There is something pathetic about the mighty, when they fall. Yet, there is a finality about it when the tumbling is over. We sit back then and sigh, "Well, it's just too bad, but that's THAT!" It's the slow descent before the last gasp that is galling. Nothing is so soul-stirring as a crumbling throne.

A year ago, the dual throne of Amos 'n' Andy was set firm in its foundation of public acclaim. Freeman Gosden and Charles Correll, the Peabody's pair of black-face comics, were wearing the halos of the air's canonized. They were basking in their glory of being the highest paid team in the world. They had earned their glory by dint of hard, tireless work, native ingenuity, and a keen sense of showmanship. Their characterizations were authentic, their atmosphere convincing and their adventures as diverting as it is possible to make adventures on script, day after day, without pause.

There they were, as Bill Hay, their announcer, wheezed every night, two hoofers who'd started out from the rut of everyday labor, in barnstorming shows, two mediocre troopers with their talents buried under a bushel, who met in Durham, North Carolina; who'd teamed up, never dreaming that their road to world-wide fame lay before them by way of the microphone. If Charlie Correll, the erstwhile bricklayer had been told that fame was holding out a five million dollar contract for him and his pal, he'd have fainted. Freeman Gosden would have passed out too.

Fame which came haltingly and by degrees in their WGN days, but which mounted with amazing velocity once they had clicked as the sustaining dialecticians, Sam and Henry, at WMAQ, Chicago, at length clothed them in dazzling brilliance when the sponsor happened along and made his bid. Mincingly and full of fear the NIC began to exploit them. They pioneered in the fifteen-minute, daily program era—and they clicked.

Six days a week of sure-fire comedy, tinctured with pathos, naïveté and suspense. It was a tough order, but Gosden and Correll had known tougher situations in the tank towns. They went at their work. They were sensitive to public reaction to such an extent that they knew instinctively when their broadcasts fell short of the standard they had established. Their job was not to build themselves up, as is the case with many an artist, but to maintain a level that had been high to begin with. Herculean as it was, they achieved their aims for a year—and then, due to something that most certainly was not carelessness—the Amos 'n' Andy slump began. Perhaps too much was expected of them. Possibly the public was being enticed to newer things. Whatever the cause, it was psychological in its aspects and Amos 'n' Andy knew their psychology. They put a dog. They emulated the Chaplin technique. They offered rare admixtures of comedy and pathos—and they climbed back to their pinnacle.
THE RADIO ROVER

I'll never forget the night I nearly made Tony Wons cry. The famous master of ceremonies of the Camel Quarter Hour had long been my favorite radio artist. He seemed so human, so sincere, and so clean with his "Tony's Scrapbook" program that I pictured him in my mind as an angelic sort of creature.

Came the night of the first Camel Quarter hour on WABC and the Erwin Wasey company, which handles the accounts, threw a party for the radio writers of the city.

Morton Downey, Wons and Jacques Renard joined the party after the broadcast. After three or four lemonades Tony began telling stories of his childhood. They were darned interesting. For a little fellow, he had a tough struggle for existence.

He worked in sweat shops and factories when most children are starting in school and did a man's labors. Many times he went to bed hungry. Some of his stories of his factory career were gripping.

Then he started to read a parody on Amos 'n' Andy which someone shoved into his hand.

"Don't read that until I've gone, Mr. Wons," he told him. There were tears in my eyes. I went on: "I've pictured you as such a splendid character that it would destroy all my illusions if you read that thing now."

Tony looked at me with the most hurt expression I have ever seen on a human countenance. Then he fiercely tore the parody in pieces.

"You're right," he growled.

I want to explain now, Tony, that the tears in my eyes were tears of laughter. I still think you're a great guy and one of Radio's finest.

Radio Guide

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Walker H. Ammons, Secretary-Treasurer

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A Trio of Radio Announcers

• A heated argument with a station manager whom he was trying to sell a radio play convinced the former that Carlyle Stevens had an excellent voice for radio announcing. Today he is heard over WABC and is known as one of the youngest announcers on the Columbia staff. George Beuchler is another member of the CBS Announcers. He won his rights to announce through an Artwater Kent audition a few years ago. William Brenton is another newcomer to WABC's staff of announcers, having signed up with CBS a short time ago.

Some riotous changes are in prospect in WABC's production shops and they may even extend to the artist bureau. Indeed, Columbia is sorely troubled these days by control manipulations.

You may have heard the rumors which told you the stock sales had been shifted so that President Paley's 51 percent needed a lot of clutching.

Suppose the Coon-Sanders outfit iscommercial on time fly? What about the Musical Union? Will the boys be permitted to use an orchestra just dragged into New York? There's no telling.

There are many who think the NBC gave Russ Columbo a tossing around with regard to Lucky Strikes. Russ auditioned for Lucky Strikes, and those in the know say he went over big. Then the Listerine thing came along and the powers-that-be at NBC stopped mentioning Russ in connection with the Lucky Strike program. The report is strong that the sponsors of Luckies are still keen for a program on the type of the Camel Quarter hour, starring Signor Columbo.

Bessie Mack, publicity director of the Capitol Theatre, and secretary to Major Bowes, is probably the best-informed woman on radio and radio artists in the country. Her advice has made a star out of Jerry Solow, Les Bels and a score of others. She is now advising Belle Baker, musical comedy queen, in her radio endeavors.

Radio Rover is anxious to find out why people listen in to birth control broadcasts. Also why announcers get into such a monotonous way of speaking and why so many orchestra leaders won't play songs unless they are cut in on the music publisher's profits.

Chic Farmer, the yodeling boy of the Nestle's hour on the NBC, announced for John Royalty, vice president of the NBC in charge of programs the other day, with an orchestra that left Royal gasping. This boy has great possibilities as a ballad singer.

We, too, fidget nervously when we've inclined an anxious ear in the direction of a radio program, only to have our listening organ assailed by thick chunks of advertising blah.

Then, however, we think of the huge investment a sponsor makes for a radio program; wires, talent, etc. Further, fair-minded critic that we are, we consider that we pay nothing for the entertainment we hear, and that the advertiser is selling coffee, or malt or cigarettes, and not songs or artists.

The thought brings a tithe of tolerance, at any rate.

This column cannot undertake to answer technical questions. And so, to the correspondent who writes to ascertain which city has D. C., we can only answer, naively, "Washington." A bad gag, but it may serve to keep away other letter-writers of that species.

We were there when it happened. Right in the main reception hall of the Columbia Broadcasting System, too.

A hostess was interviewing an applicant for the position of page boy.

"You're not tidy," she was saying. "Your trousers aren't pressed and, gracious, look at those nails." "Aw," grumbled the youth, "I didn't know I was being hired for television."

The JEST ARTIST

By GEORGE D. LOTTMAN

• Irene Taylor, WEAF's black-haired brown-eyed "blues" singer came to radio from the stage. She combines a fine voice with a magnetic radio personality. Irene began her stage career at the age of nine years, has never had any musical training, and is superstitious about whisking in a dressing room and sitting on a trunk.

• Many of his contemporaries give this writer full credit for starting all this talk about radio stooges. With a grateful bow, we acknowledge the credit line, but we must insist that the subject has been milked pretty dry. So, as official stooge spon- sor, we will agree to call a halt, provided our good friends, the radio editors, will lay off the NBC vice-presidents.

• Which, somehow, reminds us of the radio booking agent who said to his own "client," a crooning "imallie" on one of the lesser stations, "Stop biting your finger-nails, Dave. God, you're all I have left!"

• We've just discovered what happens to the many "great lovers of the air" after they conclude their programs of amorous music.

• They go home to their wives and children!

• Two buxom lassies were seated in the lobby of a prominent mid-town hotel the other afternoon.

• One was a radio soprano, and the other didn't have any friends, either.

• Some of the singers who habitually offer "Road to Mandalay" over the air, ought to take it. See if we care!
They All Wield Batons

Vincent Sorey directs the orchestra on the Haddon Hall Cigar program, which is broadcast every Sunday over WOR at 7:30 P.M. From the Hotel Governor Clinton comes the music of Julian Woodworth and his orchestra which is presented over WOR three times a week. Bernard Levitow, a pioneer in the field of radio, whose orchestra was one of the first to grace the air waves from the Hotel Commodore, can be heard over this station on Sunday nights at 8:30 P.M.

REVIEWING RADIO

By PORTHOS

It's still an official secret, but nevertheless true, that the organization of sport writers has sounded the doom of Graham McNamie and Ted Hising as baseball announcers. Both Mac and Hising, of course, have helped themselves to the brim by their own boners and incontinences and has more than once been urged to umpire games in their own way.

At any rate, the sport writers have convinced Judge Landis that sport experts are the boys for the miles next season. And now, the writers are working on the colleges with an eye to some sweet returns for themselves in the matter of football.

Contests by radio, sponsored by advertisers who offer automobiles; free packages of toothpaste, hairpins, kitchen knives, etc., have created a new outside industry. In Chicago and St. Paul, Minn., new publications have appeared. They offer the competing public the very latest and most efficient technique in the art of winning prizes offered by radio.

When television comes from around the corner, the NBC broadcasts will be shut off, so we hear, which if true, is also smart, for with the cathode ray system and an unheard-of wave length, the television receivers now on the market will be useless so far as NBC television is concerned. That's why the RCA has of protecting its patents.

Morton Downey has so many hang-ups on, and is such a nice fellow, that people are calling him the "Stoogest Prince."

The tendency of radio writers throughout the country to twist the NBC about its legion of vice-presidents, was started by Ray Perkins at the NBC banquet to editors, when he announced that he was to be a V.P. supervisor. The latest news about the vice-president situation is that the NBC may fire all its "supes" in dramatic broadcasts and use vice-presidents for mob scenes.

Paul Whiteman, although recently made a supervisor of music for the NBC in Chicago, yearns for New York, and is planning with Earl Carroll for an $8,000 a week show here in Gotham.

WABC, by the way, is mighty sorry it spent all that money to put its new transmitter into Jersey. It has more dead spots now than ever. WOR is the only local station that can be heard all over New York.

Phil Spitalny, NBC orchestra leader who used to hold down the Pennsylvania roof, popped off in Irving Berlin's music shop not long ago that he had been offered Eddie Duchin's post as leader of the swanky Central Park Casino orchestra.

Some of the Berlin Employees informed a local radio editor and he came out in his column with the story. Duchin denied it, as did Sid Solomon, owner of the Casino.

I hear the Columbia system is thinking of making Jesse Butcher, head of the publicity department, a vice president. He deserves it. There are few radio publicity directors as well informed as well liked as this Butcher boy.

Ben Alley would go much farther in Radio if he went to bed early nights. Here is a singer who is deliberately ruining one of the finest voices on the air.

WLW is building a high class broadcasting plant that will be capable of broadcasting television as well as radio. This 5,000 watt station has listeners-in in New Zealand. It is looking around for good commercial talent, the owners having decided to go in for commercial broadcasting.

The Finlay Strauss and Ludwig Baumann hours on WOR within a half hour of each other 7 day nights are two of the best programs on the air.

Each features a crack announcer, a good band, and a big name of Broadway. The Finlay-Strauss hour usually has two such stars. The hours are well balanced and are drawing a lot of listeners to the WOR airwaves.
**PROGRAM FOR SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 15TH**

**9:00 A.M.** — *The Methodist Hour* — Dr. John E. Lofgren, Pastor of the Methodist Church.

**9:00 A.M.** — *Dow Memory Lane* — Dr. George T. Beard, Chairman, Board of Directors, Dow Memory Lane.

**9:00 A.M.** — *Sunny South’s Blue Yodeler* — Blue Yodeler, The Sunny South.

**9:00 A.M.** — *Uhuru* — The Uhuru Singers, Church of the United Nations.


**9:30 A.M.** — *Babylonian Jewish Prayers* — Rabbi Benjamin D. S. Bamberger, Rabbi of the Babylonian Jewish Congregation.

**9:30 A.M.** — *Pipes of Peace* — Dr. John V. Turner, Director, Pipes of Peace.

**9:30 A.M.** — *The Liberal Herald* — Dr. John E. Lofgren, Editor, The Liberal Herald.

**9:30 A.M.** — *Billy the Kid* — The Billy the Kid Singers, Billy the Kid.

**9:30 A.M.** — *Three Little Basha* — The Three Little Basha Singers, Three Little Basha.


**9:30 A.M.** — *Paul Vincent’s Orchestra* — Paul Vincent, Conductor, Paul Vincent’s Orchestra.

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**10:00 A.M.** — *Ralph Kerby* — The Dream, Ralph Kerby.

**10:00 M.** — *Larry Funk’s Orchestra* — Larry Funk, Conductor, Larry Funk’s Orchestra.

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**12:00 M.** — *—*
Amos 'n' Andy's Problem
(Continued from page 1)

But the bad breaks were inexorable. The public again became fickle. Again the Gosden and Correll showmanship met the emergency. Came then the famous Madame Queen breach of promise suit, which raised the topping team to heights undreamed of. It was their peak—a peak, alas, which they never were to obtain again. Even their near-killing of Ruby Tay-
lor failed to bring an equal reaction. And I may say here, that when Ruby Taylor was ill, it was the original plan of Amos 'n' Andy to have her die. They told me that—and then they lost their nerve. They had just witnessed a Chaplin phonoplay, and had followed too closely the Chaplin heartbeat. Gosden, as you may suspect from this, is a worshipper of Chaplin.

After the court-room scenes, came a new perspective on the comedians. They were caught in the unchanging routines of comedy—Rise, Ascendancy, a new even trend for a while—and then, inevitable decay. Concerning nations or individuals, the laws change but little.

The Amos 'n' Andy skits had depended for their unfailing standardization on a cunning link with current events. Under Correll, the genius of the pair, never passed an opportunity to ring into the nightly efforts some allusion to current topics. The income tax problem provided many a laugh. It touched every individual who happened to hear. The census afforded more amusement, and many a script. National holidays which concerned turkeys, Christmas gifts and New Year resolutions all served the boys marvelously. Even vacation time gave them a shift of background.

Amos 'n' Andy have suddenly drifted away from current topics, through no desire of their own. It would be truer perhaps, to say that current topics have deserted Amos 'n' Andy. There is nothing in these days of depression and unemployment to write about humorously. There is nothing in them but tragedy, and a comedy team can use tragedy only as a condiment in a series of acts that have humor as their basis. Nothing that the lazy voice of Andy can say about the jobless could cheer a family whose breadwinner can find nothing to do. You can't make fun of bank failures—unless you're on a stage with only a theatre full of moneyed people listening. Amos 'n' Andy talk to people in their homes where grim reminders hover about, and where, all too frequently, the spectre of despair is lingering.

So what is left for them to do? They talk optimism, it is true, in their native way; but how many listeners will hang on to their words when they have been glutted and fooled and double-crossed by optimists? Their only expedient is to be uproariously funny, and since they have exhausted most of their humor in more than two solid years of broadcasting, what is left?

Added to all this, Amos 'n' Andy have had their top money exceeded by Gene and Glenn. They've lost that prestige. Then again, their sponsor has drained their vitality by insistent exploitations. Advertising campaigns cannot last forever in the same groove.

Six broadcasts a week have many dis-
advantages, the least of which is that they become boresome. So what? Is there a remedy? Can Amos 'n' Andy come back?

I wouldn't like to answer that question. But I will say that a comeback is possible. But only through one means, which may seem paradoxical. Amos 'n' Andy must have a vacation. They must make themselves conspicuous by a long absence. They must cause themselves to be missed, and evoke popular call for their return to the air. And while they are resting, they must outline a series of skits that will freshen their characters and give them a broader field of activity than a taxi-
cab office.

Can the sponsor help? He can, as-
Surely. By reducing their broadcasts from six to three a week, he would be doing Gosden and Correll, the Pseudonome concern, the NBC and the public a very friendly turn. No two finer fellows, no two more real trouper, always willing and anxious to do some good, to be of some help, actually or philosophi-
cally, to humanity, exist than Gos-
den and Correll. They're still acts with all who know them, and it is a pity that those millions who used to listen, can't know and love them personally.

Small Stations Popular

• We are being asked if fans ever, ever, EVER turn in on the smaller stations. Is it true that with the acme of talent available on the important and gigan-
tic chain stations, only listeners with some personal interest in a particular artist set the dials for a local broad-
cast?

We suppose it's analogous to the patron of the neighborhood drug store, or movie theatre. Local pride may be a factor; again, some people never look further than their own communities for their needs in life. The local station, to many, is apparently the corner shop—the home-town newspaper.

Television Beauty

• Ethelyn Holt, who is known as the most beautiful radio artist in America appears very often over WABC's tele-
vision station. She is a talented singer and has appeared in motion pictures and the legitimate stage. The nine thousand television set owners look forward to seeing and hearing this talented beauty each week.

Conducts Bright Spot

• Jack Pettis conducts the orchestra on the Bright Spot pro-
gram each Sunday afternoon at 2:15 P.M. over WEAF. Pettis formerly played the saxophone in Ben Bernie's orchestra.
I chatted with Andy Sanella between peaks of thunder and telephone calls. But despite the interruptions, he managed to tell me his story.

He was born in Brooklyn on March 11th. "As a kid I used to cry for a musical instrument to play, but my parents treated it as a huge joke, and it wasn't until I was six, that my mother thought I ought to have the chance to show what I could do. I wanted a violin, but the salesman talked my father into buying me a mandolin instead. After a year's lessons, I was ahead of my teacher, so when Ballestri came over from Milan, my dream of the violin came true, and I studied with him for six years."

The death of his father stopped his lessons then, and he had to go to work. He did anything he could, from errand-boy to driving Butter and Egg wagons. And when America went into the war, Andy went into the navy. He studied navigation, and was sent down to the submarine base of Panama.

"I got my honorable discharge down there, and got a job playing in the American Hotel. I saw what I thought was a funny looking pipe in a store window one day, and went in to find out what it was. That was my first introduction to a saxophone. I bought it and went out to the loneliest stretch of rocks I could find to teach myself how to play it. When I sprang it at the hotel one night, the manager offered me twice what I paid for it to throw it away!"

Lessons from the saxophonist in the Army band soon made him an expert, however.

Returning to New York shortly afterwards, Andy took whatever temporary jobs he could get, until he had saved up enough money to belong to the Union.

That gave his Big Opportunity in the guise of a call for a good saxophonist to play with Martells Orchestra at the Wm. K. Vanderbilt home, and Andy got the job.

"I was scared stiff," he told me. "The place was the grandest I'd ever been in. I took my place without saying a word to anyone—but when that orchestra started up—I tell you I'd never heard anything like it before in my life, and I got so thrilled just listening to that band in back of me, that a couple of times I forgot to play!"

At the end of the night Martells offered Andy a place in the band, and from there it was only a couple of steps to Radio. While recording one day, he met "The Revelers", who were "on the air" at the original WJZ studio, and they asked him to come down and bring his guitar. He did and has been with NBC ever since.

Andy is small and dark and has lots of personality. He smiles all the time he is talking, and you can see what a "kick" he's getting out of recalling the incidents that have gone to the making of his present success. He has rather nervous movements—gestures a lot. He likes fish cakes and coffee-ice-cream, has an amateur radio station, licensed, and whose call letters are W3AD. Talks of conversing with "neighbors" in Buenos Aires! Has four hundred hours of flying to his credit, and did have his own plane. Likes his work and now, his present commercial program. But he counts friendship above business. That's why he turned the program down at first. And it wasn't until B. A. Rolfe told him that he'd rather see Andy take over the hour than anyone, that everything was all right.

"There's nothing so fine as a real friendship," he said, "and I've always tried to make friends. I don't think I have any enemies—" he considered this frowning seriously. Finally—"but I suppose every man has some."

While that may be true of many, it couldn't be of Andy. He could make only friends. And now, as Andy Sanella and His Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra, it's a pretty sure thing he's going to find many, many more.

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Talent is the Thing

One of our pet peeves is the promiscuous use of "names" on commercial broadcasts, regardless of talent or suitability for broadcasting.

It is easy to comprehend the thrill that a "seeing" audience gets from viewing an erstwhile favorite, despite the fact that the star's ability may be definitely on the wane. But on the air, past performances are discounted; reputation is an empty asset. Not that the tuning-in public is hard-boiled; the reason is that little tricks of showmanship are lost via the air and nothing registers but "cold" results.

A beloved veteran of the operatic stage, for example, was recently offered by an important commercial hour as the "super-special" attraction of the evening, and the result was close to pathetic. Those in the studio to whom her name was a delightful tradition and a cherished memory must have agreed that her air debut was something like leading a lamb to the slaughter. Her voice "gone," she stood before the microphone, a vision to those who saw her, but, without doubt, just static to those who tuned in to hear her. Television, alone, might have saved her.

When will program sponsors realize that talent,—not "names"—is what the public wants. Radio's favorites came from nowhere. The biggest disappointments, from an entertainment point of view, have been the internationally famous "name" performers, ballyhooed for weeks prior to their appearance, and then, after it's all over, making the "fans" wonder what all the shooting was for.

You're in show-business, Mr. Radio Man. Use some ingenuity and dig up your own talent. There's no entertainment nourishment in a "name."
Round-the-Town

• S. Jay Kaufman, is the conductor of the Davena-Round-the-Town Revue which is heard over WOR on Fridays at 8:30 P.M. Although this new feature is but a few weeks old, such stars as William Gaston, Francis Williams and William O'Neal, have already appeared on these programs. Borrah Minnevitch and his Harmonica Rascals were one of the first of this period on the program.

Ear for Music

• The favorite recreation of Frank Luster, "Boss Baker" in the "Three Bakers" program heard Sunday evenings on WJZ, is playing the accordian, something he has never done over the air.

Curtis Institute Music

• Programs featuring the 310-piece student orchestra of the Curtis Institute of Music, under the direction of Fritz Reiner, and outstanding pupils in the Institute's different departments, is broadcast every Friday afternoon from 1:00 to 3:45 P.M. over WABD. The broadcasts originate in the studios of Columbia's Philadelphia station, WCAU, and for orchestral programs in the Orchestra Hall of the Institute.

Founded eight years ago by Mrs. Mary Louise Curtis Bok, widow of Edward Bok and daughter of Cyrus H. K. Curtis, the Institute has a permanent endowment of $12,500,000 (there being no charge of tuition). Joseph Hofman, world-famous pianist, is the general director, and associated with him on the faculty are Mme. Marcella Sembrich, Efrem Zimbalist, Emilio de Gogorza, Felix Salmon and Louis Baily.

Lovely Radio Crooner

BETH CHALLIS

• Beth Challis, musical comedy star is one of WOR's favorite crooners. She appears over this station every Wednesday at 8:30 P.M., with Jack Arthur and his two pianos.

A Miniature Rainbow

• Bing Crosby, sartorially, is the most colorful figure radio has seen in a long time. Bing effects green coats, red ties, blue shirts and yellow handkerchiefs— all at one time! His manager and brother, Everett, explains that Bing is color-blind, which may account for the medley of color. The fact is, that Bing has a mad penchant for anything bright in hue, with the result that his ensemble is usually akin to a rainbow in miniature.

And, by some coincidence, the popular crooner's theme song is labelled, "When the Blue of the Night Meets the Gold of the Day!"

Going—Going—Done!

• Calvin Keech takes you among the furnishings of his new apartment and points with pride to a hand carved cabinet. "The doors are over two inches thick," he will tell you, "and the figures have been carved out of the solid panel." The cabinet once reposed in an auction booth, which is the chief reason why Calvin believes the only place to buy furniture is at an auction.

Dixie Nightingale

• Roxy called her "Little Vasa," but at the Columbia Broadcasting System this popular diminutive prima donna is now being called the "Dixie Nightingale." This came about because of her sensational work on the "Snowdrift Southern Melodies" program on the CBS-Disc Network.

When Adele Vasa was eight she began reading music and at twelve was giving successful concert recitals. Her musical education started at the age of four, when her fingers were so small that they had to be stretched to increase the span. But today Adele has deserted the piano for voice, for when she was eighteen years of age someone discovered she had a voice and brought her to Walter Kies-wetter, the famous teacher of voice culture, who stated after hearing Adele sing that he had never heard an untrained voice of such timber and quality. In a short time Kinswetter, who is still her coach, had her on tour.

Her professional singing career began in earnest in 1916 when she opened at the Rivoli Theatre in New York. Her next engagement was with Roxy in his new theatre. She had been with him about three months when Vladimir Rosing of the American Opera Company heard her and afterwards she became prima donna of that group.

In 1930 she joined the staff of the Columbia Artist bureau and has been featured on such programs as the Grand Opera Series, Paramount and the Curtis Institute.

Adele Vasa is credited with having the largest vocal range of any artist on the air.

She is famous in radio circles for her sumptuous parties at her luxurious pent-house apartment atop an exclusive Park Avenue skyscraper. Here one may always find the elite of the radio, stage and screen worlds. Newspapers find Adele Vasa's home one place where they can always gather news about the intimate doings of our celebrities.
A gala program arranged by WLWL will be given aboard the Hamburg-American Liner, S.S. New York, on November 16th, at 7:30 P.M.

Nanette Guilford, beloved Metropolitan Opera Star, will sing a number of concert selections. Charles Premrac, known best to other enthusiasts as Pierre Brugnon on the 'Evening in Paris' programs over the Columbia network, Sylvia Hammerslough, charming concert soprano, and Rose Spinelli, WLWL's favorite soloist will also be there to enliven the program. A number of other radio and stage stars are expected to be heard during this broadcast.

Radio Guide

Advertising Rates
(Effective October 19, 1931)

General Advertising
Per page line, New York Edition...$125.00
These are temporary rates based on a guaranteed average of two years circulation of the issue inserted in 1931. Orders for advertising in these rates accepted only for insertion in issues issued during the balance of 1931.

Mechanical Requirements
Pages are 6 columns wide by 190 square inches deep-900 square lines to the page.
1 page (800 lines)...$1.45 a 14x14 inches
2 columns (900 lines)...$2.05 a 14x14 inches
4 columns (400 lines)...$1.45 a 14x14 inches
6 columns (600 lines)...$2.45 a 14x14 inches
Halftones $3 Screen. Max or Stereotypes not acceptable.

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Radio Guide
475 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Telephone: (Ealington, 2-437)

**RADIOODITIES**

- PHIL COOK, the Quaker Oat Company's one-man army of voices, has been in radio nearly nine years and in all that time has used only his own songs.

- Mrs. HARRIET HOOVER, the wife of the president of these United States is credited with having the best woman radio voice in the country.

- BEN BERNES, the funniest orchestra leader in radio, didn't create a howl when he gave his dog one of the rarest names in dogdom. The pet is known as "Fido."

- ARTHUR JARRETT, "America's Song Stylist", points with pride to the fact that his father once was a professional baseball player and held down third base with the Boston Red Sox in 1907.

- WAYNE KING, the Texan Baton Brandisher, collects imported pipes but prefers to burn tobacco via the cigarette manner.

- DON STOUTER never directed a radio show or a theatrical production before he tackled the intricate March of Time broadcast.

- VINCENT SORBET and FRANKIE RICH are two Columbia's youngest orchestra leaders and two of radio's oldest.

- ALICE REMSEN of WOR has been a notable public these past eight years.

- PHIL SMITHLY is one of three brothers all leaders of orchestras.

- LEIBERT LOMBARDO, one of the Lombardo orchestra boys of WABC fame, has a queer ambition. He is studying to be a moving picture photographer.

- MINNIE BLAUMAN, an announcer, is in her case one of the radio's oldest. She is learning the club's favorite ballad, "Succatash".

- FREDDIE RICH, who has had a job to tackle the man army of voices, has been heard as the only man coach of male baseball players in the world.

- PATRICK K. REYNOLDS, of WABC, is the only woman coach of male baseball players in the world.

- GEORGE BEECHER, one of WABC's best baritone announcers, began his professional career as a boy soprano in St. Alban's Cathedral.

- JEFF SPARKS was once a juggler by trade and choice.

**More Educational Programs**

- A Radio Guide reporter asked an important station executive, the other day, why the broadcasting stations hadn't gone in for educational programs, to a greater extent. How fine it would be, our reporter reasoned, to educate the whole nation by broadcasting, regularly, complete courses in languages, mathematics and the arts and sciences. "People wouldn't listen," our informant replied. "When they tune in, they want entertainment. Educational features have never proved popular."

That's easy to understand, but is it not, also, probably true that the thirst for knowledge is strong and universal? Possibly past response hasn't been favorable because the courses weren't intelligently planned, interestingly offered. Probably such courses will, some day, be offered, and those adults, whose training has been neglected, will then have the opportunity to profit by them. Hundreds of thousands tune in for the auction and contract bridge lessons; would not many more be interested in things more helpful?

Anyway, it's an intriguing prospect.

**The Town Gossip**

- WALTER WINCHELL, the town gossip, is heard three times weekly on the Lucky Strike Dance Hour. The program is heard from 10:00 to 11 P.M., over WEAF. This new program which was inaugurated a few weeks ago, is today heralded as one of the greatest steps forward in radio entertainment on record.

It is said that plans are under way to bring the listener a cosmopolitan flavor in his music by broadcasting the most famous orchestras from London and the Continent—rebroadcasting them for American listeners.

- **Was Private Instructor**
  - H. V. Kaltenborn, spokesman on the air for S. W. Strauss & Co., was once private instructor to Vincent Astor.

- **Rah, Rah, Princeton!**
  - Princeton's famous Triangle Club seems to be an apt training school for radio. Several of Columbia's younger generation were contemporaries at Princeton and acted together in the Triangle Club. Announcer Bill Beeton was a leading man in the club's productions.

- **New Art Student**
  - Alfred Corn, who plays the role of "Sammy" in "The Rise of the Goldbergs", has enrolled at the Student Art League to study stage design.

**ACKNOWLEDGMENT**

RADIO GUIDE has received hundreds of letters and telegrams commanding the publication and offering valuable constructive criticism. We gratefully acknowledge that there have been so many of these communications, that they have come from every section of the East, from as far south as South Carolina, from the Middle West and from all of New England. The majority, of course, are from the New York Metropolitan district.

RADIO GUIDE'S chief gratification, however, is its, "friend with a purpose" which is manifest in all of these messages. Practically every writer of radio, who writes that RADIO GUIDE is just what radio fans have been waiting for.

Since we must forego the pleasure of replying individually to each of these communications, we want to make this acknowledgment of them in our colomn. The many valuable suggestions they contain will have our earnest and grateful consideration, and we trust that our readers will continue to give us the benefit of their instructions and the benefit of their instructions in the end that we may make RADIO GUIDE of maximum interest and profit to the radio audience.
Those Mills Brothers—Radio's Overnight Sensation

• They're just four slightly bewildered negro boys—the Mills Brothers.

A few months ago they were entertaining the folks in the small towns around Ohio.

Today they are known as the greatest overnight sensation in radio. Their voices are heard by millions of listeners throughout the country through the medium of a network of stations linked together by WABC in New York.

Yet their meteoric rise was not brought about through an advance exhibition. The three camels were not shocked with wads of publicity matter, but instead, the boys went out on the air "cold", with no advance ballyhoo.

Their attractive radio audience, more receptive to entertainment value than the theatre, acclaimed them immediately as a new "find". Hundreds of letters literally poured into the studio. The telephone switchboard was jammed with calls from frantic listeners who wondered where they were, and what kind of instruments the boys played, not knowing that their voices alone simulated the tones of musical instruments with the exception of a guitar accompaniment.

These four youths, not one of whom is over eighteen, are already contracted with Paramount Theatres for personal appearances at $150 per week. Florian Ziegfeld, with a knowing eye toward box-office value, has engaged the boys under a run-of-the-play contract for his next musical, and a number of advertisers are said to be dickering for their services on a sponsored broadcast.

This overnight hit is today listed as one of the most unusual freaks in the history of radio entertainment.

With Jolly Russians

• Two of the most promising artists that appear on the program, and are already known as the Jolly Russians over WOR on Tuesdays at 2:35 p.m., are Zinaida Nicolina and Lidia Kucherekoff.

Both artists are native Russians and fled to this country at the time of the Russian Revolution. Miss Nicolina, the daughter of a Russian admiral, was educated in the Supreme Court, fled with her family to Crimea and from there was smuggled through to Turkey. While in Turkey, Zinaida stayed at the palace as the guest of Sultan Rafa, daughter of the late Sultan Abdul Hamid. It was there that Michael Tolstoy, son of the world-famous writer heard her voice and was so impressed by her singing that he persuaded her to go to Paris where he is director of the Conservatory.

In one of her concerts she was heard by Balieff, famous director at the Dave Sours Theatre. He engaged her to come to America.

• They also bring to light that those of the theatre whose duty it is to entertain, are keeping a close watch on radio material. Theatre men are beginning to realize the value of radio hits for stage presentation. Those who have swelled the box-office treasury during the last six months have been radio favorites.

The Mills boys, who incidentally, are really brothers, came to New York from Piqua, Ohio, with their mother. They are but four years apart in age. John, 13; Herbert, 15; Harry, 16; and Donald, 17. John is the bass, tuba and third trumpet—that's how they call themselves—and in addition, plays their only instrument, the guitar. Herbert plays, or rather sings, the second trumpet, saxophone and trombone. Harry does the first trumpet, baritone solos, and "licks"—which in ordinary English means; unusual hot intonations. Young Don is the 'kid' of the quartet, and he looks as though he is wearing his first pair of long pants.

They started singing together when but little shavers. At first the boys performed for pennies, nickels and dimes on the sidewalks of Main Street. Their father, a barber, wishing to keep them off the streets, set them up as entertainers in his barbershop. Business doubled overnight. Customers liked to be entertained while waiting for their shaves.

Later, the Mills Brothers induced the manager of the local opera house to give them a chance. By this time, they had developed that unique "in instrumental" harmony which happened quite by accident.

It seemed that John, who had managed to learn a few notes on the trumper, was offered a job playing in a local colored boys band. Not having an instrument of his own, he tried vainly to borrow one. But alas, not one could be found. He made a last-minute attempt to offer his services by imitating the wanted instrument for just half the pay for his night's engagement, but the leader of the band, a firm believer in real instruments, refused an imitation and John lost the job.

It gave him an idea however. He told his brothers about it and they each picked out several instruments. They listened carefully to every orchestra they heard in order to perfect their effect.

During their stay at the opera house even the elements seemed to be against them. It rained continuously and heavily for three nights, but the theatre was jammed to the doors at all performances. The boys were paid $40.00 a night.

Last year they moved to Cincinnati where they appeared at various smokers, socials and other entertainments. They were a hit everywhere they went. Finally a local radio station placed the boys on the air. They learned more and more songs and in time could sing more than 150 numbers from memory.

When it was suggested that they make a bid for the "big time" broadcasting in New York, they were a bit doubtful. The boys didn't think that they could "click" in the big city. Finally it was decided they would venture East only if their mother accompanied them. She consented, and to New York and fame they came.

At the Studios

• The 24th floor of the Columbia Broadcasting Building between the hours of three and five on a Friday afternoon. . . . . The Brad (Nir-wins) Brown's thirteen-and-a-half months old pride and joy stopping all work at Zanuck. Nobody can stand seeing and watching his rapid progress across the floor on his fat little knees. . . . Henry Dubrig placing his hat on the baby's straight back to get a laugh. . . . . The son of Brad Brown, funster, able to turn a situation to his own advantage, sitting up and over onto the hat. . . . Bradford Jr., getting the laugh. . . . Emery Deutsch appearing suddenly and dropping onto one of the divans complaining of the fact that although he had ten hours sleep last night he is still tired. . . . Channon Collinge getting off of the elevator with an elastic step ready to gather up all the Caroladrites for rehearsal . . . Emery D. remarking that he wished Mr. Collinge's pep. . . . Vonzel rushing from one studio to another giving out smiles and cheery hails to all.

Olive Palmer

• Olive Palmer, star soprano of the Palmolive Hour over WEF on Wednesdays at 9:15 p.m., has never missed a performance nor taken a vacation during the past four years. Because she is allowed only two repeats a year, she has sung over a thousand songs. Miss Palmolay says that people prefer the songs that have true melody and sentiment, and she tries to include that type in her programs.

This talented star is a pioneer in the field of radio entertainment. She has sung on numerous programs, and has made scores of phonograph records.

Altar Bound

• Catherine Renwick, radio actress, and John Holbrook, announcer, have announced their engagement. No definite date has been set for the wedding.

Miss Renwick is well-known in radio circles for her work on various NBC programs. Holbrook is a newcomer to the NIBC staff.

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When Your Radio Needs Attention

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