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**Up Hands—Here Comes
Charlie**

Man of a Hundred Voices

●
**She Has Lived in Three
Worlds**

By James Warner

●
Good Samaritan

The True Story of the
Rev. Ethel Duncan

●
**Radio Takes to the High
Seas**

Dobbsie's Trip to Hawaii

●
To the Ladies!

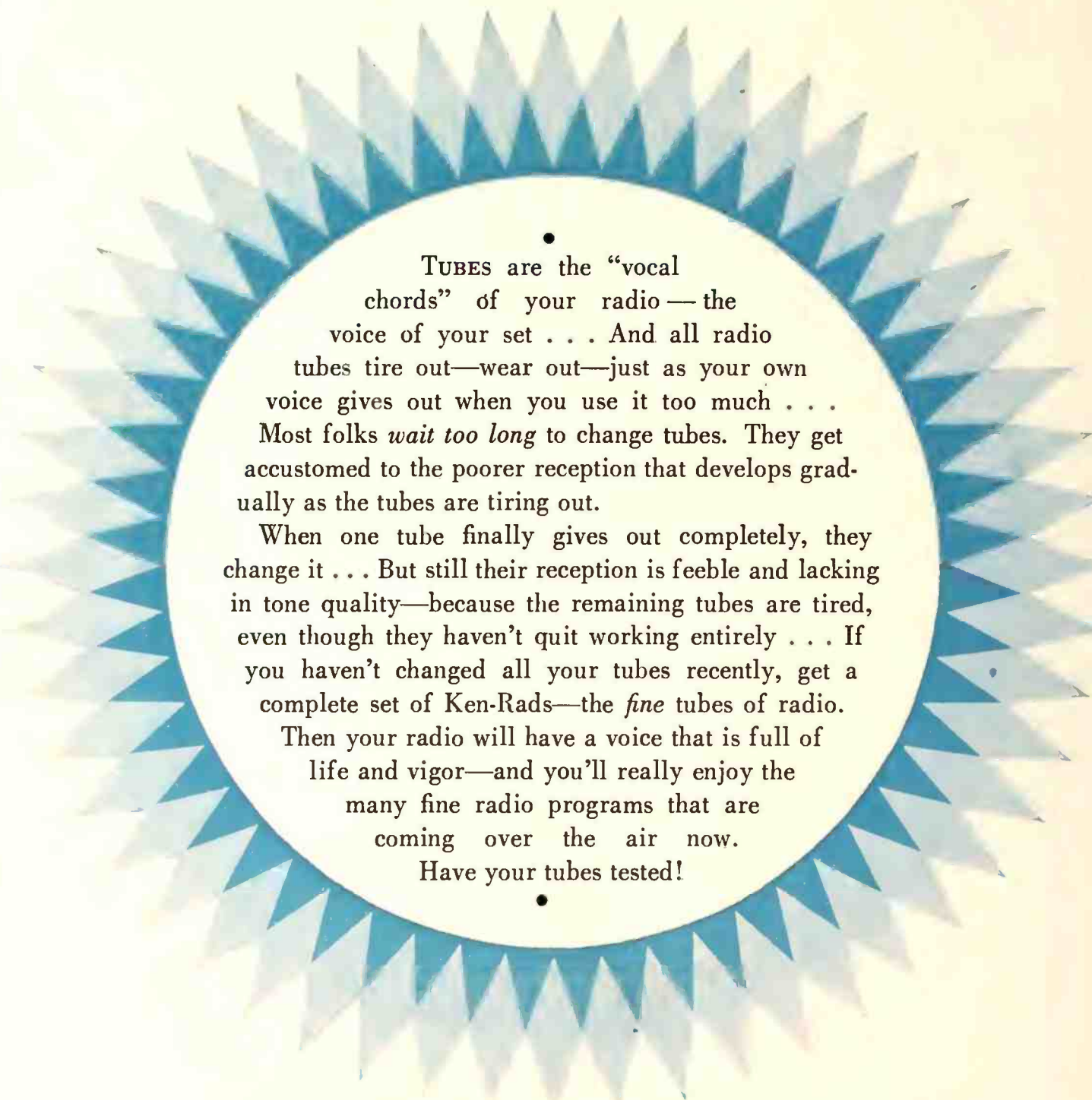
The NBC Matinee



THE MOVIE MAGAZINE OF THE AIR

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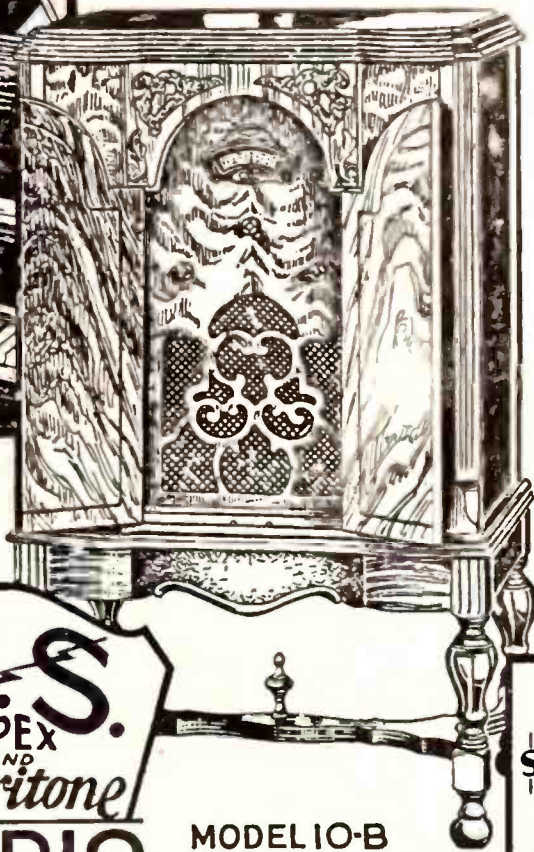
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RADIO DOINGS

"THE MOVIE MAGAZINE OF THE AIR"

SEPTEMBER

1 9 3 1

Volume XIX

Number IX

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL	7
THREE RADIO MUSKETEERS—A Trio of Pioneers Got a Big Idea That Nearly Landed Them in Jail—(By One of Them)	8
CLAP HANDS, HERE COMES CHARLIE—The Story of Charlie Lung, The Man of 100 Voices—(By Bob Lange)	10
TO THE LADIES—The NBC Matinee Brings Sunshine to Thousands of American Housewives—(By Betty Sheldon)	12
RADIO TAKES TO THE HIGH SEAS—Dobbsie and His Gang Get a Big Ovation in Hawaii—(By E. H. Sanders)	14
WOMAN OF ALL NATIONS—Her Impersonations Are So True to Life That People from Many Lands Think She is One of Them—(By Roma Orange)	16
SHE HAS LIVED IN THREE WORLDS!—The Girl With a Triple Personality—(By James Warner)	18
GREEN AND BLUE—From a Family of Troupers Comes Jane Green—(By Margaret Queeney)	19
COMEDY OF ERRORS—A Dim-Witted Jap and a Humorless Englishman—(By Charles Turner)	20
FLAT FEET—The Story of Two Lovable Cops, Who Fight Over a Nickel, But Would Die For Each Other—(By Kay Van Riper)	22
GOOD SAMARITAN—Ethel Duncan is An Enigma to Skeptics, But No Puzzle At All to the Poor—(By Don Frank)	24
KEEPER OF THE PIG—Harry Jackson Entertain the Kiddies and At the Same Time Builds Their Characters	26
CHATTER—From This Studio and That	28
HOT TIPS	32
THE LOWDOWN	33
AS YOU LIKE IT—Letter from Readers	36

Wallace M. Byam

Publisher

Don McDowell

Editor

1220 Maple Avenue, Los Angeles
 Phone Westmore 1910

J. W. Hastie, 155 E. 42nd St., New York
 Phone Vanderbilt 4661

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— — — Oh Yeah!!



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had taken this movie you'd
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As One Listener to Another—



—“give the little girl a hand!”

WE were chatting with a well-known radio artist the other day, and the subject of fan mail arose.

“Do you really think fan letters mean much to the radio performer,” we asked him, “Or does he like them because they are flattering?”

The artist smiled. “Well,” he said, “It is always pleasant to read something flattering about yourself, but the real fan letter does something deeper than that. It is the performer’s only means of contact with his listeners. He doesn’t know whether he is ‘going over’ or not, if someone didn’t tell him. His friends all slap him on the back and say ‘Great, old top! You sang marvelously.’ But compliments like these from kind-hearted friends aren’t really sufficient. Sometimes they don’t ring true.”

Of course, there are high-salaried artists on the top of the heap who are good, and know they are good. It is the conscientious, hard-working small-timer, many of whom contribute the greatest share of our entertainment, for whom this is written.

Moreover, it isn’t only the complimentary letter the artist likes to receive. If there is something about his work that actually needs altering, he is the first one that wants to learn of it. If he could listen to himself broadcast, it would be a simple matter for him to criticize himself as he would like to. The brickbats are welcomed along with the bouquets by most artists.

Radio artists bring more hours of entertainment into the life of the average person today than any other class of entertainer. The actor on the stage gets a big hand if he goes over—and a “boo” or a sour expression on the face of his audience if he doesn’t—at least he knows how his work is appreciated. But the radio artist works before a silent, unresponsive microphone, that can’t even return a good healthy “boo” much less say, “Well, old boy, you did a good job tonight!”

THREE MUSKETEERS

OF

Who Nearly Landed in Jail For Attempting To Take a Microphone To the Courtroom. They Decided To Dramatize the Murder Trial Instead, and Many Still Think It Was the Real Thing.

JULIUS CAESAR crossed the Rubicon and landed in the middle of a bloody war; King Charles the First signed the Magna Charta and upset a monarchy: A band of pioneers decided to do as they chose and young America was plunged into a revolution.

And when the Radio News Service of America attempted to install KNX microphones in a courtroom to broadcast the murder trial of David H. Clark, Los Angeles was thrown into a mild civil war.

Less than an hour after the young ex-deputy prosecutor surrendered to face trial for firing the shots which sent two noted politicians to their graves, Ivan Johnson, managing editor of the Radio News Service of America burst into my office shouting, "Yep! We can do it."

"Do what?" I asked.

"Put microphones in the courtroom and broadcast Clark's trial to the world."

It sounded like a great idea and a comparatively simple one too—but at that time, we hadn't figured on the outcome.

We looked over one of the superior courtrooms on the eighth floor of the Hall of Justice to find a place for our mike.

"The chandelier's the place for it," Johnson exclaimed.

Having thus decided this weighty matter, we set about obtaining a microphone so powerful, so sensitive and so perfect that it would catch every wheeze of the judge, every snort of the attorneys and every whisper of the witness on the stand.

Supervisor John Quinn was our next approach.

"It's never been done before," we told him, "but the microphone certainly has a place in the dissemination of news, and we want you to introduce this resolution giving us permission to hide a

mike in the courtroom to broadcast the trial."

With what we interpreted as Quinn's assent we proceeded to the chambers of Presiding Judge John L. Fleming. "We have to have your O.K. on this before we can go any farther, judge," we told him. "The Board of Supervisors will pass a resolution permitting us to install the equipment—now how do you feel about it?"

"I believe that radio has a place in the dissemination of news," said the judge, "as far as I'm concerned—I am not against it—but you know you have to have the consent of the judge hearing the case."

Well, now we were getting some place. Our next visit was to the office of William Davidson, the county engineer.

"Davidson, we want to install microphones in the courtroom—"

But we got no further.

"Yasss—I know," growled the Scot, "I'm not gonna let you do anything like that unless Judge Fleming and the Board of Supervisor say it's all right." We told him it was O.K. with the judge and that the Board would pass the resolution.

That was that. We left the citadel of county government bound for radio laboratories in search of a microphone so small it could be hidden from self-conscious witnesses and so sensitive it would be practical.

Two days later I called County Engineer Davidson for some technical information.

"Oh, yea—I've been wantin' to get in touch with you radio bugs," he roared into my ear. "Supervisor Quinn says he didn't tell you the board was gonna let you put microphones in that courtroom and Judge Fleming is mad because you went around saying he was in favor of puttin' 'em in!"

Now Judge Fleming had not said definitely that he was for us—he had merely commented that he saw no reason why it could not be done if the

Here are the characters in the radio drama. Standing—Jack Carter as Judge Murray, Tom Breneman as Gilbert. Sitting—Tom Wallace as David Clark and Stuart Buchanan as Joe Ford.



RADIO

By
One of
Them



Clark Trial Courtroom Scene—The defendant is sitting second from the right next to his counsel, W. I. Gilbert. Prosecutor Ford is at the extreme left of the table.

judge presiding in the particular case involved gave his approval.

So when Davidson informed him that we had declared him taking a stand in our favor, he denied it—and the effect the mix-up had upon Quinn and the rest of the board of supervisors was amazing. They shut up like clams and refused to have anything to do with radio and raised their hands in horror at the very mention of the word 'microphone.' Behind all this was the shadow of the newspaper, of reporters commissioned by their papers to keep us from the courtroom. The day of the trial drew near—even nearer, and still we did not know and were unable to find out what judge was to hear the trial.

"Now, Judge Doran," we said so many times it became the standing joke of the Hall of Justice attaches, "Who are you going to assign to this case?" Whereupon the wily jurist would smile wisely and snicker, leaving us just as much in the dark as ever. Not till the morning the case got under way did we learn that Superior Judge Stanley Murray, of Madera county, was to sit on the bench.

Johnson and I rushed into Department 26 and found a tall, heavysset individual staring gloomily at the ceiling.

"Judge Murray?" we asked breathlessly.

"Yes," he answered at great length.

"We're from the Radio News Service of America—we want to put microphones in this courtroom so the world can hear the actual proceedings of this trial, we'll hide it so—"

"No, you can not," he growled—"This is a serious thing—a man is on trial for his life in this court and I'll not have these proceedings made into a circus!"

The peculiar thing about Judge Murray's stormy reply was not in its phrasology—but in the fact that he began the answer before I had asked the question. It was obvious that someone had warned him of the advance of the army of the air.

In fact, the whole civic center was buzzing with gossip about the sensational attempt—on every hand, frenzied newspaper reporters besieged us—asking where we had hidden the mike—when we were to begin broadcasting and who would make our bail when we went to jail?

We tried a score of threats, persuasive lines of salesmanship and varied attacks upon the somber jurist from Madera, but there was no hope. Then along came Guy Earl, the progressive owner of Station KNX.

"This is a marvelous story," Earl said, excitedly. "We'll put in a remote control panel somewhere here in the Hall of Justice and sneak a microphone in when no one's looking."

And then began the battle of the Three Musketeers of Radio against the power of the press, the judiciary, the board of supervisors, the county engineering department and what have you. From that time on, Johnson, Earl and I found ourselves the center of a whirlpool of excitement and panic.

Judge Doran, probably touched by our determined attempts, became liberal one morning and instructed his official reporter, a kindly old gentleman named Sullivan, to allow us to invade his private transcript room.

In half an hour we had installed a remote control panel, Kenneth Ormiston had ordered the telephone company to install a direct line from Room 802 in the Hall of Justice to station KNX, where he is chief technician, and Earl had ordered a bevy of actors and actresses down to interpret the official

transcript. Then havoc burst loose about our heads.

Five men and three women were reading the transcript over the air by remote control to KNX—it was so real that everyone who missed the opening announcement thought it was coming from the courtroom itself.

City editors went into a green rage. They frantically phoned their reporters.

"Get that Radio News Service out of the Hall of Justice—they're broadcasting the Clark trial from the courtroom!"

With the natural detecting ability of news-hounds, a handful of newspaper men discovered our hide-out in 802. They broke open the door in the middle of a dramatization and flash light powders boomed while the startled actors and actresses were reading into the mike. Then came the headlines. "*Radio Broadcast Proves Fake!*"

They screamed the news to the world—while the dramatization continued—Judges, supervisors and other officials left their offices to hear the broadcasts over KNX. Radio was making history—telephone calls were pouring in to the Radio News Service stations, KNX and KMPC—for the first time in the history of radio broadcast, an official transcript of a real trial was going on the air! And the people were listening! Letters, telegrams, phone calls came down on KNX like an arctic blizzard.

As soon as sensational testimony was given, it went on the air. Stuart Buchanan, the KNK announcer, had entered into the spirit of the game and, as Prosecutor Joe Ford, his voice reflected the excitement he felt—the thrill of the bat-

[Turn to Page 44]



TONY VERDUCCI



PROF. OTTO VON BEERSTEIN



ANTHRACITE LINCOLN

CLAP HANDS

by Bob Lange

Here Comes CHARLIE!

FROM a squeaky-voiced, solemn-faced China boy, trading wisecracks with a darky impersonator, Charlie Lung has grown into a whole roomful of characters. He is a Chinese, a negro, a sissy, a German professor, a pug, an Irishman—Oh, why go on! He's anyone you ever heard of, and then some!

Times have changed for Charlie since he shared his program with a flock of phonograph records. At KGFJ he has become an institution. Charlie puts on his program with a concert on one hand, and a dance band on the other. A Master of Ceremonies charmingly introduces him . . . a fanfare . . . a roll of drums . . . a cymbal—and Lung is on! And after the program—"You have just heard Charlie Lung, the man of a hundred voices." Charlie Lung, reincarnated, with ninety-nine more voices at his command. There are still many who believe he has an assisting crew of impersonators to back it up. But depend on it, Charlie does it all himself.

He disappeared suddenly a while ago—was off the air for several months, and no one knew where he was. And as suddenly he popped on the scene again, with new gags, new ideas and a new enthusiasm. You see, there was a time there when Charlie was out of sorts, discouraged and soured on the whole world. But—there's a reason—and here is the story.

When Charlie faded from the picture, thousands thought he was down, but no one knew why. But they all cared, and that was the primary cause of his return.

Back in the "good old days," when a radio performer was simply "talent," and hadn't emerged into the stage known as "artist," Charlie got his start. In those days any man who could speak two dialects was considered phenomenal. Lung could speak excellent English, and could lay 'em in the corridors with his American slang a la Chinese. He chose as his comedy foil a synthetic colored gentleman.

The darky and Charlie made an ex-

cellent team, and were immediately accepted as something new in radio. They had been sponsored for exactly one year and nine months, when the Million Dollar theater in Los Angeles took them over as a nucleus for a stage show. Bids were received from movie companies, personal appearances were demanded, and the boys found themselves in the spotlight.

Charlie and his pal went over big at the Million Dollar. Out in front, in huge electric letters blazed the words "Charlie Lung—Radio Star DeLuxe." The first performance draw a capacity house . . . the show was stopped . . . curtain calls . . . Charlie was forced to return for an additional five minute skit, extemporaneously delivered to satisfy a full house. And after the show, Charlie found a tall, distinguished gentleman from Australia awaiting him in his dressing room with a contract for a tour of the Antipodes, at his own price.

And then something happened! For [Turn to Page 41]

MR. REGGIE FITZMAURICE



THE OLD SOAK



CHARLIE LUNG





CHARLIE LUNG

Here's one of the few pictures in existence of Charlie Lung as he really is—a good-looking, jovial chap. And in the inset—Anthracite Bituminous Lignite Lincoln, one of Charlie's famous impersonations.





An exciting moment in the life of the Wise Family, that household whose hilarious doings provide mirth for NBC Matinee audiences Monday and Wednesday afternoons.

To The LADIES!

by
Betty Sheldon

IF YOU want to please women—don't talk down to them!" Helen Margaret O'Neill speaking—between the acts of the NBC Matinee.

The pretty, twinkling-eyed producer of this gay, informal program which brings an hour of fast entertainment into the homes of NBC network listeners throughout the Pacific Division every week-day, knows her own sex as well as her microphone showmanship.

So when the idea of a program designed especially to reach the housewife in her own home every afternoon between the hours of two and three o'clock, was conceived some five months ago, Helen was appointed its producer.

"Let's give 'em a real show," said Helen, and she did. In one Matinee program, dialers may hear a humorous skit of domestic entanglements, a bit of grand opera, ballads or dance music—or perhaps all four of them. Hundreds of letters from appreciative listeners voice the response the program has gained in the short space it has been on

the air, and testify to the fact that the woman who spends the afternoon at home, likes her radio entertainment crisp and sparkling.

Monday and Wednesday afternoons, the doings of "the Wise Family" are featured in the Matinee. Mother and Father Wise, and their two modern children, hold dialers' interest with their life-like predicaments and pleasures, in this musical extravaganza. Sometimes it is a family dinner-table which is the setting for the realistic repartee of the household; sometimes a bridge party in the Wise home, or a day on the golf links provides the "plot." At any rate, the patter is sure to be swift, and the Wises are certain to burst into song somewhere during the act, which is sponsored by the Owl Drug Company.

Tuesday and Friday afternoons in the NBC Matinee program bring the strains of "The Old Oaken Bucket" as theme song of a singing act sponsored by the Pioneer Maple Products Company, and a bit of advice from a household science

expert, presented by the G. Washington Coffee Company, introduces a domestic life drama "over the coffee-cups."

Capt. Booth and his Sardine Fishermen hold the "spot" on Thursdays with the Wise Family. Sea-chanteys and tall tales of the sailor characters make the Booth program unique.

If the ether curtains could part like those on the stage, Matinee listeners would find one of the most versatile groups in radio behind the microphone.

Gail Taylor, soprano, Charles Ford and Gwynfi Jones, tenors, Harold Dana, baritone, and Leslie Brigham, basses, are the "singing actors" whose voices and acting are combined in most of the sketches. Capt. Bill Royle, NBC's popular "dialectician" is also a member of the Matinee cast.

Norman Field, well-known actor who recently joined the National Players, is Master of Ceremonies. Field, who was born in Montreal, came to the United States when he was a small child, and has spent most of his life-time on the legitimate stage in this country. He is

Dedicated to the American Housewife, the NBC Matinee Brings to Her Every Day a Spicy Hour of Variety and Entertainment



Helen O'Neill, NBC producer and creator of the Matinee.

the descendant of an interesting line of artists; his great-grandfather was a miniature-painter; his grandfather a landscape-painter and his father a portrait-painter.



Norman Fields, favorite of the legitimate stage and master of ceremonies on the Matinee.

Norman inherited enough of his ancestor's talent to make his stage characterizations famous for their realism and art. He was chosen for the post of Master of Ceremonies of the NBC Matinee out of a group of competing stars. His microphone manner, marked by the restraint of the finished actor, brings scores of letters from women listeners.

When Florence Reed returned to California recently to appear in "East of

Suez" she made just one stipulation with the management of the Fulton theater in Oakland—that Norman Field be her leading man. He played with her in "The Shanghai Gesture," appearing in the role of the Englishman, in that play, and the National Broadcasting Company loaned her "Taipan" as she still calls Field, for "East of Suez."

Gail Taylor, charming dark-haired, dark-eyed soprano, and Sarah Jordan, home science expert, are the only women to appear before the microphone in the Matinee, except for those occasions when Helen O'Neill can be persuaded to offer one of her inimitable piano-logues. Usually, however, Helen is kept busy with the job of producing the show, and Gail plays all the feminine leads in the Matinee skits. She is "Sister" in the Wise Family; the captain's daughter in "Captain Booth and his Sardine Fishermen," and she has discovered a flair for humor and character parts that she herself never suspected before.

Gail came to NBC soon after she left high school, and her voice has developed into one of the loveliest sopranos on the air. When she first became a radio star, Gail's ambition was to sing in musical comedy, and she has achieved it, for she sings the principal roles in many of the miniature musical comedies presented in the Matinee, as well as other NBC programs.

The Matinee Orchestra, a fourteen-piece group directed by Mahlon Merrick, is one of the most interesting features of the NBC Matinee. The conductor is an enthusiastic believer in mod-

ern melodic arrangements of classics, and there is always variety and color in the orchestral numbers he offers. Billy Cowles, who makes the arrangements and directs the vocalists, also is a thorough modernist, and he and Helen are gleeful over the fact that the Matinee artists and musicians can go from grand opera to "hot jazz" in the space of a few minutes' time.

"If we appeal to women listeners with this program, it is because of that fact as much as anything else," explains Helen. "The housewife isn't a definite type any more than the business woman is, so far as her entertainment tastes go.

"The woman whose vocation is homemaking likes her entertainment up to a high standard. She knows good music and she knows jazz, and she knows, too, when some radio program she hears has been obviously 'toned down' to a level of childishness, and if she resents it, she's right to do so.

"Ever since the NBC Matinee has been on the air, we have kept this in mind, and have tried to shape programs to meet the suggestions which come from the many women who write to tell us how much they like this song or that sketch. The stay-at-home woman is one of the most intelligent radio critics I know."

Best evidence of the NBC Matinee's popularity lies in the fact that so many women wrote to ask for a night program similar to it, that the Moonlight Matinee has been added to the NBC schedule, and is presented through the Pacific network every Wednesday night, between 9:30 and 10:30 o'clock.

RADIO TO THE

by E. H. Sanders

RADIO in the West, already credited with several important innovations and the development of some of the country's outstanding radio personalities, scored another "beat" on the rest of the country with the recent Hawaiian cruise of the Shell Happytimers on the S.S. Malolo—a project which skeptical eastern authorities discouraged from the start.

The Malolo Happytime Cruise marked the first time in the history of radio that a regular program was broadcast from a studio aboard a ship on the high seas.

I consider the outstanding success of the broadcasts a tribute to the judgment, initiative and technical knowledge of the West's radio executives. Not only were the programs remarkably free from distortion, but the signal was strong and several of the programs were comparable to land studio broadcasts, as regards quality.

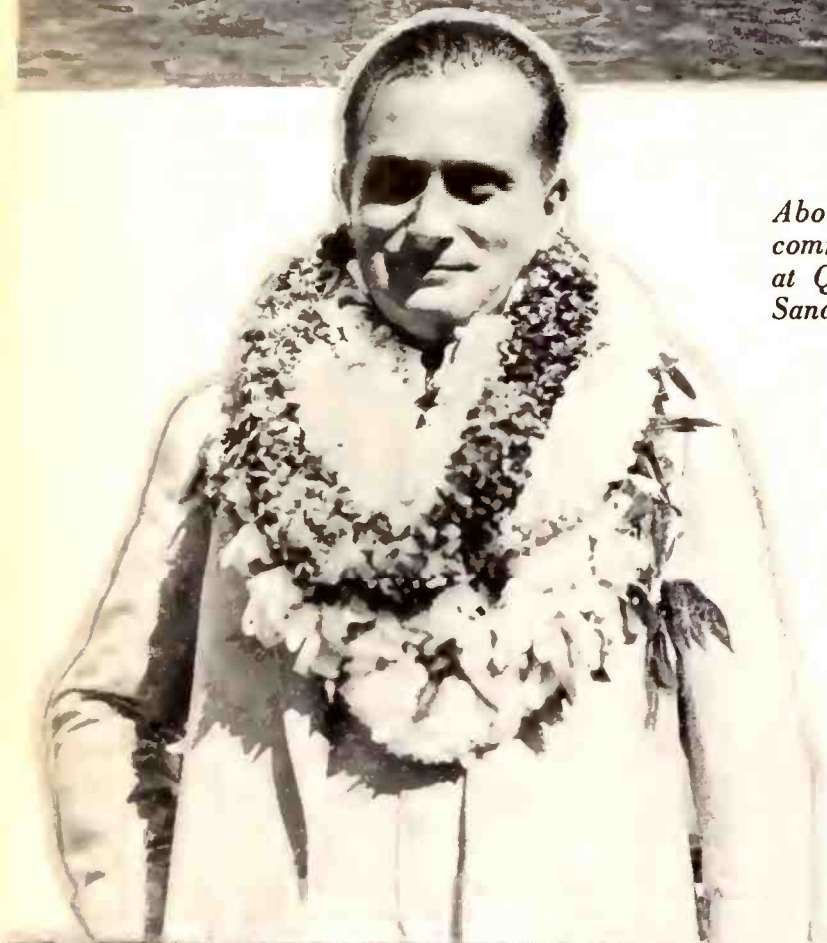
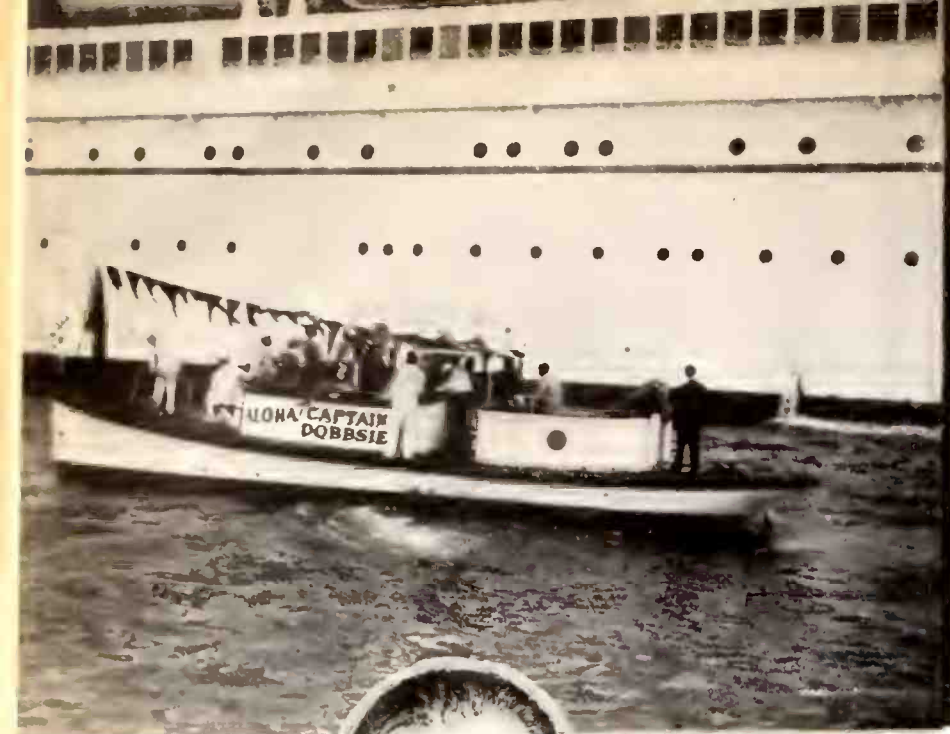
The ten broadcasts from the lounge of the Malolo provided a wealth of technical knowledge which will undoubtedly form the foundation for numerous experiments in the field of short wave transmission. In this connection I believe the cruise focused attention on the almost unlimited possibilities of radio as the common denominator of world relations. The radio has often been described as a potent force for the strengthening of international ties, but the reaction of the people of Hawaii to the undertaking gave some indication of how big a part short wave broadcasts may play some day in the development of new standards of fellowship among the peoples of the world.

Undertaken as a novel program feature and as a gesture of friendliness to the people who have brought us so much joyous entertainment, the Happytime cruise evolved into a public enterprise through which Pacific Coast and island residents established a new and wholesome neighborliness.

Heard in their daily broadcasts from the ship en route to Honolulu, Captain

Page Fourteen

Above, the official reception committee meets the Malolo at Quarantine. Left, E. H. Sanders, of the Shell Oil Company, who accompanied the Dobbsie gang to Hawaii. Below, The governor greets Dobbsie officially on the lawn of Iolani Palace.



TAKES HIGH SEAS

Dobbsie and his crew built up tremendous enthusiasm before they arrived. The ear-splitting ovation which they received upon arrival had hardly subsided before their commercial identity, as paid radio artists, had been completely forgotten and they were looked upon simply as San Franciscans, delegated by the Shell Oil Company to visit Hawaii as representatives of the people of the Pacific Coast.

During the two and one-half day stay in the islands the Happytimers had few idle moments. Between the formal receptions, the regular morning broadcasts and the programs put on especially for the islands, Dobbsie and his crew were entertained by the residents as personal friends and the enthusiasm for their work was sincere and inspiring.

Every event of the stay was chronicled in the Hawaiian press and record crowds attended every function. Although they worked hard, every member of the troupe was loathe to leave when the visit was ended. The send-off was another colorful spectacle and we left knowing that, not only had we won widespread support and appreciation for the company's program but that our hosts were conscious of a closer tie to the mainland.

I first discussed the cruise idea with the National Broadcasting Company three years ago. Because of technical and legal barriers, considered unsurmountable at that time, the project was dropped until January of this year. At that time I was still enthusiastic over the possibilities of the venture and NBC executives consented to renew negotiations. Radio Corporation of America and Radio Marine Corporation engineers were called in and the technical details were finally worked out.

A specially constructed 200-watt combination telephone and telegraph short wave transmitter was constructed and sent to San Francisco where it was installed aboard the Malolo by RCA and Radio Marine engineers. The facilities

[Turn to Page 38]



Above, the Malolo entering Honolulu Harbor. Right, Captain Hugh Barret Dobbs himself, all "lei-ed" out, and below, Dobbsie and a group of charming Hawaiian misses who welcomed the party.





WOMAN of ALL NATIONS

*So perfect are her impersonations
that listeners from many lands
claim her for their own*

by Roma Mills Orange

NOREEN GAMMILL — actress, writer, playwright and radio favorite, is one of the most talked of personalities in Hollywood. Because her eyes have an oriental slant, because her tongue can bring to life the Italian girl, the Irish colleen, the French mademoiselle, the Swedish maid, the girl with the English cockney accent, and the Jewish woman, the question of Noreen's nationality has long been unanswered.

It was to satisfy some of the questions her fans are asking that I went to call upon this versatile young person who brings such a wealth of amusement to the theatre of the air.

Knowing the variety of her successes in numerous fields, I was going over my brief and to the point questions as I went up the walk that leads to her English stucco home. For I visualized her typing madly as she answered my intruding questions.

I rang the bell and a maid told me that I would find Miss Gammill in the garden.

I walked carefully around the house so that my unannounced presence would not interrupt some witticism from her pen.

Then I saw her and stopped. She was on her knees digging with practiced hand. But not around the rose bushes.

"What on earth are you doing?" I blurted out.

For reply she smiled and held up a nice wriggly pink worm. I came nearer and watched her drop it into the mouth of a goldfish in the pool. The happy fish then waved its tail and was lost among the water bamboo and lily pads. The expression "poor fish" could never apply to the class Pisces in this pool. I could add another article to those

which have already been written about the Gammill pool. The pool is embanked with petrified wood, rocks brought from remote places and a most interesting Indian grain mixer into which the water drops sheer.

The word Indian recalled to me that it was said my hostess was part Indian. I noted her high cheek bones and wondered. As she continued to kneel by the pool, still talking to her pets, I thought she reminded me of some oriental doll to be found in a Chinese curio shop, for Noreen Gammill is very slim. She has dark wavy hair that somehow lends a charming mystery to her brown eyes in their oriental setting. Her skin is clear olive. Except for the deep red of her lips there is no color on the face that might have come from any one of many lands.

When she later mentioned going in to lunch I was surprised to know that a person with her numerous activities took time to eat luncheon. For I recalled that the creator of the "Album of Familiar Faces" and "Human Interest Word Pictures" was also a radio staff writer. That she was the author of numerous short stories and articles, as well as a book in 1927 "Character Monologues and Readings." The same year "Distinctive Selections for Young People and Children." In 1929 she published "Character Sketches."

And if I know my literary lettuce a peep into her study said there would be a book in 1931. On her desk I also saw a copy of one of her latest published plays, "Open Windows."

The sight of this play reminded me that she had charmed her audiences as a member of the "Woodward Players," "Louis Dean Players," "Iowa Out of Door Players," "Henry Duffy Players,"

and as a member of the "Junior Orpheum Circuit."

But as I sat across the table from her I reminded myself that it was for her fans of the air that I had come to ask questions about her work before the microphone.

I knew that her first audiences of the air were the radio fans of WDAF and WHB, Kansas City. This was in 1920 before the days of commercial programs. It was as a school girl that Noreen Gammill entertained with one-act plays, taking the part of all the actors, from memory.

Then she came to Los Angeles and KFI-KECA broadcast her popular sketches. Later, she sacrificed her radio work for a time, to finish a book, which will soon be published. And now her book is finished, and she is back on the air at KNX. She was recently chosen for the feminine parts in the Gleason and Armstrong "Knights of the Road" electrical transcription, and her first appearance in this series will be in the role of Oswald's mother and the "kid sister."

I asked her where she got all her ideas for her "Human Interest Sketches" and "Album of Familiar Faces."

She laughed and said that it was really her audience that gave her the idea for numerous ones. That for a time she had only ten sketches. These she gave in vaudeville and at night clubs, as well as over the radio. One day a woman telephoned and said that she wished Noreen Gammill would get some new sketches.

Noreen Gammill did. She has some two hundred now. It is not unusual for her to write four or five new sketches each week.

[Turn to Page 41]



NOREEN GAMMILL

*As "The Cockney"
And "The Old Gossip"*



She Has Lived in THREE WORLDS!

by James Warner

WERE you to meet her on the street, you'd say, "There is a cute girl—probably some co-ed out shopping."

And if you saw her in her studio giving a lesson, you'd think, "A gracious hostess—a charming artist."

But if she starts talking business—look out! She can out-discount, out-supply and out-demand some of your most seasoned business veterans without batting an eye.

If one were at all superstitious, he might imagine Maude Hughes to be some super-human being, a mysterious creature embodying three distinct individuals in one body. For she belongs to three worlds—business, art, and a personal little world of her own creation. She exists with equal success in each of the three.

I arrived at her cozy music studio a little early for our luncheon engagement, and she was just finishing a piano lesson. She noticed my entrance into the outer office, smiled and waved her hand to indicate that she would be through in a moment. That flashing

smile and comradely wave immediately made me feel as if I had dropped in to see an old friend. I felt I already knew her, although we had never met. Maude Hughes is like that. With the abandon of a little girl, she treats everyone as her friend, and one can't help liking her on sight.

Across the restaurant table she looked more like a little girl than ever. Tiny (she is five feet two, and weighs 104,) dark and shiny eyed, with two deep dimples framing her whole-hearted smile, she was then the co-ed on the shopping tour.

And as we talked, I witnessed and silently marvelled at the swift succession of changes that came over her as we discussed her life. *I talked to three persons when I talked with Maude Hughes!*

Naively she told of her girlhood days, when she started "taking piano." Like many children, she hated to practice, when the rest of the kids were out playing. Only the grim patience of her mother kept her at it; a patience that Maude is grateful for today.

When she entered high school, at Polytechnic, Los Angeles, for the first time music began to really "get in her blood." She practiced with a new vigor, born of a desire to be a master pianist. Soon she was being given special training by the musical director. She accompanied the school orchestra, and

appeared on every musical program. The sound background of harmony and classical training stood her in good stead when she began attacking popular pieces. And even from her modest description of her school activities it was evident that she was extremely popular. She was asked to join everything; she was prominent in girls' athletics, dramatics, and parties. Always ready for anything, good-humored and full of pep. "Bring Maude along—she's a lot of fun."

During the World War, when every able-bodied man was drafted, her father, who introduced a well-known automobile appliance to the market, was left without a sales manager. Immediately Maude's business personality showed itself. "Dad," she said, "I can handle that job. Anything any man can do, I can do." After much persuasion, her father consented. Maude made good, went out and gained business the firm had never dreamed of, handled the organization like a veteran, and when she turned the reins over to another a couple of years later, had increased the sales to 1250 daily, more than five times their former volume!

Her piano work was relegated to the background, although she still kept in constant practice. For several years, she was purely a business woman, and was prominent among automotive circles as one of the few women in the business. When the Cleveland automobile came out, and a courtesy campaign was inaugurated, Maude Hughes attracted much attention by driving around in a Cleveland, showing the

[Turn to Page 39]

Green and BLUE

*From a Family of Troupers
Comes Jane Green,
KFRC Blues Singer*

by
Margaret
Queeney



She tried out for big time and they turned her down . . . she swore she would someday be a headliner, and she was.

JANE GREEN, star of many revues and musical comedies, now scintillating before a KFRC microphone, came by her talent for entertainment honestly. It was right in the family. Her mother had played Topsy in Uncle Tom's Cabin hundreds of times. Her father was a musician. She had uncles in the circus business.

So little Jane wasn't compelled to blaze any new trails when she became interested in the show business in Los Angeles at the tender age of ten. Her home previous to that time had been Louisville, Kentucky.

During grammar and high school days Jane was active in musical and theatrical activities. After high school she walked into her first job, singing the popular songs of the day in a Los Angeles cafe known as "McKees." She smiles now when she confesses that she was only sixteen at the time.

It was experience she wanted and shortly afterward she tried out for the Orpheum circuit and was turned down. Right then and there Miss Jane Green decided she should headline over the Orpheum circuit before she was through just to show them a thing or

two. And Miss Jane Green did, for quite a few seasons, just that little thing. Determination is also one of her qualities.

While she was still at the cafe, Irene Castle and Anna Held saw her there and persuaded her to go to New York. The war happened along and Jane played the army camps of the country from coast to coast. It was Leon Errol who recommended her personable talents to Mr. Zeigfeld who booked her for the Zeigfeld Roof where she played a solid year. From then on engagements came thick and fast. Here are just a few to give you an idea: with John Murray Anderson in "What's in a Name;" on the Century Roof; with Eddie Cantor for three seasons; with Schubert's Bernard Collier Revue; at the Tent Cafe, in New York; headlined over Keith Orpheum for several seasons; played at the Kit Kat Club in London; was starred in the Greenwich Village Follies and was featured in several cafes in New York, Miami and Los Angeles. Now she has settled down to the quiet life of the radio.

Speaking of settling down, she was playing a radio engagement some two years ago when a young gentleman by

the name of Ron Wilson presented himself as her accompanist. Well, to phrase it in the rustic manner, the upshot of the whole affair was they got married soon after. Mr. Wilson, in addition to being a piano player, is also an aviator and has earned him the title of the "flying piano player." They have a Scotch terrier named "Jigger" who is being measured now for a parachute. Jane calls him "Jigger" because he is full of the old pep—the kind she puts into her songs.

She is just a little thing, five feet three inches tall (including French heels) and weighs in the vicinity of 118 pounds. Her eyes are brown. her hair reddish-blonde.

She likes to be active. She is fond of golf and swimming, also horseback riding. She has driven her own car for the past ten years. Now she is going in for aviation and the next thing we expect to hear is that she is commuting between San Francisco and Los Angeles for her programs on KFRC. The two weekly affairs in which she is featured are the Golden State Blue Monday Jamboree and the Thursday night Manhattan Reflections.



REGINALD SHARLAND

COMEDY ERRORS

A Blissfully Dim-Witted Jap and a Humor-less Britisher Are Frank Watanabe and Honorable Archie, Whose Comic Dialogues Delight KNX Listeners

DIALECTS from off the misty shores of two islands half a world from each other have traveled a circuitous and strange route to meet in California. The result of this strange marriage of the most cultured tongue in the world and that of the most polyglot of lingos is a comedy team which threatens to cut in on the popularity of the biggest of them all. It is time we introduce that far-famed pair: Frank Watanabe and the Hon. Archie, readers.

It will be best if we take the gentlemen up one at a time. Their nightly program over KNX has aroused so much comment that letters by the thousands flood in asking information about these two gentlemen who each eve at seven o'clock create more laughs than half of the other programs on the air together.

Let us consider the redoubtable Frank: that silver voiced, suave Oriental who has the humor of a Rabialias and the seriousness of a Bible class instructor.

Frank, in private life, is Edmund James Holden, son of the late E. J. Holden, contemporary of Theodore Roberts and John Drew. Edmund James, or Eddie as the boys and girls call him, was cradled in the arms of the theater. At the advanced age of four years he had his first experience, according to his own memoirs, at which time he gallantly waved the American Flag in a theatrical production written by his father to celebrate the winning of the Spanish American War.

Born in San Francisco and nurtured in the heart of that cosmopolis, Eddie attended its public schools and associated with a wide group of friends, among them a number of Japanese students, whose efforts to reproduce the

English language were at times pathetic and at other times quite laughable.

With a natural aptitude for imitation, it was not long before Eddie began making a studied effort to speak after the fashion of his slant-eyed compatriots of the class room. The odd incongruity of a few well chosen words, preferably as long and complicated as possible, delivered by a high and uncertain voice, was bound to make for humor. Eddie capitalized.

As the boy Holden grew into manhood, (these are his own words, readers) he found a romance in the shady, silent streets of San Francisco's Oriental section. He spent long hours lounging about in the dens of his friends, picking up not only their perverted rehash of the English tongue, but a certain amount of their true language.

The last fifteen years has seen many changes in the life of Eddie Holden. He has tried many things. It was in 1923 that he first went on the air. KFRC was to put on its initial program. The streets of 'Frisco were gone over with a fine toothed comb in an effort to find talent that could offer something out of the way.

Eddie was one of those found. As he puts it:

"Was I nervous? Yes, ma'am. I put on a comedy act. Was so scared by the cold, suspicious and one-eyed look of that mike that I kept forgetting things; kept repeating things. It was lucky it was a comedy act. Nobody knew I was making mistakes except myself. I was told afterward I had made a remarkably studied effort in taking the part of a backward child. It wasn't studied though—it was awfully, painfully natural."

After several years on the air, Holden created the character of Frank

Watanabe, that lovable Jap servant, who has entertained thousands, yes hundreds of thousands of radio fans in California and on the west coast.

For awhile Holden played his role on the Blue Monday Jamboree Program. But he grew ambitious. He wanted to find a spot of his own in the flickering light of the radio sun. He wanted to write continuity; to handle a regular program which would feature himself. He thought he had enough stuff to put over a real daily feature. You may judge from his recent successes whether or not he was right in the assumption.

His fame rapidly spreading over the

EDMUND HOLDEN



O F



by

Charles Turner



Every day finds Holden and Sharland tustling with their continuities and gags for the evening's act. They take turns at the typewriter (one finger method) and both contribute ideas. Perhaps you've noticed that the famous Holden mustache is no more. It have been shave off, yes mom!

entire West, and with his eye out for the possibility of making a more definite connection, Holden was in the right mood to receive a wire sent him by Naylor Rogers of KNX, asking if he would consider becoming a staff member of the Los Angeles station. And so he came south. Right here we shall leave Holden for a few seconds while we review the brief but meteoric career of his parner in comedy, the Hon. Archie.

The Hon. Archie—to his bankers and wife none other than Reginald Sharland—was born in Essex, which we will recall as being located in England. Reg is a dyed in the wool, honest to goodness Britisher. Even his accent is on the up-and-up. There's nothing faked about that tall, blond young Apollo. He's the real thing. He doesn't have to "put on" over the air. The part comes to him naturally. Every little accent has a meaning of its own; every little syllable has a background of the green hills of Surrey.

Reg, after the war, travelled far and wide. He played the stages of a hundred cities on a half dozen continents. His fine, steel-drawn figure, his clear eyes and charming looks combined with a natural talent for the theater made him excellent material for any production manager.

There were several years spent in Australia. It was on that far flung shore he first turned thoughts and talents to the world of radio. For awhile he sang: he announced, he wrote continuity, he played in dramatic roles and did everything but clean the office. Then the siren-like call of Hollywood cried out and Reg's large and well formed ears took in the notes of the languid song.

Sharland, like so many other fine Britishers, followed his eyes and ears and one fine day the dawn of California saw him decamping from the Southern Seas for the land of perpetual sunshine. Those first few months in Hollywood were hard ones. In time, however, Reg landed. Since those lean days of his ar-

rival, he has played with Fox, United Artists, RKO and Universal.

It was at a party, one of those Hollywood affairs you read about, that Eddie Holden and Reg Sharland first met. It was right after Holden had come to Los Angeles to put Frank Watanabe across. Someone, at this aforementioned party, introduced our two heroes to each other. Holden, as a jest, answered the introduction in his famous Jap dialect. Sharland was slightly shocked, but replied in his own broad English vernacular. Holden thought it was a gag and they continued their conversation. In no time at all everyone in the rom was roaring with laughter.

All this time, Reg Sharland was unaware that he was being taken for a ride. However, it didn't take him long to see it was all in god fun. Like the sport he is, he continued talking—naturally. He couldn't have made a better foil for a comedy stunt if he had tried.

Eddie Holden soon drew him into a corner and asked him about himself. Eddie explained about his act. He thought they might be able to get together and arrange a real program. Sharland, who was temporarily at leisure, agreed to give it a try.

The next afternoon, Holden called Naylor Rogers at KNX on the 'phone, told him he had a real program and wanted a fifteen minute period to try it out. Rogers was already sold on Holden as Frank Watanabe. So he agreed.

From the very go, the Holden-Sharland combination went over big. It was the start of a great idea. Since then seven months have elapsed. The story of those seven months is a book in itself.

Holden and Sharland do something few other performers on the air would attempt. They write their own continuity and, furthermore, don't write it until four o'clock of the day they go on. They go on at seven.

Eddie says there are several reasons for follwoing this schedule. First, the imprint is fresh in their minds. They don't have time to forget it. Secondly, it doesn't grow stale. They write it, and in an hour or so read it. Thus they are to maintain an actual interest. It is a sort of abstract thing, interest. But it is essential if there is to be a real feeling behind any program of entertainment.

The boys take turns at the type-
[Turn to Page 39]



DUGAN 'N' DAILEY



"FLAT FEET"

by
Kay Van Riper

*The Story of Two Lumbering, Quarreling, Lovable
Cops, Who Squabble Over a Nickel—Yet Would
Die For Each Other*

ONE day a man was walking down the street with a companion. Apparently his friend made a very stupid remark, for the other threw back his head and in mock dismay, cried, "Aw-w-w-w, Dugan!" The two KFWB staff members who witnessed this sight clutched each other in glee. Here at last was fame! For when the General Public uses a catch phrase from anything in everyday life, it is the final and conclusive proof of popularity! And "Aw-w-w-w, Dugan!" is the heart-rendering cry that Officer Dailey emits at his pal's stupidity, in Laird Doyle's Station house Saga, "Flat Feet."

These two Flat Feet, Dugan 'n' Dailey, who are on the air over KFWB every Saturday night at nine o'clock, have lumbered into the hearts of their listeners, ever since they made their first riotous appearance before KFWB's mike. There is something so human, so funny, and yet so pathetic about this pair who fight over a nickle between themselves, and yet who are the staunchest of pals. They always seem to arrest the wrong man, they always blunder, and yet, sometimes they have their innings, and save the day in true heroic style. Big, burly Dugan who is long on brawn and short on brains, and wiry little Dailey who works with his head, manage to get into and get out of situations that leave their disteners rocking with glee.

The creator of "Flat Feet" is, you might guess, a young Irishman, Laird Doyle. He is a Stanford graduate, an ex-newspaper man, a former war correspondent to China, and author of the radio features, "The Hoofers," a story of the ups and down of a theatrical couple, and "Tommy," the adventures of a young, wistful country boy. "Flat Feet" is a distinctly different type of writing from the other two, and like most hits, it just "happened." In a radio play about a year ago, Doyle used the character of an Irish cop, one Dugan by name, and Dugan walked off with all the laughs. Then came the idea for a series of comedies built around two policemen.

KFWB wanted a comedy feature, called Doyle in, listened to his idea, and said, "Fine. We'll try it out Saturday night." During the first performance, the stony-hearted technicians giggled, then collapsed in hysterics, the announcer had to be carried from the studio due to complete exhaustion from laughing, and the switch-board girl stayed over time to answer calls on the new feature. The try-out was pronounced a success.

Casting the two parts was another occurrence of a "lucky accident." Deep-voiced Cy Kendall, radio actor who looks just like he sounds, was immediately chosen for the part of Dugan. Then began the search for his complement, a perfect Dailey. Jack Joy, KFWB's production manager, tugged nervously at his moustache as he listened to applicant after applicant fumble through the lines; Author Doyle walked miles and wore out yards of carpet; Assistant Production Manager-Tenor Johnny Murray squirmed in his chair at the shoddy histrionics of the actors. Finally, Murray could stand it no longer; jumped up, and said, "Listen! This is the way that character is, as I see him!" And with quick, flashing gestures, and high-pitched staccato voice he read through the lines for one particularly stupid "ham." When he finished, both Joy and Doyle let out a warwhoop, pushed the actor out of the office, turned to Murray, and said—"You're hit. We've found Dailey!"

So the team of Dugan 'n' Dailey began. Now, there has to be a straight man in every comedy set-up. That was how The Sarg came into being. He sits at the desk, working out cross-word puzzles, answering the phone, and shooting sarcasm at Dugan 'n' Dailey, till the two officers discuss seriously the relative pleasures of boiling him in oil, or just hitting him on the head with something light, like, say the side of a barn, or a steam engine. It's The Sarg's relentless voice they hear, when cruising in their police car No. 13, the ether waves bring them a command that

always means more work. Dugan grumbles about being late to dinner, Dailey shudders at another hour in the company of Dugan's driving, but still The Sarg's voice spurs them on to their dooty! Since Jack Joy played the "heavy" in so many of KFWB dramas, he nobly offered his services as the villain in this series, and worked his cross-word puzzles with a vim! Sometimes his conscience hurts him for forever railing at his two helpless inferiors, and he complains bitterly to Doyle, but at this late date he is still at his old occupation—giving orders, and making nasty cracks!

As for the feminine interest, who could be better heroines than the loyal spouses of the two officers? "Kate Dailey" and "Mary Dugan" have about them the breath of the "ould sod." Hearing them, one pictures pink-cheeked, hearty women who cook and bake and raise their families and run their husbands with a firm, unyielding hand. And a good, Irish temper it is they have, too! Many a time has Patrick Dugan come in late to be greeted by the rolling pin, and many a time has Terence Daily rued the moment that he spoke out of turn!

Two character actresses, who deserve that most flattering and golden of terms in stage parlance, "good troopers," take the parts of Mrs. Dugan and Mrs. Dailey. Katherine Claire Ward, who used to be known as "The Thrush of Vaudeville," and who was the inspiration of that lilting tune, "The Strawberry Blonde," spreads the brogue on thick, as Mrs. Dailey, while Eileen O'Shaughnessey hurls torrents of abuse at her "husband," Patrick, when he practices on the cornet. Both actresses read their lines with a gusto and an Irish twinkle in their eyes, and go through their scenes so realistically that Katherine Claire Ward and Eileen O'Shaughnessey vanish into thin air, and only the vitriolic-tongued and staunch-hearted Mrs. Dugan and Mrs. Dailey remain!

As for the other characters of "Flat Feet"—well, no story would be complete
[Turn to Page 40]

Good Sam

*An Enigma to Skeptics—
A Thorn in the Side of
Orthodoxy — But No
Puzzle At All to the Poor*



*Ethel Duncan
waits table her-
self at her
Thanksgiving
dinners for the
poor.*

AT 2:30 one afternoon I stepped into Reverend Ethel Duncan's office for an interview. At 4:30 I stepped out of Reverend Duncan's office with an interview—and something else. I left with the conviction that she was one of the most remarkable women I have ever met.

She is an imposing figure—tall and large, with high, square shoulders, and an erect, dignified bearing that commands attention. Her face is refined and pleasant, and she speaks with a low throaty voice, that is hard to forget—a voice betraying the radiant, energetic personality that she is.

She first took me on an inspection tour of her offices. Originally her own residence, the swift growth of her activities necessitated her moving her personal belongings to another house, and devoting all the available space in the old one for her workers. It was a bee hive of activity. In each of the three large ground-floor rooms, formerly her parlor and dining room, are desks, typewriters, and long tables. There were eleven girls at work when I entered, seven of them lined up at a long table clacking away at typewriters. Three in the dining room were busy opening mail and filing letters. Stacks of mail stood on every desk and table, and the tops of the long rows of steel

filing cabinets were covered with baskets of envelopes waiting for attention. Cellar and attic were filled with them. Even the kitchen had been converted into a secretarial office, manned by a girl and a typewriter. Every drawer, every cupboard—even the old buffet, was filled to overflowing with letters.



ETHEL DUNCAN

The whole scene resembled some large, informal post-office, during rush season. Every individual was working like mad at her particular job. She has eighteen girl secretaries in the summer, and thirty-six in the winter.

Reverend Duncan explained each process to me as we went along. When the letters arrive, one girl does nothing else but classify them and stack them in their respective piles according to their contents. They are divided into eighteen possible groups—those asking for food, for advice, money for bills, letters of congratulation, questions for Mrs. Duncan to answer, either by radio or by mail, and many other classifications.

Another girl files the letters, turning those asking for help and advice over to one of her associates, and the other kinds to other girls. Each girl files her letters. The one who has the question letters for Reverend Duncan to answer opens the letter, and pins envelope and letter together. She then circles the actual question with a blue pencil, and passes the letters over to another secretary, whose sole duty is to write the initials of the writer in the upper left corner, to facilitate Mrs. Duncan's work in reading the initials and questions over the air.

Most of the letters are asking for help of some kind. As I watched the girl open the letters, I could see gas bills, doctor bills, glimpses of phrases such as "can't pay," "don't know how to meet it," "can you send something to help," and so on; each one a desperate plea for aid.

A few years ago, just before Christmas, Reverend Duncan, already well-known, bought a few minutes' time on station KFOX. She gave a brief plea for food and clothing to be distributed among needy families. She had hardly returned to her home from the broadcast when the gifts began to pour in. By noon the next day she had enough to fill a five-ton truck! Flour, shoes, fruit, potatoes—everything imaginable was given, and it took twenty-five of her volunteers in cars to distribute it among the poor at Christmas.

maritan

An Interview With
Rev. Ethel Duncan
by
Don Frank

She found that to successfully handle this ever-growing work, she needed a base of operations—a central location, where the work could be organized and operated efficiently. Quarters were obtained in a two-story frame building near the outskirts of Long Beach. Still the volume grew, and still the calls for help increased. A few months ago it was decided to open another Good Samaritan Relief Station, as she called her depot, and South Los Angeles, on Florence Avenue, was selected. Los Angeles Depot Number One was opened April 15 of this year. It is a two-story building, with 1800 square feet of space on each floor. The soup kitchen is on the main floor, and serves food from 11 a. m. to 3 p. m. daily. The first week nearly four hundred persons were served.

The second depot was opened May 2, a few miles north of Belvedere Gardens' business section. Both of these depots dispense clothing as well as food, and are equipped with clothing racks and shoe bins. Reverend Duncan plans to open several more of these depots in the future. There are no territorial restrictions to the Good Samaritan station, and persons from anywhere may apply for help.

The Good Samaritan, since October, 1930, has been an organization incorporated under the state laws of California. Since the date of incorporation an average of one hundred persons a day have been given a hot meal at the Long Beach station, and six hundred families every month have been provided with groceries and clothing. Since the new stations have been organized, the number has been tripled. The Good Samaritan is in no way connected with the Church of the Apostles, which Reverend Duncan also founded, two years ago.

The story of Ethel Duncan's life is bound up with poverty and service,

She is proud of her two grown sons, and they in turn are just as proud of their famous mother.



misunderstandings and—mystery. As I talked to her about her church, and her charity work, my curiosity about her "gift of prophecy" was constantly asserting itself. At last I asked her about it, and the story she told was a strange one. I pass it on for you to believe or not, as you like.



The Good Samaritan found this old woman alone in her hut. She hadn't eaten for four days.

She was born thirty-seven years ago in the little country town of Parkville, Missouri. While yet a baby she gave evidence of a divine gift—that of

prophecy. The gift was not understood by her parents, her relatives—and much less by herself. To this day she doesn't pretend to explain it.

Often her sudden outbursts of prophecy or opinions resulted in dire punishment at the hands of her parents. Many an unhappy hour was spent in a dark cellar room for an outspoken word to her elders. She believes much of this misunderstanding on the part of father and mother was due to her parents' religious difference. This difference was often aggravated by the small daughter, whom they began to look upon as "queer." Intent, serious, and questioning, she was torn between them. And out of it all came a deep desire to worship of her own will and in her own way, the God whom she believed had given her the power to see into the future, and put words of advice into her mouth when persons crossed her path.

One noon, with guests in the house, when Ethel was twelve, she looked suddenly at her father and said, "Father, before three o'clock today you will pass away. I see you lying on the table, a sheet over your face!" Her indignant father sent her away from the dinner table, with the threat that he would punish her later. It was the last she

[Turn to Page 38]



Keeper of the PIG

*With His Family of Radio Porkers,
Harry Jackson Entertains the Kids
and at the Same Time Molds Their
Characters*

A CHEERFUL tattoo, employing a few bars from "Jubilio," suggestive of some elfin dance. With this introduction "The Little Pig" is on the air!

Of course, "The Little Pig," "His Sister," "His Mother," and his little playmate, "Aliwishus" the giraffe, are all mythical animals, but they are cheerful, lovable and most entertaining.

This unseen menagerie, with their quaint music and dances, under the direction of Harry A. Jackson, are doing a great good with youthful listeners these days. Harry is the originator of this animal group, and now, as musical director of KFAC, is using the built-up lore of his tiny porkers as child-interest to teach a very valuable truth to his youthful audience.

Always ingenious, Harry has organized and operates a "Whoa Bill Club," with a registered membership of several thousand children. To obtain membership a child must write to "The Little Pig," in care of KFAC, testifying to his

or her observance of the club's rules and by-laws.

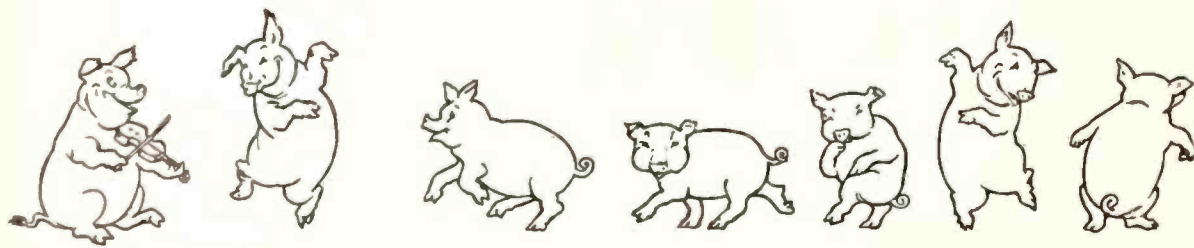
These rules are simple, but far-reaching in effect, they encourage a child to overcome the "spoiled child" habits and instead of crying over each petty injury or disappointment, seeking the solace and sympathy of busy parents, they merely say, "Whoa Bill," and carry on, knowing it is more manly or womanly to be brave and not keep mothers and fathers continually in "hot water" worrying unnecessarily about them.

In mute testimony to the number of adherents to "The Little Pig's" teachings, are file after file of letters received from children to parents, telling of many childishly tragic mishaps which were bravely passed over and forgotten by mention of the club formula, "Whoa Bill," in place of crying.

This children's feature is broadcast daily over KFAC from 5:30 to 6:00 p. m., during which period Harry plays tunes dear to the hearts of children,

furnishing music with his violin, an instrument on which he is recognized as a master. At times he plays "Mother Goose" jingles and various children's size records with little catchy songs and dance tunes for their amusement, always keeping them cheerful and happy, looking at the sunny side of things. Then on some occasions he employs his elaborate sound-effect table and takes them on long jaunts (over the air,) to various points of interest to children, weaving clever continuity into the trip for their edification.

Harry A. Jackson, known over KFAC for more than three years as "The Keeper of the Pig," has been drawn to KFAC through his long friendship with John W. Swallow, vice-president and general manager of Los Angeles Broadcasting Company.



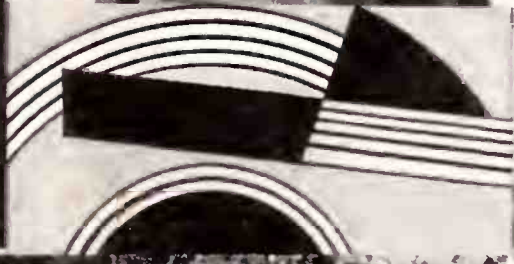


On the left, Clarence Tolman, cowboy tenor deluxe, who charms his listeners with songs of the old plains. He belongs to Dobbsie's gang.



Victor Rodman, above, never played a piano, but here he is, taking it upon himself to instruct some of KJO's talented staff of songbirds.

Who would ever guess that the demure little miss at the right was Lee Morse, whose deep mellow voice has delighted thousands, on both records and on the air.



The beautiful modernistic new studio of KTM, with Jack Dunn's band and his vocal trio before the mike. Who couldn't sing in such marvelous surroundings?

Write your own caption for Al and Cal Pearce, the KFRC brother-artists. There's too much to be said about them for a little space like this.



Here's a gang we know you've been wanting to meet. The Lofner-Harris St. Francis Hotel Orchestra. Carol Lofner (who changed the spelling from "Laughner" so it would be pronounced correctly) is at the piano, and his partner, Phil "What A Voice" Harris, presides at the drums.

Oh! Oh! You might have known that the Boswell Sisters were honeys. Top to bottom, Martha, Connie and Vet. Shout, Sister, Shout! There really isn't any choice here. Julia and Ruth Paull, CBS guest artists, would run a close race in any beauty contest.



WEBER and Fields! A magic title 30 years ago in vaudeville, and now a magic title in radio. It seems as if we should take off our hats to these two old troupers, who have maintained such unequalled popularity through two generations of amusement seekers, and who now are better than ever in today's most wonderful field of entertainment. They appeared on the Lucky Strike NBC program recently and the response was so great that they have been engaged for all three nights, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Hot weather notes from KHJ: Program committee meeting at 9:30 a.m., decided to discuss business at lunch. Program committee meeting at lunch, decided to discuss business at dinner. Program committee meeting at dinner, decided to discuss business over at Ted Osborne's house after the Merrymakers. Program committee meeting over at Ted Osborne's house after the Merrymakers, can't remember what business there was to discuss. Dick Creedon asleep with his brow in a half an iced cantaloupe. "Wish-You-Was-Here" cards from vacationing members of staff.

CHATTER

KELW is going to have a hall of fame in its studio offices. Famous men and women of radio will be asked to place their picture or statuette in the collection. But the old meanies over at KELW have made it plain in a special announcement that "radio editors are automatically barred from contributing their likenesses to the exhibit." Well, (business of sticking tongue out) we weren't going to send anything, anyhow! So there!

Whispering Jack Smith, after a triumphal tour of England, is back on the air over Columbia. It was a happy choice of songs that he picked for his first broadcast, his numbers including "Knee Deep in Daisies" and "Cecilia," which he introduced five or six years ago. It was Jack's rendition of these songs that skyrocketed him to fame and created a new vogue in singing—the whispering type that has so often been imitated since.

Helms and Harkins, the "Tuneful Two," heard daily in hits and bits of harmony over KOMO, Seattle, go decidedly goofy twice weekly as they wise-crack the whims and whams of "Little Elmer." These hokesters forsook the show business for radio and have found themselves in the right church and the right pew.



With a big swell grand opening, KTM moved into its brand new studio next to the Rainbow Gardens Ball Room, on Vermont Ave., Los Angeles. The entire studio staff turned out to make the opening a success, souvenirs were given to the visitors, and on the whole, it was a rip-roaring, memorable occasion.

The new studio is marvelous. Everything is designed modernistically, all of the furnishings and fixtures are new and luxurious. From the beautiful garden patio visitors may sit and watch the broadcasts through huge plate glass. The furniture inside the studio is modernistic, and color combinations in paintings and decorations are rich in black, gold and silver. The whole place has been scientifically constructed for perfect acoustics, from the ceiling to the heavy carpets on the floor, which are inset with rubber.

A week before the dedication of the new studios, KTM was officially represented in the Women's National Air Derby by Mildred Morgan, in her Travelair plane, "Radio KTM". The mother of four-year-old twin girls and a son, five, Mrs. Morgan left the select circle of Beverly Hills to enter the race for the second time. Last year, you remember, she took second place. She is chief of staff of the Ninth Corps Area of the Betsy Ross Corps, National Women's Air Reserve, incidentally. She plans to leave soon on a cross-continental recruiting tour.

Perhaps you've noticed the picture of Bing Crosby, the one and only, on the contents page of this issue. There's a reason—ever since he disappeared from the air, after leaving the Cocoanut Grove, several letters a day have been coming in, asking "Where, Oh Where, is Bing?". And the announcement from CBS that he was now a member of their staff came as a big relief. He is on CBS at 7:00 p.m. every night except Sunday. If you didn't hear him on his opening night it was because he had a sore throat and couldn't warble.

Dope on Morton Downey: He punctuates almost every sentence by knocking wood . . . favors a slouch hat and turned up coat collar . . . raises police dogs . . . raspberry ice is his favorite dessert . . . fears old age . . . is five feet ten inches tall, weighs 170 . . . carries good-luck charms on both ends of a watchless watch chain . . . when nervous bites the nails of only the thumb or

From This Studio and That

forefinger of his right hand . . . is nervous when someone else is driving . . . when he is driving everyone is nervous . . . can (pause for breath) memorize music and lyrics of a song at a glance . . . is very ticklish . . . loves Irish jokes . . . calls the waiter with a loud "pst-pst" continually jingles coins in his pockets . . . Whoa! That's Morton Downey.

The Three Doctors—Pratt, Sherman, and Rudolph, never rehearse a program. Everything they say is actually impromptu, and they never know until a few minutes before they go on what they will talk about. They are probably the most famous trio of "ad-libbers" on the air. Pratt and Sherman grew up together in Appleton, Wis., Rudolph joined them in Chicago.

Clarence Talbot, diminutive six foot, four inch KGA announcer, in addition to working on the studio staff is completing his senior year in high school, and acts as drum major in the high school band. In full regalia, with three-foot hat, "Little Clarence" towers over the rest of the organization. Wonder what he's going to do when he grows up?

Visiting KFWI recently, a typical old-timer demanded to see "this here Al Cook and his Oklahoma Cow-boys." He said he was convinced that Al was a buddy of his in the old days on the plains. When the curtains were drawn so the artists could be seen from the guest lobby, the old codger nearly had a stroke, for the average age of Al and the boys, despite their convincing drawls and mannerisms, is exactly 19 years, three months, and eight days!

The collection of tin cans, empty barrels, broken dishes, pieces of glass, beads, whistles, auto horns and even large wooden spools used by the telephone companies for winding cables, occupy about 20 per cent of the daily life of Anna Maude Morath of the KFOX players and she is continually on the look-out for anything that might make a good sound effect. About 20 per cent more of her time is taken up in preparing and filing the scripts of the plays used, another 20 per cent in



Adele Burian and Virginia Spencer, KYA artists, croon a little lullaby to a baby airplane at the Curtiss-Wright airport, near San Mateo.

playing the leading parts in plays, 20 per cent is devoted to doing secretarial work for Hal Nichols, and what there is left of her time the young lady has to care for her earthly needs. How she retains that striking beauty, the sparkle in those black eyes and the gloss to her lovely long black hair, is a mystery.

These baby carriage effects that some of these sporty phaetons effect are all right in some cases, but take Paul Whiteman, for instance. Paul has one of these phaetons and uses it to ride back and forth from the Edgewater Beach hotel to the NBC studios for his broadcasts. One observing member of the staff noticed that Paul always rode in the front seat, riding grandly along beside his chauffeur. One day he asked, "Paul, why do you always ride in the front seat?"

"Well, it's this way." And the genial King of Jazz got into the back

seat of his gorgeous car, sat down, and began to pull the lid down, which makes the back of the car look like an Eskimo Kyack.

And with Paul in the seat, it just wouldn't go down! "There, do you see now?" asked the maestro with a grin.

Jacques Renard, the rotund director of the Camel Quarter Hour orchestra, tips the scales at 275 pounds. He once melted away 64 pounds at Hot Springs, Ark., in two months—but gained it back in one month. Wears horn-rimmed specs, easily wilts in hot weather, prefers airplanes to railroads, raw prunes are his favorite fruit, vegetable and meat (he usually carries a box around with him), is married and has three daughters and a son, never keeps appointments on time, welcomes criticism of his musical programs, is sentimental and generous. Get the picture?

[Next Page]

MORE CHATTER

Apparently the West is going to have a big double NBC network, as they have in the East. Don Gilman, head man in charge of the Pacific Division of NBC, delved into his jeans the other day, hauled off and bought out the Northwest Broadcasting System, consisting of stations KJR, Seattle; KEX, Portland; KGA, Spokane; and KYA, San Francisco. Looks as if he were going to hang on to them personally awhile, though, before making any arrangements with the NBC National Chain.

Winnie Fields Moore, for the first time since her debut at KFI several years ago, is going to loosen up and tell the folks about some of her thrilling adventures on her world travels. Dark nights in Egypt, slimy narrow alley ways, opium dens and tortures de luxe in China, uncharted islands inhabited by savages—gosh! That gal must have been around. And she's spilling it in her own charming way over KECA Wednesday and Friday afternoons at five.

In the old days nearly everyone played some sort of instrument or other, from a jew's harp to a mandolin—and took a big pride in it. But now it seems we're too lazy, or something. We've often wondered why someone didn't start a crusade to make everyone play an instrument, and lo and behold, somebody has! The Southern California Music Company has inaugurated a new program, called the "Everybody Play Hour", over KFAC each Monday and Friday evening, in which the good old simple instruments are featured in an attempt to revive interest in personal music-making. So get out your old mandolin, put some new strings on it, or go up in the attic and take out the harmonica, and "Everybody Play."

Doggone it, there ought to be something done about this. During a week-end visit to the beach, Kate Smith, the Swanee Girl, was writing a few "Wish you were here" cards to her friends, and stepped away from the hotel desk a moment. When she returned, she found that her ensemble coat, which she had laid down, was missing. A thorough search failed to locate it, and Kate returned to the city sans coat. A few days later this letter arrived:

"Dear Miss Smith—

"I feel you ought to know what happened to your blue coat. I have

a fondness for collecting souvenirs of my favorite celebrities, and had watched you for several hours, waiting to add something that belonged to you to my collection. I hope you won't mind. Good luck to you.

"An Admirer."

Seth Parker's comin' to see us, folks! He and his "githerin" are all set for a nation-wide stage tour, beginning the first week in October, that will take them first to Canada, through eastern cities, then to Denver, Salt Lake, Seattle, Portland, San Francisco, Los Angeles and San Diego. The tour will end at Miami, Fla., December 15, where the Jonesport folks will take a boat for New York. His act will consist of the usual evening "sings", and rural philosophy, that have made him loved by millions.

Well, ladies, cheer up. Rudy Vallee, crooner extraordinary, will be with you over NBC for some time to come, at least. He has just signed a new contract for another three years, exclusively with the National Broadcasting Company. His contract will run until March, 1934, so until then, mesdames, your Vagabond Radio Lover will continue. Incidentally, a recent popularity contest found Rudy in the lead, with 6000 votes more than his nearest competitor, Ted Weems.

It looks as though people were laughing more than they used to. At least, from a survey made by the Columbia Broadcasting System, it was found that comedy and humorous dialogues during the first six months of this year showed a greater increase in the number of hours they occupy on the air than any other type of CBS program. In January they occupied 1.16 per cent of the total time, and in June they took up 2 per cent.

Harrison Holliway, the Second, son of Harrison Holliway, KFRC's manager, disrupted broadcasting for a brief period the other day when he visited the station. It was quite an occasion for him—his first birthday. He was accompanied by his mother, the former Juliette Dunn, radio artist.

Some KFRC True Confessions: Tommy Harris has a favorite author, none other than O. Henry; Earl Towner, musical director for Feminine Fancies, has admitted (under very strong pressure),

that his favorite reading comes under the head of mystery and detective yarns; one of Bill Wright's admirers, hearing of his penchant for cigars, sent him one a foot long; Chester Smith, guitarist, who has a reputation for punctuality, attributes it to his fondness for clocked hose.

Now here's a "believe it or not" for you. Kolia Levienne, KOMO cello, has a story about the time his cello saved his life. It seems Kolia spent an evening with a friend in Petrograd, where he was attending the conservatory, and they played chess. After the game, on his way home, Levienne took a short-cut home across the frozen Neva river. In the darkness he fell into a crack in the ice, and if it hadn't been for the cello, which straddled the hole, he'd have been drowned. "And the best part of it all is", related Kolia, "the tone of the cello was not impaired one bit."

Speaking of television, Colonel Stoopnagle of CBS fame, was asked by a friend the other day what he thought of the new art. "Well", replied the Colonel . . . and just then the beautiful and blonde Harriet Lee, contralto, passed by . . . "I don't know much about it, but I certainly can tell-a-vision when I see one." Well, we had to put something in here, didn't we?

You can talk all you want about your "fake" cowboys, "Radio Rough-Riders" and other wild-west heroes of the air that don't know a halter from a corral, but we've got the lowdown on one who is the real thing. The "Old Timer", who tells such absorbing tales on the "Empire Builders", is really Harvey Hays. This summer he has been all dolled up in his old cow-puncher regalia and conducted tours of visitors through Glacier National Park on horseback. We have a darn good snapshot of Harvey, but it wouldn't reproduce well for publication. But he looks swell on a horse, and seems as much at home as an old cow hand.

If his dad hadn't fired him, it's ten to one Tommy Harris, popular KFRC song bird, would have still been selling bananas and apples in the family wholesale fruit business. Pa Harris, however, figured that his young hopeful would learn more of life by working for someone else, so handed him the blue envelope. Tommy went up to KFRC for a tryout, and was accepted. His first success was on the Happy-Go-Lucky Hour.

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. HOLlywood 0315
 - KFWI—San Francisco. FRanklin 0200

- KFXM—San Bernardino, Calif. 4761
- KGA—Spokane, Wash. FRanklin 6151
- KGB—San Diego, Calif. FRanklin 6151-2-3
- KGDM—Stockton, Calif.
- KGEF—Los Angeles. WEStmore 8887
- KGER—Long Beach, Calif. 632-75
- KGFJ—Los Angeles. WEStmore 7788
- †KGO—San Francisco. SUtter 1920
- †KGW—Portland, Ore. ATwater 2121
- §KHJ—Los Angeles. VAndike 7111
- †KHQ—Spokane, Wash. MAIn 5383
- KJBS—San Francisco. ORdway 4148
- KJR—Seattle, Wash. SEneca 1515
- KLX—Oakland, Calif. LAkeside 6000
- §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. GARfield 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. RIthmse 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

DAILY TIPS

HOT TIPS

6:00 AM—Early Birds. News. KGA
 6:45 AM—Bill Sharples and His Gang. KNX
 7:00 AM—Ken Niles. News Briefs and Records. KHJ (Ex. Sun.)
 7:45 AM—Van & Don, the two professors. KHQ KFI KOMO KGW KPO KFSD KTAR KOA (Ex. Sun.)
 8:00 AM—Shell Happy Time with Hugh Barrett Dobbs. KHQ KFI KOMO KFW KPO (Ex. Sun.)
 8:00 AM—Hallelujah Hour. KHJ KVI KGB KFRC KOL KWG. Don Lee System. (Ex. Sun.)
 9:00 AM—Dobbsie's Birthday Party. KPO (Ex. Sun.)
 9:30 AM—Vermont Lumberjacks. Ted Maxwell and Charlie Marshall. KGO (Ex. Sun. Thurs. & Sat.)
 10:00 AM—Herb Scharlin, Soloist. KGFJ
 10:30 AM—Woman's Magazine of the Air. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KPO KFSD KTAR KSL KOA (Ex. Sun.)
 10:30 AM—Kate Brew Vaughn. KNX (Ex. Sun.)
 11:30 AM—Charlie Lung, Chinese Hillbillies. KGFJ (Ex. Sun.)
 11:30 AM—Rango. KGER (Ex. Sun.)
 12 Noon—Mid-day Request Program. KGA (Ex. Sun.)
 12:30 PM—World Wide News. KHJ (Ex. Sun.)
 2:00 PM—Happy Go Lucky Hour. KFRC KHJ KGB (Don Lee System) (Ex. Sat. & Sun.)
 2:30 PM—Art Wilson, singing moods. KTM (Ex. Sun.)
 3:00 PM—Feminine Fancies. KFRC KGB. (Don Lee System.)
 5:30 PM—Harry Jackson and His Little Pig. KFAC (Ex. Sun.)
 6:00 PM—The Silver Liners. KTAB (Ex. Sun.)
 6:45 PM—Cecil and Sally for the May Co. KFWB (Ex. Sun.)
 7:00 PM—Amos and Andy. KGO KECA KHQ KOMO KGW KFSD (Ex. Sun.)
 7:00 PM—Frank Watanabe and Honorable
 7:00 PM—Bing Crosby. Songs. C.B.S. (Ex. Sun.)
 Archie. KNX (Ex. Sun.)
 7:00 PM—Charlie Lung. KGFJ (Ex. Sun.)
 7:30 PM—Camel Quarter Hour. CBS (Ex. Sun.)
 7:45 PM—Cecil & Sally for S. & W. KPO (Ex. Sun.)
 7:45 PM—Chandu. KHJ KFOX (Ex. Sun. & Mon.)
 8:00 PM—"On With the Show." KYA
 8:00 PM—Adventures of Black and Blue. KHJ KOL KFRC KGB KFPY KOIN KVI (Ex. Sun.) KFOX (Ex. Sun. & Mon.)
 8:00 PM—Gleason and Armstrong in Knights of the Road. KFWB. (Ex. Sun.)
 9:00 PM—Rev. Ethel Duncan. KNX (Ex. Sun.)
 10:00 PM—Richfield News: Sam Hays. (Ex. Sun.)
 10:00 PM—Bill Hogan and Biltmore Hotel Orchestra. Los Angeles, KHJ
 10:00 PM—Gus Arnheim and His Cocoanut Grove Orchestra. KFWB (Ex. Sun.)
 10:00 PM—Anson Weeks and His Orchestra. KFRC KGB
 11:00 PM—Hotel St. Francis Drake Orchestra. NBC (Ex. Sun.)
 11:00 PM—New Paris Inn—Singing Waiters. KNX (Ex. Sun.)
 12:00 PM—Midnight Moods. Organ. KHJ
 12:00 PM—Dedication Hour. KFWB

SUNDAY

7:00 AM—Bill Sharples and His Gang. KNX
 8:00 AM—Sunday Times Comics. KHJ
 8:30 AM—International Broadcast. KHJ KFRC KGB KVI KOL KLZ (CBS)
 9:00 AM—Breakfast with Sperry. KHQ KOMO KGW KPO KFI KFSD (NBC)
 9:30 AM—Maude Hughes and Chuck Mandel—two pianos. KMTR
 10:15 AM—Helen Guest, Ballads. KFI
 10:30 AM—Yeast Foamers. KHQ KOMO KGW KPO KECA KFSD KTAR (NBC)
 10:55 AM—Morning Service. Pasadena Presbyterian Church. KPPC
 11:00 AM—The Friendly Hour. KHQ KGW
 12 Noon—Cathedral Hour. KHJ KGB KOL KVI KFPY KDYL KLZ KOH (CBS)
 12 Noon—National Sunday Forum. KHQ KGW KPO KOMO
 1:00 PM—Sabbath Reveries. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KTAR
 1:30 PM—Rhythm Kings Dance Band. KGDM Stockton
 1:30 PM—Baseball games. KFWB
 2:00 PM—Catholic Hour. KECA KHQ KOMO KGW KPO KTAR
 2:00 PM—Chicago Knights. KOL KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KDYL KOH KGB (CBS)
 2:30 PM—Sacred Concert. KTM
 3:00 PM—Organ Concert, Dr. Stewart. KFSD (NBC)
 3:45 PM—The Boswell Sisters. Connie, Martha, Vet. KVOR, KMJ KVI KGW KOL KFPY KFRC KHJ KGB
 6:30 PM—Dr. Abel, Hollywood Humanist Society. KNX
 6:45 PM—Sunday at Seth Parker's. KGO KGW KECA KFSD KTAR (NBC)
 7:00 PM—Burr McIntosh, "The Cheerful Philosopher." KFWB
 8:00 PM—First Presbyterian Church of Hollywood. KNX
 10:00 PM—World Wide News. KHJ
 11:00 PM—The Vagabonds. Betty Kelly and Ted White. KGO KFI (NBC)

MONDAY

10:00 AM—Prudence Penny. Home Economic Expert. KFWB
 11:00 AM—Friendly Hour. (NBC) KSL
 11:30 AM—Victor Rodman, dramatic reading. KPO
 11:30 AM—Press Telegram News Report. KFOX
 11:30 AM—The Three Doctors. KVOR KFBK KMJ KVI KHJ KGW KGB KFPY KFRC KOL KDYL
 12 Noon—Mid-day Request Program. KGA
 1:30 PM—Times Forum. KHJ
 2:00 PM—The Bookworm. KNX
 2:15 PM—Kate Smith and Her Swanee Music. KVOR KDYL KLZ KOH
 4:30 PM—Nip and Tuck, two pianos. KFWB
 4:45 PM—Elvia Allman and Nell Larson. Surprise girls. KHJ
 5:00 PM—Big Brother Ken. KNX
 5:00 PM—Harmony Hawaiians. KGFJ
 5:45 PM—The Globe Trotter. KMTR
 7:30 PM—MJB "Demi-Tasse" Revue. Gus Arnheim. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR KSL KOA
 8:00 PM—Blue Monday Jamboree. KFRC KHJ KVI KGB (Don Lee System)

8:30 PM—The Modern Mummers. Playlet. KFXM
 9:00 PM—Concert Group. KHQ.
 9:00 PM—Vic Meyers' Orchestra. (NWBS) KGA

TUESDAY

7:30 AM—Morning Cuckoo Club. KOIN
 8:00 AM—Syncopated Headlines. KGA KJR (NWBS)
 9:45 AM—Piano Capers. KGO KGW
 10:00 AM—Blanche Wood's Shopping Tour. KGB
 10:00 AM—Price Dunlavy. Vitaphone Organ. KFWB
 11:00 AM—The Rustlers. KMTR
 11:30 AM—The Three Doctors. KVOR KFBK KMJ KVI KHJ KWJ KFPY KFRC KGB KDYL
 11:45 AM—The Three Co-eds. KFI
 12 Noon—Mid-day Request Program. KGA
 1:15 PM—Christene Stafford, Blues Songs. KGER
 1:30 PM—Times Forum. KHJ
 3:30 PM—Smilin' Sam from Alabam'. KGA KEX KJR
 3:30 PM—Louis Teegarden. Popular Fiction. KFWB
 3:45 PM—Back of the News in Washington. KGO KOMO KECA KFSD KSL
 4:00 PM—The Three Co-eds. KECA
 4:30 PM—Nip and Tuck. KFWB
 5:30 PM—Nick Harris. KFI
 5:45 PM—The Globe Trotter. KMTR
 6:15 PM—Tom and Wash. KNX
 7:15 PM—Sperry Smiles. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KECA KFSD
 8:15 PM—Memory Lane. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR
 8:30 PM—Gilmore Circus. KNX
 8:30 PM—Herb Scharlin. KGFJ
 8:45 PM—"D-17, Emperor," James Carden and cast. KFI
 10:00 PM—Moonlight Melodies; Bursett Bros. KGA KJR KEX (NWBS)
 12:00 PM—Pipe Organ. J. Newton Yates. KFVD

WEDNESDAY

7:30 AM—Morning Cuckoo Club. KOIN
 8:00 AM—Breakfast Club Program. KFWB
 9:00 AM—Helpful Hints to Housewives. KFI
 10:00 AM—Blanche Woods Shopping Tour. KGB
 10:00 AM—Price Dunlavy. Vitaphone Organ. KFWB
 11:00 AM—The Rustlers. KMTR
 11:00 AM—Jack Carter, The Boy from London. KNX
 11:30 AM—Tom and Dudd. KPO
 11:30 AM—The Three Doctors. KVOR KFBK KMJ KVI KHJ KWJ KFRC KFPY
 12 Noon—Mid-day Request Program. KGA
 1:15 PM—Christene Stafford, Blues Singer. KGER
 1:30 PM—Times Forum. KHJ KECA
 3:30 PM—Louis Teegarden. Popular Fiction. KFWB
 4:30 PM—Cowboy Kids. KGO KGW
 5:00 PM—Big Brother Ken. KNX
 5:45 PM—The Globe Trotter. KMTR
 6:00 PM—Sperry Smiles. KPO
 6:15 PM—Tom and Wash. KNX
 7:30 PM—Chimes. 7:45—Midweek Service. KPPC
 7:30 PM—Demi-Tasse Revue. Gus Arnheim's Ambassador Hotel Orch. Loyce Whiteman. Donald Novis, Dave Marshall. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR KSL

BY THE DAY and WEEK

8:15 PM—Rin-Tin-Tin Thriller, dramatic sketch. KHQ KOMO KGW KPO KFI KFSD KTAR
8:30 PM—Herb Scharlin. KGFJ
9:00 PM—Bob and Harriet. KHJ
10:00 PM—Moonlight Melodies. KGA KEX KJR (NWBS)
10:00 PM—Gruen Answer Man. KFRC
12:00 PM—Pipe Organ. J. Newton Yates. KFVD

THURSDAY

7:30 AM—Morning Cuckoo Club. KOIN
9:30 AM—Helen Guest, Ballads. KFI
9:30 AM—Price Dunlavy. Vitaphone Organ. KFVB
11:00 AM—The Rustlers. KMTR
11:30 AM—The Three Doctors. KVOR KFBK KMJ KVI KHJ KKW KFPY KFRC KGB KDYL
1:15 PM—Christene Stafford, Blues Singer. KGER
1:30 PM—Times Forum. KHJ
1:30 PM—Nip and Tuck. KFVB
3:30 PM—Louis Teegarden, Popular Fiction. KFVB
4:00 PM—Fleischmann's Hour. Rudy Vallee. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KECA KTAR KSL
4:45 PM—Boswell Sisters. Martha, Connie and Vet. KFBK KVOR KGW KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KDYL KOH KGB
6:00 PM—Lucky Strike Dance Orch. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR KSL
7:15 PM—Sperry Smiles. Lee Roberts. KGO KHJ KOMO KGW KECA KFSD
8:00 PM—Inglewood Park Hour. KHJ
8:30 PM—Herb Scharlin. KGFJ
10:15 PM—Moonlight Melodies. KJR KGA KEX (NWBS)
10:15 PM—Gruen Answer Man. KFRC
12:00 PM—Pipe Organ. J. Newton Yates. KFVD

FRIDAY

7:30 AM—The Morning Cuckoo Club. KOIN
9:30 AM—Francis' Fads and Fancies. KGER
10:00 AM—Sunshine Hour. KYA
11:30 AM—The Three Doctors. KFBK KVOR KMJ KGW KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KGB
12 Noon—The Melodians. KOIN
1:30 PM—Times Forum. KHJ
3:30 PM—Louis Teegarden, Popular Fiction. KFVB
4:00 PM—Elvia and Nell the Surprise Girls. KHJ
4:30 PM—Nip and Tuck. KFVB
4:30 PM—Southerners Orchestra. KGER
5:00 PM—Big Brother Ken. KNX
5:00 PM—Harmony Hawaiian Quartet. KGFJ
5:45 PM—The Globe Trotter. KMTR
6:00 PM—Paul Whiteman's Paint Men. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR KSL
6:15 PM—Tom and Wash. KNX
7:15 PM—Arthur Pryor and His Crema Military Band. KVOR KGW KVI KFPY KFRC KOIN KHJ KMJ KGB
7:30 PM—The Fearful Seven — Comedy Sketch. KGO KFI KFSD KTAR
7:30 PM—Camel Quarter Hour. KGW KFBK KMJ KOL KFRC KOIN KHJ KGB

8:30 PM—Gilmore College Daze. KHJ KFRC KMJ KGW KFBK KOIN KOL
10:00 PM—The Game Called Murder—Mystery Serial. KGO KSL KOA
10:00 PM—Signal Hill Billies. KGER
10:30 PM—Embassy Club. KMTR
12:00 PM—Pipe Organ, J. Newton Yates. KFVD

SATURDAY

7:30 AM—The Morning Cuckoo Club. KOIN
9:30 AM—Francis' Fads and Fancies. KGER
10:00 AM—Price Dunlavy. Vitaphone Organ. KFVB
10:00 AM—Sunshine Hour. KYA
10:00 AM—Blanche Woods Shopping Tour. KGB
11:00 AM—Hawaiian Ensemble. KOIN
11:00 AM—The Rustlers. KMTR
11:30 AM—The Three Doctors. KFBK KVOR KMJ KGW KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KGB
12 Noon—The Melodians. KOIN
12 Noon—Mid-Day Request Program. KGA
12 Noon—Hawaiians. KGDM
1:15 PM—Christene Stafford, Blues Singer. KGER
1:30 PM—Times Forum. KHJ
2:00 PM—The Bookworm. Late Fiction. KNX
2:30 PM—Long Beach Band Concert. KGER
3:30 PM—Smilin' Sam from Alabam'. KGA KEX KJR (NWBS)
4:00 PM—Tea Dance Ambassador Hotel. KFVB
4:30 PM—Nip and Tuck. KFVB
4:30 PM—Roosevelt Hotel Tea Dance. KNX
5:00 PM—Big Brother Ken. KNX
5:45 PM—The Globe Trotter. KMTR
6:00 PM—Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR
7:15 PM—Arthur Pryor's Crema Military Band. KVI KFPY KOIN KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH
7:15 PM—Gilmore Circus. KOMO KGW KPO KFI
7:45 PM—Sperry Smiles, Lee S. Roberts, Paul Carson. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KECA KFSD
7:45 PM—"D-17 Emperor," James Knight Carden and cast. KFI
8:00 PM—Royal Order of Optimistic Donuts, courtesy Davis Perfection Bakery. KNX
9:30 PM—Associated Spotlight Revue. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW
11:30 PM—Freddie Carter's Orchestra at Majestic Ballroom. KFOX

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Regular Programs Broadcast

CLASSICAL SEMI-CLASSICAL AND LIGHT CLASSICAL

Sunday
8:00 A. M.—Morning Musi-cale. KGO KOMO KGW KECA KFSD (C)
8:30—Troika Bells. Russian Ensemble. KGO KOMO KGW KECA KFSD KTAR (SC)
9:00—Pop Concert. Soloist, orchestra. KGO KECA (SC)
12:00 Noon—Dave Rosebrook and Band. KGO (SC)
3:30 P. M.—Candlelight Musical. KGO KGW KTAR (SC)
5:15—Russian Singers—Mixed Chorus. KGO KECA (SC)
5:45—Symphony Orchestra, from Loyola University stadium, Chicago. KGO KECA KFSD KSL (C)
8:00—Sunday Night Concert. KGO KGW KFSD; KECA—8:30 to 9:00 P. M. (C)

Monday
9:15 A. M.—Ward's Radio Research Program. KGO KHQ KGW KFI KTAR (C)
10:00—Arion Trio. KGO KGW (C)
12:00 Noon—Luncheon Concert. KGO KECA (SC)
2:15—Mormon Tabernacle Choir and Organ. KPO (C)
3:00—Rembrandt Trio. KGO (C)
4:00—Roxy Symphony Concert. KGO KGW KECA (C)
5:30—General Motors Program. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KSL (LC)
9:30—Pacific National Singers. KGO KOA; KHQ—9:30 and 10:15; KECA—10:00 (C)

Tuesday
9:15 A. M.—Ward's Radio Research Program—KGO KHQ KGW KFI KTAR (C)
1:30 P. M.—Hotel Sir Francis Drake Orchestra. KGO KOA (C)
8:00—Caswell Concert. KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR (LC)
8:45—Sylvan Echoes. KGO (LC)
10:00—National Concert Orchestra. KGO KHQ KOA; KOMO—10:15; KSL—10:30 (C)

Wednesday
9:15 A. M.—Ward's Radio Research Program. KGO KHQ KGW KFI KTAR (C)
12:00 Noon—Luncheon Concert. KGO KGW (LC)
1:00 P. M.—Hotel Sir Francis Drake Orch. KGO KECA (C)
3:15—Northern Lights. KGO (SC)
8:30—Lofner and Harris—musical program. KGO KHQ; KGW—8:30 (SC)
1:00—Hotel Sir Francis Drake Orch. KGO KECA (C)
2:00 P. M.—Black and Gold Room Orch. KGO KGW KECA; KTAR—2:00 to 2:30 P. M. (C)
3:30—Sonata Recital. KGO KGW KPO KECA (C)

7:30—Walter V. Ferner, 'Cellist. KGO KTAR (C)

Thursday
9:15 A. M.—Ward's Radio Research Program. KGO KHQ KGW KFI KTAR (C)
7:30—Standard Symphony Hour. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI (C)
9:00—Piano Pictures. KGO KFSD KOA (C)
10:00—The Nomads. KGO KFI KSL KOA; KHQ—10:15 String Orch (SC)

Friday
9:15 A. M.—Ward's Radio Research Program. KGO KHQ KGW KFI KTAR (C)
9:45—Rembrandt Trio. KGO KGW (C)
4:00—Cities Service Concert Orchestra. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KECA KSL (SC)
5:30—Armour Program. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KSL (LC)
8:00—House of Color. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KSL (LC)
8:30—The Opera Box. KGO KHQ KFSD KTAR; KOMO—8:30 (LC)

Saturday
9:15 A. M.—Ward's Radio Research Program. KGO KHQ KGW KFI KTAR (C)
12:15 P. M.—Pacific Feature Hour. KGO KOMO KGW KECA (C)

POPULAR AND SEMI-POPULAR

Sunday
9:00 A. M.—Breakfast with Sperry—Lee S. Roberts; Paul Carson, organist. KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KPO (P)
10:30—Rainbow Harmonies—KGO (SP)
10:30—Yeast Foamers. KHQ KOMO KGW KPO KECA KFSD KTAR KSL (P)
7:30—Carnation Contented Hour. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KSL KOA (SP)
9:00—Chase and a Snborn Program. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR KSL KOA (P)

Monday
7:30 A. M.—Sunrise Sere-naders. KGO KOMO—7:30 to 7:45 A. M. (P)
8:15—Morning Melodies. KGO (P)
5:00—Maytag Orchestra. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KECA KSL (P)
6:00—Gold Medal Express. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR KSL (P)
10:45—Voice of Pan. KGO KOA (SP)

Tuesday
7:30 A. M.—Sunrise Sere-naders. KGO; KOMO—7:30 to 7:45 A. M. (P)
9:45—Piano Capers—Dell Perry and Oscar Young KGO KGW (P)
5:30—The Fuller Man. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KECA KSL (P)

7:15—Sperry Smiles—Lee S. Roberts, pianist; Paul Carson, organist; vocal soloist. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KECA KFSD (SP)
8:45—Sylvan Echoes. KGO (SP)

Wednesday
7:30 A. M.—Sunrise Sere-naders. KGO KOMO
9:45—Radio Ramblings. KGO, KGW—10:00 to 10:15 A. M. (P)
5:30 P. M.—Palmolive Hour. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KSL (SP)
6:30—Coca Cola Program. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR KSL (P)

Thursday
7:30 A. M.—Sunrise Sere-naders. KGO KOMO (P)
8:15—Morning Melodies. KGO (P)
4:00 P. M.—Fleischmann Hour Rudy Vallee. KECA KTAR KGO KHQ KOMO KGW (P)
5:30 P. M.—Maxwell House Ensemble. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KECA KFSD KTAR KSL (SP)
7:15—Sperry Smiles—Lee S. Roberts, pianist; Paul Carson, organist; vocal soloist. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KECA KFSD KSL (SP)
8:30—The Rendezvous. KGO KHQ KFSD KTAR (P)

Friday
7:30 A. M.—Sunrise Sere-naders. KGO KOMO (P)
8:15—Morning Melodies. KGO (P)
6:00 P. M.—Paul Whiteman's Paint Men. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR KSL (P)
7:45—The Coquettes. KGO (P)
9:30—Kodak Week-End Hour. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR KSL KOA (P)

Saturday
7:30 A. M.—Sunrise Sere-naders. KGO KOMO (P)
8:15—Morning Melodies. KGO (P)
12:00 Noon—The Entertainers. KGO KECA (P)
4:00—Vincent Lopez Hotel St. Regis Orch. KGO; KGW
5:30—Music Garden. KGO KGW (SP)
7:45—Sperry Smiles—Lee S. Roberts and Paul Carson. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KECA KFSD (SP)
8:30—Lofner and Harris. KGO KOMO KGW (P)

EDUCATIONAL

Sunday
10:00 A. M.—Series of Talks by Carveth Wells. KGO KOMO KGW.
9:30 P. M.—The Reader's Guide. KGO KGW KECA.
Monday
8:00 A. M.—Financial Service Program. KGO
8:30—Cross-Cuts of the Day. KGO; Beatrice Mabie—Beauty talk. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR KSL.

10:30—Woman's Magazine of the Air. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KPO KFI KFSD; KTAR KSL KOA—10:50 A. M.
11:30—Birth of Words. Dramatic narrative. KGO KECA
12:15 P. M.—Western Farm and Home Hour. KGO KOMO KGW KECA KFSD KSL; KHQ—12:30; KTAR—12:45
7:15—Around the Bridge Table with John Charles Shipp. KGO
10:30—Out of Doors with J. P. Cuenin. KGO KOA

Tuesday
8:00 A. M.—Financial Service Program. KGO
8:30—Cross-Cuts of the Day. KGO
10:00—Color Harmony Program. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI
10:30—Woman's Magazine of the Air. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KPO KFI
12:15 P. M.—Western Farm and Home Hour. KGO KOMO KGW KECA KFSD; KHQ—12:30; KTAR—12:45

Wednesday
8:00 A. M.—Financial Service Program. KGO
8:30—Cross-Cuts of the Day. KGO
10:15—Mary Hale Martin's Household Period. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KTAR KSL KOA
10:30—Woman's Magazine of the Air. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KPO KFI; KFSD—10:30; KTAR—10:30.

12:15 P. M.—Western Farm and Home Hour. KGO KOMO KGW KECA KFSD KSL; KHQ—12:30; KTAR—12:45
3:30—Business and Pleasure. KGO KGW
5:00—Halsey, Stuart Program. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KSL
6:30—Coca Cola Program. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR KSL

Thursday
8:00 A. M.—Financial Service. KGO
8:30—Cross Cuts of the Day. KGO; KECA—9:00
9:45—Beatrice Mabie—Beauty Talk. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR KSL
10:00—Woman's Magazine of the Air. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KPO KFI; KFSD KTAR KSL KOA—10:20
12:15 P. M.—Western Farm and Home Hour. KGO KOMO KGW KECA KFSD; KHQ—12:30; KTAR—12:45
10:30—Forest Protection Program. KGO KHQ KFSD KSL

Friday
8:00 A. M.—Financial Service Program. KGO
8:30—Cross-Cuts of the Day. KGO; KECA—9:00
10:30—Woman's Magazine of the Air. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KPO KFI KFSD; KTAR KSL KOA—10:30 to 10:50; 11:10 to 11:30 A. M.

Over NBC Western Network

12:30 P. M.—Western Farm and Home Hour. KGO KOMO KGW KECA KFSD; KHQ—12:30; KTAR—12:45 P. M.

Saturday

8:00 A. M.—Financial Service Program. KGO

8:30—Cross-Cuts of the Day. KGO; KECA—9:00

9:30 — National Farm and Home Hour. KGO KOMO KGW KPO KFI KFSD KSL; KTAR—10:00

10:30—Woman's Magazine of the Air. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KPO KFI; KFSD KTAR—10:50

3:15 P. M.—Laws That Safeguard Society. KGO KOMO KPO KECA KTAR

VARIETY

Monday

7:45 A. M.—Van and Don, The Two Professors. KHQ KOMO KGW KPO KFI KFSD KTAR KSL KOA

8:00—Shell Happytime. KHQ KOMO KGW KPO KFI KTAR KSL

9:30 — The Lumberjacks. Charles Marshall, Ted Maxwell. KGO

2:00 P. M.—NBC Matinee. KGO KHQ KOMO KFI KFSD; KTAR 2:00 to 2:45; KGW 2:15 to 2:30 P. M.

Tuesday

7:45 A. M.—Van and Don, The Two Professors. KHQ KOMO KGW KPO KFI KFSD KTAR KSL KOA.

8:00—Shell Happytime. KHQ KOMO KGW KPO KFI KTAR KSL

9:30 — The Lumberjacks. Charles Marshall, Ted Maxwell. KGO

2:00 P. M.—NBC Matinee. KGO KHQ KOMO KFI KFSD KTAR—2:00 to 2:15 P. M.; KGW—2:15 to 2:30 P. M.

9:30—Songland. KGO KFSD KOA; KHQ—9:45

Wednesday

7:45 A. M.—Van and Don, The Two Professors. KHQ KOMO KGW KPO KFI KFSD KTAR KSL KOA

8:00—Shell Happytime. KHQ KOMO KGW KPO KFI KFSD KTAR KSL

9:30—The Lumberjacks. KGO 2:00 P. M.—NBC Matinee. KGO KHQ KOMO KFI KFSD KTAR; KGW—2:15

9:30 — Moonlight Matinee. KGO KOA; KHQ 9:30 to 10:00 P. M.; 10:15 to 10:30; KECA 9:30 to 10:30

Thursday

7:45 A. M.—Van and Don, the Two Professors. KHQ KOMO KGW KPO KFI KFSD KTAR KSL KOA

8:00—Shell Happytime. KHQ KOMO KGW KPO KFI KTAR KSL.

9:30—The Lumberjacks. KGO 2:00 P. M.—NBC Matinee. KGO KHQ KOMO KFI KFSD KTAR; KGW—2:15

10:45—The Entertainers. KGO KHQ KSL

Friday

7:45 A. M.—Van and Don, the Two Professors. KHQ KOMO KGW KPO KFI KFSD KTAR KSL KOA.

8:00—Shell Happytime. KHQ KOMO KGW KPO KFI KTAR

9:30—The Lumberjacks. KGO 2:00 P. M.—NBC Matinee. KGO KHQ KOMO KFI KFSD KTAR; KGW—2:15

5:00—Interwoven Pair. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR KSL

6:30 P. M.—RKO Theatre of the Air. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KECA KFSD KSL

Saturday

7:45 A. M.—Van and Don, the Two Professors. KHQ KOMO KGW KPO KFI KFSD KTAR KSL KOA.

8:00—Shell Happytime. KHQ KOMO KGW KPO KFI KTAR KSL.

7:15 P. M.—Gilmore Circus. KOMO KGW KPO KFI

9:30 — Associated Spotlight Revue. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW

RELIGIOUS AND SEMI-RELIGIOUS

Sunday

11:00 A. M.—The Friendly Hour. KGO KHQ KGW

12:00 Noon—National Sunday Forum. KHQ KGW KPO; KOMO—12:15

1:00 P. M.—Sabbath Reveries. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KTAR

2:00 — Catholic Hour. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KPO KECA KTAR

6:45—Sunday at Seth Parker's. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KECA KFSD KTAR KSL (Semi Rel)

Monday

2:15 P. M.—Mormon Tabernacle Choir and Oregon. KPO

Tuesday

3:00 P. M.—Mid-Week Federation Hymn Sing. KGO KGW KECA

DRAMA AND COMEDY

Sunday

3:00 P. M.—Over Jordan. KGO KOMO KFSD KTAR KSL KGW

4:30 P. M.—Harbor Lights. KGO KGW KSL

Monday

7:00 P. M.—The Pepsodent Program—Amos 'N' Andy. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KECA KFSD KSL

9:00—Stranger Than Fiction. KGO KOA

Tuesday

7:00 P. M.—The Pepsodent Program. Amos 'N' Andy. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KECA KFSD KSL

8:15 P. M.—Memory Lane. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR

Wednesday

3:00 P. M.—Snoop and Peep burlesque detective drama. KGO KECA

7:00 P. M.—Amos 'N' Andy.

8:15 P. M.—Rin-Tin-Tin Thriller. KHQ KOMO KGW KPO KFI KFSD KTAR

9:00 P. M.—NBC Drama Hour KHQ KTAR KOA

Thursday

7:00 P. M.—The Pepsodent Program. Amos 'N' Andy. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KECA KFSD KSL

9:30 P. M.—The Story Teller. KGO KOA

Friday

7:00 P. M.—The Pepsodent Program. Amos 'N' Andy. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KECA KFSD KSL

7:30 P. M.—The Fearful Seven. KGO KFI KFSD KTAR

10:00—Mystery Serial, "The Game Called Murder." KGO KSL KOA

Saturday

7:00 P. M.—Amos 'n' Andy. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KECA KFSD KSL

7:15—Split Second Tales. KGO

OLD MELODIES

Sunday

4:00 P. M.—Enna Jettick Melodies. KHQ KOMO KGW KPO KFI KFSD KTAR KSL.

Wednesday

3:45 P. M.—Songs of Long Ago. KGO KGW

Saturday

9:00 P. M.—Cotton Pickers. KGO KGW KOA

ORGAN

Sunday

10:00 P. M.—Paul Carson, Organist. KGO KOA KHQ

Monday

11:45 A. M.—Organ Recital. KGO KECA

Tuesday

11:30 A. M.—Organ Recital—Paul Carson. KGO KECA

Wednesday

10:30 P. M.—Roses of Memory. KGO KHQ KOA

11:30 A. M.—Organ Recital. Paul Carson. KGO KECA

Thursday

11:00 A. M.—Organ Recital. Paul Carson. KGO KFI

Saturday

11:30 A. M.—Organ Recital. Paul Carson. KGO KECA

NEWS

Monday

3:45 P. M.—News Service. KGO

10:00 P. M.—Richfield News Flashes. Sam Hayes. KHQ KOMO KGW KPO KFI KFSD

Tuesday

3:45 P. M.—Back of the News in Washington. KGO KOMO KECA KFSD KSL

4:45 P. M.—News Service. KGO

10:00 P. M.—Richfield News Flashes. Sam Hayes. KHQ KOMO KGW KPO KFI KFSD

Wednesday

4:45 P. M.—News Service. KGO

10:00 P. M.—Richfield News Flashes. Sam Hayes. KHQ KOMO KGW KPO KFI KFSD

Thursday

3:45 P. M.—News Service. KGO

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

Friday

3:45 P. M.—News Service. KGO

10:00—Richfield News Flashes. Sam Hayes. KHQ KOMO KGW KPO KFI KFSD

Saturday

3:45 P. M.—News Service. KGO

CHILDREN'S PROGRAMS

Tuesday

3:30 P. M.—Baron Keyes' Air Castle. KGO

Wednesday

4:30 P. M.—Cowboy Kids. KGO KGW

Thursday

1:00 P. M.—The Lady Next Door. KGO KECA KTAR

3:30 P. M.—Baron Keyes' Air Castle. KGO

Friday

3:00 P. M.—Baron Keyes' Air Castle. KGO

DANCE MUSIC

Sunday

11:00 P. M.—The Vagabonds. KGO KFI

Monday

5:00 P. M.—Maytag Orchestra. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KECA KSL

7:30—Demi-Tasse Revue. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR KSL KOA

Tuesday

6:00 P. M.—B. A. Rolfe and His Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR KSL

11:00 P. M.—Lofner-Harris Hotel St. Francis Dance Orchestra. KGO KGW; KFI—11:30

Wednesday

7:30 P. M.—Demi-Tasse Revue. Gus Arnheim's Ambassador Hotel Orchestra. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR KSL

10:00 P. M.—Lofner-Harris Hotel St. Francis Dance Orchestra. KGO KGW; KFI—11:30

Thursday

6:00 P. M.—B. A. Rolfe and His Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR KSL

11:00 P. M.—Lofner-Harris Hotel St. Francis Dance Orchestra. KGO KGW; KFI—11:30

Friday

11:00 P. M.—Lofner-Harris Hotel St. Francis Dance Orchestra. KGO KOMO; KFI—11:30

Saturday

6:00 P. M.—B. A. Rolfe and His Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR KSL

11:00 P. M.—Lofner-Harris Hotel St. Francis Dance Orchestra. KGO KOMO KGW KECA; KFI—11:30

Regular Programs Broadcast

CLASSICAL SEMI-CLASSICAL AND LIGHT CLASSICAL

Sunday

5:00 A. M.—Morning Musi-cale. KDYL (C)
8:45 A. M.—French Trio. KFBK KVOR KOL KVI KFRC KDYL KLZ KGB (C)
9:15 A. M.—Vocal Art Trio. KFBK KVOR KOL KVI KFPY KDYL KLZ KOH (SC)
9:30 A. M.—Columbia Little Symphony. KFBK KVOR KOL KVI KFPY KDYL KLZ KOH (C)
3:00 P. M.—Theo. Karle. KVOR KMJ KWG KOL KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (SC)
5:30 P. M.—Lewisohn Stadium Concert. KVOR KFBK KMJ KWG KOL KVI KFPY KOIN KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (C)
7:00 P. M.—Continental String Quartet. KFBK KVOR KOL KVI KFPY KDYL KLZ KOH (C)

Monday

6:00 A. M.—Harmonies and Contrast. KDYL; KLZ—6:00 to 6:15 (SC)
8:30 A. M.—Columbia Revue. KDYL KLZ KOH (C)
11:00 A. M.—Columbia Salon Orch. KVBK KVOR KMJ KWG KOL KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KLZ KOH KGB (C)
11:45 A. M.—Columbia Artist Recital. KFBK KVOR KMJ KWG KVI KFPY KFRC KLZ KOH KGB (C)
7:15 P. M.—Arthur Pryor's Cremo Military Band. KFBK KMJ KWG KOL KVI KFPY KOIN KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH (SC)

Tuesday

8:30 A. M.—Columbia Revue. KVOR KDYL KLZ KOH (C)
11:00 A. M.—Columbia Salon Orchestra. KVOR KFBK KMJ KWG KOL KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KLZ KOH KGB (C)
7:15 P. M.—Arthur Pryor's Cremo Military Band. KFBK KMJ KWG KOL KFPY KOIN KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH (SC)
7:45 P. M.—Asbury Park Casino Orch. KVOR KFBK KMJ KWG KOL KFPY KDYL KLZ KOH (C)

Wednesday

8:30 A. M.—Columbia Revue. KDYL KLZ KOH (C)
9:00 A. M.—Enric Madriguera's Cuban Biltmore Orch. KFBK KVOR KWG KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KLZ KOH KGB (C)
11:00 A. M.—Columbia Salon Orch. KFBK KVOR KMJ KWG KOL KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KLZ KOH KGB (C)
1:00 P. M.—Asbury Park Casino Orch. KFBK KVOR KWG KOL KVI KFPY KFRC KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (C)

6:30 P. M.—Savino Tone Pictures. KVOR KFBK KMJ KWG KFPY KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (SC)
7:15 P. M.—Arthur Pryor's Cremo Military Band KFBK KMJ KWG KOL KFPY KOIN KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH (SC)

Thursday

5:45 A. M.—Morning Minstrels. KDYL KLZ (LC)
8:30 A. M.—Columbia Revue. KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (C)
9:00 A. M.—Enric Madriguera's Cuban Biltmore Orchestra. KFBK KVOR KWG KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (C)
11:00 A. M.—Columbia Salon Orch. KVOR KFBK KWG KMJ KOL KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (C)
1:00 P. M.—Asbury Park Casino Orch. KFBK KVOR KWG KOL KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (C)
5:30 P. M.—Grand Opera Miniature. KOL KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (LC)
7:00 P. M.—Arthur Pryor's Cremo Military Band. KFBK KMJ KWG KOL KFPY KOIN KFRC KHJ KLZ KOH KGB KDYL (SC)

Friday

7:30 A. M.—Melody Parade. KVOR
8:30 A. M.—Columbia Revue. KDYL KLZ KOH (C)
9:00 A. M.—Enric Madriguera's Cuban Biltmore Orch. KFBK KVOR KWG KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KLZ KOH KGB (C)
11:00 A. M.—Columbia Salon Orch. KFBK KVOR KMJ KWG KOL KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KLZ KOH KGB (C)
4:30 P. M.—Howard Barlow and His Symphony Orchestra. KFBK KVOR KVI KFPY KHJ KLZ KOH KGB (C)
6:00 P. M.—The Pillsbury Pageant. KOL KVI KFPY KOIN KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ (C)
6:30 P. M.—Around the Samovar. KVOR KWG KOL KFPY KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (LC)

Saturday

5:45 A. M.—Morning Minstrels. KDYL KLZ (C)
6:30 A. M.—The New World Salon Orchestra. KDYL (C)
7:30 A. M.—Columbia Revue. KVOR KDYL (C)
7:15 P. M.—Arthur Pryor's Cremo Military Band. KFBK KMJ KWG KOL KFPY KOIN KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH (SC)

POPULAR AND SEMI-POPULAR

Sunday

3:45 P. M.—The Boswell Sisters: Connie, Martha and Vet. KVOR KMJ KWG KOL KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (P)

Monday

8:00 A. M.—Don Bigelow and His Yoeng's Restaurant Orchestra. KVOR KLZ KOH (P)
9:30 A. M.—Harry Tucker and His Barclay Orch. KFBK KVOR KWG KOL KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KLZ KOH KGB (P)
10:15 A. M.—Rhythm Kings. KFBK (P)
2:30 P. M.—Reis and Dunn. Comedy and Songs. KVOR KFBK KMJ KWG KOL KFPY KFRC KHJ KLZ KOH KGB (P)
5:45 P. M.—The Bon Bons. Negro Quartette. KFBK KVOR KWG KVI KFPY KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (SP)
7:30 P. M.—The Camel Quarter Hour. KFBK KWG KOL KFPY KOIN KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (P)

Tuesday

7:30 A. M.—Sweetheart Hour. KVOR KLZ (P)
9:30 A. M.—Savoy Plaza Orch. KVOR KFBK KWG KOL KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (P)
11:45 A. M.—The Captivators. KVOR KFBK KMJ KWG KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (P)
12:00 Noon—The Four Clubmen. KVOR KFBK KWG KFPY KDYL KLZ KOH KGB; KVI—12:15 (SP)
12:30 P. M.—Phil Fisher and His Ten Eyck Hotel Orchestra. KVOR KFBK KWG KOL KVI KFPY KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (P)
1:00 P. M.—Frank Ross. Songs. KVOR KFBK KWG KOL KVI KFPY KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (P)
7:30 P. M.—Camel Quarter Hour. KFBK KMJ KWG KOL KFPY KOIN KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (P)

Wednesday

5:45 A. M.—The Old Dutch Girl. Newsy Jingles in Rhyme and Songs. KDYL (P)
7:15 A. M.—Three Men in a Tub. KVOR KDYL (P)
8:00 A. M.—Don Bigelow and His Yoeng's Restaurant Orchestra. KVOR KLZ KOH (P)
2:30 P. M.—Piano Pals. KVOR KFPY KHJ KDYL KOH KCB (P)
7:30 P. M.—Camel Quarter Hour. KFBK KMJ KWG KOL KFPY KOIN KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (P)

Thursday

9:30 A. M.—Savoy Plaza Orch. KFBK KVOR KWG KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KLZ KOH KGB
11:45 A. M.—Ben and Helen. Duets. KFBK KVOR KWG KMJ KVI KFPY KFRC KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (P)
2:00 P. M.—Frank Ross. Songs. KVOR KVI KFPY KDYL KLZ KOH (P)
3:00 P. M.—Kate Smith and Her Swanee Music. KVOR KDYL KLZ KOH (SP)

6:00 P. M.—Boswell Sisters: Connie, Martha and Vet. KFBK KVOR KMJ KWG KOL KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (P)
6:15 P. M.—The Columbians. KFBK KVOR KMJ KWG KOL KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (P)
7:30 P. M.—Camel Quarter Hour. KFBK KMJ KWG KOL KFPY KOIN KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (P)

Friday

5:45 A. M.—The Old Dutch Girl. Newsy Jingles in Rhyme and Song. KDYL (P)
7:00 A. M.—Rhythm Kings. KVOR KDYL (P)
8:00 A. M.—Don Bigelow and His Yoeng's Restaurant Orchestra. KVOR KDYL KLZ KOH (P)
2:30 P. M.—Whispering Jack Smith. KVI KFPY KFRC KLZ KOH (P)
3:00 P. M.—Kate Smith and Her Swanee Music. KVOR KDYL KLZ KOH (SP)
4:45 P. M.—Connie Boswell. KFBK KVOR KVI KFPY KDYL KOH KGB (P)
7:30 P. M.—Camel Quarter Hour. KFBK KWG KMJ KOL KFPY KOIN KFRC KHJ KDYL

Saturday

8:00 A. M.—Don Bigelow and His Yoeng's Restaurant Orchestra. KVOR KDYL KLZ KOH (P)
11:00 A. M.—Four Clubmen. KFBK KVOR KMJ KWG KOL KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KLZ KOH KGB (SP)
11:45 A. M.—Saturday Syncopators. KFBK KVOR KMJ KWG KOL KVI KFPY KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (P)
2:30 P. M.—Whispering Jack Smith. KVOR KFBK KMJ KWG KOL KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (P)
4:30 P. M.—Kate Smith and Her Swanee Music. KVOR KFBK KWG KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (SP)
5:00 P. M.—Boswell Sisters: Connie, Martha and Vet. KVOR KFBK KMJ KWG KOL KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KDYL KOH KGB (P)
6:00 P. M.—The Ambassadors with Virginia Arnold, pianist. KDYL.
7:30 P. M.—Camel Quarter Hour. KFBK KMJ KWG KOL KVI KFPY KOIN KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (P)

EDUCATIONAL

Sunday

5:50 A. M.—Columbia Educational Features. KDYL
4:00 P. M.—"Devils, Drugs and Doctors." KMJ KWG KOL KVI KFPY KOIN KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ.
Monday
5:30 A. M.—Tony's Scrap Book. DYL KLZ

Over CBS Western Network

7:45 A. M.—McKenna: Character Education. KVOR

10:00 A. M.—Columbia Farm Community Network Program. KVOR KDYL KOH

11:30 A. M.—The Three Doctors. KFBK KVOR KMJ KWG KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB

Tuesday

5:45 A. M.—Dr. Copeland's Health Hour. KDYL KLZ

6:45 A. M.—Party House. "Contract Bridge." KDYL

7:00 A. M.—Fashion Facts of 1931. KVOR

7:15 A. M.—Your Foods and You. KVOR KDYL

7:45 A. M.—Dr. H. E. Kleinschmidt. KVOR KLZ

10:15 A. M.—Columbia Farm Community Network Program. KVOR KDYL KOH

11:30 A. M.—The Three Doctors. KVOR KFBK KMJ KWG KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB

Wednesday

5:30 A. M.—Tony's Scrap Book. KDYL KLZ

7:30 A. M.—Ida Bailey Allen's Editorial Page. KVOR

7:45 A. M.—Home Decorating. KVOR KDYL

10:00 A. M.—Columbia Farm Community Network Program. KVOR KDYL

11:30 A. M.—The Three Doctors. KVOR KFBK KMJ KWG KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB

1:45 P. M.—Edna Wallace Hopper's Youth Matinee. KWG KOL KVI KFPY KOIN KFRC KDYL KLZ

2:00 P. M.—Bill Schudt's Going to Press. KVOR KDYL KLZ KOH KGB.

Thursday

5:30 A. M.—Tony's Scrap Book. KDYL KLZ

6:00 A. M.—Pot of Gold. KDYL

6:30 A. M.—Talk by Ida Bailey Allen. KDYL

7:30 A. M.—Vacation Roads. KVOR

10:00 A. M.—Columbia Farm Community Network Program. KVOR KDYL KOH

11:30 A. M.—Three Doctors. KFBK KVOR KMJ KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB

Friday

5:30 A. M.—Tony's Scrap Book. KDYL KLZ

11:30 A. M.—The Three Doctors. KFBK KVOR KMJ KWG KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB

11:45 A. M.—Columbia Educational Features. KFBK KVOR KMJ KWG KFPY KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB

1:45 P. M.—Edna Wallace Hopper's Youth Matinee. KWG KOL KVI KOIN KDYL

Saturday

5:30 A. M.—Tony's Scrap Book. KDYL KLZ.

10:00 A. M.—Columbia Farm Community Network Program. KFBK KVOR KDYL KOH

11:30 A. M.—The Three Doctors. KFBK KVOR KMJ KWG KOL KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB

VARIETY

Tuesday

10:00 A. M.—Pabst-ett Varieties. KOL KVI KOIN KFRC KDYL KLZ KOH

1:45 P. M.—Jolly Jugglers. KVOR KVI KFRC KDYL KLZ KOH

6:30 P. M.—Nit Wit Hour. KVOR KFBK KMJ KWG KFPY KFRC KDYL KLS KOH

Wednesday

6:00 P. M.—Vitality Personalities. KOL KVI KFPY KOIN KFRC KHJ KLZ

Thursday

1:45 P. M.—Meet the Artist. KFBK KVOR KWG KVI KFPY KDYL KLZ KOH

7:45 P. M.—Radio Roundup. KVOR KMJ KWG KFPY KDYL KLZ KOH

Friday

10:00 A. M.—Pabst-ett Varieties. KOL KVI KOIN KFRC KDYL

1:00 P. M.—Jewish Art Program. KFBK KVOR KWG KOL KVI KFPY KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB

Saturday

6:00 P. M.—Hank Simmon's Show Boat. KVOR KFBK KMJ KWG KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB

DRAMA AND COMEDY

Monday

2:45 P. M.—Bird and Vash. Comedy Sketch. KVOR KDYL KLZ KOH

6:30 P. M.—Arabesque. Desert Play. KFBK KVOR KMJ KWG KOL KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KDYL KOH KGB

Tuesday

2:45 P. M.—Bird and Vash. KVOR KDYL KLZ KOH

Wednesday

2:45 P. M.—Bird and Vash. Comedy Sketch. KVOR KDYL KLZ KOH

3:30 P. M.—Miller and Lyles. Comic Negro Dialogues. KVOR KLZ KOH

Thursday

2:45 P. M.—Bird and Vash. Comedy Sketch. KVOR KDYL KLZ KOH

4:30 P. M.—Henry Burbig. Comedy in Dialect. KFBK KVOR KVI KFPY KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB

Friday

2:45 P. M.—Bird and Vash. Comedy Sketch. KVOR KDYL KLZ KOH

2:45 P. M.—Bird and Vash. Comedy Sketch. KVOR KFBK KMJ KWG KOL KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB

OLD MELODIES

Sunday

4:15 P. M.—Kate Smith and Her Swanee Music. KVOR KWG KOL KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB

Monday

6:30 A. M.—The Singing Vagabond. KDYL

12:00 Noon—Gypsy Music Makers. KFBK KVOR KWG KVI KFPY KDYL KLZ KOH KGB

Tuesday

3:00 P. M.—Kate Smith and Her Swanee Music. KVOR KDYL KLZ KOH KGB

4:45 P. M.—The Bon Bons. Negro Quartet. KVOR KFBK KWG KVI KFPY KFRC KDYL KLZ KOH KGB

Wednesday

3:00 P. M.—Kate Smith and Her Swanee Music. KVOR KDYL KLZ KOH

Thursday

7:15 A. M.—An Old Fashioned Garden. KVOR KDYL
1:30 P. M.—Kathryn Parsons, "Girl o' Yesterday." KFBK KVOR KWG KVI KFPY KFRC KDYL KLZ KOH KGB

Saturday

1:45 P. M.—Madison Singers. Mixed Quartet. KFBK KVOR KWG KVI KFPY KFRC KDYL KLZ KOH KGB

RELIGIOUS AND SEMI-RELIGIOUS

Sunday

12:00 Noon—Cathedral Hour. KFBK KVOR KWG KOL KVI KFPY KDYL KLZ KOH KGB

2:00 P. M.—Chicago Knights from Chicago. KVOR KMJ KWG KOL KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB

Friday

12:45 P. M.—Edna Thomas. The Lady from Louisiana. KFBK KVOR KWG KOL KVI KFPY KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (Semi-Religious)

ORGAN

Sunday

10:00 A. M.—Ann Leaf at the Organ. KFBK KVOR KOL KVI KFPY KDYL KLZ KOH

Monday

8:30 P. M.—Ann Leaf at the Organ, with Ben Alley, Tenor. KFBK KVOR KOL KFPY KDYL KLZ KOH

Wednesday

8:30 P. M.—Nocturne. Ann Leaf at the Organ. KVOR KMJ KOL KFPY KDYL KLZ KOH

Thursday

8:30 P. M.—Nocturne. Ann Leaf at the Organ, with Ben Alley, Tenor. KVOR KOL KFPY KDYL KLZ KOH

Friday

8:30 P. M.—Nocturne. Ann Leaf at the Organ. KVOR KDYL KLZ KOH

Saturday

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

DANCE MUSIC

Sunday

7:30 P. M.—Red Nichols and His Park Central Hotel Orchestra. KFBK KVOR KOL KFPY KDYL KLZ KOH

Monday

12:30 P. M.—The Dictators, conducted by Freddie Rich. KFBK KVOR KWG KOL KVI KFPY KDYL KLZ KOH KGB

6:00 P. M.—Robert Burns Panatela Program. Guy Lombard and His Royal Canadians. KDYL KLZ KOH

7:00 P. M.—Fletcher Henderson and His Orchestra. KFBK KVOR KWG KVI KFPY KFRC KDYL KLZ KOH KGB

Tuesday

7:00 P. M.—Fletcher Henderson and His Orchestra. KVOR KFBK KWG KFPY KFRC KDYL KLZ KOH

Wednesday

11:45 A. M.—Dancing by the Sea. KVOR KFBK KMJ KWG KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB

8:00 P. M.—Jack Miles and His Hollywood Gardens Orchestra. KVOR KMJ KFPY KFRC KDYL KLZ KOH

Thursday

2:15 P. M.—Will Osborne and His Orchestra. KVOR KDYL KLZ KOH

8:00 P. M.—Guy Lombardo and His Royal Canadians. KVOR KMJ KFPY KDYL KLZ KOH KGB

Friday

3:30 P. M.—Red Nichols and His Park Central Hotel Orchestra. KVOR KLZ KOH

7:45 P. M.—Jack Miles and His Hollywood Gardens Orchestra. KVOR KMJ KWG KOL KFPY KDYL KLZ KOH

8:00 P. M.—Red Nichols and His Park Central Hotel Orchestra. KVOR KFPY KFRC KDYL KLZ KOH KGB

Saturday

7:00 P. M.—Bert Lown and His Biltmore Orchestra. KVOR KFBK KMJ KWG KFPY KFRC KDYL KLZ KOH

7:45 P. M.—Will Osborne and His Orchestra. KVOR KFBK KMJ KWG KOL KFPY KFRC KDYL KLZ KOH

8:00 P. M.—Guy Lombardo and His Royal Canadians. KVOR KFBK KFPY KFRC KDYL KLZ KOH

CHILDREN'S PROGRAMS

Sunday

6:00 A. M.—Land O' Make Believe. KDYL

Monday

7:30 A. M.—Children's Stories. KVOR

Saturday

7:00 A. M.—Adventures of Helen and Mary. KVOR KDYL.

NEWS

Monday

3:00 P. M.—Current Events. KVOR KDYL KLZ KOH

Radio on the Seas

[Continued from Page 15]

of the Bolinas and Point Reyes short wave receiving and transmitting stations and those of the Koko Head and Kahuku short wave stations in Hawaii were placed at the disposal of the NBC by RCA Communications, Inc.

A series of tests were undertaken and special modulating and diversity receiving equipment was installed at the various short wave stations. Meanwhile the Federal Radio Commission had granted a special experimental license. This license was obtained only after lengthy negotiations in Washington, at one stage of which the application was tabled, only to be reconsidered after persistent and repeated requests. The call letters WIOXAI were assigned to the ship's station for operation on frequencies of 9670 kc and 6020 kc. It was arranged to deliver the Malolo signal from the receiving station at Point Reyes over an equalized broadcast circuit to the NBC studios in San Francisco.

Alfred H. Saxton, divisional engineer for NBC, assigned Joseph W. Baker, KGO station engineer, and George Greaves to make the cruise and supervise the technical operations. Baker made a preliminary trip and tested the equipment at sea for several days. The NBC men encountered many technical difficulties and their solution of these problems, by dint of careful application of their knowledge during long and tedious working hours, resulted in the perfection of the operations.

Fourteen broadcasts, ten from the ship and four from Hawaii, were broadcast during the cruise. Three of the ship's broadcasts were heard in New York over NBC's blue network. In addition to the regular morning programs from the Islands, an evening program was broadcast on July 17 from the Ocean Court of the Royal Hawaiian Hotel. I believe these broadcasts will comprise an important link in the chain of developments which have only begun to reveal radio's potentialities.

Many radio sponsors and chain executives have held that it is a mistake to permit radio artists to make personal appearances. Our experience has always been quite the opposite. Dobbsie's appearances in San Francisco, Seattle, Los Angeles, Salt Lake City and elsewhere have proved uniformly successful.

Dobbsie's mainland listeners had been intrigued by the colorful cruise and visit in Hawaii, vividly described by the Happytimers during the return voyage. Receipt of numerous messages from fans and reports from the studios in San Francisco convinced us that many Happytime followers would en-

joy seeing the "Ship of Joy" crew and hearing about the trip. As a result, arrangements for a week's engagement were made with the Paramount Theater.

Each of the three daily performances attracted thousands and the house was packed for the entire week. Dobbsie's description of the cruise and the new cruise songs, heard for the first time from the ship's studio, interested the crowds greatly. The general atmosphere of the Paramount appearances was that of a gathering of friends hearing a few of their number describe a recent adventure.

Reviewing the cruise, the stay in Hawaii and the general result I fail to see how any phase of the venture could have met with more success. In addition to being a technical triumph, the undertaking attested the growing popularity of the program personality and his talented company and further established a belief I have expressed for some years—that the most successful radio programs are built around a personality.

Needless to say, we were gratified by the success of the undertaking from a commercial standpoint. We were even more pleased by the enthusiasm of the public as reflected by the Honolulu Advertiser's editorial comment "its value to the Islands cannot be computed" and by numerous other tributes of that nature.

Good Samaritan

[Continued from Page 25]

saw of him; at three in the afternoon he was stricken with apoplexy and died.

Poverty came upon her, her mother and her brother, and the years that followed were years of suffering, she tells us. And all the time, she went her way alone—her family refusing to understand her. They left the old home and moved into a cheap rooming house in Excelsior Springs, Missouri. Her brother managed to find work shining shoes, and Ethel got a job as chambermaid in a hotel. She was thirteen then.

When she grew older, she served as a nurse, all the time with the ambition to dedicate her life to God and build

a church—a church without a creed. Nursing did not fulfill her desires to help humanity. She felt others could best heal sick bodies, and that her duty was to heal broken souls. She prepared for the ministry, and finally, two years ago, her first little church sprang into being. She named it the "First Church of the Apostles." Now she holds services in Trinity Auditorium, Los Angeles, and in a school auditorium in Long Beach. She receives no salary, and bears much of the expense of the church herself, from the money she receives from answering questions, and from donations.

Ethel Duncan admitted that several times she has had to fight her way of opposition to her charitable work. A legal battle in Long Beach ended in letters of congratulation from the city prosecuting attorney, the Central Labor Council, the Police Department, and the deputy district attorney—letters of appreciation for her work.

Recently the Social Service Commission refused her a permit to operate her Good Samaritan Relief Station in Los Angeles, unless she accounted to this body for its activities and expenses. This she firmly refused to do, ignored a warning sent her by commission authorities, and went on with her work. A few days ago the complaint was apparently dropped.

Truly, Ethel Duncan is a most remarkable woman. Whether one agrees with her, believes in her not, there is a quality about her that instantly commands whole-hearted respect and admiration. She asks favors of none, nor attempts to glorify or explain the strange power she believes is a gift of God. She takes no credit for the work she does, nor looks for a pat on the back. Her business is helping the poor, and giving advice to those who ask it. She lays no claims to infallibility, but merely answers questions with "It is my opinion that."

She is an enigma to the skeptic, a choice bit of gossip for the Doubting Toms, a thorn, perhaps, in the side of orthodoxy—but to the poor who ask help, she is The Good Samaritan and no puzzle at all.

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In Three Worlds

[Continued from Page 18]

courtesy of the road to everyone on the highways. Newspapers called her the "Cleveland Courtesy Girl," and her automotive business friends still call her by that name.

She was factory representative for an automotive manufacturing company for a number of years, one of the few women in the country ever to hold such a responsible position. Other positions followed, until her acquaintances had almost forgotten she had ever been anything but an efficient, dynamic little business woman.

Suddenly, like Stevenson's "Mr. Hyde," the transformation occurred. She decided to go back to her music! For hours at a time, her piano was kept busy. The business woman has disappeared and in her place was another—the artist. She was engaged to give lessons at a downtown music company. A broadcast station sought her talent, and she went on the air. The name that had been so well-known among business circles swiftly became a byword in the music and radio field.

For years Maude Hughes had been giving piano lessons—sometimes teaching her friends, often having several regular pupils. But it had never been an actual profession with her. She saw the immense possibilities in evolving some system that would revolutionize the teaching of piano. Memories of her own tedious years of practice under the old fashioned method spurred her on. There must be some way to bring out the talent that existed in every individual without the tiresome routine of the old system.

She thought. She worried and worked late at night, to find the secret of simplified piano playing. She analyzed her own playing—what came easiest—what could be left out and still get results? And finally she struck it, and delightfully procured a copyright on her brain-child.

The popularity she had enjoyed in the past was increased ten-fold. Her services were sought after by music stores who saw the value of her discovery. Broadcast stations solicited her talent, and she plays more or less regularly over seven of them at present.

But she's busy—the busiest girl I have ever met—and the happiest. She is finding more joy in this most fundamental of her personalities than she did in business. Every minute of her day is taken up with lessons, broadcasts and rehearsals, and it's all pleasure to her.

The third personality? You've probably been wondering. It's the one that appears when she is through working.

In the evening, after a broadcast, on one of her holidays—whenever she has leisure—she is carefree, happy-go-lucky and again the little girl who was always asked to parties because she was "lots of fun." She loves to dance, likes parties—her girl-friends try to have all of their parties on Tuesdays or Thursdays, "because they're Maude's lightest days." A party isn't complete without her. And since she was a little girl, she has always insisted on making her own clothes. She wants to dress herself as she wants herself to be dressed, and gets a big kick out of sewing. In fact, she gets a big kick out of everything in life.

I talked to three persons when I talked to Maude Hughes!

Comedy of Errors

[Continued from Page 21]

writer. They enter a private cubby hole at KNX. Eddie will turn to Reg: Feel like you have any ideas? he might ask. And so it goes. The one who happens to feel most like doing the writing will sit at the machine; the other will lean over his shoulder. Then they begin. It means, for that fifteen minute period, four single space typewritten pages. This may sound easy, but it isn't. It's the hardest kind of work, manufacturing humor.

Eddit, through a peculiar biological twist, is able to take several parts. He can become the deep throated Hippelwater at a moment's notice. It is a strange condition of the larynx which permits his wide range in tonal quality. For a time in San Francisco he

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studied to be a bass; later he changed teachers and saying nothing about his previous lessons, trained for a tenor part!

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"FLAT FEET"

[Continued from Page 23]

plete without mentioning good old Elmer T. Elmer. Mr. Elmer is the gentleman with the proverbial wisp of hay in his mouth, and the eternal scorn of "them city fellers." His dry humor, biting observations, and his quick wits serve to throw the patient blundering Dugan and Dailey into startling contrast! In a cracked, drawling voice and with a high cackling chuckle, Elmer T. Elmer creates laughs with every line. Strangely enough, the man who portrays him is no toothless old dodderer, but a young chap in his twenties.

Cliff Arquette takes a huge delight in drawing back his lips to simulate a mouth minus teeth, and quavering through the lines of Elmer T. Elmer.

Since the beginning of "Flat Feet" a peculiar family feeling has sprung up among the cast. They are interested in each other; they like each other; and instead of glowering looks if another character has more lines, there is a pat on the back! They all try to think up gags and funny situations which they regale to Laird Doyle, with all the pleased excitement of a hen who has just laid an egg! Rehearsals are a community affair, with the actors sitting around in a circle, and the author pacing back and forth, waiting for the

laughs which are sure to disrupt the proceedings, for the lines strike the characters so funny, that frequent guffaws and gales of mirth cause a craning of necks on the part of outsiders who are waiting in the office beyond. And often Producer Joy is so helpless with laughter that he forgets to punch the time watch—and the scene has to be timed all over again!

It was Johnny Murray who thought of introducing comedy even into the musical cues which break up each episode into scenes. When The Sarg was kidnaped by counterfeiters, thrown into a trunk, and tossed onto an out-bound train, leaving Dugan 'n' Dailey much mystified on the station platform, the orchestra broke into "Beyond the Blue Horizon"; when big Dugan and little Dailey, neither of whom had given a passing glance at a horse before, were forced onto the beasts and made to ride, what was more appropriate than the richly-picturesque "Horses! Horses!"?

Some interesting facts have been discovered during the production of "Flat Feet." Each episode calls for numerous sound effects—the most common of which are a police siren and a running motor. Incidentally, one of the features which has attracted attention was the use of the radio-equipped patrol

which Doyle worked into his stories. Sirens and running motors, however, are easy to broadcast. But what was to be done when they wanted to convey the impression that Dugan 'n' Dailey were creeping through the bushes to get their man? After experimenting, a stiff whisk broom was rustled before the mike—and listeners heard the swish and slap of the underbrush as the two men crawled through it!

A more difficult task appeared when Dugan n' Dailey were building a garage for the patrol according to one of these specified plans—and discovered, as they drove the last nail, that they had put the thing upside down; that the door was where the floor should be, and that what they took for a skylight was in reality the side window! They had to get the car out some way—so they drove it right through the side of the building. It was evident that a very special noise was needed; so after experimenting, peanut shells were crumpled viciously—and the audience, in imagination, beheld the two officers crashing through the building with their car!

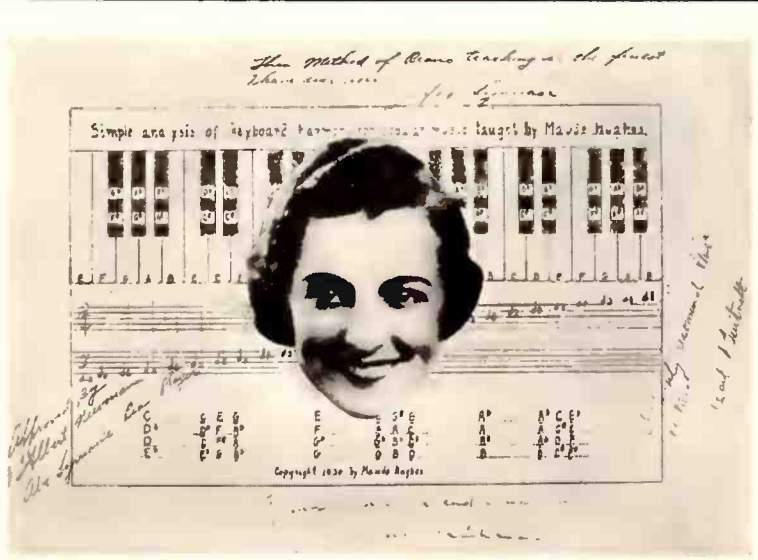
Perhaps the triumph of them all was the solution of how to get the effect of a horse thumping his tail on the ground.

Poor old Dugan prepared to mount his nag, who, eyeing the bulk which was about to be hoisted on his middle, thumped his tail and galloped away. Many devices were tried and found wanting. Finally some bright lad tried standing almost inside the mike, and tapping his temple—where the hair grew out on his forehead—with his finger. The technician made the universal sign of approval, the "O" formed with the fingers—and everyone breathed a sigh of relief!

What is the secret of the popularity of this series? What is it about Dugan n' Dailey that makes the men's ward in a nearby naval hospital write a round-robin letter of approval that brings lumps to the reader's throat? Why is it that in a veteran's home the time limit for lights and radio loud speakers is extended a half hour on Saturday night so that the inmates can chuckle at "Flat Feet?"

Perhaps it's because Dugan 'n' Dailey are so laughably and yet pathetically human. They and the rest of the characters blunder through life, making myriads of mistakes, and yet going on serenely confident that next time they'll do the right thing! Of course, the lines and the situations create the obvious comedy; but the fact remains that Laird Doyle's clear insight and sympathetic pen, plus the actors' almost loving characterizations make "Flat Feet" a saga of human beings!

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Charlie Lung

[Continued from Page 10]

some reason or other, Charlie appeared for the second show that night without his partner! The last one to see them was the Australian, when they were discussing the contract in Charlie's dressing room. From the time he excused himself for a moment to step out of the theater and buy some cigarettes, the darky wasn't seen again with Charlie Lung.

Time for the second show—the fifteen-minute call—the three-minute call, and no partner. So Charlie summoned all his courage and went on alone. He apologized to the audience, to the theater manager, to the newspapers, and to the man from the Antipodes, who came back with a contract to sign.

Broken-hearted, Charlie left the theater to walk the streets. He didn't return to the radio station that night, but listened in, and his recalcitrant partner was on the air. Charlie called him up, demanded an explanation, and discovered that his dusky side-kick had had a severe case of stage fright. That was that.

Charlie Lung disappeared from the stage and the air. He went to his old friend and former sponsor, Noah Beery, the screen actor, who furnished him refuge in his Paradise Mountain Trout Club, putting him to work as manager. Sounds fishy, doesn't it?

Not so long ago, the manager of KGFJ happened to visit the Trout Club, and stumbled upon Charlie in his new role as fish-pond director. They talked over old times, the old radio itch returned, and it ended by his returning to KGFJ a bigger, better, and wiser artist. Charlie had been constantly thinking of new ideas during his sojourn in the mountains, and with renewed enthusiasm, brought his new family of characters to life—Prof. Otto von Beerstein, Anthracite Bituminous Lignite Lincoln, the Old Soak, Tony Verducci, Mr. Reginald Fitzmaurice and a host of others. And Charlie takes each of their parts in a different voice, act-

ing all the lines in his skits alone. A big job.

And when he isn't working or busy with continuity, he is the same old Charlie—rushing here and there—“helloing” Bill, Jack and Mary in the studio, cutting capers and having a swell time.

But don't be surprised when you meet him, if he starts to jabber Chinese at you, or confide the latest joke in a Cockney accent, for he can't help it. He lives the parts of his characters so much they have grown to be a part of him—on or off the air. In fifteen minutes of conversation with Charlie you will have listened to a negro, a Chinese, an Italian, a Dutchman, with an Irishman thrown in for good measure. He's a great little guy. You'll like him.

Noreen Gammill

[Continued from Page 16]

I asked her what these sketches meant to her.

She said that she thought of them as word pictures of people.

I was thinking to myself that they were colorful word pictures. For Noreen Gammill is a satirist who is kindly to her characters. She makes us laugh at ourselves with never a hurt to our vanity.

“But the situations? There are so many. How do you think of them all?”

“Oh, I just put different people in the same situation. For example, I have a sketch called ‘The Old Woman on the Front Porch.’ You can see how many people might sit in her place.”

I asked her which of her sketches had brought the most letters from her fans.

She said, “*The Woman on the Railway Coach With Her Children*,” and “*The Telephone Exchange at Nettleton*.”

I asked her which of her sketches she liked to give the best.

She smiled and said, “The dialect sketches.” Then went on to say, “An Italian violinist in the orchestra at our studio asked me if I were Italian, after he had heard my Italian sketch. An

English woman telephoned me after she had listened to my English Cockney accent sketch and said that she had been in America two years but that my sketch had made her feel that she was back in London. A Jewish woman asked me if I were Jewish. An Irishman if I were Irish.”

Then she added quickly as we went into the living room, “I write all my own sketches and continuity.”

This made me realize suddenly that I was talking to a gracious person who was pressed for time and that I had taken too much of it already. I thanked her and departed.

I was feeling a glow of satisfaction as I walked down the street thinking of the charm of this women who might have come from any one of many lands.

Then I remembered that I had forgotten to ask her which one. I turned around quickly. But the door had closed.

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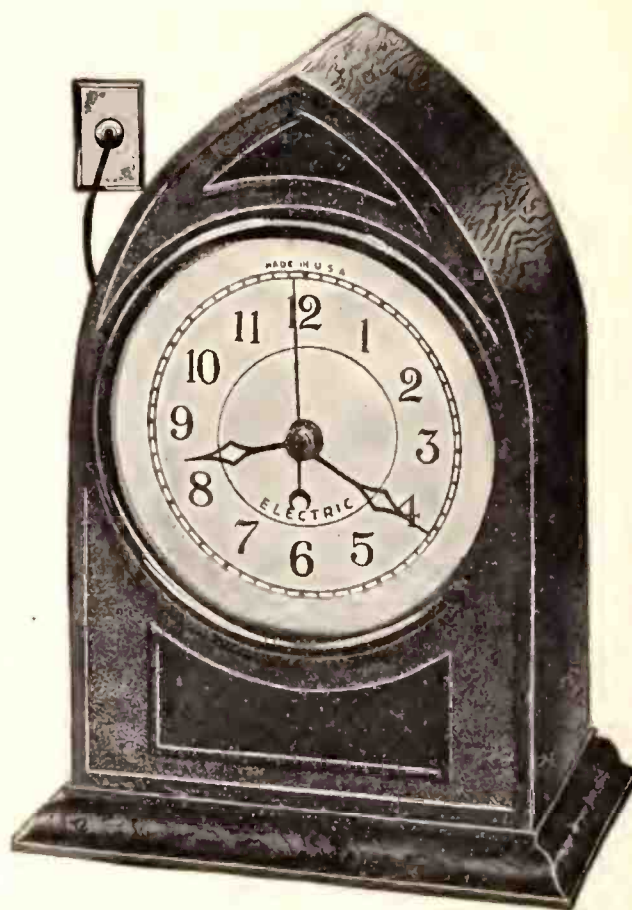
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THE

LOWDOWN

N. C. J., LOS ANGELES.

Question—Some time ago I read a story in a motion picture magazine about an invalid girl who was confined to a wheel chair and who was a friend of the movie stars and went to their parties. I think her name was Ella Wickersham. Is she the same Ella Wickersham who talks about Hollywood and the stars over KFI on Saturday afternoons?

Is Julietta Novis, of KFVB, any relation to Donald Novis who sings at the Ambassador Hotel?

Answer—Yes, it is the same Ella Wickersham. And as for Julietta Novis and Donald Novis, they are related—by marriage. And their own marriage, at that.

LOWDOWN

MRS. C. H. F., SANTA ANA.

Question—What has become of Charlie Wellman and Charlie Hamp? I would also like to have some information about Ted Newcomb, of KREG. How old is he? Was he on the stage before entering radio work?

Do you get pictures of radio people for fans? Thanks in advance.

Answer—Your question about Charlie Wellman was answered in the July RADIO DOINGS. He is broadcasting every morning except Sunday over KOL, Seattle, at 10:15.

Charlie Hamp was in Los Angeles the other day, and dropped up to KHJ to talk over old times. Leo Tyson, said he was looking great and was the same old Charlie. As for his future plans, he didn't divulge them, so it is hard telling where he will bob up next. But you can't keep Charlie away from a mike, so it shouldnt be long.

If you will tell us whose picture you want, we will try to get it for you, Mrs. F. Most stations have pictures of all their artists, and many of them would probably be glad to let you have them.

Ted Newcomb, announcer and continuity writer, came to KREG from KFON, Long Beach. Previous to that he was prominent in California stage circles and has appeared in pictures. He is 23, tall and slender, and his hobby is taking part in Little Theater plays.

LOWDOWN

G. M. W., SAN FRANCISCO

Question—Where is Tom Mitchell, the man with the more than wonderful voice? Is he on the air anywhere? If not, why doesn't some station get out its searchlight and find him?

Answer—Formerly at KGO, Tom Mitchell is now at the Portland Oregonian station, KGW, and has a special program all by himself. You can hear him on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays from 8:45 to 9:00 in the evening. KGW is sharing him on all his broadcasts with KOMO, Seattle, and KHQ, Spokane.

● *Is there something you wish to know about your favorite Radio Star? Some program in particular you want to know about? Then write the Low Down Editor of RADIO DOINGS.*

MRS. P. B., SAN FRANCISCO.

Question—Is Miss Nickerson, who sings popular songs at KOL, the same person as Maude Nickerson, who used to be at KYA? Can you tell me something more about her, if she is?

Answer—Yes, Maude Nickerson is now at KOL. She started her radio career three years ago at KYA, and also did some work over KFRC. She is an accomplished athlete, and was Pacific Coast backstroke swimming champion when she started radio work. She is also a tap and ballet dancer, likes to watch baseball, and play basketball and tennis. She has been at KOL about four months.

LOWDOWN

MRS. J. C., SEATTLE.

Question—I have often wondered if Ann Holden, who talks on the Woman's Magazine of the Air, really makes up those recipes, where did she find out so much about cooking? Is she married?

Answer—When Ann was a college student, she concentrated her studies on music and household arts. The former was to be her career—the latter, a hobby, for she liked to cook. Then she met a certain young man and the situation was reversed. When the Magazine came along, she was just the type, and got the job. She writes the Woman's Magazine of the Air cookbook, a chapter a day, and makes up her own recipes.

LOWDOWN

MISS C. B., SACRAMENTO.

Question—I am very much interested in Karl Krebs, who plays the piano and organ so beautifully at KDB. Can you tell me something about his past history, etc.?

Answer—Karl O. Krebs came to KDB about 18 months ago, and started in as staff organist and pianist. Seven months later he was made program manager and has held the position ever since. In the East, where he worked before coming to KDB, he was known as "Radio Kayo" in radio and vaudeville circles. He has been with Orpheum and Pantages circuits, and is a theater organist of long experience. As for appearance, he is slender, about 27, has light brown hair, a little mustache, and wears glasses. Enough?

L. M. A., LONG BEACH.

Question—I would like to know something about the Three Ambassadors, who sing over KFVB with Arnheim's orchestra. How old are they? Are any of them married? Also, is Harry Barris married? Did he write "I Got the Ritz from the One I Love?"

Answer—Those Three Ambassadors, who stepped into a tough spot vacated by the Rhythm Boys, are just out of high school—Hollywood High. They are all 18 years old, and none of them is married. Yes, Harry wrote "I Got the Ritz," as well as "I Surrender Dear," and many others. Can't tell you any more, because there will be a nice long article, with pictures 'n everything, on Harry and the Ambassadors in the October RADIO DOINGS.

LOWDOWN

M. C. S., SANTA BARBARA.

Question—How old is Tom Ballenger at KTAB? And what does he look like?

Answer—Tom is 20 years old. He is tall, slender and has light brown hair.

LOWDOWN

H. B. K., PORTLAND.

Question—What are the names of the Coquettes? Which one plays the piano?

Answer—They are Marjorie Primley, Annette Hastings, and Imelda Montagne. Marjorie is the pianist. It might be well to add that they are as pretty a trio of young ladies as ever crooned into a mike.

LOWDOWN

L. V., SAN DIMAS.

Question—Can you please tell me the names of the Lani McIntyre Harmony Hawaiians at KMTR? And are they real Hawaiians? Are they related?

Answer—Here they are: Lani, Dick and Alfred McIntyre, and Danny Kuaana. Danny is a cousin to the other three, who are brothers. They all left Honolulu 12 years ago and came to the United States. They have been in California since 1925. Yes, they are Hawaiians.

LOWDOWN

R. C. D., SAN DIEGO.

Question—Can you tell me something about Meredith Willson? His hobbies, is he married, etc. Also, how tall is Edna O'Keefe?

Answer—Certainly can! He is young, good-looking, and he and his wife, Peggy, were married while they were still in their 'teens, and are still madly in love. Edna O'Keefe is five feet two, and weighs 115 pounds. Incidentally, KFRC has entered her in the radio beauty contest in Chicago.

Three Musketeers

[Continued from Page 9]

He went over the air and the listener himself was pervaded with tenseness.

Then came the bombshell. We had been buying the transcripts from Stanley Frazer and Marie Keller, the official court reporters, for use in our broadcasts. One afternoon, Frazer rushed breathlessly into our remote room. "Say—" he panted, "Judge Murray just ordered that we can't sell those transcripts to radio anymore!"

Guy Earl borrowed another cigarette and paced the floor slowly: Johnson sat down and began thinking, presumably: I was thoroughly floored. No transcripts—no broadcasts—no broadcasts—we lose! Earl broke the silence.

"We'll get our own reporters and put 'em in the courtroom—and get our own transcripts," the unbeatable Earl pronounced.

"Yaaa—" snorted Johnson, "an we'll get that judge for discrimination too—he lets the newspapers have those transcripts—and refuses them to us—that's—why that's showing partiality—I'll get a writ!" No matter what the emergency, Johnson always gets a writ and it usually works, too. Attorneys went to work, but Judge Murray beat us to it. He ordered the reporters to stop selling the transcripts to newspapers too—thereby avoiding the possibility of discrimination.

"Judge," I moaned, later the same day, "why are you being so tough with us—after all we only want to broadcast the truth?"

"I'm not going to let you make a circus of a murder trial—next thing they'll be selling peanuts to the crowd outside!"

The first week of the trial was over and we had not missed a broadcast. Then Johnson was called before a committee composed of members of the Los Angeles Bar Association. The meeting was held in Judge Doran's chambers and Judge Murray was there. The Clark trial jurist was pacing stormily up and down the room when Johnson entered.

"Now this has got to stop," was the radio man's greeting from Judge Mur-

ray. "I met a friend of mine from Madera county on the street today and he said he'd heard those broadcasts and my voice didn't sound right—now that isn't fair and I won't stand for it!"

But soft answers turneth away wrathful judges—and Johnson quietly reminded Judge Murray that his own order had prevented the radio audience from hearing his own voice. Campbell, Bailey and Jannings at last were satisfied and went away quite happy.

Then we broadcast an appeal to our listeners for telegrams. "And if you want these broadcasts to continue—if you want to hear the truth of this trial, send a telegram right now to Judge Murray in the Hall of Justice and tell him to allow us to have the official transcripts of this case." Telegraph wires buzzed—messenger boys streamed into the citadel of justice.

"Where's Judge Murray sitting?" they asked. In less than an hour, more than 100 telegrams were handed to the judge while the trial was in progress. More than two thousand were delivered to Judge Murray during the session.

A reporter rushed up to the clerk. "Why all the telegrams?"

"Those?" answered the clerk hesitantly, "Why the Judge's dog just died and these telegrams are condolences—the judge thought a lot of that dog."

The skeptical reporter approached the judge.

"Too bad about your dog, judge," he whispered.

"What do you mean 'dog'," he snorted, "It's those radio bugs after me again."

Then the bar association got busy again. Johnson was called again before the bar association committee in Judge Doran's chambers.

"We merely wish to broadcast the true proceedings of the court, gentlemen," murmured Johnson. "We feel that radio has a place in the dissemination of news just as the newspapers. We welcome a contempt of court citation to test this issue before the United States Supreme court."

The gentlemen of the bar association went slowly back to their offices.

Another problem burst upon us the next morning. Judge Doran's reporter, Sullivan, said he had work to do and told us we'd have to vacate his office. This meant no room for our remote control panel and several other things as well.

District Attorney Buron Fitts was our manna in the wilderness.

"Mr. Fitts," I asked, "Can you find us a room in your offices somewhere—anywhere, so we can move our equipment into it?"

"Well," he answered, "I'll see."

After an hour's careful survey of his quarters, Fitts announced that we might take a corner of the women's rest rooms—Room 608—if we wanted it. Well it was better than nothing, and the remote was moved out of the clerk's office into the rest room.

The rest room was not the most convenient headquarters and we moved again, not because we had to, but because it was our wish, to the Paris Inn, nearby.

And as this is written we're still there—still dramatizing anything and everything pertaining to the trial.

And if the courtroom wasn't so closely guarded that we can't walk in with a bulge in our pockets, we'd still hide a microphone in the court room.

It is with great regret as we go to press that the announcement of the tragic death of Jane Green, KFRC artist, came too late to prevent the article "Green and Blue" on page nineteen, from being printed. A sudden paralytic stroke, coming as a climax to a month's illness, was responsible.

At the height of her radio popularity, with a host of new friends at KFRC and among the listening public, she will be missed immeasurably, and it will be difficult for the San Francisco station to fill her place. Her death marks the passing of a great radio personality, a charming artist, and a lovely girl.

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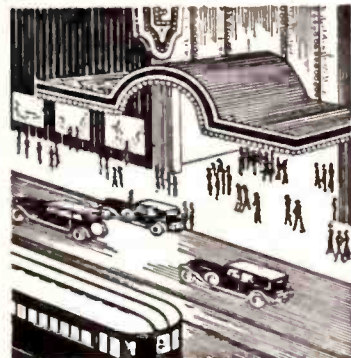
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know just what the people look like. I think each month it is getting better.

As I was reading "As You Like It," I read a letter written by C. H. Say, why doesn't he read the newspapers? Every day they have what is on for that day. Gee, what does that man want for his money?

I don't know whether you ever had this man in or not, but I would like to see a story about G. Allison Phelps, of the Indoor and Good Sports Club. So if you can, will you write something about him? Again I want to say that we certainly enjoy this lovely magazine.—MISS FRANCIS BROWN, LONG BEACH.

What About This Page?

I was certainly glad to see an article like "How To Get Shipwrecked Gracefully" which appeared in the last RADIO DOINGS. I think it is about time you put a little more humor into the magazine, instead of so many dry articles. H. C. Connette, the author is certainly clever, and I'd like to see him have something else in the magazine sometime.

Yours for more humor.—DOUG R., BERKELEY, CALIF.

Our Editor is a Mind Reader

You couldn't have suited me better in the July-August DOINGS, than with the article "From Monday On." Every Monday night the whole family puts off any engagements it has, to listen into that bunch of KFRC artists. We were just wishing the other night we had some pictures of them, and knew who was who, and then along came RADIO DOINGS with the whole works! Thanks.—L. B., HOLLYWOOD.

Now That Is a Compliment!

How about having a story about Gus Arnheim and his assisting artists? For instance, like the one telling about the Blue Monday Jamboree. And if you would print a picture of Gus and the orchestra and a separate one of Harry Barris, Don Novis and Gordon Smith.

Of course, we already have one of Loyce Whiteman. I'm sure I'm not the only one who would enjoy a feature of this kind. I'm a faithful RADIO DOINGS fan, and think it is the grandest magazine published.

MARY B. R., Los Angeles.

Wait Until Next Month!

Here I am with my first complaint, RADIO DOINGS! And it isn't really a complaint, because I like everything in the magazine, and look forward to it every month: But so far there hasn't been a single article on my favorite programs!

How about one on Gus Arnheim and the Coconut Grove program? How about The Biltmore program? And Lofner and Harris? I guess you see that I like these dance programs. Won't you please have something in about one of these?—ELSIE W., BURBANK, CALIF.

Explosive

I notice in the last issue Mrs. Harry S. has written a letter agreeing with the editorial "Behind the Program," in the June issue. I'd like to add my support to hers, in saying that people really don't appreciate the fact that radio entertainment is made possible only through sponsors. When I hear a person say "Oh, turn it off. Who wants to listen to advertising?" I feel like blowing up. I'll admit, I have listened to programs where some of the advertising was tiresome, but on the whole, I think we are lucky to have the wonderful programs we have today.

You don't hear anyone kicking about the number of ads in a newspaper, and yet everybody reads and enjoys the news.—NANCY H., LOS ANGELES.

We've a New One Now

For some time I have been going to write and tell you how clever I think the diagram of the radio dial is that you have in RADIO DOINGS. As soon as the first one came out, I cut it out and pasted it on a piece of cardboard and keep it by the radio all of the time.

Our radio has a space on the dial where we can write in the stations, but I think it spoils the appearance of the set. With the DOINGS dial handy, it is just as easy and much more satisfactory.—MRS. D. S., ALTADENA, CALIF.

The Life of the Party

I find that RADIO DOINGS usually has a photograph of one or more artists on a favorite program of mine, and I am so delighted to see his or her picture—I think it makes the program more interesting. I keep my RADIO DOINGS copies, and if anyone comes in and

says they like this, or that one, I show them the picture. As for the logging of programs that some people who write to As You Like It would like, they are in all of the newspapers every day.—MARY E. H., LOS ANGELES.

You're Welcome—Thank You!

You'll never appreciate the pleasure I've found in your magazine during the last five months I've been ill. I've never missed a copy—in fact, I think I've become heartily disliked by the various newstands for phoning so frequently to find if it was yet available.

I have enjoyed every word of every issue, as it contains such intimate word pictures of my favorite artists, and little human interest notes of so much heart interest. Thank you again for the joy I've found in your little books and wishing you a great future for your work.—MAUDE N. D., LA JOLLA.

Wait'll Harry Sees This

Recently we heard Harry Barris, but think he is as the proverbial "egg without salt," without Bing Crosby. I personally never missed a single program where I knew I could find Bing. We miss him.

We take RADIO DOINGS all the time and enjoy it. The article and pictures of Loyce Whiteman were nice. She certainly is a honey.—MRS. T. M. T., CORONADO, CALIF.

Can We Come to the Parties?

Just a note to let you know how much we appreciate RADIO DOINGS with its new summer dress of green in August. I don't know how we would keep house without our radio, which is a constant source of comfort and pleasure, and still doing its duty.

The Indoor Sports Club brings a big ray of sunshine into the lives of shut-ins, and I am a member of that. We have parties and meetings which are very enjoyable, and the Good Sports help to make things pleasant. We will have to call you a Good Sport too.—CATHERINE W., HUNTINGTON PARK, CALIF.

Speak Up, C. H.

You might be interested to know how we enjoy RADIO DOINGS here at our home. This last issue is more than lovely and we enjoy the pictures very much, for now we

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