RADIO REVUE

for the Listener

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

OLIVE SHEA
's Queen of Beauty
WABC

FROM PHOTO BY G.M. KESSLERE

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."

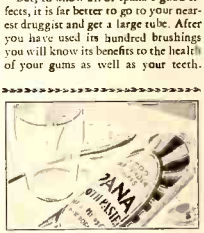
* * *

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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City ..... State .....

RADIO REVUE

FOR THE LISTENER

Volume I Number 2 *January*, 1930

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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

OSCAR
The Page Boy

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 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 attashay 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.

I've been getting fitted into my new uniform

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 screened 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 kinda 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 Yoakum—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.

She looked at me and gave me a great big smile.

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 Yoakum, 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.

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Outlook *for* Radio In 1930 Highly Promising

By WILLIAM S. PALEY
President, Columbia Broadcasting System

William S. Paley

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 pair, here seen in Bob's new roadster. They have become known as one of the most engaging couples in radio.

Julia Sanderson (above) famous "Tangerine" star, is now a full-fledged radio luminary. She appears with Frank Crumit, 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 Blasco. Mrs. Oliver won first prize in the Atlantic City beauty contest of 1925.

A real radio romance is the story of May Singh Been, the "Ukulele Lady," and Peter de Rose, famous partners 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 parson 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, tuitions, 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 their 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.

A. Atwater Kent Presenting Checks to Winners.

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.

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1929 *the* Greatest Year *in the* History *of* RADIO

By MERLIN H. AYLESWORTH

President, National Broadcasting Company

Harris & Ewing

Merlin H. Aylesworth

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-continental 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.

Former Governor Smith before the Mike

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 Capital's outstanding newspaper correspondents.

President Hoover Addresses the Nation

A new schedule of religious broadcasting affords the maximum variety of service to our listeners. In co-operation with the Federal Council of Churches we are now presenting five distinct series, each with 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 Russe", written by Cesare Sodero, the conductor of our own National Grand Opera Company, had its premier 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.

Wide World

Jack Dempsey Embarks as Boxing Promoter. Graham McNamee (left) buns over the Mike to Jack (right) at first bout latter stages in Chicago Coliseum

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 diet as the welcome to Captain George Fried and the radio operators of the *America* after the 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 diction 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 HAGLUND

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.

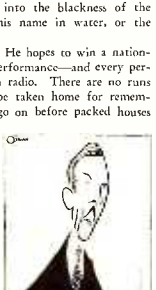
He needs consideration—in radio. The lowliest trouper on the three-a-day dreams some day to see his name in electric lights on Broadway. This is something tangible and real: the flashing lights that spell his name can be looked at and remembered.

But then his radio struggle is just beginning. The climax of his stage career is just the starting signal for letters 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 nation-wide 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.



Harvey Hays

The Famous Balcony Scene from "Romeo and Juliet" as played recently over the air by Eva Le Gallienne and Donald Cameron

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.

Rosaline Greene and Alfred Shirley in a Scene from "Famous Loves"

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 Warburton, 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 world-wide 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.

Philco Hour Moves to CBS

The Philco Hour of Theatre Memories, which has been a feature on WIZ 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 Dragonette 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 HOUR *Is Changing* HABITS *of* Listeners

Ludwig Laurier, Conductor

"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, violinist, 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.

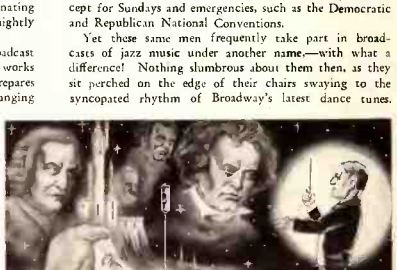
Oswald Mazzucchi, 'cello, is a former solo 'cellist of the Philharmonic Orchestra.

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 musicianship 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.



The Magic of Director Laurier's Baton Lures the Spirits of the Old Masters

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.
Lend 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.

The Cliequot Club Eskimos, Whose Dance Music I Enjoy

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

REACTIONS OF A "HIGH BROW"

If a desire to hear good music rendered artistically stamps one as a "high brow" then I plead guilty to the charge.

The late John B. Daniel was one of the finest extemporaneous announcers that radio has ever had.

I feel that today there are entirely too many dramatic programs on the air.

When it comes to music, I prefer the classics to jazz every time.

Milton Cross still remains my favorite announcer, particularly for concert and operatic programs.

For sporting events, I prefer Ted Husing.

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

Radio listeners get too much for nothing and hence fail properly to appreciate what is done for them.

If in no other way, radio justifies its existence alone by bringing to the masses the beautiful music of our major symphony orchestras.

strumental 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 ardently stamps one as a "high brow", then I plead guilty to the charge.

"Twin" Announcers of the Early Days
Above: Graham McNamee; Below: Phillips Carlin

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 Nathaniel 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's 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 virtuosi extant, Paul Whiteman's orchestra, Sam Lannin's Ipana Troubadors and the Clicquot Club Eskimos. All this furore 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.

Ted Husing, who covers sporting events better than anyone on the air

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. I 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, wisecracking 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*

Harry C. Browne

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 five o'clock tea. 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 Baiquairi, he forgot even his precious banjo.

Mr. Browne, as Henry Clinton, Ballyhooing "Hank Simmons's Showboat"

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 horny-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 radios? 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.

Lucrezia Bori and Rowdy.

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 $0,000 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.

The Sweet-Voiced Tenor of the Air.

"My early training as a girl, walled 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 *Micaela* 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 Boheme*".

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 that 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 Massanet'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 musicianly 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

Abeds

Merle Johnston

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."

Merle Johnston's Saxophone Quartet. Left to right: Michael Ships, Merle Johnston, director and founder, Herman Yorks and Larry Abbott.

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 I. B. HANSOM
Manager of Pianist, Orchestrations and Racketeering 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 I. 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.

Here is Mr. Hansom examining the two latest types of microphones, which will doubtless be thrust into oblivion by his latest invention

Mr. Hansom in a characteristic pose

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 45*)

N. B.—We have discovered quite inadvertently that the young lady standing before the small mike is Olga Sorlis, pianiste and director of the Parnassus Trio. What she can be doing there is beyond us, as we do not believe she sings, but there is absolutely nothing we can do about it.

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.

In Martine Bartelby, of the pretty curls and wistful expression (at right) you'll discover as charming an artiste as ever faced a microphone. She is featured on Night Club Romances, on WABC.

A fine musician, Elizabeth Lennox (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.

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

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

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".

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.

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

A VALLEEdictory

G. Maillard-Kesslere.

Here is the Bard of Broadway, surrounded by a flock of the songs for which he has been responsible.

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' his, I'm hopin',
An', while others have been gropin'
Fer the reason, I have known it all along;
'Tain't his looks, er sex-appealin',
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 hit.

Don't fergit 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 roastin'
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 his 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.

EDITOR'S NOTE — When Dale Wimbrow showed us the lines he had written about Rudy Vallee, we were ready to award him RADIO REVUE'S prize for the best contribution outlining a reader's opinion of the reasons underlying Rudy's success.

But, with becoming modesty, Dale declined to have his composition entered in the contest, saying he did not think it was quite fair that he, a professional song writer, should compete with our other readers. However, he said we could use his effusion in whatever way we wished, so here it is.

MERE MAN *Wins* First Prize in RUDY VALLEE Contest

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

LITTLE 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 writen 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.

▲ ▲ ▲

Awards in Rudy Vallee Contest

FIRST PRIZE—(Ten Dollars)—Martin Hansen, Decatur, Ill.

SECOND PRIZE—(Five Dollars)—Miss Catherine Oest, Yonkers, N. Y.

HONORABLE MENTION—Florence R. Hancock, New York, N. Y.; Alberta M. Miller, Philadelphia; Lola F. Asbury, Jersey City, N. J.; Viola Yousoff, New York; Helen L. Anderson, Cambridge, Mass.; Rita Driscoll, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Marie Wardell, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Miss C. Wegge, Long Island City, N. Y.; Ronnie Higgins, Jersey City, N. J.; Wanona R. Glenn, Hopewell, Va.

First Prize Letter

When a hardboiled ex-marine like myself sits down to write his explanation of Rudy Vallee's success, don't think for a minute that it is 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 Dinsmore.

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 name in the papers. He loved all those unseen women as passionately as a voice can love, long before they began to purr and to caress him with two-cent stamps.

Here is that threatened quotation from Scripture: (I think its 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 became as sounding brass or tinkling cymbal.

"LOVE vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up; 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? At least, so the reams and reams of press notices have said.

And 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 Grawman 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 gets you. Johnny LOVES to sing for people if he thinks 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 carrier wave goes along with the radio wave, that tells 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 feelin' 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 it you get by its because you can screw your face into a synthetic smile and your eyes into a bogus 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*)

STATIC FROM THE STUDIOS

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 Adeline 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.

* * *

Georgie Price, popular Broadway comedian who returned to New York recently to appear on the Brownbilt Footlites on Station WABC, told how he was held up lately in Chicago. As he was leaving the Palace Theatre by the stage door, he was accosted by a man, who told him to "hand over all valuables before I shoot." Unable to call for assistance, Georgie was forced to hand over everything. A hard-earned pay check and railroad tickets home were among the valuables. Georgie was compelled to postpone his departure for New York until the next day.

* * *

Listeners who remember Lewis Reid's "Gamboleers" of last year are getting another sample of the writing ability of WOR's chief announcer in a series of programs he is producing at the Bamberger station. They are heard weekly on Friday nights at 9:00 o'clock and are called "Tuneful Tales." All the programs are humorous in nature and employ about five people in the cast. An orchestra supplies the background of music.

* * *

Willie Perceval-Monger, the hysterical musical historian of the NBC, has never been able to boast of an excess of mental stability. His partner at a recent dance at the Plaza was a young Czecho-Slovakian girl, well known in New York's musical circles. After gazing at this moon-eyed gazelle throughout a long dinner, Willie, accompanied by Marcha, arrived at the top of the grand staircase all dressed up for the ball. Willie spoke to the check room girl as follows:

"Pardon me, I wish to Czecho-Slovakia hat and coat!"

* * *

Josef Pasternack, the well known conductor, is the proud possessor of a gold tipped baton, presented to him recently by J. Walter Thompson & Company, as a token of appreciation for his work in conducting the "Around the World with Libby." The baton is of a fine grade ebony, decorated with delicately chased gold, and bears a suitable inscription. Mr. Pasternack has been regular conductor on this series since its inception, June 6, 1929.

* * *

In a recent broadcast written especially for a birthday luncheon to 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 Oyer and Terminer in Newark recently, when he said he had 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:

"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 Flanagan shouted. Bryan left.

* * *

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

"Do you know a book called: "All cuck-cuck-cuckoo-Quiet on the Wee-wee-wee-Western Front?" The other person said he did.

"And surely you have read: ' ' P o o - poo-poo-pa-doop-poo-Oh, pardon me,-poo-poo-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*)

RADIO *Gave* Gypsy Violinist Chance *to Become* FAMOUS

Harry Horlick Fled from Russia and Found Refuge in United States

By BRUCE GRAY

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 [illegible] pleasure in life [illegible] 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.

The A. & P. Gypsies as They First Went on the Air

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

The Gypsies as They Now Appear, One of Radio's Finest Salon Orchestras

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 small 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.

Turned to Singing After Accident

Frank Munn (Paul Oliver) Tenor, was Injured While Working as a Mechanic

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."

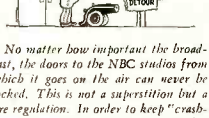
* * *

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 he 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.

* * *



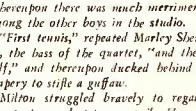
No matter how important the broadcast, the doors to the NBC studios from which it goes on the air can never be locked. This is not a superstition but a fire regulation. In order to keep "crashers" out of the studios—and radio has its crashers—every door is guarded. Signs also advise passers-by that the studio is "on the air" and not open to visitors.

* * *

Vic Irwin, who, with his orchestra, opened the Mayfair Roof recently, has returned to "radiocasting" via WOR. 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 Quartet. 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 any other claimants, Bill weighs 230 pounds and has a mean temper.

* * *

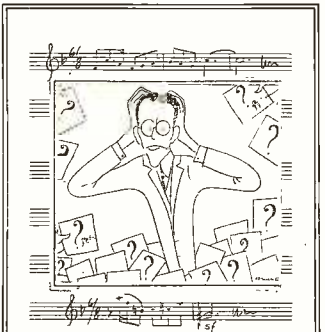
Inside information reveals the fact that the NBC has a real Chess Club. Promptly at six o'clock, on Mondays and Fridays, the chess hounds scurry off to a little corner-place near Madison Avenue, and fight bitter battles with the pieces. The members are George MacGovern, chairman; Julian Street, Jr., 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 his 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.



The Herr Doktor Julius Mattfeld, hemmed in by Wagner, Strauss, music paper and musico-literary queries, every one of which he can answer without even looking at the book.

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: how 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 pleasingly 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 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 Dunsany? 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 $8.80 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 blatantly inflicts his product on music that was certainly not intended to assist in selling any such commodity and, when his salesmen stalk 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, grovelling slaves. A second-rate manufacturer is exalted to a positions of divinity. He is allowed to make a crude

(*Continued on page* 46)

ETHER ETCHINGS

"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

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 the 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 Rutman, tenor; Noel Enslen, bass-baritone; William Menafra, bass-baritone; George Leache, baritone, and Herman Williams, bass-baritone. Many other pupils of the Kiesewetter studios have broadcast from WABC, WOR and on many offerings of the Judson Radio Program Department.

Walter Kiesewetter

The Kiesewetters' 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."

STATIC FROM THE STUDIOS

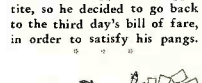
(*Continued from page 32*)

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.

* * *

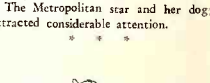
In one of his recent Music Appreciation Hours at NBC, Walter Damrosch conducted Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloë." In order to play this composition it was necessary to add to the orchestra a G-flute. This is probably the first time that this type of flute has ever been heard over the air. The G-flute, he 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 Troupers," and Basil Ruysdael'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 method 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 its 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.

* * *

Bob Pierce, "Old Man Sunshine"

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 WEAF 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, Ia., was added permanently to the coast-to-coast CBS network. The newly added station operates with a power of 500 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 5,000 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 lay-out 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.

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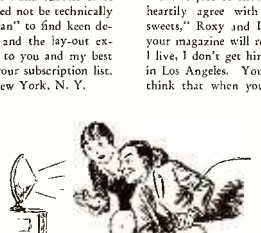
Takes Issue With "Average Fan"

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 radio 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 Palmolive 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 Bach is 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 just fizzle.)

▲ ▲ ▲

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.

RADIO IN THE HOME

Edited by Mrs. Julian Heath

Pioneer Broadcaster of Market Reports and Daily Menus

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

Proceed as follows: Melt chocolate to thick consistency, adding two tablespoonfuls 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 artiste 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:

2 pounds chopped beef
2 cups milk
2 cups bread-crumbs
½ onion, finely chopped
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:

2 cups flour
½ teaspoonful salt
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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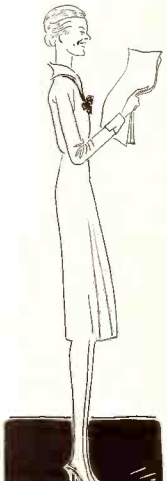
Well, I guess that will be enough recipes for this issue. Try them and, if no ill effects are reported, I'll gather more for you next time. You see, all of these artists enjoy good things to eat. In fact, they are always talking to me either about what they have just eaten or are just going to eat. You folks get their artistic side, while I see them from another angle.

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.



Dariel Jones

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 transfix 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 huntress, 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.

Then comes the Radio Date. They have arranged that, at exactly 9:30 P. M., both shall listen to a certain program—the good old Sapolio Hour, for instance. And Bill, 'way out in Pittsburgh, hears the very same things in the very same way and at the very same time that Beatrice, back here in old New York, hears them. Every note of that song at exactly that moment is tingling in Bill's ear, just as it tingles in hers, bringing up the same thoughts, the same memories. The very same vibrations that she thrill, to are at one and the same time thrilling him. It's just as if they were in the same room together, enjoying the same music, the same crooning; he seems so close, so near, he's holding her, [illegible] he's murmuring something!

Oh, isn't love grand! Isn't radio glorious!

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 Majestic Hour, Cities Service Hour, A. & P. Gypsies, the Sizzling 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 *Valse Elegante*, *Morning Glory*, *Blue Serenade* 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.

One of the "Daddies" of Radio

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 accompanist 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 out 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 about 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 Taliaferro 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 "Mellerdrammer" in his "Hank Simmons's 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.

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 it 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 the 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, enrapturing 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 come 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 doubtful; until the American woman becomes cold to love—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 Oest, 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.

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.

"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.

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* * * *

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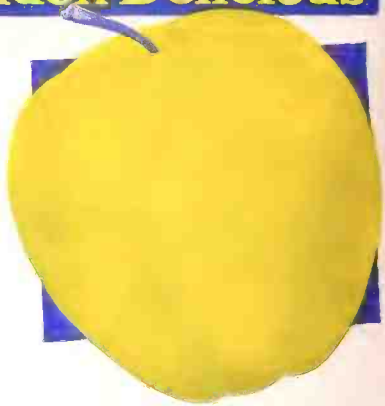

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