

**THE  
MOVIE  
MAGAZINE  
OF THE  
AIR**

# RADIO DOWNINGS

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## MORTON DOWNEY

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Who Beat  
BROADWAY

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November  
1931

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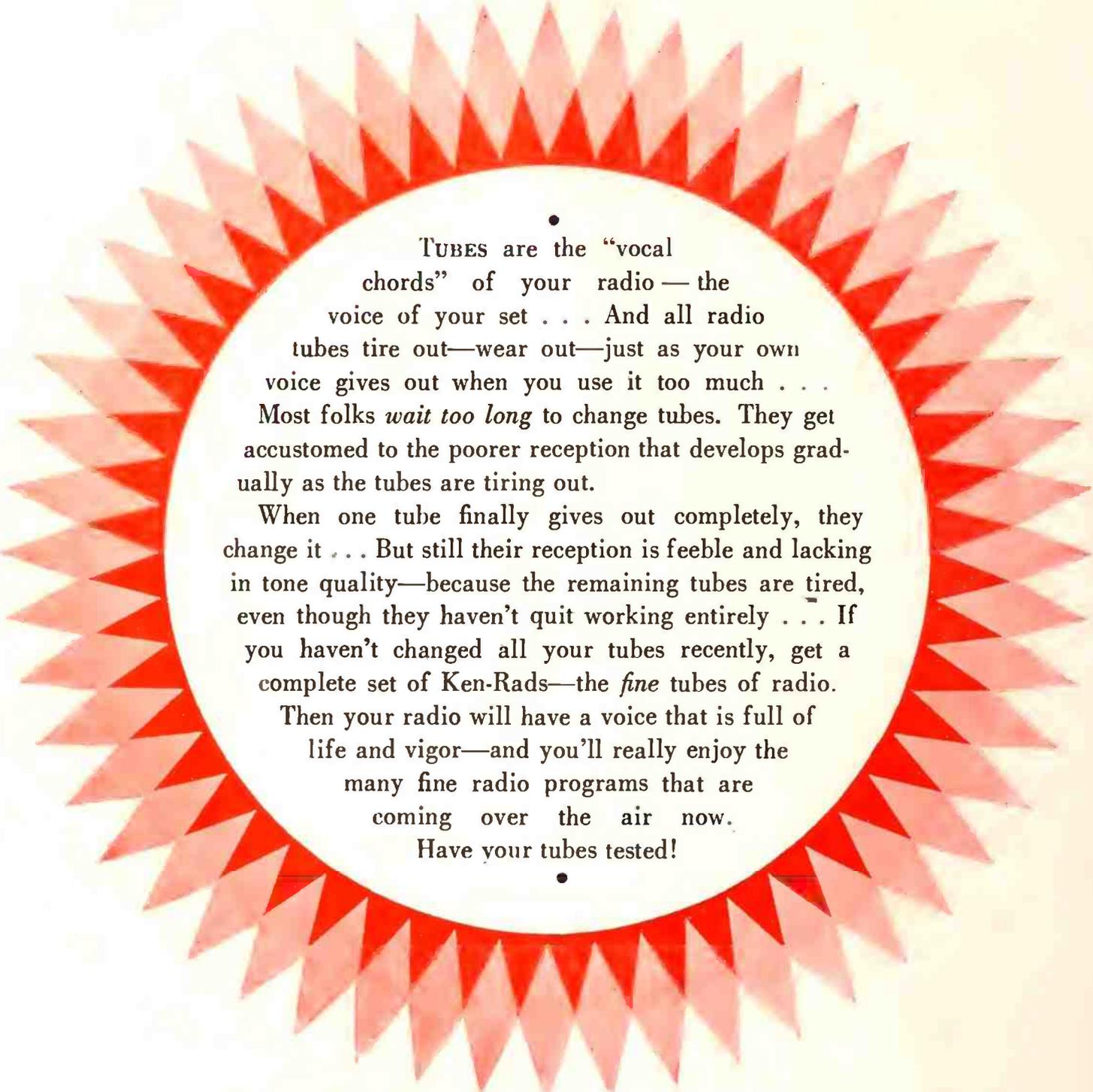
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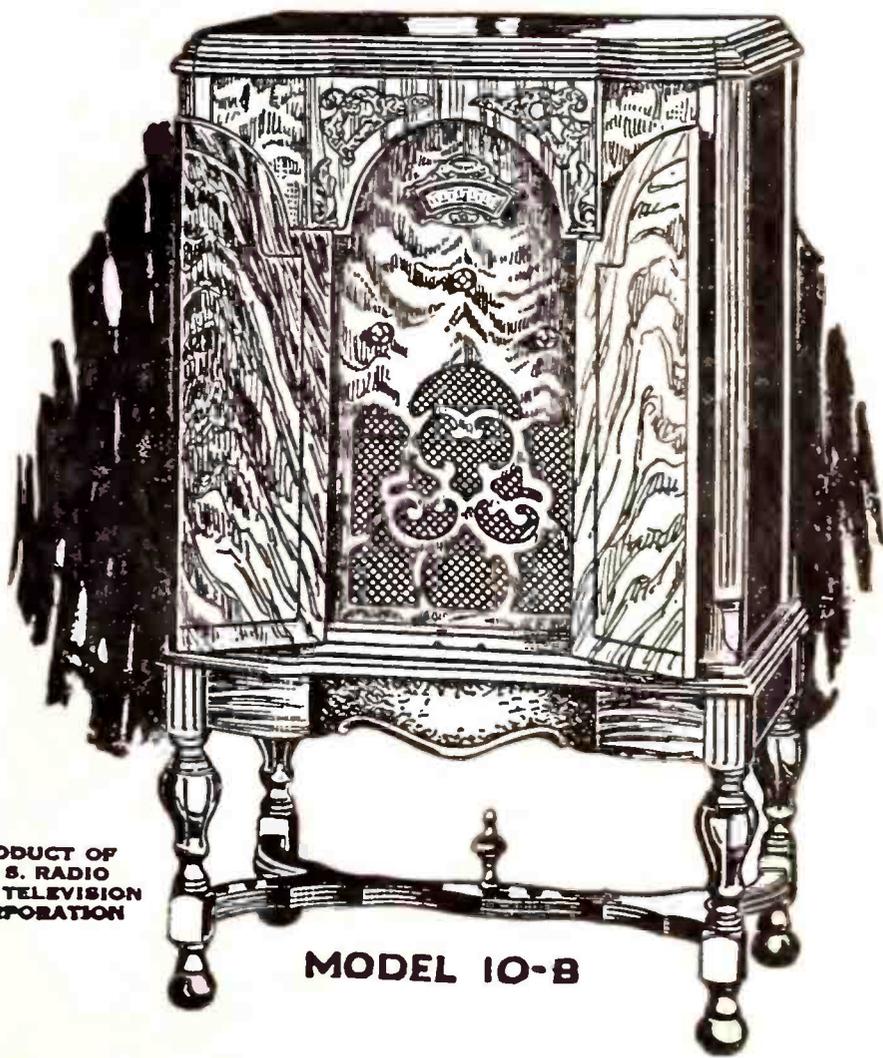
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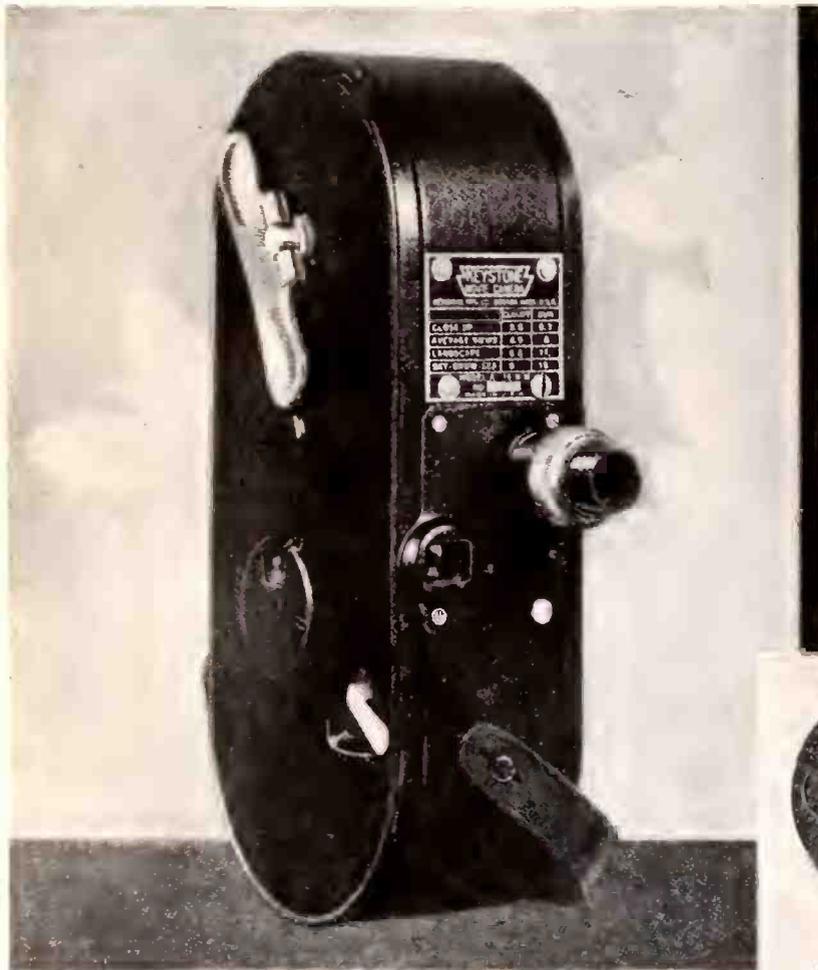
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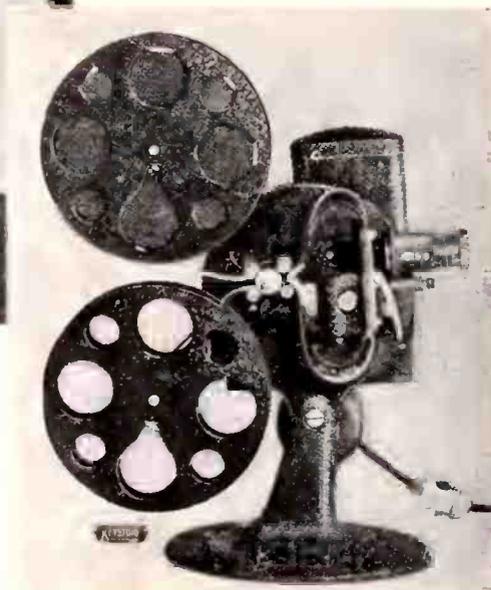
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# RADIO DOINGS

**"THE MOVIE MAGAZINE OF THE AIR"**

**NOVEMBER**

**1 9 3 1**

Volume XIX

Number XI

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Phone Vanderbilt 4661

Subscription \$2.50 per year in advance

Entered as second class matter, N. v. 25, 1922, at Los Angeles, Calif., post office under act of March 3, 1879. Issue 11, Number 11.

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Issued monthly on the fifteenth of the month designated—November issue on Nov. 15, December issue on Dec. 15, etc.

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**T**HIS astonishing statement to the press was recently made by KELW, Burbank, Calif., under the title "Newspapers versus Radio": "If," says Bob Kaufman, studio director, and "voice of KELW," "some philanthropic soul would step forward and merely pay the operating expenses and upkeep of station KELW, we would immediately throw off the air all sponsored programs and commercial announcements . . . I believe that radio stations, despite their tremendous audiences, can never hope to supplant or even compete with newspaper space."

It was Kaufman's earnest wish and hope that there would some day be someone to do for radio what Andrew Carnegie did for libraries. It is extremely doubtful, even taking into consideration the many justifiable objections to certain forms of advertising on the air, whether radio would be benefited by this form of sponsorship. It isn't the Utopian fulfillment it appears to be. True, it would eliminate many of the objectionable commercial announcements that pollute the air lanes.

On the other hand, the advancement in the quality of radio entertainment, made possible by commercial competition, might be seriously retarded. Morton Downey and Lucky Strike Dance orchestras would be still playing night clubs and ballrooms if cigarette manufacturers hadn't tried to outdo each other in procuring radio entertainment.

### Go East, Young Man

**A** MAN from Chicago remarked the other day, "What are you people out West going to do, now that the national chains are taking all your radio artists away from you?"

In the first place, we've still plenty of 'em left; and in the second place—they haven't taken 'em away. We're glad of it. We like to see the boys and girls go east and get on big time. Bing Crosby, Russ Columbo, The Boswell Sisters, Abe Lyman, Gus Arnheim, Henry Halstead, Tom Breneman—and many others have joined the parade from the West to national conquests. Every one of them is a feather in the cap of Western

broadcasting. It shows that the frontier of entertainment is moving Westward—Broadway is widening from curb to curb.

Within the next year we expect to see some more of our artists take the big step—a whole lot more. And we'll tune in and enjoy them more than ever on the chain broadcasts. Go east, young man, go east!

### Radio "Veterans"

**E**VER stop to think that a "veteran" radio artist doesn't necessarily have to be old? If he was on the air five years ago, he goes in the pioneer class. Six years ago a man who could read and speak English sufficiently well to "announce," and a wheezy phonograph, a stack of governmental statistics, were about all the impedimenta necessary to operate a real live station.

Radio magazines didn't start using pictures of artists until about four years ago. In fact, there weren't any artists—they were merely studio fixtures. You wouldn't take a picture of the piano bench, would you?

Broadcasters, consider yourselves patted on the back! As far as we're concerned, we think you've done mighty well in the last few years. And if any of you readers think it was an easy job, just try to start up a business in which 120,000,000 fellow Americans will sit still and listen to you tell about it. Ever try to sell magazines, f'r instance?

### Winter Season Here

**B**ROADCASTERS are off to a good start on the fall and winter schedule. Many of the programs which were pulled off the air by sponsors during the summer are coming back again. Purse strings are opening up and radio appropriations are again being allowed.

It's the best time of the year all over the country for radio. The old console ought to be kept pretty hot this winter, with such a marvelous program line-up to work on. Might pay to have it "overhauled." As a woman said to her service man not long ago, "I can't see why there should be anything wrong with my radio—it has been working swell for five years."

## Second-Hand Crosby

**S**OME enterprising independent station has conceived the idea of having a Bing Crosby program all of its own—that doesn't cost anywhere near three thousand smackers per fortnight. A la phonograph records. Maybe it's a good idea—maybe it isn't. From the Columbia standpoint—not so hot; from the station's view, it is a knock-out. As for the public—well, there seems to be a considerable number of persons who refuse to tune Mr. Crosby out.

And then there's the story about the little boy who consumed too many pieces of pie at a single sitting—

## Canned Music

“**T**HIS is a phonograph record.” Wouldn't it be nice if these announcers would omit this little postlude, and let us listen to some marvelous band, blissfully ignorant of the fact that it was only a rubber disc, and the artists themselves were probably out playing cribbage 3,000 miles away, unaware that anyone was listening to them?

But after all, it is a required procedure—as a courtesy to the musicians' union. It is agreed that it is only fair that the public should know when real live musicians are broadcasting, and when it is only a 75-cent record. The same goes for electrical transcriptions.

## Mikes in the Courtroom

**W**HAT about this broadcasting of court trials? This month we've had several letters for and agin' the idea.

The dramatization of the famous Clark murder trial in Los Angeles was undoubtedly a bright idea. Sensational—but interesting. Newspapers must have seen a hidden menace in it, for they did their best to prevent it.

The actual presence of a microphone in a courtroom presents a different aspect. As many mothers pointed out, there is no chance to control the “continuity” of the program. What's said is said, and not all of it is meant for young ears. And young ears have a habit of being around radio sets frequently.

For grown-ups, the idea is fine. If radio is ever going to be on an equality basis with the press in disseminating news, it does seem illogical that it should be excluded from the courtroom. And yet—a newspaper reporter cannot print all of the sordid, muddied occurrences and conversations that come up in a trial.

Who's going to see that the air is kept clean and dignified? Will the man in the control room shut off the broadcast when he thinks it is getting on dangerous ground?

Maybe there's a way out. Perhaps the heads that conceived the idea have already foreseen and overcome these obstacles. Maybe all of this ado is unwarranted. Maybe.

## Good Hunting, D-Xers!

**W**ITH the waning of the interference-infested summer months and the arrival of clear, still nights, the interest in distance-getting is beginning to heighten considerably.

Many ardent DX fans are burning the midnight oil in an effort to get China, Tasmania, Peoria or what have you. Short wave sets are popular, and superheterodynes are universal.

There's a funny side to it, too. Scores of fans have called in asking about some station they have heard, that sounded like Portugal, Chile or Cape of Good Hope—having the call letters XER. Said they couldn't find it listed anywhere. When they were told that it was a huge 75,000 watt just over the line in Mexico, their ardor was somewhat dampened. Information about this powerful station is a little hazy, it seems—but as near as we can find out, it is an American-owned station near the Mexican border, and has fairly good programs, despite the fact that it interferes with many of our own stations. There is a rumor that the Federal Radio Commission and the Mexican government are going to get together soon and settle this little international difficulty.

## Like Old Times

**W**E went visiting the other evening, and the host's small son proudly dragged us into his room to listen to “some real radio,” as he called it. The lad had rigged up a little cigar-box crystal set, with earphones. Only one station could be received, and that so faint we had to strain our ears to make out the strains of music and the announcer's voice.

And yet it was unquestionably thrilling. It brought back the old days when we were first invited to a friend's house to listen in on his home-made outfit. There's something about a crude, home-manufactured radio that gets under one's skin. Made us feel like going down to a radio shop, scaring up some spare parts, and start building one of our own, as we used to do.

## No Joke!

**J**OKES about the football radio announcer have taken their places along with those concerning mothers-in-law, flivvers and restaurant soup.

But not any more. We find sports editors, All-American full-backs and ex-coaches taking their places at microphones to describe the details of gridiron battles—fellows who know whereof they speak. In no uncertain words, they depict the play-by-play report, translating, explaining and commenting.

Then too, science has entered the announcer's box at the stadium and presented him with a little piece of electrical machinery that enables him to keep an accurate check on all players. The announcer's assistant has a miniature switchboard, with 22 push-buttons—each button designating a player. A corresponding number of illuminated apertures in a cabinet before the announcer completes the set-up. The assistant watches the game through binoculars, pushes “Brown's” number when Brown makes an end-run—the window with “Brown” written on its celluloid face lights up, and there you are—no guesswork about it.

# Beginning Next Month—

## “The Adventures of **CHANDU** The Magician”

*As A Serial  
Mystery Novel  
in*

**RADIO DOINGS**



*A scene from one of the exciting episodes of “Chandu, the Magician.”*

**W**HEREVER there is a magician, there is sure to be a crowd. Deep in the heart of everyone there is a love for the mysterious and occult. While it is true that the great illusions of the stage in most cases are performed by mechanical rather than supernatural means, yet many feats of magic that are common in the Orient, have never been satisfactorily explained to the Occidental mind.

Travelers to India have reported that East Indian fakirs toss a rope into the air, have a boy climb up this unsupported rope and disappear into thin air! Few have ever discovered the fakirs' secret. Many even doubt the authenticity of the story. Other travelers tell weird tales of the rose bush that is caused to grow and bloom before their very eyes on barren ground, or even on the deck of a ship!

“Chandu, the Magician,” KHJ's new nightly feature, brings magic and occult demonstrations to the radio audience for the first time, with a thrilling plot, dramatized by famous actors of the stage and screen. The results of the first chapters of this new feature were tremendous—more than the sponsors had anticipated.

The plot of this magic-drama is ingenious. Frank Chandler, the hero, has for many years lived in the Orient. He has been a student of the occult and endowed by Indian Yogi's with the magic secrets of the Far East. In the story of “Chandu,” he is given a magic crystal, and taught to use it in receiving and interpreting thought vibrations sent out by the Yogi's. One afternoon, in the Vale of Kashmir, Chandler, known in India as “Chandu,” is seen studying his crystal ball, when suddenly he sees

in it a scene taking place in his sister's home in Beverly Hills, California. It is revealed that his sister, Dorothy Regent, and her two children, Bobbie and Betty Lou, a young man and a young woman, are in grave and mysterious danger, unknown to them. He immediately realizes that he must rush to America and help them, and using his magic powers mysteriously transports himself to the Regent home, where the excitement commences.

In the succeeding chapters of the story, each consuming 10 minutes on the air, many thrilling events transpire. A mysterious underground scientific laboratory, knives thrown in the dark, murders, and adventures in Egypt, narrow escapes from death—all these are dexterously woven into the dramatic story of “Chandu, the Magician.” Chandu's magic feats are cunningly spun

into the action of the drama, and the illusions are further heightened by weird Oriental theme music and by 4,000 sound effects, that have been planned by KHJ sound-effects engineers for the Chandu series.

The part of Frank Chandler, or “Chandu,” is cleverly played by Gayne Whitman, a familiar character on the stage and screen. Margaret Macdonald takes the difficult role of “Helen Chandler.” “Bobby” and “Betty Lou” are portrayed by Robert Bixby and Betty Webb.

And next month, RADIO DOINGS has a treat for its readers. Beginning in the next issue, “The Adventures of Chandu, the Magician,” will begin serially in story form!

For the first time since its establishment, RADIO DOINGS is going to have a serial fiction story, and what a story!

# The Small-Town Boy Who Beat Broadway

## At Its Own Game

*With Twenty-five Dollars in His Pocket, Morton Downey Landed in New York to Embark on a Varied Career as Grocery Boy, Waiter and What-Not—Until He Finally Found His Place in Movies and Radio.*

by Hilda Cole



**T**HIS perfectly grand young man first trekked into New York with \$25.00 in his pocket. Now his pent-house office and his place at Rye present an appalling contrast to those first days, which involved park benches and subways, and a sort of hopeless hopefulness. He's Irish, which may be partly responsible for his ultimate arrival at the Central Park Casino, New York from a fireman's carnival, but he has sagacious blue eyes and a constantly buoyant philosophy, which is something else again.

The persistent and chubby young Mort, hailing from Wallingford, Conn., has held with colorful carelessness various jobs ranging from grocery boy to pilot of a donkey engine. From that day back in Wallingford when he first gave a provocative though not too musical squawk, until the time he sang encores for His Royal Highness, life was an adventure, sometimes disheartening, but always lightened by his own particular optimism.

So, meet Mort. You'll like him. He's such an utterly good guy. You'll have an inevitable reaction, however, to his quick smile, and the comprehending, witty reflection in his eyes. You'll say to yourself with increasing panic, "What is this young man going to do next?" And the young man who, as a matter of fact, might do almost *anything* next, will probably collapse into a chair and tell you that he is very tired. Whatever he says is accidental, or perhaps, incidental. He whistles distracting snatches of music. He apparently doesn't give a rap about impressing anybody. In due time you will notice that his eyes have heavy black lashes, that he needs a hair cut, and that his clothes are immaculately perfect.

"I've loved to sing as long as I can remember," Downey told us. "In fact,

there was a day when mother used to give me nickels to hush me up. My first performance was at a fireman's minstrel show in Wallingford at the great old age of four. I sang 'My Pretty Redwing' to the assembled audience, and was I a wow? Oh, my! Dressed as a page I was put in a decorative position at the foot of the King's throne which was very gorgeous. Mother told me to be as quiet as a mouse and during the monotony of the wise-cracking minstrels, I fell asleep. The King might just as well have had no page at all! I had to be shaken awake to sing my solo, but, I am glad to say that at least I remembered the lyrics!"

Mort's school days, enhanced by his "Oh, Yeah" expression, and his pernicious dislike for math, were not strictly successful. However, he'd just go on forever, like Tennyson's brook, if called upon to recite in history. He has always been very interested in politics.

We may as well, we think, tell you about Mort's gang. His contemporary pals, around the age of ten, finally coagulated into what is generally known as a "gang." This formidable assembly of "ruffians," faithful unto death, or a black eye, or whatever ganghood involved among small boys, staged a free-for-all fight every Saturday afternoon with another clan of the same genus. Mort's gang generally carried off the honors, having an excess of brawn and an excess amount of Irish. All was triumphant until one Sunday afternoon around the scheduled time, the Other Gang suddenly hove into sight, re-enforced with beebie guns and whooping like a Sioux tribe. Needless to say, the sling-shotted ranks of Mort's gang were definitely vanquished. *They* could not afford to buy beebie guns!

Adolescent Mort had decided what he wanted. It came under the heading of "big dough." In his first years of high school he was a stocky, active young man who liked to entertain, enjoyed sports, but was never infected with the I'd-die-for-dear-old-Yarvard spirit of hysteria affecting most of his friends. And, as far as girls went: "I didn't bring apples to anybody's sister," Mort says laughingly. "And the best looking blondes in Wallingford left me unmoved. If she was just a good sport, well, O. K., but if I had to dance attendance like one of those Knights of King Arthur, or something—nothing doing. Sir Galahead had just about as much chance as Santa Claus."

In the eyes of his concerned family he was heading straight for the fate of a ne'er-do-well—having nothing particularly in mind—but Mort secretly felt there was something he could do well. *And* which was on the road to "big dough."

Suddenly there was a climax to his restlessness. He left school. It was one of those incidents politely labeled "Mutual Agreement." Mort didn't get along well with the school's faculty. It wasn't that his marks were bad; it was that they apparently didn't matter.

In previous summer vacations he had gone to Brooklyn to visit relatives. He had decided then and there, after his brief glimpses of New York, that it was a swell city. It might be friends with you. Only it took an outrageously long time to strike up an acquaintance. "I will make enough money," Mort told himself. "to go to New York." So he left school for business with determination riding on the tip of his chin.

Mort's business career has in its ros-  
[Turn to Page 40]



*One of the most modest, and at the same time, most popular, radio artists today, is Morton Downey. Columbia tenor, whose sweet high notes pour over the whole country nightly, to charm America's millions and delight lovers of pure, unaffected singing.*

**MORTON  
DOWNEY**

*Heard at 8:30 P. M. nightly over stations on the Columbia System.*



*You Probably Never Imagined That Some of Your Favorite Artists Were Really "Mr. and Mrs.," But Here Is the Proof. Radio Brought Them Together and Wedding Bells Haven't Interfered a Single Whiff With Their Work. How Many of Them Did You Know Were Married?*

*Marriage a la microphone!  
Ann Chase  
and Carleton  
Young — a  
happy NBC  
Mr. and Mrs.*

tors, and wanted her to take her profession seriously, by presenting an ice-skating act on a Western vaudeville circuit, and later she startled them again by giving diving exhibitions at the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

When she finally turned to the "legit," Bobbe became one of the outstanding young stock actresses of the West, and when she went to New York, she played in Ziegfeld productions for three years on Broadway, returning to California in "Sally."

The tall, dark young leading man in the Santa Cruz stock company fell in love at first sight with his vivacious young leading woman, whose sense of humor kept the company on its watch against unexpectedly mirthful moments in dramatic scenes. In 1926, Bobbe consented to take Ted's off-stage wooing seriously, and they were married. Because both had lived "in trunks" since

**O**IL and water—matches and dynamite—art and matrimony—these are the three combinations against which chemists, anxious mothers and heart-throb columnists, respectively, warn us.

But just as modern science has found a way to combine the first two pairs safely and successfully, so the present-day husband and wife whose professions happen to be similar, can work together and still stay happy, take it from Mr. and Mrs. Howard Milholland, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Schwarzman, Mr. and Mrs. Ted Maxwell, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Kelly, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Linden, and Mr. and Mrs. Carleton Young, all of NBC.

Each of these half-dozen couples are members of the artist staff of the San Francisco studios of the National Broadcasting Company; some are actors, some musicians. Sometimes they work together before the microphone, sometimes singly, or with other artists.

Few NBC listeners think of Bobbe Deane, petite and gifted character actress, as plain Mrs. Maxwell; or Eva Garcia, the brilliant pianist, as Mrs. Milholland. On the other hand, Howard Milholland, NBC's program manager, would be exceedingly surprised, not to say ruffled, if someone addressed him as "Mr. Garcia." And Tom Kelly, handsome young radio actor, wouldn't care particularly about the title of "Dorothy Desmond's husband."

However, all that is beside the point. On the air, these six wives of NBC live their own lives as literally as Lucy Stone, the founder of the famous league for the preservation of married ladies' maiden names, could desire. Away from

the studio, they and their husbands behave much like other happily married couples the world over.

"Which may be why we stay married!" observes Bobbe Dean, or Mrs. Ted Maxwell, depending upon how well you know her.

Bobbe and Ted keep their studio lives as separate from their private existence as possible, aided in this endeavor by the fact that their leisure hours are spent together at their country home near Redwood City, miles from San Francisco. They have a suite in a San Francisco hotel, where they stay when late programs make it necessary for them to remain in the city overnight, but their real home is the big, comfortable, hospitable place in the country, with a garden and plenty of space for the numerous pets they collect.

The Maxwells met for the first time in a Santa Cruz stock company. Both were seasoned troupers despite their youth, for Ted went on the stage when he was 15, and Bobbe when she was a veteran of three years. At 13, she horrified a pair of parents who were ac-



*Bobbe Dean and Ted Maxwell, or just plain Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell, are fond of the open spaces, and take long motor trips—always taking along their pet marmoset.*

# THEIR BETTER HALVES

childhood, they turned wholeheartedly toward the joyful task of building a country home when they came to NBC.

Although Bobbe and Ted appear in many of the same programs, most of their ether scenes are conducted with other players. Ted is Jack of the famous Jack and Ethyl acting team, in which Bernice Berwin is Ethyl. Bobbe, whose variety of voices and characterizations is equalled by that of only one other NBC player—Bennie Walker—usually plays with Bennie as her microphone foil.

Radio brought Howard Milholland and Eva Garcia together, and these two

*Thomas Kelly, NBC actor, and party of the second part in one of the happiest marriages of the air—but don't call him Dorothy Desmond's husband! Below, Dorothy, who plays tragic heroines and wicked but interesting villainesses in NBC dramas. She's Mrs. Tom Kelly, and the mother of two pretty babies.*



by  
Louise  
Landis



*Many a male visitor in the San Francisco studios of NBC has been willing to cut the rest of his tour and stay right where he is when he sees the lovely, auburn-haired Barbara Verkeley at her harp. But it's no use—for she's Mrs. Arthur Schwarzman now—and Arthur, above, gifted young Russian pianist, plays most of her accompaniments.*

admit that even as Mr. and Mrs. Howard Milholland, it is difficult for them to forget radio. On the rare occasions when the manager of NBC's program department now appears before the microphone—countless listeners still

think "H. M.'s" speaking voice one of the pleasantest on the air—it is usually to read a poem on a musical program conducted by his wife.

Years ago, when radio still was new in the West, the Milhollands met at Station KGO, now NBC's key-station on the Pacific. "H. M.", as his hearers knew him, was studio manager, and announced many of the programs broadcast from the one-room studio where Eva Garcia was one of the stars. A firm friendship based upon hours of critical rehearsing and working together before the microphone, is the foundation of this radio marriage.

Another couple with a similar back-

ground of companionship in work are Emily and Anthony Linden, pianist and flute-soloist at NBC. These two are truly wedded in their art, for in a joint studio in San Francisco they teach their respective pupils, practice and study, then go on the air together in a program called "The Voice of Pan," broadcast weekly through the NBC network.

Anthony Linden is one of five brothers, all of whom are musicians. His father wanted a family orchestra, and taught each son a different instrument.

"When I came along, the flute was the only thing left—so I had to take it," is Anthony's whimsical explanation.

As a flutist, however, he is a poet speaking in tones of silver, with Emily's soft piano accompaniment. She is an elfin-looking person under whose fingertips music—her own or that of other composers—flows with easy grace.

She and Anthony make an ideal pair of musical partners as well as matrimonial ones, and many of their programs include compositions of Emily's. "The Don" is one of her best-known; she also has written a flute-suite, "Top O' The Hill," especially for her hus-

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*An Exclusive  
Interview With*

*"Aunt Emmy," heard over  
KGFI at 9:45 P. M. nightly.*



## **AUNT EMMY**

*And here, in all her glory, is Aunt Emmy herself, in person, with her inseparable pipe. For a lady of eighty-odd years, her spryness and pep, coupled with a crisp modernity of humor, is surprising. But as Cliff Arquette, who obtained this interview, points out—don't get her started talking politics or Prohibition. She's just full of both subjects.*



# 'Fever Heat'

## AUNT EMMY

*One of the Newest Hollywood Sensations, This Unique Old Lady, Who Has Outlived Seven Husbands or So. Been All Over and Back Again, Is "Hep" to All the Latest Wisecracks (and Incidentally Knows All the Answers) Has Brought to the Air a New Type. You'll Like Aunt Emmy After You Get to Know Her.*

by Cliff Arquette

SOMEONE asked me to tell them all I knew about Aunt Emmy, and I must admit, I was stumped for a minute. Although I believe I know more about the little old lady than any other living soul, there were still a few chapters in her hectic life that I was unaware of. Therefore I got under way to the home of the little old sage with no further delay, and the following interview is the result.

My first question was blunt and to the point. "Aunt Emmy, just how old are you?"

She peered over her small square glasses, and shifting her head from side to side, to get a better focus on me, shot back the following answer, "Well son, I'm jist eighty four summers along, and I don't git a dime from no soap company fer sayin' thet either. I've had seven husbands and I'm open to any kind of an offer, whether it's political er in a more matrimonial vein.

"Muh fust husband was a mule skinner up in Boise, Idaho, and he was a blamed good mule skinner—as mule skimmers go. And as mule skimmers go he went. Yep—he left me holding the bag, as the old sayin' goes, but I didn't let no grass grow under the old dogs: no sir—I had me a new husband before you could say 'Harvey McCracken'."

"I come out to California in a covered wagon; 'course not the kind that yuh sees in magazines, but jist a plain automobile. We allus called it the covered wagon, on account of the mortgages that was on it. By Henry, thet car had so many installments on it thet we had to run it in second gear all the way out. 'Course you know'd thet I was originally from Peoria—I thought everybody knew thet. Yep—the fust time

I left Peoria I went by rail, but the fellers thet was a carrin' the rail got tired and ran me out the rest of the way."

I thought it was about time to interrupt here so I asked her this question, "I understand that you are a great friend of the British nobility, is that right?"

"I should say it is, son. George and I is the greatest of pals, and as fer the Prince of Wales, sometime when yuh got more time, drop over and I'll tell yuh about the time him and I went horseback ridin'—say, it'll jist fold yuh up! Yep, I guess Old Fever

Heat, as some of the boys down at the pool hall call me, has really been around, and I don't mean around the house either."

I could see that she was getting back on the same track so I thought I would throw her off. "I understand that you have a very eute daughter: is that true?"

"Well sir," she answered. "If she'd a been any cuter, she'd a been twins. Yep, she's a regular girl all right, only she has a bad habit of shootin' craps with the icemen, and fightin' with newsboys. Outside of thet she's jist as sweet as they make 'em. I'll never fergit one iceman—but thet's another story, we'll jist pass thet up fer the time bein'."

"You see, Tessie—thet's muh little girl's name—never really got a break,



Harold Isbell, chief announcer, and "Berl" with Aunt Emmy.

she was left on muh doorstep, in a horse's feed bag, and I don't think she ever got over thet shock. And another thing. She don't like policemen—gosh all hemlocks, how she despises them fellers! I guess the reason fer that is the fact thet I was scared by a policeman, jist before she was left on the doorstep."

"Tell me this, Aunt Emmy," I said, trying to get her on another subject. "I have been told by some of your fans, that listen to your nine forty-five broadcast, that they have never had a very clear description of Tess. What does she look like?"

"Well, now, thet's purty hard to say, jist what she looks like, she don't look like a horse, yet yuh might mistake her fer one on a foggy night. She's got the same kind of a chin thet I got, and the same nose almost, only mine has got a few more warts on the end of it. She does her hair up in a loose knot on the back of her neck, and on a clear day you can see Catalina from our front porch."

"Well," I said, "That really is a bit of news, and now tell us just how you picked up a friendship with Bert, and who is he."

"By Henry, you fellers from magazines is worse then the fellers from the newspapers when it comes to askin' questions. I do declare, I ain't never seen the like of it. Well, I'll tell yuh all about Bert and muhself. I wuz out one night givin' a talk on temperance, 'course you know'd thet they calls me the 'Demon Crusader.' Well, sir, I wuz givin' this talk when all of a sudden they raids the place and I was throw'd into the jug. The judge says, 'Thirty day—'er thirty dollars,' and me

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CLIFF ARQUETTE  
The Author



BUNNY

# IS SHE REALLY Married?

*Letters Pour in to KFI, Asking if Bunny and Her Interesting Radio Family Are Real, But She Won't Tell. Her Little Domestic Mystery Is as Baffling as It Is Popular, and This Article Holds Many Clues to Its Solution.*

by Betty Sheldon

*"Bob, Bunny and Junior," heard over KFI at 1:45 P. M. daily.*

**F**OR a year and a half, a slim, dark beauty of a girl has had a throng of housewives mystified. Day after day, mothers and wives in hundreds of homes listen intently to each of her radio programs in an effort to fathom her secret. *Is Bunny really married?*

In her daily 15-minute feature over KFI, "Bob, Bunny and Junior," this young lady, as Bunny, holds her feminine listeners with homey, life-like stories of her little radio family. Bob, the young husband, and Junior, the lovable youngster, are real, interesting characters. Their adventures from day to day ring true with human interest—the situations in which they find themselves are homely, appealing cross-sections of real life.

The charm of the program, say many fan letters, lies in this reality. "So true to life!" says one short note. "Just like things that happen around my home," says another. "Our baby was teething the night Bob had to walk the floor with Junior," reads a third. And so on. Every incident striking a chord in someone's own experience.

"But are you really married?" her listeners ask. "Please tell us if this adorable family is your own."

Bunny smiles exasperatingly. "Bob, Bunny and Junior are the real names of real people," she says. "Bob is a young husband and daddy, and Junior is a real boy—the pride and joy of his parents. Don't you think they are my family?" And that's all the satisfaction one can get.

As one mother wrote: "Dear Bunny. Gosh, Bunny—if you're not really mar-



JUNIOR

ried, how do you have such a perfect understanding of all the little things that are part of being married and raising a baby? Please answer this question and satisfy all the members of our family. *Are you really married?*"

Clever, Bunny is—married or not. For while each member of her happy family is well-known to her radio friends, none has ever spoken into the microphone. Only Bunny's voice is heard from day to day; taking her family in and out of all sorts of life-like experiences. with an uncanny abil-

ity to produce realism and naturalness. It makes one feel sure Bob did say this, or Junior did ask that, for how else could Bunny ever in the world think of such things?

She never impersonates the rest of the family. She is her own sweet self always. And yet—there you are again—when Junior was younger, listeners would often hear him crying. How does one explain that?

There are other members of Bunny's family, too. There's Ma and Aunt Het—both lovable characters. They came right off the farm a year ago, and how Bunny has modernized them and humanized them in this year they have been on the air!

Then there's the love affair between Aunt Het and Uncle John—that held the audiences breathless until it finally culminated in a happy marriage a few months ago. And there's Pa—Bob's dear, deaf, old-fashioned father, who accidentally bought a piece of seemingly worthless property last year, and recently found oil wells springing up all around him!

Well, is Bunny really married? Is the little radio family a real one, or is it fictitious? Our question is still unanswered, and Bunny has great fun in keeping us guessing.

Just the other day Bunny became extremely confidential, and nearly revealed the solution to her secret. "Why, the answer is simple! Just listen to us every afternoon at one forty-five—I'm sure you can't help having the question answered for yourself!"

I'm not so sure!

# WHY I Sing POPULAR SONGS

by Ted White

NBC Tenor

Breeze in the trees, humming sweet melodies—

And they called it—THE BIRTH OF THE BLUES.

And then they nursed it, rehearsed it and gave out the news That the Southland gave birth to the BLUES.

And they might have appended—  
“The voice of America.”

*“The Vagabonds,” 11:00 P. M. Sundays, KGO, KFI: 9:15 P. M. Tuesdays, KGO.*



*Ted White could have been a great pianist if he chose. Instead, he gave up piano to sing popular songs. In this article he tells why he prefers popular music. In a succeeding one, he'll tell what lies behind his remarkable vocal style.*

**B**UT there seem to be some Americans who don't want to hear it themselves. They hold their ears and whisper politely that it is not art.

One wonders what the proper, high-brow Romans of the third and fourth centuries read into or heard in the strange utterances of the popular song-writers and poets of their time!

Did they hear in those songs which were flung so casually into the Roman air of that day—and treasured, in fragments, by the scholars of today—the uncanny voice of Iberian Spain, the sorrow of conquered Carthage, the dark passion of North Africa, or the ominous strength of the Barbarian hordes?

You can bet your life they didn't hear them! All these mingled racial voices sounded through the chants and songs which the Roman citizen heard or sang. But he paid no more attention to them than do the self-appointed high-brows today to the voices of emancipated Afro-Americans chanting through American jazz tunes; of old frontiersmen mourning the freedom they have bartered to mechanics, in the “Hill Billy” songs which have reached such incredible popularity on the radio.

Even the love ballads your favorite crooner sings to you through the microphone, reflect the cynicism, disillusionment and humility of these past months of commercial depression—and if that doesn't make them folk-music—what IS folk-music?

According to the musical editor of the New Century Dictionary, it is “music that arises among the common people or peasantry and becomes traditional among them. Its characteristics include artlessness of content and form, detachment from an individual maker or composer, and a tendency to embody or express something of local, communal, tribal or racial sentiment. Folk dances involve some union of dancing and music.”

In every detail, that definition applies to the popular music of today—even so far as “traditional” goes, for radio programs which revive popular songs of three, four, ten and fifteen years ago always bring floods of appreciative letters from listeners. Not

only the generation which remembers these songs as part of its own youth, enjoys these old popular songs; so do the boys and girls of today, who in turn will listen with wistful pleasure a few years from now to the tunes to which they are dancing now.

This is why I get slightly impatient with persons who insist upon looking down their noses upon American ballads and popular songs, while they fill concert halls to hear a tenor or soprano sing some trivial, tinkling little German or Italian air, ecstatically applauded as “delicious folk music.”

The little concert song probably is charming, but just as “Whistling in the Dark” is charming—or

“It was a lucky April shower

I sought a most convenient door—  
And found a million dollar baby

In a five and ten cent store.”

There's modern romance for you—and poetry—and music. It breathes at once the spirit of this rushing age, and

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# The Girl Who Is SELDOM HERSELF



*Gail Taylor takes one back a few years in the "Gay Eighties and the Naughty Nineties."*

*Gail Taylor, of the NBC Matinee, Slips From One Personality to Another Like Quicksilver, Sings, and Gives Recipes and Household Hints Over the Air—All in the Day's Work.*

by Louise Landis

**S**HE'S a dignified prima donna at one moment; a rollicking, "high brown" gal the next; she can be a sharp-spoken wife when the occasion demands; she has a hundred interesting recipes and household hints at her finger-tips, and she has been the heroine of at least a dozen exciting love affairs—

But all on the air!

Which is why meeting Gail Taylor for the first time generally means a surprise. The feminine star of the NBC Matinee, who plays as many as half a dozen roles, all different, in an hour's performance, in addition to carrying the soprano burden of the musical portion of this daily NBC program, isn't the changeable person you might expect.

Like quicksilver, she shifts from one personality to the other before the Matinee microphone, but away from it she's very much Gail Taylor and nobody else. A slim, charming girl with large brown eyes and whimsical mouth, Gail is one of the most ornamental members of NBC's San Francisco studio staff—and one of the most serious so far as purposeful energy is concerned.

At 27 she has achieved what she decided she wanted of life when she was still a little girl in grammar school—to sing and act. Just when she was on the verge of gaining her ambition, Fate stepped between Gail and a Broadway musical comedy contract which seemed to be the door to all her dreams. When she recovered from that disappointment Gail bravely started all over again, and now, in radio she has found an outlet

for her own particular and unusual combination of talents—both singing acting. Moreover, she has reached an enviable place in an art to which more and more members of the theatrical profession are turning, and Gail who once looked with longing eyes on the stage, finds the same gaze sometimes on the faces of theatrical folk who watch her broadcast.

No footlight performer could work harder than Gail does in the NBC Matinee, not to speak of the other programs upon which she appears as soloist. She is "Onyx" Cotton in the amusing blackface skit which she and Captain Bill Royle present together. She is the heroine of most of the dramatic sketches offered in the Matinee, and the prima donna in all the condensed musical comedies and operetta featured in this program. And she still finds time to experiment personally with the recipes which she offers her home-women listeners—the big audience to which the NBC afternoon variety hour is directed.

"When I first sang into a microphone eight years ago in Los Angeles, I never dreamed what radio was going to mean," Gail says thoughtfully, when you talk to her of the days when she was just beginning a career which makes her a veteran in the newest professional field.

She was just 19, and, an eager, ambitious girl, with her heart still set on her musical comedy hope, she was not intensely interested, she admits, in her radio debut.

"It was just a lark," she relates. "Nobody dreamed of paying radio art-

ists in those days—you were supposed to feel honored if your voice was good enough to be broadcast. To get up and sing into the odd little microphone was a 'stunt.'

"The studio was tiny, thickly padded, and so nearly air-tight as to be stifling. It was on the roof of a Los Angeles building, and you reached it by taking an elevator to the top floor, then climbing a ladder and literally 'walking a plank.'"

Singing is as much part of Gail's inheritance as her name. Both her



*Gail Herself*

father and mother were well-known choir singers in a Kansas City, Mo., church, where they met and were mar-

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**GAIL TAYLOR**  
with Capt. Bill Royle on the  
**NBC MATINEE**

*Miss Taylor as "Onyx Cotton" in the amusing skit which she and Captain Bill Royle present together. This is just one of the many roles she is called upon to enact—sometimes five or six in an hour's program. She's one of the most changeable girls you ever saw—and one of the hardest working.*

*Heard on the "NBC Matinee" at 2:00 P. M. daily over stations on the NBC Western Network.*

# HOLLYWOOD'S PERFECT COUPLE

*Here's a Happy Pair of Celebrities Who Believe in Good Old-Fashioned Marriage, And, After Many Years Together, Are Still Madly in Love—With Each Other.*



by  
Nancy  
Smith

*Jimmie Gleason and his wife, Lucille, do most of their writing together. They have no separate workroom, and get many of their ideas and inspirations at the table after dinner. Contented? Don't they look it?*

EVERY day we read about a divorce in Hollywood. Papers are full of stories of marital difficulties among the temperamental denizens of the glamorous film colony. Marriage and Hollywood are considered an oil and water proposition, as far as compatibility are concerned.

"Good heavens!" we say. "Surely there must be someone in Hollywood who is happily married."

There is.

Jimmie Gleason, whose picture roles in "Is Zat So?", "It's a Wise Child," "A Free Soul" and many other talkies have endeared him to the movie world, and whose humorous adventures with Bob Armstrong in "Knights of the Road" have won him equal popularity with the radio public, is the happily married example.

He and his charming wife, Lucille, have worked, played and fought together side by side in the long and arduous campaign that finally resulted in his fame.

"We have always worked together," they said over the coffee cups at their delightful English cottage in Beverly Hills. "We always intend to. Whether

it is in pictures, on the stage, preparing material for radio broadcasts, or writing a play or scenario—we like to be together.

"Our best writing is done, and we have our most worthwhile discussions around the dinner table after dinner. All of our dining-room chairs have backs. We stay there for hours—talking, discussing, suggesting, deleting and



JIMMIE GLEASON

enlarging our ideas. Our friends laugh and say 'Give the Gleason's a good cook and comfortable chairs, and they'll turn out a moneymaker.'

"We've decided," Jimmie confided, "that collaboration in writing is a great deal like marriage. There should be a willingness to work fifty-fifty, with a slight mutual leaning toward sixty-fifty. Just to do a little more than is required of one always brings a little thrill to both persons."

Both Mr. and Mrs. Gleason admitted that they have no use for temperamental notions in a writer. Nor in anyone else, for that matter. Temperament is another Hollywood vice that you won't find in the Gleason household. They are simple, average American people, industrious and unassuming.

"You hear people say they know they could write something fine if they could shut themselves off from the rest of the world like a hermit," Mrs. Gleason remarked. "That is absurd. To write plays, books, scenarios or continuity you have to be among people. Characters in a plot have to actually live. Otherwise the reader or audience will detect the absence of human qualities.

"Sincerity is the fundamental of all good writing," Jimmie put in. If a piece of writing is not a reflection of human nature, it isn't sincere."

In all the years the Gleason's have been writing in different mediums, they have never had a special workroom. They write all over the house. Or in the most comfortable nook in the garden. Even in a hotel room.

"We've always contended that you can do anything anywhere, if you have to or want to badly enough," declared Jimmie Gleason. And he's done enough things in enough places to know.

Which all goes to show that despite its reputation, Hollywood does have some real home folks, to whom "till death do us part" and "for better or for worse" aren't just so many idle words.

# A Real Hill Billy Comes To Town

*Elton Britt Scarcely Knew What a Radio Was Until Glenn Rice Flew Into the Heart of the Ozarks and Brought Him to Hollywood to Play and Sing with the Beverly Hill Billies. This Article Reveals the True Home Life of the Genuine Hill Billy of Arkansas—That Secluded, Mysterious American Who Still Lives in a Forgotten Century.*

by Don Frank

typically and obviously a hill billy of the first water.

When Elton tells the story of his life in the Ozarks it takes one back a hundred years into the past, with a glimpse of home and social life that the civilization-steeped modern finds it hard to conceive of.

Elton Britt, the youngest of three boys, was born in Searcy County, in southern Arkansas, less than sixteen years ago. The family home was a tiny two-room log cabin, built by Grandfather Britt from logs he had hewn and split himself. The floor was of dirt, packed hard by three generations of tough bare feet. When Elton was still little more than a baby, the home farm "ran out," as the soil in these localities has a habit of doing after scores of years of intensive cultivation. So Daddy Britt moved his family, pigs and mules to another cabin some ten miles away, to more fertile land. The new home boasted a wood floor—with cracks nearly wide enough for the baby to fall through—but wood, nevertheless.

Elton was sent to school, but like many of the hill billy boys, quit while still in the early grades, and stayed home to help Daddy Britt. He was

rather glad to escape the five-mile walk every morning to the little school, carrying a lunch of cold biscuits and cold pork.

There was plenty to be done—the corn had to be plowed, raising garden truck was a continual battle with ravenous mountain weed sand insects, not to mention the frequent drouths that visit the Ozarks. Up with the birds, work until late at night—it wasn't an easy life.

But sometimes, in the evenings, when the work was done, and things were going smoothly, the hill billies gathered at someone's cabin and there was a dance. When the corn was picked, "shuckin'" bees afforded many a hectic evening of hill billy "whoopie." Everyone sang; nearly everyone played an instrument—fiddles, guitars, harmonicas, jews' harps—simple instruments, played by a simple, rustic people.

The Britt boys, as they grew older, were in great demand at these parties and "shuckin' bees." Elton's two brothers played the fiddle and banjo, and Elton strummed his guitar, sang and yodelled. The songs they sang were simple ones—melancholy old tunes they had learned from their

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ELTON BRITT

**W**HEN Glenn Rice, originator of the Beverly Hill Billies, swooped down into the Ozarks in a tri-motored plane in search of hill billy talent, he got the surprise of his life.

Although he had accumulated a fund of information about these mountaineers out of library books, he had naturally supposed that times had changed, and that the old-fashioned hill billy would be a hard specimen to locate.

But when he returned in a few weeks with Elton Britt, the 16-year old yodeler who accompanies himself on the "gitter" on the Hill Billy program, Glenn was exuberant, and at the same time, still surprised. The story he told of the finding of Elton was a strange one, but was borne out by the presence of Elton himself. a boy so

*If you don't think there are any real hill billies left, take a look at this. At the left is Elton Britt's birthplace, built by his grandfather. In the center is a hill billy "straight-eight"—the only means of transportation in the heart of the Ozarks. Right. the Britt family at home—that's Elton leaning away from the post.*



The World-famous  
Ambassador Hotel  
Cocoanut Grove, fa-  
vorite playground  
of film notables.

Gus Arnheim, pop-  
ular orchestra lead-  
er, whose Grove  
contract has just  
expired—

Jimmie Grier, who  
brings his All-Star  
Band to take Arn-  
heim's place.

Cocoanut Grove pro-  
gram heard at 8:30  
P. M. Mondays and  
Fridays over NBC  
stations from KFI,  
and at 10:00 P. M.  
nightly over KFWB  
until December first,  
when KFI takes it  
over.

**A**MBASSADOR Hotel Cocoanut Grove officials are noted for developing their own popular orchestras. In this and similar manner has the individuality of the Grove been created. Abe Lyman and Gus Arnheim stand as proof of its success along this line. It was Mr. A. Frank, vice-president and general manager of the Ambassador, who gave Arnheim his first chance to be an orchestra leader seven or eight years ago.

History now repeats itself and Mr. Frank is writing the third volume of his musical trilogy. He has selected Jimmie Grier to lead his new orchestra which will replace Gus Arnheim, who leaves for an eastern tour.

For his newest musical combination under the direction of Jimmie Grier, Mr. Frank has selected thirty-one musical artists and star entertainers. Carlos Molina's Tango band and entertainers, Loyce Whiteman, Donald Novis, Harry Barris, Dave Marshall, and those Three Ambassadors remain at the Cocoanut Grove.

Grier himself has a colorful musical background. He has prepared the musical scores for such important motion pictures as "Palmy Days," "Flying High" and "City Lights." He has appeared at the Cafe des Ambassadeurs, Paris; Savoy Hote, London; and the Royal Palace, Ostend.

Members of Jimmie Grier's orchestra and their instruments are: Ray Heindorf, first pianist; Hal Chanslor, piano; Henry Sugar, violin; Robert Morrow, violin; Richard Webster, violin; Larry Sullivan, and Frank Zinzer,

trumpet; Frank Sullivan and Charles Cowpland, trombone and mellophone; Dick Dickinson, saxophone; Al Maulding, English horn; Arthur Grier, bass clarinet and guitar; Richard Ehrecke, guitar and banjo; William Markas, drums; Jack Garcia, string bass, tuba and guitar; and Toni Travers, piano-accordion and piano.

Art Grier, brother of Jimmie, and Henry Sugar are former U. C. L. A. students. U. S. C. is represented in the band by Hal Chanslor and Robert Morrow. Other universities represented are: Yale University by Dick Webster, vocal soloist of the band who will be recognized by music lovers of Los Angeles as former soloist at Pantages theatre; Washington University is represented; and Idaho University; Whittier College by Donald Novis; La Salle University; Bogota, Colombo; University of Havana is the alma mater of Alberto Mateu of the tango band. Columbia, Kansas and Missouri University are alma maters to other members.

# A New ENTERTAINER OF STARS

*With the Departure of Gus Arnheim and the Advent of Jimmie Grier, the Famous Cocoanut Grove, Where Hollywood's Elite Gather Nightly, Loses a Marvelous Band Leader, But Gains Another*

**N**OT many years ago Gus Arnheim was "discovered" as a piano player in a band at the Cocoanut Grove, Hollywood; now he has just closed an 18 months' engagement at that leading rendezvous of the film colony as the director of one of the most popular radio and ballroom orchestras of the day.

One of those rare personalities of his business, he appears entirely without pose and innately a gentleman; when he talks to you he is quiet, sincere, modest and courteous.

As the time approaches for the next number, he takes his place at the piano, and, nodding to the bandsmen as their cue, his fingers lead them to the strains of a popular tune. As the soft, liquid music draws the elegantly gowned ladies and the tuxedoed companions to the dancing floor, and as the couples glide past, many, notables and unknowns alike, make their "hellos" and often stop for a short chat with the

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# Behind The MIKE

*Intimate Glimpse of the Studios  
and Artists*

by *Harry James*



*Dr. Lee DeForest, grand old pioneer of radio broadcasting.*

**S**OMEBODY said that the late Thomas A. Edison didn't make the first talking machine, that he just made the first one you could shut off. There seems to be some dispute as to who made the first public radio broadcast. On the night of November second Los Angeles radio stations celebrated the anniversary of the first public radio program which was supposedly broadcast over KDKA, Pittsburgh, under the auspices of Dr. Lee De Forest, who is now a resident of Hollywood, and spends most of his time experimenting on television. Los Angeles is very modest, as most eastern friends know, so it was celebrated without dispute.

However, the truth is that Dr. De Forest presented many successful broadcasts from the California Theatre in San Francisco six months prior to the broadcast from KDKA on November 2nd, 1920. He had previously tried to broadcast from New York City but the Mayor declared his experiments

were a public nuisance, so he pulled up stakes and came West. And as further proof that California was the scene of the first radio broadcast we submit the fact that successful attempts to broadcast the voice and music were made from Point Loma to Los Angeles in 1912.

The Rhythmettes seemed to be happy at KNX but within one month we find them at KMTR. They will find plenty of competition at the latter station, as far as harmony is concerned.

**T**HE Hallelujah Quartet, a colored organization that has been featured in many programs sent by KHJ to the East, is now sending out the splendid harmony for which it is noted from a theatre in San Francisco. Raymond Paige, program director for the Don Lee station, expects them back in Los Angeles one of these days.

**A**LTHOUGH the NBC and Columbia chains have taken quite a few of our most popular radio artists to their eastern strongholds, California is not suffering much as many eastern and mid-west stars are finding their way out west. Any station might feel justly proud in adding Oscar Heather, tenor soloist, to its staff. KGFJ is to be congratulated on the acquisition of Mr. Heather.

He is a pioneer in the broadcasting field, making his first appearance before the microphone at KYW, Chicago, in 1924. He was a staff artist at WENR for three years, and has been featured at WHT, WQJ and KMOX. As a soloist with the Minneapolis and Chicago Symphony Orchestras he gained quite a reputation before taking up radio.

**B**Y the way, Hollywood holds a number of records as far as radio broadcasting is concerned. Bill Sharples, chief of the breakfast club gang



at KNX, claims the oldest daily broadcast in the United States, in point of actual hours. He was born in Pittsburgh and has broadcast over KDKA. Years ago he was a reporter for the Publishers Press Association and reported the Shamrock and America yacht races off Sandy Hook. The De Forest System was used and Dr. Lee De Forest was present on the press tug with Bill Sharples.

**A**ND while on the subject of records we would like to hand a bouquet to KGFJ of Los Angeles. Up to the time of going to press this station had been on the air for 26,948 hours, a world's record, if you please. Broadcasting 24 hours a day without pulling the switch for four years is something to crow about.

Vera Van, the beautiful blonde singer of KMTR—and featured soloist and dancer at the Olson Cafe, is now a staff artist with KHJ.

*[Turn to Next Page]*



*Vera Van, who brings a new note in interior decoration to the studios of KHJ.*

# Behind The MIKE

with Harry James

[Continued from Page 23]

AND may we present the name of Wedgwood Nowell as the fastest radio speaker in the world. His record is 252 words a minute, exceeding the broadcast of Floyd Gibbons who was clocked while delivering 217 words a minute, according to the Literary Digest. Mr. Nowell celebrated his 460th Playgoers Club broadcast the other day. He told me that he had sent out more than four million words over the air for the Playgoers Club. He wanted me to check up on the number from the scripts he has used, but I took his word for it as he seems to be a pretty nice sort of fellow. Tune in on him some day at KGFJ.

I HAVE had many mothers bring their daughters to my studio trying to convince me that they were world beaters, pointing out the fact that their music lessons had cost from ten dollars and up for a half hour. I know of one mother who feels justly proud of her daughter and the lessons she has taken. And that's the mother of Winnie Parker, that low voiced singer on KFI-KECA.

Winnie has never had a lesson other than from her mother. She is an accomplished pianist as well as a vocalist. The mother is supervisor of the music departments in the Broadway high school, Glendale, California. Winnie has a brother who recently returned from a trip around the world as pianist with a nationally known orchestra. If the president of the Columbia chain can pick a fifteen hundred dollar a week artist for his staff after listening



Winnie Parker, of KFI-KECA, whose only vocal lessons were from her mother. Her first, Mrs. Parker tells us, were taught with a hair brush.

to a phonograph record, we would recommend that he tune in KFI some night and get an earful of two thousand dollar's worth of harmony when Winnie Parker and Don Ricardo are on the program.

THEN we find Jack Carter, the Boy from London, taking his turn as an announcer for KNX. I suppose some of Jack's English kin would throw up their hands in horror if they heard their relative introduced as an announcer. But the Paris Inn job is just one of the many duties he performs.

Jack was a former vaudeville headliner and I can remember when he was



Charlie Hamp, whose charming voice used to entice listeners into buying toothpaste, is now hard at work in the Hollywood Hills building a new home. Remember that soothing "softer-yes, softer than the enamel on the teeth themselves"?

independent enough to refuse to make the long jumps from the East to the West Coast. I think he is waiting for the good old times to come back, if ever. By the way, Jack used to sing in the same musical comedy shows in England with Reginald Sharland, the Honorable Archie of KNX. I remember them well in "San Toy," in London several years ago.

IT'S funny how some artists spend a life time studying for a profession then drift into something else. Take Marcia Conrad as an illustration. Years ago she was the backbone of



If anyone recognizes this gentleman, who might be Harold Lloyd, or Groucho Marx (but he isn't), write an essay, not longer than 500 words, on any topic you like, enclose 50 cigar coupons (any brand), and then throw the whole thing out the window. But don't tell Glenn Rice you saw this picture! He thought we'd forgotten about those specs.

Uncle John's staff at KHJ as a pianist and accompanist. Today you will find her with her head buried in books in the office of Frank Bull, manager of KMTR. She has been known to go out to eat, and to make periodical visits to the other two stations controlled by V. G. Freitag to harmonize some accounts there, but, as far as a piano is concerned, well, they are not on speaking terms.

HAVE you heard the one about the fellow who reported to the police department that he had run over a well known radio announcer, and the desk sergeant advised him to go over to the city hall and collect his bounty? Well, that's the way some people admire announcers. No matter what your profession may be if you do any announcing you are just another announcer.

I recall that Howard Jones asked Curtis Benton of KFVB staff how he came to be a radio announcer. Curtis was ready with a quick comeback but did not choose to explain his national reputation as a writer. He broadcasts the football games for KFVB.

Paul Carson, the organist at the NBC studios at San Francisco, was a featured soloist for eight years at Glendale, California. He was a war buddy of Dick Creedon, continuity writer for KHJ.

# Reno TIES a Knot—



Edna O'Keefe, original "Oh, Woe Is Me" girl and staff artist of KFRC.

*A bombshell in the KFRC Studios could have created no greater disturbance than the news that Edna O'Keefe, original "Oh, Woe Is Me" girl had eloped several months ago with Ronald Graham, Staff Soloist—and nobody knew it. Here's how it all happened.*



Ronald Graham, Atwater Kent award winner, and Edna's husband.

by Bob Rand

**T**HE KFRC studios were treated to effects resembling the explosion of a bomb shell recently when Edna O'Keefe walked in one morning and casually remarked that she had been married to Ronald Graham since last April.

Of course, there were certain few around the studios who *suspected* that the infatuated pair might have put on the shackles, but it was a mere suspicion.

Here is how it happened. On a certain Saturday night in April, Edna, together with a number of other KFRC artists, was playing a show in Sacramento. Ronald Graham, who is staff baritone on the station, motored up to bring Edna home that night. The others were staying over until Sunday.

But, instead of coming back home, the pair pointed the radiator of their roadster towards Reno. They arrived about daylight. A deserted town greeted them.

However, youth will be served, and they located successively two cups of coffee, two doughnuts, one marriage license and one Justice of the Peace. Reno is very accommodating to persons who are either in or out of love.

They returned to KFRC Sunday night and both were on deck for Golden State Jamboree rehearsal Monday morning just as if nothing had happened.

And now, close upon the heels of the announcement of their wedding, the papers are carrying the story of Ronald Graham's winning of the Atwater-Kent audition contest for San Francisco in a field of several hundred contest-

*"Blue Monday Jamboree," 8:00 P. M. Mondays, over stations on the Don Lee System, originating from KFRC.*

ants. He will shortly compete for the state-wide honors.

Edna O'Keefe came to KFRC by way of a wager. Two of her girl friends at the San Francisco Girls High School bet her a dinner she was afraid to try out on the audition period. Edna already had considerable of a reputation around the school as a singer. Well, the girls bought the dinner after Edna had braved the microphone with "The Desert Song." (At that time KFRC was in the habit of broadcasting the auditions.) She felt that the African desert had nothing on that studio; she was afraid the microphone was going to reach over and bite a huge chunk out of her shoulder any minute.

Although "The Desert Song" wasn't the type of song for Edna's voice, it was felt she had possibilities and she was given her chance. Her first song, over the Golden State Blue Monday Jamboree, was "That's My Weakness Now."

And speaking of the Jamboree, KFRC's big weekly two-hour show, it is on that program that Edna has built up an enviable reputation as a character actress and comedienne. She is at home in all dialects, Irish, French, Spanish and German. And she is famous as the original "Oh Woe Is Me" girl in the Deep Dramatic Stock Company's weekly productions on the program.

Edna was born in San Francisco in 1912 and attended Jefferson Grammar

and Girls High Schools in the city. As far back as she can remember she has taken dancing lessons and sung popular songs, though she didn't take vocal lessons until recently.

She is brown-eyed, black-haired and five feet two inches tall. Her weight is 115 pounds.

In school she liked to play baseball and tennis. She once won a cup in a tennis tournament.

Edna says that she has a terrible Irish temper, but it seldom flares up, even when "Pedro," staff comedian, calls her "Wop," which she objects to strenuously.

Ronald Graham was born in Hamilton, Scotland, the birthplace of Harry Lauder. He lays claim to the distinction of being one of the few Scotch singers who doesn't imitate the style of the famous Sir Harry.

He is only 20 years old and has already had a life filled with travel and interesting experience. His father was an officer in the British army during the world war and while he was on the Front in France his family in London saw the German air raids. After the war he brought his family to the San Francisco Bay District. The children arrived clad in the Scottish kilts, but soon abandoned them for the conventional attire.

At Tamalpais High School, Ronald studied commercial art, but his vocal efforts were also greatly encouraged, and after graduation he made frequent appearances as a singer at amateur affairs. Music appealed to him so much

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# WHAT HO!—THE

# KING'S MEN



Ken  
Darby

Radburn  
Robinson

Jon  
Dobson

Grafton  
Linn

“THE KING'S MEN”—that's the way they are known to radio audiences of KFWB, the Warner Brother's station. But to their friends—and they plenty, too, by the way—they're known as Ken (Darby), Jon (Dobson), Bud (Grafton Linn), and Rad (Radburn Robinson).

Their meeting and organization into a quartet was an accidental one. Some years ago, a tall slender lad was wandering through the halls of the Santa Monica high school, when he heard someone singing in the music room.

He peeked cautiously in the door and found blonde-haired, blue-eyed Jon Dobson exercising his tonsils considerably. Jon happened to turn, and caught the newcomer's gaze—stopped, grinned, and called, “Come on in!”

“My name's Dobson,” he said, when the other approached.

“Mine's Darby,” Ken replied. “I sing, too.” They shook hands— and

thus began the formation of “The King's Men.”

Grafton (Bud) Linn they met later at college, and Radburn Robinson joined the trio later.

Their first professional engagement was in the Paramount picture, “Sweetie.” With trembling legs and moist brows, they stood in front of the demon recording mike, and sang their first quartette number. Audiences liked it. They began to sing together more and more, until they made their radio debut over KFWB, after four years of constant practice and steady improvement. And now they're considered one of the most promising on the air.

All four of the King's Men are single—all are under 25 years of age, and have had individual professional training in voice and instrumentation. Ken Darby makes the arrangements and accompanies on the piano, all the while singing the bass parts. Dobson is sec-

*When It Comes to  
Harmony, These Four  
KFWB Stars Do a  
Royal Job of It*

by Kay Van Riper

ond tenor; Linn, first tenor; and Rad Robinson is baritone.

As for outside interests—well, the truth is that they don't have much time for them. Singing six nights a week at six-thirty, with continual rehearsing and practicing, doesn't leave much time. But when they do get away from the studio, here's what they do to fill in the time.

Rad Robinson has a mania for dancing—and also for flying. So you can see that he is in what could practically be called “perpetual motion,” although he has never found a way of combining the two satisfactorily.

But Linn—hmmm. His hobby is a bit more difficult to describe. She's blonde, very pretty, and manages to usurp most of Linn's extra moments.

Jon Dobson still doesn't know what his hobby is. When you ask him, he goes into terrific coma of concentration, scratches his head, and comes up with the confession that “he guessed he didn't have any.”

Ken Darby has a weakness for literature—both at the reading and writing end of the art, and one can find stray essays and bits of lyrical prose tucked up his sleeve almost any time.

These four amiable young gentlemen are vociferous in their praise for radio. They like to broadcast; they like their listeners—they like everybody. And when they say that, they all grin expansively—and Ken Darby lowers his left eyelid in a slow and significant wink.

The King's Men often prove to be—jesters!

Heard Nightly at 6:30 from KFWB

# Often HEARD

# Seldom

# SEEN



*This good-looking youth is Phil Dewey, Radio's Adonis, chosen to replace Elliott Shaw as baritone in the NBC quartet, "The Revelers," heard Wednesdays on the Palmolive Hour.*



*Not an artist's model—just Effie Watts of Thompkin's Corners. Effie of "Real Folks" is Phoebe Mackay.*

*Yuba hasn't anything on Alex Horst, of the KOA Koons. Though never in Cuba, he can play Rumbas, and often does, with Scheurman's band on NBC.*



*Helen Guest, who sings her charming ballads over KFI.*



*Accused of imitating the comic expression on Halloween pumpkins, Colonel Stoonagle and Bud, alias the Columbia Tastyeast Gloomchasers, indignantly retorted that the punkins got their expression from them. Bud's second from left, and the Colonel is second to right.*

*Ever wonder how Ted Husing, CBS, watches and announces a football game simultaneously? This gadget enables his binocularled helper to flash messages to Ted play by play.*



# CHATTER

Ted Osborne, who has left the marbled halls of KHJ to write for Mickey Mouse, has this observation, just uncovered, about the Wilkins polar trip. Ted said he was eagerly awaiting the return of the expedition to find out which brand of cigarettes made the voyage possible.

Talk of your coincidences! H. C. Connette, NBC continuity writer, responsible for "Memory Lane," received a letter from a fan, remarking that one of his characters in Memory Lane reminded her of a dear friend, who had recently passed away. Connette replied, saying that he had drawn the character from a cousin of his—and a return letter revealed that his cousin and the correspondent's friend were the same!

Tom Lee, son of Don Lee, owner of the Don Lee Broadcasting System, has joined the executive staff of KHJ, to study broadcasting from the ground up. He is a devotee of music, having sung at KHJ on several occasions, and has sung with Gus Arnheim at the Grove. In sports, he holds forty-three sailboat racing cups, and intends to try for the Olympics next year.

Meredith Willson, KFRC musical director, has returned from New York with a nice

shiny new batch of selections for the ears of western music-lovers. He will be the first to broadcast George Gershwin's "Second Symphony," which is still in the making, and has been promised the first radio release on Henry Hadley's new suite called "San Francisco."

Tommy Harris and Norman Neilsen surprised Meredith Willson at the San Francisco Ferry Building upon his recent arrival from New York, disguising themselves as photographers. They bustled about, pretending to take pictures of Meredith and his wife, Peggy. They weren't found out until they again met the musical director and his wife at their hotel.

There are hobbies and hobbies. Cline Chitick, one-man band of KFOX has the pernicious habit of collecting harmonicas. Big, small, old and new—just so they're mouth organs. During eight years of entertaining, Cline has worn out more than a hundred, and at present has a collection of a hundred and seventy-five instruments.

Mr. Andrew H. Brown, of the Fresh Air Taxicab Company, who has complained publicly for months that his feet hurt him, has received in his mail a pair of brogues measuring thirteen and a quarter inches by four and a quarter inches, size fifteen A. The shoes were sent by an unknown benefactor, and were delivered by the freight elevator to the NBC studios. Transportation charges were 39 cents. Mr. Brown requested that they be sent to Paul Whiteman to break them in for him. "If they was a hat," Andy explained, "I would them to Amos."

Tom Hanlon, announcer, and Dick Stevens, technician, have had no peace at KFI for several weeks. The boys drove to Palto Alto for a football game, and stopped at a bay city hotel to get a few winks before the game. The only hitch in their plans was that the clerk forgot to wake them. When Tom looked at his watch, the game was over. They've been kidded ever since by the rest of the staff.

That time plays curious tricks in broadcasting is uniquely conveyed in the remarks of Yutaka Itow, radio engineer from the Broadcasting Corporation of Japan. Itow, visiting KNX for the purpose of arranging for the re-broadcast of certain programs in Japan, declares that the remote control broadcast from the Paris Inn from KNX at 11:00 p. m. is picked up in Tokio the next day at four in the afternoon!

Paul Whiteman sleeps only four hours a night. Gets up at 6:30, takes a swim, exercises in the gym, then eats breakfast (grapefruit juice, dry toast, and two cups of coffee). Works in office as NBC musical supervisor from nine until one, eats lunch (tomato juice, dry toast, vegetables). It's touch and go for the rest of the day, until 2:00 a. m., when he rehearses for half an hour before retiring.

Now you can take your choice of NBC programs over two separate stations in your neighborhood, instead of only having one program coming through at one time. The western network of the National Broadcasting Company has been divided into two groups, each of which may be used independently of the other. One group includes KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, and KHQ, while the other consists of KPO, KECA, KEX, KJR, and KGA. KFSD and KTAR can be used with either group. The new arrangement makes it possible to operate a coast-to-coast broadcast on both the NBC-WEAF and the NBC-WJZ networks at the same time.

Ma Kennedy Hudson and her romantic new hubby, Mr. Ma Kennedy Hudson, were interviewed the other night over KELW by Ivan Johnson, managing editor of the Radio News Service of America. Station officials reported that the response, both in visitors and letters, was so great that it is probable that Mrs. Hudson will have a regular series of programs over KELW.



"You know, Penelope—the news of Rudee Vallee's marriage simply spoiled everything for me!"

# om This Studio and That....

Little known lives of little known people. Polly Grant Hall, pianist of KFI-KECA, starts the day at 6:45, providing music for the morning setting-up exercises. She practices during those quiet, cold hours before the station wakes up. Polly has the reputation for offering a new arrangement in clothes as well as music every day.

What's a lone announcer to do when he suddenly develops a severe case of hiccoughs while on the air, and no relief in sight? That is the predicament that confronted Max Peacock, youthful KROW announcer the other night. Just before he was due to sign on, the hiccoughs came upon him, and there was no one else around the studio to appeal to for help. But just as Max, in desperation, was about to hiccough "KROW" on the air, a casual visitor wandered in, and Max pressed him into emergency service at the mike. It was fifteen minutes before Max could control his voice.

With a fast repertoire of music and fun, the Florsheim Shoe Frolic has come back on the air. Every Friday night, at 9:15 P. S. T. over NBC comes the nonsensical chatter of Doctors Pratt and Sherman, of CBS "Three Doctor" fame, as masters of ceremony. Ferde Grofe wields the baton over a crack 16-piece dance band, while Jane Froman, bewitching blues singer and Jean Paul King, announcer, add their talen to the fast-moving Frolic.

Ben Bernie, the "Old Maestro," went up to the Columbia studios the other day with a new story for the gang. He swears it's true, but—well, anyhow, it's a good story. It seems Ben was playing golf, and was just ready to tee off, when an excited individual came scampering up. "Pardon me, sir!" exclaimed the E. I., "do you mind if I play through? I've just heard that my wife has been taken seriously ill!"

Kate Smith, "Songbird of the South," has just been signed up to appear at the New York and Brooklyn Paramount Theaters several times during the next year. What's more, Mr. Harry L. Bing Crosby (the name's familiar) is going to appear at the same theaters soon.

Joe Lombardo, the only member of the Lombardo tribe not musically inclined, is now in New York studying decorating. In addition to redecorating Guy's apartment, Joe has started a needlework tapestry, on which prominent entertainers have been asked to contribute a bit of handiwork. Among those whose efforts have gone into the making of the tapestry are Kate Smith, the Boswell Sisters, and Ruth Etting.

Mildred Bailey, a former Spokane girl, who has been singing blues with Paul Whiteman's band, has signed up as an exclusive NBC artist. She appears with the Paint Men, and other Whiteman programs.



*"Here's the three-minute announcement for MacTavish, MacTavish and MacTavish."*

Andy and Chester, the Banjo Boys who are now heard over KMTR at 1:45 p. m., have just celebrated their fifth consecutive year on the air. And five years in radio work, appearing practically every day, really entitles them to the honor of being true pioneers. In the old days they worked with Uncle John at KHJ, and four years of their career have been at KMTR.

Three interesting boys to meet are Freddie Furtch, Bob Keith, and Bob Harthun, the "Three Boys" of KFI, who used to sing with Earl Burtnett prior to his departure to the East.

Jack Carter, the "Boy from London," presented a new voice on his program not long ago, that shows promise of being heard from again. The good looking owner of the voice is George Scheller, from the University of California, who, since his graduation has led a picturesque career in movie work, as featured soloist at the San Francisco Orpheum, as concert soloist, and has been heard on Columbia from time to time. Keep an eye on George.

Reis and Dunn, comedy vocalists heard over Columbia, are responsible for the popular number, "It Looks Like Susie."

Somebody is always coining a new word, and this time the person responsible is Phil Lasky, manager of KDYL. The word is "radioligeon," used to describe religious broadcasting.

Suppose everybody knew that Gus Arnheim, who just left the Coconut Grove, got his start when Sophie Tucker, "the last of the red hot mamas," picked him up and took him along with her vaudeville organization. She put him on "big time," and afterwards helped him organize his now famous band.

Alma LaMarr, of KTAB, has a funny hobby. She gives auditions to canaries, and if their vocal abilities pass the studio test, she gives them a permanent home. So far, she has collected a whole flock of German Rollers—every one a distinguished artist.

Those who live within walking, flying or swimming distance of Los Angeles won't want to miss the personal appearance of Seth Parker and his troupe when they present their regular "Sunday at Seth Parker's" program at the Philharmonic Auditorium. Seth and his "githerin'" will be all dressed up in their Jonesport Sunday-go-to-meetin' clothes, and have arranged quite a lengthy and delightful program. The date is November 22. Ruth Cowan, of the NBC Artists' Service, is handling the affair.

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# MORE CHATTER

Phil Harris, whose basement baritone booms out from the Lofner-Harris orchestra frequently, confesses that he is a "reformed trap drummer."

Gerda Lundberg, the KTAB Swedish nightingale, is back in the studio after a long absence, due to an appendix operation. Gerda may have lost her appendix, but not the old charm and vocal ability.

Did you know that Noreen Gammill is busy nowadays writing burlesques on great moments in history and presenting them every Monday night at 8 o'clock on KNX? She is assisted by the "Hysterical" Players, who rightly deserve the title. As usual, you will find Noreen playing several parts in these hilarious skits, which every one agrees are lots of fun.

Mirandy, the only feminine bit of the KTM Beverly Hill Billies, has gone Hollywood. Anxious to eradicate the effects of summer sun and wind, she has taken to using freckle cream.

B. A. Rolfe, who has directed the Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra for the past three years, has been advised by his doctor to take a long rest, and go abroad. Since he started on the Lucky program, Rolfe has played 7,460 dance numbers.

Mahlon Merick, NBC orchestra leader, has taken his band to the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, where they play from eight to one nightly, and at Saturday afternoon tea dances. He still continues with his broadcasting, as usual, however.

Lord Algy, the monocled pal of the Happy Chappies of KMPC, Beverly Hills, has a well-developed bump on his head. The Chappies maintain that he contracted the protuberance while crawling out from under the piano, where he usually sleeps while he waits for his pals to finish their broadcast. But that might not be the reason at all. Algy was married recently, you know.

Bing Crosby's old four o'clock spot has been turned over to another Western entertainer—Henry Halstead. And incidentally—Henry has a baritone with him—Clarence Rand—who has many listeners still thinking he is Bing. There is certainly a resemblance.

An open-air marriage, with the Arizona Wranglers playing the "Wedding March" on fiddle, guitar and harmonica, marked the "splicing" of Uncle Irontail (Charlie Hunter) of KNX and his "cowgirl" bride the other Sunday. Groom in shirt-sleeves, bride in chaps and sombrero, parson in evening dress—you get the picture. News reel photographers were on the spot to cover the unique affair, and an old-fashioned "chuck wagon" was on hand to fill the guests.

Kate Smith, Columbia songstress, never took a singing lesson in her life—even substituted a cooking course in high school for one in music.

Aiding the Boswell Sisters in their new series is the background provided by the guitar of the agile-fingered Eddie Lang, of the violin-guitar team of Venuti and Lang. This is one of the first occasions on record in which the two have been separated, for Joe and Eddie have played together as a rule in all their vaudeville, orchestral, recording and broadcasting engagements.

On each occasion when that new sensational quartet, the Mills Brothers, on Columbia, broadcasts, CBS stations are swamped with telephone calls from listeners who will not believe that the only musical instrument used is the guitar. Many of the callers say that they are asking for information in order to settle a bet.

"After all," says Eddie Cantor in his radio campaign for President, "I can sing. I ask you! Can Hoover or Coolidge croon?"

## CHEERIO!

By LORD BILGEWATER

KFRC Happy Go Lucky Hour

CHEERIO and all that sort of rot! I've just been reading a book on the Constellation Hollywood—the only constellation discovered by the people, by the way, instead of the astronomers. (Why are astronomers always cheerful? Give up? Because things are always looking up with them! Ha, ha, ha, ha! Like it?)

This book is called "Hollywood Undressed." By jove, do you know, when I opened the pot, er, I mean the book, I was all prepared for a strip poker story but it wasn't about games of chance at all. It was about wrestling, a sport which is all arranged beforehand in America, I understand.

It appears as though movie stars, unlike other people, are subject to unwelcome protuberances which pop out in the most embarrassing places and without giving any warning, mind you. These protuberances are frightfully fatty in nature.

For example, one very lovely sprite of the talking canvas suddenly became too well rounded in the vicinity of the—Oh, dear! I can't say it. I thought I could but my nerve has deserted me.

At any rate, when this parlay condition occurs the star immediately repairs to the domicile of one "Sylvia." Sylvia exclaims: "Oh, Lardy!" And the wrestling match is on.

It's awfully strange, but Sylvia always wins. She pounds and pummels

Russ Columbo's full name is Ruggerio Rudolfo Eugenio Columbo.

Ben Bernie, the "old Maestro," whom we can always depend on for jokes, has a new one—about the rustic visitor to New York. It seems the visitor made a desperate run for the ferry boat just as it started to shove off. He made a mighty leap, landed on deck, and lay stunned for a few moment. At last he sat up feebly, stared dazedly over the quarter-mile expanse of water between boat and shore.

"Holy cats!" he exclaimed in awe. "What a jump!"

Jerry Pureell, the production manager of KFAC, the newest radio station in Los Angeles (formerly KTBI), was critically injured in an automobile accident recently, and passed away the following day. Jerry was one of the finest and most conscientious boys in radio and many regret his passing.

Jean Cameron, who will be remembered for her excellent singing in the past on such programs as the Maxwell House Coffee melodies, is being heard frequently over the KNX Treasure Ship program on Monday nights, at eight o'clock.



her victim until he or she is red, white and blue, and then collects the \$15.00 prize money.

"Hollywood Undressed" is really quite a risqué title for the book, don't you think? People will think the stars indulge in such Pagan practices as sleeping in the raw. I suggest it be changed to, "The Fat Is in the Fire." Which reminds me of a riddle. If it takes a little pig all day to walk half an hour, how long will it take an old sow to walk a week? Capitulate? I'll tell you the answer next month.

The book also contains a quantity of anecdotes about the stars which reveals that they are a jolly lot after all. Which is best, don't you think, because they must all remain here on earth with the rest of us, for a time yet, at any rate.

Pip! Pip! Until next month.



# HOT TIPS ON NBC PROGRAMS

## CLASSICAL SEMI-CLASSICAL AND LIGHT CLASSICAL

### Sunday

8:00 A. M.—Arion Trio. KGO KOMO KFSD KGW (C)

10:15 A. M.—Walter Damosch Hour. KGO KFSD KSL KOMO KGW KFI (C)

### Monday

10:00 A. M.—Rembrandt Trio. KGO (C)

12:00 Noon—Luncheon Concert. KGO (C)

9:00 P. M.—Bouquet of Melodies. KGO KHQ (SC)

### Tuesday

10:00 A. M.—Color Harmony Program. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI (LC)

5:45 P. M.—Goodyear Program. KGO KHQ KOMO KFSD KTAR KSL (LC)

9:00 P. M.—Caswell Concert. KHQ KOMO KGW KPO KFI (LC)

### Wednesday

12:00 Noon—Luncheon Concert. KGO (SC)

### Thursday

12:00 Noon—Luncheon Concert. KGO (SC)

6:30 P. M.—Maxwell House Ensemble. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KECA KFSD KTAR (C)

8:15 P. M.—Standard Symphony Hour. KGO KHQ KFI KOMO KGW (C)

10:45 P. M.—The Nomads. KGO KOA (LC)

### Friday

9:30 A. M.—Rembrandt Trio. KGO (C)

12:00 Noon—Luncheon Concert. KGO (SC)

5:00 P. M.—Cities' Service Concert. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KECA KSL (C)

6:30 P. M.—Armour Program. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KSL (LC)

### Saturday

12:00 Noon—Luncheon Concert. KGO KFSD (SC)

6:00 P. M.—Goodyear Program. Arthur Prior's Band. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFSD KTAR KSL (LC)

## POPULAR AND SEMI-POPULAR

### Sunday

9:00 A. M.—Breakfast with Sperry. Lee S. Roberts. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD (SP)

11:30 A. M.—Yeast Foamers. Earl Burtnett. KGO KHQ KGW KECA KFSD KTAR KSL (P)

6:15 P. M.—Album of Familiar Music. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR KOA (SP)

8:30 P. M.—Carnation Contented Hour. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KOA (SP)

9:00 P. M.—Chase and Sanborn Program. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFSD KTAR KSL KOA (SP)

### Monday

6:00 P. M.—Maytag Orchestra. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KECA KSL (P)

7:00 P. M.—Gold Medal Express. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR KSL (P)

8:30 P. M.—Demi Tasse Revue. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KOA (P)

### Tuesday

5:30 P. M.—Heel Hugger Harmonies. KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR KSL (SP)

8:45 P. M.—Sperry Smiles. Lee Roberts. KGO KHQ KOMO

### Friday

6:00 P. M.—Interwoven Pair. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR KSL (P)

7:00 P. M.—Paul Whiteman. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR KSL (P)

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

### Saturday

8:45 P. M.—Sperry Smiles.

### Tuesday

8:15 A. M.—Cross-Cuts of the Day. KGO

10:30 A. M.—Woman's Magazine of the Air. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR KSL KOA

12:15 P. M.—Western Farm and Home Hour. KGO KHQ KOMO KECA KFSD KTAR KSL

4:45 P. M.—Back of the News in Washington. KGO KHQ KOMO KFSD

### Wednesday

10:15 A. M.—Mary Martin's Household Period. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KTAR KSL KOA

10:30 A. M.—Woman's Magazine of the Air. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR KSL KOA

12:15 P. M.—Western Farm and Home Hour. KGO KHQ KOMO KECA KFSD KTAR KSL

7:30 P. M.—Coca Cola Program. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR KSL KOA

### Thursday

9:45 A. M.—Beatrice Mabie. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR KSL

10:00 A. M.—Woman's Magazine of the Air. KGO KHQ KOMO KOA KGW KFI KFSD KTAR KSL

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

12:15 P. M.—Western Farm and Home Hour. KGO KHQ KOMO KFI KFSD KTAR

3:30 P. M.—The World Today. KGO KFSD

### Friday

7:15 A. M.—Dr. Copeland's Health Clinic. KGO KHQ KOMO KFI KFSD KTAR

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

10:30 A. M.—Woman's Magazine of the Air. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR KSL KOA

12:15 P. M.—Western Farm and Home Hour. KGO KHQ KOMO KFI KFSD KTAR

### Saturday

8:15 A. M.—Cross-Cuts of the day. KGO

9:30 A. M.—National Farm and Home Hour. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KSL

10:30 A. M.—Woman's Magazine of the Air. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR

5:30 P. M.—National Radio Educational Council. KGO KGW KOMO KFI KFSD KTAR KSL **VARIETY**

### Sunday

1:00 P. M.—Florsheim Frolic. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFSD KTAR

5:15 P. M.—Collier's Hour. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KSL

### Monday

8:00 A. M.—Shell Happytime. Capt. Dobbs. KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KTAR KSL

## DAILY TIPS

### (EXCEPT SUNDAY)

6:00 A. M.—Early Birds. KGA

6:45 A. M.—Bill Sharples and His Gang. KNX (7:00 A. M. Sun.)

7:00 A. M.—Ken Niles "News Briefs" and Records. KHJ

7:00 A. M.—Rise and Shine. KTAB

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

8:00 A. M.—Hallelujah Hour. KHJ (Don Lee System)

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

9:15 A. M.—Cecil and Sally. KDYL

10:00 A. M.—Happy Mammy Jinny and the Doughboys. KGER

10:00 A. M.—Eddie Al-bright and His Family. KNX

11:00 A. M.—Stewart Hamblin. KMTR

11:00 A. M.—Jerry Joyce and Orchestra. KFVB

11:30 A. M.—Helpful Hints to Housewives. KFI

12:00 Noon—Biltmore Concert Orchestra. KHJ

1:30 P. M.—Gems of Remembrance. KHQ

1:30 P. M.—Nip and Tuck, Two Pianos. KFVB

1:45 P. M.—Bob, Bunny and Junior. KFI

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

2:00 P. M.—Mardi Gras. KGA KJR KEX

3:00 P. M.—Who Cares? KPO

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

5:15 P. M.—Jewish Hour. KELW

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

6:15 P. M.—Edna Fischer. Piano Moods. KFRC

7:00 P. M.—Frank Watanabe. KNX

7:00 P. M.—The Family Hour. KGFJ

8:15 P. M.—Chandu the Magician. KHJ KFOX (Except Monday)

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

9:15 P. M.—Drury Lane, tenor. KNX

9:45 P. M.—Aunt Emmy and Bert. KGFJ

10:00 P. M.—Cocoanut Grove Program. KFVB

10:00 P. M.—Radio Sandman Hour. KYA

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

12:00 P. M.—Biltmore Hotel. KHJ KFOX

12:00 P. M.—Midnight Revellers. KEX KJR

KGW KFI KFSD (SP)

10:15 P. M.—The Vagabonds. KGO (P)

### Wednesday

1:00 P. M.—Pacific Vagabonds. KTAR (SP)

5:00 P. M.—College Memories. Quartette. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR KSL (P)

6:30 P. M.—Palmolive Hour. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KSL (SP)

8:30 P. M.—Rendezvous. Coquettes. Alvin Rey, Paul Carson, Ross Peterson. KGO (P)

### Thursday

5:00 P. M.—Fleischmann Hour. Rudy Vallee. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KECA KTAR KSL (P)

9:15 P. M.—Sperry Smiles. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI

Lee S. Roberts. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KECA KFSD (SP)

### EDUCATIONAL

#### Sunday

10:00 A. M.—Sentinels of the Republic. Patriotic Addresses. KGO KOMO KFI KFSD

#### Monday

7:15 A. M.—Dr. Copeland's Health Clinic. KGO KHQ KOMO KFI KFSD KTAR

9:45 A. M.—Beatrice Mabie. Beauty Talk. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR KSL KOA

10:30 A. M.—Woman's Magazine of the Air. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KPO KFSD KTAR KSL KOA

12:15 P. M.—Western Farm and Home Hour. KGO KHQ KOMO KECA KFSD KTAR

# HEARD ON WESTERN NETWORK

9:00 A. M.—General Elec. Home Circle. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR  
 2:00 P. M.—NBC Matinee. KGO KHQ KOMO KFI KFSD KTAR  
 6:30 P. M.—Parade of the States. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KSL  
 8:15 P. M.—Vermont Lumberjacks. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD  
 10:15 P. M.—The Road Show. KGO KSL KOA KHQ

## Tuesday

7:45 A. M.—Van and Don. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR KSL KOA  
 8:00 A. M.—Shell Happytime. KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KTAR KSL  
 9:00 A. M.—General Electric Home Circle. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR  
 2:00 P. M.—NBC Matinee. KGO KOMO KGW KFSD KSL KHQ KTAR

## Wednesday

7:45 A. M.—Van and Don. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR KSL KOA  
 8:00 A. M.—Shell Happytime. KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KTAR KSL  
 2:00 P. M.—NBC Matinee. KGO KHQ KOMO KFSD KTAR  
 8:15 P. M.—The Vermont Lumberjacks. KGO KHQ KGW KOMO KFI KFSD

## Thursday

7:45 A. M.—Van and Don. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR KSL KOA  
 8:00 A. M.—Shell Happytime. KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KTAR KSL  
 2:00 P. M.—NBC Matinee. KGO KHQ KOMO KFSD KTAR  
 6:00 P. M.—Arco Dramatic Musicale. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KECA KSL

## Friday

7:45 A. M.—Van and Don. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR KSL KOA  
 8:00 A. M.—Shell Happytime. KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KTAR KSL  
 9:00 A. M.—General Electric Home Circle. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KTAR KSL

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

7:30 P. M.—RKO Theatre of the Air. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR KSL

8:15 P. M.—Brownbilt Footlights. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR

## Saturday

7:45 A. M.—Van and Don. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR KSL KOA  
 8:00 A. M.—Shell Happytime. KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KTAR KSL

8:15 P. M.—Gilmore Circus. KGO KOMO KGW KFI

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

10:00 P. M.—World Wide News. KHJ

## RELIGIOUS AND SEMI-RELIGIOUS

### Sunday

12:30 P. M.—Dr. S. Parkes Cadman. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFSD KSL  
 2:00 P. M.—National Vespers. Dr. Harry Fostick. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFSD KTAR  
 7:45 P. M.—Sunday at Seth Parker's. KGO KECA KOMO KFSD KTAR

8:00 P. M.—Amos 'n Andy. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KECA KFSD KSL

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

10:15 P. M.—Mystery Serial. "Dead Men Prowl." KGO

### Thursday

8:00 P. M.—Amos 'n Andy. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KECA KFSD KSL

## WEEKLY TIPS

### SUNDAY

6:45 A. M.—Musical Klock Program. KMO  
 8:00 A. M.—Sunday Times Comics. KHJ  
 8:15 A. M.—Funny Paper Man. KFWB  
 9: A. M.—Charlie Glenn. Songs of Yesteryear. KYA  
 9:30 A. M.—Father Flanagan's Boys. KROW  
 10:55 A. M.—Pasadena Presbyterian Church. KPPC  
 11:00 A. M.—First M. E. Church. KHJ  
 11:00 A. M.—Jean Leonard. Piano. KFWB  
 12:00 Noon — Musical Treasure Chest. KMTR  
 1:00 P. M.—Radio News Service. KMPC  
 2:00 P. M.—Sunshine and Roses. KFOX  
 3:00 P. M.—Organ Concert. KEX KGA KJR  
 3:00 P. M.—Catholic Hour. KGA KJR KEX KECA KTAR  
 3:30 P. M.—Buccaneers. KFRC (Don Lee System)  
 4:00 P. M.—Chester Market, Organ. KNX  
 5:00 P. M.—Twilight Melodies. KGDM  
 7:00 P. M.—Arizona Wranglers. KNX  
 7:45 P. M.—Songs Our Mothers Sang. KYA

10:00 P. M.—World Wide News. KHJ

### MONDAY

10:00 A. M.—Prudence Penny. KFWB  
 10:00 A. M.—Public Library Book Review. KFI  
 11:00 A. M.—The Carnival. KOL  
 1:00 P. M.—Paris Inn. KNX  
 2:45 P. M.—Bill and Co. KFOX  
 4:15 P. M.—Beauty Questions and Answers  
 5:00 P. M.—Harmony Hawaiians. KGFJ  
 7:00 P. M.—Everybody Play. KFAC  
 8:00 P. M.—Blue Monday Jamboree. KFRC (Don Lee System)  
 9:00 P. M.—The Challengers. KYA  
 10:15 P. M.—Ray Canfield's Beach Boys. KECA

### TUESDAY

10:30 A. M.—Home Economics. KNX  
 11:00 A. M.—Items of Interest. KFWI  
 12:10 P. M.—Snapshots. KPO  
 1:00 P. M.—Cal King's Country Store. KYA

## DRAMA AND COMEDY

### Monday

7:30 P. M.—Real Folks. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR  
 8:00 P. M.—Amos 'n Andy. Pepsodent Co. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KECA KFSD KSL  
 9:15 P. M.—Adventures of Sherlock Holmes. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR KSL

### Tuesday

8:00 P. M.—Amos 'n Andy. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KECA KFSD KSL  
 8:15 P. M.—Memory Lane. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR

### Wednesday

10:00 A. M.—Keeping Up With Daughter. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR

10:15 P. M.—NBC Drama Hour. KGO

### Friday

8:00 P. M.—Amos 'n Andy. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KECA KFSD KSL

### Saturday

6:30 P. M.—The First Nighter. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR KSL  
 8:00 P. M.—Amos 'n Andy. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KECA KFSD KSL

### OLD MELODIES

#### Sunday

5:00 P. M.—Euna Jettick Melodies. KHQ KOMO KGW KPO KFI KFSD KTAR KSL

#### Tuesday

9:15 P. M.—NBC Hill Billies. KGO

### ORGAN

#### Sunday

9:30 A. M.—Lew White. KGO

### Monday

7:00 A. M.—NBC Recital KGO KOMO

### Tuesday

11:30 A. M.—Organ Recital. KGO

### Wednesday

12:00 Midnight—NBC Recital.

### Thursday

7:00 A. M.—Paul Carson. KGO KOMO

### Friday

11:30 A. M.—Organ Recital. KGO

### Saturday

12:00 Midnight—NBC Recital KGO

### NEWS

#### Sunday

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

#### Monday

4:45 P. M.—News Service. KGO

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

#### Tuesday

5:30 P. M.—News Service. KGO

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

#### Wednesday

5:15 P. M.—News Service. KGO

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

#### Thursday

4:30 P. M.—News Service. KGO

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

#### Friday

4:30 P. M.—News Service. KGO

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

## CHILDREN'S PROGRAMS

#### Friday

4:45 P. M.—Little Buster's Circus Parade. KGO KHQ KFI KOMO KGW KFSD KTAR

## DANCE MUSIC

#### Sunday

7:15 P. M.—Ted Weems' Orchestra. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR KSL

#### Monday

4:00 P. M.—Lofner-Harris Hotel St. Francis Dance Orch. KGO KFSD

#### Wednesday

11:00 P. M.—Lofner-Harris Dance Orch. KGO KHQ KFI

#### Thursday

9:30 P. M.—Tom Gerun's Dance Orch. KGO

#### Friday

11:00 P. M.—Lofner-Harris Orch. KGO KFI

#### Saturday

7:00 P. M.—Lucky Strike Orch. KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KECT KFSD KSL

11:00 P. M.—Lofner-Harris Orch. KGO KOMO KFI

# HOT TIPS ON CBS PROGRAMS

## CLASSICAL, SEMI-CLASSICAL AND LIGHT CLASSICAL

### Sunday

8:30 A. M.—Voice of St. Louis. KOL KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KGB (LC)

12:00 Noon—New York Philharmonic Orchestra. KOL KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (C)

5:15 P. M.—Esther Cadkin. KFPY KLZ KOH KGB (LC)

6:00 P. M.—Roxy Theatre Symphony. KFPY KFRC KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (C)

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

### Monday

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

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

### Tuesday

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

11:00 A. M.—Musical Americano. KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KOH KGB KDYL (LC)

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

### Wednesday

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

12:51 P. M.—Columbia Salon Orchestra. KOL KVI KFPY KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (LC)

1:30 P. M.—Columbia Artist Recital. KOL KFPY KFRC KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (LC)

7:30 P. M.—Columbia Concerts Corp. Program. KFPY KFRC KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (LC)

### Thursday

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

11:15 A. M.—Columbia Salon Orchestra. KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KLZ KOH KGB (LC)

1:00 P. M.—Melody Magic. KOL KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (LC)

### Friday

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

11:00 P. M.—Columbia Artist Recital. KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KLZ KOH KGB

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

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

### Saturday

1:30 P. M.—Spanish Serenade. KVI KFPY KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (LC)

## POPULAR AND SEMI-POPULAR

### Sunday

3:00 P. M.—Chicago Knights. KOL KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (SP)

4:15 P. M.—The Swiss Yodelers. KOL KVI KFPY KHJ KLZ KDYL KOH KGB (SP)

### Monday

9:00 A. M.—Don Bigelow's

9:00 A. M.—Don Bigelow and His Yoeng's Orchestra. KVOR KFBK KGW KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KLZ KOH KGB (P)

2:00 P. M.—Frank Ross. Songs. KVOR KFBK KOL KVI KFPY KDYL KLZ KOH (P)

2:45 P. M.—Bert Lown and His Biltmore Orchestra. KVOR KDYL KLZ KOH (P)

6:00 P. M.—Ben Bernie and His Blue Ribbon Orch. KFBK

His Yoeng's Orchestra. KVOR KFBK KGW KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KLZ KOH KGB (P)

2:45 P. M.—Jolly Jugglers. KVOR KGW KDYL KLZ KOH (P)

4:15 P. M.—Don Bigelow and His Yoeng's Orch. KVOR KOH KFPY KDYL KGB (P)

7:00 P. M.—Vitality Personalities. KFBK KMJ KGW KOL KVI KFPY KOIN KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ (LP)

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

8:00 P. M.—Street Singer. KVOR KFBK KMJ KGW KFPY KFRC KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (P)

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

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

### Thursday

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

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

4:15 P. M.—Red Nichols. KVI KFPY KFRC KDYL KOH KGB (P)

7:30 P. M.—Peter's Parade. KOL KFPY KOIN KFRC KHJ KDYL KOH KGB (P)

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

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

### Friday

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

4:15 P. M.—Red Nichols and Orchestra. KVI KFPY KDYL KOH KGB (P)

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

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

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

### Saturday

9:30 A. M.—Don Bigelow and Orch. KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KLZ KOH KGB (P)

3:30 P. M.—Connie Boswell. KFPY KLZ KOH (P)

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

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

## WEEKLY TIPS

1:30 P. M.—Times Forum. KHJ

2:00 P. M.—Roy Ringwald, Organ. KECA

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

4:00 P. M.—The Passerby. KGFJ

4:30 P. M.—Len Nash's Country Boys. KGER

5:00 P. M.—Big Brother Ken's Club. KNX

6:30 P. M.—The King's Men. KFWB

7:30 P. M.—Gilmore Circus. KNX

8:00 P. M.—Herb Scharlin, Songs. KGFJ

10:00 P. M.—Life Savers. KHJ

11:30 P. M.—George Olsen's Club. KMPC

### WEDNESDAY

9:30 A. M.—Jerry Joyce's Orch. KFWB

10:30 A. M.—Around the House. KECA

11:15 A. M.—Manhattan Moods. KYA

11:30 A. M.—Trail Blazers. KELW

12:00 Noon—Band Concert. KJBS

1:45 P. M.—Casey Jones. KJR KGA KEX

3:00 P. M.—The Three Boys. KFI

3:30 P. M.—Harriet Links. KOL

4:00 P. M.—Travelogue. KNX

5:00 P. M.—Metropolitan Hour. KYA

5:15 P. M.—Steamboat BILL. KFRC

6:45 P. M.—Black and Blue. KHJ KFOX

7:15 P. M.—Pen and Cas. KNX

8:30 P. M.—Musical Comedy Revue. KGFJ

9:30 P. M.—Harry Geise and His Happy Guys. KMTR

11:00 P. M.—Hal Grayson's Orch. KHJ (Don Lee System)

### THURSDAY

9:15 A. M.—Kathleen Clifford. KHJ

9:30 A. M.—Corner Drug Store. KJBS

10:30 A. M.—Sharp and Flat. KLX

10:30 A. M.—Ambassador of the Air. KMPC

12:00 Noon—Globe Trotter. KMTR

2:00 P. M.—Late Fiction. KNX

4:00 P. M.—Hal and Myers, two pianos. KECA

5:00 P. M.—The Three Boys. KFI

Orchestra. KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KOH KGB (P)

5:45 P. M.—Manhattan Serenaders. KFPY KFRC KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (P)

8:00 P. M.—Street Singer. KVOR KGW KFPY KGB (P)

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

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

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

### Tuesday

6:00 A. M.—The Commuters. KDYL (P)

7:45 A. M.—Columbia Mixed Quartet. KVOR (SP)

KMJ KGW KOL KFPY KOIN KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ (P)

7:00 P. M.—Connie Boswell. KFPY KVOR KGW KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (P)

7:15 P. M.—Star Brand Shoemakers. KMJ KGW KOL KOIN KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB (LP)

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

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

### Wednesday

6:00 A. M.—The Commuters. KDYL (P)

8:00 A. M.—Rhythm Ramblers. KVOR KOH (P)

9:00 A. M.—Don Bigelow and

# HEARD ON WESTERN NETWORK

## EDUCATIONAL

### Sunday

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

### Monday

6:30 A. M.—Tony's Scrap Book. KDYL KLZ

10:15 A. M.—Columbia Farm Community Program. KHJ KOH

11:30 A. M.—American School of the Air. KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB

### Tuesday

6:30 A. M.—Tony's Scrap Book. KDYL KLZ

11:30 A. M.—American School of the Air. KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB

### Wednesday

6:30 A. M.—Tony's Scrap Book. KDYL KLZ

10:15 A. M.—Farm Community Program. KHJ KOH

11:30 A. M.—American School of the Air. KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB

12:00 Noon—Edna Wallace Hopper. KOL KVI KFPY KOIN KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ

### Thursday

6:30 A. M.—Tony's Scrap Book. KDYL KLZ

8:00 A. M.—U. S. Chamber of Commerce. KOL KFRC KHJ KDYL KOH

8:30 A. M.—Radio Home Makers. KDYL KOH

10:15 A. M.—Columbia Farm Community Program. KFRC KHJ KDYL KOH

11:30 A. M.—American School of the Air. KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB

### Friday

6:30 A. M.—Tony's Scrap Book. KDYL KLZ

10:00 A. M.—Columbia Farm Community Program. KFRC KHJ KDYL KOH

12:45 P. M.—Columbia Educational Features. KVI KFPY KDYL KLZ KOH KGB

### Saturday

6:30 A. M.—Tony's Scrap Book. KDYL KLZ

6:30 P. M.—National Radio Forum. KDYL KLZ KOH KGB

## VARIETY

### Sunday

5:00 P. M.—Devils, Drugs, and Doctors. KOL KFPY KOIN KFRC KHJ KLZ

### Tuesday

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

### Thursday

9:00 P. M.—Hecker's Surprise Program. KOL KFPY KOIN KFRC KHJ

### Friday

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

ties. KOL KVI KFPY KOIN KFRC KHJ

### Saturday

5:45 P. M.—Chicago Variety Program. KFPY KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH

6:00 P. M.—Barn Dance Varieties. KOL KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB

7:00 P. M.—Hank Simmons' Show Boat—KFPY KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB

### Thursday

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

### Friday

3:45 P. M.—Bird and Vash. KLZ KOH

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

### OLD MELODIES

### Sunday

8:15 A. M.—Edna Thomas.

KOH KGB KFRC  
ORGAN

### Sunday

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

### Monday

11:00 A. M.—Ann Leaf with Helen Board. KVI KFPY KHJ KLZ KOH KGB

### Tuesday

8:45 P. M.—Nocturne with Ann Leaf. KFPY KFRC KDYL KLZ KOH

### Wednesday

11:00 A. M.—Ann Leaf at the Organ. KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KLZ KOH KGB

### Saturday

8:45 P. M.—Ann Leaf at the Organ. KFPY KDYL KOH  
VEWS

### Monday

3:00 P. M.—Currents Events. KGB

### Friday

5:30 P. M.—March of Time. News Dramatization. KOL KFPY KOIN KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ

## CHILDREN'S PROGRAMS

### Sunday

6:00 A. M.—Land o' Make Believe. Playlet. KDYL

### Tuesday

5:30 P. M.—Red Goose Adventures. KDYL KLZ KOH

### Saturday

8:00 A. M.—Adventure of Helen and Mary. KOH

## DANCE MUSIC

### Sunday

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

### Monday

1:00 P. M.—Bert Lown's Orch. KOL KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB

9:00 P. M.—Ben Bernie's Orch. KDYL KOH

### Tuesday

6:00 P. M.—Ben Bernie's Orch. KOL KFPY KOIN KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ

### Wednesday

5:15 P. M.—Eddie Kuhn's Orch. KFPY KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB

### Thursday

6:00 P. M.—Eugene Ormandy's Orch. KFPY KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB

9:00 P. M.—Guy Lombardo. KDYL KLZ KOH

### Friday

9:00 P. M.—Ben Bernie's Orch. KFPY KFRC KDYL KOH

### Saturday

9:00 P. M.—Guy Lombardo. KOL KFPY KDYL KOH

9:30 P. M.—St. Moritz's Orchestra. KFPY KFRC KDYL KLZ KOH KGB

## WEEKLY TIPS

9:15 P. M.—Arizona Wranglers. KNN

10:00 P. M.—Bringing Up Father. KFRC

### FRIDAY

9:00 A. M.—Jack and Grace. KHJ

10:00 A. M.—Sunshine Hour. KYA

10:00 A. M.—Cheerio Boys. KFOX

10:15 A. M.—Cooking School. KGW

11:15 A. M.—Radio Church of the Air. KNN

11:15 A. M.—Manhattan Moods. KYA

12:00 Noon—Air Raiders. KFOX

1:30 P. M.—Nip and Tuck. KFVB

1:45 P. M.—The Banjo Boys. KMTR

3:00 P. M.—Studio Parade. KHQ

4:30 P. M.—The Three Cheers. KHJ

6:00 P. M.—Nick Harris. KECA

7:00 P. M.—Laughing Gas. KHJ

7:00 P. M.—Everybody Play. KFAC

8:00 P. M.—Optimistic Do-Nuts. KNN

9:00 P. M.—Old Favorites. KFVB

10:00 P. M.—Palace Hotel Orch. KPO

### SATURDAY

9:00 A. M.—Tuneful Two. KOMO

10:30 A. M.—Scientific Serenaders. KMTR

11:00 A. M.—Saturday Syncopators. KWG

11:30 A. M.—Movie Club. KGW

12:15 P. M.—Winnie Parker and Organ. KFI

1:00 P. M.—Theatre of the Air. KTAB

2:30 P. M.—Long Beach Band. KGER

3:30 P. M.—Smilin' Sam from Alabam'. KEX KGA KJR

4:45 P. M.—Hotel Mark Hopkins' Tea Dance. KFRC (Don Lee System)

6:15 P. M.—The Boy Detective. KFOX

6:3 P. M.—The Surprise Girls. KHJ

8:00 P. M.—On With the Show. KYA

9:00 P. M.—Merrymakers. KHJ (Don Lee System)

10:00 P. M.—Anson Weeks' Orch. KFRC (Don Lee System)

## DRAMA AND COMEDY

### Sunday

6:30 P. M.—Romances of the Sea. KOL KFRC KDYL KLZ

### Monday

3:30 P. M.—Reis and Dunn. KLZ KOH

3:45 P. M.—Bird and Vash. KLZ KOH

### Tuesday

3:45 P. M.—Bird and Vash. KLZ KOH

7:30 P. M.—Desert Play. Arabesque. KDYL KLZ KOH KGB

7:45 P. M.—Myrt and Marge. KOL KFPY KHJ

### Wednesday

3:45 P. M.—Bird and Vash. KLZ KOH

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

The Lady from Louisiana. KOL KVI KFRC KDYL KLZ KGB

### Monday

2:30 P. M.—Kathryn Parson. "Girl o' Yesterday." KDYL KLZ KOH

### Wednesday

7:15 P. M.—Weed Tire Chain Program. KDYL KLZ

### Friday

1:45 P. M.—Edna Thomas, the Lady from Louisiana. KOL KVI KFRC KDYL KLZ KGB

## RELIGIOUS AND SEMI-RELIGIOUS

### Sunday

7:00 A. M.—Columbia Church of the Air. KDYL KLZ

10:00 A. M.—Cathedral Hour. KOL KVI KFPY KDYL KLZ

11:30 A. M.—Church of the Air. KOL KFPY KDYL KLZ

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Some Time In The Future  
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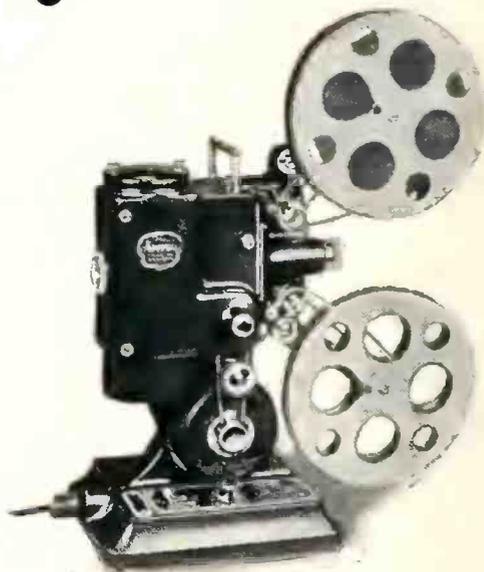
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## A Hill Billy in Town

[Continued from Page 21]

fathers, who in turn, heard them from theirs. Sad songs of a tribe of pioneers, driven into the mountains hundreds of years ago and forced by fate to remain there. Misery, ignorance and drouth—sickness, death and romance—all these they poured out in song. And then Glenn Rice came to the Ozarks. He inquired from a citizen in an interior mountain village where he could find a good yodeller.

"W-a-a-l, I reckon the Britt boys," drawled the local townsman, "air about the best in these parts—yew ain't a revenuer, air yew?" Glenn assured him he was not, and was directed to the Britt place, which nestled in a clearing at the end of the mule trail several miles up the road. Glenn climbed into a battered old Ford rented during his stay in the mountains, and bounced over the rocky riverbed trail up to the clearing. Vaulting the wooden rail fence, he proceeded up to the cabin. "Maw" Britt and the three boys were sitting on the rough punch-eon steps of the cabin, eating watermelon without the formality of plate or fork. They had seen him coming down the trail, and had apparently already weighed him in the balance and found him harmless before he had even arrived. Hill billies are skillful in building their cabins in such a position that an approaching stranger may be fully classified in time to arm the garrison in case he appears dangerous—as many of their visitors are. Glenn passed the test, and was given a cordial—for a hill billy—greeting.

"Is this the Britt place?" he inquired.

"Shuah it is," answered the oldest son. "And who mought yew be?"

Glenn explained, as best he could, who he was, where he had come from (but neglected to mention the plane) and what the purpose of his visit was.

"I'm looking for a good yodeller," he explained, "and they told me that I'd find one up here. I want to take him back to California to sing over the radio."

"Oveh the what?" queried the Britts. And after his first shock was over. Glenn managed to give them a hurried conception of radio—which they had never heard of before! Telephones and automobiles, yes, but radio was almost beyond them.

Glenn urged the Britt boys to sing and play for him, and they readily complied. And when the first high sweet notes of Elton's yodel drifted out, Glenn knew he had what he had traveled 2000 miles to get. In his brief visits to the hills, he had heard many singers and yodellers, but little Elton Britt, standing in his bare feet

beside that log cabin door, was the cream of them all.

But the hardest part was to come. Mother Britt didn't want her youngest son to go so far away from home. Daddy Britt, a tall, kindly, bearded mountaineer, was also firm. Glenn used all of his powers of persuasion, talked as he had never talked before, told eloquently of the glories of the outside world, the beauties of California, the advantages for Elton, and finally with Elton's enthusiastic aid, the Britts were won over, on condition that Elton was to be sent home in a few weeks.

Glenn told Elton to be ready, and went back to the little town to make preparations for the return flight. The next day he went up to the Britt place to get Elton. When he saw him, standing beside his mother in the front room of that little cabin, he stared. Bib overalls, a blue denim shirt, heavy boots, and a loose, plaid cap with a visor at least six inches long, turned up in front like a jockey's. An old carpet bag in one hand that must have been through the Civil War, a few other belongings tied up in a roll under his arm. Elton was ready to go!

Imagine the parting! For the first time in her life, Ma Britt was losing one of her boys. No one in her family had ever gone so far away from home, and especially on such a mysterious and wonderful journey. She cried. Elton cried; the brothers were in tears, and even Daddy Britt's shrewd, keen eyes were misty under the shaggy brows.

Glenn wisely hurried the proceedings, after the goodbyes had been said, piled Elton and his carpetbag into the car, and away they went, bound for Little Rock, 150 miles away, which Elton had never seen! The little hill billy family stood in the clearing and waved until the car had bounced out of sight around the last turn, with Elton standing up in the car and tearfully waving back.

For little Elton Britt, the next 24 hours were a whirlwind of new experiences. A hotel, a shower (Glenn turned the faucet for him) . . . staring guests . . . the landing field and the roaring plane . . . a few moments of awful hesitancy and then the sudden dropping away from earth . . . higher . . . faster . . .

But like a true hill billy, Elton stood his ground, and not for a minute betrayed his fright. Even Glenn, who sat behind him, watching anxiously for the reaction, was fooled. Not until some time later, after Elton was safely esconced in Hollywood, and the first excitement had passed, did he admit that he was "neveh so sca'ed in ma life!"

So little Elton Britt, a true hill billy from the heart of the Ozarks, to whom "radio" was a meaningless word not so long ago, came to civilization and broadcasting. And as he stands before a microphone, singing and yodeling the songs his father taught him, what must be his thoughts? Does he see a little log cabin nestled in a clearing in the Ozarks, with a little family of mountaineers gathered around an oil lamp, perhaps singing the same song? Does he miss the "shuckin' bees," the tall corn, the beautiful Ozarks?

He has been back home twice. Each time he is glad to return to the old home, his family and his friends—but when Glenn Rice calls for him, he's just as glad to come back to radio. He has lost much of his fear of civilization, but has absorbed just enough of its pleasure to find the old life a little boring at times. Truly, a difficult predicament for a 16-year old boy.

## New Entertainer of Stars

[Continued from Page 22]

graciously friendly leader. In a conversation, he is never bored, and naturally and unassumingly but interestingly, too, contributes generously. Although he genially responds to wit, he himself is seldom facetious. He is boyishly eager about his forthcoming tour with his orchestra in the East; his aspirations.

When music had its advent on the screen, Arnheim's aggregation was quickly drafted into service. Next was a limited vaudeville tour, then engagements abroad in the most exclusive resorts. Arnheim returned to Hollywood's Montmartre Cafe, then in the heyday of its popularity.

He was again brought to the Coconut Grove for the engagement which he has just ended and during which, of course, he has broadcast nightly, over KFWB.

During this time, Arnheim's orchestra has had several screen contracts and has made several Victor recordings. Arnheim has among his late musical compositions "Chances Are," "It Must Be True," "Was It Wrong?" and "Sweet and Lovely."

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## Knot Ties a Knot

[Continued from Page 25]

more than commercial art that he resolved to make it his career.

While his father was in the British military service the Graham family traveled extensively about the world. Many months were spent in India, Egypt, Malta, Gibraltar and other British possessions. The family has been in military service for many generations back. There has also been much musical talent evident among his ancestors and present members of the family. A grandfather was band master of the famous Black Watch Regiment for years and was considered one of the finest musicians in the British Isles in his time. An aunt is at present a leading contralto with the Carl Rosa Opera Company.

Ronald Graham stills draws and paints some, though his principal interest is, of course, his music. He is fond of good reading, principally the modern writers. At school he played football and went in for the sprints and hurdles, but at present his only athletic activities are boxing, of which he is very fond.

## Popular Songs

[Continued from Page 17]

the tenderness of a Cinderella-idyll, and is an authentic example of an art-epoch which belongs to the American continent and nowhere else. That's why I am glad some wise friend guided me away from the concert stage to the microphone, early in my own career. I'd much rather be a radio singer, sending the songs of today out through the ether to the hundreds of hearts which can be reached in no other way, than the highest-paid operatic or concert star in existence!

## Seldom Herself

[Continued from Page 18]

ried. Gail—or Abigail, to disclose the NBC star's real name—was born in Kansas City, but the Taylors moved to Los Angeles by the time Gail could walk. There Gail grew up, completing her academic education and singing her first songs.

"I can't imagine how I ever managed to complete high school and get along in college," Gail admits. "I devoted my time mostly to glee clubs and worked in every musical show that came along. It was a drudgery to apply myself to anything except music and books."

Lady Marian in "Robin Hood" and "Yum Yum" in "The Mikado" were her first real leading roles. Before that, she studied with Edith Pell Bolles, who is her aunt and a well-known vocal

teacher. Gail's voice, incidentally, has never required placing. A brilliant natural range was hers from the first, and those who hear her for the first time are always struck by the precision of her pitch and tone.

It was not long after she "walked the plank" to her first microphone adventure that the rapid development of radio offered an alternative to the Broadway experience she had been denied. She became the soprano soloist at a Fresno station where she sang for more than a year. Then she came to San Francisco, where she joined the staff of Station KGO, and soon became a favorite singer.

Jennings Pierce, NBC's chief announcer, was responsible for Gail's NBC premiere. He remembered Gail in the days when they had worked together at KGO, before it became an NBC key station. He urged Gail to try out for the solo role in "Broadways and Boulevards," which was scheduled to open in the San Francisco studios. She appeared for an audition and was signed immediately. Her voice was characterized as one of the most nearly perfect microphone voices in the West—a sentiment which NBC audiences have echoed ever since.

## Their Better Halves

[Continued from Page 13]

band. The Lindens were childhood sweethearts, according to Anthony, who declares that he fell in love with Emily when he was still young enough to play baseball in the street before his home, and saw her enter the family doorway with his sister. He tells how he dropped his baseball bat and rushed inside through another entrance in order to "slick up" before presenting himself shyly to the visitor.

Another musical union at NBC is that of Barbara Merkeley, harpist, and Arthur Schwarzman, pianist. Barbara, tall, graceful and red-haired, makes a lovely picture when she sits at her harp in an orchestral program where her husband is usually at the piano.

Barbara was born in Sacramento, although most of her life has been spent in San Francisco, where she has been a member of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra at various times. Arthur was born in Russia, where he began the study of piano when he was seven, under his father, a well-known Warsaw musician. He made his first public appearance when he was 14, playing in concert with the Warsaw Symphony Orchestra, which interpreted the Concerto in D flat, by Tschaikevsky. He came to San Francisco in 1924, and he and Barbara met for the first time in the studios of NBC. The Schwarzmans work together, play to-

gether, and are firm believers in a similarity of taste as romance insurance.

So are Dorothy Desmond and Tom Kelly one of the most devoted couples at NBC. Wherever you see Dorothy, you usually see Tom. They played together on the stage, but by an odd coincidence, they seldom are cast on the same radio programs. Dorothy's voice, rather deep, and exquisite of enunciation, is suited to heavy dramatic roles, and tragedy.

Tom's voice, by that queer trick of the microphone which changes so many vocal tones, is a light, gay voice on the air, ideal for juvenile leading roles. Some day, however, he and Dorothy may play a love scene together before the microphone. In the meantime, their chief joint role is played for the benefit of two charming babies in their big home in Berkeley, California.

Another couple whom the NBC casting director almost always separates, but whom nothing else does, are Ann Chase and Carleton Young. Mr. and Mrs. Young, like the Kellys, have played together before the footlights, and before that they studied drama together at the Carnegie Institute of Technology, in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Both played in stock, and both were members of the Civic Repertory Company in Los Angeles, where they were married not long ago.

They came to San Francisco with a "Peter Pan" production in which Ann was stage manager and Carleton had a major role. A contract with NBC for both of them has kept them here. The Youngs share the same enthusiasm for such widely various things as Shakespeare, golf and musical compositions, and now their radio work has forged another link in their comradeship.

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## He Beat Broadway

[Continued from Page 10]

ter an amazing variety of jobs. His first was as grocery and delivery boy. After listening for a while to exacting wives he gave up in despair, and landed a job in a curtain rod factory. "There," he explains ruefully, "I expected to get \$15 a week, which seemed like a fortune to me then, but I was put on 'piece work,' and at the end of the week was the possessor of only \$6."

Not a very exciting training school for a tenor! Downey next landed a job in the lunch room, but admits today, with a glow of amusement, "Between the proprietor and myself, as soon as we made any money, we spent it!"

Then came the donkey engine job.

Next Morton had a really good job in Hartford, Conn., with an insurance company. Just as he was doing nicely, the United States entered the world war, and he turned down the job to join the Navy. Because of his immaturity, Mort's father believed him to be too young to be of service. Accordingly, he notified the authorities to waylay his son and they, in mistaken zeal, lodged the young patriot in jail to await his irate but proud parent.

So Morton got another job. What else could a guy do? It was with a suave furniture man of the fifteen dollars down variety. The gentleman went bankrupt and Morton was again bereft of a job.

"If you want any pointers on bankruptcy," added Mort magnificently, "ask me!"

This doesn't read much like the road to "Wabash Moon," but the fates do strange things with their weaving.

In the next step he really used his voice as "news butcher." Burdened with articles so that he leaned, like the Tower of Pisa, on one side, he would enter the train, face a hostile sea of faces, and coax them into buying his wares, candy and magazines. Can you *imagine* tilting a line like that?

In case you don't know what kind of a kitty *that* is, it's a gasoline engine which runs around the railroad yards like an errand boy, dragging coaches to make up trains, etc.

"The thing of it was!" Mort recalled with an infectious smile, "that I got bored to blazes with a discreet speed, and started burning up the tracks like Barney Oldfield. One day I jammed on the brakes, jumped the tracks—and there I was, perfectly intact, but not at all beloved by the officials. AND WAS I FIRED!"

Mort still drives fast, but he pilots Rolls-Royces, not donkey engines.

However, during his period on the

railroad, he had saved enough money to go to New York!

Once there, he patronized, as his favorite hotel, the Grand Central Station—and even consented, on hot nights to patronize Battery Park.

He looked up an old friend of his who had visited Wallingford, and tried to get an entree into various musical publishing houses, but they wouldn't even listen to him sing (excuse us while we laugh up our sleeve; they are all now clamoring for his patronage!) In the midst of despair, another friend got him a job singing first for the Knights of Columbus, then for the Elks. He took a room in Brooklyn for \$3.00 a week.

"It was so small," he says, "that you had to open the window to get your arms in your shirt."

Soon he began to get more lucrative bookings, so he shifted his headquarters from the ghastly hole of Calcutta in Brooklyn, to more desirable lodgings.



Mr. and Mrs. Morton Downey. Mrs. Downey is a sister of Constance and Joan Bennett, movie actresses.

Shortly after this a Brooklyn politician, Jimmy Hagan, who was always "Uncle Jimmy" to Mort, gathered the young troubadour into his own home where he remained for two years.

He sang his first theatrical engagement in a theatre downtown, dressed in a cowboy suit, and that song which came from his heart, was the beginning of a career which is now making history.

After drifting around from one \$30.00 a week job to the next, he was spotted by Paul Whiteman's manager, and engaged at once. His job consisted in running his fingers over a shiny saxophone that didn't make any noise, the object of this deception being that when young Morton stood up to sing, everyone would exclaim, "Doesn't he sing well for a saxophone player!"

The Whiteman band played vaudeville for ten weeks before being as-

reconditioned. On these voyages back signed to the Leviathan which had been and forth, Morton made many friends who later did a lot toward getting his career well-grounded. Among these was one Jack Donahue, and many other celebrities.

After that engagement terminated, he played as a "single" in moving picture houses from San Francisco to New York, introducing new songs and re-

In Albany, after a performance, he calling old favorites.

was driving out-of-town at a terrific clip. His car turned over—he saw stars and tasted infinity—and when he came to he learned that he was in for a period in the hospital. While there, he entertained the inmates, nurses, and doctors—but the time dragged.

After Mort emerged from his hospital, he was engaged by Florenz Ziegfeld to sing in his Palm Beach night club. He finished the season at a casino in Havana—and then there followed, in several years succession, trips to Europe in the summer, and bookings at Palm Beach night clubs in the winters.

Back to America, from eight months on the continent in night clubs of Biarritz, Copenhagen and Berlin, he made three unfortunate pictures. Being among the first of the talkies, these pictures were not nearly all that might have been desired, but he certainly was lucky in love. He fell madly in love with one of Richard Bennett's lovely daughters, Barbara, and married her within three weeks. He is still just nuts about her.

And while we are on the subject of the Bennetts, Mort is singing a song over the radio, occasionally, entitled "My Yesterdays With You." It was written by Phil Plante, divorced husband of Constance. Mort now sings his brother-in-law's song over the radio—to Constance.

Mort had a marvelous time in Hollywood, but nothing was accomplished. As far as making pictures went—he was a good horseback rider. So poor Mort decided he was losing ground. People forget so easily, and the name "Morton Downey" was no longer chanted in connection with night clubs or theatres. If you heard of him at all, it was that he was making pictures. And Downey just didn't want to be judged by these. The cap of the climax was a comment which appeared in a New York newspaper one day with the words, "Poor Morton Downey, he's all washed up." Reading them, Mort was reduced to a state of wrathful determination. "That just burned me up," he says, and forthwith made for the Kit Kat Club as fast as he could get there, bringing Bar-

[Next Page]

## Aunt Emmy

[Continued from Page 15]

like a clumps, says, 'If it's all the same to you, judge, I'll take the money,' and so we splits it two ways, the jedge and me.

"By Lavender, if this feller Bert didn't see us do it, and he comes up and says, 'Listen, you bottlenose, if you don't split with me I'll let the cat out of the bag.' Well, yuh can emagine the fix I was in. I thought he wuz talkin' about my cat, William Teecumsey Sherman, so I gives him his split and we got to talkin' about this and that. so finally I gits him to come over to the house, one night after I gits out of the Ug-jay.

"You see, I hadn't got over thet raw deal he pulled on me and I was out to git his scalp. Well, I finally talked him into a stud poker game and I took everything but his gold crowns. That's the way Bert and I got acquainted, and now he jist keeps comin' over; I guess he thinks he's gon'na git thet money back. He should live so long."

"By the way, Aunt Emmy, what does this fellow Bert—look like?" I queried.

"Well, sir, thet's kind of a sticker, not the kind yuh puts on her windshield, though. Bert is strickly a newspaper man, if thet gives you any ideas. He's a little bit heavy around the waist, and usually wears a felt hat, and always has his pipe."

"By the way," I interrupted, "they tell me that you've had quite an assortment of husbands. Could that be possible?"

"Well," she answered, taking a long tug on her old corn cob pipe, "I really wouldn't call 'em an assortment; but to tell yuh the truth, I have had seven husbands up to date, and I allus got muh eye peeled fer any kind of an opportunity along thet line.

"My fust husband was real nice to me, but the second one (thet chump), he wasn't worth a hill o' beans. He never had no money and one time he couldn't pay the rent, and the landlord threw us out into the street. Well, sir, thet was the fust time we had gone out together since we wuz married!

"The thud one wasn't so bad. I met him in a box car on the way to Chicago. I wuz goin' up to Chicago to give a talk on Temperance, and I was bein' sent up by one of the clubs thet I belonged to called, 'The Sisters of the Guiding Hand.' Better known amongst ourselves as the 'Kansas City Bar Flies.'"

"They tell me." I went on, "that you are quite a crusader in the cause of prohibition. Could you say anything in this interview along those lines?"

"Could I!" she paused and took a

bottle labeled "Bitters" off the old dusty melodian in the corner, and took a short gulp. "Thet's one thing I really got the low down on. Last year I was up in Detroit. I was up there with the sole idea of givin' a talk on Temperance, and I couldn't have picked a worse spot. It took me an hour and a half just before the lecture to git a little shnops to clear muh throat so I could go ahead and give muh lecture. And they say Detroit is a wet town!"

By that time I thought I had better go, as I was getting on her own ground, and there was no telling when she would let up. However, I promised her faithfully that I would come up to her little home at KGFJ some night at nine-forty-five and have a nice long visit with her.

## He Beat Broadway

[Continued from Page 40]

bara into his element. She loved London, and her husband soon became the "talk of the town."

While in London, he perceived out of the corner of his eye, that radio was finding a prominent place in America's sphere of entertainment. Making another spur-of-the-moment decision he wired William S. Paley, president of the Columbia Broadcasting System. The answer was "See me when you arrive." So he and Barbara returned bag and baggage, and Mort was given a prompt audition. It was a wonderful success. He found himself catapulted back into recognition again with his own composition, "Wabash Moon" as his signature.

Within the first two weeks his fan mail jumped from nothing to a thousand letters a week.

He is now singing exclusively for the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company (Camels) and they are paying him an outrageous price for his nightly programs of Irish tenoring. He first sang for them, by way of audition, over a long-distance phone! R. J. Reynolds were searching for a magnetic artist whom they could use as their medium, and the Columbia officials, certain that they would be pleased with Downey, had him sing all the way from New York City to Winston-Salem on an ordinary long-distance telephone. They were pleased. King of the Camel Quarter Hour, he now sings before the mike with no more effort than if he were whistling an idle tune on his way to school, back in Wallingford.

It is too bad that he can't shake your hand, as a pleasant ending to this story of his life. It is in itself a proof of his genuineness and sincerity . . . firm, and so determined. When better songs are sung, Mort will sing them!

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# THE LOWDOWN—

MARGERY C., TACOMA

Question—Can you please tell me something about Edna Fischer, who plays the piano so beautifully at KFRC? What did she do before coming to the radio?

Answer—I believe you will find much of your question answered in the article about Edna and her husband in this issue. Just in case you don't, however, I'll tell you one interesting about her, that perhaps you weren't aware of. She used to travel with Duncan Sisters as arranger and pianist, and played in England and Australia before settling down in this country for radio work.

LOWDOWN

S. B. L., DENVER

Question—I would appreciate it very much if you can tell me more about George Taylor at KYA, San Francisco. I know you had something about him in the October issue, but I'd like to know something about him personally.

Answer—George is one of those rare individuals who can truthfully lay claim to being a California native son. He is 30 years old, was born in San Francisco, is five feet ten and weighs a hundred and eighty. Has gray eyes and brown, unruly hair. Likes sports.

LOWDOWN

ANNE F. C., HOLLYWOOD

Question—What nationality is Raymond Paige at KHJ? How old is he? I guess these are short and snappy enough, don't you think?

Answer—American, of English descent. Thirty-three. Guess these are shorter and snappier even than yours, eh, Anne?

LOWDOWN

R. F. T., BEVERLY HILLS

Question—What on earth has happened to the Beverly Hill Billies? The other night I missed several of them, and understood that they had disbanded, and someone told me they were back on KMPC, where they used to be. Can you set me straight on this, please?

Answer—It is all rather a mixed up affair, R. F. . . No one seems to know much about the facts. Apparently there was a disagreement — they're only human after all—and the boys couldn't come to any satisfactory settlement, and went their various ways—temporarily at least. Erza and Miranda remained with Glenn Rice and the other faction went back to the old stand at KMPC. We hope, as probably you do to, that everything will be patched up and they'll all be together again.

HAZEL K., PORTLAND

Question—Is it true that Tommy Harris, of KFRC, is only 20? How tall is he? Is his hair black or brown? I think that is about all, and thanks in advance.

Answer—Yep, Tommy's only 20—will be 21 December 10. And he isn't very tall; in fact, when he stands up straight, he's just a trifle over five feet two. Weighs 133 pounds and has black curly hair.

LOWDOWN

J. A. S., SAN DIEGO

Question—Please tell me something about Thelma Brown, of KFRC. Is she really a colored girl? What does she look like, and is she married?

Answer—In the first place, Thelma is the daughter of a Georgia Baptist minister. She has a dark, velvety brown skin, and black sparkling eyes. She's really a stunning girl. Is a student at California, and a member of a sorority there.

LOWDOWN

HELEN H., MONROVIA

Question—Please have the age and description of Kenneth Carpenter, KFI announcer, in the next issue.

Answer—Ken is an easy-going, amiable sort of a chap, and not at all hard to describe. He's about 30, is of medium height—neat, five nine, has blue eyes and straight light brown, hair. And he's married, Helen.

LOWDOWN

WALT B., FRESNO

Question—Last month in answer to a question by H. A. B., regarding the member of the Biltmore Trio who sang such high notes, you answered that the name was "Eddie Rush." Wasn't there some mistake, or am I wrong in thinking his name was "Bush?"

Answer—You're right—we're wrong. It was just another of those "slips that pass in the night"—a printer's error that got by undetected by our usually conscientious proofreader. The culprit is sorry and has been suitably punished.

LOWDOWN

L. R. C., SAN FRANCISCO.

Question—You always hear the Clark Sisters on the Blue Monday Jamboree at KFRC spoken of as the "Clark Sisters" and nothing else. What are their real names, please? Are either of them married?

Answer—Well, you see, it sounds better and snappier to say just "The Clark Sisters" than to say "Ruth Clark and Lila Clark." That's the reason you never hear their first names. Lila plays the piano.

THELMA T., OAKLAND.

Question—I've been wondering often about Harold Spaulding, of KFI. What does he look like? I have him pictured as having brown eyes and brown hair—tall and slender, perhaps. Is he married?

Answer—You must have been peeking, Thelma! You certainly hit it close, except for a few minor details. He is tall and slender, alright; but has blue eyes. Yes, he is married.

LOWDOWN

MRS. NANCY H., SEATTLE.

Question—How old is Guy Lombardo, of Columbia? I think he has the best orchestra on the air. Couldn't you use his picture sometime?

Answer—I'm glad you asked this question, Mrs. H., for I was really surprised myself when I dug up the answer. Guy is only 29 years old. He is one of the youngest orchestra leaders to have such a famous band as his Royal Canadians.

LOWDOWN

T. R. G., HOLLYWOOD.

Question—Can you tell me something about Vera Van, who used to sing at the George Olsen Club, and I believe with Sunny Brooks' band? Is she young, blonde, married or single?

Answer—Oh, haven't you heard? She won an audition at KHJ just recently where ten other singers participated, and was unanimously selected to join the staff of the Don Lee station. You'll hear more from this clever blonde. (And such a blonde) She's only 19, too, and single.

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You said in your magazine that you would like to know what the fans want. Personally, I think your magazine is one of the best going—and it is the best radio magazine. In fact, I've never seen another that begins to touch it.

But as for the things that we want, here are my favorites about whom or which I would like to have stories or pictures. First of all I'd like to have a picture, if not a story, of the characters in the "Crystal Cave" at KFOX, at 7:30 p. m. Next, a story and picture of "Chandu, the Magician" over KHJ at eight. You recently printed a story about the KTM (now KECA) Ranch boys and about Cecil and Sally, which I liked very much.

Others features I would like to see are "The King's Men (KFWB); the entire group of artists on the Jamboree at KFRC. I am looking forward to seeing some of these stories in your magazine sometime soon. I know you had a story on the Blue Monday Jamboree, but I want pictures of all of them, instead of a few.—MARY B., HOLLYWOOD.

**Tickled**

We were all tickled to see the pictures and article about the "Three Doctors," of the Columbia System. I listen in every time they are on and think they are the funniest mortals on the air.

I like them so well I clipped out their picture and pasted it on a piece of pasteboard. Every time I look at it I have to laugh. Whenever they're on I get out the pasteboard and have a good laugh all the time they are broadcasting.—MRS. J. S., BERKELEY.

**A Discovery!**

Say! I was listening on KGFJ the other night on the Family Hour, and they had a hot trio that was every bit as good as the old Rhythm Boys trio. They didn't tell their names, but they were certainly clever.

If I didn't know that the Rhythm Boys had split up I would have sworn they were on

the air that night. I hope we hear more of them, and that they tell who they are.—HARRY U., HOLLYWOOD.

**A Worthwhile Addition, Bill**

Well, I have my RADIO DOINGS for five months back, all stacked up beside the radio, and pretty nearly have them worn out. Every time a program comes on that I know I have some pictures of, I immediately take out the old DOINGS and keep it handy. How about an article and picture of the Boswells sometime, huh? That's something I need in my collection.—BILL H., BEVERLY HILLS.

**Well, We'll Try, Alma**

Your magazine is most interesting; in fact I can hardly wait for each issue.

BUT—I want to correct one thing you said a couple of issues ago, when you were attempting to discourse so fluently on the Arizona Wranglers at KNX. You made the broad statement that only one of the boys had married, implying that all the rest were true cowboys who had no use for women.

Let me set you straight. Several of them are married and have been for years. They are Sleepy, Nuhbins, and Hungry; to say nothing of the Sheriff, whose word I have for the preceding statement.

Try to get things straight, will you?—ALMA P., LOS ANGELES.

**Not For Children**

Soon after reading the article on the dramatization of the Clark trial in the September DOINGS, I noticed that they intended to actually broadcast the real thing next time. I didn't happen to listen in, and so don't know whether they did or not. Anyhow, I'm not in favor of it.

I have been to several trials—one of them a murder trial, and believe me, I wouldn't want my children to listen to one—and what's to stop them, if they come over the air? I can't stay by the radio to see that they don't turn on the radio when the trial is on. I honestly believe, if I thought they were going to broadcast some of the stuff I've heard at trials, I'd sell my radio.—MRS. S. B. J., LOS ANGELES.

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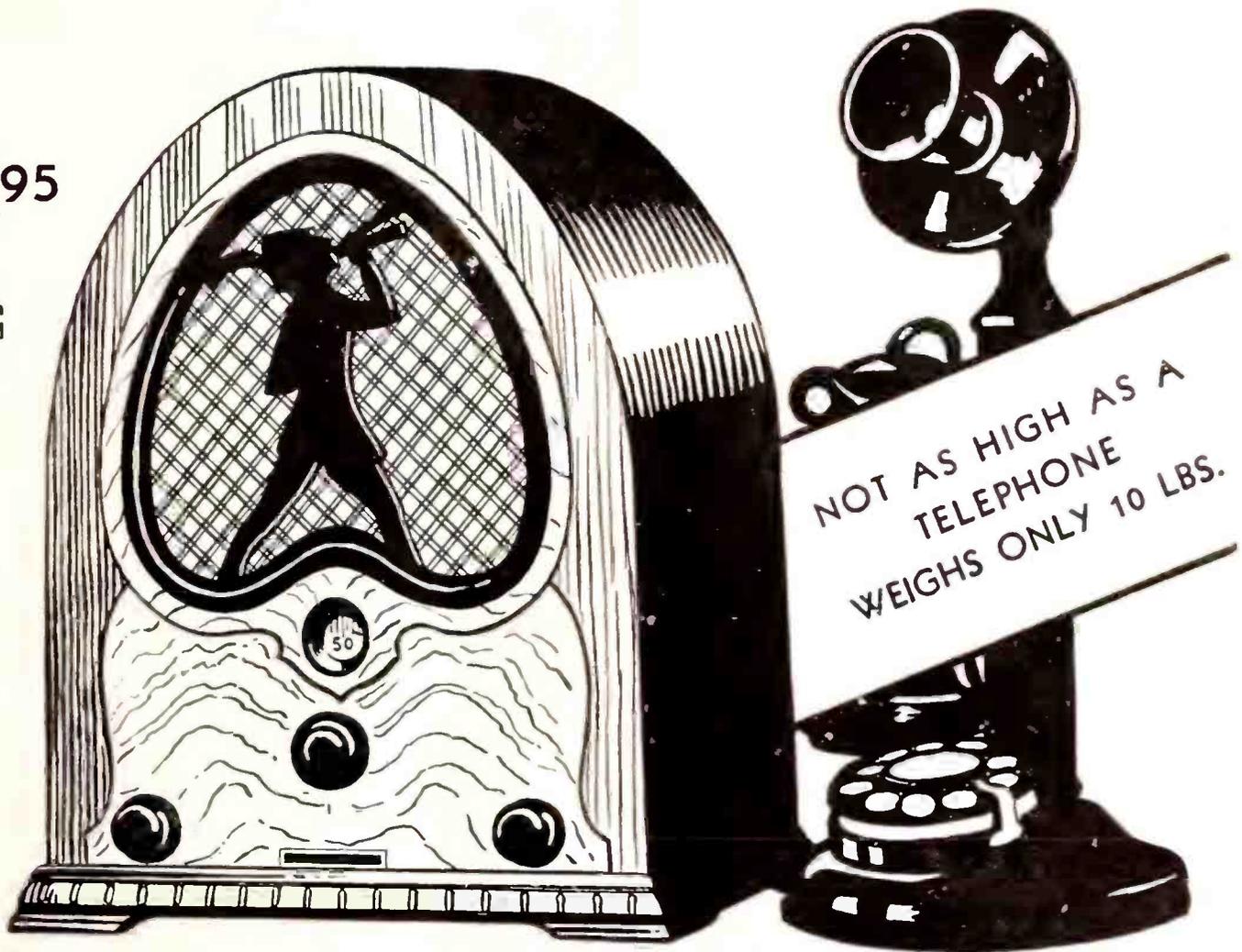
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