RADIO REVUE

for the Listener

FROM PHOTO © G. MAILLARD KESSLERE

In This Issue:

What is the SECRET of Rudy Vallee's Success?

"Main Street Sketches" Set Radio Record

Amos 'n' Andy Radio's First Comic Strip

WANTED: Air Personality!

And Other Features

December 1929

25 cents

A play you ought to read
The Tragedy of Neglected Gums

Cast of Characters: Your Dentist *and* You

YOU: "*My gums are responsible for this visit, doctor. I'm anxious about them.*"

D.D.S.: "What's the matter?"

YOU: "*Well, sometimes they're tender when I brush my teeth. And once in a while they bleed a little. But my teeth seem to be all right. Just how serious is a thing like this?*"

D.D.S.: "Probably nothing to bother about, with a healthy mouth like yours. But, just the same, I've seen people with white and flawless teeth get into serious trouble with their gums."

YOU: "*That's what worries me. Pyorrhea—gingivitis—trench mouth—all those horrible-sounding things! Just a month ago a friend of mine had to have seven teeth pulled out.*"

D.D.S.: "Yes, such things *can* happen. Not long ago a patient came to me with badly inflamed gums. I x-rayed them and found the infection had spread so far that eight teeth had to go. Some of them were perfectly sound teeth, too."

YOU: (*After a pause*) "*I was reading a dentifrice advertisement . . . about food.*"

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

YOU: "*But, doctor, I can't take up a diet of raw roots and hardtack. People would think I'd suddenly gone mad.*"

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

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

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

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

RADIO REVUE

FOR THE LISTENER

Volume I Number 1 DECEMBER, 1929

CONTENTS

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STEICHEN.

Rudy Vallee's First Leading Lady

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

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

What is the SECRET of RUDY VALLEE'S Success?

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

MISHKIN.

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

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

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

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

But the reasons underlying his phenomenal success remain a mystery—even to Mr. Vallee himself, who is at once pleased and bewildered at the trick of Fate that has carried him from obscurity to a place in the hearts of millions of America's flappers and matrons. He has become

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

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

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

Studied Saxophone by Mail

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

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

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

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

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

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

Something of a Genius

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

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

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

Too Emotional for Comfort

"It is quite true that he is idolized and lauded, for what reason no one, apparently, has been able to discover except myself. The reason Rudy Vallee is so popular is Rudy Vallee, the name itself. You will note that it is nothing more nor less than that of the beloved screen

star, Rudolph Valentino, all over again. An easy name to remember, a pleasant name to say—the ladies love to say the name, therefore, they idolize the person to whom it belongs. I defy you to show me where I am wrong."

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

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

He is of French-Irish descent.

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

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

Heard Rudy Wiedoft Play

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

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

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

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

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

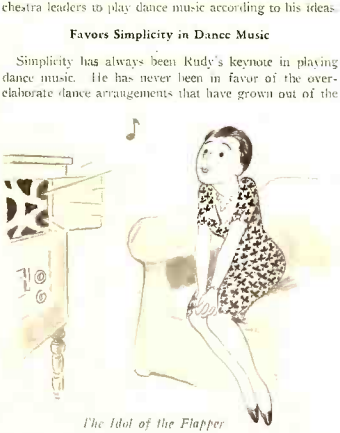
Back at Yale, Rudy's popularity continued to spread rapidly. He became leader of the famous Yale Football Band and of the college dance orchestras.

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

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

Favors Simplicity in Dance Music

Simplicity has always been Rudy's keynote in playing dance music. He has never been in favor of the over-elaborate dance arrangements that have grown out of the



The Idol of the Flapper

early jazz band craze. He wanted to do away with most of the brass instruments. He believed that the inherent rhythm of a good syncopated melody was sufficient to put it over, without any trimmings.

It was not long before Rudy organized his own orchestra. In so doing he realized the fulfillment of a dream

(*Continued on page 46*)

SOUND YOUR "A"

THE gentleman above, with the snowy marcel and the coat all bespattered with medals, is, of course, Edwin Franke Goldman, director of the Pure Oil Band, NBC. (Photo by Lazarnick)

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

YOU'VE got to cry it out on somebody. At the right, E. A. Ruiz, directing of the Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra, NBC, is trusting a trumpet solo on Bowser, his severest critic, but, if you should ask us, Bowser seems far more interested in the kittens down in the corner picture. (Photo by National)

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

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

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

HERE we see a dress rehearsal of "Felines on the Ivories." There doesn't seem to be much co-operation, but Kathleen Stewart, popular staff pianist of NBC, assures us that the effect is wonderful—just what she wants. "It's the cats!" says Kathleen.

AMOS 'N' ANDY

Radio's First Comic Strip

By P. H. W. DIXON

Freeman F. Gosden and Charles J. Correll, the highest paid radio performers in America, are now on the air at seven o'clock every evening except Sunday.

AMOS 'n' Andy have made radio history.

Freeman F. Gosden and Charles J. Correll, creators of the two famous radio characters heard every night except Sunday over a network of NBC stations, have found what dozens of others have been vainly seeking—the technique of being funny on the air.

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

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

On the Air Since 1925

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

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

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

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

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

Discovered by Alex Robb

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

While managing the production of a home talent min-

strel show at Richmond. Mr. Robb answered Gosden's request for a job with a part as a clogger and end man in his presentation. He did so well in the part that Mr. Robb gave him a permanent position as his assistant. Correll was working for Mr. Robb at the time and when the youths met they started rooming together and thus began the team now known as "Amos 'n' Andy."

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

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

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

No Time for Temperament

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

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

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

"How yo' spell that word 'exaginate,' Andy," asks Amos, "wid a 'k' or wid a 'g'?"

"Hol' a minute, Amos, wait a minute," replies Andy. "Nevah min' exaginate. Change dat word to 'lie.'"

"Maybe it's what they say . . . or maybe it's the way they say it," Correll said.

"And probably it is both," Gosden added.

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

Follow Fans' Suggestions

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

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

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

Taylor Buckley Leaves NBC

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

MAIN STREET SKETCHES Set RADIO RECORD *for* Applause Mail

By BRUCE GRAY

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

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

Naturally, when this program had gained widespread prominence, would-be impresarios rushed from all quarters and claimed the credit for originating the idea. However, Leonard E. L. Cox, who is now program director of Station WOR, is the logical candidate for the honor. Above the best argument to back this assertion is the fact that Mr. Cox is still producing the original program every week—and it has not lost any of its prestige.

Leonard E. L. Cox

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

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

"What is it called?" he asked her.

"The Country Store," was the reply.

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

Leonard had no occasion

Sets New Applause Record

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

Luke Higgins's Store in Titusville

to use this idea until a short time before Thanksgiving Day, 1927. About that time Charles Gannon, who was then in charge of Station WOR, telephoned Cox and asked his help. Mr. Gannon said he had sent out publicity for a special Thanksgiving Day program, but something had gone wrong and he did not have any material for the program.

Discussed Idea at Lunch

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

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

Golden Eagle Lodge Boys in Action

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

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

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

Title Has Clung to Program

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

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

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

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

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

Born in British Central Africa

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

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

In 1900 the Cox family moved to Canada, migrating to an unexplored region in the Rockies, 90 miles from Calgary. There his father started a ranch. This venture


Ivalutty Pewitt


Horace Peters


Charlie Ellis


Fleck Murphy

failed, however, and the family then moved to an isolated water station on the Southern Pacific Railroad between Tehachapi and Bakersfield, Calif. There his father pumped water into locomotives as they passed through.

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

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

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

Studies Telegraphy as Office Boy

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

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

(Continued on page 48)


Sadie Westphal


Spot Haywang


Dave Kraus


Wilbur Higgins


Sary Higgins


Luke Higgins


Emily Snodgrass

The Cast of "Main Street Sketches"

If Radio Is To Survive

IT MUST

"Hitch Its Wagon To a Star"

By K. TRENHOLM

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

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

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

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

Billy Jones and Ernest Hare, the Erstwhile "Happiness Boys" Now Struggling Rather Fruitlessly to Re-establish Themselves Under Another Commercial Name

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

Volunteers in Early Days

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

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

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

"Exploit the artist," one broadcaster explained to me as recently as 1927, "and you put in his, or her, hand the weapon which may mean your destruction. We cannot afford to make the mistake the motion picture business did in creating public demand for individual artists. We have not the money to pay huge salaries, nor will the returns coming in justify the experiment."

But the gentleman reckoned without the commercial sponsor. Paying celebrities unheard-of fees for broadcast recitals started in 1925 with the Atwater Kent series. Paying radio artists large fees under contract for fifty-two weeks is more recent and is to be directly attributed to the commercialism in radio. This, quite naturally, has worked a hardship on the less fortunate entertainers, who depend on the stations and much smaller fees and who contribute ten times as much in actual labor to the radio public's enjoyment. The scale is all out of proportion, with the result that there is a great deal of discontent and unhappiness in artistic ranks. In several cases recently artists have changed from one chain to another, in an effort to improve their status.

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

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

Press Agents for Artists

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

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

S. L. Rothafel, Known to Millions as "Roxy," the First Radio Matinee Idol

With the growth of broadcasting as a business, the average entertainer, no matter how well qualified he may be or how great may be his artistry from the radio viewpoint, is lost in the shuffle unless he has, in a sense, been "radio dramatized." Sometimes a catchy headline will establish him in the minds of the listeners over night; sometimes it means months of persistent exploitation. The dramatic artist, who is engaged on regular programs, may turn the trick by becoming so associated with the role he plays each week that he cannot be lost to his public.

Stroud.

The Record Boys: Frank Kamplain, Al Bernard and Sammy Stept, Favorites in the Old WJZ Days

Announcers' Day is Over

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

Every story has its hero; every play its heroine, every motion picture its star—why, then, not radio? Those features that played up the personality appeal have gone down in radio history as the major attractions of their time.

There are the never-to-be-forgotten "Gold Dust Twins"; the inimitable "Happiness Boys," who are still struggling rather fruitlessly to re-establish themselves under a different name for commercial reasons; the once-renowned "Record Boys," and Vaughn De Leath, the "original radio girl," who is now a headliner. There is "Roxy," the first radio matinée idol and all his "Gang," each of whom received a precious heritage in the form of the reputation he built for them in those early days of broadcasting.

White

The Gold Dust Twins, Harvey Hindermeyer and Earl Tuckerman, Popular WEAF Duo When Radio Was Young

Few Stars in Radio Now

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

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

A Sonnet
to the
Instrument International

By ALICE REMSEN

Fling to the four winds of the earth
Music and song, comedy and drama,

Rhythm and melody, words of precious worth,
Picked up from space by urbanist or farmer.

Awaiting the touch of an armchair explorer—
Tubes, magic wires and batteries unending,

Out from the box of this up-to-date Pandora
Things good, things bad, continually are sending.

From here to anywhere, from pole to pole,
Think of the marvel, the glory and the wonder

Of that space-fling voice, that ether-riding soul,
Adapted by man from out Jehovah's thunder!

Composed of elements intangible, still in embryo,
The latest implement of man that men call—radio.

Brings Charm of Old Spain to Radio

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

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

DALE WIMBROW *Whittles*—

Columbia Chain Artist Carves Out Bits of Radio's Past

Dale Wimbrow

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

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

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

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

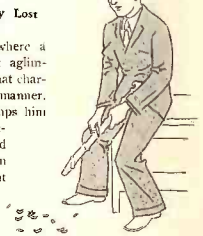
Has Hit Song That Is Flop

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

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

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

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



A Great Opportunity Lost

"That was a case where a great opportunity went aglimmering," said Dale, in that characteristic drawling manner, which immediately stamps him as a native of the Eastern Shore. "We tried one type of program similar to the present 'Main Street Sketches' which are now so

(*Turn to page 44*)

PHILCO HOUR REVIVES FAVORITE LIGHT OPERAS *of the* PAST

By HENRY M. NEELY

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

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

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

Radio Stimulated Revivals

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

Henry M. Neely

"Philco's Old Stager"

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

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

Last June he was married to Miss Gertrude M. Jones, who for some time had been his partner in a successful flower and fruit farm of 50 acres at Beverly, N. J. The Neelys now live on this farm and Mr. Neely commutes to New York regularly to do his radio work.

public interest to the point where the stage revivals were deemed advisable.

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

Harold Sanford, Conductor

STEIN

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

Calls for Greatest Accuracy

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

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

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

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

Entire Show Rehearsed

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

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

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

MURAY

Colin O'More, Leading Man

There exists in our Philco company an esprit de corps that is truly remarkable for a group of artists. Each one works with the sole aim of putting on a good show. If any member of the cast sees a chance to help one of the others, either in the singing or dialogue, he does so. Such suggestions are accepted in the proper

FITZ

Philco's Diminutive Prima Donna

Jessica Dragonette, Soprano, Deserted Broadway to Sing Light Opera on Air

THE leading lady of the Philco Hour was born in Calcutta. Her early life was spent travelling with her parents. At the age of six years, she entered Georgian Court, a convent school at Lakewood, N. J. After graduating, she came to New York and studied singing with Estelle Liebling. At that time *The Miracle* was being cast. The only solo part in the production was open. Jessica tried as a contralto, but without success. Later she went back and sang in her natural soprano voice and was given the part. Subsequently she played opposite Howard Marsh in *The Student Prince*. Then one day Harold Sanford asked her to sing on the air. Since then her work on the Philco Hour has placed her in the front rank of radio artists.

spirit and do much to improve the general effectiveness of the program.

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

Zero Hour in the studio, with the Philco stars and orchestra ready for action. Harold Sanford, left, stands with baton upraised, ready to call for the opening number. Next in order among the stars are Henry M. Neely; Colin O'More, tenor and leading man; Jessica Dragonette, soprano; Charles Robinson, bass; Emily Woolley, soprano; Mary Hopple, contralto; Kitty O'Neill, mezzo-soprano; Muriel Wilson, soprano; Walter Preston, baritone; Dan Gridley, tenor.

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

Typical Irish Beauty

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

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

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

A wedding in the Philco family—Here are members of the Philco cast at the recent wedding of Henry M. Neely, at Beverly, N. J. Left to right: Harold Sanford, conductor; Kitty O'Neill, mezzo-soprano; Jessica Dragonette, soprano; Colin O'More, tenor; Mrs. Henry M. Neely; Mr. Neely; Muriel Wilson, soprano; Walter Preston, baritone; Mary Hopple, contralto; Charles Robinson, bass.

In Radio Since Early Days

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

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

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

Last, but by no means least, is Harold Sanford. For 18 years he was the bosom friend and right-hand man of the beloved Victor Herbert. Harold knows Herbert's music better than anybody else does and is never happier than when he is conducting a Herbert light opera. He is universally admired for his ability and charming personality. He originally came from Massachusetts and was a violinist for years.

(Continued on page 44)

Wanted: AIR PERSONALITY!

By ALLEN HAGLUND

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

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

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

Enough Aspirants Already

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

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

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

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

Search Continues Unabated

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

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

seding the flock of warblers there is all too apparent.

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

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

The Bathroom Tenor Takes the Air

Introducing "Mike Fright"

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

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

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

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

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

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

Few Have Elusive Quality

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

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

(Continued on page 46)

Westinghouse Salute Introduces NEW TYPE *of* Program

Cesare Sodero, the Master Musical Hand Behind the Production

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

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

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

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

Distribution of the Praise

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

(Continued on page 47)

A First Night on the Radio. The Entire Cast, Vocal Ensemble and Orchestra at the Premiere of the Westinghouse Salute in the NBC's Beautiful Cathedral Studio

GLORIFYING the

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

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

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

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

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

American Girl's VOICE

HELEN NUGENT, Contralto, CBS—Here is one of the favorite artistes of the Columbia chain. Heard on WABC with the Romancers, Patterns in Prints, Maistique Hour and Burns Panatela Country Club. (Photo by Dupont)

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

AIMEE PUNSION, Soprano, NBC—A native of St. Louis. Was ingenue in Municipal Opera there and later soloist with St. Louis Symphony. Heard with Salon Singers and on Dr. Cadman's Hour. (Photo by Apeda)

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

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

STATIC FROM THE STUDIOS

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

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

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

* * *

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

* * *

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

* * *

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

* * *

Vic Irwin and his Hollywood orchestra returned to the air over WOR recently, when the popular Victor recording artist opened at the new Hollywood Restaurant, Broadway, between 48th and 49th Streets. He inaugurated his return with a new air signature, at present unnamed, written by Benny Davis and J. Fred. Coots. The radio public is being asked to title the air signature. Vic Irwin, since his last Manhattan appearance at the Hotel Manger, has been featured over the Publix Circuit and his band is a Roxy stage band. Last summer he played at the Woodmanston Inn.

* * *

Evelyn De La Tour, heard each week in "Show Folks" skits over the Columbia Broadcasting System, has become convinced that truth is stranger than fiction. A few weeks ago she played the part of Marie Lavelle, one of the principal characters in a heart-interest story. After the broadcast a telephone call was received at Station WABC from some one who demanded that Marie Lavelle be summoned to the phone. The telephone op-

erator informed the caller that there was no such party in the studio.

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

* * *

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

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

"Byrd Songs at Eventide," was the reply.

* * *

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

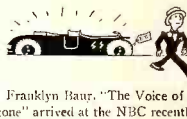
* * *

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

* * *

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

* * *



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

* * *

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

(Continued from page 34)

A Glimpse "Behind the Mike"

During the PALMOLIVE HOUR

By HERBERT DEVINS

Alfred Cheney Johnston

Olive Palmer (Virginia Rea) Exclusive Palmolive Soprano

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

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

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

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

Apeda

The Inimitable Revelers. Standing, left to right, Elliot Shaw, baritone; James Melton, top tenor; Wilfred Glenn, bass. Seated, left to right, Frank Black, accompanist and arranger; Lewis James, second tenor

Guards Not Mere Ornaments

The guards are not mere ornaments. Theirs is the task of quieting the crowd of tardy arrivals and those who failed to obtain admissions in advance. A signal flashes. 9:30. "On the air!" Under no

circumstances may the door be opened now. The murmur in the corridor subsides as the disappointed gather at the windows. All they see, however, is row upon row of smiling faces. These are the early ones, now watching intently some scene invisible to those outside.

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

Apeda.

Director Gus Haenschen on board his yacht, which is his hobby.

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

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

Fast Pace Must Be Maintained

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

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

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

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

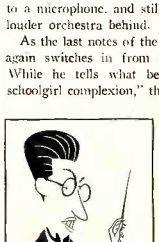
Audience in Studio Amazed

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

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

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

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



Frank Black

Frank Black at the Piano

Before the Revelers begin their inimitable close harmony, all four glance toward

The Palmolive Ensemble in Rehearsal. Director Haenschen is seated to the left. Frank Black is at the piano. Olive Palmer is seated front center. Paul Oliver (Frank Munn) tenor, is standing to the left in the rear

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

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

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

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

Olive Palmer Sings a Solo

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

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

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

(*Continued on page 48*)

MR. AVERAGE FAN

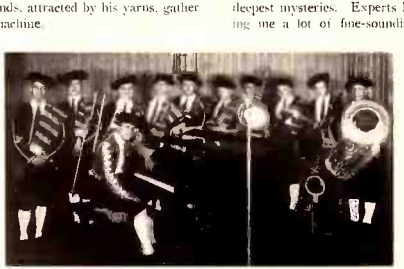
Confesses that He is a "LOW BROW"

By AVERAGE FAN

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

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

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



—Fotu Topics

The Ipana Troubadors, one of my Favorite Dance Orchestras

REACTIONS OF A "LOW BROW"

Unblushingly, I confess that I like jazz.

Big symphony orchestras, playing Bach or some of the other so-called old masters, bore me excessively.

I have had more enjoyment out of the troubles of Amos 'n' Andy than anything else on the radio.

As for announcers, I used to get my greatest thrill from listening to Norman Brokenshire.

Graham McNamee and Ted Husing are my favorite sports announcers.

I will tune off anything else at any time to listen to Jimmy Walker.

H. V. Kaltenborn has a snappy way of talking that holds my interest.

Formerly favorites of mine, Roxy and Vincent Lopez lately have become too sweet to be natural.

Radio has kept me at home more than ever before.

It is difficult to predict what will happen when—and if—television becomes as universal as radio now is.

Mechanics of Radio a Mystery

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

Personally, I know the difference between a screwdriver, a monkey wrench and a hammer. However,

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

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

H. V. Kaltenborn, to whose Talks on Current Events I Listen Every Monday Evening at 6.30 on the Columbia Chain

Has Listened for Five Years

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

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

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

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

DX Craze Dies Out

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

There is no doubt that we New Yorkers get the cream of the radio broadcasts. This fact has become common knowledge, but to learn the real truth of this, one need only go out of town. Recently business took me to Los Angeles. When I got out there, I was told what fine programs they had on the Coast. I listened in and heard a miscellaneous lot of junk over the air, interspersed at least every five minutes with the most blatant kind of advertising. This would not be tolerated, much less listened to, at home. After a while, I found out that about the only programs on the Coast worth listening to were those which came over the NBC or the Columbia chain.

Acme Photos

Ted Husing, One of My Favorite Sports Announcers, Giving a Word Picture of a Football Game

Practically the same conditions, as far as I could learn, prevailed in many of the large cities with the possible exception of Chicago, and most of the small ones. Chicago has a few fine stations like WGN and WMAQ and broadcasts some excellent programs, but even they depend a great deal on the chain programs broadcast from New York. Some people in New York may complain once in a while about the programs they get but, if they would travel over the country and listen to some of the small stations, they would be thankful they lived in New York.

Tastes in Programs Differ

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

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

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

Brokenshire a Favorite

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

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

Stein

Norman Brokenshire, the Announcer Whose Spontaneity Used to Give Me My Biggest Thrill

Too Sweet to Be Natural

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

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

"Sax" Wizard Goes Over the CBS

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

Crowned Radio's Queen of Beauty

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

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

STATIC FROM THE STUDIOS

(Continued from page 26)

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

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

* * *

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

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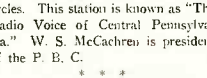


"Old Salts," now spending their declining years in the various seamen's missions in and about the metropolitan area, have adopted the "Half Seas Over" program on WOR each Saturday night as their very own. Letters have reached the station demanding to know the name of the director of the program. As a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

* * *

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

* * *

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

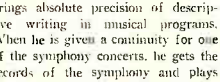
"No, but I have heard a lovelier one," replied Phillips Carlin, of the same company. "It is called 'By the Bend of the Elbow,' by Al, the Bartender."

* * *

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

* * *

Charlie Speer, one of the continuity writers of the CBS, has a plan that brings absolute precision of descriptive writing in musical programs. When he is given a continuity for one of the symphony concerts, he gets the records of the symphony and plays them on a portable phonograph which



he has in his office. He supplants the music he hears with references from the Columbia library. He believes that in this manner alone may the true feeling of a musical work be portrayed. The young writer has all of the symphonies that have been recorded, as well as the entire recording of the Niebelungen Ring as it was presented in Germany.

* * *

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

* * *

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

* * *

Speaking of the Radio Show, as nobody was, one of the funniest sights we have witnessed in years was George Dilworth's bulky octet, Messrs. Branch, Shope, Jamison, Tyler, Bethman, Buckley, Salathiel and Cote, trying to get into regulation aviator' costumes for the feature "Roads of the Sky." After some relentless struggling, the trousers of the costumes were discarded and the jackets were stretched with some difficulty around the portly tenors and basses. The helmets seemed to fit all right, and, despite the variety of nether garments, a visiting scribe was fooled into asking: "Who are those aviators?"

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

* * *

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

(Continued on page 38)

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA
Succumbs to Lure of Radio

First Two Stokowski Broadcasts Arouse Mixed Emotions

By WILLIE PERCEVAL-MONGER

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

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

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

The complete program follows:

Choral Vorspiel "Wir Glauben all' einen Gott" (We All Believe in One God)	**Bach**
Symphony in G-minor.	
Allegro Molto, Andante, Minuet and Trio, Finale, Allegro Assai.	**Mozart**
Overture, Bacchanale and Venusberg music from "Tannhauser"	**Wagner**

The noble grandeur of the lofty Bach choral prelude was likened by Stokowski to "a great three-sided pyramid" and, in the form it was given to us, a most adequate exposition by the Philadelphia Orchestra, it seemed likely to endure as long as the Egyptian monuments themselves.

Leopold Stokowski, Conductor

Mozart Symphony Follows

Mozart' favorite symphony in G-minor, probably completed in 1788, his only one in the minor key, followed. This work attracted the attention of Mendelssohn and Beethoven. Of it Schubert said: "One can hear the angels singing in it." Its exquisite melodies, graceful dance forms and song-like passages were woven into a second monument of orchestral material. Speaking from the radio standpoint solely, one can only refer a little hesitatingly to the slight prominence of the string-basses in this delicate work. It should be recalled, however, that the means at the composer's command were probably the "small orchestra" of the day, the usual quartette of strings, two horns, a flute, two clarinets, two oboes and two bassoons. Stokowski's strings of the smaller families with their neighboring wood-winds sang beautifully, even though at times the listener found tempi slightly retarded,

With the symphony laid aside, Stokowski's forces attacked one of the greatest works of Richard Wagner, the Overture, Bacchanale and the colorful Venuberg music from "Tannhauser." Here, as the conductor explained to use, were mysticism, religious sentiment, revelry and orgy, with a concluding episode of love and beauty.

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

Patient Rehearsal Evident

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

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

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

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

Despite the howls of controversial clamor that this statement may arouse among the well-known masses, we are in sympathy with Mr. Stokowski's frame of mind

A Portion of the Famous Philadelphia Orchestra

Second Broadcast Better

The second broadcast of the Philadelphia Orchestra, under the direction of Leopold Stokowski, confirmed the earlier impression that music lovers have been denied this pleasure too long. Here was better broadcasting, as far as this listener's particular set was concerned, and adequate explanations of the program, given at first-hand by the conductor himself.

The first item was Borodine's Polovetsian Dances from the opera, "Prince Igor," a work completed after the composer's death by Rimsky-Korsakoff and Glazounov. A skilled exposition was given by the Philadelphians of this wild, onrushing music, with its marked Oriental and Russian rhythms. The ballet music was worked up to a great climax after a meticulous survey of all its changing forms.

Second on the program was the modernist Stravinsky's "Sacre du Printemps." Mr. Stokowski prefaced this composition by an eloquent plea that the listener should strive to follow "this beautiful music" and to honestly endeavor to understand it. A musical pagan riot followed, wherein the flute, English horn, trumpets and drums strove for first place in the battle. It was a glorious orgy of sound, this consecration of Spring, depicting the worship of the forces of Nature by primitive man.

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

Lawrence Gilman's Comment

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

(Continued on page 47)

ETHER ETCHINGS

Mathilde Harding, Pianiste

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

Mathilde Harding

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

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

N. Y. U. Gives Courses Over WOR

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

"Radio Needs Standardized Diction"

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

Milton J. Cross

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

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

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

School Children Hear Broadcast

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

STATIC FROM THE STUDIOS

(Continued from page 31)

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

* * *

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

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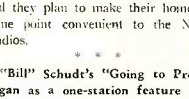


Paul Dumont—and we have no means of knowing how he secured the proper technical information—is unusually realistic in the drinking scenes of the NBC light operas. When Harold Sanford was conducting "Her Regiment," Victor Herbert's bright light opera, one of the characters invited the soldiers to line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

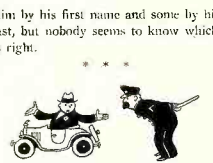
* * *

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

* * *

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

* * *



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

Four days later the friend returned and, when informed of Henry's loss, went in search of the car. He found it exactly where he had parked it. There had been a misunderstanding as to the street. The car had not been touched for four days. The police had not come across it in their search—nor had they picked it up for exceeding the parking limit. Now Henry is wondering what to do with the "other car."

* * *

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

* * *

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

* * *

Augusta Spette, soprano, who until recently was a member of the girls' octet at the NBC, is reported to have joined a trio of girls that is singing on the "Moonbeams" program at WOR. In making the change she replaced Mary McCoy, soprano, who has joined the NBC forces.

* * *

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

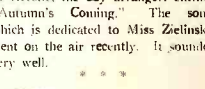
* * *

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

* * *

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

* * *



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

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

* * *

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

PROGRAM NOTES

Durant Motors, Inc., On the Air

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

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

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

* * *

Rutgers Programs Over WOR

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

* * *

Six Symphonies on G. E. Hour

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

Religious Leaders Back on Air

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

* * *

Recent Appointments at NBC

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

WOR Offers Philharmonic Series

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

* * *

New Program on "Famous Loves"

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

* * *

"Cheerio" Returns to the Air

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

Editorials

RADIO REVUE Makes Its Bow

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

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

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

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

1. **Wider dissemination of news and information about radio artists and program developments.**

2. **A general improvement in the standard of radio programs being broadcast.**

3. **More extensive use of radio broadcasting for educational and economic purposes.**

4. **A decided improvement in reception conditions for the radio listener.**

5. **A wider appreciation of the need for better and more standard English diction in all radio broadcasting.**

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

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

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

Radio Censorship Impracticable

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

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

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

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

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

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

An instrument ultimately may be devised to measure purity of tone, balance, finesse, and perhaps even that elusive quality, "radio personality." With this miracle performed, whoever and whatever does not come up to a certain standard will be dropped. The unkind critic will doubtless add that they should be dropped *from* the air . . . and from a great height.

MISHKIN

Returns From Opera Triumphs Abroad

Irma de Baun, Coloratura Soprano, Enjoyed Sensational Success in Europe

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

RADIO IN THE HOME

Edited by Mrs. Julian Heath

Pioneer Broadcaster of Market Reports and Daily Menus

Hello, Neighbors!

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

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

CHEESE CAKE

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

1 cup flour
½ cup sugar (scant)
½ teaspoon baking powder
1 tablespoon butter
1 unbeaten egg
2 tablespoons water

Proceed as follows:

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

The cheese cake filling calls for:

1 pound pot cheese
¼ cup melted butter (about 2 oz.)
¾ cup sugar
3 yolks of eggs
1 cup evaporated milk or cream
2 tablespoons corn starch (rounded)
¼ teaspoon lemon juice
2 teaspoons vanilla extract
5 drops almond extract
1/3 cup seedless raisins

Proceed as follows:

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

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

Bake in a moderate oven 45 to 55 minutes.

* * *

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

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

TOASTED COCOANUT PIE

The ingredients are:

1 small box cocoanut
2 eggs
¾ cup sugar
1 pint milk
2 level tablespoons corn starch

Proceed as follows:

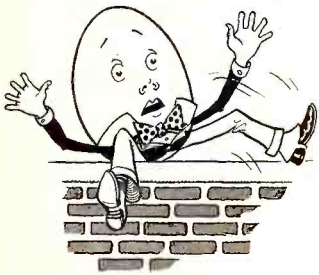
Put the milk on a slow fire to warm, adding sugar. Separate the eggs, dissolve the corn starch in cold water and add beaten yolks and salt. Stir into milk, cook until thick and then stir in three-quarters of the cocoanut. Bake the pie crust and pour this mixture into the shell. Cover with stiffly beaten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

* * *

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

(Continued on page 45)

HUMPTY-DUMPTY SAT ON A WALL...



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

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

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

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

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

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

A trip is planned for January — on the magic carpet of imagination — to a paradise of the poultry kingdom, the land of perpetual spring.

She Loves a Loud Speaker

THIS lady, Bertha Brainard, is familiarly known in the NBC studios as "B. B.", Eastern Program Director. Bertha is a most valuable scout for she is always rescuing someone from some difficulty or other, or saving somebody from something. She has a singularly good-looking office at 711 Fifth Avenue, in which the furnishings and decorations express her good taste. This includes the lamp shown above which moves at her will. On her floor —the 12th—there is the Shipwrecked Sailors' Club, to each member of which Bertha has lent a helping hand in moments of dire distress. Of this club, Bertha is Commodore.

In response to a barrage of impertinent questions, the Eastern Program Director announces that her full name is Bertha Beatrice Brainard, and her place of origin South Orange, N. J. Her entry into the radio world dates back to 1921 with Station WJZ, which was then at Newark. Her spare time—if and when she gets any—is occupied with swimming, dancing, riding and drinking tea. She does not collect anything except friends. Being a Titian, she does not know why Gentlemen Prefer Blondes.

Bertha Brainard is the only person living who really loves a loud speaker—that is, a radio loud speaker. The louder the speaker, the better she likes it, she says, and a specially-devised sleep destroyer is now being designed by the NBC engineers for her exclusive benefit.

The bird-like gentleman on her desk is Nemo, the match-man. The space not occupied by Nemo is usually covered with flowers.

The Joseph Hilton & Sons concern is sponsoring a new radio feature at WOR, as is also Fioret, Inc., 677 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Philco Hour Presents Favorite Light Operas

(*Continued from page 20*)

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

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

Dale Wimbrow Whittles —

(*Continued from page 16*)

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

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

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

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

Still Receiving Reactions

"The strange part of it is that, to this day, they are still receiving reactions from their five-week broadcast and people are writing to ask them if they are going on the air again. They have reached the point where they would be willing to spend $1,500 a week for an hour's

program similar to the one they originally broadcast, but such a program today would cost them approximately $9,000 for the same talent and coverage they had then.

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

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

Radio in the Home

(*Continued from page 42*)

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

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

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

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

Then, too, many of the women artistes are good housewives. I know that they will have a number of interesting things to tell also.

Policeman a Radio Fan

Traffic Policeman Geiger, six feet and some inches of regal and legal magnificence, who functions most admirably at Fifth Avenue and 55th Street, is by origin a Boer. Dr. Theophil Wendt, the South African conductor-composer, often a guest at the NBC, knew him in South Africa twenty years ago, when he was fighting as a good South African against the British King.

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

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

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

"Go Rest, Young Man, Go Rest"

JOHN W. ELWOOD —HIS HOBBY...
—VICE PRESIDENT, NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

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

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

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

What Is the Secret of Rudy Vallee's Success?

(*Continued from page 5*)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Wanted: Air Personality!

(*Continued from page 22*)

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

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

Adds Radio Pioneer to Staff

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

What Is Your Opinion—

about RUDY VALLEE and His Success?

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

RADIO REVUE

Six Harrison Street, New York, N. Y.

Philadelphia Orchestra Broadcasts

(Continued from page 36)

temps, with its famous alternations of meter—bars of 5-16, 3-16, 7-16, 4-16—and its delirious culmination as the victim falls dead."

It is the writer's humble opinion that there is nothing in music on the earth, or in the waters under the earth quite like this Stravinsky score, and it would not surprise him to learn that several listening victims fell dead at the "delirious culmination." At its close one felt the urge either to fall over dead or to go somewhere and start a first-class war.

There may be enjoyment somewhere in the music, but it is seriously to be considered whether ears attuned to German and Italian forms can take up this altered turn and tempo without a little more notice. Perhaps Stravinsky speaks in the language of our time and the generation now growing up, innocent of musical traditions, may enjoy the pagan snortings, shrieking, hissings and beatings, but here are sensibilities and ears attuned to older methods, and we failed miserably not to listen patiently but to understand anything.

We are ashamed to say that the only reaction we achieved was a bloodthirsty desire to go home and beat a Negro servant slowly to death. (Ritual of the Sacrifice.) Fortunately for us, Mr. Stokowski had provided a sedative exactly for this occasion.

The Overture "La Grande Paque Russe" (The Russian Easter) by Rimsky-Korsakow followed, based upon impressions gathered near the Tikhvin Monastery and the Russian Easter cathedral service. Here we have ecclesiastic motives of lofty inspiration, grand hymns of the Russian church, great and reverent songs of the Resurrection, angelic choirs and trumpets, incense, innumerable candles, and the chiming of triumphant bells.

This was music more familiar to ears in accord with the older music, and it was the more acceptable after the sketch of several high-powered locomotives tearing their way through tin-roofed sheds which preceded it. The murder instinct had left our soul.

But Mr. Stokowski must speak to us in the language that is printed before him, as a duty to the times in which we live, and it may be that the fault in not being able to understand some of his messages is largely ours.

THE BIG TEN

Best Selling Popular Songs of the Month

1. **Singin' in the Rain** from *Hollywood Revue*
2. **Tiptoe Through the Tulips** from *Gold Diggers of Broadway*
3. **Painting the Clouds** from *Gold Diggers of Broadway*
4. **Am I Blue?** from *On With the Show*
5. **Pagan Love Song** from *The Pagan*
6. **Lovable and Sweet** from *The Street Girl*
7. **Song of the Nile** from *The Drag*
8. **Little by Little** from *The Sophomore*
9. **Sleepy Valley** from *The Rainbow Man*
10. **Love Me**

Westinghouse Program a New Idea

(Continued from page 23)

All these gentlemen labored nobly in a good cause.

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

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

WHY, OH, WHY?

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

Why do announcers wear loud golfing suits?

Why do the superdreadnoughts of opera companies of the vintage of 1908 come to the air announced as "famous stars"?

Why do impossible window cleaners and waitresses attend "auditions"?

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

And why is that pink woodwork stuck all over the entrance hall of the Columbia Broadcasting System's new home?

Main Street Sketches Set Record

(*Continued from page 11*)

Angeles to Daytona Beach, Fla.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Behind the Mike" on Palmolive Hour

(*Continued from page 29*)

holds his arm up in warning for several seconds, and then with a throw of a switch drops his arm. Another grin lightens his face as he releases the audience from its bond of silence with the cheerful call: "Party's over!"

"What!! *a laxative for loveliness?*"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * * *

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

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

* * * Sal Hepatica

21929

Cunningham RADIO TUBES

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

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