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CONGRATULATIONS

KHJ

Sister members of the Columbia-Don Lee Broadcasting System, we salute you on the completion of ten years of public service. The story of your growth is synonymous with that of the progress of radio broadcasting during the past decade. Today, millions of discriminate listeners will testify to the excellence of the entertainment which your studios provide, and we who are affiliated with you in this great Coast wise network of stations are proud of that association. Congratulations!

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San Francisco  San Diego  Portland

KFBK  •  KDB  •  KOY
Sacramento  Santa Barbara  Phoenix

KERN  •  KMJ  •  KOL
Bakersfield  Fresno  Seattle

KWG  •  KVI
Stockton  Tacoma

www.americanradiohistory.com
Radio on the Highway

The approach of summer isn't the death blow to radio that it used to be. Not many years ago, when the hot weather set in, we used to put the loud speaker away on the closet shelf, keep the radio in the front room for a flower stand, heave a sigh, and think, "Well, no more radio until fall." And go outdoors to escape the heat.

The strides that radio has made toward being an all-year form of entertainment were impressed strongly on us the other day when we were riding along in the car, listening to the auto radio. It's a relief to sit back and sail along in the cool breeze and laugh at Ed Wynn's wisecracks or be soothed by Lombardo's music. For some reason or other, radio programs have a better taste when you hear them outdoors on the highway.

Auto radios have done one thing for certain—they've cut down the number of back seat drivers. We've always thought that a tonneau pilot got that way because they simply liked to talk and be the center of attraction. With radio in the car, it gives the driver a reasonable excuse to yell "Shut up! I'm listening to this program."

Radio and Politics

The 1932 Republican and Democratic conventions this month are significant as more than mere incidents in everyday broadcasting. Radio this year definitely takes its place as an important and almost necessary factor in American government. For generations we have depended solely on the Press for our political and governmental news. Our opinions have been largely influenced by printed reports of political activities. And in some cases, the prejudice behind this news rendered it anything but unbiased and uncolored.

It is one thing to read a written account of such important gatherings as these conventions, but it is quite another to sit at the radio and listen to the gathering itself. No reportorial prejudice can exist there; only a true, actual reproduction of the words of the men themselves.

The establishment of radio as a non-partisan, irreproachable reporter of such important speeches and events directly from the scene of action may well go down as one of the greatest accomplishments towards better government in this century.

Sponsored Programs Favored

From extensive investigation and listener surveys, the National Broadcasting Company has proven satisfactorily that the American public doesn't mind radio advertisements half as much as is supposed. In every instance, in response to NBC surveys, the great majority preferred those programs that were supported by advertising.

Don Gilman, vice-president of NBC, in an address before prominent advertising men, told of a well-known writer, engaged in interviewing the famous persons of Europe over the radio. This gentleman, upon his return to America, had this to say: "I wish the European plan of non-commercial broadcasting could be tried just once over here. It would show Americans how lucky they are to have the system now in operation in the United States."

New Radio Plays?

Columbia is going to attempt to discover a new type of radio drama. It's about time. So far, only three or four types of plays have been used on the air: dramatization of fiction, miniature dramas adapted from the stage, dramatization of biographies, famous occasions and news.

Don Clark, continuity chief of Columbia, is going to try something else. In a new series of programs, which began Sunday, June 12, at 4:00 p.m., is going to experiment until he finds something new in radio plays. "We want to prove that mature radio drama can be produced to hold and intrigue an audience for a half-hour," Clark declares. "It isn't easy. The radio, confined to audible appeal, requires skillful and vivid impressions, fast action, and a swift climax."

Nobody seems to know just what to expect, but we'll be looking forward to success in the experiment. At least, it shows that at last, radio is stepping out on its own in search of something that it can claim for its own—that wasn't borrowed from stage, screen, or vaudeville.
Perhaps it's because they're used to covering miles of ether, in the fraction of a second, with the songs they sing and the words they say, but whatever the reason, the wide-open spaces have an irresistible appeal to radio stars.

The boys and girls whose profession keeps them penned up in studios, training their voices on the small metal door which opens on the great stage of radio, get out into the country whenever they can. This being California, country isn't hard to find, and the range of pursuits covered by the folk in NBC's San Francisco studios offers a comprehensive picture of the sports tastes of radio. Many times, these hobbies present an entirely different personality from the one listeners know.

There's Jennings Pierce, chief announcer of NBC's Pacific Division for instance. NBC audiences have heard him on so many kinds of programs that you might picture J. P. as a restless person who couldn't sit still for more than sixty seconds at a time. From airplanes, from ocean liners, from rooftops, mountain peaks and many another odd places, as well as from banquet tables and symphony concerts, his voice drops into your home, telling of this or that spectacular event; describing a crew-race, aerial maneuvers, or the visit of a celebrity.

But Jennings Pierce's idea of a lot of fun is to slip out of town by himself or with just one or two companions, and find a little hidden lake or unfrequented stream somewhere within motoring distance of San Francisco. Give him an assortment of flies, a rod and a line, and he won't ask any more of life. Striped bass used to be Jennings' favorite, but J. P. Cpenin, noted California sportsman, converted him to black bass on a historic trip the two made one hot summer day in which they proved that black bass do bite—and fight, too—no matter how warm it is. One of the hot weather warriors put up such a battle that J. P. and the boat capsized together.

Refa Miller is another NBC fisherman. The demure looking little NBC soprano who measures something like five feet in height, turns into another person when she leaves the studio behind and goes camping. She becomes a capable woodswoman who could take care of herself almost indefinitely, she believes, in the open.

Cecil Underwood, announcer of the Associated Spotlight; Edward Fitzpatrick, director of the Magnificent Melodists, and a dozen or so other stars are engaged in practice for NBC's golf tournament. Eva Gruninger, NBC contralto, bought a set of clubs the other day, and will swell the number of feminine entrants this year.

Aviation and horseback riding are equally popular with the NBC stars. The announcing staff has its own flyers—Sid Goodwin, Nelson Case and Victor Linfoot are qualified to pilot planes. Captain Bill Royle, the war ace who is a member of NBC's National Players, featured in Spotlight and other programs, has taught a number of his fellow stars to fly, Gunnar Johansen, the Danish pianist, among them. Mart Graunhorst, guitarist; Alvino Rey, guitarist, and Fred Heward, violinist, are among the NBC musicians who fly. Mart and Alvino recently bought a parachute, to be their joint possession which seems to work out better than you might expect, as they seldom get a chance to ride in the same plane, one generally being busy on a program when the other is free.

Billy Page, NBC juvenile star, looks forward to being a pilot as soon as he is old enough, but in the meantime, is satisfied with horseback riding, javelin throwing and fencing. He and his father ride together in San Francisco's Golden Gate Park almost every Sunday morning.

Lloyd E. Yoder, former All-American star, and manager of NBC's Press Department, recently bought a horse who answers to the name of Pal, and lives contentedly on a ranch near San Francisco.

NBC's feminine riders are more numerous than the male. Annette Hastings, pretty auburn-haired soprano of the Coquettes Trio, who is always "reducing," but stays as plump as ever, rides almost every day. Marjorie Primley and Imelda Montagne, the other two members of the group, play tennis and hike, but occasionally join Annette in a canter through the park. Betty Marino, NBC violinist, is an expert horsewoman, as is Eva Garcia, NBC pianist.

- and ALL for RTS

Out-Doors Keep Radio in Trim

Refa was brought up in a family of enthusiastic outdoors folk. Her father took her on fishing trips when she was a tiny girl; taught her to cast as soon as she could hold a rod, and to shoot as soon as she could lift a rifle. But fishing is her pet occupation, and she has fished throughout the whole West Coast. She fancies steel-head trout, and is an adherent of their side of the bass-trout controversy among fishermen.

Mona Lowe, pretty blues singer who recently became a member of the NBC staff in San Francisco is another girl whose dainty appearance belies her love for action. Mona prefers deep-sea fishing, but she is an all-around sportswoman, playing basketball, hockey and tennis. If she has to be a spectator instead of a player, she likes to watch something nice and quiet, like football or polo—her two passions. She plays tennis almost every morning before she leaves for the studio, and swims regularly.

Bobbe Deane, NBC actress, and Ted Maxwell, NBC actor—Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell in private—bring the outdoors right into their own house for they live on a big country estate on the San Francisco peninsula, together with a couple of automobiles and a household of pets which numbered something like thirty, last time they were counted. Dogs—including a Great Dane and a Russian wolfhound—cats, rabbits, monkeys, birds, give the Maxwell place the air of a animal paradise. When it gets a bit too crowded, Bobbe and Ted pile into a car and go camping for awhile.

Ted is a good shot, and he and Charlie Marshall, NBC guitarist, who owns a place next door to the Maxwells, frequently go hunting together.

Ruth Matteson, of NBC's National Players, is a chicken-fancier in her spare moments—in addition to being a horse-woman, tennis star, and aviation-fan. Ruth's family lives near Los Gatos, and Ruth spends much time there, helping to manage the family chicken ranch. She plays golf when she stays in San Francisco—which brings us NBC's most popular pursuit.

If horse-racing is the sport of kings, golf is the sport of microphone stars, for there are even more golfers than there are fishermen in the Pacific Division's headquarters, starting with Don E. Gilman, Vice-President of NBC, in charge of the division, who plays a good game. So does Sid Goodwin, NBC announcer, and tournament winner. Walter Beban, NBC saxophonist, who was making Atlantic records when he was fifteen, is a golfer, also. Myron Niesley, NBC tenor, and his pretty wife, spend most of their mornings on the links together, and both always make a good showing in NBC's annual golf tournament. Betty Kelly, pretty little soprano of "Team Mates" and other programs, still plays miniature golf when she can't find time to get in some of the real kind.

Paul Carson, NBC organist, is a golf addict of the good, old-fashioned kind, which means he gets as much fun talking about the eighteen holes he played yesterday as he did out of the game itself. He and Big Bill Andrews, the announcer, are almost always to be found comparing their latest scores between programs.

Irving Kennedy, NBC tenor; Gail Taylor, NBC soprano; Charles Hart, director of the Stringwood Ensemble;
Then ALONG Came RUTH

The Story of Ruth Etting, the Little Dressmaker’s Assistant Who Became the Toast of Broadway

by
Hilda Cole

ALFRED H. ETTING, the town banker of David City, Neb., had a slender, golden-haired child called Ruth. Her environment was staunch, and thoroughly American. If you venture into her home town you will see the Etting Roller Mills, a monument to the industry of her pioneer grandfather, George Etting. Her uncle, Alex Etting, is the town mayor today.

With that precedent, Ruth might have married and “settled down” in a respectable town which had harbored Ettings for three generations. But fate evidently decreed she was not “a flower born to blush unseen, and waste its sweetness on the desert air,” for at an early age, Ruth showed signs of being artistic.

A circus which came to David City, instilled in Ruth a desire to be an actress. However, as she grew up, her talents seemed to point toward the career of a commercial artist. Her father had to buy her a new set of school books when this new fever cropped up because she copied Nell Brinkley drawings all over them!

Aged sixteen and wide-eyed she journeyed to the Academy of Arts, Chicago, to study designing. She was terrified and appalled by the higher-than-three-story building and the elevated railroads.

In an astonishingly short time, Ruth’s old yearning for the theatre led her to designing clothes for revues at the old Marigold Gardens of Chicago. She met Edward Beck, the producer, and his wife. They induced her to join the Marigold chorus for $25 a week. She had to quit school then and there because she couldn’t get up in time.

Working afternoons for a dressmaker and evenings for the chorus, she kept going, until she finally got the necessary break. The juvenile lead (which she had secretly and wistfully understudied) took sick, and she was delighted beyond adjectives to be told to take the part. She put on over-sized boots and a polo outfit for the act, and sang for the first time in her life. She got a $15 raise for making good but she broke down and cried when assigned to a separate dressing room away from her chorus buddies.

When art school opened in the fall, Ruth was not in her old place because this one chance led to bigger and better engagements (an unheard of $100 a week) around Chicago cafes—but she finally chucked it to go to Big Jim Colisimo’s. Listen to what Ruth says about this; “Croming, at least as far as I am concerned, was born in Big Jim Colisimo’s. You see, Big Jim wouldn’t let any girls sing from the stage. The idea was to go around from table to table and, sitting at each one, sing privately for each group of guests. In order to be heard above the blare of the band you had to acquire a special voice quality—penetrating, yet intimate.”

Here, Ruth received no regular salary. She, together with the other girls, worked for tips. Every morning, after the last guest had gone, which was sometimes after 9 A.M., they all divided up.

Station WLS in Chicago was upstairs from a cafe in which Ruth appeared in a revue. The station manager dropped in one night and asked if she would go on the air, and that accounted for her first radio appearance. Columbia records tuned in on the program a year or so later, and that was how she started recording.

And, as Ruth says, “It was a natural step and just shows how everything you do is really leading to something else, although you may not know it at the time.”

Ziegfeld heard some of her records in New York, and immediately sent someone out to enlist her for the Follies.

Opportunity knocked once, and Ruth wasn’t the least bit hard-of-hearing. She went to New York and signed with the Follies.

Ruth sang for a short engagement with Paul Whiteman before she joined the Follies of 1927... for which Irving Berlin wrote the music.

“Soon after arriving in New York, he sent for me,” says Ruth. “Just as I started to sing for him he got up, put his hands up to his head, and walked nervously around the room. Then he left. Naturally I stopped, but a friend with me whispered, ‘Go ahead, he’s listening in the next room. That’s what he always does when he’s interested.’ I wonder what he does when he’s bored!”

After that Ruth’s career was a swift up-sweep on the graph of popularity and fame. Next year came the Follies of 1928. “Whoopee” in 1929 with Edie Cantor, “Simple Simon” with Ed Wynn in 1930, and then last year’s Follies.

Blues songs are Ruth’s chief stock in trade. Walter Winchell, Broadway’s most “hard-berled” of commentators said she was “The Queen of Torch Warblers.” Strictly speaking, they are the laments of frustrated lovers who “carry the torch,” as Broadway columnists put it, for unresponsive lovers. Among her most intimate numbers have been “Love Me or Leave Me,” “Ten Cents a Dance” (which by the way was responsible for police inspection of dance halls, and ultimate improvement of conditions), “Cigars, Cigarettes,” and “Shine On Harvest Moon,” whereby hangs a tale.

This song was written by Nora Bayes and Jack Norworth, her husband, and

[Rturn to Page 19]
"It's a Funny Racket, But...

I Wouldn't Do Anything Else!"

Says

WALT WINCHELL

"It's a dizzy business . . . yet I'm happy where I am," declared Walter Winchell, the country's most talked-about radio columnist, whose forte is pumping people for news and spreading it to the four winds!

But it takes hard work to make a gossip strip that's worth reading and hearing, Winchell reveals.

"I get up promptly at four every afternoon, make the office by five and prepare the column for the next yawning," says Mrs. Winchell's boy. "Then comes the nightly round of theaters, sin-dens, parties and cognoscenti conclaves. I drink a little giggle-water here and there and sniff out the news about the celebs. At seven in the morning I go to bed. And maybe you think, people, that isn't work!"

"But I'll let you in on a little secret. You've got to pump for news. If you pump hard enough, you'll get plenty. Furthermore you can always manage to find a leak in the very person who promised not to tell. It's a funny racket, this gabbing game, but believe me, I wouldn't do anything else in the world. All Broadway is my backyard and you couldn't pry me loose with a part opposite Glorious Garbo."

Back before the war, a stage-struck kid, who earned his coffee and cakes as a singing usher in a movie house in Harlem, eventually graduated into vaudeville where he earned $10 a week as a hoofer. He quit the stage cold and went to work as a news writer at $25.00 a week because "I thought I'd like reporting better."

Apparently Walter Winchell, the lowly but ambitious reporter, was right. Because today he buys his coffee and cakes with a salary that will provide his meal-ticket for some time to come.

The boy who sang in the Harlem movie emporium now writes a column syndicated throughout the country and also talks over coast-to-coast National Broadcasting Company networks in one of radio's highest-paying programs. His voice is heard in far-away Hawaii, Berlin, Tokio, and Buenos Aires, and Winchell's "O. K. America!" has become a byword wherever radio programs are heard.

Winchell was born in New York in 1897. "No rag went into an extra edition over that blessed event," he says. He went to public school until he was thirteen. It was then that he went out to join the "Imperial Trio," composed of three singing ushers in the Harlem "moom pitchin'" house, as he himself calls it.

That trio wasn't famous then, but consider each of them now! One was Eddie Cantor, the third member, George Jessel. All have starred in NBC programs in the last year.

This famous trio once kept the crowds out of the aisles, collected late tickets and during intermissions sang popular "chunes" to those lively illustrated slides.

Cantor was the lead in the trio, Jessel sang bass and Winchell was the whisky tenor. Winchell spelled his name with only one "I" then; but shortly afterward, Gus Edwards put the three boys into a revue, and the printer spelled it in its present form.

"What the 'I!'" chimed Walter, and nonchalantly accepted the expanded moniker.

It was with this act that the real trekking started. Walter played the boards in various acts from coast-to-coast, which ought to dispel the belief that little Walter hasn't been anywhere but up and down Broadway. Then along came the war and believe-it-or-not, Winchell became a wise-cracking gob.

"And can you imagine!" says Walter, "they made me confidential secretary to two admirals. What a naval error! And also a juicy slice of irony. First confidential see to a battleship, and now the mogul of Broadway's scandal-mongers."

When the papers that stopped the war were signed, Winchell returned to vaudeville but soon decided to quit the stage. He wanted, the worst way, to become a newspaper man—at any price. While he was thinking about his ambition he started "The Daily News Sense," consisting of a couple of typewritten sheets which he tacked up beside the mail box in every theater where he appeared.

Finally one theater owner showed the sheet to Glenn Condon, editor of the New York Vaudeville News. Condon thereupon agreed to "sign on the dotted line," with the fat salary of $25 a week! That was a break for Walter! Soon he was earning fifty, and after Condon agreed to allow him 20 per cent of the advertising he was making more than the editor.

Then a new "tab" sprang to life in New York and Winchell was hired as dramatic critic, amusement editor and [Turn to Page 14]

RADIO DOINGS

Page Nine
Day After Day, Bennie Walker Edits the NBC Woman's Magazine of the Air, and Never Sees a Word of It in Type—It's All Printed on Thin Air! He Keeps That Old Smile Going Always, and Is One of the Most Cheerful and Versatile Artists on the Air

by Louise Landis

An EDITOR Who's NEVER SEEN His Magazine

A MAGAZINE editor's life is never one long, sweet song—but when the magazine is a woman's magazine, and published not on paper but literally on air, life gets more complicated—or it would if Bennie Walker were not the editor.

The big, good-natured chap who edits NBC's Woman's Magazine of the Air, has been entertaining an ether circulation which runs into many thousands, for so long that he and the Magazine have become a household institution on the Pacific Coast. Every member of the big staff of speakers and all the stars who appear on the Magazine program from time to time have their own followers, but Bennie himself keeps an especial niche in the hearts of the women who wait to hear him say, "Keep that old smile smiling!" every morning.

Perhaps it's because he is such a far cry from the popular picture of how a woman's magazine editor looks. Bennie weighs something like two hundred and forty pounds, for one thing, and his beaming countenance seems to register through the microphone as perfectly as if television were here at last.

"I knew exactly how you must look before I ever saw a picture of you, Bennie Walker," one woman listener wrote him, not long ago. "If you hadn't been fat, I would have been terribly disappointed."

Upon which Bennie went right out and ate a piece of cocoa nut cream pie—crust and all!

He's one of the most versatile members of the radio profession in spite of—or perhaps it's because of—that weight of his. As Bennie Walker, he edits the Magazine of the Air; as Bennie Fishel he is the piping-voiced little boy heard on many comedy programs, and under his own family name of Benjamin Walker McLaughlin, he sings ballads and lyrics in an exceedingly pleasant tenor voice, as well as he acts in "Memory Lane." How does he keep all his separate microphone personalities separated?

"I don't—they get mixed up lots of times," he admits. "That's why Bennie Fishel intrudes into a Magazine broadcast occasionally. I think of something that an irrepressible five-year-old would say about some song or some recipe—first thing I know, there he is, talking right into the microphone through my lips!"

The little Fishel boy probably is the part that gives Bennie the most fun, but the Woman's Magazine of the Air obviously is the portion of his work in which he finds the most personal satisfaction. His "smile" slogan finds echo in the hearts of the thousands who hear the Magazine because it is so plainly sincere, and the spontaneity of his wit is the kind which springs from doing the kind of work you enjoy.

That gift for unrehearsed humor and "ad lib" lines which makes Bennie's microphone appearances a joy, had to be held in abeyance in the days when he was making his early reputation as a singer. Away back in the period when radio still was a novelty which was followed chiefly by enthusiastic amateurs, he was one of the first male singers in Los Angeles to send a song winging through the ether on the mysterious waves of the new industry.

"Everyone's mind seemed to center upon the fact that we were reaching a bigger audience than anyone had ever sung to before," explains Bennie. "The early audience was pretty small compared to the present one, but it still was big enough to amaze.

"Instead of thinking of this throng of persons as a great mass of humanity, I always liked to picture it as composed of individuals, and I used to think 'Some day I'll have a program in which I can let every single member of the audience know I am singing directly to him and to her—not to just a big, unidentified crowd.'"

"When the Woman's Magazine of the Air was offered to me, I took the opportunity it offered of being able to develop my own theory of really making folks happy—and it's been repaying every effort expended along that line, from the very start. The letters from women coopered up in small apartments or imprisoned in loneliness on great ranches—all of them so responsive to what we can offer them in music and entertainment and good fellowship would be enough reward in themselves, for everything."

Helen Webster, now the home science editor of the Magazine of the Air, was the entire "staff" of the ether publication when Bennie joined it. It was "published" only once a week then. Helen and Bennie got together and planned to make a real program out of the Magazine, and now there's an aerial edition every week-day morning, and Bennie presents a galaxy of household experts and musical stars.

Bennie never yet has followed a set continuity in announcing the speakers and musical numbers. In opening the

[Turn to Page 20]
Although they were chosen for their vocal charm, here is adequate proof that many of those beautiful voices you hear on the radio are backed up by personal beauty as well. Actually, they look more like a group of movie actresses than young ladies whose charm is hidden behind an unseeing microphone. But it all goes to show that “handsome does as handsome is,” and “Beauty’s more than Chin-Deep”
WE'RE All Right—The WORLD'S Crazy!

There Never Was a College Quite the Equal of Coo Coo College, Nor a Faculty That Could Hold a Candle to Its Two Professors, Van and Don.

by Van and Don

The Two Professors

quoted by ourselves for stating that we cannot teach division unless we have the undivided attention of our students, that rabbits multiply, and that the most popular forms of division are long division, short division and sub-divisions in Los Angeles.

Cal. as She Is: We have a marvelous course in history. The head of the history department is Professor Van-and-

Don. We interviewed him one time and it was the best interview we ever gave ourselves. He was seated in his study—a dark brown study with green scallops on the sleeves. We provided ourselves with a nearby lamp post and he spoke.

"Sometimes as I look back over the events of the past few months I feel as though it were a dream. As a matter of fact it were a dream. I was asleep at the time and awakened to hear LoDo (LoDo is not his real name. His real name which I must withhold for obvious reasons, was Lodo) calling 'It's time you were getting up.' "Up where?" I asked in a semi-unconscious condition. "Up in the world," he simulated.

"And I reflected LoDo was right. It was time I was getting up in the world. Today would be my fifty-fifth birthday. (Mother was having some children in for my party) and as yet I had never supported myself.

"At once my mind was made up—I would write the history of California."

Here are some excerpts from the first chapter which is called "The Gold Flush of '49."

In September, 1850, California was discovered by a party of wandering real estate men from Iowa, who gave it the old Spanish name, Minnesota, in honor of their native Wisconsin. As you all know the early history of California is the history of the Spanish Grant. There were two brothers, both of them generals—Ulysses S. Grant and Fay Grant, whom they called Spanish Grant because he came from Italy to distinguish him from his brother, who was already distinguished. They also had a sister, Emmi Grant, who was no relation.

This party of explorers traveled along the East coast of California.

(NOTE—The ocean was on the other side of California then—that was before the treaty.)

They traveled along until they came to Hollywood, which was called Santa Fe, named after the railroad. It was a pretty hot spot even then, was Santa Fe, brother of Frank Fay.

When California was ceded to the United States, it was through a clause inserted in the treaty. This was known as the Santa Fe clause, later shortened to the familiar Santa Claus.

It is interesting to note that this expedition was headed by a man who later

[Turn to Page 19]
Hollywood's ALARM CLOCK

Bill Sharples, With His Early-Rising Breakfast Gang, Makes You Enjoy Getting Up in the Morning

by

Mike Kelly

There's a miracle man in Hollywood who routs thousands of sleepyheads from their beds at 5:45 in the cold, gray dawn every day in the week to listen to a radio program! That's Bill Sharples, whose breakfast gang riotously invades the homes of rich and poor alike, via KNX, to scourge Morpheus into flight!

Unlike anything else on earth, Bill's program is a weird mixture of prayer, poetry, philosophy, music, mirth, salesmanship, and clowning. And do the people like it? Just ask the postman. He's grown round-shouldered and has fallen arches from hauling Bill's "fan" mail to the studios of the Hollywood station!

These letters come from lonely cowhands on the drear prairie, snowbound cabin-dwellers in the High Sierras, grizzled prospectors far out on the desert... and city folks as well.

With an utter disregard for style or precedent, Bill opens his program every morning with the Lord's Prayer. Once, an advertising sponsor asked him confidentially if he didn't think such a prayer was a bit out of place on a radio program. Bill wasn't quite sure, so the next morning, he put it up to his listeners and asked for a referendum. Literally thousands of letters poured into the radio station, urging, without exception, that the prayer be continued. It stayed in!

Sharples says he tries to conduct his program "like an average American family having an average American breakfast in the average American home." You'll find no crooners, nor stereotyped entertainment of any other sort on his show. But you will find two hours of good, clean, wholesome home-style fun. If Bill had difficulty locating his socks in the cold gray dawn, he is quite likely to mention it, or if he picks up any interesting gossip of the sort that does no one any harm, he may pass that along, too. He is "Uncle Bill" to most of his listeners, young and old, and he loves them, one and all!

Away from the microphone, Bill is of a serious and unusually quiet disposition. He is of slight physique, and his hair is beginning to show sing of the first light frost. But he has the heart of a schoolboy. His vocabulary is second only to that of Noah Webster, and he is never at a loss for exactly the word he needs.

Bill was born at McKeesport, Pennsylvania, August 6, 1886, and had a twin brother who died in infancy. Early in life Bill started out to hoe his own row, and for many years he traveled all over the United States selling grocery products. After a couple of decades, this sort of thing began to pall. Bill got tired of getting up at four o'clock in the morning to catch a five o'clock train which probably would be two hours late anyhow.

It was about this time that the first birth-cries of radio reached Bill's keen ears. If he could sell goods by the chin-to-chin method, he could see no reason why he couldn't do the same by radio. The more he thought of the idea, the better it looked. So one day he approached the officials of a small radio station. They liked his idea, too. That was the beginning.

Bill's life has not been without its sorrows. There are scars which time can never efface. Soon after his twenty-first birthday, Bill married and became the father of a boy and girl. At a time when it seemed his early struggles were over, he received the greatest blow of his career. His wife died. For a time it seemed useless to try to carry on, but he bucked up and did the best he could. Suddenly, his daughter, Virginia, then 18 years of age, became ill and died. Two months later, his boy, 12, also passed away. Bill was completely crushed.

His health, and almost his mind, gave way, and he refused to be comforted. Not until friends pointed out the folly of his brooding did he regain courage to push on alone.

Many years later, when he was firmly established as a radio personality, he met a charming young woman, who has since become Mrs. Bill. They live on a small ranch on the outskirts of Hollywood, and their home is the scene of frequent barbecues at which Bill acts as head chef.

His most highly-prized possessions are Roxanna, a blooded Arabian mare, the gift of W. W. Kellogg, breakfast food magnate, and a German police dog, of equally aristocratic birth, named Artur. Artur is the only dog, so far as Bill knows, that smokes cigarettes. Fear of a double chin is believed to have brought on the habit.

From a friend, it was learned recently that Sharples is the great nephew of Helen Hunt Jackson, author of "Ramona," and many who had known Bill for years never even suspected it!

That's Bill Sharples of KNX. Tomorrow you'll probably be hearing his cheery invitation:

"Get up, get up, get up and get out of bed... right now!"

RADIO DOINGS

Page Thirteen
THERE are thrills in stories of the Revolution, and of the Civil War. Tales of the hardships and heroic deeds of the Pilgrim fathers of New England will always make the American heart beat faster, and excitement still lurks in the paths of the early explorers and pioneers.

Fully as thrilling, and equally exciting are stories of the founding of the great Pacific Coast empire.

At KHJ, much of the colorful romance of early days has been captured in the program, "Historical Southern California," heard Tuesdays and Fridays at 8:30 p.m. The program made its bow under the title "Building Southern California," but upon numerous suggestions, it was changed to "Historical Southern California," to acquaint the public with the fact that it was really educational as well as entertaining.

While the narrative is embellished with drama, fundamentally the facts were true, and were the result of intensive research and library browsing on the part of Dick Creedon, continuity writer. Seymour Hastings, Lindsay MacHarrie, Paul Rickenbacker direct the program, and the players and singers include such well known KHJ artists as George Gramlich, Elvia Allman, Robert Swan, Rickenbacker and MacHarrie, Ken Niles, Roger King, William Hargrave.

The part of "The Old Rancher," who tells stories, is played by Harold DeBray. He spent his boyhood days in Monrovia, knows and loves Southern California and its history, and is ideally suited to play the part of "The Old Rancher."

“1 Wouldn’t Do Anything Else”

[Continued from Page 9]
From This Studio—and That

M R. BING CROSBY'S latest song is "California, Here I Come." He's now in Hollywood to start work on a Paramount picture, the "Big Broadcast." In between making faces at the camera, Bing is scheduled to sing over a national Columbia network, but instead of traveling several miles to the KJH studios, he is broadcasting from KNX, which is located on the Paramount lot. You can hear Bing until July 6 each Monday and Wednesday afternoon at 3:45.

Myrt and Marge, Mort Downey and Kate Smith will be back on the air about August.

SETH PARKER has a medical degree! Well, not Seth, either, and it really isn't a medical degree. But Phillips Lord is adding another personality to his list of characterizations. In the "Country Doctor," which begins Monday, June 20 at 6:00 p.m., he steps into the role of that benign, hardworking and poorly paid American. We'll be expecting great things from the "Doctor," for there should certainly be some marvelous opportunities in such a character.

Ed Wynn, veteran vaudeville performer, insists on dressing up in his comic frechifregula when broadcasting. Maybe he works better that way.

BERT LAHR, who will soon join the Lucky Strike program, is familiar to Broadway as a great comedian of stage and screen. Joined vaudeville as German dialect comedian at 18, has risen swiftly to the top. Winchell will stay with the show one day a week, and Walter O'Keefe is the new man of comics. The new L. S. set-up looks like a good one. With all due respect to Winchell for the wizard that he is, a little variation will be welcome. Here's the menu: Tuesday, police dramas; Thursday, Winchell, and Saturday, Lahr.

Mildred Bailey, singer with Paul Whiteman, is a sister of Al Rinker, one of the original Rhythm Boys.

JOHN MILLS, the oom-pah vocal percussionist of the Mills Brothers, still keeps the old mail-order catalogue from which he ordered the guitar for the quartet, tucked away in the guitar-case. Woe betide the incautious person who attempts to touch it. "That's our luck," says Harry Mills.

Dave Ballou, formerly with KFVD, has joined the staff of KFI-KECA in the production department. Dave's a smart bud, a hard worker and a real broadcaster, through and through.

IT is reported that Gayne "Chandy" Whitman has signed up with a Hollywood producer to play a mystery role in a Far East movie thriller. It probably won't be Chandy, however, because Fox has bought the movie rights to that story for some $40,000.

TEN YEARS AGO

Ted Husing was a semi-pro basketball player.

Little Jack Little, employed by a music publisher, was on a tour of the country's few radio stations to "plug" songs. On the train he wrote his first hit, "Jealousy."

Thirteen-year-old Kate Smith was singing her way through seventh grade in Washington. She was known as "the Smith bad girl."

Ben Bernie was doing a "single" in vaudeville with his trusty fiddle.

Sylvia Froyos, seven, was beginning her vaudeville career as "Baby Sylvia," the child sensation.

Singing Sam (Harry Frankel) ran a camera shop in Richmond, Ind.

Mort Downey was holding a French horn and singing the choruses with Paul Whiteman's S. S. Leviathan orchestra.

Ann Leaf entered high school in pig-tails in Omaha, Neb.

Bing Crosby was playing the role of Julius Caesar in a high school play when the curtain fell on him.

The Mills Brothers were entertaining customers in their dad's barber shop in Piqua, Ohio.

The Boswell Sisters played together in a classical string trio in New Orleans.

Guy Lombardo had just brought his band from London, Ont., and was playing one-night stands in dance halls.

Abe Lyman had just made his first recordings—"No, No, Nora," and "Sweet Little You."

Ray Paige, KFI maestro, whose engagement to Mary York was recently announced tried to act as if nothing had happened on the day it was made public. But when he stepped on the platform for the first rehearsal and lifted his baton, instead of the scheduled number, the whole orchestra broke into the Wedding March!

VAN AND DON, the Two Professors of Coo Coo College, are busy training their track team for the Olympics. Here are the rules for the athletes: 1. No exercise of any kind—save yourselves for the big game. 2. Plenty of good wholesome sweets. 3. All the freshest air you can get in a two-room apartment. 4. Always cover your tracks.

Vic Young is the fellow who thought up the idea of having Bing, the Mills Brothers and the Boswells all do trick choruses on the same phonograph record.

Col. Lemael Stoopnagle, eminent CBS inventor, spent a holiday by inventing a celophane key. He claims it will now be an easy matter to look through keyholes, even if the key is in the lock.

EARLY in his career Phillips Lord (Seth Parker) taught school in Maine. Seeking to test the alertness of his class one day he suddenly slapped a quarter on the desk and asked sharply, "What's that?" A boy in the front row promptly shouted, "Tails!"

KNX has been granted an increase of power by the F. R. C. So now you'll hear Watanabe, Bill Sharpies, and the rest of the gang a bit better in their big healthy watts, instead of the former five grand.

THE Boswell Sisters have a small mélodrama in the rear of their limousine, and they now ride out into the country to rehearse new numbers, Martha using the little organ instead of a piano to accompany herself and her harmonizing sisters.

At last! The secret of that mysterious "trumpet" of the Mills Brothers. It seems that the John Mills couldn't buy or borrow a trumpet for a negro orchestra, and offered to imitate the instrument for half pay—thereby originating their vocal units.

ABE LYMAN'S broadcast the other night brought together a prominent group of alumni from the Coconut Grove. The guest artist was Loyce Whiteman, and Harry von Zell, who announced the program, used to announce many of Lyman's numbers when Abe's band was at the Grove years ago. Alma Mammy!
More CHATTER

WITH the approach of summer heat, Col. Luenul Stoopnagle is calmly perfecting a summer-approaching kit. It will consist of an electric fan that blows backwards as well as in the standard fashion, so that he may keep cool both coming and going. Other accessories will be a noiseless fly-swatther and individual nets for mosquitoes. A great man, the Colonel!

* * *

H. C. Connette, author of "Memory Lane," in his otherwise modernistic apartment, is furnishing his bedroom in 1893 style, complete with articles popular in Memory Lane time.

* * *

RAY PERKINS, NBC humorist, hastens to assure his listeners that there is no truth to the rumor that San Francisco has taken her Gate off the gold standard. Another choice wisecrack was made by Ray Knight, who proclaimed, "I don't see who Alfonso, ex-King of Spain, doesn't come to America. A royal welcome awaits any old Bourbon."

* * *

Ed Wynn isn't bothered with hitchhikers any more—ever since he put a "Taxi" sign on the front of his car.

* * *

THE reason you don't hear bands playing the Mills Brothers' tunes is that they are "private stuff." Their manager gets special material for them. Their latest, "The Old Man of the Mountain," was written by Victor Young. Two of the odd hits they own are "How'm I Doin'" and "I Heard."

* * *

An envelope containing the picture of Ed Wynn sliding down a fireman's pole as the only address was delivered recently at the NBC New York studios.

* * *

HERE'S that announcement many of you have been waiting for. While Bing Crosby was playing a vaudeville engagement in Boston a radio contest was held for the best imitation of the Crosby style. None of the competitors was announced, merely given a number. Bing himself took part, and when the returns came in, found that he hadn't even placed. (Finished under glass.)

* * *

Russ Columbo leads his band with a tiny piccolo—just a pet superstition.

* * *

WELCOME LEWIS is ill in bed and thereby hangs a tale. For two months she and her secretary have been seeking a new home where their tiny canary might have a larger garden. She stood up under the strain until they finally located a new house Monday and signed the lease. Then Welcome fainted and her physician tells her she must stay in bed for at least a week—as the result of nervous strain. She's taken a vow to live in the new house at least for five years!

DONALD NOVIS, who recently signed a long-term contract by NBC in New York, is preparing for his eastern radio debut. The star arrived with his wife aboard the S. S. Santa Elisa, June 5 and is now rehearsing with an NBC orchestra for his New York appearances.

Don first gained attention as the winner of the $5,000 first prize in the 1928 Atwater Kent National Radio Audition. His vocal style is fresh and robust, offering a sharp contrast to so-called crooning. At the Ambassador Hotel Cocoanut Grove, where he was heard with the Cocoanut Grove Orchestra, he was the season's sensation. His home is in Pasadena.

He has appeared in several important pictures, including Maurice Chevalier's "One Hour With You," Ronald Colman's "Bulldog Drummond," and Jeannette MacDonald's "Monte Carlo."

* * *

Richard LeGrande has taken over the post of Master of Ceremonies on the KYA "On With the Show" program. G. Donald Gray, same station, was a member of the original stock company in which Hortis Karlof, of "Frankenstein" fame got his start. The fact is, Gray and the manager chose his stage name.

* * *

Paul Rickenbacker, KJH assistant production manager, and the Old Rancher of "Historical Southern California" fame, are wearing a walked with a deciding roll, and talking with a noticeable nautical twang these days. It's all because they received a red-hot fan letter from a few of the gobs on the U. S. S. New York, of the Battle Force dreadnought unit, at the harbor. Since all seafocking folk dream of ranches, and chickens (fowl), and people like the Old Rancher usually dream of a life on the bounding main, everybody should be happy.

* * *

Harry Richman was once a sailor, a chauffeur and a beach life-guard.

* * *

ACCORDING to a Chinese law still in effect, all radio equipment is rated as "munitions of war," according to Monroe "Bilgewater" Upton, of NBC, who built station ECO in Shanghai in 1923. He had to smuggle most of the equipment into the city, or else explain to the Chinese officials that the assortment of tubes and wires were not instruments of battle. He chose the easiest way.

* * *

Charlie Leland, KKO comic, is knocking 'em cuckoo at the R.K.O. Hillstreet Theatre these days, while he is appearing with Paul Ash on the stage. Between的事情 shows a day. Mons. Leland manages to find time to appear at KKH for his regular spots. It's all done with mirrors.

DURING the month of July the three-a-week broadcasts of Singin' Sam will originate in Cincinnati where the old time minstrel got his radio start. Sam will be visiting his parents at Richmond, Ind., and will make the 50-mile auto trip back and forth for each performance.

* * *

"Rip" Witherspoon, manager of KOB, the Don Lee Santa Barbara station, comes forth with another "Believe It or Don't." in connection with a new series of programs inaugurated at his station.

"Strange as it may seem," declares Herb, "the old Santa Barbara Mission is the only one of its kind having twin towers."

* * *

VICTOR YOUNG, whose orchestra is heard with the Mills Brothers, Tuesdays and Thursdays is reviving in futuristic treatment a number of the old hits, and he has sent out a call for help to the radio audience. Victor promises that if the radio audience will send him piano copies of songs written before 1915 he will arrange them for his novelty orchestra and play them on the programs that feature the Mills Brothers. Some of the younger old timers he has revived include the comic "Titina" and the ballad "Lonesome and Sorry." Now he's seeking songs that were popular a little more than 15 years ago. He'll make a modern arrangement and send the piano copy back to the listener who sends it to him in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Ave., New York.

THE OLD RANCHER'S THRILLING MUSICAL DRAMAS OF EARLY CALIFORNIA AT 8:30 P.M. TUESDAYS & FRIDAYS KJH

DON'T MISS these sensational re-enactments in music and drama of authentic historical episodes from our Southland's glory days. Raymond Paige and his orchestra, Paul Rickenbacker, Seymour Hastings, and other artists.

"Historical Southern California" PACIFIC ELECTRIC RAILWAY & MOTOR TRANSIT STAGES

RADIO DOINGS

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Consists of three discs, one using the front design of the Western Edition, a center disc with the log information on both sides, and the third disc as pictured at the right, which gives information on Eastern and Central Stations. This is really two Handi-Logs in one—and for the price of one. Price, 25c.

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RADIO DOINGS Page Seventeen
What Songs Should America Sing?

An Article That Goes a Long Way Toward Determining
What American Music Really Is—Whether Negro,
Indian, Hill Billy, Jazz or Opera

by Ted White

"Only fools make speeches; wise men sing songs." So says Sinclair Lewis in his novel "Arrowsmith," and so, perhaps, will we Americans all do when we have learned wisdom.

But—what kind of songs will we sing? They should be American songs, for a nation wise enough to make music, is old enough to develop its folk-melodies.

And when we do sing our own songs, I, for one, hope they will be truly American ones, not the synthetic creations of which commercial song-writers and foreign composers have been equally guilty in foisting upon us as "typical" of America.

I refer to the Negro music and the Indian themes which we Americans have been told represent our own kind of music, for so long that we accept the theory without question. Negro music and Indian music have had the sway of interest and research in the past, and the music of the white American has been neglected by our moguls of culture, who have overlooked totally its value in establishing a nationalism in our musical literature.

A few of our sincere American composers have utilized the powerful inspiration offered by songs typical of the American, but too many have followed the lead of foreign composers in calling Negro or Indian music the only true American folk themes.

As a matter of fact many of them while doing so did not fully comprehend the true nature of the themes they used. The Bohemian composer Dvorak was one of these, and much inaccurate publicity has been given his New World Symphony. It is generally believed that the principal melody in the Largo movement in this composition was taken from an old Negro melody, but that is not true. Dvorak used an impression of "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" as a useful theme in building this symphony, but that song, commonly understood to be a Negro spiritual, really is an old ditty selected by many Negroes from an old hymn book of the white people. As for Dvorak's famous "Humoresque"—that is really a highly decorated version of "Swanee River"—and "Swanee River" is of course not a Negro melody at all, since it was written by Stephen Foster.

Aside from the beauty they contain and the pleasure they give to listeners, such interpretations of "American music" by foreign-born composers are useful principally for the stimulation they present to American music writers. When our native composers were forced by public demand to gain a prestige from foreign study, their work was tinged with foreign characterizations, but now these composers are realizing that their own country is richly endowed with folk-music of its own.

But—where does it begin and where does it end; what are its true roots, and what has been artificially grafted upon it? In other words what IS American music?

In attempting to establish a native American tone in our music we cannot be governed by suggestions from commercial sources, and the effect of certain types of music, such as the Negro spirituals and Indian melodies are in the foreground, and therefore characteristically American. Jazz is of course commercially made music, but even jazz has developed from the crooning of folk-singers to an accompaniment of steady rhythm. Though Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" is classed usually as a type of jazz, it is in fact a contribution to American fantastic music.

The so-called Negro spirituals have been heralded by the publishers of music as being "American," but these songs are a hybrid, born of the Negro's habit of copying influences from the white people. Usually the spirituals are the naive interpretations of religious hymns, and the present fad for spirituals is attractive only because of a peculiar emotional coloring which the Negro puts into music, and emotion not understood by a white man.

The white man puts humor into his songs, rather than the somberness which is prevalent in Negro song. "The Big Rock Candy Mountain" is such, while the lamentation-note which the Negro chooses in his musical expressions, may be accounted for in his long condition of servitude, when he was free to sing mostly on sad occasions such as funerals, religious orgies, jail sentences and the like. One of the nearest approaches to transcribing Negro conditions into a standard musical form is the "St. Louis Blues," by W. C. Handy.

True American music must be a music that coincides with the emotions of the white people and must be typical of the people's environment. It must be born of an emotional feeling greater than intellectual intention, and not deliberately sought.

This is not to say that the white man's music is better than the Negro's, because each people has its distinct emotional characteristic. One musical masterpiece is not greater than another if the composer of each expresses an individuality of environment and spirit in a masterly manner. Anatole France said, "One must not expect all birds to sing the same way," and patriotism is no enemy of "diaspora." But an essentially Anglo-Saxon nation derives its nationalism in music only from its own people.

Naturally, the least affected of the music that now exists in this country is preserved by the people in the more inaccessible places, the mountainous country or on the enormous plains.

Unsophistication marks these tunes and it is this sincerity which is priceless. There are plenty of these real folk-tunes in their native state and this is the music that offers a genuine background for making masterpieces conforming to the feelings of the people. Many legends reveal marvelous opportunities for operas, plays with music or music alone.

Just imagine what an opera the legend of "Paul Bunyan," the Siegfried of the Northwest and Canada, would make. Don't you think you could get a bigger thrill out of an opera on such a subject, than you do out of the usual Italian varieties? It would be closer to our experiences as Americans.

I think that one of the finest things radio is doing, musically, is to reawaken and preserve the humble Hill Billy airs, the Cowboy tunes, and similar songs which, through repetition in our childhood as in our parents' childhood, have the ring of familiarity. This kind of music may seem of little importance throughout a great part of our lives, yet every time we hear it, it has the ability to stir haunting memories— not only of our own childhood, but the inherited memories of generations of Americans before us.

Only true folk-music can do that, and only from folk-music can a nation's own music grow.
We’re All Right—The World’s Crazy

(Continued from Page 12)

became a very famous general in the Civil War, none other than General Pershing. At this time of course, he was but a mere lad of 78, who could barely butter his own shoelaces.

He was so young, in fact, that he was still afraid of the dark, and used to carry a lamp around with him all the time. And it is about this time that the famous story was written about Pershing when he was a lad, called “A-Lad’n His Wonderful Lamp.”

Joe the Seal: A man’s best friend is his seal.

Dogs are all right, but there’s nothing like the love and companionship of a good, understanding seal. And there is nothing so inspiring than an hour spent in conversation with a well-educated seal. We have such a seal. Such seal is our Joey.

His is our pride and Joey.

Academician—philosopher—student—fathead—Joey is all of these. Yea, and more. Yea, and that’s enough. Yea, ho. Yea.

Joe the seal is on the air with us every morning when the proceedings of Coo Coo College are broadcast. Not only is he the only seal in the world consistently heard in a series of broadcasts, but he has the added distinction of being the only seal in the world to occupy a chair of philosophy at an institution of learning.

Our pet seal, Joey, wishes to express his thanks to our many student listeners who sent him flowers during his recent illness, when he was suffering from an attack of chronic fishicidis.

Joey says they are the best flowers he ever ate.

For the privilege of teaching philosophy to our students Joey shines our shoes. Sometimes the poor seal works so hard that when he wakes up in the morning he has rings under his eyes—seal rings.

Chloie the Parrot: Whereas Joey the seal is the dunce of our College, Chloie the Parrot is our star pupil. She always has everything right and no wonder. In a little limerick she extols the virtues of our sponsor’s products every morning—good old Chloie.

Taking the Air: Working on the theory that all work and no jack makes dull a-play boy, we write all our material ourselves. We use almost everything—we might even use some of this story we’re writing, some morning, at least we’ll mention Radio Doings for using it.

And remember a bird in the hand is worth two from the gallery—spare the microphone and spoil the listener.

Coo Coo College C-Notes: Our Coo Coo athletes are now preparing for the Olympic Games—training for the inter-collegiate boxing bouts has begun and in the words of our boxing instructor, Instructor Van-And-Don, “Take my word for it de boxers are back to de old grind.”

Soon we shall start an open forum (and againstum) at Coo Coo College on the subject “Is the automobile here to stay?”

This will be a highly technical discussion of automotive engineering embracing all mechanical parts of the automobile from the transgression to the ring worm.

Also a discussion of the much-advertised free-feeling.

Purely Presidential Convention: Soon we, the two professors, shall announce our duo candidacy for the presidency of the United States. Our platform shall be, “Two can feel as cheap as one in the White House.”

Knit One, Pearl One: Coo Coo College hereby challenges Stanford University to a knitting tourney, catch-as-catch-can, winner take all.

Stanford University has the best knitting, crocheting, and hemstitching team in the inter-collegiate conference, we read in the papers. Or maybe we just made it up.

We don’t like to boast, but Coo Coo College has knit its way to victory over such schools as the Oklahoma Aggies, Mrs. Crabtree’s School for Girls, and the Alameda Reform School. You’ve probably heard about those knitting victories. It’s an old yarn.

So Stanford, take care before you take up the gauntlet, and besides, the gauntlet is a mitten—of our kitten, no kitten!

We End It All: We want you reader students of Radio Doings to feel that you can come to your two old professors at any time during our programs for the solutions to your affairs and perplexities. We want to become an integral part of your community. We shall be happy at all times, too, to officiate at christenings of babies, battleships, bathtubs, bicycles, buffaloes and billboards. We shall also be glad to lecture in person at any local society gatherings or husking bees for the consideration of the nominal fee of $5,000.00, or a cup of coffee.

Then Along Came Ruth

(Continued from Page 8)

made famous by both of them in the 1911 Follies. They were devoted lovers for many years and then they quarrelled and separated. They had always made it a rule not to sing “their” song unless they could sing it together. They kept that vow until long after they had parted. One night, persuaded by some friends, Nora Bayes sang the song alone—and two weeks later she died.

Ruth revived this song in the 1931 Follies.

Looking back over a comparatively brief span of years, Ruth says this is what she remembers: “The Montmarte Cafe in Chicago . . . Helen Morgan with long hair sitting on the piano, singing ‘Too Tired to Wash the Dishes’ . . . Jack Schubert telling me, even though we couldn’t come to terms on a contract, ‘Well, all right, but no matter how far you go don’t let anybody change your style’ . . . Getting a $50 tip one night at Colisimo’s from the famous gambler Nick the Greek for a song . . . ‘The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise’ . . . Seeing ‘Sonny’ on my first trip to New York and going back stage to meet Jack Donahue . . . Never dreaming that in just one short year I would be playing in same theatre with Eddie Cantor . . . Getting 24 hours’ notice to appear in ‘Simple Simon’ and struggling for the lyrics the first few nights . . . Reading Whitney Bolton’s review in the New York Telegraph after the first Follies.”

The clipping said: “Ruth Etting is out of place in the Follies, she ought to be in a hospital . . . anyone with a voice like that can sing paralayics into life and heal wounds with her emotional croon . . . she should sing in the slums and spread sunshine . . . she makes blues singers sound like doxologists or the man who gives the Arlington time signals.”

“It’s the one place you simply cannot make a mistake,” Ruth explains, adding that you can repeat records, re-take pictures, and by personal mannerisms and gestures cover an off-night behind the footlights.

But you can’t fool Mr. Mike.
program he always tells his listeners “Good morning,” but he manages to vary the words of his daily greeting from day to day, and some of the Magazine’s “regulars” get a great deal of glee in trying to catch him in a duplication. They haven’t done so, yet.

The NBC star editor was just thirteen when he discovered his flair for showmanship. Bennie was born in Slaton- tion, Pennsylvania, and when, at that age, he announced his intention of going on the stage just as soon as he could, the elder McLaughlin met the emergency face to face. He was the owner of a baking business, and he informed the theatrical aspirant he could have a musical education and anything else he required to help him on his career—provided he learned the baking business first, from the ground up.

Bennie grasped the wisdom of the suggestion, and while he was studying music, he learned also how to bake bread, pies and biscuits which still are the envy and despair of feminine dinner guests in the McLaughlin home.

“I have one advantage over most actors,” Bennie declares. “I’m always pretty sure of being to eat, anyway, for I can bake my own when necessary!”

Mr. McLaughlin himself probably was the origin of Bennie’s own ambition. He delighted in amateur theatricals, and being a public-spirited citizen, turned this taste to the good of the community, and to quote his radio-star son, “We staged benefit entertainments in our home town for everyone from the sick firemen to the local Missionary Society.”

When the McLaughlins moved to Des Moines, Iowa, they left these community entertainments behind them, but Bennie continued to sing, and although he was obliged to follow several other occupations before he found his place in the professional world, he never gave up his ambition.

“Sometimes I think all the other things I did were the best possible preparation for radio,” Bennie says. “I even worked as floor manager in a department store for awhile, and—I learned about women from that!”

The World War came along while Bennie still was living in Des Moines, and he enlisted with the Fourth Field Artillery. Oddly enough, as army events go, the military Powers That Be discovered that Bennie could cook, and instead of thereupon making him a blacksmith or something equally far-fetched, they appointed him the company cook. Refused active service, Bennie was glad to do what he could, and he cooked for 205 husky appetites for so long, that says, to this day he still can’t count coffee in anything but gallons.

“That’s when I began to—put on weight, too,” he explains coyly.

The war over, Bennie decided he was through with department stores and everything else except singing. He came west, and almost immediately was asked to join the California Male Quartet, notable vocal group which sang at the Mission Play in San Gabriel. He became the character man in prologues at Sid Grauman’s original “Million Dollar Theater” after that.

Then came a dark period in Bennie’s life. He lost his voice, and for two long years it seemed vanished forever, together with all his hopes. Bennie said, “Keep that old smile shining!” and went out and got himself a job as a radio salesman.

As suddenly as it had left him, his voice returned, full and clear as ever, and he became a member of The Rounders, a quartet which was featured in the Music Box Revue. Myron Niesley, now also an NBC star, was the other tenor. The four went on a West Coast Theaters tour, and while they were singing in San Francisco, the National Broadcasting Company signed them up for quartet numbers on the air. The Woman’s Magazine editorial followed.

Despite the manner in which Bennie kept on the move for so long, he found time for romance. Mrs. McLaughlin, charming, soft-voiced, and overflowing with humor, is a violinist who has not engaged in professional work since she married but whose music lends extra pleasure to the home “open house” which the McLaughlins keep. There are two younger McLaughlins, too, Jean, 17, and Harry, 19.

Bennie still likes to cook—which fits in with his work on the Woman’s Magazine, for Ann Holden, Helen Webster and other members of the Magazine staff love to have Bennie tell them how to make a new dish. But starting Tuesday, June 21, Bennie really takes his place in the scheme of things culinary, he feels, for on that date he makes his bow—at last—as a baker, in the Sperry Flour program.

“And, oh, boy, watch me make the girls sit up and take notes, at last!” he chuckles.

**STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., OF "THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912**

Of Radio Dolores published monthly at Los Angeles, California for April 1, 1912.

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Wallace M. Byam, Los Angeles, Calif.; Editor, Wallace M. Byam, Los Angeles, Calif.; Business Manager, Wallace M. Byam, Los Angeles, Calif.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address as shown on its articles of incorporation or certificate of registration.) Publisher, Wallace M. Byam, Los Angeles, Calif.; (If owned by a firm or person, the name and addresses of the individual owners must be given.) Publisher, Wallace M. Byam, Los Angeles, Calif.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders. If any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder holding the bonds or mortgage is in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trust is exercised. In cases also where the said paragraphs contain statements embracing full information and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders hold the securities, the names and addresses of any corpora
tion, partnership, trust, estate, or other entity holding the securities in such capacity as trustee, custodian, in escrow, in trust, or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trust is exercised, or in cases where there are no such fiduciaries, the name and addresses of the individual owners must be given.

5. That the average number of copies of this publication sold or distributed through the mails to subscribers for the six months of the period to which this report applies was: (If the average exceeds 60,000, the number of copies sold in average single issues during the six months preceding the date shown above is.) 1. (This information is required from daily publications only.)

Wallace M. Byam, Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of March, 1922.

IRENE C. SIMMONS, Notary Public in and for the County of Los Angeles, State of California (My commission expires Dec. 18,1924.)

**Floyd Peck.**

Continued from Page 10

An Editor Who's Never Seen His Magazine

Bennie Foley, the brown-eyed young woman who is the creator and sole presentationist of "Bob, Bunny and Junior," heard daily over KECA, is a true "chameleon" dresser. She appears at the studio daily with a new costume creation. Her hats are numberless, and her slippers match. The coats, dresses, even the little knick-knacks which are nothing and yet everything, change daily on the attractive figure of Miss Foley.

One item only was changeless—until last week. That was the hair. But a hair-dresser at a movie lot has persuaded Bennie that changes were necessary. So now the coiffure keeps pace with the rest.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Program Name</th>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Station(s)</th>
<th>Notes</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Adventures of Sherlock Holmes</strong></td>
<td>The kind and clever mystery drama that never grows old, and the same old infallible Holmes.</td>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>NBC/KGO</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Ed Wynn—Fire Chief</strong></td>
<td>A riot of wits and humor, with the irresistible Graham McNamee a dandy foil for Ed. Wynn’s glorious parodies.</td>
<td>5:30</td>
<td>NBC/KGO</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Music That Satisfies</strong></td>
<td>With such artists as Roth Eting, the Roswells, and Alex Gray alternating, it is impossible to become tired of this.</td>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>NBC/KGO</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Amos ‘n’ Andy</strong></td>
<td>The world’s foremost radio team, still going strong, now in the throes of the latest business.</td>
<td>2:00</td>
<td>NBC/KGO</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Feminine Fancies</strong></td>
<td>Unusually good entertainment for the ladies. A fine list of talent, and nicely rounded program.</td>
<td>3:00</td>
<td>Don Lee System</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Olympic Heroes</strong></td>
<td>An artistic dramatization of interesting personalities among athletic champions. Wonderful for boys.</td>
<td>7:45</td>
<td>NBC/KGO</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Big Six of the Air</strong></td>
<td>A fine musical program of male quartet, solos and orchestra and an excellent selection of numbers.</td>
<td>5:00</td>
<td>NBC/KGO</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Parade of States</strong></td>
<td>A worthwhile historical and musical program that strikes a higher level than most programs.</td>
<td>5:30</td>
<td>NBC/KGO</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Blue Monday Jamboree</strong></td>
<td>A little weak in spots, but still one of the West’s outstanding programs for general entertainment.</td>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>Don Lee System</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Happy-Go-Lucky Hour</strong></td>
<td>Always a surprise on Al Pearce’s program. There’s a spontaneity and informality that’s refreshing about H.G.L.</td>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>Don Lee System</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>California Melodies</strong></td>
<td>Ray Paige and his great orchestra at their best. The only CBS national program to originate on the Pacific Coast.</td>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>CBS</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>“Joe Palooka”</strong></td>
<td>The amusing adventures of a lovable pugilist whose life is practically nil. Good for the whole family.</td>
<td>4:45</td>
<td>Stations: Columbia</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Phil Harris Orchestra</strong></td>
<td>Comfortably installed in his new spot at the Cocosnut Grove in Los Angeles. Harris and his band are furnishing swell dance music.</td>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>NBC/KGO (from KFI)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Chandu the Magician</strong></td>
<td>Good old red-blooded mystery, thrill, kidnaping, murders and everything. Entertainment for both kids and grownups.</td>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>NBC/KGO</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Lucky Strike Dance Hour</strong></td>
<td>A fast-moving hour of wit and melody.</td>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>NBC/KGO</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Richfield News Flashes</strong></td>
<td>A selection of the important late news of the day, delivered concisely and clearly by an excellent announcer who knows how to read.</td>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>NBC/KGO</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Demitasse Revue</strong></td>
<td>A snappy half-hour of popular dance music, wit and song.</td>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>NBC/KGO</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Memory Lane</strong></td>
<td>An engaging series of rural drama sketches, with a well-selected cast of interesting characters.</td>
<td>7:15</td>
<td>NBC/KGO</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Shell Happytine</strong></td>
<td>Captain Alphonse has a knack of putting on a consistently good program that’s consistently popular.</td>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>NBC/KGO</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Dinglehenders</strong></td>
<td>Kolb and Dill, the oldest active vaudeville team in the business, whose ribberous German repartee has made two generations laugh.</td>
<td>8:45</td>
<td>NBC/KGO</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>The Merry Makers</strong></td>
<td>Fun for all, and all in fun. A variety program that clicks. Charlie Leland is dependable good.</td>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>NBC/KGO</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Spotlight Revue</strong></td>
<td>A variety program of music, comedy, and specialties that you can rely on. Something for the whole family in the Revue.</td>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>NBC/KGO</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Ziegfeld Radio Show</strong></td>
<td>Famous stars of past and present come before the mike in a half-hour of genuine entertainment.</td>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>NBC/KGO</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
NRC

(First Division)

BLYTH, Richard, Tenor
CARLSON, Paul Organist
CASE, Nelson Organist
CHARLES, Sydney Tenor
DAN, Harold, Baritone
DEAN, Jack Tenor
ELDREGE, George Basso
FORD, Charles
ROSTER, Everett Baritone
GARAV, Joao Tenor
GARCIA, Eva Piano
GIRARD, Armand Basso
GRUNINGER, Eduard Contra Alto
GUNNIS, Maurice—Tenor
HASTING, Annette Soprano
HAYS, Clarence Vocal, Guitar
JOHANNESSON, Gunnar Con. Piano
JONES, Iva, Soprano
JONES, Frances Contralto
JONES, George Tenor
KELLY, Betty Soprano
KENDVY, Irving Tenor
KENT, Easton Tenor
KLASSEN, Ben Tenor
KIRBY, Leslie—Soprano
LOWE, Mona Blues Singer
LINDEN, Anthony Flute
MARTIN, G., Baritone
MCLAUGHLIN, Ben Tenor
MILLER, Reta Soprano
MONROE, Tommy Baritone
MONTAGNE, Imelda Contralto
MOSHER, Arthur Basso
NIESLEY, Myron—Tenor
O'BRIEN, John—Harmonica
OLIVER, Alfred—Soprano
PEARL, Harold Vocal, Dramatic
PIAGGIOTTI, Edith Tenor
PRIMLEY, Marjorie Soprano
RAM, Alvin—Soprano
SANDSBERG, Evelyn—Blues Singer
SHULL, Jeanette—Soprano
STANTON, Harry Basso
STEWARD, Nathan Baritone
TAYLOR, Gay—Soprano
TOFFOLI, John—Accordian
TUTTLE, Thelma Soprano
WHITE, Ted—Tenor
WOOD, Mary Soprano
WRIGHT, Ace Violin, Guitar

Teams and Groups

ASHLEY, Phyllida
FALK, Allen—Concert Piano Team
FERRY, Dell
YOUNG, Oscar—Popular Piano Team

Barlow Trio, Instrumental

BARTHELSON, Joyce—Piano
HEMB, Josephine Violin
AVENER, Margaret Cello
REMBRANDT Trio, Instrumental
GARCIA, Eva Piano
DR. GRASSI, Antonio Violin
DIAM, Dorothy Dulles Cello
PAISAN Quartet—Instrumental
GARCIA, Eva Piano
DE GRASSI, Antonio—Violin
GARCIA, Arthur—Second Violin
WOLF, Suada Stringed Ensemble

Organ Trio, Instrumental

CRAVERO, Aurora
KOHAIICH, Ruth
KREIDLER, Sarah

Keen, R.

MTCHI, J.

MR HOSOK, Marva
ROBERTS, J.

HELD, Dallas Vocal
MARTINEZ, Char.
MAYEUX, John
TOFFOLI, John
CRANE, Char.
MITCHELL, A.
CARROLL, William Baritone Southern Harmony Four
ANDREWS, Eugene
BARBER, W.
MAYNARDS, Nurse, Alvin
Cuquetta Vocal
MONTAGNE, Imelda
PRIEST, Marilyn
Harry Vocal Team
MANWELL, Ted

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BAXIS, Figaro Agronist
BICKERS, Martha—Pianist
BRICE, O. W.—Concerto Group
BISHOP, Doris Brown's Gang
DOWNEY, Kenneth Tenor
EVANS, Bill—Mass of South
ZEPPEHDIR, A. J. Cactus Mac
STOLBE, Robert Lecturer
QUEEN'S Daughters, Girls Trio
RASDALL, John Tenor
SAXON, Lex—Tenor
WENDE-L. Jack M.

K F R C

ALLEN, Eleanor Organist
BITTLE, Fredric—Baritone
HAMLIN, Peter—Drummer, Actor
BOBS, Sport Authority
BOLES, Charity—Piano Team
BRAYTON, Margaret Char. Parts
BROWN, Harris—Piano Team
BROWN, The Blues Blowers
BUNKER, Walter J. Chief Ancler
CARMICHAEL, Charles Impersonator
CHRISTOPH, Calana Soprano
COHILL, Jim, Announcer
CLARK- KELLY, Jean, Singer
CLARK, Lila- Clark Sisters
CLARK, Ruth—Clark Sisters
DEJUHIE, Madeline Accordion
DE VAUX, Marie “Flips” Jam
ELIOTT, Mary Contralto
EMIDIER, Eddie—Pianist
GALE, Louise—Vocalist
GIBSON, Hardy—Cont. "Ducks"
GILES, Muriel—Baritone
GOODWIN, Bill Announcer
GOWAHAM, Ronald Baritone
HAWES, Eugene "Pete Gonzales"
HAYN, John Eugene Author
HOLIWAY, Harrison Sta. Mgr.
HUNT, William Piano
KELLEY, Walter Violinist
LAPAY, Lewis Announcer
LANE, Fred, Announcer, Author
LOTHAIN, Winfield—Wynn
MCDONALD, Harry McConnell, Singer
MAGUIRE, Arnold Comedian

MATERIALS, New Prod. Mgr.
MOSS, Frank—Concert Pianist
MILLS, Nora Tenor
MILFORD, R. Jasper—Tenor
MILLER, Robert Tenor
OKAZAKI, Eiji, Violinist
PASMORE, Mary Audubon
PEARL, Al, St. G. I Hour
PEARSON, William, Recording
REYNOLDS, Mascot Char. Parts
RICKERT, Herman, Cellist
ROTONO, Tony Tenor
ROSE, Robert Violinist
SCHILLER, Nat—Red, and Blue
SCHIYO, Frank Frank—Farrell
STADEN, Morton Fox, Entertiner
TENNYSON, Juanita Soprano
THE THREE GIRLS, Voc. Trio
TOWNER, Earl Basso
TRUESDELL, Marjorie Land Jive

WARNER, Harry Control
WILLIAMS,, Bud—Announcer, Dir.
WRIGHT, Wm., "Zeb"

K F S D

ADAMS, Leslie Pian, (Gen. Mgr.)
BETHA, Bess, Jim Old Songs
BROWG, Royal Piano
HUDSON, Callist Sings
HUGH, Mavis, Violin
KIRKHAM, Helen Contralto
NIEHOFF, Leah Soprano
PETERS, Jill—Singer
RODE, Edye’s Cell
STANFORD, Harry Pianist
VIRTELLE, Marie Soprano
WELLS, John Baritone

K J R

ADAMS, Spencer Xylophone and Piano
BRASHER, Abe—Vocalist
BALL, Rudy—Saxophone
CATHHER, Charles—Announcer
CHAMBERLAN, Mace—Str. Bas.
CLARK, Harry—Soprano
HARRIS, R. G. Banjo and Guitar
JENKINS, Clark—Vocalist and Announcer
LUNDBERG, Winifred contralto
MORRILL, Grant Violin & An. Mgr.
MOHRAI, Hadel Pianist
POORE, High Vocalist
REID, Harry Announcer
SOHIL, Marshall Tenor
STENGEL, Land—Pianist
SWENSTROM, Homer Tenor
VINCENT, Eldore Tenor

K O MO

DILLON, Zita Pianist
FISHER, Ben Announcer
GOODF, George Announcer
HANSEN, Emil Drums
HARRISON, Ben Singer
HELIS, Hugh Singer
HENKINSEN, Walter Or. Dir.
KORSMO, Perdine—Singer, Tenor
LOE, Frank Violin
LEFILYEN, Koba Cellist
FINN, Gladys—"Little Jeff" Singer
LINTZ, Howard Announcer
LYNN, Fred Tenor
MITCHELL, R. Robert Announcer
MORRIS, Hayden Bass
PINE, Joe—Sax Clarinet
PEARSON, John Announcer
SKAVETEN, Agnes Contralto
SOBERG, Lloyd Violinist
WOLF, Hal—Announcer

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FOLLOW CHANDU AND YOU'LL TRAVEL THE HIGH ROAD TO ROMANCE

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Station</th>
<th>City, State</th>
<th>Time</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>KJH</td>
<td>Los Angeles, California</td>
<td>8:15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KFOX</td>
<td>Long Beach, California</td>
<td>8:15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KDB</td>
<td>Santa Barbara, California</td>
<td>8:15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KMJ</td>
<td>Fresno, California</td>
<td>8:15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KFRC</td>
<td>San Francisco, California</td>
<td>8:15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KFBK</td>
<td>Sacramento, California</td>
<td>8:15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KWG</td>
<td>Stockton, California</td>
<td>8:15</td>
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<tr>
<td>KNX</td>
<td>Hollywood, California</td>
<td>5:45</td>
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<tr>
<td>KCB</td>
<td>San Diego, California</td>
<td>5:15</td>
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<tr>
<td>KOIN</td>
<td>Portland, Oregon</td>
<td>8:15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KMED</td>
<td>Medford, Oregon</td>
<td>6:45</td>
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<tr>
<td>KFJ</td>
<td>Klamath Falls</td>
<td>8:00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KOL</td>
<td>Seattle, Washington</td>
<td>8:15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KUJ</td>
<td>Walla Walla, Washington</td>
<td>7:30</td>
</tr>
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Except Saturday and Sunday, Excerpt Sunday and Monday.

CENTRAL STANDARD TIME

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Station</th>
<th>City, State</th>
<th>Time</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>XEJ</td>
<td>Juarez, New Mexico</td>
<td>7:15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KRLD</td>
<td>Dallas, Texas</td>
<td>7:45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KPRC</td>
<td>Houston Texas</td>
<td>9:15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KTLC</td>
<td>Houston, Texas</td>
<td>7:00</td>
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<tr>
<td>WHB</td>
<td>Kansas City, Missouri</td>
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<tr>
<td>KKW</td>
<td>St. Louis, Missouri</td>
<td>5:15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KFH</td>
<td>Wichita, Kansas</td>
<td>7:15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WKY</td>
<td>Oklahoma City, Oklahoma</td>
<td>5:45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KVOO</td>
<td>Tulsa, Oklahoma</td>
<td>5:30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KCRC</td>
<td>Enid, Oklahoma</td>
<td>5:30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WOW</td>
<td>Omaha, Nebraska</td>
<td>5:30</td>
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Except Saturday and Sunday, Excerpt Sunday and Monday.

MOUNTAIN TIME

<table>
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<th>Station</th>
<th>City, State</th>
<th>Time</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>KSL</td>
<td>Salt Lake City, Utah</td>
<td>4:45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KLO</td>
<td>Ogden, Utah</td>
<td>8:14</td>
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<tr>
<td>KSEI</td>
<td>Pocatello, Idaho</td>
<td>7:11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KIDO</td>
<td>Boise, Idaho</td>
<td>8:00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KlZ</td>
<td>Denver, Colorado</td>
<td>8:15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KDFN</td>
<td>Casper, Wyoming</td>
<td>8:00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KTAR</td>
<td>Phoenix, Arizona</td>
<td>8:00</td>
</tr>
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</table>

Except Saturday and Sunday.

HONOLULU

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Station</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>KGU</td>
<td>Honolulu, T. H.</td>
<td>6:00</td>
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Except Saturday and Sunday.

www.americanradiohistory.com