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(See Page 9)

February
1932

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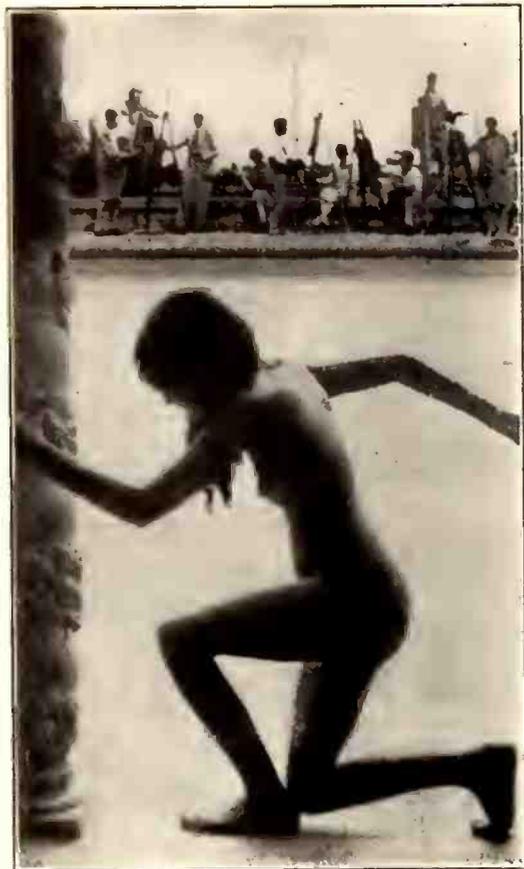
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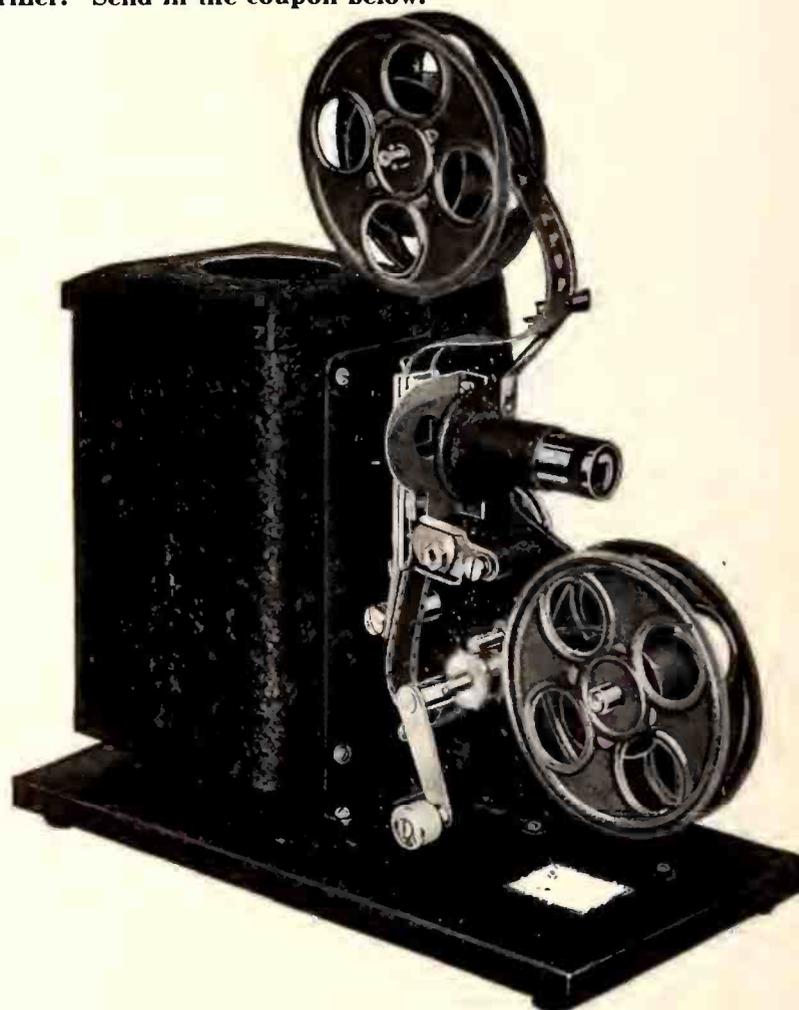
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RADIO DOINGS

"THE MOVIE MAGAZINE OF THE AIR"

FEBRUARY

1 9 3 2

Volume XX

Number 2

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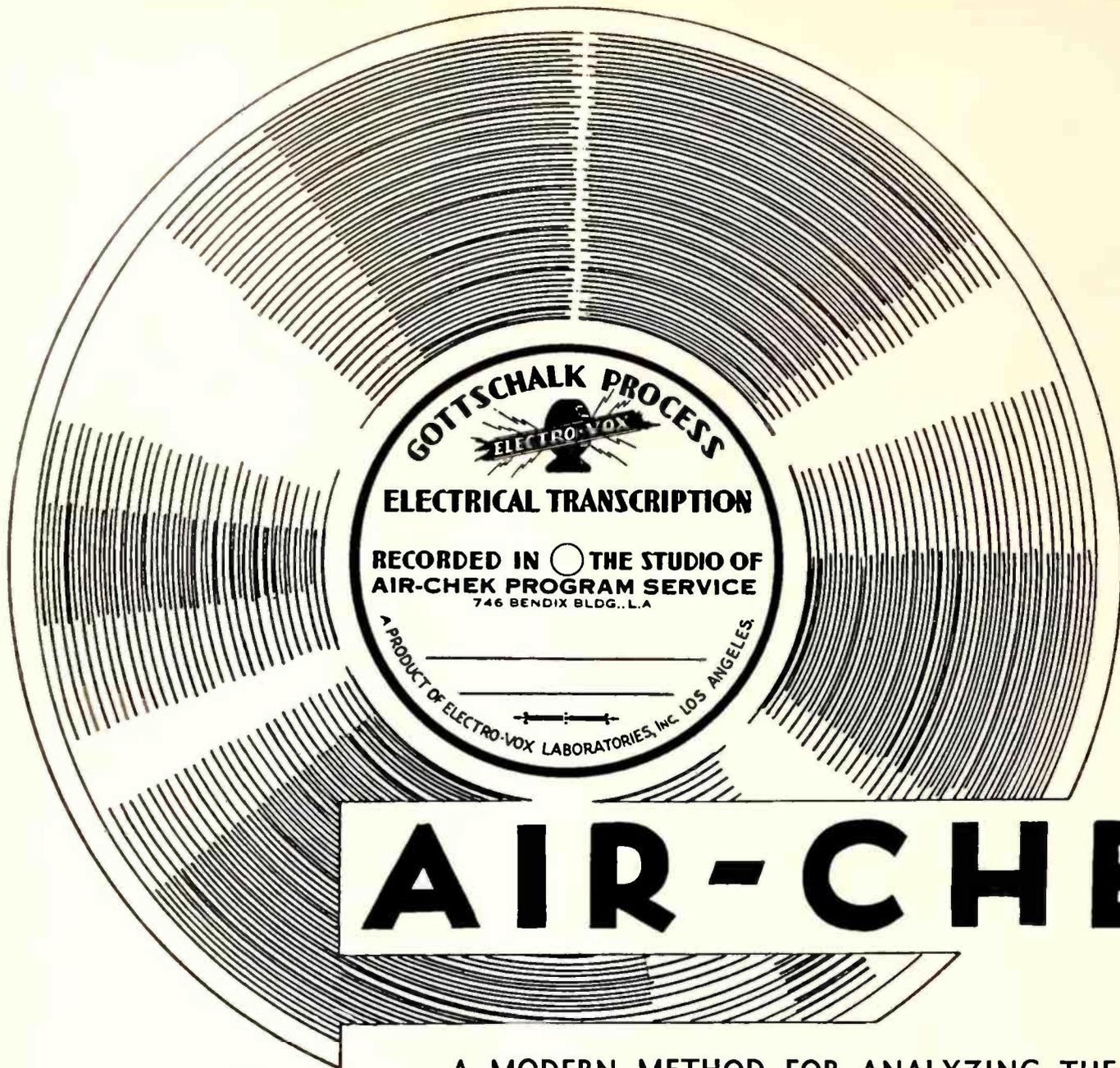
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THE past year witnessed the most stupendous parade of important and interesting events to be broadcast in the history of radio. A brief resumé of famous broadcasts during 1931 leaves one in awe at the wonder of it all. Briefly, here are a few highlights from last year's schedule:

Premier Mussolini addressed Americans for the first time, from Rome. First world-wide broadcast from Vatican City, in which Pope Pius XI delivered his first radio address to the world, translated by Marconi, inventor of wirelessee. Prince of Wales spoke at the opening of the British Exposition in Buenos Aires. British Grand National Steeplechase broadcast from Aintree, England. First broadcast from the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. Broadcast of a beating human heart from Philadelphia. Discussions by Ramsay MacDonald. President Hoover's gala Sunday programs for unemployment relief. Oxford-Harvard debate by radio. Roll call of countries celebrating thirtieth anniversary of Marconi's first wireless message across the Atlantic. Description of Knute Rockne funeral. First broadcast by Helen Keller. Address by King George V. Mahatma Ghandi's speech from London. World Series. Student's chorus from Heidelberg, Germany.

A trifle different from the old home-talent—weather report—and—phonograph days, isn't it? And there's more to come. Every day radio officials in both national chains are working tooth and nail to improve their programs, and capture even more interesting and world-important events in 1932.

If we live to be as old as Methuselah, we'll never fail to get a thrill out of the wonders of radio, and those promised by television to come. Pick faults with broadcasting, condemn it as we will, the fact remains that when all is said and done, radio is one of the greatest things on earth.

Television Advancing in the West

MURMURS of television for the public are growing louder. Buffeted by gossip, rumor and propoganda, television has long been, and still is, in a questionable state. Recently, however, the

establishment of two television stations, engaged in active broadcasting in California, brings it another step farther in the West.

Though there have been a half-dozen or more licenses rumored on the Pacific Coast, this is the first sign of actual activity in preparation for television broadcasting for entertainment purposes.

Don Lee, Inc., owner of the Don Lee System of radio stations, is now broadcasting television for an hour each evening. The broadcasts are purely experimental, and no attempt has been made to interest the public in them in their present state. The images are received by wire, several feet away from the transmitter, for convenience. Signals for experimenting are in the form of parallel lines across the televisior.

In Bakersfield, California, a station has been built, and at the time of this writing, is going on the air in a few days.

The experimenters are keeping their results secret, but it is fairly safe to predict that it won't be very many months before there will be enough entertainment value in television programs to make the purchase of a television outfit appealing. If we got a thrill over hearing our first squawk through the headphone, what will be the reaction when we can twist a dial and get an image in our home televisior? And don't forget, the li'l old radio will still have its job in picking up the sound that goes along with the picture.

Club for Radio Artists

About a year ago, a group of radio artists, talking picture entertainers, announcers, continuity writers, and others of the ilk most commonly found hanging about radio studios, decided that they needed a social organization just as much as any other profession has.

It was this crying need that gave birth to the "Microphone Club of Amrceai." Its principle aim is to provide social and convivial association among radio people, although on occasion, efforts are made to improve working conditions and business methods.

Lacking a master-mind to lead the flock into organization, the MCA lapsed into a coma that lasted until a few weeks ago, when Jack Parker, of KHJ, and others, took a new grip on matters and began a huge drive to revive the club. Their enthusiasm was contagious, and soon the ranks of its members began flourishing anew.

The first necessity was a club house or hotel where the club could hold its parties and which would be a permanent hang-out for the members. The idea of a hotel was soon relinquished, when a wealthy benefactor offered to help them build a club house in the Hollywood Hills. Plans for a very attractive Spanish building were drawn up, and work will commence soon on its construction.

Jack Parker, present head of the organization, is also the founder, and has announced proudly that plans are being made to form branch clubs throughout the United States. Plans for banquets, balls and other functions, at which both radio and movie people will take part, are also being made.

Good luck, radio folk—your enterprise marks another step in the advance of radio, both professionally and artistically.

Does Radio Affect Weather?

We were talking with a Western scientist and inventor the other day, when the subject of weather and climate came up.

“Do you know,” asked the scientist, “that it is a growing belief that unusual changes and alterations in weather and climate are being brought about by radio waves?”

“Since the inception of radio a number of well-informed writers have advanced this opinion, although most scientists refuse to give it serious consideration. In the past few years we have experienced some radical weather changes all over the world, freak storms, extreme cold in places and excessive heat in others. All have been more noticeable since the installation of high-power broadcasting stations.

“Radio transmission depends on rapid vibration of the ether with high-frequency electrical discharges covering a wide range of wave lengths. Broadcasting, apparently, creates some disturbance in the atmosphere. Ether, being a magnetic medium, is doubtlessly disturbed by the bombardment of the magnetic atmosphere by radio transmission, having a tendency to throw it out of normal equilibrium. This might result in a slight or violent atmospheric change.”

Something We've Been Wondering—

Whether Russ Columbo isn't stealing a lot of Bing's listeners Why the Blue Monday Jamboree isn't snapped up by one of the national chains Where Walt Winchell gets all his information Why somebody didn't think of sponsoring Kolb and Dill before If Cecil and Sally hadn't better look to their laurels and keep an eye on Jimmie and Mildred of “Growin' Up” Whether Charlie Hamp is ever coming back When some of these smaller stations are going to realize that they're paying too much for their whistle—many of them are paying \$75 a week for

\$25 talent . . . while some \$75 artists have to as interesting as having someone read the telephone directory aloud Announcers who can't ad-lib insist on ad-libbing Who started this log-rolling, or verbal backslapping among announcers and artists, and when will they realize that it is boring Why it isn't just as easy to say “ear” as “caw” When somebody will wake up to the fact that movie stars are using the radio studios for cats' paws and easy marks for free publicity And a lot of other little matters we can't get through our thick head. take \$25 jobs How long we're going to have to put up with long-winded classified ads Who cares about dedication programs except the one who hears his name read over the air—about

It's Opera Time for NBC

In the past year, it has become increasingly apparent that radio listeners are growing more and more appreciative of classical music and operatic composers. As common as jazz is on the air, its prevalence, it would seem, does not come from public demand, especially, but because it is the most easily procurable type of entertainment.

This fact has been brought forcibly home to the National Broadcasting Company, among others, by thousands of letters, not only from metropolitan cities, but from rural districts all over the country, thanking them for grand opera broadcasts and expressing appreciation for the many fine artists which have appeared on its classical programs.

The Metropolitan Opera Annual Wagner Matinee Cycle, including the music-dramas of “Der Ring des Nibelungen” will be broadcast over a WJZ-NBC nation-wide network, beginning February 12. The Cycle, which will be presented in addition to the regular Saturday series now being broadcast, will consist of “Tannhauser,” February 12; “Tristan and Isolde,” February 18; “Das Rheingold,” February 26; “Die Walkure,” March 3; “Siegfried,” March 11; and “Gotterdammerung,” March 17. This Cycle, consisting of the four music-dramas of “Der Ring des Nibelungen,” is presented each year as the outstanding Wagner event of its season.

Who's Your Favorite?

A few weeks ago, the Music Corporation of America concluded an interesting contest, to find out which were the most popular dance orchestras and leaders. Some 260 editors, columnists and writers sent in their choice and here's the result. Whether you agree with the critics or not, the following maestros were selected as America's most popular dance orchestra leaders: Vincent Lopez, George Olsen, Ben Bernie, Guy Lombardo, Ted Weems, Fred Waring, Gus Arnheim, Paul Whiteman, Rudy Vallee, Carleton Coon, and Joe Sanders. Check up on them and see if you agree. Personally, we think there are a few that should have been included, but then we weren't running the contest.

He Taught

Hollywood a LESSON

by Don Eddy

Sophistication and "It" Took a Back Seat in the Film Colony When Seth Parker and His Little Troupe Showed Them a Few Things About Showmanship and Box Office Appeal.

SOPHISTICATED never so completely gave itself away as it did recently when Seth Parker visited Hollywood to star in the RKO-Radio Picture, "Way Back Home."

In a town which is considered smart, three jumps ahead of the latest fashion and with ears that have heard all the latest wise-cracks, Parker's home-spun humor would seem to be tainted with a ruralness that would prevent any of the Hollywoodites from laughing. But such was not the case; fun is fun anywhere and the cloak of worldliness which enshrouds those who affect sophistication proved to be made of the lightest tissue-paper.

In other words, Parker captivated Hollywood as he has millions of radio listeners throughout the country. His wholesale humor backed by the staunch character of the folk he represents was a force entirely too powerful for those who scoffed.

The quaint homeliness of Parker's broadcasts as reflected in "Way Back Home" charmed the movie folk and won him hundreds of admirers behind the scenes in the movie capitol. It proved to nearly everyone that the rural life of these United States still has a world of meaning to even the most rabid city dweller.

Seth showed little terror when he faced the battery of cameras, lights and microphones which he admitted was very satisfying as he has never completely overcome microphone "fright." Since his first broadcast, over a small station on a free program, Parker has always felt a slightly shaky feeling when he steps up to a "mike."

"It isn't a lack of confidence," he explains, "it is the thought that my words once spoken cannot be recalled for editing or revision; that a mistake is made forever, and will ring in the ears of countless listeners-in."

"Before the movie mikes I felt that a mistake, although costly, could be remedied and it held no terror for me."

The radio star was not hailed alone because of the character he so success-



Seth Parker in "Way Back Home".

fully portrays nor for his humor, but because he represents to most of Hollywood a type of entertainment which legitimate motion picture producers are constantly striving to put on the screen, entertainment which can be seen and heard by the whole family. He was respected by moviedom's highest because he has proved that "dirt" can be eliminated without impairing the commercial value of entertainment.

He didn't preach or lecture but let his work speak for itself. He didn't advocate the injection of some pallid fluid into the veins of the movies to give them a falseness untrue to life, but he did show that life, portrayed as it is, need not lack dramatic quality. As a matter of fact, he came to Hollywood with a willingness to learn and found that some of the most prominent men in the industry would like to learn from him.

Parker believes that every other branch of entertainment can take a few lessons from radio when cleanliness of material is under consideration. He considers the radio a high type of entertainment and points to the fact that it is rigidly guarded, by the business itself, from those who would turn it into a cheap side-show.

The tremendous success throughout the country of his first picture pretty definitely proves that the producers are wise in striving toward screen amusement that doesn't stress vulgarity especially in a medium which has such a wide circulation.

Seth Parker was born in Bangor, Maine, and despite the age of the character he portrays, is a young man in his thirties. Under his real name of Phillips Lord, he adds another talent to that of radio and motion pictures; it is writing. He feels a great satisfaction in the fact that his writing started before his broadcasting and was accepted on its merits rather than because it was signed by a famous name—which he thinks would have been the case if he had started writing after he became a nation-wide radio favorite.

Today, in an age pictured as super-sophisticated, countless thousand journey by way of NBC networks to Jonesport, Maine, to meet Seth and "Ma" Parker and their neighbors. There they find an evening of hymn sings, melodeon music and simple talk of God without creed.

The simplicity and sincerity of Seth Parker has won him a place in American life comparable only to Amos 'n' Andy. Both depict, in a natural way, the fundamental characteristics and philosophy of a people. They live in reality for their listeners.



Myrt and Marge

Page Ten

Maybe you think Myrt (left) and Marge are just kidding about this chorus girl business! After one look at this, if Zeigfeld doesn't sign them up, he ought to have his head examined. Such eyes!

RADIO DOINGS

Back Stage With Myrt and Marge

by Steve Trumbull



Introducing Misses Myrtle Vail and Donna Damerel, smiling their best chewing gum smiles—a pair of real live girls, doing a big job, well, like the troupers they are.

Five Years Ago Myrtle Vail Retired From the Show Business, But a Sudden Inspiration Brought Her Out of Seclusion Into the Spotlight of Radio—Her First Rehearsal Was Also Her First Appearance Before the Microphone!

HARDBOILED sentimentalist! Those seemingly conflicting adjectives were used by one radio critic in describing Myrt, central figure in the Myrt and Marge ether-wave serial, now heard five nights a week over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Myrt has been lifted bodily from the theatrical back-stage. Her creator, the writer of the script, knows whereof she speaks. She is Myrtle Vail, who, in her own language, has been everything from a prima donna to a "nut" comedienne. In addition to writing the script she plays the Myrt role.

A glimpse into the past of Miss Vail is a glimpse into the life of Myrt of the radio show. Born in Joliet, Ill., Miss Vail was just fifteen years old when she decided the footlights were more important than history and algebra. To think was to act, and before school was opened the following Monday the name of Myrtle Vail had been added to the list of ladies of the chorus in a musical comedy then playing in Chicago.

More musical comedy, stock and vaudeville. Then, about ten years ago, Miss Vail discovered she could write as well as act. In vaudeville at the time, and already in the ranks of the headliners, she started turning out her own skits. Soon the Vail play-mill was turning out so much material that there was a surplus for sale to other actors.

Five years ago she retired (or thought she did). Living in a quiet Chicago suburb, she aided in the directing of local talent plays—club affairs and the like—and listened to radio dramas. Never had she been in a radio studio, and yet, somehow, she was intrigued by those radio dramas, intrigued and sometimes disappointed.

It was in one of these latter moments that she remarked to a group of friends

one evening: "Any idiot could write a skit like that!" And when the company left that evening Myrt sat down to prove her point. At 3:00 a. m. she was still proving the point. At 5:00 a. m. the first three episodes of Myrt and Marge were on paper.

The Wrigley company had been the target for just about every newborn radio idea in the Windy City for more than a year, so for the Wrigley company headed Myrt. It was known that this concern spent millions in advertising, but for some two years radio had been left out. Representatives of the company had rejected more radio ideas than probably any other one industry in the country. If Myrt had heard about that she didn't care. Into the Wrigley portals she stormed, and she sold the show. Her first glimpse of a radio studio came when she entered Columbia's Chicago headquarters for the rehearsal.

Ask Myrt now which is the toughest proposition, writing for radio or for the stage, and there is no room for doubt in interpreting her words:

"Writing for the radio is the toughest game in the world," she will tell you. "It's like trying to put over a stage play with all of the actors handcuffed and in false-faces, or with the lights off altogether. Words, and words alone must tell the story."

But despite these difficulties, Myrt continues to turn out five episodes each week, spend several hours in rehearsals, and act the script before the microphone ten times each week. Myrt and Marge is presented at 7:00 p. m. EST for stations in the east, and again at 10:45 p. m. EST for stations from Chicago west.

Donna Damerel, every bit as young as the voice indicates, plays the part of Marge. The skit is unique in that there is no doubling, no playing of two or more characters by one actor. There

is an actor, or an actress, in the flesh for every character before the microphone. Most of them are stage vets.

Otis Gordinier plays the part of Hunt, the producer of "Pleasures of 1931" (the title has not yet been changed in keeping with the new year). Billie, the hard-boiled one, is played by Eleanor Trent, daughter of May Trent, a famous soubrette in the days of Maggie Mitchell. Gwen, the "dumb Patsy" of the chorus, is played by Patricia Ann Manners, remembered by the theatrical audience as Gretchen in "The Student Prince." The part of May is played by Dorothy Day. Vinton Haworth, whose voice you may have remembered as the announcer for The Three Doctors, is Arnold.

Karl Way plays the part of Houston, the tough gangster. Ray Hedge plays the effeminate Tiffinguffer, and he does everything but chew tobacco in the studio to eradicate the impression created by his part.

Myrt explains her inspiration in this manner:

"I guess everyone who was ever connected with the theatre has wanted to write plays, the call boy, the stage carpenter, and even the ushers. Myrt and Marge was in the formative stage for years. I always wanted to write about the people I knew best . . . a play about people who make plays, something I could do without reference books."

Miracle Man of SOUND EFFECTS



CHARLIE FORSYTH

RADIO has been responsible for a remarkable evolution in sound effects—termed “radio scenery” by Charles Forsyth, of KHJ, and the absence of the visual explains the development. The new necessities for illusion, a new kind of appeal to the imagination, have taxed ingenuity as never before, and there are literally hundreds of Forsyth’s inventions which have no duplicates and yet are needed in the varied programs of radio. His collection consists of more than 3,500 different sound appliances.

Since the days of Aeschylus, when an off-stage clashing of swords or the tramp of feet constituted the Alpha and Omega of sound effects, development in this art has been gradual until the present generation. Now we have such bewildering imitations as the hiss of a snake, the trumpeting of an elephant, the falling airplane, the freight hand-truck and even grinding in a hollow tooth. Think of any sound you ever heard or might hear and sound effects engineer Charlie Forsyth digs up some mechanism that will simulate it.

Contrivances used by the up-to-date broadcasters are infinitely more scientific than those employed elsewhere, this being true of such familiar sounds as thunder and rain, in testimony of which instruments of the latter kind operated at KHJ have been borrowed more than once by Hollywood motion picture technicians. Thus, radio is setting a new pace for other dramatic entertainment. Time was when off-stage soldiery sounded like impatient gallery guards, and the

whinny of a horse might have passed for a mewling infant. The public became accustomed to stretching the imagination during moments of suspense and forgave shabby imitations of sounds

Forsyth’s invention for marching men consists of a board with about fifty little hammers, so synchronized that the illusion is perfect. One need not have served time to note the accuracy of the jail door sound—produced by a heavily-made door in miniature, of the exact pattern of those in penal institutions.

Forsyth came naturally by his unique talent. As a small boy he was fascinated by the traps used in his father’s drummer’s outfit. Those were the days when the up-to-date theatre drummer spent his odd hours and spare quarters rounding up animal calls, sand-paper blocks and other obligato noises that served so nicely in burlesque shows. The more the orchestral pit was cluttered with traps the greater the prestige of Mr. Drummer. After performances Charles would worm his way to drum side and sample all the sounds within reach. He would spend hours under the spell of weird noises and almost daily had to be corralled for dinner.

In 1908 Forsyth was operating a projection machine at the old Empire Theatre in Oklahoma City, the first movie in town. From his booth in the gallery near the ceiling he constructed about fifteen different sound effects to accompany the pictures. By means of ropes and wires extending to the stage, and a list of cues, he managed to introduce a

Here’s a Man Who Can Create Artificial Sounds That Are More Like the Real Noises Than They Are Themselves—Far From An Easy Job.

by
George Turner

doorbell, a burglar alarm, a fire gong, a cannon shot and other sounds. After a few years in theatre management, Forsyth was employed by the American Photoplayer Company to devise methods of putting sound effects in photoplay organs. This was in 1915, during the San Francisco fair. These contrivances involved the use of pull straps and buttons and are still to be found in some of the small movie houses.

Being a clarinet player, Forsyth joined Paul Ash’s orchestra in 1921 and the following year became a band leader himself, appearing in San Francisco and Oakland until 1925. The following year found him in radio work and he began to concentrate anew on sound effects, foreseeing a new field. Also, talkies were looming on the horizon. He got his trunk-full of apparatus out of storage and spent as many hours as possible testing sounds before the microphone. His efforts to interest motion picture producers proved difficult when the sound pictures came, for the policy of the studios was such that \$1,000 would be spent experimenting on some effect likely as not to be discarded rather than to call in the specialist and pay him \$100 to duplicate the actual sound.

That Forsyth had developed a kind of sixth sense in determining in advance how a mechanism would sound when reproduced seems evident from the success of his inventions. His experiments revealed the fact that not many fundamental sounds were actually needed, but that it was the combination of these and their different employment that served, as through changing a soundboard or altering the position before the microphone.

“It’s the ensemble that usually makes the effect,” says Forsyth. “There are minor sounds in nearly every case which the listener fails to realize that he is hearing. Ask someone what he heard in an avalanche and he will name the rumbling of rocks. But let a lot of

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Take a good breath before you start on this list of sound effects gadgets in Forsyth's collection. Here's a few of them shown at the left: Background — Wind machine, cannon drum, thunder sheet, falling airplane, machine gun, locomotive, ocean surf, windlass, roulette wheel, carriage wheels, rain machine, glass crash, jail door, comedy automobile, door locks, bolts, latches, creaking stairs, mantle clock chimes, wood crash, fire bells, marching soldiers, boat whistles, dog bark, cow moo, chicken cackle, turtle dove, crow caw, horse whinny, bridle rattle, crackling fire, foot falls in snow (that's a good one), sword duel, steam winch, tire blow-out, whip crack, cork pop, volcano, dental engines, lion roar, pig grunt, skating rink, baby cry, cowboy boots and spurs, cattle stampede—and about 3,000-odd more that we haven't room to name. If there is anything on earth that makes a noise, be assured that Charlie has its counterpart at KHJ.

His Work's One Fake After Another—and He's Proud of It!

Just part of Charlie Forsyth's collection of 3475 sound effect instruments, which he has acquired during the fifteen years he has been experimenting. Now we don't want to be old meanies, or anything, but just how many of them can you count? With Forsyth, this sound effect business isn't just a racket—it is actually a science. He isn't content with simply making a sound like a slamming door—he has to include the squeek of the hinges, the rush of air and rattle of the knob—a whole combination of sounds that are actually present when a door is slammed. That's why he's a miracle man—he leaves no stone unturned to find a noise like a stone being unturned.



For He's a Jolly Good FELLOW



In His Plane, "Spirit of Imagination," Li'l Joe Warner Soars Out Over the World, Dropping Interesting Bits of News and Good Cheer for Everyone—Meet Li'l Joe.

By Michael Kelly

EACH night, from 6:30 to 6:45, brings to the faithful of KNX a new attraction in the person of Li'l Joe Warner and his "Jolly Journal."

With the avowed purpose of making other people happy, Joe's success in this human endeavor is exceeded only by his obvious delight in radiating via the microphone his whimsical concoction of joy . . . of whose ingredients he makes no secret.

Holding to the idea that humor can penetrate where gloom could never reach, Joe is able to cover vast distances in no time at all! And so, in his airplane, "The Spirit of Imagination," he hops from one spot in the world to another before you could say "knife!" . . . presenting the merry side of life to his companions.

He avoids horrible or suggestive news like the plague, and treats his friends to a humorous pigeon's-eye view of the clean, wholesome events which transpire every day in old Mother Earth's backyard!

Joe will tell you with a broad smile that sordid matter of any kind will always arouse the worst in men . . . whether it be bitter controversy, dislike, or morbid curiosity. But the clean, sparkling side of life, quoth he, cannot excite anything but a pleasant reaction in his audience.

Explaining to his friends that radio waves travel at the rate of something like 360,000 miles per second, they are not at all surprised when Joe swishes

them to New York in one flash! Then, with a hum of his airplane motors, he lands them in Manhattan, perhaps to the tune of "East Side, West Side," for a peek at the news.

And thus, skipping like lightning from one part of the world to another, Li'l Joe shows life to his companions the way he sees it!

Starting in radio in 1922, following a notable vaudeville vareer, Joe first appeared over KYW in Chicago. There he became known as the first real dialectician on the air.

Raised in the Ghetto of Chicago, he became familiar with the different dialects in that hybrid human melting pot. And his ingenious manner of using these varied interpretations of the English language without casting ridicule upon the people to whom they belonged won the hearts and sympathy of all his listeners.

Hitting "Big Time" at NBC, he became known all over the country for his role of Merry Rosenberg, of the "Smith Family," and his daily bits on the NBC Farm and Home Hour.

Joe's natural curiosity, mingled with an equally natural kindness toward his fellow beings, led him to wonder what sort of program has the most vital and lasting appeal to a radio audience. He decided after much thought and investigation that the subject which proved most fascinating was news . . . news about what other human beings were doing around them and in other parts of the world!

Then, selecting those phases from the lives of people of all creeds and nationalities which would awaken only the best and most sympathetic feelings in other persons, he started out with his "Jolly Journal," which is now heard nightly over KNX, in Hollywood.

When pressed further for his reasons in choosing only the clean, genuine side of human nature for his portrayals, he declared with an irresistible look of mixed humor and pleading:

"You know . . . I've got four little children . . . my four little microphones. I call them! Well, I just sort of figured that it would be much nicer for them if people could say that their daddy gave a really clean and friendly description of life instead of something that was mean and horrible!

Incidentally, speaking of Joe's four little microphones . . . they were responsible for his airplane hum signature. Here's the way it all happened:

Joe was always teasing the little ones about playing a trick on them some day. One afternoon, while clowning in the NBC studios before going on the air, he walked over to a mike and imitated the hum of an airplane making a landing. To Joe's utter consternation, the mike was "hot!"

But officials in the studio thought the imitation so clever that he was asked to do it over the air. He finally adapted it to his program as an appropriate signature.

And there you have Li'l Joe in a nutshell! Smiling happily through life, and always thinking of someone else!

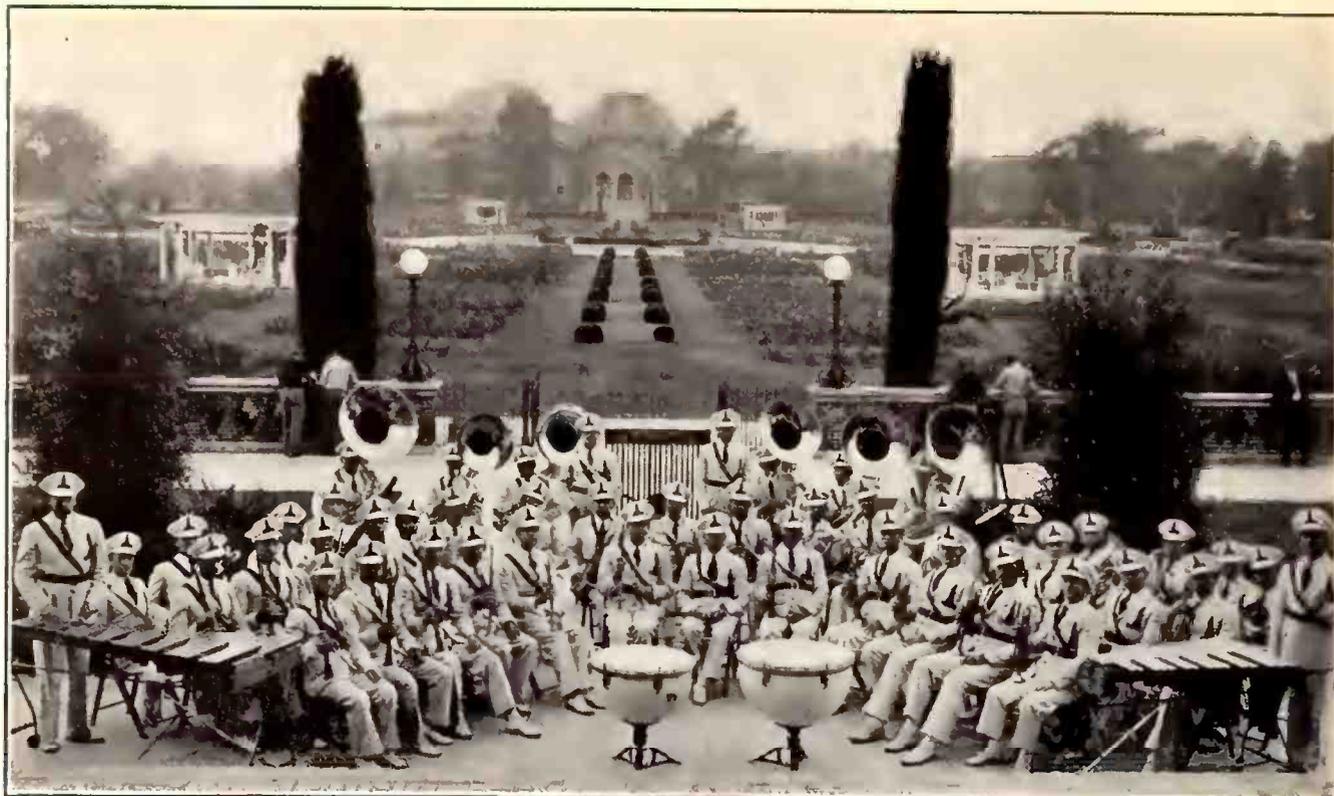


Lil' Joe Warner

Joe Warner has the idea that humor will penetrate into the deep fastnesses of human nature that gloom will never reach, so in his imaginary airplane he scoots around the world presenting the merry side of life in a clean, wholesome, happy-go-lucky manner.

We're all playmates to Joe.

Spick and span in their snappy white uniforms and black and gold braided caps, the members of Hal Robert's "Liberty Band," heard on KHJ, dress as carefully for their radio broadcasts as they do for a public appearance. Below Lieut. Harold William Roberts, youthful band maestro, and leader of six famous bands.



All Dressed Up— To Go On The Air!

by
Raine
Bennett

Hal Roberts and his KHJ Liberty Band Are as Particular about their Uniforms Before the Sightless Mike as Though They Were on Parade — and Here's Why.

THEY say an Englishman, whether he is in the sands of the Sahara, or the swampy jungles of an Amazon forest, will array himself in his best and "dress for dinner"—though his best may be only a ragged pair and dungarees, and dinner a can of stew.

Hal Roberts, band master extraordinary, had something like this in mind when he ordered his Liberty band, one of the six organizations of which he is leader, to appear at KHJ in full uniform. It wasn't for the benefit of the studio staff, nor for the visitors in the studio auditorium that he did it.

"It's psychological," Lieutenant Roberts contends. Experience has proven that musicians play better in uniform because they feel better. I don't mean to imply that uniforms are more comfortable to the wearer than civilian attire, but when a man is in uniform physically, he is in uniform mentally; he is on parade, receptive to discipline,

quicken for instantaneous response, and results are spontaneous.

"Band music must be keyed to the public ear, and tuned to the public heart. Orchestras can afford to be languid. Pastoral themes, andantes and adagios are often superb in symphonic rendition; but a band, with few exceptions, must throb with the beat of marching legions.

"Action is expected from band music, not meditation.

"If an engagement finds one of my groups assembled in a radio studio, the situation and the fact that they are heard but not seen by the public, make no difference. Uniforms are not worn through compulsion, through it is a fixed regulation, but by common agreement of the musicians themselves. They acknowledge a direct benefit, and experience a unifying reaction which might be demoralized by the presence of thirty warring and conflicting neckties.

"I once knew a piccolo player who jeopardized his standing in the musical profession by wearing an Alpine hat.

I have seen a whole set of brasses thrown into convulsions and lose its 'lip' through the sudden apparition of a rainbow shirt on the chest of the tuba player; and I've seen a saxophone die on my hands at the sight of a Piccadilly collar.

"We take no chances. Our uniforms are smart, new, fresh and pressed for immediate service."

It is interesting, in the light of this, to know that Harold William Roberts, surprisingly young, maintains six of the most distinguished bands on the coast, all under his personal supervision. His 160th Infantry Band has become known as the "Governor's Own," while his Elk's Band is known wherever "Hello Bill" has been heard. His Liberty Band has been recently organized for broadcasting purposes. And who in the West has not thrilled to the marching songs of his colorful "Trojan Band," of the University of Southern California?

Here is a man who, apparently, has
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Captains BILL

With a Medal-Strewn War Record Behind Him, Captain Bill Royle, Popular NBC Matinee Artist, Brings a Colorful and Varied Career to Radio—Living Almost as Many Roles in Real Life as He Does on the Air.



CAPTAIN BILL

THERE are so many sides to the character of the big, dark, good-looking chap who strides about the corridors of the San Francisco studios of the National Broadcasting Company, that introducing Captain William Royle is a difficult job.

There's the radio Captain Bill, of course—the one audiences of the NBC Matinee, Associated Spotlight and a dozen other programs love to hear, but sometimes fail to recognize, owing to the fact that he does every known dialect to perfection.

There's the aviator Captain Royle; quiet, poised pilot whose presence in an airplane brings security to your heart if you happen to be a nervous passenger.

There's the teacher Captain Royle—flying instructor unparalleled, in the estimation of a dozen or so NBC stars whom he has taught to fly, and of unnumbered other folk including two Jesuit brothers from the Uni-



CAPTAIN BILL—
Stepping out



CAPTAIN BILL—
The Ace



versity of San Francisco, even now flying over some Alaska waste, and Mrs. Royle, who was his pupil and earned some altitude laurels on her own account.

And speaking of CAPTAIN BILL—Mrs. Royle, there's the As "Snowball" devoted husband and proud parent Captain Royle, who is waiting anxiously for warmer weather so that he may take five-months-old Bill Junior on his first airplane ride.

But you can't forget the war-time Captain Royle, much as he is willing to let the matter drop. Flying instructor in the French flying Foreign Legion,

royal entertainer of wounded soldiers and athletic director for American troops in England after the war—

Better take the Captain Bills in order. They start in England, where the NBC star was born. His family brought him to the United States while he was still in grammar school, however, and he looks on the Pacific Coast as his real origin. Athletics of all kinds claimed him from high school on, throughout his whole college career. He was a member of the Multnomah Club's ice hockey team of champions in Portland; he won the Northwest Diving Championship in 915; and played water polo, football, and a dozen other sports.

He had his first airplane ride in 1914, in a now-quaint contraption of the Curtiss Brothers, in which he and the pilot sat side by side after a loaded strut had been removed to make room for the youthful passenger, who then and there decided that aviation and nothing else would be his career. In which decision, he didn't take radio into account.

His flying hopes never wavered, however, and unlike many other young enthusiasts he didn't mind starting on the ground. He took a course in the theoretical school at the University of California, which may or may not have something to do with the perfect understanding which seems to exist between Bill Royle and practically anything which can be made to leave the ground.

When the world war came, he was one of the first to enlist in the Legion D'Etrange, where aviators learned to fly by the simple means of trying. Students went up once with

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They Stumbled Upon Rhythm

The Boswell Sisters, Petite Priestesses of Rhythm, Began Their Careers With Dignified Classical Music, Until One Day When They Happened to Syncopate Brahms.

CLOUDS of black hair hung about slender faces in the Garbo manner—friendly dark eyes—and three red contrasting mouths, which form rhythmic syllables for a rhythm-hungry world: the Boswell Sisters.

A French heritage and a New Orleans background are responsible for their gestures—perhaps even for colorful, sudden hints of temperament.

A young man told me not long ago that listening to their melodies was "simply a religion" at his college. And so, to be collegiately colloquial they are "just the nuts."

As a matter of fact, Connie, Martha and Vet Boswell stumbled upon rhythm, for their musical careers were begun with the dignity of Brahms and the charm of preludes and sonatas. Mr. and Mrs. Boswell, who were musicians themselves, taught Connie, their eldest, to play a miniature violin-cello constructed especially for herself: Vet was assigned to the violin when she could

by **Sabina Applegate**

barely say her ABC's; and small Martha was lifted upon a seat before a full-sized piano.

Everything they did—from their earliest memories—they did together. They were satisfactory playmates, finding adequate amusement within themselves: they practiced long hours together by the piano, forming an infallible foundation for their present cooperation. They really *know* each other as only three people can who have lived in the same home, done the same things, and focused their energies on one ambition—music.

During their school days they appeared at various entertainments around town and it wasn't long before all New Orleans became Boswell-conscious (and you must remember this was even before their lapse from classic music). They made quite a picture—three dark

haired girls, looking very much alike; with the same impulsive blending of tempo.

Then something very significant happened: Mr. Boswell, their stern guardian angel, went to Florida. Connie irresistibly kicked over the traces when she wangled a fond relative into presenting her with a saxophone. By similar maneuvers Vet obtained a banjo—and Martha found satisfaction in transforming the piano which had hitherto been caressed by Bach preludes; into an instrument infinitely disturbed by jazz rhythms.

Mr. Boswell returned to find three young damsels who had sedately rendered Brahms to his music-loving years—doing heaven knows what to the family piano. He raised his eyebrows and did his best to present a reasonable objection; but his foot was tapping out a syncopated beat along with his three daughters before he had that dreaded "lecture" assembled.

About this time something else happened. Connie and Martha and Vet often spent their leisure hours painting together. In this period of relaxation they found themselves irresistibly humming and singing the tunes they played on their instruments. Between humming and singing intermittently together the effect charmed and delighted them.

It was not long before they tried their vocal harmonies upon the family, who were somewhat amused—and finally to a local audience who were delighted almost to a frenzy of "What *will* these girls do next?"

What they actually did next was to enter upon their first vaudeville engagement near New Orleans. It was as a tie-up with their first stage work that they first met the microphone. It took no longer than it would take you or I to say "Jack Robinson" before all three girls were radio favorites, and along with this precedence came offers from towns further away than they had dared hope to visit. But their parents, feeling that the girls were still inexperienced, confined their radio and personal appearances to localities in the vicinity of New Orleans.

One day, however, an irresistible offer came from Chicago. One week later, September 14, 1928 (Vet remembers all the dates)—they left for a six week's engagement in that city.

Inasmuch as they had been the pride of "N'Awlins", the girls, still in their teens and wistfully expectant, rather

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Mrs. Boswell's girls—Martha (at the piano), Connie (gazing at Mars), and Helvetia ("Vet" to you).

Some of My BEST FRIENDS are Crooners!

Another Interesting Article by Mr. White, In Answer to Cardinal O'Donnell's Scathing Denunciation of Soft-Voiced, Romantic Radio Singers.

by
**Ted
White**

RING LARDNER told recently of an unfortunate pair of wonderful singers who were too homely for musical comedy and unfit for radio work because the man couldn't sing soprano and the girl couldn't sing bass.

Of course, Lardner was just being his satirical self. The transposition of vocal qualities which is so evident on the radio nowadays does make sure-fire wisecracks, and lets itself in for a lot of kidding.

But there seems to be a number of persons who take this sort of thing seriously. Representatives of the church and press have risen in righteous wrath and said some very cutting things about our falsetto brethren. The sistern chivalrously have been spared biological criticism.

It seems to me that the present vogue for freak vocal gymnastics is greatly over-emphasized in the minds of Cardinal O'Connell and others who do not approve of it. The decidedly unusual effect produced by male soprano voices and female basses naturally impresses itself upon the memory of the listener, sometimes to the exclusion of the dozens of normal and equally beautiful voices he has heard during his day of dialling. He forgets the real tenors, sopranos, contraltos and baritones, and recalls only the singer whose voice seemed artificially pitched. Whether this odd-

sounding voice pleased or irritated him, he remembers it.

Personally, I believe the enemies of crooners mistake their distaste for the marked sentimentality or downright fleshliness of today's songs for the hatred of those who sing these frank expressions of

thing but love songs! Why? Because these songs and the crooners who send them through the microphone are "low," "degenerate" or "immoral," to quote Cardinal O'Connell? Hardly. Think back. Were you in love when you were twenty years old—and if not—why not?

Those who see calamity and moral degeneration in the honest expression of love lyrics seem a bit hysterical to me. To feel like "A Prisoner of Love" is a normal state of mind for Nineteen and Twenty, and always has been. The only difference between the boys and girls of today and those of other times is that the present-day ones take their tumultuous emotions of falling in love or out of love, with good-natured carelessness—on the surface, at least. They've been studying biology and psychology, and they have an academic idea of what it's all about. When "You're My Everything" or "Take All Of Me" emerges from the loud speaker, they don't look at each other and blush—they usually are too busy singing it, along with the radio artist, or dancing to it. Songs which express the lush sentiment to which they wouldn't admit for worlds, are their favorites.

And youth must be served!

Don't we all do our jobs, whatever they

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a popular trend. Certainly, if a listener is looking for pious sentiments in the songs he hears on his radio, he won't find them, unless it be in some of the Hill Billy ditties which are enjoying such tremendous favor among mature hearers.

But try to get a youth of today to listen to any-



Rabbits Is Rabbits

—And if You Really Want to Know, and are Curious Enough to Read This Literary Effort of the Colonel, You'll Soon Learn Why.

by Chase Taylor

"Colonel Stoopnagle" of the CBS
Gloomchasers.

A RABBIT sandwich never meant anything to me until now. In fact, rabbit sandwiches never even entered my head.

But since I've been a broadcaster, things are different and even such an apparently trivial matter as a rabbit sandwich becomes a topic well worthy of an eight-column spread in good old box-car type. John Bunny used to be a favorite of mine, but this present-day John Bunny seems to have me in the deuce of a fix. And it all started this way, in case you're interested:

In one of our regular broadcasts some few weeks ago, Budd and I decided to include a so-called minute drama depicting two characters,—the boss on a construction job and one of his workmen. The conversation was not unlike this:

Boss: Well, boys, the whistle has blown. Get your lunches now.

NEWT: *Me fer one o' them rabbit sandwiches of mine, boss.*

Boss: I certainly enjoyed the one you gave me yesterday, Newt.

NEWT: *Well, I got plenty again today, boss. How'd you like to have another?*

Boss: It would suit me fine. . . Thanks . . . Say tell me,—where in the world do you get all the rabbit meat, Newton? Do you breed rabbits on your farm? You always seem to have plenty of rabbit meat.

NEWT: *No, I don't breed 'em, boss; I shoots 'em.*

Boss: You shoot 'em, eh? That's odd. How do you go about it?

NEWT: *Well, I jest get up about six in the morning and git me my gun and prowl around the neighborhood, and when I hear 'em go "MEOW," I just shoots 'em.*

In other words, as I learned later (much to my chagrin), we were comparing the lovely little domestic bunny with the much-despised alley-cat. About



COL. LEMUEL Q. STOOPNAGLE

in person

a week later, our sponsors received a letter which reads about as follows:

"Gentlemen:

At 8:58 p. m., Eastern Standard time, on November ?, Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd, radio artists working under your sponsorship, told a story about which we wish to enter a serious complaint. It had to do with a comparison of the domestic white rabbit with the ordinary alley-cat. The rabbit business is bad enough as it is without having these so-called comedians hurt it with their aspersions. Such ill-advised comparisons have been made before, to the detriment of the business, and we ask that you inform your broadcasters that we will not tolerate any further allusions.

Yours truly,

THE SO AND SO RABBIT CO."

To which our sponsors answered thus,—or somewhat thus:

"THE SO AND SO RABBIT CO.
Gentlemen:

We have your recent communication with regard to mention made by

the Gloom Chasers in one of their programs of a comparison between the domestic white rabbit and the ordinary alley-cat and hasten to apologize. We assure you that no harm was meant in what the boys said, but agree that they should be more careful in the future. We are writing them today asking them to send you an apology. We have many friends among the breeders of white rabbits and also among silver fox breeders and it would be entirely without the bounds of reason for us to be a party to anything which would be detrimental to either industry.

By the way, the silver fox people have been using our product with excellent results. Their animals seem to improve in general health with the continued use of our product. Did you ever try it on your rabbits? We would be interested in knowing the results and are sending you under separate cover a case of _____ with our compliments.

Yours truly,
THE _____ COMPANY."

You can easily see that by now things were coming to a sort of a pretty pass. When our sponsors sent me copies of the two letters I began to realize that here was a situation—a tense situation. Goodness! Here we were just a couple of "so-called comedians" trying to get along by means of whimsy and good-natured and well-meant nonsense and someone has to go and spoil it all by making a rabbit-mountain out of an alley-cat molehill.

At first reading, I was at a loss to get the jist of it. I thought it was a gag. And then the full realization of our terrific error dawned upon me. I began to think of all the other fundamental industries we must have hurt with our well-intended raillery. Once we spoke in jest of draw-bridges. Would the draw-bridge people enter a protest? Think what it might mean if the jack-knife people got wind of the fact that we had spoken in a derogatory manner of draw-bridges! And what on earth would we say to clear ourselves with the saw-folks, when we very clearly made the statement in one of our minute dramas that a farmer sawed only one big hole in his barn for all nine cats to enter through, when he really should have sawed nine holes,—one for each cat. And many more similar instances flashed before my mind in rapid succession. It was like the parade of events which goes by the closing eyes of a drowning man when unconsciousness is creeping over him.

But then I thought it over as logically as I could and finally came to the conclusion that it really didn't matter
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A Great GUY!

NEW YORK in its weekend mood is a charming place—discounting a rather hurried exterior and considering a latent merriment. It presents its mask to one fleetingly—a mere glance back over the shoulder. It combines hilarity with a sort of feverish, short-lived happiness. It is delirium.

In the tangle of the City, there is a Magician; a magnetic, dark person in a tuxedo—sartorially perfect—who casts a spell upon his Victims, transferring them gently, and without remonstrations, from the strivings of so-called holiday spirit, to a sort of abandon in romantic music. He is harmful—inasmuch as he conveys one unheeding from an ordinary, noncommittal state of mind to a sort of magnificent delirium in which one collapses on one's escort's shoulder, sighs profoundly, and hopes to go on dancing forever.

As for this Magician? His face is not, perhaps, remarkable. It is dark and wears a mask at the same time sophisticated and kindly, with all the acquired fineness of a representative New Yorker.

His barony is comparatively small—but adequate. Into the Roosevelt Grill faithfully trek representatives from the college clan—Yale, Dartmouth, Harvard, Princeton, Navy, Pennsylvania—smoothies, clad diffidently in swallow-tails, ridiculously graceful and poised; Vassar, Smith, Wellesley, Bryn Mawr are there, slim, and breathing an aura of graciousness with long gowns, silver slippers, and serene young faces. These are his Subjects.

Guy looks upon them a trifle amused, friendly, and endlessly understanding. He knows a Moment when he sees one.



Considered Perhaps Our Most Popular Dance Orchestra Leader, Guy Lombardo is a Great Artist—And a Likable, Reg'lar Feller.

by Hilda Cole

He knows the infrequent value of Romantic Gestures. And so he goes on weaving a jungle magic in his music. He believes in being young and intangibly happy. His face composed in perpetual friendliness, his eyes smiling, his hand swaying his band and dancers into Rhythm—that is Guy Lombardo.

If you would, by any chance, like to know how four young Italian boys in an obscure Canadian village managed to convey themselves into the full beams of a Metropolitan spotlight, and into success in radio and recording fields—one must go back twenty-two years to London, Ontario, where the Lombardos lived.

Guy, Sr., was a fairly successful tailor who married a young Italian girl and settled down in the Village, where, in due time, they were presented with



Those Royal Canadians — Left to right: Victor Lombardo, Ben Davies, Fred Higman, Jim Dillon, Larry Owen, Carmen Lombardo, Leibert Lombardo, George Cowan, Guy, Fred Kreitzer, and Francis Henry.

four raucous individuals called Guy, Carmen, Leibert and Victor.

One must pass the palm to Signor Lombardi for insisting that his sons study music. He was not aware, when he first arranged for Guy to study the violin, quite the musical avalanche he was starting.

Sixteen years ago Guy, Jr., began his career as a violinist of more than average ability. Guy, Sr., saw to that. In those days the small boy's fingers were not strong enough to tune the violin, but his ear was accurate. When he held the instrument to his chin his father adjusted the pegs. Once they had an argument about the A string.

"That's high enough," said Guy, Sr. "No, it's still a little flat." said the boy.

Both persisted until Guy, Sr., remembering his dignity as a parent, snatched the violin away and used it to give Guy, Jr., a spanking. But the violin was destroyed in the process, thus conclusively settling everything for the moment.

One could hardly call Guy aggressive. He doesn't wear that adjective very well—and yet, he began his career as business manager when he was eleven or twelve.

First, he had to combat parental opposition . . . preaching the artistic and practical merits of a musical career, and roping in Carmen and Liebert deftly as they grew up. The struggle ended

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LADIES ONLY!

Feminine Fancies is Intended Primarily for an Afternoon Program on KFRC, Appealing to Women—and Poor Hubby, Who is Away at Work All Day, Misses Out On One of the Cleverest Features On the Air.



Bill Wright has been called "The Man of a Thousand Parts," so varied have been his activities on KFRC. It would take half a page to enumerate the different parts he has taken. He is active just now as Zeb in Eb and Zeb, as Professor Hamberg and Reginald Cheerily, all three characters appearing on the Golden State Blue Monday Jamboree.

Bill's friendliness is not mere surface affability assumed for a purpose. He is genuinely friendly. And he has had a most interesting life as an actor, newspaper man, a private in the army during the World War, an engineer's helper and an advertising man. He is 37 years old. His daughter, Betty Jean, is ten years of age.

His one vice is a great fondness for long black cigars. They say around the studios, where there's smoke you are pretty sure to find, not fire, but Bill Wright.

Walter Kelsey directs the Feminine Fancies Orchestra each day. Walter is a very active young man of thirty who doesn't let any vegetables sprout under his feet. He took his first bath in the show business when, a boy of 17, he joined a show in Salinas, Calif., called "September Morn." He traveled over the country as a banjoist and violinist with that organization and since then has been with many of the countries biggest bands, including Anson Weeks and Gus Arnheim. Walter is rated as one of the best "hot" fiddle players in the country. He composes music and make many arrangements. He is married to his high school sweetheart, and has a boy of nine.

On Mondays, Frederic Bittke, baritone, and Hazel Warner, contralto, two of radio's most popular artists, are heard. Hazel also sings on Thursdays, and Bittke on Wednesdays. Bittke came to America from Germany when he was twelve years old, was a champion swimmer in

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Top: Wyn Louthain, Eugene Eubanks (director), Robert Olsen, Mary Louise Haines, William Wright. Down: Frederic Bittke, Eugene Hawes. Fred Lane, Walter Kelsey. Center: Fay Fraser and John Eugene Hasty.

"GOOD Afternoon Neighbors!" That is Bill Wright's greeting at three o'clock each day to his thousands of lady friends up and down the Pacific Coast who tune in religiously to Feminine Fancies.

But don't get the idea Bill is an old flirt. (He doesn't dare be, because Mrs. Wright listens to each broadcast.) You see Bill's lady friends, although there may be flappers among them, are usually married ladies of a more mature age who are interested in him because he brings them interesting musical entertainment, stories, poetry, drama and in addition a world of worthwhile information about new food products, household equipment and o'her things necessary to happy, modern homes.

"Neighbors" means just that to Bill. His listeners are treated just as though they were real next-door neighbors, chatting over the back fence or over a friendly cup of tea.



Growin' Up!

by Gus Inglis

Two Youngsters Who Have Captured the Elusive Charm of Their Generation and Have Unloosed It Over the Air—You'll Hear More of This Pair!



"JIMMIE"

"MILDRED"

"GOOD evening, everybody. This is station KFVB, Warner Brothers, in Hollywood. When you hear the gong it will be exactly 6:45 p. m. . . BONG! And now we present Gay Seabrook and Emerson Treacy in "Growin' Up."

(Theme song.)

"And now for our two friends, Mildred and Jimmy. When we last left them they were down a manhole searching for a ring or something that Mildred dropped. In the midst of the search they see a flashlight—they hear voices approach—the light draws nearer. It's after midnight, and it's snowing outside. Here we go!"

Jimmy (in a whisper): "Now, listen, Mildred, whatever you do, don't say anything."

Mildred: "All right, I won't. Oh, look! The light is getting closer!"

Jimmy: "Please, Mildred, will ya keep quiet?"

Mildred: "Well, you needn't be so snarly, Jimmy." (After a pause) "If it's robbers, do you think they'll shoot us, Jimmy?"

Jimmy: "Listen, Mildred, you mightn't be interested in living, but I am. If you talk any more they'll be sure to hear you."

Mildred: "But, Jimmy, I—"

A Very Strange Voice: "Pardon me, Miss Seabrook, but I'm from Radio Doings and I—Ouch! If you don't mind, Miss Seabrook, that's my shin. As I was saying, Miss Seabrook—Ouch! Really, Miss Seabrook, I—"

Mildred (very sotto voce and away from the mike): "Say, Emerson, can't you do something about this man?"

Jimmy (also sotto voce and away from the mike): "What can I do? Lis-

ten, Mister, we're on the air!"

Mildred: "Oh, Jimmy! The light is getting closer!" (Whisper away from the mike) "Where's our announcer, Mr. Teegarten?"

Jimmy: "Keep quiet, Mildred!" (Away from the mike) "I don't know."

The Very Strange Voice: "And you, too, Mr. Treacy. As I was just saying to Miss Seabrook here, I'm from Radio Doings and I—"

Mildred (quite out of character): "Good Night!"

Jimmy (ditto): "Hey! What's the idea?"

Mildred: "In case you don't know it, you've just ruined our broadcast—that's what you've done!"

S. V. (magnanimously): "Oh, that's all right! What's a broadcast? You do it every night, don't you?"

Jimmy: "But listen, Mister! You don't seem to realize that we were just starting a very exciting episode, full of suspense and everything."

S. V.: "It's got suspense, has it? Well, that's great! Save it till tomorrow night and your audience will be all the more suspended."

Mildred: "But this is crazy! Here we are standing right in front of the microphone and thousands of people are listening to this silly conversation."

S. V.: "Don't you get it? That's the idea!"

Jimmy: "What are you talking

about?"

S. V.: "Well, I'll tell ya. Of course you two know all about this thing they call the Depression, don't you?"

Mildred and Jimmy (at the same time): "Yes!"

S. V.: "Well, we all have to learn how to cut our overhead and expenses, etc., and I figured it out this way: You see, the boss told me to get a story on you two for Radio Doings, and I figured I could save him space and paper by just interviewing you over the air."

Jimmy: "And you busted right into our program, huh?"

S. V.: "Well, you certainly don't mind a little thing like that, I hope. Why, it's just as Miss Seabrook says! Think of the thousands of people listening in. Why, it's a great break for the both of you!"

Jimmy: "But—"

S. V.: "Never mind the 'but's.' We don't want to waste any time. Now tell me, Miss Seabrook, where were you born?"

Mildred (to her boy friend): "Shall I let him interview me?"

Jimmy: "You might as well. He's gummed up the episode for good now."

Mildred: "Well, I was born in Seattle."

S. V.: "Check! And you, Mr. Treacy?"

Jimmy: "Philadelphia."

(Turn to Page 38)



HI-JINKS—

SUNDAY night audiences in Southern California dialed and dialed and dialed impatiently. Wasn't there *some* lively program on the air? It was bad enough after a heavy dinner and a drowsy day to listen to just a plain musical program, but when those gol-darned stations started dishing out somber, indigestible classics, something oughta be done!

And something was done.

A smart sponsor, realizing the crying need for a happy, jolly, and fast-tempoed Sunday night frolic, went into a huddle with KFWB. The result was "The Sunday Nite Hi-Jinks," whose amazing success showed that the sponsor was right.

The first broadcast drew an audience of two hundred people, trooping curiously to Warner Brothers Sunset studios, Sound Stage Four, to see what the Hi-Jinks had to offer.

Ten short weeks later, it was found necessary to knock out the entire north wall of the studio and convert it into an auditorium that would accommodate about eight hundred persons.

At first, tickets were obtained only by writing to the Franco-American Baking Co., the sponsor. None was given out at the gate. On the eleventh broadcast, Masters-of-Ceremonies Johnny Murray announced that anyone who wished to see the Hi-Jinks might ask for the entrance chits at their restaurant, where they were urged to "Take her to a restaurant at least once a week." By the

next noon, four hundred anxious ticket-seekers had stormed the restaurants in the vicinity of Los Angeles. By the following Friday, two thousand requests had been made.

Whereupon the ones who had faith in a jamboree hour turned to the scoffing skeptics and said, "Oh yeah?"

Now, just what is this Hi-Jinks?

It is a radio-vaudeville show lasting an hour, presented on a brightly-lighted stage backed by dark red velvet drapes. and with old man microphone lurking unobtrusively in the foreground. The performers, numbering from 20 to 50 each week, appear in their best bibs and tuckers—meaning black and white conventional evening dress for the men. and for the women a dazzling array of sleek, satin gowns, bouffant fluffy frocks, or daring, sophisticated, black creations.

Master of Ceremonies Johnny Murray, who drives the Hi-Jinks at its fast pace, smiles at the hundreds of people. and chats informally to them and to his radio listeners, introducing and waving off each number. Every so often he sings one of those dramatic songs which he does so well, and the audience nearly tears the place apart—and the transmitter!—with their applause.

A concert orchestra under the expert direction of genial Carlton Kelsey is always present, but otherwise, the bill changes every Sunday night. There are Julietta Novis, June Purcell, Leah Ray Hubbard, Gogo Delys, and Sylvia Pick-

Feeling the Need for a Fast-stepping, Wise-cracking, Gloom-dispelling Jamboree to Fill in the Sombre Hours of Sunday Evening, a Smart Sponsor Conceived the Idea of the "Sunday Hi-Jinks," KFWB.

By Kay Van Riper



JUNE
PURCELL



JOHNNIE
MURRAY

er, representing the luscious-looking and easy-on-the-ears female singers' contingent. The King's Men lend their strong and hearty masculine voices to the ensemble numbers, and Harold Spaulding, Eric Bye, and Lewis Meehan have presented classical arias, which have always drawn a great hand. The Rhythmettes, Billy Taft, Nat Specter, Gordon Smith, Samuel Padraza, Artie Mellinger, George Gramlich, and many others have been featured attractions.

Of course, comedy can't be overlooked—as indeed it isn't on the Hi-Jinks! Ken and Sally, formerly headliners in vaudeville, do a straight man and dumb giggly girl act which seems to tickle everybody's funnybone. Red Corcoran with his round amiable face, red hair and silly hair ribbon gets the roar of laughter, and his songs, done to the accompaniment of a plunking banjo, have a flavour all their own! And dear old Aunt Addie! She can't be forgotten! Cliff Arquette dons grease paint, wig and costume every Sunday night, to step out on the stage and be the little old lady who gossips about present day conditions and usually fin-

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"LITTLE ORGAN ANNIE"

by
Hilda
Cole

After the Echoes of the Jazz Bands Dies Away, Demure Little Ann Leaf Comes On the Air, Coaxing Magic Melodies Out of That Grandest of Instruments, the Pipe Organ, With Her Nimble Fingers, in the Loneliness of the Great Columbia Studio.

WE had listened to her music for some time before we met her, all the chimes and bells and swooning chords of her broadcast, lulling us off into a peaceful sort of ecstasy . . . but, in spite of the merry, mischievous quality of the jingling bells, we thought of the trembling chords, and consequently expected to meet a long, anemic young lady. But we didn't.

Ann Leaf, to our complete surprise, was less than five feet tall, and flashed a nice smile at us that was not the least shadowed by anemia: friendly, and influenced by a touch that was almost hoydenish. It is for this reason that it has been hard to catch an accurate picture of Ann Leaf—does not somehow seep through the lens of a camera. The quick vividness of her small person.

When little Ann was three years old, and no one suspected nucleous musical yearnings, her sister Esther, who was about two years older (and who now "doubles" for Ann on the organ at vacation time) stopped a piano agent who was wandering down their street in Omaha, Nebraska, and told him in a childish treble that they needed a piano at *their* house. Consequently, the man pounced down upon her unsuspecting parents and said simply, "I hear you want a piano." The parents, though rather stunned by the idea which came out of a perfectly clear sky, agreed that they would like their oldest daughter to study music, and promptly bought the piano. That oldest daughter, however, cannot play the piano to this day, while Ann and Esther are among the best musicians in the country.

However, Big Sister was put down to



ANN
LEAF

study the e-g-b-d-f's, and little Ann looked on with an increasingly wistful expression. She was attracted to the large instrument, and whenever she could find a moment when she was completely alone, she would sit down and with both small hands drum out the melody that ran through her head: tunes that had been whistled, or sung, or even played by less sensitive fingers.

When she was four years old, she nearly frightened her mother out of her mind. Mrs. Leaf was in the garden, and suddenly there came from the house the music of definite, melodic chords. She knew that no one was home . . . that is no one except small Ann, who was supposed to be harmlessly at play on the living room floor. She dashed into the house and found Ann perched upon the seat with both hands intently roaming over the keys.

From that day on the small child was given every opportunity.

When Ann was five she was taken to a recital given by a neighborhood music teacher. Her pupils were competing for a bust of Handel which was to go to the winner. Ann's father took her to the recital, thinking that she would enjoy the music. He did not foresee what actually happened. The children were required to memorize the same piece, and the one who played best was proclaimed the winner. After every one else had one it to the best of their ability, Little Ann asked to be allowed

to play it. They may have laughed when she sat down at the piano—were they surprised when they heard her execute it perfectly, in addition to injecting a bit of her own expression into chords she remembered just from hearing them played repeatedly in the preceding recital! She won the bust. "I never did appreciate the bust until I broke it" says Ann, "And then I loved it. It made swell chalk, and I drew lines on the sidewalk with it."

Ann and Esther were always sent to take their music lessons at the same time, and it was the custom for both these small girls to take turns carrying the music roll. If Ann carried it to the teacher's house, then Esther carried it home. One winter evening on the way home, there was some dispute and disagreement about who had carried it there.

"I did" asserted Ann.

"You did not! I did" insisted Esther.

As they were passing an empty lot, full of tall weeds and rubbish, Esther thrust the music roll into Ann's hands and she hurled it vehemently into the open lot. Both of them were extremely proud and they walked home without it rather than give in. Once home, Mr. Leaf asked his small, very pugnacious-looking daughters what had become of the music roll. Ann, who was smaller and more pathetic-looking than Esther

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That Astonishing Young

Lawrence Tibbett—Who Sings Because He Feels It Is His Best Way of Expressing Himself to Others.

by Nancy Smith

“ISN'T he keen?” whispers one sweet young thing to another in the dark depths of a movie theatre.

“Bravo!” cry the critics as they rush up to congratulate him after a grand opera performance.

“Superb!” exclaim music lovers as they file out of the auditorium after the concert.

“More!” say countless letters that pour into the radio studio.

Lawrence Tibbett, that astonishing young man from Los Angeles, has the kaleidoscopic versatility of a chameleon, as he slips from the movies to opera, to concert and to radio, finding a hearty and warm welcome in each. He can win the heart of any romantic damsel from the screen, and can turn right around and win the respect and plaudits of the first-nighters.

Teachers at the Manual Arts high school in Los Angeles, where Tibbett graduated in 1915, believed the popular and talented young man's future lay in dramatic work. Dr. A. E. Wilson, who still presides as principal of Manual Arts high, reminisced about Lawrence Tibbett the other day.

“I had a talk with Lawrence just before he graduated, and asked him whether he intended going into film work or on the stage,” said Dr. Wilson. “During his school days the beauty and power of his voice had not been developed. But everyone recognized his great dramatic gift.”

“I'm not going into either,” Tibbett had replied seriously. “It is my voice.” Even then, young Tibbett felt what others had not yet seen.

Helen Jerome Eddy was a student at Manual Arts when Lawrence Tibbett was there. Principal Wilson says he can still remember vividly the school performance of “The Arrow Maker,” in which Tibbett, as the young Indian, placed his foot on the prostrated neck of Miss Eddy in the climax of the play.



and enjoyed himself hugely while defying the gods.

The picturesque and dramatic life Tibbett leads in his film roles has its counterpart in his own life. Left a half-orphan when his father, the sheriff of Bakersfield, Calif., was killed in an encounter with bandits . . . constantly fighting delicate health since he was a baby . . . putting a gym bar in his back yard and exercising his way back to health . . . the development of a perfect physique . . . his years of struggle when ten dollars earned singing at a funeral looked like big money . . . a theatre manager's refusal to let him sing on the stage because his clothes were so shabby . . . his overnight success in “Falstaff,” which made him a star with the Metropolitan Grand Opera Company.

“He takes life in great gulps as though he could never have enough of it,” said one of the singer-actor's friends.

“He is like the top of the mountain,” said another, in explaining a personality complete in itself, “who is alone and far off as a peak, even in the midst of gayety and people.”

Tibbett is the first Metropolitan opera singer to sign a contract for a

MAN

sustained series of concerts via radio. The minimum number of these appearances is thirteen.

This is not the first time Lawrence Tibbett has pioneered in artistic fields. He was the first grand opera singer to dispense with the time-honored poses and gestures considered a part of each operatic role. He went into concert work with the courage to render mixed programs, appealing to all tastes, rather than confine himself to a stilted rendition of the classics. No singer is more beloved for his choice of songs than is Tibbett. He is the first Metropolitan star to make singing pictures, thereby giving to films the artistry of the opera.

Cast on a desert island alone, a singer would stop singing. That's Tibbett's belief.

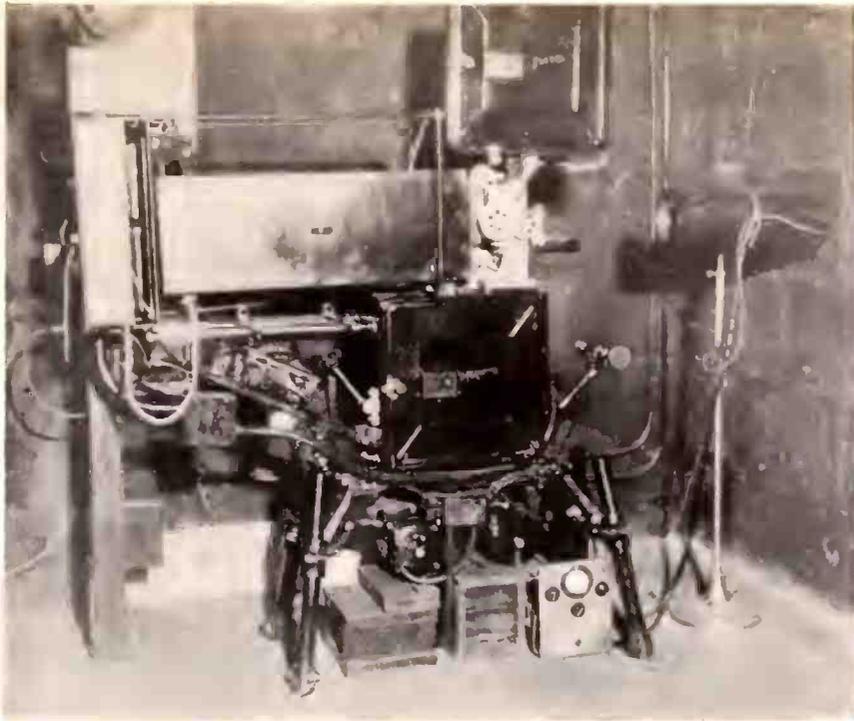
“A human being sings because of a desire to express himself to somebody else,” explained Tibbett. “A person feels better when he can let his voice out to full volume. The next thought, then, is that all that volume should not be wasted—that it should have some place to go. The result is song.”

Music, to him, is a way of establishing a better contact with other human beings, Tibbett said. “I have no sympathy with the ‘arty’ attitude so often associated with people connected with any of the arts. Just because a man earns his living as an actor is no reason for him to carry his gestures over into his private life.”

Tibbett showed astonishment when he was asked what sort of thing he sang when he came home at night. “Do people do things like that?” he asked. Outside of his professional work, Tibbett said he confines most of his singing to expressing some strong emotional feeling. Or, because he is filled with the joy of living.

Does he sing in his shower bath? Yes, if he feels like it. Early morning exuberance is likely to show itself in lusty renditions of that song from “The Barber of Seville” where the barber bubbles over with the feeling that he is indispensable to the community.

Part of the new television apparatus of W6XAO, the Don Lee Station. It employs the cathode tube, or electrical scanning system, and is on the air daily.



Don Lee Starts the Television Ball Rolling in the West with the Establishment of Station W6XAO at the KHJ Studios—the First and Only Cathode Tube Transmitter on the Pacific Coast to Broadcast Regularly—Closely followed by W6XAH of Bakersfield.

“With SIGHT and SOUND”

IN order to understand television, and appreciate the significance of frequent references made to its development by the press, it must be understood that there are *two distinct systems* of television.

Many are already wondering why, since the news of Don Lee's establishment of a television station in the studios of KHJ, the public isn't let in on it and given a chance to get television receivers—especially when we read that television has progressed far enough in other parts of the country for amateurs to get fair reception.

In the first place, the Don Lee television system employs the electrical scanning, or cathode tube, system. Unlike the scanning disc system, which experts say is probably as highly developed as it ever will be, the cathode tube system is the one engineers are basing their hopes on for future perfection of television. When KHJ received its license, it was required by the Federal Radio Commission to go into television only for experimental purposes. Don Lee engineers chose the cathode tube system as the one with the most promise, even though its development was such that the public, temporarily, would be more or less excluded from receiving its images. The standard commercial television receivers, now on the market for scanning disc reception, will not receive signals from the Don Lee station, W6XAO, which operates on the ultra-high frequency of 44,500 kilocycles, and uses an image of

80 lines per inch, as compared with the 60 lines of the scanning disc system.

The other system, employing a mechanical “scanning disc,” is the oldest and most widely-used. Baird of England, Jenkins of Washington, D. C., and Sanabria of Chicago, are perhaps the leading exponents. While their discs, or drums, as the case may be, differ in the number of holes, the spiral arrangements and speed of rotation, the principles involved are the same. Many years of experimentation in this method have brought it close to perfection. But little more progress can be made. The question then arises, “Is this system, in its highly developed state, acceptable to the public?” In England, regular television broadcasts by the Baird company in conjunction with the British Broadcasting Company, have interested many experimenters in television kits for home construction of sets. In the West, W6XAH, Bakersfield, Calif., is scheduled to go on the air shortly with a scanning disc system, broadcasting on 2100 kilocycles.

W6XAO, KHJ, uses the newest band of television waves. The ultra-high frequency, or “quasi-optical” waves employed, behave somewhat like light, traveling in nearly straight lines. The strongest signal is received when a direct and unobstructed line of sight exists between transmitter and receiver. At a distance of 40 miles or more, the curvature of the earth makes this impossible.

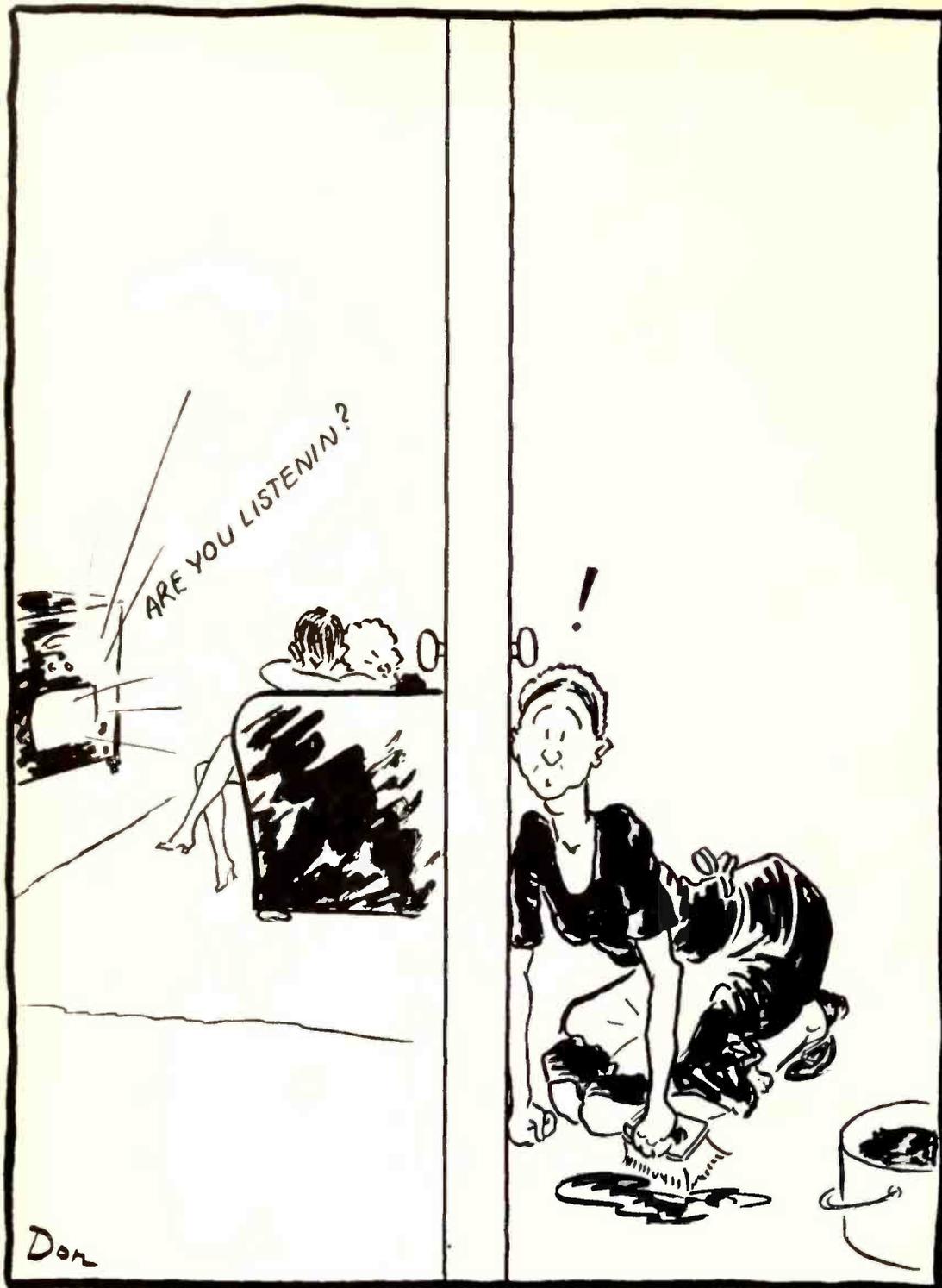
It is difficult, in presenting the subject of television to the public, to give any information that would answer the readers' inevitable question. “Well, when will we have good television broadcasting?”

When we are told that comparatively clear and distinct images are being received, that a face can be televised successfully and picked up several miles away distinctly, coupled with the fact that at least one system of television is sufficiently well developed for manufacturers to place reasonably priced receivers on the market, and the other system is rapidly overtaking its predecessor, then it begins to look as if it “wont” be long now.”

Under the federal law, there can be no commercialization of television programs at present. Whoever takes the responsibility of a broadcaster must do so at his own expense.

The ball is rolling. With Don Lee and the Pioneer Mercantile Company of Bakersfield entering television broadcasting, it is safe to say that before long television will be available to those who are willing to join in its experimental development, and assemble the necessary reception apparatus.

From hints dropped at interviews with officials of these organizations, it can safely be expected that television, in a fairly acceptable form, will be made available to the western public within six months.



BEN BERNIE has joined the experts in arriving at a conclusion as to the underlying cause of the depression.

When interviewed on the subject, the old maestro said, "There are two contributing causes. On the first place, too many foreigners are coming into this country and taking the jobs away from our wives; and secondly, many of us are living within our incomes for the first time."

More than 12,697,000 letters were received last year by the Columbia Broadcasting System. The skyrocket rise of Bing, Russ Columbo, Kate Smith, Tony Wons, and others, was given as the reason.

What's in a name? Vaughn de Leath recently received a letter from a West Virginia mother stating that, due to a misunderstanding of the pronunciation of the singer's name, she had christened her daughter "Vonda Lee."

The Three Bakers recently donned knee boots and whiskers to get better atmosphere during a Russian program.

Ray Perkins, NBC humorist, reports on visiting a recent automobile show, that "the new cars may be all right, but they haven't improved the clutch system of the horse and buggy era."

KHJ's newest addition is George Gramlich, who, after seven years' broadcasting, has become a regular member of the KHJ staff. Gramlich sings in eleven languages, including Greek, Gaelic, Yiddish and Neopolitan dialect, and studied under Tito Schipa's teacher in Milan.

Bing Crosby has designed a special card which he uses to send fans who write for his autograph. Four bars of his theme song, "When the Blue of the Night" are written out exactly as they appear on the sheet music and under them he signs his name in red ink.

CHAT

From This St

KFAC will soon bloom forth in new raiment—a bit expensive, but none-the-less impressive. In one of the fastest decisions ever handed down by the Federal Radio Commission, KFAC was granted a new 1000-watt transmitter. At a cost of more than \$74,000, beautiful modernistic studios are now under construction on a penthouse atop the Cord building on Wilshire boulevard, while the transmitter will be placed on La Cienega boulevard, in a spot long sought by broadcasters. In this location, it is expected, KFAC will have a louder signal than many of the other 1,000-watters in the vicinity. The cost of the new-type transmitter is estimated at \$115,000. And then, of course, there's the gas and lights.

Washington's birthday will be a big day for radio. On February 22, President Hoover's message to Congress will be broadcast over NBC at 8:30 a. m., Pacific Time, immediately following the singing of "America" by 12,000 school children and thousands of spectators on the Capitol grounds, accompanied by the massed Army and Navy bands. Walter Damrosch will lead the singing, and John Phillip Sousa will direct the bands in playing "Hail to the Chief."

Ted Weems, popular dane band maestro, opines that "Time on My Hands" is the theme song of the watchmakers' union.

Clarence Muse, nationally-known colored actor-composer, has joined the Bill Sharples Gang on KNX, in the role of "Jackson." Muse has a picturesque background, both on the stage and in the pictures. He is a college man; can speak English, French and German fluently; has had difficult roles in such pictures as "Dirigible," "X Marks the Spot," "Huckleberry Finn," "Secret Service," and others. He is also the composer of that song, now so popular, "Sleepy Time Down South," and is working on another, "Alley of My Dreams." He should prove a valuable addition to the Hollywood station.

George Frame Brown, author and leading character in "Real Folks," which recently changed from NBC to Columbia, gathered the material for his rural dramas from actual experience. His father was a grocery store proprietor in a small Washington town.

In the search for new radio talent conducted by Paul Whiteman, in which Virginia and Jane Froman, still in their 'teens, won the first audition, Whiteman had to listen to about 500 applicants. That might not be so bad if they were all good, but—well, that's a lot of amateurs to listen to.

ER - o and That

Nearly 3,000 prisoners in Leavenworth prison listen to "Myrt and Marg" five nights a week, according to the warden. They even asked for some pictures to be shown through a projection machine at Amusement Hall, while the prison band plays the theme song, "Poor Butterfly."

Theo Karle, Columbia tenor, once had occasion to buy apparel from a merchant in Torino, Italy. He entered the costumer's and began to converse with the attendant in Italian. They made such poor progress that finally the attendant inquired if Karle was a German. "No," the singer replied in Italian, "I'm an American." "Why didn't you say so," came back the other, in perfect English. "I was a bartender in New York for five years."

Leonard Hayton always plays the piano accompaniment for Bing Crosby on his nightly programs. He replaces the regular pianist during the vocal numbers. His association with Bing dates back to the time when Crosby was with the Rhythm Boys and Hayton was pianist for Paul Whiteman.

The Don Lee chain now boasts two more stations, just added to the former eleven. Arizonans may now hear Don Lee programs by tuning in KOY, Phoenix, while KERN, Bakersfield, plugs in as the second new member.

Who's your favorite dance band leader? Some surprising results were obtained in a contest held by a New York paper, in which Guy Lombardo took the embroidered short cake. Gus Arnheim, as popular as he is on the Coast, was vanquished in his own yard by the leader of the Royal Canadians, Lombardo's aggregation.

Sound technicians often reproduce the drone of an airplane by a motor-driven fan and the sustained tone of a studio organ.

Those who like Alexander Gray, singing favorite of the films, can now hear him over stations of the NBC chain every Monday night between 7:30 and 7:45. Nat Shilkret's famous band shares honors with Alex.

Madame Sylvia, on the Friday G. E. Circle, once sold lumber for a living.

Art Jarrett, Columbia tenor, has an odd superstition which concerns a guitar pick. For years he has carried with him a treasured mother-of-pearl pick, and if he forgets to transfer it when he changes clothes, he's uneasy until he can get home and retrieve it.

Bing recently got a letter from the Spokane Chamber of Commerce, congratulating him for his new Paramount contract. The letter was four and a half feet long and three feet wide. Postage came to \$4.05.

Monthly Bernie joke. Ben asked a friend of his, who was departing, to send him an autographed photograph of himself when he got home. Next week Ben received the picture, with the following inscription: "To the esteemed old maestro. Please note the supreme triumph of photography over biology. David Ross."

Stretching across thousands of miles of ocean, the National Broadcasting Company now includes Hawaii as part of its great audience. Station KGU, of Honolulu, was recently inaugurated into the NBC network, and will pick up programs heretofore only heard on the mainland. We'll be listening for Walt Winchell's "O. K., Hawaii."

Pancho Villa, Mexican revolutionist, is godfather to Revva Reyes, NBC singer. Among the Christmas presents received by Kate Smith was a huge crate of clams, scallops and oysters, sent by a Maine fisherman.

We received in the mail the other day a little flat article, that according to its manufacturers, was a "microphone," selling for only one dollar. Convinced that its rightful place was in the waste basket, we gave it a try on our set, just for the fun of it, and darned if it didn't work well! Our voice came through as loud and as clearly as an announcer's. Somebody can have a lot of fun with those things, for only a dollar.

Phil Cook runs up and down stairs in the New York NBC building every day. It's the only exercise he gets, and people who want to talk to him often have to run along, too. Sort of running conversation.



"Young people of America, I appeal to you . . ."

More Chatter -

For those who enjoy the marvelous music of the G-E circle, here is a schedule of operatic stars appearing for the next month. February 14, Geraldine Farrar; February 21, Beniamino Gigli; February 28, Grace Moore; March 6, Giovanni Martinelli; March 13, Claudia Muzio; March 20, Reginald Werrenrath; March 27, Rosa Ponselle.

Here's a new one! John P. Medbury, Master of Ceremonies on the Demi-Tassi Revue, has a new idea about autographed photos. Instead of sending his own to those who write in, he asks his hearers to autograph their own picture and send it to him! So far, he has some 200 photographs of listeners. Many of them were accompanied by dinner invitations.

Alex Gray, prior to radio and picture work, has been in advertising, teaching, engineering, selling, stoking and farming.

It's not a habit of ours to have a "Birthday Greetings" department, but this one is worthy of a little back-slapping. February 11, Nick Harris, who narrates thrilling true-life detective stories over KFI, celebrated. It wasn't his own birthday, but marked the starting of eleven consecutive years of once-a-week broadcasting of a detective story program from KFI. Eleven years is a long time, and we're not afraid to bet that Nick Harris can claim this as a world's record.

Lon McAdams, Columbia bass singer, used to be a telephone operator.

Carol Deis, NBC soprano and member of the Philadelphia Opera Company, locks her hands behind her head when singing into the mike.

Oddity of the month. A young blind girl wrote to the Southernaires, NBC colored singers, asking for a picture. "Please send me one," she wrote. "I get a great joy in just knowing I have pictures."

Little Jack Little is one of the few who are born with the gift of "natural" pitch. He is able to name each note of a musical selection as he hears it being sung or played by an orchestra.

"Please send me all information on George Washington," a listener wrote to NBC following a recent broadcast in which the father of his country was mentioned. Another literary effort was addressed simply "Banjo Eyes," with no other information save the line, "I would like a photograph of our next president." The letter was delivered promptly to Eddie Cantor.

Walter Winchell, Broadway columnist and radio master of ceremonies, started his career as a singing usher in an uptown New York theater. There were two other ushers in the house—Eddie Cantor and George Jessel.

Prof. Lucifer Butts, America's most prolific inventor, has a worthy competitor in Colonel Stoopnagle, of Columbia. The Colonel's latest contribution to Man's comfort is a horizontal elevator—one that transports you to your office after the vertical elevator has brought you to your floor.

Haven't heard much of Moran and Mack lately, until the other day the word went 'round that Charlie Mack, of the "Two Black Crows," was scheduled to head a cast in a new Mack Sennett picture which probably will also include Clara Bow, Lupe Velez, Jean Harlow, Edmund Lowe, Roscoe Ates, W. C. Fields, and Andy Clyde. It will be a 15-reel road show comedy.

Aileen Clark, NBC soprano, says the thought of the number of persons listening to her over the air gives her stage fright. So she sings to the chief engineer and production men, trying to forget the radio audience.

Did you know that Morton Downey played the piano? Even if you did, bet you didn't know that he can only play the sharps and flats—never touches the natural keys if he can help it.

Alexander Gray's favorite sports are swimming and golf. He used to be crazy about horses until after a scene in the movie "Desert Song" which called for some rough riding. Gray, after hurdling an obstacle, bounced high in the saddle and came down on his hand with such force that he broke his finger.

Never knew that the old tune "Turkey in the Straw" even had an author until the other day. It has, and Dave Guion, cowboy composer of NBC, is it. He also wrote "Arkansas Traveler" and others. You can hear him from 7:30 to 8:00 p. m. every Wednesday over the NBC-KGO network.

A man in Ohio claims to be the world's champion fan letter writer, having written some 1700 letters to radio stars during 1931. That's about five letters a day.



If ever a great artist deserved the homage of an appreciative following, Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink is that artist. A great singer, a great woman, and a great mother, on the eve of her tumultuous life, she has brought beauty into millions of hearts through her voice and personality.

NOW! You Can Play

RUSSIA

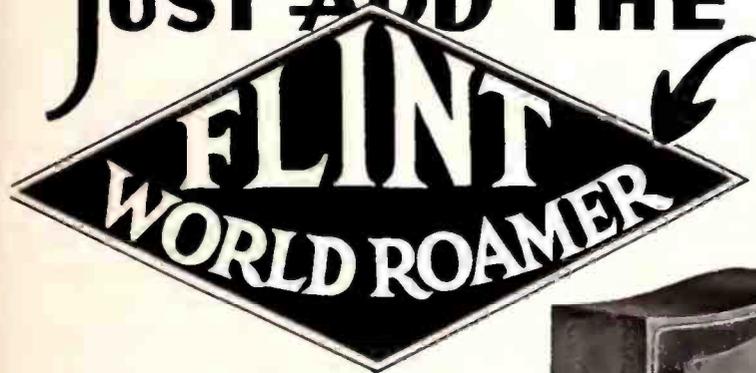
ENGLAND

CHINA

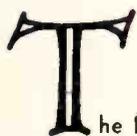
and OTHER SHORT-WAVE STATIONS

ON YOUR OWN RADIO!

JUST ADD THE

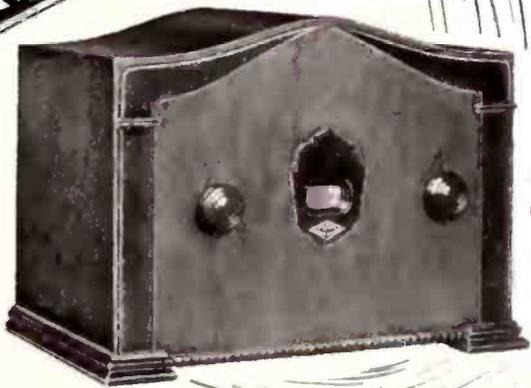


and the radio entertainment of the wide world becomes available to you



he FLINT WORLD ROAMER converts your radio into a powerful short-wave receiver. It is equipped with a wave sequester that enables anyone to bring extreme distance with the turn of a knob. No coil changes or gadgets to manipulate. It is the last word in simplicity.

The FLINT WORLD ROAMER will bring you thrills you have never



HERE IT IS!

\$29⁹⁵

COMPLETE WITH CUNNINGHAM TUBES

experienced through your radio: Airplanes in flight, Ships at sea, Police reports, Amateurs and all the entertainment now broadcast via short-wave in the United States, Europe, Asia, Australia and Africa.

The purchase of a FLINT WORLD ROAMER creates a new sensation in your home.

SOLD BY BETTER RADIO DEALERS EVERYWHERE

RADIO-TELEVISION CO.

WHOLESALE DISTRIBUTORS

1726 So. Flower Street Los Angeles, California

"A Great Guy"

Continued from Page 21

when, not long ago, Guy obtained permission to allow the fourth son, Victor, to join the Royal Canadians.

Carmen was tooting a flute by the time he was eleven years old. Not more than four blocks away from the Lombardo home was another eleven-year-old establishing something of a name for himself on the piano. He was Mrs. F. W. Kreitzer's little boy, Freddy, and it wasn't long before Guy and Carmen enlisted him in the fledgling orchestra.

The Lombardo and Kreitzer families almost went crazy with the children's rehearsals—and, bringing the story suddenly up-to-date, the same situation prevails today—should one focus one's attention on a rehearsal in the CBS studios for the Robert Burns Panatela

Program. The band, composed of those same neighborhood boys, quarrel frequently and good-naturedly about the arrangement of music. Guy is now, as he was then, the dominating element, and cocking his ear sympathetically to the music, listens to the distracting voices of "Carm" and "Lieb" and finally puts an end to it by his own judgment. But more of that later.

The boys took their orchestra very, very seriously. Guy, Carmen and Freddy needed a fourth to play the drums and set up and real jazzy racket. They bought an old kettle and bass and taught Liebert, the third, aged nine, to manipulate the sticks. "Lieb" now plays the trumpet, and is a vocalist as well, while his place at the traps is filled ade-

quately by George Gowans, who was later annexed by the orchestra.

Their first appearance was before the Mother's Club in London, Ontario, and from that brief debut, the young men were in great demand at all dances and gatherings in the surrounding country. Guy held out from the first for slow, soft music—and it is that which brought him his final laurels. It is amazing that they should have stumbled across a technique in childhood which was to bring them recognition later on in Cleveland, Chicago, and finally New York.

"Do you like modern young people?" we asked Guy.

His face broke into another smile.

"Well," he said without weariness—"Naturally!"

For Ladies Only!

Continued from Page 22

Chicago, worked in the early movies at Culver City and fought in the American army during the World War. He was attached to the American embassy in Berlin following the Armistice; at the same time he pursued his musical studies under German instructors.

Miss Warner always wanted to be a singer, but they told her that her voice wasn't strong enough, so she became a trained nurse instead. Then radio came along and made her a star.

Ronald Graham, baritone, sings on Tuesdays. He is just twenty, and is married to Edna O'Keefe, also of KFRC. He was born in Scotland and wore kilts when he came to this country as a lad of 6. He recently won the California Atwater-Kent audition.

Friday is Robert Olsen's day. This KFRC tenor holds a unique place in western radio. His unusual voice has kept him a favorite with radio fans for the past five years, and many of his songs have been recorded.

The Buccaneers are heard on Thursdays.

So much for the music—now for the speakers. There's "Wyn", Mrs. Winifred Louthain, who is heard on Mondays, Wednesdays and Thursdays, talking about household tricks and culinary topics.

Mary Lewis Haines who speaks on household affairs on Tuesdays and Fridays.

Fay Fraser speaks on Mondays and Tuesdays, on interior decorating.

Rita Murray reveals household sec-

rets on Fridays. And Arthur C. Navlet's garden talk is broadcast on Wednesdays.

Wyn is a married woman in her late thirties with a wide range of interests from gardening to boating. She has been speaking over KFRC for the past five years and talks interestingly on most any subject, without ever referring to a note.

Mary Lewis Haines conducted classes in cooking long before the radio came along. Before that she was an actress on the stage in musical comedy, and in the movies. She played with John Bunny and many other of the early stars.

Fay Fraser is also a married woman. Her work on the air fits right in with her hobby, which is interior decorating. Her friends all call on her for advice in such matters.

Rita Murray is a San Francisco business woman who sees a great future for radio as an educational factor.

Arthur C. Navlet comes from a family which for many years has had large gardening interests in the bay region. It would be difficult to find a man who is better informed on all aspects of flower gardening than he is. He was recently married.

"Pedro," the lazy Mexican, who offers his "Hopeless Hints for Helpless Housewives" each Thursday afternoon, learned to understand the Mexican soul while delivering milk to their back doorsteps when he was a small boy in Barstow, Calif. His real name is Eu-

gene Hawes. He has been a railroad man and a business man, but would rather work before a microphone than do anything else he can think of.

Jack Hasty, who writes the short story which Earl Towner reads each Monday, and the serial play, "Dangerous Girl" on Tuesdays, is the same man who writes "Eb and Zeb" for the Jamboree. Jack has long been on KFRC's continuity staff. Before that he was in the advertising business and prior to that made his living writing fiction for the magazines.

Fred Lane, whose mystery story is heard each Thursday, is new to the writing game. He is a KFRC staff announcer, a young man of 27, who devotes all of his leisure time to writing and studying.

Eleanor Allen, who provides organ and piano accompaniment for many of the solos, was at one time organist of Loew's State Theatre in New York City. Her father wanted her to be a violinist, but she had ideas of her own and studied piano and organ.

Eugene Eugbanks directs the dramatics. He was a stage and screen actor for many years, and has appeared in scores of feature pictures, both silent and talkies.

And so each day, a cross section of Feminine Fancies reveals something different—music, informative talks, exciting drama, interesting stories, touching poetry—and guiding it all is the friendly voice of William H. Wright, chatting with his neighbors up and down the Pacific Coast.

We Applaud—

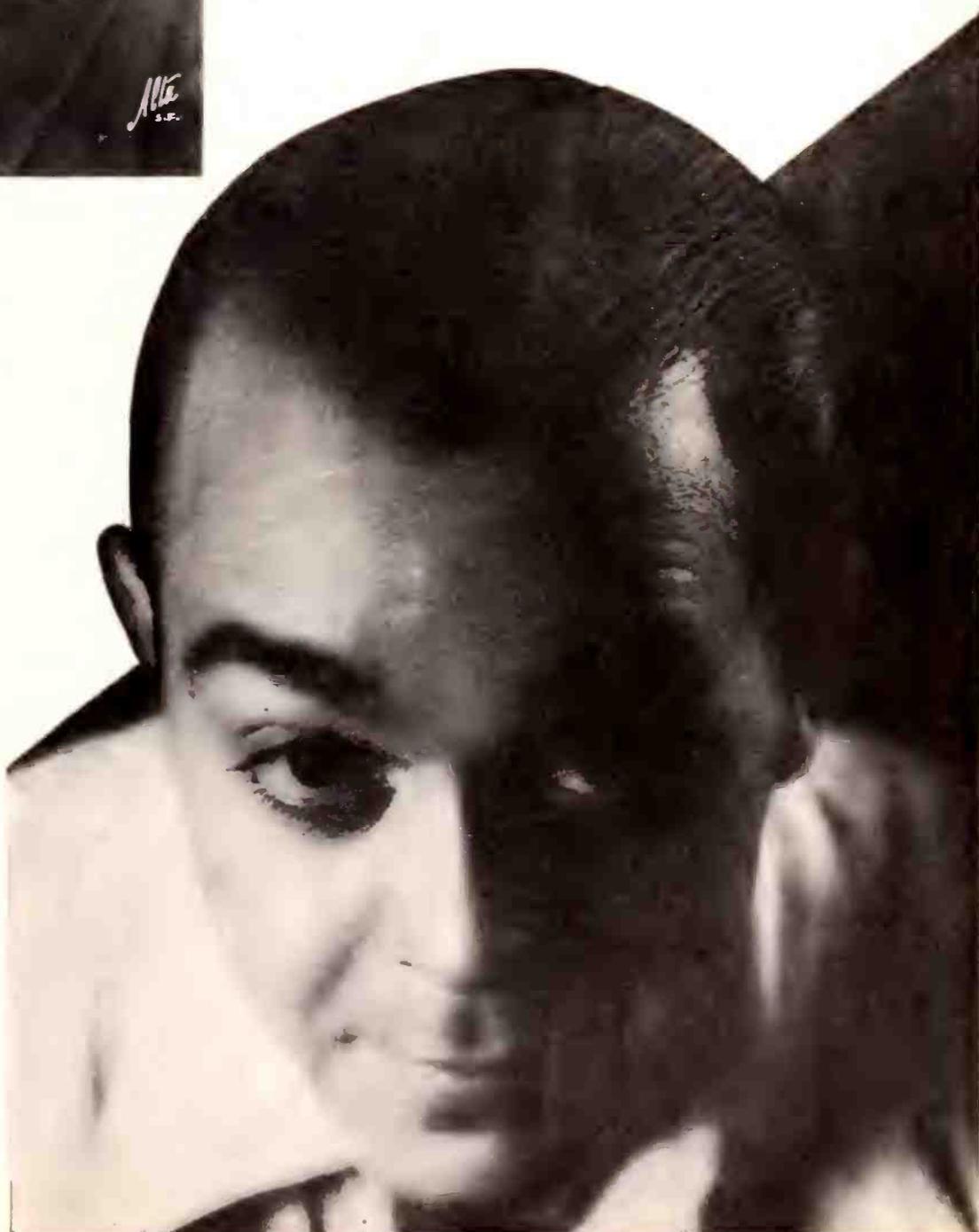


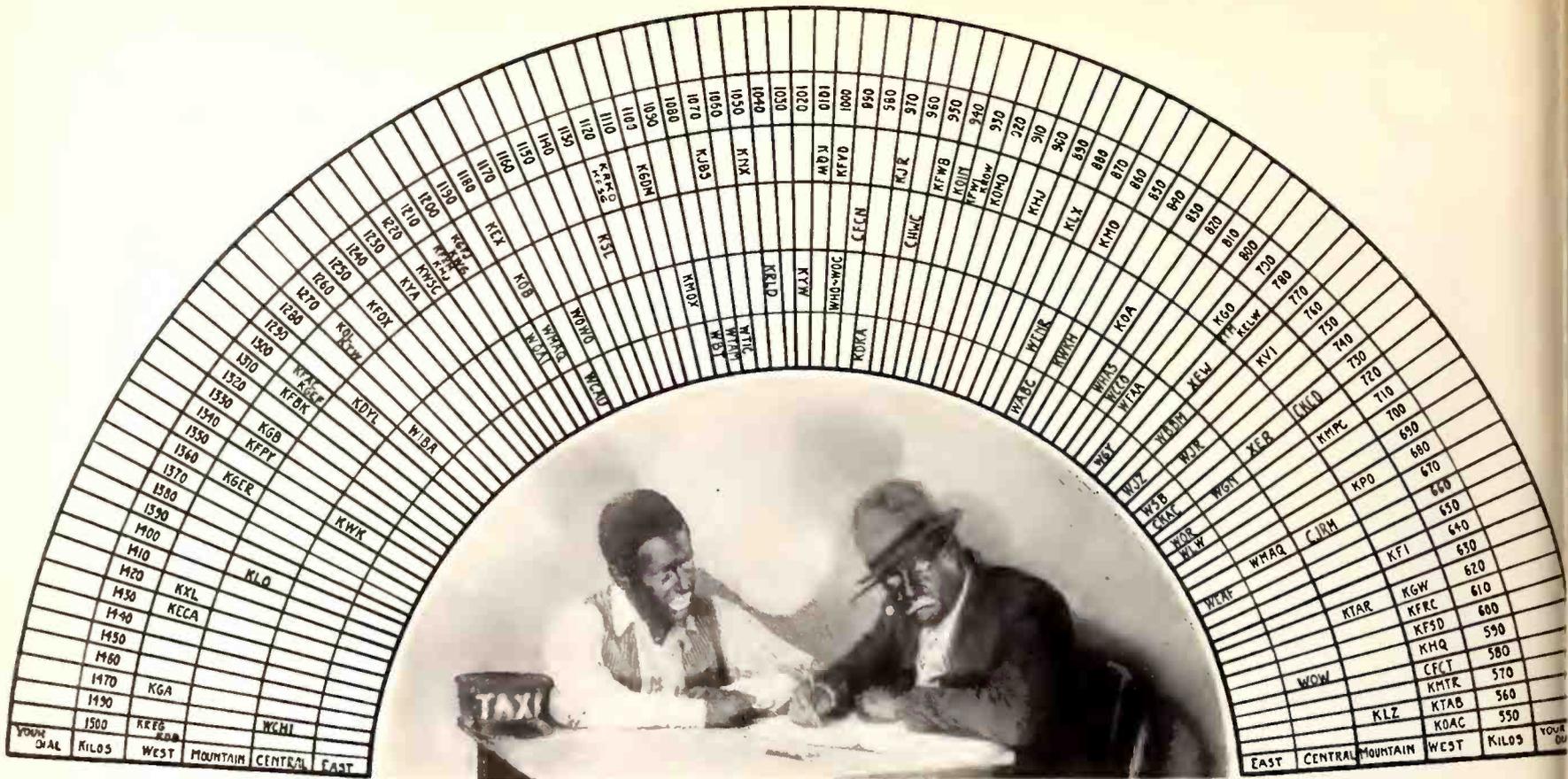
Charles Carter

—Because He Sounds More Like Maurice Chevalier Than the French Singer Does Himself, and Because "Charlie" Hasn't Let Praise and Applause Spoil His Fine, Boyish Charm. Hang Onto Charlie, KFRC!

Harry Barris

—Because He Has Written Some of America's Most Popular Song Hits—But Mostly Because It Will Always be a Mystery to Us How He Retains His Perpetual Pep Night After Night—and Also Because NBC Has Finally Appreciated Him Enough to Get His John Henry on a Contract.





"Andy, We Know De Town, but How You Goïn' Find Out De Killsikes, Without Dat Radio Doïn's Dîle?"

PACIFIC STATIONS

Station	Kilocycles	Town	Phone Number
KDB	1500	Santa Barbara	21427
†KECA	1430	Los Angeles	Rlchmond 6111
KELW	780	Burbank, Calif.	GLadstone 2110
KEX	1180	Portland, Ore.	ATW. 3111
KFAC	1310	Los Angeles	PRospect 8679
‡KFBC	1300	Sacramento, Calif.	Main 8700
†KFI	640	Los Angeles	Rlchmond 6111
KFOX	1250	Long Beach	L. B. 672-81
‡KFPY	1340	Spokane, Wash.	Main 1218
‡KFRC	610	San Francisco	PRospect 0100
†KFSD	600	San Diego	
KFSG	1120	Los Angeles	EXposition 1141
KFVD	1000	Culver City	EMpire 1171
KFWB	950	Los Angeles	HollyWood 0315
KFWI	930	San Francisco	Franklin 0200
KFXM	1210	San Bernardino	4761
KGA	1470	Spokane, Wash.	Riverside 1191
KGB	1330	San Diego	Franklin 6151
KGDM	1100	Stockton	795
KGER	1360	Long Beach	681-128; 68294
KGFJ	1200	Los Angeles	PRospect 7788
†KGO	790	San Francisco	Sutter 1920
†KGW	620	Portland, Ore.	Atwater 2121
‡KHJ	900	Los Angeles	VAndike 7111
†KHQ	590	Spokane, Wash.	M-5383
KJBS	1070	San Francisco	Ordway 4148
KJR	970	Seattle, Wash.	Seneca 1515
KLX	880	Oakland	Lakeside 6000
KMCS	1120	Inglewood	VAndike 2466
KMJ	1210	Fresno	35221
KMO	860	Tacoma, Wash.	Madison 4144
KMPC	710	Beverly Hills	CRestview 3101
KMTR	570	Hollywood	Hllside 1161
KNX	1050	Hollywood	HEmpstead 4101
KOAC	550	Corvallis, Ore.	Col. 45; City 526
‡KOLN	940	Portland, Ore.	Atwater 3333
‡KOL	1270	Seattle, Wash.	
†KOMO	920	Seattle, Wash.	ELliott 5890

†KPO	680	San Francisco	
KQW	1010	San Jose	
KREG	1500	Santa Ana	
KROW	930	Oakland	
KTAB	560	San Francisco	
KTM	780	Los Angeles	
KTW	1220	Seattle	
‡KVI	760	Tacoma	
KWG	1200	Stockton	
KWSC	1220	Pullman, Wash.	
KXL	1420	Portland, Ore.	
KYA	1230	San Francisco	

MOUNTAIN STATIONS

Station	Kilocycles	Town	Phone Number
†KDYL	1290	Salt Lake City	WAsatch 7180
KLO	1400	Ogden, Utah	84-85
†KOA	830	Denver, Colo.	YOrk 5090
KOB	1180	New Mexico	515
†KSL	1130	Salt Lake City	WAsatch 3901
†KTAR	620	Phoenix, Ariz.	+4161
KLZ	560	Denver, Colo.	Taber 6316

CENTRAL STATIONS

Station	Kilocycles	Town	Phone Number
†KMON	1030	St. Louis, Mo.	CEntal 8240
KRLD	1040	Dallas, Texas	2-6811
†KWK	1350	St. Louis, Mo.	DElmar 3210
KWKH	850	Shreveport, La.	6739
†KYW	1020	Chicago, Ill.	WAbash 4040
WBAP	800	Fort Worth, Texas	
WBBN	770	Chicago, Ill.	WHitehall 6000
‡WCCO	810	Minneapolis, Minn.	MIdway 5595
WCHI	1490	Chicago, Ill.	STate 2200
†WENR	870	Chicago, Ill.	DElware 8312
†WFAA	800	Dallas, Texas	2-9216
†WGN	720	Chicago, Ill.	
†WHAS	820	Louisville, Ky.	CItY 3200
†WHO	1000	Des Moines, Iowa	3-3251
WIBA	1280	Madison, Wis.	

GArfield	8300	
Ballard	777	
	4900	
Glen Court	6774	
GArfield	4700	
EXposition	1341	
MAdison	2056	

†WJR	750	Detroit, Mich.	MAdison 4440
WLS	870	Chicago, Ill.	HAY 7500
‡WMAQ	1180	Chicago, Ill.	DEarborn 1111
WOA	1190	San Antonio, Texas	
†WOC	1000	Davenport, Iowa	Ken 5140
‡WOWO	1160	Fort Wayne, Ind.	A-2136
WOW	590	Omaha, Neb.	

EASTERN STATIONS

Station	Kilocycles	Town	Phone Number
†KDKA	980	Pittsburgh, Pa.	AT. 4854
‡WABC	860	New York City	Wlck 2-2000
‡WBT	1080	Charlotte, N. C.	3-7107
‡WCAU	1170	Philadelphia, Pa.	LOcust 7700
WEAF	660	New York	
WGY	790	Schnectady, N. Y.	4-2211
†WJZ	760	New York	
†WLV	700	Cincinnati, Ohio	KLrby 4800
WOR	710	Newark, N. J.	
†WSB	740	Atlanta, Ga.	HEmlock 1045
†WTAM	1070	Cleveland, Ohio	CHerry 0942
WTIC	1060	Hartford, Conn.	

CANADIAN, MEXICAN AND FOREIGN STATIONS

Station	Kilocycles	Town	Phone Number
CKCD	730	Vancouver, B. C.	
CFCN	990	Calgary, Alta	
CFCT	580	Victoria, B. C.	
CFIC	1120	Kamloops, B. C.	
CHWC	960	Regina, Sask.	
CIRM	670	Moose Jaw, Sk.	
CKAC	730	Montreal, Canada	
CKCW	690	Toronto	
KGBU	900	Ketchikan, Alk.	
KGU	940	Honolulu	
JOAK	870	Tokio, Japan	
2FC	670	Sydney, Australia	
XER	735	Villa Acuna, Mexico	
NEW	780	Mexico City	
CMK	730	Havana, Cuba	

† NBC
‡ CBS

Now its EASY to— Get Distance



This Marvelous New

RADIO HANDI-LOG

Shows You HOW and WHERE to get
Distant Stations on YOUR radio—
then tells you all about them.



"Listen! There's New York! I never knew before where to look for New York on our set. This new radio log shows you how. Isn't it clever?"

THE chances are that your radio is capable of receiving far more interesting stations and programs than you are receiving. But you must know where to find them on your dial. The Radio Handi-Log tells you.

About as big as a phonograph record, illustrated in beautiful colors, with the call letters of the stations listed on the border. You turn the flashing red arrow in the center to the station you want—and Presto! all the information about that station pops up through windows in the Handi-Log. Simple. Quick. Anyone can work it without previous instruction. No pages to turn. No technical knowledge required. That has all been worked out for you by technical experts. All you have to do is have the fun of spinning the arrow.

The Handi-Log tells you everything about the stations. Their location, street address, city and state; channel, meters, kilocycles, owner and even the telephone number.

The Handi-Log is already in use in twenty thousand western homes, though it has been on the market only a few weeks. A beautiful, helpful accessory to every radio. Makes your radio enjoyment complete.

25c

With Money Back
Guarantee

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 25c

Byam Publishing Co., 1220 Maple Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

I want a Radio Handi-Log—so I enclose 25c—with the understanding that if I don't like it I may return it and you will refund my money. Mail the Handi-Log to me at

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

I Knew Them WHEN—

One of Our Subscribers Happened Across Luke McLuke, a Man Who Claims to Have Known Most of the Radio Stars From Childhood Days, and Persuaded Him to Write Some of the Interesting Happenings When They Were All Kids Together. Here's the Story, Word for Word—Just as Luke Wrote it. If It Isn't the Most Unusual Article You Ever Read, We'll Buy You a New Hat.

by Luke McLuke

I BET I've knew more bozos that turned out to be big shots in this here broadcasting business than anybody on earth. Even when I was a little shaver about five or so Ma used to say to Pa—Pa, I have a funny feeling that when the kid gets big he's going to know a lot of radio stars and maybe write a magazine article about it. Of course Pa just laughed; he never did pay much attention to what Ma said anyhow.

There use to be a kid in our block name of Downey, Mort Downey. Him and I use to horse around together a lot—playing gangster and marbles and swiping milk bottles, you know what kids do. Well sir even then I use to tell him, Mort I think you got a rattlin good voice and you ought to get on the radio with it sometime if they ever get radio. And Mort says, By Golly, Luke, that's a good idea. I'll look up Bing Crosby and Kate Smith and we'll all get a job on Columbia together, never thinking anything would come of it.

Little Katie Smith use to go to school with I and Mort only she was one grade ahead of us. She was a good kid and everybody liked her even if they did say she wouldn't amount to anything when she grew up. But seeing a picture of her in the paper the other day I can see they were all wet. She amounts to quite a lot if you ask me.

Trouble with Katie was then. she always wanted to play nurse, and took it all out on I and Mort. She use to talk us into playing sick, and then she'd cure us with salt water, vinegar and sometimes mustard. One time she told I and Mort we had typhoid and cut all our hair off with Ma's shears.

Bing Crosby moved into our street about then and from then on nobody had any peace. When our Ma's saw him coming over to play they kept us in the house and locked all the doors. He was always gettin' us kids into trouble. In fact he got the name of

Luke says Russ Columbo was one of the toughest kids in town, but his one soft spot was the violin.

Bing because every time he got near anybody's house the door would slam in his face.

Not that Bing wasn't a good kid. But he never let a chance slip by to talk us kids into doing something our Ma's would lick us for afterwards. Once he told Katie there was a place on everybody where you could stick a pin in and it wouldn't hurt. So for a long time everybody kept out of Katie's way for fear she'd ram a pin into them.



Mr. and Mrs. McLuke as they are today, caught by the camera in an informal pose.

And she wasn't particular at all how hard she rammed it either. Another time Bing got Mort and another kid—name of Vallee, a nice little kid that never harmed nobody—to put shotgun shells in Ma's cook stove. Ma always did think it was I and Bing that did it but after Pa got through whalin me she decided after all it was the Crosby boy. But as Bing was home eating his supper when the stove blew up she couldn't make Missus Crosby believe it. And even Ma had her doubts when she seen Bing's innocent-lookin face staring up at her angelic like.

I'll never forget the day the White-



mansky's moved in next door. They had a kid name of Pauloff that was in my room at school. Well sir, this Pauloff, we called him Paul for short, was the skinniest rat you ever seen. He used to make life miserable for the girls by hiding behind the flagpole and jumping out and scaring them when they came by. Some said when he got older he went kind of goofy when his girl fell in love with a cornet player and so Paul started up an orchestra to get even with the world in general. Heard that he's filled out some and left the "sky" off his last name.

They was a Eytalian family lived on the other side of town that had four boys about our age—name of Lombardo. Then and the Columbos come over on the same scow or something and sort of joined up forces when they settled down. Well sir these Lombardo boys and one of the Columbo kids—name of Ruggerio we called him Russ for short—were the toughest eggs in town. Why, they wasn't a day went by that one of our bunch didn't get beat up if they got too close to the Lombardo gang. This Vallee kid I spoke of a while back wandered over there way one day and come back bawlin like a cow because the Lombardos and Russ Columbo had stole his clothes at the swimmin hole. It was a long way to the swimmin hole too and Rudy had snuck down all the back alleys in town to get home, except one place where he had to cross Main street. Well sir this sure burnt us up bad and one day Bing and me and Mort and Rudy all laid for Russ after school. We'd have caught him too if he hadn't walked home with the teacher

[Turn to Page 46]

Little Organ Annie

Continued from Page 25

won his sympathies.

"You go bring it back," he told Esther, "Think of your poor little sister!"

Esther had to go back and look for the music roll. They laugh over that one violent quarrel of theirs to this day.

When Ann was in her first year of high school she was sent to New York to study at the Damrosch School. She lived in the Village and went to a downtown high school. Laughingly, she says that she thinks she got through her classes on sheer force of her own courtesy. The girls, she says, were the rudest people she had ever seen in her life, and the teacher was so shocked by Ann's politeness that she automatically boosted her marks.

After one year of New York she returned again to Omaha where another disturbing thing happened. It was autumn, and a girl in the town who had been playing vaudeville and had gone to Chicago to see about an act, wired her parents to go talk to Ann Leaf's people and persuade them to allow Ann to join the act. Ann was all enthusiasm, and she says "I begged and begged and begged and finally they allowed me to leave school."

The experience was a little upsetting but lasted only three months. They played small town theatres to "break in the act." All the time Ann was barraged with letters from her family beg-

ging her to come back and finally at Christmas she left the act, promising their manager to return. However, when she got home all of her brothers and sisters made it a point to besiege her with gifts. One brother gave her a leather brief case and said, "You mustn't go back, Ann," and her father took her to a matinee she particularly wanted to see and followed it up by "you mustn't go back, Ann," so she didn't.

She did feel that she would like to start out to do something big. They suggested that she go to California where a brother and sister were living. The young woman went West, and soon found a job in a Los Angeles theatre. She was asked by the manager of the movie house whether or not she could play a Wurlitzer organ. Although an organ to Ann meant little more than a pleasant "box of whistles" she felt unexpectedly confident and defiant, and glibly told him there was nothing she would rather do than play a Wurlitzer organ. Much to her complete surprise she handled it as if she had always played it, and got a thrill out of discovering the new and wider possibilities of an organ. It held her thrilled and she adored making new arrangements and running her small fingers over the keys calling forth first impudent jingles from the pipes, and then deep transcending chords. Ann Leaf became more and more expert and finally, hav-

ing exhausted most of the possibilities for young women in Los Angeles, she ventured across the states to another extremity—New York, where New Talent, if it is Unusual Talent is always marketable. Ann certainly found hers so.

Eventually her black eyes followed the dotted line of a contract over CBS and her fingers guided a midnight broadcast known as "Nocturne." The poetic quality of this broadcast calls forth a lot of fan mail which is unusual . . . and different from other fan mail, in that most of it is poetry. A. Hamilton Gibbs, who is her favorite author, sent her a book inscribed to "Ann Leaf, who can say it on the organ better than I can on the typewriter." She has inspired and soothed countless people, who have not hesitated to tell her so, in verse, in prose, or in plain homely letters.

Ann likes to play tennis and golf, and for that reason misses the sunny facilities of California.

If you were on Broadway you might bump into this very unspectacular looking person almost any day. A very small young lady with no particularly significant features, dressed usually in tan or brown. You will have missed a lot, however, if you have not seen her smile, and you will have missed even more than you know if you haven't heard her play.

All Dressed Up!

Continued from Page 16

applied "mass production" to band operation. The more bands he leads, the better he likes it. It is his natural element, as water is to a seal. All of the bands under his leadership seem to bear a resemblance to each other—all have the "Roberts Spirit" and always the smart appearance of well-trained, military assurance.

Roberts takes the band business seriously, and believes in professional efficiency. Nowhere is this characteristic more evident than in the matter of uniforms. Consequently, when a Roberts band goes on the air, it arrives on time at the station in regulation attire to the last man. The studio itself takes on an atmosphere of alertness and color as the Liberty Band files into KHJ every Monday night at ten. The distribution of players over the studio according to instruments, is another factor calling for careful calculation. The result is

a balanced defusion of sound, through several microphones variously placed, which "mixes" perfectly over the air.

So when you listen to Hal and his band over the air, be confident that the thirty musicians are not playing in thirty styles of tailoring, as many shades and materials, a mad jumble of unorganized mess, but know that thirty young men, in clean white uniforms and caps braided in black and gold are feeling as fine as they look—all dressed up to go on the air!

The appearance of a policeman in the KOA studios almost incapacitated Bill and Jean Early, the "Average Americans" on the breakfast nook program. Not that the limb of the law wasn't welcome. But Bill, just having discovered that his radio "son" had disappeared, had shouted lustily into the radio telephone, "Police! Police!" And he had hardly drawn another breath when in rushed the cop.

CONVERT OLD SETS INTO DOLLARS!

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MONDAY-7:30 p. m.

FRIDAY-8:30 p. m.

KFI and NBC STATIONS

M·J·B

"DEMI-TASSE REVUES"

"Growing Up"

Continued from Page 23

S. V.: "Check! I suppose you were both raised and attended school in each locality?"

Mildred: "No. I lived most of my life in Salt Lake City."

S. V.: "And what happened to either of you during the early part of your lives, outside of the measles, that might be worthy of note?"

Mildred: "Well, I was dropped when I was a baby—"

Jimmy (chummily): "Oh, were you, Gay? I didn't know that. So was I."

S. V.: "Then after that you both went on the stage. Is that right?"

Mildred: "I guess so."

S. V.: "Well, tell me, which do you like the best, working over the radio or on the stage?"

Mildred: "Well, I—"

Jimmy (sotto voce): "Careful! Careful! There's thousands of people listenin' in!"

Mildred: "Oh, I'm just ca-razy about radio work. It's much nicer than the stage."

S. V.: "Tell me, Miss Seabrook, what are some of the plays you have been in?"

Mildred: "Well—let me see. I played 'Mary Margaret' in the Coast company of 'The Fool.' And I was featured by Mr. Duffy in 'If I Was Rich,' 'Two Girls Wanted' and 'Danger.' And in 'Pigs,' 'Tommy,' and 'Take My Advice,' Emerson and I played opposite each other, didn't we, Emerson?"

Jimmy: "That's right."

S. V.: "And are you still friendly?"

Mildred: "Why, certainly!"

S. V.: "And how about you, Mr. Treacy, outside of what we already know?"

Jimmy: "Oh, I played in stock in the East and was with the New York company of 'Pigs' before I came out to the Coast for Mr. Duffy."

S. V.: "And what about the 'Talkies'?"

Mildred and Jimmy (belligerently): "Well, what about them?"

S. V.: "Oh, excuse me. Maybe we shouldn't go into that. I was just won-

dering if you had ever been employed by the cinema?"

Jimmy: "Sure, we've been in the talkies, if that's what you mean. Gay was Charley Chase's leading lady in his last two pictures and she had a part in 'The Corsair' and a couple of other features."

Mildred: "And Emerson had a grand part in 'Once A Gentleman' with Edward Horton. Then he did 'The Sky Patrol' for Columbia, and a lot of shorts at Pathe besides. Didn't you, Emerson?"

S. V.: "Well, tell me about Mildred and Jimmy. What's going to happen to these two kids? Are they ever going to become engaged or what?"

Jimmy: "We don't know what's going to happen to them. You see, they're just 'growin' up' from day to day. I guess Jimmy will go to college and so will Mildred, and—"

Mildred: "And eventually we might even get married."

Jimmy: "Yea, and we might even have grandchildren. That is, if we can keep on getting somebody to sponsor us."

S. V.: "Well, no doubt you will. I understand you're making a big hit."

Mildred: "It certainly would be awful to die young."

S. V.: "Oh, by the way—who's writing your stuff?"

Jimmy: "Well, I guess I gotta plead guilty with a fella named Kenneth Gamet."

S. V.: "Well, isn't it quite a—" (Enter a telephone operator, hair dishevelled and decidedly harrassed.)

Telephone Operator: "Say, what in the world has been going on in here? The switchboard has been clogged up for the past five minutes. This is the first time I've had a chance to get away from it. Everybody is dying to hear the act, and they want to know what all this static is about."

S. V.: "Oh—oh!"

Jimmy: "Come on, Mildred, maybe we can get going again."

Mildred: "It's too late, Jimmy. Our fifteen minutes are up."

(Theme song and a quick fade out.)

Chatterettes

The Mystery Chef has invented the first collapsible kitchen. It is fitted with rollers and rests in a specially constructed niche in the living room when not in use. Whenever he desires to cook anything, he simply rolls the kitchen out, unfolds the collapsible table and lights the stove.

Three of the non-technical members of Columbia's Chicago staff spend their spare time in amateur broadcasting experiments. Wilson Doty, staff organist; Cy Reed, saxophone player, and Announcer Dick Wells, all operate their own transmitters.

They Stumbled Upon Rhythm

Continued from Page 18

hoped to receive a royal welcome upon their arrival—so when the train pulled into the station they were *not* surprised to see the Mayor's Committee and a large crowd on hand. But they *were* surprised to learn that the reception committee, the crowd, and the fanfare had turned out to greet a prominent political figure on the same train. Somewhat dashed in spirit they eagerly scanned the paper to discover—not even a bare mention of their arrival. So they sat down and looked at each other in the hotel room. Assuredly, this was not like New Orleans.

But when they completed the six week's engagement it was another story. Chicago grew conscious of three small girls with haunting voices—and, what was even more greatly in their favor—a Different Interpretation of popular music.

After a series of triumphant appearances throughout the Middle West, the girls migrated to San Francisco on January 5, 1929 (another date by Helvetia—alas, she doesn't like to be called by her *full* name). There they devoted their talents almost exclusively to radio as highly remunerative sponsored programs made vaudeville appearances *very* secondary.

They did make several movie shorts, the first of which was attended by an amusing incident. The picture was entitled "Close Farmony"—with a farm, as of course you expected—as a setting.

The Boswell sisters first broadcast over a nation-wide network as guest artists on the California Melodies program that came from Los Angeles over the Columbia chain. Another Columbia headliner appeared in a guest role on the same program the following week—one Bing Crosby. They are each others favorite radio stars.

The girls are entirely unspoiled by success. They are the same good-natured Connie and Martha and Vet who went to school together in New Orleans. Martha is the spokesman for the three. Connie, however, is the "boss," and sings the melody in the trio and the solo numbers with that appealing "low down blue" voice. She actually lives her work, heart and soul, and enjoys discussing it—even interrupting Martha when she has something particularly important or interesting to contribute to conversation.

Vet, whose real name is lamentably Helvetia—or so at least it seems to her—is apparently the silent one; or at least it seems so in comparison to the bubbling-over quality of the other two. She just listens, smiles and refers all questions to Martha or to Connie, who

will probably answer them anyway, if she feels like it.

They never sing melody as it is written, but improvise their own melody to the lyrics of the song. They compose a counter melody which they harmonize instead of the true tune, which sounds confusing, but *can* be done (i.e. *if* you know how). Their classical training can be traced in their singing, for an analysis of their hot rhythms and "breaks" reveal an orthodox classical beat. This is an unusual and individual factor in their singing.

Strange as it may seem, they make their arrangements backward. As Connie explains it: "We put the cart before the horse; that is, we start at the end of a number and work forward, commencing with the second chorus. The very last thing we arrange is the beginning of the first verse. I don't know how we first came to work this way. It just seemed to happen, and we've been doing it ever since."

They never write down their arrangements, but memorize them. They now have more than 300 numbers in their repertoire, for a song once learned is never forgotten by them.

The three sit down before a piano, and Martha plays the number through once. In whatever way the music stirs their moods and imagination, they arrange. Each gives her idea, and it is given a fair trial. If unsatisfactory, the next offers her suggestions, and once the effect is agreed upon, each of the girls fabricates her own part. Among their outstanding arrangements are "King's

Horse", "Shout, Sisters Shout", "Heebe Jeebies", and "Shine On, Harvest Moon."

All three are superstitious about planning their affairs in advance. They won't even discuss their plans for the following day. "It's bad luck," says Martha, and the other two nod their heads in agreement. If they do have any plans they keep them mum until the time is up.

Vet sews, designs costumes, tap dances and is a talented artist. Her drawings can be seen scattered throughout the four-room apartment. She also has the responsibility of answering all their fan mail, with the exception of personal letters that require an answer from one of the others.

Connie has a passion for modeling little figures out of rock-salt, butter and soap which she places in her ice box to harden. Often they tumble into Martha's lap when she opens the door. Connie, who played the cello in the New Orleans symphony orchestra at the age of seven, now prefers to play musical glasses, and there's been more than one crystal set ruined by her.

One of their proudest possessions is a document, presented to them by Governor Huey Long, commending them on their work, with the official seal of the state stamped upon it.

Martha finds life's greatest pleasure in taking off her shoes upon coming home. Connie loves to lie on the sofa, and Vet derives joy in buying all types of ear-rings. Allow them these—and they'll ask for nothing more.



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BOYS and GIRLS

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One high school boy is making \$6.00 every week working only half hours after school. Another made \$19.00 one holiday week. Little girl made \$1.25 in one hour.

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Daughters of Old MONTANA



Each of the girls has her own horse, and rides whenever she has time. This is Patsy.

WE have our radio cowboys, our hill-billies, and other groups of entertainers who are doing much to preserve the plaintive melodies and folk songs of the early pioneer West. but strangely enough, the old-fashioned cowgirl has been more or less left out.

Just as the cowhand, with nothing but his own singing to amuse him on the lonely range, has given us a wealth of colorful ballads and songs of the plains, so those courageous, lonely women of the prairies, who sang in the face of swirling blizzards, hardships and privations, and who lived a life of action the modern sophisticated woman of today can never appreciate, have left us something of the romance of their day.

It remained for the Montana Cowgirls, themselves descendants of a hardy tribe of pioneer women of the plains, to bring to us a touch of the Old West in song and harmony, and as they stand before a KTM microphone in their corduroy riding skirts, wide hats and boots, one can almost hear the scudding of cattle's hooves, the yells of the punchers at round-up; and the whole studio becomes alive with the Spirit of the West.

Patsy, Ruth and LaRaine were born and raised on the plains of Montana, on adjoining ranches near the still-wild neighborhood of Livingstone, where cowboys are really cowboys and some of the bad men are even yet rampant. Each could ride a horse as soon as she could walk. The ranch hands showed them how to rope, ride and herd, and they grew up as straight and as sinewy as boys. Many of their songs were learned from listening to the punchers, who gathered in the bunk house in the



The Montana Cowgirls—Patsy, Ruth and LaRaine.

evenings and played and sang, and they still talk and sing with the old Montana twang that is a part of them.

Although they live in the city, each owns a horse, and whenever they get an opportunity to steal away for a few hours, they ride out into the unfrequented places and roam the hills. Born to a life of action, their hobbies are swimming and riding, although Patsy loves to paint, and LaRaine to read when they tire of sports. Every summer they go out to their ranch near

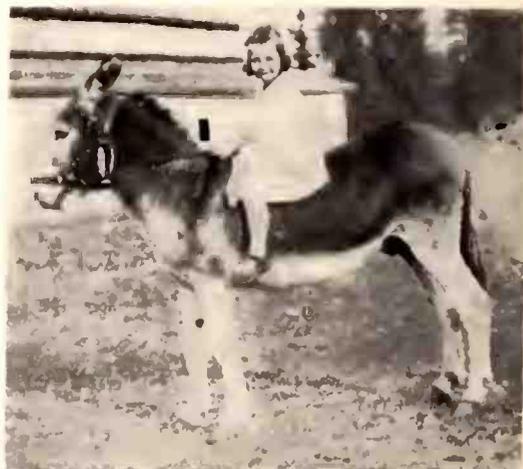
A Side of the Old West Seldom Seen Is Reflected by the Montana Cowgirls, Themselves Direct From the Plains and Direct Descendants of the Hardy Race Whose Songs They Sing.

by Don Frank

Madera, Calif., and pretend they are back in Montana—roping, riding, and playing as they used to do back on the home ranch.

The girls are all in their 'teens, aren't troubled about boys, and live a modest, conservative life—in fact, so modest that they often receive fan letters from neighbors within a block of their home, who don't know who they are! Many of their acquaintances haven't the slightest idea that they are the radio artists to whom they listen.

Each morning they arise bright and early, dress and eat breakfast, and begin immediately to arrange their radio program for the day. In their repertory of songs they have some 250 numbers, each of which they know by heart. Some of these numbers include three-part Swiss yodeling—one of the most difficult forms of singing for a trio. All of the girls yodel, and all play an instrument—Patsy and LaRaine, violins, and Ruth the guitar. While none of the girls has never had a vocal lesson, Patsy and LaRaine have both taken lessons on the violin for several years and are accomplished musicians.



Ruth on her first saddlehorse—no saddle, not even a horse, and very little of Ruth!

Some of My Best Friends are Crooners

[Continued from Page 19]

may be, order to please or help, directly or indirectly, the rising generation in some way? I'm afraid it is quite useless to exercise a petty tyranny which might harrass but could not silence the crooners of songs considered "dangerous" by those who have not moved with the times.

And here's a point: Do you honestly think Jessica Dragonette could sing "When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain" and make you like it, as Welcome Lewis does? Or that Alexander Gray could tear the heart out of you with "As Time Goes By" as Rudy Vallee most certainly does? If you do—then all I can say is, you haven't been listenin'.

I'm a radio fan and I like to be taken out of myself—to get away from everything I am or do, when I listen to music. And I want the job done thoroughly: I don't want Rudy Vallee to sing "The Song of the Vagabonds"; I want Alexander Gray to do it. I don't want Alice Joy to sing "Frasquita's Serenade"; I prefer Dragonette in that kind of song. I want my home songs, my simple melodies, to be sung by Hazel Warner, with her uncanny sincerity. I want to be pepped up by the songs of Tommy Harris. That's the general idea, anyway, and it seems to me that there is room for all kinds of voices in radio.

All art has two great functions. First, it provides an emotional experience, and second, if we have the courage of our own feelings, it becomes a mine of practical truth. We don't will to have the original emotion any more than a stone wills it should fall to the ground. But it takes courage to dig the actual fact out of what we are feeling: the truth that concerns us now, whether it concerned our grandparents or not.

If a composer or singer is an artist, his music will tell the truth of his day, and that is all that matters. As Anatole France expressed it: "Song, if it is very simple, passionate or gay, is really the only language for the people."

The crooner has a very real service to perform for folk other than those who are twenty years old. He cries for many persons who are denied the gift of tears. The girl with the deep baritone voice who sings blues until her queer voice becomes almost an art-form in itself; the men with the high, unnatural, super-sweet and haunting sopranos, are ideally fitted to sing the popular laments of the day.

And if you've a very unhappy person, you may laugh at them—but you'll listen, and when they have finished, feel

a release in your own soul.

I am very sure of this, not only because I have detected a thoroughly sophisticated friend or two listening to crooners while pretending to scorn them, but secretly finding a safety valve in them. But from the star of my own radio work I have noted the letters which come from sanitariums and hospitals. Every radio singer gets many letters from such institutions; the sick and the sorrowful are a whole microphone audience in themselves, and it

would be a hard-hearted artist who didn't try to remember the wants of this audience sometimes.

I'm not a crooner, and my early theory about singing to these hearers was to cheer them up. I chose such songs as "Happy Days Are Here Again"; gay, humorous uplifting songs—and there was no response. Then, because other listeners were asking for it, I sang several programs made up almost altogether of love songs—tender, even a

[Turn to Page 46]

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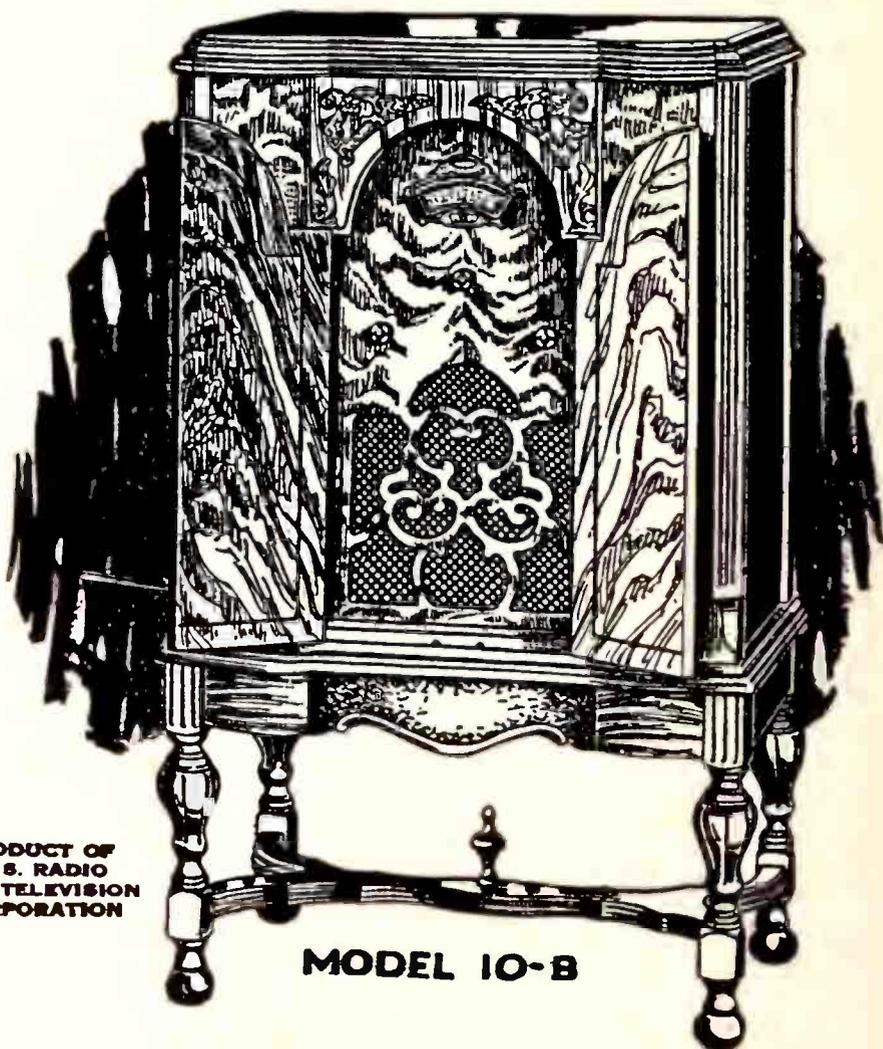
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Jack Dunn's Orchestral

Deacon Brown's Peacemakers

Utah Trail Boys

Visitors Welcome In Our Garden Gallery

Rainbow Gardens Bldg.

2nd at Vermont

Captain's Bill

[Continued from Page 17]

an instructor; came down, and then went up on their first solo flight. Those who came down alive were real fliers; they had to be.

Royle came down alive so many times that his superior officers suspected he must know how. He was given a lieutenant's commission, and made a flying instructor at Tours, where his responsibilities, in addition to teaching included the management of all funerals and all camp entertainments. There were so many of both that it was quite a load off Bill's mind to get into action at Chateau Thierry. He won his captain's commission there, and stayed in action through the second Marne offensive, the Belleau Wood and the Argonne battles. He was wounded and gassed in 1918, and convalesced by organizing camp entertainment as he had done at Tours. After the Armistice he was the officer in charge of all athletics in Base Section Number 30, meaning most of the American troops in England. He varied boxing matches and other athletic events with shows for wounded soldiers. He and a company

of fellow officers traveled all over France, spending long days in French hospitals, where they put on performance after performance, carrying their piano upstairs from floor to floor. They learned to keep their voices low-pitched and still sang cheery songs when they came to the "last wards"—whose inhabitants never would leave alive. A trunk-full of letters from members of this audience or their relatives, followed Captain Royle when he came back to America.

Vaudeville contracts were waiting for the ace with the flare for humor and impersonation, and he toured with some of his former comrades until he reached California, where he has remained ever since, taking part in most of the big news events of the day which concern aviation.

Captain Royle came to the National Broadcasting Company soon after the Pacific Division was organized. The Isuan program was his first one, but he has played every imaginable kind of part since then. His list of dialect characters is impressive; he plays thir-

teen different radio personalities, including "Snowball" of the NBC Matinee and "Ishud Sokitoyou" of the Associated Spotlight. He is on the air at some time or another almost every day, but he still finds time to be in the air, too.

Radio and aviation are the two pursuits which combine more successfully than any in the world, he believes, and recalling all the things he does in both, it's easy to agree with him.

Dependable Continuity

by

NOREEN GAMMILL

PIONEER IN RADIO WRITING AND PERFORMER

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HOLLYWOOD

Hi-Jinks

[Continued from Page 24]

ishes with everyone in the audience having hysterics. The Hi-Jinks bill of entertainment changes every Sunday night, but these three acts are an exception. So popular have they become with their fans that so far they have never worn out their welcome!

These are only a few of the high lights of the show. As to the planning and construction of it—well, ask Production Manager Jack Joy about that. He and Johnny Murray go over each minute of the hour with painstaking care, timing, placing, and speeding up the tempo of each skit. That is the

battle cry always! *The tempo must never be dropped!* And that they succeed is testified by the comment of one nice old lady who said in bewilderment, after a performance was all over, "Land! Have they stopped so soon? I thought it lasted an hour!"

The commercial aspects of the Hi-Jinks are most unusual. In the first place, it is a good will program. The sponsor has nothing to sell directly to the public. The unique angle is that he is creating a demand for his product in a most effective yet indirect way. And the slogan is always—"Take her to a restaurant at least once a week."

Each episode of the Hi-Jinks is different. There was "Main Street," "Fifth Avenue," "Navy Night," and so on. Each time, new talent, new attractions, and old favorites find a place on an hour of sparkling entertainment. That a Sunday night jamboree has succeeded is proved by one glance at the auditorium, packed with eager patrons, all happy and enjoying the fun presented to them, as are the thousands of dialers who sit in front of their loudspeakers, listening intently, and no doubt wondering if they can get tickets to see the next performance!

Rabbits is Rabbits!

Continued from Page 20

a great deal—this episode about the rabbits. I began to doubt very much whether our mention of rabbit sandwiches in connection with cats would have any serious effect on the rabbit industry. After all, life is just a bowl of cherries, I guess, and things like this should roll off our backs like the proverbial water off a duck's back.

Amusing, though, isn't it? It only goes to prove conclusively to me that a

broadcaster has to be pretty darned careful what he says. Each listener thinks the broadcaster is broadcasting for him alone and you can't blame him. And you must be quite careful what you say in a person's living-room.

No, I'm not sending any letter of apology to the rabbit people. The whole thing is too silly. Eventually they'll forget about it. Anyway, they should pay more attention to their rabbits and

less to what some radio comedian may say in fun. If the time they spent in writing that letter had instead been used to improve the rabbits' surroundings, or in reading them nice stories about naughty Easter bunnies, I imagine business might improve more quickly.

But here's the pay-off: We were asked to tell that rabbit story by one of the members of the firm which sponsored our program.

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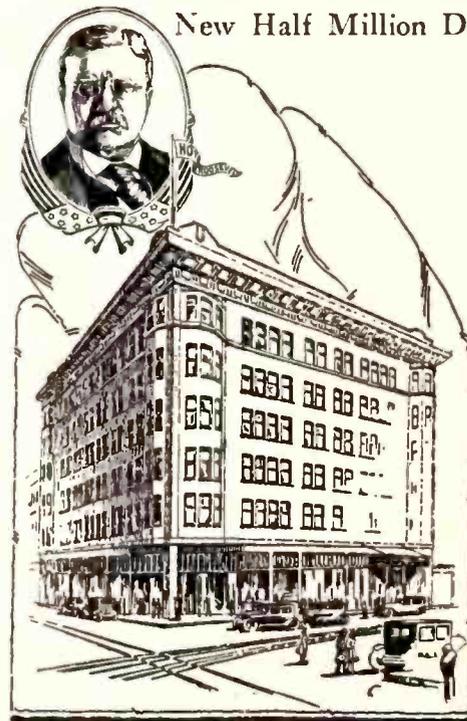
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Management of RENE A. VAYSSIE

Miracle Man of Sound

Continued from Page 12

rocks fall and it won't sound anything like an avalanche. Or, for example, a railroad train comes to a stop. Here are minor sounds ordinarily not perceived. To make this noise realistic there must be the escape of steam after the engine stops, also the air pump. Unless the detail is worked out the listener subconsciously feels that something is missing.

"To illustrate the fundamental character of many sounds—if a microphone were set up in a movie studio and, in turn, were given the usual imitation of a landslide, Niagara Falls, breakers and the falling of a wall, no two listeners would agree which was which. Usually the sound is so heavy that the 'mike' is blasted. There is distortion and you get zero. The crash of thunder is similar to the roar of breakers—an indefinite crash.

"In a sound film the sounds are interpreted according to the scene as revealed. But the radio broadcaster cannot rely on visual suggestiveness. His efforts at realism have only the audible to rely on, and in the four sounds I mentioned entirely different combinations of mechanism must be employed.

"In the case of the avalanche, four elements are used and three men are needed to operate them. The avalanche grows and dies out, while individual noises are superimposed on the roar. You bring out the idea of motion, as in a rain effect, where there is the sustained hiss besides the drops of water. To imitate Niagara three elements and two men would be required. This is similar to a low-voiced exhaust of steam—the striking of ponderous water with air in it—and it's mainly the air you hear. The falling wall needs four elements and three men and is similar to the avalanche with its falling particles. For breakers, I would employ three elements and three men. I have sat for hours listening to the surf. After a while I noticed that each breaker breaks differently. There is nothing definite

as to the recurrence, any more than in a thunder-storm. There is hollow crackling, which I reproduce by an enclosed apparatus; there is the lull, the thud and the spray, coming in tremendous sections with a kind of sea-saw motion. Some waves merely hiss, others roar, others give a single plunk and are dead. Operating these four combinations of sound effects, like scores of other combinations, is like conducting an orchestra."

Forsyth chanced to meet Harry O. Hoyt, director of "The Lost World," who was planning another story of prehistoric monsters for a sound picture. Enthusiastic over the prospects, Forsyth began an intensive study of these animals, and after learning about their vocal cavities and other peculiarities developed imitations of the cries of the giant birds, the heavy breathing and footfalls of the dinosaurs, the flapping of the leathern wings of the pterodactyl, and other noises. Although the proposed film was not made, Forsyth evolved some of his most remarkable sound effects on this occasion.

"The mind unquestionably accepts the sounds occurring in a film," Forsyth reminds us. "It reacts with the scene. If a horse stumbles and the rider falls the audience never stops to question any minor discrepancy in the sound. If you see you don't criticize. But in radio the sound must be exact, for the ear is the sole arbiter. If during a sound film the light went out for a minute and only the incidental sounds were heard, few could tell what was happening."

The value of Forsyth's sound effects installed at KHJ is estimated at \$30,000. On an average sixty of these mechanisms are used daily. In the serial "Black and Blue," where Forsyth plays the former role and Len Wright the latter, the varied comic episodes of the self-style "detectives" call for a large number of sounds, as do the majority of the continuity program. Many of these are rehearsed with as great care as the orchestra, singers and actors.



"Have One On Us"

YOU'LL get twice the fun out of your radio if you have one of the marvelous new "Handi-Logs" described on page 35 of this issue. It tell you all about every station and exactly where to find it on YOUR radio. No pages to turn. Easy to work. Instant information. Printed in four colors. An attractive, helpful accessory to your radio.

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Chatterettes

Col. Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle, beginning with Budd his new series of sponsored programs over Columbia, brought forth another priceless invention which may even eclipse the celebrated cellophane umbrella through which one may see if it is raining. The new one is a sieve without holes—this masterful kitchen implement designed for the use of those who aren't particularly interested in straining anything.

Roger Gray, musical comedy actor and humorist, and Ruth Fallows, recently associated with Katherine Cornell in Broadway productions, made their debuts as network artists on a recent Robert Burns Panatela program. Gray's wit is as widely known through his writings as it is through his stage work. He has written more sketches for the famous Lambs' Club Gambols than any other member.

I Knew Them When

[Continued from Page 36]

that night. Even then Bing let go with a rock and caught the teacher behind the ear down the street a ways. He beat it of course and when the teacher turned around there was me and Rudy standin there dumb-like. For awhile we was madder at Bing than we had been at the Lombardos and Russ.

All us kids stuck together like regular pals until we got through school and started drifting apart. There wasn't anything we wouldn't do for each other. Why just the other day Bing dropped into my barber shop and says, Luke I got to have five bucks right away. The company hasn't paid me this week and if I don't pay off the gas company they'll shut off the meter. Well sir, I knew he was just getting started you might say and didn't have much coming in so I hands him a fin and says Bing old boy, if you ever need anything just call on yours truly. There isn't anything I wouldn't do for a pal.

Walt Winchell is another guy that lived in our town. Walt was the teachers pet if there ever was one. The way he used to wave his hand and pipe up with all the answers was a pain. All us kids made a bargain the day before vacation that none of us would study their lesson for the next day. You might have knowed it, as soon as the teacher asked a question up jumps Walt Winchell with the answer, and from then on he was the only one who recited and the rest of us stayed after school. He was the snoopiest kid you ever saw, al-

ways sticking his nose in everywhere, and knew all the dirt on everybody and then went out and spilled it. All the women in town kept candy and cookies on hand to bribe him to come over and spill gossip.

You might not believe it, but Walt started the story all over town that old Angus McWhorter, the constable, and Minnie Mills, a old maid dress maker, was all set to get married. Well sir, it made Angus and Minnie so sore they both went straight to Missus Winchell about it, claiming they hardly knew each other. After they'd given her a piece of their mind they started away together, kinda sympathizin with each other and old Angus ended up by takin Minnie home. And it wasn't long before they started keepin company and darned if they didn't go and get hitched. The first one they invited over was Walt.

Three girls I never will forget was the Boswell sisters. Us boys use to have fun teasin and pesterin most of the girls, but when it came to the Boswells nothin doin. They was always together and if a boy even looked like he was going to start anything he found three wildcats on him before he could holler. Best lookin girls around too and when we all got a little older they wasn't a feller in town that didn't foller them around like a pet hound. Every Saturday night the Boswell house looked like a night in the Y.M.C.A. with all the fellers tryin to get in good with the girls. And when they moved away you'd thought they was a funeral in town.

Some of My Best Friends—

[Continued from Page 41]

bit on the "lament" side—and all my sanitarium friends and down-hearted ones deluged me with letters asking for more.

It figures out this way, it seems to me. Folks chained either to hospital beds or individual tragedies realize their own doom, or their lost chances for happiness, all too well. Both types frequently carry on gallantly; the man who knows he will not recover from tuberculosis tells his sweetheart to forget him; the girl who lost out on her big love affair says goodbye to her hope of a happy marriage. Neither of them gives in; to the honor of the human race, there are millions of them who manage to keep smiling. But songs like "Just Forget That I Ever Loved You," sung by a crooner, answers a deep need

in their hearts for expression of their own feelings.

That is why I cannot see how anyone who is interested in the manifestation of a live art like radio, or even in common humanity, can be altogether harsh in condemning such a singer. I think the music of Cardinal O'Connell's Mass is infinitely more beautiful than a crooner's songs, but I remember, too, St. Francis. Didn't he say:

"I am God's minstrel; I will sing you a lay. If it pleases you, you may reward me; but all I ask is that you shall love one another."

Eddie Lang, one of radio's outstanding guitarists and one of the few of the instrument's exponents who can play melodies on all the chords at the same time, will join Bing Crosby in his vaudeville activities at the New York Paramount Theatre.

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*KGB	San Diego "	5:45
†KFRC	San Francisco "	8:15
†KDB	Santa Barbara "	8:15
†KWG	Stockton "	8:15
*KFJI	Klamath Falls, Oregon	8:00
*KMED	Medford "	8:15
†KOIN	Portland "	8:15
†KOL	Seattle, Washington	8:15
*KHQ	Spokane "	5:45
*KUJ	Walla Walla "	7:30
*KIT	Yakima "	7:45

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*KMBC	Kansas City, Missouri	
*KWK	St. Louis, "	
†WOW	Omaha, Nebraska	
*WKY	Oklahoma City, Okla.	
*KVOO	Tulsa, Okla.	
*WFAA	Dallas, Texas	
*KPRC	Houston, Texas	

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