THE MOVIE MAGAZINE OF THE AIR

MORTON DOWNEY
The Boy Who Beat BROADWAY

November 1931

Published Monthly on the Fifteenth

25c

111 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

JULIETTA NOVIS—KFWB
"Radio Queen" of Los Angeles

www.americanradiohistory.com
Tubes are the "vocal chords" of your radio — the voice of your set . . . And all radio tubes tire out — wear out — just as your own voice gives out when you use it too much . . .

Most folks wait too long to change tubes. They get accustomed to the poorer reception that develops gradually as the tubes are tiring out.

When one tube finally gives out completely, they change it . . . But still their reception is feeble and lacking in tone quality — because the remaining tubes are tired, even though they haven't quit working entirely . . . If you haven't changed all your tubes recently, get a complete set of Ken-Rads — the fine tubes of radio.

Then your radio will have a voice that is full of life and vigor — and you'll really enjoy the many fine radio programs that are coming over the air now.

Have your tubes tested!

There is a Ken-Rad Dealer Near You

The Ken-Rad Corp. Inc. Owensboro, Kentucky
Here is Everything That's New in Radio!

Before Buying Your Radio
Check Every One of These New Features

Does It Have?

The New U. S. Apex
10 Tube
Super-Heterodyne

10-Tube Super-Heterodyne
Automatic Volume Control
Absolutely controls volume on both High and Low Frequencies.

Full-Range Mu Tubes
Overcomes Cross-talk — Reduces Modulation.

Pentode Tubes
Two in Push Pull — Not Just One Tube.

Meter Tuning
Assists Visibly the Audible Tuning to Correct Resonance.

High and Low Power Switch
Low for Local — High for Distance.

Tone Blender
Giving Wide Variance of Tone Control.

Illuminated Dial
Full Vision with Kilocycle Markings and Equal Scale Divisions.

Four Tuned Circuits
Electro-Dynamic Speaker
Oversize — Maximum Tone and Volume Without Distortion.

Beautiful Cabinet
With Perfect-Fitting Doors, Front of Matched Burl Walnut and Lacewood.

Tube Equipment
Three 225, Four 227, Two 247, One 280

U. S. Apex Has All These Features

The Radio Supreme

Only $99.50 Complete with Tubes

Distributed by
Yale Radio Electric Co.

1111 Wall St.

Los Angeles
NOW—HOME MOVIES—at prices everyone can afford

Convenient size, weighs only 3 3/4 pounds. Fast F3.5 Lens, universal focus giving accurate sharp pictures. Monocular view finder makes sighting easy. Easy winding spring motor. Film register showing how much film is being used and audible footage meter. Precision movement. Price . . . .

$35.00

KEYSTONE
HOME MOVIE CAMERAS AND PROJECTORS

YOU can bring Home Movies into your home at a total cost of only $85.00. Keystone Cameras and Projectors are fool-proof and trouble-free. For twelve years Keystone Movies have given satisfaction throughout the world.

A Keystone Camera will bring you a unique thrill—a new sort of enjoyment. It will enable you to live your life over again—on the screen. Get into the habit of filming your experiences. In this way you create a living biography—a living family album.

Taking movies with a Keystone Camera is easy. Press the lever and the camera does the rest. They are the perfect Xmas gift.

Distributed in Southern California by

WESTERN RADIO, Inc.
1135 Wall Street

Los Angeles
ON THE AIR
CHANDU THE MAGICIAN—Announcing the Appearance in
RADIO DOINGS of a Regular Chandu Mystery Story, in Serial
Form Beginning Next Month

THE SMALL-TOWN BOY WHO BEAT BROADWAY—Morton
Downey Landed In New York With Only Twenty-five Dollars
in His Pocket—(By Hilda Cole)

THEIR BETTER HALVES—Marriage a la Microphone. Here Are
Some Artists We'll Wager You Didn't Know Were Married
(By Louise Landis)

OLD FEVER HEAT AUNT EMMY—An Exclusive Interview With
This Wise-cracking, Pipe-smoking Octogenarian of KGFJ—(By
Cliff Arquette)

IS SHE REALLY MARRIED? That's What a Throng of Listeners
Are Asking About "Bunny" of KFI—and Here Bunny Gives Us
a Clue—(By Betty Sheldon)

WHY I SING POPULAR SONGS—Ted White, NBC Tenor, Begins
a Series of Regular Articles With an Explanation of His Choice
of Songs—(By Ted White)

THE GIRL WHO IS SELDOM HERSELF—Why? Because She's
Busy All Day "Being" Other People. Here We Get an Intimate
Glimpse of Gail Taylor, of NBC

HOLLYWOOD'S PERFECT COUPLE—Jimmie Gleason and His
Died Are Considered Perhaps the Happiest Pair in Cinema
Center. Here's Why—(By Nancy Smith)

A REAL HILL BILLY COMES TO TOWN—Glenn Rice Flew to the
Center of the Ozarks to Find Elton Britt. This Tells of His
Unique Mountain Home Life

A NEW ENTERTAINER OF STARS—Gus Arnheim, "Star of En-
tertainers," Leaves the Famous Cocosnut Grove, and Jimmie
Grier Takes His Place

BEHIND THE MIKE—Intimate Glimpses of the Studios and
Artists—(By Harry James)

RENO TIES A KNOT—The Marriage of "Oh. Wow Is Me" Edna
HKeefe and Ronald Graham Was Like a Bombshell to KFRC
When It Was Discovered—(By Bob Rand)

THE KING'S MEN—Four Melodious Gentlemen from KFWR—
(By Kay Van Riper)

Issued monthly on the
fifteenth of the month
designated November
issue on Nov. 15,
December issue on Dec. 15, etc.

Wallace M. Byam
Publisher
Don McDowell
Editor
1220 Maple Avenue, Los Angeles
Phone Westmore 1972
J W Hastie, 155 E 42nd St., New York
Phone Vanderbilt 4661

Publication $1.50 a year
Issued as second class matter, Nov. 22, 1922, at
Los Angeles, Calif., and notice under act of March 3
Volume 20, Number 11

Copyright 1931 by Wallace M. Byam
www.americanradiohistory.com
from the house of

WALTHAM

1. Miller Ultra Hi-gain Circuit.
2. Automatic Audio Channel.
3. Pentode Output.
5. Multi Mu Screen-grid Power Amplification.
6. Full-wave Rectification. Five tubes in all.
7. Individually shielded Coils.
8. High-shield Heavy-Type Variable Condenser Bank.
9. Cadmium Plated Steel Chassis with Center Mounting Device.
11. Variable Tone Control.
12. Full vision Illuminated Vernier Dial.
13. Full Field Dynamic Speaker.
15. Workmanship and Material Guaranteed Unconditionally for 90 Days.
16. 90-Day Guarantee on Tubes with Guaranteed Full Replacement.
17. Selectivity, Sensitivity, and Tone Quality assured.
18. Coast to Coast reception.

RETAILING AT $29.95 COMPLETE WITH TUBES

Be sure and have your dealer give you a demonstration of this wonderful little radio before you buy any small set.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write or phone, and we will give you name of nearest dealer.

Waltham Radio Corp., Ltd.

4228 South Vermont Avenue Phone ADams 3318 Los Angeles
THIS astonishing statement to the press was recently made by KELW, Burbank, Calif., under the title “Newspapers versus Radio”:

“If,” says Bob Kaufman, studio director, and “voice of KELW,” “some philanthropic soul would step forward and merely pay the operating expenses and upkeep of station KELW, we would immediately throw off the air all sponsored programs and commercial announcements. I believe that radio stations, despite their tremendous audiences, can never hope to supplant or even compete with newspaper space.”

It was Kaufman’s earnest wish and hope that there would some day be someone to do for radio what Andrew Carnegie did for libraries. It is extremely doubtful, even taking into consideration the many justifiable objections to certain forms of advertising on the air, whether radio would be benefitted by this form of sponsorship. It isn’t the Utopian fulfillment it appears to be. True, it would eliminate many of the objectionable commercial announcements that pollute the air lanes.

On the other hand, the advancement in the quality of radio entertainment, made possible by commercial competition, might be seriously retarded. Morton Downey and Lucky Strike Dance orchestras would be still playing night clubs and ballrooms if cigarette manufacturers hadn’t tried to oust each other in procuring radio entertainment.

Go East, Young Man

A MAN from Chicago remarked the other day, “What are you people out West going to do, now that the national chains are taking all your radio artists away from you?”

In the first place, we’ve still plenty of ‘em left; and in the second place—they haven’t taken ‘em away. We’re glad of it. We like to see the boys and girls go east and get on big time. Bing Crosby, Russ Columbo, The Boswell Sisters, Abe Lyman, Gus Arnheim, Henry Halstead, Tom Breneman—and many others have joined the parade from the West to national conquests. Every one of them is a feather in the cap of Western broadcasting. It shows that the frontier of entertainment is moving Westward—Broadway is widening from curb to curb.

Within the next year we expect to see some more of our artists take the big step—a whole lot more. And we’ll tune in and enjoy them more than ever on the chain broadcasts. Go east, young man, go east!

Radio “Veterans”

EVER stop to think that a “veteran” radio artist doesn’t necessarily have to be old? If he was on the air five years ago, he goes in the pioneer class. Six years ago a man who could read and speak English sufficiently well to “announce,” and a wheezy phonograph, a stack of governmental statistics, were about all the impedimenta necessary to operate a real live station.

Radio magazines didn’t start using pictures of artists until about four years ago. In fact, there weren’t any artists—they were merely studio fixtures. You wouldn’t take a picture of the piano bench, would you?

Broadcasters, consider yourselves patted on the back! As far as we’re concerned, we think you’ve done mighty well in the last few years. And if any of you readers think it was an easy job, just try to start up a business in which 120,000,000 fellow Americans will sit still and listen to you tell about it. Ever try to sell magazines, for instance?

Winter Season Here

BROADCASTERS are off to a good start on the fall and winter schedule. Many of the programs which were pulled off the air by sponsors during the summer are coming back again. Purse strings are opening up and radio appropriations are again being allowed.

It’s the best time of the year all over the country for radio. The old console ought to be kept pretty hot this winter, with such a marvelous program line-up to work on. Might pay to have it “overhauled.” As a woman said to her service man not long ago, “I can’t see why there should be anything wrong with my radio—it has been working swell for five years.”
Second-Hand Crosby

SOME enterprising independent station has conceived the idea of having a Bing Crosby program all of its own—that doesn't cost any-where near three thousand smackers per fortnight. A la phonograph records. Maybe it's a good idea—maybe it isn't. From the Columbia standpoint—not so hot; from the station's view, it is a knock-out. As for the public—well, there seems to be a considerable number of persons who refuse to tune Mr. Crosby out.

And then there's the story about the little boy who consumed too many pieces of pie at a single-sitting—

Canned Music

"THIS is a phonograph record." Wouldn't it be nice if these announcers would omit this little postlude, and let us listen to some marvelous hand, blissfully ignorant of the fact that it was only a rubber disc, and the artists themselves were probably out playing cribbage 3,000 miles away, unaware that anyone was listening to them?

But after all, it is a required procedure—as a courtesy to the musicians' union. It is agreed that it is only fair that the public should know when real live musicians are broadcasting, and when it is only a 75-cent record. The same goes for electrical transcriptions.

Mikes in the Courtroom

WHAT about this broadcasting of court trials? This month we've had several letters for and again the idea.

The dramatization of the famous Clark murder trial in Los Angeles was undoubtedly a bright idea. Sensational—but interesting. Newspapers must have seen a hidden menace in it, for they did their best to prevent it.

The actual presence of a microphone in a court-room presents a different aspect. As many mothers pointed out, there is no chance to control the "continuity" of the program. What's said is said, and not all of it is meant for young ears. And young ears have a habit of being around radio sets frequently.

For grown-ups, the idea is fine. If radio is ever going to be on an equality basis with the press in disseminating news, it does seem illogical that it should be excluded from the courtroom. And yet—a newspaper reporter cannot print all of the sordid, muddy occurrences and conversations that come up in a trial.

Who's going to see that the air is kept clean and dignified? Will the man in the control room shut off the broadcast when he thinks it is getting on dangerous ground?

Maybe there's a way out. Perhaps the heads that conceived the idea have already foreseen and overcome these obstacles. Maybe all of this ado is unwarranted. Maybe.

Good Hunting, D-Xers!

With the waning of the interference-infested summer months and the arrival of clear, still nights, the interest in distance-getting is beginning to heighten considerably.

Many ardent DX fans are burning the midnight oil in an effort to get China, Tasmania, Peoria or what have you. Short wave sets are popular, and superheterodynes are universal.

There's a funny side to it, too. Scores of fans have called in asking about some station they have heard, that sounded like Portugal, Chile or Cape of Good Hope—having the call letters XER. Said they couldn't find it listed anywhere. When they were told that it was a huge 75,000 watt just over the line in Mexico, their ardor was somewhat dampened. Information about this powerful station is a little hazy, it seems—but as near as we can find out, it is an American-owned station near the Mexican border, and has fairly good programs, despite the fact that it interferes with many of our own stations. There is a rumor that the Federal Radio Commission and the Mexican government are going to get together soon and settle this little international difficulty.

Like Old Times

We went visiting the other evening, and the host's small son proudly dragged us into his room to listen to "some real radio," as he called it. The lad had rigged up a little cigar-box crystal set, with earphones. Only one station could be received, and that so faint we had to strain our ears to make out the strains of music and the announcer's voice.

And yet it was unquestionably thrilling. It brought back the old days when we were first invited to a friend's house to listen in on his homemade outfit. There's something about a crude, home-manufactured radio that gets under one's skin. Made us feel like going down to a radio shop, sifting up some spare parts, and start building one of our own, as we used to do.

No Joke!

JOKES about the football radio announcer have taken their places along with those concerning mothers-on-law, flivvers and restaurant soup.

But not any more. We find sports editors, All-American full-backs and ex-coaches taking their places at microphones to describe the details of gridiron battles—fellows who know whereof they speak. In no uncertain words, they depict the play-by-play report, translating, explaining and commenting.

Then too, science has entered the announcer's box at the stadium and presented him with a little piece of electrical machinery that enables him to keep an accurate check on all players. The announcer's assistant has a miniature switchboard, with 22 push-buttons—each button designating a player. A corresponding number of illuminated apertures in a cabinet before the announcer completes the set-up. The assistant watches the game through binoculars, pushes "Brown's" number when Brown makes an end-run—the window with "Brown" written on its celluloid face lights up, and there you are—no guesswork about it.
Beginning Next Month—

"The Adventures of Chandu, The Magician"

As A Serial Mystery Novel in RADIO DOINGS

WHEREVER there is a magician, there is sure to be a crowd. Deep in the heart of everyone there is a love for the mysterious and occult. While it is true that the great illusions of the stage in most cases are performed by mechanical rather than supernatural means, yet many feats of magic that are common in the Orient have never been satisfactorily explained to the Occidental mind.

Travelers to India have reported that East Indian fakirs toss a rope into the air, have a boy climb up this unsupported rope and disappear into thin air! Few have ever discovered the fakirs' secret. Many even doubt the authenticity of the story. Other travelers tell weird tales of the rose bush that is caused to grow and bloom before their very eyes on barren ground, or even on the deck of a ship!

"Chandu, the Magician," KHJ's new nightly feature, brings magic and occult demonstrations to the radio audience for the first time, with a thrilling plot, dramatized by famous actors of the stage and screen. The results of the first chapters of this new feature were tremendous—more than the sponsors had anticipated.

The plot of this magic-drama is ingenious. Frank Chandler, the hero, has for many years lived in the Orient. He has been a student of the occult and endowed by Indian Yogi's with the magic secrets of the Far East. In the story of "Chandu," he is given a magic crystal, and taught to use it in receiving and interpreting thought vibrations sent out by the Yogi's. One afternoon, in the Vale of Kashmir, Chandler, known in India as "Chandu," is seen studying his crystal ball, when suddenly he sees in it a scene taking place in his sister's home in Beverly Hills, California. It is revealed that his sister, Dorothy Regent, and her two children, Bobbie and Betty Lou, a young man and a young woman, are in grave and mysterious danger, unknown to them. He immediately realizes that he must rush to America and help them, and using his magic powers mysteriously transports himself to the Regent home. Where the excitement commences.

In the succeeding chapters of the story, each consuming 10 minutes on the air, many thrilling events transpire. A mysterious underground laboratory, knives thrown in the dark, murders, and adventures in Egypt, narrow escapes from death—all these are dexterously woven into the dramatic story of "Chandu, the Magician." Chandu's magic feats are cunningly spun into the action of the drama, and the illusions are further heightened by weird Oriental theme music and by 1,000 sound effects, that have been planned by KHJ sound-effects engineers for the Chandu series.

The part of Frank Chandler, or "Chandu," is cleverly played by Gayne Whitman, a familiar character on the stage and screen. Margaret Macdonald takes the difficult role of "Helen Chandler." "Bobby" and "Betty Lou" are portrayed by Robert Bixby and Betty Webb.

And next month, RADIO DOINGS has a treat for its readers. Beginning in the next issue, "The Adventures of Chandu, the Magician," will begin serially in story form!

For the first time since its establishment, RADIO DOINGS is going to have a serial fiction story, and what a story!
The Small-Town Boy Who Beat Broadway At Its Own Game

With Twenty-five Dollars in His Pocket, Morton Downey Landed in New York to Embark on a Varied Career as Grocery Boy, Waiter and What-Not—Until He Finally Found His Place in Movies and Radio.

by Hilda Cole

Adolescent Mort had decided what he wanted. It came under the heading of "big dough." In his first years of high school he was a stocky, active young man who liked to entertain, enjoyed sports, but was never infected with the I'd-die-for-dear-old-Yarvard spirit of hysteria affecting most of his friends. And, as far as girls went: "I didn't bring apples to anybody's sister," Mort says laughingly, "and the best looking blondes in Wallingford left me unmoved. If she was just a good sport, well, O.K., but if I had to dance attendance like one of those Knights of King Arthur, or something—nothing doing. Sir Galahad had just about as much chance as Santa Claus."

In the eyes of his concerned family he was heading straight for the fate of a ne'er-do-well—having nothing particularly in mind—but Mort secretly felt there was something he could do well. And which was on the road to "big dough."

Suddenly there was a climax to his restlessness. He left school. It was one of those incidents politely labeled "Mutual Agreement." Mort didn't get along well with the school's faculty. It wasn't that his marks were bad; it was that they apparently didn't matter.

In previous summer vacations he had gone to Brooklyn to visit relatives. He had decided then and there, after his brief glimpses of New York, that it was a swell city. It might be friends with you. Only it took an outrageously long time to strike up an acquaintance. "I will make enough money," Mort told himself, "to go to New York." So he left school for business with determination riding on the tip of his chin.

Mort's business career has in its ros-

[Turn to Page 40]
One of the most modest, and at the same time, most popular, radio artists today, is Morton Downey. Columbia tenor, whose sweet high notes pour over the whole country nightly, to charm America's millions and delight lovers of pure, unaffected singing.

Heard at 8:30 P. M. nightly over stations on the Columbia System.
Oll and water—matches and dynamite—art and matrimony—these are the three combinations against which chemists, anxious mothers and heart-throb columnists, respectively, warn us.

But just as modern science has found a way to combine the first two pairs safely and successfully, so the present-day husband and wife whose professions happen to be similar, can work together and still stay happy, take it from Mr. and Mrs. Howard Milholland, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Schwarzman, Mr. and Mrs. Ted Maxwell, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Kelly, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Linden, and Mr. and Mrs. Carleton Young, all of NBC.

Each of these half-dozen couples are members of the artist staff of the San Francisco studios of the National Broadcasting Company; some are actors, some musicians. Sometimes they work together before the microphone, sometimes singly, or with other artists.

Few NBC listeners think of Bobbe Deane, petite and gifted character actress, as plain Mrs. Maxwell; or Eva Garcia, the brilliant pianist, as Mrs. Milholland. On the other hand, Howard Milholland, NBC's program manager, would be exceedingly surprised, not to say ruffled, if someone addressed him as "Mr. Garcia." And Tom Kelly, handsome young radio actor, wouldn't care particularly about the title of "Dorothy Desmond's husband."

However, all that is beside the point. On the air, these six wives of NBC live their own lives as literally as Lucy Stone, the founder of the famous league for the preservation of married ladies' maiden names, could desire. Away from the studio, they and their husbands have many much like other happily married couples the world over.

"Which may be why we stay married!" observes Bobbe Dean, or Mrs. Ted Maxwell, depending upon how well you know her.

Bobbe and Ted keep their studio lives as separate from their private existence as possible, aided in this endeavor by the fact that their leisure hours are spent together at their country home near Redwood City, miles from San Francisco. They have a suite in a San Francisco hotel, where they stay when late programs make it necessary for them to remain in the city overnight, but their real home is the big, comfortable, hospitable place in the country, with a garden and plenty of space for the numerous pets they collect.

The Maxwells met for the first time in a Santa Cruz stock company. Both were seasoned trouper despite their youth, for Ted went on the stage when he was 15, and Bobbe when she was a veteran of three years. At 13, she horrified a pair of parents who were actors, and wanted her to take her profession seriously, by presenting an ice-skating act on a Western vaudeville circuit, and later she startled them again by giving diving exhibitions at the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

When she finally turned to the "legit," Bobbe became one of the outstanding young stock actresses of the West, and when she went to New York, she played in Ziegfeld productions for three years on Broadway, returning to California in "Sally."

The tall, dark young leading man in the Santa Cruz stock company fell in love at first sight with his vivacious young leading woman, whose sense of humor kept the company on its watch against unexpectedly mirthful moments in dramatic scenes. In 1926, Bobbe consented to take Ted's off-stage wooing seriously, and they were married. Because both had lived "in trunks" since
THEIR BETTER HALVES

childhood, they turned whole-heartedly toward the joyful task of building a country home when they came to NBC.

Although Bobbe and Ted appear in many of the same programs, most of their other scenes are conducted with other players. Ted is Jack of the famous Jack and Ethyl acting team, in which Bernice Berwin is Ethyl. Bobbe, whose variety of voices and characterizations is equalled by that of only one other NBC player—Bennie Walker—usually plays with Bennie as her microphone foil.

Radio brought Howard Milholland and Eva Garcia together, and these two

Thomas Kelly, NBC actor, and party of the second part in one of the happiest marriages of the air—but don't call him Dorothy Desmond's husband! Below, Dorothy, who plays tragic heroines and wicked but interesting villains in NBC dramas. She's Mrs. Tom Kelly, and the mother of two pretty babies.

Growing up in San Francisco, Howard and Eva became fast friends. They knew each other in the early days of radio and married on the air. They now live at 1561 Utica, where, they say, they still get more their mail through the window than through the door.

Many a male visitor in the San Francisco studios of NBC has been willing to cut the rest of his tour and stay right where he is when he sees the lovely, auburn-haired Barbara Merkeley at her harp. But it's no use—for she's Mrs. Arthur Schwarzman now—and Arthur, above, gifted young Russian pianist, plays most of her accompaniments.

by Louise Landis

admit that even as Mr. and Mrs. Howard Milholland, it is difficult for them to forget radio. On the rare occasions when the manager of NBC's program department now appears before the microphone—countless listeners still think "H. M.'s" speaking voice one of the pleasantest on the air—it is usually to read a poem on a musical program conducted by his wife.

Years ago, when radio still was new in the West, the Milhollands met at Station KGO, now NBC's key-station on the Pacific. "H. M.", as his hearers knew him, was studio manager, and announced many of the programs broadcast from the one-room studio where Eva Garcia was one of the stars. A firm friendship based upon hours of critical rehearsing and working together before the microphone, is the foundation of this radio marriage.

Another couple with a similar background of companionship in work are Emily and Anthony Linden, pianist and flute-solist at NBC. These two are truly wedded in their art, for in a joint studio in San Francisco they teach their respective pupils, practice and study, then go on the air together in a program called "The Voice of Pan," broadcast weekly through the NBC network.

Anthony Linden is one of five brothers, all of whom are musicians. His father wanted a family orchestra, and taught each son a different instrument.

"When I came along, the flute was the only thing left—so I had to take it," is Anthony's whimsical explanation.

As a flutist, however, he is a poet speaking in tones of silver, with Emily's soft piano accompaniment. She is an elfin-looking person under whose fingertips music—her own or that of other composers—flows with easy grace.

She and Anthony make an ideal pair of musical partners as well as matrimonial ones, and many of their programs include compositions of Emily's. "The Don" is one of her best-known; she also has written a flute-suite, "Top O' The Hill," especially for her hus.

[Turn to Page 39]
And here, in all her glory, is Aunt Emmy herself, in person, with her inseparable pipe. For a lady of eighty-odd years, her spryness and pep, coupled with a crisp modernity of humor, is surprising. But as Cliff Arquette, who obtained this interview, points out—don't get her started talking politics or Prohibition. She's just full of both subjects.
SOMEONE asked me to tell them all I knew about Aunt Emmy, and I must admit, I was stumped for a minute. Although I believe I know more about the little old lady than any other living soul, there were still a few chapters in her hectic life that I was unaware of. Therefore I got under way to the home of the little old sage with no further delay, and the following interview is the result.

My first question was blunt and to the point. “Aunt Emmy, just how old are you?”

She peered over her small square glasses, and shifting her head from side to side, to get a better focus on me, shot back the following answer, “Well, son, I'm just eighty four summers along, and I don't git a dime from no soap company fer sayin' that either. I've had seven husbands and I'm open to any kind of an offer, whether it's political or in a more matrimonial vein.

“Muh fust husband was a mule skinner up in Boise, Idaho, and he was a blamed good mule skinner—as mule skinners go. And as mule skinners go he went. Yep—he left me holding the bag, as the old sayin' goes, but I didn't let no grass grow under the old dogs: no sir—I had me a new husband before you could say 'Harvey McCracken'.

“I come out to California in a covered wagon; 'couse not the kind that vuh sees in magazines, but jist a plain automobile. We allus called it the covered wagon, on account of the mortgaged that was on it. By Henry, the car had so many installments on it that we had to run it in second gear all the way out. 'Course you know'd that I was originally from Peoria—I thought everybody knew that. Yep—the first time I left Peoria I went by rail, but the fellers that was a carlin' the rail got tired and ran me out the rest of the way.”

I thought it was about time to interrupt here so I asked her this question, “I understand that you are a great friend of the British nobility, is that right?”

“I should say it is, son. George and I is the greatest of pals, and as fer the Prince of Wales. sometime when yuh got more time, drop over and I'll tell yuh about the time him and I went horseback ridin'—say, it'll jist fold yuh up! Yep, I guess Old Fever Heat, as some of the boys down at the pool hall call me, has really been around, and I don't mean around the house either.”

I could see that she was getting back on the same track so I thought I would throw her off. “I understand that you have a very cute daughter: is that true?”

“Well sir,” she answered. “If she'd a been any cuter, she'd a been twins. Yep, she's a regular girl all right, only she has a bad habit of shootin' craps with the icemen, and fightin' with newsboys. Outside of that she's jist as sweet as they make 'em. I'll never forgive one iceman—but that's another story, we'll jist pass that up fer the time bein'.

“You see, Tessie—that's much little girl's name—never really got a break.

she was left on muth doorstep, in a horse's feed bag, and I don't think she ever got over that shock. And another thing. She don't like policemen—gosh all hell, how she despises them fellers! I guess the reason fer that is the fact that I was scared by a policeman just before she was left on the doorstep.”

“Tell me this, Aunt Emmy,” I said, trying to get her on another subject. “I have been told by some of your fans that listen to your nine forty-five broadcast, that they have never had a very clear description of Tess. What does she look like?”

“Well, now, that's purty hard to say, jist what she looks like, she don't look like a horse, yet yuh might mistake her fer one on a foggy night. She's got the same kind of a chin that I got, and the same nose almost, only mine has got a few more warts on the end of it. She does her hair up in a loose knot on the back of her neck, and on a clear day you can see Catalina from our front porch.”

“Well,” I said. “That really is a bit of news, and now tell us just how you picked up a friendship with Bert, and who is he.”

“By Henry, you fellers from magazines is worse then the fellers from the newspapers when it comes to askin’ questions. I do declare, I ain't never seen the like of it. Well, I'll tell yuh all about Bert and muhself. I wuz out one night givin’ a talk on temperance. 'Couse you know'd that they calls me the 'Demon Crusader.' Well, sir, I wuz givin’ this talk when all of a sudden they raids the place and I was throwed into the jug. The judge says, 'Thirty day—er thirty dollars,' and me [Turn to Page 11]"
FOR a year and a half, a slim, dark beauty of a girl has had a throng of housewives mystified. Day after day, mothers and wives in hundreds of homes listen intently to each of her radio programs in an effort to fathom her secret. Is Bunny really married?

In her daily 15-minute feature over KFI, "Bob, Bunny and Junior," this young lady, as Bunny, holds her feminine listeners with homely, life-like stories of her little radio family. Bob, the young husband, and Junior, the lovable youngster, are real, interesting characters. Their adventures from day to day ring true with human interest—the situations in which they find themselves are homely, appealing cross-sections of real life.

The charm of the program, say many fan letters, lies in this reality. "So true to life!" says one short note. "Just like things that happen around my home," says another. "Our baby was teething the night Bob had to walk the floor with Junior," reads a third. And so on. Every incident striking a chord in someone's own experience.

"But are you really married?" her listeners ask. "Please tell us if this adorable family is your own."

Bunny smiles exasperatingly. "Bob, Bunny and Junior are the real names of real people," she says. "Bob is a young husband and daddy, and Junior is a real boy—the pride and joy of his parents. Don't you think they are my family?" And that's all the satisfaction one can get.

As one mother wrote: "Dear Bunny. Gosh, Bunny—if you're not really married, how do you have such a perfect understanding of all the little things that are part of being married and raising a baby? Please answer this question and satisfy all the members of our family. Are you really married?"

Clever, Bunny is—married or not. For while each member of her happy family is well-known to her radio friends, none has ever spoken into the microphone. Only Bunny's voice is heard from day to day; taking her family in and out of all sorts of life-like experiences, with an uncanny ability to produce realism and naturalness. It makes one feel sure Bob did say this, or Junior did ask that, for how else could Bunny ever in the world think of such things?

She never impersonates the rest of the family. She is her own sweet self always. And yet—there you are again—when Junior was younger, listeners would often hear him crying. How does one explain that?

There are other members of Bunny's family, too. There's Ma and Aunt Het—both lovable characters. They came right off the farm a year ago, and how Bunny has modernized them and humanized them in this year they have been on the air!

Then there's the love affair between Aunt Het and Uncle John—that held the audiences breathless until it finally culminated in a happy marriage a few months ago. And there's Pa—Bob's dear, deaf, old-fashioned father, who accidentally bought a piece of seemingly worthless property last year, and recently found oil wells springing up all around him!

Well, is Bunny really married? Is the little radio family a real one, or is it fictitious? Our question is still unanswered, and Bunny has great fun in keeping us guessing.

Just the other day Bunny became extremely confidential, and nearly revealed the solution to her secret. "Why, the answer is simple! Just listen to us every afternoon at one forty-five—I'm sure you can't help having the question answered for yourself!"

I'm not so sure!
WHY I SING POPULAR SONGS

by Ted White
NBC Tenor

Breeze in the trees, humming sweet melodies—
And they called it—THE BIRTH OF THE BLUES.

And then they nursed it, rehearsed it
And gave out the news
That the Southland gave birth to the BLUES.

And they might have appended—
"The voice of America."

"The Vagabonds," 11:30 P. M. Sundays,
KGO, KFI: 9:15 P. M. Tuesdays, KGO.

BUT there seem to be some Americans who don't want to hear it themselves. They hold their ears and whisper politely that it is not art.

One wonders what the proper, high-brow Romans of the third and fourth centuries read into or heard in the strange utterances of the popular song-writers and poets of their time!

Did they hear in those songs which were flung so casually into the Roman air of that day—and treasured, in fragments, by the scholars of today—the uncanny voice of Iberian Spain, the sorrow of conquered Carthage, the dark passion of North Africa, or the ominous strength of the Barbarian hordes?

You can bet your life they didn't hear them! All these mingled racial voices sounded through the chants and songs which the Roman citizen heard or sang. But he paid no more attention to them than do the self-appointed high-brows today to the voices of emancipated Afro-Americans chanting through American jazz tunes; of old frontiersmen mourning the freedom they have bartered to mechanics, in the "Hill Billy" songs which have reached such incredible popularity on the radio.

Even the love ballads your favorite crooner sings to you through the microphone, reflect the cynicism, disillusionment and humility of these past months of commercial depression—and if that doesn't make them folk-music—what IS folk-music?

According to the musical editor of the New Century Dictionary, it is "music that arises among the common people or peasantry and becomes traditional among them. Its characteristics include artlessness of content and form, detachment from an individual maker or composer, and a tendency to embody or express something of local, communal, tribal or racial sentiment. Folk dances involve some union of dancing and music."

In every detail, that definition applies to the popular music of today—even so far as "traditional" goes, for radio programs which revive popular songs of three, four, ten and fifteen years ago always bring floods of appreciative letters from listeners. Not only the generation which remembers these songs as part of its own youth, enjoys these old popular songs; so do the boys and girls of today, who in turn will listen with wistful pleasure a few years from now to the tunes to which they are dancing now.

This is why I get slightly impatient with persons who insist upon looking down their noses upon American ballads and popular songs, while they fill concert halls to hear a tenor or soprano sing some trivial, tinkling little German or Italian air, ecstatically applauded as "delicious folk music."

The little concert song probably is charming, but just as "Whistling in the Dark" is charming—or "It was a lucky April shower
I sought a most convenient door—
And found a million dollar baby
In a five and ten cent store."

There's modern romance for you—and poetry—and music. It breathes at once the spirit of this rushing age, and

Ted White could have been a great pianist if he chose. Instead, he gave up piano to sing popular songs. In this article he tells why he prefers popular music. In a succeeding one, he'll tell what lies behind his remarkable vocal style.

[Turn to Page 39]
The Girl Who Is Seldom Herself

Gail Taylor, of the NBC Matinee, Slips From One Personality to Another Like Quicksilver, Sings, and Gives Recipes and Household Hints Over the Air—All in the Day’s Work.

by Louise Landis

S
HE'S a dignified prima donna at one moment; a rollicking, “high brown” gal the next; she can be a sharp-spoken wife when the occasion demands; she has a hundred interesting recipes and household hints at her finger-tips, and she has been the heroine of at least a dozen exciting love affairs—

But all on the air!

Which is why meeting Gail Taylor for the first time generally means a surprise. The feminine star of the NBC Matinee, who plays as many as half a dozen roles, all different, in an hour’s performance, in addition to carrying the soprano burden of the musical portion of this daily NBC program, isn’t the changeable person you might expect.

Like quicksilver, she shifts from one personality to the other before the Matinee microphone, but away from it she’s very much Gail Taylor and nobody else. A slim, charming girl with large brown eyes and whimsical mouth, Gail is one of the most ornamental members of NBC’s San Francisco studio staff—and one of the most serious so far as purposeful energy is concerned.

At 27 she has achieved what she decided she wanted of life when she was still a little girl in grammar school—to sing and act. Just when she was on the verge of gaining her ambition, Fate stepped between Gail and a Broadway musical comedy contract which seemed to be the door to all her dreams. When she recovered from that disappointment Gail bravely started all over again, and now, in radio she has found an outlet for her own particular and unusual combination of talents—both singing and acting. Moreover, she has reached an enviable place in an art to which more and more members of the theatrical profession are turning, and Gail who once looked with longing eyes on the stage, finds the same gaze sometimes on the faces of theatrical folk who watch her broadcast.

No footlight performer could work harder than Gail does in the NBC Matinee, not to speak of the other programs upon which she appears as soloist. She is “Onyx” Cotton in the amusing blackface skit which she and Captain Bill Royle present together. She is the heroine of most of the dramatic sketches offered in the Matinee, and the prima donna in all the condensed musical comedies and operetta featured in this program. And she still finds time to experiment personally with the recipes which she offers her home women listeners—the big audience to which the NBC afternoon variety hour is directed.

“When I first sang into a microphone eight years ago in Los Angeles, I never dreamed what radio was going to mean,” Gail says thoughtfully, when you talk to her of the days when she was just beginning a career which makes her a veteran in the newest professional field.

She was just 19, and, an eager, ambitious girl, with her heart still set on her musical comedy hope, she was not intensely interested, she admits, in her radio debut.

“It was just a lark,” she relates. “Nobody dreamed of paying radio artists in those days—you were supposed to feel honored if your voice was good enough to be broadcast. To get up and sing into the odd little microphone was a ‘stunt.’

“The studio was tiny, thickly padded, and so nearly air-tight as to be stifling. It was on the roof of a Los Angeles building, and you reached it by taking an elevator to the top floor, then climbing a ladder and literally ‘walking a plank.’”

Singing is as much part of Gail’s inheritance as her name. Both her father and mother were well-known choir singers in a Kansas City, Mo., church, where they met and were mar-

[Turn to Page 39]
Miss Taylor as "Onyx Cotton" in the amusing skit which she and Captain Bill Royle present together. This is just one of the many roles she is called upon to enact—sometimes five or six in an hour's program. She's one of the most changeable girls you ever saw—and one of the hardest working.
HOLLYWOOD'S PERFECT COUPLE

Here’s a Happy Pair of Celebrities Who Believe in Good Old-Fashioned Marriage, And, After Many Years Together, Are Still Madly in Love—With Each Other.

by Nancy Smith

Jimmie Gleason and his wife, Lucille, do most of their writing together. They have no separate workroom, and get many of their ideas and inspirations at the table after dinner. Contented? Don’t they look it?

Every day we read about a divorce in Hollywood. Papers are full of stories of marital difficulties among the temperamental denizens of the glamorous film colony. Marriage and Hollywood are considered an oil and water proposition, as far as compatibility are concerned.

“Good heavens!” we say. “Surely there must be someone in Hollywood who is happily married.”

There is.

Jimmie Gleason, whose picture roles in “Is Zat So?”, “It’s a Wise Child,” “A Free Soul” and many other talkies have endeared him to the movie world, and whose humorous adventures with Bob Armstrong in “Knights of the Road” have won him equal popularity with the radio public, is the happily married example.

He and his charming wife, Lucille, have worked, played and fought together side by side in the long and arduous campaign that finally resulted in his fame.

“We have always worked together,” they said over the coffee cups at their delightful English cottage in Beverly Hills. “We always intend to. Whether it is in pictures, on the stage, preparing material for radio broadcasts, or writing a play or scenario—we like to be together.

“Our best writing is done, and we have our most worthwhile discussions around the dinner table after dinner. All of our dining-room chairs have backs. We stay there for hours—talking, discussing, suggesting, deleting and enlarging our ideas. Our friends laugh and say ‘Give the Gleason’s a good cook and comfortable chairs, and they’ll turn out a moneymaker.’

“We’ve decided,” Jimmie confided, “that collaboration in writing is a great deal like marriage. There should be a willingness to work fifty-fifty, with a slight mutual leaning toward sixty-fifty. Just to do a little more than is required of one always brings a little thrill to both persons.”

Both Mr. and Mrs. Gleason admitted that they have no use for temperamental notions in a writer. Nor in anyone else, for that matter. Temperament is another Hollywood vice that you won’t find in the Gleason household. They are simple, average American people, industrious and unassuming.

“You hear people say they know they could write something fine if they could shut themselves off from the rest of the world like a hermit,” Mrs. Gleason remarked. “That is absurd. To write plays, books, scenarios or continuity you have to be among people. Characters in a plot have to actually live. Otherwise the reader or audience will detect the absence of human qualities.

“Sincerity is the fundamental of all good writing,” Jimmie put in. If a piece of writing is not a reflection of human nature, it isn’t sincere.”

In all the years the Gleason’s have been writing in different mediums, they have never had a special workroom. They write all over the house. Or in the most comfortable nook in the garden. Even in a hotel room.

“We’ve always contended that you can do anything anywhere, if you have to or want to badly enough,” declared Jimmie Gleason. And he’s done enough things in enough places to know.

Which all goes to show that despite its reputation, Hollywood does have some real home folks, to whom “till death do us part” and “for better or for worse” aren’t just so many idle words.
A Real Hill Billy Comes To Town

Elton Britt Scarcely Knew What a Radio Was Until Glenn Rice Flew Into the Heart of the Ozarks and Brought Him to Hollywood to Play and Sing with the Beverly Hill Billies. This Article Reveals the True Home Life of the Genuine Hill Billy of Arkansas—That Secluded, Mysterious American Who Still Lives in a Forgotten Century.

by Don Frank

Elton Britt was a rough, exuberant, hardy boy, one of a score of hill billy brothers who grew up in western Searcy County, Arkansas. In a small one-room log cabin, built of logs hewn and split by his own grandfather, Elton took his first lessons in music. The corn they had learned to shuck, the beehives they grew in their garden, the fiddles, guitars, and harps they learned to play—these were the tools of his trade.

Typically and obviously a hill billy of the first water, Elton Britt sang; he danced. When the corn was picked, the hill billy boys moved to another cabin and a century of hard work to build their futures. Elton Britt's music was a part of his life, and he was rather glad to escape the five-mile walk every morning to the little school, carrying a lunch of cold biscuits and cold pork.

There was plenty to be done—the corn had to be plowed, raising garden truck was a continual battle with ravenous mountain weed sand insects, not to mention the frequent drouth that visited the Ozarks. Up with the birds, work until late at night—it wasn't an easy life.

But sometimes, in the evenings, when the work was done, and things were going smoothly, the hill billies gathered at someone's cabin and there was a dance. When the corn was picked, "shuckin'" bees afforded many a hectic evening of hill billy "whoopie." Everyone sang; nearly everyone played an instrument—fiddles, guitars, harmonicas, jews' harps—simple instruments, played by a simple, rustic people.

The Britt boys, as they grew older, were in great demand at these parties and "shuckin'" bees. Elton's two brothers played the fiddle and banjo, and Elton strummed his guitar, sang and yodelled. The songs they sang were simple ones—melancholy old tunes they had learned from their parents.

If you don't think there are any real hill billies left, take a look at this. At the left is Elton Britt's birthplace, built by his grandfather. In the center is a hill billy "straight-eight"—the only means of transportation in the heart of the Ozarks. Right, the Britt family at home—that's Elton leaning away from the post.
AMBASSADOR Hotel Cocoanut Grove officials are noted for developing their own popular orchestras. In this and similar manner has the individuality of the Grove been created. Abe Lyman and Gus Arnheim stand as proof of its success along this line. It was Mr. A. Frank, vice-president and general manager of the Ambassador, who gave Arnheim his first chance to be an orchestra leader seven or eight years ago.

History now repeats itself and Mr. Frank is writing the third volume of his musical trilogy. He has selected Jimmie Grier to lead his new orchestra which will replace Gus Arnheim, who leaves for an eastern tour.

For his newest musical combination under the direction of Jimmie Grier, Mr. Frank has selected thirty-one musical artists and star entertainers. Carlos Molina's Tango band and entertainers, Lovee Whiteman, Donald Novis, Harry Barris, Dave Marshall, and those Three Ambassadors remain at the Cocoanut Grove.

Grier himself has a colorful musical background. He has prepared the musical scores for such important motion pictures as "Palmy Days," "Flying High" and "City Lights." He has appeared at the Cafe des Ambassadeurs, Paris; Savoy Hote, London; and the Royal Palace, Ostend.

Members of Jimmie Grier's orchestra and their instruments are: Ray Hendorf, first pianist; Hal Chanslor, piano; Henry Sugar, violin; Robert Morrow, violin; Richard Webster, violin; Larry Sullivan, and Frank Zinzer, trumpet; Frank Sullivan and Charles Cowpland, trombone and mellophone; Dick Dickinson, saxophone; Al Maulding, English horn; Arthur Grier, bass clarinet and guitar; Richard Ehrecke, guitar and banjo; William Markas, drums; Jack Garcia, string bass, tuba and guitar; and Toni Travers, piano, accordion and piano.

Art Grier, brother of Jimmie, and Henry Sugar are former U. C. L. A. students. U. S. C. is represented in the band by Hal Chanslor and Robert Morrow. Other universities represented are: Yale University by Dick Webster, vocal soloist of the band who will be recognized by music lovers of Los Angeles as former soloist at Pantages Theatre; Washington University is represented; and Idaho University; Whittier College by Donald Novis; La Salle University; Bogota, Colombia; University of Havana is the alma mater of Alberio Mateu of the tango band; Columbia, Kansas and Missouri University are alma maters to other members.

NOT many years ago Gus Arnheim was "discovered" as a piano player in a band at the Cocoanut Grove, Hollywood; now he has just closed an 18 months' engagement at that leading rendezvous of the film colony as the director of one of the most popular radio and ballroom orchestras of the day.

One of those rare personalities of his business, he appears entirely without pose and innately a gentleman; when he talks to you he is quiet, sincere, modest and courteous.

As the time approaches for the next number, he takes his place at the piano, and, nodding to the bandsmen as their cue, his fingers lead them to the strains of a popular tune. As the soft, liquid music draws the elegantly gown ladies and the tuxedoed companions to the dancing floor, and as the couples glide past, many, notables and unknowns alike, make their "hellos" and often stop for a short chat with the

Gus Arnheim, popular orchestra leader, whose Grove contract has just expired—

A New ENTERTAINER OF STARS

With the Departure of Gus Arnheim and the Advent of Jimmie Grier, the Famous Cocoanut Grove, Where Hollywood's Elite Gather Nightly, Loses a Marvelous Band Leader, But Gains Another

RADIO DOINGS
Behind The MIKE

Intimate Glimpse of the Studios and Artists

by Harry James

Dr. Lee DeForest, grand old pioneer of radio broadcasting.

SOMEBOY said that the late Thomas A. Edison didn't make the first talking machine, that he just made the first one you could shut off. There seems to be some dispute as to who made the first public radio broadcast. On the night of November second Los Angeles radio stations celebrated the anniversary of the first public radio program which was supposedly broadcast over KDKA, Pittsburgh, under the auspices of Dr. Lee De Forest, who is now a resident of Hollywood, and spends most of his time experimenting on television. Los Angeles is very modest, as most eastern friends know, so it was celebrated without dispute.

However, the truth is that Dr. De Forest presented many successful broadcasts from the California Theatre in San Francisco six months prior to the broadcast from KDKA on November 2nd, 1920. He had previously tried to broadcast from New York City but the Mayor declared his experiments were a public nuisance, so he pulled up stakes and came West. And as further proof that California was the scene of the first radio broadcast we submit the fact that successful attempts to broadcast the voice and music were made from Point Loma to Los Angeles in 1912.

The Rhythmettes seemed to be happy at KNX but within one month we find them at KMTR. They will find plenty of competition at the latter station, as far as harmony is concerned.

THE Hallelujah Quartet, a colored organization that has been featured in many programs sent by KHJ to the East, is now sending out the splendid harmony for which it is noted from a theatre in San Francisco. Raymond Paige, program director for the Don Lee station, expects them back in Los Angeles one of these days.

ALTHOUGH the NBC and Columbia chains have taken quite a few of our most popular radio artists to their eastern strongholds, California is not suffering much as many eastern and mid-west stars are finding their way out West. Any station might feel justly proud in adding Oscar Heather, tenor soloist, to its staff. KGFJ is to be congratulated on the acquisition of Mr. Heather.

He is a pioneer in the broadcasting field, making his first appearance before the microphone at KYW, Chicago, in 1924. He was a staff artist at WENR for three years, and has been featured at WHT, WQJ and KMOX. As a soloist with the Minneapolis and Chicago Symphony Orchestrass he gained quite a reputation before taking up radio.

BY the way, Hollywood holds a number of records as far as radio broadcasting is concerned. Bill Sharples, chief of the breakfast club gang at KNX, claims the oldest daily broadcast in the United States, in point of actual hours. He was born in Pittsburgh and has broadcast over KDKA. Years ago he was a reporter for the Publishers Press Association and reported the Shamrock and America yacht races off Sandy Hook. The De Forest System was used and Dr. Lee De Forest was present on the press tug with Bill Sharples.

AND while on the subject of records we would like to hand a bouquet to KGFJ of Los Angeles. Up to the time of going to press this station had been on the air for 26,948 hours, a world's record, if you please. Broadcasting 24 hours a day without pulling the switch for four years is something to crow about.

Vera Van, the beautiful blonde singer of KMTR—and featured soloist and dancer at the Olson Cafe. is now a staff artist with KHJ.

[Turn to Next Page]
AND may we present the name of Wedgwood Nowell as the fastest radio speaker in the world. His record is 252 words a minute, exceeding the broadcast of Floyd Gibbons who was clocked while delivering 217 words a minute, according to the Literary Digest. Mr. Nowell celebrated his 460th Playgoers Club broadcast the other day. He told me that he had sent out more than four million words over the air for the Playgoers Club. He wanted me to check up on the number from the scripts he has used, but I took his word for it as he seems to be a pretty nice sort of fellow. Tune in on him some day at KGFJ.

I HAVE had many mothers bring their daughters to my studio trying to convince me that they were world beaters, pointing out the fact that their music lessons had cost from ten dollars and up for a half hour. I know of one mother who feels justly proud of her daughter and the lessons she has taken. And that's the mother of Winnie Parker, that low voiced singer on KFI-KECA.

Winnie has never had a lesson other than from her mother. She is an accomplished pianist as well as a vocalist. The mother is supervisor of the music departments in the Broadway high school, Glendale, California. Winnie has a brother who recently returned from a trip around the world as pianist with a nationally known orchestra. If the president of the Columbia chain can pick a fifteen hundred dollar a week artist for his staff after listening to a phonograph record, we would recommend that he tune in KFI some night and get an earful of two thousand dollar's worth of harmony when Winnie Parker and Don Ricardo are on the program.

THEN we find Jack Carter, the Boy from London, taking his turn as an announcer for KNX. I suppose some of Jack's English kin would throw up their hands in horror if they heard their relative introduced as an announcer. But the Paris Inn job is just one of the many duties he performs. Jack was a former vaudeville headline and I can remember when he was... Charlie Hamp, whose charming voice used to entice listeners into buying toothpaste, is now hard at work in the Hollywood Hills building a new home. Remember that soothing "softer-yes, softer than the enamel on the teeth themselves"?

Uncle John's staff at KHJ as a pianist and accompanist. Today you will find her with her head buried in books in the office of Frank Bull, manager of KMTR. She has been known to go out to eat, and to make periodical visits to the other two stations controlled by V. G. Freitag to harmonize some accounts there, but, as far as a piano is concerned, well, they are not on speaking terms.

HAVE you heard the one about the fellow who reported to the police department that he had run over a well known radio announcer, and the desk sergeant advised him to go over to the city hall and collect his bounty? Well, that's the way some people admire announcers. No matter what your profession may be if you do any announcing you are just another announcer. I recall that Howard Jones asked Curtis Benton of KFVB staff how he came to be a radio announcer. Curtis was ready with a quick comeback but did not choose to explain his national reputation as a writer. He broadcasts the football games for KFGB.

Paul Carson, the organist at the NBC studios at San Francisco, was a featured soloist for eight years at Glendale, California. He was a war buddy of Dick Greedon, continuity writer for KHJ.
Reno TIES a Knot

A bombshell in the KFRC Studios could have created no greater disturbance than the news that Edna O'Keefe, original "Oh, Woe Is Me" girl had eloped several months ago with Ronald Graham, Staff Soloist—and nobody knew it. Here's how it all happened.

by Bob Rand

Edna O'Keefe, original "Oh, Woe Is Me" girl and staff artist of KFRC.

Ronald Graham, Atwater Kent award winner, and Edna's husband.

The KFRC studios were treated to effects resembling the explosion of a bomb shell recently when Edna O'Keefe walked in one morning and casually remarked that she had been married to Ronald Graham since last April.

Of course, there were certain few around the studios who suspected that the infatuated pair might have put on the shackles, but it was a mere suspicion.

Here is how it happened. On a certain Saturday night in April, Edna, together with a number of other KFRC artists, was playing a show in Sacramento. Ronald Graham, who is staff baritone on the station, motored up to bring Edna home that night. The others were staying over until Sunday.

But, instead of coming back home, the pair pointed the radiator of their roadster towards Reno. They arrived about daylight. A deserted town greeted them.

However, youth will be served, and they located successively two cups of coffee, two doughnuts, one marriage license and one Justice of the Peace. Reno is very accommodating to persons who are either in or out of love.

They returned to KFRC Sunday night and both were on deck for Golden State Jamboree rehearsal Monday morning just as if nothing had happened.

And now, close upon the heels of the announcement of their wedding, the papers are carrying the story of Ronald Graham's winning of the Atwater-Kent audition contest for San Francisco in a field of several hundred contestants. He will shortly compete for the state-wide honors.

Edna O'Keefe came to KFRC by way of a wager. Two of her girl friends at the San Francisco Girls High School bet her a dinner she was afraid to try out on the audition period. Edna already had considerable of a reputation around the school as a singer. Well, the girls bought the dinner after Edna had braved the microphone with "The Desert Song." (At that time KFRC was in the habit of broadcasting the auditions.) She felt that the African desert had nothing on that studio; she was afraid the microphone was going to reach over and bite a huge chunk out of her shoulder any minute.

Although "The Desert Song" wasn't the type of song for Edna's voice, it was felt she had possibilities and she was given her chance. Her first song, over the Golden State Blue Monday Jamboree, was "That's My Weakness Now."

And speaking of the Jamboree, KFRC's big weekly two-hour show, it is on that program that Edna has built up an enviable reputation as a character actress and comedienne. She is at home in all dialects, Irish, French, Spanish and German. And she is famous as the original "Oh Woe Is Me" girl in the Deep Dramatic Stock Company's weekly productions on the program.

Edna was born in San Francisco in 1912 and attended Jefferson Grammar and Girls High Schools in the city. As far back as she can remember she has taken dancing lessons and sung popular songs, though she didn't take vocal lessons until recently.

She is brown-eyed, black-haired and five feet two inches tall. Her weight is 115 pounds.

In school she liked to play baseball and tennis. She once won a cup in a tennis tournament.

Edna says that she has a terrible Irish temper, but it seldom flares up, even when "Pedro," staff comedian, calls her "Wop," which she objects to strenuously.

Ronald Graham was born in Hamilton, Scotland, the birthplace of Harry Lauder. He lays claim to the distinction of being one of the few Scotch singers who doesn't imitate the style of the famous Sir Harry.

He is only 20 years old and has already had a life filled with travel and interesting experience. His father was an officer in the British army during the world war and while he was on the Front in France his family in London saw the German air raids. After the war he brought his family to the San Francisco Bay District. The children arrived clad in the Scottish kilts, but soon abandoned them for the conventional attire.

At Tamalpais High School, Ronald studied commercial art, but his vocal efforts were also greatly encouraged, and after graduation he made frequent appearances as a singer at amateur affairs. Music appealed to him so much [Turn to Page 39]
"THE KING'S MEN"—that's the way they are known to radio audiences of KFWB, the Warner Brother's station. But to their friends—and they plenty, too, by the way—they're known as Ken (Darby), Jon (Dobson), Bud (Grafton Linn), and Rad (Radburn Robinson).

Their meeting and organization into a quartet was an accidental one. Some years ago, a tall slender lad was wandering through the halls of the Santa Monica high school, when he heard someone singing in the music room.

He peeked cautiously in the door and found blonde-haired, blue-eyed Jon Dobson exercising his tonsils considerably. Jon happened to turn, and caught the newcomer's gaze—stopped, grinned, and called, "Come on in!"

"My name's Dobson," he said, when the other approached.

"Mine's Darby," Ken replied. "I sing, too." They shook hands and thus began the formation of "The King's Men."

Grafton (Bud) Linn they met later at college, and Radburn Robinson joined the trio later.

Their first professional engagement was in the Paramount picture, "Swee-tie." With trembling legs and moist brows, they stood in front of the demon recording mike, and sang their first quartette number. Audiences liked it. They began to sing together more and more, until they made their radio debut over KFWB, after four years of constant practice and steady improvement. And now they're considered one of the most promising on the air.

All four of the King's Men are single—all are under 25 years of age, and have had individual professional training in voice and instrumentation. Ken Darby makes the arrangements and accompanies on the piano, all the while singing the bass parts. Dobson is sec-

ond tenor; Linn, first tenor; and Rad Robinson is baritone.

As for outside interests—well, the truth is that they don't have much time for them. Singing six nights a week at six-thirty, with continual rehearsing and practicing, doesn't leave much time. But when they do get away from the studio, here's what they do to fill in the time.

Rad Robinson has a mania for dancing—and also for flying. So you can see that he is in what could practically be called "perpetual motion," although he has never found a way of combining the two satisfactorily.

But Linn—hmmm. His hobby is a bit more difficult to describe. She's blonde, very pretty, and manages to usurp most of Linn's extra moments.

Jon Dobson still doesn't know what his hobby is. When you ask him, he goes into terrific coma of concentration, scratches his head, and comes up with the confession that "he guessed he didn't have any."

Ken Darby has a weakness for literature—both at the reading and writing end of the art, and one can find stray essays and bits of lyrical prose tucked up his sleeve almost any time.

These four amiable young gentlemen are vociferous in their praise for radio. They like to broadcast; they like their listeners—they like everybody. And when they say that, they all grin expansively—and Ken Darby lowers his left eyelid in a slow and significant wink.

The King's Men often prove to be jesters!

Heard Nightly at 6:30 from KFWB

Page Twenty-six
Often HEARD

Seldom SEEN

Yuba hasn't anything on Alex Horst of the KOA Koons. Though never in Cuba, he can play Rumbas and often does with Scheurman's band on NBC.

This good-looking youth is Phil Dewey Radio's Adonis, chosen to replace Elliott Shaw as baritone in the NBC quartet, "The Revelers," heard Wednesdays on the Palmolive Hour.

Not an artist's model—just Effie Watts of Thompkin's Corners. Effie of "Real Folks" is Phoebe Mackay.

Helen Guest, who sings her charming ballads over KFI.

Ever wonder how Ted Husing, CBS, watches and announces a football game simultaneously? This gadget enables his binoculared helper to flash messages to Ted play by play.

Accused of imitating the comic expression on Hallowe'en pumpkins, Colonel Stoonagle and Bud, alias the Columbia Tastyeast Gloomchasers, indignantly retorted that the punkins got their expression from them. Bud's second from left, and the Colonel is second to right.
Ted Osborne, who has left the marbled halls of KIJI to write for Mickey Mouse, has this observation, just uncov- ered, about the Wilkins polar trip. Ted said he was eagerly awaiting the return of the expedition to find out which brand of cigarettes made the voyable possible.

Talk of your coincidences! H. C. Connette, NBC continuity writer, responsible for "Memory Lane," received a letter from a fan, remarking that one of his characters in Memory Lane reminded her of a dear friend, who had recently passed away. Connette replied, saying that he had drawn the character from a cousin of his—and a return letter revealed that his cousin and the correspondent's friend were the same!

Tom Lee, son of Don Lee, owner of the Don Lee Broadcasting System, has joined the executive staff of KIJI, to study broadcasting from the ground up. He is a devotee of music, having sung at KIJI on several occasions, and has sung with Gus Arnheim at the Grove. In sports, he holds forty-three sailboat racing cups, and intends to try for the Olympics next year.

Meredith Willson, KFRC musical director, has returned from New York with a nice shiny new batch of selections for the ears of western music-lovers. He will be the first to broadcast George Gershwin's "Second Symphony," which is still in the making, and has been promised the first radio release on Henry Hadley's new suite called "San Francisco."

Tommy Harris and Norman Neilson surprised Meredith Willson at the San Francisco Ferry Building upon his recent arrival from New York, disguising themselves as photographers. They hustled about, pretending to take pictures of Meredith and his wife, Peggy. They weren't found out until they again met the musical director and his wife at their hotel.

There are hobbies and hobbies. Cline Chittick, one-man band of KFOX has the pernicious habit of collecting harmonicas. Big, small, old and new—just so they're mouth organs. During eight years of entertaining, Cline has worn out a hundred, and at present has a collection of a hundred and seventy-five instruments.

Mr. Andrew H. Brown, of the Fresh Air Taxiab Company, who has complained publicly for months that his feet hurt him, has received in his mail a pair of brogues measuring thirteen and a quarter inches by four and a quarter inches, size fifteen A. The shoes were sent by an unknown benefactor, and were delivered by the freight elevator to the NBC studios. Transportation charges were 39 cents. Mr. Brown requested that they be sent to Paul White- man to break them in for him. "If they were a hat," Arpax explained, "I would them to Amos."

Tom Hanlon, announcer, and Dick Stevens, technician, have had no peace at KFI for several weeks. The boys drove to Palo Alto for a football game, and stopped at a bay city hotel to get a few winks before the game. The only hitch in their plans was that the clerk forgot to wake them. When Tom looked at his watch, the game was over. They've been kidded ever since by the rest of the staff.

That time plays curious tricks in broadcasting is uniquely conveyed in the remarks of Yutaka Itow, radio engineer from the Broadcasting Corporation of Japan. Itow, visiting KNX for the purpose of arranging for the re-broadcast of certain programs in Japan, declares that the remote control broadcast from the Paris Inn from KNX at 11:00 p. m. is picked up in Tokio the next day at four in the afternoon!

Paul Whiteman sleeps only four hours a night. Gets up at 6:30, takes a swim, exercises in the gym, then eats breakfast (grapefruit juice, dry toast, and two cups of coffee). Works in office as NBC musical supervisor from nine until one, eats lunch (tomato juice, dry toast, vegetables). It's touch and go for the rest of the day, until 2:00 a. m., when he rehearses for half an hour before retiring.

Now you can take your choice of NBC programs over two separate stations in your neighborhood, instead of only having one program coming through at one time. The western network of the National Broadcasting Company has been divided into two groups, each of which may be used independently of the other. One group includes KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, and KHO, while the other consists of KPO, KECA, KEK, KJB, and KCA. KFSD and KTAR can be used with either group. The new arrangement makes it possible to operate a coast-to-coast broadcast on both the NBC-WEAF and the NBC-WIZ networks at the same time.

Ma Kennedy Hudson and her romantic new hubby, Mr. Ma Kennedy Hudson, were in- terviewed the other night over KELW by Ivan Johnson, managing editor of the Radio News Service of America. Station officials reported that the response, both in visitors and letters, was so great that it is probable that Mrs. Hudson will have a regular series of programs over KELW.
Little known lives of little known people. Polly Grant Hall, pianist of KFI-KECA, starts the day at 6:45, providing music for the morning, setting up exercises. She practices during those quiet, cold hours before the station wakes up. Polly has the reputation for offering a new arrangement in clothes as well as music every day.

What’s a lone announcer to do when he suddenly develops a severe case of hiccoughs while on the air, and no relief in sight? That is the predicament that confronted Max Peacock, youthful KROW announcer the other night. Just before he was due to sign on, the hiccoughs came upon him, and there was no one else around the studio to appeal to for help. But just as Max, in desperation, was about to hiccough “KROW” on the air, a casual visitor wandered in, and Max pressed him into emergency service at the mike. It was fifteen minutes before Max could control his voice.

With a fast repertoire of music and fun, the Florsheim Shoe Frolic has come back on the air. Every Friday night, at 9:15 p. S. T. over NBC comes the nonsensical chatter of Doctors Pratt and Sherman, of CBS “Three Doctor” fame, as masters of ceremony. Perde Grofe wields the baton over a crack 16-piece dance band, while Jane Froman, bewitching blues singer and Jean Paul King, announcer, add their talent to the fast-moving Frolic.

Ben Bernie, the “Old Maestro,” went up to the Columbia studios the other day with a new story for the gang. He swears it’s true, but—well, anyhow, it’s a good story. It seems Ben was playing golf, and was just ready to tee off, when an excited individual came scurrying up. “Pardon me, sir!” exclaimed the E. L., “do you mind if I play through? I’ve just heard that my wife has been taken seriously ill!”

Kate Smith, “Songbird of the South,” has just been signed up to appear at the New York and Brooklyn Paramount Theaters several times during the next year. What’s more, Mr. Harry L. Bing Crosby (the name’s familiar) is going to appear at the same theaters soon.

Joe Lombardo, the only member of the Lombardo tribe not musically inclined, is now in New York studying decorating. In addition to redecorating Guy’s apartment, Joe has started a needlework tapestry, in which prominent entertainers have been asked to contribute a bit of handiwork. Among those whose efforts have gone into the making of the tapestry are Kate Smith, the Boswell Sisters, and Ruth Etting.

Mildred Bailey, a former Spokane girl, who has been singing blues with Paul White man’s band, has signed up as an exclusive NBC artist. She appears with the Paint Men, and other Whiteman programs.

Andy and Chester, the Banjo Boys who are now heard over KMTR at 1:45 p. m., have just celebrated their fifth consecutive year on the air. And five years in radio work, appearing practically every day, really entitles them to the honor of being true pioneers. In the old days they worked with Uncle John at KJH, and four years of their career have been at KMTR.

Three interesting boys to meet are Freddie Furtsh, Bob Keith, and Bob Harthun, the “Three Boys” of KFI, who used to sing with Earl Burtnett prior to his departure to the East.

Jack Carter, the “Boy from London,” presented a new voice on his program not long ago, that shows promise of being heard from again. The good looking owner of the voice is George Scheller, from the University of California, who, since his graduation has led a picturesque career in movie work, as featured soloist at the San Francisco Orpheum, as concert soloist, and has been heard on Columbia from time to time. Keep an eye on George.

Reis and Dunn, comedy vocalists heard over Columbia, are responsible for the popular number, “It Looks Like Susie.”

Somebody is always coining a new word, and this time the person responsible is Phil Lasky, manager of KDYL. The word is “radioligeon,” used to describe religious broadcasting.

Suppose everybody knew that Gus Arnaheim, who just left the Coconunt Grove, got his start when Sophie Tucker, “the last of the red hot mamas,” picked him up and took him along with her vaudeville organization. She put him on “big time,” and afterwards helped him organize his now famous band.

Alma Lamarr, of KTAB, has a funny hobby. She gives auditions to canaries, and if their vocal abilities pass the studio test, she gives them a permanent home. So far, she has collected a whole flock of German Rollers—every one a distinguished artist.

Those who live within walking, flying or swimming distance of Los Angeles won’t want to miss the personal appearance of Seth Parker and his troupe when they present their regular “Sunday at Seth Parker’s” program at the Philharmonic Auditorium. Seth and his “githerin’” will be all dressed up in their Jonsport Sunday-go-to-meetin’ clothes, and have arranged quite a lengthy and delightful program. The date is November 22. Ruth Cowan, of the NBC Artists’ Service, is handling the affair.
MORE CHATTER

Phil Harris, whose basement baritone booms out from the Loffner-Harris orchestra frequently, confesses that he is a "reformed trap drummer."

Gerda Lundberg, the KTAB Swedish nightingale, stayed in the studio after a long absence, due to an appendix operation. Gerda may have lost her appendix, but not the old charm and vocal ability.

Did you know that Noren Gammill is busy nowadays writing burlesques on great moments in history and presenting them every Monday night at 8 o'clock on KNX? She is assisted by the "Hysterical" Players, who right deserve the title. As usual, you will find Noren playing several parts in these hilarious skits, which every one agrees are lots of fun.

Mirandy, the only feminine bit of the KTM Beverly Hill Billies, has gone Hollywood. Anxious to eradicate the effects of summer sun and wind, she has taken to using freckle cream.

B. A. Rolfe, who has directed the Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra for the past three years, has been advised by his doctor to take a long rest, and go abroad. Since he started on the Lucky program, Rolfe has played 7,460 dance numbers.

Mahlon Merick, NBC orchestra leader, has taken his hand to the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, where they play from eight to one nightly, and at Saturday afternoon tea dances. He still continues with his broadcasting, as usual, however.

Lord Algy, the monocled pal of the Happy Chappies of KMPC, Beverly Hills, has a well-developed bump on his head. The Chappies maintain that he contracted the protuberance while crawling out from under the piano, where he usually sleeps while he waits for his pals to finish their broadcast. But that might not be the reason at all. Algy was married recently, you know.

Bing Crosby's old four o'clock spot has been turned over to another Western enter tainer—Henry Halstead. And incidentally, Henry has a baritone with him—Clarence Rand—who has many listeners still thinking he is Bing. There is certainly a resemblance.

An open-air marriage, with the Arizona Wranglers playing the "Wedding March" on fiddle, guitar and harmonica, marked the "splicing" of Uncle Irontail (Charlie Hunter) of KNX and his "cowgirl" bride the other Sunday. Groom in shirt-sleeves, bride in chaps and sombrero, parson in evening dress—you get the picture. News reel photographers were on the spot to cover the unique affair, and an old-fashioned "chuck wagon" was on hand to fill the guests.

Kate Smith, Columbia songstress, never took a singing lesson in her life—even substituted a cooking course in high school for one music.

Aiding the Bowells Sisters in their new series is the background provided by the guitar of the agile-fingered Eddie Lang, of the violin-guitar team of Venuti and Lang. This is one of the first occasions on record in which the two have been separated, for Joe and Eddie have played together as a rule in all their vaudeville, orchestral, record and broadcasting engagements.

On each occasion when that new sensational quartet, the Mills Brothers, on Columbia, broadcasts, CBS stations are swamped with telephone calls from listeners who will not believe that the only musical instrument used is the guitar. Many of the callers say that they are asking for information in order to settle a bet.

"After all," says Eddie Cantor in his radio campaign for President, "I can sing. I ask you! Can Hoover or Coolidge croon?"

CHEERIO!

By Lord Bilgewater

KFRC Happy Go Lucky Hour

CHEERIO and all that sort of rot! I've just been reading a book on the Constellation Hollywood—the only constellation discovered by the people, by the way, instead of the astronomers. (Why are astronomers always cheerful? Give up? Because things are always looking up with them! Ha, ha, ha! Like it?)

This book is called "Hollywood Undressed." By jove, do you know, when I opened the pot, er, I mean the book, I was all prepared for a strip poker story but it wasn't about games of chance at all. It was about wrestling, a sport which is all arranged beforehand in America, I understand.

It appears as though movie stars, unlike other people, are subject to unwelcome protuberances which pop out in the most embarrassing places and without giving any warning, mind you. These protuberances are frightfully fatty in nature.

For example, one very lovely sprite of the talking canvas suddenly became too well rounded in the vicinity of the—Oh, dear! I can't say it. I thought I could but my nerve has deserted me.

At any rate, when this parfay condition occurs the star immediately repairs to the domicile of one "Sylvia." Sylvia exclaims: "Oh, Lardy!" And the wrestling match is on.

It's awfully strange, but Sylvia always wins. She pounds and pummels her victim until he or she is red, white and blue, and then collects the $15.00 prize money.

"Hollywood Undressed" is really quite a risque title for the book, don't you think? People will think the stars indulge in such Pagan practices as sleeping in the raw. I suggest it be changed to, "The Fat Is in the Fire." Which reminds me of a riddle. If it takes a little pig all day to walk half an hour, how long will it take an old sow to walk a week? Capitulate? I'll tell you the answer next month.

The book also contains a quantity of anecdotes about the stars which reveals that they are a jolly lot after all. Which is best, don't you think, because they must all remain here on earth with the rest of us, for a time yet, at any rate.

Pip! Pip! Until next month.

Russ Columbo's full name is Ruggerio Rudolfo Eugenio Columbo.

Ben Bernie, the "old Maestro," whom we can always depend on for jokes, has a new one—about the rustic visitor to New York. It seems the visitor made a desperate run for the ferry boat just as it started to shove off. He made a mighty leap, landed on deck, and lay stunned for a few moment. At last he sat up feebly, stared dazedly over the quarter-mile expanse of water between boat and shore. "Holy cats!" he exclaimed in awe. "What a jump!"

Jerry Pureell, the production manager of KFAC, the newest radio station in Los Angeles (formerly KTBL), was critically injured in an automobile accident recently, and passed away the following day. Jerry was one of the finest and most conscientious boys in radio and many regret his passing.

Jean Cameron, who will be remembered for her excellent singing in the past on such programs as the Maxwell House Coffee melodRAMAS, is being heard frequently over the KNX Treasure Ship program on Monday nights, at eight o'clock.
The Most Popular Stations Heard by Western Listeners

**WESTERN**

KDB—Santa Barbara, Calif. SB 514
KECA—Los Angeles. WEstmore 0337
KELW—Burbank, Calif. GL 2110
KEX—Portland, Ore. ATwater 3111
KFAC—Los Angeles. EM. 1171
KFBN—Sacramento, Calif. MAin 8700
KFJ—Los Angeles. WEstmore 0337
KFOX—Long Beach, Calif. 672-81
KFPY—Spokane, Wash. MAin 1218
KFRC—San Francisco. PRownd 0100
KFSD—San Diego, Calif. FRanklin 6533
KFSG—Los Angeles. Exposition 1141
KFW—Culver City, Calif. Empire 1171
KFWB—Hollywood. Hollywood 0315
KFWI—San Francisco. FRanklin 0200

KFWM—San Bernardino, Calif. 4761
KGA—Spokane. FRanklin 6151
KGB—San Diego. FFranklin 6151-2-3
KGD—Stockton, Calif.
KGEF—Los Angeles. WEstmore 8887
KGER—Long Beach, Calif. 632-75
KGFJ—Los Angeles. WEstmore 7788
KGO—San Francisco. Sutter 1929
KGW—Portland, Ore. ATwater 2121
KHIJ—Los Angeles. VAndike 7111
KHO—Spokane, Wash. MAin 5383
KJBS—San Francisco. ORdway 4148
KJR—Seattle, Wash. SEneca 1515
KLX—Oakland, Calif. Lakeside 6000
KLZ—Denver, Colo.
KMCS—Inglewood, Calif. VAndike 7643
KMJ—Fresno, Calif. 3-5221
KMO—Tucson, Wash. MAin 4144
KMPB—Beverly Hills, Calif. CR. 3101
KNTR—Hollywood, Calif. HO. 3026
KNX—Hollywood, Calif. HEmstead 4101
KOC—Covina, Calif. VAndike 529
KOM—Portland, Ore. ATwater 4151
KOM—Seattle, Wash. MAin 2312
KOMO—Seattle, Wash. ELlott 5809
KPO—San Francisco. KEarn 0704
KQW—San Jose, Calif. COLUMbia 232
KREG—Santa Ana, Calif. 4900
KROW—Oakland, Calif. GLencourt 6774
KTAB—San Francisco. GArfield 4700
KTM—Los Angeles. Exposition 1341
KTV—Seattle, Wash.
KVI—Tampa, Wash. BROadway 4211

KWC—Stockton
KWSC—Pullman, Wash.
KXL—Portland, Ore. ATwater 5124
KYA—San Francisco. PRownd 3456

§KDFY—Salt Lake City, WASatch 7180
§KLO—Ogden, Utah. Bigelow 84
§KOA—Denver, Colo. YOrk 4634-R
§KOB—State College, N. M.
§KSL—Salt Lake City, WASatch 3901
§KTAR—Phoenix, Ariz. 36631
CENtral

§KMOX—St. Louis, Mo. Central 8240
KRLD—Dallas, Texas. 26811
§KWK—St. Louis, Mo. DElmar 3120
KWKH—Shreveport, La. 6739
§KYY—Chicago. WAshington 4910
§WCCO—Minneapolis, Minn. GEneva 9101
WCHI—Chicago. St. 2200
§WEN—Chicago. Franklin 5000
§WFBA—Dallas, Texas. 2-9216
§WGN—Chicago. SUperior 1000
§WHAS—Louisville, Ky. Louisville City 320
§WHO—Des Moines, Ia.
§WJR—Detroit, Mich. MAdison 4440
§WMAC—Chicago. DEarborn 1111
§WOC—Davenport, Ia.
§WOW—B. Wayne, Ind. Anthony 2136

EASTERN

§KDKA—Pittsburgh, Pa. Atlantic 4854
§WAB—New York City.
§WBT—Charlotte, N. C. 3-7107
§WCAU—Philadelphia, Pa. RTithsey 6447
§WIZ—New York City
§WLW—Cincinnati, O. Kirby 4800
§WOR—Newark, N. J.
§WSB—Atlanta, Ga. HEmlow 1045
§WTAM—Cleveland, O. CHerry 0942

§CBS
§NBC

RADIO DOINGS
HOT TIPS ON NBC PROGRAMS

CLASSICAL SEMI-CLASSICAL AND LIGHT 

CLASSICAL

Sunday
8:00 A. M.—Arion Trio. KGO KOMO KFW C (C)
11:30 A. M.—Yeast Foamer. Earl Buttrett. KGO KQH KFW C KFSD KSR KSL (P)
7:00 P. M.—Gold Medal Express. KGO KQH KOMO KFW C KFSD KTAR KSL (P)
8:00 P. M.—Demet Tasse Reveu. KGO KQH KOMO KFW C KFSD KSL KSR (P)
8:45 P. M.—Sperry Smiles. KGO KHQ KOMO KFW C

Tuesday
5:30 P. M.—Heel Hugger Hamornies. KQH KOMO KGW C KFSD KTAR KSL (SP)
8:45 P. M.—Sperry Smiles. Lee Roberts. KGO KHQ KOMO

Friday
7:00 P. M.—Happy-Go-Lucky Hour. KFRC (Don Lee System)
8:00 P. M.—Mardi Gras. KGA KJR KEX
9:00 P. M.—Who Cares? KPO
4:00 P.M.—Radio News Service of America. KMPC
5:15 P. M.—Jewish Hour. KELW
6:15 P. M.—Edna Fischer. Piano Moods. KFRC
7:00 P. M.—Frank Wat-anche. KNX
7:00 P. M.—The Family Hour. KFGF
8:00 P. M.—Chandu the Magician. KHJ KFOX (Except Monday)
9:00 P. M.—Beverly Bill Bilton Hour. (Sunday; except Monday)
9:15 P. M.—Drury Lane. temor. KNX
9:45 P. M.—Aunt Emmy and Bert. KGDF
10:00 P. M.—Cocoa Grove Program. KFDB
10:00 P. M.—Radio Sandman Hour. KYA
11:00 P. M.—Paris Inn. Singing Waiters. KNX
12:00 P. M.—Biltmore Hotel. KHJ KFOX
12:00 P. M.—Midnight Revellers. KEK KJR

POPULAR AND SEMI-POPULAR

Sunday
9:00 A. M.—Breakfast with Sperry. Lee S. Roberts. KGO KHQ KOMO KFW C KFSD (SP)
11:30 A. M.—Yeast Foamer. Earl Buttrett. KGO KQH KFW C KFSD KSR KSL (P)
6:15 P. M.—Album of Family Music. KGA KHARD KFW C KFSD KSL KSR (P)
8:00 P. M.—Gems of Remembrance. KHJ
11:30 P. M.—Helpful Hints to Housewives. KFI
12:00 Noon — Biltmore Concert Orchestra. KFW C
1:30 P. M.—The Vagabonds. KGK (P)

Wednesday
1:00 P. M.—Pacific Vagabonds. KTAR (SP)
5:00 P. M.—College Memories. KQH KOMO KFW C KFSD KSL (P)
6:30 P. M.—Palmise Hour. KHJ KQH KOMO KFW C KFSD KSL (P)
8:30 P. M.—Rendezvous. Coquettet. Alvino Ray, Paul Carson, Rose Peterson. KGO (P)

Thursday
8:00 P. M.—The Vagabonds. KGK (P)
11:30 P. M.—Yeast Foamer. Earl Buttrett. KGO KQH KFW C KFSD KSL (P)
9:00 P. M.—Chase and Sanborn Program. KGO KHQ KOMO KFW C KFSD KSL (P)
6:00 P. M.—Maytag Orchestra. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KECA KSL (P)

Friday
Lee S. Roberts. KGO KHQ KOMO KFW C KFSD (SP)
10:15 P.M.—The Vagabonds. KGK (P)

EDUCATIONAL

Sunday
10:00 A. M.—Sentinels of the Republic. Patriotic Addresses. KGO KOMO KFW C
5:00 P. M.—College Memories. KQH KOMO KFW C KFSD KSL (P)
6:30 P. M.—Palmise Hour. KHJ KQH KOMO KFW C KFSD KSL (P)
8:30 P. M.—Rendezvous. Coquettet. Alvino Ray, Paul Carson, Rose Peterson. KGO (P)

Saturday
8:15 A. M.—Cross-Cuts of the Day. KGO
9:30 A. M.—National Farm and Home Hour. KGO KHQ KOMO KFW C KFSD (SP)
10:30 A. M.—Woman's Magazine of the Air. KGO KHQ KOMO KFW C KFSD KSL KSR (P)
5:00 P. M.—National Radio Educational Council. KGO KGW KFSD KSL KSR

VARIETY

Sunday
1:00 P. M.—Fellheim Frolic. KGO KHQ KOMO KFW C KFSD (SP)
5:00 P. M.—Collier's Hour. KGK KHQ KOMO KFW C KFSD (SP)
8:00 P. M.—Shell Happynite. Capt. Dobbs. KGO KHQ KOMO KFW C KFSD

Tuesday
8:15 A. M.—Mary Martin's Happy Hour. KGK KHQ KOMO KFW C KFSD (P)
10:30 A. M.—Woman's Magazine of the Air. KGO KHQ KOMO KFW C KFSD KSL KSR (P)
12:15 P. M.—Farmer's Hour. KGO KHQ KOMO KFW C KFSD (P)
4:45 P. M.—Back of the News in Washington. KGO KHQ KFSD

Wednesday
10:15 A. M.—Mary Martin's Happy Hour. KGK KHQ KOMO KFW C KFSD (SP)
10:00 A. M.—Woman's Magazine of the Air. KGO KHQ KOMO KFW C KFSD KSL KSR (P)
11:00 A. M.—Standard School Broadcast. KGO KHQ KFW C KFSD
12:15 P. M.—Farmer's Hour. KGO KHQ KOMO KFW C KFSD KSL KSR (P)
4:45 P. M.—Back of the News in Washington. KGO KHQ KFSD

Thursday
9:45 A. M.—Beatrice Mabie. KGK KHQ KOMO KFW C KFSD (P)
10:00 A. M.—Woman's Magazine of the Air. KGO KHQ KOMO KFW C KFSD KSL KSR (P)
11:00 A. M.—Standard School Broadcast. KGO KHQ KFW C KFSD
12:15 P. M.—Farmer's Hour. KGO KHQ KOMO KFW C KFSD KSL KSR (P)
3:30 P. M.—The World Today. KGO KFSD

Friday
7:15 A. M.—Dr. Copeland's Health Clinic. KGO KHQ KOMO KFW C KFSD KSL KSR (P)
8:00 A. M.—Financial Service. KGO KHQ KOMO KFW C KFSD KSL KSR
10:30 A. M.—Woman's Magazine of the Air. KGO KHQ KOMO KFW C KFSD KSL KSR (P)
12:15 P. M.—Farmer's Hour. KGO KHQ KOMO KFW C KFSD KSL KSR (P)

Saturday
8:15 A. M.—Cross-Cuts of the day. KGO
9:30 A. M.—National Farm and Home Hour. KGO KHQ KOMO KFW C KFSD (SP)
10:30 A. M.—Woman's Magazine of the Air. KGO KHQ KOMO KFW C KFSD KSL KSR (P)
5:00 P. M.—National Radio Educational Council. KGO KGW KFSD KSL KSR

www.americanradiohistory.com
HEARD ON WESTERN NETWORK

RELIGIOUS AND SEMI-RELIGIOUS

SUNDAY
12:30 P. M.—Dr. S. Parker Calhoun. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFSD KSDT KTA
7:30 P. M.—Sunday at Seth Parker's. KGO KECA KOMO KGW KFSD KSDT

WEEKLY TIPS

SUNDAY
6:45 A. M.—Musical Klock Program. KMO
8:00 A. M.—Sunday Times Comics. KHI
8:15 A. M.—Funny Paper. KFWB
9: A. M.—Charlie Glenn. SONGS OF YESTER YEARS. KYA
9:30 A. M.—Father Flanagan's Boys. KROW
10:05 A. M.—Pasadena Presbyterian Church. KKPC
11:00 A. M.—First M. E. Church. KHIJ
11:00 A. M.—Jean Leonard. Piano. KFWB
12:00 Noon Musical Treasure Chest. KMTR
1:00 P. M.—Radio News Service. KMPC
2:00 P. M.—Sunshine and Roses. KFOX
3:00 P. M.—Organ Concert. KEX KGA KJR
3:00 P. M.—Catholic Hour. KGA KJR KEX KECA KSDT
3:30 P. M.—Buccaneers. KFRC (Don Lee System)
4:00 P. M.—Chester Market. KEX KECA
5:00 P. M.—Twilight Melodies. KGDM
7:00 P. M.—Arizona Wranglers. KNX
7:45 P. M.—Songs Our Mothers Sang. KYA

12:00 P. M.—World Wide News. KHI
MONDAY
10:00 A. M.—Prudence Penny. KFWB
10:00 A. M.—Public Library Book Review. KFI
11:00 A. M.—The Cleveland. KOL
12:00 P. M.—Paris Inn. KNX
2:45 P. M.—Bill and Coop. KFOX
4:15 P. M.—Beauty Questions and Answers
5:00 P. M.—Harmony Hawaiians. KGFJ
7:00 P. M.—Everybody Play. KFAC
8:00 P. M.—Blue Monday Jamboree. KFRC (Don Lee System)
9:00 P. M.—The Champions. KYA
10:15 P. M.—Ray Canfield's Beach Boys. KECA
TUESDAY
10:30 A. M.—Home Economics. KNX
11:00 A. M.—Items of Interest. KFWI
12:10 P. M.—Snapshots. KPO
1:00 P. M.—Cal King's Country Store. KYA

FRIDAY

10:00 A. M.—Richfield News. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFSD KSDT
5:15 P. M.—News Service. KGO
10:00 P. M.—Richfield News. Flashes. Sam Hayes. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFSD KSDT
4:30 P. M.—News Service. KGO
10:00 P. M.—Richfield News. Flashes. Sam Hayes. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFSD KSDT

CHILDREN'S PROGRAMS

Friday
4:45 P. M.—Little Buster's Circus Parade. KGO KHQ KFI KOMO KGW KFSD KSDT

DANCE MUSIC

Sunday
7:15 P. M.—Ted Weems' Orchestra. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFSD KSDT
4:00 P. M.—Lofner-Harris Hotel St. Francis Dance Orch. KGO KHQ KFSD KSDT

MONDAY

6:30 P. M.—The First Nighter. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFSD KSDT KTA
8:00 P. M.—Amos 'n Andy. KGO KECA KOMO KGW KFSD KSDT

TUESDAY

9:15 P. M.—Adventures of Sherlock Holmes. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFSD KSDT KFC
8:15 P. M.—Memory Lane. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFSD KSDT

Wednesday

10:00 A. M.—Sing-A-Long. KHQ KOMO KGW KFSD KSDT

THURSDAY

12:00 Noon—NBC Recital. KGO

FRIDAY

Saturday
7:00 A. M.—Lew White. KGO

Page Thirty-three
HOT TIPS ON CBS PROGRAMS

CLASSIC, SEMI-CLASSICAL AND LIGHT CLASSICAL

Sunday
8:30 A. M. Voice of St. Louis, KOL KFRC KJH KDYL KLZ KGB (LC)
12:00 Noon—New York Philharmonic Orchestra, KOL KV1 KFPY KFRC KJH KDYL KLZ KGB (GC)
5:15 P. M. Esther Cad-kin, KFPY KLZ KGB (LC)
6:00 P. M. —Roxie Theatre Synch., KFPY KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (LC)
7:30 P. M. —Toosa Seidel, Violinist, KFPY KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (LC)

Monday
9:30 A. M. —Columbia Revue, KOL KV1 KFPY KFRC KJH KOH KGB (SC)
7:30 P. M. —Toosa Seidel, Violinist, KFPY KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (LC)

Tuesday
9:30 A. M. —Columbia Revue, KOL KV1 KFPY KFRC KJH KOH KGB KDYL (SC)
11:00 A. M. Musical Americano, KOL KV1 KFPY KFRC KJH KOH KGB KDYL (LC)
12:00 Noon—Columbia Saloon Orch., KOL KV1 KFPY KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (LC)

Wednesday
9:30 A. M. —Columbia Revue, KOL KV1 KFPY KFRC KJH KOH KGB KDYL (SC)
12:51 P. M. —Columbia Saloon Orchestra, KOL KV1 KFPY KDYL KLZ KGB (LC)
1:30 P. M. —Columbia Artist Recital, KOL KV1 KFPY KFRC KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (LC)
7:30 P. M. —Columbia Concerts Corp. Program, KFPY KFRC KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (LC)

Thursday
9:30 A. M. —Columbia Reuve, KOL KV1 KFPY KFRC KJH KOH KGB KDYL (SC)
11:15 A. M. —Columbia Saloon Orchestra, KOL KV1 KFPY KFRC KJH KLZ KOH KGB (LC)
1:00 P. M. —Melody Magic, KOL KV1 KFPY KFRC KJH KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (LG)

Friday
9:30 A. M. —Columbia Revue, KOL KV1 KFPY KFRC KJH KOH KGB (SC)
11:00 P. M. —Columbia Artist Recital, KOL KV1 KFPY KFRC KJH KOH KGB (LC)
12:00 Noon—Columbia Saloon Orch., KOL KV1 KFPY KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (LC)
1:00 P. M. —Light Opera Gems, KOL KV1 KFPY KFRC KJH KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (LC)

Saturday
1:30 P. M. —Spanish Serenaders, KVI KFPY KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (LC)

POPULAR AND SEMI-POPULAR

Sunday
3:00 P. M. —Chicago Knights, KOL KV1 KFPY KFRC KJH KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (SP)
4:15 P. M. —The Swiss Yodelers, KOL KV1 KFPY KJH KLZ KDYL KOH KGB (SP)

Monday
9:00 A. M. —Don Bigelow's

9:00 A. M. —Don Bigelow and His Yoeng's Orchestra, KVOR KFBK KGW KVI KFPY KFRC KJH KDYL KOH KGB (P)
2:00 P. M. —Frank Ross, KVOR KFBK KOL KVI KFPY KLZ KOH KGB (P)
4:25 P. M. —Bert Love and His Bilmmore Orchestra, KVOR KDYL KOH KGB (P)
6:00 P. M. —Ben Bernie and His Blue Ribbon Orch., KFBK KFBK KJH KDYL KOH KGB (P)

PLACE OF ORIGIN

1:30 P. M. —Times Forum, KJH
2:00 P. M. —Roy Ringwalt, Organ, KECA
3:30 P. M. —Vanity Fair of the Air, KGW
4:00 P. M. —The PassePB, KGFJ
4:30 P. M. —Len Niesz, Country Boys, KGK
5:00 P. M. —Big Brother's Club, KGK
6:30 P. M. —The King's Men, KFBW
7:30 P. M. —Gilmore Circus, KWX
8:00 P. M. —Herb Scharlin, Songs, KGFJ
10:00 P. M. —Life Savers, KJH
11:30 P. M. —George Olsen's Club, KMPF

WEDNESDAY

9:30 A. M. —Jerry Joyce's Orch., KFBW
10:30 A. M. —Arourd the House, KFCA
11:15 A. M. —Manhattan Page, KYA
11:30 A. M. —Trail Blazers, KEKL
12:00 Noon—Band Concert, KJBS
1:45 P. M. —Casey Jones, KJR KGA KEX
3:00 P. M. —The Three Boys, KFI

Orchestra: KVI KFPY KFRC KJH KOH KGB (P)
5:45 P. M. —Manhattan Serenaders, KFPY KFRC KDYL KLZ KGB (P)
8:00 P. M. —Street Singer, KVOR KFWG KFPY KGB (P)
8:00 P. M. —Cremo Presents Bing Crosby, KFBK KOL KFPY KOIN KFRC KJH KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (LP)
8:30 P. M. —Camel Quarter Hour, KFBK KOL KOIN KFRC KJH KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (P)
8:45 P. M. —Baker Chocolate Program, Boswell Sisters, KOL KFRC KDYL

Wednesday
6:00 A. M. —The Commuters, KDYL (P)
2:00 P. M. —Rhythm Ramblers, KVOR KOH (P)
9:00 A. M. —Don Bigelow and His Yoeng's Orchestra, KVOR KFBK KGW KVI KFPY KFRC KJH KDYL KOH KGB (P)
2:45 P. M. —Jolly Jugglers, KVOR KDYL KLZ KOH (P)
4:15 P. M. —Don Bigelow and His Yoeng's Orch. KVOR KFRC KJH KOH KGB (P)
7:00 P. M. —Vitality Personalties, KFBK KMJ KGW KOL KFRC KOIN KFRC KJH KDYL KLZ KOH (LP)
8:00 P. M. —Cremo Presents Bing Crosby, KFBK KMJ KGW KOL KFRC KOIN KFRC KJH KDYL KLZ KOH (P)
8:00 P. M. —Street Singer, KVOR KFBK KMJ KGW KFBK KFRC KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (P)
8:30 P. M. —Camel Quarter Hour, KFBK KMJ KGW KFBK KOIN KFRC KJH KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (P)
12:45 P. M. —Virginia Arnold, Plantin, KFPY KFRC KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (P)
4:15 P. M. —Red Nichols, KVI KFPY KFRC KDYL KOH KGB (P)
7:30 P. M. —Peter's Parade, KOL KFPY KOIN KFRC KJH KDYL KOH KGB (P)
8:00 P. M. —Bing Crosby, KOL KFPY KOIN KFRC KJH KDYL KLZ KOH (P)
8:30 P. M. —Camel Quarter Hour, Morton Downey, KOL KFPY KOIN KFRC KJH KDYL KLZ KOH KFBK KJH KGB (P)

Friday
9:00 A. M. —Don Bigelow, KVI KFPY KFRC KJH KDYL KOH KGB (P)
4:15 P. M. —Red Nichols and Orchestra, KOL KFPY KDYL KOH KGB (P)
8:00 P. M. —Bing Crosby, KOL KFPY KOIN KFRC KJH KDYL KLZ KOH (P)
8:30 P. M. —Camel Quarter Hour, Morton Downey, KOL KFPY KOIN KFRC KJH KDYL KLZ KOH KFBK KJH KGB (P)

Saturday
9:30 A. M. —Don Bigelow and KOL KFPY KOIN KFRC KJH KDYL KOH KGB (P)
3:30 P. M. —Connie Boswell, KFPY KJH KOH (P)
8:00 P. M. —Bing Crosby, KOL KFPY KOIN KFRC KJH KDYL KLZ KOH (P)
8:30 P. M. —Camel Quarter Hour, Morton Downey, KOL KFPY KOIN KFRC KJH KDYL KLZ KOH KFBK KJH KGB (P)

RADIO DOINGS

Page Thirty-four
RADIO DOINGS

KFRC KFRC KHJ KLZ KOH KGB

Monday
6:30 A.M.—Tony’s Scrap Book. KDYL KLZ
10:15 A.M.—Columbia Farm Community Program. KHIJ KOH
11:30 A.M.—American School of the Air. KVI KFPP KFRC KJH KDYL KLZ KOH KGB

Tuesday
6:30 A.M.—Tony’s Scrap Book. KDYL KLZ
11:30 A.M.—American School of the Air. KVI KFPP KFRC KJH KDYL KLZ KOH KGB

Wednesday
6:30 A.M.—Tony’s Scrap Book. KDYL KLZ
10:15 A.M.—Farm Community Program. KHIJ KOH
11:30 A.M.—American School of the Air. KVI KFPP KFRC KJH KDYL KLZ KOH KGB

Thursday
6:30 A.M.—Tony’s Scrap Book. KDYL KLZ
8:00 A.M.—U.S. Chamber of Commerce. KOL KFRC KJH KDYL KOH
8:30 A.M.—Radio Home Makers. KDYL KOH
10:15 A.M.—Columbia Farm Community Program. KFRC KJH KDYL KOH
11:30 A.M.—American School of the Air. KVI KFPP KFRC KJH KDYL KLZ KOH KGB
12:00 Noon—Edna Wallace Hopper. KOL KFVI KFPP KFRC KJH KDYL KLZ

Friday
6:30 A.M.—Tony’s Scrap Book. KDYL KLZ
10:00 A.M.—Columbia Farm Community Program. KFRC KJH KDYL KOH
11:45 P.M.—Columbia Educational Features. KVI KFPP KDYL KLZ KOH KGB

Saturday
6:30 A.M.—Tony’s Scrap Book. KDYL KLZ
6:30 P.M.—National Radio Forum. KDYL KLZ KOH KGB

VARIETY

Sunday
5:00 P.M.—Devils, Drugs, and Doctors. KOL KFPP KOIN KFRC KJH KLZ

DRAMA AND COMEDY

Sunday
6:30 P.M.—Romances of the Sea. KOL KFRC KDYL KLZ KGB
3:30 P.M.—Reis and Dunn. KLZ KOH
3:30 P.M.—Bird and Vash. KLZ KOH

Monday
10:00 A.M.—Pabstette Varieties. KOL KFVI KFPP KFRC KJH KLZ KOH

Tuesday
10:00 A.M.—Hecker’s Surprise Program. KOL KFPP KFRC KJH

Thursday
9:00 A.M.—Edna Thomas. KOL KFPP KFRC KJH KOH KGB

WEEKLY TIPS

Monday
9:15 A.M.—Arizona Wranglers. KNX
10:00 P.M.—Bringing Up Father. KFRC

FRIDAY
9:00 A.M.—Jack and Grace. KHJ
10:00 A.M.—Sunshine Hour. KYA
10:15 A.M.—Dinner Party. KFSC
11:15 A.M.—Radio Church of the Air. KNX
11:15 A.M.—Manhattan Moods. KYA
12:00 Noon—Air Raiders. KFOX
1:30 P.M.—Nip and Turk. KFWB
1:45 P.M.—The Banjo Boys. KFRM
3:00 P.M.—Studio Parade. KHQ
4:30 P.M.—The Three Cheers. KHJ
6:00 P.M.—Nick Harris. KECA
7:00 P.M.—Laughing Gas. KJH
7:00 P.M.—Everybody. KFLK
8:00 P.M.—Optimistic Do-Nuts. KNX

TUESDAY
7:45 P.M.—Myrt and Marge. KOL KFPP KJH KOH KFRC

SUNDAY
6:30 P.M.—Romances of the Sea. KOL KFRC KDYL KLZ KGB
3:30 P.M.—Reis and Dunn. KLZ KOH
3:30 P.M.—Bird and Vash. KLZ KOH

MONDAY
10:00 A.M.—Columbia Church of the Air. KFRC KJH KDYL KLZ

TUESDAY
7:45 P.M.—Myrt and Marge. KOL KFPP KJH KOH KFRC

WEDNESDAY

The Lady from Louisiana. KOL KFRC KDYL KLZ KGB

THURSDAY
2:30 P.M.—Kathryn Parson. "Girl of Yesterday." KDYL KLZ KOH

FRIDAY
7:15 P.M.—Wend Tire Chain Program. KDYL KLZ KOH

SUNDAY
7:00 A.M.—Columbia Church of the Air. KDYL KLZ
10:00 A.M.—Cathedral Hour. KOL KFPP KDYL KLZ
11:30 A.M.—Church of the Air. KOL KFPP KDYL KLZ KOH KGB

KOI KGB KFRC ORG IV

Sunday
9:30 P.M.—Nocturne. Ann Leaf. KOL KFPP KDYL KLZ KOH KGB

Monday
11:00 A.M.—Ann Leaf with Helen Board. KVI KFPP KFRC KJH KDYL KOH KGB

Tuesday
8:45 P.M.—Nocturne with Ann Leaf. KFPP KFRC KDYL KLZ KOH KGB

Wednesday
11:00 A.M.—Ann Leaf at the Organ. KVI KFPP KFRC KJH KDYL KLZ KOH KGB

Saturday
8:45 P.M.—Ann Leaf at the Organ. KFPP KDYL KOH NEW'S

Monday
3:00 P.M.—Currents. Events. KDYL KOH

Friday
5:30 P.M.—March of Time. News Dramatization. KOL KFPP KFRC KJH KDYL KLZ

CHILDREN’S PROGRAMS

Sunday
6:00 A.M.—Land o’ Make Believe. Playlet. KDYL

Tuesday
5:30 P.M.—Red Goose Adventures. KDYL KLZ KOH

Saturday
8:00 A.M.—Adventure of Helen and Mary. KOI

D.A.Y.E MUSIC

Sunday
9:00 P.M.—Eddie Duchin’s Orch. KOL KFPP KDYL KOH KGB

Monday
1:00 P.M.—Bert Lown’s Orch. KOL KVI KFPP KFRC KDYL KLZ KOH KGB

Tuesday
6:00 P.M.—Ben Bernie’s Orch. KOL KFPP KFRC KJH KDYL KLZ KGB

Wednesday
5:15 P.M.—Eddie Kulin’s Orch. KFPP KFRC KJH KDYL KLZ KOH KGB

Thursday
6:00 P.M.—Eugene Ormandy’s Orch. KFPP KFRC KDYL KLZ KOH KGB

Friday
9:00 P.M.—Guy Lombardo. KDYL KLZ KOH

KOI KGB KFRC ORG IV

Page Thirty-five
Some Time In The Future We Will Have

TELEVISION

But Why Wait

For pictures in the home—purchase a dependable De Vry or Ampro 16mm Projector from us and we will enroll your name in the National Film Library where you may secure a program of pictures for every night of the year ABSOLUTELY FREE RENTAL. The Library has a variety of subjects—Educational, Religious, Drama, Sports and in fact all films are of REAL entertainment value.

WRITE NOW for further information on projectors and free film rental service. No obligation.

Educational Projecto Film Co.
129 W. Second St.
Los Angeles, Calif.

Phone VA. 8228
Phil Meisenzahl, Mgr.
A Hill Billy in Town

(Continued from Page 21]

fathers, who in turn, heard them from theirs. Sad songs of a tribe of pio-
nears, driven into the mountains hun-
dreds of years ago and forced by fate to
remain there. Misery, ignorance and
drought—sickness, death and romance—
all these they poured out in song. And
then Glenn Rice came to the Ozarks.
He inquired from a citizen in an in-
terior mountain village where he could
find a good yodeller.

"W-a-a-l, I reckon the Britt boys,"
drawn the local townsman, "air about
the best in these parts—yew ain't a
revenue, air yew?" Glenn assured
him he was not, and was directed to
the Britt place, which nestled in a
clearing at the end of the mule trail
several miles up the road. Glenn
climbed into a battered old Ford rented
during his stay in the mountains, and
bounced over the rocky riverbed trail
up to the clearing. Vaulting the
wooden rail fence, he proceeded up
to the cabin. "Maw" Britt and the three
boys were sitting on the rough punch-
eon steps of the cabin, eating water-
melon without the formality of plate
or fork. They had seen him coming
down the trail, and had apparently
already weighed him in the balance and
found him harmless before he had ever
arrived. Hillbillies are skillful in
building their cabins in such a position
that an approaching stranger may be
fully classified in time to arm the gar-
ison in case he appears dangerous—
as many of their visitors are. Glenn
passed the test, and was given a cor-
dial—for a hill billy—greeting.

"Is this the Britt place?" he inquired.

"Shuah it is," answered the oldest
son. "And who mought yew be?"

Glenn explained, as best he could,
who he was, where he had come from
(but neglected to mention the plane)
and what the purpose of his visit was.

"I'm looking for a good yodeller,"
he explained, "and they told me that
I'd find one up here. I want to take
him back to California to sing over
the radio."

"Oveh the what?" queried the Britts.
And after his first shock was over,
Glenn managed to give them a hurried
conception of radio—which they had
never heard of before! Telephones and
automobiles, yes, but radio was almost
beyond them.

Glenn urged the Britt boys to sing
and play for him, and they readily
complied. And when the first high
sweet notes of Elton's yodel drifted
out, Glenn knew he had heard that he had
traveled 2000 miles to get. In his
brief visits to the hills, he had heard
many singers and yodellers, but little
Elton Britt, standing in his bare feet
beside that log cabin door, was the
cream of them all.

But the hardest part was to come.
Mother Britt didn't want her youngest
son to go so far away from home
Daddy Britt, a tall, kindly, bearded
mountaineer, was also firm. Glenn
used all of his powers of persuasion,
talked as he had never talked before,
told eloquently of the glories of the
outside world, the beauties of Califor-
nia, the advantages for Elton, and
finally with Elton's enthusiastic aid,
the Britts were won over, on condition
that Elton was to be sent home in a
few weeks.

Glenn told Elton to be ready, and
went back to the little town to make
preparations for the return flight. The
next day he went up to the Britt place
to get Elton. When he saw him, stand-
ing beside his mother in the front
room, that little cabin, that stared. Big
overalls, a blue denim shirt, heavy
boots, and a loose, plaid cap with a
visor at least six inches long, turned
up in front like a jockey's. An old
carpet bag in one hand that must
have been through the Civil War, a few
other belongings tied up in a roll under
his arm. Elton was ready to go!

Imagine the parting! For the first
time in her life, Ma Britt was losing
one of her boys. No one in her
family had ever gone so far away
from home, and especially on such a
mysterious and wonderful journey.
She cried. Elton cried; the brothers
were in tears, and even Daddy Britt's shrewd,
keen eyes were misty under the shaggy
brows.

Glenn wisely hurried the proceed-
ings, after the goodbyes had been said.
Piled Elton and his carpetbag into the
car, and away they went, bound for
Little Rock, 150 miles away, which
Elton had never seen! The little hill
billy family stood in the clearing and
waved until the car had bounced out
of sight around the ast turn, with Elton
standing up in the car and tearsfully
waving back.

For little Elton Britt, the next 21
hours were a whirlwind of new
experiences. A hotel, a shower (Glenn
turned the faucet for him) ... staring
guests ... the lauding field and the
roaring plane ... a few moments of
awful hesitancy and then the sudden
dropping away from earth ... higher
... faster.

But like a true hill billy, Elton stood
his ground, and not for a minute be-
trayed his fright. Even Glenn, who
at behind him, watching anxiously for
the reaction, was fooled. Not until
some time later, after Elton was safely
escorted in Hollywood, and the first
excitement had passed, did he admit
that he was "never so sea'd in ma
life!"

So little Elton Britt, a true hill billy
from the heart of the Ozarks, to whom
"radio" was a meaningless word not so
long ago, came to civilization and
broadcasting. And as he stands before
a microphone, singing and yodel-
ling the songs his father taught him,
what must be his thoughts? Does he
see a little log cabin nestled in a
clearing in the Ozarks, with a little
family of mountaineers gathered
around an oil lamp, perhaps singing
the same song? Does he miss the
"shuckin' bees," the tall corn, the beau-
tiful Ozarks?

He has been back home twice.
Each time he is glad to return to the
old home, his family and his friends—but
when Glenn Rice calls for him, he's
just as glad to come back to radio.
He has lost much of his fear of civiliza-
tion, but has absorbed just enough of
its pleasure to find the old life a little
boring at times. Truly, a difficult
predicament for a 16-year old boy.

New Entertainer of Stars

(Continued from Page 22]

graciously friendly leader. In a con-
versation, he is never bored, and nat-
urally and unassumingly but interest-
ingly, too, contributes generously.
Although he genially responds to wit, he
himself is seldom facetious. He is boy-
ishly eager about his forthcoming tour
with his orchestra in the East: his as-
pirations.

When music had its advent on the
screen, Arnheim's aggregation was
quickly drafted into service. Next was
a limited vaudeville tour, then engage-
ments abroad in the most exclusive res-
sorts. Arnheim returned to Hollywood's
Montmartre Cafe, then in the hevdey
of its popularity.

He was again brought to the Coko-
nut Grove for the engagement which
he has just ended and during which,
of course, he has broadcast nightly,
over KFWB.

During this time, Arnheim's orches-
tra has had several screen contracts
and made several Victor record-
ings. Arnheim has among his late mu-
sical compositions "Chances Are," "It
Must Be True," "Was It Wrong?"
and "Sweet and Lovely."

NOREEN GAMMILL
"Album of Familiar Faces"
CONTINUITY
Playing all feminine characters in Gleason
and Armstrong electrical transcriptions
Now Appearing on "Treasure Chest"
KNX
1242 N. King's Road Crestview 6890
HOLLYWOOD

RADIO DOINGS
Page Thirty-seven
"... I want 8th Row Center"

You insist upon choice seats in the theatre ... why accept "back row" radio?

Far too many listeners are sitting in the Back Row of the radio audience today, and on the ends, too ... rather than in "8th row center" with the New Kolster International.

The New Kolster International ... the Refined superheterodyne ... brings you "close up" to all the musical treasures that the air holds for you. It brings in the broadcast with studio-like clarity and faithfulness. It loses none of the beauties of overtone and undertone that contribute so much to real musical enjoyment.

The New Kolster International, backed by the financial and engineering resources of Mackay Radio and Telegraph Company, offers you an entirely new conception of radio. See it ... hear it ... today. Appreciate for yourself how much the refinement of the basically sound superheterodyne principle can add to the pleasures you get from radio. Move up to "8th row center."

Model K80—Complete with tubes $129.50
Completely shielded nine tube band pass refined superheterodyne, with automatic volume control, push-pull pentode output, variable mu tubes and power detection. The cabinet of Oriental walnut with butt walnut pilasters is by Jan Streng.

Move up from a radio point of view, from the back row to "8th row center."
Get the deep full throbbing of bass tones, mellow as summer moonlight and vibrant with a wealth of overtone and undertone. Get the clear, clean-cut expression of the higher scales, rich in all the subtle shades of meaning that the broadcaster intended you should enjoy.

Move up to "8th row center" ... with the New Kolster International.

The New INTERNATIONAL
Southern California Distributor
Western Radio Inc.
1135 Wall Street
Keho Ties a Knot

[Continued from Page 25]

more than commercial art that he resolved to make it his career.

While his father was in the British military service the Graham family traveled extensively about the world. Many months were spent in India, Egypt, Malta, Gibraltar and other British possessions. The family has been in military service for many generations back. There has also been much musical talent evident among his ancestors and present members of the family. A grandfather was band master of the famous Black Watch Regiment for years and was considered one of the finest musicians in the British Isles in his time. An aunt is at present a leading contralto with the Carl Rosa Opera Company.

Ronald Graham stills draws and paints some, though his principal interest is, of course, his music. He is fond of good reading, principally the modern writers. At school he played football and went in for the sprints and hurdles, but at present his only athletic activities are boxing, of which he is very fond.

RADIO DOINGS

[Continued from Page 17]

the tenderness of a Cinderella- Idyll, and is an authentic example of an art epoch which belongs to the American continent and nowhere else. That's why I am glad some wise friend guided me away from the concert stage to the microphone, early in my own career. I'd much rather be a radio singer, sending the songs of today out through the ether to the hundreds of hearts which can be reached in no other way, than the highest-paid operatic or concert star in existence!

Seldom Herself

[Continued from Page 18]

ried. Gail—or Abigail, to disclose the NBC star's real name—was born in Kansas City, but the Taylors moved to Los Angeles by the time Gail could walk. There Gail grew up, completing her academic education and singing her first songs.

"I can't imagine how I ever managed to complete high school and get along in college," Gail admits. "I devoted my time mostly to glee clubs and worked in every musical show that came along. It was a drudgery to apply myself to anything except music and books."

Lady Marian in "Robin Hood" and "Yum Yum" in "The Mikado" were her first real leading roles. Before that, she studied with Edith Pell Bolles, who is her aunt and a well-known vocal teacher. Gail's voice, incidentally, has never required placing. A brilliant natural range was hers from the first, and those who hear her for the first time are always struck by the precision of her pitch and tone.

It was not long after she "walked the plank" to her first microphone adventure that the rapid development of radio offered an alternative to the Broadway experience she had been denied. She became the soprano soloist at a Fresno station where she sang for more than a year. Then she came to San Francisco, where she joined the staff of Station KGO and soon became a favorite singer.

Jennings Pierce, NBC's chief announcer, was responsible for Gail's NBC premiere. He remembered Gail in the days when they had worked together at KGO, before it became an NBC key station. He urged Gail to try out for the solo role in "Broadways and Boulevards," which was scheduled to open in the San Francisco studios. She appeared for an audition and was signed immediately. Her voice was characterized as one of the most nearly perfect microphone voices in the West—a sentiment which NBC audiences have echoed ever since.

Their Better Halves

[Continued from Page 13]

band. The Lindens were childhood sweethearts, according to Anthony, who declares that he fell in love with Emily when he was still young enough to play baseball in the street before his home, and saw her enter the family doorway with his sister. He tells how he dropped his baseball bat and rushed inside through another entrance in order to "suck up" before presenting himself shyly to the visitor.

Another musical union at NBC is that of Barbara Merkeley, harpist, and Arthur Schwarzman, pianist. Barbara, tall, graceful and red-haired, makes a lovely picture when she sits at her harp in an orchestral program where her husband is usually at the piano.

Barbara was born in Sacramento, although most of her life has been spent in San Francisco, where she has been a member of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra at various times. Arthur was born in Russia, where he began the study of piano when he was seven, under his father, a well-known Warsaw musician. He made his first public appearance when he was 14, playing in concert with the Warsaw Symphony Orchestra, which interpreted the Concerto in D flat by Tchaikovsky. He came to San Francisco in 1924 and he and Barbara met for the first time in the studios of NBC. The Schwarzmans work together, play together, and are firm believers in a similarity of taste as romance insurance.

So are Dorothy Desmond and Tom Kelly one of the most devoted couples at NBC. Wherever you see Dorothy, you usually see Tom. They played together on the stage, but by an odd coincidence, they seldom are cast on the same radio programs. Dorothy's voice, rather deep, and exquisite of enunciation, is suited to heavy dramatic roles, and tragedy.

Tom's voice, by that queer trick of the microphone which changes so many vocal tones, is a light, gay voice on the air, ideal for juvenile leading roles.

Some day, however, he and Dorothy may play a love scene together before the microphone. In the meantime, their chief joint role is played for the benefit of two charming babies in their big home in Berkeley, California.

Another couple whom the NBC casting director almost always separates, but whom nothing else does, are Ann Chase and Carleton Young. Mr. and Mrs. Young, like the Kellys, have played together before the footlights, and before that they studied drama together at the Carnegie Institute of Technology, in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Both played in stock, and both were members of the Civic Repertory Company in Los Angeles, where they were married not long ago.

They came to San Francisco with a "Patter Fan" production in which Ann was stage manager and Carleton had a major role. A contract with NBC for both of them has kept them here. The Youngs share the same enthusiasm for such widely various things as Shakespeare, golf and musical compositions, and now their radio work has forged another link in their comradeship.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA MUSIC COMPANY

EVERYBODY PLAY HOUR

EVERY MONDAY AND FRIDAY

DIAL 1900 KFAC 7 TO 7 PM

CORD LOS ANGELES STATION

Page Thirty-nine
Reconditioned. On these voyages back signed to the Leviathan which had been and forth, Morton made many friends who later did a lot toward getting his career well-grounded. Among these was one Jack Donahue, and many other celebrities.

After that engagement terminated, he played as a "single" in moving picture houses from San Francisco to New York, introducing new songs and re-

In Albany, after a performance, he calling old favorites.

was driving out-of-town at a terrific clip. His car turned over—he saw stars and tasted infinity—and when he came to he learned that he was in for a period in the hospital. While there, he entertained the invalid nurses, and doctors—but the time dragged.

After Mort emerged from his hospital, he was engaged by Florenz Ziegfeld to sing in his Palm Beach night club. He finished the season at a casino in Havana—and then there followed, in several years succession, trips to Europe in the summer, and bookings at Palm Beach night clubs in the winters.

Back to America, from eight months on the continent in night clubs of Biarritz, Copenhagen and Berlin, he made three unfortunate pictures. Being among the first of the talkies, these pictures were not nearly all that might have been desired, but he certainly was lucky in love. He fell madly in love with one of Richard Bennett's lovely daughters, Barbara, and married her within three weeks. He is still just nuts about her.

And while we are on the subject of the Bennetts, Mort is singing a song over the radio, occasionally, entitled "My Yesterday." It was written by Phil Plante, divorced husband of Constance. Mort now sings his brother-in-law's song over the radio—

to Constance.

Mort had a marvelous time in Holly-

wood, but nothing was accomplished. As far as making pictures went—he was a good horseback rider. So poor Mort decided he was losing ground. People forget so easily, and the name "Morton Downey" was no longer chanted in connection with night clubs or theatres. If you heard of him at all, it was that he was making pictures. And Downey just didn't want to be judged by these. The cap of the cli-

max was a comment which appeared in a New York newspaper one day with the words, "Poor Morton Downey, he's all washed up." Reading them, Mort was reduced to a state of wrathful determination. "That just burned me up," he says, and forthwith made for the Kit Kat Club as fast as he could get there, bringing Bar-
like a clumps, says, ‘If it’s all the same to you, judge, I’ll take the money,’ and so we split it two ways, the judge and me.

‘By Lavender, if this feller Bert didn’t see us do it, and he comes up and says, ‘Listen, you bottle-ness, if you don’t split with me I’ll let the cat out of the bag.’ Well, yuh can imagine the fix I was in. I thought he wuz talkin’ about my cat, William Tecumseh Sherman, so I gives him his split and we got to talkin’ about this and that, and finally I gits him to come over to the house, one night after I gits out of the U-jay.

“You see, I hadn’t got over that raw deal he pulled on me and I was out to git his scalp. Well, I finally talked him in to a suit you’d game and I took everything but his gold crowns. That’s the way Bert and I got acquainted, and now he jist keeps comin’ over; I guess he thinks he’s g’n’a git them back. He should live so long.”

“By the way, Aunt Emmy, what does this fellow Bert—look like?” I queried.

“Well, sir, that’s kind of a sticker, not the kind yuh puts on his windshield, though. Bert is strickly a newspaper man, if that gives you any ideas. He’s a little bit heavy around the waist, and usually wears a felt hat, and always has his pipe.”

“By the way,” I interrupted, “they tell me that you’ve had quite an assortment of husbands. Could that be possible?”

“Well,” she answered, taking a long tug on her corn cob pipe, “I really wouldn’t call ‘em an assortment; but to tell you the truth, I have had seven husbands up to date, and I allus got muh eye peeled fer any kind of an opportunity along that line.

“My first husband was real nice to me, but the second one (that clump), he wasn’t worth a hill o’ beans. He never had no money and one time he couldn’t pay the rent, and the landlord threw us out into the street. Well, sir, that was the first time we had gone out together since we wuz married!

“The third one wasn’t so bad. I met him in a box car on the way to Chicago. I wuz goin’ up to Chicago to give a talk on Temperance, and I was left’ sent up by one of the clubs that I belonged to called, ‘The Sisters of the Guiding Hand.’ Better known amongst ourselves as the ‘Kansas City Bar Flies.’”

“They tell me,” I went on, “that you are quite a crusader in the cause of prohibition. Could you say anything in this interview along those lines?”

“Could I!” she paused and took a bottle labeled “Bitters” off the old dusty melodion in the corner, and took a short gulp. “That’s one thing I really got the low down on. Last year I was up in Detroit. I was up there with the sole idea of givin’ a talk on Temperance, and I couldn’t have picked a worse spot. It took me an hour and a half just before the lecture to git a little shnips to clear muh throat so I could go ahead and give muh lecture. And they say Detroit is a wet town!”

By that time I thought I had better go, as I was getting on her own ground, and there was no telling when she would let up. However, I promised her faithfully that I would come up to her little home at KGFI some night at nine-forty-five and have a nice long visit with her.

**He Beat Broadway**

[Continued from Page 40]

baja into his element. She loved London, and her husband soon became the “talk of the town.”

While in London, he perceived out of the corner of his eye, that radio was finding a prominent place in America’s sphere of entertainment. Making another spur-of-the-moment decision he wired William S. Paley, president of the Columbia Broadcasting System. The answer was “See me when you arrive.” So he and Barbara returned bag and baggage, and Mort was given a prompt audition. It was a wonderful success. He found himself catapulted back into recognition again with his own composition, “Wabash Moon” as his signature.

Within the first two weeks his fan mail jumped from nothing to a thousand letters a week.

He is now singing exclusively for the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company (Camels) and they are paying him an outrageous price for his nightly programs of Irish tenoring. He first sang for them, by way of audition, over a long-distance phone! R. J. Reynolds were searching for a magnetic artist whom they could use as their medium, and the Columbia officials, certain that they would be pleased with Downey, had him sing all the way from New York City to Winston-Salem on an ordinary long-distance telephone. They were pleased. King of the Camel Quartette, he now sings before the mike with no more effort than if he were whistling an idle tune on his way to school, back in Wallingford.

It is too bad that he can’t shake your hand, as a pleasant ending to this story of his life. It is in itself a proof of his genuineness and sincerity ... firm and so determined. When better songs are sung, Mort will sing them!

**Dine—**

**Dance—**

**Romance—**

at

**PARIS INN**

Outstanding European Cafe of America—

House of the Singing Chefs and Waiters

Join the celebrities at their favorite rendezvous, where music, laughter and romance make every moment a memory of gay, carefree informality... where you can forget the cares of today in an Old World setting... between the gay Bohemian outdoor cafe and the formal Montmartre... soft lights... cosmopolitan camaraderie. Delicious French-Italian food, prepared under the personal supervision of J. Pedrolli, former chef to Italian royalty, served by the world-famous “singing waiters.” Enjoy the jovial hospitality of Bert Rovere, former opera star... meet interesting notables... dance to a hot band and thrill to the performances of nationally-known entertainers. You’ll find them all at the PARIS INN!

B. D. RoveRe

Luncheon Dancers—50c to 75c

Every Day—11:30 a. m. to 3 p. m.

French-Italian Dinner—$1.50

From 5:30 p. m. to Midnight

Thursday and Carnival Night—$2.00

Closed Sunday

210 East Market Street

Los Angeles

Page Forty-one
A Chip off the
OLD
BLOCK

THERE'S A FAMILY FEELING
BETWEEN THESE SET-TESTED
TUBES AND YOUR RADIO

TUBES are no longer an incidental purchase—they are as important
as your radio itself! If they are right for the particular model you
own, you get real performance. If they are wrong, the best circuit in
the world will not help.

With Sylvania tubes you know you are getting the most out of your
radio. Sylvania tubes have been tested for a set exactly like yours—
played and approved under actual working conditions.

Take advantage of this new service at once. Usually only a single
new tube is needed to make your set sound like new! You can buy
Sylvania tubes—and have your old tubes tested free—wherever you see
the Authorized Sylvania Dealer sign. Hygrade Sylvania Corporation,
Sylvania Division, Emporium, Pa.

Sylvania
RADIO TUBES

THE SET-TESTED TUBE
Licensed Under RCA Patents
Western Headquarters
3440 South Hill Street
Los Angeles

Sylvania Pacific, Limited
MARGERY C., TACOMA

Question—Can you please tell me something about Edna Fischer, who plays the piano so beautifully at KFRC? What did she do before coming to the radio?

Answer—I believe you will find much of your question answered in the article about Edna and her husband in this issue. Just in case you don't, however, I'll tell you one interesting thing about her, that perhaps you weren't aware of. She used to travel with Duncan Sisters as arranger and pianist, and played in England and Australia before settling down in this country for radio work.

LOWDOWN

S. B. L., DENVER

Question—I would appreciate it very much if you can tell me more about George Taylor at KYA, San Francisco. I know you had something about him in the October issue, but I'd like to know something about him personally.

Answer—George is one of those rare individuals who can truthfully lay claim to being a California native son. He is 30 years old, was born in San Francisco, is five feet ten and weighs a hundred and eighty. Has gray eyes and brown, unruly hair. Likes sports.

LOWDOWN

ANNE F. C., HOLLYWOOD

Question—What nationality is Raymond Paige at KJH? How old is he? I guess these are short and snappy enough, don't you think?

Answer—American, of English descent. Thirty-three. Guess these are shorter and snappier even than yours, eh, Anne?

LOWDOWN

R. F. T., BEVERLY HILLS

Question—What on earth has happened to the Beverly Hill Billies? The other night I missed several of them, and understood that they had disbanded, and someone told me they were back on KMPC, where they used to be. Can you set me straight on this, please?

Answer—It is all rather a mixed up affair, R. F. No one seems to know much about the facts. Apparently there was a disagreement—they're only human after all—and the boys couldn't come to any satisfactory settlement, and went their various ways—temporarily at least. Erza and Miranda remained with Glenn Rice and the other faction went back to the old stand at KMPC. We hope, as probably you do to, that everything will be patched up and they'll all be together again.

LOWDOWN

HAZEL K., PORTLAND

Question—Is it true that Tommy Harris, of KFRC, is only 20? How tall is he? Is his hair black or brown? I think that is about all, and thanks in advance.

Answer—Yes, Tommy's only 20—will be 21 December 10. And he isn't very tall; in fact, when he stands up straight, he's just a trifle over five feet two. Weighs 133 pounds and has black curly hair.

LOWDOWN

J. A. S., SAN DIEGO

Question—Please tell me something about Thelma Brown, of KFRC. Is she really a colored girl? What does she look like, and is she married?

Answer—In the first place, Thelma is the daughter of a Georgia Baptist minister. She has a dark, velvety brown skin, and black sparkling eyes. She's really a stunning girl. Is a student at California, and a member of a sorority there.

LOWDOWN

HELEN H., MONROVIA

Question—Please have the age and description of Kenneth Carpenter, KFI announcer, in the next issue.

Answer—Ken is an easy-going, amiable sort of a chap, and not at all hard to describe. He's about 30, is of medium height—neat, five nine, has blue eyes and straight light brown hair. And he's married, Helen.

LOWDOWN

WALT B., FRESNO

Question—Last month in answer to a question by H. A. B., regarding the member of the Biltmore Trio who sang such high notes, you answered that the name was "Eddie Rush." Wasn't there some mistake, or am I wrong in thinking his name was "Bush."

Answer—You're right—we're wrong. It was just another of those slips that pass in the night—a printer's error that got by undetected by our usually conscious proofreader. The culprit is sorry and has been suitably punished.

LOWDOWN

I. R. C., SAN FRANCISCO

Question—You always hear the Clark Sisters on the Blue Monday Jamboree at KFRC spoken of as the "Clark Sisters" and nothing else. What are their real names, please? Are either of them married?

Answer—Well, you see, it sounds better and snappier to say just "The Clark Sisters" than to say "Ruth Clark and Lila Clark." That's the reason you never hear their first names. Lila plays the piano.

THELMA T., OAKLAND.

Question—I've been wondering often about Harold Spaulding, of KFI. What does he look like? I have him pictured as having brown eyes and brown hair—tall and slender, perhaps. Is he married?

Answer—You must have been peeking, Thelma! You certainly hit it close, except for a few minor details. He is tall and slender, all right; but has blue eyes. Yes, he is married.

LOWDOWN

MRS. NANCY H., SEATTLE.

Question—How old is Guy Lombardo, of Columbia? I think he has the best orchestra on the air. Couldn't you use his picture sometime?

Answer—I'm glad you asked this question, Mrs. H., for I was really surprised myself when I dug up the answer. Guy is only 29 years old. He is one of the youngest orchestra leaders to have such a famous band as his Royal Canadians.

LOWDOWN

T. R. C., HOLLYWOOD.

Question—Can you tell me something about Vera Van, who used to sing at the George Olsen Club, and I believe with Sunny Brooks' band? Is she young, blonde, married or single?

Answer—Oh, haven't you heard? She won an audition at KJH just recently where ten other singers participated, and was unanimously selected to join the staff of the Don Lee station. You'll hear more from this clever blonde. (And such a blonde) She's only 19, too, and single.

RADIO DOINGS

Radio PATENTS TRADE MARKS
Secured in the UNITED STATES and FOREIGN COUNTRIES

R. S. BERRY PATENT ATTORNEY
707 BLACK BUILDING
4th and Hill Streets Mutual 6935
LOS ANGELES CALIFORNIA

www.americanradiohistory.com
Presents

THE WEST'S OUTSTANDING RADIO FEATURES

Calmon Luboviski and
Claire Mellolino
Frank Watanabe and
The Honorable Archie
The Arizona Wranglers
The City Park Board
The KNX Players
Bill Sharples and His Gang
The Club Embassy

and

A Daily News Service, Brought to
You From the Only Wire Service For
Radio Exclusively on the West Coast

at

9 A. M. — 12 Noon — 6 P. M. — 9 P. M.
Give RADIO DOINGS for Christmas...

Four Special Xmas Subscription Offers

THERE is nothing you can give the radio fan that will give as much real enjoyment as a year’s subscription to RADIO DOINGS, “The Movie Magazine of the Air.”

As every monthly issue reaches them packed full of news and feature articles of the radio fans they know so well over the air, your gift will be remembered through the entire twelve months.

In addition, as a Christmas gift special, RADIO DOINGS is offering hand colored enlargements, beautiful lamps, and electric clocks, which may be sent either direct to the recipient of the subscription, or to yourself.

We will write a Christmas letter to the recipient of your gift, telling them it is through your courtesy that RADIO DOINGS will come to them each month.

A Hand Colored Enlargement of Any Photograph

Mail us your films or a print of any of your favorite pictures. They will be enlarged to 5x7 inches, colored by hand, and placed in a beautiful frame, and returned to you at once together with the original film or print. We guarantee to make over free any unsatisfactory portraits.

With your year’s subscription to RADIO DOINGS $2.00

ELECTRIC CLOCK

Electric clock in beautiful molded Bakelite with bevel crystal front and embossed face, six inches high, 25 years guarantee.

With your two year’s subscription to RADIO DOINGS $5.00

NOVELTY LAMP

This lamp with parchment shade and exact replica of spinning wheel, carved from beautiful maple, is an attractive addition to any living room or den.

With your year’s subscription to RADIO DOINGS $3.50

SPECIAL OFFER – 6 Months Subscription for $1.00

RADIO DOINGS, 1220 MAPLE AVENUE, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

Enclosed herewith is...check, money order, or cash, for...year’s subscription of RADIO DOINGS and one electric clock, novelty lamp, colored enlargement (check the one you wish).

Please send year’s subscription to:

Name...
Address...

City...
Your Name.
State...
Address...

RADIO DOINGS
Page Forty-five
A Big Order

You said in your magazine that you would like to know what the fans want. Personally, I think your magazine is one of the best going—and it is the best radio magazine. In fact, I've never seen another that begins to touch it.

But as for the things that we want, here are my favorites about whom or which I would like to have stories or pictures. First of all I'd like to have a picture, if not a story, of the characters in the "Crystal Cave" at KFOX, at 7:30 p.m. Next, a story and picture of "Chandu, the Magician" over KFRC at eight. You recently printed a story about the KTM (now KECA) Ranch boys and about Cecil and Sally, which I liked very much.

Others features I would like to see are "The King's Men" and the entire group of artists on the Jamboree at KFRC. I am looking forward to seeing some of these stories in your magazine sometime soon. I know you had a story on the Blue Monday Jamboree, but I want pictures of all of them, instead of a few.—MARY B., HOLLYWOOD.

Tickled

We were all tickled to see the pictures and article about the "Three Doctors," of the Columbia System. I listen in every time they are on and think they are the funniest mos- tures on the air.

I like them so well I clipped out their picture and pasted it on a piece of pasteboard. Every time I look at it I have to laugh. Whenever they're on I get out the pasteboard and have a good laugh all the time they are broadcasting.—MRS. J. S., BERKELEY.

A Discovery!

Say! I was listening on KGFJ the other night on the Family Hour, and they had a hot trio that was every bit as good as the old Rhythm Boys trio. They didn't tell their names, but they were certainly clever.

If I didn't know that the Rhythm Boys had split up I would have sworn they were on the air that night. I hope we hear more of them, and that they tell who they are.—HARRY U., HOLLYWOOD.

A Worthwhile Addition, Bill

Well, I have my RADIO DOINGS for five months back, all stacked up beside the radio, and pretty nearly have them worn out. Every time a program comes on that I know I have some pictures of, I immediately take out the old DOINGS and keep it handy. How about an article and picture of the Boswells sometime? That's something I need in my collection.—BILL H., BEVERLY HILLS.

Well, We'll Try, Alma

Your magazine is most interesting; in fact I can hardly wait for each issue. BUT—I want to correct one thing you said a couple of issues ago, when you were attempting to discourse so fluently on the Arizona Wranglers at KNX. You made the broad statement that only one of the boys had married, implying that all the rest were true cowboys who had no use for women.

Let me set you straight. Several of them are married and have been for years. They are Sleepy, Nibhins, and Hungry; to say nothing of the Sheriff, whose word I have for the preceding statement.

Try to get things straight, will you?—ALMA P., LOS ANGELES.

Not For Children

Soon after reading the article on the dramatization of the Clark trial in the September DOINGS, I noticed that they intended to actually broadcast the real thing next time. I didn't happen to listen in, and so don't know whether they did or not. Anyhow, I'm not in favor of it.

I have been to several trials—one of them a murder trial, and believe me, I wouldn't want my children to listen to one—and what's to stop them, if they come over the air? I can't stay by the radio to see that they don't turn on the radio when the trial is on. I honestly believe, if I thought they were going to broadcast some of the stuff I've heard at trials, I'd sell my radio.—MRS. S. B. J., LOS ANGELES.

Or - If You Don't Like It—Here's The Place To Say So...

www.americanradiohistory.com
THE WRIST WATCH OF RADIOS . . . SMALL ONLY IN SIZE AND PRICE

PETER PAN

. . . wherever you go . . .
it's small enough to take with you!

Don't miss important programs because your present receiver is a permanent "furniture" model. With a PETER PAN you can easily carry this little giant to the office . . . upstairs to mother's or the children's room . . . take it to your hotel room, mountain cabin or beach cottage. You will marvel at its tone and range. And the cost is so small that you can afford its greater convenience. Ask your dealer for a demonstration . . . and buy for the football games, international broadcasts and championship fights.

No Matter Where You Live . . . There's a Peter Pan Dealer Nearby

$24.95

ALL-ELECTRIC
Complete with Screen-Grid and Pentode Tubes.

NOT AS HIGH AS A TELEPHONE
WEIGHTS ONLY 10 LBS.

JACKSON-BELL PRODUCTS COMPANY
1457 West Adams Street
Los Angeles, Calif.

For Name of Your Nearest Dealer, Call
REpublic 4149

A product of Jackson-Bell Co., Ltd., fully licensed under RCA-HAZELTINE LATOUR PATENTS
Breath taking entertainment brought to you over your radio by the manufacturers of
WHITE KING Granulated SOAP

The story unfolds from day to day and you won't want to miss a single evening. It will grip you, thrill you, amaze you.

Thrills
Romance
Adventure
Mystery

Turn the dial
Central
KWK — St. Louis

Western
KHJ — Los Angeles
KFOX —
Long Beach
KFXM —
San Bernardino
KDB —
Santa Barbara
Honolulu —