

RADIO DOINGS



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Programs That Are Worth Listening To!

Selected By the Editors of Radio Doings As the Best On the Air In the West

<p>"Adventuring With Count Von Luckner"</p> <p>Thrilling tales of the exploits of one of Germany's most famous war heroes.</p> <p>Time: 6:30 p. m. Sundays.</p> <p>Stations—(CBS) KOL KFPY KOIN KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH</p>	<p>Collier's Hour</p> <p>A spicy variety program, with music, drama, stories, opinion and specialties.</p> <p>Time: 5:15 p. m. Sunday</p> <p>Stations—(NBC-KGO)</p>	<p>Lofner-Harris Orchestra</p> <p>Consistently good dance music, well-balanced with ballads and specialties.</p> <p>Time: 11:00 p. m. except Sunday</p> <p>Stations: (NBC-KGO)</p>	<p>Paul Whiteman</p> <p>America's "King of Jazz" in a fast moving, talented program of popular music.</p> <p>Time: 7:00 p. m. Friday</p> <p>Stations—(NBC-KGO)</p>
<p>Adventures of Sherlock Holmes</p> <p>Good old mystery drama, that never fails to entertain.</p> <p>Time: 9:00 p. m. Mondays</p> <p>Stations: (NBC-KGO)</p>	<p>Columbia Church of the Air</p> <p>Religious Services in which Jewish, Catholic and Protestant leaders take part.</p> <p>Time: 11:30 a. m. Sundays.</p> <p>Stations—KOL KFPY KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ KOH KGB</p>	<p>Lucky Strike Dance Hour</p> <p>A fast-moving exhilarating hour of modern music played by the most popular dance orchestras of the country, colored by Winchell's inimitable wit.</p> <p>Time: 7:00 p. m. Tues., Thurs. Sat.</p> <p>Stations—(NBC-KGO)</p>	<p>Raising Junior</p> <p>A delightful domestic skit that every woman can enjoy.</p> <p>Time: 7:00 p. m. daily except Mon.</p> <p>Stations: (NBC) KPO KGA KJR KECA</p>
<p>American School of the Air</p> <p>One of the best applications of radio to education. Wonderful for children, and good for grown-ups too.</p> <p>Time: 11:30 a. m. daily except Saturday and Sunday.</p> <p>Stations: (CBS)</p>	<p>Chandu, the Magician</p> <p>A magic drama series that has taken children and grownups both by storm. Thrilling, mysterious and full of suspense.</p> <p>Time: 8:15 p. m. daily except Sunday and Monday</p> <p>Stations: (Back Cover)</p>	<p>Memory Lane</p> <p>An engaging series of rural drama sketches, with a cast of interesting and human characters.</p> <p>Time: 8:15 p. m. Tuesdays</p> <p>Stations—(NBC-KGO)</p>	<p>Richfield News Flashes</p> <p>A selection of the important late news of the day, delivered concisely and clearly by an excellent announcer who knows how to read.</p> <p>Time: 10:00 p. m. daily.</p> <p>Stations—(NBC) KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD</p>
<p>Amos 'n' Andy</p> <p>Clean, wholesome humor that hits the spot. A masterful consistent portrayal of two lovable characters.</p> <p>Time: 8:00 p. m. daily except Sunday</p> <p>Stations—(NBC)</p>	<p>Demitasse Revue</p> <p>A snappy half-hour of popular dance music, song and wit.</p> <p>Time: 7:30 p. m. Mon., 8:30 Fri.</p> <p>Stations: (NBC-KGO)</p>	<p>The Merrymakers</p> <p>Fun for all, and all in fun. A variety program that clicks.</p> <p>Time: 8:45 p. m. Saturday</p> <p>Stations—Don Lee System</p>	<p>Shell Happytime</p> <p>Dobbsie has a knack of putting over a program that is consistently good—and consistently popular.</p> <p>Time: 8:00 a. m. daily except Sunday.</p> <p>Stations: Don Lee System</p>
<p>Blue Monday Jamboree</p> <p>While the program is not always top-notch, we're always on hand. It's never unlistenable, and usually a two-hour good time.</p> <p>Time: 8:00 p. m. Mondays.</p> <p>Stations: Don Lee System</p>	<p>The Dinglebenders</p> <p>Kolb and Dill, the oldest active vaudeville team in the business, whose ludicrous German repartee has made two generations laugh.</p> <p>Time: 8:30 p. m. Tues., Thurs., Sat.</p> <p>Stations—(NBC-KPO)</p>	<p>Myrt and Marge</p> <p>A well-dramatized, cleverly produced serial, with some healthy punches both in plot and acting.</p> <p>Time: 7:45 daily except Sat. and Sun.</p> <p>Stations: (CBS)</p>	<p>Spotlight Revue</p> <p>A variety program of music, comedy and specialties that is excellent. Something for everyone in the Revue.</p> <p>Time: 9:30 p. m. Saturday</p> <p>Stations—KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI</p>
<p>California Melodies</p> <p>Raymond Paige and his great orchestra at their best. The only Columbia national program to originate on the Coast.</p> <p>Time: 9:30 p. m. Sunday</p> <p>Stations: (CBS)</p>	<p>Feminine Fancies</p> <p>Unusually good entertainment for the ladies. A fine list of talent, and finely-rounded program.</p> <p>Time: 3:00 p. m. daily except Sunday</p> <p>Stations—Don Lee System</p>	<p>NBC Matinee</p> <p>A smooth, entertaining program, full of spice and variety.</p> <p>Time: 2:00 p. m. daily except Sunday</p> <p>Stations: (NBC-KGO)</p>	<p>Sunday at Seth Parker's</p> <p>A homelike, lovable program that goes right to the heart. Non-religious, but strongly inspirational.</p> <p>Time: 7:45 p. m. Sundays</p> <p>Stations—(NBC-KGO)</p>
<p>Camel Quarter Hour</p> <p>A well-balanced program, with nice selection of musical numbers, and—Downey and Wons.</p> <p>Time: 8:30 p. m., except Sunday.</p> <p>Stations: (CBS)</p>	<p>G-E Circle</p> <p>A carefully prepared and worthwhile program for the American woman, with a helpful message and the best talent in the country for its guest artists.</p> <p>Time: 2:30 p. m. Sundays; 9:00 a. m. daily except Saturday.</p> <p>Stations—KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KFSD KTAR</p>	<p>Olympic Heroes</p> <p>An artistic dramatization of interesting highlights in ancient mythology.</p> <p>Time: 8:45 p. m. Tuesday</p> <p>Stations: Don Lee System</p>	<p>Sunday Night Hi-Jinks</p> <p>Swiftly climbing to the front as one of the West's brightest spots on Sunday evening.</p> <p>Time: 8:00 p. m. Sundays.</p> <p>Station: KFWB</p>
<p>Cecil and Sally</p> <p>A pair of clever artists, portraying the humorous adventures of two lovable kids. Good situations, good continuity and good character work.</p> <p>Time: 6:45 p. m. daily except Sunday</p> <p>Stations KPO KGA KJR KECA</p>	<p>Happy-Go-Lucky Hour</p> <p>Always a new surprise on Al Pearce's program. There's a spontaneity and informality that is refreshing about H. G. L.</p> <p>Time: 2:00 p. m. daily except Sunday.</p> <p>Stations: Don Lee System</p>	<p>Parade of the States</p> <p>A worthwhile historical and musical pageant that strikes a higher level than most radio programs.</p> <p>Time: 6:30 Mondays</p> <p>Stations—(NBC) KGO KHQ KOMO KGW KFI KSL</p>	<p>Woman's Magazine of the Air</p> <p>Instructive and entertaining; something for every woman.</p> <p>Time: 10:30 a. m. daily except Sunday 10:00 Thursday</p> <p>Stations—(NBC-KGO)</p>

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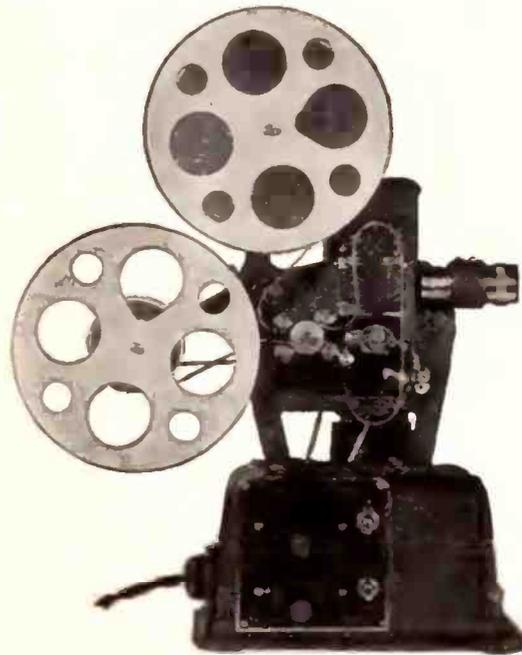
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RADIO DOINGS

"THE MOVIE MAGAZINE OF THE AIR"

Volume XX

Number 3-4

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Radio a la Theater

SOME of these days—when the last continuity writer has given birth to the last anemic gag, and broadcasters are safely esconced in padded cells after a fruitless search for new program ideas, somebody is going to get an inspiration. They're going to get an inspiration that has been right under their noses for a long time.

Doesn't it seem a shame that hours, days, and sometimes weeks, should be spent on the preparation of a program that goes on the air for a few brief minutes and is then lost forever? Quite often, listeners wouldn't mind listening for a second time to some particularly good program. Usually, there are many who missed out on it and who have no opportunity of ever hearing it.

Why not put exceptionally good programs on a "run" basis, as is the custom with legitimate plays and movies? Or perhaps hold the same program over for two or three days?

More time could be spent on the programs, more thorough rehearsals could be held, and the artists could really exert their best efforts in putting over a program that they knew was more than a here-today-gone-tomorrow performance.

After all, the sponsor, under present conditions, can only be assured of those listeners who happen to tune in to his program. An attempt is made to publicize the program in advance, but even this is difficult to achieve to its fullest extent.

It is safe to say that the number of listeners to a good program could be doubled, perhaps trebled, if the program were repeated and word-of-mouth recommendation allowed to function. The movie-goer who misses a picture in which his favorite actor appears, can see the same picture the next night just as well.

Competition among stations at present is in a helter-skelter, catch-as-catch-can situation. No one listens to the same station all of the time. He picks the programs he likes best on each and listens to them. But what if there are two exceptionally good programs both of which he wants to hear, coming on over different stations simultaneously? It is a common enough occurrence.

The main thing to consider, however, is the wanton waste of talent in the whirlwind, breakneck pace at which studio production staffs have to work. It must be disheartening for a writer to work his head off night after night preparing a play or a continuity, and then have it go up in a brief puff of smoke in a single performance. How can worthwhile talent really produce its best under these conditions? How can radio ever produce the stupendous, artistic performances destined for it by science? How can it ever fulfill its promise as an equal mate to the stage and screen?

It would certainly be an interesting experiment.



Odd Program Ideas Offered

ODD and unusual ideas for radio broadcasts, some of them extremely visionary and others merely over the border-line of practicability, continue to come to the broadcasters by mail and personal visitation. Programs to feature a trained horse, the kings of Europe, "baby talk" stories for children, a "Super-Salesman" to give inspiration to the business world, and another scheme to rout the business recession through the sale of "rooter" banners, were among the

recent crop of suggestions received by the various program-making divisions at the headquarters of Columbia.

One of the most curious proposals recently made to the Columbia system, was from a man who asked if the network would be interested in broadcasting over a coast-to-coast hook-up a program by a horse. The horse was a trained animal, his owner declared, and very intelligent. It could count, and answer questions yes or no—all with a varying number of neighs.

"But our elevators are not large enough to carry a horse, and our studios are on the 21st and 22nd floors in this building," protested the program director who talked to the man.

"That's nothing," he replied, "this horse once walked up 32 flights of steps."

The woman who wants to go on the air and talk "baby talk" to children is a recurring visitor to the broadcasters' program departments. "I've got an idea," she says, "I'll tell them stories in their own language, about 'the teeny-weeny 'ittle wabbit who went hippity-hoppity past the GWEAT BIGGY-WIGGY BEAR!'"

She is never impressed, according to the program directors, by their soft impeachment of the idea—that it does not correspond with the modern method for dealing with children. "That's just the point," she invariably says, "let's go back to the old-fashioned methods."

Among other odd and amusing proposals for a program series was one brought in by a Swedish-born woman who came to the Columbia headquarters in New York all the way from her home in Boston.

She thought it would be extremely interesting if a series of programs were arranged in which the feature talks would be given by all the kings in Europe. "Nobody but real kings would do," she said. "I could get them all, I know them all personally. We could start with the King of Sweden."

A corollary of her proposition was that the kings should be persuaded, after their broadcasts, to come to the United States and make personal appearances at theatres in the manner of other radio stars.

Supposed cures for the business depression recur among the current suggestions. One such enthusiast who made his way very recently to the desk of the Columbia executive charged with receiving all such visitors, had what he called "The Radio Super-Salesman Idea."

The trouble with the country during the depression, he said, was that the nation's salesmen were all sick and tired of their own sales-managers. Consequently, their hearts were not in their work, they couldn't sell any of their products, and the depression was the natural result.

Have the broadcasters enlist "Super-Salesmen," he proposed, to give twice-daily "pep talks" over a nation-wide hook-up of all the broadcasting stations in the country, order its salesmen to listen to these talks by nationally famous salesmen, and at the same time order its own sales-manager to keep silent.

The result would be, the visitor declared, that all of the nation's million or more salesmen, freshly inspired instead of bored, would go out with energy and enthusiasm, sell enormously—and the depression would collapse. The visitor was himself a salesman.

Impractical as most of the schemes are, the radio program makers go on with their letter-reading and interview-giving, in the hope that a certain percentage of gold will be recovered from the dross.

Shuler—and Free Speech

IS "Fighting Bob" Shuler, the loud-speaking Los Angeles preacher who last November shouted himself off the air, the people's champion of the sacred right of free speech? Or is he merely one of those persons who succeeded in talking himself into public notice?

Because he has injected the fundamental principle of freedom of speech into it, Bob Shuler's case is attracting nationwide interest. Writers of editorials throughout the country have taken it up, many of them terming Dr. Shuler a blatant and obnoxious personality but still defending his right to be heard on the ether.

A Methodist preacher from the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia, Dr. Robert Pierce Shuler landed in Los Angeles a dozen years ago, after a preaching career in various parts of the Old South, where preaching is traditionally direct and red-hot. At Los Angeles' Trinity Methodist Church, South, Bob Shuler built up a large admiring congregation and a reputation. In 1926 he went on the air. Station KGEF, licensed in the name of his church, was his mouthpiece, and on Station KGEF, Bob Shuler was the whole show. Its radio audience grew to be one of the nation's largest.

The air was sizzling with Dr. Shuler's vigorous and outspoken denunciations of civic corruption, and what not. Protests from various civic groups began to pour into the Federal Radio Commission at Washington. Consequently, last fall when Station KGEF's license came up for renewal, the application was set for hearing by the Radio Commission. Chief Examiner Yost of the Commission journeyed to the West Coast to hear the case. Testimony which filled many thousands of pages was taken. Examiner Yost, who is getting as great a reputation at working through the tangled affairs of radio as his famed football coaching brother Fielding Yost had at breaking through a tangled football field, carted his voluminous record back to Washington. He recommended that KGEF's license be renewed, although he severely condemned certain of the Shuler broadcasts.

The Federal Radio Commission, however, after reviewing the record, reversed Examiner Yost and refused to renew the license. Its opinion held that Dr. Shuler's choice of language and his criticism of personalities were against the public interest. It feared that were he to continue his broadcasts nobody's reputation would be safe, as it had been declared that many of Dr. Shuler's charges against individuals were based on half-truths, made without full investigation of the facts. Dr. Shuler, who argued his own case, himself had admitted that he had been misled on some facts.

The right to censor or restrict public utterances to the extent of preventing obscenity or indecency and libelous statement is well-recognized. Restriction on such grounds is not usually considered an abridgement of free speech, and the Federal Radio Commission presumably had no intention of going into the question of free speech in ordering Bob Shuler's station off the air. Its power to restrict libel and indecency is conferred by the Radio Act under which the Commission operates, and it felt that suspension of KGEF on these grounds was fully justified by the facts.

Bob Shuler, however, is a wildcat when it comes to fighting. He seized upon the wording of the Commission's opinion to raise the fundamental issue of freedom of speech. With his own broadcasting station silenced, he got himself as much time on the air as ever on other stations by announcing him-

self a candidate for office. He made much of the fact that the Federal Radio Commission notified him of its refusal to re-license his broadcasting station by a telegram sent collect for \$4.77. Appealing to his fan-following, he collected thousands of dollars to help fight his case, and carried the fight to the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia.

When the District Court of Appeals denied the stay order Bob Shuler sought against the Federal Radio Commission, he petitioned the Supreme Court of the United States for a writ of certiorari. The SCOTUS, as news scribes abbreviate the name of the nation's highest tribunal in their dispatches, refused to review the case, and Bob Shuler is back in the District of Columbia Court of Appeals. And his station is still off the air.

What the District Court of Appeals does will determine whether Fighting Bob Shuler's case is one that will make history or merely loud noise. If the Court sustains or reverses the Federal Radio Commission on the basis of facts, the only issue that will be decided will be the fate of Station KGEF. If, on the other hand, the Court rules on the right of the Commission to restrict freedom of speech, as Bob Shuler would dearly love to have it do, the reverberations will go far and wide. The whole set-up of radio will be shaken. The organized broadcasters and many others will jump into the fray. And Bob Shuler will be hailed as the people's champion of a fundamental constitutional right.

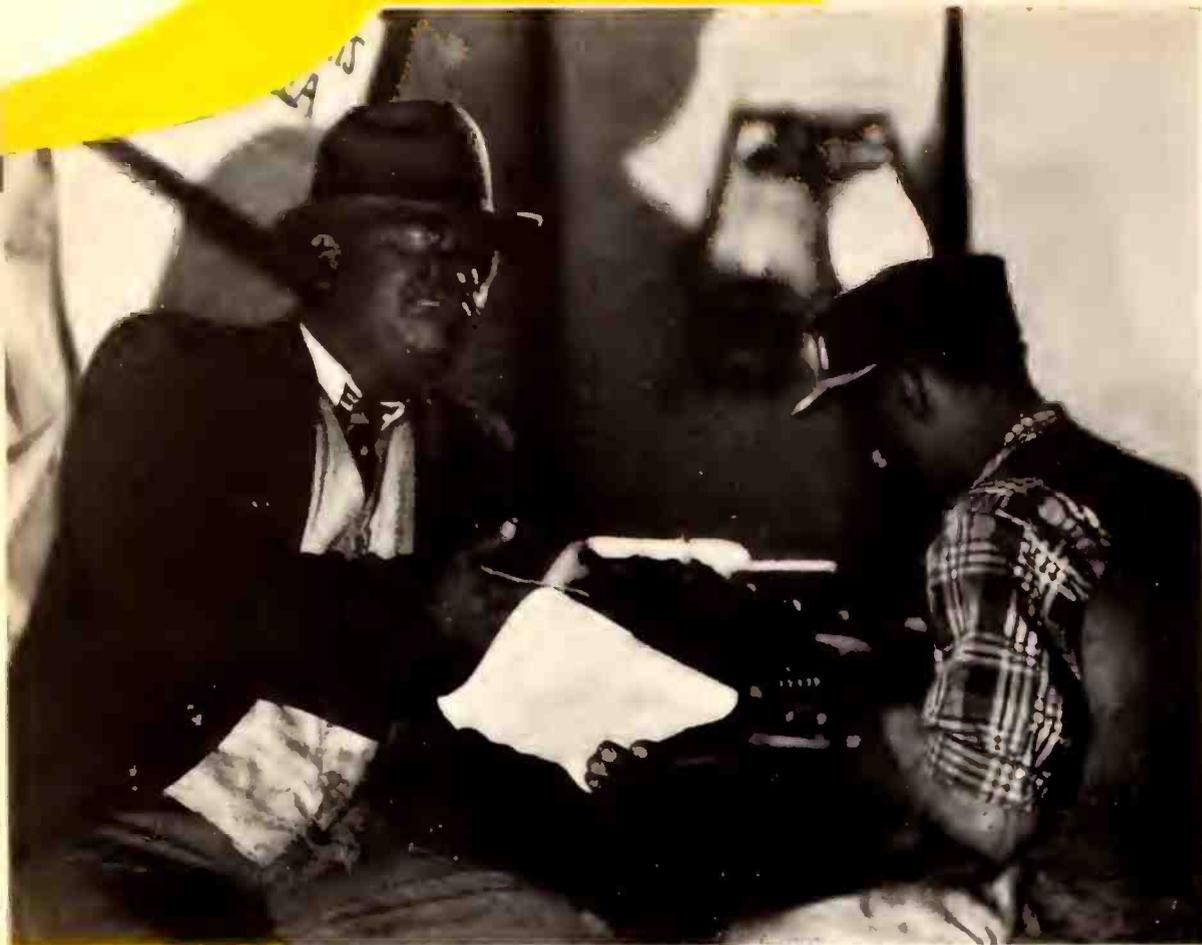
SAYS William S. Paley, president of Columbia: "Broadcasting is at once a public service and a business of incredibly swift growth. Mobility of operation, quick responsiveness to public taste and public needs are essential in this giant art.

"It should be recognized that this vast development and the dissemination of programs of popular and classical character have been due largely to the cooperation and support of advertisers.

"While broadcasting is now thoroughly established, I do not believe that even yet we can foresee its whole destiny. We do not know that through the industrial crisis commerce and industry have found it an indispensably strong weapon and that it is now assured of sufficient revenues to meet the vast sums required to serve its public and leave a fair margin of profit. This healthy stabilization has put broadcasting in a strong position to grapple with its ever new problems and to develop to a degree in America that it does not seem possible for it to attain anywhere else."

AND now it's possible to determine scientifically whether a singer is a crooner or not. And, by means of a new instrument devised a voice test showed that Morton Downey, for one, isn't to be included in the crooner category.

The instrument, called the "projection oscilloscope," reproduces voice and musical sounds in the form of a ribbon of light, vibrating across a silver screen. From the character of the ribbon produced, the quality, range and timbre of a sound can be accurately analyzed. Dr. William Braid White is the scientist who presented the new invention to the world recently.



A nation waited in suspense when Ruby Taylor lay dying. It tingled with excitement at the machinations of a crook trying to put a phone booth in the Fresh Air Taxi Company. Amos 'n' Andy have kept us guessing for five years, but this story explains everything.

NATURALNESS and simplicity! Undoubtedly the secret of the two headliners of the air, Amos 'n' Andy, in keeping the undivided support of their thousands of listeners.

Five years of dialogue! Millions and millions of words spilled into the ether. Thousands and thousands of miles traversed by those same words. And still going strong.

Naturalness and simplicity!

People do not find it hard to listen. Unconsciously they follow the trend of thought and mispronunciations with little effort. They are thoroughly entertained.

And for five years Amos 'n' Andy have had the world guessing. No one was allowed in the studio where they broadcast nightly, and no one except a chosen few could say exactly how they conducted their act.

Hundreds of listeners have sat before their radios, intently straining their ears for some clue as to the identity of Kingfish. While nearly certain that it was Amos, no one was absolutely sure. Lightin' is another mysterious being, and so is Brother Crawford and other characters brought into the serial. While the act was certainly not intended for a mystery thriller, still it aroused more conjecture, more curiosity, than many an orthodox mystery thriller.

Hundreds literally whooped the night

Amos had a cold and Brother Crawford betrayed the same vocal symptoms. At least, they knew one thing, that Crawford could be no other than Amos himself. But that couldn't be helped.

America accepted these two lovable comedians with open arms. Their droll remarks and twisted sayings became an integral part of the vernacular. "Ain't dat some'n" took its place in nearly everyone's vocabulary, and Andy's worried "Um-umh" was almost as common as "Ouch!"

Correll and Gosden so skillfully wove their continuity that even yet, after all the publicity they have acquired, no one imagines anything but two colored gentlemen before a microphone. The characters they have manufactured out of thin air are real, and as alive as they can be without actually being able to produce birth certificates!

Amos 'n' Andy are master showmen. Psychology of the air, if it may be called such, is instinctive with them. Planning programs for their listeners is the "entre" of their lives; two fifteen-minute periods a day before the microphone, the "dessert."

Not only do they write every word of the dialogues themselves, but they portray all of the characters in their sketches. The two boys are called upon to take the part of eight or ten persons in some episodes.

At Last! The AMOS

by
Blair Fernin

It is an exacting task at times, when each actor must handle four or five roles himself, for in a radio dramatization, if in no other type of production, characters must be distinguished by their voices. Correll, in addition to being Andy, plays several officers of the Mystic Knights of the Sea, and other characters to which his deep bass voice is adapted.

Amos, on the other hand, handles the parts of the Kingfish, Brother Crawford, Lightning, and other incidental characterizations for which a higher voice may be used. In some episodes in which a great many people are used, the boys are kept busy jumping in and out of roles of four or five different characters, each in the course of a fifteen minute broadcast.

When a new character is created, Correll and Gosden first decide upon the character and the type of voice he should have. They then each try several until the proper one is found. They try, however, to divide the characters as much as possible to allow a breathing spell in case several are used.

The difference in the voices of characters is achieved partly by changing the voice, and partly by changing the position in front of the microphone. For example, Correll will take the part of Andy by working with his lips close to the microphone, but if he should take the part of some other character, it may be necessary for him to get back approximately eighteen inches from the instrument.

Amos also moves back and forth in speaking the lines of the two or three

Here's An Article That Tells You Everything You've Been Wondering About Amos 'n' Andy—Who Takes All of the Various Parts, and How It Is Accomplished Behind Those Closed Doors in the NBC Studios Where No One Is Allowed To Enter. "Kingfish," "Brother Crawford," "Lightning," and All the Others Are Revealed In This Story About Radio's Most Popular Comedy Team

UTH About 'n' ANDY!

roles he happens to be portraying. Although they try to avoid it, sometimes it is necessary for Correll or Gosden to carry on an extended conversation with himself, in two different roles, and when this happens, he bobs back and forth in front of the "mike" in a manner which might cause someone who was unaware of the necessity for the changes to doubt his sanity.

To look at them, to meet them in an elevator, to bump into them at a club, is to come in contact with two "charmin' and dig'ified" gentlemen. There is nothing of the theatre about them. That is usually the way with supreme showmen. Their intrinsic charm lies in their unassuming air.

Blue eyes sparkle when Freeman J. Gosden, "Amos" to the world, speaks. His blond hair, darker now than in the summer time, when hours in the sunlight have bleached it, is brushed straight back from a broad brow. He quivers with vitality.

Andy, or Charles J. Correll, pierces one through with a pair of black eyes that snap, symbol of his Celtic ancestry, while a whimsical smile plays about a humorous mouth that reminds one, vaguely, of a "battered derby man," who has been heard in many hundreds of radio skits and who, unthinkingly, causes Amos no end of trouble.

If Amos hadn't had a flare for the theatre—he used to put on shows when he was a youngster—he might have been one of the best cobblers in Richmond, Va., where he was born. In fact, he was learning the shoe repair business when wanderlust seized him. Having limited means, and an unlimited desire to see a great deal, he joined the navy. He may have inherited a martial strain.

Gosden is saturated with the tradition and pride of the South. It was inculcated in him at birth. His father fought

on the Confederate side during the Civil War, and at the end of the struggle, was one of the group of seventy-five "Mosby Men" who refused to surrender to the Federal Government.

A beautiful Southern lady and a handsome Irish gentleman were the parents of Charles J. Correll. His great grandmother was a cousin of that fiery Confederate president, Jeff Davis. Andy, in his youth, had a newspaper route. He once washed towels at a Y.M.C.A. and

he excelled as a bricklayer. At circuses he would extol the thirst-quenching proclivities of ice-cold lemonade. At night he would play the piano, amusing himself, as he still does after his broadcasts.

But the theatre was in his blood. Amateur theatricals caught his fancy, and thus it is no such a coincidence that Amos 'n' Andy should find themselves working for the same booking company. Then and there originated that famous team which would one day take people away from dinner, cut down the number of telephone calls and induce silence in households at given periods.

A nation waited in suspense when Ruby Taylor lay dying. It tingled with excitement at the machinations of a crook attempting to put a phone booth into the Fresh Air Taxicab Company's office. It took a vacation when this pair went away for a few weeks to catch fish.

What is the secret of holding such a vast audience, of becoming part of its daily routine?

Naturalness and simplicity!

That is the answer. Everybody understands what is going on. Everybody "sees" these two very human individuals in the mirrors in which they see themselves and their friends.

They have no race. They have no creed. They are—
Amos 'n' Andy!

Amos (Freeman Gosden) and Andy (Charles Correll) as they are. If you met them in an elevator, you'd meet two charmin' "digified" gentlemen—you'd never guess their true identities.



Max Waizman Has Played Dialect Parts So Long That He's Apt To Break Into Potash and Perlmutter or Herr Fizzmeyer Almost Any Time. For Twenty Years He Has Been On the Stage, Appearing in "Partners Again," With Jimmie Gleason and Ann Harding In "Like a King," and "Street Scene." Now He Brings His Characters To The Air

HERR FIZZMEYER In PERSON—

by Hazel Wilson

NOT altogether coincidental was the choice of Max Waizman, noted actor and stage director who has joined the NBC staff in San Francisco, as the portrayer of the baffled German school-master in the Schooldays skit of the Associated Spotlight.

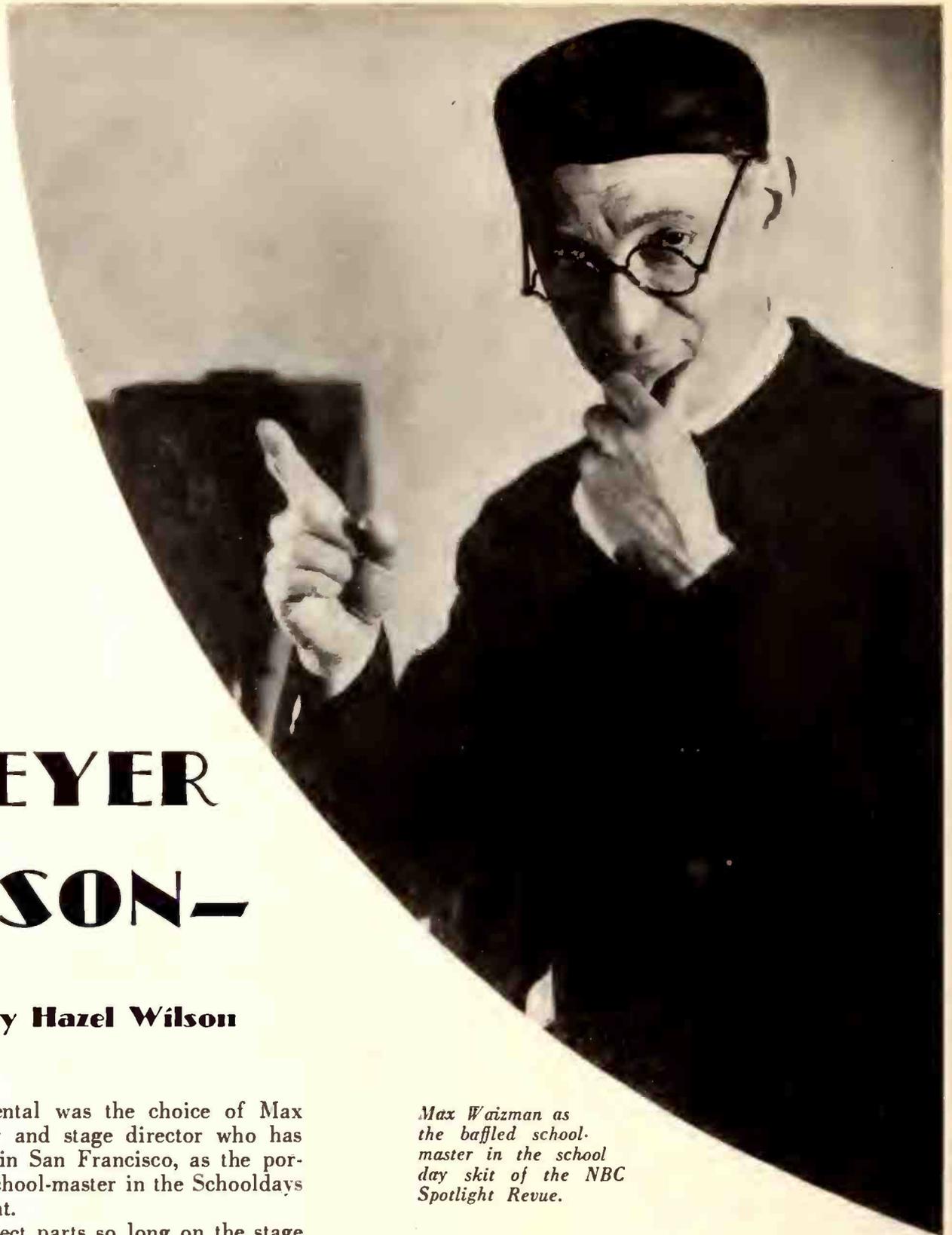
Max has been playing dialect parts so long on the stage that he's likely to break into a Potash and Perlmutter, Herr Fizzmeyer or some other dialect almost any time.

"One reason for that is because I have real German in my own blood," he explains when you ask him to divulge the secret of why comical mispronunciations roll off his tongue with a touch of authenticity far different from the strained stage effects sometimes heard in dialect performers.

Max's father came to San Francisco when it was a young city. He was the first paper-box manufacturer in that city, and he married the pretty daughter of another German arrival, who had come all the way around the Horn. Her uncle, John Pforr, was a Forty-niner who found gold in the real estate business instead of mines.

Young Max grew up in San Francisco and attended the University of California. Dr. Julius Klein was one of his class-mates and Rube Goldberg was a senior at U. C. when Max was a freshman.

Max started his theatrical career by joining the German Players at College, and from that it was an easy step to the



Max Waizman as the baffled school-master in the school day skit of the NBC Spotlight Revue.

Liberty Theatre in Oakland. There, later, he first met Tom Hutchinson, NBC production manager, Earle Hodgins, producer and other old Liberty alumni now at NBC.

Twenty years on the stage, including fourteen in New York productions, are the basis for Max's fine technique before the microphone. He played eighty-eight weeks on Broadway as the lawyer in "Potash and Perlmutter"; appeared in "Partners Again" and played with Ann Harding and Jimmy Gleason in "Like a King"; it was Ann Harding's first part. He was the "milk-man" in both the stage and screen productions of "Street Scene."

He has an odd hobby for a member of the Lambs' Club—painting. Landscapes in oil and in delicate pastels, done whenever he can find a day off to visit the country, are Max's method of "resting."

Besides playing the role of the schoolmaster in the Associated Spotlight, Max produces a number of NBC programs, including The Dinglebenders, Kolb and Dill's radio serial.

Radio's Most Lovable Kids

by
Betty Sheldon

Helen Troy and Johnnie Patrick, a Pair of Real Kids Themselves, Have Woven All of the Clean, Wholesomeness of Carefree Youth Into "Cecil and Sally," Bringing Laughs To Old and Young Alike

“**C**ECIL and Sally in person!”

Thousands of NBC listeners who now hear this famous pair on the NBC-KPO network, stretching up and down the Pacific Coast, wonder just what Cecil and Sally are in like in person.

“Well, Helen is pretty much like Sally,” says tall Johnny Patrick, smiling down at the diminutive Helen Troy, whose add, fascinating mouth curls at the corners while she lisps, “Oh, Thee-thul!” in Sally’s very best manner.

As a matter of fact, this engaging young couple who symbolize immortal youth so perfectly that their fans range from school children of ten and twelve to staid gran’mas of seventy. look just about as you imagine Cecil and Sally ought to look. They constitute one radio duo for whom “personal appearance” would not mean disillusionment for admirers, as many a one does.

But there are no such appearances in store for Cecil and Sally fans. Ever since Johnny and Helen put on an impromptu program to “fill in” an emergency vacancy at the broadcasting studio where they were both working, flesh-and-blood views of the pair have been taboo. So here’s the next-best thing—a close-up of each of them.

Johnny Patrick really believes Helen isn’t so unlike Sally, that lovable, lisping little girl who is said to devolve much of her attraction from the fact that she symbolizes for many a middle-aged listener his own first sweetheart.

One of the Sally-like traits Helen possesses is that she is decidedly frank, and says just what she thinks at the time. Another is her ambition—which Sally-ing probably will always keep her too busy to realize—to play character parts on the stage.

“The more horrible she would look, the better she would like it,” explains Johnny, with brotherly straightforwardness. “She loves ham acting and amateur plays—the worse the acting, the more she enjoys it. Well, now, isn’t that Sally-like?”

Sally plays the piano—so does Helen, and Helen sings beautifully as well. Her favorite method of relaxing is to sit down at the piano and run over dozens of songs. She writes music now and then, is too shy ever to show it to anyone, but

characteristically her ambition is to write “a real hit.”

Helen likes to drive, and finds it restful. She doesn’t ride horseback, but has been planning to take it up for years. Some year, she says, she’ll carry out her threat.

Carmel is her favorite resort. She loves to swim, preferably in cold ocean water! Plays bridge, and is a good player. Like Sally, she is “moderately domestic” in her tastes, but those who know her attest she’s a good cook, and adores babies and children. She hates to waste time. Once in a while she is a trifle late for rehearsals, but Johnny never has worried yet, for she is reliable as day and night and never has missed a program yet. Once she had such a sore throat that she didn’t talk at all except for the fifteen minutes she was on the air. Rehearsal was silent as the grave, but the performance was letter-perfect.

Johnny writes Helen out of the script once in a while, and when she comes back to work, she admits, Sallyishly, it was nice to listen in, but a lot nicer to be in!

Johnny (take it from Helen) is first, last and always an artist, possessing both the good and bad qualities known to that profession.

“He has a bad temper, but he always regrets it,” says Helen serenely. “He doesn’t keep an even keel so far as moods are concerned; Johnny is always extremely happy and congenial, or very low and—well, when he gets like that—watch out!”

Johnny sketches, caricatures, has a nice singing voice, and writes. He does not confine his writing to Cecil and Sally episodes, but short humorous sketches and several novels and plays have emanated from his active typewriter. His chief ambition is to become a playwright, and he prefers to work at night, many times getting up after several hours in bed, to write.

Johnny writes the Cecil and Sally skits during the day-time, at home alone. He keeps several weeks ahead on the episodes, but once produced a whole sketch forty-five minutes before going on the air, when one of the characters suddenly developed throat-trouble. Johnny wrote a new episode in thirty-five minutes flat, rehearsed it for ten minutes, and was ready to go on the air at the usual

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"Gee, Mary, I've lost my place again!"—maybe that's what Ted White (below) is signalling to Mary Wood, soprano, his partner in "Footlight Fantasies." Or maybe he doesn't really care—but it's all in the script, anyhow, now that microphone kisses have to be carried out in sight as well as sound.



With television advancing swiftly, and studio visitors expecting some real acting between the lines, here's the way Bernice Berwin and Ted Maxwell (above) make love before the microphone nowadays—nothing faked about that! Or with the way Ruth Matteson and Mike Raffeto of the National Players demonstrate the new microphone kiss that has replaced the old-time stuff of kissing the hand before the mike.

FAKE RADIO KISSES?

Not Any More! They're the REAL THING!

Not So Long Ago, a Radio Kiss—While It Sounded Great—Was Accomplished By Kissing the Back of One's Hand—But Today, the Smack That Thrills a Thousand Hearts Is Real Authentic Osculation!



In the days when sound effects were everything, here's how Bernice Berwin and Ted Maxwell used to kiss.

HERO: Ah, Violet, do you mean it? Are my hopes to be answered at last, my dear one? Cross your heart, huh?

Heroine: (Simply) Kiss me!

Hero: Ah! (He holds his left hand, the one not busy with the continuity, tenderly before the microphone and kisses it, a long, lingering smack. A-ah! A-a-ah! (Another schmutzer on the flipper.)

Heroine: Ah!

Announcer: You have just heard

"His Heart's Desire," drama by Reginald de Whoops, written especially for radio—

Which is the way they used to do it, in the good old days when Sound Effects were All.

But things are different, now. Spectators crowd galleries and corridors outside the glass-walled studios, to watch broadcasts, and there isn't much thrill, after following a warm love scene through increasing degrees of temperature, all the way to its climax, to see the handsome leading man imprint a loud, echoing kiss upon his own palm, or even the hand of the leading woman. It may sound like a real kiss through the loud-speaker, but the visitor who once sees it done never hears a radio kiss without visualizing that scene.

So, at least, producers in the NBC studios at San Francisco figure. Moreover, television's shadow is on the wall, and osculation without two persons actually taking part in it wouldn't get very far in a television broadcast. Imagine Romeo without a balcony to climb—and Juliet without a real kiss!

That's why, if you should stroll into one of the studios in NBC's Pacific Division headquarters and find Ted White, NBC tenor, and Mary Wood, NBC soprano, very much engaged in a scene like the one pictured—don't back out, coughing loudly—they're just rehearsing "Footlight Fantasies," their musical romance broadcast Wednesday afternoons through the NBC-KPO network. They do their love-making to music—and to the lines of their continuity, all before the microphone.

Another prize osculator—before the microphone—is Michael Raffetto, handsome leading man of the NBC National Players. He and Ruth Matteson, pretty blonde radio leading woman might even be found in a scene like the one which the camera caught—and it wouldn't mean a thing, except that when you sit before your speaker these spring evenings and hear the lovers in the nightly ether drama twittering like a couple of love-birds, the action isn't altogether verbal, any more!

by
**Louise
Laudis**

TREHERBERT, in South Wales, produces three things in magnificent abundance—coal, music, and Joneses.

That is why Gwynfi Jones, NBC tenor, who was a collier before he became a radio star, is amused when people express surprised admiration that a voice like his could grow in a coal mine.

"Everybody sings in Treherbert, and the Joneses sing most of all," he explains gravely. "There are few artificial amusements in small Welsh communities, so they make their own music. They've been doing so for so long in Treherbert that it's little wonder they make good music—think of all the generations of Joneses alone who have sung and played instruments in Treherbert—how can we help being musical?"

The tenor of the NBC Matinee group is one of nine sons in the Jones family. The tenth young Jones was a girl who promptly was named Gwladys, to harmonize with Gwynfi, Emlyn, Ivryn and Glydwr—you just pronounce them the way they're spelled—it's easy!—if not with Jim, Oliver, Samuel, Oliver and Trevor. All of them, Mr. and Mrs. Jones included, sing or play some musical instrument, so it was natural for Gwynfi to begin his own musical career at the age of eight, by playing the fife and drum in a Treherbert band composed almost altogether of Joneses.

"Nobody taught me to play the fife."

A Rare Bit of WELSH

he recalls. "But there was all manner of instruments in the house, and when I began thumping the drum, I was allowed to develop my own sense of rhythm and get what notes I could from the fife.

"The band used to play 'Highland Laddie' a lot; I can still remember how proud it made me feel to march along with them, rat-a-tat-tatting on the drum, and piping away on the fife."

Later he studied piano and the Flugelhorn—he plays both of them well enough to have earned his living for several seasons with them—but he was always more interested in singing than in anything else. He was still classed among the altos in the church choir when he first trotted into the mines beside his father—a little boy, just out of school, and even prouder than when he was marching in the band, to know that by Treherbert tradition he was a man now by virtue of his pick and lantern.

Like the others miners he warbled to himself when he worked along in the long, dark caverns which his Welsh ancestors—miners too—used to people with pixies and brownies who could be

Gwynfi Jones, of NBC, Is Direct From Wales, Where Everyone Sings As Soon As He Can Talk. Gwynfi Learned To Sing in a Coal Mine, and Was Still Classed Among the Altos When He Toiled In the Mines With His Father

by Mary Cooper



tory after all, and Gwynfi was gone from Treherbert, taking its prettiest girl with him as his bride. His ability as a pianist and Flugelist brought him engagements in London, and he toured with several English bands, then joined the Cymric Choristers, first as accompanist, then as tenor soloist.

In 1924, a friend from Treherbert came to California and sent back a jubilant letter filled with tales of America which so enthralled the young Welsh singer and his wife that they decided to follow him.

They arrived in California with Gwynfi's voice and two capable hands as their only assets, and for three long months the hands kept the voice, while Gwynfi worked as a day laborer in a construction plant, and his wife and he tried to calculate "Wyth punt am rent—eight pounds for rent!"

Then someone who had heard him singing while he worked—the collier habit was still with him—told someone else about the golden-voiced young Welshman who wanted to sing, but was obliged to work as a laborer—and a Sacramento club asked him to present a recital. Gwynfi gasped "Yes" before he discovered that a "recital" meant singing in several languages the ballads and arias which were expected of him. He had six weeks before the event, however, and in those six weeks, with the aid of a clever linguist, he mastered a repertoire of sixteen songs in German, Spanish, Italian and French. It was hard work, and Gwynfi smiles as he recalls how he memorized foreign words continually, even while on the street. But the recital was a success—such a complete one that the club exceeded its original fee, and on it the Jones family came to San Francisco.

Radio opened an avenue almost immediately, and Gwynfi joined the staff of KGO when the station was inaugurated. His versatility makes him especially suited to microphone work, for he can sing semi-standard songs in one program and offer an exacting role in a studio opera on the next one. He frequently covers this range in the same program, when he appears on the NBC Matinee, where listeners hear him both as a soloist and as a member of the Criterion Quartet.

Besides his radio work, Jones is heard at Calvary Presbyterian Church, where he is Director of Music, and in occasional recitals.

frightened off if you sang a song or recited rhymes at them. And like the other miners, young Gwynfi sang at rest as well as at work, with hard-fought games of cricket as the chief variation to chorals and church entertainments.

When he was in his early twenties, his voice changed from the baritone richness which followed its alto period, to the clear, beautiful tenor of today, which still retains the warmth of its one-time low range, making Italians call Gwynfi's voice a "lyrico spinto."

With the change in his voice, Gwynfi realized for the first time that if he stood out as uniquely gifted in such a community as Treherbert, where almost the entire population is gifted, he might find a bigger audience somewhere. He tried out for the County Council scholarship, which would give him a year's study at the London Conservatory of Music, only to lose because he was over the age limit of the competition. Back to the mines went the young singer, and back to the Bute-Merthyr cricket team, of which he was captain.

Then, unexpectedly, came an opportunity to study at the London Conserva-

Vocal Boy Makes Good!

Tommy Harris Is Supposed To Be In Five Or Six Places At Once—And Heaps of Scented Letters Tend To Prove That He's Succeeded Pretty Well

by
Ralph Clark

IT'S JUST too bad, folks, that there isn't enough of Tommy Harris to go around. He's such a likable young chap. Even his listeners, particularly the ladies, if mountains of vari-tinted, sweetly odoriferous letters may be taken as a criterion, have taken him to their hearts.

It would suit Tommy, too, if there were about a half dozen more of him. He's always supposed to be in five or six different places at the same time, which almost everyone agrees is a darn hard thing to do. In fact, it's almost an impossibility. But Tommy tries. Which is one of the many reasons why everybody likes him.

Aside from being likable, Tommy has talent, spelled with a great big "T." And he has that intangible something that Eleanor Glynn named "It," which, when not applied to the female species, means "personality." All of which makes him one of the most popular of the KFRC, San Francisco, staff artists.

Once Tommy got under way, his rise was rapid and phenomenal. When he came to KFRC several years ago, he was practically unknown, with only a varied background of vaudeville experience. Within a few months, he had risen to one of the reigning favorites over the Columbia-Don Lee network. And he has held that place since. Good? They've got to be good! (Apologies to the ciggy ad writers.)

Tommy's first experience with the public came at the tender age of ten years, when he got up on the big stage at the Granada Theatre in San Francisco and sang comedy songs for Paul Ash. He was a hit and there followed numerous theatrical engagements. But the strain was too much for his young vocal

chords. Mother Nature took her toll and young Tommy awoke one morning to discover his voice, so far as singing was concerned, was gone. It was not until six years later that M. N. relented and his voice returned, all freshened up, in excellent spirits and ready for hard work.

The hard work started after Tommy won a silver cup for imitating Al Jolson. From the El Capitan Theatre in San Francisco he started on a tour which took him up and down the coast and through Canada.

Tommy swears that it wasn't a publicity stunt, but when he reached Port Arthur, Canada, he came down with appendicitis. This occasioned an international exchange of greetings when the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce sent him flowers while he was in the hospital there, and the Port Arthur Chamber of Commerce acknowledged them with the pomp and splendor true diplomatic relations calls for.

Back in San Francisco again, the young singer organized a small band



Tommy and his band that went around the world. That's Tom in front.



among some lads of his age. One night they were playing a benefit for the American Legion when the Robert Dollar publicity agent approached Tommy and asked him if he and his gang would like to go around the world.

"It came so sudden," says Tommy, "and we were so excited that we almost broke down and cried then and there."

That is how Tommy Harris' band got the orchestra berth on the President Wilson for a trip around the world. Tommy acted as director and master of ceremonies and his vivid personality won him many friends.

Shortly after his return to the states, Tommy dropped into KFRC one afternoon and asked for a tryout. Harrison Holliday, station manager, heard him and from that day to this, Tommy has been an integral and popular part of the Don Lee Station's artist staff.

Tommy is now heard singing regularly during many of KFRC's feature productions; namely, the Golden State Blue Monday Jamboree, the Happy Go Lucky Hour, the Friday night "Preview," the H-O Surprise Program on Thursdays and the Tuesday afternoon "Feminine Fancies" hour.

Strange as it may seem, Tommy is a dyed-in-the-wool radio fan himself and has his favorite radio stars just like anyone else. Although he has never met him, Tommy's favorite is Donald Novis, who sings over KFI from the Ambassador Grove in Los Angeles. (Who's press agent am I, anyway?) Tommy thinks he's (Novis, not Harris!) the best male singer on the air, but Tommy has a lot of friends who won't agree with him on this subject!

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"Oh—Yah?" comes back Clarence Kolb (left) to one of Max Dill's caustic remarks. The oldest active vaudeville team in America, Kolb and Dill have been pals since they were in knee pants—and began stage work almost as soon. In many homes, three generations have followed the pair in vaudeville and now on the radio, they bring the same wit and humor that has made them loved in the West for a third of a century.

KOLB and DILL— Still “Side by Each”

After Thirty-Four Years Together, The West's Most Popular Comedy Team Takes Its Place On the Air—With Dialect and Wit of a Kind That Never Grows Old

by John Bacon

“TOGETHER side by each” they started out 34 years ago on the vaudeville stage, one of an army of German dialect teams in which a tall, slim chap and a short, rotund one waged a never-ending, ever-humorous wrangle before the footlights.

Today, at the peak of their profession, and piling up new honors on the ether, Clarence Kolb and Max Dill, oldest active theatrical team, are still “together side by each.” “The Dinglebenders,” the serial in which they are heard three nights a week on the NBC-KPO net work, has an audience of almost uncountable dimensions, stretching up and down the Pacific Coast. In many homes, three generations of listeners follow the pair who, for almost four decades have entertained theatre-goers with a characteristic brand of offerings whose popularity has never faltered, no matter how public taste has changed in other directions. The quaint dialect, the grammatical errors and the conversational mix-ups by which Kolb and Dill have made theatre audiences laugh for years, have an appeal just as strong when heard through the home radio sets of their thousands of fans.

The Pacific Coast has been a Kolb and Dill stronghold for so many years, that to Westerners the two veteran fun-makers are identified altogether with the West. They were born in Cleveland, Ohio, however—and their first vaudeville act, “Together Side by Side,” was an echo of their boyhood days. They were not quite next door neighbors, for one house intervened between their respective homes, but from their grammar schools days parents and neighbors always knew that when they saw Clarence Kolb, Max Dill was not far away, and that when Max was implicated in some boyish prank, Clarence undoubtedly was equally guilty.

Even in boyhood, Kolb always was the slimmer and taller of the two friends, and Max was inclined toward plumpness. So when they began to take part in amateur theatricals, they inevitably turned to comedy rather than drama, and jiggled together, sang together and poked fun at each other in dialect.

They chose German dialect because

it came more easily to them. There were many Germans in the section of Cleveland where they grew up, and many of their most famous jokes evolve from memories of this or that delicatessen dealer or other familiar boyhood figure of German extraction.

Incidentally, Ernest R. Ball was a member of one of these families of German blood with whom they grew up. Ball was a classmate of Kolb's, who believes that the famous ballad-writer's Irish mother and German father formed the combination which made the music of their son famous. Even Ball's “When Irish Eyes Are Smiling,” he points out, is a combination of sentimental affection for Erin, portrayed in typically German music.

Max and Clarence, interested as they were in music—they both belonged to mandolin clubs—had no ambitions to be song writers, although Kolb later wrote songs for his own productions. Both turned to business for several years after they left school, and Max was the manager of a laundry route, and Clarence was selling life insurance for the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company so fast that when he resigned he was

supervising the activities of eighty other salesmen.

That was in 1899. A vaudeville agent offered the pair a chance to perform on the Orpheum circuit as they did at their mandolin clubs, and they accepted in a gasping duet of “Yes.” Their first act was one of a number of other German dialect teams made up of a tall, thin chap and a rotund foil, but out of them only two teams rose to lasting fame. One was Weber and Fields; the other, Kolb and Dill. For years the two teams debated which was the older, but since Weber and Fields have retired, the NBC team is the oldest team still active.

They arrived in San Francisco the very first season they were on the road, and made their first Western appearance on a bill which included Jessie Bartlett Davis, McCahill and Daniels and many another name now passed into theatrical history. Something in the California air struck a responsive chord in the hearts of both partners. They toured the coast, falling in love with it more and more. Then, under the management of Fisher and Redman, they went to Australia, where the same quality which made the young chaps “click” almost from their first performance won them a large following.

Back in the United States, they were amazed to learn how much money they had made for their managers, and when, at the end of the next year, Fisher and Redman retired, with \$200,000 apiece, all earned out of Kolb and Dill productions, they held grave consultation.

“If producers can make that much money out of shows in which we are the stars, we'd better produce our own shows after this,” Kolb exclaimed.

“Good—I'll manage us,” said Dill promptly.

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No less a person than Governor Rolph introduced Kolb and Dill to the radio audience when they made their microphone debut in the “Dinglebenders.” Left to right: Earl Gilmore, Clarence Kolb, Governor Rolph, Max Dill and Don Gilman, head of Pacific NBC.

Those Who Think That Good Popular Music Ended At "Missouri Waltz" or Even "Annie Laurie," Should Read This Article in Defense of the Modern Songs—It Will Change a Lot Of Ideas

Another Article

by

TED WHITE

RECENTLY, making a plea for tolerance of crooners, I presented the claim that there was room enough in the ether for all manner of singers.

Now I want to do the same for popular songs and modern music—and ask you to give them fair consideration.

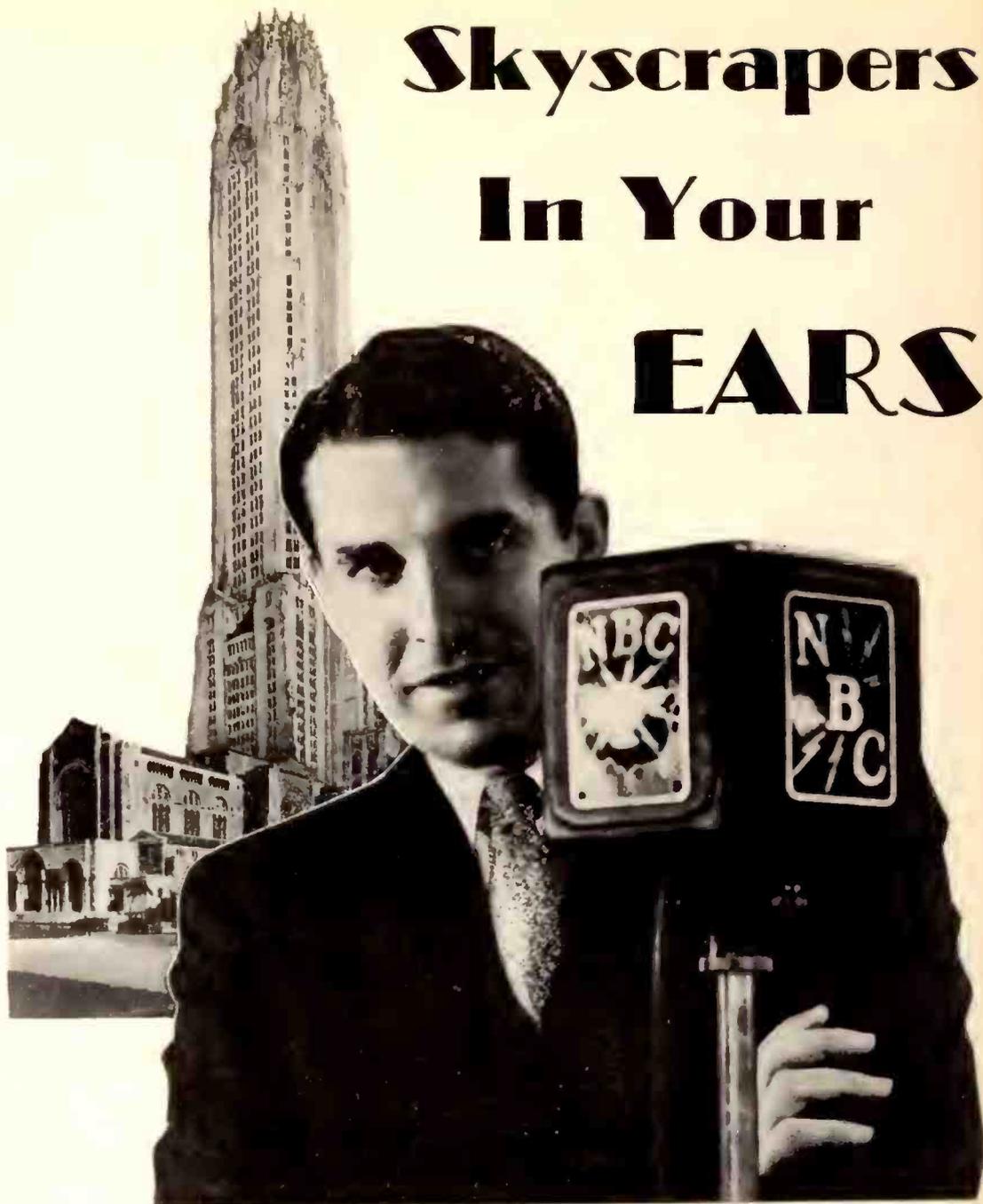
Popular songs of the day are overbrimming with philosophy. Never have the tunes people sing afforded more food for meditation.

Song has donned an air it never had previously—a vulgar audacity, a proud carriage of the city streets which testifies to the progress—or what name have you for it?—of civilization. It speaks the slang of the rialto while retaining a certain delicacy, a touch of romance, in the way Francois Villon's poetry does.

Our songs today express ardor, dash, and with a very mixed language, wit and eloquence. They fail when they try to be sublime. But in irony they are splendid, and it is right that they should be so.

The most skillful painters never placed the high light on canvas, never better chose the point to which to direct the gaze and mind of the spectator than have the Gershwins and other sound-painters of our contemporary life. Yet louder and louder grow the outcries of some outraged listeners and old-time musicians who, in their inability to move on with time, look backward to the good old days and the good old airs of their fathers, quite forgetting there may be merit in the aspirations and the songs which express these aspirations, of their sons.

"Synthetic" some of them call modern music, and they are right. It IS synthetic in the sense of being manufactured, perhaps even forced, because music no longer is simple and inevitable as it was once, growing out of the unconscious minds of generations follow-



Skyscrapers In Your EARS

" . . . Popular songs of the day are overbrimming with philosophy. Never have the tunes people sing afforded more food for meditation."

ing upon each other, singing the same folk-songs and the same tunes.

The secret of the charm old music has for us is that we feel and hear in it a style of composition which men have had time to refine and embellish upon these old folk-airs. The old-world symphony, growing from a simple folk-song, was built as an old-world cathedral was built—slowly, to last forever, and decorated inside and out, where it could be seen and where it could not be seen, from the crypt to the roof.

The modern composer has neither time nor energy for this delightful kind of building. He is too busy calculating and prefiguring a fast-changing public taste. His musical method is like the skyscraper—it is nine-tenths structure. So much effort has gone into the building of it, elaborately orchestrating it, making it fit to outstartle anything else which has already startled the public to the point of satiation; it is so new,

and must be popularized so quickly, before it is out of date, that nobody is very much interested in the character of it.

But why refuse to accept it without trying to understand it and the world it mirrors? A listener is confronted at every turn of the dial with radical musical novelties about which his inherited taste in music teaches him nothing at all. He knows that in the past there were novelties, too, that Wagner and Debussy were the objects of such villification and sneers as even the poorest modern stuff today has never suffered. The pace of change in their cases was so much slower that their acceptance did not seem to cause a radical change in music, but believe it or not, they are two of the gentlemen who brought on modernism.

Wagner's thunders and Debussy's rebellious disharmonies expressed the changing spirit of their generations—
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Having Doors Slammed in His Face Was a Common Experience For Alexander Gray, But, Nothing Daunted, He and His Good-Natured Smile Boldly Assaulted the Gates of Opportunity—He Has Sold Pots and Pans, Operated Punch Presses, Stoked Ship, Taught School and Then Turned to the Stage and Radio

ALLEX GRAY, who once had the doors of two continents slammed in his face, today wins a nightly hearing in homes covering a quarter of the globe. He turned the trick with a song and a smile.

This blue-eyed, stalwart American is much like a medieval minstrel brought up in a modern setting. He adventured into life in many roles and emerged with a song. Then, alone, he crashed Broadway, Hollywood and radio land.

Alex first knocked at the gates of opportunity as an adventuresome college boy, working his way. He scarred his fingers in the punch presses of Philadelphia. His toes were pinched in the door sills of Pennsylvania while he sold pots and pans. He banged fire doors as a stoker aboard a transatlantic ship. Vaulted entrances of English estates clanged shut against him on a selling trip around the world.

Gray studied to be an engineer and turned to the stage after he had been a technical writer, teacher, and business man. His life explains his vigorous, yet gentle manner, his dashing artistry, yet modest presence among friends, and his



chum set out to girdle the globe. They worked their way across to England as deckhands on a freighter. Alex first learned the value of his voice on the high seas. His harmonizing with a deckhands' quartet won him a dinner in the skipper's cabin. But disappointment awaited them in England. Their plans to sell stereoscopic travel pictures didn't click.

"The idea," Gray said, "was that if you bought the set, you merely had to sit down and see the world in your front parlor. But the sets were too expensive. The people who could afford to buy them were the same people who preferred to travel. We didn't even get to the road to Mandalay, the heaven of baritones. We dissolved partnership and I came home in the stoke hole of a yacht."

Alex, stripped to the waist, wheeled and heaved coal in the fireroom as the small vessel lurched in large waves. There was no ventilation. Six men sweated before the fires. They alternated with chills and fever. The angry crew vented their grudge on the mess boy, who Alex warned to stay clear

Alex Gray - Gate Crasher

simplicity in living. He maintains no manager, no secretary, and gives his bachelor household on Long Island to the care of a cockney maid. Alex Gray has hoed his own row and enjoys life without fanfare.

He was born in Wrightville, Pa., a town otherwise distinguished when revolutionary forefathers once hoped to make it the capital of the United States. He was christened Alexander Pringle Gray VI. For six generations it has been the custom of the Grays to so name their eldest sons. His father was a Baltimore shoe manufacturer and his mother a Pennsylvania school teacher.

When Alex was a year old the family moved into Baltimore. There he attended grammar school and chased fire engines. He grew up through summer vacations spent on the dairy and tobacco farms of his uncles in Lancaster County, Pa. He milked eighteen cows, pitched hay and picked tobacco.

His parents next moved to Philadelphia. Gray attended Central High School and developed a liking for mechanics by working in the machine

shops. "I operated a punch press on thin sheet iron strips," Alex recalls. "See the scars? That was my first salaried job—I got \$12 a week."

His enrollment as an engineer in Pennsylvania State College followed. There he spent four years to win a degree in industrial engineering, took part in school activities and was a member of Delta Upsilon fraternity. He pitched hay, fired furnaces, sold magazines and cooking utensils for expenses. "And, believe me, I had many a door slammed in my face," Alex adds.

While there he crashed into his first musical comedy. He was cast as "Belinda, the boiler-maker's daughter," title role in the college operetta, "Beautiful Lady." Alex was the 170-pound and muscular lady. "I also played a little football and baseball, but I wasn't what you would call a prima donna in the latter," he says.

After graduation, Gray and a college

after the others threatened to toss the lad overboard. Gray rates it as his hottest and toughest job. At the end of the two-weeks trip to New York he was given \$15 in wages.

Back home, he met Madame Louise Homer, opera star, who encouraged him to take his voice seriously. She gave him access to see a season's performance at the Metropolitan Opera House. He studied music, language and the opera in his spare time while serving as a technical writer for a New York magazine.

Then began a circuitous route to Broadway and Hollywood. Alex accepted any work that would enable him to continue his voice culture. He taught wood-turning and carpentry in a boy's school. He moved to Chicago, teaching at a military academy, singing in a church choir, and adding to his vocal education at Northwestern University.

The National Federation of Musical Clubs, holding an audition, cited him as an outstanding young singer. He sang at their convention in Los Angeles. Con-

(Turn to Page 30)

by
Don A. Higgins

OH KAY— AMERICA!

The Inside Story of The Coast-to-Coast Broadcast

“O. K., SAN FRANCISCO!” cries Mrs. Winchell’s boy, Walter, and countless radios from Maine to San Diego echo the words.

“Carolina Moon” is heard by a nation-wide audience at the exact instant the words leave Morton Downey’s lips. Scattered friends, relatives and strangers in every hamlet in the country sit together in one great audience, united for a few moments by invisible ties.

Blase as we are, inured to surprises and the thrill of the new, we can still get a few spinal quivers when we hear President Hoover in Washington, Bing Crosby, and Amos ’n’ Andy in Chicago, Will Rogers and George Arliss in Hollywood; and other familiar notables appearing on the *same program*, yet separated by thousands of miles.

Simple though it all seems, the story behind the nation-wide network broadcast leaves one in breathless awe at the complexity of the gigantic, precise machine that makes these programs possible. The efforts of hundreds of men and women are required to bring “O. K. Denver” into a Hollywood living-room. Oftentimes weeks and even months of planning and effort lie behind the production of a single fifteen-minute program, and thousands upon thousands of dollars are expended.

On New Year’s Day, Bebe Daniels, Hollywood actress, sang from a Los Angeles studio, accompanied by Paul Whiteman’s orchestra, which was in Chicago! The program was the first experiment in synchronization to be tried over a national hook-up. Without missing a single note or losing the rhythm, Miss Daniels sang to Whiteman’s music as perfectly as if they had been in the same room. Here’s how it was done. At a given signal, Whiteman’s band commenced playing the introduction. Through the NBC-WJZ network, it was picked up in Los Angeles. At the same time, Los Angeles was hooked up on the same network, over a separate wire, prepared to broadcast back to WJZ.

When Miss Daniels commenced singing, both programs were broadcast simultaneously at each end of the line and over all stations on the network. Both Miss Daniels and Paul Whiteman wore earphones, and governed their song and music accordingly, by following each other.

Network broadcasting is anything but inexpensive. Every hour spent on the

Columbia chair of eighty-three stations costs the sponsor of that hour \$15,255—and that doesn’t include the cost of talent! The cigarette company that sponsored Bing Crosby paid \$6,188 for that fifteen minutes, or \$37,128 a week.

Sometimes a New York sponsor, in order to get his program out to the Pacific Coast at a desired hour, finds it necessary to have a re-broadcast made at an hour that is most desirable in the West. Morton Downey and Tony Wons, for instance, who are heard by Eastern listeners at 7:45 p. m. Eastern Time, do the same program all over again at 11:30 that night, to reach the Pacific Coast at 8:30 Pacific Standard Time.

As common as transcontinental broadcasts are, the number of listeners who understand what “makes them tick” is startlingly small. One prevalent misconception is that the local station, by means of a high-powered radio receiver, tunes in on the far-off station, places the loudspeaker against a microphone and re-broadcasts over the local transmitter. If such were the case, what would prevent every little 50-watt station in the country from tuning in on

Last New Year’s Day, in the first national network experiment in synchronization, Paul Whiteman and his famous orchestra, sat alone in the Chicago NBC studios, two thousand miles away from California, and accompanied—



It Takes the United Efforts of Hundreds of Men and Women To Produce a Single Nation-Wide Network Program, and Sometimes Months of Planning and Thousands of Dollars Expense. This Article Explains Many of the Things You've Wondered About Chain Broadcasting

by Dou Frank



Miss Bebe Daniels, who sang from Los Angeles. Both Miss Daniels and Whiteman used earphones to hear each other; they both governed themselves accordingly, and the result was broadcast over the entire network as a single program!

Amos 'n' Andy, placing a mike up against the speaker, and blithely presenting it as their own program?

All network broadcasting is done through the telephone company. The special wires, with which the country is already honey-combed, have to be prepared especially for radio messages. About every fifty miles along these lines, powerful amplifiers, or "boosters," are installed, insuring the same volume and strength of current at the receiving end of the line as were produced at the radio transmitter.

At each of these boosters an operator is stationed constantly. If it were not for these operators, it would be possible to broadcast in but one direction, as from KFRC to KHJ.

After a program originating in KFRC over CBS, before KHJ or any other station can go on the chain, every "boost-

er" along the line to KHJ must be switched, or "reversed." These reversals, which are made by telephone company operators, require only a few seconds, usually from five to twenty; over long distances, however, it sometimes takes much longer.

Suppose a San Francisco station and a Los Angeles station, both members of the same chain, produce a program in which artists of both stations appear alternately from their own studios.

If San Francisco goes on the air first, all of the boosters along the way are switched in one direction beforehand. After the San Francisco soprano finishes her number it is arranged that the Los Angeles announcer is to come on the scene. A prearranged space of five seconds allowance for reversal has been made. The Los Angeles announcer waits five seconds after the soprano has

finished—he can hear her through a speaker in his studio—and then starts in.

When the Los Angeles part of the program is finished, the San Francisco announcer also waits five seconds before coming on, and so on, back and forth. Sometimes an announcer begins too soon, or a lineman is slow in making a reversal, and as a result, the listener hears only a part of his first words, or misses the first bar or two of music. Usually, however, it is all done with infinite precision, with hardly a break.

The old joke about the schoolboy's definitions of "radio" and "telephone" illustrates the network system, reversals and all, quite strikingly.

When Jimmie was asked to define "Telephone," he replied, "It's like a dog with his tail in Chicago and his head in New York. Pull his tail in Chicago and he barks in New York."

"Well then, Jimmie," the teacher queried, "how do you define 'radio'?"

"Oh," came the answer, "it's just the same, only without any dog!"

By the same token, Jimmie would probably answer that a "reversal" was turning the dog around so that when the New York tail was pulled, the Chicago head would bark.

The advantage of a local station being associated with a chain is largely one of prestige. Upon joining the chain, it must guarantee that it will "take" every sponsored program sent to it by the chain headquarters. An exception to this is the "Blue Monday Jamboree," a long-established, popular program that the Don Lee system refused to relinquish. Arrangements were made with the powers-that-be in the Columbia company, whereby the Jamboree would maintain its eight o'clock Monday spot, while Bing Crosby was limited to every day except Sunday and Monday. Un-sponsored, or "sustaining" programs released by the chain are optional, and the local member may use them or not, as it pleases. Some sustaining programs may be sold to local sponsors—but not programs already sponsored nationally.

Volumes could be written about network broadcasting. The few sketchy incidents told in this article are but a few of the details in the great story of the chain hook-up. There is more back of it than meets the ear—interesting tales of romance and thrills that are never heard through your radio receiver; a whole world of activity whose secrets the loud speaker is powerless to reveal.

There will be more articles of this kind in forthcoming issues of RADIO DOINGS, which will further describe the mighty machine behind network broadcasting. Watch for them.

Clarence Muse Has Won Laurels In So Many Fields He Is a Very Difficult Person To Classify. Stage and Screen, Radio and Music All Claim Him For Their Own. This Is the Story of a Gifted Colored Lad, Who Gave Up a Career in Law To Follow His More Romantic Quest of Art, and After Twenty-five Years of Successful Trouping, Settled Down in Hollywood For Radio and Motion Picture Work, Secure in the Glory of Innumerable Conquests

by
Michael Kelly

perhaps be no better exemplified than by the wide range of requirements exacted by his roles in his other eight pictures. His parts in these productions included a southern "cullud" boy, a Sengalèse, an Indo-Chinese, and an English Negro with a Oxford accent, and a Chicago gangster—all different dialects, most of which he had to invent.

KNX audiences have invariably remarked in their response to his many appearances in varied roles that his mode of expression is a realistic one.

For the most part, his is the primitive, simple reaction of the

Here are a few of the many movie roles played by Clarence Muse. Recognize him in any of them?



FEW modern day radio stars, with all the talents and accomplishments which are prerequisite to success in the highly competitive field of broadcasting, compare with Clarence Muse, featured Negro entertainer of KNX, in Hollywood.

With a vast and rich background on both the legitimate stage and in pictures, this picturesque colored actor appears every morning in the role of "Jackson" with Bill Sharples' Breakfast Gang, a popular program on the Hollywood station.

Recently signed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for one of the important character roles in Upton Sinclair's sensational novel, "The Wet Parade," with a stellar cast, the famous colored actor has completed nine talking pictures within the last year. Among these are such feature productions as "Dirigible,"

"X Marks the Spot," "Huckleberry Finn," "Secret Service," and many others.

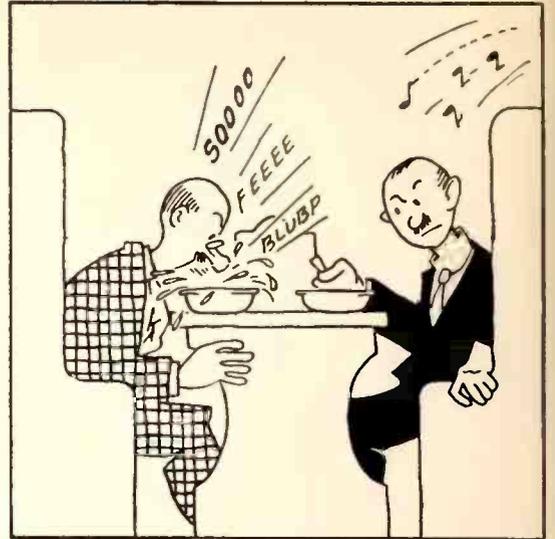
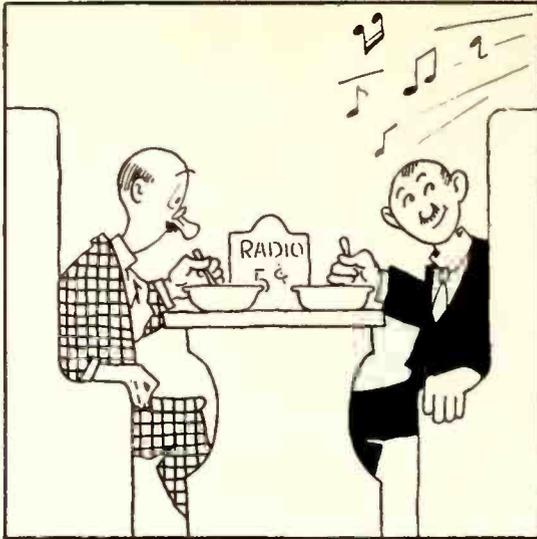
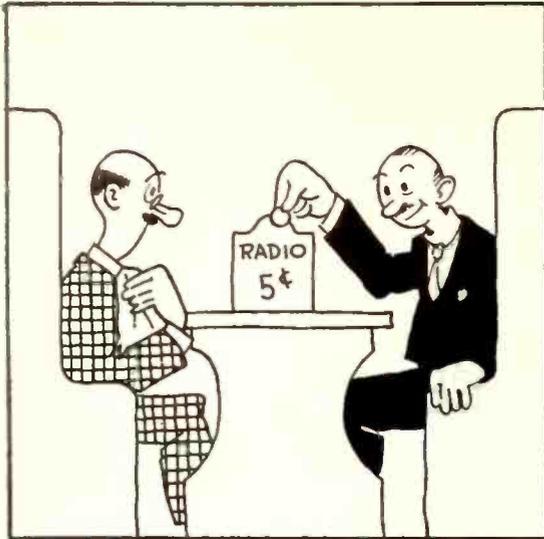
In addition to his many laurels, in the theatrical profession, Muse recently won nation-wide recognition for his song, "When It's Sleepy Time Down South," now the rage over the radio. This plaintive melody of the old south is heard nightly being played by orchestras in the smartest clubs all over the country. Muse himself sings it often in his appearances over KNX.

The Negro trouper, with a background of 25 years experience on the stage, plays in the most difficult and exacting parts. The picture "Dirigible," was enacted in three languages, English, French and German, all of which he speaks fluently. His versatility could

elemental man. This is by no means because Muse is such a man; but rather because he knows this is a primary characteristic of his race, which he more or less represents, and personifies.

A college man, cultured and well-read, Muse nevertheless plays an illiterate Negro porter with finesse. His understanding of human nature runs deep and full. He wanders waist-deep in the stream of life. He is distinctly of the people—an integral part of them.

One of his chief distinctions is his gift as a composer of spirituals. His song, "When It's Sleepy Time Down South," has already been mentioned.



MARY WOOD, newest acquisition to the staff of NBC at San Francisco, can reach high F sharp above high C. She used to sing contralto until Mary Garden heard her sing in Denver and told her she was really a soprano.

Whether it's because he's lazy, or just hasn't grown up, it's hard to say, but Phil Cook, NBC's one-man army of voices, always sits on a high stool when he broadcasts.

Bing, now unsponsored, has started a new series of sustaining programs on Columbia every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 6:30 p. m. EST. He's still busy with personal appearances and recording, and is bowling 'em over at the Brooklyn-Paramount, where he opened after an unprecedented run of 14 weeks at the New York-Paramount.

Frank Friselle, the little Italian singer at KTAB, is making a hit with the ladies. He sings on one of Alma LaMar's programs, and the letters are rolling in about "that something" Frankie has in his voice. Wonder if the Italians have a name for it!

Columbia's "Singing Chef" passes this on for what it's worth: He says a fellow received a letter from a German girl asking him to "sing the Kashmiri Love Song and dedicate it to my anemic boy friend—Pale Hans I Love."

Col. Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle has always insisted that his partner Bud open all their fan mail. But now he's doing the job himself—ever since Bud happened upon a postcard which read: "Dear Colonel: We are having a good time. Wish you were here." On the other side of the card was a picture of the Federal Penitentiary.

It is truly too bad that "March of Time," that interesting news-dramatization of Columbia, should leave the air. Since its beginning it has been one of the most worthwhile programs on the air, and let's hope it comes back soon. There's a rumor that it might.

Ex-war aces, aviation enthusiasts and fly-by-nights are getting quite a kick out of "Sky Doings," a series of aviation playlets directed by Frank Nelson of KFAC. Prominent aviators and airline executives portray the whys and wherefores of flying. Monday nights at 6:30.

Aimee Way, a new arrival at KHJ, has doubled for voice-less nightingales of Hollywood moviedom ever since the talkies sprang into popularity. She's been on Orpheum and Fanchon and Marco circuits, and used to sing on KYA and KGW.

Vaughn de Leath's prize fan letter came from a man who, having experienced eight operations, was about to undergo a ninth, and asked the "original radio girl" to sing "How Long Will It Last?"

Clarence Kolb and Max Dill, in the "Dinglebenders," heard on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays over NBC, are the oldest active theatrical team, it is said.

Clarence Crary and Doris Dolan, "Tadpole" and "Molly" of the Buttercream Kids at KGER, have been doing a series of personal appearances in and around Los Angeles. Los Angeles is a suburb of Long Beach, as you no doubt have heard.

After all the trouble Cecil Underwood, NBC announcer, took to imitate Walter Damrosch on the Associated Spotlight Revue one night, he was dismayed to receive this fan letter from Portland: "Your impersonation of Beethoven was immense. I hope you repeat it often."

It will be just one maiden's prayer after another when Buddy Rogers takes Rudy Vallee's place as orchestra leader at the Hotel Pennsylvania in New York. With his new 13-piece band, the "California Cavaliers"—hurray!—he'll start NBC broadcasts March 28. The exact time hasn't been given out yet.

Elton Britt, dyed-in-the-wool hill billy at KMPC, left the other day on a hurried trip to Arkansas to visit his mother, who is ill.

Here it is—the regular Ben Bernie joke-of-the-month! According to the Old Maestro, noted commutator on public affairs eksetera eksetera etc., "Prosperity is just around the Crooner"!

CHAT From This St

You might be interested in knowing—we were—that "Fifi," that roguish young lady on the Blue Monday Jamboree, is a real French girl. Her accent isn't the acquired kind, but the "real McCoy." During the war she was a nurse in a front line hospital. She's certainly keeping poor Axel in hot water!

Monroe Upton, who has joined the staff at NBC San Francisco studios, created the role of Simpy Fitts while a radio operator at sea. Betty Kelly, soprano, still keeps all her old dolls.

June Pursell, who was with KNX seven years, and until recently with KFWB, has signed a long-term contract with NBC, appearing in New York. In both radio and vaudeville work, Miss Pursell has won a large following in California, where she came in 1924 "just for a visit."

By the way, Axel has really "gone Hollywood"! He began work March 8 in a talkie, "The Phantom Express," in which he appears as the Swede fireman. Axel, or Pete Barlow, won the movie contract after Emory Johnson, film director, heard him on the Jamboree. But he'll be back on the air after April first, permanently.

Billy Jones, of Jones and Hare, once worked in a bank, tended sheep in Wales, mined ore, worked on telephone poles and sang in vaudeville.

In the NBC serial "Raising Junior," the crying of Junior is done by Sallie Belle Cox, NBC's best "cry-baby." She stands before the mike with a pillow in front of her face to get the proper crying effect. Sallie also is adept at "Ga," "Da," "Goo" and other infantile phrases. She learned how in a girl's camp, where she cared for youngsters.

KFOX celebrated its eighth anniversary March 5 with a gala program that continued all day. The first program ever broadcast from KFOX—then KFON—was reenacted exactly as it took place in 1924. In 1930 the station won first prize in a national contest determining the most popular radio program in the country—the "School Kids" skit.

Nathaniel Anderson, brother of the famous "Bronco Billy" Anderson, has been added to the staff of KFWI. He has had several seasons' experience on Broadway and has appeared in Shakespearean productions.

...and That

Nick Harris, veteran of radio detective stories, has started a new series of story-and-song programs over KECA Sunday mornings at 9:30. Jose Arias and his popular Spanish orchestra furnish the music.

KGER recently dolled itself up in new lighting effects and a thorough renovation. Plans are being completed for the installation of a complete broadcast system in the new \$5,000,000 Long Beach municipal auditorium, new home of the Long Beach Band.

Alex Gray, while not otherwise superstitious, has a strange fear of one phrase. Whenever anyone wishes him "Good Luck" in just those words, he wears out his knuckles rapping wood.

The "Four Horsemen" of KLS: Noyes Alexander, first tenor; Carl Thompson, second tenor; Ben Deane, baritone; and John Hidalgo, bass. The boys were recruited from an Oakland business college, where they had become popular as student body entertainers.

Did you know that the song, "Where Are You, Girl of My Dreams," sung by Bing Crosby recently, was composed by Bing himself? The number is featured in the talkie, "The Cohens and Kellys in Hollywood," soon to be released.

The Blue Monday Jamboreadors have been going calling. The whole gang has been making appearances in San Jose, Oakland, Stockton and Vallejo, the first of a series that will cover most of the larger cities in California. The huge audiences that attend these shows are proof that the Jamboree still flourishes as one of the West's most popular programs.

KHQ musical programs are now under the direction of Ralph Bovee, who has been conductor and featured violinist with Loew theatres in New York during the past ten years. Jean Anthony, organist, has captured a big audience of KHQ listeners in his two morning programs every day. He presides at the console of the big Fox Theatre organ, and now and then sings a chorus over his own playing.

Francis Lapitino admits he got up in the world by pulling strings. He's the harpist with Nat Shilkret's band in "Music That Satisfies."

Homer Croy, who wrote "They Had To See Paris," starring Will Rogers, has given KTM radio rights for a radio version of his latest work. Edward Lynn has condensed "Headed for Hollywood" for radio audiences in thirteen episodes. It will be produced soon.

Jack Carter, KNX, the "Boy From London," collects stamps and plays golf for recreation . . . Cliff Arquette and Harold Isbell, of Aunt Emmy and Bert, used to be bitter enemies, but now they're good pals . . . Georgia Fifield has produced more than 350 radio plays . . . Velva Darling once flew across the continent with Colonel Lindbergh . . . Eddie Holden is a good cook and boasts of his biscuits.

Ever wonder how celebrities act before a radio mike? Here's the lowdown on several of them:

Bebe Daniels is nervous; usually brings a large number of friends.

Governor Rolph is expansive, gallant and evasive, but easily upset.

Sir Hubert Wilkins conveys the impression that if he wasn't jittery on the Nautilus, why should he be in front of a mike?

Mary Pickford smiles at everything, does her work quickly and rushes away.

Harry Lauder is most exacting and demanding—drives musicians to tears.

William Randolph Hearst is brisk and business-like.

Will Rogers is at his ease, loves to talk.

Dr. Robert Millikan dashes in, talks quietly and rushes out—alone.

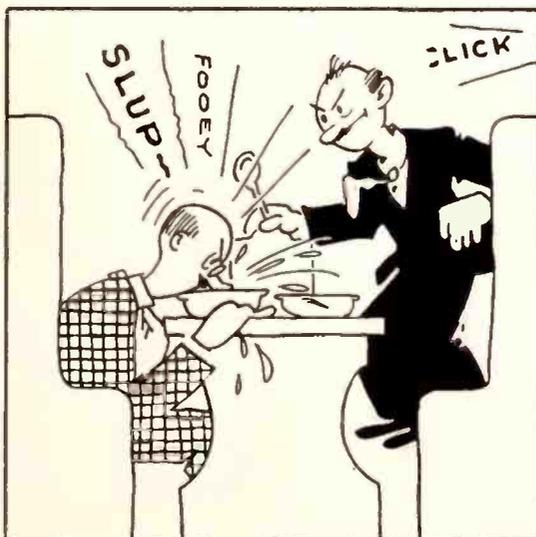
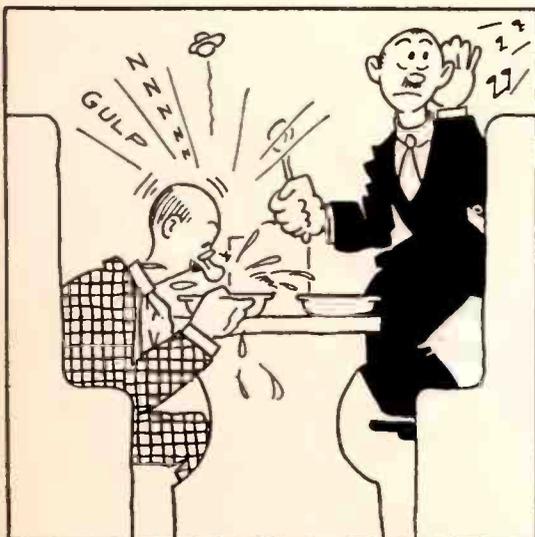
Bobby Jones is quiet and well-prepared.

Generalizing: Actresses are the most difficult, but seldom disappoint in performance. Bankers are dependable but poor speakers. Politicians are frightened and cranky. Scientists—patronizing. Athletes—stage struck. Writers and prima donnas are touchy.

Gerda Lundberg and Win Cotton, of KTAB, were married on March 8, and took a boat to Los Angeles on their honeymoon.

In the belief that many listeners miss their old family firesides, Bonnie Blue, of KRKD, has written a new program, "Fireside Fantasy," in which an attempt has been made to capture that warmth and homeiness of the fireside. Come on at 6:30.

"Please re-write this in English!" was the notation on a proposed radio talk script submitted to Freeman Talbot, manager of KOA. Talbot made the notation after he had found twenty unrecognizable words on one page, dealing with a subject in which he had majored in college.



MORE CHATTER

From the tinny tinkle of tableware and the raucous shouts of the diners in a cheap East Side restaurant to the applause and encore of millions . . . From tickling the ivories for amusement of the tawdry, to planning and directing the musical entertainment of nations . . . From meal-ticket days and "marriage on a dollar bill" to affluence and an exclusive Central Park home . . . that's the story of Erno Rapee, general musical director of NBC.

Here's the true story of how Pete Barlow happened to assume the part of "Axel," on the Jamboree,

Pete was the drummer in the KFRC orchestra, and chanced to be playing golf with Harrison Holliday. During the course of the game, Barlow made a beautiful drive and approach, but had considerable difficulty in sinking his putt. In exasperation, he exclaimed, "May gudeness, I canceetta put dis crazy ting in da ho-ole!"

Such genuine Swede dialect didn't go unnoticed by Holliday, who asked him to do a Swede talk on the air. He made an instant hit.

Duke Ellington and his famous band were recent guest artists on a program over Los Angeles' newest station, KRKD.

Abe Lyman has a canary named "Lenny," that he takes with his band wherever they go.

"I'm tall, red-headed, was bo'n in No'th Ca'lina, but moved to Texas at a tender age. And believe it or not," says, Elvia Allman, favorite KHJ Comedienne, "that first birthday was well along in the twentieth century."

Anna Nettelman, KFWI soprano, has done opera with Mme. Margaret Matzenaur and has appeared in several recitals with Frederic Bitke.

Columbia shorts: When "singin' Sam" sang "Back in the Hills of Kentucky" recently, it was more than just another song for him; for it was at Danville, Ky., that Sam first saw the light of day . . . Phoebe Mackay, or "Mrs. Effie Watts" of Real Folks, really is English and knows whereof she speaks cockney . . . Buddy Wagner, like Bing, is an ex-law student . . . Nat Shilkret often works until dawn writing and arranging musical scores.

Lee Douglas, a new addition to the KTAB staff, has taken up the kodak hobby. If anyone wants snapshots of their favorite KTAB artists, just drop a line to Lee and he'll be tickled to death to have the chance of shooting some pictures.

Paul Carson, NBC organists, comes from a family of clergymen. He learned to play the organ at five—a small cottage reed affair, on which his mother painfully taught him to play two hymns—"Nearer My God to Thee," and "Jesus Lover of My Soul."

One of Paul's best anecdotes is how, just as he his father started the Sunday morning service one day, he discovered that the regular organist hadn't arrived. He beckoned to son, Paul, and announced "We shall now sing 'Nearer My God to Thee.'" When the time approached to sing another hymn, Father Carson ruffled the pages of the hymn book, as if it were hard to make a decision, and then finally announced, "Let us sing 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul'."

Ronald Graham, KFRC's popular baritone, has been spending his spare time away from the studio, in remodeling a spare room of his home into a most unusual music library and den. Ronald likes bright colors and has done all the painting himself, besides building his own cabinets to hold the more than a thousand pieces of sheet music and volumes of compositions that he owns. Edna O'Keefe, Ronald's wife, made the drapes for the room.

Georgie Jessel, of NBC, recalls the time he and Eddie Cantor, when youngsters in Gus

Parker Fennelly's first job was behind the soda fountain in a Boston drug store. He now portrays one of the Stebbins boys in the NBC sketch.

There's a unique custom in the household of Dr. Laurance Cross, NBC speaker. Each of his children is permitted to appear on "Crosscuts of the Day" on his or her birthday. Little Barbara Cross celebrated her tenth birthday recently, in this manner, and it's Gilbert's turn next.

Catherine Bonness, at the KFI booking desk, announced the other day that she had a Greek grammar for sale.

"Sell it to you for a dollar," she offered Don Wilson, "I need a finger wave."

Don bought it, just to find out what word the Greeks had for "it".

Columbia has bought the 50 per cent of its stock, heretofore held by the Paramount-Publix Corporation. This brings the ownership of CBS completely into the hands of William S. Paley, Columbia president. Paley bought Columbia in 1928, when it had only sixteen station outlets. The number has been increased almost six times in four years.

Robert Olsen, popular KFRC singer, made his first personal appearance since he entered radio five years ago, when he appeared with the Blue Monday Jamboree gang in Stockton recently.

Jack Arnold, the lawyer in "Myrt and Marge," is Vinton Haworth, who has been in radio dramatics for several years. Used to announce for the "Three Doctors."

Virginia Karns, formerly of WMAC, New York, and WLW, Cincinnati, has joined the staff of KTM.

Welcome Lewis, that little blues balladist who weighs 97 pounds, locks her automobile door from the outside and closes the window from the inside when she drives home alone in her car from the studios to Yonkers, where she lives. Incidentally, Welcome Lewis is the only soloist today being featured on both NBC and Columbia networks.

The Sisters of the Skillet are being deluged with samples of biscuits, and are contemplating using some of them for golf balls this summer . . . Colonel Stoopnagle received a full-sized skeleton the other day from a medical student . . . Connie Boswell's canaries have hatched, and there are two canarettes peeping at the Boswell apartment.

Sylvia Froos, who made her Columbia debut recently, is only seventeen years old, but spent ten of them in vaudeville.

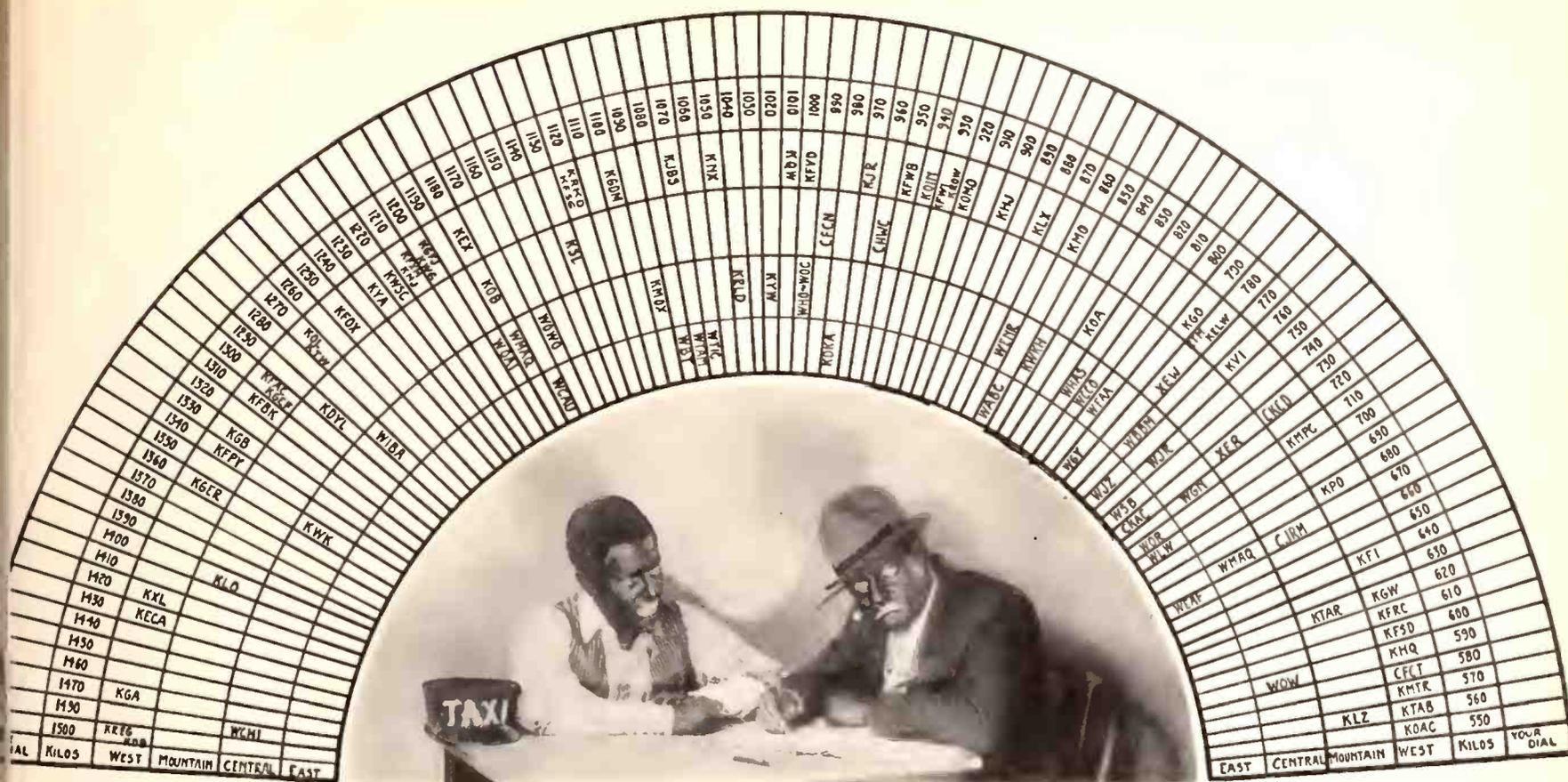
"Around the Network," NBC's new nightly series of programs from seven western cities, got off to a flying start with an organ concert and songs by John Wells, presented from San Diego March 20 at 10:30 p.m. Stations broadcasting "Around the Network" are KPO, KGA, KJR, KEX, KFSD, KOA, KSL, and KGIR.



"Really, Mr. Glub, I'm afraid you're not half trying. The chickadee has more wistfulness in its voice."

Edward's show, thought a little girl was getting too much applause for her violin-playing. When she took her next bow, they were on the stage beside her, each with a violin, to get their share of the applause.

Ray Perkins, NBC humorist, finally landed in Sing Sing—but just for a personal appearance before a prison audience. No one walked out on him.



The Most Popular Stations Heard by Western Listeners

"Let's See Now, Amos— If KHJ Is 900, Den KHQ Mus' Be Just Beyond Dat"

Locate One Station— The Rest Are Easy to Find

PACIFIC STATIONS

Station	Kilocycles	Town	Phone Number
KDB	1500	Santa Barbara	21427
†KECA	1430	Los Angeles	RIchmond 6111
KELW	780	Burbank, Calif.	GLadstone 2110
KEX	1180	Portland, Ore.	ATW. 3111
KFAC	1310	Los Angeles	PROspect 8679
§KFBC	1300	Sacramento, Calif.	Main 8700
†KFI	640	Los Angeles	RIchmond 6111
KFOX	1250	Long Beach	L. B. 672-81
§KFPY	1340	Spokane, Wash.	Main 1218
§KFRC	610	San Francisco	PROspect 0100
†KFSD	600	San Diego	
KFSG	1120	Los Angeles	EXposition 1141
KFVD	1000	Culver City	EMpire 1171
KFWB	950	Los Angeles	HOLlywood 0315
KFWI	930	San Francisco	FRanklin 0200
KFXM	1210	San Bernardino	4761
KGA	1470	Spokane, Wash.	RIverside 1191
KGB	1330	San Diego	FRanklin 6151
KGDM	1100	Stockton	795
KGER	1360	Long Beach	681-128; 68294
KGFJ	1200	Los Angeles	PROspect 7788
†KGO	790	San Francisco	SUTter 1920
†KGW	620	Portland, Ore.	ATwater 2121
§KHJ	900	Los Angeles	VAndike 7111
†KHQ	590	Spokane, Wash.	M-5383
KJBS	1070	San Francisco	ORdway 4148
KJR	970	Seattle, Wash.	SEneca 1515
KLX	880	Oakland	LAkeside 6000
KMCS	1120	Inglewood	VAndike 2466
KMJ	1210	Fresno	35221
KMO	860	Tacoma, Wash.	MAdison 4144
KMPC	710	Beverly Hills	CRestview 3104
KMTR	570	Hollywood	HIllside 1161
KNX	1050	Hollywood	HEmpstead 4101
KOAC	550	Corvallis, Ore.	Col. 45; City 526
§KOIN	940	Portland, Ore.	ATwater 3333
§KOL	1270	Seattle, Wash.	
†KOMO	920	Seattle, Wash.	ELliott 5890

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

MOUNTAIN STATIONS

Station	Kilocycles	Town	Phone Number
†KDYL	1290	Salt Lake City	WAatch 7180
KLO	1400	Ogden, Utah	84-85
†KOA	830	Denver, Colo.	YOork 5090
KOB	1180	New Mexico	515
†KSL	1130	Salt Lake City	WAatch 3901
†KTAR	620	Phoenix, Ariz.	4-4161
KLZ	560	Denver, Colo.	Taber 6316

CENTRAL STATIONS

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

† NBC
§ CBS

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

EASTERN STATIONS

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

CANADIAN, MEXICAN AND FOREIGN STATIONS

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

Daring Colors Brighten Summer Wear

Olympia Blue, White, Red and Green Predominate

By

Thelma Gamble

Fashion Editor

HEL-lo, everybody! This is the new style editor speaking, and haven't we found just the radio star you would want to see in her new Easter outfits to start this feature out in the right way?

Did you ever see Vera Van, KHJ's beautiful new soprano, look cuter? Whether or not you ever saw her or her picture before, I'll bet you imagined she was that pretty!

You know, these radio people are very smart dressers. Like their brothers and sisters of the stage and screen, they are exceedingly particular about their dress, and can always be depended upon to choose the latest and most effective new modes.

This is the first in a series of style talks in this newly created department, and we hope you like it. Don't you think Miss Van was a good selection to start off the series with? Vera, a petite blonde, slender, and graceful—she's a dancer, too, you know—is noted for her tasteful selection of good clothes, and you can see that she knows how to wear them!

This department is conducted for every feminine reader. If there is anything you would like to talk over, please feel free to drop a note to the department.

WHEN Feminine thoughts turn to clothes this spring, invariably it is sportswear. Sportswear this year has a stronger appeal than ever before. Is it any wonder, with the array of new colors and materials, not to say anything of the variety of new three-piece ensembles that are so bewitching that you can almost close your eyes and choose and not be very far wrong? (Of course, that's providing you have your eyes closed when you are standing in front of your right size.)

It seems that all styles are very close-fitting this season, and your clothes must "cling to" well or you just aren't well-dressed no matter what you choose.

Here are a few general hints:

All knitted wear in colorful and novelty weaves is good. Predominating colors are Olympia blue and combination colors of white with red trim or blue; in fact, white is especially good this summer and if the costume allows, is bound to pop out in the hat or shoes if it has been neglected on the dress.—Says Miss Otis, buyer of sportswear at Coulter's.

Coats

COATS too, should come in for mention, for even summer evenings are chilly at times. Both the dress coats and the sports coats have interesting necklines, which include new versions of the V, square, round and a symmetrical shapes; the high tight collar, the scarf, the capelet, and the shawl. Sport coats are usually belted, but dressy styles continue to emphasize long lines. Lengths continue to vary from three-quarter to the bottom of the skirt.

Many women are shouting for joy at the continued length of skirts this season, because even with this talk about curves being the thing for the coming year, nothing is said about bumps or detours! People have even told me I have a nice figure since long skirts have been in. Let's hope they stay in.

Shoe Hints

THIS season slipper fashions have changed perhaps even more than gown fashions. Certain it is at least that the new slippers are a radical departure from any shown in several seasons past! Daring, frivolous and utterly bewitching! Cut-out for important careers, one might say.

IN fact it is this vogue for cut-outs which is the most dominant change in shoe fashions. Even street shoes, usually so severely tailored, show discreet cut-outs here and there. As the formality of the slipper increases so do the open spaces, until in the evening models there is very little slipper remaining.

COLOR commands almost equal attention. Brown, black and blue are all important for daytime wear, used alone, or even newer, in combinations such as brown and yellow, blue and gray or black and white. White for sports is preeminent, and in addition to being combined with black and brown, is sometimes contrasted with red, blue, green or orange.

AND speaking of sports, do not overlook the ghillie for active or even inactive sports wear. Low of heel and swagger of line, it is one of the most important types of the season.—Miss Vicroy I. Miller.



Here's a close-up of the accessories worn with the sportswear on the opposite page. The hand is holding a white kid skin pocketbook, rather a corrugated effect, a copy of a French model, created in white and all pastel shades. The suede gloves are something new; six-button length, with perforated flare cuffs, perfect for short or three-quarter length sleeves. The shoes to match were inspired by the Olympic Games, designed by Perugia, of Paris. Like the new way the ties are used? The other group consists of a white doe-skin bag with metal inlaid top, also copy of a French model. A new six-button flare-cuff glove, stitched in black, with the help of the striking cut-away sandal oxfords, created by I. Miller, would add to any light summer ensemble. (Both groups from I. Miller's Seventh and Broadway stores, Los Angeles.)

Three-Piece Ensembles Lead in Sportswear



Vera said she went to the Santa Barbara Biltmore for Easter. Bet she knocked their eyes out in this three-piece Boricle sports dress. The jacket is green and that blouse peeping out is of loose, lacy weave. The skirt is white, trimmed in green. White shoes, pocketbook and gloves are again favored. Isn't that feather in the hat saucy? (From Coulter's Sports Department.)



Isn't this a neat-looking beach outfit? Wonder what Vera has in that great big bag? She'll never come back with a sun-tan wearing that big straw hat! But then they both harmonize with a cute three-piece jersey beach ensemble. The swim-suit is romper style, navy blue trunks and striped top, over which is worn white jersey slacks with tailored pockets. The jacket is short, trimmed with military buttons with ensign stripes of white on the sleeves. (From Coulter's Sports Department.)



Wouldn't you like to be the lucky fellow to take Vera Van Easter-ing in this clever sports outfit? The suede beret, purse and jacket, are in the new tropic sun shade. The jacket is zipper-fastened, with metal button trim, and is collarless. White shoes and gloves complete the outfit. (From Coulter's Sports Department.)

Skyscrapers In Your Ears

Continued from Page 18

who knows what truths may be carried to coming generations on the light wings of today's popular songs?

Collectors treasure the humblest memorials of poetry and song and popular beliefs of a hundred years, even fifty years ago. Records of the life of our ancestors are precious, but along with their painted plates, their quaint chests and old-fashioned dishes, they have left us their songs, and these are their sweetest legacy. "Darling Nelly Gray," "Swanee River," "Marching Through Georgia," "Ben Bolt," "In the Gloaming" and the like, tell us more directly than a dozen histories just how our grandfathers thought and felt.

But alas, we seem to feel that there is nothing poetic except the past. We only care for what we fear to lose, and these sentimental ditties of our grandparents all too easily can be lost in the rush and hurry of urbanized America which is being interpreted in its own songs.

We, more than any other people, are losing association with the old landmarks. The American who stills lives in his father's house feels almost as if he were living in a museum. There are few Americans who have not moved at least once since childhood, to take up life in a new city or at least a totally new section of their city. That is why we make so few sentimental songs about home today. It takes time to learn to love the red gasoline station on the corner where the old honeysuckle grew!

Moreover, the great majority of Americans have risen in the world. They have moved out of their class, perhaps lifting the old folks, with their old songs, with them, so that together they

may sit by the steam pipes and listen to a singer on the radio. But more of us have moved not only out of our class, but out of our culture, leaving the old folks and their lovely old songs behind, and then the continuity is broken. For songs grow traditional only as they pass on from parents to children amidst surroundings that bear witness to a real permanence in home life.

The sidewalks of a city are stony soil in which to transplant music. Some new technique is necessary to make it live and flower there, and this new technique is what we speak of as modern music, a music dominated by the culture of the great metropolitan centers.

I am aware of how dominating a role the population outside the great cities plays in American life. Yet it is in cities that the tempo of our music is determined. The Hill Billy singers are favorites of mine; I love the harsh discords of their guitars, the sharp sound of their fiddles, but they are no more representative of the urbanized farmer of today, with his radio, than they are of the city man.

As an outstanding example of the latter type, the naturalness of the true Hill Billy performer fascinates me. His songs have all the deep and abiding traditions which belong to the countryside—the old-time countryside, I mean, where man is obviously part of a scheme which is greater than himself. There is not much he can do when he has ploughed the ground and planted the seed, except to wait hopefully for sun and rain from the sky. But he has his pleasures, and he sings of them—the gossip from neighbors and the anecdotes immortalized in a saga of the soil in three-four time. Which is as it should

be, for that is the rhythm of the world, of the rocking cradle, the swaying tree-tops, the ringing church-bell.

But in a modern city it is not easy to maintain that reverent attachment to the sources of life. It is not natural to form a reverent attachment to an apartment on a two-year lease and a mahogany desk on the twenty-second floor of an office building. In such an environment piety and sentimentality become a bit absurd. The music of the city is ironical.

The omnipotence of God means something to men who submit daily to the cycles of weather and the mysterious power of nature. The city man puts his faith in furnaces, and is proudly aware of the difference between his plumbing and the kind which his ancestors endured.

Now there is, or ought to be, a place for all music expressive of this wide range of human experiences. Yet it is not strange that the modern radio listener finds it difficult to believe that through all the programs he hears—the crooners, the Italian tenors, the Hill Billies, the symphony orchestras and the dance bands, there is an audience somewhere.

Such experience as comes to him from his own life is a dissonance composed of a thousand noises, and amid these noises he has for inner guidance only a musical conscience which consists, as he half suspects, of the confused echoes of earlier tunes.

And that is what modern music is—the musical story of the whole show. It isn't always pretty or melodious, it isn't always mathematically accurate, but it is both in tune and in rhythm with the lives you and I lead today.

Alex Gray—Gate Crasher

Continued from Page 19

cert engagements followed, including solo appearances with the Spreckels Organ Concerts at the San Diego Exposition.

Gray, however, did not find this type of work certain enough. He returned to Chicago and to engineering. He joined the Diamond-T Truck Company, studied motors and computed costs. He became promotion and advertising manager. Then abandoned business for Broadway.

He drove to New York unheralded, camped on Flo Ziegfeld's doorstep, and won an audition. He stepped into the last of Ziegfeld's Midnight Frolics with such stars as Will Rogers, Mary Lewis and Willie Collier. He toured a year and came back to Ziegfeld's Follies,

with Gallagher and Shean, Gilda Gray and others.

Then began his climb to stardom on the musical stage and screen. Gray leaped overnight from a song spot in the Follies to leading man with Marilyn Miller in "Sally," on tour. He followed in "Naughty Riquette" with Mitzi; George Gershwin's "Tell Me More," "Twinkle Twinkle" and "Sweet Lady," the latter with Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson.

For two years following he strode across the country as the dashing "Red Shadow" of the "Desert Song" with Bernice Claire. The company broke records everywhere. Jack Warner summoned him to Hollywood to play the

lead with Marilyn Miller in the screen version of "Sally." He was so successful that the lot turned out five such pictures without a halt. They included "No, No, Nanette," "Spring Is Here," "Song of the Flame," and "Viennese Nights" with Bernice Claire sharing honors in three.

While in Hollywood, Gray was engaged to play the leads in complete radio performances of "Blossom Time" and the "Chocolate Soldier"—the latter with Oscar Straus conducting. Each broadcast lasted two hours. He later returned East, headlined the Palace Theater in New York and the RKO circuit, then jumped to radio stardom with the Chesterfield program this year.

Kolb and Dill—Side by Each

Continued from Page 17

"Good? Terrible! You mean I'll be the manager?"—maybe the discussion didn't sound like Kolb and Dill on the stage, but it should have. At any rate, it ended with Kolb and Dill as their own managers. Another San Francisco theatre man who had watched the profits pile up on productions built around this whirlwind team from Cleveland, lent them money and opened their first creation in his own theatre. He was Sid Ackerman, of the San Francisco Opera House, and he was a good guesser, for exactly four weeks later the partners repaid his loan and gave him \$5,000 to boot.

"How did we do it? Well, we kept our business heads separate from our theatre-loving hearts," explains Kolb. "Most stars are failures when they try to be their own managers, but that's because they let the actor in them rule.

"For instance, the trouper in me assured me that if Max and I only tried hard enough back East, we could be as famous as any of the stars then on Broadway. The business man Clarence Kolb agreed that might be so, but reminded me that for two young fellows like ourselves, just making our start, it was better to be big frogs in a small puddle, particularly when they liked this puddle so much better than the big one across the continent. Max's business self must have told him the same thing, for we agreed to stay in the West and make it our permanent home. It turned out to be the best decision we could have made."

Throughout the years which have followed, Kolb and Dill have become a team whose success, both artistic and financial, seldom has been equalled. Acting as their own managers, they have produced ninety complete productions, not one of which has been a failure, besides filling vaudeville engagements and finding time to engage in a myriad allied enterprises.

The partners have built their homes as well as their careers here. Kolb owns five acres of fruit orchards near Centerville, where he and Mrs. Kolb retire whenever the "Dinglebender" program permits. One of their hobbies is dogs; Kolb is the owner of a number of champions, including Humberstone Lord Jim, famed wire-hair. Another is agriculture—Kolb is almost as proud of the dried apricots he ships as he is of Lord Jim—and still another, fine water-fowl—fancy swans and ducks swim on the lakes of his beautiful estate. Humberstone Lord Jim has a "part" in the "Dinglebenders" serial which he will fill shortly; so has a tame wild-goose which follows the Kolbs around like a dog, and which

will be heard honking through the microphone one of these nights as the Dinglebender Brothers' affairs grow more complicated.

Dill's home is in Hollywood, where Mrs. Dill and two younger scions of the comedian's dynasty sit by the loud-speaker Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturday nights.

How many other listeners stay home those nights to hear the Dinglebenders' adventures, is indicated by the letters which stream into the NBC studios in San Francisco. Every broadcast brings greetings from Kolb and Dill fans of all ages who are following the saga of the two lovable old characters of the serial and their adopted baby.

"Every time I turn the dial to your station and hear your program, it is as though I were entertaining a pair of loved old friends in my home," writes one listener, while another one tells of how he first saw Kolb and Dill when he was a boy, and has never missed a production of theirs ever since.

The letters began to arrive immediately following the "Dinglebenders" initial broadcast, which was a memorable affair in itself, since no less a person than Governor Rolph himself introduced the famous pair on the microphone. The governor is one of their oldest and warmest friends, and recited a long list of Kolb and Dill successes which he had seen.

Incidentally, until the auditions for "The Dinglebenders" were held, neither Kolb nor Dill had ever talked through a microphone. They were not interested in radio, in spite of numerous offers, until the idea of a serial, to be sponsored by the Gilmore Oil Company, and built around characteristic Kolb and Dill episodes, was proposed. The NBC serial was the result, with the story of the two quaint old storekeepers offering a typical Kolb and Dill vehicle, filled with human interest.

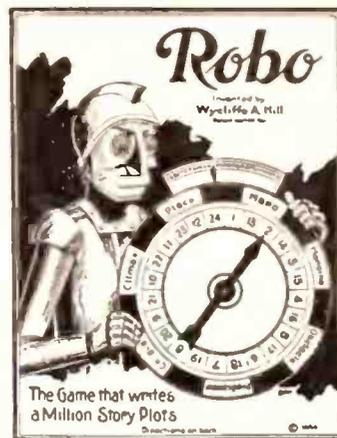
NBC's artists and staff members are as much enthralled by watching a Kolb and Dill broadcast as are spectators from other fields than radio. The two veteran comedians frequently rebuild a whole episode's plot in rehearsal, and the microphone adds zest to the technique they have perfected through years of making people laugh or cry. They do it with the intonation of their voices now, but just as perfectly as when they used make-up to further the process.

"We're going back to the kind of plot folks used to love in the old days," muses Kolb. "There was a time in the theatre, recently, when audiences seemed to demand sophisticated entertainment only. We met the demand because we

have always felt it was up to us to give the public what it wants, not try to force our ideas upon it.

"But the tide has turned in the last year. Simplicity, kindness, wholesomeness, have come back into fashion, and 'The Dinglebenders,' we hope, will mean all these to our audiences, as well as a lot of fun."

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Talking Movies—an invention made possible only by Radio—offers many fine jobs paying as much as \$75 to \$200 a week.

• This department is conducted for the benefit of all radio listeners. If you have any questions about tuning, construction, short and long wave reception, or any problem of a technical nature, write to "The Technicolumn."

Question: R.T.U. asks: Can you straighten me out on a question that has been bothering me. What is the difference between short and long waves? Why can one receive short waves over a greater distance than long waves?

Answer: The wave length is determined by the measurement of a wave in meters (a meter being about 37½ inches). The short waves travel farther because they are kept from leaving the earth and are reflected back by what we know as the "Heaviside Layer." The long waves are absorbed and lose strength during reflection when they come in contact with this layer.

Question: R.N.B. asks: What can be done to stop the interference caused by automobile ignition on my automobile radio?

Answer: The set should be completely shielded and grounded to the frame of the car. Then a good make of suppressors attached to the spark plugs. If this doesn't help, have an ignition expert look it over.

Question: L.S.D. asks: Is there any simple way to tune for stations on a short wave set?

Answer: Tuning on a short wave set is as simple as tuning on an ordinary receiver, but the dial must be moved very slowly or many distant stations will be passed over. Tune in every signal, no matter how weak. The signal will in most

cases turn out to be of sufficient strength to be enjoyed. Always log every station heard and its frequency. Then try tuning in a station near the same frequency. After you have logged two or three stations, any other one with a frequency falling between those logged will come in between them on your dial.

Question: D.L. asks: Does a person have to be a licensed amateur operator to use a short wave receiver? Is there anything on short wave of interest to the average person?

Answer: It is the privilege of anyone to enjoy the many wonderful programs now being broadcast on short waves. Most of the large stations of the world broadcast their regular programs on short wave relay stations. A great many of the foreign stations broadcast only on short wave. Best reception is heard when it is night at the transmitting station.

Question: P.G.S. asks: Is it within the law to receive the police broadcasts? If it is permissible, should I have my set rewired or what method should I use? I have a seven-tube set.

Answer: I would not advise having the set rewired. There are many devices on the market for this purpose. The adaptation of these devices is a simple task, but should be done only by a competent radio technician.

Cecil and Sally

(Continued from Page 11)

time. Many letters were received at the NBC studios saying that the skit was one of the best presented by the beloved young ether couple.

Personal idiosyncrasies of this youth—he isn't twenty-five yet—include the unalterable habit of never wearing a watch and always wanting to know what time it is. He hates automatic pencils and always has at least a dozen soft-lead wooden ones in his pocket. He will drive a thousand miles in a week-end if not dissuaded, and drives too fast, according to some of those who have accompanied him on these endurance jaunts.

He rides once a week in San Francisco's Golden Gate Park; swims once a week and plays tennis once a week. Not because he follows a routine of these procedures, but because he never finds time to do any of them more than once in the same seven days. As a rule, however, he manages to see every movie in town and all the good plays by the end of the week. He has cameras for every kind of photographable occasion; likes to experiment with colored movie film and—

"He has never been seriously in love—yet!" says Helen.

Vocal Boy Makes Good

(Continued from Page 15)

He was born in San Francisco 21 years ago and received his education in San Francisco public schools. His hobby is automobiles and he says he would rather drive a good car than eat.

"I don't own such a swell one right now, but just wait—," declares Tommy.

The boy has pep—lots of it, ambition and talent. He has his eye on "big time." With those, who knows? He's darn liable to make it!

THE LOW DOWN

NANCY R., SANTA MONICA:

Question—Can you tell me who “Spike” is on KNX Thursday nights? His voice sounds familiar, and a friend and myself would like to settle the question.

Answer—Stuart Buchanan thought he had everybody fooled on this “Spike” business. The funny part of it is, he did fool ‘em!

LOWDOWN

MISS W. M., ORANGE COVE:

Question—Is Cecil Wright, of KFRC, married?

Answer—I should think these unmarried girls would be taking an awful chance asking questions like this; you can never tell how someone’s wife might take it. Anyhow, Miss M., Cecil has been married since last November. Dorothy Smith is the girl, and they’re living in Baltimore Park. Isn’t that Wright, Cecil?

LOWDOWN

JESSE M., GLENDALE:

Question—I happened to hear an odd program—I think it was Japanese, last Friday morning at 9:45. I only caught the last part of it and someone turned to another station before I could find out what it was. Can you tell me?

Answer—Assuming that you have an ordinary receiver—not a short wave, I’d say you picked up the programs of the Japanese Chamber of Commerce, Los Angeles, over KTM. Try it again at the same time Monday, Wednesday or Friday and see.

LOWDOWN

MRS. C. J. W., OAKLAND:

Question—I think Seth Parker is married, but am not positive. Will you please tell me whether he is, and give his age? Where does he make his home?

Answer—Phillips Lord has been married several years. The Lords have two charming kiddies, and live in a beautiful home on Long Island, New York.

LOWDOWN

R. K. V., SAN DIEGO:

Question—Can you tell me something about Barbara Blanchard?

Answer—She was born in Oakland, and even as a little girl showed great promise as a singer. Her first ambition was to be a member of a great choir. At 17, she had gained a reputation in the Bay District for her voice, took part in opera and glee club work. Toured the Orphenum circuit and afterwards, Fanchon and Marco. Joined NBC in 1927, where she has been a featured soloist ever since.

RADIO DOINGS

● *Is there something you want to know about your favorite radio artists? Something about a program or performer that you would like explained? Just write to THE LOWDOWN EDITOR, and your questions will be answered on this page.*

MRS. JOY D., HOLLYWOOD:

Question—I’ve often wondered where they get all of those old, old songs they sometimes use on the Happy-Go-Lucky Hour. I thought I remembered all the old ones, but one day in particular they played many that I had altogether forgotten.

Answer—If you could look through Al Pearce’s collection of old tunes, you would probably find a lot more you had forgotten. Al has one of the most complete personal libraries of old popular songs in existence. He can dig up practically every old hit that was ever popular, at a moment’s notice.

LOWDOWN

MISS G. T., PORTLAND:

Question:What’s Al Pearce’s full name? Everyone calls him “Al,” and it could be Alfred, Albert or Aloysius! Is he or isn’t he married? What else does he do except sing and act as master of ceremonies?

Answer—I take it you are referring to Mr. Albert V. Pearce. What the “V” stands for is just another sweet mystery of Life—unless, as Lord Bilgie once suggested, it meant “Versatility.” Which should have been his middle name if it isn’t. Among Albert’s talents are singing, guitar plunker, comedian, bird and animal imitator, organizer, promoter, and ukulele-er. He has been happily married to the former Audrey Carter for two years.

LOWDOWN

SARAH M., SAN FRANCISCO:

Question—Who takes the part of “Mrs. Regent” in Chandu, the Magician? Will you kindly tell us something about her?

Answer—Miss Margaret Macdonald takes the part of “Dorothy Regent.” She is a born actress, and sang for several years on the concert stage. Six years ago she was at the station then called KNRC in Ocean Park, Calif., where she sang, announced, and handled various responsibilities. Since then, she has been singing, reading book reviews, and telling stories over various stations until the Chandu part came along.

CARL C., LOS ANGELES:

Question—Can you please tell me more about the instrument known as the “theremin”? I have heard of it several times, and recently heard it played over KHJ, I believe. Is it true that the instrument is not touched to produce music?

Answer—The theremin is an electrical instrument, operated without keyboard, strings or any mechanical means. It uses vacuum tubes and has two metal bars for an aerial and a loud speaker. One aerial, perpendicular, controls the pitch and the other the volume of sound. When the hand approaches the sensitive area near the vertical aerial, audio-frequencies or sounds are produced in the speaker. The hand gets nearer, the tone goes higher; as the hand retreats, a lower tone is produced. It takes a keen ear and a steady hand to play the theremin, as a fraction of an inch is as good as a mile, where pitch is concerned. You probably heard the KHJ theremin, played by Emile Maloof, one of the few masters of the instrument.

LOWDOWN

MRS. G. N., SAN BERNARDINO:

Question—I heard that Lord Bilgewater had left KFRC and gone to National, but I would like to know what program he is on, and what time.

Answer—If you tune in to KFI at 9:30 p. m. Saturday nights, you’ll find Bilgie on the Associated Spotlight Review—same old Bilgie, as comical as ever.

LOWDOWN

VIOLA W., BEVERLY HILLS:

Question—Please tell me something about Velva Darling, of KNX. Is that her real name? What does she look like? How old?

Answer—Velva Darling’s real name, oddly enough, is Velva Darling. She’s 23, single, blonde, beautiful and clever. Clever enough to graduate from Stanford, have feature articles published in a score of nationally-known magazines, have several stories filmed and some syndicated by newspapers all over the country. She’s a darling girl.

LOWDOWN

N. F., SOUTH GATE:

Question—What has happened to Bing Crosby? Isn’t he on the air any more at all? I’ve tried several times during the day to get him over KHJ, but haven’t succeeded.

Answer—The cigar company that sponsored Bing has discontinued its sponsorship, and Bing is now a sustaining artist, unsponsored. He still broadcasts, however, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 3:30 p. m. (PST), though the only day KHJ takes the program is on Thursdays at 8:45 p. m.

Page Thirty-three

THE SOUND BOX

The Why and Wherefore of Sound Effects

Conducted by
Charles Forsyth

● Radio, more than any other branch of entertainment, requires diversified and accurate sound effects. Consequently there is a rapid evolution in the mechanical imitation of sounds. Probably the most complete collection of these devices is that possessed by Charles Forsyth of KHJ, who has himself invented hundreds of sound instruments. In this column in subsequent issues of Radio Doings, Mr. Forsyth will be pleased to respond to inquiries about sound effects and their construction and use.

THIS is the most interesting job I've had for many moons. In the "Heroes of the Olympics" programs, I was asked to produce a chariot race. I wished to make it an outstanding effect, so I studied the situation thoroughly, and decided on four elements for the ensemble:—the hoof beats, chariot wheels, the popping sound of the axles as the wheels shifted sideways, and the cracking of the whip.

First the rolling wheels were imitated by a pair of twelve inch wooden wheels rolling on a board in circular fashion, a wheel on the end of a shaft, the center turning on a pin—as in a child's teeter-totter. The hoof beats were done with two pairs of hammers on a hemp pad. The popping of the wheels shifting back and forth on the axles was accomplished by a small block on a box 24"x24"x12". The whip was effected by a small leather strap. The complete ensemble was very realistic and was received with many compliments

from listeners. A much more complete effect was produced for "Heroes of the Olympics" in which two racing chariots finally crashed. This proved a really dramatic climax.

In the next issue I shall explain how I reproduced the tremendous effects in the newer feature—"Building Southern California."

Mr. Edward Harvey, who is a well known radio author in the East, has this to say for sound effects:

"I find, through experience, that my most successful radio plays, have been written **AROUND** sound effects, that is, the sound effect is the axis of each scene, thereby assuring realism at all times."

QUESTIONS

J. P. M.—You will find it more easily operated and more realistic if you will discard the appliance you are now using, and employ a simple plate of iron three-sixteenths of an inch

thick by twelve or fourteen inches wide by about twenty-four inches long; drilling two holes on top about one inch from edge and four inches apart. These holes will permit the use of a piece of strong cord for hanging the plate when in use. Strike with an eight ounce wooden mallet which has a felt covering of about one inch thickness. Experiment to find the exact spot to strike for the best tone, then make a mark with wax pencil, so as to know the best spot thereafter.

A. N. S.—I'm very sorry to disappoint you. The trick musical watch you ask about is an exclusive device developed for a particular act, and therefore the mechanical principle cannot be divulged.

F. E. H.—If you will write me more fully regarding your difficulties with foot-fall effects and the steam engine, being more explicit regarding the use you put them to, I can help you. A steam engine might mean any one of several types: stationary, locomotive, hoisting, etc.

Sound effects which are used in part or whole program as a signature cannot be described in this column as it is desirable that they be identified exclusively with such program. In many cases much expense is incurred in preparing them.

Aline Berry, who plays the part of "Joan" in "Raising Junior," almost stopped Fifth Avenue traffic recently when she stopped to hire a hurdy-gurdy player for a recent episode in the sketch. The sight of a pretty girl in earnest conversation with an organ grinder stirred the curiosity of passersby, and a policeman had to stop the crowd.

Ken Lee, of the same program, made the recent remark, "I know now why General Lee surrendered. He got tired of answering questions about the Lee family."

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Write for booklet and literature. Learn what this remarkable remedy is doing for others and what it can do for you. Or, don't delay, but send \$2 for bottle of 100 tablets. Your money back in ten days if you are not absolutely convinced that **VSM** is all that we recommend it to be.

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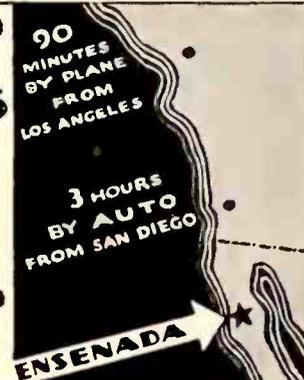
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Temperature
Min. 62°
Max. 72°

Directory of Western Radio Artists

The Latest Revised List of Staff Artists On Eleven Popular Western Stations.
Arranged Alphabetically For Your Convenience

K F W B

ALLEN, Donald—Announcer
BROWN, Ken—Actor
CORCORAN, Red—Comedian
DOYLE, Laird—Continuity
DUNLAVY, Price—Organist
FISKE, Bert—Pianist
HALL, Harry—Announcer
HOWELL, Clifton—Chf. Announcer
JOY, Jack—Production Mgr.
KELSEY, Carlton—Music Director
KING, Gerald—Manager
KINGS, Men—Quartette
KNIGHT, Vivian—Actress
MURRAY, Johnny—Tenor, N. C.
NOVIS, Julietta—Soprano
PRINDLE, Alice—Contralto
RICHARDSON, Doug—Tenor
TAFT, Billy—Baritone
TEEGARDEN, Lewis—Announcer
VAN RIPER, Kay—Continuity

K G A

ANDREW, Carrie A.—Tenor
BLOUNT, Jack—Bass
BRAYSON, Ruth—Contralto
CAMPBELL, Jack—Banjo
HARTLEY, Fred—Xylophone
IRVINE, Dorothy—Soprano
JOHNSON, Clinton—Baritone
PETERSON, Leon—Violin
ROBERTSON, Bob—Poet
STEVENSON, Arthur—Piano

K G W

AMATO, Sam—Drums
BERCOVITZ, Abe—Violinist
BRESLOW, Hymie—Violin
BRESLOW, Max—Trumpet
BERARDINELLI, Herman—Sax
BROWN, W. A.—Piano
BARNEY, Margaret—Actress
BROMS, Emil—Baritone
BURGOYNE, Mary—Blues Singer
BLANC, Mel—Jewish Character
BLANC, Henry—Announcer
COLLINS, Dean—Character
DANIELS, Mark—Baritone
DAVIS, Harry—Character
DAY, Betty—Character
GERRARD, Charles—Character
GRANNATT, Harry—Character
HURLBURT, Glen—Accordion
HURLBURT, Ray—Sax
HERRICK, Sam—Character
HOLTON, Brick—Tenor
HASE, Charles—Bass Viol
JENKINS, Wm.—Violinist
JOHNSON, Gladys—Violinist
KONRAD, Ferdinand—Cellist
LEE, Thelma—Soprano
MAHER, Eddie—Sax
NOTZ, Margaret—Pianist
O'HARA, Ted—Banjo, Actor
ONSTAD, Gordon—Tenor
POWELL, Burns—Trombone
PECK, Harlus—Violin
POZZI, Prospera—Harp
NASH, Jack—Singer
SLENNES, Mable—Contralto
THOMPSON, Roy—Trumpet
TOLMAN, Clarence—Tenor
SHELLEY, Glenn—Pianist
SMITH, Thomas—Violin
SALA, Salvatore—Violin
YOUNG, Halfred—Tenor
GILLETTE, Albert—Baritone
SMITH, Aldeane—Soprano, Hostess

K H J

AEZER, Theresa—Bluette
ALLMAN, Elvia—Singer
BARTHOLMEW, Robt.—Ensemble
BINBY, Bob—"Bob"—Chandu
BLISS, Helen—Harpist
BRADFORD, Bob—Tenor
CANFIELD, Ray—Beach Boys
CLINE, Van Hamilton—News
CONTENT, Mona—Pianist
CONWAY, Kerry—Speaker
COOMBS, Estler—Soprano
CREEDON, Dick—Continuity
DAWSON, Norine—Soprano
DOUGLAS, Doug—News
FORSYTH, Cbas.—"Black"
FOYER, Florence—Contralto
GRAMLICH, George—Tenor
GREGOR, Meredith—Bluette
GROSS, Bobby—Actor
HARGRAVE, Wm.—Bass
HARLINE, Leigh—Organist
HASTINGS, Seymour—Speaker
HEGEDUS, Margit—Violinist
HERTZOG, Prof. W.—Speaker
HOBBS, Billy—Accordion
HOPKINS, Don—Tuba
KING, Roger—Announcer
KRUPP, Marion—Bluette
LARSON, Nell—Piano, Organ
LEE, Tommy—Singer
LELAND, Chas.—Actor, Sings
LINDSLEY, Prof. C.—Reader
MARSHALL, Dave—Singer
MILLS, Felix—Sax
MacDONALD, Marg.—Actress
MacHARRIE, Lindsay—Prod. Mgr.
NILES, Ken—Announcer
NORTON, Gerald—Announcer
OLDHAM, Vera—Actress
PAIGE, Raymond—Director
PARKER, Jack—Singer
RICKENBACKER, P.—M'ymakers
SANFORD, Roy—Sax
SKRIVANEK, Eddie—Banjo
STERN, Jack, Grace—Singers
STEWART, Don—Guitar
SWAN, Bob—Announcer
VAN, Vera—Singer
WALTER, Vance—Speaker
WARREN, John—Baritone
WAY, Aimee—Mezzo
WEAVER, Clarence—Speaker
WEBB, Betty—Actress
WHITMAN, Gayne—Chandu
WRIGHT, Len—"Blue"

K H Q

ANTHONY, Jean—Organist
BEST, Gus—Trumpet
BOVEE, Ralph—Violinist
BOYLE, Marian—Pianist
BRANDVALL, Oley—Trombone
CANE, Bill—Saxophone
DALLAS, Everett—Bass
EMAHISER, Margaret—Soprano
HALE, Harry—Clarinet
HARTMAN, Arnie—Accordion
LANTRY, Harry—Announcer
McCARTHY, Earl—Trumpet
McKINNEY, Walton—Tenor
McNUTT, Sid—Pianist
MEISTER Duo—Hawaiian
MORTON, Fran—Dance Band
ROSS, Bill—Announcer
STARR, Rollo—Cello
WATERHOUSE, Florence—Violin
WINSON, Harvey—Director
WINSON, Herb—Announcer
WYCKOFF, Elston—Announcer

K L N

ARDATH, Jean—Pianist
ARMSTRONG, Del—Director
BAER, Julius—Actor
BENSON, Helen—Banjo
BALLINGER, Tom—Singer
CARROTHERS, Adelaide—Soprano
CRANDALL, Ruth—Contralto
DIDDLE, Clyde—Basso
DELANEY, Jack—Pianist
DON, William—Comedian
FAUCIT, Ursula—Drama
FRELLESEN, Elsbeth—Actress
FRENCH, L. G.—Basso
GEARY, Irene—Pianist
GOODMAN, M. Jay—Tenor
GLOCKLER, Mary—Pianist
GUPTILL, Johnnie—Guitar
GLASS, Everett—Director
GRENOLS, Marion—Violinist
HANAHAN, Vincent—Actor
HARVEY, Galen—Pianist
KING Sisters—Singers
KENT, Jean—Director
LEWIS, John—Violinist
MANSFIELD, George—Ukulele
MURPHY, Delphine—Contralto
MENEFFEE, Grace—Cello
NEWBAUER, Lewis—Baritone
PAYNE, Jack—Singer
PARMELEE, Helen—Pianist
PILTZ, George—Guitar
PHELAN, Evelyn—Pianist
PETERSON, Shirley—Piano
RHINARD, Ethel—Piano
RILEY, Perry—Children's Hour
ROBERTS, Franklin—Baritone
SOANES, Wood—Bookworm
SCOTT, Cora—Contralto
SCHERRUBLE, Muriel—Soprano
SHATTUCK, Dora—Actress
STANTON, Herb—Piano
STARR, Phoebe—Pianist
SUMMERFORD, Wes—Tenor
SMITHSON, Forest—"Exercises"
SAYLOR, Dave—Dance Director
VOGEL, Marge—Contralto
WATTERS, Blue—Cafe Orchestra
ZUNINO, Johnny—Accordion

KLZ

BELLO, Ruth S.—Violinist
WURTZBACH, Edward—Director
EVERETT, Hume—Orchestra
PALIZZI, Nick—Accordion
CAHILL, Tom—Tenor
SCHROEDER, Janet—Soprano
HARDING, Myrl—Contralto
REYNOLDS, Mrs. W. D.—Organist
BENGSTON, E. L.—Prod. Mgr.

K M T R

BALDWIN, Geo.—Saxophone
BECKER, Eddie—Piano
BUESCHNER, Al—Bass
CURTIS, Harold—Organ
DONALDSON, Denn—Trumpet
JOHNSON, Justin—Violin
LINDHARDT, Johnnie—Banjo
MOORE, Geo.—Saxophone
RANDALL, Jess—Saxophone
ROSSNER, Karl—Cello
STEVENSON, Graham—Drums
THOMASON, James—Trombone
YOUNG, Sterling—Violin
BARTH, Russell—Tenor
CASELOTTI, Mm. Maria—Soprano
DUNN, Jeanne—Blues Singer
NEWILL, James—Tenor
TILTON, Bert—Baritone

LIEBLING, Dr. Ge.—Con. Pianist
MANDEL, Chuck—Piano
RHODES, Harold—Piano
SMALLEY, Bill—Piano
NOBLE, Robt.—Amb. of Happiness
FISHER, "Shug"—Guitar
HEDGES, Norman—Violin
WATSON, Chester—Banjo
ENGLES, Vincent—Accordion
HENSON, Harry—Bass
HANLANI, James T.—String
McINTYRE, Al—String
PERRY, Joe K.—String
GREY, Ann—Vocalist
WARNER, Don—Pianist
BULL, Frank—Prof. Bull D. T.
GEISE, Harry—Prof. Geise D. T.
ROCK, Jack—Actor
STOCK, Frances—Actress
MICHAUD, Harold—Actor

K T A B

BAILEY, Mildred—Pianist
BLAIR, Thelma—Pianist
BUTTLE, Bud—Organist
COTTON, Wint—Tenor
CAMPBELL, Nona—Contralto
CHARLES, Dennis—Baritone
DEAN, Vernol—Cellist
FULTON, Elsie—Violin
FRENCH, Harriet—Violin
FAVA, Jack—Sax
FRISSELLE, Frank—Tenor
JERMAIN, Jerry—Contralto
LACHELE, Elbert—Organist
LA MARR, Alma—Economist
LUNDBERG, Gerda—Singer
LE PAGE, Grace—Soprano
McNALLY, Paul—Baritone
PUCCINI, Frank—Accordion
RAY, Joan—Contralto
SMITH, Ernie—Announcer
TAYLOR, Glenhall—Pianist

K T M

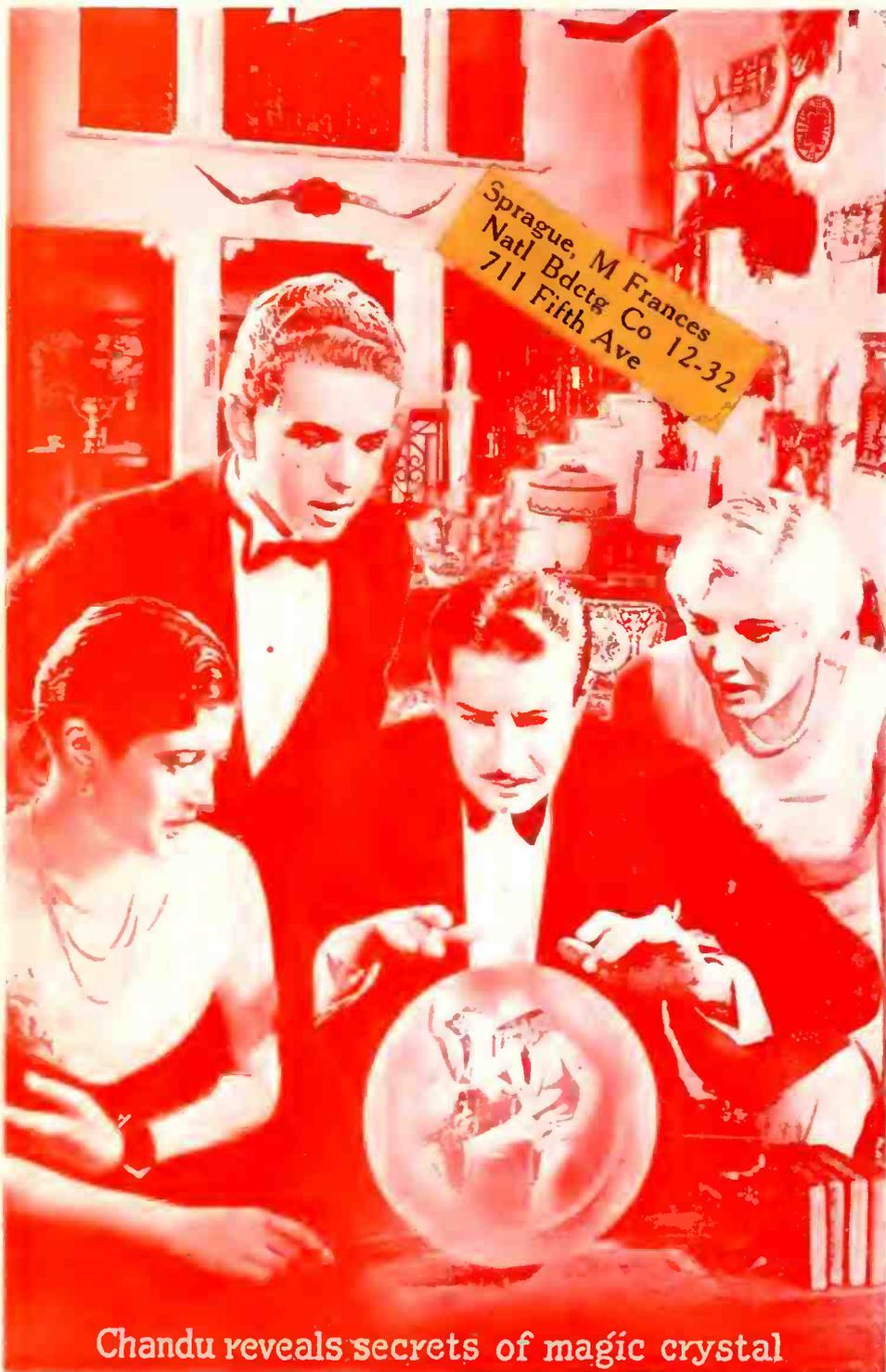
ANGERMAYER, Ray E.—String
ANGERMAYER, Mrs. Ray—Guitar
ARETTA, Tony—Piano
BENNETT, Helen—Violinist
BERSON, Dr. Geo.—Psychiatrist
BYRNES, Gene—Singer
DUNN, Jack—Orchestra
EVANS, Billy—Monologue
FEIST, Gustavo—Announcer
FULTZ, C. E.—Dialogue
GOLUBEFF, Gregory—Plectrum
HAGAR, De Witt—Narrator
HAUPTMANN, Liborius—Pianist
JOHNSON, Gladys—Cellist
KARNS, Virginia—Soprano
KAYLOR, Mayfield—Announcer
KEASEY & EVANS—Dialect
LAPOINT, Lucille—Drama
LEVY, Ben—Announcer
LYNN, Edward—Drama
LYTTON, Edmund—Announcer
MACK, Gus—Announcer
MARTIN, Mora—Drama
McINTYRE, John—Bill Billies
MONTANA Cowgirls—Singers
MURO, Andy—Announcer
NOMURA, Mrs. A.—Announcer
OLBERT, Bert—Announcer
PAGE, John—Tenor
PALMER, Bob & Jimmy—Harmony
PHILLIPS, Bert—Announcer
PICKRELL, Evelyn—Violinist
RADER, Paul—Evangelist
SIMS, Bartley—Organist
WESLEY, Fred—Announcer
ZANDRA—Lecturer

Keep This Directory!

Next Month the Names of Artists At Other Stations Will Be Added. By Saving the Directory In Each Issue, You Can Soon Have a Complete Alphabetical List Of All Radio Artists In the West

CHANDU—White King of Magic

Breath-taking entertainment brought to you by the manufacturers of



Chandu reveals secrets of magic crystal

WHITE KING GRANULATED SOAP

CHANDU takes you into mountain strongholds—to the sphinx-like silence of the deserts. He leads you through ancient castles and spies upon the plottings of power-crazed enemies of law and order. He calls to his aid the help and power of occult brotherhoods who aid him in unwinding the mazes of puzzling adventures his peculiar life brings to him. All the strange, exciting things of the unknown lands are laid bare to you in following CHANDU, his sister Dorothy and her children, Bobby and Betty. Their lives are one great drama of intrigue, travel and adventure.

FOLLOW CHANDU AND YOU'LL TRAVEL THE HIGH ROAD TO ROMANCE

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME

	P. M.
*KHJ, Los Angeles, California - - - -	8:15
*KFOX, Long Beach, California - - - -	8:15
*KDB, Santa Barbara, California - - - -	8:15
*KMJ Fresno, California - - - -	8:15
*KFRC, San Francisco, California - - - -	8:15
*KFBK, Sacramento, California - - - -	8:15
*KWC, Stockton, California - - - -	8:15
*KNX, Hollywood, California - - - -	5:45
‡KGB, San Diego, California - - - -	5:45
*KOIN, Portland, Oregon - - - -	8:15
‡KMED, Medford, Oregon - - - -	8:15
‡KFJI, Klamath Falls - - - -	8:00
*KOL, Seattle, Washington - - - -	8:15
‡KUJ, Walla Walla, Washington - - - -	7:30

‡Except Saturday and Sunday.
*Except Sunday and Monday.

‡KIT, Yakima, Washington - - - -	7:45
‡KVOS, Bellingham, Washington - - - -	7:45
‡KHQ, Spokane, Washington - - - -	5:45

CENTRAL STANDARD TIME

	P. M.
‡XEJ, Jaurez, New Mexico - - - -	7:15
‡WFAA, Dallas, Texas - - - -	5:45
‡KPRC, Houston, Texas - - - -	6:15
‡KMBC, Kansas City, Missouri - - - -	6:45
‡KWK, St. Louis, Missouri - - - -	6:15
‡KFH, Wichita, Kansas - - - -	7:15
‡WKY, Oklahoma City, Okla. - - - -	6:00
‡KVOO, Tulsa, Oklahoma - - - -	5:30
‡KCRC, Enid, Oklahoma - - - -	5:30
*WOW, Omaha, Nebraska - - - -	5:45

‡Except Saturday and Sunday.
*Except Sunday and Monday.

MOUNTAIN TIME

	P. M.
‡KSL, Salt Lake City, Utah - - - -	5:45
‡KLO, Ogden, Utah - - - -	8:15
‡KSEI, Pocatello, Idaho - - - -	7:15
‡KIDO, Boise, Idaho - - - -	8:00
‡KLZ, Denver, Colorado - - - -	5:45
‡KDFN, Casper, Wyoming - - - -	8:00
‡KTAR, Phoenix, Arizona - - - -	5:45

‡Except Saturday and Sunday.

HONOLULU

	P. M.
‡KGU, Honolulu, T. H. - - - -	8:45

‡Except Saturday and Sunday.