

# them Big Theaters Is Gettin' Bigger!

by Dinny Timmins

*The following sketch was excerpted from the June, 1927, issue of "Jacobs' Magazine" by BOMBARDE columnist Lloyd E. Klos. It's a humorous account by a semi-literate Bostonian (imagine!) who also happens to be an elevator operator (remember?). Despite the manner in which Dinny murders the language, his story merits retelling for the reflection of the period offered.*

Here I am back again safe from another trip to Noo York. The boss liked what I writ so well last issue about the "American Jazz Opery" that he gave me another Five Bucks and sent me down to look over the Noo Movie Palaces. So this time I felt like a reel Noo Yorker after having been there before so recent, and I went right into Childs and ordered Hole Weet Cakes jest like I had been around on Broadway all my life.

So I went to the noo Paramount Theayter and to the noo Roxy Theayter jest like the boss told me to, and I will tell you what I seen. You go into the Paramount Theayter and you are in a big long corridor with a lot of Fancy Trimmings and a Big Bowl of Gold-Fish. I got to the end of the Corridor and I says to the Major-General there "Where is the Hall of Nashuns" and he says "Here Sir," so I give him a Nickel but he give it back and says "Publicks Service, Sir," and I says "I don't see no Hall of Nashuns" and he says "This is the Hall of Nashuns" and I says "I thought this was the Paramount Theayter" and he says "Yes sir, Publicks Service, Sir." That was that.

So I looked around and all it was was the end of the Corridor with some Rocks took from Different Countries in a Glass Case like you see in a Museum and printing telling about the Rocks, so then I went looking for the Collidge Room and that was jest a Smoking Room with Flags and things but no Fair Harvard rooters nowhere which seemed kind of funny. So then I went inside and the Orchestra was jest coming up on there Elevator and of course I took a Perfessional Interest in that and they played a Peace and then they went down jest as Smooth as I could do it myself and they was some Stage Shows and then they come a Tremenjous Blast from the Big

Organ and up it come jest as smooth as the Orchestra and played a nice Peace with the Organist's Wife playing a Peace with him on the stage on another Organ and I certainly have to hand it to that Feller; he can run that Elevator jest as I can, and I wish I had a wife that could help me out with my Job like that so I could put her to work running the Old Boat on the Noon Shift. So then the Picture started and after I seen it, I went out and went over to the Roxy Theayter.



DINNY AT THE SWITCH — Elevators required "operators" even when the "passenger" was a spotlighted console. (Original sketch from Jacobs' Magazine.)

Well, boy, I thought the Paramount Theayter was a Fine Theayter but the Roxy was jest a Knock-out, and How! Say, it makes the Grand Central Depot look like a Apartment House Bath-room. You go into this here Lobby shaped like a Egg but about Ten Billion times bigger, and a Great Big Yeller Stained Glass Window with the sun a-streaming in like you was in Church, and it is called the "Cathedral of the Motion Picture" and whoever said that said a Mouthful.

And then you get inside and the place is so gosh ding big it don't look like you was ever going to be able to see anything from the back. It's like looking through the wrong end of a Telescope. I'm telling you.

And jest as I got in, why up comes Three Organs racing each other up on there Elevators and all three played a Peace at once which was quite a Stunt and then they went down and up come the Orchestra and they was about 500 men in it and six conductors and they played a Peace with a big Chorus singing on the Stage that ended up with the Chicago Fire and it was called the "1812 Overture," all about the War of 1812. But the Chorus was dressed so funny I couldn't tell whether they was the Americans or the British.

So then they had some movies and then they had a "Spanitch Fantissy" with Hundreds of Singers and Dancers and everything and then they was a Punk Picture so I come out because I can see plenty of Punk Pictures in Boston. But first I went around all over the building and looked down from the Top which was like looking off Bunker Hill Monument and when I come out in the Egg Lobby they was a Pipe organ out there being played which made it seem more like a Church than ever, so then I come home.

The only trouble I can see is that People are getting such Grand Movie Theayters that they have got so they expect too much, and nobody will get Exited about anything anymore and the first thing you know they is going to be some Smart Opurater who will make a Mint by putting up a Movie Theayter like a Barn with nothing but plain walls and Pictures on a Bed Sheet and everybody will go and rave about it because it is such a Novelty, and tell each other how sick they was getting about all them Fancy Trimmings and getting kidded along with a lot of Extrys into looking at Punk Pictures. All of which is mighty cornfusin to a poor Hard-Working Elevator Man from Boston. But I think I got the Bosses Five Bucks worth jest hearing them Big Organs and Orchestrys going Up and Down on there Elevators, besides two meals and the Fare both ways.