

RADIO REVUE

*for the
Listener*

25
Cents

**February
1930**



Norman
Brokenshire

In This Issue:
Norman Brokenshire
Jessica Dragonette
Graham McNamee
Andy Sannella
Nit Wit Hour
Mary and Bob
Phil Cook
And Other Features

RADIO STARS

from the Studios of



DONALD MCGILL
Baritone
WOR—WEAF
American Opera Company



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WEAF—WOR

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Lyric Coloratura Soprano
WOR—WABC
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RADIO REVUE

FOR THE LISTENER

Volume I Number 3

February, 1930

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Published monthly by RADIO REVUE, INC., Six Harrison Street, New York, N. Y., Telephone: Walker 2677-2678; Uptown Office: Room 1215, Hotel Knickerbocker, 120 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y., H. Raymond Preston, President; Benjamin F. Rowland, Vice-President; Walter H. Preston, Secretary and Treasurer; George Q. Burkett, Advertising Manager. Manuscripts and photographs submitted for publication must be accompanied by sufficient postage if their return is desired. Advertising rates will be gladly furnished upon application. Second Class Entry Pending at Post Office, New York, N. Y. Copyright, 1930, by Radio Revue, Inc. All rights reserved. Printed in U. S. A.

Subscription Prices: United States, \$2; Canada, \$2.50; Foreign, \$3; Single Copies, 25c



Jessica Dragonette

*NBC Soprano as Nadina Popoff in "The Chocolate Soldier"
Composing a Letter to Lieutenant Bumerli*

What LIGHT OPERA RÔle Do I Love Most to Play?

Frankly, says the dainty NBC prima donna, it is difficult to single out any one, since each character has its own particular lure and fascination.



Having played sixty-five roles over a period of two and a half years, the erstwhile leading lady of the Philco Hour, NBC, attempts to analyze the best known characters and discover a preference.

By JESSICA DRAGONETTE

WHAT character do I love most to play? I have been asked that question so many times! Frankly, it is difficult to single out any one, since each character has its own particular lure and fascination. While I am playing *Fifi* in *Mlle. Modiste*, for instance, I think she is my favorite; or, again, if it is *Sylvia* in *Sweethearts*, I am sure she is—and so it goes with all the light opera personalities I portray.

As far back as I can remember I have loved to impersonate people. As a child, I was permitted to go to the theatre once a year—that was on my birthday! That day stood out as a notable day indeed. I was passionately

fond of the theatre. For weeks afterwards I would act the entire play for my playmates, taking all the parts myself. What was a childish game has grown into a delightful and absorbing occupation.

Character-study is of all studies the most intriguing to me. In the subway, on the street, in the theatre, the market place, at tea, in department stores, in restaurants—wherever people are—I find myself absorbed with countless mannerisms and idiosyncrasies that go to make up characterizations. The way people walk, talk, act; the way they use their hands, all these things interest me. These bits of life that I have from time to time observed



As Marietta, in "Naughty Marietta"

and expectant, during the scene

Do you remember the scene between Barbara and the two soldier-deserters in *My Maryland*? Barbara cajoles the men with a song about "Old John Barleycorn" and gets them intoxicated. She knows they intend to kill her lover, Captain Trumbull, when he passes the house where they are barricaded. Barbara shoots one of the men just as he is aiming to kill Trumbull. She has saved her lover, she knows, but the strain of the situation has made her hysterical. She alternately laughs and cries. I was truly weeping in the climax of this scene, but the crescendo began with the cajoling of the two men.

Before I do a scene, I ask myself certain questions: Where is my character coming from? Where is she going? What has she been doing? Whom has she seen? This helps me to play the scene in the right mood and proper atmosphere.

are tucked away in the pigeon-holes of my mind and unconsciously find their way into the building of a character.

Must Know Proper Walk

"But why", you may ask, "must you know how a character walks in order to play her over the radio?" Oh, but I must know! The walk sets the tempo of the scene. Long before my entrance in *Mlle. Modiste*, for example, I was walking up and down in the studio, looking back to see if the gentleman was still following me. Otherwise, I could never have given a true picture of *Fifi*, out of breath with *Hiram Bent*.



Leaving by Aeroplane to Fill a Concert Engagement in Baltimore. Left to Right: Robert Simmons, tenor; Jessica; Kathleen Stewart, pianiste, and H. P. di Lima, NBC Representative.

Fusion of Music and Drama

In light opera, there is, of course, the two-fold interpretation, the musical as well as the dramatic. They are so completely united, however, that it is difficult to divorce one from the other. Rather the one enhances the other. For example, *Arms and the Man*, by George Bernard Shaw, is complete drama. In *The Chocolate Soldier* the drama is heightened a hundredfold by Oscar Straus's music.

I shall never forget the first character I created in light opera over the air. It was *The Merry Widow*, which I have since played several times. I had never done anything like it before and all sorts of difficulties loomed up—principally the fact that I was playing *Sonia* to Mr. Donald Brian's *Danilo*. He had created *Prince Danilo* some twenty years before. How was he going to be reconciled to me! I was so 1927! Suddenly I thought *Merry Widow* and gradually I felt her personality descending upon me. I was no longer myself—in fact, I was left far behind, still wondering, while another I, as *Sonia*, joyfully sang *The Merry Widow*!

Of course, one naturally likes best the character one admires most or finds most appealing. The tastes and sympathies of my audience are varied and definitely selective. Everyone does not like *Zorika* in *Gypsy Love*. Yet someone else prefers the dark, romantic girl far beyond the quaint and prim *Prudence* of *The Quaker Girl*. It is only by loving all my characters that I can understand their varied personalities.

Radio Enables True Portrayal

Some times an actress on the stage cannot play a certain character because of too great physical differences. This fact has made for "type"-casting, which is discussed so frequently in the theatre. Radio, of course, removes this handicap. Since the essence of personality is mental and emotional, the radio actress who can project with mind and spirit the potent qualities of her role gives, perhaps, a truer portrayal than does the actress on the stage who merely "looks" the part.

All this is not as difficult to arrive at as it would appear. With certain basic principles set down, characterization becomes a matter rather of combination. First of all, a character must be universal in soul. Then whatever external qualities are added must be inevitable, potent and sure. Weave through this human being, in varying combinations, charm, caprice, subtlety, loveliness, gayety, mischief, generosity, wit, courage, gallantry, or naiveté; add to these qualifications situations like poverty, riches, loneliness, boredom, ambition, and you

have material for a thousand characterizations.

But still you ask: "What character do you love most to play?" Let me see—I have played some sixty-five roles over a period of two and a half years. Perhaps if I review some of them I may discover preferences.

Marietta, in *Naughty Marietta* is dear to me because of her mischievous fiery Italian temperament. Her moods are as scintillating as the stars. She is April, laughing one moment and weeping the next. Her personality is all bright darts until, slowly and like a flower unfolding, you see her romantic nature bloom.

Cannot Part With Angèle

Angèle, in *The Count of Luxembourg*, is very different. She is French and her flashes of personality contrast markedly with the little Italian girl. *Angèle* is taller and more beautiful. Besides, *Marietta* has a title and *Angèle* is marrying for one, so . . . being an actress her charm is heightened ten times. She is graceful, poised, gay and subtle. She has humor, too—and a certain good sportsmanship which she adequately displays in her beautiful opening aria "Love, Good-Bye!" No, no, I cannot part with *Angèle*!

Do you remember *O Mimosa San*, the dainty fluttering little creature in *The Geisha*? And *Kathie*, the blonde, vital, laughing barmaid in *The Student Prince*? From her first rippling laugh in the first act to her "Good-bye Heidelberg" tears in the last, I love her.

Then there are *Babette*, *Zoradie* in *The Rose of Algeria*, *Gretchen* and *Tina* in *The Red Mill*; *Elaine* in *The Debutante*; *Mary* and *Jane* in *The Babes in Toyland*; *Vivien* in *The Enchantress*; *Greta* in *The Singing Girl*; *Irma* in *The Fortune-Teller*, *Seraphina* in *The Madcap Dutchess*; *Eileen* and *Rosie Flynn* in *Eileen*—all of these are beloved Victor Herbert roles—*Flora* and *Janet*, so sweet and heathery in de Koven's *Rob Roy*; *Anitza*, thoroughly Americanized by George Cohan, in *The Royal Vagabond*.

Princess Pat, a girl to dream about, poured forth her romantic soul in some of Herbert's loveliest music, "Love is the Best of All"; "All for You," and "I Need Affection, oh, so Much!"

Ottilie of the Mauve Decade

Ottilie, in *Maytime* is American, quaint and of the mauve decade. She is the girl who tells her lover in the first act "Your arm is like a pump-handle,—there's no cuddle to it!" This same girl grows older and older throughout the play, until she finally appears as a grandmother.

Throughout the whole time and space of the play she has never forgotten the words of

her lover, and they echo from generation to generation "To life's last faint ember, will you remember? Springtime! Love-time! May!"

I could go on and enumerate still more characters, all dear to me. They pass the horizon of my memory like delightful dreams each leaving a familiar footfall.

The business of the artist, whether she be singer or actress, is to transfer feeling. A great many people think that, if an actress is to portray anger, she must do it with contorted face, clenched fists shouting and arm-waving. Yet we readily admit that in real life the greatest emotion is expressed with the least vehemence.



As *Fifi*, in "Mlle. Modiste."

We read that Wendell Phillips (who probably had a greater effect upon his audiences than any other orator of any age) seldom made a gesture and seldom raised his voice. On what, then, did his success depend? I believe, in his ability to project feeling, which at once becomes the absorbing problem of the radio artist.

Must Transfer Feelings to Listener

The dramatist or musician has woven certain feelings into character, incident, scene or story. When these feelings in their utmost power have been transferred by the artist to the listener, so that he, too, is infected with them, the cycle of art is complete.

Which rôle do I love most to play? I really cannot name any one. I love them all—but principally the one I happen to be playing.



"Uncle Bob" Sberwood, last of Barnum's Clowns, Congratulates Jessica on her recent Debut as exclusive Soloist on the Cities Service Hour, NBC. Conductor Rosario Bourdon seconds the Motion.

The Muscular Diva

By Clifford McBride



Courtesy of the McNaught Syndicate.

WHAT PRICE ANNOUNCING!

Why is it that those "old timers," who have become real personalities to thousands of listeners through their announcing since the beginning of radio, are now heard so seldom?



Let those who have listened to radio consistently recall the names of announcers who began seven, six or even five years ago—where are the owners of those names now?

By **NORMAN BROKENSHIRE**

THE announcer is dead! Long live the announcer! Why is it that the better a radio announcer becomes, the less he is heard? Why is it that those "old timers," who have become real personalities to thousands of listeners through their announcing since the beginning of radio, are now heard so seldom? These and numerous other questions of similar nature come to me so often that I am sure a true story of the evolution of the art of announcing, and an unvarnished picture of the announcer is due the listener.

Seven years is a long time to spend in any type of work. Especially is this true when those seven years are spent with an infant industry, and my seven years in radio announcing constitute the years of growth. If a boy, seven years ago began as an office clerk and attended diligently to his duties, he would now be a proud assistant to the office manager, if not the manager himself. Let a youth

go into apprenticeship, seven years later will find him an expert. I know personally a young man who took a place as an usher in one of the largest theatres in New York City—five years later he was house manager over two hundred employes. And so it goes in all the ordinary walks of life, but not so in this new industry.

Let those who have listened to radio consistently recall the names of announcers who began seven, six, or even five years ago—where are the owners of those names now? If they turned out to be good announcers, they are still announcing; if not, they have fallen by the old familiar wayside.

What Has Happened in Announcing?

A fellow does not have to believe in the Darwin theory to know that progress is inevitable. At least, individuals

do not stand still; they either advance or retrograde. So, let us look into this matter thoroughly and see what has happened to the art of announcing—a very important and vital part in broadcasting.

We must, first of all, remember that broadcasting, when it began, was not at all commercial.

Time was not sold and artists were not paid. It was a novelty that brought certain attention to those who owned the station and those who entertained. In the case of the larger companies who broadcast, it was a matter of experimentation to see what could be developed in this new field of communication. Even then it was realized that a complicated organization was necessary.

There was a great divide between the business and artistic sides. Who should be chosen to manage a broadcasting station? A business sense was necessary, for the expenses were large. An artistic sense was necessary, for there were programs to be constructed and presented. A mechanical sense was necessary, for broadcasting was an intricate process. Unlike other organizations, it was not a step by step building, wherein one position led to and trained for the next, but it was one of complete contrasts.

The operating staff was essential, of course. Then came the managerial staff, and then the compromise—the announcer who was the go-between. He it was who found out what the manager wanted in the way of talent, and then used his connections to invite the proper artist to participate at the proper times. He it was who found out just what the operators wanted by way of placement and arranged with his artists to stand just so and sing or play just so. He it was who, by means of letters from the listeners, found out what the public wanted and how they wanted what they wanted announced.

The Program of the Early Days

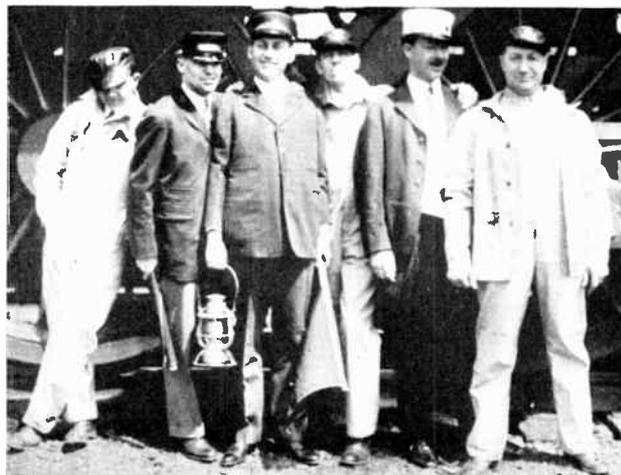
And so it is evident that there were many sides to the work of announcing in the early days that were not realized by the listeners. I recall very distinctly



Introducing Jack Dempsey over the CBS.



At Atlantic City in 1925, Norman chose this Beauty as "Miss America."



The Reading Railroad Revelers, an early WJZ feature, obtain local color. Left to right: Bob Newton, Herb Glover, Elliot Shaw, Ed Smalle, Norman, Wilfred Glenn

the execution of a program then.

When the announcer came on duty, he would look about to see who of his invited guests had come. Then, with pencil and paper he would visit with each one or group and find out what music they had with them. With these notations in hand, he would hastily balance the program and then put them "on the air". He had to see that the artists began on time and finished on time. He placed them for balance, he cheered them and gave them courage, if they were nervous before the "mike". He made the necessary apologies when an artist broke down or delayed because of lost music, he filled in the time necessary to repair a broken string on a harp or a violin, sadly out of tune. While one program was on its last selection, he was busy in the reception room building the next. And so it was through the hours, as many as fifteen hours a day.

Whether it was a Bach concerto or a report of the produce market, a dance orchestra, or an "in memoriam", the announcer had to fill the bill. There were also many out-of-studio assignments, banquets, night clubs, celebrations, restaurants, lectures and jubilees. In these places the announcer was also entirely responsible for seeing that things went smoothly and were completely covered.

How a Program Is Staged Now

But, how times have changed! Today, a program, whether commercial or sustaining, is made up three weeks or more in advance, artists are carefully chosen by means of auditions, wherein they compete with dozens of others. When entirely cast, the program is rehearsed and timed to within split seconds of the time allotted.

When the day of the program comes, a page in uniform or a hostess directs the artist to one of a maze of studios where he or she is greeted by the director and production man. The announcer is given a script and the "dress rehearsal" begins. The script that the announcer will read is the product of a continuity department, whose business it is to

turn out all the sustaining programs and a majority of the "commercials".

A signal from the central control man to the operator handling the program is relayed to the assembled and rehearsed artists by the production man. He in turn signals the announcer who reads the opening announcement and advertising data. The program has begun. Throughout the entire offering, the production man watches the placement and time, the program director watches the cues for each artist or reader, (also the announcer), the operator watches the gain control, a page or porter guards the door and a hostess-pianist stands by to fill in, should anything unforeseen happen to break the flow of the elaborately prepared continuity.

Oh, yes, there has been evolution in announcing, but at what a price to the profession! True, the really proficient announcer of the old days still announces, for to him it is an art. Through his art, he has experienced the romance of the growth of a gigantic industry, he has thrilled with the adventure of new achievements, broadcasting first from the studio alone, then from remote points, then from airplanes in flight, and now from a dozen places at once. There have been many thrills and, through fan mail, he has had a concrete form of appreciation.

Many Thrills in Announcing

Can't you stretch your imagination and appreciate the thrill that came to me when I stood on the Capitol steps on March 4, 1925, with waiting millions dependent upon me for a description of the excitement during the Coolidge Inauguration, and when, unaided, I carried the radio end of the historic event for over three hours! Can't you sense the quickened pulse, when at Mitchell Field I stood in the stand, microphone in hand, and, together with the Prince of Wales, the Governor of the State and the Mayor of the city of New York, awaited the return of the 'round-the-world flyers?

Imagine the



Introducing "Red" Grange over the CBS.

tenseness that was mine on Labor Day, 1924, as, "mike" in one hand, field glasses in the other, I announced the very first horse race to go on the air, the Zev-Epignard race at Belmont Park Track. Can you blame me for asking Will Rogers to autograph my card as I sat beside him in the speakers' stand at

the first Democratic National Convention to be broadcast? When the resolution was passed to hold the First Joint Session of the Senate and the House of Representatives of the United States to hold memorial services in honor of Woodrow Wilson in the hall of the House of Representatives on December 15, 1924, can't you feel the pride that came to me as I was chosen to carry the first microphone into the sacred precincts of the hall of the House of Representatives and to officiate at the services for the listening radio public?

Can you feel with me the solemnity of the occasion when, as one of a group of mourners in the nation's Capitol, I was called upon to broadcast the services that put to rest our greatest orator, William Jennings Bryan? And then to be the first to enter the sanctum of Herbert Hoover, in the Department of Commerce Building, while he was Secretary of Commerce, to place the microphone on his desk so that he might speak to the nation regarding the newly-appointed Radio Commission.



Norman working with George Olsen and his band at WJZ in 1925.

Arrival of the Graf Zeppelin

And so it went through the years, until last August it was my privilege to board the special plane to meet the Graf Zeppelin on its world-famed flight from Germany and to report not only over the air but through the Associated Press, the greetings of Dr. Hugo Eckener and the story of the Zeppelin's arrival.

Surely you can easily sense the pride with which we veteran announcers look upon our profession. And the sorrow that comes to us as we find that we can no longer stay with the organizations with which we grew, for such is really

(Continued on page 48)



A typical Brokenshire Production in Radio was the Kansas Frolickers. Here are "Brother" Macy and "Brother" Brokenshire as the "Mirth Quakers."

ANDY SANNELLA—



Andy Sannella

A Real MIRACLE MAN of MUSIC

By *HERBERT DEVINS*

with many gestures made it plain that he wanted the sailor to stay and play at his hotel in uniform during the remaining four days of carnival week. This celebration was held in honor of the service men and, while it lasted, they had the freedom of the city.

Offered Job for Four Days

Andy grinned. That was real success, an offer of steady work—even though it was only for four days. He looked at his gang. They all howled with glee. But, after all, why not? Acting on impulse, Sannella accepted—just for the lark. But he had to obtain permission from Rear Admiral Johnson to carry it through. The officer saw the joke and consented.

By the time his four-day engagement had ended, Andy had gotten the fever. There was no more work to be had just then at the American Hotel, but he learned that a pianist was wanted at the Silver Dollar Saloon nearby. He got the job and, after he had played there for six weeks, the owner of the American Hotel re-engaged him in charge of the orchestra.

The first saxophone Andy Sannella bought, he paid \$25 for and his boss offered him \$50 if he would throw it away. This happened only a short time after he had started. He had organized an entirely new orchestra, which was becoming famous in the neighboring country. There were so many demands for appearances out of town and at nearby camps that he seldom could be found at the Hotel.

On one flying trip he saw the saxophone in a music store window. With customary abruptness he went inside

A BUNCH of the boys were whooping it up—but Dan McGrew wasn't there. For this was not the old Malemute of storied fame, but the American Hotel in Panama City. The merrymakers were a group of tars from the Destroyer "Farragut." The armistice had just been signed. The boys knew they would soon be discharged and so it was easy to get shore leave.

The good-looking "gringo", who seemed to lead his mates, was fascinated by the motley orchestra. Without a word, he took the violin from the loose fingers of one musician.

"Lookut Andy! He thinks yuh play 'em like his guitar aboard ship. Hot dawg! Watch this—"

The sailors not only watched, they began to listen. So did everyone else in the saloon. Natives and Americanos alike formed a spell-bound circle around the soloist. Not even his shipmates had suspected that Andy Sannella had once been a concert violinist. He was all prepared to invade Europe at the age of fourteen, but his father died and he lost interest. This was the first time he had touched one since. His guitar? Just a fancy, to liven up the fo'c'stle.

But this was real—a breath from another world in this little hotel in Panama City. When the sailor returned the battered fiddle to its owner, the latter stared at it helplessly. But the manager sputtered in broken Spanish and



Andy Sannella, *the Miracle Man of Music*

and bought it, for \$25. From that time on he spent all his spare time practicing, at first just to get any sound at all, and then to sweeten the tone.

Before he had established friendly relations with the instrument, his boss complained. "So you don' lose money, I pay feefty dollair for heem. Then you see customers come back." Andy decided he had been insulted, he refused to be comforted and went home to New York.

Perfects "Sax" Technic

After visiting his family, he returned to Panama City, taking with him a pianist from the United States. During his visit to his home, he had done a great deal of practicing on the saxophone, and had become proficient enough on the instrument to alter the boss's views. So from then on he continued to perfect his saxophone technic. Today the nation's youths are practicing saxophone in secret, studying the famous "Andy Sannella Method."

In 1922 Andy returned to the United States seeking an engagement. He did not know a soul in the music business in New York. He wandered around for months before he finally secured a chance to play in a cabaret in Brooklyn. There he played saxophone in the dance band and violin for the show in the cabaret. After playing on this obscure engagement for about three months, he was asked to play an engagement at the Vanderbilt home on Fifth

Avenue, with Mr. Mike Markel, who did much of the society orchestra work in New York at that time. The opportunity to play with a very well-known leader delighted him and soon after he became Markel's principal saxophonist.

After a year and a half with the Markel Orchestra, playing in some of the most exclusive homes and clubs in New York and vicinity, Andy accepted an engagement at "Castles by the Sea" at Long Beach, Long Island. Later he toured the country with Ray Miller's Orchestra. During this time he became rather well known and later was offered several steady engagements. However, in the interim he had also become known to the recording departments of the various phonograph companies and decided to be a "free lance" and to devote the majority of his time to recording.

Services in Great Demand

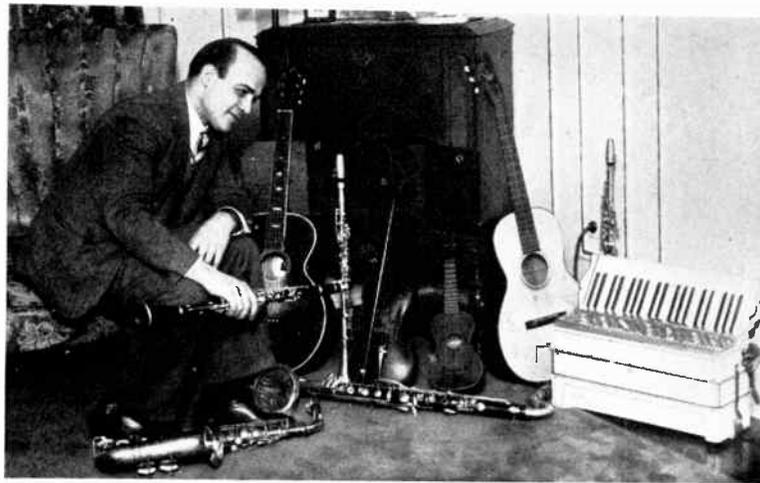
Today, Andy's services are in great demand in New York. When the most prominent leaders have exceptionally important recording engagements with special numbers, he is often engaged as the lead saxophonist. However, this is not the main source of his income. The voice of his saxophone is heard by millions each week over the radio, as he is the first saxophonist on about 15 of the

more important programs nationally broadcasted from New York City. It is said that his weekly income averages close to four figures.

If you listen to the radio often, you have heard his work on the saxophone, his fine style, brilliant tone and finished performance. The obligatos which Andy broadcasts or records almost at a moment's notice and without previous preparation are the talk of the popular music world today.

A short time ago Andy was lying flat on his back at home, convalescing from an illness, when he heard the strains of a familiar saxophone growing louder and louder. He thought the fever had weakened his mind, for the music was that of his own saxophone on a record he had made for Victor just a short time before. The sound grew louder and louder beyond the power of any phonograph. It seemed to come from the sky. Convinced that it was an hallucination, he investigated anyway. It was a stunt plane flying over the housetops with a phonograph and powerful amplifier apparatus, "broadcasting" a Sannella record. Thus the mystery was solved.

Andy is a real aerial star. Not content with broadcasting several hours a night, he spends part of every day in his own airplane, unless weather prevents. It was he who organized the now-famous "Albatross Club" at Roosevelt Field, composed of noted flyers like Paul Whiteman, Gene Austin and Franklyn Baur. He travels back and forth between the flying field, the broadcasting studios and



Andy and the Collection of Instruments He Plays

the recording laboratories in a speedy Packard roadster.

Has Written Many Numbers

Although he is one of radio's busiest figures, Andy manages to spend some time at his beautiful apartment on Riverside Drive, too. His wife is an accomplished pianiste. It was for her that he named his first composition, a saxophone solo, "Aileen." His other best known numbers are "Jack and Jill," "Millicent" and "Saxanella." He has written 25 other spectacular bits to demonstrate the flexibility of the "most maligned instrument." That's what Andy calls the saxophone.

Musicians everywhere know Sannella. They know his trick of smooth rehearsal. With a cigarette in one hand and baton in the other, his eyes half closed, he never misses a movement or tone of even the most remote member of his band. They know his method of coaxing the 'nth' degree of melody from a saxophone or clarinet, and the Sannella knack of getting the best radio results from a guitar.

These same musicians and other associates of Sannella know the pleasing personality and good humor the young musician radiates while he works. They know there isn't

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Have You a Little NIT WIT In Your Home?

By WILLIAM SCHUDT, JR.

“NIT WITS”, says Bradford Browne, writer and producer of this popular radio feature, “are not difficult to find—but good Nit Wits! Ah! There’s where the trouble begins!”

The Nit Wit Hour, broadcast over WABC and the CBS chain every Saturday night, was originally suggested by Georgia Backus, of the WABC continuity department. She told her idea to Bradford Browne, who, believing it to be something unique, set to work on the script immediately.

When Bradford finally had completed scripts for three consecutive hours, he began to search for the proper characters to enact the various roles. After interviewing over one hundred applicants, Bradford was amazed to find just the proper characters in the continuity and program departments of WABC! And so the Nit Wits were organized.

David Ross, genial announcer of WABC, can do Jewish comedy to perfection—he calls it “bronchial English”—and, as a result, he has become a semi-permanent member of the cast.

“Peggy” Young, formerly assistant program



G. Maillard-Kessler
Bradford Browne, Chief Nit Wit

manager for CBS and now Mrs. Bradford Browne, could do little funny pieces on interior decoration. These were changed and highly burlesqued by Mr. Browne. The finished product, as offered by Miss Young on the air, was called “Talks on Interior Desecration with Advice to the Lovelorn” and the orator was assigned the name of “Patience Bumstead”. Peggy was an immediate success on the air, as her many enthusiastic letters will testify.



Meet the Famous Nit Wits. Left to Right they are: Chief Nit Wit (Bradford Browne); Lizzie Twitch, the cooking expert (Yolaude Langworthy); Professor R. U. Musclebound, Physical Culturist (Harry Swan); Aphrodite Godiva (Georgia Backus); Eczema Succotash, accompanist (Minnie Blauman); Patience Bumstead, the interior desecrator (Margaret Young); Madame Mocha de Polka, operatic slinger (Lucille Black); and standing in the rear is Lord Algernon Ashcart (Chester Miller).

The Sweet Singer of Sour Songs

Lucille Black is ordinarily the CBS staff pianiste. However, as Browne transforms her each Saturday night, she becomes Madame Mocha De Polka a former member of the Russian Grand Opera Company, who is known as the “sweet singer of sour songs”.

Chester Miller, the announcer, has been assigned a dual personality by the Nit Wit director. He plays "Lord Ashcart" and "Congressman Felix O'Beefe", the noisy politician.

Yolande Langworthy and Georgia Backus, continuity writers for the station, are versatile character actresses and are usually given different parts every week. Miss Langworthy always enacts the role of Lizzy Twitch. Miss Backus usually assumes the role of Aphrodite Godiva.

"Yes, We Have No Bananas" is the official theme song for the Nit Wit Hours. It is offered in six varieties and in thirteen keys. The Nit Wit pianist is Minnie Blauman, who in everyday life holds forth in the Artists' Bureau.

Bradford Browne is master of ceremonies during each broadcast. Browne, in addition, gives the official weather report by the "Departure from Agriculture", which is usually for Twenty-third Street at Seventh Avenue and the Sahara Desert!

The Nit Wits take their rehearsals very seriously, Browne says. The hilarious parts and funny episodes are all gone through with the most serious of expressions on all of their faces. "Fun for all and all for fun" is the slogan.

As Chief in the weekly escapades of the Nit Wits, Bradford Browne has most of the work thrust upon his shoulders. It is entirely up to him to keep the pace of the program balanced. Bradford is a versatile actor, a writer and a first class singer and announcer.

Not Long Ago He Was Floor Walker

Strange as it may seem, only a short time ago this same Bradford Browne was pacing up and down the corridors of a Newark department store, performing the regular duties of a floor walker. In fact, Bradford's life in itself is an interesting story. Let us peep into this background for a few minutes.

Bradford Browne is the brother of Harry Browne, who, incidentally, is the writer and producer of "Hank Simmons's Show Boat", heard every week over the Columbia chain. Bradford was born in North Adams, Mass., and has had a versatile career.

No doubt the success of the Browne productions can be traced to the fact that much time is spent on every script. Detail and time mean much to radio productions, Browne will tell you. How many hours does Bradford work? Usually from about ten o'clock in the morning until midnight, during which time he writes scripts, announces, plays parts in his own productions' rehearsals or broadcasts, and does his regular work as continuity writer.

"You have to give them something good on the radio," Browne told this writer. "Poor stuff just doesn't go. It falls flat and causes your regular listeners to lose faith in

your acts and tune them out on other nights." That is why he spends so much time on the details. If it's a comedy, Bradford believes in giving the audience a laugh a minute. Failure to do so means suffering the consequences.

"You haven't got the people in your theatre," he explained. "They are out there, scattered everywhere, and if you don't 'click', your act is tuned out." Bradford laughed. "Just like that," he said, snapping his fingers. "They don't care," he continued, "who you are or what you might give them later in the program. It's what you're giving them every instant that counts and you either give them a thrill or a laugh a minute—or you lose two or three million listeners."

Bradford Browne's first attempt at radio drama, "The Cellar Knights," was made about four years ago, just after

he left the department store and became affiliated with a Newark station. The Cellar Knights were so good that some months later, when Bradford was asked to join the staff of WABC, then owned by A. H. Grebe, the officials asked him to continue his skit over their station. This Bradford did and, when the Columbia Broadcasting System purchased WABC early in 1929, the "Cellar Knights" skit was immediately put on the nationwide chain.

It was shortly after Columbia had acquired WABC that Bradford

got the idea for the "Nit Wit Hour". Half a dozen scripts were prepared and promptly discarded following rehearsals. Bradford knew what he wanted but, when the production went into rehearsal, it did not sound just right. So he started all over again. Finally he hit on the keynote idea. The present Nit Wit Hour series is the result.

The popularity of this highly burlesque hour of entertainment can best be judged by the fact that, in a recent voting contest conducted by the New York *Telegram*, the "Nit Wit Hour" was named among the biggest hours on the air in America today.

Edson Bradford Browne has had an eventful life. He was born in North Adams, Mass. His father was the end man in a minstrel show. Most of Bradford's relatives are musically inclined. A banjo was the inspiration that sent Bradford Browne on what was eventually to lead to a music-drama life in the business world.

Studied Law At Georgetown

Browne never studied music. When he became of age to study for his future profession he took up law. He studied law at Georgetown University and finally was graduated with honors.

But that is getting ahead of our story. Back in North Adams, Bradford plunked away on his banjo. Now and then he would play something that sounded different and



The Nit Wit Hour in Action

people would sneer and think him funny.

From the banjo Bradford went to plunking on his father's piano. Here is where he first began composing original music. His musical ability made him the "life of every party" and it was not long before he was in great demand.

His musical education ended here for a brief time. He became "pin" boy in the local bowling alley. Then wanderlust gripped him and he went to Washington, and from there traveled extensively.

After the war he worked in a department store in Newark, where he became floorwalker and held a large assortment of other jobs in the organization over a period of four years.

This work just didn't appeal to Bradford, and he turned to his music work again. In Newark he teamed up with Al Llewelyn, who was later to become his colleague in the Cellular Knights act at WABC. They sang well together. People often said so. They sang so well, in fact, that it was not long before the duo received an invitation from a Newark radio station to appear over the air. This they did and the response was electric.

Bradford liked the atmosphere of the radio broadcasting station and spent much of his spare time there. Finally one day his chance came. One of the announcers was ill. The others, for some reason or other, were not present. Perhaps young Browne could aid them, the studio manager thought. Browne jumped at the suggestion. He did very well; in fact, so well that he earned himself a job immediately at the station, where he became announcer and finally chief continuity director. In this latter capacity he turned out many interesting dramatizations, which brought much fan mail in the early days of radio.

Takes Position With Station WABC

Then one day Bradford received an invitation from officials of the Atlantic Broadcasting Corporation in New York, then operating WABC, WBOQ and other broadcasting stations. He was offered a position and he accepted it. For a while things went rather quietly at WABC for Bradford Browne. He did a great deal of announcing.

Although he had been at WABC for only a few months, Bradford soon was working day and night, preparing surprises for his radio listeners. He knew that these might not get on the air for many months, perhaps not for a year—he worked that long on one of his presentations! On the other hand, he has written a feature in barely thirty minutes before it was broadcast. Even these hastily prepared scripts have met with wide approval in radio fandom.

This writer vividly recalls one night when Bradford Browne was so busy that he didn't get a chance to write his act until one hour before time to put it on the air. For thirty minutes he pounded out copy on his typewriter—he is an expert typist. For the next thirty minutes he rehearsed his act, in which were featured eight persons, including a vocal quartet. The act was broadcast right on time and, to the surprise of all, critics far and wide praised this particular dramatization as one of Mr. Browne's outstanding achievements.

Browne has even taken a crack at rural skits—he collaborated in the "Oshkosh Junction" periods, which ran on WABC.

What Bradford Browne's scripts look like in print can be gleaned from an excerpt from one of his "Nit Wit" Hours. The following concerns the football resume which was one of the highlights of the Nit Wit broadcasts during the last football season.

Quotation from Browne's Script

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, we bring to you the results of some of roastings and fryings, not to mention a few of the stewings, which occurred today on various grid-irons throughout the country. Maybe we're wrong about some of these, but you can't sue us, because—well, you just can't, that's all. Now, let's see. In New Haven, that's where Yale is located—and where John Coolidge does his railroading—well, in New Haven, the Bulldogs—that's Yale—started to mess around

with the Princeton Tigers and, after two hours of frightful carnage, the only thing found between the goal posts was the referee's wooden whistle and that wouldn't whistle. Score—yes and no.

"Let's see. Over in Pennsylvania—what a time, what a time. The laddies from Carnegie Tech, dressed in their new kilts, journeyed far over into Philadelphia, where they engaged the Pennsylvania Quakers in the good old game of toss it, kick it and rush it. Well, the high spot of the afternoon was the cheering sections. First, the Carnegie Skibos would cry out with a loud voice "hoot mon, hoot mon", to which the Quakers would reply "aye, verily, brethren".

"Well, in the third quarter the thees and the thous got the ball on their own ten-yard line and, after going into a huddle, they executed a line plunge and all the Scotch laddies got kilt. That is most of the Scotchmen got kilt. Those not kilt were running around getting their breath in short pants. Score—same as last year.

"Well, well, well, another great game was played today.

(Continued on page 43)

Nit Wits Know Their Onions

AT last, the source of the CBS Nit Wit Family's mental discrepancy has leaked out. "Brad" Browne, Chief Nit Wit, was found, a few days before Christmas, busily untying a suspicious, bumpy-looking package. Surrounding him, trembling with an air of expectancy, were the remainder of the Nit Wit family.

The contents revealed a number of aromatic and artistically treated onions, resembling each of the Nit Wits. With the roots for beards and other facial expressions dexterously touched on with a brush, the male Nit Wits immediately recognized their likenesses.

The girls, Lizzie Twitch, Mocha de Polka, Aphrodite Godiva and Patience Bumpstead evidently didn't know their onions, for to each of theirs was tied a card designating a brand of perfume. For Lizzie, it was "Christmas Bells," for Mocha it was "Caron," for Aphrodite it was "Djer Kiss," and for Patience "Coty."

Itching to know from whence this gift of frankincense and myrrh came, Patience Bumpstead hastily examined the wrapper, only to find that "within five days" it was to be returned to one of New York State's prominent institutions!

Taught Self to Play Banjo—

ROY SMECK

Now Teaches Thousands

By DAVID CASEM



Roy Smeck, "The Wizard of the Strings"

ABOUT a year ago, a stranger came into WOR's studio, followed by two porters carrying eight instruments. From the breast pocket of his coat a harmonica protruded. He was carrying two press books.

"Where's the boss of the station?" he asked WOR's Information Bureau.

"Have you an appointment?" came the return query.

"No" was his response.

"I don't think you will be able to see him then," was the rejoinder.

"Can't I play for somebody else then?" the newcomer queried.

Finally he encountered the Press Agent, and insisted on showing him his clipping books. They were so lavish in their praise that the stranger could not be ignored.

"It will establish a precedent if I listen, but I'll take the chance," said the Press Agent, conducting him to the audition room, where the man began "whacking" a banjo in spectacular fashion.

In a moment, work in all departments was disrupted. Every one marvelled as he brought forth stirring strains on one instrument after another. He got the only AAA rating that has been given at auditions and was booked immediately.

The man was Roy Smeck, known on the stage and air as "The Wizard of the Strings," and one of radio's stars.

Could Not Afford Lessons

There's a very human story back of Mr. Smeck, one that antedates his crashing WOR. Mr. Smeck was born in Reading, Pennsylvania, and has all the happy-go-lucky

traits of the Pennsylvania Dutch, as well as their desire to play some sort of instrument. Parental finances did not permit the indulgence in lessons, however.

Roy left school almost before he got started, and became a boss, as he put it—boss of a broom in a shoe factory, where his job was to corral leather cuttings into one heap. After several months he managed to save enough to buy a ukulele and a few phonograph records of that instrument, together with a self-instruction book.

Armed with these, he began a campaign of practice that took in even his working hours. A foreman caught him one day and, as his opinion of the "uke" was anything but enthusiastic, he told Roy that working should never be allowed to interfere with his playing. The foreman then proceeded to separate Roy from his job.

Shortly afterward he found a backer and opened a tiny music store in Binghamton, New York, where he whiled away the time between customers by learning to play from records that he had in the store. When he had attained a high degree of perfection on the "uke", he took up the banjo. Then followed the guitar, steel guitar, harmonica and long-neck banjo, which, next to the octochorda (his own invention), is his favorite.

Paul Specht Discovers Him

One day, while Paul Specht, famous popular orchestra director, was playing in Binghamton, he found himself without a banjoist. A local musician told him of Smeck. An audition proved his worth and Roy "chucked" the store to join the organization which was scheduled to open the then new Alamac Hotel in New York.

The ability of the youngster was so marked that Mr. Specht had him go out on the floor. His first appearance stamped him as a solo artist. Not long after, he went on a sixteen-weeks' tour of Keith's Vaudeville Circuit at \$600 a week, and second from the top.

His playing, according to press notices, was such that he should have been the headliner, since he won first place in
(Continued on page 42)

McNAMEE "a Great Guy"

OSCAR

Writes His Girl Friend

MARGY

As Recorded for Posterity

By P. H. W. DIXON



DEAR MARGY:—
Well, Mary, this letter is going to contain some good news. I've been promoted. I'm now working permanently on the thirteenth floor of the NBC building, having been advanced from the twelfth floor.

Now, girl friend, please don't think I am trying to be funny by saying that moving from the twelfth floor to the thirteenth is a promotion. It's really important. Nobody but a lot of engineers and continuity writers and other hired hands are on the 12th floor. But on the thirteenth floor they really broadcast and the *important* people come there. And that's how I came to meet Graham McNamee and now I can answer all your questions about him.

Graham, I mean Mr. McNamee, is a great guy. He's not bad-looking. No collar ad, you know, but I never did like those kind anyway. He has a swell grin and always has time to say "hello" to everybody and he tells stories. He had a swell one to tell us the other day. I'd tell it to you only you wouldn't understand it, Margy.

He's about five foot eight inches tall and weighs, I guess, about 155 pounds. He's pretty broad-shouldered and would make a good half back. He moves around pretty fast and sticks his head a little forward

when he talks and cocks it to one side when he is listening. He still has all his hair and is young-looking. I heard him say something about reducing, but he doesn't look like he needs to much.

But I was going to tell you how I came to meet Mr. McNamee. I was on duty on the thirteenth when a man stuck his head out of a door of a little office and called me.

He Gave Me Figures to Add

"Can you add?" he asked me. Of course, Margy, I didn't tell him that my mathematics were always the pride and joy of Yoakum High School, but I said I could add. So he gave me a whole string of figures to add up and I added them and the total was \$192.37.

"That's just ten dollars more than I got", he said. "Doggone these so-and-so expense accounts anyway." But it was not until later that I learned I had helped Graham McNamee out of a tight situation.

Mr. McNamee doesn't have to announce for a living, Margy. He is also a baritone and can make almost as much money singing songs as by describing a world's series. But, shucks, the woods are full of baritones, so you ought to be glad he's decided to keep on



Announcing the Arrival of the Graf Zeppelin

announcing. I would hate to have some of the baritones we have around here describe a baseball game. Anyway, some of them can't speak any English.

I want to tell you something about his life, Margy. He was born in Washington, but at an early age moved west with his parents, to Minnesota. At least up here in New York they think Minnesota is way out west, but then they've never been to Texas, so we both know it's really way up north. When he went to school he played a lot of baseball and he is a southpaw . . . which means he is left-handed. He also played football, and hockey and boxed some, all of which came in handy later when he became an announcer.

He learned to play the piano when he was seven years old and sang in a church choir. When he was seventeen he decided to be a great singer and was doing right well at it only radio was invented and he got a job as an announcer because he had a hunch it had a future. Which it did. And then came the Democratic convention in New York and McNamee did such a swell job describing it that they started having him describe prize fights and other important events. Before that he sang in a concert at Aeolian Hall, which is a high-hat auditorium in New York. You gotta be good to sing there, Margy.

I guess it is unnecessary to remind you what he has done since especially since he is now on the same program with Rudy Vallee and you hear him every week. He knows a whole lot of celebrities, too, like Babe Ruth and Jack Dempsey and Colonel Lindbergh and One-Eyed Connelly and people like that. And everytime he goes to a ball game or a fight people say "hello, Mac," and whether he has been introduced to them or not he says "hello", which shows you he is a good guy and not high-hat or anything.

You know you can pick up *Campus Humor* or *Life* or any of those magazines and almost always find a joke about McNamee. Some of them aren't complimentary but he doesn't care. He likes them and clips them out to show his friends.

He has written a book and some day, when I get to know him better, I am going to get a copy and have him autograph it.

Left Gift of Fish in Studio

He gets lots of presents and all kinds of

funny things. One time somebody sent him a barrel of oysters and another time someone sent him some fish, and he forgot and left the fish in a studio. They couldn't use the studio for five days after he remembered where he'd left those fish. One of the other boys told me that every year he gets a big watermelon from some one down south

and that he divides it up with the people in the studio. I hope I am here next summer.

Of course, you hear a lot of stories about him and the funny things he sometimes says on the air. They say that, when the crew of the *Graf Zeppelin* came to New York, Mr. McNamee was describing them coming ashore from a boat and Lady Drummond Hay was coming along with a big bunch of flowers and he couldn't think of how to describe it so he said she looked like a swell funeral. And then a little later when some of

the other people on the *Graf* came along, he said: "The crew is now passing out". But shucks, Margy, when you stop to think that he has been talking pretty steady for eight years he's bound to make a slip once in a while.

I wasn't able to find out what size hat he wears, but I noticed he likes old ones. He's kinda conservative about his necktie, too. He plays golf and is pretty good at it.

Someday I'm going to ask him to let me caddy for him.

That's about all I can think of about Graham, Margy. When I get to know him better I will tell you about our conversations. Then I may decide to become an announcer instead of a great radio singer. I guess I better ask him about that, because he has been both and knows which is worse — I mean which is the hardest.

Now, Margy, I have to go on duty and, besides, the man who uses this

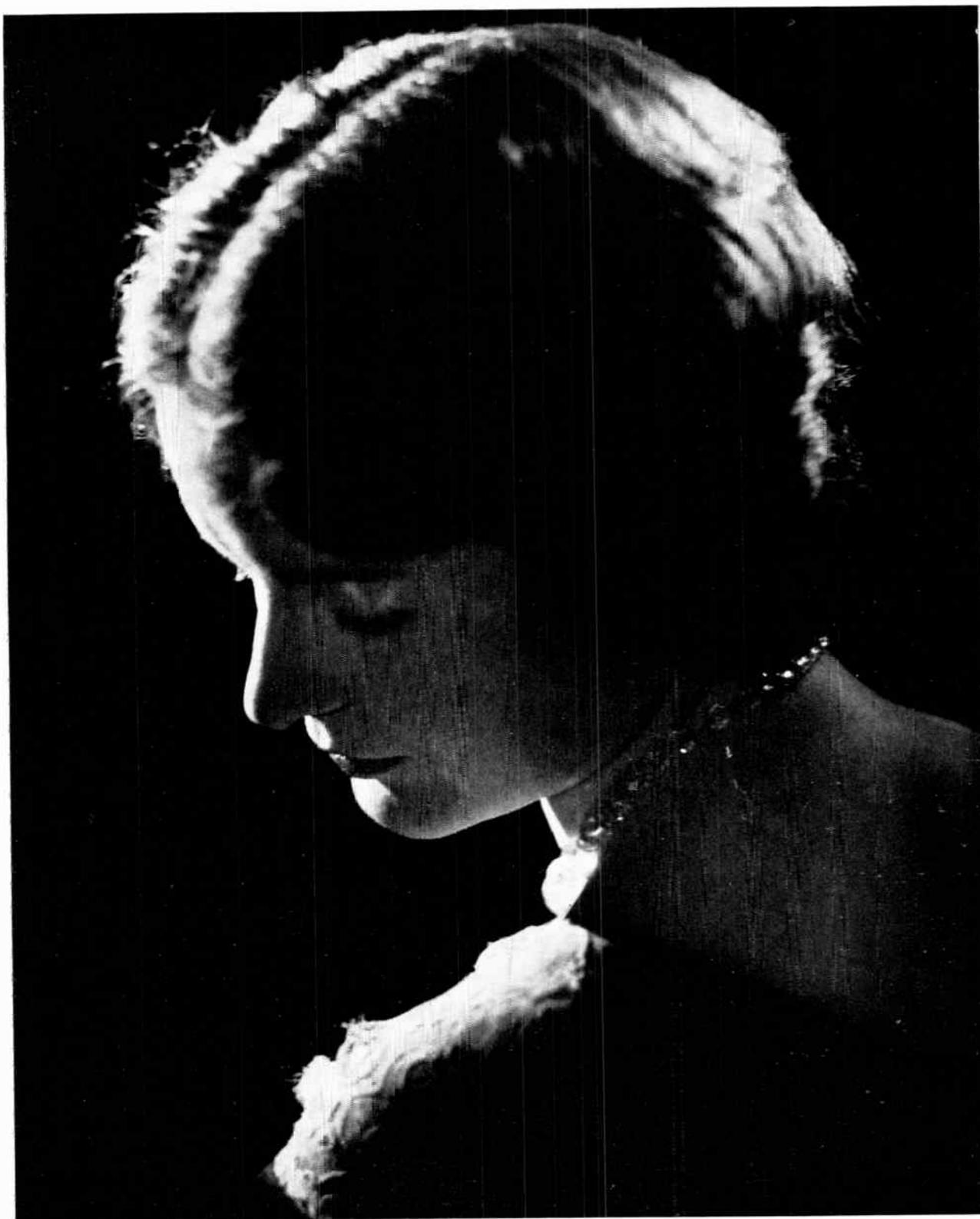
(Continued on page 47)



When he finally Found the Fish, the studio could not be used for five days



Graham McNamee, NBC announcer extraordinary



Scandlin

“Quaker Girl” Starred on Broadway

Lois Bennett Came to Radio After Successes with Ziegfeld and Ames

THIS lovely titian soprano is a Texas maid. Born in Houston, she came to New York at an early age to study music. The *Brooklyn Daily Eagle* critic, who wrote her first press notice, urged her to go on the stage. She never forgot this advice. One day she met Florenz Ziegfeld. He engaged her to succeed Vivienne Segal in his current

Follies. She was a success from the start. Then Winthrop Ames starred her in his Gilbert and Sullivan revivals. She played leading rôles in *The Mikado*, *Iolanthe* and *The Pirates of Penzance*. Months later she met the same critic, now president of the Judson Radio Program Corporation. This time he said: “Your future is in radio.” Again Miss Bennett took his advice.

RECTOR *Again* Points Way to Epicurean Delights

• || *Famous Restaurateur Divulges
Secrets of Culinary Art via Radio* || •

By FLORENCE SMITH VINCENT

WHEN it's 9:45 in the morning by central time, it is something else again beyond the Rocky Mountains and Way Down East. But when the clock's moving finger points to that hour in Chicago, housewives from the Pacific's blue waters to New England's rock-bound coast call a halt in the day's occupations and tune in to voices in the air.

"Good morning! What shall we have to eat today?" comes the pleasant query, followed promptly by the response in the sonorous tones of a man:—

"Well, we might try Pea a L'artuvee, made with bacon. What a favorite dish that was with the diners-out in the Nineties!"

The Libby morning hour is on and off—to a flying start. Mary Hale Martin, nationally known home economics expert, and George Rector, famous restaurateur whose name is a synonym for culinary perfection, are riding their mutual hobby, food—Mr. Rector expatiating on the epicurean superiority of a day when America in all truth was a nation of "diners-out", the gentle Mary Hale Martin putting in a soft word now and then to turn the raconteur's wrath away from the sad state of affairs as they exist, now that we have turned into a "tribe of sandwich-grabbers".

Within the scientifically constructed kitchen in the plant of Libby, McNeil & Libby in Chicago, the scene of the regular Wednesday morning broadcast, all is calm. The man in the little glassed-in control room, whose uplifted finger has just fallen in the "all-ready" signal, is on the alert to make sure that all is well with the wild waves of ether.

Two young assistants, wholesomely charming in their spic and span white aprons, stand by ready to offer their

services. Mary Hale Martin, blue-eyed, golden-haired and very earnest director of the Home Economics Department of the plant, watches Mr. Rector animatedly and intimately talking to his unseen multitudes, his restless clever fingers busy the while in actually making the dish of which he is telling the world.



Mary Hale Martin, director of Home Economics Department of Libby, McNeil & Libby, and George Rector, well-known restaurateur, discuss cooking as an art on program broadcast from the Libby model kitchen in Chicago every Wednesday morning.

In the corridor outside, looking in through the plate glass window that serves the kitchen as one of its four walls, are scores of visitors who have come to verify with their eyes what their ears have told them, doubtless on the principle that "seeing is believing!"

George Rector's dark eyes glisten and he shrugs expressive shoulders as ruthlessly he turns back the pages in Time's log book and reveals a past gayer than our professedly decorous Pas and Mas would admit to. They didn't have a dull time at all in the good old days when Rector's was New York's cross-roads inn, where East Side and West Side and All-About-the-Town met over the table cloths and listened to the lilted melodies of Victor Herbert.

Started New Year's Revels

"As a matter of fact, if it had not been for Rector's, the custom of celebrating the Old Year's passing might never have come about!" naively remarked Mr. Rector. "No, nor any cabaret, either. To the best of my knowledge, that idea was born on a certain night I well remember, when several stage and opera stars rose from their tables where they had been seated as guests and gave impromptu numbers—an unprecedented performance, for actor folk then took their art seriously and saved themselves for their professional appearances."

(Continued on page 38)

Radio's ONE-MAN Show

PHIL COOK is *marvel* of Versatility

By GENE MULHOLLAND

Illustrated by Phil Cook

CERTAIN vaudeville entertainers formerly created a sensation by billing themselves as "one-man shows." Others managed to please a rather skeptical public by appearing as "lightning change artists." It is a matter of record that any number of people once made an excellent living by playing a varied number of roles before the footlights in a limited amount of time.

But radio has a "lightning change artist," who might well be booked as a "whole troupe of one-man shows." And he has a half dozen other profitable means of earning a living as well.

This one-man broadcasting station is Phil Cook. During a recent half hour program he played every part heard



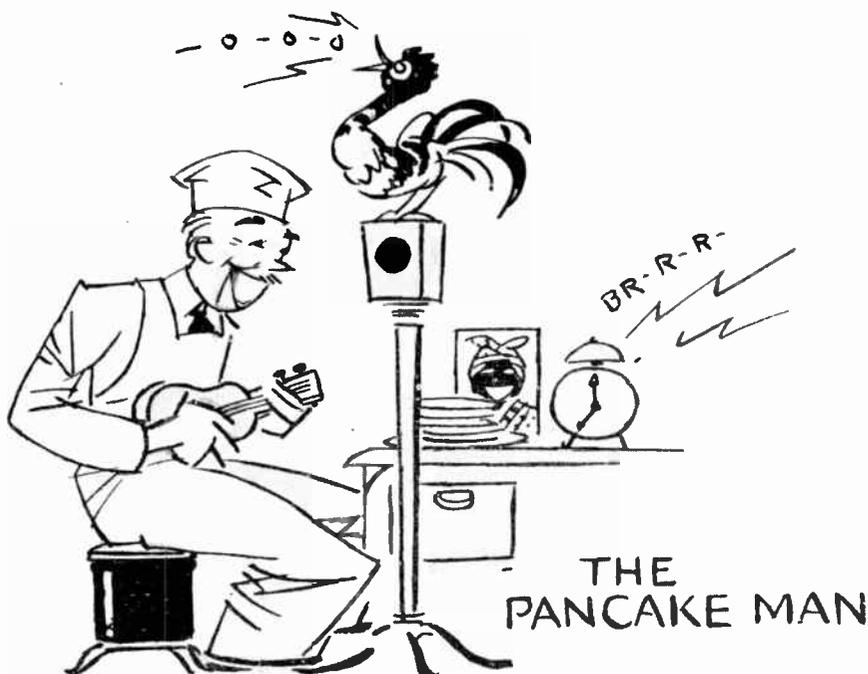
Phil Cook

during the broadcast, including a Negro, an Italian peddler, a "down-East Yankee" and an Irishman. The only other voice heard was that of a vocal soloist, which came in only twice during the thirty-minute sketch, and it has since been determined that this voice, too, was Phil's.

And, at that, he didn't exhaust his stock of roles. At other times he has been known to add Jewish, German and French dialects to his vocabulary, switching back and forth between the seven mannerisms of speech without the customary interruption by another voice.

His Fan Mail Is Immense

Such conversation with himself may be a bit trying on the vocal cords, but they are pleasing to the ear if the listener-letter reaction is a criterion. Cook's fan mail is immense, although many of his listeners may not fully appreciate the wide variety of entertainment their "one-





SHULTZ



MOE



BUCK



POP



TONEY



PAT

man show" provides in his own inimitable fashion.

However, voice versatility is not the only reason why Cook is liked by the radio audience. And it is far from being the only reason those who write about radio consider him "good copy."

During the five years he has been in radio, Cook has never used a song unless the words were written by himself.

One writer introduced Cook to his readers as follows:

"Once upon a time there was a writer of musical shows, or;

"Once upon a time there was a commercial artist, or;

"Once upon a time there was a blackface comedian who never used burnt cork, despite his fair skin, or;

"Once upon a time there was a violinist, or name your own brand of entertainment and you'll know Phil Cook."

This writer neglected to mention Cook's ability with the ukulele and guitar. He did bring out, however, that three of the Phil Cook shows, "Molly, Darling," "When You Smile" and "Plain Jane," had Broadway runs, but neglected to mention several others that Cook has found time to do, but which never reached Broadway.

His Art Work No Mere Hobby

The writer also explained that Cook's work as a blackface artist had always been before a microphone, where makeup isn't necessary. And the writer added that "Cook's

commercial art work is no mere hobby. He draws posters and magazine covers and gets paid for them."

Another point that was overlooked is that Mr. Cook writes every line of radio skits. During recent months Cook has appeared before NBC microphones as "Buck" of the Buck and Wing programs; in the Flit Soldiers program and, during the summer months, he substituted for Billy Jones and Ernie Hare on the Interwoven program.

Here's the story of Phil Cook's life as written by himself recently:

"Howdy, folks: This is the Radio Chef! I just want to dish you out a few home-cooked ditties, using the little old ukulele for a frying pan—so pull up your chair and let's have a good time!"

"One Monday afternoon, about five years ago, the operator in the control room of WOR heard these words and,

for the next fifteen minutes, probably wished that all ukulele players were in Hiwiiia! (I never could spell Hiwiiia.) But, in spite of what the operator might have thought, the studio director evidently believed the listeners wouldn't take my 'uke' playing seriously. He assigned me a series of fifteen-minute periods, in which I was allowed to do and say about as I pleased.

Featured on Sponsored Hour

"So for three months I knocked off a half hour at weekly intervals from my duties as art director of an advertising agency, and sang and played for my own amusement. And to my great amazement, at the end of that period I found myself 'signed up' as featured entertainer on a sponsored program.

"The thought of having a good time and getting paid for it was too much for me and I immediately quit my job of drawing pictures for advertisements and plunged into this new field.

"There followed two sponsored programs and a trip abroad as 'America's worst ukulele player.' Finally, upon my return from abroad, I succeeded in crashing the gates of the National Broadcasting Company. And I have been appearing before the microphones there in various disguises since.

"I have discovered that my original thought of having a good time and getting paid for it has changed to having a time and getting paid for it.

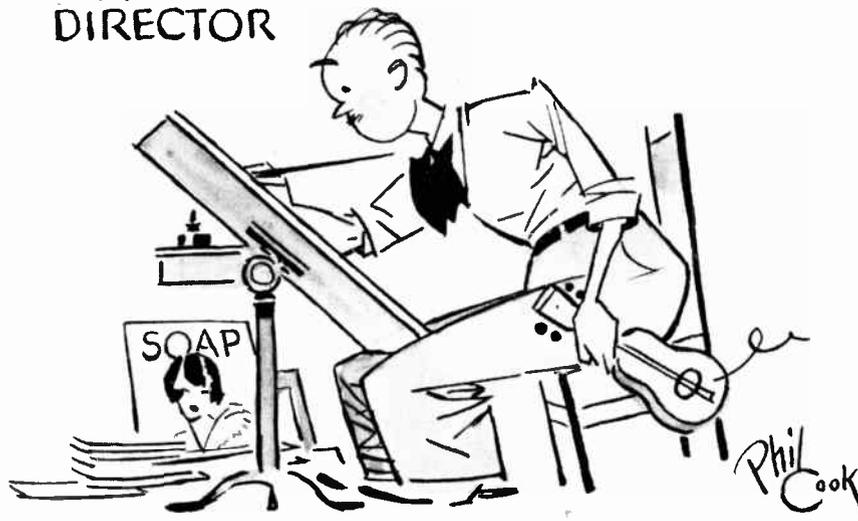
"This business of trying to be funny two or three times a week is not as simple as it sounds. Radio is a business and I find my ten years of punching a time clock stand me in good stead.

"In case anybody's interested, here's a list of my various activities on the air: *Radio Chef*, *Klein's Shine Boy*, *Seely Air Weavers*, *Champion Sparkers*, *Physical Culture Shoe Prince*, *Cabin Door*, *Real Folks*, *Flit Soldiers*, *Interwoven Entertainers*, *Fleischmann Hour*, *Eveready Master of Ceremonies*, *Buck and Wing*, a few fill-in programs that have cropped up at odd moments and now *The Pancake Man*.

"Now we'll wind up this little monologue with the harrowing details of 'where born and why.' I was born in

(Continued on page 47)

ART DIRECTOR



MARY *and* BOB

Start Their Third Year of Air Wandering

By JEANETTE BARNES

A VISIT to the True Story Hour on WABC is something like going to the circus. There's so much to see. Three rings—vaudeville, concert and theatre. And, of course, Mary and Bob.

And yet, after seeing, after watching a program of this amazingly successful hour, I realize more and more that any radio performance, if it is to find favor with its public, must be designed and executed so that, unlike the small boy, it is to be heard and not seen.

The True Story Hour is most assuredly of this type. To appreciate it, you must not look at it. If it was like a circus to watch, it was like a circus to leave. There was so much that was missed. One can't hear the True Story Hour in the studio.

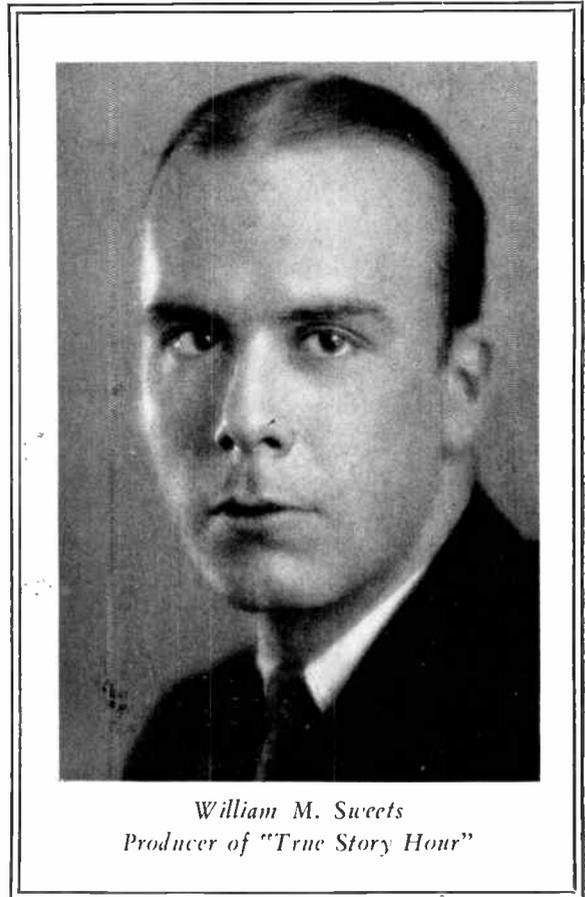
The performance that I watched unfold happened to be the one that started Mary and Bob off on their third year of air wandering. The studio was jammed to the doors when I arrived. But, with splendid interference by two of the Columbia Broadcasting System's most aggressive page boys, I eventually found my way to a seat adjoining the roped-off enclosure wherein only the performers are admitted. And then I turned my attention to the "three rings."

There was a sharp command of "silence!" that left one hardly daring to breathe; a minute of absolute quiet that seemed at the time interminable, and then—the show was on. No parade or anything. It just began.

Kaleidoscopic and Confused

What I saw in the hour that followed was kaleidoscopic. What I heard was confused.

What I saw—kaleidoscopically—was . . .



William M. Sweets
Producer of "True Story Hour"

David Ross, announcing with hand cupped to ear. . . Howard Barlow, with baton raised, ready to signal the first beat of the theme song . . . Expansive Fred Vettell dramatically singing the theme song . . . an orchestra appearing unusually tense . . . Mary . . . Bob . . . Two charmingly engaging young personalities . . . a quiet young man going about, whispering into the ears of members of the cast who were seated against the rear wall . . . Behind a glass window which shut out the control room, a group of strong silent men . . . very serious . . . very intent . . . Everything is serious and intense . . .

Another man following the musical score and giving cues to the actors by means of a downbeat of a pencil . . . Men and girls walking up to the microphone quietly and speaking earnestly, gesturing, and then stepping away when they had said what they had to say . . . Scripts—long sheets of paper . . . A table laden with a curious assortment of contrivances—an automobile horn, telegraph keys, typewriters, toys, bells, a gavel, what-nots . . . And a little group of two men and a woman who fussed about with them . . . Singers . . .

Columbia's "Nit-Wits," who appeared to be very intelligent persons, despite the name which has been given them . . . Helen Nugent, a beautiful girl . . . Harriet Lee, a fascinating girl . . . Bradford Browne as master of ceremonies, a man you could easily fall in love with . . .

Actors . . . one of them, Arthur Vinton . . . I saw him in "The Big Fight" with Jack Dempsey . . . Wilmer Walter, beloved by stock audiences the country over . . . Joan Blaine, whom Broadway has recently discovered . . . Frank Allworth, who recently ended a year and a half run in "Hold Everything" . . . Elmer Cornell, of "Gentlemen of the Press" . . . And there was Minnie Blauman, a charming picture at the piano . . . But what are they saying? . . .

What I heard—confusedly—was . . .

Music . . . an occasional voice . . . a sudden blast of an automobile horn that scared me nearly to death . . . music . . . laughter . . . But at that, only those with scripts could know . . . The clicking of telegraph keys . . . Must be a newspaper office, or a telegraph office . . . Curious sounds made by curious toys . . . Music played gorgeously by an interested orchestra . . . The last few notes of the theme song as Fred Vettell backed Caruso-like from the mike to sing them . . . Nothing at all of Harriet Lee's solo as she sang, almost kissing the microphone . . . But what are they saying? . . .

And that is what I saw and heard during a personal visit to the True Story Hour. Had I been at the other end, beside my radio, I would have listened, according to my friends, to a representative program of this air feature, skillfully blended, interestingly maneuvered—Mary's and Bob's usual intimate repartee, music and a True Story, delightfully dramatized.

But, as it was, I saw only a number of very interesting and talented persons and heard only a number of interesting but disassociated sounds.

Following the performance, I inquired what it was they were saying. My host replied by introducing me to Mary and Bob.

"And what was it all about?" I asked Mary.

She handed me her script, thirty pages of it.

"Take this," she said. "I won't need it for the midnight show. I can look on Bob's."

The midnight show, I learned later, is the second performance of the program, which is sent to the Pacific Coast at midnight, eastern time, so that it can be heard at nine o'clock, Pacific Coast time.

To talk to Mary and Bob is a real pleasure. They are genuine, sincere representatives of young America.

Ask them how they happened to become so well known, how they happened to become Mary and Bob, and they'll probably tell you, as they told me, that they "don't really know. It just happened."

Both Mary and Bob are keenly interested in music, books, art and outdoor life. Bob is at present taking a course of instruction in aviation and expects soon to receive his pilot's license. Mary has flown with him on several occasions. Much of her spare time, she told me, is devoted to writing.

"Did you write this?" I asked, pointing to the script she had given me.

"Oh, no," she explained, "Mr. Sweets did that."

Mr. Sweets, it developed, was William M. Sweets, the quiet young man I had noticed earlier in the evening, whispering to the actors. He, I learned, has written, cast and directed all of the True Story programs since their inauguration in January, 1928. At present with the advertising firm of Ruthrauff & Ryan, Mr. Sweets is a pioneer in radio broadcasting. He was former studio manager of WRC, continuity editor of WJZ, and the first per-

son to hold the title of production manager at the National Broadcasting Company. That was in the good old days when WJZ's studios were at 33 West 42nd Street and radio was getting its bearings.

Upon further inquiry, I discovered that Mr. Sweets came to radio from journalism, having formerly served as newspaper correspondent in New York, London and Washington.

I suspect he will agree with me that no radio program, if it is to be successful, is any kind of a show to watch. As a matter of fact, you can't tell what it's all about.



Mary and Bob, One of Radio's Most Famous Couples

One of the Immortals

By MARTHA BEATTIE

*A little gray mouse, while wandering about,
Got caught between leads—and the lights went out;
News items were scarce, so a minute or two
Was used to tell what a mouse can do—
How men centralized trouble, the labor, expense;
For what that mouse did there was no defence;
And the little dead mouse from on high looked down
On the darkness and havoc he'd caused that town,
When clear through the ether on sound waves came:
"The short circuit was caused by"—and then his name!*

A Case for Television

The time is coming, the experts tell us, when we shall be able to see, mind you, as well as hear the radio performers. It's a pleasant prospect indeed, but something tells us we're missing a great deal in the meantime.

And now that Winnie Lightner (at left) has gone in for radio work, it seems an awful shame that those television experimenters can't speed things up a bit. A radio song and dance by Winnie would make any evening at home a complete success. She made her radio debut late last month on the Kolster Hour over the Columbia chain.



One ought to be satisfied merely to hear those interesting stories that Marjorie Oelrichs (above) prominent society girl, broadcasts over the CBS chain, but how much more enticing it would be to see her right in our own living room.



Seeing that lovely CBS star, Harriet Lee (above) would be a treat in more ways than one. We might be convinced that it is really she who takes those awfully low notes, and not some mere male doing it for her.



Above, Rose Perfect (it's her real name, too) would be one of the best examples of eye and ear entertainment on the air. "It's Perfect," you'll declare when you tune in on an NBC station and find her.



A pretty girl and a pretty melody make a great combination. Beatrice Belkin (above), NBC soprano, would make any television set the most attractive piece of furniture in the house. Beatrice, as everybody knows, is a member of that famous gang of Roxy's, heard on Monday evenings.



No one would want to keep this Wolfe from the door. Rosalie, a brilliant NBC soprano (above) would be a welcome visitor in any home.

A talking picture of little Margaret Schilling (at right) can't decorate our mantelpiece any too soon. She sings on the RKO hour over the NBC chain.



We're going to take this picture of Dorsey Byron (at left) Columbia's sweet soprano, right up to the television experts. That'll make them quit their nonsense and get to work.

MAJESTIC HOUR Experiment



Lee J. Seymour
Majestic's Director of Broadcasting

Portends NEW ERA in Conducting

By BRUCE GRAY

MANY interesting experiments have been tried in radio broadcasting, but probably none has caused more widespread comment than the one which was successfully demonstrated in the Majestic studio of the Columbia Broadcasting System in New York City one recent Sunday evening.

As I looked into the studio through the thick glass windows of the reception room, there appeared to be a conductorless orchestra in action. My imagination was immediately captured by the novelty of an orchestra of symphonic proportions playing in perfect synchronization with the voice of a soprano, who was singing a difficult operatic aria. Timing was perfect, yet no member of the ensemble seemed

to pay the slightest attention to the singer. The reproduction from the loud speaker in the room was perfect. Curiosity prompted an investigation. Just before the program started, Arnold Johnson, conductor of the Majestic Orchestra, said in reply to several of my questions:

"I can well imagine that to one on the outside of the studio the spectacle of an orchestra cuing a singer perfectly, with no conductor in sight, would seem strange. It is the result of an idea that I have had in mind for a long time. In my years of directing orchestras for radio broadcasting, the greatest handicap I have experienced has been trying to give a singer the proper orchestral accompaniment.

"You know how some of these radio artists sing—right up into the "mike." To a person in the studio, though only a foot or two away, there is no sound at all. I have often thought that a loud speaker alongside my conductor's stand would simplify matters. But that, of course, would be impos-



Arnold Johnson Conducting His Orchestra from Behind Glass Partition.

sible, as what is technically known as "feed-back" would ruin any radio program if a loud speaker were placed in the studio.

Director in a Separate Room

"Finally, a little over a year ago, I decided that the most logical way in which to direct an orchestra during a radio program was for the director to be in a separate, sound-proof room, equipped with a loud speaker and built with a glass partition facing the studio. This would give him every tonal inflection of the singing voice, the balance of each section of the orchestra in relation to the performance of the whole as a unit, and would allow him to hear the program just as it was to be worked out to insure perfect co-ordination of performer, orchestra and director.

"At one time a few months ago, I discarded the idea as being too new and untried, but my attention was called to an article in one of the leading periodicals describing the broadcasting situation in Europe. The writer stated that several of the major studios throughout England and France had successfully demonstrated that an orchestra could be conducted by a director in a separate glass booth. I again became enthusiastic about the idea and began working out details.

"Fortunately, the new studios of the CBS were constructed with two control rooms, each having glass partitions between the operator's panel and the studio. This simplified matters to some extent and eliminated the necessity of building a separate booth for the conductor. Experiments were made with various types of lighting, to remove the glare from the double glass partitions separating the conductor and his orchestra. A system of signal lights was installed and a new grouping of instruments was worked out to make it possible for all members of the ensemble to see the director behind the narrow double glass panel.

New Era in Conducting

"This afternoon, at our dress rehearsal, we smoothed out the rough spots, and I am sure tonight's broadcast will prove conclusively that a new era in orchestral conducting for radio is being ushered in."

As the writer was ushered into the studio by a courteous page boy, a violin solo was being played by one of the orchestra men. As I tip-toed to my seat, thinking the program was on the air and that any noise would be little short of a criminal offence, Mr. Johnson shouted: "How much was it." "Two-thirty," was the reply. I knew from this that I was early. I soon found out that the

orchestra rehearsal was over and that Mr. Johnson was timing the violin solo. Every number is accurately timed before the program goes on the air.

The program opened with *Song of the Bayou*, the composition of Rube Bloom that won a prize in the recent Victor Talking Machine Company contest. The vocal interlude was sung by Barry Devine. I learned that David Rosensweig was the violin soloist and that on this particular program the Majestic Orchestra was featuring its individual players in the various selections.

As the program progressed, I had the opportunity of seeing in actual operation Mr. Johnson's new method of conducting from a small room next to the control room. It seemed to be working fully as well as he had predicted it would. Mr. Johnson stood behind a large glass window in this room and led his orchestra. Not only could he be seen easily by the men, but he also was able to hear, by means of the loud speaker installed in the little room, just how the program was going out over the air and thus regulate his orchestral balance.

Several times during the program Mr. Johnson motioned to various musicians, signalling them to move nearer to the microphone or away from it. In this way he was able to produce exactly the effects that he wanted and that the score called for. It seemed to me that this new idea in conducting should make for more perfect broadcasts, inasmuch as the conductor is the one who is best fitted to tell what the various instruments are capable of doing and when they should play louder and softer.

Departs from Custom

In all broadcasts it is the custom for the production director to station himself in the control room behind the glass partition, so as to judge how the program is being received over the air, and to make improvements in its reception by signalling his instructions through this window to the musicians or the orchestra leader. This new idea, adopted in the *Majestic Hour*, puts this duty on the hands of the orchestra leader himself, who is the logical one to do it. After all, it is usually the orchestra leader who is criticized if the orchestra is not properly balanced. While a production director may be highly capable, he cannot be expected to know as much about the musical portion of the program as does a specialist in that line.

Upon the completion of the program, which was sponsored by the Grigsby-Grunow Co., makers of Majestic radio sets, I was introduced to Lee Seymour, who announced the hour. He is the director of all Majestic broadcasts. He is assisted by Henry P. Hayward. They all seemed highly pleased with the experiment of conducting "behind the glass," and said that the practice would be continued.



Muriel La France, Soprano; Redferne Hollinshead, Tenor, and the Majestic Male Quartet, on the *Majestic Hour*.

AN OPEN LETTER



"The People in an adjoining apartment thought we had caught a Burglar. It was Cincinnati!"

DEAR MR. AVERAGE FAN:

I read with much interest your article in the first number of RADIO REVUE, and now feel the urge to burst into print and take issue with you on several points.

You claim to present the views of an "average fan". What you say may be, and probably is, the true expression of the majority of radio fans who are compelled to live in the metropolis, but to consider yourself the spokesman for the entire country is going just a bit too far. What about us poor souls who do not possess the inestimable advantage of living in New York? Are we to be just ignored as not counting in the scheme of things? Or may we raise a timid voice to have our say on this burning question?

I haven't a lot of statistics at my finger-tips, nor have I even heard some of the performers to whom you refer. But, nevertheless, I claim to be just as truly representative of the class of fan who gets one of his greatest interests from the radio as you are.

To begin with, perhaps I had better mention the points on which I think your judgment is sound. We both consider ourselves lowbrows—and are proud of it. We both get a terrific kick out of the so-called popular programs. I, too, have been a radio addict for many years—and am growing more so every day. I have been the owner of a more or less capably performing set since the days of 1923.

Thought We Had Burglar

Never will I forget the thrill of that first set! The people with whom we lived then had one of those cat-

to
MR. AVERAGE FAN
from
MRS. UPSTATE
LISTENER

whisker, now-you-get-it-and-now-you-don't affairs and, when we went them one better and bought an honest-to-goodness four-tuber, we were the envy of all beholders. The first night we had the set, my husband was "tinkering" very late and had the headphones on.

All of a sudden I was horribly startled by hearing him shout: "I've got 'em—oh, I've got 'em!" I jumped up and hollered back: "Hang on to 'em, don't let 'em get away!" Whereupon the people from an adjoining apartment came rushing in, thinking we had caught a burglar! And it turned out to be Cincinnati!

Since those early years we have had a variety of sets, all the way from a one-lunger to our present super-het, and have followed the progress of the programs pretty closely. You hit the nail on the head when you say that the radio is not always conducive to marital felicity, but we have safely weathered the prospects of having our family life completely disrupted. We emerged victorious from the threat of manslaughter or divorce, and have now arrived at a fairly comprehensive working basis.

Mr. Average Fan, I want to congratulate you on your wise choice of announcers—excepting that you fail to emphasize strongly enough the appeal of Norman Brokenshire and you overemphasize that of Ted Husing. Not being especially a sport addict, the latter leaves me quite cold. But the former! Well, it's a case of "Oh baby, look what you've done to me!" Seriously, Brokenshire is a marvelous announcer, whose voice comes over perfectly at all times, and is free from the slips which are noticeable with some others.

My Favorite Announcers

We like McNamee for sport, also Ted Husing. But for other types of programs give us Milton J. Cross, David Ross, and the newcomer, Frank Knight, all of whom possess delightful voices and splendid diction. Phil Carlin

used to be a favorite, but he developed a certain cynical effect that doesn't go over very well with this fan.

It is quite true that many programs originating west of New York are mighty poor but, on the other hand, have you ever listened to some of the programs emanating from Toronto, or Eastman's in Rochester? We often hear from these stations concerts of which New York itself would have no cause to be ashamed. However, we can have no real quarrel on this point, for I agree that there can be no question but that the finest in the world come from either NBC or Columbia.

You don't say much about the plays that come over often and from which I get a tremendous thrill, almost as great as from the theatre itself. However, I'll forgive you this omission in view of the fact that you refrained from making that wisecrack, which we read in every radio column in every paper in the country, about the "radio soprano." I don't think I could have borne it if you had talked about this much-maligned creature. After all, in spite of the storm of slams she gets, she still remains practically the highest paid artist on the air, as witness Olive Palmer, Jessica Dragonette, et al. And that must mean something.

Still Gets Thrill From DX

As for the question of DX dying out, it no doubt has in such a place as New York, where the stations are so thick they get in your hair, and where one must pierce the haze of heterodyning to get any distance at all. But to us in the sticks, the thrill of staying up late at night to hear a still small voice say, so softly as to be almost unheard, "KFI, Los Angeles," still remains pretty strong. Although to be sure, with the super-het it is no trick at all to get the coast on any good night.

They say that gasoline engines are human and have all the cussedness connected with the normal human being. If this be so, then how much more human is the radio set. Surely most of us have experienced the aggravation of inviting friends in to hear us get California, only to have the darn thing lay down on us, and then have to endure the incredulous smiles of our guests. If that isn't just like a kid refusing to show off, I don't know what is.

Now Mr. Average Fan, here's the real crux of my complaint. I object strenuously to your claiming that the average fan, in the person of yourself, prefers to tune in, say, Helen Kane, to a symphony concert. One does not, necessarily, have to be a high brow to prefer good music to that which can't, by any stretch of the imagination, be termed music at all. I know it is possible to love both

Walter Damrosch and Rudy Vallee. I know it, for I do so myself. And I contend that there are many thousands of listeners who have never heard of Helen Kane, and who, if they did happen to stumble across her boop-a-dooping merrily along, would lose no time in putting themselves elsewhere pronto. Station Me speaking, for example.

Bully for you, in saying Vincent Lopez and Roxy are too sweet for words. I'm off-a sugar anyhow. And I'd love to know who among the announcers you abominate.

Well, it's a great life, and I for one am growing more attached to my radio than to shows, social life or anything else in the way of amusement, and now I am getting fairly well acquainted with what the inside of my home looks like.

I've spoken my piece now and, like Ben Bernie, "I hope you like it!" and will forgive my temerity in venturing to express a few words on behalf of the "Hicks from the Sticks."—Margaret H. Heinz, Buffalo, N. Y.



Mrs. Upstate Listener gets Mr. Average Fan's Ear

Braine-Child Has Premiere

THE ballet music from *The Eternal Light*, a new Oriental work in opera form by Robert Braine, American composer, whose SOS was recently presented to the radio audience by Dr. Walter Damrosch, had its premiere under the baton of the same conductor on the General Electric Hour, on Saturday night, January 11, at 9 o'clock.

The first part, *Oriental Dance* is true to the accepted ideas of Oriental music, but is treated in an original way in the orchestra. The second part is a languorous love-waltz with a definite sweep to it, and a melody that falls gratefully upon the western ear. The *Temple Dance of Els Cosiers* is set to a different rhythm, accented by a gentle tambourine beat, while a totally different mood is established by the *Dance of the Flower Girls*, the second part of which is a stately ritual dance, well-orchestrated and attuned to its subject. It develops later into a swirling, gay dance in which the horns and xylophones joined merrily with the strings, bringing the piece to a whole-hearted climax.

Concerning the work Mr. Damrosch says:

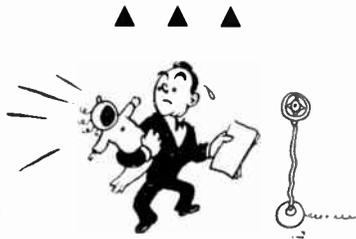
"The Dance of Els Cosiers is especially interesting, being an impression of the Spanish Temple Dances described by Viullier as follows: 'A body of dancers called Els Cosiers consisted of six boys dressed in white, with ribbons of many colors, wearing on their heads caps trimmed with flowers. One of them, La Dama, disguised as a woman, carries a fan in one hand and a handkerchief in the other. Two others are dressed as demons with horns and cloven feet. Every few yards they perform steps. Each demon is armed with a flexible rod with which he keeps off the crowd. The procession stops in all the squares and principal places and there the Cosiers perform one of their dances to the sound of the tambourine and the fabel. When the procession returns to the church they dance together around the statue of the Virgin.'"—W. P.-M.



"Ob, Baby! Look what you've done to me."

STATIC FROM THE STUDIOS

Sam Herman, NBC's demon xylophone player, was married in Philadelphia late in December to Miss Alma Knopf. They both come from the Williamsbridge section of the Bronx. Sam had known his bride about a year before they were married. They first met at Curtiss Flying Field, where Sam was a student flyer. Having received his pilot's license, he says, he now feels capable of piloting the young lady through life. They are now living in a penthouse apartment at 76th Street and Amsterdam Avenue, New York. Incidentally, Sam just lately signed a contract to play exclusively for NBC.



Setting-up exercises at Station WLW, Cincinnati, have a new snap to them since January 5, when Miss Jeanne Carolyn Burdette arrived at the home of Robert Burdette, director of exercises, and assistant program director for both Crosley stations. It is understood that the young lady has already started to broadcast.

Julius Mattfeld, that lean, lithe music-bound, continues to give exhibitions of shadow boxing before the CBS orchestras. Julius is a fine musician, and there is absolutely no truth to the rumor that he aspires to the middle-weight championship of the world. He declares that his fights are strictly verbal, and are only with musicians and friends.

It does not always pay to be right. The other day, in one of the NBC light opera performances, Gitla Erstinn, soprano, was the only one in the entire company who held a certain note the prescribed time. The others all fell by the wayside. After the broadcast Gitla was complimented by Director Harold Sanford and the rest were

admonished. But the ironical part of it is that an outsider, commenting on that performance, said: "It was fine, but who was the girl who held on to that note too long?"

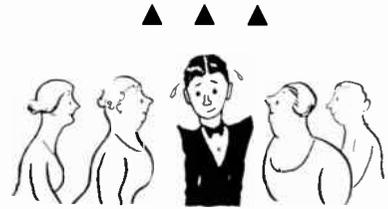
Publicity often has its perils. William Wirges, well known orchestra leader and arranger, recently has received a great deal of publicity in connection with a yellow clarinet he owns that has 13 keys. It was first owned by his grandfather, who played it in the days when he led a regimental band in Buffalo. As a result of this publicity Bill has been singled out as the "hot" clarinet player on several of the hours he conducts. As a matter of fact, Bill doesn't know a thing about playing a clarinet. His instrument is the piano and, if you could hear how he makes the ivories do his bidding, you would have no reason to suspect that he might be a clarinet player.

The children of the radio studios brought out for Christmas and the New Year a truly funny magazine called "The Tin Trumpet", which for a moment threatened the popularity of RADIO REVUE. The first edition, a very limited one and the work of the kids themselves, was sold out before it left the bindery. Look for the February number. (free advt.)



An English critic, reviewing a phonograph record made by the erstwhile American taxicab driver, Eddie Walters, called him "The Crystal Spoofer." Eddie spends most of his time these days trying to ascertain what the Britisher meant. The record was "Goodness, Gracious, Gracie" and, since it was the only record accepted by British distributors out of approximately forty, his friends say that the London writer meant to be complimentary. Walters was on WOR recently, strumming his uke and singing the newest comedy

songs. He is an exclusive Columbia phonograph artist.



Will Osborne was guest of honor at the Women's Home Guild Luncheon in Brooklyn recently and received a big ovation. Will took his CBS orchestra with him and entertained the ladies. Everything went well until the ladies, becoming curious, asked him a lot of personal questions such as "Can you cook, Mr. Osborne?" and "Have you got a home?" and so forth. Will managed to get off one answer and brought down the house when he replied to the first question. He said he cooked his own breakfast only because he liked his toast burnt. At this luncheon Will met many of the ladies who have followed his croonings over WABC and Columbia stations for long time.

One evening not long ago, Frank Croxton, bass of the American Singers, NBC, was proudly displaying part of an orchestration in manuscript for a song he was to sing. It turned out to be "Gypsy Love Song" of Victor Her-

(Continued on page 33)

LYRIC SOPRANO MURIEL WILSON	LYRIC SOPRANO
	 MURIEL WILSON
CONCERT ORATORIO OPERA	
management NATIONAL BROADCASTING AND CONCERT BUREAU 711 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK	

NEW METEOR Flashes

Across “BLUE HEAVEN”

By WALTER PRESTON

DURING the past two years there has been great consternation among the constellations in “Blue Heaven,” which is the Happy Hunting Ground for jazz players and orchestra leaders. The disturbance originated with the unheralded appearance of a new meteor which has flashed with ever-increasing brilliance in recent months. Latest reports indicate no dimming of the bright star that is Bert Lown, orchestra manager extraordinary.

Bert is a mere lad—he is only twenty-six—but already his bands stretch to the far corners of this hemisphere, elastically speaking. In fact, the pulsing beat of his syncopation has been felt in Paris, London and South America. He has graduated orchestras more numerous than Jimmy Walker’s welcoming receptions and has succeeded in making his little name a big factor in Broadway orchestral circles.

He conceived the idea of being an orchestra manager about six years ago. His first step up the scale consisted of teaching himself the notes according to a simple system of his own. Then he travelled, to gain a little experience. Later, in an effort to learn the



Bert Lown

secrets of successful salesmanship, he sold typewriters. Finally he took a correspondence course, to acquire a knowledge of business.

In 1927 he decided that he was about ready to try his luck, so he opened a Broadway office. Opportunity not only knocked at his door, but came in and paid him a sociable call. The result was that Bert got along famously.

He soon had established a wide reputation for himself as an orchestra organizer. Two of his better known products are Tom Cline’s Collegians and Rudy Vallee’s Connecticut Yankees.

Through the Melting Pot

Broadway is naturally the hub of activity in jazz circles. The best orchestra talent in the (Turn to page 43)



Tom Cline and his Brunswick Recording Orchestra

ETHER ETCHINGS

Likes Light-Housekeeping

THIS tall and very capable lady is Margaret Cuthbert. You may not have met her, for she seldom leaves her office, on the fourteenth floor of the NBC building. She has an office, a department, and this column all to herself. Her full name is Margaret Ross Cuthbert. She was born on the banks of the Saskatchewan at Prince Albert in Canada and was educated at Cornell University, winning the degree of M. A. Miss Cuthbert's father is



Margaret Cuthbert

Assistant Commissioner of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, which explains her height and courage. She joined the business of broadcasting in 1924 at WEA, taking charge of all speakers and educational programs, and she still holds this position at 711 Fifth Avenue, but, instead of presenting two speakers a day, the average back in 1924, Miss Cuthbert now places forty speakers a week before the microphone.

As everyone knows, who knows Margaret Cuthbert, her favorite occupation outdoors is riding. Had she been a boy, she would probably have won distinction in the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, for she rides very well. Her pet aversion is a certain class of women, to whom you say: "How are you?" and they then proceed to tell you exactly how they are, and a lot of things in addition, taking up four hours of your time on a busy day and completely upsetting your day's routine.

Her secret ambition is to retire to a light-house, where she declares that she will take up light-house-keeping. She has been cautioned about making jokes like this. She has one frightful perversion and that is an appetite for hors d'oeuvres for breakfast, which, as you know, simply isn't done.

Miss Cuthbert has written many short stories and some good poetry, but she has never had the time to write a book, although she has started several. Some of the celebrities she has "put on the air" are Prince William of Sweden, Sarojani Naidu of India, President of the National Women's Congress; Molyneux, Padriac Colum, Lord Dunsany, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Heywood Brown, Don Marquis, John Galsworthy, Richard W. Child, and a lot of others who might be taken almost at random from a literary, artistic or social "Who's Who".

Work His Chief Amusement

A MODEST and retiring gentleman is Keith McLeod, who supervises the music on NBC programs. He is a native of Loveland, Colorado, and was educated at Denver University. A brilliant pianist and organist, with much experience in the fields of orchestration, arrangement and composition, he is an all-American product musically, for all of his studying was done in this country.

He plays for the 711 Personalities, when he is in the mood, and has always been a tower of strength to the Armchair Quartet, for which he makes unusual vocal arrangements and also plays piano, organ or vibraphone, as the occasion demands. Contrary to an opinion long held by many musicians, Mr. McLeod did not invent the vibraphone, although his judgment has been sought in connection with the manufacture of the latest types of this instrument.



Keith McLeod

His first radio experience was gained at WJZ in 1923, where he served as accompanist in charge of auditions. In the early days he was often complimented on his spontaneous "stand-by programs," which he shared with Milton J. Cross and other announcers who were gifted musically. He seldom leaves the studio and takes many a meal at his desk. He claims that his main amusement is work. In addition to the routine of his office, which often requires long hours, he has found time to write quite a stack of good music, excerpts from which are often heard on the NBC networks.

His published compositions include *Southern Skies*, *My Prairie Rose*, *Slumber On*, the amazingly popular signature of WJZ's famous Slumber Hour, a number of piano arrangements of old favorite songs for which Godfrey Ludlow made violin transcriptions, *Memory's Treasure Chest*, signature for the Stromberg-Carlson Hour, and a number of other works. He has a tremendous capacity for composing and takes an absorbing interest in it.

His pet aversions are whistling page boys, insurance canvassers, subways and bootleggers, and he is compiling quite a long list of names marked "For Immediate and Violent Removal". He likes riding, automobiling and golf.

STATIC FROM THE STUDIOS

(Continued from page 30)

bert, and this particular part of the orchestration was done in Victor Herbert's own writing. Frank explained that, on one of the tours he made with Herbert about 15 years ago, the publishers had sent him a printed orchestration. Herbert found it so unsatisfactory that he sat right down and did part of it entirely over for Frank. Naturally, Frank now prizes the manuscript highly.



Harry Link, of Santly Bros., Inc., music publishers, was one of the real radio pioneers. For several years he was manager of Station WIP in Philadelphia and he has had a long and varied connection with radio broadcasting, dating back to about seven years ago. The funny part of it is that, in all this time, Harry has never owned a radio set. However, he has apparently seen the error of his ways, because one of his friends met him the other night on his way to buy a radio receiver. Probably one reason for his decision was the fact that Harriet Lee, crooning contralto soloist on the Ceco Couriers, WABC, had just broadcast for the first time Harry's latest song, called "Gone."



A few weeks ago Maurice Tyler, NBC tenor, was suffering from throat trouble. He bought an atomizer and sprayed his throat at regular intervals. However, on one occasion, the nozzle of the atomizer worked loose and, before he realized it, he had swallowed it. This apparently has opened his eyes to talents that he did not know he possessed, because he can be seen almost any night now at a nearby restaurant, practicing sword-swallowing with the silver knives there.



Ralph Edmunds, popular station manager of Station WRC, Washington, has been transferred to the NBC, where he has many friends. He was last seen with Anna Knox, the English novelist, and J. H. Benrimo, the author-actor-producer, seeking "rognone trifolati" in a small but very good Italian restaurant.

Despite Ralph's faultless French and Italian, and his exotic tastes, he is a Londoner, with an Eton College education, and a bright sense of humor.



Judson House, NBC tenor, is at present busily engaged in an effort to reduce his weight. He has been promised a contract to sing leading roles in light operas that are to be filmed as talking pictures, if he takes off 40 pounds by March. He has already lost over 35 pounds by means of an orange juice diet and seems to be well on the road to a more svelte waistline.



Irma de Baun, coloratura soprano, who is on the *Evening in Paris Hour*, CBS, sang a group of songs recently at an informal tea given by the Home Making Center of the New York State Federation of Women's Clubs in the Grand Central Palace. Leonora Corona and Eleanor La Mance, both of the Metropolitan Opera Company, poured.



Recently Walter Preston, NBC baritone, was discussing operatic and dramatic roles with Virginia Gardiner, the bright star of NBC dramatics.

"Before I go to the microphone," said Miss Gardiner, "I always know my roles by heart."

"What a baker you must be—to know your rolls so well," replied Walter, as he faded out of the picture.



The name John McCormack is synonymous with a high standard in singing. The same seems to apply regardless of how the name is spelled. At WOR is a youngster who spells it McCormick. He is a baritone, however.

Young McCormick broke into WOR a year ago only to be turned down by a man who might reasonably be expected to give him a chance—George Shackley, music director of the station and his first cousin.

"Go out and get some more instruction before you come in here", he was told.

"If you ever get on WOR it will be through merit and not because of your relationship to me. Remember that you will have to pass an audition board of seven and you will have to get the approval of all of them".

The youth walked out somewhat disconsolately. Several weeks ago he returned and not only got the approval of the seven auditors but their highest compliments as well. He went on the air recently.

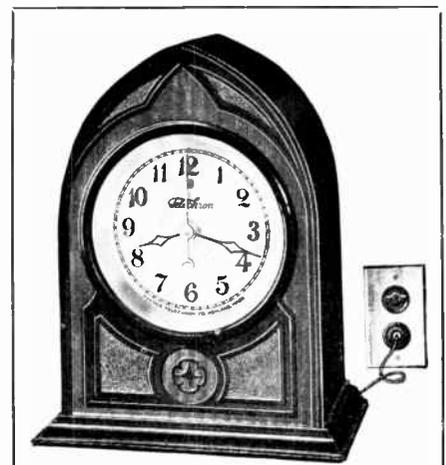


Norman Pierce, the "Bachelor Poet" and formerly one of the leading announcers at WMCA, has joined the Littmann forces to do special broadcasting during the fourteen half-hour programs on the air via WABC by that sponsor every week. He will be heard on the air several times each week.



From the office of John de Jara Almonte, assistant to the Vice President of the NBC and in charge of executive offices at night, comes the information that he has been host to over 95,000 guests who visited the NBC studios at 711 Fifth Avenue during 1929. In the same period of time, and for the eve-

(Continued on page 35)



Electric Clock

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

Tickless, springless, care-free operation.

Plug in on light socket.

Case in walnut finish, Bakelite.

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

Sent Prepaid—Price \$9.95

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Editorials

Second Issue Sold Out!

THE editors of RADIO REVUE were totally unprepared for the rush that greeted its second issue. We rather expected that the elements of novelty, which might naturally be expected to accompany a first issue, would wear off and that the second issue would be received and accepted more as a matter of course. However, such was apparently not the case, much to our pleased astonishment.

The extremely cordial reception that RADIO REVUE has had on all sides is truly heart-warming to us. We are more convinced than ever that there is a definite need and place for such a magazine. Letters and subscriptions have been pouring in from listeners in all parts of the country. These letters, a few of which are reproduced in another column, have been a great inspiration and guide in planning future issues.

Again we invite all of our readers to write us frequently, expressing their likes or dislikes in radio programs, making suggestions for improving conditions for listeners in any way, asking information about radio artists or programs, or suggesting what artists or programs they would like to see featured on the cover or in special articles. Help us to make RADIO REVUE a real listeners' forum, a medium for the exchange of opinions on radio broadcasting by those who listen in.

Radio Fans Cannot Be Denied

THE affections of radio fans cannot be trifled with. This the Pepsodent Company, which sponsors *Amos 'n' Andy*, has learned through rather costly experience. This company, which was the first national advertiser to use the radio every day, took over the *Amos 'n' Andy* program last fall. It is understood that the company pays for this program about \$750,000 a year. Of this amount *Amos 'n' Andy*, in private life Charles J. Correll and Freeman F. Gosden, are said to receive about one-fourth.

Not long ago the company tried to change the time of its broadcast from ten to six o'clock central time and, in fact, did so for a short time. However, protests immediately began to pour in from all sections. It is said that a hundred thousand letters, telegrams and telephone calls were received within a week. Merchants in the middle West complained that their trade was being ruined because customers had to hurry home to listen to the radio. Employers protested that their clerks and stenographers were sneaking home early. People all over the country threatened to boycott Pepsodent unless the broadcast was changed to a more satisfactory hour. Newspapers printed protest ballots and dealers wired in, declining to handle Pepsodent any



Ida Bailey Allen
*Whetting the Nation's
Appetite*

longer. Such is this program's great hold.

In all, it was a most unique situation, the like of which had never before arisen in radio broadcasting. In the end the fans won. Since November 25 *Amos 'n' Andy* have been on the air twice every night, at seven o'clock eastern time and 10:30 central time. Incidentally, this serves as a vivid illustration of the amazing hold that these two characters have on the listening public throughout the country.

The Ramifications of Radio

GREAT and manifold are the workings of radio. This is shown eloquently by the list of subjects handled in a few months by one of the great chains. The comprehensiveness of the list of lectures, talks, explanations, illustrations and discussions makes the most erudite of us feel positively ignorant of what is going on all around us. Over the air we have been intimately informed of architecture in most of its important branches and we have been introduced to the staggering skyscraper of the future, just as we have been led by the hand into the two-room bungalow.

Not only that. We are on intimate terms with classic sculpture, cut gems and other jewels, the inner workings of the prosaic laundry, the inmost essences of cooking and the dark corners, if any, of the kitchen. For those who can still afford to wear clothes, dress-making has been touched upon in all its forms, so have art exhibits and Russian art (a nice distinction!), Persian poetry, Indian art and literature and the American Indian dance.

Coming down to earth (pardon us!) we have also been informed of stunt flying for movie thrills, and new forms of cremation and burial of the dead, a natural sequence. Then we have been enlightened on gardens and gardening, psychology, sports and recreation, the French language, most of the other languages including the Scandinavian, hand weaving, women in civic work, city planning, noise abatement (perhaps we should not mention that in an editorial like this!) the drama, literature, short story writing (however did that get on the air?), and musical appreciation.

Are you interested in breeding game birds, judging dogs, and child training (why put them in the same category?) then go to your dials, young people. Then we have the cultivation of the speaking voice, the political crises in Europe, the League of Nations, health, travelling through Italy, hunting big game in Africa, "dude" ranching in the Northwest, how to write an income tax return, the inner workings of the New York State Laws of Inheritance, Alpine climbing, and deep sea diving.

Our Uptown Office

IN order to serve its advertisers and subscribers more adequately, RADIO REVUE has opened an uptown office on the mezzanine floor of the Hotel Knickerbocker, 120 West 45th Street, New York. The editorial and advertising offices will continue at Six Harrison Street, as at present, but the new uptown office will be more easily accessible.

STATIC FROM THE STUDIOS

(Continued from page 33)

ning period, beginning at six o'clock, John has been responsible for the reception of over 50,000 artists and visitors come literally from all parts of the world.



Genia Zielinska, the Polish coloratura soprano of NBC, is a pupil of Maestro Paolo Giaquinto, organist and composer, who is a prominent member of the musical staff at the Cathedral of Saint Patrick, on Fifth Avenue. Genia's favorite amusement is giving the announcers the titles of her songs in Polish, such as "Wzlobie Lezy", "Gdy Sie Chrystus Rodzi", "Lulajze Jezuniu" and "Wsirod Noeuel Ciszy". One announcer, who has no sense of humor, suffered a nervous breakdown when he saw the list.



Jeff Sparks has returned to Columbia. Jeff was formerly with the CBS announcing staff, but until recently he had been with WMCA. He has joined the WABC staff in the capacity of production man. Columbia also has two new announcers: Franklin Scott and George Beuchler.



Someone gave "Jolly Bill" Steinke a nice new alarm clock as a New Year's present. On January second this self-winding (you wind it yourself!) radium-faced wonder refused to explode at the early hour required for "Jolly Bill and Jane's Cream of Wheat Hour." Little Jane, who is only nine, carried on the entire program with her nurse, in Bill's absence.



At the funeral of the late Claire Briggs, noted cartoonist of the *Herald Tribune*, it was noted that radio was well represented. Many artists and writers were at the simple services, and the organist and quartet were all prom-

inent radio figures. Frank Croxton, of the American Singers, was the bass in the quartet.



G. Underhill Macy, known to the radio public as Hank Simmons, of Showboat fame on WABC, and also as Tony, the Wop, and Fred Tibbetts, on Real Folks, NBC, resigned the role of Hank Simmons recently. Mr. Macy had been playing the role for almost two years and had been doubling in numerous other parts in the Showboat program.



Recent changes in the Columbia staff include the transfer of Bradford Browne, Chief Nit Wit, from announcing to continuity, where it is believed his genius will find a wider scope. "Chet" Miller is reported to have left the field of announcing for new pastures.



At the turn of the year, Mathilde Harding, well-known radio and concert pianiste, joined the Columbia Broadcasting System as assistant program director, in charge of the Ida Bailey Allen broadcast and other Columbia features. Miss Harding also continues with her work as solo artiste and accompaniste.



All announcers and production men of the Columbia chain and WABC are required to dress formally after six o'clock in the evening, according to an official announcement made recently by Jack Ricker, production and studio director of the CBS. Apparently the fever, which started some months ago at the NBC, has spread.



Someone is trying to establish a vogue for songs about specific localities. We suspect that the song pluggers have affiliated with the real estate boys. Columbia had "Crying for the Carolinas". We don't know why anyone should cry for these two particular

states, but Willie Perceval-Monger is at work on a beautiful competitor for this piece entitled:

"Weeping for East 58th Street, New York City."



Walter Damrosch stepped out of his role at the NBC recently when he suddenly took a notion to play the tympani in a performance of Brahms's "Song of Fate" that was being conducted by George Dilworth. The eminent educator showed a surprising technic with the kettle drums.



On a recent Columbia program Hawaiian tunes were featured, with Norman Brokenshire announcing and explaining. Toward the end was "He-Mana Ohe Aloha." At first this looked like something about the Hawaiian He-Man, but it turned out to be a native yodel. It seems that the Society for Louder and Better Yodelling is spreading its insidious propaganda right across the Pacific.



CONRAD'S The Japanese Lantern

**Delicious Food
Home Cooked
at
Popular Prices**

Banquets Luncheons
Solicited

193 Madison Avenue
New York City

Challenging *the* Grownups



Not all the brilliant work on the air is done by the big folks. Some of the most enjoyable programs are put on by youngsters, as radio fans can attest.

This fluffy-haired youngster (at left) is already a radio star. Although only six, Marjorie Jennings plays one of the leading parts in *Mountainville* over WABC. She also stars as the vamp in the "Our Gang" comedies.



A talented little actress is smiling Elizabeth Wragge, only 12 years old (at right). She plays on many NBC hours, among them the *Lady Next Door*, Milton Cross's *Children's Hour* and, formerly, *Gold Spot Pals*.



This cunning little tot, only six years old, is "Vivian" on the *Lady Next Door Hour*, a regular NBC feature. In the other circle the girl with the pretty curls is "Rosalyn," only eight years old, also heard on the same hour.



These four gifted young people help to make the *Children's Hour* every Sunday morning a most delightful feature. Reading from left to right, they are: Julian Altman, violinist; Sylvia Altman, his sister, pianist; Edith De Bald, dramatic reader; and Mae Rich, trumpet soloist.



Jean Derby (at left) with the long dark curls, is one of the Columbia chain's juvenile leading ladies. And she is only nine years old. She plays one of the principal roles in *Mountainville Sketches*, which are presented over WABC every Monday evening from the Tiny Tots Theatre. Little Miss Derby also plays in the *Land of Make-Believe*, a Sunday feature, over the same chain.



The lovely little miss at the right is Florence Baker, who trods the boards of the Barn Theatre with fine dramatic fervor every Saturday afternoon. This program is announced over Station BARN, which may or may not be a real station of the NBC chain. Florence will soon be thirteen years old.

PROGRAM NOTES

WOR Offers "Moonbeams"

From 11:30 until midnight, nightly, at WOR there is a program that despite its comparatively recent birth has achieved the distinction of being one of the most beautiful and melodious on the air. It is called "Moonbeams", a continuity written by Arthur O. Bryan, one of the Bamberger station's youngest announcers; that is, in point of service.

In addition to Mr. Bryan, credit is due to George Shackley, who arranges and directs the music, Rhoda Arnold, first soprano; Annette Simpson, second soprano; Veronica Wiggins, contralto, and the two house instrumentalists, Samuel Kissel, violinist, and Albert Wohl, 'cellist, who, with Mr. Shackley at the celeste and vibraphone, provide the music.

Ward Tip Top Club on Air

The first of a series of radio programs over WABC and the CBS was heard recently when the Ward Tip Top Club carried the radio audience on a visit to Old Mother Hubbard. The program, written by Georgia Backus and Don Clark, revolves about the efforts of the various members of the club to entertain the hostess and her friends. It introduces specialty numbers, popular and classical music and old familiar melodies.

Archbishop Leighton on CBS

The Most Reverend Arthur Edward Leighton, D. D., Metropolitan Archbishop and Primate of the Episcopal Catholic Church, announces an extensive lecture series to be broadcast over WABC and the CBS early this Spring.

NBC Offers "Penrod" Series

Radio has joined the stage and screen in presenting the works of Booth Tarkington. "Penrod," the Hoosier author's ever-amusing novel of boyhood, is being presented in a series of dramatizations by Julian Street, Jr., over the NBC System, Sunday evenings, at 9:15 o'clock (E. S. T.).

Street, a member of the NBC continuity staff, follows in the footsteps of his author-playwright father, who collaborated with Mr. Tarkington in the writing of the Broadway play, "The Country Cousin." The younger Street

is the author of some of the sketches of New York life heard in the program, "Rapid Transit," and of the dramatizations, "Golden Legends," produced by the NBC on the Pacific Coast during the past summer. By special permission of the author and his publishers, Doubleday Doran & Co., this presentation is heard for the first time over the NBC chain.

Mildred Hunt Back on Air

Mildred Hunt, one of radio's earliest contralto crooners, recently renewed her acquaintance with the microphone following an absence of six months, in a new program called Broadcasting Broadway, on WEAJ.

Hits from Broadway musical comedies and light operas, both past and present, are included in the program, which goes through a wide network of NBC stations each Friday night from 9:30 to 10 o'clock (Eastern Standard Time.)

Co-starring with Miss Hunt in her new radio vehicle is a galaxy of broadcasting celebrities, including Erva Giles, soprano, Robert Simmons, tenor, and a concert orchestra under the direction of Harold Sanford.

During her absence from the microphone Miss Hunt toured the R-K-O circuit from coast to coast.

New Publix Hour on CBS

The first nationwide radio program to originate in Brooklyn, N. Y., was broadcast over WABC and the CBS directly from the stage of the Paramount Theatre there, on Tuesday night, January 14, at eleven-thirty o'clock. This performance inaugurated a long series of unusual and highly entertaining programs to go on the air every Tuesday night at the same time.

Each presentation lasts thirty minutes and is under the personal direction of Louis A. Witten, pioneer radio announcer, who acts as master of ceremonies. The series is known as the "Publix Radio-vue" Hour.

The regular features heard from this point of broadcasting each week include: Paul Ash's twenty-piece hand-picked band; Bob West, Paramount Organist; Elsie Thompson, the "singing organist"; and the Publix gala stage show.

"Home Banquet" on Air

Again radio offers "something different." This time it is a new series of programs, inaugurated on Monday evening, January 20, at 6:30 o'clock, eastern standard time, and known as the American Home Banquet. Sponsored by the American Radiator Company, the new series is broadcast through an NBC network.

The first departure from precedent in the new series is that, instead of weekly presentations, the Home Banquets are heard for a half hour every night excepting Saturday and Sunday. This alone places the sponsor at the head of the list of buyers of evening broadcasting time for, in addition to the two and a half hours a week devoted to the new feature, the same organization, in association with the Standard Sanitary Mfg. Company, sponsors the radio adaptations of the Puccini operas, heard once a month.

The program itself is designed as a "banquet" for radio listeners everywhere. The continuity and music are designed to create the illusion that the listener is actually at the banquet. Radio re-incarnations of famous personages, brought to the banquet table on their birthdays, will be a feature of the programs. Vocal and instrumental offerings by widely known radio artists will be woven into the program.

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

Enrique Madriguera

Master of Jazz and the Classics

NOT many years ago in beautiful, romantic Spain there lived a little dark-eyed, dark-haired boy of seven, who wanted a violin for Christmas above all things. In Spain, "The Magic King" comes at Christmas, instead of Santa Claus, and distributes presents.

So little Enrique Madriguera wrote two urgent letters to "The Magic King," asking for a violin and promising to be so good in return. However, his father expressed doubts as to whether "The Magic King" would bring so small a boy a violin.



Enrique Madriguera

As Christmas day dawned, little Enrique awoke early, as is the custom of children the world over, and hurried out to the balcony where the gifts were always left. He looked anxiously, but to his bitter disappointment, there was no violin. Glancing across at the balcony of his little friend and neighbor, which adjoined his, he saw a violin. How he

wanted that violin! And among his own presents he noticed a train of cars, which he knew was one of the gifts his little friend had ordered when addressing his wants to "The Magic King." Why, of course, he reasoned, it was plain enough—just an error on the part of the busy "Magic King," what with the balconies so closely adjacent.

With a view to righting the error, he took the train of cars, slipped over to the other balcony, left the cars there and came back bearing the violin. His family was genuinely surprised to learn "The Magic King" had brought Enrique a violin!

As he grew older, his love for the violin increased. When he was seventeen, a friend, appreciating his talent, suggested that he go to London to purchase a good violin. There, while all London was celebrating the Armistice with mad revelry, the music-loving Spanish youth was in his hotel room, trying out the different violins which the tradesmen had brought him. The one he chose cost \$10,000. Nothing daunted, the friend purchased it for him, and it is the one he now uses. Since then, Enrique has studied under such masters as Leopold Auer and Joan Manen.

Although his work takes him away from his native Spain, he always spends some time there each summer, and visits his birthplace, Barcelona, every year.

He has been eminently successful in his chosen profession. His concert tours of Europe have won him fame as a concert violinist, while in America, he has gained wide popularity, due to the essentially American quality of his jazz. It is unusual for a concert violinist and a foreigner to have captured the spirit of American dance rhythm so thoroughly as to place him in the front ranks of orchestra directors of popular music.

In addition to being an artist in two distinct fields, Mr. Madriguera is an able business man. He recently left the NBC to become musical director of the Export Department of the Columbia Phonograph Company.

He can be heard on the air every Monday evening from 9:30 to 10 as a soloist on the "Evening in Paris" Hour on WABC.

Madriguera's interest seems to lie principally in grouping unusual orchestral combinations for phonograph recording and radio programs. His orchestras feature authentic Spanish tangos, oriental and Moorish airs, African rhythms and Gypsy Sevillian folk lore. "All of this takes time," he says, "and much of the work I do during my annual visits to Europe and the Orient."

Rector Again Points Way to Epicurean Delights

(Continued from page 20)

It might not be far from the truth to say that George Rector was born in a restaurant. Certainly as the son of the famous Charles, who was called the man who had run an oyster stew into a million, George in his youth was never far removed from one, and at an early age he went into business with his father. Then, as is ever the way with sons, he grew weary of following in father's footsteps and burned with the desire to make his own footprints in the sands of time. So he set up good-restauranting in a shining palace of his own, nicknamed "Young Rector's Snare".

According to the ex-host to pleasure-hunters of our parent's past, the guests arrived in broughams, always in jovial mood, even though dignified and in full dress—white gloves for the gentlemen, if you please, trains for the ladies and plenty of hair and hat-pins.

Slipper as a Loving Cup

On New Year's Eve at the witching hour they used a lady's slipper as a loving cup and drank toasts to their best girls while the orchestra played "Hot Time in the Old Town". The lights went out and everybody kissed everybody.

"The ladies like soft lights," reminisced Mr. Rector. "So the bulbs in the crystal chandeliers were rose-colored in summer and amber in winter. The napkins we used were a whole yard square and none too large at that for folks who ate everything on the menu from caviar to nuts, with hearty gusto. Dieting was not popular in an age when curves were symbols of feminine health and beauty."

George Rector is up to his old tricks again—raising cooking from the field of science into the realms of art and romance. Once he catered to the epicurean elite in his own cuisine. Now his sphere is unlimited. He makes the humble art seem a bigger and better thing to radio's countless millions.

LISTENERS' FORUM

Thank You, Mr. Geddes!

To the Editor of RADIO REVUE:

Accept my congratulations on the very interesting magazine you have launched. I have often thought there should be a big field for a magazine of this type and wish you all success. I am enclosing my check for a year's subscription.—Bond Geddes, Executive Vice President, Radio Manufacturers Association, Inc., New York, N. Y.



Impressed by Authenticity

To the Editor of RADIO REVUE:

I finally found time to give your initial issue a pretty thorough and very interested reading last night. It should be very interesting to the great number of people who take their radio listening at all seriously, and it is really very valuable to anyone who makes use of radio broadcasting in business.

I think the thing that impressed me most was the apparent authenticity of all the information contained in it. While its primary function is, no doubt, entertainment, I could not help feeling that it probably contained a greater amount of actual fact than a great many of our trade papers do.—Fred H. Strayer, Sales Manager, Sylvania Products Company, Emporium, Pa.



Exactly What She Has Wanted

To the Editor of RADIO REVUE:

I just happened to pick up your RADIO REVUE from the newsstand while waiting for a train and, as it is exactly the kind of a radio magazine I have been looking for for the past three or four years, it did not take me long to buy a copy. My family cares nothing for the technical radio magazines and, until I discovered your RADIO REVUE yesterday, that was about all I could find.

Your first number certainly is good and, if the numbers to come contain as much of general interest, I am sure you will be successful. Enclosed is my check for \$2 for a year's subscription, beginning with the next issue.

Mrs. R. H. M., Coldwater, N. Y.



Broadcasting in Early Days

To the Editor of RADIO REVUE:

I was delighted with the first issue of your publication.

The first thing I thought was: "Why didn't someone think of this long ago," because, of course, everyone not only likes to hear the gossip and personal bits about the artists, but also likes to know what they look like. The magazine compares favorably with our movie magazines, and I am certain it will meet with tremendous favor and will have an enormous circulation.

I have been showing my copy to everyone who comes in and they have immediately said: "Oh, I must get this. It's great!" Two people took it home to show the rest of the family. When my husband saw it, he said to be sure to keep every copy and, as the various entertainers appear, look them up in the magazine, to see what they look like.

My great regret is that I am not among the artists who

will be featured on its pages. Miss Trenholm's article mentioned the WJZ studio in the Westinghouse plant at Newark and reminded me that those were my broadcasting days. They sent a Pierce Arrow limousine from Newark for me (I haven't been in one since) and my husband, my accompanist and her brother went with me and I gave a half-hour program of contralto solos. I was preceded by a reader, who gave "Salome," and we were all in the one room, working and waiting. The reader took twenty-five minutes longer than she should have and I couldn't even clear my throat for fear of being heard on the air, so I just kept on drinking water—being able to do that noiselessly. Those were the days!

Then, again, when they moved to a little room on the top of the Waldorf-Astoria, in New York. It was so far up that we went as far as the elevator would take us and, with bated breath, climbed some winding iron stairs to a dusty hallway and thence to the studio. That time I followed a talk on dogs and my husband and friends assured me that I barked very descriptively many times, both like a fox terrier and a Saint Bernard. Well, that's enough of that chatter. Tell us some time who "Cheerio" is, will you? The best of luck to you in your new venture.—Mrs. D. K., Brooklyn, N. Y.

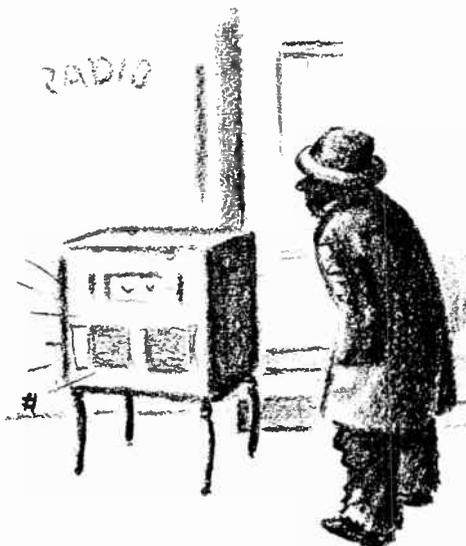


Wants Jessica Pictured in Costume

To the Editor of RADIO REVUE:

Enclosed please find 25 cents in stamps for a copy of your RADIO REVUE for December. I couldn't get another copy on the stands—and someone walked off with Jessica Dragonette's picture out of the one I have. Will you see

(Continued on page 45)



RADIO IN THE HOME

Edited by Mrs. Julian Heath

Pioneer Broadcaster of Market Reports and Daily Menus



Hello, Neighbors!

Radio programs are now designed to please not only the woman in the home, but every member of the family. However, it was the man of the house who first discovered radio as a family pastime. Would he let his wife touch the precious instrument in the early days when he was away from home? No; only *he* could turn the dials, and turn them he did, for in those days, which now seem to have been back in the dark ages, the family was compelled to submit to all kinds of squeaks and squeals while father was trying to tune in a station. In those days mother invariably said that "the radio is only for father's amusement" and something to the effect that she dreaded his homecoming because she knew he would immediately rush to the radio and thereafter would be impossible of approach.

But nowadays, in most well-regulated families, the radio is a definite factor in the home life, and the artists who appear before the microphone are many times unwittingly adopted into the family circle. The artists who speak over the radio have, perhaps, a greater entree into the average home than have the musical broadcasters. The former come to know the various members of their listeners' families and share their joys and sorrows.

We, who broadcast to the women in the home, get a perfect composite picture of American home life. Indeed, with the knowledge of this home life as we see it, one cannot say there is no longer any home life in this country.



In many respects the radio has supplanted the huge library, with the inevitable reading lamp, around which the family used to gather for the evening. But wasn't the light dim and weren't the evenings long! Everyone seemed to be glad when father said it was "time for bed", and mother set aside her sewing.

Now we have evenings of entertainment—the very best obtainable—and programs that please everybody. Radio gives us our "daily dozen", gets us off on "the eight-fifteen" and put us to bed with "slumber music"—truly a day of service. Another way this service is used is outlined in a recent letter from a neighbor:

"Perhaps you would like to know how I arrange my housework and my radio listening. Each evening I mark the programs to which I want to listen the next day, and then I arrange my housework so as to be near my radio set when there are talking features and in the other rooms when the musical programs are on. I always have a basket of mending and a pad and pencil on my table by the radio while you are broadcasting. When you give a recipe I lay aside my work and write it down, and then I pick up my sewing again and listen. In this way there are no complaints of undarned socks, because they are darned by radio and are always done."



Isn't this letter truly a reflection of how radio has

lightened the burden of housework? Another angle of the intimate atmosphere that radio creates concerns the family pets. We have become well acquainted with the pets of many families and some day I will tell you how they, too, listen in. My dog, Jane, has been known to the WJZ audience for many years. If you have a family pet you will enjoy this letter from a listener:

"I enjoyed your two chats today and I surely had to smile at one of your concluding remarks. You spoke of Jane sometimes sitting close to you at the table and you remarked that this was not good manners. I must tell you of our dog's behavior at the table.

"My husband, myself and my Maltese poodle, Sonny, constitute the family. As we are both very fond of Sonny, you can imagine that he is somewhat spoiled. He has his own chair at the table, and is always the first to be seated. He always has a napkin, a plate of his own and is fed every piece of his meat. He will seldom eat anything if his plate is placed on the floor. If I give him anything in the kitchen, he runs to his pillow in the dining room to eat it.

"I have some friends who are very fond of him, too, and he invariably gets his own chair at their homes. 'Love me, love my dog', is my motto. But no one has to try very hard to like Sonny, because he is very lovable. He eats an ice cream cone every night before he goes to bed. He never fails to listen to Slumber Music on WJZ, and then he has his last walk and his ice cream cone."



Truly, radio is a factor in home life—and a big factor, too. Having been confined to my home for more than a month, as the result of sustaining a broken limb, I have come to appreciate the value of radio to an even greater extent than I did before and now realize more vividly what a Godsend it must be to those who are permanently confined. My unfortunate indisposition has made it impossible this month for me to continue my series of artists' favorite recipes, but I hope to resume them in our next issue.

Prize Letter Contest Extended

A number of our readers have asked for more time to compose their letters on the subject *Who is Your Favorite Radio Artist—and Why?* They say this subject requires much thought and consideration.

Therefore, the editors of RADIO REVUE have decided to extend this contest for a month. This gives new readers a chance to enter. The awards are ten dollars for the best letter and five dollars for the second choice.

Rudy Vallee and Jessica Dragonette are leading so far. Who is your favorite?

RADIO REVUE

Six Harrison Street, New York, N. Y.



PEP HENS

ARE LADIES WITH LONG PEDIGREES

If these aristocrats of the poultry yard could talk they could tell you the names of their great-great-grandmothers.

Pridefully they could point to the silver cups and blue ribbons won by their mothers in egg-laying contests.

For a PEP hen is bred as carefully as a racehorse.

Those ambitious birds who wish to enter the breeding pens must first build up an egg-laying record; because only hens that lay heavily—and lay perfect eggs—are permitted to give hostages to fortune, in the form of the lovely puff-balls that are baby chicks.

This feathered aristocracy wears costume jewelry, too—colored enamel leg-bands, bearing an identifying number. Baby chicks are banded as soon as they are hatched.

PEP producers, you see, know their hens.

PEP eggs, the final product resulting from all the aforesaid array of ancestry, cannot, of course, travel through to the consumer without an appropriate name-plate. In the retail stores, you will often find the thirty-dozen cases bearing the PEP emblem. Sometimes retailers want these quality eggs packed in attractive blue-and-white cartons. In other instances, you will notice that each egg bears a neat little stamp—“PEP” or “SUNRISE”—two symbols of egg fineness.



Sometimes re-
PEP's o w n
i n s t a n c e s,



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The Announcer Speaks for Himself

Marley Sherris

LADIES and Gentlemen of the radio audience: This is Marley Sherris, of the NBC, speaking. I have been announcing programs for the past three years. I joined the forces of WJZ at their former studios on West 42nd Street, New York. For years I had been in concert work, travelling throughout the United States, Canada and England. On one of my tours I was engaged



Marley R. Sherris

as a soloist to open the Canadian National Railways broadcasting station at Ottawa, Canada. After my performance there I realized that this was a field in which an artist, giving a single radio performance, could be heard by more people than he could possibly reach in a year of personal appearances. This thought kept recurring to me, although it was almost two years later that I settled in New York and an opportunity presented itself to become identified with WJZ. After I had met Keith McLeod, who was at that time studio manager of WJZ, he asked me one day if I would be interested in a position as announcer. I told him I would, so he gave me a voice test. After the test, Mr. McLeod assigned me to one of the large commercial accounts on WJZ to announce as my first program and final test. The next morning I was called in, was introduced to officials of the station and was put on the announcing staff.

Musical Training Needed

I believe that musical training is one of the most important requisites for radio announcing. It not only improves the speaking voice, but it gives the announcer an insight and knowledge that is essential to announcing all types of musical programs.

In my first few broadcasts the absence of immediate response from the audience gave me a rather "lost" feeling but, of course, three years before the "mike" have caused me to respect this little steel disc as an instrument that brings me in close touch with countless listeners. I thoroughly enjoy reading the mail response, as it is the

one way I have of knowing the reactions of the unseen audience.

At present I am on the following programs: National Youths' Conference, Dr. Poling, WJZ, Sunday, 3 to 4 P. M.; National Religious Service, Dr. Fosdick, WJZ, Sunday, 5:30 to 6:30 P. M.; Midweek Hymn Sing, WEA, Thursday, 7 to 7:30 P. M.; Edison program, WJZ, Monday, 9 to 9:30 P. M.; Calsodent talk, WJZ, Tuesday, 8 to 8:15 A. M. I also sing bass in the famous Armchair Quartet, which is on WJZ at 11:45 to 12 P. M. every Sunday. I also sing with the Balladeers on Sunday mornings.

I have just built a new home at Hastings-on-the-Hudson. My hobby is driving a car, any place, any time, any car—but, of course, it must be in my spare time when I am not singing, announcing or attending to my duties as evening program representative.

Taught Self to Play Banjo—Roy Smeck Now Teaches Thousands

(Continued from page 16)

the criticisms in fourteen cities, lost out in the star's home town and, in the sixteenth, the one newspaper burned to the ground on the first night he appeared.

After that engagement, he signed up with a revue. Friends said that he was killing himself professionally, but no amount of argument could move him. He grins about it now. The friends realized the reason on his return, however. He had married the star, and he has "stayed married."

While it is traditional with the Pennsylvania Dutch to "stay married," the writer happens to know that the couple's marital state would have endured without the tradition, since the two are exceptionally happy. And to add to its stability, this scribe can attest to the fact that his mother-in-law is his greatest booster.

Has Many Recording Contracts

In the phonograph cabinet in the living room of his home in the exclusive West End district are a hundred or more records which he has made. There will be hundreds more as he has contracts for at least ten years.

This income, plus that of his radio engagements, enables him to live in a style that is far removed from his shoe factory days. Other royalties come in from the sale of his music books, which are very popular because they were written for those who cannot afford to take lessons.

It was the knowledge of the vicissitudes of the moneyless pupil that furnished the motive for putting his "lessons" on the air, not only for the ukulele, but for the banjo and guitar as well.

The writer once had the privilege of listening to and seeing a Vitaphone performance of Mr. Smeck. Later in the evening, he made a personal appearance. It goes without saying that he stopped the show. The applause was uproarious and prolonged.

In his radio classes, Mr. Smeck has had as many as 1,600 pupils. All of them received personal instruction by following him through his music books.

It is very true that string music is indeed his vocation, but the strange part of it is that it also represents his avocation.

"My one aversion," he said, "is eggs—eggs in any style—and I had to learn to play so that I wouldn't get them in the raw state on the stage."

Andy Sannella a Real Miracle Man of Music

(Continued from page 12)

such a lot of him to look at but, as a feminine acquaintance put it, "what there is, is worth looking at a lot." They know that his small form is always encased in a natty suit and that he has expressive brown eyes.

All these things the musicians know. They also appreciate, as much as, if not more than, the radio audience, the musical ability that has made it possible for Sannella to be heard six or eight times a week throughout the nation.

The artist was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., on March 11, 1900. When he was seven years old he began the study of music that has resulted in his reputation today as one of the outstanding interpreters of modern melody. He started to study the violin at the age of ten. After four years of study he decided he wanted to play the banjo. This instrument came natural to him. In his youth, Sannella augmented his music lessons by regular performances in several church and school orchestras.

Joins Army and Then Navy

When he was seventeen he joined the Army. Because he was under age, his mother pulled strings through the customary tangle of red tape and had him discharged. Not discouraged, young Andy next bobbed up in the United States Navy. This time his mother decided to let well enough alone and her son remained in that branch of the service for three years. A majority of that period was spent aboard submarines. During the long days and nights aboard the "subs" Andy amused his mates with his guitar. Incidentally he obtained a lot of practice. What followed his discharge from the Navy has already been told.

In 1927 this young "miracle man of music" played in 16 weekly radio programs, most of them going through extensive networks of stations. In 1928 he directed the orchestra for the Interwoven Entertainers, the Halsey Stuart program and the Sylvestre broadcasts.

His present weekly schedule gives him only two nights a week away from the radio studios. On Monday he directs the orchestra in the Empire Builders program; on Wednesday he is heard regularly as a soloist with the Palmolive group, and as director of the Halsey Stuart orchestra; on Thursday he waves his baton before the Smith Brothers musical aggregation; on Friday he may be heard with the Armstrong Quakers; while on Saturday he appears on the Lucky Strike program.

Have You a Little Nit Wit in Your Home?

(Continued from page 15)

The Nebraska Cornhuskers played the Center College praying Colonels. The Cornhuskers started in early to husk the colonels, each cornhusker grabbing an ear. The Cornhuskers stalked through the Colonels' line, and soon things were popping. It turned out to be an ear for an ear and a tooth for a tooth, those having false teeth finding the colonels a bit tough. However, after several court martials the colonels were reduced to lance corporals and the band played the husking bee. Final score, if any—found in tomorrow's paper. And that completes our resume of today's football games."

New Meteor Flashes Across "Blue Heaven"

(Continued from page 31)

country gravitates to the Great White Way, where it passes through the melting pot and emerges, a finished product, to fill the terpsichorean wants of a restless nation.

Bert's orchestral enterprises have grown to such proportions that they begin to resemble the chain store systems in quantity turnover. And it has all been accomplished with an unobtrusiveness that is refreshing along Broadway.

Bert has turned musical notes into bank notes with surprising celerity, due chiefly to his ability to satisfy the primal urge, for rhythm of a syncopated sort, that exists in the gilded whoopee palaces, at society revels, collegiate hops, metropolitan hotel gaieties, country and yacht club festivities, resort entertainments and night club and theatrical gatherings.

Starting with his high school days, when he had an orchestra that played on the Chautauqua circuit, Bert has compiled an imposing list of orchestra contracts. These include recording contracts with Columbia, Brunswick and Victor, the discovery and exploitation of Rudy Vallee, Tommy Cline and Jack Carney—hailed as a second Vallee—numerous radio broadcasting engagements and a contract for recorded radio programs with the Biltmore Hotel Orchestra and a new vocalist who promises to be a sensational success. Bert also has to his credit the largest steamship contract ever given to any one organization in the music business—that to provide music for the Munson Line and all the United States Line boats.

Bert's ultimate ambition, as confided in his own words, is "A million dollars—and no encores."

CARSON ROBISON



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to his Radio
friends the
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RECOGNIZED RADIO ARTISTS' HEAD-
QUARTERS

NEW YORK

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THE BIG TEN

Best Selling Popular Songs of the Month

WHEREAS last month there was a decline as compared with the previous month in the number of theme songs listed in *The Big Ten*, this month shows that the country has again gone "theme-song" with a vengeance. Every one of the ten best selling popular songs listed below is a theme song from a talking picture. This condition is not likely soon to change, because the theme songs have a tremendous advantage in the sustained nationwide "plug" they receive through the medium of the sound pictures.

During the past month, as compared with the previous month, *I'm a Dreamer; Aren't We All?* has moved from ninth place to the top of the list, supplanting *Tiptoe Through the Tulips*. *A Little Kiss Each Morning*, from Rudy Vallee's picture, *The Vagabond Lover*, has advanced from tenth to fourth place.

A notable feature is that such big sellers as *Singin' in the Rain*, *Love Me and My Fate is in Your Hands* have dropped out of the first ten and have been displaced by *The Chant of the Jungle*, *Singing in the Bathtub* and *You're Always in My Arms*.

1. **I'm a Dreamer; Aren't We All?**
from *Sunny Side Up* (De Sylva, Brown & Henderson)
2. **Tiptoe Through the Tulips**
from *Gold Diggers of Broadway* (M. Witmark & Sons)
3. **If I Had a Talking Picture of You**
from *Sunny Side Up* (De Sylva, Brown & Henderson)
4. **A Little Kiss Each Morning**
from *The Vagabond Lover* (Harms, Inc.)
5. **Painting the Clouds with Sunshine**
from *Gold Diggers of Broadway* (M. Witmark & Sons)
6. **The Chant of the Jungle**
from *Untamed* (Robbins Music Corporation)
7. **Love**
from *The Trespasser* (Irving Berlin, Inc.)
8. **Singing in the Bathtub**
from *The Show of Shows* (M. Witmark & Sons)
9. **You're Always in My Arms**
from *Rio Rita* (Leo Feist, Inc.)
10. **My Sweeter than Sweet**
from *Sweetie* (Famous Music Company)

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

A Typical Radio Week

By JOYCE SEARS

I'M a plain radio listener—very plain. I hope television never works both ways. You know what I mean. If the Lucky Strike Orchestra should ever see me—well, they'd strike, that's all. But no one gets more pleasure out of a radio than I do. Where I am located I cannot get the Columbia chain program, so my listening is, of necessity, all done via NBC.

To me, Monday is a red letter night. Starting with the *Black and Gold Orchestra*, then the *Voice of Firestone*, the *A. & P. Gypsies*, and ending with the *General Motors Family Party*, you have an evening to rave about. I am so interested in the *A. & P. Gypsies* that I even listen to Milton Cross tell what they sell in those stores. As somebody has said: "Any sons-o'-guns who don't buy in the A. & P. don't deserve to hear such a fine program." When I hear the General Motors program I'm so glad I have a Buick. If the program is especially good, I wish my car were a Cadillac.

Tuesday night—I don't know what psychology it is, mob or sob, but I don't care so much for Tuesday nights on the air. I wish some one would explain about that evening's programs. I flicker across the dial and find talking, talking everywhere. As I don't care for dialects, negroid or tabloid, I shut off my radio and read a book. But think of the thousands who love those "talkies!"

Palmolive Hour a High Light

The high light of Wednesday night is the Palmolive Hour. The program is so varied and beautiful that I marvel at that stereotyped "full of love and romance" prelude that goes on the air every week in the year. Page Carlin and tell him to change it, say, every other Wednesday night. Olive Palmer's bird-like voice is a gift to a listening world. The duets with the contralto are beautiful. I wish the announcer would tell us who the contralto is.

I do not always hear the Thursday night programs for various reasons, mostly personal and social ones.

The *Philco Hour of Theatre Memories* was something I always looked forward to on Friday night. My particular favorite was Jessica Dragonette. When you think that an opera was staged right before your ears, and you could almost hear the curtain go down, that's some radio hour!

Some one, who saw a picture of the *Old Stager* in the RADIO REVUE for December, said: "I didn't picture him like that." I know; she thought he'd look like Santa Claus—with real whiskers.

Walter Damrosch's golden voice makes the *General Electric Hour* delightful on Saturday night. When I hear him tell of the "lovely melody" and "dancing elves in fragrant, moonlit gardens," I don't care whether it is Bach or Beethoven, Rimsky-Korsakoff or Rachmaninoff. I know it must be good, because he says so.

Of course, there are some abominations on the radio—too much advertising for one thing and the inane asides

of Roxy and his gang for another. Stage asides by O'Neill are permissible, but it is not considered good form to talk personalities before a disinterested audience. We, the unseen listeners, often feel like eavesdroppers, and an unpleasant feeling it is, too. It may be funny in the studio, but it is stupid on the air. Rudy Vallee and Graham have been at it lately. If we must have Rudy, let him croon "Just You, Just Me" or some other banality, and then we can snap out of it.

Then, there are the dance orchestras. Gone is the ancient prejudice that seems to apply to many things excepting dance orchestras. I wish some of the leaders would reach for a new dance folio, instead of an antique. Maybe *Singing in the Rain* or even *Tiptoe Through the Tulips* might be as interesting as glorifying *Raggedy Ann* or the *Wooden Soldiers*.

But, taking it all in all, as I sit before my honest-to-goodness wood fire on Sunday afternoon and, if I feel religious, hear spirited sermons, or, if in a lighter mood, listen to the *National Light Opera*, or look forward to the evening, with David Lawrence's clear-cut facts and the *Atwater Kent Hour*, I think: what a week of splendid entertainment I have had at very little cost. Unlike Cornelia Otis Skinner's "Get a horse, Mr. Filkins, get a horse," I say: "Get a radio, Mr. Citizen, get a radio."

Listeners' Forum

(Continued from page 39)

to it that the magazine is carefully sent, so as not to harm this picture, as I want to frame it.

I should also like to know whether it would be possible for you to print a picture of Jessica in costume, showing her in the role of some one of the characters she has portrayed for us so vividly. I should like to see her as *Contrary Mary* in *Babes in Toyland*, which she did for Christmas this year. Since this was the third Christmas we have heard her do it, we have come to associate our Christmas with Jessica.

If it is not possible to print her picture in this costume, then any one of her countless other roles will satisfy us: *Sylvia* in *Sweethearts*, *Naughty Marietta*, *Mlle. Modiste*, *Zorika* in *Gypsy Love*, *The Pink Lady*, *Eileen*, *The Merry Widow*, *The Chocolate Soldier*—any one.

There are so many things, too, that we should like to hear Jessica's reaction to. For instance, which of her characters she likes best. I suppose she is the only prima donna who has played them all. Also, which was the more thrilling experience—to have sung to Commander Byrd from the stage of the Neighborhood Playhouse at the gala performance in his honor, or to broadcast to him at the South Pole from New York.—A. C. W., Merion, Pa.



Vaughn Likes Rudy's Simplicity

My compliments to Dale Wimbrow and Martin Hansen for their exposition on Citizen Rudy Vallee. I agree with both boys—and that's a lot, for there never was a person less given to hero worship than myself! I liked the simplicity and nonchalance of Rudy's work long before his ability won recognition. When the rush started I was less enthusiastic but, after I saw "The Vagabond Lover," I was impressed with his sincerity and I commend him for it.

Vaughn de Leath.



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Philco Gives Excellent Show

TRUE to the tradition it had set for over two years on WJZ, the Philco Hour in its premiere on WABC and the Columbia chain gave an excellent show. There was ever present the hand of that master radio showman, Henry M. Neely, the "old Stager."

The program consisted of the first radio presentation of an original musical episode by Jerome Kern, entitled *Lamp-light*. Originally performed some years ago in one of the Lambs' Gambols, it has not been heard since. More's the pity—since it is the nearest thing to the ideal radio operetta that I have ever heard, with the possible exception of Sir Arthur Sullivan's *Cox and Box*.

While the musical score had much of the dainty charm that is Jerome Kern, it revealed the composer of *Sweet Adeline*, *Showboat* and a score of other musical successes in a much different light, as the creator of deeper moods and melodies that were decidedly of the calibre of grand opera. The orchestration glowed with a wealth of warmth and color.

The program opened with the singing of Philco's familiar signature song, *Mem'ries*, by Lois Bennett, new soprano star of the Hour. A comparison of Miss Bennett's rendition of this song with that of Philco's erstwhile prima donna, Jessica Dragonette, seems inevitable. Unfortunately, in this case I do not feel that Miss Bennett carried off the honors. Some allowance must be made, of course, for first-night nervousness and the fact that she probably realized how much was expected of her.

Tells Story of "Lamplight"

There followed a short scene during which Mr. Neely, as Uncle Henry, was interrupted by his niece in the midst of his reminiscences. She finally prevailed upon him to tell her the story of the operetta which had stirred his memories. In this way he introduced *Lamplight* and acted as narrator.

In addition to Miss Bennett, who sang the soprano role, Dan Gridley, tenor, who for many months was a member of the original Philco Hour on WJZ, and Nathan Stewart, baritone, participated. The vocal honors went to Mr. Gridley, who sang with beautiful tone production and excellent style and diction. He was probably more familiar with the score than were his fellow-singers, inasmuch as he sang the same role some months ago, when the operetta was offered, through the medium of an audition, to a prospective broadcaster. For some unexplainable reason, this advertiser failed to appreciate its true beauty and merit.

However, in general, the production was excellent and the effect was charming. The romantic setting, in Paris in the early nineteenth century, the story of the old lamplighter who was thrown out of employment when the new street lamps were introduced, and the accompanying tale of a young girl who grew to old age and died while keeping a hopeless tryst at the old lamp post with her soldier

lover who had been taken from her arms by the Napoleonic wars, all combined to paint a poignant picture with pigments such as few besides Jerome Kern could adequately muster. All in all, this first Philco Hour on the Columbia chain set a high mark that subsequent programs are not likely soon to equal.



Chevalier a Fine Movie Actor

The much-heralded radio debut of the French star, Maurice Chevalier, over WABC recently left me quite cold. His renditions of his native French songs were quite competent, but his attempts to sing American tunes confirmed my belief that, as a radio singer, M. Chevalier is a great movie actor—and I must confess that I have never seen him on the screen.



Ward Program Unimpressive

The premiere broadcast of the Ward Tip Top Club on WABC recently was, to me, not at all impressive. It turned out to be just another program, with orchestra, quartet, soloists, or what have you. Nor was the setting—in a night club—startling or original in any respect. Due allowance must always be made for an initial broadcast. Here's hoping future programs show some improvement!

**Radio's One-Man Show, Phil Cook,
a Marvel of Versatility**

(Continued from page 22)

Coldwater, Mich., some 35 years ago, and moved to East Orange, New Jersey, at the early age of ten. I studied the violin with the intention of becoming a second Kreisler. Fooled the family by drawing pictures when I should have been practicing the violin. Got a job in my third year at high school and dropped the education to start doing up packages in an advertising agency.

"I must have had a trace of Rudy Vallee-ism in my voice in its early stages, for I succeeded in talking Miss Flo Helmer into becoming a Cook—in name, at any rate. At present I am still married and happy."

Cook is under exclusive contract to the NBC. In addition to his broadcast activities, he makes dozen of personal appearances each year in various sections of the country.

Although Cook specializes in Negro roles before the microphone, his "Negro is a northern Negro, because I haven't been south of Washington," as he expresses it.

**McNamee "a Great Guy" Oscar Writes
His Girl Friend, Margy**

(Continued from page 18)

typewriter is due at work at four o'clock in the afternoon and it's five-thirty now, so he'll be in most any time.

I almost forgot. You can tell the other girls in Yoakum that Mr. McNamee is married, so they might as well scratch him off the list. Mrs. McNamee is mighty sweet, too. I hope to meet her some time.

Well, so long until next time, Margy.

Love and kisses

OSCAR.

YOUR IDEAS
EXPRESSED
BY
MERLE JOHNSTON
AND HIS
ORCHESTRA
FOR
RADIO
ENTERTAINMENT
modernistique
Columbia
Records
151 West 46th Street
phone BRYANT 6138

Broadcasts to South Pole

JAMES S. WALLINGTON, who has been senior announcer for WGY, of Schenectady, since October, 1928, has announced most of the broadcasts from WGY and its three short wave stations to Commander Richard Byrd's Antarctic Expedition. These programs have been broadcast every other Saturday since last May. Mr. Wallington's voice has carried to Commander Byrd and his



James S. Wallington

associates the messages that mean so much to these men who are making history.

One of Mr. Wallington's most treasured possessions is a message from Commander Byrd, congratulating him on his marriage on October 4 last to the former Lady Stanislawia Eleanora Elizabietta Butkiewicz, a descendant of Polish nobility, who comes from Worcester, Mass.

Mr. Wallington is director of the WGY Players, that pioneer dramatic

group. He makes the radio adaptations and directs all the plays that the Players produce. He is also baritone of the Radio Four, a quartet well known in upper New York State.

What Price Announcing!

(Continued from page 9)

the case. The Announcer is dead!

Radio and radio companies and chains are purely commercial. The advertiser is the backbone of the industry. The status of the announcer is entirely changed. First, the age-old law of supply and demand has had its effect. Hundreds of young bloods, sensing the romance of the air, seeking the applause of the radio listeners, and vainly hoping to create a name that will live to posterity, offer their services as announcer for any fee.

The demand is decidedly limited, so the majority of announcers are really sacrificing themselves to the hope of a bright, though distant, future. They are on the air hour after hour, so that they are unable to give any one program particular attention. Further, they are obliged to read, word for word, scripts that are written by others who do not even think of the reader, let alone his style or personality. So their hope is shattered before they start.

The only way to create a following among radio listeners is by means of a winning personality that projects itself, and to do this, it is essential that the reader read his own words. True, it is possible to do an excellent piece of work with prepared copy, just as it is possible to read it poorly but, to advertise a commodity over the air, more than mere reading of words by a man with a pleasant voice is necessary. Those words must come from somewhere deeper than the larynx. The speaker first must know his radio audience. He must know radio showmanship. His words must be felt as well as spoken—they must be *his* words.

How can an announcer be a real part of the program when the general style of the hour is decided by one, the musical numbers are chosen by another, the cast is chosen by a third, and even the words he speaks are written by a department that usually grinds them out by the basketful?

The advertisers, who think primarily of the message they want to put across, are beginning to realize that herein lies the weakness of this most human and closest of all media and are, therefore, insisting on the radio specialist, the man who, through years of experience, has developed a sixth sense, a sense of radio showmanship, the most important factor in the building of any program. He is a man who can create the copy that is adapted to radio advertising and who can read that copy before a microphone, not so that it is blatant and cold, but, rather, so that it becomes a part of the entertainment, because the reader himself is a part. Many advertisers now insist upon having a man who is not tied to the myriad sustaining and out-of-studio broadcasts, who is not *in* one commodity for thirty minutes and then comes out only to dive into another and finally to mix them all up with the correct time, stock quotations, and bed-time stories.

And so we have the answer to one of the many questions which have come to me since my change. The advertiser changes the name of the announcer who has proven himself, takes him away from the broadcasting companies and calls him a radio specialist. True, you hear him much less often but, when he *is* on the air, he brings you *his* personality plus a program which sparkles and, as a result, you probably look with favor on the commodity made by the sponsor of that program. Long live the announcer!

For Your Convenience

In order that you do not miss any of the vitally interesting features and pictures that will appear in RADIO REVUE in the months to come, why not let us enter your subscription now?

One Year, \$2.00; Two Years, \$3.00

RADIO REVUE, INC.
Six Harrison Street
New York, N. Y.
Gentlemen:

Please enter my subscription to RADIO REVUE for years. I enclose Dollars in cash, check, currency to cover.

Name

Street Number

P. O. State

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

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Cunningham

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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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