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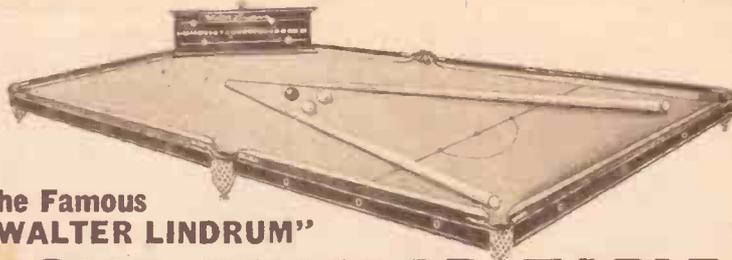
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Henry HALL

NO broadcaster is more worthy than Henry Hall to occupy this place of honour in our special Christmas issue. Day in, day out during the year he has done his best to entertain thousands of dance-band fans and, though he has his critics, he has accomplished his difficult task extremely well. A Happy Christmas to you, Henry, and to all your boys



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Wishing All Readers
 and
 Broadcasting Friends
 a
 Very Happy Christmas
 and a
 Prosperous New Year
 The Editor

MARJERY WYN, the popular broadcaster who is Principal Boy in *Goldilocks*, at Newcastle, posed specially for this charming picture

Radio Pictorial—No. 151
 The FAMILY MAGAZINE

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For an ideal Christmas we would plump for snow such as this—and a playmate such as lovely Patti Chapin, the young C.B.S. songstress!

CHRISTMAS

By WANDERING MIKE

Bianca. This is by "Spike" Hughes, brilliant young modern. For dance-music fans Maurice Winnick will be on duty. Maurice was unlucky earlier with his dates, and this will be a compensation both for him and his fans.

Christmas Eve Carols

IT is a strong claim, but I assert that there is no lovelier programme than the carol service from King's College, Cambridge. You can hear it on Thursday afternoon (24th), if engagements permit, and you will catch a real piece of Christmas atmosphere.

Once again **Prebendary Mayo**, the parson who broadcast the first service in 1922, will welcome the **Wireless Choir** to his church, **St. Mary's, Whitechapel**. Accompanied by the military band, they will stand in the churchyard if the weather is fine, and sing carols as "waits." If wet, they will chant in the shelter of the church.

Two Orchestras

THERE is an embarrassing choice of programmes for those who can snatch listening-time from the tasks of dressing the Christmas tree and packing presents on Christmas Eve. **National** has **Van Phillips** and his **Two Orchestras**, and also a "Strange to Relate" programme arranged by **Charles Brewer**. Some headmasters allow boys to sit up specially to hear these programmes. Well, they'll be on holiday this time, so will not need permission! *Unto Us*, a pageant of Christmas in words and music, follows the news, and the **Reverend W. H. Elliott** also broadcasts again from **St. Michaels**.

Lovely Church

ON Christmas Day programmes open with a service from **St. George's Chapel, Windsor**. I know this church. Inside, it is one of the two loveliest churches for their size in England. The **Lady Chapel** at **Liverpool Cathedral** is the other.

THERE will be a glittering Christmas Tree in Studio 4 at Maida Vale studios to greet **Henry Hall** and his boys when they arrive to play for us at half-past twelve on the "twenty-fifth." On it will be hanging all the cards, calendars and gifts which arrive at this season for the **B.B.C. Dance Orchestra**.

This tree is but a symbol of the spirit which animates the studios this day, and, in fact, throughout the week. The **B.B.C.** cannot ask each of its listeners the time-honoured question, "What Do You Want for Christmas," so it does the next best thing—it tries to ensure that there is a sufficiently wide range of appeal in its Christmas programmes to please everybody.

The First Carols

AS **Whitaker Wilson** explains on page 59, Christmas without carols would be unthinkable, and, as usual, we shall have a good selection in the Christmas programmes. On Sunday (December 20) we shall hear the first bunch. The **Wireless Singers** will sing carols from the studios. This day will also be distinguished by the first Sabbath broadcast on the **Theatre Organ**. **Reginald Foort** will, of course, preside at the console. Altogether a good opening to a sparkling week.

Meet The Minstrels

PARTIES galore, Christmas week. One of the brightest will certainly be on Monday (21st). **Harry Pepper** gathers together his **Kentucky Minstrels** in the cheery grey and orange studio BA, far below ground at Broadcasting House.

All your old friends will be on parade. **Scott** and **Whaley**, **Denier Warren**, **Ike Hatch**, and the banjoists, veteran **Joe Morley** and **Harry Pepper's** brother **Dick**. These Minstrels never fail to give slick entertainment. At this show, particularly, they'll be on their toes. The Minstrels' show will also be repeated on Christmas Eve on Regional.

Music Shop

FOR a bright musical feature **Geraldo's** Music Shop has rung all the bells and **Gerry's** many admirers will be glad to know that he will be represented in this Christmas fare. Monday, December 21, is his date, and the tunes he plays will serve as a fairly good index of the songs we'll be singing at our Christmas parties, and hearing in panto. There's a good story behind these Music Shop programmes, and we shall be telling it to you in detail in an early issue.

Your Favourite Stars

Send You Their Christmas Greetings

on Pages 11, 18, 32, 40, 42 and 58.

Modern Thrills

MAYBE we're all getting too sophisticated. Perhaps ghost stories don't thrill us so much these days? Anyway, the **B.B.C.** have thrown in their vote in favour of gangsters to provide the thrills of the week. On Monday (21st) we'll be hearing a play called "Men From the Other Side"—it's a tough gangster drama, full of tough guys. Sounds good. You'll have two chances of hearing it, for it will also be heard on Wednesday, December 23. If I can't get a good blood-curdling ghost, I'd just as soon have a really villainous gangster!

Fishermen Folk

FOR me, at least, one of the Christmas listening thrills is the annual Nativity play from **St. Hilary, Marazion**. There is a special appeal in the simple, unaffected speech of the Cornish fisherfolk who take part in it.

Bernard Walke, parson of this village overlooking **Mount's Bay**, has for some years trained members of his congregation to take part in a moving Nativity Play. One year **Filson Young** was on holiday and discovered this play. He spoke to the **B.B.C.**, and at considerable expense the Post Office laid lines to the Church. Since then it has been broadcast every year. Make a note to listen in to this event on Tuesday (December 22).

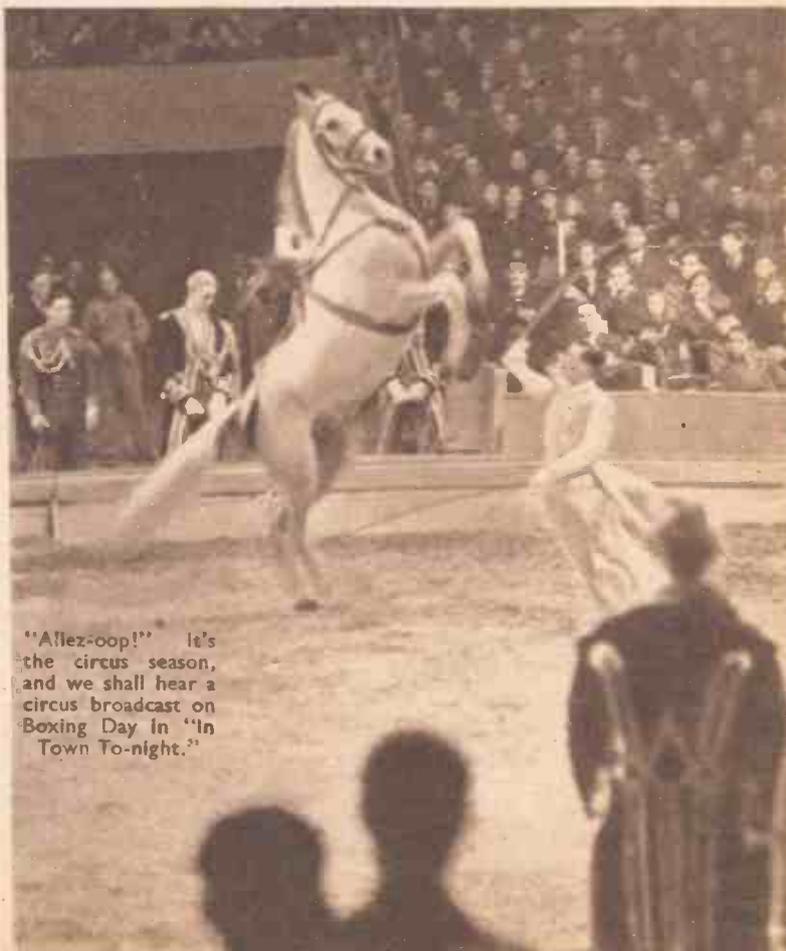
Panto On The Air

REMEMBER **Willson Dish-er's** Old Time Music Hall programmes? He's in the field again with something different. On Tuesday (22nd) he presents "Pageant of Pantomime." I have already told you about this. Sufficient to remind you that many old-timers such as **Tom Costello**, **Vesta Victoria**, **Clarice Mayne** and **Ernie Mayne** will be singing the songs which made them famous. **John Rorke** will also pop up in this programme. He really is a most persistent and welcome broadcaster!

On the same night there will be another "Monthly Revue," a popular feature which, since the summer, has lapsed. **Eric Maschwitz** has worked hard on this revue and the result is a foregone conclusion: Success.

Diverse Music

WEDNESDAY (December 23) sees three items of musical flavour, each probably appealing to a different type of listener. **Malcolm Sargent** conducts a Symphony concert with **Florence Austral**, and on Regional **Max Kester** produces a musical drama called



"Allez-ooop!" It's the circus season, and we shall hear a circus broadcast on Boxing Day in "In Town To-night."

RADIO PARADE

The B.B.C.'s CHRISTMAS PLANS—and some Christmas Plums from the Continent

But what is more important for us this morning is that it has fine acoustics . . . and memories for listeners.

Wisely, the B.B.C. is not attempting a world-wide relay this Christmas. With his homely words King George made this occasion so much his own. As we listen to the service, conducted by the Dean of Windsor, from the chapel where he was laid to rest we shall remember.

Unobtrusive Programmes

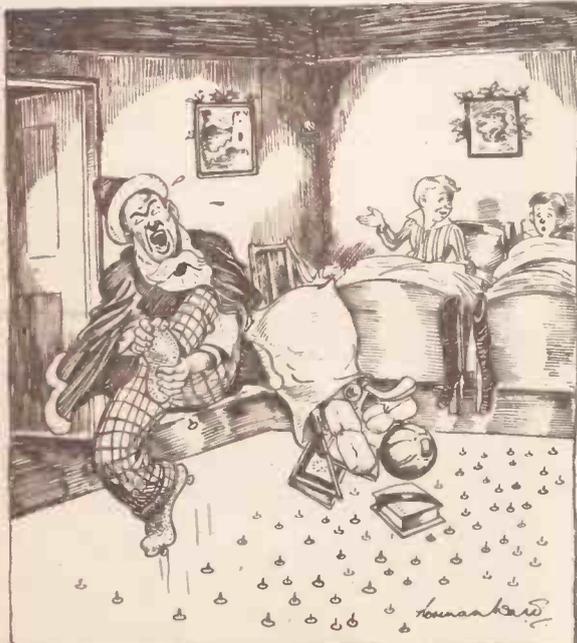
LISTENING on Christmas Day is usually done to a background of laughter and chatter at the family party, so the B.B.C. have been wise in choosing unobtrusive programmes . . . those that require little concentration. Thus we get the Coventry Hippodrome Orchestra, the Theatre Organ, Eugene Puni and his Tango Orchestra, the Hastings Municipal Orchestra, the Military Band and, of course, Henry Hall, to fill up the mornings and afternoons.

Giant Party

SEVEN O'CLOCK finds almost the entire Variety Department on the stage of St. George's Hall for Eric Maschwitz's fun and frolic. At the time of writing, Clapham and Dwyer, Tommy Handley, John Sharman and Charles Brewer have accepted, and lots more will "R.S.V.P." soon. The game of musical chairs will again be a high-spot of the party, and in the studio side-bets are laid on the winner! Proceedings are so informal that those who fall out of the game in early stages have to take over the mike until the winners regain their breath!

Christmas Appeal

THAT champion beggar, Christopher Stone, returns to make the yearly appeal for the British Wireless for the Blind Fund on Christmas Night, following the news. Then, from 9.30 p.m., dance-music will take over the mike. First there will be Henry Hall with Oliver Wakefield, Haver and Lee, and a big surprise up his sleeve. Then Joe Loss and his band take over until midnight. On the other wavelength we shall hear the fruits of Felix Felton's tour. He has been round the regions fixing a big and varied musical programme in which we are to hear something typical from almost every point of this tight little island.



"I hope that proves to you that it is really father, Reggie."

O.B. Men Busy

THE O.B. men rarely get home for Christmas, and on Boxing Day they will be out and about again. In the afternoon they'll be at Twickenham for the Harlequins v. Richmond Rugby match, and for *In Town To-night* they will be giving a relay from the Bertram Mills circus. In the afternoon, while the kiddies are about, there is a studio panto. We get our panto in the evening. There will also be a Music Hall bill in the evening, but it is early yet to know the artistes that John Sharman will bring to the mike.

Sindbad The Sailor

SINDBAD the Sailor, or *A Life on the Ether Wave*, is the fifth of the pantomimes which William MacLurg is producing for Empire listeners—and we shall overhear it. Sindbad will be played by Gwen Lewis, Zuleika by Alma Vane, Mrs. Sindbad by Elsie Sterndale, and The Old Man of the Sea by Middleton Woods. Robert Ashley is to play Uvula, the Court Crooner.

Later Henry Hall and Jack Jackson take over dance-music sessions to wind up a merry Christmas radio week.

Max Miller's Back Chat

SEASONABLE gaiety will certainly not be confined to the home stations this Christmas. On December 27, for instance, in Horlick's Sea-Time Hour on Luxembourg, there will be some amusing Christmas dialogues between Max Miller as Charlie Merriman and Alma Vane as Poppy Pringle. If you've been listening to the S.S. Romantic cruise you will be interested to know that the romantic love-tangle is soon to reach its climax. By the way, on November 29 Bernard Lee joined the cast in place of Norman Shelley.

Jubilee Singers

IF you tune-in to the Kraft Cheese Pavilion from Luxembourg on Sundays, December 20 and 27, you will be able to hear John Payne and his Jubilee Singers, a coloured choir of four men and four women. What a fine selection of stars are lined up for these two programmes: Monti Ryan, Nina Devitt, Leonard Henry, Michael Cole, Marie Dane, Ralph Coram and Bruce Merryl conducting the band. Christmas gaiety, eh?

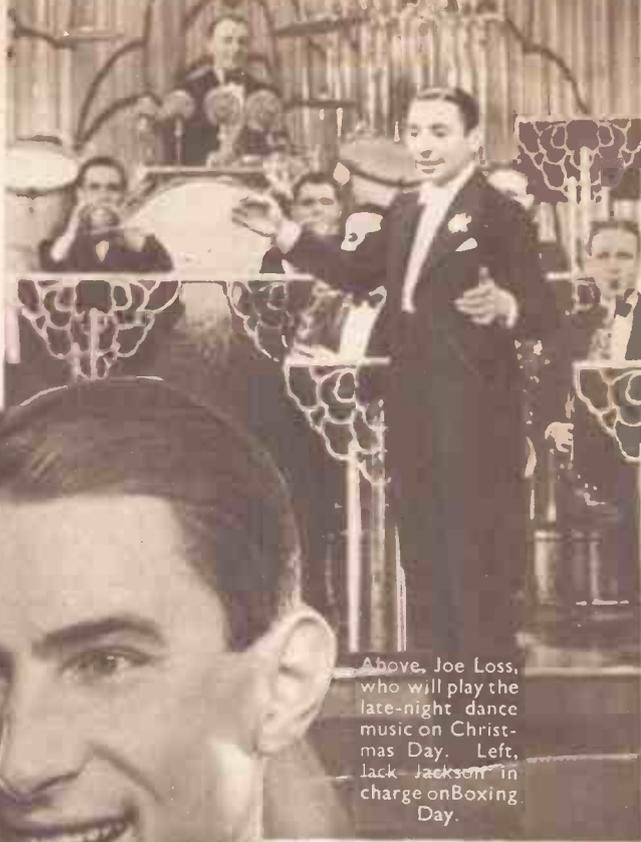
Brrrrr!

STILL running the rule over some of the December entertainment from the Continent we come to the Adventures of Sax Rohmer's Fu Manchu. By December 27 these programmes, which start on Sunday, the 6th, will no doubt have become favourites with listeners, and so, after the Christmas festivity, you can be thrilled in no small measure. Dr. Fu Manchu is being played by Frank Cochrane, and D. A. Clarke-Smith and Jack Lambert are other members of an excellent cast. Phillips Dental Magnesia sponsor these programmes.

Christmas Reading

WHAT is swing music? That is a question frequently asked and not so often answered.

Readers who are interested in swing—and their number is legion—should get a copy of "SWING MUSIC," the quarterly jazz review, edited by Leonard



Above, Joe Loss, who will play the late-night dance music on Christmas Day. Left, Jack Jackson in charge on Boxing Day.

Hibbs. The current issue contains about 70,000 words and is chock full of authoritative articles on swing music that will help to fill in odd moments during the Christmas festivities.

Who Is "The Great Unknown"?

THE number of our readers who regularly listen to Luxembourg on Sundays has, of course, long been legion, but there is, too, an ever-increasing number who make a habit of listening to the week-day programmes.

These have been aware of changes and improvements made lately by the recent introduction of broadcasting English programmes each afternoon and also dance music on Friday and Saturday nights. But now RADIO PICTORIAL is pleased to tell its readers of a further great step to make the week-day programmes from Luxembourg even more attractive to English-speaking listeners.

From this month a series of all-star celebrity programmes is planned to give you the opportunity of listening to some of your favourite stars. These are: Gracie Fields, Stanley Holloway, Maurice Chevalier, Evelyn Laye, and "The Great Unknown." This last is a discovery—a brilliant Continental tenor who prefers to hide his identity under this title.

Week's Attractions

EVERY Monday and Friday evening from 6.45 to 7.15, listeners will hear one or other of these great stars singing their favourite songs and telling fascinating stories about themselves and their lives.

It is of particular interest that this series does not owe its being to the enterprise of any of the great commercial firms but is provided by the Luxembourg Station, and we heartily congratulate those responsible for this splendid show of enterprise.

Good Listening

NOW "Wandering Mike" is closing down, with the hearty wish that this Christmas will provide you all with the finest listening of your lives. Merry Christmas, everybody!

You Should Read

SWING MUSIC

A PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED QUARTERLY
GUIDE TO THE BEST JAZZ

2/6

From any newsagent or record shop to special order



CHRISTMAS

ROMANTIC adventure is in the air at Christmas—but Diana was afraid that her adventure had walked out on her. But actually it was only beginning. A Yuletide love-story with a thrill

KISS

DIANA could see that they were going to shut the gates, so she ran, with her suitcase flapping dismally against her calves, and her small face flushed with exertion.

"Hurry up, miss," said the ticket collector, giving her the smile that most men gave as tribute to her gay blue eyes and her silly little turned-up nose.

Diana thought: "Nonsense, they always shut the gates hours before the train goes," but that was one minute, and the next her handbag slipped out from under her arm and spilled its contents hilariously on the platform.

Diana scrambled on hands and knees, and the young man in the last carriage opened the door for her as the train gathered itself together with hissing noises and moved slowly away from London with its freight of Christmas Eve passengers.

Diana said:

"Thanks, a lot," and she pushed her small hat to the back of her head and blew upwards so that the curls on her forehead played out like a miniature fountain.

The young man looked serious.

"You shouldn't catch trains this way," he said, and there was a faintest ghost of a drawl in his voice—un-English. "But I'm glad you did, otherwise we should have sat and tried to pretend we were entirely alone instead of talking, as we're going to."

"Are we?" said Diana, in a small voice. He was rather exciting and unexpected, this young man. He had a way about him. She liked the way his hair curled crisply from a side parting, she liked his wide, humorous mouth and his big tweed overcoat.

"Sure," said the young man, "and pretty soon they'll start singing. 'Take your seats for luncheon, please,' and then we shall eat together and probably drink champagne."

"Oh, no, we shan't," said Diana, heartily, thinking of all her mother had told her about the acceptance of sweets from strangers.

"But it's Christmas Eve," he said, aggrieved, "and you *must* drink champagne at Christmas. That's what they make it for, didn't you know?"

Diana gave it up. After all it *was* Christmas, and she hadn't any ties. "Footloose and fancy free," she thought, "and what's the good of being lonely in London all the year without any particular boy-friend, if you don't get the compensations of being able to talk to strange young men in trains without being disloyal to anyone?"

"You win," she said, quietly, and stuck her feet up along the seat, making herself comfortable. Her heart sang a small song of praise—praise that she had worn her new suit of Hunter's Green with the orange velvet scarf and the crazy Tyrolean shoes of green suede laced with orange and the small perky hat to match. Praise that her handbag had done the things it had and forced her into his carriage instead of any of the other forty-seven.

This was fun, having someone to talk to on the long, dreary journey. Fun to be sitting opposite a personable young man with a wide, wicked grin and disarming brown eyes, instead of reading magazines for three hours alone.

Later, when they sat across from each other in the dining car it was even more fun. There were amber bubbles in wide glasses. There were silly toasts: "To your turned-up nose, beautiful," "To the left lapel of your suit."

Then, suddenly, there wasn't any fun any more. There was just the back of the young man getting out of the carriage at Marbury Junction with a grin in his eyes and a cheery "I'll be seeing you—"

Diana felt small and cold and ill-used in the empty carriage. And she felt surprised. She hadn't thought, somehow, that he would get out before her station. She hadn't thought that the fun and the laughter of the last few hours would end without him even asking for her name—leave alone her address.

But they had. They'd ended, those few hours of fun, and they'd left a blank feeling in her heart.

"Silly," she thought, crossly, "I'll be seeing you, indeed—"

Home for Christmas. Home. The great rambling country house with its lighted windows shining a welcome down the long drive. So different from the small, badly-lit bed-sitting room in London. Diana's heart warmed to home and to her family as her taxi stopped outside the front door with squeaking brakes.

"Hallo, mother," she said, "merry Christmas Eve and all that."

Her mother burst into excited chatter.

"George, dear," she said, "is bringing home Scott Collins for Christmas."

Diana whistled softly—Scott Collins! The famous American crooner to spend Christmas with *her*—that'd be something to tell the girls at the office. She wondered how on earth her brother had met him, but then George did the most remarkable things. You never knew, with George, what might happen!

Suddenly she remembered a phrase: "You shouldn't catch trains this way . . ."—and the faintest ghost of a drawl in the voice that said it. Scott Collins. Could it be true, she wondered, did things like that *really* happen? A flicker of amusement flashed in her eyes. Well, he'd missed the station all right. He'd take hours to get in from Marbury Junction by a local train.

Her mother's voice went on. Dashing her hopes. "They're driving down together from Nottingham, darling. Do you think he'll want American things like highballs?—because I inquired at the wine shop and they didn't sell them."

Diana grinned, she explained that highballs were really only whisky after all, and then a sudden thought struck her: supposing George was picking up Scott Collins at Marbury Junction, he'd pass it on his way down from Nottingham, and mother was always so vague. Diana's heart sang briefly. In one short second she had forgiven Scott Collins for getting out so abruptly without asking her name, in one short second she had decided what to wear for dinner.

"When are they due, Mums?" she asked, dancing like a small virago in the hall.

"At almost any minute, darling," the door bell cut across the words and Diana hurled herself at the handle, flinging open the door so that a pathway of light bisected the drive.

She said:

"Oh," in a small voice, and the man standing outside with a suitcase walked in.

"I'm Scott Collins," he said, "your brother has been tied up with business and can't get away until late to-night. He told me to come along down by train; he'll follow to-morrow morning."

Sleek black hair. Small black moustache. Town-cut overcoat and washleather gloves. Scott Collins.

Diana had a wild desire to burst into tears.

The conversation went on—yes, he had been on her train, had caught the only other taxi and followed her up to the house. It was so kind of them to have him down to a real English Christmas.

Diana walked slowly upstairs to unpack, the ghost of a young man with curly hair and a wicked, wide grin haunting her at every step.

Later, at dinner, she took herself sternly to task. "Just because he flirted with you for the duration of the journey. Just because he smiled and bought you champagne, you thought he was different, you thought he liked you. Well, he didn't, so now snap out of it and be nice to Scott Collins. After all, Scott Collins is somebody worth knowing."

Diana smiled at him, sweetly, to hide the pain in her heart. Scott Collins leaned a little nearer her, "You're sweet, Diana," he said, huskily. He raised his glass to her and her heart contracted—seeing again the dining-car of a train and amber bubbles in wide glasses—ridiculous toasts—"To your turned-up nose, beautiful."

After dinner she could see that he was searching for an excuse to make love to her. He said: "Could you bear to put on a thick coat and walk down to the village with me. I like a walk after a meal. Or would you be too cold?"

Diana shrugged her shoulders into a thick coat, and they strolled together down the dark lanes. The moon was a thin sliver of silver, the stars winked appreciatively at Diana's beauty.

Presently Scott took her in his arms, his mouth was hot against her cool lips, and she thought, desperately—*don't!* She pulled herself together and returned his kiss. It wasn't every day that you were made love to by America's darling. It was something of an achievement and maybe it would help to heal that stupid pain in your heart.

All the same, she told him that they ought to go back to the house, so they walked slowly, his arm linked through hers, back to where the lighted windows made bright patches in the night.

She kissed him goodnight in the wide hallway, and ran up to her room. It was early, but she wanted suddenly to be alone.

She sat at the window, arms folded on the sill, staring out into the darkness.



What should a girl do at Christmas when a strange young man talks to her in a train? Especially if he's rather charming. Diana solved the problem and found happiness

Diana woke with a start. The room was very still except for the ticking of a clock and the faint crackle of the fire. For a moment she lay still, tense, then she realised what had awakened her.

There was a faint scrambling noise below her window. Softly she swung her legs to the floor and went over to the window. Her heart missed a beat as she saw a dark form below, then it was gone.

She stood there for a moment. Burglars. A man getting in through the library window below. She grinned delightfully—this was like the stage. Melodrama in person.

Diana trod carefully on the stairs. Fear was a thing she had never known, and her whole body trembled with excitement. Her fingers tightened on the handle of the library door, then she flung it wide and turned on the lights with one quick movement.

She stared into disarming brown eyes, and a wide, wicked grin flashed out from the man's face. There was a smear of dirt down his cheek and his hair curled madly in disorder.

"I always thought you should wear leaf-green satin pyjamas," he said, casually, looking at her with appreciation as she stood, like a small girl, with her hair ruffled into curls and her face flushed with sleep. She opened her eyes wide: "You!" she said.

He looked injured:

"Didn't I say 'I'll be seeing you'?" he asked. Then he grew tense, listening to the heavy footsteps coming along the passage towards them. He moved quickly across the room and flattened himself against the wall behind the door. For a moment Diana hesitated, then she opened the door so that he was hidden, and said, with hardly a tremor in her voice, as the butler arrived outside:

"I'm sorry, Bates, I just came down for a book to read. I didn't mean to disturb you."

He looked at her incredulously, and she could read his mind like a book. "Three o'clock in the morning—a book—Miss Diana and her London ways!"

Then he was gone, padding disconsolately back to bed.

The young man of the train came out from behind the door.

"Why did you do that, beautiful?" he said, looking deep into her eyes.

"I—I don't know," Diana said, slowly. "I ought to ring up the police I suppose." Her voice was weary: "What did you want, mother's emeralds?"

He disregarded her question, and asked one of his own.

"They're pretty valuable, aren't they?"

Diana said, automatically:

"They're worth about fifty thousand, I suppose," and her voice was strained. "I've fallen in love," she told herself, "with a crook. I've fallen in love for the first time of my life and somehow it doesn't make any difference what or who he is."

He said, quietly:

"Look, isn't there some place where we could talk. I've things to say to you."

For a moment she hesitated, thoughts rushing through her mind in crazy succession. Then she said, slowly: "You'd better come up to my room."

Together they mounted the stairs, hardly daring to breathe, then they were safe inside the bedroom, squatting before the dying fire and coaxing it to flame.

He picked a piece of mistletoe off her mantelpiece, part of the tasteful decoration designed by Bates. He fingered it thoughtfully, then he slipped an arm around her and held the berries high over her head.

"I've wanted to do this," he told her, "ever since you sprawled into my carriage in that crazy way." Then he kissed her, expertly on her little red mouth, and she knew why Scott Collins' kiss had meant just nothing at all. This was the real thing. This warm feeling that surged through your veins, this mad desire to fling your arms around someone and hold him tightly to your breast.

It didn't matter that he was a crook, that if she hadn't seen him climbing through the library window he would even now have her mother's emeralds in his pocket, with maybe a diamond ring or two for good measure. Her arms crept round his neck and her lips were demanding and passionate against his own.

He whispered:

"I love you, Diana. I've known you two minutes, but I've looked for you all my life."

They sat down together in front of the fire, leaning against the big armchair.

She asked him, thrilling to the feel of his arm around her shoulders, to the roughness of his cheek pressed against hers: "How did you know my name?"

He grinned:

"Read it, and your address, on your suitcase, stupid. You didn't think that I was going to lose you, did you?"

She nestled closer in his arms.

"So you came to steal the emeralds as well as my heart," she said, musingly.

His eyes gleamed with laughter.

"But you don't mind," he said, seriously.

"I don't mind what you are or who you are," she said, "I'm mad, I suppose—but it's you that counts, not your—profession."

"And if you knew how glad I am about that," he said, softly, kissing the little curls that nestled behind her ears.

She nodded towards the telephone that stood beside her bed, laughing: "A nice girl would 'phone the police," she said. "But then I never was a nice girl, not even when I was little."

He got up suddenly and moved over to the bedside table.



He moved quietly across the room and flattened himself against the wall behind the door. For a moment Diana hesitated: then she opened the door so that he was hidden

"Well," he told her, "I'm a nice girl—" and before she had time to think he had lifted the receiver and said, "Police," to the sleepy operator.

Diana rushed to his side and snatched the receiver out of his hand:

"No," she said, "Oh, no. Darling, I don't mind about you—you mustn't give yourself up now."

He kissed her quickly, then he took the receiver out of her hands and spoke.

"I'm speaking from Winslow Hall," he said, "Yes, Mrs. Wright's place. I want you to send a man along to arrest a guy calling himself Scott Collins for the actual or attempted theft of Mrs. Wright's emeralds. At the same time you might send along someone else to that little deserted barn on the road to Marbury Junction. George Wright is there, holding up a couple more guys with their own gun. Make it snappy, will you?"

The telephone crackled back at him.

"How do I know?" he said, "George and I were driving along the road when these toughs held us up and trussed us like turkeys in the barn. It took us five hours to disentangle ourselves and knock 'em out." He replaced the receiver quietly.

Diana's eyes were shining.

"You're—you're a detective," she said.

"Not darn likely," he told her, "I'm Scott Collins!"

All characters in this story are fictitious.



"Ain't it a shame," says Grandma Bug. "That pore Mame Constanduros 'as got to work at Christmas."

Christmas will be non-stop singing and travelling for Webster Booth.

Beryl Orde hopes to be at home, for once.

Business as Usual

We shall be enjoying ourselves this Christmas, but most of the stars have to keep on working, as this article by H. MACKENZIE NEWNHAM proves. Still, don't pity them—they love it!

Mamie Soutter, and two pals

Playing Santa Claus to sick kiddies will form part of Mantovani's Christmas

"Ladies and gentlemen, a toast to Xmas," says Leonard Henry (suitably disguised!)

THE merry tinkle of glasses amid happy, care-free laughter, bangs of crackers, flowing white beards and long red robes, dismal train journeys, "Overture, beginners" cries from dressing-room doors, flashing legs on pantomime boards, formal microphones in Yuleless studios . . . a mighty picture, reflecting radio's great army of stars at Christmas-time.

It's a thin time for the stars in a way. For years now many of them worked solidly during the holiday, and now they've almost forgotten what a domestic Christmas-day is like. But don't imagine that this day of feasting means nothing to them. It does. They all have a good time wherever they are, even if it is not at home.

Les Allen is a firm believer in everything associated with Santa Claus. Young Norman Allen has passed the days when he watched the chimney with sleepy eyes, only to awaken the next morning to find that Santa had slipped in directly he went off to sleep.

Yet he still hangs up his stocking, and by using his powerful imagination convinces himself that Santa isn't really a myth.

Les himself believes in spending his Christmas at home. It's the one day in the year that he refuses to work. He'll work his head off during the other 364 days, but on December 25 he belongs solely to Mrs. Allen and young Norman.

Reginald Dixon feels the same way. In the morning he will go for a long walk through frost-covered country to work up an appetite, then back home to spend the rest of the day with his family and his dogs.

Reginald keeps an open door to any of his friends who care to drop in for greetings and a drink, but not one of them could entice him away to a party or any other Yuletide manifestations.

But now let us turn to the less fortunate stars who, whatever their private desires, will probably spend Christmas at work. They are hundreds strong.

Gracie Fields, who writes elsewhere in this issue, has worked on Christmas-day for years.

She will be working again this Christmas, and probably the next. This year she has to finish a film, "The Show Goes On," by the 31st December. That means "hard labour" solidly throughout the entire festivity season.

Some years ago, when Christmas-day fell on a Sunday, Gracie Fields was travelling from the North of England to the South with the "Mr. Tower of London" show. They were all prepared for a dismal time, but when they got on the train they found that the railway company had completely decorated two coaches. One was used for a bumper dinner, including crackers and nuts, and the other for a dance. Even when the train was run into sidings for refuelling, etc., the party went on in full swing. It was the most novel Christmas they had ever had.

Aye, lads, it were champion! Phyllis Robins broadcast last Christmas-day. She went out to dinner with some friends but had to leave early. No one knows what she is going to do this year—she doesn't even know herself yet.

Sam Browne is in the same boat. Last year his doctor ordered him to bed, but he couldn't keep him there. On Boxing Day Sam was up again doing a matinee at Portsmouth.

Anona Winn was another "unfortunate" last year. She too was in bed recuperating from an operation for appendicitis. This year, she'll be busy in pantomime at the London Coliseum, where she is playing Dandini. Not much festivity for Anona!

Peggy Cochrane spent last Yuletide at Bournemouth. But she wasn't on holiday—she was thrilling thousands with her dizzy fingers.

On the 23rd November Peggy started in the new Archie de Bear revue at the Duke of York's Theatre, "All Wave." With any luck the show will run to well after Christmas, in which case you'll be able to see her working during the holidays.



FAMOUS BROADCASTERS' GALLERY OF GREETINGS



Smile and Sing Your
Cares Away!

The
Season's Greetings
and
A Happy New Year

From

BILLY THORBURN and his MUSIC

Heartiest
Greetings

to all My
LISTENER
FRIENDS

SYDNEY LIPTON

GROSVENOR HOUSE, LONDON



To All My
LISTENING
FRIENDS...

Thinking
of You

This Christmas

ANONA WINN



Dandini in "Cinderella,"
The Coliseum, London



My
SINCEREST
GOOD WISHES
For Your
HAPPINESS

This Christmas

DENNY DENNIS

BUSINESS
AS USUAL

Continued from previous page

The Three Ginx haven't had a Christmas day free for the last fourteen years. The other day I met them down at the Columbia studios at St. John's Wood, and they told me in hushed whispers that this year they may be free. May be, they added, and if so . . . I don't think they really meant what they said they were going to do.

Marjery Wyn will be on the boards this year. She's taking the part of the principal boy in "Goldilocks and the Three Bears" in Newcastle-on-Tyne.

"What I shall do for a Christmas dinner," said the Fairy Prince, "I haven't the faintest idea. Maybe the whole cast will get together and have a party, in which case it won't be so bad."

Mantovani is looking forward to this year's holiday. Every Christmas so far he has made a point of going to as many hospitals as possible and distributing toys to the little patients. It gives him a thrill to do this, but it gives all those little kiddies a bigger thrill.

Monty also plays to the hospitals through the Dr. Radio scheme. When he's through with that he likes to go home, and enjoy a thoroughly domestic Christmas day, with eating, dancing, music and lazing.

Mamie Soutter loves a family Christmas. It's not often she manages to get one, and this year seems just as doubtful. She is either going to be in pantomime in the provinces or else at the London Hippodrome. Whichever it is it will be unlikely that Mamie's dream for this year will come true.

"I have a bungalow at Old Windsor," she told me, "and I'd like to have a party there, with a big log fire burning in the old-fashioned fireplace. But I don't know—work comes first, of course."

Beryl Orde makes a point of spending her Christmas at home. It would break her mother's heart if work kept her away. It is a small but happy party at the Orde home. Beryl's sister

fixes up the decorations, and when the log fire is blazing away, breakfast is finished, and the dinner prepared, they open all their parcels. It would be difficult to find a more delightful picture in the whole of radioland.

Leonard Henry on the other hand will be busy rehearsing for a pantomime show at the Streatham Hill Theatre. Last year he had four different shows on Christmas day, and the year before that he went to a hospital for the B.B.C. to give a show to the patients.

But there is just a possibility that he will have a few hours at home. In which case you'll be able to find him sitting comfortably in an arm-chair, resting.

Christmas is certainly a time of the year when fitness is 100 per cent of the battle in the show-world.

Take, for instance, Webster Booth. During the coming Christmas week he has shows in Nottingham, Manchester, Oldham, Barnolswick, and the Albert Hall! It means spending the days working hard, and the nights travelling fast.

Webster Booth never has what we call a quiet Christmas. Only once did he find two hours to spare and he spent every minute of it dashing round town calling on friends. When that was over he went back to work, but as he said: "You daren't eat too much, because if you're too full, you may have to let down any number of shows."

Mabel Constanduros will probably be working again this Christmas. If by a miracle she manages to get a day free she will go down to her Sussex hideaway with her family. That is unlikely, though, because there are already one or two things in the offing.

One Christmas was the most hectic Mabel had ever had. She was rehearsing at the B.B.C. all the morning, had less than an hour's break for her dinner, and back again for the show. That dinner was the quickest, the most hurried, dinner she had ever had.

Listeners have a lot to be thankful for.

Sydney Howard always endeavours to spend his Christmas with his family. As soon as the curtain falls on the last performances on Christmas

Greetings
to all
LISTENERS
this Xmas
JACK
PLANT



eve, he hurries home and spends a short and sweet holiday eating, recovering from eating, playing games and pulling many crackers.

Suzanne Botterell is another star who will possibly be working throughout the holiday. If by a happy chance she doesn't happen to be working, she will spend the day resting in bed! In the evening Suzanne will go dancing, one of her favourite entertainments.

"It's the only day of the year," Suzanne told me, "that I have a chance to rest thoroughly. I'm generally so dog tired by night time that if I'm awake before five in the afternoon I hardly feel as if I've been to bed."

"But," I reminded her, "what if you have to work?"

"I'll work, of course. And then I'll have to wait until next Christmas for my rest."

And so radioland marches on. Every day of the week, every week of the year, Christmas included. Everyone's story is the same.

"Christmas? What month is that in, now? Oh yes, December! We'll be working then. Pantomimes, shows, B.B.C., and the rest. We'll pull a cracker, though and raise a glass to all our fans!"

Private Lives of Radio Sweethearts

BEN LYON and BEBE DANIELS,

the American film and radio stars, are winning fresh admirers in British radio and television circles. In this interview with SIDNEY PETTY they tell how they met at a bridge party and found that hearts were trumps!

WE feel quite sure," said Bebe Daniels, "that we are the happiest couple in the world. The reason is that we have never become so involved in our work as to lose our sense of values, and forget that happiness is the best thing in life. We have planned our happiness together in the same careful way that we planned our respective careers. . . ."

She looked across at Ben Lyon, bronzed screen hero with the charming smile. He raised his glass to her in a silent toast, and grinned happily. (The three of us were sipping highballs in their hotel-suite overlooking Wellington barracks.)

"Bebe's right," joined in Ben. "We've never had a quarrel in our lives—despite the fact that we both play bridge! Maybe one of the reasons is that we never play bridge together. When we give bridge parties, Bebe and I always sit at different tables!

"You see, strangers' mistakes are always forgivable, but we've noticed many husbands and wives don't feel that way about each other when it comes to cards. And we feel that husbands and wives should avoid 'post-mortems'—either on hands at bridge or anything else.

Yet I have to thank a game of bridge for bringing me the grandest thing in my life. For that was what really brought us together. We had met before—or, rather, merely encountered—at a party in New York in 1925. I remember I was working on a film with Gloria Swanson at the time. We both went our various ways, and for three long years didn't see each other again. But we both remembered.

"Then in 1928 we met again, at a bridge party in Hollywood. . . ."

Suddenly Bebe laughed—but gently, as at some sweet and amusing memory. "He asked if he might sit at the table and play as my partner," she explained. "But he completely omitted to mention that he just couldn't play bridge. . . ."

"Well," retorted Ben, joining in the laughter. "You know how it is when you admire somebody very much. You

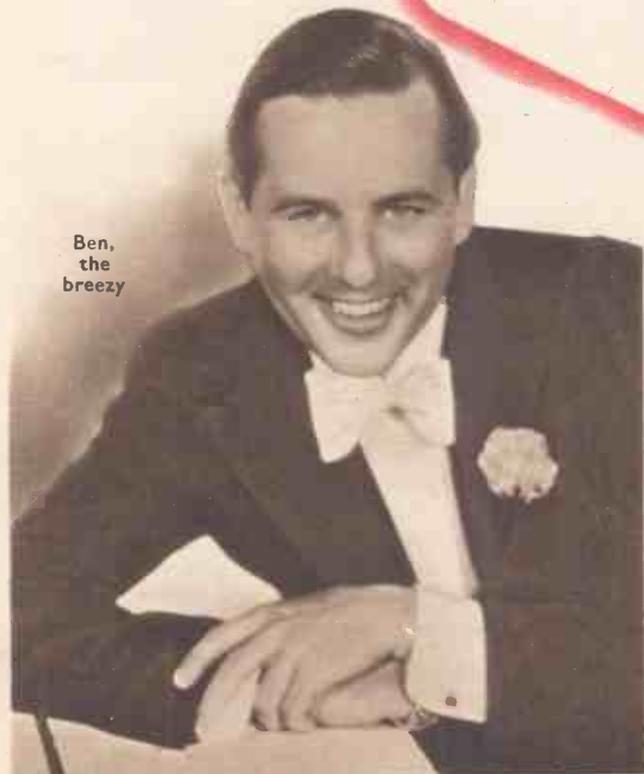
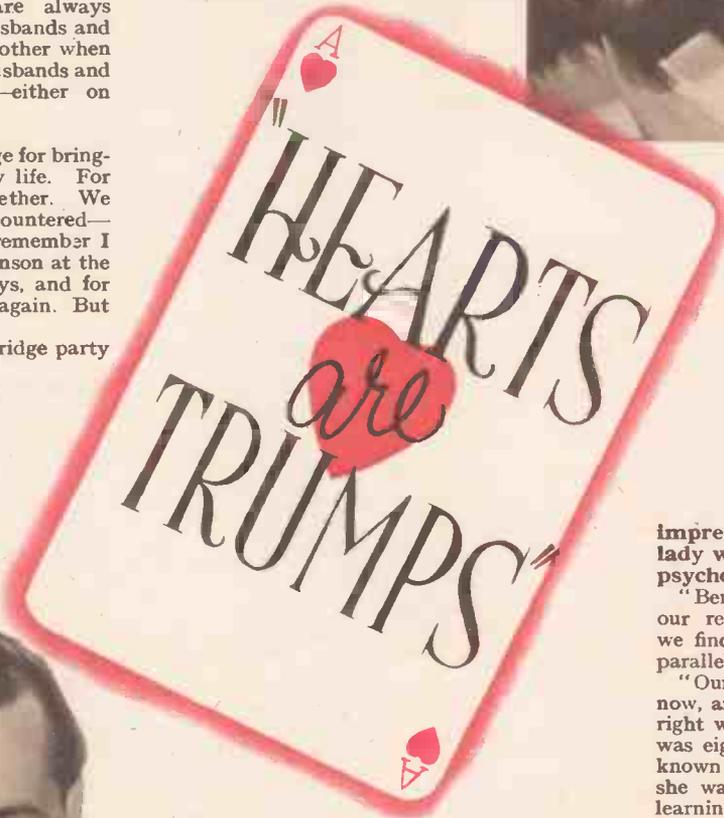
want to do something to please them, something to show them you're interested in the same things. Of course, I had the sense to refrain from bidding throughout the game.

"Bebe was very sweet about it. And even with such a partner, I don't think she did so badly. You see, she's played in games with the famous expert, Culbertson, and he told her that she was undoubtedly the best bridge player in the film industry!"

"Nevertheless," said Bebe, "Ben disguised his ignorance at bridge so well that it took me quite a time to find out how the land lay. When I did find out, I offered to teach him the game, and he, in return, taught me how to fly (he was a pilot in the war, and flying is still his strong suit); as for me,



Bebe, the beautiful



Ben, the breezy

Ben says my flying reminds him of a Chinese acrobat!" (All the same, Bebe is an Honorary Colonel of the 322nd Army Pursuit Group.)

We talked next of the day that these two charming people decided to go in for "dual-control"—in other words, to get married.

"I was glad," said Bebe, "that fate had saved me from a too-early marriage, that I hadn't married at twenty, as some impetuous people do. I don't often give advice (because I believe one should find things out for oneself) but whilst on the subject I might as well say that I think girls should wait till they've reached years of discernment before marrying. The acid-tests of time, thought and commonsense are invaluable. . . ."

"Even Ben and I, who adored

each other, waited awhile. We wanted to be sure.

"Young people who marry at, say, twenty, are taking the considerable risk of marrying somebody who is going to be an entirely different person ten years hence. For at that age one's character is changing constantly.

"At the age of twenty, for instance, the sort of person I happened to be depended largely upon the latest book I had read, the latest really impressive play I had seen, or the leading lady who was my ideal of perfection at that psychological moment!

"Ben and I married when we had each found our real unchangeable individualities. And so we find that our ideals in life always run along parallel lines.

"Our little daughter, Barbara, is five years old now, and not once have our views clashed on the right way she should be brought up. When she was eighteen months old we sent her to what is known in America as a 'pre-kindergarten.' Here she was able to play with other children, thus learning at an early age that life was a matter of give-and-take, that one must learn to be generous and not self-centred.

When she grows old enough, we shall let her do whatever work she shows an inclination for. Some parents destroy their children's spirit by forcing them into an occupation which they dislike. Ben and I aren't going to make that mistake.

"By the way, Barbara is already very strong on three-syllable words. When she was three-and-a-half I remember telling her that it was rude to point. . . ."

"But if I don't point," she retorted, "how can I designate?"

Ben laughed; apparently that was a new one on him! "We don't have to be always 'going places' to find gaiety and happiness," Bebe told me. "When we're sitting at home together—talking to Barbara, or reading—there's a sort of quiet little song going on in my heart all the time—you know what I mean?"

"Believe me, having the same loves, the same ideals, is the best life-insurance on happiness that this world can provide!"

They play bridge at different tables—but hearts are trumps!

Leslie Sarony
— in person



THE TWO LESLIES

Knock, knock!
Who's there?
Leslies.
Leslies who?
Leslies two guys at it again!

We're invited by the Editor to give "Radio Pictorial" a page of their best jokes and wisecracks and as usual they've obliged. Les Holmes says that all the funniest ones are his and Les Sarony only recovered from this infamous slander in time to assert that, anyway, he corrected the spelling! With this page up your sleeves there's no reason why you should'nt all blossom forth as wits at the Christmas dinner table!



Nice story of the three Jews who were driving home after a Christmas celebration. Their car overturned and one was killed. So they tossed up who should break the news to the victim's wife. Solly lost and went and knocked on the door. Opened by Mrs. Cohen.

SOLLY (tactfully): "Er... do I speak to Vidder Cohen?"

MRS. COHEN: "No, Mrs. Cohen."

SOLLY: "Would you like to take a bet on it?"

Yes, sir, they laughed when we walked over to the piano at that Boxing Day Party. But they were right. We couldn't lift it!

There's the Variety Agent who's so crooked that the wool he pulls over your eyes is half cotton.

HE: I'm getting a new siren for my car.
SHE: Does that mean we're through?

— Did you ever hear about the fellow in a restaurant who was so busy watching his hat that someone nipped in and stole his soup?

Then there was the journalist who rang up a well-known croonette and said: "How was your Christmas party last night?" "Oh, we're having a grand time," she replied. Marathon party, huh? In fact, an uncorking good time.

Beggar: Have you got enough money for a bit o' Christmas dinner, guv'nor?"

Aberdonian Band-leader: "Och, aye, I'll manage somehow, thanks."



SCENE: Under the mistletoe at a Christmas party.

INDIGNANT MOTHER: "Are you kissing that young man, Diana?"

DIANA: "No, mother. I'm just brushing my teeth on his moustache."

One day little Audrey's mother came into the kitchen just as little Audrey (yeah, once more!) was cutting off her little brother's fingers and dropping 'em into a frying pan. And little Audrey's mother luffed and luffed and luffed because she knew little Audrey couldn't cook.

Knock, knock! (can you still take it?)
Who's there?
Collie.
Collie who?
Collie Knox! (Gertcher!).

Philosophy: If you want to remember things, tie a string round your finger. If you want to forget things, tie a rope round your neck.

Do you know that one about the man who became the father of quadruplets, and, when he heard the news, could hardly believe his own census?

WELL-MEANING OLD LADY: "Hello, little boy, did Santa Claus bring you that puff-puff?"

YOUNG OSWALD: "My dear madam, I am surprised that a woman of your age and seeming intelligence should still give credence to that oft-exploited myth. My father presented me with this locomotive."

Angus: "Hey caddie, are ye good at finding lost balls?"

Caddie: "Yes, sir."

Angus: "Good" mon, find me a couple and we'll mak' a starrt."

Boy friend: "How did you like my imitations in the radio amateur hour last night?"

Girl friend: "You certainly rang all the bells!"

Little Audrey (what again?) and her little brother went up in an aeroplane. The engine failed and the pilot told them to jump over the side and pull their parachute cords when they'd counted eight. And little Audrey luffed and luffed and luffed because she knew her little brother could only count up to four.

Hey, there, I'm in business.

What's your business?

I'm a crooner.

How's business.

Flat!



IRATE CUSTOMER: "I can't eat this turkey."

WAITER: "Sorry, sir, I'll call the manager."

I.C.: "This turkey, I can't eat it."

MANAGER: "I'll take care of it at once, sir. I'll call the chef."

I.C.: "Confound it, I can't eat this turkey."

CHEF: "What's the matter with it?"

I.C.: "Nothing, only I haven't got a knife."

And we hear that Mae West is still taking counsel's opinion about the easy-on-the-eye radio croonette whose slogan is: "Calm down and see me sometime!"

(N.B.—Maybe we will!)

NUTS
AND
CRACKERS

Knock, knock!
Who's there?
Plymouth.
Plymouth who?
No, Plymouth Hoe! (Sorry.)

There was once a croonette who walked out on her husband because he couldn't stand the way she talked. Now she's gone home to mutter.

Fairy Tale: Once upon a time there was a crooner who hadn't heard of Bing Crosby.

Did you hear about the wealthy band-leader who has fixed his seats for the Coronation? But he had to buy the War Office to do it.

His wife lay on her death bed. She pleaded: "Tom, will you make me one promise. Will you ride in the same car with mother to my funeral?"

He sighed: "O.K. But it's going to spoil my whole day!"

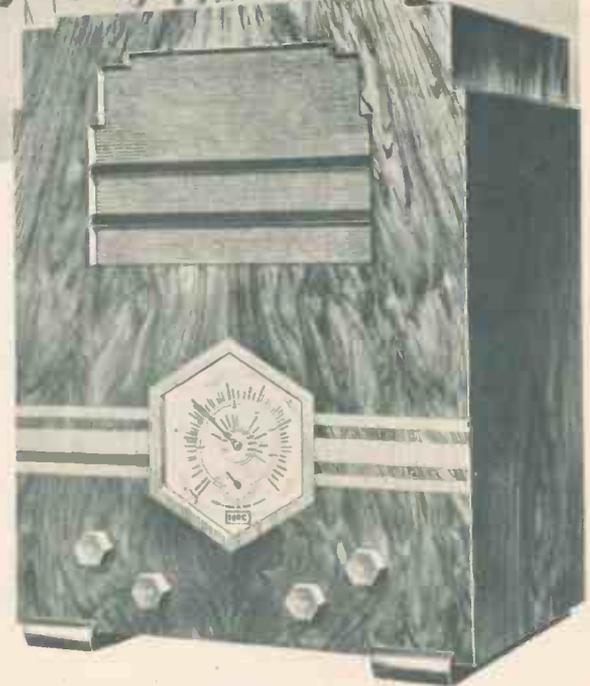
You know, it's the little things that bother us in life. F'rinstance, you can sit on a mountain, but not on a tack.

Ever met the girl who's so used to having her own way that she writes up her diary a week in advance?

Leslie Holmes—
no other!



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R.3.



Beginning a Powerful New Radio Serial of Love, Mystery and Adventure

By

CAPTAIN FRANK H. SHAW

"YES, let's have the news," said Mrs. Wynne. "It's always awfully thrilling to listen to the SOS's and police messages."

She switched on the set, and the bubble of chaotic chatter subsided.

"Before reading the News Summary," said the announcer's suave voice, "here is an SOS. Will Peter Quinley, at present believed to be serving in the Bretby trawler *Windflower*, proceed at once to the general hospital, Bretby, where his sister, Helen Quinley, is dangerously ill?"

He repeated the announcement, even more impassively; then went on with the weather report. Millions heard that pathetic SOS; a few probably muttered words of sympathy, for Helen Quinley, for her brother, Peter, who was obviously toiling in the wet and windy wastes of the bleak North Sea. One of the few sympathisers stood up in Mrs. Wynne's busy room, his face whitening, and asked Mrs. Wynne to excuse him.

"So soon?" she asked. "What is it, Dyke; you look as if you'd seen a ghost. Have another cocktail." Dawn Wynne, her daughter, added: "Where are you going, Dyke? I thought—"

"I know a girl called Helen Quinley," said Dyke Ferrers, and so stopped the low-voiced conversation around. Curious eyes turned to his pallid face. Eyebrows lifted. That he should so obviously feel disturbed over a nobody—a fisherman's sister—was curious. Dyke Ferrers was an eligible; a man who could, if he wished, pick and choose anywhere in Mayfair.

"This is hardly likely to be the same person," Mrs. Wynne cooed. "Do stay, Dyke."

"The Helen Quinley I knew came from Bretby; and her brother's name was Peter; he was a fisherman."

The loud-speaker had described a secondary depression centred over Iceland, moving slowly south; it interrupted itself and the announcer's voice took on that dramatic quality which is eminently suited to a vital announcement.

"Here is a police message that has just been handed in," said the B.B.C. by the voice of its announcer: "Wanted—for murder. The police are anxious to interview William Smailes; aged about 35; five feet seven and a half inches in height; reddish hair turning grey at the temples; thickset; a noticeable limp in the right leg; protruding teeth; believed to be wearing a blue blazer with the crest of Beddlestone School on the pocket; grey flannel trousers; no cap; tan shoes. Any person who can give information as to William Smailes' whereabouts, or who can in any way assist the police in their duties, is requested to communicate with New Scotland Yard; telephone number, Whitehall, One-Two-One-Two."

"Weren't you at Beddlestone, Dyke?" asked Ben Galt, who specialised in interior decorations. Dyke laughed awkwardly; and nodded.

"Yes, I think I saw Smailes a little while ago. At least, I thought it was Smailes; but he wore a rain-coat, yes, and a hat. Sorry, Mrs. Wynne; I'll have to go." Mrs. Wynne gestured to her daughter to see to Dyke's exit and make the best of such an opportunity, since he was so palpably disturbed.

Dawn was young, she was also lovely; she owned a sympathetic heart, and was at most eligible men's disposal for confidences. A well-trained daughter!

The announcer, having tensed the party, was now relating a discussion in the Commons regarding the need for non-intervention in a quarrel breaking out between two European powers. Everyone began to speak at once; and Dyke shook hands with his hostess, and opened the door for Dawn to precede him, expostulating at her attentions.

"Why—where are you going, Dyke?"

"Bretby, Dawn. You'd—you'd never understand." His lips were dry, his utterance sticky.

"Maybe I should." She had suddenly made a discovery. It might have grown out of that first twinge of jealousy. She was sincerely in love with Dyke Ferrers; and it was different from the vagrant emotions that had previously disturbed her. "You—you care for this Quinley girl, don't you?" Immaculate, sophisticated, probably her attitude towards life was only a nineteen-year-old's pose; reflection of her environment. "Dyke, dear; this mayn't be the girl you know."

"She must be. Peter Quinley—well, he punched me in the eye one day. And I deserved it." He was on the verge of further confidences when the butler appeared with his hat and coat.

"Good luck—dear," said Dawn softly. "Tell

me how you get on, won't you?" Dyke promised and left, to draw in deep breaths as he stood, bare-headed, in fresh air. Dawn returned to the party, where several people said she'd lost her astringent sparkle, and looked meaningfully at one another, until the girl became even gayer than usual.

"Steady, Dyke!" Ferrers instructed himself. "Don't get rattled. Helen, by God!" Only when a case was most critical did the B.B.C. broadcast these SOS calls. That meant Helen must be near dying!

A policeman considered him critically as he steadied himself against a lamp-post; satisfied, he paced on. The thought came into Dyke's mind, to war with fret about Helen: "He's probably looking for Bill Smailes—for murder!" The whole of his world had seemed to turn topsy-turvy in a couple of breaths. The girl he loved at death's door in the distant North; his best friend wanted for wilful murder! And Peter Quinley, who had deservedly blackened his eye, was out in the bleak North Sea.

He told the garage people he wouldn't need his
Please turn to next page

"Mind if I come with you, Dyke?" Dawn's voice surprisingly asked at his elbow





car until pretty late, since Mrs. Wynne's parties had a trick of prolonging themselves; there was delay in procuring it. He fretted a lot about Helen during the waiting; half-wished he'd aske Dawn to accompany him on the projected journey—absurd, though!

You didn't invite a young girl to a wild ride through a stormy night.

He felt a greater liking for Dawn than ever he'd done, remembering her sympathy. But there was always Helen, and it was insistent that he should reach her quickly, at once, before she—died. Maybe the power of this freshly-quickened love would check her departure from a world that had given her a pretty raw deal.

"Look alive with that car!" he said impatiently.

Well, sir, you did say it might be after midnight!" grumbled the attendant. Thoughts rioted in Dyke's mind: there wouldn't be time to change from evening kit. A man would look a fool arriving at Bretby Hospital in the small hours in tails! It was over two hundred miles to go; maybe it would be quicker to catch a train: night traffic on the roads slowed a man down a lot.

"And here y'are, sir!" said the attendant. The V-8 rolled off the lift platform. It was a different car from what he'd owned when he first met Helen. Then it had been a 1929 Morris; but a lot of pleasure had been got out of the old bus; far more than this supercharged wonder had ever brought. Quick access of fortune didn't mean happiness, he reflected.

"Mind if I come with you, Dyke?" Dawn's voice surprisingly asked at his elbow. She was capped and mackintoshed; looked trim and efficient. "Mum's suggested it—it might help!" Was there to be any end to the surprises of this surprising night?

"If you feel that way," he said. And without another word she slipped into the left-hand seat, as he cuddled under the big wheel and threw in the gears. Rolling into London's night-traffic, it was necessary to concentrate on driving to the exclusion of everything else. The V-8 roared into the riot of the Edgware Road; the riot was thrown astern; the black solitude of the country received him. He said to Dawn:

"Sporting of you to come; but—"

"Women can do other things besides hunt men," was her calm retort. "I've always liked you a lot, Dyke; and what's a pal for?"

"Come to think of it, I don't quite know why I'm hareing to Bretby this way," he apologised.

"Except—" she said, reassuringly—"About the only thing to do, don't you think? She must be terribly ill for them to make an SOS about it."

"Bill Smailes, too!" he said. The swift rush settled his surging thoughts. "Bill and I've been pretty good pals, Dawn. It doesn't seem credible that he should be wanted—that way. If—if I hadn't been at your mother's party, I'd never have known a thing about it—about either. Amazing thing, radio, isn't it? To-night's made it a lot more personal and intimate than ever—good God!" The car swerved as the violence of the thought struck him what was almost a blow.

"What is it, Dyke?" Dawn was proving a very reliable companion, unorthodox though the situation was.

"I wonder if there can be any connection between Bill and—and Helen's illness?"

"It's murder he's wanted for," Dawn offered soothingly. "She's only ill. Steady on, Dyke!" A roar of rage was audible as a criticism on his erratic driving. The V-8 had narrowly missed disaster by collision with a south-bound car.

"Sorry!" he muttered, and trod the accelerator down afresh. To Helen he said: "Maybe the B.B.C. were making light of Helen's condition. Maybe she's dead already. Bill Smailes used to have violent spasms when he went half crazy. There was that time at Southpool when the tripper said filthy things about—Helen; Bill almost killed him before we got them apart."

"What sort of girl is she?" queried Dawn, femininely curious; more so than usual since her discovery of how she really felt towards Dyke.

"She's a grand girl." His father at his age would have rhapsodised volubly; but this was

Why is Smailes Wanted for Murder—who is the victim?

a younger generation. "Grand girl" was high tribute; and Dawn understood it as such. "You see, she isn't just a fisherman's daughter; she sang with a concert-party, and she ought to have been at Covent Garden, if you ask me anything. If I'd come into my money then, I'd have seen to it—but—but—"

"Pretty, of course?" asked Dawn.

"Pretty enough to knock your eye out, and simple, too—different from your kind. Oh, hang it—sorry! I mean—cocktails and whoopee didn't appeal much."

"Some of us get sick of them in London, Dyke," she protested. "But when we're put up for sale, we have to take things as they come." The real Dawn was emerging from the fires of tribulation.

Dyke made a swift switch. "But I saw Bill in town this evening," he said. "Just before I dressed to go to your party. Or if it wasn't Bill, it was his twin, suppose he had one. I say, in that case he couldn't have harmed Helen, could he? I mean—that broadcast couldn't have applied to a dead person; and it's hours and hours from Bretby here."

"Of course Bill Smailes hasn't murdered her," Dawn reassured. She patted Dyke's knee in a comforting way. He glanced at the speedometer—sixty-five. He slowed down as the limit sign flashed into view, fretted, trod down the accelerator when the erase indicator showed up. The car resumed its high drone of speed. He performed automatic dimming actions as other cars appeared. Almost before he realised it, his tyres were singing the speed-song along the Great North Road.

"She may be—dead already," he said. Apprehension grew on itself the more he thought of everything. "Probably we're just wasting time." He said to himself: "You can't tell a dead woman you love her, the way I do." Aloud, he went on: "We had a quarrel, you see—pretty fierce." Again Dawn patted his knee.

"Worrying won't help a thing," she said. "Go on, talk to me about Helen; it'll make things easier." Where she had found that truth it is impossible to say. She'd never been a girl to whom one would confide the deeper feelings. Yet, here she was—willing to be sympathetic! Odd, what that evening's broadcast had done for Dawn Wynne, as well as for Dyke Ferrers!

"It was last summer at Southpool, before Uncle Andrew died and left me all he had. More than I knew what to do with. Even now I feel a bit staggered. Curse it—I might have ordered a special train; I'm not used to being a millionaire!"

"The way you're driving would make the Royal Scot look like a farm-cart," Dawn said. "Yes?"

"If only Uncle Andrew had cashed in a bit earlier I'd have married Helen right then," he

unfeelingly told the girl who had grown to love him. "And she'd have been safe. Poverty was what stopped us—and now, look at it all. She thought I was fooling around, of course, because I didn't feel equal to offering marriage; then the misunderstanding flamed up, and—and—oh, it's all a muddle. Maybe the money had something to do with it. And Bill Smailes wanted her, too—he went crazy over her."

"I'm sure she must be sweet," said Dawn. "Probably she isn't as ill as that broadcast made out."

Dyke put down his hand to touch her sympathetic hand, and the action switched his errant thoughts. "What in the name of everything holy's made Bill Smailes commit murder?" he asked plaintively. "A man's pal and his girl—both the same night! Course, Bill had a blind spot in his brain. But it's probably a false scare. Only—"

"Yes?"

"Well, the ear-marks were so accurate; it must be my Bill; it must be. I'd say it might be Peter he'd killed, since Peter didn't like the idea—but Peter's out in the North Sea."

"Believed to be in the North Sea!" Dawn thought, trying to build the fragmentary story into coherence in her trim mind.

"I suppose we'll know all about everything when we get to Bretby," mumbled Dyke, slowing down to pass through a dark and menacing town.

"I bought a car for fifteen pounds," he confided with a sort of grim humour. "Lord, wasn't I proud of it; but it gave us gyp when we started off holiday-making. What could you expect for fifteen pounds, anyway? It more or less gave up the ghost by the time we got to Seapool."

"Why Seapool?" Dawn asked.

"Oh, Bill and I used to be sent there for holidays when we were kids. A pretty good spot for a couple of City clerks; that's what we were last year. So we met Helen there; in that concert-party. Queer thing is, she didn't seem so much of a girl then. They were dressed up in pretty fantastic togs—like dolls; but she could sing—yes, by gosh! Sing like a nightingale. She wasn't appreciated by the trippers—too high above their heads. They wanted something a bit more rousing—you know, near-the-knuckle stuff; although the party used to broadcast at times, I believe; a pretty good gang. Maybe you've heard Helen sing without knowing it."

"Very probably."

"Well, this night, the audience was pretty foul; and they gave her the bird; isn't that what it's called? Gosh, you ought to have seen her face! You'd have thought solid things were being thrown at her, not just cat-calls and so forth. But she was pretty plucky, too—she stuck it out. I tell you, Dawn, there's good blood in that girl. She sang again; and she got hold of them—although they didn't want to be got hold of."

"Then Bill read the programme, and he said: Look here, who do you think's managing this crowd? Why, Dyke, it's Tim Leary—if you remember him. Tim Leary was in the fifth form at Beddlestone, of course. So after that it was the simplest thing in the world to go to the stage-door and tell the keeper we knew Tim; and he was glad to see us, and introduced us to the crowd—including Helen. Without her make-up and idiotic clothes she was the loveliest thing you ever saw. Big eyes and a mouth—ah! So we both fell for her. And we—well, we tossed to see who'd ask her first; and there was a general mess all round. And now she's—dying, Dawn; and I've only just realised all she means to me."

As he spoke the car whirled round a bend; the headlight to the right flaring vividly. A mackintoshed figure at the roadside stepped a pace forward, holding up a hand. The figure came and went in a flash—not until the fast-moving car had travelled a full mile did Dyke gasp and say: "I say, Dawn, did you see who that chap was? It's Bill Smailes himself—Bill! And I saw him in London just an hour or two ago. Look here—we've got to look into this." But when the powerful car was backed and turned, there was no sign of the man wanted by Whitehall, One-Two-One-Two.

(To be continued)



"Am I right for the B.B.C., constable?"
"I suppose so. They don't seem very fussy."

DECEMBER STARS



The entrancing Nina Devitt stars in a Luxembourg radio revue on December 20 and December 27.

Rollicking Rocky Mountaineers...all agog for an hour's sing-song. They'll be on the air December 15.



"Music Shop," conducted by Geraldo and his Band, is already a favourite. Dec. 7 and December 21 are his dates to look out for.

From Luxembourg again... in Rinsø Music Hall on December 20 and 27...Tessie O'Shea... "Just Bubbling Over!"



A scene from Sandy Powell's Album, another edition of which is billed for Friday, Dec. 11



On December 11 we shall listen-in to Yascha Krein and his melodious Gypsy Orchestra. Olga Alexeeva will be his vocalist.

Studying the score for his next broadcast... Van Phillips is on the air again with his band on Tuesday, Dec. 8



FAMOUS BROADCASTERS' GALLERY OF GREETINGS



Tweet-Tweet
LESLIE SARONY

THE TWO LESLIES

(Leslie Sarony and Leslie Holmes)

Radiating
The Season's Good Wishes

to all our friends who have seen us,
heard us, and laughed with us in
1936



Smilingly Yours
LESLIE HOLMES

"There was an old farmer who had an old sow"



Sweet and love-ly

Christmas Greetings
TO
ALL MY LISTENERS
from
PETER YORKE



Season's
Greetings

to —
ALL LISTENERS
from

BILLY BENNETT

SANDY POWELL

Sends his
Greetings

to all

"RADIO PICTORIAL"
READERS



"Can You Hear Me, Mother?"

Sincere
Christmas Wishes

To All My
LISTENING
FRIENDS

MARJORIE (LOTINGA)
SANDFORD



Principal Boy at the
Lyceum this Christmas

THE
HAPPIEST
OF
Christmases

to all my
RADIO FRIENDS

Sincerely
MARJERY WYN

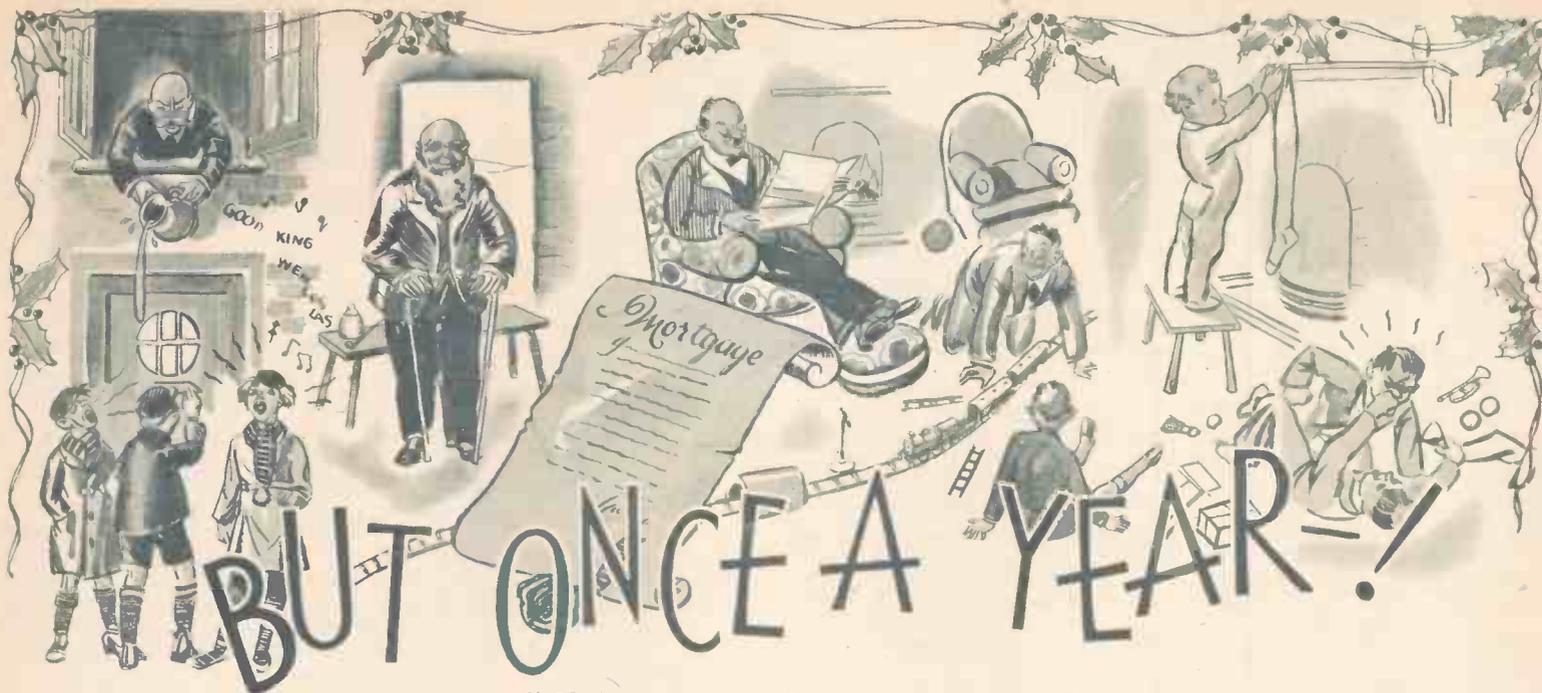


Hearty
Yuletide
Greetings

from

MANTOVANI

"TIPICALLY YOURS"



"Christmas comes but once a year, fortunately," says our Tame Humorist, and he proceeds to give his idea of how the B.B.C. could put the real Christmas on the air in a novel way. This article is one of inspired nonsense

By B. A. YOUNG

WELL, so Christmas is with us once again, with all its quaint old customs.

Admittedly some of the customs aren't observed as they used to be. We have a friend, for example, who fills his wassail-bowl with cold water and uses it to pour over small boys who, having sung three lines of "Good King Wenceslas" and forgotten the rest of the words, ring the front-door bell and expect to be given a handful of coppers.

But the best of the old customs remain—that little cheque from father, for instance, and that business about the mistletoe.

A new custom which is growing up in the B.B.C. is that of giving relays from all over the world on Christmas Day. Not everybody knows the origin of this practice, but I am sure Sir John Reith—Merry Christmas, Sir John!—will forgive me if I tell you.

You see, when the B.B.C. had its first Christmas, they were rather stumped for atmosphere. Anyone can make a Christmas Number of "Home Trifles" or the "Watchmakers' and Jewellers' Gazette" by dropping a little snow on the cover; but you can't do that with the News Bulletin or the Fat Stock Prices.

So they said, "Look here," they said, "it's only just an accident of geography that we have snow and things at Christmas in this country; and if we can't get snow in our programmes we'll jolly well show people how to do without it."

The obvious solution to that was to have a broadcast from Australia; and now Christmas wouldn't be Christmas without dear old Mr. Wurzel, who will be ninety-five come next Epiphany, greeting the Old Country from his little shack in Beeyabiyabuniganelligajong.

"Urgle argle ork," says Mr. Wurzel benevolently. "Blaak ubble ibble honk the Old Country wurr grurr igwig ark awk. And a Merry Christmas to you all."

We all love to hear Mr. Wurzel, and certainly it's very nice to know that on Christmas Day we can all be united all over the world (even though in Australia it is probably midnight on Boxing Day); but there's just one argument against this sort of thing.

It isn't typically English. After all, Christmas is a typically English festival—according to the English, anyway. It only needs a bit of grey slush on the pavements to make it positively Olde Englysshe. And an Olde Englysshe Christmase has got nothing to do with relays from the outposts of Empire.

Everybody knows what an English Christmas ought to be like. There is deep snow on the ground (but not deep enough to keep the postman away, fortunately); festoons of holly are festooned all over the place; robins hop about here and there doing nothing in particular; and the mortgage on the little cottage is due to be foreclosed at twelve o'clock midnight.

I'm sorry about that last bit, but it always

happens. There was never a mortgage yet that wasn't due to be foreclosed at twelve midnight on Christmas Eve. It is generally thought that the National Union of Christmas Fiction Writers went into a huddle with the National Union of Mortgage Arrangers and threatened a lockout if this wasn't made a rule.

Other features of the English Christmas are the model railway which keeps Uncle George quiet before dinner, the indigestion powder that keeps father quiet after dinner, and the childish faith with which little Ernie hangs up one of his sister's stockings knowing that when he wakes up in the morning it will be filled with enough useless junk to keep him happy and bilious for days.

But we don't get any of this on the radio. I'm not complaining; we get something quite as interesting, but it just isn't English.

Why, for instance, have we never had a relay from the bedroom of The Limes, Acacia Terrace, S.W.35, when the twins wake up on Christmas morning?

True, we should have to arrange to have the twins doped the previous night to prevent them waking up too soon, but (as Mae West used to say) I guess that could be arranged.

First we should hear the rustling of sheets as the little fellows emerge from the arms of Morpheus, followed by their squeaks of childish delight as they turn out their treasures one after another.

"Oo, look!" exclaims little Sid. "I've got an orange!"

"I've got two oranges," says little Freddie, not to be outdone.

"I've got a napple as well," says Sid.

"That's nothing," says Freddie scornfully. "I've got a shaving brush and a clinical thermometer and a clockwork beetle"—or whatever it may be.

After that the fighting starts, and by the time the B.B.C. commentator has got the little darlings separated they have both added black eyes and bleeding noses to their Christmas gifts. Dear, dear, dear—we never enjoy the Festive Season so much as when we're young, do we?

(By the way, I haven't called it the Festive Season before. However, I probably shall do so again quite shortly.)

If the twins haven't destroyed the microphone in their excitement, we might later on have a look in at the Christmas dinner. There will, of course, be a slight interval between these two relays, but this can always be filled up with bells.

It is very important to begin a relay of a Christmas dinner promptly. What listeners want to hear is father's comments as he carves the turkey and splashes grease all over his waistcoat, and the merry laughter as Milly drops the bread sauce all over Auntie Liz; and later on the shrieks of applause as the plum-pudding enters wreathed in burning brandy and mother's cry of "Curse the thing!" when it gets on her fingers.

If you took a microphone to a Christmas dinner at a later stage than this, all you would get would be a monotonous chewing noise occasionally broken by muffled remarks such as "Pass the salted almonds" and "Mince pies never do agree with me." Although this is a very pleasant stage of the proceedings for the participants themselves, as well as being very, very English indeed, it wouldn't make a very exciting broadcast.

Later in the day, in the Children's Hour, perhaps, we might drop in to a children's party somewhere and meet Santa Claus himself. Naturally, the children themselves should not be allowed to listen to this. They probably saw Santa Claus outside the local department store half an hour before, and it wouldn't do them any good to believe that a man can be in two places at once. Children know enough excuses already.

But apart from that, it would be too upsetting for them to listen to the screams of that awful little girl Annie Laurie when one of the candles on the Christmas tree sets light to her dress, and the blood-curdling moans of young Alfred as he repents that last slice of cake.

That is the real Olde Englysshe Christmase. It only needs one thing to make it more realistic, and that is for the B.B.C. to get Lionel Secombe or someone to record the following little running commentary on the Blattnerphone and broadcast it twice a day for the next week:

"Well, here we are in Mon Repos. Mr. Jones has just come into lunch with his family. He is picking up his carving-knife. (Square 6.) Someone has taken the cover off the dish in front of him. Mr. Jones has led off with a beautiful cut from the breast. I can't quite see what it is he's carving. It looks—yes, it's a cold turkey."

Only after justice has been done to all that sort of thing should we proceed to our relays from Australia. But by then it is probably Easter Monday over there.

Well, a Happy Christmas (sez he with originality) and a merry Easter Monday to our Australian reader.



"... as father carves the turkey"

Ulcerated LEG..



Highbury.

DEAR SIRs,—

As one who has suffered from a terrible Ulcerated Leg, I send you my most sincere gratitude, for your Germolene has cured me after years of agony. I had two large Ulcers on my left leg . . . and the pain I suffered was indescribable. For weeks on end I have had to keep to the house . . . unable to leave my chair, and driven nearly mad with the irritation and pain. Then I read about Germolene and at the first application I experienced the most amazing relief and now after using several tins my leg is healed.

I can only describe Germolene as "magic."

Yours sincerely, Mrs. O. M. P.

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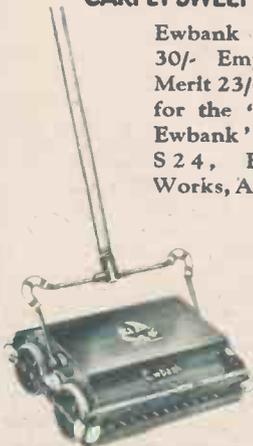


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THE NEWEST THING IN KNITTING

The Sleeves have Pleated Tops and the Rib is made by slipping and Crossing Stitches

YOU WILL NEED 12 ozs. of Golden Eagle "Twede" 4-ply wool. 1 pair of No. 12 Needles. 1 pair of No. 9 Needles. 5 Buttons.

MEASUREMENTS.—Width all round at underarms, 34 inches. Length, from top of shoulder to lower edge, 19 inches. Length of sleeve at seam, 18½ inches.

ABBREVIATIONS.—K., knit; P., purl; sts., stitches; tog., together; sl. 1, slip 1 stitch; st.st., stocking stitch; m.st., moss stitch.

TENSION.—7½ sts. to 1 inch (No. 9 Needles). 9 rows to the inch.

PATTERN

This is divisible by 8 sts., plus 1 stitch for the edge, and it takes 4 rows to make the pattern, also the wrong side is the right side of work (i.e., the 2nd and 4th rows).

1st row—Knit. 2nd row—P. 1, * P. 3, sl. 1, K. 1, P. 1, sl. 1, K. 1, *. Rep. from * to * to end of row. 3rd row—Knit, slipping the slip sts. of previous row purlways with your wool in front of slip sts. 4th row—P. 1, * P. 3, pull slipped stitch over the following stitch and knit both sts. in crossed position. P. 1, again work same way for next 2 sts., pull the slipped stitch over the following stitch and knit both of them in crossed position *. Rep. from * to * to end of row. This pattern loses its originality by pressing.

THE FRONT

With No. 12 needles cast on 110 sts. Work in rib of K. 1, P. 1 for 3½ inches. Next row—* Rib 9, increase (by knitting twice in 1 stitch) in the next stitch*. Rep. from * to * to end of row (121 sts.). Change to No. 9 needles and commence pattern. Work until front is 7½ inches from commencement, then increase on the next and every 8th row until there are 127 sts. on needle. Work on until front is 12 inches from commencement, then shape for armholes.

Cast off 6 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows, then decrease by K. 2 tog. at the beginning and end of every row 6 times. Then every alternate row twice (having 99 sts. on needle). When work is 15 inches in length, shape for neck. Work in pattern 36 sts., cast off 27 sts. for neck, work 36 sts., turn.

RIGHT SHOULDER—Work in pattern on these sts., decreasing by K. 2 tog. at neck every row until 28 sts. remain. When this side, the right side of front, measures 18½ inches from commencement, shape for shoulder by working to within the last 7 sts. at armhole edge, turn, work back. Work to within last 14 sts., turn, work back. Work to within last 21 sts., turn, work back. Now work right along row, cast off.

LEFT SHOULDER—Join on wool and work exactly in the same way as shown in right shoulder. Cast off.

BACK

Work in exactly the same way as front until you have worked your armhole shapings and have 99 sts. on needle. Work on these sts. until back is 15½ inches from commencement. Then with wrong side of work facing, in pattern work 47

The jumper fastens with buttons down the back. Don't you love the chevron-striped pockets?



sts., turn (leaving the remaining 52 sts. on a spare needle).

Cast on 5 sts. for underflap. Work these in m.st. Continue on the 47 sts. in pattern. When this side of work is 18½ inches in length, shape for shoulder.

LEFT SHOULDER—Work in pattern to within 7 sts. at armhole edge, turn, work back. Work to within 14 sts., turn, work back. Work to within last 21 sts., turn, work back. Work to within last 28 sts., turn, work back. Now work right along row. Cast off.

Return to your 52 sts. on spare needle. Join on wool and with wrong side of work facing you, m.st. 5 sts. for border, pattern to end of row. When you have worked 1 inch, make your first buttonhole as follows:—

With right side of work facing you, work 47 sts. in pattern, cast off 2 sts., m.st. 3 sts. (this is including the loop on needle). Then on the next row cast on 2 sts. where you cast off in the previous row. Make 2 more buttonholes in this way at intervals of 1½ inches apart.

When this, the right side of the back, is 18½ inches in length, shape for shoulder as already shown in left shoulder. Cast off.

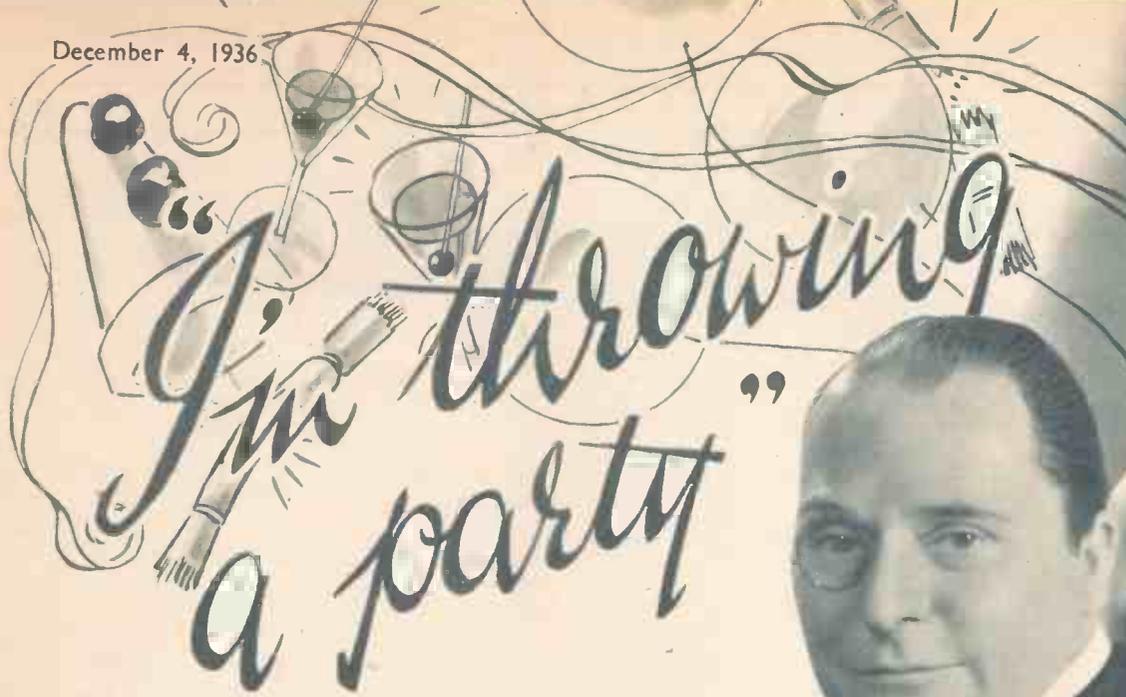
SLEEVES (Both alike)

With No. 12 needles cast on 57 sts. Knit in rib of K. 1, P. 1 for 3 inches. Change to No. 9 needles. Increase at beginning and end of the next and every 10th row until you have 81 sts. on needle. Then every 8th row until there are 85 sts. When sleeve is 18½ inches in length, cast off 3 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows, then decrease by K. 2 tog. at each end of needle every row until 51 sts. remain.

With right side of work facing you, K. 2 tog., work the next 4 sts. in pattern, then * P. 1, increase in the next stitch, P. 1, work the next 5 sts. as usual in pattern *.

Rep. from * to *, ending P. 3, K. 2 tog. (You will now have 4 sts. in your purl bars between your twists instead of 3 sts.). Continue to decrease at each end of needle every row, and increase in your purl bars as shown every alternate row until you have 13 sts. in your centre bars, being careful to keep your twists correct. (Of course, you will find that owing to your decreasing when you have 51 sts. on needle you will only have two sets of twists either side of your centre bar of 13 purl sts. The rest of the sts. will also be purl). Continue to increase 1 stitch in each of your 3 purl panels until you have 15 sts. in your centre bar. You will have in all 44 sts. on needle. Cast off.

Please turn to page 46



I'm throwing a party



By GWEN VAUGHAN

What would Christmas be without gay parties? The feminine half of Alec McGill and Gwen Vaughan, "The Wireless Chatterers," gives Christmas hostesses some good tips in this seasonable article

This is Gwen's article, but we've put Alec's picture on the page as well because, after all, he'll be paying for the party! Maybe that's why his famous smile is temporarily absent!

WE'RE throwing a party this year, Alec and I, and I've made up my mind that it's going to be one of the best parties that's ever been thrown. Maybe you'd like to know what I'm going to do? How I'm going to decorate the "party room," what we're going to eat, which games we shall play, and a few of my pet tips for turning myself from a harassed housewife into a soignée sort of hostess?

Well, then, here goes!
I'm going to screw little cup hooks into the picture rail, on the top side of it, where the holes they leave won't show, and I'm going to set them at yard intervals right round the room. From these hooks I shall stretch lengths of strong string, and around the string I shall wind trails of ivy. Some of the ivy leaves I shall frost by the simple method of dissolving two ounces of Epsom salts in a teacupful of water and painting the leaves with this mixture.

Next I shall hang those brightly coloured glass balls from the ivy trails by lengths of tinsel string. I shall let some be very short, almost touching the leaves, and others shall hang quite low—about a foot from the greenery. Like the idea?

As for "eats," I've got lots of ideas about those.

I'm not doing anything like a sit-down meal, but I'm going to have loads of "finger-food" around for people to grab at when they feel the pangs of hunger. I shall have all the old standbys like sausages on sticks and potato crisps and salted almonds and sandwiches—but wait, my sandwiches are different.

An idea I stole from the Baccarat room bar at the Le Touquet Casino. The sandwiches are filled with the usual things, liver sausage (which is so like foie gras that you don't know the difference unless you're an expert or a goose!), cheese, egg (but mashed up with soft butter so that it doesn't spill out on the floor), tongue, ham, and what not, but instead of cutting the crusts off and

leaving the sandwiches full size, I cut them across and across again until they are about one inch square.

It's the grandest idea for a party, easy to eat in one mouthful and dainty to look at.

Here is a pet idea of my own—try it. Spread digestive biscuits thickly with butter and sprinkle them thinly with chopped mint. They have to be tasted to be believed! And another. Spread narrow fingers of toast with the egg-and-butter mixture I mentioned just now, lay one tinned asparagus tip along the finger, and sit a bottled prawn across the centre like a bridge. He will stay put if you press his extremities into the mashed egg.

Games! They're a problem, aren't they? One game that I have never known to fail me is "Matchbox Noses." It sounds crazy and it is crazy, and for a party that's gone a bit formal and I-didn't-catch-your-name-so-I-don't-like-to-start-talking-to-you, there's nothing to beat it. Here's the way to do it.

Shoo your guests into two rows of equal numbers facing each other and give the first person in each row an empty match-box cover. Explain that on the word "go" he must stick his nose into one end of the cover, turn towards the person next to him and, without any help from either of their hands, transfer the match-box to the next nose. This is done by the next player sticking his nose into the vacant end of the cover and pulling it off the first nose. And so on all the way along the line.

Not particularly funny? Wait until you get a thin, aristocratic nose trying to take the matchbox that's pretty firmly fixed from a fat bulbous one.

Having broken the ice with that game, try "Adverbs." It's a game that goes down well with a small party and brings out the latent acting talent of everyone there. One player goes out of the room and the rest of you think up some adverb—"joyfully," or "crazily," or "slowly," for example. Having settled on the adverb, call the player back.

He then starts to give you orders which you must carry out in the manner chosen. Maybe he'll tell you to walk across the room and pick up a book and the adverb you've chosen is "silently." So you creep along as quietly as you can. After he's asked everyone in the room to perform some task, he must guess the adverb. If he is right he must say which player gave the game away, and that's the person to go out next.

It's a crazy game, but the greatest fun. Finally comes beauty. If it's your party, you'll

want to look as nice as you possibly can, I'm sure, and here are some little notions that not everyone knows which will help you to be the belle of your own party.

There's olive oil to begin with. Olive oil can give you that groomed-to-a-last-hair look better than anything else I know. Dip your finger in the bottle and rub a suspicion over your eyebrows, then comb them straight up towards the top of your head until you look like a startled faun. Now run the comb along the top, following the curve of brow that appeals to you.

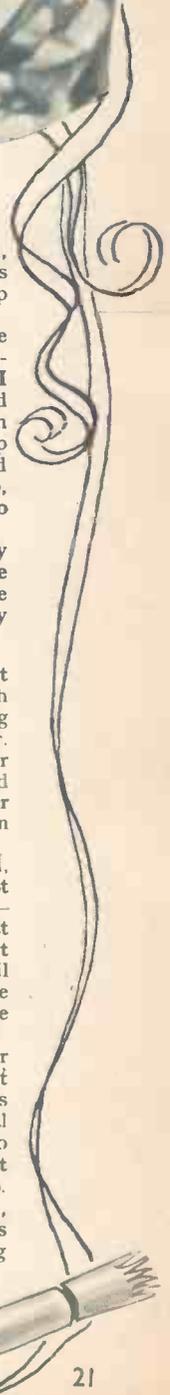
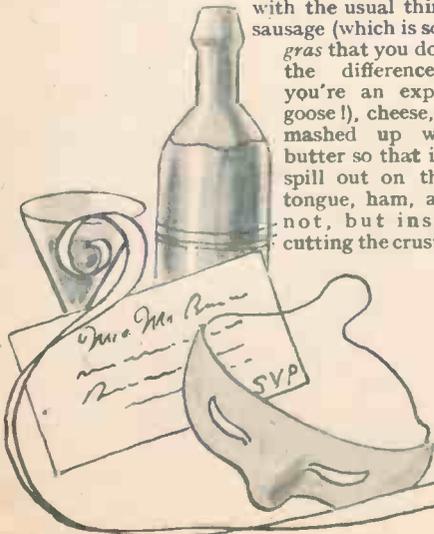
Another idea is to run your oily finger along your lips after you've lipsticked them. They shine in the most alluring manner and they stay shiny for hours, too.

And here's, talking of lipstick, a hint specially important at Christmas with mistletoe all over the place and exciting young men lurking around every corner. Dab a little of your favourite scent over your lips when you've made them up and you won't leave tell-tale smears over everyone's mouth when you're caught in the hall with the lights out!

Do you know the way to make broad, square nails look long and filiberty? Invest in a bottle of opaque crème varnish—there's a lovely new pale rust shade that the most conservative of males couldn't object to—and paint it right up the nail to the very top. Wipe away just the merest hairline of white at the tip and the trick is done.

Eyelashes are important. To look their very best they ought to have the first application of eye-black made as early as possible. Did you know that three frugal coats of eye-black applied an hour or so after each other gave a much better effect than one thick coat? Well, they do. Finally, when the last application is dry, take a fine comb and comb out those lashes so that they stand alone instead of getting matted together.

And, now, on with the party, and have a really whoopee time.



Ten Years of Broadcasting! The first of a series of articles by
has travelled the road to success and of his many

SAYING IT

Christmas is the time when we extend a special glad hand to old friends. Thousands of "Radio Pictorial" readers regard JACK PAYNE as a personal friend as well as a radio personality, and this, the first of a series of articles in which Jack recalls his ten years as a broadcasting star, will, we believe, prove one of the most popular series we have ever published

Stars may come and stars may go but Jack Payne stays for ever as a top-line attraction

TEN years of broadcasting. Ten years of companionship with the microphone. Ten years since I first announced that well-known formula: "This is Jack Payne speaking. . ."

Much water has flowed beneath the bridges, much music and many words have flown through the ether, since I first made acquaintance with the "mike." Dear old Savoy Hill, with its happy homelike atmosphere, is but an echo of an experimental past, and the mighty Broadcasting House has arisen, a certain token of progress and achievement.

And I? Well, I have done many things. I have achieved a certain something, I have become known. The mike, the stage, and the movie camera have helped me on my way—and the greatest of these is the mike. Let there be no misunderstanding about that.

People tell me I have been lucky. I agree. My luck has been that I am a child of the microphone era. Years and years ago, before regular broadcasting had started, I realised, in some measure, the possibilities of radio. I was not, I might say, the only man to do that.

There was a certain saxophonist in one of the old Savoy Hotel bands who once told me: "Payne, this radio business is the greatest thing of the century.

There's a packet in it for the guys who get in at the start." That saxophonist's name was Rudy Vallee, and because he sincerely believed what he said, he went back to his native America and made himself a dollar millionaire in a matter of months.

But I'd reached certain conclusions about the possibilities of broadcasting long before I made acquaintance with young Vallee. His words merely echoed what I'd been thinking myself for many, many months.

I was ambitious, I admit. I suppose I'm made that way! I determined that instead of waiting for broadcasting opportunity to knock on my door that I should knock on the door of opportunity.

But let's get back to the beginnings. Let's get back ten years, and a little more than that, into the past.

In 1923 I had the audacity to marry on a capital of £9. Competition in the dance-band business was pretty fierce then, I can tell you, and for a time I had to struggle hard to make things comfortable. And even when my name was known amongst Society hostesses, life was very far from being a "beer and skittles" party.

I had to pester booking-agents unceasingly. That was foot-slogging, and often disheartening, work. I longed for some secure and steady contract to relieve me from the strain of playing all night and searching for business all day. I pulled wires to secure a hotel contract—and the wires came away in my hands. Life is like that.

But eventually, Doris, my wife, proved my guiding star. A friend of hers brought us the information, not then officially disclosed, that the directors of the Hotel Cecil were searching for a new dance combination. The chance seemed a small one—but it was a chance, and I wrote in asking for an appointment.

The appointment was granted. And, as a result, I was eventually invited to take my band to the Cecil. A lucky break for me, I agree. But then, life is sometimes like that, too.

During this time, I had not forgotten my first reaction to broadcasting. To me it was the Big Opportunity—yes, spell like that, with capitals. As soon as I was comfortably settled at the Cecil, I decided to see the way of arranging to call in at the Savoy for a smoke and a chat with the boys there. Most of them,

Doris Payne, Jack's charming wife and inspiration



The
Inside Story
of a
Famous
Radio
Dance-Band

Some of the boys serenade Mr. and Mrs. Jack Payne on their arrival home from their recent South African tour

JACK PAYNE, telling how he adventures on the journey!

WITH THE MUSIC

By
**JACK
PAYNE**

like Vallee, were agreed that broadcasting was the coming thing. But none of them could suggest a way by which I might enlist the sympathies of the powers at Savoy Hill. This, in one sense, was disappointing—but, then, as I have said, competition was pretty fierce.

One day, as I was walking along the Strand, I came to a quick decision. It was useless, obviously, to wait for the broadcasting mountain to come to me. The B.B.C. had already been established for nearly three years, and I had the feeling that I might be lost in the race unless I took the initiative into my own hands. Clearly, it was up to me to approach the mountain.

So, instead of turning into the Savoy Hotel as I had intended, I walked on down Savoy Hill, and through the modest portal of the B.B.C.

I asked if I might see Gerald Cock, who, I understood, had charge of all the outside broadcasts. I was asked to wait, and in a few minutes, to my delight and astonishment, was told that Gerald Cock could see me.

For his sympathetic hearing at that momentous interview, I shall be forever grateful to him. Briefly, I explained my business to him. I wanted some weekly broadcasts. He assured me he would see what could be done in the matter.

Miraculously, the opportunity arrived!

The first time I ever broadcast was on Boxing Day, 1925—as “Uncle” Jack Payne and his Band in the Children’s Hour. Numbers like “Ukulele Lady,” “Yes, Sir, She’s My Baby,” “I Want to be Happy,” and “Moonlight in Mandalay” were in our programme, titles that read like ancient history now.

And for me they were truly historic. That’s why I keep the whole list on a little slip of paper in my pocket-book.

My broadcasts were, I believe, as successful as any that had hitherto been radiated by the B.B.C. The hundreds of letters they brought me proved amply that my belief in the influence of broadcasting was in no sense a poor estimate.

I did some more hard thinking. If occasional broadcasts were so well received by children and adults alike, what would a regular broadcast each day do for me? Why shouldn’t I become leader of a resident dance orchestra with the B.B.C.?

Once more, I was bold enough to put in my suggestion without invitation, and once more it was well received.

At that time, the B.B.C. was in a state of some disturbance through the cult known as “song-plugging.” I should explain, perhaps, that in its early stages, “song-plugging” was a mild and comparatively harmless publicity stunt worked by the music publishers. Dance leaders were paid what amounted to royalties by the publishers for putting their particular numbers over the air.

But, owing to the stress of competition, these payments became, in effect, a system of bribery. Publishers were bidding against each other for the privilege of having their songs broadcast, and a great number of dance band leaders were piling up considerable incomes.

For my part, I was on the horns of a dilemma. The money, naturally, was not unwelcome, yet to me there was something particularly unsavoury in the manner in which it was earned and paid. I decided to have nothing to do with it, and on a never-to-be-forgotten morning I took the unique step of returning to two publishers their “song-plugging” cheques.

That very same morning, I went down to the B.B.C. to put forward my idea of a resident dance band led by myself. This fact was pure coincidence, for I had no idea at that time that the broadcasting authorities were in any way perturbed at the growth of “song-plugging.”

Mr. Val Goldsmith, who, with Roger Eckersley, listened to me in the same kindly way that Gerald Cock had previously done, soon made his opinions quite clear to me. “Song-plugging” had become a ramp, and he wanted it stopped.

I told him that only an hour or two previously I had returned two publishers’ cheques to the signees.

A few weeks afterwards, I was told that my project was approved, and I signed my contract to move into Savoy Hill.

My frankness with Mr. Goldsmith carried, I think, much weight in the decision to appoint me. Years later, I learned that as soon as my interview with him was over, he actually telephoned the musical publishers I had mentioned to confirm my story of the returned cheques.

Of course, I had to undergo the usual audition before my band was approved. And I might say that my first B.B.C. dance band was an entirely new combination. For a fortnight I scoured London and the provinces for the best men I could obtain. However, by careful searching my band was completed, and we re-

hearsed strenuously. At the audition we were instructed to play, amongst other things, some classical pieces!

The boys were as surprised as I, but we struggled through manfully. And our reward was the agreement on which I had set my heart.

But still I was not satisfied. I wanted Jack Payne and his B.B.C. Dance Orchestra to become a real “feature act” on the radio. And then it occurred to me that it might help if I had some definite way of introducing the band to listeners.

I hit on an idea which has now become commonplace—the “signature tune.” The boys thought this a great scheme, but, of course, the difficulty was to find the right tune. I racked my brains for an appropriate tune that was catchy and easily remembered.

One day, just before I was going to the rehearsal room, a wonderful inspiration came. I recalled a tune that I had broadcast many times—a tune that, with the lapse of time, I had all but forgotten. It was, of course, “Say It With Music.”

As soon as the rehearsal was finished, I dashed along to the office of a great friend of mine who was a power on the “policy” side of the B.B.C. “I’ve struck a great idea,” I told him. “I’m going to open every broadcast of my orchestra with the same number—a signature tune—and I want to use ‘Say It With Music.’”

He became very downcast, and raised all manner of objections about using an existing copyright tune. But he could not damp my enthusiasm.

However, there was one great difficulty to be surmounted, for if the usual copyright fee had to be paid every time I played the tune, the publishers would make a considerable amount of money each week out of it—at the B.B.C.’s expense.

We investigated the history of the tune, which was, of course, an old Irving Berlin favourite, especially composed by him for a New York musical play called “Music Box.” To the best of my recollection the song was taken out at the very last moment, and published as an independent number.

For days I talked the matter over with Berlin’s publishers. Eventually the B.B.C. and the publishers reached an agreement whereby it was possible for me to use the signature tune whenever I wanted. It was in the early part of 1930, nearly two years after my appointment with the B.B.C., that I started to use it regularly, and since then it has been broadcast thousands of times, beating, in this respect, all records as a signature tune.

I have had it played at the microphone in all manner of strange circumstances—at the B.B.C.,

in gramophone studios and film studios, in an aeroplane, in the Mersey Tunnel, and even in the heart of a coal mine!

My work at Savoy Hill inevitably brought me into contact with the most important personalities of British broadcasting. I have already mentioned Roger Eckersley, Val Goldsmith, and Gerald Cock. Roger Eckersley, of course, was brother to Captain Peter Eckersley, the first Chief Engineer of the B.B.C., whose early experiments at Writtle laid the foundations of regular broadcasting later on.

The great personality of the B.B.C. is, of course, the D.G.—in other words, Sir John Reith. Soon after my arrival at Savoy Hill I was given a friendly warning never to refer to Sir John Reith as Sir John! To prove yourself in the broadcasting swim you must always speak of the D.G.—the approved contraction for Director-General.

Some months elapsed before I actually talked with Sir John at Savoy Hill. Quite by accident I met him on the stairs as I was coming down from a rehearsal. He smiled, and invited me to his private room, high above the Thames.

I know that he very much regretted leaving that lovely view when he migrated with the entire staff to Broadcasting House. Anyone with a feeling for beauty must have felt the same. Incidentally, let me say that I found Sir John a most kindly and most human man, very much more in sympathy with the difficulties and criticisms of listeners than most people imagine.

He has a habit of turning up in the studio at all sorts of times, occasionally by himself, quite frequently with distinguished visitors. At first, I found it somewhat disconcerting to find the D.G. unexpectedly gazing on me during a broadcast. But soon I became accustomed to his ways, and eventually quite looked forward to his visits.

For Sir John Reith was the D.G. and his presence at a performance was in the nature of a compliment.

Do not miss the next long instalment of this fascinating series.

A novel view of the brilliant band

DOROTHY WARD, world-famous
Principal Boy, writes about the . . .

SPiRiT OF CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME

Christmas without pantomime is like Christmas pudding without plums—
Dorothy Ward, who is Principal Boy in "Babes in the Wood" at the
Alhambra, Glasgow this year, knows and loves her subject



Backstage at a rehearsal. Draped theatre, empty seats—but wait till "the night"!



played "Dame" to my Principal Boy ever since we were married. He and I have a Christmas party at the theatre every year.

My first Christmas broadcast I remember, was a great event. This took place about six years ago at Savoy Hill. It was the first broadcast of its kind—a sort of pantomime. I did quite a

number of the songs and the dialogue from "Cinderella" in which I was playing Principal Boy that year.

Last year my pantomime: "Jack and the Beanstalk," was relayed from the theatre at Birmingham, as it was the previous year from Newcastle.

I must say I would prefer every time to broadcast from the studio; when on the stage, one is conscious, all the while, of the microphone, which makes things decidedly worrying.

One has to play to the audience and, yet, at the same time, keep the microphone constantly in mind. This compromise is bad. One should give all to the visible audience or all to listeners . . . divided efforts are never completely successful.

One of my most tragic broadcasts was when I appeared at the microphone with the late Julian Wylie on the eve of his very sudden death last year. This kind of pantomime will remain long in the memories of all of us, especially at Christmas time.

Christmas without the Wylies will never seem the same to Shaun and me. For years and years the four of us—Mr. and Mrs. Wylie and Shaun and myself—gathered for the Christmas dinner. . . .

He was easily the kindest and most considerate man in the entertainment world, and certainly the most energetic.

Getting away from Christmas for a while and reverting to my own broadcasts, I mustn't forget to mention those I have done from Radiolympia. These I have always enjoyed. What an audience one gets there! The two occasions have been a real joy. I appeared in my own variety act and I must say that I found the audience a considerable help.

I expect you'll remember my preceding remarks on audiences so I ought to qualify

them by making this distinction—in a theatre that is wired up by the B.B.C. one has to divide oneself between listeners and audience (and two into one won't go!).

But at Radiolympia the people have come specifically to see a broadcast, so that while you give your personality to the mike, those in the audience enjoy the experience of watching a performance that is going into millions of homes. . . .

It has been a great wish of mine to broadcast a panto direct from the studio—only this has always been impossible as I work at the theatre every season. Actually, I feel rather proud of my record, never having missed a pantomime.

It was a lucky thing that the last performance of my 1935 panto, "Jack and the Beanstalk," wasn't broadcast. Had it been put on the air, listeners might have been treated to the dull thud of yours truly doing an ungraceful tumble.

In the final scene I was to have made an imposing entry on a lovely white steed—a real one, mark you—and as I entered, one of the chorus girls inadvertently stepped on my train and, in doing so, dragged me from my saddle to the floor.

I got back into the saddle and carried on as though nothing had happened and the audience, very kind and discreet, pretended to ignore the occurrence. Apart from a few bruises, I was none the worse for the fall. . . .

Well, here's a Merry Christmas to you all—on long, short and medium waves. May you have many happy listening hours and several gay visits to pantomimes. For they are the real spirit of Christmas entertainment.

I EXPECT that when you are all gathered round the blazing Yule fire on Christmas night—with the radio merrily blaring forth its seasonal entertainment—you occasionally feel a bit compassionate for the poor artistes who, denied the pleasure of spending this one precious evening at home with their families, have to be bright and entertaining.

They have to try to convey the Christmas spirit in a bleak, ultra-modern and fireless studio in Broadcasting House which, being distinctly twentieth century, has nothing of the old-time Christmas atmosphere about it.

Well, I can tell you not to waste your sympathy; you must certainly not let the thought of it spoil your Christmas fun. For me, at any rate, the idea of doing a broadcast at Christmas is something to look forward to—something to enjoy. And I think that most broadcasting artistes feel the same way about it.

Broadcasting is a universal boon; and there is a vast number of people to whom, either through illness or perhaps loss of sight, outside pleasures are not available.

The radio, therefore, is a boon especially for them. Now, radio artistes who know their job always remember the vast and mixed public to which their particular line of entertainment is calculated to appeal. And those with any spark of humanity think first of all of the sick, the bedridden and the sightless to whom, in the monotony of their rooms, the radio becomes a tremendously significant thing.

Particularly at Christmas can radio bring a glow of happiness to the bedridden.

That thought makes me happy. Because I work more in the theatres than the broadcasting studios, my aim, when facing the microphone at Christmas, is to try to cheer these people who are unable to come to the pantomime.

I think one can safely say that it is only during the panto season that audiences in the theatre feel they can relax and become members of one big merry party. And it is up to the Christmas broadcaster, too, to overcome the fact that the millions of listeners are isolated from one another, by playing on and drawing out this warm emotion that all people feel at this time of the year.

Since he who gives is more blessed than he who receives, I can assure you the artiste who dishes out the Christmas fun gets at least as big a kick as the audience which hears it!

I can modestly say that I speak with authority because I have played Principal Boy every year since I was fifteen, and, until last year when my husband, Shaun Glenville, played in the Drury Lane panto while I was in Birmingham, he has



Merry Christmas to you, Dorothy, and thanks for happy hours you've given us

Radio idols, yes! but proud mothers and fathers as well. And at Christmas their kiddies are their first consideration. This gay article tells you what the children of famous broadcasters are hoping to do—and get—at Christmas

By
**VERIFY
CLAIRE**

CHRISTMAS again at last! To most of us it means holidays, family reunions and parties with the kiddies. To many radio stars it means hard work, for entertainers are in even greater demand at Christmas than at other times of the year. But those stars who have children, try to put all work aside on Christmas day and spend the time with their kiddies. They become just ordinary mothers and fathers, with the claims of the outside world forgotten for a few hours. After all, kiddies are the most important part of any Christmas celebration, aren't they?

Princess Pearl tells me that she and Harry Roy are planning a marvellous Christmas Party at their house, a real family gathering.

"Alas! it won't be a reunion with any of my family," she said, "they've gone abroad just now, but all Harry's family will be there and we're going to have a grand time. There'll be a huge tree and stockings for everybody. Harry's looking forward to it enormously because he's got a week's holiday at Christmas time. He's touring in the provinces right up till then but he's just managed to get Christmas week off. And is he pleased?"

"The joke about our party is that everyone will be completely grown up, with the exception of our wee Roberta, who will be the guest of honour! Harry and I are terribly proud of her and the rest of the family is

CHRISTMAS IS KIDDIES' DAY



Here are the Claude Hulberts, Jacqueline and Jill have all their friends home for a gay Christmas party

Denis O'Neil and his kiddies, Micky and Peter, catch the Christmas atmosphere in this happy snap

even better. There are so many preparations for a Christmas party, aren't there, what with catering, decorations, dressing the tree and things like that? Bobby Howes' two children, Peter and Sally Ann, always come to our party as we're all great friends.

"Well, when the party's over, and it's usually an uproarious affair, with nuts and may, oranges and lemons, and all the old-fashioned games, finishing up with a general distribution of presents from the tree, Jacqueline and Jill go to bed. Then Claude and I set off for Jack Hulbert's house, where we have a large dinner party.

Christmas parties are always gay, but this is very special to celebrate Claude's birthday.

"After dinner Claude and I go home, rout a rather sleepy Jill out of bed, wrap her up warmly in a fur rug and take her along to Jack's in a closed car to see what can be seen of Father Christmas. Both Jack and Jill adore all the fanciful part of Christmas and are firm believers in Father Christmas, which is just as it should be. Christmas wouldn't be Christmas to Jill without this evening jaunt.

"We always put her to bed between 6 and 10 o'clock, as she's so tired after the party, but she's usually awake and ready for us when we come back. Father Christmas always seems to arrive in some different way, sometimes on the balcony, covered in frost, sometimes giving her presents from the tree. She never knows for certain that he'll be there, but she's been lucky every time so far! We think perhaps Jack may be allowed to come this year, too, though she's only four!"

Les Allen is spending Christmas at home with Mrs. Allen and Norman, and Norman

Please turn to next page

almost as bad. We've got to be very careful that she doesn't get swelled head.

"You know, Harry's just crazy about Roberta. Every time he goes out he buys her a present. I tell him he's silly and that she's too young for toys, but that doesn't stop him. He brings in a new one nearly every day and he's awfully disappointed when she won't look at them. And you can't be surprised that she doesn't, can you? Even the most super-intelligent baby doesn't play with toys at the age of four months. Still, Harry doesn't give up hope. One day it's a clockwork animal, the next a woolly dog, and so on.

"I believe he wants to give her a toy railway for Christmas. It's far too early for her, of course, but I think the idea at the back of his mind is to have something to play with himself. You know what men are with toy railways! By the time Christmas really comes I don't think there'll be a toy left that Roberta hasn't

got. There's almost a roomful waiting for the time when she's old enough to play with them."

"I notice you call her Roberta very firmly," I said. "Don't you ever shorten it?"

"No," said Princess Pearl. "Roberta she was christened and Roberta she'll be called. No one at our Christmas party will be allowed to call her Bobbie!"

For the Hulbert family Christmas is the day of the year, especially as it is Claude's birthday. December 25th is devoted to the children and it's a red letter day for them.

"Ever since I've been married," said Enid Trevor—Mrs. Claude Hulbert to you—"Christmas day has been spent in the same way, and I hope it always will be.

"The morning, of course, is spent in opening stockings, parcels—all kept till the day itself—and excitements of that sort. In the afternoon we have a party and a big Christmas tree. Pamela Hulbert—Jack's daughter—used to come to this party when she was little but now she's getting so big she comes earlier and helps me with the preparations, which is

CHRISTMAS IS KIDDIES' DAY

Continued from previous page



Celia Lipton, Sydney's young daughter, has a sophisticated ambition for Christmas. She wants to go to Grosvenor House Hotel to see the cabaret!



is going to get the Christmas present he's been wanting for the last three years. A real cowboy suit! And it's not just a fancy dress bought from any old store, but a genuine cowboy suit sent all the way from America. And is Norman thrilled at the idea?

"He's tickled pink," said Les. "Can't you see the little fellow in the leather trousers, wide-brimmed stetson hat, belt and gun? I can see we'll have a small cowboy running round our house for most of the Christmas holidays."

Norman, who will be nine in January, is a fine chap and is looking forward to a grand Christmas this year. He has dozens of little cousins in London and after Christmas dinner at home he is going to a big party given by one of his aunts, and all the little cousins will be there.

Sydney Lipton, the popular dance band leader, has a daughter, Celia, and she too is to have a party at home with her family.

Celia, like Claude Hulbert, is one of those who happened to be born on Christmas day, and therefore has to roll two festivals into one. But she manages to have a good time all the same and this year is trying her utmost to wheedle her daddy into taking her along to Grosvenor House on Christmas evening. Thirteen's a little early for such an excursion into London's night life, but I shouldn't be at all surprised if Miss Celia didn't get her own way. "It won't be through lack of trying if she doesn't," said Sydney, "she's been agitating about it for months past!"

Denis O'Neil, who has become even more popular through his broadcasts in "Eight Bells," is very much a family man. He adores his children, Peter, aged 9 and Micky, 8—Micky's a girl, by the way—and always arranges a really old-fashioned Christmas for them.

Secret Note-writing

"Both Peter and Micky believe firmly in Father Christmas," said Denis, "at least, they have done until this year and I hope they won't start getting sceptical yet. There is always an enormous lot of note writing, hinting and discussion for weeks beforehand and Father Christmas seems to get wind of their wishes somehow, for they nearly always get what they want. And they've got lots of friends who send them lovely presents. They're really very lucky."

"What do you want most of all for Christmas this year?" he asked Micky.

Micky jumped up and down and squeaked loudly with excitement.

"A bicycle! A bicycle!" she squealed. "More than anything else in the world!"

"A bicycle!" said Denis. "Is that all?"

"Oh, daddy, I do want a bicycle," said Micky.

"Do ask Father Christmas to bring me one!"

"But I thought it was Peter who wanted a bicycle," said Dennis.

"Yes, I do," chimed in Peter, "we both want bicycles!"

Denis quailed at this expensive suggestion and remarked that mummy probably wanted a Rolls Royce. Micky rushed up to Mrs. O'Neil for discussion and then came back to Denis.

"No, she doesn't want one," said Micky. "Mummy wants a Sponzo Squeezer!"

"That's good!" laughed Denis. "Well, you tell mummy that Hispano Suizas or Rolls Royces are too big for her stocking. You know," he went on, "we have one rule in this house at Christmas, and that is,

Christmas is an important time for Norman Allen. He hopes to be going "Wild West" on Christmas Day!



no presents opened before breakfast. The kiddies have a stocking each in bed in the morning, but the tree and all the presents Father Christmas thoughtfully brought the night before, come after breakfast. Otherwise we'd have no breakfast at all and that would never do."

"And are they having a party too?"

"Well, I don't know about that," said Denis thoughtfully. "You see they had a party on Guy Fawkes day, a big one, with a lot of fireworks, and they're supposed to be having that instead of a Christmas one, but if they want another very much, well," he smiled, "it's hard to say no, isn't it? I expect they'll wangle another one."

Stainless Stephen is another believer in a good old-fashioned Christmas. Last year, when he was still living in Yorkshire, things were a bit difficult, because he was taking part in the B.B.C. Christmas party. That meant sending his small son Ian to stay with his aunt, while Stainless and his wife came to London.

Stainless's Yorkshire Christmas

This year things will be very different. Stainless is now settled in London and is planning a big Christmas re-union, with all the members of the family together again, aunts, uncles, parents and grandparents. They keep Christmas in the Yorkshire way, with plenty to eat and plenty to drink, "if I can borrow the money for it!" said Stainless.

"And how does Ian feel about Christmas?" I asked. "He's looking forward to a bumper time," said Stainless. "He wants an aeroplane fitted with machine guns for his present—but he won't get it. I expect I'll get him something on the lines of a toy railway. He's mad on anything mechanical. Do you know, that child can tell every make of car at a glance and he's pretty good on aeroplanes, too."

Ronald Frankau's family make a great feature of Christmas stockings. "We always have had them and always will," he said. "Stockings are a great business with us. We brood on them and hide what's to go in them for weeks before Christmas. Everyone gives everyone else something. We have a fixed amount of money that is to be spent, it varies each

year and one mustn't go above or below it. We start our Christmas preparations very early. Cook began to make the puddings on the 1st of November! Oh yes, it's very thoroughly organised.

"Rosemary's having a party this year, she's a good hostess, though she's only three and a half. Roberta, of course, is too young to show her paces yet, but she's already quite a force to be reckoned with."

"I think we've been rather canny about our names, don't you? Renee Frankau, Ronald Frankau, Rosemary Frankau and Roberta Frankau, so that if we get any particularly nice presents with our initials on them we can lend them to each other, or leave them in our wills!"

She wants a Pony!

"I've not yet decided on my presents for the children. There are so many broad hints dropped, but it's very difficult to know what to get. Of course, what Rosemary wants more than anything else in the world is a pony. I know she's very young to ride, but she's extremely good at it and simply adores it."

"She lives for her riding and dancing lessons, they're all she seems to think about. But we gave her a baby sister this year so she'll have to wait a year or so before we can manage a pony."

"Still, riding-kit might be squeezed into her stocking, even though it might make it rather a strange shape. As for Roberta, well, woolly toys are acceptable when you're not yet one-year-old, aren't they? She's not terribly discriminating as yet, but she'll learn, oh yes, she'll learn."

But the largest family of all belongs to Charlie Clapham, of Clapham and Dwyer. He has no less than five children, a party in themselves, without any visitors.



Baby Roberta Roy will be celebrating her first Christmas—but she's not very interested!

Starting with 18-year-old Betty, down through Mary, Geoffrey and Anne, to Raymond, aged 8, they're a merry gang.

Will Cissie Be There?

Betty and Mary always take charge of the Christmas decorations, aided by the other children, "though they really only get in the way," said Mary grandly. Nevertheless, it's grand fun being one of a large family, and better still at Christmas time. Friends and relations are visiting the Clapham household for a large party on Christmas day, though I wasn't told whether Cissie the Cow would be present!

When you're eating your Christmas dinner and distributing the presents from the tree to your own party of kiddies, think of the popular radio stars who are doing just the same kind of thing. Perhaps they're just voices to you, but really they're jolly, intensely human people like yourselves, with their Jill and Jacqueline, Micky, Peter, Celia, Rosemary, Roberta, baby Roberta, Uncle Tom Cobbley and all.

Anyway, here's a very Merry Christmas to every one of them.

May all the radio stars' children get exactly what they want in their Christmas Stockings. And I hope that those who still believe in Santa Claus will not find out for at least another year!



GIVE RADIO THIS CHRISTMAS

WHAT would make a more acceptable present than an "All World" receiver capable of picking up hosts of programmes from all out-of-the-way places? H.M.V. think that their range of receivers covers the need of every radio listener, and in particular, many of them make ideal Christmas presents.

Consider model 149, for example, a battery operated all-wave instrument costing only 9½ guineas. This simple receiver gives high quality reproduction and is comparable with most A.C. operated receivers of a similar type. It is the very set for use in country districts where perhaps mains are still unobtainable.

On the other hand, model 486 can be used on either A.C. or D.C. mains, so one is not restricted to the type of supply available. Although by no means portable, it comes in very useful if it has to be moved to a temporary residence. It is, of course, all-wave and at 13½ guineas is probably one of the cheapest sets of its kind. This, coupled with H.M.V. performance and cabinet design, is something of importance.

H.M.V. make a very big fuss about their model 482, for their engineers feel that this receiver is one of the finest of its kind, and it really will tune in short-wave stations from any part of the world in addition to the conventional European broadcasters. Despite this efficiency and inclusion of fluid light tuning, 6 valves, excluding detector and two speed tuning drive, the price is only 16 guineas.

There is absolutely no need to use special short-wave aerials with these H.M.V. "All World" receivers, for short-wave stations can be tuned in with the poorest of indoor aerials. Also as the tuning scale is calibrated with short-wave station names there is no difficulty in tuning in a programme from the actual station or country required.

Write to H.M.V. at 98, Clerkenwell Road, and ask for a copy of their catalogue showing a complete range of "All World" receivers. The low prices and the comprehensive range will surprise most readers for they have been able to provide good cabinet design, high quality, all-world reception and many other features normally found in high-priced receivers for normal cost.

While on the topic of Christmas presents, what bigger surprise could you have than to receive something like the new Plus-a-Gram so that you could turn your existing radio set into a complete radiogramophone?

These Plus-a-Grams are made by J. & A. Margolin, of 112-116, Old Street, London, E.C.1, and consist of a console cabinet on which is mounted an A.C.D.C. motor with a high quality pick-up. In the bottom of the cabinet space has been left for the storage of gramophone records.

The radio receiver is mounted on top of this cabinet and two connections join the pick-up to the radio set. Records can then be played at will without having to alter the receiver in any way. If you have never heard records played electrically, have a demonstration at the nearest music shop, and you will be surprised at the improvement in the quality and the increase in volume. Also by means of a variable control, volume can be controlled at will. The Universal model costs £7 10s. 0d., but A.C. or battery versions are available for 6 guineas.



"Stop clanking those beastly chains, will you. I want to listen to the ghost stories."

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DECEMBER FASHION PARADE

Exclusive photographs of radio favourites specially taken for "Radio Pictorial" by Blake



Dark, slim and sophisticated, Paula Green, vocalist with Marius Winter, dresses to suit her type in a rippling dress of black cire' satin, gauged in front and finished with a jewelled clip. The three-quarter length coat has wide revers and attractively puffed sleeves.



Madeleine Dixon, alluring leading lady at the Saville Theatre, London, and television and radio star, wearing her favourite dress of heavy white satin. The only decoration is a wide band of gauging.



(Above) Jane Carr's fair beauty is admirably set off by black lace. The deep hem fans out into myriads of narrow pleats.



Doris Arnold



(Above) A padded, ribbed yoke and buttoned front are featured by this breathlessly smart afternoon frock worn by Renée Roberts, Mrs. Ronald Frankau. It is carried out in a lightweight woollen cloth in rust.



(Right) Smart black halo, and luxurious Persian lamb coat, with deep pockets and bulky sleeves—the choice of Nina Davitt. Under it she wears a dress trimmed with braid and finished with a white fringe. Charming, isn't it?



(Above) Evie Hayes wears a tweed ensemble of Russian inspiration, bound with leather. The dress has a double row of leather buttons, and her dashing Cossack cap is also trimmed with leather.

(Centre, above) Doris Arnold looks her best in tailored clothes—Norfolk jacket, superbly cut, in tawny shaded plaid, brown wool frock, buttons to match the coat, and tall brown felt hat.

Give Beauty this Christmas

The "Right" Christmas present for every woman to receive and every man to give

NOW is the time to think, to plan and to buy Christmas gifts. Unless you are one of those people who enjoy the last-minute rush on Christmas Eve, you must get down to the business of choosing just that gift, large or small, which is going to bring delight to your friend on Christmas morning.

First of all, your mother, your favourite aunt, and your grandmother—they will delight in a gift coffret of Dubarry bath luxuries—imagine bath cubes, with violet scented bath soap and violet talcum. Packed in an artistic box which is, to my mind, a most important part of any gift.

For your best friend or (since I know many men readers also turn to this page) for the fiancée and the young wife, you could not do better than to choose a lovely gift case with a feathery design, in which repose skin tonic, cleansing milk, two essential beauty creams and a box of silken face powder—the Laleek preparations in their familiar gold and black "jackets."

No woman could resist such an inviting box of beauty luxuries.

For hand-conscious friends, as a Christmas engagement gift, or for yourselves, I suggest the Cutex manicure case which will take care of your nails at home or when travelling. It costs 8s. 6d., in pig-leather, in beige, black and brown, and it is rich in nail-beautifying qualities.

You know, of course, you can get these attractive manicure gift sets from 6d. upwards—for the foot of the stocking or for the tree or the breakfast table, and there are few preparations more pleasing than these.

Rarely do you meet anyone who has lost her enthusiasm for eau de cologne, and here is a gift that is certain to bring pleasure—a lovely Chinese box prepared by Morny containing one bath soap tablet and a flacon of eau de cologne. (A happy solution for the fiancée's mother.) The same set is also obtainable with lavender water.

An especially lovely present is the Gardenia box, with complexion powder, perfume, talcum and bath soap.

If your girl friend prefers June Roses, Mysterieuse or Tentation (a very modern perfume), she can have this outfit in one of those perfumes—but Gardenia is always a good choice. It is so sparkling and fresh.

For the men of the family, a box of antiseptic soap, or a brushless shaving cream in a fat tube which leaves the skin soft and unchafed, or a bottle of rather special cologne for after shaving, is ever appreciated.

From Coty comes the delightful idea of a gift for the dancing girl, or the girl just about to go to her first dance—are you that girl? A box with small folk dancing all over it, and inside a posy of artificial flowers to be tucked in the hair or the sash of your dance dress, with a flacon of perfume accompanying.

Then, for every girl who envies a radio or film celebrity complexion, let me recommend a jar of Potter and Moore complexion cream or a box of lavender water, powder-cream and lavender smelling salts.

If you happen to know someone on your gift list who has hair she is proud of, a rubber-cushioned brush with pure bristle will be a present after her own heart.

A curling comb and a tube of setting cream is another combined gift which costs half a crown and is always acceptable, particularly in the factory and the office where hair attractiveness is essential.

Green and gold come Pond's decorative triangular cases, full of loveliness for the skin. These coffrets cost from 1s. 6d., and it is a heartening thought that for this price you can get an attractive beauty gift any friend will love, complete with greeting card.

A tinted flask of Dubarry talcum with three fragrant bath cubes in lavender or eau de cologne, with a carnival picture inset in the box, makes a "remembrance" many of your home circle will enjoy.

For your elder sisters, why not a box containing handbag "container" (this is very new) of Rapture perfume and a flapjack for loose powder? This flapjack is square, enamelled, and has an ornamentation in marcasite resembling a basket of flowers. Choose a pale rose or a blue or an ivory in this delightful gift. It costs 8s. 3d. complete.

Lavender is one of those beloved perfumes which appeals to any age, in any circumstance, and it can be a blessing in the sickroom, especially when presented with a new square spray in crystal with a chromium mount. No long cords, no tassels; just a bulb covered in crocheted silk, which does not allow the perfume to evaporate. The scent spray in blue, together with a diamond-shaped bottle of lavender, costs 6s.

You may find these gifts in stores and chemists throughout the country. But do let me help you with further suggestions if you are in any doubt.

(Write ELISABETH ANN if you would like her personal advice on any beauty problem or concerning Christmas presents, addressing her c/o RADIO PICTORIAL, Chansitor House, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2, and enclosing a stamped addressed envelope for her reply.)

Choose your perfume ... Chaminade, June Roses, Tentation, Mysterieuse...in this lovely, luxurious Morny gift set, price 8s. 3d. Or in Gardenia, price 7s. 9d.



Every woman should have the Cutex Travelling Set. It is made in fine pig-leather, in black or and costs 8s. 6d.

Beautiful little bottles of Laleek Skin Tonic and Cleansing Milk, with powder and two creams—all for 5s. 6d.

A fragrant gift for 2s. 9d.—Dubarry Talcum Powder in a tinted flask with Bath Cubes in Lavender or Eau de Cologne. (Below) Houbigant presents an exquisite gift of scent, price 9s.

(Above) The "S. teen" Gift Set—containing Air-Spun Face Powder, greasel Face Cream and day-and-evening Rouge, 6s.

An unusual present, but unusually acceptable...a bottle of hair-setting lotion with an accompanying spray top. Price 6s. 6d.

No, this cuddly woolly dog is not a present for the nursery—he is a nightdress case, and looks very much at home, curled up at the head of your bed. He only costs 5/- from Selfridges

"Cellophane," fasten with holly ribbon or silver "string" and give it *glamour*, however small or simple it happens to be. Get those little Yuletide tags and tie them outside, and gift bells, which can stick untidy ends. Or have a pretty box in which your gift can be arranged on coloured tissue. Wooden boxes, frilled boxes, crystal and frosted boxes, as well as decorative cardboard ones, are available this Christmas for your individual gifts.

READERS' DRESS PROBLEMS

MY black velvet evening dress has, I am afraid, seen its best days, so I thought of having it made into an evening cape. (There is not enough material for a coat). Will this look O.K. to wear over a black figured or flowered dress of perhaps a silk or crêpe material, for a dinner. Is it all right to wear a costume for just a little informal dinner in a hotel.—"JANETTE."

Capes are very fashionable just now, worn over dance or dinner dresses. I think it is a splendid idea. A costume in silk or velvet would be suitable for the hotel dinner, but not a suiting or tweed. Rather wear an afternoon frock with a coat which you can leave in the cloakroom, if you have no silk suit.

(You are invited to write ELISABETH ANN, c/o "Radio Pictorial," Chancery House, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2, if you would like full particulars of the items she mentions, or if you have an individual dress problem. Please enclose a stamped-addressed envelope.)

SEASONS GREETINGS

Half-a-crown buys this frisky little cot lamb with teething ring attached -- a joyous present for the very young baby

SEASONS GREETINGS

WHAT ARE YOU GIVING?

By Elisabeth Ann

HAVE you ever listed gifts like this? Bags — gloves — cushions — handkerchiefs — flowers — slippers—and then spent a pleasant hour fitting people to the gifts? Of course, there's always a chance that the Dora for whom you've picked slippers will receive them from her own brother—but with a little discreet questioning, you can find out whether or not the gift is being duplicated.

But here are bags for your selection—coloured suèdes, violet, yellow, rust, grey, navy, brown and black, fully lined with mirror, and handle, at five shillings. Calf bags, more durable with chromium plated fittings, or cloqué kid, or poplin, for seven shillings and sixpence. And for ten shillings a really good choice of day and evening bags—among the evening ones are silver or gold brocade, and "pearled" and beaded bags, in colours to harmonise with every evening dress.

Gloves are always acceptable, particularly coloured ones which exactly match a friend's coat. Red, purple and green are particularly popular. Knitted gloves are cosy, crocheted ones are smart, suède ones bring a gasp of delight to the recipient. If you are buying evening gloves you may take your choice from yellow, pink or pale blue—and some glimpsed recently have silk or lamé backs with yellow kid palms. Delightful to possess.

Cushions are queer gifts, right only if they are chosen to personal taste. But a glazed chintz cushion is a charming gift, or a small pink cushion for travel, or the bolster type for a settee at home. (If you are making your home a Christmas gift this year, a cushion may prove an excellent solution.)

Handkerchiefs—I mentioned these last week, but have you considered the more decorative type? Large coloured ones with a large initial in the corner, or handkerchiefs in chiffon which can be used for a powder-puff?

I think remembrances of fresh flowers on the morning of the 25th are some of the nicest sur-

For a man—this novel and practical cigarette casket. Lift the lid and the cigarettes appear. Price £1 5s. from Bravingtons

SEASONS GREETINGS

prises, but there are other flowers very pleasurable when they are a gift. Artificial flowers can be placed in sand in a jar and make a beautiful window-piece. Or the smaller flowers for button-holes, violets, leather flowers, suède, and organdi for the evening—all these can be packed in bright silver boxes and sent to friends for wear with their day and evening clothes.

Slippers are perhaps the most numerous of all gifts, from the mocassin type to the painted mule—but first be sure to discover which is preferred. Mocassins are not as favoured as previously, since so many people like a small heel—and you can get cosy slippers, wool or camel-hair lined, with tiny heels. See that the toes are broad, because a slipper which "pinches" is not worth wearing.

And if you are getting the more elaborate type of mule, with just a toe-covering and a medium heel, choose a pastel green or a blue or sprigged pink. Quilted satin is also very comforting. If the mule is too severe, get a little Marabout or swansdown, and trim the front edge; or get a silk flower and stitch it across the front. Cherry red is a lovely shade for leather mules and slippers, also blue. Navies and greys and beige are rarely liked for the bedroom.

Just another word about Christmas gifts—the wrapping. Many dress and beauty houses are now providing bright boxes and greeting cards, but if not, tie your gift in red and white



For everybody at Christmas—a "Chancette" Roulette Wheel, with full instructions included for a thrilling game of chance. Price 5s. (postage 6d.)



SEASONS GREETINGS

FIVE-SHILLING HINTS

CHRISTMAS COOKING

WHEN making sage and onion stuffing for your Christmas goose or duck, just add a pinch of ground ginger. This gives it a delicious flavour.—Mrs. C. Dolphin, "Sunnyside," Wadborough, Worcester.

GOOD THINGS TO EAT

By M. S. W.

WHEN the rich Christmas Cake is made well ahead of time, in order to mellow, the housewife can take a breather, but a few days before Christmas she will have to ice this, and if a layer of almond paste is to be put on, this also must be made. Personally, I think two days are best given to this, for I have found that the Royal Icing spreads better when put on a day later than the almond paste. This is how the first covering is made.

ALMOND PASTE

INGREDIENTS.— $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. ground almonds, 6 ozs. icing sugar, 2 ozs. castor sugar, a new-laid egg, a dessertspoonful of lemon juice, and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful vanilla essence. Some people use brandy instead of the vanilla. A few drops of orange flower water is also an improvement.

Method.—First put the sugars through a sieve to rid them of lumps, and it may be necessary first to crush the icing sugar with a rolling pin, as it is inclined to "cake" together. Mix the two sugars, and add the ground almonds. Strain the lemon juice into this, also if using brandy or flavouring add this as well. Stir thoroughly so that all ingredients are well mixed. Now whip up the new-laid egg and stir this into the mixture. Have a pastry board covered with sifted icing sugar. Turn the mixture on to this and knead it like dough. It should be very smooth. Now brush the crumbs off the top of cake and spread the almond icing on it, dipping a knife in hot water to smooth it over. Make it perfectly level, and then leave in a warm atmosphere to dry.

Next day you can make :
(Continued at foot of next column)

One of the housewife's pleasant, pre-Christmas tasks—icing the cake. Recipes are given on this page



Most families would welcome a chestnut roaster like this one in wrought iron. It can be bought for 4s. 6d. from Country Industries, Ltd.

This handsome Travelling Alarm Clock folds like a camera. In various colours, price 25s. from Bravingtons



SEASONS GREETINGS



A porcelain Coronation Brooch, costing 2s. 9d. from Harrods—pretty and useful—has the Rose, Thistle, Shamrock and Daffodil in natural colours, with jewelled crown

SEASONS GREETINGS

GARDEN NOTES

By F. R. Castle

APPLES FOR CROPPING.—All varieties of apples, of course, have their merits but experience proves that some are notoriously shy flowering, others require expert pruning, while quite a number only do well in certain soils or refuse to give profitable returns until the planter begins to be aged. Readers out for quick results may safely select from the following. **DESSERT:** Allington Pippin, American Mother, C. Ross, Houblon, J. Grieve, Kings Acre Pippin, Laxtons Superb, and, if others are planted near, Cox's Orange Pippin and Sturmer Pippin. **COOKING:** Bramleys, Newton Wonder, Wellington, Ken Wilks, King Edward VII, Warners King, Monarch.

Plants for Crazy Paving.—Many otherwise excellent examples of crazy paving are spoilt by planting unsuitable subjects. A selection from these here given should ensure satisfaction: Ajuga (purple and blue), Antennaria (white), Arenaria (white), Dianthus deltoides varieties Sedums, dwarf Gold and Silver Thyme, Helzine.

Perennial Candytuft.—Readers wishing to have a plant which can be relied upon to give plenty of good white flowers around the date of the Coronation should add Iberis Sempervivous to their list. It invariably begins flowering in April and by early May is a mass of white. The flowers, which are spiral and of good length, should be found most useful when composing a bed of national colours.

Cotoneasters.—All members of this family, though widely differing in time of flowering, size and colour of the berry, have much to recommend them, particularly so in those smoky districts where many shrubs refuse to give of their best. Several of the tall-growing varieties make an effective hedge, the berries remaining all the winter. For covering a wall or bank, or for filling a large space on a rockery, nothing could be better than *Horizontalis* or *Microphylla*.

ROYAL ICING

INGREDIENTS.— $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of icing sugar, the whites of 2 eggs, a few drops of any favourite flavouring, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful lemon juice, and a tiny speck of washing blue, about as large as a big pin's head or tiny pea. This helps to give the icing that snowy look which perfect icing should possess. Confectioners, also, add a drop or two of dilute Acetic Acid to harden the icing.

Method.—Rub the icing sugar through a fine sieve into a basin. Add to this the flavouring and lemon juice, and then the whites of eggs: these need not be whisked. Add them a little at a time till all is mixed, working the whole well together, also the speck of washing blue, and acetic acid. Beat till the whole is smooth and white, adding a little more sugar should it be necessary. The icing should be of a consistency too stiff to pour, so use a warm knife, covering top and sides of the cake, and smoothing it down the sides. Leave it to get dry, then decorate with sugar roses, Christmas holly leaves and berries, or with an icing pump you can make leaves, roses and scrolls. The icing can be coloured for doing this. A writing funnel should be fitted on the icing-pump and a Christmas Greeting written across the top. A lattice work of coloured icing is quite easy to make, and looks very pretty, silver balls, horse-shoes, or holly-leaves and berries being arranged as a border. Father Christmas should stand on top.

SEASONS GREETINGS

Five shillings are offered for every Hint published on this page. Have you sent us your "wrinkle" yet?

HOME DRESSMAKING

HOME dressmakers should use a button-hook for taking out tacking threads. It is much easier than the point of the scissors and avoids the risk of the material being cut.—Miss M. Benton, 141 Daubney Street, Cleethorpes, Lincs.

SEASONS GREETINGS

FAMOUS BROADCASTERS' GALLERY OF GREETINGS



Wishing Happiness
and Prosperity

to all

Radio Listeners

from

BILLY GERHARDI

Christmas for Melody
and Harmony True—

Sincere Good Wishes

From Me to You



PETER FIELDING

Sincere Christmas Greetings from

“B. B. C.”

BIG BILL CAMPBELL

B.B.C., N.B.C., C.B.S. RADIO ARTIST;
COLUMBIA RECORDING ARTIST;
AUTHOR and PRODUCER



LYLE EVANS
Luxembourg Sundays 2.30 p.m.
Normandy Fridays 8.15 a.m.

THE
Season's
Greetings

from your

OLD FRIEND,

DAN, THE Man Johnson



CAVAN O'CONNOR

BROADCASTING

a

Song of Good Cheer

for

Christmas

and the New Year

from the

VAGABOND LOVER

**FELIX
MENDELSSOHN**

wishes all his
many friends in

Radioland

A Merry Christmas

and a

Prosperous New Year



Sincere
Good Wishes
for

Christmas and 1937

to

YOU ALL

from

ANNE LENNER



HUGHIE GREEN

(The Head Gangster)

Wishes All His Friends

A Real Merry

Christmas

and a

Bright and Happy

New Year



OUR LEAGUE CORNER

RADIO PICTORIAL LEAGUE

(In aid of The Queen's Hospital for Children, Hackney Road)

MY DEAR CHILDREN,
Perhaps it is not too early to wish you all a very Happy Christmas, with lots of presents and lots of Christmas pudding!

My letter has been squeezed out of "Radio Pictorial" for the past few weeks, but now that we have come to the Christmas issue and we are thinking about presents and parties, I want to remind you about the Collecting Boxes that all League Members keep in their homes.

We want to send our Cot a really big, worth-while Christmas present this year. So will you—the Members of the "Radio Pictorial" League—send in your Collecting Boxes, now, just as they are with the money inside them, to the Queen's Hospital for Children, Hackney Road, Bethnal Green, E.2? If you post them this week, it will be in good time for Christmas Day, and you will be able to feel that you have given the best of all presents—health and happiness to many little children who are badly in need of both. I know you will do your best to make our contribution to the Cot as large as possible.

Something else I have to tell you. The "Radio Pictorial" Cot stands in the Princess Elizabeth Ward, and in this same ward there is soon to be a B.B.C. Cot, too. The B.B.C. has most generously decided to name a Cot of their own and bestow on it the sum of £500. The ceremony of naming will be broadcast in the Children's Hour on December 15, and I know every League Member will be very keenly interested.

But I will tell you more about this next week. In the meantime, let me remind you once again—now is the time to send in your Boxes so that we can see how many pennies you have been able to collect in them.

Yours affectionately,

THE HOSPITAL LADY.

NEW HEALTH THIS CHRISTMAS!

OF all times of the year Christmas is one at which we need to be physically and mentally fit to obtain the full enjoyment of this happy season. At a period when the weather is most trying we all are inclined to overtax our resources in a constant whirl of work and gaiety.

In short, Christmas is a "rest-signal" period for anybody who is careful to keep physically fit.

Fortunately, there is a magazine devoted to every aspect of health which will do much to assist you towards that glowing sense of well-being that comes from feeling well. It is "New Health," and the December issue is now on sale, price 6d.

The contents of the December issue are both varied and helpful. To every purchaser of this issue will be given free a lavishly illustrated handbook entitled "New Health Exercises for Physical Fitness, Vigour and Grace."

Among the many splendid articles are: "Christmas Diet Problems Solved," "Your Child's Hair; How to Preserve its Early Beauty," "Stammering Can be Cured," "Air Hunger and its Symptoms," "If Your Hands Don't Please You—You Can Reshape Them," "Health Lessons from Your Dog," "Food for Damp Days," and "Can Russia Teach Us About Health?"

In addition, the Editor, Sir William Arbuthnot Lane, Bt., C.B., answers Winter Health queries, and there is the usual fascinating glimpse at a Doctor's Note-Book.

Let us stress from the outset that "New Health" is not a magazine for hypochondriacs, written by cranks. It is a sane, vigorous, intelligent publication written and prepared by experts for sane, intelligent men and women who are seeking the New Health way to happiness and fuller life.

His Majesty the King has given his people a lead. "We must make Britain an A1 Nation," is the essence of his remarks and everywhere there is a big drive towards physical fitness.

A Specimen copy of "New Health" may be obtained free (Postage 2d.) from "New Health Society" 39 Bedford Square, W.C.1.

Pilot Radio

THE SEASON'S SENSATION

The Press Praises Pilot Receivers



MODEL U.650, 6 Valve Super-het, as illustrated above. 4 Wavebands, 16-52, 48-150, 175-550 and 750-2,100 metres. Tuning Beacon for silent, accurate tuning. 3 Watts undistorted output. For A.C. Mains 200/250 There is a D.C. Model U.690 at 17 Gns. **16** GNS. Console Model CU.650 for A.C. Mains 23 Gns. Console Model CU.690 for D.C. Mains 24 Gns.

"Radio Pictorial." A U.650 arrived one Saturday morning and we connected it up to a very short length of aerial and heard three Australian stations... during the following six days heard no less than 153 short-wave stations not counting a countless number of medium and long wavers.

"Daily Herald." I was frankly astonished at the results. On the short waves my first station was Pittsburg W8XK on the 19 metres band, at full strength. Later on, Caracas, Java, Barrangulla, New York, Tokio and a host of other stations were received.

"Wireless World." The crisp response and excellent signal-to-noise ratio are only two of the qualities which mark this set as a thoroughbred.

"Daily Mail." On short waves it is one of the most effective sets I have tried lately. Schenectady on 19 metres is full volume in the afternoon, while Australia on Sunday mornings fills the house.

"Manchester Evening Chronicle." I had music from all over the world.

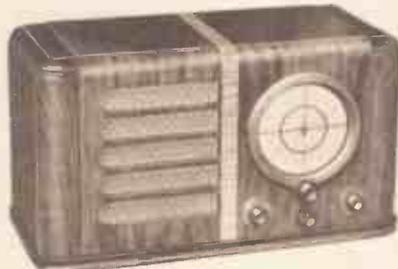
A Pilot Owner. When the Pilot was demonstrated the salesman got America straight away. I asked to be allowed to try to bring in America, and found that it was as easy as tuning in to any English station. I am more than satisfied with my Pilot. It is the perfect set for reception on ALL waves.



MODEL U.225, this 6 Valve Universal Receiver for A.C./D.C. mains, covers three separate wavebands, 16-2,140 metres. 5½-in Compass Dial, sectionally illuminated. High and Low Ratio Tuning Dial. 8-in. Speaker. 2½ watts undistorted output. **14** GNS. Console AC/DC Model CU225, 19 gns.

THERE ARE TWELVE PILOT MODELS TO CHOOSE FROM

Prices from 12 to 24 Guineas.



MODEL U.355, 5-Valve Superhet for A.C. Mains. Three wavebands 16-52, 180-540, 800-2,000 metres. 5½-inch Compass Dial. Fast and Slow tuning. 8-inch Speaker. 3 watts undistorted output. **12** GNS.

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YULETIDE GIVES the B.B.C. —WORK!

*Behind the Scenes
at the B.B.C. on
the Day of Days!*

By
KENNETH BAILY



Even Christmas Day the B.B.C. Control Room is one that never closes. But decorations cheer up the engineers

Brrrr! Seasonable but hardly pleasant. The Christmas Day aspect of Moorside Edge Station



On Christmas Day the Nation is at play. But not at the B.B.C. Here it's work as usual, or our entertainment would come to a sudden halt!

CHRISTMAS-TIME draws the family together. That is the spirit of it. On Christmas Day theatres and cinemas are closed, restaurants are shuttered, and transport facilities reduced to a minimum or stopped completely.

The home, and nowhere else, is the rightful place for Christmas Day entertainment.

And along with the paper chains, the bon-bons, and the holly, the radio set has now taken its place as an almost indispensable contributor towards the day's pleasures. At sometime or other it is bound to be switched on—to provide a tuneful accompaniment to the children's dance around the Christmas tree; to give Grandmama, sitting in her high-backed chair, the Christmas morning's service from one of the cathedrals; to bring to us all the hilarity of comedians and singers performing in true party form before the microphone.

So, though earthly roads may be almost deserted, the all-embracing ways of the ether remain charged with their magic traffic on this day.

Broadcasting House, and all its distant outposts, must be alert with the business of broadcasting.

Before the church bells have heralded London's Christmas morn, men are busy at the B.B.C. Engineers have passed between the great bronze doors of Broadcasting House, and been whisked up in high-speed lifts to the Control Room on the eighth and top floor. There, they have "lined-up" the great transmitters in all parts of Britain which this day must—as ever—serve unfailingly the listening millions.

With headphones over their ears and a mouth-piece before them, they speak the first Christmas greetings over landlines stretching up and down the country—good wishes to their fellow engineers in the regional stations, words that form a test by which headquarters can ensure that all is well at each station.

"Hullo, Moorside Edge!" cries one. And atop the snow-driven Pennines, somewhere on the desolate moorland boundary between Yorkshire and Lancashire, the men in the North Regional transmitter give their reply. From the village near Huddersfield where they have to live, they have come in a B.B.C. bus to the station in the early hours of the morning, bumping up the moor's track, pushing through snowdrifts, 1,000 feet above sea-level.

In this way every B.B.C. station is linked to London—dour-looking North Scotland's at Burghead, on the bleak edge of the Moray Firth; Beaumaris, North Welsh Region, pointing its tall mast out of the middle of the Isle of Anglesey; Washford Cross, West Regional, hardby where the Somerset hills break in to the grey stillness of Exmoor . . . and the others, eight in all.

Soon after ten o'clock, the second contingent of Christmas Day workers arrives at Broadcasting House. There are studio porters to prepare the studios, a handful of officials, half a dozen producers, fifty or sixty musicians for the B.B.C. orchestras, the half dozen operators for the B.B.C.'s telephone exchange, and, of course, the chef and restaurant and kitchen staff—for they must provide the B.B.C.'s own Christmas dinner.

Two announcers are needed. On Christmas Day they are usually Stuart Hibberd, Chief Announcer, and Freddy Grisewood, Assistant Chief Announcer, both of whom have worked through a dozen Christmas Days in the studios.

At 10.30 rehearsals for the main afternoon and evening programmes must begin, but before that

time all twenty-two of the studios have been given their daily examination. Technical experts have toured the building, testing microphones and apparatus, followed by the porters who arrange the studios.

In the modernistic Green Room, with its chromium fittings, decorative mirrors reflecting artificial sunlight, and its black glass clock, a handful of artistes offer each other seasonal greetings—perhaps somewhat coldly for to them it is very much like an ordinary working day. They scatter to the studios for rehearsals.

Rehearsing for the evening's big programmes, which probably consist of a pantomime and a variety show run on Christmas party lines, there are two casts of as many as twelve stars, half a dozen minor part artistes, the dozen singers of the Revue Chorus, the fifty odd musicians of the Theatre and Variety Orchestras, a handful of sound-effects assistants, and three or four producers and their assistants.

Rehearsals are no more likely to run smoothly on this day of days than on any other. During a former Christmas morning's rehearsals Denis O'Neil's voice failed, and so did Wynne Ajello's. Horace Percival had acute toothache, four of the Chorus forgot all about it, and went to Westminster Abbey to sing carols, and half way through the lights went out!

When the programme came to be broadcast at night, Mr. O'Neil sang with mufflers round his throat, Miss Ajello punctuated every phrase with a cough lozenge, and Mr. Percival broke down just as he was about to sing a song, an awkward situation which was saved by a smart member of the Chorus stepping forward and singing the number.

The most serious calamity at Christmas was four years ago, when a round-the-Empire programme, planned for Christmas Day, broke down on Christmas Eve, and Eric Maschwitz and John Watt arranged in twenty-four hours a variety party in which they persuaded Gracie Fields and other stars to appear.

Simultaneously with these rehearsals some are going on at the regional stations, while a squad of outside broadcast engineers have been sitting in a vestry-turned-control-room at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, for the broadcasting of the Christmas morning service.

This Christmas the regions are contributing to the programmes to a larger extent than before.

An important programme in the evening will be "Music from the Regions," and during the morning each of the regional orchestras will be rehearsing for the part they will play in this. Even before its rehearsal, the Midland Orchestra at Birmingham will have provided one of the first morning programmes.

The engineers in the Control Room are kept busy linking up the regions for these outside programmes. They will switch to Manchester for a cinema organ recital, and later to Birmingham to take a relay from Coventry of the Hippodrome Orchestra there.

Meanwhile, in a Broadcasting House studio Eugene Pini and his Tango Orchestra will this year be playing a programme, and over at St. George's Hall Reginald Foort will be playing the new theatre organ.

By 12.30 Henry Hall and the "boys" of the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra will have journeyed to their Maida Vale studio to be on the air. Their Christmas Day this time is

going to be broken up, for they will broadcast again at 5.15.

At one o'clock Broadcasting House decides to throw up business for one brief hour and enter into the jovialities of the day. It is lunch-time. Down into the restaurant, two floors below ground, troop all who have been working in the studios.

They find the only corner of the building which has forgotten its official appearance and gone festive. Here are paper chains, holly and crackers and a Christmas lunch of turkey, pudding and brandy. No charge is made for this feast. It is Sir John Reith's present to all those who must leave their homes on this day to carry on the business of broadcasting.

In the afternoon, rehearsals are returned to—a little sleepily and well fed, maybe! In the past the afternoon programme has included the King's broadcast. A high B.B.C. official and engineer used to go to Sandringham for those memorable broadcasts by King George V. When King Edward broadcast for the first time as King, last March, he broke tradition by choosing to speak from a Broadcasting House studio.

His decision not to broadcast this Christmas Day, though robbing the programme of its distinguished emotional highlight, has been made in deference to those incomparable and lovable messages given by his late father.

Then at 6.30, the evening programmes begin with all their seasonal merriment and high spirits. In the big variety studio at St. George's Hall the stars' party is in rollicking swing, in three softly-lit studios a special Christmas dramatic feature is produced and in others orchestras play the music of Christmas.

In a studio looking like a quiet, little library, it is likely there will be a short, cheery-faced, white-haired gentleman in immaculate dress suit talking to a microphone—A. J. Alan, looking nothing like he sounds, but nevertheless telling one of those inimitable man-about-town yarns of his. . . .

This year the Concert Hall will be filled with about 100 musicians and singers—the London Symphony Orchestra rendering "King Arthur."

Joe Loss and his Band, chosen this time to play the dance music which will go on until midnight, enter a studio.

As each programme ends, groups of artistes hurry out into Portland Place to hail taxis to rush them through deserted streets to their homes, to grab as much of their own Christmas fireside as remains.

At his desk in the big entrance hall, the receptionist feels lonely. The clock on the wall behind him jerks monotonously on, and he is probably too bored to think of the merry whoopee now mounting to its height in the millions of homes tuned in to this radio palace.

A row of lighted windows high up in the building, now reaching misty-grey into the London night, indicates the Control Room, where engineers are still keeping watch on transmission, still in touch with those outposts, now dark and maybe gale-wrecked—Moorside Edge, Beaumaris, Burghead, and the rest, where men still work.

Then, in homes of rich and poor throughout the land, a loudspeaker plays the last dance tune, and in the Control Room at Broadcasting House a man flings over a switch which connects up all stations with the microphone hanging in the tower of Big Ben.

The familiar bell strikes a long twelve. Joe Loss and his "boys" come pell-mell out of the building, and call for their cars. The windows over Portland Place darken one by one. And the B.B.C.'s night watchman shines a solitary lamp into an empty studio where, a few hours ago, the Spirit of Christmas Present whispered merry couplets into a microphone. . . .



Sir John Reith's present to the Staff. A fine Christmas lunch in the B.B.C. restaurant

THIS IS THE REAL MCKAY

(Television Expert)



See how Lasheen makes her eyes look lovely.

"For years women have been waiting for the ideal eye beautifier which will make the lashes long and lovely without looking artificial; which will not 'run' or smudge, 'cake' or tangle, and which can be used either in one's ordinary day's toilet, on the stage, or before the glare of 'movie' lights.

"At last has come 'Lasheen,' which I consider in every way perfect. It gives the eyes a new and brilliant beauty in the most natural way possible; it can be used to give that pencilled arch effect to the brows, and I find it also encourages the growth of long, silky lashes. In daylight, ordinary electric light, or under a spot light, 'Lasheen' is so delightfully 'just right' that I feel I must compliment you on it most heartily and recommend every woman to use it too." (Signed) HELEN MCKAY.

Lasheen makes lashes long and sweeping. Gives beautiful pencilled arch effect to eyebrows. "Ordinary" eyes become expressive, alluring, fascinating. Lasheen is definitely waterproof and won't run.

Complete outfit price 2/-, from Boots and all chemists, or if your chemist is sold out, send Coupon below.

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Please send me by return of post a complete "LASHEEN" Outfit, for which I enclose Postal Order for 2/-.

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R.P.

23 CASH PRIZES FOR "STARLETS"

See "RADIO PICTORIAL," December 11th issue, for details of this novel radio competition.

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WONDERFUL
hands



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WHY HIDE YOUR HANDS?

Whether at rest or in motion, they should be an expression of feminine loveliness. Use Crème Shalimar and be proud of your hands. It keeps them in perfect condition. Crème Shalimar is for those who want hands of refinement, culture and charm. Well-kept hands always arrest attention; they excite admiration, whether at work or play—knitting or needlework, pouring out tea, playing bridge, arranging flowers.

Your hands are always in the lime-



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"Pale hands I loved beside the Shalimar...
Pale hands, pink tipped, like Lotus buds that float
On those cool waters where we used to dwell."
—KASHMIRI SONG.

light. There is no greater beauty than that of fascinating soft white hands.

For overcoming the effects of weather and exposure, removing any roughness, and redness, Crème Shalimar is the winter necessity.

From Chemists
and Stores.

Write NOW to Dubarry, 81 Brompton Road, London, S.W.3, for beautiful Catalogue of Dubarry Toilet Luxuries, illustrated in colour.



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AND
1 1/3

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SHALIMAR

FOR SMOOTH WHITE HANDS

THE JOY OF GIVING..

"Being generous is best part being neighbourly," says "Our Gracie" in this typical, seasonable article she has written

BECAUSE Christmas is the season of fellowship and goodwill, the Editor of "Radio Pictorial" has asked me to write something about "The Joy of Giving."

He says that mine is, perhaps, the most generous profession of all. Well, I don't mind agreeing with him on that. I could tell you of hosts of fellow-troupers who have been generous almost to the point of foolhardiness.

When a stage star dies, people learn the amount of money he has left, and very often you will hear them say: "It's disgraceful! Think of the salary he's earned! What has he done with it all? Squandered it like the rest of them, I expect!" The evil that men do lives after them.

Perhaps not many people are aware that the late Florence Mills, the famous coloured singer, used to tour the Embankment after the show sometimes and distribute money to the down-and-outs.

Marie Lloyd was always giving, and the many people who make pilgrimages to her grave and lay posies there include folks whom Marie helped in times of need.

The stage folk of to-day carry on that proud tradition. A famous Scotch comedian who makes humour of his countrymen's alleged "miserliness" is one of the greatest givers in the profession.

Santa Claus was really St. Nicholas, who carried out many philanthropic acts anonymously, and they tell me that on St. Nicholas Day in olden times the custom was to give presents in secret.

To really charitable folk, St. Nicholas Day falls on every day in the year, and the joy that giving brings them does not come from pats on the back, but from a personal satisfaction that makes the heart glow and the soul content.

Mind you, I do believe that the people who really understand the joy of giving are those who have *known* what it is to be short of cash, especially if they have experienced hardship and squalor as kiddies. Their one desire is to do everything possible to give other kiddies a better start in life.

I expect that is why so many folk—especially

By
**GRACIE
FIELDS**

the folk in the depressed areas—write in and offer to do something for "my own kiddies," and by "my own kiddies" I mean the children in my little orphanage down at Peacehaven in Sussex.

Thousands of people write to me and offer to send clothes, doll's houses, and other articles, which they have often made themselves. I always write and tell them—in as inoffensive way as possible, I hope—that, although I greatly appreciate their kind thought, I am certain that there are more deserving cases near at hand, children in their own town, their own street, who are honestly in need of such things.

I am grateful of the opportunity of saying to folks who are on the point of writing to me and offering to help the children at the orphanage: "Look around you, and you will find kiddies in need much nearer home. Help these first. Don't think only of The Gracie Fields Orphanage just because it bears a name that may come easily to your mind. Think of the others, too, who are having to *appeal* for your help.

"The kiddies at Peacehaven are in danger of being 'spoiled' by too many good things, and it pleases me more to know that you are extending a helping hand to the really needy."

It is funny how people have always turned instinctively to stage folk whenever they appeal for charity. One reason, I suppose, is that stage folk's lives are more or less public property.

The money we earn (and more often than not grossly exaggerated versions of what we earn!) is so often placed on show that people take it as a cue to write and ask us for some



Gracie Fields
one of the most
generous women
in the world

of it, whereas it never occurs to them to write to Cabinet Ministers and bank directors!

A steady torrent of begging letters comes our way, but we can't do anything about these, because we should have to employ a staff of special investigators to discover the really genuine cases:

We can only do our best to help in a more general fashion, and as far as our means will allow; and we try very hard to turn up at charity performances, which, believe me, are legion and often call for our being in twenty places at once!

Yes, the gift of giving seems, somehow, more apparent in the theatrical world than in any other mode of livelihood, perhaps because the people of the theatre are continually face to face with necessity.

Actually, the prosperous people of the theatre (and they might only be temporarily prosperous, for it is one of the world's most precarious games) have their work cut out helping the hard-up members of their own profession. It's a case of fellow feeling making us wondrous kind.

But "being generous," I think, is best part "being neighbourly"—I mean, the desire to see one's neighbour as happy as oneself.

I once met a woman—the landlady at some "digs" I stayed in—who, whenever she gave a party, would round up the lonely people she knew and ask them in. She had no money to give away, but she knew what generosity meant.

You don't have to think of the joy of giving in terms of hard cash.

When you are having a bit of a "do," and you ask somebody who is lonely to come and join in, you are being just as fine in your way as the millionaire who sends a cheque for £1,000 to some charity.

In fact, the joy of giving was summed up very neatly and beautifully by a writer named Sydney Smith. He said:

"When you arise in the morning, form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow creature. It is easily done: a left-off garment to the man who needs it, a kind word to the sorrowful, an encouraging expression to the striving—trifles in themselves light as air—will do it at least for the twenty-four hours.

"By the most simple arithmetical sum, look at the result. If you send one person, one only, happily through the day, that is 365 in the year. And if you live only forty years after you commence that course of medicine, you have made 14,600 beings happy, at all events for a time."

This is the Christmas season when, if at no other time, goodwill flows. But don't deny yourself the joy of giving when Christmas is over. It can be an "all-the-year" pleasure. After all, if you don't think it's better to give than to receive, just think of a kick in the pants!



"... the joy of giving makes the heart glow and the soul content."

"Please, Santa

What would you give a Crooner for Christmas? It sounds like a popular song, doesn't it? But SUSAN COLLYER, whose Tea-Time interviews have been so popular with readers, has taken the subject seriously, and has made some interesting discoveries



Vera Lynn, charming young singer with Charlie Kunz, expects a huge pile of presents

AS Christmas comes in sight, even the busiest people pause for a minute or two to indulge in anxious thought on the important subject of present giving and receiving.

Both sides of this problem need serious attention, from the moment when you make out your present list some time in October to the time when you carry the same list, heavily underlined and ticked, into the swaying crowds of shoppers on Christmas Eve to fling away your last shillings on a tie for Uncle George or one last box of chocolates for Cousin Ethel.

Another important list is the one you make out of presents you hope to receive yourself. In this connection it occurred to me to wonder what the B.B.C., and Radioland in general, were expecting from Father Christmas.

What sort of gifts figure on their lists, I wondered? Do crooners hanker after chocolates and scent? Have band leaders an insatiable appetite for gramophone records . . . or marzipan? Do radio stars expect fur coats and jewellery, or would silk stockings solve the problem?



Fred Hartley is expecting a lion's skin for his share! And what Paula Green wants most is a signet ring

I determined to find out. Fred Hartley was the first person I tackled. Fred has already got his first present, very much in advance. It is from his wife—a male Siamese kitten. Fred is crazy about cats. He'd got one before—a black one by the name of Brandy—but he felt the household would not be complete without a Siamese. His wife, for her part, wanted a dog, and there has been a certain amount of discussion on the subject.

However, the cat won the day, and Fred's Christmas present is already installed in his home, being addressed as "Nice Cat" fifty times a day. "Incidentally," said Fred, "I lent my wife the money to buy it, but I'll get that back at Christmas."

Two other presents Fred is expecting. One, an addition to his already nearly complete collection of the works of Bernard Shaw. Two, a lion's skin. This has been promised by a fan in South Africa.

This unusual assortment of presents will be examined, says Fred, in the late afternoon of Christmas Day, "after a tremendous meal about three or four o'clock." (He is the



TOTO AGAIN . . .

. . . A SAD MISTAKE



Claus—

proud possessor of a schoolboy appetite). He is spending Christmas with his wife's family, as his own home is in Scotland.

Paula Green was the next person I approached. "I always get my presents first thing in the morning," said Paula. "I find them waiting at the bottom of the bed. It's so exciting to wake up and see lots of brown paper parcels waiting for you.

"As to what I'm going to get, I haven't the faintest idea; I don't like knowing in advance. However," she admitted, "there are one or two things I should like to get. For instance: A small electric dryer for my hair. A new manicure outfit—my old one is getting a little rusty. Stockings—any amount of them. A signet ring; I gave my other one away and feel rather lost without it."

For Paula's sake, I hope Father Christmas is a reader of RADIO PICTORIAL!



"I do hope I get 'personal' things," says Esther Coleman

"And what do you want for Christmas?" I asked next of Peggy Cochrane.

"I'm hoping some of my friends will give me a charm for my lucky charm bracelet," came the prompt reply.

This bracelet of Peggy's is unique. It is hung with lovely little trinkets; for instance, a tiny grand piano in silver with "A Tune a Minute" written across it. There is also a violin in diamonds, a miniature cocker spaniel—Peggy is very fond of dogs, and breeds golden retrievers herself—and a ladybird in red enamel and gold.

Lucky girl, Peggy. "Charms" like these, given by friends, really should bring her good luck.

She has just opened in the "All Wave" Revue at the Duke of York's, so she will be working most of Christmas, but the day itself will be spent at home, in her lovely London house in a Mews. Breakfast will find her opening all her presents. Hankies, stockings and perfume are other things she looks forward to getting.

Peggy Cochrane and Esther Coleman are great friends, so it was natural that I should turn to Esther next. She insisted that she was not expecting any particular presents—but hoped they would all be "personal" things. "I love to receive my presents at breakfast-time," said Esther. "Such a lovely start to the day."

As she is working in Cabaret the whole of the week, with extra performances on Christmas Day and Boxing Day, it looks as if she won't have much time for festivities.

Vera Lynn, vocalist with Charlie Kunz, is one of those excitable people who just cannot resist opening a parcel immediately she sees it. She



An atlas, a watch... and a bookmarker are some of Uncle Mac's wants

flies to the door whenever she hears the postman, and is busy tearing open parcels for days beforehand. With the result that, more often than not, she gets all her presents before Christmas arrives, and on the day itself has nothing left to come.

"I shall spend Christmas at home as I have always done. But what I am looking forward to most," confessed Vera, "is my broadcast on Christmas Eve."

Vera's presents this year are to include an electric hair dryer, a make-up box, a dressing case, stockings, slippers, scent and lingerie.

"When do I get my presents?" asked Webster Booth. "Whenever I wake up! Which certainly won't be before twelve o'clock! I don't know what is in store, but I'm hoping for the best."

The best, in Webster's case, will probably prove to be a golf coat and trousers made of that natty windproof and waterproof material, fastened with zipp fasteners. He also mentioned tobacco and socks—men have surprisingly few wants when it comes to present giving.

I found Yvette Darnac so busy rehearsing for her new show *To and Fro* that it was difficult to get her to switch her mind to the subject of presents. But being the most obliging and good-tempered of people, she did her best.

"I can't say I am expecting presents," said Yvette, "but I'm dropping hints as to useful gifts. Now, the back of the theatre is rather cold and a nice quilted dressing-gown would be very welcome. Perfume I should love to have, so long as it is Chanel, Guerlain or Lanvin." (I hope all Yvette's friends read this with strict attention; it is very necessary, when giving scent, to find out the right kind first!)

"Ah, now I have remembered what I want," exclaimed Yvette. "I would like a few pewters and a pair of bellows, for my cottage. I am collecting pewter mugs and plates and things. The bellows are for my huge brick fireplace."

Marjorie Stedeford, of the deep voice, knows of only one present in store for her. That's a boomerang, and it is coming all the way from Australia, from her two little nieces. They think it will make her want to go back to Australia. "There isn't much difference between one boomerang and another," explained Marjorie, "but they are searching every store in the town to find the one they consider the best."

"And will you please tell me what you want for Christmas?" I asked Derek McCulloch, finally.

"I am expecting to be given," he said, "a new dressing-gown, the newest atlas (he loves the sea, ships and travelling; his ambition is to be a sailor) a renewed overdraft, a thousand cigarettes, a book marker, a library subscription, and a dress watch.

"Though whether I shall receive all or any of these gifts remains to be seen. At any rate, my presents will be saved for me until Christmas night when I return home from the B.B.C."

May all your wishes come true, Uncle Mac, and may every broadcaster and every listener get the presents they are hoping for!



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in the OLD, OLD WAY

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A Glad New Year

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Throughout

the Coming Year

PATRICK WADDINGTON



Photo: Saidman

"I Do Like to be Beside the Seaside"

Wishing
A Happy Christmas

and

Good Luck in 1937

to

Every Radio Fan

From

REGINALD DIXON



A Happy Christmas
and

Prosperous New Year

to All My

FRIENDS of STAGE,
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Cherish
Billy Merwin



ALWAYS IN SONG

One of the biggest attractions of the new Radio Lyons programmes (which you can read about on page 63) is ARTHUR TRACEY, the Street Singer. This interview reveals his fascinating rise to world fame

By
CHRIS
D.
HAYES

Round the corner and down your way
Comes Arthur Tracey, your Street Singer...

DRAMATIC-VOICED James Dyrenforth introducing Arthur Tracey, handsome Romeo of song—"Your Street Singer." Well, perhaps this charming vocalist would never have overthrown obscurity had it not been for this idealistic pseudonym.

For few can have suffered the see-saw existence which has been the lot of Arthur Tracey, who, despite that, let it be said here and now, never sang in the street to earn his living.

The title by which he has become known throughout the world came automatically, for in his knickerbocker days he'd gollop his meal to be off into the street with his mates—not to pass the lunch-hours and evenings with marbles and spinning-tops, as you or I did, but to sing.

"Go on, Arthur!" his pals used to urge. "Give us a song."

Tracey wanted, even in those days, to be an actor. Yes, very precocious, but obviously the profession for which he was destined. How many other boys of about twelve or thirteen years could stand on a dusty pavement in a side street, face uplifted, arms outstretched, expressing professional dramatism, singing some of the popular songs of the day? Yet Tracey did, and I suppose this suggested the adoption of his eventual stage title.

The boys who looked on used to toss part of their pocket-money into Tracey's cap, which laid beside him! He would stride around to the local gramophone record store and with the money buy as many of Caruso's records as he could. For Caruso was to be his prototype. He longed to acquire a semblance of the operatic maestro's voice-production, something of his uncanny phrasing—to be able to make himself audible and comprehended.

Caruso His Idol

"Please don't suggest that I aped Caruso," he told me during a recent chat. "I studied Caruso because I thought 'Here is a singer who can tell the world his story.' So many vocalists just sing a lyric uninspiringly, meaninglessly. The majority of us can sing after a fashion, but it takes an accomplished vocalist to make his lyrics 'live.' That's why I always try to insert every ounce of meaning into my singing."

The Street Singer's climb to the top rung has been arduous. Many were the set-backs he suffered, many the sacrifices in order to be able to carry on.

One small-time revue he worked with hit up against rough times, and one by one the artistes grew too depressed to continue. With the show due to open at a theatre which the company had leased for a period, Tracey found himself left to handle the revue with only half its original cast.

Even that failed to wreck his enthusiasm. For many weeks, till things brightened up, the man who had first been engaged solely as vocalist, managed the whole production, acting as director, stage manager, scene shifter, carpenter, electrician, fireman, etc., in addition to acting as vocalist, comedian, dancer and a few other roles which had been hastily relinquished and had to be fulfilled.

For years afterwards Tracey travelled around till one unforgettable day he was sent for to give a broadcasting audition. Within a few months everyone was asking everyone else "Who is this Street Singer with the heart-throbbing voice?"

From a nonentity Tracey had rapidly emerged a personality, and his prestige was extended by his timely inclusion in Paramount's first *Big Broadcast* film, along with Bing Crosby and a star-studded cast.

In *The Big Broadcast* Arthur Tracey was seen to

stroll into a cafe in shoddy clothes and battered trilby hat, singing a song in that almost pathetic voice of his—a song that has since been linked to his name. I can still picture and fancy hearing him now:

*Marta, rambling rose of the wildwood,
Marta, with your fragrance divine...*

Where did he find "Marta," why did he decide to use the melody as his signature tune? He told me the story.

"I happened to be standing in a music publisher's office, discussing some numbers I thought of singing. A downcast-looking individual from Havana sauntered in and offered a sheet of manuscript to the gov'nor.

"This any good?" he asked in a pleading voice. We played it over and I realised that it would be an instantaneous hit. And to think the composer had been unsuccessfully peddling 'Marta' for over six years! It's just the way of things. ..."



The Street Singer pays the pleasant penalty of fame

"Tell me, Mr. Tracey," I asked, "have you any memorable broadcasting experiences you can tell me?"

"Surely," he answered. "The first time they shoved me in front of a microphone I was so nervous that I couldn't sing a note! The accompanying orchestra had to render my intro. thrice before I could sufficiently compose myself to sing a note!

"And once, at Columbia headquarters, I forgot my script and had to dash to another studio to recover it, this only a few moments before the red light shone. In the scurry, my head crashed into one of the weighty hanging mikes which I hadn't noticed dangling in my path. Blood spurted just as the announcer introduced me, and I sang the opening bars of 'Marta' with my forehead bleeding. Not pleasant!"

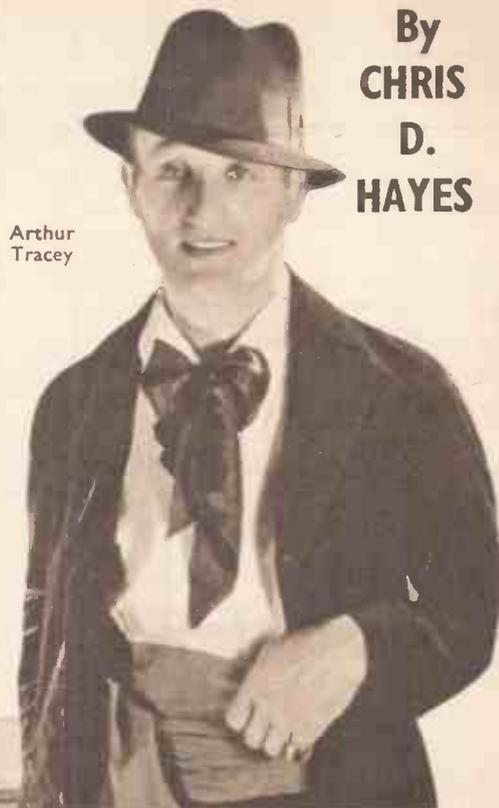
Long Distance Record

A few years ago Tracey made a gramophone record which concealed a unique story. Perhaps some readers possess a copy of it—two songs composed "on the spur of the moment" by the celebrated crazy-gang comics, Flanagan and Allen—"Dreaming" and "Wanderer."

The Decca people—for whom Tracey recorded—wished him to sing these tunes, but the customary procedure would have occupied too long, as the songs were rapidly ageing here owing to excessive plugging. So a Transatlantic telephone call was put through to Tracey, who listened to the tunes being hummed and whistled across the Atlantic.

A voluminous, costly cable followed—sheets and sheets of it—giving the full orchestration in tonic solfa. The "Street Singer" immediately put the titles on to wax and signed the master disc, which was dispatched to England, where thousands of copies autographed "Always in song—Arthur Tracey" were released and sold. The whole thing had occupied less than a week!

Arthur Tracey



"I have come from the studio after rehearsing the first of a year's weekly broadcasts from Luxembourg on behalf of a well-known cosmetic concern," continued Tracey. "These programmes will be aired, starting early in January, during a coveted Sunday evening period, and I have James Dyrenforth with me. Before then I shall be starred from Radio Lyons."

This, I said, was very welcome news.

A word or two about his amazing repertoire. He possesses at hand, wherever he travels, over 6,000 songs, all alphabetically filed and tabulated, and from this vast library he thoughtfully selects each of his programmes, spanning as many years and introducing as much variety as possible.

Before I close I should just like to introduce to you the man himself... not the spot-lighted, world-famed vocalist, but the erudite, soft-voiced Philadelphian.

He Likes England

It is a pleasure to interview him, for, sitting bolt upright, with arms folded and hands clasped, he listens intently to what you have to say, then answers your questions fluently. Not merely "Yes" or "No." With staid countenance, and now and again brushing slender, well-groomed fingers through his fair, wavy hair, he answers in full, giving the question every consideration before answering.

"Do you like England?" I asked.

"Well, honestly, I'd like to set up my home here. I'm very fond of the English countryside, and one day I may settle down in it. But I've got to get back to New York in mid-February, 1937, for a big 'radio call.'

"Before that, though, I'll B.B.C.-ing you, still with James Dyrenforth, via National or Regional, and I may appear on the stage some more. And, of course, there's Lyons and Luxembourg.

"Goodbye. Best of luck. Regards to the Editor... and the staff and readers." Typical American hospitality.

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for

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and the

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Very Merry Christmas
and
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WALTER (GEORDIE MARLEY) DIERICK

LISTEN-IN TO TEST CRICKET

Most Ambitious Broadcast

December 4, 1936, is a landmark in sponsored radio. At 8 o'clock in the morning the first of one of the most ambitious programmes ever put on the air makes its appearance.

The sponsorship by Messrs. Godfrey Phillips, makers of De Reszke Minor Cigarettes has made this outstanding series of broadcasts possible and they will be heard over Radio Luxembourg 1,293 metres and Radio Normandy 269.5 metres.

Each Test Match morning at 8 o'clock you will hear a full report by W. H. Ponsford on the day's play and the close of play score. The difference in time between Australia and England makes it possible for the closing score to be given to you with your toast and marmalade! In fact while we are anxiously wondering if we'll have to spruce to the station or if we can do it in a slow walk the stumps are being drawn after another day in the Battle for The Ashes!

Thanks to the modern miracle of radio what is happening on the other side of the world will be told to you with as little delay as if it were happening in our own Country.

The first Test Match takes place at Brisbane on December 4 and is scheduled to last five days. Then there's a gap till December 18 when play is at Sydney. After there the third Test at Melbourne on January 1, a long rest as far as Test play is concerned till February 26 at Adelaide and finally the fifth and last takes place at Melbourne again on March 26. All the Tests are scheduled for five days, though there's no telling from here how many of those five days will be needed to decide the issue.

Without entering into the merits of either team, the interest in the forthcoming Test Matches is running very high and in fact, sides are being taken with great energy and much seemingly irrefutable argument. One hears many stories of England's "unlucky" team presumably because of the many casualties they have suffered, but judging by the splendid work Hammond, Wyatt and Barnett have put in, to mention only three of the team, the bad luck theory seems to be confined to the critics, and remember that Hammond scored his thirteenth century in Australia just recently having made eight in his first tour in 1928-1929 and four in his second tour 1932-1933.

Over here in England we are naturally apt to feel that Australia is a long way off, and so it is, but with Radio at our service Down Under becomes Next Door

Now the first test is here we can imagine Allen and his team mates getting ready for the great tussle and for our part we can't help wishing we were there with them—if only to give an extra cheer or so.

Everything seems set fair for a remarkably interesting series of Broadcasts and W. H. Ponsford's vividly worded reports will do more than their share in bringing the other side of the World to our door.

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"Good health and good luck" says Barry Wells, as he raises his glass in a Christmas toast

"CHRISTMAS TOAST"

Barry Wells, whose "As They Are" series has proved a big attraction, here writes a seasonable article in which he drinks to the health of his friends the stars, and recalls interesting memories

by
BARRY WELLS



CHRISTMAS is undoubtedly in the air. Already the shop windows are tastefully decorated with synthetic holly and such legends as "Give Him Gloves This Year"; fat turkeys are beginning to wear worried frowns and tread warily errand-boys are being incredibly polite; the suburban air is being made hideous by the tuneless screechings of urchin carol-singers; Paterfamilias is wondering when to expect the first batch of "Dear Sir, Unless . . ." letters; and, at the time of writing, the weather has taken a slightly warmer turn and made the prospect of snow very remote. . . .

Yes, Christmas is undoubtedly in the air. There are blasé folk who affect to scorn Christmas and all it means (though such an affectation is as out of date as a receiver that cannot get short-wave stations!), but most of us admit to a thrill as the season approaches.

And, perhaps, the biggest thrill comes from stretching out a hand of greeting to our friends; to the old ones who have stood the test of years—and to the new ones we have made during the year.

As a radio journalist moving constantly in the exciting world of broadcasting personalities, I naturally number many radio stars as my friends. In my "As They Are" series it has been my duty and my pleasure to introduce several of them to you. I count these radio-star friends as among the best I have.

It has been a good year, 1936. A year made up of an exhilarating pattern of memories . . . of odd meetings in odd places, hurried sandwiches, quick drinks, long conversations, passing "hullo," secrets, gay wisecracks, sadnesses, parties, hard work. . . .

Memories! They jostle each other in my brain. Let's try and sort out a few of them as I raise my glass in a Christmas toast to some of my radio friends. It will be a hurried kaleidoscope. No space to dwell on past excitements except briefly in an odd medley.

Grand Team

Two of the grandest scouts I know are the Two Leslies. Sarony—short, dapper, temperamental, witty. Holmes—smiling, bespectacled, jovial. There's been a trail of laughs whenever I've been with these two comedians. Their recent "Radio Pie" party was a high-spot of the year. I remember them when these two troupers were just about to embark on what has proved a riotously successful partnership. They help to keep the memory green because neither has changed a bit. Fame rests lightly on their shoulders.

I can trace a lot of 1936 laughs to Denis O'Neil, the Irish comedian with a plump little face that's so red that it isn't credible, and to Alec McGill and "The Duchess" (Gwen Vaughan to you!)

Memories! Memories of a gay party at Chez O'Neil which finished up with me and delightful Mrs. O'Neil playing with a clockwork train, to the utter amazement of Denis! of being nearly brained next morning by young Micky O'Neil; and of Denis sitting precariously on the edge of the bath while I splashed and he shaved, and told me, in the irresistible Irish brogue that he can switch on, of his early adventures when he threw up the study of medicine to take to show business.

Alec McGill and Gwen Vaughan, ever cheerful and very fond of each other, once saved my life. Well, nearly! I had been lured to a twenty-first birthday party, which was about as exciting as a dentist's waiting-room. I was sunk in a slough of bored despair when, suddenly, in walked "The Wireless Chatterers." They had been engaged by the host to entertain. After their act we moved to the bar and the evening passed pleasantly. . . .

Two lovely ladies with whom I'd share my last mince-pie are Nina Devitt (lovely lunch that was, Nina!) and Suzanne Botterell. Nina, vivacious, vital, and with a Grade A sense of humour, and Suzanne, tall, slim, blonde. I've threatened Suzanne that I'm going to dance with her soon, so 1937 looks like being a lucky year. For me, anyway.

A cynical friend has just looked over my shoulder and said: "You call that work, to meet such beautiful women. And to get paid for it!" Maybe he's right! Because these radio "lovelies" are a whole lot of fun.

And so re-fill the glass to drink to Vera Lennox, the beautiful person with the pert nose, rippling laugh, and pantomime legs. Memories crowd. Of when, for instance, I persuaded her to come out for a drink between the acts of a show in which she was appearing. The stage manager caught her and, unwittingly, I left her to face the music! Vera is full of charm, one of the most intelligent women in radio and a girl who insists on standing her round with the best of us. Yes, sirs, she's a radio friend with whom I'd gladly split a sprig of mistletoe even though she has owed me a photo for six years!

Three of my jolliest friends are The Carlyle Cousins, those happy Queens of Harmony. I remember a gay night when, in an inn in Essex, the girls initiated me into The Carlyle Circle. I had to learn to sing "Wee Mary MacIntosh"—the Carlyles' off-duty theme-song. Now I have but to whistle it outside their dressing-room and it's an "Open Sesame."

Broken Appointments

I remember, too, two evenings spent with Trissie at her bedside in hospital. Wan with pain, she yet smiled and joked as gaily as if she were in perfect health. A charming, brave person. So are the others—Lilian, wise-cracking, gum-chewing, blunt as John Bull, and Tinker, the young sister of Trissie. Here's to the Carlyles!

Still on the ever-fascinating subject of the fair sex, I'm proud to have Anne Lenner and her sister Judy as friends. Anne, gay, irresponsible, and incredibly vague, has broken more appointments with me than any other person I know. Yet she does it in such a devastatingly, crazily, charming way that I suppose I'll go on saying "O.K., Anne, it doesn't matter" till the crack of doom. And, of course, when she smiles at you, as only she can smile, it actually *doesn't* matter.

I think of Anne as the girl who never, never writes a letter, as one of the few women I know who can wise-

crack without losing her poise, and as a girl who, if she likes you, would just as soon travel in a tube to eat a sandwich with you as in a Rolls Royce to share a banquet. (N.B. I saw her in a hat the other night. That's news.)

Judy ("Flip") Shirley, dainty and delightful, has all of Sister Anne's vaguenesses and several brand-new ones of her own. There's one way in which they differ. Anne considers Judy is the tops. Judy thinks Anne is the tops. But they both think their younger sister Ivy is top "tops."

To many other feminine stars I raise the glass in friendship. To red-haired, green-eyed Helen McKay and the memory of drinking Bovril in a railway buffet while she told me all her faults. Nice person, Helen. Honest, talented and full of fun.

To Phyllis Robins, with the hair that is a chromium halo, who always forgets my name and never forgets my face (top left-hand corner offers a perfect solution), to Peggy Desmond, Rita Cave, Effie Atherton and Nora Williams. What a woman is Nora ("Piccolo Pete") Williams! I've dragged her almost off a bed of sickness to sing for nothing at a tiny little club and she's held the folk there in thrall with her vitality and good humour when she's been almost dropping with weariness. "Skool, Nora!"

Bloomsbury Nights

Then there is Kay Smythe of "The Rhythm Sisters." Remember those crazy nights, Kay, when we lost a lot of sleep as we ate hard-boiled eggs and drank fizzy lemonade at a Bloomsbury coffee-stall? And that night in particular when an irate gentleman flung up his window and said "He wanted to sleep and we could go to—" We didn't go. . . .

And a toast to shy, unassuming Kitty Masters who would never believe me when, in the early days, I told her she was going to be famous.

To pick out a typical memory of Kitty is difficult. But once I ran a charity concert at a dizzy, out-of-the-





Meet the Carlyle Cousins—three jolly girls who don't know the meaning of the words "high-hat." (Left to right) Lilian, Trissie and Tinker.

way suburb and, just out of friendship, Kitty gave up a precious evening's leisure, endured the discomfort of a long journey and appeared in the show. Things went wrong, but Kitty never grumbled. I shan't forget that ever, Kitty.

Patrick Waddington also rallied round on that hair-raising night. He's an old friend of mine and I'm always pleased to see either him or his famous sprawling hand-writing on an envelope. Being with Patrick is a real tonic. He talks easily and amusingly and is just about the most courteous man I know.

I've many memories of Patrick . . . sitting outside a café near the Queen's Hall while he unbared his soul (breaking off occasionally to make shrewd, wickedly-witty remarks about the people surging towards the Prom concert) . . . of watching him "learn" how to slice a grilled herring . . . of making him ride his bike up and down Upper Shaftesbury Avenue in a thick mist while my cameraman tried to take photographs (unsuccessfully) . . . of a party in which Patrick proved himself the host-perfect and as a result I found myself, to my utter surprise and delight, taking Amy Mollison to the pictures! . . . long may I know Patrick.

Cavan O'Connor is a man who ranks high in my list of radio friends. It's the best sort of friendship in that I forget when I first met him, even! The Vagabond Lover is a romantic figure to women but, nevertheless, he is a real man's man as well.

I remember one Saturday night at Stratford Empire. After the show he and I stood outside and he was unrecognised. "That is fame," he grinned. But he spoke too soon. One girl, bolder than the rest, rushed up with a pencil and her programme. Then came the deluge. It was half an hour before we got away. Even I had to sign. They thought I was his manager!

Cav has had tough times in plenty way back. Now that he is sitting pretty in the sun he looks back and remembers. The memory makes him humble and there are no airs about The Vagabond Lover.

Who else . . . ? Plenty.

Cocoa with Gordon

Gordon Little, debonair, cultured, generous. Memories of Gordon spring to mind. Long arguments, eager discussions—over oysters and liqueur brandy (though not together) and equally eagerly over ham sandwiches and cocoa in Liverpool Station buffet. The queer places people do meet!

I remember a wild midnight drive through the rain when he dashed me out to my home; a charming gesture from a tired star. Thanks, Gordon. And thinking of Gordon reminds one of his best friend, Tom Ronald, on the programme side of sponsored radio. Shaggy haired, loud-tied, perpetually amiable, a keen wit. . . .

Trying to cram all my radio friends into one article is a difficult task. There's Chick Henderson, still amazed at the turn of the wheel that's put him way among the front rank of crooners. There's Bert Yarlett, the good-humoured Canadian. What a grand evening I and my favourite stooze had at Bert's flat recently! That was the night that Bert was going to trip the light fantastic with his lovely wife, Aileen. He had to get into "tails" and how he hated it. O.K., Bert, I'll keep that "safety-pin secret"!

Canada brings to the front two other men I like meeting, Carroll Levis and Gerry Fitzgerald. I remember showing Carroll Fleet Street. He stood amazed as I tried to tell him something of the background of tradition surrounding the Temple Bar, the haunts of Samuel Johnson, Lincoln's Inn Fields. This bluff, kindly young Canadian and I have a date to explore London—and particularly a famous inn where the ale is a poem.

Gerry Fitzgerald is one of the most amazing talkers I have ever met. I'd defy any Hyde Park crowd to resist his oratory when it is in full flow. I've never known Gerry ever to be anything but amusing or provocative, and, mark my words, he's going places. Swiftly.

Billy Cotton and his grand manager, Arthur Gadsby, are two others to whom I raise my glass

gladly. You can drop into Bill's dressing-room without notice and be sure of a welcome. If he's busy he says, "Hop it!" or words to that effect, and you "hop it" without offence and go back next night. One of these days I shall expect to see Billy in a temper, but not until Donald Duck co-stars with Garbo.

Memories of Joe Loss. Plenty! Of the days when he was a small-timer, just climbing the hill. We'd sit in the Astoria and try to pull back the veil of the future. Well, Joe's nearly there and he's still the same old Joe, which is why his boys all adore him. Good luck, Joe.

Still they come. A Christmas toast to Billy Thorburn, the man with the all-embracing grin and the man's grip; to Jack Plant (shall we ever finish that discussion on politics, religion, fear, rackets, luck, and love which started one night and looks like developing into a serial, Jack?); and to Mario de Pietro, that shy little Italian mardoline player, with a face the colour of walnut, teeth of ivory, and a kind, chivalrous manner.

I've watched Robert Ashley blossom from an unknown to a star. Much of his unsophisticated shyness has departed, but he's still the same eager Bob and I'm glad he's my friend. There are Dan Donovan, little George Elrick, who sends me cryptic brown postcards, and Burt Gillis, Henry Hall's massive sax player, who lives near me and used to half-fill the carriage when we came up to town together. Happy Christmas to them all!

I remember Ronnie Hill making me lose a bet with myself. I'd just been told by him that punctuality was his chief virtue. An hour later I was to meet him at the Adelphi to see *Transatlantic Rhythm* at 8.28. I arrived at 8.25. A minute passed, another—you know how you like catching your friends out—8.27½, and just as I was betting myself he'd be late he arrived, hatless as usual, breathless, flushed, happy, and *punctual*! A cross-London dash in a taxi had kept his record intact.

Seaside Friends

My space is ebbing. Just time to pay tribute to Tommy Handley, the funny man who always looks worried; to my friends, little, sandy-haired, "fillet-legged" Arthur Askey and genial Clarkson Rose, both of whom have given me many seaside and radio laughs. Clarky, I remember, once made me a Freeman of the Pavilion at Shanklin, where his "Twinkle" company were playing. Many a happy hour I had that holiday.

Just time, too, to raise the glass again to Les Allen and his sweet wife, Anne, two of the nicest people I've ever met; to effervescent Harry Roy and his lovely Princess; to shy, retiring Mantovani and affable Peter Yorke. And a final dash to Charing Cross Road, where so many of radio's dance hits are born. I must say a Christmas "hello!" to my song-writing friends: to Tolchard Evans, satirical and humorous, whose hospitality I have enjoyed so often; to Jimmy Kennedy, the schoolmaster-turned-composer; to that grand, extraordinary character, Michael Carr, who's always good for a thousand laughs; to that old-stager, Stanley Damerell; and to portly, quixotic Ralph Butler.

A Christmas toast! Long life, prosperity, happiness, and success to these and others of my radio friends. Thanks a million for the many kindnesses they have shown me in the past, the gay, warm-hearted good fellowship I have enjoyed.

They have laughed with me, been serious with me, rejoiced and commiserated. They have confided in me and told me secrets which I shall never write—because they are my friends.

Sentimental? Perhaps I am—and I'm not ashamed to admit it.

And now 1937 looms up and I await it eagerly, excitedly. I shall make new radio friends. But I hope I shall not make a single new friend if by so doing I lose one that I have now.

Before I drain the glass to its dregs, I would raise it once more. This time to my friends, my readers. To all who have written to me charmingly, to the two persistent ladies who have written me unflatteringly, and to all who have never written at all—I raise my glass and this is my toast:

"May Christmas, 1936, be the happiest we have ever spent!" Will you all drink to that?



Anne Lenner



Adelaide Grey

EYELASHES

long, strong and beautiful can be yours by using

LALEEK LONGLASH

the supreme eyelash grower, which actually grows the lashes. "Laleek" Longlash is a medically approved cream mascara and eye-shadow, created by Adelaide Grey, the Bond Street Beauty Specialist, and is used by Royalty.

In shades of Midnight Blue, Copper Beech, Raven Black and Colourless—dainty containers

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Special Brush, 4d.

NOTE. Look for "LALEEK" on the lid.

Laleek Beauty Preparations are medically approved, used by Royalty, and they cover every beauty need. Stores, Chemists, Hairdressers and Boots, or from my Salons.

Face Massage at my Salons, 3/6. Consultations daily—Regent 5825.

ADELAIDE GREY 27 OLD BOND ST. LONDON. W.1.



Children's throats need special protection in cold damp weather. Allenburys Pastilles soothe away throat ills and are delicious to take



FROM ALL CHEMISTS 8" & 1/3

Allenburys Glycerine & Black Currant PASTILLES

for your Throat

P.3.

THE NEWEST THING IN KNITTING

Continued from page 20

TWO POCKETS (Both alike)

With No. 9 needles cast on 21 sts. Work in stocking stitch for 1 inch, then with purl side facing you: K. 2, P. 17, K. 2. 2nd row of diagonal—K. 1, P. 2, K. 15, P. 2, K. 1. 3rd row of diagonal—P. 2, K. 2, P. 13, K. 2, P. 2. 4th row of diagonal—P. 1, K. 2, P. 2, K. 11, P. 2, K. 2, P. 1. 5th row of diagonal—K. 2, P. 2, K. 2, P. 9, K. 2, P. 2, K. 2. 6th row—K. 1, P. 2, K. 2, P. 2, K. 7, P. 2, K. 2, P. 2, K. 1. Continue to work your diagonal stripes each side of pocket as shown, moving 1 stitch each side every row towards the centre. When pocket is 2½ inches in length, work 9 sts. in diagonal stitch. Cast off 3 sts. for buttonhole, work in diagonal to end, then on the next row cast on 3 sts. where you cast off in previous row. When pocket is 3¼ inches in length cast off.

COLLAR

Cast on with No. 9 needles 3 sts. Work in rib K. 1, P. 1. 2nd row—K. 1, increase in next stitch, work to end. Turn. 3rd row—Work back. 4th row—K. 1, increase in next stitch, work to end. You have now 5 sts. Now cast on 55 sts. Work back in the back of sts. Rib the last 5 sts. Now work 10 sts. in rib, turn, work back. Work 15 sts. in rib, turn, work back. Work 20 sts. in rib, turn, work back. Work 25 sts. in rib, turn, work back. Work 35 sts. in rib, turn, work back. Work 45 sts. in rib, turn, work back. Rib 60 sts., turn, work back. Work to end. Break off wool and work another piece exactly the same. Now join the two pieces together (the straight side to centre) and work in rib for 18 rows. Cast off in rib. Sew up side seams and shoulders. Make 5 small pleats in the top of each sleeve, then sew sleeve in armhole. Sew 3 buttons on underlap at back to correspond with buttonholes. Sew on pockets at equal distances apart and the top of pocket to be level with underarm seam. Sew on collar. Press lightly under a damp cloth with a warm iron.



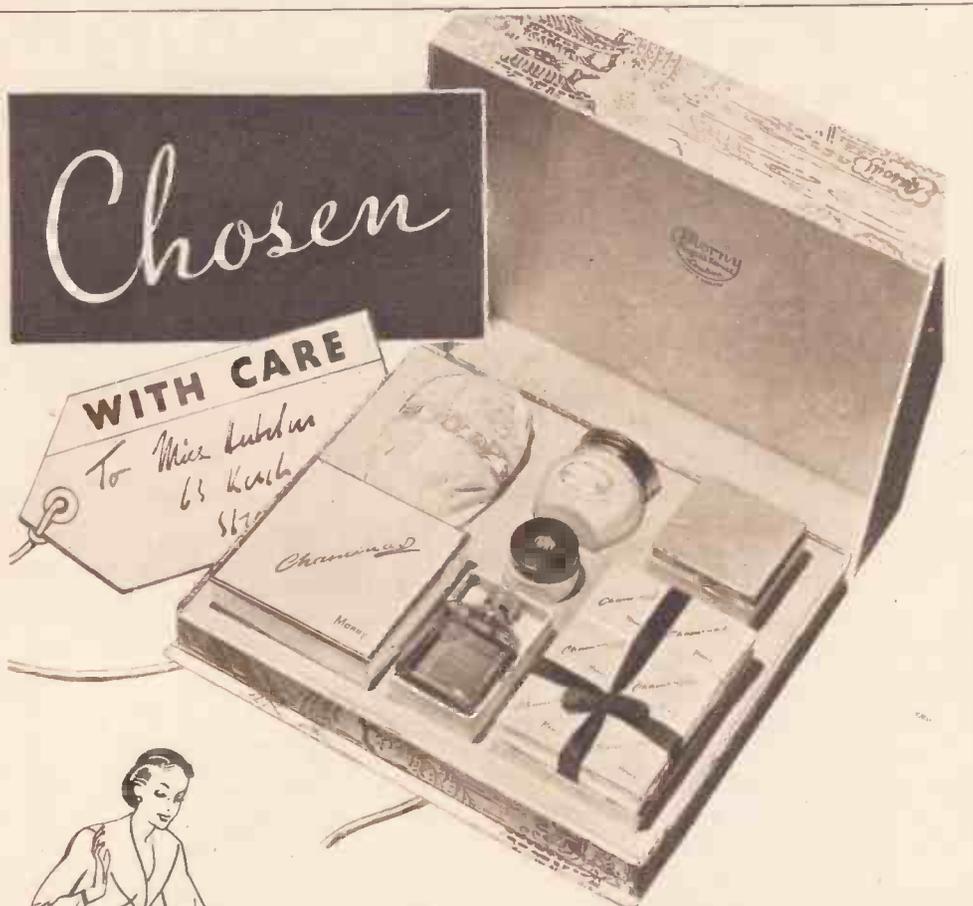
TURN YOUR WIRELESS SET INTO A RADIOGRAM

IT is not as difficult as one would imagine to play gramophone records electrically via almost any type of radio set. Most receivers have two sockets on the terminal strip at the back marked "P.U." If you buy an "Ad-A-Gram" which consists of an A.C. gramophone motor and pick-up all mounted in a playing desk or console cabinet, the two leads from the pick-up in the "Ad-A-Gram" are merely plugged into two sockets marked "P.U." on the radio set.

With the switch on the radio set turned to the position marked "pick-up" records can be reproduced through the loud-speaker in such a way that the quality is greatly improved. So much so, that listeners hear for the first time all of the instruments in the orchestra. It is well-known that very few gramophones faithfully reproduce bass and treble notes, but this is overcome when the record is replayed electrically.

Any reader without any technical knowledge whatsoever can convert a receiver into a radio-gramophone without there being any doubt as to the success of the conversion. A 4-guinea model "Ad-A-Gram" is available or if you want space for record storage, then the price is 6 guineas. But in any case, write to Cosmocord Ltd., Enfield, Middlesex, for details of their "Ad-A-Grams."

£50 FOR 2 WORDS!
See December 11th issue of "Radio Pictorial" for full particulars of "STARLETS"—an enthralling Competition for listeners of all ages.



There is one moment in the year which is yours to make or mar for someone—a moment that follows an excited wrestling with string—the unwrapping of a parcel—the first sight of YOUR gift. If you have chosen a gift by Morny you have done justice to that moment.

Morny offers over 200 gift sets at prices ranging from 3/- to £10.10.0. Even the least costly of them conveys a message of quality and refinement which is at once associated with the House of Morny. From all high-class stores, chemists, etc.

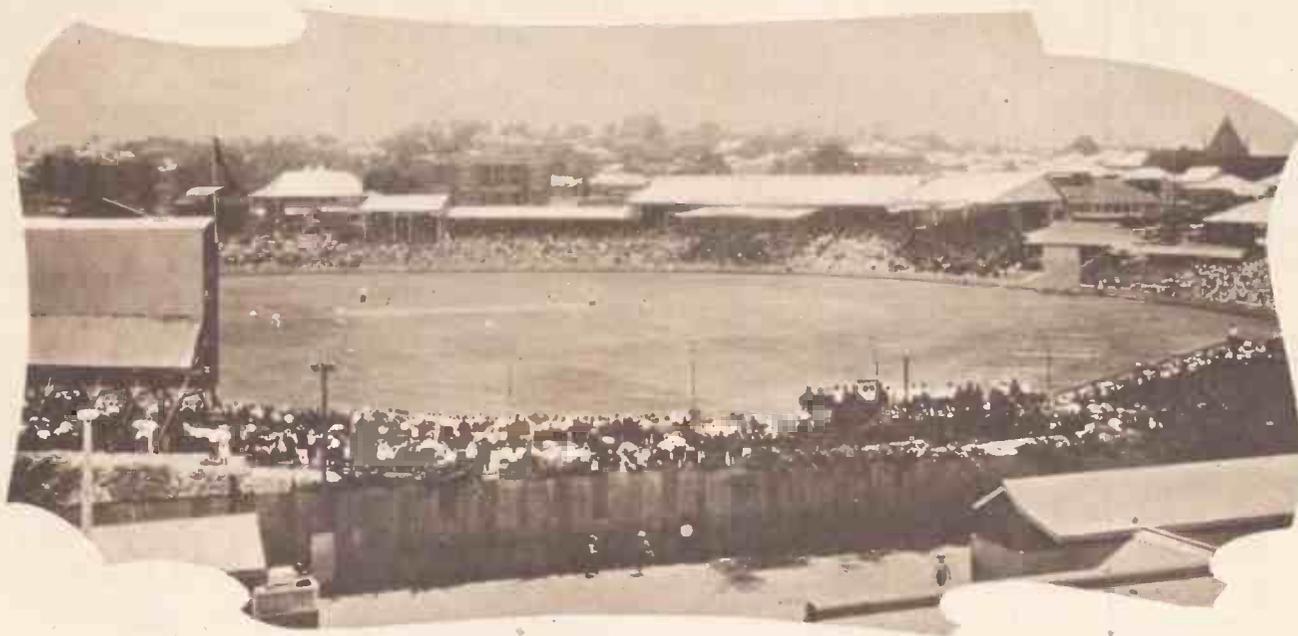
A complete range of TOILET LUXURIES are now available in FRENCH FERN.

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REGENT STREET, LONDON.

The Home of British Perfumery

ENGLAND v. AUSTRALIA



THE BRISBANE CRICKET GROUND

THE FIRST TEST MATCH

(Brisbane, December 4, 5, 7, 8, 9).

Closing Scores and Commentary
by **W. H. PONSFORD**

will be broadcast each day at 8 a.m. from
Radio Luxembourg and Normandy

FULL PARTICULARS IN EVERY PACKET OF

D. R. eszke MINORS

THE TEN-MINUTE SMOKE FOR INTELLIGENT FOLK

*In tins: 30 for 1/- * 60 for 2/- * In boxes: 15 for 6^d * 30 for 1/-*



"Here's looking at you!" Troise and his Mandoliers, not forgetting the inimitable Don Carlos, will entertain you on December 16, Regional.



That great singer, Turner Layton, will be in Music Hall from Luxembourg, on December 20.



Monti Ryan otherwise Mrs. Percy Mackey is on the Luxembourg air, December 20 and 27



Fredric Bayco is one of our most popular organists. He will be relayed on December 22



Introducing you to Falkman and his Apache Band, broadcasting from London, with Ronald Hill on December 13



The girl with the infectious giggle—Alma Vane—figures in an amusing after-Christmas dialogue with Max Miller, on Sunday, December 27, Luxembourg.



FOR YOUR XMAS ENTERTAINMENT

Whatever have those two niggers gone and done now? Scott and Whaley and all the rest of the Kentucky Minstrels will meet you again on December 21, National, and December 24, Regional



Two more stars in Luxembourg Music Hall on the 20th: that hilarious pair, Bud Flanagan and Chesney Allen



This band boys and—Bobby Bissett. They have a special "Waltz Time" all to themselves on Sundays from Luxembourg. Louise Adams and Robert Ashley vocalise.

SETS WE RECOMMEND

An efficient Radio Receiver is not only an admirable Christmas present but a real investment for yourself!

RADIOGRAMOPHONES certainly come into their own at Christmas time, particularly when they are of the all-wave variety, for one need never be without entertainment of some sort or another.

A particularly interesting receiver of this type is the new Cossor Console All-wave Radiogramophone, model 837, which in addition to four-waveband tuning, is truly a de-luxe instrument in every respect. The price is 22 guineas, so that for an instrument of this type it is distinctly under price.

Short-wave enthusiasts will appreciate the extensive short-wave bands, covering 13 to 40 metres and 38 to 100 metres. The circuit employed is rather an unusual type of super-het with an efficient H.F. stage and a triode hexode frequency stage.

A really magnificent cabinet is provided, and is no less than 37¼ in. high by 21 by 18½. This receiver is, of course, only suitable for A.C. mains of between 200 and 250 volts, 50 to 60 cycles.

One of the most popular receivers of the year, not an all-waver incidentally, but a four-valve broadcast band super-het, is the recently introduced Philco People's receiver. At 6 guineas it is so much cheaper than any other of a similar type that readers are inclined to be sceptical and to think that it is some catch receiver.

40,000 Sets Snapped Up

Take our word for it, this Philco People's Set is in our opinion worth 2½ to 3 guineas more than the price asked, and its efficiency is proved by the fact that in the short period it has been available, over 40,000 have been issued.

Self-contained receivers are still very popular, and rightly so when they are similar to the McMichael 335. This receiver has all the advantages of a conventional 5-valve super-het combined in a portable type of cabinet. The tuning dial has a total length of 17 in., which is automatically illuminated by depressing the tuning knob with the idea of saving current.

Five valves are used in a 9-stage circuit, and, despite the fact that it is battery operated, the quality is comparable with that given by a mains receiver. In fact, the performance as a whole, compares very favourably with conventional 5-valve mains operated super-hets.

By some ingenious means the consumption from the dry battery has been reduced to 10 M/a. so that its life is well above the average. An output of 1 watt is given and refinements included are full automatic volume control sufficient for extra loudspeakers, pick-up sockets and a graded tone corrector.

A very good receiver for use on D.C. mains is the Pilot model U690, priced at 17 guineas. It is a 6-valve all-wave super-het with beacon tuning and covers practically all wavelengths between 16 and 2,000 metres.

We should like to point out the advantages of the Burgoyne All-wave Four Radiogramophone. This instrument, which only costs 17 guineas, is in a full-size console cabinet, and, in addition to the gramophone motor and pick-up, enables the listener to tune in short-wave stations between 19 and 51 metres plus the normal broadcasters between 200 and 570 metres and 800 to 2,000 metres with a sensitivity of better than 15 microvolts.

In case this doesn't mean very much to you, we can—and do—assure you that it is a very good figure for a receiver of this type.

A Universal Portable receiver is really something new. Burndept with their model 229 at 12½ guineas strike a new note in radio receivers. They have created a 5-valve plus barretter super-het with full A.V.C. It works off any mains, A.C. or D.C., and any voltage between 180 and 250 volts without adjustment. It is supplied with a detachable handle and gives quality of a very high order. Results, as far as we can tell from our tests, show that the sensitivity is equal to most receivers using an external aerial.

We were able to tune in most of the European stations of any consequence at really good volume, while the A.V.C. circuit prevented most of the fading.



"And here is the Fairy Queen and the King of Dwarfs."



**'BETTER BUY
CAPSTAN**

they're blended better



DO YOU KNOW that before the tobacco is cut, the leaves are mixed together **no less than four times?** Typical of the greater trouble taken at each stage—to give you the better blend.

10 for 6d. 20 for 11½d. PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED

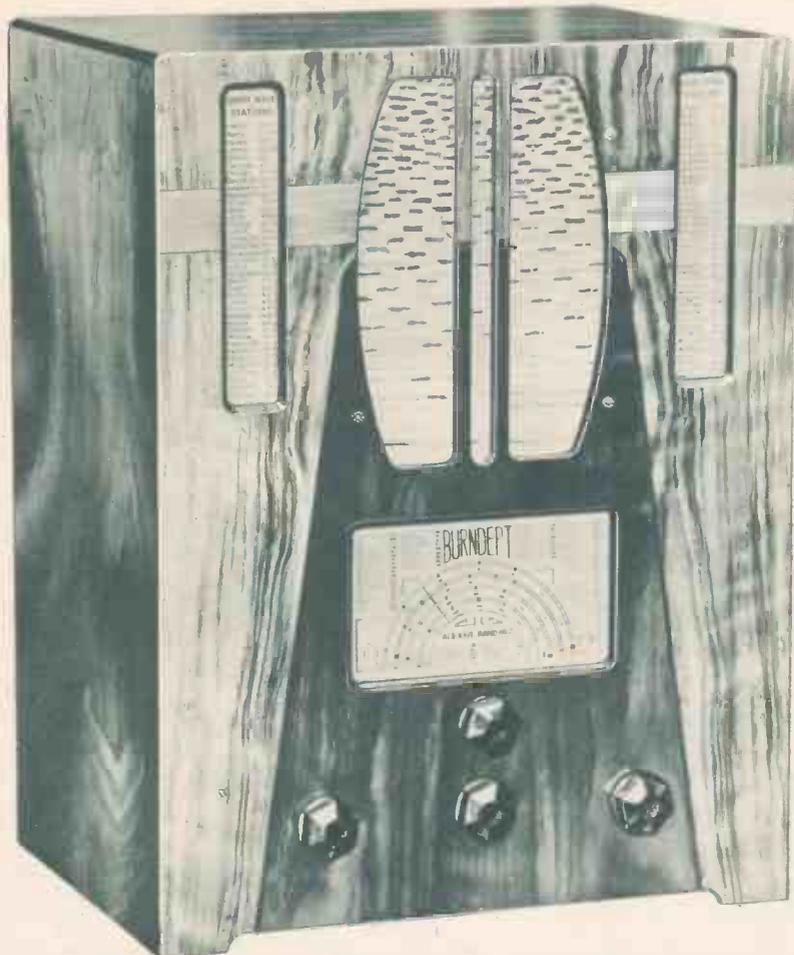


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**Have you seen the new
PRESENTATION TIN?
150 cigarettes. Price 7/3.**

C.C.548G

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd



Radio Test OF THE NEW BURNDEPT ALL-WAVE RADIO

K. JOWERS RADIO PICTORIAL

Several readers have written to us asking for advice on the purchase of a cheap all-wave receiver for battery operation that really will bring in short-wave stations. The obvious receiver to buy is undoubtedly the Burndeft Model 251, for it tunes over four wave-bands, including two short-wave, uses three valves, and is complete with battery and accumulator for £7 19s. 6d.

The short-wave bands are not skimped; in fact, the wave-ranges covered cannot be bettered even in receivers costing three or four times as much.

TUNING RANGES FROM 13.5 to 2000 METRES

SPECIFICATION

FOUR-BAND BAND-PASS BATTERY RECEIVER

Circuit :—Variable mu H.F. Pentode, high efficiency Triode Detector, transformer coupled to steep-slope output Pentode. Wave ranges 13.5-48.5 metres, 48-145 metres, 190-550 metres, 800-2100 metres. Four-range scale with wave-lengths engraved and complete with lists of well-known world-wide stations. Single-knob, double-motion tuning, variable mu, wave-range and reaction controls. Complete with battery and accumulator, in well-designed walnut cabinet as illustrated. Model 251. Price **£7.19.6**

FOUR-BAND BAND-PASS UNIVERSAL MAINS RECEIVER

Circuit :—Variable mu H.F. Pentode, Pentode Detector resistance coupled to output Pentode. Rectifier valve. Wave ranges : 13.5-48.5 metres, 48-145 metres, 190-550 metres, 800-2100 metres. Four-range, illuminated scale with lists of station names. Single-knob, double-motion tuning, variable-mu and mains switch combined, wave-range and reaction controls. Mains energised moving-coil loud-speaker. Suitable for all supplies, 200-260 volts, A.C. or D.C. Model 252. Price **£9.9.0**



The performance and tonal quality of these two Burndeft All-Wave Receivers are such that they provide not only all-world listening, but superb reproduction of all your usual Home and Continental stations.

"RADIO PICTORIAL" FREE BROCHURE OFFER

To every reader of RADIO PICTORIAL we will send FREE OF CHARGE a copy of the Burndeft Brochure on All-Wave Listening, which not only describes the Burndeft All-Wave Receivers in full, but tells you much of interest about the Short-Wave Stations of the world and gives you a complete chart of stations receivable. Post the coupon NOW for your copy.

**POST
THIS
COUPON**



To Burndeft, Ltd.,
Light Works, Erith, Kent.

Please send me FREE COPY of your All-Wave Listening Brochure.

Name.....

Address.....

R.P.B. 49.



CHRISTMAS ROUND THE WORLD

Don't be slaves to the home stations this Christmas. **KENNETH JOWERS** describes some of the "all-round-the-world" fun you can have with an all-wave receiver. Your enjoyment from Christmas listening will be doubled!

CHRISTMAS is generally considered the most popular holiday of the year not so much because of the well laden tables or the host of greeting cards, but because of people being more natural and friendly.

Nowhere is this atmosphere quite so evident as with the short-wave amateurs.

Listening to their chatter is always a pleasant way of spending an hour or two, but at Christmas the conversation becomes even more free and easy. After breakfast on Christmas morning is a period when things are always slack in the home so listen in on the 40 metre amateur band to the hosts of British and European amateur stations and gain some idea of how they are spending the morning.

Greetings are exchanged between stations, not in the way the B.B.C. would do it, perhaps, but nevertheless in such a way that there's no mistaking their meaning! Sometimes the greetings are a little too friendly, particularly as not all amateurs are strictly teetotal, but as Christmas comes but once a year the Post Office do not seem to mind.

I have in the past been greatly amused at some of the European stations which try hard to send greeting in the approved style without knowing very much English. This also applies to the English stations who send messages in English-cum-French-cum-German in an endeavour to be understood.

Real old stagers gather together on the 160 metre band, which is always called the sociable amateur band. On this wavelength stations operated by old friends exchange notes and very often the conversations are not without humour.

Around lunch time the American amateurs begin to come to life. This is not slander, for remember that 5 hours difference in the time. They start to call old friends in England and have a style of their own when it comes to sending Christmas greetings. Listen for yourselves this year, for you will find it worth the trouble.

I like being at home during Christmas, but many do not see eye to eye with me in this respect. Look up the sailing lists of the large shipping lines and you will find that a large number of the bigger vessels make a point of being far away from land by the time Christmas dinner is served.

Most of the passengers, however, satisfied that they are far from home, make a big point of

phoning up their friends in all parts of the world. Every year the ships radio telephone service is used to full capacity in this way and I have spent quite a time eavesdropping the conversations. This sort of thing is "not done"—in theory—but I am sure many others do the same as I do.

For a change this year tune the receiver to that portion of the dial between 33 and 37 metres used by the world's shipping. You will hear messages being sent to the world at large, and if you are quick, the replies on the Post Office channels will be heard as well.

Also, there is no need to limit your reception to vessels in the Atlantic. On this low wavelength of about 33 metres messages from vessels in all spots can be heard.

The Lloyd Triestino Co. have a fine boat, the *Conte Verde*, which travels between Trieste and Shanghai, and on Christmas Day will be between Shanghai and Hong Kong.

You can rest assured that the passengers on this vessel will be letting the world know where they are having their Christmas dinner. A very fine radio-telephone station has been installed on the "*Conte Verde*," so see if you can pick up some of the messages.

The chief engineer on the *Conte Verde* would like reports from listeners who have heard his station when out in the East, so send a card in the form of a report.

"Music you like to hear" is the title of a very fine programme schedule to be broadcast from Schenectady at 1.45 p.m. on Christmas Day. It takes the form of request items made up from a selection of listeners' letters. As most people think the same when it comes to music, the programme will probably consist of music you like to hear.

Last year I was at a party which, after lunch, was very quiet until four o'clock. During that time I switched over to the Berlin short-wave station and heard "An American Hour." This programme will be on again this year, and if you don't listen in you will be missing something good.

Most of the programme consisted of light musical items popular during the year, but played in that German style which is so attractive. The orchestra is led by a piano,



With this Marconi all-wave receiver you can literally tune-in the world

or it may have been two pianos, for this section of the orchestra was well to the front. So make a point of listening in on the 19 metre channel after lunch on Christmas Day.

The Danes make a great fuss about Christmas, and anyone would think it is their own special festival. What with concerts, choirs, military band music, all kinds of church services, and what not, I do not know when they have time for any lunch!

Anyway, all these celebrations are broadcast over the short-waves, via the Danish National station at Skanlebaek, which can be heard in this country all day at great strength.

For really good organ music of the church type I commend you to the Dutch stations, which radiate such programmes for the benefit of the world, through their short-wave station at Huizen. Listen on either the 16 or 19 metre channels, for the wavelength used depends largely on the time you listen.

The South African Exhibition is still in full swing, and right now the short-wave station there is coming in well, owing to an increase in power and the directional aerial just erected.

Special programmes are being sent for our benefit, so it would be churlish if we do not take advantage of them. Listen-in when you have a spare moment on the 49 metre band, and see if you cannot pick up this station.

Looking at things from every angle, one can have the world on tap at Christmas, and what better or more original form of entertainment can there be for your guests than to tune in some out-of-the-way station which no one without an all-wave set has ever heard before?

So unless the normal programmes are particularly interesting, switch the receiver on to the short-waves and leave it there.



The *Conte Verde* invites listeners to pick up the Xmas messages that will be broadcast from this fine ship. (Photo by courtesy of Lloyd Triestino Co.)

★ CHRISTMAS 1936 is the climax of a year that has made history in the entertainment world. For Television is, at last, something more than an idea. Not all of us will be lucky enough to "look-in" this Christmas—but next Christmas—who knows? Here is a fascinating résumé of the progress that television has made in the past two months

THERE is no doubt that the past month will, ten years hence, be regarded as a history making epoch. It has seen the beginning of television. The B.B.C.'s Television Service from the London Station at Alexandra Palace was opened by the Postmaster General on November 2, and since then two hours of television have been regularly transmitted each day except on Sundays.

These programmes have revealed the potentialities of radio's new medium, potentialities which ten years hence will have been realised and almost certainly exceeded.

Sitting by my fireside in my home, on November 2, I heard and saw Adele Dixon dedicating the service appropriately with a song called "Television," which had been specially written by James Dyrenforth and Kenneth Leslie-Smith. Adele was television's first star.

I watched her on the 12 by 9 inch screen of a Baird television receiver, a screen which enables a clear and comfortable television show to be given to an "audience" which filled my large drawing room.

The new television is not just a technical novelty, giving an indistinct blur which can only remotely be sized up as a human form. Its pictures are as clear as the cinema's and I shall not soon forget the thrill I felt when I saw the sparkle of Miss Dixon's eyes, her teeth, and her eyelashes, coming as it were from out of thin air. Television receivers are simple to manipulate, and, though they contain anything up to a score of valves, economical in use of electric power. I know, because mine has been switched on two hours a day and made little difference to my electricity bill!

All over the London Station service area—varying between a radius of 25 and 40 miles from the station—the public may now see television programmes. Besides the numerous radio dealers now stocking television sets and demonstrating them, there are public demonstrations at Waterloo Station, the South Kensington Science Museum, and in over sixty large stores in central and suburban London. Many hotels are now fitted with television.

And what kind of entertain-

ment is this new magic of the air producing? A galaxy, ranging from glamorous personalities to interesting events.

I have already seen many of the radio stars who until now have been but voices; I have seen stars from the British film sphere; Hollywood stars; I have watched famous cartoonists at work; seen animals, games, flowers, birds, fishes, paintings, military displays, and films.

After the opening ceremony, the British Movietone News was televised, and this news reel has now become a daily feature of the programmes.

The first big programme on the night of the opening day was "Picture Page." This is television's "In Town To-night." Imagine the familiar "In Town To-night" gone visual, with its many personalities appearing at your own fireside, and you'll be able to gauge something of the fascination of this programme.

The personalities are linked together by the regular appearance of a "telephone girl" at a switchboard. This is Joan Miller, whose attractive looks and personality have already made her one of the most popular of all television stars.

In the first "Picture Page" Jim Mollison told us of his Atlantic flight; Algernon Blackwood, thriller writer, told a ghost yarn; Kay Stammers, tennis star, appeared; George Whitelaw, famous cartoonist, made pictures out of people's signatures; London's Lord Mayor's Coachman and Bossy Phelps, the King's Bargemaster, appeared; and three boys found in the streets near the

Television Station introduced their Guy Fawkes "guy" and their everlasting patter of "a penny for the guy, mister."

As it happens I have been in the studios for a "Picture Page" transmission, and an exciting experience it is. With their black, shining floors, modernistic steel chairs, arrays of shining apparatus, batteries of high-powered lamps, miles of cable all over the floor, microphones swinging down from above on robot-like arms, and, high above, glass-sided control rooms like the bridge of a ship, the studios are like something which H. G. Wells forgot to put in his "Things to Come" film.

In one corner, with lamps all around her and cables sprawling about her feet, sat Joan Miller at her "switchboard." As she announced each star for "Picture Page," the person stepped into a glare of light in the middle of the studio; the television camera, on a grey-painted, rubber-wheeled truck carrying cameraman and assistant, moved silently up to take "close-ups," and silently back again to take "long shots"; and sometimes another camera, on a bridge high up in the roof, took overhead shots. Meanwhile, the microphone on its boom swung noiselessly just above the person's head and always out of the picture.

The whole effect is one of concerted and silent movement, tense with the realisation, which strikes all present, that unseen eyes are watching miles away.

The television producers wear white, knee-length coats. There was G. Moore O'Ferral, producer of "Picture Page," young, fair, and moving about with sudden, darting movements. A small, shock-headed, dynamic little man, whom I met, is Stephen K. Thomas, who is producing the ballet programmes and excerpts from the London theatres. Tall, slim, pale-faced Cecil Madden, called the Co-ordinating Producer, was

TELEVISION

BY
MICHAEL ACKWORTH



Glamorous Adele Dixon—Television's first star

Announcers Leslie Mitchell and Elizabeth Cowell at work at Alexandra Palace

Rosalind Wade has brought tap dancing to the Television screen

talking to stocky, bespectacled, serious-faced D. H. Munro, the Productions Manager. And, of course, the two lovely announcer-hostesses, Jasmine Bligh and Elizabeth Cowell, were standing by, as well as the male announcer, Leslie Mitchell, six foot three of rugged handsomeness and personality.

In a dressing-room I found Mary Allan, the make-up expert, giving a yellow face to Leslie Baily, of "Scrapbook" fame. Miss Allan uses what she calls a "straight" make-up; that is, she does not need to bring out the features of a face, but merely colour the skin, eyebrows and lips to suit the television camera. The skin is coloured yellow, and eyebrows and lips are blue.

But to return to the results of the hard work all these lively folk at the Television Station are doing, the programmes.

COMING TO TELEVISION

On the second day of the service, Gerald Cock, Television Director, was lucky enough to make a big scoop. Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, the Hollywood stars, made their first television appearance anywhere in a "Starlight" programme. These programmes are televised every Tuesday, and feature outstanding stars of the theatrical, film or musical world.

An ambitious aim when television is only beginning, but one which is being successfully achieved.

Bebe and Ben made a lively appearance, admirably suited to television. After some patter, they acted a very funny sketch, and then acted with a close-up of them together singing a song. The difference between the cinema and television was vividly illustrated by this programme. These two stars are a familiar sight



A pianist being televised



Albert Coates composer of the new televised opera "Pickwick" talks over the score with William Parsons who played Pickwick



We shall all be "looking-in" soon

on cinema screens, and for that reason it might be thought that their appeal on the television screen would be no greater.

This is not the case; the television appeal is greater, simply because one knows that one is seeing them direct, really doing things at that precise moment, and not seeing them secondhand from a film taken months ago. This is a psychological factor which gives television its chief enchantment.

Similarly, the first appearance of Henry Hall and his B.B.C. Dance Orchestra was infinitely more thrilling than any film of them. Henry's unassuming and graceful manner makes him an attractive television star, and Dan Donovan came near to stealing the picture, so striking is his "pictorial personality" as he sings.

Burton Gillis, tall and large in all directions, was made the butt of some amusing shots taken looking up at him as he seriously played comic "bumpa doops" on his saxophone.

The jolly atmosphere which has always been present in Henry's sound broadcasts is enhanced in the new medium, and his frequent appearances in the programmes are already events to look forward to.

Remember Rosalind Wade, whose Dancing Daughters for so long added their taps to Music Hall? She has made a startling entry into television. In programmes called "Tempo and Taps" she is illustrating tap dancing, and being the acknowledged expert in the world, nothing could be more lucid than her illustrations which will soon have youthful viewers slaves of tap routines.

Rosalind has an engaging personality that makes her teaching a joy to watch even if you don't want to learn the steps, which is a big advantage, for the subject of a television programme must never bore—this is an even more deadly sin in televising than in sound broadcasting.

Another star who is going to be one of the "top" in television is Arthur Prince and his doll Jim. Watching a ventriloquist on the television screen is far more intriguing than watching one on the stage. Immediately the viewer tries to catch the artist out, tries to detect his lips moving, and the other tricks of his art. There's no catching Arthur Prince out! Not once did he betray his craft, with the result that his act is one of the finest yet discovered for televising.

Horace Kenney was in the same programme as Arthur Prince, and he did his famous music-hall act, "The Trial Turn." In this bill, too, there was Mabel Scott, a coloured singing dancer, whose original movements and rhythm singing make striking entertainment.

You would imagine that Claude Dampier would be a bigger scream than ever if you could see him. You would be right. Claude, when they shot him on to the fireside screen,

Please turn to page 55

NERINA SHUTE'S GOSSIP—AS FULL OF PLUMS
AS A CHRISTMAS PUDDING

CHRISTMAS PRESENT
I'D LIKE TO GIVE




COLDS & 'FLU
often start with a sore throat

Beware the raw tickling throat which precedes a cold or 'flu. That is your signal to take Cephos. Cephos banishes headache and feverishness and stops the attack immediately. From all chemists and stores, in powder or tablet form, 1/3 & 3/-. Single dose, 2d., powder or tablets. Not a SINGLE drug but the prescription of an Eminent Harley Street Physician. Cephos is safe and certain and does not affect the heart.

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I HAVE a sentimental feeling. Christmas is coming and I want to do good deeds and forgive everybody and send Christmas cards covered with overfed robins and silver bells to all my readers.

It is a lovely, virtuous feeling and I plan things I would do for people if only I were rich enough. Last week I met a young man who really deserves help.

If I had the money I would give him a year of training as a singer by way of a Christmas present.

What I am trying to tell you, reader, is the story of Pat O'Brien, The Irish Street Singer.

He came to see me last week—a tall young man with a shock of untidy hair and a nice face and a polite, humble way that makes you love him.

Pat O'Brien. Twenty-four years old. Reader, somebody ought to help Pat O'Brien.

Said Pat to me: "It doesn't seem possible that so many things can happen to a chap like me. Less than two years ago I was standing in a London street with my cap in my hand—singing for pennies. I was desperate. I lost my job in the glass factory, and it seemed like a terrible thing for a chap to do. I earned about ten shillings a week—sometimes less.

"And then one day my luck changed. A wonderful lady called Miss Anderson heard me singing an Irish song. She was beautiful to me, that lady was. She told me to go on the stage, and found me a job, and gave me food, and explained to me how a chap ought to behave. She did everything to help me. I am now earning about £30 a week!

From ten shillings a week to £30 a week—that shows you what has happened to Pat O'Brien in less than two years.

I said: "But what about the future, Pat? Where is it all going to end?"

"Well," said Pat, smiling like a St. Bernard puppy, "my father was very angry when I first went on the stage. He heard me broadcasting. He thought I was going to be a gigolo or something! But I never was that kind of chap, Miss Shute, and I don't drink and I don't smoke. A chap like me has to work hard."

In a humble voice: "Don't laugh at me, Miss Shute. People tell me—well-known singers and stage folk and clever people—they say I have it in me to be a second John McCormack. What I need is training, they say. Of course, I don't know what will happen—but that is my ambition, Miss Shute. Please don't laugh at me!"

Nobody could laugh at Pat O'Brien. You like him and want to help him. When you hear him sing his Irish songs you weep sentimental tears and resolve to be much nicer to your mother-in-law.

But most people don't realise that Pat O'Brien has never been trained.

If somebody would spend the money on him and train him seriously, I believe Pat O'Brien would make that person a fortune.

Recently I met John Sharman, famous producer, drinking beer with Arthur Askey.

Said John Sharman: "Have a glass of sherry? That's right. "Now listen, young woman; it never pays to be sophisticated. I've been in the show business all my life, young woman, and I do

know what I'm talking about. The best way to get a laugh when you're on the stage, is to fall flat on your back. Have another sherry?"

So then John Sharman told me that all his B.B.C. programmes are produced in this good old-fashioned spirit. Make the gallery laugh and the critics can say what they like.

"I am not boasting," he said, "but we have proved that my shows are popular. The critics can yell and scream. I don't care! It's cost me money to learn this little lesson! I once lost £17,000 in ten days!"

Me: "How did that happen?"

Sharman: "I backed a sophisticated show, that was all. I was clean broke after ten days. £17,000 went down the drain. I remember walking down the Strand one evening and feeling pretty miserable. And then what happened? I met a man connected with the B.B.C. He offered me a job, and I've been working for the B.B.C. ever since. Yes, and that was eleven years ago! I lost a fortune, and because of that my whole life was changed—for the better!"

John Sharman left us, and then Arthur Askey started. A little tiny man with red hair and a funny, apologetic voice.

"I've got an inferiority complex!" said he.

"Tell me more," said I, feeling friendly.

"I earn £70 a week," said he, "and yet nobody ever remembers my name. Who am I? Do you know who I am?"

"No," said I, still feeling friendly, "but I'm sure you are very nice."

"Listen," said the little man with red hair.

"My name is Arthur Askey and I ought to be a well-known star. Twelve years ago I was earning a few pounds a week in Liverpool as a civil servant. Then I joined a concert party at a salary of six pounds ten shillings a week. In the last few years I have made an average income of £40 a week, but I earn £70 a week on good weeks. How? Every summer I join the 'Sunshine' concert party at Shanklin, and every winter I do about four shows a night in addition to broadcasting—cabaret work and concert work for private entertainments. Do you see how it is? I make more money than many stars but I'm not a star myself and nobody remembers my name!"



Arthur Askey, concert party star and (right) Pat O'Brien

TELEVISION COMES TO TOWN

Continued from Page 53

was a side-splitting phenomenon from start to finish. Leonard Henry, too, is a first-class television comedian. Dancing and acts of physical dexterity are, of course, excellently suited to televising.

Manuela del Rio provided a sparkling fifteen minutes of Spanish dances, and for rumbas at their most exotic Doray and Chela take some beating.

Other clever "physical" acts seen in the programmes already include the famous Chinese jugglers, the Lai Founs, with their contortions and plate spinning; the Harris Twins and Loretta, in thrilling hand-balancing turns; and the breath-taking Knife-Throwing Denvers. Retta Ray, called "America's Fastest Tap Dancer," was another hit of the programmes.

Suzanne McClay, who once sound-broadcast in a Bryan Michie show, is becoming an outstanding television singer. Jacqueline, in songs and syncopation at the piano, is another find. Zoe Wyn, another songstress in the programmes, was discovered by Cecil Madden when she once sang a song at Grosvenor House during floor show. He told her to change her name, which was a commonplace one, got her a revue engagement, and she is now stepping her way to television stardom.

An act in a class by itself, which gave the cameramen at the Television Station some unique chances of overhead shots and angle shots, was The Four Avalons, a remarkable roller-skating team.

Stephen K. Thomas, is drawing from the stage items particularly suitable for the television programmes. The most outstanding item of this kind was the first public presentation of Albert Coates' new opera, "Pickwick," based on Dickens' famous stories, which was televised prior to its staging at Covent Garden.

Aubrey Hammond designed special scenery and costumes for the televising of this, and it was interesting that the opera was being produced by Vladimir Rosing, father of Val Rosing. William Parsons as Pickwick, Dennis Noble as Sam Weller, Kenneth Ellis as Roker, and Enid Cruickshank as Aunt Rachel, provided an auspicious television event.

Marie Rambert's Ballet, from the Mercury Theatre, and also the Vic-Wells Ballet, have also been seen. *Marigold*, the famous Scotch costume play running at the Royalty Theatre, was represented with excerpts in the studios starring Sophie Stewart. This was so successful that it has been repeated. The Mask Theatre, a unique body of players who act in masks, also gave a programme.

The programmes include a number of unique items which are being devised purely for television. Most ambitious of these to date is a series of programmes for women, just starting. These include demonstrations of laundering, needlework, and cooking.

Professor John Hilton, who has assumed such popularity and importance in sound broadcasting talks, gave the first television talk. With charts and diagrams he made vastly interesting the problem of the birth rate and the declining population. C. H. Middleton, another popular sound broadcaster, has started a parallel series of gardening talks for televiewers.

And then there are unusual personalities, such as Martin Taubmann, who "draws music out of the air" with his *Electronde*, whilst a series called "London Characters" is introducing many of the picturesque London street musicians and "buskers."

Television opens up the prospect of education and entertainment from livestock as well as from human beings. Ample use is being made, particularly by Cecil Lewis, of the scope in this direction. We have seen the well-known "Zoo Man" (David Seth-Smith) of the "Children's Hour," introducing animals actually from the Zoo.

As the cinema has given birth to what are known as "interest" or "documentary" films, so broadcasting, through television, is instituting programmes of topical interest items.

In this sphere I have seen by wireless a chrysanthemum show, a boxing tournament, an exhibition of the mobile post office, a parade of veteran motor-cars, an exhibition of inn signs, and a demonstration of an anti-aircraft guns.

In addition to the British Movietone news reels which are a daily feature of the programme, the B.B.C. has been lucky in obtaining the "Movietone Magic carpet" pictures, interest shorts, for televising.

A moving use of films was made by Cecil Lewis and Dallas Bower in the special programme which was televised for Armistice Day. This included part of Pabst's great war film, *West Front, 1918*, and films depicting peace.

The prospects of this wonderful new medium of radio are exciting. Among certainties which will soon transpire are a picturesque television entertainment for Christmas Day; a mobile television van, for televising outside events, which will be used for the Coronation processions; and the televising of the races from Alexandra Park course near by the Television Station.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS



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*Carson Robison
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THEY played the old, old game of make-believe, but though they fooled each other they could not fool themselves—and at a Christmas Eve broadcast they found Romance. A charming short story with a surprise twist at the end

Ivy became aware of someone sitting beside her. The mist cleared a little and she looked up to find that once again her companion was William Hallam



THE AUDITION

By **MURIEL FAYER-TAYLOR**
("Aunty Muriel")

You know how it is when you meet someone and realise that he or she is the only person in the world for you? Then they disappear and you think you'll never see them again. But truth being stranger than fiction they invariably appear when you least expect them—and everything is happy again! That's what happened to Ivy Timperley and William Hallam in this delightful Christmas story of love on the air

ACROSS the green carpeted length of the artistes' waiting room at Broadcasting House, William Hallam gazed at the vision of blonde beauty who seemed to have been poured into the deep armchair in which she sat. Unashamedly his eager eyes embraced her whole person from dainty court shoe and chiffon stocking to tip-tilted absurd little Robin Hood hat with its captivating quill.

"Whoever she is she's the tops!" was his mental verdict.

Ivy Timperley had a useful capacity for taking people in at a glance, and so without having to stare in the same way as her companion, she was quite aware of his smart appearance and handsome face, and fell to wondering who he was.

"Someone up for an important show," she reflected, and then changed her mind. He was dressed too quickly for that. "Possibly chairman of something terribly influential. Awfully nice, anyway." She turned her head to look at him, and meeting the frank admiration in his eyes, found it embarrassing to keep silent any longer.

"It's a bit like being at the dentist's, isn't it?" she laughed.

"Not a bit," he replied. "I've never met anyone like you in a dentist's waiting room . . . but I don't feel as nervous as you perhaps do. I'm only waiting for the programme director. We are lunching together."

"I knew he was someone," thought Ivy, and just a shade hurriedly as though she must justify herself in his eyes as soon as possible, she told him that she had come about an appeal.

"One has to do these things," she explained. "I mean one can't waste one's time entirely, and I promised the people who are running the ball that I'd use my influence."

"Jolly sweet of you to come out at all in all this slushy weather," murmured William. "It's too bad I sent the car away. He could have taken you home. Are you likely to be here long?"

"Oh, no, please don't worry about me, I'll be quite all right," begged Ivy, wishing at the same time that both the car and its owner had been available. Cars being in the right place at the right time made such a difference to one's life.

A portly commissionaire appeared in the doorway.

"Miss Timperley," he called.

"My voice test, I suppose," smiled Ivy, and drooped a gracefully gloved hand in his direction.

"Good-bye Mr.——?"

"Hallam," said Bill, and for some unaccountable reason he took the proffered hand and raised it to his lips.

"I should like to meet you again . . . very soon," he said slowly.

Ivy blushing disappeared and following the commissionaire entered the lift. The higher the lift rose, the lower sank her heart.

She was quite sure she would never be any use in front of a microphone. It had always been the same ever since her childhood. She could say her piece perfectly at home, but "on the night" more often than not she was so full of panic that all the words completely vanished from her mind.

When she was actually standing in the softly lit studio, script in hand, despite the charming efforts of an extremely decorative young announcer with very smooth hair, to allay her fears, she still found herself unable to control the nervousness in her voice, and all the words which she had practised so thoroughly to her admiring family became meaningless in her own ears.

After she had read a few paragraphs, however, the voice of the announcer who had hidden him-

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self in a listening cabinet boomed from the loud speaker in the studio.

"Thanks very much, Miss Timperley. I don't think we need trouble you any further. I'll let you know if the test has been successful."

Feeling extraordinarily flat and almost on the verge of tears, Ivy left the studio wondering if everyone felt the same after an audition, and as the lift took her downwards, she felt that the company of William Hallam would have been distinctly comforting. Finding herself almost hemmed in by a crowd of hustling men discussing golf, and carrying bulky musical instruments, she fled.

A week later she received a letter from the B.B.C.

"Dear Miss Timperley,—Your voice test was quite satisfactory and you are requested to appear at these offices on Wednesday next at 2.30 p.m. for programme as arranged."

Her heart beat excitedly. How wonderful to be able to boast that she had actually broadcast, and as on that memorable Wednesday she made her way through the shoplit haze that always proclaims the Christmas atmosphere, she wished that she might meet everyone she knew so that she could say quite casually, "Oh, my dear, I must fly. I'm just on my way to the B.B.C." . . . or . . . "My dear, don't say it's twenty-five past two. Good heavens, I'm broadcasting at two-thirty—Oh, I beg your pardon!"

She had bumped into someone in the doorway of Broadcasting House, and a moment later found herself looking once again into the deep brown eyes of William Hallam.

"Henceforward I am a true believer!" he smiled. "My prayers have been answered. By the way, you are a lucky girl."

"Why?" asked Ivy as they stepped into the lift together.

"You look as sweet as your vision."

IVY was thankful for the presence of the lift attendant. It meant that she need not think out a suitable reply, especially when they stopped at the second floor and a man stepped in.

After glancing at them swiftly he took no further notice of the other two occupants, but Ivy studied him carefully, for she took a lively interest in the personnel of the B.B.C., and here, surely, according to all the radio magazines in which photographs of celebrities had ever appeared, was the programme director himself?

There was no mistaking that thin face with the burning eyes. She looked at Hallam, but his face bore no sign of recognition of the great man. She must be mistaken. Their fellow traveller could not be the programme director or Hallam would have chatted with him since they had lunched together such a short time ago.

Once again the couple entered the waiting room, but this time Ivy noticed that her companion seemed a trifle distraught and extremely pale.

"Are you seeing the programme director again?" asked Ivy.

"No, not this time," replied Hallam nervously smoothing his hair. "I'm giving a talk at two-thirty. How's the old appeal going?"

"Funny thing," she said, "but I'm giving it at two-thirty as well."

They stared searchingly at each other.

"Queer, isn't it?" Ivy said at last.

"It's more than queer. I should say it's more or less impossible," answered Hallam. "There must be some mistake in the programmes. I think I'd better go and see. I should hate it if anything happened to stop your appeal."

"But I'm quite sure your talk will be of far more importance to the nation than my poor little appeal," argued Ivy.

"Nonsense!" said Bill. "I shall go and look into the matter at once. Meanwhile, the best of luck, and if I don't see you beforehand, will you—will you be sweet enough to wait for me here after your broadcast? I want to wish you a happy Christmas."

"Of course I will," smiled Ivy, and for a few moments after his departure, she quite forgot where she was and fell into a blissful reverie, wherein she and Bill Hallam drove in a sleigh towards the horizon, while merry bells rang out a kind of joint Christmas and wedding blessing.

The arrival of the commissionaire made her jump from her chair.

"Oh! Have you come for me?" she gasped.

"No, Miss. Just going to 'ang up a bit of mistletoe. Otherwise we mightn't know it's Christmas time, seeing as how everyone in this building is working when other folk is playing. Useful stuff, mistletoe!" He winked at her slyly as he fixed the berries to a bracket above her head. She moved rather hastily away.

"You'd better come up to number three now, Miss. It's nearly time."

Ivy had not felt nearly as bad when she was wheeled into the operating theatre to have her appendix removed. Her heart beat quickly and heavily and she thought she was going to faint when the man led her into the studio and called out "Miss Timperley!"

The room swam before her eyes as she sank on to the nearest settee and tried to make out the words of her script which had suddenly become totally incomprehensible and resembled the mixed up pieces of a jigsaw puzzle.

THEN she became aware of someone sitting beside her. Well, it was at least of some comfort to know she was not alone in her nervous distress. Whoever the man was, he seemed as bad a subject as she, for the hands that held the script were shaking. The mist cleared a little and she looked up to find that once again her companion was William Hallam.

When he realised it was she, he stared first in blank amazement and then in unconcealed joy. What had happened to bring about the third miracle in one week?

"Your appeal—" he began, but someone cried "Stand by, please," and immediately there were several flicks from the red light above the doorway and then the light remained shining and the announcer stepped before the microphone.

"Representing British shop assistants," he breathed. "Miss Ivy Timperley and Mr. William Hallam are now going to talk to you on the manner in which they so ably deal with the Christmas shopping rush each year. Both speakers have come specially from two of the city's leading stores and are therefore fully qualified to talk on this interesting subject. Mr. Hallam is a salesman in the stationery department, while Miss Timperley assists with toys and fancy goods . . . Miss Timperley!"

Laughter and comradeship now shone from the eyes of the two speakers as their sense of humour momentarily overcame them. Reassuringly, William Hallam, salesman, pressed the hand of Ivy Timperley, shop assistant, as she stepped fearlessly to the microphone to begin her talk.

Half an hour later the commissionaire stood in the waiting room and shook his head at a bunch of mistletoe fixed to a bracket.

"You were only just in time!" he grinned.

All Characters in this story are fictitious



YVETTE DARNAC, the well-known singer and actress, who is appearing in the new Comedy Theatre production, "To and Fro," says that Ovaltine is a wonderful tonic for maintaining health and vitality

FAMOUS BROADCASTERS' GALLERY OF GREETINGS



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A Merry Christmas
 and a Prosperous
 New Year



from

CHARLIE KUNZ



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SINCERE

Christmas Greetings

TO ALL FROM

Joe. Q. Atkinson



"CLARKY"

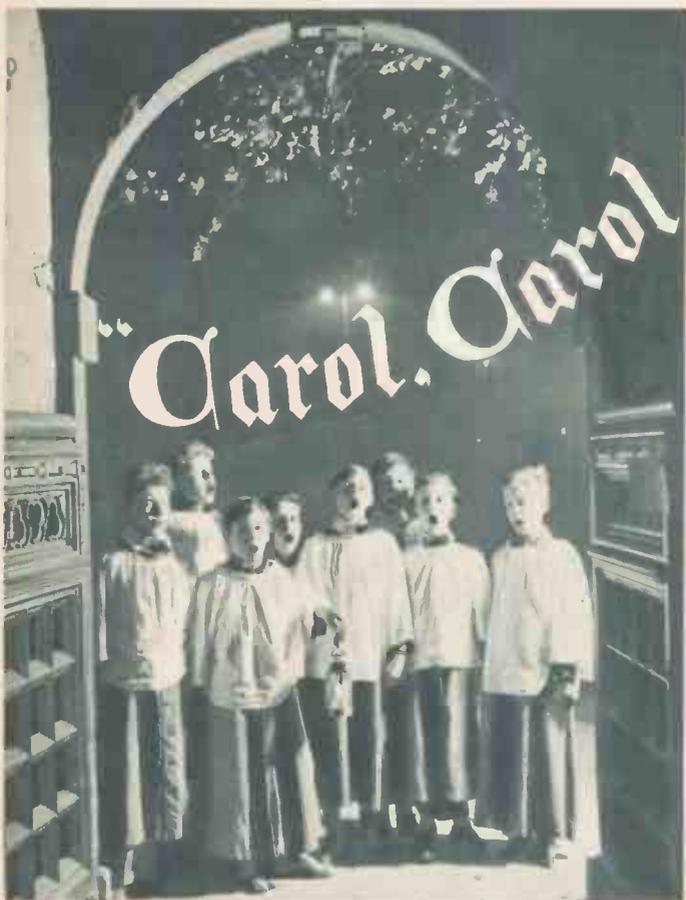
CLARKSON ROSE and OLIVE FOX

GREET YOU AND HOPE

1937

Will "Twinkle" with Happiness For You





"Carol Gaily"

In the merry round of Christmas festivity we are apt to forget the true religious significance of this lovely season. Carols, sung gloriously by choirs and broadcast into our homes, are a link with worship. This article contains some interesting information about this time-honoured tradition.

By
Whitaker Wilson

CAROLS in the Air! What a lovely thought! Surely there is something in it to catch the imagination that this—and every Christmas to come—carols will float over the whole world?

I like to think the First Broadcast was when the Angels sang "Glory to God in the Highest," nineteen-hundred and thirty-six years ago!

Perhaps we have lost the original English touch because we have given up dancing to our carols. I wish we could go back again to the early fourteenth century when the children danced in circles while beautiful English carols were sung. The children waved sprigs of mistletoe, and the air was scented with incense and warmed by blazing log fires. The dancing part, admittedly, was of pagan origin, but the priests found English people loved it and so encouraged it at Christmas and Epiphanytide.

How English carolling is! We must never give it up if only on that account. It is characteristic of us, as a race, that our folk-lore has suffered from confusion of thought and yet we don't mind.

We are still content to sing about the Star, and the Babe of Bethlehem, and snow, and bells—all in the same carols. We forget that there was no snow in Palestine and certainly no bells.

They still sing carols in Australia and New Zealand, where the idea of snow must be irrelevant because Christmas Day there is generally one of the hottest in the hot season. Still, what does it matter?

Real English Traditions

The two main broadcasts of carols have come, for some years now, from King's College Chapel, Cambridge, and from St. Mary's, Whitechapel. King's has a long history behind it and many real English traditions. The carol-singing there is amongst the finest in England, which is saying a good deal, for nowhere in the world are carols sung as they are in our own country.

As for St. Mary's, although the present church only dates back to 1882, it is the fourth church on that site. The first mention I have found of it goes back to 1280.

The carol broadcasts from St. Mary's are as old as broadcasting itself. The popular padre, the Rev. John Mayo, originally suggested that the carols should be sung in the churchyard, with all the noise of the traffic mingling with them.

That was thirteen years ago. But the weather was bad and the broadcast, which, of course, was in the old Marconi House days, had to be given from the church itself.

The carols you hear from St. Mary's are not sung by St. Mary's choir, but by the B.B.C. Chorus, accompanied by the Wireless Military Band. Both of these main carol broadcasts are generally given on Christmas Eve and they will probably be given on that day this year.

But there will be carols in the programmes for nearly a fortnight before Christmas. Sir Richard Terry generally gives a recital of them; he likes really old ones.

Have you ever gone a-wassailing? I expect not.

But you really ought to! You should go down into your garden and throw beer or ale on to the roots of the apple-trees and wish them luck, singing a carol to them at the same time. That is wassailing. In certain parts of Yorkshire and some south-western counties children still come round with what they call a vessel-cup. That is a survival of the old wassailing days.

The English Waits

Whatever you do this Christmas, stand at your door and listen to the English waits. You can then think back to the days of Edward the Fourth when provision was made for a wait or watchman "that shall nightly watch withyn thysse courte 4 tymes from Shreve Thursday till Mychelmasse." His stipend was 4d. a day with a personal allowance of half a loaf, and half a gallon of ale.

In the days of the Stuarts the waits became musicians. The London waits must have looked very picturesque in their long blue gowns with red-and-silver sleeves. In the 18th century they became much as they are now.

So that even they have their traditions. Carols in the Air! Listen to them this Christmas, broadcast from places where they have been sung for centuries.

"Peace and Goodwill . . . Goodwill and . . . Peace"—that is the message of the Carols and the Bells.



... while Shepherds watch their flocks by night . . .

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HAPPY CHRISTMAS, pals! It's a spot early, but this department is always first with the news!

'Twas Christmas Day in the workhouse. . . . No kidding. "And furthermore"—reveals Billy Thorburn—"that's where I actually *did* spend one memorable Christmas. Four of us were doing a highbrow song-and-dance act at the Tivoli, Hull, way back. (Charles Coverman, now playing first fiddle with Sir Thomas Beecham, was one of the four). Well, the workhouse master asked us in on the Christmas Day, to entertain the inmates. "Believe me, Buddy, I had the time of my life—so much so, in fact, that I went back to the workhouse the following day!"

Seems workhouse folk enjoy their Christmas pudding, after all!

By the way, Billy Thorburn (whose Dance Band airs again on January 2nd) is the only musician I know who can make his own piano! When he left school—and while studying for his music exams—he went to work in a piano factory, learning every branch of the job—veneering, pedalling, finishing, and even making the casework!

Billy's piano-playing, of course, is famous. But few know that he's also an expert on the organ; in fact, at the tender age of eleven he was official organist at the Holy Trinity Church, North Kensington!

SAYS Maurice Winnick, apropos his cancelled radio dates when he left the San Marco—"I've seen Eric Maschwitz, and there's no ill-feeling at all between us. My broadcasts for December 23rd and 29th will still stand."

It's good to hear that Winnick's excellent outfit is being kept very busy down at the Denham film studios.

HAVE just been handing a welcome home to the Vagabond Lover (Cavan O'Connor) over a pint of old-and-mild. This silvery tenor (Vagabond Loving again on the air Boxing Day, also vocalising with Mario de Pietro, the 27th) has been "knocking 'em cold" in a grand tour of English, Welsh, and Irish halls.

In Ireland, Cavan told me, one broth of a boy came near to knocking *him* cold instead! "It all happened over my blue shirt," explained O'Connor. "I've been wearing 'em for years just because I like 'em that colour. Well, I thought the "Blue Shirt" movement was dead in Ireland—but the darned thing brought me trouble in a road-house near Cork.

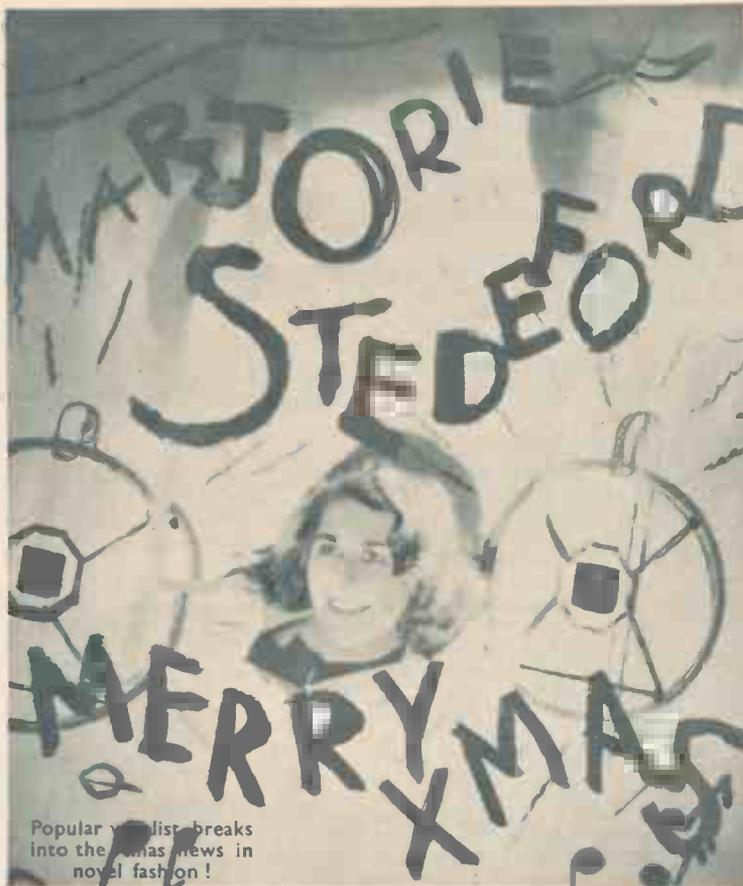
"A gang of fellows came up to my table," continued Cav., "and one of them—so I gathered from his remarks about a 'blankety Blue Shirt'—was just dying for a fight. However, his friends pulled him off in the nick of time when I explained that my motives were *not* political. Then I went home and changed my shirt!"

ALBERT ARLEN, that brilliant pianist who played in the B.B.C. "Words With Music" series, has a play written by himself (music an' everything) being produced at the Arts Theatre on January 15th. It bears the extremely unusual title: "The Son of the Grand Eunuch!"

IF it hadn't been for Roy Fox's trumpet they might have found a body in the strong-room of a certain bank. Roy's body.

Way back, Roy used to work in a bank, and around lunch-time he'd slither off to a tiny strong-room in the depths of the building, to practise on his beloved trumpet out of everybody's earshot.

The door of the strong-room was self-locking, and one day it was slammed shut by accident. Roy was inside . . . and the room (a very small one) was airtight!



CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE WORKHOUSE!

Inside
Dance-Band Chatter
By
Buddy Bramwell

Frenziedly Fox shouted for help, but his voice didn't carry through the massive door. So he took off his jacket and sat down to blow that trumpet in earnest. For hours he kept blowing, using up the all-precious oxygen like nobody's business.

Hours later a passing clerk heard the trumpet and rescued the perspiring player; Roy was almost (literally) at his last gasp!

TELEPHONE rings. "Hullo, this is Norman Hackforth speaking. Would you like to come along to a "New Heart" party at my bungalow at Edgware?"

"Quite a crowd will be there. Esther Coleman, Marjorie Stedford, Anne Zeigler, Gordon Little, Ronnie Hill, Bryan Michie, Eugene Pini, Tom Ronald, Hindle Edgar—"

I stemmed the flow. "What the so-and-so is a "New Heart" party?" I asked, inquisitive-like.

Then songwriter Norman Hackforth explained that the party was to celebrate the success of his latest song, called "New Heart." I'm glad to record that the party was as big a success as is the song. A clever composer is Norman and a man to watch.

DID you know that if it hadn't been for a tumble on the Rugger field, you might never have heard of Henry Hall! Henry revealed this story of his past when we chatted down Maida Vale way t'other day. "I was more interested in Rugger than music in those days"—confessed the B.B.C. dance-maestro—"but when I fell and hurt my leg I had time to study music again!"

THIRTEEN is Henry's lucky number, but as for horseshoes—well, Henry doesn't consider them the least bit lucky. The reason—he had one handed to him once. And on that particular occasion the horse happened to be still fixed on to it!

"I was taking a couple of horses for a run over the Brighton downs, where I was in barracks during the War"—explains Henry—"when an air-raid started. Guns boomed, the horses reared, and off I went.

"A hoof caught me as I hit the ground, and I awoke next morning, in hospital!"

So don't send horseshoes to Henry!

SOME folk think that a piece of coal is a lucky thing to carry around, but on this point our popular pal Jack Payne differs. He's just been telling me of a tour that he made of a coal mine. "We came to a pitch-black tunnel," said Jack, "and suddenly an uncanny feeling crept over me. I *knew* that something was going to happen. I crouched against the side of the tunnel, waiting. . . .

"A minute later a runaway truck thundered past, missing me by a couple of inches!"

HOWEVER, it's an ill wind that blows no good, even when it comes to a matter of shirts! For instance, if Hitler had never come into power you'd never have heard of that famous harmony team, The Three Admirals (broadcasting again December 30th). "We'd been working five years in Berlin," explains Eddie Lee, "and would have been there another five, but when we were halfway through a film with Lillian Harvey, Hitler came

on the scene, and we were given ten days' notice to quit—for no reason at all."

The other two Admirals are Joe Lee and Norman Bartlett. Busy boys. For a Radio Normandy series which they've just finished, they had to learn ninety songs in six weeks!

Genial Jimmy Phillips, astute song-picker for Peter Maurice Music Co., is looking happy. Reason? After constant pleading he persuaded his bright boys, Jimmy Kennedy and Michael Carr to write an "Irish" number. (Hang it, they're both Irish—or sort of—so why not?) The number is "Did Your Mother Come From Ireland?" and it's a hit. 'Tis said that, currently, it is Henry Hall's biggest request number.

CLEAN Fun Department. Heard about the dumb Jane who wanted to know if trombone players are paid on a sliding scale? Mario de Pietro sprang that one on me!

Closing down, pals. If in doubt, refuse that second helping of Christmas pudding!

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"A TERM AT ST. EAGLE'S"

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LUXEMBOURG CONCERTS

SUNDAY, DEC. 6

10.15—10.30 a.m.
CARSON ROBISON & HIS PIONEERS. When I Grow Too Old to Dream; Whispering; Let Me Call You Sweetheart; Sweet Cider Time; Whistling Solo—Spanish Serenade; Little Liza Jane; Sweet Sue. Presented by Thos. Hedley & Co., Ltd., makers of Oxydol.

10.30 a.m.
OLIVER KIMBALL, the Record Spinner. It's a Sin to Tell a Lie; Selection from "The Merry Widow"; Sarah, the Sergeant-Major's Daughter; Entry of the Boyards. Presented by the Proprietors of Bisurated Magnesia.

10.45 a.m.
MUSICAL MENU: Mrs. Jean Scott, President of the Brown and Polson Cookery Club, gives you Free Cookery Advice each week. Presented by Brown & Polson.

11.0 a.m.
LET'S GO ROUND TO NORMAN LONG'S. Presented by Kruschen Salts.

11.15—11.30 a.m.
THE OPEN ROAD. Officer of the Day; Singing a Happy Song; Banjo Song; I'm Sitting High on a Hilltop; Fairest of the Fair. Presented by Carter's Little Liver Pills

12.15 p.m.
The makers of Ex-Lax present **CLAPHAM AND DWYER** in a "Spot of Bother" and **HARRY BIDGOOD'S BUCCANEERS**

1.30—2.0 p.m.
OVALTINE WEEKLY PROGRAMME of Melody and Song. Presented by the makers of Ovaltine

2.45 p.m.
MORTON DOWNEY, the Golden Voice of Radio, and THE DRENE ORCHESTRA: Smoke Gets in Your Eyes; My Sweetie Went Away; It's a Sin to Tell a Lie; I Wanna Woo; Trees. Presented by Thos. Hedley & Co., Ltd., makers of Drene, Newcastle-on-Tyne

3.0—3.15 p.m.
"WE'VE CHANGED ALL THAT," featuring THE TWO LESLIES

4.0 p.m.
SEA-TIME HOUR: Cruising the World with an All-Star Cast of Radio, Stage and Screen Favourites aboard, including MAX MILLER, AL AND BOB HARVEY, ALMA VANE, RONALD HILL, SAM COSTA, BERNARD LEE, DOROTHY KAY, THE RHYTHM BROTHERS, MOLLY CARDEW, ARTHUR GOMEZ, and DEBROY SOMERS AND HIS BAND. Presented by Horlick's

5.0 p.m.
"RAY OF SUNSHINE"

5.30 p.m.
Entertainment broadcast specially for The **LEAGUE OF OVALTINEYS.** Songs and stories by the OVALTINEYS themselves and by **HARRY HEMSLEY** accompanied by the OVALTINEYS' ORCHESTRA

6.15 p.m.
The makers of Lifebuoy Toilet Soap present **AMBROSE AND HIS ORCHESTRA** in a Programme of Modern Rhythm Music

6.30 p.m.
RINSO MUSIC HALL: RUDY STARITA, KEITH WILBUR, EVIE HAYES, SAM MAYO, NORMAN EVANS, and ARTHUR PRINCE AND "JIM." All-Star Variety presented to listeners by the makers of Rinso

7.0 p.m.
EPISODES FROM DR. FU MANCHU, by Sax Rohmer: No. 1—"The Painted Kiss." The Cost: Dr. Fu Manchu (Frank Cochrane), Nayland Smith (D. A. Clarke Smith), Dr. Pezie (Jack Lambert), Karamaneh (Pamela Titheradge) with Arthur Young and Mervyn Johns. Presented by Milk of Magnesia

7.15 p.m.
MORE MONKEY BUSINESS, with BILLY REID AND HIS ACCORDION BAND, IVOR DAVIES and DOROTHY SQUIRES. Presented by the makers of Monkey Brand

7.30—7.45 p.m.
WALTZ TIME: With BILLY BISSETT AND HIS WALTZ TIME ORCHESTRA; LOUISE ADAMS; ROBERT ASHLEY AND THE WALTZ TIMERS: Stars in My Eyes; Would You; Medley, When I Grow Too Old to Dream. Presented by Phillips' Dental Magnesia

7.45 p.m.
AVA PRESENTS OLGA, the Radio Pianiste, and HER GYPSY GIRLS' ORCHESTRA. The Girl with the Glamorous Hair

8.0—8.30 p.m.
PALMOLIVE PROGRAMME, with OLIVE PALMER, PAUL OLIVER, MORTON DOWNEY and BRIAN LAWRANCE: You Dropped Me Like a Red-Hot Penny; The Mountains of Mourne; You Don't Love Right; Does Your Heart Beat for Me; Romance Medley; Tapa Treetop Tall; Midnight Blue; Texas Ranger Song; The Touch of Your Lips; Wake Up and Sing.

9.0 p.m.
MACLEAN'S CONCERT: Springtime in the Forest; Hills of Devon; Desert Song Waltz; Yes, Madam.

9.15 p.m.
BEECHAM'S REUNION, featuring JACK PAYNE AND HIS BAND: Shandy Gaff; When I'm With You; Phil the Fluter's Ball; Stardust; Until the Real Thing Comes Along; and MABEL CONSTANDUROS: Making the Christmas Pudding.

9.45 p.m.
THE COLGATE REVELLERS

10.0—10.30 p.m.
POND'S SERENADE TO BEAUTY
The Programme for Lovers

MONDAY, DEC. 7

8.0—8.15 a.m.
DE RESKE MINOR TEST MATCH BROADCAST. Presented by Godfrey Phillips, Ltd.

4.0 p.m.
TEA-TIME HOUR: With Debroy Somers and Other Artists. Presented by Horlick's

4.45 p.m.
THE HORLICK'S CHILDREN'S CORNER

TUESDAY, DEC. 8

8.0—8.15 a.m.
DE RESKE MINOR TEST MATCH BROADCAST. Presented by Godfrey Phillips, Ltd.

4.0 p.m.
TEA-TIME HOUR: With Debroy Somers and Other Artists. Presented by Horlick's

4.45 p.m.
THE HORLICK'S CHILDREN'S CORNER

6.45 p.m.
ROB, BERT & SON: "The Three Mince-meateers." Presented by the makers of Robertson's Mince-meat

7.0—7.15 p.m.
GUEST NIGHTS AT THE MUSTARD CLUB. Presented by J. & J. Colman, Ltd.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 9

8.0—8.15 a.m.
DE RESKE MINOR TEST MATCH BROADCAST. Presented by Godfrey Phillips, Ltd.

8.30—8.45 a.m.
SUNNY JIM'S PROGRAMME OF "FORCE" AND MELODY. Presented by A. C. Fincken & Co.

4. p.m.
TEA-TIME HOUR: With Debroy Somers and Other Artists. Presented by Horlick's,

4.45 p.m.
THE HORLICK'S CHILDREN'S CORNER

6.30—6.45 p.m.
SIDNEY TORCH AT THE ORGAN
Presented by Keen, Robinson & Co., Ltd., makers of Waverley Oats

7.0—7.15 p.m.
"BIRDS AND MUSIC": A Programme presented by the proprietors of "Whistler" Bird Seed. With Bird Imitations by IMITO

THURSDAY, DEC. 10

4.0 p.m.
TEA-TIME HOUR: With Debroy Somers and Other Artists. Presented by Horlick's

4.45 p.m.
THE HORLICK'S CHILDREN'S CORNER

FRIDAY, DEC. 11

8.45 a.m.
SINGING JOE, the Sanpic Man. Presented by Reckitt & Sons, Ltd.

4.0 p.m.
TEA-TIME HOUR: With Debroy Somers and Other Artists. Presented by Horlick's

4.45 p.m.
THE HORLICK'S CHILDREN'S CORNER

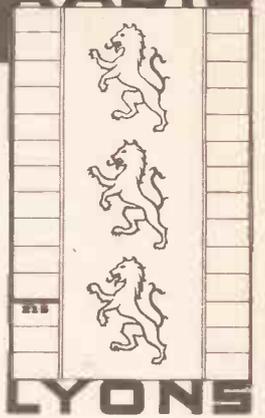
SATURDAY, DEC. 12

8.30—8.45 a.m.
SUNNY JIM'S CHILDREN'S PROGRAMME OF "FORCE" AND MELODY, Presented by A. C. Fincken & Co.

4.0 p.m.
TEA-TIME HOUR: With Debroy Somers and Other Artists. Presented by Horlick's

4.45 p.m.
THE HORLICK'S CHILDREN'S CORNER

RADIO LYONS CALLING! RADIO



SUNDAY, DEC. 6

5.0—5.15 p.m.

CARSON ROBISON AND HIS PIONEERS

Presented by
Thos. Hedley & Co., Ltd.,
makers of Oxydol, Newcastle-on-Tyne

5.15—5.30 p.m.

SPECIAL PROGRAMME

Presented by
Drene

5.30—5.45 p.m.

THE STREET SINGER (ARTHUR TRACEY)
in a new programme

Presented by the makers of
Tokalon

Arthur Tracey was the first full-toned tenor to be made famous through the radio. He beat records in theatres where Gracie Fields has played on his last visit over here, and makes £20 a minute on the American radio. He sings songs that appeal to the memory and imagination, and because he feels what he is singing, is able to share the emotion with others. The life story of the Street Singer, who, however, never has been a street singer, is to be found on page 41 in this issue.

RADIO LYONS can now be heard all over the world. Fan mail is pouring in from nearly every part of Europe, including a trawler in the North Sea, and even farther afield, as will be proved by this letter from L. F. Steel, Jodhpur, Rajputana, India.

"You may be interested to hear that from 11 p.m. to 11.30 p.m. this evening (i.e. 5.30 to 6 p.m. G.M.T.) I received your programme via Radio Lyons. Reception was very loud—i.e. as loud as in England—but atmospheric were more prevalent. However, every word and song came over fine. Your station was the loudest on the medium wave band and could be heard easily 200 feet away from the set. Not bad for 25 k.w. on 215 metres for nearly 5,000 miles"—L. F. STEEL, Operator Amateur Radio Station 2BB1.

Radio Lyons (215 metres), Europe's new and powerful station, broadcasts attractive programmes in English on Sundays and weekdays which are already very popular with listeners. Owing to difficulties inseparable from the organisation of these new programmes, we regret that, owing to our early press day, we are unable to publish full programme details. The following, however, have been definitely settled and will indicate the high quality of entertainment:

5.45—6.0 p.m.

YOUR OLD FRIEND DAN

Presented by
A. C. Johnson & Sons,
the makers of Johnson's Glo-Coat



Lyle Evans, affectionately known to many thousands of listeners as "your old friend Dan," has scored one of the big "hits" of commercial radio. May his friendly, intimate style continue to add to his host of admirers.

6.0—6.30 p.m.

CARROLL GIBBONS AND THE SAVOY HOTEL ORPHEANS

in a programme of Dance Music
Presented by the makers of
Dolcis Shoes

6.30—6.45 p.m.

A PROGRAMME OF LIGHT MUSIC AND DANCE

Presented by the makers of
Beecham's Lung Syrup

6.45—7.0 p.m.

A PROGRAMME OF GRAMOPHONE RECORDS

Presented by the makers of
Phenic

7.0—7.30 p.m.

CARROLL GIBBONS AND HIS RHYTHM BOYS

with
ANNE LENNER
THE THREE GINX
and
GEORGE MELACHRINO
in a programme presented by the makers of
Stork Margarine

9.30—9.45 p.m.

DANCE MUSIC

9.45—10.0 p.m.

DANCE MUSIC

10.0—12.0 p.m.

DANCE MUSIC

WEEKDAYS
Dec. 7—Dec. 12

The transmissions for English listeners from RADIO LYONS at present arranged on these days will be broadcast from 5.0 p.m. to 6.0 p.m. and 10.45 to midnight.

Tune in RADIO LYONS! You can rely on something interesting from this new station. The wavelength is 215 metres—not far below B.B.C.'s NATIONAL on medium wave band.

WINDFALL FOR LONDON MOTHER

"Radio Lyons Prize is a Godsend," says Mrs. Alger



A smiling photograph of Mrs. Alger taken after she had heard the good news.

WHEN the telegram came which told me of my good fortune, I was so bewildered that the telegraph-boy had to read it out to me," admitted Mrs. T. Alger, of 27 Marriott Road, Muswell Hill, London, N.10, the lucky winner of £100 in the Radio Lyons recent Popularity Contest.

The stroke of good luck has come at a time when the fortunes of Mrs. Alger and her husband, who is a sheet metal worker, were at their lowest ebb. Troubles have recently fallen thick and fast on this young woman and, in her own words, "The Radio Lyons prize is a godsend."

Quite recently Mrs. Alger had to give up her own home to go and look after her mother, who is a widow and is not strong enough to do her own housework. Day after day Mrs. Alger has tramped the streets trying to find accommodation for her family of three children, who range in age from six to eighteen months. But so few landlords will take families with children. She has just secured a house at Enfield, and was troubled to find the money to move and to buy the extra pieces of furniture that will be required.

In addition, her little six-year-old girl, Jean, is soon to go into hospital for an operation. She had been promised a doll's pram if she were

brave about it; but, frankly, Mrs. Alger did not know where it would come from. "Radio Lyons" has solved the problem. Jean will get her pram!

"Only the night before we had been getting together some idea of what we could afford in the way of Christmas puddings and little luxuries. Item after item had been struck out because we knew we should never be able to afford them. And now this has come."

Mrs. Alger could hardly speak, so bewildered was she; but she indicated that this would certainly be the gayest Christmas Day her family had ever spent.

The whole family helped Mrs. Alger to decide the order of popularity of the records. They sat round the fire on Sunday evening and, after a lot of argument, Mrs. Alger decided on what has proved to be the lucky list.

When we interviewed Mrs. Alger she had not been able to let her husband know about her amazing stroke of luck. When she left the RADIO PICTORIAL office her first thought was to hurry home and tell him. "This will put new heart into him," she said.

Congratulations and good luck, Mrs. Alger! And we hope that little Jean will like her doll's pram!

Sunday, December 6, to Saturday, December 12, 1936.

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 the Sixth

All Times Stated are Greenwich Mean Time

RADIO LUXEMBOURG

1293 m., 232 Kc/s.

Morning Programme

THE OPEN ROAD

11.15—11.30 a.m.

Officer of the Day	...	Hall
Singing a Happy Song	...	Meskill
Banjo Song	...	Homer
I'm Sitting High on a Hilltop	...	Johnston
Fairest of the Fair	...	Sousa

Presented by
Carter's Little Liver Pills,
64 Hatton Garden, E.C.1

1.0—1.30 p.m.

THE LATEST DANCE MUSIC

Presented by
Zambuk,
C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds

Evening Programme

10.30—11.0 p.m.

THE LATEST DANCE MUSIC

Presented by
Bile Beans,
C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds

RADIO NORMANDY

TO-DAY:

THE SUNDAY MORNING PARADE

Sunday, 11.15 a.m.

BEHIND THE SCENES

With Mary Lawson

Sunday, 3.45 p.m.

OLIVER KIMBALL

The Record Spinner

Sunday, 5.0 p.m.

RINSO MUSIC HALL

With Arthur Prince and
"Jim"

Sunday, 6.30 p.m.

RADIO NORMANDY

269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s.

Times of Transmissions.

Sunday: 8.00 a.m.—11.30 a.m. Weekdays: 8.00 a.m.—11.00 a.m.
2.00 p.m.—7.30 p.m. *2.00 p.m.—6.00 p.m.
10.00 p.m.—1.00 a.m. †12.00 (midnight)—1.00 a.m.
*Thursday: 2.30 p.m.—6.0 p.m.; †Friday, Saturday, 12.0 (midnight)—2.0 a.m.
Announcers: D. J. Davies, J. R. L. Fellowes, H. V. Gee and J. F. Sullivan.

MORNING PROGRAMME

8.0 a.m.

NORMANDY CALLING!

The Gang Show of 1936	...	Reader
Butterflies in the Rain	...	Reaves
Lollipops	...	Reser
The Step Dancer	...	Rawicz

8.15 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL

The Veleta	...	Morris
Eva	...	Lehar
The Dancing Bear	...	Munsonius
I've Found a New Baby	...	Palmer

8.30 a.m. SACRED MUSIC

The King of Love	...	Stanford
Rejoice in the Lord Alway	...	Purcell

The Thought for the Week

THE REV. JAMES WALL, M.A.

Safe in the Arms of Jesus	...	Redhead
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8.45 a.m. ORCHESTRAL CONCERT

Gingerbread Waltz	...	Humperdinck
Bolero in D Major	...	Moskowsky
Maruschka	...	de Leur
The Balkan Princess	...	Rubens

9.0 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL

MISTOL MELODIES

In the Hills of Old Kentucky.
Put on an Old Pair of Shoes.
Red Wing.
Big Rock Candy Mountain.
Moonlight on the Prairie.
Polly Wolly Doodle.

Presented by the makers of
Mistol,
128 Albert Street, Camden Town, N.W.1

9.15 a.m.

SCOTT'S MARCHES ON

The Vanished Army	...	Alford
Preciosa	...	Weber
El Abanico	...	Javaloyes

Presented by the makers of
Scott's Emulsion,
11 Stonecutter Street, E.C.4

9.30 a.m.

PROGRAMME OF LIGHT MUSIC

Colonel Bogey	...	Alford
Dollar Princess Waltz	...	Fall
Valse Bluettes	...	Drigo
No Regrets	...	Tobias

Presented by
California Syrup of Figs,
179 Acton Vale, W.3

9.45 a.m.

A NOVEL ENTERTAINMENT

Including
The Code Phrase Free Gift Offer
I'll See You Again ... Coward
Drinking Song ... Romberg
If Love Were All ... Coward
Serenade ... Romberg

Presented by the makers of
Preservene Soap

10.0 a.m.

WALTZ TIME

with
Billy Bissett and His Waltz Time
Orchestra
LOUISE ADAMS,
ROBERT ASHLEY

THE WALTZ TIMERS

Stars in my Eyes	...	Kreisler
Would You?	...	Brown
Medley	...	Berlin
When I Grow Too Old to Dream	...	Romberg

Presented by
Phillips' Dental Magnesia,
179 Acton Vale, W.3

10.15 a.m.

RECREATION CORNER

Thunder and Lightning Polka	...	Strauss
Drop in Next Time You're Passing	...	Ellis
I'll Always be True	...	Benatzky
Peggy O'Neil	...	Pease

Presented by
Currys, Ltd.,
Great West Road, Brentford

10.30 a.m.

MORE MONKEY BUSINESS

With
BILLY REID AND HIS ACCORDION BAND,
IVOR DAVIES
and
DOROTHY SQUIRES
Presented by the makers of
Monkey Brand,
Unilever House, Blackfriars, E.C.4

10.45 a.m.

MUSICAL MENU

Mrs. Jean Scott,
President of the Brown and Polson Cookery
Club, gives you Free Cookery Advice each
Week
Artist's Life ... Strauss
When the Poppies Bloom Again ... Towers
Selection—The Dubarry ... Millocker
Unbelievable ... Broones

Presented by
Brown & Polson,
43 Shoe Lane, E.C.4

11.0 a.m.

I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL

POPULAR SELECTIONS

In a Monastery Garden	...	Ketelbey
Selection—Swing Time	...	Kern
Homeland Memories.	...	
I Breathe on Windows	...	Mayerl

Presented by
D.D.D.,
Fleet Lane, E.C.4

11.15 a.m.

THE SUNDAY MORNING PARADE

Officer of the Day	...	Hall
Old Comrades	...	Teike
Where My Caravan Has Rested	...	Lohr
National Game	...	Sousa

Presented by
Bolenum Overalls,
Upton Park, E.13

11.30 a.m.

PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH

Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie
(Continued on page 65, column 1)

PARIS (Poste Parisien)

312.8 m., 959 Kc/s.

Times of Transmissions.

Sunday: 5.00 p.m.—7.00 p.m.
10.30 p.m.—11.30 p.m.
Weekdays: 10.30 p.m.—11.00 p.m.
Monday: 10.35 p.m.—11.5 p.m.
Announcer: F. R. Plomley.

Evening Programme

5.0 p.m.

CURTAIN RAISER

Eastern Medley.	
Let's Set the Town Alight	... Sarony
Little Village Green	... Hackforth
I Left my Sugar Standing in the	
Rain	... Kahal
Dixie isn't Dixie any More	... Mercer
Why Don't they Leave us Alone?	... Wilkinson
Cheer Up	... Mayerl
Flowers from Tucuman	... Porschmann

5.30 p.m.

SPORTING SPECIAL

Internationale—Fox trot	... Meskill
The House that Jack Built for Jill	... Robin
Havana Heaven	... Nicholls
Dandelion, Daisy and Daffodil	... Evans

Presented by
International Sporting Pools,
77 Victoria Street, Bristol

5.45 p.m.

A PROGRAMME OF POPULAR DANCE TUNES

Empty Saddles	... Hill
A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody	... Berlin
Cabin in the Sky	... Binke
Raindrops	... Palm

Presented by the makers of
Karsote Inhalant,
Adelphi, Salford

(Continued on page 71, column 1)

Featured from

RADIO NORMANDY

THIS WEEK:

TEST MATCH BROADCAST

Monday, Tuesday,
Wednesday, 8.0 a.m.

THE THREE MINCEMEATEERS

Monday, 8.15 a.m.
Saturday, 5.0 p.m.

THE COLGATE REVELLERS

Thursday, 8.30 a.m.

THE MELODY LINGERS ON

Musical Hits of
Yesteryear
Saturday, 9.15 a.m.

Sunday, December the Sixth

RADIO NORMANDY

269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s.

RADIO NORMANDY

269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s.

Continued from page 64, column 3

AFTERNOON PROGRAMME

2.0 p.m.
RELAY OF A FOOTBALL MATCH FROM ROUEN

3.30 p.m.
MUSIC THROUGH THE AGES
La Paloma ... Yradier
Tchaikowskiana.
The Chocolate Soldier: Waltz ... Straus
Liebestraum... Liszt
Chanson Hindoue ... Rimsky Korsakow
Presented by
Huntley & Palmers, Ltd.,
Biscuit Manufacturers, Reading

3.45 p.m.
MARY LAWSON
(By permission of Twickenham Films, Ltd.)
in
"BEHIND THE SCENES"
The Diary of a Chorus Girl
Presented by
Pond's Face Powder

4.0 p.m.
SEA-TIME HOUR
Cruising the World
With an All-Star Cast of
Radio, Stage and Screen Favourites
Aboard
Including
MAX MILLER
AL AND BOB HARVEY, ALMA VANE,
RONALD HILL, SAM COSTA,
BERNARD LEE, DOROTHY KAY,
THE RHYTHM BROTHERS,
MOLLY CARDEW, ARTHUR GOMEZ
and
Debrov Somers and His Band
Presented by
Horlick's, Slough, Bucks

5.0 p.m.
OLIVER KIMBALL
The Record Spinner
Presented by
Bismag,
Braydon Road, N.16

5.15 p.m.
GERSHWIN FAVOURITES
An American in Paris
Lady be Good
Gershwin Fox-trot Medley
Rhapsody in Blue

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

Time of Transmission.
Sunday : 12 (midnight)—12.30 a.m.
Announcer : E. E. Allen.

12 (midnight)
DANCE MUSIC
The Winter Waltz ... Allman
As Long As I Live ... Kochler
Ill Wind—Slow Fox trot ... Arlen
Mammy Bong—Rumba ... Norman
12.15 a.m. **I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL.**
In a Little Second-hand Store ... Pease
Nightfall ... Harold
Lover—Slow Fox trot ... Hart
12.30 a.m. **I.B.C. Goodnight Melody.**

5.30 p.m.
PROGRAMME OF LIGHT MUSIC
The Student Prince ... Romberg
Did I Remember ? ... Adamson
In the Shadows ... Finck
Everybody Dance ... Gordon
Presented by
Milk of Magnesia,
179 Acton Vale, W.3

5.45 p.m.
MASTER O.K. SELECTS THE STARS
Shoe Shine Boy ... Chaplin
Spanish Jake ... Henderson
Empty Saddles ... Hill
I Heard a Song in a Taxi ... Henderson
Presented by
O.K. Sauce,
Chelsea Works, London, S.W.18

6.0 p.m.
POPULAR CONCERT
Castaldo March ... Novacek, arr. Hewitt
Through Night to Light ... Laukien
Rory O'Moore ... arr. Hartley
By the Wachou ... Arnold
Presented by Macleans, Ltd., the makers of
"Mac" Brand Antiseptic Throat Sweets,
Great West Road, Brentford

RADIO CÔTE D'AZUR

(Juan-les-Pins)

235.1 m., 1,276 Kc/s.

Time of Transmission :
Sunday :

5.0 p.m.—6.15 p.m.	10.30 p.m.—11.30 p.m.
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5.0 p.m.
VARIETY
Tap Your Tootsies ... Sigler
In the Jailhouse Now ... Dixon
You're My Everything ... Cliff
Coal Black Mammy ... Dubin
Too Many Tears ... Brown
My Song ... Brown
The Doli Dance ... Brown
San Roque—Rumba ... Maldonado

5.30 p.m.
MOVIE MEMORIES
Canoe Song (Sanders of the River) ... Winperis
I Got Rhythm (Girl Crazy) ... Gershwin
Boulevard of Broken Dreams (Moulin Rouge) ... Dubin
Tinkle, Tinkle (Evergreen) ... Woods
Over My Shoulder (Evergreen) ... Woods
I'll String Along With You (Twenty Million Sweetheart) ... Dubin
Song of the Guitar (Blue Danube) ... Rode
To-night (The Queen's Affair) ... Schweartz
Smoke Gets in Your Eyes (Roberta) ... Kern

6.0—6.15 p.m.
LIGHT ORCHESTRAL CONCERT
Barcarolle (Tales of Hoffman) ... Offenbach
Pizzicato (Sylvia) ... Delibes
Serenade ... Heykens
Selection—Mother of Pearl ... Straus

10.30 p.m.
THE WHIRL OF THE WALTZ
Tres Jolie ... Waldteufel
The Perfume Waltz ... Croke
The Waltzing Doll ... Poldini
Greetings to Vienna ... Siede

10.45 p.m.
TANGO TIME
A Media Luz ... Donato
Oh, Can't You Hear that Guitar ... Ingram
Madonna Mine ... Sarony
Good-bye Argentina ... Rodriguez

11.0 p.m.
DANCE MUSIC
The Army Fell for Little Isabel ... Butler
The Breeze—Fox trot ... Sacco
May all Your Troubles be Little Ones—Fox trot ... Sigler
Mammy Bong—Rumba ... Norman
How Can You Face Me ? ... Waller
Vienna in Springtime—Fox trot ... Leon
San Roque—Cumbiamba ... Maldonado
Old Timer—Fox trot ... Carr

11.30 p.m. **I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.**

EVENING PROGRAMME

6.15 p.m.
NURSE JOHNSON
Organ Grinder's Swing ... Hudso
Somewhere a Voice Is Calling ... Tate
Du und Du ... Strauss
Black Eyes ... Trad.
Presented by
California Syrup of Figs,
179 Acton Vale, W.3

6.30 p.m.
RINSO MUSIC HALL
RUDY STARITA
KEITH WILBUR
EVIE HAYES
SAM MAYO
NORMAN EVANS
and
Arthur Prince and "Jim"
All-Star Variety
Presented to listeners by the makers of
Rinso,
Unilever House, Blackfriars, E.C.4

7.0 p.m.
BLACK MAGIC
We're a Couple of Soldiers ... Woods
South Sea Island Magic ... Tomerlin
Look for the Silver Lining ... Kern
Unbelievable ... Broones
Sweetheart of All My Dreams.
Presented by
Black Magic Chocolates

7.15 p.m.
"VOICES OF THE STARS"
present
NELSON KEYS
Star of a Hundred Shows
Sponsored by
Rowntrees,
The makers of Chocolate Crisp

7.30 p.m.
PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH
Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie

10.0 p.m.
LET'S GO ROUND TO NORMAN LONG'S
Featuring
NORMAN LONG
LEN BERMON,
The Radio Favourite
With
SYDNEY JEROME AND HIS ORCHESTRA
Presented by
Kruschen Salts,
Adelphi, Salford

10.15 p.m. **HEART OF HAWAII**
Oua Oua.
Nalie O Hawaii
Mahina Malamalama.
Kilima Waltz.

10.30 p.m. **MELODIES OF THE MONTH**
The House that Jack Built for Jill ... Robin
Orange Blossom ... Mayerl
Me and the Moon ... Hirsch
Dandelion, Daisy and Daffodil ... Evans

10.45 p.m.
MUSICAL MELANGE
Devised and Presented by
David J. Davies

11.0 p.m.
ADVANCE FILM NEWS
Did I Remember ? ... Adamson
Soltanto tu Maria ... de Curtis
Everybody Dance ... Gordon
Anima mia ... Melichar
Presented by
Associated British Cinemas,
30 Golden Square, W.1

11.15 p.m.
ASPIDISTRAL ASPIRATIONS
Our Avenue ... Weston
We've Got to Keep up With the Jones's ... Rutherford
We Montmorencies ... Hasluck
We're Living at the Cloisters ... Weston

11.30 p.m. **SWEET MUSIC**
Butterflies in the Rain ... Reaves
The Tango of My Heart ... Schmidseider
I've Told Every Little Star ... Kern
Ma Curly Headed Babby ... Clutsum
The Dance Goes On ... Mayerl
Swanee Moon ... Pelosi
My Old Kentucky Home ... Foster
Cuban Serenade ... Midgley

12 (midnight)
AN HOUR OF DANCE MUSIC
Laughing Irish Eyes—Fox trot ... Stept
Song of the Little Toy Drum ... Croom-Johnson
Rumbah-Tambah—Rumba ... Hernandez
When the Poppies Bloom Again ... Towers
Pagan Love Song—Fox trot ... Brown
Until To-morrow—Quick step ... Hoffer
When Did You Leave Heaven ? ... Bullock
South Sea Island Magic ... Tomerlin

12.30 a.m. **I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL**
Would You ?—Waltz ... Brown
It's No Fun—Fox trot ... Ager
This'll Make You Whistle ... Sigler
Wah-Hoo—Fox trot ... Friend
The Hills of Old Wyoming' ... Robin
I Don't Want to Make History ... Robin
But Definitely—Fox trot ... Gordon
Sky High Honey-moon—Quick step ... Meshill

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

Monday, Dec. 7th

Tuesday, Dec. 8th

RADIO NORMANDY

269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s.

RADIO NORMANDY

269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s.

MORNING PROGRAMME

- 8.0 a.m. De Reszke Minor TEST MATCH BROADCAST
8.15 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL THE THREE MINCEMEATEERS
8.30 a.m. HAPPY DAYS
8.45 a.m. SUNNY JIM'S PROGRAMME OF "FORCE" AND MELODY
9.0 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL THE OPEN ROAD
9.15 a.m. LIGHT MUSIC
9.30 a.m. RADIO FAVOURITES
9.30 a.m. Radio Favourites—contd.
9.45 a.m. PROGRAMME OF LIGHT MUSIC
10.0 a.m. SOME POPULAR RECORDS
10.15 a.m. MORTON DOWNEY The Golden Voice of Radio
10.30 a.m. POPULAR CONCERT
10.45 a.m. TEN FORTY-FIVE AND ALL THAT
11.0 a.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH

MORNING PROGRAMME

- 8.0 a.m. De Reszke Minor TEST MATCH BROADCAST
8.15 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL GOLDEN HARMONY
8.30 a.m. RECORDS BY HARRY ROBBINS
8.45 a.m. POPULAR MUSIC
9.0 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL HEALTH MAGIC
9.0 a.m. TUNES WE ALL KNOW
9.15 a.m. FILM STAR PARADE
9.30 a.m. TUNES WE ALL KNOW
9.45 a.m. WALTZ TIME
10.0 a.m. TEN O'CLOCK TEMPO
10.15 a.m. THE OPEN ROAD
10.30 a.m. POPULAR CONCERT
10.45 a.m. TEN FORTY-FIVE AND ALL THAT
11.0 a.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH

AFTERNOON PROGRAMME

- 2.0 p.m. NEWS PARADE
2.15 p.m. RAINBOW RHYTHM
2.30 p.m. ROMANCE CALLING
3.0 p.m. INSTRUMENTAL PEP
3.30 p.m. FOLLOW THE SUN
3.45 p.m. VIOL VARIETY
4.0 p.m. TEA-TIME HOUR
4.0 p.m. THE SPECIAL CHILDREN'S CORNER
5.0 p.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL A QUARTER-HOUR PROGRAMME FOR BOYS AND GIRLS
5.15 p.m. ADVANCE FILM NEWS
5.30 p.m. YOUR REQUESTS
5.45 p.m. WHAT'S ON IN LONDON
6.0 p.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH

AFTERNOON PROGRAMME

- 2.0 p.m. RAINBOW RHYTHM
2.15 p.m. ADVANCE FILM NEWS
2.30 p.m. GOOD COMPANIONS
3.0 p.m. LIGHT ORCHESTRAL CONCERT
3.30 p.m. SPECIAL OCCASIONS
3.45 p.m. REQUEST PROGRAMME
4.0 p.m. TEA-TIME HOUR
4.0 p.m. THE SPECIAL CHILDREN'S CORNER
5.0 p.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL A QUARTER-HOUR PROGRAMME FOR BOYS AND GIRLS
5.15 p.m. ORCHESTRE MASCOTTE
5.30 p.m. FINGERING THE FRETTS
5.45 p.m. WHAT'S ON IN LONDON
6.0 p.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH

EVENING PROGRAMME

- 12 (midnight) AN HOUR OF DANCE MUSIC
12.30 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL

EVENING PROGRAMME

- 12 (midnight) WINTER SPORTS
12.15 a.m. DANCE MUSIC
12.30 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL

For PARIS (Poste Parisien) and RADIO LUXEMBOURG programmes, see page 71.

Wednesday, Dec. 9th

RADIO NORMANDY

269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s.

MORNING PROGRAMME

- 8.0 a.m. **Do Reszke Minor**
TEST MATCH BROADCAST
- 8.15 a.m. **I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL**
HAPPY DAYS
 Military Man ... Gordon
 The Yodelling Toreador ... Van Dusen
 Selection—Over She Goes ... Mayerl
 Nicolette ... Phillips
Presented by the manufacturers of
 Wincarnis and Wincarnis Jelly,
 Wincarnis Works, Norwich
- 8.30 a.m. **CHEERFUL MORNING MELODIES**
 At the Café Continental ... Kennedy
 There's a New World ... Kennedy
 Headin' Home ... Stahart
 Hop o' My Thumb ... Mayerl
Presented by
 Juvigold,
 21 Farringdon Avenue, E.C.4
- 8.45 a.m. **SUNNY JIM'S PROGRAMME OF**
"FORCE" AND MELODY
 My Mountain Home ... Birkhofer
 Herdsman's Delight ... Gross
 Selection—The White Horse Inn ... Benatzky
 The Skaters' Waltz ... Waldteufel
Presented by
 A. C. Fincken & Co.,
 195 Great Portland Street, W.1
- 9.0 a.m. **I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL**
DANCE MUSIC
 Peter's Pop Keeps a Lollipop Shop ... Long
 A Little Robin Told Me So ... Davis
 Would You?—Fox trot ... Brown
 Unbelievable—Fox trot ... Broomes
Presented by
 Sanitas,
 51 Clapham Road, S.W.9
- 9.15 a.m. **ALFREDO CAMPOLI AND HIS**
ORCHESTRA
(Electrical Recordings)
 King Chanticleer ... Ayer
 Second Serenade ... Heykens
 Tango Habanera ... Payan
 La Petite Tonkinoise ... Scotto

AFTERNOON PROGRAMME

- 2.0 p.m. **RAINBOW RHYTHM**
 I'm in a Dancing Mood ... Sigler
 Free ... Kennedy
 The Scene Changes ... Hill
 Dandelion, Daisy and Dafoedil ... Evans
Presented by the makers of
 Tintax, 199 Upper Thames Street, E.C.4
- 2.15 p.m. **YOUR OLD FRIEND DAN**
 Ten Thousand Hurrahs ... Nicholls
 Memories of You ... Blake
 What is a Gentleman?
 When the Poppies Bloom Again
 When the Bell in the Lighthouse
 Rings "Ding Dong."
Presented by
 Johnson's Glo-Coat,
 West Drayton, Middlesex
- 2.30 p.m. **SNAPSHOT ALBUM**
 Manhattan Beach ... Sousa
 We Saw the Sea ... Berlin
 Red Sails in the Sunset ... Kennedy
 Way Down on Honolulu Bay ... Wilds
 Sailing Home with the Tide ... Watson
 On the Prom Prom Promenade ... Butler
 On the Beach at Bali Bali ... Sherman
 Over the Waves ... Rosas
 Jolly Good Company Beside the Sea ... Holt
- 3.0 p.m. **SMOKE RINGS**
A Special Programme for Smokers
 Stars and Stripes ... Sousa
 (a) Mississippi Mud ... Barris
 (b) I Left my Sugar Standing in
 the Rain ... Kahal
 Ol' Man River ... Kern
 Hands Across the Sea ... Sousa
Presented by
 A. Lewis & Co. (Westminster), Ltd.,
 Tobacconists, 58 Rochester Row, S.W.1
- 3.15 p.m. **DUTCH LANDSCAPE**
 Vocal Gems—Miss Hook of Holland ... Rubens
 Little Dutch Clock ... Reaves
 By the Side of the Zuyder Zee ... Mills
 Little Dutch Girl ... Kalman
- 3.30 p.m. **SPECIAL OCCASIONS**
 Londonderry Air ... Trad., arr. Grainger
 Rhapsody in Blue ... Gershwin
 Did I Remember? ... Adamson
 Some of These Days ... Brooks
Presented by
 Wincarnis Jelly,
 Wincarnis Works, Norwich

EVENING PROGRAMME

- 12 (midnight) **AN HOUR OF DANCE MUSIC**
 A Little Robin Told Me So ... Davis
 When I'm With You—Fox trot ... Gordon
 I Heard a Song in a Taxi ... Henderson
 Secret Rendezvous—Waltz ... Erwin
 Just Dance—Fox trot ... Ives
 When the Poppies Bloom Again ... Towers
 Around and Round the Old Bandstand ... Ilda
 No Regrets—Fox trot ... Tobias
- Spanish Jake—Fox trot ... Henderson
 Did I Remember?—Fox trot ... Adamson
 Noche de Reves—Tango ... Maffia
 Me and the Moon—Fox trot ... Hirsch
 Keep a Twinkle in Your Eye ... Bloom
 I Wanna Woo—Fox trot ... Wayne
 South Sea Island Magic ... Long
 Twelfth Street Rag—Fox trot ... Bowman
- 1.0 a.m. **I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and**
Close Down.

IN THE RINSO MUSIC HALL

THIS SUNDAY AT 6-30

LUXEMBOURG-NORMANDY [TRANSMISSION FOR NORMANDY ARRANGED THROUGH THE INTERNATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY LTD]

EVIE HAYES



NORMAN EVANS

ARTHUR PRINCE and Jim

KEITH WILBUR

RUDY STARITA

SAM MAYO

NORMAN EVANS

SUNDAY, DEC. 13TH AT 6-30

Wilkie Bard

JACK BARTY

Ernest Shannon

NAT. D AYER

MAUDIE EDWARDS

Vine, More and Nevard

The CANADIAN BACHELORS

RINSO MUSIC HALL

MICROSCOPE AND FLOROSCOPE COMBINED

Surprisingly Great Magnifying Power

Enables you to minutely examine mineral, animal and vegetable specimens...

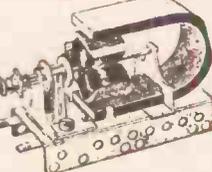


WHOOPEE CUSHION

Whoopee Cushion is made of rubber, inflated like a balloon...

A Remarkably Low Priced MOTOR

WORKS BY TORCH BATTERY. Can be adapted to many purposes...



SEEBACKSCOPE

This instrument is beautifully finished. Holds itself in the eye as magnifying glasses...

BLACK DEVIL

Looks like a black ball with hideous eyes and crawling feet...



BLACK FACE SOAP SURPRISE JOKE

Just an ordinary-looking piece of toilet soap, but when your friend washes...

ACTOR'S MAKE-UP OUTFIT

Materials exactly the same as used by Film Stars. Contains everything you want...

LOOK AT THIS WONDERFUL INSTRUMENT!

It is a double microscope for examining the wonders of Nature. It is also an Opera Glass...

THE SMALLEST CINEMATOGRAPH IN THE WORLD

You may have a lot of fun with this little Kinetograph. A regular starter. Made of metal...

THREE CARD TRICK

After allowing the company to look at the three cards you invite them to pick the ace...

LEARN TO HYPNOTIZE

See how easily you can master the secrets of Hypnotism. Master this strange power. Sway others at will...

SIGNALLING SET

WITH COMPLETE MORSE CODE

BOYS! A private Electric Telegraph Set of your own for 2/6. Lots of fun sending messages...



MADE IN BAKELITE

TWO SETS 5/- POST FREE

MIDGET BIBLE Great Curiosity

Smallest Bible in the World! Size of a postage stamp. Wonderfully clear printing.

The "G" MAN AUTOMATIC

A replica of the automatic carried by the famous "G" men of America. Nickel plated. Measures 4 inches long...

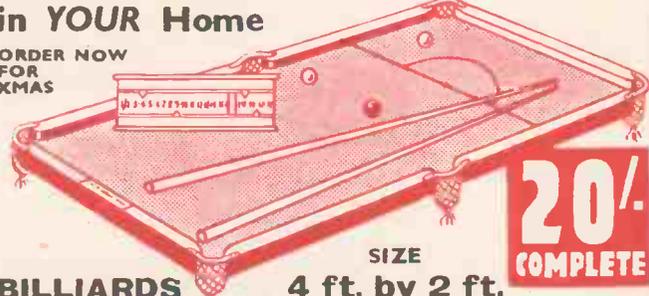
PLATE LIFTER (Palpitator)

A startling practical joke. Extra large tubing. Place it under the tablecloth then press the bulb...

MAGIC NOSE FLUTE

A unique and novel musical instrument that is played with nose and mouth combined.

BILLIARDS - The World's Most Fascinating Game in YOUR Home



Something new, exclusive, and different in Billiard Tables. This model is beautifully made with all the precision and detail demanded in a high-class standard Billiard Table...

LUMINOUS PAINT

Make your watches, clocks, etc., visible at night. Luminous effect is permanent. EMITH RAYS OF WHITE LIGHT, perfectly visible in the dark...

MAGIC BOTTLE

The owner can lay the bottle down on a table and it will fly flat, but ask a friend to do it and it is impossible...

SNEEZING POWDER

Place a very small amount of this powder on the back of your hand and blow it into the air...

SINGLE-SHOT SUPER AIR PISTOL

VERY ACCURATE AND POWERFUL. Ideal for Target Practice. Shoots B.B. and Air Rifle Darts. Just what you have always wanted...

INDOOR CLOTHES LINE

A very handy machine in bright colours, with winding handle and 30 ft. soft cotton cord. Length required can be regulated by manipulation of brake...

BOWIE KNIFE

IN LEATHER SHEATH. The knife that is useful in the home and garden, and for Camping, Fishing, Hunting, etc.

WINDOW SMASHING JOKE OR WHO BROKE THE CROCKERY?

The apparatus for this great joke consists of specially made tuned plates which can be carried in coat pocket. When dropped on the floor it sounds exactly like a window being broken or crockery being smashed...

Handshake Shocker

Worn with a ring in the palm of the hand. When you shake hands your friends think an earthquake has occurred. There are dozens of jokes you can play with this novelty...

DANCING SKELETON

A figure 14 inches high which dances and performs various gyrations at your will. 6d. Postage 1/4d.

NIGGER BONES

As used by the nigger minstrel. Great fun. Set of 4, 1/- net. Postage 2d.

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Remit by Postal Order or English Stamps. Overseas Orders by International Money Order. If convenient, call at our shop, one minute from Holborn Tube Station. BUMPER ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE WITH EVERY ORDER.

RESURRECTION PLANT. The Miracle Plant Mentioned in the Bible. IT NEVER DIES. Has mystified Botanists and Scientists. Possesses the power of turning from an apparently lifeless dry herb to a BEAUTIFUL LIVING FERRLIKE PLANT of a dark green colour...

DOUBLE ACTION AUTOMATIC PISTOL CIGARETTE CASE

PULL THE TRIGGER - OUT POPS A CIGARETTE THROUGH THE MUZZLE. Protect yourself against hold-ups, rowdies, etc., with this clever double action Automatic Pistol cigarette case. IT LOOKS LIKE A GENUINE AUTOMATIC! When your friends ask for a cigarette, shoot one to them and enjoy a big laugh.

THROW YOUR VOICE

Into a trunk, under the bed, or anywhere. Lots of fun fooling teachers, policeman, or friends. THE VENTRILO a little instrument fits in the mouth out of sight, used with above for Bird Calls, etc. Anyone can use it. Never fails. A full course book on Ventrioloism, together with the Ventriolo, all for 6d., plus Postage 1/4d.

MAGIC CARDS

Face Values can be Read from the BACKS! OUR LATEST "MOCKER" PACK. The Cards tell the secret of every card! Looks the same as any ordinary pack of playing cards, the backs are marked by a wonderful system of secret markings that defy detection. The secret is in the backs of the cards. Per Pack 5/- Both the suits and numbers are indicated. Full illustrated instructions are enclosed with each pack. Postage 3d.

500% PROFIT!

Our new greatly improved plans for best British-made Punchboards, show this huge profit at only 1d. a punch! Anyone can cash in on these easy money makers. Ideal for raising funds for all purposes. Send for a trial 100-hole board to-day.

PLAY THE MOUTH ORGAN

Your choice of the strongest, sweetest, loudest and best in the world! HOHNER "Kate Carney" Vamper. 20 Reeds. Flat cover. Brass Plate. 1/3. 28 Reeds, Tremolo Tuning, 1/3 & 1/6. 32 Reeds, Tremolo Tuning, 2/- & 40 Reeds, Tremolo Tuning, 2/6. "NIGHTINGALE," 32 Tuned Reeds. 1/3. "THE CRELLO," 48 Reeds, Full Compass, 2/6. Wrench-chain Size, "DWARF KING," 6d. Postage 3d. on all mouth organs.

HOME DESK TYPEWRITER

Suitable for writing social and business letters, invitations, etc. So simple a child can use it. We guarantee the writing. Complete alphabet, small and capitals, punctuation marks, figures 1 to 0, question marks, etc. Carriage shifts automatically like expensive machine and bell rings at end of line. Writes on fluted, making uniform print on envelopes, paper or even cardboard. Everyone should have one. Packed in strong box complete with full instructions at the new low price of 8/6. Postage 9d.

LEARN TO DRAW

JUST LIKE A PROFESSIONAL. With the aid of the GRAPHOSCOPE anyone can learn easily how to draw freehand perfectly. It reflects the picture or model on to the drawing book or sheet and the artist traces over the reflection. The result is an exact copy. The artist gains valuable knowledge of the important rudiments of sketching, and after a while finds himself able to draw well freed. Complete with pad, pencil, picture models, and illustrated instructions.

ELLISDON BLADES are the Best in the World. SUPERFINE 12 DOUBLE EDGED 6d. BLADES

The finest 3-holes blade you can buy, irrespective of price. Made from best quality British Sheffield steel, oil tempered to stay sharp. SOLD EVERYWHERE, or send 6d. in stamps for a sample packet of 12 Blades.

Thursday, Dec. 10th

RADIO NORMANDY

269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s.

MORNING PROGRAMME

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>8.0 a.m. WINTER SPORTS
 White Lightning ... Perkins
 Bird on the Wing ... Kennedy
 Here's How ... Grimshaw
 The Whistling Waltz ... Woods
 Presented by
 Swiss Hotel Plan, Ltd.,
 6 Lower Regent Street, S.W.1</p> <p>8.15 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL.
 LIGHT ORCHESTRAL MUSIC
 Japanese Carnival ... Masque
 The Dollar Princess Waltz ... Fall
 Narcissus ... Nevin
 A Fairy Ballet ... White</p> <p>8.30 a.m. THE COLGATE REVELLERS
 The Way You Look To-night ... Kern
 You ... Adamson
 A Star Fell Out of Heaven ... Gordon
 I Ain't Got Nobody ... Williams
 Pick Yourself Up ... Kern
 Presented by
 Colgate Ribbon Dental Cream,
 Colgate, Ltd., S.W.1</p> <p>8.45 a.m. THE DROMEDARY DATES PROGRAMME
 of Sunshine and Melody
 Selection—The Desert Song ... Romberg
 Temple Bells (Four Indian Love
 Lyrics) ... Woodforde-Finden
 Les Bayadères and Au Bord du
 Gange (Suite Orientale)... Popy
 Presented by
 A. C. Fincken & Co.,
 195 Great Portland Street, W.1</p> <p>9.0 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL.
 DANCE MUSIC
 Organ Grinder's Swing ... Hudson
 When a Lady Meets a Gentleman
 Down South—Fox trot ... Oppenheim
 The Cuban Cabby—Rumba ... Cavanaugh
 There's a New World—Fox trot ... Kennedy
 Presented by
 Woodward's Grape Water,
 51 Clapham Road, S.W.9</p> <p>9.15 a.m. HEALTH MUSIC
 Kashmiri Love Song ... Woodforde-Finden
 Caprice Viennois ... Kreisler
 Tell Me To-night ... Spoliansky
 Simonetta ... Curzon
 Presented by
 The Society of Herbalists, Ltd.,
 Culpeper House, 21 Bruton Street, W.1</p> | <p>9.30 a.m. WINTER WISDOM
 Entry of the Gladiators ... Fucik
 My Young Man's Ever So Nice ... Ellis
 Selection—Waltzes from Vienna ... Strauss
 Medley of Old Timers.
 Presented by
 Pineate Honey Cough Syrup,
 Braydon Road, N.16</p> <p>9.45 a.m. PROGRAMME OF LIGHT MUSIC
 Buffoon ... Confrey
 Me and the Moon ... Hirsch
 Du und Du ... Strauss
 My Red Letter Day ... Sigler
 Presented by
 Milk of Magnesia,
 179 Acton Vale, W.3</p> <p>10.0 a.m. RADIO FAVOURITES
 Peter's Pop Keeps a Lollipop Shop ... Long
 The Waltz in Swing Time ... Kern
 Selection—Over She Goes ... Mayerl
 The Merry Widow Waltz ... Lehar
 Presented by
 Brooke Bond & Co., Ltd.,
 London, E.1</p> <p>10.15 a.m. THE OPEN ROAD
 Fall in and Follow the Band ... Haines
 Hand in Hand ... Kern
 Hyde Park Corner ... Evans
 I Love a Parade ... Arlen
 Meet the Navy ... Gay
 Presented by
 Carter's Little Liver Pills,
 64 Hatton Garden, E.C.1</p> <p>10.30 a.m. POPULAR CONCERT
 Chanson Bohémienne ... Boldi
 Demande et Reponse ... Coleridge Taylor
 Wanting You ... Romberg
 Chanson ... Friml
 Presented by
 Macleans, Ltd.,
 Great West Road, Brentford</p> <p>10.45 a.m. TEN FORTY-FIVE AND ALL THAT
 Early Ragtime Memories.
 Did I Remember? ... Adamson
 The Campbells are Coming ... Sarony
 Viennese Singing Birds ... Translateur</p> <p>11.0 a.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH
 Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie</p> |
|---|--|

AFTERNOON PROGRAMME

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2.30 p.m. THE MAGIC CARPET
 Greetings to Vienna ... Siede
 Chinese Story Teller ... Dreyer
 Through Southern Climes.
 The Campbells are Comin' ... arr. Mansfield
 The Mill in the Black Forest ... Eisenberg
 The Mountains of Mourne ... arr. French
 Welsh Medley ... arr. Somers
 Where the Mountains Meet the Sea ... Butler
 Oxford Street ... Coates</p> <p>3.0 p.m. FOOT WORK
 Dance Czardas.
 Dance of the Marionette ... Winternitz
 Dance Dolores ... Redmond
 Dance of the Goblins ... Bazzini
 Dance of the Merry Mascots ... Kietlby
 Dance Pretty Lady... Strauss
 Dance of the Octopus ... Norvo
 Dance of the Nymphs ... Birch
 Dance of the Tumblers ... Rimsky Korsakow</p> <p>3.30 p.m. SPECIAL OCCASIONS
 The Harmonious Blacksmith ... Handel
 Ma Curly-Headed Babby ... Clutsum
 Love is the Sweetest Thing ... Noble
 A Perfect Day ... Bond.
 Presented by
 Wincarnis Jelly,
 Wincarnis Works, Norwich</p> <p>3.45 p.m. POPULAR SELECTIONS
 Poème ... Fibich
 A Star Fell Out of Heaven ... Gordon
 Minstrel Memories.
 Everybody Dance ... Gordon
 Presented by
 D.D.D.,
 Fleet Lane, E.C.4</p> | <p>4.0 p.m. TEA-TIME HOUR
 With Debroy Somers and Other Artists
 Maid of Brazil ... Marsden
 I Wagga da Stick ... Gunn
 Hot Chutney ... Jennings
 Plays of the Waves ... Robrecht
 Forgiveness ... Fraser-Simson
 The Passing of the Regiments ... Winter
 His Majesty's Theatre Medley.
 Followed at 4.45 p.m. by
 THE SPECIAL CHILDREN'S CORNER
 Parade of the Tin Soldiers.
 The Man in the Moon.
 There Was a Little Man.
 Here's a Health Unto His Majesty.
 Cockles and Mussels.
 The Clock is Playing.
 Presented by
 Horlick's, Slough, Bucks</p> <p>5.0 p.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL.
 A QUARTER-HOUR PROGRAMME
 FOR BOYS AND GIRLS
 A Delayed Transmission from London
 BIRTHDAY GREETINGS
 FROM THE UNCLES
 Bob, Tom and Benjie</p> <p>5.15 p.m. MUSICAL COMEDY MEMORIES
 Theatreland Memories.
 My Hero ... Straus
 Only a Rose ... Friml
 The Student Prince Waltz ... Romberg
 Deep in My Heart Dear ... Romberg</p> <p>5.30 p.m. BUSY FINGERS
 Moment Musical ... Schubert
 Glow Worm Idylle ... Lincke
 Spanish Dance ... Granados
 The Canary ... Poliakin</p> <p>5.45 p.m. WHAT'S ON IN LONDON
 News of the Latest Films, Shows and
 Other Attractions</p> <p>6.0 p.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH
 Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie</p> |
|--|---|

EVENING PROGRAMME

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>12 (midnight) WINTER SPORTS
 When Did You Leave Heaven? ... Bullock
 Abandonado ... Posadas
 A Banjo Oddity ... Morley
 Hold Me Tight I'm Falling ... Lisbona
 Presented by
 Swiss Hotel Plan, Ltd.,
 6 Lower Regent Street, S.W.1</p> <p>12.15 a.m. DANCE MUSIC
 A Fine Romance—Fox trot ... Kern
 The Scene Changes—Fox trot ... Hill
 Supposin'—Quick step ... Evans
 Nun-Yuff and Sun-Yuff—Fox trot ... Nesbitt</p> | <p>12.30 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL.
 I Can't Escape From You... Robin
 There Isn't Any Limit to My Love ... Sigler
 Raisins and Almonds—Waltz ... Goldfaden
 Old Sailor—Fox trot ... Kennedy
 The Cuban Cabby—Rumba ... Cavanaugh
 The Stars Weep—Fox trot ... Symes
 Bye, Bye, Baby—Fox trot ... Hirsch
 Serenade in the Night ... Bixio</p> <p>1.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.</p> |
|--|---|

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 ACNE, PIMPLES, CHILBLAINS,
 BAD LEGS, DERMATITIS,
 DANDRUFF, ETC.**

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FOR YOUR SKIN TROUBLE

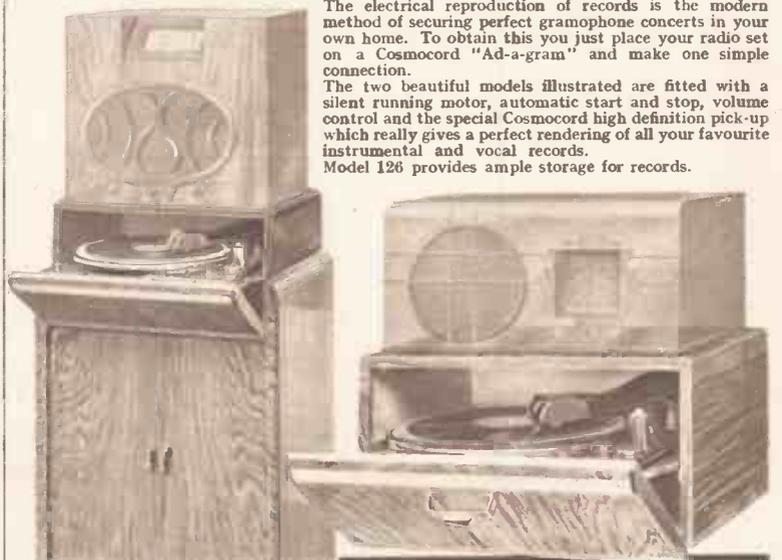
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 RADIO NOR-
 MANDY EVERY
 SUNDAY 11
 A.M.

YOUR Set can be a RADIOGRAM

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The electrical reproduction of records is the modern method of securing perfect gramophone concerts in your own home. To obtain this you just place your radio set on a Cosmocord "Ad-a-gram" and make one simple connection.

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Please send me, without obligation, your 16-page Illustrated Catalogue "H."

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(Post coupon in unsealed envelope. 1d. post.)

Fill in Coupon Now
 Pedestal Model 126 - 6 gns.
 Table Model 84 - 4 gns.
 H.P. TERMS ARRANGED.
 Both models are for use on
 A.C.100/250 volt, 50 cycle mains.

Friday, Dec. 11th

Saturday, Dec. 12th

RADIO NORMANDY

269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s.

MORNING PROGRAMME

- 8.0 a.m. WINTER SPORTS
8.15 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL
9.0 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL
9.15 a.m. Sidney Torch-cont.
9.30 a.m. RADIO FAVOURITES
9.45 a.m. NURSE JOHNSON
10.0 a.m. KITCHEN WISDOM
10.15 a.m. The "SUN-MAID" SONGSTERS
10.30 a.m. POPULAR CONCERT
10.45 a.m. TEN FORTY-FIVE AND ALL THAT
11.0 a.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH

AFTERNOON PROGRAMME

- 2.0 p.m. RAINBOW RHYTHM
2.15 p.m. IF
2.30 p.m. FOR GARDEN LOVERS
3.0 p.m. VAUDEVILLE
3.30 p.m. SPECIAL OCCASIONS
3.45 p.m. REQUEST PROGRAMME
4.0 p.m. TEA-TIME HOUR
4.15 p.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL
4.30 p.m. A QUARTER-HOUR PROGRAMME
5.15 p.m. IRISH SONGS
5.30 p.m. DRESS PARADE
5.45 p.m. WHAT'S ON IN LONDON
6.0 p.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH

EVENING PROGRAMME

- 12 (midnight) EXTENSION NIGHT
DANCING TILL 2 a.m.
Popular Dance Bands Record Your Favourite Tunes
I.B.C. GOOD-NIGHT MELODY AND CLOSE DOWN, 2.0 a.m.
I.B.C. Time Signal, 12.30 a.m., 1.0 a.m., 1.30 a.m.
For PARIS (Poste Parisien), RADIO LUXEMBOURG and RADIO LJUBLJANA programmes, see page 71.

RADIO NORMANDY

269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s.

MORNING PROGRAMME

- 8.0 a.m. MUSICAL CAVALCADE
8.15 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL
8.30 a.m. HAPPY DAYS
8.45 a.m. Sunny Jim's Special CHILDREN'S PROGRAMME
9.0 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL
9.15 a.m. THE MELODY LINGERS ON
9.30 a.m. A QUARTER OF AN HOUR'S ENTERTAINMENT
9.45 a.m. WALTZ POTPOURRI
10.0 a.m. LISTEN TO VITBE
10.15 a.m. MERRY MOMENTS
10.30 a.m. POPULAR CONCERT
10.45 a.m. TEN FORTY-FIVE AND ALL THAT
11.0 a.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH

AFTERNOON PROGRAMME

- 2.0 p.m. WE'RE ON THE AIR
2.15 p.m. PIANO ANTICS
2.30 p.m. SOME OF YOUR REQUESTS
3.0 p.m. ORCHESTRAL CONCERT
3.30 p.m. RAINBOW RHYTHM
3.45 p.m. HAWAIIAN QUARTER-HOUR
4.0 p.m. TEA-TIME HOUR
4.15 p.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL
4.30 p.m. A QUARTER-HOUR PROGRAMME
4.45 p.m. THE SPECIAL CHILDREN'S CORNER
5.0 p.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL
5.15 p.m. SWING MUSIC
5.30 p.m. WINTER SPORTS
5.45 p.m. WHAT'S ON IN LONDON
6.0 p.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH

EVENING PROGRAMME

- 12 (midnight) EXTENSION NIGHT
DANCING TILL 2 a.m.
WINTER SPORTS
Presented by Swiss Hotel Plan, Ltd., 6 Lower Regent Street, S.W.1
I.B.C. GOOD-NIGHT MELODY AND CLOSE DOWN, 2.0 a.m.
I.B.C. Time Signal, 12.30 a.m., 1.0 a.m., 1.30 a.m.

PARIS (Poste Parisien)
312.8 m., 959 Kc/s.

Monday, December 7

10.35 p.m. **RAINBOW RHYTHM**
Music in May ... *Novello*
Nothing is Sweeter than You ... *Charles*
Good Evening, Pretty Lady ... *Evans*
When Did You Leave Heaven? ... *Bullock*
Presented by the makers of
Tintex,
199 Upper Thames Street, E.C.4

10.50 p.m. **MILITARY BAND CONCERT**
España Cani ... *Marquina*
Strauss March ... *Mezzacopi*
Los Voluntarios ... *Gimenes*
Bond of Friendship ... *Rogan*

11.5 p.m. **I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL**
I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close
Down.

Tuesday, December 8

10.30 p.m. **DANCE MUSIC AND CABARET**
Relayed from the
Scheherazade Night Club
Commentary in English

Wednesday, December 9

10.30 p.m. **RAINBOW RHYTHM**
I'm in a Dancing Mood ... *Sigler*
Free ... *Kennedy*
The Scene Changes ... *Hill*
Dandelion, Daisy and Daffodil ... *Evans*
Presented by the makers of
Tintex,
199 Upper Thames Street, E.C.4

10.45 p.m. **RADIO STARS**
I Breathe on Windows ... *Mayerl*
So 'Andsome ... *Harris*
Granny's Little Old Skin Rug ... *Gifford*
Military Man ... *Gordon*
Presented by
"Radio Pictorial"

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

Thursday, December 10

10.30 p.m. **RAINBOW RHYTHM**
This'll Make You Whistle ... *Sigler*
Selection—Broadway Melody of 1936 ... *Brown*
Laughing Irish Eyes ... *Siept*
Until To-morrow ... *Hoffer*
Presented by the makers of
Tintex,
199 Upper Thames Street, E.C.4

10.45 p.m. **RADIO REQUEST RECORDS**
You're Not the Kind ... *Hudson*
Nervous ... *Pison*
When Evening Comes ... *Slanton*
T'aint No Use ... *Magison*

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

Friday, December 11

Evening Programme
FRENCH THEATRE RELAY

Saturday, December 12

10.30 p.m. **RAINBOW RHYTHM**
Aloha Marimba ... *McQuarrie*
South Sea Island Magic ... *Long*
I Don't Want to Make History ... *Robin*
Raisins and Almonds ... *Goldfaden*
Presented by the makers of
Tintex,
199 Upper Thames Street, E.C.4

10.45 p.m. **SONGS BY PAUL ROBESON
AND ELIZABETH WELCH**
(Electrical Recordings)
Song of Freedom ... *Ansell*
Far Away in Shanty Town ... *Novello*
The Killing Song ... *Spoliansky*
Sleepy River ... *Ansell*

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

RADIO LUXEMBOURG
1293 m., 232 Kc/s.

Monday, December 7

9.15—9.30 a.m. **GOOD-MORNING PROGRAMME**
Blue Danube ... *Strauss*
Mazurka (Anna Karenina) ... *Confrey*
Kitten on the Keys ... *Caryll*
Gaiety Echoes ... *Caryll*
Presented by
Horlick's, Slough, Bucks

Tuesday, December 8

9.30—9.45 a.m. **MUSICAL MENU**
With Mrs. Jean Scott
Zigeuner ... *Coward*
No Regrets ... *Tobias*
Il Bacio ... *Ardisi*
Free ... *Kennedy*
Presented by
Brown & Polson,
43 Shoe Lane, E.C.4

6.30—6.45 p.m. **THE MELODY MAKERS**
Introducing
The Scrapbook of Dance Tunes
I Want to be Happy ... *Youmans*
Indian Love Call ... *Friml*
My Heart Stood Still ... *Rodgers*
Spread a Little Happiness ... *Ellis*
Japanese Sandman ... *Whiting*
Walking My Baby Back Home ... *Turk*
Presented by
Rowntrees Gums and Pastilles,
York

Wednesday, December 9

9.15—9.30 a.m. **GOOD-MORNING PROGRAMME**
Grasshoppers' Dance ... *Bucalossi*
Free and Young ... *Lehar*
Nights of Gladness—Waltz ... *Ancliffe*
Musical Comedy Switch.
Presented by
Horlick's, Slough, Bucks

Thursday, December 10

9.30—9.45 a.m. **MUSICAL MENU**
With Mrs. Jean Scott
Parade of the Tin Soldiers ... *Jesse*
It's a Sin to Tell a Lie ... *Mayhew*
Allah's Holiday ... *Friml*
Serenade in the Night ... *Bizio*
Presented by
Brown & Polson,
43 Shoe Lane, E.C.4

Friday, December 11

9.15—9.30 a.m. **GOOD-MORNING PROGRAMME**
The Wren ... *Polka*
Heads or Tails ... *Ilda*
Jollification ... *Reenes*
Selection—Aunt Sally ... *Woods*
Presented by
Horlick's, Slough, Bucks

6.30—6.45 p.m. **THE MELODY MAKERS**
Introducing
A Scrapbook of Dance Tunes
Look for the Silver Lining ... *Kern*
Falling in Love Again ... *Hollander*
Whispering ... *Schonberger*
Sonny Boy ... *Jolson*
Ain't Misbehavin' ... *Razaf*
Louise ... *Robin*
Goodnight Sweetheart ... *Noble*
Presented by
Rowntrees Gums and Pastilles,
York

Saturday, December 12

9.30—9.45 a.m. **MUSICAL MENU**
With Mrs. Jean Scott
La Paloma ... *Yradier*
Let's Sing Again ... *McHugh*
Alice Blue Gown ... *Tierney*
Until To-morrow ... *Hoffer*
Presented by
Brown & Polson,
43 Shoe Lane, E.C.4

PARIS (Poste Parisien)
312.8 m., 959 Kc/s.

SUNDAY (Continued from page 64)

6.0 p.m. **POPULAR CONCERT**
In Merry Mood ... *Haringer*
Love's Old Sweet Song ... *Molloy*
Tell Me To-night ... *Spoliansky*
The Golden Valse ... *arr. Winter*
Presented by
Maclean's, Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford

6.15 p.m. **LET'S GO ROUND TO
NORMAN LONG'S**
Featuring
NORMAN LONG
LEN BERMON
The Radio Favourite
with
SYDNEY JEROME AND HIS ORCHESTRA
Presented by
Kruschen Salts, Adelphi, Salford

6.30 p.m. **HEALTH AND HAPPINESS**
Through Night to Light ... *Laukien*
With a Smile and a Song ... *May*
Over on the Sunny Side ... *Egan*
El Relicario ... *Padilla*
St. James's Park ... *Leon*
Presented by
Carter's Little Liver Pills,
64 Hatton Garden, E.C.1

6.45—7.0 p.m. **VARIETY**
Out of the Rag Bag ... *Longstaffe*
The Chicken Duet ... *Barris*
I've Brought You Some Narcissus ... *Barris*
Alexander's Ragtime Band ... *Berlin*
Presented by
Thorn's Portable Buildings,
Brampton Road, Bexley Heath, Kent

10.30 p.m. **THE "CROSBY" FAMILY**
(Electrical Recordings)
I Can't Escape From You ... *Robin*
The Way You Look To-night ... *Kern*
Come Back, Sweet Papa ... *Oppenheim*
When a Lady Meets a Gentleman
Down South ... *Oppenheim*
(Continued in column 4)

RADIO CÔTE D'AZUR
(JUAN-LES-PINS)

235.1 m., 1,276 Kc/s.

NEW TRANSMISSIONS

Starting December 6th

LATE AFTERNOON

Commencing at 5.0 p.m.

LATE EVENING

Commencing at 10.30 p.m.

PARIS (Poste Parisien)
(Continued from column 1)

10.45 p.m. **SOME POPULAR RECORDS**
Sarah, the Sergeant Major's
Daughter ... *Royce*
La Comparsa—Cuban Dance ... *Lecuona*
Roll On, Mississippi, Roll On ... *West*
Wood and Ivory—Fox trot ... *Phillips*
Presented by
Bile Beans,
C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds

11.0 p.m. **VARIETY**
Flor Gitana ... *Ferraris*
My Kingdom for a Kiss ... *Warren*
Shout, Sister, Shout ... *Williams*
Ev'rybody's Got to Wear a Smile ... *Elton*
Until To-morrow ... *Hoffer*
When Did You Leave Heaven? ... *Bullock*
Take My Heart ... *Young*
Chicken Reel ... *Daly*
Selection—Over She Gods ... *Mayerl*

11.30 p.m. **I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL**
I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close
Down.

RADIO LJUBLJANA
569 m., 527 Kc/s.

Time of Transmission.
Friday: 9.30 p.m.—10.0 p.m.

Friday, December 11

9.30 p.m. **I.B.C. CONCERT**
LIGHT MUSIC
If Those Lips Could Only Speak ... *Ridgewell*
When Irish Eyes are Smiling ... *Alcott*
Leslie Stuart Selection ... *Stuart*
An Old Time Music Hall.
As Your Hair Grows Whiter ... *Dacre*
My Mother ... *Marsden*
By the Side of the Zuyder Zee ... *Mills*
Love's Old Sweet Song ... *Molloy*

Harry Roy

**PAYS TRIBUTE TO
SHREDDED WHEAT**

**READ WHAT THIS FAMOUS
DANCE BAND LEADER SAYS:**

"The life of a band leader is just 'one rush after another.' Up early in the mornings to the film studios, followed by a recording session, an appearance with the band at the theatre. Then on to the May Fair Hotel for dancing until late at night. You may imagine that it doesn't leave much time for meals, and when those meals are taken they must be easily digestible, energy giving. That is why I take SHREDDED WHEAT every morning for breakfast; it is so quick and easy to prepare, and I find its staying power a tremendous help throughout the day."

Harry Roy



SHREDDED WHEAT