

RADIO DOINGS

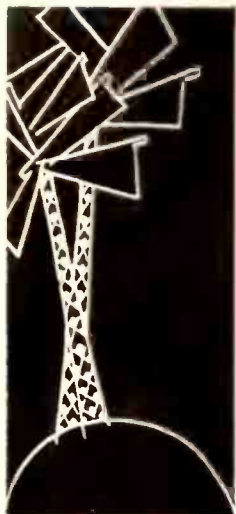
**THE
MOVIE
MAGAZINE
OF THE
AIR**

Sprague, M. Frances
Natl Bdctg Co 12-32
711 Fifth Ave

Are
**Bing
Crosby**
and
**Russ
Columbo**
IMITATORS?
See Page 20
January
1932
U 20 ml
25c



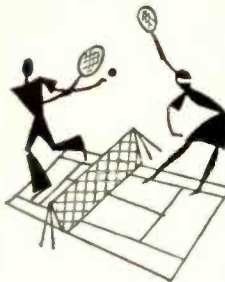
ANNETTE HASTINGS
NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY



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El Mirador Hotel
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el mirador hotel

a bit of egypt with an alpine background
at palm springs • california

here IS EVERYTHING THAT'S NEW IN RADIO!



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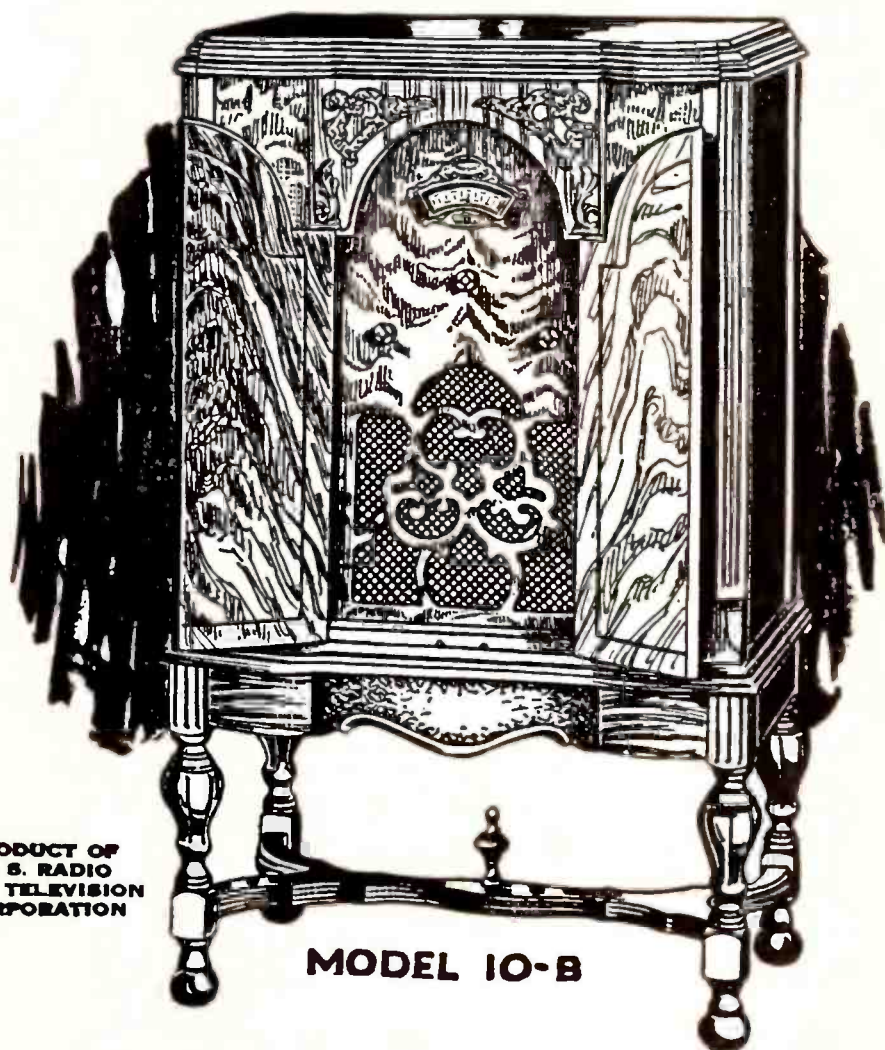
Does It Have?

The NEW

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10 TUBE

SUPER-HETERODYNE

10-TUBE SUPER-HETERODYNE	✓
AUTOMATIC VOLUME CONTROL Absolutely controls volume on both High and Low Frequencies.	✓
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TUBE EQUIPMENT Three 235 Four 227 Two 247 One 280	✓
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BETWEEN THESE SET-TESTED
TUBES AND YOUR RADIO

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

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

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THE SET-TESTED TUBE

Licensed Under RCA Patents
Western Headquarters

Sylvania Pacific, Limited

3440 South Hill Street
Los Angeles



RADIO DOINGS

"THE MOVIE MAGAZINE OF THE AIR"

**JANUARY
1 9 3 2**

Volume XX

Number I

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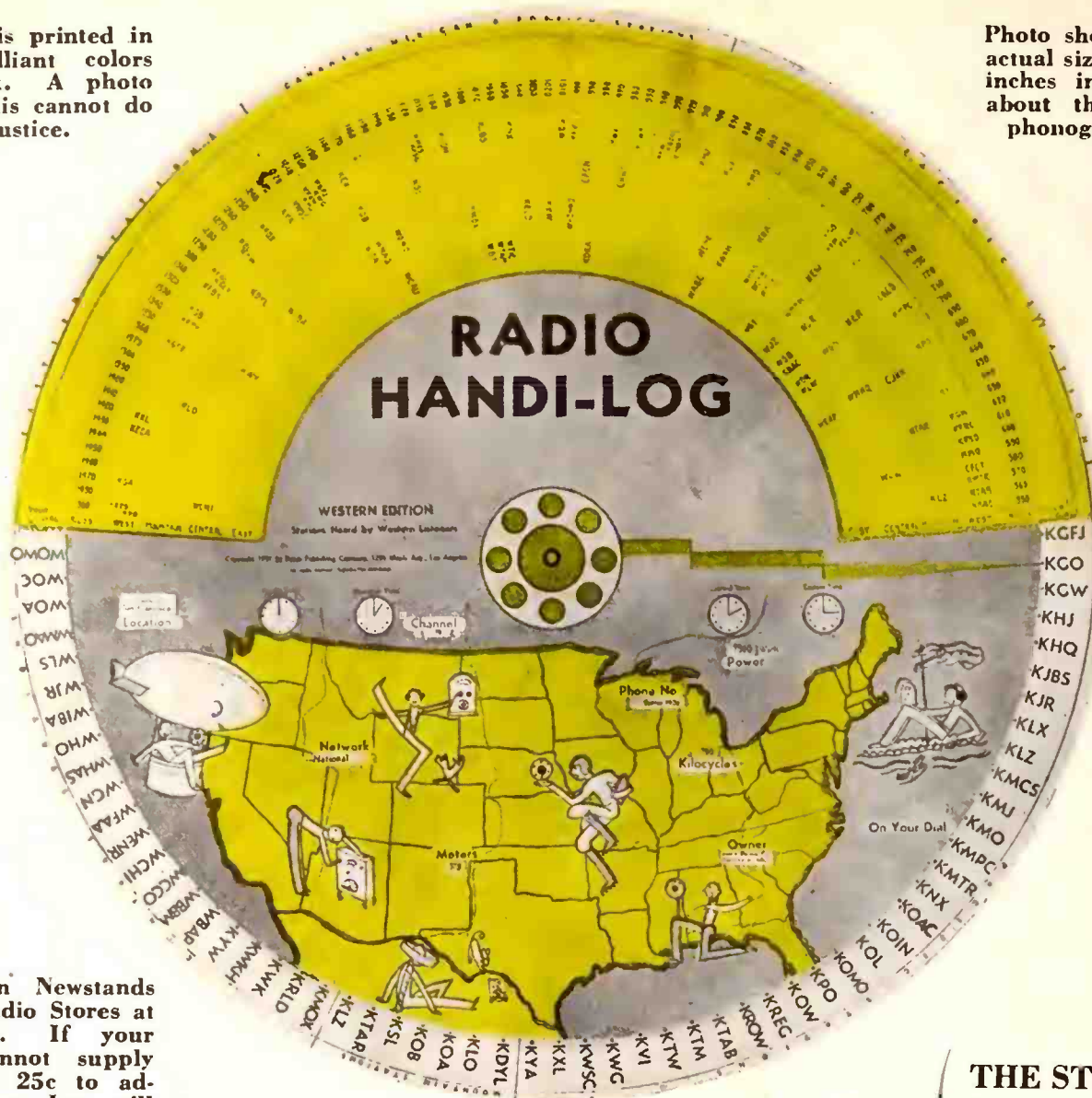
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AILEEN CLARK
NBC
SOPRANO

It has always been the custom to issue RADIO DOINGS on the fifteenth of each current month—as for instance, the October issue went on sale October 15, the November issue November 15th, etc. However, due to a custom of magazine publishers of issuing their publications several weeks in advance of the date line carried, we are calling this issue going on the stands December 15, the January issue, heretofore it would have been called the December issue. There is no change in the magazine other than the date of the month of issue. Subscribers will get the same number of copies.

The Log is printed in three brilliant colors and black. A photo such as this cannot do it justice.

Photo shown is one-half actual size. Log is 10½ inches in diameter or about the size of a phonograph record.



Selling on Newstands and in Radio Stores at 25c each. If your dealer cannot supply you, send 25c to address below. Log will be sent to you by return mail post-paid.

THE STATION'S
STREET ADDRESS
CITY AND STATE
CHANNEL
PHONE NUMBER
METERS
POWER
OWNER

This New Radio Log —tells you INSTANTLY

—and how to find any station on your radio

Dial the flashing arrow to the station you want (see KGO above). Instantly the radio Handi-Log tells you everything you want to know about the station. Quick, simple. No pages to turn. A child can understand it.

Log in the "easy-to-get" stations that you receive on your radio. Then you can easily and quickly tell where to find any distant station regardless of what make of radio you have or how your dial is marked. You can find many more distant stations on your radio when you know where to look for them. Spin the dial the Radio Log will tell you. Also gives all television and super short wave stations in addition to broadcast stations in the U. S., Mexico, Canada, Australia, and Japan.

Make Money for Yourself

Everyone that sees the Radio Handi-Log wants one. All your friends will want one. Turn your spare time into cash pleasantly and profitably. Become the agent for the handi-Log in your neighborhood or territory. Write at once for detailed information. Don't delay. The Handi-Log is selling fast now, during the winter "distance getting season."

Send 25c for Sample and Our Special Agency Offer to You.

BYAM PUBLISHING COMPANY

1220 Maple Ave.

Los Angeles, Calif.



THIS year marks RADIO DOINGS' tenth anniversary.

Since 1922, when radio was in swaddling clothes, RADIO DOINGS has been the leading radio fan publication in the West. The first issue was published cooperatively by a handful of pioneer broadcasters as a service and a guide to local listeners in Los Angeles.

Within a few months the demand was so great for the new magazine that "Out-of-Town" stations and programs were included in its pages. It became the radio authority of the Pacific Coast as a long and program directory, issued weekly.

About a year ago, its first great change was brought about. Instead of a program directory and semi-trade, semi-fan publication, RADIO DOINGS became the "Movie Magazine of the Air." Public demand had created a need for a magazine for the artist and the program, just as years ago the same public demanded magazines that brought them stories and pictures of their moving picture favorites.

In 1932, ten eventful years after its establishment, the publishers celebrate the success of the new achievement. For the first time, radio has a western fan magazine that is worthy of the title "Movie Magazine of the Air," that is a worthy companion of broadcasting itself.

A Prophecy

A YOUNG and interesting continuity writer drifted into the office the other day. As we grew better and better acquainted, he began to loosen up and tell of his ambitions—his hopes and dreams—his plans for radio programs that would make broadcasting a great art, something fine, and worthwhile.

"But they laugh at me!" he sadly explained. "When I suggest something comparable to the classics of literature—something that Hawthorne,

Dickens or Poe might have written, had there been radio then—they say I'm too idealistic!"

Too idealistic! Radio laughs at ideals. Stations spurn the classics. Ideas that sent old masters soaring into immortality are "too idealistic" for radio.

We wonder if they are right. Perhaps they know their business, these radio "big shots"—maybe, with their finger on the public pulse, they feel that the public doesn't want it. If that is true, where is the idealism that sends millions of people to book stores to make the Bible the "best seller?" Where is the idealism that still induces millions of people to prefer the classics of literature to the trash of modern realists?

If radio is ever to become a true art, it must take its place beside the other arts in equality. The medium that is some day to educate the world can't do it on Rudy Vallee and Eddie Cantor alone.

This young continuity writer had ideas to back up his ideals. He sketched outlines of radio programs that were inspiring—and brimming with thrills, adventure and romance as well. Real art.

Too idealistic! Someday that young writer will be heard from.

Blaming The Announcer

WHENEVER broadcasting's flaws and good points are debated, advertising usually receives a preponderous majority of brickbats.

A large eastern sponsor recently conducted a series of programs in which, as a feature, a questionnaire was submitted to its listeners. The questions asked were intended to sound out the public on its likes and dislikes.

Strangely enough, to the question, "What one thing do you think would improve radio broadcasting most?" a surprisingly small proportion of the answers submitted criticised advertising on sponsored programs.

Most of the criticism was aimed at the announcer. Many felt he should "be more human." Others complained that "announcers try to be too highbrow," while many thought they "yelled too loud." Everything from static, burned out tubes, and the late stock market disaster, was laid at the door of the poor announcer.

The one thing about advertising that was strongly objected to, however, was its injection between numbers on a program. Advertising before and after the program escaped unscathed, unless, as many declared, it was "too long."

Snap Into It, Bill Jones!

THERE are announcers and announcers. Some good—some not so good. Some highly paid and others obviously not so highly paid, for very logical reasons.

But have you ever noticed, in many cases, the complete let-down when some local announcer chimes in with his "and this is station XXX," just after a chain announcer has finished speaking? Each, usually, has a mellow, well-modulated voice. Both sound quite similar in many respects.

And yet there is a keyed-up-ness, an enthusiastic ring in the first announcer's voice that is totally different from the monotonous, duty-bound drone of the second.

Announcer's are picked for their vocal qualities. Most of our present announcers have good voices. But not many have the ability to put "that something" into their voices that makes for the difference between a Graham McNamee and a Bill Jones, of some little 10-watter in Corn Center.

A master of ceremonies at a theater stage presentation doesn't come out before the footlights and drone, "Ladies and gentlemen, the next thing on the program is a toe-dance." Whether he feels it or not, his job is to "put the show over," and not leave any doubts with the audience as to whether they had a good time or not.

Snap into it, Bill Jones!

Doubles For Amos 'n' Andy?

THERE'S a rumor going 'round that Amos 'n' Andy are training someone to act as an understudy for one or the other when he decides to take a vacation.

This comedy act, now grown world-famous, is one of the oldest regular acts on the air. Night after night, Freeman Gosden and Charlie Correll have been Johnny-on-the-spot in person, with no chance for a "lay-off" or vacation. If ever two public characters have been faithful to their audience, it is this pair of comedians.

While up to the present there has never been another person in the Amos 'n' Andy act, as far as we know, if they want to get someone else to help out once in awhile, it's all right with us. And when one of them does go away for a little while, providing we are able to tell the difference—he will probably be appreciated all the more when he returns.

Whoever the understudy is, if the rumor is to be believed, he is a lucky man—and at the same time, has a great responsibility. It won't be easy for anyone to step into either of these great comedian's shoes successfully.

Sidelights On Radio Advertising Told

SOME interesting sidelights on the newspaper-radio advertising question were outlined by Lew Allen Weiss, general manager of the Don Lee station, KHJ, in an address before the Advertising Club recently.

"Newspapers," stated Mr. Weiss, "run 70 per cent advertising, and 30 per cent reading matter—some of which is publicity. Newspapers increase or decrease their size according to the amount of advertising they sell. Radio, on the other hand, has on the average of 96 per cent entertainment and but four per cent advertising. The average radio station broadcasts 18 hours a day, and the length of this period is not affected by the amount of advertising time sold."

Regarding the sponsors themselves, Mr. Weiss declared that many of them, regardless of their ignorance of radio, have their own ideas about what they want and how they want it. Although he insists on high standards, he frequently—his daughter has had a few vocal lessons . . . and after all, it is nice to have one's company talked about over the air!

"If one gives the radio listener what he wants in the way of entertainment," he concluded, "he will listen to the commercial announcements, providing they are of the same advertising quality as the entertainment. And after all—many of the people 'out there' forget that radio is free."

American Inventiveness

MORTON DOWNEY, back in New York after a visit in Hollywood, tells a good one on a movie preview that could well apply to some radio programs. The picture in question was based on a play that in turn was taken from a classical work written more than 60 years ago. As is the case with most pictures, the original story underwent considerable change before assuming its screen form.

As the picture was unwinding, Morton relates, several of the producer's "yes-men," swept away with the colossal epic, cried, "Author! Author!"

And, the Columbia tenor concludes, "the first three rows stood up and bowed!"

Sight Unseen

THERE'S a new popular song—probably you've heard it—called "Crosby, Columbo, and Vallee." The adventures of this trio of dashing minstrels, their effect on romantically inclined femininity, are amusingly told in the lyrics.

Who would have dreamed, a few years ago, that a mere voice, transmitted electrically and mechanically across the continent, would make hearts flutter and maidens sigh, with not so much as a glimpse of the man behind the voice. Regardless of the countless photographs of these three vagabond lovers published, many of their most ardent admirers haven't the slightest conception of their heroes' appearance.

When an unseen youth can stand before a little black mike thousands of miles away, and convey romance and glamour to womankind by the inflections of his voice, that, in our humble opinion, is Personality—with a capital "P"!

LAUGHING

GAS!

by
George Turner

Hemlock Corners Traffic Court—where in the Spring a young man's fancy curves often land him before the magistrate; while a young lady's leads her—ah, me!

HEAR ye! Hear ye! All those having business to come before the honorable court of Hemlock Corners will come to order!

There you go again with them dern formalities, bailiff! Ever since you was over to Beaver Crossin' to the picture show and seen that costumey picture of the Court of England, home folks and customs don't seem to be good enough for you. Stop puttin' on airs

and let's get down to business. Wat's the first case?

The first case has been taken care of, judge. I put it over in your cellar.

Even the Supreme Court Could Gather Some Valuable Ideas on Legal Procedure From This Comic Traffic Court of Hemlock Corners

Good! Well, wat's the second? Hey, stop that noise, stop that noise! Wat's goin' on here—don't you hear me poundin' my gavel? Constable! Constable—get those two bulldogs apart. Come up here! Wat's this all about, constable?

Yer worship, these two was quarrelin', fightin', and otherwise raisin' Cain on the public highway after what looked like had been a auto wreck. I brung 'em in.

You look like a wreck yerself. Look at that new unyform the church give with the proceeds from the ice cream sociable! No use you tryin' to look like a representative of the law and order. Where's yer badge?

Guess I lost it in the excitement.

I want damages! I want damages! This man ran into me and if I don't get paid I'll . . .

You'll shet up! That's what you'll do. Now let me hear what happened, or can this here matter be settled out of court?

Well, that's what they was tryin' to do, judge when I separated them.

Now let me git this straight. Who ran into who? Who was the socker and who the sockee? What have you to say, Farmer Brown?

This man run into me. I was just comin' out onto the Pike, never thinkin' . . .

Well, why wasn't you thinkin'? Has yer brains declared a mausoleum, or a mortuary—or whatever that thing was Hoover declared?

The word is crematorium, yer worship.

Thanks, constable. I knew it was a dead issue of some kind. Well—what about it, Farmer?

He tore right out an' smacked me—never blowed his horn or nothin'.

How about it, stranger—did you blow yer horn?

Well, yer worship, I must tell the truth . . .

Yeh, yer dern right ye must. What

(Turn to Page 42)



"How do ye mean yer horn was indifferent, stranger?"
"Well, Your Honor, it just didn't give a hoot."

COLUMBO DISCOVERED By AMERICA!

by
Franklin
Anderson

THE melodious voice of Russ Columbo, slender youth of Latin blood, won him a national reputation in three short months over NBC networks, and now he is to be featured in a dual role—orchestral leader and vocalist—over nation-wide networks of the National Broadcasting Company.

Born in San Francisco of music-loving Italian parents, Russ skipped lightly from orchestra pits as a violinist into glamorous coast resorts and hostelryes as vocalist, took a fling at Hollywood's movie lots, and from his own night club skidded to the dizzy heights of radio stardom.

His newest role as orchestra leader and vocalist is a return to an old love. Columbo directed his own orchestras on the coast and sang for occasional broadcasts. Then along came Con Conrad, song writer, and induced the youthful singer to set off for Europe to try for a singing engagement. Columbo and Conrad have yet to see Europe together, all of which is a part of this story.

No one could be more surprised with Columbo's quick success than Columbo himself. He is a quiet and modest youth, and still pinches himself to see if fame is really real or imaginary. Tall and athletic, Columbo has liquid dark eyes and coal black hair, yet professes that he knows little of love itself. Once he wasted his thoughts in a San Francisco orchestra pit while enamoured of a dancer, never saying a solitary word to her; but of late he has been reported as a companion of one of Flo Ziegfeld's glorified beauties.

But this itself is not a story of love, though there is a romantic element. Columbo had a humble origin. His



father, Nicholas, played a guitar as a youth in far-away Naples, and gave Russ parental consent to follow a musical career.

When Russ speaks of his youth memories crowd his mind. The Columbo family had moved from San Francisco to the little town of Calistoga, California, and Russ used to take violin lessons from one Joseph Czech, a squat, brusque and belligerent German musician. Many an hour he spent in Czech's stuffy little parlor going through a program of little variation.

"One—two—three—four! One—two—three—four!" Czech would bellow. "Ach! You must learn to play it so! Or, you will never be the great violinist. Now—play! One—two—three—four. Ach!"

It was always so in those boyhood days. The slender youth frozen to his task—the teacher walking, walking! The boy dared not relax even for a minute lest he bring down the wrath of his master. When aroused by some heinous mistake, Joseph Czech would raise

his hands above his head and wring them in a tempest of rage.

But Czech, no matter how much he thundered, secretly treasured Columbo as his prize pupil. He thought he had talent, real talent—perhaps genius. And the old German master often stopped and chatted with Mrs. Columbo over a woden picket fence on the outskirts of the village. Their conversation inevitably ran something like this:

"Good-day, Mrs. Columbo. You always are so busy, yes? Vell, I think it would be fine if you would let me have dot boy Russell. P-s-s-t! He vill be a great violinist already yet! I have no boy and I vill take him to Chermany and give him the wonderful opportunity to be the world's greatest violinist."

"No, no! Mr. Czech. That would be too wonderful but Russell is my baby! Remember that. I could not give him up, even to let him go back to the old country. You must forget it, please!" At thirteen, Columbo was playing difficult classical compositions. One day chance entered his life. He read in a newspaper that the Imperial Theater in San Francisco needed violinists, and straightaway he boarded a train for the Golden Gate city and secured an orchestra position.

He first appeared in the fantastic "The Land of Make Believe," and was featured as a soloist in the prologue, and later at the Granada Theater, where Paul Ash was originally introduced. It was there that he fell in love with the dancer. It is no wonder that he left his violin at the theater the day of his final appearance.

The months quickly went . . . the years also. Nicholas Columbo took his family to live in Los Angeles. As a good taxpayer, Pere Columbo sent his son Columbo to high school, the latter more or less distinguishing himself as "end" on the Glee Club, "tenor" on the football team and violinist in the school orchestra. It was just six years ago

Few Singers Have Enjoyed Such a Sudden Leap to National Favor as This Good-Natured Son of the West, Russ Columbo. Intended for a Concert Violinist, He Learned to Play a "Hot Fiddle" Instead, Opened a Night Club in Hollywood, and Sky-Rocketed to Fame and Popularity on the National Network

when the glee club director discovered Columbo had a fine voice.

A bit of tragedy then entered the youth's life. His father suffered financial reverses and lost his small savings. Russ was forced to abandon his academic career.

In the summer time he was booked for tours with the California fruit growers association and travelled all over his brother-in-law's big vineyard behind a four-horse plow. This labor brought \$12 a week, a bit less than he'd made years previous in San Francisco.

He organized his own little orchestra, held rehearsals in the evenings, and started to sing "hot" numbers. Within a short time a man named Eckhardt offered him \$75.00 a week to sing at the Mayfair Hotel in Los Angeles. From the Mayfair he went to the Roosevelt Hotel with "Prof." Moore and learned to play the "hot fiddle." For a short time he was with Gus Arnheim's famous band at the Ambassador Hotel. Then the movies attracted him.

He went to the Lasky Studios. A friend, Gino Corrado, told him he ought to find a job playing "side line" music. He landed at \$90 a week and felt himself rich.

He was overjoyed, for Pola Negri needed a violinist and he got the job. For two years he walked on air.

At Warner Brothers he met Monte Blue, and Blue thought the earnest black-haired boy had the makings of an actor. Studio executives, however, disagreed with Monte Blue. They said his acting was "too Latin" for the American public.

Russ bade adieu to the movie lots and took a whirl through the coast clubs and vaude circuits. Then he recklessly opened his own night resort, the Pyramid Club, and it began to make money just before Con Conrad came on the scene.

Conrad was a stranger at the club but he was enthused by the potential possibilities of Columbo's voice. "Kid," he said to Columbo, talking in Tin Pan Alley slang, "you've got a great future with that voice. Radio's your game. I want you to take a long shot. Go to Europe with me first for an engagement

and then we'll crash the networks in New York."

Columbo took a gambler's chance. Within a few days he was bound for New York and Europe. Conrad decided to get him on audition at the NBC studios—"just for the fun of it"—before embarking on the ocean voyage. Since then, some three months ago, Columbo has been at NBC.

Now he has signed a big commercial contract, following on a program originally featuring Bobby Jones.



Russ Columbo—young, handsome—and so modest he is still surprised over his sensational success.

IT'S



One of the Things Kate Smith Always Wanted To Do Was Write—and Here She Unburdens Herself of a Lot of Things She's Wanted To Say For a Long Time—Among Them Her Philosophy of Life, Her Secret Desires, and Her Autobiography

“—I love chocolate parfaits, and driving fast, and I hate women who talk baby talk or imitate movie stars.”

HELLO EVERYBODY! This is Kate Smith! I'm awfully pleased to prepare these few pages, doing a search-and-find one-finger job on the typewriter. It's surprising how soon one can lose technique. I'm ashamed to admit now that I once went to business school. You certainly wouldn't know it, if you could see me. It's amazing how I aim straight at a "g" for instance and land on an "h" with much crescendo. The trouble with me is that now, instead of writing notes, I sing them. Or—I do my *best* anyhow. And if that sounds like Horatio Alger I really can't help it.

One funny thing about life—I suppose the powers that be invented it to avert monotony—is that there was never an author who wouldn't like to dance or sing, or perhaps even go in

for professional football,—and there never was a singer who didn't wish she could turn out some poetry after the fashion of Edna St. Vincent Millay, or design Parisian clothes, or something equally remote. Take your friend, Kate Smith, for example, next to turning out a fairly personable story, I would like to direct athletics in a girl's school. Oh my! Well, *one* wish is granted. I am turning out a story. So please stand by, people, and read my words, and my wretched assortment of adjectives and adverbs, as sort of a good-turn-a-day gesture. Being feminine, of course, I *do* have a profound assortment of adjectives. I admit it.

The idea, apparently, is that you're kind enough to be interested enough to know "How come?" (I have a suspicion that wasn't a good sentence, but I don't

know what on earth to *do* about it!) Ever since I was "knee high to a grasshopper," I've sung. And by the time I was able to know what the "stage" was, I've loved the footlight feeling. It's a queer urge that can only be killed and done away with by receiving no response. Radio people, and stage and movie people know exactly what I mean. It's hard to put it into words.

I always had a certain amount of response, and from the first time I sang to a bunch of the neighborhood "gang" from—literally a soap-box—and received a lot of friendly, half-teasing, half-appreciative applause, my fate was sealed.

I was one, by the way, a noisy tomboy. I'd much rather play with the boys than the girls, and we had a club called "The Midnight Riders." The Midnight Riders, of course, were all tucked in bed by eight-thirty, but it was consoling to think of ourselves as being particularly formidable. I thought I was, according to some of my masculine accomplices in racketeering "the big cheese." I was incurable bossy, and insisted on being the president, secretary and initiator in our small hand-wrought club in the back yard.

By the time I was eight, I was asked to sing at benefits around Washington, D. C., where I was brought up, and almost every night after school, provided I didn't have to stay up too late, mother allowed me to sing.

My family, poor dears, thought my theatrical complex was just a Phase, and fully expected me to enter nursing school. They were so very disappointed when I confessed my real ambitions that I decided to try nursing to please them, if for nothing else. I thought

GREAT LIFE!

by
Kate Smith

perhaps I might like it. I didn't really though. The part I really got the most "kick" out of, was giving quite a number of transfusions. There was so much of me to spare you know. If you don't know, just give a gaze at one of my pictures. See? Still, it's nothing to be particularly alarmed about. I have the "be-yourself" complex, anyhow, and think that dieting and masseuse-ing is foolish, especially when I come by it naturally. There I am, meandering away from my subject. The climax I was driving at (and it was a climax, really) was that, at the end of a year, I went home to my family and said, in just so many unhappy words, that I just didn't belong in a hospital, and that I'd much rather sing to—or at people—than give them two tablets and a glass of water every two hours. I added that I thought entertainment had its place in the world. And I do. Having your mind taken off trouble and worry has its effect on your physical self, you know. I didn't just say that in self-defense. Anyhow, you've probably heard it many times before.

They came around to my way of thinking, and they at least were grateful I wasn't going abroad to make a stab at being a prima donna. That would have been *too* much of a blow. As a matter of fact, when I was a child Nicholas Longworth asked me why I didn't study the opera. As a matter of fact, I don't know why, except that my path didn't lead in that direction. I just naturally was absorbed by the beat of jazz rhythm, and by the ballad strains, and light opera.

My opportunity knocked once in the person of Eddie Dowling who came to your friend Kate and said to your friend Kate (bad sentence structure, but you won't mind, will you) here's a dotted line. I signed it, and went

to New York with the cast of "Honey-moon Lane." I may as well give you a little "sob story" at this point. I was very unhappy. New York is a difficult place, as far as making friends goes, and after the last applause had died in my ears, and the curtain was down and the make-up was off, I was just plain Kate Smith longing for Washington. Washington is a grand place you know, and the Potomac is wonderful for canoeing, and the Chesapeake is wonderful for swimming. Anyhow I was homesick. Sooner or later, I adjusted myself. I forget just how I did it, only I decided for myself that to be perfectly happy in the theatrical world, at least for a person of my kind, the best formula was a few god friends, no theatrical parties, and lots of hard work.

After that, time flew by with "Flying High" and "Hit the Deck," and nothing more eventful happened outside the footlights, than having my tonsils out.

During "Hit the Deck," I became aware that radio was the Coming Thing, and that your friend Kate might scurry around and see what could be done about an audition. I went to the Columbia Broadcasting System, sang to that black "mike," and they took me in. That sounds rather as if I were entering an orphan asylum, but you do need someone's protection and vigilance when you attempt to put your person-

ality into such a critical medium as air waves. The engineers and production men in their control rooms can do all sorts of things to your voice you never dreamed of, by a twist of the dial. That is to say, to get the true tone of your voice the engineer must be a canny soul. And you must simply be trusting. Well, the audition was labeled Success, and they put me on the air for fifteen minutes every night with "Sweeney Music." I loved the work and enjoyed the people I was associated with at Columbia, my footlight feeling suddenly dissolved, and there I was candidly preferring the "mike." The response of fan mail to me is even more touching than the response of a theatrical audience which *may* be sheer politeness. The radio audience come from all over the country. Coast-to-coast, from modest homes and huge, elaborate homes, and all of them say what they think. Especially "shut-ins" in hospitals and prisons have responded with a sort of prayerful enthusiasm, and beg me to sing this thing and that thing for them in my memory song period. Oh, there have been lots of letters with pathetic stories behind them. There isn't much point of recounting any of these to you.

With radio, this last summer was an involved but very satisfactory one. I have hardly known whether I was

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"When I was attempting to become a nurse, the part I got the most kick out of was giving transfusions. There was so much of me to spare, you know!"

BING an ACTOR?

"He's a Natural"
Says Mack Sennett

by Jed Buell

Mack Sennett Studios



MACK SENNETT considers Bing Crosby a "find." And Mr. Sennett, who is credited with finding many of the movie artists who are now stars, has a reputation for being nearly infallible in his hunches.

Despite the fact that moviedom apparently has all of the talent it can maintain on its payrolls, Mack Sennett is preeminently a firm believer that there are as many fish in the river as ever came out of it. He is continually browsing around in public places on the lookout for promising talent.

Following one of these hunches, Mr. Sennett began to appear nightly at the Coconut Grove in Hollywood a few months ago, and revealed a sudden interest in dancing to the "entertainer of stars," Gus Arnheim, with whose band Bing Crosby was entertaining, as one-third of the Rhythm Boys.

Sennett knew that Bing had tried out for the pictures, and had seen him in minor parts in several pictures in which Paul Whiteman's and Arnheim's band figured. He knew that the directors hadn't gone into any ecstasies over Crosby's work in these films. No one considered him an actor.

But Mack Sennett saw something the others had missed. To him, Bing's constant witticisms, his bright, effortless "ad-libbing," his looks, his whole manner, spelled one thing—*comedian*.

When the Rhythm Boys took their sudden and mysterious departure from the Grove, Mack Sennett collared Bing, and immediately began plans for some comedy "shorts."

From his first appearance before the

critical eye of the camera, Bing fully justified Mr. Sennett's hunch. He played his part perfectly; he spoke his lines as a veteran, and it took but little coaching to perfect his style.

But more than that—and what delighted Mack Sennett—was his natural ability to put more into his acting than the script called for. Little quips—subtle wise-cracks—an extra phrase here, and a clever word there—improvising that never failed to improve wherever it bobbed up. No wonder Mr. Sennett signed him up on contract.

"He's a natural artist!" is the Sennett verdict.

The four pictures made at the Sennett studios are: "I Surrender Dear," "One More Chance," "The Billboard Girl," and "Dream House." When "I Surrender, Dear" opened at the Paramount in New York for a week, it broke all records in attendance. And the \$72,000 in net box office receipts were a cold testimony in cash to another triumph of the "Sennett hunch."

As yet, only the first two pictures are being shown in the West. "The Billboard Girl" and "Dream House," now being shown to packed houses in the East, will soon be sent West for a run in Bing's own "neighborhood" (we won't say "home town," for there are about a half dozen cities on the Pacific Coast squabbling over the honor at present).

And if anyone thinks "such popularity mustn't be deserved," witness the \$10,000 a week that are being poured into the Crosby treasury. If that isn't popularity, what is?

No one paid much attention to Bing's acting in several minor parts, until Mack Sennett, "discoverer" of stars, saw in him an ideal comedian, and set out to show that he was right. From all appearances, he succeeded, if we can judge by the scene below, from "Dream House." with Bing and Marvin Lobo. Well, there's darn few places Bing would get kicked out of !



Still O and Still



by
Michael
Kelly

IN the tenth row of a negro vaudeville emporium down in the most fashionable part of Los Angeles' dusky center, sat Bert Butterworth one December night just seven years ago. With his fair and milk-like skin looming out of that chocolate-hued aggregation like a fly on a bald head, he glued his eager eyes on the brightly lit stage before him.

There, in kaliedoscopic succession, brilliantly-gowned negro prima donnas, impeccably-garbed stars of dark-town's thespian society, tripped, strutted and cavorted in dazzling revue before the blazing footlights.

Bert had been sent as a scout by the Davis Perfection Bread Company to scour the district for colored talent to be organized into a negro troupe for the baking company's new radio program over KNX.

A few weeks later, the first day of January, 1925, popped in on us to say hello. And at 8:00 p. m., a group of badly scared negroes stood trembling before the microphone in the main studio of the Hollywood station.

Fred Hagelburg, advertising genius of Perfection Company, will tell you with a broad grin that the program was terrible. In Fred's own words, it was "oderiferous". But strangely enough,

it stuck! He had visualized something entirely different from any program then on the air. An old-time down south Georgia camp meeting, with nothing but negro entertainers. It was taking a terrific chance, but Fred Hagelburg made the plunge.

He worked and drilled his negro troupe, whipping them into shape. Constantly he strove for something different, irrespective of high quality.

"No matter how terrible it was at first," Fred told me, "No matter how terrible, I was bound and determined that it had to be different."

In evolving his idea for a unique program, Fred decided to have a special announcer. Radio announcers in those early days of radio had not yet learned to shake off their uninspired listlessness. He did not want one of the ordinary announcers to intone his program in a tired uninterested voice . . . he wanted someone with a punch. And that is why Bert Butterworth was picked for the job.

Jazz was then at its height . . . and radio studios were sated with garish screech owls who blasted the transmitters from their very moorings. In fact the very mention of sopranos made the announcers shudder.

So Fred Hagelburg insisted upon having something different. He pounded away at his idea, and finally got his way. When he had organized his negro

troupe, he was faced with an appropriate name. Everyone scratched the collective noodle. It was agreed that the doughnut held for the greatest promise of glamor and romance of any of the Perfection products. It inspired memories of our dough-boys in the trenches, being handed hot coffee and doughnuts under fire by brave little Salvation Army girls.

In addition to this, the name must embody thoughts of cheerfulness and optimism. Optimism! There he had it! The "Royal Order of Optimistic Doughnuts!"

Each of the negro members of the troupe was given some caricature name, and thus were evolved such colorful cognomens as "Sunburnt Jim," "Ham-bone Trent," "Whitewash Weldon," and "Big Lip Tolliver."

The performers themselves entered into the spirit of the game with a vim, and submitted titles for their fellows which caused the most vivid imaginations of the white members to pale into insignificance. The idea for nick-naming their companions was carried through with every new member which entered the troupe, the latest having been endowed with the sobriquet of "High Hat Hattie."

In order to get applause mail, Fred decided to print membership certificates on fine bond paper. He even went so far as to have the names of members written on the certificates in the finest black ink, instead of merely typing them.

Everyone who wrote in received a membership. And in four years, more than 29,000 letters were received. This does not include phone calls, says Mr. Hagelburg. And to each and everyone who wrote in were sent six luscious Optimistic doughnuts. This was a feature which was not announced, for very obvious reasons.

Strange as it may seem, these membership certificates were highly prized by their recipients. Fred relates one humorous incident which occurred in Owensmouth. He entered a restaurant and on the wall behind the counter there was a large mirror. On it was pasted a certificate of membership in the Royal Order. And to direct attention to its

OPTIMISTIC - going STRONG

presence there, banners and ribbons were festooned around it.

The proprietor was delighted to learn that his guest was connected with the famous KNX program, and informed him that at least sixty of his friends came into the place every Friday night. Hagelburg was immediately struck with an idea. He appointed the owner of the restaurant a "Grand Organizer" of members in the club, and presented him with 100 membership cards.

Three days later the man wrote to Fred and asked for 100 more! This started a new exploitation of the program, and similar organizers were established in central localities.

The program had been on the air just two years, when George Reed, then manager of the Anaheim Valencia Orange Show, called upon Hagelburg, urging him to bring his Royal Order of Optimistic Doughnuts down to the Orange Show to perform on a Tuesday night, which of course is the dead night in the show business.

Hagelburg consented, and with Charlie Hamp as master of ceremonies, down they went. There was little newspaper mention of the event. The Doughnuts had to depend on only two broadcasts previous to their performance at the Orange Show to acquaint the public of their appearance at Anaheim.

The radio audience was told that the Doughnuts would adhere to their usual custom of tossing Optimistic doughnuts to members of the audience at the Orange Show. The result was almost a riot. Whereas the greatest paid attendance theretofore had been 4000 for one night, it was 12,000 paid admissions on the night of the show put on by the Perfection Bread troupe.

Perhaps there is no better way to illustrate the popularity of this KNX feature than by mentioning the questionnaire of the San Francisco Call Bulletin this year. Projected for the purpose of finding the most popular program on the Pacific Coast, the questionnaire was divided into fifteen-minute periods, starting at six in the evening, and ending at 10.

For Friday night, from 8 to 9 p. m., the Royal Order of Optimistic Dough-

Probably the Oldest Regular Radio Program in the West, The Optimistic Do-Nuts Are Still Among the Most Popular Variety Programs, After Seven Years



Above, our old friend "Sunburnt Jim," and his inevitable uke. Below, Fred Hagelburg and a few of the "Optimistic Do-Nuts" admirers.

nuts won by a score of 3 to 1 over any other program on the coast. This was against all Pacific Coast programs on the air on Friday nights, and revealed by a San Francisco paper which certainly could have had no interest in a Los Angeles program.

There is Satchel McVea, (known as 99-year-old McVea) who is the leader of the troupe. Having once contemplated the practice of medicine, and owning as a hobby the deep perusal of ancient Chinese literature, he is the head man of the outfit.

He has never missed a night on the air, in all the seven years during which the program has been broadcast. And, be it known, the Royal Order of Optimistic Doughnuts will have been on the air seven years on the first day of January, 1932, consecutively every Friday night. This is the longest that any radio program has ever been sustained on the air, it is claimed.

All the colored boys in the show work in some capacity during the day. Some of them are bus boys, others

janitors, elevator operators, in downtown department stores and office buildings, while others are engaged in different pursuits.

The job of writing the continuity and producing the act as Master of Ceremonies, which once rested upon the capable shoulders of the aforementioned and redoubtable Bert Butterworth, and was later transferred to Tom Breneman, has lately been assumed by Jack Carter, known to the KNX audience as the "Boy from London."

The practice of tossing doughnuts to the audience which crams the studios every Friday night from 8 to 9 still continues. And if you don't believe it, come over to KNX some night. If you're lucky enough to be able to squeeze in, you too can watch Jack Carter's magical eye-glasses gleaming in the middle of his face like twin-mirrors, while a happy, jostling throng of people reach for the scrumptious dainties thrown to them by grinning members of the Royal Order of Optimistic Doughnuts!

A New Kind of GIRL



Tiny, Piquant, and Vivacious, Nora Schiller Puts All She Has Into Her Work, Sings, Burlesques and Acts With the Same Intense Interest That She Takes In Her Hobbies, Knows Her Own Mind—and Incidentally Refuses Marriage As a Part of Her Career

by
Betty
Sheldon

the stage. After high school she took a business course and then, at the age of sixteen, worked as a private secretary to get some experience. But she was just preparing herself for the possible need of a job when she was old and the stage couldn't use her any more. She still has a score or more years to go before that, however. And now radio will add another score to that—yes, we know about television but that won't make any difference.

After the secretarial experience Nora got a job in a San Diego musical show. Sid Grauman saw her and gave her work at Los Angeles Million Dollar Theatre. She was featured with Paul Ash in San Francisco, over Fanchon Marco, in the Publix Theatres, with Ash in Chicago, fourteen months at the Publix houses in Chicago and New York and then back to the West Coast with Fanchon and Marco again. Between times she made a number of shorts for Warner Brothers. KFRC is her first steady radio engagement.

Nora is very fond of swimming. She likes to go out into the country. She always takes her dog along, an Alaskan Malemute that would chew people up if she didn't watch him.

She had aspirations to be a concert singer at one time and she likes to go to symphonies and concerts. The young lady has never married. Asked why she replies: "I can't say yes-sir" to any man.

A VERY unusual girl is diminutive Nora Schiller, KFRC comedienne. Here are a few items to prove it.

1. Was on the Pantages circuit in a singing and dancing act, doing impersonations of famous stars when eight years old.
2. Entered a high school in San Diego when eleven years old, the youngest student to ever enter the school.
3. After high school took a business course so she would have something to fall back on when she was through with the stage.
4. Weighs one hundred and two pounds; lacks one and a half inches of being five feet tall; has brown eyes, and is in her very early twenties.

Nora, to put it bluntly, is a "snappy little number." In her caracul fur

jacket, brown derby with a French accent and a list to starboard she is a sight to increase any man's faith in life, love and the pursuit of happiness.

This little lady puts just a little bit more than "everything she has" in her radio work. Her blues singing is outstanding. But perhaps she is destined to go farther in the radio world with her comedy and impersonations than with her singing.

Twice she literally "stopped" the Golden State Jamborees with her burlesque of the small town soprano. The studio audiences were determined that she should do another number, which is a very rare thing, as all Jamboree fans know. Encores just aren't on the bill of fare.

Nora is a girl who has always known what she wanted to do. From the time of her Pantages debut at the age of eight, her life has been wrapped up in

A Heritage Fulfilled

by
Louise
Landis

A Descendant of the Noted Dana Family of Adventurers and Authors—One of Whom Is Famous for His "Two Years Before the Mast," Harold Dana Chooses An Adventure of His Own

DRAMA has pursued Harold Dana all his life. Which may be why this quiet, modest-spoken young man, who is one of the cornerstones of the NBC matinee, daily variety program broadcast over the NBC-KGO network, never seeks the spotlight—he doesn't need to do so.

Out of a dozen persons assembled in one room, you might pick Harold as a rising young lawyer, a broker, or even a banker—until he spoke in the warm, rich voice which NBC Matinee hearers know. They hear Harold in many roles—as an actor in Matinee skits, as a soloist who is equally at home in sea-chanteys and operatic bits, and as a member of the NBC Matinee Quartet. It is characteristic of Harold that he is as good an ensemble singer as soloist—he doesn't mind sharing the microphone.

Things started happening to Harold at the age of sixteen. Like a fairy tale runs the story of how the NBC artist, the son of a Redlands, California, rancher, was sent out one morning to pluck olives in his father's grove. Plucking olives sounds poetic, but isn't a pleasant occupation, according to Harold. He recalls that he grumbled in 16-year-old style over the chore, and continued grumbling as he climbed the first tree.

Once in it, however, and started on the somewhat monotonous occupation of pulling hard little fruits from scratchy branches, the young man's natural instinct to burst forth in song, took hold. He was caroling merrily away, hidden in his tree, when—

You guessed it! A famous opera singer, happening by, heard him, and stopped in wonder!

The opera singer was real; so was

Drama and romance are a part of Harold Dana, and when he dons wig and breeches, well,—he just IS a Colonial, that's all.

her interest in what she believed to be a soprano voice in the olive tree. With the prerogative of a great lady, Georgianna Strauss, Metropolitan Opera star who was spending a vacation in California, stopped her car and paid a visit to the Dana home.

"Your daughter has one of the finest soprano voices I ever heard," she began.

"My daughter?" said Harold's father, in some surprise.

"The girl I heard singing among those trees just now," explained Madame Strauss. "I could not see her, but her voice is magnificent."

"Come down," he called to the vocalist, still trilling away, unconscious, in his tree, and Harold climbed down.

It was Madame Strauss' turn to be surprised. When the youthful tree-singer had recovered sufficiently from the shock of being mistaken for a girl, he was persuaded to let the opera star give him his first vocal lessons. They were simple and few, for as his teacher explained, the best treatment he could give his voice at that point in its de-



velopment was to take care of it and abstain from using it too much. It was still so high and pure in tone that it was almost indistinguishable from a true soprano, and probably would develop into a tenor of unusually high range.

But it didn't. It turned into one of the best baritone voices in captivity, instead, and Harold admits he isn't sorry. Not only because he prefers being a baritone, but because it was due to its lower range that his second grand opera star crossed his path and influenced his fortune again.

That was in 1923, but in the meantime, Harold was working very hard at being an aspiring young singer. He was an important unit in the high school glee club when his voice passed its period of mutation, and he played the piano in a Redlands picture house to pay for singing lessons and continue his scholastic education too. He studied with Arthur Babcock of Los Angeles, Frank Carroll Griffin of San Francisco, McKenzie Gordon and other noted vocal teachers when he left Redlands. He also had two seasons with Louis Graveure.

But before that, he had other, more active training which he considers as invaluable in his career as that he managed to earn for his voice. When the war broke out, Harold enlisted in the navy, and spent two years as a gob.

There must have been reason behind
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THEY Do It With MIRRORS

Written By An Artist Who Knows What He's Talking About. This Article Tells You Why Bing Crosby, Russ Columbo, Al Jolson and Others Are Imitators—Not Inventors

Another Fascinating Article
by Ted White

THE original Al Jolson was a Beau Brummel of the San Francisco theater who worked in white face and talked in an odd little lisp, as he moved about the stage in a sort of fox-trot.

Every time I hear Al Jolson sing a song and watch him fox-trot around the stage, I can close my eyes and see Lee Lloyd, famous old San Francisco entertainer.

Jolson didn't "lift" Lloyd's style with deliberate intent, I am certain. But undoubtedly he saw Lloyd on the stage during his own San Francisco days, and an impression was stamped on his subconscious mind which later found expression in his own working style.

As it emerges from Al's burnt-cork countenance, the lisping dialect sounds like darky dialect to most of us, but it bears no relation whatever to the real thing, and Al himself doesn't realize how much like Lloyd he would sound and look, if he performed in white-face.

No more than Bing Crosby realizes that his own habit of singing off-tempo, against the beat, which so individualizes him in the minds of many radio listeners, is taken directly from Jolson, himself!

And so it goes. You can name a dozen first-rank performers, radio, stage or screen, whose particular style or manner of entertainment is credited to them, but was used by someone else long before this generation of audiences grew up. That someone else prob-

ably used an earlier model for his style, which proves just one thing—every entertainer's own, particular trick is a thing hard to define, and harder still to call his own.

Yet a trick he must have. In these days, when the microphone has revolutionized the theatrical world, those of us whose job it is to entertain you, have had to originate a whole new technique.

Many an old-time vaudeville singer who used to lean down over the footlights and hypnotize a house-full of audience into believing he was the world's greatest comedian, has found his whole outlook changed with only a small, square box upon which to focus his magnetism. That is why a host of new names fills the amusement firmament today, while the stars of only a few years ago are learning to adjust themselves to new orbits.

Those who win out before the microphone have learned how to project a personality through it. What they achieve is comparable to what is known as stage presence behind the footlights—it is the something which makes them different from all the thousands of other voices and personalities on the air, so that listeners who turn a dial can say "That is Rudy Vallee"—"That is Ruth Etting"—without a moment's hesitation.

It's not only the voice which does it, but the manner in which the voice is used. I learned this early in my radio career, when I had painful experience with the fact that singing to the radio audience is a very different proposition

from singing to the same hearers in a theater or a cafe. Radio hearers, so kind now and so generous of praise, didn't write me friendly letters in those days. The audience mail department was likely then to hand me a note whose writer remarked in no uncertain terms just how poor he or she thought Ted White was.

Well—they must have been right, because I had not at that time learned what radio singing meant. I had come to Hollywood straight from Reno, where I had been fortunate enough to please the crowds who nightly filled the club where I sang. I had to work just as hard to please those night club audiences as I do before the microphone now, but it was different work.

A night club entertainer has to have a large repertoire of widely varied songs, and as many ways of singing those songs as he has "customers" to please. At one time in Reno I knew 1200 songs by heart, which is more than I know now, and I sang comedy songs, ballads, popular songs, musical tunes and old-fashioned airs upon request. One night I had to sing a child's lullaby to please a spifflicated lady customer in the night club whose escort loudly announced she was to have what she wanted in the way of music. A few moments later I was warbling a jazz number, and the lullaby lady was demanding I do something "sweeter and hotter."

And then I went to Hollywood. and
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Behind The MIKE

Intimate Glimpses of the Studios and Artists

By *Harry James*



George Olsen, popular Columbia dance band leader.

GEORGIA FIFIELD, director of the KNX Players for the past six years, started out on her successful radio career as a pianologist at KHJ when that station was in swaddling clothes. When this brown-eyed, red-haired girl timidly approached the program director of KHJ and asked for an opportunity to broadcast piano-logues she was informed that such things were not acceptable. Being a good saleslady she was given a "try-out" and Uncle John Daggett heard her from an adjoining room and immediately "booked" her. Of course in those days it was quite an honor to broadcast and one nearly had to pay for the privilege. A few weeks later the idea of plays for the "air" developed and Georgia Fifield produced "The Foot of the Rainbow." The cast consisted of Uncle John Daggett, Edward Murphy, he of the melodious deep voice, Pierre Mellonino, who later married Claire

Forbes Crane—the present supporting link of the Calmon Luboviski programs at KNX, and Georgia Fifield. The latter has produced more than 300 plays at KNX.

CARL OBERON, tenor soloist of KFI and KECA, is one of the outstanding singers of the Pacific Coast. There is probably no radio artist with a better knowledge of music than Carl Oberon. Raymond Paige of KHJ, will acknowledge that much, and will probably admit that he was sorry to lose this splendid musician. His wife is an accomplished pianist and assists him as accompanist on many of his concert programs. There is nothing painful about interviewing Carl Oberon, if your interview is in regards to music or languages, but if your interview is in his business office—well, that's different because Carl is a dentist.

AT KGFJ they have the "Passer By" who is an actor of the old school and who has appeared before royalty. At KGER in Long Beach they have Cyril Godwin, a violinist who has also appeared before royalty. He is one of the most accomplished musicians in radio today. He is also developing into a radio actor. The last time I was at the station I saw him doing an English part in a London play. He was teaming with Harry Moody, chief announcer of KGER, and both of them were typical "cockneys." Both of them were either born within the sound of bow-bells, or close to it—and they say that's what makes a "cockney."

KFOX is becoming strong for plays, presenting an average of three a week. Bill Gould, one of the leading players, is directing most of the plays,



I understand. He is one of the cleverest stage actors in the business today. I would pay double the price to see Bill Gould on the legitimate than I would to see any of the John Gilbert's in the Talkies. And that goes for Bill's wife. I understand she is assisting in some of the radio plays at KFOX.

IHAVE been frequently asked as to what has become of the California String Quartet," formerly the "Los Angeles Railway String Quartet" and for many years the mainstay of KHJ programs. Noah Allinikov, steel guitar player and leader, was killed in an automobile accident seven months ago while on his way to play at Catalina Island. Ed. Hahn, standard guitar player, left for his ranch in Montana but is now back in Los Angeles. Says he would rather starve to death among friends. Frankie Melan, who took his place in the quartet, is now playing on Dick Nelson's programs at five stations. Jack Mesquit, ukelele player, started to build houses on his property in Los

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James Burroughs, KFI

Behind The Mike

Continued from Page 21

Angeles. He says he has been busy trying to collect the rents for the past two years. Clyde Jewett, master of more than twenty instruments, who played the mandoline-guitar in the quartet, is now teaching in his home. This quartet undoubtedly rivaled any Hawaiian quartet on the Pacific Coast in popularity in the early days of radio.

BY the way, somebody asked me the other day if I really thought that Amos 'n' Andy assumed all the characters in their nightly skit over KFI. I had the privilege of being in the studio where the broadcast takes place in Chicago and I'll swear you cannot prove it by me whether they do or don't. The orchestra now playing the theme number, the "Perfect Song," then consisted of three members. I believe they now have seven pieces. Bill Hay can be seen announcing from his booth—the orchestra being the only part of the cast in the main studio.

Amos 'n' Andy are concealed in a private booth and nobody can even get a peek at 'em. From the visitors' gallery one can see Bill Hay and the orchestra only; the private broadcasting booth of the stars is not even visible. Assuming several voices is not a difficult task, however, as Charlie Lung capably demonstrates nightly.

SOME radio fans do not like organ music over the air but I truly believe their opinions could be changed if they would but tune in Chester Markert some night at 10:30 over KGFJ—or on a Sunday afternoon from 3 to 4 p. m. He is recognized by master organists throughout the country as a composer of note. While staff organist at KMOX, St. Louis, he was frequently heard over the Columbia chain. Although only 25 years old, Markert has gained a reputation that would make a veteran jealous. He was formerly at the console of the organ in the famous

St. Louis Cathedral, and also played for quite a while at the Ambassador in that city. He made a reputation in the big theatres in Chicago. When I asked him for proof of this only modesty prevented him from showing me his bullet wounds. Two of his latest songs are soon to be published, "You're Just a Sweet Memory" and "Spanish Love Song."

BOB and Jimmy Palmer, "The Utah Trail Boys," are really brothers. They are exclusive artists at KTM and started their harmony work when they were kids. Bob went off to war while Jimmy finished his schooling, though the later finally got into army clothes, too. Bob had to spend quite some time in a hospital following the war and that delayed the teaming up of the two brothers. These boys have probably introduced more harmony hits over the air than any other team in the
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CHEERIO!

by Lord Bilgewater

KFRC Happy Go Lucky Hour

CHEERIO, old moth balls! Last month I promised to give you the answer to the riddle about the pigs. If it takes a small pig half an hour to walk all day how long does it take a sow to walk a week. The answer is, "two pigs." Clever, isn't it?

This month I'm going to dash off a bit of criticism, (constructive of course), of programs over the Don Lee Broadcasting Sys—I beg your pardon, network. Can't have you cutting out on me.

After all, too many riddles about pigs make one feel sort of—all unbuttoned. Don't you know? For example, a pig is the only animal that is killed first and cured after. It's also very confusing to the pig. Puts him in hot water, so to speak.

By the way, have you heard of the new cravats for fat men? Pig's ties.



Fairly clever. Once I visited a gentleman farmer who was also a magician. Every day he turned his pigs into a meadow.

But about that criticism. It's a splendid idea to introduce a great deal of variety into a program. If you don't know what is coming next you have no good excuse for tuning out until it is all over. And by that time it is too late. Like a game.

Sometimes the Don Lee programs are played too fast for me and my radio is one of the old style kind and I can't slow them down. If I tune out I keep getting some other station. Beastly an-

noying. Last evening I put my head out the window and got Argentina! Ha, ha,! Clever! One of your Americans told it to me.

Quite recently I was listening to the cigar program that gives away certified cream for your automobile if you guess to which station you are listening in twenty-five words. It's all very amusing. Just the very moment the announcer ceases bellowing,—bing like a cross-bow goes the vocalist into a very pretty little ditty about love after dark and how much more fun love is if you're in the proper state. There are 48 states, by the way, and the territory of Hawaii, T. H. T. H. means too hot; I've been there.

A program is nothing without an announcer, I've noticed, and I wonder they don't gather up a dozen or so announcers and turn them loose on a single program. It would eliminate their being interrupted by the music, as they are at present, and I'm sure they could keep things popping with their merriment. Such witty remarks about mattresses, motor-cars, tinned food, tooth paste and all that sort of thing.

But my favorite program is Ye Olde Happy Go Fortunate. I can't listen to it half an hour but I must be up there to join in the fun. Al and Cal, Pedro, Norman, Tommy, "Mac," Walter and the girls keep me all agog with their jolly old tish-tosh.

EASTWARD, HO!

Abe Lyman, Another Son of the Golden West, Heeds the Call of National Acclaim, and Leads His Band Into Wider Fields.



ABE LYMAN

by
Nelson
Hesse

IT seems to be catching, this business of young men coming out of the Far West to score sensational successes in the East in radio.

Bing Crosby and Russ Columbo did it. And now it's Abe Lyman, whose Californians were featured for so many years in the Cocoanut Grove of the Ambassador Hotel, in Los Angeles.

Abe Lyman is employing no half-way methods in his conquest of the radio listeners of the entire country and of theatre audiences in the East. On September 1 he began broadcasting over the basic network of the Columbia Broadcasting System three nights each week on a program sponsored by the makers of Phillips' Dental Magnesia. The immediate popularity of this presentation led the sponsors to add ten more stations to the network.

A week later Lyman and his band, billed as "Movieland's Favorite Band," began a two-weeks' engagement at the Palace Theatre, in New York City, considered the ace vaudeville house of the world. Appearing on the bills with him were such sensational stars as Kate Smith, Lou Holtz and Jack Benny.

The success of Lyman and his band during their vaudeville engagement at the Palace resulted in a contract with the Fox Theatre interests which will keep the California band playing for one year at the Fox-Brooklyn Theatre, where they opened on October 23.

And, just to top matters off, Lyman began broadcasting on a new series of programs on Sunday evening, November 15. This program, presented every Sunday from 7 to 7:30 p. m. P.S.T., is known as "Fanchon and Marco Present Edna Wallace Hopper's Varieties." In addition to Lyman and his Californians, headliners in Fox Theatres in the East are featured on each of the weekly broadcasts, which are presented over a coast-to-coast Columbia network.

Just to round out his day's work, Abe and his band may go into the new restaurant in the new Earl Carroll Theatre, in New York, which soon is to open. Whatever spare time Lyman has will be spent in recording.

Lyman and his band have effected a thorough conquest of the East. The newspaper columnists—both radio and theatrical—have been unanimous in praise of the band leader and his music.

The personnel of the Lyman band is virtually the same as when it was heard on the Pacific Coast. Phil Neely and Skin Young still remain as featured vocalists along with Frank Sylvano, who recently won a radio voice contest in Chicago. Marvin Werner, a singer of the Crosby type, also is heard on each of the Lyman programs.

On the opening night of his Phillips' program Lyman had as his guests Edward G. "Little Caesar" Robinson, Fifi D'Orsay and a host of other stars of stage and screen. More than 1000 telegrams poured into the studios of WABC, in New York, wishing the famous band leader good luck on his new venture.

Lyman, when asked to explain his unusually rapid success, attributed it to his ability to adjust himself and his music to the likes of his audiences. For the radio he mixes his songs, presenting soft, sweet ballads as well as "hot numbers."

For his stage engagements he uses more of the "hot" music, always, however, presenting a well-balanced program.

In order that the Lyman organization might present all its radio programs while filling its theatre engagement, the Columbia Broadcasting System constructed a broadcasting studio in the Fox-Brooklyn Theatre. The programs are broadcast from there and are relayed by land wire to the WABC transmitter and thence to the network.

Lyman is delighted that he has been afforded the opportunity of broadcasting on the new Edna Wallace Hopper program, for it means that his music will be carried to radio listeners in California, where he built up his organization and reputation.

The Strange and Almost Unbelievable Adventures of CHANDU The Magician

As Told by Abdullah Razor

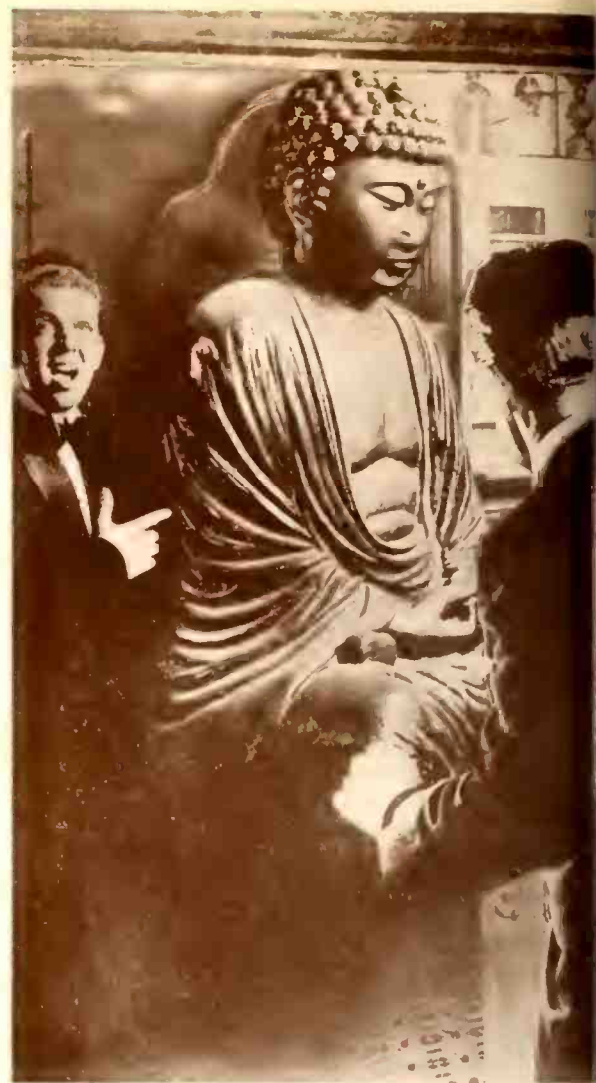
Although Certain Inconsistences Appear In Several Places in This Story Version of Chandu, the Magician, It's Only Fair to Warn You Not to Laugh, Because Its Author is a Sensitive Arab, and Just As Liable To Slip a Cobra Into Your Boudoir As Not. You Know How Arabs Are

AS I recall it, the close of the last installment of CHANDU left off at the tag line, "This is Frederick Lindsleh speaking." I do not wish to be too distinct on this point, however, because at the moment, and under present circumstances, 't sheems d'f'cult t'recall anything ver' 'stinctly. But let us assume that this is where we left off, and if this is correct, then you are in possession of the plot up to the time our last issue was 'stributed. 'N' if not, what would you sh'ggest? Or what zhay we all go home? 'S perf'k'ly awright whatever you do. S'awright wizh me.

In Act LVXDVIICM, *Roxor*, who has gone to Cairo from Algiers, meets *Awah Effendi*, who at the time was handling a line of cosmetics and hair goods out of Saint Looey for Cohen Brothers and Rueckheim. The last named was a crackerjack in his day. In the meantime *Bobbie* and *Betty Lou*,

played by Mr. Bixby and Miss Webb, respectfully, remove the box end which refers to silks, and find the emerald casket, which was never lost at all, but was in the possession of the National Casket Company all the time. This big scene, it will be remembered, ends with one *Bong!* on the gong, followed by the stroke of the chime, which indicated exactly the spot where *Robert Regent* buried the missing will.

Dorothy, mourning her husband as dead, and obsessed by a terrible longing to cough right into the microphone, thus ending it all—this *Dorothy*, played by Miss Margaret Macdonald, and how!—she gets *Nadji* to one side and tells her the story she heard at the Ebell Club. But it is of no avail, for *Abdullah* meets Mr. MacHarris face to face in a secret chamber underneath the Pyramids. A terrific struggle ensues between the two, but the chamber being in Stygian dark-



The little group crept breathlessly along. Betty and her mother were faint with apgivings. Suddenly the room was flooded hoarsely. The suspense was too much.

ness, which is about as dark as anything can be, they do not see each other, and the conflict occurs with neither one knowing the other is there.

In the meantime, the other Arabs (I forgot to tell about the Arabs, but they're there, all right) these other ones, they are supposed to fight the other ones. You know which Arabs I mean, of course. But a terrible sand storm comes up in the desert, which if it had been allowed to come through by the control room, would have taken every bit of Duco off of both cars, to say nothing of leaving the camels as fresh as the day they were born. And if you're listenin'—the thunder of a thousand hoofs or hooves as the case may be, is heard. You expect every minute somebody is going to get hurt. But don't kid yourself. *Frank Chandler*, who in reality is *Chandu, the Magician*, is actually Gayne Whitman, and the whole thing is done with mirrors.

This series of sequences, episodes, or acts—as they are sometimes called—culminates in an unforgettable climax. I do not remember it myself, but if any



ridor, fearful of what might lie ahead. d even Frank Chandler felt strange mis-obby was ahead. "Lookee!" he yelled t—"mama sees!" his mother gasped.

of you were listening no doubt you heard it. *Chandler* next day calls upon *Nadji* at her palace, to restore the knife and fork which she had found missing after his previous call. She receives him with cold, mechanical courtesy, saying, as she backs out of a clinch and pokes him in the kidney: "There-must-be-some-mistake-in-your-call-will-you-please-dial-ny-yun-thu-r-r-r-e-e-e-ny-yun-thu-r-r-r-e-e-*"M"*-as-in-Mary again?"

While all this has been going on, the hateful *Roxor* has not been idle. Marshalling all the forces of unrest, he organizes a navy, which is to operate on the Red Sea. *Chandler* knows nothing of this, and when a messenger hands him the message and then falls dead at *Chandu's* feet, *Chandler* exclaims, "Why did I not learn of this before? Where has this navy bean?" But *Roxor*, who in reality is von Boden (as shuddery a name as you will meet on the radio or the Red Sea in many a long wavelength) this *Roxor* is not going to be allowed to get away with that stuff. Not on your life. Otherwise, no radio program, smashing all previous records for

Through circumstances beyond the control of the publishers, an unexpected development has made it impossible to obtain the story rights to the actual serial, "Chandu, the Magician." Not wishing to disappoint the many readers who have awaited the story, this substitute was obtained instead. Next month's installment promises to be even funnier. Watch for it in the February issue.

number of listeners and avalanches of mail. By occult means, *Chandu* assembles a fleet of his own. There is no time to pick and chose. They have to take anything that comes along, from a row-boat to a second-hand Franklin. The result is, *Chandu's* fleet is the darndest thing to look at you ever saw. While of course the enemy's ships are the very latest thing with streamlines and everything; my goodness, can you imagine it?

Well, there follows a long, hard engagement, although *Betty* and *Bobbie*, being of the younger generation, are in favor of making it snappy. Here is where the adroitness and artistry of the playwright is perhaps more in evidence than ever before. Why, the thing is explained so vividly that you can actually see what's going on, just sitting there in the living-room of your own home in your own shirtsleeves.

There is the Red Sea, spread out before you. It's as red as a beet. On the right side of you, (that's the side toward town) is *Chandu's* fleet, pitching at anchor, every outboard motor going full blast. On the left side (that's the side toward Bixel street) is *Roxy's* Gang,—I mean, *Roxor's* gang. They have already untied the rope that's fastened to the thing in the front there, that goes around that other thing on the dock when you want to take a boat away somewhere, and so there they are—all ready for business. But a wind comes up. Nobody ever dreamed of such a thing, not even the people around *KHJ*. But there it was, just the same, blowing things all around. Well, after a while, there is a *bong!* and the fight is on! around, and everybody hollering at one time, and throwing the wrong things overboard, and then jumping after them! But where old *Roxor* makes his mistake, he lets this wind get his boats all turned around, across the channel. You know how the Red Sea is—on one side is Arabia, or something; and then on this side—the side over towards me here—why, this is Africa, or some place like that.

Well, look at the fix *Roxor* is in now! Look at the fix all his gang is in! Be-

cause, with their bows pointing right this way, towards me, that brings their sterns pointing right towards that other country over there on the side that is opposite me. . . . Well, they try to put her hard over to starboard. No good. Then they try the port. Port is no good either. They try sherry, then sauterne. Boy, what a program that was! Why, you could just see the boats jumping Lousy! What's the result? On account of the position they're in, when they turn this way, they get a *bong!* in the fore; when they turn that way, they get a *bong!* in the aft.

Chandu's men hurl *bong!* after *bong!* at their now frantic foe. *Bongs!* fill the air, *bongs!* are striking the Red Sea everywhere, throwing up geysers of red water. No boats ever built could survive such a *bonging!* *Roxor* rages, foams at the mouth. He lashes his minions, threatening, imploring them to *bong!* back at *Chandu*. A few of the more courageous try it. But *Chandu* merely laughs at them. Their *bongs!* are no good. By the time their *bongs!* reach their targets they are mere "tweet-tweets!" Such a contest must end finally, and in only one way. *Roxor* tries to be everywhere at once, like his father was before him. *Roxor's* father was ubiquitous, but that does not help *Roxor* the 2nd, because he cannot move fast enough, and so the son of ubiquitous *Roxor* finally goes down with his ship, cursing by kind permission of the copyright owner, followed by the theme music, and the closing announcement.

Regent and his wife, *Dorothy*, are on the very verge of being united in the last act. But *Regent*, being disguised as a Fuller brush man, is refused admittance to the palace, and Act MCCCXIIICIV ends with *Regent* dejectedly waiting at the employment window of a vacuum cleaner company, crooning, "Just One More Chance."

While the yogi, retiring to Berlin, may be seen every evening at 8:15, except Sunde and Mondeh, seated at a table in the *Hofbrau*, a large mug in his hand, with his face buried in the rich, creameh suds.

[To Be Continued Next Month]



This Quintet Takes Up the Torch and Carries On With the Folk Lore and Songs of Long Ago—Echoes of a Lost Page in American History. One of Them is the Writer of Such Well-Known Mountain "Disaster" Ballads as "The Death of Floyd Collins," and "The Fate of Mildred Doran"—Songs That Mirror the Fears and Blasted Hopes of a Doomed and Nearly Extinct Tribe of Pioneers

"MOUNTAIN WILLIAMS" of NBC

S CRAPE of fiddle-bow and stamp of feet, quaint old folk-songs and racy American humor — thousands of NBC listeners wait eagerly for the program which brings them this echo of a type fast disappearing from the United States.

The Hill Billies of NBC reincarnate the music and spirit of the mountain people of the South and West, sturdy and pure-blooded descendants of the first English settlers, who dwelt for almost two centuries in the hill and mountain regions, isolated from the rest of the nation as it grew up around them.

Almost unlettered, and speaking a dialect in which the quaint turn of an Elizabethan expression handed down from generation to generation, mingles with the crude language of the pioneer, they have contributed a rich folk-lore and folk-music to the intertwined pattern which is America of today.

No more suitable group to interpret their melodies and legends could be found, than the quintet of musicians and singers who appear before the NBC microphone weekly in the Hill Billy program—Charlie Marshall, Ace Wright, Charles Craver, Johnny O'Brien and Johnny Toffoli.

Charlie Marshall, guiding spirit of the Hill Billies, has been an ardent student of old-time American music ever since he started his career. Born in Cloud County, Kansas—the Marshall family settled there before Kansas was a state—Charlie has a restless spirit which has caused him to travel over a

considerable portion of America. Educated in the University of Kansas, he studied music at the Boston Conservatory of Music, and then embarked on a profession which kept him traveling for many years. Strangely enough, for a theatrical person, Charlie has managed to do much of that moving about in the open, for his love for his work is equalled only by his enjoyment of outdoor life.

Charlie plays many instruments, including violin, saxophone and his own steel harp-guitar. He was a member of a saxophone orchestra once, and traveled over 31 states with it. The tour included Nova Scotia and the lumber-camps of Maine. Then he joined a minstrel show in which he supplied most of the songs and instrumental music. He still regards the concocting of a good minstrel show as "a good day's work."

In Providence, R. I., Charlie met a pretty school-teacher, and showed her that a wandering minstrel could make a pretty good husband if given a chance. Mrs. Marshall shares her husband's interest in woods and open spaces, and their honeymoon was a jaunt—on foot—all the way from Boston to Kansas. Charlie carried a 75 pound baggage pack on his back all the way, but he and Mrs. Marshall still regard their

long trek as the most carefree vacation they ever had.

Radio work at NBC has taught Charlie to "stay put," but a big country place on the San Francisco peninsula gives him room to stretch his six-feet-plus physique, and to entertain the Hill Billy group at frequent barbecues and picnics. Incidentally, Charlie cleared the ground on which his country house stands, with his own hands, and the hospitable, rustic home contains many samples of his craftsmanship as cabinet-maker, carpenter and general handy man.

The voice of Charles Gardner Craver, who sings many of the Hill Billy ballads, sounds familiar to many of his radio listeners, and with good cause. They probably have heard it on records many times, for Craver has made most of the "Disaster" ballads on the market. He writes them too, and more than 150 melancholy melodies relating the sad deaths or tragic happenings which have occurred to persons and communities of the present-day, are his work.

Some of the unhappy events he relates are purely imaginary; some are founded on headline stories and topical subjects, such as "The Fate of Mildred Doran" and "The Death of Floyd Collins." All use the traditional form which has been handed down in the "Come all ye's" of folk-melodies which were founded in turn upon the ballads with which the street-criers of the seventeenth century used to chronicle the

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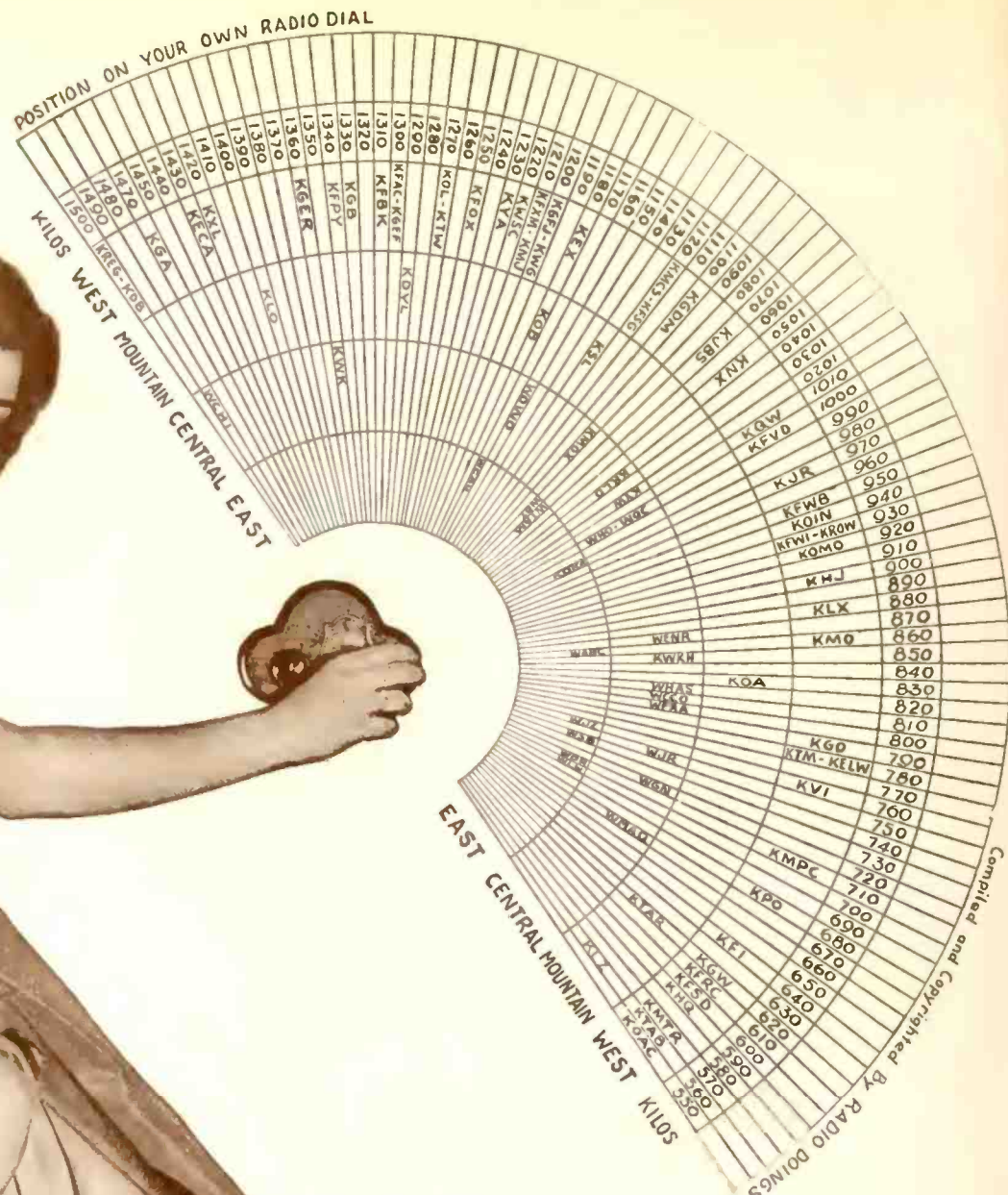
by Mary Castle

TED WEEMS



Ted Weems, whose orchestra is heard every Sunday over Columbia, has a secret hankering for the bizarre in instruments. He was the first orchestra leader to demonstrate the theremine, is one of the few American authorities on the almost extinct peckhorn, and he is himself the inventor of the musical freak, composed of rubber tubing and brass cylinder known as the "Weems Goofus Horn."

The Most Popular Stations Heard by Western Listeners



WESTERN

- KDB—Santa Barbara, Calif. SB 514
- †KECA—Los Angeles. WEstmore 0337
- KELW—Burbank, Calif. GL. 2110
- KEX—Portland, Ore. ATwater 3111
- KFAC—Los Angeles. EM. 1171
- §KFBK—Sacramento, Calif. MAIn 8700
- †KFI—Los Angeles. WEstmore 0337
- 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. HOllwood 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, Calif.
- KGEF—Los Angeles. WEstmore 8887
- KGER—Long Beach, Calif. 632-75
- KGFJ—Los Angeles. WEstmore 7788
- †KGO—San Francisco. SÜtter 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
- §KLZ—Denver, Colo.
- KMCS—Inglewood, Calif. VAndike 7643
- KMJ—Fresno, Calif. 3-5221
- KMO—Tacoma, Wash. MAIn 4144
- KMPC—Beverly Hills, Calif. CR. 3101
- KMTR—Hollywood, Calif. HO. 3026
- KNX—Hollywood, Calif. HEmpstead 4101
- KOAC—Corvallis, Ore. VOrvallis 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. COlumbia 232
- KREG—Santa Ana, Calif. 4900
- KROW—Oakland, Calif. GLencourt 6774
- KTAB—San Francisco. GArdfield 4700
- KTM—Los Angeles. EXposition 1341
- KTW—Seattle, Wash.
- §KVI—Tacoma, Wash. BRoadway 4211

- KWG—Stockton
- KWSC—Pullman, Wash.
- KXL—Portland, Ore. ATwater 5124
- KYA—San Francisco. PRospect 3456

MOUNTAIN

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

CENTRAL

- †KMOX—St. Louis, Mo. Central 8240
- KRLD—Dallas, Texas. 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

EASTERN

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

- §CBS
- †NBC

The crime is discovered in "Dead Men Prowl."

For the First Time Mr. Morse, the Creator of Weird, Thrilling NBC Mystery Dramas, Tells How It Is Done, and Why This Type of Entertainment Holds Such a Fascination For Us All, Old and Young



MURDER Will OUT

by Carleton E. Morse

BELIEVE it or not, but the great radio public adores to be scared half out of its wits.

And that, if I may be allowed to say so, is half the success of a mystery or horror play, be it on the stage, on the screen or on the air. You can no more pay blood-curdling drama successfully to a cold audience than you can bring a blush to the cheeks of a stone Venus.

Therefore, before a radio dramatist dares confront his unseen audience with the snarl of madmen, the hiss of villains, the agonized gasps of terrified girls and all that sort of thing, he must put his listeners into the proper frame of mind.

But in a great proportion of the audience, this desire for excitement is lying dormant. The potential eagerness for thrills is there and the successful playwright understands that before he dares swing into his action he must arouse that dormant element in each of his listeners.

Well, how does he go about this? To tell this means opening the bag of tricks, but here goes, for I venture to say you will enjoy a good mystery play no less for having seen for a

moment what makes the wheels go 'round.

The moment we swing into the mystery-serial hour we hit the audience with something which will stir their blood and at the same time direct their minds to a definite vein of thought. For example, in my present serial "Dead Men Prowl" we use the organ. We have developed the Intermezzo from Granados' "Goyescas" to a haunting and macabre air. The moment it strikes your ears you are gripped with a feeling that something out of the ordinary is about to occur.

Similarly in "The City of the Dead" serial we opened with the weird tolling of a phantom bell, and as this bell was closely linked with the action of the play, all of which took place in an abandoned graveyard, I venture to say that this introduction alone was enough to send a good many shivers up and down some millions of spines.

In "Captain Post: Crime Specialist" we used the hair-raising sound of a siren rising and falling behind the slow movement of ocean waves. These waves, the announcer told the audience, in a mysterious whisper, were the waves of crime that were sweeping over

the country leaving in their blood-wake atrocious deeds too terrible even to be whispered.

But don't you believe that the audience is the only one to respond to these weird introductions. The opening of the drama has its effect upon everyone present in the studio, and particularly the cast. As the eerie sounds float out into the studio, and the deep, haunting voice of the announcer makes itself felt, you can almost see the actors transported into the scene of the action. They are no longer actors, but ordinary people caught in a snarl of terrible adventure. They are living scenes, incidents and situations as certainly as though these were actually happening, and not merely fantastic episodes concocted by a playwright.

Now there may be those of a skeptical frame of mind who ask, "Just how do you know the unseen radio public responds in the manner you assume?" The best reply to these doubting Thomases is found in the hundreds of letters and calls which follow mystery productions. For instance, following a jungle episode in which the characters were riding through a tangled wilderness aboard the broad flanks of an elephant, we received a telephone call from a mystified fan demanding to know how we were able to convey the movements of the swaying beast over the air.

Now, good as we are at NBC, we did NOT make an elephant sway over the

(Turn to Page 40)

CHA

From This



"Are we looking for anybody who can sing like Bing Crosby?"

IT seems that studio directors will stoop to anything to get desired effects. Bobby Brown (the bully), director of "Myrt and Marge," found in the script the other night a part that called for extreme nervousness on the part of Marge. Realizing that it is difficult to simulate nervousness, this conscienceless overseer called Marge over into a corner, and out of a clear sky proceeded to harangue her until he "got her goat." Afterwards, she came over to Brown. "I was never so nervous in my life," she complained. "Well," grinned Bob, "didn't the script call for that emotion?"

Adele Vasa, of Columbia, is known to her audience as a soprano singer of classical music—yet she can play the accordion, harp, piano and violin. Really—you'd be surprised how versatile most of these radio artists really are.

Mark Warnow, Columbia orchestra pilot, took his five-year old nephew, Charlie, to a football game recently. It was Charlie's first game, and he must have been profoundly impressed with

the excitement, for Mark heard him utter his nightly prayer thus:
"Bless papa! Bless mama! Bless Charlie! Rah! Rah! Rah!"

I apologize. This is an old one on Don Ricardo, but maybe you haven't heard it.

Telephone call: (Well modulated voice calling from the Biltmore Hotel): "Oh, is this KFI? Can you tell me if Don Ricardo is for sale?"

Mrs. Ricardo on phone later: "What, and you didn't call her back? How stupid!"

Maybe you think it's easy to crash the portals of a radio studio payroll. Harrison Holliday, KFRC manager, reports that during the past four years 4000 individuals have tried out in more than 225 auditions. Out of this number a bare dozen have succeeded in joining the staff, among them being Robert Olsen, Hazel Warner, Norman Neilsen, Monroe Upton, Edna O'Keefe, and Ronald Graham.

Edna Fischer, of KFRC, has invented a little contest of which

she is very proud. She plays snatches of tunes, the titles of which make a brief story. The listener deciphers the tunes and guesses the story.

The Three Co-Eds, Meredith Gregor, Marian Peck, and Theresa Aezer, who are one of the pioneer girls' trios in the country, are now heard over KHJ under their new name, "The Bluettes."

By the time you read this, Russ Columbo will have stepped out of his role as a sustaining artist on NBC, and will be directing his own orchestra six nights a week. Russ is a "hot fiddler" of no mean ability.

Colonel Stoopnagle (Columbia) says he has a friend who calls his bootlegger "Circumstances" because he alters cases... Morton Downey, who appears on his broadcasts in evening clothes, due to his appearances at the Central Park Casino, apologizes for his formal attire by saying, "Pardon my working clothes."

Rudy Vallee Clubs seem to be going strong. There are 30 of them now, scattered all over the country.

"The depression is almost over," Ben Bernie, in all his profundity, informs the world. "If it isn't," the Old Maestro continues, "Mahatma Ghandi will be the world's best-dressed man."

KELW still sticks to its unusual statement of last month that they will give the station away to some philanthropic soul who will assume the burden of paying the station's running expenses. Upon which, they declare, all commercial advertising will be thrown off the air. So far, however, no one has come forward to take advantage of the golden opportunity.

Ted Weems, of National, says he is a direct descendant of Mr. Angus Weems, inventor of the Scotch bagpipe. For a'

ER -

...and That

that, we dare the present Mr. Weems to use one in his orchestra.

The Paris Inn, broadcasting nightly over KNX from 11:00 to 12:00, according to Mrs. Carter's boy, Jack, announcer, has added a new attraction in the form (and what a form) of Donald Wilgenkamp, diminutive singing waiter, who stands six-foot seven and a half. He is considered the only deep basso who can sing so high, avers Bert Rovere.

George Olsen, now signed under an exclusive Columbia contract, is now at the Club Richman, New York, and can be heard every night except Sunday at 8:45.

And still they come! Two more Montana stations, KGHL of Billings, and KGIR, Butte, have been added to the National Broadcasting Company network.

Surprising results have been obtained through a new KNX policy of turning over three afternoons a week to its staff to do with as it pleases. Various announcers and continuity writers who have been assigned periods for producing programs have revealed unexpected talents.

Drury Lane, tenor, started the ball rolling by presenting a program of Hawaiian sketches. Stuart Buchanan followed with a program of poetry with musical accompaniment, and Mike Kelly, colorful young Irish writer, created a program of Irish descriptive sketches, interspersed by Irish songs by petite Mary York. Can't tell! Something might develop out of these programs.

Such popularity must be deserved. "On With the Show," KYA nightly revue, has taken on the atmosphere of a real theater by the addition of a spotlight. The room is darkened, and the artists have to strut their stuff under

the glare of the spot. The orchestra boys aren't so hot for the idea, for they now have to memorize all of the musical scores, but "On With the Show" continues to pack them in, and after all. . . .

Here's a good one. Everett Cutting, KVI technician, was blithely repairing the studio equipment the other day, and by way of test (in the line of duty) was vocally inflicting the spirited melody of "When Yuba Plays the Rumba on the Tuba," when through some error at the control, Mr. Cutting's lusty rendition was given immortality by busy housewives in western Washington. "Precious Gems Doth Hide in Strange Places."

The beloved black-browed villain of the screen, Noah Beery, is fast gaining radio popularity through his weekly appearances before the KMTR mike. He's on every Friday night at 7:15.

We're hearing a lot about the Sunday Hi-Jinks program re-

cently inaugurated at KFVB at eight every Sunday evening. According to vox populi, the new feature is going over in a gargantuan manner.

Double your income! Earn while you learn, and be the life of the party. Someday you may be as fortunate as Bing Crosby, who is now putting a yearly pittance of \$10,000 a week (every week) into his jeans, according to a recent report. He used to get about \$150 at the Ambassador, we understand. Gosh, why can't I sing!

Seth Parker! A magical name in radio. The young man with an idea and suddenly discovered talent who has taken America by its heartstrings. In his many personal appearances throughout the United States, Phillips Lord and his little band are packing theaters and halls with record crowds. So many persons had to be turned away in every city that it has been arranged for him to make a return tour, probably in February.



"Whaddya mean—she's a little flat?"

More Chatter

Abe Lyman is considered the first to broadcast a dance orchestra over the air in America. Way back in 1919, when a radio studio looked like the interior of an amateur radio "bug's" workshop (which is what it was), Abe Lyman's band was heard. They listened to him over crystal sets and head-phones and he shared time on the air with the first radio performer—Static.

Member the old bromide, "You be Frank and I'll be Ernest?" Well, KFRC has a neat piano team by the same name. It's not a gag, either—one is Frank Schivo, and the other is Ernest Hesketh. Both are 18. Tommy Harris happened to hear them and invited them up to the Jamboree one Monday night. They're still there.

Columbia shorts: Guy Lombardo shaves twice a day and has movable lights on a special mirror to make it snappier; Morton Downey has row on row of bookshelves and books in his boodwar—but they're not really books, they're bureau drawers; on the back of Bing Crosby's closet door is a special patented tie rack which records the dates (calendar) he wears a particular cravat. No chance to slip up there! George Olsen gave his two sons an electric train, and plays with it more than they do. Kate Smith has plenty of overstuffed davenports and comfortable chairs, but insists on sitting on a small, carved antique bench.

Tony Wons was describing the merits of a fireproof safe company he once worked for to a friend of his. "We used to do a bit of experimenting," said Tony. "I remember one time in particular. We took one of our safes, put a rooster in it, surrounded it with wood, coal and gasoline, poured turpentine all over that and when the fire got to going the safe turned white with heat."

"Don't tell me now that when you opened the safe the rooster hopped out and crowed," replied the friend.

"Nothing of the kind!" Tony retorted. "The rooster was frozen stiff!"

Cecil and Sally, popular "seventeen" act, are now presented over the NBC-KPO network nightly, except Sunday,

between 6:45 and 7:00. Heretofore, Cecil and Sally (John Patrick and Helen Troy) have been heard outside of San Francisco only on transcriptions, broadcasting direct from KPO alone. Stations releasing the program are: KPO KJR KECA and KFSD.

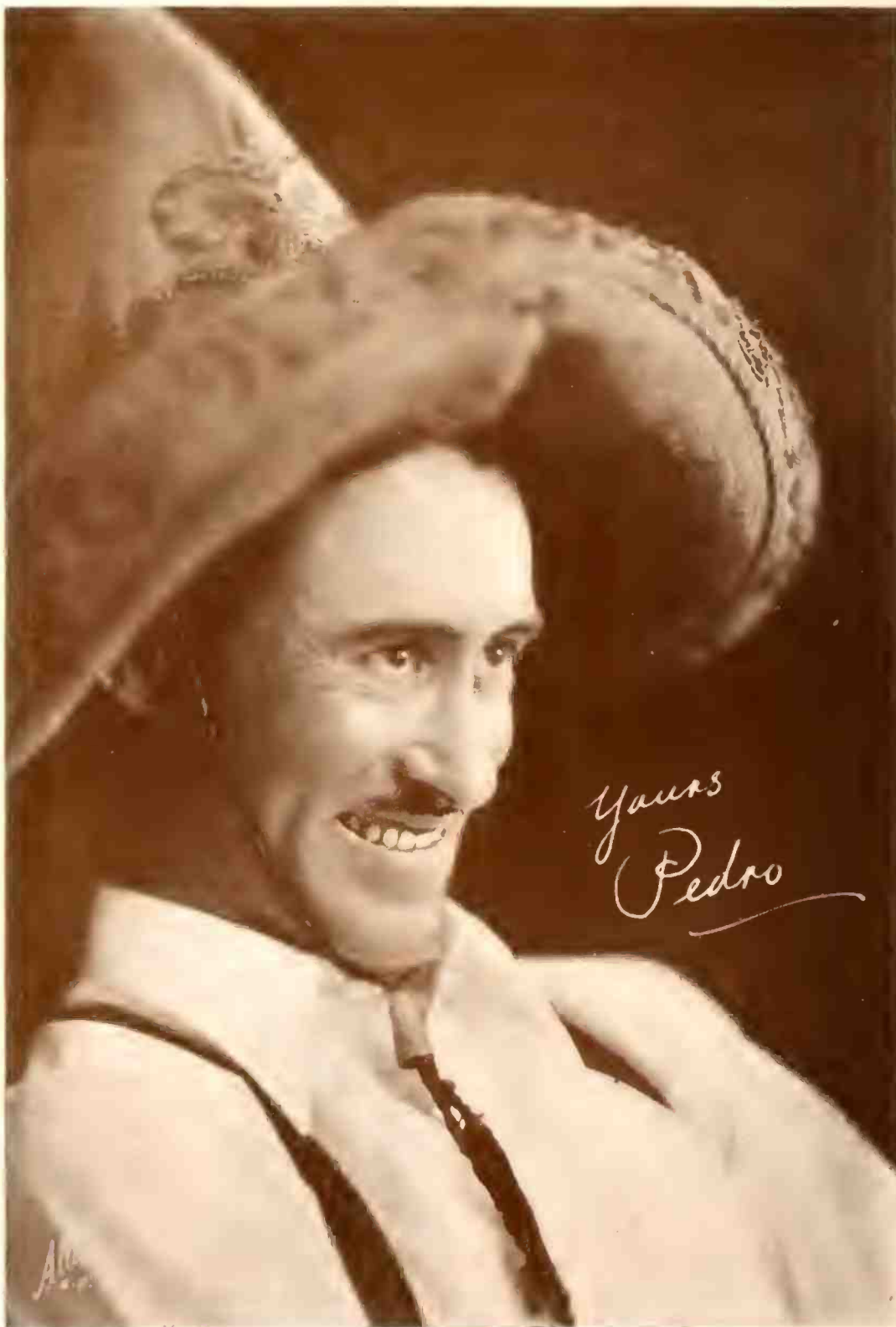
This happened in the Columbia studios after an audition in which several sopranos figured largely. As the orchestra director

emerged from the studio, someone asked him, "How did the singers rank?"

"They didn't" was the reply. "They were!"

Van and Don, Columbia's "Two Professors," broke down the other day and confessed that they had been secretly married recently.

(Turn to Page 41)



Just a little medal of honor for Pedro Gonzales (alias Eugene Hawes), whose splendid comedy work on the Blue Monday Jamboree has stamped him one of the cleverest actors in western broadcasting.

"THE FIRST APPEARANCE"

or

"Why is a Radio Singer?"

Words, Music and Sound Effects

by Mike Kelly

The following chronological matter purports to flow from the reactionary psychosis of the "artist" who, last night, made his first radio appearance.

After diligent research, deliberation and experimental preponderation, in studio laboratories (using anonymous fossils for comparative analysis . . . names being withheld by police!), it has been decided that the case in question is specifically susceptible to the adaptations of radio phenomena, (Phenomenae? . . . nerts!), and therefore, in the interests of science, should be exposed.

CURTAIN: (As we theatrical guys say):

7:00 a.m.—Artist awakens. (Not very often . . . moderation is keynote here!) Two seconds later, yawns. Dazedly scratches self, (whether itchy or not.) Discovers nightie in roll around neck. Brings analytical mind to bear. Decides nightie got cold during night and tried to snuggle up. Continues for five or ten minutes.

7:10 a.m.—Remembers night before! Blood pressure mounts fifty points. Was on air for first time! Gosh! Thinks upon radio generally. Great industry. In fancy now. Important. Brings joy to thousands. Shut-ins! Gets sloppy over idea. Warm glow permeates being with thought that at last he is integral part of radio.

7:30 a.m.—Gets up. Surveys self in nude in mirror. Television coming. Superb physical attributes required. Big future for man with right qualifications. (At least that's what magazine article said! M'gosh!)

7:45 a.m.—Begins dressing. Very careful to look best.

8:30 a.m.—Goes out. Has breakfast. (Menu will be mailed without charge to first 500 persons writing

in.) Hums little ditty while waitress writes down order. Looks at her closely to see if she recognizes his voice. She makes no sign. Well . . . ah . . . er! Oh, of course. Nice of her. Realizes that she knows aversion of celebrities in Hollywood to being recognized. She is merely being considerate! Sweet gal. Decides not to tip her!

9:15 a.m.—Walks into offices at station. Adjusts tie and smooths hair just before entering. Wonders how to acknowledge the effusive greetings with which office girls are sure to receive him. Darned good and snooty with 'em? Idea attractive . . . but . . . no. Better not. Well, then . . . rush in with important air? Much business to attend to? No time to notice anyone? M-m-m! No. Not so good. Ah! Brisk! Brisk but polished, and suave. Never too busy to observe little punctilios. Gentleman at all times. That's it! Oke.

9:16 a.m.—Steps resolutely into office. Fortified to stand up under flood of attention. Pleasant smile ready. Right-thing-to-say-at-right-moment on tip of tongue. Telephone girl looks up. "What do you want?" Pulse drops off. Explains to girl that he is radio artist. Member of staff. Sings. Vague light of recognition mingled with doubt comes over his features. She takes attention from him to answer call at switchboard.

9:17½ a.m.—Flashes quick warm smile at Virginia, sorting mail at other desk. Bends interestedly over desk as though to converse chummily with her . . . but really in order to scrutinize mail. Does not see any for him. Oh, of course. They have made separate bundle of it and put it away for him. Why don't they give him his mail! Wants mail!

Mustn't give away his eagerness. Must creat impression of total indifference to mail. But wants it! Nobody makes sign of remembering his mail. There must be lots of it. Not more than a couple of hundred the first day, of course! Wants it! Controls self with effort. Breath beginning to be labored. Walks over to bottled water stand. Pours refreshing liquid into paper cup. Glances around to see if one of the girls wouldn't like some. (Aw, let 'em go thirsty.) Wants mail! (But must be courteous.)

9:20 a.m.—Remarks about amount of mail on desk to Virginia. She shakes her head impatiently. Was counting . . . and he disturbed. "Oh, sorry!" Tight-lipped smile, reading: I'll smile to be polite, but you're a pest!

9:21 a.m.—Sits on large desk and swings leg. Still no mail. Wa-a-nts MAIL! When in h . . . Ah! Virginia looks at him hesitantly. Slowly scans letter. His mail? HIS! She holds it out to him, "I think this is a letter for you." He breaks into restrained jog-trot toward Virginia. Licks chops. Mops brow. Seizes letter. Breath comes in short pants. Utters low cries. Fondles. Tortured senses reel with ecstasy. Tears open, frantically. Reads: "Dear Mr. Kruhnalotte:

We are sorry to have to remind you at this time that your gas bill is still delinquent. Unless we hear from you at once, we shall feel obliged to shut" . . . HA-A-A-ALP!
SOUND EFFECT: FALLING BODY. (PAUSE). THEN AMBULANCE SIREN!

Chatterettes

Few people know that Helen Guest, she of the sweet melodious voice, celebrated her fifth anniversary at KFI last month and that during that time, she has received telegrams from some of the most out of the way places. She has received messages as far south as the equator and as far north as Yukon territory, North Pole.

Three weeks after NBC placed a guest register in its Fifth Avenue studios in New York, the first page was filled with such famous signatures as Eddie Rick-enbacher, war ace; Colonel Lind-bergh; Roy Chapman Andrews, explorer; Geraldine Farrar, Mary Garden, John Phillip Sousa and others. Nice to have all those signatures on checks, wouldn't it?

HOT TIPS ON NBC PROGRAMS

CLASSICAL SEMI-CLASSICAL AND LIGHT

Sunday

10:15 AM—NBC Symphonic Hour. KGO KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR KSL (C)
2:30 PM—General Electric Twilight Hour. KPO KGA KJR KEX KECA KTAR KSL (CC)
3:30 PM—Through the Opera Glass. KPO KGA KJR KEX KTAR (C)
9:00 PM—Abas String Quartet. KPO (KECA 9:30 to 10:00 PM) (C)

Monday

5:00 PM—Fine Art String Quartet. KGO (C)

Tuesday

3:00 PM—Waldorf-Astoria Empire Room Orchestra. KGO KFSD KGIR KSL (LC)
9:00 PM—Caswell Concert. KPO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI (LC)

Wednesday

5:30 PM—John Philip and His Band. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFSD KTAR KSL (LC)
10:00 PM—National Concert Orchestra. KPO KGA KJR KEX

Thursday

6:00 PM—Arco Dramatic Musicale. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KSL (C)
8:15 PM—Standard Symphony Hour. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI (C)

Friday

11:45 AM—Mormon Tabernacle Choir and Organ. KPO KGA KJR KEX KSL (C)

POPULAR AND SEMI-POPULAR

Sunday

1:00 PM—Florsheim Frolic. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR KGIR KGHL (P)
6:15 PM—The American Album of Familiar Music. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR KSL (SP)

Monday

6:00 PM—Maytag Orchestra. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KECA KSL (P)
7:00 PM—The Musical Express. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR KSL (P)

Tuesday

6:00 PM—McKesson Musical Magazine. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR KSL (SP)

Wednesday

8:15 PM—Prince Albert Quarter Hour. KPO KGA KJR KEX KECA (P)

Thursday

5:00 PM—Fleischmann Hour. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KTAR KSL (P)
6:30 PM—Maxwell House Ensemble. KGO KHQ KOMO

KGW KFI KFSD KTAR KSL (SP)
8:15 PM—Prince Albert Quarter Hour. KPO KGA KJR KEX KFSD KTAR (P)

Friday

6:30 PM—Armour Program. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KSL (SP)
7:00 PM—Paul Whiteman's Paint Men. KGO KHQ KOMO

12:15 PM—Western Farm and Home Hour. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR KGHL

Tuesday

9:45 AM—The University of California at Your Service. KPO
12:15 PM—Western Farm and Home Hour. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR KGIR KGHL

California at Your Service. KPO
12:15 PM—Western Farm and Home Hour. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR

Saturday

9:45 AM—The University of California at Your Service. KPO
4:15 PM—Laws That Safeguard Society. KPO KGA KJR KEX KFSD

VARIETY

Sunday

4:30 PM—The Three Bakers. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR KSL
5:15 PM—Collier's Radio Hour. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KSL

Monday

7:45 AM—Van and Don. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KTAR KSL KOA
8:15 AM—Crosscuts of the Day. KGO KGA KJR KEX
6:30 PM—Parade of the States. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KSL

Tuesday

7:45 AM—Van and Don. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR KSL KOA
10:15 PM—The Road Show. KGO KOA

Wednesday

7:45 AM—Van and Don. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR KSL KOA
7:00 PM—Coca Cola Program. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR KSL

Thursday

7:45 AM—Van and Don. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR KSL KOA
8:15 AM—Crosscuts of the Day. KGO KGA KJR KEX

Friday

7:45 AM—Van and Don. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR KSL
8:15 AM—Crosscuts of the Day. KGO KGA KJR KEX KFSD

9:00 AM—General Electric Home Circle. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KTAR KSL
7:30 PM—RKO Theatre of the Air. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR KSL

Saturday

8:15 PM—Gilmore iCircus. KGO KOMO KGW KFI
9:30 PM—Associated Spotlight Revue. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI

RELIGIOUS AND SEMI-RELIGIOUS

Sunday

12:00 Noon—National Youth Conference. KGO KHQ KGW KFSD KTAR KSL KGHL KOMO
3:00 PM—Catholic Hour. KPO KGA KJR KEX KTAR KGIR

DAILY TIPS

(EXCEPT SUNDAY)

6:45 A. M.—Top o' the Morning. KOL

6:45 A. M.—Bill Sharples' Gang. KNX

7:00 A. M.—Rise and Shine. KTAB

7:06 A. M.—Ken Niles. News and Records. KHJ

7:30 A. M.—Breakfast with Burgans. KHQ

8:00 A. M.—Hallelujah Hour. KHJ

9:00 A. M.—Dobbsie's Birthday Party. KPO

9:15 A. M.—Cecil and Sally. KDYL

10:00 A. M.—Eddie Al-bright and His Ten o'Clock Family. KNX

11:00 A. M.—Stuart Ham-blin. KMTR

11:00 A. M.—Jerry Joyce's Orchestra. KFWB

12:00 Noon—Biltmore Concert Orchestra. KECA

1:30 P. M.—Nip and Tuck, two piano team. KFWB

1:30 P. M.—Friendly Hour. KQW

1:45 P. M.—"Bob, Bunny and Junior." KECA

2:00 P. M.—Happy-Go-Lucky Hour. KFRC (Don Lee System)

2:00 P. M.—120 Minutes of Sunshine. KMPC

3:00 P. M.—Gene's Musical Moments. KQW

3:00 P. M.—Studio Pa-rade. KHQ

3:30 P. M.—Vanity Fair of the Air. KGW

4:00 P. M.—Travelogue. KNX

4:30 P. M.—Radio News Service of America. KMPC

4:30 P. M.—Story Time. KQW

5:30 P. M.—Harry Jackson and His Little Pig. KFAC

6:00 P. M.—Warren Gale. The Three Specialists. KGFJ

6:45 P. M.—"Growin' Up." KFWB

7:00 P. M.—Frank Wata-nabe and Hon. Archie. KNX

7:00 P. M.—Buttercream Ragamuffins. KGER

8:15 P. M.—"Chandu, the Magician." KHJ KFOX (except Monday)

8:30 P. M.—Drama. KFOX

9:00 P. M.—Beverly Hill Billies. KTM (Sunday; except Monday)

9:00 P. M.—Fireside Pro-gram. KQW

9:45 P. M.—Aunt Emmy. KGFJ

10:00 P. M.—Happie Chap-pies. KMPC

11:00 P. M.—Paris Inn. Singing Waiters. KNX

12:00 P. M.—Desert Cara-van. KHQ

12:00 P. M.—Organ. KOMO

KGW KFI KFSD KTAR KSL (P)

8:15 PM—Prince Albert Quarter Hour. KPO KGA KJR KEX KECA (P)

8:30 PM—Demi-Tasse Revue. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR (P)

Saturday

6:00 PM—Arthur Pryor and His Orchestra. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR KSL (SP)

EDUCATIONAL

Sunday

10:00 AM—Sentinels of the Republic. KGO KOMO KGW KSL

9:30 PM—The Reader's Guide. KGO KECA KOA

Monday

9:45 AM—The University of California at Your Service. KPO

4:45 PM—Back of the News. KGO KHQ KOMO KFSD

Wednesday

9:45 AM—The University of California at Your Service. KPO

12:15 PM—Western Farm and Home Hour. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR KGIR

3:45 PM—Business and Pleas-ure. KGO KFSD

Thursday

9:45 AM—The University of California at Your Service. KPO

11:00 AM—Standard School Broadcast. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD

12:15 PM—Western Farm and Home Hour. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR KGHL KOA

8:30 PM—University of Cali-fornia Program. KPO

Friday

9:45 AM—The University of

HEARD ON WESTERN NETWORK

7:45 PM—Sunday at Seth Parker's. KGO KOMO KECA KFSD KTAR

NEWS

Sunday

10:00 PM—Richfield News Flashes. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD

Monday

4:45 PM—ews Service. KGO
10:00 PM—Richfield News Flashes. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD

Tuesday

5:30 PM—News Service. KGO
10:00 PM—Richfield News Flashes. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD

Wednesday

5:15 PM—News Service. KGO
10:00 PM—Richfield News Flashes. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD

Thursday

4:30 PM—News Service. KGO
10:00 PM—Richfield News Flashes. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD

Friday

4:30 PM—News Service. KGO
10:00 PM—Richfield News Flashes. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD

DRAMA AND COMEDY

Sunday

7:00 PM—Raising Junior. KPO KGA KJR KECA

Monday

5:30 PM—Death Valley Days. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR KSL (D)
6:45 PM—Cecil and Sally. KPO KGA KJR KECA (D)
7:30 PM—Chesebrough Real Folks. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KSL (D)
8:00 PM—The Pepsodent Program—Amos 'n' Andy. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD (C)
9:15 PM—Adventures of Sherlock Holmes. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR KSL (D)
10:15 PM—Adventures of Yankee Sam. KPO KGA KEX

Tuesday

6:45 PM—Cecil and Sally. KPO KGA KJR KECA KFSD (D)
7:00 PM—Raising Junior. KPO KGA KJR KECA (D)
8:00 PM—The Pepsodent Program—Amos 'n' Andy. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KSL (C)
8:15 PM—Memory Lane. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR

Wednesday

6:45 PM—Cecil and Sally. KPO KGA KJR KECA (D)
7:00 PM—Raising Junior. KPO KGA KJR KECA (D)

8:00 PM—The Pepsodent Program—Amos 'n' Andy. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KSL (C)

9:00 PM—Rin-Tin-Tin Thriller. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR

Thursday

6:45 PM—Cecil and Sally. KPO KGA KJR KECA

8:00 PM—Amos 'n' Andy—Pepsodent Program. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFSD KSL

8:30 PM—Split Second Tales. KPO

CHILDREN'S PROGRAMS

Tuesday

2:00 PM—Lady Next Door. KPO KGA KJR KEX

Monday
12:00 M—NBC Organ Recital. KGO

Tuesday

12:00 M—NBC Organ Recital. KGO

Wednesday

12:00 M—NBC Organ Recital. KGO

Thursday

11:30 AM—Organ Concert. KPO KGA KJR KEX

12:00 M—NBC Organ Recital. KGO

Saturday

11:00 PM—Organ Melodies. KPO KGA KJR (KEX 11:30 to 12:00 PM)

DANCE MUSIC

Monday

9:30 PM—Earl Burtnett's Orchestra. KPO KGA KECA (KEX 9:30 to 9:45 PM)

11:00 PM—Lofner-Harris Hotel St. Francis Dance Orchestra. KGO KHQ

Tuesday

7:00 PM—Lucky Strike Dance Hour. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR (KSL 7:00 to 7:30 PM)

9:30 PM—Earl Burtnett's Orchestra from Biltmore Hotel, Los Angeles. KPO KGA KECA (KEX 9:30 to 9:45 PM)

11:00 PM—Lofner-Harris Hotel St. Francis Dance Orchestra. KGO (KHQ 11:30 to 12:00 PM)

Wednesday

9:30 PM—Earl Burtnett's Orchestra from Biltmore Hotel, Los Angeles. KPO KGA KJR KECA (KEX 9:30 to 9:45 PM)

11:00 PM—Lofner-Harris Hotel St. Francis Dance Orchestra. KGO KHQ

Thursday

7:00 PM—Lucky Strike Dance Hour. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR KSL

9:30 PM—Earl Burtnett's Orchestra. KPO KGA KJR KECA
11:00 PM—Lofner-Harris Hotel St. Francis Dance Orchestra.

Friday

10:00 PM—Earl Burtnett's Orchestra from Biltmore Hotel, Los Angeles. KPO KGA KJR KEX KECA

10:30 PM—Mahlon Merrick's Palace Hotel Vagabonds. KPO KGA KEX (KJR 10:15 to 11:00 PM)

11:00 PM—Lofner-Harris Hotel St. Francis Dance Orchestra. KGO

Saturday

7:00 PM—Lucky Strike Dance Hour. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR KSL KGU

10:00 PM—Earl Burtnett's Orchestra. KPO KGA KJR KEX KECA

11:00 PM—Lofner-Harris Hotel St. Francis Dance Orchestra. KGO KOMO

WEEKLY TIPS

SUNDAY

8:06 A. M.—Sunday Times Comics. KHJ

8:15 A. M.—Funny Paper Man. KFWB

8:30 A. M.—Father Flanagan's Boys. KROW

9:30 A. M.—Theater Organ Recital. KOMO

10:00 A. M.—Helen Guest. Ballads. KFI

10:00 A. M.—Bible Class. KTAB

10:30 A.M.—Sacred Songs. KGA

10:55 A. M.—Pasadena Presbyterian Church. KPCC

11:00 A. M.—First M. E. Church. KHJ

11:00 A. M.—Jean Leonard, piano. KFWB

12:00 A. M.—Variety Program. KQW

12:30 P. M.—King, Queen, Jack and Jill. KROW

2:00 P. M.—Dramatic Reading. KGER

2:30 P. M.—Long Beach Municipal Band. KGER

3:30 P. M.—Aunt Susie and her children. KMO

4:30 P. M.—Rabbi Mag-nin. KHJ

5:15 P. M.—Church Vespers. KHJ

7:00 P. M.—Arizona Wranglers. KNX

8:00 P. M.—Sunday Hi-jinks. KFWB

MONDAY

10:00 A. M.—Prudence Penny. KFWB

10:00 A. M.—Roy Ring-wald. Popular Songs. KFI

11:00 A. M.—News Items. KFWI

1:00 P. M.—Paris Inn pro-gram. KNX

2:15 P. M.—Three Vaga-bonds. KFOX

4:45 P. M.—Broadway Tunes. KTAB

6:00 P. M.—Price Dunlavy at the Vitaphone organ. KFWB

6:00 P. M.—Harold Rob-ert's Band. KHJ

7:00 P. M.—Everybody play. KFAC

8:00 P. M.—Blue Monday Jamboree. KFRC (Don Lee System)

9:00 P. M.—Ballyhoo Pro-gram. KMTR

TUESDAY

10:30 A. M.—Kate Brew Vaughn. Home Economics. KNX

11:00 A. M.—Items of In-terest. KFWI

12:00 Noon—Mardi Gras. KGA KEX KJR

1:00 P. M.—Cal King's Country Store. KYA

1:30 P. M.—Times Forum. KHJ

2:00 P. M.—Lyric String Trio. KECA

Thursday

2:00 PM—The Jungle Man. KPO KGA KJR KEX KECA

Saturday

5:00 PM—Ugabooga Island. KPO KGA KJR

8:00 PM—Childrens' Plays. KPO KGA KEX

OLD MELODIES

Sunday

5:00 PM—Enna Jettick Melo-dies. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR KSL KGIR KGHL

Tuesday

5:30 PM—Heel Hugger Har-monies. KPO KFSD KTAR KSL

ORGAN

Sunday

8:00 AM—Organ Concert. KPO KGA KJR KEX

10:15 PM—Paul Carson. KGO

HOT TIPS ON CBS PROGRAMS

CLASSICAL, SEMI-CLASSICAL AND LIGHT CLASSICAL

Sunday

8:30 A. M.—Voice of St. Louis. KVOR KFBK KGW KOL KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (LC)

12:00 Noon—New York Philharmonic Symphony Orch. KMJ KVOR KFBK KGW KOL KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (C)

6:00 P. M.—Roxy Theatre Symphony. KVOR KFBK KMJ KWG KOL KFPY KFRC KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (C)

Monday

8:00 A. M.—Morning Moods. KVOR KLZ KOH

12:00 Noon—Columbia Salon Orchestra. KVI KFPY KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (LC)

7:30 P. M.—Toscha Seidel. Violinist. KFPY KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (C)

Tuesday

9:30 A. M.—Columbia Revue. KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KDYL KOH KGB (SC)

11:15 A. M.—Columbia Salon Orch. KVOR KFBK KMJ KWG KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KOH KGB (LC)

12:30 P. M.—Musical Americana. KVI KFPY KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (SC)

7:00 P. M.—Howard Barlow and the Columbia Symphony Orch. KVOR KOL KFPY KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (LC)

Wednesday

8:15 A. M.—Musical Alphabet. KVOR KDYL KOH (C)

11:00 A. M.—Columbia Salon Orch. KVOR KFBK KMJ KWG KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KOH KGB (LC)

12:45 P. M.—Columbia Artist Recital. KVI KFPY KDYL KHJ KLZ KOH KGB (SC)

Thursday

9:30 A. M.—Columbia Revue. KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KDYL KOH KGB (SC)

11:15 A. M.—Columbia Salon Orch. KVOR KFBK KMJ KWG KOL KVI KFPY KFRC KOH KGB (LC)

7:30 P. M.—Grand Opera Miniatures. KVOR KOL KFPY KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (LC)

Friday

12:15 P. M.—Columbia Salon Orch. KVOR KFBK KWG KVI KFPY KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (C)

1:00 P. M.—Light Opera Gems. KVOR KFBK KWG KOL KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (LC)

Saturday

11:30 A. M.—Columbia Salon Orch. KVOR KFBK KMJ KOL

KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (LC)

1:30 P. M.—Spanish Serenade. KVOR KFBK KOL KVI KFRC KDYL KLZ KGB KOH (LC)

POPULAR AND SEMI-POPULAR

Sunday

4:15 P. M.—Swiss Yodelers.

KFPY KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (SP)

4:00 P. M.—Henry Halstead's Orch. KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (P)

5:30 P. M.—Connie Boswell. KFPY KHJ KDYL KOH (P)

6:00 P. M.—Ben Bernie and Blue Ribbon Orch. KOL KFPY KOIN KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ (P)

8:00 P. M.—Bing Crosby. KOL

8:45 P. M.—Baker Chocolate Program. Boswell Sisters. KOL KFPY KFRC KHJ KDYL (P)

9:00 P. M.—Eddie Duchin's Orch. KFPY KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (P)

Thursday

9:00 A. M.—Don Bigelow's Orch. KOL KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB KVOR KFBK (P)

12:45 P. M.—Virginia Arnold, Pianist. KVI KFPY KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB KVOR KFBK KWG (P)

2:45 P. M.—Bert Lown. KLZ KVOR KFRC KOH (P)

4:00 P. M.—Henry Halstead's Orch. KVI KFPY KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB KVOR KFBK KWG (P)

8:00 P. M.—Bing Crosby. KOL KVPY KOIN KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH (P)

8:30 P. M.—Camel Quarter Hour. KOL KFPY KOIN KHJ KFRC KDYL KLZ KOH KGB KMJ KWG (P)

Friday

9:00 A. M.—Don Bigelow's Orch. KOL KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KLZ KOH KGB KVOR KFBK (P)

4:00 P. M.—Henry Halstead's Orch. KVI KFPY KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB KVOR KFBK KWG (P)

7:30 P. M.—Round Towners. KFPY KFRC KOH KGB KVOR KMJ (P)

8:00 P. M.—Bing Crosby. KOL KFPY KOIN KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KFBK KMJ KWG (P)

8:30 P. M.—Camel Quarter Hour. KOL KFPY KOIN KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB KFBK KMJ KWG (P)

8:45 P. M.—Baker Chocolate Program. KOL KFPY KOIN KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KWG (P)

Saturday

9:30 A. M.—Don Bigelow's Orch. KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KOH KGB KVOR KFBK KWG (P)

11:00 A. M.—Saturday Syncopators. KOL KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KOH KGB KVOR KFBK KMJ KWG (P)

2:30 P. M.—Bert Lown's Orch. KOL KVI KFRC KHJ KDYL KOH KGB KVOR KFBK KMJ (P)

3:45 P. M.—Connie Boswell. KOL KFRC KHJ KLZ KOH KGB KVOR KFBK KMJ (P)

5:30 P. M.—Henry Halstead's Orch. KFPY KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB KVOR KFBK KWG (P)

8:00 P. M.—Bing Crosby. KOL KFPY KOIN KFRC KHJ KLZ KDYL KOH KFBK KMJ KWG (P)

8:30 P. M.—Camel Quarter Hour. KOL KFPY KOIN KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (P)

WEEKLY TIPS

3:30 P. M.—Organ Travelogue. KROW

4:00 P. M.—The Passerby. KGFJ

4:30 P. M.—Nip and Tuck. KFVB

5:15 P. M.—Ray and Scotty. KROW

6:00 P. M.—Charlie Lung's Gang. KFVB

7:30 P. M.—Gilmore Circus. KNX

8:30 P. M.—Charlotte Woodruff; Oscar Heather. KGFJ

9:00 P. M.—Knockout Reilly. KTAB

10:15 P. M.—“Now and Then”, soloists and orchestra. KFI

WEDNESDAY

9:30 A. M.—Jerry Joyce's Orchestra. KFVB

10:30 A. M.—Around the House with Roy Leffingwell. KECA

10:30 A. M.—Organ Moods. KOL

11:15 A. M.—Manhattan Moods. KTA

1:30 P. M.—“Two Professors of Nuttology.” KMPC

1:30 P. M.—Winnie Parker. Songs. KECA

2:00 P. M.—Eddie Al-bright. “The Bookworm.” KNX

3:00 P. M.—Hawaiian Mu-

sic. KTAB

3:30 P. M.—Harriet Links. KOL

4:00 P. M.—Travelogue. KNX

5:00 P. M.—Metropolitan Hour. KYA

5:15 P. M.—Steamboat Bill. KFRC

6:00 P. M.—Charlie Lung. KFVB

6:15 P. M.—Ray Canfield's Beach Boys. KECA

6:30 P. M.—Varsity Girls. KGFJ

8:30 P. M.—Drury Lane, tenor. KNX

11:00 P. M.—Roosevelt Hotel Orchestra. KHJ (Don Lee System)

THURSDAY

8:00 A. M.—Tom Murray's Hill Billies. KFVB

10:00 A. M.—Household Hour. KTAB

10:30 A. M.—Julia Hayes. KOL

11:00 A. M.—Rumford Cookery School. KFRC

11:15 A. M.—Professor and His Dream Girl. KGA KEX KJR

12:00 Noon—Globe Trotter. KMTR

2:00 P. M.—Late Fiction Reading. KNX

3:30 P. M.—The Family Album. Organ. KFI

KOL KFPY KHJ KDYL KOH KGB (SP)

Monday

9:00 A. M.—Don Bigelow's Orch. KOL KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KLZ KOH KGB (P)

4:00 P. M.—Henry Halstead's Orch. KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (P)

8:00 P. M.—Bing Crosby. KOL KFPY KDYL KLZ KOH (P)

8:30 P. M.—Camel Quarter Hour. Morton Downey. KOL KFPY KOIN KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (P)

8:45 P. M.—Baker Chocolate. Boswell Sisters. KOL KFPY KDYL (P)

Tuesday

9:00 A. M.—Don Bigelow's Orch. KOL KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KLZ KOH KGB (P)

1:15 P. M.—The Four Clubmen. Male Quartet. KOL KVI

KFPY KOIN KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH (P)

8:30 P. M.—Camel Quarter Hour. KOL KFPY KFRC KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (P)

Wednesday

9:00 A. M.—Don Bigelow's Orch. KOL KVI QFPY KFRC KHJ KLZ KOH KGB (P)

12:15 P. M.—Four Eton Boys. Novelty Quartet. KVI KFPY KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (P)

4:00 P. M.—Henry Halstead's Orch. KVI KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (P)

7:00 P. M.—Vitality Personalities. KOL KFPY KOIN KHJ KFRC KDYL KLZ (P)

8:00 P. M.—Bing Crosby. KOL KFPY KOIN KFRC KHJ KLZ KDYL KOH (P)

8:30 P. M.—Camel Quarter Hour. KOL KFPY KOIN KHJ KFRC KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (P)

HEARD ON WESTERN NETWORK

EDUCATIONAL

Sunday

4:00 P. M.—The World's Business. Dr. Klein. KOL KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB KVOR KFBK KMJ KWG

Monday

6:30 A. M.—Tony's Scrap Book. KDYL KLZ KVOR
10:15 A. M.—Columbia Farm Community Program. KHJ KOH KVOR KFBK KMJ KWG
11:30 A. M.—American School of the Air. KOL KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB KVOR KFBK KMJ KWG
1:30 P. M.—National Student Federation. KVI KDYL KLZ KOH KGB KVOR KFBK KWG

Tuesday

6:30 A. M.—Tony's Scrap Book. KDYL KLZ KVOR
10:15 A. M.—Columbia Farm Program. KFRC KHJ KDYL KOH KVOR KMJ KWG
11:30 A. M.—American School of the Air. KOL KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB KVOR KFBK KMJ KWG

Wednesday

6:30 A. M.—Tony's Scrap Book. KDYL KLZ KVOR
10:15 A. M.—Columbia Farm Program. KHJ KOH KVOR KFBK KMJ KWG
11:30 A. M.—American School of the Air. KOL KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB KVOR KFBK KMJ KWG

Thursday

6:30 A. M.—Tony's Scrap Book. KDYL KLZ KVOR
11:30 A. M.—American School of the Air. KOL KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB KVOR KFBK KMJ KWG

Friday

6:30 A. M.—Tony's Scrap Book. KDYL KLZ KVOR
10:15 A. M.—Columbia Farm Program. KHJ KDYL KOH KVOR KMJ
11:30 A. M.—American School of the Air. KOL KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB KVOR KFBK KMJ KWG
12:45 P. M.—Columbia Educational Features. KVI KFPY KDYL KLZ KOH KGB KVOR KFBK KWG

Saturday

6:30 P. M.—Tony's Scrap Book. KDYL KLZ KVOR
10:00 A. M.—Columbia Farm Program. KFPY KDYL KOH KVOR KFBK KMJ
4:00 P. M.—Political Situation in Washington. KVI KHJ KFRC KDYL KOH KGB KVOR KFBK KWG

VARIETY

Sunday

2:45 P. M.—Hook Line and Sinker. KOL KVI KFPY KHJ

RADIO DOINGS

KFRC KDYL KLZ KOH KGB KVOR KFBK KMJ KWG
5:00 P. M.—Devils Drugs and Doctors. KOL KFPY KOIN KFRC KHJ KDYL KOH KMJ KWG

Tuesday

10:00 A. M.—Pabstette Varieties. KOL KVI KOIN KFPY KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KMJ KWG

Monday

7:45 P. M.—Myrt and Marge. KOL KFPY KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KFBK KMJ

Tuesday

7:45 P. M.—Myrt and Marge. KOL KFPY KFRC KHJ KDYL KFBK KMJ KWG

Wednesday

7:45 P. M.—Myrt and Marge.

Friday

1:30 P. M.—Edna Thomas, Lady from Louisiana. KVOR KOL KFBK KWG KVI KFPY KDYL KLZ KOH KGB

RELIGIOUS AND SEMI-RELIGIOUS

Sunday

10:00 A. M.—Cathedral Hour. KOL KVI KFPY KDYL KLZ KOH KVOR KFBK KWG
11:30 A. M.—Columbia Church of the Air. KOL KFPY KFRC KDYL KLZ KOH KGB KVOR KFBK KWG

ORGAN

Sunday

9:30 P. M.—Nocturne. Ann Leaf. KOL KFPY KDYL KLZ KOH KVOR KFBK

Tuesday

12:00 Noon—Ann Leaf at Organ. KVI KFPY KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB KVOR KFBK KWG

Saturday

1:00 P. M.—Ann Leaf at Organ. KOL KVI KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB KVOR KFBK

CHILDREN'S PROGRAMS

Sunday

6:00 A. M.—Land o' Make Believe. KDYL

Saturday

7:30 A. M.—Adventures of Helen and Mary. KDYL KVOR

DANCE MUSIC

Sunday

9:00 P. M.—Eddie Duchin's Orch. KOL KFPY KDYL KOH KVOR KFBK

Monday

9:30 P. M.—Noble Sissle's Orch. KVOR KDYL KLZ KOH KGB

Tuesday

8:45 P. M.—George Olsen's Orch. KOL KFPY KFRC KDYL KLZ KOH KFBK KVOR KWG

Wednesday

5:15 P. M.—White House Tavern. KFPY KHJ KDYL KOH KGB KVOR KFBK KMJ KWG
9:30 P. M.—Noble Sissle. KOL KVOR KFPY KDYL KLZ KOH KGB

Thursday

9:00 P. M.—Guy Lombardo's Canadians. KDYL KLZ KGB KVOR

Friday

6:00 P. M.—White House Tavern. KFPY KDYL KOH KGB KVOR KWG
9:00 P. M.—Ben Bernie. KGB KFPY KHJ KDYL KOH KVOR KWG

Saturday

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

WEEKLY TIPS

9:00 P. M.—Plantation Crooners. KMPC
10:05 P. M.—The Gruen Answer Man. KFRC

FRIDAY

9:00 A. M.—Jack and Grace. KHJ
10:00 A. M.—Sunshine Hour. KYA
10:30 A.M.—Cheerio Boys. KFOX
10:45 A. M.—Window Shopping with Wyn. KFRC
11:00 A.M.—Typical Tropical Tramps. KTAB
11:15 A. M.—Manhattan Moods. KYA
11:30 A. M.—Cockerel's Old Timers. KQW
12:00 Noon—Echol's Ebony Serenaders. KFWB
12:15 P. M.—Mardi Gras Hour. KGA KEX KJR
12:30 P.M.—Radio Church of the Air. KNX
12:45 P. M.—Chaparral Club. KECA
1:30 P. M.—Nip and Tuck. KFWB
2:45 P. M.—Tom Ballinger, tenor. KROW
3:00 P. M.—Studio Parade. KHQ
5:15 P. M.—Rabbi Winkler. KNX
6:00 P. M.—Nick Harris, detective. KECA

7:15 P. M.—Laughing Gas. KHJ
8:00 P. M.—Royal Order of Optimistic Do-Nuts. KNX
8:00 P. M.—Julietta Novis and Johnny Murray. KFWB
9:30 P. M.—Auld Lang Syne. KTAB

SATURDAY

9:00 A. M.—Tuneful Two. KOMO
10:30 A. M.—Scientific Serenaders. KMTR
10:30 A.M.—Blue Streaks. KGA KEX LJR
11:00 A. M.—Travelogue. KNX
12:15 P. M.—Price Dumlavy at the organ. KFWB
1:05 P. M.—Theater of the Air. KTAB
2:30 P. M.—Long Beach Municipal Band. KGER
3:00 P. M.—String Orchestra. KECA
4:00 P. M.—Tea Dance, Coconut Grove. KFWB
5:30 P. M.—Dinner Music. KQW
6:15 P. M.—The Boy Detective. KFOX
7:30 P. M.—Herb Scharlin, songs. KGFJ
8:00 P. M.—"On With the Show." KYA
9:00 P. M.—The Merry-makers. KHJ (Don Lee System)

Thursday

9:00 P. M.—Hecker Surprise Party. KOL KFPY KOIN KHJ KFRC KMJ KWG

Friday

10:00 A. M.—Pabstette Varieties. KOL KVI KFPY KOIN KFRC KHJ KDYL KWG

Saturday

5:45 P. M.—Chicago Variety Program. KFPY KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB KVOR KFBK
7:15 P. M.—Hank Simmons' Show Boat. KFPY KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB KVOR KFBK KMJ KWG

DRAMA AND COMEDY

Sunday

6:30 P. M.—Romance of the Sea. KOL KFPY KOIN KFRC KHJ KDYL KMJ

KOL KFPY KOIN KFRC KHJ KDYL KFBK KMJ KWG

Thursday

7:45 P. M.—Myrt and Marge. KOL KFPY KFRC KHJ KDYL KFBK KMJ KWG

Friday

7:45 P. M.—Myrt and Marge. KOL KFPY KOIN KFRC KHJ KDYL KFBK KMJ

OLD MELODIES

Sunday

8:15 A. M.—Edna Thomas, Lady from Louisiana. KOL KVI KFRC KLZ KVOR KFBK KWG

Wednesday

12:00 Noon — Kathryn Parsons, "Girl o' Yesterday." KWG KVOR KFBK KVI KFPY KLZ KDYL KOH KGB

They Do It With Mirrors

Continued from Page 20

radio — and learned about audiences from it!

It was the screening of Cornelius Vanderbilt's book "Reno", which took me to Hollywood, in the first place. But the picture flopped, so I decided to experiment a bit with this fascinating new game of radio. I went into it with a thousand different styles of singing, and it took some sharp raps on the knuckles to make me realize how wrong they all were for the microphone.

There was my accent—"Too affected!" one frank fan told me. There were all these different singing styles—"You change your whole personality every time you sing a song," wrote another one in reproof. There seemed to be so many other things wrong, as well, that I would have turned tail and run back to Reno, if some of the letters hadn't made me mad. I decided to stay and see just what WOULD click with this vast, irritable army of fans, and the day I decided, a new batch of letters arrived which puzzled me.

They came from a sanitarium in New York, and I chose to write at the same time. It seemed that THEY liked me, anyway—Mexico, where several patients apparently—and why? Because I sang "romantic songs." I couldn't figure why romantic songs were so cheering, but I tried some of them before the microphone—and instead of the usual verbal cat-calls, I got more applause!

That was when I began to find myself, so far as radio was concerned. I felt each time I sang that I was sending some kind of message—a cheerful one, I hoped—to those persons in the sanitarium, and what singing style I have been able to evolve, comes from the fact that I am still singing directly to those who want to hear me, and who have been good enough to say so.

I try to sing only songs which mean something, and to sing them so that they do. It is possible to sing "Hello, My Lover, Goodbye!" for example, so that it is just another popular song, and it

is possible to sing it so that the words mean something; so that everyone who listens will feel the pitiful gallantry of the girl who says "Hello" and "Good-bye" to her lover, all in the same breath.

I prefer the latter way—and so there's my "trick" for you!

It is interesting to analyze some of the other singing styles you hear on the ether, and see what lies behind them. There's Gene Austin, for instance—one of the greatest singers on the air, I think. His secret is friendliness. He sings a song into the microphone in a way which makes you feel that one of your best friends is singing your favorite song to you. Of course, one reason you like the song is because it is sure to be a current hit, but you like it more than ever because Gene is humming it into the microphone in a characteristic manner which makes the words almost negligible.

Rudy Vallee, I think, is a unique figure in radio. Other singers come and go, but he goes on, as strong as ever, in the affections of his listeners. Do you know that Rudy actually is the "inimitable" Rudy—that he never has been successfully imitated by anybody. He can be burlesqued, but not reproduced, not even by that young princess of mimics, little Mitzi Green, who has "caught" virtually every other celebrity. Little Mitzi's manager told me not long ago how he took her to hear and see Rudy one night in New York. Mitzi watched the Connecticut Yankees' maestro for an hour, without saying a word. Then she turned to the manager and announced, "It's no use; I can't imitate THIS one!" and that was that.

Marion Harris is my favorite feminine singer—and she can't keep time! But I enjoy the way Marion sings "low-down" songs with an air of refinement; perhaps I like it all the better because it reminds me of another old-time San Francisco entertainer—Grace Hayes. She went East and "knocked 'em dead"

and I think Marion's style is an unconscious duplication of hers. She cannot keep the rhythm of the songs she sings, but it doesn't matter in her case—she doesn't need to!

Ruth Etting is another star who holds her place while others rise and fall. Her trick, which makes her so irresistible to fans like Walter Winchell is a very simple one, really, but immensely effective—she takes the end of every phrase and makes a triplet of it, with a rise on the second tone in the triplet and a fall on the final one.

Bing Crosby does the same thing, but with different effect. Incidentally, speaking of unconscious imitations again, Bing has been greatly influenced by the hoarse singing style of his former teammate, Harry Barris—who got his from the colored singer-trumpeter, Louie Armstrong!

You might say Bing has a whole brass section to choose from, for he does his characteristic obbligato of gibberish syllables as a trombone would play it. In fact, he often takes the "hot licks" from the trombone part from an orchestration, and sings them; his voice has much the same range and slurring quality of a trombone.

Russ Columbo also uses this obbligato form, but he hums his in the manner of a violin. He plays the violin extremely well, so undoubtedly his voice has been influenced by it. Russ is said to be attempting to change his style of singing because he fears it is too similar to Crosby's, and it will be interesting to see if a radio artist can change his microphone "face" and still be recognized.

Nick Lucas is another instrumentalist-singer who shows the influence of his instrument. Nick has a style all his own, which I think is the result of his guitar-playing. He has fitted his voice to his guitar for so long that it seems to be part of it, and to accompany the guitar, rather than vice versa. He never interprets a song, but he sings sweetly; more so than anyone else on the ether—and that's a trick worth knowing!

Chatterettes

"To be really happy," says Eddie Cantor, "a wife should love her husband as well as he loves himself."

When you listen to Marie Golden on the Park Board Program every Sunday afternoon, KNX, one can hardly be-

lieve that this most versatile pianist earned her first money when she was about ten years of age and all for the staggering sum of *twenty five cents*.

Georgia Fifield who produces such excellent plays over KNX every Mon-

day evening at 8:30, besides her excellent acting in a play produced at Cumnock School the other night, looked completely stunning. Her white satin evening gown was a perfect frame for her gorgeous red hair and we noticed she was receiving flowers and congratulations galore.

Behind The Mike

Continued from Page 22

business. They have also contributed some of the best sellers to the song writing field. They have nearly fifty songs to their credit—and these are used exclusively in their KTM broadcasts. They are also Victor recording artists. What further proof could we offer that Bob and Jimmy are about the smartest team in the business other than the fact that in these days both boys are single. Marriage may be an institution—but evidently the “Utah Trail Boys” do not wish to live in an institution.

I BELIEVE that some of the owners of obsolete sets are the ones who have been agitating the changing of Amos 'n Andy from KECA to KFI for more than a year. Otherwise there would have been no kick coming, for any up-to-date set can tune in KECA. I would hate to ruin Tony Won's job with the tobacco company he announces for—but still the denial of 10 cigarettes a day between the husband and wife will place a real radio set in any home.

THERE may be a closed season on sopranos in some radio stations but there is one soprano at least who can stand them on their heads whether she sings from the platform or before the microphone—and that's Charlotte Woodruff of KGFJ. Harry Vincent,

publicity director for that station told me that her career as a singer started when she was a youngster. I don't know just how long ago that is, but suffice it to say that when television comes in there will be many stations bidding for the voice and personality of Charlotte Woodruff. She has starred in many operas and musical comedies. Her latest New York appearance was with the Al Jolson players. She also co-starred with Eddie Cantor in “Make It Snappy.”

SOMEBODY has said that only a Scotchman would be satisfied with an obsolete radio set these days—because he can get two or three stations at one time. But all owners of obsolete sets are not Scotchmen by any means. Out of seventeen million sets estimated to be in use in these United States more than five million of them are either crystal control or battery sets. The majority of these are awaiting television, foolish in the thought that if they purchased an up-to-date radio they would have to throw it in the discard. After you have had your new radio for three years and television is still just around the bend you will have reason to believe that you have had your money's worth out of the set anyway. But the fact of the matter is, you will still be able to use it in conjunction with your television set.

It's A Great Life!

Continued from Page 13

coming or going. Singing nightly and rehearsing daily for my radio friends, and making personal appearances in the Palace for the Broadway clan. Then there are myriads of other things that make an entertainer's life complicated.

Finally, La Palina took me under its wing, and I went on singing over CBS commercially, but continually my ballads, and my popular music, entering and leaving the air waves via the strains of “When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain.”

I really can't think of another thing to say about myself. Except that I love chocolate parfaits, and driving fast, and I hate women who talk baby talk or imitate film stars.

I have two parrots called Ben and Al who are my severest critics inasmuch as apparently they do not strive to imitate the songs they don't like. They never fail to squawk “When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain,” however. They've gotten a nice little duet all

worked up, and certainly outdo me in holding notes and adding individual flourishes.

As for Washington—I see it about once in a blue moon, for there isn't time. That's on thing, you know, about getting into an entertainer's category. You are soon dictated to by your own profession. . . . Hot summer day. . . . Can't go swimming. . . . Why not? . . . Rehearsing, listening to new songs, broadcasting, making personal appearances, business appointments—a thousand things shrieking for attention!

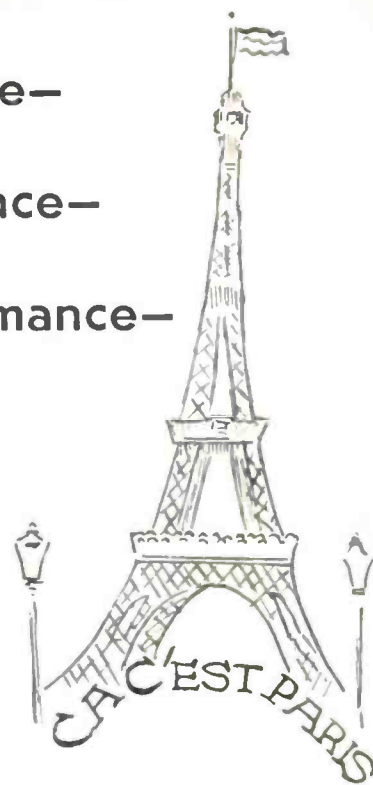
However, never get the idea I don't like it. For I do. Someday, when it's time for me to make my last bow before the “mike,” and someone else steps into my shoes, I'm going to find a nice little house in the suburbs with roses n'everything, and a swimming pool in the back yard where I can go and do a crawl to my heart's content. Meantime, and I hope—for a long time—I am at your service!

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Murder Will Out

Continued from Page 29

ether. We didn't have an elephant in the studio. But we were able to give the impression of crashing brush, the heavy grunts and breathing of the beast, the shouts of native drivers, and now and then the bellow of the angry beast. Added to that, we had nicely-timed bits of dialogue that indicated that riding on an elephant wasn't very different from riding an open boat in a high sea. The combination of the sound effects and the bits of dialogue so entwined themselves in this particular fan's imagination that we actually had her believing that she had been aboard the elephant along with the characters of the play.

Another listener dropped a line from a little cabin somewhere up on the top of a mountain. He said he was a forest ranger and was the only person within a radius of some fifty miles. He begged us jocosely not to send any more "terror" up his way, as it kept him in a state of cold chills and caused insomnia for days afterwards.

Just to indicate how realistic voices and the action of the drama appeared to one woman, we will tell just one more anecdote. In a certain apartment house in San Francisco a housewife had her radio wide open. It happened that the action was particularly fast and the voices very forceful. The tenant on the floor above heard the awful row and thought that the woman in the apartment below was being murdered. The police were called. They rapped on the door from which issued the disturbance, but the listener was so engrossed in the program that she did not hear the knocking. Finally the police broke in the door and frightened the poor woman almost out of her wits.

Apropos of radio audiences, I believe that the mystery play is by far the best medium through which to train the radio listener's ear to drama on the air. Although many refuse to recognize the fact, it is true that the average listener's ear must be trained before he can really appreciate radio drama. Before a listener can fully enjoy a radio play, he must learn to "see" with his ears. He must learn to sit before a radio in absorbed concentration. He must be able to rid himself of his home surroundings and enter into the picture and the spirit of the lines the actors are reading to him. To do this he must co-ordinate his ears and his imagination. The simplest way to do this is to listen night after night to the drama that is dispensed from various studios, and as I remarked above, the easiest drama to listen to is a mystery play. This is due to the

fact that the action is rapid, the plots are not involved, and the atmosphere usually is such that it easily holds the attention.

Writers of mystery dramas are asked a hundred times, "Where do you get your ideas for those awful plays?" My own reply invariably is, "I don't know." The complete serial is usually the result of some germ of an idea that has been fermenting in the back of one's mind for some time. In the case of "The City of the Dead" all I had, to begin with, was the desire to write a play about an old graveyard. The more I thought about it, the better idea it seemed. And so when the call came for this type of play, I sat down and began to write. "The City of the Dead" was the result.

It may offer a novel slant to the uninitiated writer to know that a story sometimes takes itself out of an author's hands and gallops along, he knows not whither. In "The City of the Dead" I planned out what might be titled a "natural" first episode with a bang-up climax for that particular chapter. But lo and behold, when the last page was turned out it wasn't what I expected at all.

On the second episode, or chapter, I began all over again, and once more I set a definite aim for the second climax. And again it came out something else. After that I simply gave up, and let events transpire when and where they would, hoping to high Heaven that along about the ninth or tenth episodes episodes the tangled web of circumstances would straighten themselves out for a smashing finish. And lucky for me, by some trick of fate combined with some fast and furious thinking on my part at the last minute, everything came out fine and dandy.

The only explanation for such inexcusable fractiousness on the part of a story lies in the fact that as the story progressed, new and unexpected opportunities for enlarging and strengthening the original plot presented themselves. And each time this occurred the whole story would take a flying leap off into space and necessitate the setting of a new course toward the inevitable end.

One of my peculiar wishes was to have a detective hero of my very own. Thus Captain Carter Post came into being, in the serial "Captain Post: Crime Specialist." In the beginning, about all I had was the name. Week by week, I pounded out the episodes just in time to get them into the hands of the producer for the week's show.

[Turn to Page 45]

A Heritage Fulfilled

Continued from Page 19

his choice of that branch of the service, for he belongs to a branch of the family of Richard Henry Dana, author of "Two Years Before the Mast." While he was serving his own two years before that famed article, Harold was stationed for a time in Boston. He learned that the original Dana home was open, and walked up the little old worn pathway one day in his gob's uniform.

Harold still chuckles as he tells how a quaint little lady met him at the door, and upon his declaration that he was a Dana also, took him into the front parlor and solemnly produced a huge, old-fashioned Bible. In it the entire Dana family tree, past and present, was inscribed, and Harold got a thrill as he saw his own name written there along with the personnel of the California branch of the family, Charles A. Dana, great publisher, and other Danas, famous or obscure, but all "third cousins," Harold's hostess assured him.

When the war was over, Harold came back to San Francisco, and the only job he could get was selling pianos in a local music store. It was worse than picking olives, he thinks, now, because although he enjoyed playing the pianos and comparing their respective tonal

qualities for customers, he wasn't so good at getting their signatures safely on the dotted line. But he did manage to continue his vocal coaching and pay for it in this manner.

Then came his second opera star.

A "baritone contest" had been arranged by a San Francisco newspaper, and Titta Ruffo was to be the judge. Dana was one of the five candidates who survived the preliminary tests. One by one they sang, and Dana was last. As he finished his final number, Bruno Hahn's "Invictus," Titta Ruffo leaped to his feet and threw an arm around his shoulder.

"I congratulate you!" the famous singer told the hopeful one. "You are the winner!"

It was an exciting moment, and changed Harold's whole life. He was literally deluged with offers on the strength of Ruffo's glowing praise. He accepted one, a six months' concert tour of the Pacific Coast, and then returned to San Francisco and made his radio debut.

The microphone as a vocal medium was still young, and many of Dana's friends advised him strongly against it, telling him he would waste his talent

on an "experiment." But he made his choice—and today he is one of the high-ranking figures in a profession to which more and more operatic and concert artists are turning every year.

In 1928, Dana joined the staff of the NBC studios in San Francisco, where he has remained ever since. When he first sang before the microphone, in 1923, he expected to leave it eventually for grand opera. Now, however, he feels that he has worked hard to perfect his art in a medium in which it has virtually grown up, and that he would miss the microphone if he ever left it.

"Radio is the most exacting stage upon which any artist can perform," he declares. "It offers a perpetual challenge. Your voice must be kept at its best, and your technique flawless. Tones must be timed to the split-second, and the microphone never softens a mistake or gives a false value. Singing the same roles over and over behind foot-light would be dull compared to the work in do in the Matinee along, with all its different parts, acting as well as singing. I like to be where things are happening!"

So perhaps Drama, looking around for a young man to pursue, picked the right one!

Still More Chatter

Continued from Page 32

For years Ben Bernie has been trying to obtain one of the rare old genuine Savart violins, with no success. Then the other night, as he turned from the mike after his broadcast, someone placed a violin in his hands. Some of the members of the orchestra had discovered a Savart somewhere and presented it to the "Old Maestro." (Before this goes any farther, for we'll be speaking of the "Old Maestro" often, please remember that he really isn't old—really quite a kid. Should judge about 32.)

Jesse Crawford, NBC poet of the Organ, usually spends three hours in preparation for his 15-minute program.

Harry Jackson, whose "Whoa Bill" Club and little pig have endeared him to hundreds of children, is beginning the new year right. He has added several embellishments to his afternoon 5:30 program over KFAC, and is being sponsored by Bullock's. This is the first

time Bullock's has been represented on the air. So, congratulations, Harry—congratulations, Bullock's!

•
Connie, petite member of the Boswell Sisters, has a hobby—she's a sculptress.

•
For once in their lives Van and Don, NBC's "Two Professors," looked serious when they read a fan mail letter not long ago. It was from the wife of one of their ardent followers, who told them that her husband, who had recently suffered the loss of a limb, had been removed to a hospital and was unable to hear their morning programs as there was no radio in his room. Van and Don lost no time in telegraphing the hospital and having a radio installed. So their sick friends laughs with them again.

•
Bing has been chosen judge of a beauty contest sponsored by the "Yamacraw," magazine of the Oglethorpe University in At-

lanta, Ga. But as luck would have it, Bing is so busy that he will have to make his decision from photographs sent to him. That probably suits the wife better, at that.

•
Talk about church attendance! It is estimated that around 12,000,000 persons listen to the Columbia "Church of the Air," in which every denomination is represented in the morning and afternoon periods.

•
The other evening two ladies approached Charlie Lung after his program at KFWB.

"We've driven forty miles to see you tonight," one of them said. "You see we just had to settle our argument. She maintained there were more than one person acting the parts of your Gang, and I had to bring her 'way up here to prove she was wrong!"

Laughing Gas

Continued from Page 9

was the matter with the horn—was it broke?

I wouldn't say it was broken . . . I would say it was merely indifferent. It sort of lost interest.

How do you mean, indifferent?

Well, it just didn't give a hoot!

Here, here! We'll have none of that College Humor in this court while I'm Judge, or I'll give you Life . . . understand? All right, go on with yer Ballyhoo. You didn't see the farmer, hey?

Yes, I saw him, but it was too late.

How fast was you doin'?

Thirty miles an hour.

Put it down sixty, constable. Now, I'll talk to the sockee. Farmer, how much did it hurt you?

Well, judge, my car was . . .

Don't mention that car. No damages will be allowed for it. I know that car. You drive it with one hand and hold it together with the other. What else was hurt?

Well, I had one of my best settin' hens on the back seat hatchin' out some eggs, and the shock practically ruined her as well as the eggs.

I don't believe it! Bring her in here. Set her up there on the bench. She don't look so bad. Well, label her "Exhibit C," constable. What do you

figger she's worth, Farmer?

I'd say two dollars as she is, and ten dollars if she dies.

How do you figger ten dollars?

I've got an eight-dollar prize rooster out on my farm that's right fond of that hen, and if she dies the shock will kill him, too.

We'll decide about that later. Stranger, how much damage was done to your car?

The radiator was smashed, the fenders crumpled, steering gear bent, bumper twisted . . .

Here—take this card. Handy Dandy Repair Shop. Best repair shop in Hemlock Corners. My brother-in-law owns it. As the socker and the sockee, are you ready to have sentence pronounced on you?

Yes, yer worship.

Mr. Farmer, I'll award you ten dollars for that hen . . .

But my car . . . my car!

Here, take this card—Handy Dandy Repair Shop—best in town. Satisfaction guaranteed. Mr. Tourist, hand me ten dollars. Here you are, Mr. Farmer—five dollars.

Judge, you said you would award me ten dollars!

Sure—but five dollars is my commis-

sion. Go on, you two—get out of here—yer case is over!

All right, judge—wait 'till I get Biddy.

You let "Exhibit C" alone! That's property of the court. Go on, now, git! What are ye doin' with "Exhibit C" there, constable?

Just movin' her out of the way—what are ye goin' to do with her, judge?

I don't know. Can't leave her layin' eggs all over the courtroom. Wouldn't be dignified. I'll tell ye what! I was goin' fishin at the close of court but I've changed my mind. Take her down to my house and put her in the pen fer the time bein'. Er . . . er—by the way, constable, why don't ye come over fer dinner tonight? I recollect hearin' the cook say somethin' before I left the house this mornin' about havin' chicken and dumplin's fer dinner . . . court's adjourned!

And so the traffic court at Hemlock Corners is adjourned for another week. Every Friday night at 7:15, "Laughing Gas" is heard over KHJ. The rest of this hilarious rustic drama includes Raymond Paige and his orchestra in novelty musical arrangements, the Bluettes, Elvia Ellman, Bobby Gross, Bob Bradford and Roy Mace.

"Mountain Williams"

Continued from Page 26

news of the day.

Craver's odd vocation has a basis of sound musical knowledge. Born in Iowa, he was educated at the University of Iowa. He also is a graduate of the New Mexico Military Institute and during his school years he was accounted a musical prodigy. The violin, banjo, guitar, harmonica, Jews-harp, 'cello and drums, are some of the instruments he plays. He had his first professional engagement at the age of ten.

On the vaudeville stage he played a number of instruments in his act—he always has worked as a "single"—sang, and told funny stories. He played the music halls of London, and the Canadian variety stage; was master of ceremonies in various picture houses throughout the country, and appeared on NBC programs broadcast from New York for two years. Craver joined the NBC staff in San Francisco in order to "settle down" as he phrases it, until Miss Jane Alice Craver, now seven months old, gets a bit more mature. Mrs. Craver is a former Los Angeles girl, whom he met while he was making

RCA-Victor records in southern California.

In interesting contrast to Craver, the city-bred interpreter of Hill Billy songs, is Ace Wright, the real hill-man of the group. When Ace was 11 years old, he knew "The Lexington Murderer," "Bury Me Beneath the Willow" and similar songs, by heart, and by the time he was 12 he was playing a fiddle at dances for the princely sum of a dollar and a quarter a night.

"Looked like big money to me," he says today, with a twinkle in the merry eyes which light up a ruddy, placid face.

Ace was born in Paducah, Kentucky, and luckily for his later career, his father bought a farm in Missouri, then moved to Arkansas, so the little boy whose fingers could send music flying from the strings of a fiddle, had a comprehensive experience in the hill country. Now he plays its music before the microphone, and an unerring ear for variations in dialect and regional differences in songs makes him a valuable adjunct to the NBC group.

Johnny O'Brien, harmonic-player of the quintet, has played his tiny instrument since he was old enough to hold it to his lips. But it never occurred to him that his hobby might prove his profession until a few years ago when he heard a harmonica-act on the stage.

About the time radio programs took definite shape, Johnny brought his harmonica to NBC's San Francisco studios, and he's been there ever since. Notes don't mean a thing to him; he plays entirely "by ear," and buys his harmonica by the gross, as he frequently uses up three or four in one program. Usually he carries several with him, and gets a great thrill out of giving them to the admiring, small boys who gather wherever he is seen.

Johnny Toffoli, the accordion-player, is a Hill Billy from Venice, Italy, which may sound odd until you know Johnny. He was just four years old when his parents came to America, and he has played the accordion from childhood, when he "worked out the combination for himself" as he phrases it.

THE LOWDOWN-

LOWDOWN

VIRGINIA J., LONG BEACH

Question—Can you tell me about the man who sings the German songs on the Feminine Fancies program over KFRC? What other programs does he sing with? Thank you.

Answer—You must mean Frederick Bittke, Virginia. He also sings on the Blue Monday Jamboree, and quite often on the Hecker-H-O program on Thursday nights at nine, and occasionally on other programs.

LOWDOWN

MRS. H. R. L., SOUTH GATE, CALIF.

Question—Are the Pearce Brothers married? If so, to whom?

Answer—Half of the Pearce Brothers is married. Al was married to Audrey Carter about a year ago. The other half, Cal, is a confirmed bachelor, and doesn't care who knows it.

LOWDOWN

A. C. L., HOLLYWOOD

Question—Can you tell me how long the Happy-Go-Lucky Hour has been on the air? How old is Norman Neilsen? How long has he been married? What did he do before entering radio? Is Hazel Warner married?

Answer—This seems to be a big order for KFRC. But we can't help it, and here goes—just as they come. The H. G. L. Hour came on the air about three years ago, as a Saturday morning feature only. It was soon moved to an afternoon time, growing slowly to its present popularity. Norman Neilsen is 26 years old, no more—no less. He has been married three years to Vivian Dun of Visalia, Calif. Before he entered radio, he was in musical comedy and vaudeville. Hazel Warner is also married.

LOWDOWN

MRS. C. L. K., REDONDO BEACH

Question—Can you give me any information about "Mirandy" of the Beverly Hill Billies? Also why did some of the boys go back to KMPC? Was it a friendly agreement with Glen Rice? My whole family are ardent fans and we are so anxious to really know the truth.

Answer—"Mirandy" is just another of Glen Rice's mysteries. As we said in the last issue, the only way to find out is by asking Glen himself—but we warn you; you won't find out much. As for the big party split in the ranks of the Hill Billies, we understand the disagreement was purely a financial one. However, just between us, there might be—now there might be, mind you—just a little bit of a feud—you know how these mountaineers are.

RADIO DOINGS



LOWDOWN

LOUISE K., FRESNO

Question—Is Robert Swan, of KHJ, married?

Answer—Yep! And has a daughter about eight.

LOWDOWN

MISS KATHARINE S., OAKLAND

Question—Could I have the lowdown on Charlie Carter? What was his birthplace? And also please tell me where he goes to school in San Francisco? I'd like awfully well to hear him sing sometimes without his "accent," wouldn't you?

Answer—According to Cal Pearce, Charlie was "born at home." What he really means is that he was born in San Francisco. He attends Polytechnic High there. Haven't you ever heard him sing without his "accent" Katharine? He does quite often—listen for him.

LOWDOWN

MRS. W. T. E., SEATTLE

Question—In the October magazine in your article about the Hallelujah Hour, you said that "Bobby Gross has gone the way of all radio flesh." What is meant by that? Can I hear him over some other station? Thank you.

Answer — If you knew Dick Crecdon, the literary gentleman of KHJ who concocted that article, you wouldn't have asked the question. When Dick says anything, it usually takes four college professors, two stool pigeons and an ornithologist to dope out exactly what Dick had in mind. I think he merely meant that Bobby Gross and Ted Osborne had discontinued radio work, and had gone into something else.

LOWDOWN

M. M. D., LOS ANGELES

Question—I would like to know about Nelson Case of KPO, San Francisco. Is he single, and how old is he? Please describe him, won't you? I hope I'm not asking too much.

Answer—Nelson single? Haw! He's the happiest young hubby you ever saw. The Case's have two very lovely children, too. Nelson is tall, blonde, blue-eyed and good-looking, and is about—let me see—must be 24 or 25 now, I think.

LOWDOWN

SAMUEL R., FRESNO

Question—Who plays the guitar between numbers when the Boswell Sisters are singing?

John P. Medbury



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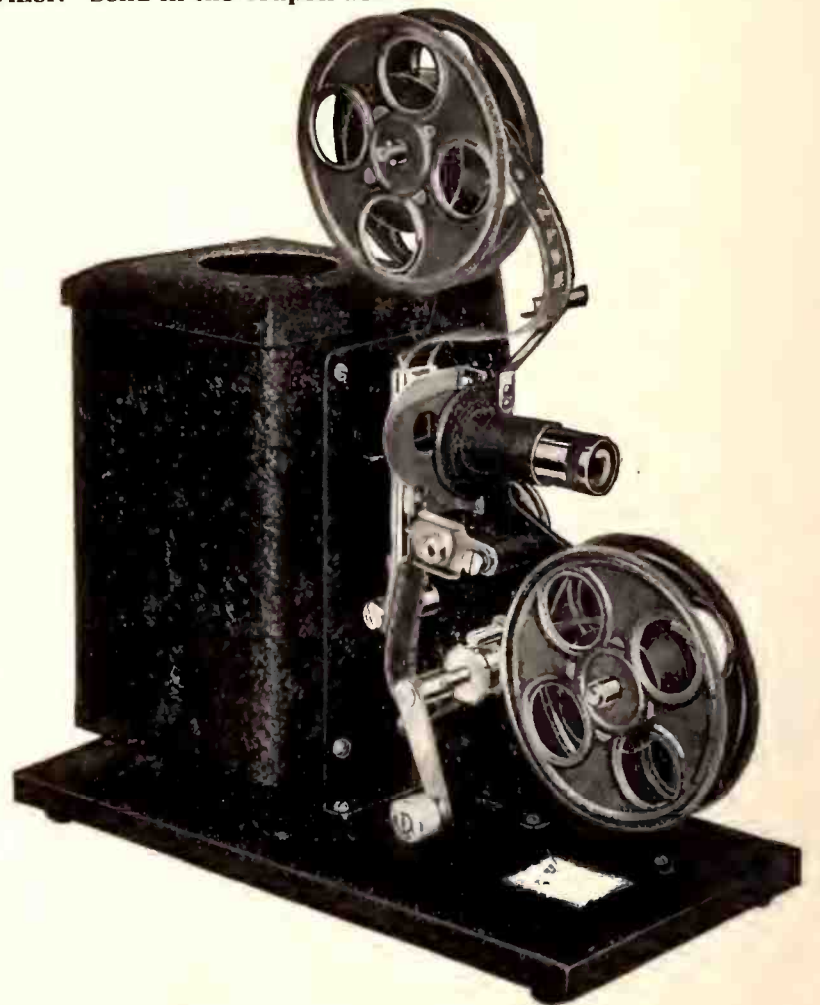
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Murder Will Out

[Continued from Page 40]

And as each episode appeared, the plot developed stronger and stronger until, about the seventh episode, the producer and I had a REAL show on our hands. From then on it was easy sledding, and I sailed into the last three episodes for as smashing a climax as you could ask for.

In the present serial, "Dead Men Prowl," I knew what the end of the

story was before I started writing. As I write this, just two of the ten episodes are on paper. And if I were to do my best I still would be unable to tell you exactly what is going to happen in the other eight episodes—except the tenth and final one. That's pretty well fixed.

From this conglomerate mess of incidents and ideas you may or may not

get a fairly good idea of a radio-writer's frame of mind. But whether you have or not, it has been a swell opportunity for this particular one to unload. And if you should be one of those who follow with us through "Dead Men Prowl" here's hoping that you get thrill for thrill with us who are at the other end of the ether wave.

Chatterettes

Amos arrested for murder! What sort of picklement will those two find themselves in next? Since Jack Dixon, the mysterious financier, was found dead and the blame laid on Amos, letters have been coming to NBC thick and fast. One of them was from a firm of lawyers in Kentucky, stating, "We would be pleased to defend Amos for Dixon murder in Harlem."

Helen Charleston, the only feminine member of the Lofner-Harris dance programs, has been singing professionally since she was 16 years old.

Ted Lewis, high-hatted prophet of the jazz age, saw Helen and her brother, Milton, dancing together and suggested that they accompany him and his band on tour. Then Helen began singing with the Lewis band, then joined the Harry Carroll Vanities, and later Ken Murray. Helen is a native daughter of Chicago.

John Wesley Holbrook, voted the best voice on the air in 1931, is the most surprised young man in America. He started out as a ski-jumper, drifted into banking and business instead, and skidded into radio by a ruse. He went to a Boston advertising agency and offered to become its radio expert. Naturally, he was thrown out. But he kept trying, and finally rose from the ranks and joined the staff of NBC. And now he holds the American Academy of Arts and Letters medal for good diction.

The Mills Brothers, that quartet of singing negroes who play hot orchestral numbers without instruments, using only vocal tricks and a guitar, came into their own because of a hunch. When they asked for a tryout, Ralph Wonders, director of the Columbia Artists' Bureau, who has his share of unannounced visitors, played a hunch and gave them a chance. They sang only one number—Wonders didn't wait to hear a second, but rushed them into the president's office.

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 October 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 M. Byam, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of the 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—Donald 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, 1220 Maple Ave., 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.

WALLACE M. BYAM,
Publisher.

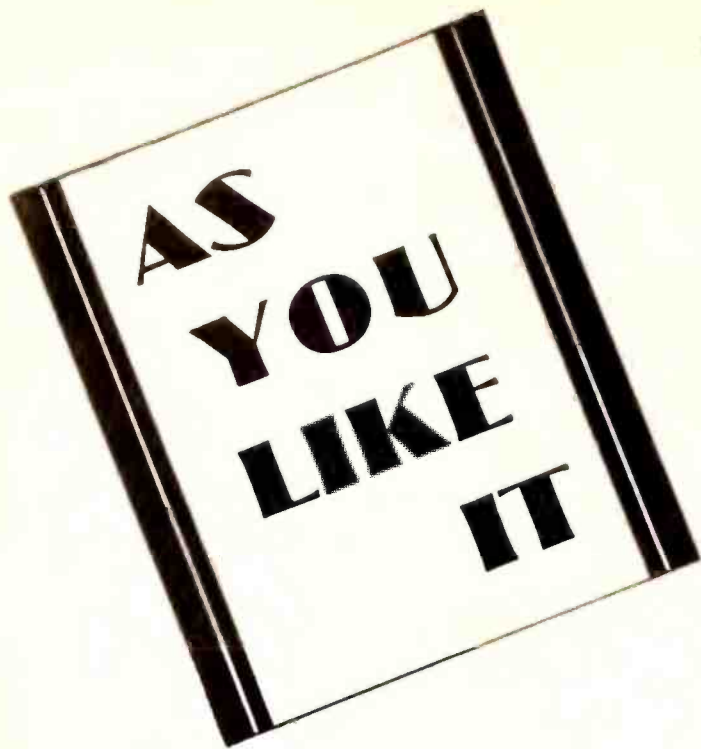
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 13th day of October, 1931.
(Seal) HENRIETTA B. FLOYD.
(My commission expires May 6, 1933.)

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Or — If You Don't Like It—

**Here's
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To Say
So...**

These Are the Kind—

I am one of those fans who likes this "Movie Magazine of the Air" better than the old RADIO DOINGS in which only programs appeared and one or two pictures of artists. Please send me a copy of the October issue, containing the story about Gus Arnheim and his artists.—ED. V., OLIVE VIEW.

We Like to Get

I want to tell you how much I enjoy that wonderful magazine "RADIO DOINGS." I am also sending you some questions to be answered in LOWDOWN, about Nelson Case.—M. M. D., LOS ANGELES.

Bing, Bing, The Battle's On!

I would like to call your attention to a mistake you made about Bing Crosby in your October issue.

You said that Bing was from Seattle, but as a matter of fact, he comes from Spokane. Am enclosing a clipping from one of the newspapers which you may be interested in reading:

"How can Spokane get a copyright on Bing Crosby?"

"That's a problem W. G. Oves, secretary of the publicity-tourist bureau of the Chamber of Commerce (Spokane) wants solved. Secretary Oves told the bureau that Seattle and other communities are claiming 'a Spokane boy who made good.' The bureau members agreed something should be done about getting some credit for its honored son."—MARJORIE K., SPOKANE.

Vera Van Victims

I wonder if you would print some interesting facts in your great magazine about that lovely new voice on KHJ—VERA VAN?

Our crowd all are just plain "neurts" over her (both male and female). I first saw her the night of the Queen contest at the Los Angeles radio show. I kept KMTR tuned in all the time until she left there for KHJ. I've tried several times to get information about her, but they don't seem to be able to find out much.

I always read your peppy magazine, so hope to see my letter answered real soon, as I am very interested. — GENEVIEVE T., WEST HOLLYWOOD.

We'll Have To—

I am very much interested in your magazine and never fail to buy a copy of it.

You never give "Van and Don, the Two Professors" on the Quaker Oats program a break. I listen to them every morning, and enjoy their program so much. My children look forward to it each day.

We would all like to know something about Van's and Don's history and see their pictures. Are they real professors? And how do they dress? We would be interested in their ages, too. I'll be looking for them!—MRS. H. T. O., SAN FRANCISCO.

See About This

Why don't you ever print a story on "Van and Don, the Two Professors"—we hear and enjoy them every morning on the NBC chain?

In my opinion, and that of my two boys and husband, they are the cleverest pair on the air, and I'd like so much to see pictures of them in RADIO DOINGS, and read all about them. Won't you have an article about them real soon?

We enjoy your magazine so much and haven't missed a single issue.—MRS. R. J. O., SAN FRANCISCO.

New Cover—Pro

I just want to tell you how much of an improvement we think the new front cover of RADIO DOINGS is. It certainly is snappy, and modern, too. I especially like the idea of having "Movie Magazine of the Air" displayed so prominently at the top, for that is what we call it, anyhow, most of the time.

We (my husband and I) enjoy every issue, and think it can't be beat!—MRS. C. T., POMONA.

And Con

What on earth did you want to go and change the lovely cover on your magazine for? When the other one first came out, it was just grand, and then you had to go and spoil it all.

However, I still think the "insides" are perfect, cover or no cover. I especially liked the story some time ago on "Seth Parker," and you can rest assured, that when he came in person to the Philharmonic I was right there. He is the most marvelous radio personality I know.

Another article I was delighted with, was the one on Morton Downey in the last issue. You can have your Bing Crosby, or Columbo, but I think Mr. Downey has the loveliest voice on the air.—GRACE K., HUNTINGTON PARK.

Maybe He Can't Help It

That editorial last month on "Second Hand Crosby" was sure right! If they keep playing all of his old records over the air all the time, pretty soon people will get tired of listening to him when he does broadcast. I should think he would either make all records and not broadcast, or else forget the records and do radio work alone. After all, a popular singer can't be popular forever, and in my opinion, he is just shortening his successful career.—R. E. F., SACRAMENTO.

Ain't You Listenin'?

Why don't some of these radio announcers take a few lessons in grammar? Nearly every night, I hear one or several of them make some terrible errors, and they ought to know better.

Last night an announcer on a big station was speaking and pronounced "incomparable" "in-com-PAR-able." And many simpler words are often mispronounced. It's a shame for an announcer with a nice, mellow voice, to get up and make mistakes any high school boy wouldn't make.—BOB C., BERKELEY.

Doing Both Is Better

You know what? I think Ted White should drop his radio work and go into writing. Not that I don't think he is a wonderful singer—but he is certainly one swell author.

The article he wrote about popular music in the November issue was dandy, and I'm glad he is going to write regularly for your magazine. And again let me make my first statement clear—I think he is a marvelous singer too!—A. J., PORTLAND.

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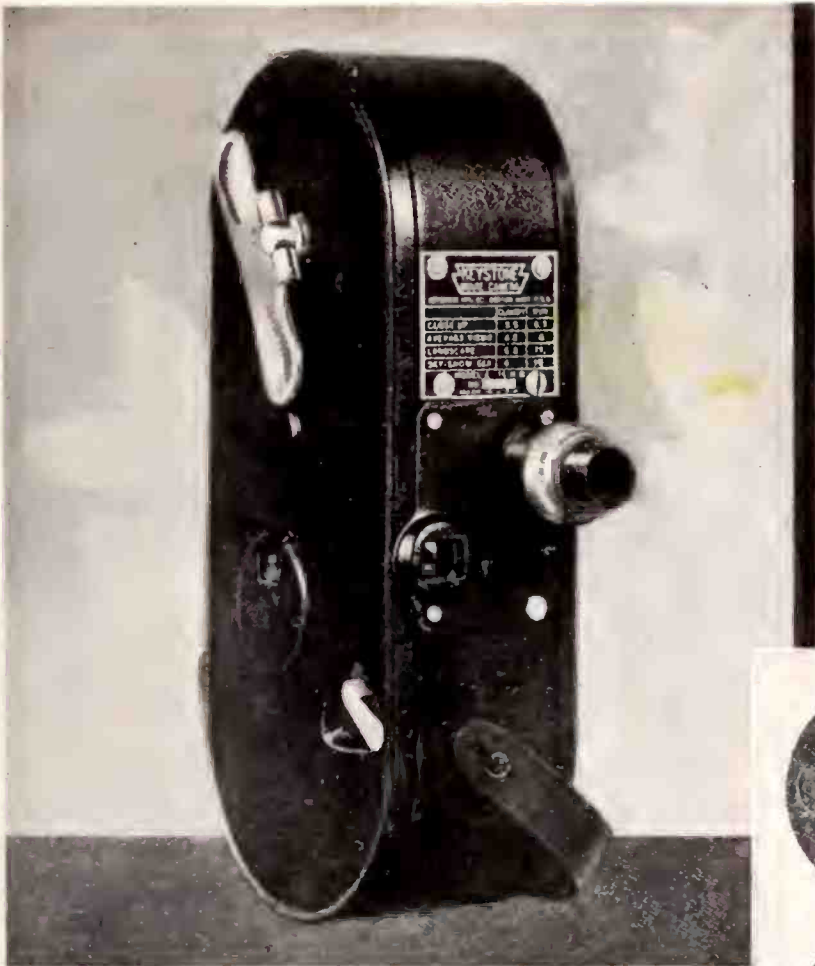
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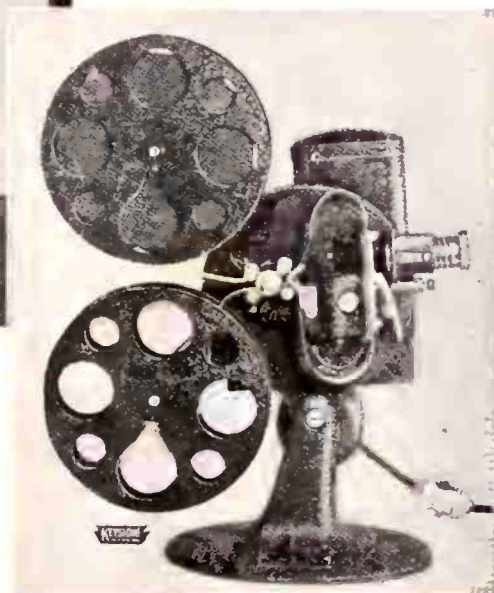
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