

MOVIE-RADIO GUIDE

FIFTEEN CENTS

PROG

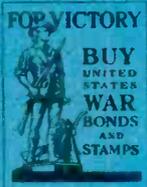
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F 65269R8 3 DEC 43
ROBERT LINE
R F D 1
FENNIVILLE MICH

MLA



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



Complete Noveltee—"HELPMATE"

Photo-Story: "Casablanca"
Eddie Cantor Still Bowls 'Em Over

MUSIC LOVERS: Listen to "Gee! But I'm Happy" when Shep Fields plays it on Radio Guide's Court of Honor, Friday, December 18, at 10 p.m. EST (9 CST) over the NBC-Blue network!

Words by
MAY S.
BREEN

GEE! BUT I'M HAPPY

Music By
PETER
DE ROSE

Allegro mod^{to}

Introduction musical notation for piano, starting with a forte (*f*) dynamic and a half note (*1/2*) duration.

Vamp.

Voice

First vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics: "Gee! but I'm glad that I met you dear, I've wait - ed long for". The piano accompaniment includes a piano (*p*) dynamic marking.

you. ——— I know I'll nev - er for - get you dear tell me that you love me too. ———

Piano accompaniment for the first vocal line, continuing the musical texture.

Chas.

Gee! but I'm hap - py to have some - bod - y like you, (Some bod-y like you.) Gee! but it thrills me to

Second vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment includes a piano-forte (*p-f*) dynamic marking.

know some - bod - y so true. (That some-one is you) You took a - way all my

Piano accompaniment for the second vocal line, concluding the piece.

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.

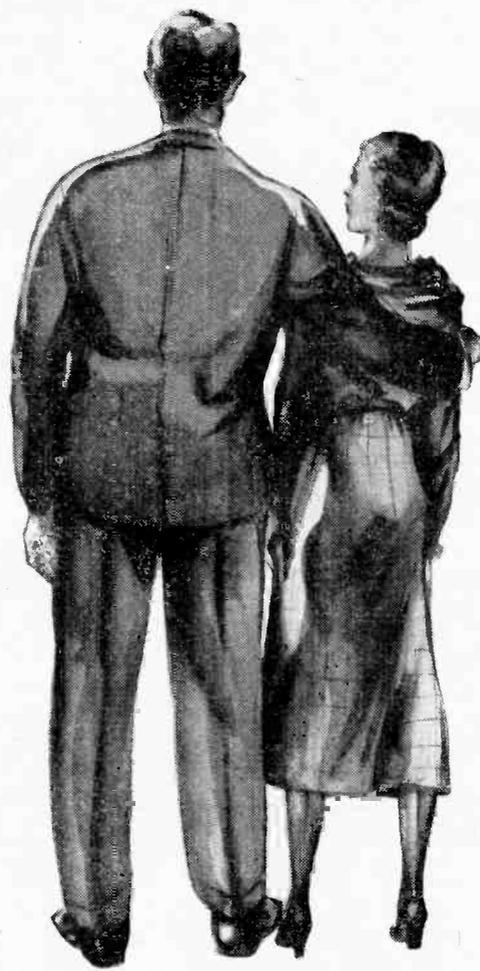
But up to now, nobody has remembered to put the question to the man or woman who has taken his troubles to the Good Will Court and asked for help.

So, RADIO GUIDE 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 fire-side, in a well-cushioned easy chair, it is easy to shut out the thought that this 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 ministrations, 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 microphones 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 slimy 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)

RADIO GUIDE (Trade Mark Registered U. S. Pat. Office). Volume VI, Number 10. Week Ending December 26, 1936. Published by Regal Press, Inc. Issued Weekly. RADIO GUIDE, 731 Plymouth Court, Chicago, Illinois. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office, Chicago, Illinois, February 24, 1932, under Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1936, by Regal Press, Inc. All rights reserved. Executive, Editorial, Circulation and Business office, 731 Plymouth Court, Chicago, Illinois. M. L. Annenberg, Chairman of the Board; Herbert Krancer, Executive Vice-President and General Manager; Curtis Mitchell, Vice-President and Editorial Director; Ed Zoty, Circulation Manager. Eastern Editorial office, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Advertising offices, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City; Mills Building, San Francisco, California; Western Pacific Building, Los Angeles, California, and 731 Plymouth Court, Chicago, Illinois. Unsolicited manuscripts should be accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope for return. Ten cents per copy in the United States. Subscription rates in U. S. and possessions and countries of the Pan-American Postal Union: six months, \$2.50; one year, \$4.00. Subscription rates in foreign countries: six months, \$5.00; one year, \$8.00. Remit by postal money order, express money order, or check drawn to order of RADIO GUIDE. Currency sent at subscriber's risk.



The SWEETHEART OF HOLLYWOOD HOTEL

BY
S. R. MOOK

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 glamor that precede 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 wisp of a girl. She is Anne Jamison, the *Jinny* 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: "It actually took me years merely to learn to live.

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—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 jacks, 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 practise. 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



Anne Jamison and Frances Langford: Two excellent reasons for the popularity of "Hollywood Hotel"

in politics—whom Anne called "Uncle John" was coming to visit them. 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 cannons riddled.

As those unscathed 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 emissary from one of the broadcasting companies heard her in a concert, and the next day she was signed for radio work.

OF HER opening appearance on the air, Anne tells a humorous story. "There was only one microphone. The announcer used that, and when he finished he was to step aside so I could get up to it without loss of time. Instead 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 introduction to my number. The orchestra had to play them a second time to give me a chance to scramble to my feet. So, you see," she finished triumphantly, "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 had heretofore played no part in her plans. She had devoted her life to singing and studying. Now she found herself threatened with something that would make all those years of training useless to her.

When she found herself unable to cope with the situation, she chose the only solution that presented itself. She ran away! To New York. She had something less than a hundred dollars to her name.

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

THEY were friendly, polite—and that was all. There was nothing, absolutely nothing, for which they could use her, but they would be glad to keep her in mind. Then somebody



When James Melton missed his cue, Anne Jamison kept the broadcast going for him



As a child, Anne Jamison worked so hard at her practising she never had time to play. Radio success brought her leisure—but she had to learn how to have a good time!

suddenly remembered that on July 6 CBS was going to hold an audition 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 toujours l'amour." She sang it in the audition 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 credentials, she had failed to find work at CBS, what chance had she at the other network where she had no connections? Her never-say-die spirit finally triumphed, however, and she secured an appointment for an audition.

WHEN 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 instrument, 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 here yesterday," she 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 operettas! For weeks she and Gladys Swarthout alternated in the leads.

(Continued on Page 16)

THE HOUSE THAT CONTESTS FURNISHED

BY WADE H. NICHOLS

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: con-

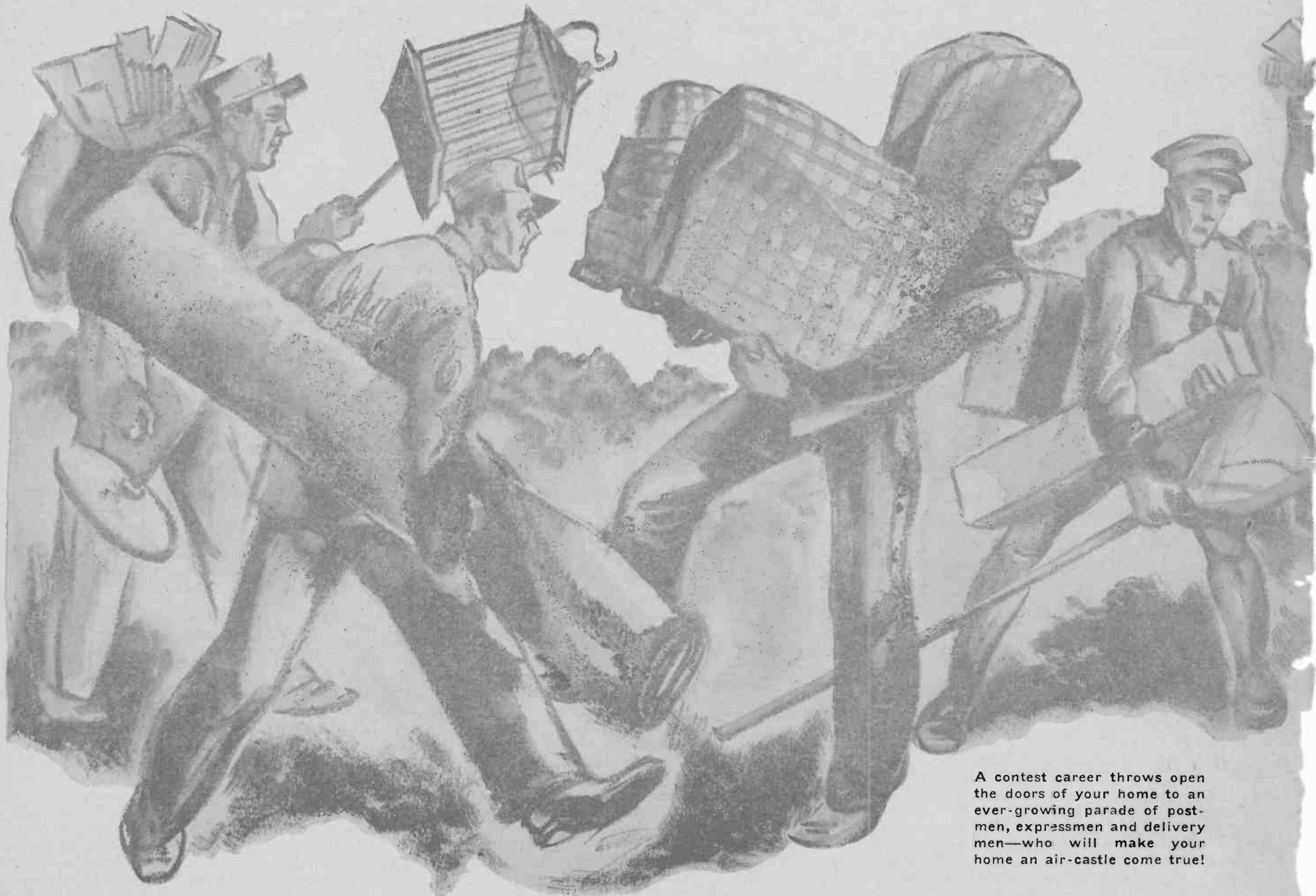
testing. These articles told of the contest business from the inside—how they are judged, how some entries are disqualified, what prejudices the prominent judges have. Last week, a radio reporter gave you seven secrets of contesting today—revealing a great many never-before-published facts about reaping 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 more 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!

WINGED WORDS FLY HOME WITH TODAY'S CONTEST GOLD. FIND THEM—AND SUCCESS IS YOURS!



A contest career throws open the doors of your home to an ever-growing parade of postmen, expressmen and delivery men—who will make your home an air-castle come true!

One day in 1930, she was an average housewife, concerned with the night's menu and the morrow'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, she threw open the doors of her home, as well. Since that day, an ever-growing parade of expressmen, postmen and deliverymen has filed 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

you can pay—with one good idea!

Mrs. Victorin enters contests designed for her and those like her. She enters contests which ask questions about a product for the home, or want slogans for one of those many products. And those contests offer either cash prizes—or things for the home. So, it works both ways, and because she loves her home, and the manufacturers love anyone who can tell them about the problems of homes like hers, those manufacturers have furnished Mrs. Victorin's suburban house—from attic to cellar.

Because of her excellent entries, contest sponsors have made over the inside of her house completely—have changed it into a storied air-castle,



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 leafy vegetable smuggles 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-stuffs, 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-groomed 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 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 not 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 back of his hand across his weary eyes, and proclaim for the world to hear,
(Continued on Page 44)

contests to interest women, for it is women's opinions which are 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 hope-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:

LULU BELLE'S

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 "fisty" 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!

STORY of the "FEISTY" CURE

BY ELGAR BROWN

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 menage, from the modest birthplace of Queen Lulu Belle in altitudinous 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, "gittar" 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 Linda 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 *ga-ga*. 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!)

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 earnestness. 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 1932. 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 tut-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 pardonable 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 blushing 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.

You all know the reasons which have impelled me to renounce the throne, but I want you to understand that in making up my mind I did not forget the Country, or the Empire, which as Prince of Wales and later as King I have for twenty-five years tried to serve.

But you must believe me when I tell you that I have found it impossible to carry the heavy burdens and responsibilities, and to discharge my duties to the Kingdom, as I would wish to do, without the help and support of the woman I love. And I want you to know the decision I have made has been mine and mine alone.

This is a thing I had to judge entirely for myself. The other person most nearly concerned has tried up to the last to persuade me to take a different course. I have made this, the most serious decision in my life, only upon the single thought of what would in the end be best for all.

This decision has been made less difficult to me by the fore-knowledge that my brother, with his long training in

the public affairs of this country and with his fine qualities will be able to take my place forthwith, without interruption or injury to the life and progress of the Empire; and he has one matchless blessing, enjoyed by so many of you and not bestowed on me,—a happy home, with his wife and children. During these dark days I have been comforted by her Majesty, my mother, and by my family. The Ministers of the Crown and in particular Mr. Baldwin, the

Prime Minister, have always treated me with full consideration. There has never been any constitutional difference between me and them, or between me and Parliament. In the constitutional tradition of my father, I should never have allowed any such issue to arise.

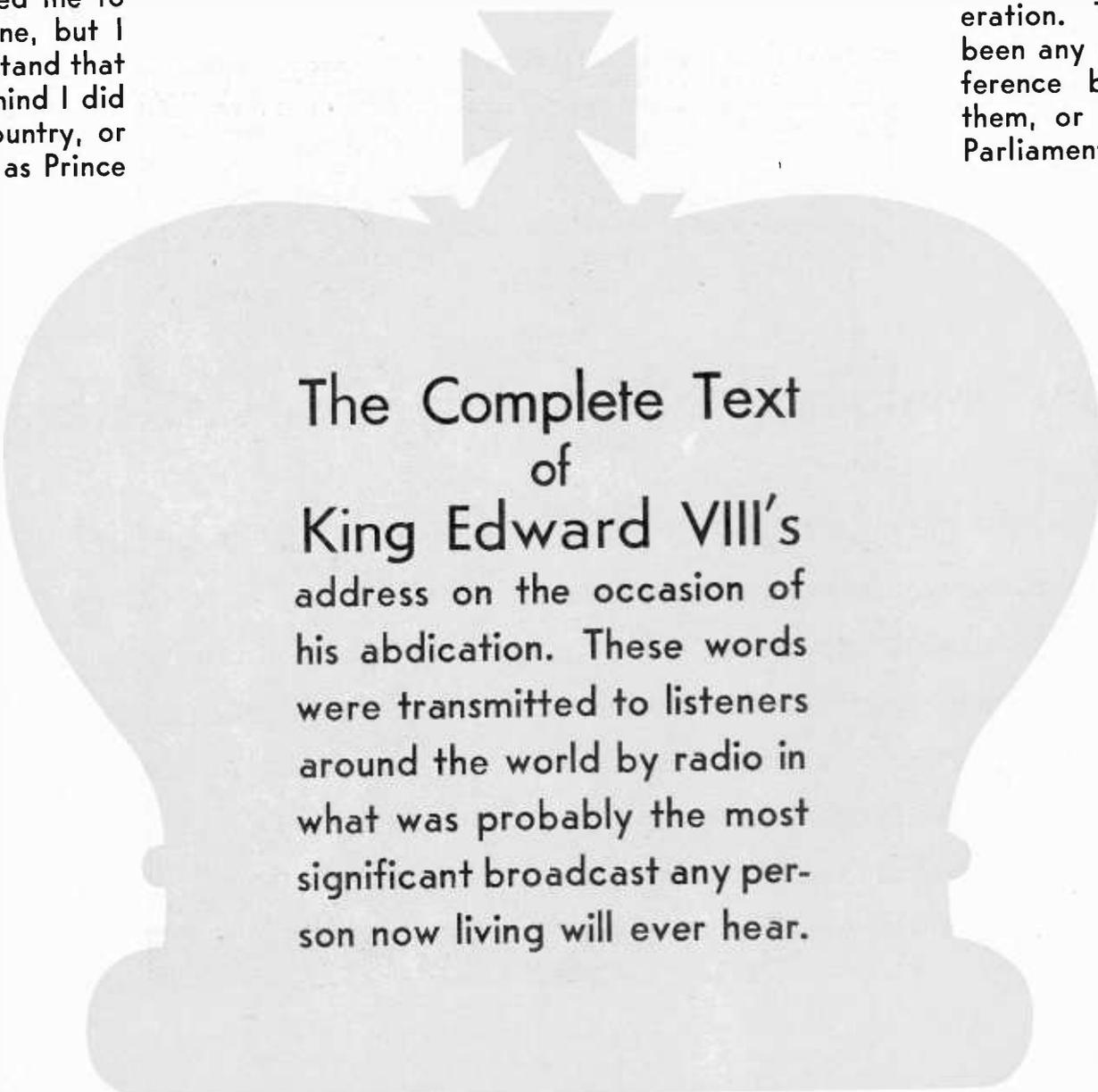
Ever since I was Prince of Wales, and later on, while I occupied the throne, I have been treated with the greatest of kindness by all classes of the people, wherever I have lived or journeyed throughout the Empire. For that I am very grateful.

I now quit altogether public affairs, and I lay down my burden. It may be some time

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!



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 per-
son now living will ever hear.

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



FRED UTTAL WAS HIRED
AND FIRED FORTY-THREE
TIMES. THEN HE FOUND
HIMSELF—ON THE AIR!



BLESSINGS IN DISGUISE

HOW'D you feel the last time you lost your job? Like howling? Desperate—sizzling mad—worn to a frazzle? It doesn't matter. The point is you've secretly felt ever since that your palmy days ended the time you were fired from that elegant secretarial position, that exciting construction unit, or that soft desk at the office. Those were the good old days, the best set-up you ever had. You've never gotten over it.

Madam—mister—you're worried. I'm convinced. Losing that job was probably the swellest break you ever had. In fact, if you could get a few more breaks just like it, you'd wind up a howling success.

That's Fred Uttal's theory, and he should know a few things about it, since he's one of the most successful free-lance announcers in the industry. Perhaps you're acquainted with him as Donald Towne on RADIO GUIDE's "Court of Honor" program, or on some of the other big shows for which he's been engaged because of his unusually smooth mikeside manner and his wide fan following.

He's a huge six-footer with brown eyes and brown hair and a terrific personality. (The name looks like a tall but it's pronounced u-tell. He's twenty-eight and handsome, single, fancy-free, and perfectly suited—he's blessed by the Fates.

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

By all the arguments in favor of heredity, Fred should have made a good deal out of it. Instead of twenty-eight, he became president of the largest shoe manufacturing concern in New York City. The Uttals were extremely wealthy. Their country estate near Mt. Vernon had an English governess, a nursery full of expensive toys—an August in Bermuda every Summer.

UTIL he was nine, he had those things—then he went to working newspapers at Times Square to help support the family.

It had come with the suddenness of a black squall, Mr. Uttal's father was falling ill. Within six months his health was gone. So were his savings and his chances for recovery. The family, which included a little girl three years Fred's senior, was ousted from the clean spaciousness of Mt. Vernon to three dank, coal-dusty rooms in a Greenwich Village tenement. And Mrs. Uttal opened a tiny hat shop in an effort to keep them all in food and shelter.

Fred sold papers at the Sheridan Square subway station in the mornings before school, and at Forty-second 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



Fred Uttal and Ariene Francis. Fred's quite a man-about-town

BY LORRAINE THOMAS



Fred Uttal thinks being fired is good for you!

Saturdays he played in nearly all the mob scenes of the old-time Marion Davies pictures and finally was advanced to the four-dollar-a-day status of juvenile bit-player. He was a handsome little fellow with a cherubic dimpled chin, and for a while his services were very much in demand. But that didn't last long. He got fired—and D. W. (Birth of a Nation) Griffith was the man who did it.

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. But one fine day when they were filming a big sequence of the battle of Bunker Hill, little Fred Uttal gummed up that casual method of movie-making once and for all.

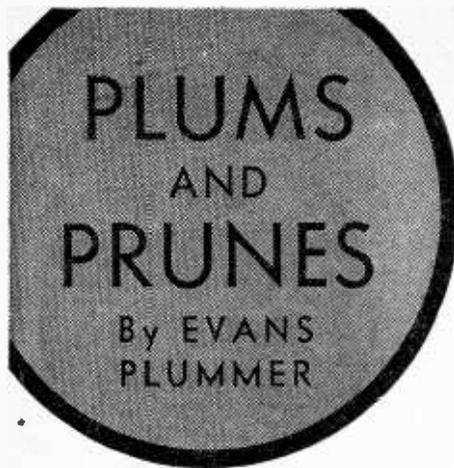
Dressed in a colonial costume, he was supposed to be a powder-boy for the troops. He was to start at the camera, run down the line behind the fighting men and fill their powder-boxes from a horn he carried over his shoulder. D. W. Griffith, the director, explained the procedure to him in detail, and 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 fascinated in his tracks watching Bunker Hill live again. He forgot that he was even in the picture. Nobody noticed him in all 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 off, D. W. Griffith was fit to be tied. The camera hadn't taken the battle of Bunker Hill at all. It 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 took him 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 fleeing 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 overcome with the sheer exultancy 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 him instead of the family. That
(Continued on Page 17)



CHICAGO.—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 Blaine knew—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 Mihan and actress Isabel Randolph to assist him to a chair. Then, motioning the studio audience to be quiet, Joan began transposing 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. Thus they carried out four minutes of the scene without the invisible audience knowing the difference!

Olan Soule and Mihan took Farnum to NBC's first-aid room, where he was

WHEN the new Joe Cook show comes to the air January 2 to replace the current Chateau program, featuring Smith Ballew as m.c., the musical background will be unusual novelties. The sponsor has hired Ernie Watson to make the unusual arrangements and this is one time music will predominate in importance over the band. There will be no "big name" bandleader.

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

When Jessica Dragonette takes over her new program January 13, it will be a half-hour operetta with Jessica doing both vocal and speaking parts, which should please her followers.

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

At this writing, CBS had already written and prepared for 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 in readiness and the show could be placed on the air in a very few minutes. Walter Tetley, 16-year-old actor, is the one picked to play the role of the Duke in his childhood.

Incidentally, the King Edward—Mrs.

revived. Over-work was blamed for the incident. In addition to his radio acting, Farnum holds a full-time position with an air-transport company.

January 4 will mark the last Sinclair-sponsored broadcast of the NBC Greater Minstrels 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 Biloxi, Miss. She was born in Panama. They will wed in Kansas City, Mo.

Another backstage drama was enacted last week during the progress of Josef Cherniavsky's "Musical Camera." In the audience was an old man who followed every movement of Con-

ductor Cherniavsky. At the program's conclusion, he hurried to the leader, introduced himself, and the pair went into an hysterical old-world embrace. The 80-year-old visitor was Boris Cherniavsky, 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—

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



Left: Kate Smith smiles for the cameraman while she's being "pret-tied up." Right: Bernice Claire says she can cook—and here's proof!

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 McNamee 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 been given one-time appearances on network shows.

Sheila Barrett, who is in a class by herself when it comes to mimicking the big names in radio and the movies, 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 Durelle Alexander, cute singer of the Paul Whiteman troupe of a year ago. Rudy has not definitely stated that he will feature Durelle with his band, but he was mightily pleased with her special audition 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.

on the air. Since the "Romance of Helen Trent" started, her leading men have included Lester Tremayne, Ed Prentiss, Hugh Studebaker, Vin Hawthorn and now David Gothard. Virginia kind of likes the idea. She says variety adds to the romance of life, and as Helen Trent she must keep herself in a romantic frame of mind!

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

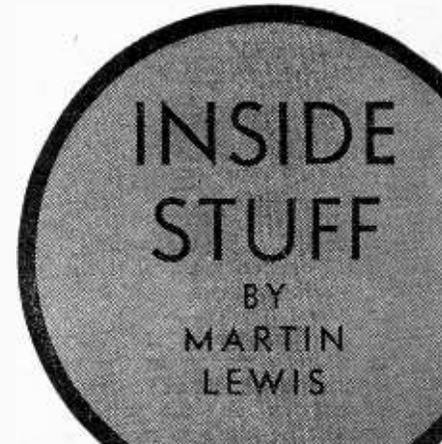
"Just who did abdicate?" asks Commander E. F. McDonald, Jr., president of the Zenith Radio Corp., who last Thursday morning tuned in the CBS relay of the official BBC announcement of King Edward's resignation. Sir Frederick White, former M. P., a bit ruffled at the mike, referred to the descending ruler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

TAG LINES: Very ultra ultra was the Count and Countess D'Aix' sponsored performance of "The Liar" last week at the Drake Hotel. Radio folk in its cast included Willard Waterman, Vincent Pelletier and Raymond Johnson, who directed and starred in the piece but is thoroughly unhappy over it all because he had to shave off his mustache and have his hair cut close . . . Tabbed by Lum 'n' Abner as someone to go places is Florence Starr, the swell anonymous voice you've been hearing for the past year with Roy Campbell's Royalists . . . Two new NBC-Chi announcers who worked to the top are Rene Gekiere (pronounced Reen Gee-kyare), former secretary to Everett Mitchell, and Tom Casey, page boy until recently . . . They're headed for the big-time!

Horace Heidt took New York by storm and received a tremendous ovation when he opened at the swank 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 a pedestrian, Ed Thorgerson, radio announcer, was arrested at 3 a.m. yesterday at 150th Street and 7th Avenue. He will be arraigned in Traffic Court tomorrow."

KILOCYCLE KOMMENT: Columbia's Boake Carter proved a most interesting luncheon speaker at the feast tendered him by CBS' Chi crew last week, but most of what Boake said was "off the record" . . . Hospitalized: Pat Petterson, National Barn Dance basso, with an infected jaw . . . Uncle Ezra's Hoosier Hot Shots have incorporated. That's real news!





"Howdy, folks!" It's (left to right) Frank Parker, Judy Canova, Paul Whiteman, and Annie and Zeke Canova. Right: Fanny Brice is on "Revue de Paree!"



HAPPY LISTENING WITH DON TOWNE

Rad's City, N. Y.—

IT HAS happened again! The Show Boat will make another change. Effective December 31, out go Helen Jepson, Ross Graham (the baritone who warbles under the moniker of a Mr. Willoughby) and Sam 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 8 o'clock, Freedman was dead, the result of a sudden heart attack. A few hours 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 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, Everett Marshall'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 Organ Grinder's Swing" when NBC made them cut this verse:

"When the organ plays 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 into 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 threat to NBC and CBS. What it will mean, only time will tell.

FRED WARING winds up his programs for Ford on December 29. He and the auto-maker 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 Rubinoff, 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 collegiate bang 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 \$10,000.00 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 hunk of cheese that Gene Raymond carried away from a recent Crosby broadcast. . . . a present from the sponsors. . . 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. . . . Franca White

(Continued on Page 19)



She sings! You hear Edythe Wright with Tommy Dorsey's band on the new Jack Pearl show. (Right): She recites! You hear Mary Livingstone with Jack Benny each Sunday



What, no horses? Here are "The Westerners": Milt Mabie, Allen, Louise and Dott Massey, and Larry Wellington



Wisecracking Ben Bernie (left) tells a funny story! The listeners are Roger Pryor, Joan Winter and Johnny Weismuller

FOUR RACKETS THE GOOD WILL COURT EXPOSED

(Continued from Page 3)

runners outside, and, if they heed, they are further gypped."

Nowadays, shyster lawyers have a harder time reaching people who attend the Court. On Sunday night, Radio City is patrolled by plain-clothes men. There have been cases in which pitifully eager unfortunates have been duped. The officers are there to see that it does not happen again. A. L. Alexander means to guarantee that.

His own efforts to keep his cases unknown to anyone beyond his own staff are also interesting. In his private office there is a vault to which only he and his confidential secretary have the combination. Here he keeps all the names and addresses and the basic information about each case.

This information is often put to use, for every broadcast invariably stirs its radio audience to some sort of response. Calls may pour in offering jobs, clothing, help. Sometimes letters bring money, but this last is invariably returned. Other sorts of help, however, are always welcomed.

So, behind the scenes, there is the gigantic task of putting hundreds of offers before deserving applicants and determining after a lapse of time what has been the result. A regular bureau of information has been set up, and it is used by police departments who want to know about rackets, and by anxious parents who are seeking long-lost sons and daughters, and also by cranks.

BUT the show the public knows and likes is the part of this undertaking that is under fire. What about its claims? What of the assertion of a lawyers' committee which protested that many applicants for help are sent away without having been benefited?

We talked to four such people. Their stories are touching and short and simple. This is the first.

Mrs. S. was a loving wife and mother to her ailing husband and their four children. The husband had been suffering for years from an incurable disease, and one dark day he passed away. Funds were low, but it was decided to put a notice of death in the obituary columns of the various newspapers. Little did Mrs. S. think that this notice would be eagerly scanned not only by shocked relatives and friends but by racketeers looking for easy money.

One of these vultures dispatched himself to the scene, armed with "The Golden Book." Gaining entrance to the house as a fellow mourner who "knew the deceased for many years," he suavely extended his condolences to the grief-stricken family. The book, he explained, contained photographs of various individuals who were members of the same lodge as the deceased. Because of the honorable life lived by the late husband, his picture and name would be placed in "The Golden Book."

Somewhat hesitantly, Mrs. S. gave him her only picture of her husband. Two weeks later, another representative of the company returned with a large portrait in water-color of poor artistic value, surrounded by an ornate frame. He informed the widow, still in heavy mourning, that the price was \$60. When she protested, he became insulting and an argument ensued.

The salesman threatened that unless \$60 was forthcoming, the original picture would be withheld. Sick at heart, and weary of the whole mess, the money was paid; the victim, in her ignorance and grief, never realizing that the racketeers had no legal basis whatever for collection. Talking weakly into the Good Will Court's microphone, Mrs. S. said, "I paid, rather than profane the memory of the dead."

The advisers on the Court listened to her story. They could offer no help. The law made no provisions for racketeers of that sort, and the poor

woman left, her last hope for recovering her money blasted.

Those who listened were shocked. Was it possible, they thought, that such unscrupulous racketeers really existed?

They may not have realized it, but by expressing such horrified indignation, they marked themselves as potential victims. For these rackets hit not the dishonest and wary but those whose honesty makes them trusting and gullible prey.

That exposure of the "photographic racket" is the Good Will Court's answer to the question, "Does it really help people?"

Mr. T. is another who came to the Court. Several years ago, he had desired to buy some furniture. He had been attracted by an ad in a newspaper which called lurid attention to "amazingly liberal terms" and small down payments. He bought furniture

So Mr. T., who had paid \$280 in cash, now found his salary garnisheed to make up the balance of \$155 owed for furniture which he no longer had in his home. Presently, his employer tired of his financial scrapes and fired him. In the meantime, the furniture firm had complied with the letter of the law concerning such chattel mortgage transactions and "sold" the furniture at public auction.

NOT a pretty story, is it? Mr. T., who told his story to a Good Will Court judge, got no personal help. But what of unsuspecting and trusting men and women? They'll think twice—now!

The exposure of the "furniture racket" is answer number two to the question: "Does the Good Will Court really help people?"

Mr. B. had just enjoyed a neighborhood movie. As he left the lobby, he

an extra-special bargain. For the new lot wasn't worth even \$500.00. And made Mr. B. an extra-special sucker!

Unhappily, the Good Will Court's judge could not get Mr. B.'s money back, but the words with which he warned Mr. B. about the real estate racket reached an audience that has been estimated at fifteen million people!

The exposure of a vicious grafting scheme is answer number three to the question as to whether or not radio's Court of Good Will helps people.

One of the most pitiful cases of all was the one which a poor colored man brought before the Court's advisers. Pausing every once in a while to steady his quavering voice, he told this 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 figure accompanied by the caption, "Draw Me and Win a Scholarship. Commercial Artists in Great Demand."

Encouraged by his wife, he proceeded to copy the figure in the ad, and he sent it to the given address. A few weeks later, he received a letter informing him that he had "won a scholarship" with a rating of 92 per cent. Soon a representative of the "school" called to extend congratulations and incidentally to request from the overjoyed family five dollars. This, the caller said, was for a drawing-board, pencils, etc. It was actually the down payment on the course, which the victim could not afford. The "representative" then offered to pay the five dollars himself rather than "lose" such a promising discovery to the world of art." But, before he departed, he got the "discovery's" signature to a paper which was worded so ambiguously that the poor man could not understand it. Actually, what he had signed was a contract to take art lessons 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 presently his already inadequate salary was garnisheed. 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 bar of the Good Will Court and were told that there was no legal way in which they could get their money back, because the racketeers had worked within the letter of the law.

By revealing these four experiences, it was not the purpose of the Good Will Court—nor of RADIO GUIDE—to cast aspersions on the furniture business, the real estate business, the photographers' studios or the art schools. Each is a practical, honorable business in itself; otherwise the racketeers would not base their schemes against the backgrounds of their respective good reputations.

But if the Good Will Court, in its groping 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 guilelessness of others, then their exposures are valuable ones.

But not all cases are like these. Indeed, more often than not the applicant gets courage or inspiration or genuine material help. Such a case is that of one destitute woman of sixty-nine, for instance.

Suffering from cancer, she was almost completely blind from years of eye-strain as a seamstress.

She had been paying dues to a benefit organization for twenty-seven years, but due to economic stress, had been unable to continue her payments and was dropped from the books. Unable to obtain Home Relief because she had been a patient in a hospital in another

(Continued on Page 19)

DO YOU KNOW—

1. The inside story of the "dead husband" picture racket?
2. The real facts about the "time payment" furniture scoundrels?
3. The underhanded operations of the "something for nothing" real estate promoters?
4. The dishonest dealings of art school parasites?

These Rackets Exist!

AND THEY HAVE BEEN EXPOSED BY RADIO'S GOOD WILL COURT!

costing \$395.50. Being a workman earning only \$26, and with a wife and three children to support, he arranged to pay weekly terms of five dollars. After making twenty of these payments, Mr. T. missed one payment—then another. One of the children was sick; there were doctor bills to pay.

THE furniture company sent him threatening letters. In desperation he wrote them to come and take back the furniture. However, they avoided this, even though they knew that Mr. T.'s circumstances were getting worse.

Instead, they arranged with him to pay three dollars a week instead of five. A year went by and he managed to pay another \$150. During this time, letters kept him impressed with the "patience" of the furniture company. Finally, when he had paid a total of \$255, the company notified him that unless he paid within one week the one hundred odd dollars he was behind in his payments the furniture would be taken at once.

Desperate, he scraped together another \$25, making a total of \$280 he had paid. Then the furniture company entered his home and removed the furniture. Next, they sued him and got a judgment for the balance of \$115.50. The marshal's fees and court costs, plus interest, amounted to another \$40, making a total of \$155.50 balance for the court judgment.

was asked to put his name on a card to participate in a drawing for a "free chance" on a lot in the country. What Mr. B. did not know was that the moment he put his name on the card he "won." In fact, everybody won; for no drawing of any kind was ever held. His signed card was just one of thousands, divided up among the salesmen of a high-pressure real estate company. A week later, one of them rushed into the home of Mr. B. with great excitement and congratulated him upon his luck in winning the lot.

An appointment was made for Mr. B. to come down to inspect the property. As evidence of good faith, he was required to put up a bond of five dollars that he would be present. It was also urged that he bring twenty-five dollars with him because the legal fees would amount to that sum.

When Mr. B. kept his date, he was shown an unimproved piece of dirt with the explanation, "This is the lot you won." Then, with great skill and craft, he was shown another lot close by which had been improved by the addition of a few trees and shrubs. This lot was worth \$1,600, he was told. Yes, it was a bargain at \$1,600.

Well, the story of the man who wants to get something for nothing is as old as time. So Mr. B. took the lot he had "won," added \$1,000 cash to it and traded it for the improved lot. Which made the new lot, he was told,

GILT-EDGED TORTURE

Placing Jenkins' arm in the mortise box, Biggs struck it repeatedly with the heavy rolling-pin. The bone snapped under the blows!

others so that they may profit at the insurance companies' expense.

"Right here in Los Angeles," he added indignantly, "there's a gang at work and it's up to us to stop them."

"Okay, Fitts," Griffin said, shifting his cigar from one corner of his mouth to the other. "Okay. But what do you suggest?"

"Well, first I want you to dispatch a police radio car to the scene of every accident that happens," Fitts replied. "After that, we'll figure out what the next step is."

Griffin put his department to work at once. As soon as an accident report came in, radio patrol cars rushed to the scene and checked every detail of the accident. And as Fitts had suspected, accidents within the city limits suddenly began to dwindle, while those in the suburbs increased.

AFTER weeks of vigilance, Elton Miner, a respectable 45-year-old resident of Long Beach, was finally identified by Griffin as one automobile driver who appeared to be heavily involved and heavily insured, and who had had accidents in which insurance damages were paid.

"Watch him," Griffin told his men, and from the day the order was issued until the day the Los Angeles insurance racket was finally exposed, a radio patrol car picketed Elton Miner night and day. Several weeks after suspicion had pointed to Miner, one of Griffin's attaches turned up to report . . . "This fellow Miner," he said, "pals around with a Mr. and Mrs. Harold Jenkins and the three of them are thick as thieves with a William Bone and a Martin Biggs, also of Long Beach."

He didn't know how prophetic his "thick as thieves" bromide would turn out to be! "Put a dictograph in the Jenkins House," Griffin ordered tersely. But this order was never carried out, for the Jenkins place offered no place of concealment.

Finally, Griffin hit upon a second plan. "Listen," he said to Fitts, "I'm going to plant a man of my own in with that gang. A man who'll pretend he wants to get in on the racket. Once in, we'll have him install a portable short-wave radio set in the house occupied by Bone and Biggs. We'll install a concealed microphone and we'll fix up a receiving set somewhere near by. The minute we get the goods on these guys—wham!—we'll sock them in the penitentiary quicker than any of the 'accidents' they ever caused."

Fitts agreed to Griffin's plan and officers B. G. Haworth and Harry Dean were delegated to assist him. Renting

(Continued on Page 18)

CITIZENS!

Police Radio offers you the best possible protection. Learn about Police Radio, and when crime threatens, use it!

UNIFORMS rustled and instruments gleamed in the Los Angeles hospital room where a badly injured woman lay.

A surgeon bent above her. "A bad compound fracture," he said.

The woman moaned piteously. She was an attractive woman—or she would have been if an abraded forehead had not detracted from the smoothness of her skin.

"What happened?" the doctor asked kindly, his deft fingers working quickly.

"A car hit me," she moaned, "I was crossing the street—I was knocked down from behind."

"Any witnesses?" the doctor asked perfunctorily.

"No, sir," a man standing near the head of the bed replied. "I was driving the car that hit her. There was

no one around at all. She started across the street, saw me coming, hesitated, went back and started across again. It all happened so unexpectedly I hit her before I realized she'd left the curb. I picked her up and brought her in."

"Name?" inquired the doctor.

"Elton Miner," the driver replied.

The doctor started in surprise. Only three weeks before a man had been brought in with a compound fracture, sustained, he said, when an automobile had run him down.

The driver of that car too had been named Elton Miner!

"You seem to have quite a few accidents," the doctor observed dryly.

"Yes," Miner agreed, "But accidents, you know, will happen."

Elton Miner knew whereof he spoke. Accidents not only will happen, he

knew, but often did, especially where he was concerned. For accidents were his business—the maiming of human beings and the collection of insurance on their various injuries his bread and butter!

Oddly enough, at the very moment Elton Miner was telling the doctor that "accidents will happen"—District Attorney Buron Fitts, of Los Angeles, was telling Charles E. Griffin, assistant chief of the Los Angeles County Bureau of Investigation, the same thing.

"Charlie," he said, "I've had secret investigators working on the insurance fraud racket and I've discovered that the insurance companies of America are being bilked out of more than a million dollars a year. Bilked by people who actually either maim themselves or submit to mutilation by

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 wax 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 her 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. Her 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 things 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 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."

"It was at 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 Brahms' 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 it 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 practises.

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

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!

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).



AM I NEVER RESTED AGAIN

SO RUN-DOWN THE LEAST EFFORT WORE HER OUT



VITAMINS A. B. G and D

43 BLESSINGS IN DISGUISE

(Continued from Page 11)

made the story all wrong and ruined the entire sequence, a mere matter, this time, of six hundred feet of film.

D. W. Griffith was speechless with rage. Finally he managed to exclaim, "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 because his mother's hat shop had grown into 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 successfully in the business world, Fred Uttal lost anywhere from one to five jobs a year. He flopped as a tailor's runner when he delivered three suits—which never came back—to the wrong address. A cable manufacturing company fired him for inefficient 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 really 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 never amount to a thing!"—which made him furious.

So he took 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, Mother," he confessed, "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 his mother, "is simply that you haven't found your niche in the world yet. People are destined for work, son, just as they're destined for other things.

"You've jumped from pillar to post but you've been industrious, 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 chore to him instead of a challenge. He lost interest in the theater, even as he had lost it in a number of other things. One afternoon he handed in his resignation to the group, shook hands in good-bye 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 dramatics," 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 qualified. Let's hear your voice."

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

You're 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 the bracelet and 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 on 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. 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!"

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

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

GOING TO FEEL



DON'T LET UNDERFERD BLOOD KEEP YOU FEELING LIMP AS A RAG

SO MANY people find they tire quickly and feel low spirited at this time of year.

Usually this tired feeling comes when your blood is *underferd* and does not carry enough nourishment to your muscles and nerves.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast supplies your blood with essential vitamins and

other food elements. It helps your blood to take up more nourishment from your food, and carry it to your nerve and muscle tissues.

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly each day—one cake about ½ hour before each meal. Eat it plain, or in a little water. Start today!

IT'S YOUR BLOOD THAT "FEEDS" YOUR BODY

ONE of the important functions of your blood stream is to carry nourishment from your food to the muscle and nerve tissues of your entire body.

When you find you get overtired at the least effort, it is usually a sign that your blood is not supplied with enough food.

What you need is something to help your blood get more nourishment from your food.



FLEISCHMANN'S FRESH YEAST CONTAINS 4 VITAMINS IN ADDITION TO HORMONE-LIKE SUBSTANCES, WHICH HELP THE BODY GET GREATER VALUE FROM THE FOOD YOU EAT, AND GET IT FASTER-----

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GILT-EDGED TORTURE

(Continued from Page 15)

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

Between the time Haworth was accepted 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 belonging 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 Griffin huddled around the receiving set

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

Police officers were no sooner hidden at the scene of the "smashup" than a car came speeding up to the curve and stopped. Two figures leaped out. With ice-picks they ripped a tire to bits, sprinkled human blood over the upholstery, shut off the motor, and pushed the car over an embankment.

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 husband. A device resembling a mortise-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 suffered the same fate.

Shortly thereafter, Elton Miner appeared in the house three blocks away. "Climb into the car," he ordered 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 ourselves a holiday."

But there was never to be another fake accident in the city of Los Angeles, for by that time radio had done its job. Griffin and Dean had contacted police headquarters and a squad car was waiting at the hospital.

There, in those clean, silent corridors, thanks to radio, officers arrested Harold Jenkins and his wife, Alta, Elton Miner. William Bone and Martin Biggs.



Art Fields, left, and Fred Hall, right, author, direct and act in NBC's "Streamliners" program

SUNFLOWER STATE DIAL NEWS

BY ADAM STREET

KFBI, the radio station in Abilene, Kansas, is perhaps the pioneer 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 individuals and organizations in KFBI-land. Sunday is Latchstring day and the schedule is filled in advance for several months by entertainers who desire to make a radio debut.

Following the current Sunday schedule would paint a clear picture of the enthusiasm shown for the Latchstring idea, even after five years of existence. Many of the programs are sponsored by church and civic organizations and many are individual aspirants. Rev. Langemede opens the station each Sunday with an hour and a half of devotionals, 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 and more popular—not only to those who have programs but for KFBI listeners.

Telegraph and telephone wires are kept hot in Abilene on Sundays and the KFBI hostess is busy as a bee 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 inevitableness of fate, just as one says, "The King is dead. Long live the King!" So might one have recently said, "The Kansas City Kansan's station is dead. Long live the Kansas City Kansan's station!"

For when WLBF signed off at 9 p.m. on November 25, it rang the death knell for the station. The next day, at 6:55 a.m. KCKN began kicking, almost as if its call-letters were made for



Pappy Cheshire, the gallant looking gentleman in the center, shares his RADIO GUIDE with his "Ozark Mountaineers" between broadcasts over KMBC

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

By installing remote control microphones in two of the Abilene churches, the morning worship services are brought alternately from the Abilene Baptist and Methodist churches—regular Sunday morning church services.

At 1:15 each Sunday KFBI is sponsoring a contest between high-school glee clubs of Kansas with three clubs competing each Sunday. Secret judges are tuned in from several Kansas towns and the clubs are announced only by numbers.

Ministerial Alliances are given weekly spots of one-half hour each Sunday afternoon at 3:30, followed by a religious service in the Swedish language at 4 p.m. Two near-by colleges take alternate 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 Sundays 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.

LAST October the Chamber of Commerce of El Dorado Springs, Missouri, brought a group of forty musicians to KFBI for a broadcast of their band and their hillbilly musicians, traveling three hundred miles to take part in an hour broadcast. Other groups from a hundred or more miles distant are often guests on KFBI, and

that very word which is so closely connected with new life.

The call-letters are in reality symbolic of Kansas City, Kansas, and The Kansan. The main reason for the change was to eliminate the interference experienced by listeners of WLBF in the past.

It happened that WLBF operated on 1420 kilocycles. So did another station within two hundred miles of Kansas City. Hence the interference. Now KCKN operates on 1310 kilocycle reading. 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 WIBW, 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 Columbia stations, to most of the principal cities in the United States. At the designated time and cue from the key station in New York, at 9:30 p.m. CST, 101 officials stepped to their local stations' microphones and made appeals to the citizens of their own municipalities.

The annual presentation of "Santa Claus' Workshop" is heard daily over KMOX at 4:45 p.m., Monday through Saturday until Christmas time. Featured on the program is Marvin E. Mueller.

Handwriting Contest Victory List

The modern King Midas—that's what each winner thinks of himself as RADIO GUIDE's contest gold comes to him. For writing a prize-winning entry in this easiest of all contests is as simple as it was for Midas to turn all things to gold simply by touching them. All you need is characteristic handwriting—for that you may win in this weekly contest. And for a new slogan for RADIO GUIDE weekly, you may win again in the big slogan contest—on the same entry!

Below are listed some of the lucky ones who have profited from this contest opportunity. If you want to join them in their good fortune, read the rules of these companion contests on the 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, Middlesex County, N. J.

Second Awards—\$50 Each

Florence Stephens, Kendallville, Ind.
Ada Feulner, 4205 Ridgewood Ave., Baltimore, Md.

Third Awards—\$25 Each

S. P. Smith, 125 Howe St., E., Moose Jaw, Sask., Can.
Mrs. Harriet Murphy, 15 So. Franklin, Hartford, Conn.
M. E. Weik, 258 So. 8th St., Lebanon, Pa.
Arthur Anderson, Drummond, Wis.

Fourth Awards—Each One RCA-Victor Record-Player and 10 Shep Fields Records

J. L. Seligman, Harborview, Pensacola, Fla.
Edward Baker, P. O. Box 555, Raleigh, N. C.
Mrs. Fern Powell, 2846 Broadway, Toledo, Ohio.
Mrs. Hayes Montgomery, 1416 Charleston Ave., Mattoon, Ill.
Mrs. Maude Wehler, 1550 W. Philadelphia St., York, Pa.

Fifth Awards—\$10 Each

Gerald Cozzotin, 150 Bradley St., New Haven, Conn.
Dorothy Ballentine, Sardis, Miss.
Christine Teague, 3835 W. 8th St., Los Angeles, Calif.
Arthur Harrison, 2515 Glenwood Rd., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mary McKenzie, 4315 Granger, Oklahoma City, Okla.
Robert Dycke, Dalhart, Texas.
Chas. Testard, Box 880, Wichita, Kan.
George Nisbet, 504 So. 19th, Terre Haute, Ind.
Philip Ray, 305 S. Dodge, Iowa City, Ia.
W. K. Jarrett, 219 E. 42nd, New York, N. Y.

Sixth Awards—\$5 Each

Clarence Majer, Pocono Pines, Pa.
J. K. West, Carolina Beach, N. C.
Mrs. W. M. Tully, 4416 Woodlea Ave., Baltimore, Md.
Mrs. H. E. Harner, Port Carbon, Pa.
Oscar Tooke, 4043 Flora Ave., Kansas City, Mo.
Mrs. I. A. Brown, Gastonia, N. C.
J. De V. Hibert, Fontana, Calif.
Mable Hinman-Burgess, 544 W. 110th, New York, N. Y.
L. F. Pealer, Wyoming, Iowa
R. Jean Kennedy, 5518 London Rd., Duluth, Minn.
Mrs. Harriet Patrick, 811 No. 27th Ave., Omaha, Neb.
Junia Brown, 640 W. 14th St., Tulsa, Okla.
Mrs. E. J. Holland, Cobalt, Ontario, Can
Anne Low, 220 16th, N., Seattle, Wash.
Francis Springer, 6716 N. 16th St., Oak Lane, Pa.
Frank Froh, Campion College, Regina, Sask., Can.
Mrs. Mary Dowsett, 1819 Fletcher St., Lansing, Mich.
A. J. Same, 749 Pickarak, Springfield, Mo.
F. E. W. Bohm, 89-19 143rd St., Jamaica, N. Y.
Peggie Kersh, 110 E. 57th St., New York, N. Y.

4 RACKETS THE GOOD WILL COURT EXPOSED

(Continued from Page 14)

part of the state for three years. Meanwhile she had become technically ineligible to obtain relief at her previous place of residence. Though she had applied for admission to a "Home for Incurables," her admission was being held up due to her inability to guarantee 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 her with a deed to a place of burial. An undertaker volunteered to provide burial. Thus, the technical requirements of the "Home for Incurables" having been met, the remaining earthly years of the unhappy woman will be spent in peace.

You have heard on your radio the tearful words spoken by an unwed mother who pleaded with the court for assistance.

But you have not heard the voices of legislators 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 to do away with the birth certificate which makes it obligatory to state whether or not the baby was born in or out of wedlock.

Next Spring a bill will be presented in the New York State Legislature which will provide that when a person has paid more than one-half the amount due on furniture, that furniture cannot be taken from him. The company's only recourse will be to sue. 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 touchingly human 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 an 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 lane 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's number three in this week's ratings. The complete list of the top fifteen is:

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1—In the Chapel in the Moonlight | 8—There's Love in Your Eye |
| 2—I'll Sing You a Thousand Love Songs | 9—When Did You Leave Heaven? |
| 3—It's De-lovely | 10—Who Loves You? |
| 4—I've Got You Under My Skin | 11—Did You Mean It? |
| 5—You Turned the Tables on Me | 12—Organ Grinder's Swing |
| 6—The Way You Look Tonight | 13—I'm in a Dancing Mood |
| 7—Pennies from Heaven | 14—To Mary — With Love |
| | 15—Close to Me |

Na 6/10

RADIO GUIDE'S COURT OF HONOR

ON THE AIR PRESENTS

CONTESTDOM'S GREATEST SCOOP

A "DOUBLE HEADER" CONTEST

Prizes Every Week—Everybody Has a Chance to Win

RADIO GUIDE offers you an unusual contest—a search for the most characteristic and distinctive handwriting to be found among its readers. Forty-two prizes weekly—in a twelve-week contest! Also, 705 additional prizes, in a companion contest, for the best slogans submitted in the handwriting competition. One entry—and you may win both contests!

THESE CONTESTS WILL BE CONDUCTED IN FULL VIEW OF THE PUBLIC, ON THE CONCOURSE OF THE RCA BUILDING, RADIO CITY, NEW YORK, FOR THEIR FULL DURATION! When in New York City, be RADIO GUIDE's guest. RADIO GUIDE invites you to come behind the scenes and see how your contest is being judged.

WEEKLY HANDWRITING CONTEST AWARDS

First Award	100
Second Award—2 prizes of \$50 each	100
Third Award—4 prizes of \$25 each	100
Fourth Award—5 prizes, each one an RCA-Victor Record Player and ten Shep Fields records.	
Fifth Award—10 prizes of \$10 each	100
Sixth Award—20 prizes of \$5 each	100
Total per week	\$500
Total for 12 weeks	\$6,000

SLOGAN CONTEST AWARDS

First Award	\$1,000
Second Award	500
Third Award	250
Fourth Award	200
Fifth Award	100
Sixth Award—200 prizes of \$5 each	1,000
Seventh Award—500 prizes of \$2 each	1,000
TOTAL AWARDS	\$10,050

RADIO GUIDE CONTEST RULES

- In each issue of RADIO GUIDE printed during the contest, there will be a coupon which you may use as an entry blank. It is not necessary to use this, but all entries should be sent on paper the same size as the coupon to facilitate handling. You may copy or trace the coupon. RADIO GUIDE may be examined at its offices or at public libraries free of charge.
- You are invited to submit an original slogan of not more than 10 words—in your own handwriting. This slogan should refer to RADIO GUIDE Weekly, and express its features and purposes, or both. RADIO GUIDE'S present slogan is: "The National Weekly of Programs and Personalities." We want YOU to write us a better one. During the 12 weeks, handwriting prizes will be awarded weekly for the most distinctive and unusual handwriting. YOU DO NOT NEED A BEAUTIFUL SCRIPT TO WIN. Some of the most illegible styles of writing show the most unusual characteristics. Each week's handwriting contest closes on Wednesday at 5 p.m., following the broadcast of the previous week. All entries received after 5 p.m. will be judged for the following week's awards. At the end of 12 weeks ALL entries will again be judged for slogan values. Thus if you do not win a prize for your handwriting you still have an opportunity of winning in the slogan group. The slogan contest entries must be received not later than January 6, 1937, at 5 p.m.
- You may submit as many entries as you wish. Winning in one contest does not eliminate you from winning in another.
- Send all entries to RADIO GUIDE, care of National Broadcasting Company, New York, or in care of the station over which you hear the program. All winners will be announced through RADIO GUIDE.
- Be sure your name and address are written plainly in your entry. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned to the Post Office. In fairness to all, RADIO GUIDE positively cannot enter into any correspondence concerning this contest. No entries will be returned, and all entries become the property of the sponsor.
- This offer is open to every man, woman and child, everywhere, except employees of RADIO GUIDE and their families, their advertising agents, employees of the National Broadcasting Company and Certified Contest Service. Judges for the slogan contest will be Certified Contest Service and the editors of RADIO GUIDE. Judge for the handwriting contest will be Helen King, President of the American Graphological Society. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be made.
- Entries in this contest must accept the decisions of the judges as final.
- Your entry in this contest is an express acceptance of all the rules printed here.

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.....

(Address: Radio Guide, c/o National Broadcasting Co., New York, N. Y.)

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 praising Frances Scully and Hal Bock—they're really "tops" in publicity.

AL 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 EST). 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.

HARRY 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.

NBC 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.

YOU may think that torch singers hold down the fort until the first crack of dawn filters 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 3 a.m., dragging along a party of friends for a fishing expedition.

ON 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 men and women of today will recount to their grandchildren—one that written history will record for centuries to come!



Trigger-word Floyd Gibbons makes an ideal "M. C." on the new automobile speed show aired over CBS



SHORT WAVES



BY CHAS. A. MORRISON, president, INTERNATIONAL DX-ER'S ALLIANCE

Log of Foreign Stations Whose Programs Are Listed

(Megacycles or thousands of kilocycles shown)	
GEC, Chile	10.67 JVN, Japan
CJRO, Canada	6.15 JZI, " 9.53
CJRX, " 11.72 JZK, " 15.16	
COCD, Cuba	6.13 KIO, Hawaii 11.68
COCO, " 6.01 KKH, " 7.52	
COCC, " 9.75 KKP, " 16.03	
DJB, Germany	15.2 LRU, Argentina 15.29
DJC, " 6.02 LRX, " 9.66	
DJD, " 11.77 LSX, " 10.35	
DJL, " 15.11 OLR, Czechoslovakia 15.32, 11.84	
EAQ, Spain	9.87 PCJ, Holland 9.59, 15.22
FO8AA, Tahiti	9.51 PHI, " 11.73
GSB, England	9.58 PRADO, Ecuador 6.62
GSD, " 11.75 PRF5, Brazil 9.50	
GSE, " 15.14 RAN, Russia 9.60	
GSF, " 17.79 RNE, " 12.00	
GSH, " 21.47 SPW, Poland 13.64	
GSI, " 15.26 TFF, Iceland 12.23	
GSL, " 6.11 TIPG, Costa Rica 6.41	
GSO, " 15.18 TI4NRH, " 9.67	
GSP, " 15.31 TPA2, France 15.24	
HAS3, Hungary	15.37 TPA3, " 11.88
HAT4, " 9.12 TPA4, " 11.71	
HBL, Switzerland	9.60 2R03, Italy 9.635
HBP, " 7.80 2R04, " 11.81	
HC2CW, Ecuador	8.20 VE9DN, Canada 6.005
HC2RL, " 6.66 VK2ME, Australia 9.58	
HIN, Dom. Rep.	11.28 VK3RL, " 9.51
HJ1ABE, Colombia	9.6 VK3ME, " 9.54
HJU, " 9.51 VPD2, Fiji's 9.54	
HP5J, Panama	9.60 YV2RC, Venezuela 5.80
HRN, Honduras	5.87 XEGR, Mexico 7.33
HS8PJ, Biam 9.35, 19.02	XEFT, " 7.2
HVJ, Vatican City	15.12 ZBW3, China 10.18
JVH, Japan	14.6 ZBW4, " 10.18
JVM, " 10.74	

Time given is GST; for MST subtract one hour. Short-wave programs of American stations are shown along with the regular listings beginning on page 33. These are indicated, for example, by (sw-11.87) in parentheses following a program listing. This means that on 11.87 megacycles the same program may also be heard over an American short-wave station. Please note that foreign stations do not always adhere precisely to their announced program schedules.

News Broadcasts

Daily—3:40 a.m., GSB, GSO; 3:45, TPA3; 6, LRU, TPA2; 7, GSG, GSH; 10:30, GSB, GSF; 12 noon, GSB, GSD, GSI; 1:30 p.m., TPA3; 3, GSB, GSC, GSD; 3:15, OLR; 4:15, EAQ; 5:40, HP5J; 6, RAN, 6:40, GSB, GSC, GSD; 7, TPA4; 7:15, DJC, DJD; 8, LRX; 9, COCD; 9:40, GSC, GSD; 9:45, CJRO, CJRX; 10:20, TPA4; 11:40, JVH.

Daily except Sundays—5 a.m., VK3ME; 6:30, VK3LR; 8, 2R04; 12:20 p.m., 2R03; 5, 2R03. Sun., Mon., Wed., Fri.—3 p.m., RNE. Sun., Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat.—7 a.m., ZBW (9.52 or 15.19).

Sunday, December 20

*4:30 a.m.—Fiji hour: VPD2
 *6:40 a.m.—Int'l Church of the Air: COCC
 *7 a.m.—Variety music: DJL
 *9:30 a.m.—Vatican City topics: HVJ
 *9:40 a.m.—St. Paul's services: GSB GSF GSH
 *10:10 a.m.—Symphonic concert: DJB
 *1:25 p.m.—Czechoslovak prgm.: OLR (11.84)
 *3 p.m.—Overseas hour for the Atlantic coast: JZK JZI
 *3:30 p.m.—Musical program: LRU
 *3:55 p.m.—Listener greetings: DJC DJD
 *4 p.m.—Variety program: LRX
 *4:30 p.m.—Frithjof Sentpaul, baritone: DJC DJD
 *4:30 p.m.—Setting up exercises: JVH
 *5 p.m.—BRAHM'S SONATAS; Elsie Owen, violin; Harry Isaacs, piano: GSB GSC GSD
 *6 p.m.—Moscow broadcast: RAN
 *6 p.m.—Happy Hour: PCJ (9.59)
 *6:15 p.m.—Sound pictures: DJC DJD
 *7:30 p.m.—Royal Hawaiian band: KKP
 *8:15 p.m.—Military concert: DJC DJD
 *9 p.m.—Music Appreciation: HRN
 *11 p.m.—Overseas hour for the Pacific coast: JVH JZK

Key to Symbols used: *Daily; †Week Days; ‡Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

Monday, December 21

10:50 a.m.—Hotel Victoria orch.: GSB GSF GSH
 11:30 a.m.—Polish hour: SPW
 12:20 p.m.—Kentucky Minstrels: GSB GSD GSI
 2 p.m.—Street show: GSB GSD GSI
 †3:40 p.m.—Dominican variety program: HIN
 4 p.m.—Argentina hour: LSX
 †4 p.m.—Mayor's program: COCD
 4:30 p.m.—Brazilian hour: PRF5
 5 p.m.—Light concert: DJC DJD
 †5 p.m.—What Is This?: LRX
 5:30 p.m.—Vocal concert: 2R03
 6 p.m.—CHRISTMAS poems and legends from Ireland: GSB GSC GSD
 6 p.m.—Pan-American program: W3XAL (6.1)
 6:15 p.m.—Neapolitan songs: 2R03
 6:25 p.m.—Talk by a Hong Kong police sergeant: GSB GSC GSD
 6:30 p.m.—Twilight hour: DJC DJD
 †7 p.m.—National Railways program: HJU

Figures in parentheses denote megacycles.

AT RARE intervals, when conditions are just right, the whole world seems to suddenly open up for the listener. Stations from the far corners of the earth come pouring in on all bands and from all directions with practically no background of noise. There is an eerie feeling of crispness and tingle to the dials that makes the set seem almost alive. Such a morning was Saturday, December 5, when at 9 a.m. EST (8 CST), signals from the east and west came in with an utter disregard for time, frequency or beam direction. Oriental stations were popping in all over the dials and several Siberian phone stations never heard before were evident. PLP (11) of Bandoeng, Java, never very loud at this point, was logged with local volume. ZBW of Hong Kong, China, was unbelievably strong. For the first morning in weeks the 25-meter band was alive: Prague, Czechoslovakia; Rome, Italy, and Haizen, Holland, were all loud and clear. All of the 19-meter band stations were unusually good. Unfortunately this rare condition was short-lived and the weaker stations soon sunk back into oblivion.

This Christmas promises to bring more varieties of a happy Yuletide to listeners than ever before. Throughout the Christmas week, fans may hear direct how the different countries celebrate the holiday. BBC stations will offer music, plays, poetry and stories. On Christmas day at 7:30 p.m. EST (6:30 CST), the highlight will be a reading of Dickens' "Christmas Dinner at Bob Cratchit's" from his Carol. Stations will include GSD (11.75), GSC (9.58) or GSB (9.51). From Germany a Christmas cantata may be heard and Paris will offer "The Childhood of Christ" as France's special treat.

STARTING December 1, the Japanese "Overseas Hour" directed to the Atlantic coast of North America is to be radiated daily from 4 to 5 p.m. EST (3 to 4 CST), over Nazaki stations JZK (15.16) and JZI (9.535). The opening identification signal consists of nine gong strokes taken from the second four bars of "Kimigayo." The opening announcement, repeated in Japanese, French and English, is followed by musical selections, variety entertainment and lectures. Listeners sending correct reports on these transmissions to the "Overseas Section of Nippon Hoso Kyokai, Atogoyama, Shiba, Tokio, Japan" will receive a beautiful verification card.

IF INTERESTED in real native Tahitian music, don't fail to tune in FO8AA (7.11), Papeete, Tahiti, on Tuesday or Friday nights at 11 p.m. EST (10 CST). John DeMyer of Lan-

sing, Mich., reports you'll hear a clock striking six times, followed by the playing of the "Marseillaise." All announcements are in French or Tahitian. The station usually signs off at 12:30 a.m. EST (11:30 CST) . . . RADIO GUIDE readers are reporting reception of African amateurs on the 20-meter band. I heard ZU6P (14.06) of Johannesburg, South Africa, on Monday, December 7, at 12 mid. EST (11 p.m. CST), saying he had to leave for work (7 in the morning there).

An up-to-the-minute list of Nicaraguan stations received by air mail from E. H. Andreas, of Managua, Nicaragua, follows: YNOP (5.758), "Radiodifusora Bayer," 1,000 watts, operates weekdays from 8:30 to 11 p.m. EST (7:30 to 10 CST); YNLF (9.65), "La Voz de Nicaragua," 250 watts, operates weekdays from 7 to 10 p.m. EST (6 to 9 CST); YNIGG (6.6), "La Voz de los Lagos," 100 watt, operates weekdays from 8 to 10 p.m. EST (7 to 9 CST); YNGU (9.3), "Alma Nica," 30 watts, operates weekdays from 6 to 8 p.m. EST (5 to 7 CST); YNLG, formerly YNVA (8.5), "Ruben Dario," 250 watts, operates weekdays from 6 to 10 p.m. EST (5 to 9 CST). All stations are located in Managua. Send a three-cent U. S. stamp with your report.

The mysterious Siberian station (5.77), still believed by many to be RV15 of Khabarovsk, is again being hard near 8 a.m. EST (7 CST).

COMMENCING at 7 a.m. EST (6 CST), on November 30, CSW (9.94), of Lisbon, Portugal, made a 24-hour test transmission to learn how its signals were received. During the test, CSW was heard with excellent volume by many of our readers . . . CT1AA, "Radio Coloniale," Lisbon, Portugal, now transmitting near 9.77 megs, may be heard Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays from 4 to 7 p.m. EST (3 to 6 CST).

E. L. Peters of Westport, Nova Scotia, is enjoying excellent reception of Javanese stations PLP (11) and PMN (10.26) near 6 p.m. EST (5 CST), although less than an hour later the stations fade out completely. I believe the phenomena of receiving Javanese broadcasters at this unusual time of the day may be due to the signals arriving from the east rather than the west. I would be glad to have other listeners along the East Canadian seaboard test out this theory on other oriental stations . . . R. B. Oxrieder of State College, Pennsylvania, believes the call of the mysterious Mexican transmitting on 6.115 megs is XECU. It is almost completely covered at present by HJ1ABB of Barranquilla, Colombia, which came back on the air on November 24.

1:45 p.m.—Jay Wilbur and band: GSB GSD GSI
 3 p.m.—Shopping around Soviet stores: RNE
 3:35 p.m.—BBC Theater orchestra; Frank Titterton, tenor: GSB GSC GSD
 4 p.m.—Community work of listener and broadcaster: DJC DJD
 4:25 p.m.—Maurice Winnick and orchestra from San Marco: GSB GSC GSD
 5 p.m.—BBC Empire orchestra; Alleyne and Leonhardt, pianists: GSB GSC GSD
 5:30 p.m.—Augusteo orchestra: 2R03
 6 p.m.—Current Topics: 2R03
 6:15 p.m.—Vocal concert: 2R03
 6:30 p.m.—CANTATA, "The Rising Light of the New Year": DJC DJD
 7 p.m.—Friendship Salute program: TIPG
 7:30 p.m.—Vera Amsinck-Sthamer, sop.: DJC DJD
 8:15 p.m.—The Tziganos: YV2RC
 8:55 p.m.—"London at Christmas Time," S. R. Littlewood: GSC GSD
 9:10 p.m.—"Round London." A tour of London after dark: GSC GSD

Thursday, December 24

9:25 a.m.—Carol Service from King's College Chapel: GSB GSF GSH
 10:15 a.m.—"Under Big Ben," Howard Marshall: GSB GSF GSH
 1:15 p.m.—Raymond Newell, old English songs: GSB GSD GSI
 3:20 p.m.—Christmas pageant, "Unto Us": GSB GSC GSD
 4 p.m.—Herbert Bohme, author: DJC DJD
 4:15 p.m.—Works by Franz Schubert: DJC DJD
 4:25 p.m.—Casani Club orchestra: GSB GSC GSD
 5:15 p.m.—It smells everywhere like Christmas: DJC DJD
 5:20 p.m.—Studio party: GSB GSC GSD
 5:45 p.m.—CHRISTMAS EVE music: 2R03
 6 p.m.—Christmas address, Rudolf Hess: DJC DJD
 6 p.m.—Variety program for North America: OLR (11.84)
 6:30 p.m.—Concert hour: DJC DJD
 6:45 p.m.—Anez orchestra: YV2RC
 7:30 p.m.—German stations greet all countries: DJC DJD
 7:45 p.m.—Melodies: YV2RC
 8 p.m.—Popular Ecuadorian music: PRADO
 8:30 p.m.—Christmas music: DJC DJD
 9:20 p.m.—Henry Hall's Music Makers: GSC GSD

Friday, December 25

8 a.m.—CHRISTMAS poems and legends from Ireland: GSB GSF GSH
 8:35 a.m.—When the Snow Lay 'Round About: GSB GSF GSH
 9:15 a.m.—BBC Military band: GSB GSF GSH
 11:30 a.m.—Polish hour: SPW
 12 noon—Episcopal Christmas services: GSB GSC GSI
 1 p.m.—Christmas Day at Thorney How: GSB GSC GSI
 1:50 p.m.—CHRISTMAS PARTY, comedj ns, dance music, Christmas crackers: GSB GSD GSI
 3 p.m.—Uncle Postishev and children: RNE
 3:20 p.m.—BBC dance orchestra: GSB GSC GSD
 4 p.m.—Christmas prgm. from Buenos Aires: LSX
 5 p.m.—Harry Hopeful's reunion party: GSB GSC GSD
 5:15 p.m.—Shepherd and cradle songs: DJC DJD
 6 p.m.—OPERETTA, "A Night in Venice," Johann Strauss: DJC DJD
 6 p.m.—Rome's Midnight Voice, Amy Bernardy: 2R03
 6 p.m.—Special broadcast from Austria; Greetings and Christmas Carols: PCJ (9.59)
 6:15 p.m.—IBC trio: YV2RC
 7:15 p.m.—Popular orchestral concert: DJC DJD
 7:45 p.m.—Concert orchestra; guests: YV2RC
 8:15 p.m.—Festival concert: DJC DJD
 10 p.m.—Christmas program from Tahiti: FO8AA

Saturday, December 26

10:05 a.m.—Pantomime, "Sinbad the Sailor": GSB GSF GSH
 11:15 a.m.—The Brown Bird: GSB GSD GSI
 12:30 p.m.—DVORAK'S OPERA, "JAKOBIN": OLR (11.84)
 1:30 p.m.—In Town Tonight: GSB GSD GSI
 3:20 p.m.—Music Hall; Western brothers; BBC variety orchestra: GSB GSC GSD
 3:30 p.m.—Dance music: LRU
 4:30 p.m.—League of Nations: HBL HBP
 5 p.m.—Musical play, "Winter Stories": DJC DJD
 5 p.m.—Dance music: LRX
 5:45 p.m.—OPERA from Royal Opera House: 2R03
 6 p.m.—Pan-American program: W3XAL (6.1)
 6 p.m.—Harry Brindle, bass and Derek Kidner, pianist: GSC GSD
 6:30 p.m.—Folk music: DJC DJD
 6:45 p.m.—Theater of the air: YV2RC
 7:30 p.m.—Old Christmas songs: DJC DJD
 8 p.m.—The Good Old Days: GSC GSD
 9 p.m.—English hour: HJ4ABB
 10 p.m.—Greetings to the far North: VE9DN

5:30 p.m.—"Imperial Affairs," H. V. Hodson: GSB GSC GSD
 5:45 p.m.—Scots songs; Jean Hastings, soprano; Annie Tait, contralto: GSB GSC GSD
 6:15 p.m.—H. Robinson Cleaver, organist: GSB GSC GSD
 6:30 p.m.—Chamber music: DJC DJD
 7 p.m.—CHRISTMAS broadcast for the International DX-ers Alliance: 2R03
 7:30 p.m.—Rafael Ramirez and the Continentals: YV2RC
 7:45 p.m.—Saxophone and piano: DJC DJD
 8 p.m.—Classical music: HC2RL
 8 p.m.—Christmas variety: GSC GSD
 8:45 p.m.—Cecil Baumer, pianist: GSC GSD
 10 p.m.—Program from Tahiti: FO8AA

Wednesday, December 23

11:30 a.m.—Polish hour: SPW
 1:10 p.m.—Soft lights and sweet music: GSB GSD GSI



PARKYA-
KARKUS

Can't you hear Eddie Cantor exclaiming, "Why, that's not a reindeer—it's Parkyakarkus!" And so it is.

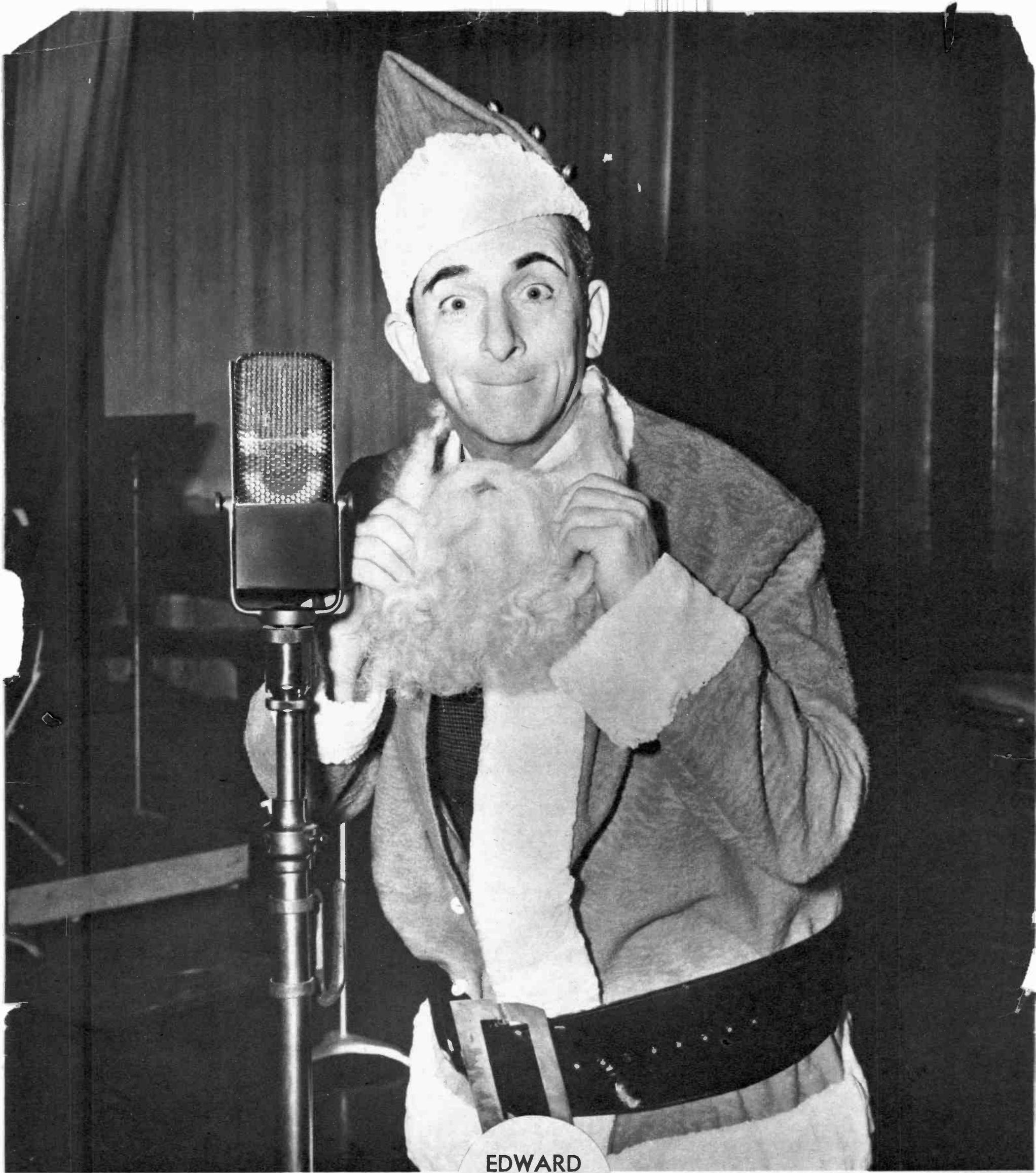
The oft-erring Greek doubtfully raises his hat to wish you holiday happiness. It looks like Christmas time!



FRANCES
LANGFORD

What, no mistletoe, Miss Langford? But who would need any urging with "Hollywood Hotel's" singer radi-

ating her own special brand of Yuletide joy? December 25 is Friday, Langford day—and Merry Christmas!



**EDWARD
EVERETT
HORTON**

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!

*Radio
Guide
Presents*
**GIANT-
GRAVURE**

SHEP FIELDS

Just as RADIO GUIDE hoped when it chose SHEP FIELDS and his band as its musical airmer, 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!





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 sleepy-heads

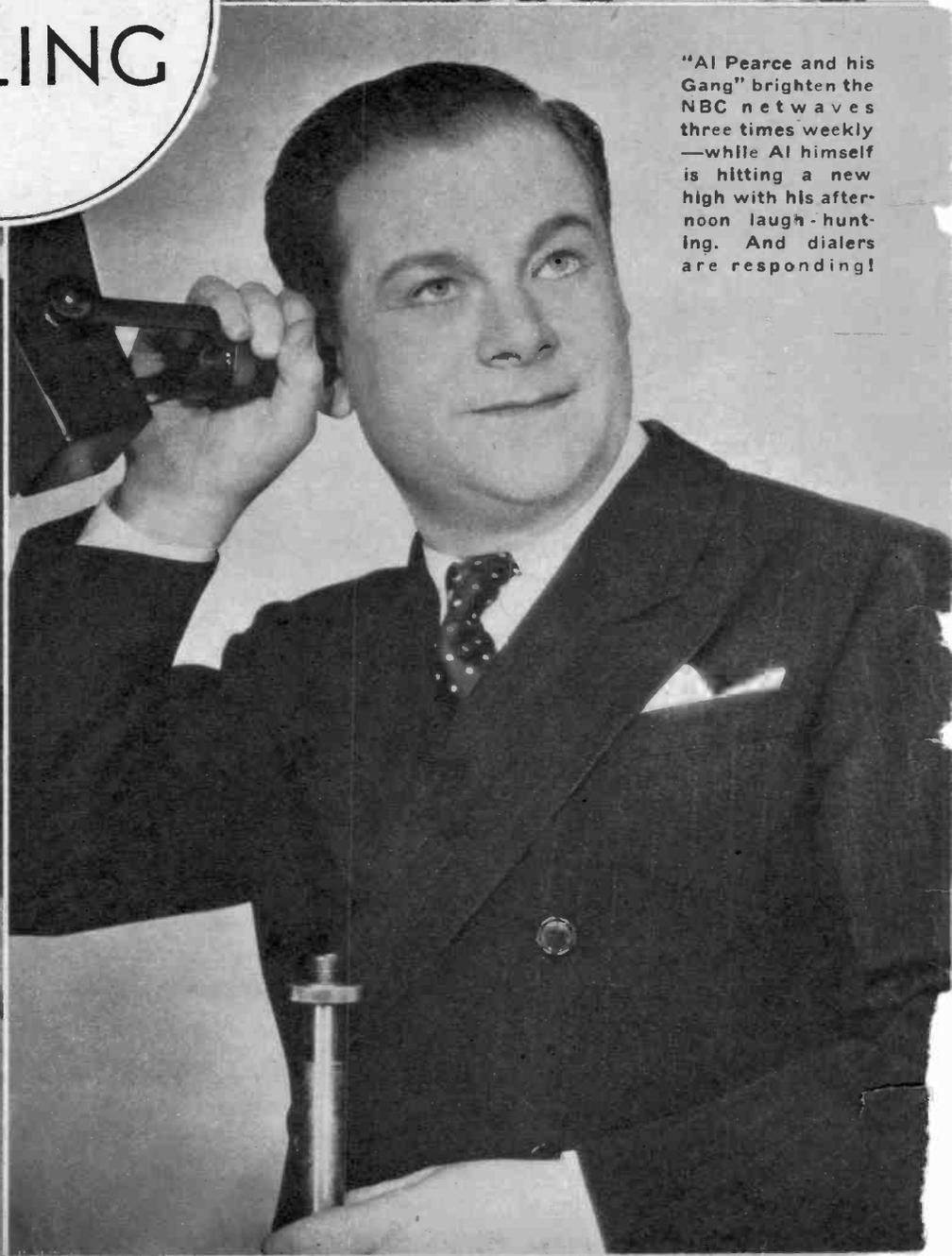
"The Honeymooners," in real life Grace and Eddie Albert, are sitting pretty, below, but they share trials and tribulations when they're aired Mondays to Fridays over NBC!



DAYTIME
DIALING



May Singh Breen and Peter 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 net waves three times weekly—while Al himself is hitting a new high with his afternoon laugh-hunting. And dialers are responding!

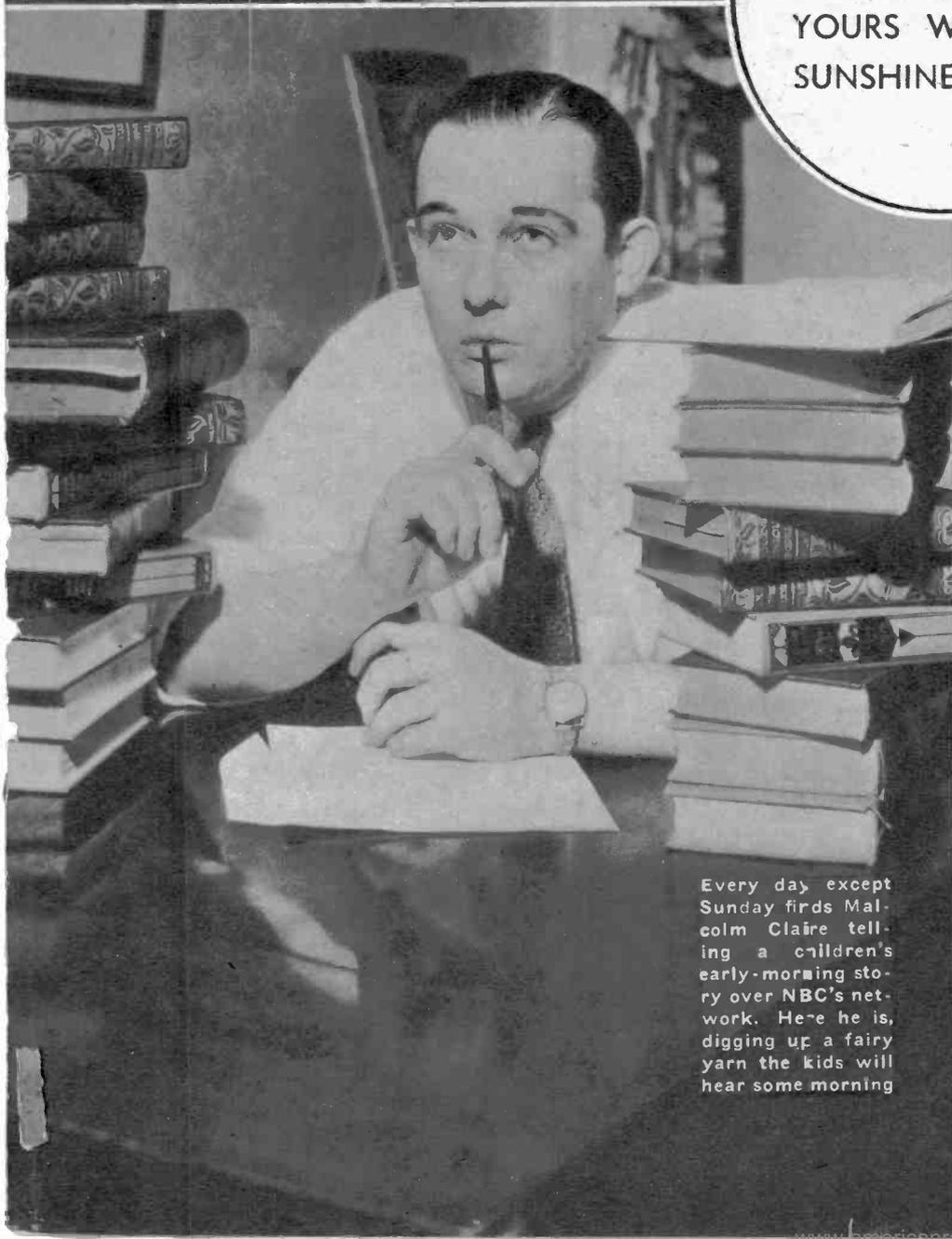


Vaughn de Leath, the "Original Radio Girl," has added another talent to her list of accomplishments. Now she's a blues singer over an NBC network from Monday to Friday



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!



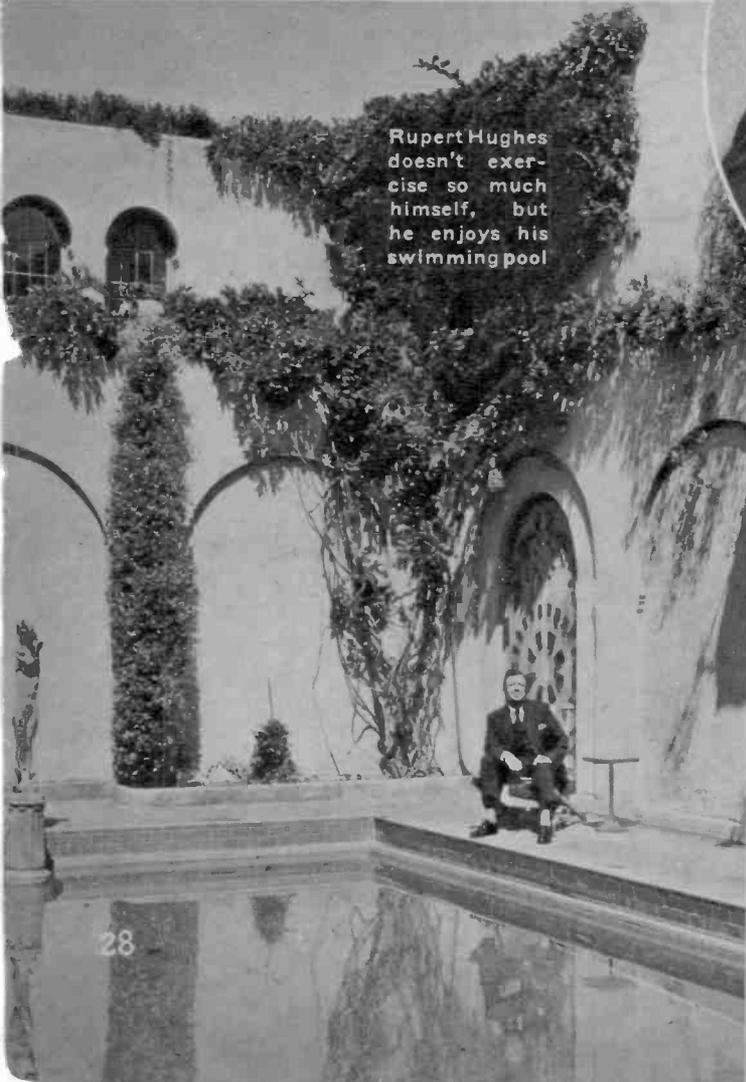
Rupert Hughes needs a sizeable library to accommodate his more than 30,000 books—as you can see!



The MOST AMAZING HOME IN AMERICA

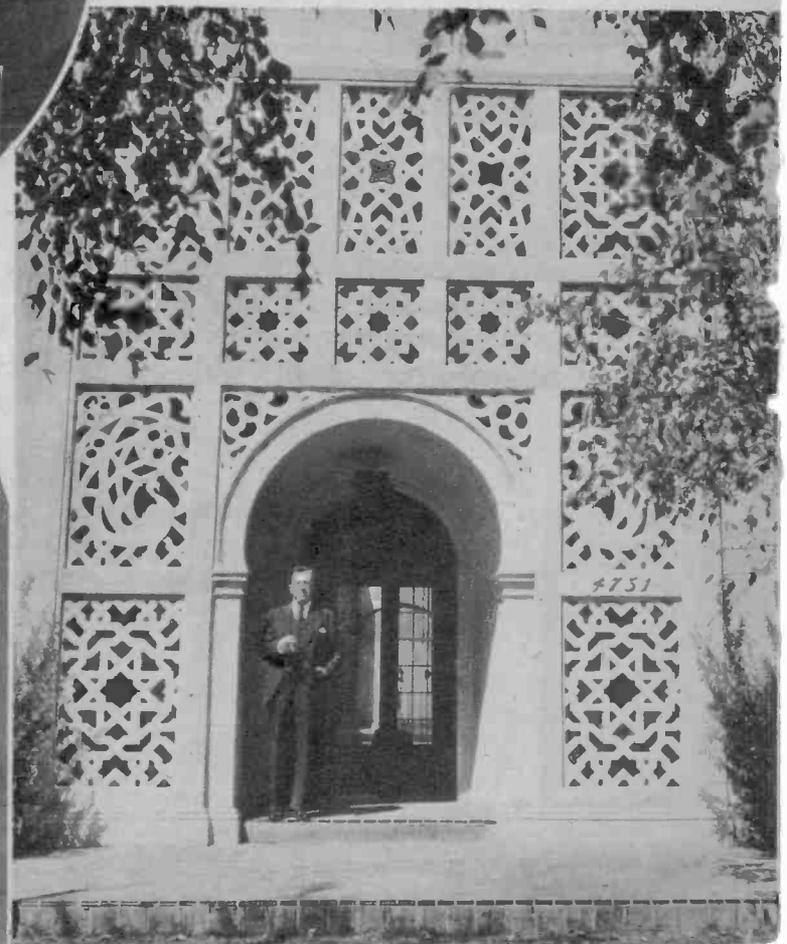


Left: Rupert Hughes at work at the piano in the music room. He has studied music both in America and Europe, has published more than forty songs. Lawrence Tibbett has popularized two, "The Roustabout" and "Bricklayer Love." Below: This is the interesting facade through which you enter when you call on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



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

COME VISIT WITH NOVELIST-MUSICIAN-PLAYWRIGHT-RADIO STAR RUPERT HUGHES IN HIS HOLLYWOOD HOME!



★ **CBS-Columbia Workshop:** Drama: KFH KLRA (sw-11.83)

NBC-Ed Wynn, comedian; Graham McNamee; Don Voorhees' Orch.; Guest: WREN KOIL WLS WMT KWK KSTP KSO WBAP (sw-11.87)

CBS-Swing with the Strings: KRNT WBBM KMBC WCCO KFAB KSCJ

KMOX-Sports
KOA-Music Box
KXBY-Betty Hall
WGN-Tom, Dick & Harry
WIBW-Bands on Parade; This Rhythmic Age
WNAX-Saturday Night Jamboree
WSM-Hilltop Harmonizers

7:15
KGBX-The Melodians
KMOX-Thank You Stusia
KXBY-Moonlight Sonata
WGN-Rubinoff, violinist
WIBW-Melodies
WSM-Delmore Brothers

7:30
NBC-Meredith Willson's Orch.: WREN KSO KSTP KWK KOA (sw-11.87)

★ **CBS-Football Revue;** Ed Thorgersen; Kay Kyser's Orch.; Sport Guests: KFAB WCCO WBBM KMBC KMOX KRNT (sw-11.83)

Dance Orch.: WMT WGN
KFH-Otto Fischer, pianist
KGBX-20th Century Serenade
KLRA-Continental Varieties
KOIL-Minute Mysteries
KSCJ-Hughesreel
KXBY-Dance Time
WBAP-Traffic Cop's Higher Octanes
WIBW-Rhythm Rhapsody
WLS-Barn Dance Party
WNAX-Bohemian Band
WSM-Jack's Missouri Mountaineers

7:45
NBC-Meredith Willson's Orch.: WMT
KFH-To be announced
KGBX-News
KOIL-Orchestral Revue
KXBY-Dot Chaquette
WSM-Georgia Wildcats

8:00
★ **NBC-ALKA-SELTZER PRESENTS** Nat'l Barn Dance; Joe Kelly; Sally Foster; Lucille Long & Others: KWK WREN KOIL KSO WBAP WLS WMT KGBX KTHS (sw-11.87)

★ **CBS-NASH MOTORS CO.** Presents Speed show with Floyd Gibbons; Vincent Lopez' Orch.; Ruth Breton & Dow Cossack Russian Male Chorus, guests: WBBM KFAB KLRA KMOX KFH WCCO KMBC (sw-11.83)

NBC-Snow Village Sketches: WMAQ KSTP WOV WDAF KOA KSD (sw-9.53)
KSCJ-In the Crimelight
KXBY-Union Station
WGN-News; Sports
WHO-Barr. Dance Frolic
WIBW-Kansas Roundup
WLW-Ed McConnell
WNAX-Ranch House Boys
WSM-Possum Hunters; Uncle Dave Macon; Gully Jumpers

8:15
KXBY-Minute Mystery
WGN-Red Norvo's Orch.

8:30
★ **NBC-Chateau;** Smith Ballew, m.c.; Edward Everett Horton, guest; Orch.: WMAQ WDAF KSTP KSD WLW WOV KOA (sw-9.53)

CBS-Sat. Night Serenaders; Mary Eastman, sop.; Bill Perry, tr.; Gus Haenschen's Orch.; Chorus: WBBM KMBC KFAB KMOX KLRA KFH
CBS-Columbia Symphony Orch.: (sw-11.83)
KRNT-Football Revue
KSCJ-Dance Orch.
KXBY-Buddy Fisher's Orch.
WCCO-Musicale
WGN-Freddy Martin's Orch.
WNAX-Yodaling Cowboy
WSM-Dixie Liners; Curt Poulton

8:45
KXBY-Hobo Band
WNAX-Chuck & Frank
★ **WSM-Jack's Missouri Mountaineers**

9:00
★ **CBS-LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTES** Present Your Hit Parade & Sweepstakes; Buddy Clark & Edith Dick, vocalists; Leaders Male Trio; Harry Salter's Orch.: WBBM WCCO KLRA WBW WNAX KMOX KFAB KSCJ KRNT KMBC KFH (sw-6.12)

NBC-To be announced: WREN KOIL WMT KTHS (sw-6.14)

KGBX-Success Story
KSO-WPA Prgm.
KVOO-World Dances
KWK-Tango Music
KXBY-Hobo Band
WBAP-The Salt Shakers
WGN-Al Kavelin's Orch.
WLS-Barn Yard Jamboree
WSM-Sarie & Sallie; Fruit Jar Drinkers; Asher & Little Jimmy

9:15
KGBX-Le Roy's Piano Lessons
KSO-Curtain Calls
KWK-Musical Moments
KXBY-Rhythm Moods
WBAP-Jack Crawford's Orch.
WGN-Dick Jurgen's Orch.

9:30
★ **NBC-Irvin S. Cobb's Paducah** Plantation; Dorothy Page, John Mather, Norman Field; Hall Johnson, Negro Choir; Clarence Muse, bar.; Four Blackbirds: WDAF KSTP KGBX KVOO WOV KSD WMAQ WBAP KOA KTHS WLW (sw-9.53)

CBS-World Dances; Lud Gluskin's Orch.: KLRA KMOX KFAB KSCJ KRNT KMBC WIBW WNAX KFH WBBM (sw-6.12)

NBC-To be announced: WREN KSO (sw-11.83)

KOIL-Minute Mysteries
KWK-News; Sport Spotlights
KXBY-Walt Loehman
WCCO-Hal McIntyre's Orch.
WGN-Dance Orch.
WLS-Barn Yard Frolic
WMT-Reviewing Stand
WSM-Deford Bailey; Georgia Wildcats; Ed Poplin's Band

9:45
NBC-To be announced: KWK KOIL
KXBY-Evening at Country Club
WLS-Henry Hornsbuckle; Ramblers & Patsy Montana

10:00
★ **NBC-ALKA-SELTZER PRESENTS** Nat'l Barn Dance: WLW KOA
CBS-Benny Goodman's Orch.: KLRA KFH KMBC WBBM KFAB WNAX KSCJ
NBC-Pianist; Clem McCarthy, sports: WDAF WFAA KGBX WOV (sw-9.53)
NBC-Emil Coleman's Orch.: KSO WREN WMT
News: WIBW KOIL KSD KMOX-Miles Carter's Orch.
KSTP-Rhapsody in Rhythm
KTHS-Dance Orch.
KVOO-World Selections
KWK-Happy Hal
KXBY-The Dictators
WCCO-Leon Belasco's Orch.
WGN-George Hamilton's Orch.
WLS-Lulu Belle & Scotty
WMAQ-Frankie Masters' Orch.
WSM-Dixie Liners; Uncle Dave Macon; Crook Bros.' Band

10:15
NBC-Les Brown's Orch.: WFAA WDAF KGBX KTHS WOV (sw-9.53)

CBS-Benny Goodman's Orch.: WIBW
News: KRNT KSO WHO WMT WCCO
KMOX-Rubinoff, violinist
KOIL-Coleman's Orch. (NBC)
KSD-Mitchell Schuster's Orch.
KSTP-News; Sports
KVOO-To be announced
KWK-Emil Coleman's Orch.
KXBY-Minute Mystery
WGN-Ted Weems' Orch.
WLS-Smilin' Ed McConnell
WMAQ-Phil Levant's Orch.

10:30
NBC-Johnny Hamp's Orch.: KSO WREN WMT KOIL WFAA
CBS-George Olsen's Orch.: KSCJ WIBW KFAB KRNT WNAX KLRA KFH KMOX
NBC-Dance Orch.: KGBX WDAF (sw-9.53)
News: KWK WOV
KMBC-Sports
KSD-Dance Parade
KSTP-Nat'l Barn Dance (NBC)
KTHS-Joe Capraro's Orch.
KXBY-Herb Johnson's Orch.
WBBM-News, John Harrington
WCCO-Rollie Johnson; Reports
WGN-Freddy Martin's Orch.
WHO-Barn Dance Frolic
WLS-Tall Story Club
WMAQ-Henry Busse's Orch.
WSM-Possum Hunters; Delmore Brothers; Ed Poplin's Band; Sam & Kirk McGee

10:45
CBS-George Olsen's Orch.: WBBM KMBC
NBC-Dance Orch.: KTHS WOV
KVOO-Michael Cooles' Orch.

Frequencies

KFAB-770	KWK-1350
KFBI-1050	KWTO-560
KFEQ-680	KXBY-1530
KFH-1300	WBAP-800
KFKU-1220	WBBM-770
KGBX-1230	WCCO-810
KGNF-1430	WDAF-610
KLRA-1390	WENR-870
KMBC-950	WFAA-800
KMOX-1090	WGN-720
KOA-830	WHB-860
KOIL-1260	WHO-1000
KRNT-1320	WIBW-560
KSCJ-1330	WLS-870
KSD-550	WLW-700
KSO-1430	WMAQ-670
KSO-1110	WMT-600
KSTP-1460	WNAX-570
KTHS-1060	WOW-590
KVOA-1260	WREN-1220
KVOO-1140	WSM-650

KWK-Irving Rose's Orch.
WCCO-To be announced

11:00
NBC-Gus Arnheim's Orch.: KOIL WREN WFAA KSTP WMAQ KGBX KSO WMT (sw-6.14)
CBS-Ted Fio-Rite's Orch.: KFH KSCJ WNAX KRNT KLRA WIBW
NBC-Shandor, violinist; Jerry Blane's Orch.: WDAF WHO KOA
CBS-Roger Pryor's Orch.: KFAB WBBM
Dance Orch.: WGN KVOO WOV
KMBC-Buddy Fisher's Orch.
KMOX-Bobby Meeker's Orch.
KWK-Sky Riders
KXBY-Friendly Voice
WCCO-Dick Long's Orch.
WLS-National Barn Dance
★ **WLW-Jolly Time;** Paul Sullivan, news room
WSM-Robert Lunn; Curt Poulton; Delmore Bros.; Deford Bailey; Crook Bros.' Band

11:15
CBS-Ted Fio-Rite's Orch.: KMOX KMBC
KXBY-Dance Orch.
WCCO-Pryor's Orch. (CBS)
WLW-Moon River

11:30
NBC-Griff Williams' Orch.: KSO KGBX KOIL WREN KSTP WMT
CBS-Phil Harris' Orch.: KFH KMBC WNAX KFAB WBBM KSCJ KRNT
NBC-Jerry Johnson's Orch.: KSD WOV WDAF WHO
KMOX-Hal King's Orch.
KOA-Art Kassel's Orch.
KVOO-Dance Orch.
KXBY-Bob Moore's Orch.
WCCO-Leon Belasco's Orch.
WGN-Dick Jurgen's Orch.
WIBW-News
WMAQ-Stan Norris' Orch.
WSM-Gully Jumpers; Sid Harkreader; Fruit Jar Drinkers

11:45
CBS-Phil Harris' Orch.: KMOX WCCO WIBW
KSD-Rhythm Club
KXBY-Dictators
WLW-Anson Weeks' Orch.

12:00
KMBC-Midnight Headlines
KMOX-Jeeter Pillars' Orch.
KOA-News
KSO-Rhythm Club
KSTP-News; Postscripts
KVOO-Bob Wills' Playboys
KXBY-Buddy Fisher's Orch.
WBBM-News; Weather Man
WCCO-Herbie Kay's Orch.
WENR-Stan Norris' Orch.
WGN-Al Kavelin's Orch.
WLW-Dance Orch.
WMAQ-Phil Levant's Orch.
WOW-Music Box

12:15
KOA-Fitzpatrick's Orch.
WBBM-Benny Dugoll's Orch.
WMAQ-Earl Hines' Orch.
WOW-Musical Prgm.

12:30
KOA-Herb Saman's Orch.
KXBY-The Dictators
WENR-Louis Panico's Orch.
WGN-George Hamilton's Orch.
WLW-Clyde Trask's Orch.
WMAQ-Bob McGrew's Orch.

12:45
WBBM-Austin Mack's Orch.
WOW-Music Box

1:00
KXBY-Richard Fox's Orch.
WGN-Red Norvo's Orch.
WOW-Musical Prgm.

1:15
KXBY-Herb Johnson's Orch.
WBBM-Roy Eldridge's Orch.

1:30
KXBY-Bus Moten's Orch.
WBBM-Mark Fisher's Orch.
WGN-A! Kavelin's Orch.

2:00
KXBY-Bob Moore's Orch.

End of Saturday Prgrams.

THURSDAY PROGRAMS (Continued)

(Continued from Page 39)

WMAQ-Squire Sterling Entertains
11:15
WENR-Globe Trotter
WGN-Kay Kyser's Orch.
WSM-Francis Craig's Orch.

10:45
★ **NBC-Around The World B'cast** of "Holy Night": KGBX WOV WOV KTSP KTHS WDAF WMAQ KVOO (sw-9.53)
★ **NBC-Around The World B'cast** of "Holy Night": KOIL KSO WENR WMT WREN WSM WFAA
KMBC-Squire Sterling Entertains
KMOX-France Laux, sports
WBBM-Edna Sellers, organist
WCCO-Frank Gordon's Orch.
WLW-Anson Weeks' Orch.

11:00
★ **CBS-Xmas Carols:** KSCJ KFAB WNAX KRNT KLRA KFH WIBW WBBM
Dance Orch.: KVOO WGN
KMBC-Buddy Fisher's Orch.
KMOX-Bobby Meeker's Orch.
KSD-"Holy Night" (NBC)
KWK-Irving Rose's Orch.
KXBY-Friendly Voice
WCCO-Herbie Kay's Orch.
WLW-Moon River

WMAQ-Phil Levant's Orch.
WOW-Music Box
KSTP-News; Dream Ship
KVOO-Bob Wills' Playboys
KXBY-Buddy Fisher's Orch.
WBBM-News; Weather Man
WENR-Frankie Masters' Orch.

12:15
KOA-Eddie Fitzpatrick's Orch.
WBBM-Benny Dugoll's Orch.
WMAQ-Earl Hines' Orch.

12:30
KOA-Griff Williams' Orch.
KXBY-Richard Fox's Orch.
WENR-Louis Panico's Orch.
WGN-Red Norvo's Orch.
WLW-Clyde Trask's Orch.
WMAQ-Bob McGrew's Orch.
WOW-Musicale

12:45
KXBY-Herb Johnson's Orch.
WBBM-Roy Eldridge's Orch.

1:00
WBBM-Mark Fisher's Orch.
WGN-Dick Jurgen's Orch.

1:15
KXBY-Bus Moten's Orch.

1:30
KXBY-Bob Moore's Orch.
WBBM-Austin Mack's Orch.

End of Thursday Prgrams.

FRIDAY PROGRAMS (Continued)

(Continued from Page 41)

NBC-Gus Arnheim's Orch.: WMT WREN WMAQ KSO KOIL
Dance Orch.: KVOO WBAP WGN
KMBC-Buddy Fisher's Orch.
KMOX-Bobby Meeker's Orch.
KWK-News
KXBY-God's Quarter Hour
WCCO-Herbie Kay's Orch.
WENR-Henry Busse's Orch.
WLW-Moon River; DeVore Sisters; Organ & Poems
WOW Music Box

11:15
NBC-Gus Arnheim's Orch.: (sw-6.14)
CBS-Guy Lombardo's Orch.: KMOX KMBC
KVOO-Dance Orch.
KWK-Irving Rose's Orch.
KXBY-Rhythm Moods

11:30
NBC-Ray Noble's Orch.: WSM WOV
NBC-Earl Hines' Orch.: KOIL WBAP WENR KTHS WREN
KGBX KSTP WMT KSO (sw-6.14)
CBS-Geo. Olsen's Orch.: WBBM KFH KMBC
KMOX-Al Cameron & Joe Kaines, songs
WCCO-Cecil Hurst's Orch.

11:00
NBC-Shandor, violinist; Johnny Hamp's Orch.: WHO KGBX
KSD KSTP WDAF WSM
CBS-Guy Lombardo's Orch.: KLRA KSCJ WIBW KRNT
KFH KFAB WNAX WBBM
★ **NBC-Fred Waring's** Orch.: KOA

CBS-Dick Stable's Orch.: WCCO KMOX WIBW
KXBY-Dictators

12:00
KMBC-Midnight Headlines
KMOX-When Day is Done
KOA-News
KSO-Rhythm Club
KSTP-News; Dream Ship
WBBM-News; Weather Man
WENR-Frankie Masters' Orch.
WGN-Al Kavelin's Orch.
WLW-Sammy Kaye's Orch.
WMAQ-Phil Levant's Orch.
WOW-Musical Prgm.

12:15
KOA-Art Kassel's Orch.
WBBM-Mark Fisher's Orch.
WMAQ-Earl Hines' Orch.

12:30
KXBY-Richard Fox's Orch.
WBBM-Benny Dugoll's Orch.
WENR-Louis Panico's Orch.
WGN-Red Norvo's Orch.
WLW-Clyde Trask's Orch.
WMAQ-Bob McGrew's Orch.

12:45
KOA-Griff Williams' Orch.
KXBY-Herb Johnson's Orch.

1:00
WBBM-Austin Mack's Orch.
WGN-George Hamilton's Orch.

1:15
KXBY-Bus Moten's Orch.

1:30
KXBY-Bob Moore's Orch.
WBBM-Roy Eldridge's Orch.

End of Friday Programs



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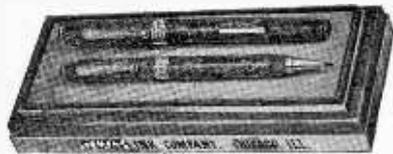
WBAP or WREN
8:00 to 9:00 P. M., CST

Alka-Seltzer National Barn Dance

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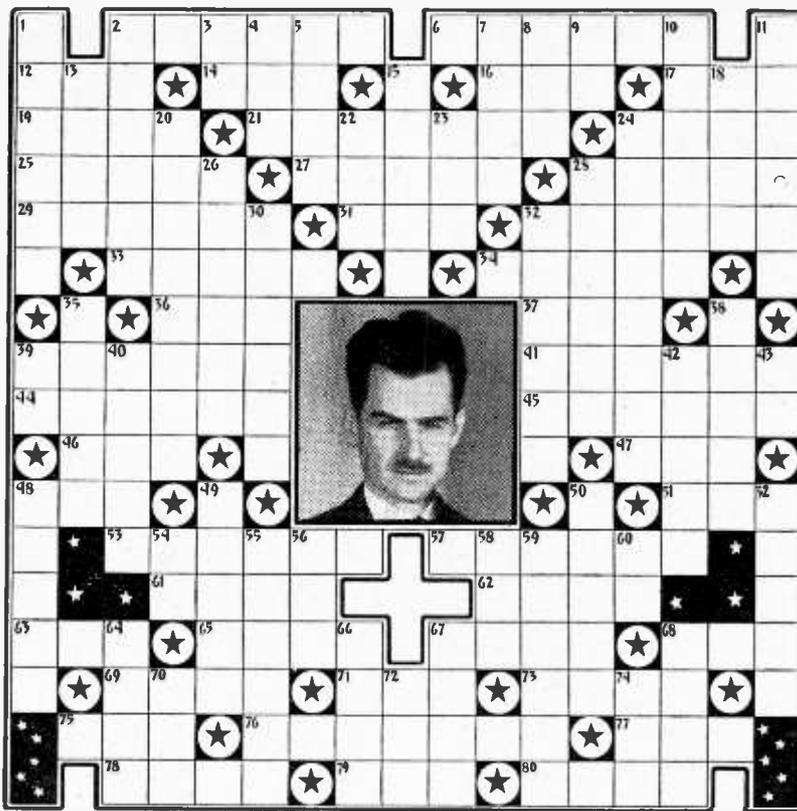
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RADIO GUIDE'S X-WORD PUZZLE



HORIZONTAL

- 2,6—The star in the portrait
12—Lyman, bandleader
14—Sooner than
16—Part of "to be"
17—Goodman
19—Joey, singing bandleader
21—Pat Padgett was born in _____, Georgia
24—Man's name
25—Bill Tilden's middle name
27—Trigonometry ratios
28—Feminine name
29—Portland Hoffa was born in Portland, _____
31—Conclusion
32—One who films
33—Banjo-playing bandleader
34—Man's name (French)
36—Bad (prefix)
37—Old horse
39—Famous French Cardinal of the 18th century
41—To put raiment on
44—White (Sp.)
45—More weird
46—Region of the heavens
47—Moreover; still
48—Loretta, songstress
51—Uncooked
53—Betty of "Betty and Bob"
57—Swords with curved blades
61—Phil, singer
62—Defendant's answer of fact
63—Twenty-four hours
65—Chinese coin
67—To shine
68—Vigor
69—"O" plus a color
71—Furies

- 73—"The _____ of golden dreams"
75—Crafty
76—Ghost
77—Vase
78—Doris, songstress
79—Wild ox of Tibet
80—Nelson, singing star

VERTICAL

- 1—Pop-eyed comedian
2—Ann, "The Cinderella of Song"
3—Famous flying combination
4—Epoch
5—Gives permission
7—Winchell and Crosby wear them while they broadcast
8—Nichols, CBS sound-effects expert
9—Objective of I
37—Old horse
10—Famous opera

- 11—Jacques, bandleader
13—Grandpa Burton, Bill
15—Ross, singer
18—Watchfulness
20—Superiority, leadership
22—Represent falsely
23—Wever is Dick Tracy

- 24—Figurative manner of treating a subject
26—Art work with vari-colored stones
28—Last passage in musical composition
30—Ozzie, bandleader
32—Expert with the foils
35—Rhythmic beating of the heart
38—Eighth letter of the Greek alphabet
39—Initials of Don Bestor
40—Phil, comedian
42—Rows
43—English Royalty (abbr.)
48—Barbara, First Nighter star

Solution to Puzzle Given Last Week



THE HOUSE THAT CONTESTS FURNISHED

(Continued from Page 7)

"This is the winner!"

Luck may win some contests—the football that hits the cross-bar and topples 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—for 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 record 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!

MUSIC IN THE AIR

By Carleton Smith

A MERRY Christmas to you all! I'm glad to be back on these shores once again to send you the Yuletide greeting.

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 Brownstone house on December 21st, but the series will be inaugurated for the radio audience on the afternoon of December 24 with the Metropolitan's annual Christmas performance of Humperdinck's fairy-tale opera, "Hansel and Gretel." 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 W3XAL and other shortwave transmitters make the programs available to listeners in all parts of the world.

There are a number of new operas on the list this season, and Edward Johnson promises that if possible we shall hear them all. They are: Richard Hageman's American opera, "Capon-sacchi"; Cimarosa's "The Secret Marriage"; Wagner's "The Flying Dutchman"; Saint-Saens' "Samson and Delila"; Offenbach's "The Tales of Hoffman"; Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Le Coq d'Or"; and Bellini's "Norma."

EVIDENTLY Mr. Johnson is bent on securing a new coloratura soprano. He has listed three new ones to share Lily Pons' roles. Mme. Pons is so busy with radio, film and recital work that she is scarcely ever available at the opera house, where a first-class coloratura is indispensable. Many of the old war-horses simply can not be given without a coloratura; so we will hear Vina Bovy, who was born in Belgium and has sung there and in France and in South America; Bidu Sayao, from Brazil; and Stella Andrevia, from England.

A number of young lyric sopranos have been engaged to share the roles that Lucrezia Bori used to sing. "I do not wish to put anyone in 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 home is New York. She is a lyric soprano and 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 Portugese by birth. He has conducted opera, operetta and symphony in Europe and Australia.

Mr. Johnson confirmed the report that the lively English version 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, Holy Night" for us . . . and this Christmas will not be the same for those who heard her and can never forget. But let us all rejoice in the knowledge that her spirit lives on and that her voice, joined with the angels' choirs, is singing this Christmas Eve, as ever, "Round Yon Virgin Mother and Child . . ." Her loss is the world's loss.—The Editors.

THOSE PRIZES GO TO THOSE WHO KNOW

In addition to the several big contests announced in Radio Guide, CONTEST MAGAZINE and NUGGETS MONTHLY, America's foremost contest publications, list every month more than \$300,000 in prizes offered by other sponsors you may not know about. They also tell you HOW TO WIN.

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LULU BELLE'S STORY OF THE 'FEISTY' CURE

(Continued from Page 4)

then swung into the plaintive lyrics of Lulu Belle's very first ballad:

*"Away cross the country a'court-
ing I'll go,
Intending to marry Sweet Maggie,
I know;
Oh Maggie, oh Maggie, don't ever
you mind,
Jest sit down beside me, don't treat
me unkind."*

In the four years that followed Lulu Belle's impromptu debut on the floor of the Cooper home in Boone, the youngster learned innumerable homespun mountain songs. It was the basis of a repertoire which was to carry her to the top of the world in radio.

WHEN the tiny songbird was seven, John Cooper—good carpenter, devoted husband and father—took his family to Miami, Florida, and in so doing all but wrecked his prodigy's future hillbilly career.

For in sunny Florida, Lulu Belle came under the spell of a troupe of itinerant chorus ladies, all but forgot the rugged songs of her native mountains, and went wild over such transitory trash as "I Want a Doll, I Want a Baby Doll."

Happily, the Coopers started for Chicago when Lulu Belle was twelve, tarried in Elizabethton, Tennessee, for three years because they found the folks there so homey—and presto! All of the little singer's love for the music of the mountains returned. In this tiny hill settlement she perfected her simple but quaintly beautiful voice, added yodeling to her accomplishments, completed all the schooling she ever was to have.

Reluctantly, fearfully, Lulu Belle, then fifteen, accompanied the family in 1928 to Evanston, Illinois, where broader opportunities beckoned to Carpenter 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 inadequacy 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 faith in herself, her parents had no lack of it. 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 I ever did, singing before all those strangers," 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, "how you got a cheap guitar one Christmas? Your dad learned to play two chords—G and C—and you beat him by learning the B chord also?"

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 Left My Gal in the Mountains!'"

Lulu Belle shrank at the thought of a radio audition, but John Cooper had heard the hillbilly programs on the air and he was convinced his little gal could do better. In a moment of unprecedented brashness he applied to Station WLS for an audition for Lulu Belle one Summer day in 1932.

For a week there was silence. Then Lulu Belle was electrified by a brusque 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 took his child firmly by the hand and led her to the home of John Lair, authority on hillbilly music and now head of the WLS music department. He knew John Lair would help!

THEN, as later, Lair proved a true friend to the self-conscious stranger from the Big Smoky Mountains who had never dreamed of setting foot on a stage or in a broadcasting studio. He heard the now-famous Lulu Belle voice, recognized its potentiality and scheduled the shy beauty for a public audition the following Friday night.

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

How did painfully bashful Lulu Belle survive the ordeal of the audition?

"I was unbelievably frightened," she confessed, "but I was determined not to show it. So I hauled forth my feisty disposition, dusted it off and gave it a work-out. When the announcer made wise-cracks 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 suspected that I was scared stiff."

Though Lulu Belle talks of subsequent tribulations in making a place for herself in radio, one is inclined to believe that her initial public audition was the turning-point in her career.

A contract was produced as if by magic. Successes piled up so rapidly that in four short years she scaled the heights and succeeded no less a sophisticate than Jessica Dragonette in the affections of the nation's radio listeners. Meanwhile she had met the man of her heart—a grand gent from her own hill country—had married him, had given him a perfect little sorrel-topped daughter.

BEST of all, perhaps, she has now conquered the morbid psychological quirk which dogged her for so many years and constituted a genuine menace to happiness and success. Perhaps you're still skeptical about the potency of the oddly-named Feisty Cure as a remedy for that rather prevalent mental malady. At any rate, Lulu Belle gives it all the credit. Her husband agrees.

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

Like many a star who sprang suddenly from oblivion to the calcium glare, they're eager for the day when they can "get away from it all." When that day comes—and at their present rate of income it won't be far distant—they'll scurry back to their beloved Big Smokies, to emerge nevermore.

True, they won't go back to the primitive side of life in the mountains. They won't have to do that. Lulu Belle and Scotty, married since early 1925, already have a dream-home just across Three-Mile Creek from Ingalls, North Carolina, where there's a Wiseman for every acre or so.

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

Even now, in lives crowded with broadcasts and persona appearances, the Radio Queen and her handsome consort find time each Summer to visit their "cabin" for a short vacation.

They love their work together, enjoy the fruits thereof, find lasting thrills in the applause of their admirers. Yet both will be supremely content when they can sing "It's Homecoming Time in Happy Valley," and really mean it. The place for mountain folk, they say, is in the mountains—and they're 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 over an NBC network at 9 p.m. EST (8 CST; 7 MST; 6 PST).

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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's mightiest throne. King Edward stood before a microphone, told his subjects—and all the peoples of the earth—that he was abdicating because he could not marry the woman he loved and remain king.

There was the stillness of death as intent millions strained to catch every word that the departing ruler spoke. Women at lunch room counters shed silent tears; housewives held aprons to their eyes; many a man dried a tear.

The words uttered by town criers when a king dies were spoken by King Edward. "God save the king" was the concluding phrase of his speech, as he 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 millions of people the sway over a quarter of the world's area.

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

"But it is hard to conceive any English man or woman being a party to such a thing," said Boake Carter, famed commentator, the evening before Edward's historic speech was made. "It would be akin to kicking a man when he is down. It would not be fair play and hardly should appeal to the British sense of sportsmanship. But—it may be that Edward will not see Mrs. Simpson until April. And, if so, until then he must be alone: To wander, another member of that band of ex-royalty—refugees of a fast dying order of society, royal waifs buffeted hither and yon by the fierce winds of . . . changing times. And so—after 324 days—Edward's reign comes to an end."

WHAT—the world asks—prompted Edward to retire, to become a private citizen, to leave his native land? "Edward is the product of a different generation than his father," said Boake Carter in explanation on the eve of the British monarch's abdication. "He has not the same ideas of self-effacement. He never had from boyhood up. George suppressed his own wishes for the position and role he had to play. Edward is more than a symbol,—the kind of symbol, 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 twelve, 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 the Englishman's preconceived 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 Englishmen that was baptized into its manhood in the blood, devastation and misery of the World War,—a generation that saw the old concepts knocked down, right and left . . . The behavior of this post-war generation of Englishmen was too democratic, too familiar. It admitted the common man too close an approach to what had before been a superior, but benevolent autocracy . . . Edward VIII is of this generation—and the English themselves have attempted to keep pace with it in their social life and their economics. But they demand that their human representative . . . the king, must be static. Must be a relic of the past."

This demand brought Edward's abdication. It made him give up the greatest royal title on earth—for love!

PROGRAM LOCATOR

Below is the second installment of the newest and most complete index to the airways anywhere available. This program locator lists every principal network star, every national program, and every one of their sponsors. Each listing tells when you may hear the program you choose—RADIO GUIDE's program section tells you what station broadcasts it. Use the locator—you'll find it invaluable!

Time shown is CST; for MST please subtract one hour

H		K		M		N		O	
Hall, Wendell, Community Sing, Sun, 9 p.m.	Jell-O, Jack Benny, Sun, 6 p.m. (and 10:30 p.m. for West).	Kaltenmeyer's Kindergarten, Sat, 4:30 p.m.	Loose-Wiles, Snow Village, Sat, 8 p.m.	Ma Perkins, Oxydol's, Mon. thru Fri, 2:15 p.m.	Nash Motors, Floyd Gibbons, Sat, 8 p.m.	Ice Industry, Home-maker's Exchange, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	Lord, Phillips H. Gang Busters, Wed, 9 p.m.; We, the People, Sun, 4 p.m.	National Barn Dance, Sat, 8 p.m. and 10 p.m.	Old Dutch Cleanser, Bachelor's Children, Mon. thru Fri, 8:45 p.m.
Hammerstein Music Hall, Tues, 7 p.m.	Jel-Sert, Melody of Romance, Sat, 10:15 a.m.	Keglined Can, Ben Bernie, Tues, 8 p.m.	Lyman, Abe, Melodianna, Mon, 7:30 p.m.; Waltz Time, Fri, 8 p.m.	Major Bowes' Amateur Hour, Thurs, 8 p.m.	National Biscuit, Twin Stars, Fri, 8:30 p.m.	Ident, Joe Rines, Sun, 10:30 a.m.	John's Other Wife, Mon. thru Fri, 9:30 a.m. (and 12:45 p.m. for West).	Major Bowes' Capitol Theater Family, Sun, 10:30 a.m.	National Farm and Home Hour, Mon. thru Sat, 11:30 a.m.
Happy Hollow, Mon. thru Fri, 1:45 p.m.	Jepson, Helen, Maxwell House Show Boat, Thurs, 8 p.m. (and 11:30 p.m. for West).	Kell-egg Cereals, Girl Alone, Mon. thru Fri, 11 a.m.; Singing Lady, Mon. thru Thurs, 4:30 & 5:30 p.m.; Fri, 4:15 & 5:15 p.m.	Lucky Strike Hit Parade, Wed. and Sat, 9 p.m.	Manhattan Merry-Go-Round, Sun, 8 p.m.	National Radio Forum, Mon, 9:30 p.m.	Ivory Soap, Edward MacHugh, Mon. thru Fri, 10:45 a.m.	Jergens Lotion, Walter Winchell, Sun, 8 and 10:15 p.m.	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	News of Youth, Mon., Wed. & Fri, 5:15 p.m.
Harris, Phil, Jack Benny, Sun, 6 p.m. (and 10:30 a.m. for West).	Jolson, Al, Tues, 7:30 p.m. (10:30 p.m. for West).	Kennedy, Reed, Heluz Magazine, Mon., Wed. and Fri, 10 a.m. (and 2 p.m. for West).	Ludens Drops, Jimmie Fidler, Tues, 9:30 p.m.	March of Time, Thurs, 9:30 p.m.	Neighbor Nell, Mon., Wed. and Fri, 9:45 a.m.	Ivory Flakes, O'Neills, Mon. thru Fri, 10 a.m. and 2:45 p.m.	Healy, Capt. Tim, Landt Trio, Sun, 1 p.m.	MacCormack, Franklyn, Poetic Melodies, Mon. thru Thurs, 6 p.m. (and 10 p.m. for West).	Nelson, Ozzie Ripley, Sun, 6:30 p.m.
Hayes, Helen, Mon, 7 p.m. (and 11:30 p.m. for West).	Jones and Hare, Community Sing, Sun, 9 p.m.	King, Wayne, orch. Mon, 9 p.m.; Tues. and Wed, 7:30 p.m.	MacHugh, Edward, Mon. thru Fri, 10:45 a.m.	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	Nelson, Ozzie Ripley, Sun, 6:30 p.m.	Ivory Soap, Edward MacHugh, Mon. thru Fri, 10:45 a.m.	Heatherton, Ray, Chesterfield Program, Fri, 7:30 p.m. (and 10:30 p.m. for West).	Magio Key of RCA, Sun, 2 p.m.	N.Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch, Sun, 2 p.m.
Heidt, Horace, Brigadiers, Mon, 7 p.m. (and 11 p.m. for West).	John's Other Wife, Mon. thru Fri, 9:30 a.m. (and 12:45 p.m. for West).	Kleinex, Story of Mary Marlin, Mon. thru Fri, 11:15 a.m.	Major Key of RCA, Sun, 2 p.m.	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	N.Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch, Sun, 2 p.m.	Heinz Magazine of the Air, Mon., Wed. and Fri, 10 a.m. (and 2 p.m. for West).	John's Other Wife, Mon. thru Fri, 9:30 a.m. (and 12:45 p.m. for West).	Major Bowes' Amateur Hour, Thurs, 8 p.m.	N.Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch, Sun, 2 p.m.
Heinz Magazine of the Air, Mon., Wed. and Fri, 10 a.m. (and 2 p.m. for West).	Johnson's Wax, Fibber McGee and Molly, Mon, 7 p.m. (and 11 p.m. for West).	Knox Gelatine, Quality Twins, Tues. and Thurs, 10:15 a.m.	Major Bowes' Capitol Theater Family, Sun, 10:30 a.m.	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	N.Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch, Sun, 2 p.m.	Helen Trent, Romance of Helen Trent, Mon. thru Fri, 11:30 a.m.	Hill, Edwin C., Sun, 9 p.m.	Major Bowes' Capitol Theater Family, Sun, 10:30 a.m.	N.Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch, Sun, 2 p.m.
Hollywood Hotel, Fri, 8 p.m.	Kimber, Richard, Studebaker Champions, Mon, 8:30 p.m. (and 11:30 p.m. for West).	Kolynos, Hammerstein Music Hall, Tues, 7 p.m.	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	N.Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch, Sun, 2 p.m.	Hind's Cream, Ted Malone, Mon. thru Fri, 11:15 a.m.	Hoffa, Portland, Town Hall Tonight, Wed, 8 p.m. (and 11 p.m. for West).	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	N.Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch, Sun, 2 p.m.
Hollywood Hotel, Fri, 8 p.m.	Hoffa, Portland, Town Hall Tonight, Wed, 8 p.m. (and 11 p.m. for West).	Kool Cigarette, Jack Pearl, Mon, 8:30 p.m.	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	N.Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch, Sun, 2 p.m.	Hollywood Hotel, Fri, 8 p.m.	Horton, Edward Everett, Shedd Chateau, Sat, 8:30 p.m.	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	N.Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch, Sun, 2 p.m.
Home-maker's Exchange, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	Horton, Edward Everett, Shedd Chateau, Sat, 8:30 p.m.	Kostelanetz, Andre, orch. Chesterfield Program, Wed, 8 p.m.; Fri, 7:30 p.m. (and 10:30 p.m. for West).	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	N.Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch, Sun, 2 p.m.	Honeyboy and Sassafras, Mon. thru Fri, 11 a.m.	Hour of Charm, Mon, 3 p.m.	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	N.Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch, Sun, 2 p.m.
Horlick's, Lum and Abner, Mon. thru Fri, 6:30 p.m. (and Mon, Tues., Wed. & Fri, 10:15 p.m. for West).	Hour of Charm, Mon, 3 p.m.	Krueger Musical Toast, Mon, 9:30 p.m.	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	N.Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch, Sun, 2 p.m.	Household Finance, Welcome Valley, Tues, 7:30 p.m.	How to be Charming, Mon., Wed. and Fri, 10:30 a.m. (and 11:30 a.m. for West).	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	N.Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch, Sun, 2 p.m.
Hudson Coal, Landt Trio, Sun, 1 p.m.	How to be Charming, Mon., Wed. and Fri, 10:30 a.m. (and 11:30 a.m. for West).	Lady Esther Serenade, Wayne King, Mon, 9 p.m.; Tues. and Wed, 7:30 p.m.	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	N.Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch, Sun, 2 p.m.	Hughes, Rupert, Camel Caravan, Tues, 8:30 p.m.	How to be Charming, Mon., Wed. and Fri, 10:30 a.m. (and 11:30 a.m. for West).	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	N.Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch, Sun, 2 p.m.
Husbands and Wives, Tues, 8:30 p.m.	How to be Charming, Mon., Wed. and Fri, 10:30 a.m. (and 11:30 a.m. for West).	Landt Trio and White, Sun, 1 p.m.	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	N.Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch, Sun, 2 p.m.	Hymns of all Churches, John K. Watkins, Mon. thru Fri, 9:30 a.m. (and 12:30 p.m. for West).	How to be Charming, Mon., Wed. and Fri, 10:30 a.m. (and 11:30 a.m. for West).	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	N.Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch, Sun, 2 p.m.
Ivory Flakes, O'Neills, Mon. thru Fri, 10 a.m. and 2:45 p.m.	How to be Charming, Mon., Wed. and Fri, 10:30 a.m. (and 11:30 a.m. for West).	Langford, Frances, Hollywood Hotel, Fri, 8 p.m.	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	N.Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch, Sun, 2 p.m.	Ivory Soap, Edward MacHugh, Mon. thru Fri, 10:45 a.m.	How to be Charming, Mon., Wed. and Fri, 10:30 a.m. (and 11:30 a.m. for West).	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	N.Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch, Sun, 2 p.m.
Jack Armstrong, Mon. thru Fri, 4:30 p.m.	How to be Charming, Mon., Wed. and Fri, 10:30 a.m. (and 11:30 a.m. for West).	La Prade, Malcolm, Cook's Travelogue, Sun, 1:45 p.m.	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	N.Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch, Sun, 2 p.m.	Jamboree, Thurs, 9:30 p.m.	How to be Charming, Mon., Wed. and Fri, 10:30 a.m. (and 11:30 a.m. for West).	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	N.Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch, Sun, 2 p.m.
Jamboree, Thurs, 9:30 p.m.	How to be Charming, Mon., Wed. and Fri, 10:30 a.m. (and 11:30 a.m. for West).	La Salle Fashion Show, Thurs, 3 p.m.	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	N.Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch, Sun, 2 p.m.	Jamsion, Anne, Hollywood Hotel, Fri, 8 p.m.	How to be Charming, Mon., Wed. and Fri, 10:30 a.m. (and 11:30 a.m. for West).	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	N.Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch, Sun, 2 p.m.
Jamsion, Anne, Hollywood Hotel, Fri, 8 p.m.	How to be Charming, Mon., Wed. and Fri, 10:30 a.m. (and 11:30 a.m. for West).	Laughlin, Lucy, Hammerstein Music Hall, Tues, 7 p.m.	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	N.Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch, Sun, 2 p.m.	Jack Armstrong, Mon. thru Fri, 4:30 p.m.	How to be Charming, Mon., Wed. and Fri, 10:30 a.m. (and 11:30 a.m. for West).	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	N.Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch, Sun, 2 p.m.
Jack Armstrong, Mon. thru Fri, 4:30 p.m.	How to be Charming, Mon., Wed. and Fri, 10:30 a.m. (and 11:30 a.m. for West).	Laws Warden, "20,000 Years in Sing Sing," Mon, 8 p.m.	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	N.Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch, Sun, 2 p.m.	Jamboree, Thurs, 9:30 p.m.	How to be Charming, Mon., Wed. and Fri, 10:30 a.m. (and 11:30 a.m. for West).	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	N.Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch, Sun, 2 p.m.
Jamboree, Thurs, 9:30 p.m.	How to be Charming, Mon., Wed. and Fri, 10:30 a.m. (and 11:30 a.m. for West).	Lee Pinky, Joe Rines, Sun, 10:30 a.m.	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	N.Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch, Sun, 2 p.m.	Jamsion, Anne, Hollywood Hotel, Fri, 8 p.m.	How to be Charming, Mon., Wed. and Fri, 10:30 a.m. (and 11:30 a.m. for West).	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	N.Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch, Sun, 2 p.m.
Jamsion, Anne, Hollywood Hotel, Fri, 8 p.m.	How to be Charming, Mon., Wed. and Fri, 10:30 a.m. (and 11:30 a.m. for West).	Le Kreun, Pierre, Manhattan Merry-Go-Round, Sun, 8 p.m.	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	N.Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch, Sun, 2 p.m.	Jamboree, Thurs, 9:30 p.m.	How to be Charming, Mon., Wed. and Fri, 10:30 a.m. (and 11:30 a.m. for West).	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	N.Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch, Sun, 2 p.m.
Jamboree, Thurs, 9:30 p.m.	How to be Charming, Mon., Wed. and Fri, 10:30 a.m. (and 11:30 a.m. for West).	Life, Buoy, Al Jolson, Sun, 1 p.m. (and 10:30 p.m. for West).	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	N.Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch, Sun, 2 p.m.	Jamsion, Anne, Hollywood Hotel, Fri, 8 p.m.	How to be Charming, Mon., Wed. and Fri, 10:30 a.m. (and 11:30 a.m. for West).	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	N.Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch, Sun, 2 p.m.
Jamsion, Anne, Hollywood Hotel, Fri, 8 p.m.	How to be Charming, Mon., Wed. and Fri, 10:30 a.m. (and 11:30 a.m. for West).	Lights Out, Wed, 11:30 p.m.	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	N.Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch, Sun, 2 p.m.	Jamboree, Thurs, 9:30 p.m.	How to be Charming, Mon., Wed. and Fri, 10:30 a.m. (and 11:30 a.m. for West).	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	N.Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch, Sun, 2 p.m.
Jamboree, Thurs, 9:30 p.m.	How to be Charming, Mon., Wed. and Fri, 10:30 a.m. (and 11:30 a.m. for West).	Little Orphan Annie, Mon. thru Fri, 4:45 and 5:45 p.m.	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	N.Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch, Sun, 2 p.m.	Jamsion, Anne, Hollywood Hotel, Fri, 8 p.m.	How to be Charming, Mon., Wed. and Fri, 10:30 a.m. (and 11:30 a.m. for West).	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	N.Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch, Sun, 2 p.m.
Jamsion, Anne, Hollywood Hotel, Fri, 8 p.m.	How to be Charming, Mon., Wed. and Fri, 10:30 a.m. (and 11:30 a.m. for West).	Livingstone, Mary, Jack Benny, Sun, 6 p.m. (and 10:30 p.m. for West).	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	N.Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch, Sun, 2 p.m.	Jamboree, Thurs, 9:30 p.m.	How to be Charming, Mon., Wed. and Fri, 10:30 a.m. (and 11:30 a.m. for West).	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	N.Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch, Sun, 2 p.m.
Jamboree, Thurs, 9:30 p.m.	How to be Charming, Mon., Wed. and Fri, 10:30 a.m. (and 11:30 a.m. for West).	Lloyd Shirley, Ripley, Sun, 6:30 p.m.	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	N.Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch, Sun, 2 p.m.	Jamsion, Anne, Hollywood Hotel, Fri, 8 p.m.	How to be Charming, Mon., Wed. and Fri, 10:30 a.m. (and 11:30 a.m. for West).	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	N.Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch, Sun, 2 p.m.
Jamsion, Anne, Hollywood Hotel, Fri, 8 p.m.	How to be Charming, Mon., Wed. and Fri, 10:30 a.m. (and 11:30 a.m. for West).	Log Cabin Dude Ranch, Tues, 7 p.m. (and 10:30 p.m. for West).	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	N.Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch, Sun, 2 p.m.	Jamboree, Thurs, 9:30 p.m.	How to be Charming, Mon., Wed. and Fri, 10:30 a.m. (and 11:30 a.m. for West).	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	N.Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch, Sun, 2 p.m.
Jamboree, Thurs, 9:30 p.m.	How to be Charming, Mon., Wed. and Fri, 10:30 a.m. (and 11:30 a.m. for West).	Lombardo, Guy, orch. Sun, 4:30 p.m.	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	N.Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch, Sun, 2 p.m.	Jamsion, Anne, Hollywood Hotel, Fri, 8 p.m.	How to be Charming, Mon., Wed. and Fri, 10:30 a.m. (and 11:30 a.m. for West).	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	N.Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch, Sun, 2 p.m.
Jamsion, Anne, Hollywood Hotel, Fri, 8 p.m.	How to be Charming, Mon., Wed. and Fri, 10:30 a.m. (and 11:30 a.m. for West).	Loose-Wiles, Snow Village, Sat, 8 p.m.	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	N.Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch, Sun, 2 p.m.	Jamboree, Thurs, 9:30 p.m.	How to be Charming, Mon., Wed. and Fri, 10:30 a.m. (and 11:30 a.m. for West).	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	N.Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch, Sun, 2 p.m.
Jamboree, Thurs, 9:30 p.m.	How to be Charming, Mon., Wed. and Fri, 10:30 a.m. (and 11:30 a.m. for West).	Lord, Phillips H. Gang Busters, Wed, 9 p.m.; We, the People, Sun, 4 p.m.	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	N.Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch, Sun, 2 p.m.	Jamsion, Anne, Hollywood Hotel, Fri, 8 p.m.	How to be Charming, Mon., Wed. and Fri, 10:30 a.m. (and 11:30 a.m. for West).	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	N.Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch, Sun, 2 p.m.
Jamsion, Anne, Hollywood Hotel, Fri, 8 p.m.	How to be Charming, Mon., Wed. and Fri, 10:30 a.m. (and 11:30 a.m. for West).	Louis Phillipe, John's Other Wife, Mon. thru Fri, 9:15 a.m. (and 12:30 p.m. for West).	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	N.Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch, Sun, 2 p.m.	Jamboree, Thurs, 9:30 p.m.	How to be Charming, Mon., Wed. and Fri, 10:30 a.m. (and 11:30 a.m. for West).	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	N.Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch, Sun, 2 p.m.
Jamboree, Thurs, 9:30 p.m.	How to be Charming, Mon., Wed. and Fri, 10:30 a.m. (and 11:30 a.m. for West).	Lucky Strike Hit Parade, Wed. and Sat, 9 p.m.	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	N.Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch, Sun, 2 p.m.	Jamsion, Anne, Hollywood Hotel, Fri, 8 p.m.	How to be Charming, Mon., Wed. and Fri, 10:30 a.m. (and 11:30 a.m. for West).	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	N.Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch, Sun, 2 p.m.
Jamsion, Anne, Hollywood Hotel, Fri, 8 p.m.	How to be Charming, Mon., Wed. and Fri, 10:30 a.m. (and 11:30 a.m. for West).	Luden's Drops, Jimmie Fidler, Tues, 9:30 p.m.	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	N.Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch, Sun, 2 p.m.	Jamboree, Thurs, 9:30 p.m.	How to be Charming, Mon., Wed. and Fri, 10:30 a.m. (and 11:30 a.m. for West).	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	N.Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch, Sun, 2 p.m.
Jamboree, Thurs, 9:30 p.m.	How to be Charming, Mon., Wed. and Fri, 10:30 a.m. (and 11:30 a.m. for West).	Lullaby Lads, Caronation Contented, Mon, 9 p.m.	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	N.Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch, Sun, 2 p.m.	Jamsion, Anne, Hollywood Hotel, Fri, 8 p.m.	How to be Charming, Mon., Wed. and Fri, 10:30 a.m. (and 11:30 a.m. for West).	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	N.Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch, Sun, 2 p.m.
Jamsion, Anne, Hollywood Hotel, Fri, 8 p.m.	How to be Charming, Mon., Wed. and Fri, 10:30 a.m. (and 11:30 a.m. for West).	Lum and Abner, Mon. thru Fri, 6:30 p.m. (and Mon, Tues., Wed. and Fri, 10:15 p.m. for West).	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	N.Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch, Sun, 2 p.m.	Jamboree, Thurs, 9:30 p.m.	How to be Charming, Mon., Wed. and Fri, 10:30 a.m. (and 11:30 a.m. for West).	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	N.Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch, Sun, 2 p.m.
Jamboree, Thurs, 9:30 p.m.	How to be Charming, Mon., Wed. and Fri, 10:30 a.m. (and 11:30 a.m. for West).	Lux Radio Theater, Mon, 8 p.m.	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	N.Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch, Sun, 2 p.m.	Jamsion, Anne, Hollywood Hotel, Fri, 8 p.m.	How to be Charming, Mon., Wed. and Fri, 10:30 a.m. (and 11:30 a.m. for West).	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	N.Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch, Sun, 2 p.m.
Jamsion, Anne, Hollywood Hotel, Fri, 8 p.m.	How to be Charming, Mon., Wed. and Fri, 10:30 a.m. (and 11:30 a.m. for West).	Lyman, Abe, Melodianna, Mon, 7:30 p.m.; Waltz Time, Fri, 8 p.m.	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	N.Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch, Sun, 2 p.m.	Jamboree, Thurs, 9:30 p.m.	How to be Charming, Mon., Wed. and Fri, 10:30 a.m. (and 11:30 a.m. for West).	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	N.Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch, Sun, 2 p.m.
Jamboree, Thurs, 9:30 p.m.	How to be Charming, Mon., Wed. and Fri, 10:30 a.m. (and 11:30 a.m. for West).	Lysol, Dr. Dafeo, Mon., Wed. and Fri, 10:45 a.m.	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	N.Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch, Sun, 2 p.m.	Jamsion, Anne, Hollywood Hotel, Fri, 8 p.m.	How to be Charming, Mon., Wed. and Fri, 10:30 a.m. (and 11:30 a.m. for West).	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	N.Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch, Sun, 2 p.m.
Jamsion, Anne, Hollywood Hotel, Fri, 8 p.m.	How to be Charming, Mon., Wed. and Fri, 10:30 a.m. (and 11:30 a.m. for West).	Ma Perkins, Oxydol's, Mon. thru Fri, 2:15 p.m.	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	N.Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch, Sun, 2 p.m.	Jamboree, Thurs, 9:30 p.m.	How to be Charming, Mon., Wed. and Fri, 10:30 a.m. (and 11:30 a.m. for West).	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	N.Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch, Sun, 2 p.m.
Jamboree, Thurs, 9:30 p.m.	How to be Charming, Mon., Wed. and Fri, 10:30 a.m. (and 11:30 a.m. for West).	MacCormack, Franklyn, Poetic Melodies, Mon. thru Thurs, 6 p.m. (and 10 p.m. for West).	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	N.Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch, Sun, 2 p.m.	Jamsion, Anne, Hollywood Hotel, Fri, 8 p.m.	How to be Charming, Mon., Wed. and Fri, 10:30 a.m. (and 11:30 a.m. for West).	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	N.Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch, Sun, 2 p.m.
Jamsion, Anne, Hollywood Hotel, Fri, 8 p.m.	How to be Charming, Mon., Wed. and Fri, 10:30 a.m. (and 11:30 a.m. for West).	MacHugh, Edward, Mon. thru Fri, 10:45 a.m.	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	N.Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch, Sun, 2 p.m.	Jamboree, Thurs, 9:30 p.m.	How to be Charming, Mon., Wed. and Fri, 10:30 a.m. (and 11:30 a.m. for West).	Manhattan Soap, Allen Prescott, Tues. and Thurs, 10:45 a.m.	N.Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch, Sun, 2 p.m.
Jamboree, Thurs, 9:30 p.m.									

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."

I'll find a cottage just built for two where we'll bill and coo. — Gee! but I'm hap - py to

have some - bod - y like you. — you.



G.H.



 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"

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