What is the SECRET of Rudy Vallee’s Success?

“Main Street Sketches”
Set Radio Record

Amos ’n’ Andy Radio’s First Comic Strip

WANTED: Air Personality!

And Other Features

December 1929

25 cents
A play you ought to read
The Tragedy of Neglected Gums

Cast of Characters:
Your Dentist and You

you: "My gums are responsible for this visit, doctor. I'm anxious about them."
D.D.S.: "What's the matter?"
you: "Well, sometimes they're tender when I brush my teeth. And once in a while they bleed a little. But my teeth seem to be all right. Just how serious is a thing like this?"
D.D.S.: "Probably nothing to bother about, with a healthy mouth like yours. But, just the same, I've seen people with white and flawless teeth get into serious trouble with their gums."

you: "That's what worries me. Pyorrhea — gingivitis — trench mouth—all those horrible-sounding things! Just a month ago a friend of mine had to have seven teeth pulled out."
D.D.S.: "Yes, such things can happen. Not long ago a patient came to me with badly inflamed gums. I x-rayed them and found the infection had spread so far that eight teeth had to go. Some of them were perfectly sound teeth, too."

you: (After a pause) "I was reading a dentifrice advertisement... about food."
D.D.S.: "Soft food? Yes, that's to blame for most of the trouble. You see, our gums get no exercise from the soft, creamy foods we eat. Circulation lags and weak spots develop on the gum walls. That's how these troubles begin. If you lived on rough, coarse fare your gums would hardly need attention."

you: "But, doctor, I can't take up a diet of raw roots and hardtack. People would think I'd suddenly gone mad."
D.D.S.: "No need to change your diet. But you can give your gums the stimulation they need. Massage or brush them twice a day when you brush your teeth. And one other suggestion: use Ipana Tooth Paste. It's a scientific, modern dentifrice, and it contains special ingredients that stimulate the gums and help prevent infection."

An imaginary dialog? An imaginary "you"? Admittedly, but the action is real. It is drawn from life—from real tragedies and near-tragedies enacted every day in every city of the land!

And if dentists recommend Ipana, as thousands of them do, it is because it is good for the gums as well as for the teeth. Under its continual use, the teeth are gleaming white, the gums firm and healthy. For Ipana contains ziratol, a recognized hemostatic and antiseptic well known to dentists for its tonic effects upon gum tissue.

Don't wait for "pink tooth brush" to appear before you start with Ipana. The coupon brings you a sample which will quickly prove Ipana's pleasant taste and cleaning power.

But, to know all of Ipana's good effects, it is far better to go to your nearest druggist and get a large tube. After you have used its hundred brushings you will know its benefits to the health of your gums as well as your teeth.

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BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. RR-129
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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## CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Author(s)</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Cover Design: Rudy Vallee</td>
<td>By Theodore G. Auge</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rudy Vallee’s First Leading Lady</td>
<td>(Photograph)</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What Is the Secret of Rudy Vallee’s Success?</td>
<td></td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sound Your “A”</td>
<td></td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Amos 'n Andy, Radio’s First Comic Strip</td>
<td>By P. H. W. Dixon</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Main Street Sketches Set Radio Record for Applause Mail</td>
<td>By Bruce Gray</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>If Radio Is To Survive, It Must “Hitch Its Wagon to a Star”</td>
<td>By K. Trenholm</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Sonnet to the Instrument International</td>
<td>By Alice Remsen</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brings Charm of Old Spain to Radio</td>
<td>(Photograph)</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dale Wimbrow Whistles</td>
<td></td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Philco Hour Revives Favorite Light Operas of the Past</td>
<td>By Henry M. Neely</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Philco’s Diminutive Prima Donna</td>
<td>(Photograph)</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wanted: Air Personality</td>
<td>By Allen Haglund</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Westinghouse Salute Introduces New Type of Program</td>
<td></td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Glorifying the American Girl’s Voice</td>
<td>(Photographs)</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Static From the Studios</td>
<td></td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Glimpse “Behind the Mike” During the Palmolive Hour</td>
<td>By Herbert Devins</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mr. Average Fan Confesses that He Is a “Low Brow”</td>
<td>By Average Fan</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crowned Radio’s Queen of Beauty</td>
<td>(Photograph)</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Philadelphia Orchestra Succumbs to Lure of Radio</td>
<td>By Willie Perceval-Monger</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ether Etchings</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Program Notes</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Editorials: Radio Revue Makes Its Bow; Radio Censorship Impracticable</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Returns from Opera Triumphs Abroad</td>
<td>(Photograph)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Radio in the Home</td>
<td>(Edited by Mrs. Julian Heath)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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Bruce Gray, Editor

Contributing Editors:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Name</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Allen Haglund</td>
<td>H. Raymond Preston</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mrs. Julian Heath</td>
<td>Walter H. Preston</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Willie Perceval-Monger</td>
<td>K. Trenholm</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Published monthly by RADIO REVUE, INC., Six Harrison Street, New York, N. Y.; Raymond Preston, President; Benjamin F. Rowland, Vice-President; Walter H. Preston, Secretary and Treasurer; George O. Burkett, Advertising Manager.

Manuscripts and photographs submitted for publication must be accompanied by sufficient postage if their return is desired. Advertising rates will be gladly furnished upon application. Copyright, 1929, by Radio Revue, Inc. All rights reserved. Printed in U. S. A.

Subscription Prices: United States, $2; Canada, $2.50; Foreign, $3; Single Copies, 25c
Rudy Vallee’s First Leading Lady

Anne Franklin (Mrs. Richard O’Connor) Was Recruited from the Ranks of Radio

When Rudy Vallee was engaged to make his first talking picture, his leading lady was, appropriately enough, recruited from the ranks of radio. Pictured above with her five-year-old son, Jimmie Dick, is Mrs. Richard O’Connor, of Dover, N. J. She is secretary to John W. Elwood, vice-president of the National Broadcasting Company. Under the name of Anne Franklin, she acted opposite Vallee in “Campus Sweethearts,” which was produced by Radio-Keith-Orpheum, in conjunction with the R. C. A. Photophone, at the latter’s Gramercy Studios in New York City. This picture recently won for Mrs. O’Connor the first award in a national contest to find the loveliest young mother in America. The judges, who unanimously voted her first place in this contest, were John Barrymore, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., and F. Scott Fitzgerald.
What is the Secret of Rudy Vallee’s Success?

Does the reason for Rudy’s popularity lie in his personality or his appearance—or is his singing the cause of his rapid rise?

He has become a national figure and, in some respects, almost a national problem—the joy of the wife, the despair of the husband, the idol of the flapper and the envy of the young man.

What is this nationwide craze over Rudy Vallee? How did it start and what caused it? The meteoric rise of this young orchestra leader, accomplished almost entirely through the medium of radio, is the outstanding feature of the year in broadcasting circles.

The hold that radio’s first “matinée idol” has on the hearts of the women of the country, is truly startling. It was his crooning of sentimental ballads over the radio that first brought him into the public eye and this same suave, seductive manner of singing is now rapidly on its way to becoming a national institution.

His popularity has increased amazingly—at least, among the ladies. They swear by him—and the men swear at him. Like any widespread craze, Rudy has his detractors, as well as his admirers. In many instances, arguments over Rudy have resulted in a “house divided against itself.”

But the reasons underlying his phenomenal success remain a mystery—even to Mr. Vallee himself, who is at once pleased and bewildered at the trick of Fate that has carried him from obscurity to a place in the hearts of millions of America’s flappers and matrons. He has become...
a national figure and, in some respects, almost a national problem—the joy of the wife, the despair of the husband, the idol of the flapper and the envy of the young man.

Does the secret of Rudy's success lie in his personality or his appearance? Possibly—although there is nothing unusual about this Don Juan of the radio. He is of average height, slender, and carries himself well. He is invariably well groomed and exudes a feeling of quiet confidence. He is of fair complexion, with blue eyes that slant slightly downward at the outer corners. He has a well-formed head, crowned by a wealth of light, curly hair. His appearance is not unlike that of the average young college man.

Further light is shed on his personality by John S. Young, NBC announcer, who was a fellow student of Rudy's at Yale. He says: "With all the success and good fortune that have been showered upon him, Rudy remains the same unassuming, modest and splendid young man that I remember on the Yale campus. He is modest to the point of being diffident and shy. I believe that his success is due to the old formula of hard work. At least it was made without benefit of press agent and, best of all, it has not spoiled him."

Is Rudy's singing the reason for his rapid rise? Possibly so. At the microphone he is truly a romantic figure. Faultlessly attired in evening dress, he pours softly into the radio's delicate ear a stream of mellifluous melody. He appears to be coaxing, pleading and at the same time adoring the invisible one to whom his song is attuned. The bare microphone seems strangely cold and unresponsive to his serenading.

When he is not broadcasting, Rudy sings through a small black megaphone that has accompanied him all the way from Yale.

The recent observations of Richard Watts, Jr., feature writer of the New York Herald-Tribune, on the Vallee craze, are interesting. Referring to Rudy as "the Clara Bow of the orchestras," Mr. Watts writes:

"The reason for Mr. Vallee's enormous success has always been something of a mystery. True, he offers the novelty of being a wistful, rather than a wise-cracking, leader, and his calm crooning has a curious way of making each woman in the audience think he is singing directly to her. Both of these traits have been convincingly advanced as an explanation of his success, but the matter remains puzzling. A commonplace looking young man, with a commonplace voice, and a second-rate orchestra, he still manages to be the matinee idol of his day."

One of Mr. Watts's correspondents summed up the case for her hero somewhat devastatingly, when she concluded: "No matter how atrocious he seems to the gentlemen (and all whom I have encountered have nothing favorable to say of this 'male Clara Bow of the orchestras') the women like him. They are entitled to like him, because it was they who made this lad what he is today. No matter if he be on the air, in a short subject or in person, the majority of women will continue to worship him."

"All this being conceded," Mr. Watts continues, "it might be of assistance to us jealous male outsiders to note what the women correspondents have to say of Mr. Vallee's virtues and endeavor to profit thereby. Carefully itemized, his admirable qualities are, unless the letters to this department are deceptive, in the following order: (1) He is a gentleman; (2) he is modest; (3) he is adorable; (4) he croons nice sentimental melodies; (5) he is, as one correspondent puts it, 'anything but a hardened Broadway showman type and, therefore, he was a refreshing change from the general type of masters of ceremonies.'

Something of a Genius

"The amazing thing about these suddenly admired qualities is that they are so negative and, hitherto, so completely neglected. 'A boyish modesty while taking encore'; no swell head about him, and if anyone ought to have a swell head, it is he: 'reserved and quiet in manner, no hot numbers like the usual band plays over the radio'—these attributes, so confidently advanced by his fans to explain his success, have somehow never been considered in the past as short cuts to popularity, and the news that being modest and a gentleman aid in Broadway success, is just a bit overwhelming. When Mr. Vallee can make a lack of aggressiveness and an absence of belligerency assist rather than handicap him in his chosen occupation, then maybe he is something of a genius, after all.

"It is because the thought that a young man, bringing such incredible qualities to Broadway and getting away with it, is now overwhelmingly popular so pleases him, that it is with deepest regret that this observer confesses he is still puzzled by the Vallee success. Gentility and modesty and the change from the spirit of the jazz age may be admirable things, but it is still difficult to see why they should cause the emotional hysteria among the girls that Rudy Vallee has aroused. It still seems to me that he is a commonplace looking young man, with a commonplace voice and a second-rate orchestra."

A later correspondent of Mr. Watts writes of Rudy Vallee:

Too Emotional for Comfort

"It is quite true that he is idolized and lauded, for what reason no one, apparently, has been able to discover except myself. The reason Rudy Vallee is so popular is Rudy Vallee, the name itself. You will note that it is nothing more nor less than that of the beloved screen
star, Rudolph Valentino, all over again. An easy name to remember, a pleasant name to say—the ladies love to say the name, therefore, they idolize the person to whom it belongs. I defy you to show me where I am wrong.”

“It all goes to suggest,” Mr. Watts resumes, “that the Vallee problem has grown a bit too emotional, on both sides, for comfort. It does suggest, though, that Mr. Vallee’s popularity transcends all matters of musical skill, technical prowess, looks or orchestral effectiveness. It is entirely a matter of emotion. In a word, since women adore him and since more women than men go to the theatres—he is a smash. Since, however, none of my friend’s admirers has insisted that he is important as a musician, or as a personage, but only as a shy, wistful gentleman, who pleases the romantic ladies, this department is willing to consider that a compromise and, after expressing its final conviction that his orchestra is second rate, let it go at that.”

Let us learn more of the man. Hubert Prior Vallee—to give him his full title—was born 27 years ago in Vermont, but spent the greater part of his life in Westbrook, Maine, a paper-mill town of about 10,000 population. He is of French-Irish descent.

He has been musical since childhood. His father owned a drug store and wanted Rudy to become a pharmacist, but Rudy could not see it that way.

While in high school he had various jobs to occupy his spare time. One of these was as an usher in a motion picture theatre. There he became enamored of the clarinet in the orchestra and he saved his money until he could buy one. He soon learned to play it. Then somebody gave him a saxophone and, as the two instruments are played almost in the same manner, it took him only about a week’s time to master the saxophone sufficiently to play in an orchestra. To further perfect his art, however, he hired a small room in the Westbrook Town Hall at five dollars a month, where he could practice without creating a public disturbance.

Heard Rudy Wiedofl Play

Rudy thought he was progressing quite well with his saxophone until one day he heard a Victor record by Rudy Wiedofl, the dean of saxophone players. Instantly he realized how little he knew about playing his chosen instrument. He became a staunch admirer of Wiedofl, so much so that later in college his friends dubbed him “Rudy” after the saxophone king. A long correspondence followed, culminating in a course of saxophone lessons from Wiedofl by mail.

After completing his high school course, Rudy entered the University of Maine. There his skill with the saxophone quickly brought him into the limelight. He was made a member of the Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity and was literally snapped up by the college band.

However, the field for his talents was not wide enough there so, after a year, he transferred to Yale. There he at once eclipsed all his former triumphs and started a new march to fame. He played in the Yale Commons, Woolsey Hall, under Les. Ladin, band director, and later in the Yale University Band. He was in great demand at all the big dances and for two years earned about $1,500 a year, at the same time carrying on his college studies.

Then, in 1924, came an opportunity to play for a year in the orchestra of the Savoy Hotel in London, the finest organization of its kind in Europe. Rudy accepted and, after obtaining leave of absence from Yale for a year, went to London. There he met with further success and captivated England’s smart set with his playing.

Just before he was to return to America to complete his course at Yale, Rudy was invited to teach the Prince of Wales to play the saxophone, but declined, as he did not care to delay his college work any longer.

Back at Yale, Rudy’s popularity continued to spread rapidly. He became leader of the famous Yale Football Band and of the college dance orchestras.

After his graduation, in 1927, Rudy and his band went on a vaudeville tour across the country. When it was over he played for a while in Boston and led some of the best orchestras in that city. However, he had his heart set on a New York career and, as soon as the opportunity presented itself, he set out to conquer Broadway.

In New York, Rudy had no difficulty in obtaining work, but he did have trouble in getting the Broadway orchestra leaders to play dance music according to his ideas.

Favors Simplicity in Dance Music

Simplicity has always been Rudy’s keynote in playing dance music. He has never been in favor of the overelaborate dance arrangements that have grown out of the early jazz band craze. He wanted to do away with most of the brass instruments; he believed that the inherent rhythm of a good syncopated melody was sufficient to put it over, without any trimmings.

It was not long before Rudy organized his own orchestra. In so doing he realized the fulfillment of a dream (Continued on page 46)
RADIO REVUE

SOUND YOUR “A”

THESE two boys, Al and Pete, get along harmoniously. They appear as "Son" and "Trom" on the Sonstorm program, Sunday evenings, CBS.

YOU’VE got to try it out on somebody. At the right, B. A. Rolfe, director of the Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra, NBC, is testing a trumpet solo on Bowser, his newest critic, but, if you should ask us, Bowser seems far more interested in the kittens down in the corner picture. (Photo by National)

GODFREY LUDLOW, the well-known Australian violinist, tunes up his cruddy fiddle before going on the air on WEAF, Sunday afternoon. Too bad television isn’t a reality yet, because the girls would just love that auburn “permanent” wave of his.

THE gentlema above, attired in the masquerade costume and playing a foreign ukulele, is Sven Von Halberg. Despite his make-up, he directs Echoes of the Orient, Sunday evenings, on WEAF.

BARBER shop chords get that way only after plenty of hard work and no end of rehearsals; that is, when they are being groomed for the air. However, the smiling Ritz Quartet does not seem to mind rehearsing very much. Not as “fizzy” as their name implies, they sing everything from harbor shop ballads to grand opera, on the IT Scaier program, Sunday evenings, CBS. Here they are hitting a high spot in “Sweet Adeline.”

THE gentlema above, with the snowy marble and the coat all bopped around with medals, is, of course, Edwin Franko Goldman, director of the Pure Oil Band, NBC. (Photo by Losanchick)

HERE we see a dress rehearsal of “Felines on the Ivories.” There doesn’t seem to be much co-operation, but Kathleen Stewart, popular staff pianist of NBC, assures us that the effect is wonderful—just what she wants. “It’s the cats!” says Kathleen.
Amos 'n' Andy have made radio history. Freeman F. Gosden and Charles J. Correll, creators of the two famous radio characters heard every night except Sunday over a network of NBC stations, have found what dozens of others have been vainly seeking—the technique of being funny on the air.

Amos 'n' Andy are funny. The antics of the two blackface adventurers, their mishaps with the Open Air Taxi Company and the dozens of funny situations in which they involve themselves are keeping thousands of listeners up later than the customary time for retiring and they are not doing it one night a week but for six consecutive nights—which, in itself, is another radio record.

Amos 'n' Andy were born of necessity. Correll and Gosden, who previously had made themselves famous on the air under the names of "Sam and Henry," decided not to renew a contract with the Chicago Tribune, which had sponsored the "Sam and Henry" broadcasts. The Tribune owned the characters of "Sam and Henry," so the two comedians developed "Amos 'n' Andy." Their inspiration was a good one for, while "Sam and Henry" were popular, the new blackface characterizations were, in the language of vaudeville, wows. Since the two characters came into being, a book has been written about them and their creators have made numerous tours of the country.

On the Air Since 1925

Correll and Gosden have been on the air since 1925. While they had previous theatrical experience, they had never done negro characterizations until they were working from radio studios.

Correll, the "Andy" of the team, was born in Peoria, Ill. He says he was born with a desire to be an actor and that the ambition grew with years. As often happens, he found himself far removed from the footlights in the business of building houses. Finally he gave up construction work and went on the stage.

Gosden, or "Amos," comes from Virginia. His ancestors came from England and for three generations lived in Virginia. Freeman was the first Gosden to leave the state. He was born in Richmond in 1899 and lived there throughout his school years with the exception of one year spent at a military school in Atlanta, Georgia.

He was raised in the customary southern fashion with a negro mammy. Gosden's mother took a young negro lad into her household, who was raised with Freeman. His name was "Snowball," and he has been the inspiration for no small percentage of the Amos 'n' Andy episodes. Sylvester, the lovable lad in Amos 'n' Andy who helped them solve the garage mystery and many other troubles, is no other than "Snowball." One can even find "Snowball's" traits in Amos, himself.

Gosden's stage experience began at the age of ten, when he won over a skeptical audience by diving into Annette Kellerman's tank. When he was but twelve, he assisted the great magician, Thurston, by holding a handful of eggs.

Discovered by Alex Robb

Alex Robb, manager of the Chicago division of the National Broadcasting and Concert Bureau, is credited with discovering the talents of Gosden and Correll, the impersonators of Amos 'n' Andy.

While managing the production of a home talent min-
strel show at Richmond, Mr. Robb answered Gosden’s request for a job with a part as a clogger and end man in his presentation. He did so well in the part that Mr. Robb gave him a permanent position as his assistant. Correll was working for Mr. Robb at the time and when the youths met they started rooming together and thus began the team now known as “Amos ‘n’ Andy.”

Thrown together constantly for the next few months, the two men discovered that their voices blended and that they made a good team. The show went to Chicago and eventually closed. Correll and Gosden, “just for the fun of it,” asked for an audition at Station WEBH in Chicago. The manager of the station put them on the air, but told them there would be no salary for their efforts. That was in 1925.

Their first broadcasts were so successful that a contract to broadcast from WGN, the Chicago Tribune station, followed. On January 12, 1926, “Sam and Henry” made their radio debut. Two years later, when the Tribune contract expired, they went to Station WMAQ in Chicago and “Amos ‘n’ Andy” were born to the radio world.

They started their work over a national network of NBC stations under the sponsorship of the Pepsodent Company on the night of August 19, 1929. Their popularity has steadily increased since that time.

No Time for Temperament

Concerning the personalities of the pair, Mr. Robb declares, “I don’t believe these boys ever heard of the word ‘artistic temperament.’ Every place we went when we were appearing on the vaudeville circuit, the managers always complimented me on their workman-like attitude. They don’t let anything interfere with them when they’re on the job. With a radio performance six times a week and with as many as six and eight personal appearances during one day on their schedule, they simply haven’t time for temperament.”

Concerning his management of the team, Mr. Robb says, “I didn’t have to worry about booking appearances because, after they became known, there weren’t enough appearances to go around. All I had to do was select the ones we wanted. The hardest part of the business was keeping the boys undisturbed while writing their episodes, what with hundreds of fans seeking interviews with them.”

Correll and Gosden aren’t quite sure what makes their two radio characters so successful.

“Maybe it’s what they say . . . or maybe it’s the way they say it,” Correll said.

“And probably it is both,” Gosden added.

If there is any secret in their success, it is based on the fact that Correll and Gosden have made living characters out of the personalities they created. So much so, that at times, it would appear, neither they nor the radio audience are quite convinced that Amos and Andy do not exist. When Amos needs a ring for Ruby Taylor, for instance, the sympathetic public sends dozens of rings of all sizes and descriptions. And when Andy gets too rough with his meeker and milder buddy, his mail is filled with letters warning him to “lay off.”

Follow Fans’ Suggestions

Fortunately for the feelings of such fans, the letters do not go unheeded. Many of the doings of the two characters come as a result of some suggestions, made either consciously or unconsciously, by these letter writing enthusiasts.

In order to get material for their act—and to write a different fifteen minute sketch every night is a real job—the two men spend much time among Negroes, studying their accents and natural witticisms and picking up ideas for situations. The Open Air Taxicab idea is a counterpart of a real situation they discovered in one small city and many of their stories or droll remarks have been picked up in New York’s Harlem or in the negro section of Chicago.

So fair and deft have been their characterizations of the southern Negro transplanted to the north that never have there been protests from the colored race about the programs. In fact, many of their most ardent admirers are of the same race as the characters in the radio program.

Taylor Buckley Leaves NBC

Taylor Buckley, baritone, who has been with the NBC for several years, recently severed his connection with the National in order to accept an excellent offer to continue with the “Evening in Paris” Hour, which has switched from the NBC to the Columbia chain. Mr. Buckley had been with the program since its advent on WEAF. His place in the Salón Singers has been filled by Edward Wolter, baritone. Darl Bethman has replaced him as baritone of the Serenaders quartet. William Daniels has taken his place in the Ramblers trio.
Main Street Sketches Set Radio Record for Applause Mail

By BRUCE GRAY

When the spotlight of public approval is suddenly turned in any definite direction, there seems always to be a rush among those in the immediate vicinity to get their faces "in the picture." This has been true of the "Main Street Sketches," which appear on Station WOR every Tuesday evening and which, in a comparatively short period, have become one of the outstanding features of radio.

Attention was focused on this program, first: because it was entirely different from anything that had been broadcast up to that time, and secondly: because it had a human, homely appeal that was at once humorous and convincing.

Naturally, when this program had gained widespread prominence, would-be impresarios rushed from all quarters and claimed the credit for originating the idea. However, Leonard E. L. Cox, who is now program director of Station WOR, is the logical candidate for the honor.

About the best argument to back this assertion is the fact that Mr. Cox is still producing the original program every week—and it has not lost any of its prestige.

Sets New Applause Record

As a matter of fact, the program has set a new high mark for other advertising programs to shoot at. As the result of a single "Main Street" broadcast on April 23, 1929, sponsored by the Reid Ice Cream Company, that concern has to date received 200,000 letters. This is a record that is not likely soon to be surpassed. Furthermore, it is a significant indication of the vast audience that this program has developed and the widespread interest that is felt in the characters.

For some months prior to the time that the first "Main Street" program was put on the air, Mr. Cox had been considering the idea and, while it had not been definitely formulated in his mind, he had given a great deal of thought to it. He had in mind a program dealing with real country types, but not the proverbial hicks or rubes.

One day the late Ann Lang, a contralto crooner, asked Mr. Cox to listen to a program she was going to give.

"What is it called?" he asked her.

"The Country Store," was the reply.

Like a flash this suggested the long-sought idea that he had been thinking about, namely, to have the program take place in a typical country store.

Leonard had no occasion
to use this idea until a short time before Thanksgiving Day, 1927. About that time Charles Gannon, who was then in charge of Station WOR, telephoned Cox and asked his help. Mr. Gannon said he had sent out publicity for a special Thanksgiving Day program, but something had gone wrong and he did not have any material for the program.

Discussed Idea at Lunch

They agreed to meet for lunch and discuss the situation. On the way, Mr. Cox met George Frame Brown and asked him to come along. The three finally agreed on a program that approximated the "Main Street" type. Cox then went home and pounded out the script on his typewriter. It took him until the early hours of the next morning to complete it.

Up to that time George Frame Brown had made a reputation chiefly as a monologist and, in so doing, had created several distinctive characters, among them Ole Olsen, a Swede. Cox incorporated these characters in his script and Brown supplied the dialogue for them.

The initial program was a huge success and evoked much favorable comment. With the approach of Christmas, it was decided to give another of these presentations. Brown immediately suggested calling it "Christmas Eve in the Grange Hall," and this title was adopted. The same procedure as before was followed in preparing this program and again it was a great success.

By this time the program had caused such a stir in radio circles that the officials of WOR summoned Cox and asked him to stage a series of presentations of this type. In the meantime Cox had entered the employ of L. Bamberger & Co., owners of WOR, but was not in the radio division. However, he agreed to try it and was allotted $75 a week to engage talent and stage a weekly performance. No provision was made for paying him anything extra for writing the script and staging the show. The bulk of this amount went to George Frame Brown.

After some discussion the name of Titusville was coined by Cox to represent a typical small country town in which the chief event of the day is the arrival of a train at the depot.

Title Has Clung to Program

Everyone agreed that "Main Street" was the ideal name for the program but it was felt, if that name were used, there might be legal difficulties, owing to its being confused with Sinclair Lewis's book of the same name. So Cox finally hit upon the name "Main Street Sketches" and, although this title did not meet with general approval, it was finally adopted and has clung to the hour ever since.

The program went on the air as a regular feature on the first Tuesday evening in 1928 and has appeared practically every week since. It now has about 110 performances to its credit.

At one time the program struck a snag when, through a misunderstanding, it was sold as a commercial feature to two different advertisers at the same time. The result was that neither account took it, but it has since appeared under the commercial sponsorship of the Reid Ice Cream Company and the Merlin Products Corporation.

The program received reams of newspaper publicity at the time George Frame Brown left the cast. However, this phase of the situation was untangled by legal experts and, although Brown now produces "Real Folks," a similar type of program, on the NBC chain, he and Cox are still the best of friends.

Leonard Cox is an interesting study. He is tall and, although rather slender, is nevertheless wiry and well proportioned. He has an abundance of nervous energy and is capable of handling a multitude of executive duties without any apparent exhaustion. He has had an extremely checkered career and has traveled extensively. At different times in his life he had been a hobo, a cow-puncher, a rancher, a miner, a traveling salesman, an aviator and a radio editor.

Born in British Central Africa

He was born in Chandi, British Central Africa, where his father was Chief Commissioner. All of his family at present are serving with His Majesty's forces. At the age of eight he was sent to relatives in London to be educated and made the long journey from Durban alone.

After a few weeks in London, Leonard was sent to a convent school in Liege, near Antwerp. When he had been there only two weeks, his father and mother returned from Africa and he was taken out of school. He toured Europe with his parents until the outbreak of the Boer War, when his father returned to his African post.

In 1900 the Cox family moved to Canada, migrating to an unexplored region in the Rockies, 90 miles from Calgary. There his father started a ranch. This venture
failed, however, and the family then moved to an isolated water station on the Southern Pacific Railroad between Tehachapi and Bakersfield, Calif. There his father pumped water into locomotives as they passed through.

Later the family moved to Mojave, where Leonard took his first job in the gold mines. Until then he could neither speak nor read English. The family conversed only in French.

After a year Leonard drifted off for himself. He arrived in Los Angeles in 1902 and went into ranching. His employer was a Basque, who took an interest in him and taught him the rudiments of English. Leonard later took a job in a book store in Los Angeles and studied English at night. Two years later he became the yachting editor of the Los Angeles Times. This job lasted until the McNamara brothers bombed the Times Building.

He then went back to ranching and wandered from California to the lumber camps of Washington and Oregon. Later he went into the fish-packing business in Alaska. From there he drifted back to California and then worked successively as a cowboy, wheat thresher and hayer in Southern California, New Mexico and Arizona.

**Studies Telegraphy as Office Boy**

In 1910 he became an office boy for the Commercial Pacific Cable Company in Honolulu and studied telegraphy, when he was not sweeping the office or running errands. He subsequently qualified as an operator and took charge of little stations on the Southern Pacific.

He next returned to San Francisco and got a job operating a crane in a ship-building plant. Then for a while he waited on the table in a Los Angeles restaurant and later became night clerk in a hotel there. About this time he became acquainted with Ralph Newcomb, a west coast aviator, and decided to become a flyer. The two barnstormed in an old Curtiss plane from Los Angeles to San Francisco to Tijuana, Mexico.

(Continued on page 48)

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**The Cast of “Main Street Sketches”**
If Radio Is To Survive

IT MUST

"Hitch Its Wagon To a Star"

By K. TRENHOLM

EDITOR'S NOTE—Few people are as well qualified to discuss the development of radio broadcasting from the entertainment angle as is Miss Trenholm. For over five years she has written a daily critical column on radio in the "New York Sun" and she has seen the field of air amusement grow from its humble beginning to its place as a necessary part of present-day life.

WITH the expansion of broadcast programs and the perfecting technically of receiving apparatus it is only natural that the radio artist should step jauntily to the center of radio's stage—there to receive the applause and acclaim of a "personality starved" audience. Yet there has been in the past four years a slow, steady fight behind the progress of each artist's flight to stardom and to recognition—a fight that has only just begun.

Radio personalities, or "names," were the original link between the few scattered fans and the broadcasting studios. Back in the days when WJZ occupied a corner of the ladies' rest room in a dingy brick building in the old Westinghouse plant at Newark, stars of the theatre, the musical stage and the concert platform were imported as frequently as they could be lured by the weird story of having their voices heard many, many miles away without visible means of transmission—a story which, truth to tell, few of them actually believed.

Billy Burke, Paul Whiteman, the Shannon Four, now the Revelers, Mme. Johanna Gadski, Mme. Olga Petrova, Charlie Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks—these were only some of the names written ethereally in the early days of broadcasting history. And, except for a very limited

"budget" for entertainment purposes, these celebrity programs cost not one cent in artist fees!

Volunteers in Early Days

Then there was another phase of early radio that dealt with its artistry—that of the loyal volunteer entertainer who, week in and week out, stood by in the studio, ready to "take the air," turn the phonograph handle or do anything else that might be demanded at the moment. From the ranks of these enthusiasts have come many of radio's most prominent stars. Trained thoroughly in microphone technic, cognizant of every small detail of the development of that technic, pioneers themselves in experimenting with the transmitted voice, and with a long-established contact with their public, these artists have "arrived."

This, perhaps, is the "pretty" part of the picture—"the home-town boy makes good in the big city." There is another side, however, one that has come along with the ever-increasing competition and one that is not so pretty. It is the story of the prevailing injustice in broadcasting studio circles in the exploiting of radio "names," and classification of artists, not to mention the total lack of balance in the pay-roll.

For two or more years radio interests sought openly to down the tide of "personality appeal" in broadcast entertainment.

"Exploit the artist," one broadcaster explained to me as recently as 1927, "and you put in his, or her, hand the weapon which may mean your destruction. We cannot afford to make the mistake the motion picture business did in creating public demand for individual artists. We have not the money to pay huge salaries, nor will the returns coming in justify the experiment."
But the gentleman reckoned without the commercial sponsor. Paying celebrities unheard-of fees for broadcast recitals started in 1925 with the Atwater Kent series. Paying radio artists large fees under contract for fifty-two weeks is more recent and is to be directly attributed to the commercialism in radio. This, quite naturally, has worked a hardship on the less fortunate entertainers, who depend on the stations and much smaller fees and who contribute ten times as much in actual labor to the radio public’s enjoyment. The scale is all out of proportion, with the result that there is a great deal of discontent and unhappiness in artistic ranks. In several cases recently, artists have changed from one chain to another, in an effort to improve their status.

The advent of the so-called Artists’ Bureau, in conjunction with chain companies, has helped somewhat to promote the cause of the radio artist in arranging personal appearance tours or recitals for which the artist collects a stipulated fee and pays the Bureau a certain per cent. But even so, there are only one or two who have profited to any extent by this arrangement.

The surest method for accumulating wealth via the radio route seems still to be through exclusive contract with a commercial sponsor. And the surest way that an artist may insure himself against discrimination is to develop an original line and then have it exploited by either station or sponsor, as the case may be, with full credit to himself.

Press Agents for Artists

Recently I have been repeatedly asked by artists for an opinion as to the practicability of engaging personal “press agents” or publicity representatives, irrespective of such service as rendered by broadcasting companies or advertisers. Newspaper critics are supposed to harbor a traditional dislike of paid publicity agents. Personally, I am of the opinion that radio artists, more than any other group of public entertainers, need the press agent and the business manager.

There is an increasing demand for “personality” matter on the part of the readers of our daily newspapers. Magazines, likewise, are more freely than ever before accepting radio artists as good material for “human interest” stories. There is a wide field for popularizing the radio star which has barely been touched upon as yet, for the American people, it has been said, must have their matinee idols upon whom to bestow their affections.

With the growth of broadcasting as a business, the average entertainer, no matter how well qualified he may be or how great may be his artistry from the radio viewpoint, is lost in the shuffle unless he has, in a sense, been “radio dramatized.” Sometimes a catchy headline will establish him in the minds of the listeners over night; sometimes it means months of persistent exploitation.

Announcers’ Day is Over

There can be no stronger example of the dramatizing of unseen personalities for the artists to follow than that of radio announcers. These gentlemen, worthy though they may be, have too long monopolized the broadcasting stage. They are not—when performing their annuncierial duties—to be regarded as radio entertainers in the full sense of the term. They are not, it has been shown, time and again, even necessary to a large per cent of the broadcast programs, except for the reading of commercial credits. Yet to them has been handed the lion’s share of radio’s laurels in the past—simply because circumstances made it easy for them to exploit themselves or be exploited, while the radio artist, neglected as an identity and too modest to protest his rights, has too often found himself nothing but “a voice” that passed into the night.

Every story has its hero; every play its heroine, every motion picture its star—why, then, not radio? Those features that played up the personality appeal have gone down in radio history as the major attractions of their time.
There are the never-to-be-forgotten “Gold Dust Twins”; the inimitable “Happiness Boys,” who are still struggling rather fruitlessly to re-establish themselves under a different name for commercial reasons; the once-renowned “Record Boys,” and Vaughn De Leath, the “original radio girl,” who is now a headliner. There is “Roxy,” the first radio matinée idol and all his “Gang,” each of whom received a precious heritage in the form of the reputation he built for them in those early days of broadcasting.

Few Stars in Radio Now

Coming down to the present, there are only a few artists who may be considered as having reached the point of stardom. Directors do not “star” their performers any more than they can help and sustaining features are even more lax in this respect excepting where the Artist’s Bureau rights must be considered and then the artist is rarely more than identified by name.

True it is that the element of time plays an important part in the artist’s loss of exploitation. The air has few moments to spend in building up reputations in this way under the present system of arranging and presenting entertainment, which is why I believe the publicity expert could be of service, both to the artist and to the public... not the press agent who creates stories, but the trained specialist who discovers stories. And to go a step further in drawing the picture of the day when radio artists shall have come into their own, I would include the oft-suggested “Equity” association, for their own protection. If radio is to survive as an art, it must do so by “hitching its wagon to a star” as all other amusement lines have done before it!

A Sonnet to the Instrument International

By ALICE REMSEN

Flung to the four winds of the earth
Music and song, comedy and drama,
Rhythm and melody, words of precious worth,
  Picked up from space by urbanist or farmer.
Awaiting the touch of an armchair explorer—
  Tubes, magic wires and batteries unending,
Out from the box of this up-to-date Pandora
  Things good, things bad, continually are sending,
From here to anywhere, from pole to pole,
  Think of the marvel, the glory and the wonder
Of that space-flung voice, that ether-riding soul,
  Adapted by man from out Jehovah’s thunder!
Composed of elements intangible, still in embryo,
The latest implement of man that men call—radio.
Brings Charm of Old Spain to Radio

Countess Albani, Soprano, Came to Microphone from Behind the Footlights

Although she is a native of Barcelona, Countess Olga Medolago Albani was educated in this country, at the Academy of Saint Joseph, Brentwood-in-the-Pines, Long Island. She has been in radio for more than a year and now is heard regularly in her own program every Sunday night on Station WEAF. She came to radio from the stage, where she appeared in the original production of *The New Moon*, a Broadway success of last winter. A dramatic actress of acknowledged ability, she has just completed the first of a series of two-reel sound pictures, with songs and dialogue entirely in Spanish. The story, entitled *La Oruga Vuelta Mariposa*, was her own composition. It was produced by the Sono-Art Film Company, for distribution in Spain, Italy and Latin America.
DALE WIMBROW Whittles—

Columbia Chain Artist Carves Out Bits of Radio’s Past

Dale Wimbrow

DALE WIMBROW apparently has the same penchant for whittling that ex-president Coolidge has. The only difference is that Dale’s work with the knife is doubly productive. In the first place, he turns out, for his friends, handsome walking sticks that are the envy of all who see them and secondly, the whittling stimulates an already fertile brain into greater activity.

We happened upon him the other day when he was working on a walking stick that he was making for William E. Paley, president of the Columbia Broadcasting System. He had started with a solid piece of mahogany, two inches square and about three and a half feet long. He had already whittled it down to the proportions of an ordinary stout walking stick.

However, in design this was no ordinary stick. It followed a definite motif. The head represented an ibis, or snake-eating bird of South America, that was lately thrust into public notice by the crossword puzzle craze. A vicious-looking snake was coiled around the shaft.

Dale, who is well known as an entertainer and as master of ceremonies on the La Palina Smoker, on WABC every Wednesday evening at 9:30, has made these sticks for, among others, Paul White man, Rudy Vallee, Ben Bernie and Vincent Lopez.

Has Hit Song That Is Flop

While whittling, he fell to cogitating on the irony of the song-writing business. In the past he has written such song successes as “That’s What I Call Heaven” and “Think of Me Thinking of You,” and now he says he is in the peculiar predicament of having a real hit song that is actually a flop.

Here’s how he explains it. This song, “Every Moon’s a Honeymoon,” has been programmed by some of the biggest orchestras on the air, of their own volition, which indicates that they realized its possibilities. It has received a number of excellent plugs but, according to Dale, the girls behind the music store counters are stocking only the moving picture theme songs and are pushing them, with the result that other songs, such as his, receive little or no attention.

As the skilled knife continued its artistic moulding, Dale reminisced a bit. He has been in radio broadcasting since the days when WJZ was located in the Aeolian Building on West 42nd Street, New York. He wrote the first program that was broadcast as the Bonnie Laddies and performed it, along with Wilfred Glenn, the bass who later became prominently identified with the Revelers.

About that time Dale also was responsible for the Del-Mar-Va Hour, which extolled the beauties of the Eastern Shore peninsula. The name is a combination of the names of the three states that make up the peninsula, Delaware, Maryland and Virginia. Dale travelled from one county seat to the other, selling the idea. He wrote a different theme song for each county and worked tirelessly to put over his plan for radio advertising.

A Great Opportunity Lost

“That was a case where a great opportunity went aglimmering,” said Dale, in that characteristic drawling manner, which immediately stamps him as a native of the Eastern Shore. “We tried one type of program similar to the present ‘Main Street Sketches’ which are now so (Turn to page 44)
Philco Hour Revives Favorite Light Operas of the Past

By HENRY M. NEELY

"MEM'RIES, mem'ries, mem'ries of you . . ."

The strains of the Philco Hour’s signature song die away as the loyal company of stars, who have sung their way into the hearts of radio’s millions, move back from the Station WJZ microphone. Harold Sanford, director of the orchestra, mops his brow for the last time that evening and the musicians start to put away their instruments.

A little lady, her hair tinged with gray, rushes up, embraces Jessica Dragonette, soprano star of the hour, and exclaims enthusiastically, for the fifth or sixth time in a year, “My child, you were wonderful, as you always are.” This little lady has come to be one of the regular visitors at the Philco Hour, which is now two years old and is regarded by radio editors and unbiased critics as one of the outstanding programs on the air.

The little lady’s interest in the Philco Hour of Theatre Memories, which is sponsored by the Philadelphia Storage Battery Company, is shared by thousands in every city of any size in the United States, judging by the fan mail that I receive every week. The one question, that is asked again and again by those who are interested in the success which has come to our radio productions, is: “What is the secret of the Philco Hour’s success?”

Radio Stimulated Revivals

My answer invariably is: “The hour itself.” By that, I mean the music. The Victor Herbert operettas and the others we have chosen are, I believe, nationally popular. As proof of this we can cite the fact that Broadway is now seeing revivals of “Mlle. Modiste,” “Naughty Marietta” and other light operas, which we on the Philco Hour have helped to keep alive. It has been conceded that the radio performances of these operettas stimulated

"Philco’s Old Stager"

Henry M. Neely is acknowledged to be one of the outstanding showmen of radio. He was born and bred in Philadelphia, and has travelled all over the world. He became interested in radio when it was in its infancy and has followed its development closely.

He entered radio production work several years ago, after a long period of active newspaper work, in the course of which he edited a radio magazine. He has been responsible for programs like the Philco Hour, Forhan’s Song Shop, Maxwell House Coffee Hour, Physical Culture Hour and Eversharp Fountain Pen Hour.

Last June he was married to Miss Gertrude M. Jones, who for some time had been his partner in a successful flower and fruit farm of 30 acres at Beverly, N. J. The Neelys now live on this farm and Mr. Neely commutes to New York regularly to do his radio work.
public interest to the point where the stage revivals were deemed advisable.

The Philco Hour originated two years ago, as the result of a request made by James M. Skinner, vice-president and general manager of the Philadelphia Storage Battery Company, and Sayre M. Ransom, sales promotion manager of the same concern. They suggested that I, as a pioneer in radio work, assemble a "Theatre Memories" program and put it on the air. I had broadcast when radio was in its infancy. I knew Harold Sanford well and he was my first choice as musical director. That choice has been more than justified by the widespread popularity of the orchestral part of the hour.

At that time, Jessica Dragonette was playing the lead in "The Student Prince," but before long she succumbed to the lure of the microphone. Colin O'More, who had sung in light opera on Broadway with success, came with us as tenor and leading man. The other members of the original company, who are still with us, include Muriel Wilson, soprano; Mary Hopple, contralto, and Charles Robinson, bass. Later additions to the cast were: Kitty O'Neill, mezzo-soprano; Walter Preston, baritone, and Henry Shope, tenor.

Calls for Greatest Accuracy

There is a great deal more to the staging of a radio program like ours than the average person realizes. It is no hit-or-miss process, but one that calls for the greatest accuracy. First we select the light opera we are to broadcast. Then Mr. Sanford, with the complete musical score, and I, with the prompt book, go over the entire show together. We choose the outstanding musical numbers and those that will fit in best with our general plan for the program.

Next we time the numbers provisionally. Then I go through the prompt book and pick out the bits of dialogue that will tell our story to the best advantage. The next step is to prepare my continuity, supplying those details of the story that are not provided by the dialogue.

We usually have three rehearsals for each show. At the first rehearsal with piano, the singers familiarize themselves with the music. During the process I obtain another timing of the musical numbers by means of a stop watch.

At the second rehearsal, I again time the musical numbers, dialogue and continuity carefully. By that time I am able to judge quite accurately whether or not we will be able to complete our show in the allotted time. This is most essential, because our program much finish right on the minute in order not to encroach on the one that follows.

Entire Show Rehearsed

At the final, or "dress," rehearsal, we put on the entire show with the orchestra. Again I time the program and make any cuts or additions that are necessary. At this rehearsal, careful attention is paid to the microphone set-up, in order to get the proper balance of orchestra and singers, and also to produce the desired sound effects.

In view of the necessity for everything being timed so accurately, a slight miscalculation on my part can create havoc, as I have learned several times, to my discomfiture. But, all in all, it is highly attractive work and offers a rich reward in the satisfaction derived from staging a good performance.

The Philco Hour has been privileged to present the premier radio performances of such popular light operas as "The Vagabond King," "The Student Prince," "Blossom Time," "My Maryland," and "Maytime." A number of others, equally as interesting, are now being prepared for the air.

There exists in our Philco company an esprit de corps that is truly remarkable for a group of artists.

Each one works with the sole aim of putting on a good show. If any member of the cast sees a chance to help one of the others, either in the singing or dialogue, he does so. Such suggestions are accepted in the proper
THE leading lady of the Philco Hour was born in Calcutta. Her early life was spent travelling with her parents. At the age of six years, she entered Georgian Court, a convent school at Lakewood, N. J. After graduating, she came to New York and studied singing with Estelle Liebling. At that time The Miracle was being cast. The only solo part in the production was open. Jessica tried as a contralto, but without success. Later she went back and sang in her natural soprano voice and was given the part. Subsequently she played opposite Howard Marsh in The Student Prince. Then one day Harold Sanford asked her to sing on the air. Since then her work on the Philco Hour has placed her in the front rank of radio artists.
spirit and do much to improve the general effectiveness of the program.

Unquestionably the individual personalities of the Philco singers have endeared them to the radio public. Our leading lady, dainty Jessica, is endowed with an abundance of charm. She takes her work seriously and applies herself diligently to the task of portraying a new character in each light opera. She is a convent-bred girl. Her hobby is horseback riding.

Colin O'More, our leading man, has had a wide and varied experience. After meeting with great success on the concert stage, he turned to grand opera and light opera, and repeated his former triumphs. He originally studied to be a concert pianist, but was compelled to give it up, owing to an injury to his wrist. He is an unusually fine musician, a splendid actor and a fine fellow in the bargain. His hobby is cooking. The meals he prepares are legend among his fellow-Philcoites.

Typical Irish Beauty

Kitty O'Neill, who is Mrs. Colin O'More in private life, has a beautiful mezzo-soprano voice. She came into the cast directly from the musical comedy stage. She is a typical Irish beauty, with more than an ample share of the wit that made that race famous.

Mary Hopple, contralto, made her reputation chiefly in the concert and oratorio fields. She originally came from Pennsylvania. She possesses a lovely voice of truly remarkable range and is extremely easy to look at. Her favorite recreation is swimming.

Muriel Wilson's limpid soprano voice broadcasts beautifully. She came to radio from a position in the United States Internal Revenue Department, Custom House, New York City. She is exceedingly jolly and has a "bit o' the divil" in her eye.

In Radio Since Early Days

Charles Robinson, bass, has been in broadcasting since the early days of Station WEAF. He originally came from San Francisco and has had a wide range of experience.

Walter Preston, baritone, was for ten years the news editor of a national trade paper, "The Produce News." He started singing as a side line, but it has long since supplanted the newspaper work as his main occupation. He has written the lyrics for four popular songs that have been published and three radio signature songs, including "Slumber On."

Henry Shope, tenor, is the latest addition to the cast. Originally a Pennsylvania boy, he tried a number of fields of endeavor. For a while he studied the violin and eventually took up singing. He has appeared in musical comedy. His voice is a lyric tenor that can park on the high C's with the utmost facility.

Last, but by no means least, is Harold Sanford. For 18 years he was the bosom friend and right-hand man of the beloved Victor Herbert. Harold knows Herbert's music better than anybody else does and is never happier than when he is conducting a Herbert light opera.

He is universally admired for his ability and charming personality. He originally came from Massachusetts and was a violinist for years.

(Continued on page 44)
Wanted: Air Personality!

By ALLEN HAGLUND

IT is a sad but true commentary on radio broadcasting that, at times, the sounds that emanate from the loud speakers in our homes are, disturbing as it is to relate, far from beautiful—in fact, often they are quite terrible. And in these days of perfect reception the fault must be laid, not to a loose grid-leak or to a variable condenser that refuses either to condense or to be variable, but to the artist who has thus stirred the ether waves.

Who among us amateur warblers and bathroom tenors has not exclaimed “Great Scott, if that singer gets paid for that, I ought to be Radio’s Sweetheart”? And again, “Say, if that Sapolio Soprano has a voice, then I’m going up to that studio and show them a Galli-Curci or two.”

Well, why don’t you? I say, why don’t you? You will be surprised to find that, instead of being summarily dismissed and landing on your ear outside, you will be given a thorough and courteous audition. Moreover, mirabile dictu, you will find yourself, in a day or two, actually singing before a microphone. It is true that your voice will not be going forth into the highways and byways of the world, but you will be receiving a fair audition such as you sought: your song will be transmitted to an adjoining room where a competent, well-salaried judge will be listening to give you the rating you deserve.

Enough Aspirants Already

It is to be hoped, of course, that these few words will not send everyone with the semblance of a voice scurrying to the broadcasting studios in search of vocal stardom via the air. The crowding would make the situation intolerable, and the splendid disposition of the big broadcasting concerns to get the best of talent, even if it is latent, would have to undergo some change. Besides, the crowd of aspirants is already large enough.

One of the most popular stations in the East estimates that it gives, on an average, thirty auditions a day. To do this it employs several well-trained men, accomplished musicians themselves, and maintains a whole outfit of efficient clerks, with their inevitable filing cabinets, to keep the records. Three piano accompanists do almost nothing but play for aspiring singers. Altogether, the sum thus expended during a year would keep any grand opera prima donna in the best of style and temper for a long, long time—no small sum, you must admit.

So, although at times the singers on the air may sound fairly awful, it is a fact that the broadcasting concerns are spending real money to improve the calibre of their artists. Some of the most popular radio singers today are the products of this liberal system of auditions. Of course, a good many had made their reputations long before seeking to broadcast, but a large number had never trilled a note outside of their church or shower bath before starting their climb to fame, wave-length by wave-length.

Search Continues Unabated

The search for a beautiful voice or a distinctive radio personality continues day after day. There are on file in this big broadcasting station of which we speak the names of twelve hundred singers who have received a rating of eighty per cent or over. Those who have failed to rate that high are not listed, and the number of unsuccessful aspirants is fully double that of those who have achieved a place in the files.

As for most of them, a place in the files is all that they do achieve. Only the best are put on the air. When one stops to consider that there are some 180 tenors on record in this one station, the difficulty of breaking in and super-

VAUGHN DE LEATH, the popular contralto crooner, now an exclusive Firestone artiste, is the outstanding possessor of Air Personality. Known for many years as the Radio Girl, she has sung to a worldwide audience and is credited with originating her particular style of entertainment. She must be heard to be appreciated.
seding the flock of warblers there is all too apparent.

To the many unsuccessful applicants who inquire, often with exasperation, why no radio bookings have resulted after their auditions, this very tactful and usually very true answer is given: “Sorry, but you haven’t a radio voice.” To which there is absolutely no comeback. One either has, or one hasn’t, a “radio voice,” and just what it is, few can say.

Those who pass judgment upon singers have certain qualifications in mind which are discoverable in the true “radio voice.” It must have what is technically known as “frontal resonance” — that is, the tone must be produced in the forepart of the mouth rather than in the back of the throat. It is this factor which diminishes the effectiveness on the air of some of the great opera singers and even makes them failures as radio performers.

**Introducing “Mike Fright”**

Diction is a very important factor; it must be crisp and incisive, but not labored. Then there is poise, usually (though not always) bred of confidence but, at any rate, an indispensable requisite. It is curious to note that singers of long operatic and theatrical experience, who have faced vast audiences with perfect equanimity, have completely succumbed to “mike fright,” at the sight of the round little metal demon known as the microphone.

Singing off pitch is a damning trait to the aspirant to radio honors. It is in this particular that most of the would-be stars fail. It is true that the fault is shared by some of the outstanding singers in the land today, who seem to hold to their laurels and gather new wreaths despite their tendency to produce a flat when a natural is plainly wanted, but, when the fault is shown by the radio novice, it counts heavily against him.

Singing off pitch, if it does not signify a lack of artistry, or faulty vocal technique, means that the aspirant is deficient in the quality of repose; it is a very good sign that, when the inevitable disturbances of a radio studio arise, the singer will not have the calm control and dynamic concentration to override the commotion and do a perfect job. Discompose registers all to easily on the microphone, and disturbances in the studio are really the rule rather than the exception. The experienced radio performer must be able to maintain absolute repose, even though the production man may be madly gesticulating instructions from the control room.

Others lack the ability to read music at sight and, at the same time, to sing it. This is not always a completely prohibitive fault; Frank Munn, or Paul Oliver as he is widely known, could read scarcely a note when he started. The overwhelming beauty of his voice, however, compensated for his lack of musical education; but very few, alas, have the Munn larynx.

These and the basic elements of artistry, which, thank goodness, will not be discussed in this article, are the outstanding qualifications sought in the novice, but they make, by no means, the complete formula for radio stardom. The formula, to tell the truth, is a good deal of a secret. No one yet can quite say why, for instance, the Broadway star is often so thoroughly overshadowed on the radio by some less known singer, whose only experience has been gathered in a short career of performing before the microphone. There is some in-born quality capable of holding an invisible audience, perhaps best termed “air personality,” which makes the one successful, while the other, star that he might be before a visible audience, so dismally fails to click.

Nor can it be laid to the fact that the one does and the other does not have the proper microphone technique. The audition committees discount this completely; they realize that technique can be attained by study and proper direction, but the other thing, that will o’ the wisp “air personality,” that little subtle something which in radio, probably more than in other fields, distinguishes the mere singer from the embryonic star, that is the quality that is so painstakingly sought.

**Few Have Elusive Quality**

So rare indeed is this quality that only one out of every hundred aspirants ever makes a radio appearance, and the fraction who become stars is, of course, much smaller.

However, the hordes who seek radio fame are not so convinced of the rarity of “air personality”—in fact, they are all quite sure they have it. One man, for instance, came all the way from Australia, because, so he said, Australia could not appreciate his great gift. Unfortu-
Westinghouse Salute
Introduces New Type of Program

A NEW form of radio entertainment was introduced recently by the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company of East Pittsburgh, Pa., which inaugurated a series of programs over the NBC chain. These programs have been lauded in the press as a triumph for the radio industry, a long step forward in imaginative and beautiful program building, and a standard for the future.

This reviewer had the pleasure of seeing and hearing the initial broadcast, the Tribute to Steel, and his hat is off to all the clever ladies and gentlemen involved in that production. It was radio entertainment of the highest type, affording pleasure alike to audiences and to the artists taking part.

One hardly knows where to start with the praise, but Cesare Sodero, the maestro of the NBC studios, composed and arranged a splendid score for the feature, and directed with a patient and unremitting hand a huge orchestra, reinforced by an imposing vocal element. At the close of the first performance this shy, diffident Italian gentleman was cheered literally off his feet for four minutes by the stop watch. Only those privileged to hear his choral and orchestral fortissimo, sweeping down to an almost imperceptible pianissimo can realize how well he earned all the glory showered upon him.

Edward Hale Bierstadt, playwright and NBC continuity writer, was responsible for the "book," and he, too, wore his laurels modestly. Here was a good idea, well developed, adequately produced, and sufficiently rehearsed.

Distribution of the Praise

Let us take a look at the other important people in the work. We refer to them "in the order of their appearance." That elegant, scholarly actor, Pedro de Cordoba, the narrator, on "voice," of the spoken interludes; Joseph Bell, stage director of the production; Gerard Chatfield, program supervisor; Keith McLeod, musical supervisor.

(Continued on page 47)
GLORIFYING

MARY HOPPLE, Contralto, NBC—Mary's voice is unusual in its range, beauty and power. She sings with National Light Opera, Enna Jettick Melodies, Philco Hour and Armstrong Quakers. (Photo by G. Maillard-Kessler)

HARRIET LEE, Contralto, CBS—If you have ever listened to the Coco Couriers program on Station WABC, you will remember this deep contralto voice, with its soothing propensities. (Photo by G. Maillard-Kessler)

GLADYS SWARTHOUT, Mezzo-soprano (center)—One of the new faces at the Met this season. Has already sung over radio. Formerly sang with Chicago Civic Opera and at Ravinia Park. (Photo by Torres)

PAULA HEMMINGHAUS, Contralto, NBC—Paula's rich voice is the kind that makes you stop short to listen. Heard with National Grand Opera, Salon Singers and Dr. Cadman's Hour. (Photo by Times Wide World)

MURIEL WILSON, Soprano, NBC—Muriel's voice is ideally adapted to radio. Her clear, limpid tones broadcast beautifully. Heard with National Light Opera, Philco Hour, National Grand Opera, Federation Hymn Sing. (Photo by Apeda)
American Girl's VOICE

HELEN NUGENT, Contralto, CBS—A native of St. Louis. Was ingenue in Municipal Opera there and later soloist with St. Louis Symphony. Heard on WABC with the Romancers, Partners in Prints, Majestic Hour and Burns Palette Country Club. (Photo by Dupont)

AIMEE PUNSHON, Soprano, NBC—Sings leading roles with the National Light Opera. Has a delightfully lyric voice and "knows her notes." Also heard with Salon Singers. (Photo by Times Wide World)

SANTA BIONDA, Soprano (center)—A newcomer at the Met this season. Was born in Palermo, Italy, and lives in New Haven, Conn. Recently was guest soloist on Atwater Kent Hour. (Photo by Mishkin)

DOLORES CASSINELLI, Soprano, NBC—A perfect type of Latin beauty. Before entering radio field, she made a reputation in the movies. Now singing operatic roles for sound pictures. (Photo by G. Maillard-Ressler)
**STATIC FROM THE STUDIOS**

Leslie Joy is the jovial founder of the NBC Slumber Hour, a feature that is still going strong. But that is not the point of this joke, if any. Stuart Ayers was visiting Leslie, who lives in a little red school house in Connecticut. It is called "Sea View," but it is far from any sea.

"Why do you call this place 'Sea View'?” said Stuart Ayers.

"Because you get up on the roof to 'Sea View' can see it?” replied Leslie, just like that.

* * *

"Well,” said Ray Knight, production department of NBC, "If you want to take a 'Trip to Mars,' why not plan it?” The police lieutenant says the slayer will go free.

* * *

A new magazine, "Voice of Columbia," edited by E. Wood Gooss and intended for advertising agencies and those interested in broadcast advertising, made its debut with the October issue. It will be published monthly by the Columbia Broadcasting System.

* * *

The latest Scotch joke came to light recently at the NBC studios, when an enthusiastic Scot telegraphed from Winnipeg, Man., congratulating the Company on securing the artistic services of Sir Harry Lauder. The telegram was sent collect!

* * *

Vic Irwin, since his last Manhattan appearance at the Hotel Manger, has been featured over the Publix Circuit and his band is a Roxy stage band. Last summer he played at the Woodmanston Inn.

* * *

Evelyn De La Tour, heard each week in "Show Folks" skits over the Columbia Broadcasting System, has become convinced that truth is stranger than fiction. A few weeks ago she played the part of Marie Lavelle, one of the principal characters in a heart-interest story. After the broadcast a telephone call was received at Station WABC from someone who demanded that Marie Lavelle be summoned to the phone. The telephone operator informed the caller that there was no such party in the studio.

After quite an argument with the insistent fan, Evelyn De La Tour, who had been playing the part of Marie Lavelle, was asked to speak to the telephone caller. She did so, and was accused of being, not Evelyn De La Tour, but in reality a Marie Lavelle, who had left home some fifteen years ago to go upon the stage, and who had never been heard from since. The caller insisted that she recognized the voice and the name, and could not be fooled. The odd part of it all is that the name "Marie Lavelle" was strictly imaginative, and came from the mind of Dave Elman, the writer of the "Show Folks" sketches.

* * *

When the all-star special program was broadcast by the NBC for Commander Byrd and his Antarctic Expedition recently, Frank Luther, the wise-cracking tenor, announced that he was scheduled to sing a solo.

"What will it be, Frank?” he was asked.

"Byrd Songs at Eventide," was the reply.

* * *

Phil Maher of Station WABC, who has had many years of experience in every kind of show business, suggested the recent expose of stage hypnotism, which was the basis for an interesting radio dramatization. In addition to being the father of the idea, he wrote from memory the exact speeches of introduction which were used years ago by one of the best-known hypnotists in the theatrical game.

* * *

Alois Havrilla was so completely saturated with the subject matter of his program a few weeks ago that he inadvertently announced that the Mobile Hour would feature an "Oil"—Frini program. When Alois came out of the emergency hospital two weeks later—all the bandsmen had thrown their instruments at him—he said he felt much better, except for three broken ribs and a bad scalp wound.

* * *

Lady Luck has visited Helen Nugent, leaving her card in the form of a prize winning automobile. While in Cleveland four or five months ago, Helen bought a raffle ticket at a church charity event. A telegram from her mother recently announced that she held the winning ticket and that the automobile would be delivered to her in New York. Miss Nugent is known in radio over the CBS system and co-stars with Ben Alley in various broadcasts.

* * *

Franklyn Baur, “The Voice of Firestone” arrived at the NBC recently for his weekly broadcast in a brand new automobile with a specially designed body, which incorporated several of Franklyn’s own ideas. The car was equipped with special white rubber tires—one guess is allowed for the name of their maker.

* * *

The latest authenticated evidence of economies practiced by the Scotch deals with a kilted gentleman, who purchased a second-hand radio set for thirty-five shillings in the Old Count—

(Continued from page 34)
A Glimpse "Behind the Mike"

During the Palmolive Hour

By HERBERT DEVINS

NINE-THIRTY Wednesday night. To millions of radio fans from coast to coast, it means a pleasant circle about the family loudspeaker for another Palmolive hour.

To ushers and page boys at the New York studios of the National Broadcasting Company, it means another problem in higher mathematics, to make the Cathedral Studio's 400 chairs accommodate twice that number of applicants—all eager to catch a glimpse of the nationally famous Palmolive entertainers actually working before the mike.

For visitors in New York have learned the way to NBC's secluded studios, high above Fifth Avenue near Central Park. Every night brings new crowds of the curious. But the greatest number by far, week after week, storms the soundproof doors precisely at 9:30 on Wednesday night.

Those, who are fortunate enough to be among the first 400 applicants for the cards admitting them to the studio, quietly take their places a few minutes before 9:30. At 9:29 the doors are closed and stalwart guards take their positions before every entrance.

Guards Not Mere Ornaments

The guards are not mere ornaments. Theirs is the task of quieting the crowd of tardy arrivals and those who failed to obtain admissions in advance. A signal flashes. 9:30. "On the air!" Under no
circumstances may the door be opened now. The murmur in the corridor subsides as the disappointed gather at the windows. All they see, however, is row upon row of smiling faces. These are the early ones, now watching intently some scene invisible to those outside.

Inside, the scene is colorful and bright, as gay lights concealed within the studio diffuse a warm glow around the crowd of performers and orchestra. Just a few inches beyond the first row of audience seats is the director’s stand, with a full symphony orchestra ranged before it. Between the director’s desk and the semi-circle of first violins is an open space. Here are two microphones, one to catch the music of the orchestra, the other for vocal solos and novelty instruments.

Standing at the announcer’s microphone on a platform at the far end is Phillips Carlin, master of ceremonies for the Palmolive Hour. As the second hand of a clock ticks 9:30, he lifts his arm—and Director Gustave Haenschen, his back to the audience, raises his baton.

“Good as a play,” whispers one woman to her neighbor. A uniformed usher immediately tips toes over and, with finger on lips, cautions her to silence. The slightest sound is apt to record on the sensitive microphones now connected with millions of American homes from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

**Fast Pace Must Be Maintained**

The baton in Haenschen’s fingers swoops down, and a surge of melody from the orchestra swings into a marching rhythm. This creates immediately a sensation of speed and movement, setting a pace that must not lag for the next sixty minutes.

Out in the corridors, the disappointed ones wonder what causes a general grin on the faces of seatholders inside. The grin is caused by the antics of Director Haenschen, who by this time has dropped his baton and is now leading with elbows, knees and feet, as well as his fingertips.

Haenschen cuts a graceful figure on the stand. He is tall and curly-haired, with shoulders that are a joy to his tailor. He combines an air of authority with irresistible boyishness, the latter heightened by his “Charleston” and “Black Bottom” technique in leading the orchestra.

Before the orchestra has finished, Paul Oliver and Olive Palmer, two of the highest-salaried singers on the air, take their places before the microphone for their first duet. They stand quietly while the orchestra ends the overture, and wait for Phillips Carlin to introduce their opening contribution. Carlin drops his arm in signal, and the two bring their lips within a few inches of the microphone as Haenschen again lifts his hand over the orchestra in accompaniment.

**Audience in Studio Amazed**

The visible audience in the studio is amazed. Why, they can hardly hear the two familiar voices above the music of the orchestra! How is it that the sounds sound so clearly over the air, with the orchestra but a dim accompaniment? The answer lies on the secret of distances from the microphone, and in a set of black knobs on the mixing panel to be seen in the “monitor board” beyond.

Meanwhile, all eyes are glued on the faces of the soloists. Paul Oliver, garbed in neat evening clothes, stands as impertractably as a Brahmin at the mouthpiece of the mike, his face a perfect mask as he puts all the expression and color into his voice alone—rich tenor comparable only to McCormack’s. He holds one hand cupped over his ear.

But look! Olive Palmer too holds her hand in the same curious way, although her body sways more in time and her features reflect the expressions carried through the ether by her voice. What mean these strange gestures? It is a professional trick of radio—one that found its origin in the phonograph recording laboratories. It enables the soloist to sing softly close to a microphone, and still hear his own voice above the louder orchestra behind.

As the last notes of the duet fade away, Phillips Carlin again switches in from his microphone in the corner. While he tells what beauty experts say about “that schoolgirl complexion,” the star singers move away from the central space to make way for four young men in dinner jackets and gleaming, starched shirtfronts. There is a rustle in the audience. It recognizes that quartet, which is none other than the famous Revelers, recently returned from fresh triumphs abroad.

**Frank Black at the Piano**

Before the Revelers begin their inimitable close harmony, all four glance toward
the piano, which is placed within arm's length of their place. This calls attention to the pianist, who has gone unnoticed until now. The dark Mephistophelean countenance and angular figure proclaim him Frank Black, who makes the Reveler's special arrangements, and, in addition, conducts orchestras on other programs. Before this program is over, Director Haenschen will consult him for sound musical advice on how to handle a number for which the time has grown too short.

But the Revelers begin, and they are again the center of all eyes. A glance ranges across the four faces, assuring the beholder that they are there in person—Lewis James and Jimmie Melton, tenors; Elliott Shaw, baritone, and the only Wilfred Glenn, basso profundo. This summer Paris audiences yelled for nine encores, made them take fourteen curtain calls—and then cried for "Speech!" France likes the Revelers more every year.

As the quartet completes its number and moves away from the mike, Director "Gus" steps down from the dais. Simultaneously a dozen hand-picked jazzmen in the big orchestra stand up and bring their instruments closer. Haenschen now stands in profile towards the audience. All the feminine members lean forward in their chairs.

Then Haenschen starts his men on a madcap tune by means of a series of contortionist waves. His whole body moves now, and he is never on more than one foot at a time. Is he skipping rope or leading the jazz group? Listen to the sounds, and receive an answer. A wide grin wreaths his own youthful face as he remounts the stand at the end of the number.

Olive Palmer Sings a Solo

Next a solo by Olive Palmer, displaying the coloratura ability which was lost to grand opera when radio gained a star. Another concert selection by the orchestra—or perhaps a symphonic fragment. Then the most curious assortment of all steps before the microphone.

Andy Sannella, virtuoso of many instruments, stands closest to the mike with a Hawaiian guitar slung across his chest. Behind him stands Murray Kellner, no longer the dignified first violin but now a jazz fiddler. Nearby is Larry Abbott, "one of the sweetest alto saxists in New York,"—but that is no saxophone he holds. It is an ordinary comb, with tissue paper wrapped over the side nearest his lips. At a nod from Haenschen they go into action, this weird assortment,—and what action. Sannella leaps like a jumping jack with the guitar on his chest, making sounds for which no guitar was intended. But this music can not be described. A gleam lights the faces of the audience as they see the solution of the puzzling music they had heard in other Palmolive Hours. They knew it was somewhat different but they couldn't tell why or how.

And so the minutes fly, with a rapid succession of solos and combination vocal and instrumental groups that maintain the swift pace set by the opening rhythmic selection. A grand finale by the whole company brings the hour to its climax and finish—and there is a deathly pause while Phillips Carlin makes the closing announcement. He

(Continued on page 48)
Mr. Average Fan

Confesses that He is a "Low Brow"

By AVERAGE FAN

LIKE millions of others, throughout the country, I am a radio fan. I have been one for the past five years, when I bought my first set, and now I am just as interested and enthusiastic about radio as I was then. I still derive just as much pleasure from roaming around the dials, trying to bring in some out-of-town station, and I still get just as thoroughly disgusted as I did years ago when, after listening to what I fondly imagined was a distant station, I heard some one say "This is Station WAAT, of the Hotel Plaza, Jersey City."

There are, of course, all kinds of radio fans. There is the one who likes to tear a machine apart and rebuild it again. There is the one who has his house full of sets he has built. He tells you the most wonderful stories about the distant stations he has brought in with these sets, right through WEAF, WJZ and WOR. Strange enough these miracles always happen when he is alone and never when his friends, attracted by his yarns, gather to hear his wonderful machine.

There there is the other kind, probably the most numerous of the lot: the one who knows nothing about how or why the blooming thing operates and cares just as little. All he wants is to get the programs as clearly and consistently as possible. He knows what he wants and does not care how it comes, just so he gets it. Amplification, radio frequency and all those highly technical terms are so much Greek to him. When he hears them he looks wise, pretends to take them all in, and promptly forgets all about them until he has trouble, and then he calls in an expert to get him out of his trouble.

Mechanics of Radio a Mystery

This latter class is the one to which I belong. The mechanics of a radio, how and why sounds emanating from some place thousands of miles away can be brought to your home and you can hear them as clearly as if they were coming from the same room, always have been to me—and probably always will be—one of the world’s deepest mysteries. Experts have tried to explain it, giving me a lot of fine-sounding talk about sound waves being sent through the air and gathered up by your machine, through the transformer and converted into music or speech, but they have never made me thoroughly understand it. All I do know is that they come in with more or less clarity, depending upon weather conditions and the set you have.

Personally, I know the difference between a screwdriver, a monkey wrench and a hammer. However,
the practical application of any of these useful implements is as much a mystery to me as how and why the radio operates. I know what purposes they should be used for, but how to do it baffles me completely. The result is that when my radio stops radioing I pull up the lid, fool around with the tubes and other gadgets inside and then promptly telephone my radio man to come over and fix the thing.

Possibly I may be dumber mechanically than the average, but at the same time I am willing to gamble that there are thousands of radio owners like myself. Otherwise, there would be no reason for the little radio repair shops that dot nearly every block of any business section in the metropolis. And it has been my experience that some of these so-called experts do not always know what they are doing or why. They generally find out whether you know anything about a radio or not, and if you don't, that makes it just so much easier for them. They look wise, fill you full of technical information, take the machine away, keep it for a few days, and then come back with the machine and a bill. They never forget the bill.

H. V. Kaltenborn, to whose Talks on Current Events I Listen Every Monday Evening at 6:30 on the Columbia Chain

Has Listened for Five Years

My introduction to the radio took place about five years ago. I had heard it talked about indefinitely, but had not paid much attention to it. One evening I happened to be in a little shop near home. I was attracted by the fact that my son was going to sing that night—without pay, of course. While we had been listening to him for years at home, his mother wanted to hear him over the air. Possibly I was more attracted by the fact that Will Rogers, for whom I have always had a sneaking fancy, was going to talk.

We heard both, with interruptions due to static and other troubles, and three days later we were the proud owners of a radio set, which really worked. We have never been without one since and never will be again, if we can help it.

It was a five-tube set, with three dials and a horn. It made what sounded to us then as the grandest music imaginable, although there was frequently a lot of humming and, during the summer nights, a large and undue amount of static. Never will I forget the thrills I received from that machine, crude though it was in comparison with the fine pieces of mechanism they produce these days. Night after night I would sit up twirling the dials and bringing in all varieties of noises and occasionally a distant station. The strange part of that machine was that it could bring in stations that were in a direct western line with New York but it had difficulty in catching the extreme northern of southern stations.

The first time I brought in WOW of Omaha, the farthest west my set had ever reached—I was willing to swear that I had the finest set in existence and that radio was one of the world's wonders. After midnight I frequently could tune in WCCO, Minneapolis; WREO, Lansing, Mich.; the Chicago Stations; the Fleetwood Hotel, at Miami Beach, Fla., and good old WSB at Atlanta, the station that "covers Georgia like a blanket."

DX Craze Dies Out

The DX craze died with me, as it does with every radio owner. New York stations began to multiply with such rapidity that it soon became almost an impossibility to tune through them with any degree of success, unless you wanted to sit up until the wee sma' hours and doing the latter is not always conducive to marital happiness.

There is no doubt that we New Yorkers get the cream of the radio broadcasts. This fact has become common knowledge, but to learn the real truth of this, one need only go outside of town. Recently business took me to Los Angeles. When I got out there, I was told what fine programs they had on the Coast. I listened in and heard a miscellaneous lot of junk over the air, interspersed at least every five minutes with the most blatant kind of advertising. This would not be tolerated, much less listened to, at home. After a while, I found out that about the only programs on the Coast worth listening to were those which came over the NBC or the Columbia chain.
Practically the same conditions, as far as I could learn, prevailed in many of the large cities with the possible exception of Chicago, and most of the small ones. Chicago has a few fine stations like WGN and WMAQ and broadcasts some excellent programs, but even they depend a great deal on the chain programs broadcast from New York. Some people in New York may complain once in a while about the programs they get, but, if they would travel over the country and listen to some of the small stations, they would be thankful they lived in New York.

**Tastes in Programs Differ**

As to what constitutes a good broadcasting program tastes differ as greatly as do individuals. Unblushingly I confess that I like jazz. I have set forth this liking more or less loudly at times and, as a result, have been called many things, the mildest of which is "low brow." If liking lively, tuneful music is low brow, I am all of that and more. Big symphony orchestras, playing Bach or some of the other so-called old masters, bore me excessively. They are my particular abomination and they cannot hold me for five minutes. When they come on, I tune off, if possible, to Helen Kane, Rudy Vallee or Paul Whiteman.

Everyone, of course, has his or her favorite performer, announcer and program. I derive more pleasure from Amos 'n' Andy, the Main Street Sketches, the Clicquot Eskimos, Ipana Troubadors and Eddie Cantor than I do from a dozen symphony orchestras or a lot of high brow opera singers. To me the latter are a total loss. If I never heard them again, it would be too soon. Possibly I am like George Moran, of Moran and Mack, "even if it was good, I wouldn't like it."

Personally, I have had more enjoyment out of the troubles of Amos, Andy, Madam Queen and the Kingfish, not forgetting Flossie White, the snappy "stenographer," than anything else on the radio. The way Andy lords it over Amos and the manner in which the latter balks occasionally, furnish me with a real thrill which I cannot get from high brow music.

**Brokenshire a Favorite**

As for announcers, I used to get my greatest thrill from listening to Norman Brokenshire. He seemed, more than many of the others, to be spontaneous and his voice came over well. Graham McNamee always seems to me to be vitally interested in what he is doing and he imparts this enthusiasm to his hearers. He and Ted Husing are my favorite sports announcers, although I believe the latter is better, if you are interested in a really technical account of the event being broadcast. Milton Cross, Lewis Reid and the late John B. Daniels are other favorites. David Ross, of WABC has a deep, sonorous voice, but seems to take himself quite seriously. There are a few announcers whom I abominate, but, again quoting George Moran, "why bring that up?"

There may be more perfect radio voices than those of Mayor James J. Walker, H. V. Kaltenborn and John B. Kennedy, associate editor of Colliers', but I have never heard them. I will tune off anything else at any time to listen to Jimmy Walker. He knows just what to say, has a beautiful speaking voice and never talks over your head. John B. Kennedy does not talk often or too long at a time, but he does say what he has to say well. The only possible objection I can find to him is his "thank you, Curt Peterson, friends of Collier's" every Sunday evening when Mr. Peterson introduces him to the radio audience. Kaltenborn has a wide knowledge of world affairs, and a snappy way of talking, that holds my interest.

**Too Sweet to Be Natural**

When I first started to listen to the radio, my favorites were Roxy and Vincent Lopez. However, lately I have sickened of both of them. They seem to be too sweet to be natural. Mary and Bob have always attracted me, and, then again, there is the girl who plays the principal role in the Collier hour. She seems natural and unaffected. This may be a pose, but it is a convincing one.

In my case the radio has kept me at home more than ever before. In the pre-radio days the movies attracted me for or five nights a week. There was no place to go and little else to do. Now, seemingly, there is something on the air nearly every night that I really cannot miss. As a result, the movies are neglected. It is possible to get all the entertainment one wants at home, amusement that is more varied and certainly much cheaper. It is difficult to predict what will happen when—and if—television becomes as universal as radio now is. Possibly then, when we can see as well as hear, it will become impossible to drag us away from home, even when business calls.

**"Sax" Wizard Goes Over the CBS**

Merle Johnston, the wizard of the saxophone, left the NBC fold recently to go under the Columbia banner. In making the change, he is said to have given up seven commercial accounts at the National. He already is director of two hours on the CBS.
Crowned Radio's Queen of Beauty

Olive Shea, of Station WABC, Chosen from 165 Entrants in Nationwide Contest

The committee of judges that conferred the title of "Miss Radio" for 1929 on Miss Shea consisted of Jess Hawley, of Chicago, chairman; Florenz Ziegfeld; Victor Frisch, sculptor, and McClelland Barclay, artist, both of New York, and Morris Metcalf, of Springfield, Mass. Miss Shea was born in New York City eighteen years ago. After completing elementary school, she attended Our Lady of Lourdes Convent for four years. Later she applied to the Columbia chain for an audition and passed with high honors. Since then she has taken part in many of its big hours. She is five feet, three inches tall and weighs 110 pounds. Her hair is golden brown and her eyes are blue. Her favorite sports are swimming, riding and tennis.
(Continued from page 26)

try. He made repeated complaints to the dealer that his newest purchase was most unsatisfactory. The dealer called to see him at his cottage. The set was found in good order, reception was good, and air programs were coming in merrily enough.

"But, mon, I canna see to read wi' them small electric lights inside!"

* * *

The Columbia Broadcasting System has added WHP of the Pennsylvania Broadcasting Company, Harrisburg, Pa., to its network. WHP is a 500 watt station operating on 1430 kilocycles. This station is known as "The Radio Voice of Central Pennsylvania." W. S. McCachren is president of the P. B. C.

* * *

"Old Salts," now spending their declining years in the various sea-men's missions in and about the metropolitan area, have adopted the "Half Seas Over" program on WOR each Saturday night as their very own. Letters have reached the station demanding to know the name of the director of the program. As a matter of fact, Postley Sinclair, who writes the continuity for the feature, is a comparatively young man "somewhere in his thirties," and has never been aboard a full rigger in his life—nor has he even been to sea.

* * *

Leslie Joy and Bill Rainey, both of NBC, recently had their pictures drawn by "Jolly Bill" Steinke of "Jolly Bill and Jane." They were published in the Evening World Radio Magazine. The result is that Bill Rainey is now wearing bright blue shirts and Les Joy parts his hair in the middle and is cultivating an English accent. That is just what publicity does for two good hard-boiled scouts—they go Arabian right away. We don't know what this paragraph will do to them, but we fear the worst!

* * *

"I say, have you heard that lovely song, 'By the Bend of the River,' by Clara Edwards?" asked Count John de Jara Almonte, a gentleman of vast importance and personality in the NBC organization.

"No, but I have heard a lovelier one," replied Phillips Carlin, of the same company. "It is called 'By the Bend of the Elbow,' by Al, the Bartender."

* * *

Edwin Whitney and Dariel Jones, production experts for NBC, are joint discoverers of the world's loudest voice. During recent auditions at the studios a feminine applicant boasted: "All my friends say my voice is unusually good for radio. Why, the last time I broadcast, they heard my voice in Valparaiso, Chile."

* * *

Charlie Speer, one of the continuity writers of the CBS, has a plan that brings absolute precision of descriptive writing in musical programs. When he is given a continuity for one of the symphony concerts, he gets the records of the symphony and plays them on a portable phonograph which he has in his office. He supplants the music he hears with references from the Columbia library. He believes that in this manner alone may the true feeling of a musical work be portrayed. The young writer has all of the symphonies that have been recorded, as well as the entire recording of the Neibelungen King as it was presented in Germany.

* * *

Vaughn de Leath, originator of the crooning type of singing now so popular, recently returned to New York from her home, "The Hitching Post," in Connecticut. She has moved into an apartment on Fifty-fifth Street, just around the corner from the NBC studios, from which she broadcasts regularly.

* * *

What is believed to be the shortest "applause letter" on record was received recently by the National Broadcasting Company. On a letterhead the program title "The Family Goes Abroad" was written. Below it was a rubber stamped "O. K." with the initials of the head of the firm mentioned on the letterhead included in the stamp mark.

* * *

Speaking of the Radio Show, as no one has, one of the funniest sights we have witnessed in years was George Dilworth's bulky octet, Messrs. Branch, Shope, Jamison, Tyler, Bethman, Buckely, Salathiel and Cote, trying to get into regulation aviator costumes for the feature "Roads of the Sky." After some relentless struggling, the trousers of the costumes were discarded and the jackets were stretched with some difficulty around the portly tenors and basses. The helmets seemed to fit all right, and, despite the variety of nether garments, a visiting scribe was fooled into asking: "Who are those aviators?"

An interesting sequel to this story is the fact that, when Maurice Tyler, tenor, felt in the pocket of the coat he was wearing, he came upon the business card of an intimate friend of his from Richmond, Va. He is still trying to establish the connection.

* * *

Leon Salathiel, NBC basso, recently surprised his studio friends by announcing his marriage to Miss Betty Sickels. It all happened on Leon's vacation. He visited his home town, In-

(Continued on page 38)
PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA
Succumbs to Lure of Radio

First Two Stokowski Broadcasts Arouse Mixed Emotions

By WILLIE PERCEVAL-MONGER

THE lure of the radio, the persuasive powers of the Philco Company, the facilities of the National Broadcasting Company, added to its well-known persuasion or, perhaps the relentless march of progress combined with all of these, brought the genius of Leopold Stokowski and his Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra to the ether waves for the first time at 5:30 on Sunday evening, October 6, 1929. In the judgment of this critic, this broadcast marked a great step forward in this ever-changing business.

We do not claim to know what particular factor broke down the resumed aversion of Maestro Stokowski to radio broadcasting, but we feel he has done radio and its millions of listeners a great service by coming into the family.

Stokowski appeared in the joint capacity of conductor and announcer of the musical items of his program. While he shone in the former capacity, he was extremely brief in the latter. Extensive preparations had been made by NBC officers, engineers, announcers, and production men, the hands of Gerard Chatfield and William S. Lynch being particularly visible, and over all was felt, rather than seen, the uncanny skill of O. B. Hanson in matters technical. An old friend, Harry Neely, the "Old Stager" of the Philco Hour, introduced both the conductor and Edward Davis, president of the sponsoring company.

The complete program follows:

Choral Vorspiel "Wir Glauben all' einem Gott" (We All Believe in One God) — Bach
Symphony in G-minor.

Allegro Molto, Andante,
Minuet and Trio, Finale,
Allegro Assai.

Overture, Bacchanale and Venusberg music from "Tannhauser" — Mozart

Wagner

The noble grandeur of the lofty Bach choral prelude was likened by Stokowski to "a great three-sided pyramid" and, in the form it was given to us, a most adequate ex-

position by the Philadelphia Orchestra, it seemed likely to endure as long as the Egyptian monuments themselves.

Mozart Symphony Follows

Mozart's favorite symphony in G-minor, probably completed in 1788, his only one in the minor key, followed. This work attracted the attention of Mendelssohn and Beethoven. Of it Schubert said: "One can hear the angels singing in it." Its exquisite melodies, graceful dance forms and song-like passages were woven into a second monument of orchestral material. Speaking from the radio standpoint solely, one can only refer a little hesitatingly to the slight prominence of the string-basses in this delicate work. It should be recalled, however, that the means at the composer's command were probably the "small orchestra" of the day, the usual quartette of strings, two horns, a flute, two clarinets, two oboes and two bassoons. Stokowski's strings of the smaller families with their neighboring wood-winds sang beautifully, even though at times the listener found tempi slightly retarded.
With the symphony laid aside, Stokowski’s forces attacked one of the greatest works of Richard Wagner, the Overture, Bacchanale and the colorful Venuberg music from “Tannhauser.” Here, as the conductor explained to use, were mysticism, religious sentiment, revelry and orgy, with a concluding episode of love and beauty.

More appropriate, to the day and to the City of Philadelphia, was the Song of the Pilgrims, with which the overture opens, but alas! the blight of the New York night club soon falls upon the calm tranquillity. Sinful excitement follows and the doings of the gilded palaces of the Venusberg are exposed in musical whoopee, but finally the artificial clamor dies down and—just as if the announcer had said “We now return you to Philadelphia”—the quiet Song of the Pilgrims resumes command.

**Patient Rehearsal Evident**

In the performance of this work, evidence of patient rehearsal and absolute control was plentiful. The contrasting themes of the swirling violins and obstinately insistent brasses and wood-winds were so articulated as to carry perfectly over the radio. Unlike the Mozartian offering, it would be difficult to quarrel with any particular choir of instruments. The balance was notably good.

We understand that actual tones of the orchestra were gathered in a concentrating or focussing microphone. Familiar with the performances of the Philadelphians one missed the “eye-and-ear” effect, the presence of Stokowski himself, his ability to “lift” his orchestra and his audience alike, the highly-drilled musicians and the huge, quiet audience. We believe that a slight readjustment of the seating of the orchestra for radio broadcasting is all that is now required for perfect reception.

In concluding Mr. Stokowski announced a Stravinsky number for November 3, “Sacre du Printemps,” and asked his audience to be prepared to listen sometimes to the things of our day. On this date, he said an all-Russian program would be presented, and he solicited suggestions as to the character and presentation of programs. One promise he made we hope he will hold to steadfastly.

“We are not going to play popular music. We are going to play the greatest music—the best or nothing!”

Despite the howls of controversial clamor that this statement may arouse among the well-known masses, we are in sympathy with Mr. Stokowski’s frame of mind this composition by an eloquent plea that the listener should strive to follow “this beautiful music” and to honestly endeavor to understand it. A musical pagan riot followed, wherein the flute, English horn, trumpets and drums strove for first place in the battle. It was a glorious orgy of sound, this consecration of Spring, depicting the worship of the forces of Nature by primitive man.

This writer tried faithfully to follow the music and to understand it, in strict obedience to Mr. Stokowski’s admonition, all the way from the adoration of the earth, through the harbingers of Spring, the dances of the adolescents, the round dances of Spring, the games of the rival towns, the procession of the sage, pagan night, mystical circles of the maidens, to the ritual of the sacrifice, the evocation of the ancestors and the final sacrifice. From a program note by the distinguished commentator, Lawrence Gilman, I quote:

**Lawrence Gilman’s Comment**

“Now the elected victim, who has thus far remained motionless throughout these activities, begins her sacrifice, for the final act of propitiation has been demanded, and she must dance herself to death. The music expresses the mystical rapture of this invocation of vernal fertility in rhythms of paroxysmal frenzy. There is nothing in music quite like this frenetic close of Le Sacre du Printemps.

(Continued on page 47)
Ether Etchings

Mathilde Harding, Pianiste

A RADIO look into the life of this young artiste, Mathilde Harding, familiarly known as "Billy," reveals that her first pianistic studies were at the Washington Seminary, Washington, Pa., under the direction of Julia Moss. She won the Juilliard Foundation Scholarship in 1926, '27, '28 and '29, and, her first public concert appearance was in 1918, with the Russian Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Modeste Altschuler.

Her first radio appearance was over KDKA in 1922 and in addition to this station, she has played for WEAP, WJZ, WOR, WABC, and CFCF. Her favorite composer among the classics is Brahms, while Debussy has her vote in the modern school. She is happiest when learning a new piano concerto and also when playing the work with a full orchestra.

Mathilde Harding has a powerful, vibrant and radiant personality and her playing, when occasion demands, is full of fire and dash. Curiously enough, the radio, which has made her name famous, almost ended her career. At KDKA, when, in girlish curiosity, she was exploring the control room, she attempted to reach up and touch the high-power switch "to see what would happen." "What happened" was a blow from a big Irish engineer that knocked Mathilde spinning almost into unconsciousness but into absolute safety.

N. Y. U. Gives Courses Over WOR

New York University recently inaugurated its ninth year of broadcasting over WOR. This marks the fourth year that WOR has been the radio mouthpiece of the University. These radio courses have already been announced.

"Radio Needs Standardized Diction"

"SPEAKING from the announcer's angle, what radio needs most is uniform diction, a definite standard of good, clear, understandable English." This from Milton J. Cross, the well-known radio announcer, an internationally known figure on the concert stage, and recently the winner of the gold medal for good diction, presented by the American Academy of Arts and Letters.

"I believe that, in England, the standard of diction centres somewhere between the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, while Dublin University claims unusual purity of speech and the Scots, not to be outdone, announce that the finest English in the British Isles is that of Edinburgh University. But I like to think that the average of these four great schools is really fine English.

"Here we have no such standard — at least on the air. We are guided largely by our own particular education and by our own taste in the matter of diction. I am frank to say that some of the results are a little disastrous. It seems that some of the early announcers 'on the air' were chosen for personality and musical voices, rather than for distinguished diction.

"I know there were notable exceptions among my friends and colleagues, but the radio business grew — and is still growing — at an alarming rate, and the first difficulties were naturally those of getting competent men to man the ship. Some of the first sailors — to continue the simile — were reliable, rather than artistic."

School Children Hear Broadcast

More than 5,000,000 school children in 50,000 class rooms in the United States, Canada, Mexico, the West Indies and even as far away as the Philippines listened to the first of the Music Appreciation Concerts broadcast under the directions of Walter Damrosch and presented by the N. B. C., according to Pres. M. H. Aylesworth.
Static from the Studios

(Continued from page 34) dependence, Kans., and the wedding took place while he was there. He and Miss Sickels had been life-long friends. She is said to be a talented pianiste. Leon sings on the Enna Jet-tick Hour and also with the Ballad Singers, the Sixteen Singers and on other NBC programs. Leon brought his bride back to New York with him and they plan to make their home at some point convenient to the NBC studios.

“Bill” Schudt’s “Going to Press” began as a one-station feature last December. Not yet a year on the air, this feature, dedicated to newspapermen and newspaper topics, is now on the coast-to-coast facilities of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Paul Dumont—and we have no means of knowing how he secured the proper technical information—is unusually realistic in the drinking scenes of the NBC light operas. When Harold Sanford was conducting “Her Regiment,” Victor Herbert’s bright light opera, one of the characters invited the soldiers to line up and take a drink. “Colonel” Dumont lined up a little ahead of the others, at the “mike,” and behaved as one does late in the evening in Those Places. He staggered around, despite the caution of the production manager, and caused poor Harold Sanford to smack his lips unthinkingly.

Bernie’s Lexington Hotel Orchestra is broadcasting over WOR for the hostelry of the same name.

In response to 4,971 inquiries, Daniel Jones is a perfect lady, Leslie Frick is a contralto, and Leslie Joy is a baritone. Vernon Radcliffe has the same difficulty as Jerome K. Jerome, the British novelist. Some people call him by his first name and some by his last, but nobody seems to know which is right.

“My beautiful seven-passenger Nash sedan has been stolen,” Henry Shope, NBC top tenor, recently telephoned to the police. It seems that Henry had let a friend use his car. The friend, who was leaving town, parked the car and left the keys and a note, telling where the car was parked, in the care of a drug clerk at 711 Fifth Avenue. When Henry went to look for his car, he could not find it. After reporting his loss to the police, he bought a Ford to replace his Nash.

Four days later the friend returned and, when informed of Henry’s loss, went in search of the car. He found it exactly where he had parked it. There had been a misunderstanding as to the street. The car had not been touched for four days. The police had not come across it in their search—or had they picked it up for exceeding the parking limit. Now Henry is wondering what to do with the “other car.”

Stuart Ayers, Don Juan of the NBC continuity writers recently discovered on Madison Avenue what he believes to be the height of futility. A blind beggar, hopelessly crippled, was playing a battered guitar, accompanying a song. . . . “The Pagan Love Song!”

“Elsie Pierce Class in Beauty,” a new program under the sponsorship of Elsie Pierce, beauty specialist, and the National Grocery Company, are two new commercial broadcasts over WOR.

Augusta Spette, soprano, who until recently was a member of the girls’ octet at the NBC, is reported to have joined a trio of girls that is singing on the “Moonbeams” program at WOR, in making the change the Mary McCoy, soprano, who has joined the NBC forces.

The Spaghetti Winders’ Association and the Society for Louder and Better Yodelling, both housed at 711 Fifth Avenue, report the prospect of a busy season with the advent of the cool weather. Walter Kiesewetter, official pianist of the Yodellers, spent his Summer in Europe. He says Munich is still wet.

Further foreign news comes from Leslie Frick, contralto, who returned recently from Munich. She says “the beer was beyond words, not to mention the Wagner and Mozart, which were wonderful.”

Genia Zielinska, the Polish coloratura soprano, recently was seen proudly carrying a lovely song, with lyrics by Mildred Merle, music by Henry S. Gerstle, the boy arranger, entitled “Autumn’s Coming.” The song, which is dedicated to Miss Zielinska, went on the air recently. It sounded very well.

“Say, Walter,” said Mary Hopple, contralto, in the NBC studios the other day, “I have just taken a new apartment and I’ve bought one of those no-end day-beds for it.”

“I don’t know why you mention it to me,” said Walter Preston, baritone, “but, at that, you should have ‘no-end’ of comfort from it.”

Among the most recent of America’s citizens is Miss Genia Fonarivo, soprano, heard weekly in Troika Bells over the NBC. Miss Fonarivo, a native of Russia, received her final naturalization papers recently. She has been in the United States for nearly fifteen years.
Durant Motors, Inc., On the Air

A new weekly series of dramatic sketches, depicting incidents in the lives of great men who have moulded history and set the standard of truth and accomplishment, made its debut on radio recently. The series, known as "Heroes of the World," is sponsored by Durant Motors, Inc., of Lansing, Mich.

The Durant Orchestra, under the direction of Dana S. Merriman, contributes an appropriate musical background. The sketches are written by Burke Boyce, NBC continuity editor, author of "Wayside Inn," and originator of the "Rapid Transit" sketches, as well as other original radio dramas.

Members of the cast include Alfred Shirley, Charles Webster, Harry Neville, Gladys Erskine Shaw, Harvey Hays, Bennett Kilpack and Katharine Renwick.

Rutgers Programs Over WOR

Rutgers University, which is the State University of New Jersey, and Station WOR, largest broadcasting station in the State, are again co-operating in offering a series of air programs this year. The first started on Wednesday afternoon, October 23. The Rutgers Lecture Program will run for twenty-three weeks. The speakers will be prominent members of the university faculty, who will discuss such subjects as child psychology, international relations, child guidance, music, drama, literature, journalism, and education. The general University Program will be given for ten consecutive weeks. These programs will be of one-half hour duration and will consist of both lectures and music. Later in the year, probably beginning in January.

Six Symphonies on G. E. Hour

Six complete symphonies will be performed during the winter for radio listeners by the General Electric Symphony Orchestra, according to Walter Danrosch, who recently resumed conducting the Saturday evening concerts over NBC.

Religious Leaders Back on Air

Three famous religious leaders returned to the air recently in a series of winter services which will be broadcast by the NBC. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman started his seventh season before the microphone, while Dr. Daniel A. Poling, leader of the National Youth Conference, opened his fifth season. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, who conducts the National Religious Service, began his third season on the same day.

Recent Appointments at NBC

Five executive appointments were announced by the National Broadcasting Company to become effective recently. William Lynch, former announcer, became assistant eastern program director, and Katherine Seymour became assistant continuity editor. The three other appointments are: Marley Sherris, night program representative; Norman Sweetser, program representative, and Curt Peterson, supervisor of announcers. The new appointments were announced by George Engles, vice-president in charge of programs.

WOR Offers Philharmonic Series

WOR recently started its third successive season of broadcasting the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of New York. Under the baton of such eminent conductors as Arturo Toscanini, Willem Mengelberg and Bernardino Mollinari, with an unrivalled personnel of 111 men and with an increased schedule of concerts planned this season will become a landmark in American musical annals. The season will last twenty-nine weeks, one week longer than last year. Mr. Toscanini will officiate during the first and last eight weeks of the season. Mr. Mengelberg will direct eight weeks beginning November 25, and Mr. Mollinari the next five weeks from January 20 through to February 23.

New Program on "Famous Loves"

Dramatic moments in the lives of the world's greatest lovers are revealed to the radio audience in a program entitled "Famous Loves," which made its debut over the NBC System recently. Katharine Seymour, assistant editor, NBC Continuity Department and author of the series of sketches heard during the past summer, "The Family Goes Abroad," has delved deeply into the histories and biographies of such historic lovers as Cleopatra, Ninon de l'Enclos, Diane de Poitiers, Nell Gwyn, Mme. du Barry and many others for the scenes dramatized in these playlets. This program is sponsored by the Craddock Terry Company, of Lynchburg, Va.

"Cheerio" Returns to the Air

With the program time lengthened to half an hour and the station list increased to nearly thirty, "Cheerio" returned to the radio audience recently. He now brings his message of inspiration and cheer six mornings a week through the NBC. The Cheerio program has not been off the air, but "Cheerio" himself, that near-mythical figure that is the spirit and personality of one of the most unusual broadcast series in radio history, was on a vacation for three months.

DECEMBER, 1929
Editorials

RADIO REVUE Makes Its Bow

It will be the aim of Radio Revue, a magazine for the listener, to give, clearly and impartially, news about radio personalities, the radio business, both from the broadcasting and manufacturing angles; the rights and wrongs of advertising clients, the woes of announcers, the crimes committed by radio fans, the punishments deserved for these crimes, blasphemous errors in diction and in musical announcements, distortion and war-provoking mispronunciations of foreign words known to every music student, blatant self-advertisements by announcers, salacious and unfair advertisements, overpowering use of advertising material, the uplift in music, the downpush in jazz, the curse of the crooners, etc., etc., ad infinitum.

We do not expect to revolutionize and reform the radio business over-night, nor do we intend to investigate and imprison a lot of nice people, nor attack commissions, assault governors, and threaten governments with the press, nor threaten the press with the governments.

We believe that there is a definite need and place for such a publication. Five years’ practical experience in radio broadcasting and a much longer period spent in the publishing field have caused us to arrive at this conclusion.

Radio broadcasting has had an unprecedented growth and bids fair to continue its amazing progress. In the process, however, a number of important things have been overlooked or slighted. We hope to have a part in remedying some of these shortcomings. To this end, we shall campaign, among other things, for:

1. Wider dissemination of news and information about radio artists and program developments.
2. A general improvement in the standard of radio programs being broadcast.
3. More extensive use of radio broadcasting for educational and economic purposes.
4. A decided improvement in reception conditions for the radio listener.
5. A wider appreciation of the need for better and more standard English diction in all radio broadcasting.

However, lest we be accused of becoming too stuffy and pompous, we wish to have it distinctly understood that this magazine will be edited with the editorial tongue always in the editorial cheek. We do not want to become too serious about this business—especially when there are so many opportunities in it for real humor.

With this introduction we now commend to your attention our newly-born infant, conceived in the ecstasy of a new idea and born in the agony of pre-publication uncertainty. We bespeak your kind indulgence for its deficiencies and assure you that, whatever they may be, we shall try to overcome them in future issues.

We expect to have plenty of fun with this magazine. Our prime purpose is to make a lot of money—and, of course, to publish the most entertaining magazine possible.

Radio Censorship Impracticable

On the face of it, radio censorship seems as impracticable as it must appear preposterous. Here we have no physical thing, like the book or the film, products created at a tremendous expense, which can be—and often must be—altered and amended to satisfy a large and discriminating public, as well as a small group of official moralists.

Once a voice or a band has gone on the air, it has gone beyond the power of recall through human agencies. Each must be as nearly perfect as possible before its agent will permit a broadcast. The more prominent radio corporations are continually endeavoring to improve their broadcasts, and their energies and capital are not only expended upon class, but upon type as well. By that is meant the nature of the program as well as the grade of the performing artist and the music itself.

The public finds but little fault with the artist as a rule, because the broadcasting company, through its tests and auditions, can generally have the best entertainers at its constant command. The difficulty lies with the nature of the program.

Programs may be classified, roughly, under three heads: classical, popular, and a third class that strikes a happy medium between these two. Classical programs, as a rule, refer to symphony concerts, song recitals, and the radio presentations of grand opera and famous plays, or specially dramatized resumes of standard books. In the third class we must include performances of light operas, original skits of a reminiscent nature, travel talks, band concerts, and the analyses of world-wide interest which are generally seen on the news reels in the motion picture theatres. All of these have their tens of thousands of enthusiastic radio fans.

The complaint—a real one—has been directed somewhat against the popular program, and specifically against jazz music—not against the remarkably fine, polished performances of a small number of skillful orchestras under competent and sensitive leaders, but the raucous, blatant, stupid noises of poorly-manned bands, whose chief asset is a villainous "director," or a tin-throated tenor with cast-iron lungs.

The high-grade syncopating ensembles will quickly enough be featured by one of the radio companies or advertisers of national importance; the second raters will have to confine themselves to the small hotels and cabaret enterprises which provide expense money for them, while they give their services gratis to the smaller broadcasting stations. And, if they are not to be wiped off the slate of radio through natural means, then a form of censorship must be set up to save our tortured ears from their continued cacophonous assaults.

An instrument ultimately may be devised to measure purity of tone, balance, fineness, and perhaps even that elusive quality, "radio personality." With this miracle performed, whoever and whatever does not come up to a certain standard will be dropped. The unkind critic will doubtless add that they should be dropped from the air . . . and from a great height.
Returns From Opera Triumphs Abroad
Irma de Baun, Coloratura Soprano, Enjoyed Sensational Success in Europe

This singer, who is well known to the radio audience here, recently returned to the air on the "Evening in Paris" pro-
gram over Station WABC at 9:30 every Monday evening. While
in Italy she sang the roles of Gilda in Rigoletto, Lucia in Lucia di
Lammermoor, Rosina in The Barber of Seville and Micaela in
Carmen. Appearing at Turin, Milan, Gorizia and Venice, she
was accorded a great ovation at every performance. She received
other offers of engagements sufficient to keep her abroad all win-
ter, but previous contractual obligations in America prevented her
from accepting these. Her operatic contracts for the coming win-
ter and spring include appearances in Havana and Buenos Aires.
She also is booked solid for Italy next summer.
Hello, Neighbors!

After my five years' daily contact with you over Station WJZ, my many years' service as president of the National Housewives' League and now with the added contact afforded by this new magazine, I feel that the time has come for a "merger" of the home executives, the housewives.

I want you to help me in my capacity as editor of this special home department, so that this may be our page—not mine alone. Our business of home-making is the biggest business in the world. Indeed, it is the center of all business. We buy what the world produces. We must buy properly—and we must use properly that which we buy.

Each American home represents an individual business and should be organized just like any other business. This we can accomplish by means of our daily radio contact and this printed page, through the medium of which you can "talk back," as your letters indicate you would like to do.

It is because we are neighbors that this home page will be a neighborly page—just a place to exchange ideas and thoughts, and to discuss any home problems. You doubtless have many problems that present themselves in the housing, clothing, feeding and educating of your family. These we will discuss and attempt to solve together.

* * *

Broadcasting studios are extremely interesting places, and the radio artists are likewise charming, intelligent people. They all have their human side, in addition to the artistic, and they all appreciate the good things of life.

One day, not long ago, Joseph Latham (you know, he took the part of Peter Philbin, the boy who ran away and went to sea with the Forty Fathom Fish crew) said to me:

"Mrs. Heath, may I have that recipe for cheese cake that I heard you give over the air the other day?"

"Surely," I said, and the next day I handed it to him. A day or two later he reported, with shining eyes, that the cheese cake had been "fine."

The story does not end there, however. Some weeks later I was sitting in the NBC reception room when a charming lady introduced herself to me. She proved to be Mrs. Latham. Thanking me for the recipe, she said: "I just wish you could have seen how thoroughly Mr. Latham enjoyed the cheese cake, and how he hung around the kitchen and watched me make it." Here is the recipe:

**CHEESE CAKE**

We will divide this recipe into two parts, the pastry and the filling. The pastry calls for:

- 1 cup flour
- 1/2 cup sugar (sifted)
- 1/2 teaspoon baking powder
- 1 tablespoon butter
- 1 unbeaten egg
- 2 tablespoons water

Proceed as follows:

Sift together the flour, baking powder and sugar. Then work in with the finger tips one tablespoonful of butter. Then add one unbeaten egg and two tablespoonfuls of water. Use a knife to blend this all together. Then toss on a floured board and roll one-quarter of an inch thick. This dough breaks easily. Patch wherever needed with an extra piece of dough.

The cheese cake filling calls for:

- 1 pound pot cheese
- 1/4 cup melted butter (about 2 oz.)
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 3 yolks of eggs
- 1 cup evaporated milk or cream
- 2 tablespoons corn starch (rounded)
- 1/4 teaspoon lemon juice
- 2 teaspoons vanilla extract
- 5 drops almond extract
- 1/3 cup seedless raisins

Proceed as follows:

Mix together pot cheese and melted butter. Mix together the sugar and egg yolks. Mix together the evaporated milk and the corn starch. Blend all of these ingredients thoroughly. Then add the lemon juice, vanilla extract, almond extract and the raisins. Blend these ingredients well and then fold in the stiffly beaten whites of the three eggs.

Butter a cake pan and line it with the cookie dough or pastry as given. Pour in the mixture and then fold over the dough which, of course, will be higher than the mixture in the pan. This will make a sort of collar for the mixture.

Bake in a moderate oven 45 to 55 minutes.

Then there is Milton J. Cross's favorite dessert. One day, back in the old West 42nd Street studios of WJZ, Mr. Cross was putting my program on the air. That day we were giving recipes for "Father's Favorites." It struck me that this popular announcer might have a favorite sweet. So I asked him what dessert he liked best.

"Toasted coconut pie," was his immediate answer. And, as Mr. Cross's pie is a staple in our radio circle, I am giving it here.

**TOASTED COCONUT PIE**

The ingredients are:

- 1 small box coconut
- 2 eggs
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1 pint milk
- 2 level tablespoons corn starch

Proceed as follows:

Put the milk on a slow fire to warm, adding sugar. Separate the eggs, dissolve the corn starch in cold water and add beaten yolks and salt. Stir into milk, cook until thick and then stir in three-quarters of the coconut. Bake the pie crust and pour this mixture into the shell. Cover with stiffly beaten whites of eggs, to which two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar have been added. Sprinkle with rest of coconut and brown in a quick oven.

Further evidence of the fact that radio artists appreciate good things came to light the other day when Frank Croxton, the NBC basso, stopped me and asked:

(Continued on page 45)
HUMPTY-DUMPTY SAT ON A WALL...

You remember the grief and consternation which ensued later, when — — —

"All the king’s horses and all the king’s men Couldn’t put Humpty-Dumpty together again."

WHAT a tragedy, if all the eggs in the world suddenly disappeared — forever! No more omelets, no "ham and—", no cake-baking, no egg-batter for frying, no egg-nogs for invalids. In a flash, a thousand and one uses for eggs would race frantically through the mind of every disconsolate housewife.

And yet — because eggs are seldom advertised — there is perhaps no food product so little understood. Certainly there is no food product about which knowledge would prove more valuable to you.

Here, from month to month, will be unfolded a "serial story" of eggs, wherein will be set forth much to interest, and more to surprise you. "My goodness," you'll say as you read, "I never knew there was so much to an egg."

There is. Good eggs don't "just happen."

A trip is planned for January — on the magic carpet of imagination — to a paradise of the poultry kingdom, the land of perpetual spring.
Philco Hour Presents Favorite Light Operas

(Continued from page 20)

Harold is widely known for his workmanlike orchestrations and his compositions. He wrote the music for our signature song, "Mem'ries," and I furnished the lyrics. He is affectionately called "Harold the Sixteenth" because, in rehearsing the singers, he is exceedingly particular that they give the exact valuation of each sixteenth-note. Harold prefers riding on a locomotive to any other form of recreation. He says that, if he had not become a musician, he certainly would have been an engineer.

Telegrams, telephone calls, fan mail and occasionally flowers for the prima donna continue to make the Philco artists happy in their work. Sometimes a letter is received from some shut-in far out West, and often a telegram arrives from some "man of mystery," who has become enamored with Miss Dragonette's voice. Repeatedly the story comes to us—and some editor seeks to verify it—that Jessica and Colin are engaged. However, Kitty O'Neill is always on hand, so we just cannot satisfy this attempt to have real romance run rife in the Philco crowd.

Dale Wimbrow Whittles —

(Continued from page 16)

popular. However, after the audition, it was decided to change the entire presentation.

"We finally went on the air, using Gus Haenschen's orchestra, Virginia Rea, the soprano who is now so widely known as Olive Palmer; Douglas Stanbury, baritone of Roxy's Gang, and myself. In those days WJZ was not selling its time on the air. It donated the time to responsible organizations that would agree to pay for all of the talent used.

"Well, that line-up of talent cost exactly $575, including the orchestra. It could not be duplicated today for many times that amount. However, the folks back home thought that $575 a week was an unusually heavy expenditure for advertising, particularly in view of the fact that they did not sell 40 or 50 farms immediately after the first broadcast. And so they discontinued the program after five performances.

"As time went on, however, they saw their mistake. A year later they tried to go back on the air but, in the interim, radio had made tremendous strides and WJZ was then selling its time at about $600 an hour, I believe. In addition to that amount, they would have to pay the cost of the talent.

Still Receiving Reactions

"The strange part of it is that, to this day, they are still receiving reactions from their five-week broadcast and people are writing to ask them if they are going on the air again. They have reached the point where they would be willing to spend $1,500 a week for an hour's
program similar to the one they originally broadcast, but such a program today would cost them approximately 
$9,000 for the same talent and coverage they had then. 

"In those days WJZ's powerful transmitter covered a 
tremendous area and there was not as much interference 
from other stations as there is now. In order to cover 
the same territory today, an advertiser would be com-
pelled to buy a chain of stations. Such is life."

With a few deft motions, Dale put the finishing touches 
on the walking stick and then closed his knife. The com-
pletion of his whittling seemingly ended the mood for 
reminiscences and he hurried away to present the stick 
to its new owner.

Radio in the Home
(Continued from page 42)

"Did you ever tell your radio audience about eggplant 
with tomato sauce?"

"No, I don't believe I have," I replied. "Tell me 
about it."

"Well," he said, "my mother prepares the eggplant in 
the usual way for frying, by pressing out the water under 
the weight of a flatiron. Then she fries it and, when 
serving, pours over it a thick cream tomato soup." The 
way his eyes glinted when he told me about it was mute 
testimony of how good it tasted.

While he was talking to me, a number of other artists 
were listening and each one was ready to tell me something 
that he thought would far surpass the eggplant with 
tomato sauce. I'll let you know more about their ideas 
later.

Then, too, many of the women artistes are good house-
wives. I know that they will have a number of interesting 
tings to tell also.

Policeman a Radio Fan

Traffic Policeman Geiger, six feet and some 
inches of regal and legal magnificence, who func-
tions most admirably at Fifth Avenue and 35th 
Street, is by origin a Boer. Dr. Theophil Wendt, 
the South African conductor-composer, often a 
guest at the NBC, knew him in South Africa 
twenty years ago, when he was fighting as a 
good South African against the British King.

Dr. Wendt fought on the other side—with the 
British—in the Cape Mounted Police. Dr. Wendt 
said he always had admired the refusal of the 
Boer to pledge allegiance to the King, against 
the dictates of his conscience. The Doctor and 
the Boer have remained good friends.

Officer Geiger has a comfortable home, which is 
"open house" to all his friends, particularly 
those from South Africa. He has found hap-
iness in the good old U. S. A. and has managed to 
retain most of his British friends, Boer or no 
Boer, war or no war.

Officer Geiger occasionally calls on the engi-
neering department of the NBC for advice on 
technical radio matters, as he is an ardent radio 
fan.

Here is the long awaited picture of John W. Elwood, 
the youngest vice-president of the NBC and general 
supervisor of table entertainments. John is a pioneer in 
the radio field, having served the General Electric Com-
pany with distinction, and also the Radio Corporation of 
America since its inception. He has attended most of the 
important radio conferences abroad that have dealt with 
the present radio set-up and program exchanges. He is a 
product of the Empire State, Ilion, N. Y., claiming him as 
a native.

He is distinguished for never doing anything that he 
can get anyone else to do. At this he is quite successful, 
for he has a staff of willing helpers, who jump around at 
his slightest wish. His motto has always been: "Go rest, 
young man, go rest."

His principal hobby, and one that comes before cooking 
and entertaining his friends, is "Ginger." "Ginger" El-
wood is a diminutive but most important lady of four 
Summers to whom Jolly Bill and Jane have dedicated 
their children's programs, since Papa Elwood was the 
originator of this astonishingly popular radio feature. 
"Ginger" often takes a hand in the studio and "goes on 
the air" as part of the "Jolly Bill and Jane" program.
What Is the Secret of Rudy Vallee's Success?

(Continued from page 5)

that had been his since his early college days. His lucky chance came with the opening in Greenwich Village of a new night club, Don Dickerman's "Blue Horse." This new club could not afford to engage a well-known band, and so gave Rudy his chance. He assembled seven players, christened them "The Connecticut Yankees" and proceeded to whip them into shape.

"Something different" had always been Rudy's ideal in dance music and, as he says, "We worked, sweated and cursed together until we got something different." One evening some time later, Rudy sang a vocal chorus to one of the dance numbers. The crowd liked it and applauded wildly. That was the beginning of his singing career.

His first opportunity to make phonograph records was with the Columbia Phonograph Co., but he and his band are now recording with Victor. Later, he started broadcasting and it was through this medium that he became a national figure. He receives about two hundred letters a day from his admirers. He reads as many of these as he possibly can and answers some of them. He and his "Connecticut Yankees" have appeared on the R-K-O vaudeville circuit.

Recently he and his boys—he still has all the original members of his band with him—went to Hollywood to appear in a talkie entitled "The Vagabond Lover," which has just been released by Radio Pictures. When he returned to New York recently, Rudy received a great ovation at Pennsylvania Station. He posed for numberless snapshots, along with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Vallee, who had accompanied him to Hollywood, and many others.

He then immediately started to work, following a schedule that will keep him busy for eighteen hours a day. He and his band have been appearing at the Brooklyn Paramount Theatre and they recently returned to the air on the Fleischmann Sunshine Hour over the NBC network. In addition, they will be heard in a series of programs emanating from the Villa Vallee, Rudy's own exclusive night club. It is understood that Rudy hopes soon to make a tour of Europe.

Rudy has little cause to worry about the future. For the coming year he has a half million dollars' worth of contracts lined up, including Victor phonograph records, talking pictures, vaudeville, night club and public appearances, not to mention the income from various other sources, such as writing popular songs, etc. Not an unpleasant prospect for a boy still in his twenties. As long as Lady Luck continues to favor him as she has in the past, Rudy need not worry about what the secret of his success really is.

None of the evidence so far presented actually establishes the basic reason for Rudy's popularity. Could it possibly be that he is an idol moulded of the crumbling clay of American sentimentality?

Wanted: Air Personality!

(Continued from page 22)

nately, the sea air—or something else—had so affected his vocal chords that, though he tried on two different occasions to show the committee how great a gift was his great gift, he was unable to raise his voice above a squeak.

On another occasion a cock-sure young man applied for an audition and almost toppled the committee over by announcing, in answer to the query as to what type of voice he had, that he was a soprano. It was only a few days later that a young lady appeared and proved equally astonishing by saying that she was a baritone. The resourceful clerk put her down as a mezzo-contralto and, for all I know, she is still going down.

Adds Radio Pioneer to Staff

So rapidly has the Majestic Theatre of the Air developed and so large have its program activities become, that Wendell Hall, its director, has found it necessary to add to his staff. Lee J. Seymour, one of radio's pioneers and well known in the northwest, is Majestic's latest executive, and has taken up his duties as business manager. Mr. Seymour, born in South Dakota, has built up a large following with WCCO, the Columbia Broadcasting System's outlet in Minneapolis, where he has been production manager and official sports announcer for some time. Together with Mr. Hall and Fred Smith, Mr. Seymour is now at work planning Majestic's winter broadcasts.

What Is Your Opinion—

about RUDY VALLEE and His Success?

The Editors of RADIO REVUE will pay Ten Dollars for the best letter on this subject and Five Dollars for the second choice. Write plainly and on one side of the paper only. Address:

RADIO REVUE
Six Harrison Street, New York, N. Y.
Philadelphia Orchestra Broadcasts
(Continued from page 36)

(Continued from page 23)

All these gentlemen labored nobly in a good cause.

Praise, too, is due Gladys Shaw Erskine, in the sketch
“Then Black Knight,” Florence Malone and Charles War-
burton, of the same episode; Richard Gordon and Virginia
Gardiner in “The Night Before They Sailed.” In
direct praise of the finished and inspiring work of Miss
Gardiner, one is apt to become a little incoherent from
over-enthusiasm. If this writer meets that gentle lady
again, he will go medievally; hire a black horse and a
suit of shining, silver armor, and carry her off. And also
a bow to Ivan Firth, the herald with the resounding voice
... and to the mob.

Here were moments of real romance, a surging flood
of great music, imaginations allowed to play, musicians
and singers ably directed, gorgeous lighting (yes, right
in the radio studio), and a spirit of co-operation behind
the whole. Here indeed was the clash of steel and the noise
of battle before our eyes and ears. the burning of a town
with real red fire, gallant knights with brails of ribbon-
bound hair on their sword-hilts, fair ladies smiling down
upon them, urging them to greater deeds, and the songs
and dances of old France and old England. What if im-
maculate evening dress did supplant the glittering armor?
It was a brave show ... and well done. Westinghouse.
... we salute you.—W. P-M.

THE BIG TEN
Best Selling Popular Songs of the Month

1. Singin' in the Rain
from Hollywood Revue.

2. Tiptoe Through the Tulips
from Gold Diggers of Broadway.

3. Painting the Clouds
from Gold Diggers of Broadway.

4. Am I Blue?
from On With the Show.

5. Pagan Love Song
from The Pagan.

6. Lovable and Sweet
from The Street Girl.

7. Song of the Nile
from The Drag.

8. Little by Little
from The Sophomore.

9. Sleepy Valley
from The Rainbow Man.

10. Love Me

WHY, OH, WHY?
This is Station YOY broadcasting, in an honest
attempt to learn something.

Why do announcers wear loud golfing suits?

Why do impossible window cleaners and wait-
resses attend "auditions"?

Why do thousands of dollars find their way
into the pockets of so-called "great artists," who
have failed on the road, while younger and much
better artists fail to get even a hearing?

And why is that pink woodwork stuck all
over the entrance hall of the Columbia Broad-
casting System's new home?
Main Street Sketches Set Record
(Continued from page 11)

Angeles to Daytona Beach, Fla.
Leonard went to New York next, but could find nothing to do there, so he hurried back to the Pacific Coast. Back in Los Angeles, he got a job as an extra with the old Kalem Motion Picture Company and worked with them and also with the Vitagraph, 101 Bison, Fox, Essanay and Triangle companies for three years.

In 1914 he enlisted in the Canadian Engineers in Vancouver and was immediately sent to France. In a short while he was transferred to the Royal Flying Corps. He was wounded in battle at Liege, where he had gone to school, and was sent to a hospital in Greenwich, England, to recuperate. When he was stronger, he was sent to Arizona, where he entirely regained his health.

Leonard then went back to shipbuilding. After a few weeks on the job, a huge bilge fell on him and he was sent back to the hospital. When he was discharged this time, he went to Arizona and started to work in the copper mines. After two days on the job he was buried for 72 hours in the cave-in of a shaft that was 1,475 feet underground. And so he was carried to the hospital again.

Shortly afterward he became a travelling salesman, selling automobile accessories and electrical appliances. However, he soon tired of this. His next venture was automobile racing, trying to beat the Overland Express in high-powered racing cars.

He again set out for New York, but wound up in Boston as a salesman for radio sets. He travelled throughout the southern states and settled in St. Petersburg, Fla., for a while. Later he became radio editor for the St. Augustine News. Next he opened a radio shop on board a motorboat, with which he travelled from one river town to another, trying to interest people in radio.

After a few years he again went to New York, where he got a job as part time announcer with Station WJZ. Later he handled production work. He spent a year at this post and then went to WABC, where he was made studio director. This station was the laboratory in which he worked out the first successful and unusual radio productions, using sound effects to create the desired atmosphere. It was here that he originated “Nights at Tony Pastor’s,” a program of vaudeville sketches reproduced as they had been presented 40 years previous.

In December, 1927, Leonard joined the sales department at WOR. Here, after he had created “Main Street Sketches” and several other striking programs, he was made program director. He is constantly striving for new effects and is ever alert for original program ideas, but the “Main Street Sketches” remain his particular pet.

“Behind the Mike” on Palmolive Hour
(Continued from page 29)
holds his arm up in warning for several seconds, and then with a throw of a switch drops his arm. Another grin lightens his face as he releases the audience from its bond of silence with the cheerful call: “Party’s over!”
What!! a laxative for loveliness?

It may seem strange to you—bringing this word "laxative" into a discussion of beauty! And—what, pray, has a laxative to do with creams and lotions, with fair complexions and young and supple skins?

It has a great deal to do with them! It is almost all-important! For, unless you keep clean internally, your skin is bound to suffer, and will always lack the clear, fresh bloom which every woman wants!

Those tiny blemishes which baffle the cleverest cosmetics can be defeated by Sal Hepatica! Women who know the saline method, who use salines as the family laxative, know how quickly they purify the bloodstream and bring new color and translucence to the cheek.

In Europe, the wonderful saline springs have for years been thronged with men and women sent there by their physicians to drink the saline waters for the sake of their complexions and their health.

Sal Hepatica is the American equivalent of these saline springs. It rids the body of poisons and acidities. That is why its use is a great relief for headaches, colds, rheumatism, auto-intoxication, constipation, indigestion, complexion disorders and many other ills.

Sal Hepatica, taken before breakfast, is speedy in its action. Rarely, indeed, does it fail to act within thirty minutes.

Get a bottle today. Whenever constipation threatens your complexion with blemishes and "broken out" spots, take Sal Hepatica. And send now the coupon for the booklet which tells in detail how Sal Hepatica keeps your skin fresh and free from blemishes and how it relieves many common family ills.

Sal Hepatica

Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. RR-129, 71 West St., N.Y.
Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains more fully the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

Name__________________________
Street__________________________
City___________________________State______
Be guided by a name that has meant absolute tube integrity for the past fourteen years. The name is Cunningham—choice of the American home.

E. T. CUNNINGHAM, Inc.

NEW YORK   CHICAGO   SAN FRANCISCO   DALLAS   ATLANTA
Manufactured and sold under rights, patents and inventions owned and/or controlled by Radio Corporation of America
In This Issue:

- All About the "Original Radio Girl"
- Prize Letters in Rudy Vallee Contest
- Slumber Hour Changes Habits of Listeners
- Lucrezia Bori tells Why she Likes Radio
- And Other Features

January 1930

25 cents
A play you ought to read
The Tragedy of Neglected Gums

Cast of Characters:
Your Dentist and You

You: "My gums are responsible for this visit, doctor. I'm anxious about them."
D.D.: "What's the matter?"
You: "Well, sometimes they're tender when I brush my teeth. And once in a while they bleed a little. But my teeth seem to be all right. Just how serious is a thing like this?"
D.D.: "Probably nothing to bother about, with a healthy mouth like yours. But, just the same, I've seen people with white and flawless teeth get into serious trouble with their gums.

You: "That's what worries me. Pyorrhea—gingivitis—trench mouth—all those horrible-sounding things! Just a month ago a friend of mine had to have seven teeth pulled out."
D.D.: "Yes, such things can happen. Not long ago a patient came to me with badly inflamed gums. I x-rayed them and found the infection had spread so far that eight teeth had to go. Some of them were perfectly sound teeth, too."

You: (After a pause) "I was reading a dentifrice advertisement. . . . about food."
D.D.: "Soft food? Yes, that's to blame for most of the trouble. You see, our gums get no exercise from the soft, creamy foods we eat. Circulation lags and weak spots develop on the gum walls. That's how these troubles begin. If you lived on rough, coarse fare your gums would hardly need attention."
You: "But, doctor, I can't take up a diet of raw roots and hardtack. People would think I'd suddenly gone mad."
D.D.: "No need to change your diet. But you can give your gums the stimulation they need. Massage or brush them twice a day when you brush your teeth. And one other suggestion: use Ipana Tooth Paste. It's a scientific, modern dentifrice, and it contains special ingredients that stimulate the gums and help prevent infection."

An imaginary dialog? An imaginary "you"? Admittedly, but the action is real. It is drawn from life—from real tragedies and near-tragedies enacted every day in every city of the land!

And if dentists recommend Ipana, as thousands of them do, it is because it is good for the gums as well as for the teeth. Under its continual use, the teeth are gleaming white, the gums firm and healthy. For Ipana contains ziratol, a recognized hemostatic and antiseptic well known to dentists for its tonic effects upon gum tissue.

Don't wait for "pink tooth brush" to appear before you start with Ipana. The coupon brings you a sample which will quickly prove Ipana's pleasant taste and cleaning power.

But, to know all of Ipana's good effects, it is far better to go to your nearest druggist and get a large tube. After you have used its hundred brushings you will know its benefits to the health of your gums as well as your teeth.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. RR-129
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name
Address
City State
CONTENTS

On the Cover: Olive Shea, Actress, WABC .......................... By Jack F. Tesler
Vaughn de Leath, the "Original Radio Girl" .......................... By Gasparo Ricca 2
Oscar Writes Margy all about the "Original Radio Girl" .............. By P. H. W. Dixon 3
Outlook for Radio in 1930 Highly Promising ........................ By William S. Paley 5
Famous Radio Couples ......................................................... (Photographs) 6
Ohio Soprano and Georgia Tenor Win Atwater Kent Auditions .... 7
1929 the Greatest Year in the History of Radio ........................ By Merlin H. Aylesworth 8
Radio Gives Dan Cupid a Helping Hand ................................. By Allen Haglund 10
Consider the Actor: Every Show a First Night on Radio .............. By Herbert Devins 11
Achieves Stardom in Few Months .......................................... (Photograph) 13
Slumber Hour is Changing Habits of Listeners ......................... 14
Moonlight Sonata ........................................................................ By Alice Remsen 15
Mr. Fussy Fan Admits that He is a "High Brow" ......................... By Fussy Fan 16
Radio Beasts Own Dramatic Star ........................................... (Photograph) 19
Browne and His Banjo Moulded Career Together ....................... By Robert Tapping 20
Metropolitan Star Puts Stamp of Approval on Radio .................... By Willie Perceval-Monger 21
Merle Johnston Succeeds by Virtue of his "Sax" Appeal ............... By Jeanette Barnes 23
Will Radio Wonders Never Cease? ......................................... By I. B. Hansen 24
Maid for any Mood ............................................................... (Photographs) 25
A VALLEEdictory .................................................................... By Dale Wimbrow 26
Mere Man Wins First Prize in Rudy Vallee Contest .................... 27
Static from the Studios ........................................................... 28
Radio Gave Gipsy Violinist Chance to Become Famous ............... By Bruce Gray 29
Turned to Singing After Accident .......................................... (Photograph) 31
America's Radio Programs Lack Variety and Imagination ........... By Julius Mattfeld 33
Editorials: RADIO REVUE Thanks You; The Theatre of Illusion; Put an End to This Panic .... 34
Ether Etchings ........................................................................... 35
Program Notes ......................................................................... 37
Colorful Russian Soprano is "La Palina" .................................... (Photograph) 38
Listeners' Forum ....................................................................... 39
Radio in the Home .................................................................... (Edited by Mrs. Julian Heath) 40

Bruce Gray, Editor

Contributing Editors:
Allen Haglund .......................... H. Raymond Preston
Mrs. Julian Heath ...................... Walter H. Preston
Willie Perceval-Monger ............ K. Trenholm

Published monthly by RADIO REVUE, INC., Six Harrison Street, New York, N. Y., H. Raymond Preston, President; Benjamin E. Rowland, Vice-President; Walter H. Preston, Secretary and Treasurer; George O. Buckett, Advertising Manager. Manuscripts and photographs submitted for publication must be accompanied by sufficient postage if their return is desired. Advertising rates will be gladly furnished upon application. Copyright, 1930, by Radio Revue, Inc. All rights reserved. Printed in U. S. A.

Subscription Prices: United States, $2; Canada, $2.50; Foreign, $3; Single Copies, 25c
Vaughn de Leath, the “Original Radio Girl”
Oscar Writes Margy

all about the

“ORIGINAL RADIO GIRL”

As Rescued from the Waste Basket

By P. H. W. DIXON

DEAR MARGY:

Well, Margy, here I am in the big city and in the radio business and am making good in a great big way. Now, Margy, don’t say I’m forgetting all my friends back in Yoakum just because I’m a city man, but honest, baby, I’ve been so busy I haven’t had any time at all. I’ve been getting fitted into my new uniform, as all the page boys at the NBC wear uniforms and look pretty slick.

I’ll never forget that night we parted, Margy. Never. Though it may be forever. And to show you that I haven’t forgotten even the unimportant things you said—even that joke about not to take any wooden nickels—I have been doing some sleuthing and have got the whole life history of Vaughn de Leath that sings exclusively over our networks.

Naturally, Margy, in my new position of page at the NBC I come in intimate contact with a lot of celebrities—I bought Graham McNamee a pack of gum the other day—and I’m getting sort of used to them. But even I got a thrill when I met Vaughn de Leath. Of course, it was a sort of informal meeting. She was in a studio rehearsing with Hugo Mariani—you ought to meet Hugo, Margy, he’s got whiskers just like the Greenwich Village artist like we saw in that movie “The Bohemian Love Song”—and someone called her on the phone and Miss Campbell, who was hostess on duty, sent me in to get her. So I walked right up to her and said:

"Pardon me, Miss de Leath, but you are wanted on the phone."

She Gave Me a Big Smile

And she said it must be President Hoover or somebody, but it wasn’t because I heard her call the person Gladys. But, as I was going to say, she looked at me and gave me a great big smile and said:

“You’re a new studio attahay aren’t you?” I told her I was and she said she was sure we’d be friends. She’s smiled at me five times since and that was only two weeks ago.

But I was going to tell you that I found out all about her. First she was born in Mount Pulaski, Illinois, which is just a small town like Yoakum. But that’s no handicap because most people in New York who are important come from small towns and she went to California with her parents at an early age. I couldn’t believe that, because she didn’t even mention California when I met her, but she really did. She had a musical education in California and sang on the concert stage out there.

Of course, though I haven’t mentioned it, the real reason I came to New York was in order to be a great radio singer myself, but I don’t guess I started soon enough. Would you believe it, Marge, Miss de Leath started her career when she was three years old back in Mount Pulaski. She sang in a home-town minstrel show like the Yoakum B. P. O. E. gives every year, when she had just passed her third birthday. And there was a big write-up in the Mount Pulaski News about young singers showing great promise. That was one time the newspaper was right, Margy.

Even after she made the trip to California and found everyone out
there was more interested in how you screamed and not how you screamed (pretty good, hey?) she continued her musical career. She wasn’t out there long before she was twelve years old and had organized and was conducting an orchestra. And then she wrote a song called “Old Glory, I Salute You.”

Published Twenty Years Later

There’s another lesson in that because she didn’t find a publisher for that song until about twenty years later. But now it has been published and when I get to know her better I’ll send you an autographed copy. But she wrote some other songs—when she was a little girl I mean—and she sold one of them. I know just how she felt—you know, the emotion you get when you first do something important. I’ll never forget the time I sang a solo at the public school graduation a few years ago.

But I was telling you about the Original Radio Girl. After she’d got a musical education she sang in some concerts and then she decided to go to New York and be a success. Which she did. She came east in 1919 and made some phonograph records and didn’t attract much attention because New Yorkers are kind of down on Californians because they’re always talking about California sunshine and they always pick a rainy day to talk. But I gather she had a pretty hard time of it and they do say she lived for a whole week on a can of cocoa and has never felt the same about cocoa since.

But about that time somebody invented radio or broadcasting or maybe both, and Miss de Leath decided she would be a radio star. Which she did. She went down to a building on Fortieth Street—that’s one of the important streets here—about as important as Congress Street is to Yozukum—and she climbed up into the tower and there was a microphone and an accordion player, and Dr. De Forest said, “Well, it looks like we’re gonna broadcast,” and Miss de Leath said, “Okay by me” or something like that and with those simple words she started singing and became the Original Radio Girl. I forgot to tell you that was the first time a woman had ever broadcast but they’ve been at it ever since. That was ten years ago this month. And she has her first fan letter she received about that time but not the dress she wore. That proves it. I mean that proves she thinks more about her public than her clothes, which is what a great artist should do. I’m going to be like that, Margy, as soon as I get my first fan letter.

Well, after Vaughn—I mean Miss de Leath—though I always think of her as Vaughn, Margy,—but anyway, after she had sort of started the custom of singing on the radio, a lot of other people tried it and pretty soon it got so you could buy radio sets on the installment plan or the parts at the five-and-ten and radio became a great industry.

Well, Miss de Leath after a while started to listen to other women sing and she read a lot of smart cracks about radio sopranos, so she decided after they’d worn out the jokes about sopranos they’d get around to the contraltos, which she was, so she invented a new style of singing called crooning. Now you know, Margy, when we listen to Vaughn de Leath back home you can hear her in the kitchen if the speaker is turned up, but honestly, Margy, you wouldn’t believe it, but you can’t hear her in the studio when she sings.

Now I’m going to have to get technical, Margy, and you may not understand all this, but the reason you can’t hear her in the studio, but can hear her in Yozukum, is because of technicalities. She sort of gets awfully close to the microphone and sings in a low voice to it, soft and sweet like, and then they take that little low voice and magnify it with electricity and you have crooning. She can sing in a loud voice too and it is pretty swell but the low voice is easier on the tubes which cost money. They do say that was the reason she really invented crooning in order to save tubes back in the old days when they didn’t have many, but I think she did it just to be different. You’ll probably be glad to know that she’s married, Margy—not that I had any serious intentions or anything because you are the only girl in the world for me—but I know you have been worrying about me up here among all these beautiful women, though you know I have a strong character and will not be led astray by a Broadway butterfly. Now I don’t mean Miss de Leath is a Broadway butterfly—because she isn’t. She’s very nice and doesn’t smoke and would rather go to the opera than to Texas Guinan’s if she was open, but I mean there are lots of Broadway butterflies. But don’t you worry—none of this wild night life for me. I have my career to think of.

Many Frenchmen Propose

But I was going to tell you about Vaughn—I mean Miss de Leath. Singing in the Voice of Firestone every Monday night isn’t the only thing she does. She makes phonograph records and writes music and songs and makes personal appearances. Her records are popular not only in this country but in France, and every time a ship comes in she gets letters from Frenchmen proposing marriage.

(Continued on page 41)
Outlook for Radio
In 1930 Highly Promising

By WILLIAM S. PALEY
President, Columbia Broadcasting System

WHEN I consider the outlook for radio in 1930, my reaction is one of real pride. My feeling of pride particularly wells up when I think of the progress made in radio broadcasting during the past year and of the part my company has played in refining its programs. When I contemplate 1930 I anticipate even greater progress than during 1929. I look forward to a happy and prosperous New Year.

During 1930, the Columbia Broadcasting System, will present to audiences over its network, the country’s foremost concert, operatic, stage and screen talent and the most distinguished speaking talent on the radio, in addition to comprehensive programs of an educational nature. Whereas Columbia’s growth in coverage during 1929 brought us to a total of sixty-five stations, plans now under way will provide for Columbia during 1930 a network that will reach practically every radio receiving set in the United States, a large portion of Canada, Cuba, Porto Rico and Mexico.

With the recent granting of a license for increased power to WABC, key station of the Columbia network, we shall put into operation, early in 1930, our new plant of 50,000 watts power.

During 1929, the Columbia Broadcasting System Farm Community network was inaugurated under the direction of Henry A. Bellows. This network, emanating from the center of the nation’s great farm community, already is an assured success. Its programs are devised by leaders in agricultural life and, through the interchangeability of member stations, assures a lasting network of importance to the great farm belt.

Columbia’s headquarters organization has been amplified during 1929 by the addition of department heads of wide experience in their several fields. Their added efforts in strengthening the Columbia Broadcasting System are now beginning to bear fruit.

Columbia, on the whole, faces 1930, assured that its growth during the ensuing year will be even greater than in any year in its history.
Famous Radio Couples

The "Two-Person Revue" on the Brown-bilt Hour, CBS, is really a family affair. Kathleen and Gene Lockhart (at left) are—and it's not actually a secret—Mr. and Mrs. Lockhart.

Everybody knows Bob and Mary, WABC's True Story panel here seen in Bob's new radioizer. They have become known as one of the most engaging couples in radio.

Julia Sanderson (above) famous "Jangrine" star, is now a full-fledged radio luminary. She appears with Frank Curnut, her husband, as you may have heard, on the Blackstone Hour, CBS.

At the left is Julian Oliver, NBC's Grand Opera tenor; and at the right, Mrs. Julian Oliver, who was, until only recently, Carmen de Blanca. Mrs. Oliver won first prize in the Atlantic City beauty contest of 1925.

A real radio romance is the story of May Swigle Brown, the "Ubiquity Lady," and Peter de Rose, famous partner in song on the NBC network (at left). For six years they appeared before the mike together. Peter popped the question last month, and the parish did the rest.

A talented couple are Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Crawford (at right), both organists of great renown, heard over CBS. A model pair, they spend their evenings together, usually at the twin consoles.
Ohio Soprano and Georgia Tenor Win Atwater Kent Auditions

Both Singers Aspire to Concert Work
In Preference to Operatic Careers

MISS GENEVIEVE I. ROWE, 21 years old, of Wooster, Ohio, has returned to her home. So also has Edward A. Kane, 22, of Atlanta, Ga.

This fact, under ordinary circumstances, would be of little interest outside their immediate circle of family and friends. But Miss Rowe and Edward Kane aren't in ordinary circumstances these days. They are the winners of the National Radio Auditions, finals of which were held in New York, Sunday night, December 15th.

As such, they returned to their homes burdened with honors, memories of gala entertainment, tuition, broadcasting contracts and cash prizes. Returned to the glory of the prophet who brings honor on his or her home town. Returned to fresh honors from their own people that pale in magnificence only before those they received in the National Capitol of Music—New York.

Also, it might be noted, they returned home to prepare afresh for study in the concert field, from which both turned aside, momentarily, for their efforts in the auditions.

Grand opera holds little charm for this year's radio winners, both declared, soon after they had received their awards.

"I am interested only in the concert stage and it is in this field that I will endeavor to carve a place for myself," they chorused almost as one when they received their awards of $5,000 each at the conclusion of the audition finals through the NBC system.

Both declared they had never had other than concert ambitions, and that they would devote the two years of study, furnished by the Atwater Kent Foundation as part of the award, to furthering their early wishes.

"Unless the lure of the microphone proves too strong," Miss Rowe, who made her radio debut during the preliminary auditions, declared, "I plan to remain entirely in concert work."

Kane expressed himself as equally fascinated by broadcasting. Both declared they got the biggest thrill of their lives in the knowledge that they were singing through a coast-to-coast network in the audition finals.

The youthful Georgian, "the big fellow with the strong tenor voice," has been a vocal student since he was 17. And Atlanta folks knew him long before he had even thought of this year's auditions.

Long before he began serious voice study, Kane was regarded as a "boy with a good voice." Quartets were considered incomplete unless he sang the tenor and he was called on often as soloist before clubs and churches.

Active in College Glee Club

During his student days at Emory University, young Kane was noted for his activity on the college glee club. It was there that his voice drew attention of Atlanta's musical people and launched him on a career of serious study.

For the past several years the youth, who graduated from the university with an A. B. degree, has been soloist of the North Avenue Presbyterian Church, in his home city. He is a son of M. H. Kane, a banker.

Although he has no aversion to formal dress—in fact, "rather likes it"—Kane was the only one of the five male singers competing in the audition finals to appear in street clothes.

"Gee, I feel rather out of place," he remarked just before he started singing his "Celeste Aida" into the microphone.

(Continued on page 46)
1929 the Greatest Year in the History of Radio

By MERLIN H. AYLESWORTH
President, National Broadcasting Company

WIDENING the horizons of broadcasting to the point at which it is no longer visionary to think of presenting programs to the whole world has made 1929 the most significant year in the short history of radio entertainment.

A year ago we felt that we had seen a notable advance when the establishment of permanent trans-continen tal networks made it possible to present to the whole nation a program of entertainment or an important event from almost any point within the nation, on short notice.

This year we have made a beginning in international broadcasting. The experiments of our engineers, working with the engineers of European broadcasting companies, have convinced us that it should be possible to exchange programs across the Atlantic on a fairly regular schedule. We are working at present with England, Holland and Germany, and the coming year should see this work bearing fruit in the form of regularly exchanged programs.

While we do not now contemplate going beyond Europe for international programs, it is quite possible that our engineers will find it practicable to begin definite experiments with picking up programs from the other side of the earth.

With each of this year's programs from the other side of the Atlantic, a definite improvement could be noted. The National Broadcasting Company's first attempt of this nature was on February 1. On that day our listeners heard an orchestra playing in Queen's Hall, London. Atmospherics were bad but, when we rebroadcast the Thanksgiving service for the recovery of King George, reception was improved.

By the time we picked up the Schneider Cup Races on September 7, the engineers had reached the point where they could make every word heard, and even allow our listeners to hear the motors of the speeding planes. Einstein's speech from Berlin on October 21 was marred to some extent by static, but the special program for America, broadcast from Huizen, Holland, five days later, came in as clearly as if it had come by wire from a point in the United States. Who can tell what advances may be made next year?

The thrill of hearing voices and music on the other side of the Atlantic was but one phase of activity in the greatest year of radio. For the first time, the ceremonies incident to the inauguration of a President of the United States were carried...
throughout the nation by our networks. Half a dozen radio reporters, including one in an airplane, covered the story of Herbert Hoover’s induction into office. For the first time, a microphone was installed in the United States Senate Chamber for broadcasting the oath of Vice-President Curtis. Calvin Coolidge’s farewell to public life was broadcast from the train that carried him into retirement in Northampton, not far from his early home.

Broadcasting the inaugural was only a part of radio’s reporting of the governmental and political story of the year. Most of the cabinet members of the Coolidge and Hoover administrations stepped before microphones in the NBC’s New York and Washington studios, and a series of programs entitled “Half Hours with the Senate” presented a large number of members of that important body. A number of Representatives appeared over the air, as did Bureau Chiefs and experts from a large number of departments. Interpretations of Washington events were broadcast by David Lawrence, William Hard and several others among the Capitol’s outstanding newspaper correspondents.

A new schedule of religious broadcasting affords the maximum variety of service to our listeners. In cooperation with the Federal Council of Churches, we are now presenting five distinct series, each with a specific work to perform. The Jewish faith is now represented on the air with a new and more elaborate religious program. The Roman Catholic Church has made use of our facilities during the year in connection with a charity campaign, and it is expected that this church will inaugurate radio religious services after the first of the year.

In music, the country’s most distinguished conductors, singers and instrumentalists have featured the year’s entertainment. Walter Damrosch has inaugurated a three-year schedule of Music Appreciation concerts designed for the schools, and is heard each week as conductor of a symphony program for adults. The Rochester and Cleveland Symphonies have been broadcast again, and Leopold Stokowski has brought the Philadelphia Symphony orchestra to the microphone for the first time.

The Chicago Civic Opera Company’s presentations are being offered to the listeners this year on a sustaining basis, and the Puccini operas are being broadcast for the first time. An opera, “Ombre Russie”, written by Cesare Sodoro, the conductor of our own National Grand Opera Company, had its premiere over the air, with a distinguished audience of critics and musicians.

Sir Harry Lauder made his microphone debut, John McCormack returned to the microphone after an absence of three years, and practically every opera and concert star and almost every distinguished musician performed for the radio audience on nationwide networks.

Throughout the year there has been a multitude of notable events on the air. Let me cite a few as samples. January brought such diverse diets as the welcome to Captain George Fried and the radio operators of the America after their rescue of the crew of the Florida, President Coolidge’s budget speech, former Governor Smith’s address on January 16, the dedication of the Great Northern Railroad’s Cascade tunnel, and the first endurance flight broadcast, that of the Question Mark.

In the next month, besides the Queen’s Hall broadcast, we had two speeches by President Coolidge, Edison’s birthday address, the broadcast from a plane followed by one from a tunnel under the East River, the opening of “Half Hours with the Senate” and the Sharkey-Stribling boxing match from Miami.

In March, after we had done the inaugural, we broadcast a talk by Captain Sir George Hubert Wilkins, the Antarctic flier, the motorboat race between Commodore Gar Wood and Major H. O. D. Seagrave off Miami, and the Mickey Walker-Tommy Loughran fight in Chicago.

April saw the opening of the Universal Safety Series, a campaign to reduce accident casualties, Governor Roosevelt’s address to the State Economic Congress, addresses by President Hoover, the award of the medal of the American Academy of Arts and Letters for good dictation on the radio to Milton J. Cross, and the opening of the baseball season.

Former Vice President Dawes was heard in May, and President Hoover spoke again. The Army air maneuvers (Continued on page 48)
Radio Gives Dan Cupid a Helping Hand

By Allen Hagleund

As every little boy and girl knows, it's love that makes the world go 'round. Next to food and drink, love is really the most important thing. Some will even argue that it comes before food and—well, it all depends on the drink.

But love, however primal and powerful an urge, must have a vehicle, must have those little encouragements that tend to get a thing started—whether it is a stock panic, a bad cold or, as in this case, an affair of the heart. And radio, that great new American institution, can rightfully claim that it has done its part in furnishing impetus to keep the parsons busy and the Lohengrin wedding march a popular tune. As a matter of fact, when you come down to it, radio is one of the best little aids to courtship that Old Dame Nature and her special agent, Dan Cupid, ever had.

At this point some perverse and argumentative soul, with a pocketful of statistics, may step up and say that the figures on marriages show that the custom of joining in holy matrimony is dying out, that the boys and girls think it too old-fashioned or expensive, or something. He may pull out one of his deadly graphs on me and try to show that, although radio has been popular for the past six or seven years, the curve indicates that marriages continue to drop off.

But will I be nonplussed? Will I bow down before his silly old graph, admit the fallacy of my statements and cease writing this splendid article? On the contrary: with unerring strategy, I shall concede his major premise that, as his curve indicates, marriages are less frequent; then, continuing with my article, I shall go on to prove, to his utter demolition, that marriages would have been still less frequent, had it not been for the coming of that great new life-moulding influence, radio.

Remember the Early Days?

Remember the early days of radio, when crystal sets and earphones were the latest thing? There were deadly instruments for you! Of a Wednesday evening a fellow would get a shave, a shine and a dash of Keepcomb, and drop in to see little Penelope—just a friendly call, you know, with maybe a kiss or two as the evening waxed.

But there was Penelope with a brand new crystal receiver, and no help for it but to get together and jiggle the cat's whisker to bring in a station or two. With heads touching and only one earphone where two might well have been, it wasn't very long before the tingle of her hair on his cheek made him tell her, to the tune of a throbbing fox trot in his ear, how very much he cared, and Dan Cupid, the victory won, sang a paean of praise to the fair

(Continued on page 42)
Consider the Actor:

Every Show a First Night on Radio

By HERBERT DEVINS

Consider the actor.

He needs consideration—in radio. The lowliest trouper on the three-a-day dreams some day to see his name in electric lights on Broadway. This is something tangible and real: the flashing lights that spell his name can be looked at and remembered.

But then his radio struggle is just beginning. The climax of his stage career is just the starting signal for offers from the radio studios. And this way leads to despair.

For here there are no blinding lights to remind the audience who plays the part. Just a simple announcement of the actor's name, slid gently through a gleaming disc to disappear forever into the blackness of the night—like trying to write his name in water, or the forgetful sand.

Consider the actor's plight. He hopes to win a nationwide audience with only one performance—and every performance is a "first night" on radio. There are no runs and no printed programs to be taken home for remembrance. The show does not go on before packed houses brought there by the enthusiasm of previous audiences. Just one brief hour or less in a single evening that is crowded with other features, all clamoring for a chance to impress their own particular message upon the listener's memory and few actually doing so.

And yet consider the actor's hope. He knows that this same forgetful microphone is the avenue to greater audiences in a single night than can be crowded into a Broadway playhouse in a year's successful run.

No wonder he thirsts for just the chance to try his skill in winning this wayward host of slipper-clad, comfortable stay-at-homes. They're all human, he knows, and subject to the same emotions at their firesides that they experience in any theater. Perhaps he may be able to touch the secret spring that enables his voice to wring their hearts.

And if he wins—what need then of electric lights down a side street off Broadway? Then the greatest audience in the world will be his—and ten million Americans can't be wrong.

Every actor feels that no one yet has realized the full possibilities of radio. There have been several major triumphs, it is true, but even the heroes and heroines of these shiver to think of their fate had they not earned the right to follow up their advantage in further broadcasts.

Shipwreck Tale Enjoyed

Already the dramatic studios of the NBC in New York have their legends of signal triumphs. Perhaps the greatest of these was scored by one who is not even an actor—"Red" Christiansen, the hero of the famous Galapagos broadcast, which radio listeners demand to hear repeated at least once every year. He was the sole survivor of a shipwreck on the Galapagos Islands, and recreates his Robinson Crusoe adventures in intensely dramatic style.

Another ray of hope to the despairing radio actor is the success of Rosaline Greene, Eveready's leading lady,
who recently repeated her famous radio portrayal of the historic "Joan of Arc."

Few Real Air Personalities

Besides these, there are only a few really outstanding air personalities, who can be numbered almost on any one's two hands. There are only a few who have really succeeded in carving their names in the ether, so to speak. Harvey Hays, Pedro de Cordoba, Frank Moulan, Charles Webster, Arthur Allen, Alfred Shirley, Loren Raker, Helene Handin, Marcella Shields, Florence Malone and Virginia Gardiner head the list.

A few more, of course, have succeeded in varying degrees in the difficult task of making their voices alone present a vivid personality through millions of loudspeakers from coast to coast. These are the ones with little black stars after their names in the "theatrical bible of the air," the radio who's who, under lock and key in the casting offices of the NBC.

There are five black books of them already, these classified lists of eligible actors for parts in radio dramatizations. Practically all the important names of the American theater are there, with a condensed report of their auditions, and a summary of their stage records. That's why they're kept under padlock, to protect the findings of radio casting directors who listened critically to trial broadcasts that got only as far as the audition chambers—just beyond a soundproof glass window, usually.

None of these "perfect radio voices" was acquired by accident. They were developed through gruelling years in the theater, by learning every trick of inflection and modulation which might help to intensify the emotions evoked by the lines.

Fifteen years ago this same Harvey Hays was on the stage, winning stardom in such outstanding hits as "Lord and Lady Algy," in which he appeared with Maxine Elliott and William Faversham; in "Romeo and Juliet" with Ethel Barrymore, and with Tyrone Power in "The Servant in the House."

On Radio While on Broadway

Pedro de Cordoba, heard weekly as the narrator of the Westinghouse Salute, kept his Broadway appearances running concurrently with his radio performances. He was with Jane Cowl in "The Road to Rome" and more recently in "See Naples and Die," by Elmer Rice, who also wrote the Pulitzer prize play, "Street Scene."

One actor, who is heard in broadcasts of NBC light opera and productions of the Radio Guild, played with both Sarah Bernhardt and Walter Hampden. His name is Ted Gibson, and he also played the lead in that great Broadway hit, "Turn to the Right." Before that he played in works of Anne Nichols, of "Abie's Irish Rose" fame.

Charles Webster, who created for the radio such characters as Cyrano de Bergerac and Beau Brummel, has also repeated the role he created on Broadway, that of Halmer in Ibsen's "Doll's House." He continues to distinguish himself with the Radio Guild, NBC's laboratory of classic radio drama, directed by Vernon Radcliffe.

Regular members of the cast for Radio Guild productions include such noted footlight artists as Charles Warner, distinguished Shakesperian actor who headed his own company abroad; Josephine Hull from the Theater Guild; Peggy Allenby, former star of "Among the Married;" Alma Kruger, from Eva le Gallienne's company, the Civic Repertory; Etienne Girardot, Frohman star who created the lead in "Charley's Aunt"—but why go on?

Face New Problem

They're faced with an entirely different problem now. Not that they're all discouraged. Harry Neville, who is the Dudley Digges of the air, says he thoroughly enjoys the irony of playing in one performance, to nearly half the worldwide audience that he's played to in forty years of trouping around the globe.

Arthur Allen, who spent years on the legitimate stage, has found a most successful outlet for his talents in radio. He has established a reputation as one of the leading character actors to appear before the microphone. His work in the Soconyland Sketches, Retold Tales and as Gus in the Schradertown Program will be vividly recalled by all who have heard these hours. He likes radio broadcasting and is exceedingly happy in his work.

But still they miss the electric lights. So next time there's drama on the air—consider the actor.

Philo Hour Moves to CBS

The Philco Hour of Theatre Memories, which has been a feature on WJZ for over two years, will move to the Columbia chain after January 1. It is said that a different type of program will be broadcast, one featuring an orchestra and a different Broadway celebrity each week. None of the old Philco cast, which included Jessica Dragonnelle as leading lady and Colin O'More as leading man, will change with the Hour, but Henry M. Neely, the "Old Stager," will conduct the program.
Achieves Stardom In Few Months

Virginia Gardiner, Actress, Came Into Radio Field by Way of Concert Platform

ALTHOUGH she has been appearing before the microphone for only about three months, Miss Gardiner has in that brief time achieved stardom in her own right. She comes from a distinguished Philadelphia family. She studied voice with Mme. Marcella Sembrich, at the Curtis Institute of Music in the Quaker City. Her voice is a dramatic soprano. She was invited to sing grand opera with a Pennsylvania organization, but declined in order to continue her dramatic work. Miss Gardiner lives quietly with her family in New York. Hers is a vibrant personality, glowing with latent fire. She has been heard on Mystery Hour, Westinghouse Salute, Great Northern, Empire Builders, Triadrama Radio Guild, The Eternal Question and Famous Challenges, all NBC programs.
"SLUMBER MUSIC" is it? Why I'd stay up all night to listen, if they'd play that long!"

That's the comment of one discriminating listener on the alleged soporific effect of the NBC's nightly "Slumber Hour."

The great majority of listeners find the late broadcast soothing. They say the placid depth of the master works presented lulls away the cares of the day and prepares them for a restful sleep. This program is even changing the habits of some of the early-to-beds. Expert musicians, however, have discovered that the "Slumber Hour" group is a complete little symphony of unusual versatility.

Just glance at the members of the orchestra—the original "Slumber Hour" group now in their third year of nightly broadcasts. The secret of their never-failing popularity is now revealed—they're a group of the finest musicians in the NBC's big symphony orchestra.

Ludwig Laurier, the conductor, is a former first violin and orchestra manager from the Metropolitan Opera during Toscanini's reign.

Raphael Galindo, violinst, comes from the Madrid Symphony Orchestra, and is a featured soloist in his own right with the Russian Cathedral Choir on the air Sunday nights.

Angelo Sasso, violin, is a pupil of the great Kneisel and a star performer in radio symphonies.

Samuel Zimbalist, viola virtuoso, is the brother of Efrem Zimbalist, but hides the fact in order to win recognition on his own.

Oswald Mazzucchi, 'cello, is a former solo 'cellist of the Philharmonic Orchestra.

Milan Smolen, piano, is a versatile genius who was chosen as entr'acte soloist for the Radio Guild. Every time he plays a solo over the air there is a deluge of admiring letters from professional pianists. Robert Braine, another pianist who sometimes plays on the hour, is well known as a composer.

Carl Weber, organ, has displayed masterly musician-ship in designing special arrangements of gigantic works which enabled the group to play them without loss of effect.

These are the men who have played a full hour every night for the last 700 nights, without interruption except for Sundays and emergencies, such as the Democratic and Republican National Conventions.

Yet these same men frequently take part in broadcasts of jazz music under another name—with what a difference! Nothing slumbrous about them then, as they sit perched on the edge of their chairs swaying to the syncopated rhythm of Broadway's latest dance tunes.
Ten minutes later they occupy important places in a full radio symphony orchestra, or take part in a grand opera or light opera presentation. Perhaps they are heard as unknown soloists in a straight concert program, but more frequently appear as featured artists, playing concertos from the pen of master composers.

Put Radio Stations to Bed

But they all prefer the "Slumber Hour." With this they "put to bed" a long list of radio stations associated with NBC—by playing their own favorite selections.

Very often their programs are made up entirely of selections specifically requested by the radio audience. According to Director Laurier, Rubinstein's "Kammennoi Ostrow" is the most frequently requested number. Two Schubert favorites are next, he says, the "Ave Maria" and "Serenade."

It must be understood, however, that their programs are made up in advance; as much as four and five weeks before the actual date of broadcasting. Then, too, they must avoid all danger of monotony from too-frequent repetition of the greatest favorites, so this explains the apparent failure to grant some requests. All letters from the Slumber Hour audiences are carefully studied as representing a cross-section of the most highly-cultured and discriminating listeners. These are the sort of people attracted by such music, and their express wishes are granted as soon and as often as possible.

Some of the letters received by Director Laurier and Announcer Milton Cross (who frequently sings the "Slumber Song" at the beginning and end) are highly interesting.

One of the biggest Chicago hotels reports that it would lose some of its important patrons if it failed to receive the "Slumber Music." This hotel emphasizes a home-like, friendly atmosphere, and provides a cozy nook with comfortable chairs and dim lights for the nightly gathering of regular guests who never miss the late-hour broadcast before retiring to their rooms.

Changes Lady's Schedule

A certain lady in Philadelphia, now advanced in years, writes that, since hearing the "Slumber Hour," she has given up her long-established practice of retiring early, but has to make up for it by taking a nap earlier in the evening. She says this enables her to stay up long enough to hear the entire program without upsetting the schedule of rest required by her health.

A minister stationed in the backwoods of Canada says that now he, too, remains awake longer than had been his wont just to hear the "Slumber Music," but that he makes up for it by sleeping-in one hour later the next morning. Many letters received are in the nature of good-humored complaints about the broadcast "keeping them up too late," and many others seriously request some measure which would bring the program to them at an earlier hour.

One message from Pittsburgh was signed by eighteen different people, who described themselves as students, complimenting the NBC on the high musical quality of this hour and suggesting certain selections to be included in future broadcasts. Every one of the numbers listed reflected a highly-cultured musical taste, and indicated an unusual degree of discrimination on the part of the authors of the joint communication.

Meanwhile, Ludwig Laurier spends hours each day wandering among the shelves of the NBC's great music library, picking out the world's greatest classics for presentation by his competent group. Then another hour of intensive rehearsal on that night's program, which was made up weeks before, and the "Slumber Hour" is ready for the air.

It is significant to note that the theme melody of this program, "Slumber On," heard at the opening and closing of each broadcast, is the creation of two men identified with radio programs from the earliest days of WJZ. They are Keith McLeod and Walter Preston. McLeod is now musical supervisor of the NBC, and Preston is a baritone soloist featured on many NBC programs.

MOONLIGHT SONATA

(Inspired by Robert Braine's Solo on the "Slumber Hour")

By ALICE REMSEN

A White Witch is dancing on the water,
A witch with silver arms;
Spray is dripping from her moon-drenched fingers,
O, White Witch, cast your spell upon me;
Bewilder my senses with your beauty
Before the dawn breaks my enchantment,
Kiss me, O White Witch;
Shower me with silver diamonds from your hair;
Lead me up the shimmering path that burnishes the water;
Lead wings to my feet,
That I may catch the fringe of your ecstasy
Before it passes beyond my reach.
MR. Fussy Fan Admits that He is a "High Brow"

By Fussy Fan

For the past five years I have been a radio addict. That is the term that best describes a radio listener of the category into which I fall. With me, listening has been practically an obsession. It took hold of me in much the same manner that golf makes its inroads on its hapless victims. When I tuned in a distant station at Northfield, Minn., on my first set, I received a thrill as great as that enjoyed by the new golfer who, for the first time, sees one of his drives sail far away over the hill. It is a thrill that gets you.

However, I have always been able to take my radio or leave it alone. I have no sympathy with the calamity howlers who continually complain about the poor programs they get on the radio. In the first place, I try never to lose sight of the fact that all of these entertaining and educational programs come to me absolutely free of charge. Secondly, I realize that I can always exercise one of radio's most admirable prerogatives—that of tuning out any undesirable program by a mere twist of the dial.

My introduction to radio took place about five years ago, when I went to Station WEAF, then at 195 Broadway, New York, to hear and see a friend of mine, a tenor, broadcast a fifteen-minute program of songs. It was all very novel and fascinating. I soon became intensely interested and bought a four-tube reflex receiver. To me that set seemed little short of marvelous, although, as time went on and certain refinements and improvements were introduced into radio receivers, I began to realize that my set was not exactly the finest thing of its kind.

In those days, as many will recall, programs were on a lower plane than they are today. The principal reason for this was that, as yet, commercially sponsored broadcasts had not become general. Radio was still a great toy. Singers and musicians of all ranks were only too glad to contribute their talents in order to experiment with this new medium of artistic expression. Some of these experiments proved to be happy ones but, on the other hand, many of them turned out rather unfortunately. Inasmuch as few artists were being paid for their services, many crimes were, of necessity, countenanced in the name of radio.

In Purely Experimental Stage

However, radio in those days was in a purely experimental stage. As yet no definite radio technic had been evolved, and little had been learned of the real possibilities of this new medium. For this reason, the majority of programs consisted of vocal or

[Image: The Clicquot Club Eskimos, Whose Dance Music I Enjoy]
instrumental recitals and lectures of various kinds. Very often these seemed interminable, but they were listened to with remarkable patience because of the element of novelty involved.

What has always seemed rather paradoxical to me is the fact that radio listeners, who were paying nothing at all for their air entertainment, gradually became more particular about the kind of programs they heard over the ether. I was no exception at that time—although I have since become more philosophical on the subject. My taste in radio programs steadily became more exacting. Soon I reached the point where I became annoyed and often indignant at programs of inferior quality that were broadcast by the big chains. As a result, I was branded a "high brow" by my less particular friends. If a desire to hear good music rendered artistically stamps one as a "high brow", then I plead guilty to the charge.

There were many programs from which I used to derive a real thrill in the early days of radio. These included the Eveready Hour, Roxy's Gang, Maxwell House Hour under Nathan Shilkret's direction, the Royal Hour with its musical comedy hero and heroine, the Gold Dust Twins, the A. & P. Gypsies, the Silver Masked Tenor, the Landay Revelers with Norman Brokenshire announcing, the Happiness Boys and the WEAF operatic productions under Cesare Sodero's direction.

In those days WEAF was generally conceded to be the pioneer station and for a long time held the lead in program presentations. However, WJZ forged ahead rapidly and soon reached the point where it gave WEAF the keenest kind of competition. Regrettably enough, such rivalry no longer exists between these two stations, inasmuch as the same artists appear on both chains. If the old spirit of rivalry had been maintained, the present standard of programs would doubtless have been much higher.

**Announcer's Part Important**

The part played by the announcer in the programs of the early days was exceedingly important, I am told. Upon his shoulders fell the task of taking a number of diversified features and welding them into a strong unit. He had no written continuity to read from, as he now does, and so he was compelled to rely almost entirely upon his own personality to put across the program. Those were great days. They developed a group of brilliant announcers who came to mean as much to radio as some of its biggest program features.

To my mind, the greatest staff of all-around announcers ever assembled by one station was the quartet that served WJZ in the early days. This group included Norman Brokenshire, than whom there is none than-whomer, Milton J. Cross, Lewis Reid and the late John B. Daniel. The latter was one of the finest extemporaneous announcers that radio has ever had. He had an easy flow of language, his diction was excellent and he presented his ideas clearly and logically. Radio lost one of its shining lights as a result of his untimely passing.

The WEAF favorites at that time were Graham McNamee and Phillips Carlin, who were often referred to as "the twins," because of the similarity in the sound of their voices over the air, Leslie Joy, James Haupt, Ralph Wentworth and Arnold Morgan. Of these, McNamee is still one of radio's headliners. I understand that Carlin announces occasionally, but is principally occupied with executive duties. Joy is also kept busy in the business end of broadcasting. The rest have wandered into other fields of activity, mostly in connection with radio.

In any discussion of announcers, Tommy Cowan, of WNYC, must not be overlooked. He was one of the real pioneers. He started announcing with WJZ in the days when its studio was located in Newark. He has been the moving spirit of New York's municipal station for a number of years. He combines a thorough musical knowledge with a ready wit and an attractive radio voice and personality. In my opinion, he still ranks as one of the best.

In those early days, programs were largely musical in character. Gradually a hue and cry was raised by newspaper critics for more showmanship and originality in radio. As a result, the big chains set about creating new types of programs. Slowly but surely the number of straight dramatic programs increased, until now the ether is crowded with offerings that have varying degrees of merit—mostly quite poor.

**Too Much Drama on Air**

I feel that today there are entirely too many dramatic programs on the air. While I recognize the fact that a dramatic sketch has definite entertainment value, based largely on its continuity of idea, I believe that it likewise loses a large portion of its audience for that very reason. I know that I—and the same holds true of many of my friends—often like to listen to my radio more or less subconsciously, while dining or playing bridge, for instance. At such times I could not possibly give the attention that
is required to enjoy properly a dramatic program.

For this reason, I venture the humble prediction that the program pendulum will swing slowly backward, perhaps not to where it was before, but at least to a point that will be a compromise between the old order and the new. At such a time I believe we will have the pleasure of hearing a happy blending of musical and dramatic features on each program.

When it comes to music, I prefer the classics to jazz every time. Not that I condemn jazz. On the contrary, I like it immensely, when it is well done, as in the case of Gershwin’s “Rhapsody in Blue.” I believe, though, that this composition is so soundly constructed that it will eventually come to be regarded as a classic.

My preference for classical music is attributable largely, I believe, to the fact that it has real lasting power, due to its firm musical foundation. Most of the modern jazz is ground out so rapidly and haphazardly, by men who have no musical background whatever, that it is no wonder it soon palls on us radio listeners when it is dinned into our ears morning, noon and night.

Many of the jazz tunes are either stolen or borrowed from the classics, but I do not believe that even the classics themselves would stand the strain of such severe maltreatment. I hope the day will come when the broadcasting of all songs will be regulated by either the composer or the publisher for his own good. Only then will we be able to listen to the radio without becoming thoroughly disgusted at having banal tunes figuratively thrust down our throats until we turn off the radio in disgust.

The part that radio plays today in religious, educational and amusement fields is truly amazing. From a novelty of questionable value, it has come to be almost a household necessity. Nor have its possibilities been fully realized. It has been a great boon to shut-ins and a source of enjoyment to millions.

So many of the present day programs attain a high degree of excellence that it is difficult to select the outstanding ones. However, I think that radio—if by no other way—justifies its existence alone by bringing to the masses the beautiful music of our major symphony orchestras. I believe the results of these concerts are being seen in a steady improvement in the musical taste of our people.

Of the regular programs on the air, there are a few that, to me, are eminently superior. The Palmolive Hour, for one, has an array of talent that might well be termed “the aristocracy of the air.” It manages to afford me great pleasure, even though its commercial credits detract immeasurably. Other favorite broadcasts of mine are Amos ’n’ Andy, whose negro characterizations, I think, are remarkable; Main Street Sketches; the Nit Wit Hour, one of the most gorgeous bits of fooling on the air; the True Story Hour; Slumber Hour; Hank Simmons’ Showboat and the various programs of grand and light opera.

When I want to hear good dance music, I listen to the Lucky Strike Orchestra, which includes in its ranks about all of the leading jazz virtuosos; the famous independent orchestra, Sam Lannin’s Ipana Troubadors, and the Clicquot Club Eskimos. All this vogue about Rudy Vallee impresses me as “much ado about nothing.” I like the way he puts over a song but, so far as I can see, that lets him out. However, more power to him in capitalizing his talents before his popularity wanes.

Milton Cross My Favorite

Milton Cross still remains my favorite announcer, particularly for concert and operatic programs. He is dignified, scholarly and possesses a musical background that manifests itself advantageously in any program he announces. He heartily agreed from the first with the decision of the American Academy of Arts and Letters to award him the gold medal for having the best diction of any announcer on the air. Certainly no one was more deserving of the honor.

For sporting events I prefer Ted Husing, who, by the way, started at WJZ shortly after the quartet of announcers to which I referred earlier. He knows his subject and his rapid-fire observations enable one to follow the contest easily and accurately. He never becomes so emotional that his account of the contest becomes incoherent.

While I have never been a devotee of Graham McNamee, I admire his enthusiasm. When it is kept within bounds it is quite infectious. I thought he did a singularly fine piece of work in connection with the recent Light’s Golden Jubilee broadcast. He seemed to appreciate that he was seeing history in the making and succeeded in painting the impressive picture very well for the listeners.

I have always enjoyed Norman Brokenshire’s work. I understand that he was one of the last to give in to the changing order for announcers, by which they turned from extemporaneous announcing to the reading of prepared continuities. As a result, his work has necessarily been robbed of much of its charming spontaneity and individuality, but he still is one of the outstanding personalities of the ether. Among the other announcers whose work I particularly enjoy are Alois Havrilla, Curt Peterson, Perry Charles and David Ross.

Among my pet radio aversions I number Roxy, wise-cracking announcers, whispering baritones and all contralto crooners excepting Vaughn de Leath.

I have often wondered what the future holds for radio broadcasting. It has always been my contention that the entire business operates on the wrong basis. The listeners

(Continued on page 46)
Radio Boasts Own Dramatic Star
Rosaline Greene Was the First Actress to Confine Her Activities to Broadcasting

While at college Miss Greene became leading lady of WGY players, a pioneer group whose weekly radio plays were an outstanding attraction in the early days of broadcasting. For three years she appeared weekly in a full-length drama. This afforded her an opportunity to play every type of character. In 1926 she was awarded the Radio World's Fair prize for having the most perfect radio voice. Miss Greene has devoted her efforts entirely to radio, except for a brief engagement on the stage in "The Pearl of Great Price." She is leading lady for the Eveready Hour, on which she has appeared as Joan of Arc, Evangeline and other famous characters. She has been heard on a number of other programs. She was born in Hempstead, L. I., on December 3, 1905.
BROWNE and His Banjo Moulded Career Together

By ROBERT TAPLINGER

OH, SUSANNA, Now Don't You Cry for Me; I've Come From Alabama Wid My Banjo on My Knee.

So sang a young soldier of the American forces in Cuba in '98. If the entertainer had been a bit more accurate he would have sung, "I've Come From Massachusetts Wid My Banjo on My Knee," for the Berkshire Hills were the home of Harry C. Browne and his stringed instrument, now popular with the radio audience through his frequent appearances in programs of the Columbia chain. "Hank Simmons's Showboat" is probably the most outstanding of these programs.

This young man and his banjo were boon companions. In school Browne was a football player of renown, and in the earlier days of this sport's popularity it was no use to play the banjo. The scars of battle were numerous.

Though quite adept at baseball, he did not play because he feared that he would injure his fingers. With disabled digits Harry realized that he would be unable to strum the accompaniment to his vocal efforts. The banjo evidently appreciated the sacrifice made for it and, in return, provided the means of procuring spending money, namely by entertaining the townspeople.

The Browne family was not at all enthusiastic about the son's strenuous activities as a minstrel. The father had attained only partial success with the burned cork and pictured his "pride and hope" as a prosperous member of the Bar. Without consideration for his decided protests they made plans for his education in law. For a few months he attempted to wade through Blackstone and the lesser lights.

The call to arms in 1898 was pleasant music to his ears. He now had a most excellent excuse for dropping his law. Soon he and his banjo formed a very definite part of army life at the training camp. The Second Massachusetts Regiment was in Florida within three weeks' time.

Great Success as Entertainer

Harry's success as an entertainer was soon firmly established. In Cuba he was always in demand to play for the officers, and in this way he escaped many of the tasks that his less talented companions performed as part of the daily routine of army life. Despite his release from these duties, his part in warfare was an active one. He was there when his company led the way in capturing El Canal. In the rush to disembark at Baire, he forgot even his precious banjo.

Browne returned home so thin that, as he puts it, "I scarcely cast a (Turn to page 44)
Metropolitan Star Puts Stamp of Approval On Radio

By WILLIE PERCEVAL-MONGER

Radio broadcasting has been a little severe on opera stars. It has turned the fierce light of magnification on their vocal faults but, at the same time, it has emphasized, in a most favorable manner, the beauties of a good voice. Sound vocal production has always been enhanced by the radio.

If an artist is able to "deliver the goods," without unnecessary display of bad taste or temperament, remembering that he or she has no stage spectacle, no friendly audience, no striking appearance nor claque of horse-handed galleryites to assist him, then the radio and its vast audience have been kind to that artist. But, stripped of all the trappings, of the sentiment, of the color, of the sight of a great orchestra competently directed, the artist singing over the radio faces a problem entirely different from operatic presentation. Here only vocal merit tells. Everything considered, radio treats the true operatic artist handsomely.

On the other hand, how does a great operatic star regard radio? A famous singer who, stripped of all operatic embellishments, remains a vivid personality—one who has reached the heights largely through the medium of a gorgeous voice and her own real charm—was approached on the question.

Lucrezia Bori, who is perhaps the ideal prima donna and is certainly one of the most popular stars of all time, likes radio, both from the angle of a pioneer broadcaster and an enthusiastic listener.

Received Many Letters

"I like radio broadcasting enormously," she told me the other day. "I think it is the best reproducing medium we have. And I have received so many thousands of pleasing letters from great distances. Instead of the applause that is generally, I am very happy to say, bestowed upon me, I receive stacks of charming letters from, how do you say, 'radio fans', and I am going to preserve them all and re-read them long after the echo of the opera house applause has died away.

"It was a little difficult for me at first, because I missed seeing my audience. I like to note the expressions on the faces of my friends and to watch them, at the close of an act, as they turn to each other and say nice things when I have had a success. I like, too, to hear the rustle of the programs.

"According to my contract with the Metropolitan, I am allowed to sing only twice a year over the radio, with the Atwater Kent and the Victor companies, but I am very proud of my contract with the Metropolitan Opera Company and, after all, one cannot have everything.

"I will sing 'Louise' in January for the first time, and I am very excited, of course, over the prospect, as I like the work.

"Do you know that Vincenzo Bori, my brother, attends all my opera performances, and he is at once my best friend and severest critic?" The singer here laughed a little at her lack of originality.

Obliging and Agreeable

For a person of her attainments Lucrezia Bori is very obliging and agreeable to interview. Whether in her splendid apartment in a New York hotel or walking up Fifth Avenue, she is always very informal, and Rowdy, her very Irish terrier, joins with her in extending a welcome.
Her salon contains paintings of herself by the world's most famous artists. When this fact was pointed out, Miss Bori laughed gaily; "You see, I like myself!" she said. The piano is decorated by large autographed photographs of their Majesties the King and Queen of Spain, each bearing an affectionate greeting. "Yes, they like me too!" she said with quiet simplicity.

"Yes, I really enjoy radio broadcasting," she went on. "John McCormack and I were the first people of our rank to sing over the air. This was back in 1925. The response after that concert was quite overwhelming; I received more than 50,000 requests for autographs and photographs.

"I have no favorite role, and I do not diet. I take proper exercise, of course. I have sung thirty-five different roles, and I like them all. Some of my friends like to see me in special roles, but I remain loyal to all my characters, and impartial. I am not in love with anyone; I'm in love with my work, you see. Whether I get married or not does not depend upon my own decision." (Another mysterious little laugh.)

Miss Bori is a slender lady, with dark, luminous eyes and a dazzling smile. Around her centers one of the most tragic stories of all opera—the loss of her magnificent voice.

There is little theatricalism connected with Miss Bori. She has very expressive hands, and she calls them into play now and then to emphasize a point.

"My early training as a girl, walked around with all the traditions of old Castile, served me faithfully during my entire career," she continued. "I do not waste my energy in useless worry and in foolish posings. There were many dark months when I was not permitted to talk or to sing a single note, but I did not lose faith that some day my voice would be restored to me. I believe in God and, like most of my race, I have quite a little belief in luck. But it was my belief in a divine purpose that gave me the strength to carry on.

"Early in my life I had to battle with my family for permission to become an opera singer. My father was my only ally, and I finally persuaded him to let me go to Rome to study. It was in Rome, after four months of study, that I sang "Miracle in Carmen," and the people liked me. Other works in the Italian repertoire followed and in April, following my debut at Rome, I sang at the San Carlo Opera House in Naples, which was my most important engagement up to that time.

"Ricordi, the Italian music publisher, heard me sing and sent a complimentary message back. It was he who arranged that Puccini should also hear me, and then Gatti-Casazza and Toscanini. They came all the way from Paris to Milan to hear me. Then I sang Puccini's Manon Lescaut opposite Caruso in Paris. I had good success and was acclaimed as a 'discovery of Puccini'.

"I came to America first in 1912, and it was in 1915 that an operation on my vocal cords became necessary, and I found I could not sing." (A long silence followed).

"It is terrible to be a singer and not be allowed to sing—not a single note. It is like being stricken suddenly with blindness when all the world is flooded with sunshine. The rebuilding of my voice was a slow and laborious process, but in 1918 and 1919 I was able to sing again in Monte Carlo. It was not until 1921 that I felt strong enough and sure enough of my voice to return to the Metropolitan, and my first role after my return was Mimi in La Bohème".

Miss Bori speaks Spanish, of course, and is equally voluble in Italian and French. She talks English rapidly but, when a word fails her, lapses into French. She explains how she learned the English language here in America.

With a gracious word of thanks to the interviewer, she disappeared, smiling, into an inner room.

Superb in Manon

Of the many roles that Miss Bori is called upon to portray during the course of a season at the Metropolitan, it is my opinion that she excels as Manon in Massenet's opera of that name. Not only is she an excellent actress, but her voice is ideally suited to the beautiful music and her personal charm and pulchritude combine to create a sympathetic atmosphere that is in keeping with the story. She may create many characters during her operatic career, but I do not ever expect to be thrilled as greatly as I was when I saw her in Manon. She was superb.

Critical Note on "The Messiah"

On the Sunday before Christmas the NBC made a contribution to the holiday season in the form of a performance of Handel's famous oratorio, The Messiah. It was a most commendable production. The orchestra was under the direction of Graham Harris, who gave an exceptionally fine reading of the score. The work of the Sixteen Singers as the ensemble was excellent. Their diction was particularly good.

The soloists call forth further superlatives. Lewis James, tenor, sang the aria "Every Valley Shall Be Exalted" with magnificent style, phrasing and vocal finish. While he has done praiseworthy work in many varied forms, it is to be doubted if he ever shone to such great advantage as on this occasion. The other soloists were equally capable. Elizabeth Lennox, contralto, sang with her usual richness and finesse. Theodore Webb, baritone, sang beautifully and authoritatively, and Genia Zielinska, soprano, contributed a musically interpretation. In all, it was a performance that left little to be desired.—W. H. P.
Merle Johnston Succeeds by Virtue of His "SAX" Appeal

By JEANETTE BARNES

MERLE JOHNSTON and the saxophone have become almost synonymous along broadcasters' row. While Merle thinks the saxophone made him, some critics claim that he made the instrument. At any rate, their arrival in public favor was almost simultaneous.

It was in 1922 that Johnston spent long, weary weeks tramping Broadway and searching vainly for a friendly face. Finally he joined a jazz band as saxophonist and toured the country. He returned to New York and subsequently was engaged to play in a night club.

The great possibilities of the saxophone were first brought to his attention by the trap drummer in this night club. Merle had never before associated the saxophone with anything but jazz. However, from that moment he became a man possessed of a single idea, namely, to lift the saxophone to the level of other solo instruments.

"I had to go about my task alone," he says. "The instrument was so heartily despised that in the entire world there was no master to whom I could apply for instruction. The saxophone then was a favorite of only the jazz-hungry element, and nobody ever dreamed that it could be converted into an instrument for playing the classics."

In order to accomplish his task, Merle studied and dissected music in much the same way that a great surgeon studies the most difficult case. He bought phonograph records made by the world's finest musicians, and listened to them by the hour, carefully noting how each tone and nuance was produced.

Found Saxophone Flexible

Then followed a long period of diligent practicing, during which he attempted to put into his saxophone playing the same expression, warmth and beauty of tone that these musically great did on their solo instruments. He found the saxophone to be as flexible as the human voice and,

(Continued on page 43)
Will Radio Wonders Never Cease?

Invention of Left-handed Microphone Likely to Revolutionize Broadcasting

By L. B. HANSOM
Manager of Plants, Orchestrations and Rack Steering
Natural Broadcasting System

EDITOR'S NOTE—
We could not go to press without having a technical article for those of our readers who are so inclined, so we called upon L. B. Hansom to write about radio’s latest development. He has done so in a manner that leaves no doubt as to his fitness for the position he holds.

Radio engineers, ever alert to invent or develop new devices for the convenience of announcers, artists and others who present the broadcast offerings to the public, have made another great discovery. It is the left-handed microphone and it may safely be referred to as the most radical development in microcraftsmanship in the past three years.

In order to take this great step forward, it was necessary to take a step backward. Years of research have proved that it is impossible to develop a left-handed condenser microphone and that only the carbon type of "mike" could be used. Yet, so great is the superiority of the left-handed mike over the type generally in use that it has been considered practicable to junk the expensive condenser types. It has always been the policy of the Natural Broadcasting System to discard without hesitation hundreds of thousands of dollars’ worth of equipment if the public is to be benefitted in any way.

The secret of the left-handed microphone may be found in the shape of the tiny grains of carbon that give the carbon mike its name. In the old type microphone the bits of carbon were slightly longer than they were wide, the third dimension being indifferent. This caused the minute particles of carbon to revolve slowly to the right when agitated by a High C note or the mocking wails of a double bass.

Third Dimension Indifferent

In the new type the carbon particles are slightly wider than they are long, the third dimension remaining indifferent. This causes the particles to move in a left-handed direction. Another important phase of the new development is that the sex of the artist before the microphone has no effect whatsoever on the carbon contents.

While the average layman may wonder what difference this minor change in directional activity can make, to the engineer it is obvious. The tempo of the frequencies, which heretofore has been casual, is changed and the pitch co-efficient is greatly improved.

Another interesting angle is that each bit of carbon—

(Continued on page 41)
MAID for any MOOD

Twist your radio dial any way you choose, there’s always a lovely girl to entertain you. For instance, you’ll find a vivacious little beauty in Aline Berry (at left) on the Cub Reporter Hour, WEAF.

Or let chic, enticing Welcome Lewis (at right) croon you a soothing tune in her soft, appealing voice, as only Welcome can. She is heard over the NBC chain on any number of popular programs.

Mildred Bailey (above) WABC’s fine contralto, sings on the Paul Whiteman Hour. Paul likes her immensely, and you will, too.

For a sprightly gypsy gunde or a tender Spanish love lyric, listen to that versatile singer, the lovely Countess Alhambra, an NBC star (at right) on WEAF on Sunday evenings.

The bright-eyed lady at the right is Stephanie Diamond, whose thrilling work in dramatic roles over the CBS will delight you. A dynamic maid, if ever there was one.

A fine musician, Elizabeth Lenox (above) will charm you with the sheer beauty of her voice and the merit of her workmanship. Here is that rich contralto heard on the Palmolive Hour, usually in those excellent duets with Olive Palmer.

A cute little blonde is Mary McCoy (above) soprano on the Chase & Sanborn Hour and other NBC programs. Maybe you’ve seen her on Broadway in "A Wonderful Night".

And this lovely lady is Astrid Fjelde, statuesque Nordic blonde, who sings those beautiful but difficult arias over the NBC chain. A brilliant soprano, you’ll declare.
A VALLEEdictionary

By DALE WIMBROW

EVERY Mary, Jane and Sally
Raves about this Rudy Vallee;
All the magazines an' "tabs" are full of junk
'Bout the name that he's been gainin',
But, fer all o' the explainin',
'Twixt the two of us—the most of it is bunk.

I'm a friend o' bis, I'm hopin',
An', while others have been groppin'
Fer the reason, I have known it all along;
'Tain't bis looks, er sex-appelin',
Er the style the rest are stealin';
It's the plain an' simple way he sings a song.

While the rest of us were blowin',
This here Vallee guy was showin'
What it means to sing a song 'as she is writ';
Fer, with all this "boop-a-doopy,"
Folks got tired o' makin' whoopee
An' them soothin' songs jest had to be a bit.

Don't forget this, while you're readin',
That a thing this world is needin'
Is a little more politeness, man to man;
Vallee's style, while self-effacious,
Came just like a cool oasis
In a greedy, money-grubbin' desert land.

We don't like him, men are boastin',
But the cause of all the roasin'
Ain't his manner, er his method, er his curls;
'Taint his songs—though they are cleaner—
Er his voice, er his demeanor;
It's the flutter he has caused among the girls.

While we men take up the hammer
An' protest, an' "yip" an' "yammer,"
Our best girl friend tacks bis photo on the wall;
First we're cussin', then we're moonin',
He jest goes on softly croonin'—
Maybe Vallee is the wise guy after all.
MERE MAN Wins First Prize in RUDY VALLEE Contest

Flood of Letters from All Sections Testifies to Young Man's Popularity


ttLE did the editors of Radio Revue realize, when they planned this contest for letters on the reasons underlying Rudy Vallee's success, how universally popular is this young man. Letters poured in from all sides and from many sections. There were so many excellent ones that it was an extremely difficult task to select the best.

Ironically enough, the choice for the first prize letter finally centered on a mere man, Martin Hansen, of Decatur, Ill. His letter was selected chiefly because it displayed a keen insight into the enigma that Rudy Vallee presents. It was written in a delightfully informal style.

The second prize was awarded to Miss Catherine Oest, of Yonkers, N. Y. She, too, presented a capable analysis of the problem, one that differed somewhat from Mr. Hansen's theory, but was nevertheless logical and interesting.

It is only proper that some of the other outstanding letters should receive honorable mention.

Announcement of a new contest will be found on another page. We invite all of our readers to participate. Letters should reach the Radio Revue not later than January 20, 1930. Winners will be announced in the February issue.

First Prize Letter

When a hard-boiled ex-marine like myself sits down to write his explanation of Rudy Vallee's success, don't think for a minute that it's because I'm trying to kid you out of ten bucks in prize money. And when I start quoting scripture to prove my point, don't faint and say: "Here's a religious nut from the Bible belt." And when I mention the word "love" in capital letters, keep in mind that its 20 years since I read Elsie Dinmore.

Rudy Vallee is reaping the harvest of a seed that is seldom sown this day and age: LOVE. The good-looking little son-of-a-gun really and honestly LOVES his audience and his art. He LOVES to please listeners—LOVES it more than he does his name in the big lights, his mug in the papers. He loved all those unseen women as passionately as a voice can love, long before they began to pour and to caress him with two-cent stamps.

Here is that threatened quotation from Scripture: (I think it found in the 13th chapter of Second Corinthians.)

"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass or tinkling cymbal. LOVE vaunteth not itself, is not easily angered; doth not behave itself unseemly."

Modest and Unobtrusive

That's all I remember of the chapter, and I don't have a Bible handy to check up on it. But doesn't the second sentence of that quotation fit the I'll heartbreaker? Isn't he becomingly modest and unobtrusive?

As to the first part of the quotation: I break down here and confess that I am not only a hard-boiled ex-marine, but I am a veteran newspaper reporter and more recently a radio announcer. A blind guitar player, who became a radio entertainer quite inadvertently, started me thinking about this LOVE business as it concerns microphone personalities. Johnny Grassman is his name. To hear Johnny in the studio, you'd wonder how he ever got past the audition in the first place. Hear him on the air, and you don't think of whether he can sing with the guitar or not. He just goes you. Johnny LOVES to sing for people if they think they enjoy it. His sightless face lights up like a burning oil well when you hand him a bouquet of mail that has drifted in like a Dakota blizzard. And its not pride in his work, but LOVE for the other fellow. And Johnny started loving people, over the microphone he couldn't see, before he got his first letter.

Microphone Most Delicate

The microphone picks up something you can't hear, but you can feel. I think there must be a sort of telepathic current wave goes along with the radio wave, that talks folks that you are thinking of them while before the mike. If I'm tired or have just had a run-in with the boss, or I'm worried about the payments due on that automobile, and don't shake it before I face the old mike, I don't get the responses to my programs that I get when I'm feeling fit and just wanting to put the old program over for the folks.

You can get by without this thing called LOVE, and make a hit on the stage. I've seen it done. But if you get by its because you can screw your face into a synthetic smile and your eyes into a bugging twinkle. But you can't fool the mike. You can't fake the fringes of warmth of voice that say: "Folks I LOVE to do this for you, and I'm doing it, not because I'm afraid of going to the poorhouse if I don't get over."

Rudy Has Much Technical Skill

I'll leave it to Rudy Vallee himself to tell you whether this letter hits or misses . . . . as to the LOVE part. Of course, we must consider that Rudy does have a lot of technical skill to hook up with it. But the reason Rudy is so dog-gone modest about it all is that he knows he isn't as hot as some of our orchestras. And if he ever loses his head and starts LOVING himself instead of his audience, he'll very soon put a banana peel under his patent-leathered heel and go down lower than Joe and his bass horn in "Piccolo Pete." Tell him I said so. Tell him I'm not crazy about his music, but I'm for him because he's sincere—Martin Hansen, Decatur, Ill.

(Continued on page 47)
Dr. Robert A. Goetzl, the Viennese conductor who directed a performance of Johann Strauss’s “Die Fledermaus” given by the National Light Opera Company over an NBC chain last year, was engaged by the Messrs. Shubert to direct the forty-piece symphonic orchestra, which is playing for their revival of this Strauss operetta. It is called “A Wonderful Night” in this revival.

Dr. Goetzl has directed this operetta on numerous occasions in Europe. He acted in that capacity during the entire centennial celebration in honor of the composer, given in Vienna in 1925. In 1923 Dr. Goetzl was decorated by Queen Wilhelmina of Holland, after she had witnessed a performance of “Die Fledermaus” in Amsterdam, which he directed.

Kitty O’Neill, NBC mezzo-soprano, who is heard every morning with the After Breakfast Trio and also with the Philco Hour and the National Light Opera, tells this one on herself. When she was playing in “Rosalie,” the Ziegfeld production of last season, the famous Florenz took one look at Kitty’s slim figure and remarked, “My, what a lovely voice you must have.”

WNYC recently presented an unique artist, Mme. Caterina Marco, who at 77 years of age sings with a voice that is remarkably preserved. Mme. Marco is a contemporary of Adelina Patti and sang Micaela to Mme. Patti’s Carmen at the old Academy of Music. The New York critics were amazed at the still brilliant quality of Mme. Marco’s voice at a recent recital she gave in New York.

George F. McClelland, the popular vice-president of the NBC, “Jolly Bill” Steinke had the pleasure of seeing and hearing himself burlesqued by Ray Knight in “Jolly Bull and Little Pain.” “Jolly Bill” joined in the laugh on himself.

Arthur O. Bryan, the WOR announcer, was ordered out of the Court of Oyor and Terumier in Newark recently, when he said he bad scruples against convicting a man when capital punishment would be the penalty. Bryan was called as a talesman in the trial of three men who were under a murder indictment. Among the questions put to him by the prosecution was:

“How are you opposed to capital punishment?”

Bryan replied that he was.

“Get out of here. Get out of this court room. Get out of this building,” Judge Dallas Flannagan shouted. Bryan left.

There is a dark-eyed and quite beautiful young lady instrumentalist in one of the broadcasting studios, who when she gets tired, becomes excited and stutters. This is a recent conversation:

“Do you know a book called: “All cuck-cuck-cuck-o-quiet on the Wee-wee-wee-wee Western Front”? The other person said he did.

“And surely you have read: ‘P o o - p o o-p a-d o o p-p o o - p a d o o - p o o - p a d o o-p-o-o-h, pardon me,-p-o-o I mean ‘Possession.’ The other person had.

Flora Collins, mezzo-soprano well known to radio audiences, was chosen to sing the solo parts of Andre Caplet’s “Le Miroir de Jesus.” This work was done by the Adesdi Choir, under the direction of Margaret Dessoff, at Town Hall, on December 22. Miss Collins made her radio debut a few months ago (Continued on page 32)
ROMANCE and adventure have played a big part in the life of Harry Horlick, who is known to the radio audience principally as the conductor of the A. & P. Gypsies, one of the oldest and finest salon orchestras on the air. His rise has been comparatively rapid in recent years, but, before he came to this country, he suffered great hardships.

Harry lived in Russia during the turbulent times that witnessed the rise of Bolshevism. He was a native of the Black Sea district. His one pleasure in life was to play his violin, which many times he did in the face of much opposition. He was compelled to join the Bolshevik army and he served in it for a while. However, he seized the first opportunity to escape. That was in 1921. He made his way, with great difficulty, to Constantinople.

All Harry had was his violin. He had no friends and no money. He remained in Constantinople for about eight months, earning enough with his violin to pay his passage to the United States. He landed in New York with four or five of his countrymen. For a while he was in difficult straits, but he finally was engaged to play with the City Symphony, a new orchestra that was giving a number of concerts in and around New York.

Some time later Harry was employed, along with some of his compatriots, to play in a Russian club called Petrouschka. It was this engagement that indirectly brought him into radio. Someone who was interested in radio heard Harry and his Russians play their native music, as only they can play it, and brought them to the attention of the director of Station WEAF, which then was owned by the American Telephone & Telegraph Company.

Wanted Distinctive Feature

Just about that time the Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company was considering radio broadcasting as a new means of advertising its nationwide chain of stores and was looking for a feature that would be entirely distinctive. The WEAF authorities suggested Horlick's orchestra, which was summoned to play an audition. Needless to say, Harry did not know much about this new medium of musical expression but, after all, he felt, it might mean an engagement and a larger income.

The audition was all that it had been expected to be. Harry and his musicians played the wild gypsy melodies and the Russian and Hungarian folk tunes with fiery abandon, mingled with a pathetic and wistful quality that sprang from their longing for their native home. Their performance was so distinctly different from anything that had been heard in musical circles up to that time that they were immediately engaged to broadcast.

The A. & P. Gypsies, as they were christened, first appeared on the air in the Spring of 1924. Their programs were made up entirely of these Russian and Hungarian
melodies. Because of their freshness and peculiarly appealing quality, these songs immediately caught the public fancy. Many of these songs had never before been heard in this country. Harry had played them in Russia and had taught them to his men. Many of them later were written down and arranged. These have since become widely popular all over the country. They owe their introduction here to Harry Horlick.

**Personnel is Increased**

During the first year the Gypsies' most popular selections were "Black Eyes" and "Shadows of the Past." In 1925, "Dubinushka" was the favorite; in 1926, "Black Eyes," and in 1927 "The Old Forgotten Hungarian Song and Dance." Gradually the original five-man string ensemble began to grow. The repertoire was expanded, and so various other instruments were needed. More strings were added, then a woodwind or two, a flute, and a drummer who could play castanets and lend additional color to some of the compositions rendered.

By this time, the Gypsies had become definitely established as an outstanding radio feature. Satisfied that Harry Horlick and his musicians could play the typical Russian music better than any of their contemporaries, the radio audience gradually began requesting music that required a larger orchestra. So a brass section was added to the Gypsies and they made their debut as a full orchestra.

Their repertoire was greatly increased, enabling them to give a widely varied program. Although they still retained the characteristics of the original string ensemble, they were now able to play the more popular types of music and the more ambitious compositions. And still the listeners were not satisfied. They began asking for music that was in the province of a symphony orchestra. They wanted not only popular dance and novelty numbers but the great masterpieces as well.

So again the personnel of the Gypsies was increased. The orchestra grew in size until today it is a great symphonic body of twenty-six pieces, equipped to play anything in the realm of music. In recruiting his musicians, Harry Horlick has adhered to the same exacting standard that distinguished his ensemble in the early days. He points with pride to the high artistic status of his men—musicians who play regularly with the major symphony orchestras.

**Something of Gypsy About Him**

Harry is an interesting study. There seems still to be something of the gypsy about him. One moment he is alive and vibrant, breathing fiery brilliance into the interpretation of an Hungarian czardas, and the next instant he is painting a sombre and melancholy picture of old Russia through the medium of a folk song.

First, last and always he is a musician and a true artist. Little else matters in his life outside of his music. Since his orchestra has grown to such large proportions he no longer plays the violin regularly, inasmuch as directing demands his undivided attention. However, many times he cannot resist the temptation to seize the nearest violin and join his boys, as in the old days, while they play the now famous "Two Guitars," which has been the signature of the Gypsies' hour for years.

Harry is a graceful figure as he wields his baton. Of medium height and well proportioned, he seems quite young to be directing such a large orchestra. Although he often laughs and jokes with his men he asserts his authority, when the occasion demands, in a quiet but forceful way that leaves no doubt in the musician's mind as to who is in charge. He seems to live only for today and apparently has no fear of the future. It took care of him during all his trials and tribulations in Russia, so it is not likely to play him false now. All in all, he is one of the most interesting figures in radio circles.

**Announcing a New Department**

Beginning with the February issue, Radio Revue will inaugurate a column, entitled "The Oracle," in which it will answer any questions its readers may care to ask in connection with radio broadcasting and those on the air.
When the United States entered the World War, Frank Munn was assigned to duty in a shipyard as an expert mechanic. His beautiful, untrained voice was first heard at the shipyard patriotic exercises. One day on the job he met with a serious accident. His hand was so badly injured that he was compelled to forego mechanical work. While he was in the hospital, he was visited by Dudley Buck, noted voice teacher. Mr. Buck offered to train him for the concert stage. Frank accepted. After several years he was given a chance to make phonograph records, and was eminently successful. His next step was into radio broadcasting, and he is now exclusive tenor soloist on the Palmolive Hour, NBC. Frank is modest and unassuming, despite his success.
Static from the Studios

(Continued from page 28)

over Station WABC. She was immediately engaged for solo appearances on Grand Opera, Cathedral and Voice of Columbia radio hours.

It is too bad that announcers are not able to carry microphones around with them all the time. When an aeroplane fell on a roof near Central Park in New York City several weeks ago, Graham McNamee happened to be nearby and rushed to the scene of the excitement. A policeman, recognizing him, said: "Say, Mac, all we need is a mike and we could broadcast this to the whole world."

Frank Moulan, the noted comedian, recently received a fan letter from a girl in Pennsylvania, commenting on his work in the National Light Opera, NBC. She said she enjoyed his songs very much but asked him would be please sing something in his "natural voice." Frank is still wondering how to take the girl's request.

Bill Munday, the "Georgia Drawl," whose voice described football games through the N. B. C. System this past season, has never heard a football game broadcast. The reason is that Bill has always been at a game every week-end during football season for the past four years.

Mr. Irwin, who has been playing in practically every state in the Union, last entertained in New York at the Hotel Manger Grill. He left the hotel to become master of ceremonies at the Roxy Theatre. After conducting the 110-piece orchestra at the Roxy, he took charge of a Publix theatre unit, with which he toured to the Pacific Coast.

Not often does Milton Cross lose his dignified manner over the air, but one Sunday night recently, while announcing the Armchair Hour, he went completely to pieces. It all started when he began to tell the personnel of the Armchair Unit. He announced his own name and, instead of saying "first tenor," inadvertently said "first tennis." Whereupon there was much merriment among the other boys in the studio.

"First tennis," repeated Marley Sherris, the bass of the quartet, "and then golf," and thereupon ducked behind a drapery to stifle a guffaw.

Milton struggled bravely to regain his composure but to no avail. He got by "Maurice Tyler, second tenor," but, when he reached "Walter Preston," he had to throw the switch and go off the air until he could stop laughing. He made a final desperate attempt and then gave up announcing the names.

His listeners apparently enjoyed the incident more than Milton did, judging from the many letters he has received commenting on it.

In response to innumerable inquiries, the editor wishes to state most emphatically that Helen Janke, contralto, is not one of the Connecticut Yankees, of Vallee fame.

Emil Coté, bass, who had been with the NBC for several years, recently severed his connection with that company in order to sing over Station WABC of the Columbia chain with a quartet called the Alumni Boys, which he organized some months ago. This quartet sings on the Bremer-Tully Time, Gold Seal Moments, Kolster Hour, Forty Fathom Trawlers and the Voice of Columbia Programs.

George Dilworth, NBC conductor, will sail on January 4 for a two weeks' cruise to Havana. His trip will be in the nature of a much-needed vacation. He has received a number of "orders" from his friends, to be filled down there, but fears that he may be compelled to dispose of the prescriptions before he returns.

Bert Reed, the well known arranger for Remick's, was listening to the radio the other night while he was dining. He heard a rather small voice coming over the air that he seemed to recognize. However, he could not recall the singer's name.

"Why, you know," said Mrs. Reed, "that's that Irish tenor."

"Irish tenor?" spoke up Bert's son, "why, he sounds to me more like a Scotch tenor—the way he saves his voice."

The first radio Santa Claus "way back in 1922 was "Jolly Bill" Steinke, of "Jolly Bill and Jane," when he made his spectacular descent down the radio chimney of WOR. In case there are any other claimants, Bill weighs 230 pounds and has a mean temper.

Inside information reveals the fact that the NBC has a real Chess Club. Promptly at six o'clock, on Mondays and Fridays, the chess hounds scurry off to a little corner-place near Madison Avenue, and fight bitter battles with the pieces. The members are George MacGovern, chairman; Julian Street, Jr., and Stuart Ayers, all of NBC continuity room, also Norman Sweetser, of the same company's production room. It is regrettable to have to add (Continued on page 36)
America's Radio Programs

LACK

Variety

and

Imagination

By JULIUS MATTFELD

EDITOR'S NOTE—Having seen the "back-stage" operations of the two large broadcasting systems, Julius Mattfeld is well qualified to discuss this subject. He gave up his executive position with the NBC's music and book library to take charge of the CBS departments in the same field. His opinion is expressed here with his characteristic frankness.

Radio broadcasting, as we enjoy it today, is the result of about ten years of development and growth.

In this comparatively short time, it has offered entertainment as well as education and edification along every conceivable line of human endeavor. It has given us operas, light and grand; concerts, both symphonic and popular; dramas and melodramas; oratorios and cantatas; dramatizations of novels, magazine stories and serials; accounts of baseball, football, prize-fighting, horse-racing and yachting events; it has revived interest in the old Negro minstrel shows; it has brought before the microphone speakers and orators of national and international eminence; it has helped to spread ideas of personal hygiene and better living conditions; it has transferred religious instruction from the church to the home—in short, it has been the world's greatest medium of direct intercourse among people since the invention of the printing press.

It stands today before the world like the figure of the god Janus—one face turned toward the past, the other looking hopefully into the future.

What will be its future? we may now ask.

One cannot answer this question except by asking: has it accomplished all that it could have done in the ten years of its existence?

The answer to this query is a categorical NO!

The radio public today is complaining of the character of the programs "put on the air". Tune into whatsoever station it may, it finds a similarity of programs and a duplication of material offered all along the dial.

America Lags in Programs

Although America is far ahead of Europe in its radio developments, it is behind the older continent in program-building imagination. There is still a vast amount of literature and music which has not been even superficially touched by our American program builders. Too much stress is laid by them upon what they think the public wants; in their haste they forget—or, rather, overlook—the fact that the potential American radio public is infinitely smaller, despite the calculations of radio statisticians, than the population of the country; that many a radio is silent because the musical and artistic desires of its owner are unsatisfied.

The libraries of the world are rich in materials which could be adapted to radio presentation. Several of the larger American radio organizations in the East, following the example of the British Broadcasting Company, are wisely developing libraries of their own. These, it is no breach of business ethics to say, already contain many things which have never come to the attention of the station's program builders—in fact, they contain many an item which would help to diversify the present programs.

Some day, unless official politics conspire to prevent it, the library, instead of functioning, as it now does, merely as a supply agency for programs, will be the real, originating source of programs, and will include as its adjuncts both the program and the continuity departments, as well as the publicity department—all then, under the supervision of one master mind; a twentieth century librarian!
Editorials

RADIO REVUE Thanks You!

ANY doubts or misgivings we may have had as to the manner in which our first issue of RADIO REVUE would be received were soon swept aside when this newly-born infant was presented for public inspection. We thank you all. The reaction was most pleasantly favorable. It warmed the cockles of our editorial hearts and caused our editorial pulse to beat at an hitherto unknown speed.

While this reception was most gratifying—and we do not question its sincerity—we hasten to point out that we, more than anyone else, most fully realize the shortcomings of that initial issue. We have remedied some of these in this issue and shall continue our efforts to make this magazine the most entertaining and informative one of its kind.

You listeners can help us in this respect. We invite you to write to us as freely as you wish for information concerning radio programs, entertainers or those "behind the scenes." Let's make RADIO REVUE the listener's forum. If you have a grievance to air, let us help you give it wide circulation. Write us what you like or dislike in the way of programs—and why. Tell us frankly who your favorite broadcasting artists are, what announcers you prefer or cannot stand, and also which stations you think put on the best programs.

What artist's picture would you like to see on the cover? What program would you like to read a feature story about? What does radio mean to you and your family? Which of the radio stars or programs of the early days do you best recall? If you will but take the time, you can help us to make this a magazine of the listener, by the listener and for the listener. Remember, this magazine is edited exclusively for you, the listener. Why not lend it the advantage of your support and encouragement? Again, we thank you!

The Theatre of Illusion

WITH the decay of the charming theatre of fanciful illusion and the substitution of plays dealings with trench life, speakeasies and questionable hotels, for the imaginative comedies of a gentler age, the broadcasting business may find and take advantage of a rare opportunity.

Only a few months ago Andre Wormser's delightful mimo-drama "Pierrot, the Prodigal" found its way across the ether, with proper incidental music and the pantomimic action recited by a reader. Many complimentary remarks were heard throughout the land and, indeed, it seemed a welcome relief to get away, for an hour at least, from the revolting language of the saloon, the gunman's lair, and the jarring remarks of abandoned women.

Why not let us have a few more plays of this kind, by Pirandello, Rostand, Giacosa and Lord Dunsmay? And how about Tschaikovsky's Christmas pantomime, "The Nutcracker", "Drigo's "The Enchanted Forest", Delibes' "Coppelia", Ibsen's "Peer Gynt" with Grieg's music, Felix Borowsky's "Boudour", John Alden Carpenter's "The Birthday of the Infanta", and Julius Mattfeld's "The Virgins of the Sun"?

There is much material to draw from and much more could be written. Let the imaginations of the writers play a little and, in its turn, let the imagination of the audience come to life again. If the theatre is in a bad way—and it certainly seems to be—the quality of recent plays and the language used in those plays are responsible. It seems to us that there is a tremendous opportunity for the powers that be in radio to take advantage of this situation, to produce delightful plays of charm and imagination, with adequate music, and even specially written, when it is necessary.

One hears on all sides the remark: "We do not go to the theatre. We cannot afford to pay $8.00 to see the lurid spectacles exposed on Broadway". A large portion of the public is apparently hungry for some of the finer things. If the radio programs can restore to these people the old theatre of illusion, the land of make-believe, that will enchant children from six to sixty, then writers, musicians and listeners will develop, and the radio will truly succeed where the commercialized theatre has failed.

We have no wish to see the radio supplant the theatre, but the present theatre is accomplishing its own ruin by rotten plays, by greedy speculators and by language that is hardly fit for sailors' ears. It seems to us that it is the duty of the radio to fill the gap with the things of fantasy, of charm, of imagination and of fine music.

Put an End to This Panic

THE radio business is kept alive largely through income derived from advertising; that is, a sponsoring company has its wares announced frequently and eloquently—sometimes too frequently and not eloquently enough—through the musical program, or the dramatic episodes that compose entertainment for the listener.

A survey of two broadcasting systems reveals the fact that a certain type of advertiser is becoming far too aggressive on the air and certainly too objectionable in the studios. With a few hundred dollars to spend, he writes his own "continuity", he bluntly inflicts his product on music that was certainly not intended to assist in selling any such commodity and, when his salesmen kick into the great studios of the broadcasting business, a veritable panic results.

Officers and administrators grovel before this merchant "king," engineers and production men are literally kicked out of the studios, writers and musicians are banished from the building, carpet is laid to the street, and, as one writer expressed it, "The Presence of God" descends for four hours on a huge business and paralyzes it. Clever and independent workers become a lot of hat-touching, groveling slaves. A second-rate manufacturer is exalted to a position of divinity. He is allowed to make a crude (Continued on page 46)
"Exchange Artists and Promote Peace"

"MUSIC can play a definite part in creating a better understanding among nations and thus leading to permanent international peace," says Kathleen Stewart, pianiste. "I believe that, with the intelligent exchange of good musicians, we would be well along the road to lasting peace. Where friendship exists there can be no war. Let us hear the singers and players of other lands. Let our musicians go abroad for public concerts. We exchange ambassadors, college professors, prize scholars and even Boy Scouts. Why not exchange artists?"

"Last Summer I made a delightful tour of England and France. I liked England very much and was impressed by the low musical pitch of the English woman's speaking voice, particularly where the native culture has been brought to play upon this natural gift. I found the French people a little more sophisticated and light-hearted. But I received marvelous receptions in both countries."

Kathleen Stewart is essentially the product of radio. She was heard "over the air" long before her slight figure, her violet-blue eyes and her dark, graceful head, appeared in concert halls. Miss Stewart is a native of this country, born on the high Palisades overlooking the New York City from the far side of the Hudson River. Her teachers in this city were Frederick Von Inten and Howard Brockway, and she made her first public appearance at the age of seven. Miss Stewart has studied the violin and organ, in addition to piano, and has composed and arranged for the 'cello and piano.

Away from the studio, where she radiates a true musical personality, Miss Stewart is an exceedingly busy young lady. She is an ardent, capable horsewoman and few men can drive an automobile better than she can. An expert cook and baker, a rare housekeeper, and a skilled architect, when additions or alterations to her charming country house must be made, she is essentially a domestic figure at home. She sews, makes dresses and does elaborate embroideries with consummate skill.

"Europe Listens In by Telephone"

WALTER KIESEWETTER, who has been "on the air" through various stations for many years, returned recently from Europe. This means that his two large studios near Central Park will resume their accustomed activity and lavish hospitality.

It was through the patience, imagination and rare musical skill of Walter Kiesewetter and his gifted wife, Eleanor MacLellan, that the year-old feature Musical Overtones came into being and ran with much success over Station WOR.

On this hour have appeared Adele Vasa, soprano; Ruth Haines, soprano; Mary Sylveria, soprano; the Glenn Sisters; Beatrice Kneale, contralto; Helen Oelheim, contralto; Lucien Rutmans, tenor; Noel Enslen, bass-baritone; William Menafra, bass-baritone; George Leach, baritone, and Herman Wil-liams, bass-baritone. Many other pupils of the Kiesewetter studios have broadcast from WABC, WOR and on many offerings of the Judson Radio Program Department.

The Kiesewetter's reactions to their European trip follow: "Very little jazz is heard on the other side. Only the best orchestras and operas are broadcast. Radio sets are not as common in the U. S. The telephone is the chief means of bringing in musical messages. The telephone subscriber pays the Government a very moderate sum monthly, for which he can listen in at any time.

"In Munich, to hear any of the operas from the various opera houses, all one has to do is to turn on the switch and use the head receivers or the loud speaker at will. One can remain comfortably at home and listen to all of the festival performances. The program manager in Munich, I am delighted to say, said he liked our Musical Overtones hour of last season immensely."

The popularity Rudy has gained caused a wag to remark recently that the old Messiah aria should be changed to "Every Vallee Shall Be Exalted."
that George MacGovern owns the one chessboard and pieces, and that the other members of the club are convinced that it is "fixed."

Henry Shope, NBC top tenor, recently went on the Hollywood 18-day diet in order to reduce. However, when he reached the eleventh day, there was not enough on the menu to appease his appetite, so he decided to go back to the third day's bill of fare, in order to satisfy his pangs.

It is not always the crooner of popular songs who receives the most letters from radio fans. As proof of this, Elsie Pierce, who conducts a class in beauty over WOR every Tuesday morning at 11:15, has received so much mail since she started to broadcast a number of weeks ago, that she has been forced to employ three secretaries to take care of this detail.

Margaret Harrison, supervisor of educational broadcasting at Teachers' College, (formerly with the NBC), Walter Stone, of NBC Press Relations, with Florence U. Pierce, (who is really Mrs. Walt Stone), program board secretary of NBC, went to Yale recently to visit Miss Noel Pierce, one of radio's coming playwrights, who is now studying under Professor George Pierce Baker. But that is not the story.

Walter tried to do the correct thing just outside the Yale Bowl. He stopped the car and opened a package declared to be "right off the ship." He put the contents into a pewter shaker, a wedding present. And lo! the shaker melted.

It is said that Rudy Vallee has introduced a novelty in his late dance programs in the nature of the Theremin instrument, which operates on the principle of controlled static. It is being featured in solos, with piano accompaniment.

With all the expert electrical engineers the NBC has under its roof, it seems rather ironical that a stranger from the outside should fix the loud speaker in one of the reception rooms at 711 Fifth Avenue, but such was the case recently.

A man approached the hostess and, smiling blandly, said: "Well, I fixed it." "Fixed what?" she asked.

"Why, the loud speaker in that reception room was out of order and I fixed it."

"Are you connected with the NBC?" she asked him.

"No, but I happened to be in there when it went out of order and I understand those things, so I fixed it."

And, so saying, he departed, not even waiting to be thanked—or reprimanded.

John W. Rehauser, a local arranger well known in radio circles, toured some years ago with Sir Harry Lauder as conductor. Upon arriving in Australia, John asked Sir Harry not to lay undue emphasis on his nationality, pointing out that he was not a Prussian, but a Bavarian from Munich, where the beer comes from. In Sydney, Sir Harry introduced John as follows:

"Don't mistake my conductor. John W. Rehauser, for a German. He's a Bulgarian!"

Among the recent musical groups to have auditions in the NBC studios was a quartet of violins led by Anthony Rizzutto, of Brooklyn. This is said to be an unusual musical combination.

Raymond Knight, of NBC, has been promoted again. He is now Vice-President in Charge of Lunacy.

In one of his recent Music Appreciation Hours at NBC, Walter Damrosch conducted Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloë." In order to play this composition it was necessary to add to the orchestra a G-flute. This is probably the first time that this type of flute has ever been heard over the air. The G-flute, he explained, is a fifth lower than the ordinary flute and it gives a hollow, ghostly sound. It is to the flute family what a consumptive person is to a healthy family.

Lucrezia Bori, accompanied by her bright-eyed terrier, Rowdy, and Willie Perceval-Monger were seen strolling up Fifth Avenue the last sunny day, conversing in Italian.

The Metropolitan star and her dog attracted considerable attention.

The most chesty and exalted announcer in the world is John S. Young, of the NBC. He went to Yale with Rudy Vallee. Autograph hunters and photograph fiends please note!

WOR is the scene of considerable friendly rivalry among its announcers, who in their spare time are engaged in writing continuity for many new programs now being heard on the station. WOR has a board composed of its executives and presided over by Alfred J. McCosker, director of the station, which passes upon the fitness of all contemplated programs. This board, which realizes that announcers are best informed as to how a program "clicks," gave them an opportunity to do some writing on their own account. This rule was responsible for such excellent bits of entertainment as Lewis Reid's "Tuneful Tales," Postley Sinclair's "The Trouper," and Basil Ruddael's "Red Lacquer and Jade," George Shackley, music director of the station, not to be outdone by the announcers, came forward with the Racketeers, a Friday night feature.
**Program Notes**

"Checker Cabbies" on WOR

A distinctly urban program is that sponsored by the Checker Cab Sales Company, under the title "Checker Cabbies", which began a series of broadcasts covering thirteen weeks over WOR recently. It has a master of ceremonies, who not only does a turn of his own, but introduces guest stars of the various Broadway shows and cabarets. Sherbo's Orchestra, under the direction of Murray Kellner, furnishes the syncopation.

To Start Educational Series

The most comprehensive and thoroughly worked out series of educational broadcasts for school-room reception ever attempted on a nationwide scale will be inaugurated over the Columbia Broadcasting System on February 4, 1930, sponsored jointly by the Columbia Broadcasting System, Inc., and the Grigsby-Grunow Company of Chicago, it was announced recently by William S. Paley, president of the Columbia System and B. J. Grigsby, president of Grigsby-Grunow.

Two afternoon half-hours each week running until the first of June, will be utilized in presenting programs for classes from fifth grade through junior high school, which will cover a number of subjects and utilize several types of presentation in an attempt to determine the most satisfactory methods of using radio for education. The decision to present this series was arrived at after several months of intensive research in radio education conducted by both the sponsoring companies.

CBS Offers Service Bands

The Army, Navy and Marine Bands inaugurated a long-time radio schedule with the Columbia Broadcasting System recently when the first concert by the U. S. Navy Band was broadcast to the nation directly from Washington, D. C. The number of band concerts by the service units will be expanded early in January, when Wednesday evening programs will be broadcast alternately each week by the three units. These start on January 8. Broadcasting will be carried during these Wednesday evening schedules between eight and eight-thirty o'clock eastern standard time. The Army, Navy and Marine Band concerts are now being carried over WABC and affiliated stations of the Columbia System five times a week. These morning and afternoon concerts originate in Washington, D. C.

Government on Air Often

The Government of the United States consumes more time on the air than any organization or individual, it was revealed recently by M. H. Aylesworth, president of the NBC. In the first ten months of this year, the letter disclosed, 245 government officials, including the President, were presented in programs over the NBC chains. More than 300 hours of broadcasting time was utilized for government activities during this period, it was stated.

WOR Stars on New Program

Three of WOR's outstanding stars, George Shackley, Roy Smeck and Don Carney, have combined their talents in an hour which is expected to become one of radio's most notable features. There is scarcely a program emanating from WOR which does not have a "Shackley" trademark. He is the music director of the station and is responsible for many individual programs, such as Moonbeams and Choir Invisible. Roy Smeck is regarded as one of the world's best performers on the banjo, guitar, ukulele and a half dozen similar instruments. He learned to play from phonograph records, and is now in demand by all of the big recording companies. Mr. Smeck is not only a star of the Keith-Albee circuit, but is one of his highest paid artists. He was one of the first of the Vitaphone stars as well.

For this program, Don Carney steps out of his character of Luke Higgins. His friends say that it will show him in his true role, that of a comedy singer and humorist.

Sherry's Tea Music on Air

Tea dance music from Sherry's Restaurant on Park Avenue is being broadcast over the NBC System by Emil Coleman's orchestra three afternoons each week. These dance programs come directly from the main dining room and the Gold Room of Sherry's, where Park Avenue gathers. The orchestra is heard on the following weekly schedule over WEA F and associated stations: Fridays, from 4:30 to 5:00; Tuesdays, 5:00 to 5:30; Wednesdays, 4:30 to 5:00 P. M.

New Station on CBS Chain

Effective recently, Station WMT, Waterloo, la., was added permanently to the coast-to-coast CBS network. The newly added station operates with a power of 300 watts on a frequency of 600 kilocycles, and is owned and managed by the Waterloo Broadcasting Company, owners and publishers of the Waterloo Tribune, one of the leading daily newspapers in the state.

Three New Stations for NBC

Three stations recently have been added to the NBC networks, making a total of seventy-four stations on its chains. One of the new associated stations is KECA, Los Angeles, owned and operated by Earle C. Anthony, Inc. It becomes seventh station on the Pacific Coast network of the NBC. KECA operates on a wave length of 209.7 meters and a frequency of 1430 kilocycles. It uses a power of 1,000 watts.

The addition of Station WJDX in Jackson, Miss., makes it the first station in Mississippi to become a permanent outlet for a national network. This new addition is owned and operated by the Lamar Life Insurance Company. It operates on a wave length of 236.1 meters and a frequency of 1270 kilocycles, with a power of 500 watts.

In response to an overwhelming demand on the part of Canadian radio listeners, as expressed in petitions, telegrams and letters, Station CKGW in Toronto, Canada, was added to the NBC network. This station operates on a wave length of 434.8 meters and a frequency of 690 kilocycles. It uses a power of 1,000 watts. Gooderham & Worts, Ltd., of Toronto, own and operate the station.
Colorful Russian Soprano Is “La Palina”

Zinaida Nicolina, One of Radio’s Most Gifted Artistes, Has Sung for Royalty

Compelled to leave Russia after the Revolution, Mme. Nicolina found refuge in Constantinople, where she remained as a guest at the Royal Palace. King Alfonzo of Spain, M. Millerand, then president of the French Republic, the late Ambassador Herrick and many titled personages have heard her lyric voice in special recitals. Morris Gest, the well-known impresario, was instrumental in convincing Mme. Nicolina that she should come to America—and in his Chauve Souris. She has found everything here very much to her liking. Although she has appeared on the stage, in concert and recital, on the large vaudeville circuits and in supper clubs, radio holds the greatest appeal for her. She appears as La Palina on WABC and the Columbia chain.
LISTENERS' FORUM

A Really Minute Revue
To the Editor of Radio Revue:
Enclosed find $4 for two subscriptions to Radio Revue. Long may Radio Revue live, is my wish. A really up-to-date and minute revue.—W. K., New York, N. Y.

Calls First Issue a Treat
To the Editor of Radio Revue:
It was a real treat to read through the first issue of your new magazine. To me, the fascination and success of it lies principally in the fact that one need not be technically radio-minded or even a rabid "radio fan" to find keen delight in it. The cover was splendid and the layout excellent. My heartiest congratulations to you and my best wishes for your success. Put me on your subscription list.
—M. E. C., New York, N. Y.

Takes Issue With "Average Fan"
To the Editor of Radio Revue:
I am delighted with Radio Revue. Enclosed please find my subscription for one year. I have always thought a radio magazine as necessary to a "fan" as "Photoplay." The public is very much interested in the personalities of the radio; there is the same lure of the studio as there is of the stage.
There are things in your first issue that I especially commend. First: "Wanted: Air Personality," by Allen Haglund, and "Behind the Mike during the Palomar Hour"—this latter is one of my favorite hours on the radio—also the story on the Philco Hour. I have had the pleasure of hearing this ensemble broadcast in the NBC studios and it was a most enjoyable experience.
I have often wondered why my favorite prima donnas of grand and comic operas came over the air so negligibly. Now I know. They may have stage, but not "air" personalities. This will interest many listeners, I know.
Up to date I have not learned "the secret of Rudy Vallee's success," but that is wholly my fault—I was born in the wrong generation.
Please let me wish you the greatest success in your new venture, "plenty of fun with this magazine," and lots of money. Personally, I haven't the slightest doubt but that it will prove to be "the most entertaining magazine possible."
I have read the article by "Average Fan" and I differ so violently from him that, being of Irish descent, I want to start something. Some things he likes just make me shudder:
Jazz! Horrible stuff! When I hear it I am so thankful that it is a radio that I can shut off. If it were a talkie, mon Dieu! Amos 'n' Andy—shades of Primrose and West—but, enuff said. There are no words! (unless cuss words—and I don't use 'em).
Being bored by "big symphony orchestras playing Bach!" I admit I am not the fondest thing I am of. But Walter Damrosch's delightful voice is such a joy! Please let us have the symphonies. Don't let "Low Brow" get all the joys of radio.
Now, just to show how broad some listeners can be: I heartily agree with "Average Fan" about the "sweet sweets," Roxy and Lopez—Kaltenborn, too. But I hope your magazine will remedy this. In the hinterland, where I live, I don't get him. I know—I might just as well live in Los Angeles. You New Yorkers get so much that you think that when you leave New York, you are camping in the wilderness.
Jimmy Walker! Not for me—and I'm a Democrat most of the time. I'm such a good Democrat that I am mighty glad Al Smith wasn't in the White House during the stock market crash.
But, I do like your magazine. It has entertained me all evening, just as well as any radio program.
—Timidly, L. G. Currin, Newport, R. I. (The Irish burn out that way. They start flaming mad, but justizzle.)

To the Editor of Radio Revue:
I wish to congratulate you on the way Radio Revue's first issue looked. It has made quite an impression, both at my office and at home. Mrs. A. . . found it most interesting reading and informed me that she felt it has wonderful possibilities. At once she became interested in the Main Street program, which happened to be on the air at that moment. Reading the article and seeing photos of the characters certainly made a vast difference.
To my mind, Radio Revue will do for radio what the movie magazines have done for the movies. I feel certain that you have a wonderful opportunity in your new field and I wish you every success. I hope to see your new magazine one of the leaders real soon.—T. G. A., New York, N. Y.

To the Editor of Radio Revue:
We wish to add our congratulations to those you have no doubt received on the appearance and contents of your first issue.—M. S. B., New York, N. Y.
Hello, Neighbors!

We have been kept busy responding to the hearty applause that greeted the first issue of this publication. Everyone gave the entire magazine a rousing welcome. I am particularly pleased that you all liked this department, which is dedicated to you.

The radio makes us all neighbors. Recently a listener, who lives in West 70th Street, New York, referring to my salutation, wrote: "I like our daily radio conference over WJZ. It is all right, excepting the 'neighbor' part. There are no neighbors in New York City." I am indeed sorry that this friend has not yet acquired radio consciousness.

Well, we could chat a lot about how the radio "makes the whole world akin," but the Editor said to me: "Give them more of the artists' recipes. Everyone likes them. Indeed, the girls in the office could hardly wait to get the magazine off the press, in their anxiety to try Milton Cross's favorite dessert, the well-known toasted coconut pie." Did you try the recipe?

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I wandered through the studios the other day, and gathered some more of these artists' recipes for you. You, of course, know Henry M. Neely, Philco's "Old Stager." My first introduction to Mr. Neely was five years ago, when he wrote to me from Philadelphia, and requested a recipe for chocolate ice box cake, which then was, and still is, popular. I wish I had his letter to give you now. It was a veritable SOS. It was extremely interesting and quite characteristic of Mr. Neely. However, I can give you the recipe that went to him by return mail. Here it is:

**CHOCOLATE ICE BOX CAKE**

The ingredients are:

1. 1 lb. lady fingers
2. 4 squares bitter chocolate (more if desired)
3. 3 eggs
4. 1 cup confectioners sugar
5. 1 teaspoonful vanilla
6. 1 pint whipped cream

Proceed as follows: Melt chocolate to thick consistency, adding two tablespoonsful of milk to the chocolate. Now add yolks of eggs and one cup of sugar, then the beaten whites of eggs, and then the vanilla.

This is how the cake is made: Use spring form pan. First place in the pan a layer of lady fingers, then a layer of the chocolate mixture, then lady fingers, and repeat with chocolate mixture until all are used. Next place whipped cream on top and let stand in ice-box over night. You can sprinkle with nuts, if you like, or garnish to suit your fancy.

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You know, we who are on the air always like to receive your letters in order that we may be of greater service to you. Moreover, the program managers learn from your letters whether or not you like the programs and the artists. Radio letters are silent applause, which speaks more loudly than you think.

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I ran across Mrs. Harold Branch, wife of the NBC tenor. She was not at the piano this time, but at the telephone. "Tell me," I said, "What does Mr. Branch like best to eat?" The question seemed far away from the beautiful sonata she had just played on the air but, after a moment's thought, she said: "Steak." "Nothing else?" I asked. "No, just steak, provided he has plenty of it." I am sure that most men will applaud his choice.

These touches of the artists' home life must not all be devoted to the gentlemen. There are many ladies whom you hear on the radio, and now we will give them the last word. They say that we women will have it anyway.

Miss Kathleen Stewart, pianiste, who is "Kathleen" to everyone at the NBC, is charming, beautiful, and an artist to her finger-tips, pianistically speaking. Recently I met her and said: "Kathleen, please give me a recipe for the listeners-in. What do you like best to cook?" She paused a moment, with creamy fingers poised in the air—she was busy creaming her face—and said: "Why, I have so many favorite dishes I hardly know which to choose. Possibly you would like to know about my meat pie." Here it is:

**ENGLISH MEAT PIE**

The ingredients are:

1. 2 pounds chopped beef
2. 2 cups milk
3. 2 cups bread crumbs
4. ½ onion, finely chopped
5. ½ teaspoonful thyme or poultry seasoning

Proceed as follows: Blend beef and bread crumbs. Add milk and let stand until absorbed. Work in onions and thyme.

The ingredients for the pastry are:

1. 2 cups flour
2. ½ teaspoonful salt
3. 1 cup shortening

Proceed as follows: Bake in pie tin in oven, first hot then moderate. Serve very hot.

Kathleen told me about a neat little decoration that she adds to her meat pie. It's quite a trick. Take a strip of pastry 1½ inches wide. Slash the top edge about one-half inch down. Now roll it up and insert it in a hole in the center of the pie. After you have it placed, open the slits as if you were bending down the petals of a flower, and, when the pie is baked, it will be "Oh, so attractive," as Miss Stewart put it. "Oh, yes, it is baked with two crusts in a pie plate, not a casserole," she added.

You can see from this that Miss Stewart is as practical as she is artistic. Moreover, she whispered to me—and I now whisper to you—"This is the recipe I use for my best beaux." (Note the plural.)

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Well, I guess that will be enough recipes for this issue. Try them and, if no ill effects are reported, I'll gather more for you next time. You see, all of these artists enjoy good things to eat. In fact, they are always talking to me either about what they have just eaten or are just going to eat. You folks get their artistic side, while I see them from another angle.
Let's make a landing — anchor the Magic Carpet to a tree, somebody. We'll explore these inviting valleys, and twist nosegays of fluttery golden poppies.

This is Poultry Paradise—the abiding place of Spring. Year-long she lingers, her green robe starred with blossoms. But surely there is snow on those emerald hillsides?—Only the snowy plumage of myriad hen-princesses. And those egg-cases, speeding along the roads in smartly painted trucks?—They are the jewel-boxes of the hen-princesses... rows of milky pearls... and every pearl an egg brimming with vitamins... the gift of Spring's gentle sunshine.

No icy breath of winter here to "chill" these pearly eggs—no broiling summer days to "heat" their delicate contents, and spoil the freshness of flavor which has won them fame.

Fastidious babies, fanciful invalids, and fussy cooks... everywhere... wait eagerly for these gems of healthfulness.

"Yes, but where are we?" you interrupt, insistently. Didn't you see the blue Pacific as our Magic Carpet sped? To become geographical, our gypsy trail winds through chosen localities in Central California and Western Washington—the beautiful country selected by expert poultrymen as the source of "PEP" and "SUNRISE" eggs.
A Streak of Sunshine

THIS long streak of sunshine is Dariel Jones, of NBC. She is the Daddy Long-Legs of radio and is a real radio beauty. Born in Chicago, Dariel was educated in grammar and high schools there, and finally landed in the University of Minnesota, of which latter institution she is a graduate. She studied music privately and in college, and became an accomplished pianist, but in her present capacity of production representative she can order other artists to play for her. Dariel joined the NBC forces early in 1927, booking day-time programs, and she has made a host of friends.

Miss Jones likes the theatre and music, and has advanced about three holes in the science of golfing with the aid of a professional. She is rapidly learning the golfing language, and the necessary oaths. Her most prominent vice is painting apartments and furniture. Dariel can take a lot of nice furniture and a new apartment and make them look like an undigested vegetarian dinner. In this process of painting, a great quantity of the assorted color lands on Dariel. She has often been mistaken for a piece of modern furniture, largely due to her lofty, fireproof construction. (See sketch).

As soon as an apartment is painted and the furniture changed beyond recognition, Dariel starts right in repainting for the Fall, or the Winter. If she cannot repaint for the fall or winter, she puts on her smock and repaints for the spring or summer. Seasons mean just so much repainting to Dariel. Her real name, by the way, is Dariel Harriet Jones. People with the middle name of Harriet are always fussing with houses and apartments, as you well know, and nothing will stop them.

Although she is a remarkably good-looking girl, Dariel Jones's pet aversions are being photographed or interviewed. The best we could do was this drawing, sneaked in a moment when she wasn't looking, and this interview, which she will promptly deny. She has definite hates of a number of people, but these are more than compensated for by the number of apparently intelligent people who get in her way when she passes, so that the sunshine of her presence, or the shadow of her sunshine, or whatever it is, may fall upon them.

Radio Gives Dan Cupid a Helping Hand

(Continued from page 10)

goddess Radio, who had helped him line up the pretty pair so that a single arrow might transfuse their beating hearts.

The advent of the loudspeaker and the vacuum tube changed things a bit, but radio lost none of its effectiveness as a matchmaker. There's probably not so much rubbing of heads nowadays, but, at that, it takes quite a bit of close work to bring in a distant station. I've lost several pals that way.

Nothing to Break the Spell

As a general thing, there is nothing more conducive to spending an evening in the parlor, where, as everyone knows, Cupid fights and wins most of his battles, than the promise of a few hours of music, good, sweet or hot, as the fancy turneth. Curled up in the big chair, with the electric light fuse in no danger of blowing out, Bill and Beatrice are lulled into romantic mood by the steady outpouring of tuneful melodies. No changing of needles, no turning of records, no disturbing sessions with the crank handle, nothing to break the spell.

And somehow those ingenious gentlemen who build programs see to it that the glamorous theme of romance runs unfailingly through each precious Hour. Thus there is a sequence of songs seemingly calculated to put ideas into young folks' heads. They hear, in the rather significant order named, Love Me, Vagabond Lover, Kiss Me Again, You're the Cream in My Coffee, Lover Come Back to Me, All I Need is You, Singin' in the Rain, The Pagan Love Song, I Love You Truly, I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Girl of My Dreams, I May Be Wrong—But I Think You're Wonderful, Woman Disputed, I Love You.

By this time the great conspiracy has done its work, and the conversation, which is now hardly more than a purring of coos and gurgles, has turned to such important subjects as platinum settings, engraved invitations, honeymoons, apartments, furniture on installment, and so on. As the Hotel St. Whoozis Orchestra (the ideal place to dance—adv.) winds up its program with a rousing Papa Loves Mama, the contract is sealed with a very appropriate kiss. Bill reaches for his hat, and Beatrice, discerning little hunters, switches off the radio, thinking what a splendid investment it was.

Such Conquests Are Easy

But such conquests are comparatively easy for Dan Cupid. It's the problem of separation that bothers him. Distance doesn't lend enchantment, he has found, nor does it make the heart grow fonder. When Bill and Beatrice are torn asunder, the great difficulty is to keep their affection as bright and glowing as when there are no miles between them, and to this end Dan Cupid has again enlisted the aid of radio.

It's one of his own ideas; he calls it the Radio Date, and it works something like this: Bill is now in Pittsburgh—one of those important business calls that prove so dangerous to the continuity of a romantic theme. Beatrice pines at home. Letters are so infrequent, and phone calls so very expensive. If only she knew what Bill were doing at that very moment, where he was and what he was thinking.
Merle Johnston Succeeds by Virtue of "Sax" Appeal
(Continued from page 23)

therefore, capable of the finest musical expression.

Once he had mastered his saxophone, he had no difficulty in obtaining engagements to make phonograph records and to broadcast. His radio work increased tremendously, to the point where it now absorbs practically all of his time. He is heard as soloist on many hours and also as a conductor. Since he started to broadcast he has been identified on the air with 45 commercial accounts. This, he claims, is a record number. Included in these are the Ipana Troubadors, the original Clicquot Club Eskimos, the Palmolive Hour, City Service Hour, A. & P. Gypsies, the Seiberling Singers and the R. C. A. Hour.

Mr. Johnston recently left the NBC fold to go over to WABC, where at present he is conducting the lively Ceco Couriers Hour. It is said that at almost any time now the Gold Strand program will go on WABC under his able direction.

Some time ago Mr. Johnston organized a saxophone quartet that has attained widespread popularity as a radio feature. This quartet plays popular tunes, but makes a specialty of the classics. All its numbers are specially arranged by a man whom Mr. Johnston has employed to work exclusively for him.

An interesting fact, especially to musicians, is that Mr. Johnston is the designer of the B-flat tenor mouthpiece, which permits easy blowing and gives a rich, resonant tone quality. He says he will gladly send to anyone who writes him at his studios, 151 West 46th Street, New York City, a fine booklet describing this mouthpiece.

Holds High Place in Field

In addition to his many other activities, Mr. Johnston is a composer of high standing. He has written several excellent saxophone solos, including Value Elegante, Morning Glory, Blue Streak and Tip Toes. These have all been published by the Robbins Music Corporation.

That Merle Johnston has succeeded in his effort to raise the saxophone to a place of dignity among musical instruments is attested by the high place he now holds in that field. And yet, despite his success, he still remains the student. He listens to all the masters, either in the recital hall, over the radio or on the records. He realizes full well that there is still much to be learned.

YOU will not fail to recognize this estimable gentleman. He is George Ford McClelland, vice president and general manager of the NBC, the bright Pollyanna-like person who likes only work and radio. He and Commander Dick Byrd are the only two living people who have had special broadcasts written and directed especially for and at them.

George was seated right in the midst of a bevy of telephone girls downtown when the stork walked in with the new baby WEAF. This was early in 1922 and the youngster even then was reasonably healthy. He did not quite know what to do with it, so he carried it from 34 Walker Street to 195 Broadway, where they will take in anything, it seems. He was at that time in the Commercial Department of the New York Telephone Company, and he at once became identified with the management of the new WEAF, in the capacity of commercial manager. W. E. Harkness was then station manager, and the first two announcers were Vischer Randall and A. V. Leufrio. Sammy Ross was then program director—if you are interested in all this history—Helen Hann, first announcer and director of phonograph records, and Marion Lamphere was mistress of programs.

Things were not so hot in 1922. Broadcasting was done two or three times a week—when the transmitter worked—and sometimes the programs went "on" but not "out". (A program may be on, but it is not always on the air!) Jack Truesdale was plant manager in charge of the refractory transmitter. Sometimes he had it tamed and obedient.

George Ford McClelland is a connoisseur of good things. His only diversions are the radio, from early morning until the midnight "sign off", and his annual vacation in Havana, where he purchases the year's supply of the celebrated Nemo cigars. His popularity is astonishing throughout the works. He was responsible for the first transcontinental broadcast, and for the first commercial network broadcast... And he is a thoroughly good scout.
THE BIG TEN

Best Selling Popular Songs of the Month

Radio floods the country’s homes with music and brings the popular songs of the day before the public as does no other medium. In fact, most of these songs become popular in proportion to the extent to which they please radio listeners.

Each month Radio Revue prints here the names of the ten best selling popular songs of the month. For the past month, as compared with the previous month, it is interesting to note that Singin' in the Rain, which had topped the list, has dropped to fifth place. The two song hits of the Gold Diggers of Broadway, Tiptoe Through the Tulips and Painting the Clouds with Sunshine, have moved from second and third places to first and second places respectively. Love Me has advanced from tenth place to seventh.

It is interesting to note that six of last month’s Big Ten have dropped out of the group entirely. Such stand-bys as Am I Blue?, Pagan Love Song, Lovable and Sweet, Song of the Nile, Little by Little and Sleepy Valley have been replaced by If I Had a Talking Picture of You, Love, My Sweeter than Sweet, My Fate is in Your Hands, I'm a Dreamer; Aren't We All? and A Little Kiss Each Morning. This demonstrates how quickly the American taste in popular music changes.

1. Tiptoe Through the Tulips
   from Gold Diggers of Broadway.

2. Painting the Clouds with Sunshine
   from Gold Diggers of Broadway.

3. If I Had a Talking Picture of You
   from Sunny Side Up.

4. Love
   from The Trespasser.

5. Singin' in the Rain
   from Hollywood Revue.

6. My Sweeter Than Sweet
   from Sweetie.

7. Love Me

8. My Fate is in Your Hands

9. I’m a Dreamer; Aren’t We All?

10. A Little Kiss Each Morning
    from The Vagabond Lover.

Another notable fact is that last month, of the ten best selling songs listed, nine were theme songs from talking pictures, whereas this month’s list contains only seven theme songs in the first ten. This may mean that the theme-song idea has run its course and that we shall shortly see a reversion to the old order.

Browne and His Banjo Moulded Career Together

(Continued from page 20)

shadow.” Unable to do real work because of his condition, he turned to the lecture platform. He travelled throughout the East delivering his talk, “Six Months With Uncle Sam,” in which he embodied all the elements of drama so that each listener would feel that his fifty cents was wisely spent.

When it appeared to Browne that every one who so desired had heard his lecture, he decided to seek a career in politics. That was in 1900. He lost. No more political aspirations. But the odds had been decidedly against Browne. He spoke for William Jennings Bryan.

Then he turned to the “boards” in an effort to elevate the American stage. He found it a difficult task, but for twenty-five years he continued in his efforts. Whatever he has done for the theatre, he believes that it has done much for him in return.

During the last ten years he has played every conceivable kind of a part in comedy, drama and tragedy, and for four seasons has had prominent parts in musical comedies. He appeared as leading man with Lillian Russell, Mary Ryan, Rose Stahl, Frances Starr, Edith Talfalfero and Irene Bordoni.

Only a short time ago he appeared in the leading role of Channing Pollock’s “The Fool”, succeeding James Kirkwood. His last engagement in the theatre was the portrayal of the Rev. Morrel in the Actor’s Theatre production of “Candida”, by Bernard Shaw.

Acted With Early Movie Stars

Browne also was with many of the stars in their earlier moving picture successes. He played opposite Mary Pickford when her now shorn curls were just coming into prominence. One of his last appearances was with Constance Talmadge in “Scandal”. Between these two pictures he had feature roles with Mae Murray, Hazel Dawn and Corinne Griffith.

All this while the banjo was hibernating. Finally the opportunity came. The Columbia Phonograph Co. offered him a contract to record his numbers with his own accompaniment.

In January, 1926, George Harrison Phelps saw great radio possibilities in this versatile man and offered him the management of Station WGHP, in Detroit. Browne and his wife deliberated as to the possibilities of the “Air” and finally decided to leave the good ship Drama for the shores of Radioland. There he was an instantaneous success. In August, 1927, he joined the Columbia Broadcasting System, at the suggestion of Major Andrew White.

Here his years of experience in the dramatic and musical lines stood him in good stead. He originated and produced the Cap’n Kid program, in which he was the “Old Rascal” himself. He later portrayed the Cap’n in the Buccaneers and his singing in the opening chorus was a feature.

Browne takes a hand in everything from announcing—he was known to the radio public as the “Voice of Columbia”—to heavy “Mellenderammer” in his “Hank Simmons’ Showboat”, one of radio’s most popular programs, now in its fifteenth month over the Columbia chain.
Farmers Want Less Jazz

The farmer is reported to be highly interested in the movement initiated by Secretary Wilbur to increase educational broadcasting.

Farm people are demanding a greater number of educational programs and will take full advantage of any broadcast that brings them knowledge or information, says Morse Salisbury, chief of the radio service of the Department of Agriculture.

Answers to questionnaires regarding the improvement of programs have indicated that a large percentage of farmers believe there is too much jazz music on the air and that they would welcome more educational features, he said. Surveys have shown a pronounced demand for more talks, for old songs and other "good music."

Will Radio Wonders Never Cease?

(Continued from page 24)

and there are 2,974 by actual count in each microphone—is stamped with the letters NBS. This was found necessary in order to prevent spurious detection.

With the development of the left-handed microphone the NBS found it necessary to establish a new department which will be known as the Carbon Particle Audit division and which will be in charge of a vice-president as is the company's wont. Here a large staff of expert carbon counters will be kept busy each day checking the number of particles in the microphones. If, through fusion or coherence, the number of particles is decreased or nullified, the peculiar functions of the new equipment automatically become inconsequential.

The new type of microphone will be demonstrated during the initial broadcast of the Kiwanis Kapers program, a new presentation sponsored by Rotary International, which will be heard through a shore-to-shore broadcast over a network of stations associated with the Natural Broadcasting System.

Oscar Writes Margy All About "Original Radio Girl"

(Continued from page 4)

She has had to reject three counts already.

I have also heard some other interesting things about her, Margy, which I will tell you. She always wears earrings and has such a big collection she could change them three times a day for two months and never wear the same pair twice. She has a farm up in Connecticut where she lives in the summer and she likes accordion music—she says it is swell, which is a gag, sort of. She is a good cook and likes to give parties and I hope to be invited someday after I have become a great radio tenor.

Well, Margy, if there is anything more you want to know about Miss de Leath or any of the other important radio stars just ask me as I expect I will know them all personally. Now I have to run up to Milton Cross's house, as he forgot his rubbers.

Love and kisses, Oscar.
WHO
Is Your Favorite Radio Artist? — and Why?

THE Editors of Radio Revue will pay Ten Dollars for the best letter on this subject and Five Dollars for the second choice.

Write plainly and on one side of the paper only.

Winners will be announced in the February issue.

RADIO REVUE
Six Harrison Street
New York, N.Y.

Ohio Soprano and Georgia Tenor Win Atwater Kent Auditions
(Continued from page 7)

"Don't let it worry you," was the reply of an NBC official who happened to overhear. "Neither of the last two winners wore dinner clothes."

But no one encouraged Miss Rowe when she was selected as No. 1 and asked to sing first by telling her that the No. 1 singer had been adjudged the winner for the past two years. She did not learn this until after she had cried in her father's arms on hearing Graham McNamee announce her name to radio listeners as the victor.

Miss Rowe's soprano voice was nourished in an atmosphere of music. Her father, Neill O. Rowe, who played the accompaniment to her "Shadow Song," from "Dinorah," by Meyerbeer in the finals, is Dean of Music at Wooster College. Her mother also is a fine musician.

As a result, Miss Rowe has "been singing ever since I could talk." Three years ago, when she was eighteen, she began serious voice cultivation. Since then she has been actively identified with church choirs, the Wooster College Glee Club, the Oratorio Chorus, the Fortnightly Club and other vocal and musical organizations in her home town.

Both young singers will be heard frequently in Atwater Kent programs through the NBC System.

Mr. Fussy Fan Admits He is a "High Brow"
(Continued from page 18)

get too much for nothing and hence fail properly to appreciate what is done for them. Of course, some method of taxing each owner of a radio set and using the funds so obtained to put on high class programs—such as is done in England—would perhaps have been the most effective means of stabilizing the industry. However, the infant radio grew so rapidly and to such vast proportions that there was no holding it.

Will the present system continue, or will there be an entirely new order? What will be the result when television develops to the point where millions of homes have their own sets, as they now have radio receivers? What would happen to radio if the Federal Radio Commission enacted a ruling that prohibited chain broadcasting? These are all questions that face the radio listener who is interested in the future of broadcasting. Only time can answer these queries.

Editorials
(Continued from page 34)

speech into the microphone, and people who ought to know better kneel down muttering "The Presence is here!"

When an advertiser takes a thousand dollar advertisement into the office of a great newspaper, do the presses cease to function and does the editorial force rush to the street with red carpets and servile salutes? They do not! And the sooner the radio business recognizes that the advertiser comes into its halls as a guest, and not as a controlling and paralyzing influence, the happier will be lots of people working in it.

The radio business, until it finds some other dignified source of income, will have to take the advertiser's money, we presume. But do not let us witness the spectacle of a great corporation and its officers kneeling in fear and trembling before a tin merchant "idol." While the radio business may require money, does it need it as badly as that?
Mere Man Wins First Prize in Rudy Vallee Contest
(Continued from page 27)

Second Prize Letter
I was glad to see in your inaugural issue the article about Rudy Vallee. But the author—or are Ye Editors to blame—just would bring up the question of what is the secret of Rudy's success with the women. As if anyone really knew—excepting Rudy! I don't pretend to know, but I have views on the subject.

In the first place, the women aren't in love with Rudy at all, but with everything that he stands for—love and romance. From the very beginning of our country's history, when the first Priscilla helped her John Alden along the uncertain roads of courtship, to the present day, when the more aggressive "boy-friend" practically sweeps his lady-love off her feet, so to speak, the American women have been the soul of romance, living for love, calling for it, ever searching for romance.

But they are not so fortunate as the women from European countries—France, Italy, Spain—whose husbands are lovers even after marriage. In America, when a man wins his wife and marries her, that one part of his job is done. He has told her he loves her, proved it by marrying her—what more does she want—what more could she want? He doesn't realize—or doesn't he care—that her life is love—that she wants always to be loved, and to love. That is where Rudy Vallee comes in.

Calls Rudy the Eternal Lover
He is the eternal lover—and the little boy at the same time. He loves—and is loved copiously by these women. Always breathing romance, singing the praises of love, entrapping his phantom sweetheart with his ardent whisperings, and at the same time yearning for his own dream girl—he makes the women believe that each one is the only one—that she alone is his beloved. To the young girl he is the personification of her ideal—tall, handsome, blond, strong and tender—her dream lover comes to life, with the sweetest voice in the world and the heart of gold—come to find her.

To the flapper, he is the antithesis of her modern jazz-mad "boy-friend." He is everything that is quiet, modest, sweet, charming and lovable.

But to them all he is the same—a romantic figure, unapproachable, distant, indifferent to their worship—always foreign, yet all the more lovable for it. He is beloved of them all. And he doesn't seem to care—except that he is giving them happiness, and is glad of it.

Again, I say, it is not the real, every-day commonplace Rudy that his friends know and love for himself, with whom the women are in love, but the atmosphere with which he has surrounded himself. And until that atmosphere disappears; until the American man warms up a bit—which is doubtfully until the American woman becomes cold to (which is not only doubtful, but equally impossible; and until Rudy loses his voice—or, which is worse, becomes married and loses his romance—for he is only human, after all)—until then, Rudy Vallee will continue to be a success with the ladies, and his success a mystery to the men.—Catherine Oert, Yonkers, N. Y.

New Women's Hour Series on CBS
The greatest institution of service for women yet furnished by radio is now offered by the Columbia Broadcasting System, in conjunction with the National Radio Homemakers Club, of which Ida Bailey Allen is president. According to Ida Bailey Allen, under whose supervision the new series will be conducted, a real women's magazine of the air has been established, in which all matters of interest to housewives are treated completely in departmentalized broadcasts. Furthermore, the various subjects are balanced in such a manner that no one will receive more attention than another.

The plan, as it has now been completely developed, entails the broadcasting of two hours daily, excepting Saturdays and Sundays, on subjects of interest to women. The hours between 10 A. M. and 12 noon, eastern standard time, have been selected as the most effective to reach the audience most interested in the material to be presented. This constitutes a new record in the matter of actual time devoted daily and continuously by any network to broadcast for an exclusively feminine audience.

Congratulations to RADIO REVUE and Best Wishes for 1930 from

Rudy Vallee
1929 Greatest Year in the History of Radio

(Continued from page 9)

near Cincinnati were covered from an airplane, and a little later a demonstration of refueling in mid-air over New York was also covered from a plane. May 18 brought the famous Kentucky Derby. The Fort Worth endurance fliers made their record in the same month, which finished with the radio opera premiere and the Indianapolis Speedway 500-mile auto race.

Early in June we broadcast a flying memorial service to aviators who had lost their lives in attempting to fly the Atlantic, and in the same month we presented from Old Orchard Beach the take-off of Roger Williams and Lewis Yancy, who made it. We also had the Harvard-Yale boat race, the Poughkeepsie regatta and the broadcast from under Niagara Falls.

July was marked by three events in the world of aviation: Williams and Yancy were given New York City's official welcome on their return to the United States, and the stories of two more endurance flights, those of Mendell and Reinhart and Mitchell and Newcombe, were broadcast. The same month also brought the Thanksgiving service from London.

A parachute jumper broadcast his sensations as he was falling through the air on August 12, and much of the rest of the month the world was watching the goings and comings of the Graf Zeppelin. The ship arrived in Lakehurst from Germany on August 4 and returned at the end of its around-the-world flight on August 29, and in the interim every movement was covered by press association bulletins and reporters stationed on both coasts.

Gloria Swanson sang from London for an American audience on September 5, and two days later we rebroadcast the Schneider cup races. Sergeant Alvin C. York, the World War hero, returned to the public eye by way of the microphone and Sir Harry Lauder used the microphone for the first time to keep in the public eye.

In October Jack Dempsey went on the air during the Fields-Dundee match in Chicago, the World's Series opened, and Premier J. Ramsey MacDonald arrived from England to talk peace with President Hoover. A Canadian station was added to the NBC network to present the Premier's addresses. Leopold Stokowski began his broadcasts, Walter Damrosch came back to the air with his programs for schools, the Light's Golden Jubilee program presented Albert Einstein from Germany and President Hoover, Thomas A. Edison and Henry Ford from Dearborn, the football season opened and a Holland program was rebroadcast.

October and November brought the New York City mayoralty campaign to the microphone, and early in the latter month Mayor Walker, who had spoken half a dozen times earlier in the year, welcomed the Russian fliers to the city. The Chicago Civic Opera programs opened with the dedication of a new opera house, President Hoover made his Armistice Day address from Arlington Cemetery; a Puccini opera was broadcast for the first time in the United States, and John McCormack came back to the air.

Early December brought Secretary Mellon, an abstract of President Hoover's message to the new Congress, and President Hoover's address to the members of the permanent business conference. Leaders in the Governmental and financial worlds also came to the microphone in a series of talks on economic subjects.
It may seem strange to you—bringing this word "laxative" into a discussion of beauty! And—what, pray, has a laxative to do with creams and lotions, with fair complexions and young and supple skins?

It has a great deal to do with them! It is almost all-important! For, unless you keep clean internally, your skin is bound to suffer, and will always lack the clear, fresh bloom which every woman wants!

Those tiny blemishes which baffle the cleverest cosmetics can be defeated by *Sal Hepatica*! Women who know the saline method, who use salines as the family laxative, know how quickly they purify the bloodstream and bring new color and translucence to the cheek.

In Europe, the wonderful saline springs have for years been thronged with men and women sent there by their physicians to drink the saline waters for the sake of their complexions and their health.

*Sal Hepatica* is the American equivalent of these saline springs. It rids the body of poisons and acidities. That is why its use is a great relief for headaches, colds, rheumatism, auto-intoxication, constipation, indigestion, complexion disorders and many other ills.

*Sal Hepatica*, taken before breakfast, is speedy in its action. Rarely, indeed, does it fail to act within thirty minutes.

Get a bottle today. Whenever constipation threatens your complexion with blemishes and "broken out" spots, take *Sal Hepatica*. And send now the coupon for the booklet which tells in detail how *Sal Hepatica* keeps your skin fresh and free from blemishes and how it relieves many common family ills.

---

**Sal Hepatica**

Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. RR-1, 71 West St., N.Y.

Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains more fully the many benefits of *Sal Hepatica*.

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In This Issue:
Norman Brokenshire
Jessica Dragonette
Graham McNamee
Andy Sannella
Nit Wit Hour
Mary and Bob
Phil Cook
And Other Features
RADIO STARS
from the Studios of

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Baritone
WOR—WEAF
American Opera Company

Lucien Rutman
Tenor
WEAF—WOR

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Canadian National Railways
WOR—WEAF
American Opera Company

Mary Silveira
Lyric Coloratura Soprano
WOR—WABC
American Opera Company
CONTENTS

On the Cover: Norman Brokenshire

Jessica Dragonette

What Light Opera Role Do I Love Most to Play?

The Muscular Diva

What Price Announcing!

Andy Sannella—a Real Miracle Man of Music

Andy Sannella

Have You a Little Nit Wit in Your Home?

Taught Self to Play Banjo—Roy Smeck Now Teaches Thousands

McNamee "a Great Guy," Oscar Writes His Girl Friend, Margy

"Quaker Girl" Starred on Broadway

Rector Again Points Way to Epicurean Delights

Radio's One-Man Show, Phil Cook, Is Marvel of Versatility

Mary and Bob Start Their Third Year of Air Wandering

One of the Immortals

A Case for Television

Majestic Hour Experiment Portends New Era in Conducting

An Open Letter to Mr. Average Fan from Mrs. Upstate Listener

Static from the Studios

New Meteor Flashes Across "Blue Heaven"

Ether Etchings

Editorials

Challenging the Grownups

Program Notes

Enrique Madriguera, Master of Jazz and the Classics

Listeners' Forum

Radio in the Home

The Announcer Speaks for Himself: Marley Sherris

The Big Ten—Best Selling Popular Songs of the Month

A Typical Radio Week

The Itinerant Listener—"He Tunes In and Reports at Random"

By Gaspano Ricca

(Photograph)

By Jessica Dragonette

By Clifford McBride

By Norman Brokenshire

By Herbert Devins

By Gaspano Ricca

By William Schult, Jr.

By David Casem

By P. H. W. Dixon

(Photograph)

By Florence Smith Vincent

By Jeanette Barnes

By Martha Beattie

(Photographs)

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By Joyce Sears

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By Joyce Sears

By Joyce Sears

By Joyce Sears

Bruce Gray, Editor

Contributing Editors:

Allen Haglund

H. Raymond Preston

Mrs. Julian Heath

Walter H. Preston

Willie Perceval-Monger

K. Trenholm

Published monthly by RADIO REVUE, INC., Six Harrison Street, New York, N. Y. Telephone: Walter 2877-2878; Uptown Office: Room 1213, Hotel Knickerbocker, 120 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y., H. Raymond Preston, President; Benjamin F. Rowland, Vice-President; Walter H. Preston, Secretary and Treasurer; George O. Barket, Advertising Manager. Manuscripts and photographs submitted for publication must be accompanied by sufficient postage if their return is desired. Advertising rates will be gladly furnished upon application. Second Class Entry. Pending at Post Office, New York, N. Y. Copyright, 1930, by Radio Revue, Inc. All rights reserved. Printed in U. S. A.

Subscription Prices: United States, $2; Canada, $2.50; Foreign, $3; Single Copies, 25c
Jessica Dragonette

NBC Soprano as Nadina Popoff in "The Chocolate Soldier"
Composing a Letter to Lieutenant Bumerli
What Light Opera Role Do I Love Most to Play?

Frankly, says the dainty NBC prima donna, it is difficult to single out any one, since each character has its own particular lure and fascination.

By JESSICA DRAGONETTE

What character do I love most to play? I have been asked that question so many times! Frankly, it is difficult to single out any one, since each character has its own particular lure and fascination. While I am playing Fifi in Mlle. Modiste, for instance, I think she is my favorite; or, again, if it is Sylvia in Sweethearts, I am sure she is—and so it goes with all the light opera personalities I portray.

As far back as I can remember I have loved to impersonate people. As a child, I was permitted to go to the theatre once a year—that was on my birthday! That day stood out as a notable day indeed. I was passionately fond of the theatre. For weeks afterwards I would act the entire play for my playmates, taking all the parts myself. What was a childish game has grown into a delightful and absorbing occupation.

Character-study is of all studies the most intriguing to me. In the subway, on the street, in the theatre, the market place, at tea, in department stores, in restaurants—wherever people are—I find myself absorbed with countless mannerisms and idiosyncrasies that go to make up characterizations. The way people walk, talk, act; the way they use their hands, all these things interest me. These bits of life that I have from time to time observed...
are tucked away in the pigeon-holes of my mind and unconsciously find their way into the building of a character.

**Must Know Proper Walk**

"But why", you may ask, "must you know how a character walks in order to play her over the radio?" Oh, but I must know! The walk sets the tempo of the scene. Long before my entrance in *Mlle. Modiste*, for example, I was walking up and down in the studio, looking back to see if the gentleman was still following me. Otherwise, I could never have given a true picture of *Fifi*, out of breath with *Hiram B. Out.*

**Fusion of Music and Drama**

In light opera, there is, of course, the two-fold interpretation, the musical as well as the dramatic. They are so completely united, however, that it is difficult to divorce one from the other. Rather the one enhances the other. For example, *Arms and the Man*, by George Bernard Shaw, is complete drama. In *The Chocolate Soldier* the drama is heightened a hundredfold by Oscar Straus's music.

I shall never forget the first character I created in light opera over the air. It was *The Merry Widow*, which I have since played several times. I had never done anything like it before and all sorts of difficulties loomed up—principally the fact that I was playing Sonia to Mr. Donald Brian's Danilo. He had created *Prince Danilo* some twenty years before. How was he going to be reconciled to me? I was so 1927! Suddenly I thought *Merry Widow* and gradually I felt her personality descending upon me. I was no longer myself—in fact, I was left far behind, still wondering, while another I, as Sonia, joyfully sang *The Merry Widow*.

Of course, one naturally likes best the character one admires most or finds most appealing. The tastes and sympathies of my audience are varied and definitely selective. Everyone does not like Zorika in *Gypsy Love*. Yet someone else prefers the dark, romantic girl far beyond the quaint and prim *Prudence* of *The Quaker Girl*. It is only by loving all my characters that I can understand their varied personalities.

**Radio Enables True Portrayal**

Some times an actress on the stage cannot play a certain character because of too great physical differences. This fact has made for "type"-casting, which is discussed so frequently in the theatre. Radio, of course, removes this handicap. Since the essence of personality is mental and emotional, the radio actress who can project with mind and spirit the potent qualities of her role gives, perhaps, a truer portrayal than does the actress on the stage who merely "looks" the part.

All this is not as difficult to arrive at as it would appear. With certain basic principles set down, characterization becomes a matter rather of combination. First of all, a character must be universal in soul. Then whatever external qualities are added must be inevitable, potent and sure. Weave through this human being, in varying combinations, charm, caprice, subtlety, loveliness, gayety, mischief, generosity, wit, courage, gallantry, or naiveté; add to these qualifications situations like poverty, riches, loneliness, boredom, ambition, and you
have material for a thousand characterizations.

But still you ask: "What character do you love most to play?" Let me see—I have played some sixty-five roles over a period of two and a half years. Perhaps if I re-

view some of them I may discover preferences.

Marietta, in Naughty Marietta is dear to me because of her mischievous fiery Italian temperament. Her moods are as scintillating as the stars. She is April, laughing one moment and weeping the next. Her personality is all bright darts until, slowly and like a flower unfolding, you see her romantic nature bloom.

**Cannot Part With Angele**

Angèle, in The Count of Luxembourg, is very different. She is French and her flashes of personality contrast markedly with the little Italian girl. Angele is taller and more beautiful. Besides, Marietta has a title and Angele is marrying for one, so . . . being an actress her charm is heightened ten times. She is graceful, poised, gay and subtle. She has humor, too—and a certain good sports-

manship which she adequately displays in her beautiful opening aria "Love, Good-Bye!" No, no, I cannot part with Angele!

Do you remember O Mimosa San, the dainty fluttering little creature in The Geisha? And Katie, the blonde, vital, laughing barmaid in The Student Prince? From her first rippling laugh in the first act to her "Good-bye Heidelberg" tears in the last, I love her.

Then there are Babette, Zoradie in The Rose of Algeria, Gretebeu and Tina in The Red Mill; Elaine in The Debut-

tante; Mary and Jane in The Babes in Toyland; Vivien in The Enchantress; Greta in The Singing Girl; Irma in The Fortune-Teller, Serafina in The Madcap Dutchess; Eileen and Rosie Flynn in Edwin—all of these are beloved Vic-

tor Herbert roles—Flora and Janet, so sweet and heathery in de Koven’s Rob Roy; An-

itza, thoroughly Americanized by George Cohan, in The Royal Vicabond.

**Princess Pat,** a girl to dream about, poured forth her ro-

mantic soul in some of Her-

bert’s loveliest music, "Love is the Best of All"; "All for You," and "I Need Affection, oh, so Much!"

**Ottile of the Mauve Decade**

Ottile, in Maytime is Amer-

cian, quaint and of the mauve decade. She is the girl who tells her lover in the first act “Your arm is like a pump-

handle,—there’s no cuddle to it!” This same girl grows older and older throughout the play, until she finally ap-

pears as a grandmother.

Throughout the whole time and space of the play she has never forgotten the words of

her lover, and they echo from generation to generation “To life’s last faint ember, will you reme mber? Springtime! Love-
time! May!”

I could go on and enumerate still more characters, all dear to me. They pass the horizon of my memory like del-

ightful dreams each leaving a fa-

miliar footfall.

The business of the artist, whether she be singer or actress, is to trans-

fer feeling. A great many people think that, if an actress is to por-

tray anger, she must do it with contorted face, clenched fists shouting and arm-

waving. Yet we readily admit that in real life the greatest emotion is expressed with the least vehemence.

We read that Wendell Phillips (who probably had a greater effect upon his audien-

ces than any other orator of any age) seldom made a gesture and seldom raised his voice. On what, then, did his success depend? I believe, in his ability to project feeling, which at once becomes the absorbing problem of the radio artist.

**Must Transfer Feelings to Listener**

The dramatist or musician has woven certain feelings into character, incident, scene or story. When these feel-

ings in their utmost power have been transferred by the artist to the listener, so that he, too, is infected with them, the cycle of art is complete.

Which rôle do I love most to play? I really cannot name any one. I love them all—but principally the one I happen to be playing.
The Muscular Diva

By Clifford McBride
What Price Announcing!

Why is it that those "old timers" who have become real personalities to thousands of listeners through their announcing since the beginning of radio, are now heard so seldom?

By NORMAN BROKENSHIRE

The announcer is dead! Long live the announcer!

Why is it that the better a radio announcer becomes, the less he is heard? Why is it that those "old timers," who have become real personalities to thousands of listeners through their announcing since the beginning of radio, are now heard so seldom? These and numerous other questions of similar nature come to me so often that I am sure a true story of the evolution of the art of announcing, and an unvarnished picture of the announcer is due the listener.

Seven years is a long time to spend in any type of work. Especially is this true when those seven years are spent with an infant industry, and my seven years in radio announcing constitute the years of growth. If a boy, seven years ago began as an office clerk and attended diligently to his duties, he would now be a proud assistant to the office manager, if not the manager himself. Let a youth go into apprenticeship, seven years later will find him an expert. I know personally a young man who took a place as an usher in one of the largest theatres in New York City—five years later he was house manager over two hundred employees. And so it goes in all the ordinary walks of life, but not so in this new industry.

Let those who have listened to radio consistently recall the names of announcers who began seven, six, or even five years ago—where are the owners of those names now?

What Has Happened in Announcing?

A fellow does not have to believe in the Darwin theory to know that progress is inevitable. At least, individuals
do not stand still; they either advance or retrograde. So, let us look into this matter thoroughly and see what has happened to the art of announcing—a very important and vital part in broadcasting.

We must, first of all, remember that broadcasting, when it began, was not at all commercial. Time was not sold and artists were not paid. It was a novelty that brought certain attention to those who owned the station and those who entertained. In the case of the larger companies who broadcast, it was a matter of experimentation to see what could be developed in this new field of communication. Even then it was realized that a complicated organization was necessary.

There was a great divide between the business and artistic sides. Who should be chosen to manage a broadcasting station? A business sense was necessary, for the expenses were large. An artistic sense was necessary, for there were programs to be constructed and presented. A mechanical sense was necessary, for broadcasting was an intricate process. Unlike other organizations, it was not a step by step building, wherein one position led to and trained for the next, but it was one of complete contrasts.

The operating staff was essential, of course. Then came the managerial staff, and then the compromise—the announcer who was the go-between. He it was who found out what the manager wanted in the way of talent, and then used his connections to invite the proper artist to participate at the proper times. He it was who found out just what the operators wanted by way of placement and arranged with his artists to stand just so and sing or play just so. He it was who, by means of letters from the listeners, found out what the public wanted and how they wanted what they wanted announced.

The Program of the Early Days

And so it is evident that there were many sides to the work of announcing in the early days that were not realized by the listeners. I recall very distinctly the execution of a program then.

When the announcer came on duty, he would look about to see who of his invited guests had come. Then, with pencil and paper he would visit with each one or group and find out what music they had with them. With these notations in hand, he would hastily balance the program and then put them "on the air". He had to see that the artists began on time and finished on time. He placed them for balance, he cheered them and gave them courage, if they were nervous before the "mike". He made the necessary apologies when an artist broke down or delayed because of lost music, he filled in the time necessary to repair a broken string on a harp or a violin, sadly out of tune. While one program was on its last selection, he was busy in the reception room building the next. And so it was through the hours, as many as fifteen hours a day.

Whether it was a Bach concerto or a report of the produce market, a dance orchestra, or an "in memoriam", the announcer had to fill the bill. There were also many out-of-studio assignments, banquets, night clubs, celebrations, restaurants, lectures and jubilees. In these places the announcer was also entirely responsible for seeing that things went smoothly and were completely covered.

How a Program Is Staged Now

But, how times have changed! Today, a program, whether commercial or sustaining, is made up three weeks or more in advance, artists are carefully chosen by means of auditions, wherein they compete with dozens of others. When entirely cast, the program is rehearsed and timed to within split seconds of the time allotted.

When the day of the program comes, a page in uniform or a hostess directs the artist to one of a maze of studios where he or she is greeted by the director and production man. The announcer is given a script and the "dress rehearsal" begins. The script that the announcer will read is the product of a continuity department, whose business it is to

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*Introducing Jack Dempsey over the CBS.*

*At Atlantic City in 1925, Norman chose this Beauty as "Miss America."*

*The Reading Railroad Revelers, an early WJZ Feature, obtain Local Color. Left to right: Bob Newton, Herb Glover, Elliot Shaw, Ed Smalle, Norman, Wilfred Glenn*
turn out all the sustaining programs and a majority of the "commercials".

A signal from the central control man to the operator handling the program is relayed to the assembled and rehearsed artists by the production man. He in turn signals the announcer who reads the opening announcement and advertising data. The program has begun. Throughout the entire offering, the production man watches the placement and time, the program director watches the cues for each artist or reader, (also the announcer), the operator watches the gain control, a page or porter guards the door and a hostess-pianist stands by to fill in, should anything unforeseen happen to break the flow of the elaborately prepared continuity.

Oh, yes, there has been evolution in announcing, but at what a price to the profession! True, the really proficient announcer of the old days still announces, for to him it is an art. Through his art, he has experienced the romance of the growth of a gigantic industry, he has thrilled with the adventure of new achievements, broadcasting first from the studio alone, then from remote points, then from airplanes in flight, and now from a dozen places at once. There have been many thrills and, through fan mail, he has had a concrete form of appreciation.

Many Thrills in Announcing

Can't you stretch your imagination and appreciate the thrill that came to me when I stood on the Capitol steps on March 4, 1925, with waiting millions dependent upon me for a description of the excitement during the Coolidge Inauguration, and when, unaided, I carried the radio end of the historic event for over three hours! Can't you sense the quickened pulse, when at Mitchell Field I stood in the stand, microphone in hand, and, together with the Prince of Wales, the Governor of the State and the Mayor of the city of New York, awaited the return of the 'round-the-world flyers?

Imagine the tension that was mine on Labor Day, 1924, as, "mike" in one hand, field glasses in the other, I announced the very first horse race to go on the air, the Zev-Epinal race at Belmont Park Track. Can you blame me for asking Will Rogers to autograph my card as I sat beside him in the speakers' stand at the first Democratic National Convention to be broadcast? When the resolution was passed to hold the First Joint Session of the Senate and the House of Representatives of the United States to hold memorial services in honor of Woodrow Wilson in the hall of the House of Representatives on December 15, 1924, can't you feel the pride that came to me as I was chosen to carry the first microphone into the sacred precincts of the hall of the House of Representatives and to officiate at the services for the listening radio public?

Can you feel with me the solemnity of the occasion when, as one of a group of mourners in the nation's Capitol, I was called upon to broadcast the services that put to rest our greatest orator, William Jennings Bryan? And then to be the first to enter the sanctum of Herbert Hoover, in the Department of Commerce Building, while he was Secretary of Commerce, to place the microphone on his desk so that he might speak to the nation regarding the newly-appointed Radio Commission.

Arrival of the Graf Zeppelin

And so it went through the years, until last August it was my privilege to board the special plane to meet the Graf Zeppelin on its world-famed flight from Germany and to report not only over the air but through the Associated Press, the greetings of Dr. Hugo Eckener and the story of the Zeppelin's arrival.

Surely you can easily sense the pride with which we veteran announcers look upon our profession. And the sorrow that comes to us as we find that we can no longer stay with the organizations with which we grew, for such is really (Continued on page 48)
Andy Sannella—
A Real Miracle Man of Music

By Herbert Devins

A BUNCH of the boys were whooping it up—but Dan McGrew wasn't there. For this was not the old Malemute of storied fame, but the American Hotel in Panama City. The merrymakers were a group of tars from the Destroyer "Farragut." The armistice had just been signed. The boys knew they would soon be discharged and so it was easy to get shore leave.

The good-looking "gringo," who seemed to lead his mates, was fascinated by the motley orchestra. Without a word, he took the violin from the loose fingers of one musician.

"Lookit Andy! He thinks yuh play 'em like his guitar aboard ship. Hot dawg! Watch this—"

The sailors not only watched, they began to listen. So did everyone else in the saloon. Natives and Americanos alike formed a spell-bound circle around the soloist. Not even his shipmates had suspected that Andy Sannella had once been a concert violinist. He was all prepared to invade Europe at the age of fourteen, but his father died and he lost interest. This was the first time he had touched one since. His guitar? Just a fancy, to liven up the fo'castle.

But this was real—a breath from another world in this little hotel in Panama City. When the sailor returned the battered fiddle to its owner, the latter stared at it helplessly. But the manager sputtered in broken Spanish and with many gestures made it plain that he wanted the sailor to stay and play at his hotel in uniform during the remaining four days of carnival week. This celebration was held in honor of the service men and, while it lasted, they had the freedom of the city.

Offered Job for Four Days

Andy grinned. That was real success, an offer of steady work—even though it was only for four days. He looked at his gang. They all howled with glee. But, after all, why not? Acting on impulse, Sannella accepted—just for the lark. But he had to obtain permission from Rear Admiral Johnson to carry it through. The officer saw the joke and consented.

By the time his four-day engagement had ended, Andy had gotten the fever. There was no more work to be had just then at the American Hotel, but he learned that a pianist was wanted at the Silver Dollar Saloon nearby. He got the job and, after he had played there for six weeks, the owner of the American Hotel re-engaged him in charge of the orchestra.

The first saxophone Andy Sannella bought, he paid $25 for and his boss offered him $50 if he would throw it away. This happened only a short time after he had started. He had organized an entirely new orchestra, which was becoming famous in the neighboring country. There were so many demands for appearances out of town and at nearby camps that he seldom could be found at the Hotel.

On one flying trip he saw the saxophone in a music store window. With customary abruptness he went inside
Andy Sannella, *the Miracle Man of Music*
and bought it, for $25. From that time on he spent all
his spare time practicing, at first just to get any sound
at all, and then to sweeten the tone.

Before he had established friendly relations with the
instrument, his boss complained. "So you don' lose money,
I pay fefty collair for heem. Then you see customers
come back." Andy decided he had been insulted, he re-
 fused to be comforted and went home to New York.

Perfects "Sax" Technic

After visiting his family, he returned to Panama City,
taking with him a pianist from the United States. During
his visit to his home, he had done a great deal of practicing
on the saxophone, and had become proficient enough on
the instrument to alter the boss's views. So from then on
he continued to perfect his saxophone technic. Today
the nation's youths are practicing saxophone in secret,
studying the famous "Andy Sannella Method."

In 1922 Andy returned to the United States seeking an
engagement. He did not know a soul in the music business in
New York. He wandered around for months before he
finally secured a chance to play in a cabaret in Brooklyn.
There he played saxophone in the dance band and violin for
the show in the cabaret. After playing on this obscure en-

gagement for about three months, he was asked to play an
engagement at the Van-

derbilt home on Fifth

Avenue, with Mr. Mike Markel, who did much of the so-
icity orchestra work in New York at that time. The oppor-
tunity to play with a very well-known leader delighted him
and soon after he became Markel's principal saxophonist.

After a year and a half with the Markel Orchestra,
playing in some of the most exclusive homes and clubs in
New York and vicinity, Andy accepted an engagement at
"Castles by the Sea" at Long Beach, Long Island. Later
he toured the country with Ray Miller's Orchestra. Dur-
ing this time he became rather well known and later was
offered several steady engagements. However, in the in-
terim he had also become known to the recording depart-
ments of the various phonograph companies and decided to be
a "free lance" and to devote the majority of his
time to recording.

Services in Great Demand

Today, Andy's services are in great demand in New
York. When the most prominent leaders have exception-
ally important recording engagements with special num-
bbers, he is often engaged as the lead saxophonist. How-
ever, this is not the main source of his income. The
voice of his saxophone is heard by millions each week over
the radio, as he is the first saxophonist on about 15 of the
more important programs nationally broadcasted from
New York City. It is said that his weekly income aver-
ges close to four figures.

If you listen to the radio often, you have heard his work
on the saxophone, his fine style, brilliant tone and finished
performance. The obligatos which Andy broadcasts or
records almost at a moment's notice and without previous
preparation are the talk of the popular music world today.

A short time ago Andy was lying flat on his back at
home, convalescing from an illness, when he heard the
strains of a familiar saxophone growing louder and louder.
He thought the fever had weakened his mind, for the music
was that of his own saxophone on a record he had made
for Victor just a short time before. The sound grew
louder and louder beyond the power of any phonograph.
It seemed to come from the sky. Convinced that it
was an hallucination, he investigated anyway. It was a
stunt plane flying over the housetops with a phonograph
and powerful amplifier apparatus, "broadcasting" a San-
nella record. Thus the mystery was solved.

Andy is a real aerial star. Not con-
tent with broadcast-
ing several hours a
night, he spends part
of every day in his
own airplane, unless
weather prevents. It
was he who organized
the now-famous "Al-
batross Club" at
Roosevelt Field, com-
posed of noted flyers
like Paul Whiteman,
Gene Austin and
Franklynn Baur. He
travels back and
forth between the
flying field, the broad-
casting studios and
the recording laboratories in a speedy Packard roaster.

Has Written Many Numbers

Although he is one of radio's busiest figures, Andy
manages to spend some time at his beautiful apartment
on Riverside Drive, too. His wife is an accomplished
pianiste. It was for her that he named his first composi-
tion, a saxophone solo, "Aileen." His other best known
numbers are "Jack and Jill," "Millicent," and "Saxanella."
He has written 25 other spectacular bits to demonstrate
the flexibility of the "most maligned instrument." That's
what Andy calls the saxophone.

Musicians everywhere know Sannella. They know his
trick of smooth rehearsal. With a cigarette in one hand
and baton in the other, his eyes half closed, he never
misses a movement or tone of even the most remote mem-
ber of his band. They know his method of coaxing the
'nth' degree of melody from a saxophone or clarinet, and
the Sannella knack of getting the best radio results from a

guitar.

These same musicians and other associates of Sannella
know the pleasing personality and good humor the young
musician radiates while he works. They know there isn't

(Continued on page 43)
Have You a Little Nit Wit In Your Home?

By WILLIAM SCHUDT, JR.

"Nit Wits", says Bradford Browne, writer and producer of this popular radio feature, "are not difficult to find—but good Nit Wits! Ah! There's where the trouble begins!"

The Nit Wit Hour, broadcast over WABC and the CBS chain every Saturday night, was originally suggested by Georgia Backus, of the WABC continuity department. She told her idea to Bradford Browne, who, believing it to be something unique, set to work on the script immediately.

When Bradford finally had completed scripts for three consecutive hours, he began to search for the proper characters to enact the various roles. After interviewing over one hundred applicants, Bradford was amazed to find just the proper characters in the continuity and program departments of WABC! And so the Nit Wits were organized.

David Ross, genial announcer of WABC, can do Jewish comedy to perfection—he calls it "bronchial English"—and, as a result, he has become a semi-permanent member of the cast.

"Peggy" Young, formerly assistant program manager for CBS and now Mrs. Bradford Browne, could do little funny pieces on interior decoration. These were changed and highly burlesqued by Mr. Browne. The finished product, as offered by Miss Young on the air, was called "Talks on Interior Desecration with Advice to the Lovelorn" and the orator was assigned the name of "Patience Bumpstead". Peggy was an immediate success on the air, as her many enthusiastic letters will testify.

The Sweet Singer of Sour Songs

Lucille Black is ordinarily the CBS staff pianiste. However, as Browne transforms her each Saturday night, she becomes Madame Mocha De Polka a former member of the Russian Grand Opera Company, who is known as the "sweet singer of sour songs".

Meet the Famous Nit Wits. Left to Right they are: Chief Nit Wit (Bradford Browne); Lizzie Twitch, the cooking expert (Yolande Langworthy); Professor R. U. Musclebound, Physical Culturist (Harry Swan); Aphrodite Godiva (Georgia Backus); Eczema Succotash, accompanist (Minnie Blumman); Patience Bumpstead, the interior desecrator (Margaret Young); Madame Mocha de Polka, operatic singer (Lucille Black); and standing in the rear is Lord Algernon Asbeart (Chester Miller).
Chester Miller, the announcer, has been assigned a dual personality by the Nit Wit director. He plays "Lord Ashcart" and "Congressman Felix O'Beefe", the noisy politician.

Yolande Langworthy and Georgia Backus, continuity writers for the station, are versatile character actresses and are usually given different parts every week. Miss Langworthy always enacts the role of Lizzy Twitch. Miss Backus usually assumes the role of Aphrodite Godiva.

"Yes, We Have No Bananas" is the official theme song for the Nit Wit Hours. It is offered in six varieties and in thirteen keys. The Nit Wit pianist is Minnie Bluman, who in everyday life holds forth in the Artists' Bureau.

Bradford Browne is master of ceremonies during each broadcast. Browne, in addition, gives the official weather report by the "Departure from Agriculture", which is usually for Twenty-third Street at Seventh Avenue and the Sahara Desert!

The Nit Wits take their rehearsals very seriously, Browne says. The hilarious parts and funny episodes are all gone through with the most serious of expressions on all of their faces. "Fun for all and all for fun" is the slogan.

As Chief in the weekly escapades of the Nit Wits, Bradford Browne has most of the work thrust upon his shoulders. It is entirely up to him to keep the pace of the program balanced. Bradford is a versatile actor, a writer and a first class singer and announcer.

Not Long Ago He Was Floor Walker

Strange as it may seem, only a short time ago this same Bradford Browne was pacing up and down the corridors of a Newark department store, performing the regular duties of a floor walker. In fact, Bradford's life in itself is an interesting story. Let us peep into this background for a few minutes.

Bradford Browne is the brother of Harry Browne, who, incidentally, is the writer and producer of "Hank Simmons's Show Boat", heard every week over the Columbia chain. Bradford was born in North Adams, Mass., and has had a versatile career.

No doubt the success of the Browne productions can be traced to the fact that much time is spent on every script. Detail and time mean much to radio productions, Browne will tell you. How many hours does Bradford work? Usually from about ten o'clock in the morning until midnight, during which time he writes scripts, announces, plays parts in his own productions' rehearsals or broadcasts, and does his regular work as continuity writer.

"You have to give them something good on the radio," Browne told this writer. "Poor stuff just doesn't go. It falls flat and causes your regular listeners to lose faith in your acts and tune them out on other nights." That is why he spends so much time on the details. If it's a comedy, Bradford believes in giving the audience a laugh a minute. Failure to do so means suffering the consequences.

"You haven't got the people in your theatre," he explained. "They are out there, scattered everywhere, and if you don't 'click', your act is tuned out." Bradford laughed. "Just like that," he said, snipping his fingers. "They don't care," he continued, "who you are or what you might give them later in the program. It's what you're giving them every instant that counts and you either give them a thrill or a laugh a minute—or you lose two or three million listeners."

Bradford Browne's first attempt at radio drama, "The Cellar Knights," was made about four years ago, just after he left the department store and became affiliated with a Newark station. The Cellar Knights were so good that some months later, when Bradford was asked to join the staff of WABC, then owned by A. H. Grebe, the officials asked him to continue his skit over their station. This Bradford did and, when the Columbia Broadcasting System purchased WABC early in 1929, the "Cellar Knights" skit was immediately put on the nationwide chain.

It was shortly after Columbia had acquired WABC that Bradford got the idea for the "Nit Wit Hour". Half a dozen scripts were prepared and promptly discarded following rehearsals. Bradford knew what he wanted but, when the production went into rehearsal, it did not sound just right. So he started all over again. Finally he hit on the keynote idea. The present Nit Wit Hour series is the result.

The popularity of this highly burlesque hour of entertainment can best be judged by the fact that, in a recent voting contest conducted by the New York Telegram, the "Nit Wit Hour" was named among the biggest hours on the air in America today.

Edson Bradford Browne has had an eventful life. He was born in North Adams, Mass. His father was the end man in a minstrel show. Most of Bradford's relatives are musically inclined. A banjo was the inspiration that sent Bradford Browne on what was eventually to lead to a music-drama life in the business world.

Studied Law At Georgetown

Browne never studied music. When he became of age to study for his future profession he took up law. He studied law at Georgetown University and finally was graduated with honors.

But that is getting ahead of our story. Back in North Adams, Bradford plunked away on his banjo. Now and then he would play something that sounded different and
people would sneer and think him funny.

From the banjo Bradford went to plucking on his father's piano. Here is where he first began composing original music. His musical ability made him the "life of every party" and it was not long before he was in great demand.

His musical education ended here for a brief time. He became "pin" boy in the local bowling alley. Then wanderlust gripped him and he went to Washington, and from there traveled extensively.

After the war he worked in a department store in Newark, where he became floorwalker and held a large assortment of other jobs in the organization over a period of four years.

This work just didn't appeal to Bradford, and he turned to his music work again. In Newark he teamed up with Al Llewelyn, who was later to become his colleague in the Cellar Knights act at WABC. They sang well together. People often said so. They sang so well, in fact, that it was not long before the duo received an invitation from a Newark radio station to appear over the air. This they did and the response was electric.

Bradford liked the atmosphere of the radio broadcasting station and spent much of his spare time there. Finally one day his chance came. One of the announcers was ill. The others, for some reason or other, were not present. Perhaps young Browne could aid them, the studio manager thought. Browne jumped at the suggestion. He did very well; in fact, so well that he earned himself a job immediately at the station, where he became announcer and finally chief continuity director. In this latter capacity he turned out many interesting dramatizations, which brought much fan mail in the early days of radio.

Takes Position With Station WABC

Then one day Bradford received an invitation from officials of the Atlantic Broadcasting Corporation in New York, then operating WABC, WBOQ and other broadcasting stations. He was offered a position and he accepted it. For a while things went rather quietly at WABC for Bradford Browne. He did a great deal of announcing. Although he had been at WABC for only a few months, Bradford soon was working day and night, preparing surprises for his radio listeners. He knew that these might not get on the air for many months, perhaps not for a year—he worked that long on one of his presentations! On the other hand, he has written a feature in barely thirty minutes before it was broadcast. Even these hastily prepared scripts have met with wide approval in radio fandom.

This writer vividly recalls one night when Bradford Browne was so busy that he didn't get a chance to write his act until one hour before time to put it on the air. For thirty minutes he pounded out copy on his typewriter—he is an expert typist. For the next thirty minutes he rehearsed his act, in which were featured eight persons, including a vocal quartet. The act was broadcast right on time and, to the surprise of all, critics far and wide praised this particular dramatization as one of Mr. Browne's outstanding achievements.

Browne has even taken a crack at rural skits—he collaborated in the "Oshkosh Junction" periods, which ran on WABC.

What Bradford Browne's scripts look like in print can be gleaned from an excerpt from one of his "Nit Wit" Hours. The following concerns the football resume which was one of the highlights of the Nit Wit broadcasts during the last football season.

Quotation from Browne's Script

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, we bring you the results of some of the roasting and fryings, not to mention a few of the stewardings, which occurred today on various grids throughout the country. Maybe we're wrong about some of these, but you can't sue us, because—well, you just can't, that's all. Now, let's see. In New Haven, what's where Yale is located—and where John Coolidge does his railroading—well, in New Haven, the Bulldogs—that's Yale—started to mess around with the Princeton Tigers and, after two hours of frightful carnage, the only thing found between the goal posts was the referee's wooden whistle and that wouldn't whistle. Score—yes and no.

"Let's see. Over in Pennsylvania—what a time, what a time. The laddies from Carnegie Tech, dressed in their new kilts, journeyed far over into Philadelphia, where they engaged the Pennsylvania Quakers in the old good game of toss it, kick it and rush it. Well, the high spot of the afternoon was the cheering sections. First, the Carnegie Skibos would cry out with a loud voice "hoot mon, hoot mon", to which the Quakers would reply "aye, verily, brethren".

"Well, in the third quarter the thees and the thoes got the ball on their own ten-yard line and, after going into a huddle, they executed a line plunge and all the Scotch laddies got kilt. That is most of the Scotchmen got kilt. Those not kilt were running around getting their breath in short pants. Score—same as last year.

"Well, well, well, another great game was played today. (Continued on page 43)
Taught Self to Play Banjo—
ROY SMECK
Now Teaches
Thousands

By DAVID CASEM

About a year ago, a stranger came into WOR’s studio, followed by two porters carrying eight instruments. From the breast pocket of his coat a harmonica protruded. He was carrying two press books.

"Where's the boss of the station?" he asked WOR’s Information Bureau.

"Have you an appointment?" came the return query.

"No" was his response.

"I don't think you will be able to see him then," was the rejoinder.

"Can't I play for somebody else then?" the newcomer queried.

Finally he encountered the Press Agent, and insisted on showing him his clipping books. They were so lavish in their praise that the stranger could not be ignored.

"It will establish a precedent if I listen, but I'll take the chance," said the Press Agent, conducting him to the audition room, where the man began "whacking" a banjo in spectacular fashion.

In a moment, work in all departments was disrupted. Every one marvelled as he brought forth stirring strains on one instrument after another. He got the only AAA rating that has been given at auditions and was booked immediately.

The man was Roy Smeck, known on the stage and air as "The Wizard of the Strings," and one of radio’s stars.

Could Not Afford Lessons

There's a very human story back of Mr. Smeck, one that antedates his crashing WOR. Mr. Smeck was born in Reading, Pennsylvania, and has all the happy-go-lucky traits of the Pennsylvania Dutch, as well as their desire to play some sort of instrument. Parental finances did not permit the indulgence in lessons, however.

Roy left school almost before he got started, and became a boss, as he put it—boss of a broom in a shoe factory, where his job was to corral leather cuttings into one heap. After several months he managed to save enough to buy a ukulele and a few phonograph records of that instrument, together with a self-instruction book.

Armed with these, he began a campaign of practice that took in even his working hours. A foreman caught him one day and, as his opinion of the "uke" was anything but enthusiastic, he told Roy that working should never be allowed to interfere with his playing. The foreman then proceeded to separate Roy from his job.

Shortly afterward he found a backer and opened a tiny music store in Binghamton, New York, where he whiled away the time between customers by learning to play from records that he had in the store. When he had attained a high degree of perfection on the "uke," he took up the banjo. Then followed the guitar, steel guitar, harmonica and long-neck banjo, which, next to the octochorda (his own invention), is his favorite.

Paul Specht Discovers Him

One day, while Paul Specht, famous popular orchestra director, was playing in Binghamton, he found himself without a banjoist. A local musician told him of Smeck. An audition proved his worth and Roy "chucked" the store to join the organization which was scheduled to open the then new Alamac Hotel in New York.

The ability of the younger was so marked that Mr. Specht had him go out on the floor. His first appearance stamped him as a solo artist. Not long after, he went on a sixteen-weeks’ tour of Keith’s Vaudeville Circuit at $600 a week, and second from the top.

His playing, according to press notices, was such that he should have been the headliner, since he won first place in (Continued on page 42)
DEAR MARGY:

Well, Mary, this letter is going to contain some good news. I've been promoted. I'm now working permanently on the thirteenth floor of the NBC building, having been advanced from the twelfth floor.

Now, girl friend, please don't think I am trying to be funny by saying that moving from the twelfth floor to the thirteenth is a promotion. It's really important. Nobody but a lot of engineers and continuity writers and other hired hands are on the 12th floor. But on the thirteenth floor they really broadcast and the important people come there. And that's how I came to meet Graham McNamee and now I can answer all your questions about him.

Graham, I mean Mr. McNamee, is a great guy. He's not bad-looking. No collar ad, you know, but I never did like those kind anyway. He has a swell grin and always has time to say "hello" to everybody and he tells stories. He had a swell one to tell us the other day. I'd tell it to you only you wouldn't understand it, Margy.

He's about five foot eight inches tall and weighs, I guess, about 155 pounds. He's pretty broad-shouldered and would make a good half back. He moves around pretty fast and sticks his head a little forward when he talks and cocks it to one side when he is listening. He still has all his hair and is young-looking. I heard him say something about reducing, but he doesn't look like he needs to much.

But I was going to tell you how I came to meet Mr. McNamee. I was on duty on the thirteenth when a man stuck his head out of a door of a little office and called me.

He Gave Me Figures to Add

"Can you add?" he asked me. Of course, Margy, I didn't tell him that my mathematics were always the pride and joy of Yoakum High School, but I said I could add. So he gave me a whole string of figures to add up and I added them and the total was $192.37.

"That's just ten dollars more than I got", he said. "Doggone these so-and-so expense accounts anyway." But it was not until later that I learned I had helped Graham McNamee out of a tight situation.

Mr. McNamee doesn't have to announce for a living, Margy. He is also a baritone and can make almost as much money singing songs as by describing a world's series. But, shucks, the woods are full of baritones, so you ought to be glad he's decided to keep on...
announcing. I would hate to have some of the baritones we have around here describe a baseball game. Anyway, some of them can’t speak any English.

I want to tell you something about his life, Margy. He was born in Washington, but at an early age moved west with his parents, to Minnesota. At least up here in New York they think Minnesota is way out west, but then they’ve never been to Texas, so we both know it’s really way up north. When he went to school he played a lot of baseball and he is a southpaw... which means he is left-handed. He also played football, and hockey and boxed some, all of which came in handy later when he became an announcer.

He learned to play the piano when he was seven years old and sang in a church choir. When he was seventeen he decided to be a great singer and was doing right well at it only radio was invented and he got a job as an announcer because he had a hunch it had a future. Which it did. And then came the Democratic convention in New York and McNamee did such a swell job describing it that they started having him describe prize fights and other important events. Before that he sang in a concert at Aeolian Hall, which is a high-hat auditorium in New York. You gotta be good to sing there, Margy.

I guess it is unnecessary to remind you what he has done since especially since he is now on the same program with Rudy Vallee and you hear him every week. He knows a whole lot of celebrities, too, like Babe Ruth and Jack Dempsey and Colonel Lindbergh and One-Eyed Connelly and people like that. And everytime he goes to a ball game or a fight people say “hello, Mac,” and whether he has been introduced to them or not he says “hello”, which shows you he is a good guy and not high-hat or anything.

You know you can pick up Campus Humor or Life or any of those magazines and almost always find a joke about McNamee. Some of them aren’t complimentary but he doesn’t care. He likes them and clips them out to show his friends.

He has written a book and some day, when I get to know him better, I am going to get a copy and have him autograph it.

Left Gift of Fish in Studio

He gets lots of presents and all kinds of funny things. One time somebody sent him a barrel of oysters and another time someone sent him some fish, and he forgot and left the fish in a studio. They couldn’t use the studio for five days after he remembered where he’d left those fish. One of the other boys told me that every year he gets a big watermelon from some one down south and that he divides it up with the people in the studio. I hope I am here next summer.

Of course, you hear a lot of stories about him and the funny things he sometimes says on the air. They say that, when the crew of the Graf Zeppelin came to New York, Mr. McNamee was describing them coming ashore from a boat and Lady Drummond Hay was coming along with a big bunch of flowers and he couldn’t think of how to describe it so he said she looked like a swell funeral. And then a little later when some of the other people on the Graf came along, he said: “The crew is now passing out”. But shucks, Margy, when you stop to think that he has been talking pretty steady for eight years he’s bound to make a slip once in a while.

I wasn’t able to find out what size hat he wears, but I noticed he likes old ones. He’s kinda conservative about his necktie, too. He plays golf and is pretty good at it. Someday I’m going to ask him to let me caddy for him.

That’s about all I can think of about Graham, Margy. When I get to know him better I will tell you about our conversations. Then I may decide to become an announcer instead of a great radio singer. I guess I better ask him about that, because he has been both and knows which is worse — I mean which is the hardest.

Now, Margy, I have to go on duty and, besides, the man who uses this (Continued on page 47)
“Quaker Girl” Starred on Broadway

Lois Bennett Came to Radio After Successes with Ziegfeld and Ames

This lovely titian soprano is a Texas maid. Born in Houston, she came to New York at an early age to study music. The Brooklyn Daily Eagle critic, who wrote her first press notice, urged her to go on the stage. She never forgot this advice. One day she met Florenz Ziegfeld. He engaged her to succeed Vivienne Segal in his current Follies. She was a success from the start. Then Winthrop Ames starred her in his Gilbert and Sullivan revivals. She played leading roles in The Mikado, Iolanthe and The Pirates of Penzance. Months later she met the same critic, now president of the Judson Radio Program Corporation. This time he said: “Your future is in radio.” Again Miss Bennett took his advice.
WHEN it's 9:45 in the morning by central time, it is something else again beyond the Rocky Mountains and Way Down East. But when the clock's moving finger points to that hour in Chicago, housewives from the Pacific's blue waters to New England's rock-bound coast call a halt in the day's occupations and tune in to voices in the air.

"Good morning! What shall we have to eat today?" comes the pleasant query, followed promptly by the response in the sonorous tones of a man:

"Well, we might try Pea a L'artuove, made with bacon. What a favorite dish that was with the diners-out in the Nineties!"

The Libby morning hour is on and off—to a flying start. Mary Hale Martin, nationally known home economics expert, and George Rector, famous restaurateur whose name is a synonym for culinary perfection, are riding their mutual hobby, food—Mr. Rector exasperating on the epicurean superiority of a day when America in all truth was a nation of "diners-out", the gentle Mary Hale Martin putting in a soft word now and then to turn the raconteur's wrath away from the sad state of affairs as they exist, now that we have turned into a "tribe of sandwich-grabbers".

Within the scientifically constructed kitchen in the plant of Libby, McNeil & Libby in Chicago, the scene of the regular Wednesday morning broadcast, all is calm. The man in the little glassed-in control room, whose uplifted finger has just fallen in the "all-ready" signal, is on the alert to make sure that all is well with the wild waves of ether.

Two young assistants, wholesomely charming in their spic and span white aprons, stand by ready to offer their services. Mary Hale Martin, blue-eyed, golden-haired and very earnest director of the Home Economics Department of the plant, watches Mr. Rector animatedly and intimately talking to his unseen multitudes, his restless clever fingers busy the while in actually making the dish of which he is telling the world.

In the corridor outside, looking in through the plate glass window that serves the kitchen as one of its four walls, are scores of visitors who have come to verify with their eyes what their ears have told them, doubtless on the principle that "seeing is believing!"

George Rector's dark eyes glisten and he shrugs expressive shoulders as ruthlessly he turns back the pages in Time's log book and reveals a past gayer than our professedly decorous Pas and Mas would admit to. They didn't have a dull time at all in the good old days when Rector's was New York's cross-roads inn, where East Side and West Side and All-About-the-Town met over the table cloths and listened to the liltIng melodies of Victor Herbert.

Started New Year's Revels

"As a matter of fact, if it had not been for Rector's, the custom of celebrating the Old Year's passing might never have come about!" naively remarked Mr. Rector. "No, nor any cabaret, either. To the best of my knowledge, that idea was born on a certain night I well remember, when several stage and opera stars rose from their tables where they had been seated as guests and gave impromptu numbers—an unprecedented performance, for actor folk then took their art seriously and saved themselves for their professional appearances."

(Continued on page 38)
Radio's One-Man Show

Phil Cook is marvel of Versatility

By GENE MULHOLLAND
Illustrated by Phil Cook

CERTAIN vaudeville entertainers formerly created a sensation by billing themselves as "one-man shows." Others managed to please a rather skeptical public by appearing as "lightning change artists." It is a matter of record that any number of people once made an excellent living by playing a varied number of roles before the footlights in a limited amount of time.

But radio has a "lightning change artist," who might well be booked as a "whole troupe of one-man shows." And he has a half dozen other profitable means of earning a living as well.

This one-man broadcasting station is Phil Cook. During a recent half hour program he played every part heard during the broadcast, including a Negro, an Italian peddler, a "down-East Yankee" and an Irishman. The only other voice heard was that of a vocal soloist, which came in only twice during the thirty-minute sketch, and it has since been determined that this voice, too, was Phil's.

And, at that, he didn't exhaust his stock of roles. At other times he has been known to add Jewish, German and French dialects to his vocabulary, switching back and forth between the seven mannerisms of speech without the customary interruption by another voice.

His Fan Mail Is Immense

Such conversation with himself may be a bit trying on the vocal cords, but they are pleasing to the ear if the listener-letter reaction is a criterion. Cook's fan mail is immense, although many of his listeners may not fully appreciate the wide variety of entertainment their "one-
man show" provides in his own inimitable fashion.

However, voice versatility is not the only reason why Cook is liked by the radio audience. And it is far from being the only reason those who write about radio consider him "good copy."

During the five years he has been in radio, Cook has never used a song unless the words were written by himself. One writer introduced Cook to his readers as follows:

"Once upon a time there was a writer of musical shows, or;"

"Once upon a time there was a commercial artist, or;"

"Once upon a time there was a blackface comedian who never used burnt cork, despite his fair skin, or;"

"Once upon a time there was a violinist, or name your own brand of entertainment and you'll know Phil Cook."

This writer neglected to mention Cook's ability with the ukulele and guitar. He did bring out, however, that three of the Phil Cook shows, "Molly, Darling," "When You Smile" and "Plain Jane," had Broadway runs, but neglected to mention several others that Cook has found time to do, but which never reached Broadway:

**His Art Work**

**No Mere Hobby**

The writer also explained that Cook's work as a blackface artist had always been before a microphone, where makeup isn't necessary. And the writer added that "Cook's commercial art work is no mere hobby. He draws posters and magazine covers and gets paid for them."

Another point that was overlooked is that Mr. Cook writes every line of radio skits. During recent months Cook has appeared before NBC microphones as "Buck" of the Buck and Wing programs; in the Flit Soldiers program and, during the summer months, he substituted for Billy Jones and Ernie Hare on the Interwoven program.

Here's the story of Phil Cook's life as written by himself recently:

"Howdy, folks: This is the Radio Chef! I just want to dish you out a few home-cooked ditties, using the little old ukulele for a frying pan—so pull up your chair and let's have a good time!"

"One Monday afternoon, about five years ago, the operator in the control room of WOR heard these words and, for the next fifteen minutes, probably wished that all ukulele players were in Hiwia! (I never could spell Hiwia.) But, in spite of what the operator might have thought, the studio director evidently believed the listeners wouldn't take my 'uke' playing seriously. He assigned me a series of fifteen-minute periods, in which I was allowed to do and say about as I pleased.

**Featured on Sponsored Hour**

"So for three months I knocked off a half hour at weekly intervals from my duties as art director of an advertising agency, and sang and played for my own amusement. And to my great amazement, at the end of that period I found myself 'signed up' as featured entertainer on a sponsored program.

"The thought of having a good time and getting paid for it was too much for me and I immediately quit my job of drawing pictures for advertisements and plunged into this new field.

"There followed two sponsored programs and a trip abroad as 'America's worst ukulele player.' Finally, upon my return from abroad, I succeeded in crashing the gates of the National Broadcasting Company. And I have been appearing before the microphones there in various disguises since.

"I have discovered that my original thought of having a good time and getting paid for it has changed to having a time and getting paid for it.

"This business of trying to be funny two or three times a week is not as simple as it sounds. Radio is a business and I find my ten years of punching a time clock stand me in good stead.

"In case anybody's interested, here's a list of my various activities on the air: Radio Chef, Klein's Shine Boy, Seely Air Weavers, Champion Sparkers, Physical Culture Shoe Prince, Cabin Door, Real Folks, Flit Soldiers, Interwoven Entertainers, Fleischmann Hour, Eveready Master of Ceremonies, Buck and Wing, a few fill-in programs that have cropped up at odd moments and now The Pancake Man.

"Now we'll wind up this little monologue with the harrowing details of 'where born and why.' I was born in

(Continued on page 47)
MARY and BOB
Start Their Third Year of Air Wandering

By JEANETTE BARNES

A VISIT to the True Story Hour on WABC is something like going to the circus. There's so much to see. Three rings—vaudeville, concert and theatre. And, of course, Mary and Bob.

And yet, after seeing, after watching a program of this amazingly successful hour, I realize more and more that any radio performance, if it is to find favor with its public, must be designed and executed so that, unlike the small boy, it is to be heard and not seen.

The True Story Hour is most assuredly of this type. To appreciate it, you must not look at it. If it was like a circus to watch, it was like a circus to leave. There was so much that was missed. One can't hear the True Story Hour in the studio.

The performance that I watched unfolded happened to be the one that started Mary and Bob off on their third year of air wandering. The studio was jammed to the doors when I arrived. But, with splendid interference by two of the Columbia Broadcasting System's most aggressive page boys, I eventually found my way to a seat adjoining the roped-off enclosure wherein only the performers are admitted. And then I turned my attention to the "three rings."

There was a sharp command of "silence!" that left one hardly daring to breathe; a minute of absolute quiet that seemed at the time interminable, and then—the show was on. No parade or anything. It just began.

Kaleidoscopic and Confused

What I saw in the hour that followed was kaleidoscopic. What I heard was confused.

What I saw—kaleidoscopically—was . . .

David Ross, announcing with hand cupped to ear . . . Howard Barlow, with baton raised, ready to signal the first beat of the theme song . . . Expansive Fred Vettel dramatically singing the theme song . . . an orchestra appearing unusually tense . . . Mary . . . Bob . . . Two charmingly engaging young personalities . . . a quiet young man going about, whispering into the ears of members of the cast who were seated against the rear wall . . . Behind a glass window which shut out the control room, a group of strong silent men . . . very serious . . . very intent . . . Everything is serious and intense . . .

Another man following the musical score and giving cues to the actors by means of a downbeat of a pencil . . . Men and girls walking up to the microphone quietly and speaking earnestly, gesturing, and then stepping away when they had said what they had to say . . . Scripts—long sheets of paper . . . A table laden with a curious assortment of contrivances—an automobile horn, telegraph keys, typewriters, toys, bells, a gavel, what-nots . . . And a little group of two men and a woman who fused about with them . . . Singers . . .

Columbia's "Nit-Wits," who appeared to be very intelligent persons, despite the name which has been given them . . . Helen Nugent, a beautiful girl . . . Harriet Lee, a fascinating girl . . . Bradford Browne as master of ceremonies, a man you could easily fall in love with . . .
Actors ... one of them, Arthur Vinton ... I saw him in "The Big Fight" with Jack Dempsey ... Wilmer Walter, beloved by stock audiences the country over ... Joan Blaine, whom Broadway has recently discovered ... Frank Allworth, who recently ended a year and a half run in "Hold Everything" ... Elmer Cornell, of "Gentlemen of the Press" ... And there was Minnie Blauman, a charming picture at the piano ... But what are they saying? ... What I heard—confusedly—was ... Music ... an occasional voice ... a sudden blast of an automobile horn that scared me nearly to death ... music ... laughter ... But at that, only those with scripts could know ... The clicking of telegraph keys ... Must be a newspaper office, or a telegraph office ... Curious sounds made by curious toys ... Music played gorgeously by an interested orchestra ... The last few notes of the theme song as Fred Vettell backed Caruso-like from the mike to sing them ... Nothing at all of Harriet Lee's solo as she sang, almost kissing the microphone ... But what are they saying? ...

And that is what I saw and heard during a personal visit to the True Story Hour. Had I been at the other end, beside my radio, I would have listened, according to my friends, to a representative program of this air feature, skillfully blended, interestingly maneuvered—Mary's and Bob's usual intimate repartee, music and a True Story, delightfully dramatized.

But, as it was, I saw only a number of very interesting and talented persons and heard only a number of interesting but disassociated sounds.

Following the performance, I inquired what it was they were saying. My host replied by introducing me to Mary and Bob.

"And what was it all about?" I asked Mary.
She handed me her script, thirty pages of it.
"Take this," she said. "I won't need it for the midnight show. I can look on Bob's."

The midnight show, I learned later, is the second performance of the program, which is sent to the Pacific Coast at midnight, eastern time, so that it can be heard at nine o'clock, Pacific Coast time.

To talk to Mary and Bob is a real pleasure. They are genuine, sincere representatives of young America. Ask them how they happened to become so well known, how they happened to become Mary and Bob, and they'll probably tell you, as they told me, that they "don't really know. It just happened."

Both Mary and Bob are keenly interested in music, books, art and outdoor life. Bob is at present taking a course of instruction in aviation and expects soon to receive his pilot's license. Mary has flown with him on several occasions. Much of her spare time, she told me, is devoted to writing.

"Did you write this?" I asked, pointing to the script she had given me.
"Oh, no," she explained, "Mr. Sweets did that."

Mr. Sweets, it developed, was William M. Sweets, the quiet young man I had noticed earlier in the evening, whispering to the actors. He, I learned, has written, cast and directed all of the True Story programs since their inauguration in January, 1928. At present with the advertising firm of Ruthrauff & Ryan, Mr. Sweets is a pioneer in radio broadcasting. He was former studio manager of WRC, continuity editor of WJZ, and the first person to hold the title of production manager at the National Broadcasting Company. That was in the good old days when WJZ's studios were at 33 West 42nd Street and radio was getting its bearings.

Upon further inquiry, I discovered that Mr. Sweets came to radio from journalism, having formerly served as newspaper correspondent in New York, London and Washington.

I suspect he will agree with me that no radio program, if it is to be successful, is any kind of a show to watch. As a matter of fact, you can't tell what it's all about.

One of the Immortals

By MARTHA BEATTIE

A little gray mouse, while wandering about,
Got caught between leads—and the lights went out;
News items were scarce, so a minute or two
Was used to tell what a mouse can do—
How men centralized trouble, the labor, expense;
For what that mouse did there was no defence;
And the little dead mouse from on high looked down
On the darkness and harrow he'd caused that town,
When clear through the ether on sound waves came:
"The short circuit was caused by"—and then his name!
A Case for Television

One ought to be satisfied merely to hear those interesting stories that Marjorie Olcott, (above) prominent society girl, broadcasts over the CBS chain, but how much more enticing it would be to see her right in our own living room.

The time is coming, the experts tell us, when we shall be able to see, much more as we hear the radio performers. It's a pleasant prospect indeed, but something tells us we're missing a great deal in the meantime.

And now that Winnie Lightner, (at left) has gone into radio work, it seems an awful shame that those television experiments can't speed things up a bit. A radio song and dance by Winnie would make any evening at home a complete success. She made her radio debut late last month on the Kolmar Hour over the Columbia chain.

A pretty girl and a pretty melody make a great combination. Beatrice Belkin, (above), NBC soprano, would make any television set the most attractive piece of furniture in the house. Beatrice, as everybody knows, is a member of that famous gang of Roxy's, heard on Monday evenings.

Above, Rose Perfect (it's her real name, too) would be one of the best examples of eye and ear entertainment on the air. "It's Perfect," you'll declare when you tune in on an NBC station and find her.

No one would want to keep this Wolfe from the door. Rosalie, a brilliant NBC soprano, (above) would be a welcome visitor in any home.

We're going to take this picture of Dorsey Byron, (at left) Columbia's sweet soprano, right up to the television experts. That'll make them quit their nonsense and get to work.

A talking picture of little Margaret Schilling, (at right) can't decorate our master-piece any too soon. She sings on the RKO hour over the NBC chain.
MANY interesting experiments have been tried in radio broadcasting, but probably none has caused more widespread comment than the one which was successfully demonstrated in the Majestic studio of the Columbia Broadcasting System in New York City one recent Sunday evening.

As I looked into the studio through the thick glass windows of the reception room, there appeared to be a conductorless orchestra in action. My imagination was immediately captured by the novelty of an orchestra of symphonic proportions playing in perfect synchronization with the voice of a soprano, who was singing a difficult operatic aria. Timing was perfect, yet no member of the ensemble seemed to pay the slightest attention to the singer. The reproduction from the loud speaker in the room was perfect. Curiosity prompted an investigation. Just before the program started, Arnold Johnson, conductor of the Majestic Orchestra, said in reply to several of my questions:

"I can well imagine that to one on the outside of the studio the spectacle of an orchestra cuing a singer perfectly, with no conductor in sight, would seem strange. It is the result of an idea that I have had in mind for a long time. In my years of directing orchestras for radio broadcasting, the greatest handicap I have experienced has been trying to give a singer the proper orchestral accompaniment."

"You know how some of these radio artists sing—right up into the "mike." To a person in the studio, though only a foot or two away, there is no sound at all. I have often thought that a loud speaker alongside my conductor's stand would simplify matters. But that, of course, would be impos-
sible, as what is technically known as "feed-back" would ruin any radio program if a loud speaker were placed in
the studio.

Director in a Separate Room

"Finally, a little over a year ago, I decided that the most logical way in which to direct an orchestra during a
radio program was for the director to be in a separate, sound-proof room, equipped with a loud speaker and built
with a glass partition facing the studio. This would give
him every tonal inflection of the singing voice, the bal-
ance of each section of the orchestra in relation to the
performance of the whole as a unit, and would allow him
to hear the program just as it was to be worked out to
insure perfect co-ordination of performer, orchestra and
director.

"At one time a few months ago, I discarded the idea
as being too new and untried, but my attention was called
to an article in one of the leading periodicals describing
the broadcasting situation in Europe. The writer stated
that several of the major studios throughout England
and France had successfully demonstrated that an or-
chestra could be conducted by a
director in a separate glass
booth. I again became en-
thusiastic about the idea and
began working out details.

"Fortunately, the new stu-
dios of the CBS were con-
structed with two control
rooms, each having glass pa-
titions between the operator's
panel and the studio. This
simplified matters to some ex-
tent and eliminated the neces-
sity of building a separate
booth for the conductor. Ex-
periments were made with va-
rious types of lighting, to re-
move the glare from the
double glass partitions separating the conductor and his
orchestra. A system of signal lights was installed and a
new grouping of instruments was worked out to make it
possible for all members of the ensemble to see the director
behind the narrow double glass panel.

New Era in Conducting

"This afternoon, at our dress rehearsal, we smoothed
out the rough spots, and I am sure tonight's broadcast will
prove conclusively that a new era in orchestral conduct-
ing for radio is being ushered in."

As the writer was ushered into the studio by a courteous
page boy, a violin solo was being played by one of the
orchestra men. As I tip-toed to my seat, thinking the
program was on the air and that any noise would be little
short of a criminal offence, Mr. Johnson shouted: "How
much was it?" "Two-thirty," was the reply. I knew
from this that I was early. I soon found out that the
orchestra rehearsal was over and that Mr. Johnson was
timing the violin solo. Every number is accurately timed
before the program goes on the air.

The program opened with Song of the Bayou, the com-
position of Rube Bloom that won a prize in the recent
Victor Talking Machine Company contest. The vocal
interlude was sung by Barry Devine. I learned that David
Rosensweig was the violin soloist and that on this par-
ticular program the Majestic Orchestra was featuring its
individual players in the various selections.

As the program progressed, I had the opportunity of
seeing in actual operation Mr. Johnson's new method of
conducting from a small room next to the control room.
It seemed to be working fully as well as he had predicted it
would. Mr. Johnson stood behind a large glass window
in this room and led his orchestra. Not only could he be
seen easily by the men, but he also was able to hear, by
means of the loud speaker installed in the little room, just
how the program was going out over the air and thus regu-
late his orchestral balance.

Several times during the
program Mr. Johnson motioned
to various musicians, sig-
alling them to move nearer to
the microphone or away from
it. In this way he was
able to produce exactly the
effects that he wanted and
that the score called for. It
seemed to me that this new
idea in conducting should
make for more perfect broad-
casts, inasmuch as the con-
ductor is the one who is best
fitted to tell what the various
instruments are capable of do-
ing and when they should play
louder and softer.

Departs from Custom

In all broadcasts it is the
custom for the production di-
tector to station himself in the
control room behind the glass
partition, so as to judge how the program is being re-
ceived over the air, and to make improvements in its
reception by signalling his instructions through this win-
dow to the musicians or the orchestra leader. This new
idea, adopted in the Majestic Hour, puts this duty on the
hands of the orchestra leader himself, who is the logical
one to do it. After all, it is usually the orchestra leader
who is criticized if the orchestra is not properly balanced.
While a production director may be highly capable, he
cannot be expected to know as much about the musical
portion of the program as does a specialist in that line.

Upon the completion of the program, which was spo-
nored by the Grigsby-Grunow Co., makers of Majestic
radio sets, I was introduced to Lee Seymour, who an-
nounced the hour. He is the director of all Majestic
broadcasts. He is assisted by Henry P. Hayward. They
all seemed highly pleased with the experiment of con-
ducting "behind the glass," and said that the practice
would be continued.
An Open Letter

to

Mr. Average Fan

from

Mrs. Upstate Listener

"The People in an adjoining apartment thought we had caught a Burglar. It was Cincinnati!"

Dear Mr. Average Fan:

I read with much interest your article in the first number of Radio Revue, and now feel the urge to burst into print and take issue with you on several points.

You claim to present the views of an "average fan". What you say may be, and probably is, the true expression of the majority of radio fans who are compelled to live in the metropolis, but to consider yourself the spokesman for the entire country is going just a bit too far. What about us poor souls who do not possess the inestimable advantage of living in New York? Are we to be just ignored as not counting in the scheme of things? Or may we raise a timid voice to have our say on this burning question?

I haven’t a lot of statistics at my finger-tips, nor have I even heard some of the performers to whom you refer. But, nevertheless, I claim to be just as truly representative of the class of fan who gets one of his greatest interests from the radio as you are.

To begin with, perhaps I had better mention the points on which I think your judgment is sound. We both consider ourselves lowbrows—and are proud of it. We both get a terrific kick out of the so-called popular programs. I, too, have been a radio addict for many years—and am growing more so every day. I have been the owner of a more or less capably performing set since the days of 1923.

Thought We Had Burglar

Never will I forget the thrill of that first set! The people with whom we lived then had one of those cat-whisker, now-you-get-it-and-now-you-don’t affairs and, when we went them one better and bought an honest-to-goodness four-tuber, we were the envy of all beholders. The first night we had the set, my husband was "tinkering" very late and had the headphones on. All of a sudden I was horribly startled by hearing him shout: "I’ve got ‘em—oh, I’ve got ‘em!” I jumped up and hollered back: "Hang on to ‘em, don’t let ‘em get away!” Whereupon the people from an adjoining apartment came rushing in, thinking we had caught a burglar! And it turned out to be Cincinnati!

Since those early years we have had a variety of sets, all the way from a one-tuber to our present super-hot, and have followed the progress of the programs pretty closely. You hit the nail on the head when you say that the radio is not always conducive to marital felicity, but we have safely weathered the prospects of having our family life completely disrupted. We emerged victorious from the threat of manslaughter or divorce, and have now arrived at a fairly comprehensive working basis.

Mr. Average Fan, I want to congratulate you on your wise choice of announcers—excepting that you fail to emphasize strongly enough the appeal of Norman Brokenshire and you overemphasize that of Ted Husing. Not being especially a sport addict, the latter leaves me quite cold. But the former! Well, it’s a case of "Oh baby, look what you’ve done to me!" Seriously, Brokenshire is a marvelous announcer, whose voice comes over perfectly at all times, and is free from the slips which are noticeable with some others.

My Favorite Announcers

We like McNamee for sport, also Ted Husing. But for other types of programs give us Milton J. Cross, David Ross, and the newcomer, Frank Knight, all of whom possess delightful voices and splendid diction. Phil Carlin
used to be a favorite, but he developed a certain cynical effect that doesn’t go over very well with this fan.

It is quite true that many programs originating west of New York are mighty poor but, on the other hand, have you ever listened to some of the programs emanating from Toronto, or Eastman’s in Rochester? We often hear from these stations concerts of which New York itself would have no cause to be ashamed. However, we can have no real quarrel on this point, for I agree that there can be no question but that the finest in the world come from either NBC or Columbia.

You don’t say much about the plays that come over often and from which I get a tremendous thrill, almost as great as from the theatre itself. However, I’ll forgive you this omission in view of the fact that you refrained from making that wisecrack, which we read in every radio column in every paper in the country, about the “radio soprano.” I don’t think I could have borne it if you had talked about this much-maligned creature. After all, in spite of the storm of slams she gets, she still remains practically the highest paid artist on the air, as witness Olive Palmer, Jessica Dragoonette, et al. And that must mean something.

Still Gets Thrill From DX

As for the question of DX dying out, it no doubt has in such a place as New York, where the stations are so thick they get in your hair, and where one must pierce the haze of heterodyning to get any distance at all. But to us in the sticks, the thrill of staying up late at night to hear a still small voice say, so softly as to be almost unheard, “KFI, Los Angeles,” still remains pretty strong. Although to be sure, with the super-het it is no trick at all to get the coast on any good night.

They say that gasoline engines are human and have all the cussedness connected with the normal human being. If this be so, then how much more human is the radio set. Surely most of us have experienced the aggravation of inviting friends in to hear us get California, only to have the darn thing lay down on us, and then have to endure the incredulous smiles of our guests. If that isn’t just like a kid refusing to show off, I don’t know what is.

Now Mr. Average Fan, here’s the real crux of my complaint. I object strenuously to your claiming that the average fan, in the person of yourself, prefers to tune in, say, Helen Kane, to a symphony concert. One does not, necessarily, have to be a high brow to prefer good music to that which can’t, by any stretch of the imagination, be termed music at all. I know it is possible to love both Walter Damrosch and Rudy Vallee. I know it, for I do so myself. And I contend that there are many thousands of listeners who have never heard of Helen Kane, and who, if they did happen to stumble across her boop-a-dooping merrily along, would lose no time in putting themselves elsewhere pronto. Station Me speaking, for example.

Bully for you, in saying Vincent Lopez and Roxy are too sweet for words. I’m off-a sugar anyhow. And I’d love to know who among the announcers you abominate.

Well, it’s a great life, and I for one am growing more attached to my radio than to shows, social life or anything else in the way of amusement, and now I am getting fairly well acquainted with the inside of my home looks like.

I’ve spoken my piece now and, like Ben Bernie, “I hope you like it!” and will forgive my temerity in venturing to express a few words on behalf of the “Hicks from the Sticks.”—Margaret H. Heinz, Buffalo, N. Y.

Braine-Child Has Premiere

The ballet music from The Eternal Light, a new Oriental work in opera form by Robert Braine, American composer, whose SOS was recently presented to the radio audience by Mr. Walter Damrosch, had its premiere under the baton of the same conductor on the General Electric Hour, on Saturday night, January 11, at 9 o’clock.

The first part, Oriental Dance is true to the accepted ideas of Oriental music, but is treated in an original way in the orchestra. The second part is a languorous love waltz with a definite sweep to it, and a melody that falls gratefully upon the western ear. The Temple Dance of Els Cosiers is set to a different rhythm, accented by a gentle tambourine beat, while a totally different mood is established by the Dance of the Flower Girls, the second part of which is a stately ritual dance, well-orchestrated and attuned to its subject. It develops later into a swirling, gay dance in which the horns and xylophones joined merrily with the strings, bringing the piece to a whole-hearted climax.

Concerning the work Mr. Damrosch says:

“The Dance of Els Cosiers is especially interesting, being an impression of the Spanish Temple Dances described by Viulier as follows: ‘A body of dancers called Els Cosiers consisted of six boys dressed in white, with ribbons of many colors, wearing on their heads caps trimmed with flowers. One of them, La Dama, disguised as a woman, carries a fan in one hand and a handkerchief in the other. Two others are dressed as demons with horns and cloven feet. Every few yards they perform steps. Each demon is armed with a flexible rod with which he keeps off the crowd. The procession stops in all the squares and principal places and there the Cosiers perform one of their dances to the sound of the tambourine and the fahbl. When the procession returns to the church they dance together around the statue of the Virgin.’”—W. P.-M.
Sam Herman, NBC's demon xylophone player, was married in Philadelphia late in December to Miss Alma Knopfle. They both come from the Williamsbridge section of the Bronx. Sam had known his bride about a year before they were married. They first met at Curtiss Flying Field, where Sam was a student flyer. Having received his pilot's license, he says, he now feels capable of piloting the young lady through life. They are now living in a penthouse apartment at 76th Street and Amsterdam Avenue, New York. Incidentally, Sam just lately signed a contract to play exclusively for NBC.

Setting-up exercises at Station WLW, Cincinnati, have a new snap to them since January 5, when Miss Jeanne Carolyn Burdette arrived at the home of Robert Burdette, director of exercises, and assistant program director for both Crosley stations. It is understood that the young lady has already started to broadcast.

Julius Mattfeld, that lean, lithe music-bound, continues to give exhibitions of shadow boxing before the CBS orchestras. Julius is a fine musician, and there is absolutely no truth to the rumor that he aspires to the middle-weight championship of the world. He declares that his fights are strictly verbal, and are only with musicians and friends.

It does not always pay to be right. The other day, in one of the NBC light opera performances, Gitla Erstinn, soprano, was the only one in the entire company who held a certain note the prescribed time. The others all fell by the wayside. After the broadcast Gitla was complimented by Director Harold Sanford and the rest were admonished. But the ironical part of it is that an outsider, commenting on that performance, said: "It was fine, but who was the girl who held on to that note too long?"

Publicity often has its perils. William Wirges, well known orchestra leader and arranger, recently has received a great deal of publicity in connection with a yellow clarinet he owns that has 13 keys. It was first owned by his grandfather, who played it in the days when he led a regimental band in Buffalo. As a result of this publicity Bill has been singled out as the "hot" clarinet player on several of the hours he conducts. As a matter of fact, Bill doesn't know a thing about playing a clarinet. His instrument is the piano and, if you could hear how he makes the ivories do his bidding, you would have no reason to suspect that he might be a clarinet player.

The children of the radio studios brought out for Christmas and the New Year a truly funny magazine called "The Tin Trumpet," which for a moment threatened the popularity of Radio Revue. The first edition, a very limited one and the work of the kids themselves, was sold out before it left the bindery. Look for the February number. (Free advt.)

An English critic, reviewing a phonograph record made by the erstwhile American taxicab driver, Eddie Walters, called him "The Crystal Spoofoer." Eddie spends most of his time these days trying to ascertain what the Britisher meant. The record was "Goodness, Gracious, Gracie," and, since it was the only record accepted by British distributors out of approximately forty, his friends say that the London writer meant to be complimentary. Walters was on WOR recently, strumming his uke and singing the newest comedy songs. He is an exclusive Columbia phonograph artist.

Will Osborne was guest of honor at the Women's Home Guild Luncheon in Brooklyn recently and received a big ovation. Will took his CBS orchestra with him and entertained the ladies. Everything went well until the ladies, becoming curious, asked him a lot of personal questions such as, "Can you cook, Mr. Osborne?" and "Have you got a home?" and so forth. Will managed to get off one answer and brought down the house when he replied to the first question. He said he cooked his own breakfast only because he liked his toast burnt. At this luncheon Will met many of the ladies who have followed his croonings over WABC and Columbia stations for long time.

One evening not long ago, Frank Croxton, bass of the American Singers, NBC, was proudly displaying part of an orchestration in manuscript for a song he was to sing. It turned out to be "Gypsy Love Song" of Victor Herbert.

(Continued on page 33)
During the past two years there has been great consternation among the constellations in "Blue Heaven," which is the Happy Hunting Ground for jazz players and orchestra leaders. The disturbance originated with the unheralded appearance of a new meteor which has flashed with ever-increasing brilliance in recent months. Latest reports indicate no dimming of the bright star that is Bert Lown, orchestra manager extraordinary.

Bert is a mere lad—he is only twenty-six—but already his bands stretch to the far corners of this hemisphere, elastically speaking. In fact, the pulsing beat of his syncopation has been felt in Paris, London and South America. He has graduated orchestras more numerous than Jimmy Walker's welcoming receptions and has succeeded in making his little name a big factor in Broadway orchestral circles.

He conceived the idea of being an orchestra magnate about six years ago. His first step up the scale consisted of teaching himself the notes according to a simple system of his own. Then he travelled, to gain a little experience. Later, in an effort to learn the secrets of successful salesmanship, he sold typewriters. Finally he took a correspondence course, to acquire a knowledge of business.

In 1927 he decided that he was about ready to try his luck, so he opened a Broadway office. Opportunity not only knocked at his door, but came in and paid him a sociable call. The result was that Bert got along famously. He soon had established a wide reputation for himself as an orchestra organizer. Two of his better known products are Tom Cline's Collegians and Rudy Vallee's Connecticut Yankees.

Through the Melting Pot

Broadway is naturally the hub of activity in jazz circles. The best orchestra talent in the (Turn to page 43)
likes light-housekeeping

A MODEST and retiring gentleman is Keith McLeod, who supervises the music on NBC programs. He is a native of Loveland, Colorado, and was educated at Denver University. A brilliant pianist and organist, with much experience in the fields of orchestration, arrangement and composition, he is an all-American product musically, for all of his studying was done in this country.

He plays for the 711 Personalities, when he is in the mood, and has always been a tower of strength to the Armchair Quartet, for which he makes unusual vocal arrangements and also plays piano, organ or vibraphone, as the occasion demands. Contrary to an opinion long held by many musicians, Mr. McLeod did not invent the vibraphone, although his judgment has been sought in connection with the manufacture of the latest types of this instrument.

His first radio experience was gained at WJZ in 1923, where he served as accompanist in charge of auditions. In the early days he was often complimented on his spontaneous "stand-by programs," which he shared with Milton J. Cross and other announcers who were gifted musically. He seldom leaves the studio and takes many a meal at his desk. He claims that his main amusement is work. In addition to the routine of his office, which often requires long hours, he has found time to write quite a stack of good music, excerpts from which are often heard on the NBC networks.

His published compositions include Southern Skies, My Prairie Rose, Slumber On, the amazingly popular signature of WJZ's famous Slumber Hour, a number of piano arrangements of old favorite songs for which Godfrey Ludlow made violin transcriptions, Memory's Treasure Chest, signature for the Stromberg-Carlson Hour, and a number of other works. He has a tremendous capacity for composing and takes an absorbing interest in it.

His pet aversions are whistling page boys, insurance canvassers, subways and bootleggers, and he is compiling quite a long list of names marked "For Immediate and Violent Removal". He likes riding, automobiling and golf.
(Continued from page 30)

Harry Link, of Santly Bros., Inc., music publishers, was one of the real radio pioneers. For several years he was manager of Station WIP in Philadelphia and he has had a long and varied connection with radio broadcasting, dating back to about seven years ago. The funny part of it is that, in all this time, Harry has never owned a radio set. However, he has apparently seen the error of his ways, because one of his friends met him the other night on his way to buy a radio receiver. Probably one reason for his decision was the fact that Harriet Lee, crooning contralto soloist on the Cocco Couriers, WABC, had just broadcast for the first time Harry’s latest song, called “Gone.”

A few weeks ago Maurice Tyler, NBC tenor, was suffering from throat trouble. He bought an atomizer and sprayed his throat at regular intervals. However, on one occasion, the nozzle of the atomizer worked loose and, before he realized it, he had swallowed it. This apparently has opened his eyes to talents that he did not know he possessed, because he can be seen almost any night now at a nearby restaurant, practicing sword-swallowing with the silver knives there.

Ralph Edmonds, popular station manager of Station WRC, Washington, has been transferred to the NBC, where he has many friends. He was last seen with Anna Knox, the English novelist, and J. H. Benrimo, the author-actor-producer, seeking “rognone trifolati” in a small but very good Italian restaurant.

Despite Ralph’s faultless French and Italian, and his exotic tastes, he is a Londoner, with an Eton College education, and a bright sense of humor.

Judson House, NBC tenor, is at present busily engaged in an effort to reduce his weight. He has been promised a contract to sing leading roles in light operas that are to be filmed as talking pictures, if he takes off 40 pounds by March. He has already lost over 33 pounds by means of an orange juice diet and seems to be well on the road to a more svelte waistline.

Irina de Baun, coloratura soprano, who is on the Evening in Paris Hour, CBS, sang a group of songs recently at an informal tea given by the Home Making Center of the New York State Federation of Women’s Clubs in the Grand Central Palace. Leonora Corona and Eleanor La Mance, both of the Metropolitan Opera Company, poured.

Recently Walter Preston, NBC baritone, was discussing operatic and dramatic roles with Virginia Gardiner, the bright star of NBC dramatics.

"Before I go to the microphone," said Miss Gardiner, "I always know my roles by heart."

"What a baker you must be—to know your rolls so well," replied Walter, as he faded out of the picture.

The name John McCormack is synonymous with a high standard in singing. The same seems to apply regardless of how the name is spelled. At WOR is a youngster who spells it McCormick. He is a baritone, however.

Young McCormick broke into WOR a year ago only to be turned down by a man who might reasonably be expected to give him a chance—George Shackley, music director of the station and his first cousin.

"Go out and get some more instruction before you come in here," he was told.

"If you ever get on WOR it will be through merit and not because of your relationship to me. Remember that you will have to pass an audition board of seven and you will have to get the approval of all of them."

The youth walked out somewhat disconsolately. Several weeks ago he returned and not only got the approval of the seven auditors but their highest compliments as well. He went on the air recently.

From the office of John de Jara Almonte, assistant to the Vice President of the NBC and in charge of executive offices at night, comes the information that he has been host to over 95,000 guests who visited the NBC studios at 711 Fifth Avenue during 1929. In the same period of time, and for the even-

(Continued on page 35)
Editorials

Second Issue Sold Out!

The editors of Radio Revue were totally unprepared for the rush that greeted its second issue. We rather expected that the elements of novelty, which might naturally be expected to accompany a first issue, would wear off and that the second issue would be received and accepted more as a matter of course. However, such was apparently not the case, much to our pleased astonishment.

The extremely cordial reception that Radio Revue has had on all sides is truly heart-warming to us. We are more convinced than ever that there is a definite need and place for such a magazine. Letters and subscriptions have been pouring in from listeners in all parts of the country. These letters, a few of which are reproduced in another column, have been a great inspiration and guide in planning future issues.

Again we invite all of our readers to write us frequently, expressing their likes or dislikes in radio programs, making suggestions for improving conditions for listeners in any way, asking information about radio artists or programs, or suggesting what artists or programs they would like to see featured on the cover or in special articles. Help us to make Radio Revue a real listeners' forum, a medium for the exchange of opinions on radio broadcasting by those who listen.

Radio Fans Cannot Be Denied

The affections of radio fans cannot be trifled with. This the Pepsident Company, which sponsors Amos 'n Andy, has learned through rather costly experience. This company, which was the first national advertiser to use the radio every day, took over the Amos 'n Andy program last fall. It is understood that the company pays for this program about $750,000 a year. Of this amount Amos 'n Andy, in private life Charles J. Correll and Freeman F. Gosden, are said to receive about one-fourth.

Not long ago the company tried to change the time of its broadcast from ten to six o'clock central time and, in fact, did so for a short time. However, protests immediately began to pour in from all sections. It is said that a hundred thousand letters, telegrams and telephone calls were received within a week. Merchants in the middle West complained that their trade was being ruined because customers had to hurry home to listen to the radio. Employers protested that their clerks and stenographers were sneaking home early. People all over the country threatened to boycott Pepsi dent unless the broadcast was changed to a more satisfactory hour. Newspapers printed protest ballots and dealers wired in, declining to handle Pepsodent any longer. Such is this program's great hold.

In all, it was a most unique situation, the like of which had never before arisen in radio broadcasting. In the end the fans won. Since November 25 Amos 'n Andy have been on the air twice every night, at seven o'clock eastern time and 10:30 central time. Incidentally, this serves as a vivid illustration of the amazing hold that these two characters have on the listening public throughout the country.

The Ramifications of Radio

Great and manifold are the workings of radio. This is shown eloquently by the list of subjects handled in a few months by one of the great chains. The comprehensiveness of the list of lectures, talks, explanations, illustrations and discussions makes the most erudite of us feel positively ignorant of what is going on all around us. Over the air we have been intimately informed of architecture in most of its important branches and we have been introduced to the staggering skyscraper of the future, just as we have been led by the hand into the two-room bungalow.

Not only that. We are on intimate terms with classic sculpture, cut gems and other jewels, the inner workings of the prosaic laundry, the inmost essences of cooking and the dark corners, if any, of the kitchen. For those who can still afford to wear clothes, dress-making has been touched upon in all its forms, so have art exhibits and Russian art (a nice distinction!), Persian poetry, Indian art and literature and the American Indian dance.

Coming down to earth (pardon us!) we have also been informed of stunt flying for movie thrills, and new forms of cremation and burial of the dead, a natural sequence. Then we have been enlightened on gardens and gardening, psychology, sports and recreation, the French language, most of the other languages including the Scandinavian, hand weaving, women in civic work, city planning, noise abatement (perhaps we should not mention that in an editorial like this!) the drama, literature, short story writing (however did that get on the air?), and musical appreciation.

Are you interested in breeding game birds, judging dogs, and child training (why put them in the same category?) then go to your dials, young people. Then we have the cultivation of the speaking voice, the political crises in Europe, the League of Nations, health, travelling through Italy, hunting big game in Africa, "dude" ranching in the Northwest, how to write an income tax return, the inner workings of the New York State Laws of Inheritance, Alpine climbing, and deep sea diving.

Our Uptown Office

In order to serve its advertisers and subscribers more adequately, Radio Revue has opened an uptown office on the mezzanine floor of the Hotel Knickerbocker, 120 West 43rd Street, New York. The editorial and advertising offices will continue at Six Harrison Street, as at present, but the new uptown office will be more easily accessible.
Genia Zielinska, the Polish coloratura soprano of NBC, is a pupil of Maestro Paolo Giaquinto, organist and composer, who is a prominent member of the musical staff at the Cathedral of Saint Patrick, on Fifth Avenue. Genia's favorite amusement is giving the announcers the titles of her songs in Polish, such as "Wszobie Lezy", "Gdy Sie Chrystus Rodzi", "Lalajze Jezcza" and "Wsrud Noevel Chzy". One announcer, who has no sense of humor, suffered a nervous breakdown when he saw the list.

Jeff Sparks has returned to Columbia. Jeff was formerly with the CBS announcing staff, but until recently he had been with WMCA. He has joined the WABC staff in the capacity of production man. Columbia also has two new announcers: Franklin Scott and George Beuchler.

Someone gave "Jolly Bill" Steinke a nice new alarm clock as a New Year's present. On January second this self-winding (you wind it yourself!) radium-faced wonder refused to explode at the early hour required for "Jolly Bill and Jane's Cream of Wheat Hour." Little Jane, who is only nine, carried on the entire program with her nurse, in Bill's absence.

At the funeral of the late Claire Briggs, noted cartoonist of the Herald Tribune, it was noted that radio was well represented. Many artists and writers were at the simple services, and the organist and quartet were all prominent radio figures. Frank Croxton, of the American Singers, was the bass in the quartet.

G. Underbill Macy, known to the radio public as Hank Simmons, of Showboat fame on WABC, and also as Tony, the Wop, and Fred Tibbetts, on Real Folks, NBC, resigned the role of Hank Simmons recently. Mr. Macy had been playing the role for almost two years and had been doubling in numerous other parts in the Showboat program.

Recent changes in the Columbia staff include the transfer of Bradford Browne, Chief Nit Wit, from announcing to continuity, where it is believed his genius will find a wider scope. "Chet" Miller is reported to have left the field of announcing for new pastures.

At the turn of the year, Mathilde Harding, well-known radio and concert pianiste, joined the Columbia Broadcasting System as assistant program director, in charge of the Ida Bailey Allen broadcast and other Columbia features. Miss Harding also continues with her work as solo artiste and accompaniste.

All announcers and production men of the Columbia chain and WABC are required to dress for mally after six o'clock in the evening, according to an official announcement made recently by Jack Richers, production and studio director of the CBS. Apparently the fever, which started some months ago at the NBC, has spread.

Someone is trying to establish a vogue for songs about specific localities. We suspect that the song pluggers have affiliated with the real estate boys. Columbia had "Crying for the Carolinas". We don't know why anyone should cry for these two particular states, but Willie Perceval-Monger is at work on a beautiful competitor for this piece entitled:

"Weeping for East 58th Street, New York City."

Walter Damrosch stepped out of his role at the NBC recently when he suddenly took a notion to play the tympani in a performance of Brahms’ "Song of Fate" that was being conducted by George Dulsorth. The eminent educator showed a surprising technic with the kettle drums.

On a recent Columbia program Hawaiian tunes were featured, with Norman Brokenshire announcing and explaining. Toward the end was "He-Man Ohe Aloha." At first this looked like something about the Hawaiian He-Man, but it turned out to be a native yodel. It seems that the Society for Louder and Better Yodelling is spreading its insidious propaganda right across the Pacific.
Challenging the Grownups

Not all the brilliant work on the air is done by the big folks. Some of the most enjoyable programs are put on by youngsters, as radio fans can attest.

This fluffy-haired youngster (at left) is already a radio star. Although only six, Marjorie Jennings plays one of the leading parts in Mountainville over WARC. She also stars in the vamp in the "Our Gang" comedies.

A talented little actress is smiling. Elizabeth Wragge, only 12 years old (at right). She plays on many NBC hours, among them the Lady Next Door, Milton Cross's Children's Hour and, formerly, Gold Spot Pals.

Jean Derby (at left) with the long dark curls, is one of the Columbia chain's juvenile leading ladies. And she is only nine years old. She plays one of the principal roles in Mountainville Sketches, which are presented over WARC every Monday evening from the Tiny Tots Theatre. Little Miss Derby also plays in the Land of Make-Believe, a Sunday feature, over the same chain.

The lovely little miss at the right is Florence Baker, who tends the boards of the Barn Theatre with fine dramatic fervor every Saturday afternoon. This program is announced over Station BARN, which may or may not be a real station of the NBC chain. Florence will soon be thirteen years old.
Program Notes

WOR Offers "Moonbeams"

From 11:30 until midnight, nightly, at WOR there is a program that despite its comparatively recent birth has achieved the distinction of being one of the most beautiful and melodious on the air. It is called "Moonbeams", a continuity written by Arthur O. Bryan, one of the Bamberger station's youngest announcers; that is, in point of service.

In addition to Mr. Bryan, credit is due to George Shackleby, who arranges and directs the music, Rhoda Arnold, first soprano; Annette Simpson, second soprano; Veronica Wiggins, contralto, and the two house instrumentalists, Samuel Kissel, violinist, and Albert Wohl, 'cellist, who, with Mr. Shackleby at the celeste and vibraphone, provide the music.

Ward Tip Top Club on Air

The first of a series of radio programs over WABC and the CBS was heard recently when the Ward Tip Top Club carried the radio audience on a visit to Old Mother Hubbard. The program, written by Georgia Backus and Don Clark, revolves about the efforts of the various members of the club to entertain the hostess and her friends. It introduces specialty numbers, popular and classical music and old familiar melodies.

Archbishop Leighton on CBS

The Most Reverend Arthur Edward Leighton, D. D., Metropolitan Archbishop and Primate of the Episcopal Church, announces an extensive lecture series to be broadcast over WABC and the CBS early this Spring.

NBC Offers "Penrod" Series

Radio has joined the stage and screen in presenting the works of Booth Tarkington. "Penrod," the Hoosier author's ever-amusing novel of boyhood, is being presented in a series of dramatizations by Julian Street, Jr., over the NBC System, Sunday evenings, at 9:15 o'clock (E. S. T.).

Street, a member of the NBC continuity staff, follows in the footsteps of his author-playwright father, who collaborated with Mr. Tarkington in the writing of the Broadway play, "The Country Cousin." The younger Street is the author of some of the sketches of New York life heard in the program, "Rapid Transit," and of the dramatizations, "Golden Legends," produced by the NBC on the Pacific Coast during the past summer. By special permission of the author and his publishers, Double-day & Co., this presentation is heard for the first time over the NBC chain.

Mildred Hunt Back on Air

Mildred Hunt, one of radio's earliest contralto crooners, recently renewed her acquaintance with the microphone following an absence of six months, in a new program called Broadcasting Broadway, on WEAF.

Hits from Broadway musical comedies and light operas, both past and present, are included in the program, which goes through a wide network of NBC stations each Friday night from 9:30 to 10 o'clock (Eastern Standard Time.)

Co-starring with Miss Hunt in her new radio vehicle is a galaxy of broadcasting celebrities, including Erva Giles, soprano, Robert Simmons, tenor, and a concert orchestra under the direction of Harold Sanford.

During her absence from the microphone Miss Hunt toured the R-K-O circuit from coast to coast.

New Publix Hour on CBS

The first nationwide radio program to originate in Brooklyn, N. Y., was broadcast over WABC and the CBS directly from the stage of the Paramount Theatre there, on Tuesday night, January 14, at eleven-thirty o'clock. This performance inaugurated a long series of unusual and highly entertaining programs to go on the air every Tuesday night at the same time.

Each presentation lasts thirty minutes and is under the personal direction of Louis A. Witten, pioneer radio announcer, who acts as master of ceremonies. The series is known as the "Publix Radio-vue" Hour.

The regular features heard from this point of broadcasting each week include: Paul Ash's twenty-piece handpicked band; Bob West, Paramount Organist; Elsie Thompson, the "singing organist"; and the Publix gala stage show.

"Home Banquet" on Air

Again radio offers "something different." This time it is a new series of programs, inaugurated on Monday evening, January 20, at 6:30 o'clock, eastern standard time, and known as the American Home Banquet. Spon- sored by the American Radiator Company, the new series is broadcast through an NBC network.

The first departure from precedent in the new series is that, instead of weekly presentations, the Home Banquets are heard for a half hour every night excepting Saturday and Sunday. This alone places the sponsor at the head of the list of buyers of evening broadcasting time for, in addition to the two and a half hours a week devoted to the new feature, the same organization, in association with the Standard Sanitary Mfg. Company, sponsors the radio adaptations of the Puccini operas, heard once a month.

The program itself is designed as a "banquet" for radio listeners everywhere. The continuity and music are designed to create the illusion that the listener is actually at the banquet. Radio re- incarnations of famous personages, brought to the banquet table on their birthdays, will be a feature of the programs. Vocal and instrumental offerings by widely known radio artists will be woven into the program.
Enrique Madriguera
Master of Jazz and the Classics

Not many years ago in beautiful, romantic Spain there lived a little dark-eyed, dark-haired boy of seven, who wanted a violin for Christmas above all things. In Spain, "The Magic King" comes at Christmas, instead of Santa Claus, and distributes presents.

So little Enrique Madriguera wrote two urgent letters to "The Magic King," asking for a violin and promising to be so good in return. However, his father expressed doubts as to whether "The Magic King" would bring so small a boy a violin.

As Christmas day dawned, little Enrique awoke early, as is the custom of children the world over, and hurried out to the balcony where the gifts were always left. He looked anxiously, but to his bitter disappointment, there was no violin. Glancing across at the balcony of his little friend and neighbor, which adjoined his, he saw a violin. How he wanted that violin! And among his own presents he noticed a train of cars, which he knew was one of the gifts his little friend had ordered when addressing his wants to "The Magic King." Why, of course, he reasoned, it was plain enough—just an error on the part of the busy "Magic King," what with the balconies so closely adjacent.

With a view to righting the error, he took the train of cars, slipped over to the other balcony, left the cars there and came back bearing the violin. His family was genuinely surprised to learn "The Magic King" had brought Enrique a violin!

As he grew older, his love for the violin increased. When he was seventeen, a friend, appreciating his talent, suggested that he go to London to purchase a good violin. There, while all London was celebrating the Armistice with mad revelry, the music-loving Spanish youth was in his hotel room, trying out the different violins which the tradesmen had brought him. The one he chose cost $10,000. Nothing daunted, the friend purchased it for him, and it is the one he now uses. Since then, Enrique has studied under such masters as Leopold Auer and Joan Manen.

Although his work takes him away from his native Spain, he always spends some time there each summer, and visits his birthplace, Barcelona, every year.

He has been eminently successful in his chosen profession. His concert tours of Europe have won him fame as a concert violinist, while in America, he has gained wide popularity, due to the essentially American quality of his jazz. It is unusual for a concert violinist and a foreigner to have captured the spirit of American dance rhythm so thoroughly as to place him in the front ranks of orchestra directors of popular music.

In addition to being an artist in two distinct fields, Mr. Madriguera is an able businessman. He recently left the NBC to become musical director of the Export Department of the Columbia Phonograph Company.

He can be heard on the air every Monday evening from 9:30 to 10 as a soloist on the "Evening in Paris" Hour on WABC.

Madriguera's interest seems to lie principally in grouping unusual orchestral combinations for phonograph recording and radio programs. His orchestra features authentic Spanish tangos, oriental and Moorish airs, African rhythms and Gypsy Sevillian folk lore. "All of this takes time," he says, "and much of the work I do during my annual visits to Europe and the Orient.

Rector Again Points Way to Epicurean Delights

(Continued from page 20)

It might not be far from the truth to say that George Rector was born in a restaurant. Certainly as the son of the famous Charles, who was called the man who had run an oyster stew into a million, George in his youth was never far removed from one, and at an early age he went into business with his father. Then, as is ever the way with sons, he grew weary of following in father's footsteps and burned with the desire to make his own footprints in the sands of time. So he set up good-restaurating in a shining palace of his own, nicknamed "Young Rector's Snare".

According to the ex-host to pleasure-hunters of our parent's past, the guests arrived in broughams, always in jovial mood, even though dignified and in full dress—white gloves for the gentlemen, if you please, trains for the ladies and plenty of hair and hat-pins.

Slipper as a Loving Cup

On New Year's Eve at the witching hour they used a lady's slipper as a loving cup and drank toasts to their best girls while the orchestra played "Hot Time in the Old Town". The lights went out and everybody kissed everybody.

"The ladies like soft lights," reminisced Mr. Rector. "So the bulbs in the crystal chandeliers were rose-colored in summer and amber in winter. The napkins we used were a whole yard square and none too large at that for folks who ate everything on the menu from caviar to nuts, with hearty gusto. Dieting was not popular in an age when curves were symbols of feminine health and beauty."

George Rector is up to his old tricks again—raising cooking from the field of science into the realms of art and romance. Once he catered to the epicurean elite in his own cuisine. Now his sphere is unlimited. He makes the humble art seem a bigger and better thing to radio's countless millions.
Thank You, Mr. Geddes!

To the Editor of Radio Revue:

Accept my congratulations on the very interesting magazine you have launched. I have often thought there should be a big field for a magazine of this type and wish you all success. I am enclosing my check for a year’s subscription.—Bond Geddes, Executive Vice President, Radio Manufacturers Association, Inc., New York, N. Y.

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Impressed by Authenticity

To the Editor of Radio Revue:

I finally found time to give your initial issue a pretty thorough and very interested reading last night. It should be very interesting to the great number of people who take their radio listening at all seriously, and it is really very valuable to anyone who makes use of radio broadcasting in business.

I think the thing that impressed me most was the apparent authenticity of all the information contained in it. While its primary function is, no doubt, entertainment, I could not help feeling that it probably contained a greater amount of actual fact than a great many of our trade papers do.—Fred H. Strayer, Sales Manager, Sylvania Products Company, Emporium, Pa.

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Exactly What She Has Wanted

To the Editor of Radio Revue:

I just happened to pick up your Radio Revue from the newsstand while waiting for a train, and, as it is exactly the kind of a radio magazine I have been looking for for the past three or four years, it did not take me long to buy a copy. My family cares nothing for the technical radio magazines and, until I discovered your Radio Revue yesterday, that was about all I could find.

Your first number certainly is good and, if the numbers to come contain as much of general interest, I am sure you will be successful. Enclosed is my check for $2 for a year’s subscription, beginning with the next issue.

Mrs. R. H. M., Coldwater, N. Y.

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Broadcasting in Early Days

To the Editor of Radio Revue:

I was delighted with the first issue of your publication. The first thing I thought was: "Why didn’t someone think of this long ago," because, of course, everyone not only likes to hear the gossip and personal bits about the artists, but also likes to know what they look like. The magazine compares favorably with our movie magazines, and I am certain it will meet with tremendous favor and will have an enormous circulation.

I have been showing my copy to everyone who comes in and they have immediately said: "Oh, I must get this. It’s great!" Two people took it home to show the rest of the family. When my husband saw it, he said to be sure to keep every copy and, as the various entertainers appear, look them up in the magazine, to see what they look like.

My great regret is that I am not among the artists who will be featured on its pages. Miss Trenholm’s article mentioned the WJZ studio in the Westinghouse plant at Newark and reminded me that those were my broadcasting days. They sent a Pierce Arrow limousine from Newark for me (I haven’t been in one since) and my husband, my accompanist and her brother went with me and I gave a half-hour program of contralto solos. I was preceded by a reader, who gave “Salome,” and we were all in the one room, working and waiting. The reader took twenty-five minutes longer than she should have and I couldn’t even clear my throat for fear of being heard on the air, so I just kept on drinking water—being able to do that noiselessly. Those were the days!

Then, again, when they moved to a little room on the top of the Waldorf-Astoria, in New York. It was so far up that we went as far as the elevator would take us and, with bated breath, climbed some winding iron stairs to a dusty hallway and thence to the studio. That time I followed a talk on dogs and my husband and friends assured me that I barked very descriptively many times, both like a fox terrier and a Saint Bernard. Well, that’s enough of that chatter. Tell us some time who “Cheerio” is, will you? The best of luck to you in your new venture.—Mrs. D. K., Brooklyn, N. Y.

▲ ▲ ▲

Wants Jessica Pictured in Costume

To the Editor of Radio Revue:

Enclosed please find 21 cents in stamps for a copy of your Radio Revue for December. I couldn’t get another copy on the stands—and someone walked off with Jessica Dragonette’s picture out of the one I have. Will you see (Continued on page 45)
Hello, Neighbors!

Radio programs are now designed to please not only the woman in the home, but every member of the family. However, it was the man of the house who first discovered radio as a family pastime. Would he let his wife touch the precious instrument in the early days when he was away from home? No; only he could turn the dials, and turn them he did, for in those days, which now seem to have been back in the dark ages, the family was compelled to submit to all kinds of squeaks and squeals while father was trying to tune in a station. In those days mother invariably said that "the radio is only for father's amusement" and something to the effect that she dreaded his homecoming because she knew he would immediately rush to the radio and thereafter would be impossible of approach.

But nowadays, in most well-regulated families, the radio is a definite factor in the home life, and the artists who appear before the microphone are many times unwittingly adopted into the family circle. The artists who speak over the radio have, perhaps, a greater entree into the average home than have the musical broadcasters. The former come to know the various members of their listeners' families and share their joys and sorrows.

We who broadcast to the women in the home, get a perfect composite picture of American home life. Indeed, with the knowledge of this home life as we see it, one cannot say there is no longer any home life in this country.

In many respects the radio has supplanted the huge library, with the inevitable reading lamp, around which the family used to gather for the evening. But wasn't the light dim and weren't the evenings long! Everyone seemed to be glad when father said it was "time for bed", and mother set aside her sewing.

Now we have evenings of entertainment—the very best obtainable—and programs that please everybody. Radio gives us our "daily dozen", gets us off on "the eight-fifteen" and put us to bed with "slumber music"—truly a day of service. Another way this service is used is outlined in a recent letter from a neighbor:

"Perhaps you would like to know how I arrange my housework and my radio listening. Each evening I mark the programs to which I want to listen the next day, and then I arrange my housework so as to be near my radio set when there are interesting features and in the other rooms when the musical programs are on. I always have a basket of mending and a pad and pencil on my table by the radio while I am broadcasting. When you give a recipe I lay aside my work and write it down, and then I pick up my sewing again and listen. In this way there are no complaints of undarned socks, because they are darned by radio and are always done."

Isn't this letter truly a reflection of how radio has lightened the burden of housework? Another angle of the intimate atmosphere that radio creates concerns the family pets. We have become well acquainted with the pets of many families and some day I will tell you how they, too, listen. My dog, Jane, has been known to the WJZ audience for many years. If you have a family pet you will enjoy this letter from a listener:

"I enjoyed your two chats today and I surely had to smile at one of your concluding remarks. You spoke of Jane sometimes sitting close to you at the table and you remarked that this was not good manners. I must tell you of our dog's behavior at the table.

"My husband, myself, and my Maltese poodle, Sonny, constitute the family. As we are both very fond of Sonny, you can imagine that he is somewhat spoiled. He has his own chair at the table, and is always the first to be seated. He always has a napkin, a plate of his own and is fed every piece of his meat. He will seldom eat anything if his plate is placed on the floor. If I give him anything in the kitchen, he runs to his pillow in the dining room to eat it.

"I have some friends who are very fond of him, too, and he invariably gets his own chair at their homes. 'Love me, love my dog', is my motto. But no one has to try very hard to like Sonny, because he is very lovable. He eats an ice cream cone every night before he goes to bed. He never fails to listen to Slumber Music on WJZ, and then he has his last walk and his ice cream cone."

Truly, radio is a factor in home life—and a big factor, too. Having been confined to my home for more than a month, as the result of sustaining a broken limb, I have come to appreciate the value of radio to an even greater extent than I did before and now realize more vividly what a Godsend it must be to those who are permanently confined. My unfortunate indisposition has made it impossible this month for me to continue my series of artists' favorite recipes, but I hope to resume them in our next issue.

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Prize Letter Contest Extended

A number of our readers have asked for more time to compose their letters on the subject Who is Your Favorite Radio Artist—and Why? They say this subject requires much thought and consideration.

Therefore, the editors of Radio Revue have decided to extend this contest for a month. This gives new readers a chance to enter. The awards are ten dollars for the best letter and five dollars for the second choice.

Rudy Vallee and Jessica Dragonette are leading so far. Who is your favorite?

RADIO REVUE

Six Harrison Street, New York, N. Y.
PEP HENS
ARE LADIES WITH
LONG PEDIGREES

If these aristocrats of the poultry yard could talk they could tell you the names of their great-great-grandmothers.

Pridefully they could point to the silver cups and blue ribbons won by their mothers in egg-laying contests.

For a PEP hen is bred as carefully as a racehorse.

Those ambitious birds who wish to enter the breeding pens must first build up an egg-laying record; because only hens that lay heavily—and lay perfect eggs—are permitted to give hostages to fortune, in the form of the lovely puff-balls that are baby chicks.

This feathered aristocracy wears costume jewelry, too—colored enamel leg-bands, bearing an identifying number. Baby chicks are banded as soon as they are hatched.

PEP producers, you see, know their hens.

PEP eggs, the final product resulting from all the aforesaid array of ancestry, cannot, of course, travel through to the consumer without an appropriate name-plate. In the retail stores, you will often find the thirty-dozen cases bearing the PEP emblem. Sometimes retailers want these quality eggs packed in attractive blue-and-white cartons. In other instances, you will notice that each egg bears a neat little stamp—“PEP” or “SUNRISE”—two symbols of egg fineness.

PACIFIC EGG PRODUCERS
COOPERATIVE INC.

SAN FRANCISCO    NEW YORK    CHICAGO

Seattle, Los Angeles, San Diego, Detroit, Pittsburgh, Panama, Buenos Aires, Valparaiso, Lima, London, and Glasgow
The Announcer Speaks for Himself

Marley Sherris

LADIES and Gentlemen of the radio audience:

This is Marley Sherris, of the NBC, speaking. I have been announcing programs for the past three years. I joined the forces of WJZ at their former studios on West 42nd Street, New York. For years I had been in concert work, travelling throughout the United States, Canada and England. On one of my tours I was engaged as a soloist to open the Canadian National Railways broadcasting station at Ottawa, Canada. After my performance there I realized that this was a field in which an artist, giving a single radio performance, could be heard by more people than he could possibly reach in a year of personal appearances.

This thought kept recurring to me, although it was almost two years later that I settled in New York and an opportunity presented itself to become identified with WJZ. After I had met Keith McLeod, who was at that time studio manager of WJZ, he asked me one day if I would be interested in a position as announcer. I told him I would, so he gave me a voice test. After the test, Mr. McLeod assigned me to one of the large commercial accounts on WJZ to announce as my first program and final test. The next morning I was called in, was introduced to officials of the station and was put on the announcing staff.

Musical Training Needed

I believe that musical training is one of the most important requisites for radio announcing. It not only improves the speaking voice, but it gives the announcer an insight and knowledge that is essential to announcing all types of musical programs.

In my first few broadcasts the absence of immediate response from the audience gave me a rather “lost” feeling, but, of course, three years before the “mike” have caused me to respect this little steel disc as an instrument that brings me in close touch with countless listeners. I thoroughly enjoy reading the mail response, as it is the one way I have of knowing the reactions of the unseen audience.

At present I am on the following programs: National Youths’ Conference, Dr. Poling, WJZ, Sunday, 3 to 4 P. M.; National Religious Service, Dr. Fosdick, WJZ, Sunday, 3:30 to 6:30 P. M.; Midweek Hymn Sing, WEA, Thursday, 7 to 7:30 P. M.; Edison program, WJZ, Monday, 9 to 9:30 P. M.; Calsonod talk, WJZ, Tuesday, 8 to 8:15 A. M. I also sing bass in the famous Armchair Quartet, which is on WJZ at 11:45 to 12 P. M. every Sunday. I also sing with the Balladeers on Sunday mornings.

I have just built a new home at Hastings-on-the-Hudson. My hobby is driving a car, any place, any time, any car—but, of course, it must be in my spare time when I am not singing, announcing or attending to my duties as evening program representative.

Taught Self to Play Banjo—Roy Smeck Now Teaches Thousands

(Continued from page 16)

the criticisms in fourteen cities, lost out in the star’s home town and, in the sixteenth, the one newspaper burned to the ground on the first night he appeared.

After that engagement, he signed up with a revue. Friends said that he was killing himself professionally, but no amount of argument could move him. He grins about it now. The friends realized the reason on his return, however. He had married the star, and he has “stayed married.”

While it is traditional with the Pennsylvania Dutch to “stay married,” the writer happens to know that the couple’s marital state would have endured without the tradition, since the two are exceptionally happy. And to add to its stability, this scribe can attest to the fact that his mother-in-law is his greatest booster.

Has Many Recording Contracts

In the phonograph cabinet in the living room of his home in the exclusive West End district are a hundred or more records which he has made. There will be hundreds more as he has contracts for at least ten years.

This income, plus that of his radio engagements, enables him to live in a style that is far removed from his shoe factory days. Other royalties come in from the sale of his music books, which are very popular because they were written for those who cannot afford to take lessons.

It was the knowledge of the vicissitudes of the moneyless pupil that furnished the motive for putting his “lessons” on the air, not only for the ukulele, but for the banjo and guitar as well.

The writer once had the privilege of listening to and seeing a Vitaphone performance of Mr. Smeck. Later in the evening, he made a personal appearance. It goes without saying that he stopped the show. The applause was uproarious and prolonged.

In his radio classes, Mr. Smeck has had as many as 1,600 pupils. All of them received personal instruction by following him through his music books.

It is very true that string music is indeed his vocation, but the strange part of it is that it also represents his avocation.

“My one aversion,” he said, “is eggs—eggs in any style—and I had to learn to play so that I wouldn’t get them in the raw state on the stage.”
Andy Sannella a Real Miracle Man of Music

(Continued from page 12)

such a lot of him to look at but, as a feminine acquaint-
ance put it, "what there is, is worth looking at a lot."
They know that his small form is always encased in a
natty suit and that he has expressive' brown eyes.

All these things the musicians know. They also appreci-
ate, as much as, if not more than, the radio audience, the
musical ability that has made it possible for Sannella to
be heard six or eight times a week throughout the nation.

The artist was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., on March 11,
1900. When he was seven years old he began the study
of music that has resulted in his reputation today as one
of the outstanding interpreters of modern melody. He
started to study the violin at the age of ten. After four
years of study he decided he wanted to play the banjo.
This instrument came natural to him. In his youth, San-
nella augmented his music lessons by regular perfor-
mances in several church and school orchestras.

Joins Army and Then Navy

When he was seventeen he joined the Army. Because
he was under age, his mother pulled strings through the
customary tangle of red tape and had him discharged.
Not discouraged, young Andy next bobbed up in the
United States Navy. This time his mother decided to let
well enough alone and her son remained in that branch
of the service for three years. A majority of that period
was spent aboard submarines. During the long days
and nights aboard the "subs" Andy amused his mates with his
guitar. Incidentally he obtained a lot of practice. What
followed his discharge from the Navy has already been
told.

In 1927 this young "miracle man of music" played in
16 weekly radio programs, most of them going through
extensive networks of stations. In 1928 he directed the
orchestra for the Interwoven Entertainers, the Halsey
Stuart program and the Sylvestre broadcasts.

His present weekly schedule gives him only two nights
a week away from the radio studios. On Monday he di-
 rects the orchestra in the Empire Builders program; on
Wednesday he is heard regularly as a soloist with the
Palmolive group, and as director of the Halsey Stuart or-
chestra; on Thursday he waves his baton before the Smith
Brothers musical aggregation; on Friday he may be heard
with the Armstrong Quakers; while on Saturday he ap-
pears on the Lucky Strike program.

Have You a Little Nit Wit in Your Home?

(Continued from page 15)
The Nebraska Cornhuskers played the Center College pray-
ing Colonels. The Cornhuskers started in early to husk the
colonels, each cornhusker grabbing an ear. The Corn-
huskers stalked through the Colonels' line, and soon things
were popping. It turned out to be an ear for an ear and
a tooth for a tooth, those having false teeth finding the
colonels a bit tough. However, after several court martial
the colonels were reduced to lance corporals and the band
played the husking bee. Final score, if any—found in to-
morrow's paper. And that completes our resume of to-
day's football games.

New Meteor Flashes Across "Blue Heaven"

(Continued from page 31)
country gravitates to the Great White Way, where it
passes through the melting pot and emerges, a finished
product, to fill the terpsichorean wants of a restless nation.

Bert's orchestral enterprises have grown to such propor-
tions that they begin to resemble the chain store systems in
quantity turnover. And it has all been accomplished with
an unobtrusiveness that is refreshing along Broadway.

Bert has turned musical notes into bank notes with sur-
prising celerity, due chiefly to his ability to satisfy the
primal urge, for rhythm of a syncopated sort, that exists
in the gilded whoopee palaces, at society revels, collegiate
hops, metropolitan hotel gaieties, country and yacht club
festivities, resort entertainments and night club and the-
 theatrical gatherings.

Starting with his high school days, when he had an
orchestra that played on the Chautauqua circuit, Bert has
compiled an imposing list of orchestra contracts. These
include recording contracts with Columbia, Brunswick
and Victor, the discovery and exploitation of Rudy Vallee,
Tommy Cline and Jack Carney—hailed as a second Vallee
—numerous radio broadcasting engagements and a con-
tract for recorded radio programs with the Biltmore Hotel
Orchestra and a new vocalist who promises to be a sen-
sational success. Bert also has to his credit the largest steam-
ship contract ever given to any one organization in the
music business—that to provide music for the Munson
Line and all the United States Line boats.

Bert's ultimate ambition, as confided in his own words,
is "A million dollars—and no encores."

CARSON ROBISON

heartily recommends
to his Radio
friends the
homelike atmosphere
of the

HOTEL
KNICKERBOCKER

RECOGNIZED RADIO ARTISTS' HEAD-
QUARTERS

NEW YORK

WEST 45TH ST. TIMES SQUARE
JUST EAST OF BROADWAY
THE BIG TEN

Best Selling Popular Songs of the Month

WHEREAS last month there was a decline as compared with the previous month in the number of theme songs listed in The Big Ten, this month shows that the country has again gone "theme-song" with a vengeance. Every one of the ten best selling popular songs listed below is a theme song from a talking picture. This condition is not likely soon to change, because the theme songs have a tremendous advantage in the sustained nationwide "plug" they receive through the medium of the sound pictures.

During the past month, as compared with the previous month, I'm a Dreamer; Aren't We All? has moved from ninth place to the top of the list, supplanting Tiptoe Through the Tulips. A Little Kiss Each Morning, from Rudy Vallee's picture, The Vagabond Lover, has advanced from tenth to fourth place.

A notable feature is that such big sellers as Singin' in the Rain, Love Me and My Fate is in Your Hands have dropped out of the first ten and have been displaced by The Chant of the Jungle, Singing in the Bathtub and You're Always in My Arms.

1. I'm a Dreamer; Aren't We All? from Sunny Side Up (De Sylva, Brown & Henderson)

2. Tiptoe Through the Tulips from Gold Diggers of Broadway (M. Witmark & Sons)

3. If I Had a Talking Picture of You from Sunny Side Up (De Sylva, Brown & Henderson)

4. A Little Kiss Each Morning from The Vagabond Lover (Harms, Inc.)

5. Painting the Clouds with Sunshine from Gold Diggers of Broadway (M. Witmark & Sons)

6. The Chant of the Jungle from Untamed (Robbins Music Corporation)

7. Love from The Trespasser (Irving Berlin, Inc.)

8. Singing in the Bathtub from The Show of Shows (M. Witmark & Sons)

9. You're Always in My Arms from Rio Rita (Leo Feist, Inc.)

10. My Sweeter than Sweet from Sweetie (Famous Music Company)

A Typical Radio Week

By JOYCE SEARS

I'm a plain radio listener—very plain. I hope television never works both ways. You know what I mean. If the Lucky Strike Orchestra should ever see me—well, they'd strike, that's all. But no one gets more pleasure out of a radio than I do. Where I am located I cannot get the Columbia chain program, so my listening is, of necessity, all done via NBC.

To me, Monday is a red letter night. Starting with the Black and Gold Orchestra, then the Voice of Firestone, the A. & P. Gypsies, and ending with the General Motors Family Party, you have an evening to rave about. I am so interested in the A. & P. Gypsies that I even listen to Milton Cross tell what they sell in those stores. As somebody has said: "Any sons-o'-guns who don't buy in the A. & P. don't deserve to hear such a fine program." When I hear the General Motors program I'm so glad I have a Buick. If the program is especially good, I wish my car were a Cadillac.

Tuesday night—I don't know what psychology it is, mob or sob, but I don't care so much for Tuesday nights on the air. I wish someone would explain about that evening's programs. I flicker across the dial and find talking, talking everywhere. As I don't care for dialects, negroid or tabloid, I shut off my radio and read a book. But think of the thousands who love those "talkies!"

Palmolive Hour a High Light

The high light of Wednesday night is the Palmolive Hour. The program is so varied and beautiful that I marvel at that stereotyped "full of love and romance" prelude that goes on the air every week in the year. Page Carlin and tell him to change it, say, every other Wednesday night. Olive Palmer's bird-like voice is a gift to a listening world. The duets with the contralto are beautiful. I wish the announcer would tell us who the contralto is.

I do not always hear the Thursday night programs for various reasons, mostly personal and social ones.

The Philco Hour of Theatre Memories was something I always looked forward to on Friday night. My particular favorite was Jessica Dragonette. When you think that an opera was staged right before your ears, and you could almost hear the curtain go down, that's some radio hour!

Some one, who saw a picture of the Old Stagers in the Radio Revue for December, said: "I didn't picture him like that." I know; she thought he'd look like Santa Claus—with real whiskers.

Walter Danrosch's golden voice makes the General Electric Hour delightful on Saturday night. When I hear him tell of the "lovely melody" and "dancing elves in fragrant, moonlit gardens," I don't care whether it is Bach or Beethoven, Rimsky-Korsakoff or Rachmaninoff; I know it must be good, because he says so.

Of course, there are some abominations on the radio—too much advertising for one thing and the inane asides

It will be noticed that, beginning this month, we have included the names of the publishers of these songs. If there is any further information our readers desire about the popular songs they hear over the radio—who wrote them, who publishes them, where they can be obtained or in what pictures they appear, etc.—RADIO REVUE will gladly answer all such questions. Merely write Popular Song Editor, RADIO REVUE, Six Harrison Street, New York, N. Y. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope if you desire a direct reply.
of Roxy and his gang for another. Stage asides by O'Neill are permissible, but it is not considered good form to talk personalities before a disinterested audience. We, the unseen listeners, often feel like eavesdroppers, and an unpleasant feeling it is, too. It may be funny in the studio, but it is stupid on the air. Rudy Vallee and Graham have been at it lately. If we must have Rudy, let him croon "Just You, Just Me" or some other banality, and then we can snap out of it.

Then, there are the dance orchestras. Gone is the ancient prejudice that seems to apply to many things excepting dance orchestras. I wish some of the leaders would reach for a new dance folio, instead of an antique. Maybe Singing in the Rain or even Tiptoe Through the Tulips might be as interesting as glorifying Raggedy Ann or the Wooden Soldiers.

But, taking it all in all, as I sit before my honest-to-goodness wood fire on Sunday afternoon and, if I feel religious, hear spirited sermons, or, if in a lighter mood, listen to the National Light Opera, or look forward to the evening, with David Lawrence's clear-cut facts and the Atwater Kent Hour, I think: what a week of splendid entertainment I have had at very little cost. Unlike Cornelia Otis Skinner's "Get a horse, Mr. Fikins, get a horse," I say: "Get a radio, Mr. Citizen, get a radio."

Listeners' Forum
(Continued from page 39)

... and now at the Biltmore
BERT LOWN and his Recording Orchestra
... are delighting dancing New York

Vaughn Likes Rudy's Simplicity

My compliments to Dale Wimbrow and Martin Hansen for their exposition on Citizen Rudy Vallee. I agree with both boys—and that's a lot, for there never was a person less given to hero worship than myself! I liked the simplicity and nonchalance of Rudy's work long before his ability won recognition. When the rush started I was less enthusiastic but, after I saw "The Vagabond Lover," I was impressed with his sincerity and I commend him for it.

Vaughn de Leath.
TRUE to the tradition it had set for over two years on WJZ, the Philco Hour in its premiere on WABC and the Columbia chain gave an excellent show.

There was ever present the hand of that master radio showman, Henry M. Neely, the "old Stager."

The program consisted of the first radio presentation of an original musical episode by Jerome Kern, entitled Lamp-light. Originally performed some years ago in one of the Lambs' Gambols, it has not been heard since. More's the pity—since it is the nearest thing to the ideal radio operetta that I have ever heard, with the possible exception of Sir Arthur Sullivan's Cox and Box.

While the musical score had much of the dainty charm that is Jerome Kern, it revealed the composer of Sweet Adeline, Showboat and a score of other musical successes in a much different light, as the creator of deeper moods and melodies that were decidedly of the calibre of grand opera. The orchestration glowed with a wealth of warmth and color.

The program opened with the singing of Philco's familiar signature song, Mem'ries, by Lois Bennett, new soprano star of the Hour. A comparison of Miss Bennett's rendition of this song with that of Philco's erstwhile prima donna, Jessica Dragonette, seems inevitable. Unfortunately, in this case I do not feel that Miss Bennett carried off the honors. Some allowance must be made, of course, for first-night nervousness and the fact that she probably realized how much was expected of her.

Tells Story of "Lamplight"

There followed a short scene during which Mr. Neely, as Uncle Henry, was interrupted by his niece in the midst of his reminiscences. She finally prevailed upon him to tell her the story of the operetta which had stirred his memories. In this way he introduced Lamplight and acted as narrator.

In addition to Miss Bennett, who sang the soprano role, Dan Gridley, tenor, who for many months was a member of the original Philco Hour on WJZ, and Nathan Stewart, baritone, participated. The vocal honors went to Mr. Gridley, who sang with beautiful tone production and excellent style and diction. He was probably more familiar with the score than were his fellow-singers, inasmuch as he sang the same role some months ago, when the operetta was offered, through the medium of an audition, to a prospective broadcaster. For some unexplainable reason, this advertiser failed to appreciate its true beauty and merit.

However, in general, the production was excellent and the effect was charming. The romantic setting, in Paris in the early nineteen century, the story of the old lamp-lighter who was thrown out of employment when the new street lamps were introduced, and the accompanying tale of a young girl who grew to old age and died while keeping a hopeless tryst at the old lamp post with her soldier.
lover who had been taken from her arms by the Napoleonic wars, all combined to paint a poignant picture with pigments such as few besides Jerome Kern could adequately muster. All in all, this first Philco Hour on the Columbia chain set a high mark that subsequent programs are not likely soon to equal.

Chevalier a Fine Movie Actor
The much-heralded radio début of the French star, Maurice Chevalier, over WABC recently left me quite cold. His renditions of his native French songs were quite competent, but his attempts to sing American tunes confirmed my belief that, as a radio singer, M. Chevalier is a great movie actor—and I must confess that I have never seen him on the screen.

Ward Program Unimpressive
The premiere broadcast of the Ward Tip Top Club on WABC recently was, to me, not at all impressive. It turned out to be just another program, with orchestra, quartet, soloists, or what have you. Nor was the setting—in a night club—startling or original in any respect. Due allowance must always be made for an initial broadcast. Here’s hoping future programs show some improvement!

Radio’s One-Man Show, Phil Cook, a Marvel of Versatility
(Continued from page 22)
Coldwater, Mich., some 35 years ago, and moved to East Orange, New Jersey, at the early age of ten. I studied the violin with the intention of becoming a second Kreisler. Fooled the family by drawing pictures when I should have been practicing the violin. Got a job in my third year at high school and dropped the education to start doing up packages in an advertising agency.

"I must have had a trace of Rudy Vallee-ism in my voice in its early stages, for I succeeded in talking Miss Flo Helmer into becoming a Cook—in name, at any rate. At present I am still married and happy."

Cook is under exclusive contract to the NBC. In addition to his broadcast activities, he makes dozens of personal appearances each year in various sections of the country.

Although Cook specializes in Negro roles before the microphone, his "Negro is a northern Negro, because I haven’t been south of Washington," as he expresses it.

McNamee “a Great Guy” Oscar Writes His Girl Friend, Margy
(Continued from page 18)
typewriter is due at work at four o’clock in the afternoon and it’s five-thirty now, so he’ll be in most any time.
I almost forgot. You can tell the other girls in Yoakum that Mr. McNamee is married, so they might as well scratch him off the list. Mrs. McNamee is mighty sweet, too. I hope to meet her some time.
Well, so long until next time, Margy.
Love and kisses

Oscar.
Broadcasts to South Pole

JAMES S. WALLINGTON, who has been senior announcer for WGY, of Schenectady, since October, 1928, has announced most of the broadcasts from WGY and its three short wave stations to Commander Richard Byrd's Antarctic Expedition. These programs have been broadcast every other Saturday since last May. Mr. Wallington's voice has carried to Commander Byrd and his associates the messages that mean so much to these men who are making history.

One of Mr. Wallington's most treasured possessions is a message from Commander Byrd congratulating him on his marriage on October 4 last to the former Lady Stanislawa Eleanora Elzbieta Butkiewicz, a descendant of Polish nobility, who comes from Worcester, Mass.

Mr. Wallington is director of the WGY Players, that pioneer dramatic group. He makes the radio adaptations and directs all the plays that the Players produce. He is also baritone of the Radio Four, a quartet well known in upper New York State.

What Price Announcing!
(Continued from page 9)

the case. The Announcer is dead!
Radio and radio companies and chains are purely commercial. The advertiser is the backbone of the industry. The status of the announcer is entirely changed. First, the age-old law of supply and demand has had its effect. Hundreds of young bloods, sensing the romance of the air, seeking the applause of the radio listeners, and vainly hoping to create a name that will live to posterity, offer their services as announcer for any fee.

The demand is decidedly limited, so the majority of announcers are really sacrificing themselves to the hope of a bright, though distant, future. They are on the air hour after hour, so that they are unable to give any one program particular attention. Further, they are obliged to read, word for word, scripts that are written by others who do not even think of the reader, let alone his style or personality. So their hope is shattered before they start.

The only way to create a following among radio listeners is by means of a winning personality that projects itself, and to do this, it is essential that the reader read his own words. True, it is possible to do an excellent piece of work with prepared copy, just as it is possible to read it poorly but, to advertise a commodity over the air, more than mere reading of words by a man with a pleasant voice is necessary. Those words must come from somewhere deeper than the larynx. The speaker first must know his radio audience. He must know radio showmanship. His words must be felt as well as spoken—they must be his words.

How can an announcer be a real part of the program when the general style of the hour is decided by one, the musical numbers are chosen by another, the cast is chosen by a third, and even the words he speaks are written by a department that usually grinds them out by the basketful?

The advertisers, who think primarily of the message they want to put across, are beginning to realize that herein lies the weakness of this most human and closest of all media and are, therefore, insisting on the radio specialist, the man who, through years of experience, has developed a sixth sense, a sense of radio showmanship, the most important factor in the building of any program. He is a man who can create the copy that is adapted to radio advertising and who can read that copy before a microphone, not so that it is blatant and cold, but, rather, so that it becomes a part of the entertainment, because the reader himself is a part. Many advertisers now insist upon having a man who is not tied to the myriad sustaining and out-of-studio broadcasts, who is not in one commodity for thirty minutes and then comes out only to dive into another and finally to mix them all up with the correct time, stock quotations, and bed-time stories.

And so we have the answer to one of the many questions which have come to me since my change. The advertiser changes the name of the announcer who has proven himself, takes him away from the broadcasting companies and calls him a radio specialist. True, you hear him much less often but, when he is on the air, he brings you his personality plus a program which sparkles and, as a result, you probably look with favor on the commodity made by the sponsor of that program. Long live the announcer!
The Tragedy of Neglected Gums

A play you ought to read

Cast of Characters:
Your Dentist and You

YOU: "My gums are responsible for this visit, doctor. I'm anxious about them."
D.D.S.: "What's the matter?"

YOU: "Well, sometimes they’re tender when I brush my teeth. And once in a while they bleed a little. But my teeth seem to be all right. Just how serious is a thing like this?"
D.D.S.: "Probably nothing to bother about, with a healthy mouth like yours. But, just the same, I've seen people with white and flawless teeth get into serious trouble with their gums."

YOU: "That's what worries me. Pyorrhea—gingivitis—trench mouth—all those horrible-sounding things! Just a month ago a friend of mine had to have seven teeth pulled out."
D.D.S.: "Yes, such things can happen. Not long ago a patient came to me with badly inflamed gums. I X-rayed them and found the infection had spread so far that eight teeth had to go. Some of them were perfectly sound, too."

YOU: (After a pause) "I was reading a dentifrice advertisement... about food."
D.D.S.: "Soft foods? Yes, that’s to blame for most of the trouble. You see, our gums get no exercise from the soft, creamy foods we eat. Circulation lags and weak spots develop on the gum walls. That's how these troubles begin. If you lived on rough, coarse fare your gums would hardly need attention."

YOU: "But, doctor, I can't take up a diet of

raw roots and hardtack. People would think I'd suddenly gone mad."

D.D.S.: "No need to change your diet. But you can give your gums the stimulation they need. Massage or brush them twice a day when you brush your teeth. And one other suggestion: use Ipana Tooth Paste. It's a scientific, modern dentifrice, and it contains special ingredients that stimulate the gums and help prevent infection."

An imaginary dialogue: An imaginary "you"? Admittedly, but the action is real. It is drawn from life—from real tragedies and near-tragedies enacted every day in every city of the land!

And if dentists recommend Ipana, as thousands of them do, it is because it is good for the gums as well as for the teeth. Under its continual use, the teeth are gleaming white, the gums firm and healthy. For Ipana contains ziratol, a recognized hemostatic and antiseptic well known to dentists for its tonic effects upon gum tissue.

Don't wait for "pink tooth brush" to appear before you start with Ipana. The coupon brings you a sample which will quickly prove Ipana's pleasant taste and cleaning power.

But, to know all of Ipana's good effects, it is far better to go to your nearest druggist and get a large tube. After you have used its hundred brushings you will know its benefits to the health of your gums as well as your teeth.
Be guided by a name that has meant absolute tube integrity for the past fourteen years. The name is Cunningham—choice of the American home.

E. T. CUNNINGHAM, Inc.

NEW YORK  CHICAGO  SAN FRANCISCO  DALLAS  ATLANTA

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In This Issue:

Frank Moulan
Stage vs Radio
The S.O.S. from Chinatown
"Uncle Don" Carney
Mme. Galli-Curci
The Two Troupers

And Other Features
RADIO STARS
from the Studios of

Donald McGill
Baritone
WOR—WEAF
American Opera Company

Lucien Rutman
Tenor
WEAF—WOR

WALTER KIESEWETTER
33 West 67th Street
New York
Telephone: Trafalgar 8063

Adele Vasa
Coloratura Soprano
WABC—WEAF—WOR
American Opera Company

Brownie Peebles
Mezzo-Soprano
Canadian National Railways
WOR—WEAF
American Opera Company

Mary Silveira
Lyric Coloratura Soprano
WOR—WABC
American Opera Company
CONTENTS

On the Cover: Caroline Andrews ................................. By Gaspano Ricca. 2
Alma Kitchell ....................................................... (Photograph) 2
Trying To Be Funny Not As Much Fun as It Might Seem By Frank Moulan 3
Frank Moulan ....................................................... (Photograph) 5
A Gypsy Call ....................................................... By Alice Remsen 6
Radio Gives Actress Greater Thrill Than Does Stage .................. Georgia Backus 7
Cathedral of Underworld Sends SOS From Chinatown By Allen Haglund 10
Trees Need Not Walk the Earth .................................. By David Ross 12
Radio Revives Public’s Interest in Old-Time Minstrel Show By Al Bernard 13
Don Carney is “Uncle” to More Than 300,000 Children By David Casem 15
“Sponsoritis” ......................................................... Anon. 16
At Home on the High “Cs” ........................................ (Photograph) 17
Mr. Average Fan Answers Some of His Critics By Average Fan 18
Sound Effects Made to Order for Radio Programs By Herbert Devins 20
In Memoriam: A Tribute to Col. C. T. Davis By Bertha Brainerd 23
Personalities—Pert and Pertinent ................................. (Photograph) 25
Interest in Grand Opera Fast Waning Says Mme. Galli Curci By Willie Perceval-Monger 26
Acting a New Side Line, Oscar Writes Girl Friend Margy By P. H. W. Dixon 27
The Two Troupers Delve Into Dark Past .......................... By Marcella Shields & Helene Hardin 29
Evening Stars Program an Interesting Experiment in Good Will By Donald Withycomb 31
Editorials ............................................................... 32
Soprano Modulator, Radio’s Latest Wonder By I. B. Hansom 33
Static from the Studios ............................................ 34
Listener’s Forum ..................................................... 35
Rudy Vallee and Jessica Dragonette Lauded in Prize Letters 36
Ether Etchings ........................................................ 37
Program Notes ....................................................... 39
Lessons in Loveliness ................................................ By Nell Vinick 41
Radio in the Home .................................................. By Mrs. A. M. Goudiss 42
Milady’s Fashions .................................................... By Marie Blizard 44
The Big Ten—Best Selling Popular Songs of the Month ............. 46

Bruce Gray, Editor

Contributing Editors:

Allen Haglund H. Raymond Preston
Mrs. Julian Heath Walter H. Preston
Willie Perceval-Monger K. Trenholm

Published monthly by RADIO REVUE, INC., 125 Harrison Street, New York, N. Y., Telephone: Walker 3677, 3678; Uptown Office; Room 112, Hotel Knickerbocker, 120 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; H. Raymond Preston, President; Benjamin F. Rowland, Vice-President; Walter H. Preston, Secretary and Treasurer; George O. Burtell, Advertising Manager. Manuscripts and photographs submitted for publication must be accompanied by sufficient postage if their return is desired. Advertising rates will be gladly furnished upon application. Second Class Entry Pending at Post Office, New York, N. Y. Copyright, 1929, by Radio Revue, Inc. All rights reserved. Printed in U. S. A.

Subscription Prices: United States, $2; Canada, $2.50; Foreign, $3; Single Copies, 25c
Rouses Early Morning Music Lovers

Alma Kitchell, Who Sings So Sweetly on Sunday Morning Programs, 8 to 9

This charming NBC contralto delights those who tune in on the Sunday Symphonette with her rich renditions of only the best music. She was born in Superior, Michigan, and first studied at the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music and, later, under the direction of her husband, Charles Kitchell, in New York. She came to radio by way of concert and oratorical work, and joined the NBC fold over a year ago. Early in her career she studied to become a concert pianiste, but experts, upon hearing her beautiful voice, urged her to turn to singing, proving that experts are often correct. She is also featured on Dr. Cadman's hour and sings with the National Grand Opera Company, the Salon Singers and a number of other programs.
MARCH, 1930

Trying to be FUNNY
Not as Much FUN
As It Might Seem

I wasn't born funny. It was thrust on me. After a few appearances with the Young Apollo Club, a meeting was called to decide whether I should continue to sing. The upshot was that I was unanimously elected official comedian of the group.

By FRANK MOULAN

Sometimes it is fun to be funny. Not as much fun as it might seem.

If I had my choice of any role, out of the 242 librettos I am supposed to know, I'd choose that of Jack Point, the strolling jester in Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Yeomen of the Guard." That role has everything in it—comedy, philosophy, tragedy.

By FRANK MOULAN

Comedian, National Light Opera Company, NBC.

The girls wore tights. Ah, the good old days! But, since Peggy Joyce has done her memoirs and we can probably expect a volume from Helen Mayes's baby almost any week, here goes.

First of all let me issue what the lawyers call a disclaimer in regard to certain questions asked by young journalists. I was never starred in a production with Jenny Lind. Neither was I that unsung celebrity who carried Mrs. Whiffen on the stage at the tender age of six months—Mrs. Whiffen I mean. I may be an old-timer, but I never write letters to the papers begging for the return of hoop-skirts. I still regard the abolition of short skirts as the major catastrophe of 1929, regardless of the
rise to fame of that well known phrase “more margin.”

First Contralto, Then Baritone

The fact that I was born is so obvious that it is scarcely worth mentioning. The fact that I was actually born in New York may be considered news in some circles—that is, if Greenwich Village can be considered New York.

In those days I was a contralto, but you can’t beat biology, so it was inevitable that I should develop into a baritone. This transition took place virtually over a week-end, much to the astonishment of all my associates.

Before my voice changed, my career had already started. When I was ten years old I joined the Young Apollo Club, a musical group that sang in town halls and fire houses in communities inexpensively distant from New York City. I also sang in choirs, among them the boys’ choir of Trinity chapel.

Now is as good a time as any to confess that I wasn’t born funny. It was thrust upon me. After a few appearances with the Young Apollo Club, a meeting was called to decide whether Brother Moulan should continue to sing. The upshot of the meeting was that I was elected, without one dissenting vote, official comedian of the group. You can’t imagine how funny that was!

With my first whiskers came the realization that life was real and life was earnest and the stage was not all gold. I decided to become a business man. Even in those days the show business wasn’t what it had been. I tried the cloak and suit business, but my ancestry was against me from the start.

For a while I was a first-class bundle wrapper, but finally decided there wasn’t much future in that business. I tried this and that with mediocre success and finally awoke one morning and discovered that I was back in the show business, playing parts for the Calhoun Opera Company.

The Calhoun troupe was “on the road”. Its particular road covered the then very wild and woolly west between Chicago and San Francisco. It was in Prescott, Arizona, that I began to fully appreciate the comparative security enjoyed by a first-class bundle wrapper. I meditated behind an old iron stove ... God bless that old iron stove ... while a group of irate Arizonians shot holes through the scenery and such members of the company as carelessly wandered into range.

Had Served Apprenticeship

I left the Calhoun company shortly after that experience. I felt that I had served my apprenticeship, as I had done everything from singing in the chorus to singing leading roles in heavy operas. The next six years were spent on the payroll of Henry Savage. Appearing alternately in New York, Chicago and St. Louis, I sang in a different opera or operetta every week for the entire six years.

I was very flattered when I was offered the chance to sing the role of Figaro in “The Barber of Seville”. Of course, there was a stipulation. I had one week to learn the role. It was months later before I learned that all other available singers had turned down the same opportunity because they did not think a week’s study was enough.

George Ade wrote “The Sultan of Sulu” and made immortal the line “It is no time for mirth or laughter, the cold, dark dawn of the morning after”. The line is usually credited to Lord Byron. I was in that show for two years and enjoyed the rest, because Mr. Ade did not rewrite the production every week.

Some years later I thought I had discovered an ideal job. Klaw & Erlanger were producing American versions of British pantomimes. “There”, thought I, “is my chance to show them that a funny voice is not my only asset”. I was mistaken. Pantomime proved to be another word that didn’t mean anything, for there were lines to read and songs to sing.

Then Charles Frohman produced a series of musical productions and I was kept busy in them. Just when I had decided to retire, someone got the idea of revivals of the old light opera classics and I had to start all over again. The managers figured it would be good advertising to produce an old operetta with a member of the original cast thrown in as a sort of museum-piece attraction.

In the meantime, both the radio and the movies had been invented and developed. Roxy demonstrated that there’s nothing like a little opera to lighten up an otherwise heavy program originating in Hollywood, and that meant more work. Then came the National Broadcasting Company and its weekly presentation of light operas. I tried radio and discovered Utopia. I was actually paid to sing roles I had learned ... and the radio people had no objection to my taking a peek at the script in case I missed a line.

Comedy Falls Fail in Radio

Radio, however, does limit a comedian. There’s not a chance in the world to get a laugh out of a good comedy fall and, after I tried it a few times, I discovered that it was just so much useless effort and was really worrying the radio production man, who thought I was too old.

It was during my first year with Roxy that I almost achieved fame as a song writer. It happened this way: A certain publisher cornered me and asked me to write a lyric.
Frank Moulan

N B C Comedian as Figaro in "The Barber of Seville"
One of Year's Best Stories

ONE of the best stories of the year has received quite a lot of publicity, but is so unusual that it will bear further repetition. It concerns Fred Meinholtz, manager of the radio department of the New York Times. Mr. Meinholtz is stationed regularly at his home in Bellaire, L. I., where he has a powerful receiving set with which he picks up the messages sent out by Commander Richard Byrd's South Pole expedition in Little America.

It happened some time ago that F. T. Birchall, acting managing editor of the Times, wanted to get in touch with Mr. Meinholtz, but could not do so because Mr. Meinholtz's home telephone was being used by some other member of the family. Mr. Meinholtz was busy receiving a story from the South Pole.

With characteristic newspaper enterprise, Mr. Birchall, who was extremely anxious to talk to Mr. Meinholtz, conceived the idea of getting in touch with him by way of the South Pole. He issued the necessary orders and a message was sent to Little America. Inside of a few minutes Mr. Meinholtz was surprised to get the following message, which broke in on the running story he was receiving: "Your office is trying to get you on the 'phone. Please hang up the receiver."

The remarkable thing is that this message went 18,000 miles to the South Pole and back in less than five minutes.

A GYPSY CALL

(Inspired by the A. and P. Gypsies on WEAF)

By ALICE REMSEN

O come with me and my caravan,
My wandering abode;
And leave the stones of the city
For the lure of an open road;
For the ruddy glow of a camp fire
That shines through the scented dusk,
Bidding you live a roving life
In place of the worn-out bush
Of hide-bound, grim convention,
That stifles the soul within
And smothers the hope of freedom
With the glare of a city's din.
A cloud of dust behind you,
Before you an unknown land,
Two laughing eyes beside you,
And around you a gypsy band.

O come with me and my caravan
My wandering abode,
And leave the stones of the city
For the lure of an open road.
Radio Gives Actress Greater Thrill Than Does Stage

In Broadcasting, your Audience is the Entire Country and each Listener is Actually as Close to You as is the Little Microphone into which you speak. It's more intimate, more thrilling than the stage

In the Theatre, you Step on the Stage and Face your Audience. If they like you, they let you know about it and, if they don't like you, well there's no doubt about that either

By GEORGIA BACKUS

Editor's Note—Miss Backus is the leading actress in Arabesque, the Henry and George program, From Dusty Pages, Romantic Ancestors and many Philco and Graybar programs, in addition to many special broadcasts.

In the directing field the Women's Aviation Hour and the Civic Repertory Theatre presentations come under her guidance. With Don Clark, she writes and directs From Dusty Pages and Romantic Ancestors. And all by herself (as if she had nothing else to do) Miss Backus does the continuity for Ward's Tip-Top Program, In a Russian Village, Around the Samovar, Gypsy Camp, Aztecs, French Trio and timely script acts.

YOU want a story about me? Oh, but that's not fair. I'm supposed to write about other people. That's why I'm with the Columbia Broadcasting System. You want to know whether I like the stage, movies or radio best? Well, I'm with radio. Isn't that the best indication?

What parts have I played? Say, listen, why not let me tell you about some of the programs that we have on the air? That's much more interesting. For instance...

Yes, I have several hobbies. I'm crazy about dogs and horses, I love to swim, and trout fishing is right up my stream. I adore traveling. I'm a sort of vagabond, I suppose that's why I sign my poems with the name "Gypsy". But I'm most interested in radio and the people
in it.

Yes, I started on the stage. My family were in the theatre so I came by it naturally. It isn’t particularly interesting to know that I’ve played stock in Columbus, Ohio, my home town, and in Schenectady and Brooklyn, N. Y.; Grand Rapids and Lansing, Mich.; Baltimore; Skowhegan, Me., and where else. I’ve done as many as eight shows a week, including Shakespeare and Uncle Tom’s Cabin.

I’ve carried scenery from one station to another during a stage hands’ strike. I’ve slept all night, or as much of it as possible, in a cold, dirty “deport” when train connections didn’t connect. I’ve jumped into a part on a half-hour’s notice, at the illness of the regular actor. I’ve played with temperament all stars, and liked it; I’ve played in a tent show, and liked it; I’ve played on Broadway, and liked it; but now I’m in radio—and, well—I love it.

When I was in the theatre, I found fate sticking a pen in my hand, telling me to write. I pushed the pen away, determined to be an actress, until suddenly there appeared out of the static—radio. I gave in, and settled down to write about people that I knew, about hoboing through the mountains of West Virginia and Kentucky, about job hunting on Broadway, about Hollywood and the movies, about almost anything, in fact. And then, a perverse fate put parts in front of me, and said “Now act”.

Then, when I am all set to act other parts and write about other people, you ask me to write about me, so here goes.

Where Is Radio Going?

Life has always been very interesting for me—no, that’s no good. That’s no way to start a talk. I know—I’ll start with the time, a little over a year ago, when I was taken into the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Each of you has watched, or heard, rather, radio emerging from its first squeaky noises, issuing from a box-like arrangement, and each of you has heard it develop into the interesting thing it now is. Where it will go from here no one knows, but that will be interesting, too.

I find radio particularly fascinating because of the people connected with it. I don’t mean only the people behind the microphones, but the audiences at the other end of the wireless. In the theatre you step on the stage and face your audience, which wants to be entertained. If they like you, they let you know it and, if they don’t like you—well, there’s no doubt about that either.

But in radio, your audience can’t tell you at the time whether they like your program or not. It’s only when you get their letters that you find out what they think of you and your program. But, if you think they don’t let you know whether they like you or not, then you should read some of the letters.

After you get over the first strained feeling of talking into a little black object, called a microphone, you begin to get a bigger thrill than on the stage, for you realize that your audience is the entire country and that each one is as close to you as the little black object into which you’re talking. It’s more intimate. It’s more thrilling.

Arabesque Wins Acclaim

A year ago, Yolande Langworthy came to several of us with an idea for a program combining music and drama. This program was called Arabesque, and so we got together and put it on our local station, only one station for that first show. Due to the beauty and inspiration of Miss Langworthy, the author, and the art of David Ross, Reynolds Evans and Frank Knight, this program has come to be one of the outstanding hours on the air. Now it is on nearly every station on the Columbia chain. That gives a fairly good idea of the reaction of the radio audience.

Speaking of several of the people in Arabesque, brings up something about which I want to talk. I’m going to give away a few of the family secrets of Columbia. David Ross, in addition to having a voice of unusual beauty, is a writer of no small note. His poems contain the same beautiful rhythm and colorful quality that you have heard in his readings.

Incidentally, Frank Knight is one of the finest actors on the air today. I ought to know, I play with him in Arabesque.

The music of Arabesque is furnished by Emery Deutsch and his musicians. I have been especially interested in this Gypsy group, for when Emery first came to Columbia with an
idea for a Gypsy camp program, it was turned over to me, perhaps because of my vagabond tendencies. We have followed the Gypsies all over the world through music. When Emery tucks his violin up under his chin and starts caressing it,—well, you’re sitting beside the camp fire watching the stars overhead through the trees of a forest of melody. Goodness, that sounds like a continuity writer, doesn’t it?

That’s what I am, though, a continuity writer. Ask Don Clark, he’s the director of continuity and he’s a good judge. Doesn’t he let me work with him on some of our dramatizations? You’ve probably heard some of our sketches, the dramatizations of King Arthur and the knights of the Round Table; the series of legends taken from all the stories of the world, which we’ve called From Dusty Pages; and some of the special script acts that are sent out over the air. Incidentally, he’s a young man from whom more will be heard some day, and I don’t mean only when he’s taking the air. There is a charm in his writing that is unusual, but you doubtless know that.

Staff Writes Musical Comedy

In fact, I think there’s something unusual about every one at Columbia, from the people who are heard over the ether waves to the boys in the control room who send out the programs. Some of these boys, in addition to being versed in the technical end of the business, compose poetry. Some write music and some play various musical instruments. In fact, several weeks ago, I put on a musical comedy which was written entirely by people of the staff. Some of the selections were composed by one of the girls in the stenographic department, and some by the artists.

There’s no need to tell you of the ability of such people as Channon Collinge, Freddie Rich, Claude MacArthur, Minnie Blauman or those who are already known to you. I’m just telling you a bit about some of the folks who aren’t heard over the air, but who are none the less important.

And then there are the actors in our dramatic sketches. Each one is capable and interesting to work with. Each one has a different way of getting into a part, as we say, and it’s fascinating to study the individual methods and know how to work with the various people.

That brings me to the way in which a dramatic sketch is done. Yes, that’s my business, and I love it. That’s why I love people, because each person that I meet gives me a different story which I will sometime write. Some day you may find yourselves or your letters in a play or a story, and maybe you’ll recognize yourself.

And some day I’m going to write the story of Columbia, if you’d like to hear it. The story of each one and how he came to be interested in radio, the singers, the announcers, the musicians, the operators, the directors, the production men, the hostesses who greet you when you come to see the studio and make you feel that you are always welcome at Columbia.

Likes Comedy and Tragedy

I could take up more of your time, but—what’s that? Do I like tragedy or comedy best? Well, I play Myra in Arabesque and that’s tragedy; and I play Aphrodite Godiva in Brad Brown’s Nit Wits, and that’s comedy, and I like each one. Somehow I have a feeling that people like to laugh, but that they also like to cry, so I guess a little of both is the best way. Sometimes I’m sure I’m a comedian, but then, when I think a program hasn’t gotten over—you should see how tragic I can be.

There are a lot more people about whom I want to tell you; for instance: Ted Husing, the best sports announcer in the world. He can tell you about the dullest game in the world and make you think it’s the whole world series and the championship basketball and football games rolled into one; Don Ball, the announcer, who makes an ukulele sorry it didn’t meet him before it went to Hawaii; Dale Wimbrow who sings, plays, dances and writes; Dave Elman, the writer, who can find more interesting things on Broadway to write about than even Broadway knows are there; Jan Schimek, who knows all about everything in the encyclopedia and, if he doesn’t, he has to find out, because he’s our research man; the boys in the publicity department who supply you with information about the people in whom you are interested, but who never write about themselves. Now, there’s an idea. I know you’d like to hear about some of them one of these days.

With so many people here, all of (Continued on page 41)
Cathedral of the Underworld

Sounds SOS from Chinatown

By ALLEN HAGLUND

Down in dirty Doyers Street, in the heart of the Chinatown of New York, every Sunday afternoon Tom Noonan sounds an SOS for the sinking souls of the underworld. As if to a ship in distress, the radio brings almost instant response, and no more potent proof of the power of broadcasting can be found than in the help his Rescue Society receives from radio listeners in the great work it is doing for the Bowery bums and the city's unfortunates.

Almost everyone, it seems, has heard the program that the good "Bishop", as the hobos call him, presents over the air each week. Stations WMCA, WCAM, WDRC, WDEL, and WOKO broadcast his message, so that it is heard over the whole eastern coast, and letters received from the far West and even from foreign countries indicate that, as the "Bishop" says in his cheerful drawl, "the whole world is listening in".

The Chinatown Mission operates in what was for many years an old Chinese theatre at 3 and 7 Doyers Street. It is a quaint and spooky relic of old New York. The walls, once hung with Chinese tapestry and tinsel, somehow retain a part of their Oriental atmosphere, despite the fact that passages of Scripture and religious slogans are plastered over the white paint that covers the scent-soaked walls. Grooves have been worn in the benches by long years of usage.

Before it was leased to the Rescue Society, the building was one of the most notorious gambling joints in Chinatown. In the basement, which Tom Noonan regally refers to as the Blue and Gold Room, the Society serves its coffee and meals to the destitute hordes that seek help; this room was once a miserable opium den, run by "Bridgie" Webber, who, with "Bald Jack" Rose, turned State's evidence against Lieutenant Becker and the four gunmen who died in the electric chair for the murder of the gambler, Rosenthal.

Cannot Accommodate Crowds

Every Sunday afternoon finds the upper room filled, mostly with those who have come from all over the city to see Tom Noonan make his radio appeal. Some nine hundred crowd into the Mission at three-thirty each Sunday, but three thousand to four thousand would attend if space would permit. At other times during the week, the Mission is open as a haven of welcome and rest for the grim army of tattered, torn and bruised.

Over the entrance is a sign: "Stop! If you haven't a friend in the world you can find one here". Every evening at ten o'clock a service is
held, and the ragged outcasts push their way over Tom's hospitable doorstep. Hymns are sung, and good cheer is dispensed, but the “Bishop” makes it a point not to cram religion down their throats. Young and old, white and black, all creeds and all nationalities are treated alike, and it is utterly true that those who seek help and consultation at the “Bishop’s” door never encounter the stiff patronage usually met with at the hands of organized benevolence. He preaches the gospel of Christ only to those who are willing to hear.

At the end of the service, the bread line forms. Each man is doled out his share—and no questions asked. For many, jobs are found, others get clothing, some are sent to hospitals, and Tom can furnish actual proof that a great number—an amazing number—have been restored to the right path.

The Rescue Society, Inc., was founded some twenty-six years ago. Chinatown was a dive in those days. It was a scene of killings, thefts and drug addiction, and incredible vice flourished like the proverbial bay tree. It was then that a small group of earnest people descended into the district with the avowed intention of cleaning this sink of iniquity.

Moves to Larger Quarters

The proposition started as one of personal work, but soon the organization took shape. It first leased a room that had been used as an opium joint in 15 Doyers Street, and in several years expanded and took in 17 Doyers Street. But its growth was so rapid that it soon became necessary to seek still larger quarters, and the present location at 5 and 7 was leased for a long period of years.

Eleven years after its formation, just a quarter of a century ago, Tom Noonan joined the organization and has been working diligently and with great effect ever since. He is now its secretary and superintendent.

Tom is no spring chicken, but he is as spry and nimble as any radio listener could picture him; long and lean, immaculately dressed, he has a tremendous supply of vitality. He himself is a product of the miserable surroundings in which he works. He was born in North Second Street in the Williamsburgh section of Brooklyn. He has known the poverty and degradation of the Bowery district ever since infancy. He never knew his mother and has only a dim recollection of his father. All he can recall of his early days are the squalor and hard knocks he experienced; with that flare for fine-sounding phrases, Tom says of himself he was “sucked on the sour milk of the world that lives within the shadow of the law.” The gutters were his home, and anything he could purloin was his food.

At the age of seventeen he became an inmate of Sing Sing, charged with burglary. The time he spent there was passed in profitable meditation. A clever Irish lad, he heeded the advice of a well-wisher. The work he is doing now is, as he himself says, “an expression of gratitude in practical form for what was done for me years ago.”

Tom Is a Friend to All

Tom is a hale-fellow-well-met, just as cheerful and friendly with every slinking figure that goes by as he is before the microphone, and this pleasant and powerful personality has given him and his Chinatown Mission the success that both now enjoy. His penchant for the harmless wise-crack, the heart-rending tale, the appropriate adjective and the dramatic thrust has made his Sunday radio appeal the very heart of the Rescue Society’s organization.

This is the third year they have been on the air. Broadcasting the service was Tom Noonan’s idea; he knew he could please the radio audience and achieve results by putting on a program of real human interest that was still religious in its form.

It takes money to put over the great work he is doing, and it is his tremendous popularity on the air that is bringing in sufficient funds to carry on. Most of the Society’s receipts are donated by radio listeners who, hearing his appeal over the air, send in their contributions. At least half of the $60,000 taken in by the Society last year was received in this manner, but it is probably true that as much more came in as an indirect result of the great popularity he has achieved through his broadcasting.

The power of his radio appeal is amazing. Tom utters a plea for assistance from his radio audience and, within five minutes, he is in position to announce over the air that this appeal has been answered. He receives, on an average, eleven hundred letters a week, many of them pleading for assistance, others giving assistance.

Fills Needs of Unfortunates

Only last month an old lady in New Jersey wrote him to say that she had broken her ear-trumpet and could no longer hear his program. Within a few moments he was able to announce that an ear-trumpet had been donated by a listener in Poughkeepsie. In this way last year, he was able to furnish to the needy twenty-one wheelchairs, ten loudspeakers, one express wagon, three Persian cats, as many canaries, a score of crutches and artificial limbs, several tricycles, one bicycle, a cuckoo clock and a parrot,
among other things.

He has also been able to locate missing persons in this way and to conduct a sort of matrimonial bureau. Once a poor farmer in Long Island telephoned him that the wind had blown down his barn door, and the "Bishop" was able to announce on that same Sunday afternoon that the barn door would be replaced by another as a gift of a more fortunate altruistic listener-in.

If any firemen, policemen or street cleaners need and deserve a raise, the good "Bishop" becomes their most enthusiastic spokesman. A few weeks ago he made a plea for the better treatment of janitors, and the janitors rose in a body and thanked him for his help. It was only a month or two ago that he received a request, through the chaplain at Sing Sing, from one of the inmates of the Death House that two songs be sung. One was an Episcopal hymn, the other a ballad "Somewhere a Voice is Calling". The condemned man had been given the privilege to listen in on the Sunday afternoon program before he died. Tom complied with the request and received a wire of thanks from the prisoner.

The ladies make a big hero of Tom Noonan. He is a great jollier, and the fair sex enjoy his banter. He has often announced over the air the receipt of a message saying that a new-born baby had just been named "Tom Noonan".

There are no more engaging broadcasts than the Chinatown Mission, the "Cathedral of the Underworld", as he calls it. There is nothing else like it on the air. Tom has a fine dramatic instinct and he knows that, if he is to carry on his good work, he must make his hour and a half on the air an entertaining one. He often gets well-known artists to assist him. Van and Schenck have done their act for him, and Nora Bayes, that popular comedienne of better days, sang her last song on his platform. Each Sunday he presents one of his converts, and some of the most amazing tales of ruin, romance and redemption are unfolded. There is always a background of good music furnished by the Hackelbergé Trio and the Aida Brass Quartet. Recently Tom Walsh, brother of the old White Sox pitcher, has been a most acceptable soloist.

Tom Noonan blends together the various elements of mirth, music, religion, fine-sounding phrases and human kindness and shoots the product through the air. And he is pretty nearly right when he says "The whole world is listening in".

**Trees Need Not Walk the Earth**

*By DAVID ROSS*

CBS Announcer

Trees need not walk the earth
For beauty or for bread;
Beauty will come to them where they stand.
Here in these quiet groves
Is no pride of ancestry:
A birch may wear no less the morning than an oak;
Here are no heirlooms save those of loveliness
In which each tree is kingly in its heritage of grace;
Here is but beauty's wisdom,
In which all trees are wise.

Trees need not walk the earth
For beauty or for bread,
Beauty will come to them
In the sunlight
In the rainbow
In the lilac-haunted rain,
And bread will come to them as beauty came:
In the sunlight
In the rainbow
In the rain.
Radio Revives Public’s Interest in Old-Time Minstrel Show

MANY things have happened since Dewey fought Spain back in 1898. We have seen the advent of the movies, the radio and the talkies. Their invasion of the amusement field gradually crowded out the oldtime professional minstrel show. Nationally known artists, like Primrose and West, Dockstader, Fields, Haviland and O’Brien, were shunted to the sidelines and soon forgotten. Once they passed out of the picture, they had no successors. Minstrel shows of today are confined mostly to amateur performers of local entertainment. But now radio has earned the eternal gratitude of the old minstrel trouper by reviving their forte from a certain grave and winning for it public popularity that it never had in its most glamorous days.

Many of the old minstrel stars are now working in front of the microphones since one by one the traveling minstrel shows gave up the ghost in the face of empty-houses and public indifference. Paul Dumont and I are the end men in the Dutch Masters Minstrels, the first radio minstrel show to be broadcast weekly over the NBC chain. “Lasses” White, one of the most famous of them all, recently was escorted through the NBC studios. He was keenly interested and it is likely that he will soon be a radio recruit.

Nowhere was there a group of performers more devoted to their medium than were the old minstrel players. Year after year Fields and Neal O’Brien took their shows from coast to coast. Gradually they lost their hold on the public. Finally they died. Sugar Foot, the famous end man, died of a broken heart. Others dejectedly went into one-act vaudeville minstrels, a poor substitute for the real thing. A few turned to radio, then in its very first days, believing that it could restore their medium to public favor again. I was one of these.

I find that adapting the minstrel show for radio has strengthened it. I believe the chief cause of the final
The demise of the minstrels on the stage was their great length. Three hours of the same kind of entertainment proved too long. It was all right while there was no competition. But, once the movies and the girlie-girlie shows came along, it was just a matter of time before the minstrels died.

The radio minstrels comprise the best of the old stage shows and discard the things that are not so good. You have a few good ballads by the tenor with chorus, a few wise-cracks by the end men and a few comic songs. Add a rag or two by the band, and you have a good show.

I've trouped with the best of 'em and there's nothing in the life. But just the same, I'd like to go out with a show again. You have no idea the pleasure there is in putting on one of those long coats, a silk hat, and parading around through the streets behind a band.

And there's a lot of fun. The people always liked us so well they sometimes took part in the show. Once I played a little town in Mississippi where an old farmer decided I wasn't blacked up right and he kept telling me about it. Right through the show he sat in the fourth row, talking about my make-up. He interrupted, but we all had a lot of fun.

Sometimes it's tough, just as bad as it can be. It's bad in the winter when you have nothing but cold water to wash the burnt cork off your face. Many times I have come to my dressing room and found my bucket of water frozen. I had to take a hammer, break the ice and then wash off the cork. It was pretty bad, but you have no idea how good I felt when I was through. No, sir! There's nothing as refreshing as ice cold water in zero weather.

Public Likes Clean Entertainment

But, to get back to our story, the following built up by the Dutch Masters Minstrels proves again that the public welcomes any form of clean entertainment that possesses real merit. Up to the present it is safe to say that our minstrel show has been heard and enjoyed by more people throughout the country than any other minstrel show that ever appeared before the public. The proof of this is in the thousands of letters that have been received from radio fans in all parts of the country.

Our Dutch Masters Minstrel group is really a minstrel stock company. The members must rehearse and present a new show every week. But that is all part of a showman's life. One of the best features of our radio show is that it has revived interest in first-class minstrel shows. Old timers get a real thrill out of hearing the old-time songs.

The Dutch Masters unit is the first to stay on the air for an entire year and the first to build up a national reputation. Contracts have been signed for 1930 and the same group will be heard on WJZ every Saturday evening at 9:30.

Paul Dumont, who arranges the programs, is a veteran trouper. He endeavors to present shows that will appeal to both young and old, preserving at the same time the atmosphere of the old-time minstrel show. Mr. Dumont, who is a native of Brooklyn, N. Y., came to radio after a varied career as stenographer, secretary, salesman, sales manager, professional singer and community song leader. He served with several stations before joining the NBC ranks.

Difficult to Find Old Songs

My specialty is singing "coon" songs that are at least 21 years old. That's why I do ditties like Bill Bailey, Ain't Dat a Shame and I Guess I'll Have To Telegraph My Baby. Many times I have great difficulty in finding the songs I want for future programs. Sometimes a particular song is out of print. On other occasions I manage to locate one after hunting all over the city for a week.

Several times, when I had about decided to give up looking for a certain song, somebody sent me an old faded copy with a request that I sing it on one of the programs. There were a few other cases when the only way I could get certain songs was to have photostat prints made of the copyright copies held at the Library of Congress in Washington, D. C. The ballad singers and the quartet also experience difficulties of a similar nature.

The fact that we confine ourselves to old time songs is, I believe, one reason why we can present a first class show. We select nothing but the hits of the past and, if they took the public's fancy in the old days, the chances are that they'll repeat today. They have been tried and found worthy. One might make up a minstrel show with a dozen present-day numbers and I do not believe it would please 25 per cent of the radio audience.

We work harder at rehearsals than we do at the show. But the actual broadcasting is easier, because we have in Harold Sanford, the musical director, a man who will not stop rehearsing until every member knows his part perfectly. So we have found that the quickest way to get through our rehearsals is to settle down to business from the outset and learn what is assigned to us. Then again, we don't want any slips to mar our broadcast, because we usually have an audience at every program of 50 to 100 guests, in addition to our vast unseen audience.

All Artists of Reputation

Every member of our company is a professional artist of reputation. Harold Sanford, our musical director, formerly was first violinist, conductor and manager of Victor Herbert's orchestras. A native of Northampton, Mass., he is a direct descendant of the William Cullen Bryant family. He has played with the New York Philharmonic and Metropolitan Opera House Orchestras. In recent years he has figured prominently in NBC programs.

(Continued on page 45)
Don Carney is "Uncle" to More Than 300,000 Children

By DAVID CASEM

FROM a Michigan apple cart to a Packard built to his own specifications is a jump that very few radio entertainers negotiate. And it wasn't an easy one for Don Carney, who is Mayor Luke Higgins in WOR'S Main Street Sketches every Tuesday night and the same station's "Uncle Don" every other night, excepting Saturday.

Mr. Carney is an "Uncle" to more than 300,000 children who belong to his club. All of them had to perform a good deed in order to qualify for membership.

Very often he is the court of last resort for parents who are at their wit's ends to correct faults in their offspring. The shock of hearing their names over the air is usually very efficacious. Carney, however, is very careful not to hurt the youngsters' pride and his "bawling out" is done by means of innuendo and parallels.

It isn't unusual for him to ask a child the reason that he or she doesn't eat his oatmeal; he will warn a child not to scratch chicken pox because doing so will leave scars; he will praise an adolescent for turning in a good school report card and for all manner of things. And the reaction is tremendous.

"Maybe you think those youngsters are not a grateful lot," he remarked to the writer. "They send me all manner of things. One will send me a piece of birthday cake. Fathers will give them cigars to mail. In fact, I've received everything that the postal rules permit in the mails."

"I do my utmost to mention as many as I can in the period assigned to me, but it would take upwards of three hours to do the job right. As it is, I take care of those who are ill and those cases which need special attention."

Helps Girl With Injured Arm

One of the best examples of why parents are fond of Don Carney is contained in the case of a little girl who lives in the Bronx. A year ago she fell and cut her elbow on a piece of glass. The arm became badly infected and an operation was necessary to prevent amputation. The result of the operation was such as to leave the little girl's arm stiff. The surgeon said she would regain the use of it if she would bend it constantly.

Every time it was bent, however, she almost fainted from excruciating pain. The arm became stiffer. Finally they appealed to Uncle Don to talk with her over the air. The stage was set. Don described an imaginary case that paralleled the little girl's and he said that the arm got to be all right after a short time. Then he mentioned the little girl's name.

"You know, honey," he said, "that if you'll bend your arm it will get well, too. Uncle Don is coming up to see you just as soon as you can touch your shoulder with your hand."

In exactly three weeks the miracle was accomplished. The child is completely cured. She still talks about sitting on Uncle Don's lap.

There are scores of such cases. In fact, most of his spare time, little as it happens to be, is spent at some youngster's bedside. Sometimes it will be in a tenement in New York's Ghetto. Again he will be seen playing horse in an exclusive Park Avenue mansion. They all look alike to him. "And," said he, "I like to accommodate them all."

Carney's desk looks like the receiving department of a
The writer has seen him wilt under the avalanche of mail that sweeps over him. They deliver his mail in sacks. Letters have come to him from every state in the Union, from many foreign countries and in twenty-one different languages.

When he gets the time to read the letters is a mystery to his friends and even more so when it is considered that he writes all his own continuity, in addition to such big features as Main Street every Tuesday night. That alone runs forty-odd typewritten pages.

"Uncle Don" was born in St. Joseph, Mich., in the heart of the peninsula’s fruit belt and directly across the lake from Chicago. During his high school days he picked up piano playing by ear and this same ear has served him so well that he has never felt the need of taking any lessons. Once is all he needs to hear a melody.

His first entertaining was in Chicago, where he played in a nickelodeon for six or seven hours daily and usually without rest periods. "That was good muscle practice," he laughed. Later he went into vaudeville which brought him to New York.

On the same tour he became enamored of Louisiana and having saved a little money, bought a small plantation down there. Then he worked in a lumber yard to get money enough to pay for a farm, only to run it into bankruptcy. After that the soil had no further charms for Carney.

Vaudeville conditions were bad when he returned to New York. Hundreds of entertainers were without work. "I just had to eat," he said, "so I took a job in a shipyard for thirty cents an hour."

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**“SPONSORITIS”**

(By a Radio Artist who chooses to be called Anon.)

Dame nature has a "funny" way
Of spoiling our enjoyment
For everyone who lives today
Has his or her annoyance;
And each disease beneath the sun
Has different germs to bite us
Now RADIO's developed one—
They call it "SPONSORITIS".

It's thriving like a healthy weed
Or fungus newly grafted,
And mercenaries sow the seed
Wherever sound is wafted
The artists rave then grow morose
Because of laryngitis,
And "fans" then get a stronger dose
Of this same SPONSORITIS.

No use to try to save the wreck
Or prophecy disaster,
For he who signs the mighty check
Is boss and lord and master;
When there's a program spoiled or botched,
It's money bags who fight us,
With heavy hearts we’ve stood and watched
The spread of SPONSORITIS.

What man who's making patent mops
Or coffee or confections,
Would let us go into his shops
And start to give directions?
Yet be—Oh, let us kneel and pray!
And, Mister Fan, please write us;
We're fellow-sufferers today
From chronic "SPONSORITIS."
At Home on the High "C's"

No matter how turbulent the ether waves, these gentlemen go the even tenor of their way, as only good tenors do. Pictured below are ten or so tenor soloists with real "checks" appeal.

**James Melton** (left) top tenor of the Revelers, is featured soloist on Friday evenings at nine on the NBC chain.

**Nino Martini** (right) who came from Italy last July after great success in opera, is heard frequently on Columbia programs.

**Lewis James** (right) well-known soloist and recording artist, sings with the Revelers and is featured on Master Musicians, NBC.

**Maurice Tyler** (left) comes from the sunny South and sings with the Armchair Quartet and on other fine NBC programs.

**Franklyn Baur** (left) exclusive soloist on the Voice of Firestone program, Monday nights, appeared in the Ziegfeld Follies several seasons ago and is a prominent recording artist. He was with the Revelers in the early days.

**Theo Alban** (right) sings with B. A. Rolfe and his orchestra on Saturday nights at ten. You will recognize his voice in the lilting signature song "Lucky Day," which opens and closes the program.

**David Drollet** (right) who recently joined Navy's Gang specializes in yodeling operatic selections that invariably evoke a storm of "heaven."

**Henry Shope** (left) one of that rare species of real top tenors, sings with the New Yorkers Quartet, Ramblin Trio, Davey Quartet and with the Salon Singers, NBC. Originally from Pennsylvania, he was on the stage for a while and then turned to radio, with great success.

**Oliver Smith** (right) for many months was featured on the NBC as the "Gypsy Tenor." He was one of the original members of the "Evening in Paris" group and is now appearing regularly as soloist on the Jack Frost program. A boy prodigy, he has continued his career with marked success.

**Joe White** (left) was skyrocketed to fame a few years ago as the mysterious "Silver Masked Tenor." He is now an NBC star.

**James Melton** (left) top tenor of the Revelers; is featured soloist on Friday evenings at nine on the NBC chain.
Mr. Average Fan

Answers

Some Of His Critics

By AVERAGE FAN

Judging from the comments, unfavorable and otherwise—generally otherwise—received concerning my ideas of radio programs in the December issue of Radio Revue, your editor apparently erred gravely in dubbing me "Average Fan". If some of my critics had their way, I would be classified as a moron or something equally as unpleasant. Personally, I know that quite a few people agreed with me but so far I have been able to discover no one who was willing to break into print in defense of my avowed liking for jazz.

There seems to be something in the very word "jazz" that makes some people break out in a rash. When it is mentioned they throw up their hands in holy horror and say they hate it; that it is loud, noisy and unrythmic; that it is blatant, glaring and offensive and a few other things too numerous to mention.

As far as that goes, there are certain types of so-called jazz to which I object just as strenuously as do some of your readers. For instance, one of my pet abominations—and I have a number—is the St. Louis Blues, an old tune that is played quite frequently these days. In the same category are the Tiger Rag, Beale Street Blues and others of the same ilk.

When I say I like jazz I might modify this by saying that I mean the tuneful kind, the kind that makes your feet move and makes you want to dance—if time and age would permit. Popular music is generally considered to be jazz, or jazzy. If it isn't, the dance orchestras soon make it that way. Without shame I confess that I like that kind of music—even though you do hear an awful lot of it—much better than I do symphony orchestras, string trios or string quartets.

Raps Singers With Dance Bands

While on the subject of pet abominations, your magazine could do a lot of good by choking or otherwise disposing of the average singers with the dance orchestras. These are generally males—saxophone players or drummers—seemingly picked because they have no semblance of a voice. This appears to be the case even with the best orchestras like Paul Whiteman's, Ben Bernie's, Guy Lombardo's and others. If they must have men to sing, why not pick men who have some qualifications for the job?

There are so many good singers heard over the air that to be compelled to listen to some of the so-called singers with orchestras is heart-breaking.

I read with a great deal of interest and amusement the letter in last month's issue from L. G. Currin, of Newport, R.I., the home of the idle rich. Was it Mr., Mrs. or Miss Currin? There's no way of telling, except by the general tone of the letter. Judging by the "timidly" it must be a woman and by the statement "I was born in the wrong generation," she must be a maiden lady, possibly a blase society woman. She says she differs with me "violently" but, after reading over her letter, all I can discover is that she doesn't like jazz or our own Mayor Jimmie Walker.
Despite the "lady's" objections to Mr. Walker, I still think he has one of the best speaking voices on the air. I have never heard him any other way, but I did listen to him over the air during the recent mayoralty campaign and he so far outshone any of the other speakers that their efforts seemed inane.

Mr. Walker is at his best at a testimonial dinner. That's where he shines most brilliantly.

Likes "the Man from Cook's"

To my list of excellent speaking voices over the air — omitting the announcers — let me give you a few of my other favorites. There is Malcolm LaPrade, the Man from Cook's. He paints such vivid word pictures that one can almost imagine one sees the places he describes.

Then there is "Uncle John" Gambling of WOR. Any man who can start at 6:45 A.M. and show the pep he does deserves a lot of credit. Rabbi Stephen Wise has a marvelously resonant voice. I cannot always agree with Alfred McCann's ideas, but his voice comes over clearly.

Possibly it is another evidence of lowbrowism—if there is such a word—but I can get more enjoyment out of listening to "Buck" O'Neill, giving a blow-by-blow description of a prize fight than I can out of listening to a marvelous and, to me, extremely tiresome symphony, even if it is described by Walter Damrosch. I can remember years ago of being taken, as a special treat, to the initial performance of a symphony by the Philharmonic, led, I believe, by Mr. Damrosch. The people went into raptures. I was unutterably bored and slept through most of it. "Buck" O'Neill describes a prize fight like no one else can. I don't go to fights, but I will tune into him at any time. He has a breezy way of telling you what is going on that is vastly superior to any other man I have ever heard.

Possibly I should feel flattered at the attention paid to my humble opinions by John Skinner in the Brooklyn Daily Eagle. He said he liked my frankness, but he did not "like my likes". He finds 'Amos 'n Andy' very tiresome and withes under the unnatural Main Street Sketches. I realize that they are exaggerated, but just the same I find them funny. He objects to crooners. That's one dislike that we have in common. In Collier's Hour Sunday night, January 10, Professor Butts, hunting for the missing link, placed the radio crooner just one step above the ape and one step lower than the missing link. That's the proper place for him—or her, for that matter.

Sometimes I think my taste in music cannot be so terribly bad, even though I abhor symphonies and such. I greatly enjoy Jesse Crawford, Lew White or Fred Feibel, on the organ; Jack Cohen, Ohman and Arden and the Piano Twins on the piano; Sam Herman and Harry Breuer, on the xylophone; the Revelers and the Armchair quartets, Olive Palmer, Jessica Dragonette, Elizabeth Lennox, Countess Albani and Helen Kane, though I will admit that the latter is not in the same class with the others, so far as voice is concerned.

Some exception has been taken to the fact that in my likes and dislikes I did not say anything about the various sketches, dramatic or otherwise which I liked and disliked. I get quite a kick out of the Jones family and their troubles here and abroad. Their experiences away from Onyx, Pa., especially Aunt Letty's romantic love affairs, cause me much amusement. Durant's Heroes of the World; Caliope and Miss Kath'rine; the Penrod sketches; Empire Builders; "An Evening in Paris"; Graybar's "Mr. and Mrs."; True Detective Mysteries; Arabesque and the "Cub Reporter", are a few of my favorites. I always enjoyed "The Gossipers" and was sorry to see them taken off. There may be others, but these are all I can think of at present.

I notice you offer a prize for our favorite radio artists. I am not seeking a prize or entering the contest, but would like to cast one vote for the Collier Hour girl. I never miss her. I have often wondered who she is but have never heard either her name or anything about her. There is a spontaneity and gayety about her work that intrigues me. You will probably get a lot of votes for other artists, but I want to put in a word for the Collier Girl. Can't you give us her picture or tell us something about her?

**Expect to Be Disappointed**

Some of these Sunday nights I am going to crash.

(Continued on page 48)
Sound Effects Made to Order
for Radio Programs

Station Laboratories Furnish Anything from Hurricane to a Pin-Drop

By HERBERT DEVINS

The noisiest spot in the world is not Times Square. Neither is it in a boiler factory, in spite of popular tradition. It's a little room high above Fifth Avenue, New York, close to the busy studios of the National Broadcasting Company. This is the sound laboratory, where every sound effect for the coast-to-coast radio programs on NBC networks is born. It looks quiet and orderly enough at first glance, but on its shelves are more assorted noises than can be found anywhere else in the world.

Thunderstorms and hurricanes lie carelessly in one corner, side by side with the zoom of an airplane and the drone of Summer insects. One shelf is devoted to the echoes of disaster, from the breaking of a window to a train wreck.

If the visitor has a colorful imagination, entering this mysterious room is a more thrilling experience than midnight in Fingal's Cave or the Hall of the Mountain King. If a careless elbow merely happens to brush a strange contraption hung on the doorknob, the affair gives forth the sound of booming surf along a rocky coast. A bellowing fog horn hangs from a nail nearby; next to it is the brazen clang of a bell-buoy marking the reef; last, the hoarse voice of an ocean liner far out at sea—and the illusion is complete.

A Passport to the World

Sitting quietly in this room for a half-hour with William S. Rainey, NBC production manager, is to obtain a magic passport to every corner of the world. In his practiced hands the booming surf becomes the lazy wash of sun-flecked waves on a pebbly beach in the South Seas.

Rustling palm fronds and the cries of wheeling gulls help to create an actual sensation of tropical heat.

"Are you fond of riding?" Mr. Rainey asks. Being assured that you are, he next wants to know under what conditions.

"It makes a big difference, you see. Look here, in this box. Our royal stables. These cocoanut shells and plungers—any sort of horse you prefer. A nice, quiet mount—so? Clump, clump, clump. Or a more spirited steed, like this dancing fellow? Clickety click, click. The last? All right. Here we go, then. Watch.

"We'll start right off up this cobbled street toward the open fields. See how these shells on the stone slab give the hollow ring of shod hooves on cobblestones? Here's smooth pavement for a change, just by holding the shells differently in your hands. Now we come to softer ground." And he swings his shells to a box of earth lying conveniently nearby.

Or perhaps he'll take you back through history and let you watch loading of the animals into Noah's Ark. For, tumbled along his shelves are the voices of every known creature under the heavens.

A Strange Collection of Sounds

And a strange, laughable menagerie it is. Fierce jungle cats and tawny lions hobnob with cows and sheep, without ever showing the faintest signs of appetite. Trilling canaries and screaming parakeets lie quietly among a pile of cats' purrs and meows. Buried somewhere in the heap of carnivorous voices is the long-drawn wail of a newborn infant.
Proving that things are not really what they seem over the air.

The fiercest roars hang on separate pegs along the wall. That big one at the last, which is a real old whiskey-keg with pierced drumhead and resined cord, is the same "lion" that roared from the screen in the first showing of motion pictures brought back by Theodore Roosevelt from the "River of Doubt"—that fantastic stream that was supposed to flow uphill.

Many are the amusing devices developed here by the NBC to fool the sensitive microphone. So sharp are its ears that, in many cases, the actual sound cannot be used; it gives an effect of unreality when magnified to the degree that radio "boosts" all sounds. One such case was the crackling of underbrush. Snapping actual twigs near the microphone sounded like rifle shots, so some substitute had to be found. Today the laboratory boasts the widest assortment of underbrush and tangled jungle vines to be found anywhere—in fact, the same shelf boasts a whole primeval forest of rustling leaves and swaying boughs. It's commonly called a whiskbroom.

The thunder-drum is a terrifying instrument. Over a
framework of resonant wood six feet square is stretched a cowhide. The usual sheet of tin couldn't fool the microphone, which only emphasized its futile metallic rattle. The special thunder-drum had to be built, in order to create satisfactory rumbling echoes.

There's a whole row of assorted drums and tom-toms for various effects. The newest use, perhaps, is the complete "airdrome" mounted on one board three feet square. Electric motors whirl leather strips against different drum-heads at varying speeds, from the slow sputter of warming motors to the high-pitched drone of the take-off. The "garage" is only two feet square. On this board is mounted an assortment of auto horns to represent different cars. There is even a siren to help the excitement of fire scenes.

In the development of wind effects, however, perhaps the greatest strides have been made. Nearly everyone is familiar with the common "wind-machine," a revolving drum of laths swishing against a canvas strip. The faster the drum is whirled, the higher the wind shrieks. But it gives only one artificial note. Today, however, the NBC wind machine is hard to describe. Perhaps the only part that matters is the megaphone that comes out of one end, through which the sound emerges. Behind this megaphone, somewhere in its complicated interior, is a whole series of wind-whistles—all specially tuned so that, when sounded together, they produce the ghostly discords behind the principal note that everyone hears in actual wind noises. Actors who work with this machine say that the studio temperatures seem to drop thirty degrees the moment it begins, and that it is so realistic they find themselves shivering before their script requires it.

Judson Has Sound Effects Table
By Dorothy Conway

The Judson Radio Corporation has also made a great study of sound effects. One look at the contrivance rigged up by A. W. Nichols, its sound effects man, would convince anyone of the seriousness of the profession. The table controlling all the sounds was built by Mr. Nichols, and it took him nine months of steady work, with each day averaging from ten to fourteen hours. The effects on this table comprise: chimes, heavily muffled crash, thunder sheet, train effect, riveting machine, motorcycle, machinery, aeroplanes, heavy motor exhaust for fire trucks, motorcycle and auto races, two fire truck sirens, trolley car with bell and exhaust, rumble wagon, metal crash effect, wind machine, heavy ratchet, rapid-fire machine gun for firing 500 shots per minute, glass crash, revolver or rifle machine, rain and ocean effect.

Large Assortment of Sounds

The left side wall has whistles of all sorts; train, ocean liner, police, cuckoo, cow bell, toy horns, sirens and exhaust. On the top are bear growls, lion roars, imitation of dogs, sea lions, monkeys, elephants and pig squeals. The right side wall is for door bells, buzzers, wireless, telegraph instrument, telephones, auto horns, fight trip gong and signal gong. There is also a horse effect, anvil, buzz motor, gear machine, sand wheel, door slams, ticking of old-fashioned clock, nose blower, slap stick, castanets, tam-

(Continued on page 44)
IN MEMORIAM

A Tribute to

COLONEL C. T. DAVIS

By BERTHA BRAINARD
Eastern Program Director, N. B. C.

Radio sustained a loss that cannot be replaced when Colonel C. T. Davis died. His part in the building of radio broadcasting was an important one—how important only we, who have been close to broadcasting since its laborious birth, can appreciate. His rôle was that of a gentleman adventurer. He would attempt things on the air of which no one else had thought, and what he did was accomplished with good taste and a sincere appreciation of artistry.

Many phases of our present technique in dramatic presentation were originated by Colonel Davis. He had the vision of an artist and the energy to recreate his vision into something that was usable. In the archives of broadcasting are many programs, still remembered, talked about and used as models, that were his creations. Among them may be remembered “Old Man Donaldson,” “Jack and Dorothy,” and “Don Amaizo.”

He had a precious sense of humor that lightened even his most serious efforts and it was a delight to work on a program with him.

Colonel Davis was a sportsman and a gentleman. I do not believe any greater tribute can be paid him. He had tact and diplomacy and could obtain more actual results from actors working with him with a gentle “now, let’s try it again” than other directors obtain with hour after hour of stiff rehearsal.

Never Mentioned His Pain

For sheer courage I have yet to meet his equal. It is not generally known, but Colonel Davis virtually died at work. People closely associated with him knew that during the last two months of his life he lived twenty-four-hour days of pain. They did not learn that from him, for he never mentioned it.

I recall the last time I saw him, a few days before his death. He stood erect before my desk, his face white and drawn and with little beads of perspiration on his forehead. I knew he was suffering, for there was every evidence of it, except his own admission of the fact. He never made that admission. Instead, he smiled, and what a pathetic smile it was to anyone who remembered him when he was well and strong—bowed his quaint, courteous bow and walked out of the office.

He walked out of the world that way, smiling, courteous and undaunted, thinking of others and of the job he had to do, rather than of himself.
Personalities
Presenting Popular Performers

Phil Spitalny, at right, and his harmonizing duo, the Paul sisters, delight listeners at 11:30 each Tuesday evening with their lively songs and music. They broadcast over NBC stations from Hotel Pennsylvania in New York. The Palm Beach suit is, therefore, somewhat confusing.

Above, Nathaniel Shilkret, the famous NBC conductor, one of America’s most distinguished musicians. He has a flare for the rousing crescendo that ends with a thundering tympani.

Here are Rosaline Greene and Alfred Shirley, who act those thrilling and beautifully executed scenes of famous love stories, heard over the National’s network on Friday evenings at 8:45. Here we see them as Madame Pompadour and her kingly lover, Louis XV, in a short sketch of regal romance and court intrigue.

In the circle is Will Osborne, who originated that new style of microphone technique, popularly, or unpopularly, called “crooning.” Will sings over the Columbia chain every evening at 11 and, Heaven help us, we can’t tell him from Rudy Vallee. He stoutly denies he is an imitator of the great Rudy; at any rate, he’s almost as popular with the ladies, and his jazz band as twice as good.

Frank Black, pictured at the piano, just about makes the Revelers the great quartet that they are. His arrangements and accompaniments are, without doubt, the snappiest on the air, so the experts tell us.

Of course, it’s Vincent Lopez, directing his snappy orchestra at WJZ. For sprightliness and pop he can’t tell him from Rudy Vallee, and he’s got a contract to go into the moving and sound pictures.

This group is just as musical as it looks. They are the popular Utica Jubilee Singers, here presented in a scene from their new talking picture. So great had their popularity become as a result of their air programs, that they were offered a contract to go into the moving and sound pictures.
MARCH, 1930

Pert and Pertinent

Put Plenty of Pep in their Programs

SURE enough, the distinguished looking gentleman behind the microphone is S. Parkes Cadman, dynamic Doctor of Divinity. Although his subject is, of necessity, sober, there is no hour on the air more chockful of pep and personality than his Sunday afternoon program. His magnificent flow of language and ideas is one of the wonders of the radio age, and his fan mail makes the letter carriers bow-legged.

It's not all blood and thunder in the Empire Builders program, heard on Monday nights at 10:30 over the NBC chain. Here is Harvey Hayes (the Old Pioneer) telling Virginia Gardiner that all is well with the world. It looks as if he's right.

The gentleman with the overgrown ukulele is Joseph Rodgers, tenor and director of that lovely hour, the "South Sea Islanders," heard every Sunday night at 11:15 over the National chain. Rodgers was born and educated in Hawaii. Consequently, the costume and the guitar are more than becoming to him.

The sour, hard-bitten, old gentleman in the circle is none other than Arthur Allen, the widely known radio actor, in the dress and external characteristics of a Dickens character. He is heard on Tuesdays at 7:15 over WEAF and the NBC chain on those exciting Soconyland sketches. Mr. Allen, now a veteran of the microphone, came to radio after many years on the legitimate stage. Radio's gain, we say!

Radio has few more famous or vivacious quartets than the Cavaliers, heard over the NBC chain every Friday evening at eight o'clock. Left to right they are: John Seagle, baritone; Darrell Woodyard, bass; David Buttolph, pianist-director; back: Roberts Stevens and Leo O'Rourke, tenors.

Your search for pep and personality will end when you tune in on Wednesday evenings at 9:30 to the Columbia chain stations and hear the cute little, clever little Glenn sisters, Ruth and Beatrice.
Interest in Grand Opera
Fast Waning
Says
Mme. Galli-Curci

By WILLIE PERCEVAL-MONGER

The public and the artists alike feel that it is a little old-fashioned."

Happily Married to Artist

"I am modernistic in my tastes. I like innovations in music and I am old-fashioned only in marriage. In that fine institution I believe in constancy and I attribute my happiness in marriage to the fact that I married an artist, but one who is not following my line of work.

"I do not care much for modern opera. The modern composers do not even seem able to write anything to equal the older operatic compositions, because such music is not in our temperament in this mechanical age."

"We have no time for contemplation or for thought," the diva declared, "and creative work demands both of these things.

Continuing—in the face of urgent protests from Bertha Brainard that the little piano-lid was still unused—the famous prima donna declared her liking for jazz, especially for dancing. Jazz was properly rated by the American people. It has a definite place in the scheme of music, just as caricature has its place in art. "We need more fun and freshness," she said, "in this dreary game of life."

"In filling my engagement at WEAF I was only keeping step with the times. When I leave this radio station I will go straight to my first European concert tour, although I was born in Milan and heard my first applause in Italy. I will sing in eight countries. Next Summer I hope to spend in the Catskills, and in the Fall I hope to return to the British Isles. A trip of five months' duration to the Antipodes will follow."

Becomes an American Citizen

In 1921 Madame Galli-Curci took out her first papers of American citizenship and married Homer Samuels who
(Continued on page 47)
Acting A New Sideline
Oscar Writes
Girl Friend, MARGY

As Preserved for the World
By P. H. W. DIXON

DEAR MARGY:-

It looks like your boy friend is going to be a success, Margo. I have only been an attaché of the National Broadcasting Company for less than three months and already I am an actor. Of course, Margo, I did intend to make my radio debu as a tenor but I guess you can’t always start at the top... note. That’s a joke, Margo. So I have started up the ladder to success as an actor and someday I probably will amount to something and be a singer.

Of course, Margo, I am still a page. Acting with me is just a sideline. The show business is all shot to pieces and anyone is foolish to be an actor except as a sideline. Even us good actors like to know that our income is certain.

I want to tell you how I became an actor, Margo. I was discovered by Raymond Knight, who is a pretty good guy for a production man and has a reputation for finding real talent. One day when I had just finished hunting for a bull fiddle that had been mislaid, Mr. Knight stopped me on the thirteenth floor and asked me if I wanted to act. I told him I had not considered it seriously but that if Harvey Hays was sick or anything I would be glad to help him out. He said Harvey was all o.k. but he needed somebody to support Harvey in an Empire Builders program. And I said I would be glad to help him out and he told me to come to rehearsal at four o’clock. Which I did.

That was when I met Virginia Gardiner. She’s pretty, Margo... but you needn’t worry about her. She’s too tall for me anyway.

Well, I went to rehearsal and Mr. Knight gave me my script. A script, Margo, is the professional name for the part you read. Just to show you what the part is I am going to write it in right here. You see, in this show I was playing the part of a messenger boy and I was supposed to deliver a telegram to Harvey Hays, who is the Old Pioneer in the program. It went like this:

Me: Telegram for you, sir!
Hays: Thank you, bud!
Me: Thank you, sir.

Now, of course, on paper that doesn’t look like an important role but it really is, Margo. You see this telegram was very important to the plot, and if I hadn’t delivered it there wouldn’t have been any story at all.

Well, we rehearsed our parts for quite a while and then Mr. Eddie Bierstadt... he’s a sort of writer... suggested that I wasn’t putting the proper inflection on my last speech.

“Listen, Oscar,” he said. “Say ‘thank you, sir’ as if he had just given you a quarter tip”.

I tried it but he wasn’t satisfied. Finally he told Mr. Hays to really give me a quarter which he did. Then he said my “thank you” was just swell. But they took the
quarter back. The show business is like that, Margy.

Rehearsing for a radio play isn't as hard as rehearsing for a legitimate play, Margy, because you don't have to memorize your speeches. You read them from a shevet of paper . . . but if you sound like you read them you aren't any good, so I guess radio acting requires special ability like I seem to have.

Sound of Train Pulling In

After the rehearsals on speeches they have sound effect rehearsals. These are very interesting. When you listen to the Empire Builders program, Margy, you think you hear a Great Northern train pulling into a station. In fact, it sounds so much like a train that they say a fellow who had a radio in his automobile tried to beat it to a grade crossing one night. But it really isn't a train.

Harry Edison, who is one of our best percussionists—a percussionist, Margy, is a trap drummer who makes more than $100 a week—is responsible for the train noise. He has a big container filled with compressed air and that makes the steam sound . . . and he has a lot of little trucks running around a circular track which sound like train wheels rolling and he makes the "swish-swish" sound on a drum and when the microphone picks up all these different noises it sounds just like a train in the control room. Then there is an orchestra, too, Margy, which is led by Andy Sannella. Andy is quite a sheik, Margy, and looks like what the well-dressed man will wear at all times.

Anyway, we all got in the big studio and rehearsed our speeches and the orchestra rehearsed and they tried out all the sound effects and Bob MacGimsey whistled and pretty soon Mr. Knight and Mr. Bierstadt finally agreed that maybe it wasn't such a bad show after all, and we were all ready to go on the air. So we went out and got some supper and relaxed until it was time to go on the air.

Tensest Moment of His Life

As you know, Margy, I have lived through some tense moments in my life such as the time your father asked me what my intentions were, if any, but the tensest moment of all was just before I went on the air for the first time. It was very quiet in the studio because John Young, the announcer, had warned us we were almost on the air. I felt kind of pale and wobbly but Mr. Knight came over and patted me on the back and told me that ten million listeners were expecting me to make good. Which I did.

Then the train started and the orchestra started and Young started talking and the actors started looking for the parts. Pretty soon we were right in the middle of the sketch and I knew that at any moment now I would have to go into my big scene. I tell you, Margy, it was an awe-inspiring moment. Then Mr. Bierstadt gave me a shove toward the microphone and I realized the time had come for me to speak. So I stepped up and I said:

"Telegram for you, sir!"

I hope you heard me, Margy . . . I would hate to think that you had missed my first spoken words to twenty million listeners. Then Harvey Hays looked at me encouragingly and said:

"Thank you, bud" and he handed me a quarter which I put in my pocket.

So I said to Mr. Hays:

"Thank you, sir" and I meant it, Margy, because I was so glad my scene was finally over. It was a terrific strain to be under.

May Play Character Parts

Well, things went along pretty well from then on and everyone worked hard and after the program was off the air Mr. Knight and Mr. Bierstadt both told me I had done a very professional job and that they hoped to use me again whenever there were any telegrams to be delivered. I may decide to specialize in character parts like that, Margy.

That's about all there is to report, Margy. I think, perhaps, I will be able to have you come to New York pretty soon as when I get to be an important actor I will insist that I name my own leading lady. And you know, Margy, who my leading lady will be. Just as you are my leading lady in our own life drama so you will be in my professional career.

That's all tonight, Margy . . . I am very tired account the strain I have been under.

By the way, Margy . . . if you happen to be near the Yoakum Herald office, you might tell them about me. It would make a swell story for them. The headline could be "Home Town Boy Makes Good."

Goodnight, Margy, and love and kisses.

Your Oscar.

P. S.—I am sending this special delivery. Mr. Hays forgot to ask me for the quarter.

Hudson County Radio Show

A successful radio show was held from February 10th to 16th in the Armory Radio Salon, Jersey City, by the Hudson County Radio Dealers, Inc. The list of artists who volunteered their services would be a veritable "Who's Who" of radio.
Scene—A sitting room
Place—New York City
Time—3:10 P. M.
Setting—a chair, a table, a telephone and—Miss Handin.
(Phone rings)
HELENE—Hello—Hello—yes—Oh, hello, Marcella—
where are you—in the lobby?—Oh, well, come on up.
(Phone clicks.)
MARCELLA—(Knock on door) Helene!—Helene!
HELENE—Come in—
Oh, hello, Marcella, late again, or should I say—as usual? You know, they ought to call you “The late Miss Shields.”
MARCELLA—Well now, “Boss Lady,” please don’t start on me again—I know I’m late but I’ve been rehearsing at NBC—I just got through and I’ve got to rush right back to do “Miniature Theatre” and—
HELENE—Well, I can’t help what you’ve got to do up there, but you’ve got some rehearsing to do right here—with pencil and paper. So park yourself in that chair and put on your thinking cap—if any. I just had a phone call from Radio Revue and they want us to prepare an article for them—now ain’t that something?
MARCELLA—What about—Us?—”The Two Troupers?”
MARCELLA—Oh, well—you needn’t be so “snooty”—pulling all three dollar words on me. Put a square around you and you’d be a crossword puzzle—I didn’t know, since we have become authoresses, but what they might ask us to “authorize” about almost anything.
HELENE—Oh, yeah?—Say, does it take much practice to be as dumb as you are? Just because we’ve written our own sketches for the radio and been lucky with them, don’t think we are capable of writing something like the History of the U. S. in 500 words— that’s Mr. Coolidge’s job.—Besides you couldn’t limit yourself to 500 words or $,000 for that matter.
MARCELLA—Say, listen, Helene—are we going to write an argument or an interview?
HELENE — Well, it’s supposed to be an interview—but who is to do the interviewing—that’s the question before the house at present?
MARCELLA — Well, look, Helene—we’ll take turns—you ask me some questions and I’ll answer them, and then I’ll ask you—go ahead.
HELENE — Okay.

Well, now, Miss Shields, will you please give me a little information about yourself, such as—where born and if so—why?—present occupation and do you belong to any unions? (laugh)
MARCELLA—Well, to begin with—I was born in New York City, and my parents were crazy about me—
HELENE—Did you say crazy?
MARCELLA—If that’s intended for a wise crack you can keep it. But to get back to my career—I went to...
school in New York too and I'm a comedienne and I'm five feet tall and weigh 108 lbs. and I have light hair and blue eyes and I sing and I dance and—

**Started "Emoting" at Age Four**

**Helene**—Yeah—yeah—yeah—I know that litany and people who have heard us on the air certainly know it too—they have heard it enough. You know you should have it put to music—I can almost hear it in my sleep. Now that that's over—when did you start "emoting"?

**Marcella**—I was only four years old, when my mother thought I showed signs of becoming a second Ethel Barrymore—so I started playing child parts, and did I have some swell ones?

**Helene**—Yeah—well, just what?

**Marcella**—I played in the original production of Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird" and with De Wolfe Hopper in "Hop O' My Thumb"—

**Helene**—Yes—and then—and then—

**Marcella**—Quit clowning—this is serious.—Oh, yes—then I played the little girl in "A Fool There Was" and gangs of others, including "Jimmy Valentine"—"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"—"Salomy Jane" and—

**Helene**—That's enough about your childhood, I don't think the fans want to hear any more details about your past life. What happened after you grew up? Or did you?

**Marcella**—Well, I went into vaudeville until I grew up enough to play ingenues.

**Helene**—"How high is up?" You only got up to sixty inches.

**Marcella**—Well, that was enough to get me into a musical comedy. I was comedienne with "Helen of Troy, N. Y."—then ingenue prima donna with the Gallagher and Shean show. Then back to comedienne with "Rose Marie"—and, oh! how I loved that show and that part.

**Helene**—Very interesting, Miss Shields—and then, what?

**Played Dixie Dugan in "Show Girl"**

**Marcella**—Then I met Mr. Whyte of the Eveready Hour and was engaged to play Dixie Dugan in "Show Girl"—and THEN-I-MET-YOU!

**Helene**—And that was something.

**Marcella**—Somepin is right—but just what, I haven't found out yet.

**Helene**—Aw, now, Girl Friend!

**Marcella**—(Giggle) Say, listen—isn't it my turn to ask questions now? You better get in a little about yourself, or I'll be crowding you completely out.

**Helene**—Not while I'm conscious, "Stark Love." All right—here goes. I was born at an early age in Fairfield, Ill., as was also Senator Borah.

**Marcella**—That's a help! What does that make him?

**Helene**—Prime Minister of Congress, Will Rogers says.

—But keep still—you had your inning, I now have the floor. I made my debut at two years of age speaking a piece at a Presbyterian strawberry festival in Fairfield. Then my family migrated to Utah, where I was educated and, after graduating from high school, I taught country school at the age of sixteen.

**Marcella**—Oh, my—weren't you smart? I can't imagine you a country school teacher—but, then, I never saw a country school teacher because I was born and bred here in little old New York.

**Helene**—As you said before. I really got my start, dramatically speaking, in Salt Lake City, where I sang in high school and acted in home dramatic shows. Finally I was discovered by a manager who offered me a job in his company, so I tramped to New York— the goal of every ambitious would-be actress.

**Marcella**—And what happened then? You began to interest me, strangely.

**Helene**—Oh, hush! Then I went into musical stock as prima donna and later was prima donna of several musical shows. After that I went on the road in vaudeville with Santley and Sawyer and later was with "The Dove", the Willard Mack show that Belasco produced. My last production was "The Scarlet Fox."

**Marcella**—I'll bet that was a thrill, working for Belasco!

**Helene**—It sure was. I hated to leave his management. I had my own act in vaudeville, a comedy sketch written by Mr. and Mrs. Willard Mack. Then I went to my beloved California with "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."

**Marcella**—What do you mean "beloved." I thought you were a Utah and Ill. fan.

**Helene**—Oh—but Cal. is my real love—I'm as dippy (Continued on page 46)
EVENING STARS Program

an Interesting Experiment in Good Will

By DONALD WITHYCOMB

EVERY Wednesday afternoon, millions of listeners throughout the United States and Canada welcome the familiar melodious strains of the Evening Star aria from Wagner's immortal opera "Tannhauser". This is the theme song that announces that the Evening Star's program is on the air.

This signature does not merely mark the opening of just another program, to be presented from the N. B. C. studios. It has another significance. It implies that, as a member of a large, international family, one of its associated stations is to be honored by having an entire program dedicated to it and to the territory it serves with the finest radio program available.

The underlying purpose of this particular weekly feature is a desire on the part of the National Broadcasting Company to honor each of its associated stations which are vitally important to this widespread organization. The Evening Star's program has made it possible during the past ten months, for each station associated with the NBC to send its own story out over the transmitters of over thirty stations from the Atlantic Ocean to the Rocky Mountains and from the Gulf of Mexico to the Dominion of Canada.

Unique Good-Will Feature

From the standpoint of information, interest and entertainment it may be stated that the Evening Star's program is the most unique type of weekly good-will feature that has so far been attempted in the field of broadcasting. It has not been duplicated on the air up to the time of writing.

As its name implies, famous microphone personalities, usually heard only during the evening hours, have been presented to the vast afternoon audiences during this series. In addition to the short, but highly interesting announcements which each station has made during its particular dedication program, guest artists and speakers from all parts of the country have participated on many occasions.

The radio audience has heard the Governor of Alabama, the presidents of several chambers of commerce, and many other notable personages tell the story of how the associated station endeavors faithfully to serve its own territory. Many of the stations accepted the invitation to send to the NBC's New York studios their chief announcer, as well as a guest conductor, with vocal and instrumental artists who are well-known and loved by their local radio audiences.

To the Evening Star's program each week, Ludwig Laurier, the distinguished conductor of the Slumber Hour, and his augmented concert orchestra, have added color and interest in the rendition of works of the great masters. The Evening Star's program was a successful experiment. Newspaper and magazine articles, as well as thousands of enthusiastic letters, confirm this statement.

Any experiment in the field of public relations and good will is usually both interesting and beneficial to all concerned. Radio broadcasting, as it is now developed, has placed before all of those who are intimately connected with this industry a limitless opportunity to build up and preserve that feeling of international good will which is at once an inspired labor and the greatest obstacle to misunderstandings and possible wars.
Editorials

The Radio Infant Grows

Radio broadcasting has been called “the fastest growing industry.” Here is what happened to the National Broadcasting Company during 1929, according to the annual report of M. H. Aylesworth, president of the company, submitted to the Advisory Council of the organization recently. Fourteen stations were added to the national network, including one Canadian station. The network now includes 73 stations.

Gross revenue of the NBC in 1929 totalled more than $15,000,000. There were no profits.

Fifty-four hundred miles of wire were added to the NBC System, bringing the total to 32,500 miles of wire lines.

More than one million letters from listeners were received in the year.

The personnel of the NBC was increased from 558 to 917 in 1929.

Sixty hours of programs a week were added to the regular schedule of broadcasts from the key stations of the network.

The President of the United States spoke thirteen times over a national network. There were twenty-seven addresses by cabinet members, twenty-eight senators were heard and twelve members of the lower house made addresses.

Virtually the entire population of the United States can be entertained or informed by one program in the same hour.

Radio and Religion

Throughout the land here and there has occasionally arisen the sad wail that the radio is emptying the church, because a lot of devout people now have the means of taking their religion along with a cheering cup of coffee, or something like that, from the depths of a favorite armchair. Even this comfortable picture does not seem able to dispel the gloom that has settled upon the small but unsuccessful church. Like most clouds, this one has a real silver lining, and we do not refer to the silver that is put into the collection plate.

A survey of five famous churches in New York reveals the astonishing—to most of us—fact that it is difficult to find a place in any church on regular service days, and particularly on Sundays. Further astonishment may be provided in the proven fact that a lot of nice people, unable to find seats, are content to stand at the back of these churches. There may be reasons for this but, so far as we can see, the radio has filled, rather than emptied, the five typical churches visited.

It is true that there was in each case a live priest-incumbent imbued with the power to hold his people, backed by culture and a certain amount of personality, beautiful music supplied by a first-class organ, a competent choir ably led by a skilled musician-organist, often reinforced with some instruments of the string family, a few brasses, and occasionally a harp. The ordered service was evidently rehearsed and housed in an imposing and dignified structure, but there were no vacant seats.

May we not claim that the radio has created in the hearts of people a desire to participate in these great services of the church, just as it has brought many thousands of them to the radio studios where they can join, not only in the weekly religious services, but also in the artistic and commercial broadcasts?

We do not wish to be flippant on a serious subject, but the day cannot be far off when tickets for church services—now subject to distribution by application for special services—will have to be purchased on the sidewalk from speculators, just like those for the first-class theatres. And on this great day we believe that radio will properly be able to claim its share of the credit.

The Interfering Client

Many times, without thinking, a listener will severely criticize a broadcasting station for putting a certain type of program on the air. The particular program probably merits the criticism, but, in most instances where the program is commercially sponsored, the blame should not be placed at the broadcasting station's door.

Unfortunately, the radio seems to have fallen into the same category as the newspaper, in that the average business man, no matter what his line may be, firmly believes that he can stage a radio program or run a newspaper better than the people who have spent the better part of a lifetime in perfecting their talents and abilities along these lines.

The average business man is certain that he knows what "the public wants". He bases his opinion most of the time on his own personal likes and dislikes, or on those of his wife or relatives. If his company is in any way interested in radio broadcasting, he immediately starts to play with this attractive, but expensive, toy, radio. He has very definite views as to what constitutes a good radio program and he proceeds to carry out these ideas.

The large broadcasting stations and chains are all equipped to originate, write, cast, rehearse and produce practically any kind of a radio program for a client. Then, too, many of the advertising agencies have created special departments to handle radio broadcasting for clients who wish to include this new medium of advertising in their general plan of magazine, newspaper, billboard, direct-mail and other advertising.

(Turn to page 45)
SOPRANO MODULATOR
Radio's Latest Wonder

Newest Invention Disposes of One of Industry's Most Difficult Problems

By I. B. HANSOM
Manager of Plans, Orchestration and Racketeering
National Broadcasting System

EDITOR'S NOTE—News of this latest development in radio science is likely to set the musical world a-goog. I. B. Hausom has again stepped into the breach; in fact, he has actually put his foot into it, with the announcement (exclusively in Radio Revue) of his soprano modulator, which he describes here in his own peculiar style.

MOST complex of all the many problems connected with radio broadcasting has been what to do with soprano. A simple solution, arrived at early in the history of radio, was to inoculate all sopranos with the germs of laryngitis, but this was found to be impractical, because the sopranos, accustomed since childhood to adversity, not only became as insensible to the germs as they are to insults, but actually made pets of the little couriers of destruction.

The forces of nature thus failed those who were doing their best for the new art of radio broadcasting. Although many other solutions were offered, the problem remained in status quo, so to speak. It was, to state it simply: what shall we do about sopranos? An interesting problem of a like nature is faced in New Jersey, and has to do with mosquitoes.

Five years ago the soprano problem was turned over to my department of the Natural Broadcasting System. Finally, after five years of vast expenditures and countless experiments, I have developed a scientific solution of the soprano problem. It is a device that I call the Soprano Modulator, which may be attached to any microphone, but which works most efficiently on the recently developed left-handed mike (see January issue of Radio Revue).

Based on Indifferentiality

The whole principle of the new device, which is so compact that you can take it home in a taxicab, is indifference, and so far has the new device been developed that its capacity for peak iconoclasm is practically nil.

Within two weeks it is expected that every microphone in the Natural Broadcasting System studios will be equipped with the Soprano Modulator—in fact, both of them. Therefore, it is fitting that a brief description of the new device be given.

To the casual fire inspector or to just a visiting fireman it resembles a soup can. Preferably a can that has held chicken gumbo. (Note to business office: If you can sell an ad to the Camel Soup Corporation, you can refer to it as Camel's Chicken Gumbo.) But beneath these simple outlines is concealed a complicated mechanism.

It was discovered that a coil from a 1915 model Ford functioned perfectly in this device. Its pitch coefficient proved to be equivocal, and its dynamic potentiality was X-ZX (Turn to page 45)
The popular radio team of Macy and Smalle, which has been reunited, returned to the air via WOR in a new program which runs every Tuesday night from 7:30 to 8. Both are pioneers on the air. Macy's first microphone appearance dates back to 1922.

Macy has been a vaudeville headliner for fifteen years. In radio, he created and played the role of Hank Simmons in Hank Simmons's Show Boat. He played the principal comedian with the Columbia Light Opera Company in the revivals of Gilbert and Sullivan and other light operas. Mr. Smalle has been a Victor recording artist for eighteen years and is still making discs for the same concern. He was originally with the famous Revelers. One of his biggest hits was his arrangement of "Dinah," which contained an original humming accompaniment. He has been connected with many important hours on the air, and has toured Europe for two years with the Revelers. The team is known as Keen Marathons.

The clever children of the B-A-R-N Theatre, on WEAF every Saturday, recently staged a "broadcasting hour," including the great mystery drama: "How Many Raisins Are There in a Raisin Cake?" and "How Father Has Changed." Howard Merrill, one of the juvenile stars of the show, delivered the immortal line: "You can't have too many raisins in a cake when you're raisin' a family!" There was immediate talk in the treasurer's office of a raisin his salary, of course!

Walter Kolomuko can get mad! The leader of Hawaiian ensemble appearing in WOR's Mid-Pacific hour on Monday nights, stood on the sidelines during a rehearsal recently, listening to an argument on the influence of a country's music on its inhabitants: "Take Hawaii, for instance," said one, "the reason for the laziness of the people is the dreamy, languorous strains that they 'plunk' on their guitars and ukuleles." He got no further.

"Who told you Hawaiians are lazy?" demanded Walter, who, although he has been in the United States for many years, is a native Hawaiian. When no answer was forthcoming, he went on with considerable spirit: "It is true that much of our music is dreamy, but there is just as much that has a swift rhythm. Try to keep pace with our dancers some time and see how lazy they are?"

Lewis Lane, pianist and composer of the NBC music library, like most musicians, spends all his spare time listening to music. The other evening he attended the opera at the Metropolitan, all dressed up like an announcer under the new evening dress rule. The opera was Beethoven's "Fidelio" and, outside in the lobby, was a gentleman in a flannel shirt and red necktie, yelling with true commercial vigor:

"Here y'are! Get that book of the big show 'Fiddley-Oh.' Here y'are! De correct book of 'Fiddley-Oh.'"

Harold Branch, NBC tenor, who is kept pretty busy these days, was discussing everything in particular and nothing in general, with a friend the other day. "Yes," commented the friend, "it's a tough life you lead." Harold agreed, and added, quite casually, mind you, "With me life is just one darn sing after another."

Through the eyes of a "mike" placed in the Lincoln Museum, the one-time boarding-house in which Abraham Lincoln died, the CBS took its listeners on a word-picture tour of inspection of this national shrine as a part of its Lincoln's birthday program. In Washington this historic feature was broadcast by Station WMAL.

Listeners were conducted through the museum by a man who has devoted most of his life to a study of Lincoln. He is Lewis G. Reynolds, custodian of the museum. Mr. Reynolds' father and mother were at Ford's Theatre Friday evening, April 14, 1865, the night of Lincoln's assassination.

It happened, swears a certain press agent, in one of our metropolitan broadcasting studios. Ray Sinnott, announcer, in a burst of pessimism had contracted to take out a brand new insurance policy. The company doctor had arrived, and was investigating Mr. Sinnott's diaphragm with various interesting instruments. He finally drew forth from his black bag a stethoscope and put it to the announcer's heart. Adjusting one end to his ears, the doctor groped hither and thither across the Sinnott body in quest of medical information. It looked like something

(Continued on page 38)
Listeners' Forum

Fine Salesman for Broadcasting

Perhaps you'd be interested to know that your magazine is very popular with the public; in fact, it is classed at this early date as the best of its kind on the market, with which opinion I heartily agree. From the first to the last page one does not lose a spark of interest and learns to know the radio voices much better. Your magazine is a fine salesman for selling broadcasting to radio listeners.

—H. J., New York, N. Y.

Calls "Big Ten" Best Feature

Please enter my subscription to RADIO REVUE for two years. Here's hoping you never discontinue the best feature in the magazine—The Big Ten, Best Selling Popular Songs of the Month. It's Great!—H. F., Buffalo.

Wants Mountainville and Nit Wits

Your January issue proved my first reading of RADIO REVUE to be a pleasure. In response to your editorial, asking for suggestions as to what your readers would like to see in your magazine, I would like to see Yoland's Langworthy's picture in one of your issues in the near future. Perhaps you would run a story on Mountainville Sketches, too. Miss Langworthy's writings are wonderful and her voice has that rich warmth that I have not heard in any other artist. Maybe the Nit Wits will come in for a write-up soon. I sincerely hope so.—M. W. O., Brooklyn, N. Y.

[The Nit Wit Hour was featured in the February issue and Miss Langworthy's picture, together with a story on the Mountainville Sketches, will appear in next issue.—Ed.]

Seeing Owners of Radio Voices

I was about to write and ask if a radio magazine for the listener had ever been thought of and, if not, why not, when I ran across the January issue of RADIO REVUE. I am enclosing check for $2 and would like my subscription antedated to include the first numbers of the publication, if this is possible. Of course, the thing of greatest interest to fans is seeing the owners of the radio voices. I, therefore, hope for lots of good photographs. Just at present Amos 'n Andy, the Sieberling Singers, Caroline Andrews, Alma O'Keefe and Arcadia Birkenholz are the ones in whom I am most interested.—G. E. M., Woodbridge, Conn.

Thank You, Seth Parker!

I have just finished reading RADIO REVUE with a great deal of pleasure. The paper, type, make-up and material are all splendid. There is no question but that you are publishing the de luxe radio magazine.


"It's a Bear!" Says "Uncle Zeke"

Enclosed please find $2 for my subscription to your magazine. I have gone through the current issue and think it's a bear!—Arthur L. Greenfield ("Uncle Zeke"), Irvington, N. J.

"The Perfect Radio Magazine"

Found at last—the perfect radio magazine for the average listener. And I think that is the classification in which I belong, having been a rabid radio fan for nearly seven years. It is not like most other radio magazines, whose publishers have overburdened their columns with technical articles to the extent that you must hunt the news that is really of interest to the listener. RADIO REVUE is the one magazine that you can read from cover to cover and appreciate. As a matter of fact, I would feel as though I had missed something if I did not do this. So, kindly accept my congratulations and best wishes for the continued success and enter my name on your subscription list, for which I enclose check.

I could not find your magazine here, but a friend who knows of my keen interest in radio sent me the first two copies from the city. I was especially pleased with the publicity given to Rudy Vallee and, if I had not received my first copy too late, I would have entered the contest. But I am going to enter this new one and expect to mail my entry tomorrow. In connection with the subject of "Radio's Greatest Personality," may I say that I thought the prize letters were very good. Mr. Hansen deserves special congratulations. Most of all, I enjoyed Dale Wimbrow's lines. Let us hear more from the Bard of Broadway. His lines on any subject should be entertaining.

In the article by Mr. Fussy Fan, why does he say one thing and then a little later contradict himself? For example, he says he derived real thrills from Roxy's Gang and then numbers Roxy among his pet aversions. How does he arrive at this conclusion when Roxy is a large part of every Gang program. Then he does not care about "wise-cracking announcers" and yet picks several as favorites who are, or have been, noted for their wise remarks. I heartily agree with his selection of the greatest staff of announcers ever assembled, having known or, rather, heard of them even before the time he mentions. They comprised the Four Horsemen of WJY before this station gave way to WJZ and WEAF. I do not wish to (Continued on page 36)
Rudy Vallee and Jessica Dragonette
Lauded in Prize Letters

Here are announced the prize awards for the best letters on the subject of "Who is My Favorite Radio Artist—and Why?" There are two lists of winners, one for January and the other for February. The contest was extended to allow some of our readers extra time to complete their letters, but prizes are being awarded for both months, according to the contest rules. The winner for each category was received, in the case of January, a prize of $10, and in the case of February, a prize of $5. Second prizes were $7 and $3, respectively. The judges were B. O. Blake, night editor of The Philadelphia Inquirer, and Miss Frances M. Steward, night editor of The Philadelphia Record.

January First Prize Letter

The appeal of Rudy Vallee, its cause and effect, constitutes the most burning question of the day. What matters war and rumors of war, the matter of tariff reform, whether this vast country of ours be wet or dry, so long as a national problem of such gravity and scope presents itself to our puzzled minds? And the worst of it is that, even if a referendum were held and a vote taken to determine the reason for his popularity, the question of what to do about it would still be unsolved.

Rudy is beloved alike by matron and maiden. To the flapper he represents the hero of her dreams. The matron, while listening to Rudy croon, lives over again the days of her own courtship. Personally, I do not believe the question of age enters into the matter at all. His voice is ageless and age-old, and the embodiment of all the romantic longings of all women—he they sixteen or sixty.

Sometimes I think that his looks, or the fact that he is a young man of good breeding and antecedents have, like the flowers that bloom in the spring, nothing to do with the case. Again, I reach the conclusion that these attributes are of very material aid to him in holding his popularity. It is probably a fact that this vivid personality of his, which is so intense that it comes right through the microphone and gets up in your lap, must be nearly so pronounced were it not for this background of breeding which no one who has it can avoid evidencing to some degree.

But he may be handsome, young, boisterous; he may play the saxophone in a manner to bring envy to the heart of the Angel Gabriel himself, but the greatest lure of Rudy for me lies in his singing. His voice in itself is nothing to brag about—pleasant enough, but not more so that dozens of others—slightly—no, more than slightly—decidedly nasal, but none the less fascinating. What then, is it which causes us "hysterial women" as we are termed, to hang on his every note? And echo answers, what?

The solution of this problem lies in the fact that he is a clever youngster—he knows how to use that voice. He knows that every woman likes to feel that he is singing just for her, and so he sings to every woman as an individual. The sophisticated man understands how to bring women to his feet and uses all his cleverness to do so. Rudy makes no effort—he doesn't even know what it's all about, but he accomplishes the same result out of his sheer naiveté. He knows we like to be sung to, and so he sings to us. Women feel this inherent decency and character of the boy, and love him for it. With the exception of one other, who must remain nameless, I would rather listen to Rudy than to any other personality on the air, or screen, in spite of the fact that as a real singer he simply isn't—and there's a hundred million others like me.

It's not much of an undertaking to say wherein lies the reason for Rudy's appeal, but to tell why he is so universally set upon and scorned by the men is a different proposition. I should have to leave this vital point for further discussion by someone who is better at explaining the vagaries of the male sex than am I.

In the meantime, as long as we have Rudy and as long as he has us, what do we care what the men think? They're only jealous anyway. But, you know, "Fifty million women can't be wrong!"—Margaret H. Heinz, Buffalo.

Winners for January

First Prize—Margaret H. Heinz, Buffalo.
Second Prize—Frances M. Poist, Hanover, Pa.

Winners for February

First Prize—Margaret M. Lukes, Philadelphia.
Second Prize—Pearl M. Thompson, South Bend, Ind.
Honorable Mention—Jean S. W. Barnes, White Plains, N. Y.; Mrs. Blair N. Reiley, East Lansdowne, Pa.; Carrie E. Nichols, New Britain, Conn.; Marjorie L. Goetschius, Manchester, N. H.; Kathleen O'Rourke, Manchester, N. H.

Jessica Dragonette is my favorite radio artist. I approach Miss Dragonette's hour on the air as I imagine I might have walked up the red-carpeted stairs of the opera house years ago to hear Jenny Lind.

Why is she my favorite radio artist?
1. Because her nightingale voice does all the noblest things for me that music can do for man.
2. Because I have an intense admiration for her as the complete artist.
3. Because her personality comes so clearly to me over the air, that after she is finished I always imagine her unseen audience dragging her carriage over a road of stars.

May I enter my vote for Miss Dragonette in the popularity contest?—Margaret M. Lukes, Philadelphia, Pa.

Listeners' Forum

(Continued from page 35)

find fault, though, because I really did enjoy it all. I guess there would be plenty with which to find fault in my ideas along some lines if I were to put these ideas in print. The feature entitled Static from the Studios is of special interest. Keep it up!

Another thing to be commended is the quality of the reproduction of your photographs and the legibility of the type, something rare in publications of this price.

I am not particular in my news about the radio artists, so long as it is news. And, taking it all in all, I think Radio Revue gives it better than any other magazine I can name.—F. P., Hanover, Pa.
"Many Radio Artists Untrained"

THE following artists, well-known to radio audiences, owe their training to Eleanor MacLellan, of distinguished musical history: Betsy Ayres, Gladys Rice, Evelyn Herbert, Peggy Wood, Dan Bedloe, Dorothy Stone, Paula Stone, Nydia D’Arnell and Marguerite Ringo, the latter now appearing with great success in Italian opera houses.

Eleanor MacLellan has been teaching in New York for the past twenty-five years, and holds a position unique among vocal teachers of this city. She has applied her method to the creation of radio artists since the inception of broadcasting. She says:

"I can point to all my artists and their engagements with pride. Without exception they are all working, and getting paid for their work. I believe an artist is happier paying for lessons in this way than by using borrowed or donated money. Independence is a long step toward artistic happiness."

"The trouble with about one-half of the artists now before the microphone is: first, they are without sufficient musical training and, secondly, they are without adequate radio experience. Why should the great radio broadcasting systems take in untrained artists and then have to teach them how to speak or sing?"

"When a railroad engineer takes charge of a heavily-loaded train, just as when a ship’s captain takes command, he knows what he has to do. He has had training and experience in these matters. Why should not a concert singer or a speaker, facing the microphone, know his business, the arts of singing and speaking, the art of poise, a few languages, and have a refined accent, pleasing to the great air audiences?"

"I am afraid part of the fault lies in the great desire to make money without training at all, just as a few untrained musicians have made money. But with the present-day competition, how long will they last? If their names appear on programs five years from now, I will be greatly surprised."

Eleanor MacLellan’s studios are quite near Central Park West and they are the center of many a bright musical entertainment. She is a gracious hostess as well as a sound teacher.

Pilots Artists’ Destinies

GEORGE ENGLES, vice-president of the National Broadcasting Company, in charge of artists and programs, is one of the youngest and newest vice-presidents at 711 Fifth Avenue. By reason of his comparatively long experience with orchestras, conductors, prima donnas, seconda donnas, and great artists, he can tell you a little bit ahead of time just what these ladies and gentlemen are going to do. If they are suffering from indigestion or temperament and refuse to do anything, George can tell you that, too.

Here is his brief, but spectacular history. He was born in these United States, in the city of Albany, capital of New York State. His age does not matter. To our knowledge he has been twenty-one for the past ten years and, when time and work permit, he eats very well.

His first contacts with orchestras and artists date back to 1909, when he had charge of the New York Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Dr. Walter Damrosch, and later with such distinguished guest conductors as Bruno Walter, Albert Coates and Otto Klemperer. The following eminent artists have been led around this country by George and, when they have left the country, they have invariably carried with them a little spending money: Paderewski, Ernestine Schumann-Heink, Jascha Heifetz, Marion Talley, Paul Kochanski and many others of established reputation and recognized ability.

George Engles first came to the radio business in May, 1928. In the short space of ten months he was transferred from the post of manager of the National Broadcasting Company’s Artists’ Bureau to that of vice-president in charge of Artists and Program, as we have said. From this dizzy eminence George beams benignly down upon a company of nearly a thousand persons, some of whom may be numbered among his old friends in the treacherous but fascinating music game.

George plays a fair game of hand-ball, but dire threats prevent us from mentioning the reason for this strenuous exercise. Suffice it to say that it provides him with much healthy enjoyment and offers him relaxation from the vigorous strain of his pressing musical activities.
Alma Kitchell, NBC contralto, is receiving a wide response to the program she sings on Sunday mornings. Recently the Mayor of Palm Beach wrote and asked her the composer of the very technical number she had sung, called "The Anchor Song." Alma finally discovered that he referred to a song entitled "Vainka," by Whishaw. Alma wrote him to the effect that his misunderstanding of the title was due to poor dictation on somebody's part and, inasmuch as the title was not mentioned in the text of the song, she disclaimed the responsibility.

Raymond Knight recently staged in his "Cuckoo Hour," Station Ku-Ku (NBC) a burlesque on Light-headed Horsecкрепing, the complete absence of Daily Stock Quotations, the Voice of Excelsior, the great mystery drama: "Who was behind Grandfather's Grandfather Clock?" or Saved by Eastern Daylight Saving Time, and a fake football match between the Alaska University Walrus and the Florida College Lemon Pickers. It was excellent fooling.

Amos 'n' Andy, in the persons of Charles Correll and Freeman Gosden, were in the New York studios of the NBC recently for a short visit. The Editor of Radio Revue was introduced to them and was impressed by the fact that they looked like nothing more than a couple of enterprising young businessmen—and such, by the way, they actually are. He recalled to them the last occasion on which he had seen them in person. That was several years ago at the Radio Manufacturers' Ass'n show in New York, when they came unheralded from Chicago to appear as "Sam and Henry." "Say," commented Mr. Correll, "we sure were frightened on that occasion. We were just about scared stiff."

Bobby Reinhart, master of ceremonies for the Checker Cabbies program over WOR, has given more youngsters a chance to appear on the air, than any man on Broadway. Bobby is always looking for talent, and every Thursday, when the "Cabbies" broadcast, you'll hear a new voice, in addition to the old standbys, Johnny Buss and Phil Brae. Everyone, from blues singer to opera student comes to Bobby for an audition, and he gives them a chance if they have anything at all to offer.

"You never can tell," says Bobby smilingly, by way of explanation. "Fanny Brice peddled papers down by the subway, and Rosie Ponzillo didn't seem like much when the warbled ditties in Café Mollène, back in New Haven. Today, Fanny is a headliner, and Rosie Ponzillo is Rosa Ponselle, of Metropolitan fame. Why not give the kids a hand?"

John T. Martin, formerly of the NBC press department, but now a light in the candlestick of Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc., (name copied from telephone book) reminds us of that old gag about asking a postman to go for a long walk. He spends most of his spare time wandering about radio studios.

Excerpt from a letter received by the National Broadcasting Company: "I claim to be the only man who can neigh like a horse so near nat-
Program Notes

New Programs
Romances in Biography—WMCA—Sat-  
urday, 5:30 P.M. Terse talks on the  
characters of the great, by David St.  
Pauline.
ACO Entertainers—WMCA—Monday,  
9:30 P.M. Devoted exclusively to  
Negro music, played by Negro  
musicians, under the guidance of Moes  
Gale, white entrepreneur of Harlem  
entertainments.
East of Cairo—WEAF—Wednesday,  
8:30 P.M. New adventure series,  
telling the exploits of two young  
American soldiers of fortune.  
Written by Raymond Scudder, with  
musical background directed by Sven  
Von Hallberg.
Old King Cole Stories—WEAF—Mon-  
day, Tuesday, Wednesday and Fri-  
aday, 5 P.M. Tales, songs and riddles  
for the kiddies, with George Mitchell  
as Old King Cole. Sponsored by Rex  
Cole, Inc., 265 Fourth Avenue,  
New York, N. Y.
Play of the Month—WABC—For-  
nightly, on Tuesday, 6:45 P.M. Out-  
standing personalities of the stage  
presented in connection with a play  
selected for each program.
Appreciation of Poetry in Youth—  
WABC—Tuesday, 3:45 P.M. Series  
of talks by Harry Webb Farrington  
to children.
Endicott-Johnson Hour—WOR, WLW  
and WMAQ—Sunday, 8 P.M. Sym-  
phony orchestra and symphonic jazz  
band, under direction of Eugene Or-  
mandy, the Boys’ Club Quartet and  
“Happy Dan” Laster, oldest em- 
ployee, in point of service, of Endi- 
cott-Johnson firm, who will provide  
human element in program.
Know Your United States—WENR and  
W9XF—Thursday, midnight (cen- 
tral time). Musical travologue, tell- 
ing the world the advantage of liv- 
ing in the United States. Under di- 
rection of Everett Mitchell, chief an- 
nouncer of WENR.
Works of Shakespeare—WPCH—Thurs- 
day, 6:20 P.M. Presentations of fa- 
mous plays of Bard of Avon by Clas- 
sic Radio Players, under direction of 
Ben S. Mears, actor and playwright. 
Each play to be broadcast in three 
parts, one part a week.
Adventures in Citizenship—WEAF—  
Tuesday, 7 P.M. Series of four ex- 
perimental programs presented by

Voters’ Service, featuring persons  
prolific in public work.
Yesterday and Today in Medicine—  
WLW—Wednesday, 7 P.M. Series  
of talks on modern prevention and  
treatment of disease as contrasted  
with old methods, presented by Un- 
iversity of Cincinnati, with co-opera- 
tion of Academy of Medicine of Cin- 
cinnati.

The search for novel, unusual  
and entertaining broadcasts is one 
that “grays” the hair of program- 
mers of all stations. In the few  
years of radio’s evolution nearly  
everything adaptable to broad- 
casting has been used. Instruments  
of all types, singly and in groups have  
found their place before one micro- 
phone or another.

For the first time in WOR’s his- 
tory, however, it presented a “plec- 
trum” orchestra recently for forty- 
five minutes, under the listing of  
“The Serenaders,” with William  
Edward Foster, as director.

A pall was cast over the second  
performance of Cesare Sodero’s own  
grand opera, “Ombre Russie,” recently, when  
it was learned that Moe Rich, one of the  
violinists in the NBC orchestra, had died  
just before the dress rehearsal. His death  
was attributed to a heart attack, super- 
induced by acute indigestion. While Mr.  
Rich had not long been in the orchestra  
he had made many friends. The rather  
sombre setting of Mr. Sodero’s opera  
served as an appropriate eulogy.

Harry Reser and his Cliquot Club  
 Eskimos, an organization made  
nationally famous by radio, are  
serving additional service stripes  
on their furry garments. The reason  
is that a new contract between the  
NBC and the Cliquot Club Company  
has been signed and the Eskimos  
will be heard for another year through the NBC System. By  
way of celebration they were heard  
twice in one week. The Eskimos,  
now among the real veterans on the  
air, made their first appearance in  
December, 1925. Now in their fifth  
year, they have never missed a week  
before the microphone since.

This is your last chance to get the  
64-page Book FREE. (Just send  
the coupon and the 35c.) 

This Coupon is Good for ONE  
FREE COPY OF MY  
VALUABLE BOOK 

MAIL IT NOW

J. E. Smith, President  
National Radio Institute, Dept. GC30  
Washington, D. C.

Radio Dealers and jobbers (there are  
over 50,000) are continually on the lookout for good  
service men, salesmen, buyers, managers and  
talent $30 to $100 a week for good men. 

Towing Movies pay as much as $75 to $200 a week to 
men with radio training. Besides there are 
opportunities almost everywhere for you to 
have a spare time or full time Radio business 
of your own—to be your own boss.

I am showing hundreds every year how to make 
more money in radio than they could 
makes in their old jobs. J. A. Vauth, 3715 
S. Kingshighway, St. Louis, Mo., jumped from  
$35 to $100 a week. E. E. Winsborne, 1414 W.  
44th St., Norfolk, Va., seldom makes under  
$100 a week now. My book proves it. You 
needn’t give up your job to learn. All I ask is 
some of your spare time.

I will show you ten jobs that you can do for 
every money the day you enroll. You’ll know 
your course—I’ll show you additional plans that 
are making $350 to $1,000 a year for hundreds of 
students while taking my course. G. W.  
Page, 3620 Block Gammel, Nashville, Tenn.,  
made $955 in his spare time while studying.

My 64-page book tells you where the good 
Radio jobs are, what they pay, how to get one. 
You’ll know about your revised and enlarged 
Radio course of over 56 Lessons Books, over 46 
Service Sheets giving Information on servicing 
different makes of sets, the 8 Outfits of Radio 
Parts I give for a Home Experimental Labora- 
tory, the Lifetime Employment Service and 
other features. Get it. Read it. Then you 
can decide one way or the other.

J. E. Smith, President  
National Radio Institute, Dept. OC30  
Washington, D. C.

This Coupon is Good for ONE  
FREE COPY OF MY  
VALUABLE BOOK 

MAIL IT NOW
STATIC FROM THE STUDIOS

(Continued from page 38)

racy" means that every artist and members of his or her family will be entitled to medical care, with country club and all other privileges. It is the first time that radio artists have actually been taken into the "official family" of any corporation.

* * *

Fully recovered from a three month's siege of illness, Jerry Solow recently returned to the Solow Soloists on WMCA Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. Since last October, when he was first stricken with spinal meningitis, Jerry had lain on a cot at St. Vincent's Hospital. There was a time, just before Christmas, when doctors gave up all hope of saving his life. He was placed in a glass-enclosed room, treated with oxygen, and, when he lapsed into a coma, a priest was called to administer the last rites. But Jerry pulled through. Doctors declare that the thousands of letters received from radio fans were a vital factor in helping the youthful singer back to health.

* * *

Henry Shope, NBC top tenor, arrived at the studio the other day, somewhat excited as a result of an encounter with a traffic officer, in which Henry carried off a souvenier in the form of a ticket for speeding. He went to a rehearsal and was surprised to learn that he had been assigned to sing, as a solo, an old English song: "What If I Never Speed."

* * *

Little Barbara Loebrich, of NBC production department, recently volunteered to assist in the "mob" required to cheer the entrance of Napoleon. When the trumpets announced the arrival of the Emperor Napoleon in "Kay" Seymour's "Famous Loves", all the mob cheered as directed: "Hail, Napoleon, our Emperor!" Barbara went native American and yelled: "Hail, Columbia!"

* * *

Dolores Cassinelli, NBC soprano, is quite upset. Because she's gorgeous looking, she has been referred to in a number of newspapers as a "Spanish beauty." She's really Italian. According to Miss Cassinelli, she has received dozens of letters from Italian friends, who accuse her of changing her colors.

"Is must be the Dolores that fools them," she said. "The Cassinelli part is Italian."

* * *

Harold Sanford was conducting "The Chimes of Normandy" by Planquette at the NBC recently. A chain, to be used in producing a sound effect, was slung over a music stand. Dorothy Ingling, a singularly inquiring person, came into the studio and asked what the chain was for. "They can't use that here," said Ellis McDiarmid, well known flutist, "that's a Columbia chain."

* * *

When Walter Winchell spoke over WABC during the Listmann Program recently, he related an incident regarding an interview he had with Rudolph Valentino a short time before the late star's death. The subject of their conversation was a slave bracelet which Valentino wore on his wrist and which was given to him by Jean Acker, his first wife. Rudy had said that, although many considered it effeminate to wear such adornments he would always do so because of his great fondness for its giver.

Several telephone calls followed Winchell's broadcast. One was from Jean Acker, who happened to be listening in. She was deeply touched by the words of the columnist and thanked him for the tribute he paid to Valentino, who she still thinks the finest man she has ever known.

* * *

Merle Johnston, who conducts the Cico Couriers program, heard regularly over WABC and the CBS claims the highest record of any broadcasting artists for appearances on commercial programs. During his years years on the air, Johnston has played on forty-five of the leading sponsored features, with innumerable sustaining programs on the side.

* * *

NBC studios, so cool in the summer that they are sometimes called "ice boxes," are comfortably warm these days, according to the persons who work in them. Yet the temperature in every studio is constant the year round—72 degrees. The difference in outside temperatures accounts for the seeming difference in studio heat, it was explained.

* * *

The largest pipe organ ever built exclusively for radio use has been installed in the studios of Station WCCO, the Minneapolis station of the CBS. It is a three-manual instrument especially designed and built for WCCO after four years of experimentation. The pipes, chests and other equipment occupy two sound insulated rooms at one end of the studio, while the console is in the main studio.

* * *

One of the most dazzling of the hostesses at the NBC's New York studios is Her Highness the Princess Sonya Brouna, a Russian noblewoman.

* * *

Muriel Wilson

CONCERT ORATORIO OPERA

management
NATIONAL BROADCASTING AND CONCERT BUREAU
711 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK
"LESSONS IN LOVELINESS"

by
Nell Vinick
Radio Beauty Adviser

Make-up

MAKE-UP is the final aid to facial beauty. It can make a lovely face look lovelier and it can transform a "plain" face into an attractive one. Make-up is no longer used with the mistaken impression that it will cover up skin blemishes, but there are very few complexions that are flawless enough not to need its artful aid, PROVIDED, of course, that make-up is properly selected according to the natural coloring.

It is not safe to be guided by something "for blondes" or "for brunettes" because not all blondes have a fair skin nor do all brunettes have an olive complexion. There is the fair brunette type with a much lighter coloring than a creamy or "Spanish" type of blonde. Then there are the red-haired types and the in-between type with light or dark brown hair and creamy, fair or olive skin. To advise you on your personal selection I would have to know the color of your eyes—of your hair—the tone of your complexion—and your age—but here is some general information that applies to every woman.

Powder

Powder should always be a trifle deeper than the tone of your skin as a lighter shade emphasizes any lines or wrinkles or "hollows" and it is well to remember that powder looks darker or deeper in the box or display tube than it will look on the skin. If powder "flakes" or simply will not stay on, it is usually an indication of a dry skin and in that event a bit of your nourishing cream, lightly patted in, then wiped off, will act as a protective film and a perfect powder base. If powder "cakes" or streaks it usually indicates that your skin is too oily. And don't forget to powder your forehead. A shiny forehead is just as bad as a shiny nose.

Rouge

Many women are discovering that rouge in cream form gives the skin the most natural effect. Another great advantage of a good cream rouge is that it will stay on for hours without need of renewing. Think of the comfort, the added assurance of knowing that you do not constantly have to be dabbing on more rouge every fifteen minutes or so.

It is important, of course, to select a cream rouge, such as Dreza, which is not too oily or too dry, but just creamy enough to blend in easily and smoothly.

Unlike a dry rouge—a cream rouge is applied before the powder. If the skin is dry or sensitive to cold weather, a tiny bit of nourishing cream gently patted in, then wiped off, makes a perfect base for blending in cream rouge. For oily skins—while the skin is still a trifle moist with astringent.

Indelible Lipstick

The lips should always be more vivid than the cheeks—that you know—but they should be of the same tone, and should match the color in the face perfectly and, since the lips usually have a bit of natural color, it is best to use the same shade of rouge and lipstick.

There is a new indelible lipstick (name on request) that is actually and safely indelible, which means that it will stay on for hours, no matter how much you talk or eat or drink. It gives the lips a soft, "dewy" appearance—yet not oily, and contains a protective ingredient which keeps the lips from chapping.

One of the pitfalls to avoid in selecting rouge and lipstick is the "in-between" shades. You are more certain to get an attractive, natural effect by selecting either light, medium or dark, according to your own personal coloring, and then taking a moment or so to blend in the rouge evenly—and to apply the lipstick so that it will emphasize the lips, alluringly, but not obviously "painted".

For the next "Lesson in Loveliness" I will tell you just how each type of features should be rouged—to make a round full face appear more oval—a thin long face look pleasingly rounded—to minimize high cheek bones—so you can practice it before your own mirror.

[Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of "Lessons in Loveliness" by Miss Vinick which will appear every month in Radio Revue. For information on your beauty problems, address Nell Vinick, Beauty Adviser, in care of Radio Revue, Six Harrison Street, New York, N. Y.]

Radio Gives Actress Greater Thrill Than Does Stage

(Continued from page 9)

whom are individual, can you wonder that I find radio the most interesting field in the world? Yes, it's because of the people and I know you all agree with me. That's why I'm writing—so that I can put some of these people into stories and let the rest of you know how interesting this place is.

Do I like working with Miss Le Gallienne and her company in the Civic Repertory broadcast? I should say I do. I played with Eva once, several years ago, and I still think she's the most remarkable actress in the theatre today. It's been great to work with her again.

Would the plays I appeared in be of interest? Let's see—there was The Girl With the Green Eyes—I was she—In the Next Room, East Side, West Side, Shanghai Ge-ure and many others.

Yes, I've done movie work, and I hope to do more, at some future time, but just at the moment I'm more interested in radio. It's like a growing child, and I want to help it grow. I want to try out new ideas, to write new stories, to find out what the audiences like, to work out new sound effects with our expert, Harry Swan, to adjust words and music in such a way that you can all see the picture of a Russian village or the poetry of the Mexican desert.

And let me say here, if you think your letters don't mean a great deal to us here at the studio—well, you're mistaken. I guess there's nothing more to say, so I'll sign off now. This is Georgia Backus, taking the air over the Columbia Broadcasting System.
EDITOR'S NOTE: We deeply regret that the serious illness of Mrs. Julian Heath precludes us from printing her department this month. We are indebted to another enthusiast for the home and sane cooking, Mrs. A. M. Goudiss, who has literally stepped into the kitchen for us, although her invitation to housewives is: "Come Out of the Kitchen."

Come Out of the Kitchen

Good Morning, Neighbors:
It is my belief that the worst thing that could happen to this country is that the housewife, with all her new freedom, clubs, emancipations and—if you will pardon me—complexes, should come to hate the kitchen, for, despite the fireside and the piano, the heart is where the kitchen is, in a real home.
Of course, it is equally disastrous that she should be asked to spend whole days and half the nights in her kitchen. Too many women, alas! do not realize that there is a world outside the kitchen door. Women had to come out of the kitchen to meet the rest of the world but, at the same time, they have to know it, and rule it—make it serve them and theirs—instead of being its slaves. I invite you, I urge you, to come out of the kitchen!

Each Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday morning at 11 to 11:30 Eastern Standard Time, it is my privilege to tell of expert kitchen operations, of foods that build and attract, and of a work that is almost gay. I talk generally to women, and to women with families, whose duty it is to feed their families right, for their own good and for the good of their community and country. The kitchen must be an airy, pleasant, clean and uncluttered place to live in for a little while each day, beautifully organized and delightfully productive.
Too often food talks are stuffy. Too often they are dictatorial. One must eat this and drink that, whether one hates them or not. This food is good for one; that is harmful. Why? What is the matter with good, honest, boiled onions and cheese or a good scrambled egg if you like them? Jot them down and give them another trial.

In my office I preach the pleasant sermon of healthful food, and back of that office I have a sunny radio kitchen, where good things are tested, cooked and eaten. That is the creed of this white-enamel kitchen, manned by expert cooks. If you have any problems on cookery and food preparation, you may write to me in care of the National Board.

(Continued on page 48)
Have Breakfast with the PEP HENS!

PEP HENS ARE FED AS CAREFULLY AS YOUR BABY

EIGHT large feed mills on the Pacific coast—mills co-operatively owned by the poultrymen themselves—give the hens their breakfast and their dinner.

Giant hoppers pour out the clean, scientifically mixed grain—crisp and inviting as your breakfast cereal.

*Think of it! Twelve million PEP hens, all "laying for you," and all uniformly fed on the best grain money can buy and experience can select.*

Because of this, each fine, fresh, delicately flavored PEP egg tastes exactly like the next . . . and the next . . . and the next.

Small wonder that children accustomed to the PEP flavor immediately detect the difference, when ordinary eggs are substituted.

*Have breakfast with the PEP hens! The egg-bu yer of a great chain store did just that. Cupping his hand under a hopper, he tasted a few of the golden kernels, and said: "In my wildest moments, I never dreamed of hens being fed like this!"

Have breakfast with the PEP hens! Or, if you prefer, let the PEP hens supply your breakfast.

Remember! PEP eggs are all deliciously identical in flavor.

PACIFIC EGG PRODUCERS
COOPERATIVE INC.

*SAN FRANCISCO NEW YORK CHICAGO*

Seattle, Los Angeles, San Diego, Detroit, Pittsburgh, Panama, Buenos Aires, Valparaiso, Lima, London, and Glasgow
MILADY’S FASHIONS
By MARIE BLIZARD
Radio Authority on Styles

EDITOR’S NOTE—This is the first of a series of articles on fashions by Marie Blizard, fashion director of the Columbia Broadcasting System. Miss Blizard will be pleased to answer any questions on styles. Address her in care of Radio Revue, Six Harrison Street, New York, N.Y.

One’s initial article in a series on fashions should cover the basic principles of fashion—lines, colors and fabrics. Yet each one of these three fundamentals of fashions is of such interest and importance that it is quite impossible to cover it in a limited space.

Besides, much has been said of the “new” fashions, which are now “familiar” ones. The revolution in the mode was so arresting and its success was so rapid that every fashion writer has outdone herself in her efforts to clear up any doubts regarding its importance.

I am going to condense my facts... and put my information into catechism form.

I am sure you all recognize the fact that long skirts are in (for a few years anyway, regardless of public protest) but... did you know that any skirt more than four inches below the knee for street wear is as unfashionable as one four inches above?

You all know that the natural waistline is THE waistline. Did you know that, if you are too high-waisted or too low-waisted, you should adjust your belt to the most becoming placement as near the normal waistline as possible?

Two-Piece Costume Is In

You all know that the two-piece dress is out. However the two-piece costume is in! Did you know that silk blouses are smarter than sweaters with woolen skirts? Incidentally, a bright red flat crepe blouse worn with a brown tweed skirt or a dark blue flat crepe blouse worn with a grey tweed skirt are very chic. Did you know that the dark or vivid shades are much smarter than pastel tones for blouses worn with the new spring dressmaker suits?

And speaking of replacements... that silk scarfs are much more dashing than fur scarfs?

Did you know that Fashion has the blues daytime and evening? And that French designers have their eyebrows up to the top of their foreheads and their mouths wide open in astonishment and wonder that blue... that lovely bright, light blue they have tried so many times to bring back... is suddenly the smartest of the evening colors? And that smoky light blue for daytime and bois de rose in flat crepe are grand?

Did you know that velvet is absolutely out and taffeta is absolutely in? That flat crepe printed with clusters of flowers is one of the smartest fabrics for evening? And that tweed is the smartest of the daytime fabrics?

And did you know that a band of tulle or chiffon around your short evening dress makes it look new and smart? And that a touch of lingerie... ruffles and cuffs of net or organdie... a shawl or scarf of flat crepe... demure bands of pique... always in snowy white... will make a success of an old dress?

Now, it’s your turn to ask me questions. And I will be happy to answer them if you will address me in care of this magazine.

Sound Effects Made to Order for Radio Programs

(Continued from page 22)

bourine, Indian tom-tom, Oriental drum, sand blocks, bicycle bells, parking auto, fire-works, cap pistols, baby cry, chain rattle, sleigh bells, real cloth tearing, sword duel, flies, bee buzz, tin pan crashes, cork pulling, falling trees, handsaw, acetylene torch, ambulance bell, train bell, crow, duck quack, rooster crow, hen cackle, cat meow and many others.

Whenever a script calls for any sound effects, Mr. Nichols is called upon. The other day some programs were being recorded in the Judson studios. The script called for the unsheathing of a sword. Mr. Nichols achieved the desired effect by casually donning a pair of mail gauntlets and producing a sword attached to his table, which he simply pulled out of its sheath at the proper moment. For the most part, however, sounds are produced by mechanical appliances attached to the table. He merely presses buttons, and the ocean waves begin to roll, a tree falls, a board squeaks. All noises are possible with his complicated machine.

Recently William B. Murray received the following telegram from Mr. Nichols: “Ruined my ocean waves stop won’t be at studio today.” All of which goes to show that the business of producing sound on the radio is a very sad and serious one.

WABC has acquired an automatic sound-effects machine which, by means of pulling ropes and pushing buttons, can produce over thirty different sounds. These range from the mighty roar of thunder and lions to motorboat whistles and ferry-boat sirens.

The entire machine is housed in a cabinet about the size of a modern phonograph. It does not do away with the sound-effects men—it merely makes his life easier, although he is just as important as ever. It takes one a few days to “get to know the thing”.

...
Editorsials
(Continued from page 32)

The average client has sense enough to leave the planning and production of his radio program to these highly trained specialists. But quite a few clients apparently are confident that they know much more about the business themselves. These few constitute one of the greatest menaces that radio broadcasting faces today.

The way it works in this: an advertising agency or one of the big chains creates a really original idea for a radio program. By dint of much persuasion they manage to get a client to agree to sponsor this new series of hours. All goes well until after the first broadcast. Then Mr. Know-It-All, the client, egged on by the opinions, possibly, of his better half and her bridge club, starts to suggest changes—and suggestions from him are equivalent to commands, inasmuch as he pays the bills.

Then follows a hectic period. First, he says the dramatic sketch in his hour is too old-fashioned. Something more modern is substituted and then he concludes that the sketch might better be omitted entirely. Next he starts on the music, which had originally been planned purely as atmosphere for the sketch. The music has been too classical, he says. People want something more lively. So, after as much protest as can safely be made, there is no course left but to change the music. Next a speaker is substituted for the dramatic sketch and then is withdrawn after a few weeks, in favor of a male quartet.

Now Mr. Know-It-All declares that there is not enough variety, so he adds a soprano or a contralto crooner to the hour. By this time the original idea has been mutilated beyond recognition. The listener, who had been led by early publicity releases to expect something entirely unusual in radio programs, cynically concludes that this is "just another program." The trained specialists throw up their hands in despair at the slaughter of a really original idea. And even Mr. Know-It-All finally decides that radio broadcasting isn't what it should be and that the listeners don't appreciate "real art" in broadcasting.

This criticism is not leveled at the entire broadcasting business, nor at any one program, but rather at a condition that exists in the industry. If a client is willing to pay a big price for the advertising of his wares, and has faith in his agents and the broadcasters to serve him to the best of their ability, then he should have enough sense to leave them alone, and not interfere with those who help him most.

Radio Revives Public's Interest in Old-time Minstrel Show
(Continued from page 14)

William Shelley, our interlocutor, has appeared in several minstrel companies and has had wide experience on the legitimate stage. He has also been heard in a number of NBC dramatic productions.

Carson J. Robison, better known as the Kansas Jay Bird, sings humorous songs and whistles in his own inimitable style. He can strum a guitar and play a harmonica at the same time. He has composed a number of songs and is credited with being one of the originators of the fad for hillbilly songs, which started several years ago.

Harold Branch, first tenor of our quartet, made a repu-
tation in radio at Cleveland before coming to the NBC. He sings leading roles with the National Light Opera Company and does quite a bit of concert work throughout the East.

Steele Jamison, second tenor, formerly was soloist in the leading church in Pittsburgh. He was one of the early venturers into broadcasting and has been on the air consistently for the past few years, on NBC programs.

Darl Bethmann, baritone, originally came from Pennsylvania. During the past few years he has been heard on many well known NBC programs, including the National Grand Opera, National Light Opera and Tone Pictures. His specialty is singing German lieder.

Harry Donaghy, our bass, has been broadcasting since 1923. He was a member of the Elite Opera Company and has appeared in a number of stage productions. He has also been in vaudeville and pictures, and has done a great deal of phonograph recording with Victor, Columbia, Brunswick and other companies.

Curt Peterson, who announces our program each week, was born in Albert Lea, Minn. He was graduated from the University of Oregon with the degree of Bachelor of Science in 1920, after serving in the World War as a lieutenant of infantry. Before entering the radio field Mr. Peterson, a baritone, was a singer and a teacher of voice at Miss Mason's Castle School for Girls.

Soprano Modulator—Radios Latest Wonder
(Continued from page 33)

\[ W Y Q F = A X + 1 2 3 \]

A slide rule must be attached to the Modulator as any deviation from this equation will change soprano notes to those of the tenor, and that is another problem. Two carefully tested heterogeneous gaps, one unicellular amoeba and a galvanic thyroid, used with a push-pull circuit, complete the equipment.

The method in which the Modulator works is quite interesting. The label is left off the soup can, and the soprano, seeing it as she sings, becomes hungry for some chicken gumbo soup, which in turn brings out a yearning quality that is discouraging to high notes. The yearning becomes so great that the poor soprano is forced to desist from her singing, so-called, and betake herself to the nearest restaurant, where she finds that, sorry, but they don't have chicken gumbo soup on Wednesday; but anyway, she will have stopped singing, and the good work will have been done.

The device has yet to be tested.

Electric Clock

Place it on your radio set, and get accurate time for tuning in on your favorite program. Tickless, springless, care-free operation.
Plug in on light socket. Case in walnut finish, Bakelite. Three inch silvered dial, height 7 1/4 inches.

Sent Prepaid—Price $9.95

WILLIAM H. ENHAUS & SON
26 John Street New York City
THE BIG TEN

Best Selling Popular Songs of the Month

Once again there looms on the horizon a ray of hope for songs other than theme songs from talking pictures. However, judging from past experience, this condition is likely to be only temporary. Whereas last month The Big Ten was composed entirely of theme songs, this month there are three songs in the list that are not theme songs.

Then, again, the two leaders, Cryin' for the Carolines and Happy Days Are Here Again, became widely popular before they were incorporated and heard in their respective pictures. So, for a while at least, it seems that there is again hope for the good old popular song.

During the past month, as compared with the previous month, there have been numerous changes in the list. Only four of last month's ten remain. These are I'm a Dreamer; Aren't We All?; If I Had a Talking Picture of You, A Little Kiss Each Morning and The Chant of the Jungle. A number of new vigorous songs have appeared and many in the offing threaten to break into the charmed circle.

1. Cryin' for the Carolines
   from Spring is Here (Remick Music Corporation)

2. Happy Days Are Here Again
   from Chasing Rainbows (Ager, Yellen & Bornstein)

3. I'm a Dreamer; Aren't We All?
   from Sunny Side Up (De Sylva, Brown & Henderson)

4. If I Had a Talking Picture of You
   from Sunny Side Up (De Sylva, Brown & Henderson)

5. The Chant of the Jungle
   from Untamed (Robbins Music Corporation)

6. Should I?
   from Lord Byron of Broadway (Robbins Music Corporation)

7. Congratulations
   (De Sylva, Brown & Henderson)

8. A Little Kiss Each Morning
   from The Vagabond Lover (Harms, Inc.)

9. 'Tain't No Sin
   (Walter Donaldson)

10. The One I Love Can't be Bothered with Me
    (Leo Feist, Inc.)

It will be noticed that we have included the names of the publishers of these songs. If there is any further information our readers desire about the popular songs they hear over the radio—who wrote them, who published them, where they can be obtained or in what pictures they appear, etc.—RADIO REVUE will gladly answer all such questions. Merely write Popular Song Editor, RADIO REVUE, Six Harrison Street, New York, N. Y. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope if you desire a direct reply.

The Two Trouper

(Continued from page 30)

about it as a native son.

Marcella—Then, as J. P. McAvoy says, "You're a climate salesman", huh?

Helene—And how very! Well, now, let me me—we're down to where we met on the Eveready Hour when you played Dixie and I your sister, Nita, in Show Girl, by the aforesaid Mr. McAvoy. Now you ask me how I came to team up with the effervescent Marcella Shields and —— I say —— "Well — it was in this wise—many people suggested that we should work together because of the difference in our voices and radio personalities, and that the idea was pleasing to both of us, but that you were under contract to Eveready all winter and I was busy with various radio hours and the "talkies."

Marcella—Will you please let me say something for a change—I'm about to burst with pent-up information.

Helene—Hold everything, Gabby Liz,—let me finish my part of this interview, will you?

Marcella—All right—all right—What happened after you decided to join forces with the "charmig" Miss Shields?

Helene—Well, we first decided that we'd like to present some true-to-life snapshots of the vaudeville world, as most people are interested in stage life. We conceived the characters and proceeded to write our first sketch, making me the "wise cracking" and slightly "hard boiled" vaudevillian and you, the little dizzy, "Dumb Doge."

Marcella—And don't forget, that I kept getting "dumber" and "dumber" with each script.

Helene—Then, after a number of auditions at NBC The Two Trouper were presented to the radio audience in a series of half-hour programs with a jazz band. Our signature number, "Two Little Girls in Blue" was Gordon Wherye's suggestion and we considered it a very good one. Well, I guess that buttons that up.

Marcella—Yes—just like your overcoat. (Giggle). Well, all there is left now is to put in what we have been doing lately.

Helene—Oh, yeah!—I know what you're all hot and bothered about—you want me to tell them that you were on the Fleischmann Hour with Rudy Vallee for several weeks.

Marcella—No—no—I'm not one of those girls who raves and tears her hair about Rudy—but I do think he's awfully nice, and—

Helene—Yeah—yeah—I know,—Why, you even tried to put on the dog with me, until Mr. Shilkret used us on the Victor Hour that night that Rudy and all those big stars were on and we had our picture taken with him, and—

Marcella—Well, I didn't notice you exactly ignoring him, Miss Handin, but that's enough about that. I want to get in about my playing "Alice Through the Looking Glass" for Eveready lately and that I'm on the Frances Ingram program and The Junes and—that I was in a swell new show, the first one of the Miniature Theatre of the Air.

Helene—That reminds me—I forgot to mention my being featured in the Potter series for Eveready last
Summer. Well, outside of the fact that I've also been doing various hours, Harbor Lights, etc., I guess there isn't any more to tell.

Marcella—Aren't you going to tell that you are a D. A. R.—you always want to brag about that, it seems.

Helene—Well, why shouldn't I? It isn't everyone who had ancestors who "fit" in the Revolution.

Marcella—Oh—ho—give me time and maybe I can dig up a grandmother who came over in the Mayflower.

Helene—Joking aside, Marcella, I think we'd better cut this short, don't you?

Marcella—I think so, Helene, we don't want to tell everything we know.

Helene—Yea, verrily.—Well, let's make our exit laughingly, by telling them about our domestic accomplishments, such as our ability to cook—sew—keep house and drive a car—only we haven't any car! And that we both swim and dance and DON'T LIKE BRIDGE—and—

Marcella—In fact, we're practically—boy scouts!

Curtain.

Interest in Opera Fast Waning

(Continued from page 26)

often accompanies her. By this marriage the star became an American citizen. She recently bought an estate in Palos Verdes, near Los Angeles, and expects to build an American home there. When not on tour, she spends her winters in California, and the summers in her vacation home in the Catskills, where she likes to dance, play golf, and swim, her preference being in the order named.

Her farewell to the Metropolitan Opera House, where she sang the sprightly role of Rosina in The Barber of Seville, that boisterous opera by Rossini—and one of her best impersonations—was the signal for a great ovation. Those privileged to witness this last performance were accorded a feast for the eye and ear. Madame Galli-Curci's costume, topped with a bright red Spanish comb, made a colorful picture. She played the role in a vein of well-conceived and high spirited archness, giving the impression that she is far from "finished" with opera, and that opera sustains a great loss in her present decision.

The lesson scene in the third act was graced by the famous "Shadow Song" from Dinorah, the principal aria of her New York debut in 1916. As an encore, she obliged with "Home, Sweet Home." After singing their appointed roles, the other members of the cast, Giuseppe de Luca, as the zestful Sevillian barber, Ezio Pinza as Don Basilio; Armand Tokatyan as the Count; Pompilio Malatesta as Dr. Bartolo, and Henrietta Wakefield (that most faithful of artists), were called upon to carry forward a veritable garden of flowers in baskets and bunches, a very large offering from the Metropolitan Opera Company. More applause from the audience, a lot more from her fellow artists, wavings of handkerchiefs, a little speech of farewell, and the promise of a return some day, then photographs unlimited, and more photographs to sign, and so goodnight.

In her farewell appearance at the NBC studios, Madame Galli-Curci was also prevailed upon to sing "Home, Sweet Home". After real applause by the orchestra and the audience present in the studio the diva was led away to a little farewell party.

---

SING SANTLY SONGS

They sat ... "BESIDE AN OPEN FIREPLACE" ... "SINGING A VAGABOND SONG" ... He said ... "HONEY SUCKLE ROSE" ... "I'VE GOT A NEW LOVE AFFAIR" ... "MY FATE IS IN YOUR HANDS" She said ... "I NEVER DREAMT YOU'D FALL IN LOVE WITH ME" ... 

AND THEY LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER "SINGING SANTLY SONGS"

(Hey — Hey — Hey!)

SANTLY BROS. I 755 7th Ave., N. Y. C.

CARSON ROBISON

heartily recommends to his Radio friends the homelike atmosphere of the HOTEL KNICKERBOCKER

RECOGNIZED RADIO ARTISTS' HEADQUARTERS

NEW YORK

WEST 45th ST. TIMES SQUARE

JUST EAST OF BROADWAY
Mr. Average Fan Answers Some of His Critics

(Continued from page 19)

the gates at WJZ during the Collier Hour and see if she looks anything like what I expect from her speaking voice. I am afraid I shall be disappointed. If I get a chance to speak to her, which I probably will not, I am going to ask her to confine her work to talking and not cut out her singing. I take it for granted that she is the one who sings, after she appears in a sketch. Possibly I am wrong and, if so, I want to apologize for even mentioning her singing.

Since you have been kind enough to give me the opportunity to inflict my radio likes and dislikes upon a defenseless public, there are a few more things I might get off my chest and then cease inflicting myself upon you and your readers. I realize that all tenors cannot be Frank Munns and Franklyn Baur, but that is no reason why the radio audience should be tortured by some of the tenors who infest the air. Many of them are good, but there are quite a few who persist in singing through their noses, which is very noticeable over the air. It has always been my understanding that the broadcasting companies hold auditions and, in that way, select their talent. How some of these tenors and sopranos ever got by is more than I can understand.

So far I have never been able to become greatly enthused over grand opera. I have lived in New York for over a quarter of a century and the only times I ever visited the Metropolitan Opera House were at the Sunday night popular concerts. Grand opera is simply over my low brow head. I cannot get any enjoyment out of it, outside of a few well known numbers. Consequently, while the voices in the grand opera performances over the air are undoubtedly the best that can be secured, they cause me no thrill.

When it comes to the light operas, that is another story, so far as I am personally concerned. Every Sunday afternoon I listen religiously to the National Light Opera hour over WJZ. There may be better light opera directors than Harold Sanford and better comedians than Frank Moulan. If there are, I have in some way or other missed them. If I were asked to name my favorite composer, I would unhesitatingly choose Victor Herbert. That gentleman, if you will excuse the seeming vulgarity, was fuller of music than a dog is of fleas. These grand opera addicts may swear by Verdi, Puccini, Bizet, Leoncavallo and many of those other foreigners but for real singable music there never was, and I fear there never will be, another like Herbert. I have heard nearly everything he ever wrote and I simply marvel at the wonderful and continuous flow of melody. And Harold Sanford knows how to bring out the best of them.

Then again, I love the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, especially The Mikado. I see WJZ is starting to revive some of them on the Light Opera Hour. I hope the station keeps it up and gives us all of them. What I cannot understand is why these broadcasts were cut down from an hour and a half to an hour. I could stand a couple of hours of them at a time. I believe that in this I am an Average Fan. I enjoy the religious services on Sunday afternoons thoroughly, but at the same time I would like to hear more of the light opera. I do not like to seem catty or mean but, as far as I am concerned, if the NBC would cut off about an hour of the Roxy symphony concert on Sunday and add it to the Light Opera Hour, it would greatly please this Average Fan and a host of other average fans whom I know in the metropolitan area.

Radio in the Home

(Continued from page 42)

casting Company.

I can give you many menus and special lists for entertainment-luncheons, and tell you how to make the table look attractive—which is, after all, an important factor.

I welcome letters of inquiry from all my listeners. Before I close, let me give you something for the coming warm days, a Spring menu and a special Sunday night menu. I do this in response to innumerable requests.

SUNSET NOON LUNCHEON

Romaize, Tomato, and Cucumber with French Dressing
Roast Lamb Mint Sauce New Potatoes Parsley Sauce
Asparagus Drawn Butter Sauce Hot Dinner Rolls
Strawberry Shortcake with Whipped Cream Demi-tasse

SUNDAY NIGHT SUPPER

Tomato Rarebit on Crackers or Shrimp Wiggles on Toast Points
Watercress Salad

Fig Cream Pie Coffee

TOMATO RAREBIT

2 cups grated American cheese, ½ cup stewed, strained tomatoes
2 tablespoons butter 2 eggs, slightly beaten
2 tablespoons flour ¼ teaspoon soda
¼ cup milk

Cook butter, flour and milk together. Add tomatoes, soda, eggs and seasoning. Stir in the cheese, and cook until it is melted and smooth. Serve at once on crackers or toast points. Serves four to six.

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A play you ought to read

The Tragedy of Neglected Gums

Cast of Characters:
Your Dentist and You

you: "My gums are responsible for this visit, doctor. I'm anxious about them."

D.D.S.: "What's the matter?"

you: "Well, sometimes they're tender when I brush my teeth. And once in a while they bleed a little. But my teeth seem to be all right, just how serious is a thing like this?"

D.D.S.: "Probably nothing to bother about, with a healthy mouth like yours. But, just the same, I've seen people with white and flawless teeth get into serious trouble with their gums."

you: "That's what worries me. Pyorrhea—gingivitis—trench mouth—all those horrible-sounding things! Just a month ago a friend of mine had to have seven teeth pulled out."

D.D.S.: "Yes, such things can happen. Not long ago a patient came to me with badly inflamed gums. I x-rayed them and found the infection had spread so far that eight teeth had to go. Some of them were perfectly sound teeth, too."

you: (After a pause) "I was reading a dentifrice advertisement . . . about food."

D.D.S.: "Soft food? Yes, that's to blame for most of the trouble. You see, our gums get no exercise from the soft, creamy foods we eat. Circulation lags and weak spots develop on the gum walls. That's how these troubles begin. If you lived on rough, coarse fare your gums would hardly need attention."

you: "But, doctor, I can't take up a diet of raw roots and hardtack. People would think I'd suddenly gone mad."

D.D.S.: "No need to change your diet. But you can give your gums the stimulation they need. Massage or brush them twice a day when you brush your teeth. And one other suggestion: use Ipana Tooth Paste. It's a scientific, modern dentifrice, and it contains special ingredients that stimulate the gums and help prevent infection."

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An imaginary dialog? An imaginary "you"? Admittedly, but the action is real. It is drawn from life—from real tragedies and near-tragedies enacted every day in every city of the land!

And if dentists recommend Ipana, as thousands of them do, it is because it is good for the gums as well as for the teeth. Under its continual use, the teeth are gleaming white, the gums firm and healthy. For Ipana contains ziratol, a recognized hemostatic and antiseptic well known to dentists for its tonic effects upon gum tissue.

Don't wait for "pink tooth brush" to appear before you start with Ipana. The coupon brings you a sample which will quickly prove Ipana's pleasant taste and cleaning power.

But, to know all of Ipana's good effects, it is far better to go to your nearest druggist and get a large tube. After you have used its hundred brushings you will know its benefits to the health of your gums as well as your teeth.
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The Fruit That Made All New York Bite

"GOLDEN DELICIOUS APPLES"

Tested by 1,000,000 people in the Pennsylvania Railroad Station.

Carton containing one dozen selected Golden Delicious Apples (which retail at $1.50) will be sent to each new subscriber who sends $2 for a year's subscription to the RADIO REVUE, along with this picture.

—And you can't find a New Yorker "in a carload" who "gagged" on his slice of these wonderful yellow apples.

The New York agent will have many more trainloads of these mouth-watering apples this Winter. Help him move them as well as help yourself to the finest apple that ever grew, by demanding Golden Delicious of fruit dealers wherever you go.

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