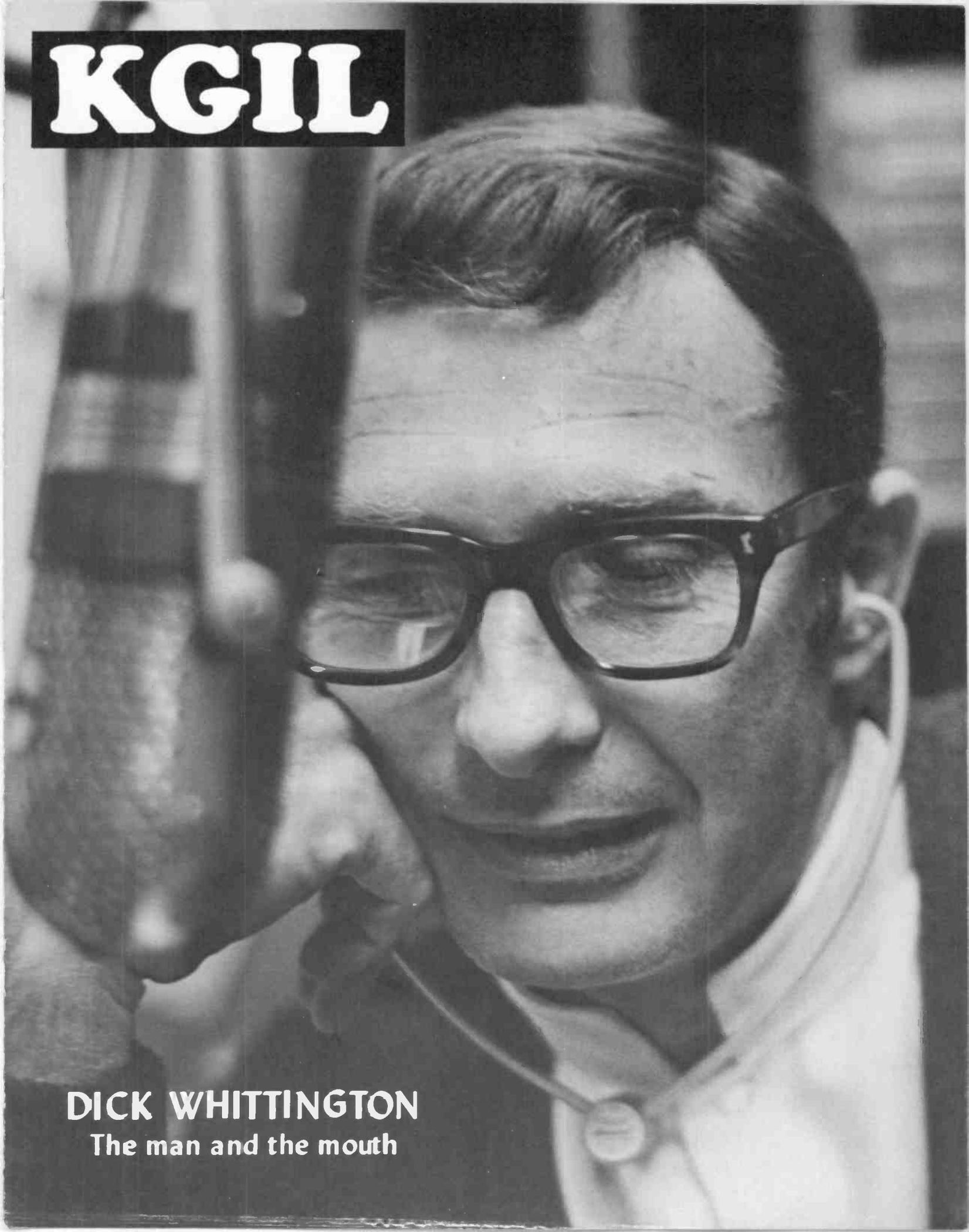


KGIL



DICK WHITTINGTON
The man and the mouth



Ours is a deeply moving story of radio's own civil war; of a young man with a touch of excitement in his voice and a splash of danger in his heart; of his early morning struggle for a few laughs.

GONE WITH THE WHITT

WHITTINGTON THAT IS!

Follow us now to the rolling hills of the plantation Tara, as Scarlet brushes back her crimson hair and says...

Radio's child of love has returned to the scene of his earlier crimes in Los Angeles radio. Sweet Dick Whittington is once again causing Excedrin headaches in the management heads of KGIL.

KGIL has once again placed its reputation on the line with Sweet Dick Whittington, radio's child of love. And already the line is shaking. Dick has already done irreparable damage to the United States' image overseas.

ALREADY WHITTINGTON has warned the crown prince of Norway to break off his engagement and remain single.

ALREADY WHITTINGTON has tried to peddle a mythical hijacked airliner to officials of Fidel Castro's Cuban government.

ALREADY WHITTINGTON has asked the stunned French government to check the beaches of Dunkirk for stray British soldiers still wandering about.

ALREADY WHITTINGTON has offered the Polish government a moratorium on Polish jokes. ("It isn't true after all, says Dick, "that a hydrogen bomb exploded on Poland and caused \$137 in damage.")

ALREADY WHITTINGTON has given the Czechoslovakian Presidential Palace a message for President Alexander Dubcek. With an eye toward Prague's differences with Moscow, Whittington told the Czech president, in his own language, to "sock it to 'em, Alex baby!" The KGIL phone bill soars!

And back on the home front, Whittington has declared his candidacy for the office of Mayor of Los Angeles. It seems to be a joke, but the real mayor isn't laughing. And who can blame him? After all, Whittington is afraid to fly. (L.A.'s globe-trotting mayor makes John Glenn seem frightened of heights.) And Whittington *reads* the Los Angeles Times. (The real mayor wraps fish in it.)

Scarlet turns toward the white mansion at Tara. As she walks slowly, her crimson hair tangles with the gentle breeze. Her thoughts drift to Rhett, Whittington that is, and of how this mysterious lad has found his way into her heart.

AFTER ALL, Dick shook up the GOP convention in Miami with a rumor that Nixon, Rockefeller and Reagan would all step aside and give the nomination to Thomas Dewey. The Chicago Tribune may never be the same.

AFTER ALL, Whittington actually managed to quit smoking right there on the air. And he *stayed* off the habit for an amazing two hours and thirty-seven minutes! The filter tip industry may never be the same.

AFTER ALL, Whittington names his program after his "Loser of the day." He feels the world is filled with losers. And Sweet Dick is out to give them their place in the sun. So each day, from a large stack of misspelled letters, Whittington chooses his "loser." The New York Mets may never be the same.

AFTER ALL, Whittington put the pressure on the Baseball Hall of Fame to admit old time pitcher Walter "Boom Boom" Beck. Of course Beck was far from being a hero those 30 years ago. But Whittington felt there should be a place for the common man along side the greats. So did more than a thousand Southern Californians who wrote KGIL in support of "Zoom Zoom for Boom Boom". The national sport may never be the same.

AFTER ALL, Sweet Dick reported to early morning radio listeners that a huge iceberg had appeared off the coast of Southern California. Myron the iceberg was described by Dick as four feet wide, 1,200 feet tall, very introverted, and wearing a prayer shawl about its top. The switchboard operator at the U.S. Coast Guard may never be the same.

AFTER ALL, Dick decided the toy dolls known as "Barbie and Ken" were living together illicitly and should be married. Morality and goodness prevailed. Whittington performed an on-the-air proxy marriage for the two dolls. The Mattel Toy Company may never be the same.

AFTER ALL, Whittington has taken a long-running KGIL vignette about the San Fernando Valley's early days and turned it into a chronical of such things as the Valley's first vacant lot (still standing) or the Valley's first smog alert (imported by train from Pittsburgh.) The Valley may never be the same.

AFTER ALL, Whittington often reduces KGIL's extensive (and expensive) air and ground traffic coverage fleet to "a flying garbage can and a 1936 Nash." Skywatch pilot Bruce Payne may never be the same.



AND AFTER ALL, one morning Dick suddenly made radio contact with Amelia Earhart and discovered she's been circling Los Angeles International Airport for 30 years waiting for landing clearance. By two-way radio, Dick nearly coaxed Amelia to land in the KGIL parking lot. The great Earhart legend may never be the same.

Thoughts of Atlanta in the spring crowd into Scarlett's mind. But thoughts of Rhett, Whittington that is, crowd them back.

But where did this devilish lad come from? One listener suggests Dick Whittington was found under a rock in L.A.'s Coldwater Canyon. KGIL confirms the rock but denies the canyon. Instead, the station has circulated the likely story that Whittington has been in show business for many years. (Some listeners say he's not in it yet.) The station says Dick used to be a writer for Steve Allen and Bob Hope. (Some Listeners say he's still got the crayons.) The station says Dick had his own television program in San Francisco. (Some listeners admit he may have had his own set.) The station says Dick still does some night club comedy. (Some listeners admit he would make a very funny waiter.) The station says the whole story is true. (The listeners don't have a funny line for that one.)

But regardless of where he came from, Sweet Dick Whittington has left there for KGIL. His morning program may convince Southern Californians not to bother with the rest of the day. But still he keeps trying. (Some listeners say he's the most trying announcer they've ever heard.)

The smell of roses, the taste of mint juleps, the glory of the South, these are the things Scarlett loves. But more than roses, or juleps, or glory, she loves Rhett, Whittington that is. Her eyes are filled with the thought of him.

One day, radio's child of love may hit it big. (He'd better to pay for all those turtle neck sweaters.) And KGIL hopes that day comes before Sweet Dick is hauled off for reading supermarket commercials in the voice of the President of the United States; or for trying to unload that hijacked airliner to Cuba; or for telephoning sponsors on-the-air to tell them their product is no good. (Sales usually skyrocket.)

In fact, that day of success may have already arrived. Sweet Dick's shenanigans at KGIL have brought the eyes and ears of NBC television his way. This season, Dick will be a regular on the Rowan and Martin "Laugh-In," both as a performer and as a writer. (Good thing he saved those crayons.)

In any case, Dick seems to be catching on. In 1966 the Los Angeles Times named Dick "Radio Personality of the Year." (So did the Orange County Dairyman's Farm Journal and Feed Catalog!) So who knows? He may yet unload that hijacked airliner. But he'll never be mayor of Los Angeles. He's lucky they let him live there.

And Rhett, Butler that is, turns to Scarlett and says, "Frankly my dear, I don't give a....well, maybe I do. 1260 did you say?"

And Scarlett brushes back her crimson hair. And much of Southern California is Gone With the Whit. (Whittington that is.)

"GONE WITH THE WHIT"
by Bill Smith,

who looks a lot like Margaret Mitchell



THE FACE BEHIND THE VOICE is sometimes several different faces. On the opposite page, Dick Whittington is seen in four different on-the-air moods ranging from pensive to puzzled to pleasant to Winston Churchill.

AND TO TELL OF THAT VOICE, we took to the backs of half the buses in the Valley. Some of those are shown below. A few of the others said, "This bus is in love," or "Kiss this bus," or "This bus itches," or "This bus is lost."



KGIL managed to get its name in the papers lately, from the Los Angeles Times to a national magazine to local papers across Southern California. Here's how some of that press coverage appeared.

Los Angeles Times

CALENDAR, SUNDAY, APRIL 28, 1968

Boom-Boom's Zoom-Zoom

BY DON PAGE

- With all the turmoil and bitterness in our society, it is time for the emergence of a new folk hero. Not a straw-haired, soiled hippie with a guitar, but an Abe Lincoln type. You know, a man of the earth.

Dick Whittington, who's been saving souls for years on radio, has at last discovered the true folk hero to lead us out of our blue funk and into the sunlight again.

It began two weeks ago when Whittington initiated a search for his boyhood idol, a baseball player by the name of Walter (Boom-Boom) Beck, the "greatest pitcher in Philadelphia history."

Not knowing exactly where to begin, Whittington made an on-the-air call to the Phillies' public relations man, who couldn't remember Boom-Boom, but testily suggested that Grover Cleveland Alexander was Philadelphia's greatest pitcher.

"On a given day, sir," Whittington submitted, obviously wounded, "Boom-Boom was as good as anybody."

With the verve of a southern evangelist, Dick continued the crusade to find Boom-Boom and leads soon started filtering into KGIL, the show

biz capital of the San Fernando Valley.

Next, he formulated a slogan; the cry, "Zoom-Zoom for Boom-Boom," emitted foppishly. You cannot imagine the impact of this utterance until you hear grown men yelling it in public places. "It not only serves as an inspirational theme, but it's a tension release and an aid to the digestive tract," Whittington explains. "It also gets your mind off Vietnam, civil disturbances and sex."

The Boom-Boom movement started growing wildly, like crab grass.

It is basic, simple, elemental and, best of all, American.

Finally, as the San Fernando Valley and all of Southern California waited pulsatingly, Whittington actually contacted the now immortal Walter (Boom-Boom) Beck!

The on-the-air call was placed to Beck in Decatur, Ill. At first, America's new folk hero was puzzled and even startled by this belated tribute. Then, seized by the glamor of it all, Walter (Boom-Boom) Beck came on like Patton's army. He came on, and on and on and on . . . He told the folksiest baseball stories since Casey Stengel.

His anecdotes were endless. Boom-Boom is the original extra-inning

ball game. The payoffs were deadly. Indeed, Whittington had found the essence of simplicity in Walter Beck. Boom-Boom IS the common man. He is all of us, wrapped up in midwestern splendor.

Boom-Boom is apple pie, "Shine on Harvest Moon," root beer, the late, late show, "America the Beautiful," and George and Martha Washington. Unmistakably, he is precisely what we need in today's world.

The "Zoom-Zoom for Boom-Boom" fan club is mounting almost uncontrollably. Soon, Boom-Boom will be to the San Fernando Valley what Walter Knott is to Orange County.

With sincere respects to Beck, however, we believe the real folk hero is Whittington. Five days a week, Whittington peers out of the smog, through the Sigalerts and manages to be heard above the roar of the two-way radio crowd, as he tries to force humor down our throats.

Meanwhile, join us in applying for charter membership in the Walter (Boom-Boom) Beck fan club—there's no telling where we'll go from here.

All together, now — Zoom-Zoom for Boom-Boom!

Feel better?

TV MIRROR

RADIO

Sweet Dick Whittington

is a "Cool Cat" But He'll Never Be "Lord Mayor" of L.A. Town



Mercurial Dick runs the gamut of grimaces as he listens to playbacks of production bits recorded for later use on the air. Oh . . . the pain!



Dick told his listeners that aircraft used to report on traffic on L.A. freeway system is powered by rubber bands. Above, KGIL Skywatch pilot, Bruce Payne, and Valley resident, Rene Webster (center) help Dick test one out. Left, Dick turns on the charm for pretty coed Randy Walsh; turns it off for moderator Stan Borman.

● After a hiatus of two years, Dick Whittington, radio's child of love, is once again causing gray hairs in the management heads of KGIL, Los Angeles, Calif. Dick heard on KGIL-Radio every morning from 6 to 10 A.M., names his program after the "Loser of the Day." But obviously, it is a winner! According to the Los Angeles Times, it is "the funniest show in L.A. radio." No one is ever quite sure what will happen next on Whittington's bit of calculated chaos. Already he has warned the Crown Prince of Norway to break off his engagement and remain single. Already he has tried to peddle a hijacked airliner to officials of Fidel Castro's Cuban Government. Already Whittington has offered the Polish Government a moratorium on Polish jokes.

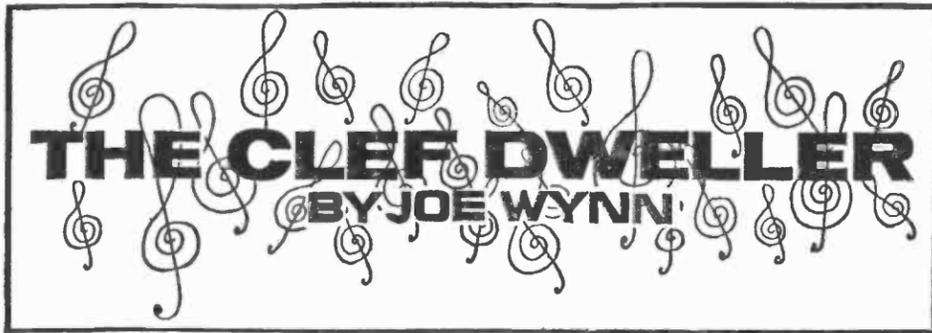
Dick specializes in "instant happenings." Between spinning those record platters, he's liable to teach a 75-year-old lady to do a W. C. Fields impression or he might even imitate the President of the United States reading a super market commercial.

Where did this epitome of irreverence come from?

One listener suggested Dick was found under a rock in L.A.'s Cold Water Canyon. But we have it on good authority that he was born in Philadelphia, Pa. in 1933 and raised in Odessa (no, he's not a Russian spy), Delaware. He has a B.A. from Washington College, Chestertown, Md., and an honorable discharge from the U.S. Army where he achieved the rank of P.F.C.

Whittington's career has covered a wide range of show business. He has acted in dramatic television series, penned material for Steve Allen and Bob Hope, and he still does a nightclub act. Dick refuses to discuss his personal life at length but does admit he'd like to "share a ding dong cupcake with Raquel Welch."

It may be a joke but Whittington has declared his candidacy for the office of Mayor of Los Angeles. Those in the know say he'll never be Mayor of Los Angeles. They contend he's lucky they let him live there. But Dick remains undaunted. He goes his own merry way and gives this advice to one and all: "Feed your follicles, oil your flaky heels, and eat your dried fruit." Sweet Dick Whittington is a swinger.



KGIL's "Sweet" Dick Whittington is a morning must! He's on vacation till July 15, but if you want to have a true humorist start your day with a bang, tune in 1260 weekday mornings. In the past few months, this cat has (1) utilized a "resident hypochondriac who calls in with the imaginary illness of the week; (2) has performed the marriage of Barbie Doll to Ken Doll in order to "end this shameful moral disgrace in our mist"; (3) introduced "clean thoughts on a dirty wall," where Sweet Dick assumes the voices of famous personalities and hilariously misquotes them; and (4) invented a little freeway game called "Musical Cars," e.g., "All green cars, move to the center lane. . . . Now, all white cars stop . . . and all you black and white cars with blinking red lights, get off the freeway." For a visual insight into this early morning madman, watch "The Bill Keene Show" (Channel 2, 3:30 weekdays), when Sweet Dick will be guesting for the entire week beginning July 15.

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According to deejay Dick Whittington, the reason for the riots and execrable behavior in so many of our nation's prisons these days is the low calibre of inmates. Whittington's solution, therefore, is that prison wardens from coast to coast should conduct a thorough-going enlistment campaign on college campuses in their respective areas for a better class of cell dwellers.

THE LOS ANGELES TIMES
Disciple of the
Ultra-Cool Approach

BY DON PAGE

• It's happening right before your very ears:

Paul Compton, one of the last of the sophisticated disc jockeys, will return to the air Monday to begin a nightly program (7-12) on KGIL. Compton is a disciple of the ultra-cool approach once practiced so smoothly by Gene Norman.

Although it has been belabored and disgraced in modern times, there is a definite art in programming good music. The superior record players address their task with all the consideration of a Leonard Bernstein or Zubin Mehta. Compton is from this class and class he is. If you enjoy stylish, cool sounds and a personality who is on top of his craft, we recommend the Paul Compton program . . .

Speaking of KGIL, recent rating surveys reveal the Valley station is making significant advances in the market. Dick Whittington's ratings are formidable and sports commentator Stan Brown is a strong voice in his field . . .

Part III—SAT., DEC. 16, 1967 Los Angeles Times ★

SPORTSLOOK

New Sports Voice

Stan Brown, KGIL's sports commentator, definitely is the best new voice in Los Angeles since Bob Kelley came West with the Rams in 1947. He is forceful, bright, dynamic and colorful. In a few years Brown will rate right along with the Scullys, Healys, Hearn and Enbergs in the Los Angeles area—or elsewhere. Brown's nightly 5:30 documentary is highly recommended.

The life of a sportscaster can be more than all stats and cliches. Stan Brown, KGIL's sport personality, had a rather rough weekend last week. While participating in the Sportscasters vs. Movie Stars baseball game at Dodger Stadium, he was decked (crushed, actually) by Jackie Gleason (260 pounds) when the Great One slid (avalanched) into second base. Brown suffered a bruised leg. The next day Brown's young son broke daddy's nose with a baseball. Then, Brown fainted on the air while doing his show last Monday. There's a moral here, somewhere . . .

THE VALLEY NEWS

tv/ radio

By HAL BATES
TV/Radio Editor

I'm willing to concede KGIL's Soul Brother Dick Whittington had the correct information that Ken was at one time married to a Shirley Temple Doll, but that the marriage was annulled in 1963 by a Tijuana gas station attendant, thereby leaving Ken free to marry Barbie. Blessings on you both, my children . . .

GARDENA VALLEY NEWS

AND GARDENA TRIBUNE
W. J. Hunt G. Don Algie
The Publishers
THURSDAY, JUNE 27, 1968

Meandering
Myron Just
Melts Away

By LOUISE LARSON
Evening Outlook Staff Writer

In these days of alarm and tension, people are likely to believe anything.

This was proved today when Coast Guard officials, radio station KGIL and this newspaper were deluged with calls from concerned citizens inquiring about an "iceberg off the coast of Santa Monica."

Inquiry revealed that Dick Whittington on his morning radio show on KGIL, San Fernando, had spun a tale about an iceberg seven miles offshore from Santa Monica.

Naming it Myron, he said it was 1,200 feet tall and four feet wide and was wearing a prayer shawl. Myron had come down from Alaska to see a famed Santa Monica specialist about "bad circulation."

Myron was so "introverted," Whittington concluded, that he simply melted away when someone on shore stared at him with high-powered binoculars.

Humor is a boomerang

Laugh . . . and you cry alone

What is left in this crazy, mixed-up world if we've forgotten how to laugh? Since his last three crusades have ended in threatened law suits, it is rather an understatement to say that the humor of KGIL disc jockey Dick Whittington is misunderstood.

While the majority of his listeners are "tuned in" to his wavelength, it is obvious by their reactions that many of the victims of Sweet Dick's put-ons probably would rather drink Molotov cocktails than be the brunt of his jokes.

Dick's latest campaign to "elect Tiny Tim President and First Lady" was squelched even before the primary. Deluged with requests for bumper stickers, the disc jockey found the number of Tiny Tim supporters staggering.

Instead of thanking Whittington for the invaluable publicity, Tiny Tim's legal representatives forcibly withdrew their candidate and threatened Whittington with a law suit should he continue the hoax. From this, it would appear that Tim's sense of humor apparently is limited to the dimensions of his first name.

Before the Tim incident, Sweet Dick found himself in "hot water" with the Coast Guard when the disc jockey reported an iceberg off the coast of Santa Monica. To believe that an iceberg would appear in California in June is as ri-DICK-ulous as believing that Maury Wills should get 20 years in Sing-Sing for base-stealing.

With respect to the Coast Guard, however, it is only fair to point out that much of the information reported by Whittington was incorrect. The disc jockey said that the iceberg, named Myron, was wearing a Christian prayer shawl and was not believed to be of the Jewish faith.

Without DICKering over minor points, this was one of the important flaws in an almost perfect story. Myron Berg was obviously Jewish, as are many other Bergs, including

Goldbergs, Steinbergs, and Molly Bergs.

Also when asked if nine-tenths of it was under water, it is believed that the iceberg responded in the affirmative, but asked in turn: "Isn't everything?"

It was rumored that J. Paul Getty, prominent financier, challenged the iceberg to defend that last statement in a debate to be known as the "Getty-Berg Address."

These important facts were completely neglected by Whittington in his account of Myron's activities. Had Whittington not had an "exclusive" interview with the iceberg, it is probable that KGIL would have been scooped by all the other Los Angeles radio stations.

With strikes against him from the Tiny Tim and the Myron Berg affairs, strike three was called against Sweet Dick when he tried to get his boyhood idol, Walter "Boom Boom" Beck into baseball's Hall of Fame. With cries of "Zoom-Zoom for Boom-Boom" and "Let's Bring Walter 'Boom Boom' Beck," hundreds of "Boom Boom" fans sprouted all over California.

Although Beck could not rank with baseball's greatest pitchers, Whittington argued that he was the common man and, as such, deserved a place in the Hall of Fame. Red Smith of the Hall of Fame was at first receptive to the idea.

What had started out as a lark soon became a serious matter to Whittington and the other "Boom-Boom" Beck fans. However, by that time, Smith was convinced he had been the butt of a joke and again the threat of a law suit was "batted" at the Los Angeles disc jockey . . .

. . . Has it really become that difficult to laugh at ourselves? Doesn't the world have enough problems without creating more? Look around — at yourself and all the others. If you can't laugh, you'll have to cry.
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Written and Photographed by Bill Smith.

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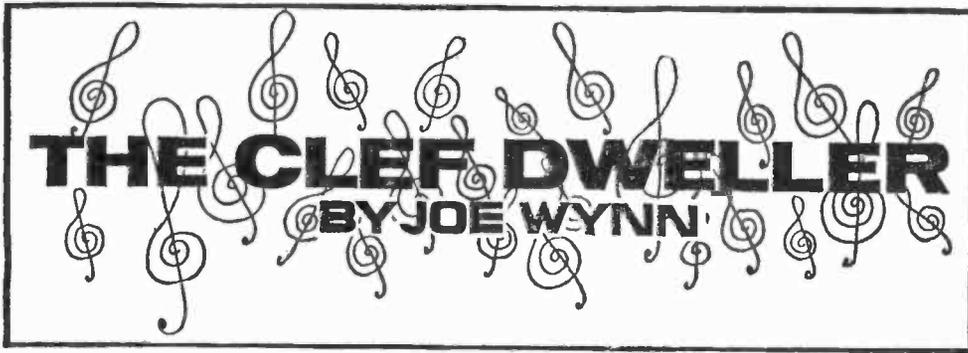
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• It's happening right before your very ears:

Paul Compton, one of the last of the sophisticated disc jockeys, will return to the air Monday to begin a nightly program (7-12) on KGIL. Compton is a disciple of the ultra-cool approach once practiced so smoothly by Gene Norman.

Although it has been belabored and disgraced in modern times, there is a definite art in programming good music. The superior record players address their task with all the consideration of a Leonard Bernstein or Zubin Mehta. Compton is from this class and class he is. If you enjoy stylish, cool sounds and a personality who is on top of his craft, we recommend the Paul Compton program . . .

Speaking of KGIL, recent rating surveys reveal the Valley station is making significant advances in the market. Dick Whittington's ratings are formidable and sports commentator Stan Brown is a strong voice in his field .

Part III—SAT., DEC. 16, 1967 **Los Angeles Times** ★

SPORTSLOOK

New Sports Voice

Stan Brown, KGIL's sports commentator, definitely is the best new voice in Los Angeles since Bob Kelley came West with the Rams in 1947. He is forceful, bright, dynamic and colorful. In a few years Brown will rate right along with the Scullys, Healys, Hearn and Enbergs in the Los Angeles area—or elsewhere. Brown's nightly 5:30 documentary is highly recommended.

The life of a sportscaster can be more than all stats and cliches. Stan Brown, KGIL's sport personality, had a rather rough weekend last week. While participating in the Sportscasters vs. Movie Stars baseball game at Dodger Stadium, he was decked (crushed, actually) by Jackie Gleason (260 pounds) when the Great One slid (avalanched) into second base. Brown suffered a bruised leg. The next day Brown's young son broke daddy's nose with a baseball. Then, Brown fainted on the air while doing his show last Monday. There's a moral here, somewhere . . .

THE VALLEY NEWS

tv/ radio

By **HAL BATES**
 TV/Radio Editor

I'm willing to concede KGIL's Soul Brother Dick Whittington had the correct information that Ken was at one time married to a Shirley Temple Doll, but that the marriage was annulled in 1963 by a Tijuana gas station attendant, thereby leaving Ken free to marry Barbie. Blessings on you both, my children .

INTERVIEW

Madcap Disc Jockey At KGIL

Wednesday, July 31, 1968

by Ted Goldstein

The dawn has come. Slowly you arise. Like a zombie you move to the kitchen. Sipping a steaming cup of black coffee you hear one of the kids bellow a cry from the smack of another kid. The toast pops up. The warm fragrance wafts through your nostrils.

The wife is frying a couple of eggs. The two of you have exchanged a "good morning", begrudgingly. You are aware of all around you yet your mind is a thousand miles away.

You're mindful that the radio is on. You heard music; or was it a commercial jingle?

Suddenly, a low voice becomes a high plaintive cry, "It's Sweet Brother Dick from the Sin Fernando Valley. Free reality, escape with Dick." The wife and you exchange that knowledgeable look and chuckle. The 4 hour madness is on.

Not since the Breakfast Club, the popular radio show of a by-gone ear, have so many people become so interested in a morning radio show.

And the champion of this lunacy from 6 to 10 a.m. is Karl "Dick" Whittington, age 36.

Occupationally he lists himself as a disc jockey, yet he is the first to admit that he does a poor job of it. "I talk over records, break in before the song has ended, ruin commercials, scratch records against the needle and talk entirely too much."

The witty and inventive young entertainer lives in Laguna Beach. He arises every morning, Monday through Friday, at 4:30 a.m. to be at the KGIL radio station in San Fernando by 6 a.m.

The slight framed, brown-haired, Whittington was born in Odessa, Delaware. He was a disc jockey for KLAC and also did telephone shows for ABC. His last job was as a disc jockey for KSFO operating out of the Fairmount Hotel in San Francisco.

This is his second stint at the Valley radio station; he worked for them 3 years ago for about 6 months. He has been there since January 15, this time around.

Of the administration at KGIL, Whittington says, "I'm fortunate that I work with the people that I do. They leave me alone--no restrictions."

And any 4 hour show will testify to the flexible license that the administration has bestowed upon him.

During those 4 dusky morning hours Whittington, with his engineer sidekick, Joe Pugia, "the Italian war-hero, our resident POW" sally forth in search of truth like Don Quixote and Sancho Panza.

Whittington denied being a crusader, nevertheless he speaks out for "the loser". Typically, the loser is the person who roots for the New York Mets, drives an Edsel, married the ugliest girl in town and lets her pick out his clothes, is behind in his taxes, and hasn't the strength to change his predicament. Whittington says,

"We all lead such dull lives, I project the image of living life vicariously."

What he does project can best be described as human relatability. He speaks for the many thousands that listen to him every weekday morning that would love to punch the boss in the face, trip a little old lady in the street, or pop the neighbor's kids when they walk across the sofa while the mother sits there drinking your coffee at 7 a.m. He speaks for all those who hate the "big machine" those who would like to break out of the mold just once.

And across the Valley the human relatability seems to be working. There is humor on the freeways in the morning. In factories, offices and homes the morning greeting is "Did ya' hear Whittington today?"

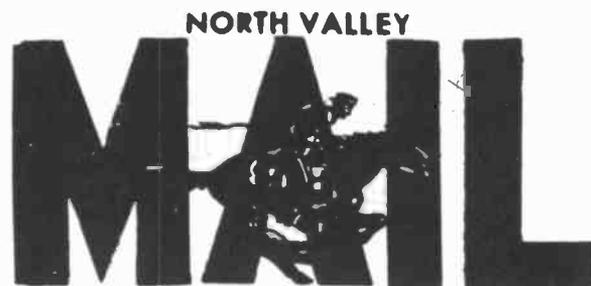
Bill Smith, public relations representative from KGIL, said that in any 15 minute period during the 4 hour period at least 35,000 people are listening to Whittington. It was explained that this figure is a very rough guess. The commuter radio listening audience is constantly changing during the 4 early morning hours and car radios cannot be gauged. Smith said, "We like to think it's more than 35,000 but we can't prove it." He added,

"We have raised the price of commercials on Dick's show, but cutback the commercial air time to give Dick more time to talk."

And just what is this important talk? Well, a general run of campaigns on the Whittington show since the first of the year include a movement to have Walter (Boom-Boom) Beck placed in baseball's Hall of Fame, the wedding of Barbie and Ken, a telephone call to Fidel Castro, a telephone call to the Crown Prince of Norway, which succeeded, congratulating the Prince on his engagement, and a bumper sticker presidential campaign for Tiny Tim. Some mornings he plays freeway musical cars and on other mornings he does imitations, his best is probably or Richard Burton.

The music, selected by himself, is usually keyed "up" for mood to fill in the time while he thinks of another Walter Mitty daydream, or "just imagine" episode.

KGIL's "child of love" plans to continue on at the station until "they throw me out." However, this September he will be a regular on the Rowan and Martin Laugh-In Show for NBC. And knowing Whittington, he should be able to keep up with the crowd and "sock it to 'em."



Controlled circulation postage paid at U. S. Post Office
San Fernando and at Narthridge, Cal.,



KGIL

RADIO 1260 · 5000 WATTS
SAN FERNANDO VALLEY
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

As a Dick Whittington Public Service, the long-time "illicit" affair between the toy dolls known as "Barbie and Ken" was consummated in mock-marriage on KGIL. Whittington felt matrimony was the only solution to the "sinful" arrangement in the Dream House. Friends of the family were sent these wedding pictures and this emotional letter describing the festivities. Pictures of the honeymoon are not available.

Yesterday

Dear Wedding Fan:

At last! At last! At last! Here are your very own photos of the Social Event of the Season, The Marriage of Barbie and Ken. These pics are being sent only to the most important people in Southern California (but we had this extra set left over for you).

The latest word from the Dream House is that Barbie and Ken are living happily ever after, once upon a time. They're even behind in the furniture payments. If that isn't marital bliss, then there's no such thing.

In Sweet Dick Whittington's proxy marriage of Barbie and Ken, Barbie was played by Wanda Moore, Ken was played by olde time radio star Larry Maggiore, and Soul Brother Dick was played by an out-of-work viking. (There's not much work for vikings these days.) In the wedding orchestra, Dick Whittington played second fiddle. (He's been playing it for years.)

We thank you for your interest in KGIL and in Sweet Dick. Heaven knows he needs it!

Radioingly yours,

Bill Smith
Director of Proxy Weddings,
Hayrides, and other
major events of fun.

RADIO STATION K G I L

The Wedding of Barbie and Ken

STARRING DICK WHITTINGTON

AND A CAST OF THOUSANDS



Their First Fight



Do You? I Do! They Did!!



The Blushing Bride



The Soulful Sermoner

But Sweet Dick Whittington isn't the only one on KGIL. There are other people here too. Three of them were advertised in the Sunday Calendar magazine section of the Los Angeles Times, and in full-page spreads in the Valley's major newspaper The Valley News.

1260. It's one KGIL of a radio station.

DUDLEY WILLIAMS

has a bad habit. He keeps playing records three at a time. He's been a habit at KGIL for a dozen years. But we're firing him next week.



The Dudley Williams Show 10am-3pm

1260. It's one KGL of a radio station.



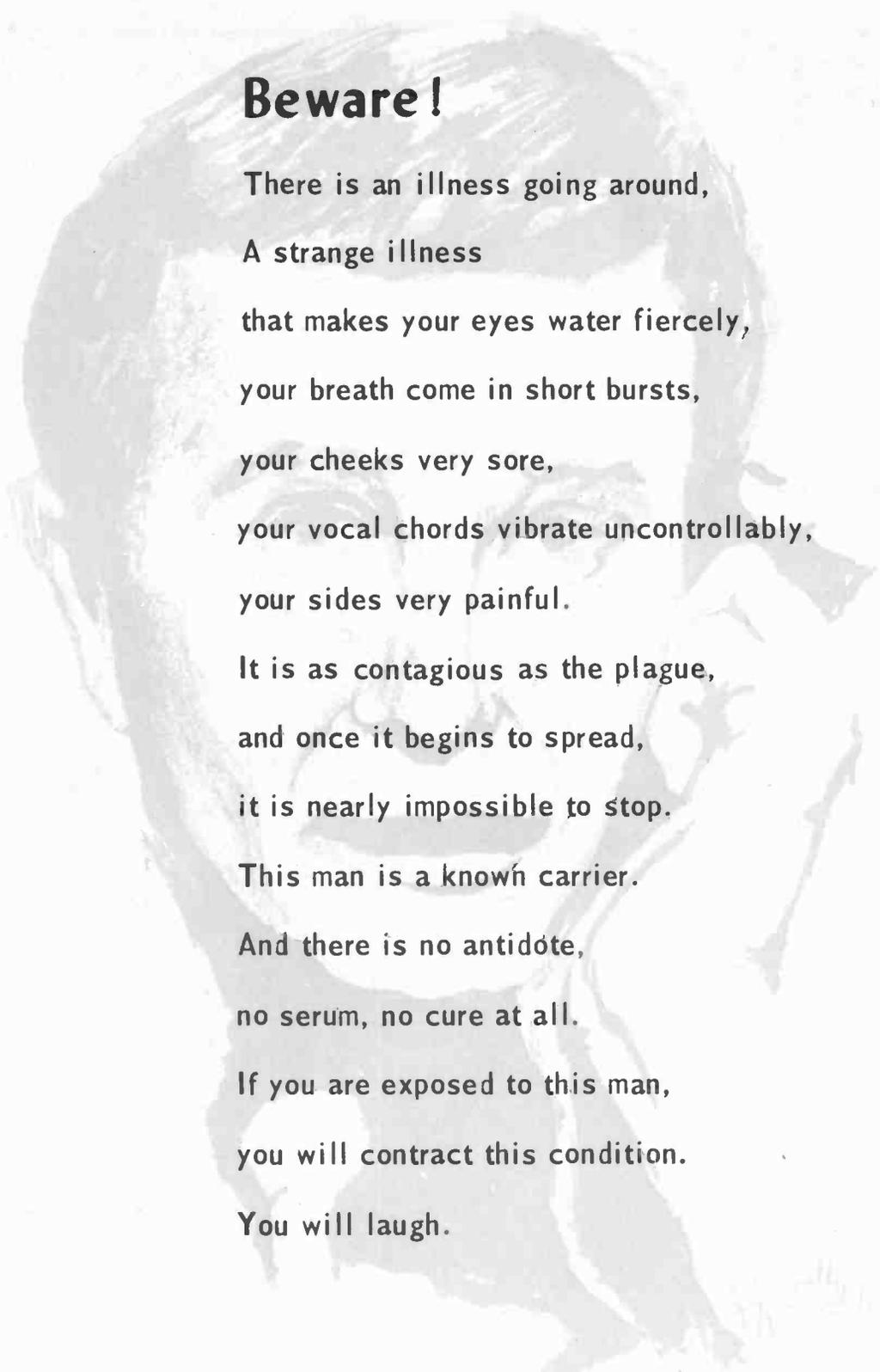
BACK TO BACK

Wink Martindale and Paul Compton.
If there are any good records left
when Wink's done for the
afternoon, Paul plays them at night.
And there jolly well better be, or
they don't get paid this week.



Paul Compton 7 pm - midnight

Wink Martindale 3 pm - 7 pm



Beware!

There is an illness going around,
A strange illness
that makes your eyes water fiercely,
your breath come in short bursts,
your cheeks very sore,
your vocal chords vibrate uncontrollably,
your sides very painful.

It is as contagious as the plague,
and once it begins to spread,
it is nearly impossible to stop.

This man is a known carrier.

And there is no antidote,
no serum, no cure at all.

If you are exposed to this man,
you will contract this condition.

You will laugh.