



Intermission

CANADA'S SPOTLIGHT PARADE

BOOTLEGGERS OR BARFLIES ???

JAZZ

VANCOUVER'S JACK CULLEN

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Manitoba's Amusements Tax Act

The multitude of laws and statutes passed by governments are usually thought to be in the interests of the community as a whole. This basic function of democracy is one of the things that has caused our way of life to endure. However, even as the Gods of the Romans were not infallible, the representatives of the people who devise our tax structure are often wrong.

Some provisions of the Amusements Act, which regulates and taxes the entertainment industry, tend to hurt rather than help the industry. The entertainment industry is singular in that it is full of artists of undoubted merit who have yet to climb to the pinnacle of achievement. All amusements are not superlative attractions which can charge fancy admissions and be assured of public response. Most artists, including famous ones, begin in a small way and through achievements before modest-paying houses climb to envied positions at the top of the ladder of success.

This fact has apparently not penetrated to the rarefied levels of upper government administration in which those who write our statutes live their obscure lives. In writing the Amusements Act, they have gone a step farther than most tax collectors and placed provisions which in effect demand that amusement taxes be paid in advance. This is achieved by writing into the Act a clause requiring enterprising producers to put up a bond.

In at least one instance, and undoubtedly in hundreds more, this policy has killed an entertainment before it was born. Enterprise in the entertainment industry is thereby strangled by tentacles of red tape that find their origin in our legislative halls.

Taxation is a necessary, an inevitable part of our functioning democracy. Governments have been overthrown because of discriminatory taxation. Yet in the field of entertainment, because there are no voices strong enough to protest effectively, discriminatory taxation policies can be practiced against smaller operators.

Taxation should be levied and administered in such a manner that no section of the community can be said to suffer unduly from its existence. Taxation should not stand as an obstacle to the development of enterprise and initiative in a field so important to Canada's cultural heritage as the entertainment field. The policy of indiscriminately demanding that all entertainment ventures, large or small, should be obliged to post sums, which in some cases almost equal the possible gate, as a surety against taxes is bad. It is time that the Amusements Tax was reviewed and consideration given to the small enterpriser with something good to offer but little capital to meet the Act's provisions.

Bootleggers or Barflies?

Westerners are constantly speaking of the attractions of the prairie and west coast regions as holiday resorts. We speak of the broad sweep of prairie land, the rolling undulation of the northern tundra and its jewel lakes. We talk of the breathtaking splendor of foothills, the awe-inspiring majesty of towering peaks and rush of land toward the endlessly moving ocean of the west. We speak of fishermen's paradise, sportmen's delight, holidayers' haven, nirvana for the city dweller seeking solace in silence or a different climate.

What the westerner does not speak of, or speaks of in low whispers, is the parched stretch of arid hypercrisis which sprawls in an unbroken sweep from the borders of Ontario to the crashing rollers of the Pacific ocean. Because if the west is a paradise of delight for the tourist in its scenic attractions, it is also a desert of dryness.

It is an unfortunate fact that the tourist must sip his last cocktail at the borders of the west. In two of the prairie provinces, if he cares to quaff even a lowly beer, he must leave his wife at the nearest check-room. In the others they may drink together in beer parlours but go elsewhere for cocktails or liquor. Elsewhere is either the privacy of a hotel room or home, or the omnipresent bootleggers.

Anyone who may advocate unbridled drinking is undoubtedly off the track. One who advocates drinking in the climate of hypocritical self-righteousness that marks western drinking habits is even more so.

Westerners may point with pride to the lack of sinful cocktail bars in our fair metropolis. A quick trip to any one of the allegedly discreet interiors of hotel "parlours" however, reveals that in avoiding imagined measles we have contracted smallpox. The parlour stands as the most glaring indictment of the western concept of "respectable drinking". The hypocritical approach to drinks for women is equally ugly. Any tourist may see a tipsy woman on the main streets of Winnipeg, Saskatoon, Calgary, or any one of the cities that discriminate against women in parlours. The "cure," it appears, causes the patient to contract the disease.

Conservative Ontario has officially blessed the cocktail bar, and while palaces of alcoholic pleasure are a fact, unrestricted drunkenness is not. Parochial Quebec has made the purchase and consuming of liquor as easy as having a coke, but unbridled alcoholism has so far failed to make its impress on that province.

The example of the United States, where a great majority of the states have sane liquor laws, is pretty good

evidence that public sale and consumption of alcoholic beverage in controlled establishments does not mean chaos.

The record of the West is written on the dockets of common courts in all of its cities. There is a dreary procession of lush-artists of various types, who make regular appearances before magistrates. There are tipsy drivers, drunken brawlers, and a bumper crop of habit drinkers. We still have that throwback to the days of the speakeasy, the night club raid. The wash-room drink is a western institution, as much a symbol of that country west of Kenora as is the wheat-sheaf and Douglas Fir.

The actual fact is that public drinking does not encourage alcoholism. The alcoholic is a symbol of social maladjustment. He usually can find the means for a jag whether he drinks publicly or privately. We can no more assume that public drinking is wrong because of alcoholics than we can assume that the manufacture and sale of firearms is wrong because of the gangster. Proper supervision and control of the sale of liquor is the answer. An it is much easier to control liquor sold across the counter and consumed publicly, than that sold wrapped and consumed in secret.

The consequence of the West's anachronistic approach to the sale of liquor extends into many fields. Our attractiveness to the venturing tourist is reduced, we hatch a crop of bootleggers that put early Chicago to shame, we encourage an illicit approach to mixed drinking, and encourage the "sin" of drinking by our self-righteous attitude.

The entertainment game is almost a dead horse, because the social-lubricant, as liquor is sometimes called, is forbidden where it should rightfully be permitted. The hotel lobby with its parlor, is a vault of loneliness for the tourist. The hundreds of people affected in these two industries alone is enough to encourage a review of the whole problem. And an immeasurable amount of good-will evaporates when the tourist enters the "dry-belt" west. The ample attractions of Ontario and Quebec become even more attractive to tourists, who in the final analysis, do not like constant reminders that drinking is wrong. And bluenose westerners pay, and pay and pay.

There is a school of opinion which shows those who drink as down-at-

the-heels roués. The debauched drinker is shown in the final stages of a wastrel's life, his sodden form draped from a bar. In one hand he clutches a bottle marked with the three X's of proof spirit, and his nerveless feet are hidden in a welter of cigar butts, overturned cuspidors and fallen comrades.

The other butt of line-drawn humor is the long, lean, black garbed individual, who firmly clutches a black umbrella in a skinny claw and whose nose shines forth in the brilliant and unmistakable blue of puritanism.

However, most Canadians realize by now that the man who drinks (and the woman who drinks) is somewhat of a normal person usually looking much like the person who looks back at you from the mirror. The shade of the skinny bluenose stands at your shoulder restraining you from normal drinking, because he has whopped up the phoney picture of the caricatured drunk and set him up as the criterion of all who drink.

It is about time that the west woke up to its own backward looking idiocy. Cocktail bars, respectably operated, have provided a golden stream of revenue to the government, the tourist industry and the entertainment game of the east. It's about time the west awoke to the fact that drinking is fun, is not particularly evil when properly controlled, and has been accepted in most places in the world.

It isn't a case of bootleggers or barflies, but it does call for a close examination of the reasons behind the dry outlook of the west, and shows the need for progressive reform to an outlook more in line with the broad-minded concepts of 1949.



HERB BRITTAIN

This versatile gent holds forth as Musical Director at CKRC, Winnipeg, and is responsible for those entertaining musical programs. He is a well-known figure around the dance spots in Winnipeg as bandleader and trumpeter.

Hamilton Sees How Radio Works

By Wendell Walton.

For four days and five nights, citizens of Canada's Ambitious City, Hamilton, Ontario, were given their chance to really see how radio works. The occasion was the annual Industrial Fair, sponsored by the local Junior Chamber of Commerce in the huge Armouries.



Radio Station CKOC went all out to provide Fair attendants with a true-to-life picture of exactly what does go on behind the scenes of radio. From two p.m. till ten p.m. each day during the event, CKOC broadcast from a special studio direct from the Fair.

More than ten thousand dollars worth of equipment was displayed in the "Palace of Glass", and all the popular local shows were aired there. For weeks prior to the showing, Julian Garson, CKOC's special events manager, worked feverishly directing construction of the huge booth, arranging set-up of equipment, and publicizing the outcome of his efforts. When all was complete, and CKOC hit the air, more than eighty thousand Hamiltonians learned for the first time, that there is more to radio than turning a dial at home.

The over-all display was forty-three feet in length, and consisted of two studios and a control room. In Studio "A" live shows were broadcast each night, while Studio "B" took care of disc shows, newscasts, and personality shows.

In the control room, modern equipment, exactly the same as that used at CKOC, was set up. A new General Electric Console was used in operating, and in the background was a "picture window" of CKOC's up-to-the-minute Marconi transmitter.

Although the daily broadcasting schedule was maintained throughout, shows that have a wide listening audience during the morning (when the Fair was not open) were re-enacted during the afternoon, between three and four, when CKOC carries network soap operas. Jack Wilkinson's "Rise 'n' Shine" (6 to 9 a.m.) was reproduced for the benefit of Fair-goers, as well as Joan Pritchard and Bill McVean's "Foods, Facts and Fashions" (10 to 11 a.m.). Afternoon and evening personality programs such as Spence Gordon's "Rumpus Room", Keith Cutler's "Off The Beaten Track", and the "Bill McVean Show" were carried from the studios at the Fair. Live talent shows, eleven in all, were aired from the Fair, including the CKOC "School of Radio Drama", and an interesting new shot "Say it with Music", a locally sponsored show that invites Canadian Song-writers to send in their contributions, of which three are played each week.

All in all, CKOC's set-up at the Junior Chamber of Commerce's Annual Industrial Fair was highly commendable. It provided the opportunity, for the first time, for local residents to get at the "behind the scenes" workings of a broadcasting station. Radio stations in other communities would do well to pull a similar promotion job, as and when the opportunity permits.

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SPOTLIGHT Shines on

..... COOKIE POPESKI



Everybody talks about it, but when it comes to doing something about it—nobody knows from nothing. The weather? No, the fact that every year dozens of Canada's most talented young people leave home to try their luck in the entertainment world in the United States.

Why do girls and boys leave home? To get the facts, listen to Cookie Popeski, Cookie knows. But first of all, meet Cookie. She's cute, and twenty-six and talented. She has won considerable success; she has sung with Canada's top musical comedy groups and orchestras, has given successful recitals, and has been featured on national radio networks. And now Cookie is leaving home. She loves Canada, and she

would like, above all else, to stay in Canada and become part of the Dominion's cultural life. But Cookie is leaving home. Because, to put it quite bluntly, Canada has no place for Cookie, or for hundreds like her. "It's like this," she says. "Singing isn't a part-time job. I must study and rehearse constantly. There are books I must read, plays I must see." She looks at you earnestly and continues. "It's a simple matter of finances. Food, a roof over one's head, the routine things, cost money. So do singing lessons. Money? Artists aren't supposed to consider such mundane things. But artists, like ditch diggers and plumbers, have to eat. And, like plumbers," she adds, "singers must be equipped with tools of their trade. A singer needs a good and varied wardrobe, a good supply of make-up, a professional hairdo, as much as a plumber needs a wrench."

Cookie's story could be the story of hundreds of others. She wasn't born with a golden spoon in her mouth, nor on the wrong side of the tracks. She lived in a pleasant neighborhood and attended University. As soon as she received her Bachelor of Arts degree, she went to work in earnest. The lessons and limitless hours of practice began. Within a few years she had won the coveted Rose Bowl at the Manitoba Musical Festival, and scholarships with Emil Gartner of Toronto and with the Royal Conservatory of Music. The next few years were filled with work that would make a charwoman weep for mercy. Cookie lived on a budget that allowed six dollars a week for singing lessons, two dollars more for lessons in harmony and languages, and twelve dollars a week for food, clothes, rent, carfare and incidentals. It wasn't a

very glamorous life. But soon partial success came to the young singer. She played leading roles in operettas in Toronto and Montreal and gave recitals in Winnipeg. Her youthful voice had grown richer, she had gained self-assurance and poise. Next, Cookie moved to Vancouver to study with John Goss, one of Canada's foremost vocal teachers. Her name began to attract notice in musical circles. She was given starring roles in Vancouver's Theatre Under the Stars, she was starred on Singing Stars of Tomorrow program, and finally was chosen to lead a company of singers to tour Alaska, the Yukon and the Northwest.

The same year that she sang the light, romantic songs of "Naughty Marietta", Cookie was giving recitals, serious music, singing in Italian, German, English, French and Hebrew. The greatest recognition came when she was chosen out of hundreds of available sopranos to sing the leading role in a Bach concert given by the Vancouver Symphony Orchestra.

But . . . Cookie is leaving home. Ask her for details and she is a bit reticent. Pay for singers in Canada is not high. She won't quote figures, but a prying reporter can usually nose out the facts, and here are some of them, gleaned from several reliable sources. Singers in "Theatre Under the Stars" are not causing any furores in the income tax department these days. For approximately a month before rehearsals begin, the singer must be available. There is no pay for rehearsals. A starring singer, who spends hours in private and group rehearsal, may make as much as—hold on to your hats—one hundred dollars for the run of the production. Members of the chorus are paid considerably less. On an hourly basis, the pay is almost as good as that given a first class baby sitter. The lot of a young dancer is no different. After eight or nine back-breaking years of work in dance classes, the Canadian dancer, who appears with one of the few functioning ballet companies in the country, may receive—sit down for this one—up to five dollars a performance. Youthful musicians are usually protected by the Musicians Union, but singers and dancers have no such protection. That's the reason so many of them are buying one-way tickets south.

Is there a solution? The sceptics shake their heads. Talent, they say gloomily, will always go where the big money is. But others have arguments for the sceptics. How about the huge sums paid celebrities when an Eddie Cantor, a James Melton or a Gladys Swarthout plays Canada, that folding green stuff they take away with them, isn't exactly hay. That's why Canadian artists feel they have a good case for a beef. Specifically, they are riled because: Private promoters, who spend money ballyhooing some U.S. importation, won't spend a cent publicizing Can-

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CKSB

St. Boniface, Man.

Winnipeg's thriving, French-Canadian next-door-neighbor St. Boniface is justly proud of its unique radio station—CKSB. Almost everything concerned with the 1,000-watt, 1250 frequency station is different and interesting.

The financial set-up of CKSB is the only one of its kind known. When, in 1943, a group of Manitoba French-Canadians were contemplating the founding of Western Canada's first French-speaking station, they decided to raise funds in an unusual way. Straight donations were sought from the French-Canadian Manitobans scattered over some 60 communities. At first the objective was set at \$25,000, but altogether some \$85,000 was raised in donations from French-speaking people. A \$500 donation from a community entitled that district to elect one delegate to a primary meeting held in St. Boniface in January, 1945. This meeting elected a board of directors with Dr. Guoyt as president. The directors in turn elected a five-man controlling committee to handle the immediate affairs of the new station.

The building now occupied by CKSB has a historic story all its own. It is the only remaining part of the old St. Boniface College destroyed by fire in 1922. CKSB bought the building from the St. Boniface Boy Scouts who were using it as a local. After a thorough renovation, the historic walls now house the first French-language radio station in Western Canada.

In the spring of 1946, the controlling committee began selecting a staff to operate the new station. All personnel, with the exception of the chief engineer and manager, were hired without previous radio experience. Though this move might appear hazardous, it actually resulted in increased opportunity for experimentation.

On May 27th, 1946 at 6 p.m. the first program from the new station CKSB went on the air. It was the leading St. Boniface martial band, the "Fanfare La Verandrye," playing "O, Canada." During the course of the day's broadcasting, CKSB listeners heard recitals by singer Louise Roy and violinist Gisele Lafeshe, speeches by Manitoba's Lt. Governor McWilliams and provincial premier Stuart Garson, a transcribed program of greetings from former St. Boniface people residing in Montreal and of course the reading of congratulations from all over Canada.

It soon became obvious that CKSB had an unusually appreciative radio audience. This is partly explained by the fact that the station is actually owned by its listeners. Since almost every French-speaking family has donated something



RENE DUSSAULT

towards the novel venture, listeners are prone to regard the station with an abnormal amount of interest. This general feeling of "part-ownership" has gained CKSB a 90% primary coverage of French-speaking homes in Manitoba. Another factor that would certainly demand heavy listening power for the station is the educational policy adopted by CKSB. Since the French-language station is not primarily a commercial venture, as no dividends are extended its founders, any profits accrued are used in the improvement of the station.

Such a financial situation brings about a refreshingly non-commercial attitude by CKSB. For instance, the station can and does play a better class of music than its English competitors. Light classical, "pop" concert arrangements and "chansonnettes" (authentic French popular tunes) comprise the greater part of the music aired over the French station. This musical policy has gained CKSB great acclaim from countless non-French speaking listeners who welcome a rest from the never-ending stream of popular music emoting from most other radio outlets.

CKSB is proud of the talent it has fostered since its inception three years ago. Notable former CKSB entertainers include Miss Louise Roy, who captured the grand prizes on both the English "Singing Stars Of Tomorrow" and the French "Nos Futures Etoiles" the latter extending to Miss Roy a \$500 cash award, a 26-week engagement on the CBC and a scholarship to the Metropolitan Opera company summer school.

Other successful alumni include announcer Leo Ramillard, now studying radio and dramatics in Paris through a scholarship granted him by the French government. He will return to CKSB in July. Bertrand Potvin, trained at CKSB, is now manager of CJFP, Rivier du Loup, Quebec.

Now an outstanding prairie outlet, CKCB's staff is headed by Rene Dussault, who serves in the joint capacities of program director and acting manager.

Aside from its obvious value as a source of entertainment and better-quality music, CKSB also serves as a potent and necessary medium of the French language in Western Canada.



ATTRACTIVE CKSB STUDIOS

VANCOUVER'S OWL PROWL MADCAP DISK-JOCKEY



JACK CULLEN

"Meet Jack Cullen". The boyish-looking chap grinned and pumped my hand. I stood back and gave Jack Cullen the once-over. He was dressed conservatively in green slacks, a bright red blazer with gold buttons, a blue-and-yellow tie and ox-blood shoes.

"We can't talk here," Jack said and turning to the CKMO announcer who made the introductions, "where shall we go?" "Well," the announcer replied, "you might take him out for coffee." Jack Cullen's palm extended automatically and the announcer wearily dropped a 25-cent piece into it.

Once seated over a cup of coffee, Jack asked, "Well, what do you want to know?" I soon discovered that trying to interview Jack Cullen is like trying to paint stripes on a kangaroo. Everybody knows "Jackie" and all conversation is interrupted by innumerable rounds of back-slapping and estatic greetings.

I did manage to find out that Jack Cullen has been with CKMO for three years, running a two-and-a-half hour platter-and-chatter show called "Owl Prowl." The program is heard between 10.30 p.m. and 1.00 a.m. on the West coast. Jack uses his own 9,000-record library of discs and boasts a complete Glenn Miller and Benny Goodman collection. No scripts are used on "Owl Prowl."

Jack Cullen is best known for his work among teen-agers and he often emcee's CKMO's popular "Teen Town" program. At one such broadcast from the "Club Qu'Appelle" in Vancouver, six hardy teen-age boys hoisted Cullen's bright yellow American Bantam car from the curb outside the club to the third-story dance floor while the program was in progress. Far from angry, Jack

plugged a 200-foot extension into his microphone and drove around the floor broadcasting from the tiny car.

The "Owl Prowl" program is notorious for its stunts. One such escapade involved Jack Cullen in a baby-sitting chore. "Owl Prowl" listeners were asked to send in compositions completing the sentence "I think Jack Cullen would make a good baby-sitter because . . ." in 100 words or less. The winning parents were treated to a gala evening out, courtesy of Jack's many sponsors, plus a Jackpot of prizes. While the lucky parents were celebrating, Cullen minded their two kids and broadcast from their home. Everything went well until the two children (ages—two and three) refused to go to bed and insisted on singing Christmas carols in May.

One night Jack broadcast an entire evening's program from the front seat of a taxi-cab. An assistant handled the records at the station while Jack toured Vancouver in the hack. Passing the Palomar Supper club, Cullen picked up Frankie Laine who was appearing there at the time. Frankie spoke on the air through the mike in the taxi-cab. Incidentally, the stunt resulted in a serious traffic jam because drivers who were listening to the show on their car radios, converged on the district that Jack was describing and tied up traffic for blocks.

Jack's latest stunt was the "Easter Bunny" contest. Cullen drove all

Continued on Page 27.

Radio Boners Contest \$25.00 Cash Prizes

Remember the boner your favorite announcer made the other day? Why not send it in to the Radio Boner Contest . . . it might be worth \$10.00. Every day some announcer, somewhere, makes a slip. When you hear a good one, don't hesitate . . . send it in. Of course, all the boners must be heard on Canadian Stations to qualify for one of the following awards.

1st Prize - - \$10.00

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When you mail in your boner give the DATE, TIME, STATION and if possible the NAME OF THE ANNOUNCER.

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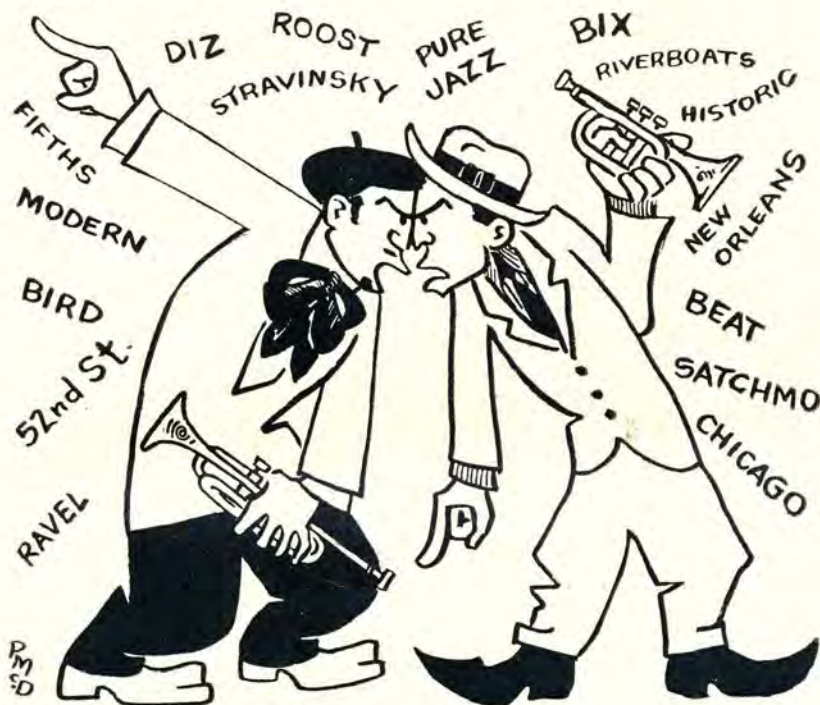
All winning entries are published in the next issue of INTERMISSION following receipt of the boner. The judge's decision will be final and where two or more contestants send in the same boner the entry with the earliest postmark will be given preference.



In the above picture Jack poses in his "Easter Bunny" costume. The boy to his left caught Cullen after the Disc Jockey avoided detection for over two hours.

JAZZ

I never page through a certain American music magazine without chuckling. This particular sheet seems to have a crush on Bop, which it describes as "modern, progressive music." In the most cool, offhanded manner the masterminds who put together this effort emote on the latest antics of the Bop crowd with such phrases as—"tone colors," "harmonic structure" and "fascinating dissonance."



Specially prepared photos show people like "Yardbird" Parker and Lennie Tristano looking terribly worried and seemingly up to their necks in complicated arrangements. Records are reviewed in the most bigoted manner, labelled "dated" or "progressive" as they strike the reviewer. If a certain disc is too far below the standards set by the author, he simply excludes it from the column or rates it the equivalent of "lousy".

Come on now, boys! Let's stop making an Alp out of an anthill. Jazz was never meant to be frowned over. The emotions that Jazz attempts (or should I say attempted?) to portray are simply: (a) Joy, and (b) Sorrow. Almost every Jazz composition penned prior to the reign of Gillespie tried for one or the other. Is there anything so complicated about that? A good musician needn't look dour and speak in terms of "diminuendo codas" to play Jazz. No superhuman efforts and subsequent pained expressions should be necessary.

Granted that Bebop demands a great deal more technical knowledge to play than what has been called "early Jazz" by the Parker-Gillespie Mob. But as far as I know, the keynotes of this new type of Jazz are

experimentation and freedom. Can this be achieved with your nose in the arrangement and an agonized scowl on your pan?

The greater majority of Bop-lovers are just as much in the dark about "modern Jazz" as the mouldiest of figs. The reason is simple. Not everyone who cares for Bebop can play an instrument and it takes some musical knowledge to thoroughly understand and appreciate Bop. Now, answer me truthfully, if you're a Bop fan—do you really know what it's all about? Could you explain Bop fully to someone who is not "enlightened"? Why, even the people who play the stuff are constantly revising it drastically. One recent Bop side featured a french horn, hitherto never mentioned among the hipsters without a round of shrill laughter.

The majority of those lovable cash-paying customers just wouldn't bother trying to figure it out. It sounds harsh and irritating—so they don't listen. Any musician who totally ignores these bread-buttering citizens obviously is in the wrong business.

Actually, the people who cater to Pop tunes and the classical make up such a majority that the following for all types of Jazz is dwarfed by comparison.

So why all the frowning from the hornrims-and-berets set? Wake up, boys—you're the guys who are murdering Jazz!

Regina Turns Out For Jazz

Nine talented young men bopped their way into the hearts of Regina Jazz fans at the Darke Hall last May 11th.

Presenting a program of Bop and Jazz standards, the nine musicians were aided by emcee Jack Pollard and a very receptive audience who howled their delight in no uncertain manner.

The Steve Rowan-Hank Doody production line-up included Geoff Hall (piano), Harold Grills (bass), Saskatoon's Gordon Brandt (guitar), Jim Wightman (drums), Herbie Spanier (trumpet), Pat Williams (trombone), Vancouverite John Kelsey (tenor sax), Glen Acorn (tenor sax) and Edmonton's Jim Perry (alto sax and vocals).

Employing a bare stage (no chairs) and clever lighting, the nine boppers drew many encores from 850 fans who jammed the hall and the 70 or 80 poor souls who fidgeted outside.

Opening with a frisky "Blues in Bebop," the group's ensemble numbers included "Groovin' High," "What Is This Thing Called Love," "How High The Moon," "I Got Rhythm," "Blues At Darke Hall," "Indiana" and "Perdido".

Individually, Gord Brandt soloed on "Body and Soul," and rated an encore—"September In The Rain". Trumpet man Herbie Spanier took off on "Embraceable You" and pianist Geoff Hall handled "Stairway To The Stars" to the obvious pleasure of the audience.

Johnny Kelsey blended his appealing tenor with the tricky Gordon Brandt guitar on "Tea For Two" and encore "Lady Be Good." The Harold Grills-Geoff Hall team-up pleased with "All Of Me" and "Walking My Baby Back Home".

Jim Perry's tasteful "These Foolish Things" brought plaudits for the alto-player and a Jim Wightman drum solo was a masterpiece of precision and timing.

Promoters Rowan and Doody expressed great pleasure at the success of their venture and plan another Jazz concert sometime next September.

It seems that Bop has arrived on the Prairies and the startling reception to this first Regina Jazz concert would indicate a sizeable and enthusiastic following in the Saskatchewan capital.

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ARSENE STUDIOS

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JOHNNY ARMSTRONG HIT IN EDMONTON

By KEN MASON

The houselights dimmed. A tall youth stepped from the wings, took his place before a microphone, and as his golden voice filled the crowded auditorium, a chorus of sighs and "swoons" resounded in his praise.

File for future reference: One Johnny Armstrong, of Edmonton. Crooner. Slightly over six feet in height. Seventeen years old, and a grade 11 student at Strathcona high school. Move over Frankie, here comes Johnny.

Edmonton's 17-year-old Johnny Armstrong has been singing ever since he can remember, and he says he can't think of anything he would rather do.

Any Edmontonian who has heard him sing a dance job, contribute to a radio show, or on any of his frequent public appearances will agree that here is a boy with more than just a little promise for the future.

"I've been singing just for the sheer joy of it ever since I was a kid", Johnny says, "but now I think I would like to sing for a profession". And there's no conceivable reason why he shouldn't.

Since Johnny has made his presence known in this city, he has been acclaimed by many as by far the finest singer Edmonton has ever had the good fortune to hear. In a relatively short time—a little over a year,—he has virtually skyrocketed to fame.

Johnny's one handicap is that he can't read a note of music. That shouldn't be too much to worry about, however. Popular opinion has it that another well known singer, Bing Crosby, is in the same boat, so far as musical knowledge is concerned.

Johnny took first place in the recent Mart Kenney "Talent Quest" radio series. Kenney told Johnny he could "really go places" if he would learn the rudiments of music and obtain a voice coach.

When asked how he learns a song, Johnny says, "I just listen to it three or four times until I pick it up by ear. When you really like a song it doesn't take long to pick it up. When I don't like the song, it takes a little longer."

At a recent dance job in Edmonton, Johnny was singing "I'll See You In My Dreams," when practically every female in the hall began to sigh and scream—giving him the same treatment Frank Sinatra used to get.

When queried as to what he thinks of girls acting up that way Johnny says, "I wish they wouldn't do it so much. It's terribly distracting, and makes it hard to concentrate on singing". He adds, however, that he is pleased to know they like his singing.

Johnny's first public appearance came last summer when he was booked for a dance job with Phil McComb's band at a summer resort 50 miles west of Edmonton. Since that time he has had numerous



JOHNNY ARMSTRONG

engagements with McComb's outfit, and has performed over local radio stations. He also sings for school dances, and had a featured role in the recent Edmon-Teen's Club musical production, "Varieties of '49".

"I want to sing professionally, but I don't know just yet what I will do",

VOCALISTS
Save on Arranging Bills. We carry complete Vocal Orchestration in your key. Catalog free.

DANCE BANDS
All Publishers' popular and standard Orchs. and Orchest. Lowest Prices. Catalog Free.

SHERWOOD MUSIC SERVICE
1585 Broadway, New York 19, N.Y.

declares Johnny. All his friends and acquaintances, as well as this writer, tell him he is passing up a great opportunity if he doesn't follow a professional singing career.

He says his first ambition is to get through high school. After that, if the singing doesn't pan out, he says he may attend the University of Alberta, "Although I don't know what subject I'll take."

Johnny says he doesn't derive his inspiration from any other singer, but tries to sing just like himself. In his opinion, the top male vocalists in the big-time field are Billy Eckstine, Frank Sinatra and Perry Como. Favorite girl singers are Margaret Whiting and Jo Stafford.

Under favorite orchestras it's Paul Weston and Artie Shaw. Johnny says he doesn't like small combos or extreme jazz. "Some of it's all right," he says, "but it seems rather pointless. Give me a large orchestra with lots of strings."

As far as going professional is concerned, Johnny says he won't go to the United States unless he absolutely is forced to. If at all possible, he says he would like to stay right where he is in Edmonton.

Johnny's spare-time hobbies, when he's not singing, include record collecting, reading and dancing. "I just dance to slow music," he says. He prefers mystery and detective stories.

Born in Calgary, Johnny moved with his family to Vancouver at the age of 12. They came to Edmonton three years ago. Johnny says he likes Edmonton, and has no desire, at present, to leave and seek greener fields.

If Johnny does follow a singing career, don't be surprised a few years from now if his smooth baritone voice does to Canada what Sinatra's and Crosby's did to the U.S.



"O.K., O.K., You're Hired!"

CKOY

Things have been happening in Ottawa since the last issue of INTERMISSION hit the stands. Station CKCO has taken to the air with a shiny new set of call letters, and management has promised something new and different.

The new call letters are CKOY, which places the station pretty close in ear-appeal to CKEY, Toronto's lively 5,000-watter, and if our informers are correct, the Ottawa station will mean new life for the Ottawa airwaves.

Apparently the "new call letters—new policy" regime is being implemented with a new staff. Rumbles we've heard from the capitol city hint strongly at what might be termed a spring cleaning. According to our tipster, five out of five announcers have received notice, and new voices will fill the 1310 wave length, as will a new set of programs.

The station will operate on a 24-hour schedule, an all-night disc-jockey feature filling the airwaves between midnight and 6 a.m. daily. The all-night show will be called "Say It With Music."

Ted Root, ex-program director at CKCO, is now sports director. Lew Hill, who was current program director will slip into a salesman's spot if he accepts the offer made to him. As far as we can figure, some of the nice guys who rounded out the station staff are looking for new jobs.

And what about features, as the new program schedule goes into effect? For early risers, CKOY carries two shows, "The Cracker Barrel" and "Musical Clock". Ottawans will also hear "All-time Hit Parade" and "Make Believe Ballroom". "Ballroom" is a two-hour show.

Two two-hour presentations are another feature of the station's streamlined policy. Filling the afternoon spots are "Tops in Pops" and "Music Hall", which will carry through the afternoon to 5.30 p.m.

Listeners will also be kept on top of the news, and CKOY will hit with a five-minute news roundup every hour on the hour. The plug-tired listener can expect a break or two with the station's announced policy of fewer spot announcements and a minimum of commercials.

We have a sneaking suspicion that out of the melee of earth-shaking happenings near Parliament Hill something new will be added. In any event we toss a double portion of good luck wishes in the direction of Ottawa. One for the new station, its new policy and programs; the other for the boys from the late CKCO who are now "at liberty".



The days of summer radio—known usually as dog-days because most of what happens on the air shouldn't happen to a dog—are upon us. Program planners, working on the whimsical theory that nobody is listening anyway—flood the airlines with programs of light classics played by string orchestras and sung by aging baritones, pleasant little farces, vaguely mysterious whodunits, and new programs which may or may not "go". So before we are reduced to raving mania by listening to the 80th performance of Three Blind Mice and Yankee Doodle arranged symphonically for oboe and harpsichord, let us look on the bright side of life.

There is always, as Elsie Dinsmore used to say, something to be thankful for. There is, for instance, the fact that Canadian radio, with a small budget, audience and facilities, walked away with most of the honors at the recent exhibition of radio programs at the Ohio State University, showing its heels to the runners up, the American Networks.

There is the fact that despite fears of the coming of "normalcy" and tightening of advertising budgets, new radio stations are still springing up. (Among them is Winnipeg's CKY which will be in operation by October 1st, Manitobans will dial it at 1080. General Manager is Lloyd Moffat).

There is the fact that CBC Wednesday Night, which was rightfully honored by a special award at the Ohio meet, is going to do a bit of real trail-blazing in the near future. After much undercover investigation, our spies report—aw, what the heck, let's be honest, we got the facts in a letter from program planner Neil Morrison. The facts are, says Neil, that there is a good possibility that one Wednesday Night will be devoted to the subject of jazz, with possibly an hour-long drama on a jazz theme,

a live jazz concert featuring Canadian musicians, and a program of the finest recorded jazz. Thus Canadian culture will officially recognize jazz, and perhaps in time, something will even be done about lifting the cloud of gloom that hangs over the Saturday afternoon period on the Canadian Network. (Lively stuff, that, Jack. B.B.C. symphony recordings, a talk on ballet, a few Gregorian chants, a spot of information on the mating call of the ring-tailed thrush, some more B.B.C. recordings. . . .).

Perhaps one of the greatest causes for joy and jubilation is the report that a certain Toronto advertising agency is planning to produce four strictly Canadian soap operas to be aired across Canada next fall—and NOT on the C.B.C.'s Trans-Canada Network. This kind of news is a shot in the arm for Canadian writers, actors and announcers, who are faced with the paradoxical situation of being unable to make commercial use of their talents in Canada, and being sneered at as unpatriotic cads when they cross the border to greener fields.

(Continued on Page 22)



A PUZZLE CONTEST

That will interest both
Young and Old

OFFERING

a Total of

\$10,000.00

in

CASH PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE

\$3,000.00

(Maximum Award)

SECOND PRIZE

\$2,000.00

(Maximum Award)

THIRD PRIZE

\$1,000.00

(Maximum Award)

97

Lesser Awards

**JOIN IN THE
FUN NOW!**

**SEE PAGE 32
FOR ENTRY
FORM**

Wonder how the argument as to who listens to who in Saskatchewan will end.

New singing star at Jacks just south of Winnipeg. Name: Ken Steele, a young singer with a future in our estimation.

See our old friend Frank Baker, one of the better trumpet men in Vancouver, still much in the limelight. Right up front with Jack Cullen. (See Picture).

Wonder how long the Amusement Tax collector in Winnipeg can show such rank discrimination in his endeavor to carry out the law. We were always under the impression that "What is good for one should be good for all, or are we being too old fashioned? Some promoters are made to post cash bonds that nearly equal the total gate receipts, and others are not even approached. The answer is rather obvious.

Our friend Dave Pepper, trombonist supreme, who left music to become an optometrist, back in the music field in Vancouver. We must say that the news lightens our day, and we wish the boy well.

Must say it was darn decent of Burns to pay all expenses for their Chuckwagon show to appear in Winnipeg to help the 75th anniversary along. To transport a crew that large from the west coast must have cost a pretty penny.

Wonder who the Vancouver magistrate was who raised a row about Gene Krupa playing that town. "In view of his past record" How much does society require to pay the shot?

We would like to see the band at Winnipeg's Copacabana slow down a little. A person gets up at one tempo, and ends up invariably doing a turkey trot. Leave us get a little commercial. The dancers pay the shot.

We hear that a trip to New York is in the offing for Beryl Richard, our last month cover girl.

Wonder what happened to Leo Smuntan and Orch. at Vancouver's Manhattan Club.

Great changes in the Band at Jacks' our favorite Winnipeg nite spot. Arch McDonnell has gone over to the Casino, replaced by Ken Steele, Johnnie Frosk now holding down a trumpet chair, very nicely too.

The Casino using Arch McDonnell as a drawing card, with Grosney collecting the leaders pay.

Most of the dance spots running every night for the 75th celebration. We are still interested in the outcome of the 75th anniversary celebrations to be held from June 5th to June 11th.

Roland Couture has been named manager of Radio Station CKSB in St. Boniface.

Wonder what has been going on at CKCO in Ottawa. All the boys were told that their jobs were secure when the new management took over, but five out of five announcers were put on notice. The new call letters will be CKOY.

Our favorite eating place in and around Winnipeg is the Hollywood Inn out Pembina Highway. After searching for a good place for months we were well rewarded with good food and atmosphere. Mike sure can cook those steaks.

(Continued on Page 23)

meandering with MUSIC

Dal Richards's getting all ready for his forthcoming appearances at the Malkin Bowl in Vancouver.

John Emmerson still the director of Music at the St. John's Canteen, reportedly the only canteen of its kind left in Canada.

Art Hallman and his Orchestra going strong with the People's Credit Jewellers' show at Sunnyside in Toronto.

Paul Grosney now playing the Casino in Winnipeg.

Pat Doyle, Vancouver Band Leader, now holding down the spot known as the Manhattan. He followed the Smuntan crew.

The Perry crew packing them in at Sylvan Lake, Alberta.

A last minute flash tells us that Chuck Barbour and his Orchestra have been eased out of the Cave in Vancouver. Here is a crew that in our opinion is one of the top bands in Canada today. It has certainly done a lot of good for the Cave in making friends and as a result drawing crowds. Chuck was always pleased to accommodate the customers, and everybody who played the floor show were always given every assistance in putting their act over. Claude Logan, former Winnipegger, now holding down the spot; this will be back home week for Claude as he has appeared in that spot for a long time, and outplayed many a leader. Chuck is reported to be sitting in with Barney Potts' crew at the Narrows Club in North Vancouver. This Club seems to be gaining in popularity.

Wally Peters and orchestra now at the Alma Academy, popular West Coast dance spot.

Reports are rampant around Winnipeg that a nice big club will be opening in the fall.

More and more Musicians and Radio Announcers leaving for the U.S.

The first Jazz Concert in Regina was a terrific success, more than filling Darke Hall. Shows what a little good promotion can do.

Most of the summer spots open; we will have a complete list of bookings for you next month.



Singer, guitar player and bass man, Monty Levine is Marsh Phimister's most versatile performer. Patrons always get a kick out of watching Monty in operation. When Phimister switches from bass to vocals on some novelty number, Monty lays aside his Spanish guitar and flips to the vacant bass. He often handles novelty vocals himself and is accepted as a fine vocalist by Jack's many customers. Another great performer with Marsh Phimister's mellow group, fast becoming Winnipeg's most popular combo!



Patrons of Winnipeg's plush nitery, Jack's Place are loudly acclaiming Marsh Phimister's new vocalist Ken Steele. Nineteen-year-old Ken wows 'em with a terrific display of range and volume and shows much personality and charm.

Ken hit Winnipeg some two years ago from Toronto where he had shown promise in amateur competitions. Ken was a semi-finalist in the Mart Kenny Talent Quest broadcast over CKRC, Winnipeg, losing to Gladys Mooney. This was an impressive fete for a young man who had never studied music.

The Jack's Place spot is a real break for the young vocalist, especially since Ken wishes to make singing his full-time career. Right now Ken is working as a commercial artist, but he intends to renounce that trade and devote his complete attention to the vocal field.

Whatever's in store for Ken, he certainly has the makings of a great performer. From the reception afforded him at Jack's, we can and will predict great things for Marsh Phimister's promising new vocalist—Ken Steele.

Our Cover Girl . . .

A very nice girl in a neat St. Vital bungalow should be mighty excited about this time. I'm speaking of Gloria Gray, the dainty miss who captured the Miss Winnipeg crown in competition with 24 of the Prairie City's loveliest girls.

St. Vital is a sprawling, neat-as-a-pin suburb of Winnipeg. Gloria lives on Hull street, a typical suburban avenue. Neighbors were laying a concrete sidewalk down one side of the thoroughfare as I walked to the Gray's bungalow for the interview.

Gloria and her mother greeted me at the door and waved me to a chair in their attractive living-room. The Winnipeg beauty queen was wearing a blue print dress and a coral pink jacket which matches her rich brown hair and grey eyes perfectly. Gloria spoke in a charming tone and displayed her winning smile often.

She told me that she had completed her Grade Eleven at Glenlawn Collegiate and was now working with an insurance firm as a typist. Interested in Art, Gloria spent six months with a Winnipeg commercial art company before her increased knowledge of typing warranted the position in the insurance office.

Gloria's talents don't end with an artistic ability. She has studied dancing and sings in the popular vein "Just for fun." The yen for the stage seems to be inherited from her father, who joined a road company at the age of seventeen and became a noted figure in dramatics before accepting the managing position of a reputable Winnipeg theatre.

The "Miss Winnipeg" competition was a keen and interesting contest. Twenty-four Winnipeg community clubs chose local queens to compete for the honor of wearing the "Miss Winnipeg" crown. The 24 resulting winners were judged on points of personality, poise and beauty by a competent board of arbitrators. Commercial Art director Newton Brett, columnist Frank Morris and beauty representative Gwen Jones picked Gloria Gray as the winner.

The week of Winnipeg's 75th Anniversary celebrations will be a whirl of excitement and activity for the dainty "Miss Winnipeg." In the monster parade scheduled for June 6th, the first day of the festivities, Gloria and her princesses will ride in a real Royal coach—the same one used by the Queen and King of England on their Western visit. Shiny white horses will draw the glistening coach, which will be outfitted with footmen, attendants and even four "out-riders" or escorts in suitable costume riding snow-white

steeds. In a "Miss Winnipeg Revue" Gloria will display her complete wardrobe—one of the gifts received with the "Miss Winnipeg" honor. Gloria will be a special guest at the Civic luncheon on June 11th, the last day of the celebrations.

The Winnipeg queen will fly to New York with an invitation to visit Mr. and Mrs. Dale Carnegie. After the visit, Gloria is due in Toronto for the Miss Canada Pageant on August 17th, 18th and 19th. Gloria will compete for the coveted "Miss Canada" crown.

She was born in Churchbridge, Saskatchewan, twenty years ago, the family moved to Winnipeg a year later.

Gloria began dancing lessons at the age of three and had gained enough prowess in the field to join a wartime show touring Army camps. Her theatrical experience has been limited to one high school comedy but she will be the centre of attention in the "Hats Off" revue scheduled for Winnipeg's "75th Birthday Party."

Charming and petite, Gloria Gray is an obvious choice for the "Miss Winnipeg" honor. She radiates the type of femininity and grace that have made Winnipeg women famous the world over.

Rag-time, that popular piano style of yesteryear, was first known as raggedy-time, and even earlier as that raggedy music. This distinctive musical style originated in sporting houses and gin mills on the Mississippi, where pianists ground out the easy, relaxed piano as much as twelve hours a day. Raggedy part of town, raggedy music, rag-time.

* * *

It is interesting to note that many of the march tunes that are popular with "Dixieland" orchestras were originally not meant for dancing. A distinctive part of the early life of Negroes in New Orleans was the number of "marching societies," each with its own band. They played for weddings, dances, parties and funerals, as well as club "functions". The drag tunes were played on the way to cemeteries in funeral processions, while the brisker tempoes added a note of buoyancy to the return trip after beloved brethren were returned to the earth.

Man the Questionnaire

Don't say we told you, but a king-sized controversy is shaping up in the province of Saskatchewan, where the prestige of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation is due to be challenged by CKCK, an independent Regina station.

The hub of the controversy is the survey of Saskatchewan's radio listener habits conducted for CBC by a Toronto fact-finding group—Canadian Facts Limited. Basis of the challenge is a second probe undertaken for CKCK by Elliott-Haynes, veteran radio pollsters.

A controversy is predicted because the fact-finders have found two distinctly different sets of facts. While it might be argued that pollsters can come to almost any conclusion on what they want in the first place, surveys conducted by seasoned research groups should not, in the interests of all concerned, vary so widely.

Briefly, the story is this. Canadian Facts Limited were instructed by CBC to find listener habits throughout Saskatchewan, where CBK, 50,000-watt CBC outlet, pits its mighty voice against seven smaller independent stations, the largest of which has a 5,000-watt output.

The survey system used involved mailing out more than 7,500 ballots to listeners in areas throughout the entire province. Approximately 5,200 ballots were returned and of these 4,509 were accepted for analysis.

Without going into all the details of methods of division of time periods, percentage breakdowns by various divisions, etc.; it was found that CBK rated in the following manner:

In the period before noon it had 33.9% of listeners.

In the period noon to 2 p.m. it had 49.2%.

In the period 2-6 p.m. it had 21.2%.

In the period after 6 p.m. it had 36.9%.

In only one time period did another station have a greater percentage of surveyed listeners. CHAB (Moose Jaw) led the field in the period between 2 p.m. and 6 p.m. with 22.5% although its margin was only 1.3%.

A number of things should be remembered in this case. The test was a "spot check," arrived at by setting averages on the basis of percentage of a relatively small number of listeners. The test was conducted on a province-wide basis, giving the

(Continued on Page 21)

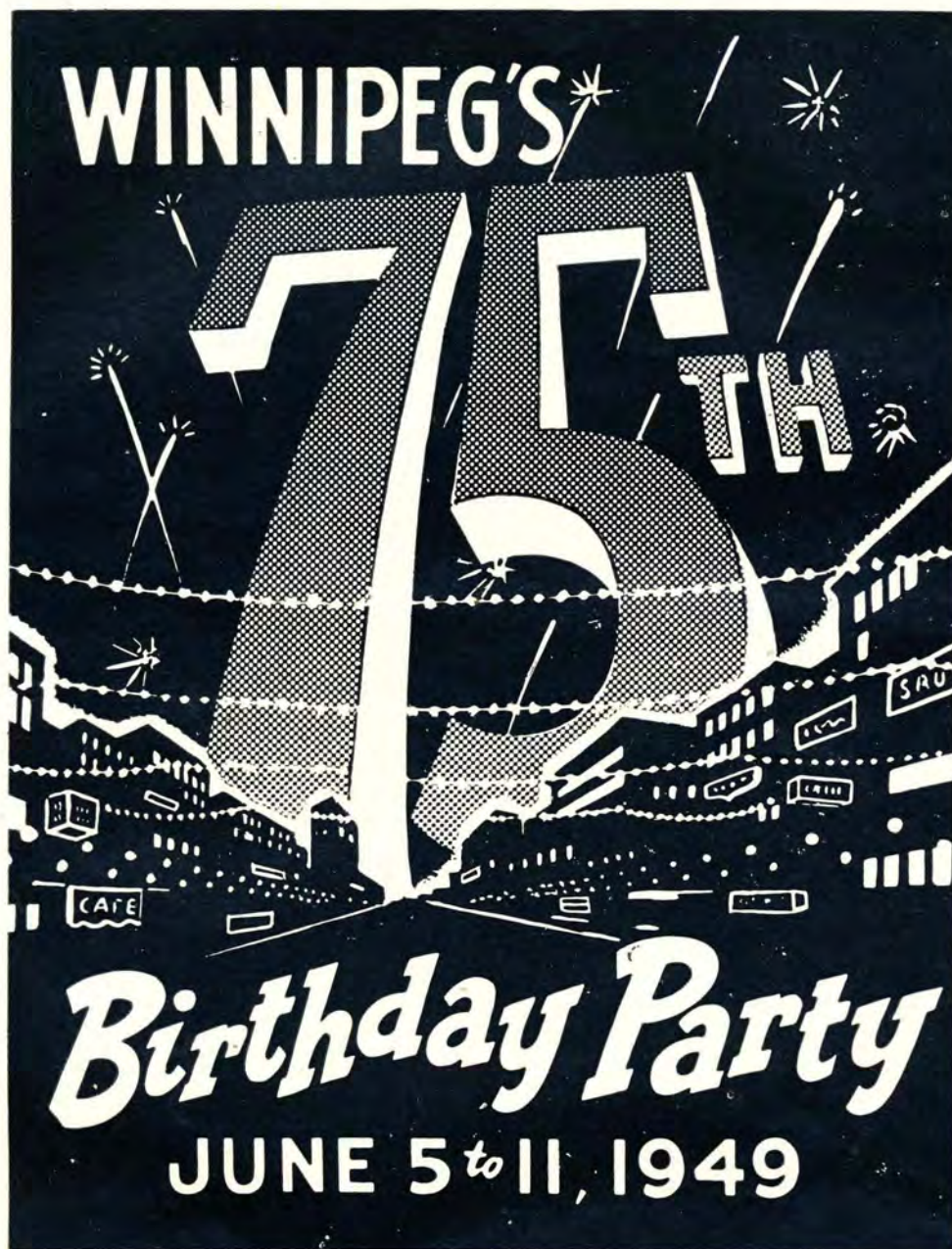


You are cordially invited to come to Winnipeg to help celebrate the Seventy-fifth Anniversary of our city's incorporation.

Our whole city will be ready to entertain you,

Garnet Coulter

GARNET COULTER, Mayor.



Winnipeg's celebration of its 75th anniversary is more than the registering of another birthday celebration on the consciousness of its people. For although it will be celebrated by all sections of the community, those interested in cultural expression will hope that the solid maturity reflected in 75 years passage of time will find a similar reflection of solid maturity in the field of music, drama, the theatre and the general cultural field.

Perhaps the most lasting memorial to this occasion would be the realization in the minds of those who can make or break the Canadian enter-

tainment industry that steps must be taken to preserve Canadian talent, to encourage, promote and secure it. This magazine, since its first publication, has sounded this note. We believe that the proper place for Canadians to find expression to their talents is in Canada. There are many Canadians who believe that, but up to the present, they have been like voices crying in the wilderness. As a result, the procession of Canadians in all fields of expression to greener pastures across the international border has been singular in its monotony.

Winnipeg has much it can be proud of. The annual Winnipeg Music Festival is an occasion that has inspired favorable comment throughout the world, the achievements of the Winnipeg Ballet, development of talent in the fields of theatre, radio, as well as encouragement of local talent is a fact. Criticism lies in the amount of these things. The insistence on low pay for local talent and demand for high quality is one of the most discouraging factors in the "search for talent" that is constantly taking place. If we intend to achieve and demand perfection, we must be prepared to pay for it.

Seventy-five years of progress is certainly something to inspire pride. Our hope, our intention and constant aim is to attempt to pound home the lesson that Canadians are capable of achieving high standards in all cultural fields if encouragement and incentive is provided. It is fitting on this occasion, looking ahead, to determine to extend that progress to the long-neglected field of the entertainment world.

Duke Ellington, one of the most prolific musical pioneers of the times, originally intended to become a painter. It was after hearing James P. Johnson, old-time pianist, that he decided to forsake the palette and brush for his present occupation as America's leading modern jazz stylist.

* * *

Meade Lux Lewis, one of the outstanding boogie-woogie pianists on record, was working as a porter earning less than his last year's taxes in a month when he was brought to Chicago to record his famed Honkey Tonk Train Blues.

Around the Corner

The coming of television opens a wonderful field of speculation for those theatre-lovers who still remember with a warm glow the past glories of the music hall. Because although for years there has been the mournful lament that burlesque is dead it appears that television might be the shot in the arm that the four-a-day tradition needs to revive it.

It can't be denied that the grease-paint era of the soft-shoe tap and sweethearts of song was a glorious part of theatre history. Radio and Hollywood both have profited immensely by those trained in the rough school of the theatre circuits. Many of the older folks remember the names of all-time-greats of the show business whose names blazed forth in lights from the neighborhood show.

There is a better-than-good possibility that much of this will return with the arrival of television in Canada. Canada has been one of the world's leading exporters of talent for a country of such small population. Television will mean that many Canadians will be presented with an opportunity to make their mark at home.

Many Canadians do not realize that Canada is a big market for American products. Most of the manufacturers' who put big-name programs on the airwaves today would weep bitter tears if their Canadian sales were to melt away. Yet few of them present Canadian shows to plow a few of the bucks they pick up on the Canadian market back into the soil of the Canadian entertainment field.

It will be a sad day for this country when the airwaves are as plugged with canned television as they are with canned music. The ravaging appetite of the television audience for new shows, new faces, new entertainment will create a terrific demand for Canadian talent. And the entertainment game should be preparing itself to provide this talent.

It is often argued that Canada's small population does not make for big-salaried entertainers. With only three or four cities that can be called really big towns, Canada has been lean pickings for fame-hungry artists. Within ten years, however, this situation will change substantially.

Television will mean live-talent shows. There will be an opportunity for Canadian talent to come into its own, playing for primarily Canadian audiences. The question of financing is tied up with the golden egg in sales that American enterprise takes from Canada each year.

At least one big radio advertiser has hit with a big-time radio show from Canada. The practice is not general, although it should be. With television, the Canadian public will have an opportunity to demand live talent for a fair proportion of tele-cast shows. We think the campaign for Canadian talent shows should begin now, before Canadian entertainers again become lost in the shuffle.

The expression "tail-gate trombone" originated in the early days of jazz in New Orleans, when bands used to play in the streets riding on mule and horse-drawn wagons. Because of the need for room to manipulate his slide the trombone player was always seated at the back of the wagon, so he could slide away to his heart's content without jeopardizing the life and limb of his fellow-musicians.

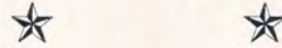
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Anniversary Antics



What to do during the week of Winnipeg's anniversary celebrations? A substantial amount of time and worry has gone into answering that question for both the citizen and visitor, and preparations extend back over the past six months.

There is something for everyone during the week, and probably more than enough during the week to keep any but the highly ambitious glad-about busy. Official celebrations offer a wide variety of attractions. Parades and street demonstrations will give the city a Mardi Gras atmosphere, while everything from carnivals to concerts will cater to the needs of the public.

Barbara Ann Scott, Canada's skating sweetheart, will be visiting the city for the duration of the anniversary celebration; Alexis Smith, Canadian-born screen actress, will be in town; Gladys Swarthout, Metropolitan opera star, will also be a featured performer.

In addition, hundreds of Winnipeggers will take part in the parades, pageants, revues, and events planned for the occasion and presented throughout the city.

Winnipeg's finest eating places, both in the downtown areas and on the arterial highways leading to the city, have prepared themselves for the occasion, and good food, good entertainment, and good times are promised the celebrants.

Special anniversary programs will be featured on local radio stations, and many clubs and organizations will welcome out-of-town members to their celebrations of the occasion.

With all these goings-on, Winnipeg's entertainment industry can be proud of the contribution it will make to the 75th anniversary celebration. Music, ballet, theatre and cultural attractions will feature local artists primarily. In our night clubs, local entertainers and orchestras will cater to the public need.

There will be a good deal of civic-boosting going on during the entire week of the anniversary. As suggested in our editorial, the city could also hold itself out at arms length and do a little honest appraising of itself.

In spite of the large number of orchestras in the city, there are relatively few union bands playing in union houses. The Musicians' Union has been largely responsible for the improvement in quality and rates for Canadian musicians, and it would be well if more night club and dance hall operators insisted on union bands.

The city's show business is another sore spot. Too many shows are run on a gyp basis, with the artists taking the gyp. Talent worth presenting is worth paying for, and the city's shoestring operators might learn during anniversary week that prestige is not nearly as substantial appreciation as is payment.

It could be said that many lesser Canadian entertainment figures could have shared the spotlight with imported artists during the week. This might have been an occasion to give new entertainers and artists a chance.

But the major thing is that the celebrations go on, have been elaborately planned, and everyone is assured of the maximum opportunity of enjoyment during the week. So, to prodigal and pilgrim alike, INTERMISSION says "Welcome to Winnipeg"—and have fun.



This photo was taken in 1894 from the roof of the old Law Courts building. Looking southwest, you can see Broadway as it was near the turn of the century. If you were to view the same scene today the landscape would be dominated by Manitoba's beautiful Legislative buildings.



Here is a sketch of Upper Fort Garry taken from an early engraving. You will notice that the entire layout of the fort is completely reversed from the photograph published elsewhere on these pages. Somewhere in the process of engraving the artist's original sketch was reversed. Also notice the famous Red River ox-cart in the foreground.



Here is an early picture of Upper Fort Garry taken around 1872. The historic Assiniboine can be seen in the foreground. Today, all that remains of Upper Fort Garry is the gate, which may be seen near the Fort Garry Hotel. Lower Fort Garry, on the contrary, is nearly intact. Located some eighteen miles from the centre of Winnipeg, the lower fort is owned by the Hudson's Bay Company. It is probably one of the most historic structures on the Canadian prairies.



The gentleman pictured above is Louis Frasse Viscomte Plainval. Mr. Plainval was the first chief of Manitoba's Provincial Police and also starred in several local theatrical productions. His success in the field of comic opera brought the French Count to the New York stage. Mr. Plainval died of pneumonia after one such engagement in New York.



An early Winnipeg scene showing a dogteam expedition preparing to leave for the north. Several historic buildings are seen in the background. Notice the sign "Club" to the extreme right of the picture. The Club Hotel is still standing and may be seen near the corner of Logan Avenue and Main Street in Winnipeg.



This photo was taken at a Decoration Day parade held in May, 1914. Parading are the famous Cameron Highlanders from Winnipeg, dressed in full kilt and sporrans. The scene is Burrows Ave. at Main Street, looking east.

Practically the first question on arriving in a new city is "Where do I eat?" . . . Well, Winnipeg is replete with eateries, most of them quite good . . . but . . . should you have that gustatory urge for the exquisite . . . perfection in a steak . . . or chicken such as remains a childhood memory, the choice, as is common in most cities, then narrows down. Out on the Pembina Highway, just a little south of the city, you will find a small eaterie on the east side of the road . . . not very ornate in exterior appearance, but spotless inside . . . and the food! um.m.m! You just ask for Mike, say Charlie sent you and let him feed you what he thinks you should have . . . of course you can always insist on a steak. If you phone 41 101 before leaving town Mike will have your meal ready for you when you arrive . . . Oh, yes, the name of the place is the

"HOLLYWOOD INN"

EATERIES

During any carnival period, the question of food becomes a moot one. For tourist and citizen alike, Winnipeg's restaurants can offer the finest cuisine, designed to sate the most discriminating appetite.

At least once during Anniversary Week everyone should taste the haunting delicacy of famed Winnipeg Goldeye, should get on the outside of a choice Western sirloin, and should sample chicken cooked in any one of the many ways it is served in local eateries. The top in taste sensation is promised to those who visit Jack's, the Copacabana, or Hollywood Inn. These are but three of the many fine restaurants catering to the city's needs.

And in case you wonder how to work an appetite up or a good meal off, try bowling. A good place to start is Coronation Bowling Alleys, one of the best of the city's many up-to-date alleys.

Louis St. Cyr, one of the all-time great guitar players, is said to be writing a book dealing with the early development of jazz in New Orleans and giving his impressions of the many famous musicians he came in contact with during his long career.

* * *

Thomas "Fats" Waller, beloved clown of the ivories, was one of America's leading organists. He performed on the great organ in Notre Dame cathedral during his trip to Europe in the '30s.

Winnipeg's
LARGEST and
MOST MODERN
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MARSH PHIMISTER

and his Quintet
featuring Vocals by
KEN STEELE and
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Make your visit to Winnipeg
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Winnipeg's finest
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Radio despatched
 cabs give you
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Drive yourself and see
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Whether for business
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 Largest Automobile
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 no red tape.



174 Lombard Street
 Winnipeg, Man.

926 101

Taxi !!!

Visitors to Winnipeg have often remarked at the speed, efficiency and economy of the city's taxi service. All of these things are true, although they may escape the notice of the city dweller.

Winnipeg has one of the most modern, up-to-date and best equipped taxi fleets of any city of comparable size in the West, and rates are probably the lowest in Canada.

During the week of celebration, many will find the demand for taxis such that service at times may not be as prompt as both companies and customers would wish. However, the preponderance of radio-equipped cabs in the city will assure the best under the circumstances.

Take a tip from an old first-nighter and make arrangements for taxi service, either in advance, or by calling listed numbers of the cab



The above picture was taken during a Decoration Day parade just prior to the First Great War. Notice the sign-board to the left. Just under the advertisement for "Calgary Beer" we find a prohibition poster. It reads, "Wanted—Six Thousand Boys to Fill Drunkards' Graves. Have you One to Spare?" Prohibition became a prominent issue in Manitoba politics and eventually resulted in the present Manitoba law concerning liquor.

companies. In every case you will receive quick and courteous service.

After the show, dance, concert, or evening at the carnival, call a cab. Nash Taxi, or any of the others,

will be on hand to serve you. And remember, arranging for a taxi is almost as important as buying the tickets, so do it early, and in advance.

KAISER



CARS OF . . .

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Distributors:

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WINNIPEG :: MANITOBA

Listen to Walter Winchell every Sunday

: RADIO BONERS :

FIRST PRIZE - - \$10.00

MARY BINER, 2504 17 A St. S.W., Calgary, Alberta.

A CJCJ Calgary announcer, in broadcasting an organ recital from a prominent Calgary church, was mentioning the name of the soloist—Mr. James Jenkins, Mus. Bach. (Bachelor of Music).

The announcer broadcast "Mr. Thomas Jenkins, MUSS BATCH."

SECOND PRIZE - - \$5.00

MRS. NICK BIANCHI, Aden, Alberta.

During a commercial advertising chocolates for Mother's Day, a CJOC announcer said: "They are not always good but they are always fresh."

TEN \$1.00 PRIZE WINNERS

J. MILLS, 924 Central Avenue, Prince Albert, Sask.

Fran Church of CKBI in trying to say "The Coroner's Jury was viewing the body" said "The Coroner's Jury was INTERVIEWING, the body."

MRS. WM. R. FERGUSON, Cardale, Man.

Bob Giles of CHAB, Moose Jaw, announcing the loss of a heavy silk bandana, said, "Lost—a heavy silk banana."

ELDA FLINTOFT, 18 Yates Street, St. Catharines, Ont.

Jack Dawson of CKTB, St. Catharines was reading "When you've seen the rest, see the best at—." What he said was, "When you've seen the best, see the rest at—."

MRS. BRUCE BARRETT, Sydenham, Ont.

Heard over CKWS, Kingston. Announcer Doug. Whalen was speaking of China's Civil War, but said, "Canada's Civil War."

JO ANN SAWCHUK, 251 Neil Ave., East Kildonan, Man.

CJOB's Russ Richardson fumbled on "Highlights in the News" and said "HEADLIGHTS in the News".

MARRETTE BOURJEOIS, Crescent Valley, B.C.

Heard on CJAT, Trail. Announcer Tom Mableson wanted to say "Plenty of Parking Space." What he did say was "Plenty of Sparking Pace."

DAN E. WYSOCKIE, 551 Broadway Ave., Winnipeg Man.

Giving the address of the Aragon ballroom in Winnipeg, CJOB's Chuck Skelding said, "Smith at Aragon" instead of "Smith at Graham".

MRS FLORA BAUDIS, Domremy, Sask.

Jack Cenron of CKBI, Prince Albert, said "Weather WARCAST" instead of "Weather Forecast".

MRS. GEORGE GUERRETTE, 28 Damour St., Edmundston, N.B.

Announcer Robert Bealieu of CJEM, Edmundston, made the following blunder on Easter Sunday. Reading "The man in the topper and the lady in mink," Bob said, "The man in the topper and the lady in MILK."

MRS. H. MARTEN, 241 Parkview St., St. James, Man.

Al. Blondal of CKRC, phoning a listener's home got a busy signal. Intending to say, "We will have to cancel this call," Al said, "I guess we'll have to CONSOLE this call."

Bouquets ??

The Editor,
"Intermission" Magazine,
McIntyre Block,
Winnipeg, Man.

Dear Sir:

Congrats on your current issue of "Intermission". It's great to see a magazine that supports Canadian talent. "Intermission" is something Canada has needed for a long time.

Glad to see an article on Gordon Manley, who is definitely top-rate material. More on him soon, please.

The "Radio Boners" contest proves to be a real source of amusement. Keep it up, I'm still laughing!

Yours for better coverage of Canadian talent,

Ben Davidson.

* * *

The Editor,
"Intermission" Magazine,
McIntyre Block,
Winnipeg, Man.

Dear Sir:

Your magazine "Intermission" has created quite a stir in our circle.

What are you trying to do, make it prohibitive for American talent to play in Canada? Personally, I think there is altogether too few American stars that manage to get up to the wilds of Canada. Why aggravate the situation? Things are bad enough as they are.

Yours truly,

Martha Denton.



BUD HENDERSON

Bud Henderson is generally accepted as one of the finest pianists in Canada. Currently holding the keyboard spot with Dal Richards' band at the Hotel Vancouver's Panorama Roof, he also appears on the Vanatone Record label. Bud is proud of his former association with the famous Ray Norris Quintet and has appeared frequently on CBC programs. Currently heard on Burns' "Chuck Wagon" and "Current and Choice", both CBC features.

MAN THE QUESTIONNAIRE!

(Continued from Page 12)

50,000-watt lungpower of the CBC transmitter an edge over its lower-powered competitors. The test also showed other stations leading in various time periods in local areas.

The over-all picture thus created rankled Regina's CKCK, who rated themselves much higher in the radio listener's habit-pattern than the CBC probe tended to show. Elliott-Haynes, who have been conducting "co-incidental" surveys (which involve phone-checks) for some years in the province, were retained to conduct the largest co-incidental phone survey ever undertaken in Canada.

A total of 15,494 telephone calls, covering 85 rural exchanges in 16 Broadcast Bureau of Measurement districts, were completed. This actually covered 39.7 per cent of the total radio sets in the province.

The Elliott-Haynes survey showed CKCK leading in 10 districts, CHAB led in four, while CBK eked out an Oscar in only two. In other words, CKCK, according to the test, is heard most frequently on 28.1 per cent of Saskatchewan radio sets, regardless of the area considered.

Without taking sides, it appears that the CBC survey has been challenged in no uncertain manner. It is obvious that, regardless of the difference in method, one of two things is evident. Either the CBC survey is inefficient and therefore not reliable, or figures arrived at on a province-wide basis are no indication of the actual state of affairs in local areas.

However, a couple of things should be made clear. The CBC survey does not claim most-frequent listener plaudits in a majority of the BBM divisions quizzed in the CKCK survey, according to the CBC survey, except during the Farm Broadcast period division. In the period before noon, CHAB enjoys a majority in 10½, CKCK in 3½ and CBK in 2. In the 12-2 p.m. period, CBK claims 10, gives CKCK 5 and CHAB one. In the 2-6 p.m. period, CKB claims two, rated CKCK tops in six and CHAB tops in eight. In the after 6 p.m. period, CBK claims 6½, CKCK has three and CHAB has 3½, while CKRM (Regina) leads in three.

In other words the poll is confusing and not amusing.

What should be done, if we may venture an opinion, is that a joint survey by an agency agreeable to all on a mutually-agreeable basis be undertaken. Then some order might come out of the chaos. No matter what happens, our guess is there will be some red faces somewhere when the Elliott-Haynes-CKCK survey book is published in the near future.

GEORGE McCLOY

Western music has always found an enthusiastic following among Prairie folk. This is to be expected because the "music of the plains" has a direct and traditional value to people who have felt the thrill of a good fiddler, a happy crowd and a freshly-polished floor. Is it any wonder, then, that CJOB's "Western Hour" commands such a sizeable following?

Fitting right in with the program's homey and deep-rooted music is the show's announcer — George "Hank" McCloy. "Hank" could easily have been one of the plain-riders described so often in Western music. Six-foot-four George has a personality closely resembling his radio voice. In a likeable drawl "Hank, the Ranch Foreman" McCloy fills in between numbers with commentary on the various Western performers featured on the show.

The same affable personality makes George McCloy a natural for the Teen-slanted "Club 13:40"—a program of popular records. The Club's many members have shown their appreciation of George's style in no uncertain manner. George's popularity as the Club's "Prez" stems from his impersonal appraisal of the different selections heard on the program. Too many announcers tend to put their personal preferences to the fore in shows of this sort, but George seems content to make friends by avoiding out-and-out rebuke of any one recording artist. This policy helps keep the show appealing and entertaining.

Often George has the opportunity of interviewing top recording talent when they visit Winnipeg. Such notables as Frankie Laine, Una Mae Carlisle, the Deep River Boys, Pee wee Hunt and the Page Cavannaugh Trio have added their impressive names to the membership roster of "Club 13.40."

Another popular show that comes under the able hand of George McCloy is "Ladies' Choice." The program works something like this. George phones a number chosen at random from the Winnipeg telephone directory. The woman of the house usually answers, chats a while, requests a tune and receives a prize. Take a smart program idea like that, add George McCloy's charming delivery and presto! You have an airer with an impressive morning following.

George also emcee's the "Request-fully Yours" program—a show that adds a "folksy" touch to the "Per-
(Continued on Page 23)



ARTHUR BOULDEN

Latest addition to Announce Staff at CKLW. Formerly free lancing in Toronto. Veteran of ten years' radio work. Does regular announce shift and nightly Tello-Test.

RAMBLING WITH RADIO

(Continued from Page 9)

If the proposed soaps live up to predictions, they will be welcomed by listeners, who are sick to death of the meanderings of Ma Perkins, the nastiest, most interfering old psychopath this side of Hell's Half Acre. If Canadian writers, who have cut their teeth on meatier fare, are allowed a little leeway on script material, something quite interesting may be the result.

At present, soaps originating in the States are based on several theories. They are that:

(1) the listener is a Mortimer Snerd-type moron, who believes with soap writers, that,

(2) the only honorable professions for a man to engage in are medicine, law and advertising, the returns from which are enough to support their,

(3) women, all of whom are broad minded, sensitive, honorable and husky-voiced, capable of bearing the many miseries brought upon them by their,

(4) men, who are fascinating baritones on the surface, but really misunderstood little boys at heart.

Obviously, this viewpoint does not lead to the production of much rich, beautiful prose. And the fact that a large part of soap scripting in the States is in the hands of Anne and Frank Hummert (who hire a stable of ghosts at a wage barely sufficient to support a wraith) to do the actual back work, doesn't help the situation.

Therefore, if the Canadian soaps cut loose from the hackneyed plot situations, if Canadian writers are given their heads and enough filthy lucre to keep body and soul together,

Ma Perkins may be in for some serious competition. That is a field which is wide open for experimentation. To the writers, actors and announcers concerned, we say "get in there and give your best, stout fellow, and all that", and to the sponsors, we say huzzah, salaam, and blessings upon you! Would that your number would increase tenfold! **Notes Scrawled on the Back of an old Commercial. . . .**

Saturday Night magazine turns a fishy eye on those who want radio license fees lowered. Editorially speaking, S. N. says fees should be upped, to allow C.B.C. to sniff haughtily at the commercial programs on which it depends for 30 percent of its income. . . . Webster's dictionary has finally recognized the disc jock. . . . along with racketeer and kibitzer, the term has become legit English. The definition? "One who conducts and announces a radio program of musical recordings, often



FRANK JOSEPH JAMES LYNCH

Frank is better known to friends and air audience as "Budd". A CKLW member since 1938. Budd is Special Events, Sports and Public Relations Director of the Good Neighbor Station and is heard frequently at the 800 dial mark. Overseas with Essex Scottish. Received Beaver Award for work with Armed Forces.

with interspersed non-musical comments", it says here . . . **Gadabouts** . . . Alexander Brott, assistant conductor of the Montreal Symphony, often heard on radio, is touring Europe this summer to conduct all-Canadian programs in the United Kingdom, the Netherlands, Norway and Sweden. . . . Kate Aiken (for our money the country's best woman commentator) made a flying trip to Berlin to attend a peace conference of delegates from fourteen European countries, the only woman present from North America. . . . Edmund Hockridge, radio baritone, is also Europe bound, having been signed up

for five weeks of concerts, recording dates and radio engagements. . . . Dick Diespecker, production manager for C.J.O.R. Vancouver, flew East to attend the Canadian Association for Adult Education's first annual presentation of Canadian Radio Awards. . . . No mere onlooker, Dick was responsible for the fact that his station was the sole independent station to take an award at the Ohio award-giving mentioned above. . . .

Last Words. . . . somebody, we don't know who, is putting an obeh on the "Keep in Touch" show on the Dominion Network. Obeah? That's a kind of West Indian whammy, brother. The show is getting the worst critical comment of all time. Except in this column. Okay, so we're an individualist. We like the show. It doesn't fall into the typical American pattern. No jokes about Jane Russell's chest expansion, no corny gags about Stalin, no waggish wit about Rita and Aly Khan. We tender a sole orchid to Eric Christmas and his pals for attempting something a bit different. . . . On the other hand, we offer a wilted scallion to Byng Whittiker for his scripting of the otherwise pleasant Starlight Moods program. Like the cub reporter who writes an eulogy on sunset over Brooklyn Bridge. Byng has a lot of deep, beautiful thoughts in his system that he has got to get rid of some way or another. On the Moods show he tries to be clever, to be a weeny bit arty, to get a bit of whimsical, dreamy sophistication into his writing.

Byng used to stick to announcing. He is a good announcer, with fine
(Continued on Page 23)



JAMES HENRY VAN KUREN

News and General Announcer at CKLW since 1939. Heard daily at midnight in fifteen minute newscast. Commercial shows: Tie-ins on John Nesbit, a Mutual release: Sunday Newscast.

LONG JOURNEY

By FRANK PATRICK

It was hot. Margo pulled a red handkerchief from the depths of her gypsy costume and ran the cloth over her brow. As one hand stuffed the handkerchief back into the pocket, the other reached automatically under the small table. She took the cork from the bottle with her teeth and poured a stiff shot into the stained glass at her elbow. "Here's how," she muttered and the warming liquid seared a path down her aesophagus.

The wizened face cracked into a smile. "Margo — Authentic Gypsy Mystic." She recalled when the now-faded sign had been tacked to the heavy tapestry that made up the walls of her tent.

She had been a dancing girl, but was getting too fat for the line. Rather than wait for the boss to tell her so, Margo pleaded for the vacant fortune teller's spot. "Well, you got it," Margo mused, "the wages stink, but you get your bottle regular."

But this heat! Cooped up in a tapestry hot-box watching the suckers pass the door, dazed by the spiel of the barkers and intoxicated by the discordant calliope. Things were slow today. Maybe the suckers knew how hot it was in Margo's tent and would rather brave the blinding sunlight. Margo tucked a wisp of bleached hair into her gypsy cap and stared into her calloused hands.

Suddenly the tinkle of ornaments on the tent-flap warned of an approaching customer. Margo popped a peppermint into her mouth and began shuffling the pack slowly. She called to the outer chamber. "Come in, come in."

A thin, pale hand drew aside the curtain and a balding man stepped into view. Margo motioned to the chair on the other side of the table and the stranger slipped into a sitting position. Margo noticed his large, grey eyes and the heavy brows. The stranger's thin lips were parted in a faint smile. "What do you wish to know from Margo?" The fortune teller was using her special tone—reserved for suckers.

"Just tell my fortune." His voice was low, rich and undertoned with sadness. Margo thought, "Where have I seen that face before?" The cards flipped lazily from the worn pack as she dealt two cards—face down. She turned the first card up.

The ace of spades! Margo tried to conceal her own superstition. "You are going on a long journey," she said simply. The stranger's faint smile broadened enough to show his discolored teeth.

The man got slowly to his feet and walked through the tapestry curtain. The appearance of the "death" card always unnerved Margo. She chastised herself for her own stupidity.

"That stuff's for suckers," she assured herself.

"There he goes!" a gruff voice shouted, "stand back, you people. Stop, Hendricks, stop!" A staccato burst of fire and then a woman screamed. Margo rushed to the tent door and looked out into the blinding sunlight. Two men with shiny badges were drawing a blanket over the face of a balding man with a faint smile. An ugly red stain appeared on the blanket when it touched the dead man's chest.

Hendricks! Margo rushed back into the stifling interior of her tent and snatched a crumpled newspaper from the dirt floor. The headline screamed, "Father Strangles Baby Daughter: Police Seek Adolf Hendricks." Margo leaned on the tent-post for support and her eyes fell upon the two cards on the table. One card was still lying face down. With trembling hands, Margo inverted it. From the stained surface of the card the familiar Joker smiled blandly.

GEORGE McCLOY

(Continued from Page 26)

sonal Greeting" idea. Manitobans also hear George in the capacity of a newscaster and sports commentator. No matter what type of script George has in hand when he faces the microphone, CJOB listeners have learned to expect top-flight announcing from this very promising young radio personality.

FIVE MINUTES

(Continued from Page 10)

Our ears were pinned back by the promotor of the 75th anniversary celebration, because of our apprehensive attitude in the April issue. We feel that the feeling was well founded at that time, but we didn't mean to hurt. Judging from the reception our advertising department got, we can't hurt much anyway.

Reports from Europe say that Gordon Manley, Canadian Pianist, was a great success. Called back time after time for more appearances.



LORRAINE CROSS

Lorraine is currently featured at the St. Charles Country Club in Winnipeg with Claude Turner's orchestra. She was vocalist on the Hawaiian show "The Beachcombers", from CKRC Winnipeg, resulting in the CBC production "Let's Play Charades", in which she was featured. Between radio shows and stage appearances, Lorraine was vocalist with Herb Brittain's orchestra in the Grill Room of the Marlborough Hotel. In a recent tour of the West Coast, lovely Lorraine appeared on several Club dates including the Sirocco Club in Victoria, Starlit Gardens and Happyland Ballroom in Vancouver.

RAMBLING . . . Continued

delivery and a good voice. Now he feels the urge to write.

And the result—well, like we said before, he sure is a good announcer!

All right, Louis drop that gun. . . gotta go now. It's time for The Road of Life.

LOWE'S BEGINNER'S ACCORDION COURSE

Accordions supplied with lessons

\$1.50 per week

Let LOWE'S prove to you how easily you can play the accordion, with our modern teaching methods.

Enquire today!

Repairs and Music

BAND AND ORCHESTRA INSTRUCTION

Buffet Clarinets and
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Terms Arranged

**LOWE'S
MUSIC STORE & SCHOOL**

318 Kennedy St.

Winnipeg, Man. Phone 926 021

Every Night of the Week
CJOB brings You . . .

**MUSIC - NEWS
& MORE MUSIC!**

Plus These feature program **HIGHLIGHTS**

SUNDAY NIGHT—

7:30—"Frontier Town"

8:30—"Hollywood Calling"

MONDAY NIGHT—

7:30—"British Variety Hour"

TUESDAY NIGHT—

9:30—"Reflections"

WEDNESDAY NIGHT—

7:30—"Safety Patrol"

THURSDAY NIGHT—

9:05—"Spike Jones Show"

FRIDAY NIGHT—

7:30—"Hobby Lobby"

SATURDAY NIGHT—

8:30—"The Sunnyboys"

When in Winnipeg

Set Your Radio Dial at

1 3 4 0

CJOB

"YOUR ROUND-THE-CLOCK STATION"

Canadian Capers..

Canadian theatre is becoming big-time. Lengthy runs, with fat grosses are thought of as strictly Broadway phenomena, but this feature of the theatre world has become part of the Canadian scene.

The French-language production, "Tit Coq", closed its doors in Montreal during the latter part of May after a record 200 performances, which, added to another 14 performances in Quebec, puts the show away out front for continuous run.

The startling sum of 210,600 persons saw the play. Gross box office receipts for 178 performances of the play amounted to \$400,000.00, which ain't hay in either French or English.

* * *

The Canadian drama, "To Tell the Truth", written by Morley Callaghan, was aired on a CBC Wednesday night program a few weeks ago. The play is a very slick job, smacking slightly of Saryan's "Time of Your Life", and just missed being produced on Broadway. It was optioned by the New York Theatre Guild in 1938, but was dropped from their production schedule because of the war. However, there is a good possibility that it will make Broadway yet. Jack Yorke, a New York producer, has optioned the play and the great white way may feature this Canadian work in the fall season.

* * *

Recent discussions among big guns in Canadian theatre might lead to the realization that if Canadian theatre is to become a fact, encouragement will have to be given to tyro thespians.

* * *

Dorothy Sommerset, of UBC dramatic department, offered the suggestion during a recent radio round table that Canadian theatre will profit by teaching of drama appreciation in institutions of learning. There are those champions of living theatre who propose the opening of civic theatrical societies, working through the medium of community theatres. Canadian writers and dramatists have shown themselves capable of giving the theatre the basics of good writing and good acting. More Canadians should put their minds to figuring out how the most important third step, that of putting these talents before a public shall be achieved.

* * *

Speaking of drama appreciation, possibly part of the reason for the lack of encouragement of Canadian theatre is implicit in the attitude of a publisher toward a British Columbia producer who prepared a manuscript giving a factual report of the vicissitudes of her touring company of players. The publisher told her "Canadians just aren't interested in that sort of thing." We are more inclined to believe that statement can only fairly be made after the Canadian public has been given a chance to show if it is "interested in that sort of thing."

Some People Have Everything

The CBC studios in Vancouver are located in the busy West corner of the Vancouver hotel. The waiting room is at most times engulfed in a bedlam of sound. Singers rehearse, instruments tune and the excited buzz of conversation is mingled with the constant murmur of the loud-speaker which pipes CBC programs into the high-walled chamber.

I sat on the comfortable sofa that stretches the length of one wall. I was to meet Don Gaylard there at two o'clock that afternoon. Peter McDonald, brilliant CBC personality and Don's director, advised me to interview Don and arranged the meeting.

Don arrived slightly late—a fair, nice-looking boy dressed neatly in a tweed suit. We shook hands and sat down to talk over the clamor of the artists sitting around us. I noticed that young Don was carrying a sizeable package wrapped in brown paper. As we talked he plucked at the twine that tied it.

I asked Don Gaylard how he gained his weekly spot in "Magic Adventures"—a popular children's program heard on CBC stations. The opportunity came when Don played the lead in a Vancouver Little theatre production of "Alladin." On the strength of this performance, his teacher recommended him for a role on "Magic Adventures." That was two years ago and the program is still going strong.

Recently Don played Jack in the CBC Vancouver Theatre production of "Jack and the Beanstalk"—one of his many spots on the popular radio show.

Besides his obvious talent for radio, Don Gaylard is an accomplished marimba player. Among other instruments that have come under Don's supervision are the xylophone, the piano, traps and many assorted drums. When asked who his favorite drummer is, Don fairly radiated. "Gene Krupa," he replied readily and explained that he was studying Gene's method and was planning to see the American star when he played Vancouver.

Don is fifteen years old and a student of Kitsilano High school in Vancouver. His favorite subjects are Mathematics and—you guessed it—Music.

Just then several people in the waiting room began to move toward the stairs leading to the smaller studios. "I'll have to go now," Don said rising, "we're having a reading of 'Magic Adventures'." He handed me the package, now unwrapped. "This is a folio Mother gave me to show you." He smiled and began walking with the others.



The folio was filled with clippings and photographs that traced Don's history back to a vaudeville troupe which played the Orpheum theatre in Vancouver. Billed as "The Wonder Kids Of 1942," the show starred Don as a xylophone player and emcee. Since the War years, Don Gaylard has gained a very considerable name for himself on the Vancouver stage.

It is easy to see that Don Gaylard has literally grown up in the theatre. If he retains the type of soft-spoken charm and personality that he displayed in our short conversation, he deserves all the success he can gain in the Canadian entertainment field.



"He's Twice as Good as Most Drummers!"

**HERE is . . .
Double-Barrelled
VALUE!**

**A Beautiful Ball
Point Pen...**

Writes Blue

Writes Red

Two Pens in One

Refills available in either
color

Special Price

Only \$1.79

Robertson Agencies

McIntyre Block

WINNIPEG - - MAN.

Movie of the Month

TITLE: "The Barkleys of Broadway."

CAST: Dina Barkley—Ginger Rogers. Josh Barkley—Fred Astaire. Ezra Millar—Oscar Levant. Jacques Bardoux—Jacques Francois.

STORY: Josh and Dina Barkley are a successful musical comedy team. When playwright Jacques Bardoux sees dramatic possibilities in Dina Barkley, the marriage and dance team break up. Friend Ezra Millar tries to re-unite the Barkleys. Love, of course, wins out in the end.

MUSIC: Song-and-dance numbers include: "They Can't Take That Away From Me" (by George and Ira Gershwin), "Shoes With Wings On," "My One And Only Highland Fling" and "You'd Be Hard To Replace." Two classical compositions, "Saber Dance" and Tchiakowsky's "Piano Concert No. 1 in B-flat Minor" are piano solos by Oscar Levant.

GENERAL DATA: Produced by Arthur Freed and directed by Charles Walters. An MGM technicolor picture with musical score by Harry Warren and Ira Gershwin. First Rogers-Astaire picture since "The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle." MGM records intend to release an album of unbreakable Metrolite discs of tunes from this picture.

APPRAISAL: Because this production is so obviously designed to display the exceptional dancing ability of the Ginger Rogers-Fred Astaire team, the weaknesses of the plot can be easily overlooked. All the songs played in this picture are pleasant with "Can't Take That Away From Me" taking top honors in this reporter's opinion.

The "Shoes With Wings On" sequence is probably the most novel dance routine ever screened. Empty shoes dance in accompaniment to Astaire with startling reality.

Ginger Rogers is perhaps a little saccharine in her performance, but the role is a thoroughly exacting one. However, Miss Rogers dances well enough and she tries hard.

Oscar Levant displays his usual wit with remarks like the following: (About an irritating female acquaintance) "You know, I find that girl completely resistable." Levant's piano solos are excellent, especially the thrilling "Saber Dance."

Newcomer Jacques Francois is slick as the charming playwright Jacques Bardoux and Billy Burke overacts typically as a flighty society matron.

One scene involving Ginger Rogers in a heavy dramatic bit seems out of place in the happy glow of MGM technicolor. The same medium is used much more effectively in the "Can't Take That Away From Me" dance sequence.

In short, "Barkley's Of Broadway" is a lush, rhythmic musical with better-than-average treatment from all concerned.

RATING: Good.



Phil Stone, Sports Director of CHUM, is shown center with two of Canada's leading sports personalities. Left, Ted Reeve, famous sports columnist of the Toronto Telegram. Right, Conn Smythe, President and Managing Director Maple Leaf Gardens and Maple Leaf Hockey Club. Both appeared on Stone's program, "Sports Round-Table," heard every Sunday at 12.30 noon over CHUM. Major figures from the world of sport appear as guests on this program, which is unrehearsed, and is thus informal while being informative.

LOWE'S

In Winnipeg, the name Lowe is automatically associated with the accordion. Bill and Ethel Lowe have been working with the instrument for nearly 22 years.

As a matter of fact, the Lowes have been greatly responsible for the prominent part the accordion now plays in the Winnipeg entertainment field. Bill Lowe has been teaching accordion since 1927, when he pioneered instruction in that instrument from an office in the Winnipeg Piano building.

In 1934, the Lowes were heard on the then popular radio program—"the Gopher Club." The show was featured on CJRC (now CKRC) which had its headquarters in a prominent Winnipeg hotel.

Lowe's Music Store and School have sponsored two popular radio programs to date. "At Home With The Lowes" was broadcast directly from the Lowes' school. The show featured Ethel Lowe at the organ and Gordon Fleming at the accordion in popular and sem-classical duets. An Accordion Quintet drew much attention for their skill on ensemble numbers.

Another show, "When Day Is Done," was a program of poetry with organ music background. Designed to sooth and relax, it was rebroadcast through CJOB, Winnipeg, in the latter part of the evening.

Ethel Lowe, who played the electric organ on the program, started her



musical career playing piano. Later she turned her talents to the accordion. Her prowess at the organ is attested in the popularity of the "When Day Is Done" show.

Every year, the Lowes sponsor a "Grand Accordion Concert" featuring successful accordion students. This year the show was held in Winnipeg's Playhouse theatre and attracted a sizeable audience.

The persistent work of Mr. and Mrs. Lowe in Winnipeg has helped tremendously in the Public acceptance of the accordion as a pleasing and popular instrument.

SPOTLIGHT-

Continued from Page 4.

Canadian talent. "Theatre Under the Stars" sponsored by the Public Parks Board of Vancouver, for example, hires its two leading singers and its choreographer from the United States every year. The Canadian National Exhibition does likewise. Local acts who fill in between the big names are paid peanuts. Almost without exception, all big cities in Canada, when celebrating municipal birthdays, hire American talent to publicize the event. And even many communities who sponsor community concert series, hire talent through agencies located in New York. So our Allan Youngs, our Iva Winters, our Yvonne de Carlos and Alexis Smiths and Jack Carsons go south. And following in their footsteps are eager young hopefuls like Cookie Popeski. But Cookie, being more serious minded than most, feels there must be a solution here at home. Canadians, she believes, want good entertainment. They are culturally more mature than their American neighbors. They should, therefore, make more of an effort to encourage Canadian artists to stay at home. This could be done, she thinks, in a number of ways. If promoters spent the same time and money publicizing Canadian artists as they do publicizing American imports, it would help. Canada should not try to ape her more affluent neighbor; Canadian communities should do things on a smaller scale, should sponsor local talent in series of recitals and entertainments, instead of turning out only for the "big" names. The Canadian Government too, should give serious thought to conserving this important natural resource. Perhaps, someday, Canadians will wake up. And in the meantime, the talented kids migrate like wild geese in September. Like Cookie, they pack their bags, count their meagre savings and head into the wind of competition. Is it worth it? They think so. In Canada, they can look forward to a life of small handouts, few and far between engagements, charity benefits for worthy causes. In the U.S.A. they feel there is at least a fighting chance for success.

VANCOUVER OWL PROWL

Continued from Page 6.

over town in a car and dropped into cafes, beer parlors and private homes in every section of Vancouver. While another announcer handled the records and general chatter, Jack would phone intermittantly from the different points. The first person to catch Jack and therefore get a successful reply to the question "Are you the Easter bunny?" gained a load of prizes from "Owl Prowl" sponsors. After hours of roving Vancouver, a little boy caught Jack

Vancouver Firm Pressing Discs

Have you ever seen a record pressed before your very eyes? Believe me, it's the most fascinating thing you'll ever see.

Cordial Wally Peterson, who manages the Vancouver Recording Co. Ltd., showed me how it's done. First of all, Wally moulded an ugly lump of plastic on a contraption that that looked a great deal like a restaurant grill (the type hamburgers are made on). When the sticky blob had been heated into a more or less square shape, Wally turned to the more prominent machine beside it. He opened a "waffle-iron" arrangement with two shiny steel "masters" (impressions of the two sides of the record to be pressed) instead of the grates in the "waffle iron." After carefully fitting the labels into place, Wally slapped the square of plastic on the lower plate and closed the "iron." He then slipped the "waffle iron" affair into a press and, by flipping a few switches, closed the giant jaws onto the "waffle iron." The machine hissed as it forced the steel impressions into the molten plastic. Then Wally released the press and removed the "iron." When he opened it, a new shiny record was clinging to the upper master, along with some messy plastic. Wally stripped off the excess plastic and threw it in a barrel of waste. Presto! Off comes a brand new "Vanatone" record!

The Vancouver Recording company has the first pressing plant in Western Canada. The machinery was constructed and assembled in Vancouver and all the complicated

procedure in the production of the "Vanatone" discs is done in their small shop in the Vancouver business district.

Wally Peterson was engaged in the recording business in Vancouver before the "Vanatone" idea was conceived but this is Wally's first encounter with the frightening mess of machinery called a "pressing plant." Although many recording studios are in successful operation in Western Canada, the Vancouver Recording company is the first studio to attempt the hazardous pressing operation.

Already many talented West Coast artists have appeared on the snappy Vanatone label. Among the company's recording talent are Bud Henderson, sensational Vancouver pianist, singing discovery Bobby Hughes, comedian-announcer Jack Cullen and former Winnipegger Chris Gage and his trio.

National distribution of "Vanatone" records is being arranged and the new discs will soon be available in most Canadian record shops from coast to coast.

Technically, the Vanatone record has a lot more than an appealing label. The substance of this Canadian platter is tough and long-lasting and though tonal quality and recording could stand improvement, this situation is usually rectified as the firm expands.

Wally Peterson has certainly pioneered a unique industry on the West coast and the "Vanatone" record is a product to be proud of.

just outside of an apartment block, but he had to run out to the street in his pajamas to do it.

As we talked, Jack looked wistfully into the distance and his face twisted into a sadistic smile. "I've

got another stunt planned . . ." he muttered. And just guess what it is, "Owl Prowl" listeners? Oh, no you don't! That's between me and Jack Cullen—Vancouver's madcap disc jockey!



"Plays Fine Alto, But Can He Double on Baritone?"

SING SONG

A unique idea in radio entertainment is enlivening Toronto's Sunday evenings. People's Credit Jewellers' "Sunnyside Community Sing-Song", an open-air public songfest beamed from Sunnyside park in Toronto is attracting audiences of twenty-thousand and more.

Essentially, the concept is refreshingly simple. People's Credit Jewellers maintain a bandshell in Sunnyside park. Every Sunday evening a talented group of entertainers including Art Hallman's band with singer Terry Dale assemble at the bandstand. The usually



Monty Hall, Emcee



the back wall of the bandshell and an attendant turns the giant pages when necessary.

Perhaps the greatest obstacle encountered in producing an outdoor show of this type is the weather. Elaborate arrangements are made in case the show is rained out.

A complete second program is arranged beforehand for presentation in a CFRB studio in the event that rain forces the

large audience arrives and is "warmed up" by emcee Monty Hall.

By broadcast time the spectators are sufficiently enthused and the program begins. The show is composed of three or four sing-song selections from the people, straight band numbers by Art Hallman, solos by Terry Dale and Art Hallman, a Sunday hymn and a quartette selection—all skillfully co-ordinated by emcee Monty Hall and announcer Michael Fitzgerald.

Sing-song selections are simplified by using a mammoth song-book with white letters printed on black pages. The over-sized folio is placed against



View of Crowd and Control Panel



Art Hallman's Band Plays to Audience of 20,000 at Sunnyside, Toronto, for P.C.J. "Sunnyside Community Sing-Song."



Art Hallman

"Sunnyside Community Sing-Song" indoors. All community sing numbers in that case are replaced with straight band selections and the emcee's script is revised to appeal to a smaller, indoor audience.

However, writer - producer Maurice Rapkin remains undaunted by unpredictable weather and never failed to put a "Sunnyside Community Sing-Song" broadcast on the air.

Although outdoor radio shows are not a rarity by any means, "Sunnyside Community Sing-Song" claims to be the largest outdoor production of its kind in America.

Most certainly this delightful radio feature is a valuable contribution to Canadian entertainment and a popular Sunday evening's amusement to thousands of Torontonians.



Terry Dale

1 2 2 0

on your radio dial . . . that's where you'll find a listening pleasure that's

tuned
to
your
vacation
needs . . .
the
perfect
complement
to
perfect
surroundings

You will find CJRL as balanced and fresh as the keen air of

KENORA

whence it serves vacationers and residents alike in the beautiful

LAKE of the WOODS

Crisp news reporting . . .
bright music . . . balanced
programming,

whether
bathing
whether
fishing
whether
boating
whether
dancing
or
at
meals

Your Radio will bring you satisfying and entertaining programs well suited to your moods when you tune in to

CJRL

A Dominion Network Station



Well, well! After listening to a dozen or so current Capitol sides, it becomes apparent that this label is really going in for the New Sound in a great, big way!

What with Babs' Three Bips and a Bop (probably the gonest), Dave Lambert's mixed chorus, David Barbour's shennanigans and nearly all background music allotted Capitol's singing stars this month, the American discery is definitely trying to get us peasants hip to this cool material.

Oo! Ya Koo and Lop Pow, too! Bongos rattle from every angle and the flatted fifths and triplets abound. Mind you, it's not bad listening. It's all a matter of getting used to the stuff—and that's just what Capitol wants us to do. Capitol realizes that if ever-important public taste switches to a Bop kick, their label will automatically become a best seller. Many prominent Bop greats seem solidly installed on the Capitol label.

While the bongos resound and the brass bles in obvious Kenton imitations, smart people can hear a faint chuckle from the direction of Brazil: Capitol's heavy trend toward Modernism seems to indicate a gala return for the one-time leader in the Modernist field. Need I predict that Stan Kenton will return with a new band next fall? No, I guess I needn't.

"Stars" is a smooth vocal by Vancouver's Bobby Hughes. The song is not sensational, but the Chris Gage trio does a great job of backing the promising vocalist. "Eyes" is a trio instrumental with Bernie Roop on bass and Ernie Allen on guitar—both Vancouver men. Chris Gage plays his own piano arrangement well and the group shows fine co-ordination in spite of a frisky tempo.

Why Should We Put Off Until Tomorrow ★★, I Had A Dream ★★★.

"Why" displays the Niosi band as a fine group, showing good form on ensemble work and producing excellent bass tones. Unfortunately, the vocal isn't too good. "Dream" receives startlingly good treatment from the Niosi outfit and Frank Egan renders a listenable, if a trifle colorless, bit of vocalizing. Words and music for both tunes by Can-

adian Cliff Hubbs, who also arranged the recording session with Regal pressing the discs.

A New Shade Of Blues ★★★, Night After Night ★★★. Billy Eckstine vocals. M.G.M.

"Blues" is definitely Eckstine material. With rich Hugo Winterhalter backing, Billy's fine voice gives the nice tune the best of treatment. Background music for "Night" is by Buddy Baker and band. Billy impresses on this side with a terrific display of range. Both sides are highly danceable.

Hawaiian War Chant ★★★, Always ★★★. Dave Lambert, vocal group and rhythm. Capitol.

Melody of "Chant" is bopped by voices while others chord wierdly in the background. Lambert should try to avoid the more obnoxious Bop chords. "Always" is much better—it has words. The vocal group sounds well-rehearsed and refreshing. Last few chords prove this outfit is no hastily hashed-together group. Wonder how this assembly of voices would handle something a little more serious?

Everything Happens To Me ★★★, The Way You Look Tonight ★★.

June Christy vocals with Bob Cooper conducting orchestra. Capitol. Another husband-and-wife team! June Christy (ex-Kenton thrush) sings "Everything" while hubby Bob (also ex-Kenton) leads the band through some of the wierdest music this reporter has ever heard. The band, composed of many ex-Kentonites, has one of each of the following: a bass trumpet, cello, violin, conga and bongo. Combined, of course, with more orthodox instruments the above play a moody, semi-surrealistic score on both sides. "Way You Look" features tram and bongo which carry the melody while June Christy bopolizes all over the place. At least it's novel.

Old Fashioned Song ★★★, Tulsa. ★★. "Tex" Beneke and orchestra. Victor.

"Song" introduces Glenn Douglas, who sounds too much like Garry

Stevens. The Moonlight Serenaders and the band produces some welcome Miller sounds and are generally more convincing without strings. "Tulsa" is a nasal Beneke vocal with surprisingly weak band backing. It gets a beat, though, and the arrangement is fine. Believe it or not, the band even bops mildly in spots!

Everywhere You Go ★★, Again ★★★. Doris Day with the Mello Men. Columbia.

"Go" is an old-fashioned ditty, just right for Doris' cute style. Miss Day uses her appealing, intimate hush style on "Again" and produces a truly fine vocal.

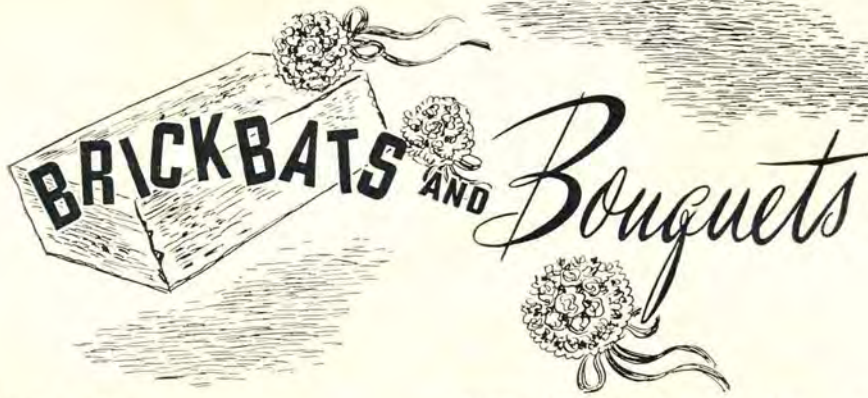
* * * * *

HEARD TELL: That former Toronto thrush **Terry Swope**, now with Benny Goodman, cut a thing called "Sugar Hill Bop" with the Al Haig quintet on the Secco label. Should be good. . . . That square McDougall reported an alto sax solo by **Charlie Barnet** on "Lonely Street" last month. It's actually a soprano sax solo, of course. Thanks, Eddie! . . . Vanatone (a new West coast record outfit) plans to release a disc by Vancouver disc jockey **Jack Cullen**. CKMO "Owl Prowl" listeners shouldn't miss this one! . . . That wraps things up for this month, more wax chatter for you next issue. . . . Adios!



HAL RODD

"Greetings, baseball fans!" . . . that's the familiar and well-loved phrase emanating from CKMO in Vancouver, with Hal Rodd bringing you a thrilling play-by-play description of the Western International Baseball League. Formerly a newscaster and night supervisor with CJOB, Winnipeg, Hal joined the staff of CKMO, and for two seasons now has brought an exciting description of the ball game to fans at the coast. As each baseball season draws near, Hal and the team trek out to spring training, and there in the spacious ball park the team shapes up as Hal watches on, studying the technique, baseball history and batting averages of each player. This, plus a keen knowledge of baseball and a well-trained voice, contributes to a lively, fast moving broadcast. It is this interpretation of the game that has gained Hal a tremendous following in this field of sport. You can usually find Hal busily jotting down baseball notations between newscasts during his regular shift at the radio station.



The Editor,
 "Intermission" Magazine,
 McIntyre Block,
 Winnipeg, Man.

Dear Sir:

Allow me to congratulate you on printing an excellent publication. I believe that it fills a long-felt need in the Canadian magazine field, and extend every hope of continued success.

As with all new publications, I imagine that you are in search of new and attractive features that might add interest to your magazine. I would like to suggest one that you may find interesting.

I have followed the careers of many Canadian entertainers for many years, and frequently find that they suddenly drop out of sight. No adequate explanation is ever given to their public, and many persons are undoubtedly interested in what has happened to them. A case in point is Sandy Phimister, who was a very good Scottish comedian around Winnipeg a few years ago. Although he had recognized ability and built up quite a following, he has apparently disappeared from the public eye. There are probably hundreds of other similar cases, and thousands of persons who are as interested as I am in keeping track of Canadian stars.

I would suggest that you start a "Wonder What's Happened to . . ." column or feature in your magazine. It might be a good idea if you published a request for the opinion of your subscribers on this question, but I imagine there would be sufficient interest to warrant adding this feature. Getting the information might be a problem, but there are probably many contributors who would leap at the opportunity to give you the necessary information about persons of whom they know personally. Hoping you find this suggestion constructive, I am,

Yours sincerely,

J. Edward Bigsby.

Toronto, Ont.

The Editor,
 "Intermission" Magazine,
 McIntyre Block,
 Winnipeg, Man.

Dear Sir:

After your blurb on the "Wake Up Winnipeg" program it's about time that the other side said something

about these broadcasts. You may find it easy to scrape up the kind of enthusiasm that likes somebody grinning into your face from a loud-speaker first thing in the morning, but I don't share your feelings.

In the first place, the habit they have of dubbing in little bits of transcriptions is a doubtful type of humor. If your nerves are good it may be all right, but how would you feel about having a sepulchral voice say to you, "And where did you spend the night, Mr. McGullicudy?" just as you open your eyes?

Then there is the station's cuddly little feature, "Whirl For Your Winnings," or "Dial For Dollars," or something. Out of a screaming confusion of sirens and shoutings they call some character who has just got to bed twenty minutes earlier and start his day off right by telling him he's just lost a chance at \$23.04. Fine goings on!

If anyone wanted to put on a really unusual program, one that would meet the need of our frenzied times, they would have something on called "Haven for the Harassed," and make with absolute silence, broken periodically by a gentle voice saying, "Sleep tight, my sweet." That's my idea of progress.

Late Riser.

* * *

The Editor,
 "Intermission" Magazine,
 McIntyre Block,
 Winnipeg, Man.

Dear Sir:

I can't believe it! A magazine with the courage to plug Canadian talent! Many thanks to you brave people for your stand on local talent.

Pat McDougall's "Turntable" is O.K., but Pat made a mistake in his review of the "Sequence in Jazz" album by Woody Herman. The last side of "Summer Sequence" was recorded by the new Herman herd and not the last side of "Lady McGowan's Dream" as reported.

Aside from the above error the new magazine is fine. A little more emphasis on Modern Jazz, though, if you please.

With every wish for your continued success,

Jim Waterman.

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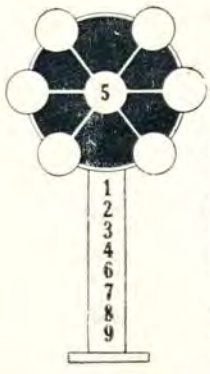
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WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO

Here's how to solve the puzzle. Take the numbers from the column supporting the wheel and write SIX of these numbers in the six circles on the rim of the wheel. Arrange these numbers so that you get as many totals of three numbers on a straight line (including the number 5) to add up to 15 as it is possible. You may select any six numbers you have decided to use.

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THE PROGRESSIVE CONSERVATIVE PARTY CAN AND WILL FORM THE GOVERNMENT

There is one great issue facing the electors on June 27th.

That issue is whether Canada is to have a Progressive Conservative Government or a Socialist Government.

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