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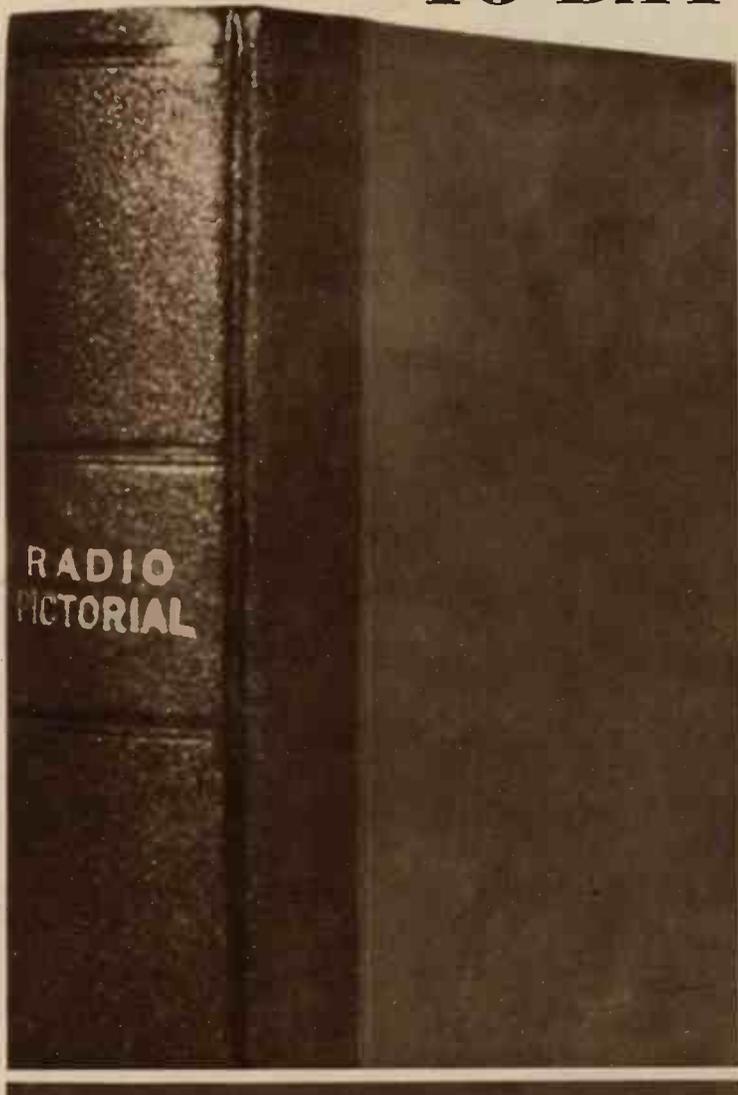
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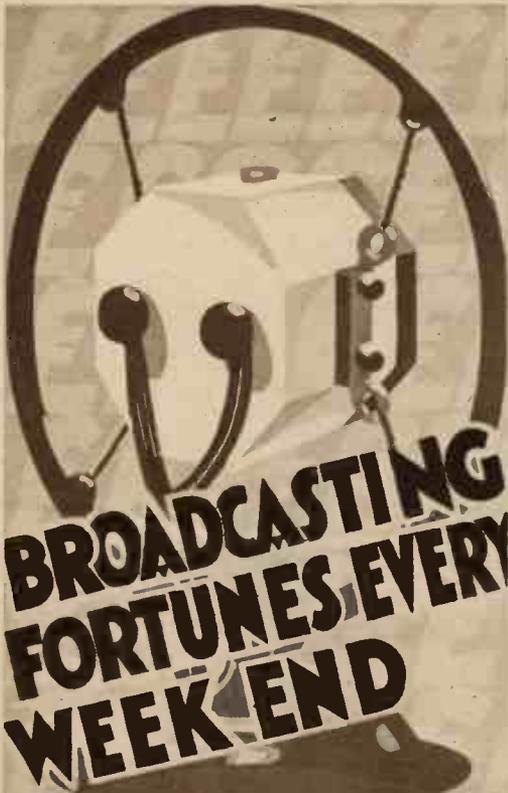
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Radio Pictorial — No. 49

Published by Bernard Jones Publications, Ltd., 58-61 Fetter Lane, E.C.4.
 Editor-in-Chief BERNARD E. JONES
 Editorial Manager ROY J. O'CONNELL
 Editor KENNETH ULLYETT

Behind the scenes of the B.B.C. Panto' ... sparkle and gaiety to brighten the Yuletide programmes.

The "Panto" Rehearses

In the rehearsal stage—some of the young ladies who brighten up the dancing scenes in the new Gaumont - British productions.

J. MURRAY SMITH takes you on a verbal magic carpet to St. George's Hall where the B.B.C.'s Christmas pantomime, *Bluebeard*, is being rehearsed by Gordon McConnel, unofficial king of radio-Pantomime

THIS, my friends, is St. George's Hall, the neat and compact theatre whose stage is peopled with the ghosts of innumerable conjurers and magicians, sorcerers and wise guys.

Shades of Maskelyne and Devant!

Alas, the days are past when schoolboys and uncles, clergymen and old ladies, and other hoodwinkable folk, were able to spend at least part of the Christmas holiday shivering rapturously in the stalls and circle.

Magic and Mr. Maskelyne have made way for microphones—and Mr. McConnel.

And this, of course, is the pantomime season, the time of year when mince pies and mistletoe blend perfectly with simple songs and wholesome humour.

Enter, then, to the accompaniment of a diffident cough and a shy smile—Mr. Gordon McConnel, unofficial king of radio-panto'.

"Good morning," he says, in a deceptively easy-going kind of voice.

"Good morning, Mr. McConnel," say the dame, and Bluebeard, and the chorus of soubrettes, and the violins and the harp and the oboe. The other people also say "Good morning," but I can't mention them all.

The producer picks his way daintily across the crowded stage, climbs the little wooden stairway

to the glass-panelled control box and disappears. Artists and orchestra converse in whispers, technicians move slowly and gravely about, checking positions.

You see, the exact position of each actor and musician, in relation to the seven microphones, is a matter of vital importance. There's no question of experiment, because all that kind of thing has been worked out in former shows.

Now, the stage is marked out in neat squares, each one lettered and numbered. "B1" means piano, "C2" is the first clarinet, and so on. When producers first discovered the perfect arrangement they "plotted" all the right places on to a scale plan, in the same way as you might number the pieces of a jig-saw puzzle, so that you could put it together again quickly.

Now Mr. McConnel is peering intently through one of the windows.

"We will take the opening chorus, please," he says firmly.

The conductor lifts his baton. A dozen whispers flutter and die in a dozen throats. A light winks, the baton descends . . . the panto' rehearsal is on.

He's a solemn lad, is our Gordon McConnel. Come up into the control box and watch him working, listening to the loud-speaker there with his head on one side.

This year's Pantomime is being produced by Gordon McConnel on the stage at St. George's Hall, the whole cast being arranged on a marked carpet showing the exact position of every actor and musician in relation to the seven microphones which will broadcast "Bluebeard" to the world. Murray Smith went along to see the show in the rehearsal stage and here's his story.

A clever head, that. A shrewd, clever face too, thin, almost emaciated, with deep-set eyes under a thatch of untidy greying hair.

McConnel has been with the B.B.C. for over ten years. Operettas are his particular interest, but he has written the books for, and produced, all the pantomimes.

He specialises in them with all the cunning of a research worker. Finds the original music, gets it orchestrated. Re-writes the "book," adapting for the microphone, twisting the story, bringing the jokes up to date.

One thing he does is to cut out unnecessary characters, to reduce the number of speaking parts to eight, or nine at the most.

Perhaps you have seen the cheapjack in the street or at a country fair who, to collect a crowd, announces loudly that he is about to burn some banknotes.

He lights a handful of torn paper, and thrusts the burning mass into a tin box.

"We'll put that down there," he says, watching the growing crowd carefully out of the corner of his eye, "and then I'll take this banknote—"

He fumbles in an inner pocket, with an air of great moment.

And instead of producing any money he brings out, very carefully, a small, bright box, which he opens to display a glittering trinket.

The interest of his audience, captured by the tale of burning money, is as easily swung over to the lure of the pretty toy. The cheapjack talks on, weaving the spell, so that the first reason for stopping is forgotten—and the "banknotes" are never "burned."

That is the principle, you know, of the modern pantomime. They get you into the theatre with the lure of Jack and the Beanstalk, or the Forty Thieves, and even start to tell the tale. But halfway through they ensnare your interest with something quite different, and you soon find yourself watching jugglers and acrobats and comedians who have no rightful place there at all.

But that won't do at all for radio-panto'. It would be as likely to succeed as the cheapjack telling his tale to blind men. He might produce his glittering trinket, but they would still listen for the crackle of burning paper-money.

So, strangely enough, the most modern form of dramatic presentation reverts back to the really honest, old-fashioned pantomime, in which a simple tale winds nobly through to a splendid end.

I'm afraid I'd rather forgotten Mr. McConnel for a moment, but it was he who put all these thoughts into my head. He began talking to me about panto's with such a light in his eye, a veritable beacon of enthusiasm, that I was hypnotised into a state of mild fervour.

Actually, of course, I left him directing that rehearsal. And then my thoughts wandered off so abruptly that, for all you know, he may be rehearsing still.



At the switchboard—one of the necessary jobs expertly done by a woman



Behind the Scenes at the B.B.C.

JOHN Trent

proves that it takes all kinds to make a broadcasting world. Readers will remember his previous article, called "No Broadcasting Without Them." Here is a second article, full of curious odds and ends of information, and an account of more

Men—

HERE are some queer jobs in this broadcasting business. Take, for instance, the man who wraps sound in cotton wool. He is not easy to find and when you locate him you will not wish to stay long, for the atmosphere is strangely oppressive in the grotto where he performs his mystic ritual. Despite his unusual calling, he plays golf on Saturdays and in the long winter evenings enjoys a novel.

If you wish to meet him, you must first discover a large brick building in a backwater of Balham, S.W. It used to be a convent school and there is a chapel at its far end. The nuns left some time ago and the place was empty for two years. Now it is the research station of the B.B.C. and an aerial hangs above the apple trees in a garden of several acres.

Our friend works in a large box which has been built in the chapel, but it is no ordinary hutch in which he juggles with sound. About eight feet high and ten feet square, it floats on thick layers of cork. Floor, walls and ceiling are lined with blankets of rock wool four inches thick, and these are reinforced by sheets of cotton wool six inches deep. It is as silent as the tomb in that sound-insulated box and our feet sink into the snowlike wool as we enter through a door which is sealed behind us with layers of fluff ten inches thick.

"A good place to learn to box," I try to remark to my guide; but the words seem to die in my throat. This treatment surely stifles sound.

The taps of the Dancing Daughters seem pretty remote as we whisper hoarsely to each other in the cotton wool.

Yet the 'experiments here affect every sound that emerges from the studios; in fact they determine just how the studios shall be built.

The room next door is in strange contrast to this chamber, which is a cross between a sepulchre and Father Christmas' lair in a toy bazaar.

A housewife would rejoice in the simplicity and cleanliness of this other chamber. Floor, walls and ceiling are lined with the plain white tiles that are used in bathrooms and kitchens. Here we seem to be shouting; the tiles reflect sound and our voices echo as we talk naturally to each other.

Instruments measure the time it takes a whisper to die away to one millionth of its original volume. But research workers are never satisfied with their achievement and next time I find my way to

Clapham they will have more and probably stranger rooms to show to me. They are building to add to their knowledge of acoustics so that the tones in our loudspeakers shall be just right.

No feminine touch relieves the austerity of the research building and no women are engaged in the large Victorian mansion three miles away at Clapham, where the control desks, gramophone tables, loudspeakers and other pieces of studio equipment are built.

There is a big organisation hidden away in these southern suburbs and craftsmen of many trades work in the shops and test rooms at Clapham.

The B.B.C. garage is here, too, and the vans which carry orchestras and their instruments about town return to Avenue House each night when programmes end. That plain green van in the corner is one of the mobile studios which is rushed about the country for race meetings and other outside broadcasting events.

Altogether forty cars of various kinds use this garage as a base.

The new brick building, one floor high at present, is for expansion, and F. M. Dimmock, the young man in charge of all this activity, is collecting old broadcasting gear.

Dusty bits of junk lying in the corner of an outhouse are not waiting for a call from an old iron dealer. A padlock secures the door, for, though the odd shaped pieces of wood and metal may have little intrinsic value, they are of considerable historical interest.

Old hands wax sentimental about the soap-box which supported the original "telephone" microphone used for the first programmes broadcast from an attic room at Marconi House.

The development of radio drama can be traced by the changes in design of the producers' panels which enable many studios to be used at once. Several early examples of this equipment and much primitive gear lie around.

It is here at Clapham that such things are designed.

When the new building is complete, Mr. Dimmock will be able to satisfy an old ambition. He has long planned to have a museum of broadcasting apparatus, and in the new Year the relics of 2LO studio equipment and other early pieces will be taken from the scrap heap, tenderly dusted and placed on show in a gallery. Years of honourable retirement lie ahead of this old gear and no thoughts of a "come-back" need disturb it.

and Women—
who do a

THOUSAND

and ONE

JOBS

at

Broadcasting
House!

Meet the man who wraps sound in cotton wool . . . the woman who searches the country for talent . . . the man who drives the studio van . . .

The noise that thrilled us twelve years ago would only cause pain to-day. In a few years, maybe, we shall be taken by television on a conducted tour of this museum, and I wonder whether I shall recognise a friend of 1934 in the grey-beard who will then explain the exhibits.

While men claim a monopoly of the work in the Research Equipment and other engineering departments, women hold many important jobs in the B.B.C. Play recording and adapting is work which has always attracted the strong feminine element at Broadcasting House.

Hundreds of plays in manuscript reach the drama department in the course of a year and all are read by women.

Of course, Val Gielgud himself decides which plays shall be broadcast; but he would be the first to compliment the fair sex on their work.

Plays arrive in print, typescript and long hand. Dialogue written laboriously in ink is often hard to follow; but each script is carefully scrutinised. The radio is a new medium and fresh ideas are hard to find.

A newcomer, with a spluttering nib, who has studied the peculiar needs of the microphone stands a better chance than a distinguished playwright who has not, though his script may be neatly bound and tied with ribbon.

So bad writing must be deciphered.

It may conceal a genius.

All the same, I would recommend the budding radio author to type his script; Barbara Burnham and other play-readers distinctly prefer it and, when a scrawl cannot be read, it has to be returned with a request for a typescript.

Gifted girls in the Drama and Variety departments quickly rise from secretarial posts to artistic jobs. Doris Arnold started work at Savoy Hill as a secretary, and there are several others who have forsaken their typewriters for fame behind the mike.

Jean Bartlett, assistant producer in the television studio, has several broadcast plays to her credit.

She wrote the first in the evenings when she had finished her daily work

"It is as silent as the tomb in that sound-insulated box and our feet sink into the snow-like wool as we enter through a door which is sealed behind us with layers of fluff ten inches thick. . . . Instruments measure the time it takes a whisper to die away to one-millionth of its original volume."

the girls many who understand the special needs of this large section of its audience.

The artistic temperament must be treated with sympathy and understanding, and so, as you would expect, a woman holds a very responsible job in the department which books all music artists from the opera star to the piano recitalist. It is run by Arthur Wynn, the man whose tact has never been known to fail, and he and Miss Minns spend all their days interviewing, auditioning and engaging the singers and players that we hear every night.

Women's interests are an important feature of the Talks programme, and it is a woman at Broadcasting House who arranges the household hints, cookery tips and all the chatty discourse that is so dear to her sex.

In search of talent to enliven the break in the morning's housework, Margery Wace travels the country. Last week she was in Lancashire choosing a cotton operative's wife to talk on her housekeeping budget, and next week will find her in Scotland. But Miss Wace is not entirely preoccupied with "home" affairs. "Things I Remember" and "The Week in Westminster" are also in her care. While her morning may be spent in a miner's kitchen, she is probably dining with politicians at night.

It takes all kinds to make a broadcasting world.

Experts are notoriously intolerant, and I never cease to marvel that so many different minds can work together amicably for our enjoyment.

as secretary to the Drama Director. Daphne Limmer filled this post before she transferred to the Variety Department, where she has now helped to produce a big musical comedy with Gordon McConnel.

Talent is given its chance wherever it appears in the ranks of feminine staff at Broadcasting House.

Women listeners are at least as numerous and quite as keen as men, and the B.B.C. finds among



Greasing the air-conditioning plant, which is responsible for pumping air into the windowless studios and corridors at the B.B.C. If it failed . . .

Soldering in connections behind the Dramatic Control Panel. This is the important instrument that receives the various bits of dialogue and song from separate studios and unites them into a play . . . well, almost!

"Christopher Stone Calling—"

JACK PAYNE and his Band are going to make their Radio Luxembourg debut in the Ovaltine programme for children next Sunday, at 5.30, and that is a moment to which a great many people besides myself will look forward with the keenest anticipation.

It was a brilliant idea on the part of the sponsors to give the children such a treat for the holidays; and with Harry Hemsley writing special stories to tell them in his own several voices and a good many more—I understand that he has written a serial which will take the characters on adventures from Sunday to Sunday—there will be something for children of all ages to discuss on Monday mornings.

I am always glad to find myself in a studio with Jack Payne's Band. They are just as cheery a lot there as they are when dressed up for their stage show; and though they travel the country in lordly style with a fleet of motor-cars that cost £7,400 and an outfit of musical instruments that is worth close on £2,000, they are capable of behaving in the studio, between bursts of recording or broadcasting, just as if they were a lot of schoolboys larking about with mouth-organs and penny whistles.

A great deal of these genuine high spirits gets into the microphone when they are playing, and I have often thought that Jack himself and all the members of his band give something to the microphone which reaches the listener unconsciously—some kind of tonic friendliness that makes for health and recreation.

Next Sunday will be full of good entertainment for the growing army of Radio-Luxembourg



listeners, which includes a great many English-speaking people all over the Continent, and the festive spirit of Christmas will continue through the week.

Meanwhile, I shall be deeply interested to see how the special gramophone record programmes, with competitions and money prizes, on Mondays and Wednesdays, appeal to listeners.

It is too soon to say that the children have established their claim to the first half-hour on Mondays (6.30 to 7 p.m.), but I can't help hoping that they will.

Personally, I am simple enough to enjoy games and competitions and puzzles without any prizes and to hate playing cards for money.

But there's no denying that most people like the off chance of winning some extra pocket money by their ingenuity.

Anyhow, we are coming to Christmas and the end of the year at full gallop on the 1,304-metre course, and here's all my best wishes to RADIO PICTORIAL readers for happy hours and good reception.

Christopher Stone



"Bring the Family"

HAL KEMP, the popular American orchestra leader, is an old friend of the Duke of Kent's. The circumstances of their meeting made an indelible impression on him. He was then playing at the Café de Paris, London. Lady Montebank invited him to one of her famous teas. On the balcony of her lovely home, he met a young Englishman who engaged him in conversation. As they were walking inside, the young man said: "I heard you play last night. I am coming again soon and will bring my brother."

Slapping him heartily on the back, Kemp replied: "Good! Bring the whole family."

When told that the young Englishman was Prince George, Kemp's blood ran cold at the thought of the familiar slap on the back. But the Prince proved a regular fellow and came often to dance to Kemp's music.

Stanelli Filmed

The number of radio stars taking part in film work at the moment is rapidly growing. Here comes news that Stanelli of Horchestra fame is in the new B.I.P. picture, *Radio Parade 1935*, a "still" of which was given in the November 30 issue of RADIO PICTORIAL.

Music Hall

In addition to conveying this film news to me, Stanelli has just shown me an interesting souvenir which was presented to Sam Mayo, who, as everybody knows, is a great favourite with the St. George's Hall broadcasts. The souvenir is a silver cigarette case presented to Sam by B. Pearce Lucas of the Bedford Palace to commemorate his having worked nine turns and four matinées in one week. Some of these experienced artists apparently can leave non-stop variety far behind!

Gangsters

Hughie Green and his fearsome gang have been laying waste all Scotland, I hear. Hughie has been doing things in style withal. Has his own car and a real live shover to drive same. Also a tutor for the gang. For himself, a monkey and a bowl of goldfish. In his spare moments he is experimenting with the latter in the moonlight.

The next thing we shall hear is that Sir James Jeans will be giving a new series of lectures on moonstruck goldfish, with the support of Hughie and the entire gang. We live in stirring times. Incidentally, I hear Hollywood has made a second application for the gang to go there. They had better tackle the Home Secretary first.

Midland Girl Crooner

A special aeroplane was chartered to convey fifteen-year-old Joan Daniels to the Beaconsfield studios in time to take part in the film, *In Town To-night*. Joan, who lives at Wolverhampton, has been heard regularly from Midland Regional both as a solo artist and with the Midland Mischief Makers during the past twelve months. It was thought at one time that she would make ballet dancing her career, and she was performing solo dances on the halls at the age of six. However, her mother discovered that Joan has a well-developed ear for music—she can sing any number after it has been played over once. She is now acting as vocalist to Billy Merrin and his Commanders.

Ten A Penny

Martyn Webster, the Midland Regional Productions Director, is very enthusiastic about his forthcoming show, *Ten a Penny*, which will be heard in January. The book has been written by Victoria Marsh, a well-known West End actress, now living in Birmingham, who has broadcast frequently from Midland Regional; and the music is by Wilfred Southworth, whose organ recitals have been relayed from the Regal Cinema, Handsworth. He is the composer of several popular songs, including "Bweavin' on de Window," which was featured by all the leading bands. At least one film company is already interested in this show, which is particularly suitable for the screen.

Stanelli himself is no slow mover. He played in two different countries in one night. In 1926, for a whole week, he played at the Capitol Theatre, Detroit (America) and crossed the river every night to play at the Windsor, Ontario (Canada)!

These are the Signature Tunes

Signature tunes . . .! Probably the most popular melodies of radio; each with its own particular associations, each introducing the most familiar and most popular programme features.

Every listener knows these melodies. But do you know their names? "I Bring to you Sweet Music" (Geraldo), "Lend Me Your Ear" (Maurice Winnick), "Just the Time for Dancing" (Beginning) and "Here's to the Next Time" (End) (Henry Hall), "Soft Lights and Sweet Music" (Specially composed tune for Austin Croom-Johnson's Show of that name), "Bugle Call Rag" (Harry Roy), "The Stage Revolves" (John Watt's "Songs from the Films"), "Rhapsody in Blue" (Harold Ramsay at the Organ, and also his Rhythm Symphony Orchestra), "Oh I do Like to be Beside the Seaside" (Reginald Dixon at the Tower Organ, Blackpool), "On Ilkla' Moor Baht 'At" (New Victoria Cinema Orchestra, Bradford), "Oh! Suzannah!" (Lew Stone), "The Two of Us" (Van Phillips' All-Star Orchestra), "When Day is Done" (Ambrose), "Dancing in the Dark" (Jack Jackson), "I Took My Harp to a Party" (Phyllis Robbins), "The Knightsbridge March" ("In Town To-Night"), "Auld Lang Syne" (Leslie Baily's "Scrapbooks"), "Eine Kleine Reise" (Greta Keller), "Let's Go!" (Saturday Night Variety Shows), A Musical Box . . . A Lance Siveking Play Production, Combination of "All Through the Night and Admiral Benbow" (Western Studio Orchestra).

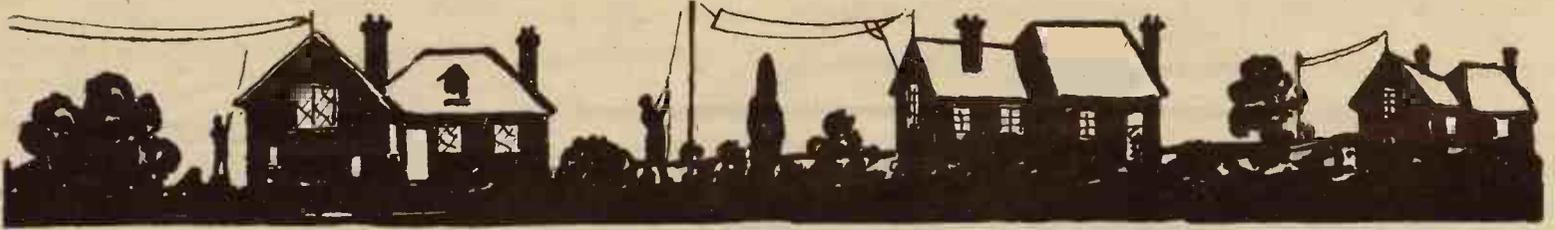


Revenge!

I caught Marius B. Winter in reminiscent mood the other day. The popular dance-band leader was recalling his schooldays, and told me of the strong dislike he took to one of his masters.

Once, on receiving punishment, young Marius determined to have his revenge. Relying on the anonymity of the telephone, he rang up all the local undertakers and, using his master's name, asked them to call at various times to arrange the burial of his mother-in-law. Then he got into touch with a number of local butchers, fishmongers, fruiterers and grocers, and asked them to deliver large orders at his master's house.

Next day the master did not turn up at school, and from a friend who witnessed the endless procession to the front door, young Marius learnt just how successful his revenge had been!



The Three-part Man

I encountered Philip Wade waiting impatiently for a lift up to the third floor in Broadcasting House. He seemed strangely ill at ease.

I asked him what had upset him, and learned he was landed with a ten-page sketch (for Empire broadcasting) in which he played all three parts. He is very nearly a ventriloquist, so I imagine he would not be seriously inconvenienced over a little thing like that.

Come to the Party

"Old Bill," alias Freddie Grisewood, has promised to roll up for the Christmas Party at five o'clock on Tuesday. Mabel Constanduros, the Two Leslies, A. J. Alan, Stanelli, and Henry Hall are other guests who have accepted.

Informality is the keynote of the programme, and though every variety producer has taken a hand, no one can tell exactly what will be broadcast. It will just happen. No party on Christmas Day would be complete without musical chairs and a charade, and "Grandma" is going to have the time of her life.

In the Cells

There is no ventilation and there are no windows in five studios which are in use every day! Passing along a basement corridor at Broadcasting House, I paused at a door which is usually locked.

Inside was a plain cell with bare walls, containing only a microphone and loud-speaker. It was one of the five echo rooms in the building which had been opened for cleaning or an inspection of the mike. We hear programmes which have passed through these studios every day, in by way of the loud-speaker and out by way of the microphone.

Two—or Fifty Thousand?

Whenever an echo room is in use a red lamp burns outside the door, as in the case of a studio where the cast are at work; and going to and from the restaurant on the same floor I have often seen four out of five warning lamps illuminated. Only the lock on each door indicates that the studios are unoccupied.

Amazing sound effects can be got by passing a transmission through one of these peculiar rooms. Two men clapping and cheering in a studio can

To the Reader,

My Staff and I send this issue of "Radio Pictorial" into your home this Christmas and we send with it an expression of our wish that your Christmas Day may be spent happily with music and feasting, with laughter and good cheer. Our issue this Christmas week is one big Christmas card, every page of which has been prepared with this Christmas season in mind. We are telling you how the King will talk to his people and to the world at large at 3 o'clock on Christmas Day; our centre-spread gives you pictures of radio stars, many of them in Christmas pantomime, who have accepted Henry Hall's invitation for the special Saturday Guest Night on December 22; on another page we tell you of Continental radio Christmases; elsewhere Murray Smith describes his experiences in watching the B.B.C. pantomime rehearse; Leonard Henry contributes a typical laughter-provoking article; we give you details of Christmas programmes and pictures of Christmas artists. In every way we have made this issue a real Christmas number!

Bernard Jones

be made to sound like fifty thousand applauding at a football match. It is just a matter of sufficient "echo."

Nine Green Bottles

Letters praising the Royal Wedding relay are still pouring into the B.B.C. mostly from overseas now, and there's no doubt that listeners everywhere found the programme more thrilling than any broadcast since the King's first Christmas message from Sandringham two years ago.

Only one complaint: "I cannot understand how such an unimaginative programme can have been put out on the air," a lady wrote.

Another letter rather tickled me. It read like this: "We heard the whole service perfectly, etc., etc. It was marvellous to think that we at home could take part. . . . No broadcast can ever be more impressive, and when are you going to play nine green bottles again?"

Her First

I wish that you could have watched Dorothy Dickson rehearsing this week for her original part in *The Girl Friend*. She moves so beautifully, but I missed her dancing which was such a feature of the show on the stage.

It was the star's first appearance in a broadcast production, and I was amused that the variety department secured this scoop, for I remember a cocktail party nine months ago. Dorothy Dickson and Val Gielgud were talking in a corner, and the drama director was persuading the actress to take the lead in a broadcast play. Now she has chosen to appear first in a musical comedy, which as a matter of fact is to be a Dennis Freeman production.

No Time to Spare

Adrian Boulton is sailing on the *Washington* just after Christmas. He is off to America to conduct the Boston Symphony Orchestra for a fortnight while Koussevitsky is away. He had planned to travel by the *Britannic*, but sailing times and broadcasting engagements would not fit in.

The music director will not have much time to spare as the orchestra is to give concerts in several towns in the States under his baton, and he has promised to be back in London in time to rehearse the B.B.C. Orchestra for a concert on February 6.

The "Four Hundred" Club

I hear of a proposal to form a radio "four hundred" club. It is Cyril Nash's idea that regular broadcasters should get together. Every artist who has made four hundred broadcasts would qualify.

I have not counted, but should say that Gladys Young, Lilian Harrison, Barbara Couper, and Andrew Churchman would all be eligible, and the scores of several popular music artists should also top four centuries.

Fresh names come and go, but once a talented actor or singer has mastered the intricacies of the mike he is sure of a place in the programme. Many who would be stars do not trouble to study the little instrument which never forgives.

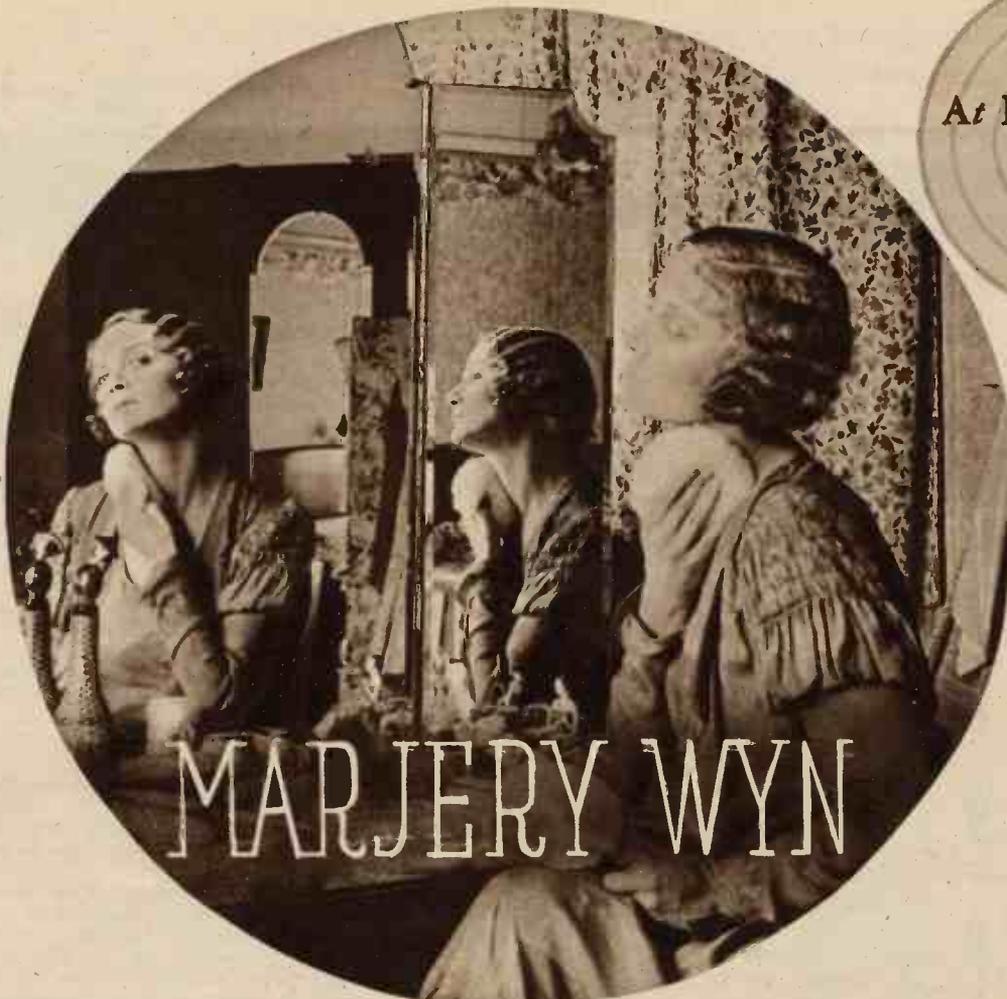
Pantomime Without the King

It is pathetic that laughter so often conceals tears in this theatrical business. Though the fun was boisterous while the mike was "alive," and the songs were as good as ever, a sadness descended on the whole company of pantomime stars as soon as the red light went out.

Only three days earlier Julian Wylie himself had rehearsed these artists in the same studio for this guest night programme. He and Henry Hall had arranged together the order in which the principal boys, the dames, and the funny men should appear. Julian loved his work, and intended to be with us that evening. . . . We went home very quietly.



"A Radio-gram? Why the blazes didn't he say whether he wanted it for alternating or direct current."



At Home with the
Stars

principal girl for Alfred Wareing and the same sort of boy for Francis Laidler. After that she played lead in musical comedy on tour, including *Mr. Cinders*. She was in the Daly production, with Harry Welchman, in a revival of *The Lady of the Rose*, and played second lead in *Nippy*. She was the quaker girl in *The Quaker Girl* revival and played opposite Stanley Lupino in *Hold My Hand*.

You will have heard her in various radio shows during the past three years. The first was in 1931, when she was in *Jack Hulbert's Follies*. She was also in the 1933 Radiolympia revue called *Nine Days' Wonder*.

You see her in the picture tackling her enormous fan mail from listeners. It is not all joy to be a successful radio artist, because it inevitably means hundreds of letters in the course of a year.

On the other hand, you will never hear of an artist complaining of the number of letters he or she receives.

Marjery Wyn certainly does not. She told RADIO PICTORIAL she really treasured her mail. To her it is, and always will be, a great thing to hear from her great public. Sometimes she is asked for her photographs, which is an expensive honour!

From her point of view, a fan mail is the greatest thrill of her artistic life, because it tells her she is on the right track and that she is giving pleasure to her listeners.

To a radio artist this is even more gratifying than to a stage artist—that is, if her values are right. It is one thing to walk on to the stage looking charming and all that sort of thing, thereby winning her audience before she utters a sound. It is quite another to compel listeners to write letters of appreciation when they have never seen a picture of the artist in question.

Marjery was born in Leeds, but there is no trace of the fact in her speech. She possesses a remarkably pleasing speaking voice, is smart and well dressed. Above all, she is devoted to her work and makes a point of seeing every film and musical comedy production of note.

Her name is spelt "Wyn." Therefore she cannot be related to Anona Winn, Godfrey Winn, Arthur Wynne, nor even to Wynne Ajello!

She is Marjery Wyn. She answers to that and nothing else!

THE first thing that strikes you about Marjery Wyn's home is the garden belonging to it.

Of course, it does not look at its best in December, but structurally it is so well planned that RADIO PICTORIAL has promised itself a visit there one summer day.

There are two fish ponds containing at least fifty goldfish—nice big ones. Fat chaps with a high gear and a powerful stroke; not those wretched little things they sell you in a bowl for sixpence in Farringdon Market on a Saturday night.

The ponds, apart from their inmates, are decidedly artistic. They form a figure eight with a little bridge in the middle. Very snappy. Marjery is proud of the ponds, but her great delight is in her almond tree, which yielded an amazing crop of almonds this year.

Lovely squares of crazy paving, arches, trellis, pergolas, and plenty of fruit trees.

Also an attractive sunk garden with a nice rustic seat.

Romantic. Marjery points to the pergolas and the roses and hopes they will perg properly next season. They have some distance to go yet. The house is modern—but Marjery is a modern girl.

She is devoted to her car which she uses for her work.

Also there is a dog in the question.

Peter, the fox terrier.

He adores his young mistress and is taken for a walk every morning after breakfast. In fact, it is more than she dare do to whisper the word *walk*. That means he raises the roof and goes temporarily mad. Even if she *spells* the word he pricks up his ears as if to tell her she can't get away with that sort of thing.

Miss Wyn lives with her mother and one of her two brothers. He did a great deal of flying in the War and has taken his autogyro

certificate. He is very anxious for his young sister to do some flying.

Marjery is keen on sport. She is a tolerable swimstrix, but, she says, the world's worst golfer.

The fact is, she can't get on with a ball lying down waiting for her to hit it.

If it comes at her she can manage it and is a fairly hot tennis player in consequence. She says her golf is bad because nobody wants to teach her!

You saw a picture of her in RADIO PICTORIAL recently doing something to an egg. She is a tip-top cook and can turn out a first-rate omelette. Not the sort she cleans the car with afterwards, either!

Also she is a great needle-woman. Can embroider anything. Again, a good dancer.

That rather brings us to her

work. She began her career in a concert party at West-cliff. She then went into pantomime, playing



Marjery tackles her enormous "fan" mail from listeners.



paid for it but food just didn't interest them. And when I say four passengers sat down to dinner it wasn't as easy as all that. Oh no! They had to chase it up and down the table like you do in these new help-yourself cafeterias. The soup was struck off the menu by common consent. Some of the other courses dropped off just naturally on their own.

"Naturally enough some of the passengers got scared pretty badly—you know what passengers are—and the officers and stewards were kept pretty busy saying 'No, sir, and no, mam, there's no danger because the boats on this line couldn't possibly sink whatever happened.' Which was

"As they rose on the crest of one wave so the sinking ship rose on another, and across the intervening space streaked the lines"

Strange Rescue

THE strangest voyage of my career?" Captain Thunder stroked his bushy eyebrows with a hand like a ham. He reached for his tankard and stared hard at the bottom. I hastily ordered two more bitters and handed over my tobacco pouch. The Captain always carries two pipes; the one he drew out now was the largest I have ever seen in the way of briars. I sighed, but the story was worth it.

"Well, I reckon that must have been a trip I did two years ago."

He paused to grasp his tankard.

"Thank you, sir. Up she goes!"

And down she went.

"Cheerio!" I answered.

He replaced the tankard on the stained and battered oak table by our side.

"At that time I was skipper of the s.s. *Hayminster*, one of the Tyne-Thames Company's boats trading between London and Newcastle. The whole passage takes little over the twenty-four hours and you'd think nothing very extraordinary could happen in that short time. But it did. And I don't mind telling you it made me think. Yes sir, it made me think!"

I leaned back happily in my chair and set about refilling my own pipe. Anything that makes Captain Thunder "think," as he calls it, you may depend is something very out of the ordinary. A tougher, less imaginative, old boy it would be hard to find in a trip round the world.

He took a long pull from his tankard, smacked his lips and continued.

"The trip I'm talking of we were carrying a full cargo of mixed goods up to Newcastle and, as it was summer, there were something like fifty passengers on board pretty well evenly divided between first and third class. There are

only two classes on our line—and that's two too many if you ask me.

"We left the Company's wharf sharp on time at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and I remember it was so hot that passengers were strolling around in their shirt sleeves although going down river it's usually chilly even at the best of times.

"At Gravesend we dropped the pilot as usual and soon after that the shirt sleeves disappeared and overcoats took their place. I've never seen weather change so quickly. One moment there wasn't a breath of air to be had and the next half a gale was blowing. The sky, too. Where those clouds suddenly came from beats me to this very day. The sun was snuffed out just like a candle and where the clouds weren't black they were a nasty green colour like decayed cabbage. Beats me.

A queer story of radio at sea by DERYCK KENNARD

"Anyhow, by the time we had rounded the Foreland the stewards were kept hopping about like fleas on a hot brick. Even the overcoats had disappeared. The blessed place looked more like a hospital ship than a cargo boat."

The captain paused indignantly and sent up a young cloud of tobacco smoke to the old oak rafters of the *Blue Pig*. He had never approved of passengers on board cargo boats.

"You'll be wondering when I'm coming to something unusual," he continued. "Well, don't get impatient my boy, don't get impatient. I'm coming to it shortly. We came to it that night and, as I say, it made me think. Still does although I've knocked off a good many thousand miles since then—and most of 'em farther afield than the North Sea.

"That night the Company made a profit. Four passengers sat down to dinner. All the rest had

a horrible lie all the same because the boat isn't made that couldn't sink, and a whole lot of 'em are liable to take a dive just any time.

"Anyhow, there was no real danger and we kept up a steady eight knots, although I must admit we were making heavy weather of it at times.

"Visibility was practically nothing at all, and once we missed running down a steam trawler by a matter of inches. A driving rain made its lights about as much use as glow-worms are for light ships and I reckon its skipper had white hair by the morning—if he lived that long.

I forget exactly what watch it was when young Jakker staggered up to the bridge. Probably you wouldn't be much wiser if I told you. Some hours before dawn—I remember that much.

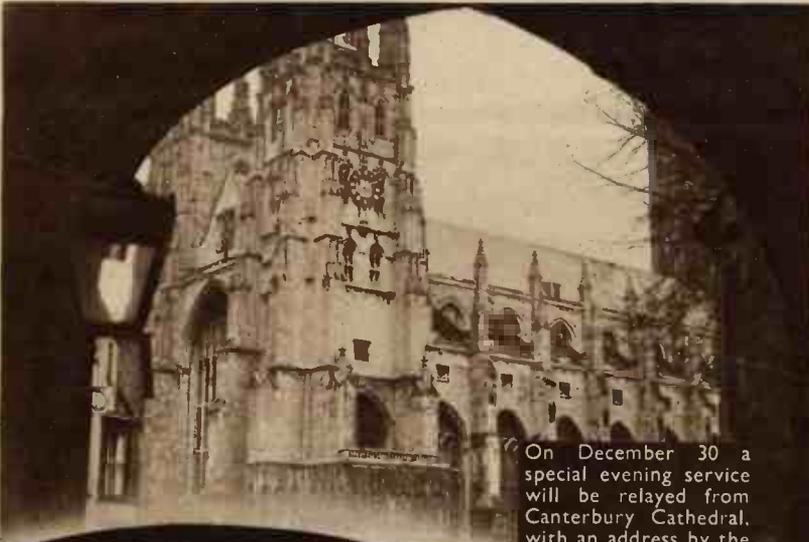
"Jakker was our wireless operator. A nice kiddy; round about two and twentyish I should say. Tall, quiet and good-looking; you should have seen the way some of the women passengers used to hang about outside the radio-cabin. Enough to make you feel sick. He was a clever kid, young Jakker. Anyone who can understand wireless is clever, if you ask me. But it wasn't only that—"

The skipper paused and gazed thoughtfully at an old hunting print hanging on the panelled wall. There was a puzzled expression in his steely grey eyes.

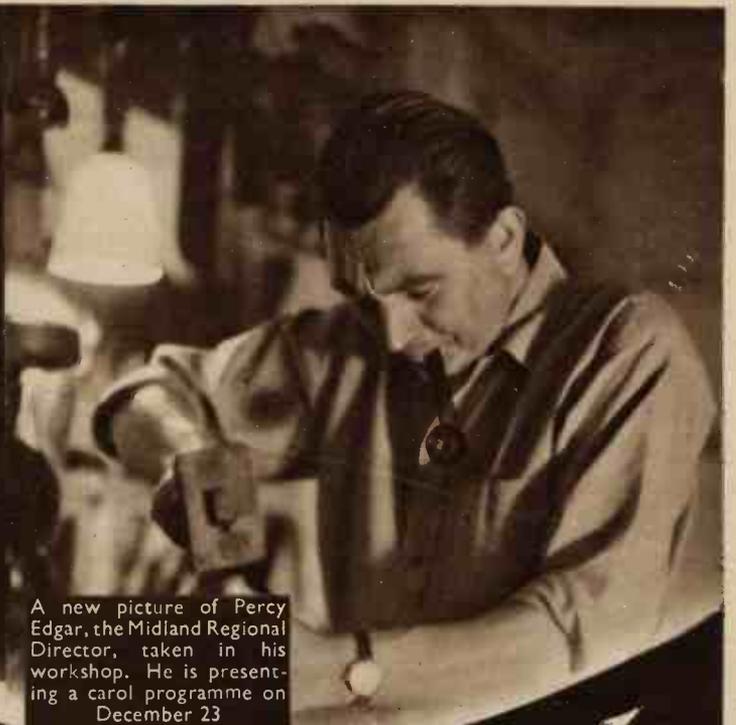
"It wasn't only that," he repeated slowly, "but there was something about his head with its fine, broad, brow and deep set eyes that kept you guessing. Something more than ordinary intelligence. You would have picked young Jakker out in a thousand.

"In spite of the whipping wind and blinding spray young Jakker was only half awake and looked as if he'd fallen straight out of his bunk. I remembered that afterwards and thought it strange because he was on duty but at the time

Continued on page 34



On December 30 a special evening service will be relayed from Canterbury Cathedral, with an address by the Archbishop of Canterbury



A new picture of Percy Edgar, the Midland Regional Director, taken in his workshop. He is presenting a carol programme on December 23

CHRISTMAS WEEK



The famous Royal Choir of St. George's Chapel, Windsor. A service will be relayed on Christmas morning, conducted by Dr. Baillie, the Dean of Windsor



The Buggins Family arrive in the Children's Hour on Christmas Eve. Here are Father and the Rest of the Family—Michael Hogan and Mabel Constanduros



Denis Freeman and Miss M. Allen, co-producers of the Christmas Nativity Play on Christmas Day from London Regional



On December 24 Stainless Stephen is to appear in a pantomime, in which all the parts are played by himself!

Two bands will play the late dance music on Christmas Day. Lew Stone will share the honours of the evening with Billy Cottón

Philip Ridgeway returns to the mike on December 21 and 22



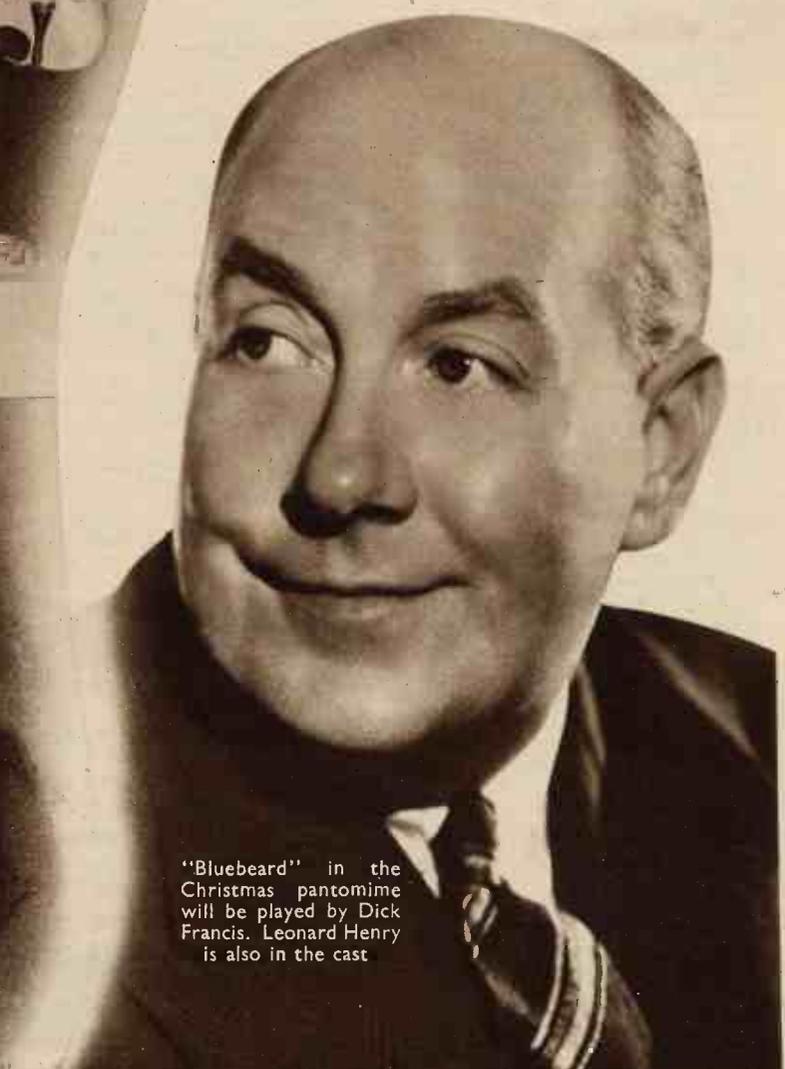
ON THE AIR



George Garaz with his Hungarian Gipsy Band, which will broadcast from the Hungarian Restaurant for the first time on December 17



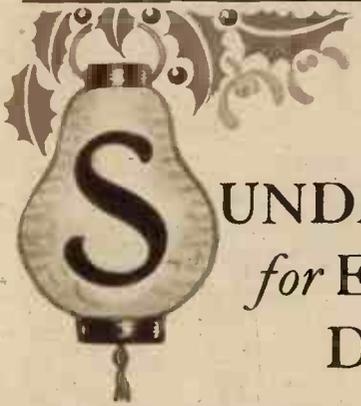
Reginald Dixon, the organist at the Tower Ballroom, Blackpool, at his famous Wurlitzer organ. He will give a recital from North Regional on Christmas Day



"Bluebeard" in the Christmas pantomime will be played by Dick Francis. Leonard Henry is also in the cast

The WEEK at RADIO LUXEMBOURG

Your listening guide to the interesting programmes from this famous Continental station



SUNDAY Programmes for English Listeners— December 23

12.00-12.30 Light Music.

1.00-1.30 Zam-Buk Concert.

1.30-2.00 Littlewood's Variety Concert.

Panto Memories (Part 1).
John Henry's Christmas Eve (Parts 1 and 2).
Christmas Carols (Part 1).
Paul Robeson Medley (Part 2).
Panto Memories (Part 2).

2.00-2.30 Kraft Cheese.

3.00-3.30 Pompeian Beauty Preparations.

Musette.
I Keep You in My Heart.
Always.
Peggy O'Neil.
Violin Song.
My Song Without a Name.
Smilin' Through.
I Hear You Calling Me.
Love's Old Sweet Song.

3.30-4.00 Light Music.

4.00-5.00 Horlick's Tea-time Hour.

A Christmas Medley—Orchestra and Brian Lawrence.
Early Twenties—with Orchestra and Quartet.
Childhood Memories.
Nursery Masquerade—Xylophone Solo.
See-saw—Louise Brown, John Mills and Orchestra.
Santa Claus is Coming—Orchestra and Brian Lawrence.
Review of Revues, Part 1—Orchestra and Vocal Chorus.
Christmas Medley (Fox-trot)—Orchestra and Quartet.
Who's Been Polishing the Sun—Orchestra and Brian Lawrence.
Mikado—Orchestra.
Nony Nony No—Louise Brown and John Mills.
Most of Every Day—Brian Lawrence.
Empire Epics—Orchestra and Vocal Chorus.

5.00-5.30 Light Music.

5.30-6.00 Ovaltine.

Jack Payne with his Band.
Happiness Express.
Sing Holly, Go Whistle, Hey Hey.
Harry Hemsley in the first of the series of Children's Programmes: "The Adventures of the Fortune Family."
Isle of Capri.
We're all Sailors, Sailing on the Sea.

6.00-6.15 Owbridge's.

6.15-6.30 Sanitas.

6.30-6.45 Ever Ready Razors.

Dancing Down the Ages.
Wine Song.
Savoy Christmas Medley.

7.00-7.30 Beechams'.

Billy Cotton and his Band, compered by Christopher Stone.
The Big Bad Wolf.
Dust on the Moon.
Nobody Loves a Fairy When She's Forty.

Any Rags, Bottles, or Bones.
Boxing Day (Tommy Handley).
The Tattooed Lady.
After the Storm.
Old-fashioned Love.

7.30-7.45 Wren's Concert.

I Love You Very Much, Madam.
Lost in a Fog.
Who Made Little Boy Blue?
Selection of Hebrew Dances.

7.45-8.00 Light Music.

8.00-8.30 Palmolive.

The Palmolivers, with Olive Palmer and Paul Oliver.
Christmas Medley.
Then You'll Remember Me.
Needle in a Haystack.
Only My Song.
Say It.
Silent Night.
Ray Noble's Melodies.
For all we Know.

9.15-9.45 Light Music.

9.45-10.00 Zubes.

10.00-10.30 Mackay's Pools Concert.

10.30-11.00 Bile Beans Concert

11.00-12.00 Light Music.

Other Programmes from Luxembourg

SUNDAY (December 23)

7.45 a.m. Gramophone Concert.

Admiral Stosch-Marsch.
Waldteufel Memories.
The Coolies of Sumatra.

8 a.m. News Bulletins (in French and German).

10.45 a.m. Luxembourg Red Cross Sweepstake Concert.

Fanfares de Crawhez.
La d'Arschot Schoonhoven.
Aurore de Chasse.

La Carton de Wiart.

11 a.m. Popular Songs.

MONDAY

6.30 a.m. Special Relay to America.

Potpourri: Sousa Marches.

French Quarter of an Hour.

English Quarter of an Hour.

Spanish Quarter of an Hour.

German Quarter of an Hour.

7.30 a.m. Luxembourg Red Cross Sweepstake Concert.

7.45 a.m. Gramophone Concert.

8 a.m. News Bulletins (in French and German).

LUXEMBOURG EVENING

7.40 p.m. Luxembourg Red Cross Sweepstake Concert of Comic Opera.

Le Jongleur de Notre-Dame.

Lakme.

La Tosca.

8 p.m. News Bulletins (in French and German).

8.20 p.m. Gramophone Concert.

Coule, o beau Danube.

For You Alone.

The Language of the Nightingale.

The Dancing Tailor.

Paulette.

8.35 p.m. Luxembourg Concert by the Station Orchestra.

Prince Felix.

Chant sans Paroles.

Berceuse.

Elegie pour Violon et Piano.

Vergissmeinnicht.

9 p.m. Cognac Martell Symphony Concert by the Radio Luxembourg Orchestra, with the violinist, Andre Cassedanne.

3rd Concerto for violin and orchestra (Saint-Saens).

9.35 p.m. Grand Marnier Concert of dance music.

I've Got the World on a String.

Bellita.

Moon Song.

The Girl of the Freaks.

The Shadow Waltz.

Twenty Million People.

Hiawatha's Lullaby.

Oh! Johanna.

10.5 p.m. Song Recital by Carl Rehfuß.

Six Christmas Songs.

10.40 p.m. Chamber Music by Mm. Jules Kruger and Jean Dax.

11.15 p.m. Radio Luxembourg' Orchestra.

TUESDAY

7.45 a.m. Gramophone Concert.

8 a.m. News Bulletins (in French and German).

12 noon. Radio Luxembourg Orchestra.

12.45 p.m. Luxembourg Red Cross Sweepstake Concert.

1 p.m. Gramophone Concert.

BELGIAN EVENING

7.40 p.m. Accordion Recital by

J. B. Silistrini.

Picard.

Rivabella.

Mais quand on s'aime.

Marche des Accordeonistes.

Valse a Triolets.

Tango bleu.

Pyramide.

8 p.m. News Bulletins (in French and German).

8.25 p.m. Concert given by the

Art a l'Ecole, with the Children's Choir and the Station

Orchestra.

O du frohliche Weihnachtszeit.

Der Christbaum.

Kreschtdag.

Anges et Bergers.

Noel.

Eine kleine Geige.

Chanson du Feu.

Schne'wittchen mat de Zwergen.

9 p.m. Song Recital by Ernest

Lottorf.

9.20 p.m. Belgian Symphony

Concert.

Fantaisie sur deux Noels wallons.

Les Rois mages.

Petite Suite dans le Style du

18me Siecle.

Variations en Foeme de Danse.

10.30 p.m. Dance Music on records

WEDNESDAY

7.45 a.m. Gramophone Concert.

8 a.m. News Bulletins (in French and German).

12 noon. Concert by the Station

Orchestra.

Peter Schmol.

L'Arlesienne.

Kuss mich.

Reverie du Soir.

Czardas No. 8.

O Fruhling, wie bist du so schon.

La Geisha.

7.40 p.m. Luxembourg Red

Cross Sweepstake Concert

of Songs from the Films.

Ta Voix.

Les Nuits de Paris.

Un air tire du film "Un Soir de

Reveillon."

C'est pour mon Papa.

8 p.m. News Bulletins (in French and German).

8.55 p.m. Talk by M. J. P. Zanen.

Continued on page 35

Programmes for English listeners, Monday to Saturday next week, include dance music and variety from 6.30 to 7.30 p.m. every day.

You can receive Radio Luxembourg on a wavelength of 1,304 metres, 230 kilocycles. The power is 200 kilowatts. Other Luxembourg programmes are in the section commencing on page 23 of this issue

Christmas broadcasts and a wealth of religious programmes at the microphone may make you wonder—

IS the idea of having religious services broadcast a good idea or not?

I have heard the question debated more than once. Thinking over the debaters—what I really know of them, that is—I have come to one conclusion. It is this. A certain number of people express themselves in religious emotion; others find no necessity to do so.

Those who do *must* hear services of some kind. In order to carry out their religion at all, they are bound either to witness some form of service in a place of worship or else hear it in their homes by wireless.

It would be interesting to know how many families in England still meet morning and evening for family prayers. Probably the number has reduced considerably during the last ten or fifteen years. Probably, also, it was at its highest about thirty years ago.

The Sunday programmes have come under more public censure than any other broadcast. The reason is because those not definitely interested in organised religion see no possible advantage in listening to hymns and psalms, much less to sermons.

I have always held that it might be better to offer alternative programmes to the broadcast services round about the hour of eight o'clock on a Sunday evening.

On the other hand, I definitely oppose any suggestion that the B.B.C. should reduce the number of its services for the simple and excellent reason I know them to be amongst the most popular broadcasts of the week.

There is no question about the popularity of the Daily Service. It is listened to by millions.

We tell each other in moments of enthusiasm that this is a Christian country. Some of us say it is so *nominally*. Others cannot even go that far.

Personally, I should be inclined to say it *looks* like a Christian country, so long as you do not look too hard at it.

Now let me go back to my original question. Is the idea of broadcasting religious services good or bad?

If you agree, it is definitely good, I can draw a line here and say nothing further. If there are any readers of RADIO PICTORIAL who think it bad, or unnecessary, I can go a little further.

It might be argued that, fourteen years ago, services could not have been broadcast. If we could do without services in our homes, then we can do without them now.

To argue that way is to suggest there is no need for the Bible to be printed in English, because at one time it was only published in Latin. If Latin was good enough for mediæval Churchmen, it is good enough for us.

That brings up what at first seems an impertinent question. *Is religion any business of the B.B.C. at all?*

The answer is definitely that it is, first and foremost, the B.B.C.'s business to uphold the Church in England. Strictly, I should have written the Church of England, because the B.B.C. is part of the State, in a sense. It is definitely a Government Department, however it may actually be run.

There is a State Church of England, known as the Reformed Protestant Church. That Church must be upheld by all bodies working under the Government. Therefore, the B.B.C. must uphold the Church of England.

Technically speaking, I think it is quite right to say it need not uphold any *other* form of organised religion. It need not broadcast Roman Catholic, Anglo-Catholic, or Nonconformist services. As the State only officially recognises the Church of England, the B.B.C. would be quite within its right to permit Church of England Services, only. The reason it accepts all points of view is so obvious that it need not be discussed.

The State Church is so constituted that certain forms of ritual which are really and truly against the law—Processions of the Sacrament, incense, vestments—strictly speaking, are not allowed.

It is not so long ago that Anglo-Catholic Priests

Is
RELIGION
Any Business
of the B.B.C.

WHITAKER-
WILSON

answers this topical
question—and makes
some challenging
statements

The Rev. Hugh
Johnston, one of the
conductors of that
ever-popular morn-
ing service—a B.B.C.
feature which surely
nobody would wish
discontinued.



The number of people who go to Church regularly on Sunday, or hear broadcast services must be a very small proportion of the population of this country.

I live in a parish of 15,000 people. It may be more. Certainly not less. The parish church cannot seat 500. In fact, all the places of worship combined in this district cannot accommodate more than 1,500 people, putting it quite generously.

Fifteen hundred out of fifteen thousand. As none of these churches is regularly filled, it is arguable that only about six or seven per cent. attend a place of worship.

The Continental Sunday has come in to England *unofficially*. Technically, it has not come in. Otherwise, all the shops would be open.

Until it comes in *by law*, the B.B.C. officially recognises Sunday Observance, whatever the majority of its listeners may do.

Therein lies a reason—a very deep reason—why dance music is not broadcast from English stations on Sunday. Apart from the simple suggestion that there are six other evenings in the week, the whole idea is inconvenient.

Have you ever thought there is something almost strange about the look of the National Programme on a Thursday night when the mid-week Service is followed by dance music? You realise, of course, that the two things will probably not be listened to by the same people, but you are so used to religion being relegated to Sunday (for those who want it) that it seems almost out of place in an evening broadcast programme devoted to entertainment.

If that looks strange, I think it would look stranger to have the Sunday evening Epilogue followed by dance music.

On the other hand, I have always been of opinion there might be two Epilogues. The first more or less as it is now, but there might be an alternative. Devotion one side; philosophy the other. Only it would have to be very well done.

The general supposition is that the B.B.C. tries to force religion down people's throats. At eight o'clock on a Sunday evening, either you have a religious service or another religious service. If you do not like it, you can switch off or go abroad.

Continued on page 18

were imprisoned for what was considered illegal. Those practices are *still* illegal, but they are no longer opposed unless by an ultra-Protestant Bishop. All forms of the Christian religion are now acknowledged, and the B.B.C. is free to welcome services from any church or nonconforming chapel in the land. Religious tolerance has sprung up amongst us.

Having proved it is the duty of the B.B.C. to broadcast religion on technical grounds, let us consider the matter more broadly and as a question of Sunday Observance.

Did you go to Church last Sunday? I simply ask the question for you to answer to yourself. I do not want you to tell *me*. If you did not, you have (I presume) no objection to my having gone? Or the other way round? If you did go, you need not look down on me because I stayed at home and wrote an article for RADIO PICTORIAL instead.

"You mustn't miss the carols from King's College Chapel, Cambridge, on Christmas Eve, because they can sing carols better there than anywhere. There will be another carol service in the evening from St. Mary's, Whitechapel. On Christmas morning you will get a service from St. George's Chapel, Windsor, conducted by the Dean, Dr. Baillie. On the evening of December 30 there will be a special service relayed from Canterbury. The Archbishop (Dr. Cosmo Gordon Lang) will give an address. . . ." "RONDO," in a recent issue of "Radio Pictorial."

A STRANGE title, but, if I may say so, one that completely expresses the festive season. Breathes there a pater-familias so lucky who has never worn out several sets of cheque books or failed to set fire to the point of his fountain pen at this time of the year? I seem to remember a poem called "The Bills," by Longfellow—no, I'm wrong; it was some other fellow—but I know it went thusly:—

Hear the postman with the bills,
endless bills,
See his smile of satisfaction as the
letter-box he fills,
Hear the rustle, rustle, rustle, as
they fall upon the mat,
With the promise of a summons,
or the halter, or the cat,
Threats of Time, Time, Time, in
a nightmare sort of rhyme . . .

And so on, *ad libitum*. However, it is a long worm that has no turning, and this year I am taking Time by the forelock (which must annoy the old gentleman immensely) and giving you a brief syllabus of gifts that would be appreciated by your humble but ambitious servant.

And the reason for this change of front? (as the hotel manager remarked when the waiter turned up with a paper dickey).

Just this: Some few radio pantomimes ago I expressed a wish for liquorice allsorts. For some weeks after this it rained liquorice allsorts. Therefore, as it is possible that the script of this year's pantomime will contain no reference to cigars, liqueurs, motor cars, or other flora or fauna of the Idle Rich, I propose to take the bull by the Klaxon and give you a brief syllabus of gifts that would be appreciated—dash it, I'm repeating myself, as the man said to the cucumber.

Anyhow, why not a nice wireless set?

It would have to be a super-super het, of course, and so sensitive that you daren't even tell it the story you told the Vicar.

It should never fail to come to you when called—just a murmured "Hetty, Hetty," and in it would dash, waving its short earth and crouch at your feet, with a far-away look in its valves.

Should it suffer from any internal troubles, there would be no difficulty in diagnosis. Just as you reach for the screwdriver it would fling false modesty to the winds and say plaintively: "Excuse me, it's my pentode."

It should cause no trouble even if battery-operated.

When the current drops to a certain level the set would quietly remark: "Oy—Juice."

But no clock on the panel, if you don't mind. I once mounted a cuckoo of that ilk, but it was hardly a success. The B.B.C. chose to broadcast the nightingale and my bird blew up in sheer mortification.

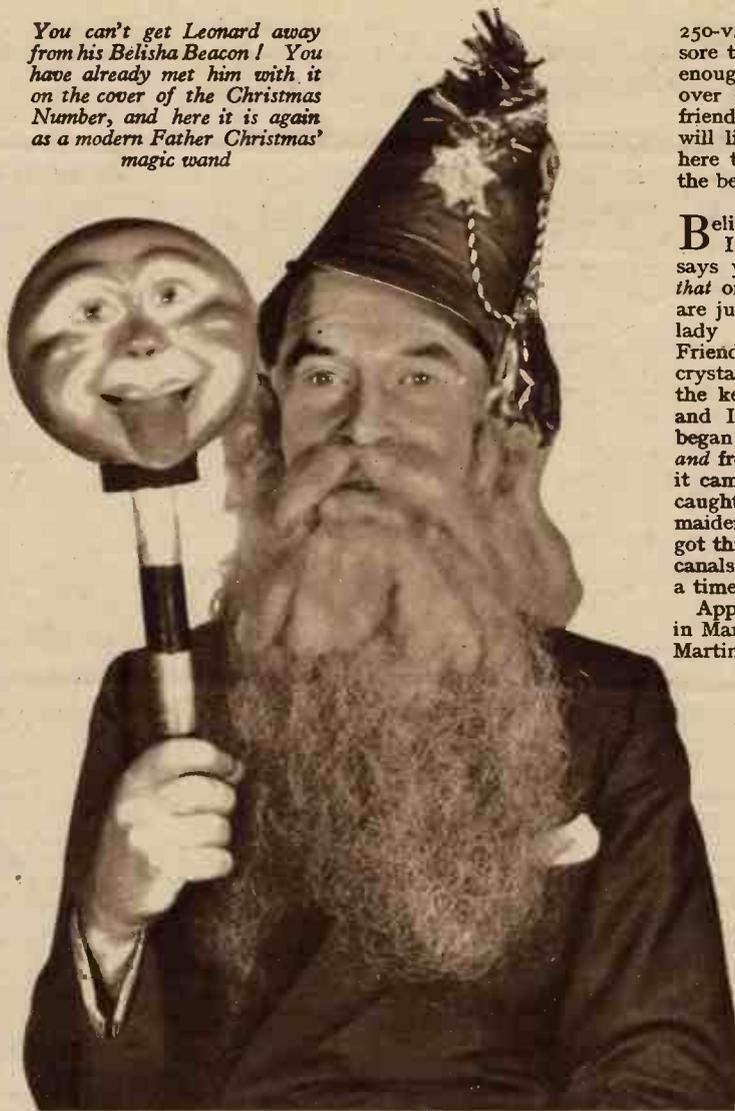
Again, something useful is always acceptable, such as one of Winston Churchill's old hats full of kittens, the Forth Bridge, or the Dancing Daughters.

Then, I have often longed for a photograph of the American film star who refused to show her legs to the photographers at Southampton. (This is very rare.)

Another secret urge I have long nourished in my engine-room is the possession of a "Stop Me and Buy One" ice-cream cart. How I would love to cycle round Oxford city during Boat Race week shouting: "Isis. Isis."

If not too ambitious, why not a grape-fruit glass with a human face painted on it? This fools the grape-fruit; it thinks the face is a real one and squirts its juice right at it in the glass. Even more flauntworthy would be one of those cuddly dolls which remind one so delightfully of

You can't get Leonard away from his Belisha Beacon! You have already met him with it on the cover of the Christmas Number, and here it is again as a modern Father Christmas' magic wand



Xpensemas!

By Leonard HENRY

A seasonable appeal for the Year's Good Cause, with peace to your earth, and plenty of cheer and cheek, by our non-stop radio humorist

the old-fashioned girl, because every time you squeeze them they put their tongue out and say: "Mama."

Lastly, but by no means firstly, why not an amusing scarf, like mother used to make?

An A. J. ALAN MYSTERY!

A. J. Alan is taking part in the Christmas Party which will be broadcast, starting at 5 p.m., on Christmas Day. He will give a fine mystery yarn, "The Visitors' Book." "Radio Pictorial" have made exclusive arrangements with Mr. Alan for this story to be published in next Friday's issue, only three days after the broadcast.

So don't miss your next Friday's copy of "Radio Pic.," as this yarn will be included among the many fine features.

250-v. A.C. or D.C. Made specially to prevent sore throats. After one washing there should be enough for the entire family, with enough left over to go round Teddy Brown. Therefore, friends, your presents, given swiftly and gladly, will light such a candle that will be seen from here to Pennycomequick, which is 200 $\frac{1}{4}$ miles as the bee sucks.

Believe me, or believe me not, last night I had a message from Mars. "Ah! a myth," says you. "No," says I, and besides, I know that one. A myth is not a moth's sister, as you are just about to tell me. A myth is a maiden lady who lisps. But a message from Mars. Friends, I cannot tell a lie—I did it with my little crystal set. Why, I was so excited that I put the kettle to bed and sat on the hob all night, and I didn't know anything was wrong till I began to sing. Think of it, a message from Mars, and from a lady . . . and I took it down, though it came over so quickly at times that my pencil caught alight. It was in code, too, and the maiden who sent it was so upset. She said she got this code through falling in one of the Martian canals. I had to translate it with a T-square and a timetable.

Apparently, they have their licensing troubles in Mars just as we do, for there are two kinds of Martinians—Wet Martinians and Dry Martinians.

I gathered that my girl friend is considered very beautiful—she has a face like a Petrol Pump, but considerably more spirit and a higher flash point.

Her name is Oosebarmie, pronounced Chumley. She talks in red ink and on state occasions wears all her decorations, including the kitchen sink.

Her brother, Eeaseaboob, pronounced March-banks, sixteen feet high in his stilts, drinks his bath water and blows his nose in A flat. He is covered with black spots. This is because his great-grandfather swallowed a box of dominoes. Eeaseaboob is, naturally a great fighter, but at the moment appears to be in disgrace. I understand that he passed the port the wrong way at mess one night and was prodded out of his regiment with muffled toothpicks. Knowing my great interest, Girl Friend kindly sent me a Martian War song. This is sung three times a day, after meals, and subject to the usual trade discount, of course. It should be accompanied by the beat of a Martian war drum. These drums are amazing. They are covered with the skin of a strange animal called the Bunkedoodleidoh.

The Bunkedoodleidoh not only lays V-shaped eggs and eats old safety razor blades, but his skin is so tight, that every time he winks

his eye, he splits an infinitive. Here is the war song, sadly marred by morse, morse the pity. This I shall have to suggest by a row of dots (so beloved by our modern novelists) and I have borrowed the six pips from Greenwich for the purpose. Herewith:—

OOSHUCKS—WHATABLOB (Martian War Song)

Up in Mars we're all Magicians
And along our superstitions
We hang all our poli—

We live in asbestos houses
For our climate's so hot, ours is,
Men wear skirts and girls the—

We reward our real good triers,
Give them rubies, pearls, sapphires,
But we murder all our—

A Martian thinks that one wife's plenty,
But if she's forty, old and bent, he
Swops her quick for two at—

And it concludes with a racy little Chorus:—
Gert yer, Gert yer, Gert yer, Gert yer.
Eenie, meenie, miney mo.
Gert yer, Gert yer, Gert yer, Gert yer,
Bom tiddlee match stick. Oo eck.

(P.S.—And that is the last time I have lobster for supper.)

A New Feature by LESLIE BAILY



ONE evening last March, Charles Brewer and I sat in the canteen at Broadcasting House, eating chops and discussing our next "Scrapbook" programme. A date in May had been given us—and little of the programme was yet on paper. The year selected was 1914, so we knew we were up against some big issues.

The problem arose, as it always arises, of how to bring a radio resumé of such a momentous year to an effective close. I like to shut the "Scrapbook" at a point when the listener has had not quite enough, to close its pages quietly and firmly at a moment when he will be left with something worth thinking about.

At the apple dumpling stage our planning had broken down, we had drifted into idle gossip, and Mr. Brewer was telling me of his experiences in the trenches in 1914. He said he was one of the participants in the famous Christmas Truce.

I knew then that we had found our finale.

On the back of an old envelope I jotted notes of Mr. Brewer's recollections, went home, and wrote the whole thing down in radio-dramatic form, inventing my own characters against the authentic framework thus delivered to me like a gift from the gods.

This scene was, I think, less rewritten than any scene in any of my programmes, and I consider it one of the most effective, yet it was created in a violent hurry. That is often the way.

The concluding verse was actually written only a few days before the transmission. We had planned to finish with an extract from one of the war poets—Sassoon, perhaps, or Blunden—but failed to find a quotation that satisfied us as exactly fitting the mood. The lines used I gave to the narrator during rehearsal, almost with the ink wet!

Mr. Brewer himself introduced the episode, modestly masquerading under the pseudonym "Herbert Charles."

For the roles of the German officer and soldier he recruited two young German students who were living in London. The cordiality with which those Germans took part in such a programme—which had to reflect certain anti-German emotions of 1914—is one of my most pleasant memories.

One day during rehearsals, as we sat laughing and talking around a table in the canteen, somebody remarked that it was unthinkable that we and they should ever again seek to kill one another. . . .

BREWER: It was on Christmas Eve, 1914, that once again we went into the line in front of Fleurbaix, south of Armentieres. It was a still, frosty night as we filed into the front line and took over our positions; we could easily see the German parapet and barbed wire zig-zagging away to the north and south. All through the night it seemed unusually still. Occasionally a bullet would hit the willow trees behind us with a crack and go whining away into the distance. The far-off rat-a-tat of a machine gun seemed only to accentuate the long silence that followed. Every now and then a Verey light would go soaring up, adding a curious flicker to the ghostliness of the moon and causing those who were out on patrol in No Man's Land to freeze like the corpses that also lay out there.

"Scrapbooks"

is one of the most popular series of broadcasts devised by Leslie Baily. Here is an extract from one of these famous programmes—the script of Baily's dramatization of one of the most remarkable incidents of the war.

[Distant machine gun.]

MEN: Patrol going out in front of A company!

[This comes from the distance and is repeated five times and fades into the distance. Then George starts singing softly to himself, near mike.]

GEORGE: There's a long, long trail a-winding
Into the da da da da . . .

ALBERT: 'Appy Christmas, George!

GEORGE: Huh!

[Crack of rifle.]

ALBERT: When we gets out of the line on Tuesday, I'm 'aving a word with the Ma'mselles at that estaminet in Laventie. 'Ow does a nice bird strike yer?

GEORGE: No, not fer me, Albert—I've a wife at 'ome.

ALBERT: I was alluding, George, to the prospect of a nice juicy chicken.

GEORGE: Oh! . . . Last Christmas we 'ad goose. My missus sez it'll be a rabbit this year. Seems there's a food scare at 'ome.

[Crack of rifle.]

ALBERT: Everybody's 'oardin' stuff by the ton, they say. (Sings cynically):

Keep the 'ome fires burning
While yer 'earts are so-and-so.

GEORGE: Blimey!

ALBERT: Wot?

GEORGE: Look! Lights on Fritz's parapet, or I'm barmy.

ALBERT: Cripes! . . . wot d'yer make of it?

GEORGE: It looks ter me like a Christmas tree! One o' them with candles. Mind! Don't stick yer perishin' 'ead up—I'll bet it's a sniper's trap.

[German carol starts, distantly: "Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht." Occasional remarks in English are delivered in rather hushed tones, close to mike, with carol in background.]

Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht!
Alles schlaft, einsam wacht
Nur das traute hochheilige Paar . . .

GEORGE: Carols! . . . or I'm barmy.

Holder Knabe im lокkigen Haar . . .

ALBERT: Better tell the officer, he's in the dugout.

Schlaф' in himmlischer Ruh,
Schlaф' in himmlischer Ruh.

ALBERT: Give 'em a cheer, chaps!

[English soldiers cheer.]

GEORGE: Let's sing 'em one back!

In No Man's Land on Christmas Day, 1914, when hostilities were temporarily suspended in some sectors, British and German troops met and even played football together. The above heading photograph is from the special files of the Imperial War Museum and shows the Northumberland Hussars, 7th Division, meeting with German officers

[He bawls, solo, and after first line or so, others join in by twos and threes, taking parts.]

We are Fred Karno's army,
The ragtime infantry,
We cannot fight, we cannot march,
What earthly use are we?
And when we get to Berlin,
The Kaiser he will say,
Hoch! Hoch! Mein Gott,
What a jolly rotten lot
Are the ragtime infantry.

[Distant cheers.]

GERMAN OFFICER [calling from distance]: Hola, English! A merry Christmas!

[Distantly another German carol starts:—"Tannenbaum."]

[Superimpose.]

OFFICER [coming towards mike]: What's the time?

GEORGE: Seven o'clock, sir. It'll be light soon.

OFFICER: H'm. They are Christmas trees, all right.

GERMAN OFFICER [calling from distance]: Hola, English! Will you come out? If you will, we will!

GEORGE: Will we come out! It's a trap, sir.
OFFICER: I'm not so sure. He's standing above his parapet now. I can just see him, against the dawn.

GEORGE [shouting]: Wot's yer game, Alley-mang?

GERMAN OFFICER [from distance]: No hostilities!

ALBERT: No hostilities! I call that a nice matey offer from Kaiser Bill. Wot about it, sir?

OFFICER: Damn it, I'll go out and see! You chaps stand to. Pass the word along. (Calling)

I will meet you half-way!

GERMAN OFFICER [from distance]: Good! I am coming now!

OFFICER: So am I!

[Fade German carol up slowly, and after few moments superimpose.]

OFFICER: Fröhliche Weihnachten, Herr Oberlieutenant!

GERMAN OFFICER [his English is only slightly guttural]: Fröhliche Weihnachten, Herr Englisher Oberlieutenant! I think this is about the middle of No Man's Land, eh? Here we kick off our Christmas Day's sport, ein?

[They are now both close to mike; the singing is fairly loud.]

OFFICER: Jove, that's an idea! As a matter of fact, one of my men has a football with him in the line.

GERMAN OFFICER: Excellent! To-day we will put it to use.

OFFICER: I'm game if you are.

Continued on page 29



The Scottish Regional Director, Melville Dinwiddie, tells "Radio Pictorial" readers what policy is being adopted in connection with Scottish broadcasting. This personal message will interest every radio listener.

The map on the left shows a vital area in the Scottish broadcasting scheme—the heavy populated areas being shaded.

Is Religion any Business of the B.B.C.?

Continued from page Fifteen

Personally, I should have an alternative at all hours of the day, Sundays included; but if the B.B.C. argues that it has definite duties to perform and that it avoids the regular church hours in which to execute those duties, I think the argument acceptable.

That religion is wanted I am certain. We have every proof of it. Thousands of appreciative letters pour in to the B.B.C. every year. They tell me the general trend of correspondence at the offices of this journal show the same thing.

However much we may sneer at the Churchmen—those of us who are given to doing so, I mean—we cannot get away from facts. The Church has, all through the ages, formed the basis of our social existence.

All our convention—everything we hold dear—our honour, our prestige as a nation and as individuals, has come to us through the Christian religion.

In the days of Queen Victoria, it was the fashion to go to church. Those were days when nothing mattered so much as your neighbours' opinion. You went to church in those days because everyone else did. Nowadays, you stop away because most of your friends stop away also.

Yet, at the back of it all, is the fact that everything swings on the ethics of Christianity. The whole of the law, certainly.

It is inconceivable that broadcast religion does not fill a want. It may not fill your want or mine either, but we are not the only people to consider.

There must be round about fifty millions of us in this kingdom and it may only be a case of feeding the five thousand; but if it was worth feeding five thousand because they were hungry in A.D.32, it is equally worth while doing so now that we have reached A.D. 1934.

In any event I should always oppose dance music or even very light music on Sunday. As there is plenty of it abroad, I should feel I was not doing anyone out of anything they wanted.

I know of a family who have the wireless going as a background to everything they do. They play bridge every Sunday evening to a broadcast service, a symphony concert and the Epilogue. They cheerfully double no trumps to *Abide with Me* or the *Apostle's Creed*.

What SCOTLAND is Doing

THE Scottish Region is the only Region of the British Broadcasting Corporation which is also a Nation. This fact, however, does not make it easier to provide Scotland with broadcast fare. There is no such person as the average Scottish listener. Scotland is a nation of individualists certainly as greatly diversified as its topography.

For the purposes of general programmes we make a rough division of Scotland into four parts—the Highlands and Islands, the North-East, the West, and the East and Borders.

It is our business to use to the best purpose the highly contrasted programme material which these regions can supply for the enjoyment, if possible, of the whole country. The population of the West and the far-flung Hebrides is Gaelic in sentiment if not entirely Gaelic in language, and they expect a reasonable share in the good things that are going.

But Gaelic will be as little understood in Aberdeen as the braid Scots of Buchan would be in Stornoway. Having to cater for a whole country, we cannot afford to be too generous to any particular element.

Fortunately, however, the beautiful Hebridean songs delight every listener.

Even ceilidhs please those who have no knowledge of Gaelic.

The humour of the North-East is dry and couthy and strongly contrasted with that of the cosmopolitan Glasgow. But Glasgow, by virtue of its great population, has resources in music, drama, and variety which are of immense value to Scottish broadcasting. Edinburgh is a centre for music, talks, and education. Its quiet atmosphere is also helpful in the arrangement of Scottish programmes that are Scottish and not localised. Though it is convenient to regard the territory south of the Forth as homogeneous, the spirit of the Borders is quite different from that of the Lothians. From the Borders come colourful programmes such as the relay of a Common-Riding ceremony or a programme of the "Frae a' the Airts" type.

Whatever might be said in criticism of Scottish programme making, it could not be asserted that the country places are neglected. These are encouraged to contribute their share of material.

A recent experiment, which has proved remarkably successful, has been the introduction of three periods of Scottish dance music during the week.

This is not intended as a counter agent to jazz, and in any case the time devoted to it has not been stolen at the expense of the jazz lover.

The Scottish Reel Players, pipers, and fiddlers,

and the Scottish Studio Orchestra who purvey Scotland's own dance music, are favourite broadcasters in the late evening. Another experiment has been the broadcast of lessons in Gaelic.

Finally, there are two different elements in Scottish life to-day, two elements which will be, for the most part, the subject of our St. Andrew's Day programme on November 30: the conservative Scotland, the Scotland of tradition that loves the old things—the old dances, the old music, the old tongues, whether they be braid Scots or Gaelic—and the changing, modern Scotland, the Scotland that is recovering painfully but surely from nineteenth century industrialism.

This Scotland has new ideals and new ideas, but they have continuity with a pre-Scotland—the conservative Scotland as we have described it.

God, the Father

By The

Rev. JAMES WALL, M.A.

Precentor of Durham Cathedral

PARABLES, despite our childhood's definition, are an ordinary eastern way of illustrating a cardinal point by means of a story told in terms of everyday life. That which is usually referred to as the story of the Spendthrift Son, really centres on the father. The younger son is by no means the most important character; the elder son who comes in later is no less important. But the main point is the loving nature of the father, which illustrates the nature of God. And its teaching on this point is by no means the least revolutionary of all Christ's teaching.

The details of the parable are known to all. A man had two sons, the elder staid and respectable, the younger impetuous. The younger came with the very practical suggestion that his father should anticipate his decease, and let him enjoy his inheritance immediately. Thus equipped, the young man went out to see life and the world, thinking that all he had to do was to open the oyster. He met with the fate almost inevitable under the circumstances. And, although a Jew, to whom swine were anathema, "he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat." In remorse, he thought of his father's comfortable home which he had left. On the way back he concocted his excuses. No doubt he often turned over in his mind how he was going to word them, until he had it



off pat—"Father I have sinned . . ." and so on.

Then comes the most important sentence in the story. "But while he was yet afar off, his father saw him." The old man, despite the son's folly and unworthiness, had all along been on his house-top straining his eyes watching the horizon, to get the first glimpse of the son in whom he still believed. The oft-rehearsed excuses were in vain, smothered by forgiveness and feasting.

The elder son presently raised the very reasonable objection that the father was not treating his family according to their deserts.

The reply was that good sons always lived in complete communion with their father, and so what more could they want?

Most people acquiesce in some kind of theism, in that they believe that there is some kind of power behind the universe. They differ in trying to describe this power. To some it is reason, to others law or judgment. Jesus showed that it is all these, and more, a being of infinite mercy who stands in the same relation to us as the quixotically loving father of the story. As the writer of Ecclesiasticus puts it: "As his majesty is, so is his mercy."

This address was broadcast by Canon Wall from Radio-Normandy at 4.15 p.m. on December 16. Another "Thought" next week.



CONTINENTAL

Christmas!

"YE LYSTENERS
GUIDE"
some of the things you
can hear from Contin-
ental stations on Christ-
mas Day.

LET'S start with the British "early risers" on Christmas Day, and around 5 a.m. will be first heard the customary gymnastic sessions from Berlin and other stations. Soon, possibly first with Langenberg, will commence the long series of relayed Mass and church services and of sacred music. A pleasing nativity play from the Basilica of Niederealteich or another famous cathedral can be expected from Munich.

An hour or so later, Stockholm will lead the way with beautiful Christmas carols, and will be followed by Hamburg with church music, a religious programme from Huizen, sacred music from Kalundborg, Protestant services from Stuttgart, and organ recitals from Vienna. Then we will hear the chimes of Breslau, a cathedral service from Bratislava, and sacred music from Berlin. More services, both Protestant and Catholic, will be relayed by Budapest, Frankfurt, Hamburg, Heilsberg and the Deutschlandsender and Huizen and Paris, with a religious talk from Ljubljana and Christmas music again from Kalundborg.

Around 8 a.m., Yuletide cantatas will be presented by Munich, carols from Oslo, services from Sottens and Trieste, and by 9 a.m. most of the Continental transmitters will be "on the air" with carols, sacred music, nativity plays, Christmas radio sequences, talks on Christmas customs and pageants, operas and concerts, special children's sessions, and various features. We will find probably a religious talk from Bari, services from Beromunster, Warsaw and Hilversum, sacred music from Prague, Vienna and Palermo, and readings of Christmas letters by Goethe and other great authors from Leipzig and other German stations.

A Christmas play in dialect is broadcast by Beromunster, the two Brussels stations will offer carols and recorded music, Hamburg and Poste Parisien carols, and Budapest, Turin and Vatican City, further services. At 11 a.m. will be heard Rome's broadcast of High Mass and carols and music. Other likely features will be a concert by the famous choir of St. Stephen's at Budapest, Biblical sequences from Swiss and German centres.

All Continental stations, except those in Russia, will be transmitting Christmas fare, although the Spanish programmes are perhaps less Christmas-coloured than the other countries. Pittsburg, too, which is well heard in England, will convey greetings from across the Atlantic. Special Christmas European "chain" greetings and international relayed programmes will be broadcast from the main European stations. Last year, Warsaw had the honour of "representing" the Continent.

And now let us peep "behind the scenes" in all these countries. In France, "Petticoat Lane" booths are erected along the boulevards, and shop windows are full of doll-sized working models of circuses, native villages, etc. Midnight Masses are held at both Christmas and New Year, and following these folk repair to "Reveillons" or late evening supper parties, where the bright broadcast

Devotees of foreign stations eagerly look forward to the feast of music and entertainment offered at Christmas by the Continental stations, and in this article, Cecil W. Lusty describes the Yuletide programmes and customs throughout Europe.

music adds to the gaiety. There are no pantomimes in France, but many of the Christmas musical plays are broadcast, and the Casino performances are often relayed by Poste Parisien. In the homes Christmas Trees are found, and the children leave their shoes in the fireplace to be filled by Pere Noel or the Petit Jesu.

Church solemnities mark the Belgian Christmas which, as in England, is largely in the form of family reunions. Among interesting customs are the eating of pork cutlets on Christmas Eve (a custom dating back to the Mid-Winter or Joul Feast of centuries ago) and, in Flanders, the celebration of the "Bethlehem," a Nativity play in which children are disguised as animals.

Christmas in Holland is, to a large extent, a religious festival, but there is much outdoor sport, such as skating and dancing on the ice to broadcast music. The social festivities begin on the eve of Saint Nicolas, December 5, and continue well into the new year. The festival closes with the Feast of Three Kings, when many of the songs and rhymes associated with the legends of "The Wise Men" and old Belgian and Dutch customs

are broadcast from one or other of the Dutch stations.

In Germany, Christmas Eve church services take place around 6.30 p.m., and afterwards in the homes Christmas Trees are lit, hymns are sung and children receive their gifts. On Christmas morning, nearly every one goes to church, while the Roman Catholics have their "Christmette" at midnight. Germany has many fascinating Yuletide customs, particularly in the south, and accounts of these are usually given in the broadcast talks.

Polish festivities really begin on November 30, St. Andrew's Day, when there is the charming ceremony of pouring the wax by the girls who hope to be able to read their future. Christmas Eve is usually a family celebration, and about midnight the elderly folk attend a special church service known as "Pasterka." English listeners will hear many of the Polish national Christmas songs or "Kolendy" broadcast from Warsaw, Cracow and the other stations. The period is marked by the carrying out of numerous rites and customs.

Most of the customs observed in Czechoslovakia have relation to the fertility of the coming harvests and of the fecundity of farm animals, and the other rites chiefly concern marriage and the birth of children. As with the other great radio centres, Prague provides a wealth of operatic and Christmas music.

"Gay Vienna" lives up to its name and from the feast of "Nicolò" on December 6 until "Sylvester," all is gaiety. And Ravag puts out special programmes. Christmas Eve is "Tree time" in Austria, and is followed by feasting. Listeners may note references in broadcast talks to "Krampus," who is the Devil accompanying Santa Claus or Nikolaus, and who brings birch rods to the bad children.

The Swiss Catholic services begin at 5 a.m. on Christmas Day, and the Protestant services continue until mid-day. The yodel broadcasts are generally of considerable interest to British listeners. Each village has its Yodel Society which plays a large part in the local celebrations.

Spanish festivities begin with "Navidad" or Christmas Eve and ends on January 6, when "los Reyes" of The Three Kings bring presents to every child. New Year's Eve sees a vast crowd in the Puerta del Sol, the centre of Madrid, from where the chimes are relayed, and here the people eat grapes as the chimes strike. Bull-fights are held throughout Spain on Christmas Day, and running commentaries of these are broadcast.

Italian children are often very fortunate for they receive two lots of Christmas presents—on Christmas Eve or Christmas Day and on the eve of "Befana" or Epiphany, January 5. On Christmas Eve there is the Midnight Mass, and in Rome the most famous are those at the churches of St. Peter and Santa Maria Maggiore.

Hungary is another country of Christmas customs and rites, which begin with St. Lucia Day, December 13. There are many Biblical observances in the towns and villages, and reference to these is contained, as a rule, in Budapest's Yuletide programmes.

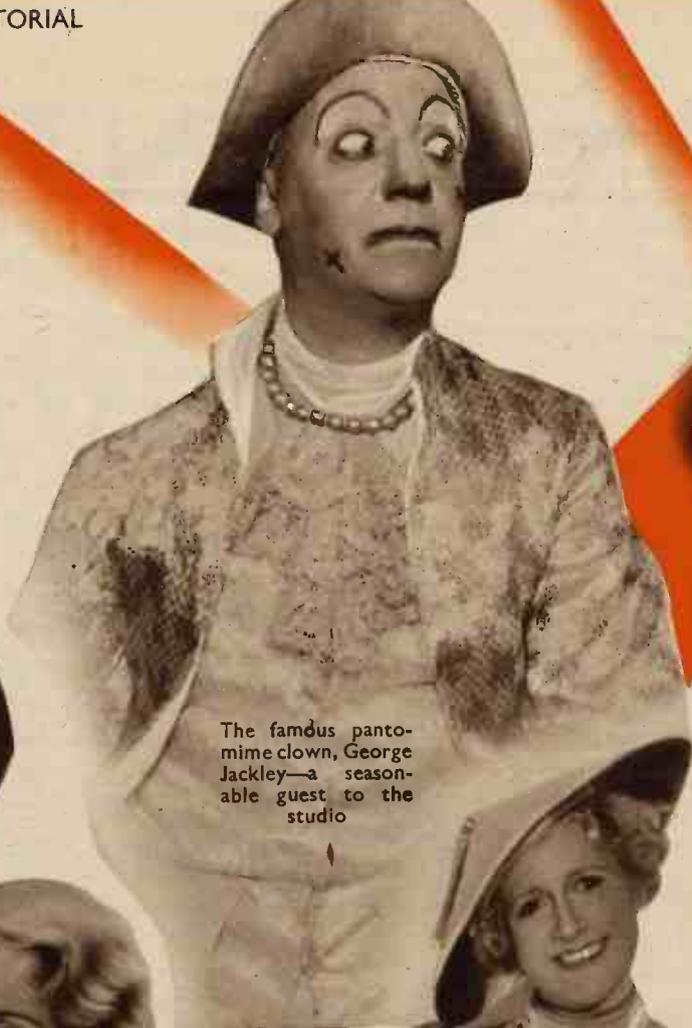


Bea Hutten, the beautiful new microphone "find," who broadcast in the "Gypsy Baron." Readers will be interested to hear that our contributor, Murray Smith, was actually present at her "discovery," as reported in his article, "Talent Spotters."





Diana du Cane, who has been described as "the girl with a smile in her voice." She will be principal girl in the Emile Littler pantomime at Birmingham this year



The famous pantomime clown, George Jackley—a seasonable guest to the studio



A radio favourite, welcome at Christmas and any other time, Anona Winn



A new photograph of Cora Goffin, who plays principal boy opposite Diana du Cane this year

Cho Christmas



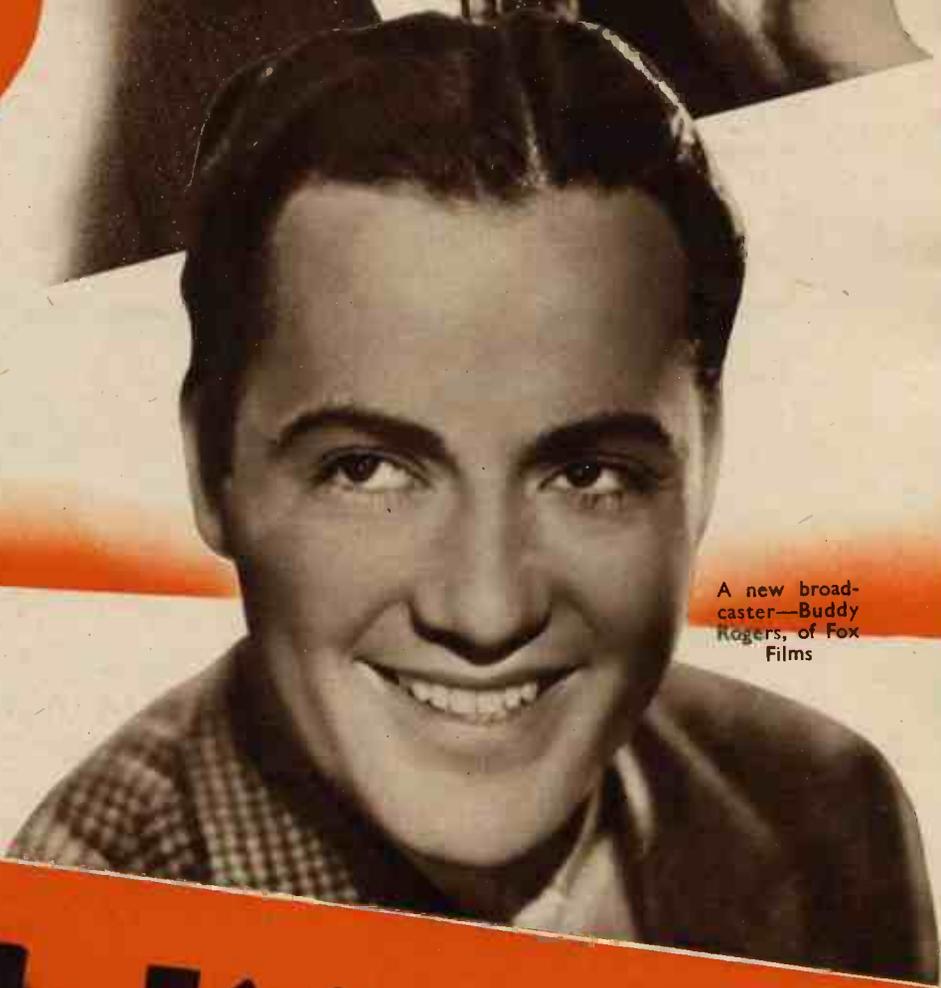
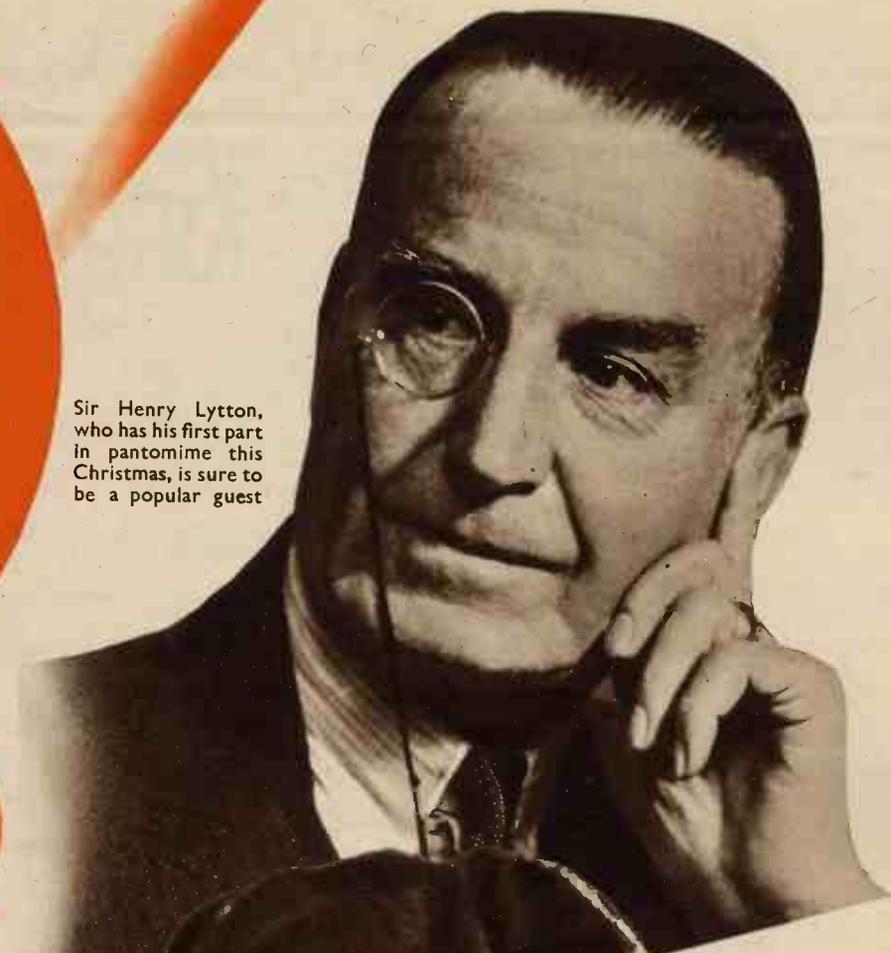
A charming and welcome broadcaster—Yvette Darnac

Here are some of the Stars who have accepted Henry Hall's invitation to appear in his Special Christmas Guest Night on Saturday, December 22. Many of them are featuring in Christmas Pantomimes

Sir Henry Lytton, who has his first part in pantomime this Christmas, is sure to be a popular guest



The Master of the Yuletide Ceremonies — "H. R. H."



A new broadcaster—Buddy Rogers, of Fox Films

Special Christmas Guest Night

On Christmas Day

By The Hon. Mrs. FRANCIS LASCELLES

when the King Speaks to the World

MILLIONS of listeners-in are now aware of the fact—known before the advent of wireless to only a limited number of people that His Majesty the King has one of the best speaking voices in the country. His deep and cultured voice with no trace of accent of any kind has not been achieved, however, without training or care. When His Majesty left the Navy in 1892, after the death of his brother, the Duke of Clarence, it could not be said that he was a fluent speaker.

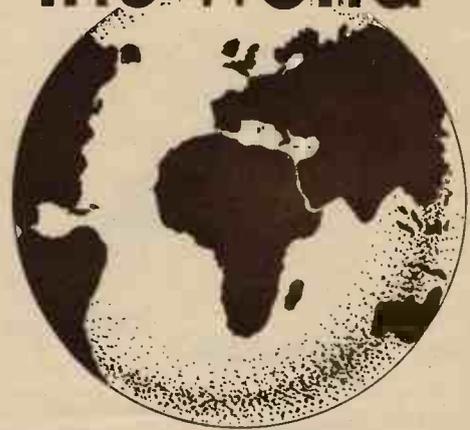
His Majesty at twenty-seven was a typical member of the "Silent Service" and unless in the company of his family and intimate friends he was inclined to be very sparing with his words. When his brother's unfortunate death made the present King the heir to the throne, it became imperative that he should master the art of public speaking. A famous London elocutionist was appointed to coach the future King George V, and so well did the latter follow the tuition that before his marriage in 1893, the present King was a pleasant and self-possessed speaker.

After his marriage, the King—then Duke of York—was called upon to perform many public functions, and to make many tours at home and abroad, and he passed through all the arduous and oratorical tests which they entailed with conspicuous success. But London and the country in general did not fully realise what a fine orator the heir to the Throne was until he made a notable speech at the Mansion House in November, 1903 at the banquet given in honour of his home-coming from his famous Empire tour on the *Ophir*.

ON Christmas Day, at 3 o'clock p.m., His Majesty the King will broadcast a message to the Empire from Sandringham for the third year in succession.

The King's message will be preceded by a special programme entitled "Empire Exchange," in which Christmas Day in the Empire will be portrayed by a series of actual sound-pictures and messages from points in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, the Irish Free State, Southern Rhodesia, India and South Africa.

"Empire Exchange" will itself be preceded at 1.55 p.m. by a five-minute Prologue, in which the Bells of the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem, which were first broadcast last Christmas Eve, will be heard. After the Bells of Bethlehem have proclaimed the message of Christmas Day, they will be echoed by a circle of bells throughout the British Commonwealth, relayed from Bombay, India; Wellington, New Zealand; Ottawa, Canada; Armagh, Northern Ireland; and, finally, from London.



His Majesty is a very fine impromptu speaker as many Army messes discovered during the war, but in public he likes to have a sheet of notes in front of him even when broadcasting to the Nation his Christmas message from his own fireside.

This is a function which the King greatly enjoys and keenly looks forward to. He composes every word of the message himself and begins making drafts at the end of November. The one thing which troubles His Majesty when speaking is a tendency to cough, but he has even conquered that to a great extent. He does not believe in voice pastilles or special concoctions for the throat and voice, but prefers half an hour or so before speaking to take a glass of light lager or burgundy.



MR.
CHRISTOPHER STONE
WILL COMPÈRE THE
**WILLS'S
STAR**
CIGARETTE
PROGRAMME

You are
recommended
to tune in to
LUXEMBOURG

(1,304 metres)
at
5 o'clock on
**SUNDAY
DECEMBER
the 30TH**



Sunday, December 23, to Saturday, December 29, 1934.

PROGRAMMES

from the

CONTINENT in ENGLISH

Information supplied by International Broadcasting Co. Ltd., 11, HALLAM STREET, PORTLAND PLACE, LONDON, W.1.

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Sunday, December Twenty-third

All Times Stated are Greenwich Mean Time

PARIS (POSTE PARISIEN), 312 metres, 959 Kc./s., 100 kW.

Announcer: J. Sullivan

Afternoon Programme

4.30 p.m.

CYSTEX BROADCAST

Thrilling Dramas of Newspapermen's Adventures

A Real New Broadcast
THE MAN HUNT

It's dangerous to neglect kidney trouble—take Cystex and begin your cure in fifteen minutes.

4.45 p.m.

OLD FAVOURITES

Beautiful Spring	Lincke
Buttercup Joe	Trad
The Waltzing Doll	Poldini
Selection—The Quaker Girl	Monckton

5.0 p.m.

"ATLAS" RADIO CONCERT

LIGHT MUSIC

Signature Tune—My Song Goes Round the World.
Fifty Years of Song.
God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen arr. Stainer
I Saw Three Ships arr. Stainer
One Fine Day (Madame Butterfly) Puccini
Songs of the Sea Medley.
A Perfect Day Jacobs Bond
Jollification Reeves
I Took My Harp to a Party Carter
Jack Payne Memories.
Signature Tune—My Song Goes Round the World.
You need no earth or aerial with the "Atlas"
7-5-8 Super-het. Fully described in Folder 96,
from Atlas Radio, Bush House, London.

5.30 p.m.

VARIETY CONCERT

Saschinka	arr. Schirman
Miss Otis Regrets	Porter
Tiddleywinks	Carr
Selection—Streamline	Ellis
Tangoland	
Behold (Chu Chin Chow)	Norton
Tarantelle	Byng
Missouri Waltz	Shannon

6.0 p.m.

BALLITO CONCERT

BETTY BALLITO HAS A CHRISTMAS DREAM

Signature Tune—Happy Feet.
When's It Coming Round To Me?—Fox trot... Carr
I Saw Stars—Fox trot Sigler
Remember Me—Waltz Miller
Say It—Fox trot... .. Schwartz
Signature Tune—Happy Feet.
Do ask your draper to show you the newest Ballito
Luxury Stocking—Crepette—from 4s. 11d. a pair.

6.15 p.m.

DANCE MUSIC

Everybody Shuffle—Fox trot Carter
I Ain't Lazy, I'm Just Dreamin'—Fox trot ... Franklin
As the first step to a perfect complexion send to-day to
Outdoor Girl, 33 City Road, E.C.1, for week's generous
free trial of Outdoor Girl Face Powder.
Remember Me—Waltz Miller
Who Stole the Lock?—Fox trot

6.30 p.m.

SOCAPOOLS' BROADCAST

SOME SEASONABLE MEDLEYS

Gracie Fields Medley.
Christmas Melodies by the Fireside.
Paul Robeson Medley.
Old Musical Comedy Gems
A fair business deal is guaranteed to every client of
Socapools, 91, Regent Street, W.1. Write for
football coupons for next Saturday's matches.

6.45—7.0 p.m.

WINCARNIS CONCERT

Another of a series of well-known

BROADWAY HITS

Specially recorded in New York by the
Wincarnis Broadway Boys

FIFTEEN MINUTES OF POPULAR DANCE TUNES
Shorten convalescence with Wincarnis. Send
4½d. (postage) for free sample bottle to Wincarnis
Works, Norwich.

Evening Programme

10.30 p.m.

WILLIAM S. MURPHY'S

(Edinburgh)

CELEBRITY CONCERT

(Gramophone Records)

Post Horn Galop	Koenig
Band of H.M. Grenadier Guards. It Came Upon the Midnight Clear arr. Sullivan Royal Choral Society. I'll Always Be True (Richard Crooks). Benatsky The Waltzing Doll Poldini New Light Symphony Orchestra. Shadows on the Pavement Howard Jack Payne and His Band. Until (Richard Crooks). Sanderson Trees (Isham Jones' Orchestra). Rasbach Sleepy Head (Pat Hyde). Kahn Clients all over Europe join in Wm. S. Murphy's Football Pools. For Coupons write to Staunton Buildings, 12 Blenheim Place, Edinburgh 7.	

11.0 p.m.

PIANO SOLOS

I'll String Along With You	Dubin
Selection—George White's Scandals	
Schatz Waltz	Strauss
Just By Your Example	Woods

11.15 p.m.

STRANG'S FOOTBALL POOLS

BROADCAST

VARIETY

Dixieland Selection. Steak and Potatoes	Brown
My Dear Soul	Sanderson
Moonlight Kisses	Carter
Poema—Tango	Bianco
The Chelsea Pensioners	Munro
My Gal Sal	Dresser
The Japanese Sandman	Egen

Be in time for big dividends next week by writing
now for Coupons to Strang's Football Pools, 24
Forth Street, Edinburgh.

11.45 p.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

RADIO LUXEMBOURG
1,304 metres, 230 Kc./s., 200 kW.

Announcer: S. H. C. Williams

12.30—1.0 p.m.

IRISH HOSPITALS SWEEPSTAKES CONCERT

Arranged by the I.B.C. (Ireland), Ltd.

DANCE MUSIC

Signature Tune—Come Back to Erin. I'm Somebody's Sweetheart Now—Quick step Mordon Smoke Gets in Your Eyes—Fox trot Harbach Moonlight Kisses—Tango Barcsi I'm in Love—Fox trot Simon My Old Flame—Fox trot Johnston Whistle My Love and I'll Come to You—One step Carr One Night of Love—Waltz Kahn Meet Me in the Gloaming—Fox trot Freed Ole Faithful—Fox trot Kennedy Signature Tune—Come Back to Erin.

(For remainder of Radio Luxembourg Programmes
see page 24, column 4)

RADIO NORMANDY
206 metres, 1,456 Kc./s.

Announcers: C. Danvers-Walker, B. G. McNabb,
and A. Campbell

Morning Programme

8.15 a.m.

PHILCO HAPPY HALF-HOUR

LIGHT MUSIC

Philco Signature Tune.	
Tales of Autumn	Waldcufe
Play of Butterflies	Heykens
Pianoforte Solos—Ace of Clubs and Ace of Hearts	Mayerl
Heather Bells	Haydn Wood

Philco Time Signal.

Marushka	de Leur
Pianoforte Solo—Mighty lak' a Rose	Nevin
A Thousand Kisses	Joyce
The Balkan Princess	Heykens
Philco Signature Tune.	

For all details of Philco Luxury Radios write to
Philco, Aintree Road, Perivale, Middlesex.

8.45 a.m.

MILITARY BAND MUSIC

Carry On	Dundas
Christmas with Tommy.	
Selection—Floradora	Stuart
Returning Home.	
The Policeman's Holiday	Ewing

Wonderful sport—inexpensive hotels—glorious scenery
in Hungary this winter. Details from Hungarian
Travel Bureau, 3 Berkeley Street, W.1.

Songs—Old Jim's Christmas Hymn	Gray
Old Comrades	
Boys of the Old Brigade	Barri
Parade of the Tin Soldiers	Jessel
Wee Macgregor Patrol	Amers
Hobomoko	Reces
Praeludium	Jarnesfeld
Ca c'est Parée	Padilla

9.30 a.m.

"RADIO PICTORIAL"

CELEBRITY CONCERT

(Gramophone Records)

Signature Tune—You Oughta be in Pictures.
Carioca Youmans
Harry Roy and His Orchestra.
Why Don't You Practise What You Preach Sigler
The Boswell Sisters.
One Each A Piece All Round Holloway
Stanley Holloway.
Selection—Yes Madam Waller
Anona Winn and Reginald Purdell.
Moonlight Kisses Carter
Troise and His Mandoliers.
Marrers Burnaby
Norman Long.
Love's Last Word is Spoken Bixio
Brian Lawrence and the Quaglino's Quartet.
I Taught Her How to Play le Clerq
Casani Club Orchestra.
Signature Tune—You Oughta be in Pictures.

Come "star gazing" without a telescope—in the
pages of "Radio Pictorial," on sale every Friday,
price 3d.

(For remainder of Sunday's programmes see overleaf.)

Listen to the I.B.C. Programmes broadcast from PARIS (Poste Parisien, 312 m.) every Sunday between 4.30 and 7 p.m.
and 10.30 and 11.45 p.m.

Sunday, December Twenty-third

RADIO NORMANDY—cont.

10.0 a.m.
DANCE MUSIC
 All I Do is Dream of You—Fox trot *Freed*
 Those complexion troubles are more than skin deep. Banish them with a course of Bile Beans.
 P.S. I Love You—Fox trot ... *Jenkins*
 Take a sleighing party to Hungary this winter. Details from Hungarian Travel Bureau, 3 Berkeley Street, W.I.
 Zigeuner You Have Stolen My Heart—Fox trot ... *Egen*
 Jim: Batteries down again! Why not fit your set with Vidor!—only 6s. 6d. for 120 volts.
 Just a-Wearyin' for You—Fox trot
Jacobs Bond
 Let Spinks be your fairy godmother—by turning your unwanted gold into ready cash. Steak and Potatoes—Fox trot ... *Brown*
 Know what Chas. Stevens tuberculosis treatment has done for others. Free book from 204 Worple Road, S.W.20.
 Faith—Waltz ... *Damerell*
 Faster and Faster—Fox trot ... *Herbert*
 King Kamethaetha—Fox trot ... *Noble*

10.30 a.m.
MORE FAMOUS STARS
(Gramophone Records)
 My Heart is Out of Work ... *Nicholls*
Helen Raymond.
 Sparshatt's of Portsmouth, the Dennis agents, guarantee good workmanship by mechanics with first-class experience.
 A Little Bit of Chinese Music ... *Orloff*
Flanagan and Allen.
 Dora: Those stones are marvellous, but much too heavy to wear.
 Bob: Why not sell them to Spinks?
 Mad Dogs and Englishmen ... *Coward*
Noel Coward.
 Why did the Knave of Hearts steal the cards? Because they were made with Bargate Self Raising Flour.
 The Beekeeper ... *Weston*
Stanley Holloway.
 The Breeze ... *Sacco*
Van Phillips and Orchestra.
 Geo. Pitt Motors, Ltd., Tankerton, have the most comprehensive range of used cars in Kent. Write for list of bargains.
 Santa Claus at the Buggins.
Mabel Constanduros and Michael Hogan.
 When a Woman Loves a Man ... *Mercer*
Helen Raymond.

11.0 a.m.
CHRISTMAS CAROLS
 Christians Awake.
 See Amid the Winter's Snow.
 O Come All Ye Faithful.
 Once in Royal David's City.

11.30 a.m.—12 (Noon)
MEET THE NAVY
 Morning aboard the *Saucy Sue*.
 Mary looks fresh at the end of the longest day. The secret is Bile Beans.
 On the Quarter Deck ... *Alford*
 Hornpipe Medley ... *arr. Dale*
 Vidor Batteries for improved reception—from your radio dealer, or from Vidor, Ltd., Erith, Kent.
 Viscount Nelson ... *Zehle*
 The Merry Middies ... *Brooke*
 Christmas with Jack.
 The Toy Town Admiral ... *Godfrey*
 A Life on the Ocean ... *Binding*

Afternoon Programme

2.0 p.m.
SOCAPOOLS' BROADCAST
CONCERT OF GRAMOPHONE RECORDS
 Christmas Melodies.
 Parson's Christmas Address.
 One Night of Love ... *Scherzinger*
 My Heart's on the Side of My Head *Woods*
 Sweethearts of Yesterday ... *arr. Hall*
 When the New Moon Shines ... *Woods*
 Nightfall ... *Lewis*
 I Love You Very Much Madame ... *Carr*
 Generous dividends and free Radiogram competition—to be won by clients of Socapools, Ltd., 91 Regent Street, W.I.

2.30 p.m.
 Relay of French Football Match

4.15 p.m.
ORCHESTRAL MUSIC
 Pomp and Circumstance March No. 4 ... *Elgar*
 The Thought for the Week
THE REV. JAMES WALL, M.A.
Precursor of Durham Cathedral.
 Selection—Lilac Time ... *Schubert*
 Song—Once there Lived a Lady
 Fair (Blossom Time) ... *Clutsam*
 Special Christmas programmes this week at the "Forum" Theatres in Fulham Road, Ealing and Kentish Town. Grand Circus at Morden Cinema.
 Voices of Spring ... *Strauss*

6.30 p.m.
Violin Recital by
BERNARD GODFREY
 Serenade ... *Heykens*
 Berceuse de Jocelyn ... *Godard*
 Mock Morris ... *Grainger*
 Mazurka ... *Zaritsky*
 The whole of this programme was recorded in the Studios of the London School of Broadcasting, 131 New Bond Street, London, W.I.

During Christmas someone will say "What shall we do next?" That's the time to introduce the new game "P.M."

6.45—7.0 p.m.
CYSTEX BROADCAST
Thrilling Dramas of Newspapermen's Adventures
 A Real New Broadcast
 No. 12—FIGHTING THE FLAMES
 Cystex, the remarkable modern kidney treatment, brings rapid relief to sufferers from every kind of kidney trouble.

RADIO NORMANDY—cont.

4.30 p.m.
 The I.B.C. Nursery Corner
 with the Uncles
BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

4.45 p.m.
What's In Your Stocking?
 Dainty Doll ... *Barnes*
 Live on the sunny South Coast. Houses on the Hasler Estates, Worthing, from £550 freehold.
 Japanese Doll Game ... *Yoshimoto*
 Does that old silver suit your modern room? If not, sell it to Spinks, 5 King Street, W.I.
 Musical Box ... *Heykens*
 It's always worth putting your radio set into expert hands when things go wrong. Consult Currys—branches everywhere.
 Noah's Ark ... *arr. Hall*

5.0 p.m.
REQUEST PROGRAMME
 Over the Waves ... *Rosas*
 There was a Poor Musician ... *Schwartz*
 Myself When Young ... *Lehmann*
 Marigold ... *Mayerl*
 Stones in a jewel case, or an ornament you'll be proud to wear? Let Spinks help you to make the exchange.
 A Fallen Star ... *Chevalier*
 My Old Dutch ... *Ingle*
 I Love You Truly ... *Jacobs Bond*
 Swaller Tail Coat ... *Miller*
 Turn Back the Clock ... *Parrish*

5.30 p.m.
FIRESIDE SONGS
 Killamey ... *Balfe*
 She's a Lassie from Lancashire ... *Murphy*
 Silver Threads Among the Gold ... *Roxford*
 A Perfect Day ... *Jacobs Bond*
 Hidden treasure! Romantic but unpractical. Why not sell it to Spinks, 5 King St., S.W.1?
 When You and I Were Young
 Maggie ... *Johnson*
 The Old Rustic Bridge ... *Shelly*
 The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls ... *Moore*
 Test the virtues of Outdoor Girl Olive Oil Face Powder—week's free trial from Outdoor Girl, 31 City Road, E.C.1.
 Waiting at the Church ... *Pether*

6.0 p.m.
DANCE MUSIC BY JACK PAYNE AND HIS BAND
(Gramophone Records)
 Over My Shoulder—Fox trot ... *Woods*
 John: We're off to Hungary next week. Why not join us? Bill: What'll it cost? John: Surprisingly little. Ask the Hungarian Travel Bureau, 3 Berkeley Street, W.I.
 How'm I Doin'?—Fox trot ... *Fowler*
 Spending Christmas in Brighton? You really must visit Martin's Club, 50 Middle Street.
 The Voice in the Old Village Choir—Waltz
 When You've Got a Little Spring-time in Your Heart—Fox trot ... *Woods*
 No foot can be too short, too long, too wide or too narrow to secure a good fitting from Chas. Baber, Regent St., W.I.
 Stay a Little Closer to Me—Fox trot *Hill*
 Love Me To-night—Fox trot ... *Young*
 Don't despair of your radio set. It probably only needs Vidor Batteries—6s. 6d. for 120 volts.
 Try a Little Tenderness—Fox trot *Conelly*
 Jack Payne Memories.

6.30 p.m.
Violin Recital by
BERNARD GODFREY
 Serenade ... *Heykens*
 Berceuse de Jocelyn ... *Godard*
 Mock Morris ... *Grainger*
 Mazurka ... *Zaritsky*
 The whole of this programme was recorded in the Studios of the London School of Broadcasting, 131 New Bond Street, London, W.I.

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6.45—7.0 p.m.
CYSTEX BROADCAST
Thrilling Dramas of Newspapermen's Adventures
 A Real New Broadcast
 No. 12—FIGHTING THE FLAMES
 Cystex, the remarkable modern kidney treatment, brings rapid relief to sufferers from every kind of kidney trouble.

RADIO NORMANDY—cont.

Evening Programmes

9.30 p.m.
SELECTIONS FROM THE MERRY WIDOW
(Lehar)
 The Merry Widow Waltz.
 I Love You So.
 Villa.
 The Merry Widow Selection.

9.45 p.m.
WINCARNIS CONCERT
 Another of a series of well-known **BROADWAY HITS**
Specialty recorded in New York by the Wincarnis Broadway Boys
FIFTEEN MINUTES OF POPULAR DANCE TUNES
 Theme—Moonlight Waltz.
 A Bunch of Roses
 Neighbourhood
 Love Me To-night ... *Eyton*
 Smile
 Sittin' Up Waitin' For You ... *Rasaf*
 Theme—Moonlight Waltz.
 To start the New Year feeling fit, write now for free sample bottle of Wincarnis to Wincarnis Co., Norwich Postage 4½d.
 House hunting? Let the Essa Co., 93 Chancery Lane, W.C.2 (and in Ramsgate), help you. Special property offers in Sidcup and Dartford.

10.0 p.m.
ORCHESTRAL MUSIC
 Selection—Waltzes from Vienna
arr. Griffiths
 Circus March (The Bartered Bride) *Smetana*
 Choose your radio set at one of Currys 200 branches—they can demonstrate any make you want to hear.
 Song—My Ain Folk ... *Lemon*
 Maureen O'Dare ... *Ramsay*
 An American in Paris ... *Gershwin*
 "Radio Pictorial" is published every Friday, price 3d.
 Child, You Can Dance Like My Wife *Fall*
 Song—Wine, Women, and Song ... *Strauss*
 Chinese Fairy Tales... *Dreyer*

10.30 p.m.
CHARLES STEVENS' CONCERT
LIGHT MUSIC
 The Eric Coates Parade ... *Coates*
 The Balkan Princess ... *Rubens*
 Music is Sweet—Fox trot ... *Friend*
 When the New Moon Shines—Fox trot ... *Woods*
 Song—Tralee ... *Knoblock*
 One Alone, and the Rif Song (The Desert Song) ... *Romberg*
 Aloma ... *Bowers*
 Savoy Christmas Medley ... *arr. Somers*
 Chas. Stevens has brought new hope to sufferers from tuberculosis. Send to 204 Worple Rd., S.W.20, for free booklet.

11.0 p.m.
A "SMOKING" CONCERT
 Two Cigarettes in the Dark ... *Webster*
 All your radio problems can be dealt with at your nearest Currys' branch.
 An Old Old Man with an Old Old Pipe ... *Gordon*
 There's still time to plan a Christmas holiday in Hungary. Details from Hungarian Travel Bureau, 3 Berkeley Street, W.I.
 The Match Parade ... *Lockton*
 Don't hoard your old gold—sell it to Spinks, 5 King Street, St. James's, S.W.1.
 Smoke Rings ... *Gifford*

11.15 p.m.
"RADIO PICTORIAL" CELEBRITY CONCERT
(Gramophone Records)
 Signature Tune—You Oughta to be in Pictures.
 Sousa March Medley.
 Jack Hylton and his Orchestra.
 Pros and Cons ... *Frankau*
 Ronald Frankau.
 Move Into My House.
 Flotsam and Jetsam.
 Mr. Whittington Medley.
 Jack Buchanan and Elsie Randolph.
 Signature Tune—You Oughta to be in Pictures.
 Let "Radio Pictorial" introduce you to life behind the mike. Get a copy from your newsagent every Friday, price 3d.

RADIO NORMANDY—cont.

11.30 p.m.
IRISH HOSPITALS SWEEPSTAKES CONCERT
Arranged by the I.B.C. (Ireland), Ltd.
DANCE MUSIC
 Signature Tune—Come Back to Erin.
 Don't Let Your Love Go Wrong—
 Fox trot ... *Whiting*
 Soon—Fox trot ... *Fitzgerald*
 Speak Easy—Rumba ... *Murphy*
 Dust on the Moon—Fox trot ... *Lecwona*
 When I Told the Village Belle—
 Fox trot ... *Kernell*
 Do Your Eyes Still Hold Their Spell?—Waltz ... *Glover*
 When the New Moon Shines—Fox trot ... *Woods*
 P.S. I Love You—Fox trot ... *Jenkins*

12 (Midnight)
Club Concert for Warwick Listeners
DANCE MUSIC
 Straight from the Shoulder—Fox trot ... *Gordon*
 Stay a Little Closer to Me—Fox trot *Hill*
 You Turned Your Head—Fox trot *Ellis*
 Little Valley in the Mountains—
 Tango ... *Kennedy*
 The Breeze—Fox trot ... *Sacco*
 Santiago—Waltz ... *Corbin*
 Memories of Hours Spent With You—Waltz ... *Smyth*
 Don't Let It Happen Again—Fox trot ... *Symes*
 Somebody Cares for You—Fox trot *Sherman*

I.B.C. Time Signal.

12.30 a.m.
 Fifteen Minutes from R.K.O.'s New Picture.
GAY DIVORCEE

12.45 a.m.
DANCE MUSIC
 I Saw Stars—Fox trot ... *Sigler*
 What Good is the Good in Goodbye?—Waltz ... *David*
 Say It—Fox trot ... *Schwartz*
 Have a Little Dream on Me—Fox trot ... *Rose*

1.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

RADIO LUXEMBOURG
 Continued from page 23, column 2

1.30—2.0 p.m.
LITTLEWOOD'S BROADCAST
Celebrity Concert of Gramophone Records
 Every client in Littlewoods Football Pools stands an equal chance of sharing in £2,000 Free Competition. Coupons from H. Littlewood, Ltd., Liverpool.

2.30—3.0 p.m.
VERNON'S ALL-STAR VARIETY CONCERT
(Gramophone Records)
 Signature Tune.
 Somewhere in the Blue Ridge Mountains
 Twenty Years a Chambermaid *Walsh and Barker.*
 Christmas Day in the Cookhouse *Billy Bennett.*
 I Liked His Little Black Moustache *Florence Oldham.*
 Ida, Sweet as Apple Cider... *Leonard*
 The Mills Brothers.
 Love in Bloom ... *Robin*
 George Barclay.
 Honeycomb Yodel ... *Torrani*
 Harry Torrani.
 Signature Tune.
 Do you know about Vernon's wonderful offer of £1,500 weekly for only 12 results? Write to Vernon's Football Pools, Liverpool.

6.45—7.0 p.m.
SNOWFIRE BROADCAST
A ROMANTIC MUSICAL INTERLUDE
 Signature Tune—Love in Bloom.
 I'll Straggle Along with You ... *Dubin*
 The Dollar Princess Waltz ... *Fall*
 The Beat of My Heart ... *Spina*
 Goodnight Vienna ... *Posford*
 Signature Tune—Love in Bloom.
 To transform or preserve a skin of fine, velvety texture, use Snowfire Cream and Powder.

Sunday (Continued)

RADIO-CÔTE D'AZUR
(Juan-les-Pins)
240 m., 1,249 Kc./s., 10 kW.

Announcer: Miss L. Bailet

10.30 p.m.
ORGAN RECITAL
Popular Scottish Medley.
Song of Songs ... *Moya*
Song—To My First Love ... *Lohr*
You'd Better Ask Me ... *Lohr*
My Wishing Song ... *Burke*
La Serenata ... *Braga*
Song—The Little Irish Girl ... *Lohr*
Family Favourites ... *arr. Ewing*
The Old Spinning Wheel ... *Hill*

11.0 p.m.
LIGHT ORCHESTRAL CONCERT
Spring's Delight—March ... *Ailbout*
Dreaming ... *Joyce*
Violin Solo—Souvenir ... *Drada*
Selection—Maid of the Mountains
Fraser Simson
Jollity on the Mountains ... *Ferras*
Violin Solo—Le Balcon ... *St. Denis*
Lazy Pete ... *Kernsten*

11.30 p.m.
VAUDEVILLE
(Gramophone Records)
Betty Co-ed.
Laughing at the Rain ... *Gay*
Popular Waltz Medley.
Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage *Von Tilzey*
Jerry in the Army—The Crime Sheet.
Lazin' ... *Brunelle*
Oh! Suzanne ... *Noble*
Jolly Good Company ... *Wallace*

12 (Midnight)
DANCE MUSIC
I Never Had a Chance—Fox trot... *Berlin*
Little Man You've Had a Busy Day *Wayne*
My Little Grass Shack—Fox trot... *Cogswell*
Waltzing in a Dream—Waltz ... *Young*
How Do You Do, Mr. Brown?...
Sweetheart—Fox trot ... *Miller*
Boulevard of Broken Dreams ... *Dubin*
Madame Will You Walk—Fox trot *Mireille*
The Very Thought of You ... *Noble*
At the End of the Day—Fox trot *Nesbitt*
Madonna Mine—Tango ... *Savony*
In Town To-night—Fox trot ... *Coates*
Dick Turpin's Ride to York
My Darling—Fox trot ... *Heymann*
Emaline—Fox trot ... *Parish*

1.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

**I.B.C. SHORT WAVE
EMPIRE TRANSMISSIONS**
E.A.Q. (Madrid)
30 m., 10,000 Kc./s., 20 kW.

Announcer: S. H. Gordon Box

12 (Midnight)
PHILCO BROADCAST
CHRISTMAS CAROLS
Philco Signature Tune.
Christians Awake.
O Come, All Ye Faithful.
The First Nowel.
Hark the Herald Angels Sing.
Good King Wenceslas.
Come to the Manger.
See Amid the Winter's Snow.
Philco Signature Tune.
Radio Adventurers! Philco's 11-Valve All-Wave Receivers were specially designed to put you in touch with the Short Wave Stations of all nations. For details write: Philco, Perivale, Middlesex.

12.30 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody.

UNION RADIO, MADRID
274 m., 1,095 Kc./s., 15 kW.

Announcer: S. H. Gordon Box

1.0 a.m.
DANCE MUSIC
Over My Shoulder—Fox trot ... *Woods*
It's All Forgotten Now ... *Noble*
Miss Otis Regrets—Fox trot ... *Porter*
Kyrene—Tango ... *Wolfgang*
Madonna Mine—Fox trot ... *Raffaelli*
Black Beauty—Fox trot ... *Ellington*
Unless—Waltz ... *Hargreaves*
Good Morning Glory—Fox trot ... *Gordon*
Three of Us—Fox trot ... *Wending*
Swaller Tail Coat—Quick step ... *Miller*
A Penny for Your Thoughts... *Cuevas*
Love in Bloom—Fox trot ... *Robin*
As Long As I Live—Fox trot ... *Koehler*
Santiago—Waltz ... *Corbin*
Rollin' Home—Fox trot ... *Hill*

2.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

Monday December Twenty-fourth

RADIO NORMANDY
206 m., 1,456 Kc./s.

Morning Programme

8.15—8.45 a.m.

PHILCO HAPPY HALF-HOUR
DANCE MUSIC

Philco Signature Tune.
Steak and Potatoes—Fox trot ... *Brown*
Faster and Faster—Fox trot ... *Herbert*
I Taught Her How to Play—
Comedy Waltz ... *le Clerq*
Just a-Wearyin' for You—Fox
trot ... *Jacobs Bond*

Philco Time Signal.
You Turned Your Head—Fox trot *Ellis*
Bolero ... *Ravel*
Two Hearts on a Tree—Fox trot... *Yorke*
Sing As We Go—One step ... *Parr*
Philco Signature Tune.
Night motoring need not be boring—
brighten your journey with a Philco
Car Radio.

Afternoon Programme

4.30 p.m.

The I.B.C. Nursery Corner
with the Uncles

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

4.45 p.m.

BALLITO CONCERT

FATHER CHRISTMAS IN DIFFICULTIES
or Ballito to the Rescue

Signature Tune—Happy Feet.
Christmas Bells at Eventide—Waltz *Pola*
I Don't Want to Go To Bed—Fox
trot.
When's It Coming Round To Me?—
Fox trot ... *Carr*
Midnight—Tango ... *Konjati*
Sleep On—Fox trot ... *Korgold*
On a Cold and Frosty Morning—
Fox trot ... *Hargreaves*
I Wake Up Smiling—Waltz ... *Ahlert*
It's Not a Secret Any More—Fox
trot ... *Blue*
Signature Tune—Happy Feet.
George: Oh these last minute Christmas
rushes! What can I give Aunt Enid?
Jane: Ballito Stockings—Service
Weight.

5.15 p.m.

Chichester, Bognor, Hastings,
and Eastbourne Concert

Part I—A Parade of Popular People
(Gramophone Records)

The Night by the Sea.
Don't let there be any doubt about the
long life of your Ballito Pure Silk Stockings,
mark them with the date.
Layton and Johnstone Medley.
Inward health means outward beauty—take
Bile Beans and keep healthy.
Just a Catchy Little Tune... *Parr*
Gracie Fields.
You'll never tire of Huntsman Ale, brewed
by Eldridge, Pope & Co., Ltd., Dorchester.
Last Year's Calendar.
Stainless Stephen.

Help your children to resist cold and damp
by giving them Cow and Gate Chocolate
Milk every day.
What's Good for the Goose ... *Friend*
Stanley Barnet.

Whether you're house hunting in Broad-
stairs or Bromley, you can get valuable
assistance from the Essa Co., 22 Augusta
Road, Ramsgate (and in London).
Way Out in the Blue ... *Frankau*
Ronald Frankau.

Join the ranks of the smart women who are
wearing Ballito Pure Silk Stockings.
In Dark Subjects ... *Bennett*
Alexander and Mose.

When you sell your old gold to Spinks,
5 King Street, S.W.1, you know you're
getting the highest market value.

RADIO NORMANDY—cont.

5.15 p.m.—continued.

Snowball ... *Carmichael*
Paul Robeson.

Have you written for your week's free
supply of Outdoor Girl Olive Oil Face
Powder to 32 City Road, E.C.1?
Have a Little Dream on Me ... *Rose*
Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians.

Christmas Eve.

To-night's Programme from
Radio Normandy will continue
until 2 a.m.

Be sure not to miss the
Yankee Network Concert, in
which New England, U.S.A.,
Sends Greetings to Old England.

**GOOD CHRISTMAS LISTENING
TO YOU ALL!**

5.45—6.0 p.m.

NOVELTY ORCHESTRA

Sleigh Bells ... *Lindemann*
Write to Chas. Stevens, 204 Worple Road,
S.W.20, for details of tuberculosis treatment.
Ginger Snaps ... *Bowdoin*
Hilda: Yes, I've heard of Peptalac for
invalids. Does it need much preparation?
Peggy: No! Just add hot water and stir.
Alpine Memories ... *arr. Winter*
For cinema entertainment under ideal
conditions visit the Criterion and Gosport
Theatres, Gosport.
The Merry Middies ... *Brooks*

PARIS (Poste Parisien)
312 m., 959 Kc./s., 100 kW.

10.30—11 p.m.

Evening Programmes

**Special Franco-
English Christmas
Eve Programme of
Typical French
and English Tunes**

RADIO NORMANDY—cont.

11.0 p.m.

Christmas Eve

While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks
by Night.

New jewellery for old! Consult Spinks,
5 King Street, St. James's, S.W.1.

The Ghost Walk.
You'll be delighted with the comfort and
the moderate terms of Hungary's Hotels.
Details from Hungarian Travel Bureau,
3 Berkeley Street, W.1.

RADIO NORMANDY—cont.

11.0 p.m.—continued.

Santa Claus at the Buggins.
Tom: I wish I could afford a new radio.
Bob: All you want's a change of batteries.
Try Vidor—6s. 6d. for 120 volts.
The Would-be Carol Singers.
Chas. Stevens, 204 Worple Road, S.W.20,
offers free book on the treatment of
tuberculosis.

11.15 p.m.—1.0 a.m.

Relay of Midnight Mass
from Rouen

1.0 a.m.

**YANKEE NETWORK
CONCERT**

Arranged by the I.B.C. of London, Inc.,
Radio City, New York.

New England sends a Programme
of Greetings to Old England.

1.15 a.m.

YULETIDE SKETCHES

Christmas Memories.
A Merry Christmas.
The Haunted Room.
Christmas Logs Were Burning.
John Henry's Christmas Eve.
Christmas Memories.

1.45 a.m.

DANCE MUSIC

Alexander's Ragtime Band—Quick
step ... *Berlin*
When To-morrow Comes—Fox trot *Kahal*
Pink Elephants ... *Woods*
The Man on the Flying Trapeze ... *O'Keefe*

2.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody
and Close Down.

RADIO SAN SEBASTIAN
238 m., 1,258 Kc./s., 1kW.

Announcer: S. H. Gordon Box

1.0 a.m.

CAROLS

Christians Awake.
Good King Wenceslas.
O Come All Ye Faithful.
Hark the Herald Angels Sing.
God from on High hath Heard.
The First Nowel.
Come to the Manger.
See amid the Winter's Snow.

1.30 a.m.

ORCHESTRAL CONCERT

Dance of the Hours ... *Ponchielli*
O Lovely Night ... *Landon Ronald*
Intermezzo "Cavalleria Rusticana."
Mascagni
Ave Maria ... *Gounod*
Song, The Sweepers ... *Elgar*
Largo (Serse) ... *Handel*

2.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody
and Close Down.

YANKEE NETWORK

WNAC, BOSTON, MASS.
243.8 m., 1,230 Kc./s., 2.5 kW.

WEAN, PROVIDENCE, R.I.
384.4 m. 780 Kc./s. 5 kW.

4.15—4.30 a.m. (11.15—11.30 p.m. E.S.T.)

I.B.C. Concert

Arranged by the I.B.C. of London, Inc.,
Radio City, New York.

You'll enjoy Bernard Godfrey's Violin Recital from PARIS (Poste Parisien, 312 m.) to-night (Monday) at 10.30.

Tuesday December Twenty-fifth

Wednesday December Twenty-sixth

RADIO NORMANDY 206 m., 1,456 Kc./s.

8.15—8.45 a.m.
PHILCO HAPPY HALF-HOUR
CHRISTMAS CAROLS
Philco Signature Tune.
Christmas Overture ... *Coleridge Taylor*
Christians Awake.
Good Christian Men Rejoice.
Good King Wenceslas.
Philco Time Signal.
Star of Bethlehem.
See Amid the Winter Snow.
God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen.
Hark the Herald Angels Sing.
Philco Signature Tune.
Philco—the name that every connoisseur of radio wants to see on his set.

4.30 p.m. The I.B.C. Nursery Corner with the Uncles
BIRTHDAY GREETINGS
Flossie Goes a-Wassailing
Thousands of school children are benefiting by daily supplies of Cow and Gate Chocolate Milk.

4.45 p.m. **BALLITO CONCERT**
BETTY BALLITO'S CHRISTMAS PARTY
Signature Tune—Happy Feet.
When the New Moon Shines ... *Woods*
Love Birds—Fox trot ... *Wares*
Speak Easy—Rumba ... *Murphy*
Dust on the Moon—Fox trot ... *Lecuna*
Somewhere in Your Heart ... *Valler*
Do Your Eyes Still Hold Their Spell—Waltz ... *Glover*
The Lights are Low, The Music is Sweet—Fox trot ... *Friend*
Faster and Faster—Fox trot ... *Herbert*
Signature Tune—Happy Feet.
You'll soon forget your hosiery troubles when you discover Ballito Pure Silk Stockings.

5.15 p.m.
Torquay, Exeter, Plymouth and Devonport Concert
LIGHT MUSIC
The Knave of Diamonds ... *Steele*
Ballito Pure Silk Stockings maintain the traditions of true British craftsmanship.
Teasing Tongue Twisters.
Your battery set will give all-mains performance when you fit it with Vidor Batteries—6s. 6d. for 120 volts.
Pianoforte Solo—White Horse Inn Medley ... *Benalsky*
Invalids who can digest nothing else will enjoy Peptalac—made in a minute by the simple addition of hot water.
Savoy Christmas Medley.
Houses and bungalows in Kent from £395 to £1,500 freehold—details from the Essa Co., 22 Augusta Road, Ramsgate (and in London).

5.30—6.0 p.m. **Carillon Concert** relayed from Rouen

PARIS (Poste Parisien) 312 m., 959 Kc./s., 100 kW.

10.30 p.m.
GRAMOPHONE RECORDS OF PAUL WHITEMAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA
The Merry Widow Waltz ... *Lehar*
Show Boat (Vocal Gems) ... *Kern*
Medley of Cole Porter Hits ... *Porter*
La Paloma ... *Yradier*
Song of India *Rimsky-Korsakow, arr. Grofe*
A Night with Paul Whiteman at the Biltmore.

11.0 p.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

RADIO NORMANDY—cont.

11.0 p.m. **THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS**
Christmas Melodies by the Fireside.
Free booklet on the treatment of tuberculosis from Chas. Stevens, 204 Worple Road, S.W.20.
Once in Royal David's City.
Special Christmas Message
THE REV. JAMES WALL, M.A.
Precentor of Durham Cathedral.
Christmas Leave—Memories of Army Days.
Bright eyes, clear skin, scarlet lips—and it's all happened since she started taking Bile Beans.
The Kiddies' Christmas.
Winter in England is very pleasant if you spend it in Torquay. Write for terms to Hotel Regina, Victoria Parade, Torquay.
Jack-in-the-Box ... *Shand*
Let's All Dance the Polka ... *Benson*
You can't wear great grandmother's jewellery—sell it to Spinks, 5 King St., S.W.1.
A Noel Fantasy ... *Hutchinson*
Buda-Pest—the city of romance calls to you this winter. Details from Hungarian Travel Bureau, 3 Berkeley Street, W.1.
Toasts ... *Sarony*

RADIO NORMANDY—cont.

11.30 p.m.
IRISH HOSPITALS SWEEPSTAKES CONCERT
Arranged by the I.B.C. (Ireland), Ltd.
LIGHT MUSIC
Signature Tune—Come Back to Erin.
Selection—Jolly Old Christmas.
Racing Selections by the Irish Hospitals special English Racing Commissioner.
My Gal Sal ... *Dresser*
Noah's Ark ... *arr. Hall*
Love, For Ever I Adore You ... *Miller*
Ebony Rhapsody ... *Johnston*
Piano-forte Selection—The Cat and the Fiddle ... *Kern*
Mad Dogs and Englishmen ... *Coward*
Valse Bluette ... *Drigo*
Signature Tune—Come Back to Erin.

12 (Midnight)
WILLIAM S. MURPHY'S (Edinburgh) BROADCAST
LIGHT MUSIC
Sing As We Go—One step ... *Parr*
Step by Step ... *Bawcomb*
Arlene—Waltz ... *Seymour*
Fox trot Medley.
Santa Claus! No Come Doon Yer Lum ... *May*
Ole Faithful—Fox trot ... *Carr*
A Bachelor Gay ... *Tate*
After the Ball ... *Harris*
Why not test your skill in Wm. S. Murphy's Football Pools? *White*
Staunch Bldgs., 12 Blenheim Place, Edinburgh 7.

I.B.C. Time Signal.

12.30 a.m.
Club Concert for Stratford-on-Avon Listeners
DANCE MUSIC INTRODUCING SOME OLD FAVOURITES
Whistle My Love and I'll Come to You—Fox trot ... *Carr*
You Turned Your Head—Fox trot ... *Ellis*
Love is the Sweetest Thing ... *Butler*
Where the Mountains Meet the Sea ... *Simons*
Marta—Fox trot ... *Yousmans*
Carioca—Rumba ... *White*
The Wise Old Owl said "Hoo" ... *Hill*
Rollin' Home—Fox trot ... *Hill*

1.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

I.B.C. SHORT WAVE EMPIRE TRANSMISSIONS E.A.Q. (Madrid) 30 m., 10,000 Kc./s., 20 kW.

12 (Midnight)
MILITARY BAND CONCERT
Christmas Melodies by the Fireside
Stephen Forbes
Bells Across the Meadow ... *Ketelbey*
The Miracle Selection ... *Humperdinck*
In a Monastery Garden ... *Ketelbey*
Les Cloches de St. Malo ... *Rimmer*
War March of the Priests ... *Mendelssohn*

12.30 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

UNION RADIO, MADRID 274 m., 1,095 Kc./s., 15 kW.

1.0 a.m.
DANCE MUSIC
Ridin' Around in the Rain—Fox trot ... *Austin*
Dreamy Serenade—Slow Fox trot ... *Carr*
One Morning in May—Fox trot ... *Parish*
In the Little White Church on the Hill—Waltz ... *Fields*
The Very Thought of You—Fox trot ... *Noble*
Ill Wind—Fox trot ... *Arlen*
Night on the Desert—Fox trot ... *Hill*
Spanish Love—Tango ... *Bazan*
Isle of Capri—Slow Fox trot ... *Kennedy*
All I Do is Dream of You—Fox trot ... *Brown*
Soft Lights and Sweet Music—Fox trot ... *Berlin*
That's Why I need You To-night—Waltz ... *Carr*
Love Thy Neighbour—Fox trot ... *Gordon*
Spellbound—Fox trot ... *Adams*
At the Court of Old King Cole—Fox trot ... *Boyle*

2.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

RADIO LJUBLJANA 569 m., 527 Kc./s., 7 kW.

9.30—10.0 p.m.
I.B.C. CONCERT
ORCHESTRAL MUSIC

RADIO NORMANDY 206 m., 1,456 Kc./s.

8.15—8.45 a.m.
PHILCO HAPPY HALF-HOUR
REQUEST PROGRAMME
Philco Signature Tune.
Bohemian Girl Overture ... *Balfe*
Wedding of the Rose ... *Jessel*
The Last Round-up ... *Hill*
Serenade ... *Heykens*
Philco Time Signal.
Salut d'Amour ... *Elgar*
Marigold ... *Mayerl*
If You Were the Only Girl ... *Ayer*
Memories ... *Ayer*
Gilbert and Sullivan Selection.
Philco Signature Tune.
Don't worry if your house has no electric installation—you'll get perfect reception with a Philco Battery Major.

4.30 p.m. The I.B.C. Nursery Corner with the Uncles
BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

4.45 p.m.
Isle of Wight, Portsmouth and Southsea Concert
PART I—DANCE MUSIC
I Bought Myself a Bottle of Ink—Fox trot ... *Le Clerq*
If you are interested in the treatment of tuberculosis, write to Chas. Stevens, 204 Worple Road, S.W.20, for free booklet.
Say It—Fox trot ... *Schwartz*
So sheer—so strong—so shapely. Ballito Pure Silk Stockings are the fashionable woman's choice.
Santiago—Waltz ... *Corbin*
No child can resist the delicious flavour of Cow and Gate Chocolate Milk—and it's so wonderfully nourishing.
When You've got a Little Spring-time in Your Heart—Fox trot ... *Woods*
Cocktails for Two—Fox trot ... *Johnston*
Ask the Portsmouth Central Wireless Company for a demonstration of Philco Radio Sets.
Let's Dress for Dinner To-night ... *David*
Every little loop of Ballito Pure Silk Stockings is strong and firm—result, no ladders.
Forgive—Tango ... *Prebacs*
Look out for a £20 offer to be made by Bulpitt's, Ltd., King's Road, Southsea, in connection with their big winter sale.
When To-morrow Comes—Fox trot *Kahal*

5.15 p.m. **PART II—VARIETY HOUR**
(Gramophone Records)
Take Ma Boots Off When I Die ... *Carr*
The Hill Billies.
Invalids are being coaxed back to health with Peptalac—made in a moment by the simple addition of hot water.
Nonchalant Nonsense ... *Wayne*
Naunton Wayne.
Let the London Boot Repairing Factory, 68 London Road, Portsmouth, give your old shoes a new lease of life.
I Love You Truly ... *Jacobs-Bond*
Bing Crosby.
A week's generous supply of Outdoor Girl Olive Oil Face Powder! Send a postcard to Outdoor Girl, 32 City Road, E.C.1.
Coney Island Washboard ... *Nestor*
The Mills Brothers.
Slit skirts demand smart stockings—make sure your choice is a wise one by insisting on Ballito.
Flaming Youth ... *Ellington*
Duke Ellington and His Orchestra.
Peter: "Having trouble with your radio set? You should send it to the Portsmouth Central Wireless Company for expert repair.
Three Halfpence a Foot ... *Edgar*
Stanley Holloway.
Choose your district—and the Essa Co., 93 Chancery Lane, W.C.2 (and in Ramsgate) will help you to find a house.
Dust on the Moon ... *Lecuna*
The Castilian Troubadours.

5.45—6.0 p.m.
PART III—MILITARY BAND MUSIC
Here, There and Everywhere ... *Bosc*
Christmas with Jack.
Policeman's Holiday.
Old Panama ... *Alford*

PARIS (Poste Parisien) 312 m., 959 Kc./s., 100 kW.

10.30 p.m.
TUNES FROM THE TALKIES AND SHOWS
Heat Wave (As Thousands Cheer) ... *Berlin*
Tralee (Evensong) ... *Knoblock*
Two Hearts in Waltz Time (Two Hearts in Waltz Time) ... *Fogwell*
A generous free week's sample of Outdoor Girl Olive Oil Face Powder offered by Outdoor Girl, 33 City Road, E.C.2.
Moonlight is Silver (Moonlight is Silver) ... *Adinself*

PARIS (Poste Parisien)—cont.

10.45 p.m. "RADIO PICTORIAL" CELEBRITY CONCERT
(Gramophone Records)
Signature Tune—You Oughta Be in Pictures.
Alexander's Ragtime Band ... *Berlin*
Harry Roy and His Orchestra.
A Lonely Singing Fool ... *Wallace*
The Street Singer.
A Little Love, a Little Kiss ... *Silexu*
Richard Crooks.
Temperamental—Blues ... *Roy*
Harry Roy and His Orchestra.
Signature Tune—You Oughta Be in Pictures.
You'll be intrigued by radio gossip which comes to you each week in "Radio Pictorial."

11.0 p.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

RADIO NORMANDY—cont.

11.0 p.m. **Talkie Time**
TUNES FROM THE TALKIES AND SHOWS
Signature Tune—Sittin' in the Dark.
Selection—Blossom Time ... *Schubert*
Courtesy, fair treatment and best cash prices await you when you take your diamonds to Spinks.
Ebony Rhapsody (Murder at the Vanities) ... *Johnson*
I Love You So (The Merry Widow) *Lehar*
Explore the by-ways of Hungary this winter. Details from the Hungarian Travel Bureau, 3 Berkeley Street, W.1.
Irela (Evensong) ... *Knoblock*
Selection—My Old Dutch.
Near and Yet So Far (Princess Charming) ... *Kester*
Excerpt from Murder in Mayfair—Act II ... *Novello*
Amazing value—Vidor Batteries, 6s. 6d. for 120 volts. They'll make a big difference to your radio set.
Selection—The Big Broadcast.
Racing Selections by the Irish Hospitals special English Racing Commissioner.
Signature Tune—Sittin' in the Dark.

11.30 p.m. **BALLITO CONCERT**
DANCE MUSIC
Signature Tune—Happy Feet.
Thank You for a Lovely Evening *Fields*
P.S.—I Love You—Fox trot ... *Jenkins*
The Moon was Yellow—Tango ... *Alhert*
Ole Faithful—Fox trot ... *Carr*
Two Hearts on a Tree—Fox trot ... *Yorke*
Butterfly—Waltz ... *Webster*
Shadows on the Pavement *Flanagan*
I'm Your Slave—Fox trot ... *Brunelle*
Signature Tune—Happy Feet.
You can't wash out the pearly dullness of Ballito Pure Silk Stockings. It's all in the weave.

12 (Midnight) **Club Concert for Leamington Listeners**
PART I—DANCE MUSIC
Love in Bloom—Fox trot ... *Robin*
Straight from the Shoulder ... *Gordon*
Memories of Hours Spent with You *Smyth*
Remember Me—Fox trot ... *Miller*
Paree—Paso Doble ... *Padilla*
Little Valley in the Mountains ... *Kennedy*
Miss Otis Regrets—Fox trot ... *Porter*
Riptide—Fox trot ... *Kahn*
Oh! Suzanne—One step ... *Noel*

I.B.C. Time Signal.

12.30 a.m. **PART II**
Dreamy Serenade—Fox trot ... *Mori*
Love's Last Word is Spoken ... *Bixio*
Old Roses—Fox trot ... *Little*
Why Don't You Practise What You Preach?—Fox trot ... *Sigler*
The Grasshoppers and the Ants ... *Morcy*
Super Tiger Rag—Quick Step ... *Rocca*
Orchids in the Moonlight—Tango *Kahn*
Fly Away to Iowa—Fox trot ... *Rodgers*

1.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

RADIO BARCELONA 377 m., 795 Kc./s., 8 kW.

Announcer: S. H. Gordon Box
1.0 a.m. **VARIETY**
Savoy Christmas Medley; A Little of What You Fancy; Santa Claus at the Buggines; The Kunz Medley; Paris—Noel, *du Perron*; When Father Papered the Parlour; Christmas Melodies by the Fireside, *Forbes*.
1.30 a.m.
HALF AN HOUR WITH KETELBEY
Bells Across the Meadow; Sanctuary of the Heart; By the Blue Hawaiian Waters; The Clock and the Dresden Figures; In a Persian Market; Wedgewood Blue; In a Monastery Garden.
2.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

Flossie goes carol-singing—in the Nursery Corner from RADIO NORMANDY (206 m.) this afternoon (Tuesday) at 4.30

Thursday December Twenty-seventh

RADIO NORMANDY
206 m., 1,456 Kc./s.

8.15—8.45 a.m.
PHILCO HAPPY HALF-HOUR
CONCERT OF GRAMOPHONE RECORDS
Philco Signature Tune.
Selection from Waltz Time ... *Strauss*
The Commodore Grand Orchestra.
Burlington Bertie from Bow ... *Hargreaves*
Ella Shields.
Cinema Memories. (Quentin Maclean).
Miss What's Her Name ... *Gay*
Jack Hulbert.
Philco Time Signal.
I Took My Harp to a Party ... *Carter*
Gracie Fields.
Sunny (Zigano's Accordion Band). *Miles*
Charlie Kunz Medley of Famous
Waltzes (Charlie Kunz). ... *Tolchard*
The Whistler and His Dog ... *Pryor*
Band of H.M. Welsh Guards.
Philco Signature Tune.
A "universal" favourite—Philco's
1263 Super-het, for A.C. and D.C. mains.
Only 16 guineas.

4.30 p.m. The I.B.C. Nursery Corner
with the Uncles
BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

4.45 p.m. **BALLITO CONCERT**
DANCE MUSIC
Signature Tune—Happy Feet.
Ache in My Heart—Fox trot ... *Sievier*
Gretchen—Fox trot ... *Egan*
When I Told the Village Belle... *Kernell*
Where the Mountains Meet the Sea ... *Buller*
Sleepy Head—Fox trot ... *Kahn*
All I Do is Dream of You ... *Freed*
Tina—Tango ... *Grofs*
Everything Has Changed But You
Signature Tune—Happy Feet.
You'll appreciate the flattering dullness
of Ballito Pure Silk Stockings.

5.15 p.m.
Worthing, Littlehampton,
Brighton and Hove Concert
PART I—A SCOTTISH HALF-HOUR
The Scottish Lilt.
No need to hope for the best when you're
"matching up" Ballito Stockings—there's a
shade to tone with every fashionable colour.
The Posty ... *MacIntosh*
Planning a New Year holiday in Brighton?
Make the most of it by visiting Martin's
Club, 50 Middle Street.
Circassian Circle.
Vidor Batteries for improved reception—
6s. 6d. from leading radio dealers, or from
Vidor, Ltd., Erith, Kent.
Loch Katrine, Miss Lyall, Loch Leven.
Give your children Cow and Gate Chocolate
Milk, the "extra vitality" food.
A Scottish Paul Jones.
The sports girl insists on Ballito Service
Weight—her dancing sister revels in
Ballito Chiffonette.
My Granmie's Advice ... *MacIntosh*
A postcard to Outdoor Girl, 32 City Road,
E.C.1, will bring you free a generous week's
supply of Outdoor Girl Face Powder.
The Auld Scotch Songs.
Bexley, Crayford, Porth Cray—just three
of the districts where the Essa Co., 93 Chan-
cery Lane, W.C.2 (and in Ramsgate), are
offering property bargains.
The Original Eightsome Reel.

5.45—6.0 p.m.
PART II—MANDOLIN BAND
Love For Ever I Adore You ... *Miller*
Easy to make and easy to take—Peptalac,
the Cow and Gate Invalid food.
A Café in Vienna ... *Kennedy*
Moonlight Kisses ... *Carter*
"Radio Pictorial" is published Friday, 3d.
In the Hills of Colorado ... *Leon*

PARIS (Poste Parisien)
312 m., 959 Kc./s., 100 kW.

10.30 p.m. Violin Recital by
BERNARD GODFREY
Spanish Dance ... *Sarasate*
Reve d'amour ... *Coombs*
Minuet in G ... *Beethoven*
Bohemian Dance (The Bartered
Bride) ... *Smetana*
The whole of this programme was
recorded in the Studios of the London
School of Broadcasting, 131 New Bond
Street, London, W.1.

10.45 p.m.
MILITARY BAND CONCERT
Semper Fidelis March ... *Sousa*
Selection—Belle of New York ... *Kerker*
On the Quarter Deck ... *Alford*
Preciosa ... *Weber*

11.0 p.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody
and Close Down.

RADIO NORMANDY—cont.

11.0 p.m.
BAND OF H.M. GRENADIER GUARDS
(Gramophone Records)
Marching with Sousa ... *Sousa*
Write to Chas. Stevens, 204 Worple Road,
S.W.20, for details of tuberculosis treatment.
La Paloma ... *Yradier*
Jolly Fellows ... *Vollstedt*
Old gold, old silver, old jewellery, all find
a ready market at Spinks, 5 King Street,
S.W.1.
Knightsbridge March ... *Coates*
Twist and Twirl ... *Kottaun*
"Radio Pictorial" is published every Friday,
price 3d.
Berceuse ... *Lacome*
Praeludium ... *Jarnefeld*
Enjoy winter sports at their best in beautiful
Hungary. Details from Hungarian Travel
Bureau, 3 Berkeley Street, W.1.
Splendid Guards March ... *Prevost*

11.30 p.m.
IRISH HOSPITALS
SWEEPSTAKES CONCERT

Arranged by the I.B.C. (Ireland), Ltd.
TUNES FROM THE TALKIES AND SHOWS
Signature Tune—Come Back to Erin.
Faster and Faster (Streamline) ... *Herbert*
Racing Selections by the Irish Hospitals
special English Racing Commissioner.
Without Your Love (The Dubarry) ... *Leigh*
Ah the Moon is Here (Footlight
Parade) ... *Kahal*
Tralee (Irela) ... *Knoblock*
Selection—My Old Dutch ... *My Song For You (My Song for You)*
This is Our Last Night Together
(Stand Up and Cheer) ... *Brown*
Vocal Gems from Rose Marie ... *Friml*
Signature Tune—Come Back to Erin.

12 (Midnight)
Club Concert for
Rugby Listeners
Part I—DANCE MUSIC
And Still I Do—Fox trot ... *Leslie*
Dreaming a Dream—Slow Fox trot ... *Walter*
You Were So Charming—Waltz ... *Carr*
Ache in My Heart—Fox trot ... *Stiever*
The Lolly Pop Major—Quick step ... *Damerell*
Stay a Little Closer to Me ... *Hill*
Zaraza—Tango ... *Tagle*
Build a Little Home—Fox trot ... *Dubin*
The Beat o' My Heart—Fox trot ... *Burke*

I.B.C. Time Signal.
12.30 a.m. Part II
Just a Wearyin' for You ... *Jacobs Bond*
Love Birds—Fok trot ... *Wares*
The Moon was Yellow—Tango ... *Ahleri*
Steak and Potatoes—Fox trot ... *Brown*
Soon—Fox trot ... *Fitzgerald*
Not for all the Rice in China ... *Berlin*
Tiddliewinks—Waltz ... *Carr*
I Never Slept a Wink Last Night ... *Rasaf*

1.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody
and Close Down.

I.B.C. SHORT WAVE
EMPIRE TRANSMISSIONS
E.A.Q. (Madrid)
30 m., 10,000 Kc./s., 20 kW.

12 (Midnight)
TANGO BAND
Secrets ... *Discepolo*
Nina ... *Paolita*
Zigeuner, You Have Stolen My
Heart ... *Egen*
Nunca ... *Pesenti*
Te Vi Muy Triste ... *Racho*
Mon Amour ... *Paolita*
Perdon ... *Semis*

12.30 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody
and Close Down.

UNION RADIO, MADRID
274 m., 1,095 Kc./s., 15 kW.

1.0 a.m. DANCE MUSIC
Remember Me—Fox trot ... *Miller*
We'll Make Hay While the Sun
Shines—Fox trot ... *Brown*
Love is a Song—Waltz ... *Noble*
When You've Got a Little Spring-
time in Your Heart—Fox trot ... *Woods*
The Breeze—Fox trot ... *Sacco*
Mama Don't Want no Peas ... *Gilbert*
Little Dutch Mill—Fox trot ... *Barris*
Amador—Tango ... *Jalovics*
Lullaby in Blue—Fox trot ... *Wrubel*
Roses in the Wind—Fox trot ... *Reaves*
Straight from the Shoulder ... *Gordon*
I Never Had a Chance—Fox trot ... *Irving*
If You'll Say "Yes" Cherie—Waltz ... *Noble*
Dearest—Slow Fox trot ... *Damerell*
It's Time to Say "Goodnight" ... *Hall*

2.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody
and Close Down.

Friday December Twenty-eighth

RADIO NORMANDY
206 m., 1,456 Kc./s.

8.15—8.45 a.m.
PHILCO HAPPY HALF-HOUR
ORCHESTRAL MUSIC
Philco Signature Tune.
Scherzo from A Midsummer Night's
Dream Overture ... *Mendelssohn*
Ballet from Petite Suite ... *Debussy*
Song—The Lute Player ... *Allison*
A Song by the Way ... *Eric Coates*
Philco Time Signal.
Danse Slave ... *Chabrier*
Song—The Floral Dance ... *Moss*
Selection of Haydn Wood's Songs.
March Joyeuse ... *Chabrier*
Philco Signature Tune.

4.30 p.m. The I.B.C. Nursery Corner
with the Uncles
BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

4.45 p.m. **BALLITO CONCERT**
DANCE MUSIC
Signature Tune—Happy Feet.
For All We Know—Fox trot ... *Lewis*
Wedding on the Air—Quick Step ... *Merton*
Love—Waltz ... *Leon*
I'm Your Slave—Fox trot ... *Brunelle*
A New Moon is Over My Shoulder ... *Freed*
Moonlight Kisses—Tango ... *Barcsi*
Say It—Fox trot ... *Schwartz*
Kiss Me, Dear—Fox trot ... *Ellis*
Signature Tune—Happy Feet.
Cobweb fineness, perfect fit, hard wear—
which quality do you specially look for in
a stocking? You'll find them all in Ballito.

5.15 p.m. Bournemouth,
Weymouth, Southampton and
Winchester Concert
PART I—FIGURES IN WAX
(Gramophone Records)
Soon (Phyllis Robins). ... *Fitzgerald*
Your friends will ask for the recipe when
your cakes and puddings are made with
Bargate Self-Raising Flour.
The Buggins' Picnic.
Mabel Constanduros and Michael Hogan.
Always on the spot—the girl who wears
Ballito Pure Silk Stockings, distinguished
by the red spot on every pair.
At the Races (Flanagan and Allen). Flanagan
It Always Starts to Rain ... *Leslie*
Jack and Claude Hulbert.
There may be germs in the air—but the
children who drink Cow and Gate Chocolate
Milk have the strength to resist them.
I'm Hummin', I'm Whistlin', I'm
Singin' (Anona Winn). ... *Gordon*
"Radio Pictorial" is published every Friday
price 3d.
A Spot of Bother. (Clapham and Dwyer).
Billy Mayerl's Savoy Havana Memories.
Billy Mayerl.

5.45—6.0 p.m. Part II—ORCHESTRAL MUSIC
Springtime Serenade ... *Heykens*
Ann: "What stockings can I wear with my new
wine jumper suit?" Jane: "Ballito fogmist."
Creola—Tango ... *Ripp*
For ideal houses and bungalows in Kent,
consult the Essa Co., 22 Augusta Road,
Ramsgate (and in London).
Violin Solo—Les Millions d'Arlequin ... *Drigo*
Tempt the invalid with Peptalac—the Cow
and Gate food that can be mixed in a
moment with hot water.
Selection—The Quaker Girl ... *Monckton*

PARIS (Poste Parisien)
312 m., 959 Kc./s., 100 kW.

10.30 p.m. **BILE BEANS**
CELEBRITY CONCERT
(Gramophone Records)
Signature Tune—Young and Healthy.
Savoy Scottish Medley ... *arr. Somers*
New Mayfair Orchestra.
Ida, Sweet as Apple Cider ... *Leonard*
The Mills Brothers.
The Spooning of the Knife and
Fork (Flotsam and Jetsam). ... *Hilliarn*
Ebony Rhapsody ... *Johnston*
Duke Ellington and His Orchestra.
Portobello Lass (Sir Harry Lauder). *Lauder*
The Army (Ella Shields). ... *Hargreaves*
Who Stole the Lock on the Hen
House Door! (Chicago Rhythm Kings).
Sousa Marches Medley.
Jack Hylton and His Orchestra.
Signature Tune—Young and Healthy.
Feel heavy and headachy after meals?
A course of Bile Beans will make all the
difference in the world.

"Radio Pictorial" is published every
Friday, price 3d.

11.0 p.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody
and Close Down.

RADIO NORMANDY—cont.

11.0 p.m. Talkie Time
TUNES FROM THE TALKIES AND SHOWS
Signature Tune—Sittin' in the Dark.
To-night is Mine (Stingaree) ... *Kahn*
A New Year Resolution—turn out your old
gold, silver and jewellery, and sell them to
Spinks.
A British Mother's Big Flight
(Streamline) ... *Herbert*
Selection—Wonder Bar ... *Warren*
"Radio Pictorial" is published every
Friday, price 3d.
Oceans of Time (Mr. Whittington) ... *Green*
How those long faces would brighten if
their owners began taking Bile Beans!
Love is a Song (Princess Charming) ... *Kester*
Inka Dinka Doo (The Great
Schnozzle) ... *A. Adamson*
Chas. Stevens, 204 Worple Road, S.W.20,
offers free book on the treatment of
tuberculosis.
Two Hearts that Beat in Waltz
Time (Two Hearts in Waltz
Time) ... *Stolz*
All the joys of winter sports—at much less
than the usual cost. Inquire at the
Hungarian Travel Bureau, 3 Berkeley Street,
W.1.
Selection—A Southern Maid *Fraser Simson*
As Long as I Live (The Cotton
Club Parade) ... *Koehler*
Racing Selections by the Irish Hospitals
special English Racing Commissioner.
Signature Tune—Sittin' in the Dark.

11.35 p.m.
"RADIO PICTORIAL"
CELEBRITY CONCERT
(Gramophone Records)

Signature Tune—You Oughta Be in Pictures.
We Like a Gay Song ... *Roy*
Harry Roy and His Orchestra.
Rollin' Home ... *Hill*
The Street Singer.
The Birth of the Blues ... *Henderson*
Edyth Baker.
The Kentucky Minstrels ... *Pepper*
Scott and Whaley, Denier Warren, Ken-
tucky Banjo Team.
Thirty Thirsty Throats ... *Nesbitt*
Anona Winn.
Keep Smiling ... *Hammerstein*
Stanley Holloway.
O, Donna Clara.
Marius B. Winter and His Dance Orchestra.
Signature Tune—You Oughta Be in Pictures.
Get to know the inner side of broadcast-
ing by reading "Radio Pictorial" pub-
lished every Friday, price 3d.

12 (Midnight) Club Concert for
Kenilworth Listeners
Part I—DANCE MUSIC
A Little Church Around the
Corner—Fox trot ... *Walker*
All I Do is Dream of You—Fox trot ... *Brown*
Love's Last Word is Spoken ... *Bixio*
Out in the Cold Again—Fox trot ... *Koehler*
Shadows on the Pavement ... *Flanagan*
I Saw Stars—Fox trot ... *Stigler*
Tina—Tango ... *Grofs*
Two Hearts on a Tree—Fox trot ... *Yorke*
Sing as We Go—One Step ... *Parr*

I.B.C. Time Signal.
12.30 a.m. Part II
With My Eyes Wide Open I'm
Dreaming—Fox trot ... *Gordon*
I'm in Love—Fox trot ... *Simon*
What is the Good in Goodbye ... *David*
Two Cigarettes in the Dark ... *Webster*
Not for All the Rice in China ... *Berlin*
Sitting Beside of You—Fox trot ... *Walker*
La Guajira—Rumba.
I Bought Myself a Bottle of Ink ... *le Clerq*

1.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody
and Close Down.

RADIO VALENCIA
352.9 m., 850 Kc./s., 2 kW.

Announcer: S. H. Gordon Box
1.0 a.m. LIGHT MUSIC
Life on the Ocean ... *Binding*
Love's Last Word ... *Cremieux*
Song—Once in a Blue Moon ... *Fisher*
Play of Butterflies ... *Heykens*
Violin Solo—The Child and His
Dancing Doll ... *Heykens*
Viennese Singing Birds ... *Translateur*
The Maid of the Mountains Selection.

1.30 a.m.
CONCERT OF GRAMOPHONE RECORDS
Waltzes and Interlude—Act III,
"Arabella" ... *Strauss*
Two Hearts that Beat in Waltz
Time ... *Steininger*
Song of Paradise ... *King*
Double Damask ... *Tüheridge*
Faust Selection ... *Gounod*

2.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody
and Close Down.

Saturday, Dec. Twenty-ninth

RADIO NORMANDY
206 m., 1,456 Kc./s.

Morning Programme

8.15—8.45 a.m.

PHILCO HAPPY HALF-HOUR
DANCE MUSIC

Philco Signature Tune.
I Bought Myself a Bottle of Ink—
Fox trot ... *Le Clerq*
Two Cigarettes in the Dark—Fox
trot ... *Webster*
I Love You Very Much Madame—
Tango ... *Carr*
Wedding on the Air—Quick step... *Merton*
Philco Time Signal.
Gretchen—Fox trot ... *Egan*
Somewhere in Your Heart—Fox trot
Where the Mountains Meet the Sea
—Waltz ... *Buller*
When the New Moon Shines—Fox
trot ... *Woods*
Philco Signature Tune.
Philco's 1263 nine-stage balanced super-
het at 16 guineas is designed for A.C.
and D.C. mains without change.

Afternoon Programme

4.30 p.m.

The I.B.C. Nursery Corner
with the Uncles
BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

4.45 p.m.

Tunbridge Wells, Isle of Thanet,
Dover and Folkestone Concert

Part I—DANCE MUSIC

Ole Faithful—Fox trot ... *Carr*
When's It Coming Round to Me?—
Fox trot ... *Carr*
Tina—Tango ... *Grafz*
Love Birds—Fox trot ... *Wares*
Every quality the fashionable woman
demands in her stockings is summed up in
one word—Ballito.
Steak and Potatoes—Fox trot ... *Brown*
Do Your Eyes Still Hold Their
Spell—Waltz ... *Clover*
You don't wear your old fashioned jewellery.
Sell it to Spinks and buy something new.
P.S. I Love You—Fox trot ... *Jenkins*
Town life makes unnatural demands on
your physical powers—Bile Beans will
restore nature's balance.
Dust on the Moon—Fox trot ... *Lecuona*

5.15 p.m.

Part II—DIARY OF THE WEEK

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday ... *Harris*
To get the most from your radio set, fit it
with Vidor Batteries—6s. 6d. for 120 volts.
Like Monday follows Sunday ... *Green*
A day begun with Cow and Gate Chocolate
Milk is a day begun in the right way.

RADIO NORMANDY—cont.

5.15 p.m.—Continued

Everybody Loves the Races ... *Mosdell*
Sandal shoes and slit skirts make stockings
terribly important. Make no mistakes—
buy Ballito.
A Lazy Day in the Sun ... *Sigler*
At your New Year parties, drink Gilby and
Webb's delicious mineral waters—Gilby,
Son & Webb, Ltd., Southampton.
I Never Slept a Wink Last Night ... *Rasaf*
I Like to Jump up on a Bike ... *Box and Cox*
Outdoor Girl Olive Oil Face Powder
nourishes your skin. Week's free trial from
Outdoor Girl, 32 City Road, E.C.1.
I'm Hummin', I'm Whistlin', I'm
Singin' ... *Gordon*
Let the Essa Co., 93 Chancery Lane, W.C.2
(and in Ramsgate) solve your housing
problems. Estates in all parts of the
country.
Rollin' Home ... *Hill*

5.45—6.0 p.m.

Part III—IN AN OLD-WORLD GARDEN

Whispering Flowers ... *von Blon*
Barnes' Stores, Arundel Street, Portsmouth.
See their weekly bargain squares in Satur-
day's newspapers.
Hollyhock ... *Mayerl*
Narcissus ... *Nevin*
Petalac makes no tax on the most delicate
digestion. It's a Cow and Gate product.
Marigold ... *Mayerl*

Evening Programmes

11.0 p.m.

I.B.C. Member's Request Programme
compiled by
Master Reginald Clowes, of Walmer,
Kent

"AROUND EUROPE"

Norwegian Dance—No. 2 ... *Grieg*
Write to Chas. Stevens, 204 Worple Road,
S.W.20, for details of tuberculosis treatment.
Isle of Capri ... *Kennedy*
Spinks, 5 King Street, St. James's, S.W.1,
are always prepared to pay good prices for
important diamonds.
Count of Luxembourg Waltz ... *Lehar*
Café in Vienna ... *Kennedy*
Make Hungary your winter playground.
Comfortable and inexpensive hotels. Details
from Hungarian Travel Bureau, 3 Berkeley
Street, W.1.
The Blue Danube ... *Strauss*
Little Dutch Mill ... *Freed*
When you fit Vidor Batteries to your radio,
you'll wish you'd used them before.
6s. 6d. for 120 volts.
April in Paris ... *Harburg*
London Bridge March ... *Coates*

RADIO NORMANDY—cont.

11.30 p.m.

**IRISH HOSPITALS
SWEEPSTAKES CONCERT**
Arranged by the I.B.C. (Ireland), Ltd.
"London Roundabout"
Night Life Cameos
by
Michael Fane
The Irish Sweep Night Rover
DANCE MUSIC

Currys have over 200 branches—let them give
you a radio demonstration at one of them.

I.B.C. Time Signal.

12 (Midnight)

**WILLIAM S. MURPHY'S
(Edinburgh) BROADCAST
LIGHT MUSIC**

Sing As We Go ... *Parr*
I Love You Truly—Waltz ... *Jacobs Bond*
Birdie on the Green ... *Gourley*
Happy Memories ... *Sigler*
I Saw Stars—Fox trot ... *Green*
There's a Ring Around the Moon...
Moonlight and Roses ... *Moret*
Cocktails for Two—Fox trot ... *Johnston*
Take Ma Boots Off When Ah Dies ... *Carr*
Dance of the Merry Mascots ... *Ketelbey*
Creola—Tango ... *Ripp*
Humming to You ... *Reaves*
Waltz Time Medley ... *Strauss*
Simple and Sweet—Fox trot ... *Yellen*
Turn Back the Clock ... *Parrish*
Comedy Land ... *Fortunes await you when you enter for*
Wm. S. Murphy's Football Pools.
Coupons from Staunch Buildings, 12,
Blenheim Place, Edinburgh 7.
1.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody
and Close Down.

RADIO BARCELONA
377 m., 795 Kc./s., 8 kW.

1.0 a.m.

INSTRUMENTAL SOLOS
Drifting Down the Shalimar ... *Moll*
Return of Johnnie March ... *Charlier*
Fashionette ... *King*
Tarantelle (A Day in Naples) ... *Byng*
Hot Scotch ... *Peterson*
Carmen Fantasia ... *Bizet*
Pearls and Crystals ... *Hammel*
A Double Scotch ... *Whitlock*

1.30 a.m.

CONCERT OF GRAMOPHONE RECORDS
Cavalcade Selection ... *Coward*
For You Alone ... *Geeth*
The Charlie Kunz Radio Medley of
Famous Waltz Tunes ... *Tolchard Evans*
Down at Our Charitable Bazaar ... *Aza*
Popular Accordion Medley Woods and Noble
2.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody
and Close Down.

PARIS (Poste Parisien)
312 m., 959 Kc./s., 100 kW.

Evening Programmes

10.30 p.m.
**STRANG'S FOOTBALL POOLS
BROADCAST**

VARIETY
The Standard of St. George ... *Alford*
Irela (Evensong) ... *Knoblock*
Tralee (Evensong) ... *Knoblock*
Piano Medley.
Believe It or Not ... *Gifford*
Marianna—Rumba ... *Sunshine*
Kathleen Mavourneen ... *Crawford*
Reminiscences of the Gaiety Lads, arr. *Kaphey*
Are you taking part in Strang's £1,000
National Pool Free Competition—open
to every Strang client? Coupons from
24 Forth Street, Edinburgh.

"Radio Pictorial" is published every
Friday, price 3d.

11.0 p.m. LIGHT SONGS

The Very Thought of You... *Noble*
Love is a Song ... *Kester*
Daddy and Home ... *McWilliams*
Judy ... *Carmichael*

11.15 p.m. VERNON'S ALL-STAR

VARIETY CONCERT
(Gramophone Records)

Signature Tune.
The Dear Old Home Songs.
B.B.C. Wireless Chorus.
Old Time Medley.
Harry Champion.
Old Time Medley.
Vesta Victoria.
A Ragtime Review.
Old Time Ragtime.
Old Time Sing-song.
Charles Coburn in the Chair.
Signature Tune.

What a marvellous start to 1935 if you
won a prize in Vernon's £1,500 weekly
competition! Write for football coupons
to Vernon's Pools, Liverpool.
11.45 p.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody
and Close Down.

**I.B.C. SHORT WAVE
EMPIRE TRANSMISSIONS**
E.A.Q. (Madrid)
30 m., 10,000 Kc./s., 20 kW.

12 (Midnight) "DREAMS"

Nightfall ... *Harold*
Go to Sleep ... *Hargreaves*
The Clock Maker's Dream... *Orth*
All I Do is Dream of You ... *Brown*
Did You Ever See a Dream Walk-
ing? ... *Gordon*
Stay Out of My Dreams ... *Felkere*
Rose Dreams ... *Shannon*
12.30 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody
and Close Down.

HELLO, TWINS!

by SLADE



"PRINCESS"



MACFARLANE LANG'S
DELIGHTFUL NEW BISCUIT 1/- lb.
SOLD EVERYWHERE BY GROCERS AND BAKERS YOU WILL LIKE THEM

FREE TO YOU

SEND TO ME FOR CATALOGUES AND SAMPLES!

Here "Housewife" reviews the latest booklets and samples issued by well-known firms. If you would like any or all of them FREE OF CHARGE, just cut out this coupon and send it to us, giving the index number shown at the end of each paragraph. Please write your name and address in block letters.

My name and address is :-

Send this coupon in an unsealed envelope, bearing 3d. stamp, to RADIO PICTORIAL Shopping Guide, 58-61 Fetter Lane, E.C.4.

Truce In The Trenches

Continued from page seventeen

GERMAN OFFICER : When it gets lighter. You will signal your men to come out into No Man's Land?

OFFICER : If you will yours. No firing without due warning on either side.

GERMAN OFFICER : Agreed.

[The carol singing stops abruptly. From this point the sound of many approaching voices, English and German, is heard.]

GEORGE : Come on, mates, come out and meet Fritz. Officer sez it's all right. Let's 'ave a dekho at 'em. Blimey! What would old Kitchener say ter this 'ere!

GERMAN OFFICER : Herr Oberlieutenant, a cigar?

OFFICER : Oh, thanks . . . have a—a gasper. Sorry, it's all I've got.

GERMAN OFFICER : I am honoured, mein Herr. I introduce to you my under officer.

OFFICER : How d'you do, Herr Lieutenant. Have a gasper?

UNDER OFFICER : Es tut mir leid dass ich nicht Englisch sprechen kann.

GERMAN OFFICER : He speaks no English.

OFFICER : But you speak our language very well. [Bagpipes start, distantly.]

GERMAN OFFICER : Ah, Herr Lieutenant, I lived four years in London.

GEORGE : Can't yer 'ear it, Albert?

ALBERT : Can I 'ear it! . . . 'Oo's doing it, I'd like ter know?

GEORGE : It's the pipers of the Second Gordons down the line—they're fraternising with the Germans same as us.

ALBERT : Playing bagpipes! I don't call that cessation of 'ostilities. A dirty way to entertain Fritz, I call it.

GEORGE : Wot's the German for thank you? This bloke has given me a blinkin' sausage.

ALBERT : Try French.

Continued on next page

AS one housewife to another, I must tell you about the new way of polishing floors with no rubbing and no polishing needed! You spread a preparation called Johnson's Glo-Coat lightly over the surface, and when it is dry you find the floor has polished itself. Glo-Coat polishes linoleum, painted and varnished floors, and is especially good for rubber. For 3d. in stamps, a sample will be sent you in order that you can test for yourself this new help to housewives. 122

ALTHOUGH most people are ready to submit to all manner of dosing, however unpleasant, when they have a cold, they don't always take the same amount of care over their handkerchiefs, which, often enough, is the reason for a cold "hanging about." The only handkerchief for a cold is "Tempo," the hygienic handkerchief, used once only and destroyed, microbes and all. They are made of several layers of absorbent material, very soft and pleasant, and cost 3d. for either a medicated packet of twelve, or a plain packet of fifteen. Send now for a free sample of twelve medicated "Tempo" handkerchiefs (enclosing 1 1/2d. stamp for postage). 123

FORTIPHONE is the very latest invention for the deaf. It is a wonderful discovery—a little piece of polished ebonite that is hidden behind the ear. Ninety-nine per cent. of all cases of deafness are due to some defect of the middle ear, while the inner ear and auditory nerve are quite sound. The new bone-conduction Fortiphone short-circuits the defective middle ear and carries sound direct to the hearing-centre. A free consultation and test will gladly be given at 308 Regent Street, London. And an illustrated price list describing the invention will be sent to anyone interested. 124



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Children's News
MOTTO

by Commander Stephen KING-HALL

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new."

This line was written by Alfred Tennyson (1809-92) in his poem "The Passing of Arthur." You will find the same idea expressed in the famous French proverb, "Autres temps, autres mœurs." The key is on page 37.

Stephen King-Hall

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The Russell Building, LIVERPOOL

Truce In The Trenches

Continued from preceding page

GEORGE: Ah! Parlez vous Francaise? Merci, M'sieur.

A GERMAN: Oui, oui, Mongsoor.

[Bagpipes stop hereabouts.]

GEORGE: Blimey! It speaks! Voulez vous avoir un Woodbine?

GERMAN SOLDIER: Merci, mongsoor. Cigaren?

GEORGE: Crikey! It's a millionaire's battalion. They've all got cigars. Hi, Albert—got that chunk of bully beef on you?

ALBERT: Yes, why?

GEORGE: Let's give it 'em. They're not a bad lot, really.

ALBERT: Orl right. Hi, Fritz—un morceau de bully beef pour vous.

GERMAN SOLDIER: Qu'est que c'est bully beef? Was ist das?

ALBERT: Taste it and see.

GEORGE: I say, Fritz, wot about a carol? Chantez? [Sings.]

"Christians awake, salute the 'appy morn."

GERMAN SOLDIER: Ich werde die Anderen bringen.

GEORGE: Wot's he say?

ALBERT: 'E's gorn to fetch the others.

[Carol starts . . . in German: "Come all ye faithful . . ."]

GEORGE: Come on, mates, join in!

[English join in. After a few moments superimpose.]

ENGLISH OFFICER: Herr Oberlieutenant—have another gasper.

GERMAN OFFICER: Danke schön.

ENGLISH OFFICER: Herr Oberlieutenant, there's one of our officers over there on your wire—he's been there a fortnight—could I have your permission to send a stretcher across?

GERMAN OFFICER: Of course. We also would like to bury our dead. There was the patrol your people caught six weeks ago. They need burying.

ENGLISH OFFICER: Go ahead. And do you mind if I walk over to Williams?—he—you see, Herr Oberlieutenant, he asked me, if anything should happen, to send his wallet back to England, to his people.

GERMAN OFFICER: Of course, mein Herr, of course.

ENGLISH OFFICER [raising voice]: Sergeant! Ring battalion headquarters and ask them to send a stretcher, then bring it out to the German wire. We can bring Mr. Williams's body in.

SERGEANT: Yes, sir.

ENGLISH OFFICER [farther away from mike]: I'll see you later, Herr Oberlieutenant.

GERMAN OFFICER: At the football match, eh?

[Gradually fade carol down, until it is a faint background. In a few moments superimpose.]

ENGLISH OFFICER [mostly in whispers]: So here you are, Williams . . . poor old Williams, you were such a good chap . . . what a damned waste it all is! . . . Christmas Day, and a truce. Goodwill towards men. And the poor devils who've got to do the filthy job are the only ones to think of it!

[Carol in background through this. Now fade gently away and when very faint, cross-fade, taking carol out, and bringing in "Chanson de Nuit" (Elgar)—Orchestra. Superimpose.]

NARRATOR:

Are they gathered there to-night
In their Eternal No-Man's-Land,
Beyond our purblind human sight?
What are they saying, ghost to ghost,
Youthful, never-ageing host?
How shall we look them in the face,
We who were left to run the race?
Ours was the world for which they bled:
Have we redeemed the price?
Or must the hosts in Flanders mourn
Their still-born sacrifice?

In Next Friday's "Radio Pic."
FILMING RADIO STARS

THE WOMAN LISTENER



This week's RADIO PICTORIAL sees the "Woman Listener" section enlarged—in response to a large number of requests from readers. In future, three pages every week will be devoted entirely to the interests of the woman of the house—up-to-date fashion notes, advice on beauty, cookery recipes, directions for knitting home-made woollies and household hints. I hope that my readers will appreciate the change—please write and tell me what you think

BEAUTIFUL HANDS

The whole Art of cultivating beautiful hands explained to you by

Jane CARR

BEAUTIFUL hands are, alas, rare. Perhaps one reason for this is that so often the polishes and polish removers that we use tend to make the fingernails and cuticle dry and brittle, so that the more attentive we are to the beauty of our hands, the more destructive we are to the natural oils of the skin and nails.

With a special oily polish remover, however, now on the market, this unfortunate state of things has come to an end. This remover leaves the cuticle soft and pliable rather than dry, and free from hard dried edges.

Nails that are already dry and brittle are in danger of splitting and should be given treatment at once. This is the up-to-date method. Buy a small quantity of the pad material which is used for corn plasters. This is easily got from almost any store or chemist.

With scissors cut this plaster into neat shapes the size of your nails. Then apply a generous amount of cuticle oil to the inner side of each. Add your little pads to each nail, holding them in position with a strip of adhesive plaster.

Leave the pads on all night, and when they are removed in the morning the improvement in the condition of the brittle nails will be evident at a glance.

Having made these helpful little pads, they will last for two or three weeks, providing you treat them with respect. After removing in the morning, slip them into an air-tight box. That is all!

An alternative idea is to cut out the pads, and put them on the nails with cuticle oil,

as already described, then buy a strip of sterilastic bandage, and put it on each finger like a finger stall. Simply pinch the ends of the bandage, and they will stay in place, quite securely. The advantage of this method is that you can go about your work all day long, experiencing hardly any inconvenience. At the end of the day, you can remove the pads to find that the oil has done its good work, softening the nails, and making them proof against breakage.

Let us consider a beauty toilet for the hands. To remove unwanted cuticle, first wrap a little cotton wool round the blunt end of an orange stick—this is easily done by first wetting the stick itself—then dip it into the cuticle remover, and press the cuticle gently back. Afterwards, wash your hands in warm soapy water.

Steel should never be used for filing your nails; emery boards are much better. Whether you file them to an oval or pointed shape is a matter of individual taste, though very pointed nails are out of place with country clothes. For cleaning the nails, there is nothing as good as the ordinary orange stick.

To be perfectly graceful and charming, your hands should be given a polish with liquid enamel. I am told by a Bond Street manicurist that the favourite colours for enamel to-day are Diane, a deep glowing red, Fire Engine, the bright red of its name, and Ox Blood, a slightly purplish shade. Then Bronze, a lovely pale colour with a sheen to it, is very popular for use with country clothes, and Rose Pearl I thought the prettiest of them all, an almost natural pink with a pearly sheen. Lovely for the evening.



Indispensable aids to hand beauty—cuticle remover, varnish, oily polish remover and nail white

Before applying the enamel, thoroughly wash the nails with soap and warm water, and apply a little polish remover to take away any traces of grease. When the nails are dry, apply the varnish—with the brush supplied with the bottle—quite thinly and with straight strokes from the half-moon to the tip of the nail. Then carefully wipe away the varnish from the rim of the nail. Let the varnish dry and polish the surface with chamois leather.

Nail white can be bought either in pencil form or in a tube. In the latter case, squeeze a little under each nail, and spread it evenly with an orange stick, wiping off the surplus cream. Nail white will remove discolorations from underneath the nails and leave them snowy white.

WITH CRAVAT TIE—
A JERSEY
IN STOCKING STITCH



THIS is the sort of jumper to wear with a tailor-made—in a strongly contrasted colour such as brick-red with blue-grey suiting, nigger with Harris tweeds, or a smoky blue with navy. The tied neck gives the happy effect of a scarf, when it shows at the throat of your coat. Altogether a very useful and satisfactory garment for wear in the house or out of doors.

Materials.—8 oz. Copley's 3-ply "Climax" wool, 1 pair No. 10 needles, 1 pair No. 11 needles.
Measurements.—Length from shoulder to base, 18½ inches; width all round at underarm, 34 inches; length of sleeve seam, 20½ inches.
Tension.—Work to produce 8 sts. to 1 inch in smooth fabric on No. 10 needles.
Abbreviations.—K., knit; p., purl; st., stitch; tog., together.

THE BACK

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 135 sts., and working into the back of the sts. on the 1st row only, proceed as follows:—

1st row—** K. 1, p. 1. Repeat from ** to the last st. K. 1. 2nd row—** P. 1, k. 1. Repeat from ** to the last st. P. 1. Repeat these 2 rows until 12 inches of ribbing have been worked, finishing at the end of a 2nd row.

Using No. 10 needles, proceed as follows:—

1st row—K. 1, rib 37, k. 3, rib 53, k. 3, rib 37, k. 1. 2nd row—K. 1, rib 37, p. 3, rib 53, p. 3, rib 37, k. 1. Repeat these two rows once more.

5th row—K. 3, rib 33, k. 7, rib 49, k. 7, rib 33, k. 3. 6th row—K. 1, p. 2, rib 33, p. 7, rib 49, p. 7, rib 33, p. 2, k. 1. Repeat these 2 rows once more.

9th row—K. 5, rib 29, k. 11, rib 45, k. 11, rib 29, k. 5. 10th row—K. 1, p. 4, rib 29, p. 11, rib 45, p. 11, rib 29, p. 4, k. 1. Repeat these two rows once more.

13th row—K. 7, rib 25, k. 15, rib 41, k. 15, rib 25, k. 7. 14th row—K. 1, p. 6, rib 25, p. 15, rib 41, p. 15, rib 25, p. 6, k. 1. Repeat these two rows once more.

17th row—K. 9, rib 21, k. 19, rib 37, k. 19, rib 21, k. 9. 18th row—K. 1, p. 8, rib 21, p. 19, rib 37, p. 19, rib 21, p. 8, k. 1. Repeat these two rows once more. Continue in this manner, working 4 sts. less in the ribbing sections on every 4th row, the other sts. in smooth fabric until all the sts. are in smooth fabric. Continue in smooth fabric until the work measures 12½ inches from the commencement, finishing at the end of a p. row.

Shape for the armholes as follows:—

1st row—Cast off 3 sts., k. the following 63 sts., making 64 sts. on the right-hand needle. P. 1. K. to end. 2nd row—Cast off 3 sts., p. the following 63 sts., k. 1, p. to end. 3rd row—Cast off 3 sts., k. the following 60 sts., p. 1, k. to end.

4th row—Cast off 3 sts., p. the following 60 sts., k. 1, p. to end. 5th row—Cast off 3 sts., k. the

following 55 sts., p. 1, k. 1, twice p. 1, k. to the end. 6th row—Cast off 3 sts., p. the following 55 sts., rib 5, p. to end. 7th row—Cast off 3 sts., k. the following 52 sts., rib 5, k. to end.

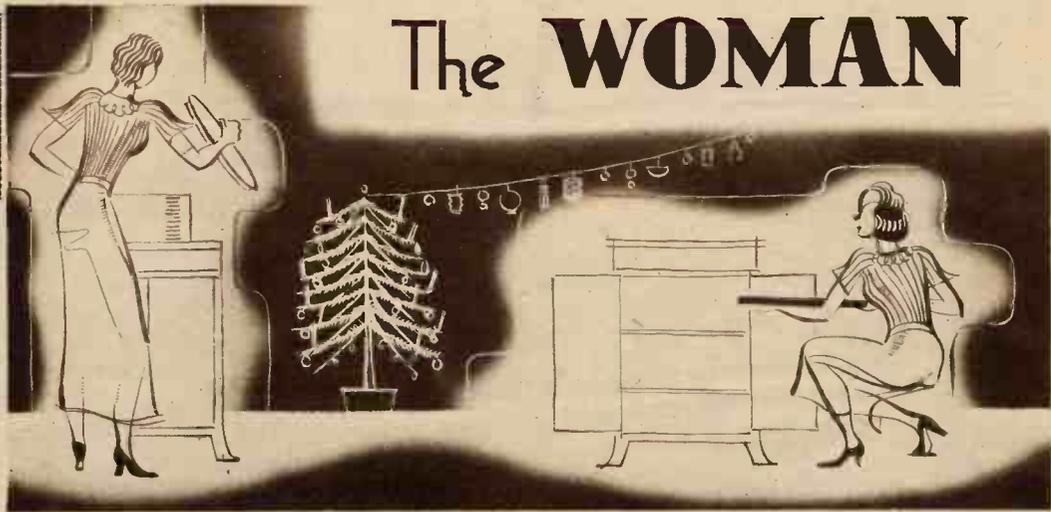
8th row—Cast off 3 sts., p. the following 52 sts., rib 5, p. to end. 9th row—K. 2 tog., k. 49, rib 9, k. 49, k. 2 tog. 10th row—K. 1, p. 49, rib 9, p. 49, k. 1. 11th row—K. 2 tog., k. 48, rib 9, k. 48, k. 2 tog. 12th row—K. 1, p. 48, rib 9, p. 48, k. 1. 13th row—K. 2 tog., k. 45, rib 13, k. 45, k. 2 tog. 14th row—K. 1, p. 45, rib 13, p. 45, k. 1. 15th row—K. 2 tog., k. 44, rib 13, k. 44, k. 2 tog. 16th row—K. 1, p. 44, rib 13, p. 44, k. 1.

There are now 103 sts. on the needle. Continue without further decreasing at the armhole, working 4 sts. more in ribbing in the centre on every 4th row until there are 53 sts. in the ribbing section. Work 1 more row.

Shape for the neck and shoulders as follows:—

1st row—K. 25, rib 53, k. 17, turn.

2nd row—P. 17, rib 53, p. 17, turn.



The **WOMAN**

THIS WEEK'S
FIVE SHILLING HINT

Five shillings for every "hint" published in these columns. Have you sent yours to "Margot"?

A HOMELY HINT

IF you have not time to soak a salt piece of bacon, add a carrot to the water and cook with it. The carrot will turn black and absorb the salt.

NICE COD LIVER OIL

YOU'LL find kiddies will relish cod liver oil in this way.

Put 2 lb. sugar, 1 cup condensed milk, 1 cupful of milk, and 1 cupful cod liver oil in a pan, stir till boiling and boil twenty minutes. Take the pan off the fire and beat for two minutes. Pour into a greased tin and when it is cold cut into squares.

Next Week's Knitting Instructions. Complete directions for a very attractive knitted Sports Coat and Cap

A Pastry Press is the latest household novelty. A few light turns of the hand expel a long ribbon which can be twisted to many sizes and shapes. In this way, petit fours and small biscuits can be made quite simply at home



Table appointments are being made in wood now. Here is a cheese board and knife which have the advantage of being easily kept clean

3rd row—K. 15, rib 57, k. 7, turn.

4th row—P. 7, rib 57, p. 7, turn.

5th row—K. 7, rib 19. Cast off 19 sts. Rib 18, turn.

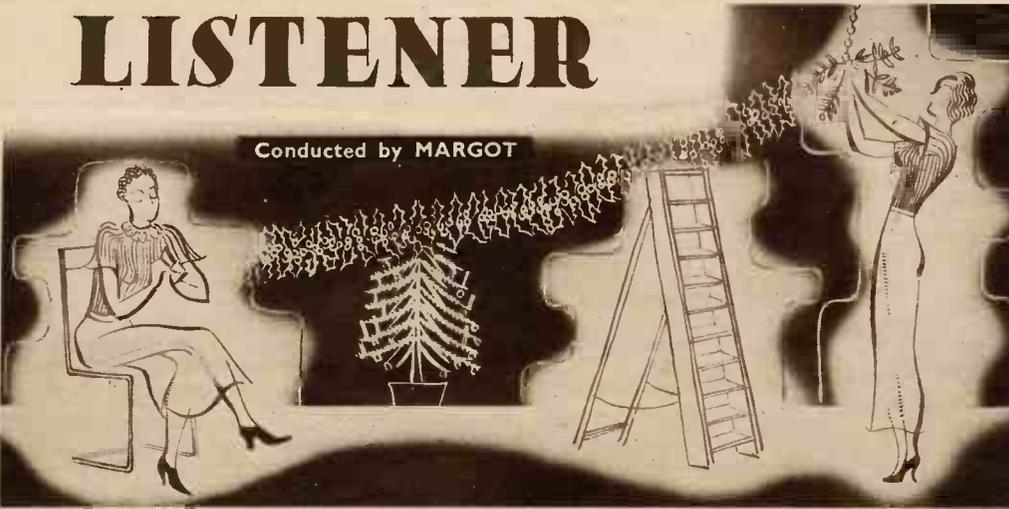
6th row—Rib to the neck. 7th row—Cast off. 8th row—Join the wool to the neck edge of the opposite side, rib 18, turn. 9th row—Rib to the neck. 10th row—Cast off.

Work in exactly the same way as for the back, until the armhole shaping is completed, finishing at the end of a purl row, when there are 13 rib sts. in the centre.

Next row—K. 43, rib 7 sts. Increase by knitting into the front then the back of the next st., making 52 sts. on the needle. Slip the other sts. on to a spare needle and leave for the present. Still working 2 st. more in the rib at the neck edge on every 4th row, continue until there are 23 sts. in ribbing on the needle, finishing at the neck edge.

LISTENER

Conducted by MARGOT



Mrs. R. H. BRAND on "Make-Up" TURKEY DISHES

TURKEY RECHAUFFÉ

Ingredients : ½ lb. turkey free from skin and bone; ½ pint stock; ½ pint milk; 1 lb. potatoes; 1 oz. flour; 2 ozs. margarine; 1 beaten egg; ¼ teaspoonful powdered mace; salt and pepper.

Cut the turkey into large dice and put any trimmings you may have into a saucepan with ½ pint of water, half an onion and a little pepper and salt. Bring slowly to the boil and then allow to simmer for 1½ hours. Strain and take off the fat by passing pieces of kitchen paper over the top until all the grease is removed. Boil and mash the potatoes adding 1 oz. of margarine, a grate of nutmeg and a little seasoning, beat until smooth and afterwards keep hot in a basin over hot water.

Make a sauce by mixing the remaining ounce of margarine, mace and flour in a saucepan, add the milk and stock, and stir until perfectly smooth. When boiling, add the turkey-meat and allow the mixture to simmer for five minutes; turn out on a hot dish, cover with some browned crumbs, and put a few bits of butter over the top. Surround with a roll of mashed potatoes, brushed over with beaten egg, and put the dish under a hot grill or in the oven until golden-brown.

POTTED TURKEY

Heat 3 ozs. butter, and skim and strain it through a piece of muslin. Put most of it into a basin with about 6 ozs. very finely minced cold turkey and seasoning. Beat together until as smooth as cream, then fill small pots, taking care it is quite even on the top. Pour the remaining butter over the meat to keep out the air.

TURKEY KROMSKIS

Ingredients : 4 ozs. cold turkey; some rashers of streaky bacon; 2 ozs. of cooked ham; 1 gill white sauce; pepper and salt; 1 yolk of egg.

Remove all skin and bone from the meat and chop it finely with the ham. Make the white sauce and season it highly; add the turkey, ham and beaten yolk of egg, and heat over a low fire, stirring constantly for about five minutes. Turn the mixture out on a plate and let it get quite cold, then make up into small rolls. Cut all rind off the bacon and spread lightly with mustard, then wrap each roll in a rasher. Dip in frying batter, drain well on soft paper and serve very hot with some fried potatoes.

FRYING BATTER

Ingredients : 2 ozs. flour; 1 white of egg; 1 dessert-spoonful of salad oil or melted butter, salt, 2 table-spoonful of tepid water.

Sieve the flour with the salt into a basin, make a hole in the middle and add the oil and water gradually. Beat until very smooth, leave in a cold place for one hour, if possible, then add the egg white, very stiffly beaten and use as required.

Bellina Brand.

Write to "MARGOT" About It

Have you any problems about which you would like advice? Whether it is a cookery query, a dress renovation, or simply what to take away with you for a week-end; if it is interior decorating, a laundry question, or a problem of domestic relationship; I feel that I can help you. Please write to me, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply, addressing your letter to "Margot," "Radio Pictorial," 58-61 Fetter Lane, E.C.4.

Beauty queries are welcomed by our Beauty Editress, Jane Carr, popular radio and film star. If you want to make the best of yourself, or if you have an individual beauty problem, write to her, care of "Radio Pictorial." She will gladly give you the benefit of her personal advice.

JEANNE DE CASALIS on NEW EVENING DRESSES

CRINOLINES are with us again—as romantic as those of our grandmothers but far more sophisticated. Instead of sugary pinks and baby-ribbon blues, our crinolines are of black tulle—yards and yards of it, that flatter the waist into an unbelievable slenderness by comparison. The sash is generally of two shades of ruby red velvet, and a spray of flowers adds picturesqueness to the bodice.

If your fancy does not lie in the direction of crinolines, you can choose the equally up to date stream-lined gown, which is as straight and flat as possible in front, and saves up all its surprises for the back view. The lines of the dress sweep down from the shoulders and up from the hip-line to the point of highest interest—the back of the waist, which is decorated with a huge fringed



Black velvet and ivory satin make this effective evening gown from Marshall and Snelgrove. The lovely taffeta and net evening frock below is a Dudeny model



or frilled bow. Often the lines of this bow are copied in the flowing frill that outlines the shoulders and back décolletage, ending in a point; and in the flounced hem of the skirt which is allowed to form a small fish-tail train. Seen from the front, the stream-line dress is as simple as possible, the neck as often up to the throat, or slightly cowed, as cut low, and the line of the skirt unbroken except by a single slit or a hidden sheaf of knife pleats.

One of the most interesting, beautiful and, at the same time, convenient modes of the moment, is the evening blouse worn with a trailing skirt of velvet or taffeta.

Jeanne de Casalis

Strange Rescue

Continued from page eleven

I was too busy peering ahead and keeping on my feet to take much notice of details like that. Although I might just as well have been wearing smoked goggles in my bunk for all I could see.

"By shouting at the top of his voice in my ear, Jakker was able to make himself understood above the howling of the storm. He'd got an SOS from a steamer which was sinking rapidly. He gave me its bearings and then worked his way slowly down below. It was a case of hanging on grimly with both hands to avoid being a hospital case at least, and I turned to make sure he reached the deck safely. He looked tired and overworked. Once or twice I was afraid he'd be swept off his feet. That would have been the last of him.

"Then I started the search for the sinking steamer and doubled the lookouts. Luckily the bearings young Jakker had given me were near our own, but at the time it didn't occur to me to wonder why he hadn't written down the name of the boat. And later, when I searched for the slip it was missing. Couldn't find it anywhere. SOS, longitude and latitude were the only things that stuck in my mind. I was positive there had been no ship's name in the message. Possibly I explained it by assuming that part of the message had been jammed by atmospheric—whatever that means. Anyhow, I had all that was needed, and it wasn't long before we were rolling heavily in the neighbourhood from which the radio message had come.

"For some time we wallowed about with the telegraph set at Dead Slow. But no ship did we sight. Either floating or sinking. The sea was running pretty high for those parts. Nothing like the water you come across in the Atlantic or the China Sea, of course, but still high enough to make it dangerous for anything in a disabled condition and high enough to make our passengers on board believe they'd bought tickets for Davy Jones's Locker in mistake for Newcastle.

"I kept expecting young Jakker to come up again with another message. As he didn't show up I took it for granted that either their apparatus was out of action or else—well I didn't care to dwell long on the possible alternative. This was neither night nor place for a damaged ship.

"Just as I was giving up all hope of finding anything in such a pall of darkness there came a rift in the clouds. The full moon shed an eerie light over the tossing sea. At the same time the wind abated slightly—or so it seemed to me. And, as we breasted a long, oily swell, I caught the merest glimpse of a steamer a couple of miles or so to port. At the same time one of the men sang out and from that moment we were an anxious crew. It took all my concentration and experience to approach the vessel in safety.

"Luckily the clouds were breaking up fast and we were never left long in darkness. Otherwise it would have been criminally foolish to attempt the task. I had my own ship and lives to consider, and naturally one's own passengers come first.

"At times we lost sight of her altogether; when she rolled down the side of a deep swell or when a stray cloud hid the moon. But by the time we'd got within a mile all doubt as to whether this was the right boat disappeared."

Captain Thunder paused to press down the tobacco in his bowl. He applied a match and another spiral of smoke drifted slowly up to the ceiling.

"She was in trouble right enough. Pretty bad trouble, too. You could see that by the way she listed to port side and, apart from her dipping and rolling, she was at a standstill.

"There was obviously not a moment to be lost and I kept our engineers working overtime answering the telegraph.

"The poor devils evidently spotted us when we were still some way off, because a rocket soared high in the air and came down in a shower of sparks. We let off one, too—just to cheer them up. And then the business of rescuing started in dead earnest."

The skipper glanced at me keenly:

"Did you ever examine the average cargo ship's life-boats?" he asked.

I admitted I had not.

"You should!" he said drily. "You'd be

surprised. I'd feel considerably safer in a park pond canoe or a pair of water wings if it came to a crisis.

"I asked for volunteers to man two of the life-boats, because I had reached as near as I dared to the sinking vessel. There were enough volunteered to man two more if necessary—and that would have left me without a single deck hand."

Captain Thunder crashed his fist on the table. The tankards literally jumped.

"If ever some miserable old dodderer of a pessimist creeps up to you with a tale that England is going to the dogs, thump him hard between the shoulder blades—hard as you like—laugh at him and call him a liar. I tell you, the way those men, married and single, jumped to the boats made me feel queer, darn queer.

"Well, I won't bore you with a detailed account of the actual rescue. You've read all about that sort of thing in books, and really it was just a matter of sticking to it like grim death and putting your trust in the Almighty. All those men knew it was quite on the cards they might never return. Of course we helped them a bit by giving them our lee, but even then they were carrying their lives in their hands. None of us had any illusions about that.

"For a time I feared our two boats wouldn't manage to approach near enough to throw a line. Once I could have sworn they were going to be dashed to pieces against the steamer's side. It was a near thing—but instead of being their downfall, that great wave gave the boys their chance. They took it. Those lads didn't ask for any second chances—they took the first, and I

don't mind telling you I felt like doing a little step-dance on the bridge. As they rose on the crest of one wave so the sinking ship rose on another, and across the intervening space streaked the lines.

"Well, they say the Lord loves a plucky fighter. I think He must have loved those lads of mine. Anyway, it seemed to me that the moment those ropes were caught the wind died down just like turning water off by a tap, and before the last men had left their ship and been safely hauled aboard the lifeboats the sea was just moderately rough and nothing to worry about."

Here the skipper paused to knock the ashes from his pipe and I knew he was nearing the end of his yarn. Somehow he always manages to make his stories last the length of a good pipe of tobacco—mine preferably.

I studied him closely. Again I noticed that puzzled expression behind his fine, clear eyes. There was a frown running across the broad, sunburnt brow, and by his far-away expression I knew that he was as oblivious to the pleasant, cosy comfort of the Blue Pig as though he were in reality standing once again on the spray-drenched bridge of the s.s. *Hayminster*, waiting to receive the survivors of the ill-fated steamer.

He looked up and shook his head as I proffered my pouch again.

"No, thank you," he answered, "I must be going in a minute. As soon as I've finished this yarn. There isn't much more to tell and I almost wish I'd never started it. Somehow I had to get it off my chest though. You're the only one I've told.

"We hadn't arrived on the scene any too soon. In fact, I don't mind saying we'd cut it pretty close. Before the boats had been hauled aboard, and those poor devils had had a chance to shake a goodish part of the North Sea from their clothing, the steamer rolled over on her back and disappeared without so much trace as a whiff of smoke.

Captain Thunder snapped his fingers.

"Just as quick as that!" he repeated, bending down to brush the ash from his trousers.

"The poor old skipper was nearly in tears," he continued, as he straightened up and rose to his feet. "I did my best to cheer him up. Slapped him on the back and prepared to lead the way to my cabin where there was a fire like a bonfire burning and a spare suit of clothing laid out waiting.

"Well, anyway," I said, "it's a good job we managed to pick up your SOS on our radio when we did, otherwise none of you would be here at this moment."

"Gee! I've never seen anyone look so startled as that old skipper. He pulled up dead as though he'd bumped into an invisible wall—and I shall never forget the look he gave me. Puzzled. Frightened.

"SOS?" he muttered. "Radio? I don't understand you, captain. My ship has never had one. She was considerably under tonnage, and you can bet your life that if a thing isn't absolutely a legal necessity, the present-day owner doesn't care a—!"

"Here the old feller broke off and there was a scene which you writer chaps would call dramatic. "There was a shout: 'Father!'"

"I jumped round and saw young Jakker standing in the companion way. There was a look of mingled joy and bewilderment on his pale face, and he was staring hard at the old boy by my side. The next minute they were in one another's arms, and of the three I reckon I was the most bewildered man there."

The skipper had turned towards the door.

"Some queer things happen—" I began.

"But the queerest thing about it all," he interrupted gruffly. "The queerest thing of all was that just then I fainted, and when I came too there I was lying on the bridge deck with the First Officer bending anxiously over me with a glass of brandy in his hand. It wasn't until a year later on the same run that we picked up the SOS and poor Jakker came up in a terrible state because atmospheric had made it impossible to catch the sinking steamer's latitude and longitude."

Captain Thunder smiled grimly.

"But I knew it! Remembered it, if you like and everything happened as I expected it would and as I've told you. Even to the fact that old Captain Jakker's ship didn't possess a wireless set."

Hullo, Children

To all the Boys and Girls—A Great Big Cheerio to You All, from Uncle Bob

THIS is certainly a new way of meeting each other. Why, only a few hours ago I was in front of the microphone with Uncle Benjie whilst we broadcast in the usual 4.30 Children's Session. Anyway, let's find out all about the reason why I am writing to you in RADIO PICTORIAL. A few days ago I got a very official letter from London saying that every week RADIO PICTORIAL would publish a letter from the "Uncles" at Radio Normandy. So now I've got to set the ball rolling and start to let you into some of the secrets and plans for the children's sessions. At the time of writing we are busily engaged in making plans for several programmes which I'm sure you will really enjoy.

By now, of course, you will have heard one or two of the broadcasts from Doctor Wackham's School, where the headmaster had such a terrible time with his scholars, Sue String, Jackie Smirk, and George Lamb, to name a few. Then there are the plans for telephone calls to Uncle Tom and Flossie in London. The last time I spoke to Flossie, you may remember, she was proudly reciting a piece of poetry about Fairies at the bottom of her "garding," and since then you've heard her singing carols. Nineteen-thirty-five is well and truly in our minds and it's an open secret that we've been busy getting Hector the wireless bird's cage, and Romulous's gold fish bowl all polished up for the flood of birthday greetings, which we are expecting to welcome in the New Year. By the way, you must have been wondering why Hector has not appeared at the microphone before this; well to tell you the truth, he learned to speak Spanish so well when I was in Madrid, that he has been all this time trying to sing Happy Birthday without a Spanish accent!

Next week Uncle Benjie will be writing to you, and the week after, Uncle Andy.

Don't forget we are still wanting "Bigger and Better Birthdays" and to finish, let me wish you all every happiness for the New Year.

"Keep Smiling" as Ever,

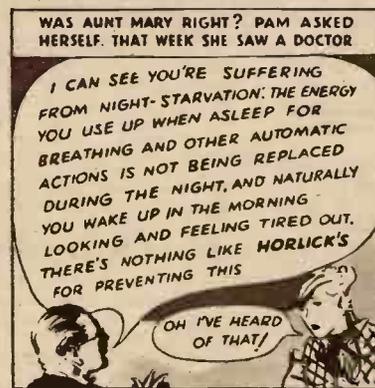
Your

Uncle Bob.

Radio Luxembourg Programmes

Continued from page Fourteen.

- 9 p.m. Grand Marnier Concert with the Station Orchestra.
Il est charmant.
Enlevez-moi.
La Dame en décolleté.
- 9.45 p.m. Radio Luxembourg Orchestra, with the celebrated singer, Pr. Herm. Jadowker.
Konzertarie.
Idomencoaric.
Quatre Chansons.
Air tire de "Onegin."
- 10.5 p.m. Gramophone Concert.
Birstalina.
Mazins biju.
Karavira ligavina.
Puisi jaja piegula.
Kur tu skriesi.
Jaunibai.
Gruta bridi.
Minjona.
- 10.30 p.m. Dance Music on records.
- 10.45 p.m. Pep's Concert.
- THURSDAY**
- 7.45 a.m. Gramophone Concert.
- 8 a.m. News Bulletins (in French and German).
- 12 noon. Radio Luxembourg Orchestra, directed by Henri Pensis.
- GERMAN EVENING**
- 7.40 p.m. A Talk on Porcelain (in German).
- 8 p.m. News Bulletins (in French and German).
- 8.20 p.m. Radio Luxembourg Orchestra.
Wiener Tanz.
The Clock is Playing.
Liebesfreud.
La Brigade fantome.
Chant hindou.
Valse de "La Belle au Bois dormant."
Le Vol du Bourdon.
- 9 p.m. Relay from Luxembourg Cathedral by the Cathedral Choir. At the organ: Albert Leblanc, cathedral organist.
Laetentur coeli.
Ave Maria.
Benedictus.
Hodie Christus natus est.
Variations sur un Air de Noel.
Magnificat.
Graduel de St. Etienne.
Gloria.
- 9.35 p.m. German Symphony Concert by the Station Orchestra with the celebrated pianist, Alfred Hoehn.
- 10.35 p.m. Dance Music by the Radio Luxembourg Dance Band conducted by Ferry Juza.
- FRIDAY**
- 7.45 a.m. Morning Gramophone Concert.
- 8 a.m. News Bulletins (in French and German).
- 12 noon. The Radio Luxembourg Orchestra.
- 12.30 p.m. A Half-hour Concert from Lorraine.
Wine, Women, and Song.
Rosamunde (Schubert).
Faust.
Roi de Epine (Gounod).
Cavalleria Rusticana.
Mona Lisa.
- 1.5 p.m. Radio Luxembourg Orchestra.
- 1.15 p.m. News Bulletins (in French and German).
- 1.35 p.m. Concert.
Souvenirs.
Les Fauvettes de Temples.
La Fee poupée.
- 6.30 p.m. Light Music and Dance Music.
- 7.30 p.m. French Racing Results.
DUTCH EVENING
- 9.40 p.m. Concert.
Love in Bloom.
Love, Wonderful Love.
Isle of Capri.
- 8 p.m. News Bulletin (in French and German).
- 8.20 p.m. Radio Luxembourg Orchestra.
- 8.45 p.m. Financial News.
- 8.40 p.m. Station Orchestra.
- 9 p.m. Grand Marnier Concert of Dance Music.
Gold Digger.
Vavanette.
Sol y ombre.
Pettan in a Park.
Cavalleria Rusticana.
I Live for Love.
Torch Song.
Truss enar Salamanca.
- 9.30 p.m. Hille Concert.
- 9.35 p.m. Piano Recital.
Felicia Blumenthall.
- 10.20 p.m. Dance Music by the Radio Luxembourg Dance Band, conducted by Ferry Juza.
- SATURDAY**
- 7.45 a.m. Gramophone Concert.
Le Brigade Fantome.
Manon.
Fidele.
- 8 a.m. News Bulletins (in French and German).
- 9 a.m. Religious Address.
- 12.30 p.m. Radio Luxembourg Sweepstake Concert.
- 12.45 p.m. Station Orchestra.
- 1.13 p.m. News Bulletins (in French and German).
- 1.35 p.m. Station Orchestra.
Spring Song.
Zigeunerzohnsucht.
Blue China.
Parade of the Dolls.
Evening.
- 6.30 p.m. Concert of Light Music and Dance Music.
- 7.30 p.m. French Racing Results
FRENCH EVENING
- 7.40 p.m.
Valse Caprice.
Melancholie.
Schertzo.
Chanson populaire Russe.
Clair de Lune.
- 8 p.m. News Bulletins (in French and German).
- 8.25 p.m. The Station Orchestra.
The Last Rendezvous.
Cherry Ripe.
Andalouse.
Tea for Two.
Souvenir of Happy Days.
- 9 p.m. Plano Recital of Music by Beethoven, Chopin, and Ravel.
- 9.30 p.m. Talk by Monsieur George Lacour.
- 9.40 p.m. French Concert by the Station Orchestra.
Minuet.
Lullabye.
Ballet.
In Brittany.
Pelleas and Melisande.
Marche Militaire.
- 10.50 p.m. Song Recital.
Invitation au Voyage.
Belles Secrets.
Claire de Lune.
Promenade en Nu.
- 10.25 p.m. Station Orchestra.
- 10.30 p.m. Littlewood's Concert of Dance Music.



Girls who always feel tired-out miss more chances of happiness than they realise. In so many cases "Night-Starvation" is to blame. All night long you burn up energy — breathing alone takes 20,000 muscular efforts. If this energy is not replaced, you wake tired. Horlick's, taken every night, guards against "Night-Starvation" by actually replacing lost energy while you sleep. Horlick's needs no milk — just add water. The flavour is fascinating. Prices from 2/-. Also the Horlick's Mixer, 6d. & 1/-

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This means you sleep soundly, wake refreshed, and have extra energy all day

TUNE IN Horlick's Tea-Time Hour. A full hour with Debroy Somers, his band, vocal soloists and chorus. Luxembourg, Sundays 4 p.m. to 5 p.m. 1304 metres.

This Sunday's Pompeian Star ★ Programme ★

From Radio Luxembourg, 1,304 Metres
December 23rd, 3—3.30 p.m.

Features

Olive Groves

the well-known radio star who will be introduced to you by Lady Charles Cavendish (Adele Astaire). This sparkling Pompeian Entertainment is supported by Fred Hartley's Orchestra.

Don't miss it!

★
Next Sunday, December 30, Lady Charles Cavendish (Adele Astaire) will introduce
Elsie Randolph
★

Given by the makers of Pompeian Beauty Preparations, including Pompeian Powder—the powder that is actually blown through fine silk.



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WHAT LISTENERS THINK . . .

What do you think of broadcasters at the B.B.C. and Continental stations? What are your views on radio programmes, and how do you think broadcasts could be improved? What do you think of the men who run broadcasting, and what helpful suggestions could you offer? Let us have your views briefly. Every week a letter of outstanding interest will be starred on this page, though not necessarily printed first.

The writer of the starred letter will receive a cheque for one guinea.

All letters must bear the sender's name and address, although a nom de plume may be used for publication. Letters should be as brief as possible and written on one side of the paper only. Address to "Star" Letter, "Radio Pictorial," 58-61 Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4.

★ In Town To-night

WHAT has happened to this once exhilarating radio feature? When it first began it was an event, now it is a commonplace. In the first place many of the visitors hailed as 'in town to-night' are, in actual fact, in town every night. This is, I think, a cogent point, because the implication of the title is that the speakers are birds of passage who will not be here next Saturday night and we are fortunate in being able to hear them over the microphone at that particular moment.

"One of the most moving 'In Town To-night' speakers was, in my opinion, the engine driver who drove the Flying Scotsman through Canada. His simple straightforward manner of delivery must have gone right to the heart of everyone who heard him.

To hear a man tell us how he pushed a pea up the Andes with his nose may not be edifying, but it is a curious and diverting example of human recreation. As such it is more entertaining than listening to someone detailing a list of donors to some hypothetical china dog on some hypothetical London railway platform.

"Therefore I voice a plea for a new edition of 'In Town To-night,' or else suggest that the title be changed to 'Interesting Items.' Or 'Believe It Or Not.' Why not? I can imagine an endless procession of amusing and thought-provoking figures under this heading.

—Mrs. Starforth, London, S.E.19.
(A cheque for one guinea has been forwarded to this reader, winner of the guinea "Star" this week.)

Our Gift Album

"Many thanks for Gift Album received quite safe this morning. I think the photos are very good. I have taken the RADIO PICTORIAL from the first copy and I intend to have them bound later. I look forward to every Friday morning.

"Wishing your paper and the B.B.C. every success."—E. T., Cheltenham.

Where Is It?

"At last the B.B.C. has realised something of the lure of competitions. An interesting competition named 'Where Is It' made a recent Friday a red-letter day for thousands of listeners, at any rate to competition fans. By concealing in verse and characteristic sounds the names of towns and localities, listeners were invited to guess the different names of items as they were broadcast and it was very interesting and enjoyable.—Grid Bias, Manchester 16.

One Fault

"While appreciating the advantages of the new arrangements for the second news bulletins on the wireless, there is one fault I find with the present plan, and that is the order in which the two bulletins are read.

"The newspapers give a brief summary of all the important news in large type before going into the details. Why don't the B.B.C. do the same sort of thing and give the Regional news summary before the detailed national bulletin?—A. J. F. G., Port Talbot, Glam.

Music Hall Versus Jazz

Mr. Oliver Baldwin, in his usual lucid entertaining manner, describes an ideal programme for the three classes of listener. Now, one has only to scan the *Radio Times* to see how little the average man is catered for. Why, ninety per cent. of the stuff is undoubtedly highbrow. And I would like to repeat that the majority of sets are purchased for light entertainment. Even practically all the musical items played by official B.B.C. bands and orchestras are highbrow. Compare the lilting, swinging (and better played) numbers we get relayed from the halls! Hear the Commodore, the Birmingham Hippodrome, Granada, etc., and then listen to a B.B.C. orchestra!

Admitted that the jazz stuff is admired by the younger fraternity (until they hear the old music hall numbers!) the middle-aged artisan listener (and there's quite a lot of "him") sees red when the cornet and other instruments start making weird noises. I consider that a nice attractive bar is often spoiled by these silly interpolations.

I take the liberty of suggesting what sort of stuff is welcomed in working class homes (after a hard days' work!):

Sunday, November 25.

10 p.m. Fred Hartley (National).

Monday, November 26.

10.45 a.m. Western Studio Orchestra (Mai Jones, piano) (Regional).

12 noon. Tom Jenkins, Cinema Organ (Regional).

4.30 p.m. Hotel Metropole Orchestra (National).

8 p.m. Old Music Hall (Regional).

Tuesday, November 27.

12 noon. Joseph Muscant (Troxy) (Regional).

1 p.m. Birmingham Hippodrome (National).

9 p.m. Best Sellers (National).

7.15 p.m. Café Colette (Regional).

Travel talks, astronomy, workers' talks, adventure, etc.—W. T. Lowe, Leyton, E. 17.

Letting Us Down

"The B.B.C. are carrying out their gigantic task of providing us with acceptable radio entertainment in a remarkably efficient manner, but at the same time they are letting us down in a particularly bare-faced manner.

"Why was an American star paid £100 for a short ten-minute broadcast? In the same entertainment hour, a French singer was especially brought over from Paris to appear. The two stars may have been worth the big money paid, but surely there are hundreds of British entertainers who would have been more acceptable at a fraction of the cost.

"Too many of our own players and singers are finding it difficult to make ends meet without the B.B.C. squandering listeners' money at the rate of ten pounds a minute on foreign artistes. Give our own folks the first preference, for, after all, we like them best."—John F. Watt, Angus.

What About It, Mr. Loss?

"Of all the outside bands that the B.B.C. has brought to the studio within the last six months that of Joe Loss has given me most pleasure.

"And this for three reasons. (1) Mr. Loss has apparently realised that the job of a dance band is to play dance music—not to give a third rate variety show.

(2) He has put down the number of vocals to a minimum—and has provided a really good straight vocalist, in addition to his regular crooner.

(3) Lastly, and to my mind the most important of all, an announcer with a pleasant and cultivated voice.

"All this being so—can any of your readers enlighten me as to why Mr. Loss should, on his broadcast of the 21st inst—give us an entirely new style of programme which compares most unfavourably with the original? We had monotonous vocals in every number and an announcer with an American accent who carried facetiousness to the point of boredom.

"What about it, Mr. Loss?—Michael, Highbury.



Bertram Fryer at the control panel at the London School of Broadcasting.

The Technique of Broadcasting

By BERTRAM FRYER

THE microphone is a sensitive instrument to be treated with the utmost respect. It need not be feared; it is kind, sympathetic and flattering if it is understood, and the understanding can come only through experience. Knowledge of the microphone results in the performer regarding it as *one* friend to whom he is playing, or speaking, or singing, and forgetting that the microphone is representative of several million listeners.

My ten years' experience as station director at Newcastle and Bournemouth, and, subsequently, producer at Savoy Hill and Broadcasting House, taught me that 95 per cent. of broadcasters fail to do their best at their first broadcast because of inexperience of the microphone. In the provinces I handled every type of programme from the Children's Hour to Grand Opera, and I can with assurance say that the most experienced actor, instrumentalist, vocalist and speaker cannot be excluded. The technique of broadcasting is so strange to them that they fail as deplorably as the amateur.

Men and women of distinction broadcast daily now; I think that the interest of the material to be broadcast is of primary importance, but faulty delivery directs the hand of the impatient listener to the dial of his receiver too often to be ignored.

I asked a young woman of my acquaintance the other day whether she had listened to a certain "talk." "Heavens, no!" she cried. "I hate talks!" Naturally, I asked why and which. She had the grace to blush. "I can't criticise, really," she confessed, "because I never listen to them. I always switch them off as soon as they begin because they start so boringly and the speakers' voices are always so uninteresting. If only they all sounded like Howard Marshall..." An opinion worth noting, I may add, because Mr. Marshall has certainly a knack of arousing interest.

The instrumentalist has less to lose than the

Key to Commander King-Hall's Children's News Motto on page 29

Although China belongs to a civilisation far older than ours, she is trying to make herself more up-to-date according to Western ideas. As part of this New Life the Chinese have asked the League of Nations to send them European engineers, doctors and other "technical" advisers.

STEPHEN KING-HALL.

performer who depends solely on vocal delivery. Nevertheless, the microphone, the loneliness, the knowledge that millions are listening, the strange "deadness" of the studio, and the terrifying "warning" lights can frighten him into a state that renders him literally incapable of giving other than a mediocre performance. A little experience, a little *understanding* of what is happening, would eliminate every fear. Alas! the opportunity to broadcast comes to some too infrequently to enable any *savoir faire* to be acquired.

The poor comedian!

On the stage or the halls—a familiar grimace or gesture—and his people are at his feet! His humour is broad and they are there because they love it! Not so in the broadcasting studio. He has been warned about so much he mustn't say that he fears to begin.

And so I opened a School! There are too few who are above reproach, although, one and all, we can name those established broadcasters to whom we all tune in eagerly. But there are too few. The School is still an infant, but I venture to hope that it will prove its worth even sooner than I had dared to anticipate.

Have a Capstan!



10 FOR 6^d
20 FOR 11^d/₂
Plain or
Cork Tipped

-you'll like it better

PROGRAMME HEADLINES of the WEEK

NATIONAL

SUNDAY (Dec. 23).—*Messiah* (Part 1), by Handel.
 MONDAY (Dec. 24).—Carols, relayed from St. Mary's, Whitechapel.
 TUESDAY (Dec. 25).—Special Christmas Day Programmes.
 WEDNESDAY (Dec. 26).—*Bluebeard*, a mythical musical melo-farce, founded upon Arthur Collins' Drury Lane pantomime (1901-2).
 THURSDAY (Dec. 27).—*Oliver Twist*, a drama drawn from Charles Dickens' story, by J. Comyns Carr.
 FRIDAY (Dec. 28).—The Kentucky Minstrels, a black-faced minstrel show.
 SATURDAY (Dec. 29).—Music-hall Programme.

LONDON REGIONAL

SUNDAY (Dec. 23).—A Baptist Service, from a studio.
 MONDAY (Dec. 24).—Part songs, vocal programme.
 TUESDAY (Dec. 25).—*All at Sea*, or The True Story of the *Betty Martin*, a burlesque by the Melluish Brothers.
 WEDNESDAY (Dec. 26).—The Kentucky Minstrels, a black-faced minstrel show.
 THURSDAY (Dec. 27).—*Bluebeard*, a mythical musical melo-farce, founded upon Arthur Collins' Drury Lane pantomime (1901-2).
 FRIDAY (Dec. 28).—*Oliver Twist*, a drama drawn from Charles Dickens' story by J. Comyns Carr.
 SATURDAY (Dec. 29).—Glasgow Choral and Orchestral Union Concert, relayed from St. Andrew's Hall, Glasgow.

MIDLAND REGIONAL

SUNDAY (Dec. 23).—A Carol Programme, relayed from the Church of The Messiah, Birmingham.
 MONDAY (Dec. 24).—*Scrooge*, by Charles Dickens, a dramatic recital in three short scenes.
 TUESDAY (Dec. 25).—*All at Sea*, or The True Story of the *Betty Martin*, a burlesque by the Melluish Brothers.
 WEDNESDAY (Dec. 26).—Instrumental Programme.
 THURSDAY (Dec. 27).—"Do You Remember?" a programme of songs from The Co-optimists.
 FRIDAY (Dec. 28).—Concert Party Programme.
 SATURDAY (Dec. 29).—*Dick Whittington and his Cat*, relayed from the Alexandra Theatre, Birmingham.

WEST REGIONAL

SUNDAY (Dec. 23).—A Religious Service in Welsh, relayed from St. Mary's Church, Aberdare.
 MONDAY (Dec. 24).—*Ysbrydion Aflan (Ghosts)*, drama i godi gwallt eich pen (a hair-raising drama), by Brinley Jones.
 TUESDAY (Dec. 25).—Special Christmas Day Programmes.
 WEDNESDAY (Dec. 26).—Cyngerdd, a concert relayed from Peniel Chapel, Cwmavon.
 THURSDAY (Dec. 27).—Variety, relayed from the Colston Hall, Bristol.
 FRIDAY (Dec. 28).—*Dick Whittington and his Cat*, a pantomime, relayed from the Prince's Theatre, Bristol.
 SATURDAY (Dec. 29).—Extracts from *Bethlehem*, the Glastonbury nativity play.

Dance Music of the Week

Monday. Roy Fox and his Band (Studio).
Tuesday. Lew Stone and his Band. Billy Cotton and his Band (Studio).
Wednesday. The Casani Club Orchestra, directed by Charlie Kunz (Casani Club).
Thursday. Jack Jackson and his Band (Dorchester Hotel).
Friday. Harry Roy and his Band (May Fair Hotel).
Saturday. Ambrose and his Band (Studio).

NORTH REGIONAL

SUNDAY (Dec. 23).—A Roman Catholic Service, relayed from St. Joseph's College, Mill Hill, London.
 MONDAY (Dec. 24).—A Nativity Play, relayed from Beverley Minster.
 TUESDAY (Dec. 25).—Special Christmas Day Programmes.
 WEDNESDAY (Dec. 26).—Military Band Programme.
 THURSDAY (Dec. 27).—Orchestral Concert.
 FRIDAY (Dec. 28).—A Brass Band Concert.
 SATURDAY (Dec. 29).—An Elgar Programme: choral and orchestral concert.

SCOTTISH REGIONAL

SUNDAY (Dec. 23).—A Scottish Religious Service, relayed from St. George's Parish Church, Edinburgh.
 MONDAY (Dec. 24).—A Bairn was Born, a Christmas Mystery, by G. W. Harvey.
 TUESDAY (Dec. 25).—Excerpts from Horace H. Collins' Pantomime, *Rip Van Winkle*, relayed from the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh.
 WEDNESDAY (Dec. 26).—Annals of Aberdeen: A Review by A. Spindle Shanks of the Outstanding Programmes broadcast from the Aberdeen studios, during the year 1934.
 THURSDAY (Dec. 27).—Orchestral Concert.
 FRIDAY (Dec. 28).—*Oliver Twist*, a drama drawn from Charles Dickens' story, by J. Comyns Carr, from London.
 SATURDAY (Dec. 29).—Orchestral Concert.

BELFAST

SUNDAY (Dec. 23).—A Religious Service, relayed from St. Michael's, Chester Square, London.
 MONDAY (Dec. 24).—Round the Town, feature programme.
 TUESDAY (Dec. 25).—All at Sea, or the True Story of the *Betty Martin*, a burlesque by the Melluish Brothers, from Birmingham.

Radio Times gives full B.B.C. programme details.

WEDNESDAY (Dec. 26).—The Kentucky Minstrels, a black-faced minstrel show, from London.
 THURSDAY (Dec. 27).—Orchestral Concert.
 FRIDAY (Dec. 28).—*Oliver Twist*, a drama drawn from Charles Dickens' story, by J. Comyns Carr, from London.
 SATURDAY (Dec. 29).—*Money for Nothing*, a preposterous comedy with tunes, by Lance Sieveking.

HIGH SPOTS OF THE PROGRAMMES

THE Christmas Proms begin on Monday, December 31, and continue nightly until Saturday, January 12. They are, I imagine, firmly established by now and quite as popular as the heat-wave Proms. I always think they seem duller in the hall, merely because of long association with promsters in open tennis shirts and flannel bags. To see them in winter garb is all wrong somehow. Not that it will make any difference to the music which, after all, is the main thing. Monday will be Wagner; Tuesday generally is Mozart-Haydn, or something of the kind; Wednesday is Bach-Handel, Thursday is mainly British, Friday is Beethoven, and Saturday anything they think of.

I have found out another bit of Christmas news. Stainless Stephen tells me he is giving listeners his own one-man pantomime. The characters are to be Cinderella, the Ugly Sister, the Fairy Godmother, Sindbad, Friday, and Crusoe. Stainless plays all characters. He is a great scout.

Do you remember those Conversations in the Train? I always liked them. I am glad to know they are being revived on January 5. Do listen to the first.

There is another series of talks to be given during the first three months of the year to be called Youth Looks Ahead. It will consist of a number of young men and perhaps women, too, in their late twenties. It may turn out to be good, but then, again, it may not! At all events the idea is to give young people an opportunity of expounding their philosophy of life and their outlook on the world and the future.

Midlanders will get a good talk by Jack Cowper, a senior announcer at the Birmingham station, on the vagaries of 1934 weather in the Midlands. I shall try to hear this, because Mr. Cowper was for three years in the Meteorological Office working chiefly in the forecasts department. Added to which he has had previous experience of Arctic weather in the White Sea and of tropical conditions in Brazil.

If you are thinking of writing songs for broadcasting, you had better study those fine shows called the Air-do-Wells. Study the style used in any part of the show and if you succeed in evolving something you consider worth while, buzz it along to the Director of Light Entertainment at Broadcasting House, W.1.

RONDO



Wilfred Miles (December 23, 7.5 p.m., National), Laddie Clarke (December 27, 2 p.m., National), Ellen Ballon (December 27, 10.30 p.m., National), Cuthbert Ford (December 25, 6.45 p.m., Regional), Douglas Cameron (December 25, 7.30 p.m., Regional), Alfredo Campoli (December 24, 4.45 p.m., National).

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