INGRID BERGMAN
Now appearing in Warner Brothers film "Casablanca"
See page 2

Complete Novelette—"HELPMATE"

Photo-Story: "Casablanca"
Eddie Cantor Still Bowls 'Em Over
Words by
MAY S.
BRENN

GEE! BUT I'M HAPPY
Music By
PETER
DE ROSE

Allegro molto

Gee! but I'm glad that I met you dear, I've waited long for you.

I know I'll never forget you dear, tell me that you love me too.

Gee! but I'm happy to have some-body like you, (Some-body like you.)

Gee! but it thrills me to know some-body so true, (That some-one is you)

You took a-way all my

THIS IS A RADIO GUIDE GIFT SONG
FOUR RACKETS THE GOOD WILL COURT EXPOSED

HARRIED BY ITS ENEMIES, THE GOOD WILL COURT STANDS FIRM, POINTS TO ITS RECORD!

DOES the Good Will Court really help people?

Some members of the bar are insisting that it does not. Some educators and psychologists and other gentlemen with jaw-breaking names are saying that A. L. Alexander's weekly forum is something of a nuisance and a menace.

But up to now, nobody has remembered to put the question to the man or woman who has taken his trouble to the Good Will Court and asked for help.

So, Ramo Guins looked up that man and the woman—and the answer is definite, unmistakable, and worth anybody's second thought.

Sitting at home beside a snug fireside, in a well-cushioned easy chair, it is easy to shut out the thought that the world is full of wolves—human wolves who prey on weak or unsuspecting human sheep. So the average man isn't worrying much about chisellers or petty racketeers, in nine out of ten cases, he doesn't even realize they exist.

But they do exist! And the knowledge we have of them is our answer to whether or not the Good Will Court really helps people.

We all are familiar with the Good Will Court which meets the ear each Sunday night. These additional facts about it are significant. First, its ministers, whether they are good or bad, require a staff of seven people who, under A. L. Alexander's direction, do nothing but devote themselves to following up cases and providing individual attention to those who appear on the program.

Out of approximately thirty-five people who sit in the guarded studio each Sunday, only eighteen or twenty can be squeezed into the broadcast portion of the court. But when listeners hear the final sign-off read by Mr. Alexander, that is not the end of the job to be done in studio 8-H.

Now the judges push aside their microphone and devote themselves completely to those whose cases were not called before. Now the parade of pitiful stories marches not into a metal mike but directly into the ears of sympathetic judges.

EVEN here, the cases remain only numbers; names are never mentioned. The effort to keep the identity of each case secret has been one of the Court's most difficult battles. An echo of it was in a recent column of O. O. McIntyre, who said:

"No person sinks so low as the shyster who abandons his ethics. From chasing ambulances to heart-balm blackmail is the usual slinky route. Just now the radio Court of Good Will is revealing again the depths of his degradations. The miserable folk who go there for a little free advice are waylaid by the lawyers or their (Continued on Page 14)
IT IS late of a Winter afternoon in Los Angeles. The street lights and the lights in shop windows are beginning to flicker on. The brief dusk has fallen.

Outside the Major Theater there is the customary crowd—milling, jostling, pushing—trying to get in. The "Hollywood Hotel" program is about to go on the air.

Inside, backstage, everything is hustle and bustle. The excitement and glamour that preceded the raising of the curtain in a legitimate theater have been recaptured as I have never seen it elsewhere.

In the center of a small group, laughing, chatting, joking, is a waif of a girl. She is Anne Jamison, the Jimmy of the program. I look at her curiously for a minute or two before I make my way over to her. She is blond, blue-eyed, fair-skinned, yellow-haired, petite, vivacious. She is different from most stars one sees in their unguarded moments. She is alive.

"Hello," she says cordially, extending her hand. "Why don't you go out front and see the show? I can't talk to you now, but we'll meet afterward."

So I watch the show and study Anne, enjoying the unstudied grace with which she moves, the effortlessness with which she sings—the smile that springs so readily to her lips. As we leave the theater after the broadcast, the crowd outside clutches at her. Autograph books by the dozen are shoved at her. Hands grab at her coat, her handkerchief, her gloves.

"Anne smiles—and signs."

When the last book has been autographed, she draws a deep breath, fills her lungs to the brim, and smiles.

"It's good to be alive," she murmurs. Then her voice takes on a wistful note: "I actually took me years merely to learn to live.

I NEVER really had a childhood. When I was quite young my father thought I had an unusual voice and he set about having it developed. He dramatized the joys of success to me—an painted vivid word pictures of the glory that would be mine if I'd work hard. Then he explained that the only person one can rely upon for help is oneself—that the most one can do for oneself is, unaided, to develop whatever talents one has.

"Children are easily impressed, and naturally I was fired with enthusiasm and a determination to make something of myself."

It is to Anne's credit that she has never wavered for a moment in that determination. But the price she paid for her success was a big one. As she says, she never had a childhood. Instead of hop-scotch and jackies, there were the incessant singing lessons. Many a time she looked out the window at her school friends, dancing and playing in the streets. Looked at them regretfully, and turned back to her singing practice. Perhaps it was that lack of a normal girlhood that made her the little sober-sides she has been until recently.

"Fortunately," she told me, "I never regarded those lessons, with their accompanying hours of practise, as drudgery. My father taught me to look on them as my amusement—my life, almost. If I had to forego other pleasures—well, you can't eat your cake and have it. Daddy painted such glowing pictures of the success I'd be when I was grown that I almost felt sorry for the children who were wasting those precious hours! When we were grown up, I'd be somebody. Everyone would be thronging around me and they would be slaving away at desks, leading dull, unromantic lives."

Anne Jamison was born in Belfast, Ireland. Her nickname is "Annie Rooney." When she was quite young, her father (an English army officer) was transferred to South India. After a few years, her father had himself transferred back to Ireland, since the teachers in the small town where they lived had nothing further to offer Anne.

It was toward the close of the war, when the Irish were staging their revolt for freedom, that drama first brushed her with its wings. A close friend of the family—a man prominent in politics—whom Anne called "Uncle John"—told her. She was standing in the doorway watching for him. As he came swinging down the street, she suddenly saw men in hiding all around her. As he came into full view, there was a fusillade of shots and "Uncle John" dropped in his tracks.

Anne screamed, and fainted. Her first contact with death! Never to see "Uncle John" again! Never to hear him talk and laugh! The thought was terrifying. Her father, hearing her scream, rushed to her side and saw what had happened.

THEY were the only witnesses to the shooting. Anonymous letters were stuck under their door advising them to leave Ireland before they could be called by the coroner for testimony. They left next day for England.

A few short hours after their departure, their home was riddled with machine-gun slugs. The only thing in the entire house that escaped injury was Anne's piano. It stood untouched as, during the war, numberless churches and cathedrals remained unharmed in towns that bombs and cannon riddled.

As those unsecured churches stood as symbols of the power of the Almighty, so Anne's unharmed piano became—to her—a symbol of her destiny. It was crated and shipped to her in London. She still has it...

When her father was wounded in the war he was discharged from the army. They removed to Guelph, Canada—a town of 2,400 souls—most of whom had been saved. It was what you might describe as a small but God-fearing community. It was deadly dull.

Anne soon returned to England for two years' further training. At the end of that time she was not only a finished lyric soprano, she was an accomplished coloratura soprano as well. Returning to America, she descended upon Toronto, Canada, because it was

hard work came first, "lucky breaks" second in the horatio alger story of anne jamison's rise to a place in radio's sun!
the city nearest to her home. An em- 
sassy from one of the broadcasting 
companies heard her in a concert, and 
the next day she was signed for radio 
work.

O
F
HE
R
open
ning a
ppearance on
the
air, Anne tells a humorous story. 
"There was only one microphone. The 
anouncer used that, and when he fin-
ished he was to step aside so I could 
get up to it without loss of time. In-
stead of stepping aside, he stepped 
back. I wasn't expecting that. As he 
was in a hurry to get out of the way, 
we collided with considerable force. I 
was knocked flat.

"There were only two bars of in-
troduction to my number. The orches-
tra had to play them a second time to 
give me a chance to scramble to my 
feet. So, you see," she finished tri-
umphant, "I really entered radio 
with a bang!"

How long she sang over the radio in 
Toronto, I don't know. But all of a
sudden, Anne found herself in love
with a harpist. Love and marriage 
were something she previously had 
considered the way, she finished 
her story. "So I married him, and we
lived happily ever after!"

Her singing in Toronto had all been
done for the local CBS station. Armed
with letters of introduction to the
New York offices of the chain, and fortif-
ied by the presence of her younger sister,
she presented herself confidently at
these offices.

T
H
E
Y
were friendly, polite—and that
was all. There was nothing, abso-
lutely nothing, for which they could
use her, but they would be glad to
keep her in mind. Then somebody
suddenly remembered that on July 5, CBS was going to hold an audi-
ition for a singer to play Dick Powell's
radio sweetheart on the Hollywood
Hotel broadcast.

"But," Anne protested in dismay, 
"they probably want a hotcha singer. 
I can't sing that type of music!"

"Here's a list of the songs from 
which you can take your pick," she 
was told.

Of the entire list there was only one
she could possibly sing—"L'amour tou-
jours l'amour." She sang it in the au-
idition and placed eighth. Eighth in 
the New York audition—and every state in 
the union was conducting a similar 
contest! Only the winners in each 
state could enter the finals. Anne got
exactly nowhere in her first attempt.

Her CBS hopes faded. There was 
still NBC. But if, with her creden-
tials, she had failed to find work at
CBS, what chance had she at the
other network where she had no con-
nexions? Her never-say-die spirit
finally triumphed, however, and she
secured an appointment for an audi-
tion.

W
H
EN
the audition was finished and
Anne found herself, with her kid
sister, back on the streets, she turned 
to her sister. "Nothing will come of
it," she said hopelessly. "Let's go to a
picture show."

That was one of the few times in
her life Anne had permitted herself the
luxury of discouragement and self-
pity. In the friendly darkness of the
theater, she wept.

At eight o'clock next morning her
phone started ringing frantically. As
she sleepily reached for the instru-
ment, she little dreamed it was the bell
to fame. It was NBC. "We've been
trying to get you since five minutes
after you left home yesterday," he was
informed.

When Anne arrived at the studios
there was a contract already prepared
for her signature. And for nothing
less than the prima donna role in the
Beauty Box broadcasts of famous
operatic! For weeks she and Gladys
Swarthout alternated in the leads.

(Continued on Page 16)
YOU can't win. Ordinary people, with homes and children to worry them or jobs to fill, don't have a chance in today's prize-money contests—because almost all of the easy gold goes to a chosen few.

"The members of this charmed circle are clever, brilliant—with minds sharper than the gossip of wagging tongues. They are the professionals of contesting—craftsmen who create catchy slogans or perfect picture-puzzles almost without effort. And most of all, each of them has had a personal smile and pat on the back from the Goddess of Fortune."

Those are the bogeys that haunt and discourage casual readers of the contest sponsors' glowing invitations to accept their money. But those old bugbears are not true. The truth is that most of today's steady winners are women—and most of those women are housewives! They are not unusual people. The very fact that they are like so many others is their greatest asset in contesting. And they prove by their success the opportunity that exists for all of us to share in today's flood of quick riches.

Recently, Radio Guide presented a series of articles by a leading contest authority—A-B-C explanations of the newest big business in America: contesting. These articles told of the contest business from the inside—how they are judged, how some entries are disqualified, what prejudices the prominent judges have. Last week, a radio reporter gave you seven secrets of contesting today—revealing a great many never-before-published facts about reaping your share of the

$11,000,000 given away in America every year. Now I am going to try to break down some of the false beliefs that keep many from entering the spare-time sport that has swept the country during the past few years.

ORDINARILY people can't win? Winners are brilliant? Lucky? Let's look at one of the most successful persons in the game, and see whether those questions need further answer.

Mrs. Annette Victorin is a housewife of suburban Chicago. She has a full-time job, caring for her home, bringing up her small son—housewives need not be told that! Yet, since 1930, when she entered her first prize contest, she has won an average of two prizes every week! She has been given second-place honors in the tabulation of All-American Contestars.

Mrs. Victorin is well qualified to be anybody's example of a big-money contest-winner!
One day in 1930, she was an average housewife, concerned with the night’s menu and the morning’s laundry. On the next, she threw open the portals of a new career in contesting—although at the time she gave less thought to it than she did to the emptying of the vacuum cleaner. And on that day, an ever-growing parade of expressionists, postmen and deliverymen has flung up her front walk. For if you can build a better contest entry today, the world will beat a path to your door—a gold-paved highway over which will come all the things of your heart’s desire. And yet, despite all this success of hers, Mrs. Victorin remains today as she was then—a housewife, worried a little over her boy’s kicking the toes out of his shoes, and a lot about the furniture in the living-room.

**THAT** fact is important. For if she were not just that—if she were in any way different from millions of other housewives—she would have had little success in the kind of contests she enters. Most sponsors “slant” their contests to interest women, for it is women who have the money important to the manufacturers. Women buy the world’s goods. Women’s advice, given in contest entries, is money in the till to the smart manufacturer who can find out what women everywhere are thinking. Mrs. Victorin is an ordinary person—and a winner! She disproves our first bogey—that contest winners are unusual people.

And the fact is even more important to you, because, if you are an average person, you have a fine chance in contesting. Indeed, you have the best chance if you are, because in that case your opinions mean enough to be worth the sponsors’ money. You can speak for the rest of the world, telling what a particular manufacturer’s buyers think. For a golden contest prize, filled with all the things she had dreamed of since her house-chest saw its first frilled doily.

How has she done it? She’s used the very simplest way in the world! Mrs. Victorin, like every housewife, had stood at the kitchen table and fought with a rebellious half-pint of whipping-cream that would not whip. So, she entered a dairy contest, and told what she thought of such goings-on. For that entry, she won a MIX-Master that has taken the grief out of her fancy salads and desserts.

After standing before a hot fire and supervising the sizzling of a thick, juicy steak, she had it ruined by a tasteless sauce. So she shopped around until she found a dressing better suited to her care-cooked meats. Then she wrote to the manufacturer of that catsup, when a contest was announced.

I'm a steak, and I'm doing the talking. Believe me, no matter how juicy I am, or how much I swim in butter, how well done or how rare I'm made, and no matter how many heaps of creamy spuds hug my side... or what lusty vegetable soups close... I'm absolutely not perfect unless I'm generously garnished with—CATSUP!

If you doubt me—ask any man! When the living-room suite began to look a little frayed, Mrs. Victorin entered a contest sponsored by a local furniture company. She won a new one. Another company sponsored a slogan contest—and in that one she won the big radio that fits so perfectly with that furniture. Dull hours in the kitchen, she brightened by winning a smaller radio in another contest. Now, with it, she can listen for new contest announcements all day long!

Because she had used it herself, she spoke with conviction in a contest sponsored by a floor-wax company. Her entry was simply:

Dependable as a physician, useful as a servant, yet inexpensive as a newspaper!

That slogan brought home a check. Had she been anything but a housewife, she would never have had the viewpoint the sponsors demanded of their winners. Makers of soaps, food-stuff, and toilet articles care absolutely nothing what men think of their products. And they worry little about the geniuses among women. Their products are bought by the average housewife... used by the average woman. In a contest sponsored by the maker of a cleaning compound, she wrote:

Columbus took a chance... but I don't! I use... for particular household chores—and I'm sure of results... . .

She won. And she won again—for this entry in a contest sponsored by a company which makes a harmonizing nail polish and lipstick.

I can't stop others from looking ill-posed with clashing colors, but I can set an example and DO, by using... for my nails and lips.

Every time some special need has arisen in her home, Mrs. Victorin has met it with a slogan or an answer to a sponsor's question. She has changed her dreams into realities. And she has done that, not with works of genius, but with the sincerity of an appreciative consumer. None of the entries reprinted above are world-shaking—but they are all prize-winners! Anyone one who can feel the glow of sincerity—and express it—can win!

**THAT** is the reply to the second of our contest bogeys. It is the inspiration of great intellect that wins—it is the friendly cooperation with manufacturers that pleases the judges.

But what about luck—the unknown something that supposedly makes the contest judge, worn down by the scanning of thousands of entries, snatch one entry out of a pile, run the lack of his hand across his weary eyes, and proclaim for the world to hear,
SOMEWHERE in your psychological makeup, perchance, there lurks a little inferiority complex. If so, fellow sufferer, hark to the singular story of the "Feisty" Cure, which led young Myrtle Eleanor Cooper to the heights.

Chances are, you never heard of the Feisty Cure (pronounced "festy" with a long "i"). It's entirely possible you won't recognize the name Myrtle Eleanor Cooper.

The truth is, Myrtle Eleanor Cooper is Lulu Belle—she of the dimples, curly brown hair and sparkling blue eyes—star of the National Barn Dance and Radio Queen of 1936 by virtue of RADIO GUIDE's far-flung fan contest.

As to the Feisty Cure, it's a tough one to explain. Let's begin by considering the New Webster International Dictionary's definition of inferiority complex:

"A morbid sense of personal inferiority, resulting in timidity or, through over-compensation, in exaggerated aggressiveness."

Lulu Belle's perfectly distressing inferiority complex, luckily, didn't result in timidity, except perhaps, in her extreme youth. The outcome was more nearly a case of exaggerated aggressiveness. To be precise, her inferiority complex blossomed into a "feisty disposition," as they have it down in the Big Smoky Mountains of North Carolina, where she was born and reared.

HOW A MOUNTAIN LASS FOUGHT HER WAY FROM CAROLINA'S BIG SMOKIES TO FLORIDA TO CHICAGO TO RUSTIC HEY-HEY ON RADIO'S BARN DANCE!
They talked about it, candidly, in that delightful native drawl which defies imitation, during an interview in their very ritzy front apartment on Chicago's North Side. A far cry, that fashionable manner, from the most modest birthplace of Queen Lulu Belle in altiludious Boone, North Carolina.

THEY included Queen Lulu Belle, wearing a simple polka-dotted house dress and a right regal smile; her sandy-haired, genial husband, Skyland Scotty Wiseman, maestro of fiddle, “git-tar” and mountain ballad; Mrs. Sidney Knupp Cooper, an amazingly young and alert grandmother at forty-eight, up from Miami to hobnob with her offspring; and Lulu Lou Wiseman, by long odds the most precious jewel in this cozy family setting.

Red-headed Linda Lou's contribution to the interview was an occasional boisterous gurgle or an equally plain-spoken go-get. Linda Lou is ten months old.

Skyland Scotty afforded the most light on this mysterious word, "feisty.” Born in 1909 in the “Land of the Sky” near Asheville, North Carolina, where his kinfolk have dominated things for more than a century, he is a hillbilly authority. Said Scotty:

"Down our way there's a pestiferous number of small, sassy, entirely good-for-nothin' pups which are known to one and all as feisty dogs. Don't ask me where they got that name for 'em. But feisty, in the Big Smokies, has come to mean sassy—pert—quick on the come-back."

"And that feisty attitude, believe it or not," broke in the Queen of the Barn Dance with a disarming smile, "turned out to be my best defense against the inferiority complex which I found it impossible to shake.

"Deep inside of me I've felt a good deal like those feisty mutts—good for nothin'—for as long as I can remember." She seemed to think that was a great many years. (As a matter of record she will be just twenty-three years old on next Christmas Eve. Yes, sir. Lulu Belle—pardon, Myrtle Eleanor—was a Yuletide present down in Boone. And what a gift to the Cooper clan she has turned out to be!)

I NEVER could feel the equal of persons I met. I saw nothing in my personality or my so-called talent that could possibly interest others. So—and I guess you'd call this a sort of defense mechanism—I developed the feisty trait—the habit of having a ready retort, a snappy wise-crack for every occasion. It didn't make me feel superior, really, but it did seem to prevent others from catching on to just how little I thought I was worth."

Lulu Belle fell into one of her rare moments of earnestsness. Her brow was furrowed as she remarked quietly:

"That trick of mine certainly stood me in good stead during my early days on the National Barn Dance. Truth is, a good many of those folks weren't very nice to me right after I joined the troupe in the fall of 1922. They—"

"Tut-tut, now, Honey," Scotty interrupted, wagging a finger. "Why bring that up? It's all over and forgot-ten, you know. That's all past now."

But Lulu Belle was not to be turt-tutted. She laughed good-naturedly, but she went right on:

"Oh, I don't blame them, but it's perfectly true. No business in the world is more competitive than the radio game. And there is plenty of professional jealousy, as any newcomer will tell you. The jobs are limited, you know, and so many are trying for them. It was natural, I suppose, for some of the gang to want to edge me right out of the picture if possible.

"That's where my feisty technique came in handy. For every 'rib' they handed me I tossed one back. At last they accepted me as one of them."

Kindly Mrs. Cooper, gazing through her spectacles at Lulu Belle with par- donable complacency, broke a long silence:

"And that's what these kids have come to call the Feisty Cure," she said.

WITh a glance of real affection toward Scotty Wiseman she continued, in that vein of frankness which seems to be a family trait:

"I give my son-in-law a lot of credit for helping Myrtle to master that inferiority trouble of hers. The fact is, I liked Scotty from the minute I clapped eyes on him. He and Myrtle were born in the same neck-o'-the-woods, you know, but they never met until both were broadcasting at WLS. Why, I remember the day I said to Myrtle:

"Why don't you just set your cap for that young Scotty fellow, gal?"

Lulu Belle protested blushingly and Scotty roared. Even pudgy Linda Lou chortled appreciation of this sally. Ma Cooper waved them aside, talked on easily, fluently.

"I don't know what possessed Myrtle to think so little of her talent. Why, she was a hit from the start! And there wasn't any inferiority complex when she made her debut before a select family group. She was two years old. I can see her yet, swaying in perfect rhythm and making a great effort to get the words straight. The song? Sure I remember. It was 'Sweet Maggie.'"

The speaker thought for a moment, (Continued on Page 45)

Lulu Belle and Husband Skyland Scotty. They plan to go back to the mountains
"GOD BLESS YOU ALL"
"GOD SAVE THE KING"

At long last, I am able to say a few words of my own. I have never wanted to withhold anything, but until now it has not been constitutionally possible for me to speak.

A few hours ago, I discharged my last duty as King and Emperor, and now that I have been succeeded by my brother, the Duke of York, my first words must be to declare my allegiance to him. This I do with all my heart.

The Complete Text of King Edward VIII's address on the occasion of his abdication. These words were transmitted to listeners around the world by radio in what was probably the most significant broadcast any person now living will ever hear.

Before I return to my native land, but I shall always follow the fortunes of the British race and Empire with profound interest and if at any time in the future I can be of service to his Majesty in a private station I shall not fail.

And now, we all have a new king. I wish him and you, his people, happiness and prosperity with all my heart.

God bless you all! God save the King!

KING EDWARD BROADCAST TO HIS PEOPLE—AND THE WORLD HEARD AN UNFORGETTABLE FAREWELL
Blessings in Disguise

By Lorraine Thomas

Fred Uttal was hired and fired forty-three times. Then he found himself—on the air!

How'd you feel the last time you lost your job? Like dying?—sizzling mad to a frazzie? It doesn't matter. The point is you're secretly felt that your palmy days ended in shame. It was a first for me. I was not secretarial position, that exciting position. I was at the office. Those were the good days. The best set-up you ever had. You've never gotten over it. You've tried to do more breaks just like it, you'd write a bowling success.

That's Fred Uttal's theory, and he should know a few things about luck, since he's one of the most successful free-lance announcers in the industry. Perhaps you're acquainted with him as Don Towne or Ramo Guardia's "Court of Honor" personality, or on some of the other big shows where he's been engaged because of his unusually smooth sideshow and his wide fan following.

He's a huge six-footer with brown eyes and brown hair and a true personality. (The name looks like a tall-tale but it's pronounced u-tell.) He's twenty-eight and handsome, fancy-free, and perfectly sincere. He's missed by the fans.

"Honest! I'm the luckiest guy you ever saw," he said to me. "I lost forty-three jobs in my life."

By all odds, it must have seemed that hereditary Fred should have made the good job from 6 a.m. to 6 eight hours a day at eighteen, became a part of the largest show-making company in New York City. The Uttas were extremely well-to-do. Their daughter, Miss Uttal, is a lovely ex-actress near Mt. Vernon, and had an English governess, a hostess full of expensive toys—an August in Bermuda every Summer.

Uttal had been nine, his first job—selling newspapers at Times Square. He was a help to support the family.

It had come with the success of a Jack squall, Mr. Uttal's squall. He had grown ill. Within six months he had gone. So were his savings for the family. The family, which included a little girl the year's Fred's senior, was ousted from the comfortable spaciousness of Mt. Vernon to three dank, coal-dusty rooms in a Greenwich Village tenement. And Mrs. Uttal opened a tiny bar in an effort to keep them all in fruit and shelter.

Fred sold paper at the Square, paper on the mornings before school, and at Forty and Broadway in the afternoons. Some weeks he made as much as five dollars—all his own! Then his dad died and they couldn't pay the rent on the tenement any more, so they were taken in by relatives in Brooklyn. And Fred had to find himself another job to keep going.

An uncle of Fred's who had once been an actor got Fred's name put on the preferred child-extra list at the then flourishing movie studios of Long Island. During Summers and

In those days, movies were slapped together in pretty short order. They seldom rehearsed a scene at all. They'd simply set the camera, tell the actors what they were supposed to do, then shoot. One fine day when they were filming a big sequence of the battle of Bunker Hill, little Fred Uttal was to be a powder-boy for the troops. He was to start at the camera, run down the line behind the fighting men, and fill their powder-boxes from a horn he carried over his shoulder. D. W. Griffith, the director, explained the procedure to him in detail, and several hours later—after the fifteen hundred extras had been herded into formation and properly instructed—the signal was given to shoot.

The battle started with a mighty crash like hades letting loose. Fred started to run, but he didn't take two steps. His boyish curiosity was so completely intrigued by guns and cannons going off and men screaming and falling fake-dead on the ground that he stood hesitate, in his tracks watching Bunker Hill live again. He forgot that he was even in the picture. Now one fine day when the hubbub. The crew thought the take had gone perfectly and the fifteen hundred extras were dismissed.

The next morning, when the rushes were run, D. W. Griffith was fit to be tied. The camera hadn't taken the battle of Bunker Hill at all. He had taken a picture of the seat of Fred Uttal's pants! One thousand feet of film and several thousand dollars were a total loss because Fred had stood stock-still in front of the camera the whole time!

It was the same months to live that down, but the following Summer Mr. Griffith relented and gave him another opportunity to do a bit part. This time he was the youngest son of a pioneer family feasting a stockade which was being attacked by Indians. The family were to mount their horses, ride off into the distance with the Indians hot on their trail, and take the road to the left.

Fred was thrilled to death to be galloping at breakneck speed on a horse again; he hadn't sat in a saddle since his pony was sold with the home in Mt. Vernon. He did the scene perfectly until they reached the fork in the road, at which point he was so overawed with the sheer excitement of riding a horse that he forgot all about directions and blissfully took the road to the right which stretched away across the green rolling hills of Long Island. Worse still, the Indians followed the lead of the family. That

(Continued on Page 17)
C H I C A G O — One of those accidents which always haunt and threaten stage folk managed to happen last week—and, of all places—it occurred right in the middle of a broadcast! What would you do if your radio Romeo took a notion to faint right in the middle of a love scene? You don't know? Joan Blair knows, and did.

While Willard Farnum was taking the lines of a scene with Laurette Fillbrandt in "A Tale of Today," he fainted. Miss Blaine, noting that Farnum was ill even before he faced the mike, motioned for Sound Technician Don Milian and actress Isabel Ran dolph to assist him to a chair. Then, motioning the studio audience to be quiet, Joan began reading Farnum's lines in an adlib manner so that it appeared that she had been present all of the time. Miss Fillbrandt caught on instantly and worked smoothly with Miss Blaine. They were permitted to see four minutes of the scene without the invisible audience knowing the difference.

Olan Soule and Milian took Farnum to NBC's first-aid room, where he was revived. Over-work was blamed for the incident. In addition to his radio setting, Farnum holds a full-time position with an air-transport company.

January 4 will mark the last Sinclair-sponsored broadcast of the NBC Great Mistra kre Headlining Gus Van. The oil company plans to leave the air entirely after that date.

When Kay Kyser's band plays "I Love You from Coast to Coast," it really means something to George Dunning, his arranger. His lady-love— he will make a permanent hook-up with her on December 23—is Dorothy Hutchins, airline hostess, of Bilkon, Inc. She was born in Panama. They will wed in Kansas City, Mo.

Another backstage drama was enacted last week during the progress of Josef Chevalier's "Musical Camera." In the audience was an old man who followed every movement of Conductor Cherniakowsky. At the program's conclusion, he hurried to the leader, introduced himself, and the pair went into an hysterical old-world embrace. The 89-year-old visitor was Boris Cherniakowsky, twin brother of Josef's father, and at one time a famous conductor in Russia. He taught Josef, the boy, who later studied at the Imperial Conservatory in Petrograd. Since then uncle and nephew had never met until the occasion of this broadcast.

Amos 'n Andy will continue those Friday night minstrel shows and audiences will be permitted to see them. The first two were so warmly welcomed by listeners that the idea has been given the official O.K. By the way, the team's trip to Hollywood will be delayed until the week-end of January 2. They'll broadcast from there starting January 4.

Helen (Virginia Clark) Trent isn't just so sure whom she's in love with— on the air. Since the "Romance of Helen Trent" started, her leading men have included Lester Tremain, Ed Premontis, Hugh Studebaker, Vin Baworth and now David Gahard. Virginia kind of likes the idea. She says variety adds to the romance of life, and as Helen Trent, she's happy keeping herself in a romantic frame of mind.

Right after "Then and Now," the Sears Jubilee show, finished off its concluding performance, its musical director, Clarke Kelsoy, registered into Henrotin Hospital to have a jumpy appendix removed. After convalescence, Kelsoy's plans are indefinite, although he has Hollywood offers.

"Just who did abdicate?" asks Commander E. F. McDonald, Jr., president of the Zenith Radio Corp., who last Thursday morning tuned in the CBS relay of the official BBC announcement of King Edward's resignation. Sir Frederick White, former M. P., a bit ruffled at the mike, referred to the destined ruler both as GEORGE the Eighth—at what was even funnier, as HENRY the Eighth.

TAG LINES: Very ultra ultra was the Count and Countess D'Aiz' sponsored performance of "The Lie" last week at the Drake Hotel. Radio folk in its cast included Willard Waterman, Vincent Price, Robert Johnson, a son, who directed and starred in the picture but did not appear on the hook-up at all because he had to shave off his mustache and have his hair cut close. Fabled by bit-parts, D'Aiz was someone to go places is Florence Starr, the swell anonymous voice you've been hearing for the past year with Roy Campbell's Roglettes... Two new NBC-Chi announcers who worked to the top are Rene Geikie (pronounced Ree Gek-ee), former secretary to Everett Mitchell, and Tom Casey, pay boy until recently... They're headed for the big-time!

WHEN the new Joe Cook show comes to the air January 3 to replace the current Chateau program, featuring Smith Hallie as m.c., the show will add and be unusual novelties. The sponsor has hired Ernie Childs to use the usual arrangements and this is one time music will predominate in importance over the band. There will be no "big name" bandleader.

Gus Haenschin did such a swell job as conductor of the Monday night Firestone program that he may remain on the permanent baton-waver for that show. The sponsor has employed to Gus Haenschin on this program was made necessary by the sudden death of William Daly, gifted musical director.

When Jessica Dragnet takes over her new program January 13, it will be a half-hour operetta with Jessica doing all of the speaking parts, which should please her followers.

Gertrude Nielsen, who is making quite a name for herself in motion pictures, will make another of her too rare appearances on the airwaves when she appears on the quarter of Ben Bernie's broadcast, Tuesday, December 29. In a few weeks Cregar starring work on her second picture, a musical film, with songs composed by Jerome Kern.

At this writing, CBS had already written the hurried version presentation a life story of the Duke of York—just in case King Edward should abdicate, in which event the Duke would become King. Actors had been notified to stand readiness and the show could be placed on the air in a very few minutes. Walter Tetry, 16-year-old actor, is the one picked to play the role of the Duke in his childhood.

Incidentally, the King Edward-Mrs.

Left: Ted Weema (center) is more amused at Fibber McGee's yarn than Molly is. Right: Jack Oakie tries his radio technique on Lily Pons.

Simpson case is causing some amusing incidents in radio. For instance: CBS interrupted a dance program to announce a bulletin, after which the orchestra played "A Fine Romance—With No Kisses." That caused many a ripple of real laughter.

Again this year NBC is preparing a dramatization of the ten most spectacular news stories of the year as selected by the editors of the Associated Press, and will present it over NBC. Thursday evening, December 31. "Headlines of 1936" will have Graham McNamara as announcer, an orchestra and a large dramatic cast with a large assortment of sound effects.

Because of a lack of good amateurs, Fred Allen has started using professional radio people who are employed on the smaller stations, making it the first time that local station people have given one-time appearances on network shows.

Shelia Barrett, who is in a class by herself when it comes to mimicking the upper crust of radio, and the reason is due for a big build-up on the Rudy Vallee hour. Arrangements are being made for her to appear at least twice a month on the Thursday variety show.

Rudy, as you undoubtedly know, has a desire to foster new talent and eventually promote it to big shows. Several of the big-name stars on the airwaves today are graduates of Rudy's program. He has now taken a fancy to Durrelle Alexander, cute singer of the Paul Whiteman troupe of a year ago. Rudy has definitely stated that he will feature Durrelle with his band, but he was mightily pleased with her special efforts for him.

The writers of the Jimmy Braddock show are trying to write Joe Louis into the script. So don't be surprised to hear the Brown Bomber as well as the Champ both on the same program.

Horace Heidt took New York by storm and secured the services of D'Alca's social folk, to assist him at the sumptuous Biltmore Hotel in New York. The top-hat-and-white-social-tie social set applauded his first show heartily.

The following item is from a recent edition of a New York newspaper: "Chased several blocks by a taxi driver after his car was reported to have knocked down pedestrians, Ed Thor- gerson, radio announcer, was arrested at 3 a.m. yesterday at 50th Street and 7th Avenue. He will be arraigned in Traffic Court tomorrow."

K I L O C Y C L E R O M E N T: Colum- bia's Bookie Carter proved to be the most interesting luncheon speaker at the feast tendered him by CBS' Chi crew last week, but much of what Boake said was "off the record"... Hospitalized: Dr. Peter Peterson of Duce bassetos, with an infected jaw... Uncle Earl's Hooters Hot Shots have incor porated. That's real news!
Radio City, N.Y.—

IT HAS happened again! The Show Boat will make another change. Effective December 31, out go Helen Jepson, Rosa Graham (the baritone who wobbles under the ministr of a Mr. Willeoughby) and Sue Hearn (who does Horace Nimble). In their places will appear guest artists.

ON DECEMBER 7, David Freedman, radio’s top-rank comedy writer, took the witness stand in Supreme Court to testify in his action to collect $250,000 from Eddie Cantor, charging the comedian did not live up to a contract. The next morning at 9 o’clock, Freedman was dead, the result of a sudden heart attack. A few weeks afterwards, the Supreme Court declared the action against Cantor had resulted in a mistrial.

THE romantic situation with Ramona, singing-and-playing star for Paul Whiteman, is a bit involved. She’s under the management of her ex-husband and is being seen with places with two others. There’s Ken Hopkins, an arranger for Andre Kostelanetz, for instance. They were due—according to rumor—to be married by Thanksgiving—but weren’t. There’s also Matty Rosen, Bob Marziale’s manager.

DUE to strong censorship, many radio comedians have had to cut their best jokes because they hinge around King Edward and Wally Simpson. Judy, Annie and Zeke Canova were rehearsing some parodies of The Orson Grind’s Swing’ when NBC made them cut this verse:

Words the organ player that swing
Even King Edward starts to sing
Wally Wally Wally Wally.”

HERE is a little-known fact: Mr. and Mrs. Paul Whiteman have an adopted daughter, a 4-year-old blond child they’ve named Margo. They’ve had the child for several months. When “Rhapsody in Blue” was banned from the networks and Paul had to have a substitute theme, Adolph Deutsch, his arranger, composed one. You heard it. It’s name was “The Margo Suite,” named in honor of the new daughter who has brought so much happiness to the once childless Whiteman home.

ON DECEMBER 29 the Mutual network goes Coast-to-Coast with approximately 30 stations. It’s the first real major deal in NBC and CBS. What it will mean, only time will tell.

FRED WARING winds up his programs for Ford on December 28. He and the orchestra couldn’t get together on a new contract. As soon as this fact became known, all radio agents swarmed upon Detroit to try to sell the Fords a new program. At this writing no decisions have been made.

PICKED up in the studios: Although the sponsor denies it, the rumors that Rubinstein, Jan Peerce and Virginia Rea will leave their current show are still buzzing. One sponsor auditioned four shows recently, any one of which he may buy and air. They included Myrt and Marge, a show by Mrs. Gertrude Berg (of the House of Glass and the Goldbergs), Floyd Gibbons, and a one-man Sam Hearn show.

Winchell goes to Hollywood December 14 for his movie with Ben Bernie. It’s to be called “Wake Up and Live.” He’ll be there for several weeks and will broadcast from there.

Hollywood, Calif.—

THE girl of my dreams is the sweetest girl... “We’re talking about pert Frances Langford who has just been chosen sweetheart of Sigma Chi fraternity. She’ll sing the song on Hollywood Hotel, January 7.

HOW would you like to hear a program headlining Jack Benny, Eddie Cantor, Al Jolson and Burns and Allen, with Jack Oakie as master of ceremonies? The Caravan is going Rah! Rah! Rah! with a colleague band and deals are now under way for the above mentioned stars as guests. Oakie of course will have a permanent spot. Talent alone is going to cost the sponsor at least $10,000 per broadcast.

BOB BURNS, the boy from Van Buren, is investing his money wisely. He has been buying real estate and thereby hangs a yarn he’ll probably haunt us for publishing. But here goes.

An elderly couple had a fifteen-acre farm in the San Fernando valley. When money ran low they went to the bank to borrow one hundred dollars to plant new crops in an attempt to save their home. The bank refused the loan and was about to foreclose.

The day before the foreclosure Bob bought the farm. The old couple was preparing to move when Burns stepped in.

He heard their story, gave them permission to stay on the land and financed the planting of new crops—profits from which will enable them to get a new start. A guy like that is worth our undivided admiration.

HERE AND THERE:

That was a big kick of cheese that Gene Raymond carried away from recent Crosby broadcast. A present from the sponsor — Nelson Eddy’s Christmas cards are SO private and personal, and don’t be embarrassed if you don’t get one, he’s not sending out many.

(Continued on Page 19)
The exposure of the "photographic racket" is an example of the "something for nothing" real estate promoters. Mrs. B., who had just enjoyed a neighborhood movie, as he left the theater, he had an extra-special bargain. For the new lot wasn't worth even $500.00. And yet, Mr. T. was a sucker!

Unhappily, the Good Will Court's judge does not get Mr. B.'s money back, but the letter which he handed down was for the real estate which had been estimated at fifteen million people.

The exposure of a vicious grafting scheme is answer number three to the question: "What is the racket?" The Court of Good Will helps people.

One of the objects of all was the one which a poor colored man brought before the Court's advisers. During the case while he was making his steady quavering voice, he told his story.

During his spare time he often amused himself by drawing pictures. One day he came across an ad in a cheap magazine containing a simple fence. It read: "Draw Me and Win a Scholarship, Commercial Artists in Great Demand." Each sort of help, he proceeded to copy the figure in the ad, and hastened to it when he got his address. A few weeks later he received a letter informing him that he had won a scholarship. He entered his skin.

Soon a representative of the "school" called on him and informed him incidentally to request from the overjoyed family five dollars. This, the caller declared, would cover his tuition, pencils, etc. It was actually the down payment on the course. Of course, the victim could not afford it. The "representative" then offered to pay the five dollars himself. He was better than the "school" some day.

But, of course, he got the "school"'s signature to a paper which was worded so ambitiously that he did not understand it. Actually, what he had signed was a contract to draw lots and to pay the sum of $270.

Of course, he was unable to meet the bills which began to arrive monthly. So the art school took him to court, got a judgment, and presented his already inadequate salary was garnished. This resulted, as in the case of the furniture racket, in the loss of his job.

So there you have them. Four people were gypped. Four people who sought help at the Good Will Court and were told that there was nothing for which they could get their money back, because the racketeers had worked within their defenses.

In order to reverse these four experiences, in order to help the Good Will Court—nor of Rango Gume—to cast aspersions on the furniture business, the real estate business, the photographers' studios or the art schools. Each is a practical, honest business in itself; otherwise the racketeers would not base their schemes against the backgrounds of their respective good reputations.

But just as the Good Will Court, in its struggle toward genuine service, is opening the eyes of millions of Americans to these practices carried on by those who seek to grow fat and rich on the gullibility of others, then their exposures are valuable ones.

Indeed, more often than not the applicant gets caught or inspired or genuine work may come out of a case is that of one destitute woman of sixty

Suffering from cancer, she was al-

(Continued on Page 19)
A CALLING ALL CARS STORY—BY FRED KELLY
THE SWEETHEART OF HOLLYWOOD HOTEL

(Continued from Page 5)

Frank Parker played opposite her at first, later James Melton succeeded him.

Less than a week in New York and signed to a contract like that! Something of a record.

I have known Melton casually during the two years he has been in and around Hollywood. Never have I heard him as enthusiastic about a woman singer as he does about Anne.

"A born trouper," he declares. "When I took over the male leads in those broadcasts I was an old hand at broadcasting in New York. Anne was practically new and unheard of. The first operetta we sang together was The Student Prince. When it came time for the duet, I don't know where my wits were, but I missed my cue. Anne was at the microphone singing her lines. When I failed to show up, she never missed a beat. She changed the words slightly and sang my part as well as her own until I got to the mike."

When the sponsor discontinued the operettas and substituted dramas, Anne found herself under contract to NBC, drawing pay, but with nothing to do.

HER life is a study in contradictions and freak breaks or happenings. Less than a year after she had lost out with CBS for the position of Dick Powell's sweetheart on Hollywood Hotel, Columbia borrowed her from NBC for that same part! She has been singing it ever since.

Everything, unfortunately, had not been as smooth sailing for Anne as it reads. Her father's health had been failing ever since he was wounded. He had been bedridden for over a year. Seldom has there been as beautiful a relation between father and daughter as there was between these two. He had been her inspiration. It was to justify his faith in her that Anne had driven herself so relentlessly.

The night of her initial broadcast on Hollywood Hotel he lay in his room. The shades were drawn and the lights dimmed. A nurse fluttered about. The doctor called Mrs. Jamison aside. "It's hopeless," he told her. "He can't last the night out."

WHETHER or not her father overheard the doctor, Anne will never know. But he motioned him over to the bed. "Don't let me go before she sings," he begged.

And then Anne's voice, crystal clear, came over the radio from Hollywood, four thousand miles away. The doctor, his hand on Mr. Jamison's pulse, looked at Mrs. Jamison in amazement. The pulse was growing stronger. As she finished, it slowed down again.

Three times Anne sang, and three times her father's pulse rallied. For voice ranges from G below C to F above high C. Her final number ended on that high F. As the last faint lingering echo of her voice faded, a smile overspread her father's face and he passed on with the sound of the ovation she received ringing in his ears.

It was incredible. One of those rare occasions you read about that just can't happen. But it did.

"If there must be death," Anne whispered as she told me, "his was a beautiful death."

The satisfaction she felt when CBS borrowed her for this program was secondary only to the thrill she received when NBC voluntarily recalled her from Hollywood for one of their own.

Coloratura singing is difficult, to put it mildly. Anne is justly proud of her ability in that line, but she never had a chance to use it on the radio. For her first broadcast on the new program she had chosen a difficult coloratura number.

Whether the time of the broadcast was changed and someone forgot to notify her, or whether she didn't look at her contract closely, she doesn't remember. But she does remember she reached the NBC studios about 9:15 for what she supposed would be a 10:15 broadcast. One of the executives of the company was pacing madly up and down the corridor, waiting for her. "Do you realize," he hissed, "that the program is half over?"

"Don't kid me," Anne said seriously. "It's at 10:00 o'clock."

"And it's only 9:00," he insisted. "Don't get me all excited," Anne pleaded. "I have a difficult number to do."

BY THAT time she was in the broadcasting studio. The orchestra was playing a series of three of Iraha's Waltzes. Anne was to sing the third. They were just finishing the second as she arrived. The executive put her music on the rack for her. Someone else took her wrap. A third person was pulling her gloves off. And Anne was imploring them, "Now don't get me excited. Just be calm!"

Her stay on the NBC program was short-lived. Radio audiences demanded her return to Hollywood Hotel. So she is back on the West Coast again and is very glad to be there.

The nicest part of all is that Anne has finally learned to live. The joy and fun she missed in her girlhood are catching up with her. She goes to picnics on the beach—to roller-skating parties.

But in the excitement of living, she is not forgetting her music and her health. Every morning at 8 o'clock she rides horseback. When she returns, there is a shower and quick rub-down. Then, for hours, she practices.

SHE has three accompanists and they all are exhausted long before Anne cries "quit!"

So far, radio has only skimmed the surface of her possibilities. Nothing will keep her from the pinnacle. She wants to sing grand opera. And if she wants to sing grand opera she probably will. There's that iron determination.

But I like best to think of Anne Jamison as she was during the broadcast I saw, alive, vital, human—singing, with Igor Gorin, that beautiful finale from The Count of Luxembourg.

There is something so warm and pulsating about her voice, with nothing forced or affected about it. She doesn't scatter broad a's all over the place. Anne's voice is the voice of your next-door neighbor—except that hers is exceptionally musical. It is the voice of your sister—your sweetheart—the voice of America's sweetheart—her voice.

Anne Jamison may be heard Fridays on Hollywood Hotel program over a CBS network at 9 p.m. EST (8 CST; 7 MST; 6 PST).
made the story all wrong and ruined the entire sequence, he said, matter-of-factly, this time, of six hundred feet of film.

D. W. Griffith was speechless with rage. Finally he managed to explain, "Young man, so far as I can see you simply have no affinity for pictures!" Fred didn't know what affinity meant, but he did know what it meant when the casting director told him he was permanently discharged. He'd lost the first of his forty-three jobs.

Fortunately, such a catastrophe didn't matter a great deal financially, partly because his mother's hat shop had grown from a flourishing store on Madison Avenue. The Uttals had their own apartment in the respectable west Fifties. Fred's sister was away at boarding-school, they even had a maid. But since he felt very strongly his responsibility as the man of the family, he was determined to fill his school days with afternoon and evening jobs.

All through high school, and the years when he could have attended college if he hadn't been so eager to establish himself financially, Fred Uttal lost anywhere from five to one jobs a year. He flopped as a tailor's runner when he delivered three suits—which never came back—to the wrong address. A cab in which he was asked to spend the night and time while he worked alone, the company fired him for insufficient bookkeeping. He went to work repairing radios, but he was never very good at it. A building concern found fault with him as a foreman. Two advertising agencies didn't like his copy. He tried to become a writer of detective fiction but he never sold a story. He even traveled west and worked at all kinds of jobs up and down the Pacific coast. But he never seemed to be especially successful at any of them. Finally, the family friends and relatives began to say, "If that boy doesn't settle down to something soon he'll amount to a flunk— which made him furious.

So he looked to his problem to his mother, who is today one of the most charming young ladies of fifty-seven you'll ever meet. And her advice to him was particularly far-seeing and wise. "Look, Father," he confided, "I'm no ne'er-do-well. You know that. I've changed jobs a lot. But I've always found another one right away, made good money and supported myself since I was fifteen. I know I ought to be able to stick to one thing. Sometimes it hasn't been my fault and sometimes it has because I completely lost interest in my work and stopped caring whether I kept the job or not. Nevertheless, I'm a so-called rolling stone and I don't seem to do anything about it. Now what's the answer?"

The answer said her mother, "is simply that you haven't found your niche in the world yet. People are destined for work, son, just as they are destined for other things."

You jumped from pillar to post but you've been indisciplined, not lazy. I know you've often failed because you were thoughtless but I think you were thoughtless because your heart wasn't in what you were doing.

"Keep looking, Fred. You're only twenty-two. You've a long time yet."

When he worked up from copy boy to reporter on a big Manhattan daily, Fred thought he had found his life work. But—again he was wrong. He was a successful actor for a while, too, with a prominent cooperative theater group. He worked steadily for a year, advanced from walk-on to leading man and got some good notices. Gradually, though, a new role became a new challenge instead of a challenge. He lost interest in the theater, even as he had lost it in manufacturing. One afternoon he handed in his resignation to the group, shook hands in good-by to his fellow workers, and walked up Madison Avenue to the Columbia Broadcasting Building.

The girl at the reception desk said, "What kind of job do you want?"

"Oh, anything in the line of radio drama," he answered.

"We don't need any actors at present," the personnel director who talked to Fred later told him, "but I could use a part-time announcer if you qualify.

Let's hear your voice."

So he was given the usual CBS announcer's audition.

You've put into a studio devoid of everything but a piano and a few collapsible chairs and told to ad-lib interestingly about your surroundings for fifteen minutes. Then you're handed a bunch of script to read that has at least fifty tongue-twisting, awful French, German, Russian and what-not musical titles on every page. Fortunately, Fred pulled through. His reward was an announcing job at Jones Beach, a seaside resort about thirty miles from Manhattan.

With his very first session at the mike a very amazing thing happened. He suddenly realized that nothing had ever seemed so important to him as doing a good job on those programs.

"Mother," he exclaimed one night when he came home late from the studio, "I think I've finally found the job I want. And if I have, I'm going to be so darn good at it some day that I'll be able to buy you a diamond bracelet!"

"And, maybe," he added, "maybe a diamond wrist watch to match."

Within three years, Mrs. Uttal not only had her diamond watch, but her famous son also presented her with four months' vacation on the Riviera and a concert grand piano.

Fred Uttal made good at Jones Beach, later as the staff at CBS, then in the much more precarious, but also much more remunerative, field of the free-lance announcer.

"It used to worry me to death, losing my jobs the way I did. But I began to think I was a hopeless misfit. But in reality I was the luckiest guy in the world because I had to keep looking for something new to try. All in all, I hit it wrong forty-three times before I hit it right.

"I'm a great believer in the moth-eaten "blessing in disguise" idea. Because heaven knows I didn't have the preparation you're supposed to have for radio announcing. I'd never been to college and I didn't have a speaking knowledge of two foreign languages and I had no experience."

So IT looks like destiny is still alive and kicking a bit.

Which is proof that not all rolling stones roll out of preference. Sometimes they're merely looking for a niche they're destined to settle into and fit.

Fred Uttal may be heard Fridays on Radio's Court of Honor, on an NBC network at 10 p.m. EST (9 CST; 8 MST; 7 PST).
GILT-EDGE TORTURE

(Continued from Page 15)

a house three blocks away from the Bone-Biggs menace, they installed a short-wave receiving set and went into action.

Between the time Haworth was ac-
cepted by the gang and the time set for his first big "accident," the police officer concealed a short-wave set in the radio console owned by Bone and Biggs.

Thus, every time a racketeer belong-
ing to the outfit spoke, his words were
heard by police officers hiding in the rented home three blocks away. One night, as Officer Dean and Chief Grif-
fin huddled around the receiving set...

"Tonight's the night of the smash-
up..." There was more.

Police officers were no sooner hid-
den at the scene of the "smashup" than a car came speeding up to the curve and stopped. Two figures leaped out. With pick-pees they ripped a tire to bits, sprinkled human blood over the upholstery, shut off the mo-
tor, and pushed the car over an en-
bankment.

Back at the home of William Bone and Martin Biggs, fantastic tortures were being prepared. Mrs. Jenkins was first. Rolling her stockings down, she gritted her teeth to submit to a cold-blooded act of cruelty. A cheese-
grater was scraped up and down her legs until the skin hung in painful shreds.

After Mrs. Jenkins, came her hus-
band. A device resembling a mortar-
ise box was the mechanism used for the arm-breaking. Placing Jenkins' arm in the wooden makeshift, Biggs struck it repeatedly with a heavy rolling-pin. Haworth had now joined the sad fate.

Shortly thereafter, Elton Miner ap-
peared with the house three blocks away. "Climb into the car," he or-
erd brusquely. "We'll run down to the hospital and have you all fixed up. After that, we'll file our claims, collect the damages, and have our-
selves a holiday."

But there was never to be another fake accident in the city of Los An-
geles, for by that time radio had done its job. Griffin and Dean had con-
tacted police headquarters and a squad car was on its way to the hospital.

There, in those clean, silent cor-
dors, thanks to radio, officers arrested Harold Jenkins and his wife, Alta, El-
ton Miner. William Bone and Martin Biggs.

SUNFLOWER STATE DIAL NEWS
BY ADAM STREET

KFBI, the radio station in Abilene, Kansas, is becoming a focal point of the public broadcast idea. For the past five years KFBI has literally thrown open the doors of the studios each Sunday for programs by indivi-
duals and organizations in KFBI-land. Sunday is Latchstring day and the schedule is filled in advance for sev-
eral months by entertainers who desire to make a radio debut.

Following the current Sunday sched-
ule would paint a clear picture of the variety of shows from the Latchstring idea, even after five years of existence. Many of the programs are sponsored by church and civic organizations and many are individual aspirations. Rev. Langemaden opens the station each Sun-
day with an hour and a half of devo-
tional, followed by a quarter hour of songs by the Mission Church quartet. At ten o'clock the Veterans of Foreign

Latchstring Day is fast growing more important to those who have programs but for KFBI listen-
ers.

Telegraph and telephone wires are kept hot in Abilene on Sundays and the KFBI boxes are busy as a beehive with the visitors... showing them through the studios and assisting the amateur entertainers to become accustomed to studio and microphone atmosphere.

It happened with the inevitability of sleep, just as one says, "The King is dead. Long live the King!" So might one have recently said, "The Kansas City Kansas City's station is dead. Long live the Kansas City Kansas City's station!"

For when WLBG signed off at 9 p.m. on November 25, it rang the death knell for the station. The next day, at 6:56 a.m. KCCK began kicking, al-
most as if its call-letters were made for Handwriting Contest Victory List

The modern King Midas—that's what each winner thinks of himself as his last gold comes to him. For writing a prizewinning item this easy to read and easy on the manuscript is made as simple as it was for Midas to turn all things to gold simply by touching them. All you need is characteristic handiwork —that you may win in this weekly contest. And for a new slogan for Kansas Guide weekly, you could win again in the big ag-
oglen contest—the same entry! Report on your good fortune, read the rules of the companion contests on this facing page. And the winners—
for the eighth week of this twelve-
week competition, the week ending December 2—are the following:

First Award—$100
Mrs. Ralph, L. Wells, Shelton, Midland, County, N. J.

Second Awards—$50 Each
Florence Stephens, Kendallville, Ind.
Amelia A. Johnson, 4206 Ridgeway Ave., Bal-
timores, Md.

Third Awards—$25 Each
S. P. Smith, 125 Howe St., E. Orange, N. J.
Mrs. Harriet Murphy, 15 So. Franklin.
Harlenton, Mich.
M. E. Weik, 258 S. 6th St., Lebanon, Pa.
Arthur Anderson, Drummond, Wis.

Fourth Awards—Each One RCA-Victor Record-Player and 10 Ship Field Records
J. Selfgian, J. Association, Pensacola, Fla.
Edward Baker, P. O. Box 555, Raleigh, N. C.
Mrs. Fern Powell, 2864 Broadway, Toledo, Ohio.
Mrs. Hayes Montgomery, 1416 Chillico-
the Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Mrs. Maudie Wehler, 1550 W. Philadel-
phia St., York, Pa.

Fifth Awards—$10 Each
Garland Constant, 150 Bradley St., New Haven, Conn.
Dorothy Nance, Sardis, Miss.
Christine Tague, 3806 W. 8th St., Los Angeles, Calif.
Arthur Harman, 3251 Glennon Rd., Cu-
ningham, Ill.
Mary McKenzie, 4310 Granger, Oklahoma City, Okla.
Robert Corley, Dalhart, Texas.
Chas. Testard, Box 880, Wichita, Kan.
Norma T. Parker, Muncie, Ind.
Mrs. Marjorie Henry, 12542 S. Beach Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.
Philip Ray, 205 S. Dodge, Iowa City, la.
W. K. Jarrett, 219 E. 42nd, New York, N. Y.

Sixth Awards—$5 Each
Clarence Mayer, Forest Park, Ill.
J. K. West, Carolina Beach, N. C.
Colin W. Mill, 6116 Audubon Ave., Baltimore, Md.
Max. H. E. Farmer, Fort Carson, Colo.
Oscar Tupper, 4413 E. Kansas City, Kansas City, Mo.
Mrs. L. A. Brown, Gastonia, N. C.
J. De V. Hibbert, Fontana, Calif.
Carie A. Swingle, 544 W. 10th St., New York, N. Y.
L. P. Foster, Keokuk, Iowa.
R. Jean Kennedy, 5518 London Rd., Uti-
polis, Ind.
Mrs. Harriet Patrick, 511 No. 27th Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
Judith Brown, 660 W. 14th St., Tulsa, Okla.
Mrs. E. J. Holland, Cobalt, Ontario, Can-
Ano Lake, 220 16th, N. Seattle, Wash.
Harry Kimmones, 544 W. 10th St., Oth-
a, Pa.
Frank D. Cavenham College, Regina, Sask.
Mrs. Mac Dowsett, 1815 Fletcher St., Losanip, Mich.
F. E. W. Stone, 80-10413 St., Jamaica,

America, Kansas Count Pool, 12 East 6th St., New York, N. Y.

Peggy Korah, 110 E. 57th St., New York, N. Y.

Wars take to the air each Sunday in their various drives and institutional types of broadcasts.

By installing remote control micro-
phones in two of the Abilene churches, the morning worship services are brought alternately from the Abilene Baptist and Methodist churches—reg-
ular Sunday morning church services.

At 1:15 each Sunday KFBI is spon-
soring a contest between three seg-
ments of Kansas with three clubs competing each Sunday. Secret judges are tuned in from several Kansas towns and the clubs are announced only by their scores.

Ministerial Alliances are given week-
ly at 9:30 a.m. half hour every Sunday after noon, followed by a religi-
ous service in the Swedish language at 4 p.m. Two near-by colleges take alter-
ternate Sundays for musical programs at 4:30, and at 5:30 the Salina "Little Theater" group broadcasts a Biblical drama.

High schools take advantage of the Latchstring Sunday by giving their bands, orchestras and other musical groups a trip to Abilene for a bit of broadcasting, with sometimes as many as four-score musicians performing from one studio.

AST October the Chamber of Com-
merce of El Dorado Springs, Mis-
souri, brought a group of forty musi-
cians to KFBI for a broadcast of their band. In their band they covered a traveling three hundred miles to take part in an hour broadcast. In the groups from a hundred or more miles distant are often guests on KFBI, and

that very word which is so closely con-
ected with new life.

The call-letters are in reality sym-
mbolic of Kansas City, Kansas, and The Kansan. The main reason for the change was to eliminate the interfere-
ce experienced by listeners of WLBG in the past.

It happened that WLBG operated on 1420 kilocycles. So did another station within two hundred miles of Pae-
sus City. Hence the interference. Now KCKN operates on 1310 kilocycle read-
ing. There should be no interference. It broadcasts sixteen or more hours daily.

GOVERNOR LANDON of Kansas was chosen to speak in behalf of Community Chest and Christmas Fund drives, during the broadcast of the Sunday night "Community Sing" over station WJWB, Sunday, December 13, from 9 to 9:45 p.m. in Topeka, Kansas.

Plans, as they neared completion, called for a portion of this program to be devoted, through the local Col-
umbia stations, to most of the principal cities in the United States. At the designated time and cur from the key-
station in New York, at 9:30 p.m. CST, 101 officials stepped to their local sta-
cations and made appeals to the citizens of their own municipal-
ities.

The annual presentation of "Santa Claus Workshop," heard daily only over KMOX at 4:45 a.m., Monday through Christmas time. Fea-
tured on the program is Marvin E. Mueller.
4 RACKETS THE GOOD WILL COURT EXPOSED

(Continued from Page 14)

part of the state for three years. Meanwhile she will be technically eligible to obtain relief at her previous place of residence. Though she had applied for assistance to the "Home for Incursibles," her admission was being held up due to her inability to guaranty provision for burial.

She felt—and who can blame her?—that inasmuch as she had paid dues for twenty-seven years to a benefit organization, she should at least be provided with funds for burial. When her problem was presented to the Good Will Court, the judge was obliged to inform her that legally nothing could be done.

A. L. Alexander did not stop at that, however. Regardless of the case's legal aspects, here was a distressingly human problem that urgently needed help. The broadcast aroused the interest of an indulgent listener. He wanted to help. So Alexander allowed him to provide the deed to a place of burial. An underwriter volunteered to pay the funeral expenses to facilitate the burial. An unhappy woman will be spent in peace.

You have heard your radio the heart-wrenching words spoken by an unwed mother who pleaded with the court for assistance. But you have not heard the voices of legislation in New York State's Assembly, saying that whatever the sin of the parent, it should not be handed down to the helpless and innocent child. You did not hear them vote recently, in accordance with the technical requirements of the "Home for Incursibles" having been met, the remaining estate, $3,000, to be divided among the unhappily married woman's five children.

Next Spring a bill will be presented in the New York State Assembly whereby it will be provided that when a person has paid dues for more than one-half the amount due on furniture, that furniture cannot be taken from him. The company will be required to store it. And so, another rich racket will perish.

These are some of the many things accomplished by the Good Will Court.

Next week, Radio Guide will present the complete touching story of one person's experience with the Good Will Court, read "The Good Will Court's Case, 10,727 Confesses"—next week in Radio Guide!

The Good Will Court may be heard Sundays over NBC network at 8 p.m. EST (7 CST; 6 MST; 5 PST).

HITS OF THE WEEK

TIN PAN ALLEY used to be a mythical land in Manhattan. But it isn't there any more! Tin Pan Alley, and almost all that it means, has migrated to the West Coast. Occasionally, however, a smash hit comes out of New York rather than Hollywood, and one of them is riding high this minute. "It's De-lovely" is the song, and it numbered three in this week's ratings. The complete list of the top fifteen is:

1-In the Chase (in the Top Ten) — "The Voice of the例 in the Top Ten) — "The Voice of the例 in the Top Ten) — "The Voice of the
2-I'll Sing You a Song (in the Top Ten) — "The Voice of the Song (in the Top Ten) — "The Voice of the
3-It's De-lovely (in the Top Ten) — "The Voice of the De-lovely (in the Top Ten) — "The Voice of the
4-I've Got You Under My Skin (in the Top Ten) — "The Voice of the I've Got You Under My Skin (in the Top Ten) — "The Voice of the
5-You Turned the Ta - 13 (in the Top Ten) — "The Voice of the You Turned the Ta - 13 (in the Top Ten) — "The Voice of the
7-Pennies from Heaven (in the Top Ten) — "The Voice of the Pennies from Heaven (in the Top Ten) — "The Voice of the
8-There's Love in the Air Tonight (in the Top Ten) — "The Voice of the There's Love in the Air Tonight (in the Top Ten) — "The Voice of the
11-This Is My Song (in the Top Ten) — "The Voice of the This Is My Song (in the Top Ten) — "The Voice of the
12-I'm in a Dancing Mood (in the Top Ten) — "The Voice of the I'm in a Dancing Mood (in the Top Ten) — "The Voice of the
13-To Mary—With All My Love (in the Top Ten) — "The Voice of the To Mary—With All My Love (in the Top Ten) — "The Voice of the
14-Love Takes All (in the Top Ten) — "The Voice of the Love Takes All (in the Top Ten) — "The Voice of the
15-Breathe, My Baby, Breathe (in the Top Ten) — "The Voice of the Breathe, My Baby, Breathe (in the Top Ten) — "The Voice of the

OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK

Radio Guide Handwriting-Slogan Contest

No More Than 10 Words

The above is my entry in your Handwriting-Slogan Contest.

Name

Address


Trigger-word: Ford Gibbons makes his scheduled appearance on his automobile speed show aired over CBS

DON TOWNE IN HOLLYWOOD

(Continued from Page 13)

playing tricks on Otto Klemperer's assistant at rehearsal . . . Edward Everett Horton ad-libbing beautifully to save the day when someone muffed a line . . . Vic Young smoothly directing a semi-classic and then just as smoothly beginning to jig as the band goes into "swing" . . . all the stars at NBC prancing Frances Scully and Hal Bock—they're really "tops" in publicity.

A L JOLSON'S new show will originate in Hollywood, with a split network for the East at 5:30 PST (7:30 CST and 8:30 PST). There will be a repeat broadcast for the West at 8:30 PST. There will be no guests and the cost of the program is rumored to be $16,000.00 per airing.

H ARRY CONN, who authors the Joe Penner scripts, has been signed by Samuel Goldwyn, as a writer on the "Goldwyn Follies." WHEN that Rose Bowl football game comes to you from the Coast, it will be announced for NBC by Don Wilson. Clinton Twiss and Kenneth Carpenter will describe the parade.

N BC is planning an expansion program to take care of the overcrowded condition now existing in the Hollywood studios. Competing with the new Columbia set-up, NBC will build additions to its already large plant and prepare sustaining programs to originate in the film capital.

Y OU may think that torch singers hold down the fort until the first crack of dawn; hitters through the dimly lighted night clubs. Not so with Gertrude Niesen—we thought we were seeing things when we glimpsed her at the harbor one morning at 5 a.m. to catch the first ferry boat to a fishing expedition.

O N THE afternoon of December 11, the world heard the most extraordinary words from the lips of a British monarch! For the first time in the history of the British Empire, the king voluntarily abdicated. And—in so doing made radio history! In a broadcast that echoed and re-echoed round the earth, King Edward VIII told untold millions of radio listeners that he was leaving the throne. It was a broadcast that every American of today will remember and count to their grandchildren—one that written history will record for centuries to come!
Log of Foreign Stations Whose Programs Are Listed
(Megacycles or kilocycles as shown)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Station</th>
<th>Country</th>
<th>Frequency</th>
<th>Language</th>
<th>Time</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>GSC, Chlo</td>
<td>Italy</td>
<td>10.47</td>
<td>English</td>
<td>10:03</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>USSR</td>
<td>Somalia</td>
<td>11.73</td>
<td>English</td>
<td>12:14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>USSR</td>
<td>Somalia</td>
<td>10.12</td>
<td>English</td>
<td>12:14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>USSR</td>
<td>Somalia</td>
<td>9.73</td>
<td>English</td>
<td>12:14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>USSR</td>
<td>Somalia</td>
<td>9.04</td>
<td>English</td>
<td>12:14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>USSR</td>
<td>Somalia</td>
<td>8.80</td>
<td>English</td>
<td>12:14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>USSR</td>
<td>Somalia</td>
<td>8.60</td>
<td>English</td>
<td>12:14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>USSR</td>
<td>Somalia</td>
<td>8.20</td>
<td>English</td>
<td>12:14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>USSR</td>
<td>Somalia</td>
<td>20.38</td>
<td>English</td>
<td>12:14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>USSR</td>
<td>Somalia</td>
<td>18.30</td>
<td>English</td>
<td>12:14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>USSR</td>
<td>Somalia</td>
<td>17.00</td>
<td>English</td>
<td>12:14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>USSR</td>
<td>Somalia</td>
<td>10.47</td>
<td>English</td>
<td>12:14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>USSR</td>
<td>Somalia</td>
<td>9.04</td>
<td>English</td>
<td>12:14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>USSR</td>
<td>Somalia</td>
<td>8.60</td>
<td>English</td>
<td>12:14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>USSR</td>
<td>Somalia</td>
<td>8.20</td>
<td>English</td>
<td>12:14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>USSR</td>
<td>Somalia</td>
<td>6.80</td>
<td>English</td>
<td>12:14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>USSR</td>
<td>Somalia</td>
<td>6.40</td>
<td>English</td>
<td>12:14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>USSR</td>
<td>Somalia</td>
<td>5.80</td>
<td>English</td>
<td>12:14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>USSR</td>
<td>Somalia</td>
<td>5.40</td>
<td>English</td>
<td>12:14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>USSR</td>
<td>Somalia</td>
<td>5.00</td>
<td>English</td>
<td>12:14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>USSR</td>
<td>Somalia</td>
<td>20.38</td>
<td>English</td>
<td>12:14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>USSR</td>
<td>Somalia</td>
<td>18.30</td>
<td>English</td>
<td>12:14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>USSR</td>
<td>Somalia</td>
<td>17.00</td>
<td>English</td>
<td>12:14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>USSR</td>
<td>Somalia</td>
<td>10.47</td>
<td>English</td>
<td>12:14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>USSR</td>
<td>Somalia</td>
<td>9.04</td>
<td>English</td>
<td>12:14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>USSR</td>
<td>Somalia</td>
<td>8.60</td>
<td>English</td>
<td>12:14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>USSR</td>
<td>Somalia</td>
<td>8.20</td>
<td>English</td>
<td>12:14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>USSR</td>
<td>Somalia</td>
<td>6.80</td>
<td>English</td>
<td>12:14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>USSR</td>
<td>Somalia</td>
<td>6.40</td>
<td>English</td>
<td>12:14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>USSR</td>
<td>Somalia</td>
<td>5.80</td>
<td>English</td>
<td>12:14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>USSR</td>
<td>Somalia</td>
<td>5.40</td>
<td>English</td>
<td>12:14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>USSR</td>
<td>Somalia</td>
<td>5.00</td>
<td>English</td>
<td>12:14</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Figure in parentheses denote magazines.

AT RARE intervals, when conditions permit, it is possible to hear the music of Europe without the aid of an antenna. But this is not the case with the distant stations of Africa.

The stations are too far away and too weak to be heard except through a receiver. The only station that can be heard on this wave is WGBH, Boston, which broadcasts music on the 20-megacycle band at 10:00 p.m. EST (20:00 GMT). Its signal is weakest between 12:00 and 01:00 EST and is strongest between 04:00 and 05:00 EST.

In addition, there are several stations that broadcast music on the 20-megacycle band at 22:00 GMT. These stations include YV2RC and VE9DN, which broadcast music on the 20-megacycle band at 22:00 GMT. Their signals are strongest between 04:00 and 05:00 EST and are weakest between 12:00 and 01:00 EST.

In general, the best time to listen to the stations of Africa is during the hours of 04:00 to 05:00 EST. This is when the signal is strongest and the noise level is lowest.

In conclusion, while it is possible to hear the music of Europe without an antenna, it is not possible to do so with the stations of Africa. However, by tuning in during the hours of 04:00 to 05:00 EST, you can hear the music of Europe on the 20-megacycle band.
Can't you hear Eddie Cantor exclaiming, "Why, that's not a reindeer—it's Parkyakarkus!" And so it is.

The oft-errring Greek doubtfully raises his hat to wish you holiday happiness. It looks like Christmas time!
What, no mistletoe, Miss Langford? But who would need any urging with “Hollywood Hotel’s” singer radiating her own special brand of Yuletide joy? December 25 is Friday, Langford day—and Merry Christmas!
Mr. S. Claus was one person whom Edward Everett Horton did not interview on the Chateau; so the film comic appears here in the traditional beard and the brilliant red costume—so characteristic of St. Nick!
Just as RADIO GUIDE hoped when it chose SHEP FIELDS and his band as its musical airman, his streamlined "Rippling Rhythm" has swept the country. Now it is the latest, greatest rage in radio—something new in dance music! The happy, carefree bubbling that introduces his songs, the strange, exciting moan of the viola, the rhythmic staccato of the brasses and the breath-taking flutter of the accordion all combine to give you the Rippling Rhythm of Shep Fields' band. It's become radio's smartest music—played for Radio's Court of Honor. But at home, Shep always forgets music long enough to romp with his two dogs. Here he is, between musical ripples, holding his pup, "Ripple." The other dog, no less his favorite, is "Sir Skippy." Skip and Rip are two of Shep's Friday-night fans!
"The Honeymooners," in real life Grace and Eddie Albert, are sitting pretty, below, but they share trials and tribulations when they're aired Mondays to Fridays over NBC!

A reveille for the nation—that's Fred Feibel's morning organ serenade. He is out of bed at 5 every morning to be on the air over CBS in time to wake up the country's sleepyheads.

May Singh, Beene and Pete de Rose are pool enthusiasts—perhaps because they were so successful when they pooled their careers years ago. They're on NBC six times a week.

"Al Pearce and his Gang" brighten the NBC netwaves three times weekly—while Al himself is hitting a new high with his afternoon laugh-hunting. And dialers are responding!
Vaughn de Leath, the "Original Radio Girl," has added another talent to her list of accomplishments. Now she's a blues singer over the NBC network from Monday to Friday.

Jean Ellington—the "Song Stylist" of NBC—brings her musical smiles and tears to the airways on Mondays and Wednesdays. Her individuality makes her a daytime favorite.

PROGRAM-PACKED HOME-HOURS ARE YOURS WITH THE SUNSHINE STARS!

Every day except Sunday finds Malcolm Claire telling a children's early-morning story over NBC's network. Here he is, digging up a fairy yarn the kids will hear some morning.

Richard Maxwell is doubling on two networks with "Songs of Comfort and Cheer" on CBS, and a Sunday NBC airing titled "Tone Pictures." Listeners are twice blessed!

listen to...
Rupert Hughes doesn't exercise so much himself, but he enjoys his swimming pool.

Rupert Hughes needs a sizeable library to accommodate his more than 30,000 books—as you can see!

The MOST
AMAZING
HOME IN
AMERICA

Left: Rupert Hughes at work at the piano in the music room. He has studied music both in America and Europe, has published more than forty songs. Lawrence Tibbett has popularized two, "The Roustabout" and "Bricklayer Love." Below: This is the interesting facade through which you enter when you call on the "Caravan" Master of Ceremonies!

Come visit with novelist-musician-playwright-radio star Rupert Hughes in his Hollywood home!
NEXT WEEK IN RADIO GUIDE

|| AT LAST—a brand-new hit song by Al Goodman, famous bandleader. Sing the words—Play the music! |
| THE GOOD WILL COURT'S CASE TIPS AND PUNSES --- Read the human, touching story of one girl's heartrending experience and told to radio's judge. --- Read about the help and advice she was given! |
| DEATH AND I—The plea of one World War nurse for "peace on earth, good will to men"—at this 1935 Christmas time. Read about her heartbreaking trials and tribulations with shrapnel-torn humanity on the battlefields of Europe! |
| I COVER CAPITOL HILL—by Bob Trout, the announcer who will broadcast the Presidential inauguration ceremonies in January! |

ONLY $1.00

FAMOUS MATCHED PEN AND PENCIL SETS $3.50 VALUE

PACKED IN GIFT BOXES

Circle Color—Brown - Blue - Black - Grey - Green

MID-WEST SALES 560 W. Randolph St., Chicago

Be A Radio Expert
Learn at Home-Make Good Money


J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. E716A

National Radio Institute, Washington, D. C.

SEND FOR BONUS BOOK, "How to Become a Radio Operator."

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY --- STATE

RADIO GUIDE'S X-WORD PUZZLE

 vertical

1. Jacob's, bandleader (8)
2. The Wagnerian leading man in New York (5)
3. Famous contralto of the 19th century (9)
4. To put raincoat on (5)
5. A white Sulphur (2, 2)
6. Poet of the heavens (5)
7. Moreover, still (11)
8. Lowest, slatiest (9)
9. Uncoiled (4)
10. "Baby and Bully" (5)
11. Thorns with curved blades (9)
12. Finger (12)
13. Defend's a part of a fact (5)
14. Twenty-four hours (11)
15. To dress (5)
16. "Vigor" (4)
17. "O" plus a color (6)
18. Junior (11)

horizontal

2. The star in the portrait of Dumas, bandleader (8)
3. Sooner than (11)
4. Port to be (7)
5. Goodman (9)
6. Joey, singing bandleader (9)
7. Pat Diogett was born in (9)
8. Man's name (5)
9. Home of the middle name (6)
10. Trigonometry ratios (6)
11. Romance name (6)
12. Portland Hills was born in (9)
13. Conclave (7)
14. One who flies (9)
15. Balsamizing bandleader (15)
16. Man's name (French) (9)
17. Huf (prefix) (9)
18. Old horse (9)
19. Famous French Cardinal of the 19th century (9)
20. To put raincoat on (5)
21. White (2, 2)
22.浏览 weird (6)
23. Region of the heavens (5)
24. Moreover, still (11)
25. Lore, songstress (8)
26. Uncoiled (4)
27. "Baby and Bully" (5)
28. Barbs with curved blades (9)
29. Finger (12)
30. Defend's a part of a fact (5)
31. Twenty-four hours (11)
32. To dress (5)
33. "Vigor" (4)
34. "O" plus a color (6)
35. Junior (11)

Solution to Puzzle of Last Week


Be a Radio Expert
Learn at Home—Make Good Money


J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. E716A

National Radio Institute, Washington, D. C.

SEND FOR BONUS BOOK, "How to Become a Radio Operator."

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY --- STATE

THE HOUSE THAT CONTESTS FURNISHED

(Continued from Page 7)

"This is the winner!"

Lucy may win some contests—the football that hits the crossbar and tipples over, or the golf ball that bounces off a tree into the cup, may be luck—but prize contests are not run that way. Today contest companies judge most contests. The judges are men and women who give their full time to their jobs. Sponsors will not tolerate slipshod judging from them—after paying fancy money in prizes, they want to get the cream of the entries to help them determine their future policies. A business-like reading is given every entry, and unless some stated rule has been broken by the contestant, nobody is eliminated except for poor quality in his work.

A person such as Mrs. Victorin's would be impossible on the basis of luck. Luck alone—or contests in which luck played a part—would not have allowed her to build up a record of almost 600 victories in less than six years. A string of winning entries like hers must have had real quality, genuine sincerity—and have won for those reasons.

Mrs. Victorin works hard at her contesting—without stealing time from any essential pleasure or work that would otherwise occupy her. Her spare time is no greater than any other housewife's—yet she wins two contests every week. Her life remains as everyone else's—filled with its routine, brightened by its flashes of joy.

Every prize-winning entry, no matter how small the prize, brings with it the flush of victory, the open-armed congratulations of a proud husband, the wide-eyed admiration of a proud little boy. And her joys can be yours!

THE MUSIC IN THE AIR

By Carlton Smith

A Merry Christmas to you all! I'm glad to be back on these shores once again to send you the Victorin Original Encore.

Santa Claus has a new season of opera stored away in his bag for us—along with many other delights. The season opens officially at the old Vic on Monday, December 21st, but the series will be inaugurated for the radio audience on the afternoon of December 26th with Humphrey's "Humperdinck's The Magic Flute." The broadcasts will continue thereafter each Saturday afternoon, and we will gather 'round our loudspeakers to hear the golden-voiced artists who belong to what most Europeans admit is the world's first opera company.

A vast new audience will have the privilege this season of hearing our opera broadcasts. The new sponsor, RCA, is having station WIXAX, and other shortwave transmitters make the programs available to listeners in all parts of the world.

There is a number of new operas on the list this season, and Edward Johnson promises that if we shall be able to hear them. They are: Richard Hageman's American opera, "Capon-Accabi"; Cimarosa's "The Secret Marriage"; Wagner's "The Flying Dutchman"; Saint-Saens' "Samson and Delilah"; Offenbach's "The Tales of Hoffmann"; Rimsky-Korsakov's "Le Coq d'Or"; and Bellini's "Norma."

Evidently Mr. Johnson is bent on securing the services of a soprano. He has listed three new ones to share with the Victorin Original Encore. One is not connected with radio, film and recital work that she is scarcely ever available at the same time. The other two, however, are indispensable. Many of the old war-horses of the repertory have not been given without a coloratura; so we will hear Vina Bovi, who was born in Belgium and has sung there and in France and in South America; Bidu Sayao, from Brazil; and Stella Andreva, from England.

A number of young lyric sopranos have been added to the repertory, the roles that Lucrezia Bori used to sing. "I do not wish to continue to hold the place of having to replace Miss Bori," Mr. Johnson explained.

Other new singers are: Franca Somigli, whose real name is Marian Clark and whose voice has sung in Rome and Milan and at Salzburg with Toscanini; and Kerstin Thorborg, Swedish contralto who will sing in the German repertoire and who has sung in the chief European opera houses; Gertrude Ruenger, Polish soprano, who will sing the Wagnerian leading roles, and Irene Jessner, young Viennese lyric soprano.

The new conductor is Maurice de Abravanel, a Portuguese by birth. He has conducted opera, oratorio, and symphony in Europe and Australia. Mr. Johnson confirmed the report that the living fragment of the "Bartered Bride" would continue in the Metropolitan's extensive repertory.

This is the first Christmas since the beginning of broadcasting that Mother Ernestine Schumann-Heink has not sung "Silent Night. Her name is identified with this Christmas, and this Christmas will not be the same for those who have always heard her voice, joined with the angels' choir, is simply the best. As ever, "Round von Virgin Mother and Child.-- the loss is the world's loss." The Editors.

www.americanradiohistory.com
THOSE PRIZES GO TO THOSE WHO KNOW

In addition to the several big contests announced in Belle’s recent issues—COMMENTARY and WLS—there’s a big mail-in contest for readers of THE CHICAGO HERALD and THE NEW YORK TIMES, open to all U. S. locations, last month more than $900,000 in prizes were awarded to lucky winners. They also tell you HOW TO WIN. Why not try both—then join our satisfaction guarantee—before the contest closes.

YOU CAN’T WIN ANY OF THESE CONTESTS, BUT YOU CAN WIN UN-LESS YOU DO KNOW ABOUT THEM.

SPECIAL Introductory OFFER

That you may become acquainted with these popular titles, we will offer each one at five years ago prices for four months. Or, for only one dollar—save 50c on each one. Published every two weeks.

A. D. Freeman & Son, Publishers, L. Box 103, Upland, Ltd.

LULU BELLE’S STORY OF THE ‘FEisty’ CURE

(Continued from Page 9)

then swung into the plaintive lyrics of a very first ballad.

"Away cross the country a court- ing I’ll go,

\[\text{Intending to marry Sweet Maggie, we think.} \]

Oh Maggie, oh Maggie, don’t ever let me go.

\[\text{You see, it was innocent.} \]

Jest sit down beside me, don’t treat me unkind.

In the four years that followed Lulu Belle and the tiny songbird left the shores of the Cooper home in Boone, the younger learned innumerable home- made songs from her native mounta- tains, and went wild over such trans- ports as "I Was Born a Baby Doll." "When Lulu Belle was twelve, tared in Elizabethton, Tennessee, for three years because she couldn’t get the folks there so honey—and presto! All that time’s love was in hiding but then the echoes of the mountains returned. In this tiny hill settlement she perfected her simple but quietly beautiful voice, and, by adding to her accomplishments, completed all the schooling she ever was to have.

Reluctantly, fearfully, Lulu Belle, then a woman, accompanied the family in 1928 to Evanston, Illinois, where broad horizons beckoning the becker Cooper. Reluctant, because she loved the hill country. Fearful of strange scenes and strange people. Only you who are obsessed with a sense of your own inordinate incapability will understand this fully; only you will know the peculiar sort of bravery and self-discipline required to carry on.

IF LULU BELLE had no fault in her- self or her parents had no need of a doctor. They were inordinately pleased when their daughter got a job in a five-and-dime store. In Evanston, for she was placed in the music department and ordered to sing the songs selected by the patrons.

It was the toughest thing ever done before at the store. But Lulu Belle recalled. "But it was also the best training I ever had, and I was learning that feisty technique, too."

"Remember," ventured Mother Cooper, "now you've got a good guitar out there Christmas. Your dad learned to play the two chords—\[\text{G and C}\]—and you beat him by learning the B chord all."

The Radio Queen of 1936 grinned and reminisced:

"And how proud he was when he got so he could accompany me when I sang 'I Love My Gal in the Mountains.'"

Lulu Belle shrieked at the thought of a radio audition, but John Cooper had been assured of that event and he was convinced his little gal could do better. In a moment's precededness he applied to Stageland for an audition for Lulu Belle one summer day in 1932.

For a week there was silence. Then Lulu Belle was electified by a wire wire informing her to report for an audition. But she couldn't go—she had to work that night! Two weeks later another chance was offered, and John Cooper, with his child firmly and led her to the home of John Lair and the tiny mountain radio station now head of the WLS music department. He knew John Lair would help!

THEN, as later, Lair proved a friend to the self-conscious stranger from the Big Smoky Mountains who had to dance of stage or in a broadcasting studio. He heard how the new-famous Lulu Belle voice, recognized its potentiality and scheduled the shy beauty for a public audition the following Friday.

Together they worked out an idea for a costume which included a cotton stockings, fancy pantaloons of ankle length, high-topped shoes, a mantilla from the five-and-dime store, and a red hair ribbon which was the last thing in hillybilly chic.

How did painfully bashful Lulu Belle survive the ordeal of the audition? "It was an experience. I stood in front of Evanston's Radio station, inordinately frightened, she confessed, but "I was determined not to fail. So I halted for my fancy disposition, dusted it off and gave it a work-out. When the announcer made the wisecracks at my expense, I cracked right back at him. Maybe mine weren't very good cracks or very funny, but they served the purpose. They bolstered my morale, and I guess nobody could really tell I was scared." Though Lulu Belle talks of subse- quent tribulations in making a name for herself in radio, one is inclined to believe that her initial public audition was the key point in her progress.

A contract was produced as if by magic. The little girls piled up in a day that in four short years she scaled the heights and succeeded no less a sophis- ticate than "I Was Born a Baby Doll.""""

A contract was produced as if by magic. The little girls piled up in a day that in four short years she scaled the heights and succeeded no less a sophis- ticate than "I Was Born a Baby Doll.""

THEY were accompanied by a ma- jority of the odd-looking popu- lar Feisty Cure as a remedy for that rather prevalent mental malady. At any rate, Lulu Belle gives it all the credit. Her husband says:

"Now that they are riding high, what of the future for Queen Lulu Belle and Skyland Scotty?

The first ballad:

As a star who sprang sud- denly from oblivion to the calcium glare, they're eager for the day when they can get "away from it all"—the day that come—and at their present rate of income it’s just that they'll scurry back to their beloved Big Smokies, to emerge nevermore.

"They won't go back to the primitive side of life in the mountains. They haven't the need to do that. Lulu Belle and Scotty, married since early 1935, already have a dream-home just across Three-Mile Creek from Inghals, North Carolina, where there's a Wiseman for every acre.

It is a log chateau with huge rustic fireplace and solid, hand-built maple furniture, and it boast several improvement the Wisemans enjoy in their quarters on Chicago's North Side.

Even now, in lives o' wedded blisses and personal triumphs, they are the Radio Queen and — handsome consort find time each Su. "amer to visit their 'cabin' for a short spell. "They love their work together, en- joy the results thereof, find a thrill in the applause of their admir- ers. Yet both will be supremely content in singing "It's Home Time in Happy Valley," and really place for mountains they say, is in the mountains—and that's going back. Besides—where else could little Linda Lou learn to sing hillbilly songs as they should be sung?"

Lulu Belle may be heard Saturdays on the National Barn Dance program on NBC network at 9 P.M. EST (8 CBT; 7 MST; 6 PST).
THE WORLD STOOD STILL AS THE KING SPOKE

IT WAS the afternoon of Friday, December 11. For the first time in the history of the British Empire, a reigning monarch stepped down from the world of active life. King Edward stood before a microphone, told his subjects—and all the peoples of the earth—his abdication. Because he could not marry the woman he loved any more.

There was the stillness of death as inten-rays strained to catch every word of this first of the century's great events. Women at lunch room counters shed silent tears as they gazed upon their eyes; many a man dried tears.

The words uttered by town criers when a king dies were spoken by King Edward. "God save the king" was the conclave of his case; the speech brought to the throne a new ruler—his brother, Duke of York.

For love of a woman, Edward gave up vast power—the rule of 500 million people. It was a way over a quarter of the world's area.

And the woman for whom he did this was Wallis Warfield Spencer Simpson. Twice divorced, her second decree—issued October 27—does not become final until April 27, 1937. Someone could still succeed to the throne to prevent her from being awarded that final decree.

"It is hard to conceive any English man or woman being a party to such a thing," Boake Carter, famed commentator, the evening after Edward's historic speech was made, "It is like kicking a man when he is down. It would not be fair even on the English to appeal to the British sense of sportsmanship. But—it may be that Edward will not see Mrs. Simpson so easily, or so, until then he must be alone: To wander, in his exile, that land of ex-royalty—refugees of a fast dying order of society, royal waifs buffeted by the winds of changing times. And so after 32 days—Edward's reign comes to an end."

But—on coming, the world asked—prompted Edward to retire, to become a private citizen, to leave his native land? "Edward is of a different generation than his father," said Boake Carter, on the eve of the British monarch's abdication. "He had not the same ideas of self-effacement. He had been raised on a boyhood up. George suppressed his own wishes, set a role he had to play. Edward is more than a symbol. It made him give up the English want. He wants, to begin, with a private life of his own. He has said: 'I am willing to work for the state twenty, fourteen hours a day; but, what I do with the rest of my time, is my business.' That is a new conception of kingship. It is not in accordance with Mr. Churchill's preceived notion and conception of monarchy. Where does Edward get this conception?" Boake Carter asked, then answered his own question:

"He is of the generation of the Englishmen who was baptized into his manhood in the 21 years of his rule. This is a generation, a generation that saw the old concepts knocked down, rhythm of life changed by the behavior of this post-war generation of Englishmen who is the normal family. It admitted the common man too close for comfort, what has been a better, more benevolent autocracy. Edward VIII is of this generation, and the American has attempted to keep pace with it in its social life. They demand that their human representation, the king, be made more human, a relic of the past."

This demand brought Edward's abdication. It gave us the greatest royal title on earth—for love!

THE WORLD STOOD STILL AS THE KING SPOKE

IT WAS the afternoon of Friday, December 11. For the first time in the history of the British Empire, a reigning monarch stepped down from the world of active life. King Edward stood before a microphone, told his subjects—and all the peoples of the earth—his abdication. Because he could not marry the woman he loved any more.

There was the stillness of death as inten-rays strained to catch every word of this first of the century's great events. Women at lunch room counters shed silent tears as they gazed upon their eyes; many a man dried tears.

The words uttered by town criers when a king dies were spoken by King Edward. "God save the king" was the conclave of his case; the speech brought to the throne a new ruler—his brother, Duke of York.

For love of a woman, Edward gave up vast power—the rule of 500 million people. It was a way over a quarter of the world's area.

And the woman for whom he did this was Wallis Warfield Spencer Simpson. Twice divorced, her second decree—issued October 27—does not become final until April 27, 1937. Someone could still succeed to the throne to prevent her from being awarded that final decree.

"It is hard to conceive any English man or woman being a party to such a thing," Boake Carter, famed commentator, the evening after Edward's historic speech was made, "It is like kicking a man when he is down. It would not be fair even on the English to appeal to the British sense of sportsmanship. But—it may be that Edward will not see Mrs. Simpson so easily, or so, until then he must be alone: To wander, in his exile, that land of ex-royalty—refugees of a fast dying order of society, royal waifs buffeted by the winds of changing times. And so after 32 days—Edward's reign comes to an end."

But—on coming, the world asked—prompted Edward to retire, to become a private citizen, to leave his native land? "Edward is of a different generation than his father," said Boake Carter, on the eve of the British monarch's abdication. "He had not the same ideas of self-effacement. He had been raised on a boyhood up. George suppressed his own wishes, set a role he had to play. Edward is more than a symbol. It made him give up the English want. He wants, to begin, with a private life of his own. He has said: 'I am willing to work for the state twenty, fourteen hours a day; but, what I do with the rest of my time, is my business.' That is a new conception of kingship. It is not in accordance with Mr. Churchill's preceived notion and conception of monarchy. Where does Edward get this conception?" Boake Carter asked, then answered his own question:

"He is of the generation of the Englishmen who was baptized into his manhood in the 21 years of his rule. This is a generation, a generation that saw the old concepts knocked down, rhythm of life changed by the behavior of this post-war generation of Englishmen who is the normal family. It admitted the common man too close for comfort, what has been a better, more benevolent autocracy. Edward VIII is of this generation, and the American has attempted to keep pace with it in its social life. They demand that their human representation, the king, be made more human, a relic of the past."

This demand brought Edward's abdication. It gave us the greatest royal title on earth—for love!
sad-ness turned all my sor-rows to glad-ness. Like a lit-tle blue-bird I keep sing-ing

love's sweet song. — Thru' many years I've been wait-ing hon-ey for you.

Wish I had known you were wait-ing dear for me too— "I love you."

Gee! but I'm hap-py to

I'll find a cot-tage just built for two where we'll bill and coo. — Have some-bod-y like you.
A GIFT OF PLEASURE

My spirit—the spirit of Christmas-giving—is abroad in the land. A gift that expresses that spirit, and brings pleasure to every home, both great and small, is rare indeed. Such a gift, my friends, is LUCKY STRIKE.

Santa Claus

Luckies—a light smoke
OF RICH, RIPE-BODIED TOBACCO—"IT'S TOASTED"