PROGRAMS for WEEK BEGINNING JUNE 6th

New Triangle On CBS
See Page 3
Radio Life. What happened to your ever so popular column, "Radio West"?

Will "Abbott and Costello" be back on the air soon? We certainly missed it every Thursday. In your May 9th edition I read that a male's letter is quite a rarity in your magazine. My opinion is that the men just leave it up to the ladies to criticize. I would like to see some pictures about the "Aldrich Family". It is one of our favorite programs. Who plays the part of Henry Aldrich? I think that Jerry Colonna and Vera Vague ought to have a show of their own. I guess that I've done enough criticizing for today. Keep up your good magazine.

(Ladies, do the men leave it up to you to do the criticizing?)

Norman Tokar plays the part of Henry Aldrich at the present time and we understand his draft number is soon to come. Other's are being auditioned at the present time.

"Abbott and Costello" will return to the air in the fall.

Mrs. F. Richmond, 3441 Gardena Lane, Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs: I have just been reading a letter in your May 9th issue. I have intended to write to you about this matter, but until I saw this letter I put it away. There certainly must be many people who, like myself and Miss Helin want to hear both the "Whistler" and "Hermit's Cave". They are two excellent programs and perhaps if enough people write in about this matter they will change one of them.

Perhaps now that the matter has been mentioned in your magazine, it will bring in many more protests. I hope so.

As the result of letters to Radio Life, asking the change you mention it appears. CBS has changed the timing of "The Whistler" and "Hermit's Cave". They are two excellent programs and perhaps if enough people write in about this matter they will change one of them.

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Honolulu, Hawaii March 31, 1943

Radio Life Magazine
1029 West Washington Boulevard
Los Angeles, California.

To the Editor:

We of the radio fraternity in Hawaii were quite interested in your issue of March 7, 1943, and especially Suzanne Warner's feature story entitled "Back from the Bombing", or the Story of a Radio Announcer Too Busy to Be Scared on December 7. However, we cannot help wondering if, in making your layout for this issue, you did not mean to place it in your "Gaga of the Week" column.

It was truly as thrilling a story as any of us have read in many a month. In fact, it is so vivid that all of us wonder where we were on December 7th. Certainly, we couldn't have been in Honolulu. We were, though, and as much as we hate to admit it, bombs really weren't falling at the time.

We were deeply touched by Harry Mitchell's devotion to duty, and considering that he left the Islands practically six months prior to "Pearl Harbor", we are astounded at the feat of this Superman. Had Harry actually been in Honolulu, and announcing on the roof, as the article
GAGS OF THE WEEK

For the best Gags of the Week, hear over Radio and send Radio Life, tickets will be sent winners for admission to radio broadcasts. Send your best gag selection to 1029 West Washington Boulevard, Los Angeles.

Helen Wynne, 927 North Wetherly Drive.
Hollywood, Calif.

Heard on "Breakfast at Sardis!":
Corney: Tom, do you know what an old maid's laugh sounds like?
Tom: No, Corney, what does an old maid's laugh sound like?
Corney: He. He. He.

(Tickets also to Miss Gold Parker, 3952 Edgecliff Drive, Los Angeles, Calif.)

On Our Cover

On our cover this week we present the Big Three of Roma Wine's newly formatted variety show. Miss Astor, and Comedians Charlie Ruggles and Mischa Auer. They spell ENTERTAINMENT in capital letters for those who will tune in Thursday nights at 9:30 o'clock to KNX. No word should be required as to their qualifications for packing a half hour with amusement. We all know Miss Astor's gracious personality from "Hollywood Showcase" program, Mr. Ruggles' antics from many guest appearances, and Mr. Auer's grandiose humor from his "Mischa, the Magnificent" series. Under the revised show pattern, Lud Gluskin's orchestra and Vocalist Carlos Ramirez continue with the series. On page 25, this issue, we tell you something about Mr. Ramirez, and in the near future we hope to give our readers a story and pictures on the entire new show.

Mrs. Viola L. Troxel, 624 West Huntington Drive, Arcadia, Calif.

Heard on the Bob Hope Show:
Vera Vague: I'm from the South you know, so I came down to see some of the little boys I grew up with.
Bob Hope: Yes, I saw you looking at their statues.

Mrs. Sara Hill, 3007 South Grand Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif.

Heard on the Rudy Vallee Program:
Mrs. Blimp: I want to get something for my piano legs. They are so scratched.

Joan Davis: Just wear black stockings, kid, and no one will notice them.

H. H. Churchill, 1369½ Edgecliff Drive, Los Angeles, Calif.

Heard on "Stage Door Canteen":
Bert Lytell: Do you know the definition of a mother in law? It's a gusapo who wears bloomers.

Miss Shirley Thompson, 10211 Bryson Avenue, South Gate, Calif.

Heard on the Red Skelton Show:
Sheriff: Where you been, Dead Eye? In the Mountains making a claim?
Dead Eye: No, at the butcher's store claiming a steak.

Alex Templeton's favorite story: The young man returned dejectedly from an audition for a radio show. "Didn't they engage you for the part?" asked his ma solicitously. "N-n-n-o!" he answered. "Th-th-they t-t-told m-me i w-w-w-was t-t-t-too t-t-tall!"

Zoom AN IDEAL "hot weather" HOT CEREAL... because you can prepare instant cooking ZOOM without heating up the kitchen. Just mix it into boiling water—turn off the heat—and ZOOM'S ready.

Enjoy the brilliant news commentary "James Abbe Observes" over the BLUE NETWORK. Sponsored by

Sisters INSTANT COOKING Flakes WHOLE WHEAT CEREAL

HOURS FRESHER THAN PLAIN BUNCHED SPINACH! FRESH DAILY! SUNNY SALLY Spinach!

DIRECT FROM FIELDS TO YOU WASHED READY TO COOK AT VEGETABLE DEPTS.

SELECTED CULLED LEAVES—NO WASTE!
BEHIND THAT INSCRUTIBLE TWINKLE in Victor Borgo’s eyes the fun is seasoned with tragedy. Our story tells how Hitler-hating Borge owes his life to the fact that he was in Stockholm, not Copenhagen, when the Nazis invaded Denmark.

former in the world. His American-born wife, Elsie Chilton, daughter of Kodak’s European head, spoke Danish perfectly and shared in her husband’s fame.

Then came Hitler—and everything was lost. Borge owes his life to the fact that he was appearing in Stockholm at the time. He was actually in a taxi that was taking him to the airport where he would board a plane for Copenhagen. To keep himself awake—it was 4:30 a.m.—he turned on the taxi radio—and was electrified by a news flash that the Nazis had just invaded Denmark! He ordered the cab to turn back to Stockholm.

Victor knew that his name was high up on the Nazi “wanted” list and that the minute the Gestapo got to Copenhagen, they would look for him. For years prior to the Nazi invasion of Denmark, Borge had been using the weapon of sly ridicule to fight the Nazis and what they represented. He would make statements such as, “Denmark and Germany signed a non-aggression pact. Now Hitler can sleep peacefully without fear of an invasion by the Danes.” The Nazis did not love him.

He returned to Stockholm, a worried and sick young man. Then he received word that his wife, an American citizen, had been permitted to leave the country and was on her way to Petsamo to take the last boat to the United States. For days, Victor remained in Stockholm trying vainly to get word about his sick mother. Then the news came that she had passed away. There was nothing to keep Victor in Sweden any longer.

He went to the American consul to get a visa—with the knowledge that thousands had been turned away already out of sheer necessity. The consul remembered having seen him play—and gave him a precious visa. Then a friendly banker gave him

HE FLED EUROPE WITH A HITLERIAN PRICE ON HIS HEAD—NOW DELIGHTS IN TAKING VERBAL CRACKS AT NAZIS

The Unmelancholy Dane

Suppose you had spent 32 years establishing a career. You’ve reached the top of your profession—and suddenly, through a series of mishaps over which you had no control, namely a man named Hitler—your home, fortune, work, and even country is swept away from under you. Would you have the courage to start all over again from the bottom?

That, to a degree, is the story of Victor Borge, “the un-melancholy Dane” whose piano music and comical comments are heard over the coast to coast Blue network five days each week and who, up until a short time ago, was one of the steady luminaries on the Thursday night Bing Crosby program.

Two years ago, Borge’s position and prestige in the Scandinavian countries, including his native Denmark, was equivalent to that of a combination of Orson Welles, Charles Chaplin and Noel Coward. He was Denmark’s number one comedian and entertainer. He was the top ranking movie and record star. He wrote musical comedies, directed them and appeared in them. He received the highest wage of any performer the Scandinavian countries had ever known.

He had a beautiful home in Copenhagen, another in the country, three cars, his own huge speedboat—and the adulation of six million Danes who thought him the greatest per-
A FRESH AIR FIEND is Kaltenborn. He likes to have meals on an open porch, spends weekends at his retreat in Stony Brook, Long Island. Used to play a violent game of tennis, favorite partner being Alice Marble.

FORCED BY DOCTOR'S ORDERS to forego tennis, Kaltenborn has taken up horseshoe pitching, a sport in which he has defeated Wendell Willkie.

Goosefat on Toast

SOME radio listeners don't like H. V. Kaltenborn. They don't like his sing-song delivery, his straddle-the-fence attitude, his pontifical proclamations, his emotionalism.

But despite these listeners' criticisms, the fact remains that Kaltenborn, with his vast first-hand knowledge of world events and his 21 years' experience at the microphone, is currently NBC's top analyst and bears the title of "dean of American commentators."

Kaltenborn was one of the few able to take to the air on the day of December 7, 1941 with a coherent, although excusably excited, broadcast of happenings at Pearl Harbor, and to read into the naked outline of meager news a far-reaching interpretation and significance.

"A fellow like me who is shooting off his mouth all the time has to get information," Kaltenborn declared. "Even a spider has to eat if he is to spin his web."

It is Kaltenborn's studied opinion that the radio commentator today has a much greater responsibility than the newspaper editor. "He has a larger audience," Kaltenborn explained, "He makes a much more personal appeal and because he adds human emotion to the spoken word his thoughts strike home much more effectively than cold print."

In wartime, according to Kaltenborn, a commentator becomes a great power for good or evil. Through his selection of news, said Kaltenborn, he can concentrate attention on that part of the news which has enduring importance.

Kaltenborn's day starts early in the morning. At 7:30 he is already up, listening to news reports while shaving. At the breakfast table he looks over the New York Times and the New York Herald Tribune. This is followed by a dictating session in his study in which he uses the dictaphone. He arrives at the NBC studios in Radio City at 4:00 p.m. and scans the afternoon stories that have come over the press association wires. He may dictate several segments of his broadcast, but as a rule prefers to wait until the last minute before going ahead with the complete script. He feels that the best story invariably breaks a few minutes before broadcast time. Frequently he will scrap an entire script a few minutes before air time in order to present details of a hot story just off the wire. And he can do this job with a few notes in front of him. He has the remarkable faculty of being able to turn from a prepared manuscript to extemporization with complete ease. His ability to ad-lib is the envy of his colleagues on the airwaves.
"I'LL TEACH YOU TO ACT WITH GRACE and finesse," Woolley tells Jolson. To which Al replies, "I don't want to act with grace and finesse—I want to act with Hedy and Betty (Grable)." "This is going to be a bigger job than Boulder Dam," mutters Woolley (in his beard, of course).

DAPPER WOOLLEY and disheveled producer, Bill Becher. Shortly after this picture was taken, Veteran Becher ("Hollywood Hotel," etc.) resigned from show to engage in motion picture work. Bill Lawrence, who guides destinies of "Screen Guild," is new director.

ELLO, Monty, old pal, old boy—old fogy! How are you doing? How do you feel? How is your health?

The questioner was volcanic, m a m m y—shouting Al Jolson, directing his inquiries to his polemic radio partner, bearded Monty Woolley.

"Albert," replied Woolley in saccharine tones which purposely revealed the vinegar underneath, "I'm unequivocally the epitome of effervescent salubrity—a veritable Vesuvius of vigorous virility—a pulsating HEAVENLY HARP AT HAND, but wicked gleam in Jolson's eye. While show was in N. Y., Al wanted desperately to have harp in orchestra. Got it when broadcast moved to Hollywood, by paying $34 per week out of his own pocket.

CUT THROATS OF COMEDY

By EVELYN BIGSBY

Tuesday, 9 p.m.

KNX
personality with a plethora of esoteric erudition.

Jolson, reeling slightly as Woolley concluded, slumped down two inches in the chair he was occupying opposite Woolley at the CBS script table.

"That's too bad," he said. Then Jolson flashed a malicious smile as he recovered.

"By the way, Monty—was your mother ever frightened by the Encyclopedia Britannica?"

Woolley made no attempt to conceal the superior smirk which crept upward from the neatly clipped edges of his famous beard and the dapper twirled curlicues of his moustache.

"Albert," he gurgled, "I'll make a bargain with you. If you give your brain to the Smithsonian Institute, I'll give them a magnifying glass!"

And with that thrust, the ex-Yale professor brushed an imaginary fleck from his immaculate dark blue suit and settled his neck in the spotless white of his shirt collar.

Jolson tried a placative tack. "Aw, now, Monty, you can't fool me. That sarcasm of yours is just a pose. Deep down underneath, you are really kind, you are lovable, you are sweet."

Woolley's retort was eager and clipped: "You want to bet?"

It seemed to be a clear case of two radio personalities hating one another cordially.

At this juncture, Producer Bill Bacher bustled out from the control room of Vine Street Theater where the Jolson-Woolley show is aired. "We'll break rehearsal for half an hour," he ordered.

The light dawned. Jolson and Woolley had not been conversing. They had been interpreting their radio scripts.

Apparently neither of the two chose to regard Bacher's announcement. Woolley, who up until now had appeared on the qui vive, suddenly looked a trifle weary. His eyes focused jealously on Jolson—brown, relaxed, beaming with vitality.

"While I slave away all day at the studio making that 'Holy Matrimony' picture with Grade Fields, I suppose you're lounging around, taking it easy, sitting in the sun."

Brown-as-a-berry Jolson assumed a hurt attitude. "Why, Monty, how can you say that?" he plainted. "You know there hasn't been any sun for days."

"Cheer up, old fellow," he continued, "you're such a success in pictures. You were wonderful in To-

(please turn to Page 27)
JUNE 6, 1943

TO INCREASE YOUR
LISTENING PLEASURE

RADIO: West * National
and International

Potential Fuse

Your publisher has been in Washington, D. C., attempting to induce the War Production Board to allow us sufficient additional paper, so that it would be unnecessary to cut down the number of pages in the alternate issues of Radio Life.

Adaman, however, in their insistence that paper consumption must be curtailed, the War Production Board has insisted that, by the use of a lighter weight of paper on part of your magazine, we could publish the full 40 pages each week, an experiment which will be explored shortly.

Current sensation in Washington is the fracas in which Bill Rogers, California Congressman, was attacked by a member from the South. Bill, always a gentleman and a pacifist, avoided an actual fight, but not lots of newspaper publicity.

Bill Rogers, a "chip off the old block," although he dislikes keenly to have it thought he is trading on his father's reputation, sought election as Congressman on a platform of the U. S. Army, feeling that, as a member of Congress, he could get things done for the Army which his personal experience showed to be urgently needed.

Burning with his youthful enthusiasm, he has abandoned tradition in presuming to make his first term in Congress count. A couple of weeks ago he was on the air for World Peace ways, Inc., over a transcontinental hook-up on CBS, broadcast in Los Angeles at 11:30 p. m., without advance publicity, which was picked up accidentally by your publisher.

It has always been our belief that the immense popularity of our President, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, could never have been achieved in a world not served as our present world is by radio, and as we listened to Bill Rogers over the air and later talked to him in Washington, we could feel the probability of another political figure emerging as a result of the combina-

tion of a sincere determination, a radiogenic personality, and a popular interest which this 31-year-old representative possesses in large measure.

Bill Rogers, although he dislikes it, is natural "copy" for press and radio alike, because he is the son of a famous national figure. This fact, combined with his burning conviction that our government should be run not as a result of political bickering, but on the basis of non-political, sound, business reasoning, might well be the fuse that could start an explosive revision of our American political concepts.

It will, at least we think, if Bill doesn't lose his enthusiasm as a result of attempting to buck our presently complicated legislative system.

Our Error

On Radio Life's cover for the issue of May 23 was delectable Gloria Blondell, who plays in CBS' "I Love a Mystery" and Arch Oboler's "Lights Out" on the same network. Through an error in setting up the magazine, Miss Blondell was credited with performing on another network, so at this time we want to make a correction—that CBS is the fortunate one to have the cover girl's services.

Louise Set

Louise Erickson, attractive young miss who has been playing various radio roles for some time, emerged the winner last week in an audition for the role of Judy in "Date With Judy." This will be the summer show occupying the Canton time, Wednesday nights, KBC-KFI, 6 p. m.

New Contest

Last Thursday night, May 27, Erskine Johnson started edition No. 2 of his contest to determine the most talented war worker in Southern California. Thrifty Drug Stores, sponsors of Johnson's "Hollywood Spotlight" program on KECA, have arranged for the three winning artists to appear at

(Please turn to Page 11)
**MONDAY, JUNE 7**

**KEEP FIGHTING WITH BONDS**

Warner Bros, Broadcastting Corporation

**KEEP FIGHTING WITH BONDS**

Warner Bros, Broadcastting Corporation

**THE VOICE OF HEALTH**

DR. R. L. MCMASTER

MCCKY HEALTH SYSTEM

Morning every—Mon. thru Fri.

RFAC-1490

RGPF at 10:15

**Variety**

9:00—Johannes Murray, KFI.
9:09—Kate Smith, KFWB.
9:30—Breakfast at Bad's.
10:30—Andy and Virginia, KECA.
10:45—Art Baker’s Notebook, KFWB.
11:00—Waltz Fields, KFXM.
11:15—Barnes. John Bowers, KECA.
11:30—Dr. Louis T. Talbot, KECA.
11:45—Your Gospel Singer, KFXM.
12:00—Newsmen of All Churches, KFWB.
12:15—Bob and Mary, KFI.
12:30—Lone Ranger, KFI.
12:45—I Love a Mystery, KNX.
1:00—Evelyn’s Million, KFXM.
1:15—Century of America, KNX.
1:30—How’s the Weather, KECA.
1:45—Audrey Stock, KFXM.
2:00—Lum and Abner, KERA.
2:15—Hollywood Spotlight, KECA.
2:30—University Explorer, KECA.
2:45—Gardener’s Friend, KECA.
3:00—Betty Carter, KFWB.
3:15—Patricia Wiley, Home Front, KFI.
3:30—Woman’s World. KXME.
3:45—Chemis Olympia, KECA.
4:00—Your Home Front Radio, KECA.
4:15—Junior League, KECA.
4:30—Judy Gordon, KECA.
4:45—Artists United, KECA.
5:00—Nothing, KNX.
5:15—Ma Perkins, KFXM.
5:30—Men’s Work, KECA.
5:45—Careers, KECA.
6:00—Aunt Jenny’s Real Life, KECA.
6:15—Sir John Gielgud, KECA.
6:30—Harry Ritz, KFXM.
6:45—LeRoy Carr, KFXM.
7:00—Lone Ranger, KECA.
7:15—Music As You Like It, KECA.
7:30—“This is Music,” KECA.
7:45—Uncle Sam Speaks, KECA.
8:00—“This is Music.” KECA.
8:15—“This is Music.” KECA.
8:30—Bing Crosby, KECA.
8:45—“This is Music.” KECA.
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JUNE 6, 1943

RADIO LIFE

PAGE 13

MONDAY LOGS

FLOYD B. JOHNSON

and

King's Ambassador Quartet

KMTN-8:00-9:00 P.M.

Also 10:30-10:45 A. M.

Monday through Friday

FRED WARTING Victory Time

KFI

HOLLYWOOD SPOTLIGHT

ERIKSON JOHNSON

Inside the News

WITNESS JUDSON

THRIFTY DRUG STORES

JUNE 6, 1943

KFWB-Front Page Farrell.


3:45-KFI-Snow Village.

4:30-KII-Art Baker's Notebook.

*KFWB, WEND-News.

*IMCA-Pat Bishop, News.

*KMTR-News.

*KHJ, KGB, KFXM, KVOE-

KECA-Music to Remember.

KMTR-News.

KECA-Men of Land, Sea and

Burning.

*KFWB, WEND-News.

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KECA-Music to Remember.

KMTR-News.

KECA-Men of Land, Sea and

Burning.
**Haven of Rest**

**8:00 A. M. — KJH**

**Tues., Thurs., Sat.**

**Also at This Time Over Mutual Don Lee System**

3:45 — KFI — Johnny Murray.

KFXM — Melody Magazine.

KFWB — Dion and the Belmonts.

KGFJ, KFOX, KVOE — News.

11:15 — KFAC — The Grange.

KMPH — Don Lumley.

KMPR — Country Church.

KMXL — St. Paul Officers.

KKGJ — Morning Melodies.

KEDT — Breakfast Club.

8:05 — KGER — Soul Patrol.

8:15 — KFAC — Tunes of Today.

9:00 — KEDT — Valley Ladies.

9:45 — KFAC — Songbook.

**Rea News**

KFWB — B. M. Kany.

KMPF — Markets and Sports.

KMTV — Dr. Nelson.

KGFJ — Pastor Gary Swayze.

KGTI, KGFJ, KSPH — Staff.

9:30 — KFAC, KGFJ, KEDT — News.

KMGJ — Melville Goodell.


*KMPC — America Marches.

*KPAS — Bing Sings.

*KFAC — Country Church.

*KWXM — News.

*KMPF — Markets and Sports.

KMTV — Dr. Nelson.

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KGTI, KGFJ, KSPH — Staff.

10:30 — KFAC, KGFJ, KEDT — News.

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KFWB — B. M. Kany.

KMPF — Markets and Sports.

KMTV — Dr. Nelson.

KGFJ — Pastor Gary Swayze.

KGTI, KGFJ, KSPH — Staff.

12:00 — KFAC, KGFJ, KEDT — News.

**Rea News**

KFWB — B. M. Kany.

KMPF — Markets and Sports.

KMTV — Dr. Nelson.

KGFJ — Pastor Gary Swayze.

KGTI, KGFJ, KSPH — Staff.

1:00 — KFAC, KGFJ, KEDT — News.

**Rea News**

KFWB — B. M. Kany.

KMPF — Markets and Sports.

KMTV — Dr. Nelson.

KGFJ — Pastor Gary Swayze.

KGTI, KGFJ, KSPH — Staff.

2:00 — KFAC, KGFJ, KEDT — News.

**Rea News**

KFWB — B. M. Kany.

KMPF — Markets and Sports.

KMTV — Dr. Nelson.

KGFJ — Pastor Gary Swayze.

KGTI, KGFJ, KSPH — Staff.

3:00 — KFAC, KGFJ, KEDT — News.
RADIO LIFE

THURSDAY LOGS

9:30 P.M. — "Hollywood Spotlight" with ERSKINE JOHNSON

10:30 P.M. — "Inside the KFI" with JOHN BURTON

THRUPE DAY

Thursdays from 3 to 10:30 P.M.

Every Night Except Sunday

KFIAB—America's Finest Bands

KFWB—Eastside Dance Tonight

KFXM—The Serenade

KMBK—Serenade

KJYB—Mac Magnus Orchestra

Kxbe—Tuesdays, 8 P.M.

KVOE—Treasury Star Parade

KMIC—Treasury Star Parade

KFWB—Eastside Dance Tonight

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KFXM—The Serenade

KJYB—Mac Magnus Orchestra

Kxbe—Tuesdays, 8 P.M.

KVOE—Treasury Star Parade

KMIC—Treasury Star Parade

KFWB—Eastside Dance Tonight

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KFXM—The Serenade

KJYB—Mac Magnus Orchestra

Kxbe—Tuesdays, 8 P.M.
FRIDAY, JUNE 11

Indicates News Broadcast
KFI-Johnny Murray, KNX—Melody Magazine, KJH, KBG, KFAX, KYOE—Merry Christmas.
KMPK, KTR, KFAS, KGER, KFOX—Tune-up Day.
KGER, KFAS—Don't Be Alarmed.
KMPA—Country Christmas.
KRKD-Morning Melodies.
KFOX—Firestone Fourquare.
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SATURDAY, JUNE 12

HAVEN OF REST
8:00 A. M. — KHJ
TUES., THURS., SAT.

ALSO AT THIS TIME OVER MUTUAL DON LEE SYSTEM

9:40-KFXM-Morning Matinee.
9:31-KFI-Mirth and Madness.
9:15-KFI-Consumer Tips.
11:45-KFI-Vegetables for Victory.
8:15-KF1—Organ.

MUTUAL DON LEE SYSTEM
*KMPC, KPAS, KGFJ, KFOX,
*KRIM-News.
*11WKW-Burritt Wheeler.
*KFWB--News.
*ILFN D-News.
*KMTR-News:
TUES., THURS., SAT.
8:00 *KFWB, KFAC-News.
*RAJ, KRIM-News.
*KECA, KFWB-News.
*KECA-Between the Lines.
*KFWB-Music.
*KGB-George Duffy's Orch.
*KGER-Full Gospel.
*KWKW-Marches.
*KMTR-W. B. Record.
*HPAS-Community Program.
*KECA. KIND --Breakfast at
*KNXStars (her Hollywood.
*KWKW-Bulletin Board.
*KMPC-Accent on Song.
*KR% B-Salvat ion Army.
*KFSD-Merry Melodies.
*KFOX-Firebrands for Jesus.
*KRFLD-Sagebrush Serenade.
*KGB-Army Band.
*KMTR-Bible Treasury.
*KHJ-Junior Army.
*KFXM, HYDE. KGB-U. S.
*KFOX-Neighborhood Call.
*KMTR-You Shall Have Music

KNX-Fashions for Rations,
KRHD-City Defense Council.
HPAS-Melodic Moods.

KFWB-Sammy Kaye.
KMTR-Dr. Michelson.

KWKW-Don't Be Alarmed.
KGER-News.

9:00-Eyes Aloft. KFSD.
5:45-Red Cross March of
3:15-Voice of the Army. KFI.4:00-For This We Fight, KFI,
2:00-Woman's World. KMTR.
1:30-Calling Pan -America. ERR
8:30-Fashions for Rations. B.Burke, KNX.
9:00-Your Hit Parade. KNX.
11-KFI-Roy

11:15-KWKW-Star Parade.
10:45-KR-War Telescope, Morgan
10:30-KFI-On the Job.
9:011--Yoor Hit Parade. KNX.
8:15-Garden Hints, KMPC.
6:30-Can You Top This? KFI.
9:30-Breakfast at Oz's

9:00-Your Hit Parade.
9:011--Yoor Hit Parade. KNX.
8:15-Garden Hints, KMPC.
6:30-Can You Top This? KFI.
9:30-Breakfast at Oz's

KFXM, KGB. KYCIE-Lant
KFOX---Sing and Swing.
KWKW-Lest We Forget.

9:00-Your Hit Parade.
9:011--Yoor Hit Parade. KNX.
8:15-Garden Hints, KMPC.
6:30-Can You Top This? KFI.
9:30-Breakfast at Oz's

KFXM, KGB. KYCIE-Lant
KFOX---Sing and Swing.
KWKW-Lest We Forget.

9:00-Your Hit Parade.
9:011--Yoor Hit Parade. KNX.
8:15-Garden Hints, KMPC.
6:30-Can You Top This? KFI.
9:30-Breakfast at Oz's

KFXM, KGB. KYCIE-Lant
KFOX---Sing and Swing.
KWKW-Lest We Forget.

9:00-Your Hit Parade.
9:011--Yoor Hit Parade. KNX.
8:15-Garden Hints, KMPC.
6:30-Can You Top This? KFI.
9:30-Breakfast at Oz's

NEWSCASTS

Saturday Programs Appear In Lightface Type: Afternoon Programs Appear In Boldface

SUNDAY PROGRAMS

Morning Programs Appear in Lightface Type: Afternoon and Evening Programs in Boldface

Variety
9:30-Breakfast at Bard's.

10:15-Lunch with Lope, KHJ
4:09-KK with a Bell, KAGA
5:30—Traffic Tribunal, KBI.
5:00-Barn Dance, KFI.
6:30—Highlight Band, KAGA.

6:30—Can You Top This? KBI.
7:00—Million Dollar Band, KFI.
7:45—Greene Manor, KBI.
7:50—Grand Ole Opry, KFI.
8:00—at the House of Comedy, KFI.
8:00—at Your Hi Parade, KNX.

War
8:15—Garden Hints, KMPC.
8:30—Fashion for B's, KBF.
8:45—Vegetables for Victory, KNX.
9:15—Victory Garden, KDX.
11:00—Hailing Nurse, KBF.
12:00—Calling Pan-america, KBF.
12:00—a World's, KMTR.
1:15—Voice of the Army, KFI.
4:00—For This We Fight, KFI.
12:00—Home Front, KNX.
12:00—Home Front, KNX.

Sports—Comment
2:30—Baseball, KMPC.
10:30—Tom Hanlon, KNX.

415:KFI—Voice of the Army.

KFWB—Sung and Swing.
KMPC—McAlester Col-

KFXM-Trading Post.
KFOX—Men, Machines and
Victory.

KRD—Boat Parade.

KECA, KFAC, KFOX—News.
KMTR—Dr. Michelson.
KGER-Rev. Smith.
KGB-Neighborhood Call.
KVOE—Palmer House
Orch.

KFXM—K. G. T., KVOE—McAlester
College Choir.

1-Ray Shielde & Co.
2-Donlat's.
3-You Shall Have Music.
4-L. A. Medical Assoc.
5—Housewives' Exchange.
6—Sing and Swing.
7—Bob Carril.
8—Jungle Jim.
9—Hello from Hawaii.
10—Prestige, KFB.
11—Bing ('rosby.
12—Bob Carril.
13—Jim Wray.
14—KFB—Varieties.

KFWB—KFB—News.

KFXM—K. G. T., KVOE—Shady

KFXM, KGB, KVOE—Lan

KFXM—You Shall Have Music.
KFOX—Music.
KFXM—Music, News.
KFXM—Varieties.
KFXM—Popular Music.

KFXM, KGB—Prayer.
KFOX—Music, News.

KFXM—K. G. T., KVOE—Shady

KFXM—K. G. T., KVOE—Shady

KFXM—K. G. T., KVOE—Shady

KFXM—K. G. T., KVOE—Shady

KFXM—K. G. T., KVOE—Shady

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KFXM—K. G. T., KVOE—Shady

KFXM—K. G. T., KVOE—Shady

KFXM—K. G. T., KVOE—Shady

KFXM—K. G. T., KVOE—Shady

KFXM—K. G. T., KVOE—Shady
**SINGING IN THE RAIN**

**MYRTLE HOFFMANN'S**

**TALENTIME**

The outstanding talent program of the West

KFWB—Dave Ormont.
KFXM—Talentine.
KFWB—Can You Top This?
KFXM—Changing Tune.
KFWB—What's Your Answer?
KFXM—Elmer Davis.
KFXM—Victory Program.
KFWB—Rock of Ages.
KFXM—International Jewish Hour.
KFXM—Hey, Tillford.
KFXM—Hall's Memory Room.
KFWB—Bolero.
KFXM—News, Joy.
KFWB—Cabarets and Kings.
KFWB—Your Hit Parade.
KFWB—Father Vaughan.
KFWB—Heather A. Sol Lewis.
KFWB—Mills Music City.
KFWB—Judge Gardner.
KFWB—County Gambler.
KFWB—Ave Maria Hour.
KFXM—Let's Do It.
KFXM—Victory Network.
KFXM—Hoffman Talent Time.
KFWB—Birth Certificate.
KFWB—Ben Falter's orch.
KFXM—News, Joy.
KFWB—Classic Hour.
KFXM—Saturday Night Merryl,"
KFWB—Koinonia's Tabernacle.
KFWB—Lucky Laker Dance Time.
KFWB—Music Time.
KFWB—Your Heart's Desire.
KFWB—Morning Star.
KFWB—Father Vaughan.
KFWB—Koinonia's Tabernacle.
KFWB—Lucky Laker Dance Time.
KFWB—Music Time.
KFWB—Morning Star.
KFWB—Father Vaughan.
KFWB—Koinonia's Tabernacle.
KFWB—Lucky Laker Dance Time.
KFWB—Music Time.
KFWB—Morning Star.
KFWB—Father Vaughan.
KFWB—Koinonia's Tabernacle.
KFWB—Lucky Laker Dance Time.
KFWB—Music Time.
Victor Borge

(Continued from Page 4)

enough money on his letter of credit to get him to Helsinki, where, he finally succeeded in boarding a plane to Petsamo in time to make the boat with his wife.

Borge arrived here virtually penniless. He learned English by attending as many as eight movies—four double features—a day—and his language would fluctuate according to the type of picture he saw.

He finally went to Hollywood in desperation. New York had been exceedingly cold to him. He hoped that friends of Lief Ericson and Carl Brisson, fellow Scandinavians, could help him to get work—not in pictures, but anywhere.

Rudy Vallee was responsible for his first break. Vallee heard and saw him at a Scandinavian benefit (Borge was at the point of needing a benefit himself) and invited him to his radio show. The next day, Borge was signed to appear as a guest on the Crosby show. That guesting lasted for 46 weeks. Then he also doubled on the Nelson Eddy programs for 14 weeks.

Jules Stein, head of the Music Corporation of America, was one who auditioned Borge when he first came to Hollywood. He turned the Danish pianist-comedian down. A few months later, Stein paid a huge sum to buy Borge’s contract from the Bing Crosby people.


Then, in rapid succession, came the offer of his present five weekly radio series, sponsored by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer on the Blue network. In addition, Metro recently signed him for “Meet the People.” Borge is now back in Hollywood for pictures, while continuing with his radio work.

By this time, Mr. Hitler must hate Borge even more. Victor delights in making cracks at the Nazis. One of his favorites concerns the wire Mussolini sent to Adolf: “Italians starving, please send food.” Adolf wired back: “Tell Italians to tighten belts.” To which Benito answered: “Please send belts!”
"I NEVER DO LIKE THIS," he said as he pointed hitch-hiker’s thumb over his shoulder. "I just stand there and someone she take me home."

That ees, all but when I take audition, then my legs they shake so much, I cannot hardly stand. But the rest the time—I sing because I am happy.

"When I was 20 I sang at the Buenos Aires Teatro Colon," Carlos continued. When we asked him how he obtained his job there, he looked a bit surprised, shrugged one well-tailored shoulder, and said, "I take an audition, and they put me on."

From there he wanted to go on the South American radio. It seems that with Carlos Ramirez, to make up his mind he wants something is to have it. For when he wanted to go on the radio, he again "took audition" and got the job.

America, the great land to the north, seemed to call the young star, so guided by his impulse, off he sailed for New York. First thing he saw upon reaching New York was Radio City Music Hall. "I made up my mind I am going to sing there," Carlos said seriously, as he cocked his head to one side, "so I take audition, and I sing there. She is a beautiful place—a beautiful building. And the Rockettes! They are—they are..." Carlos was fishing for a word. He pursed his lips, rolled his expressive brown eyes to one side.

"Oh yes, I have it," he beamed. "They are peparos!"

Within a few short weeks he was the sensation of the season. New York's most glittering clubs, such as the Waldorf Astoria, La Martinique, and the Copacabana extended a welcome.

It was while he was in New York that an executive of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer saw Ramirez, placed him immediately under a seven-year contract to that studio, and brought him to Hollywood, where he is now making a picture as well as broadcasting.

When Carlos stands at the microphone he puts a verve into singing that is typical only of the opera. He swings his arms and opens his mouth wide as the rich melody pours forth.

Asked whether or not he sang to some specific person Carlos answered, "I sing to everybody. I feel something big—and I want everybody to feel what I feel in the music. I like to make everyone happy with my music."

After he leaves Columbia Square, girls flock around him by the dozens wanting his autograph. Of American girls, he says, "They are, but terrific!"

When the crowd has gone away, Carlos heads home. He doesn't head for the parking lot and pull away in a sleek Cadillac. He said, "I stand on the corner and people, they are so considerate and thoughtful, they pick me up and take me home." He said as he pointed a hitch-hiker's thumb over his shoulder. "I just stand there and someone she take me home."
Symphony in a Slack Suit

By CAROL DAVIS

What we think about music doesn't bear much weight with some people, for we are what is known in some circles as one of those unfortunate, unenlightened persons—a layman. We don't claim the slightest acquaintance with a pizzicato, aren't on nodding terms with an allegretto, and wouldn't know a glissando if we bumped into one in glaring daylight on Vine Street.

But after we had sat in NBC's Studio C and watched Werner Janssen rehearse his orchestra, we arrived at one solid conclusion: if you can stand at attention sitting down, then the fifty-odd members of Janssen's "Standard Symphony" orchestra do it.

Under the direction of Werner Janssen, the musicians are a band of docile children, trying hard to please, putting everything they have into the Sunday afternoon rehearsal for the broadcast that night.

Janssen himself, on the other hand, looks and often acts like Bill Tilden warming up for a Davis Cup final.

He arrives for rehearsal clad in a slack suit that must have been originally intended for a man with twice Janssen's waistline. The maestro is constantly tugging at his pants. A black comb protrudes from his hip pocket, but is ignored until the end of the number, when the longish locks of the maestro are combed back from his perspiring forehead.

Conducting without the aid of a baton, pencil, or stick of any description, Janssen often gives the impression of doing his daily dozen—or to get back to our original motif, of crouching low for a hot serve from Donald Budge.

Sometimes he assumes an imploring attitude. He reaches forward with the whole length of his arms, lowers and raises them gently, as if scooping water out of a brook with his hands. Too, he might be telling a story with his hands, the way the South Sea Islanders do.

As in the best of all organizations, occasionally something goes wrong. The maestro waves a stop, hitches up his trousers, tosses stray locks from his damp brow and bellows:

"Quiet, children. I'm trying to fix it!"

Maestro Janssen often looks and acts like Bill Tilden warming up for a Davis Cup final.

Goosefat on Toast

(Continued from Page 5)

away from home as a youngster to learn about the world, dangles a Phi Beta Kappa key from Harvard University on his vest, and an NBC insignia in his lapel, and looks forward with eagerness to the time when he will write his memoirs of exciting days spent in city rooms, broadcasting studios, and on the world's fighting fronts.

After 20 years in an old-fashioned, four-story brick building on a quiet street in Brooklyn Heights, Brooklyn, N.Y., Kaltenborn is now moving his many filing cabinets, his thousands of books, his beloved prints and paintings, his trophies and numerous citations, and his huge cartons of fan mail, good and bad, to a larger home.

The new domicile is across the river in Manhattan. And HVK is moving in order to be nearer his work in NBC's studios in Radio City.

Though he is constantly writing, speaking on the radio and lecturing far and wide in this country, Kaltenborn manages to find time to enjoy sports and to relax with his family. At his side to cheer him on is his wife, the former Baroness Olga von Nordenflycht, daughter of a one-time German Minister to Uruguay, whom he met on a transatlantic voyage more than 30 years ago. The Kaltenborns have two children, Rolf, now teaching at Yale University, and Anais, who was graduated from Wells College in 1935. Both are married.

The Kaltenborns are fresh-air lovers. When in town they always like to have their meals on an open porch. They spend as much time as possible out of doors. Week-ends are usually spent at their retreat in Stony Brook, Long Island.

Until the doctor ordered him to desist, Kaltenborn played a violent game of tennis. His opponent, on occasion, was the renowned Alice Marble, tennis champion. Since the doctor's ukase, the commentator has taken to horseshoe pitching, a sport in which he has defeated Wendell Willkie, the Indiana statesman, who is no slouch at this game. Fishing is another pastime for Kaltenborn, and many of his catches have provided succulent dinner platters for the immediate family and guests who, until rationing, were always present. The Kaltenborns have entertained a wide variety of notables including writers, rival commentators and diplomats. Among their warm friends are the Hendrik Willem Van Loons and the Vincent Sheeans.

To his efficient housekeeper, Mrs. Alice Bauer, the commentator is a very understanding and "marvelous" man. "If you give him a nice breakfast, especially fried kippers on toast, he is most grateful," Mrs. Bauer said. "He never complains and his taste in food is simple. Mr. Kaltenborn is never served butter, but does express a fondness for goosefat served on toast."
night at 8:30, Monty. Wonderful. I liked it so well I sat through it twice."

Woolley started to register pleasure.

"Of course," Jolson added crushingly, "It was raining outside and I didn't have an umbrella!"

We peeked over the top of the plush seat from where we were watching in the auditorium. "They must be reading again from the script," we thought. But no. This time they were conversing. We concluded that they did dislike one another—vehemently.

Jolson next seemed to essay a polite gesture. "How much longer will you be working on the picture?" he queried.

"Well, I don't know," quipped Woolley. "We worked two days last week and lost a week."

Jolson looked sympathetic, so the dapper bewhiskered wit began a recital of the headaches of picture making. He related how the artificial fog which was created on the set had given him laryngitis.

"This is more like it," we thought hopefully. "After all, why should they be so nasty to one another?"

Why should they be? Jolson, a Russian immigrant, had come up the hard way, via circus, vaudeville, blackfaced minstrel shows, and musical comedy: Woolley, son of prosperous New York parents, had made the grade by the easy route, via prep school, Yale, Harvard, an assistant professorship, Broadway, movies, and now radio.

By their own separate routes, both were stars in their own orbit. A few months ago someone had asked Woolley to guest on Jolson's radio show. We had heard that the scriptwriters had had a picnic pitting the two personalities against each other. Woolley, invited for a return mike visit, had accepted an invitation to move in indefinitely.

Our train of thought was interrupted as Jolson shoved his chair back from the table and walked over to the piano. He snatched up a sheet of music, came back and handed it to Woolley. "Here's your revised script," he remarked.

"Hy-ym," responded Woolley. "Might as well be, for all the lines I get."

"Look here, Monty," said Jolson. "I want you to know that I didn't come here tonight to be insulted."

"You don't learn much from experience, do you, Albert?"

"Every week I try to be nice to you and what do I get?" asked Jolson. "I get—abuse. Here I am, all dressed up in a new spring suit and you don't even notice it. It's a genuine herring-bone."

"Personally, I never wear herring-bone," contributed Woolley. "It has..." (Please turn to Page 30)

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Frank Nelson

FRANK NELSON is the busy actor who has applied for membership in the "Now I've Done Everything Club." A few weeks ago, he topped his repertoire of zany roles as the radio "conscience" of Frank Morgan and Gildersleeve. Too, he played Monty Woolley's "beard."

Frank is an actor of the variety of "now you see him, now you don't." For he is truly one of the busiest thespians in Hollywood, and sprints from show to show and rehearsal to rehearsal with dexterity that would make a track star envious. Take last week: Monday he played the role of a soldier on "Cavalcade of America," the role of a business man on "Screen Guild Theater," the lead in a transcontinental soap opera (not KNX) "Today at the Duncans," and another soldier in "Eyes Aloft." That was just one day. No wonder he rustles from studio to studio the way he does.

On Tuesday he played the role of the "beard" for Woolley, on Wednesday his soap opera. Came Thursday and "Maxwell House," in which he enacted the role of the doctor who had to retrieve the safety pin from Snooks. On Saturday he was the insane husband on the mystery thriller, "The Whistler." Then, as a little topper for all this activity, after a day's work was done, he skipped out to spend an eight hour shift installing motors at Lockheed!

You may ask "why so many parts for one man?" The answer lies in his devotion to duty.

Despite the fact he is only in his early thirties, he has been in radio for 17 years, and has missed a broadcast only once. That broadcast was with the man who Frank says is "the grandest guy in radio—Jack Benny."

Nelson, who plays almost weekly on the Benny program, was taken to New York with the show to act the part of the doctor. When Frank arrived, Old Man Influenza was there to greet him with such a vengeance that soon his temperature was hitting 105. When Benny learned of this, he insisted that Frank stay in bed, hired the finest nurses and doctors to attend him, and "took the liberty" of calling Frank's wife, Mary Lansing, well-known actress, to assure her that her husband was all right. As if all this wasn't enough, he paid full salary, and tossed a $150 check into Nelson's lap as a "bonus" for going east!
HEN a sponsor puts a show on the kilocycles, the "studio" is included in the cost of air time. Well, we engineers are the poor guys that go along with the studio just like the light fixtures. We're the poor guys that sit behind the slab of plate glass and twist the dials. According to the producers and actors we have no souls, and more than that, are only barely human.

Well, maybe we are old fogies now, but we weren't always that way. Not on your life! If you had to go through what we do—what's that? You say all we do is sit on our—well, sit and turn a few dials and listen to the world's finest entertainment? Hmmph! You don't know the half.

Just take last Tuesday for example. The producer of the show scheduled the orchestra rehearsal from 9 to 11 in the morning, the sound rehearsal from 11 to 1, and the cast rehearsal from 1 to 5. In that set-up we never eat—or even take time out. We never leave the control booth—starving or not. And now to make matters worse the government won't let food be taken out of restaurants—so there we sit with our ulcers getting worse through the show.

About this time along comes Per-snickity Percy. He's the producer who saw a different microphone setup in another studio and wants to change his arrangement likewise, not realizing that he has a thirty-piece orchestra and three soloists in place of an organ recital.

And with him comes Acoustic Algernon straight from a college engineering class. You know him. He's the type that has a big pair of specs followed by a face. Well, he taps the walls, and cocks an attentive ear at each noise, then he pops into the control room with "I say there, you! Could you tell me the reverberation count of the north wing of this room?"

Then there's the producer, Detailed Dugan. Each thing, whether or not it's been done once or 50 times, is thoroughly discussed, decided upon, and then the opposite is done. And his explanations of how he wants things done!!! He talks and talks and talks, and explains and explains, and then to make sure you understand, goes over it once more. By this time the rest of the cast has taken a ten-minute "break" in the rehearsal. Also, instead of asking the instrumentalists to play louder, or to move closer to the mike,
We Don't Eat. We Are Not Considered Human. Producers Bully Us. In Fact, Nobody Properly Appreciates Our Work.

he just screams in our general direction a lot of jibberish which winds up with "Get another mike." If it only happened once or twice, we wouldn't mind so much. But by the time Detailed Dugan is finished, he has a separate microphone for each piece in the band.

Laugh-Conscious Louie is the fellow who would like to put a mike in front of every person in the audience. Failing that, he wants microphones placed around the house, tuned away up to catch even a faltering titter on a bad gag.

New York — that's another peeve. Some producers go all through rehearsals with smiles spread over their faces. "That's a swell show," they cry. After the program has actually gone on the air they are still pleased, walking around Hollywood with a "look what I did" air.

But the next morning! By that time they have heard from their New York office. New York, it seems, thought the show had the old familiar odor. Now Chameleon Cuthwell has a long face. It seems as though he really hadn't thought the show so good after all.

Then the Nosey Nortons get us down. They're the fellows who sit in the booth with eyes glued to our control board. If they see one of our 15 knobs or 10 buttons not in use, they remedy the situation with great alacrity. And if our sound needle, which moves up as volume increases, isn't hitting the top at all times, pandemonium breaks loose as the producer shouts "it's not as high as it can go," never realizing that the needle doesn't need to be hitting the top for the show to be in perfect balance.

Cough Box Casey is the newscaster who has learned that the engineer can turn the microphone off for a split second while the speaker clears his throat. That seems like big time stuff to Cough Box, who now finds it necessary to clear his throat every few minutes. This requires our listening and watching very closely for the signal.

Mike Hog Mickey is the actor who insists on hogging the mike from everyone else. He gets right up close and straddles it as though it were a hobby horse instead of a microphone. We turn the controls down as low as possible so as not to blow out the tubes, and up pops the next actor speaking normally and he is too soft, by comparison, to be heard.

And so it goes day after day, week after week.

Pardon us if we take time out for a moment. A messenger has just brought in a package.

Well, we'll be darned. It's a package of our favorite tobacco from a producer who says, "With gratitude for all you've done."
THE QUICK BROWN FOX JUMPED OVER A LAZY DOG'S BACK, 1234567890, BR SENDING
"BELATED CONGRATS"

RADIO CITY—(BR)—Belated congratulations are in order for Art Baker, the jack-of-all-trades in front of network microphones, who seems to be able to do just about anything and do it well. Baker, a veteran of the First World War but a comparative newcomer to network newscasting, flummoxed his fellow commentators by bobbing up with an almost air-tight prediction which called the turn to a "T" on the fall of Tunis and Bizerte in the North African campaign.

"BAKER COOKS WITH GAS"

On the morning of April 28, Baker dusted off his crystal ball and remarked: "If British, French and American troops keep up the pace they’ve been keeping in Tunisia this week we could sit down and accurately figure that the North African campaign will officially end the day before Mother’s Day . . . Saturday, May 8th.

"The mothers of this nation would certainly have cause for celebration if that should come true. Of course, that little word IF, as always, is big, but Allied ground forces this week have been advancing on Tunis and Bizerte at about the rate of two miles a day. That pace was maintained yesterday and this morning, lads from Piccadilly and Times Square and the Champs d’Elysee and Golden Gate Park are less than 21 miles from their goal.

"It was Charles Dickens who wrote A TA LE OF TWO CITIES, London and Paris, and right now men who were born in the shadow of those two world capitals are fighting shoulder to shoulder with American boys who read A TA LE OF TWO CITIES as part of their high school English courses. Together these Allied soldiers are writing a modern tale: THE DOWNFALL OF TWO CITIES, Tunis and Bizerte. The villain of the piece is Rommel, but high against the African sun gleams a blood-red guillotine, its sharp blade poised above the fatty neck of the Fox of the Desert.

"That’s the fantasy, but the reality of that vengeful guillotine is the Allied Air Arm which is chopping off the many-headed Axis beast in North Africa."

"ARTFUL ART"

Baker’s prediction was no guess, but a careful calculation of the Tunisian terrain, the rate of advance maintained by Allied units, and the punishing power of the Allied air forces. So far as is known, his is the only accurate forecast made among network commentators. It was 24 hours off if judged by local time but on the nose by North African time.

"WEST COAST INVADED"

RADIO CITY—(BR)—Causing a sensation among News Editors and more casual readers these days is INVASION (E. P. Dutton, $2.50) by Whitman Chambers. This novel, by one of the top men in the thriller field, is excellent material in Chambers’ INVASION for both newscasters and news listeners. Although it presents invasion of this coast as an accomplished fact, it sticks to the practical and factual, doesn’t run into any poppy-dream fantasies. IT COULD HAPPEN . . . just as INVASION describes.

LOCHNER PICTURES HIMMLER"

Louis Lochner, crack AP Correspondent just back from Berlin and now NBC commentator, draws a word-picture of Germany’s Gestapo Chief: “The owlish Heinrich Himmler with his thick glasses and sardonic smile sits on the platform while Hitler makes speeches. But he doesn’t seem to listen. His restless eyes rove over the crowd apparently picking out future victims."

Jolson-Woolley (Continued from Page 27)

a tendency to get wider as it gets older.

"Well didn’t you?" countered Jolson. "And for your information, Mr. Rip Van Woolley, everyone tells me I look like a man who stepped out of Esquire."

Woolley flared, "You look more like a man who’s been thrown out of Police Gazette!"

"Do you call what you’re wearing a suit?" demanded Jolson. "It looks like it went from a drape to a droop to a drip."

Zounds! we thought. They’re really hating one another in a big way. Perhaps this will end up in mayhem.

"Look, Monty," Jolson calmed down slightly. "Did you ever part your beard and take a good look at your pants? The trouble with the clothes you’re wearing is that you’re always walking on your toes to save ten dollars. It’s about time you bought a suit at sea level. I’m going to treat you to a swell set of threads, "

"Albert," Woolley, "your philanthropic motivations are the complete antithesis of the avariciousness generally attributed to you."

"Monty," Jolson answered icily, "I’m going to look that up—and if it’s what I think it is, you don’t come from any better people yourself!"

So this was the low-down on the Jolson-Woolley feud. We had had our fill. "Might as well get out before they kill one another and we are dragged in as a witness," we concluded merrily.

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"Monty," Jolson answered icily, "I’m going to look that up—and if it’s what I think it is, you don’t come from any better people yourself!"

So this was the low-down on the Jolson-Woolley feud. We had had our fill. "Might as well get out before they kill one another and we are dragged in as a witness," we concluded and accordingly stole out of the side door of the theatre.

Later, we found out by way of a loitering engineer that Jolson had picked up his script after he had returned to the table from the piano. All during the row that finally impelled us to leave, they had been rehearsing again!

(Since writing of this story, Radio Life has learned that Monty Woolley will leave shortly for the East and will not be billed as a regular cast member of the Jolson show during the remainder of this season. However, as we know many of you have enjoyed Woolley’s appearances with Jolson and like him as an air personality, we are printing our story, regardless. Radio Life feels that Woolley will probably be back again, either on the show or another. His departure from the Jolson show was in no way caused by any unfriendliness between him and Jolson. In fact, it was the mammy singer himself who insisted that Woolley share equal billing.)

CLOVER GLEN
The Finest
Eggs

Also
Gold Seal Eggs

AT BETTER GROCERS
Ear Inspires Pen

(Continued from Page 1)

states, he would have had an even more thrilling experience, for a bomb landed at the rear of the Honolulu Advertiser Building, in which KGU’s studios are located.

To quote from the article, “After what seemed an age, he arrived at the studio” (It certainly must have seemed that; it even takes Superman time to travel some 2,500 miles!) “grabbed up the portable equipment, and tore up onto the roof of the building. After that, Harry says it seems to merge into one hazy blur” (We have no doubt of the authenticity of that remark). “Even when it was over, and the excitement had died down, so much had happened it all seemed as though it were an unreality.” We know what he means.

Far be it from us to take away any of the glory of “Kahale Mikela” (Harry Mitchell) but in justice to many other very fine announcers, some of whom have also returned to the Mainland, we must point out that a number of men were assigned to these Practice Blackout Broadcasts by the individual stations, and were not picked by the Army, as stated in the article.

Lest your readers get the wrong impression of our Hawaiʻi Nei, we speak the English language down here, and with the exception of some political speeches, a church program and a few other broadcasts, the only Hawaiian spoken on the air, is in the introduction of Hawaiian musical titles.

Now many of us have been in the Islands for nearly ten years, and have always been of the opinion that the Hawaiians live in houses, and sleep on regular beds. Anyone who lives in Hawaii, for that matter, lives among the natives. As for poi, we cannot refute Harry’s remarks, because none of us has ever had the pleasure of tasting Paper Hanger’s Paste. All of us who knew Harry can well understand how he could have been down here six years and still not know that you don’t climb trees to pick pineapples. For your enlightenment, we are enclosing a picture of a pineapple field, clearly showing that pineapples flourish on low plants.

Well, Dear Editor, “Radio Life” may have erred in saluting Harry Mitchell, the announcer who stood by his post December seventh and brought to listeners the story of Pearl Harbor, but we, the radio fraternity of Hawaii, salute him also, as the “Baron Munchausen” of the future. We are only sorry that, in his zeal to present the true picture of the Islands, he didn’t make it a point to let the Mainland know that after all, Hawaii is an integral part of the United States.

The magazine was sent to KGMB by a former Islander, with the remark that we would probably be greatly cheered by this visible evidence that they still aren’t rationing “tripe” in Hollywood.

Sincerely yours,

George C. Mansfield, Jr.
Sales Representative,
KGMB

Kenneth B. Corney
Producer, “Hawaii Calls”

Harry B. Soria
Assistant Program Manager, KGU, now Ensign USNR

Donald Q. Cerzler
Ass’t Manager, KGU, now Lt. USNR

Nita Benedict
Special Programs, KGMB

Alexa Davidson Ames
Program Manager, KGMB

Freeman Lang
Special Radio Sales

Owen Cunningham
Production Manager, KGMB

Alan Lasser
Music Director, KGMB

Henry C. Putnam
National Advertising Manager, KGMB, now Lt. AUS

Ernest Lindemann
Chief Engineer, KGMB

Van Hilands
Announcer actually on duty at the time of the attack, December 7, 1941—KGMB

Victor Eckland
Senior Announcer KGMB

Netha Eckland
Special Programs, KGMB

Kenton Case
Program Manager, KGU

Jim Wahl
Announcer, KGU

Harry Ohen
Technician, KGU

THE BROADWAY
WHERE LOS ANGELES SHOPS WITH CONFIDENCE

When the School Bell Rings
It’s Time to Listen to
SALLY SPINNER on the Second Series of
THE SEWING SCHOOL OF THE AIR

KECA, 12:15 P.M.
Every Thursday

Page Thirty-one
SEEN ON THE RADIO SCENE

MARY LIVINGSTONE appeared for a recent NBC broadcast in a suit of black faille, accented with pink frou frou, and pink flowers in her hair.

CHOSEN BY OWI to beam comments to AEF and English-speaking on continent is Mutual's analyst, Paul Schubert, heard over KHJ-Don Lee, Monday-Friday, 10:15 p.m.

LOANS HIS FIDDLE TO BENNY. Corp. Oscar H. Kaupang of Marana Field, Arizona, offered comedian his violin to take the place of the one owned by Benny (and auctioned off for a million dollars in War Bonds). Benny will accept violin in Arizona June 12.

REAL LIFE CINDERELLA. June Hayden, 17-year-old elevator operator at CBS-KNX, sang as she took Mary Astor up to fifth floor. Miss Astor put her on "Hollywood Showcase." June won first prize and contract to sing on Galen Drake's "Sunrise Salute."