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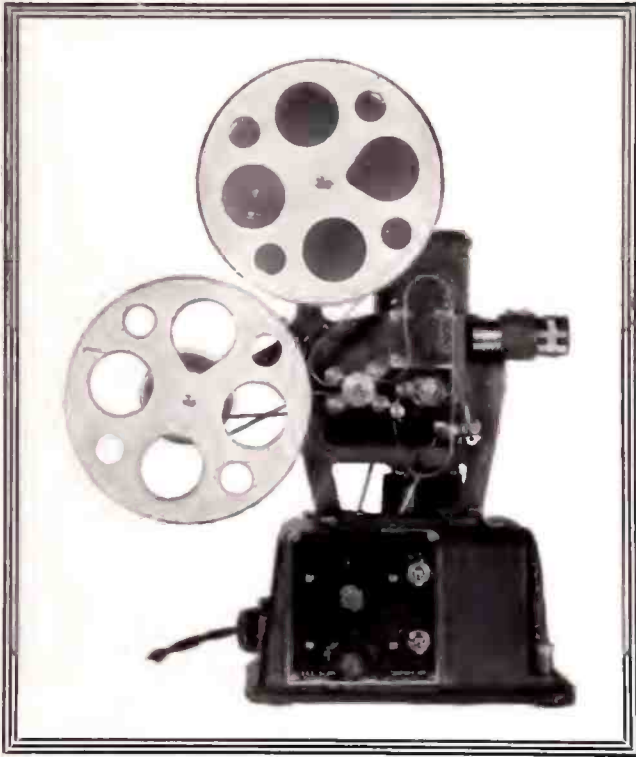
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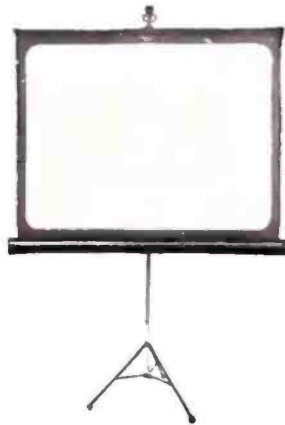
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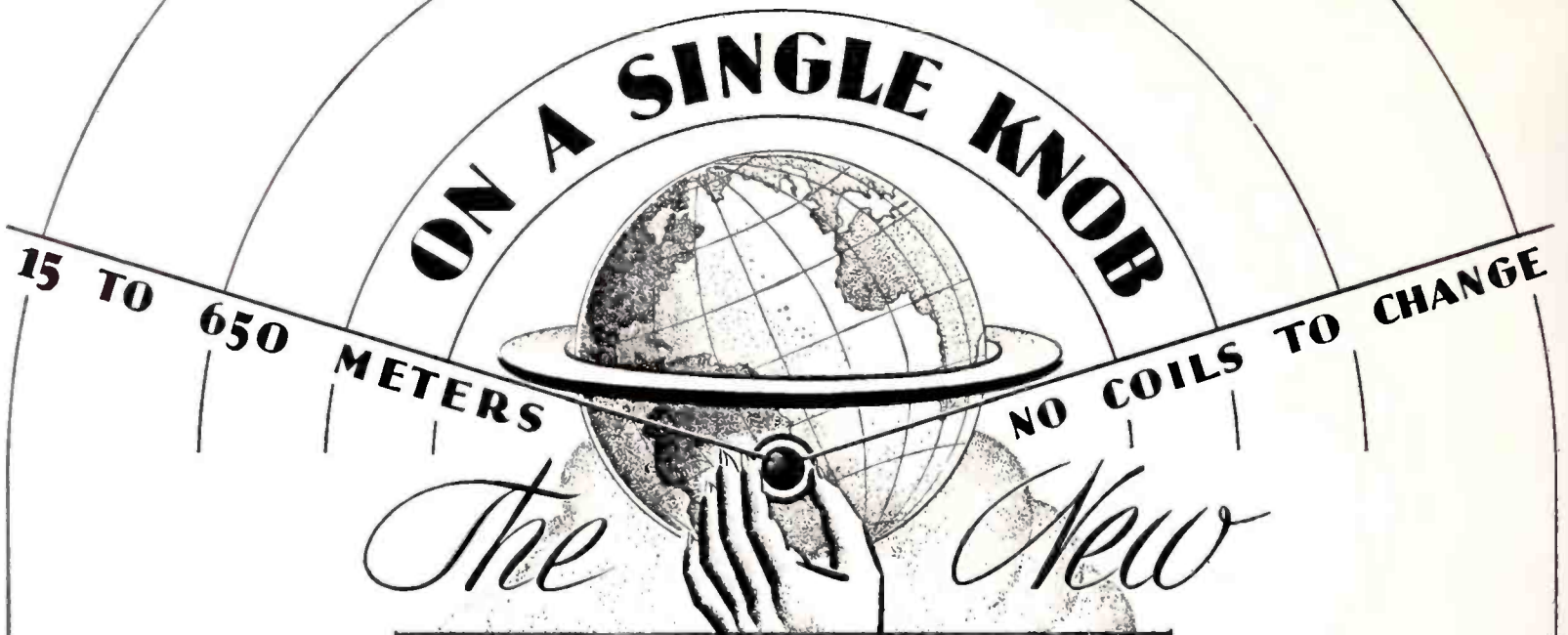
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RADIO DOINGS



"THE MOVIE MAGAZINE OF THE AIR"

MAY, 1931

Volume XVIII

Number VI

LIONEL WHITE, Editor

DON McDOWELL, Associate Editor

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THE STARS WILL SHINE

The world moves on. And with the world move the vagaries of the hour.

Ten short years ago we had wireless. Five years ago we had radio. Today we have the radio star—the torch singer, the rhythms of Gershwin, the sad melodies of the southwest, the fantasies of a myriad of entertainers and artists. In a few more years we shall have television.

But today the world centers its interest on the stars of radio. The gaudy platform of idolatry is being crowded to make room for the artist of the air. The movie god edges over to clear a place for his brother.

The man who sat at his ear phones a decade ago in ecstasy over a station twenty miles down the line, reclines in front of his nine tuber today and tunes in on the universe. He is no longer interested in what kind of a set he has, he is interested in what kind of a program he is getting with that set.

Ten years ago the radio fan was satisfied with any sort of entertainment he got over the air as long as it blared out to him through the speaker of a radio. Today he has learned that he can select. The entertainer has taken on shape; has assumed personality.

The vast radio public has awakened to an intense interest in the individuals who perform for it. Curiosity is at high tide.

The same strange psychological twist of the human mind that makes an audience curious as to the lives of its movie stars crops out again. Radio listeners are interested in the lives, the destinies, the follies and the tragedies, the beginnings and the ends, of their idols.

What the star looks like is becoming as important as how the star sings, plays or talks. No longer does the mere announcement of a name suffice. There must be more—there must be a concrete personality in back of that name.

The thousands, yes, hundreds of thousands, who write fan letters are keenly interested in those artists to whom they write. It is time to give the radio star his publicity bow before the world.

—LIONEL WHITE



RADIO DOINGS

THURSTON KNUDSON

JAZZ In The JUNGLE

by
Thurston Knudson

"It takes little originality to remark that 'Jazz' came from the jungle." Every talking picture taken in the haunts of jungle man drives home the point so well that the average movie fan has by this time made this pregnant discovery for himself. On the other hand there is still a chance for a village wit to slip one over on the rest of the boys and girls by finding out what "Jazz" really is, why the jungle should have been its birth-place, and how hot a thing jungle man has made out of it.

There are a number of experts who say that "Jazz" is nothing more nor less than "erratic noises." I hold with that other school of alleged thought which maintains, on the contrary, that the essence of "Jazz"—in fact, the only possible excuse for "Jazz"—is its peculiar and fascinating rhythm. And that rhythm is a definite mixture of regular and irregular beats. I believe the reason why it maintains the hold it has on the public is that it can still give our iaded nervous systems a jolt of surprise. The listener's body first of all begins to vibrate to the undercurrent of regular beats. Of a sudden one of the irregular, delayed beats catches him unprepared. It throws him off balance. It releases an explosion of nervous energy which causes a thrill of pleasure. But if the same thing is repeated too many times the listener learns when the delayed beat will occur. Right then it begins to lose its kick for him. And here is where the potency of "jazz" rhythm shows itself.

There are many ways to vary the occurrence of the delayed beat or beats while still keeping the same general relation between the regular and the irregular. You can shock 'em till the cows come home. They were beginning to say, five or six years ago, that "Jazz is through?" Now, is it dead? I'm asking you.

If you listen to music from the jungle belt that extends around the world you will find that jungle peoples the world over have known how to make effective use of this very definite regular-irregular rhythm-pattern. You would recognize the same thing in music from the Kongo, Madagascar, India, Ceylon, Java, Samoa, Tahiti, Hawaii, Guiana, Haiti, Cuba, Beale Street, or Broadway. Why of necessity should the jungle belt

have been the place where "jazz" rhythm originated?

Perhaps one reason is the real jungle is a dark and fearsome place, full of known dangers and the unknown perils of the spirit world that is supposed to haunt it. John Vandercook in his interesting book, *Tom-Tom*, suggests that a race could survive in such surroundings, century after century, only by finding some powerful way of hypnotizing or intoxicating itself. He indicates that such a means was found by beating on the tom-tom. I'll go a step further. We'll suppose that, ages ago, jungle man slapped his leg with his freely swinging hand as he walked through the dark recesses of his natural habitat just as a boy whistles to keep up his courage as he passes a graveyard at midnight. The jungle gentleman noticed with naive pleasure that part of the time his hand hit his leg just as one of his feet struck the ground, while at other times he gave himself a smack half-way between strides. Here was your combination of beat and off-beat occurring in an interesting form.

It happens that such a definite relation of a one-two beat going on at the same time as a one-two-three beat is the simplest form of the jazz-rhythm pattern. It may have been that jungle man, once he had realized the interesting nature of his discovery, experimented further with it by pounding

with a stick on a hollow log. The fact remains that peoples who live in jungle countries actually use an astonishing number of fascinating variations on the above primitive pattern. Jungle man can work himself into a frenzy with his cunning use of them; and it will get the white man, too, if he listens long enough.

The spell of the delayed beat on the drum first got hold of me when as a kid of five I used to follow a G. A. R. fife-and-drum corps around the streets of my natal town of Salina, Kansas. I determined then and there that I would find out how they made that "quick-step" time sound so thrilling and just why I got such an inordinate wallop out of it. But it was years later, when witnessing a stage presentation of "The Bird of Paradise," that I got what might be called my first clue that there was a general and primitive formula for placing that fascinating delayed beat in various parts of a measure. In the luau scene several Hawaiian women were seated in a native hut slapping gourds which contained rattling seeds, with the palms of their hands. The delayed beat came in a distinctly different part of the measure than is the case in fife-and-drum "quick-step time." Was it not possible that ALL the vagaries of unpredictable jazz rhythm were obtained from some simple formula—a formula jungle peoples knew intuitively?



Here's How It All Started



*Here's the Author
Behind a Bush ---*

● From that time on my subconscious self was plugging away at this very problem. It got me into more than one minor jam. There was a time in Berkeley, when my fraternity brothers got good and tired of hearing me try to learn to play jazz on the piano. At choir practice in Trinity M. E. Church I noticed with jealous eye the isolated position of the grand piano situated well toward the center of the building. After practice one night I managed to remain in the building alone, and then I went after the problem with zeal. In no time at all, it seemed, there was a simultaneous racket at the front and back doors. Two flashlights converged on me, and I found myself pinched for disturbing the peace at 3 a. m. Later that morning I appeared before the eminent criminologist, August Vollmer, who then held the title of chief of police. His advice was the diplomatic equivalent of "hire a hall."

My "rhythmic research" took me to many a queer haunt along the West Oakland water-front. There was Henry Hastings' "Oak Leaf Cafe," a tumble-down shack that from the outside would inspire fear in the heart of the brashest youth. There I first heard the "Tiger Rag" and did those black babies tear into it! They had a wooden wash-tub fashioned to the low ceiling; a membrane was stretched across the bottom of the tub, and a large rope dangled from a hole in the center of the membrane.

● When the time came to imitate the tiger's roar, the trap-drummer took two rosined rags in his hands and proceeded to climb the rope like a monkey. The resultant indescribable noise just about shook the rickety building down on our heads. And then there was the "Creole Cafe," where a now well-known pianist was leading the orchestra. I have never heard the "Yellow Dog Blues" rendered as they did it, nor

even in the South Seas have I seen anyone "put it on" as did the "high-brown" girl who sang it. It seemed a hopeless job to find a simple answer to all THIS complexity.

But in the summer of 1923, after teaching in high school and grammar school around San Francisco Bay for a couple of years, I set sail for that isle o' dreams, that opal set in aquamarine, Gauguin's Noa-Noa—Tahiti. I went as a sort of unofficial and non-professional missionary of jazz to the South Sea Islands. Like many a would-be conqueror, I was given a surprise.

● Analysis of the jazz rhythm-pattern as carried out in the manner earlier indicated in this article, I had already proved to my own satisfaction would give only three variations on this rhythm. And I had heard many other variations which would not fit into such a simple scheme. When I heard the astonishing results on the percussion instruments produced by native Tahitians, I was still further bewildered.

Every district has its own distinctive dances, and every dance has several widely varied movements, with correlative changes in rhythm. There is also always the CONTRAPULSITIVE effect of several rhythms going on at once. On the empty gasoline can which takes the place of our snare drum there is played what sounds like the roll of a

machine gun with swift syncopation. At the same time four or five natives are beating out a slower syncopated rhythm on the same number of hollowed blocks of hard wood. And the under-current is furnished either by a bass drum or hollow cocconut-tree log covered at one end by a membrane of shark-skin. The total effect makes shivers run up and down your spine. Your feet get "hot."

During the three months I spent in Tahiti I went twice around the entire island, stopping at every village, and pounding on the village drums. When I finally analyzed what I had found I discovered the single complicating factor which united all the variations I had heard anywhere. The primitive jazz-rhythm pattern can be taken through a cycle of eight phases until one reaches the beginning again. I noted seven of the total of eight phases in use by the Tahitians.

● Negroes use all of the eight. Putting these eight phases together in all mathematically possible combinations taken four at a time I have, to start with, 1680 two-phase combinations in which there is no repetition within the combination. Starting with these, who is to say what the limits are? I can at least say this: such a study makes accessible to one orchestrator a veritable reservoir of suggestive rhythmic ideas.



An Old African Custom, Folks



Sweet?

by
Gordon Clayborne

--JUST AN OLD

Fashioned Girl

● One day Nick Harris, the detective, sent a wire to Rochester. Eleanor took it and happened to recognize his voice as she had heard it so often over the air. They started talking. You know—you've talked with Western Union girls yourself probably. The outcome was a

hearing over KFI for Eleanor. She went over great.

Since then she has appeared once, twice and sometimes three times a day over KFI and KECA. She sings the good old songs: Memories, When You and I Were Young Maggie, Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight, I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls, and a lot of others.

● Her fan mail is tremendous. It comes not only from nice old ladies but from young girls as well. She plays golf, rides and loves to drive. So some night if you want to hear After the Ball is Over, just tune in on Eleanor.

In the shade of the Old Apple Tree,
Where the love in your eyes I could see,
When the voice that I heard
Like a song of the bird
Seemed to whisper sweet music to me,
I could hear the dull buzz of the bee,
In the blossoms as you said to me,
With a heart that is true
I'll be waiting for you
In the shade of the Old Apple Tree.

▼
*Get away from that
horse's head, lady!*

INTRODUCING Eleanor Autrey. The New Fashioned Girl who sings the Old Fashioned Songs.

Remember those old ditties that would bring down the house and shake the barn back in the days when grandma was a girl? Those old ballads that used to bring the sentimental tears to the mellow eyes of a past generation? Well, Eleanor is the little lady who warbles them over KFI. The flapper who sings the songs of another year. The gay little girl of today who reaches the hearts of the girls of yesterday.

There's a story in back of Eleanor. A story filled with strange coincidence and drama.

Her real name is Pansy, but let's just forget that and get to the story. She comes from Fort Scott, Kansas. Her father is one of President Hoover's closest friends. They were boys together or something. Five years ago Eleanor came here to crash pictures. Either the casting directors were blind or they didn't know personality when it was thrown at them. Anyway the gates of Hollywood refused to open; and so our heroine accepted a poor but honest job in other fields. She went to work for Western Union.





THE SHERIFF'S

A story, and a true one, of how love entered the life of Loyal Underwood, inspiring genius and sheriff of the Wranglers,

by
Jack Paul Lord

LOYAL and DOROTHY

THIS is the story of Loyal Underwood, Sheriff of the Wranglers. It is also the story of Dorothy Benton Smith, who one bleak day a little more than a year ago, drove her dusty and ancient Ford across the border line of the great southwest and entered the State of California and the heart of the Sheriff.

The blase boys who are to be found hanging on the fringe of radio studio life will tell you that romance is dead. Perhaps it is—for them. They will tell you it is all a matter of cut and dried business, the things that go on behind the scenes. Well they're wrong. Dead wrong. And we advance Sheriff Loyal and Dorothy to prove our statement.

Dorothy Smith was a writer on the staff of the Chicago Tribune. And a good writer. One dreary day she tired of her job, and decided to go west, on the strength of the advice of that other newspaper figure, the late H. Greeley. So she packed her Gladstone, climbed into her worn flivver and set out for the golden promise of Southern California.

● She arrived with high hopes and little else. Her first quest for a job led her to The Herald office.

She crashed past the secretary to the circulation manager and offered her highly valuable services. They weren't accepted. However, she made so good an impression that some one in the office sent her out to KNX to see Naylor Rogers, who is always looking for those superior sort of secretaries.



BRIDE

[[[[[]]]]]

She got across great. Rogers, the manager of the station, put her on as a kind of general utility girl. And then she met Loyal Underwood. In a week they were friends, in a month they were a lot more than friends.

Then one night a plane made a mysterious flight over into Mexico. Tia Juana witnessed the nuptials. Dorothy Benton Smith became Mrs. Loyal Underwood. It was a love match.

● But the world knew nothing. The Sheriff went back to work. So did his wife, but not for long. They lived apart and stole a few cherished hours each day together. Then, after Dorothy had quit her job, they were re-wed in Yuma; a regular old fashioned American wedding. But quiet.

Now Sheriff Loyal and Dorothy have two deputies. Twins. Boys, born a couple of months ago. Frank and Fred are their names. They were called after their grandfathers. And what a pair of boys they are! Almost as big as the four foot Sheriff, already.

Loyal says they have big feet and big hands and are going to be cops or baseball players or something swell; not just a couple of song pluggers like their dad. But there are plenty of people who think their dad is a lot more than an ordinary song plugger.

● When the announcement of their birth reached the great radio public, gifts fairly flocked in. And letters—well brother, Loyal could have started one of the snappiest collections of stamps this town's ever seen. And the mailman is still taking plenty of trips to that little bungalow out in West Hollywood.

Loyal Underwood is, as the boys say, one great little guy. He used to be with Charlie Chaplin back in 1920. Remember? The old days when films were films and pictures were laughable, even the serious ones? Loyal used to play the part of a little old man. He used plenty of make-up to make it realistic. Then, in '25 he took a show to Honolulu. He returned and signed up with KNX.

In these last six years he has done just about everything out there. Written continuity, script, publicity, announced, played a dozen parts and promoted his own shows. He created the Hap and Sap parts for the Royal Vagabonds.

It was during the Catalina Island Channel Swim that he played one of his biggest cards. He put on the broadcast with Dean Garber and Eddie Albright. It was a stunt in those days; and it would be some stunt even if it were done today. He was also the first to pioneer a football broadcast on the West Coast

● But when he became Sheriff of the Wranglers he really clicked right. And clicked right from the first. They eat it up. Why, real sheriffs from all over the country are sending him honorary badges! Tom Gurdane, the sheriff up in Umatille County in Oregon, of Hickman fame, sent him one the other day. It's solid gold.

Loyal was born in Freeport, Ill., and says he's been trying to out-live it ever since. He plays tennis and both he and Mrs. Underwood like to ride.

They make a great team, Sheriff Loyal and Dorothy. But just wait until those deputies get a little bigger.



The Sheriff and His Two Deputies





***Charming Ama Lou Barnes
—who plays KMTR on
the Rhythmettes hour***

THE WORLD IS WAITING

By

Don McDowell



BUDDY AND JEAN AND US

CHARLES "BUDDY" ROGERS is going on the air! If that isn't enough to make several million palpitating young femmes start for the radio set, then Graham McNamee is tongue-tied.

For the past year or so, Buddy has been seen and heard very frequently in Jean Leonard's Hollywood Studio, tickling the shimmering ivories. Jean has taken him under his wing and given him piano lessons, in preparation for Buddy's radio engagements.

And according to Jean, Buddy is so darned wrapped up in his music that he can't be jerked away from the piano. When he takes his lesson, Jean has to threaten everything from blackmail to mayhem to get him to quit on time.

● You see, it was this way. All the other movie stars were taking up singing, or saxophones, or trombones, or piccolos, or something, in order to be able to broadcast, and Buddy decided he ought to do something. He could play every instrument in an orchestra already, from trombone to banjo, but he'd always wanted to play the piano. So he suddenly announced that he was a piano player, started taking lessons to back up the statement, and now he is and a darned good one, too.



NO MUSIC TO GUIDE HIM

● Anyone who knows one note from another, or can whistle, knows that "From Out of Nowhere" is a pretty difficult piece to play. But when Buddy sits down and rattles it off, with all the frills, runs and breaks that Jean has taught him, you wonder why he's wasting his time as a common movie star. And little more than a year ago "they'd have laughed if he even so much as started to sit down at a piano."

● Buddy is all enthusiastic about radio.

"There is a fascination about a radio mike.

"I think it is essential for a moving picture actor to prepare himself to entertain over radio and television. More and more, they are being mustered to broadcast, and if they can't do anything but act, they're simply wallflowers."

Buddy is soon going East, where he will join Rudy Vallee at the Paramount. What a team that will be!

● From there they tell us he is going to broadcast regularly on the Paramount hour playing the piano and singing (Oh, by the way; he has been taking vocal lessons, too) over the National hook-up.

You have to hand it to these movie people. When they want something they go right out after it. Nothing seems impossible to them. Their motto is "Be Prepared," and no one is more prepared right now than Charles Rogers.



By Freeman Lang
(As Told to Mae Brightman)

CECIL De MILLE takes first prize as the outstanding male hello-er. Conrad Nagel is a close runner up. Charlie Chaplin will never talk, but that's not strange either as he won't even talk from the screen. But he's af-

fable. Doug Fairbanks offers the usual "hello," a pleasant smile and lets it go at that.

Doug says his voice is not so hot and that the radio audience is getting a break even if they don't know it. Mary Pickford hello-ed at "Morocco" which was unusual.

Gorgeous Gloria Swanson goes shy



**MARJORIA
 WHITE
 SMILES**

HOW • THEY • ACT

AMOS AND ANDY AND LANG

before the microphone. She's willing, but a trifle tied.

Constance Bennett broke her silence endurance contest at "Cimarron" with the classic remark, "I have nothing to say."

As a matter of fact many of the big stars won't talk because they really don't have anything to say. They come unprepared and dislike the usual trite remarks. Jean Harlowe and Clare Luce are plain stubborn. They turn out with boy friends who brush past with a negative shake of the head. He'll tell us they don't want to talk. He ought to know.

The comedians are the best bets. They're affable lads and always ready to give a free laugh.

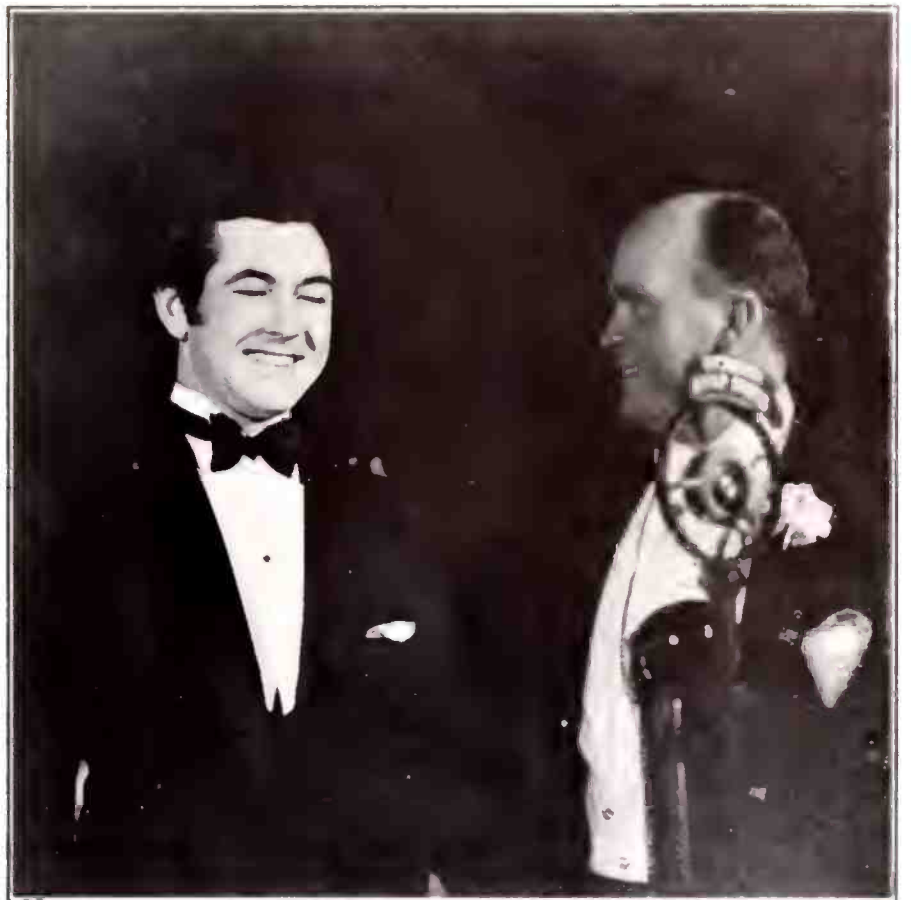
George Sidney, Charlie Murray and Jack Oakie are only too willing to help out. They get off a wise crack, a grin and add life to the whole thing. Bert Roach and George Stone let out a gag or so apiece. El Brendel talks with his famed Scandinavian dialect; Benny Rubin breaks into Hebrew.

Bob Woolsey and Bert Wheeler, as well as their lovely little pal, Dorothy Lee, add plenty of laughs. Amos and Andy, who didn't find the mike exactly foreign, spilled their usual line at the "Check and Double Check" premiere.

"Coquette" was one of the snappiest premieres I've put over. Doug and Mary hopped across the gutter. It was a slick shot. At "Rio Rita" I collected a dollar from everyone who said hello over the mike. I got \$25 for the Community Chest.

And when "City Lights" opened in the new Los Angeles Theatre we put on a great radio show. The arc lights were smashed, the crowds blocked traffic and the taxis would dump their fares and pick up the wounded to rush to the hospital. What a night!

The one and only picture premiere announcer gives the low down on motion picture stars and their reactions to the mike. He's introduced them all so he ought to know what he is talking about.



**JOHN
MACK
BROWN
AND—**

"East Lynn" was plenty wet. Rain, thunder and lightning. But it made a good setting.

Marlene Dietrich tried to get past me at "Morocco." No one else noticed her, but I did. Theda Bara was surprised when I noticed her at the "Whoopee" opening. She was all alone.

Al Jolson doesn't attend premieres. He says it's too expensive. "By the time I buy flowers and pay for a seat or two I've spent enough to finance the production. And if you go later you don't have to talk over the radio." Oke, sonny-boy.

Wallace Beery is great. He gave me a lift at "Strangers May Kiss." He missed plenty of the lesser stars, but he was willing. And did he sweat! Marie Dressler and Polly Moran can't do too much. They have great radio voices. Strangelv enough Marie rings in a serious note. She boosts the stars.

As to Clara Bow—and Willy Haines—well, just let that go.

Ruth Roland and Ben Lyon are real witty. Lew Ayres, who is shy, said "Good Morning" in his embarrassment at the "All Quiet" premiere. He had Mary McAllister with him. Robert Montgomery, on the other hand, is willing to go on talking by the hour. He gets a good hand from the side lines.

Greta Garbo is always silent.

Dempsey and a friend of his, Estelle Taylor, who were seen together a great deal at one time, always have a word for their public. Harold Lloyd is a sphinx. But he's always on hand.

The Duncan Sisters sing a line from "Remembering" and they sure can sing it to. Cliff Edwards promises to bring his uke but always forgets it. Mitzi Green winks and says, "I know a secret." Some day, maybe when she gets of age, she may break down and tell us what it is.

Will Rogers doesn't attend. Buddy Rogers does and talks enough for both of them.

Ruth Chatterton, with her husband, Ralph Forbes, is willing but frankly admits there is little they can say. Usually just looking at Ruth is plenty for one night. Marion Davies is entertaining; Norma Shearer is swell.

Richard Dix just doesn't care.

But for the most part, movie stars are willing to talk and do.



**GLORIOUS
GLORIA
SWANSON
SPEAKING**



What will happen when television brings the theatre into the parlor? Will picture houses grow dark and picture stars sell apples? Or will picture talent combine with broadcasting talent to form new and better artists?

by
Lois Synnott

It seems absurd now to think of life without the motion picture theatres. We have become as accustomed to them as to the corner drug store. They are a part of every American city, town and neighborhood. We take them for granted, like Christmas, mumps and newsreels of Jimmie Walker.

Yet many of us can remember the days when there were no movies and poor mankind was dependent for entertainment on the legitimate stage. In those days people living in small towns went to a road show two or three times a year, heard Romeo singing to Juliet in a raucous voice under a pasteboard moon, and thought they had seen something of life. The more fortunate city-dwellers had such artists as May Irving, Madame Fisk, John Drew, Williams and Walker, Weber and Fields and Dan Daley. To the smug New Yorker these were enough; he fiercely resented the coming of the movies. But, in spite of opposition, the pictures came, moved and then talked.

The evolution of entertainment is one of the most thrilling stories of the modern age. When we consider that the talkies combine art, science and literature, we are apt to say: "It is the finish; the histrionic ideal has been obtained. Here we have the best plays enacted by the best talent—beauty and brains performing for our benefit, made true to life by Vitaphone and Movietone,

RADIO DOINGS

When Television Comes



and brought to us in mass production at a price we can all afford. What more can one expect?

Much. The progression of entertainment has only begun. A few years ago we thought the silent movies were good enough; we could not understand how talkies might benefit the pictures. But scientists were not content until they had perfected the speaking picture; nor are they content now. The next step in theatrical 'science' is without doubt the visible radio performance. Already television has been achieved; it is only

necessary to apply it to practical uses. In a few years we will be able to look into our radio loud-speaker and see the person who is broadcasting.

When the imagination accepts this fact, it is easy to picture what will happen next. Complete dramas and plays of all kind will be enacted in the broadcasting rooms. In your own living room, sitting in your favorite easy chair, you will be able to see your favorite star perform.

The effects which this achievement will have stagger the mind! Nothing that we have known in the past can compare to the upheaval in theatrical circles which television will bring.

The advent of the movies meant disaster for many. There was less demand for legitimate talent. The public went wild over beautiful shadow faces and forgot the old real favorites. Salaries fell, and playhouses closed. Those who could, forsook the stage for the screen, and many who could not pass the photographic tests were relegated to oblivion.

The talkies meant a still greater shakeup. Movie actresses who talked like hashgirls were out of luck. The slump in fan mail was terrific. The decline of box-office receipts on certain favorites looked like a Wall Street riot. Actors sent out an S. O. S. for voice teachers, and directors began to recruit new talent.



LILLIAN TAIZ



lovely soprano who snags
attention on the Columbia
'radio roundup' hour



Gogo Delyes



Jack Oakie

WHICH LIKE

THEY all have their favorites.

The stars of the movies and the stars of the ether.

But it took the "IT" girl of motion pictures to find the "IT" girl of radio. Clara Bow, that lovely flame haired beauty whose very name is significant of personality, has picked, for RADIO DOINGS, the "IT" girl of the microphone.

And the choice is good. For Gogo Delyes is perhaps the most charming little lady to ever warble in front of an invisible audience. Five feet two, slim, with an almost childlike figure, Gogo has the rare combination of beauty and talent. Her languorous eyes have the dreamy promise of a world of passion; her clear voice has the deep melody of a startlingly fine soul.

For Gogo, who has sung over virtually every station on the western seaboard, and most of those on the eastern, is Clara's choice for the title of "IT" girl. Clara is right—Gogo has it, them, those and then some! For the last few weeks she has been playing the Keith circuit. Soon she goes back on the air on a full time program schedule. Pictures have tempted her; the stage has attracted her, but radio has intrigued her.



Skeets Gallagher

THEY BEST

by
Claire Otis



Gary Cooper

● Most movie stars, strange as it might seem, are keen fans of the air. Gary Cooper, Paramount star, is an enthusiast of the cowboy songs and cowboy programs. He says, "I suppose I get the biggest kick out of the Arizona Wranglers' hour over KNX. The old cowboy songs and the mandolin music perhaps reminds me a little of the old days on our ranch in Montana."

"Frank Watanabe and the Honorable Archie's comic hour of fun is the program I usually fumble for on my radio dial every night," says Jack Oakie. "I also like to tune in on Wesley Tourtellotte. There is a deep charm about his organ music."

Clive Brooks believes that Calmon Luboviski offers the most delightful treat with his mystics and magical violin music. "Mr. Luboviski's selection of pieces as well as his rendition of them are flawless," he is quoted as saying.

Skeets Gallagher refused to commit himself to anyone or any program in particular. "Only," he says, "I have an old weakness for the classical programs. However, I rather fancy some of the modern songs when they are offered by a really first class orchestra."



Clive Brooks



Clara Bow

out
of
the
east



F
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by

EARLE JACKSON

FRANK VALLAN, production manager of KGFJ, the 24-hour station, has travelled by a circuitous route from New Orleans before reaching Los Angeles. Born in New Orleans, La., on Nov. 3rd, 1899, his residence in the south was terminated at the age of five when his parents moved to Bay City, Mich. He enrolled at the University of Michigan to study journalism in 1915.

In January, 1916, Vallan shipped to France and enlisted in the French Foreign Legion. He was sent to Pau for his training and later completed his training at Bar le Duc, finishing just in time to mix at Verdun attached to the Escadrille F-44, later transferring to N-103, Chasse. At the close of the war, Vallan, now a captain in the French Air

Corps, resigned with 3200 flying hours over the front, to his credit.

He returned to the University of Michigan and completed his studies, graduating in June, 1922. His first job was with the Detroit Free Press as a reporter. Late in 1923 he went to Havana as a correspondent for the Detroit Free Press, New York World, Brooklyn Daily Times and the Chicago Tribune. He devoted some time to writing publicity for John M'Intee Bowman, of hotel fame, while in Havana. WSUN, St. Petersburg, Florida, was the scene of his debut in radio as an announcer and news feature man.

During January, 1925, he returned to the north and in New York City became announcer for WEAJ. When the National Broadcasting Company was formed and the subsequent buying of WEAJ Vallan was made supervisor of announcers.

In January, 1929, Vallan transferred

his affections and talents to the Columbia Broadcasting System, as a production executive. But then the long arm of Hollywood, forever grasping new talent, reached out and brought him to Hollywood as a dialogue writer for Universal. Frank Vallan is now back at his old love, RADIO, and there he hopes to stay.

Vallan is responsible for the success of some of radio's biggest features such as the famous Don Amaizo. The Halsey Stuart Hour, Rastus and His Musical Menagerie, for Cream of Wheat, Rapid Transit and many other features are also the product of his efforts.

On the Columbia System Vallan produced the Blackstone Plantation featuring Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson, The Robert Burns Panatela Country Club, with Guy Lombardo and His Royal Canadians, Wahl Eversharp Penmen, Flying Stories for MacFadden Publications, Manhattan Moods and the Columbians, both CBS features.



Music Makers of KGFJ

Just a Lot of Nice Boys

RADIO DOINGS

The Cradle of Talent

by
Kay Van Riper

FROM KFWB to unusual prominence—such has been the fortune of an extraordinary number of artists! Fame smiles easily on the members of KFWB'S staff—chance is genial! Just cast an eye over the list of outstanding personalities who gained their first fame over KFWB, the Cradle of Talent!

The Boswells—bless their N'Yawlins accent!—found their first fans among KFWB's listeners.

L. Scott Perkins is a name familiar to most Los Angelenos, who were twisting the dial about two years ago. His Spanish continuities, colorful, well written, and well directed, made him one of the most popular of radio writers. He is now a producer and writer at the San Francisco studios of NBC.

Leon Belaski, violinist supreme, appeared only at KFWB when he was in Los Angeles a few years ago. He was a featured artist here. Then he went to New York and recently, the whole nation hears him conduct his orchestra as he accompanies Morton Downey on the CBS program. He also directs at the Club Delmonico.



Loyce Whiteman

Only a short time ago, daytime listeners of KFWB heard the wistful singing of Jean Cowan. Accompanying herself on the piano, Jean sang her heart out

to the "mike," and gained an enviable reputation for herself as a blue-ballad crooner. Now, she gives the whole country an opportunity to hear her low, throaty voice over the NBC network.

When Eddie Bush, who formed the first Biltmore Trio, was convalescing from a serious illness, he made plans for a new and even a better musical act. He found the necessary talent at KFWB—chiefly, Buster Dees.

Everett Heagland, possessor of a sense of dance rhythm, found an outlet for his energies and talents in forming an orchestra which demonstrated his own theories of what a dance band should sound like.

One day an auburn haired, blue eyed slender girl wandered into KFWB, and announced timidly that she was a radio singer. After testing her voice, the officials agreed that she was. So did Southern California listeners. Loyce Whiteman was besieged with demands for her picture—her autographs—any testimony from the girl whose voice

(Continued on Page 38)

The Children's Hour

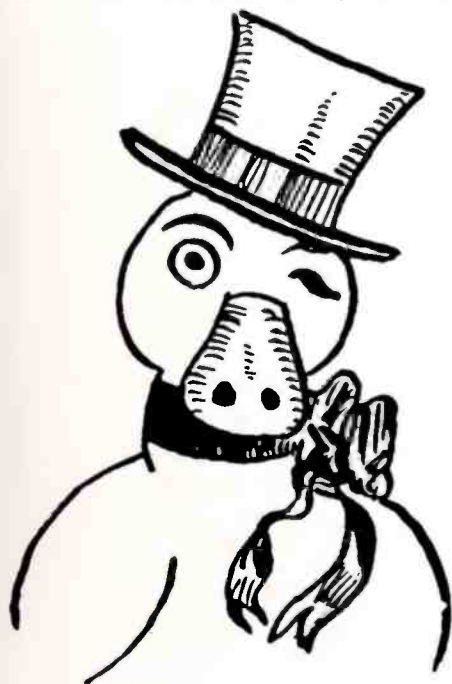
by
"Uncle Jay"

"CLICKETY CLACK, CLICKETY CLACK, CLICKETY CLACK!"

What familiar sounds are these to boys and girls everywhere!

Children, who in the late afternoon congregate near their radio sets to hear the story man, this is their hour. The hour when the story man tells of the happenings in the AIR CASTLE in the LAND OF MAKE BELIEVE.

The story man is seated at a desk in the studios of KFI nearly buried by hundreds of



letters from boys and girls from far and near; these notes telling how much President Pip, Clickety Clack, Yip the little wooden dog, Happy Duck, and Bugler Murphy are relied upon to chase the gloom of the day.

It was nearly four-thirty in the afternoon, and not long before the story man would take charge of the microphone.

He was surrounded by hundreds of letters. Some of them carried word that some listener was ill; someone had a birthday today; and others contained ribbons for Yip; medals for President Pip; and saw-dust for Clickety Clack! You know that saw-dust is what this little wooden man eats.

One glance at the clock and the story man jumped from his chair, and hurried into the studio, where there is a huge castle.

All around are beautiful plants, toy balloons of all colors, pictures of children and a big box containing rays of sunshine that are sent out each day.

The story man played the piano and sang a song, but not before turning the microphone on and greeting the little boys and girls with his cheery "Hello, Hello, Hello!"

The first song was about a Japanese doll, then came the song about the farmer. These were followed by the ringing of the magic bells, and, to the tune of "Home, Sweet Home," in walked Aloysious Whimpleton Washington Lincoln McPip; in short, Pip, president of The Land of Make Believe. In he walked, President Pip, only three feet tall and one

hundred years old. (He never gets any older.) President Pip was wearing a suit of all colors, a magic ring and a magic medal.

Inventing is this old fellow's hobby and what
(Continued on Page 39)



MEET THE



Merna Kennedy



Deauville Beauties



Alice Plume



Gene Inz

Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief — from all walks of life come readers of RADIO DOINGS. Here we have Mayor Porter of Los Angeles, who is a very busy man, taking a little time out to catch up on the latest in radio. On the upper right, Mr. Henry Aloysius Smith. When he isn't reading, he's sleeping, and vice versa



Dot &

READERS



Mayor of L.A.



Henry Smith



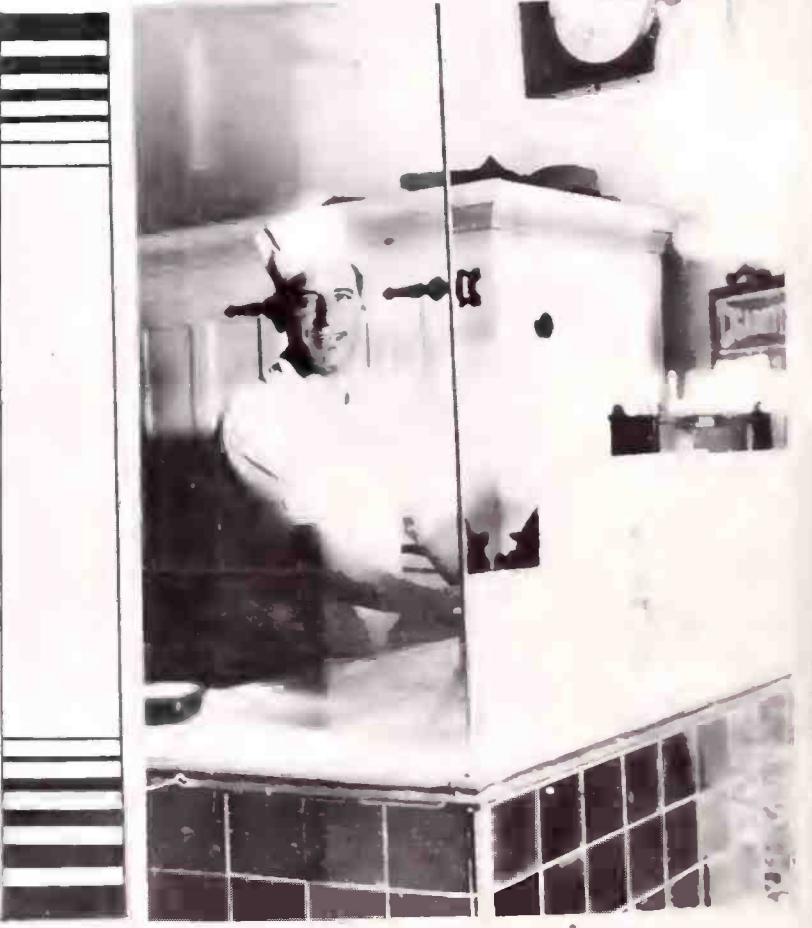
Nancy Carroll



W Broadcast



Betty Earle



Geo. Georgia

Machinists, cooks, movie stars and bathing beauties — are RADIO DOINGS fans. And these are only a few of them. Send in your picture. In each issue there will be a complete pictorial department devoted entirely to the readers. Get out the old camera and take some good snappy shots of yourself or your friends, and send 'em in!



SOB SISTER

By
Jordan Harding

Louella Parsons interviews the movie satellites over the air and runs up a fan mail record.



Louella and Bebe Daniels ---- and Ann Harding

RADIO DOINGS

A RANK outsider has stepped into the world of radio and is giving the home talent plenty to worry about. Louella Parsons, who for more years than even she likes to mention, has been writing for this paper and that, and who at present is doing a screen column for Universal Feature Service, has developed over night into a tremendous radio attraction.

Miss Parsons, who by the way, is married and has a grown up daughter, gets more than twenty-five hundred letters a week from fans. And that isn't at all bad for a beginner.

She is featured on the Sunkist program over KHJ on Thursdays. But there's a catch on that fan mail thing. Most of the letters ask favors. People want her to read their manuscripts, sell their novels, give free domestic advice, lend money to worthy causes and what not. Then there are the fans who want pictures. Hundreds of 'em, (fans, not pictures) even thousands of them.

● During the few short months Miss Parsons has been on the air she has interviewed Mary Pickford, Lew Ayres, Wallace Beery, Marie Dressler, Ann Harding, Bebe Daniels and a whole lot of others. They, the stars and Louella, chat back and forth about nothing particular, while the world listens in.

Wallace Beery was the first to be interviewed. Miss Parsons says it was he who taught her how to talk into a microphone and tipped her off on the best ways of putting a voice over the ether.



● "It was easy interviewing Mr. Beery," Louella says. "In fact it almost amounted to his interviewing me. We went over everything first. I was very nervous, but after that first time I overcame my fright."

Marie Dressler was the most interesting person to interview, according to Miss Parsons.

"Marie really had a serious message to give. Her immense popularity, especially as a comedian and character actor, reacted to give her talk a distinct depth and tone. The only trouble was keeping her in front of the microphone. She wanted to go home early.

● "Ruth Chatterton helped me a lot in arranging our interview. She offered ideas as to the script and general trend of the entire conversation. She was perhaps a trifle shy before the microphone, but she overcame that after a few minutes. Her years on the stage have given her splendid poise.

"Lew Ayres I was worried about. He is only twenty-two and I had an idea that perhaps we might have a little trouble picking a subject. But he was splendid. In fact the interview was based largely on his own ideas. That week more than three thousand fan letters flooded the station.

"Richard Dix, Norma Shearer and Constance Bennett made excellent interviews."

Louella Parsons is perhaps even more interesting than the famous stars she interviews. A medium sized, dark haired woman, her rather tired eyes brighten up quickly when she talks of her work and her friends. She is tremendously proud of her long standing acquaintance with Mary Pickford, Marie Dressler and dozens of other actors.

● She likes radio work. Says it gives her a more intimate feeling of contact with her public than mere writing. Two secretaries tag along at her heels at all times. She is one of the busiest women writers in the country. And yet she has time to devote to a tiny bull pup she is raising and thinks more of that than anything else in the world.

Her duplex apartment shows the acme of good taste. She does most of her writing at home and arranges her programs there. The person to be interviewed usually dines with her a day or so in advance. They talk over ideas and decide just what is to be said. She gets splendid co-operation, she says.

Mary Pickford turned down a sixty-five hundred dollar offer to go on the air, and the next day went on with Louella for nothing!

The one with the necktie is old George Bancroft

Marie Dressler does a difficult—but aesthetic —maneuver



Studio CHATTER

Television, the wise ones tell us, is almost here.

* * *

Television is a great thing and all that, but we can't help having serious misgivings about it. For it will bring us vis-a-vis with people whom heretofore we have only heard.

* * *

When the talkies came in and we heard those whom formerly we had only seen, we were appalled. Beautiful, gold-haired creatures whom we worshipped as divine turned out to be whisky-voiced works of Satan. Big, manly heroes emitted puny, nasal squeaks. Many who were great disappeared altogether—think how terrible they must have been!

* * *

Now television is going to make us go through the whole thing again—in reverse. This time we will have to see the faces that go with the voices we enjoy hearing.

* * *

Some of the broadcasting boys and girls will undoubtedly profit by television. We've seen sopranos whose voices, Lord knows, were hardly excusable; but whose looks made us wish somebody would develop not only Television but Teletact.



Edna O'Keefe . . . KPO

by
Paul Rodriguez

On the other hand, we remember being in the business office of a certain station once and hearing an unseen tenor whose voice was the most sublime sound that man ever made. He sang "Una Fur-tiva Lachrima."



Jean Clarimoux . . . KPO

When he finished, we looked curiously toward the studio door to behold the frame of this man whose throat was so close to perfection. What a shock! We have met good tenors before, and we know that most of them are short and fat. But this one was a positive gnome. He was as close to being deformed as he could get without having any bones actually out of place.

* * *

If we find that one of the Three Co-Eds is a man, we'll never listen in again.

* * *

On Sunday morning, the air is crowded with religious services. It is a most encouraging sign of the goodness of the fans. But the preaching technique of some of our churchmen raises the question of whether the fans are accepting Christianity or just being sold on the idea of religion.



Lord Bilgewater . . . KPO

The churchmen shout, they pound their pulpits, they tell funny stories, they scare their congregations, they use every trick they can apply to the job of making the public salvation-conscious.

* * *

No doubt their methods are right, because they seem to be getting across in fine shape. But we can't help contrasting these loud, intensive sales-talks on religion with the quiet tones in which the First Christian crushed his hecklers with sweetly devastating parables.

* * *

Some of our highbrow broadcasters have climbed to an uncomfortable eminence.

* * *

As long as they held to the easy, middling level of ordinary radio music, their listeners were easy to satisfy because they didn't expect much. They judged their production according to standards applicable to radio entertainment, never considering it as real music.



Alice Gentle and Cy Trobbe
. . . KPO . . .

But now certain of our more enterprising broadcasters have gone in for real music. Works of Honegger, Ravel, de Falla, and revivals of Corelli and Vivaldi share evenings with La Paloma and the Rhythm Boys. Messrs. Raymond Paige, Pryor Moore, Calmon Lubovski and a number of others have made bids for a rating as real musicians, and in so doing they have subjected themselves to more searching, more exacting criticism from people who know the best and demand it.

* * *

So we admire our highbrows for their musical enterprise and ability. But if they're going to be good, they've got to be real good, because real people are listening to them. We won't stand for human metronomes on the conductor's stand—they've got to be real, thinking conductors.

* * *

The other night we heard an announcer stress the fact that his station ran twenty words, no more, no less, of commercial announcements at the end of each selection or program. Which I took to be an indication that people have become vociferous in their objections to long-winded sales talks on their radios.

* * *

I never have objected to a medium-long announcement. In fact, I hold that listeners should not only pay attention to radio announcements, but should go out and at least try the products advertised. It's a sort of return of courtesy to the advertiser who has pleased you with a good program, delivered gratis. On the other hand, to tune out a good program when you come to the announcement, is a violation of the hospitality of the advertiser whose guest you have been.

* * *

Somebody or other might be interested in the fact that Lew Conrad, that tender tenor, was a violin prodigy and was booked at seventy-five a week when a mere boy. He blew up after the second week. Stage fright.

* * *

The San Francisco lads are going high brow at NBC. They will refer you to their manager now when you want to talk business. Assuming, of course, that you do want to talk business. Billy Page was the first to sign the new fangled contract with NBC Artists Service, which handles all of his booking.

* * *

We have solved the problem of KHJ's Phantom of the Organ. The gentleman has cleverly concealed his name behind a blush and mike. He has a neat little mustache, a line of the very latest gags and without doubt is old Victor Herbert's ghost.

The publicity boys give us the interesting news that Ken Niles, master of ceremonies of the Hallelujah Hour on KHJ was married to Nadja Vladovna, that lovely little Russian violinist. And then a week or a month ago Eliva Allman of KHJ married Wesley Tourtelotte, the organist. And further more, Nadja and Wesley are heard together over KNX; Ken and Eliva work together for KHJ. It must be one of those modern domestic arrangements gone astray.

* * *

Oh yes, Morton Downey has sung Wabash Moon into the microphone more than 260 times. Something ought to be done about this, people.

* * *

We wish to quote from a recent letter:

"It was discovered that the peculiar ring of a locomotive bell of the 1840 era could be produced by hitting a standard Empire Builder bell with a hammer instead of a clapper."

* * *

Why not hit the bell ringer? With a piano stool instead of a hammer?

* * *

This is just straight news, but it's good. Walter Damrosch is coming out to the coast in June to conduct the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra in a couple of programs. And he will be down at the Hollywood Bowl. Damrosch first conducted in Los Angeles in 1897.

* * *

Ben S. McGlashan, the play boy of the Western world and the owner of KGFJ, put up several sheafs of the long green for a neat new Caddie phaeton.

* * *

Rudy Vallee, the lad with a past and the ex-apple of the ladies' eyes, has turned author. At least we have seen a picture of him sitting before a portable typewriter and looking worried. That's what makes an author all right, all right.

* * *

Some of our vast army of intellectual readers might be interested in knowing that the American Philosophical Society broke a precedent of two hundred and four years when its annual meeting was made public recently. NBC networks exposed it to the world.

Lines

and

Angles

By Ted Osborne

This year
It has been
Almost as hard
To be a
Congressman
As it has to
Work for
A Living.

* * *

*A clever young man in Mo.
Was arrested for running a bro.
But the trial was spurned,
And the court was adjourned,
When the evidence went to the jo.*

* * *

*Th' only people who can profit by
fightin' other folks' battles is lawyers.*

* * *

All
Cake-eaters
Are not
Effeminate.
A good many
Of them have
Lion Hearts
Beating
Below their
Spats.

* * *

Matrimony is a good deal like a theatre, an' divorce is like th' exit y' can use in case of emergency. Y' don't expect t' have t' use th' exit, but y' wouldn't think o' goin' into a theatre that didn't have any.

* * *

*It ain't so hard to' find th' road t'
Success, but th' feller who sets down
beside it an' waits for a free ride is
goin' to get left.*

* * *

*A chorus girl died yesterday
No one was there to see;
And no one sang her praises,
Or wrote her L. E. G.*

* * *

And that's that.



This is a picture of a lady playing a "whoosis"

By Jose Rodriguez

AMONG the many worms in radio that need turning, the high-brow is perhaps the one whose need is the most urgent.

High-brows are always in the minority. But they have seldom been on the defensive as pitifully as they now are.

Once a term of proud isolation or exclusivity, high-brow has become a term of timid self-reproach, when used by the high-brows, and of scornful dispraise when used by the low-brows.

Let us define our terms:

Radio high-brows are those who prefer music of depth and refinement, accurate information, and well-informed opinion.

Radio low-brows are those who prefer music of the streets—and of the gutters—and who yawn to the point of dislocation at any talk which is not wise-cracks.

It is very seldom that we meet an unadulterated high-brow or a pure and simple low-brow. Most people are mixtures of the two, just as all people are inscrutable mixtures of sins and virtues. ● I wish to state the case as I see it from the point of view of a high-brow who has no desire to exterminate the low-brow nor to frustrate him, but who is very weary of the psychological ascendancy of low-brows in radio. In other words, I plead an even break for the high-brows, and I speak with freedom for, in my opinion, KFI-KECA are the only stations who attempt to strike a balance between high-and-low-brow material.

Vulgarity is a valuable quality. It keeps one in contact with original sources of human expression. It prevents one from excessive refinement. It encourages a social attitude.

● All great persons have had a definite streak of vulgarity. It was a necessary element in their vitality. Whenever a great mind loses contact—active, cooperative contact—with vulgarity, he

THE HIGHBROW

loses his effectiveness and a great part of his strength.

To be vulgar means simply to be one of the herd. A low-brow is first and last a herd-animal, a vulgarian.

The loud cry today is for individuality, for uniqueness, for originality and for personality.



Bud Averill

All these qualities are the extreme opposites of vulgarity.

Yet, in order to achieve them, people nowadays adopt the lowest and most shapeless of all qualities, vulgarity.

Shop-girls try to be exclusively dressed in gowns and hats that are manufactured by the millions. Their boy friends try to be original and individual by using the stereotyped expressions popularized by the funny papers and vaudeville actors. Both the shop-girl and the boy friend yearn for uniqueness but find it impossible, so busy are they being exact copies of everyone else.

● I have no animus against shop-girls and their boy friends. Sometimes I am quite envious of them. But I cannot help deplore that nine-tenths of the broadcasters truckle to the herd exclusively.

When a radio station does this, radio is in dangerous hands.

I have never met a low-brow that did not admit that the high-brows were right. I have never met a high-brow who admitted low-brows were not

equipped with heads of solid bone.

Both, of course, are wrong. The high-brows are not always right, and the low-brows are not always stupid. The most serious charge here can be laid against the high-brows.

The high-brow is not high-brow enough.

● He usually takes refuge in formulas. He is too willing to adopt arbitrary standards, or standards that are worn out—out of tune with the time and manners. He is aloof and very addicted to make of his appreciation a mysterious and cryptic thing.

He first frightens, then awes, and finally bores the low-brow.

The honest high-brow is another animal. He seeks to explain, to make clear, to show the inseparateness between fine music and life.

For instance, in considering the strictest musical form, most high-brows speak of canons, intervals, double-counterpoint and modality—nice terms, but antagonizing to a low-brow. The high-brow in this case should tell the low-brow that as children, they both knew and sang a perpetual canon in the octave—known as Three Blind Mice.

Low-brows are militant and aggressive because they know they are wrong. When the chamber-maid realizes she



Edith Agins

MUST STOOP « «

can never be a duchess, she becomes an ardent republican. It is that old friend of Dr. Freud, an inferiority complex. The republican chamber-maid takes pride in her democracy, not because she loves the democratic ideal, but because the infinite superiority of the duchess irritates and offends her.

● Low-brows are the chamber-maids-minds of music.

I recently suggested to a prominent radio conductor a series of fine programs, just as fine as the very popular concerts by Toscanini over CBS or Damrosch over NBC, but more daring and modern.

He said: "Lord! I'd love to do that! But it's too low-brow, man! The public would tune me off!"

This attitude is typical of the high-brow. Just as typical of the high-brow as the attitude of a prominent broadcaster is typical of the low-brow.

This gentleman said: "The next time I hear the Blue Danube waltz, I'll fire my program director. I hate that high-brow stuff."

I have never met a chamber-maid that did not want to be a duchess. I never met a motorist who would not rather drive a Packard than a Chevrolet. I never met a man who would rather be an ignoramus than a philosopher.

●



Dorothy West

I have never met a person who preferred second-rate to first-class in anything.

Broadcasters who neglect fine music or sound talk overlook this undeniable human impulse toward the best things.

Broadcasters who neglect the playful, the frivolous and the easily-digested, sugary music, also forget that it is human and natural to desire these things as well.



Alexander Bevani

● Music is like any other diet. One cannot live on beefsteaks alone, nor on French pastry alone, nor only on greens, biscuits or caviar.

Even a hot-dog, with poisonous mustard, acrid pickles, biting onions and stale bread, is sometimes to be hankered for.

Shall I be more specific?

Well, here's a partial list of composers and their dietetic equivalents:

Tenderloin and vegetables: Bach, Beethoven, Franck, Brahms.

Chicken and truffles: Chopin, Liszt, Schumann, Schubert.

Roast lamb and watercress; Mozart, Scarlatti, Gluck, Weber.

Pollenta and baccala: Verdi (early), Donizetti, Bellini, Rossini.

Risotto Milanese and Lachrimae Christi: Verdi (late), Giordani, Boito.



One lady who does her harping on a real harp, Zhay Clark, harpist

Hot-dogs and soda-pop: Berlin, Brown, De Sylva and Henderson.

Caviar, rye bread and vodka: All the Russians but Tschaikowski and Rimski-Korsakov.

Roquefort, frogs'-legs and celery: Debussy, Ravel, Honneger, Dukas.

Valencian rice, olives, Amontillado: Albeniz, De Falla, Turina, Granados.

Tapioca pudding, lemonade, broth: Mendelssohn, St. Saens, Goddard.

(Add pastry and cooking sherry to the above: Tschaikowski.)

Pastry, raspberry ice, lobster: Rimski-Korsakov and Gershwin.

● This is a fairly representative list, both of composers and their roughly-computed food equivalents. Perhaps one should mention folksongs, which are the healthiest if the roughest of foods, like turnips eaten on the spot, raw and with grains of soil attached, or peaches warmed by the sun, pecked by the birds and with resin on the stems.

I did not mention some of the prominent balladists, but neither did I mention horehound drops or lollypops. And it would be difficult to find a food corresponding to Palestrina, Vittoria or the Gregorian canto fermo.

●

Broadcasters have it in their power to maintain a balance in the musical diet of the loudspeaker. This means giving both low-brows and high-brows a lesson in tolerance, training them to digest music which will correct those dietary disorders which make of the typical high-brow a dyspeptic and of the typical low-brow a potential ham sandwich.



"I felt the whizz of the bullet as it passed my right cheek"

A CRIMINAL TUNES IN

by

Nick Harris

The true story of the Reformation of Willy Blake is more fantastic than any fiction story could be. Nick Harris, world famed detective, writer, radio entertainer and philosopher, tells the dramatic tale of two men and a radio. The names used are aliases, as the principal characters are at the present time living in Los Angeles and operating a gasoline and service station.

I WILL relate this story as it was told to me on a bleak winter's night by one of the participants in this little drama, one who was for some twenty years a burglar and a criminal—wanted by police on two continents.

Since the early days of radio (he said) I have been a most interested fan. So it was not unreasonable for me to be drawn as if by magic to a big radio set whenever I saw one.

Just so on a certain December night not so very long ago when I was burglarizing the home of a very wealthy banker in a certain Eastern city.

For several weeks I had been watching his house, awaiting the first opportunity to gain an entrance and make what I figured would be my richest haul. I knew this banker usually went to Florida or California for the winter, leaving his palatial mansion in charge of a caretaker.

On the night I made entrance into his home I had previously watched for the leaving of this caretaker, and had followed him till I saw that he was comfortably settled in a seat at one of the principal theatres. I knew this would give me at least one and one-half hours of uninterrupted time that I could count upon to carry out my plans, and so returned to the house and jimmied a side window leading into the library. I encountered no burglar alarms, or private watchman, and had gained entrance with perfection. I had hardly been in the place a minute when I saw a big radio set sitting on the library table.

It seemed strange, now, as I looked back that I, a burglar of some 20 years practice,

should stop my work and turn on the instrument with as much anticipation as a boy of 15.

The set was tuned to some distant point. I was thrilled as I heard an announcer give his call letters, and tell of a program that was to be broadcast nearly a thousand miles from where I was. In my anxiety I had not overlooked the fact that a light in the room might draw attention from the outside, and so I carefully concealed the lighted globe just enough to permit its rays to fall on the radio, but not to permit any shadows to be cast upon the drawn curtains of the window. I felt I could have at least 10 or 15 minutes for myself to enjoy this radio concert before I started to clean up the rich man's valuables.

The program was coming in fine. I almost forgot I was a burglar in a strange house, when suddenly I was startled when I heard the announcer say that "we are now to hear Jimmie Snodgrass, the King of the ivories, who is going to play for you one of his favorite, famous offerings on the piano."

What a shock that was to me! Jimmie Snodgrass! An inmate of Jefferson City Penitentiary, and he was playing from the radio sta-

tion of this penal institution. I knew him well. Why shouldn't I? As I had just been released from the same place but a short time before, in fact, I almost shared cells with him during my stay there. He told me he was sent up for a stretch on account of a burglary job he committed while under the influence of liquor. I later heard that his music had so charmed radioland listeners that a movement was then on foot to secure his pardon, yet there he was, inside of that big prison while I had my freedom and was at that very minute in the act of committing a crime against organized society that would send me back to some such place for the balance of my life.

Naturally as I listened to Snodgrass playing, my thoughts carried me back to Jefferson, and the four years that I spent there. I also thought of my first five years in Sing Sing, and the several other inforced visits at similar institutions in later years. It sure was a funny feeling I had that night and I wondered if I should call the game quits and walk out of the house.

I felt, however, that I was a marked man; all the detectives and thousands of ex-cons had my number and so what could I gain by turning straight at this stage of the game. Why quit it cold and miss getting the haul when I had everything settin' pretty that night.

These, and a hundred thoughts kept flitting through my mind as I listened to the melodious strains of Jimmie's music.

Suddenly I was brought to myself when I heard the clink of a glass as though some steel instrument was tapping the window pane. It was a familiar sound. I knew instantly its meaning. I looked at my watch and it told me that I had been in the house but 15 minutes, hence I knew this noise was not caused by the return of the caretaker, and as I said before, I recognized the sound as part of my own calling.

I flicked out the small light and clutching my revolver, I crouched in a corner behind a massive open chair. After looking across the library and into the spacious drawing room I was soon able to trace the sounds. I even placed the very window, hidden as it was from the outside by heavy clinging vines and shrubbery. Yet as I watched I could see the silhouetted form of a man as he raised the window after breaking the glass and turning the catch.

I was almost tempted to smile. To think that two of us burglars had picked out the same place to rob but a few minutes apart. Perhaps he was someone I knew. I was acquainted with a lot of them. I crunched lower

The ROMANCE of DISTANCE

The romance of far places, the illusive charm of distance, the fantastic visions of other worlds—all these stand in the offing for the radio fan with enough persistency to swing his dial into the short hours of the morning.

The years when it was believed short wave was essential to the reception of stations on the other side of the world are passed. It would, of course, be stupid to suggest that distance can be had with the same ease on long wave as short wave; on the other hand the tremendous advances in recent years in the fields of technical radio arts make it possible for the average air enthusiast to receive literally hundreds of stations on an ordinary long wave set.

For the radio fan of today, the world opens wide its arms. The vagaries of the hour can be realized. Calcutta is as near as Siam; Siam is as near as the Riviera; and the Riviera is as near as the station three blocks down the street.

A quintet of Geisha girls, the intriguing music of an Oriental flute player, the tattoo of a Balallaka artist, even the quixotic strains of a Southern Spanish tango obligatto are as available as the blue singer on the local pork and bean program.

Those pioneers who have tossed aside the worn conventions of radio entertainment and sought new fields and

by
Kenneth Ormiston



far away places have found that distance is but a decadent term, have found that miles, yes even hemispheres are no longer to be conjured with.

Back in those lost years when it was considered a feat to get Chicago, China was merely a vague name on some lost map. The cold reaches of Siberia, and the burning sands of Algeria were places that filled the romantic minds of dreamers. But today

the radio fan has these and even more than these at his beck and call. He can tune in on RFM at Khavarovsk in the Far East, with the same ease that he can get Shenandoah, Iowa.

Not long ago the writer of this article dropped out to the quaint hillside home of L. J. Wright and listened in while he twisted the dials to bring to our ears the romance of other worlds. It seems incredible that the gay rhythm from the strings of guitars at station KGU in Honolulu should be coming in with the same clearness of a jazz band on a station ten miles away.

While Wright's lean and delicate fingers casually played over the dials of his set he talked to me in one breath of Calgary, Tokio, Sidney, Juarez, and Paris. His conversation was interspersed with snatches of melodies from distant town stations on the outposts of civilization. As the small hours of the morning broke and the shadowy light forewarning another day sifted through the silk curtains at the window, we stood entranced in front of the myriad of dials listening to three violinists who were drawing their bows over strings a half world away.

The hours rolled on and we went further and further afield in search of distant stations. Part of the time Wright used his short wave set. He would get long waves broadcasting through what he termed "harmonic effect."

(Continued on Page 39)

behind the big chair, awaiting my chance to see his face or perhaps get the drop on him first. The fellow crawled through the window and came into the big room. The rays of his flashlight aided his foot steps as he walked to the center and there stood surveying the premises. He started to walk towards me and as he kept coming straight I could have leaned out and touched him as he passed.

I thought I would shove my gun in his back and say "How de do," but Fate interceded. As he stepped from the drawing room his arm brushed against a pedestal on which was sitting a large glass vase of flowers. The thing toppled over and crashed to the floor. When this happened I flicked on the lights in the room and told him to throw up his hands.

His back was towards me. He turned like a flash and fired at the same time. I felt the whizz of the bullet as it passed my right cheek. Then I let go my shooting rod just for fun, and I saw him fall to the floor.

He fell to the floor and in a second I was on him and had kicked his gun far from his hand. It was then I pulled the little black mask from his face and saw he was but a lad still in his teens.

"Cooper!" he hissed.

"No," I said, "I am just a yegg."

It was no time for words or exchange of further credentials. I saw I had hit him in the right chest. I knew if we left at once there was a chance of getting away.

As the house set well back from the street and there were no neighbors within a hundred yards, and I was sure they could not hear the sound of the shooting, I pulled the fellow to his feet and dragged him out the window.

I had left a stolen car on the street. I threw him into the back seat and drove to a small ravine on the outskirts of the town. As best I could I gave him first aid treatment and fortunately my bullet had not hit a vital spot.

As we sat alone beneath the overhanging trees in the machine, slowly watching his recovery I said: "Boy, when did you get into this game?"

"Not long ago," he answered. "This is my third job."

"Were you ever in a jam before," I asked.

"No," he answered.

"You were never in a penitentiary, then or served time in a big house?"

Again he said "No," and as he turned his head to me I could see from the bright moonlight his face was bathed in tears.

"Mister, I am sure sorry that I shot at you tonight," he said. "You have been mighty kind to me, and I am glad that my bullet did not get you."

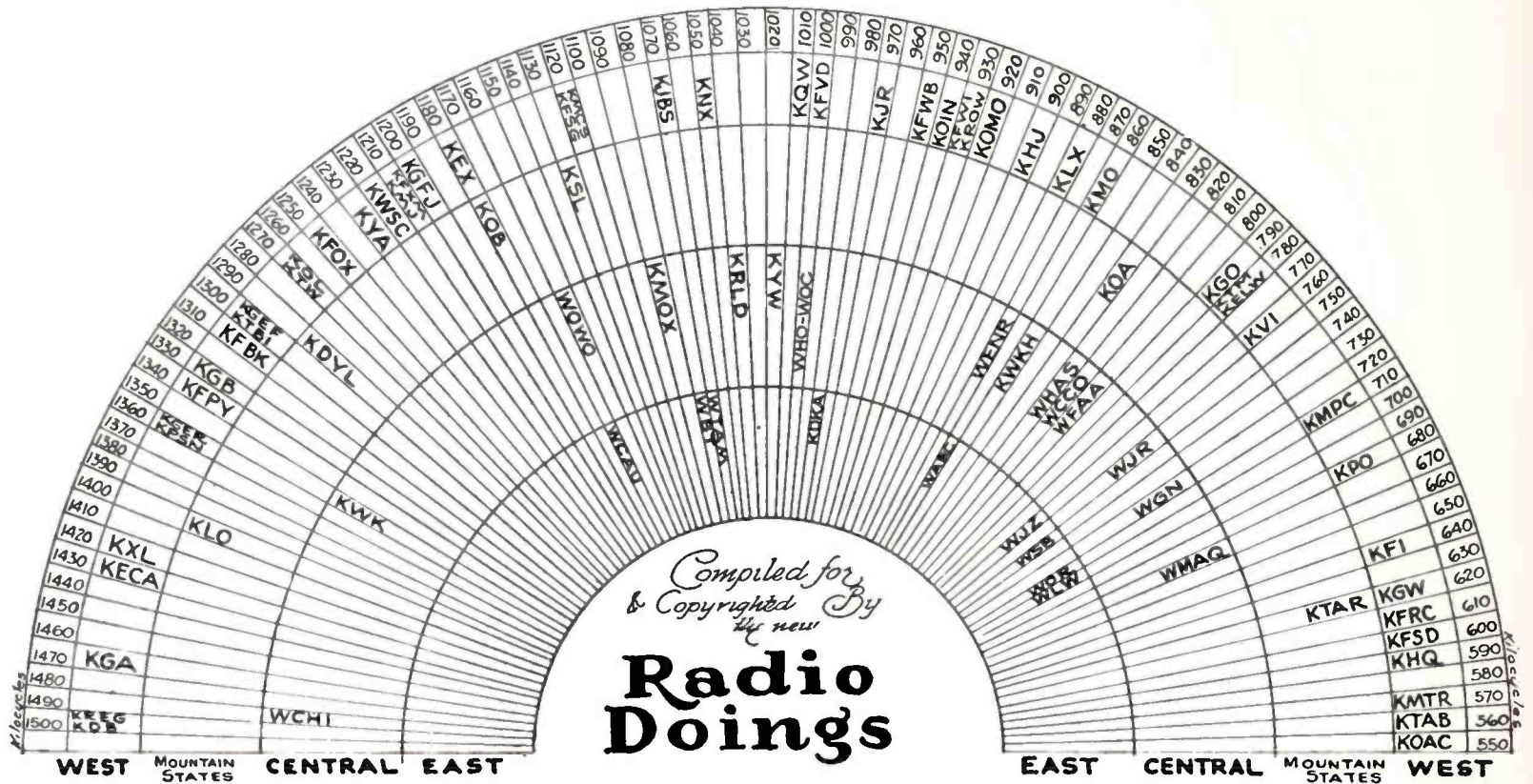
"That's just it, Lad," I answered. "It's kids like you that are out on the streets holding up people and robbing homes and who have proven to be the worse criminals of the day. We old timers have seen it, just like the coppers see it. It's kids like you, who have never seen the inside of gray prison walls and watched the fellows in the death cells awaiting the time to go up the 13 steps, or sit in the chair. Yet, it's kids like you that shoot first and are sorry afterwards."

"Now, Lad, I hope you get well; this is your last job. Take it from an old timer who knows the game doesn't pay, and by the way, what is your name and where are you from?" I asked.

Again I seemed to touch a soft spot in his

(Continued on Page 39)

The Most Popular Stations Heard by Western Listeners



Here's your Station as it appears on the dial. By locating one station on your radio, you can easily find the others.

WESTERN

KDB—Santa Barbara, Calif. SB 5214
KECA—Los Angeles. WEstmore 0331
KELW—Burbank, Calif. ROchester 9857
KEX—Portland, Ore. ATwater 3111
KFBK—Sacramento, Calif. MAin 8700
KFI—Los Angeles. WEstmore 0331
KFOX—Long Beach, Calif. 672-81
KFPY—Spokane, Wash. MAin 1218
KFRC—San Francisco. PROspect 0100
KFSD—San Diego, Calif. FRanklin 6353
KFSG—Los Angeles. EXposition 1141
KFVD—Culver City, Calif. EMpire 1171
KFWB—Hollywood. HOLlywood 0315
KFWI—San Francisco. FRanklin 0200
KFXM—San Bernardino, Calif. 4761
KGA—Spokane, Wash. FRanklin 6151
KGB—San Diego, Calif. FRanklin 6151-2-3
KGDM—Stockton
KGEF—Los Angeles. WEstmore 8887
KGFJ—Los Angeles. WEstmore 7788
KGO—San Francisco. SUtter 1920
KGW—Portland, Ore. ATwater 2121
KHJ—Los Angeles. VAndike 7111
KHQ—Spokane, Wash. MAin 5383
KJBS—San Francisco. ORdway 4148
KJR—Seattle, Wash. SEneca 1515
KLX—Oakland, Calif. LAkeside 6000
KMCS—Inglewood, Cal. VA 7643

MOUNTAIN STATES

KMJ—Fresno, Calif. 3-5221
KMO—Tacoma, Wash. MAin 4144
KMPC—Beverly Hills, Calif. CRestview 3101
KMTR—Hollywood, Calif. HOLlywood 3026
KNX—Hollywood, Calif. HEmpstead 4101
KOAC—Corvallis, Ore. Corvallis 526
KOIN—Portland, Ore. ATwater 4151
KOL—Seattle, Wash. MAin 2312
KOMO—Seattle, Wash. ELliott 5809
KPO—San Francisco. KEarney 0704
KQW—San Jose, Calif. COLombia 232
KREG—Santa Ana, Calif. 4900
KROW—Oakland, Calif. GLencourt 6774
KTAB—San Francisco. GARfield 4700
KTBI—Los Angeles. METropolitan 6701
KTM—Los Angeles, EXposition 1314
KVI—Tacoma, Wash. BRoadway 4211
KWG—Stockton
KWSC—Pullman, Wash.
KXL—Portland, Ore. ATwater 5124
KYA—San Francisco. PROspect 3456

CENTRAL

KDYL—Salt Lake City, Utah. WASatch 7180
KLO—Ogden, Utah. BIGelow 84
KOA—Denver, Colo. YORk 4634-R
KOB—State College, N. M.
KSL—Salt Lake City. WASatch 3901
KTAR—Phoenix, Ariz. 36631

EASTERN

KOMO—St. Louis, Mo. Central 8240
KRLD—Dallas, Texas 2-6811
KWK—St. Louis, Mo. DElmar 3210
KWKH—Shreveport, La. 6739
KYW—Chicago. WAbash 4040
WCCO—Minneapolis, Minn. GENEva 9101
WCHI—Chicago. STATE 2200
WENR—Chicago. FRanklin 5000
WFAA—Dallas, Texas 2-9216
WGN—Chicago. SUperior 0100
WHAS—Louisville, Ky. LOUISVILLE City 320
WHO—Des Moines, Ia.
WJR—Detroit, Mich. MADison 4440
WMAQ—Chicago. DEarborn 1111
WOC—Davenport, Ia.
WOWO—Ft. Wayne, Ind. ANthony 2136

KDKA—Pittsburgh, Pa. ATLantic 4854
WABC—New York City
WBT—Charlotte, N. C. 3-7107
WCAU—Philadelphia, Pa. RIttnhse 6447
WJZ—New York City.
WLW—Cincinnati, O. KIRby 4800
WOR—Newark, N. J.
WSB—Atlanta, Ga. HEmlock 1045
WTAM—Cleveland, O. CHerry 0942

DOPE ON DOBBS

By CARL T. NUNAN

DOBBSIE started his radio career with his Health Exercise period, interspersed with "applesauce" and every morning at 6:45 KPO dialers found him laughing, joking and instructing: a no mean accomplishment for such an early hour of the morning. And in the confines of their rooms—the fat—the thin—all swayed to the rhythm of his singing together with that of his musical partner, William H. "Wee Willie" Hancock.

Then one day E. H. Sanders, advertising and sales promotion manager of the Shell Oil Company, twisting his dial for good early morning entertainment, stopped on the KPO air wave and was instantly certain that he had found the right man for a Shell Happytime broadcast. So "Dobbsie" was engaged by him to conduct the program and "Dobbsie" became the Captain of the "Shell Ship of Joy," which "puts off" every morning from KPO at 8 o'clock on a mythical cruise to the ports of the weary—and as he cruises he radios his messages of cheer—his words of consolation—his harbingers of hope.

"Dobbsie" estimates, that to date, he has received over two million letters. The letters contain words of approval



Dobbsie Himself

and an avalanche of "ammunition" as he calls it—a verse—a motto—a personal note—a window swap in which the writer of the letter tells a humanly intimate, interest story which "Dobbsie" reads over the air.

When he selects an artist in whom he sees possibilities his instructions to them are to "be yourself." He has brought the renowned Walt Rosener and his wonderful Fox Theatre Grand Concert Orchestra as a regular Monday morning feature of his KPO Happytime; he discovered Horace Heidt and his orchestra, when it was a struggling and unknown aggregation of University of California students and built them up until they won the signal honor of being

engaged for a season at Monte Carlo; he remembered Dick Jose and brought him back to popularity after a quarter of a century of discard, so that the older generation could again dream sweet dreams of long ago by tuning in on his programs and once again hear Jose sing those favorites of yesteryear, "Silver Threads Among the Gold," and "When You and I Were Young, Maggie."

"Dobbsie" cannot be credited with discovering Lee S. Roberts, famous composer of "Smiles," nor Carrie Jacobs-Bond, California's beloved composer of such immortal melodies as "I Love You Truly," "Just a Wearying for You," and "Perfect Day," but he must be given due credit for foreseeing their possibilities as radio performers and securing them as feature artists of his programs.

An idea of how the radio audience of KPO welcomed the appearance of Carrie Jacobs-Bond can best be understood by a glance at the accompanying picture of the noted composer taken with Dobbs in the KPO studio, immediately following her first broadcast. Over two thousand letters are piled up on the microphone table.

Sam P. Moore, of the "Follies" came west as a member of the team of Edmund Evans and Sam Moore. Evans also was formerly a star of "Broadway." Dobbs heard them in an audition and promptly advised them that henceforth they would be known as "Sambo and Ed, the Beloved Vagabonds of the Air." Their portrayal of the Southern darky is unique in the annals of broadcasting and has brought them remarkable suc-

(Continued on Page 44)



"Sambo" and "Ed" with "Mandy"—
Some of Dobsie's Gang . . . above

Carrie Jacobs-Bond, Composer,
with Dobbsie . . . at right



On the Best The Day and

Tune in to these Programs and you can't go far wrong. The program editors of RADIO DOINGS have classified these programs as among the best and most prominent features on the air. They are arranged hour by hour throughout the day for your convenience.

Daily Tips

- 6:00 AM—Andy and Chester, "The Eye Openers." KMTR
- 7:00 AM—Ken Niles "News Briefs" and Organ. KHJ
- 6:45 AM—Bill Sharples and His Gang. (Including Sun.) KNX
- 7:00 AM—Cuckoo Club. KTAB
- 7:45 AM—Van and Don, the Two Professors. KHQ KOMO KGW KPO KFI KFSD KTAR KOA (NBC.)
- 8:00 AM—Shell Happytime with Hugh Barrett Dobbs. KHQ KOMO KGW KPO KFI KSL. (NBC.)
- 8:00 AM—Hallelujah Hour. KHJ.
- 8:30 AM—Cross-Cuts of the Day. KGO
- 8:30 AM—Happy Mammy Jinny and the Doughboys. KGER
- 9:15 AM—Vermont Lumberjacks. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KECA. (NBC.)
- 9:00 AM—Zoro, the Mystic. KGER
- 9:15 AM—Organ Recital by Harold Curtis. KMTR
- 10:30 AM—Lani McIntyre's Harmony Hawaiians. KMTR
- 10:30 AM—American School of the Air, KOL, KFPY KFRC KLZ KOH. (CBS.)
- 1:15 PM—Andy and His Oregon Lumber Jacks. KMTR
- 1:30 AM—Bob, Bunny and Junior. KMPC
- 11:30 PM—Eddie Albright's reading of Late Fiction. KNX
- 2:00 PM—Happy Go Lucky Hour. KFRC KHJ
- 2:30 PM—Organ Concert. (Ex. Mon.) KFSD
- 2:30 PM—Harry Gelse and His Happy Guys. KMTR
- 4:00 PM—Zandra. KTM
- 5:00 PM—Big Brother Ken's Club for Kiddies. KNX KPO
- 5:00 PM—Em and Tim. KGER
- 6:00 PM—Wesley Tourtelotte noted organist. KNX
- 6:00 PM—Tom and Wash. KNX
- 6:30 PM—Ethiopian - Oriental Supper Club. KMTR
- 7:00 PM—Frank Watanabe. KNX
- 7:00 PM—Amon 'n' Andy. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KECA KFSD. (NBC.)
- 9:00 PM—KTM Ranch Boys. KTM
- 9:30 PM—The Ghost House. KFXX
- 10:00 PM—Beverly Hill Billies. (Ex. Mon.) KMPC
- 10:00 PM—Abe Lyman. KMTR

- 10:00 PM—Gus Arnheim. (Tues. at 10:30) KFVB
- 10:05 PM—Biltmore Hotel Orch.
- 11:15 PM—Laughner-Harris, Hotel St. Francis Dance Orch. KGO KGW KFI. (NBC.)
- 11:00 PM—Ray Howell, the "And How" Boy. (10:30 Mon.) KMPC
- 11:00 PM—Jimmie Kendricks Night Owls. KTAB
- 12:00 Midnight—Phantom of the Organ. KHJ

By the Week

SUNDAY

- 7:00 AM—Bill Sharples and His Gang. KNX.
- 8:00 AM—Special Popular Symphony Concert. KGO KECA KOMO KFSD (NBC)
- 9:30 AM—International Broadcast. KLZ KOH. (CBS)
- 11:00 AM—Concert Ensemble and Soloist. KGFJ
- 11:00 AM—Chapel of Memories. KFRC
- 12:00 PM—Cathedral Hour. KHJ
- 1:30 PM—Grand Opera Program. KTAB
- 4:30 PM—Professor Lindsley in dramatic readings. KHJ
- 4:15 PM—Collier's Radio Hour. KHQ KOMO KGW KPO KFI (NBC)
- 5:30 PM—Graham Paige Hour featuring Detroit Symphony Orch. KOL KFPY KOIN KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ (CBS)
- 6:00 PM—Angelus Ensemble with Agatha Turley, soprano. KGA
- 5:15 PM—Atwater Kent Hour. KHQ KOMO KGW KPO KFI (NBC)
- 6:00 PM—Royal's Poet of the Organ. Jesse Crawford. KOL KFPY KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH (CBS)
- 7:00 PM—Burr McIntosh, "Cheerful Philosopher." KFVB
- 7:30 PM—Arizona Wranglers. KNX
- 7:45 PM—Sunday at Seth Parker's. KGO KGW KECA KFSD KTAR (NBC)
- 8:30 PM—Abe Lyman's Concert Orch. KMTR
- 8:45 PM—Musical Forget-Me-Nots. KHJ KFRC
- 9:00 PM—Chase & Sanborn Program. KGO KHQ KOMO KFI KFSD KTAR KSL KOA. (NBC)
- 9:00 PM—Calmon Luboviski, violinist and Claire Mellonino, pianist. KNX
- 10:00 PM—Beverly Hill Billies. KMPC

MONDAY

- 10:00 AM—Charlie Wellman. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KECA KFSD KTAR. (NBC)
- 10:30 AM—American School of the Air. KOL KFPY KHJ KLZ. (CBS)
- 1:30 PM—Pacific Coast School of the Air. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KPO KECA KFSD KTAR. (NBC)

- 3:00 PM—U. S. C. Lectures. KMPC
- 3:30 PM—Phil Cook, the Quaker Man. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFSD KFI. (NBC)
- 4:00 PM—The Simmons Hour. (CBS) Opera Stars. KHJ
- 5:00 PM—The Three Bakers. KOL KFPY KOIN KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ. (CBS)
- 6:00 PM—Spanish Quintette. KECA
- 6:00 PM—Stromberg - Carlson Program. Rochester Civic Orch. KGO KHQ KOMO KGE KFI KFSD KTAR. (NBC)
- 6:00 PM—Guy Lombardo's Orch. KOL KFPY KOIN KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH. (CBS)
- 7:30 PM—Don Amaiyo. KOL KFPY KOIN KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ. (CBS)
- 6:30 PM—Empire Builders. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KECA KFSD KTAR. (NBC)
- 8:00 PM—Blue Monday Jamboree. KFRC KHJ
- 8:00 PM—Adventures of Sherlock Holmes. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR (NBC)
- 9:00 PM—U. S. C. Lectures. KMPC
- 9:30 PM—Paul Roberts, tenor, and the Schonberger Trio. KFI
- 10:15 PM—Tom Terris, the Vagabond Movie Director and Prior Moore Orch. KFI

TUESDAY

- 10:30 AM—American School of the Air. KMJ KFRC KLZ KOH. (CBS)
- 4:00 PM—KPO Drama Guild in "House Mystery." KPO
- 3:30 PM—Phil Cook. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR. (NBC)
- 4:00 PM—The Simmons Hour. (CBS) Opera Stars. KHJ
- 4:00 PM—Paul Whiteman's Paint Men from Chicago. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR (NBC)
- 4:15 PM—Old Gold Character Readings with Lorna Fantin. KFBK KOL KLZ KVI KFPY KOIN KFRC KHJ KDYL (CBS)
- 5:30 PM—Happy Wonder Bakers. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KECA. (NBC)
- 6:00 PM—Graybar's Mr. and Mrs. KOL KFPY KOIN KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH. (CBS)
- 7:05 PM—KFVB Concert Orch. Lewis Meehan, tenor. KFVB
- 6:30 PM—Paramount-Publix Radio Playhouse. KNX KMJ KOL KOIN KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH. (CBS)
- 8:15 PM—Memory Lane. KGO KHQ KFI KFSD KTAR. (NBC)
- 7:15 PM—Arthur Pryor's Crema Military Band. KOL KFPY KOIN KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH
- 8:15 PM—Spanish Quintet and Luis Alvarez, tenor. KECA
- 8:30 PM—Concert, directed by Meredith Willson. KFRC
- 8:30 PM—The Lion Tamers. KNX
- 8:45 PM—"D-17, Emperor," James Knight Carden and Players. KFI
- 9:00 PM—Florsheim Frolic with Anson Weeks and Orch. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFSD KTAR. KFI. (NBC)
- 9:15 PM—"Tapestries of Life." KHJ
- 9:15 PM—KNX Players, dir. by Georgia Fifield. KNX

TIPS

Programs of the Week

For a list of the stations and where to find them
on your radio see page thirty-four.

- 9:30 PM—Master Merrymakers. KMPC
9:30 PM—Main Boxing bout from Olympic Auditorium. KFVB
9:30 PM—The Hill Billy Boys. KECA KFSD KTAR KOA and KGO (9:45) (NBC)
10:00 PM—National Concert Orch. KGO KOMO (NBC)

WEDNESDAY

- 8:00 AM—Los Angeles Breakfast Club program. KFVB
10:00 AM—Charlie Wellman, Prince of Pep. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KECA KFSD KTAR. (NBC)
10:30 AM—American School of the Air. KHJ KMJ KERC KLZ KOH. (CBS)
1:30 PM—Pacific Coast School of the Air. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KPO KFI KFSD KTAR. (NBC)
3:00 PM—U. S. C. lectures (extension course.) KMPC
4:00 PM—Bobby Jones, golf chat. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KECA KFSD KTAR. (NBC)
4:15 PM—Radiotron Varieties. Bugs Bear, master of ceremonies. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KECA KFSD KTAR. (NBC)
4:30 PM—Sunkist Musical Cocktails. KHJ and Don Lee CBS chain
5:30 PM—Palmolive Hour. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI. (NBC)
6:30 PM—Grantland Rice String Orch., soloists. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD. (NBC)
7:15 PM—Camel Pleasure Hour. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR. (NBC)
7:15 PM—Arthur Pryor's Crema Band KMJ KFBK KOL KFPY KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH. (CBS)
7:30 PM—Violet Ray Music Hour. KFRC KHJ
8:00 PM—Bert Butterworth's Airdales. KNX
8:00 PM—Pepper Box Program with Bob Roberts. KTAB
8:15 PM—Paul Roberts and Schonberger Trio. KECA
8:30 PM—Small Black Revue. KFRC KHJ
9:00 PM—U. S. C. Lectures. KMPC
9:00 PM—NBC Drama Hour. KGO KOA (NBC)
10:30 PM—Russian American Art Club Orch. KNX

THURSDAY

- 11:00 AM—Standard School Broadcast. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KPO KFI KFSD. (NBC)
10:30 AM—American School of the Air. KDYL KOH. (CBS)
3:30 PM—Phil Cook. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR. (NBC)
4:00 PM—Rudy Vallee. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KECA KTAR. (NBC)
5:00 PM—Arco Birthday. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KECA KFSD KTAR. (NBC)
5:15 PM—Lorna Fantin Numerologist. KOL KVI KFPY KOIN KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ. (CBS)
5:30 PM—Maxwell House Ensemble. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KECA KFSD KTAR. (NBC)
6:00 PM—B. A. Rolfe and Lucky Strike Orch. KFSD KTAR KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI. (NBC)
7:15 PM—Arthur Pryor's Crema Military Band. KFBK KMJ KOL KFPY KOIN KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ
7:30 PM—Standard Symphony Hour. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI. (NBC)
7:30 PM—Chocolate Soldier Program. KFRC
7:30 PM—Screen Snapshots and Study in Blue. KGER
8:00 PM—Phileo Symphony Concert. KNX KOH. (CBS)
8:30 PM—Calmon Luboviski and Claire Mellinino Concert. KNX
8:30 PM—Demi-Tasse Revue with Gus Arnheim. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR KSL KOA. (NBC)
9:00 PM—Folgeria. KOL KVI KFPY KOIN KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH. (CBS)
9:00 PM—Tone Paintings. KGER
9:30 PM—Master Merrymakers. KMPC

FRIDAY

- 10:30 AM—American School of the Air. KFRC KLZ KOH KHJ (CBS)
3:30 PM—Phil Cooke, The Quaker Man. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR. (NBC)
4:00 PM—Cities Service Concert Orch. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KECA. (NBC)
5:00 PM—Interwoven Pair. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR. (NBC)
5:30 PM—Armour Program. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI. (NBC)
6:30 PM—Spanish Quintet with Luis Alvarez. KECA
6:30 PM—Knights of the Roaring Road. KNX

- 6:00 PM—Armstrong Quakers. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI. (NBC)
6:30 PM—R K O Theatre of the Air. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR. (NBC)
7:15 PM—Arthur Pryor's Crema Military Band. KFBK KMJ KOL KFPY KOIN KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH. (CBS)
8:00 PM—Royal Order of Optimistic Donuts. KNX
8:30 PM—S. & W. Mellow'd Melodies. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR. (NBC)
8:00 PM—House of Color, Max Dolin, violinist. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI. (NBC)
9:00 PM—Sunkist Musical Cocktails. KFRC KHJ KOL KVI. (CBS)
9:30 PM—Jimmie Bittick's Town House Orch. KFRC KHJ

SATURDAY

- 7:30 AM—Sunrise Serenaders. KGO KOMO
11:30 AM—Organ Recital. KGO KECA. (KBC)
11:30 AM—Saturday Syncopators. KHJ (CBS)
12:00 Noon—Happy Chappies. KMPC
12:15 PM—Pacific Feature Hour. KGO KOMO KGW KECA KOA (NBC)
2:00 PM—Grand Record Concert. KNX
2:10 PM—Pacific Coast League Baseball. KFVB
3:30 PM—Rise of the Goldbergs. KGO KPO KFSD. (NBC)
4:30 PM—The Fuller Man Concert. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KECA. (NBC)
4:45 PM—Mary Charles, Blues. KHJ KFRC. (CBS)
5:00 PM—Weber Fields. (NBC)
6:00 PM—General Elec. Hour, Walter Damrosch. KFI
7:00 PM—Hank Simmon's "Showboat." KHJ. (CBS)
7:15 PM—Gilmore Circus. KFI KGO KOMO KGW KOP. (NBC)
7:30 PM—Guy Lombardo's Royal Canadians. KHJ KFRC. (CBS)
8:00 PM—Bluebird Melodies. KGO KOMO KFSD KTAR. (NBC)
8:00 PM—Black and Blue. KHJ KFRC
8:00 PM—Scantella's Concert. KTM
8:00 PM—KNX Varieties.
8:00 PM—Four Moods. KFVB
8:45 PM—D-17 Emperor. KFI
9:30 PM—Associated Spotlight Review. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI (NBC)
10:00 PM—Hill Billies. KMPC
10:00 PM—Arizona Wranglers. KNX

READERS OF RADIO DOINGS!

What are your favorite programs? Who are your favorite stars? What is your favorite hour? Write to the program editors of Radio Doings and tell us YOUR hot tips.

is zat so?

A COMEDY pair of stage and screen fame, Jimmy Gleason and Bob Armstrong, bring their fun-making talents to the microphone in a breezy serial, "Knights of the Road." They will go on the air over KMJ, Fresno; KFWB, Los Angeles; KGW, Portland; KFBK, Sacramento; KGB, San Diego; KYA, San Francisco; KJR, Seattle; KGA, Spokane.

The skit reveals the experiences and adventures of two young men touring the United States in search of ideas for the service station they are going to build when they get back home.

Owing to the fact that both Gleason and Armstrong are now under contract in pictures, Gleason to RKO-Pathe, and Armstrong to Pathe, and are both making pictures, it has been necessary to use electrical transcriptions, made during periods when they were not on the motion picture lot.

Through their work in the stage play, "Is Zat So," and the pictures, "Oh Yeah," and "Big Money," they have well earned the popularity they now enjoy as a comedy team. They have both also scored recent outstanding individual successes, Gleason in "Beyond Victory," and "A Wise Child," and Armstrong in the "Iron Man," "The Racketeer," and "Big News."

The program is being sponsored by the Union Oil Company.



The Cradle of Talent

(Continued from Page 23)

spelled enchantment. Sweet, clear, with an indescribable quality that can only be designated as radio "it," Loyce's voice brought her to the notice of the theatrical world.

Jovial, slightly corpulent Ted Dahl was noted around KFWB for the "mean" trumpet that he blew. Then he struck out for himself, formed his own band, which tooted nightly to amuse KFWB dialers.

Fred Mackaye, young juvenile and well known to theatrical circles, was drafted into KFWB's dramatic service.

Paula Wedekind, blonde, young German actress, with more than her share of feminine loveliness, was the most recent KFWB performer to get a "break." She played the lead one week in "French Miniatures;" the next week, she was the star of Jack Joy's musical comedy series, "The Romancing Racketeer."



Plan Air Fiesta

With manufacturers, broadcast stations, distributors and dealers participating, the Ninth Annual Los Angeles Radio and Electric Exposition will be held during the week of August 2 to 8, inclusive.

The Ambassador Hotel Auditorium has been obtained for the show, where the newest models in radio and electrical instruments will be displayed.

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Children's Hour

(Continued from Page 23)

wonderful things he thinks of to make little children happy!

President Pip was followed by Happy Duck with her little red ribbon, red hat and boots to match. With a few "Quack-Quacks" of greeting, she seated herself beside the story man and then "Clickety Clack, Clickety Clack"—in came the little wooden man leading Yip, the tiny dog with his hat, boots and ribbon all of a beautiful blue. President Pip was in the middle of his familiar "Goodness Me, Goodness Me," about something or other, when "Toot, Toot, Toot, Toot"—what's this? Well, if it isn't Bugler Murphy, late again. This little man is only one foot high and expresses himself by blowing a tiny bugle.

"And now," said the story man, "our time is nearly up, so we'll ring the magic bells for those little tots whose birthday is today, and for all the little ones who are ill."

"Tinkle, tinkle" went the bells, which carried with them a message of cheer for all good children.

"Now we must be leaving the Air Castle," said the story man; so President Pip called the magical beings together, and one by one they marched—Bugler Murphy, Yip the little dog, Happy Duck, Clickety Clack, whose footsteps could be heard above all else, and, led by President Pip, they started their trek down, down, down the winding stairway from The Land of Make Believe to The Land of Every Day.

Criminal Tunes In

(Continued from Page 33)

make-up. He sniffed a couple of times, and then said, "Well, I was born in Syracuse. I don't know what became of my old man. I was only a kid of four when he left. I had some brothers and sisters but they all drifted away and left Mother and I to shift for ourselves. Last year Mother died, and I went to New York, and tried to make good, but it was the old story, I guess. I was a stranger in a strange land, and a few weeks ago I drifted here. I was all alone and no one seemed to care for me, and I guess I just figured that I would get even and this was my third job when your bullet stopped me. Gee, I am glad you wasn't a copper. My name is Billie Blake."

Well, that all happened less than a year ago. That boy recovered and is now my partner in a little garage. The cops don't bother us any more, in fact, the policeman on my beat is one of my best customers; even the dicks who knew me send business to our shop and things are going fine, cause we are going straight.

But I have often wondered just what that banker thought when he came home and found that two windows had been jimmed and nothing taken from his home. I have often won-

dered what he would think if he knew that I had listened to Jimmie Snodgrass over his radio as he was playing back there in Jefferson Penitentiary. I wonder what he would say if I told him that those burglars who had entered his place that night were father and son, 'cause that is just what happened.

Billie Blake was my baby boy who I had not seen since he was three years old when I served my first trip in Sing Sing, and to think of our meeting and how each had tried to kill the other.

Romance of Distance

(Continued from Page 33)

Conversations between air mail pilots, flying high over ranges of black mountains, came through as though they sat in the next room. Answers from ground stations, questions—in short, the very essence of the information that makes night flying possible—blasted through the great speaker.

With the first streaks of dawn, Wright turned off his power. We sat entranced for several moments. For there's a romance, a strange and tingling thrill in distance. DX is more than a stunt. It holds the unnamable thrill of the drama of space.

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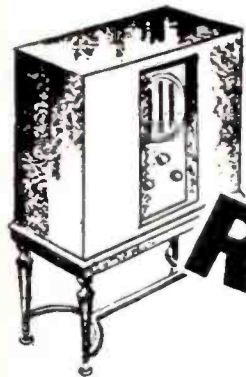
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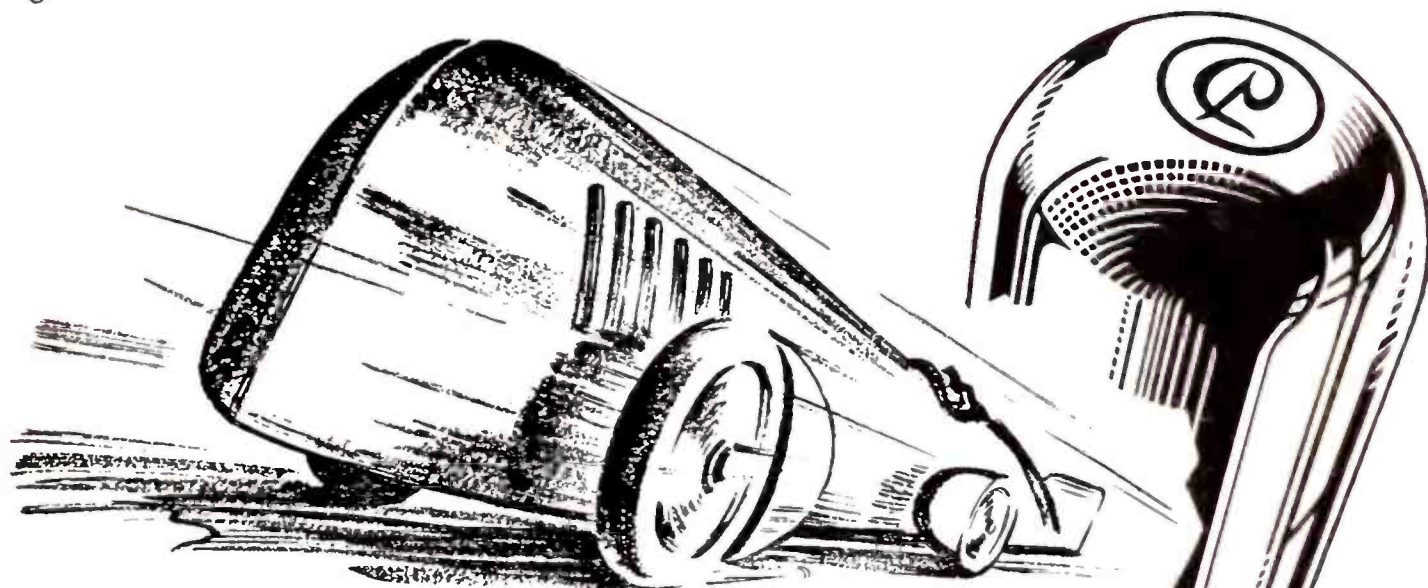
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**STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP,
MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC.,
REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF
CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912**

Of Radio Doings, published monthly at Los Angeles, California, for April 1, 1931.
STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Wallace Byam, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the owner of Radio Doings, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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.

Managing Editor, Don McDowell, 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 must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given). 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 appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is..... (This information is required from daily publications only.)

(SIGNED)

WALLACE M. BYAM, Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 11th day of April, 1931.

(SEAL) (Signed) ROYAL S. CAHN.

(My Commission expires April 12, 1933.)

Dope on Dobbs

(Continued from Page 35)

cess. Dixie and Patsy March, who hail from Alabama are other examples of the Southern art; Max Dolin, violin virtuoso, is one of "Dobbsie's" outstanding artists.

The list of those whom Dobbs has built to fame is a long and interesting one, but space prevents more than a passing mention of many that are deserving. There is Eleanor Barnard, the young English concert pianist; Edward Randall, Jr., baritone; Emily Hardy, coloratura soprano, former cowgirl of Carlsbad, New Mexico, whom "Dobbsie" heard singing as a member of the "New Moon Company's" chorus. He picked her voice for its unusual qualities—try that sometime to test your ear. It is hard enough to "pick 'em" when they sing solo. William Powers, the Negro tenor; Emily, Anthony and Cæsar Linden, pianist, flutist and violinist respectively, and John Faivre, the blind cellist are other familiar names to the KPO Happytime audience who owe their fame to "Dobbsie."

"Dobbsie" was born in Kentucky in 1885. Throughout his boyhood life on his father's plantation he learned from the Negroes their secret of music. Always a lover of good natured, wholesome fun, Dobbs ran amuck at Annapolis, when he was "plebe" at the United States Naval Academy and because of a prank he played upon a superior officer, saw his sword broken and received a dismissal from the academy.

But his bigness of vision and character would not permit him to be downed. He entered Johns Hopkins Medical School at Baltimore and prepared himself for a career as an instructor of physical culture. His father, the late Willoughby B. Dobbs, who was then a Congressman from the State of Kentucky, aided him in forgetting the Naval Academy incident by sending him on a tour of the world to further his education.

After his return from abroad, Dobbs traveled about the country teaching physical training and during that time hit upon the idea of the Outdoor Playgrounds for children, which has since become a national institution. He built those of New York City and upon the invitation of Judge Ben Lindsay he went to Denver and supervised the building of Denver's outdoor playgrounds, and later he was engaged by the city of Seattle to build those in the Northwest metropolises.

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Mrs. Walter Smith
Box 42
Red Mountain, Calif.

Q: What has become of Frank Gage, known as Forman Frank, formerly with the KTM Ranch Boys?

A: He is now with KMTR announcing during the day broadcast. He is on a program from 5:15 to 5:45 P. M. singing and playing the piano.

Miss Marcella Frank
1595 W. 21st Street
Los Angeles, Calif.

Q: Are Kenneth Allen and Kenneth Niles the same person?

A: No they aren't. Kenneth Allen is 22 years of age. He has just returned from a singing tour around the world, is very good looking, and has a great future. Kenneth Niles is a master of ceremonies over KHJ.

Q: Are Robert Hurd and Paul Roberts the same person?

A: Yes, they are. Robert Hurd plays classic music, and Paul Roberts plays popular music. He is 36 years of age and thoroughly single, and was born in Franklin, Utah. His favorite flower is the orchid, and his waistline is 32 inches.

Q: Where is Station KNX located and can we go there to watch the broadcast of the Gilmore Circus?

A: KNX is located at 5555 Marathon, Los Angeles, Calif. Everyone is entirely welcome to go out there and listen to any broadcast.

Mr. Reinhold Henke
R. F. D. 2, Box 216
Chowchilla, Calif.

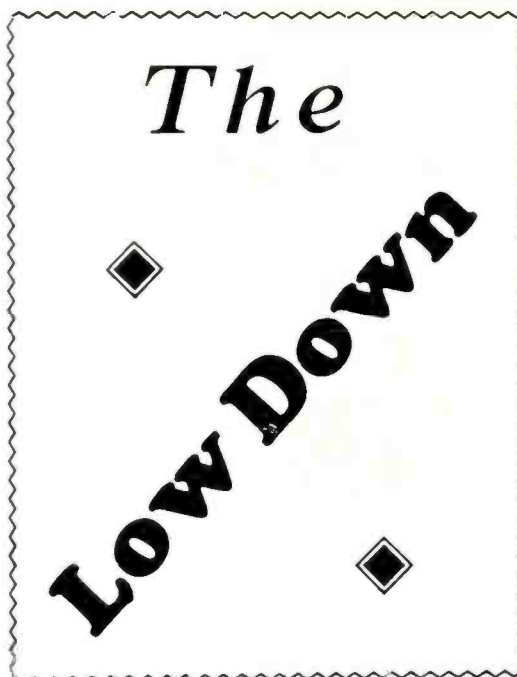
Q: I would like information on the contemplated addition of power by KNX. Why does its maintenance continue at 5000 watts?

A: They have received a construction permit from the Radio Commission, but have not built as yet. When it is built, it will broadcast at 50,000 watts which will make it more powerful and the broadcasts more effective.

Mrs. A. S. Murphy
1885 Lewis Ave.
Long Beach, Calif.

Q: What has become of Ted White?

A: He is not singing with anyone at present, and no one seems to know of his whereabouts.



Q: How old is Charlie Carter of the Happy-Go-Lucky Gang over KFRC?

A: He is about 16 years of age and is what the girls term as "cute."

Q: How old is Foster Rucker?

A: Foster Rucker is in his early twenties, has a pleasant personality, and is good looking. He takes part in many plays given by KFOX.

Miss A. B. Wright
249 No. Euclid Ave.
Pasadena, Calif.

Q: Is Erwin Yeo the "Phantom of the Organ?"

A: No, he is a staff organist.

Q: Was he an organist for the Hollywood Playhouse?

A: He was organist for the Hollywood Playhouse just before he came to KHJ two months ago.

Q: Did he broadcast over KNX in 1925 as the "boy organist?"

A: Yes, and he was one of the first organists to broadcast over the air.

Q: Does Kenneth Niles do dramatic roles over KHJ? Is he a middle-aged man?

A: He was a character in "Folgeria," and is now master of ceremonies for the Hallelujah program in the morning, and for the Merry Makers in the evening. He is 23 years of age and entered the field of matrimony just two months ago.

Q: Is Raymond Paige a native of California?

A: No, he is not.

Mrs. Ethyl Eberhardt
941 So. Eucalyptus Ave.
Inglewood, Calif.

Q: Give some information about Rolly Ray and Jimmie Brown.

A: Jimmie Brown is in his early twenties. He has a great deal of "It" and a large feminine following. He is one of the "Early Birds." Rolly Ray is in her early twenties and is a native of California. She is Coo in "Bill and Coo." She was formerly with Irving Berlin, and does not happen to be married.

Mrs. Olive M. Crosby
Amesbury, Mass.

Q: Would like information on Van C. Nukirk, Bob Bradford and Mr. Crawford, organist.

A: Van C. Nukirk is married—to the grief of the girls at KHJ. He is very good looking and about 27 years of age. He is the traffic manager of KHJ and also the life of the station. Bob Bradford is a baritone soloist, is very good looking, married and about 24 years of age. Mr. Crawford, organist, is called the Royal Poet of the Organ.

Miss Frances Kay Penner
Western Avenue
Wasco, Calif.

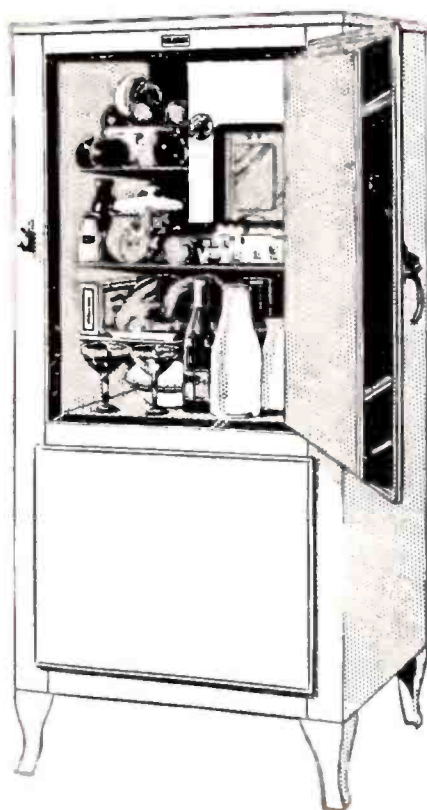
Q: Is Nell Larson married. How old is she?

A: Nell Larson is not married, to the joy of several admirers, and is about 24 years of age. She is a pretty red-head with personality plus.

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