

RADIO REVIEW

for the
Listener

25
Cents

March
1930



Caroline
Andrews

In This Issue:

Frank Moulan
Stage vs Radio
The SOS from Chinatown
"Uncle Don" Carney
Mme. Galli-Curci
The Two Troupers
And Other Features

RADIO STARS

from the Studios of



DONALD MCGILL
Baritone
WOR—WEAF
American Opera Company



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WEAF—WOR



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Mezzo-Soprano
Canadian National
Railways
WOR—WEAF
American Opera Company



MARY SILVEIRA
Lyric Coloratura Soprano
WOR—WABC
American Opera Company

MAR 13 1930

RADIO REVUE

FOR THE LISTENER

Volume I Number 4

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Rouses Early Morning Music Lovers

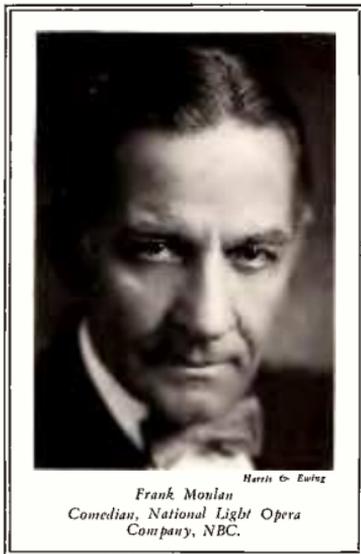
Alma Kitchell, Who Sings So Sweetly on Sunday Morning Programs, 8 to 9

THIS charming NBC contralto delights those who tune in on the *Sunday Symphonette* with her rich rendition of only the best music. She was born in Superior, Michigan, and first studied at the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music and, later, under the direction of her husband, Charles Kitchell, in New York. She came to radio by way of concert and oratorical work, and joined

the NBC fold over a year ago. Early in her career she studied to become a concert pianist, but experts, upon hearing her beautiful voice, urged her to turn to singing, proving that experts are often correct. She is also featured on Dr. Cadman's hour and sings with the National Grand Opera Company, the Salon Singers and a number of other programs.

Trying to be FUNNY Not as Much FUN As It Might Seem

I wasn't born funny. It was thrust on me. After a few appearances with the Young Apollo Club, a meeting was called to decide whether I should continue to sing. The result was that I was unanimously elected official comedian of the group.



Harris Co. Ewert

Frank Moulan
Comedian, National Light Opera
Company, NBC.

If I had my choice of any role, out of the 242 librettos I am supposed to know, I'd choose that of Jack Point, the strolling yester in Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Yeomen of the Guard". That role has everything in it—comedy, philosophy, tragedy.

By FRANK MOULAN

SOMETIMES it is fun to be funny. Always it is a pleasure to be human. But to become reminiscent about the parts one has played in a lifetime behind the footlights at first thought would seem to be a task not to be taken too lightly.

Reminiscences, somehow, have always been associated in my mind with old age. Why didn't they say "Well, old timer, do us a bit of history about the stage of your day—the stage that is unknown to us moderns"? I could do that, too, for I belong to that rapidly dwindling group of veterans who saw the original production of "The Black Crook". That was when I first wore long trousers. I had to wear them in order to buy a ticket. A great show,

that. The girls wore tights. Ah, the good old days! But, since Peggy Joyce has done her memoirs and we can probably expect a volume from Helen Mayes's baby almost any week, here goes.

First of all let me issue what the lawyers call a disclaimer in regard to certain questions asked by young journalists. I was never starred in a production with Jenny Lind. Neither was I that unsung celebrity who carried Mrs. Whiffen on the stage at the tender age of six months—Mrs. Whiffen I mean. I may be an old-timer, but I never write letters to the papers begging for the return of hoop-skirts. I still regard the abolition of short skirts as the major catastrophe of 1929, regardless of the

rise to fame of that well known phrase "more margin."

First Contralto, Then Baritone

The fact that I was born is so obvious that it is scarcely worth mentioning. The fact that I was actually born in New York may be considered news in some circles—that is, if Greenwich Village can be considered New York.

In those days I was a contralto, but you can't beat biology, so it was inevitable that I should develop into a baritone. This transition took place virtually over a week-end, much to the astonishment of all my associates.

Before my voice changed, my career had already started. When I was ten years old I joined the Young Apollo Club, a musical group that sang in town halls and fire houses in communities inexpensively distant from New York City. I also sang in choirs, among them the boys' choir of Trinity chapel.

Now is as good a time as any to confess that I wasn't born funny. It was thrust upon me. After a few appearances with the Young Apollo Club, a meeting was called to decide whether Brother Moulton should continue to sing. The upshot of the meeting was that I was elected, without one dissenting vote, official comedian of the group. You can't imagine how funny that was!

With my first whiskers came the realization that life was real and life was earnest and the stage was not all gold. I decided to become a business man. Even in those days the show business wasn't what it had been. I tried the cloak and suit business, but my ancestry was against me from the start.

For a while I was a first-class bundle wrapper, but finally decided there wasn't much future in that business. I tried this and that with mediocre success and finally awoke one morning and discovered that I was back in the show business, playing parts for the Calhoun Opera Company.

The Calhoun troupe was "on the road". Its particular road covered the then very wild and woolly west between Chicago and San Francisco. It was in Prescott, Arizona, that I began to fully appreciate the comparative security enjoyed by a first-class bundle wrapper. I meditated behind an old iron stove . . . God bless that old iron stove . . . while a group of irate Arizonians shot holes through the scenery and such members of the company as carelessly wandered into range.

Had Served Apprenticeship

I left the Calhoun company shortly after that experience. I felt that I had served my apprenticeship, as I had done everything from singing in the chorus to singing leading roles in heavy operas. The next six years were

spent on the payroll of Henry Savage. Appearing alternately in New York, Chicago and St. Louis, I sang in a different opera or operetta every week for the entire six years.

I was very flattered when I was offered the chance to sing the role of Figaro in "The Barber of Seville". Of course, there was a stipulation. I had one week to learn the role. It was months later before I learned that all other available singers had turned down the same opportunity because they did not think a week's study was enough.

George Ade wrote "The Sultan of Sulu" and made immortal the line "It is no time for mirth or laughter, the cold, dark dawn of the morning after". The line is usually credited to Lord Byron. I was in that show for two years and enjoyed the rest, because Mr. Ade did not rewrite the production every week.

Some years later I thought I had discovered an ideal job. Klaw & Erlanger were producing American versions of British pantomimes. "There", thought I, "is my chance to show them that a funny voice is not my only asset". I was mistaken. Pantomime proved to be another word that didn't mean anything, for there were lines to read and songs to sing.

Then Charles Frohman produced a series of musical productions and I was kept busy in them. Just when I had decided to retire, someone got the idea of revivals of the old light opera classics and I had to start all over again. The managers figured it would be good advertising to produce an old operetta with a member of the original cast thrown in as a sort of museum-piece attraction.

In the meantime, both the radio and the movies had been invented and developed. Roxy demonstrated that there's nothing like a little opera to lighten up an otherwise heavy program originating in Hollywood, and that meant more work. Then came the National Broadcasting Company and its weekly presentation of light operas. I tried radio and discovered Utopia. I was actually paid to sing roles I had learned . . . and the radio people had no objection to my taking a peek at the script in case I missed a line.

Comedy Falls Fail in Radio

Radio, however, does limit a comedian. There's not a chance in the world to get a laugh out of a good comedy fall and, after I tried it a few times, I discovered that it was just so much useless effort and was really worrying the radio production man, who thought I was too old.

It was during my first year with Roxy that I almost achieved fame as a song writer. It happened this way:

A certain publisher cornered me and asked me to write a lyric.



Mr. Moulton in the title role of "The Sultan of Sulu".



Frank Moulan

N B C Comedian as *Figaro* in "The Barber of Seville"

"Roxy is a big name", he said. "Almost on a par with 'mammy' and 'Tennessee'. I want you to do me a lyric for a song about Roxy."

It looked like a big chance to me. I worked hard on that lyric. It had everything in it except a reference to June night, moonlight and you. I took it over to the publisher. He read it carefully.

"It's a very fine lyric, Mr. Moulán", he said. "A very fine lyric. But I'm sorry—we can't use it. It's entirely too clean".

I really should say something about the current brand of musical comedies as compared with the good old days. But I haven't had time to see one in two years, so what's the use? Folks are paying \$7.70 to see them. They must be good.

Someone suggested that I mention the part I'd rather play than any other. Out of the 242 librettos I am supposed to know—if you don't believe I do, come around some day and we'll play a game called 'libretto' that I invented—it's hard to pick the best. However, if I had to play a benefit and had my choice of any role, the one I'd gladly play, because I like it, is that of Jack Point, the strolling jester in the Gilbert and Sullivan "The Yeomen of the Guard". That role has everything in it—comedy, philosophy, tragedy. It doesn't depend on its funny lines for its appeal, and if you don't think a part like that is a relief to a comedian, just try being funny for thirty consecutive years.



Mr. Moulán as Gaspard in "The Chimes of Normandy"

One of Year's Best Stories

ONE of the best stories of the year has received quite a lot of publicity, but is so unusual that it will bear further repetition. It concerns Fred Meinholz, manager of the radio department of the New York Times. Mr.

Meinholz is stationed regularly at his home in Bellaire, L. I., where he has a powerful receiving set with which he picks up the messages sent out by Commander Richard Byrd's South Pole Expedition in Little America.

It happened some time ago that F. T. Birchall, acting managing editor of the Times, wanted to get in touch with Mr. Meinholz, but could not do so because Mr. Meinholz's home telephone was being used by some other member of the family. Mr. Meinholz was busy receiving a story from the South Pole.

With characteristic newspaper enterprise, Mr. Birchall, who was extremely anxious to talk to Mr. Meinholz, conceived the idea of getting in touch with him by way of the South Pole. He issued the necessary orders and a message was sent to Little America. Inside of a few minutes Mr. Meinholz was

surprised to get the following message, which broke in on the running story he was receiving: "Your office is trying to get you on the 'phone. Please hang up the receiver."

The remarkable thing is that this message went 18,000 miles to the South Pole and back in less than five minutes.

A GYPSY CALL

(Inspired by the A. and P. Gypsies on WEAF)

By ALICE REMSEN

O come with me and my caravan,
My wandering abode;
And leave the stones of the city
For the lure of an open road;
For the ruddy glow of a camp fire
That shines through the scented dusk,
Bidding you live a roving life
In place of the worn-out busk
Of hide-bound, grim convention,
That stifles the soul within
And smothers the hope of freedom
With the glare of a city's din.
A cloud of dust behind you,
Before you an unknown land,
Two laughing eyes beside you,
And around you a gypsy band.

O come with me and my caravan
My wandering abode,
And leave the stones of the city
For the lure of an open road.

Radio Gives Actress GREATER THRILL Than Does Stage

In Broadcasting, your Audience is the Entire Country and each Listener is Actually as Close to You as is the Little Microphone into which you speak. It's more intimate, more thrilling than the stage



Georgia Backus

STERN

In the Theatre, you Step on the Stage and Face your Audience. If they like you, they let you know about it and, if they don't like you, well there's no doubt about that either

By GEORGIA BACKUS

Editor's Note—Miss Backus is the leading actress in *Arabesque*, the Henry and George program, *From Dusty Pages*, *Romantic Ancestors* and many Philco and Graybar programs, in addition to many special broadcasts

In the directing field the Women's Aviation Hour and the Civic Repertory Theatre presentations come under her guidance. With Don Clark, she writes and directs *From Dusty Pages* and *Romantic Ancestors*. And all by herself (as if she had nothing else to do) Miss Backus does the continuity for Ward's Tip-Top Program, *In a Russian Village*, *Around the Saouvar*, *Gypsy Camp*, *Astecs*, *French Trio* and timely script acts.

YOU want a story about me? Oh, but that's not fair. I'm supposed to write about other people. That's why I'm with the Columbia Broadcasting System.

You want to know whether I like the stage, movies or radio best? Well, I'm with radio. Isn't that the best indication?

What parts have I played? Say, listen, why not let me tell you about some of the programs that we have on the air? That's much more interesting. For instance . . .

Yes, I have several hobbies. I'm crazy about dogs and horses. I love to swim, and trout fishing is right up my stream. I adore traveling. I'm a sort of vagabond, I suppose that's why I sign my poems with the name "Gypsy". But I'm most interested in radio and the people

in it.

Yes, I started on the stage. My family were in the theatre so I came by it naturally. It isn't particularly interesting to know that I've played stock in Columbus, Ohio, my home town, and in Schenectady and Brooklyn, N. Y.; Grand Rapids and Lansing, Mich.; Baltimore; Skowhegan, Me., and where else. I've done as many as eight shows a week, including *Shakespeare and Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

I've carried scenery from one station to another during a stage hands' strike. I've slept all night, or as much of it as possible, in a cold, dirty "depot" when train connections didn't connect. I've jumped into a part on a half hour's notice, at the illness of the regular actor. I've played with temperament and stars, and liked it; I've played in a tent show, and liked it; I've played on Broadway, and liked it; but now I'm in radio—and, well—I love it.

When I was in the theatre, I found fate sticking a pen in my hand, telling me to write. I pushed the pen away, determined to be an actress, until suddenly there appeared out of the static—radio. I gave in, and settled down to write about people that I knew, about hobbing through the mountains of West Virginia and Kentucky, about job hunting on Broadway, about Hollywood and the movies, about almost anything, in fact. And then, a perverse fate put parts in front of me, and said "Now act".

Then, when I am all set to act other parts and write about other people, you ask me to write about me, so here goes.

Where Is Radio Going?

Life has always been very interesting for me—no, that's no good. That's no way to start a talk. I know—I'll start with the time, a little over a year ago, when I was taken into the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Each of you has watched, or heard, rather, radio emerging from its first squeaky noises, issuing from a box-

like arrangement, and each of you has heard it develop into the interesting thing it now is. Where it will go from here no one knows, but that will be interesting, too.

I find radio particularly fascinating because of the people connected with it. I don't mean only the people behind the microphones, but the audiences at the other end of the wireless. In the theatre you step on the stage and face your audience, which wants to be entertained. If they like you, they let you know it and, if they don't like you—well, there's no doubt about that either.

But in radio, your audience can't tell you at the time whether they like your program or not. It's only when you get their letters that you find out what they think of you and your program. But, if you think they don't let you know whether they like you or not, then you should read some of the letters.

After you get over the first strained feeling of talking into a little black object, called a microphone, you begin to get a bigger thrill than on the stage, for you realize that your audience is the entire country and that each one is as close to you as the little black object into which you're talking. It's more intimate. It's more thrilling.

Arabesque Wins Acclaim

A year ago, Yolande Langworthy came to several of us with an idea for a program combining music and drama. This program was called *Arabesque*, and so we got together and put it on our local station, only one station for that first show. Due to the beauty and inspiration of Miss Langworthy, the author, and the art of David Ross, Reynolds Evans and Frank Knight, this program has come to be one of the outstanding hours on the air. Now it is on nearly every station on the Columbia chain. That gives a fairly good idea of the reaction of the radio audience.

Speaking of several of the people in *Arabesque*, brings up something about which I want to talk. I'm going to give away a few of the family secrets of Columbia. David Ross, in addition to having a voice of unusual beauty, is a writer of no small note. His poems contain the same beautiful rhythm and colorful quality that you have heard in his readings.

Incidentally, Frank Knight is one of the finest actors on the air today. I ought to know, I play with him in *Arabesque*.

The music of *Arabesque* is furnished by Emery Deutsch and his musicians. I have been especially interested in this Gypsy group, for when Emery first came to Columbia with an



Miss Backus, with Frank Knight, in a scene from "Arabesque"



As She Appears in the Nit Wit Hour

idea for a Gypsy camp program, it was turned over to me, perhaps because of my vagabond tendencies. We have followed the Gypsies all over the world through music. When Emery tucks his violin up under his chin and starts caressing it,—well, you're sitting beside the camp fire watching the stars overhead through the trees of a forest of melody. Goodness, that sounds like a continuity writer, doesn't it?

That's what I am, though, a continuity writer. Ask Don Clark, he's the director of continuity and he's a good judge. Doesn't he let me work with him on some of our dramatizations? You've probably heard some of our sketches, the dramatizations of King Arthur and the knights of the Round Table; the series of legends taken from all the stories of the world, which we've called *From Dusty Pages*; and some of the special script acts that are sent out over the air. Incidentally, he's a young man from whom more will be heard some day, and I don't mean only when he's taking the air. There is a charm in his writing that is unusual, but you doubtless know that.

Staff Writes Musical Comedy

In fact, I think there's something unusual about every one at Columbia, from the people who are heard over the ether waves to the boys in the control room who send out the programs. Some of these boys, in addition to being versed in the technical end of the business, compose poetry. Some write music and some play various musical instruments. In fact, several weeks ago, I put on a musical comedy which was written entirely by people of the staff. Some of the selections were composed by one of the girls in the stenographic department, and some by the artists.

There's no need to tell you of the ability of such people as Channon Collinge, Freddie Rich, Claude MacArthur, Minnie Blauman or those who are already known to you. I'm just telling you a bit about some of the folks who aren't heard over the air, but who are none the less important.

And then there are the actors in our dramatic sketches. Each one is capable and interesting to work with. Each one has a different way of getting into a part, as we say, and it's fascinating to study the individual methods and know how to work with the various people.

That brings me to the way in which a dramatic sketch is done. Yes, that's my business, and I love it. That's why I love people, because each person that I meet gives me a different story which I will sometime write. Some day you may find yourself or your letters in a play or a story, and maybe you'll

recognize yourself.

And some day I'm going to write the story of Columbia, if you'd like to hear it. The story of each one and how he came to be interested in radio, the singers, the announcers, the musicians, the operators, the directors, the production men, the hostesses who greet you when you come to see the studio and make you feel that you are always welcome at Columbia.

Likes Comedy and Tragedy

I could take up more of your time, but—what's that? Do I like tragedy or comedy best? Well, I play Myra in *Arabesque* and that's tragedy; and I play Aphrodite Godiva in Brad Brown's *Nit Wit*, and that's comedy, and that's comedy, and I like each one. Somehow I have a feeling that people like to laugh, but that they also like to cry, so I guess a little of both is the best way. Sometimes I'm sure I'm a comedian, but then, when I think a pro-

gram hasn't gotten over—you should see how tragic I can be.

There are a lot more people about whom I want to tell you; for instance: Ted Husing, the best sports announcer in the world. He can tell you about the dullest game in the world and make you think it's the whole world series and the championship basketball and football games rolled into one; Don Ball, the announcer, who makes a ukulele sorry it didn't meet him before it went to Hawaii; Dale Wimbrow who sings, plays, dances and writes; Dave Elman, the writer, who can find more interesting things on Broadway to write about than even Broadway knows are there; Jan Schimek, who knows all about everything in the encyclopedia and, if he doesn't, he has to find out, because he's our research man; the boys in the publicity department who supply you with information about the people in whom you are interested, but who never write about themselves. Now, there's an idea. I know you'd like to hear about some of them one of these days.

With so many people here, all of
(Continued on page 41)



Scene from a movie in which Miss Backus appeared

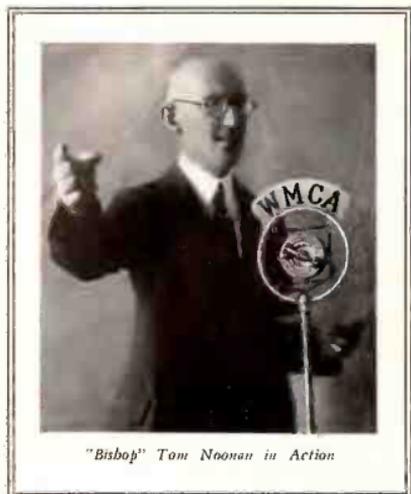


Ready for a horseback ride

Cathedral of the Underworld

Sounds SOS from CHINATOWN

By ALLEN HAGLUND



"Bishop" Tom Noonan in Action

DOWN in dirty Doyers Street, in the heart of the Chinatown of New York, every Sunday afternoon Tom Noonan sounds an SOS for the sinking souls of the underworld. As if to a ship in distress, the radio brings almost instant response, and no more potent proof of the power of broadcasting can be found than in the help his Rescue Society receives from radio listeners in the great work it is doing for the Bowery bums and the city's unfortunates.

Almost everyone, it seems, has heard the program that the good "Bishop", as the hobos call him, presents over the air each week. Stations WMCA, WCAM, WDRC, WDEL and WORC broadcast his message, so that it is heard over the whole eastern coast, and letters received from the far West and even from foreign countries indicate that, as the "Bishop" says in his cheerful drawl, "the whole world is listening in".

The Chinatown Mission operates in what was for many years an old Chinese theatre at 5 and 7 Doyers Street. It is a quaint and spooky relic of old New

York. The walls, once hung with Chinese tapestry and tinsel, somehow retain a part of their Oriental atmosphere, despite the fact that passages of Scripture and religious slogans are plastered over the white paint that covers the scent-soaked walls. Grooves have been worn in the benches by long years of usage.

Before it was leased to the Rescue Society, the building was one of the most notorious gambling joints in Chinatown. In the basement, which Tom Noonan regally refers to as the Blue and Gold Room, the Society serves its coffee and meals to the destitute hordes that seek help; this room was once a miserable opium den, run by "Bridgie" Webber, who, with "Bald Jack" Rose, turned State's evidence against Lieutenant Becker and the four gunmen who died in the electric chair for the murder of the gambler, Rosenthal.

Cannot Accommodate Crowds

Every Sunday afternoon finds the upper room filled, mostly with those who have come from all over the city to see Tom Noonan make his radio appeal. Some nine hundred crowd into the Mission at three-thirty each Sunday, but three thousand to four thousand would attend if space would permit. At other times during the week, the Mission is open as a haven of welcome and rest for the grim army of tattered, torn and bruised.

Over the entrance is a sign: "Stop! If you haven't a friend in the world you can find one here". Every evening at ten o'clock a service is



In the Heart of Chinatown in New York City

held, and the ragged outcasts push their way over Tom's hospital doorstep. Hymns are sung, and good cheer is dispensed, but the "Bishop" makes it a point not to cram religion down their throats. Young and old, white and black, all creeds and all nationalities are treated alike, and it is utterly true that those who seek help and consolation at the "Bishop's" door never encounter the stiff patronage usually met with at the hands of organized benevolence. He preaches the gospel of Christ only to those who are willing to hear.

At the end of the service, the bread line forms. Each man is doled out his share—and no questions asked. For many, jobs are found, others get clothing, some are sent to hospitals, and Tom can furnish actual proof that a great number—an amazing number—have been restored to the right path.

The Rescue Society, Inc., was founded some twenty-six years ago. Chinatown was a dive in those days. It was a scene of killings, thefts and drug addiction, and incredible vice flourished like the proverbial bayonet. It was there that a small group of earnest people descended into the district with the avowed intention of cleaning this cesspool of iniquity.

Moves to Larger Quarters

The proposition started as one of personal work, but soon the organization took shape. It first leased a room that had been used as an opium joint in 15 Doyers Street, and in several years expanded and moved in 17 Doyers Street. But its growth was so rapid that it soon became necessary to seek still larger quarters, and the present location at 5 and 7 was leased for a long period of years.

Eleven years after its formation, just a quarter of a century ago, Tom Noonan joined the organization and has been working diligently and with great effect ever since. He is now its secretary and superintendent.

Tom is no spring chicken, but he is as spry and nimble as any radio listener could picture him; long and lean, immaculately dressed, he has a tremendous supply of vitality. He himself is a product of the miserable surroundings in which he works. He was born in North Second Street in the Williamsburgh section of Brooklyn. He has known the poverty and degradation of the Bowery district ever since infancy. He never knew his mother and has only a dim recollection of his father. All he can recall of his early days are the squalor and hard knocks he experienced; with that flare for fine-sounding phrases, Tom says of himself he was "suckled on the sour milk of the world that lives within the shadow of the law". The gutters were his home, and anything he could purloin was his food.

At the age of seventeen he became an inmate of Sing Sing, charged with burglary. The time he spent there was passed in profitable meditation. A clever Irish lad, he heeded the advice of a well-wisher. The work he is doing now is, as he himself says, "an expression of gratitude in practical form for what was done for me years ago".

Tom Is a Friend to All

Tom is a hale-fellow-well-met, just as cheerful and friendly with every slinking figure that goes by as he is before the microphone, and this pleasant and powerful personality has given him and his Chinatown Mission the success that both now enjoy. His penchant for the harmless wise-crack, the heart-rending tale, the appropriate adjective and the dramatic thrust has made his Sunday radio appeal the very heart of the Rescue Society's organization.

This is the third year they have been on the air. Broadcasting the service was Tom Noonan's idea; he knew he could please the radio audience and achieve results by putting on a program of real human interest that was still religious in its form.

It takes money to put over the great work he is doing, and it is his tremendous



Souls in Pawn—The Famous Bread Line

popularity on the air that is bringing in sufficient funds to carry on. Most of the Society's receipts are donated by radio listeners who, hearing his appeal over the air, send in their contributions. At least half of the \$60,000 taken in by the Society last year was received in this manner, but it is probably true that as much more came in as an indirect result of the great popularity he has achieved through his broadcasting.

The power of his radio appeal is amazing. Tom invites a plea for assistance from his radio audience and, within five minutes, he is in position to announce over the air that this appeal has been answered. He receives, on an average, eleven hundred letters a week, many of them pleading for assistance, others giving assistance.

Fills Needs of Unfortunates

Only last month an old lady in New Jersey wrote him to say that she had broken her ear-trumpet and could no longer hear his program. Within a few moments he was able to announce that an ear-trumpet had been donated by a listener in Poughkeepsie. In this way last year, he was able to furnish to the needy twenty-one wheelchairs, ten loudspeakers, one express wagon, three Persian cats, as many canaries, a score of crutches and artificial limbs, several tricycles, one bicycle, a cuckoo clock and a parrot,

among other things.

He has also been able to locate missing persons in this way and to conduct a sort of matrimonial bureau. Once a poor farmer in Long Island telephoned him that the wind had blown down his barn door, and the "Bishop" was able to announce on that same Sunday afternoon that the barn door would be replaced by another as a gift of a more fortunate and altruistic listener-in.

If any firemen, policemen or street cleaners need and deserve a raise, the good "Bishop" becomes their most enthusiastic spokesman. A few weeks ago he made a plea for the better treatment of janitors, and the janitors rose in a body and thanked him for his help. It was only a month or two ago that he received a request, through the chaplain at Sing Sing, from one of the inmates of the Death House that two songs be sung. One was an Episcopal hymn, the other a ballad "Somewhere a Voice is Calling". The condemned man had been given the privilege to listen in on the Sunday afternoon program before he died. Tom complied with the request and received a wire of thanks from the prisoner.

The ladies make a big hero of Tom Noonan. He is a great jollier, and the fair sex enjoy his banter. He has

often announced over the air the receipt of a message saying that a new-born baby had just been named "Tom Noonan".

There are no more engaging broadcasts than the Chintown Mission, the "Cathedral of the Underworld", as he calls it. There is nothing else like it on the air. Tom has a fine dramatic instinct and he knows that, if he is to carry on his good work, he must make his hour and a half on the air an entertaining one. He often gets well-known artists to assist him. Van and Schenck have done their act for him, and Nora Bayes, that popular comedienne of better days, sang her last song on his platform. Each Sunday he presents one of his converts, and some of the most amazing tales of ruin, romance and redemption are unfolded. There is always a background of good music furnished by the Hack-



The Rescue Society Mission on Doyers Street

Bergé Trio and the Aida Brass Quartet. Recently Tom Walsh, brother of the old White Sox pitcher, has been a most acceptable soloist.

Tom Noonan blends together the various elements of mirth, music, religion, fine-sounding phrases and human kindness and shoots the product through the air. And he is pretty nearly right when he says "The whole world is listening in".

TREES NEED NOT WALK THE EARTH

By DAVID ROSS

CBS Announcer

*Trees need not walk the earth
For beauty or for bread;
Beauty will come to them where they stand.
Here in these quiet groves
Is no pride of ancestry:
A birch may wear no less the morning than an oak;
Here are no heirlooms save those of loveliness
In which each tree is kingly in its heritage of grace;
Here is but beauty's wisdom,
In which all trees are wise.
Trees need not walk the earth
For beauty or for bread,
Beauty will come to them
In the sunlight
In the rainbow
In the lilac-baunted rain,
And bread will come to them as beauty came;
In the sunlight
In the rainbow
In the rain.*

Radio Revives Public's Interest in Old-Time Minstrel Show



The Minstrels in Action. In the foreground: Harold Saisford, conductor. In the ring, left to right: Paul "Tambo" Dumont, end man; Steve Jamison, tenor; Harold Branch, tenor; William Shelley, interlocutor; Harry Donaghy, bass; Darl Betmann, baritone; Al "Bones" Benard, end man. Left rear: Carson Robison. Right rear: Curt Peterson, announcer.

By AL BERNARD

MANy things have happened since Dewey fought Spain back in 1898. We have seen the advent of the movies, the radio and the talkies. Their invasion of the amusement field gradually crowded out the oldtime professional minstrel show. Nationally known artists, like Primrose and West, Dockstader, Fields, Haviland and O'Brien, were shunted to the sidelines and soon forgotten. Once they passed out of the picture, they had no successors. Minstrel shows of today are confined mostly to amateur performers of local entertainment. But now radio has earned the eternal gratitude of the old minstrel troupers by reviving their forte from a certain grave and winning for it public popularity that it never had in its most glamorous days.

Many of the old minstrel stars are now working in front of the microphones since one by one the traveling minstrel shows gave up the ghost in the face of empty houses and public indifference. Paul Dumont and I are the end men

in the Dutch Masters Minstrels, the first radio minstrel show to be broadcast weekly over the NBC chain. "Lasses" White, one of the most famous of them all, recently was escorted through the NBC studios. He was keenly interested and it is likely that he will soon be a radio recruit.

Nowhere was there a group of performers more devoted to their medium than were the old minstrel players. Year after year Fields and Neal O'Brien took their shows from coast to coast. Gradually they lost their hold on the public. Finally they died. Sugar Foot, the famous end man, died of a broken heart. Others dejectedly went into one-act vaudeville minstrels, a poor substitute for the real thing. A few turned to radio, then in its very first days, believing that it could restore their medium to public favor again. I was one of these.

I find that adapting the minstrel show for radio has strengthened it. I believe the chief cause of the final

demise of the minstrels on the stage was their great length. Three hours of the same sort of entertainment proved too long. It was all right while there was no competition. But, once the movies and the girlie-girlie shows came along, it was just a matter of time before the minstrels died.

The radio minstrels compress the best of the old stage shows and discard the things that are not so good. You have a few good ballads by the tenor with chorus, a few wise-cracks by the end men and a few comic songs. Add a rag or two by the band, and you have a good show.

I've trouped with the best of 'em and there's nothing in the life. But just the same, I'd like to go out with a show again. You have no idea the pleasure there is in putting on one of those long coats, a silk hat, and parading around through the streets behind a band.

And there's a lot of fun. The people always liked us so well they sometimes took part in the show. Once I played a little town in Mississippi where an old farmer decided I wasn't blacked up right and he kept telling me about it. Right through the show he sat in the fourth row, talking about my make-up. He interrupted, but we all had a lot of fun.

Sometimes it's tough, just as bad as it can be. It's bad in the winter when you have nothing but cold water to wash the burnt cork off your face. Many times I have come to my dressing room and found my bucket of water frozen. I had to take a hammer, break the ice and then wash off the cork. It was pretty bad, but you have no idea how good I felt when I was through. No, sir! There's nothing as refreshing as ice cold water in zero weather.

Public Likes Clean Entertainment

But, to get back to our story, the following built up by the Dutch Masters Minstrels proves again that the public welcomes any form of clean entertainment that possesses real merit. Up to the present it is safe to say that our minstrel show has been heard and enjoyed by more people throughout the country than any other minstrel show that ever appeared before the public. The proof of this is in the thousands of letters that have been received from radio fans in all parts of the country.

Our Dutch Masters' Minstrel group is really a minstrel stock company. The members must rehearse and present a new show every week. But that is all part of a showman's life. One of the best features of our radio show is that it has revived interest in first-class minstrel shows. Old timers get a real thrill out of hearing the old-time songs.

The Dutch Masters unit is the first to stay on the air for an entire year and the first to build up a national reputation. Contracts have been signed for 1930 and the same group will be heard on WJZ every Saturday evening at 9:30.

Paul Dumont, who arranges the programs, is a veteran trouper. He endeavors to present shows that will appeal

to both young and old, preserving at the same time the atmosphere of the old-time minstrel show. Mr. Dumont, who is a native of Brooklyn, N. Y., came to radio after a varied career as stenographer, secretary, salesman, sales manager, professional singer and community song leader. He served with several stations before joining the NBC ranks.

Difficult to Find Old Songs

My specialty is singing "coon" songs that are at least 25 years old. That's why I do ditties like *Bill Bailey, Ain't Dat a Shame* and *I Guess I'll Have To Telegraph My Baby*. Many times I have great difficulty in finding the songs I want for future programs. Sometimes a particular song is out of print. On other occasions I manage to locate one after hunting all over the city for a week.

Several times, when I had about decided to give up looking for a certain song, somebody sent me an old faded copy with a request that I sing it on one of the programs. There were a few other cases when the only way I could get certain songs was to have photostated prints made of the copyright copies held at the Library of Congress in Washington, D. C. The ballad singers and the quartet also experience difficulties of a similar nature.

The fact that we confine ourselves to old time songs is, I believe, one reason why we can present a first class show. We select nothing but the hits of the past and, if they took the public's fancy in the old days, the chances are that they'll repeat today. They have been tried and found worthy. One might make up a minstrel show with a dozen present-day numbers and I do not believe it would please 25 per cent of the radio audience.

We work harder at rehearsals than we do at the show. But the actual broadcasting is easier, because we have in Harold Sanford, the musical director, a man who will not stop rehearsing until every member knows his part perfectly. So we have found that the quickest way to get through our rehearsals is to settle down to business from the outset and learn what is assigned to us. Then again, we don't want any slips to mar our broadcast, because we usually have an audience at every program of 50 to 100 guests, in addition to our vast unseen audience.

All Artists of Reputation

Every member of our company is a professional artist of reputation. Harold Sanford, our musical director, formerly was first violinist, conductor and manager of Victor Herbert's orchestras. A native of Northampton, Mass., he is a direct descendant of the William Cullen Bryant family. He has played with the New York Philharmonic and Metropolitan Opera House Orchestras. In recent years he has figured prominently in NBC programs.

(Continued on page 45)



Al Bernard and Paul Dumont, End Men

DON CARNEY is "Uncle"

to More Than

300,000 Children

By DAVID CASEM

FROM a Michigan apple cart to a Packard built to his own specifications is a jump that very few other entertainers negotiate. And it wasn't an easy one for Don Carney, who is Mayor Luke Higgins in *WOR'S Main Street Sketches* every Tuesday night and the radio station's "Uncle Don" every other night, occupying Saturdays.

Mr. Carney is an "Uncle" to more than 300,000 children who belong to his club. All of them had to perform a good deed in order to qualify for membership.

Very often he is the court of last resort for parents who are at their wit's ends to correct faults in their offspring. The shock of hearing their names over the air is usually very efficacious. Carney, however, is very careful not to hurt the youngsters' pride and his "bawling out" is done by means of innuendo and parallels.

It isn't unusual for him to ask a child the reason that he or she doesn't eat his oatmeal; he will warn a child not to scratch chicken pox because doing so will leave scars; he will praise an adolescent for turning in a good school report card and for all manner of things. And the reaction is tremendous.

"Maybe you think those youngsters are not a grateful lot," he remarked to the writer. They send me all manner of things. One will send me a piece of birthday cake. Fathers will give them cigars to mail. In fact, I've received everything that the postal rules permit in the mails.

"I do my utmost to mention as many as I can in the period assigned to me, but it would take upwards of three hours to do the job right. As it is, I take care of those who are ill and those cases which need special attention."

Helps Girl With Injured Arm

One of the best examples of why parents are fond of Don Carney is contained in the case of a little girl who



Don Carney

lives in the Bronx. A year ago she fell and cut her elbow on a piece of glass. The arm became badly infected and an operation was necessary to prevent amputation. The result of the operation was such as to leave the little girl's arm stiff. The surgeon said she would regain the use of it if she would bend it constantly.

Every time it was bent, however, she almost fainted from excruciating pain. The arm became stiffer. Finally they appealed to Uncle Don to talk with her over the air. The stage was set. Don described an imaginary case that paralleled the little girl's and he said that the arm got to be all right after a short time. Then he mentioned the little girl's name.

"You know, honey," he said, "that if you'll bend your arm it will get well, too. Uncle Don is coming up to see you just as soon as you can touch your shoulder with your hand."

In exactly three weeks the miracle was accomplished. The child is completely cured. She still talks about sitting on Uncle Don's lap.

There are scores of such cases. In fact, most of his spare time, little as it happens to be, is spent at some youngster's bedside. Sometimes it will be in a tenement in New York's Ghetto. Again he will be seen playing horse in an exclusive Park Avenue mansion. They all look alike to him. "And," said he, "I like to accommodate them all."

Carney's desk looks like the receiving department of a

warehouse. The writer has seen him wilt under the avalanche of mail that sweeps over him. They deliver his mail in sacks. Letters have come to him from every state in the Union, from many foreign countries and in twenty-one different languages.

When he gets the time to read the letters is a mystery to his friends and even more so when it is considered that he writes all his own continuity, in addition to such big features as Main Street every Tuesday night. That alone runs forty-odd typewritten pages.

"Uncle Don" was born in St. Joseph, Mich., in the heart of the peninsula's fruit belt and directly across the lake from Chicago. During his high school days he picked up piano playing by ear and this same ear has served him so well that he has never felt the need of taking any lessons. Once is all he needs to hear a melody.

His first entertaining was in Chicago, where he played in a nickelodeon for six or seven hours daily and usually without rest periods. "That was good muscle practice," he laughed. Later he went into vaudeville which brought him to New York.

On the same tour he became enamored of Louisiana and having saved a little money, bought a small plantation down there. Then he worked in a lumber yard to get money enough to pay for a farm, only to run it into bankruptcy. After that the soil had no further charms for Carney.

Vaudeville conditions were bad when he returned to New York. Hundreds of entertainers were without work. "I just had to eat," he said, "so I took a job in a shipyard for thirty cents an hour."

Hard Luck Still Dogs Him

In a year's time, he became assistant superintendent of the yard with a salary of \$10,000. In that capacity he had charge of the construction of thirty torpedo boat destroyers and several transports during the war days.

Hard luck continued to dog him. Everybody "lost out" when the shipping slump occurred in the post-war days. "Yet I was lucky enough to get on as an extra on the D. W. Griffith lot. Later he gave me a part in 'America'.

"Mr. Griffith had a radio set. It was a good one and the thing more or less intrigued me. A few days later I was passing the Hotel McAlpin and I went into the studio where I asked for an audition. They gave me a job as an announcer! After I learned microphone technique I was drafted by WOR. The rest you know."

Not long ago, Mr. Carney went over the Keith circuit as a headliner, drawing \$1,000 a week. He is in constant demand for personal appearances and at none of them has the audience failed to demonstrate its enthusiasm.

There is considerable jealousy in the ranks of professional entertainers, but there is none so far as he is concerned. He is absolutely without affectation in any form. No one around the station has ever seen him without the smile that has made him famous. He has a cheery word for everyone.

Carney has three hobbies. These are his big Packard, his summer place on Wonder Lake in the Ramapo Mountains and shooting at frogs. Notice the "at". He has never been known to hit any and, were it not for his sharpshooting friends, he would have to buy the frogs' legs needed to prepare his favorite dish.

"SPONSORITIS"

(By a Radio Artist who chooses to be called Anon.)

*Dame nature has a "funny" way
Of spoiling our enjoyment
For everyone who lives today
Has his or her annoyance;
And each disease beneath the sun
Has different germs to bite us
Now RADIO's developed one—
They call it "SPONSORITIS".*

*It's thriving like a healthy weed
Or fungus newly grafted,
And mercenaries sow the seed
Wherever sound is wafted
The artists rave then grow morose
Because of laryngitis,
And "fans" then get a stronger dose
Of this same SPONSORITIS.*

*No use to try to save the wreck
Or prophecy disaster,
For he who signs the mighty check
Is boss and lord and master;
When there's a program spoiled or botched,
It's money bags who fight us,
With heavy hearts we've stood and watched
The spread of SPONSORITIS.*

*What man who's making patent mops
Or coffee or confections
Would let US go into his shops
And start to give directions?
Yet he—Oh, let us kneel and pray!
And, Mister Fan, please write us;
We're fellow-sufferers today
From chronic "SPONSORITIS."*

At Home on the High "C's"



NO matter how turbulent the ether waves, these gentlemen go the even tenor of their way, as only good tenors do. Pictured below are ten or so tenor soloists with real "checks" appeal.

JAMES MELTON (left) top tenor of the Revelers, is featured soloist on Friday evenings at nine on the NBC chain.

NINO MARTINI (right) who came from Italy last July after great success in opera, is heard frequently on Columbia programs.



LEWIS JAMES (right) well-known soloist and recording artist, sings with the Revelers and is featured on Master Musicians, NBC.



MAURICE TYLER (left) comes from the toney South and sings with the Armchair Quartet and on other fine NBC programs.



FRANKLYN BAUR (left) exclusive soloist on the Voice of Firestone program, Monday nights, appeared in the Ziegfeld follies several seasons ago and is a prominent recording artist. He was with the Revelers in the early days.

THEO ALBAN (right) sings with E. A. Relfe and his orchestra on Saturday nights at ten. You will recognize his voice in the lively signature song "Lucky Day," which opens and closes the program.



DAVID DROLLET (right) who recently joined Navy's Gang, specializes in modelling operatic selections that invariably evoke a storm of "bravos."



JOE WHITE (left) was skyrocketed to fame a few years ago as the mysterious "Silver Masked Tenor." He is now an NBC star.



HENRY SHOPE (left) one of that rare species of real top tenors, sang with the New Yorkers Quartet, Ramblers Trio, Darryl Quartet and with the Salon Singers, NBC. Originally from Pennsylvania, he was on the stage for a while and then turned to radio, with great success.

OLIVER SMITH (right) for many months was featured on the NBC as the "Gypsy Tenor." He was one of the original members of the Evening, in Paris group and is now appearing regularly as tenor on the Jack Frost program. A boy prodigy, he has continued his career with marked success.



MR. AVERAGE FAN

ANSWERS Some Of His CRITICS

By AVERAGE FAN

JUDGING from the comments, unfavorable and otherwise—generally otherwise—received concerning my ideas of radio programs in the December issue of *RADIO REVUE*, your editor apparently erred gravely in dubbing me "Average Fan". If some of my critics had their way, I would be classified as a moron or something equally as unpleasant. Personally, I know that quite a few people agreed with me but so far I have been able to discover no one who was willing to break into print in defense of my avowed liking for jazz.

There seems to be something in the very word "jazz" that makes some people break out in a rash. When it is mentioned they throw up their hands in holy horror and say they hate it; that it is loud, noisy and unrythmic; that it is blatant, glaring and offensive and a few other things too numerous to mention.

As far as that goes, there are certain types of so-called jazz to which I object just as strenuously as do some of your readers. For instance, one of my pet abominations—and I have a number—is the *St. Louis Blues*, an old tune that is played quite frequently these days. In the same category are the *Tiger Rag*, *Beale Street Blues* and others of the same ilk.

When I say I like jazz I might modify this by saying that I mean the tuneful kind, the kind that makes your feet move and makes you want to dance—if time and age would permit. Popular music is generally considered to be jazz, or jazzy. If it isn't, the dance orchestras soon make it that way. Without shame I confess that I

MORE "LOW BROW" REACTIONS

One of my pet abominations is the "*St. Louis Blues*," which is played quite frequently these days.

Your magazine could do a lot of good by choking or otherwise disposing of the average singers with the dance orchestras.

I still think that Jimmy Walker has one of the best speaking voices on the air. "Buck" O'Neill describes a prize fight like no one else can.

In your prize contest for favorite radio artists I would like to cast one vote for the Collier Hour girl.

So far I have never been able to become greatly enthused over grand opera.

Early Sunday afternoon I listen religiously to the National Light Opera hour over WJZ.

Then, too, I love the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, especially "*The Mikado*."

like that kind of music—even though you do hear an awful lot of it—much better than I do symphony orchestras, string trios or string quartets.

Raps Singers With Dance Bands

While on the subject of pet abominations, your magazine could do a lot of good by choking or otherwise disposing of the average singers with the dance orchestras. These are generally males—saxophone players or drummers—seemingly picked because they have no semblance of a voice. This appears to be the case even with the best orchestras like Paul Whiteman's, Ben Bernie's, Guy Lombardo's and others. If they must have men to sing, why not pick men who have some qualifications for the job?

There are so many good singers heard over the air that to be compelled to listen to some of the so-called singers with orchestras is heart-breaking.

I read with a great deal of interest and amusement the letter in last month's issue from L. G. Currin, of Newport, R. I., the home of the idle rich. Was it Mr., Mrs. or Miss Currin? There's no way of telling, excepting by the general tone of the letter. Judging by the "timidly" it must be a woman and, by the statement "I was born in the wrong generation," she must be a maiden lady, possibly a blasé society woman. She says she differs with me "violently" but, after reading over her letter, all I can discover is that she doesn't like jazz or our own Mayor Jimmie Walker.



Lew White, One of my Favorite Organists

Despite the "lady's" objections to Mr. Walker, I still think he has one of the best speaking voices on the air. I have never heard him any other way, but I did listen to him over the air during the recent mayorality campaign and he so far outshone any of the other speakers that their efforts seemed inane.

Mr. Walker is at his best at a testimonial dinner. That's where he shines most brilliantly.

Likes "the Man from Cook's"

To my list of excellent speaking voices over the air—omitting the announcers—let me give you a few of my other favorites. There is Malcolm LaPrade, the Man from Cook's. He paints such vivid word pictures that one can almost imagine one sees the places he describes.

Then there is "Uncle John" Gambling of WOR. Any man who can start at 6:45 A. M. and show the pep he does deserves a lot of credit. Rabbi Stephen Wise has a marvelously resonant voice. I cannot always agree with Alfred McCann's ideas, but his voice comes over clearly.

Possibly it is another evidence of lowbrowism—if there is such a word—but I can get more enjoyment out of listening to "Buck" O'Neill, giving a blow-by-blow description of a prize fight than I can out of listening to a marvelous and, to me, extremely tiresome symphony, even if it is described by Walter Damrosch. I can remember years ago of being taken, as a special treat, to the initial performance of a symphony by the Philharmonic, led, I believe, by Mr. Damrosch. The people went into raptures. I was unutterably bored and slept through most of it. "Buck" O'Neill describes a prize fight like no one else can. I don't go to fights, but I will tune into him at any time. He has a breezy way of telling you what is going on that is vastly superior to any other man I have ever heard.

Possibly I should feel flattered at the attention paid to my humble opinions by John Skinner in the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle*. He said he liked my frankness, but he did not "like my likes". He finds *Amos 'n Andy* very tiresome and writes under the unnatural *Main Street Sketches*. I realize that they are exaggerated, but just the same I find them funny. He objects to crooners. That's one dislike that we have in common. In *Collier's Hour* Sunday night, January 10, Professor Butts, hunting for the missing link, placed the radio

crooner just one step above the ape and one step lower than the missing link. That's the proper place for him—or her, for that matter.

Sometimes I think my taste in music cannot be so terribly bad, even though I abhor symphonies and such. I greatly enjoy Jesse Crawford, Lew White or Fred Feibel, on the organ; Jack Cohen, Ohman and Arden and the Piano Twins on the piano; Sam Herman and Harry Breuer, on the xylophone; the Revelers and the Armchair quartet, Olive Palmer, Jessica Dragonette, Elizabeth Lennox, Countess Albani and Helen Kane, though I will admit that the latter is not in the same class with the others, so far as voice is concerned.

Some exception has been taken to the fact that in my likes and dislikes I did not say anything about the various sketches, dramatic or otherwise which I liked and disliked. I get quite a kick out of the Jones family and their troubles here and abroad. Their experiences away from Onyx, Pa., especially Aunt Letty's romantic love affairs, cause me much amusement. Durant's Heroes of the World; Caliope and Miss Katharine; the Penrod sketches; Empire Builders; "An Evening in Paris"; Graybar's "Mr. and Mrs. "; True Detective Mysteries; Arabesque and the "Cub Reporter", are a few of my favorites. I always enjoyed "The Gossipers" and was sorry to see them taken off. There may be others, but these are all I can think of at present.

I notice you offer a prize for our favorite radio artists. I am not seeking a prize or entering the contest, but would like to cast one vote for the Collier Hour girl. I never miss her. I have often wondered who she is but have never heard either her name or anything about her. There is a spontaneity and gayety about her work that intrigue me. You will probably get a lot of votes for other artists, but I want to put in a word for the Collier Girl. Can't you give us her picture or tell us something about her?

Expects to Be Disappointed

Some of these Sunday nights I am going to crash
(Continued on page 48)



A Scene from Arabesque, a CBS feature



The Jones Family. Standing: Aunt Letty and Mrs. Jones (played by Dora Matthews and Adeline Thomasson.) Jefferson Jones (Robert McBride) is seated, and completing the group are Genny (Helen Bergavoy), and Jim (Curtis Arnall)

Sound Effects Made to Order for Radio Programs

• **Station Laboratories Furnish Anything from Hurricane to a Pin-Drop** •

By HERBERT DEVINS

THE noisiest spot in the world is not Times Square. Neither is it in a boiler factory, in spite of popular tradition. It's a little room high above Fifth Avenue, New York, close to the busy studios of the National Broadcasting Company. This is the sound laboratory, where every sound effect for the coast-to-coast radio programs on NBC networks is born. It looks quiet and orderly enough at first glance, but on its shelves are more assorted noises than can be found anywhere else in the world.

Thunderstorms and hurricanes lie carelessly in one corner, side by side with the zoom of an airplane and the drone of Sumner insects. One shelf is devoted to the echoes of disaster, from the breaking of a window to a train wreck.

If the visitor has a colorful imagination, entering this mysterious room is a more thrilling experience than midnight in Fingal's Cave or the Hall of the Mountain King. If a careless elbow merely happens to brush a strange contraction hung on the doorknob, the affair gives forth the sound of booming surf along a rocky coast. A howling fog horn hangs from a nail nearby; next to it is the brazen clang of a bell-buoy marking the reef; last, the hoarse voice of an ocean liner far out at sea—and the illusion is complete.

A Passport to the World

Sitting quietly in this room for a half-hour with William S. Rainey, NBC production manager, is to obtain a magic passport to every corner of the world. In his practiced hands the booming surf becomes the lazy wash of sun-flecked waves on a pebbly beach in the South Seas.

Rustling palm fronds and the cries of wheeling gulls help to create an actual sensation of tropical heat.

"Are you fond of riding?" Mr. Rainey asks. Being assured that you are, he next wants to know under what conditions.

"It makes a big difference, you see. Look here, in this box. Our royal stables. These coconut shells and plungers—any sort of horse you prefer. A nice, quiet mount—so? Clump, clump, clump. Or a more spirited

steed, like this dancing fellow? Clickety click, click. The last? All right. Here we go, then. Watch.

"We'll start right off up this cobbled street toward the open fields. See how these shells on the stone slab give the hollow ring of shod hooves on cobblestones? Here's smooth pavement for a change, just by holding the shells differently in your hands. Now we come to softer ground." And he swings his shells to a box of earth lying conveniently nearby.

Or perhaps he'll take you back through history and let you watch loading of the animals into Noah's Ark. For, tumbled along his shelves are the voices of every known creature under the heavens.

A Strange Collection of Sounds

And a strange, laughable menagerie it is. Fierce jungle cats and tawny lions hobnob with cows and sheep, without ever showing the faintest signs of appetite. Trilling canaries and screaming parakeets lie quietly among a pile of cats' purrs and meows. Buried somewhere in the heap of carnivorous voices is the long-drawn wail of a newborn infant.



Waiting for the signal to start the "battle".



Proving that things are not really what they seem over the air.

The fiercest roars hang on separate pegs along the wall. That big one at the last, which is a real old whiskey-keg with pierced drumhead and resined cord, is the same "lion" that roared from the screen in the first showing of motion pictures brought back by Theodore Roosevelt from the "River of Doubt"—that fantastic stream that was supposed to flow uphill.

Many are the amusing devices developed here by the NBC to fool the sensitive microphone. So sharp are its ears that, in many cases, the actual sound cannot be used;

it gives an effect of unreality when magnified to the degree that radio "boosts" all sounds. One such case was the crackling of underbrush. Snapping actual twigs near the microphone sounded like rifle shots, so some substitute had to be found. Today the laboratory boasts the widest assortment of underbrush and tangled jungle vines to be found anywhere—in fact, the same shelf boasts a whole primeval forest of rustling leaves and swaying boughs. It's commonly called a whiskbroom.

The thunder-drum is a terrifying instrument. Over a



Sound Laboratories More Thrilling Than Fingal's Cave.

framework of resonant wood six feet square is stretched a cowhide. The usual sheet of tin couldn't fool the microphone, which only emphasized its futile metallic rattle. The special thunder-drum had to be built, in order to create satisfactory rumbling echoes.

There's a whole row of assorted drums and tom-toms for various effects. The newest use, perhaps, is the complete "airdrum" mounted on one board three feet square. Electric motors whirl leather strips against different drum-heads at varying speeds, from the slow sputter of warming motors to the high-pitched drone of the take-off. The "garage" is only two feet square. On this board is mounted an assortment of auto horns to represent different cars. There is even a siren to help the excitement of fire scenes.

In the development of wind effects, however, perhaps the greatest strides have been made. Nearly everyone is familiar with the common "wind-machine," a revolving drum of laths swishing against a canvas strip. The faster the drum is whirled, the higher the wind shrieks. But it gives only one artificial note. Today, however, the NBC wind machine is hard to describe. Perhaps the only part that matters is the megaphone that comes out of one end, through which the sound emerges. Behind this megaphone, somewhere in its complicated interior, is a whole series of wind-whistles—all specially tuned so that, when sounded together, they produce the ghostly discords behind the principal note that everyone hears in actual wind noises. Actors who work with this machine say that the studio temperatures seem to drop thirty degrees the moment it begins, and that it is so realistic they find themselves shivering before their script requires it.

Judson Has Sound Effects Table

By Dorothy Connor

The Judson Radio Corporation has also made a great study of sound effects. One look at the contrivance rigged up by A. W. Nichols, its sound effects man, would convince anyone of the seriousness of the profession. The table controlling all the sounds was built by Mr. Nichols, and it took him nine months of steady work, with each day averaging from ten to fourteen hours. The effects on this table comprise: chimes, heavily muffled crash, thunder sheet, train effect, riveting machine, motorcycle, machinery, aeroplanes, heavy motor exhaust for fire trucks, motorcycle and auto races, two fire truck sirens, trolley car with bells and exhaust, rumble wagon, metal crash effect, wind machine, heavy ratchet, rapid-fire machine gun for firing 500 shots per minute, glass crash, revolver or rifle machine, rain and ocean effect.

Large Assortment of Sounds

The left side wall has whistles of all sorts; train, ocean liner, police, cuckoo, cow bawl, toy horns, sirens and exhaust. On the top are bear growls, lion roars, imitation of dogs, sea lions, monkeys, elephants and pig squeals. The right side wall is for door bells, buzzers, wireless, telegraph instrument, telephones, auto horns, fight trip gong and signal gong. There is also a horse effect, anvil, buzz motor, gear machine, sand wheel, door slam, creaking of old-fashioned clock, nose blower, slap stick, castanets, tam-

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IN MEMORIAM

A Tribute to COLONEL C. T. DAVIS

By **BERTHA BRAINARD**

Eastern Program Director, N. B. C.



Colonel C. T. Davis in his best known rôle "Old Man Donaldson"

RADIO sustained a loss that cannot be replaced when Colonel C. T. Davis died. His part in the building of radio broadcasting was an important one—how important only we, who have been close to broadcasting since its laborious birth, can appreciate. His rôle was that of a gentleman adventurer. He would attempt things on the air of which no one else had thought, and what he did was accomplished with good taste and a sincere appreciation of artistry.

Many phases of our present technique in dramatic presentation were originated by Colonel Davis. He had the vision of an artist and the energy to recreate his vision into something that was usable. In the archives of broadcasting are many programs, still remembered, talked about and used as models, that were his creations. Among them may be remembered "Old Man Donaldson," "Jack and Dorothy," and "Don Amaizo."

He had a precious sense of humor that lightened even his most serious efforts and it was a delight to work on a program with him.

Colonel Davis was a sportsman and a gentleman. I do not believe any greater tribute can be paid him. He had tact and diplomacy and could obtain more actual results from actors working

with him with a gentle "now, let's try it again" than other directors obtain with hour after hour of stiff rehearsal.

Never Mentioned His Pain

For sheer courage I have yet to meet his equal. It is not generally known, but Colonel Davis virtually died at work. People closely associated with him knew that during the last two months of his life he lived twenty-four-hour days of pain. They did not learn that from him, for he never mentioned it.

I recall the last time I saw him, a few days before his death. He stood erect before my desk, his face white and drawn and with little beads of perspiration on his forehead. I knew he was suffering, for there was every evidence of it, except his own admission of the fact. He never made that admission. Instead, he smiled, and what a pathetic smile it was to anyone who remembered him when he was well and strong—bowed his quaint, courteous bow and walked out of the office.

He walked out of the world that way, smiling, courteous and undaunted, thinking of others and of the job he had to do, rather than of himself.

Personalities

Presenting Popular Performers Who



ABOVE, Nathaniel Shilkret, the famous NBC conductor, one of America's most distinguished musicians. He has a flare for the rousing concerto that ends with a thundering symphony.



PHIL Spottis, at right, and his harmonium duo, the Paul Senesca, delight listeners at 11:30 each Tuesday evening with their lively songs and music. They broadcast over NBC stations from Hazel Pennsylvania in New York. The Palm Beach suit is, therefore, somewhat out of place.



OF course, it's Vincent Lopez, directing his happy orchestra at WJZ. For sprightliness and pep hear him play one of the other of his piano selections, allegretto.



HERE are Rosalind Greene and Alfred Shuler, who act those thrilling and beautifully executed scenes of famous love stories, heard over the National's network on Friday evenings at 8:15. Here we see them as Madame Pompadour and her kingly lover, Louis XV, in a short sketch of regal romance and court intrigue.



IN the circle is Will Osborne, who originated that new style of microphone technique, popularly, called "screening." Will sang over the Columbia chain every evening at 11 and, eleven help us, we can't tell him from Rudy Vallee. He stoutly denies he is an imitator of the great Rudy; at any rate, he's almost as popular with the ladies, and his jazz band is twice as good.



FRANK BLACK, pictured at the piano, just about makes the Revue's great quartet that they are. His arrangements and accompaniment are, without doubt, the champion on the air, so the experts tell us.



THIS group is just as musical as it looks. They are the popular Dixie Jubilee Singers, here presented in a scene from their new talking picture. So great had their popularity become as a result of their air program, that they were offered a contract to go into the moving and sound pictures.

Pert and Pertinent

Put Plenty of Pep in their Programs



SURE enough, the distinguished looking gentleman behind the microphone is S. Parker Collins, dynamic Director of Divisions. Although his subject is, of necessity, sober, there is no hour on the air more chuckful of pep and personality than his Sunday afternoon program.

It's a magnificent flow of language and ideas is one of the wonders of the radio age, and his fan-mail makes the letter carriers how-legged.

IT'S not all blood and thunder in the Empire Builders program, heard on Monday night at 10:00 over the NBC chain. Here is Harvey Hayes (the Old Pioneer) telling Virginia Gardner that all is well with the world. It looks as if he's right.

THE gentleman with the overgrown ukulele is Joseph Rodgers, singer and director of that lovely hour, the "South Sea Islanders," heard every Sunday night at 11:15 over the National chain. Rodgers was born and educated in Hawaii. Consequently, the costume and the guitar are more than becoming to him.



RADIO has few more famous or vivacious quartets than the Cavaliers, heard over the NBC chain every Friday evening at eight o'clock. Left to right they are: John Seagle, baritone; Darrell Woodard, bass; David Buttrick, pianist-director; back: Robert Stevens and Leo O'Rourke, tenors.

YOUR search for pep and personality will end when you tune in on Wednesday evenings at 9:30 to the Columbia chain stations and hear the cute little, clever little Clean sisters, Ruth and Beatrice.



NO more real personality is to be found among the air waves than Walter Dunroch, NBC's famous conductor. The kiddies, for instance, wouldn't miss his Friday morning hour.



THE sour, hard-bitten, old gentleman in the circle is none other than Arthur Allen, the waddy known radio actor, in the droll and external characteristics of a Dickens character. He is heard on Tuesdays at 7:30 over WEAJ and the NBC chain in those exciting 50-second sketches. Mr. Allen, now a veteran of the microphone, came to radio after many years on the legitimate stage. Radio's gala, we say!



Interest in Grand Opera



Mme. Anelita Galli-Curci

Fast Waning Says M^{ME}. Galli-Curci

By WILLIE PERCEVAL-MONGER

The public and the artists alike feel that it is a little old-fashioned."

Happily Married to Artist

"I am modernistic in my tastes. I like innovations in music and I am old-fashioned only in marriage. In that fine institution I believe in constancy and I attribute my happiness in marriage to the fact that I married an artist, but one who is not following my line of work.

"I do not care much for modern opera. The modern composers do not even seem able to write anything to equal the older operatic compositions, because such music is not in our temperament in this mechanical age."

"We have no time for contemplation or for thought," the diva declared, "and creative work demands both of these things.

Continuing—in the face of urgent protests from Bertha Brainard that the little piano-lid was still unsigned—the famous prima donna declared her liking for jazz, especially for dancing. Jazz was properly rated by the American people. It has a definite place in the scheme of music, just as caricature has its place in art. "We need more fun and freshness," she said, "in this dreary game of life."

"In filling my engagement at WEAF I was only keeping step with the times. When I leave this radio station I will go straight to my first European concert tour, although I was born in Milan and heard my first applause in Italy. I will sing in eight countries. Next Summer I hope to spend in the Catskills, and in the Fall I hope to return to the British Isles. A trip of five months' duration to the Antipodes will follow."

Becomes an American Citizen

In 1921 Madame Galli-Curci took out her first papers of American citizenship and married Homer Samuels who

(Continued on page 47)

AMELITA GALLI-CURCI, whose voice has attracted the music-loving public since her debut with the Chicago Opera Company in 1916, has left the various diamond and golden horseshoes of the Chicago and Metropolitan Opera houses, but before boarding the French liner *Ile de France* she paused a moment, in the studios of the National Broadcasting Company, to sign Bertha Brainard's pet piano at 711 Fifth Avenue and to express her opinions on a number of subjects.

"I heartily approve of radio," said the vivacious prima donna, in the manner of one telling the truth, rather than one who was just "saying nice things". "It has brought me some happiness and a much greater audience than I even dreamed of in my first days in opera.

"Tomorrow I sail on the *Ile de France* for Europe, for a little recreation and rest. I have had a busy season and I need a little sea air. I thought the radio would be an ideal way of saying 'Farewell' to all my audiences in America at once."

"I am coming back, and I shall sing again for the radio. But when I do I shall miss the friendly faces, the rustle of the programs, and (pardon me, won't you?) the warm applause."

On leaving the scene of her greatest triumphs, the Metropolitan Opera House, Madame Galli-Curci did not speak in too glowing terms of grand opera. "Opera does not conform to modern musical needs," she said. "It is a very old-fashioned entertainment, very pompous and slow. The opera, after all, is not such a high style of music. Worse than that, people throughout the entire world, particularly the Italians, are losing interest in grand opera.

Acting A New Sideline

OSCAR Writes Girl Friend, MARGY

As Preserved for the World

By P. H. W. DIXON

DEAR MARGY:—

It looks like your boy friend is going to be a success, Margy. I have only been an attashay of the National Broadcasting Company for less than three months and already I am an actor. Of course, Margy, I did intend to make my radio debut as a tenor but I guess you can't always start at the top . . . note. That's a joke, Margy. So I have started up the ladder to success as an actor and someday I probably will amount to something and be a singer.

Of course, Margy, I am still a page. Acting with me is just a sideline. The show business is all shot to pieces and anyone is foolish to be an actor except as a sideline. Even us good actors like to know that our income is certain.

I want to tell you how I became an actor, Margy. I was discovered by Raymond Knight, who is a pretty good guy for a production man and has a reputation for finding real talent. One day when I had just finished hunting for a bull fiddle that had been mislaid, Mr. Knight stopped me on the thirteenth floor and asked me if I wanted to act. I told him I had not considered it seriously but that if Harvey Hays was sick or anything I would be glad to help him out. He said Harvey was all o.k. but he needed somebody to support Harvey in an Empire Builders program. And I said I would be glad to help him out and he told me to come to rehearsal at four o'clock. Which I did.

That was when I met Virginia Gardiner. She's pretty,

Margy . . . but you needn't worry about her. She's too tall for me anyway.

Well, I went to rehearsal and Mr. Knight gave me my script. A script, Margy, is the professional name for the part you read. Just to show you what the part is I am going to write it in right here. You see, in this show I was playing the part of a messenger boy and I was supposed to deliver a telegram to Harvey Hays, who is the Old Pioneer in the program. It went like this:

Me: Telegram for you, sir!

HAYS: Thank you, bud!

Me: Thank you, sir.

Now, of course, on paper that doesn't look like an important role but it really is, Margy. You see this telegram was very important to the plot, and if I hadn't delivered it there wouldn't have been any story at all.

Well, we rehearsed our parts for quite a while and then Mr. Eddie Bierstadt . . . he's a sort of writer . . . suggested that I wasn't putting the proper inflection on my last speech.

"Listen, Oscar," he said. "Say 'thank you, sir' as if he had just given you a quarter tip".

I tried it but he wasn't satisfied. Finally he told Mr. Hays to really give me a quarter which he did. Then he said my "thank you" was just swell. But they took the



"Then they took the quarter back. The show business is like that, Margy"

quarter back. The show business is like that, Margy.

Rehearsing for a radio play isn't as hard as rehearsing for a legitimate play, Margy, because you don't have to memorize your speeches. You read them from a sheet of paper . . . but if you sound like you read them you aren't any good, so I guess radio acting requires special ability like I seem to have.

Sound of Train Pulling In

After the rehearsals on speeches they have sound effect rehearsals. These are very interesting. When you listen to the Empire Builders program, Margy, you think you hear a Great Northern train pulling into a station. In fact, it sounds so much like a train that they say a fellow who had a radio in his automobile tried to beat it to a grade crossing one night. But it really isn't a train.

Harry Edison, who is one of our best percussionists—a percussionist, Margy, is a trap drummer who makes more than \$100 a week—is responsible for the train noise. He has a big container filled with compressed air and that makes the steam sound . . . and he has a lot of little trucks running around a circular track which sound like train wheels rolling and he makes the "swish-swish" sound on a drum and when the microphone picks up all these different noises it sounds just like a train in the control room. Then there is an orchestra, too, Margy, which is led by Andy Sannella. Andy is quite a sheik, Margy, and looks like what the well-dressed man will wear at all times.

Anyway, we all got in the big studio and rehearsed our speeches and the orchestra rehearsed and they tried out all the sound effects and Bob MacGinsey whistled and pretty soon Mr. Knight and Mr. Bierstadt finally agreed that maybe it wasn't such a bad show after all, and we were all ready to go on the air. So we went out and got some supper and relaxed until it was time to go on the air.

Tensest Moment of His Life

As you know, Margy, I have lived through some tense moments in my life such as the time your father asked me what my intentions were, if any, but the tensest moment of all was just before I went on the air for the first time. It was very quiet in the studio because John Young, the announcer, had warned us we were almost on the air. I felt kind of pale and wobbly but Mr. Knight came over and patted me on the back and told me that ten million listeners were expecting me to make good. Which I did.

Then the train started and the orchestra started and

Young started talking and the actors started looking for the parts. Pretty soon we were right in the middle of the sketch and I knew that at any moment now I would have to go into my big scene. I tell you, Margy, it was an awe-inspiring moment. Then Mr. Bierstadt gave me a shove toward the microphone and I realized the time had come for me to speak. So I stepped up and I said:

"Telegram for you, sir!"

I hope you heard me, Margy . . . I would hate to think that you had missed my first spoken words to twenty million listeners. Then Harry Hays looked at me encouragingly and said:

"Thank you, bud", and he handed me a quarter which I put in my pocket.

So I said to Mr. Hays:

"Thank you, sir", and I meant it, Margy, because I was so glad my scene was finally over. It was a terrific strain to be under.

May Play Character Parts

Well, things went along pretty well from then on and everyone worked hard and after the program was off the air Mr. Knight and Mr. Bierstadt both told me I had done a very professional job and that they hoped to use me again whenever there were any telegrams to be delivered. I may decide to specialize in character parts like that, Margy.

That's about all there is to report, Margy. I think, perhaps, I will be able to have you come to New York pretty soon as when I get to be an important actor I will insist that I name my own leading lady. And you know, Margy, who my leading lady will be. Just as you are my leading

lady in our own life drama so you will be in my professional career.

That's all tonight, Margy . . . I am very tired account the strain I have been under.

By the way, Margy . . . if you happen to be near the Yoakum Herald office, you might tell them about me. It would make a swell story for them. The headline could be "Home Town Boy Makes Good."

Goodnight, Margy, and love and kisses.

YOUR OSCAR.

P. S.—I am sending this special delivery. Mr. Hays forgot to ask me for the quarter.

Hudson County Radio Show

A successful radio show was held from February 10th to 16th in the Armory Radio Salon, Jersey City, by the Hudson County Radio Dealers, Inc. The list of artists what volunteered their services would be a veritable "Who's Who" of radio.



"I felt kind of pale and wobbly"

The Two TROUPERS

Delve Into Dark Past

• || Marcella Shields and Helene Handin || •
 "Authorize" Joint Statement of Facts

Scene—A sitting room
 Place—New York City
 Time—3 30 P. M.

Setting—a chair, a table, a telephone and—Miss Handin.
 ('Phone rings)

HELENE—Hello—yes—Oh, hello, Marcella—
 where are you—in the lobby?—Oh, well, come on up.
 ('phone clicks.)

MARCELLA—(Ktack on door) Helene!—Helene!

HELENE—Come in—
 Oh, hello, Marcella,
 late again, or should
 I say—as usual? You
 know, they ought to
 call you "The late
 Miss Shields."

MARCELLA—Well now,
 "Boss Lady," please
 don't start on me
 again—I know I'm
 late but I've been
 rehearsing at NBC.—I
 just got through and
 I've got to rush
 right back to do
 "Miniature Theatre"
 and—

HELENE—Well, I can't
 help what you've got
 to do up there, but
 you've got some
 rehearsing to do right
 here—with pencil
 and paper. So park
 yourself in that
 chair and put on
 your thinking cap—
 if any. I just had a 'phone call from RADIO REVUE and
 they want us to prepare an article for them—now ain't
 that something?

MARCELLA—What about?—Us?—"The Two Troupers?"

HELENE—Of course, "Dizzy."—What did you think they
 wanted? A dissertation on the Einstein Theory? Or
 a treatise on the outcome of Limitation of Arms Parley
 in London?

MARCELLA—Oh, well—you needn't be so "snooty"—

pulling all three dollar words on me. Put a square
 around you and you'd be a crossword puzzle.—I
 didn't know, since we have become authoresses, but
 what they might ask us to "authorize" about almost
 anything.

HELENE—Oh, yeah?—Say, does it take much practice to
 be as dumb as you are? Just because we've written our
 own sketches for the radio and been lucky with them,
 don't think we are capable of writing something like

the History of the
 U. S. in 500 words—
 that's Mr. Coolidge's
 job.—Besides you
 couldn't limit your-
 self to 500 words—
 or 5,000 for that
 matter.

MARCELLA—Say, listen,
 Helene—are we go-
 ing to write an argu-
 ment or an inter-
 view?

HELENE—Well, it's
 supposed to be an in-
 terview—but who is
 to do the interview-
 ing—that's the ques-
 tion before the house
 at present?

MARCELLA—Well,
 look, Helene—we'll
 take turns—you ask
 me some questions
 and I'll answer them,
 and then I'll ask you
 —go ahead.

HELENE—Okay.—
 Well, now, Miss Shields, will you please give me a little
 information about yourself, such as—where born and
 if so—why?—present occupation and do you belong to
 any unions? (laughs)

MARCELLA—Well, to begin with—I was born in New
 York City, and my parents were crazy about me—

HELENE—Did you say crazy?

MARCELLA—If that's intended for a wise crack you can
 keep it. But to get back to my career—I went to



"They want us to prepare an article—not on the Einstein
 Theory either!" says Helene.

school in New York too and I'm a comedienne and I'm five feet tall and weigh 108 lbs. and I have light hair and blue eyes and I sing and I dance and—

Started "Emoting" at Age of Four

HELENE—Yeah—yeah—yeah—I know that litany and people who have heard us on the air certainly know it too—they have heard it enough. You know you should have it put to music—I can almost hear it in my sleep. Now that that's over—when did you start "emoting"?

MARCELLA—I was only four years old, when my mother thought I showed signs of becoming a second Ethel Barrymore—so I started playing child parts, and did I have some swell ones?

HELENE—Yeah—well, just what?

MARCELLA—I played in the original production of Macterlinck's "Blue Bird" and with De Wolfe Hopper in "Hop O' My Thumb"—

HELENE—Yes—and then—and then—

MARCELLA—Quit clowning—this is serious.—Oh, yes—then I played the little girl in "A Fool There Was" and gangs of others, including "Jimmy Valentine"—"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"—"Salomy Jane" and—

HELENE—That's enough about your childhood, I don't think the fans want to hear any more details about your past life. What happened after you grew up? Or did you?

MARCELLA—Well, I went into vaudeville until I grew up enough to play ingenues.

HELENE—"How high is up?" You only got up to sixty inches.

MARCELLA—Well, that was enough to get me into a musical comedy. I was comedienne with "Helen of Troy, N. Y."—then ingenue prima donna with the Gallagher and Shean show. Then back to comedienne with "Rose Marie"—and, oh! how I loved that show and that part.

HELENE—Very interesting, Miss Shields—and then, what?

Played Dixie Dugan in "Show Girl"

MARCELLA—Then I met Mr. Whyte of the Eveready Hour and was engaged to play Dixie Dugan in "Show Girl"—and THEN-I-MET-YOU!

HELENE—And that was something.

MARCELLA—Somepin is right—but just what, I haven't found out yet.

HELENE—Aw, now, Girl Friend!

MARCELLA—(Giggle) Say, listen—isn't it my turn to ask questions now? You better get in a little about yourself, or I'll be crowding you completely out.

HELENE—Not while I'm conscious, "Stark Love." All right—here goes. I was born at an early age in Fairfield, Ill., as was also Senator Borah.

MARCELLA—That's a help! What does that make him? HELENE—Prime Minister of Congress, Will Rogers says.—But keep still—you had your inning, I now have the floor. I made my debut at two years of age speaking a

piece at a Presbyterian strawberry festival in Fairfield. Then my family migrated to Utah, where I was educated and, after graduating from high school, I taught country school at the age of sixteen.

MARCELLA—Oh, my—weren't you smart? I can't imagine you a country school teacher—but, then, I never saw a country school teacher because I was born and bred here in little old New York.

HELENE—As you said before. I really got my start, dramatically speaking, in Salt Lake City, where I sang in high school and acted in home dramatic shows. Finally I was discovered by a manager who offered me a job in his company, so I trouped to New York.—the goal of every ambitious would-be actress.

MARCELLA—And what happened then? You begin to interest me, strangely.

HELENE—Oh, hush! Then I went into musical stock as prima donna and later was prima donna of several musical shows. After that I went on the road in vaudeville with Santley and Sawyer and later was with "The Dove", the Willard Mack show that Belasco produced. My last production was "The Scarlet Fox."

MARCELLA—I'll bet that was a thrill, working for Belasco!

HELENE—It sure was. I hated to leave his management. I had my own act in vaudeville, a comedy sketch written by Mr. and Mrs. Willard Mack. Then I went to my beloved California with "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."

MARCELLA—What do you mean "beloved." I thought you were a Utah and Ill. fan.

HELENE—Oh—But Cal. is my real love—I'm as dippy

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"No," says Marcella, putting a blonde strand in place, "I'm not one of those girls who raves and tears her hair about Rudy."

EVENING STARS Program

an Interesting Experiment in Good Will

By DONALD WITHYCOMB

EVERY Wednesday afternoon, millions of listeners throughout the United States and Canada welcome the familiar melodious strains of the *Evening Star* and hear Wagner's immortal opera "Tannhauser". This is the theme song that announces that the *Evening Star* program is on the air.

This signature does not merely mark the opening of just another program, to be presented from the N. B. C. studios. It has another significance. It implies that, as a member of a large, international family, one of its associated stations, is to be honored by having an entire program dedicated to it and to the territory it serves with the finest radio program available.

The underlying purpose of this particular weekly feature is a desire on the part of the National Broadcasting Company to honor each of its associated stations which are vitally important to this widespread organization. The *Evening Star's* program has made it possible during the past ten months, for each station associated with the NBC to send its own story out over the transmitters of over thirty stations from the Atlantic Ocean to the Rocky Mountains and from the Gulf of Mexico to the Dominion of Canada.

Unique Good-Will Feature

From the standpoints of information, interest and entertainment it may be stated that the *Evening Star's* program is the most unique type of weekly good-will feature that has so far been attempted in the field of broadcasting. It has not been duplicated on the air up to the time of writing.

As its name implies, famous microphone personalities, usually heard only during the evening hours, have been presented to the vast afternoon audiences during this series. In addition to the short, but highly interesting announcements which each station has made during its particular dedication program, guest artists and speakers from all parts of the country have participated on many occasions.



Donald Withycomb
Station Relations Department, NBC

The radio audience has heard the Governor of Alabama, the presidents of several chambers of commerce, and many other notable personages tell the story of how the associated station endeavors faithfully to serve its own territory. Many of the stations accepted the invitation to send to the NBC's New York studios their chief announcer, as well as a guest conductor, with vocal and instrumental artists who are well-known and loved by their local radio audiences.

To the *Evening Star's* program each week, Ludwig Laurier, the distinguished conductor of the *Slumber Hour*, and his augmented concert orchestra, have added color and interest in the rendition of works of the great masters. The *Evening Star's* program was a successful experiment. Newspaper and magazine articles, as well as thousands of enthusiastic letters, confirm this statement.

Any experiment in the field of public relations and good will is usually both interesting and beneficial to all concerned. Radio broadcasting, as it is now developed, has placed before all of those who are intimately connected with this industry a limitless opportunity to build up and preserve that feeling of international good will which is at once an inspired labor and the greatest obstacle to misunderstandings and possible wars.

Editorials

The Radio Infant Grows

RADIO broadcasting has been called "the fastest growing industry." Here is what happened to the National Broadcasting Company during 1929, according to the annual report of M. H. Aylesworth, president of the company, submitted to the Advisory Council of the organization recently.

Fourteen stations were added to the national network, including one Canadian station. The network now includes 73 stations.

Gross revenue of the NBC in 1929 totalled more than \$15,000,000. There were no profits.

Fifty-four hundred miles of wire were added to the NBC System, bringing the total to 32,500 miles of wire lines.

More than one million letters from listeners were received in the year.

The personnel of the NBC was increased from 558 to 917 in 1929.

Sixty hours of programs a week were added to the regular schedule of broadcasts from the key stations of the network.

The President of the United States spoke thirteen times over a national network. There were twenty-seven addresses by cabinet members, twenty-eight senators were heard and twelve members of the lower house made addresses.

Virtually the entire population of the United States can be entertained or informed by one program in the same hour.

Radio and Religion

THROUGHOUT the land here and there has occasionally arisen the sad wail that the radio is emptying the church, because a lot of devout people now have the means of taking their religion along with a cheering cup of coffee, or something like that, from the depths of a favorite armchair. Even this comfortable picture does not seem able to dispel the gloom that has settled upon the small but unsuccessful church. Like most clouds, this one has a real silver lining, and we do not refer to the silver that is put into the collection plate.

A survey of five famous churches in New York reveals the astonishing—to most of us—fact that it is difficult to find a place in any church on regular service days, and particularly on Sundays. Further astonishment may be provided in the proven fact that a lot of nice people, unable to find seats, are content to stand at the back of these churches. There may be reasons for this but, so far as

we can see, the radio has filled, rather than emptied, the five typical churches visited.

It is true that there was in each case a live priest-incumbent imbued with the power to hold his people, backed by culture and a certain amount of personality, beautiful music supplied by a first-class organ, a competent choir ably led by a skilled musician-organist, often reinforced with some instruments of the string family, a few brasses, and occasionally a harp. The ordered service was evidently rehearsed and housed in an imposing and dignified structure, but there were no vacant seats.

May we not claim that the radio has created in the hearts of people a desire to participate in these great services of the church, just as it has brought many thousands of them to the radio studios where they can join, not only in the weekly religious services, but also in the artistic and commercial broadcasts?

We do not wish to be flippant on a serious subject, but the day cannot be far off when tickets for church services—now subject to distribution by application for special services—will have to be purchased on the sidewalk from speculators, just like those for the first-class theatres. And on this great day we believe that radio will properly be able to claim its share of the credit.

The Interfering Client

MANY times, without thinking, a listener will severely criticize a broadcasting station for putting a certain type of program on the air. The particular program probably merits the criticism, but, in most instances where the program is commercially sponsored, the blame should not be placed at the broadcasting station's door.

Unfortunately, the radio seems to have fallen into the same category as the newspaper, in that the average business man, no matter what his line may be, firmly believes that he can stage a radio program or run a newspaper better than the people who have spent the better part of a lifetime in perfecting their talents and abilities along these lines.

The average business man is certain that he knows what "the public wants". He bases his opinion most of the time on his own personal likes and dislikes, or on those of his wife or relatives. If his company is in any way interested in radio broadcasting, he immediately starts to play with this attractive, but expensive toy, radio. He has very definite views as to what constitutes a good radio program and he proceeds to carry out these ideas.

The large broadcasting stations and chains are all equipped to originate, write, cast, rehearse and produce practically any kind of a radio program for a client. Then, too, many of the advertising agencies have created special departments to handle radio broadcasting for clients who wish to include this new medium of advertising in their general plan of magazine, newspaper, billboard, direct-by-mail and other advertising.

(Turn to page 45)



Hello, folks! Dis fight sure was a cinch.

SOPRANO MODULATOR

Radio's Latest Wonder

• **||** *Newest Invention Disposes of One of Industry's Most Difficult Problems* **||** •

By I. B. HANSOM

Manages of Plants Orchestration and Broadcasting National Broadcasting System

EDITOR'S NOTE—*News of this latest development in radio science is likely to set the musical world agog. I. B. Hansom has again stepped into the breach; in fact, he has actually put his foot into it, with the announcement (exclusively in Radio Revue) of his soprano modulator, which he describes here in his own peculiar style.*

MOST complex of all the many problems connected with radio broadcasting has been what to do with soprano. A simple solution, arrived at early in the history of radio, was to inoculate all sopranos with the germs of laryngitis, but this was found to be impractical, because the sopranos, accustomed since childhood to adversity, not only became as insensible to the germs as they are to insult, but actually made pets of the little couriers of destruction.

The forces of nature thus failed those who were doing their best; for the new art of radio broadcasting. Although many other solutions were offered, the problem remained in status quo, so to speak. It was, to state it simply: what shall we do about sopranos? An interesting problem of a like nature is faced in New Jersey, and has to do with mosquitos.

Five years ago the soprano problem was turned over to my department of the Natural Broadcasting System. Finally,

after five years of vast expenditures and countless experiments, I have developed a scientific solution of the soprano problem. It is a device that I call the Soprano Modulator, which may be attached to any microphone, but which works most efficiently on the recently developed left-handed mike (see January issue of RADIO REVUE).

Based on Indifferentiability

The whole principle of the new device, which is so compact that you can take it home in a taxicab, is indifferentiability, and so far has the new device been developed that its capacity for peak iconoclasm is practically nil.

Within two weeks it is expected that every microphone in the Natural Broadcasting System studios will be equipped with the Soprano Modulator—in fact, both of them. Therefore, it is fitting that a brief description of the new device be given.

To the casual fire inspector or to just a visiting fireman it resembles a soup can. Preferably a can that has held chicken gumbo. (Note to business office: If you can sell an ad to the Camel Soup Corporation, you can refer to it as Camel's Chicken Gumbo). But beneath these simple outlines is concealed a complicated mechanism.

It was discovered that a coil from a 1915 model Ford functioned perfectly in this device. Its pitch coefficient proved to be equivocal, and its dynamic potentiality was X-ZX (Turn to page 45)



"Take back that set you sold me! All it can get is static and sopranos!"

STATIC FROM THE STUDIOS

The popular radio team of Macy and Smalle, which has been reunited, returned to the air via WOR in a new program which runs every Tuesday night from 7:30 to 8. Both are pioneers on the air. Macy's first microphone appearance dates back to 1922.

Macy has been a vaudeville headliner for fifteen years. In radio, he created and played the role of Hank Simmons in Hank Simmons's Show Boat. He played the principal comedian with the Columbia Light Opera Company in the revivals of Gilbert and Sullivan and other light operas. Mr. Smalle has been a Victor recording artist for eighteen years and is still making discs for the same concern. He was originally with the famous Revelers. One of his biggest hits was his arrangement of "Dinah," which contained an original humming accompaniment. He has been connected with many important hours on the air, and has toured Europe for two years with the Revelers. The team is known as Keen Marchions.



Alfred Shirley, before he became famous on the radio, was quite a familiar figure on the legitimate stage. One night he was playing in a Romanian tragedy in a New York theatre. Making his entrance a little late, he became excited and lapsed into a rich Louisiana dialect that upset all the Romanian traditions within hearing.



Often a person does things on the spur of the moment that he would not even think of doing—if he had time to think. Such was the case one night recently with Walter Preston, baritone of the trio that sings on the Ingram Shavers program. The hour had started. The orchestra had played the first chorus. The soloist was supposed to sing the second chorus. Walter looked around and suddenly realized that the soloist was not there, although his music was. So without thinking twice, Walter grabbed the piece of music, which he had never before seen or heard, rushed to the microphone and started singing, just

as the orchestra began the second chorus.

It all happened in less time than it takes to tell and Sam Lanin, the director, did not even realize that another singer was performing. However, Walter did. In all his five years of radio work he says he cannot recall ever having experienced such a "jazz" feeling. By the time he had finished that one chorus he was in a cold perspiration and his knees were beating a tattoo that vied with the bass drum. However, all's well that ends well, but next time Walter says he'll let Sam Lanin sing the choruses himself.



The clever children of the B-A-R-N Theatre, on WEAJ every Saturday, recently staged a "broadcasting hour", including the great mystery drama: "How Many Raisins are There in a Raisin Cake?" or "How Father has Changed". Howard Merrill, one of the juvenile stars of the show, delivered the immortal line: "You can't have too many raisins in a cake when you're raisin' a family!" There was immediate talk in the treasurer's office of a raisin his salary, of course!



Walter Kolomuko can get mad! The leader of Hawaiian ensemble appearing in WOR's Mid-Pacific hour on Monday nights, stood on the sidelines during a rehearsal recently, listening to an argument on the influence of a country's music on its inhabitants.

"Take Hawaii, for instance," said one, "the reason for the laziness of the people is the dreamy, languorous strains that they 'plunk' on their guitars and ukuleles." He got no farther.

"Who told you Hawaiians are lazy?" demanded Walter, who, although he has been in the United States for many years, is a native Hawaiian. When no answer was forthcoming, he went on with considerable spirit:

"It is true that much of our music is dreamy, but there is just as much that has swift rhythm. Try to keep pace with our dancers some time and see how lazy they are!"



Lewis Lane, pianist and composer of the NBC music library, like most musicians, spends all his spare time listening to music. The other evening he attended the opera at the Metropolitan, all dressed up like an announcer under

the new evening dress rule. The opera was Beethoven's "Fidelio" and, outside in the lobby, was a gentleman in a flannel shirt and red necktie yelling, with true commercial vigor:

"Here yare! Get that book of the big show 'Fiddle-Oh.' Here yare! De correct book of 'Fiddle-Oh.'"



Harold Branch, NBC tenor, who is kept pretty busy these days, was discussing everything in particular and nothing in general, with a friend the other day. "Yes," commented the friend, "it's a tough life you lead." Harold agreed, and added, quite casually, mind you, "With me life is just one darn sing after another."



Through the eyes of a "mike" placed in the Lincoln Museum, the one-time boarding-house in which Abraham Lincoln died, the CBS took its listeners on a word-picture tour of inspection of this national shrine as a part of its Lincoln's birthday program. In Washington this historic feature was broadcast by Station WMAL.

Listeners were conducted through the museum by a man who has devoted most of his life to a study of Lincoln. He is Lewis G. Reynolds, custodian of the museum. Mr. Reynolds' father and mother were at Ford's Theatre Friday evening, April 14, 1865, the night of Lincoln's assassination.



It happened, swears a certain press agent, in one of our metropolitan broadcasting studios. Ray Sinnott, announcer, in a burst of pessimism had contracted to take out a brand new insurance policy. The company doctor had arrived, and was investigating Mr. Sinnott's diaphragm with various interesting instruments.

He finally drew forth from his black bag a stethoscope and put it to the announcer's heart. Adjusting one end to his ears, the doctor groped hither and thither across the Sinnott body in quest of medical information. It looked like something

(Continued on page 38)

LISTENERS' FORUM

Fine Salesman for Broadcasting

Perhaps you'd be interested to know that your magazine is very popular with the public; in fact, it is classed at this early date as the best of its kind on the market, with which opinion I heartily agree. From the first to the last page one does not lose a spark of interest and learns to know the radio voices much better. Your magazine is a fine salesman for selling broadcasting to radio listeners.

—H. J., New York, N. Y.



Calls "Big Ten" Best Feature

Please enter my subscription to RADIO REVUE for two years. Here's hoping you never discontinue the best feature in the magazine—The Big Ten, Best Selling Popular Songs of the Month. It's Great!—H. F., Buffalo.



Wants Mountainville and Nit Wits

Your January issue proved my first reading of RADIO REVUE to be a pleasure. In response to your editorial, asking for suggestions as to what your readers would like to see in your magazine, I would like to see Yolande Langworthy's picture in one of your issues in the near future. Perhaps you would run a story on Mountainville Sketches, too. Miss Langworthy's writings are wonderful and her voice has that rich warmth that I have not heard in any other artist. Maybe the Nit Wits will come in for a write-up soon. I sincerely hope so.—M. W. O., Brooklyn, N. Y.

[The Nit Wit Flour was featured in the February issue and Miss Langworthy's picture, together with a story on the Mountainville Sketches, will appear in next issue.—Ed.]



Seeing Owners of Radio Voices

I was about to write and ask if a radio magazine for the listener had ever been thought of and, if not, why not, when I ran across the January issue of RADIO REVUE. I am enclosing check for \$2 and would like my subscription ante-dated to include the first numbers of the publication, if this is possible. Of course, the thing of greatest interest to fans is seeing the owners of the radio voices. I, therefore, hope for lots of good photographs. Just at present Amos n' Andy, the Sieberling Singers, Caroline Andrews, Alma Kitchell and Arcadie Birkenholz are the ones in whom I am most interested.—G. E. M., Woodbridge, Conn.



Thank You, Seth Parker!

I have just finished reading RADIO REVUE with a great deal of pleasure. The paper, type, make-up and material

are all splendid. There is no question but that you are publishing the de luxe radio magazine.

—Phillips H. Lord ("Seth Parker"), New York.



"It's a Bear!" Says "Uncle Zeke"

Enclosed please find \$2 for my subscription to your magazine. I have gone through the current issue and think it's a bear!—Arthur L. Greenfield ("Uncle Zeke"), Irvington, N. J.



"The Perfect Radio Magazine"

Found at last—the perfect radio magazine for the average listener. And I think that is the classification in which I belong, having been a rabid radio fan for nearly seven years. It is not like most other radio magazines, whose publishers have overburdened their columns with technical articles to the extent that you must hunt the news that is really of interest to the listener. RADIO REVUE is the one magazine that you can read from cover to cover and appreciate. As a matter of fact, I would feel as though I had missed something if I did not do this. So, kindly accept my congratulations and best wishes for the continued success and enter my name on your subscription list, for which I enclose check.

I could not find your magazine here, but a friend who knows of my keen interest in radio sent me the first two copies from the city. I was especially pleased with the publicity given to Rudy Vallee and, if I had not received my first copy too late, I would have entered the contest. But I am going to enter this new one and expect to mail my entry tomorrow. In connection with the subject of "Radio's Greatest Personality," may I say that I thought the prize letters were very good. Mr. Hansen deserves special congratulations. Most of all, I enjoyed Dale Wimbrow's lines. Let us hear more from the Bard of Broadway. His lines on any subject should be entertaining.

In the article by Mr. Fussy Fan, why does he say one thing and then a little later contradict himself? For example, he says he derived real thrills from Roxy's Gang and then numbers Roxy among his pet aversions. How does he arrive at this conclusion when Roxy is a large part of every Gang program. Then he does not care about "wise-cracking announcers" and yet picks several as favorites who are, or have been, noted for their wise remarks. I heartily agree with his selection of the greatest staff of announcers ever assembled, having known or, rather, heard of them even before the time he mentions. They comprised the Four Horsemen of WJY before this station gave way to WJZ and WEAJ. I do not wish to

(Continued on page 36)



Rudy Vallee and Jessica Dragonette

Lauded in Prize Letters

HERE are announced the prize awards for the best letters on the subject of "Who is My Favorite Radio Artist—and Why?" There are two lists of winners, one for January and the other for February. The contest was extended to allow some of our readers extra time to complete their letters, but prizes are being awarded for both months, according to when the individual entry was received, ten dollars for first choice and five dollars for second.

True to early indications, Rudy Vallee and Jessica Dragonette led the van. Rudy for January and Miss Dragonette for February. Lack of space prevents us from printing all the letters, but we offer here the first prize letters for both January and February.

January First Prize Letter

THE appeal of Rudy Vallee, its cause and effect, constitutes the most burning question of the day. What matter wars and rumors of war, the matter of tariff reform, whether this vast country of ours be dry, or so long as a national problem of such gravity and scope presents itself to our puzzled minds? And the worst of it is that, even if a referendum were held and a vote taken to determine the reason for his popularity, the question of what to do about it would still be unsolved.

Rudy is beloved alike by matron and maid. To the flapper he represents the hero of her dreams. The matron, while listening to Rudy croon, lives over again the days of her own courtship. Personally, I do not believe the question of age enters into the matter at all. His voice is ageless and age-old, and the embodiment of all the romantic longings of all women—be they sixteen or sixty.

Sometimes I think that his looks, or the fact that he is a young man of good breeding and antecedents have, like the flowers that bloom in the spring, nothing to do with the case. Again, I reach the conclusion that these attributes are of very material aid to him in holding his popularity. It is probably a fact that this vivid personality of his, which is so intense that it comes right through the microphone and gets up in your lap, would not be nearly so pronounced were it not for this background of breeding which no one who has it can avoid evidencing to some degree.

But he may be handsome, young, boyish; he may play the saxophone in a manner to bring envy to the heart of the Angel Gabriel himself, but the greatest lure of Rudy for me lies in his singing. His voice in itself is nothing to brag about—pleasant enough, but not more so than dozens of others—slightly—no, more than slightly—decidedly nasal, but none the less fascinating. What then, is it which causes us "hysterical women" as we are termed, to hang on his every note? And echo answers, what?

The solution of this problem lies in the fact that he is a clever youngster—he knows how to use that voice. He knows that every woman likes to feel that he is singing just to her—and so he sings to every woman as an individual. The sophisticated man understands how to bring women to his feet and

Winners for January

First Prize—Margaret H. Heinz, Buffalo.

Second Prize—Frances M. Poist, Hanover, Pa.

Honorable Mention—L. A. Connors, Cynwyd, Pa.; Oscar Janis, New York.

Winners for February

First Prize—Margaret M. Lukes, Philadelphia.

Second Prize—Pearl M. Thompson, South Bend, Ind.

Honorable Mention—Jean S. W. Barnes, White Plains, N. Y.; Mrs. Blair N. Reiley, East Lansdowne, Pa.; Carrie E. Nichols, New Britain, Conn.; Marjorie L. Goetschius, Manchester, N. H.; Kathleen O'Rourke, Manchester, N. H.

uses all his cleverness to do so. Rudy makes no effort—he doesn't even know what it's all about, but he accomplishes the same result out of his sheer naivete. He knows we like to be sung to, and so he sings to us. Women feel this inherent decency and character of the boy, and love him for it. With the exception of one other, who must remain nameless, I would rather listen to Rudy than to any other personality on the air or screen, in spite of the fact that as a real singer he simply isn't—and there's a hundred million others like me.

It's not much of an undertaking to say wherein lies the reason for Rudy's appeal, but to tell why he is so universally set upon and scorned by the men is a different proposition. I shall have to leave this vital point for further discussion by someone who is better at explaining the vagaries of the male sex than am I.

In the meantime, as long as we have Rudy and as long as he has us, what do we care what the men think? They're only quiet anyway. But,

you know, "Fifty million women can't be wrong!"—Margaret H. Heinz, Buffalo.

Jessica Dragonette is my favorite radio artist. I approach Miss Dragonette's hour on the air as I imagine I might have walked up the red-carpeted stairs of the opera house years ago to hear Jenny Lind.

Why is she my favorite radio artist?

1. Because her nightingale voice does all the noblest things for me that music can do for man.

2. Because I have an intense admiration for her as the complete artist.

3. Because her personality comes so clearly to me over the air, that after she is finished I always imagine her unseen audience dragging her carriage over a road of stars.

May I enter my vote for Miss Dragonette in the popularity contest?—Margaret M. Lukes, Philadelphia, Pa.

Listeners' Forum

(Continued from page 35)

find fault, though, because I really did enjoy it all. I guess there would be plenty with which to find fault in my ideas along, some lines if I were to put these ideas in print.

The feature entitled Static from the Studios is of special interest. Keep it up!

Another thing to be commended is the quality of the reproduction of your photographs and the legibility of the type, something rare in publications of this price.

I am not particular in my news about the radio artists, so long as it is news. And, taking it all in all, I think RADIO REVUE gives it better than any other magazine I can name.—F. P., Hanover, Pa.

ETHER ETCHINGS

"Many Radio Artists Untrained"

THE following artists, well-known to radio audiences, owe their training to Eleanor MacLellan, of distinguished musical history: Betsy Ayres, Gladys Rice, Evelyn Herbert, Peggy Wood, Dan Beddoe, Dorothy Stone, Paula Stone, Nydia D'Arnell and Marguerite Ringo, the latter now appearing with great success in Italian opera houses.

Eleanor MacLellan has been teaching in New York for the past twenty-five years, and holds a position unique among vocal teachers of this city. She has applied her method to the creation of radio artists since the inception



Eleanor MacLellan

of broadcasting. She says:

"I can point to all my artists and their engagements with pride. Without exception they are all working, and getting paid for their work. I believe an artist is happier paying for lessons in this way than by using borrowed or donated money. Independence is a long step toward artistic happiness.

"The trouble with about one-half of the artists now before the microphone is: first, they are without sufficient musical training and, secondly, they are without adequate radio experience. Why should the great radio broadcasting systems take in untrained artists and then have to teach them how to speak or sing?

"When a railroad engineer takes charge of a heavily-loaded train, just as when a ship's captain takes command, he *knows* what he has to do. He has had training and experience in these matters. Why should not a concert singer or a speaker, facing the microphone, know his business, the arts of singing and speaking, the art of poise, a few languages, and have a refined accent, pleasing to the great air audiences?"

"I am afraid part of the fault lies in the great desire to make money without training at all, just as a few untrained musicians have made money. But with the present-day competition, how long will they last? If their names appear in programs five years from now, I will be greatly surprised."

Eleanor MacLellan's studios are quite near Central Park West and they are the center of many a bright musical entertainment. She is a gracious hostess as well as a sound teacher.

Pilots Artists' Destinies

GEORGE ENGLS, vice-president of the National Broadcasting Company, in charge of artists and programs, is one of the youngest and newest vice-presidents at 711 Fifth Avenue. By reason of his comparatively long experience with orchestras, conductors, prima donnas, seconda donnas, and great artists, he can tell you a little bit ahead of time just what these ladies and gentlemen are going to do. If they are suffering from indigestion or temperament and refuse to do anything, George can tell you that, too.

Here is his brief, but spectacular history. He was born in these United States, in the city of Albany, capital of New York State. His age does not matter. To our knowledge he has been twenty-one for the past ten years and, when time and work permit, he eats very well.

His first contacts with orchestras and artists date back to 1909, when he had charge of the New York Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Dr. Walter Damrosch, and later with such distinguished guest conductors as Bruno Walter, Albert Coates and Otto Klemperer. The following eminent artists have been led around this country by George and, when they have left the country, they have invariably carried with them a little spending money: Paderewski, Ernestine Schumann-Heink, Jascha Heifetz, Marion Talley, Paul Kochanski and many others of established reputation and recognized ability.

George Engels first came to the radio business in May, 1928. In the short space of ten months he was transferred from the post of manager of the National Broadcasting Company's Artists' Bureau to that of vice-president in charge of Artists and Program, as we have said. From this dizzy eminence George beams benignly down upon a company of nearly a thousand persons, some of whom may be numbered among his old friends in the treacherous but fascinating music game.

George plays a fair game of hand-ball, but dire threats prevent us from mentioning the reason for this strenuous exercise. Suffice it to say that it provides him with much healthy enjoyment and offers him relaxation from the vigorous strain of his pressing musical activities.



George Engels

STATIC FROM THE STUDIOS

(Continued from page 34)

was decidedly wrong with the announcer's cardiac apparatus, for the doctor was moving the business end of the stethoscope as though it were the dial of a receiving set. Finally the radio-minded Mr. Sinnot could stand it no longer.

"Let's see what's on at WMCA," he suggested.

▲ ▲ ▲

Alma Kitchell, NBC contralto, is receiving a wide response to the program she sings on Sunday mornings. Recently the Mayor of Palm Beach wrote and asked her the composer of the very technical number she had sung, called "The Anchor Song." Alma finally discovered that he referred to a song entitled "Vainka," by Whishaw. Alma wrote him to the effect that his misunderstanding of the title was due to poor diction on somebody's part and, inasmuch as the title was not mentioned in the text of the song, she disclaimed the responsibility.

▲ ▲ ▲

Raymond Knight recently staged in his "Cuckoo Horn," Station KN-KN, (NBC) a burlesque on Light-headed Honsekeeping, the complete absence of Daily Stock Quotations, the Voice of Excelsior, the great mystery drama: "Who was Behind Grandfather's Grandfather Clock?" or Saved by Eastern Daylight Saving Time, and a fake football match between the Alaska University Walruses and the Florida College Lemon Pickers. It was excellent fooling.



Amos 'n' Andy, in the persons of Charles Correll and Freeman Gosden, were in the New York studios of the NBC recently for a short visit. The Editor of RADIO REVUE was introduced to them and was impressed by the fact that they looked like nothing more than a couple of enterprising young business men—and such, by the way, they ac-

tually are. He recalled to them the last occasion on which he had seen them in person. That was several years ago at the Radio Manufacturers' Ass'n show in New York, when they came unheralded from Chicago to appear as "Sam and Henry." "Say," commented Mr. Correll, "we sure were frightened on that occasion. We were just about scared stiff."



The Sylvania Foresters Quartet is directed by Roy Close, which, one way has remarked, is no doubt responsible for their "close" harmony.

▲ ▲ ▲

Bobby Reinhart, master of ceremonies for the Checker Cabbies program over WOR, has given more youngsters a chance to appear on the air, than any man on Broadway. Bobby is always looking for talent, and every Thursday, when the "Cabbies" broadcast, you'll hear a new voice, in addition to the old standbys, Johnny Buss and Phil Brae. Everynow, from blues singer to opera student comes to Bobby for an audition, and he gives them a chance if they have anything at all to offer.

"You never can tell," says Bobby smilingly, by way of explanation. "Fanny Brice peddled papers down by the subway, and Rosie Ponzillo didn't seem like much when she warbled ditties in Cafe Mellone, back in New Haven. Today, Fanny is a headliner, and Rosie Ponzillo is Rosa Ponselle, of Metropolitan fame. Why not give the kids a hand?"

▲ ▲ ▲

John T. Martin, formerly of the NBC press department, but now a light in the candlestick of Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborne, Inc., (name copied from telephone book) reminds us of that old gag about asking a postman to go for a long walk. He spends most of his spare time wandering about radio studios.

▲ ▲ ▲

Excerpt from a letter received by the National Broadcasting Company: "I claim to be the only man who can neigh like a horse so near nat-

ural, if you were near where there were horses you would not think of a human voice being able to perform such a feat. Possibly this feat would work in the Farm and Home Hour." ▲ ▲ ▲

Alfred J. McCosker, director of WOR, and Mrs. McCosker, left recently for a West Indies cruise on the Holland-American steamship *Volterdam*. They will be gone for three weeks, stopping at Port Au Prince, Jamaica, Colon, in the Panama Canal Zone, Havana and Nassau. During his absence, A. A. Cormier will be in charge of the station. Mr. Cormier is Mr. McCosker's assistant and is also in charge of the sales division of the station.

▲ ▲ ▲

George F. Johnson, president of the Endicott-Johnson Corporation, of Endicott, N. Y., which recently began a year's broadcasting over WOR and the other members of the Quality Group of stations, WLW, Cincinnati and WMAQ, Chicago, is so satisfied with the work of the artists on the program that he has granted them membership in the "Industrial Democracy," which heretofore has been the exclusive privilege of the workers.

Colonel J. W. O'Mahoney, who is in charge of Endicott-Johnson's broadcasting, read the telegram which conveyed the news of Eugene Ormandy, his orchestra and other artists at a recent rehearsal and the subsequent sheering nearly disrupted studio activities.

Membership in the "Industrial Democracy" (Continued on page 40)

	<p>ASTRID FJELDE</p>
<p>dramatic soprano with national grandopera company</p>	<p>CONCERT ORATORIO OPERA</p>
<p>Studio 49 west 57 st. management NATIONAL BROADCASTING AND CONCERT BUREAU 711 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK</p>	

PROGRAM NOTES

New Programs

Romances in Biography—WMCA—Saturday, 5:30 P.M. Terse talks on the characters of the great, by David St. Pauline.

ACO Entertainers—WMCA—Monday, 9:30 P.M. Devoted exclusively to Negro music, played by Negro musicians, under the guidance of Moe Gale, white entrepreneur of Harlem entertainments.

East of Cairo—WEAF—Wednesday, 8:30 P.M. New adventure series, telling the exploits of two young American soldiers of fortune. Written by Raymond Scudder, with musical background directed by Sven Von Hallberg.

Old King Cole Stories—WEAF—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday, 5 P.M. Tales, songs and riddles for the kiddies, with George Mitchell as Old King Cole. Sponsored by Rex Cole, Inc., 265 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Play of the Month—WABC—Fortnightly, on Tuesday, 6:45 P.M. Outstanding personalities of the stage presented in connection with a play selected for each program.

Appreciation of Poetry in Youth—WABC—Tuesday, 3:45 P.M. Series of talks by Harry Webb Farrington to children.

Endicott-Johnson Hour—WOR, WLW and WMAQ—Sunday, 8 P.M. Symphony orchestra and symphonic jazz band, under direction of Eugene Ormandy, the Boys' Club Quartet and "Happy Dan" Laster, oldest employee, in point of service, of Endicott-Johnson firm, who will provide human element in program.

Know Your United States—WENR and W9XF—Thursday, midnight (central time). Musical travogue, telling the world the advantage of living in the United States. Under direction of Everett Mitchell, chief announcer of WENR.

Works of Shakespeare—WPCH—Thursday, 6:20 P.M. Presentations of famous plays of Bard of Avon by Classical Radio Players, under direction of Ben S. Mears, actor and playwright. Each play to be broadcast in three parts, one part a week.

Adventures in Citizenship—WEAF—Tuesday, 7 P.M. Series of four experimental programs presented by

Voters' Service, featuring persons prominent in public work.

Yesterday and Today in Medicine—WLW—Wednesday, 7 P.M. Series of talks on modern prevention and treatment of disease as contrasted with old methods, presented by University of Cincinnati, with co-operation of Academy of Medicine of Cincinnati.

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The search for novel, unusual and entertaining broadcasts is one that "grays" the hair of programmers of all stations. In the few years of radio's evolution nearly everything adaptable to broadcasting has been used. Instruments of all types, singly and in groups have found their place before one microphone or another.

For the first time in WOR's history, however, it presented a "plectrum" orchestra recently for forty-five minutes, under the listing of "The Sereaders," with William Edward Foster, as director.

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A pall was cast over the second performance of Cesare Solero's own grand opera, "Ombre Russe," recently, when it was learned that Moe Rich, one of the violinists in the NBC orchestra, had died just before the dress rehearsal. His death was attributed to a heart attack, superinduced by acute indigestion. While Mr. Rich had not long been in the orchestra he had made many friends. The rather sombre setting of Mr. Solero's opera served as an appropriate eulogy.

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Harry Reser and his Cliquot Club Eskimos, an organization made nationally famous by radio, are sewing additional service stripes on their furry garments. The reason is that a new contract between the NBC and the Cliquot Club Company has been signed and the Eskimos will be heard for another year through the NBC System. By way of celebration they were heard twice in one week. The Eskimos, now among the real veterans on the air, made their first appearance in December, 1925. Now in their fifth year, they have never missed a week before the microphone since.

THIS 64 Page Book FREE



To Men who want facts on the Jobs now open in RADIO

You will find the true picture of Radio's many opportunities for a good job in this book. Here are some of your opportunities in Radio. Broadcasting Stations use engineers, operators, station managers, and pay \$1,000 to \$5,000 a year. Radio Manufacturers employ testers, inspectors, foremen, engineers, service men, buyers and managers for jobs paying up to \$15,000 a year. Shipping Companies use hundreds of operators, give them world-wide travel and \$85 to \$200 a month besides.

Radio Dealers and Jobbers (there are over 35,000) are continually on the lookout for good service men, salesmen, buyers, managers and pay \$30 to \$100 a week for good men. Talking Movies pay as much as \$75 to \$200 a week, to men with Radio training. Besides there are opportunities almost everywhere for you to have a spare time or full time Radio business of your own to be your own boss.

I am showing hundreds every year how to make much more money in Radio than they could make in their old jobs. J. A. Vauhall, 3715 S. Kingshighway, St. Louis, Mo., jumped from \$25 to \$100 a week. E. E. Winborne, 1114 W. 24th St., Norfolk, Va., seldom makes under \$100 a week now. My book proves it. You needn't give up your job to learn. All I ask is some of your spare time.

I will show you ten jobs that you can do for extra money the day you enroll. Throughout your course I'll show you additional plans that are making \$200 to \$1,000 a year for hundreds of students while taking my course. G. W. Vague, Noel, Wash. D. C., has a Radio business made \$935 in his spare time while studying.

My 64-page book tells you where the good Radio jobs are, what they pay, how to get into it. I tell you about my proved and endorsed Radio course of over 50 Lessons, Books, over 10 Service Sheets giving information on seventeen different parts of work, the Outline of Radio Parts I give for a Home Experimental Laboratory, my Lifetime Employment Service and other features. Get it. Read it. Then you can decide one way or the other.

J. E. SMITH, President
National Radio Institute, Dept. OC89
Washington, D. C.

THIS COUPON IS GOOD FOR ONE FREE COPY OF MY VALUABLE BOOK

MAIL IT NOW

J. E. Smith, President,
National Radio Institute, Dept.
Washington, D. C. OC89

Dear Mr. Smith—Send me your book "Radio Records in Radio." I understand this book does not obligate me and that no representative will call.

Name.....

Address.....

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

STATIC FROM THE STUDIOS

(Continued from page 38)

racy" means that every artist and members of his or her family will be entitled to medical care, with country club and all other privileges. It is the first time that radio artists have actually been taken into the "official family" of any corporation.

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Fully recovered from a three months' siege of illness, Jerry Solow recently returned to the Solow Soloists on WMCA Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. Since last October, when he was first stricken with spinal meningitis, Jerry had lain on a cot at St. Vincent's Hospital. There was a time, just before Christmas, when doctors gave up all hope of saving his life. He was placed in a glass-enclosed room, treated with oxygen, and, when he lapsed into a coma, a priest was called to administer the last rites. But Jerry pulled through. Doctors declare that the thousands of letters received from radio fans were a vital factor in helping the youthful singer back to health.

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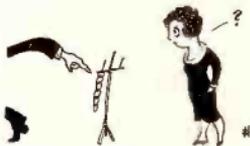
Henry Shope, NBC top tenor, arrived at the studio the other day, somewhat excited as a result of an encounter with a traffic officer, in which Henry carried off a souvenir in the form of a ticket for speeding. He went to a rehearsal and was surprised to learn that he had been assigned to sing, as a solo, an old English song: "What If I Never Speed."



Little Barbara Loebrich, of NBC production department, recently volunteered to assist in the "mob" required to cheer the entrance of Napoleon. When the trumpets announced the arrival of the Emperor Napoleon in "Kay" Seymour's "Famous Loves", all the mob cheered as directed: "Hail, Napoleon, our Emperor" Barbara went native American and yelled: "Hail, Columbia!"

Dolores Cassinelli, NBC soprano, is quite upset. Because she's gorgeous looking, she has been referred to in a number of newspapers as a "Spanish beauty." She's really Italian. According to Miss Cassinelli, she has received dozens of letters from Italian friends, who accuse her of changing her colors.

"Is must be the Dolores that fools them," she said. "The Cassinelli part is Italian."



Harold Sanford was conducting "The Chimes of Normandy" by Planquette at the NBC recently. A chain, to be used in producing a sound effect, was slung over a music stand. Dorothy Ingling, a singularly inquiring person, came into the studio and asked what the chain was for.

"They can't use that here," said Ellis McDiarmid, well known flutist, "that's a Columbia chain."

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When Walter Winchell spoke over WABC during the Littmann Program recently, he related an incident regarding an interview he had with Rudolph Valentino a short time before the late star's death. The subject of their conversation was a slave bracelet which Valentino wore on his wrist and which was given to him by Jean Acker, his first wife. Rudy had said that, although many considered it offensive to wear such adornments he would always do so because of his great fondness for its giver.

Several telephone calls followed Winchell's broadcast. One was from Jean Acker, who happened to be listening in. She was deeply touched by the words of the columnist and thanked him for the tribute he paid to Valentino, who she still thinks the finest man she has ever known.

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Merle Johnston, who conducts the *Ceco Cousiers* program, heard regularly over WABC and the CBS claims the highest record of any broadcasting artists for appearances on commercial programs. During his years years on the air, Johnston has played on forty-five

of the leading sponsored features, with innumerable sustaining programs on the side.

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NBC studios, so cool in the summer that they are sometimes called "ice boxes," are comfortably warm these days, according to the persons who work in them. Yet the temperature in every studio is constant the year 'round—72 degrees. The difference in outside temperatures accounts for the seeming difference in studio heat, it was explained.

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The largest pipe organ ever built exclusively for radio use has been installed in the studios of Station WCCO, the Minneapolis station of the CBS. It is a three-manual instrument especially designed and built for WCCO after four years of experimentation. The pipes, chests and other equipment occupy two sound insulated rooms at one end of the studios, while the console is in the main studio.

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One of the most dazzling of the hostesses at the NBC's New York studios is Her Highness the Princess Sonya Brounova, a Russian noblewoman.

▲ ▲ ▲

LYRIC SOPRANO	
	MURIEL WILSON
	CONCERT ORATORIO OPERA
management NATIONAL BROADCASTING AND CONCERT BUREAU 71 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK	

"LESSONS IN LOVELINESS"

by

Nell Vinick

Radio Beauty Adviser

Make-up

MAKE-UP is the final aid to facial beauty. It can make a lovely face look lovelier and it can transform a "plain" face into an attractive one. Make-up is no longer used with the mistaken impression that it will cover up skin blemishes, but there are very few complexionists that are flawless enough not to need its artful aid. PROVIDED, of course, that make-up is properly selected according to the natural coloring.

It is not safe to be guided by something "for blondes" or "for brunettes" because not all blondes have a fair skin nor do all brunettes have an olive complexion. There is the fair brunette type with a much lighter coloring than a creamy or "Spanish" type of blonde. Then there are the red-haired types and the in-between type with light or dark brown hair and creamy, fair or olive skin. To advise you on your personal selection I would have to know the color of your eyes—of your hair—the tone of your complexion—and your age—but here is some general information that applies to every woman.

Powder

Powder should always be a trifle deeper than the tone of your skin as a lighter shade emphasizes any lines or wrinkles or "frown lines" and it is well to remember that powder looks darker or deeper in the box or display tube than it will look on the skin. If powder "flakes" or simply will not stay on, it is usually an indication of a dry skin and in that event a bit of your nourishing cream, lightly patted in, then wiped off, will act as a protective film and a perfect powder base. If powder "cakes" or streaks it usually indicates that your skin is too oily. And don't forget to powder your forehead. A shiny forehead is just as bad as a shiny nose.

Rouge

Many women are discovering that rouge in cream form gives the skin the most natural effect. Another great advantage of a good cream rouge is that it will stay on for hours without need of renewing. Think of the comfort, the added assurance of knowing that you do not constantly have to be dabbing on more rouge every fifteen minutes or so.

It is important, of course, to select a cream rouge, such as Drezma, which is not too oily or too dry, but just creamy enough to blend in easily and smoothly.

Unlike a dry rouge—a cream rouge is applied before the powder. If the skin is dry or sensitive to cold weather, a tiny bit of nourishing cream gently patted in, then wiped off, makes a perfect base for blending in cream rouge. For oily skins—while the skin is still a trifle moist with astringent.

Indelible Lipstick

The lips should always be more vivid than the cheeks—that you know—but they should be of the same tone, and should match the color in the face perfectly and, since the lips usually have a bit of natural color, it is best to use the same shade of rouge and lipstick.

There is a new indelible lipstick (name on request) that is actually and safely indelible, which means that it will stay on for hours, no matter how much you talk or eat or drink. It gives the lips a soft, "dewy" appearance—yet not oily, and contains a protective ingredient which keeps the lips from chapping.

One of the pitfalls to avoid in selecting rouge and lipstick is the "in-between" shades. You are more certain to get an attractive, natural effect by selecting either light, medium or dark, according to your own personal coloring, and then taking a moment or so to blend in the rouge evenly—and to apply the lipstick so that it will emphasize the lips, alluringly, but not obviously "painted".

For the next "Lesson in Loveliness" I will tell you just how each type of features should be rouged—to make a round full face appear more oval—a thin long face look pleasingly rounded—to minimize high cheek bones—so you can practice it before your own mirror.

[Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of "Lessons in Loveliness" by Miss Vinick which will appear every month in Radio Revue. For information on your beauty problems, address Nell Vinick, Beauty Adviser, in care of Radio Revue, Six Harrison Street, New York, N. Y.]

Radio Gives Actress Greater Thrill Than Does Stage

(Continued from page 9)

whom are individual, can you wonder that I find radio the most interesting field in the world? Yes, it's because of the people and I know you all agree with me. That's why I'm writing—so that I can put some of these people into stories and let the rest of you know how interesting this place is.

Do I like working with Miss Le Gallienne and her company in the Civic Repertory broadcast? I should say I do. I played with Eva once, several years ago, and I still think she's the most remarkable actress in the theatre today. It's been great to work with her again.

Would the plays I appeared in be of interest? Let's see—there was *The Girl With the Green Eyes*—I was she—*In the Next Room, East Side, West Side, Shanghai Gesture* and many others.

Yes, I've done movie work, and I hope to do more, at some future time, but just at the moment I'm more interested in radio. It's like a growing child, and I want to help it grow. I want to try out new ideas, to write new stories, to find out what the audiences like, to work out new sound effects with our expert, Harry Swan, to adjust words and music in such a way that you can all see the picture of a Russian village or the poetry of the Mexican desert.

And let me say here, if you think your letters don't mean a great deal to us here at the studio—well, you're mistaken. I guess there's nothing more to say, so I'll sign off now. This is Georgia Backus, taking the air over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

RADIO IN THE HOME

Edited by Mrs. A. M. Goudiss

Founder and Manager of the Forecast School of Radio Cookery, NBC

EDITOR'S NOTE: We deeply regret that the serious illness of Mrs. Julian Heath precludes us from printing her department this month. We are indebted to another enthusiast for the home and sane cooking, Mrs. A. M. Goudiss, who has literally stepped into the kitchen for us, although her invitation to housewives is: "Come Out of the Kitchen."

Come Out of the Kitchen



Mrs. A. M. Goudiss.

Good Morning, Neighbors:

It is my belief that the worst thing that could happen to this country is that the housewife, with all her new freedom, clubs, emancipations and—if you will pardon me—complexes, should come to hate the kitchen, for, despite the fireside and the piano, the heart is where the kitchen is, in a real home.

Of course, it is equally disastrous that she should be asked to spend whole days and half the nights in her kitchen. Too many women, alas! do not realize that there is a world outside the kitchen door. Women had to come out of the kitchen to meet the rest of the world but, at the same time, they have to know it, and rule it—make it serve them and theirs—instead of being its slaves. I invite you, I urge you, to come out of the kitchen!

Each Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday morning at 11 to 11.30 Eastern Standard Time, it is my privilege to tell of expert kitchen operations, of foods that build and attract, and of a work that is almost gay. I talk generally to women, and to women with families, whose duty it is to feed their families right, for their own good and for the good of their community and country. The kitchen must be an airy, pleasant, clean and uncluttered place to live in for a little while each day, beautifully organized and delightfully productive.

Too often food talks are stuffy. Too often they are dictatorial. One must eat this and drink that, whether one hates them or not. This food is good for one; that is harmful. Why? What is the matter with good, honest, boiled onions and cheese or a good scrambled egg if you like them? *Join* them down and give them another trial.



Dr. A. M. Goudiss.

In my office I preach the pleasant sermon of healthful

food, and back of that office I have a sunny radio kitchen, where good things are tested, cooked and eaten. That is the creed of this white-enamel kitchen, manned by expert cooks. If you have any problems on cookery and food preparation, you may write to me in care of the National Broad-

(Continued on page 48)



Mrs. Goudiss' Real Radio Kitchen.

Have Breakfast with the PEP HENS!



PEP HENS ARE FED AS CAREFULLY AS YOUR BABY

EIGHT large feed mills on the Pacific coast—mills co-operatively owned by the poultrymen themselves—give the hens their breakfast and their dinner.

Giant hoppers pour out the clean, scientifically mixed grain—crisp and inviting as your breakfast cereal.

Think of it! Twelve million PEP hens, all "laying for you," and all uniformly fed on the best grain money can buy and experience can select.

Because of this, each fine, fresh, delicately flavored PEP egg tastes exactly like the next . . . and the next . . . and the next.

Small wonder that children accustomed to the PEP flavor immediately detect the difference, when ordinary eggs are substituted.

Have breakfast with the PEP hens! The egg-buyer of a great chain store did just that. Cupping his hand under a hopper, he tasted a few of the golden kernels, and said: "In my wildest moments, I never dreamed of hens being fed like this!"

Have breakfast with the PEP hens! Or, if you prefer, let the PEP hens supply your breakfast.

Remember! PEP eggs are all deliciously identical in flavor.



PACIFIC EGG PRODUCERS

COOPERATIVE INC.

"THE EGG WITH THE REPUTATION"

SAN FRANCISCO

NEW YORK

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Seattle. Los Angeles. San Diego. Detroit. Pittsburgh.
Panama. Buenos Aires. Valparaiso. Lima. London. and Glasgow



MILADY'S FASHIONS

By MARIE BLIZARD
Radio Authority on Styles

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the first of a series of articles on fashions by Marie Blizard, fashion director of the Columbia Broadcasting System. Miss Blizard will be pleased to answer any questions on styles. Address her in care of Radio Revue, Six Harrison Street, New York, N. Y.

ONE'S initial article in a series on fashions should cover the basic principles of fashion—lines, colors and fabrics. Yet each one of these three fundamentals of fashions is of such interest and importance that it is quite impossible to cover it in a limited space.

Besides, much has been said of the "new" fashions, which are now "familiar" ones. The revolution in the mode was so arresting and its success was so rapid that every fashion writer has outdone herself in her efforts to clear up any doubts regarding its importance.

I am going to condense my facts . . . and put my information into catechism form.

I am sure you all recognize the fact that long skirts are in (for a few years anyway, regardless of public protest) but . . . did you know that any skirt *more than four inches* below the knee for street wear is as unfashionable as one four inches above?

You all know that the normal waistline is **THE** waistline. Did you know that, if you are too high-waisted or too low-waisted, you should adjust your belt to the most becoming placement *as near* the normal waistline as possible?

Two-Piece Costume Is In

You all know that the two-piece dress is out. However the two-piece costume is in! Did you know that silk blouses are smarter than sweaters with woolen skirts? Incidentally, a bright red flat crepe blouse worn with a brown tweed skirt or a dark blue flat crepe blouse worn with a grey tweed skirt are very chic. Did you know that

the dark or vivid shades are much smarter than pastel tones for blouses worn with the new spring dressmaker suits? And speaking of replacements . . . that silk scarfs are much more dashing than fur scarfs?

Did you know that Fashion has the blues daytime and evening? And that French designers have their eyebrows up to the top of their foreheads and their mouths wide open in astonishment and wonder that blue . . . that lovely bright, light blue they have tried so many times to bring back . . . is suddenly the smartest of the evening colors? And that smoky light blue for daytime and *bas de rose* in flat crepe are grand?

Did you know that velvet is absolutely out and taffeta is absolutely in? That flat crepe printed with clusters of flowers is one of the smartest fabrics for evening? And that tweed is the smartest of the daytime fabrics?

And did you know that a band of tulle or chiffon around your short evening dress makes it look new and smart? And that a touch of lingerie . . . ruffles and cuffs of net or organdie . . . a shawl or scarf of flat crepe . . . demure bands of pique . . . always in snowy white . . . will make a success of an old dress?

Now, it's your turn to ask me questions. And I will be happy to answer them if you will address me in care of this magazine.

Sound Effects Made to Order for Radio Programs

(Continued from page 22)

bovine, Indian tom-tom, Oriental drum, sand blocks, bicycle bells, parking auto, fire-works, cap pistols, baby cry, chain rattle, sleigh bells, real cloth tearing, sword duel, flies, bee buzz, tin pan crashes, cork pulling, falling trees, handsaw, acetylene torch, ambulance bell, train bell, crow, duck quack, rooster crow, hen cackle, cat meow and many others.

Whenever a script calls for any sound effects, Mr. Nichols is called upon. The other day some programs were being recorded in the Judson studios. The script called for the unsheathing of a sword. Mr. Nichols achieved the desired effect by casually donning a pair of mail gauntlets and producing a sword attached to his table, which he simply pulled out of its sheath at the proper moment. For the most part, however, sounds are produced by mechanical appliances attached to the table. He merely presses buttons, and the ocean waves begin to roll, a tree falls, a board squeaks. All noises are possible with his complicated machine.

Recently William B. Murray received the following telegram from Mr. Nichols: "Ruined my ocean waves stop won't be at studio today." All of which goes to show that the business of producing sound on the radio is a very sad and serious one.

WABC has acquired an automatic sound-effects machine which, by means of pulling ropes and pushing buttons, can produce over thirty different sounds. These range from the mighty roar of thunder and lions to motorboat whistles and ferry-boat sirens.

The entire machine is housed in a cabinet about the size of a modern phonograph. It does not do away with the sound-effects man—it merely makes his life easier, although he is just as important as ever. It takes one a few days to "get to know the thing".



Editorials

(Continued from page 32)

The average client has sense enough to leave the planning and production of his radio program to these highly trained specialists. But quite a few clients apparently are confident that they know much more about the business themselves. These few constitute one of the greatest menaces that radio broadcasting faces today.

The way it works in this: an advertising agency or one of the big chains creates a really original idea for a radio program. By dint of much persuasion they manage to get a client to agree to sponsor this new series of hours. All goes well until after the first broadcast. Then Mr. Know-It-All, the client, egged on by the opinions, possibly, of his better half and her bridge club, starts to suggest changes—and suggestions from him are equivalent to commands, inasmuch as he pays the bills.

Then follows a hectic period. First, he says the dramatic sketch in his hour is too old-fashioned. Something more modern is substituted and then he concludes that the sketch might better be omitted entirely. Next he starts on the music, which had originally been planned purely as atmosphere for the sketch. The music has been too classical, he says. People want something more lively. So, after as much protest as can safely be made, there is no course left but to change the music. Next a speaker is substituted for the dramatic sketch and then is withdrawn after a few weeks, in favor of a male quartet.

Now Mr. Know-It-All declares that there is not enough variety, so he adds a soprano or a contralto crooner to the hour. By this time the original idea has been mutilated beyond recognition. The listener, who had been led by early publicity releases to expect something entirely unusual in radio programs, cynically concludes that this is "just another program." The trained specialists throw up their hands in despair at the slaughter of a really original idea. And even Mr. Know-It-All finally decides that radio broadcasting isn't what it should be and that the listeners don't appreciate "real art" in broadcasting.

This criticism is not leveled at the entire broadcasting business, nor at any one program, but rather at a condition that exists in the industry. If a client is willing to pay a big price for the advertising of his wares, and has faith in his agents and the broadcasters to serve him to the best of their ability, then he should have enough sense to leave them alone, and not interfere with those who help him most.

Radio Revives Public's Interest in Old-time Minstrel Show

(Continued from page 14)

William Shelley, our interlocutor, has appeared in several minstrel companies and has had wide experience on the legitimate stage. He has also been heard in a number of NBC dramatic productions.

Carson J. Robison, better known as the Kansas Jay Bird, sings humorous songs and whistles in his own inimitable style. He can strum a guitar and play a harmonica at the same time. He has composed a number of songs and is credited with being one of the originators of the fad for hillbilly songs, which started several years ago.

Harold Branch, first tenor of our quartet, made a repu-

tation in radio at Cleveland before coming to the NBC. He sings leading roles with the National Light Opera Company and does quite a bit of concert work throughout the East.

Steele Jamison, second tenor, formerly was soloist in the leading church in Pittsburgh. He was one of the early venturers into broadcasting and has been on the air consistently for the past few years, on NBC programs.

Darl Bethmann, baritone, originally came from Pennsylvania. During the past few years he has been heard on many well known NBC programs, including the National Grand Opera, National Light Opera and Tone Pictures. His specialty is singing German lieder.

Harry Donaghy, our bass, has been broadcasting since 1923. He was a member of the Elite Opera Company and has appeared in a number of stage productions. He has also been in vaudeville and pictures, and has done a great deal of phonograph recording with Victor, Columbia, Brunswick and other companies.

Curt Peterson, who announces our program each week, was born in Albert Lea, Minn. He was graduated from the University of Oregon with the degree of Bachelor of Science in 1920, after serving in the World War as a lieutenant of infantry. Before entering the radio field Mr. Peterson, a baritone, was a singer and a teacher of voice at Miss Mason's Castle School for Girls.

Soprano Modulator—Radios Latest Wonder

(Continued from page 33)

+ W Y QF = A X + 1 2 3, drop one, purr one. A slide rule must be attached to the Modulator as any deviation from this equation will change soprano notes to those of the tenor, and that is another problem. Two carefully tested heterogeneous gaps, one unicellular amoeba and a galvanic thyroid, used with a push-pull circuit, complete the equipment.

The method in which the Modulator works is quite interesting. The label is left off the soup can, and the soprano, seeing it as she sings, becomes hungry for some chicken gumbo soup, which in turn brings out a yearning quality that is discouraging to high notes. The yearning becomes so great that the poor soprano is forced to desist from her singing, so-called, and betake herself to the nearest restaurant, where she finds that, sorry, but they don't have chicken gumbo soup on Wednesday; but anyway, she will have stopped singing, and the good work will have been done.

The device has yet to be tested.

Electric Clock

Place it on your radio set, and get accurate time for tuning in on your favorite program.

Tickless, springless, care-free operation.

Plug in on light socket.

Case in walnut finish, Bakelite.

Three inch silvered dial, height 7 1/4 inches.

Sent Prepaid—Price \$9.95

WILLIAM H. ENHAUS & SON
26 John Street New York City



THE BIG TEN

Best Selling Popular Songs of the Month

ONCE again there looms on the horizon a ray of hope for songs other than theme songs from talking pictures. However, judging from past experience, this condition is likely to be only temporary. Whereas last month *The Big Ten* was composed entirely of theme songs, this month there are three songs in the list that are not theme songs.

Then, again, the two leaders, *Cryin' for the Carolines* and *Happy Days Are Here Again*, became widely popular before they were incorporated and heard in their respective pictures. So, for a while at least, it seems that there is again hope for the good old popular song.

During the past month, as compared with the previous month, there have been numerous changes in the list. Only four of last month's ten remain. These are *I'm a Dreamer; Aren't We All*, *If I Had a Talking Picture of You*, *A Little Kiss Each Morning* and *The Chant of the Jungle*. A number of new vigorous songs have appeared and many in the offing threaten to break into the charmed circle.

1. **Cryin' for the Carolines**
from *Spring is Here* (Remick Music Corporation)
2. **Happy Days Are Here Again**
from *Chasing Rainbows* (Ager, Yellen & Bornstein)
3. **I'm a Dreamer; Aren't We All?**
from *Sunny Side Up* (De Sylva, Brown & Henderson)
4. **If I Had a Talking Picture of You**
from *Sunny Side Up* (De Sylva, Brown & Henderson)
5. **The Chant of the Jungle**
from *Untamed* (Robbins Music Corporation)
6. **Should I?**
from *Lord Byron of Broadway* (Robbins Music Corporation)
7. **Congratulations**
(De Sylva, Brown & Henderson)
8. **A Little Kiss Each Morning**
from *The Vagabond Lover* (Harms, Inc.)
9. **'Tain't No Sin**
(Walter Donaldson)
10. **The One I Love Can't be Bothered with Me**
(Leo Feist, Inc.)

It will be noticed that we have included the names of the publishers of these songs. If there is any further information our readers desire about the popular songs they hear over the radio—who wrote them, who publishes them, where they can be obtained or in what pictures they appear, etc.—**RADIO REVUE** will gladly answer all such questions. Merely write Popular Song Editor, **RADIO REVUE**, Six Harrison Street, New York, N. Y. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope if you desire a direct reply.

The Two Troupers

(Continued from page 30)

about it as a native son.

MARCELLA—Then, as J. P. McAvoy says, "You're a ultimate salesman", huh?

HELENE—And how very! Well, now, let me me—we're down to where we met on the *Eveready Hour* when you played *Dixie* and I your sister, Nita, in *Show Girl*, by the aforesaid Mr. McAvoy. Now you ask me how I came to team up with the effervescent Marcella Shields and — I say — "Well — it was in this wise—many people suggested that we should work together because of the difference in our voices and radio personalities, and that the idea was pleasing to both of us, but that you were under contract to *Eveready* all winter and I was busy with various radio hours and the "talkies."

MARCELLA—Will you please let me say something for a change—I'm about to burst with pent-up information.

HELENE—Hold everything, Gabby Liz,—let me finish my part of this interview, will you?

MARCELLA—All right—all right—What happened after you decided to join forces with the "charming" Miss Shields?

HELENE—Well, we first decided that we'd like to present some true-to-life snapshots of the vaudeville world, as most people are interested in stage life. We conceived the characters and proceeded to write our first sketch, making me the "wise cracking" and slightly "hard boiled" vaudevillian and you, the littel dizzy, "Dumb Dora."

MARCELLA—And don't forget, that I kept getting "dumber" and "dumber" with each script.

HELENE—Then, after a number of auditions at *NBC The Two Troupers* were presented to the radio audience in a series of half-hour programs with a jazz band. Our signature number, "Two Little Girls in Blue" was Gordon Whyte's suggestion and we considered it a very good one. Well, I guess that buttons that up.

MARCELLA—Yes—just like your overcoat. (*Giggle*). Well, all there is left now is to put in what we have been doing lately.

HELENE—Oh, yeah!—I know what you're all hot and bothered about—you want me to tell them that you were on the *Fleischmann Hour* with Rudy Vallee for several weeks.

MARCELLA—No—no—I'm not one of those girls who raves and tears her hair about Rudy—but I do think he's awfully nice, and—

HELENE—Yeah—yeah—I know.—Why, you even tried to put on the dog with me, until Mr. Shikret used us on the *Victor Hour* that night that Rudy and all those big stars were on and we had our picture taken with him, and—

MARCELLA—Well, I didn't notice you exactly ignoring him, Miss Handin, but that's enough about that. I want to get in about my playing "Alice Through the Looking Glass" for *Eveready* lately and that I'm on the *Frances Ingram* program and *The Janets* and—that I was in a swell new show, the first one of the *Miniature Theatre of the Air*.

HELENE—That reminds me—I forgot to mention my being featured in the *Potter* series for *Eveready* last

Summer. Well, outside of the fact that I've also been doing various hours, *Harbor Lights*, etc., I guess there isn't any more to tell.

MARCELLA—Aren't you going to tell that you are a D. A. R.—you always want to brag about that, it seems.

HELENE—Well, why shouldn't I? It isn't everyone who had ancestors who "fit" in the Revolution.

MARCELLA—Oh—ho—give me time and maybe I can dig up a grandmother who came over in the Mayflower.

HELENE—Joking aside, Marcella, I think we'd better cut this short, don't you?

MARCELLA—I think so, Helene, we don't want to tell everything we know.

HELENE—Yea, verily.—Well, let's make our exit laughingly, by telling them about our domestic accomplishments, such as our ability to cook—sew—keep house and drive a car—only we haven't any car! And that we both swim and dance and DON'T LIKE BRIDGE—
—nd—

MARCELLA—In fact, we're practically—boy scouts!
Curtain.

Interest in Opera Fast Waning

(Continued from page 26)

often accompanies her. By this marriage the star became an American citizen. She recently bought an estate in Palos Verdes, near Los Angeles, and expects to build an American home there. When not on tour, she spends her winters in California, and the summers in her vacation home in the Catskills, where she likes to dance, play golf, and swim, her preference being in the order named.

Her farewell to the Metropolitan Opera House, where she sang the sprightly role of *Rosina* in *The Barber of Seville*, that boisterous opera by Rossini—and one of her best impersonations—was the signal for a great ovation. Those privileged to witness this last performance were accorded a feast for the eye and ear. Madame Galli-Curci's costume, topped with a bright red Spanish comb, made a colorful picture. She played the role in a vein of well-conceived and high spirited archness, giving the impression that she is far from "finished" with opera, and that opera sustains a great loss in her present decision.

The lesson scene in the third act was graced by the famous "Shadow Song" from *Dinorah*, the principal aria of her New York debut in 1916. As an encore, she obliged with "Home, Sweet Home." After singing their appointed roles, the other members of the cast, Giuseppe de Luca, as the zestful Sevillian barber, Ezio Pinza as Don Basilio; Armand Tokatyan as the Count; Pompilio Malatesta as Dr. Bartolo, and Henrietta Wakefield (that most faithful of artists), were called upon to carry forward a veritable garden of flowers in baskets and bunches, a very large offering from the Metropolitan Opera Company. More applause from the audience, a lot more from her fellow artists, wavings of handkerchiefs, a little speech of farewell, and the promise of a return some day, then photographs unlimited, and more photographs to sign, and so goodnight.

In her farewell appearance at the NBC studios, Madame Galli-Curci was also prevailed upon to sing "Home, Sweet Home". After real applause by the orchestra and the audience present in the studio the diva was led away to a little farewell party.

SING SANTLY SONGS

THEY'RE

SWEET SMART SNAPPY

They sat . . . "BESIDE AN OPEN FIRE-PLACE" . . . "SINGING A VAGABOND SONG" . . . *He said . . .* "HONEY SUCKLE ROSE" . . . "I'VE GOT A NEW LOVE AFFAIR" . . . "MY FATE IS IN YOUR HANDS" *She said . . .* "I NEVER DREAMT YOU'D FALL IN LOVE WITH ME" . . .

AND THEY LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER
"SINGING SANTLY SONGS"

(Hey — Hey — Hey!)

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Mr. Average Fan Answers Some of His Critics

(Continued from page 19)

the gates at WJZ during the Collier Hour and see if she looks anything like what I expect from her speaking voice. I am afraid I shall be disappointed. If I get a chance to speak to her, which I probably will not, I am going to ask her to confine her work to talking and to cut out her singing. I take it for granted that she is the one who sings, after she appears in a sketch. Possibly I am wrong and, if so, I want to apologize for even mentioning her singing.

Since you have been kind enough to give me the opportunity to inflict my radio likes and dislikes upon a defenseless public, there are a few more things I might get off my chest and then cease inflicting myself upon you and your readers. I realize that all tenors cannot be Frank Munns and Franklyn Baur, but that is no reason why the radio audience should be tortured by some of the tenors who infest the air. Many of them are good, but there are quite a few who persist in singing through their noses, which is very noticeable over the air. It has always been my understanding that the broadcasting companies hold auditions and, in that way, select their talent. How some of these tenors and sopranos ever got by is more than I can understand.

So far I have never been able to become greatly enthused over grand opera. I have lived in New York for over a quarter of a century and the only times I ever visited the Metropolitan Opera House were at the Sunday night popular concerts. Grand opera is simply over my low brow head. I cannot get any enjoyment out of it, outside of a few well known numbers. Consequently, while the voices in the grand opera performances over the air are undoubtedly the best that can be secured, they cause me no thrill.

When it comes to the light operas, that is another story, so far as I am personally concerned. Every Sunday afternoon I listen religiously to the National Light Opera hour over WJZ. There may be better light opera directors than Harold Sanford and better comedians than Frank Moulan. If there are, I have in some way or other missed them. If I were asked to name my favorite composer, I would unhesitatingly choose Victor Herbert. That gentleman, if you will excuse the seeming vulgarity, was fuller of music than a dog is of fleas. These grand opera addicts may swear by Verdi, Puccini, Bizet, Leoncavallo and many of those other foreigners but for real singable music there never was, and I fear there never will be, another like Herbert. I have heard nearly everything he ever wrote and I simply marvel at the wonderful and continuous flow of melody. And Harold Sanford knows how to bring out the best of them.

Then again, I love the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, especially *The Mikado*. I see WJZ is starting to revive some of them on the Light Opera Hour. I hope the station keeps it up and gives us all of them. What I cannot understand is why these broadcasts were cut down from an hour and a half to an hour. I could stand a couple of hours of them at a time. I believe that in this I am an Average Fan. I enjoy the religious services on Sunday afternoons thoroughly, but at the same time I would like to hear more of the light opera. I do not like to seem catty or mean but, as far as I am concerned, if the NBC would cut off about an hour of the Roxy symphony concert on Sunday and add it to the Light Opera Hour, it would greatly please this Average Fan and a host of other average fans whom I know in the metropolitan area.

Radio in the Home

(Continued from page 42)

casting Company.

I can give you many menus and special lists for entertainment-luncheons, and tell you how to make the table look attractive—which is, after all, an important factor.

I welcome letters of inquiry from all my listeners. Before I close, let me give you something for the coming warm days, a Spring menu and a special Sunday night menu. I do this in response to innumerable requests.

SPRING MENU

Spring Salad

(Romaine, Tomato and Cucumber with French Dressing)
Roast Lamb Mint Sauce New Potatoes Parsley Sauce
Asparagus Drawn Butter Sauce Hot Dinner Rolls
Strawberry Shortcake
with Whipped Cream
Demi-tasse

SUNDAY NIGHT SUPPER MENU

Tomato Rabbit on Crackers

Shrimp Wiggle on Toast Points

Watercross Salad

Fig Cream Pie Coffee

TOMATO RAREBIT

2 cups grated American Cheese $\frac{3}{4}$ cup stewed, strained tomatoes
2 tablespoons butter or 2 eggs, slightly beaten
2 tablespoons flour $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk salt, mustard, cayenne
Cook butter, flour and milk together. Add tomatoes, soda, eggs and seasoning. Stir in the cheese, and cook until it is melted and smooth. Serve at once on crackers or toast points.
Serves four to six.

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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 hardback. People would think I'd suddenly gone mad."

D.D.S.: "No need to change your diet. But you can give your gums the stimulation they need. Massage or brush them twice a day when you brush your teeth. And one other suggestion: use Ipana Tooth Paste. It's a scientific, modern dentifrice, and it contains special ingredients that stimulate the gums and help prevent infection."

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