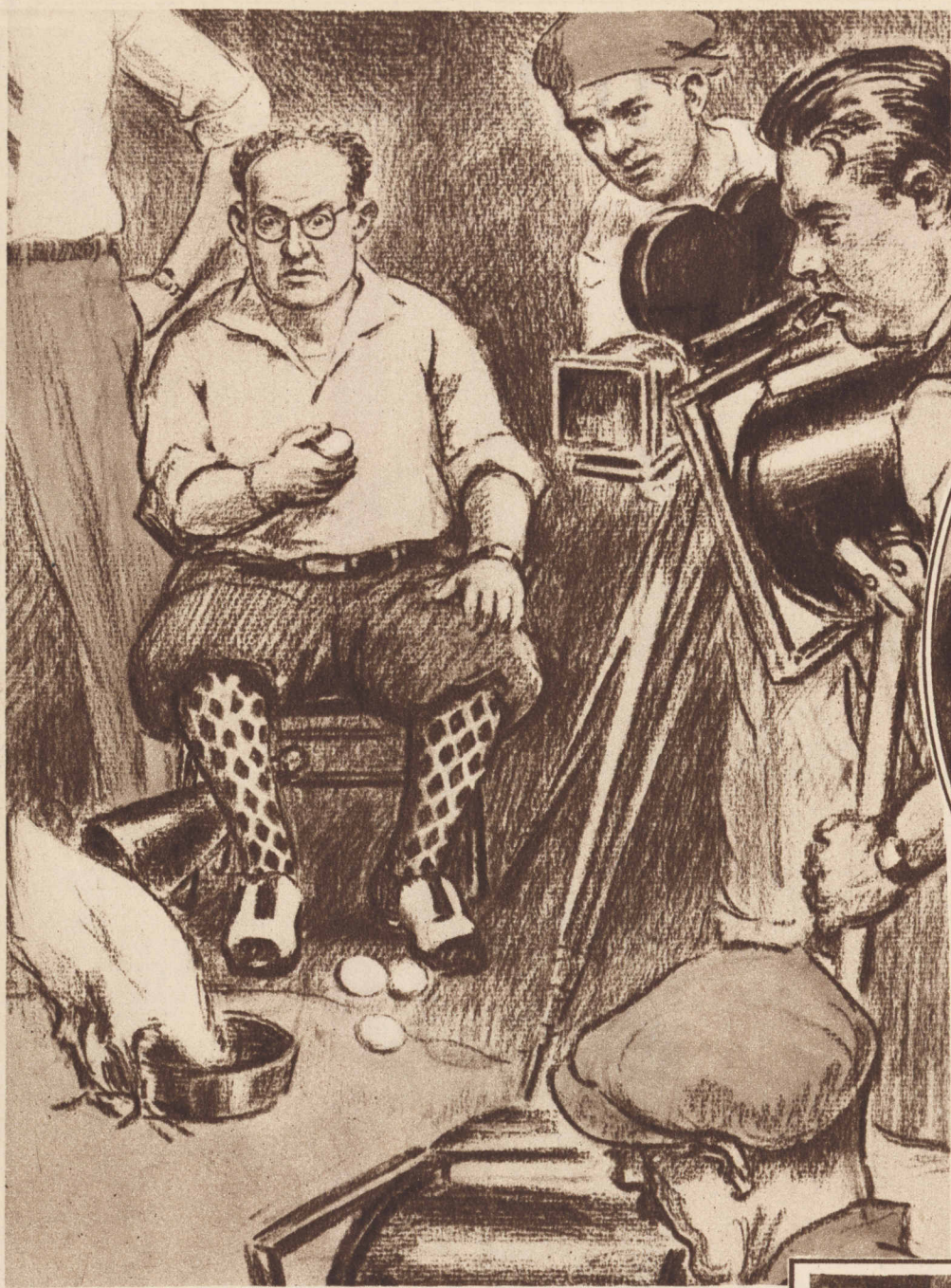


The Talking Movies

By W. E. Hill

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Harassed director holding a china egg before a hen, trying to wheedle a cackle or two for the talkies.



"Isn't it wonderful, Ethel? You can even hear her tears falling on his shirt front!" "That isn't the movietone, Aunt Ada; the man behind us dropped some money."



"They're making such a noise I can't hear you, Grayce—talk louder!" The talking movies are an awful wet blanket for those ladies in the mezzanine seats who like to have a good heart to heart talk while the feature is on. Because sometimes the actors get excited and begin to rant, and that excites the talkie-tone machine and there is a terrible rumpus, so that Mrs. Floss can hardly hear Mrs. Haggerty tell how never again will she rent her apartment furnished to a family with ten small children and a grown dog.



Hollywood is full of tragedy since the synchronized stuff came in. Here's Ronald de Roseda, one of those big, tall, baby-eyed boys; just the type, everyone said, for the lead in the new talkie, "The Rajah's Ruby." Well, Ronald tried out for the role of the gentleman crook and they found that he said "wooby" for ruby, "wobber" for robber, and "wogue" for rogue, which, while cute in real life, was all out of place in an underworld film.



Politicians who talk for the talkies will have to remember that it's the boy who can combine the appeal of a night club hostess with the sure fire work of a nut comedian who will win the public.



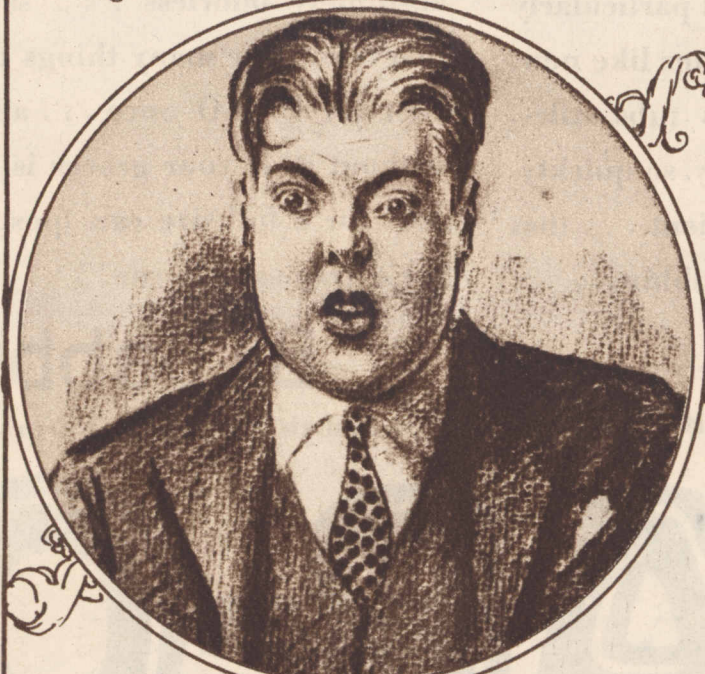
Country roads are full of parked cars and petting parties these days, and you can blame it on the talkies. It's very disconcerting when a couple are all set holding hands in the dark of the rear balcony to have the movietone yell: "You don't kiss me like you used to, Ralph!" Makes the boy friend so self-conscious.



How it sounds from the rear of the theater. The heroine: "Don't let them torture me, Raoul! I-yam-eenocent!" The usher: "Can't stand in the aisle, lady!" Lady standee: "O, I can't, can't I? Well, I got just as much right there as you have, young man." The police: "We got the goods on you, kid. It was you bumped off Baloney Faced Bennie!" The usher: "Yeah? Well, you gotta keep out of the aisle, lady!" The hero: "Lissen, officer; you mus' lissen to us! We're inner-cent!" Lady standee: "I'm going right out and report you to Mr. Loew, you little hi-feling!"



Introducing Mr. Argyle Healey, hero de luxe of many a screen drama, this time appearing on the silver sheet to tell you via synchronized sound about coming attractions. Every syllable spaced just so. Pretty cute.



The news weekly with sound accompaniment is rough on the boys who like to do their sleeping in the movie palace. Look at Maurice, will you! Waked out of a beautiful dream when the weekly showed "Steel riveters at work" with appropriate noises over the amplifier.



This, friend reader, is the end of the crook drama, where the honest gunman and his girl bride go to the country to live a new life after outwitting the wicked police. The movietone comes in big here because, while the hero and heroine are skipping around in the glinting sunshine gathering cherry blossoms and great big cabbage roses by the brook, you get all the country sounds. You hear the birds twittering, the guinea pigs crooning to their young, the walnuts ripening, and the cows growling. Best of all, you hear the gurgling laughter of the boy and girl. And if your ear drums have never been hit by the gurgling laughter of two sweet young things in a talkie, via the amplifier, boy, you've never really lived!