . . Peg La Centra was christened Marguerita. . . . Bill Hay, pal of Amos 'n' Andy, landed in Chicago from Dunfreies, Scotland, at the age of eighteen and landed a job with a bank. . . . Bob Hope was playing country fairs in Ohio when he attracted the attention of the late Fatty Arbuckle, who put him in his vaudeville act.

Because of his abnormal sensitiveness under continued hardships, the fears grew and magnified. The world became an enemy lying in ambush.

Take such an incident as this. There was a spelling bee in school. David was proud of his spelling prowess. The contest was narrowing down when he was given the word "field." A simple word. He spelled it "feeld" and went down in shame and mortification.

His first reaction, however, was not that he had made a mistake, but that the word itself had betrayed him. He knew how it was spelled. He could see it plainly in his mind. "Feeld." Then the treacherous word had shifted and had become this other word, "field," just when he was most certain of it. If so inanimate a thing as a word could betray you, what was there anywhere that you could depend on?

It was the same with his reading aloud, or his reciting. At home, with his mother and father smiling fondly from across the table, the words flowed forth so beautifully in that young voice of his which was already deep and resonant. And he dreamed of reading to hosts of strangers as he read to them, of hearing cheers and clapping of hands.

Then the classroom. And the words on the page fled from him. His own throat and eyes and knees went back on him. And he would return defeated to the home that was his only sanctuary.

In his home, in his books, in the Sunday walks into the parks which he took with his father, he found his only happiness. But of what good were these things, if they were only an escape, if

they did not tie up with the world outside?

David and his father talked this over. His father was so anxious for David to find the way to a fuller life—the way he had missed—that he was ready to make any sacrifice.

HE thought that the solution would be for David to become a farmer. In his visionary, idealistic way he saw a farm as a sort of pastoral dream where one worked at satisfying toil and communed with nature, free from the soul-destroying strife and struggle of the city.

So David's father and mother began to scrimp and save. They did not spare themselves. They toiled extra hours. They denied themselves everything. At last the day came when it was possible for David to go to Rutgers to study scientific agriculture—without having to work his way.

But the beauties of meadow and sky seemed farther away than ever. Instead he found himself in a smelly laboratory, lost in a maze of retorts and test-tubes and mathematical formulae that made his head ache.

Just when life seemed to promise a solution, it had betrayed him again. He grew daily more miserable, until existence became a nightmare for him.

At the end of a year he decided that he could not in all conscience spend any more of his parents' hard-earned savings. So he gave up school and set out again to find a job.

His year of college seemed a useless enough commodity when he faced the world. His first job out of school made no more sense than anything else in his life. It was in a shirting factory, cutting out sample swatches. His salary was six dollars a week.

After a bit he was promoted to a minor clerkship at nine dollars a week.

Then one day after work, the manager of the factory called David up in front of the assembled employees and began to abuse him for abbreviating the states on envelopes he was addressing.

It was unspeakable humiliation for the sensitive youth. He endured it as long as he could, fighting to keep the unmanly tears out of his eyes.

Then, unable to bear it any longer, he seized upon the only weapon he knew—the weapon of words. He turned upon his tormentor with a perfect flood of invective and vituperation. Leaving the astonished man standing with his mouth open, he ran from the room. He never returned, not even to get his infinitesimal check.

For the next months his wanderings were a strange Odyssey of the employment offices and the classified columns, without meaning, without purpose, beyond appeasing the pangs of hunger.

HE was secretary for a brief time to a Russian baroness. He tended babies at an orphan asylum. He worked as press agent for a publishing house. In between times he did such literary hack work as he could pry out of begrudging editors. He painfully punched out book reviews for scarcely more than enough to meet the payments on his rented typewriter. These jobs lasted for only a few weeks apiece. He was spending more time making the rounds of offices, being told roughly, "nothing today" than he was working.

On rare occasions he could come home with a smile on his face. Then his mother would say:

"David! You got a job! You look so happy."

He could shake his head and reply: "No, Mother. I didn't. But a man refused me so pleasantly!"

After a long fruitless period, through an ad in the paper, David got a job selling pianos in Gimbel's department store. He had a bit of luck in the beginning. For the first week he was high man.

But he was probably the least getting salesman the department had ever had. When prospective customers would get out of the elevators, the more enterprising salesmen would pounce upon them, while the timorous David would slink as far back into the corners as possible. Week by week his sales dwindled.

On the floor below was a radio studio. David used to like to wander down there on days when things were slack on the piano floor. To him the studio people were a more congenial crowd than the piano salesmen. Sometimes, after his shyness wore away, he used to read them verses that he had copied from books or clipped from newspapers.

THEN came the day of the thunderclap. Without other warning one of those spring cloudbursts gushed forth upon New York. That was ten years ago. In those days, radio performers weren't paid salaries. They went on the air for the fun of it, and for glory, if you could call it that.

When the storm broke they stayed right where they were. Why should they brave the rain to come to the station when they weren't getting paid for it anyway?

The station manager was casting frantically around for someone to fill the air time, when he bethought himself of the young piano salesman with the poetic inclinations.

He rushed wild-eyed upstairs and hustled him down to the studio. Almost before David knew what was happening to him, he found himself facing a little black box, with a book in his hand, reading.

Terrified at the idea, he found, plunging in, that it wasn't bad at all.

As he read, at the sound of his voice, confidence came to him. Why this wasn't like having to face an audience! It was almost easy.

Every time he paused, the manager gestured to him to keep on. He read on and on. The minutes sped. Then a few bedraggled piano players straggled in out of the storm and the day was saved.

The next day mail began to come—letters wanting to know whose this new voice was and when would he be on the air again?

And David's visit to the studio became almost a daily occurrence.

Finally a vacancy occurred and David was offered the job of announcer at the unheard of salary of thirty-five dollars a week. It was incredible. Never has any amount he has earned since seemed as big as that first weekly check. He went home walking on air.

Thus began the first congenial job he had ever held in his life. Why, it was just what he'd been preparing for all the time!

THE chief requirement seemed to be reading aloud from a script in front of the little black box. And reading aloud was what he had been doing for his own amusement for as long as he could remember.

True, the black box itself gave him
(Please turn to page 58).

Keep Your Family Happy

WITH THESE FINE RECIPES AND NEW FOOD IDEAS

- A -

44 EASY ECONOMICAL DINNERS.....10c

The kind you'd always be proud to serve . . . yet they aren't expensive. The trick? It's the little surprise touches! Like Pear Salad with Ginger.

- B -

REDUCING THE RIGHT WAY.....10c

Height and weight charts . . . calory chart . . . satisfying menus with low calory content . . . general exercise hints for reducing.

- 2 -

FOODS THAT MEN PREFER.....10c

Breakfast breads . . . pies and pastries . . . puddings and simple desserts . . . cakes . . . meat and meat substitutes . . . vegetables . . . confections . . . menus.

- 3 -

MENUS FOR TWO.....10c

Intriguing menus and recipes . . . food budget for two . . . how to order . . . utensils needed for two.

- 9 -

FOOD CHILDREN LIKE TO EAT.....10c

For breakfast . . . the school box lunch . . . party refreshments . . . low-cost lunch and dinner dishes . . . favorite candies and desserts.

- 13 -

FOOD IN THE FAMILY BUDGET.....10c

Helpful data on buying . . . what to spend for various foods . . . keeping food accounts . . . economical use of fruits and vegetables . . . making the most of meat . . . economical use of cereals . . . sugar, fats and oils.

- 14 -

BETTER MEALS WITH FISH.....10c

A resume of fish buying . . . recipes for cocktails and appetizers . . . fish soups . . . for the main course . . . salads . . . for breakfast . . . entrees and luncheon dishes . . . sauces and garnishes.

- 17 -

VEGETABLE COOKERY.....10c

Spinach and other greens . . . ways with tomatoes . . . corn, peas and beans at their best . . . vegetable salads . . . economy with root vegetables . . . left-over vegetable dishes.

- 20 -

HIGHLIGHTS OF AMERICAN COOKERY....10c

America's best cakes and pies . . . appetizers and salads . . . New England dishes . . . Southern food . . . popular sandwiches . . . meat dishes . . . fish dishes.

- 21 -

RECIPES AND MENUS FOR CHILDREN'S MEALS..10c

Nursery and kindergarten menus . . . diets for grammar school age . . . food for high school children . . . school box lunches . . . breakfast menus . . . dinner menus . . . lunch and supper menus . . . favorite dishes of Hollywood school children.

YOU—and every

clever woman—know how important good food is in keeping your family happy and content. Tired husbands immediately perk up at the sight of their favorite dishes and the children's hearty appetites are a real tribute to your cooking.

Nor are long hours and elaborate preparations necessary. The Home Service Bureau of Tower Magazines has prepared food circulars to make your cooking not only something the family looks forward to eagerly, but meals that are easy for you to fix—leaving leisure time for your other activities. Each circular contains a wealth of material. Tell us, on the coupon below, which ones you want.

How To Order

Check the circulars you want by the corresponding number in the coupon below, sending the coupon, with your name and address to Tower Magazines, and enclosing 10c for each circular you order. Or write a letter stating which circulars you want, enclosing the proper amount.

- 22 -

MORE FLAVOR WITH CHEESE.....10c

Cheese appetizers and soups . . . cheese you should know . . . main dishes . . . for lunch and supper . . . sandwiches . . . salads . . . cheese desserts and foreign cheese dishes.

- 25 -

ENTERTAINING—FORMAL AND INFORMAL 10c

Chart for formal table setting . . . chart for informal table setting . . . company luncheons and dinners . . . afternoon refreshments . . . late evening refreshments . . . Sunday breakfasts . . . family luncheons and dinners.

- 26 -

FOOD FOR SMALL TOTS.....10c

Milk in the diet of babies and young children . . . vegetables and how to serve them . . . fruit in baby's diet . . . fruit juices and cereals . . . meat and eggs.

- 27 -

INTERESTING BREADS.....10c

Yeast breads . . . rolls and buns with yeast . . . breakfast breads . . . baking powder loaves . . . biscuits . . . griddle cakes and waffles . . . toast in many forms.

- 28 -

SOUPS FOR APPETITES.....10c

Luncheon and dinner menus with soups . . . soup variations . . . cold soups and aspics . . . luncheon dishes made with soup . . . soup accompaniments . . . salads made with soup.

- 30 -

GETTING THE MOST OUT OF FRUIT.....10c

Orange recipes . . . special uses for pineapple . . . bananas . . . apples and other core fruit . . . peaches and plums in interesting ways . . . best berry recipes . . . melons and grapes.

- 31 -

SPECIAL ICE BOX RECIPES.....10c

Modern mousses and parfaits . . . ice creams and ices . . . chilled desserts . . . ice box cakes . . . frozen and chilled salads . . . chilled meats and vegetable dishes . . . beverages . . . refrigerator pastry and rolls.

- 32 -

SALADS—OVER AND OVER AGAIN.....10c

Salad greens and dressings . . . simple salads . . . vegetable salads . . . meat and fish salads . . . cheese and egg salads . . . fruit salads . . . dessert salads.

- 34 -

BETTER BREAKFASTS.....10c

Breakfast menus . . . how to prepare fruits for breakfast . . . fruit juices for breakfast . . . ways with cereals . . . muffins and small breakfast breads . . . eggs . . . more hearty breakfast dishes.

Tower Magazines, Inc.,
55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

I am enclosing \$..... for which please send me right away the circulars I have checked here according to the numbers above.

A B 2 3 9 13 14 17 20 21 22 25 26 27 28 30 31 32 34

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

WHAT A DIFFERENCE!



what a truly amazing difference Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids do make

DO you carefully powder and rouge, and then allow scraggly brows and pale, scanty lashes to mar what should be your most expressive feature, your eyes? You would be amazed at the added loveliness that could be so easily yours with Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids!

Simply darken your lashes into long-appearing, luxuriant fringe with the famous Maybelline Eyelash Darkener, and see how the eyes instantly appear larger and more expressive. It is absolutely harmless, non-smarting, and tear-proof, and keeps the lashes soft and silky. Black for brunettes, Brown for blondes.

Now a bit of Maybelline Eye Shadow blended softly on your eyelids, and notice how the eyes immediately take on brilliance and color, adding depth and beauty to the expression. There are five exquisite shades of this pure, creamy shadow: Blue, Brown, Blue-Grey, Violet, and Green.

Form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking, easy-to-use Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. A perfect pencil that you will adore. It comes in Black or Brown.

To stimulate the natural growth of your lashes, apply the pure, nourishing Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream before retiring.

The name Maybelline is your assurance of purity and effectiveness. These famous products in purse sizes are now within the reach of every girl and woman at all leading toy stores. Try them today and see what an amazing difference Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids can make in your appearance.



All Maybelline Preparations bear the seal of approval

Maybelline
EYE BEAUTY AIDS



Left, the complete cast: Curtis Arnall, Ruth Russell, Arthur Hughes and James Meighan.

Below, Arthur Hughes as plain Bill, the philosophical barber.



Extra!

NANCY MARRIES KERRY

The dependable Kerry gets the girl in the radio series, "Just Plain Bill"

THEIR romance has aroused more speculation and controversy among their followers than the heart affairs of a famous movie star. Yet they are not celebrities at all.

They are very plain, everyday, ordinary people. In fact, to be perfectly accurate, they are not people, but characters in a radio serial.

You might have difficulty in convincing those who listen nightly to the "Just Plain Bill" program of that, however.

The lives and adventures of Bill Davidson, the small-town barber, his daughter Nancy and her two suitors, Kerry and David, of the talkative, comic Elmer Eps and Mrs. Eps, of all the small-town characters who wander in and out of the story, are reality to them.

They are so real that during the months when Nancy has been unable to make up her mind and her heart between good old dependable Kerry, who can always be counted on in an emergency, and the volatile and moody but lovable David, the army of their listeners has taken as active and militant an interest in their relationship as though they were personal friends of theirs.

Let Kerry get the upper hand in Nancy's affections for a while and the letters pour in from the supporters of David, urging Nancy to see him in a more favorable light.

On the other hand, when David appears to be getting the breaks, the Kerry fans become equally voluble, insisting that Nancy give their favorite due consideration, and extolling his splendid qualities as a husband.

Letters? Not only letters. Long, impassioned pleas that would do credit to a defense attorney. Petitions, actually petitions, signed

"Forty Anxious Couples," or "Six Engaged Couples."

By the time this story appears in print, the Kerry fans will have triumphed. The three-cornered romance will have reached a culmination in a June wedding between Nancy Davidson and Kerry Donovan.

Perhaps it will have come as a shock only to the more die-hard David admirers. It has been brewing for a long time. But there is consolation for them in the fact that David of late has seemed more reconciled to Nancy's interest in Kerry, that he himself has become romantically interested in Eva Willis, the little waif that Bill and Nancy have taken into their home.

How did the romance happen to come to a decision? And how did it happen to work out in just this way? Did the clamor of the Kerry adherents finally get the better of those who stood staunchly behind David?

But let Mrs. Anne S. Ashenurst, vice-president of the Blackett-Sample Hummert agency, who decides the fate of the characters, tell it to you.

"If I had plotted the course of action according to the letters from fans," said Mrs. Ashenurst, "I should have been pulled every which way.

"The morning mail would be preponderously in favor of David. Then the afternoon mail would bring a flood of letters equally insistent that Nancy choose Kerry.

"The truth is that these characters have become so real, so vivid, that they have developed a destiny of their own. Nancy married Kerry, not because the listeners demanded it, but because the characters as real people demanded it.

"Gradually the attachment between Nancy and Kerry had become so deep and genuine that there could not possibly be any other solution. I felt it. All those connected with the program felt it. And June, of course, is the ideal month for weddings."

And what of David? Will he fade into the background completely now or disappear from the script altogether? "There is in every woman's psychology the romantic figure of the man she might have married. David typifies that figure to Nancy. Thus he will always be important in the 'Just Plain Bill' show.

"There can never be any real dissension between Nancy and Kerry. Their affection is too deep-rooted for that. But with the proximity of David, situations may arise that are capable of misinterpretation and which may throw a shadow across their happiness. What they will be, how or when they will come, only the future can tell."

Then, of course, there is David's interest in Eva. No one can tell what will come of that. But it will bear close watching just now.

The illusion of reality which these characters have, not only for the radio audience, but for everyone connected with bringing them to the nation's fireside, is largely responsible for the program's success during its three years or more on the air waves.

They are ever present as real people in the minds of Mrs. Ashenurst, Martha Atwell, who supervises the production, and all the members of the cast.

The program idea came into being casually enough several years ago when Mrs. Ashenurst saw a comedy barber shop program.

It occurred to her then that a barber shop might very well serve as a locale,

By EDWARD SAMMIS

not for comedy, but for a simple, human story, where all the homely, everyday cross-currents of universal small-town life were centered. And "Just Plain Bill," the philosophic barber of the mythical town of Hartsville, the man who has never made a material success, but who is rich in the humble virtues, came into being.

The story opened with a natural problem. His daughter, Nancy, who had been educated at an exclusive finishing school, was coming home to Hartsville to live. Would she accept her father, or would she be ashamed of him?

Nancy did accept him, of course, and fitted right into the simple but genuine life of Hartsville. Then romance entered her life with the coming of David and Kerry, and complications ensued.

THE program was tried out over a local station in Chicago. It met with such an immediate reception that it was moved to station WABC in New York, and finally to the Columbia network.

Mrs. Ashenhurst has no specified time for working out the things which happen to her characters. She is busy much of every day with executive duties and writing many other radio shows.

But the people of the "Just Plain Bill" script keep popping into her mind at unexpected moments, demanding that things be done about them. Then she jots down notes which she sometimes develops late at night—a habit formed during her years of work as a reporter on a morning newspaper.

In the studio, the dramatic direction of the story is under the guidance of Martha Atwell, who is radio's most successful feminine production expert.

Miss Atwell started out in life to be a singer. But Reuben Mamoulian, the movie director, persuaded her to switch to dramatics instead and gave her her first training and groundwork in dramatic technique.

Because of the current interest in the marriage of Kerry and Nancy, we have neglected mentioning until now the character who is the mainspring of the script.

He is, of course, "Just Plain Bill" Davidson himself. It is Bill, who with his native common sense and understanding philosophy helps to untangle the difficulties in which he and the other characters frequently find themselves.

The part of Bill has been played from the beginning by Arthur Hughes, a veteran actor of stage and radio.

He first appeared on the stage as a child actor in "Ten Nights in a Bar-room." He has played every conceivable

role since then from juveniles in one-night stands on the road to principal parts in Theatre Guild productions.

You have heard his voice often on the air, in "Fu Manchu," the "Sherlock Holmes" and Warden Lawes programs. He has often played villains. But he likes best to be identified with his role of "Just Plain Bill."

Ruth Russell, who plays Nancy, has also been on the stage since childhood, when she traveled on the road in religious plays.

Her first part was that of an angel in a church pageant in her native city of Washington, D. C. She has played in stock in Washington and with Eva Le Gallienne's repertory company in New York.

She prides herself on being able to play parts of all ages from four-year-old girls to aged crones.

Curtis Arnall, who plays the part of David, began acting some years ago. You have heard him as Buck Rogers.

James Meighan, another well-known radio actor, is Kerry. You hear him as "Richard" in "The Adventures of Marie, the Little French Princess."

The comic relief for the program is provided by Elmer Eps. Elmer has quite a following of his own. He is the handyman around Bill's barber shop, who is always putting his foot in things. Elmer helps the story along, too. He is the one who always blurts out the information that the others are trying to keep quiet.

Elmer is played by Joe Latham, an experienced radio performer. Joe specializes in comic characterizations, especially those of the W. C. Fields type.

Elmer's domineering wife is also quite an important figure in the script. She is played by Effie Palmer, who was that original Ma Parker in the "Sunday Nights at Seth Parker's" series.

In this program there are no dramatics, no temperamental pyrotechnics.

No audience witnesses these broadcasts. The actors are not playing to anyone. They are, for the time being, merely becoming people—people who are as real to them as they are to those millions who gather round the loudspeakers at 7:15 every night from Monday to Friday, to follow their adventures.

Just Plain Bill may be heard each Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday at 10:15 A.M., E.D.S.T., over the following CBS stations:

WABC, WCAO, WNAC, WGR, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WCAU, WJAS, WJSV, CFRB.

Exposing Fake Radio Schools

(Continued from page 32)

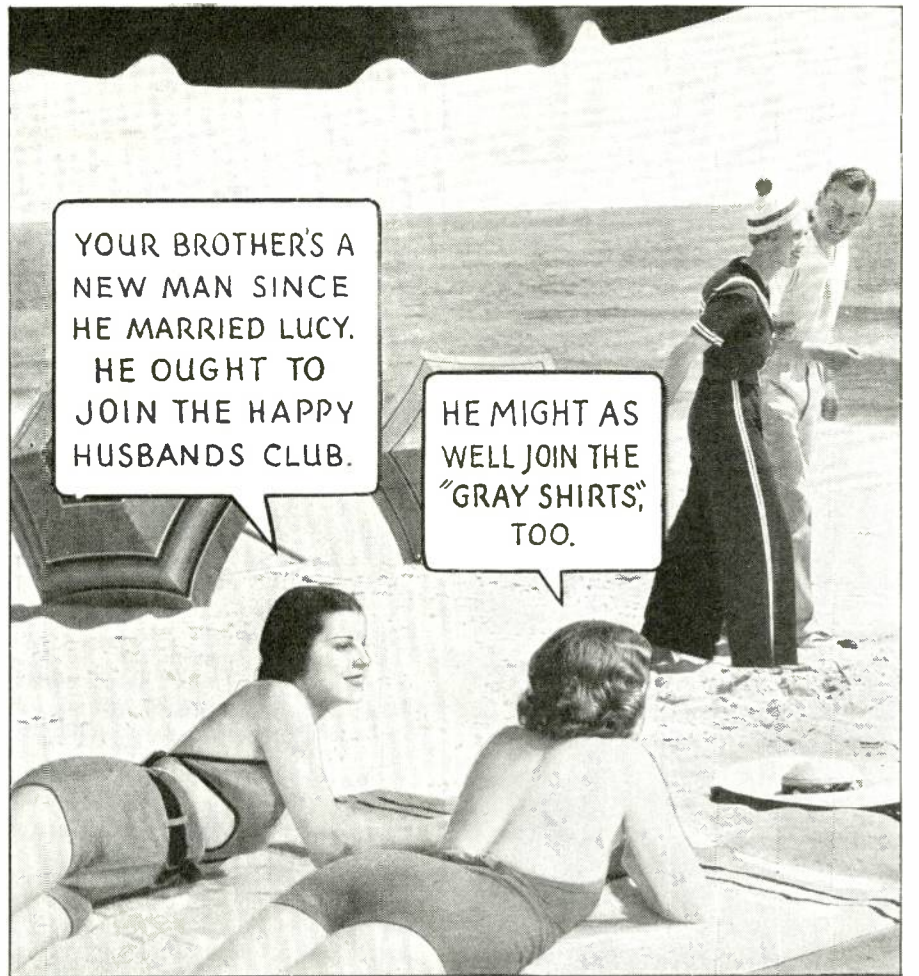
to pay them in full. I can honestly state that I have never regretted anything so much in my life as this unfortunate and unwise venture, and I would like to warn every gullible person, young or old, against throwing away his hard earned money in this manner."

There is a straightforward, sincere letter from an intelligent young woman who is trying to help others to avoid the costly mistakes she made. Her experiences illustrate some very important points—the falsity of these "radio technique" claims; the hollowness of the promises of auditions and aid in getting a job at the end of the course; and how meaningless is the promise to "put you on the air," a promise that, technically speaking, was fulfilled in her case—by being allowed

to sing one chorus of one song on one program of one station that later went out of business!

HERE is a letter from a boy in a small town in New York state who got even less fulfillment on the glowing promises of jobs on the air. He writes, "I was a victim of a fake school last season. They offer instruction in radio and guarantee to put you on the air at once on a commercial program. We entered this school as a dramatic club for 'microphone instruction.' Many lessons were taken, and we began to wonder when we were going to get a chance on the air. When we asked them about it, all they would say would be 'next week.' This went on for a few more weeks until we became

(Please turn to page 48)



YOUR BROTHER'S A NEW MAN SINCE HE MARRIED LUCY. HE OUGHT TO JOIN THE HAPPY HUSBANDS CLUB.

HE MIGHT AS WELL JOIN THE "GRAY SHIRTS," TOO.



"That's a mean crack. Why don't you be nice and tell Lucy how to get rid of tattle-tale gray?"

"How would I know? I've never kept house. You tell me and I'll tell her."

"All right, listen . . ."



"Lucy's trouble is left-over dirt—her clothes are only half clean. So tell her to change to Fels-Naptha right away. That grand golden soap is so *chockful* of naphtha that dirt almost flies out. And I mean ALL OF IT, too!"



"I'll remember—anything else?"

"Sure! Tell Lucy to wash everything in that gorgeous trousseau of hers with Fels-Naptha Soap. It's gentle as can be to silk undies and stockings. And there's real glycerine in every golden bar—so Fels-Naptha is dandy to hands!"



"Look! I told Lucy what you said about Fels-Naptha—and now she won't keep house without it. It certainly does a wonderful job!"

"That's why I tell everybody . . ."

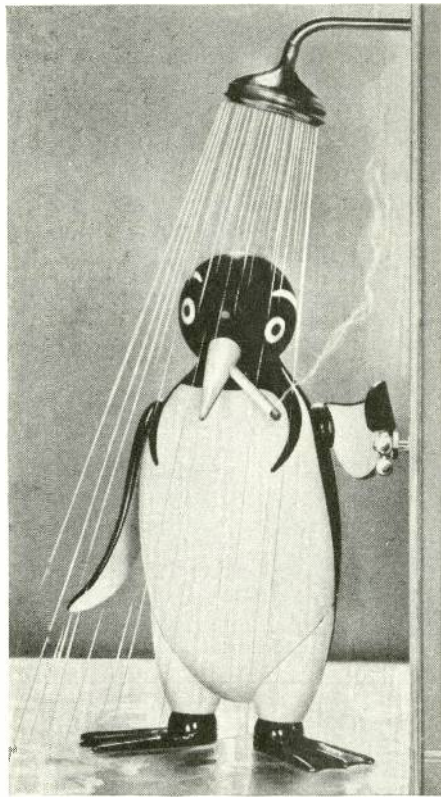
BANISH TATTLE-TALE GRAY WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP

© 1935 FELS & CO.

KOOL

MILDLY MENTHOLATED
CIGARETTES

CORK-TIPPED



LIKE A SHOWER ON A HOT DAY

—the cooling mild menthol in KOOLS sets you up. Light one and refresh that hot, parched throat. There's just enough mild menthol to give the smoke a pleasant coolness, but the fine tobacco flavor is fully preserved. Cork tips save lips. And a B&W coupon in each pack worth saving for a choice of mighty attractive premiums. (Offer good in U.S.A. only; write for illustrated premium booklet.) Ever tried KOOLS? It's time to—and a good time, too! Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

SAVE COUPONS for
HANDSOME PREMIUMS



15¢ for TWENTY 25¢ in CANADA

RALEIGH CIGARETTES . . . NOW AT POPULAR PRICES . . . ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS

Exposing Fake Radio Schools

(Continued from page 47)

disgusted and left them. I could send you a dozen names of people who also think this school is a fake."

Endless are the variations worked in the racket. Everyone knows that sopranos are among the most popular voices on the air. But when this next woman, a successful composer and concert singer who gave up her career to marry and was forced to seek work again because of the depression, went to a school as a means of entering what was to her the new field of radio, look what she encountered: "I was told that my voice, which was soprano, could not be used on the radio. They said I could have it lowered to contralto, and the man in charge said it was an easy job and it would take six weeks—three lessons a week at five dollars a half hour lesson. The so-called 'easy job' lasted three months. There was a piano in the room, but the man in charge would never accompany anyone. When I complained several times as to the length of the procedure, he kept telling me I was ready for work, and would send for an accompanist to play for me—which cost me an additional three dollars for the same half hour. I am still out of work and out of money, and I really believe that my talent as a singer, composer and pianist must have been a curse instead of a blessing to me."

That extra fee for an accompanist shows how new twists are constantly being added to the racket, and the whole episode illustrates the invariable practice of the fake schools—to bleed the victim for as much and for as long as they think the victim will stand for it. As one widow in New York City, who has a small daughter to support, writes: "I went for nearly six months, and paid \$3 every time I went. Always they kept saying there was no chance for me unless I took 'only a few more lessons,' so I stopped going. I was pretty good, but they wanted more money and I could not afford any more."

VERY pitiful are the letters written in broken English, showing an incomplete command of the language. Obviously, an ability to speak or sing in good English is the very first essential of radio work, and yet the foreign-language sections of large cities are a favorite hunting ground for radio fakers.

Some of the more sinister aspects of the racket are echoed in a letter from a fifteen-year-old girl in New York telling of an agent interviewing her in his office and asking her "if I knew what it was to have my feelings aroused." Fortunately she got out of there in a hurry. In another letter, a girl from Long Island asks bitterly, "Did you ever hear of a real agent asking a girl to bring some pictures of herself in a one piece bathing suit, or have you ever seen any singer stand in a studio and sing before a microphone in a bathing suit?"

Other letters reveal various details of fraudulent schools. They tell of the innocent-appearing "Come-on" advertisements in newspapers which say that talent is wanted for auditions; they tell of the two dollar "registration fee" which fake schools charge before you can be heard in one of these "auditions;" they tell of the "important sponsors" who are supposed to be waiting and listening in another room, but are never seen nor heard of after the school gets your money; they tell of the extra charges for "publicity photo-

graphs," for "advertising and promotional work;" they tell of the seemingly endless frauds that cheap crooks can invent. Most important of all they emphasize the two great lures—the enthusiastic first report, which comes no matter how bad the applicant may be, and almost always takes the general line of "great natural ability, but needs training in radio technique;" and the extravagantly high grades which are given early in the "course" to induce the luckless student to continue.

This last device of giving high grades, no matter what kind of work is done, is worked to a fare-you-well in the allied field of fake schools of radio engineering and technology. There are tremendous frauds worked in this field, especially if the course is given by mail, because of the obvious difficulty of teaching anyone to handle machinery and apparatus merely by writing about it. Here, again, in fairness to all, one much emphasize that there are valuable and ethical trade schools of radio engineering and mechanics, but vast numbers of them, especially those making extravagant claims, are mere catch-penny schemes exploiting and betraying the ambitions of young people who are making a worthwhile effort to get ahead.

Listen to the testimony. A boy out in the Middle West writes, "Enclosed you will find a few clippings of advertisements of my old alma mater—darn her soul. I attended this school for eight weeks and graduated with an average grade of 94, and I was just as dumb about radio as when I entered. I am now taking a regular university course in radio engineering, and have spent as much as three months on one phase of radio where the same was given me at this Chicago school in one hour's lecture. If this school is ever brought to explain, I will be one of the first to volunteer as a witness against it, and you can count on my furnishing at least a dozen more boys who will also testify."

This boy, having been fooled on a phoney school, did the proper thing and went to a real institution of learning. That is by far the wisest thing to do if you really want to learn radio engineering. If you can't afford a regular college or university, most cities have night schools and special study courses, where authentic instruction is given at very low cost—usually much lower than these widely and wildly advertised radio schools. Write to the Board of Education or Chamber of Commerce of whatever city you are interested in, and they will be glad to send you honest information.

There is one caution to be remembered above all others when dealing with a radio trade school—BE VERY CAREFUL OF WHAT YOU SIGN. Frequently what appears to be a mere enrollment card or paper is actually an ironbound contract on which you can be and will be sued in a court of law by the relentless slickers who are running the school. The Voice of Experience received a heart-breaking letter from a mother whose son signed up for one of these courses. Before he even had a chance to start it he developed incipient tuberculosis, he went to a CCC camp in Idaho in hopes that his health would improve. He is now in a hospital, his mother is on relief, and still the school sued for—and got!—a judgment of \$174 to pay for the course that was never taken, and now the school threatens to sell the home over the mother's head to satisfy the judgment. We repeat—be careful of what you sign.

NOW let's turn from these records of personal experience with schools of "radio technique" and schools of "radio engineering" to some authoritative statements from responsible officials of the two great broadcasting networks. They will have some real worth-while advice about getting into radio.

Experts are unanimous in condemning false talk about "radio technique," and Theo M. Gannon, assistant program director of the Columbia Broadcasting System, has an interesting angle on this question. "Even if there were such a thing as 'radio technique,' a shyster agent with an office microphone and a squeaky public address system couldn't come within miles of it. Real studio equipment costs about \$1,500 for even a small studio, and every studio presents a different acoustical situation. These are matters for production men and engineers, who are fully competent to handle them. All an artist needs to do is to deliver a capable performance, and 'microphone technique' takes care of itself.

"Trade schools in radio engineering are dangerous at best, because there are so very few jobs open for radio engineers. As for aspiring singers, actors or instrumentalists who want to get into radio, the thing they must always keep in mind is to get whatever experience they can, no matter how small the theater or club or broadcasting station, and not try to crash the networks on the very first attempt. If you make a reputation on the small time, and it is backed by real talent, never fear but that the big time will reach out to get you. Don't waste time and money and bring yourself heartbreak by fooling with fake radio schools. Go to a real teacher of music or singing or dramatics, and bring out your real capabilities."

Now as to the actual mechanics of getting on one of the larger networks, here is some very practical advice from radio's acknowledged authority, J. Ernest Cutting, director of auditions for the National Broadcasting Company. "You must realize," says Mr. Cutting, "that radio is now on a strictly professional basis. At Radio City we get endless thousands of applications, but we grant auditions only to those whose records and professional experience indicate that they have some immediate possibilities. I may say, too, that mention of one of these so-called 'radio schools' doesn't help an applicant; indeed it has the opposite effect. We know too much about these schools! Remember always that big-time radio is strictly professional, and to get on a network it is not enough to be 'just as good as so-and-so.' You have to be BETTER than so-and-so to land here! Analyze your talents' realistically. Make sure that you really are qualified to seek a career in radio, and then don't be afraid to start low. Make an effort to be heard over a small local broadcasting station, and do not be in a hurry to get off. There you can gain practical experience and acquire poise. And if your artistry becomes outstanding, have no fears—you will most certainly come to the attention of the large networks."

With this evidence we rest the case. Two articles have been written to cover this exhaustive study of radio schools, and two principles stand out above all others:

- (1) Beware of fake radio schools.
- (2) Go to a real teacher and develop the talents God gave you.

Social Rebel

(Continued from page 26)

always her heart has ruled her head. And her ambitions spread out to include her husband and her child. She knew, for instance, all about her husband's business and included at her parties men able to help him. She took an interest in his affairs and gave him intelligent advice. In this way her art suffered, and whereas she should have been expending all her energy upon her own career, she was taking on the burden of his career as well.

Cobina believes in Fate. "Things happen," she told me earnestly, "that are beyond our control. No matter how we plan, no matter what effort we make to reach a certain goal—a physical or a mental or emotional goal—if Fate has planned otherwise there is nothing we can do about it."

It was Fate which suddenly turned her life upside down and tested her capacities as few women have been tested.

When she married William Wright, her second husband, she was completely and utterly happy. She worshipped and idealized her husband and determined that she would do everything possible to make this marriage a success. Owen Johnson, her first husband, had children of his own. She had undertaken their rearing and, seeing how charming they were, had longed for a child of her own. When little Cobina was born to her and Wright, she knew that she had everything any woman could want. To sing, to be a loving mother and a dutiful wife—ah, what more?

But Fate had other plans for her. She realized at long last that her marriage was going on the rocks. Her husband, instead of being an idol worthy of a place upon a pedestal, was a man, subject to all the human frailties. When she discovered that the romance she had thought so beautiful was ended, she planned to talk it over with her husband and make arrangements for leaving him. That was in the late Summer of 1929. And no one could look ahead and see the approaching Wall Street debacle.

THE crash came—the avalanche which swept fortunes before it. And two of the fortunes it consumed were Cobina's and her husband's. As always, Cobina did the immediate thing. She threw all her fire and energy and brilliance into the job of reconstruction, but there was nothing left to reconstruct. The money was gone. Wright was a broken man.

And now what could she do? Go to him and tell him that since their ro-

mance was over she must leave him? Desert a sinking ship? No, this she could not do. So she stayed with him, sending her own money after his—and losing it, too. And at last the situation could continue in its present state no longer. She gave him all she had left in the world—\$500,000—and they decided that he should begin over again in another part of the country. She believed firmly that she could get along.

But how? In concerts she had already made a success. But the depression had hurt high-priced concerts, too. Even people like Lawrence Tibbett and John Charles Thomas were singing to empty seats, so that source of income was cut off for Cobina.

But her mind works with the precision of a Roxy chorus. She opened a place called "The Sutton Club," persuaded her friend, Beatrice Lillie, to entertain there and made a neat little success out of that. In the meantime she began broadcasting intimate chats about the famous people she knew and singing delightfully on Bob Reud's radio program from the St. Moritz Hotel. Here she was heard by the powers at Columbia and given a job which led eventually to the excellent program which she now undertakes. She talks and sings and presents a wonderful assortment of guest stars. Her daughter, whom she adores, is with her. She is busy, happy, interested in life. And the fact that her name—along with that of Rosamond Pinchot's and the President's son—was left out of the social register bothers her not a bit.

"I think it would be a grand idea," she told me, "to start a social register made up of all those who are left out. For what reason my name, which has been in ever since I can remember, was excluded, I don't know. Was it because I am earning my own living? Was it because of my divorce—or rather, my non-divorce? I can't tell you. At least I was left out with very good company."

Speaking of her separation from her husband reminds me of her curious marital status—a situation she is now trying to fight out in the courts and legislature. Because of the strange New York laws she has been unable to obtain a divorce from Wright. He, living in New Mexico, got his divorce and has married again. And yet Cobina is still—according to New York law—legally married to him.

As I have said, her life has been so full that it is impossible to give more than its highlights. The history of her autograph book alone would run

into several volumes. She has known—and known well—almost every celebrity of our time, and these people have lovingly inscribed pages of her book for her. There is a very charming message from General Pershing, who was grateful to her because she was the first woman who went to France to sing for the soldiers during the war.

HER parties combine the most brilliant members of the social and professional worlds. And I'll give you an example of her *savoir faire*. When she was forced to give up her gorgeous estate she moved into a fairly small New York apartment. Shortly afterwards she invited twelve guests for dinner. Fifteen minutes before they arrived her butler told her that some of her dishes had been broken or lost or misplaced and that there were only four bread-and-butter plates. "Why didn't you tell me sooner?" she asked. "I'd have gone to the ten-cent store and gotten more—but never mind. Use the bread-and-butter plates from that other set out there."

"But they don't match at all, madame," he protested.

"Use them anyhow."

As the guests filed into the dining-room, Cobina waved her hand toward the table. "Look," she said. "The very latest thing—bread-and-butter plates that don't match. Smart, isn't it?"

And that's Cobina Wright. The woman can get away with anything because of her wit and vitality. She is, of course, a great artist, as the inscriptions in her autograph book from musicians testify. But, more important, she is a great woman. Rich as her life has already been, the lust for living is still with her and every moment of her day is full and exciting!

Cobina Wright may be heard each Monday at 3 P.M. over the following CBS stations:

WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WAAB, WGR, WKRC, WHK, KRNT, CKLW, WDRC, WFBM, KMBC, KFAB, WHAS, WCAU, WJAS, WSPD, WJSV, WMBR, WQAM, WDBO, WDAE, KHJ, KDB, WGST, WPG, WLBZ, WBRC, WDOD, KVOR, WBNS, KRLD, KLZ, WBIG, WHP, KTRH, WNOX, KLRA, WFEA, WREC, WCCO, CKAC, WDSU, KOMA, WCOA, WMBD, WMBG, WDBJ, WTOC, KWKH, KSCJ, WSBT, WMAS, CFRB, WIBX, KFH, WSJS, WORC, KVI, KSL, KFPY, WBT, WSFA, WACO, KOIN, WLAC, KTUL, KFRC, WOC, WOWO, KGKO, KTSA, WDNC, KGB, WFBL, KFBK, KOL, KOH, KWG, KERN.

No Casting Today

(Continued from page 17)

before these men had tasted success. They don't like to be reminded of the time they were property men in stock companies, or when some actor recalls the day the director was promptly slapped by an irate ingenue.

"Visiting days of the directors are so much bunk," growled the actor. "On those days directors are supposed to audition new people. You give them your song and dance, they listen attentively, and take your name and address. When you shut the door behind you, they smile and tear the whole history up. Only when orders from higher executives come through, do they try out a few new voices."

Another pain to the actors are the English cousins, not yet naturalized. "Directors with fancy ideas go big for British accents," moaned the American.

And actors who have garnered distinguished reputations on Broadway as stars and featured players are now accepting one line parts on the air, which poorer actors could use, just for the fun of it and the extra change.

Of course there are a batch of directors who are sincere and fair. Antony Stanford of the J. Walter Thompson Company, Bill Bacher, who fashioned the famous "Showboat," Marguerite Jessup of McCann-Erickson, Aaron

Steiner of Leading Attractions, and Kenneth MacGregor of Benton and Bowles, are all liberal-minded stagers.

Directors have their troubles too. Take the case of the persistent girl. She pushed her way ahead of the others, skipped past the receptionist and barged into the office of one of radio's best-liked producers.

"You must listen to me, I'm wonderful," she blabbered. "All I want is just one teeny-weeny audition. I've played on this show and that, on Broadway for Sam H. Harris, I'm good-looking in case you're thinking of television and I have a lot of charm. I can do any part in

(Please turn to page 50)



—I don't give swimming all of the credit for my good health. I took a high dive into the diet problem, too. That's why Shredded Wheat is my favorite at breakfast—it's refreshing and helps build up lots of quick energy."

Every morning millions of healthy out-of-door folk dive into crisp, appetizing Shredded Wheat. Try it—heaped with fresh, juicy fruits or berries, swimming in milk or cream. You'll come up feeling fit for a hard day's work or play.

Shredded Wheat, you know, is *whole wheat*—nothing added, nothing taken away. It supplies Nature's most perfect balance of the vital health elements—wrapped up for you in a delicious, nut-brown biscuit.

So, come on in, the eating's fine. Kick up a wave of buoyant health with the food that's as good as it is good for you.



SHREDDED WHEAT



Ask for the package showing the picture of Niagara Falls and the red N.B.C. Uneda Seal.



"Uneda Bakers" NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

WARREN WILLIAM
PREFERS
NATURAL LIPS
UNUSUAL TEST SHOWS



HERE'S WHAT WARREN WILLIAM SAW



And then he found out he had picked the Girl with Tangee Lips



● Even Warren William, debonair actor who usually plays wise, witty roles, prefers girls with naturally rosy lips. He decidedly does *not* like that "painted look".

We found him at Warner Brothers Studios. With us were three girls. One used no lipstick; one had her usual lipstick on, and the third used Tangee. "Which lips, Mr. William, appeal to you most?" we asked him. He pointed out one girl... said, "Her lips are most appealing. They're so natural-looking." Warren William picked the girl with Tangee lips.

Tangee's magic color change principle gives your lips natural color. Makes them soft and kissable. Tangee brings out the natural rose in your lips. It never makes you look painted. For the simple reason that it *isn't* paint. For those who require more color, especially for evening use, there is Tangee Theatrical. Try Tangee. It comes in two sizes, 39c and \$1.10. Or, for a quick trial, send 10c for the special 4-piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

This Summer USE TANGEE CREME ROUGE WATERPROOF! ITS NATURAL BLUSH-ROSE COLOR NEVER FADES OR STREAKS EVEN IN SWIMMING

★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET
THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY TC85
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). 15¢ in Canada.

Check Shade Flesh Rachel Light Rachel

Name _____ (Please Print)
Address _____
City _____ State _____

No Casting Today

(Continued from page 49)

English, French or Italian. I also sing and dance and—"

How would you like such people trooping into your inner sanctum from dawn to dusk? You wouldn't. They are as pestiferous as insurance agents.

One night I decided to have dinner with one of these unknown soldiers of the coast-to-coast hookup. I wanted to learn the jargon. I climbed three flights of stairs in a rickety boarding house to reach my destination. He lived on the top floor. The aroma of lamb chops cooking on a midget stove floated through the tiny apartment.

"IT'S cheaper to eat home," he explained.

We ate a simple meal, good except for the fact that the actor forgot such unimportant dining utensils as napkins and spoons.

He told me an amusing story of his first radio job. All he had to do was read a three-line commercial with another performer. They rehearsed all morning and afternoon, but the young actor never spoke a word. The singers sang, the orchestra played, and the director shouted. When the clock chimed five o'clock, the director discovered the two boys drowsy and hungry. "Hey you kids, I damned near forgot about you. Give me your cue."

They worked or waited exactly twelve hours, excluding the actual sixty-minute broadcast, and they received \$10 apiece!

After the dinner, a girl friend of the actor arrived. She had just finished a broadcast. She was the girl who told listeners to brush their teeth and become the life or death of any party. They paid her \$12. "But it rained and I had to take two taxis—you have to be formal you know—and that cost me \$1."

On the average these ether diehards make about \$30 a week. Good parts are few and far between. Auditions pay them nothing. Sustaining programs usually pay one flat fee no matter how large the part—\$10. Out of town, prices are

still lower than that.

"I worked five times a week on a popular kids' program," cited one actor I queried, "and I got five bucks a performance."

MOST of these actors I interviewed bluffed. They wouldn't admit what process they go through or how hard it is to get jobs. They keep looking ahead. Three of them refused to tell me their names when I told them about this story. "If a director reads it, he'll know all that stuff I told him about playing big parts in Chicago was a lie."

These stage-struck boys and girls all come from the sticks. New York itself, doesn't contribute many to their ranks. Ohio has the most footlight-dazed children, with Illinois second.

Some actors complain about race prejudice or absent-mindedness. It's pretty hard for directors to keep track of two hundred people.

A touching experience is to sit silently in the pretentious waiting rooms of these advertising agencies on casting days. The girls are all beautiful (somehow directors like them that way—not that it makes any difference to the average listener who can't see them anyway), the men aged, gaunt, fat, lean, happy, hungry, but all hopeful. Then there's a raft of kids, escorted by proud mothers who will tell you that their little darling is more talented than Bobby Benson and possesses more poise than Shirley Temple.

You can find a hundred sad tales about these little men and women of radio row, but the one about Vivienne Crane is the most touching of them all. It typifies their luck.

Vivienne came from Los Angeles. She worked pretty consistently out on the coast on minor radio programs. Like all actresses she wanted to get to New York. But there she faced those hard, black printed words too often: NO CASTING TODAY. Grimly she cut her budget so that it looked like the dream of a

Scotchman. Warily, she kept on going. Proud little Vivienne. She refused to go home a failure.

"The only time they'll hear my voice again in California is over the air." This motto flashed before her eyes many times when she watched stenographers, bookkeepers and clerks eat their midday lunch in Childs' taverns. Vivienne had no lunch.

ONE afternoon she received a telephone call. Oh how these actors wait for the jingle of the telephone bell. It means work. "Vivienne Crane, come down to studio, 3H, NBC at 3 P.M.," said the voice on the other wire, "I got a part for you." At last the break!

When she returned to her flat after the rehearsal she breathlessly figured when she would be paid. The broadcast was forty-eight hours away. That meant she would be paid Wednesday! She would write home tonight. The part she received was a good one. It might mean more work. As this optimistic thought whirled around her brain, the telephone rang again. This was luck, she thought. Perhaps it was another job. Radio had at last recognized the talents of Vivienne Crane. She picked up the telephone, but dropped it two seconds later. Vivienne Crane's mother had died suddenly. She never heard the voice of her baby float through the air—back home.

There's a lot like Vivienne Crane. I see them every day. Pompous in appearance and a nickel in their purses.

Radio needs them collectively but not individually. They'll never get fan mail or screaming headlines. People won't fight to get their autographs.

You can have your Kate Smiths and Rudy Vallees. I'd rather know these courageous men and women who know the horrible dread of that sign: NO CASTING TODAY and thrill at the jingle of a telephone bell that signals WORK-WORK-WORK at \$10 a performance. And what a performance they do give! It's from the heart.

Joe Cook's Most Important Job

(Continued from page 15)

servants—perhaps the same butler if you attended one of the famous Cook parties. Only then he was dressed in a fancy uniform with gold braid and a very red nose, and everyone called him "Meadows." But the kids just know him as Tom or Dick or Charlie, and he's probably one of their very best friends. Most of Joe's "butlers" or "footmen" are actors with whom he formerly played, so they can put on party faces and catch his gags with a *tya-da* when occasion arises. But the times they enjoy most are when there's nobody around but the kids and Joe, and they're part of the family. Then informality is the order of the day, and they can wear their oldest hats and sweaters and sit down and play a game of checkers with Leo if they want to.

Leo, it seems, is always in the market for a good game of checkers. "He's a phenomenal player," Joe claims. "And pool—say, that youngster plays a better game of pool than the average man!"

The house at Sleepless Hollow is always filled with delectable odors, fried chicken and barbecued meat be-

ing the most popular ones. Out in the big homey kitchen there may be a huge roast turkey browning itself for dinner, and the genial housekeeper can always be coaxed out of a juicy taste beforehand. For guests, there are always big platters of stuffed celery, deviled eggs with caviar and toasted cheese, and foaming steins of ale. . . . Perhaps you think this sort of thing would be bad for children. You're right, it would. That's why Doris and Leo, on company days, are apt to be seen roaming around the house with a piece of bread and butter in one hand and an apple in the other. They know about the "show," you see. *Hors d'oeuvres* are for grown-up people—like the cigarettes and drinks, and the make-up on the guest room table.

NOT that they don't know all about make-up. Ask them about their theater. Leo will take your hand and rush you downstairs so fast you won't know what's happening. It's a real little theater, the "Grand Opera House," with exit lights, soft red leather seats (six of 'em), a gilded box for royalty, with real opera glasses—and an orches-

tra pit with a midget piano in it. The stage is just the height of a man, and it has real footlights and back and side drops of scenery.

Doris will conduct you with great delight through the dressing-rooms—all three of which have a star on the door and are impartially labeled "Number one", through the property room, in which you can find every conceivable object from a can of green paint to an old churn; and to the costuming department, which is far more fascinating than the oldest attic in which you ever rummaged as a child.

Next you emerge into the Green Room, designed for the comfort of the actors, replete with easy chairs, writing desk, mail boxes, telephone and billiard table. For this miniature theater in the basement of Joe Cook's home is as complete as any Broadway house. It is equipped for movies with sound; the small staff will be pleased to put on a special performance for your pleasure, either cinema or legitimate, for they are very proud of the Grand Opera House and also of their "shows."

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ASK THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE

TOWER READERS take their problems to the national counselor

By VOICE OF EXPERIENCE

THE Voice of Experience, Dr. M. Sayle Taylor, was graduated from William Jewell College, at Kansas City, Mo., some thirty years ago. On May 28th he returned to the campus of his alma mater to deliver the commencement address, which was broadcast on the Columbia coast-to-coast network, marking the first national broadcast of a college commencement address. During his stay the Voice of Experience figured in another interesting ceremony. Back in 1904, when he was a college boy, he was pledged to the Phi Gamma Delta fraternity. His father, a minister of Scotch extraction, found himself confronted with the initiation fee of fifty dollars—and the pledge was not taken up at that time. When the alumnus who originally pledged Dr. Taylor learned of his return, he hit upon the idea of inducting the Voice into the fraternity thirty-one years after the original pledge was made. National officers of the fraternity approved and the doctor became a brother of Phi Gamma Delta.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:

I am a married woman and separated from my husband for ten years, in which time I have never heard a word from him, only to the effect that he is dead. I am poor and working for a living and have a chance to marry a good, hard-working man who is an ideal companion for me. If I were to marry him without securing a divorce would I get in trouble?

MRS. MARTHA L.

ANSWER: Mrs. Martha L., if your husband is alive you certainly would get into trouble, assuredly so. Suppose no one ever found it out? You have to live with your own conscience, do you not? Well, maybe that conscience is dead. Maybe you wouldn't worry about the thing. But I am taking it for granted that you are the normal person who would. If you were to go to your legal aid society in your city they would tell you how to go about getting definite proof as to whether the husband is living or dead and, in the event that he is dead, you have no further worries. You can go ahead and get married. But if he is living it would be wise for you to take the necessary legal steps.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:

One of my boys was born with a veil over his face. Is a child so born any different from other children? I have been told that such children can see

things that other people really cannot see. If this is so, are the veils of any value to anyone and what is their value? My boy was born in a hospital.
FLORENCE.

ANSWER: It is an old superstition, Florence, that babies born with veils are different from other boys or girls, or that they can see things that other boys or girls cannot see. No, there is no significance in the unbroken membrane. It is just that the caul is unbroken and there is no real significance to it.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:

About a year ago I fell in love and finally was engaged to a fellow three years younger than myself. He is a wonderful man and I love him and he loves me. There is one thing about us which seems to trouble everybody. We are constantly being criticized because of the difference in age and height. As I said before I am three years older than this man—and he is eight inches taller than I am. Everyone says I am too old for him and he is too tall for me. They say we are not physically mated and should never marry. But, Voice of Experience, what are we to do? Our love seems to recognize no size, no age. Please answer me as soon as possible in TOWER RADIO.

VIVIAN R.

ANSWER: Vivian, whose business is it save yours and his whether he is eight inches taller than you or you eight inches taller than he? Three years' difference between the man and the woman is not too much disparity of age. There is no question about that. But you are worried about others' opinions and criticisms and all of that. If you do get married these criticisms and public opinions will worry you unless you close your ears to everyone's opinion and tell others it is none of their business.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:

Isn't it true that girls and boys should be allowed to mingle and play together? Some of my neighbors criticize me for permitting my daughter to play with boys. I feel sure you will put me on the right road.

MRS. J. J. S.

ANSWER: Certainly I believe in boys and girls playing together. I don't believe in separating them constantly and not allowing them to associate for two
(Please turn to page 52)

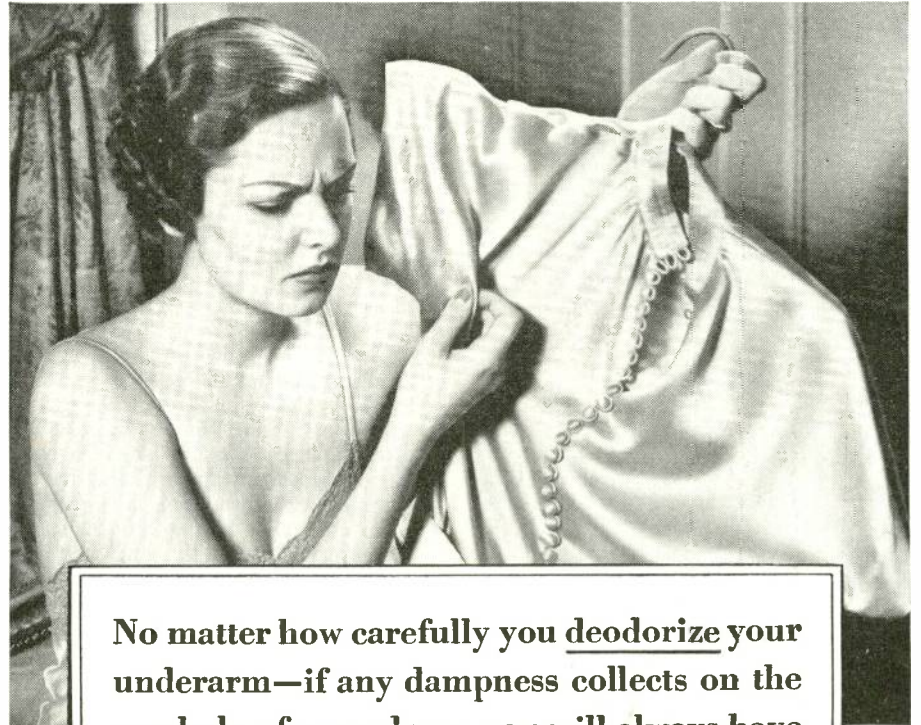
HOW TO WRITE TO THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE

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.

Tonight.. make this "ARMHOLE ODOR" TEST



No matter how carefully you deodorize your underarm—if any dampness collects on the armhole of your dress, you will always have an unpleasant "armhole odor"

FAILURE TO SCORE a social success cannot always be attributed to a lack of personality. Often it is due to a condition that makes even sincere admirers turn away.

No matter how sure you are of yourself, make this simple test. Tonight when you take off your dress, smell the fabric at the armhole. That stale, musty "armhole odor" may be the reason people are avoiding you.

Perhaps you thought you were sweet and dainty because you were using a cream or stick deodorant. But these easy-to-use preparations do only half the work needed. They deodorize, but they are not made to keep that little closed-in hollow of your underarm *dry*. When you *deodorize only*, moisture still collects on the armhole of your dress. And every time you put on that dress, the warmth of your body will bring out a stale, unpleasant perspiration odor.

No Quick and Easy way!

NO QUICK AND EASY method to prevent "armhole odor" has ever been found.

Women who want to be sure not to offend have learned to take the extra time needed to keep the underarm sweet and

completely dry... with Liquid Odorono.

You must allow a few minutes for Odorono to dry... but it is worth it! Odorono ends worry and guesswork because it *ends moisture*.

Developed by a Physician

TWENTY-THREE years ago, a physician developed Odorono for use on his hands when operating.

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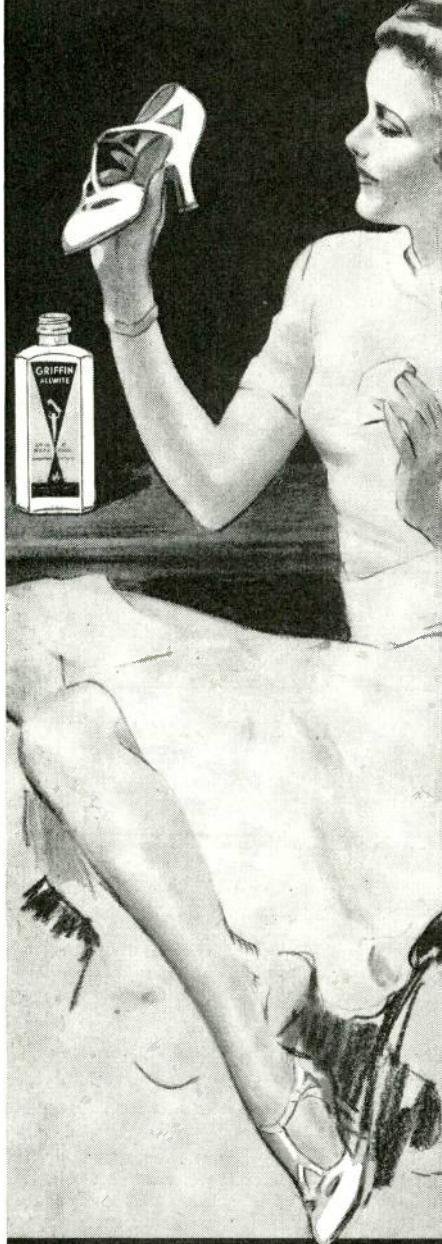
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Ask the Voice of Experience

(Continued from page 51)

very good reasons. One, it is most undemocratic. Second, the moment you set up a barrier between boys and girls and say to the boys, "You can't play with the girls," and to the girls, "You can't play with the boys," you are putting up a curiosity barrier over which those youngsters are going to jump. You are putting temptation in their way. Yes, I am 100 per cent for boys and girls playing together, but teach them the things they should know before they start their associations. That means very early in life.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:

I'd like your opinion on who should greet the other with a "Hello," or some pleasant word, on the arrival of the husband at his home after the day's work. I maintain that the husband should say at least "Hello" so as to let me know he is in. I am always preparing his dinner in the kitchen and often do not hear him when he comes in. He goes upstairs with his hat and coat, comes down, sits in the living-room and reads his paper. Sometimes I get real angry at this and I tell him he should speak when he comes in, even if it is only to say "Hello." But he insists that I am wrong and it is I who should greet him. Now, Voice of Experience, who is right? Should I stop what I am doing out in the kitchen and go to the door and greet him or should he come out and greet me? Your advice will be appreciated for I am anxious to stop the little arguments which arise from this situation.

MRS. JOHN B. T.

ANSWER: The trouble is, my friend, you should stop those arguments in the kitchen. He wants to stop them at the front door. In other words, if he will come out to the kitchen every day when he comes home and says "Hello" to you and gives you a kiss and maybe a box of candy, you will be satisfied. Or if you were to meet him at the front door with a nice, clean apron and a little rouge on your cheeks and your hair nicely coiffed, then, naturally, there would be no argument from his standpoint because you would be rushing out to greet him. But because you wait for him to come to the kitchen and he waits for you to come to the front door, trouble starts. Isn't that a nice, intelligent way to attack a problem in marriage?

Each one of us likes to bend over backwards and say to the other fellow, "If you want me come to me. I can't come to you." Marriage, you know, is a game of give and take, but you have to do a lot more giving than you expect to do taking. If you apply that rule here, a little giving and a little taking and make it a mutual affair you aren't going to quarrel over the thing. There should be a happy reunion there each evening, not the husband thinking, "If I run upstairs I'll get down to read the newspaper a little while before the old girl comes in to pester me with the home problems." That may be the husband's side. And you may be thinking, "If I go to the door I will have to listen and be bothered by what has bothered him all day at the office and I'll have something boiling over here in the kitchen and supper won't be what it should be."

VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:

I will appreciate enlightenment on the following saying: "An orange in the morning is like gold; in the afternoon like silver; but at night is like poison."

Is this true? I eat oranges and would like to be informed on this subject.

L. M. F.

ANSWER: I don't know who gave you that information. Certainly it must have been someone who did not know anything about the properties of citrus fruits. You will find that oranges, if eaten rightly—(particularly the juice of the orange thoroughly squeezed) are like gold to your system in the morning, in the afternoon, at night, at anytime. Highly alkalizing, highly rich in vitamins, highly rich in organic chemicals, in phosphates, in nutritive value, orange juice is a mighty fine thing. Particularly is it an excellent alkalizer of a very over-acidulous system.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:

Being a sensitive soul, a phrase which I recently cut from a paper is causing me some disturbance. It is:

"If you have never been loved by a dreamer and an idealist you don't know what Heaven is. If you never have been married to one you don't know what the other place is."

Is there any truth in these statements, Voice of Experience? I see no use in my ever marrying if the woman I marry must go through hell just because I have been born a dreamer and an idealist. What are the shortcomings of the dreamer or idealist?

SUPERSENSITIVE.

ANSWER: Well, friend, there is more truth than poetry in that statement. There is no question about it, the idealist and the dreamer makes a very romantic lover, but when marriage takes place he usually is not able to put his feet on the ground. You can't live on love and idealism and dreams. And for that reason many a time the dealist, although a wonderful lover, does not become the kind of husband that makes marriage predisposed to success. I would not say that no dreamer, no idealist, should ever get married, but I do believe that he should marry a person that is an opposite. I have seldom found a successful marriage where two dreamers married each other. I have seen a number of successful unions where the woman or the man was a dreamer and the other was quite material, quite practical, and they formed for each other a balance that made for success in marriage.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:

I am classed as a sore loser. I can't seem to take it like a man when I lose in any kind of a gambling game, no matter how small the stakes may be. I am this way even when I play with my own father. When I win I am the best fellow in the world, but I can't take a loss like a sport. I would appreciate any advice you can give me as it is a serious problem with me.

VINCENT T. T.

ANSWER: My friend, life after all is pretty much of a gamble, no matter whether we are gamblers at heart or not. We have to take many chances in the game of life, whether we stake our all on the turn of a card, or whatever way of gambling we may see fit to express ourselves. But on the other hand I am not trying to justify gambling now. I am saying that life, after all, is pretty much of a gamble for a good many of us, particularly in these times. And right now we are finding lots of people that are not good sports. They

can't take it on the chin and grin and grit their teeth and bear it. Oh, for how many hundreds we have had to put a little sand on the track in order that they could get a footing and get started again, because when they found they were down, they were out.

But you say: "What has that to do with gambling?" It has everything to do with gambling or anything else. Anyone that can win must learn how to lose before he is a good winner. You say you are a good winner. I disagree with you. A man that can't take losses and grin, can't take winnings and grin. Oh, he may have a supercilious smile on his face, but that is not the grin that lasts.

You have taken a few minor losses on the turn of a card, or on the throw of the dice. Do you count that life? I recently received a letter from a man who had lost his father, his mother and one of his daughters, all in three consecutive weeks. Then he lost his wife, thousands of dollars in property and suffered a complete transfer from luxury to penury and want. I put that man in a job some time after these misfortunes and now he is starting to climb again. And, get this, the man is past sixty years of age. I am telling you this as a lesson, rather than try to answer your problem. After all, when a man can do what this man has in the face of adversity and can climb at his advanced age, can still stick his chin in the air, grit his teeth and forge ahead, I feel it stands as a splendid lesson to those like yourself.

DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:

I happen to be very friendly with a husband and wife. I know that the husband is not true to his wife. Would I be justified in telling this wife of the husband's unfaithfulness?

J.G.

ANSWER: J.G., your nose is a little too long. You are sniffing too far over the next backyard. Keep your nose in your own backyard. Keep your hands to yourself. Keep your tongue in your cheek and you will be far better off. But you say, "She's a friend of mine." All right, you stay a friend of hers then, and a tattler is never a friend. "Oh," but you say, "I am not going to gossip about this. I just want to tell her something she ought to know." All right, let her find it out some other way. And that is good advice for all.

No, my friend, I would keep that secret to myself. If you are going to talk to anyone about it, go to the husband, if you know that he is untrue, and tell him that he should stop it. But I wouldn't go to the wife. That is sane advice whether you follow it or not, and I have thousands of cases to prove it.

Voice of Experience may be heard Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday at 12 noon over the following CBS stations:

WABC, WADC, WCAO, WNAC, WGR, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDRC, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI, WBT, KLZ, WOWO, WCCO, WHEC, KSL, WWVA.

And at 6:45 P.M. on Sunday over the following network:

WABC, WADC, WCAO, WAAB, WKBW, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDRC, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WFBL, WSPD, WBT, WCCO, WHEC, WWVA.

Know Your Music

Illustrated by
BERTRAND
ZADIG



George Frederic Handel

By
Pitts
Sanborn

HIS Majesty's servant, George Frederic Handel, has been described as quite the most superb figure in the history of music. He was richly endowed, he acquired great learning, he composed with a prodigal hand, he pursued his career in several countries, he became an important figure in the great world, and he died full of years and honors. Among English-speaking peoples he is universally known through his oratorio, "The Messiah," and his miscalled "Largo."

Handel was born on February 23, 1685, at Halle, a Saxon city not so far from Eisenach, where Bach was born on March 21 of the same year. Handel's father, a barber who, in the way of the period, also acted as surgeon and so became surgeon and valet to the Prince of Saxe-Magdeburg, married for a second time at the age of sixty-two, the bride being Dorothy Taust, daughter of a neighboring pastor. The future composer was the second son of this marriage. Intending him for the law, the elder Handel frowned upon his taste for music. Nevertheless, the boy secretly taught himself the harpsichord. When he was seven he paid a determining visit to a half-brother who was valet to the court of Saxe-Weissenfels. There the Duke heard him play on the chapel organ and insisted that he be trained as a musician. On his return to Halle, he became a pupil in theory and composition of the organist of the cathedral, played oboe, harpsichord and organ, served as assistant organist to his teacher, wrote sonatas, and for three years provided a motet for every Sunday.

When his father took him to Berlin in 1696, his skill as organist and harpsichordist, and especially his ability to improvise, so impressed the Elector Friedrich that he offered to pay the boy's expenses for further study in Italy. But the father refused and took his son back to Halle. The next year the elder Handel died, and the son, after finishing his course at the gymnasium, entered Halle University as a law student, pursuant to the elder's wish. However, he acted at the same time as organist at the Moritzburg Cathedral, receiving as salary about the equivalent of \$85 per annum.

In this dual arrangement music got the better of the law and, in 1703, Handel, though only eighteen, took the first step toward an international career by going to Hamburg to play violin and later harpsichord with the local German opera company. Here he became friendly with the composers Telemann and Mattheson (later his biographer), and also wrote three operas and his first

oratorio, a "Passion According to St. John." By 1706 he had saved 200 ducats, which enabled him to go to Italy, where he remained for three years.

These years were of the utmost importance in the enriching and maturing of his style. He was cordially welcomed in Florence, Venice, Rome and Naples; he met Corelli, Lotti and the two Scarlattis; he brought out three oratorios and two operas, all to Italian texts, of which the opera, "Agrippina" (Venice, 1709), had a sensational success, making him famous throughout the peninsula.

From this triumph he reluctantly returned to Germany and there was appointed Kapellmeister to the Elector of Hanover. In 1710 he visited England for the first time, making such a hit with a new Italian opera, "Rinaldo," at the Haymarket Theater, London, that he was urged to stay on. But he dutifully went back to the small German court. Two years later, he prepared to revisit London, with the proviso, however, that he should return to Hanover within a reasonable time. An ode for Queen Anne's birthday and a "Te Deum" and "Jubilate" in celebration of the Peace of Utrecht made him highly popular in England and won him an annuity of 200 pounds from the sovereign, with the result that Hanover and its electoral chapel faded from his memory. At the same time he seems to have overlooked the fact that queens do not live forever and that, on the death of Queen Anne, the British throne would pass to the House of Hanover. As a matter of fact, George I, who had become King of England in 1714, did resent Handel's "unreasonable" absence, but in due course peace was made and the annuity confirmed. In 1716 Handel even accompanied the new sovereign on a visit to Hanover. Thenceforth until 1737 Handel's story is one of prodigious creative activity, various worldly honors and the excitement attendant upon the production as well as the composition of operas, despite all of which he found time for an occasional trip to the Continent. In 1726 he was naturalized an Englishman, but more influential than citizenship in his being classed as an English composer are certain English elements in his music.

Organist and composer to the Duke of Chandos, music-master to the daughters of the Prince of Wales, he also was appointed in 1720 director of the Royal Academy of Music, founded mainly for the production of Italian opera, and entered consequently upon a new period as an operatic composer. As an impresario he had to endure the rivalry and intrigues of Bononcini, Ariosti, Porpora
(Please turn to page 54)

TAKE YOUR MIND OFF YOUR NOSE!



Any Face Powder

THAT NEEDS REPLACEMENT IN LESS THAN 4 HOURS ISN'T WORTHY OF THE NAME!

I get over ten thousand letters a week. Among them are not a few from men. And most of them have the same thing to say—or rather, the same kick to make.

By *Lady Esther*

It's this nefarious habit women have of constantly daubing at their noses in public and in private.

In a radio talk a few weeks ago, I said I wondered what young men think when a perfectly lovely girl takes out her powder puff and starts to dab at her face and here is the letter that answers my question from a young man of Detroit, Michigan, who signs himself simply "Dave."

"Dear Lady Esther: Your radio talk last night hit the nail squarely on the head. I know many of us would like to voice our opinion but can't. I hope you will repeat your message to the women of the world so often that not one will miss hearing you. What can be worse than seeing a woman using her make-up box in public, on the street, in the stores, at the table where she dines. Please, Lady Esther, I hope you will be the means of putting a stop to this."

Shiny Nose, No Longer a Bugaboo

There is no question that it is annoying, if not a wee bit disgusting, to see a woman constantly peeking into her mirror or daubing at her nose. It suggests artificiality! But to be perfectly fair to women there *was* a time when they were justified in worrying about their noses. The only face powder they could get did not cling or hold. It was no sooner put on than it was whisked off, leaving the nose to shine before the whole world.

But when I brought out Lady Esther

Face Powder, I ended the bugaboo of shiny nose. Lady Esther Face Powder is distinctive for many things, not the least being that it *clings!* By actual timing under all conditions it clings perfectly for at least four hours, not needing replacement once in that time. Yet, as adhering as it is, it does not clog the pores. It goes *onto* the skin, but *not* into it.

In other words, while this face powder forms a veil of delicate beauty over the skin, it lets the skin breathe. This not only permits the skin to function, which is essential to true beauty, but it also helps keep the powder intact. This is one reason why Lady Esther Face Powder does not cake or streak on the face.

All 5 Shades FREE

You may have tried all kinds of face powders, but none like Lady Esther. None so soft and smooth. None so adhering. None so flattering. But I don't expect you to accept my word for this. I expect you to prove it to yourself at *my expense!* So I say: Accept a generous supply of all the five shades in which I make Lady Esther Face Powder. Let your mirror prove which one is the most becoming to you. Let your clock prove to you that this powder stays on for four hours or longer and still looks fresh. Mail coupon today. Lady Esther, Evanston, Ill.

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(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (15) **FREE**
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Please send me by return mail a trial supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.
Name _____
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(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

Know Your Music

(Continued from page 53)

and Hasse, and likewise to keep in rein capricious and rebellious singers.

A man of commanding physique, independent character, hot temper and utterly fearless, Handel, though witty, humorous, kindly and charitable, lacked tact. He set the intractable prima donna Cuzzoni in her place by holding her out of a window and threatening to drop her unless she sang what she was told to sing, and he was no less blunt, even if less violent, with rival impresarios.

Eventually his opera-giving ended in failure and in 1737 he suffered a stroke, brought on by his all-but-superhuman labors. A sojourn at Aix-la-Chapelle improved his health and before 1741 he had written several more operas, including his only comic opera, "Xerxes," which contains the beautiful larghetto aria, "Ombra mai fu," that has been falsely dubbed "Handel's Largo." In all, between 1705 and 1741, he composed forty-six operas, a treasury of inspired music.

As told above, he had written his first oratorio, the "St. John Passion," in 1704, and subsequently before his last opera, he had composed such important oratorios as "Acis and Galatea," "Esther," "Deborah," "Alexander's Feast," "Saul," "Israel in Egypt," the "Ode for St. Cecilia's Day," and "L'Allegro, il Penseroso ed il Moderato," but not until the composition of "The Messiah" did he forsake opera entirely and become the foremost of all oratorio composers. It was in 1741 that the Viceroy of Ireland invited him to Dublin, where "The Messiah" was successfully brought out on April 13, 1742. In London once more, he found himself again the popular idol that he had been before the failure of his operatic fortunes. Thereupon, at the age of fifty-seven, he began what was virtually a second career.

Oratorio followed oratorio, including such masterpieces as "Samson," "Semele," "Judas Maccabaeus," "Solomon," "Theodora" and "Jephtha." Thus Handel retrieved his fortunes while he added

immeasurably to a fame already great. In 1752, while he was at work on "Jephtha," his eyes began to fail. Three unsuccessful operations resulted in complete loss of sight. So, like Bach, Handel spent the end of his life in blindness. Nevertheless, he continued to play in public and to compose. On April 6, 1759, he presided at the organ on the occasion of a performance of "The Messiah" at Covent Garden. Eight days later he died in his own house in Brook Street. On the 20th he was buried in Westminster Abbey.

This brief account of one of the most prolific of the great composers and one of the world's supreme melodists, in dwelling on the forty-six operas and thirty-two oratorios, has passed over Handel's many anthems and instrumental compositions. Yet in quality and quantity they by themselves would secure for any musician the rank of greatness.

Handel never married and no love affair of his has been recorded.

She's Too Busy to Marry

(Continued from page 19)

the few people he knew in Hollywood with whom he could talk. But the story of their "romance" grew when it was learned that it was indirectly through Alex that she had come to Hollywood.

And this is how that happened.

Bernice had a musical comedy contract with Schwab and Mandell and even attempting to crash movies was farther from her mind than marriage. She knew that dozens of her singing friends were making the trek to Hollywood because the first avalanche of musical movies was sweeping the country. So she wasn't surprised when Alex Grey came to her one day and said, "Look here, I'm supposed to make a movie test and I feel stupid as the devil getting up before a camera and a microphone and singing all by myself. I wish you'd help me out."

Marilyn Miller had been signed to film "Sally." Alex had been her leading man in this production on Broadway and she wanted him to appear before the camera with her, too.

So Alex had to have a screen test made. When he asked Bernice to work with him she was more than willing to oblige a friend and the two did a short scene from "Desert Song" in which they had toured together on the stage. That was that and Bernice thought no more about it.

Her season in musical comedy finished, Bernice went back home to Oakland for a visit and she had been there but a few days when the telegram arrived asking her to come to Hollywood at once and start work in the leading role of "No, No, Nanette." That—helping out a friend—was how she crashed the movies.

BUT things have always come easily for Bernice. The struggle and heartache known to so many performers have passed her by. She's had a few bad breaks, some grave disappointments, of course, but she entered the theatrical profession on bright, smooth sailing wings.

She was that girl in high school who always got the leading role in the operetta. You know her! You were probably jealous of her. She was, I'm sure, the prettiest girl in her class.

Added to that she had a naturally lovely voice, so it was no wonder that she walked away with the honors. But since she was a home-loving sort of girl and her parents had led normal regular lives which did not include any sort of theatrical activities it never occurred to Bernice that her voice might reach an audience greater than those who heard her in the high school auditorium until Emil Polak arrived from New York and an audition was arranged for her by her high school teacher. She had sung only a couple of songs when he said, "You must come to New York and study. You have great stage possibilities."

When she announced this at home, her father said, "Of course, Bernice must go—if she wants to go. Why, of course, of course."

Her mother was not so enthusiastic. Her mother could not go with the girl since she was tied down with the rearing of Bernice's two motherless nieces. But Father and Bernice won and quite alone she traveled across the continent, was taken under the musical wing of Emil Polak and one day found herself singing for Moss Hart and a few weeks later she was in a road show of a musical comedy.

WHEN she signed her film contract she felt that this would be her life's work but circumstances over which she had no control prevented it. The movie moguls, wildly excited by the success of the first musical films, flooded the market with all-single productions until the public thought that if another leading man started warbling to just one more leading woman it would go mad. Instead of going mad, however, the public just didn't go to the musicals. And the producers learned an expensive lesson. They had overdone a good thing.

Bernice's contract was not re-signed. She toured the country in personal appearances, returned to the stage, made several successful concert tours and now one finds her, happy and content, a fixed star in the radio firmament.

She has never been to Europe. She hasn't had a real vacation—except the few weeks she spends with her family

between engagements, in years. Reason? The same reason she has for not getting married. She is too busy.

"I don't kid myself," she said. "I know that the time will come when I am no longer in demand. Show business is cruel. When you are through—you are through for a long time and I've seen too many people being foolish—making a lot of money and spending it on a Rolls-Royce and then later being penniless. That way is not my way. I have responsibilities toward myself and my family. I am young. I feel that I should—and must—make the most of my possibilities and advantages while I can."

BERNICE lives simply and quietly in a charming New York apartment off Central Park West. Being but a step from the Park she spends most of her recreational time riding horseback—a bright, colorful figure with her burnished gold hair and wearing a dark riding habit and a gay sweater.

She believes in showmanship. She works before an audience on both of her radio programs. For the one given in the large Columbia Theater she wears evening clothes, of course. But the National program is performed in the studio and it would seem out of place to dress, yet Bernice would like to, because she thinks the trappings of the theatrical world lend glamour to the stars behind the mike.

So dainty, so pretty, so vivacious is she that one feels sure dozens of men have lost their hearts to her. And they have. But Bernice only plays at love. When it reaches the serious state of a proposal of marriage Bernice smiles and says, "Sorry—too busy. Ask me again in five or ten years when I've accomplished all the things I want to accomplish!"

Bernice Claire has left the "Lavender and Old Lace" program and has been in England making a musical motion picture. You can expect her back in radio this Fall in a program to be announced later.

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FAOEN No. 44 is warm and vibrant. It suggests romance so subtly and yet so definitely that many fascinating women prefer it to more costly scents.



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Rosemary and Priscilla Lane, lovely singers on the Fred Waring program, in their new home.

Smart, but Inexpensive

The Lane Sisters furnish and decorate their new apartment

By BETTY LENAHAN

BRIGHT chintzes and mellow maple are used throughout the New York apartment of Rosemary and Priscilla Lane. The Lane sisters are very proud of their little home and, indeed, they have reason to be, as they furnished and decorated it all themselves.

The large living-room features a wood burning fireplace, and built-in book cases. The walls and woodwork of this room are painted a mellow ivory and the floor is covered with a plain blue-green rug. Drawn up to the fireplace are a comfortable armchair and stool with maple frames and upholstered in homespun in tones of rust and tan. Convenient to the chair is a lovely little round maple end table on which is a reproduction of an old marine lamp. Close to the brown, rose and green flowered chintz-draped windows at the other end of the room is a grand piano, without which no radio star's home is complete.

On the long unbroken wall in the room is a large, comfortable sofa upholstered in rust linen frieze, in front of which is a quaint little maple cobbler's bench coffee table. Several comfortable chairs upholstered in browns and greens, two or three attractive end tables, a radio and some colorful pottery lamps complete the furnishings of the room.

The tiny dinette opening off the living-

room is most attractive. The walls and woodwork are ivory and a colorful oval braided rug is used on the floor. In the center of the room is a copy of an old trestle table, on each side of which is a long maple bench, and at either end simple slat back maple chairs. The only other piece of furniture in the room is a small Welsh dresser filled with colorful china and glassware. The draperies are glazed chintz with a large floral design in bright green and orange on an ivory background.

You, too, can have just such a charming and delightful home as this one planned by the Lane sisters, and for very little money. Decide just what furniture you need before you go into a store, select simple, well-designed pieces that will not lose their style, and examine the construction of each carefully before you buy. Take advantage of the August furniture sales, and give new life to your home.



Photographs by Bert Lawson

The small dinette for cosy breakfasts. Left—Living-room furnished in maple and chintz.

What's the matter with Me and Men?



"**H**ERE I sit alone, evening after evening, reading or listening to the radio. What's the matter with me? Why don't men take me out? I'm not so hard to look at—and I love a good time!"

Poor girl! How surprised and chagrined she would be if she knew why she is left at home alone.

You can't blame people for avoiding the girl or woman who is careless about underarm perspiration odor. It's too unpleasant to tolerate in anyone, no matter how attractive she may otherwise be.

There's really no excuse for it when Mum makes it so easy to keep the underarms fresh, free from every trace of odor.

Just half a minute is all you need to use Mum. Then you're safe for the whole day.

Use it any time—after dressing, as well as before. It's harmless to clothing. It's soothing to the skin, too — so soothing you can use it right after shaving your underarms.

Depend upon Mum to prevent all unpleasant perspiration odor, without preventing perspiration itself. Then no one will ever have *this* reason to avoid you! Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.



ON SANITARY NAPKINS, TOO. Guard against this source of unpleasantness with Mum. No more doubt and worry when you use Mum!

MUM takes the odor out of perspiration



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"I'll show you how to enhance your beauty—how to *perfect* your appearance—by matching your nails with your natural coloring! Movie stars and smart women everywhere have discarded *passé* nail polishes for my nine lovely shades—based on the true colors of the artist's palette! Be sure to get the tints I have created especially for *your* type. They come in the new CREME form (wonderful for brittle nails)—or regular Transparent Polish. My polish lasts for days, and will not crack, chip, peel or discolor. Try it today—and be lovely to the tips of your fingers!"

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I enclose 25¢ for a full-size bottle of LADY LILLIAN Nail Polish with FREE White Pencil. I prefer Creme or Transparent. Send shade best suited to my type for Day or Evening Wear. I am True Blonde; Ash Blonde; Light Brunette; Chestnut Brunette; Dark Brunette; Tinted Red; Silver Hair; Black Hair; Black with Silver. Send also booklet "How to Enhance Your Natural Coloring."

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LADY LILLIAN (Dept. T-2)
1240 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

Joe Cook's Most Important Job

(Continued from page 50)

Small Leo has played many important roles under his father's direction, but he has never attained his big ambition. He would like to be Joe's understudy on radio, and has memorized many long speeches with that hope in view. Joe, while getting together material for a program, often talks his lines into a dictophone, then plays them back to see how they sound. If Leo laughs, they stay in.

One day Joe caught his youngest standing on a soapbox in the wings of the miniature opera house, repeating line for line a monologue the comedian was to use in his next broadcast.

"You see, Daddy, you might get sick five minutes before you go on," Leo explained carefully. "Then I'd be able to carry on, in the best traditions of the theater!"

IF you watch Joe while his beaming progeny escort you about, there can be no doubt in your mind that here is his important audience. Kings and queens, presidents and presidents' wives have laughed at his antics and his gadgets, and that's all right—but here at home are the little people he wants most to please. That tiny theater was never designed as a gag. When Joe juggled and walked a tight rope in an old Evansville barn years ago he dreamed of a "show house" like this—and now his dream has come true for his own boys and for his own little daughter. That they like it and use it is his greatest satisfaction.

It is the same with everything at Sleepless Hollow. Here his children are taught to play and enjoy all the games and sports he missed because he had to work as a boy and learned after he was a grown man: tennis, golf, ice boating, sharp-shooting, motor boating. In Summer he takes the boys away on long fishing trips whenever he has time; in Winter they skate or toboggan, or tramp through the snow-covered Poconos to hunt rabbits.

JOE had to teach himself most of the things he knows. Some of his self-taught accomplishments he has passed on to Jo-Jo, who is seriously planning a theatrical career. His father has given him instruction in juggling, acrobatics, trick bicycle riding, throwing the lariat, and his own famous stunt of walking the revolving globe. But Jo-Jo also takes tap dancing lessons from an expert, and plays a very fancy piano-accordion.

Doris is an accomplished pianist. She prefers classical music to jazz, and sometimes the music the others produce is more than her sensitive ears can bear. Leo plays the piano too; big Joe plays the cornet, "in a way," he says. Altogether they can scrape together quite an orchestra.

"And I am very sorry to state," Joe remarks with a twinkle in his eye, "that Leo also plays the drum."

This is a very recent accomplishment for that versatile young man. A year ago at Christmas he received scores of grand playthings. But on that same horrible morning he discovered, up in the attic, an old snare drum which had been around the place for years. From that moment on he had nothing but scorn for his fine gifts, and played the snare drum steadily for one week. Since then, Joe has assembled a complete trap drummer's outfit for him, and now a small dynamo who answers to the name of Leo is apt to run down into the basement any minute and fill the air with cymbal crashes, triple rolls

and flying drumsticks. It is all very hectic and delightful. "Not a quiet moment—that's the Cook's family motto," Joe declares.

But actually there are many moments of peace and quiet, as they all sit and read before the gray stone fireplace in the homey living-room. Jo-Jo is the studious member of the family, and while he does not go to school, he is always pursuing some new subject at home. Sometimes, of a long evening, Joe sits and spins his fantastic, comic-serious yarns by the hour, fighting off the finish as valiantly as his small son fights the yawns which herald his bedtime.

The most popular room of the Cook house is the great glass-roofed veranda which looks out over the lake. In a more formal home it would be called a conservatory, because ivy, ferns and other greenery hang from the skylight, creep up the walls and shoot up out of all manner of pottery jardinières. Here are comfy lounges, just right for small elbows and stomach to bury themselves in while reading, and leather hassocks just the right height for playing checkers on a coffee table. A long window seat encircles the porch, and lamps placed here and there make it as cheerful by night as by day.

We asked about a huge metal chest which looked like a real pirate's treasure chest. It was bound with broad bands of gold, with jewels set in them like dragon's eyes.

"It is a real treasure chest," Jo-Jo told us proudly. "Somebody gave it to Dad, and we didn't realize how valuable it was. One day a world-famous explorer was here, and we were having a scientific discussion, when he happened to notice the chest. He told me it was a Burmese treasure chest. . . . Oh, no, we don't keep treasures in it—or maybe we do, at that. See," he lifted the heavy lid, "it's full of books." And it was, literally.

Doris, the little lady of the house, is naturally more domestic than the boys, although they all like to help keep the big house "slicked up." Doris, however goes a step farther—she actually *likes* to scrub floors. When she feels like having a real lark, she puts on one of the housekeeper's long aprons, gets down on her hands and knees and revels in an orgy of scrubbing. She always plans to scrub at least once each time she comes home on vacation.

THE Cooks have just annexed a new housekeeper. The previous one, Joe told us with a wry face, fell in love. "Not only that," Leo added, "but she got married!" To prevent this from happening again, Joe engaged one who is already married, and hired her husband in the bargain, as houseman. Now he feels fairly safe, but he would take out housekeeper insurance if any was available.

There isn't much about a house that Joe couldn't do if he had to. He claims he isn't much of a cook, having just two specialties. He can make good chili con carne, and he can barbecue meat. "I've made chile for I guess up to three hundred people out here," he says modestly, "and barbecue suppers, too. But I'm really not much of a cook."

All three of his children have inherited their father's priceless gift of humor. But sometimes it's a little hard for them to keep up with him. Not long ago Doris asked him, very seriously, "Daddy, did I really meet Buffalo Bill when I was a little girl, or

was that a gag? I'd like to know."

Joe remembered then that some years ago, when Doris was about five, Donald Ogden Stewart was visiting Sleepless Hollow. Joe decked him out in chaps, sombrero and red bandanna and introduced him to the children with great ceremony as "Buffalo Bill Cody, the man who shot all the Indians." And the humorist had evidently carried out the illusion convincingly.

"But that's nothing," Joe chuckles. "I guess Leo still thinks I was actually the youngest drummer boy in the Civil War!"

JOE never lets his children miss a circus. That's because he still thinks the toughest thing he ever experienced was having to stay in school when Barnum and Bailey played Evansville. He had one other tragic experience connected with a circus; he started out one day with just enough money to take him into the big tent. But when he got there, he just couldn't resist the side show. Then he had to have a popcorn ball, which lead to pink lemonade to wash it down. By the time he had indulged in all these extras, the bugle blew to start the circus proper. But poor little Joe had no money left.

He stood outside, feeling very forlorn; then suddenly he got an idea. Maybe he could get a job, and get into the big tent that way. He went around to the back door and there was a contortionist going through some very horrible motions to limber himself up. Joe stepped up proudly and began doing flipflops. He was good, for a kid, and he did a lot of flipflops. But to his intense embarrassment, the contortionist only straightened himself out, yawned and went back into the tent, unimpressed. It was pretty humiliating.

He missed quite a lot of things when he was young, for the want of a dime or quarter. Gallery seats to shows always cost twenty-five cents in Evansville—or nearly always. Joe could usually save up that much out of his earnings. When Dave Montgomery and Fred Stone came to the old opry house in "The Wizard of Oz" Joe walked up to the window with his quarter, to be confronted by a cruel sign which read "Gallery, 50 cents." He never got to see "The Wizard of Oz," and he feels badly about it to this day.

So his own kids will never miss anything—that is, anything that's good for them—for the lack of money. And that doesn't mean that he's an indulgent father. They are natural, unspoiled children, these young Cooks, as unassuming and winning as their blue-eyed, crisp-haired dad. They have a great deal of his inherent charm—friendliness is the best name for it. Like him, they enjoy making people comfortable, and there is no ostentation about them.

THEY have his same bright interest in everything. Leo especially is a walking bump of curiosity. We found that out when he asked what would happen if you smashed a flashlight bulb on a cement floor—and then found out for himself, before anyone had time to tell him! Joe only saved him from smashing them all by telling him what swell targets they would make for sharp-shooting.

They find a use for everything at Sleepless Hollow. There's a remote possibility that before long Leo may be riding around the place in his own private car. Joe has been prying second hand Pullman cars, a thing nobody else

would ever think of doing; he reports that you can buy a very good used Pullman for much less than an automobile. He thinks it would be a nice thing to own, because one of the most trying things about traveling has always been that you have to leave home to do it. It would be just like him to fix it so that his children can go on a sort of Cook's Tour and never get out of the lower forty.

There aren't very many things Joe has always wanted to do that he hasn't done. But he told us about one that we'd like to see him do, right soon. He wants to forget sophisticated comedy and do a radio program of bedtime stories for children. If there are any

sponsors reading, the line forms to the left, gentlemen. One at a time, please. No crowding.

Joe Cook may be heard each Friday at 10:30 P.M. over the following NBC stations:

WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WEEL, WJAR, WCSH, KYW, WGY, WWJ, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WHIO, WSAI, WMAQ, WOW, WDAF, CRCT, CFCF, WIBA, KSTP, WEBC, WDAY, KFYP, WRVA, WPTF, WRC, WSOC, WWNC, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WAVE, WMC, WSB, WAPI, WJDX, WSMB, WKY, KTHS, WFAA, KTBS, KPRC, KOA, KDYL, KGIR, KCHL, KPO, KFI, KCW, KHQ, KFSD, KTAR, WIRE, WSB, KOMO.

From the Deep South

(Continued from page 42)

about the ones I liked the best. But I've got to know."

There you have the voice of youth and adventure, the desire to find out what is waiting around the curve in the trail; the voice, largely, that made America. A good manly baritone, unless you can imagine a tenor handling the reins on a covered wagon.

The pride of the Louisiana Coopers comes honestly by his voice, both his mother and dad having been choir singers. And the urge for melody extends to a younger brother, who commits music upon the bass viol. And before it is too late, we must confess our hero has a dark blotch on his past. In earlier days he mastered the trombone and guitar, but shhhhhhhh! He's a nice guy now.

Jerry Cooper may be heard each Sunday at 7 P.M. over the following CBS stations:

WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WGR, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, KRNT, CKLW, WDRC, WFBM, KMBC, KFAB, WHAS, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WBNF, WKBH, WMBR, WQAM, WDBO, WDAF, KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI, WGST, WPG, WLBZ, WBRC, WICC, WBT, WDOD, KVOR, WBNS, KRLD, WOC, WSMK, KLZ, WDNC, WOWO, WBIG, WHP, KTRH, WNOX, KLRA, WFEA, WREC, WCCO, WALA, WSFA, WLAC, WDSU, KOMA, WCOA, WMBD, KOH, WDBJ, WHEC, KSL, KTSA, WTOC, KWKH, KSCJ, WSBT, WMAS, WIBW, KTUL, WIBX, WACO, WWVA, KFH, KGKO, WSJS, WORC, WNAX, WKBN, WSFA.

Trailing International Spies

(Continued from page 31)

them to international spy rings. This condition holds true all over the world. Spies have two main methods of communicating with one another—by codes and cryptograms; and by secret ink. This ink is completely colorless and invisible when written on paper, and can be detected only when the developer for that particular kind of ink is spread on the paper, so that the original writing then turns black and can be seen. Thus a perfectly innocent looking package, containing harmless goods that any customs inspector would pass at any border, may have written on its seemingly blank wrapping paper a secret ink spy message of the highest importance.

SO great is the general interest in secret ink and its workings, that the sponsors arranged to send a sample of the ink, together with pen, spreader, and developing fluid to any listener who sends in a cardboard box from a tube of Forhan's toothpaste. Just write on the inside of the box, "please send me secret ink," along with your name and address, and mail it to Forhan's, New York (no further address necessary); or if you live on the Pacific coast, mail it to Forhan's, 114 Sansome Street, San Francisco.

Now that you know the background of the "Black Chamber" stories and how they came to the air, would you like to meet some of the people who act in them? Step right up, then, and meet a handsome young man named Jack Arthur, who plays the role of Bradley Drake, chief of the American Black Chamber. Jack is a talented baritone singer as well as actor and has been fea-

tured in musical comedy on the stage and is heard on many successful radio programs, notably the Tuesday evening Palmolive Beauty Box series of operettas, and the "Cuckoo" program.

A faithful member of the Black Chamber staff is the secretary, Betty Lee Andrews, in whom Bradley Drake shows a romantic as well as professional interest. Betty Lee, who shares some thrilling adventures with her chief, is played by Helen Claire, a charming Southern girl and one of the most popular of radio's younger actresses. Miss Claire is featured on "Roses and Drums," and several other radio programs.

Steve, the operative who serves as right-hand man to Bradley Drake, is played by Paul Nugent, who has appeared in Theatre Guild productions with Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne and with many other Broadway stars. Nugent, like Jack Arthur, is a native New Yorker—a very rare species, because most people in the city have come from somewhere else.

Paradine, the master spy and head of the international spy ring, is played by Gail Gordon, one of the ablest character actors in radio. His assistant in spying is the beautiful society girl, Joyce Carraway, who is played by Rosaline Greene, an experienced and exceptionally popular radio actress, who is heard as the speaking voice of Mary Lou on the "Show Boat," and on many other programs. The part of Thornton Oliver, the American inventor who is kidnaped by Paradine's gang in order to steal the plans of his invention, is played

(Please turn to page 65)

WHICH SIDE ARE YOU ON

MONOTONOUS
dull meals, with
their everlasting
sameness

?

INTERESTING,
sparkling meals
with zest added
to them!



Armed with scores of really distinctive recipes, no woman runs the risk of Dull Meals. These recipes, compiled by the Tower Home Service Department, give helpful new suggestions, stimulate your imagination, assure that important "out-of-the-ordinary" touch to meals. Each Food Circular contains many recipes which will soon become family favorites.

1. FOOD MEN PREFER (Fe-1)

Breakfast dishes • Pies and pastries. Puddings and simple desserts • Cakes men prefer • Meat and meat substitutes • Vegetables men like • Confections and sweets • Menu suggestions.

2. COOKING FOR TWO (Ma-1)

Breakfast and luncheon menus • Desserts • Salads • Two portion meat dishes • Food budget • Ordering for two.

3. THE DIET OF BABIES AND YOUNG CHILDREN (Fe-1)

Milk in the diet • Vegetables and how to serve them • Fruit • Fruit juices • Cereals • Meat and eggs • Menus.

4. FOOD CHILDREN LIKE (Se-1)

What they like for breakfast • Menus for school box lunches • Party refreshments • Low cost lunch and dinner dishes • Candies • Desserts • Cakes and cookies • Favorite meat dishes.

5. CHEESE FOR NEW FLAVORS (Oc-1)

Cheese you should know • Cheese appetizers and soups • Cheese main dishes • Luncheon and supper dishes • Sandwiches • Salads • Cheese desserts • Foreign cheese dishes.

6. FISH FOR ZEST AND VARIETY (Fe-1)

Guide in buying fish • Cocktails and appetizers • Soups and chowders • Main course fish dishes • Salads • Fish for breakfast • Luncheon dishes • Sauces and garnishes.

7. VEGETABLE COOKERY (May-1)

Green vegetables • Ways with tomatoes • The lentil family • Cabbage and onions • Vegetable salads • Potato recipes • Left-over vegetable dishes.

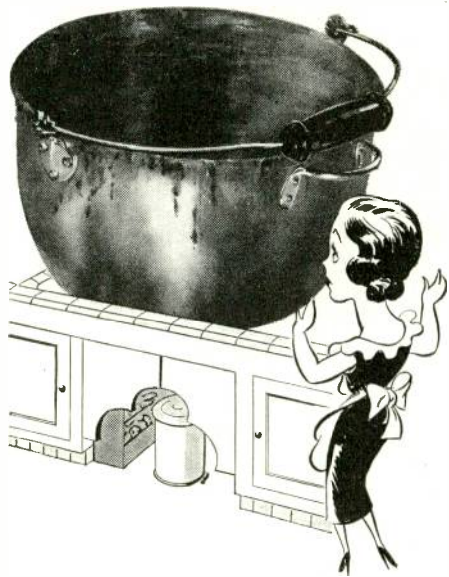
8. FAVORITE COMPANY DINNERS (Ma-1)

Menus • First courses • Company meat dishes • Vegetables • Salads • Cakes and pies • Frozen desserts.

Address your letter, containing names and numbers of food circulars you want, together with 10c for each one, to

Ann Morton, Tower Magazines, Inc.,
55 Fifth Avenue New York, N. Y.

looks **BIG**



—that greasy pan you've saved till last

When you've worked your way through the dishes—down to that blackened pan or kettle you've put off till last—looks like the biggest, messiest job you've ever faced.

That's the time to reach for S.O.S. It works like magic. A dip—a rub—a rinse, and the old faithful pan will shine again like new.

Don't take our word for it. Try it on the most stubborn job in your kitchen. Get a package today at your grocer's, your department, hardware or five and ten cent store. Or mail the coupon for a generous free trial package.

S.O.S. SHINES

- BAKING GLASS
- POTS & PANS
- COFFEE POTS
- ALUMINUM
- LINOLEUM
- BROILERS
- STOVES
- NICKEL
- OVER
- 40
- USES



FREE Paste this coupon on a post-card and mail to The S.O.S. Company, 6204 W. 65th St., Chicago, Ill., for a free trial package of S.O.S. You'll like it!

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____ K

Little Corporal

(Continued from page 44)

tremors at first. But radio was so unimportant then. If you made a slip or two it didn't matter, really. So he had plenty of time to become accustomed to it, to overcome his panic.

Three happy years he spent there. Then just as he was beginning to feel that his place in life had a measure of security, everything collapsed. The station was discontinued and David found himself once more out on the streets.

Three years of doing what he loved to do had softened him. The thought of starting out again on the dreary round was almost more than he could bear.

Now that it was gone, his studio experience seemed to him just another scrap of unrelated experience, a happier span to be sure, but one that made no more sense in a life plan than the orphanage job or any of the rest of it.

A radio announcer! A fine profession that was! Much use he could make of it.

He did think that perhaps he could write. So he went from one advertising agency to another, trying for a copy writer's job. But the answer was always the same.

"What experience have you had?"

And that was one of the few things he had never done.

At the Batten, Barton, Durstine and Osborne agency, David happened to mutter, just for something to fill in a conversational gap, that he had once been a radio announcer. The man he was interviewing took an interest in that. He suggested that he see Arthur Pryor, head of the radio department, and now director of "The March of Time" program.

Pryor told him that he had nothing available himself, but he did promise David he would give him a letter to Julius Seebach at the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Frankly, David did not believe him. He had heard so many polite evasions in the past few days that he just set this down as another one and continued making his pointless rounds.

He was utterly astonished when he received a letter from Mr. Seebach, asking him to call. Their interview was brief. David cited his record. Experienced announcers were badly needed, and he was hired—without an audition.

The helping hand which Arthur Pryor had extended to him was as important to him as the fact of getting the job.

"To him it was perhaps just a small courtesy, a bit of thoughtfulness in the

day's routine," said David. "To me it meant that turning point in my whole life. If he had not given me a hand up that day, I might have lapsed back into futility and maladjustment for the rest of my life."

AT Columbia he once more found himself among sympathetic surroundings. From the time he joined the network things went smoothly. He was held in affectionate esteem by his associates to whom he is known as "The Little Corporal."

Success came to him, then. But where it might have swelled the conceit of another man, it served only to bring David Ross's self-esteem up to normal.

The fact that he was no longer the ill-fed schoolboy from the Bronx, no longer the hungry hack, timorously seeking literary piecemeal at an editor's door, but David Ross, the announcer, bolstered his confidence, erased his fears and made it possible for him for the first time to meet life on even terms and find it whole, and complete, and satisfying.

It is not alone the fact that he need not face an audience which makes radio an ideal medium of expression for him.

"No matter how many times you go through it," he said, "there is something about broadcasting, the ritual, the mummery of it, that rouses your emotions like a shot of adrenalin, and inspires you to give your utmost."

"However lethargic you may feel a moment before you cannot fail to respond to it. You watch the red second hand. There is the flash of light, the upraised finger of the engineer in the control room. The moment of silence. And then the thrilling blast of the fanfare."

"You are no longer an individual but a part of the pageant. You rise above yourself, you forget your inhibitions and whatever you have to give comes out of you."

LIFE is making it up to him now for his earlier hardships. The same sensitivity which once caused him to suffer greatly now makes it possible for him to enjoy greatly, too.

He does everything with tremendous gusto. When he works, he throws himself into it completely, sparing no pains, even rehearsing the simple call letters, *WABC* over and over before each broadcast, although he has spoken them thousands of times.

When he plays tennis and handball, his favorite games, he plays them all

over the court, shouting and leaping, arms and legs flying.

He relishes, naturally, the honors that have come to him, such honors as the coveted diction medal awarded him by the American Academy of Arts and Sciences in 1932.

As an announcer he has developed a wide following. His "Poet's Gold" hour of poetry reading has attracted an enthusiastic audience, and has done much to increase appreciation of poetry.

These readings have been collected in book form and published under the title used on his program. In addition, he has achieved acclaim as a poet in his own right, his verses having been published in the leading literary journals of America.

Even more than these material tributes, he relishes the tokens of appreciation and esteem from listeners. Recently, after he had mentioned that his prized diction medal had been stolen, a spontaneous movement was started among his fans to take up a collection of penny contributions toward buying him another. That touched him very much.

Those are the essential things. For they are reassuring proof that he has friends out there—friends to whom he may speak what is in his mind and in his heart, free forever from all frustration and fear.

David Ross may be heard on the Columbia Variety Hour each Thursday at 3 P.M. over the following CBS stations:

- WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WAAB, WGR, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDRC, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, WJAS, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WQAM, WDBO, WDAE, KERN, KHJ, KFBK, KGB, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI, WGST, WPG, WLBZ, WBRC, KVOR, WBNS, KRLD, WOC, KLZ, WDNC, WOWO, WBIG, KTRH, WNOX, KLRA, WFEA, WCCO, CKAC, WDSU, KOMA, WCOA, WMBD, KOH, WMBC, WDBJ, WHEC, KSL, KTSA, WTOC, KWKH, KSCJ, WSBT, WMAS, CFRB, KTUL, WIBX, KFH, KGKO, WSJS, WORC, WSFA, WDOD, WMBR, WLAC, WHP, KRNT, WACO.

And on the Richard Himber and his Studebaker Champions program at 10:00 P.M. on Fridays over the following network:

- WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WAAB, WKBW, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDRC, WFBM, KMBC, KFAB, WHAS, WCAU, WJAS, KMOX, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WGST, WBT, WBNS, WCCO, WDSU, WSBT, KFH.

Hollywood Voice Double

(Continued from page 23)

anyone outside a small group of friends ever would have heard of her.

FRANCIS WHITE died following a cotton failure which wiped out his family fortune. It was the third crash he had known and it found him too tired to start over again. There was enough left to see his wife and child through temporarily. There was the citrus groves. The house. A few securities. And the freight cars which chanced to be on his property so that, through some legal technicality, they were not included among his attachable assets. Nothing more.

Mrs. White gave music lessons. Fran-

cia, only eleven at this time, continued with her schooling. But between times she contributed to the family income by broadcasting, by singing and talking, with Uncle Don. Then one evening she appeared with the Los Angeles Philharmonic, to be proclaimed a coloratura child prodigy. Whereupon her mother's dreams for her grew even brighter.

I saw Francia at the National Broadcasting studios the other day and found her surprisingly young and slim, frail even, to have a voice with such rich depth. Very lovely, too. With hazel eyes that lie quietly above the smooth planes of her face.

"I've done things I liked better than

the Jenny Lind recording," she told me, "but no one ever paid much attention to them. I have an idea the romance associated with Jenny Lind had something to do with the enthusiasm that particular singing caused.

"In any event," with a smile for the capriciousness of Fate, "that recording served me better than anything else I've ever done. Than all the short movies in which I've both appeared and sung. Than any of the Mexican numbers I used to do for Lupe Velez before she discovered that, with very little study, she could sing for herself. Better even than the operatic sequence I did in "The Man Who Reclaimed His Head."

Stories about Radio Folk

Radio sound effects are achieved in strange ways—Remember Jack Benny's golf game on a recent broadcast? One man swept a willow switch through the air, one hit a block with a hammer and another blew a thin whistle. When Jack got caught in the rough, actual bush branches were broken by hand. . . . Arlene Francis was born in Boston, the daughter of an artist photographer. Her real name is Kazanjian. . . . Freddie Rich won \$1,100 on "Omaha" in the Kentucky Derby. . . . Johnnie, the Philip Morris page boy, was a real page boy, at the Hotel New Yorker, before he landed his radio job. . . . Gertrude Niesen's dad was recently made a Kentucky Colonel by Governor Ruby Laffoon. . . . Kelvin Keech, NBC announcer, has the most alliterative name on the air: Kelvin Kirkwood Keech. He was born in Hawaii, near romantic Waikiki beach, his father being an English engineer. . . . Helen Claire, the Betty Graham of "Roses and Drums," is really a Southern girl, born at Union Springs, Alabama, and educated at Randolph Macon College. . . . Gogo DeLys' real name is Marie-Jeanne Gabrielle Germaine Belzemyre Belonger and she was born at Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.

THERE is something a little thrilling about a girl as young as Francia, pronounced Francha incidentally, handling life as capably as she does. Especially with so much happening to turn her head. And when she says she wants to live as she goes along she isn't merely talking. For that is exactly what she has done and what she continues to do.

Back in California, she was president of the Girls' Student Body in high school. She learned to play excellent tennis, to ride, and to swim. Always she has taken all the pleasures and all the problems of her particular years in her stride.

There also were beaux. The way there always are when a girl's eyes are gentle and she is quick with laughter. And during the last few years there was one beau who stood out from all the rest. The way there always has been when you surprise something hurt and tender in a girl's eyes. And sense something plaintive in her laughter.

At first that boy and Francia were friends. Nothing else. He took her wherever she wanted to go in his car. He also held a scholastic office, so they had mutual interests in school activities. But she was small and understanding and gentle. And he was straight and strong and tall. And romance developed. Inevitably.

It wasn't long before they counted only those hours they spent together. They swam, side by side, in the Pacific, out beyond the breakers. It was with his flowers on her shoulder that she watched him score touchdowns, when she would cry out his praises until her throat, which should have been coddled for singing, was strained and very hoarse.

Francia does not talk of this episode at all, except to say with that wisdom which is the dividend of experience, "Women have a strange way of building up the men they love until they make them gods. Then when the men prove not to be gods, to become disillusioned. Which isn't fair, of course to the men, or to themselves."

Eventually, as I happen to know, this boy became difficult regarding Francia's career, the career she had worked for and planned for, the career which already had become an integral part of her life. He made it pretty clear she couldn't have it and him too.

Francia realized that without her singing she would be poor indeed. Perhaps she felt, too, that she was less patient than her mother and sensed the resentment she would know one day at having been asked to make any such unnecessary choice. Poor Francia, after all, is of a generation of women who believe in their individual rights.

It was at about this time that Francia went to the hospital for an operation so grave that there was only one chance in a hundred that she would come through it. Unhappy over everything, she entered the hospital without telling anyone outside of her immediate family. Whereupon more than the question of her career stood between her and that boy. Whereupon there was the matter of pride also. Hurt pride on her part and on his part. And, as so often happens, it was this matter of pride which eventually shaped their farewells.

I'll long remember Francia as I saw her at the NBC studios that afternoon. Wearing a gay plaid dress. A small black hat tilted on her soft, dark hair. A portfolio of music in her lap. In New York alone, she undoubtedly often is very lonely. But she did not complain. She was filling her contract and occupying the rest of her time with study so that she will be ready for even greater opportunities when they come along.

Perhaps, as she says, she has done better things than the recording of "Believe Me if all Those Endearing Young Charms." Perhaps not. There appears to be some psychic relationship between the vocal cords and the heart. By musicians and critics it is pretty well agreed that it takes a bit of living before anyone can be a truly great singer, irrespective of how her throat is shaped or how fine her teachers may have been. During the last year Francia has known a bit of living, certainly. She has loved. And said farewell. She has faced death. And fought her way back to life. All of which may have brought a new and more emotional quality to the recording she did in "The Mighty Barnum," because of which she received the contract under which she rapidly is coming to be known as radio's nightingale.

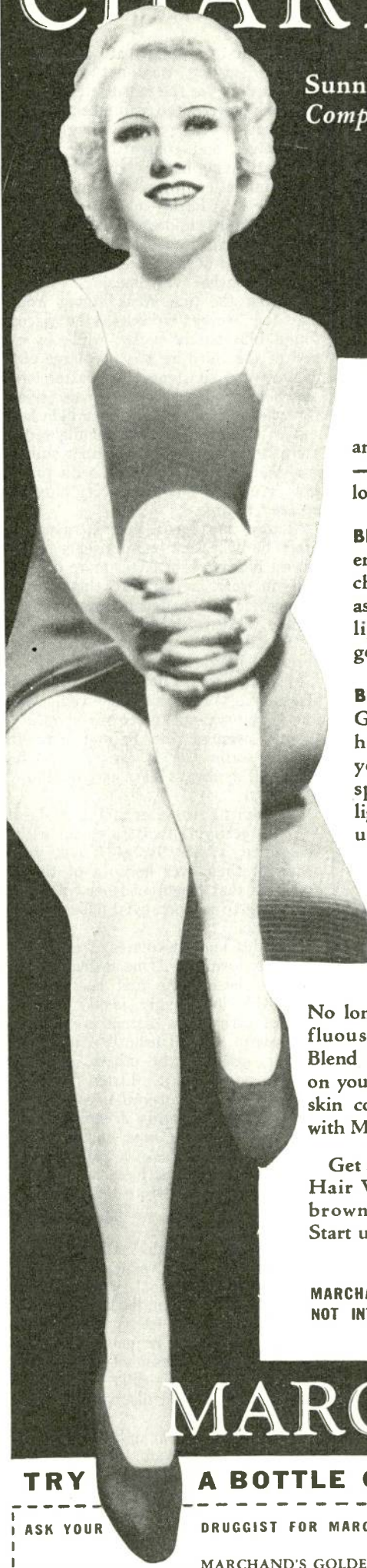
Francia White may be heard each Monday at 9:30 P.M. over the following NBC stations:

WEAF, WTAG, WEEL, WCSH, KYW, WRC, WBEN, WTIC, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WMAQ, KGW, KSD, WHO, WOW, WDAF, WTMJ, WIBA, KSTP, WEBC, WDAY, KFYZ, WPTF, WWNC, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WSM, WMC, WSB, WJDX, WSMB, KVOO, WKY, WFAA, KTBS, KPRC, WOAI, KOA, WJAR, WGY, WRVA, KDYL, KPO, KFI, KOMO, KHQ, WSOC, WAVE, KFSD, KTAR, WFBZ, WLW.

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The National Nut

(Continued from page 29)

The first attempt at batting for Boom Bagshot was not a howling success only for the reason that those in the know were too cautious to be so boisterous. In private they hugged themselves and congratulated one another at having baffled Number Six with a minimum of worry to their famous funny men. Larry continued to bring up his brain children in the publicity office, content to let his bank account swell instead of his head, but the change in Mr. Bagshot was amazing.

During the first week Boom ironed out the worry wrinkles, the second found him pinkly perky, while by the end of the third he was one large effulgent ray of sunshine. The latter effect was helped out by a rash of dressiness, for when a man turns out in a light fawn suit with derby to match, highlighted by a crushed rose tie on a lavender shirt, it is a sign that he is in tune with tomorrow or else he has seen everything and no longer cares.

"Larry, my buck, you've saved my life," he wheezed one morning in his newest hideaway. "I feel more carefree than in years. Just like this glorious Springtime, all buds and perfume and sighing winds. Ah-h-h!"

"Sounds as though you're in love," observed his double.

"I always try to be," said Boom complacently. "Ah, woman—well, what was it you wanted to see me about?"

"Just wanted you to run over tonight's script so I can get a few points. I'm always learning, you know."

AN hour or two later at the studio he was verifying that statement with a vengeance. Miss Isobel Trent, more beautiful than ever because of the indignation that heightened her color, was explaining to her pop-eyed fiance for the third time.

"Orchids and chocolates, I tell you!" she said stormily. "One dozen and ten pounds—those came first last evening. Then a horrible dangly, jangly platinum bracelet with a few diamonds in it, and that awful old Bagshot's card along with it, same as the others, only this one had poetry on it. Listen to this: Tell me not in mournful numbers, Life is but an empty dream,

Leave your War Canoe and leave me paddle you adown Life's stream.

"He certainly must have been all of a Tennyson when he wrote that," went on the raging Isobel. "Why, the man's crazy!"

"What's it all mean?" asked Larry.

"I don't know—I've never even met the twittering old idiot! I was going to send everything right back, but then I thought I'd rather let you take them, and tell him where he gets off. I suppose I should feel romantic over being adored from afar—but—oh, Larry, you've never looked nicer than you do right now."

Mr. Cuff made a suitable response, and then rushed back to the Bagshot lair, bearing the unwanted gifts. He delivered a ten-minute speech well sprinkled with salty adjectives, and then tossed the boxes into a corner.

"And she doesn't want 'em," he finally exploded, "because she's my girl! See? My girl!"

Mr. Bagshot rolled a worldly-wise eye at him. "You only think she is," he countered. "Now, don't blow

out a fuse, Larry, but look at it sensibly. Boy and girl attraction, that's all it is. Take me, Boom Bagshot, I know women. I understand 'em, and they love to be surprised. First time I saw this Isobel Trent was a month ago, but I never made a move until I decided she was going to be Number Seven. So stand aside, my boy, I've got a system."

"You'd better take something for it."

Mr. Bagshot smiled blandly at the ceiling. "I stalk 'em, stymie 'em, startle and stun 'em," he declared. "The stunning comes when I propose marriage, and it always works. Always. Sometimes I wish it hadn't—but this time—eh, what's that?"

"I said you had no more imagination than an undertaker's wife if you thought Isobel would have anything to do with you, so lay off."

"That's a very neat simile," said Boom with interest. "I've never heard it before, so it must be your own."

"It is," snapped Larry, "but lay off just the same. I've got an idea you've heard that line often enough to know what it means."

"But I can't do it, my boy, I'm in love. Long distance, of course, but I always start that way."

"You'll finish right now or I'll finish doubling."

"You can't do that," spluttered Boom in alarm. "Not tonight! Why, the president of Aladdin Eye Tonic is having a special pal of his, the head of You're the Top Toupees, to listen in, and if he likes the way the program goes he'll probably sign up for one of his own, so if anything went wrong I'd be in Dutch with the network."

"I'll stick tonight, then," said Larry, "but everything else is off unless you promise."

"Sorry," Mr. Bagshot told him grandly, "but that's quite beneath my dignity. We'll have a truce until tomorrow, and then no doubt you'll see things in the proper light. Here, what are you doing with that script?"

"Just counting up our working time," said Larry thoughtfully as he headed for the door. "I always like to be accurate."

AT nine-five that evening the hop-scotch rhythms of the Aladdin Orchestra were dying away as Larry, cosily at ease in another studio, prepared to go into the dialogue with the stooge on the other side of the table. The cut-in signal winked greenly and he swam smoothly out into an ocean of words *a la* Boom Bagshot. Then another burst of melody, during which Larry estimated the length of his next crossfire. Seven minutes . . . long enough. Isobel, Boom, lamps and toupees swirled madly in his brain, and when the signal flashed again he waved the stooge to silence.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen," he bawled in the Bagshot tones, "I'm going to stand by after introducing a protege of mine. A discovery with a unique delivery that should make him popular in no time at all. Meet the man who dwells in the information booth at Grand Central—Mr. Larry Cuff!"

"Thanks, Boom," said Larry naturally, "I believe a little layoff would do you good. You know, people ask me all kinds of silly questions in my job,

and I'm telling you most of them have no more imagination than an undertaker's wife. They—"

"Haw-haw-haw!" chortled the counterfeited Bagshot. "A honey, my boy, a positive honey!"

"Don't interrupt, Boom," reproved Mr. Cuff, wishing he could keep from trembling. "Well, a woman came up to me today, and after I told her the time of her train she began talking about her husband who kept her awake all night telling her jokes, so I said, 'Yes, lady, sort of a Spuyten Duyvil.' Just north of town, that station, you know. My job is always on my mind, you see, and when a man told me he got an eyeful at the beach I said, 'Sure, don't those Peekskill you.' So he said, 'If you're so smart, boy, how much does the subway?' That was easy—two tons, of course—uptun and downtun."

"Haw-haw-haw!" sounded the Bagshot foghorn. "I suppose if I had a racehorse you'd tell me his color was sort of a Sheepshead Bay."

"Not from this station, Boom," scolded Larry. "You *can* be wrong, you know. You look weary, Boom, you should neither run Norwalk for a while. As I was saying, ladies and gentlemen, before this egg horned in. . . ." Somehow he filled the seven minutes with staccato patter, and at last subsided shakily.

As the program ended the door burst open and Mr. Bagshot came sailing in, only to be knocked aside by the scampering Isobel Trent. She glued herself to her fiance, and kissed him with machine gun efficiency.

"You were perfectly wonderful, darling!" she enthused. "Much better than that senile old—oh, is that he?"

"In the flesh," said Mr. Bagshot blithely. "Larry, my boy, you have the gall that makes great men such as myself, and I recognize a bow is due you. I sneaked in here tonight on purpose to get another glimpse of Isobel, and I certainly have it this very minute. In fact," went on the comedian, surveying the lovers' embrace, "I rather enjoy it. She looks beautiful, she looks happy. What else matters?"

"Then you're not angry?" stammered the couple.

"Not a bit. No disrespect, young lady, but after viewing the sincerity of this clinch I think perhaps that Number Seven had better be a blonde. And here's news for you. I rang up the Aladdin boss, and he says that You're the Top Toupees will probably make a deal with you. Not, mind you, that they thought you were so hot, until, by all that's holy," chuckled Boom, crimson with glee, "until they were sure that Bagshot seemed to like it! The Aladdin prexy never spilled the beans. Whee, you've certainly got a nerve!"

"Then I'll need an orchestra, announcer and—and a singer," said Larry holding the last named a little closer.

"You will," boomed Mr. Bagshot, "but you've got the most important thing right now. Hang onto it always. Life is just a play, but haven't you seen plays and movies with all sorts of people rushing in and out that haven't much to do with the plot, until you're dizzy watching them. What holds it all together? Why, the love interest! That's right, Larry, kiss her once more for me!"

Watch for

RAYMOND KNIGHT'S Short Story in TOWER RADIO next month

Radio's Greatest Romance

(Continued from page 13)

The interests of a swimmer and a singer were too remote from each other. Besides, they further contended, the pair was too attractive. But if these prophets scored hits in their opinions of some Hollywood marriages, they struck out in this instance. They are even more deeply in love than when they drove East on their honeymoon.

"We had a very funny experience on that trip," Eleanor laughed. "I don't think Art will mind if I tell it. We got to Rock Island very late one night, and stopped at the only hotel to get a room and a much-needed bath. But we couldn't convince the night clerk that we were legally married. Try as we did, he thought it was too late at night for a decently married couple to be arriving. So we finally had to drive to the park and get some sleep. Some time later, we got a letter from the same clerk. He saw a picture of us in the paper, and sent us an apology and a request to come again—as his guests."

Eleanor is very absorbed in her singing career. She can still retain her amateur swimming standing as a song vendor. This satisfies her because I think Eleanor would like to go on swimming until her grandchildren will line the sides of the pool to cheer her on.

Her present engagement with her husband's orchestra is her first professional appearance as a singer. The thought of having his wife as a featured soloist with his band never entered Art's head. One day while the boys were rehearsing prior to their College Inn opening, she sang a chorus or two of one of the songs. Her voice blended nicely with the music. Art dared her to join him at the microphone. Now, the two who didn't even know each other when they appeared on their first broadcast together, are singing romantic songs for coast-to-coast audiences.

I asked Art about his theme song—"Everything's Been Done Before"—that's sweeping the country. As a rule, the movies introduce a number, and if an orchestra leader finds the song suited to his requirements, he adopts it for his theme. But with Jarrett's band, the cart came before the horse.

"When we were out on the West Coast," he said, "Eleanor and I went to a small night club just outside of Los Angeles. The music there consisted of only five pieces, but they played very smoothly. One piece in particular was swell. I had never heard it before. Its composers were there, and I met them. Then I came back to the table and spoke to Eleanor: "You know, honey, that song would be a grand theme song for our band. It's entirely different from the usual air signature and it's something to build up. She liked it too, so that made it

entirely unanimous with the Jarretts.

"We got the exclusive rights to it until it was published. Since then, it was selected as a hit tune for Jean Harlow in "Reckless."

Between her numbers with the orchestra, Eleanor sits in a corner of the room and plays backgammon with experts. Mr. and Mrs. Carmen Lombardo taught her the game and it has become a hobby with her. She also likes to collect rare perfumes, but for personal use she prefers a domestic brand. She hates apples, and being called "Ellie." Art teases her with this nickname. He likes music, reading and Italian dishes.

Eleanor is ambitious to win the backstroke championship in her third Olympics next year. I for one will be rooting for her to finish first in another record-breaking feat. After that, she confided, she wants some day to have two children—a boy and girl.

And I hope they grow up to be the kind of kids like the boy and girl I introduced to each other.

Art Jarrett and Eleanor Holm may be heard each Sunday at 11:30 P.M. over the following CBS stations:

WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WGR, WBBM, KRNT, CKLW, WDRC, KMBC, KFAB, WHAS, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, WSPD, WJSV, WMBR, WQAM, WDBO, WGST, WPG, WLBZ, WBRC, WICC, WDOD, KVOR, WBNS, KRLD, WBIG, WHP, KTRH, WNOX, KLRA, WFEA, WREC, WCCO, WALA, CKAC, WDSU, KOMA, WCOA, WMBD, WDBJ, WHEC, WTOC, KWKH, KSCJ, WSBT, WMAS, WIBW, CFRB, WIBX, KFH, WKRC, WDAE, WSJS, WNAX, KSL, KFPY, WBT, WSFA, WACO, WLAC, KTUL, WOC, KGKO, KLZ, K TSA, WDNC, WFBL, KFBK, KOH, WKBN, KVI, KHJ.

Art Jarrett and Eleanor Holm also are heard at 11:30 P.M. on Mondays over the following CBS network:

WABC, WCAO, WAAB, WDRC, WCAU, WJSV, KERN, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KHB, KFRC, KBD, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI, KLZ, KSL, KRNT, WFBM, WHAS, WBRC, KRLD, KTRH, WNOX, KLRA, WREC, WLAL, WSFA, WLAC, WDSU, KOMA, K TSA, WIBW, KTUL, KFH, KGKO, WPG, WLBZ, WICC, WFEA, WMAS, WORC, WOWO.

And at 11:30 P.M. on Thursdays over the following network:

WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WKBW, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDRC, WFBM, KFAB, WHAS, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, WICC, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WQAM, WDBO, WDAE, WGST, WPG, WLBZ, WBNS, WDNC, WBIG, WNOX, KLRA, WFEA, WREC, WCCO, WALA, CKAC, WDSU, WCOA, WMBD, WMBG, WDBJ, WHEC, WTOC, KSCJ, WSBT, WMAS, CFRB, WIBX, WSJS, WORC, WNAX, WKBN, WDOD, WSFA, WLAC, WMBR, WHP, KRNT.

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Three Warner Bros. Stars Reveal Hollywood's New MAKE-UP



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the appealing charm of
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No Imitations, Please

Why, oh, why does an orchestra try to imitate another during a broadcast? Maybe some of the radio audience really enjoys it, but I've heard many opinions to the contrary. When we dial our radios to hear a certain orchestra, it's because we enjoy that orchestra but when they begin to impersonate this one and that, we sit back and grit our teeth.

Mary Malindzak,
2851 Bedford Ave.,
Pittsburgh, Penn.

What's This About Acting?

It seems that whenever Bing Crosby, Lanny Ross and any other radio star makes a motion picture, the movie critics praise their singing but say they can't act. That makes me laugh, for I think both Lanny Ross and Bing Crosby are rather fine actors, and with the aid of their singing, they are able to surpass most of the regular Hollywood actors. Furthermore, the attendance at their performances proves without a doubt that they can compete with the best talent that Hollywood has to offer.

Roland Gardner,
35A Giddings St.,
Hartford, Conn.

Like Comedy on Sunday

I wonder if Mrs. Rau, of Springtown, Penn., has any sense of humor? How could anyone hearing Joe Penner's

Everyone has a thought or two about broadcasting. TOWER RADIO will pay one dollar for interesting ideas about radio. This prize will go to all writers of letters selected for publication. Send your communications (in 200 words or less) to the Dial a Dollar Editor, TOWER RADIO, 55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

"Wanna buy a duck?" or Jack Benny's "Jello again," possibly take exception to Sunday evening comedy broadcasts? Sunday is the one day in the week when the entire family can gather to enjoy these programs. Mrs. Rau, if you would learn to laugh, you would find the old world a much more cheery and better place in which to live.

Mary A. Laudermilk,
1931 Selby Ave.,
St. Paul, Minn.

Cut the Amateur Heartache

Why can't more care and thought be given to amateur programs? Either the contestants are rushed through their numbers or so much time is spent by the master of ceremonies trying to be funny that some are disappointed and told they will be on a future program. The program director knows how long the acts will run, so why doesn't he eliminate heartaches by having only as many amateurs as time permits?

Dollie Lundvall,
604 Wilkes Ave.,
Davenport, Iowa.

Against Modernized Songs

A lot has been said about English as "she is spoke," but what about doing something against the common radio practice of NOT singing songs as they are written? The worst offenders are the big names from the opera. Why must they agonize and almost die while rendering (tearing apart, I should say) such lovely old ballads as "Swanee River" and "Old Kentucky Home"? They would be surprised to learn how many of us "average listeners" would prefer to hear the old-fashioned songs sung in the old-fashioned way.

(Miss) H. Willmott,
41-41 44th Street,
Long Island City, N. Y.

How to Have Domestic Peace

Where in the world can I get such a variety of life itself as I do over my radio? Of course, tastes differ. So I have two radios and, when hubby listens to a ball game, I take my portable set and hie to the kitchen. There I revel in a romantic play or tea dance music. At night, what entertainment at the price of a little electric current! We dance to the music of the very best orchestras, hear various entertainers, and, during intermissions, we serve sandwiches without paying the usual club prices and having to tip an expectant waiter the price of a shirt. And people say they cannot get much out of radio!

Mrs. J. E. Meehan,
2325 Cayner Avenue,
Indianapolis, Indiana.

Spinach and Radio

(Continued from page 20)

For all his fondness for radio, Max doesn't believe in overdoing it. "I try radio for a while, I try the stage for a while, and I try the movies for a while," says the big Baer boy from California. "Mixing them up that way gives a little variety to life and also, you don't wear out your welcome in any one field. I find that radio work helps me on the stage or when I'm in the movies, and also those activities help me in radio. The whole thing fits together beautifully."

Trying to combine a radio program with training for a prizefight might puzzle some people, but not the curly-haired Max Baer. He just ordered the broadcasting studio brought down to his training headquarters. For the fight with Jim Braddock in June, Max set up his camp on an estate at Deal, New Jersey, near Asbury Park. The National Broadcasting Company obliged by setting up a temporary broadcasting studio on the mezzanine floor of the Berkeley-Carteret Hotel in Asbury Park. There, beside the wild waves of the Atlantic Ocean and with the cool sea breezes across his manly chest, Max Baer enacted the adventures of "Lucky" Smith.

Would you have liked to drop in on one of the broadcasts? Would you have liked to have seen what happened when the heavyweight champion of the world took to radio? Well then, let's take a look around.

We cross the luxurious-looking hotel lobby, walk up the broad stairway to the mezzanine, and go down along the corridor where are located the private

dining-rooms for group luncheons and banquets of various clubs and organizations. The sound of an orchestra tuning up guides us to a door that otherwise has no marking to distinguish it from the rest. We open the door, and there we are in Max Baer's broadcasting studio.

Preliminary rehearsal is going full blast, and the Big Boy himself is standing up at the microphone doing his stuff. He is dressed in a pair of those white buckskin sports shoes with crepe rubber soles that they call "Jai-alai" shoes down in Cuba, where they got their start; a pair of nattily tailored pearl gray gabardine trousers, whose fit the Prince of Wales himself might envy; a white belt; no undershirt (Max never wears one at any time); and only a fine-mesh white sports shirt between his sturdy torso and the Atlantic breezes that are gratefully rolling in through the open window, which will have to be closed before the real broadcast starts. Quite a figure of a man he makes, and if you think the girls don't realize it, you just don't know Maxie, that's all.

WE walk up to meet Max, expecting to shake the hand that shook the chin of Primo Carnera—and to our surprise, out comes his left hand. Max smiles and says, "I have to be a little careful with my right hand for a few days. One of my sparring partners happened to get in the way of that right hand, and I damaged some of the cartilage on the back of my hand." To Max, this is just one of the little inci-

dents of the training season, but we can't help wondering how that sparring partner must feel about it.

There is great confusion as the rehearsal gets under way, and Baer seems the calmest person in the studio. Sound effects have to be worked out, music cues fitted and the musicians rehearsed, the script has to be timed and cut to fit, and the thousand and one details of preparing a radio program for the air have to be completed. Presiding over the whole activity is Jean Grombach, head of the radio producing firm in New York which bears his name. He is a solidly built six-footer, so husky that we are forced to remark, "Why, you look like a fighter yourself." Calmly Grombach replied, "I was. When I was at West Point I was the intercollegiate heavyweight champion of America. I was a member of the Olympics boxing team in 1924, and later, while I was in the army, I was the all-service heavyweight champion." Well, we certainly ran into some fighters, didn't we? Grombach resigned his commission in the army, went first into radio engineering and later into radio program producing, and now handles Max Baer's radio activities. Working with Grombach are members of his organization, Chester H. Miller, the director; Leonard Holton, author of the scripts; and Garson Kanin, assistant director, who also plays the part of Bezer, who is "Lucky" Smith's assistant in the stories.

A highly important figure in the proceedings is Paul Dumont, the production director for the National Broadcasting Company. Dumont is thor-

oughly experienced as an actor, writer, announcer and director in radio, and someone as versatile and capable as he is needed to take general charge of the technical and production details for NBC and make sure that this broadcast from a makeshift hotel studio measures up to the exacting standards of the network.

Amid all the welter and confusion of some thirty or forty men—actors, musicians and technicians—we finally spot the little curly blond head of Miss Peg La Centra. She is Max Baer's leading lady in the script, and the one girl among all these men. Miss La Centra is equally gifted as both singer and actress and she is coming along fast toward genuine radio stardom. We draw Miss La Centra aside and get a little slant on Max Baer as seen through the eyes of his leading lady.

"For all his size and strength, he's really just a little boy," says Peg, who looks so tiny beside Max that you almost expect him to pick her up and stick her in his vest pocket. "He's full of fun, success hasn't gone to his head at all, and he is one of the best-natured beings I ever met anywhere. What astounds me, however, is his downright ability as an actor. When you consider that he developed as a fighter, not as an actor, it is simply marvelous the way he can get into a script, really deliver lines for all they are worth, and make swift changes of pace and mood with an ease and naturalness that would do credit to a veteran actor. The point is that he doesn't worry over and study out these effects the way many a professional actor would. He's perfectly natural. The directors are careful not

to over-rehearse him, so as not to take the edge off his playing, and although he may sometimes appear to be just romping through a rehearsal, when the time comes for actual performance, he sails in and gives the part everything that's in it."

THERE is praise indeed, coming from a radio actress of such talent and training as Peg La Centra. Max really earned the money he was paid for radio work, and it cost his sponsors, the makers of Gillette safety razors and blades, a large sum of money to put this whole program on the air. It is estimated that all expenses for the first thirteen-week period (broadcasting time is sold in blocks of thirteen weeks, one-quarter year), amounted to \$108,000, including \$25,000 for the exclusive rights to broadcast the Baer-Braddock fight. Max's program had to attract a lot of listeners to justify such expenditures as those, and the reports show that his program attained tremendous popularity on the air.

THIS matter of combining broadcasting with training for a title bout isn't so simple as it sounds. How would you like to have this for your daily schedule: Rise at 5:30 A.M. (Stop right there, brother. Ninety-nine per cent. of the candidates have dropped out already!) Three to five miles of road work and then breakfast at 6:30, consisting of oatmeal, crisp bacon, two full glasses of orange juice and the only coffee Max is allowed to have all day long. After breakfast, a rest period and a nap, then a session of exercises and footwork and a rather light lunch (one lamb chop, a single egg, whole milk and plenty of spinach) at 11:30. After lunch he reads, then at 2 o'clock he climbs into the ring for the major workout of the day, with punching bags, sparring partners and all the exercise the trainer can throw at him. This is followed by a shower and a rubdown, and at 4:30 in the afternoon he eats his big meal, which is the last food he gets for the day. This is a large meal, with soup, steak, milk and assorted vegetables, including spinach. After dinner he is free to go to the movies if he so desires, or listen to the radio, or play bridge, but he *must* be in bed by 9 o'clock—because he has to get up at 5:30 in the morning and start the whole schedule all over again!

Monday is the big day of the week, because on broadcasting day Max gets excused from his ring work, rehearses first in the afternoon and then in the evening, and he gets a chance to stay up until 11 o'clock at night. "I think the broadcasting is swell," says Max, beaming. "In fact, instead of collecting a salary, I sometimes think I ought to pay them for letting me do it!"

Naturally one wonders what Max plans for the future, so we ask him. "I hope to win about three more big fights," he says seriously, "and then I think I may retire. Fighting is a game in which you can stay on top only a few years at best. I've already got my eye on something more permanent to get into when I quit the ring. Maybe you've guessed it. Yes, it's radio!"

Max Baer may be heard each Monday at 10:30 P.M. over the following NBC stations:

WEAF, WTAG, WJAR, WBEN, KOA, WCSH, KYW, WRC, WGY, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI, WHIO, WIRE, KSD, WOW, WDAF, WIBA, WEBC, WDAY, KFJR, WRVA, WTAR, WSOC, WPTF, WWNC, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WAVE, WMC, WEEL, WMAQ, WHO, WJDX, WSMB, KVOO, KTBS, KTHS, KGIR, KGH, KPO KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KFS, KTAR, KDYL, KFBR, WKY, WSB, CFCE, CRCT.

About Radio Personalities

Maestro Charles Previn began his career as pianist for Gus Edwards. . . . Ann Seymour, of Grand Hotel, is a daughter of Mae Davenport Seymour, former actress and now in charge of the theatrical archives of the Museum of the City of New York. . . . Ethel Merman will broadcast from Hollywood beginning in July, while she appears in the new Eddie Cantor film comedy. . . . Vivienne Segal always keeps her fingertips touching as she sings, claiming she can feel her tonal balance. . . . Abe Lyman used to be a Chicago taxi driver. . . . The students of the University of California recently voted upon their favorite radio programs, selecting Jack Benny both for favorite program and favorite comic, Ted Husing as ace announcer, and the orchestras of Paul Whiteman and Guy Lombardo as best jazz and dance bands. . . . When Joe Penner's ex-sponsors come back to the air on October 6th, "Believe-it-or-Not" Bob Ripley will be the star. . . . Bing Crosby has just signed a movie contract to make four pictures a year for the next three years. . . . Al Goodman, the conductor, was born in 1890 at Nikopol, a town on the River Dnieper near Odessa. . . . Jesse Crawford, "the poet of the organ," was born in Woodland, California, in 1895, and at the age of nine, was a member of a boys' brass band recruited in an orphanage. . . . Carlton Morse, author of "One Man's Family," has built a new home on the hills south of San Francisco.

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$\frac{3}{4}$ cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
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1 egg yolk
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
Few grains cayenne
1 teaspoon dry mustard

Place ingredients in mixing bowl. Beat with rotary egg beater until mixture thickens. If thicker consistency is desired, place in refrigerator to chill before serving. Makes $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups.

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Radio Goes Adventuring

(Continued from page 11)

of this kind of thing is a broadcast which was being arranged by the Columbia Broadcasting System at the time this article was written. It was scheduled to go on the air in late Summer. This was a broadcast to be called "The Most Dangerous Jobs in the World." The plans called for a rapid-fire skipping all over the country, to visit a window washer on the top floor of the Empire State building; a dynamite mixer in a powder plant; a Department of Justice agent, one of the daring G-men, on the trail of a criminal; a movie stunt man; a rattlesnake farmer; and several others. Think for a moment of the work that such a broadcast requires. You have to locate the men, and arrange for them to be ready for broadcasting at a certain hour and minute of a certain day; you have to set up remote control wires at all kinds of out-of-the-way places, with a full technical crew at each pick-up; and finally you have to slip from point to point at lightning speed, bringing everything into the whole network.

These are the types of broadcast, daring, original, with no commercial sponsor, which bring out the true scope and possibility of radio. Listeners get a genuine break when such broadcasts are put on the air in Summer, and an interesting recent development in radio is the fact that sponsors are beginning to see the value of the news-event type of broadcast. For instance, this year the Kentucky Derby was commercially sponsored and heard exclusively over the Columbia Broadcasting System; whereas the Max Baer-Jim Braddock fight was a commercial heard only on the National Broadcasting Company network.

At the time of writing this article, NBC was planning a spectacular mid-Summer broadcast, with the date not set at that time, but undoubtedly it will be coming along soon after this appears in print. This is a giant program called "America at Play." The plans call for skipping back and forth across the country to crowded beaches, to lonely camps in high Rockies, to fashionable resort hotels, to a busy highway refreshment stand; to an outdoor symphony concert, to some small boys in an old swimming hole, to a baseball game, a basket picnic—in short to present a fast, colorful picture of a great nation at play; a radio program with a cast of five million people.

These are a few of the reasons for staying close to your radio in the Summertime. The month of June already will have carried into history a number of notable broadcasts as you read these lines. The arrival of the great French liner *Normandie*, the largest ship in the world, as she completed her maiden voyage to America called for great programs from both networks. Columbia scheduled the Princeton invitational track meet, bringing together such world famous runners as Bonthron, Cunningham and Lovelock on June 15; both networks broadcast the Poughkeepsie Regatta, America's premier rowing event; there were radio descriptions of the Davis Cup tennis matches from England; and the National Open golf championship in America.

WOULD you like to meet some of the men behind these special events broadcasts, and learn something about how these programs actually get on the air? Come, then, and meet Paul W. White, young, dynamic, good looking, former executive of a news service,

who is now director of public events and special features for the Columbia Broadcasting System.

"We try to get human interest as well as news interest into our special events broadcasts," says Mr. White. "Human beings like to hear about other human beings, and we get a very favorable response from our 'Man in the Street' broadcasts, wherein we actually go out on the sidewalk and talk with everyday citizens and get their views on questions in which the whole country is interested. Radio is constantly extending its resources for covering events of public interest, so that nowadays wherever events of extraordinary importance are happening, you are almost sure to find a microphone around somewhere."

The director of special events broadcasts for the National Broadcasting Company is William Lundell, former theology student (with Phi Beta Kappa honors), later an announcer, and now one of the most energetic and original figures in radio. Lundell attracted the attention of the whole radio world with his series of interviews with notable persons, including Marie Dressler, H. L. Mencken, and his never-to-be-forgotten interview with Gertrude Stein last Winter. He showed so much enterprise in arranging these and other programs that NBC decided to place him in charge of all its special events broadcasts.

Backing him up is some truly remarkable technical equipment. The National Broadcasting Company now has three different types of mobile transmitter, and has developed this phase of broadcasting more than any other company.

TO understand the workings of this equipment it is necessary to keep in mind the fact that network broadcasting is done not by wireless but with good old everyday telephone wires. That is to say, a program originating in New York is sent out by telephone wires to each and every station in the network. After it has been received, the station puts it on the air as radio and you get it on your home set, but it

must come into the station on telephone wires. Thus in general practice, a radio network can pick up broadcasts only from points that can be reached by a telephone wire.

Now there are no telephone wires three or four miles up in the air, there are none under the sea, and although there may be telephone wires at an airport headquarters, there are none out in the middle of the runway. To get around these and similar limitations, the National Broadcasting Company designed equipment for miniature broadcasting stations, to be carried by the announcer so that he could go anywhere he pleased and then radio his remarks back to the nearest telephone wire and thus get them on the air.

The smallest unit of this equipment is a 40-pound pack to be carried on a man's back. It was this type of unit that went aloft in the stratosphere flight last year, and it was this unit that was used by a daring parachute jumper who described his sensations as he plunged toward the earth. He wore both parachute and broadcasting station on his back!

The next larger unit is carried in a light touring car, and is useful in covering large areas, such as are involved in a great outdoor celebration, an inauguration, a sham battle, an airplane landing or similar event where speed and mobility are essential.

The third type of field equipment, known officially as the National Broadcasting Company's Mobile Unit, is one of the wonders of modern science. It is simply a kind of Radio City on wheels. The equipment is mounted on a powerful truck chassis, capable of making seventy miles an hour, and includes a self-contained power generating station, a broadcasting studio, not one but *three* short-wave broadcasting units, licensed and operating on three different wave lengths, and four receiving units. This Mobile Unit has an effective sending range of 100 miles while standing still and 50 miles while in motion.

THUS, if a major shipwreck should occur at some desolate point on the coast, far from a telephone line, the Mobile Unit would be dispatched to the scene. It would establish a central headquarters, and send the lighter car cruising up and down the coast covering all points where lifeboats might land. If a lifeboat arrived, the announcer could leave the light car, take his portable unit and go right down and talk with the survivors. In this way the announcer would wireless his remarks back to the light car, which would in turn relay them to the Mobile Unit, which would then send them back to the nearest pick-up point to be put on telephone wires and sent out over the network.

All this equipment gives flexibility and mobility that is the very last word in modern broadcasting technique. Lundell and the men in the special events department are planning to use it to the fullest extent this Summer. They have in mind such things as a broadcast from an airplane as it flies over Grand Canyon, a treasure hunt by a deep-sea diver whose equipment is so far advanced that he hopes ultimately to explore the Lusitania, and swift, complete coverage of outstanding news events.

Once more we say don't forget to turn on your radio these warm days. It's going to be an exciting Summer!

News of the Kilocycles

Tony Wons drinks a pint and a half of orange juice daily to ward off colds. . . . Letters addressed to Lois Bennett finally land in a rural mail box on a Connecticut turnpike, for Miss Bennett is really Mrs. Louis Chatten and she lives at Westland Farm, Conn. . . . Jack Fulton once drove a laundry wagon at Philipsburg, Penn. . . . Yale students recently voted Amos 'n' Andy and Fred Allen their favorite comics. . . . In the old days Morton Downey held down dozens of odd jobs, such as candy butcher on trains, a factory hand, a truck driver, a phonograph salesman and an insurance solicitor. . . . Burgess Meredith recently scored a solid Broadway hit with Katharine Cornell in her new play, "Flowers of the Forest". The Manhattan critics gave Meredith some grand notices. And not one mentioned that he was the Red Davis of the air. . . . Milton J. Cross, veteran NBC announcer, is the oldest with the company in point of service. Began in 1922 with Station WJZ. He is a graduate of DeWitt Clinton High School, New York, but doesn't look like the typical New Yorker. He is big and slow talking. Cross met his wife while singing in a church choir and they live near Prospect Park in Brooklyn.

Behind the Dial

(Continued from page 7)

AN Alger story: Not so long ago Wendell Snow Gibbs was an NBC page, guiding tourists around Radio City. Because he speaks French fluently he was especially assigned one day to show the sights to a Parisian whose knowledge of English was limited. The overseas visitor was so pleased with his personally conducted tour and his guide's personality that he rewarded young Gibbs by making him American representative of the Radiodiffusion Europeenne, of Paris. For the stranger was one of the biggest radio moguls in all France. Now Gibbs presides over a big office of his own in Radio City and in celebration of his new position in life recently got married, going, of course, to Paris on his honeymoon, with all expenses paid by his new employer.

BROADCAST briefs: Did you know that his sponsors have insured The Voice of Experience for \$125,000? The Voice is unique in that no one could substitute for him in case illness or accident prevented his appearance at the mike. . . . And speaking of The Voice, I am reminded that he is now a full-fledged LL.D. That degree was recently conferred on Marion Sayle Taylor—that's who The Voice is really—by his alma mater, the William Jewell College, of Liberty, Mo. . . . And it is also Dr. Frank Black now. The doctor of music degree was conferred upon NBC's general musical director by the Missouri Valley College, of Marshall, Mo. . . . Stations KYW and WCAU, rival NBC and CBS outlets in Philadelphia, share the same studios. However, the competitors maintain separate staffs.

ANNUALLY a group that professes to be arbiters on such things makes a sartorial survey of the studios and solemnly awards "honors" to the best dressed men and women of radio. Always the findings are as hotly disputed as those of the Pulitzer Committee. So, if your choice doesn't appear in the subjoined list, don't blame me, and don't even write to me about it. Just look around now, choose your nearest Congressman and write him. Here is the list, the names being recorded in the order of their merit, as seen by the self-appointed judges: Men—Rudy Vallee, Ray Noble, Paul Whiteman, Frank Parker, Jack Denny, and Arthur Boran. Women—Vivienne Segal, Gladys Swarthout, Jane Pickens, Helen Jepson, Vera Van and Harriet Hilliard.

THE REVELERS, originally the Shannon Four, a quartet formed when broadcasting began, are the biggest money-making group of male singers on the air. They are guaranteed an annual income of \$75,000, and frequently the intake exceeds that amount. Their revenue is split five ways; Frank Black, their arranger and accompanist and the one who organized the foursome, sharing alike with Wilfred Glenn, Elliot Shaw, Lewis James and Robert Simmons, who comprise the quartet. The first three are original members while Bob Simmons is the baby. It is a tradition of The Revelers that the first tenor always leaves to become a star in his own right—James Melton and Frank Parker, being two who have done that very thing.

One of the outstanding developments of radio of recent years, to my way of thinking, is the emergence of Frank Parker as a comedian. Jack Benny, suave and shrewd showman, is responsible, of course, for Parker's progress,

seeing to it that his tenor soloist was provided with proper lines to speak. But if Parker, whose stage experience until his joining up with Benny was limited to that of a Shubert chorus man, didn't have it in him, he couldn't put across comedy as he does. It has always been contrary to the laws of nature for a tenor to be funny—that is, intentionally—and until the advent of Parker their efforts to be comic have been more tragic than anything else.

MAX BAER, the prize-fighter who talks like an actor as all who have heard him on the air know, draws down \$3,500 a week as a broadcaster. But it cost him a week's salary and more before he could square an old business deal and enter upon his recent series for that razor-blade concern. Before his bout with Schmeling, when he won the heavy-weight title, Baer agreed to the use of his name for the manufacture of a proposed new blade. He was given \$100 to bind the bargain and promptly forgot all about the matter. Then when it was announced he was to air for another razor blade, his business associates promptly put in an appearance with an argument. They contended the champion couldn't legally lend his talents to the exploitation of a rival whisker snipper—unless he saw them first. After much bickering, Baer bought off their contract for \$6,000, which, minus the \$100 advanced, left him holding the bag for \$5,900.

Trailing International Spies

(Continued from page 57)

by Morgan Farley, another Theatre Guild alumnus, who has been featured in many Broadway plays, as well as leading radio programs.

The production director of the Black Chamber programs for the McCann-Erickson agency is William Perry, a talented, widely traveled young man who was formerly with the National Broadcasting Company and is thoroughly versed in both the technical and dramatic phases of radio production. Working with him is the production representative of the National Broadcasting Company, Edward Whitney, an experienced dramatic director who handles "Death Valley Days" and other of the leading dramatic programs on the air. Sound effects are tremendously important in a program of mystery and intrigue such as the "Stories of the Black Chamber," and two able men, Stuart A. McQuade and Erich Don Pam, of the NBC staff, are in charge of this department. The announcer on the program is big, blond and popular Howard Petrie, one of the best-liked men in Radio City.

All in all, it is quite a crew that puts on the "Stories of the Black Chamber," but more than that, their hair-raising tales are based on actual conditions in the world today. Tune in on this program for some of the most authentic thrills in radio!

Stories of the Black Chamber may be heard each Monday at 7:15 P.M. over the following NBC stations:

WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WJAR, WCSH, KYW, WBEN, WCAE, WGY, WTAM, WSAI, WMAQ, WEEL, WRC, KDYL, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KPO, WOW, WFBR, KSD, WWJ, KOA.

Does he call you up the next morning?

THE exciting tinkle of her telephone the next morning means that he was serious when he said that she was the most fascinating girl at the party. He'll keep her phone busy as long as she keeps charming.

Don't envy the beauty of others, often their beauty is enhanced by clever make-up. You too can have a soft, satiny skin, luscious tempting lips and an alluring fragrance lingering delightfully about you to make the memory of you always exciting. Use Blue Waltz Face Powder, Cold Cream, Lipstick and Perfume, all scented with that delightful Blue Waltz fragrance to make you the envy of other women.

Buy Blue Waltz Perfume and Cosmetics today. For your protection they are laboratory tested and are certified to be pure. 10¢ each at your 5 and 10¢ store.



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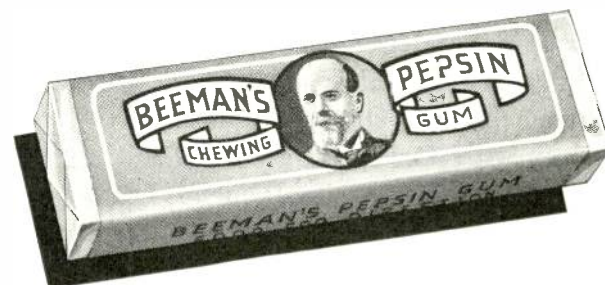
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Apple Corn Bread

2 cups corn meal	2 beaten eggs
2 tablespoons sugar	1 teaspoon soda
1 1/2 teaspoons salt	1 tablespoon cold
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2 tablespoons shortening	1 cup chopped raw apple

Put corn meal, sugar, salt, milk and shortening in the top of a double boiler and cook for 10 minutes over boiling water. Cool, add soda dissolved in water and the eggs, well beaten. Then stir in the apples. Pour into a shallow, greased pan. Put in a moderate oven (350°F.) and bake until it begins to brown, about 25 minutes. Serve hot.

Serve Apple Corn Bread with broiled bananas and bacon . . . and listen to the praise! You will get dozens of equally good recipes in the interesting food pamphlet "Better Breakfasts": Pineapple Pancakes or Waffles, Prune Bread, Omelets, special ways with Cereals, Bacon and Tomato Toast . . . simple menus and hearty menus.

48 delicious recipes and 15 breakfast menus for 10c! Address your request for "Better Breakfasts" to

Jane A. Osborne

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He Couldn't Give Up

(Continued from page 27)

Ned's eyes were closed. He didn't reply but she knew he was not asleep and she read the pitiful little letter from a child shut in and bedridden for years, who begged him to get well so he could make her happy again. Then she sat back to see how he took that one.

"You win, Betty," her husband said finally. "God, I never knew that program meant this to people. But if it does, then I've got to get well. I've got to!"

And that was the turning of the tide in Ned Reese's favor.

Ned Reese, or Spencer Dean if you prefer it that way, returned home last week. His apartment is on the top floor of a four story Greenwich Village building. He was lying in a steamer chair on a porch which overlooked the back yards of several buildings of the same height and appearance as the one in which he lived.

WHEN I visited him the sun had tanned his cheeks but beneath the brown color you could still see the lines which excruciating pain had put there. His left arm and side were in a cast.

"It has been a long pull," he told me, "but I feel now that I will get well and regain the use of this arm." He pointed with his right arm to the other member which stuck off at right angles in true scarecrow fashion.

"Do you know," Ned went on, "that for days and weeks I lay in my bed in the hospital hoping for the end to come. Through the mists my wife's voice came to me and I caught snatches of what she was saying. 'Do you remember, Ned,' she said, 'those people who were sick and afflicted and wrote you that they just waited for you and your pal, Dan Cassidy, to appear in Crime Clues and they forgot their troubles?'"

"Then she went on to tell me that all these people wanted me to live. That they were deeply concerned in my future—the future of Spencer Dean. Little by little as the days went by I gathered more and more understanding. I felt those people reaching out to me to help them. Many who had listened in to Crime Clues through the years. Now it was a legless veteran in a military hospital. Then a girl in an institute for the blind. One little girl who had spent six years in a tuberculosis hospital wrote me not to give up because if I died she would too.

"Betty" he called his wife, "will you please get me those two letters from Our Old Lady."

While she went to fetch them, he said:

"These letters are from one of my best radio friends. Beyond the fact that she is a doctor's wife and in her late sixties I do not know anything about her. She always signs herself 'Your Old Lady.' When I was first hurt she called up the hospital or my wife daily to inquire about me. A few days passed and she did not call. Then she wrote very briefly that she had fallen off her horse and was badly hurt."

MRS. REESE handed over two letters to me.

"Read first the one headed 'Hello Fella.'" Ned requested.

"Hello Fella:

Surprised to learn you are not at home. Keep your chin up! All will be well with you, I know. I can't walk—legs banged up a bit, but they are gradually doing a neat job of repair. I have new teeth (knocked out some)

nose back in shape and bruises have now assumed various colors, black, blue and yellow so now I am a thing of beauty. Hope soon to be on my own again. What about you? Next time I phone I want to hear a good report. God Bless You! Please give kindest remembrances to Mrs. Reese, your nice nurse and Dan Cassidy.

YOUR OLD LADY.

Don't you hate wheelchairs?"

When I had finished Ned said:

"You see I cannot give up when I have friends like that. It will take weeks to get that arm back into shape again, but the fact that there are thousands who want me back on the air makes it so much easier to fight it out. I owe the knowledge to my wife. She brought it all home to me."

Betty Reese, a pretty, slim blonde addressed me.

"He has had three babies named after him since his accident," her eyes shone with pride, "and only the other day a Lowell policeman sent him a message of cheer. He ended his letter 'Next to their Dad, my kids think you are the best Dick in the world.'"

Ned shook his head thoughtfully.

"You know when I think that I was just a disembodied spirit floating around in space for weeks after the accident, I must confess my friends have accomplished a miracle. But read that second letter—it is typical of so many others—"

"Dear Mr. Reese:

How happy I am to learn you are at home. That means you are definitely on the good road once more. Now—it's just a question of courage, and you'll be out again in the busy world. Perhaps your nerves are not quite steady after your long painful illness, but keep your chin up—don't be discouraged and all will be well. I have discharged my nurse and those two medicos who live with me, and am walking around again—a bit shaky I'll admit but this beautiful weather will help us both mentally and physically. And now, my dear, you are once more in happy surroundings with your family and friends, so I guess it is time to stop bothering you with letters—time for me to exit. Yes? I am leaving the end of May for my home in ——— and will take my silly horse, and dog, and once more put on my riding boots, just to teach that horse

to behave. Don't feel so humiliated as he has since thrown the groom and two exercise boys—needs more work. Hope I'll be able to hear you before I leave. I'll sure celebrate when I hear your voice again on the air. My prayers for your health and success will continue, and perhaps once in a while you'll think of your old lady (kindly). My love to you and Mrs. Reese—

YOUR OLD LADY."

I looked at Ned Reese. His jaw was set. His face grimaced with pain.

"Sorry," he said, "but it hurts now and again. And this damned contraption is uncomfortable."

"But," I declared, "since thousands feel exactly like that old lady, you'll forget the pain and get back to the mike again so they can all celebrate."

"I'm not kicking," he replied, "at the moment I am in a similar humor to William Prescott. You will recall he was a great sufferer, and one day when a friend sympathized, he said: 'Don't think I am despondent. I'm not! My spirits are always as high as my pulse—about fifteen points!' That is just about how I feel at present."

Ned Reese always possessed intestinal fortitude—since the time when a mere lad he left Baltimore, his native city, to seek a career on the stage. He has served an apprenticeship with stock companies all over the country and done the proverbial one-night stands to a fare thee well. On Broadway he has appeared in many plays for the Theater Guild. Among the high spots of his theatrical career are engagements in "Grounds for Divorce," opposite Ina Claire, "East is West," opposite Fay Bainter, and "Gertie," in which he was co-featured with Pat O'Brien.

Also his courage in the field of sport is unquestioned. He has many swimming medals and tennis cups attesting his prowess.

And so, when Spencer Dean returns to the air, those of you who have written to him can claim the lion's share of credit. For without you he would have slipped unconsciously into Eternity without a thought of anything or anyone, even the wife he adores, in an effort to find release from pain. Your letters pointed out to him a better way. Do something for somebody else! Those five words carry more healing power than a whole trunk full of medicine.

Spencer Dean has come back for you!

Phil Baker

(Continued from page 18)

you're young," he says as if he were silver-haired, "when you're young anything goes. It is only by living that we finally learn that all the things the majority do aren't stupid, that it's pretty safe to figure that men haven't been marrying and having families and buying houses and planting gardens for hundreds of years because there was any smarter thing to do, because you stood even an equal chance of happiness doing anything else."

It is about two and a half years since Phil first saw Peggy Cartwright. And two and a half years since they were married. For as Phil himself will tell you, with one of those famous beguiling grins, he's a fast worker. When his mind is made up as well as his heart, I mean.

Only Phil's heart was made up about

a girl he knew before Peggy. Never his mind. Always there were things about that other girl which didn't click with him, things to which he couldn't reconcile himself. Nevertheless, when she married another man, in spite of his apparent spirits and all his success, he went around for a long time wondering why he was born and why he was living.

Then he went to see the Shubert revue, "Americana," and there was Peggy Cartwright, one of the principals, with her smooth hair and her gentle reserve and he stopped wondering why he was living. He knew. Just like that.

"I'll join your revue," he told Shubert who was about to close up despairing of better business. "Give it another chance!"

So no notice was posted. Instead the

lights on the marquee spelled Phil Baker along with the names of the other headliners. While the music from Phil's accordion spilled over the footlights the day was saved temporarily at any rate.

PEGGY CARTWRIGHT watched and listened from the wings, more confused than she ever had been in her life. She was head over heels in love with that young man who stood out on the stage and a week before she hadn't ever laid eyes on him. Besides, to make everything even more unbelievable he was head over heels in love with her too. He had told her so, seriously, amazed himself apparently, while he had urged her not to withdraw from him because he had spoken so soon, but to give them a chance. As if she had the least intention in the world of doing anything else.

The following Sunday afternoon they went driving. Up Westchester way. It was dusk when they reached the suburbs. In front of a white house surrounded by a tall hedge Phil brought his car to a stop. The lighted windows of that house were like golden blobs in the gathering darkness. A boy's bike rested against the porch steps.

"That's what I want," Phil told Peggy earnestly. "A home, with big trees around it. Kids. I'm telling you all this now because I don't think it would be fair any other way. For me to marry you, I mean, letting you think we could live in a New York hotel. You know, go on the way so many show people do."

He didn't stop. It had taken all his courage for him to begin. He hadn't been sure how the quiet girl sitting beside him would react. A young girl on her way up in the Broadway theater might very well have other notions. And his love for Peggy already had struck roots into his very fibre.

"You see," he hurried on "you see, Peggy, I seem to have been a long time learning that this sort of thing," with a quick nod toward that house "is what counts. Really counts. But now I know it so surely that I can't do anything but reach for it. At any cost."

For a minute she didn't answer. They just sat there silently. When she finally began to talk he strained to hear her for she spoke very low.

"I've always thought of three children," was what she said. "And lately I've taken to thinking that it would be just about perfect if one of them should play an accordion. You see, Phil . . ."

But the rest was lost against the rough stuff of his coat. For except for those blobs of light in the windows it had grown quite dark.

TWO weeks later they were married over in Jersey, by a justice of the peace. The Cartwrights and the Bakers called to mind such old sayings as "Marry in haste and repent at leisure," adding comments strictly their own. To all of which Phil and Peggy paid no heed. They were on their way to Palm Beach. To days in the sun together. Therefore only vaguely aware of anything else. Which, you must admit, was quite as it should be.

They bought a little house down there immediately. "It will be fine for the babies to have the worst of the Winter away from New York," they explained to each other. Exactly as if their babies already were there.

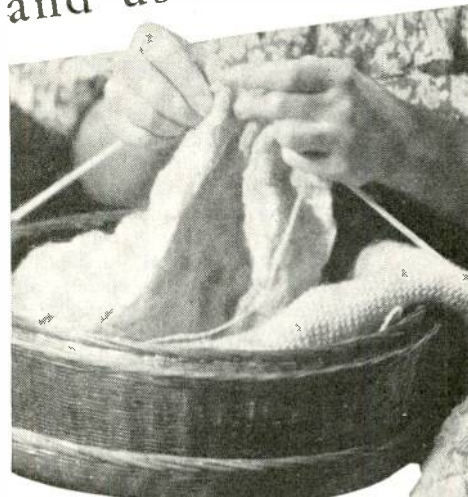
Naturally some people on Broadway smiled with that brand of superiority which Broadway alone mints while they made cracks about dear old Phil, a good egg once upon a time, going domestic.

"Did those cracks concern you at all?" I asked him.

He shook his head. "No. You see



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by that time I'd discovered that all a lot of people in the theater have to offer they give their audiences. Not all of them, mind. But a lot of them. And that those who did have something else had done and would continue to do what I was doing. That they had married and had children and created a life of their own. That they had come to the place where they wanted more from life than Broadway alone offers anyone. Just as a broker will want something more than Wall Street."

Little Margot Baker, Miss Muffet, is about eighteen months old. And the lovely image of her mother. Stuart Henry is only a baby. In the Mamaroneck house both have their own rooms with southern exposure.

Snapshots of Miss Muffet and Stuart Henry filling Phil's wallet bulge his suits all out of shape. And always several prints of each film have to be struck off. For the Cartwrights and the Bakers think differently about this marriage now. And if they don't come out and say so, deviously and subtly, they would lead you to believe that their first disapproval was shamefully exaggerated, that all they ever said was that Phil and Peggy would be wise to wait until they were sure. And you know how quick human beings are to say "I told you so," given even half a chance.

"However," Phil will tell you, grinning, "I have no doubt when the folks are together they nod at each other and say, 'It's his luck again! That Phil! His amazing luck!'"

NATURALLY Phil's parents who long since left that Ghetto tenement to live in Miami in the Winter and on a Long Island shore in the Summer marvel over him and find it hard to credit the things that happen to him.

"You know," Phil's sister told his parents not long ago, "Phil played one of the Broadway movie houses last week and made five thousand dollars."

"The fools!" groaned his mother, referring to the managers.

While his father, with less to say, went over in a corner and chuckled quietly to himself. He thinks the money his son makes the greatest joke he ever heard.

To them Phil's earning capacity is incomprehensible, a Midas' dream. And so it is, of course, to almost anyone. Yet the thing Phil has bought with his great riches which he places above all other things is that house of his. Not because it is long and white and commands a view of the Sound. Not because its gracious rooms are furnished with rare old pieces to which the very years have contributed a greater beauty. Not because it stands in a neighborhood where a famous banker lives next door. But because it is home. Home, where the heart is.

Phil Baker may be heard each Friday at 9:30 P.M. over the following NBC stations:

WJZ, WBZ, KWK, WOAI, WKY, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WJR, KDYL, WREN, KOIL, WTMJ, KSTP, WEBC, WRVA, WWNC, WJAX, WIOD, WSM, WMC, WSB, WAPI, WSMB, WFAA, KOA, KSO, WENR, KHQ, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KTAR, KPRC, WBAL, WAVE, WFLA, WMAL, WSYR, WBZA, WMT.

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Golden Peacock Face Powder

Short Wave Department

(Continued from page 38)

mornings from about two-thirty to four. Mr. O. Oppenheim, owner and operator of VK3ZX just verified the writer's reception of this station and informs us that his station's signals have been heard in every continent. "My success," says Mr. Oliver Oppenheim, "lies in the fact that I am always experimenting. Not with my transmitter but with the aerials. At present I am using the latest Hertz type antennas."

WITH sixteen short wave broadcasting stations transmitting on the thirty-one meter band, the short wave listener does not want for entertainment. He can choose his country as well as his music. The European stations are outdoing each other in providing excellent programs for all listeners. Rome, on 9640 Kc., is an afternoon and evening favorite with many fans. HBL, 9590 Kc., Geneva, Switzerland, is the voice of the League of Nations when on Saturday at 5:30 P.M. this station, in conjunction with HBP, 7800 Kc., comes on the air.

With Rome on one side and Geneva on the other, Lisbon, CT1AA, transmits musical programs of the highest type.

Daventry, radiating on 9580 Kc., and 9510 Kc., speaks to the world on these two frequencies and is heard equally well on either of them.

Berlin comes on the air at 5:05 P.M. E.S.T., on either 9570 Kc. or 9340 Kc. and sometimes broadcasts on both.

Once in a while on 9572 Kc. you may hear a strange language and beautiful music. Then consider yourself lucky as you have logged LKJI, Oslo, Norway. According to a letter just received from this station they are relaying, every day the Norwegian national programs on this frequency.

Added to this motley collection of stations we have HP5J, 9590 Kc.,

Panama City; W2ZAF, 9530 Kc., Schenectady; PRF5, 9500 Kc., Rio de Janeiro; COH, 9430 Kc., Havana, Cuba.

While these stations are "sleeping" the Australians come to life and VUB, 9570 Kc., Bombay, India, speaks to an army of short wave listeners.

Here is a little short story. Several months ago I went with several friends to visit a mutual friend who lived in the country. We took a short wave receiver along with us. Upon our arrival, we informed our host that we were in a hurry to put the short wave receiver in operation as England would be on in about five minutes. Our host said in a very serious and honest way. "Oh! Boy! Wait until I run up to the garret and get my earphones!"

We were astonished. Listening to England on earphones! At first we thought our country cousin was joking but it seemed he could hardly believe that any short wave station could be heard on a loud speaker.

Now we know there are hundreds, probably thousands of radio listeners, not fans, who are laboring under the impression that short waves are "bunk." The man who says that has either been disgusted by hearing signals from over seas, brought to him through the medium of a poorly constructed or cheap receiver or else he is voicing the opinion of someone who does not want to go with the times. Short waves are here to stay, and the sooner you, the biased listener, realize this the happier you will be.

THINK of the pleasure derived from touring the world. Granted it is only mentally, but I should like to see your expression the first time you tuned your receiver and heard the weird Oriental music coming direct from Japan or the sound of Big Ben tolling the hour in London! Something about

short wave does get in your blood.

Many a time a visitor would come to my home and we would discuss short wave reception. Then with a wave of the hand, the incredulous intruder would say, "Do you think I believe all that stuff and nonsense about Japan and Australia being heard with the signal strength of one of our own American stations? Well, I don't."

This remark made by several people caused me to think, "How can I prove what I say is true?"

Then the idea of recording these programs began to form. Anyone with even the slightest technical knowledge of recording apparatus will agree that to make a recording of a program, you must have sufficient signal strength to vibrate the cutting needle.

For several months I worked on my recording outfit until now it is really in ship shape. Installed in a rack, similar to an amateur's transmitter, it is ready to perform whenever necessary.

Now when my hard-to-convince visitor comes to see me, and doubts my word, I say, "Wait, I'll let you hear something!"

In my record cabinet I have recordings of programs radiated by stations throughout the world. India, China, Australia, Japan, Europe and South America. Also special events such as the Easter service from the Vatican which came through the Geneva stations; the tolling of the bells in Jerusalem; Dr. Magnus' speech from the University of Jerusalem which came by land wire to Cairo, Egypt and was recorded by the writer direct from SUV, Cairo, Egypt. The King of England's short but impressive talk to his subjects is now recorded on acetate and reposes side by side with a recording of sweet-voiced geisha girls from the land of the kimono.

You're Really Good

(Continued from page 23)

small, timid boy came up with his paper. Don looked very little like a romantic lover as he signed it.

"It introduced me to Bill Troutman and Bernardine Flynn—she's Sade on 'Vic and Sade'—and Bern and I acted in three college shows together. I was cheerfully attending my fourth college, and hadn't seriously settled down to anything yet except a few law books. They were pretty heavy volumes for me, too. Troutman kept me at acting. Bern got me to try radio after I had been licked by Broadway. Now all this." He pointed at the bustle in the lobby.

As a matter of fact, on that afternoon in 1928, Don didn't care whether he was chosen for Shaw's "Devil's Disciple" or not. He had a handsome face and a magnetic quality in his manner that he had found useful in enjoying college life—first at Columbia College in Dubuque, Iowa, then at Georgetown in Washington, D. C., next at Marquette in Milwaukee, and finally at Madison. Eventually, out of all this education he should get a law degree. But in the meantime, what was on for this afternoon?

He put the question to a fellow fraternity brother in the Phi Alpha Delta house, then the dwelling on the campus

of law students who knew what was what in the world.

The fraternity brother was going to try out for the show. "Why not give the university a break and come yourself?" he said to Don. Among other things, Don is generous. He went up to the theater.

He starred in the play. Professor Troutman was confirmed in his original guess that he had found an actor. He had recently uncovered a girl, Bernardine Flynn, who, he had reasons to believe, was an actress. He put them together, in 1928, in "Outward Bound" and "Cradle Song," the next year in "Liliom." Attendance in the little Bascom playhouse doubled. Don brought in the co-eds and Madison Club ladies who had been spending their money on Gary Cooper and Dick Barthelme.

But Bernardine and Don were not romantic posers on the stage. For college kids, leading roles in plays like these were grown-up assignments. People of maturity and taste came to see the shows.

Bernardine, Don and Professor Troutman began privately to refer to themselves as the "Triumvirate." The director was not a graybeard; rather a spruce bachelor with an eye for a stylish suit of clothes as well as a good book.

"After rehearsals," Don recalled. "the three of us would go over to Bern's house to empty the Flynn icebox. Back in Columbia Academy in Dubuque, one of the priests got me to act in one show, but I concentrated on flashier fun, football and basketball. Now I had discovered that the crowds applaud in the theater, too."

Sitting about emptying iceboxes suited Don's temperament. Going collegiate with sorority girls was another art he had had considerable practice in after attending four different colleges. This diversion can very interestingly use up time and money. There was, consequently, the problem of money.

MR. AND MRS. AMECHE of Kenosha, Wisconsin, an Italian immigrant father and an English mother, who twenty-seven years ago christened the future matinee idol Dominic Felix, once were worth a very tidy sum of money. After 1929, commonly enough, Mr. Ameche fared badly. It became difficult for him to support his seven children. The son had already cost a sizable penny at a boarding school and several colleges.

Luckily, Don is not one to brood over money, even now when he has a sixteen-room house in the Chicago suburb,

River Forest, a houseman, a cook, and a sideboard of Italian dishes to offer his friends who pass by. When Don has money, he puts it into circulation. Like all actors, he plays Luck hard.

This money problem at the end of Don's first year at Wisconsin, Professor Troutman solved by taking an apartment, with Don as a roommate. By cooking their own meals, they found that the professor's former outlay at a faculty members' club bought groceries, a roof for two, and some new Italian dishes the professor had never tasted before. Here, under Troutman's guidance, Don made it a point to become a student, not of law, but of the theater. There was little he didn't know by instinct. On a few new matters of stage technique and history he made himself proficient without seriously cutting in on poker practice and social life.

A stock company was eking out a living in Madison. Individualistic, flashy nomads of the footlights, these players gathered at the apartment to talk the stage and play poker.

These stock company actors returned Don's hospitality. They were opening on Thanksgiving Day in 1930 in "Excess Baggage." Their leading man was injured the day before. Could Ameche "can" the part—that is, learn the lines—in a day? "Canning" lines was a specialty in Don's natural aptitude for the stage. He played the part for the week's run of the play, and in doing so cut the last thin threads that held him to the university and a law career.

The restless vitality and habits of a dreamer that had made him a university star urged him to move on—this time in the direction of Broadway. In the Summer of 1930 Professor Troutman took him on a vacation motor trip to New York.

Don didn't turn out to be a Horatio Alger hero. He landed a part as a butler and understudy to the juvenile in a Fisk O'Hara show, "Jerry for Short." The juvenile remained in good health the run of the play. Three days after its close Don was engaged to be the prosecuting attorney in a travesty on her arrest and trial which Texas Guinan and her girls were doing in vaudeville. For two weeks he frolicked with the girls in New York and Brooklyn. This was rowdy stuff compared with his Wisconsin days of starring before professors. But Don was biding his time. He had been told all about this.

In the next six months Mr. Ameche's experiences severely tried his very natural and noticeable optimism and geniality. Only a brief venture in stock in Greenwich, Connecticut, broke the painful stretch of idleness.

"At this point," he told me, "you had better give Professor Troutman plenty of credit. When I was down to a plate of beans a day, I'd wire him, collect. The money always came by return wire. But I seemed headed for Kenosha and the Ameche spaghetti."

He was his jaunty self again when he was cast in a Chicago play, "Illegal Practice." The critics pasted it. Mr. Ameche went home to Kenosha to mull over this actor ambition of his.

BERNARDINE FLYNN, on graduation, had also gone to New York, with letters of introduction from Zona Gale, the Wisconsin novelist and playwright. The letters only mildly successful, she had listened carefully to some talk about actors and actresses doing nicely for themselves in radio. She went to Chicago to investigate.

A railroad was preparing a chain dramatic program to be called "Empire Builders." Don fitted the leading man's specifications. Bernardine found a telephone. Although he had been turned

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 (Jy-1)—10c complete
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Cornelia Brooks
Tower Magazines, Inc.

55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

down as a singer at WMCA and WJJD, Don was in Chicago the next morning.

Competing together against a horde of applicants, they both won the star parts. This was like living the "Liliom" days again. Bernardine has been Sade on the NBC "Vic and Sade" program for three years, Don began to move from one big house to a larger one as his fan mail, coming at first largely from shut-ins in sanitariums, grew in volume after housewives and schoolgirls discovered him.

In 1932, Miss Honore Prendergast, a fan from Dubuque, Iowa, came to call on the matinee idol. She was a sweetheart of Columbia Academy days who had never quite left Don's memory, although for six years there had been only a few letters between them. The two went to a night club to reminisce. Paul Whiteman, Don thinks, was playing. At any rate, it suddenly seemed to Don the time and place to repledge some school-day vows. Honore became Mrs. Ameche, and the Ameches moved into a bigger house.

Dominic Jr. was born a year ago. The Ameches moved into the biggest house to date. The Sunday I saw "Grand Hotel," Don was playing a hypochondriac writer who had come to the hotel for a rest. He had just finished a scene of fretful protest at the racket in the hotel corridor. Suddenly the studio audience saw him wave wildly and grin healthily at the glass observation booth above the control room. He was greeting his wife. A minute later he was back at the mike, whining, his face screwed up with complaint. This kind of enthusiastic courtship, I was told, never stops.

No new characterization worries Don. Give him the script and he'll dash into the studio in time to send it expertly over the air. He's usually been the hero, but several years ago he acted a villain in a Rin-Tin-Tin serial. Every broadcast he had to let the dog out-snarl him. Don has power in his voice. The dog star had to work fast and hard.

Two years ago Don brought his eighteen-year-old brother, Jim, a debating champion at Kenosha high school, to Chicago to see what Jim could do with his voice. You can now hear it on the Columbia network. Jim is Jack Armstrong, the All-American Boy. He lives in that big house of Don's.

Don's work schedule at NBC begins at 9 A.M. daily, when he records "Betty and Bob" on disks and rehearses for his afternoon broadcast of the same program. He takes vocal lessons and sings on the air every chance he gets.

PHYSICALLY he fits the Don Juan title: six feet tall, straight, dark-haired, olive-skinned, possessor of a flashy smile and dressed in clothes only actors wear. He hopes that some day a movie scout will discover him. He has a perpetual boyish quality about him. When he tells you that it is a fine day, he does it with such a show of feeling that you immediately look out to see whether you haven't missed something to be glad about.

But he lives in the suburbs, commutes to work at 8:30 A.M. daily, loves his wife and child, has never missed a Sunday mass in his life, and talks golf and six-day bike races.

That's not the Don Juan of the story books.

Don Ameche is heard each Sunday at 6:30 P.M. over the following NBC stations:

WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WJR, WENR, WMT, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL, WTMJ, KSTP, WEBC, KOA, KDYL, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, WCKY.

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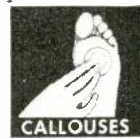
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Frontier Asthma Co., 326-W Frontier Bldg., 462 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.

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(100% Genuine Orange Pekoe) ... 1.20
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Kathleen Burke

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HOLLYWOOD
Rapid Dry CURLER

That Thompson Girl

(Continued from page 22)

and one of the most popular co-eds on campus. She went to all the parties—she was the girl who played the piano while everyone else danced. Sometimes she sang, but mostly she played. Something queer was happening to her voice, so she wasn't invited to sing so often any more.

At a vaudeville show she had heard a blues singer with a very low, husky voice. Her own voice was squeaky, and her mother still tried to get Kay and the other two girls to sing "mi-mi-mi."

"I thought it would be nice if one of you girls would sing on the Capitol Family program some day—ballads, you know," her father would say, wistfully.

"I'll sing on the Capitol Family," Kay said firmly, "but not ballads. Right now I'm going to get myself a radio job, as a blues singer."

But she didn't—not yet. It was vacation time, and her sister Marian was booked to go to Catalina Island with a girl friend, to act as counselor and diving and swimming instructor at a girls' camp. Two days before they were to leave, the friend broke a leg, of all things, and Kay's sister didn't want to go alone.

"Someone will have to go," she worried. "Kay—"

So they wired the camp that it would be Kay Thompson instead of Marian, and that she could do anything her sister could even though she was not a college graduate, which was important. But not too important, because the camp wired Kay to come along. So she spent the Summer on Catalina—or rather, she says, in the water which surrounds Catalina—and in the Fall she came back to school.

That Winter she did get a job as blues singer at KMOX. They paid her \$25 a week, which was duck soup because her father gave her an allowance besides. The first time she faced the mike she sang "Old Rocking Chair," and the microphone fell right over on its face. She felt a great deal as she had the night she knocked over the potted palms, only it was worse because the microphone cost \$300 and she had to pay for it out of her salary.

The next Summer she went back to the camp at Catalina, and this time she decided it was time for her to make her mark in the world. She went to Los Angeles, trotted up to KFI and got in to see a Mr. Dahl-something-or-other who was a big executive there. She told him she wanted a job, singing.

Mr. Dahl-something-or-other said he'd try her out on one broadcast, and if his mother liked her, he'd give her a job! This seemed to Kay rather an odd condition, but she sang her lowest and huskiest and it seemed that Mr. Dahlgadgot's mother liked her voice because he said she could have a job. There were eight more weeks of camp; when they had passed, Kay was to report at KFI and start singing.

She wired her family at once, telling Papa Thompson that since she was now well able to take care of herself, he was to discontinue her allowance at once. She would have the \$250 the camp paid her for her Summer's work, and of course her salary at KFI would be generous. She felt that she was practically made as a singer, and when her father sent her allowance on as if nothing had happened, she returned it with lordly gestures. In September she went to Los Angeles, established herself in a nice apartment, and reported again at KFI.

To her great embarrassment, when

she was ushered into Mr. Dahl-what's-his-name's presence he did not remember her. He was polite, but he simply didn't recall either the name or the face. Kay offered to sing again for his mother, but he told her blandly that he didn't need any girl singers. Kay was, to put it mildly, burned up; but she didn't turn around and go home. Her family implored and then commanded, but she stayed on—and her \$250 melted into thin air. But still she wouldn't write home for money. Something would turn up.

SOMETHING did. Just before Christmas she received a wire from her mother telling her that her father was dying. She jumped on the first train for St. Louis and found that he was healthier than ever and it was just a gag to get her home.

One night during the holidays she went dancing at the Coronado Hotel and the leader of the band came to her table. His name was Al Lyons, and he happened to mention the fact that he needed a girl singer. Kay said she knew a girl, and Al said, "Send her around to the Fox Theater tomorrow for an audition."

The next day Kay walked in about noon and said, "I'm the girl." She was just beginning to get over a terrific attack of laryngitis and jitters, and when she had sung eight bars of "Underneath the Harlem Moon" she stopped and said, "I've got laryngitis. But I'm really very good."

She got the job. When she had been singing just three weeks in St. Louis, a man in Los Angeles wired to offer her a year's contract on a chain program. Her mother wept, but Kay packed up and went right back where she'd come from a month before.

That was a grand year; at the end of it offers were waiting from KHJ and KFVB on the West Coast. She sang for a while with two of the fellas who are now Stella's fellas on the Waring program; and then came her big thrill. Bing Crosby invited her to sing on his program for thirteen weeks. Pontiac followed, and "California Melodies." It was a grand year.

During all this time Kay did something she's never been given much

credit for, because in the hearts of her admirers she is first and last—but not always—a blues singer. She filled in lulls with popular numbers arranged for the concert piano, doing both arranging and playing herself. Right now she is arranging vocal "concertos" for the girls' glee club to sing—and if you think that's easy, try making a symphonic arrangement of "You're the Top" and teaching it to a baker's dozen of girls.

But we're ahead of our story. Summer is always dull in radio, and last Summer was no exception. There were no big commercials, and Kay was dying for something to happen. Something did. Tom Coakley, a friend who had a band, wired from San Francisco apologetically. He didn't suppose Kay would be interested in coming up and singing with the band for a couple of weeks, at the Palace Hotel?

Wouldn't she, though. Despite the fact that most people think a girl singer with a band isn't much, Kay says there is no thrill that compares with it. There's something about having a swell orchestral background designed especially for your own torching which few songbirds can resist. She accepted gladly, for two weeks—and stayed four months! She says now she never had so much fun in her life—and that she never was or ever will be such a sensation again. When it was over, she felt as though she had covered the West pretty thoroughly. She had always wanted to come to New York. What was she waiting for?

She hadn't been in Manhattan long when she met Fred Waring. To her surprise, he seemed to know all about her, although she had appeared on only a very few programs over WMCA.

"What's your figure now?" he asked at once.

"What do you mean now?" she countered.

Fred explained that he had sent a representative to see her in Los Angeles about coming with him, and that she had been reported as "not interested." It was the first time Kay had heard about it. She would almost rather be with Waring's Pennsylvanians than sing.

When she got down to cases with Fred, he told her that what he had in mind for her was leading what he called a girls' choir. Kay immediately thought of "The Rosary" and stuff like that and said, "Gosh, no. Me in a choir? I'm a blues singer."

Waring said she might call it a glee club if she wanted to, but for heaven's sake to think it over. He was going on tour immediately; in his absence he wanted her to pick about sixteen girls, put as much of her personality and technique as possible into them, and have them ready for him to listen to on his return. He warned her that he was going to be pretty fussy. She was to find out about the lives the girls lead, whether they drank or smoked. They were to be chosen on three counts: (1) character, (2) voice and (3) looks.

Before she could say no, he was out of town. It didn't seem such a terrific job at first, but Kay had her troubles. She sent out calls via a sort of grapevine system, by calling on her musical friends and writing to all the radio stations on which she herself had appeared. She looked for girls in all the obvious places—agencies, music publishers', supper clubs, hotels, theaters. She went back stage at both the Paramount and Roxy and listened to every girl who was singing, dancing, or on call there.

She listened to over a thousand girls, trying many of them out in a tiny booth

Microphonically Speaking

Al Jolson's first appearance on any stage was as a super in I. Zangwill's play, "Children of the Ghetto". . . . The National Barn Dance holds a radio record for continuous performances. The program started April 12, 1924, and has been presented every Saturday night since. . . . Pet names of radio artists for their wives: Morton Downey calls Barbara Bennett Downey "Lover," Frank Luther calls his missus "Cute," Paul Whiteman's term of endearment is Maggie and Don Ross refers to Jane Froman as Bunny Nose. . . . Nick Dawson, of "Dangerous Paradise," was originally christened George Coleman Dawson. . . . The great grandfather of Henri Deering, the pianist, was Judge Wilson Primm, last mayor of the French section of St. Louis. . . . Nelson Eddy was once a sports reporter on *The Philadelphia Bulletin*. . . . Frank Readick, otherwise "The Shadow," was once a bantamweight boxer in Kansas City and a semi-pro second baseman in New York. . . . He started in a singing and dancing act at the age of two.

in Tin Pan Alley, playing accompaniments herself. Finally, at the end of that hectic week, she found two girls—in the chorus at the Capitol Theater. They were cute, they could sing but didn't know it, and they seemed like nice kids in spite of their awful stage make-up. Kay asked them to come to her apartment the next night, and then she rushed home to her sisters. Marian was visiting in New York; the younger sister, Blanche, was there to study painting.

Now at last all their mi-mi-mi-ing was to come in handy. "You two kids are caught in the draft," Kay said. "Art can wait, and so can Grant's Tomb. Right now you're going to sing."

For hours the three sisters worked on Kay's own arrangement of "Wistful and Blue." By the time the two girls from the Capitol arrived, the next evening, they were almost letter perfect. They went through it, and then the new girls tried. Kay's shoulders tingled; they always do, when she's excited. It was going to work!

She explained to the two new girls what she was trying to do, and told them to hold everything till she rounded up the rest of the glee club. Wide-eyed, they agreed and went back to the theater. But at the end of the two weeks it took Kay to find enough girls to go ahead, they gave up their dancing jobs in order to devote all of their time to the glee club. "And they're still with us—two of the best girls we have," Kay says proudly.

Nobody got a salary, mind you—not even Kay. She gambled on her ability to please Fred Waring, and the girls gambled on their ability to please her. They were and are a miscellaneous assortment. Three of them were a trio, called "Dot, Kay and Em," who were singing at a hotel when Kay bumped into them. One was a model in a Fifth Avenue shop. Another was a girl who hung around the music publishers waiting for a break. Four of them were first heard of through Paul Whiteman's Rhythm Boys. One girl came from Houston for an audition, and stuck. There were fifteen, with Kay—today they are thirteen, without her.

The salary, Kay told them, was to be \$25 a week, but not until they had something to show—and not, in any event, for eight weeks, the date of Fred's return. They practiced from one to five every day, often longer. They learned three songs. And then Fred arrived in town and set the date for the audition.

The girls were terrified; most of them had never seen footlights. Kay had to overcome all fourteen inferiority complexes. They sang "Wistful and Blue" first; Fred smiled and made a few suggestions. Then they sang their other two numbers, and he took Kay aside. "Swell," he said warmly. "Tell the kids they'll get fifty bucks a week."

There was still another audition to go through—for Mr. Ford, and they were even more frightened of him than they were of Fred. But they needn't have been, because it went very smoothly and fifteen happy girls took a whole week-end off to celebrate.

As for Kay, she's always busy. She's that sort of person. She does all of the glee club's arrangements—and then there's the new Lucky Strike program, on which she is featured vocalist. In addition, she acts as mentor, chaperon or what-have-you for Waring's girls, and is apt to be consulted at any time on any problem from "Which dress shall I wear?" to "Which man should I go out with?" Fred holds her directly responsible for her thirteen charges, who call her, quaintly enough, "Ma."

At the beginning there was quite an epidemic of relatives—stern fathers and

Dress Up your kitchen



Photograph courtesy of Lewis & Conger

7 diagram patterns for 15¢ bring beauty and charm to the kitchen

Just between us women, isn't a kitchen a much pleasanter place to be in when it boasts a few gay spots . . . new curtains, a pot of flowers, colored canisters! You'll enjoy making these attractive kitchen accessories below from diagram patterns, each one with complete directions.

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It's easy to make a crocheted stool cover and a matching floor mat from heavy white and colored cotton thread! Directions tell you how.

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Send for these diagram patterns
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Frances Cowles

TOWER MAGAZINES, Inc.

55 Fifth Avenue New York, N. Y.

the like—coming to broadcasts to find out what it was all about. They weren't quite sure they wanted their darling daughters singing with an orchestra in New York. Then they went back stage and saw with what earnestness and fun all these young folks work; they met Fred Waring, and they met Kay. The result was that several fathers, when their girls had offers to go elsewhere, said, "No—a thousand times no, daughter. You stay with Waring!"

FRED is pretty proud of this, and so is Kay. She's crazy about her girls, and from all indications they feel the same way about her. She is glad they take their work seriously because she does too. Her musical career is the big thing in her life. She is always learning, even though she doesn't take vocal lessons and never has. She says working with Waring is better than taking lessons, anyway.

She has an interesting face, this Thompson girl—a strong, fine profile like the head on a coin. She is tall, very thin, and blond—but not offensively blond. She has clear, honest blue eyes that tell you she knows where she's going—and that she wouldn't care for any interference.

But don't think she's a vocal grind—far from it. She likes to swim and dive, to ride horseback, drive a car and fly—and dance. Especially tap-dance. Incidentally, the two girls who used to be chorines have taught the entire glee club a neat little routine which they do on provocation.

Most of all, Kay loves sailing. She doesn't do it much these days, because sunshine brings out her freckles like everything and freckles don't go so well with a professional career. But, she vows, when she is thirty she will retire and sail around the world in her very own boat. She intends to take with her as company her prize spaniel, whom she calls "Mr. Chips."

Her sisters scoff when she talks about it. They know she likes to work too well to stop. They say she'll be singing when she's fifty.

"That's the trouble with me, I probably will," Kay grins. "And nobody will be listening to me!"

Kay Thompson may be heard
each Saturday at 8 P.M. over the
following NBC stations:

WEAF, WTIC, WEEL, WJAR, WCSH, WTAG, KYW, WHIO, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WLW, WTAM, WIRE, WMAQ, KSD, WHO, WOW, WDAF, WIBA, KSTP, WEBC, WDAY, KFYZ, WPTF, WWNC, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WMC, WSB, WAPI, WJDX, WSMB, WAVE, WTAR, WSOC, WKY, KTBS, KPRC, WOAI, KOA, KDYL, KGIR, KGH, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KFSD, KTR, KGU (WFAA, WTMJ, 8:30-9:00), (WSM, WBAP, 8:00-8:30), KVOO, KTRH, WRVA, WWJ.

Also on the Waring program at
9:30 P.M. each Tuesday over the
following CBS stations:

WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WKBW, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, KRNT, CKLW, WDR, WFBM, KMBC, KFAB, WHAS, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WNB, WKBH, WMBR, WQAM, WDBO, WDAE, KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI, WCST, WPC, WLBZ, WBR, WICC, WBT, WDOD, KVOR, WBNS, KRLD, WOC, WSMK, KLZ, WDNC, WOWO, WBIG, WHP, KTRH, WNOX, KLRA, WFEA, WREC, WCCO, WALA, WSFA, CKAC, WLAC, WDSU, KOMA, WCOA, WMBD, KOH, WDBJ, WHEC, KSL, KTS, WTC, KWKH, KSCJ, WSBT, WMAS, WIBW, KTUL, WIBX, WACO, KFH, KGKO, WSJS, WORC, WNAX, WKBN, CKL.



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first application of Boncilla Beautifier, the genuine Clastic Pack.

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Money back if not satisfied.



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Hands!"

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Skour-Pak is the perfect steel wool Brush. It comes complete. Its steel wool is fastened in a unique holder which peels down when you need more steel wool. YOU NEED NEVER TOUCH THE WOOL—thus keeping hands out of trouble.

Skour-Pak is easy to handle—makes for quicker, better scouring. Skour-Pak keeps clean—is treated to resist rust. One little Skour-Pak outlasts two big boxes of ordinary loose steel wool.

Endorsed by Good Housekeeping. Sold by
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Programs You'll Want to Hear

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

Popular Variety Programs

A. & P. Gypsies—Harry Horlick. (Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Co.) 9:00 P.M., Monday, NBC-WEAF.

Adventures of Gracie—George Burns and Gracie Allen; Ferde Grofe's orchestra. (General Cigar Co.) 10:00 P.M. Wednesday, CBS.

Alemite Quarter Hour—Horace Heidt and his Brigadiers. (Stewart-Warner Corp.) 10:30 P.M., Thursday, CBS.

Armour Program—Phil Baker, comedian; Harry McNaughton; Enric Madriguera, orchestra. (Armour Co.) 9:30 P.M., Friday, NBC-WJZ.

Bayer Musical Review—Frank Munn, tenor; Vivienne Segal, soprano; Ohman and Arden, piano duo; Bertrand Hirsch, violinist; Haenschen orchestra. (Bayer Co.) 9:30 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

California Melodies—10:00 P.M., Saturday, CBS.

Camel Caravan—Walter O'Keefe, comedian; Glen Gray's Casa Loma orchestra; Annette Hanshaw, singer; Ted Husing. (R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.) 10:00 P.M., Tuesday, and 9:00 P.M., Thursday, CBS. Re-broadcast at 11:30 P.M., Thursday.

Circus Night in Silvertown—Joe Cook; B. A. Rolfe and his Silvertown orchestra; Tim and Irene; Lucy Monroe; Phil Dues; Peg La Centra; Goodrich Modern Choir. (B. F. Goodrich Co.) 10:30 P.M., Friday, NBC-WEAF.

Contented Program—Lullaby Lady; male quartet; Morgan L. Eastman orchestra. (Carnation Milk Co.) 10:00 P.M., Monday, NBC-WEAF.

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

General Foods Program—Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone; Don Wilson; Frank Parker; Don Bestor's orchestra. (General Foods Corp.) 7:00 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ. Re-broadcast at 11:30 P.M.

Gibson Family—Original musical comedy serial with Lois Bennett; Conrad Thibault; Jack and Loretta Clemens; chorus; Don Voorhees' orchestra. (Procter & Gamble.) 10:00 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Gulf Headliners—James Melton, Revelers Quartet; Hallie Stiles; Lou Lehr; Frank Tours' orchestra. (Gulf Refining Co.) 8:30 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

Hit Parade—Lennie Hayton and his orchestra; Gogo de Lys, Kay Thompson and Johnny Hauser. (American Tobacco Co.) 8:00 P.M., Saturday, NBC-WEAF.

Hollywood Hotel—Dick Powell; Frances Langford; Raymond Paige's orchestra; Louella Parsons; Anne Jamison. (Campbell Soup Co.) 9:00 P.M., Friday, CBS.

Hour of Charm—Phil Spitalny and his Melody Ladies; Maxine; Arlene Frances. (Corn Products Refining Co.) 9:30 P.M., Tuesday, CBS.

House by the Side of the Road—Tony Wons; Gino Vanna; Emery, Darcy; Ronne and Van; orchestra. (S. C. Johnson and Son, Inc.) 5:30

P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Jergens Program—Cornelia Otis Skinner; music. (Andrew Jergens Co.) 9:30 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Johnny and His Foursome—Dell Porter; Ray Johnston; Dwight Snyder and Marshall Smith. (Philip Morris & Co.) 8:00 P.M., Wednesday, CBS.

Just Entertainment—Variety Acts; featured singers and orchestras. (William Wrigley, Jr., Co.) 7:00 P.M., Monday to Friday, inclusive, CBS.

Kellogg College Prom—Ruth Etting; guest artists; Red Nichols' orchestra. (Kellogg Co.) 8:30 P.M., Friday, NBC-WJZ.

Lavender and Old Lace—Frank Munn, Lucy Monroe, Haenschen orchestra. (Sterling Products, Inc.) 8:00 P.M., Tuesday, CBS.

Major Bowes' Amateur Hour. (Standard Brands, Inc.) 8:00 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Manhattan Merry-Go-Round—Rachel Carlay; Pierre Le Kreeun; Jerome Mann, impersonator; Men About Town; guest artists; Andy Sanella's orchestra. (R. L. Watkins Co.) 9:00 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Maxwell House Showboat—Frank McIntyre; Lanny Ross; Conrad Thibault; Molasses 'n' January; Gustav Haenschen's orchestra. (Maxwell House Coffee.) 9:00 P.M., Thursday, NBC-WEAF.

Melodiana—Abe Lyman's orchestra; Vivienne Segal; Oliver Smith. (Sterling Products Co., Inc.) 8:30 P.M., Tuesday, CBS.

Mollé Minstrel Show—Al Bernard and Emil Casper; Mario Cozzi; Mollé Melodeers; Milt Rettenberg's orchestra. (Mollé Co.) 7:30 P.M., Thursday, NBC-WEAF.

Music at the Haydns—Musical show with Otto Harbach; vocalists; Al Goodman and his orchestra. (Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.) 9:30 P.M., Monday, NBC-WEAF.

National Amateur Hour—Ray Perkins; Arnold Johnson's orchestra; amateur talent. (Feen-a-Mint). 6:00 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

One-Night Stands with Pick and Pat—

(Dill's Best and Model Smoking Tobaccos.) 8:30 P.M., Monday, CBS. Re-broadcast at 11:30 P.M.

Penthouse Serenade—Don Mario; Dorothy Hamilton; Charles Gaylor's Sophisticated Music. (Maybelline Co.) 3:30 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WEAF.

Phillips-Jones Program—Vera Brodsky and Harold Triggs; ghost stories told by Louis K. Anspacher. (Phillips-Jones Corp.) 9:45 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Pick and Pat—Guest stars; Joseph Bonime's orchestra. (U. S. Tobacco Co.) 9:30 P.M., Friday, NBC-WEAF.

Pleasure Island—Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians; Pat Barnes. (Plough, Inc.) 10:00 P.M., Wednesday, NBC-WEAF.

Radio City Party—Guest artists and soloists. (RCA-Victor Co.) 9:00 P.M., Saturday, NBC-WEAF.

Rhythm at Eight—Ethel Merman; Ted Husing; Al Goodman's orchestra. (Lehn & Fink.) 8:00 P.M., Sunday, CBS.

Silken Strings—Charles Previn's orchestra; Countess Olga Albani; guest artists. (Real Silk Hosiery Mills.) 9:00 P.M., Sunday, NBC-WJZ.

Sinclair Greater Minstrels—Gene Arnold; Joe Parsons; male quartet; Mac McCloud and Cliff Soubier, end men; Harry Kogen's orchestra. (Sinclair Refining Co.) 9:00 P.M., Monday, NBC-WJZ.

Studebaker Program—Richard Himber and the Studebaker Champions; Stuart Allen. (Studebaker Sales Corp.) 10:00 P.M., Friday, CBS. Re-broadcast at 12:30 P.M.

Texaco Program—Ed Wynn, the Fire Chief; Graham McNamee; Eddie Duchin and his orchestra. (Texas Co.) 9:30 P.M., Tuesday, NBC-WEAF.

The Shell Chateau—Al Jolson with guest artists; orchestra. (Shell Eastern Petroleum Products Co.) 9:30 P.M., Saturday, NBC-WEAF.

Town Hall Tonight—Fred Allen, comedian; Songsmith Quartet; Peter van Steeden's orchestra. (Bristol-Myers Co.) 9:00 P.M., Wednesday, NBC-WEAF.

Uncle Ezra's Radio Station—Paul Barrett; Cliff Soubier; Carleton Guy; Nora Cuneen; orchestra. (Dr. Miles Laboratories.) 7:45 P.M., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, NBC-WEAF.

Waring's Pennsylvanians—Fred Waring's orchestra; ensembles. (Ford Motor Co., dealers.) Stoopnagle and Budd, 9:30 P.M. Tuesday, CBS.

Welcome Valley—Charles Sears, Edgar A. Guest; vocal trio; Josef Koestner's orchestra. (Household Finance Co.) 8:30 P.M., Tuesday, NBC-WJZ.

Whiteman and His Orchestra—Paul Whiteman conducting, guest stars. (Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corp.) 10:00 P.M., Thursday, NBC-WEAF.

Dance Bands

Abe Lyman—11:00 P.M., Monday and Saturday, CBS.

Ben Bernie—(Pabst Premier Sales Co.) 9:00 P.M., Tuesday, NBC-WEAF.

Charles Dornberger—12:30 A.M., Friday, CBS.

Guy Lombardo—(Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey.) 8:00 P.M., Monday, CBS.

Jan Garber—12:30 A.M., Wednesday and 10:30 P.M., Saturday, CBS.

Leo Reisman and his Orchestra—Phil Dues and Johnny. (Philip Morris & Co.) 8:00 P.M., Tuesday, NBC-WEAF. Re-broadcast at 11:15 P.M.

Ray Noble's Orchestra—(Coty, Inc.) 10:30 P.M., Wednesday, NBC-WEAF.

For Your Scrapbook

Ozzie Nelson's grandfather was a Swedish nobleman who dropped his title when he migrated to these shores. . . . Anne Jamison was born in Belfast, Ireland, the daughter of a British army officer. . . . She was educated in India. . . . Ed Wynn's automobile carries a New York state license plate labelled "YY-2". . . . Given a clarinet by his father when he was fifteen, Wayne King tooted his way through Valparaiso University. . . . Ulderico Marcelli, who conducts the orchestra for the House by the Side of the Road, is a Roman. . . . Taken to South America by his parents, at eighteen Marcelli was director of violin for the National Conservatory at Quito, Ecuador. . . . Years ago Vivienne Segal, then a child, played the role of Puck. A caustic critic said, "The role fitted her better than her tights." . . . When Ray Perkins was attracting attention at Columbia University as author of college shows, fellow conspirators were Oscar Hammerstein II, Larry Hart, the lyricist, and Howard Dietz, the author and advertising director. . . . Goodman Ace, of the Easy Aces, longs to be a motion picture producer. . . . Beatrice Lillie is a two-fingered piano player.

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Lewis Murphysboro—Ross Store Rochelle—Whitson, D. G. Co. Springfield—Myer Bros. Streator—Opdyckes Waukegan—Hein's West Frankfort—Burg's</p> <p>INDIANA Crawfordsville—Adler's Inc. Frankfort—The Adler Co. Gary—H. Gordon & Sons Lebanon—Adler & Co. Peru—Senger, D. G. Co., Inc. Richmond—Sittloh's Shelbyville—Morris's South Bend—Ellsworth's</p> <p>IOWA Atlantic—Bullock & Sons Dubuque—Roshek Bros., Inc. Mason City—D. K. Lundberg Co. Iowa City—Bagwell, Inc.</p> <p>KANSAS Dodge City—Levinson's Manhattan—The Parisian Pittsburg—Newman's Salina—The Parisian Topeka—Edward's Wichita—George Innes Co.</p> <p>KENTUCKY Fort Thomas—The Ft. Thomas Shoppe Glasgow—H. W. Jolly & Son Hazard—Major Store Henderson—Bohn's Owensboro—Levy's, Inc. Paris—Model Dress Shop Somerset—The A. J. Joseph Co.</p> <p>LOUISIANA Alexandria—Hixson's Lafayette—Davis's Lake Charles—Maurice's</p>	<p>MAINE Calais—Unobsky's Caribou—Patttee Co. Houlton—Bennett's Presque Isle—Green Bros.</p> <p>MARYLAND Hagerstown—Eyerly's</p> <p>MASSACHUSETTS Brockton—Plymouth Clothier's Haverhill—Sherry Stores Inc. Lawrence—Russem's Lowell—Katherine C. Mack Salem—Besse's Apparel Shop</p> <p>MICHIGAN Albion—Vaughn & Ragsdale Co. Alpena—Thomas Gown Shop Battle Creek—Schroeder's Bay City—Tabor Dress Shop Big Rapids—Wilson's Detroit—B. Siegel Co. Flint—King Clothing Co. Goldwater—Vaughn & Ragsdale Jackson—Jacobson's Kalamazoo—Sanders Lansing—F. N. Arbaugh Co. Saginaw—Heavenrich's</p>	<p>NEW YORK Albany—Davids Baldwinsville—D. Cooper Binghamton—Hills-McLean & Haskins Buffalo—Adam, Meldrum & Anderson Newburgh—The Sonia New York City—Macy's Cinema Shop Norwich—Rosalyn Spec. Shop Ogdensburg—Nathan Frank's Sons Oneonta—Rosalyn Spec. Shop Rochester—David's Saranac Lake—Altman's Staten Island, St. George—Irene Dress Shoppe Syracuse—David's Utica—Doyle-Knowler Co., Inc. Watertown—Frank A. Empsall Co.</p> <p>NEW MEXICO Albuquerque—Mosler's Smart Shop Gallup—R. & R. Mill'y Las Vegas—Johnson Bros.</p> <p>NORTH CAROLINA Burlington—B. A. Sellars & Sons, Inc. Charlotte—Darling Shop Durham—R. L. Baldwin Greensboro—Ellis Stone & Co. Greenville—C. Heber Forbes Henderson—E. G. Davis & Sons North Wilkesboro—Spainhour-Sydnour Co. Red Springs—Graham Co. Wilmington—The Julia</p>	<p>RHODE ISLAND Woonsocket—McCarthy D. G. Co.</p> <p>SOUTH CAROLINA Anderson—G. H. Bailers Camden—Fashion Shop Clinton—Ladies Shoppe Conway—Jerry Cox Co. Kingstree—The Ladies Shop Mullins—Razor Clardy Co. Orangeburg—Mosley's Dept. Store</p> <p>SOUTH DAKOTA Huron—Erickson's</p> <p>TENNESSEE Bristol—The H. P. King Co. Dyersburg—Style Shop Harriman—E. B. Arnold Jackson—The Francis Shop Knoxville—Miller's, Inc. Memphis—J. Goldsmith & Sons Co. Morristown—J. W. Arnold Paris—Hunt Bros. (Hollywood Dept.) Union City—Hunt Bros. (Hollywood Dept.)</p> <p>TEXAS Abilene—Campbell's Amarillo—Hollywood Dress Shop Athens—Mandelstein's Austin—Goodfriends Bay City—The Hurley Shoppe Beaumont—Worth's, Inc. Beeville—The Parisian Brady—Benham Style Shop Breckenridge—The Belota Shop Brownwood—Garner-Alvis Co. Cameron—Lyon D. G. Co. Cisco—J. H. Garner's Corpus Christi—Smart Shop Denison—Richey-Freels Denton—H. M. Russell & Sons El Paso—The White House Gainesville—Teague Co. Greenville—R. E. King Houston—The Alaskan Kingsville—J. B. Ragland Merc. Co. Laredo—A. C. Richter, Inc. Luling—O'Neill's McAllen—The Fashion Overton—The Model Pampa—Mitchell's Port Arthur—Worth, Inc. Shamrock—B. & L. Store Vernon—Gold Feder's Victoria—A. & S. Levy, Inc.</p> <p>VERMONT Brattleboro—J. E. Mann Rutland—The Vogue Shop St. Johnsbury—The Grey Shop</p> <p>VIRGINIA Charlottesville—H. G. Eastham Shop, Inc. Covington—The Quality Shop Galax—Claire's Fashion Shop Harrisonburg—J. Ney & Son Norton—The Ladies Shop Roanoke—Natalie Shop Staunton—Helen G. Eastham Suffolk—Ballard & Smith Waynesboro—Rosenthal's Style Shop Winchester—The Smart Shop</p> <p>WASHINGTON Long View—Columbia River Merc. Co. Seattle—Jerome Spokane—The Palace Store Yakima—Barnes-Woodin Co.</p> <p>WEST VIRGINIA Alderson—J. M. Alderson Beckley—The Women's Shop, Inc. Bluefield—The Vogue Hinton—Campbell's Quality Shop Lewisburg—Yarid's Logan—Manning Clo. Co. Weston—Polly Primm Dress Shop Wheeling—Geo. E. Stifel Co.</p> <p>WISCONSIN Appleton—Geenen D. G. Co. Beaver Dam—Heuton & Wenz Beloit—McNeany D. G. Co. Kenosha—Betty Shops Madison—Cinderella Shop Milwaukee—Reel's Monroe—Link Store</p> <p>WYOMING Casper—Stuart Shop Cheyenne—Bon Marche Lander—The Smart Shop Laramie—Kepp-Baertsch Sheridan—Kepp-Baertsch</p>
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