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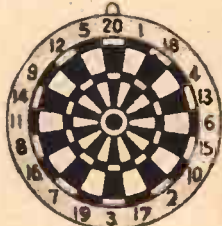
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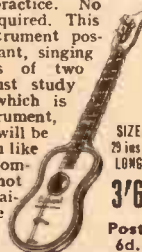
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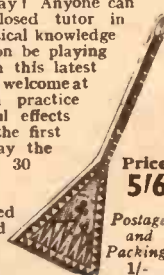
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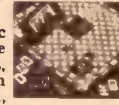
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No. 255

RADIO PICTORIAL


The Magazine for Every Listener

Published by BERNARD JONES PUBLICATIONS, LTD., 37-38
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MANAGING EDITOR.....K. P. HUNT

ASST. EDITOR.....JESSIE E. KIRK

**THE EDITOR WISHES ALL HIS READERS
A VERY HAPPY CHRISTMAS AND
"GOOD LISTENING"**



HOW'S this for a Christmas hamper of happiness? Anita Eaton, pretty radio artiste who is appearing in "Robin Hood" at Glasgow this year, poses specially for "Radio Pictorial's" cameraman

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39/6



"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

R.P. 2/12/38

BROADCASTING CHIEFS OF MANY LANDS

SEND MESSAGES TO "RADIO PICTORIAL" READERS

NATION SHALL SPEAK PEACE UNTO NATION

TINY TIM it was, in Dickens' lovable "Christmas Carol," who coined that succinct prayer "God Bless us, every one."

And no matter what our religious or political views may be, we must all be grateful for the spirit of peace and domestic security which blossoms if only for one sanctified day throughout the year.

Nation shall speak peace unto nation. The world's broadcasting organisations—the great radio voices—are co-operating this Yuletide in this message of peace.

On Christmas afternoon the B.B.C. is relaying programmes from France, Italy, Germany, Greece and Sweden in a symposium of "Christmas Over the Frontiers." The idea of the programme is a simple one—to let listeners in this country hear exactly how Christians and their families in other countries have spent their day.

"Radio Pictorial" has invited the leaders of broadcasting organisations in many lands to tell us below of their Christmas and New Year programmes, and to show in what way the bond of international friendship may be strengthened and given new vitality.

HOLLAND

(From Willem Vogt, director of the A.V.R.O.)

I gladly avail myself of this opportunity to say a few words to British listeners in the columns of RADIO PICTORIAL because it enables me to thank them for the many letters which they write to the A.V.R.O., and in which they express their appreciation of our programmes.

In the second place I have the opportunity of sending Christmas and New Year greetings to British listeners at a moment when we appreciate more than ever—after the breath-taking tension in which we lived in September—the blessings of peace and the charm of rest and warmth of our own homes.

Christmas in 1938 has a very special significance. We have come to a critical turning point. For the first time in the history of mankind peace and goodwill to all people will become a reality, instead of a fiction.

The Dutch Christmas programmes will try to be a mirror of this hope. In this hope we—the Dutch listeners—wish British listeners "A Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year."

DENMARK

(From Chamberlain C. Lerche, President of the Danish Radio Council).

I should like to extend to all British listeners the most cordial greetings from the Danish radio authorities, with all good wishes for a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

During the past years the intensity of radio listening has increased enormously. The European crisis, which we have just lived through, was yet another manifestation of the importance of the most rapid publication of news about the situation's development.

And rapid publication, of course, means broadcasting.

May I express the hope—and it is the best Christmas and New Year's wish I know—that broadcasting as the greatest and most efficient means to promote goodwill among the nations, to an ever increasing degree will serve this good cause.

AMERICA

(From the Columbia Broadcasting System)

We are happy to know that there is a growing circle of British listeners who regularly listen on the short waves to our programmes. For them this Christmas message will have a special meaning.

But if your American listening is done mainly through the relaying of our programmes by the B.B.C., you will nevertheless appreciate that this year, probably more than ever before, it is the aim of American broadcasting officials to use radio as a means of lifting the burden of anxiety and distress which the War clouds have brought.

On American radio we do not make use of propaganda talks. In fact there are very strict Federal rules against what we regard as the abuse of broadcasting. But nevertheless we do use the international language of music and good humour to promote peace and well-being. And you will find this particularly emphasised in our Christmas and New Year features.

HUNGARY

(From George de Barcza, the Hungarian Minister).

As I pen these lines to British radio listeners, a group of experts at the Hungarian Radio Offices in Budapest are busily preparing their Christmas and New Year broadcasts.

This year, probably more than ever before, our Christmas and New Year broadcasts will be as yours—in the nature of a heartfelt thanksgiving that during the past year we have been spared from the horrors of War.

We Hungarians have a special reason for thanksgiving this year. A million people have returned to us at last—a million people who for the past twenty years were cut off from their country and had to listen to the Hungarian programmes from across the frontier. And this brings me to another point, perhaps the most important thing in broadcasting is that it can bridge over frontiers and make for mutual understanding between the Nations.

BELGIUM

CHRISTMAS to us in Belgium is a festivity which is almost equalled in importance by the New Year. So for over a week British listeners may anticipate special programmes to celebrate both these festivals.

At the moment of penning this greeting to British listeners our broadcasting officials at l'Institut National Belge de Radio-Diffusion in Brussels are devising these special programmes, and we feel sure that they will reflect the happy peaceful spirit of Christmastide to help dispel the gloom which within recent months we have borne.

Our programmes must serve not only the French-speaking and Flemish provinces of Belgium, but will also be heard by distant listeners in the Belgium Congo. There over 9,000,000 people can tune in to hear programmes from the motherland. So if you obtain some pleasure in tuning-in to our Christmas programmes, as we hope you will, remember that down the Congo River, in distant Leopoldville and even along the borders of Lake Tanganyika there may be Belgian listeners anxious at Christmas-time to receive news via the radio of their families and relatives at home.

POLAND

(From the Programme Dept. of the Polskie-Radjo).

"Halo! Halo! Polskie Radjo Warszawa! This is the Warsaw station!"

I hope you'll listen to our New Year and Christmas programmes. They will have plenty of good humour and fine music in them. Krakow, Katowice, Poznanskie (Posen), Wilno and, of course, Warsaw will be on the air with festive programmes reflecting not only the Christmas spirit but the spirit of peace and goodwill which should exist between nations.

We in Warsaw are going to make Christmas week a time of happiness and merriment—and perhaps via the radio, listeners all over Europe may be able to share in our radio fun.

Please turn to page 70



All over the world families like this are gathered round the fireside, listening to the Christmas message of Peace and Goodwill, broadcast by the modern miracle of radio

"SNOW WHITE" for CHRISTMAS DAY



THE B.B.C. has been blamed for practically everything from cyclones to the increase of drunkenness in the Shetlands, but this is the first time it has been accused of being responsible for juvenile crime.

The report is from a London evening newspaper —

"It was said of a boy at — Juvenile Court to-day that he had been attracted to crime through listening to Inspector Hornleigh on the wireless.

"The boy had been at a psychology clinic, and the doctors there said the boy was fascinated by the riddles solved by Hornleigh."

SO the cinema and literature are innocent at last? So Charlie Chan and Sexton Blake are no longer to blame for juvenile delinquency? It looks as if poor Inspector Hornleigh must henceforward be the culprit.

Well, I suppose those doctors can't possibly be wrong. But I find it amusing to learn that at last the crime films and the Deadwood Dicks are not guilty. It's just as well, because they have been scapegoats long enough. Let the B.B.C. take the rap for once!

In juvenile court cases where there has been evidence to the effect that crime films have influenced the naughty boy, the lad has often been ordered by the magistrate not to go to the pictures for a month, or six months, or some other period.

If Inspector Hornleigh becomes the fashion so far as bad influence on youth is concerned, will the courts debar young delinquents from tuning-in to "Monday Night at Seven" for a month or three months or so?

AT a party the other night I was interested to watch vivacious Marie Burke (wearing long gold ear-rings, the latest addition to her large, elaborate collection) and daughter Patricia Burke, that gay, pretty girl who is following fast in her mother's footsteps.

Evelyn Dall has "got there"—it looks as if she posted herself! Those patterns on her frock are postage stamps of different countries

The interesting thing was the reaction of the men towards mother and daughter. There was always a group round Patricia, but there was always a larger cluster round Marie.

Marie remarked to me that she was faintly surprised at the B.B.C.'s reluctance to exploit the mother-and-daughter act. Both of them get individual broadcasting engagements, but the idea of both working together apparently does not appeal to the B.B.C.

By the way, what other mother-and-daughter pair could rival Marie and Patricia for combined talent and attractiveness?

The only other two I can think of at the moment are Dorothy Dickson and Dorothy Hyson, both lovely and both clever.

IT'S queer that the radio version of "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" should have been such a success that the B.B.C. are repeating it on Christmas Day.

I mean that the chief appeal of animated cartoons is the visual one. In the first place, they were made purely to be looked at, and not to be listened to. Then came sound films with their music and dialogue.

But even then their main appeal was to the eye, so it is an achievement for John Watt to make such an attractive and hearable version for the ear alone.

Of course, many people who listen to the broadcast will have seen the film, and in their mind's eye they will see the action taking place while they listen.

YEAR after year the children clamour for the Toytown series of broadcasts. There is something fascinating about these playlets that con-

Leslie Henson goes shopping—who wouldn't with a Nanny like this?

tinues to make them the most popular feature of the Children's Hour.

Because Mac (Derek McCulloch) was injured in a car smash some months ago, he was not able to arrange a Request Week for the youngsters earlier in the year.

But he has managed to fix an end-of-the-year Request Week—and, sure enough, Toytown tops the poll again.

The most interesting thing about the Toytown broadcasts is that the children are happy to hear them over and over again. They never tire of the comparatively few stories (about a dozen) written by the late S. G. Hulme-Beaman.

Many people, both inside and outside Broadcasting House, have tried to write some fresh Toytown adventures, but none has ever been quite satisfactory. The master touch is not there.

THE B.B.C. Theatre Orchestra is always being praised for its good work, and here is greater praise than ever. Wilfrid Rooke-Leigh, who presents so many excellent musical feature programmes on the air, told me he thought the Theatre Orchestra was the best musical combination in the B.B.C.—better than the Symphony Orchestra.

Of course, that doesn't mean the Theatre Orchestra can play symphonies better than the Symphony Orchestra! It means that it does its job better than other musical combinations do their jobs.



THIS WEEK'S GOSSIP

By STUDIO REPORTER

Whoops! The Crazy Gang arrive in style at a famous West End store's Christmas bazaar

Visiting conductors are always delighted with the precision and flexibility of the Theatre Orchestra, which is, of course, just the right size to swing a baton over—not too small to be ineffective not too big to be unwieldy.

LISTENERS will miss the pleasant, well-cultured and friendly voice of S. P. Ogden-Smith who, after nearly three years as chief announcer at Radio Luxembourg, has relinquished his post.

His going will be a great—but, I hope, only temporary—loss to radio. During the time Ogden-Smith was at Luxembourg, he made hundreds of thousands of friends over the ether, and I know they will all join me in wishing him every success in the future.

BILLY THORBURN and his brassless Music, back on the halls, much refreshed by a pleasant six months' engagement at the Royal Bath Hotel, Bournemouth, from which they often aired, had the entire repertoire of their stage show broadcast—for the first time—from the Stoll house, the Bristol Hippodrome, last month.

They have an Empire date on Christmas Eve, December 23, on which Bill is going to go all out to bring a programme simply oozing happiness to the outposts. It's a swell spot for Bill, too, as there are sure to be millions listening-in on this festival night.

It's a bright and breezy signature tune of Bill's, is it not "Smile and Sing Your Cares Away"?

It was inspired by a fit of the blues. Bill and his singing colleague of the B.B.C. Jack Payne days, Billy Scott-Coomber, were exhausted after a heavy day's filming at the studios with Jack's band, making the talkie you'll still remember, *Say It With Music*.

Getting home to Bill Thorburn's flat they sat chatting about the things that had contrived to go wrong from early morning onwards, when suddenly Billy S.C. ejaculated, "Never mind, Bill, let's smile and sing our cares away."

In ten minutes this good advice became a song! They wrote "Hot Coffee" and a lot of other hits just as quickly, after chance inspirations.

"Hot Coffee," in fact, got its rhythm from the throb-throb of a motor-car engine outside the Barn Roadhouse, on the Barnet Bypass, and the two Bills wrote the song at a table in the grounds.



To celebrate the making of the "Fairy Soap" Christmas programme, Gracie Fields threw a party at the studio. Tommy Fields, standing on the left of Gracie, and Douglas Wakefield, on right, watch Gracie cut the cake

TALL, slim, handsome Michael Hodginson, who plays the Spanish guitar with the Hawaiian Islanders, must have done more jobs to date than most radio stars.

First of all, he thought he could follow in the footsteps of an elder brother who was a promising boxer. Got knocked out once or twice, so decided to become a weight-lifter. That was hard on his hands, and he was just becoming interested in music, so weight-lifting was out! Then he was an actor at Birmingham Repertory Theatre for quite a while, before joining his brothers in the Hawaiian Islanders, which began to make a name as a novelty quarter.

When things were quiet last summer, Mike took a job as a dishwasher in a Soho cafe—later thought he would like to be a farmer, so tramped the south of England looking for a job. Settled down at a farm for the rest of the summer, and returned weighing nearly two stones heavier. Now busy broadcasting again.

The RESULTS of RADIO PICTORIAL'S LISTENING COMPETITION NO. 1

appear on page 39 of this issue

Even if you did not enter, you will be interested to read other listeners' criticisms of the sponsored programme chosen for Competition No. 1.

THIS WEEK'S COMPETITION—
See page 29.

XMAS WISE-CRACKERS

Don't Stop Us If You've Heard These . . .

WHY, I gave you sixpence only a few minutes ago!" said the elderly gent to the carol-singing urchin at the door.

"I know that, guv'nor," said the urchin, "but that was when we were the 'Armony Trio. Willy's joined us now and we're the Rhythm Quartet!"

WE don't know if there's any truth in it, but they say that Florence Desmond never has to buy a turkey at Christmas. She just sits down beside a Christmas pudding and impersonates one.

A CORRESPONDENT asks us if they allow alcoholic refreshment at the B.B.C. at Christmas-time.

Good news for Pat Taylor fans! She's got several broadcast dates this month, including one on December 3 with Jack Harris—one on December 5 with Syd Millward, and another with Harris on December 10.

"Which jokes do you laugh at most?" a listener asks us. Okay, we'll be truthful . . . all the jokes our rich uncle tells us.

"Tell me, Bud, why have you christened your radio set 'Sam, Sam'?"

"Aw, it won't pick up anything."

"Father Christmas at the B.B.C." The Week's Good Claus?

OH, THE MISTLETOE BOUGH!
MISS FIFI, a croonette from Nice, just won't leave the bandsmen in pice. She keeps saying "Geef me a kice!" And, having begun, they can't cice.

Christmas "joke" that doesn't come from the B.B.C.—breakfast on Boxing Morning!

Full of the Yuletide spirit of goodwill, somebody or other says that "Wireless has made the people of the Empire like neighbours."

Well, it hasn't made us like our neighbours.

ACCORDING to a broadcast official, a fellow can be a radio success even if he can't sing, can't recite, and can't play a musical instrument.

What's more, that's just the sort of guy we'd invite to our place for Christmas.

We hear that seven brass instrumentalists of a U.S. "hot" band are spending Christmas at a London hotel. Though the hotel accommodates 300 people, there are only seven staying there at the moment.

Scintillating remark by a politician: "Is there anything better than the radio for bringing people close together?"
Yeah. The Underground in the rush hour.

WEATHER FORECAST
For Christmas gluttons: Outlook Heavy.
For mistletoe-hounds: Outlook Fine.
For haunted-house guests: Outlook Windy.

"In the old days," says an essayist, "it was the piano that reigned at Christmas parties. Now it's the radio that entertains guests between meals." Always provided that there is any time between meals.

S O S

Will the singer who says he can hold a note for three minutes kindly inform us how he prevents his wife picking his pocket?

"These radio spelling-bees are all nonsense," declares a reader. "Many people who can't spell are geniuses."
He's perfectly rite there.

"Why not croon carols?" demands reader A. C. MAINS (Roody Valley). All we have to say is—imagine a guy letting loose an idea of that kind!

Well—ah—don't let this go any farther, but we saw a lady vocalist there last year with corkscrew curls.

INTRODUCING CRYSTAL

BY FRED WILKIN



STUART HIBBERD

To millions of listeners the B.B.C.'s Star Announcer is but a well-known, well-loved voice. Let Herbert Harris tell you about the man himself

CRISES may come and crises may go, but the calm, measured tones of Stuart Hibberd go on for ever.

It is Hibberd's "Good night" that all the announcers try to emulate. If it is possible to call a voice "immaculate," Hibberd has such a voice. Announcing is so obviously his metier, that it is difficult to conceive Hibberd as anything else.

Yet despite the years of announcing Hibberd has behind him, despite his magnificent services to radio, despite the fact that he is one of the key men of Broadcasting House, little is known of the man himself. His face is fairly well-known to listeners, but beyond that, Stuart Hibberd, senior in years and experience of all the announcers, has remained nothing more than a voice.

The "no-limelight-for-announcers" policy of the B.B.C. has gagged those admirable servants, and no exception has been made with the greatest voice of all.

What, then, is Hibberd like?

Since Sir John Reith and Eric Maschwitz quitted Broadcasting House, Stuart Hibberd has claimed his place as one of radio's tallest men, along with Outside Broadcaster de Lotbiniere and one or two others.

A kindly face revealing great wisdom and experience tops Hibberd's six feet, and from its peer penetrating eyes almost as hypnotic as his voice. Thick fair hair, tending to greyness, and a small military moustache lend the finishing touches to a face as typically British as you will find anywhere.

Hibberd is a Cambridge man, but you would say he was Eton, Harrow, Sandhurst, Cambridge, Oxford, Whitehall, and Lord's rolled into one—in the best sense, I mean, for there is nothing pompous, no red-tapeism in the keen brain beneath his Saxon blondness.

A friendly, accessible man is this tall blond with the golden voice, and it is only the "policies" of the B.B.C. dictators which force him, along with his confreres, to retire behind a screen of mystery.

But no official gag can prevent us getting to know and to like the king of spoken English.

We know what a human person he can be.

On one occasion, I am told, he did some family shopping on the way to the B.B.C., and left the Sunday joint in the announcers' room while he read the Saturday night News Bulletin!

Another human—one might almost say humorous—angle of Hibberd is his great prowess on the mouth-organ. Here we have a product of our Universities, a man who invites the adjective "cultured" more than any other man I know, deriving recreation from the Cockney's very own musical instrument!

One of the great qualities about Hibberd is that he will "try anything once" at the mike. He will do whatever he is asked to do and make a surprisingly capable job of it.

There is no "I'm-a-big-shot" attitude about the Chief Announcer. He will sing at the mike when he is asked, as he did not long ago in the farewell broadcast to Reggie Foort. He has sung, too, in the Children's Hour. But never imagine that Hibberd thinks he is another Tauber.

Had he wished to pursue a career in singing, however, there is little doubt that Hibberd might have won equal glory in that sphere. At St. John's College, Cambridge, Hibberd was a Choral Scholar. But that was all part of the training which produced and rounded off the musical, modulated voice that soothes the ears of millions.

Hibberd's fan-mail reveals mostly the respect in which he is held by listeners everywhere, but there have been accusations, too, that he has an "Oxford accent." Could anything be more ludi-



RADIO'S BEST-LOVED VOICE

crous in view of the fact that Hibberd was at Cambridge?

What can Hibberd do but ignore, with the rest, these carping criticisms of "B.B.C. English," nothing more than an invention of those listeners who insist on being hypercritical. He will tell you there is no such thing as "B.B.C. English," that no announcer ever joined the B.B.C. who spoke anything but the language he brought with him from the world outside!

Many people who write to Hibberd want to know "how to become an announcer." Can anybody in the world give a clearly defined process for becoming anything?

Hibberd can only tell you what he has done and outline the announcer's essential equipment. Vocal quality, naturally, a sound general education, the knack of "knowing something about everything"—like a newspaper reporter, experience in travelling and meeting many kinds of people so that he is fitted to talk on all sorts of topics and with all sorts of beings at a moment's notice.

Hibberd's experiences have not been unromantic. They have been varied certainly, and often dangerous.

When the War broke out, Hibberd was just one month short of his twenty-first birthday. At Cambridge he had been a brilliant scholar, excelling in languages, but he had been no bookworm weakling. He had won kudos in athletics, had attracted considerable attention as a rugby-footballer.

Such a man, you have rightly guessed, fits naturally into "Empire-building." He has just the qualifications for a "pukka sahib," and the "pukka sahib," though a great butt for comedians, is also a great fellow, at once tough and brainy.

Hibberd became a "pukka sahib," if that term is applicable to all those who ultimately find their way to stirring times in the Punjab.

But Hibberd's earlier war service was given in the Seventh and Fifth Battalions of the Dorsetshire Regiment. The Fifth Battalion of the Dorsets won fame against the Turks at Gallipoli, where Hibberd saw heavy fighting. He was in the thick of the fray again at Mesopotamia.

It was in 1924 that Hibberd joined the pioneering radio band at Savoy Hill, and began to make broadcast speech a profound study. His magnificent elocutionary powers soon endeared him to everybody. The B.B.C. may possess its committees to guide the trends in oral English, but it has always been and still is Stuart Hibberd who is the figurehead and steadying influence in broadcast announcing.

Yet in his fourteen years with the B.B.C., he has remained obscured by that cloak of anonymity. He has appeared at the microphone in various guises, but never as "Stuart Hibberd." You may recall those occasions when he read the Sunday night Epilogue. You and I and ten million more no doubt knew that it was Hibberd, for there is only one voice like it, but the game of anonymity was carried on.

Hibberd is still young enough, at forty-five, to enjoy active outdoor sport. At Weymouth College, scene of Hibberd's boyhood in Dorset, and later at St. John's, Cambridge, Hibberd built a fine physique that he has maintained in shape ever since. To-day, his favourite outdoor recreation is tennis, and he is a fine player. Motoring occupies a good deal of his time, and he is an inveterate music-lover.

I remember him telling some pretty good yarns of his experiences when he lectured at a place in Kent. He told of A. J. Alan's habit of bringing candles to the studio ever since the lights went out on him. He told of a post-office sorter, who, trying to lend colour to a talk on mail-trains, blew shrill blasts on a whistle before Hibberd could stop him, and blew out some valves at the transmitters. He told of smoothing out over the telephone the ill results of a burlesque S O S given out by a variety-hour comedian.

Hibberd must take up his pen and write one of these days, cast aside the B.B.C. gag, and tell officialdom to go to the devil! Only then will listeners really know the man who has talked his way through historic crises, faced technical hitches, lost manuscripts, temperamental broadcasters, victims of mike fright—and remained through it all the same unperturbed, impartial, dignified Stuart Hibberd, with—if we may twist an old medical phrase—the perfect "mike-side manner."



SAXO-FUN

"*SEE what somebody gave me for a Christmas present? It's a saxophone that can be pulled to pieces and put together again in one minute.*"
"I like the first part of the idea."

By Harry Jacobson (Pepsodent's "I've Brought My Music," Normandy, December 4 and 7).



THIS

HERE is the message that seven

men, please—you can keep a flat foot floying the floogie.

These few words are all I have—to say now. And in the words of my aunt Gaga—enough is as good as a sample if it's vat you want.

So I'll switch off, just reminding you that you can bank on a holiday if you care a hang—over the party.

Ive Wakefield

MRS. GIBSON TELLS ME

BY CLAUDE DAMPIER

WE-ELL, I don't know what to say. If only Mrs. Gibson were here, she'd have a lovely message for you for Christmas.

She could tell you all the games to get up to and what to do all the time and how to avoid the consequences. Ye-ess—the game, you know.

I think it's fun to bite six inches off a red-hot poker and things like that. Ye-ess, especially Mrs. Gibson's poker. And her postman always knocks twice.

If I could tell you all the games she gets up to, you would be jealous. But it wouldn't be fair to tell you all the fun we're going to have in case you

Season's Greetings from Claude Dampier and his wife, Billie Carlyle

CHRISTMAS NEWS

BY FLOTSAM AND JETSAM

SO it's Christmas again. Here's our message of cheer—
All the best to you folks for the coming New Year.

We've sung sad songs and glad songs, and no one can best 'em.

We've heard grand jokes and bad jokes and no one'll rest 'em.

And we've tried in our way to be terribly gay.

We've read all the news that there's been in the papers. Like you, we've been scared—and with relief cut capers.

We've shared in the launch of the world's greatest liner.

Joked at Air Raid Precautions—what could be finer? And we've hoped all the year that these crises would clear.

We've heard Captain Eyston set up that new car speed.

And cheered Mr. Chamberlain with heartfelt "God speed."

Our pilots have captured the new distance record.

Like you, we've bought British when it we could afford!

And we think, on the whole, our gas was once coal. There've been murders and mysteries—if they delight you;

And four Quarter Days when firms threat to indict you.

We've had holidays, too—how long ago they seem.

With wives or with mothers we've discussed our day dream.

So the year's slipped away—and it's been mostly gay. So on to the New Year—we've got a clean ledger

Clean pages for all, from the peer to the hedger.

Let's throw off the old scores—forget the bad old past; If we try for the best, then the worst will be outcast.

For we have a grand chance—to make "blues" just a dance,

And we hope to be with you in sunshine or rain,

With a smile and a song and a happy refrain.

To old friends and new friends—we never forgets 'em.

Best wishes to all—from Flotsam and Jetsam.

Flotsam and Jetsam



KEEP THE PARTY CLEAN

BY OLIVER WAKEFIELD

HULLO, everyone! Is it really turkey time again? It seems only twelve months since last I had a bird—in the hand, as you know, is worth two in the bushel.

And that reminds me at this time of year the fellow who hides his bushel of lights—I mean the other way round. The fellow who lights his hide—well, take it from me, and I speak from the bottom—of my heart—keep well lit up. Most of all on these foggy nights.

You have to be full—of beans and ring to keep up the general—the general merrymaking. Whether you're at home on dry land or all at sea—on wet ships—you'll have to stand a round—of gaiety.

Some people are notorious—for heaps of fun. Sailors, for instance, with a wife in every pore—port and the rest in every sherry, can always make a party go. We can't all be sailors, but we can go—gay with the ass—assistance of the proper spirit.

No one enjoys a wet—blanket at a Christmas party, so let me press you, ladies—to give—and take a full load—of the entertainment.

Whether you are a char—a charade or the answer to a postman's knock—knock—who's there?—you can lead the men on—to the dance floor.

So roll up your car—carpet and let yourself go with abandon the radio. And while the wireless waves wash tirelessly on the sea of time—gentle-

come to her party. She likes to keep something up her sleeve. Ye-ess.

That's like Mrs. Gibson all over.

I wish I could get her to come to the microphone. She would probably tell you to play the game when you go to a party and have to hide at Murder. There's nothing Mrs. Gibson hasn't done at one place or another. You ought to see her charade of "fan mail"!

First, she does "fan," then "mail," then the two together. She tells me she has a better one for this Christmas party.

But whatever game you're playing, don't spoil it for a ha'p'orth of tar. No, leave the sailor alone.



CHRISTMAS BUSINESS



famous Radio Mirthmakers would like to broadcast to be taken with a good helping of salt

He has a wife in every port, and even if you give him a lemonade he'll have a sharp answer. Ye-ess. At least, that's what Mrs. Gibson tells me. And she knows what is what and when where is why. So that is that. Ye-ess, that's right.

Having told you what Mrs. Gibson tells me, there isn't much left for me to tell you from myself. So I'll wish you a happy Christmas and play the game.

Oh, and before I forget. If you want another one for Kiss in the Ring, don't forget your old friend Claude Dampier. I shan't be with Mrs. Gibson all the time, you know. And, by the way, it doesn't matter so much about the ring. Just send along the rest. Ye-ess!

Claude Dampier

CLEAN FOR CHRISTMAS

BY SUZETTE TARRI

WELL, here we are again. Seems only yesterday the pierrots were saying that at the seaside. And now it's Christmas with the snow and ice as far away as ever.

Some of you think this is nothing but a season for parties and other high fling triflings. To your poor friend Mrs. Worth—that's me, the Singing Charlady—it's a dizzy round of cleaning up. And sometimes down.

The only party I'll see will be my next-door neighbour. And she, poor soul, is enjoying the worst of health with a swelling that's taken the stuffing out of her.



Stainless Semi-conscious Stephen

I don't know what it is, and the doctor doesn't know either. But she says she'll get to the bottom of it if they have to lift her head off.

Of course, I shall have my jobs to go to, Christmas or no Christmas. And I shall have a few extras. Mince pies and so on. If they haven't improved since last year they'll be as dust and ashes in my mouth.

Give and let live, is my motto. So I expect somebody's pet dog will get what's given to me, same as usual. They do say animals don't get indigestion, don't they? Besides, it's too far for me to take mince pies to the Zoo for that bird who eats door knobs and so on.

However, you needn't let my troubles trouble you. If the proof of the pudding's in the eating, I hope it keeps fine for you.

I don't have much time for making my own puddings, you know, so I buy them in tins. And I must remember to take them out before dishing them up this year. Last Christmas one of them nearly dished us up. I could feel iron filings grinding about inside me for weeks.

Remember, Christmas makes us all brothers and

sisters. So when you're having a sing-song, don't forget I'll have my bit of carol and mistletoe too!

Suzette Tarri

THE GIFTS THEY GIE US

BY STAINLESS STEPHEN

CHRISTMAS comma said he, prophesying hard, comes but once a year, but its presents are always with us, exclamation mark.

That knitted tie semi-colon that jazz coloured scarf semi-strangled and that knitted rope semi-cigar are the chief delights questionable mark we receive from people we thought friends.

I think it is a great pity, shame or catastrophe Guy Fawkes Day does not follow Christmas ditto. What a really good bonfire we could have.

All the year round we have hours altered, holidays arranged, and birthdays juggled. So I appeal to all should-be taxpayers to down tools and put their hands up for a new day—Stainless End-of-Gift Day.

It would be easy to fix this without the aid of Parliament, said your old friend Brainless undiplo-



Suzette Tarri as she is in real life

Mr. and Mrs. Tommy Handley say "Merry Christmas"



matically. But an extra day's holiday, and we couldn't do our presents justice in less, would please so many people the rest-rooms of Westminster would naturally want the kudos.

But let us get something done and done soon. What is my hurry? Surely I haven't received my presents yet!

No, I haven't, but I have had a peep at something for me on top of the wardrobe. A little gift from Uncle Tonks. The parcel was so small I almost didn't see it in my search for a lost collar stud. But as soon as I saw it I knew what it was—razor blades.

Not a bad present, you say with a rub on the chin. Not so good, I must tell you. They are old razor blades, done up like new.

So we must make a special day for the End-of-Gifts. I know—because they were the same packet of old razor blades, done up like new, that I gave to my Uncle Tonks last Christmas.

Stainless Stephens

DON'TS FOR A DO!

BY TOMMY HANDLEY

MERRY Christmas to you, girls, and here's a tip for you

To help you get a man or two in case you may be blue. Build up the fire, put down the lights, open the front door wide

And, once you've got him on the mat, yule log the door inside.

The way to win a man is clear—candied appeal is best.

No pudding headed cracker Jack or Joe will let you rest.

But if you can't make up your mind which way to win his kiss,

Just con-sultana, she's the one who'll tell you all, dear miss.

Now my advice is nearly done, I wish you only luck. He may be chicken hearted, but you'll supply the pluck.

So read this through just once again and you'll be doing grandly,

And may your postman knock for me, Tom-mistletoe Handley.

Tommy Handley

PANTO FAIRIES TAKE THE AIR

NOW is the season when we all "go young" and enjoy pantomime—but there's a lot of hard work done behind the scenes by the master minds responsible for our pantomime broadcasts, says Charles Hatton

broadcast," says Emile Littler. "Naturally, I choose a section of the pantomime which is most suitable for listeners, and even then some slight alterations have to be made. We put in a lot of quiet work preparing for our broadcasts."

This year, Mr. Littler has secured the services of the Waters Sisters and Tommy Trinder for his Birmingham production. Though they are household names to listeners, they are also well-established stage acts, and can be relied upon to hold their own in any production.

Emile Littler always writes his own pantomimes, and is a great authority on the subject.

He has studied old pantomime scripts dating back fifty years or more, and finds it fascinating to trace the development of this most popular of all entertainments.

"Pantomime is continually changing," he told me. "At one time a few years ago, they had almost become transformed into spectacular revues, but there has lately been a tendency to return to the old legends. Naturally, we have to dress them up and present them as attractively as possible, with plenty of novelty to appeal both to the kiddies and the grown-ups."

Having booked his principals—sometimes as long as two years ahead—Emile Littler starts writing the script of the show, calling in his lyric writers and composers from time to time for their contributions. Meanwhile, the various departments of the factory, which employs forty-five people all the year round, are getting busy with scenery, costumes, pro-

While you are eating your Christmas dinner, they are still hard at it in that gloomy theatre, and when the first night arrives, everybody is right up to concert pitch. They breathe a sigh of relief when it is all over, and everything is set for a long run until Easter.

But they never relax for a minute at the pantomime factory. They are already working on next year's shows.

Emile Littler makes a point of being present at all the broadcasts of his pantomimes, and this will involve long journeys to Scotland, Manchester, Liverpool and Leeds this season. He likes to be on hand to supervise any last-minute cuts which may be necessary.

Leaving Mr. Littler engrossed amidst piles of orders and quotations, I crossed the road to the B.B.C. to see what David Gretton had to say on the same subject. David is responsible for all the Midland pantomime relays, and tackles most of the commentaries himself.

"I am particularly looking forward to broadcasting Evelyn Laye from the Theatre Royal, Birmingham," said David. "But I know from past experience that these relays are going to mean a lot of work. They involve about five times as much commentary as a music-hall show, and it is not always easy to fit in the most suitable times with our other programmes. Some theatre managers don't appear to appreciate this difficulty. They write me months ahead saying that they would like their relay to take place on January 4th from eight till nine p.m., and seem to think that settles the matter. I wish it were as easy as all that!"



Young Australian actress, Elsa Stenning, is principal boy in "Robinson Crusoe" at Birmingham

IN the heart of Birmingham stands one of the most unique factories in the world. They make pantomimes there, right down to the smallest detail. This Christmas, no fewer than five complete pantomime productions will move out through those huge double doors to delight audiences in large cities—and millions of listeners all over the world.

The brain behind this enterprise is thirty-five-year-old Emile Littler, who in the past four years has built himself a name that is synonymous with super pantomime. He is a great believer in broadcasting, which he is convinced has done a great deal towards popularising his shows.

It was he who established the broadcasting of pantomime rehearsals, when the microphone was offered "pot luck" during Christmas week behind the scenes of his show at the Prince of Wales Theatre, Birmingham, which is directly opposite Broadcasting House, and, therefore, very convenient for such relays.

Last year, the B.B.C. decided to drop this policy, and immediately Emile Littler was inundated with inquiries at the theatre box office, by mail and by telephone. Apparently, listeners love nothing so much as getting behind the scenes of a show and sampling some of the treats in store when they actually see a performance.

"I like to give all my artistes a chance in a



Cecilia Harvey takes the lead in "Aladdin" at Derby

perties and a hundred other incidentals.

At the beginning of December, the companies assemble and start rehearsing feverishly, trying on their costumes in between scenes. A fortnight later, they are transferred to their respective theatres, and things become quite hectic.

They have special rehearsals for scenery and lighting, and the producer is the most harassed individual of the organization. Twenty-four hours are not nearly enough for his day.

David spends a lot of time in friendly argument with various pantomime comedians concerning "gags" which must be cut out.

After cutting out a rather dubious joke in one pantomime, David was startled to hear the comedian break into the dialogue which introduced it while the show was on the air. David saw a look of horror flit across the comedian's face, but he had no alternative but to continue with the "gag."



Dolores Ray is Prince Charming in "Cinderella" at Peterborough

Betty Baldwin plays in "Humpty Dumpty" at Liverpool

Another principal boy, Nora Chapman, in "Cinderella" at Newcastle

David frantically signalled his control room, had them turn down the stage microphone, and he himself came in with a minute or two's spontaneous commentary until the joke was over!

But he met with reproaches from quite a number of people the next day. They had heard the laughter in the theatre, and were curious to know what it was all about.

I can foresee a certain amount of controversy between David and George Robey, when they broadcast the pantomime from the Alexandra Theatre, Birmingham, this season!

David believes that Midland listeners want so much pantomime and no more. He usually broadcasts one a week until some time in February, when he feels that most of the panto atmosphere has evaporated.

On the other hand, Victor Smythe, at North Regional, is convinced that his radio audiences are never tired of this form of entertainment, and proposes to put no fewer than fourteen pantomimes on the air this season. Many of the pantomime kings hail from the North, which accounts to some extent for the fact that three pantos will be broadcast from Liverpool, five from Manchester, two from Newcastle, two from Leeds and two from Sheffield.

Victor and his assistant, Richard North, will spend all their Christmas week seeing these shows, so it looks as if they are in for a busy time.

Victor Smythe claims to be the first man in the country to hit upon the idea of broadcasting pantomimes before their production date, with the help of a certain amount of recording. He insists upon special routines being prepared for broadcasts, and always finds managers very helpful in this respect, though there are often many obstacles.

"Intervals are our great problems," says Victor. "Of course, there has to be a break in the middle of the show, and if this happens some time during the broadcast, we have to arrange to cut it down as much as possible, and fill in by interviewing the principals in their dressing rooms or some other device to keep the listening public interested."

One of the biggest names in Northern pantomime

is that of Francis Laidler, who is this year taking a bold step in re-introducing panto to the Opera House, Covent Garden, where he will present "Red Riding Hood." This will be the first pantomime there for many years, though pantomimes actually originated at this theatre in the year 1736.

Francis Laidler is one of the most methodical men in the entertainment industry. The week after his yearly pantomime broadcast he writes to Victor Smythe, submitting the cast of his next year's show, and suggesting a date for a relay.

Another Northern pantomime magnate is ex-stockbroker Tom Arnold, who took over the late Julian Wylie's spectacular productions in addition to his own. He, too, will have several shows which will be heard by listeners in the North and elsewhere.

Imagine them all hard at it while you are reading this, the bold bad barons cursing their cheeky nephews . . . the principal boys assuring principal girls of their undying devotion . . . the dames ogling their kingly admirers . . . robbers and brokers men tossing double somersaults . . . pantomime fairies spreading their wings. . . .

Joan Clarke, playing second boy in "Mother Goose" at Brighton

Soon, they will all be on their way to you—by air!





Alone — but no longer lonely. With the wireless turned on, the empty room becomes filled with laughing, joking, happy people who are working on Christmas Day to give other people pleasure.

RADIO BRINGS THEM CHRISTMAS CHEER

BY JOHN K. NEWNHAM

Tommy Handley was the particular friend. She had never met him, but for years she had been one of his greatest fans. She had written to him to tell him that she would be listening, and she had sent him a Christmas present.

The present was hanging on the Christmas-tree in the studio (yes, they have a real Christmas-tree for these parties). And, while that man in Vancouver was also listening to Tommy, the little old lady in the north of England was aware that Tommy knew that she was one of his many listeners.

SHE had always felt rather selfish about Christmas.

She was bed-ridden, and had been for several years. But, all over the Christmas holidays, one or two members of the family had always made a point of being with her.

She appreciated their company. She told them not to bother, of course, but secretly hoped that they wouldn't take any notice of her protests. They did it out of goodness of heart, although, frankly, they wished that they could be downstairs with the rest of the family.

Last year, she had an unusually expensive Christmas present. It was a radio set.

And she really meant it this time when she told the others not to worry about being with her. The radio could bring the real spirit of Christmas into her room. She no longer felt lonely. And, although the other members of the family looked into her room only occasionally, she spent her most enjoyable Christmas for years.

Wireless has made a lot of difference to thousands of people who would otherwise spend a lonely Christmas. It brings the festive spirit to them wherever they are, in hospital, on duty, situated miles away from anywhere. And it brings England closer to those who are overseas.

Lift the curtain, and take a look.

The place: Vancouver. *The scene:* a hotel. *The time:* Christmas day. *The characters:* an Englishman in Canada for the first time.

There was a spirit of good cheer all around him, but he felt out of it all. He knew no one. All his friends were miles away in England. His hotel room seemed unfriendly, and accentuated his loneliness.

But he had a radio set.

He remembered the previous Christmas Day. He had been at home, and they had had the wireless going. The B.B.C.'s Christmas Party had provided one of the highlights of the evening's broadcasting. He remembered particularly the cheery good humour of Tommy Handley.

He switched on his set. It was an all-waver. And he tuned in to the B.B.C.'s Empire programme.

A spluttering, and then a familiar voice came through. He could hardly believe his ears. He was listening to the B.B.C.'s Christmas Party again, and by an amazing coincidence, Tommy Handley was on the air at that very moment!...

Again featuring Tommy Handley.

The little old lady in the north of England turned on her radio set. It was her only companion, and on Christmas Day, too. But she knew that she was going to hear a friend—in fact, a lot of friends.

Another little old lady, and this time a very lonely one. For thirty years she had been living in one small room, and she earned her own living.

She had no possessions of her own, except for one small piece of furniture—a wireless-set.

That wireless-set was her only friend—but, through it, she had a feeling of friendship with the stars.

She had one particular favourite, Mabel Constanduros. Christmas was made very much happier for this little old lady because she could hear Mabel Constanduros on the air.

And the little old lady sat down to write her first and only "fan" letter. She wanted to tell Mabel Constanduros how she had helped to bring a lot of brightness into a lonely person's life.

Mabel Constanduros treasures that letter, and remembers a line that the little old lady wrote. With so little in this world, she said: "Providence has been good to me."

That sort of courage is inspiring, and to know that you have helped to bring Christmas cheer to such a person is a wonderful thought.

Miles away, in a house in New Zealand, an Englishwoman switched on her all-waver, and tuned in to the programme from Great Britain.

It was winter in England, but summer in New Zealand. The people at home had to wear over-

HOW would you like to spend Christmas in a lonely lighthouse, or battling through heavy seas in a fishing trawler? To thousands of people the spirit of the festive season can only come by radio.

coats if they went out; but in New Zealand the young people made a dash for the sea to spend Christmas Day lazing on the sands and basking in the briny.

Christmas Day! But in spite of the summery weather, this woman would have given anything to have been in England. It was a long time since she had seen her home country.

And this wireless programme took her home, even though only in thoughts.

She heard Elsie and Doris Waters, and listened to Gert and Daisy making a Christmas pudding. Daisy was tasting the brandy to see if it was all right. Gert kept offering to do the tasting as well, but she didn't get a drop.

The Englishwoman in New Zealand smiled. A few weeks later, Elsie and Doris Waters received a bottle of brandy from New Zealand, with a note from the sender saying: "Please see that Gert gets some this time!"

It was late in the evening for children to be up, but the matron of the orphanage had a kind heart. She had looked at the programme and had seen that Revnell and West were to broadcast "The Cockney kids doing their shopping."

"All right, you can stay up and listen to them," she told the kiddies, and the excited youngsters clamoured round the set.

They could understand those Cockney kids. They hadn't got lots of money to spend on presents; and the Cockney kids hadn't, either.

It was great fun. Few listeners could have enjoyed that programme as much as those children did. And the matron dropped a note to Revnell and West to tell them how much they had been appreciated and how they had helped to bring some Christmas cheer into the lives of those orphans.

A trawler plunged its way through the choppy waters of the North Sea.

It was one of many. People must eat. Fish must be caught.

At home, people pulled crackers, laughed and sang in front of blazing log fires. Out at sea, a chill wind was blowing. Christmas seemed a long way off.

But suddenly Christmas was brought

closer to these gallant fishermen. A radio suddenly blared forth. And the spirit of Christmas was carried over the air.

And in a lighthouse off a rocky northern coast—again, only one such lighthouse of many.

Some Christmases even the mail hadn't arrived. Not so easy to be festive when you're cut off from the mainland, from bright lights and civilisation.

But not completely cut off, thanks to radio. Christmas carols... church services... comedians... the studio party... Christmas, once a poignantly lonely time, is not so gloomy for lighthouse-keepers these days.

The mines are closed, but a man is on duty. The factories are quiet, but have to be guarded. Newspapers, though not published on Christmas

Day, have to come out on the Boxing Day and men have to be on duty to receive the news.

All over the country, all over the world, there are these people whose Christmas Days used to be spent in loneliness. To-day, they have radio sets, and Christmas cheer is brought to them wherever they are.

Blind.

Have you ever stopped to think how many blind people there are in this country?

Radio has brought untold happiness into their lives. It is the one entertainment which does not call for the use of sight.

At no time is wireless such a blessing to the blind as at Christmas.

For those blind who cannot afford sets for



themselves, the Wireless for the Blind Fund provides this voyage to happiness. And the Post Office acts as Santa Claus towards blind listeners, for no charge is made for their licences.

Over 51,000 such licences have been issued. Ponder over those figures for yourselves.

A hospital. Just one of England's hundreds of hospitals. Authorities, of course, do what they can to celebrate Christmas, but it's not easy to arrange jollities for those who are bedridden.

And in this particular hospital, just as in scores of others, the wireless was bringing an atmosphere of Christmas happiness. In one ward, the patients were listening to the studio party. And Clapham and Dwyer were the hits of the evening.

Someone asked the nurse for pencil and paper. He wrote a letter. Others put their signatures to it.

The letter was a token of appreciation to Clapham and Dwyer for their unbounded good humour. And the letter concluded: "We are sure that radio is civilisation's greatest boon to mankind."

And what greater boon has civilisation provided? For there is nothing greater than happiness. Radio brings happiness into millions of homes, and at no time is happiness so important as at Christmas.



WORK THIS OUT...

MRS. 'IGGS: Wonder wot sort o' programmes we'll 'ave on the wireless this Christmas, Mrs Bloggs?

MRS. BLOGGS: Dunno, Mrs. 'Iggs, but the trouble with the blinkin' programmes is there's too much o' this 'ere Variety and not enough change.

By Bobby Howell (Stork Radio Parade, Normandy, December 4, Luxembourg, December 7).

YOU'VE all heard of Mrs. Waters' daughters—but did you know she had four sons? One of them, Jack Waters, has written this exclusive article about his famous sisters specially for "Radio Pictorial"

FOR a brother to be asked to write about two famous sisters might be described as a "bit of a tricky undertaking," and my pen is still rather shaky and likely to be for a few lines, until you readers have been patient and let me get into my stride.

Going back over the years, it seems, in many ways, only a short time ago that we were all together—and when I say "we" I would remind you that there are three other brothers besides myself—going to school, going on holidays, laughing and crying, playing and squabbling in much the same way as thousands of other English families have done and will go on doing.

The fact that I have three brothers has often been very confusing to various people to whom the four of us have been introduced from time to time, because they have invariably said: "Oh, yes, I've met you before" and the girls (I will call Elsie and Doris "the girls" from now on) have invariably replied: "Oh, no, that was another brother."

In fact, I am quite certain that there must be a lot of people who think that "Gert and Daisy" are the proud possessors of about twenty-four brothers—if you know what I mean—or do you?

However, I am jumping ahead and must go back and answer the question that is always being

asked: How did you and your sisters find out you could do it?

I think "do it" is such a silly expression, but then some people ask silly questions and must therefore expect silly answers.

In this particular case, however, the answer is absolutely true. As a matter of fact, when we were kids we used to play at what we called "making each other laugh." When I think of our efforts now, they were so awful that they must have been funny, and I still have a feeling right deep down that the "audience" laughed a lot in the wrong places, either out of sheer boredom or a feeling of real and earnest desire to encourage the performers.

I well remember one of my brothers "doing a turn" in an article of female attire (I have yet to find out how he got into it). Unfortunately it happened "of a Sunday afternoon" when we couldn't go to Sunday School because it was raining and Mother was trying to snatch what was commonly known in those days as "forty winks."

The roar of applause that greeted my brother's appearance must have caught Mother on about the tenth wink, because she appeared apparently from nowhere with a rapidity that George Eyston would have envied.

One look at my brother in her—well, in her wrath and indignation, she put a sudden end to our matinee in no uncertain manner, albeit there was, if I remember rightly, a peculiar gleam in her eye, which I realise now was a definite indication that her marvellous sense of humour had let us off very lightly.

The worst B.B.C. fade-out of recent years had nothing on the Waters family that afternoon and as I helped my brother off with the offending garment, we swore never to be "girls" again.

From a musical point of view we were lucky enough to have parents who made the most of what latent talent was about in those days, although I wouldn't be telling the truth if I said that we didn't find the practice of the various instruments rather irksome from time to time.

Elsie played the violin, Doris the piano, my other three brothers dealt with a cornet, violin (second violin in the orchestra), drums and finally myself playing a viola.

We would sometimes all practice at the same time in different rooms and although the house we lived in had a good solid structure, the walls were not thick enough to prevent a mixture of scales, five finger exercises, Rondoletto in "C" and "Star of My Soul" filtering through to the main



landing where our parents would sometimes stand, wondering, no doubt, if it was really worth it.

However, everybody knows to-day that, from the girls' point of view, that ground work was well worth it. The greatest regret we all have is that our father is not alive to-day to hear them on the air.

But there—I've jumped from the past to the present again, so back to the "Bijou Orchestra," as it was called.

Came the day when we were all proficient enough to be supplied with our own music stands and we set to work to rehearse a very well-known waltz. I would like to mention, in passing, that if any reader has ever had an all-in wrestling match with a deck chair, and lost, don't tackle a music stand—they not only pinch your fingers, they poke your eyes out as well.



Jack Waters, author of this article, is himself a clever impersonator, known to listeners and theatre-goers as Jack Warner

However, time marched on and we found ourselves one evening at a well-known London restaurant playing at a big banquet, and playing in tune what's more, and the latest musical comedies, etc., girls in white frocks, boys in Eton suits.

By this time, of course, our "Bijou Orchestra" was augmented from time to time by friends of ours, one of whom is now a famous doctor in London.

We attended various functions with the orchestra and I remember on one occasion we were playing at a fire station for a brigade dance. Three or four engines had been disposed of for the time being, leaving quite a lot of room for the dancers, "our lot" being tucked away with our instruments in the corner where hung the firemen's helmets and boots, etc.

Maybe you have already guessed the sequel, but I swear it is absolutely true. You're quite right—the fire-bell *did* ring and short of my Mother's sudden appearance "hereinaforementioned," I've never seen anything so quick before or since. The firemen just *had* to get their "effects" and the "Bijou Orchestra" just *happened* to be in the way.

One of our members played a 'cello, which he loved as a brother, and this instrument, by reason of its size, was very definitely in the way. It might have been a stick of Margate rock by the way one fireman removed it from his path.

Quoth the cellist in angry tones: "Here, I say, mind my 'cello!" With his helmet over one eye as he dragged on his boots, the fireman answered: "Your 'cello! Where's the so-and-so fire?"

Now we come to the time when we all went our different ways, each to follow his or her calling, and as we are chiefly concerned with the girls and myself, we will leave the boys for the nonce.

Elsie and Doris started by "doing" small concerts and finally got a chance to go into Will Pepper's "White Coons" at Southwold, where they really started on the road which



Elsie and Doris are making their pantomime debut this year as the "Ugly Sisters" at Birmingham

led them to the position they hold in the entertaining world to-day.

For the benefit of those few casual people who like to say that there must be a lot of luck in the game, I would like to say here and now that my sisters have got where they are to-day by dint of sheer hard work, which at times almost amounted to drudgery. Any luck they have had in the last few years they have well deserved and worked for.

For my part, although I was always keen on singing so-called funny songs (I sang my first song in public at the age of nine), I had always been keen on motor cars. I thought I was very fortunate, therefore, when I found myself in Paris, apprenticed to a well-known firm of motor car manufacturers. I say fortunate because I spoke nothing but French for about two years, with the result that to-day I am in a position to do my act in both languages, a fact which, as a well-known London comedian would say, "Makes a change, don't it?"

BOTH Elsie and Doris speak French and one of the nicest trips I have ever had was when I went with them to France about five years ago just to get them used to driving on the right-hand side of the road.

We landed at Dieppe on a nice September morning and proceeded immediately to Paris, where I introduced them to their first French "dejeuner." As some readers may be aware, a French "dejeuner" can last anything from four minutes to four hours, and as the latter period of time applied to this particular repast, it was a very dozy trio that pulled up in front of an Orleans hotel in the early evening.

After the smallest dinner on record we decided to visit a local cinema for a couple of hours and I remember that the film that was being shown was a well-known American flying picture featuring two very prominent actors.

The dialogue, of course, was in French and very badly synchronised and therefore difficult to follow, with the result that when I turned to ask what they thought of it, both Elsie and Doris were fast asleep. Not another fade-out this time, but sheer fatigue, as we had covered many miles in a very short time.

Whilst on this subject, another incident comes to my mind which has some connection with the girls' activities and my late profession. Elsie and Doris went down to do a Christmas Night show at Folkestone and through an oversight, they unfortunately left their suitcase containing their evening dresses at our home at Regent's Park.

I received a frantic call from them. It took



Jack went to France with Elsie and Doris about five years ago to help them get used to driving on the right-hand side of the road

me one minute to snatch the case and jump into the car and thanks to a certain amount of motor racing experience I covered the 75 miles in 90 minutes and delivered their dresses in the proverbial "nick of time."

I learnt afterwards that if all else failed they were going to wear their nightdresses with short velvet coats over the top.

(please turn to page 70)



Father Christmas Tommy Trinder climbed through the wrong window—with disastrous results!

WHEN THEY

Celebrated Radio Stars tell

Tommy protested that his thin face and large jaw were not a bit suitable for the role.

"You ought to get Will Fyffe!" said Tommy.

Still his host and hostess insisted and, at last, Tommy gave in. It was arranged that, at the critical moment, he should clamber through the library window, where all the kiddies and their mothers and fathers would be foregathered, in the dark.

So Tommy donned his gaily-coloured disguise, heaved a sack of presents over his shoulder and disappeared into the cold, dark night. A nearby clock chimed and Tommy realised that it was zero hour. Carefully he raised the window—without making a sound he edged his way into the room—and then, with a whoop, he yelled: "Hullo, children, I'm Father Christmas!"

To Tommy's horror a scream rent the air, and a bedside table-lamp was suddenly switched on. Tommy had chosen the wrong room! A charming girl in the party, having a headache, had decided to go to bed, and her room was on the ground floor next to the library.

"Well, I meanersay," said Tommy to me,

THEY'RE tough guys, these radio stars. Or so they'd have us believe! Hear them straining the B.B.C. and you'd think that they hadn't a half-pint of human kindness in their veins. . . .

But get them among children, and with the Christmas feeling percolating through their veins, and you soon see that they're not a bit tough. Nine times out of ten, if there's a children's party, one of them is lured into the famous role of Father Christmas—and then the fun begins.

I was talking recently to Tommy Handley, and that irrepressible wise-cracker told me of an occasion when he was "marooned" at Christmas in Coventry.

"I was staying in a little 'pro' hotel and my hostess mentioned that she was going to throw a party for some poor children. Would I act as Father Christmas?"

"Desperately I tried to think of an excuse. 'Well—er—' I said, 'well, I haven't got a costume, else I'd have loved to.'"

"'Oh, I've got a costume,' trilled the lady. And she had, too."

"'But what about make-up?' I countered quickly."

"'Oh, I've got some of that!' was her response. I groaned. In the end I agreed."

"The party was being held in the billiards-room, which was cleared of furniture. There was a Christmas-tree on a platform, and the idea was for me to knock on the door and for the children to say 'Who's there?' and for me to say 'Father Christmas' and prance in, and on to the platform. 'Then,' optimistically said my hostess, 'the children will file round in orderly fashion and you'll give them presents.'"

"So far, so good. I clambered into the Santa Claus outfit, 'made-up' with what turned out to be ordinary lady's lipstick, and got all set for the big act. I knocked on the door. Instead of 'Who's there?' there came a concerted shout of 'Come in!' Rather sheepishly I entered and immediately I was leapt upon by about a hundred energetic youngsters."

"Recovering from the impetus of this overpowering welcome I staggered to the platform. Immediately there was another wild surge. I



The Hulberts plan Christmas in the traditional way—here's Claude stripping the tree for the kiddies

firmly grasped one hapless infant, and to set the atmosphere, I kissed her firmly. Of course, she was immediately smothered with lipstick and looked a horrible sight. I remember her licking her chin and saying: 'Doesn't Father Christmas taste nice?' After that I know no more. The fates were malicious—and, as a result, I handed out the presents from the wrong piles. Little Effie found herself with a toy-train, while young Roger indignantly clutched a fairy doll!

"How I escaped with my life I shall never know. Not even a profuse letter of thanks from the innkeeper's wife, assuring me that I had been a tremendous success, can shake me from my determination. Never again!"

Tommy Trinder, the new, up-and-coming radio comic, had an equally unfortunate experience when he was lured into playing Santa. This was at a large house-party in the country. In vain



Alec McGill's Christmas adventure nearly brought him a new career!

PLAYED SANTA CLAUS

Barry Wells some Amusing Christmas Experiences . . .

"what could I do? I just said 'Beg your pardon, miss' and scampered out of the room as fast as I could go!"

Alec McGill's excursion into the realms of Father Christmasdom nearly brought him a new career.

"Gwen and I were visiting some friends and we were asked to stay to a children's party that my host was throwing at a nearby village hall. When we arrived we found that the 'professional' Santa Claus who had been hired by my friend had sent a wire to say that he was ill.

"Dilemma! His garb had been sent on in advance and as soon as I saw my friend looking at me critically I suspected the worst.

"No!" said I, firmly, 'I'm here to enjoy myself.'

"Come on,' he wheedled, 'you're just the right size.'

"Overlooking that personal crack I shrugged my shoulders and said those famous last words: 'All right, I'll take a chance!'"

Well, Alec was a howling success at the job. His joyful red face, stripped of its monocle and clad in dingy whiskers, was the beaming personification of Santa Claus.

"At the end I went to the buffet in search of a much overdue tankard of beer," Alec told me, "I was just drinking deeply when someone came and clapped me on the shoulder. 'The best Father Christmas I've ever seen,' said this hearty individual, 'I'd like you to come along next week to my store' (he mentioned a world-famous London store). *Do I have to apply for you through your firm?*"

"It took me and my friend quite a while to convince him that I was not one of those cheery blokes who emerge every Christmas to give the kids a treat at shop-bazaars!"

Leslie Sarony was also caught one Christmas to do his stuff at a Church Bazaar.

"I was getting along all right, except that the darned whiskers tickled so much that I wanted to sneeze," Les told me, "and then suddenly there emerged one of those awful little pests who are their mother's darlings but a pain in the neck

to everybody else. The little blighter stood and goggled at me until I gave him his present.

"He looked at it—it was a snappy line in jig-saw puzzles—and then suddenly he yelled: 'I want a rocking-horse.'

"There, there, little man,' I said, 'we haven't got any rocking-horses. Run along and work out your puzzle!'"

"But the little brute was inconsolable. He kept clutching at my leg and I was beginning to despair. In the end I looked round for help and a man came over to me and said: 'Now it's no use losing your temper. Children can only be won over by kindness and a knowledge of psychology.'

"He turned to the child and said: 'I want to talk to you, little man,' and he drew him aside.

"Three minutes later the kid had disappeared, and I didn't see him again. So I said to my benefactor: 'Gosh, that was psychology. What on earth did you say to him to get rid of him so quickly?' He looked at me and winked wisely: 'I just whispered in his ear that if he didn't go pretty darned quick I'd put him over my knee and tan his little behind!' Kindness! Psychology! Well, well. . . ."

The Hulberts plan the arrival of "Santa Claus" in a very methodical way at the annual Hulbert Christmas-party. The wireless is rigged up so that Claude can announce that Father Christmas is on his way and immediately Jack rushes up to his study and jingles sleigh-bells. Meanwhile Claude gets on to a neighbour's roof, through a skylight, and then Jack switches a spotlight on to him. Dressed in the traditional clothes (well padded!) Claude clammers down the roof on to the balcony and through the window into Jack's drawing-room.

"The children know it's me," says Claude, "but it doesn't seem to spoil the fun for them. I enjoy it, too, though it's often too perilous to be really funny! Once, I remember, I dislodged a
Please turn to page 69



George Elrick was found out!



Denis O'Neill arrived complete with soot!



Both Les Allen (centre) and Les Sarony (the one with the specs is Les Holmes) have given the kids a treat. Here they're treating themselves—or each other!

BIG "BILL" SOMERS

leader of the Horlicks All-Star Orchestra from the Continent and one of London's ace conductors, began baton-waving at the age of three!

NOW here is a real gent of the band business. His name is Bill Somers (Debroy to you) and he has a winning smile as broad as Clark Gable's.

But behind those smiling Irish eyes (yes, he hails from Dublin) is a serious brain—the brain of a man who feels that with his pioneer work in the old Savoy Orpheans, with his multitude of broadcasts and concerts and show appearances he has run the whole gamut of dance-music activity...

and now longs to conduct a Queen's Hall orchestra!

If you go back to old Dublin you will find many a man who remembers the leader of a certain famous Irish regiment, a soldier with a little kid of three who used to break loose on the parade ground, and come tumbling into line with the "big soldiers." This kid of three was Bill—the regiment's mascot.

When Somers Senr. conducted the band at rehearsals—sitting around in their shirtsleeves, army trousers and with their caps on the backs of their heads—little Bill clung to daddy's leg and conducted too—with a pencil!

That was all right indoors, but when little Bill tried to get an impromptu place as the Regiment's mascot, near the big drums (big drums always fascinated him!) it was too much for the colonel, who ordered the tiny mite off the parade ground!

Nevertheless, Somers Senr. was determined that Bill should take his place in due time as bandmaster, and, following a period of almost military training, Bill was sent to the Royal Irish Academy of Music, where, under Michael Esposito, he learned all about harmony, orchestration, and wrote several pieces, which are still treasured in the Academy's files. Since then he has written several serious pieces, in addition to dance numbers.

After working with Esposito he went back to the Irish regiment as bandmaster; but it was an industrial "war" and not a real war, which brought him out of Army service.

The gramophone was just becoming popular then. Not records, but the old Edison Bell cylinders. It was in 1910 that Bill's work with the regiment attracted attention of the Edison Bell people, and they offered him the job of making some of the early records; at first he thought of using a military band, but the wax wouldn't stand the blast of it! So Bill Somers formed a small classical orchestra for recording.

The gramophone business was booming. There was a "war" on between rival companies—and back in England there was a certain firm making quite good records, with the trademark of a little white dog listening to a gramophone!

Bill came to London—but not at first to make records for the great H.M.V. group as it now is.

More competition than he'd expected. English band-leaders had got the peach jobs; and this young, eager chap from Eire found himself looking for work. Makers of "Bulldog" records offered him a job. Would he like to start a small orchestra for dance records?

No, it wasn't a permanent job. They only wanted thirty-six records to be made. More after that if they sold well. And the pay? Well, this unknown Mr. Somers could have 7s. 6d. a record if he liked. Three dozen seven-and-sixpences. ... And the band? Oh, that had to be paid out of the 7s. 6d., too.

For experience Bill took the job. To economise, he had to keep the orchestra small. In fact, he played the piano, oboe, xylophone, and harp himself, and pooled all the money for the other boys in the band.

Since then he's conducted military bands, the Savoy Orpheans, and many theatre orchestras, as Ralph Graves reveals in this story of his career



He could have stayed in the orchestral business, playing Brahms, Liszt, Wagner, and the rest. He would now be earning £4 10s. a week, instead of making over £150 a week.

And the reason he changed was—dance music? No. The show business.

Bill had a spell in the theatre, living in "digs," and trying to convince people that he was a first-rate producer.

By sheer push, go, bluff, and strength of



Debonair

Section of the huge orchestra "Bill" Somers conducted in the film "Stars on Parade"



personality, he did convince a theatre manager!

He was living in digs, and wondering where the next week's rent was coming from, when he heard that a new show was being started at a theatre near by.

He didn't stop to ask any questions at the stage door, but pushed his way through as though he were already engaged! In the shadows of the almost deserted stage a handful of scantily-clad chorus girls were limbering up, while a shirt-sleeved chap thumped out a tinny tune on a derelict piano. Going up to the man who seemed to be the boss, Bill started a "spiel" about the way he could produce a show.

"There's no time to talk," roared the great man. "This show has to go on in three weeks' time, and look at the so-and-so's now! Why, they don't so-and-so know their so-and-so dance routines, and—"

"Take me on and I'll get the show ready in a fortnight," said Debroy.

"How much do you want?"

"I'll do it for £10 a week."

"You'll do it for thirty-five bob a week, and you can start right now!"

And he did!

His experience as a bandmaster proved invaluable. He drew up his own call sheets, schooled the whole cast and chorus in military style, roared at them (though, remember, he'd never produced a show before in his life) and to his own astonishment, as well as that of everyone else,

Pianists were two-a-penny, but Bill kept his job because it was good experience, and kept his fingers in order. The orchestrations were worth ten guineas a time because this was in the days when there was plenty of scope in dance music, and when the whole individuality of a band depended on its orchestrations.

Lew Stone, then only a pianist, was making over £80 a week by doing most of the orchestrations for Ambrose's band. And Bill Somers was doing most of the other arrangements for other bands, so you can tell he was making a packet of money by his genius for doing something that other musicians could not.

He has, you'll be interested to know, still retained this genius for rapid, novel orchestration, and often orchestrates his own numbers in the car while being driven to a broadcast. Just a quarter of an hour to rehearse the band, and then they're on the air with a brand new arrangement!

For months Bill went on working like this—a guinea a time at the piano, and ten guineas a time for an arrangement for Feldman's.

He began to get so well known that rival music publishers in "Tin Pan Alley" bid for his services, and Bill's fees went up and up.

And then one night he was at the Savoy Hotel, supping with the late Bert Ralton and Nat Eyre, and Bill Somers met M. de Mornys, the entertainment manager of the Savoy group.

The upshot of it was that Bill was offered £20 a week to work in an advisory capacity for two bands, the Havana band and a stage show.

Bert Ralton left, to go on a world tour, taking with him a score of the best British musicians in dance music, and Bill was offered £50 a week to carry on—but he didn't want to do it! Why?

Well, just put yourself in his place. He was turning out nearly a dozen good orchestrations a day—never less than three a day. He had to get up at seven in the morning to get the work done in time, for many of them were wanted urgently for afternoon rehearsals. It meant that he could always be sure of £20—£30 a day. Why then, should he jump at a job which only meant £50 a week.

Eventually he compromised by accepting £40 a week for leading each of two bands—and thus started the pioneer days of "The Savoy American Medley," the first B.B.C. broadcasts from the Savoy, the eager scratching of catswhiskers by thousands of pioneer radio fans up and down the country.

As leader of the Orpheans Bill became famous and the One Step medleys which he introduced are still played.

Long hours never seem to trouble Bill Somers. He was working up till the dawn for many years—and recently took a season at the famous London Casino (now an Outside broadcast spot), doing two sessions a night with long cabaret.

Most thrilling days of all, however, in spite of his more recent work in variety and musical shows *milieu*, were those early radio days at the Savoy.

Melba—the first broadcast artiste in Britain—came in often to talk with Bill about the future of radio—and one night a gaunt, tanned, upright man with keen blue eyes walked in. It was Marconi.

Debroy



found that the show was ready to go on in just over a week.

The only snag was that his thirty-five shillings a week stopped after a fortnight, instead of going on for three weeks or a month. He then, too late, began to see why some producers take months to bring out a show!

But there was still something else he could do better than most others—orchestrate. Knocking about with the men in the pit orchestras, not forgetting any of the training of way back in Dublin, playing the piano when he could. They say a rolling stone gathers no moss, but Bill gathered plenty of experience.

After the stage success which left him broke, he got a job at the Trocadero as a pianist!

Almost simultaneously he was engaged by Feldmans to do dance-music orchestrations. But there was a difference. He got one guinea as a pianist—but ten guineas a time for every orchestration he did!



Romance in the band—Tommy Nevison, Somers' saxophonist, married pretty Dorothy McLaren, chorus girl in the Gaiety Theatre show "Seeing Stars," where the band was playing. That's Leslie Henson on the right, of course



Two "handsome heroes"—Band Leader Somers and his friend, film actor Carl Brisson

The Marchese (then plain Senator Marconi) had just come back from a Mediterranean tour on his yacht *Elettra* and told Bill that both sides of the Riff war, then raging in Morocco, had called a truce to listen to Bill Somers and the Orpheans!

Highspots of Bill's career at the Savoy was when he chummed up with the world-famous Chaliapin.

"What we lack in dance music is melody," ventured Bill one night when he was talking to the great singer. "We spend all our time developing rhythmic expression, but often the vital melody is lacking."

"Zo!" explained the big Russian with a warlike look in his eye. "Zen I will give you zee melody."

And grabbing a menu card out of the hand of a passing waiter, Chaliapin dashed off the first few bars of a lilting melody, based, as he explained later, on an old Russian folk tune.

That menu card with the music scrawled on it is one of Bill's most cherished possessions.

PAUL HOBSON humorously imagines the difficulties poor Father Xmas would have to encounter if he tried to "chimney-crash" Broadcasting House

Only two stacks sprouted up from the top of the B.B.C.'s home. One he knew was the little stack that led down to what used to be Sir John Reith's office; and Sir John, he remembered, didn't believe in fairies, so the chimney had never been made wide enough for Santa to get down.

And the other was the boiler chimney.

One glance at it was enough to make Santa shudder. He vividly recalled one tragic Christmas Eve visit two years ago when he had to get down this chimney, and became so jammed in the heating plant that Mr. Tudsbery got rude letters from all the announcers for weeks afterwards about the cold radiators—until they cleared out the soot.

One more baleful glare at the tinier chimney, out of which smoke was curling—reminding him that even if he ventured to climb down to Professor Ogilvie's office he would risk being smoked out like a kiltie haddock—and his mind was made up.

"I'll have to be the front door," he said. So, bringing his sleigh down to earth in front of the cab-rank, he marched in through the B.B.C.'s bronze doors.

"Arteestes the aither side," murmured a very Civil Service receptionist, as he looked up in surprise on catching a first glimpse of Santa's red outfit, and waving a deprecating hand towards another counter.

"B—but I'm not an artiste," hesitated Santa.

"Haive you an appointment?"

"Why, of course, to be sure I have," exclaimed the old man, with a genial grin.

"And whom do you wish to see?" asked the man behind the desk, with a nice regard for Correct English.

"Why, everybody, of course!"

As you can see, the B.B.C. has no chimney large enough to accommodate the old gentleman

ARTIC ice still crisp and shining on the antlers of his reindeers, Father Christmas drew up outside the B.B.C. with a clanging of sleigh bells.

"Blimey, gonged again," groaned a cabby who thought Santa's bells were the tocsin of a Courtesy Cop.

But the grand old chap in the red coat and frosted white beard wasn't in any mood for wisecracks; he had enough of his own troubles, and stamped up and down outside Broadcasting House in a frenzy.

"Bless my soul," he stormed, "here it is three o'clock of an afternoon, and I ought to be doing this job at midnight. I vowed I'd be early this year after the trouble I had last Christmas Eve getting my stuff through the Customs, and now here's this confounded muddle!"

Well, the old chap's journey had been nothing but one trouble after another.

There was that Russian stratosphere plane which had so nearly got entangled up with the reindeers. Why couldn't the idiots keep out of the sky on Christmas Eve?

There'd been that fussy Board of Trade official, who'd stopped Santa at the Customs and insisted on the whole sackful of toys being stamped: *Made in Fairyland—Foreign*.

There'd been such a draught down the Polish Corridor, such a trouble explaining to that absurd French Customs officer that, although "Santa Claus" is a German name, his passport and visas were, nevertheless, in order.

And now the B.B.C. had let him down.

Tired-out, late, anxious, he'd circled in his sleigh twice above Broadcasting House to make quite sure. But it was true. They hadn't left him a chimney to come down!

FATHER XMAS COMES TO THE B.B.C.

"Dear, dear, this is all most irregular. Do you mean that this has something to do with Public Relations?"

"Well, you might put it like that," hesitated Santa, stroking his beard. "I've had pretty good relations with the public for a fair time, you know—"

"Yes, yes, of course, my dear sir. But I suggest you see Sir Stephen Tallents if it is a matter affecting the public."

"Sir Stephen? The man who knows how to write fairy stories? Ah, now there's someone after my own heart. Show me the way up."

At that moment there was a bustle in the vestibule, and glamorous Mrs. Towler, the B.B.C. hostess, came on the scene.

"Why dear, dear, if it isn't Mr. Claus. We've been expecting you. You simply *must* come along to the variety section: They want to put you in Music Hall. And then there's the Alexandra Palace bus waiting outside. Mr. Cock is simply dying to get you to televise. Only twenty minutes in the bus, Mr. Claus—"

"B-but madam, I'm sorry. I simply can't. I can't go rushing about London being seen by everyone, you know. I'm not supposed to exist! Why, if all these children really saw me, and knew that I wasn't just their daddy with a false beard it—it—well, it would strike a terrible blow at British democracy."

"Ordah, ordah, please!" broke in a new voice. "Political discussions must be avoided in public, if you please."

Santa looked round in surprise to find it was Lea Chilman.

"Good gracious, it's Mr. Claus," burst out Chilman. "Why, I've been wanting to see you ever since last Christmas when you made such a mess of the frescoes outside, climbing down the building with those reindeers of yours."

"I'm very sorry, very sorry indeed, Mr. Chilman," said Santa, sorrowfully. "If there is anything I can do, such as putting an Auto Union or a V-12 Alfa in your stocking—"

"Why, hullo, look who's here!" burst out an excited voice as John Watt rushed arm-in-arm with John Sharman into the vestibule. "Is it Collie Knox in a new disguise, or has Garry Allighan bought himself a red overcoat at last? Why, no! It really is Santa himself. What a scoop! What a broadcast!"

"Better have a word with Arthur Brown first," whispered Sharman. "The old man might want a couple of hundred guineas for a National, and what with Clapham and Dwyer wanting their beer-money on top of their seven-and-six I've

as much as the bill will carry for this Saturday—"

"Why, if it isn't Mr. Watt!" said Santa, trying to collect his wits in this maelstrom. "The last time I saw you was when you were mucking about with those fish frescoes—at Wembley wasn't it? But I won't be forgetting the family this year, John. I've got just what Christopher wants—"

There was a sudden hush as a Very High Official broke into the group.

"This is all most irregular. I will see that it is duly reported to the Controller of Staff Administration as a subject for a Whitley Council. But meanwhile the Board of Governors is waiting. Will Mr. Claus please come up to the Council Chamber?"

In the lofty, panelled room, so unlike his Arctic log cabin, Father Christmas dumped his sack of toys on one of the grey walnut tables—and then looked up with horror to see that Lady Bridgeman was peeking at him most severely over her glasses, while Miss Fry, Sir Ian Fraser, and the rest of the governors were sitting bolt upright.

The whole bevy of the B.B.C. bosses in conclave! Really this was too much. By the time this was over Christmas would be gone, and Santa wouldn't have delivered any toys, and millions of kiddies would be heart-broken.

But the cold voice of a Very Important Governor broke into his reverie.

"... and as this is such a momentous occasion," he heard the toneless bleat go on, "we feel that it must be commemorated by a special broadcast, on lines for which a tentative suggestion for a memorandum for possible action that may be taken—"

"But excuse me, sir," broke in Father Christmas, "I do appreciate it all very much; but you see I've got to go off and deliver my presents."

"We'll give you every facility," urged Mr. Nicolls, the Programme Controller.

"You can't disappoint the kiddies, you know," broke in Derek McCulloch.

like Claus's?" suggested a junior member of the Variety section, who was promptly sat on by Davy Burnaby.

"And is he a professional?" ventured another of the Happy Band of St. George's Hall. "We don't want any trouble with Equity, or anything like that."

"And would the Home Office like it?" queried a deeper voice.

Val Goldsmith broke in:

"Well, maybe I've got funny ideas about Christmas, but in view of the Christmas advertising revenue do you think it's wise to let the public know that there is such a man as Father Christmas? Won't it stop their buying power, and harm trade?"

"My idea exactly," broke in Father Christmas, glad to get a word in at last. "I'm not supposed to exist, you know. Won't it be rather revolutionary if millions of people can actually hear my voice?"

"And what ever should we do with the fan-mail?" broke in the O.C. Correspondence Section. "The place has never been the same since Mr. Middleton started."

"But it would make a very decorative feature," hopefully suggested Maurice Gorham, "if only Mrs. Lines can get the pictures taken in time—"

"Gentlemen, gentlemen, please!" said the soothing voice of Mr. Ogilvie, continuing with professorial logic: "The really important thing is: has Mr. Claus anything worth broadcasting?"

"I could sing an Arctic folk song!" suggested Father Christmas, hopefully.

"Might be copyright," said Mr. Brown flatly, "and anyway we should not know what we're plugging."

"Of course, if Mr. Claus knows anything about



Oxfordshire, or natural fertiliser or begonias we could have a sort of friendly chat at the mike," suggested Mr. Grisewood.

"I know a doggerel rhyme," suggested Claus again. "It's called the Ram of Darbeysheire, or Mr. Pym Passes By."

"No, definitely no," said Sir Stephen Tallents. "That reminds me too much of a Whitley Council."

"Or I can play the sleigh bells?"

"No, I'm afraid not," explained another official. "The Musicians Union wouldn't like it."

"The very idea of a sleigh makes me think of a stag," said John Watt, sorrowfully. "And we can't use that word on the air."

"Personally I'm all in favour of something seasonal but informative," broke in Sir Noel Ashbridge quietly. "You know, something like 'The snow was falling softly at Yuletide, forming the customary crystals of extreme complexity, presenting facets at angles of 60 degrees.'"

It was at this point that Santa heard a furious tootling of Courtesy Coppery whistles in the street below, and an angry Trenchard College officer was booming: "Now who parked this sleigh right on a Belisha beacon?"

Santa gathered up his sack, tucked his beard in his whiskers like Bernard Shaw, and bolted for it.

"I don't believe a word of it," ridiculed Mrs. Christmas when he got back to Fairyland. "That there Mr. Grisewood and Mr. Middleton are such nice gentlemen. You've been on the spree again, that's what you've

And not another word about the B.B.C., or what that Mr. Watt told you to do with your sleigh bells."

"Arteestates the aither side," murmurs the B.B.C. receptionist



Poor old Santa sets entangled with a plane



"Perhaps just a short relay like 'In Town To-night,'" suggested Mr. Meehan.

"And if you haven't much time," suggested John Snagge, "we'll fix up a mike and a radio-link, and follow you around as we do at the Boat Race."

There was a refined military bark as Col. Stafford broke in:

"I hate to strike a discordant note, but I feel bound to point out that this Mr. Santa Claus has a certain—er—Teutonic association. Is there, perhaps, a possibility that such a broadcast might be considered political propaganda?"

"And just when we're trying to give employment to British acts is it wise to star a foreign act



WHAT is the very nicest Christmas present you've ever had? Verity Claire asks twelve famous radio stars to tell you about their "best ever"



I'VE been asking some of our radio stars what their experience of Christmas presents had been, and what was the nicest present they'd ever had.

I think you'll agree that they've all done pretty well in the present line.

I began with Eve Becke.

"Nicest present?" she said. "That's easy. I had it last Christmas. My husband gave me a mink coat!"

I gasped with envy. No woman could want a better present than a mink coat, though it's a dizzy height to which few of us attain.

Eve had been away and her husband said to her carelessly, when she returned. "What do you think I've got for you for Christmas?"

Eve had no idea and gave one or two guesses, even suggesting a diamond wrist watch. At last the Count di Rivarolo told her she was to have a mink coat.

You can imagine the response he got when he made such a statement, for Eve had been secretly longing—and sometimes not so secretly—for a mink coat for years. The Count, wise man, hadn't chosen a coat which Eve might not have liked, but had only selected the skins. Off they went together to the furriers and chose a style, which was made up to Eve's liking, and now she impresses all her friends with the beauty of her coat.

REGINALD FOORT says that one of the nicest presents he ever had was two years ago, just after he joined the B.B.C. It was at the broadcast Christmas Party, and Reggie was duly called on to receive his present from the Christmas Tree, which was—a pack of patience cards. The donor didn't know that Reggie has a weakness, one might almost call it a passion, for playing patience, and that he used those cards till they were absolutely worn out.

"She can have had no idea," said Reg, "of the incredible amount of pleasure she gave with her little present."

Because of this you won't all send Reggie packs of cards, will you? It was once mentioned in a magazine article that he liked playing patience and during that next week he received nine packs of cards from kind-hearted listeners! In the same way he once mentioned in a broadcast that he was fond of apples, and seven large parcels arrived at St. George's Hall. What a thing it is to be so popular!

Another present which pleased him a lot in the past, and that goes on pleasing him, is the beautiful box of fresh flowers that comes every week from one of his fans. No matter what the season of the year may be Reggie receives this weekly box, and now he has left the B.B.C. the flowers still arrive every week at whichever theatre he happens to be playing at. That's what I call a really faithful fan, don't you?

WHEN Gabrielle Casartelli—the girl of the latest "Table Under the Tree" programmes—was very tiny she was simply crazy about horses. She used to spend holidays with cousins in Ireland and when they went for walks in the fields tugged at her mother's hand and dragged behind for a last look at any horses that were in sight.

She maintains that no present she has had since then has equalled the one she had at the age of four—a huge horse for her nursery, covered with real skin!

"I was so thrilled," said Gabrielle, "that I could hardly speak. I kept that old horse for years and didn't part with it until I was forced to by the fact that there simply wasn't room for it in a small London flat."

Ronald Hill was quite sure about his nicest present.

"It was when I was seventeen," he said, "and my father told me at Christmas that he had decided to take me away from school early and send me on a 'schoolboys' trip round the world. I had the most marvellous time. It took three months, six weeks of which were spent in New Zealand. We visited Australia, too, and Ceylon, and Malta. It was grand. I've never had such a trip before or since, and you can imagine how thrilled I was to go all that way when I was only seventeen, quite unexpectedly, too. I nearly

died of surprise when my father told me—and was I grateful?"

WHEN I asked Suzette Tarri what was the nicest present she'd ever had, she said she's had many good ones in her time, among the best being:

"A kitchen range and space for garage, given me by a house agent's clerk. Then my friend Mrs. Hogg gave me a beautiful almanac that I gave her the year before. But the thing that pleased me most came from some of my fans, who sent a doormat with my portrait crocheted in the middle. Oh, and the milkman once gave me a pint extra that set the neighbours talking for months!"

A good list of presents!

C. H. Middleton's best Christmas gift was a television set. Few people would argue about that—provided they lived within the television radius. I wish someone would give me a television set!

"That was perhaps my *nicest* present," said Mr. Middleton, "but I think one of the most interesting was a bag of poultry manure that a lady insisted on sending me. She kept begging me to accept it, till at last I had to."

"But presents, you know, I get dozens of them. Odd kinds of presents, some of them not at all nice. I wish, for instance, people would stop sending me their rotten tomatoes, and apples with grubs in, asking me what I think about them. I'd hate to tell them! I'm very sorry they have all those misfortunes, but I don't want to see their failures myself. I believe what they tell me when they write. Do you know, I've got my shed so full of various plants, and gadgets and preparations sent me to try out that there's hardly room to put my garden tools in it. And how am I to keep down the weeds if my tools get messed up with being left out of doors?"

"Talking of weeds, there's one kind I do like, and that's a good cigar. They always make a nice present. But I still think my television set was the nicest gift I ever had."

BETTIE BUCKNELLE, of Band Waggon fame, says her best present was Spice. I thought it sounded rather odd, but it turned out to be her dog, a darling wire-haired fox terrier. He was ten months old when she received him, ready trained and over the awkward age of distemper.

"He's such a darling," said Bettie, "I can't think what life was like without him. He's



Eve Becke longed for a mink coat for years—and here she is, wearing her husband's "surprise"



Alfredo Campoli's best present was the fiddle he plays on now



"Spice" came to Bettie Bucknelle when he was ten months old

THE NICEST PRESENT I EVER HAD

almost human and understands every single thing I say to him. Really he does! I whistle when I'm just outside the house and he hears me and is already waiting for me at the door."

Big-hearted Arthur's nicest present so far—though he hopes for great things from his fans this Christmas, as the flat needs some new furnishings!—is a typewriter, a noiseless portable typewriter. Arthur is an expert typist, though he only uses two fingers, and gets along at lightning speed. He was in an office for some time when he was a boy, so it proves that he did do a little work there before he took to the ups and downs of stage life.

He agrees that noiseless typewriters are never completely noiseless, but says they're less noisy than noisy ones, if you get his meaning, and when he comes rolling home at dead of night—about one o'clock, after his last show at the theatre—if he's thought of a few nice new gags that you'd like to hear in Band Waggon he sits down and types them out neatly without disturbing the whole house. You probably thought a comedian's life was easy. Well, take it from Arthur, it's not!

TESSA DEANE says she's had many lovely presents but perhaps the one she appreciated most was a huge case of expensive beauty preparations for every possible purpose. It arrived at a period when she was experimenting with every kind of preparation on the market, and she recalls a blissful time of dabbing on this and massaging in that and applying the other with a pad of cottonwool to get the required effect.

"Not that it did much good, perhaps," laughed Tessa, "but it was fun."

Alfredo Campoli's best present by far was a fiddle, the one he plays on now. It came to him for Christmas seven years ago, the most exquisite Gagliano fiddle with a lovely tone. You can

Please turn to page 42

Suzette Tarri—the lady who Cleans Up Variety—appropriately received a kitchen range



Esther Coleman found a mysterious parcel among her presents last year

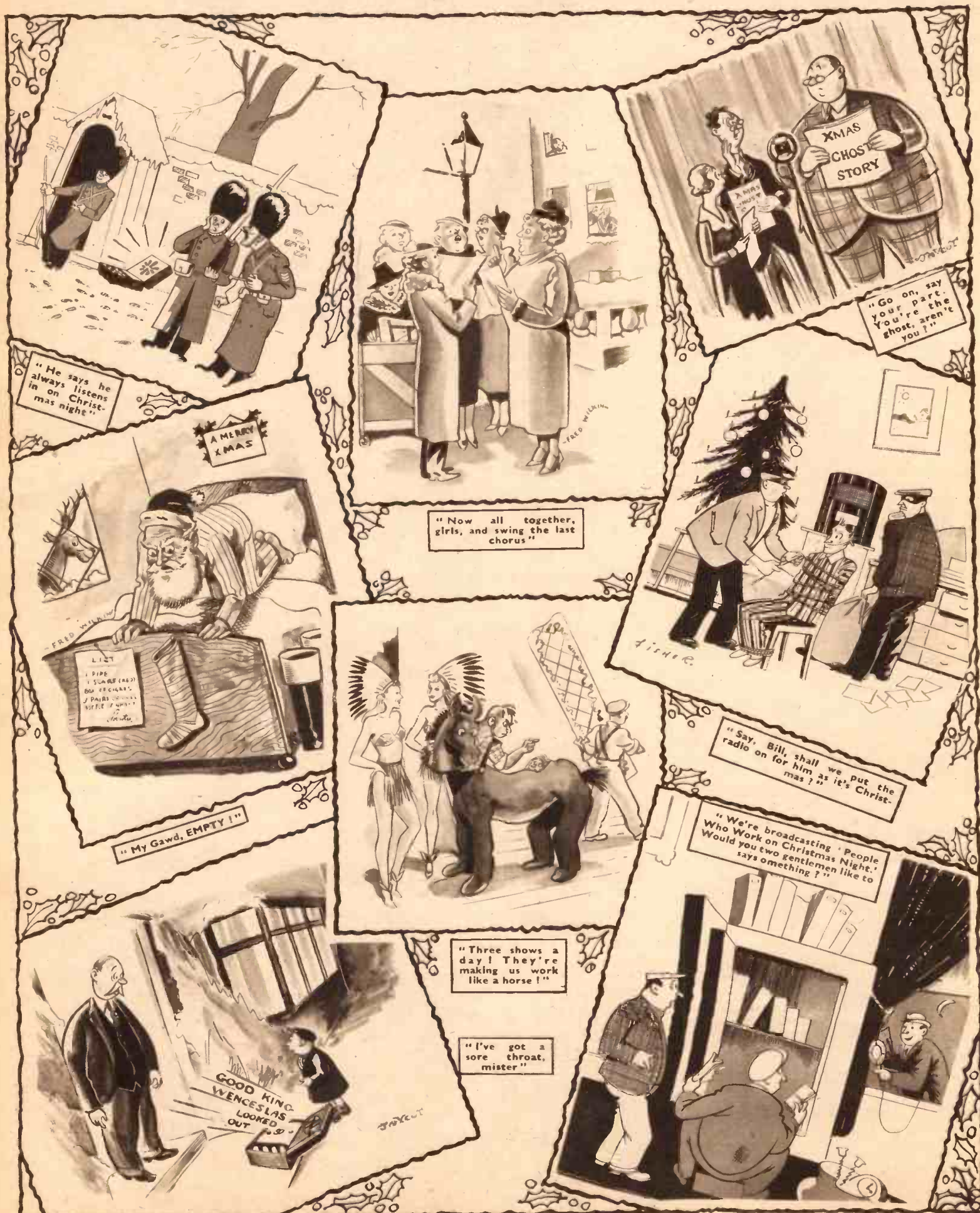


Tessa Deane had a huge case of beauty preparations



No, Mr. Middleton's favourite wasn't a plant—it was a television set!

The funny side of RADIO





Victor Silvester's fingers are as nimble as his feet, and this Prince of Dancers has rhythm in his soul

ROLL BACK THE CARPET

BY VICTOR SILVESTER

The Winner of the World's Ballroom Championship, and famous orchestra leader, discusses the "danceability" of broadcasting bands

HOW do you judge dance bands? If you're a typical radio fan, then you consider first and foremost the entertainment value of a combination. If you're primarily a keen dancer, then you judge a band purely according to its ability to provide music which is good to dance to—its "danceability."

And if you're not exactly a keen fan, with the strong likes and dislikes which all keen fans possess, you probably ask no more than pleasing melody plus a nice rhythmic "pom, pom, pom,"—the sort of thing which you don't need to listen to very closely, but which certainly does provide a pleasant musical background for whatever you're doing at the moment.

Think it over, and you're almost certain to find that you're included in one of these three groups—that is, if you find any enjoyment in listening to dance bands at all!

There are these strongly marked groups of listeners to dance bands, and it seems to me that this has got to be borne in mind by those of us who conduct bands.

"What," we've got to ask ourselves, "are we playing for?" Only by doing so can we keep in line with the requirements of the listeners.

Compare the difference between the dance music which appeals to the really keen dancer and that which pleases the hot rhythm enthusiast, and you'll soon begin to recognise that the old saying about it taking all sorts of people to make a world applies also to dance-band listeners!

Various kinds of bands, different styles of playing, are needed in order to meet the varying requirements of large groups of keen listeners.

Do bands—and particularly their leaders—always realise this? I wonder!

To tell the truth, it's about the easiest thing in the world for those of us who conduct bands to deceive ourselves. Whatever we do, somebody will be pleased, and our kind-hearted British public is much more apt to send in letters of praise than to condemn.

I expect a good many readers will agree with me when I say that there's a tendency for bands to play far too much for other musicians than for the listening public. Really, this is not at all surprising, for a musician likes to make others in his profession look up to him. It's only natural.

When I give a dancing demonstration, naturally I'm keen enough to impress the professional dancers present; they know enough of the finer points of the art, and, therefore, I know that if I please them, my "show" will be graceful and smooth, which means just the sort of attractive spectacle the public likes.

But with dance music it's not quite the same.

What appeals to the keen musicians, who, when after all is said and done, are only a small minority of the listening public, is by no means that which pleases the wider public. That's why I feel that the bands ought primarily to play for the public, or section of the public, which they have selected to appeal to. The public pays, and the public should be served.

Now where dance music intended purely for the serious dancer is concerned, strict tempo and unfaltering rhythm are absolutely essential. Vocals often vary the tempo, and tend to hide the rhythm; that's how it is that dancers so often are among those who dislike vocals. For my part I rather like them, but as my band exists primarily to provide music which is ideal for actual dancing, I don't have them. They tend to confuse many dancers, especially those who have not had a

good deal of experience. A teacher of dancing, if he uses a record in which a vocal occurs, will often find that his pupil "goes to pieces" as soon as the singing starts!

Of course, this should not be so, where the singing is in perfect time and tempo. But a dreadful number of vocals sin terribly in these respects, believe me. The singer is trying to get the maximum of entertainment appeal into it—and rightly so if his is a band playing mainly for a listening-only public, but very wrongly so if people are trying to dance to it.

Mark you, some of the bands which play in the large dance halls, and are always playing for dancers in places where there's ample room for good dancing, acquire the ability to put over vocals remarkably well from a dancing point of view.

I've given dancing demonstrations at some of the *palais* to music which has included vocals, and there's been nothing to hinder the dancer at all. That, however, is a degree of perfection which few vocalists attain. I think that they rightly set out to get entertainment appeal above all else. In the same way, music intended purely for the keen dancer is best without vocals.

Naturally, the groups which I've briefly outlined are not isolated from each other. Often a listener will belong to more than one of them, though perhaps his interest will not be the same in each group. The proof of the pudding is in the eating, and many people find it a little hard to say exactly where they do stand in regard to some of the things I've dealt with.

Dancing the "Samba".—latest hip-swaying, head-tossing, jitterbug dance, which has taken New York by storm



NUDE DEAL

HE: Was it you who sent me fifty cigarettes for Christmas?

SHE: Yes.

HE: Why didn't you send a covering letter?

SHE: I'm a strip-tease dancer.

By Eric Christmas (*Lifebuoy's Radio Gang Show, Luxembourg, December 4*).



Getting Their Autographs

I FIRST became infected with the autograph hunting craze while still at school. As this was right away in the country, I had to satisfy my lust by writing to the stars for signed photographs. Some replied, and some didn't, and on the excellence of the photograph, and the speed in replying to the request, I based my future affections.

Such is the cynical discernment of the schoolgirl!

Later, when I was older, but not much wiser, I turned to visiting theatres.

One day I had a brilliant idea. What a marvellous opportunity it would be to stand outside Broadcasting House or St. George's Hall, and catch all the radio stars as they came out!

Of course, hundreds of other people have had this brilliant idea, so it wasn't quite as easy as I had expected—and of all things, I chose a "Star Gazing" programme for my first.

It was almost impossible to get near St. George's Hall when I arrived—Anna Neagle, Anton Walbrook, Herbert Wilcox, Kay Stammers, and Stuart Robertson were inside, and how they were going to get out was a matter for much consideration. However, my chief worry was to get near enough to the door to be one of the first. Sometimes those who are at the back get left out when the star gets writer's cramp.

The iron gates were closed to keep us from the door, and when they were first opened everyone made a dash—but it was only a small studio audience.

One very young boy by me was not going to be outdone. He stopped nearly every person that came out of the hall. I've never seen such alacrity. But in the pause between the "unimportant" and the "important" coming out, I saw him unobtrusively tear several pages out of his book—bit expensive on the books—but what a bag he looks like collecting! I had half a mind to copy him myself, then realised I was far too superior to ask unimportant people, and anyway, I knew all the people I wanted by sight.

At least, I thought I did! I counted without the inaccuracy of published photographs. It isn't difficult to recognise a person off stage when you've been watching them for a solid three hours on stage, but when you're going solely on photographs, it gets rather complicated.

I got my Star Gazing autographs all right, but

DO you collect signatures of your favourite radio stars? Here are the adventures of Marta Kennedy who is an ardent "autograph fan"

not long after that I was waiting for a very favourite actor of mine to come out. I was alone outside Broadcasting House when he came.

"Please may I have your autograph?" I asked.

He looked rather surprised, but gave it, shut the book before returning it, and hurried off. When at last I found what he had written, it was "Mickey Mouse." Snubbed, but undaunted, I asked the commissionaire standing outside if the particular gentleman I was after had left. He pointed to an oldish man crossing the road.

"There he goes," he said, and chuckled.

I had "run after" a junior member of the staff. My hero looked old enough to be his father!

Of course, I've let many really good catches go by. "In Town To-night" is always a good pro-

gramme to watch—you never quite know who is coming out, and it is best to be on the alert. But on one memorable occasion I missed Val Gielgud, Eric Maschwitz, and John Watt all at once. I saw these three people coming out of the doors, one carrying a bunch of carrots and cabbages—it was just after Eric Maschwitz returned from Hollywood—and I didn't realise who they were. My brain was working slowly that evening. Just as they drove off in their car, another girl banged on the car window, but there was nothing doing.

The best bit of sleuthing I ever did was to recognise Wynne Ajello (radio's Snow White) from a dress patterned with Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs. I still boast of that.

Sometimes I miss several very good "catches" by watching for one particular person.

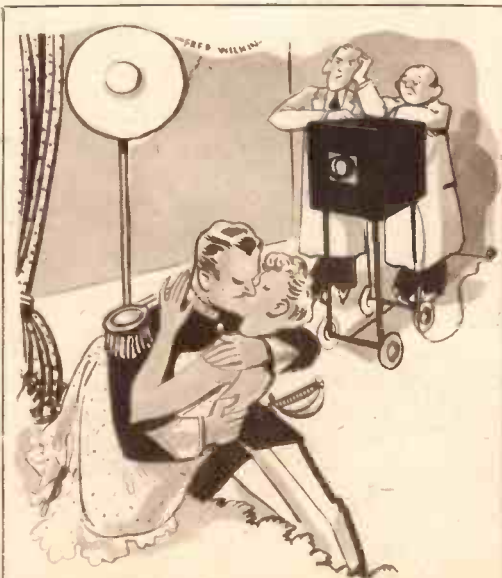
It took me weeks to get a collection of "Band Waggon" signatures, because I was so intent on getting Arthur Askey. Arthur's marvellous. He's the only man I've ever admired after he's refused to give me his signature! I know it's a "sour grapes" way of bestowing affection—but after all, sometimes I wait for hours in the rain, and it's chiefly the way they refuse. If they're honestly in a hurry—like Arthur—that's all right. But if it's just a case of "can't be bothered"—well...! Believe me, the autograph hunter gets a good line on the character of his stars!

Arthur always attracts a tremendous crowd, and I've missed lots of other Band-Waggonites trying to get him. But he's a busy man, and if George Allison saw him get from the steps of St. George's Hall to his waiting car, he'd sign him up as centre forward for Arsenal!

I've got his signature now—and it's my most treasured amongst an odd hundred or so.

I've also got all the other Band Waggonites now—they're "All Aboard"—Dickie Murdoch, Phil Cardew, the Jackdauz, Harry S. Pepper, and last week, I completed the lot by getting his co-producer Gordon Crier. He came out much later than the rest, but there were still quite a number of people waiting. He signed willingly, but when the people with books were finished, a shy girl went up to him. Apparently she had not an autograph book, for she handed him the fly leaf of a book.

To people who dislike variety, this would be most appropriate—but I don't know what the author would have to say, for the work was Sir Philip Gibbs' "Ordeal in England"!



"I say, Bill, isn't it about time to tell them the Television broadcast finished ten minutes ago?"

Win a Cash Prize in time for Christmas!

OUR GREAT WEEKLY LISTENING COMPETITION

MAKE up your mind to begin entering RADIO PICTORIAL'S listening competitions this week. They will not only test your knowledge and skill as a listener, but offer you a real opportunity of winning a substantial cash prize.

Each week's competition is quite separate. Each week a first prize of £10 is awarded, a second prize of £5, and ten other prizes of 10s.

Here is an opportunity which all listeners, whatever their ages, should not miss. Every competitor has an equal chance. There are no hidden snags, no irksome restrictions, and no entrance fees.

All you have to do is to listen-in to one sponsored programme (broadcast from Radio Luxembourg, Normandy, Lyons or Paris), which we select as the subject for the current week's competition. Then you tell us the number of marks out of 10 which you, as a critic, award the programme.

In addition, you are asked to send in with your entry on a separate sheet of paper your criticism of the programme. This must not exceed 400 words in length.

The prizes each week are awarded to the competitors who, in the Editor's opinion, submit the best criticisms.

Better Programmes

THE idea behind RADIO PICTORIAL'S weekly listening competitions is first and foremost to provide an interesting and profitable pastime for readers. But we have another purpose in mind, and that is to help the producers of sponsored radio programmes to make their offerings more attractive to listeners.

There are many excellent programmes broadcast every week from Radio Luxembourg, Normandy, Lyons and Paris, but every regular listener will agree that there are some programmes which could be vastly improved.

Ever-growing success and progress of sponsored radio depends in the long run upon continual improvement and greater entertainment value in the programmes.

The producers of these programmes, however, although making every effort to keep in touch with and contact the views of listeners, are at a disadvantage compared with the producers of

B.B.C. programmes. B.B.C. productions are freely criticised in the daily and weekly Press: sponsored programmes are not.

We believe that sponsored radio programmes need the benefit of constructive criticism. We believe that their producers will welcome the service which will now be provided by RADIO

PICTORIAL, whereby they can get to know the immediate reaction to their productions of a representative and widely spread circle of listeners.

By entering these weekly listening competitions you will help to improve sponsored programmes. You will assist in this great effort to make your sponsored radio entertainment better and better.

How to Enter

CUT out the entry form at the bottom of this page. On this form you will see a dotted square. This space is left for you to write in the number of marks out of 10 which you award to the programme selected this week for the competition.

The programme which you are to judge this week and which is the subject of Listening Competition No. 4 is—

RINSO RADIO REVUE

This programme will be broadcast on Sunday, December 4, 1938, from Radio Luxembourg, Radio Normandy and Paris at 6.30 p.m.

After listening to the programme, make up your mind what number of marks out of 10—any number from 0 to 10—which you award, thereby showing your verdict as to its general entertainment value.

If you think that Rinso Radio Revue is the finest programme ever—one which makes you register a resolution to listen to it every Sunday—naturally you will give it 10 marks out of 10.

If you think the programme is very good, but there are one or two small things you don't like, then you may only give it 8 or 9 marks.

If there are many features which do not appeal to you, naturally you will award the programme only 3 or 4 marks.

Whatever figure you decide upon, write it in the dotted square on the form.

Then, on a separate piece of paper, write your general criticism of Rinso Radio Revue. The length must not exceed 400 words. Don't forget to write your name and address on the piece of paper bearing your criticism, and head it "Listening Competition No. 4."

Remember, we want a truthful and unbiased criticism, giving praise or blame where it is due.

Post your criticism and the form below to the Competition Editor, "Radio Pictorial," 37-38, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2. Entries must be received not later than first post on December 8, 1938.

The result of Listening Competition No. 4, with names and addresses of the winners, will be published in "Radio Pictorial" dated December 23, 1938.

RULES OF THE COMPETITION

ENTRIES must be submitted on the entry form provided in RADIO PICTORIAL. The competitor's name and address must be written in ink in block letters, or typed.

The written criticism must be submitted on a separate piece of paper headed "Listening Competition No. 4" and must bear the name and address of the competitor. The criticism must not exceed 400 words in length.

The programme which is the subject of Listening Competition No. 4 is Rinso Radio Revue, broadcast on Sunday, December 4, 1938, from Radio Luxembourg, Normandy and Paris at 6.30 p.m.

Criticisms of any other programmes are not admissible in Listening Competition No. 4.

Entries must be posted in an envelope bearing a 1½d. stamp. No entrance fee is required.

Each competitor may submit one entry only. If several members of a family enter the competition, each entry must be made on a separate entry form taken from RADIO PICTORIAL.

The Editor does not hold himself responsible for any entry form or criticism lost, mislaid, or delayed.

No correspondence can be entered into regarding the competitions, and the Editor's decision is final and legally binding in all matters relating to the contest.

Employees of Bernard Jones Publications, Ltd., are not allowed to compete.

CUT OUT AND POST THIS COUPON

LISTENING COMPETITION No. 4.

To the Competition Editor,

"Radio Pictorial,"

37-38 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

I award the Rinso Radio Revue programme (maximum 10 marks)

marks.

Attached hereto is my criticism of the programme. I agree to observe the rules of the competition.

Please write in block letters. Name

Address

Enter Today and Make Listening Pay!

BEAUTY SECRETS

Joan Suter interviews your favourite stars and gives you their beauty secrets. If you want to shine at that particular Christmas Party you have been looking forward to—take these hints and make use of them!



Linda Gray takes a morning look in her mirror. O.K. we think, Linda!



AT Christmas time it seems even more important than usual to look sleek and well groomed, sophisticated and dashing. With so many parties, and so many exciting new people to be introduced it is essential to look one's very best.

Your favourite radio stars always look simply marvellous, so I thought I'd ask them all their pet secrets and let the beauty cat out of the bag for you.

Here goes!

Eve Becke was first on the list, and her beauty secret is a definite winner. It's unusual. It's new. And it makes your face look marvellous after quite a short time.

After Eve has removed her make-up and washed and dried her face, she pours a little fresh salt into her hands and rubs it on her face with an upward, circular movement. Not too hard, of course, and the circular movement should be steady and firm. Then she dusts the salt off lightly and goes to bed.

"Don't use the salt treatment more than once a fortnight," said Eve, "as it's very invigorating. But done that often it will keep your skin in really beautiful condition."

Well, you've just time to do it twice before Christmas Day!

Hands were the subject of Anne Lenner's pet tip. She has discovered that the cream off the top of milk is incredibly good for your hands.

"Every morning," said Anne, "I skim the cream off the top of the milk and massage it into my hands, and it makes them soft and white as nothing else does!"

"How do you do the massage?" I asked.

"Starting from the finger tips, once I've smeared the cream all over my hands," Ann said, "and following the movements of putting on a pair of tight gloves. Pinching and squeezing every finger from top to bottom and then easing the imaginary gloves down over my hands to the wrist. The hands should be held with the fingers pointing in the air as you do it."

Lovely, red-headed Helen McKay has some make-up tips for you.

"My really pet beauty tip," Helen said, "is to use pore cream every night of my life. I have it specially made up for me, as a matter of fact. By doing this I stand no danger from open pores."

"Another favourite tip of mine," she went on, "is to use foundation lotion instead of foundation cream. I find it keeps your make-up intact far longer and forms a film over your skin that prevents dirt and dust from entering the pores."

"And my third tip is never to use powder straight from the box, so to speak. However clever manufacturers are about colouring, your individual skin shade needs individual blending. I always buy two or three boxes of powder in different shades and blend them together until the result exactly matches my skin. It's fun to do, on a quiet evening, and by trying out the mixture on the back of your hand, you very soon arrive at the perfect shade for your skin."

"I use a darker powder in the summer and by gradually adding more and more light powder to it I get down to my lightest winter shade day by day."

Vivacious Nina Devitt gave me some grand tips about making lipstick absolutely indelible.

"It seems to depend on your lips," Nina said, "some people can apply any lipstick and keep it there all day long. Others use the most indelible rouge on the market and their lips look naked and ashamed inside five minutes!"

"I find that the lighter in shade the lipstick the longer it lasts, and if you're the can't-keep-it-on type, I advise you to use a light stick before your normal shade. This will ensure a certain amount of colour remaining on your lips however often you eat or drink."

"The drier your lips are," Nina continued, "the more indelible your lip rouge will be. I always close my mouth over a face tissue before applying the colour to make sure my lips are bone dry. After applying it, I close the lips over the tissue again to remove the surplus and then I dab them with perfume."

"Perfume will make any lipstick more kissproof, and if you remember to wait at least twenty minutes before you smoke, eat or drink, after applying the lipstick, it should stay put for hours without attention."

Seems to me a good tip for this time of the year, with all the mistletoe around!

From lips we travel up to the top of your head with a worthwhile tip from Anona Winn.

Anona has the loveliest shining blonde hair, and when you read her pet hint, your hair will shine too.

"After I've applied brilliantine," she said, "I take an old silk handkerchief I keep specially for the purpose, and smooth my hair with it to give it a polish."

"You don't rub to and fro as if you were polishing a pair of shoes, but you smooth the handkerchief from the parting to the ends with a fairly hard pressure."

"And how about brilliantine?" I asked.

"Well," Anona said, "being blonde I use a brilliantine that doesn't darken the hair at all, but if I were mousey or brunette I'd definitely use a henna brilliantine. It brings out the reddish lights and gives real depth to dark hair. I've seen quite a mousey girl look really grand about the head after applying it."

Mrs. Harry Roy—so lovely to look at that you catch your breath when you see her—gave me some swell new ideas for bath time.

"When you want to feel gay and ready for anything," she said, "try adding some bi-carbonate of soda to your bath water. It gives you a bucked up, effervescent sort of feeling."

"A couple of handfuls of starch or a pint of milk added to the bath water makes your skin feel like satin. Milk is a wonderful bleacher too, don't forget, so next time you're bathing before a dance remember that little tip."

"Another lovely bath can be made by throwing in the skins from your breakfast grapefruit... if you've got a big family so much the better!... and letting them remain in the bath while the water runs in. Just before you step into the bath, fish them out, squeezing them first, and the water will feel like champagne!"

Helen Clare's a red-head, and her beauty secret is specially for girls of her colouring.

"You'll think me crazy," said Helen, "if I tell you to use a green eye shadow, won't you? And you'll probably think I'm crazier still if I tell you to add dark green mascara to your lashes. But believe me, once you've tried it, you'll go on using it."

"There's something about green, specially from the mascara point of view, that makes the greenish tinge that is almost always in a red-head's eyes turn to pure emerald and looks simply glorious."

"Talking of mascara," she said, "do you know that two thin coats, applied as long as possible after each other, are far better looking than one thick coat? I always try to apply my first layer at least half an hour before the second, and I always comb out my lashes after the second coat is dry."

"Brilliantine, or pure olive oil if you haven't any brilliantine, is lovely for the lashes and the eyebrows too. Keep an eyelash brush specially for the purpose and brush a trace of oil up your lashes after the mascara is dry. Finish up by brushing it along the eyebrows and then comb them down smoothly. Not only will they shine slightly, but

OF THE STARS

they won't stand up on end during the evening either!

Vera Lennox gave me a most original and unusual hint for nails.

"When you are performing a manicure at home and come to the point when you use nail white," Vera said, "apply it thickly to the nail tips and then take an old toothbrush and, holding your fingers over a basin of water, scrub them lightly with the toothbrush.

"This will remove the hard white line that usually results, and leave your nail tips looking spotlessly white, but perfectly natural.

"Then there's another beauty secret I've got concerning manicure. It's such a simple way of applying nail varnish. Instead of starting at the half-moon, covering the nail and then wiping off the varnish at the tip, start at one side, outlining the half-moon and the nail tip—leaving as much white space there as you like—and then filling in the centre. Work from side to side, instead of from root to tip and you'll find it such a simple operation."

The Heron sisters (harmonising girls) have

bleaching ideas for your face, your hands and your teeth.

"Cucumber is simply grand for bleaching the face slightly," said Joan. "The inside of the rind, smoothed over the face and allowed to dry, will make a difference, if done every day, within a week or so."

"A cold, boiled potato, rubbed over the hands now and again is grand for keeping them white and soft," said Wendy. "I don't mean a potato that has been boiled until it is floury, but one that is still firm."

"And bi-carbonate of soda is simply superb for the teeth," finished up Kay. "Clean your teeth with toothpaste as usual, then dip your brush in bi-carbonate of soda and give them an extra scrub and polish. It makes them twice as white and really dazzling."

I've tried it, and it makes your teeth so lovely that you'll be looking for opportunities to smile.

To end up with, these eleven stars join with me in wishing you all a happy—and "beautiful"—Christmas!

Gertrude Niesen puts the finishing touches, and completes the lovely picture



Suffered terribly from INDIGESTION

Now nothing disagrees

What inexpressible relief must have been felt by Mr. O. J. G., of Sheffield, when, after a lifetime of suffering, he found himself free from the ills he had been struggling against so hopelessly. It was a Doctor's advice which eventually freed him so completely and yet so simply. How he must have wished he had had that advice years before!

"Up to three years ago (I am now 73) I suffered terribly from Indigestion, Flatulence and Headaches," writes Mr. O. J. G., of Rock Street, Sheffield. "I paid large sums yearly for treatment until Dr. ——— prescribed Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Its effects were miraculous, and I am now fit and well again and free from complaints. I have now such an appetite and nothing seems to disagree with me, although I have four meals a day."

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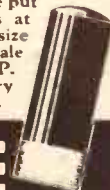
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BEGINNING A GRAND NEW SERIAL STORY

Roses in December

by
Sheila S. Fryer

IT was a December day.

The heavy shower which had descended tempestuously on the bustling crowds of Oxford Street, cleared as suddenly as it had appeared. Umbrellas were lowered; gigantic black umbrellas, sombre as their bowler-hatted owners, saucy little coloured umbrellas, and here and there an "old faithful," complete with gaping split and broken spike.

The winter sun peeped out from behind a lazy, drifting cloud and beamed flickeringly upon the shining roof-tops, the slow-moving, never-ceasing stream of traffic and the people of all classes and creeds who made their way along the wet, slippery pavements.

There was a girl amongst them who was without mackintosh or umbrella; she moved slowly, carrying, with an effort, a shabby, heavy, old, portable radio. Men turned to look at her as she passed by for another glimpse of that lovely, young figure, and women stared enviously at the exquisite beauty of her oval face and the innocence of her great, grey eyes.

Molly Connery was oblivious of them all.

She halted at Oxford Circus to stare in the direction of Broadcasting House. Her eyes were sad, her lovely mouth wistful. She turned her head again, swiftly, and crossed the Circus; she must think of anything, she told herself determinedly, anything except broadcasting and Allan Thurston. She had to sell her radio because she was nearly penniless, and she must reconcile herself to being unable to tune in to Allan Thurston's All-star Orchestra and his own, thrilling, intimate rhythm-singing.

Only last night, after another weary, fruitless search for a job, she had curled up in the worn, old chair in her bed-sitting-room and, listening to his programme, it had seemed that he was singing to her alone and that his low, caressing voice was bidding her to close her eyes in ecstasy whilst he sang to her of his love. And she had trembled as she sat there, and pressed cold hands against her sudden, burning cheeks.

To her, he was only a voice, and to him she was one of the millions of listeners who never missed one of his programmes, but she knew he possessed her, body and soul, as if the first time she had listened to him he had taken her in his arms. Always his voice commanded her, as might the lips of a lover.

She would never have sold her radio if it had not been for Anne.

She would have given up trying to find work in London and returned to Liverpool to her old job,

WAIT FOR IT!

"OUR little croonette has been going in for face lifting."

"At the beauty parlour?"

"No—under the mistletoe."

By Carroll Lewis (Quaker Quarter Hour, Luxembourg, Normandy and Lyons, Sunday, December 4).

MOLLY was in love with a voice—a thrilling, tender voice that came to her over the air... but to him she was one of the millions of listeners who never missed one of his broadcasts. Would her love story ever come true?

Andrea Gray stared at Molly coolly and insolently as Allan brought her into the luxurious boudoir



even though it was so underpaid, but Anne had to leave that hospital and spend long months in a sanatorium if she were ever to become strong again.

Molly had left her young sister up north, whilst she sought a better-paid position in the metropolis. Even when she found it, there would be many months of saving ahead. She would not have Anne moved until she was certain that she could keep the little girl at the sanatorium for the length of time stipulated by the specialists.

Meantime, if she were to find a job in London, she had to pay her rent, and to pay her rent, she had to sell her radio—because now their parents were dead, there was nobody to whom they could turn for help.

Presently she was stepping nervously into the palatial showrooms of Supereception Radio, Ltd.

It seemed inconceivable to Molly that such a company should be offering to buy old radios for research, but that was the offer the announcer had made on their behalf after the Supereception sponsored programme last night: the programme which featured Allan Thurston and his All-star Orchestra.

Nobody noticed Molly, except a broad-shouldered young man, who stood watching her, to her left, as he closed a door marked "Private," behind him.

He seemed transfixed by the loveliness of the dark-haired girl before him. That she was shabby and obviously poor meant nothing; he only recognised the perfection of her beautiful face and

slender figure, and a wistfulness about her that made him hesitate to leave the showrooms for the magnificent car waiting for him outside.

One of the sleek young assistants had approached Molly now and was examining her old, portable radio. He made no comment, but his raised eyebrows and disdainful sniff told their story. Then he shook his head, and the little dark-haired girl, her face flushed and her great, grey eyes misty with tears, turned to go.

The young man beckoned swiftly to the assistant and murmured to him in a low, authoritative voice. The assistant blinked, gulped, inclined his head deferentially, and then almost, but not quite, ran after the shabby, grey-eyed girl with the old portable.

Whilst the young man pretended to examine a radiogram at the side of the room, he watched them, his eyes grave. He was rewarded by the lovely light which shone in the girl's eyes and her sudden radiant smile as, presently, she signed a receipt and thanked the assistant, just a little tremulously, tucking five crisp banknotes in her bag.

Then the glass doors closed behind her.

"What shall I do with this, sir?" asked the assistant, indicating the shabby portable, as the brown-haired young man handed him a cheque made out to the company.

"Send it to my hotel. Now, quickly, let me see that receipt. Molly Connery!" He seemed to reflect a moment, and then he said: "Did she say anything?"

"Only that"—the young man hesitated and coughed—"only that Allan Thurston's programme

"Andrea, your troubles are over," Allan exclaimed gaily. "I've found you a secretary!"



had brought her luck and that she was sure she would get a job now."

"Did she now!" The young man smiled his surprise. Then he added quickly, "Thanks, Jackson. And this is for yourself."

The sleek assistant bowed his thanks as the tall young man strode from the showroom. Outside, standing by his long, grey car, he said, "Jennings, did you see a dark-haired young lady leave the showrooms?"

"A nice little bit with pretty legs?" The chauffeur coughed apologetically. "I did, sir. She went towards Oxford Circus. On the other side of the road, sir."

"Good. That will be easier for us. Go slowly and when you see her, drive ahead about a hundred yards and pull up."

Molly walked along Oxford Street almost in a dream, clutching her handbag very tightly. Five pounds! If the assistant had given her fifty she could not have been more surprised. Allan Thurston's programme last night had made her luck turn.

A long, chauffeur-driven, grey car slid by, but she did not notice it. It pulled up some distance ahead. Swiftly she moved on, lightly, gracefully.

"Excuse me, Miss Connery."

Molly started and stared up at the tall young man who stood, hat in hand, before her.

"I don't think I know you," she said slowly.

The young man's brown eyes were grave as he answered:

"No, I don't think I know you, either, but somehow I feel that I have known you, or that I shall know you, all my life."

They stood for a while silent, just looking at each other, so close that her dark skirt brushed his neatly creased trouser leg; so close that he

might have stooped and brushed her forehead with his lips.

Then her eyes widened and her soft, red lips parted in amazement.

"You're—you're Allan Thurston?"

He nodded, his eyes still searching the loveliness of her. She swayed and would have fallen if he had not placed an arm about her.

"You're coming in my car," he said, and beckoned to the chauffeur.

In the car he watched her gravely as she leaned back, her eyes closed, the blackness of her long curling lashes and lovely hair accentuating the pallor of her sweet, oval face.

"You feel better now? I'm afraid I startled you."

"It was stupid of me." She sat up suddenly, and he was conscious of the gravity of her great, grey eyes. "You must drop me here and I'll get a 'bus'."

"But you haven't asked why I wanted to speak to you?"

"Or how you knew my name?" she countered shyly.

"I called in the Supereception showrooms, and happened to remark to one of the assistants that I was looking for a secretary for a friend. He said that you had just left, and that you wanted a position of that sort. He gave me your name and I hurried after you."

"I knew your programme last night had brought me luck."

"It brought me luck, too," he returned slowly.

Their eyes met, and they sat very still, very conscious of each other. They were gliding through quiet streets now and unobserved by curious passers-by. He might have crushed her soft, slender body in his arms and smothered her sweet lips and white throat with kisses, but he was determined not to frighten her away.

His hands tightened on the grey upholstery of the seat, and his strong, lean jaw set resolutely. When he spoke his voice was casual.

"Andrea Gay, my lady vocalist, wants a secretary for her fan mail, accounts, and things like that."

"Andrea Gay!" exclaimed Molly.

"Oh, I know she has a reputation for being temperamental, but she's marvellous really and awfully kind."

Then the significance of his words was lost upon her. She only knew that his low, cultured speaking voice thrilled her, so that she was conscious only of the masculinity of the man beside her.

Almost against her will she longed for the feel of his lips, the touch of his hands. Almost against her will, she knew that he had only to command, and she would give. She glanced at the breadth of his shoulders and trembled at the knowledge of his strength. She saw his long-fingered hands, the hands of a musician, and, at the thought of their caress, a soft colour rose gently in her pale cheeks.

He was saying: "You'll live at her hotel, and she'll pay you well. All you need is tact and patience."

She nodded, reminding herself that his voice was casual now, almost indifferent; that his only interest in her was as a secretary for his friend, Andrea Gay.

"We're going to her hotel now?" she asked.

"Yes, just round the corner, and here we are."

The car drew up silently outside an hotel which Molly realised was one of the most exclusive, and certainly one of the most expensive, in London. Allan gave instructions to the chauffeur, and soon they were gliding, storeys up, in a thick-carpeted, mirror-lined elevator.

Outside Andrea's suite he said to her:

"Expect anything. You have to, with Andrea. But it will be all right."

Andrea greeted them in her boudoir, from a long, carved stool, upholstered in quilted satin, before a graceful Queen Anne dressing-table, which was laden with perfumes, lotions, and cosmetics.

"Allan, darling!" she began. Then, as she saw Molly: "I thought you were alone."

"Andrea, your troubles are over! I've found you a secretary."

"But, Allan, you know I wanted a male secretary. Girls take my stockings and my perfumes, and gossip all day."

Molly flushed, but Allan went on easily, "I'll leave you two to fix things. I'll wait outside."

As soon as he had gone, Andrea stared her up and down, coolly, insolently. Molly felt very aware of the shabbiness of her old costume and hat, although they were neatly brushed and mended. She glanced, a little shocked, at Andrea's negligée. It was all black, chiffon, and lace edged. Underneath she wore the briefest of lace undies, and every line of her sleek, sinuous figure was revealed. Her face had the synthetic loveliness so common in Mayfair; her eyes were slightly oblique, and quite green.

"I don't want a girl secretary."

"I quite understand, Miss Gay."

"No you don't. If I don't engage you, Allan will threaten not to renew my contract because I neglect my fan mail. And, anyhow," she raised a white, scarlet-tipped hand and gazed at it reflectively, "I like doing as he tells me."

Dismay laid cold fingers on Molly's heart. What was Andrea Gay to Allan Thurston? Was she wearing this exquisite, seductive negligée because she had expected him—alone?

"I said, I'll take you on—but you must live here and not expect much time off. And if you get on my nerves, don't expect notice. I'll give you a cheque and tell you to clear out."

As the days passed by, Molly began to doubt Andrea's "loveliness." She was erratic, temperamental, selfish, and moody. She overworked Molly, gave her no time off at all, and vented her frequent bad tempers upon her, but the moment Allan came upon the scene, she was gay.

(Please turn to page 41)



ONLY RESEMBLANCE

RADIO PLAYWRIGHT (dramatically): *Darling, there's something about Christmas that fills me with a strange fear. . . .*

WIFE: *Get along with you—you're just trying to be a Noel Coward!*

By **Olive Palmer** (Palmolive Programme, Luxembourg, Sundays and Fridays, Normandy, Tuesdays).

LEAVING SCHOOL THIS XMAS?**WHAT ABOUT
WIRELESS
AS A CAREER?****—THERE'S AN ASSURED FUTURE IN IT...****WIRELESS COLLEGE,
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MIXING THEIR CHRISTMAS DRINKS

ROSS REDFERN goes on a Radio "Pub-Crawl" and comes across some good tips for cocktails that will make your Christmas party go with a hiccup!

"EAT, drink and be merry!" is the famous Christmas advice.

Beer, glorious beer, is good enough for most of us throughout the year, but round about party-time there are moments when a host or hostess likes to put on a cocktail that will make his or her guests' spines quiver, so I've been going the rounds of some of radio's stars and pubs to get some good ideas on the cocktail question.

First port of call was the Bolivar, that gay spot where radio stars foregather to pull each other to pieces. Beaming behind the bar, as usual, was Alfred, cocktail-shaker-in-chief to the business.

"Howja, Alfred, I want a couple of ideas for cocktails and, meanwhile, a nice beer, please!"

It didn't take Alfred long to rattle off a couple of recipes that will put up your stock as a host a hundred per cent.

"Here's one that goes down well with the fair sex," said Alfred. "I call it the 'Radio Razz.' Half fill your shaker with broken ice and add half a gill of gin. Then add a couple of dashes of plain syrup and lime juice. Shake well, pass through a strainer into the glass. Serve with a dash of lemon peel juice on top. Here, try it!"

I did. "Whoopee. Next please!"

"Rightho, Ross. Here's one that'll knock your hat off—and does it taste good! You'll want broken ice, grenadine, absinthe, orange-juice and dry gin. Three dashes of grenadine and the same amount of absinthe, one-third orange juice and two-thirds dry gin and—"

"Shake well," I cut in.

Just then who should walk in but Esther Coleman.

"Hullo, there, Esther? Any ideas on the drink problem?"

"Thanks," said she, "I'll have a sherry."

Bitterly I explained that that wasn't the idea.

"Well, here's a grand long drink that's a success at any party," Esther told me. "It's called 'Plymouth Hoe,' and won a prize in a highball competition a couple of years ago."

"It's so simple. One-third measure of Jamaica rum, a third measure of dry Martini and a third of orange juice! Just add a few drops of Kummel and there you are!"

"That sounds swell, Esther. Stick a couple up, Alfred!"

It was getting time to move on to the next spot, but just then in came Charlie Shadwell, the B.B.C. Variety Orchestra conductor. I put my question to him.

"Well, I'm not really a cocktail drinker, but here's one I liked well enough to get the recipe," he offered.

"Okay, Charles, we'll call it the Shadwell Express!"

"Add the white of an egg to the juice of half a lemon. Push in a teaspoonful of raspberry syrup and two-thirds of a sherry glassful of gin, and one-third of Martini vermouth. The result's a drink that will make even a radio comedian sound funny!"

"Fighting words, Charles, but thanks all the same!"

Hiccupping gently I wandered out of the Bolivar and then down to the Dover Castle, where the boys of the I.B.C. get together to have their evening milk.

Bob, behind the bar, greeted me cheerfully and when I asked him for his pet cocktail he didn't hesitate.

"The Dover Castle Delight!" he said.

"Guaranteed to shoo those after-the-broadcast blues away. Want the dope about it?"



Terence de Marney—who has made such a success in radio serials—has his own attractive cocktail bar at home



"Yes, sir!" I replied, grovelling for an envelope and pencil.

"You'll want one-eighth of a gill of French Vermouth, and one-eighth of Italian ditto. Then one quarter of a gill of gin, with some trimmings which I'll tell you about."

"Half fill your tumbler with broken ice and add a teaspoonful of angostura bitters. Then add the French and Italian vermouth, the gin and a teaspoonful of absinthe. Stir up well and pass through the strainer into a cocktail glass. Serve with a cherry and a dash of lemon peel juice on top!"

"Thanks, Bob."

Just then in walked another Bob—Danvers-Walker.

"I'm just collecting a few cocktail recipes. Any ideas, boys?"

"Plenty," replied Bob. "Here's a sparkling long highball called 'Cloudburst.' I used to drink 'em abroad and I can certainly recommend them."

"Here are the ingredients. Take a third of dry gin, a third of Martini vermouth and a third of peach brandy. Then add a split dry ginger ale, shake well and serve with ice and a slice of peach."

Beginning to reel slightly with these succulent drinks whizzing through my brain I walked out and along to the S.S. club, that cheery spot ruled over by Stanelli and Les Sarony.

"Here's our idea of a drink," said Les. "'The Leslies' Lubricant!' Put a few pieces of ice into a shaker. Then add a third each of absinthe, apricot brandy and yellow chartreuse. Stir well, strain into a glass and serve with a cherry!"

"And you recommend that, Les?"

"Recommend it? Why, I even drink it!"

From the S.S. I set out on the trail to the other famous radio pub, where you can see the stars foregathering every day. That's the George in



GOOD STAYERS

HOSTESS (to host at Yuletide party): Oscar, do you think it would make the party go if I sang a few songs?

HOST: Aw, I davesay a few of the tougher ones will stick here just the same.

By The Mayfair Men (Horlicks Picture House, Normandy, Luxembourg, Paris, December 4).



"Here's one that goes down well," says Pearl Joyce, Radio Entertainer

Great Portland Place . . . known as "The Glue Pot."

I guessed that Mine Hostess would be able to put me on to a really snappy cocktail, and I wasn't disappointed.

"Here's one that always goes down well. 'The Bomb Dropper!' Half fill your shaker with ice. Then add a wine glass of whisky, a wine glassful of Martini vermouth, half a wine glassful of cherry brandy and a half wine glassful of lime juice. Then add a dash of bitters, shake well and strain into your glass. You'll find this will be enough for half a dozen people and will set your party off on the right note!"

So there you are, all you party-throwers. Here's the way to make your party a really gay, liquid one. Remember that you'll be drinking the favourite cocktails of your favourite stars.



Bandleader Henry Hall



Musical-comedy actress Polly Ward



Organist Reggie Foort



Television star Irene Prador



Hot vocalist Elisabeth Welch



Bandleader Jack Hylton



Radio-singer Ann Canning



Radio-actor Terence d



Bandleader Billy Cotton



Comedians Clapham and Dwyer



Clever comedian Ronald Frankau



Radio-actress Marjorie Holmes



"Big-Hearted" Arthur Askey



Mabel Constanduros, alias Mrs. Buggins

RAD



Discoverer No. 1, Carroll Lewis



Croonette Dorothy Carless

e Marney



Those Cads the Western Brothers



Clever mimic Jane Carr



Bandleader Jack Payne



Accordionist-croonette Pat Hyde

10 SUCCESSES OF 1938



Bandleader Harry Roy and his vocalist wife



Bandleader Carroll Gibbons



Film and radio comedian George Formby



Comedienne Renee Houston



Vocalist Brian Lawrence



Sweet vocalist Pat Burke



Bandleader Bert Ambrose



Partners on and off the air—Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels



Bandleader Mantovani



Cockney kids, Revnell and West



Sandy Powell—comedian



Swing-vocalist Diana Miller



Peppy POLLY WARD: well-known on sponsored radio and television, is appearing this year in the Drury Lane Theatre Royal pantomime, "Red Riding Hood."

LISTENING COMPETITION No. 1 RESULTS

NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF PRIZEWINNERS.

WHAT COMPETITORS THINK OF HORLICKS PICTURE HOUSE

By the EDITOR

"HORLICKS Picture House" programme is awarded 7.73 marks out of 10! We have pleasure in publishing this "Figure of Merit" as the result of "Radio Pictorial's" Listening Competition No. 1.

Many competitors complained that the technical quality of reception of this programme was anything but good. The recording sounded somewhat muffled at the receiving end. This noticeable lack of clarity caused the whole programme to suffer, and is a matter requiring urgent investigation.

The number of marks awarded shows that the general entertainment value of the programme ranks high in the estimation of the majority of listeners. They point out that the form of the programme, embracing a succession of varied artistes of acknowledged merit with a background of music capably maintained by a really first-class band, is ideal. It gives the producers an opportunity of presenting a little of something to please every taste. The general scheme of the programme meets with practically universal approval, although a few prefer the original character of "Horlicks Picture House," which they think was more consistent with the title.

About half the critics, however, consider that the programme as a whole lacks "snap." It sounds "tired."

Coming now to details, there were few enthusiasts among the competitors for Billy Milton. His announcements generally sounded hurried and nearly always were purely formal. A much lighter note could be introduced into the compering which would add sparkle to the show.

A comedian is a necessity in a programme designed on the lines of "Horlicks Picture House," and Oliver Wakefield receives a large volume of praise. But many point out that you cannot hear too much of his type of humour without getting rather bored. "There's much more in fishing than meets the fly—eye" is the type of crack put over by Wakefield so incessantly that it can only be thoroughly enjoyed in small doses. For this reason it was good production to break into Wakefield's performance by introducing Gertrude Niesen, after which he carried on again.

Regarding Gertrude Niesen, while we know she enjoys a considerable eminence in the film and stage world, readers are unenthusiastic about her microphone personality. Some went so far as to say that they did not like her "raucous, over-hearty, soulless Yanky voice." Devastating critics of this kind mostly live in remote parts of the country and never have enjoyed the pleasure of hearing Gertrude Niesen in the flesh and appreciating her charm and undoubted talents.

Little opinion was expressed about Dorothy Alt, who is regarded as an efficient, but not outstanding performer. "Chippis" Chippindall's voice sounded rather hard.

The Cavendish Three put up a performance which elicited admiration from practically all critics. Their voices were generally described as "musical and blending well." Universal approbation also came for the guest artiste, Yvonne Arnaud, who not only has a clear microphone voice, but a distinctive charm of manner which even the dullest listener could not fail to appreciate.

Opinions about the band varied, but there was a majority impression that it sounded tired and uninspiring. It appeared to be much in the background, and many readers would have welcomed more selections by the band as an individual act. Most critics pointed out that while accompanying other acts the band was often too loud. For instance, when Gertrude Niesen was singing "My Heart is Taking Lessons," the band rather drowned her. More use could be made in this programme of the personality of Debroy Somers, who evidently holds a secure place in the affections of many old and new listeners.

Competitors agree that Richard Ainley has a charming microphone voice, simple, clear and sincere; but the *modus operandi* of the commercial

announcements met with a great deal of criticism. A majority maintain that the introduction of Horlicks announcements into the middle of the programme is a tactical mistake; it interferes in an irritating manner with the aesthetic enjoyment of listeners. Some hundreds of competitors suggest that, having once referred to the merits of Horlicks, the product might well be left until a final reference at the end of the programme.

There is also a widespread feeling that the "night-starvation" angle has been overdone. Many competitors think that this slogan is now threadbare so far as radio is concerned. It has become a joke, they say, and instead of acting effectively as a sales stimulus, now merely causes a tolerant smile or in some cases positive derision. The dramatised form of commercial was cleverly done, but listeners know what is coming—i.e., "night starvation"—and in consequence the selling force of the message is severely weakened. The commercial content of the programme has degenerated to a formula which now lacks the necessary surprise element. As the ultimate purpose of this programme is to sell goods, we suggest to the sponsors that this matter warrants careful consideration.

The most important suggestion for improving "Horlicks Picture House," and which certainly is a majority opinion, is that the programme should be shortened. This programme would be more effective as an entertainment and an advertisement if it were cut from one hour to half an hour. The reasons for this are varied: some say that the programme drags after the first half-hour and that, generally speaking, a spell of half an hour's listening is as much as anyone wants on a Sunday afternoon. An hour's consecutive listening at this particular time of the day, 4 p.m. to 5 p.m., often encounters certain domestic difficulties. One woman says that when she gets to the middle of the programme she invariably has to get up to lay the tea! A majority agree that from the entertainment point of view pure and simple, the programme would be better if broadcast only from 4 p.m. to 4.30 p.m., and that the advertising value would not be diminished thereby. This cut, many readers suggest, would also cause a much-needed tightening up of the programme, making it snappier and brighter.

RADIO PICTORIAL has forwarded a copy of this page to Messrs. Horlicks and the producers of the programme. It is hoped they will accept this summary of opinions as a constructive effort intended to help them assess the reaction of disinterested listeners to their broadcast offering, and possibly to enable them to improve it on lines which will result in an even greater measure of approval.

LISTENING COMPETITION No. 1.

"Figure of Merit" awarded to Horlicks Picture House . . . **7.73**

Names and Addresses of Prizewinners to whom cheques have been sent:—

First Prize £10

RONALD J. C. YOUNG, 26, CHURCH ROAD, BENGEO, HERTFORD, HERTS.

Second Prize £5

E. LAMB, 52, GREENDALE ROAD, PORT SUNLIGHT, CHESHIRE.

The following each receive a prize of 10s.:—

A. G. Davis, 9 Pinegrove Place, Bishopston, Bristol, 7; Miss M. Crossley, Beacon House, Torquay, S. Devon; Miss Joyce Cochrane, 10 Adam and Eve Mews, London, W.8; Miss B. D'Ayton, The Dyke, Denmark Road, Exeter; John G. Morgan, 8 Verdi Avenue, Seaforth, Liverpool, 21; Miss P. N. Ridley, 283 Wollaton Road, Wollaton Park, Nottingham; John Mining, 89 Trowbridge Road, Hackney, London, E.9; Miss Annie Patience, 39 Mentone Terrace, Edinburgh, 9; Miss Jean Grant, 20 Pencester Road, Dover, Kent; Eric G. Scragg, "Ewtor," 11 Green Road, Trent Vale, Stoke-on-Trent.



CLIFFORD J. HARRISON

Advertisment Manager of Horlicks, Ltd. A pioneer of sponsored radio in Great Britain—but does he know what listeners are saying about "night starvation"?



STANLEY MAXTED

producer of Horlicks Picture House. Is a member of J. Walter Thompson Co., Ltd., famous advertising agents who produce 78 quarter-hour units of sponsored programme every week.



IRVIN ASHKENAZY

also of J. Walter Thompson Co., Ltd., Bush House, Aldwych, London, who writes the script and devises the programme of the Horlicks Picture House.

HIGHLIGHTS OF THIS WEEK'S B.B.C. PROGRAMMES

SUNDAY, DEC. 4

Plays, Talks, Features, etc.

AN echo from 1934 appears in the programmes to-day. This is the production of Peter Creswell's *The King's Tryall*. First produced four years ago it is excellent radio material and deals with the six-day trial of Charles the First (National). Those interested in "New Books on Religion" should note a talk by L. Ellis Roberts on that subject on National and C. H. Middleton will talk on gardening. The Rev. Father M. C. D'Arcy talks on the "Validity of Religious Experience." Also on National is another instalment of the popular *Cloister and the Hearth* serial.

Services, etc.

The Rev. E. S. Woods, the Lord Bishop of Lichfield, conducts the National morning service from Lichfield Cathedral, while in the evening Roman Catholics can hear a service from St. Dominic's Priory, conducted by the Very Reverend Father A. Maguire. The evening service on Regional is in the capable hands of the Rev. H. K. Stallard and comes from Wisbech Parish Church. By the way, you can hear a famous comic voice in a new role to-night. On National, Leslie Henson is appealing on behalf of the London Fever Hospital.

(From top down) Ann Canning, Ronnie Hill, Dorothy Carless and Frank Bailey will have another "Two Two's" session on Monday (December 5), Regional.



ALL-STAR VARIETY

**MONDAY,
DECEMBER 5,
REGIONAL**

Music

Paul Rubens is spotlighted to-night in the Theatre Composers' series. His music will be put on the air by a talented cast including Wynne Ajello, Billie Baker, Horace Percival and Gordon Little.

The usual Sunday evening concert on Regional brings Paul Beard as the solo violinist and will be conducted by Sir Adrian Boult.

There are other musical attractions, too, which include Sandy Macpherson on the theatre organ on National and John Rorke giving another of his "Unusually Yours" recitals. The first of a series of musical shows concerning the travels of Liszt is on National. It deals with the first year and shows us Liszt in Switzerland. There are the usual crop of light orchestras, including those of Alfredo Campoli, Harold Sandler, Fred Hartley, Philip Martell, Troise and the Cliff Greenwood's Palladium Orchestra.

MONDAY, DEC. 5

Variety

ORD HAMILTON, pianist-composer, comes into Monday at Seven to-night. The *Three Chimes* will also be heard. Add the *Hornleigh* episode, the Michie-compered Hylton show, *Youth, Take a Bow* and the *Paul and Virginia* serial, with Phyllis Konstam and Derek de Marney and we have a well-balanced bill (National). Earlier, Dick Bentley, in his usual breezy fashion, will compere another of the *You Asked for It* gramophone record shows.

But the big spot of to-night—indeed of the week—is the show called *Rats to You*. This will tell you about the history of *The Water Rats*, the world-famous music hall charitable organisation, and will bring to the mike an all-star cast. The B.B.C. fee for this show is to be handed to the Rats' own charity fund, and so keen are the boys on this show—which has been a dream of John Sharnian's for nine months—that many have refused a week's work in order to take part. Rat Sharman will produce and those taking part include King Rat Fred Miller, and Rats Nervo, Knox, Hay, Georgie Wood, Damerell, Doonan, Dampier, Trinder, Ronald Frankau, G. S. Melvin, Hylton, Billy Cotton, Charlie Kunz, Flanagan and Allen and plenty more. Rats Will Hay, Georgie Wood and Will Fyffe have written the show (Regional).

The "Two Two's" (Hill-Canning-Carless-Bailey) will have a session in the afternoon on Regional.

Plays, Talks, Features, etc.

Olive Shapley produces, on Northern and Regional, a show called *Burbleton*. This is the by now well-known imaginary Northern town wherein problems are always arising. This time there's a spot of bother about education.

National offers one of the most significant plays that have ever been written. This is *Ascent of F6*, by W. H. Auden. On Regional, Ronald Watkins will read a short story by Sylvia Townsend-Warner.

Dance Music

Syd Millward and his Nit Wits have a session on Regional, while Billy Merrin and his Commanders look after the late music.

Music

The second of the Liszt concerts shows us the composer's work done in Italy (National). Regional brings us Marjorie Ffrangcon-Davies, the sister of Gwen, in a soprano recital, and Jan Berenska's Orchestra, the Folkestone Municipal Orchestra and Eugene Pini's Tango Orchestra are other Regional attractions.

Sport

Joe Davis and Brown play a snooker match at Thurston's and Willie Smith will be on parade to commentate (Regional).

TUESDAY, DEC. 6

Variety

BIG news for to-day is the booking of Count John McCormack for *Scrapbook* of 1903. This is McCormack's first broadcast in this country; it may be his last, too, for he plans soon to retire.

There is a cabaret show from the Gaiety Theatre which will be produced and arranged by Leslie Henson, while on Regional the *After Dinner* shows are resumed, with Violet Carson, the Three Semis and Don Bamford and his band.

Kenneth Bycott plays on the theatre organ on National, and Regional brings Tommy Matthews and his new-style concert orchestra to entertain.

Plays, Talks, Features, etc.

The third in the interesting "Canada Speaks" series introduces a wheat grower from Saskatchewan, who will tell us about his job (National). Earlier Raymond Gram Swing speaks in the series called "Class." He will talk about Class and Social Distinction in the U.S.A. On Regional the "Under Twenty Club" has another airing.

Dance Music

Reg Pursglove and his orchestra have the "The Dansant" session on Regional, and later, on the same wavelength and in mid-evening, Al Collins and his band from the Berkeley Hotel visit the studios. Late music is provided by Sydney Lipton and his band.



Geraldo has a big National date on Thursday (December 8), with the third of a revised series of "Romance in Rhythm."

Music

From Sadlers Wells come Acts III and IV of the opera *Don Carlos* (National) and there is another of the Liszt programmes, again dealing with the composer's Italian connections. On Regional there is the Manchester Mid-day Society Concert, the B.B.C. Orchestra and the B.B.C. West of England Singers.

Sport

Oxford v. Cambridge rugby at Twickenham brings H. T. Wakelam to the mike on Regional.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 7

Variety

ARTHUR ASKEY & CO. are on parade once more on Regional in *Band Waggon* and later the *Arcadian Follies* from the Grand Theatre, Leeds, brings us Harry Korris, Evie Carcroft and Robbie Vincent. George Allsop, Anna Meakin and Co. present another of those Irish successes, *Speed* (National).

Plays, Talks, Features, etc.

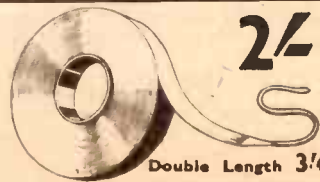
Howard Marshall gives another of his television talks on Regional. Earlier there is another *Paul Temple* episode.

Please turn to page 43

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ROSES IN DECEMBER (Continued from page 33)

charming, and as playful as a purring kitten.

Molly never saw Allan alone. At Broadcasting House, or the radio Continental studios, he was always surrounded by musicians, radio engineers, writers, and producers, and she, in any case, was kept busy dancing attendance on Andrea. Once, in front of Andrea, he asked her to lunch with him.

Before she could reply, Andrea spoke swiftly:

"But what a shame she has so much to do to-day."

After that, Andrea made a point of listening-in from her boudoir, when she was in, to all Molly's phone calls. So it was that three times altogether Molly had to refuse luncheon appointments with Allan.

During January the whole orchestra, including Andrea, were on tour, and to Molly's surprise, Andrea instructed her to stay on at the hotel, looking after her mail and accounts. Several times she journeyed up to Liverpool to see Anne and to tell her she was saving hard and that before long she would send her to the sanatorium.

Allan and Andrea, and the orchestra returned the first week in February.

It was early evening, and Andrea was not expected in until midnight. Molly was curled up in a low, wide-armed chair, staring out of the window at the trees in the park. Chin cupped in her slim, white hands, she was listening to the radio. An orchestra was playing *Always in My Heart*. The door of the room opened and closed silently. Then an intimate, caressing voice sang the refrain, a voice that sent the blood pulsating through every vein of her slender body and brought a mistiness to her grey eyes.

"Oh, Allan, Allan," she breathed. His voice seemed so near—almost as if he were in the room.

A hand rested gently on her slim shoulder and

lips brushed the softness of her dark hair. She sat quite still, trembling, then turned, and looked up.

She stared, almost frightened, and then she said slowly, "I thought I was dreaming again."

"Dreaming—again?"

He took her by the shoulders and pulled her, almost roughly, to her feet. He tightened his grip, and she winced.

"I ought to hurt you," he said quietly. "I ought to thrash you for avoiding me those three weeks before I went away, and then writing only once when I was on tour."

"I did not know," she began.

"You ought to be woman enough to know," he said, "when a man wants you so much that the sight of your dark hair, and your soft, red lips, and your lovely little body drives him mad."

He kissed her gently at first, then his lips crushed her mouth so that she trembled, but her arms slid tighter about his neck. His hand felt the wild, exultant beating of her young heart and the gentle rise and fall of her soft breasts.

He said: "Six weeks, Molly, I've been dreaming of this. But it isn't enough. You must marry me, very soon."

She told him about Anne.

"I'll send her to Switzerland for you."

"No, Allan. My sister is my responsibility. Apart from a few clothes, I have no expenses here, and in August I shall send her to the West of England." She smiled up at him shyly. "Then I can marry you."

He said slowly: "You're so brave. You're so beautiful. And you're so damnably desirable."

They did not hear the door, which had been slightly ajar for some minutes, close softly behind them; and they did not see the gleaming of two lynx-like green eyes, as the door slowly obliterated them from view.

(Can Andrea do anything to take Molly's happiness from her? Don't miss the second long instalment in next week's RADIO PICTORIAL.)



PEOPLE do appreciate Craven 'A' quality, for they give more Craven 'A' than any other cork-tipped cigarette in the whole wide world at Christmas time. Craven 'A' are so fresh, so cool, so luxuriously smooth to the throat that they are always sure of a welcome. You can buy Craven 'A' in their smart, colourful gift boxes everywhere—six convenient sizes to choose from, each with a card on the back for your personal greetings. Give throat-smooth smoking this Christmas—give Craven 'A'.

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child's. It was taken from an old Venetian recipe and has a beautiful perfume that lingers on the face until it is washed away.

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keep them white-

use
GLYMIEL
Jelly
every night

Why it must be GLYMIEL

Only Glymiel will do! Because only Glymiel possesses the secret of sinking in without greasiness or stickiness to whiten and soften from underneath the skin. Rub a little Glymiel well in after washing, before exposure to winds and every night. Get Glymiel to-day!



Tubes 3d., 6d., 1/-, Decorative Jars 2/6

J. 106

2 Books for Radio Fans

JACOBSON'S LADDER By John Pudney

Producer and author of B.B.C. Plays, "Uncle Arthur," "Edna's Fruit Hat," etc.
"A vivid novel makes Soho Live."
—Times Lit. Supp. 7/6 net

YOURS FAITHFULLY The Autobiography of a Schnauzer By Cyril Nash

The B.B.C. actor and playwright here tells the intimate life-story of his inseparable canine companion from her point of view 6/- net

LONGMANS

TURN YOUR SET INTO A RADIOGRAM

Christmas Gift Suggestions

GRAMOPHONE records are coming into their own again. Sales are going up. It seems that thousands of people all over the country are appreciating the great advantage which records confer by enabling their possessors to hear favourite tunes at any time he or she wishes.

Not everyone, however, can afford a radiogram, and for those who cannot, the H.M.V. Company has just brought out an electric record player at the wonderfully low price of 39s. 6d. This wonderful little instrument, a picture of which is shown on page 4 of this issue, works with practically any all-mains set. All you have to do is to plug in to the gramophone sockets at the back of your set and in a jiffy you have converted it into the equivalent of an expensive radiogram. The "His Master's Voice" record player does not need any winding, and the tonal reproduction, which we have tested, leaves nothing to be desired. For your own use or as a Christmas present to a friend, the H.M.V. record player can be thoroughly recommended.

IF you are thinking of getting a radio set, this Christmas, you should lose no time in investigating the Pilot range of models. There are 18 table receivers, console and radiogram to choose from at prices ranging from 9 to 35 guineas. All these receivers are of the all-wave, all-world, superhet type. In addition to enjoying all the B.B.C. stations, the possessor of a Pilot radio is in direct touch with practically all the European, Australian and American short-wave broadcasts.

All the Pilot models are distinguished by their very elegant cabinets, and the tonal reproduction is of a very high order of excellence.

"Radio Pictorial" has conducted tests of most of the receivers in the Pilot range. Test reports have appeared from time to time, and we can vouch for their extraordinary distance-getting powers, and generally super-fine performance. See the Pilot sets at your dealers to-day, or if you would prefer to get full particulars of the range, turn to the advertisement on page 65 of this issue.

A variation of radio entertainment is home broadcasting. With the aid of a Peto Scott sensitive microphone you cannot fail to increase the enjoyment of your family parties a thousand times. For crooning, commentating and putting over instrumental music, a Peto Scott Home Broadcaster is ideal.

Turn to page 66 and you will learn a lot more about the special aids to economical and better radio entertainment, readers' special attention being directed also to the splendid range of Trophy short-wave receivers. A Trophy short-wave set forms an ideal gift, because there's real enjoyment in short-wave listening in these modern times.

BOOKS are an acceptable present at Christmas time, and there are a number of most attractive books of radio interest now on the market. Harry Hemsley's book about his radio children is described on page 47 of this issue, but another which will be of great interest to listeners is called "Yours Faithfully" and is written by Cyril Nash, the well-known broadcaster. The book is published by Longmans (6s. net), and makes really delightful reading.

Cyril Nash, of course, is best known as a B.B.C. actor and playwright, but his keen interest in dogs is also well known to listeners who remember his broadcast talks on "Your Dog and Mine." As a matter of fact, Cyril Nash is a great breeder of Schnauzers, and "Yours Faithfully" is a book in which a Schnauzer bitch tells the story of her life, the small daily incidents of the kennels, the bigger landmarks of prizewinning at Crufts, of courtship and mating and rearing a litter of pups. Cyril Nash has written this book in a very fascinating style which, while avoiding the sentimentality often found in dog books, reveals a really remarkable insight into the canine mind. A book we thoroughly recommend.

And here's another book just published which will prove of great interest and value to many radio aspirants—"Voice Culture Made Easy," by J. Louis Orton. It is published by Thorsons at 3s. 6d. Apart from those aspiring to broadcast, we should say that if everyone now broadcasting, including crooners and croonettes, read this book, the standard of the vocal art as heard over the wireless world would show a great improvement. Mr. Orton explains how voice culture has evolved, gives detailed instructions on breath governance and voice development. It differs from most books on the subject because it is not a "dry-as-dust" text book, but eminently readable. Throughout the book there are stories about famous singers, and the whole is written in a charming style which deserves commendation.

One more book which will help to pass a few hours very pleasantly indeed, "Collie Knox Again," published by Chapman & Hall at 3s. 6d. Collie is well known as one of our foremost radio critics, and anyone who enjoyed his previous book, "Collie Knox Calling," should not fail to get this second volume.

THE NICEST PRESENT I EVER HAD

Continued from page 25

imagine what he felt about it. A perfect fiddle arriving out of the blue. What a present to give to a violinist!

ESTHER COLEMAN—or Diana Clare, whichever you prefer—was lucky last Christmas. She found a parcel among her presents, a rather untidy parcel wrapped up in ordinary brown paper, with somewhat knotty string, and inside was a handbag of London tan crocodile skin, decorated with a tiny gold E and with a small square gold clasp to fasten it.

Esther was delighted, because the bag just matched a pair of shoes and some gloves she had. And, knowing her dislike of appearing anywhere without every detail perfect, I knew that, however nice the bag might have been, she wouldn't have used it if it hadn't matched her other things exactly.

So far, so good. Esther put the bag aside, and, three days later, took it out to use. Thinking the clasp was rather loose she lifted it up for closer inspection, to find that, cunningly concealed beneath it, was a tiny watch!

"It was a surprise," said Esther, "and, pleased as I'd been beforehand, I was much more pleased then. Definitely my nicest present to date."

But the most unusual present of all was Bobbie Comber's.

Three years ago he was under contract to the B.B.C. to give no less than four Christmas broadcasts. A few days before Christmas Emile Littler, the pantomime producer, asked Bobbie if he could play in "Aladdin," which was due for production at Leeds, as the actor who was to play the Widow Twankey had been taken suddenly ill. Bobbie said he'd love to play in pantomime, but that, as he was under contract to the B.B.C. for several broadcasts he'd have to see what could be done about those before accepting the offer.

He went hot-foot to see Eric Maschwitz, who was then Director of Variety at the B.B.C., explained the position, said that he'd never played in panto before and very much wanted to do so.

Eric listened very sympathetically and said at length: "All right, Bobbie, I'll fix that for you as a Christmas present. Off you go and learn Widow Twankey's part."

As Bobbie has now appeared in three successive Littler pantomimes and is under contract to appear in three more, you can understand why he feels grateful to Eric Maschwitz, can't you?

And that year he had a second Christmas present—from Gordon Crier, who was then producing for Littler.

"Aladdin" opened on Christmas Eve, and Bobbie, who had a large party of friends coming to spend Christmas Day, naturally wanted to get back to London for the festivities. It was by no means sure that he could do so, however, as if the show didn't run smoothly on the opening night there would have to be a rehearsal call for Christmas morning.

"It just depends on how the show goes to-night," said Gordon, "but if I can possibly do it I'll let you go home for a Christmas present."

Bobbie held his breath and hoped for the best—almost played throughout the show with crossed fingers. Everything went finely.

"No need for a call!" said Gordon. Bobbie rushed off by the midnight train, spent Christmas at home and got back to Leeds in time for the matinee on Boxing Day. Quick work!

A varied selection of presents, isn't it? And I think you'll agree that radio stars are lucky, though, on the whole, the men come off better than the women, which hardly seems fair! Anyway, here's luck to them all again this year, and to all of you, too.



HELL'S BELLS

PANTO PRODUCER (to "Dick Whittington"):
See here, Miss Gloria, you're supposed to get excited when you hear Bow Bells! To-night, you simply ignored the bells as if they weren't there!

SHE: Sorry, Mr. Greenberg—I used to be a waitress?

By Inga Andersen ("Bourjois" programme, "Elise," Radio Lyons, December 4).

HIGHLIGHTS OF THIS WEEK'S B.B.C. PROGRAMMES

Continued from page 40

Dance Music

Hotcha! Harry Roy again, this time at tea-time from Leeds. As well as Wendy Claire, Harry will have with him Carol Dexter, his new "never-been-kissed," 19-year-old Canadian redhead (National). Joe Loss and his band have a late-night session from the Astoria Dance Hall, with Chappie D'Amato to announce.

Music

Guilhermina Suggia, the 'cellist, is soloist with the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra to-night under Sir Henry Wood. Earlier, on National, Laurence Holmes gives a baritone recital, and Jack Wilson and his Versatile Five, Bobby Howell's band and light music from Sweden are other musical attractions on National.

Sport

The championship fight between Larry Gains and George James will be broadcast on Regional from Cardiff.

THURSDAY, DEC. 8

Variety

"OURS is a Nice Hour Ours Is," sings Clarkson Rose and his merry boys and girls. They come to the studio this evening on Regional to prove it.

Scrapbook for 1903 is repeated for the benefit of those who missed it earlier in the week. In the afternoon *The Alpine Hut* will provide gay song again and earlier there is a musical play called *The Amateur Highwayman*.



B.B.C.'s new organ maestro, Sandy Macpherson, will be playing on Thursday (December 8), National.

Raymond Newell has written the book and lyrics of this show and he will also play a part. Others in the cast include Jan van der Gucht, Rae Jenkins and his band, Kathleen Burgess, Bertram Dench and Middleton Wood. Michael North has written the music for the show.

On National, Sandy Macpherson has an organ session, while on Regional that talented member of the B.B.C. Variety Orchestra, Arthur Sandford, has a spot on his own in syncopated piano playing.

Plays, Talks, Features, etc.

At the *Black Dog* is a show that needs no recommendation from me. It is on Regional again. Also on



NON-SPEAKING

RADIO STAR (pointing facetiously at weird B.B.C. clock): Is this thing supposed to tell you the time?

ANNOUNCER (very dignified): No, you have to look at it.

By Jack Jackson (in Pond's "A Serenade to Melody," Normandy, Luxembourg, December 4).

Regional is *Street Scene*, a feature programme from New York.

Dance Music

Geraldo, master of super-dance-cum-variety-cum-revue radio production, has another of his spectacular shows on the air with Monte Rey, Eve Becke, Sylvia Cecil, Al Bowly, The Top Hatters and The Geraldettes. (National). The late-night music is shared by Michael Flome's band from the Mayfair Hotel and by Bert Firman's band from the London Casino.

Music

The ever-popular Derek Oldham sings to-night with the B.B.C. Orchestra (National) and star-pianist Clifford Curzon is soloist with the Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra. The B.B.C. Military Band is another National attraction.

FRIDAY, DEC. 9

Variety

LESLIE BAILY has written the history of Plymouth Palace for the *Famous Music Halls* series. John Watt and Leslie Bridgmont will tell the story of the theatre, Watt from the studio, Bridgmont from the theatre. Many of the stars who have won fame at the Palace (which was opened in 1898) will help to illustrate the story in song and speech and in the relay of the night's show from the theatre, Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels will be starred (Regional).

Edgar Peto takes over the theatre organ on Regional and Harry Evans and his Sextette Intime have a session on the same wavelength. National's big spot is another of Louis Levy's *You Shall Have Music* shows, with Brian Lawrance and Eve Becke to sing.

Plays, Talks, Features, etc.

Those famous players, the Abbey Theatre Company of Dublin, will be broadcast to-night on Regional. They will do an Irish comedy by Lady Gregory called *Hyacinth Halvey* and a one-act by J. M. Synge called *Riders of the Sea*. A Walter de la Mare short story, "Physic," will be read on National and Fred Marshall, M.P., will talk about the "Week in Westminster."

Dance Music

Billy Gerhardt's band makes one of its all too infrequent broadcasts. You can hear it playing the pre-lunch session on National. Jack Jackson's outfit from the Dorchester will look after the late-night music.

Music

Medvedeff and his Balalaika Orchestra have two excellent singers with them to-day, Max Turganoff, tenor, and Gerald Kassen, bass-baritone.

Sport

At Devonshire Hall, Hackney, Tommy Woodroffe and Barrington Dalby will comment on the boxing.

SATURDAY, DEC. 10

Variety

ENJOY Saturday Night Sing Song while you may. From January it makes way for a weekly *Music Hall*. To-night Hazell and Day will again compare the show, and *The Vagabond Lover*, with Bertha Ricardo, Sydney Burchall, the Gerard Singers and Winterbottom and Murgatroyd will add to the fun and melody of the show (National).

In the afternoon, on National, Clarkson Rose's Hour will be repeated and on Regional, *Good News*, with Roy Royston, Joan Collier, Flotsam and Jetsam and Davy Burnaby will come on the air.

Plays, Talks, Features, etc.

The Story of a House is the title given to a programme on Regional about Broughton Castle, which gained fame in the Civil War. Hugh Morton and Mary O'Farrell will star in this show. In the afternoon on Regional, H. B. Drake will read a short story he has written called "Living Dangerously." There is also an instalment of *Paul Temple* and the *Front-Page Men* on Regional and *In Town To-night* and Raymond Gram Swing are National attractions.

Dance Music

To the strains of "Melody Out of the Sky" Jay Wilbur's band comes on Regional in mid-evening to play you soothing dance music, while Jack Harris's band from Ciro's will "hot it up" a bit in the late-night session. Tea-time on National brings us Billy Cotton and his boys. Mantovani's many admirers will welcome another session by him on National.

FROM LUXEMBOURG
EVERY WEEKDAY

at



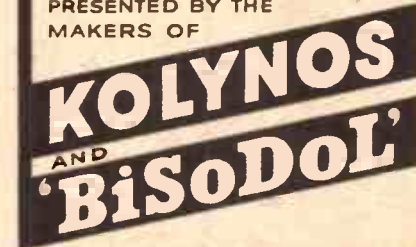
"... sweet notes ... and
sweet harmonies ... to
charm away your cares"

A programme of popular melodies played to you on your favourite instruments:—Organ, Steel Guitar, Accordion, Vibraphone ... supported by a sweet swing rhythm section and some of radio's most famous voices.

Every weekday morning at 8 o'clock

Also from Radio Normandy at 7.45 a.m.
on Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays
(Transmissions arranged through I.B.C.)

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If you suffer from old-sight, near-sight, far-sight, squint, or astigmatism, and the headaches caused by these eye defects: if your eyes are weak and sore from strain, or are affected in any way, don't neglect them or resort to spectacles, but send for our Eye Book. This explains all about "EYES"—their functions, care, ills, and a simple, inexpensive home treatment that has brought improved vision to thousands.

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SONG POEMS WANTED

Successful Composer invites
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A cup of good tea inspires the fun



**"TO ALL CO-OPERATORS-
A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND
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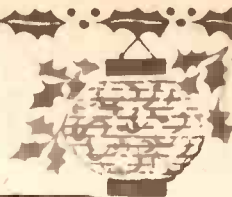
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DIANA MASON'S CHRISTMAS POT-POURRI



THIS being our Christmas issue, my thoughts have turned to cookery first. Remembering the houses in which I have had really mouth-watering dishes, I jammed my hat on my head and went around to Jean Allistone's house. Jean, as you probably know, is Mrs. Tommy Handley in private life.

I remember eating cracknels with coffee after dinner with the Tommy Handleys, and it struck me as being just exactly the recipe you want for Christmas Day.

Cracknels are delicious to eat with coffee, and they aren't in the least "filling"—something to be remembered after Christmas dinner!

Here's how to make them.

Mix one pound of flour, half a grated nutmeg, the yolks of two eggs and two spoonfuls of rose water into a stiff paste with a little cold water. Roll in four ounces of butter mixed with two ounces of margarine and make into cracknel shapes. Drop into a saucepan of boiling water and boil until they float.

Remove and place in cold water and when hardened, allow to dry and bake on a tin plate.

Believe me, they taste as nice as they sound.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE

CHARLOTTE RUSSE also tastes as nice, even nicer, than it sounds, and it's the favourite sweet of Mrs. Leonard Henry, wife of the famous comedian. Viewing the finished article, you'd think it took seven days and seven nights to make. But Mrs. Henry tells me it is really quite simple.

The ingredients are as follows:

Sponge fingers or Savoy biscuits.

½ pint packet of jelly in any flavour you like.

3 ozs. preserved fruits.

½ pint of milk.

1 sheet of gelatine.

½ pint of cream.

1 tablespoonful of castor sugar.

Dissolve a little of the jelly in hot water and pour it into a plain, round mould. Line the sides of the mould with sponge fingers or biscuits, packing them as close as sardines. Dissolve the gelatine in a little hot water; whip the cream stiffly and add the castor sugar, the milk and the now cold gelatine and beat until stiff. Set some preserved fruits on the jelly at the bottom of the mould and then cover with the cream mixture.

Let the mould stand in a cool place until the mixture is firm, then turn out carefully on to a dish. Lay a few sponge fingers across the top, pile some whipped cream in the spaces between the fingers and decorate with preserved fruits.

It looks really lovely, this sweet, and is so colourful on the table.

THE CHRISTMAS FROCK

YOU, too, of course, must look colourful at the Christmas table. Black may be very smart and sophisticated, but black isn't terribly partyish, is it? So I went along to croonette Tressa Dale to see if she had any bright ideas on colour.

"If you didn't want the expense of a new frock for Christmas Day, Tressa," I said, "how would you brighten up one you already had?"

"With a flower, or a clip and a belt of chiffon with long, hanging ends, or a scarf," said Tressa, "depending on the frock."

"And what colours would you use?" I asked.

"Well," said Tressa, "let me think. On a frock of the new mulberry shade that has probably had a cornflower blue sash since October I'd wear a vivid shade of lime green, with earrings to match and perhaps a bracelet, too."

"On a dark green frock I'd try burnt orange of that lovely shade called 'gold dust'; both are unusual and make a bottle green frock exciting. Gold jewels of course with this! With olive try lilac or burgundy."

"Burnt orange is unusual and quite fun on navy, too, though you might not have thought of it, so is moonstone blue. Is that enough to go on with?"

"That's lovely," I told her, "you've been an enormous help to my readers I'm sure." Colour schemes can positively alter a frock, can't they?

CANDLE GREASE

COLOUR schemes can positively alter the appearance of your best table-cloth, too, when there are drippings from the coloured candles on the tree. And in this case they don't alter the table-cloth for the better.

Wife of the famous radio singer, Mrs. Fred Yule gave me an excellent hint for removing candle grease stains.

"First of all," she said, "scrape off the dry grease with a knife, and then wash the table-cloth as usual. This should remove all marks. But on an unwashable fabric it's another story. Here again scrape off the hard grease, then place a fold of blotting paper under the fabric and a single sheet on top and press it with a warm iron, changing the papers as they get grease marked."

"Without very much more trouble the stain will come out."

PAPER DECORATIONS

SUPPOSING the dye from the candle leaves its mark, I thought. What then? And then I remembered a hint of Mrs. George Western, wife of one half of the Western Bros., for removing dye stains. Whether the Western Brothers have a habit of flinging pots of dye around, the cads, I don't know. But I do know that when I tried Mrs. George's hint I found it grand.

So when wine is spill over your red crêpe paper decorations and leaves a nasty dye stain on the table-cloth, here's the way to remove it.

Soak the stained part in boiling water mixed with an equal amount of methylated spirit. If that is not successful, mix methylated spirit with an equal quantity of peroxide of hydrogen, add a drop of ammonia and damp the stain with it. If possible, leave it to dry in the open-air.

This method is only possible for white things, of course. It would bleach the colours out of anything else.

FRESH FRUIT FOR XMAS

TO be able to give one's guests, and one's own family for that matter, something entirely different is the aim of any good hostess.

When money has been no object this has always been possible, but a new process recently perfected by Smedleys enables every housewife to serve summer fare in winter time.

Apart from the secret process of freezing, the whole operation is really very simple. This is what happens:—Let us take Garden Peas, for instance: the pods are picked in the fields in England in the spring, washed, shelled, graded and packed in Cellophane bags on the spot—yes, immediately.

These bags are then placed in hygienic wax boxes and sealed. The entire pack is then frozen absolutely solid.

Now, of course, there is a secret how this is done, but the result is that it has all happened so suddenly that the peas have not lost one atom of their freshness, their food value, their colour or their flavour.

Grocers all over the country are supplied with the Smedley frozen food cabinet where the cartons are kept ready for their customers—always fresh. The purchaser simply asks for a 9d., 1/2 or 2/1 carton. The ninepenny size is enough for two or three people—other sizes in proportion.

There is no danger that the peas will thaw on the way home—they will last for at least four hours.

Another very pleasant surprise for guests would be raspberries and cream (uncooked). This is very simple: just empty the fruit on to a dish and allow to thaw—say three hours—pour away the moisture and there you are—back in July again.

Men must work, and women must teach! Note the resigned look on Harry Phillips' face. Tressa Dale (the lady on the left, gives you a fashion hint



CHILDREN'S CORNER Xmas Party

Conducted by **AUNTIE MURIEL**, the North's most popular Children's Broadcaster

HELLO, EVERYONE!

Here is our special Christmas number once again. I hope you will all enjoy it. Mick, as usual, seems to be in a spot of trouble, but I expect he will recover enough to eat some minced pies and Christmas fare—which reminds me, I hope to see a record entry for the "Christmas Dinner" competition. It is an easy one to solve, and there are five-shilling postal orders for winners.

Meanwhile, my very best Christmas wishes—in advance—and more to come.

Affectionately,

Auntie Muriel

MAKE A MICK NAME CARD

WHEN you have your friends to tea, here is a jolly name-card to make and put on the table. Trace the picture on to a piece of thin card, cut out where the dotted lines are indicated in the picture, and bend back the pieces. Your card will then stand up, and all you have to do is to write your guest's name on the dotted lines in the middle. Mick will look all the nicer if you colour him.



A Name Card for your party friends

ADVENTURES OF A MICROGNOME

MICK HAS A DIP

WHAT was happening in the studio? A great number of people were tramping in and out, and there seemed an air of general excitement. People were evidently in a very good temper for there was a great deal of laughter and quite a lot of politeness.

Mick lifted the carpet and peered with one eye. Yes! There were a lot of people in the studio. And what were they doing?

They seemed to be erecting tables . . . no, they were not tables. They were more like stalls, with all sorts of curious objects placed on them, some of which seemed to give off a very strong scent of lavender.

Mick looked boldly round with two eyes, and found that there were a number of ladies, all wearing rather fussy looking hats, and they were pinning tickets on the various articles.

One very large ticket particularly attracted the little gnome's attention.

"DIP," it said, "Id."

And the notice was pinned to a most exciting looking barrel which was beautifully trimmed with fringed red paper and green tinsel ribbon.

"Just what I could do with—a nice dip!" said Mick to himself, almost feeling the refreshing water cooling his warm little body.

"Of course, I haven't a penny," he added, thoughtfully. "But perhaps no-one will notice me because I'm so small."

It had not, of course, occurred to our young gnome that a dip could be anything else but a dip into water.

While everyone was extremely busy—and indeed, the place was now rapidly filling with a great many people of all ages, including a number of children—Mick crept towards the enticing looking barrel, and with the aid of a number of parcels piled up at the side, managed to clamber to the edge of the barrel.



Mick was saved from the sawdust by a human's hand

Poised dangerously, he closed his eyes ecstatically, and dived!

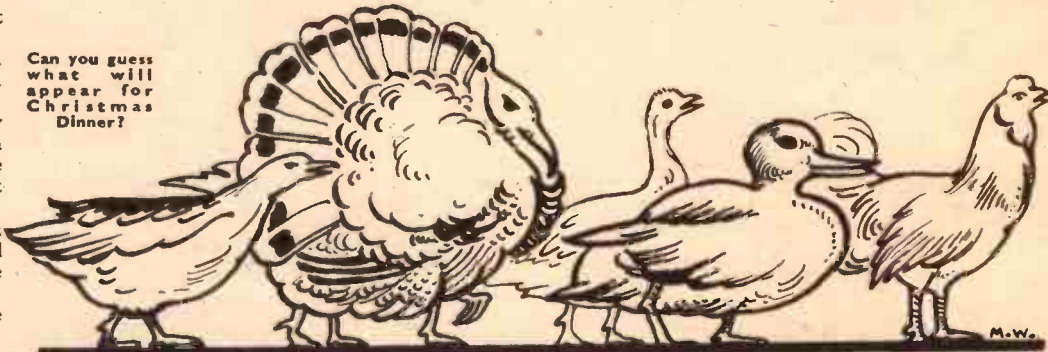
"Werph!" he cried, his mouth, eyes, and ears absolutely crammed with sawdust. "Pthwth, upth! Erp!"—but it was no use. No one heard him, and he was in grave danger of immediate suffocation. Nothing short of a miracle could save him now, and a "miracle" did save him—in the shape of a little girl, who paid her penny and plunged her hand into the dip.

By a piece of luck (for Mick) the first thing the girl's hand grasped was Mick. All in a second he was heaved out of that deadly sawdust, and held panting, spluttering and kicking in the air.

"Oh, oh! It's alive! Put it down at once, darling!" screamed the child's mother.

The girl obediently released her hold, and the micrognome fell to the ground.

Can you guess what will appear for Christmas Dinner?



"Thank Heaven!" breathed Mick as he crawled under the studio carpet.

He could not help chuckling, however, when he heard the little girl shrieking because she wanted her "prize" from the dip.

Luckily, someone gave her another penny, and though she drew out a clockwork mouse this time, she is still wondering what it was that escaped when she first drew from the dip.

Don't miss another Mick adventure next week

RADIO ALPHABET

M IS FOR MUSIC

M is for Music

*Now what would you do
In a world without music?
You'd surely feel "blue,"
So next time you tune in
Just give this a thought.
The comfort and happiness
Music has brought.*

YOU CAN'T CROSS

THERE'S one bridge that you cannot cross,
You know it, I suppose?
The only bridge you cannot cross
Is the bridge of your own nose!

GRAVITY

TOMMY did not pass his examinations because he wrote that the letter V was the centre of gravity!

COMPETITION

CHRISTMAS DINNER COMPETITION

HERE is a very special Christmas competition for you, and this time I am offering **FOUR FIVE-SHILLING POSTAL ORDERS** for correct solutions in the neatest handwriting.

Take the initial letters of the objects and add letters in the six sections, re-arrange them, and you will find out what is going to appear for Christmas dinner. Write the six items on a post-card and send, not later than December 29, to Auntie Muriel (Xmas Comp.), RADIO PICTORIAL, 37 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

Be sure and give your full name, age, address and school . . . and you can take a little longer over this, as it is a special and extra competition. Age will be taken into consideration when judging.

Competition results on page 70

"STORIES FOR CHILDREN"

HARRY HEMSLEY,

FAMOUS child mimic, has written and illustrated a fascinating book which will make an ideal Christmas present for any child.

IT was Winnie's birthday. Her presents from Johnny, Elsie and Horace had been neatly parcelled, labelled, and placed on the breakfast table for Winnie to find when she came down in the morning.

Winnie was down first, and seeing the parcels cluttering the table, she put one in the coal cellar, threw one out of the window, hid the others.

When the family arrived they were dismayed to see that Winnie had hidden all the parcels. Asked why she had not opened her presents, she said that there were no labels on the parcels.

"But there were labels on them," said Daddy. "Does anyone know anything about those labels?"

"Bnvm, bcnv acz ag bcnamc xnaczvxbwya vmcbxz," said Horace. Which meant, translated: "They looked so pretty I cut them off."

This is just one of the amusing stories told by Harry Hemsley in his extremely fascinating book, "Stories for Children" (Frederick Warne & Co., Ltd., 2s. 6d. net).

Horace is fast becoming Harry Hemsley's most popular child. In a recent Saturday broadcast, Horace was heard singing in his own language. Harry was intrigued, and asked Winnie what the song was about.

"Horace is just singing scribble," she replied.

Harry Hemsley has made a special study of children, their habits, their humorous sayings, quaint observations. He has delved into the psychology of a child's mind, and knows exactly the inner workings of that curious, inquisitive machine.

This knowledge, so useful in Hemsley's mimicry act, has proved to be a great asset in writing a children's book. There are stories of Winnie, Johnny, Elsie, Horace, about bears, cats, rabbits, dogs, and the hundred and one things that capture the imagination of children.

There are also discussions between Harry and his various children, and the entire book has been

illustrated by Harry himself. Earlier in his career he was a child-portrait artist, and he has lost none of his cunning.

Adults, too, will find the book well worth reading. While this volume may be designed to interest kiddies, there are many hints throughout the pages which will help parents to see more fun and amusement in the quaint activities of children.

A child's mind questions everything. This is illustrated by the story of the time Harry came across a second-hand book shop.

One book caught his eye. It was called, "How To Become the World's Best Conjuror in Twelve Lessons." After purchasing the book he looked at the fly leaf and discovered that it was a twelfth edition, and that each edition had run into at least one thousand copies.

It struck him that if all the copies had been sold, there must be at least 12,000 World's Best Conjurors and, therefore, he would be the World's Best Conjuror 12,001. That, at least, is how a child would work it out, in Harry's opinion.

At various intervals, the book is interrupted by Winnie, and Harry's attention is drawn from the story.

"Why must you write when you and I might be playing a new game I've just invented?"

H. H.: "Did you say invented, Winnie?"

Winnie: "Yes, Daddy."

H. H.: "And do you know the meaning of the word invented?"

Winnie: "Of course I do. It means made up."

H. H.: "Excellent, dear. Give me another instance of how you use the word invented."

Winnie: "Auntie has just finished dressing for the party, and has invented her face."

The article written by Johnny will appeal to every young boy scout. Johnny is a scout himself, and a first-class one at that. To obtain this



Earlier in his career, Harry Hemsley was a child-portrait artist. Here he is seen sketching a portrait of little Betty Hickson, who is making her name in radio.

distinction he had to chop down a tree, stop a horse, swim fifty yards, signal a message, and have a shilling in the bank.

He did all this at once. First he chopped down his father's best fruit tree, fell down and knocked a horse over, waded into the river and pretended to swim, and signalled to his father that he wasn't coming home. His father fetched him and he got some stripes!

"However," writes Johnny, "Daddy gave me a shilling afterwards, so I put that in the gas meter, which is just as good as the bank, so Daddy says."

Packed from cover to cover with good children's reading, "Stories for Children," by Harry Hemsley, will make the ideal Christmas present for sons and daughters, nephews and nieces, and young friends.

Have a look at the book yourself, and you'll agree.



*Listen to the most thrilling and delightful story you have ever heard
Specially written for children of all ages*

GIBBS IVORY CASTLE Radio STORY

EVERY SUNDAY MORNING at 8.45 from RADIO NORMANDY

Join Peter and Mary in their exciting adventures in The-Land-of-Dreams-come-True. You will be thrilled through and through by their marvellous escapes from the fearsome Giant and his dreadful Demons . . . charmed by the gracious Fairy Queen and her lovely Fairies . . . enthralled by all the quaint magic people you will meet. There's lots of fun—terrible battles—thrilling escapes—beautiful music and a lilting theme song that you will all be humming. You must not miss it—Remember Radio Normandy, every Sunday MORNING at 8.45.

Transmissions arranged through the I.B.C. Ltd.

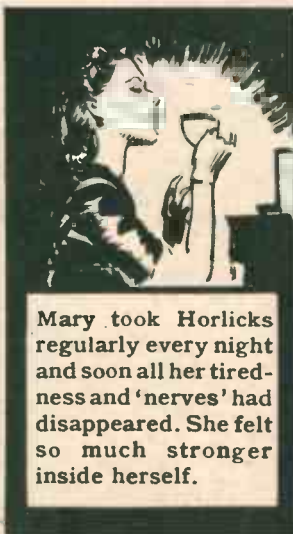
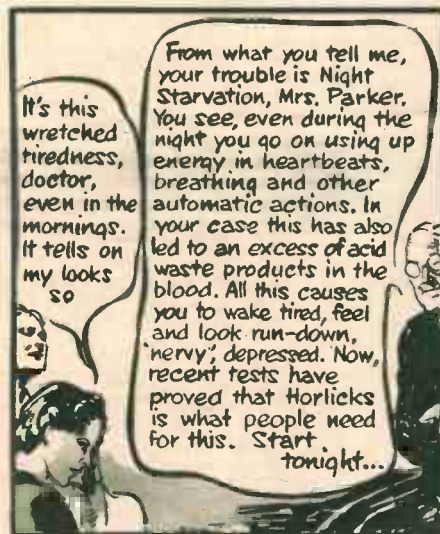
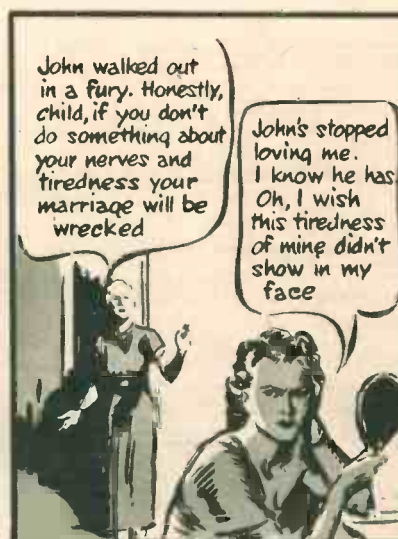
*Your teeth are Ivory Castles—
defend them with GIBBS DENTIFRICE*





MOTHERS ARE OFTEN PEACEMAKERS

Mother and daughter are lunching together in town, when they see the daughter's husband in the same restaurant, but not alone . . .



Doctors and scientists co-operate in recent tests

AN AMAZING series of tests has recently been made on men and women. Doctors wanted to find out why some people always wake tired, feel run-down, 'nervy,' not up to their jobs.

Groups of these people slept under test conditions and each night at regular intervals blood was taken from their arms. It was tested and found in most cases to contain an excess of acid waste products such as carbon dioxide (CO₂). This excess acid waste was activating their brain and nerves, which means that

though their bodies were sound asleep, their brain and nerves lay wide awake.

When the doctors gave these same people Horlicks last thing at night, it was found that the Horlicks not only replaced energy used up in heartbeats, breathing and other automatic actions, but it also brought about the removal of excess acid waste products. The result was that these people woke refreshed next morning. Taking Horlicks regularly at bedtime, they soon regained their full vitality.

Start taking Horlicks tonight. Prices from 2/-, at all chemists and grocers. Mixers 6d. and 1/-.



TUNE IN to the HORLICKS PICTURE HOUSE PROGRAMME with Debroy Somers and his band. Luxembourg (1293 metres) and Normandy (212.6 metres) Sunday 4-5 p.m. Paris Broadcasting Station (Poste Parisien — 312.8 metres) 5-6 p.m.

And to "MUSIC IN THE MORNING" — Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, 8.15-8.30, Luxembourg. Monday, Wednesday, Friday, Saturday, 8-8.15, Normandy.

Transmission from Normandy arranged through the I.B.C. Ltd.

Listen to

RADIO



From this quaint and picturesque town of Luxembourg come your favourite programmes

**THIS WEEK'S
PROGRAMMES
IN FULL**

LUXEMBOURG

1,293 metres

Announcers: Mr. John Bentley and Mr. Derek Baker

SUNDAY, DEC. 4

8.15 a.m. Roll Up, Roll Up, Roll Up
To the Rizla Fun Fair

8.30 a.m. **GEORGE FORMBY**
with a strong supporting cast, including Beryl.
GEORGE is on the Force, s'whelp me Bobby. But P.C. George is worth more than a P.C. home. Hear him on his beat—being browbeaten by Beryl, but still able to sing (accompanied by his truncheon), "It's a good job I'm an easy-going chap." And other numbers.
Presented by Feen-a-Mint.

8.45 a.m. **FRED HARTLEY**
and His Orchestra
Brian Lawrence
and
John Stevens
revive for you
"Songs You Can Never Forget"
Presented by Johnson's Glo-Coat.

9.0 a.m. **GEORGE ELRICK**
and His Band
Presented by Maclean Brand Stomach Powder.
9.15 a.m. Cavalcade of Melody
Presented by Nestlé's.
9.30 a.m. Master O.K., the Saucy Boy
9.45 a.m.

Theatre of the Air
presents
"SHOWLAND MEMORIES"
with
Elena Danelli
Robert Irwin
and
Percival Mackey
and His Orchestra
Presented by California Syrup of Figs.
10.0 a.m. Old Salty and His Accordion
Presented by Rowntree's Cocoa.

10.15 a.m. **INSTANT POSTUM**
presents
"No. 7 Happiness Lane"
The romantic adventures of a musical family.
THERE are stirring happenings at No. 7—and pleasant music as always. Gladys' ambition—Tom Warner's love for Gladys—Holmes' kindness—Mrs. Gibbons' downrightiness—Mr. Gibbons' staunchness—the mingled human feelings and actions of them all. This real life family keeps you in touch with life's everyday good things. Listen in to No. 7 Happiness Lane to-day.

10.30 a.m. **HARRY DAVIDSON**
and His Commodore Grand Orchestra
Presented by Bisurated Magnesia.
10.45 a.m. Professor Bryan Michle
"The Riddle Master."—Presented by Brown & Polson's Custard.
11.0 a.m. The Circus Comes to Town with George Buck, Jack Train and Mabel Constanduros with Augmented Circus Band.
Presented by Bob Martin Ltd.
11.15 a.m. **THE OPEN ROAD**
Presented by Carters Little Liver Pills.
11.30 a.m. Luxembourg Religious Talk
(in French).

**CASH PRIZES
FOR LISTENERS**

See page 29

12.0 (noon) **QUAKER QUARTER-HOUR**
featuring
Carroll Lewis and
His Radio Discoveries
Harry Dawson (Boy Soprano)
Sydney Barber (Tenor)
Betty and Nena Musker (Two on one Piano)
Gwendoline Macklin (Soprano)
The Two Bricklayers (Musical Saw and Accordion)
Presented by Quaker Oats.

A GLANCE at Carroll's cue sheet for this programme (a quick glance, taken by your reporter when the great man wasn't looking), shows that there's a packer from North London, two young ladies from Coventry, another young lady from Dalston, two bricklayers from Thame near Oxford, and—bold tight!—a taximeter fitter from Camberwell (as Carroll says, "He's the man we're all looking for!"). Well, there they are—



Pearl, the girl of the C.R. Ranch, will be singing again in the Oxydol programme on Sunday at 3 p.m.

five more discoveries facing the lights and the microphone and the 2,000-strong audience, on the stage of the Odeon, Leicester Square.

12.15 p.m. John Goodwood
(Astrologer), and the Coty Orchestra.
12.30 p.m. Plantation Minstrels
Presented by Lyons' Green Label Tea.
12.45 p.m.

HUNTLEY & PALMERS present
Ray Noble and His Orchestra

1.0 p.m. **LUX RADIO THEATRE**
presents
Charles B. Cochran
introducing as Guest Star
Dorothy Dickson
with Alan Howland
Kathleen Cordell
Barry Gray
Gwen Jones
Ivor Davis
and Orchestra directed by
Eddie Carroll
Presented by Lux Toilet Soap.

1.30 p.m. Ovaltine Programme of
Melody and Song.

2.0 p.m. The Kraft Show
Directed by Billy Cotton, featuring Ted Ray with Phyllis Robins, Alan Breeze and Peter Williams.

2.30 p.m. **YOUR OLD FRIEND DAN**
Singing his way into the Home
Presented by Johnson's Wax Polish.

2.45 p.m. **THOMAS HEDLEY & CO., LTD.,**
proudly present
Miss **GRACIE FIELDS**
in a programme of new songs, and at least one old favourite, with some homely advice about Fairy Soap.

AT the Scala Theatre, London, Gracie Fields is being groomed for film stardom. Her ostler is no lesser 'ustler than Sam Trout, jun. However, Gracie angles Sam long before his cameras "angle" her. Hear Gracie sing *So Proud of You* and *A Couple of Dooks* in to-day's Fairy Soap Scala Theatre concert.

4.0 p.m. **HORLICKS PICTURE HOUSE**
Master of Ceremonies: Howard Claney
with

Ralph Lynn
Gertrude Niesen
Oliver Wakefield
Dorothy Alt
The Cavendish Three
The Mayfair Men
Bryan Quinn
and
The Horlicks All-Star Orchestra
under
Debroy Somers
Presented by Horlicks.
5.0 p.m. Ray of Sunshine Programme
Comped by Christopher Stone.—Presented by Phillips' Tonic Yeast and Betox.
5.30 p.m. The Ovaltines
with Harry Hemsley and Orchestra.—Presented by Ovaltine.

6.0 p.m. **THE RADIO GANG SHOW**
Presented by the makers of Lifebuoy Soap
featuring
RALPH READER
Veronica Brady Gwen Lewis
Bobbie Comber Bill Bannister
Syd Palmer Jack Orpwood
Jack Beet Norman Fellows.
Eric Christmas Yolanda, Elva and Dorothy
Orchestra and chorus under the direction of
George Scott-Wood

6.30 p.m. **RINSO RADIO REVUE**
featuring
Jack Hylton and His Band
Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon
Tommy Handley
Sam Browne
Peggy Dell
Gerda Newman
June Malo
Comped by Ben Lyon
Presented by Rinso.

7.0 p.m. Announcing a Series of Thrilling Dramas
centred round the characters of
Inspector Brookes
of Scotland Yard
and his son
Dick
Presented by Milk of Magnesia.

7.15 p.m. Eddie Pola and His Twisted
Tunes.—Presented by Monkey Brand.
7.30 p.m. "London Merry-Go-Round"
A programme of happy music from the musical shows and night clubs, with Teddy Randall and his London Band, Madeline de Gist and Pierre le Kreun, and the singing, smiling "Men-about-Town."—Presented by Danderline.

7.45 p.m. **COOKEEN CABARET**
with
Helen Clare
Guest Artists: Derek Oldham and
Destifano Brothers
Compère: Russ Carr
Presented by Cookeen Cooking Fat.

8.0 p.m. **PALMOLIVE PROGRAMME**
with
Olive Palmer
Paul Oliver
and the Palmolivers

AS usual, the Palmolive studios ring to the ecstatic cries of Goofy Sal and Eddie Pola as they galumph through this two-hundred and thirty-first Palmolive programme. Less ecstatic cries come from George who takes the full pressure of G. S. and E. P., as usual. The band play "There's honey on the moon" "Joseph, Joseph," "My Love is Like the River"—and (to coin a phrase) many others. Olive and Paul again sing sweetly together. So up with the radio curtain and on with Palmolive Time!

Please turn to page 51

THE FOUR-STAR PROGRAMME!

ANNE
ZIEGLER

WEBSTER
BOOTH

CHARLES
ERNESCO

JAMES
DYRENFORTH

EVERY MONDAY AND
WEDNESDAY MORNING
AT 9.15 FROM
LUXEMBOURG
IN THE **PERSIL** PROGRAMME
"WITH A SMILE
AND A SONG"
LILTING MELODIES — FAVOURITE
SONGS — LINKED TOGETHER IN
A ROMANTIC LOVE STORY.

RADIO FAN CLUB NEWS

Meeting for Cotton-ites : : Teddy Joyce Club's Three Hundred
Christmas Hampers : : More from that busy George Elrick Club

A TOAST! Raise your glasses to all Fan Club secretaries for the untiring work they have performed during the year of nineteen thirty-eight, the hours they have sacrificed from their leisure to organise meetings, outings, dances. Good work, and may you all carry on in the same grand way during the coming year.

And now, secretaries, raise your glasses to the countless fans who have so loyally followed their favourite stars, and who have done so much to make the clubs possible. May they all continue to give you their fullest support.

Lastly, to readers who have yet to join a club, we all raise our glasses and invite you to select a star and join in with the pleasant fun offered by the clubs.

Calling all Cotton-ites. The Billy Cotton Club will be meeting at 7.30 p.m. on December 8, at the Champion, Wells Street (off Oxford Street), W.1. The Secretary hopes to see you all there, and urges you to bring all your friends.

A few weeks ago we noted that a fan from Blackpool was anxious to join a Bernard Hunter Fan Club. But as there was not one in existence, we suggested that someone should start a club.

Back comes a reply from Miss Christine Holt, of 89 Laycock Mansions, Upper Street, Islington, N.1, saying that she is fully prepared to start the ball rolling. Miss Holt is a keen Hunter fan herself, and she has Bernard's full permission to go right ahead on her new venture.

Both Bernard and Miss Holt hope that the club will go with a swing. We hope so, too. So go ahead, fans, get your pens busy and drop a note to Miss Holt. You'll find her very helpful, and prompt in replying.

Details have not yet been finally completed, but the club will be run on authentic lines, and will offer plenty of good fun for its members.

All the branches of the George Elrick Club seem to be pretty busy these days. The last meeting of the Leeds Branch was a great success. The Youngest member and the Oldest member thoroughly enjoyed the games. After tea, members held a dance, and this was followed by a recital of George's recordings.

The Chelmsford Branch met recently and discussed their winter plans. The members are visiting George's new show very soon. This is their second outing within a few weeks. Looks like a live-wire branch.

The club's youngest branch—Great Yarmouth—decided to take a trip to Norwich a few days ago. When they arrived they found rows upon rows of flags and bunting decorating the city. They were quite bewildered at the reception.

After touring Norwich they had tea opposite the famous cathedral, proceeded to a cinema, and returned home after a grand day.

The next morning they noticed in the paper that the Royal Family had also visited Norwich, and now they're wondering whether the bunting was for them after all!

The London Branch met recently and visited the Shepherd's Bush Empire to see George's new show. Everyone had a grand time, and George was given a big "hand" when he appeared on the stage.

It seems a pity that there are still several hundreds of George's fans who have not joined this intimate and friendly club. Why not write now to Miss Joan Funnell, Station House, Wandsworth Common, S.W.12? You won't regret it.

The Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon Club is making great headway with its Christmas-Baskets-for-the-Poor scheme. It's Bebe's idea to get at least fifty baskets for distribution.

Bebe herself is supplying 2 lbs. of jam, 2 large tins of beans, 1 large tin of milk, a large tin of spaghetti, a box of biscuits, a packet of Rinsol, a bar of Lux soap, and 1 bottle of Horlicks to each basket.

The balance is being made up by club members, who are asked to contribute anything from food-stuffs to socks and old overcoats. Cheques and postal orders will, of course, be greatly appreciated.

Last year dozens of members sent Bebe and Ben

Christmas presents, but this year both the stars have asked members to send them the money instead, so that they can donate it to the Christmas fund. They will appreciate this even more than a personal gift.

By the way, anyone wishing to send clothes should address them to Miss Grace Prior, 120 St. Paul's Road, Canonbury, N., or Miss Sally Koster, 278 Hackney Road, Bethnal Green, E.2.

The Teddy Joyce Club, incidentally, is growing still. It is well over the 3,000 mark. The club is giving 300 hampers away this Christmas to charity, and this should brighten up a lot of poor homes on that festive day.

The club is also holding a mammoth party for the children of the unemployed at the Lambeth Baths. Time and day has not been fixed just yet, but the secretary will be circularising this to members as soon as possible.

Had a note from Ernest Hignett, of 1 Water Street, Wallasey, Cheshire, saying that his Jack Jackson Fan Club—which, incidentally, is the official Jackson Club—is in no way connected with Mr. Adams' organisation.

Mr. Hignett's club has been running since June, and is progressing very nicely.



"So there was no train, eh? It was just the car radio OSCILLATING ★!★!★!....."

William F. Hooper, 27 Fulwell Park Avenue, Twickenham, Middlesex, has sent us some interesting information regarding that delightful blues singer, Frances Langford, whose recordings are frequently heard from Paris and Lyons.

Frances Langford is a popular radio star in the United States, and there is a Canadian-American club with its headquarters in Ontario.

Mr. Hooper has recently been elected a Chapter Leader of this club, and he is anxious to form a British club in Miss Langford's honour.

Frances sends a beautiful signed photograph to each new member, and there is a quarterly magazine called "Langford Melodies." Honorary members of the club include such names as Bing Crosby, Gertrude Niesen, Dick Powell, Jeanette Macdonald, and Louella Parsons. Quite a famous bunch of members.

FAN

1ST. RADIO ACTOR: Who's that eighteen-stone woman who keeps trailing you around?

2ND DITTO: Hah, that's my big following!

By Eddie Carroll (Lux Radio Theatre, Luxembourg, Normandy, Paris, December 4).

LUXEMBOURG PROGRAMMES

Continued from page 49

8.30 p.m. Luxembourg News (in French)

9.0 p.m. HIGHLIGHTS ON PARADE

with
Alfred Van Dam
and
His State OrchestraRobert Ashley
Presented by Macleans Limited.

9.15 p.m. Snowfire Aids to Beauty

9.30 p.m. Symington's Sunday Night

9.45 p.m. On the Air

with Carroll Gibbons and the Savoy

Orpheans, Anne Lenner, and George

Melachrino.—Presented by Colgate Rib-

bon Dental Cream and Shaving Cream.

10.0 p.m. A SERENADE TO MELODY

featuring
Jack Jackson and his Orchestrawith
Barbara Backand
"A Star of To-morrow"

Presented by Pond's Extract Co., Ltd.

10.30 p.m. The Greys Are On the Air

The Greys' Band, with Raymond Newell

and The Greys' Singers and Lt.-Col.

Graham Seton Hutchison, D.S.O., M.C.

(author of "The W Plan").

8.30 a.m. An All-Scottish Programme

Presented by Scott's Porridge Oats.

8.45 a.m. THE OPEN ROAD

Presented by Cartera Little Liver Pills.

9.0 a.m. Station Concert

9.15 a.m. The Makers of Persh greet you

WITH A SMILE AND A SONG

with
Charles Ernesco and His Quintet

Webster Booth

Anne Ziegler

and
James Dyrenforth

9.30 a.m. Station Concert

9.45 a.m. Keeping House with

Elizabeth Craig, introduced by Peter the

Planter.—Presented by Lyons' Green

Label Tea.

10.0 a.m. THE COOKEEN PROGRAMME

with
Carroll Gibbons and His Boys

Anne Lenner

and
George Melachrino

Guest Artists:

Bryl Walker and Jack Warman

10.30 a.m. Presenting

PLAIN JANE

The Story of Plain Jane Wilson and her

struggle for those things that every girl

longs for—love and happiness. . . . For

excitement, romance and adventure lis-

ten every morning (Mondays to Fridays)

at half-past ten, to Plain Jane.—Presented

by Rinso.

10.45 to 11.0 a.m. Request

Programme.

2.15 p.m. A SERIAL STORY

"Mr. Keen, Tracer of Lost Persons"

Presented by Lavona Hair Tonic.

2.30 p.m. "BACKSTAGE WIFE"

The thrilling story of an every-day girl

who married a famous actor—a story of

love and intrigue, jealousy and hate.

Presented by Dr. Lyons' Tooth Powder.

2.45 p.m. "YOUNG WIDOW JONES"

A moving human story of a woman's

heart and a mother's love. A story of joy

and despair, life and love as we all know

them.—Presented by Milk of Magnesia.

3.0 p.m. "THE SWEETEST LOVE SONGS EVER

SUNG"

A new all-star feature of radio—fifteen

minutes of romance, starring some of the

most popular singing voices of our time,

singing the love songs you love to hear.

Presented by Phillips' Dental Magnesia.

3.15 p.m. "STELLA DALLAS"

A continuation on the air of the world-

famous story of a mother whose love for

her daughter was the uppermost thought

in her life—for Stella Dallas saw her

daughter, Laurel, marry into wealth and

high society, and, realising that the

difference in their social worlds was too

great, gave her up and went out of her

life.—Presented by California Syrup of

Figs.

3.30 p.m. STARS ON PARADE

A Programme of Movie Memories

Presented by Puffed Wheat and Puffed

Rice.

3.45 p.m. Concert of Light Orchestral

Music

4.15 p.m. Coty

presents "The Charm School," featuring

Kay Lawrence. A programme mainly for

women.

4.30 p.m. The Family Circle

Gramophone records compered by

Christopher Stone.—Presented by Beto.

4.45 p.m. MARMADUKE BROWN

The lovable, eccentric inventor and his

patient wife

Matilda

Presented by Phillips' Magnesia Beauty

Creams.

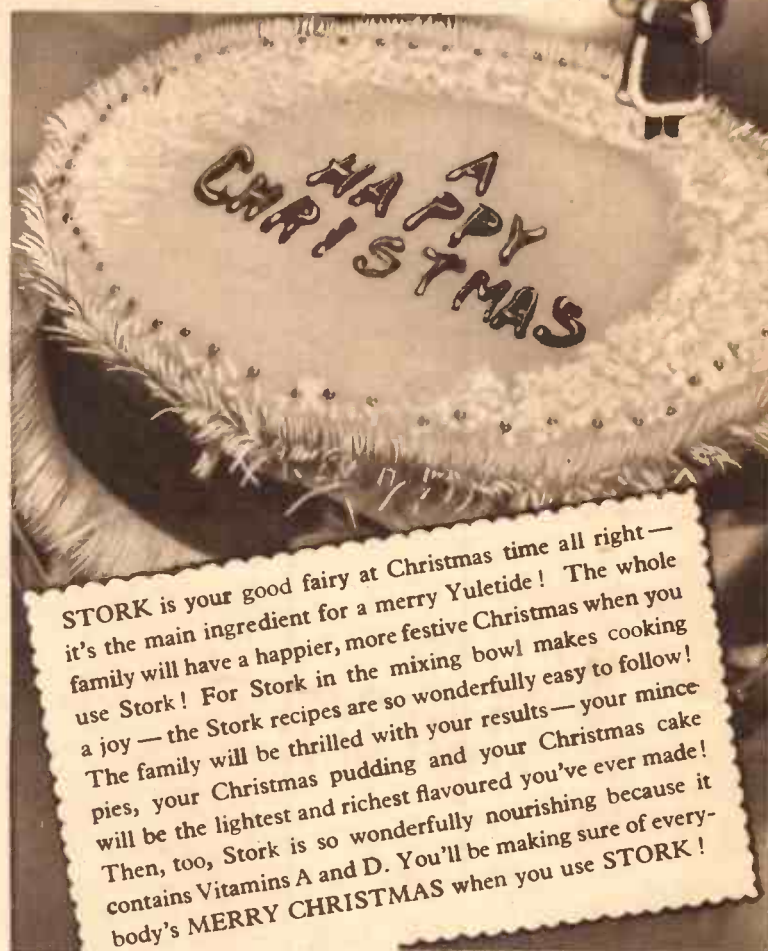
5.0 p.m. Borwick's Lemon Barley

Concert

5.15 to 5.30 p.m. Request

Programme

STORK makes your Christmas cooking a sure success!



STORK is your good fairy at Christmas time all right—it's the main ingredient for a merry Yuletide! The whole family will have a happier, more festive Christmas when you use Stork! For Stork in the mixing bowl makes cooking a joy—the Stork recipes are so wonderfully easy to follow! The family will be thrilled with your results—your mince pies, your Christmas pudding and your Christmas cake will be the lightest and richest flavoured you've ever made! Then, too, Stork is so wonderfully nourishing because it contains Vitamins A and D. You'll be making sure of everybody's MERRY CHRISTMAS when you use STORK!

CHRISTMAS CAKE

1 lb. Stork Margarine
8 eggs
1 lb. stoned raisins
Grated rind of 1 lemon
1 lb. sultanas
1 teaspoonful grated nutmegs
1 lb. sweet cooking almonds
1 lb. castor sugar
11 oz. plain flour
1 lb. mixed peel
1 lb. currants
6 oz. cherries
1 teaspoonful ground cinnamon
Pinch of salt

Prepare tin first by lining it with grease-proof paper well brushed with melted Stork, then clean and prepare the fruit, chop the peel, and cut the cherries in quarters. Blanch and slice the almonds. Mix all the fruit together with the spices and grated lemon rind, and put aside. Sift the flour and Stork together. Cream the Stork and sugar together, and beat in the eggs one at a time, add a quarter of the flour, then a quarter of the fruit mixture, and beat until all the flour is used. Pour into the tin, and bake

in a fairly warm oven (Regulo Mark 4) for 1½ hours; then reduce to a very low heat and bake for another 3-4 hours (Regulo Mark 1). Keep for at least a week before icing. Then spread a thick layer of almond icing on top of the cake and cover the top of that with white icing. Decorate with coloured sweets and fruit, and tie a paper cake-frill round the sides with a coloured ribbon.

ALMOND PASTE

1 lb. ground almonds
2 eggs (small)
1 teaspoonful vanilla
1 lb. icing and 1 lb. castor sugar
2-3 drops almond essence
1 teaspoonful lemon juice
Mix almonds and sugar together. Add lemon juice, essence and eggs. Knead until smooth. Wrap in greaseproof paper if not used at once.

WHITE ICING

1 lb. icing sugar
A little warm milk
2 teaspoonfuls lemon juice
1 dessertspoonful orange flower water
Mix milk and orange flower water and lemon juice together, and make icing as thick as thick cream. A little more milk may be required. The quantity varies with the quality of the sugar.

STORK MARGARINE

For further recipes write for free copy of "The Complete Guide to Home Cooking," which contains Regulo Marks for all baked dishes, to The Stork Company, Dept. Y135, Unilever House, Blackfriars, London, E.C.4.

Gift coupon with every pound

SUNSHINE
VITAMINS
A & D



Peppy and vivacious Gwenn Jones will be singing in the Lux Radio Theatre Sunday at 1 p.m.

10.45 p.m. CADBURY CALLING

Let's meet at the Organ

Sidney Torch

entertains his friends at the Organ

This week:

Binnie Hale

vivacious musical comedy star

Rawicz and Landauer

Playing a Medley of Viennese Waltzes.

Paulo

the singing clown

A musical variety sent by Cadbury's of

Bourneville to announce their "Roses"

Chocolates.

11.0 p.m. Young and Healthy

A programme of modern snappy dance

rhythm and swing.—Presented by Bille

Beans.

11.15 p.m. The Zum-Buk Programme

11.30 to 12.0 (midnight) Request

Programme

MONDAY, DEC. 5

8.0 a.m. MELODIES FROM THE AIR

Presented by Kolynos Tooth Paste.

8.15 a.m. MUSIC IN THE MORNING

featuring

Gene Crowley

Tressa Dale

Bob Howard

and
Bram Martin and His Orchestra

Presented by Horlicks.

TUESDAY, DEC. 6

8.0 a.m. MELODIES FROM THE AIR

Presented by Kolynos Tooth Paste.

8.15 a.m. The Alka Seltzer Boys

Browning and Starr.

8.30 a.m. Household Hints by Mrs.

Able.—Presented by Vitacup.

Please turn to next page



HARRY HEMSLEY

RADIO'S GREATEST VOCAL CHILD IMPERSONATOR

READ HIS BOOK

HARRY HEMSLEY'S STORIES FOR CHILDREN

Illustrated by himself

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THREE WITH A FOLLOWING

Lyle Evans

"Your old friend Dan"

stimulates you to

"RISE AND SHINE"

Sunday 2.30 p.m. Radio Luxembourg
 Wednesday 3.30 p.m. Radio Normandy
 Thursday 4.30 p.m. Radio Luxembourg

presented by the makers of

**JOHNSON'S
WAX
POLISH****"The sweetest
1/4 hour
on the air"****FRED HARTLEY**
AND HIS ORCHESTRA IN**"SONGS YOU CAN
NE'ER FORGET"**with **BRIAN LAWRENCE**

Sunday, 8.45 a.m. Radio Luxembourg

Presented by the makers of

JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT

Transmissions from Radio Normandy arranged through I.B.C., Ltd.

Fred Hartley

Brian Lawrence
 S. C. JOHNSON &
 SON, Ltd.,
 WEST DRAYTON
 Middlesex

4 PERFORMANCES WEEKLY**LUXEMBOURG PROGRAMMES**

Continued from previous page

- 8.45 a.m.** CADBURY CALLING
and presenting
Songs to Make You Sing
with
Charlie Kunz at the Piano
and
Pat Taylor and Gerry Fitzgerald
to sing to you
Maurice Denham tells you the tunes
Presented by Cadbury Bros.
- 9.0 a.m.** Station Concert
- 9.30 a.m.** The Brown & Polson Cookery
Club. Club news and cookery talks by
the President of the Club, Mrs. Jean
Scott.
- 9.45 a.m.** Station Concert
- 10.0 a.m.** "Ask the Doctor"
A programme presented by "Sanatogen"
Brand Tonic Food, with music by the
Arcadian Octet.
- 10.15 a.m.** Doctor Humankind
Gives you a slice of life from his casebook
of humanity.—Presented by Kraft Cheese.
- 10.30 a.m.** PLAIN JANE
Presented by Rinso.
- 10.45 to 11.0 a.m.** Request
Programme
- 2.15 p.m.** A SERIAL STORY
"Mr. Keen, Tracer of Lost Persons"
Presented by Lavona Hair Tonic.
- 2.30 p.m.** "BACKSTAGE WIFE"
Presented by Dr. Lyons' Tooth Powder.
- 2.45 p.m.** "YOUNG WIDOW JONES"
Presented by Milk of Magnesia.
- 3.0 p.m.** "THE SWEETEST LOVE SONGS EVER
SUNG"
Presented by Phillips' Dental Magnesia.
- 3.15 p.m.** "STELLA DALLAS"
Presented by California Syrup of Figs.
- 3.30 p.m.** COW & GATE'S
Knitting Expert
Tells Mothers how to save money. A
programme presented by Cow & Gate, Ltd.
- 3.45 p.m.** MACLEAN'S MUSICAL MATINEE
Presented by Maclean's Peroxide Tooth-
paste.
- 4.0 p.m.** Variety
- 4.30 p.m.** The Family Circle
Gramophone records compered by
Christopher Stone.—Presented by Betox.
- 10.30 a.m.** PLAIN JANE
Presented by Rinso.
- 10.45 to 11.0 a.m.** Request
Programme
- 2.15 p.m.** A SERIAL STORY
"Mr. Keen, Tracer of Lost Persons"
Presented by Lavona Hair Tonic.
- 2.30 p.m.** "BACKSTAGE WIFE"
Presented by Dr. Lyons' Tooth Powder.
- 2.45 p.m.** "YOUNG WIDOW JONES"
Presented by Milk of Magnesia.
- 3.0 p.m.** "THE SWEETEST LOVE SONGS EVER
SUNG"
Presented by Phillips' Dental Magnesia.
- 3.15 p.m.** "STELLA DALLAS"
Presented by California Syrup of Figs.
- 3.30 p.m.** Concert of Light Orchestral
Music
- 4.0 p.m.** Cavalcade of Melody
Presented by Nestle's.
- 4.15 p.m.** GOOD AFTERNOON
A visit from Albert Whelan, bringing a
song, a smile and a story.—Presented by
Andrews Liver Salt.
- 4.30 p.m.** HUNTLEY & PALMERS
present
"The Best of Everything"
A programme arranged and compered by
Christopher Bouch
- 4.45 p.m.** MARMADUKE BROWN
The lovable, eccentric inventor and his
patient wife,
Matilda
Presented by Phillips' Magnesia Beauty
Creams.
- 5.0 p.m.** On the Air
With Carroll Gibbons and the Savoy
Orpheans, Anne Lenner and George
Melachrinio.—Presented by Colgate Rib-
bon Dental Cream and Shaving Cream.
- 5.15 to 5.30 p.m.** THE OPEN ROAD
Presented by Carters Little Liver Pills.
- WED. DEC. 7**
- 8.0 a.m.** MELODIES FROM THE AIR
Presented by Kolynos Tooth Paste.
- 8.15 a.m.** MUSIC IN THE MORNING
Presented by Horlicks.
- 8.30 a.m.** Four Star Feature
Presented by Rowntree's Cocoa.
- 8.45 a.m.** GOOD MORNING
A visit from Albert Whelan, bringing a
song, a smile and a story
Presented by Andrews Liver Salt.
- 9.0 a.m.** Problem in Music
Presented by Symington's Soups.
- 9.15 a.m.** The makers of Persil greet you
WITH A SMILE AND A SONG
with
Charles Ernesco and His Quintet
Webster Booth
Anne Zeigler
and
James Dyrenforth
- 9.30 a.m.** ANN FRENCH'S BEAUTY TALKS
Presented by the makers of Reudel Bath
Cubes.
- 9.45 a.m.** RADIO FAVOURITES
Presented by Brooke Bond Dividend Tea.
- 10.0 a.m.** THE STORK RADIO PARADE
with
Sam Browne
Helen Raymond
Scott and Whaley
Bobby Howell and His Band
Presented by Stork Margarine, from the
stage of the Granada, Clapham.
- 10.30 a.m.** PLAIN JANE
Presented by Rinso.
- 10.45 to 11.0 a.m.** Request
Programme
- 2.15 p.m.** A SERIAL STORY
"Mr. Keen, Tracer of Lost Persons"
Presented by Lavona Hair Tonic.
- 2.30 p.m.** "BACKSTAGE WIFE"
Presented by Dr. Lyons' Tooth Powder.
- 2.45 p.m.** "YOUNG WIDOW JONES"
Presented by Milk of Magnesia.
- 3.0 p.m.** "THE SWEETEST LOVE SONGS EVER
SUNG"
Presented by Phillips' Dental Magnesia.
- 3.15 p.m.** "STELLA DALLAS"
Presented by California Syrup of Figs.
- 3.30 p.m.** COW & GATE'S
Knitting Expert
Tells Mothers how to save money. A
programme presented by Cow & Gate, Ltd.
- 3.45 p.m.** MACLEAN'S MUSICAL MATINEE
Presented by Maclean's Peroxide Tooth-
paste.
- 4.0 p.m.** Variety
- 4.30 p.m.** The Family Circle
Gramophone records compered by
Christopher Stone.—Presented by Betox.
- THURSDAY, DEC. 8**
- 8.0 a.m.** MELODIES FROM THE AIR
Presented by Kolynos Tooth Paste.
- 8.15 a.m.** MUSIC IN THE MORNING
Presented by Horlicks.
- 8.30 a.m.** THE OPEN ROAD
Presented by Carters Little Liver Pills.
- 8.45 a.m.** GOOD MORNING
A visit from Albert Whelan, bringing a
song, a smile and a story.
Presented by Andrews Liver Salt.
- 9.0 a.m.** Station Concert
- 9.15 a.m.** OLIVER KIMBALL
The Record Spinner
A programme presented by Bisurated
Magnesia.



James Dyrenforth will comper the
Persil show "With a Smile and a
Song" on Monday and Wednesday
at 9.15 a.m.

- 4.45 p.m.** MARMADUKE BROWN
The lovable, eccentric inventor and his
patient wife,
Matilda
Presented by Phillips' Magnesia Beauty
Creams.
- 5.0 p.m.** CARSON ROBISON
AND HIS PIONEERS
Continue their popular Hill-Billy
broadcasts.—Presented by Oxydol.
- 5.15 to 5.30 p.m.** THE OPEN ROAD
Presented by Carters Little Liver Pills.

THURSDAY, DEC. 8

- 8.0 a.m.** MELODIES FROM THE AIR
Presented by Kolynos Tooth Paste.
- 8.15 a.m.** MUSIC IN THE MORNING
Presented by Horlicks.
- 8.30 a.m.** THE OPEN ROAD
Presented by Carters Little Liver Pills.
- 8.45 a.m.** GOOD MORNING
A visit from Albert Whelan, bringing a
song, a smile and a story.
Presented by Andrews Liver Salt.
- 9.0 a.m.** Station Concert
- 9.15 a.m.** OLIVER KIMBALL
The Record Spinner
A programme presented by Bisurated
Magnesia.

Please turn to page 55

SWINGTIME TOPICS

BY OUR DANCE BAND CORRESPONDENT

GREETINGS, swingfriends—greetings, and good luck to you. May your festive season be in close harmony throughout, may your hearts and your feet be in rhythm to the gayest of tempos, and may all sour notes be banished forever from your world: That's my wish for you. . . .

On the level. Because you've no idea how much I enjoy our little get-together each week, and the letters you write, and finding the things we have in common.

We're not much given to moralising, you and I. But we know that laughter, music, the appeal of rhythm, is a universal bond. Reckon if we could get all the opposing factors of this world together for one big Christmas party, with, say, Benny Goodman swinging it, and Harry Roy coming on now and then to tickle 'em in the ribs . . . well, maybe we'd soon get 'em all trucking down the aisle together!

I wish I could reply personally to *all* your letters; anyway, I'll print what I can. I must say I admire the expert judgment you're showing with regard to what's good and what's corny in dance-band entertainment. If you've got a pet grouse about the programmes, or a pet star you'd like to hear more about . . . let me know.

WELL, "Snakehips"—otherwise Ken Johnson—has made a hit with the B.B.C. boys, and is back again (with coloured band) on December 13. Look out for the vocalist, Don Johnson—no relation. Ken found him at Cardiff, where he was guitarist in local gigs, and called back-stage for a job. Here's a singer who should make a hit in radio.

MILLION-DOLLAR British Swing Band. Here's the choice of B.D.D., of Purley:—Pianos: Gerry Moore and Eddie Macauley (did you

hear Eddie broadcast on the 25th?); drums, Max Bacon; vibro and tympani, Jack Simpson; bass, Tiny Withers; guitar, Albert Harris; tenor saxes, Buddy Featherstonhaugh, George Evans; alto and clarinet, Freddy Gardner, Joe Crossman; clarinet, Andy MacDevitt; trumpets, Tommy McQuater, Nat Gonella, Max Goldberg; trombones, Lew Davis, George Chisholm; vocalists, Miff Ferrie's Jakdawz, Sam Costa, Nat Gonella, Diana Miller, Betty Kent; arrangers (nice of B.D.D. to think of these) Sid Phillips, Eddie Carroll, George Chisholm, George Scott-Wood.

A NUMBER of readers have asked for more reports from America on British bands, which request I have duly noted. Anything else, customers?

ANOTHER reader objects to the term "jitterbug" as applied to real swing enthusiasts. He says it applies to those people who make an exhibition of themselves when—say, Benny Goodman is playing, by dancing in the aisles and yelling "Yeah man!" However, in hundreds of American papers I have seen the term "jitterbug" used to refer to swingfans in general, tho' it certainly does give the impression of twitching feet.

The American term for a frenzied swingfan, the "yeah-man" yellers, is "woof-hound." O K, Mr. Monk, of Ryde?

ROBBED of the blessed gift of sight, this man lived on to find happiness—and a living—out of dance music. His name is Sam Bennie, eighteen-year-old rhythm pianist whom I learn is booked for a "Band Waggon" and "Monday Night at Seven" show around December. Tells me he lost his sight, after an illness, at the age of seven; asked for a mouth-organ while he was in hospital, found that music came readily, found his ears growing more sensitive to musical sound with each passing year of darkness. Graduated from mouth-organ to piano, and has already broadcast three times . . . once with Reggie Foort.

WELL, well, that rhythmic-rascal Fats Waller has started a controversy among the experts by putting over "jive" on a cinema-organ. He's recorded "Ain't Misbehavin'" this way, vocalising, too, in that throaty voice of his, a sort of cross between Louis Armstrong and Harry Roy. Personally, I thought it a most amusing disc.

THESE modern Yank songwriters certainly do get some good old-fashioned English ideas . . . I'm referring to the swingtune "Stop Beating Around the Mulberry Bush," with a theme that somehow recalls "Here We Go Gathering Nuts In May"! But it's so hot it burns, and Count Basie's recording, with a free-and-easy vocal, is something to write home about. Another old number modernised, on the other side, is "London Bridge Is Falling Down."

THOSE who make a hobby of collecting the old-tunes-to-new-tempo will also include in their treasure-chest Benny Goodman's version of "Jingle Bells."

ENGLAND is sending an ambassador of Rhythm to Germany in January . . . Henry Hall and his boys are to do a four weeks' session in Berlin; they will play at a State Ball attended by high German State officials, and providing they're not called upon to give the salute in the middle of a number, everything should go with a swing. Luckily for this project, there are no Jewish members in the outfit.

By the way, Henry's new pianist—seventeen-year-old Denis Steele, son of an organist—has been getting full marks from the customers.

Yowza boys!



Enroll Lewis

and his

RADIO DISCOVERIES

presented by the makers of

QUAKER OATS

at these times

Every Sunday

FROM

RADIO LUXEMBOURG

(1293 metres) AT 12 NOON

RADIO NORMANDY

Transmission through I.B.C. Ltd.

(212.6 metres) AT 5.15 P.M.

RADIO LYONS

(215 metres) AT 8.30 P.M.

Buy yourself a big cigar (a real managerial one), sink back into your armchair and try your luck (and your judgment) at spotting the stars of the future. Every week in the Quaker Quarter Hour Carroll presents singers, instrumentalists, comedy teams . . . all getting their big chance, on the stage of the Odeon Theatre, Leicester Square.

HEAR ALL THE QUAKER NEWS

from the two announcers, Ivan Samson and Joan Griffiths—free gifts, 250 footballs to be won—and free copies of George Allison's "The Inside Story of Football."



Hold that tiger!
But it seems as
if that tiger's hold-
ing Nat Gonella

LET BILLY MAYERL

TEACH YOU TO PLAY

THESE TWO

POPULAR HITS

and all your Favourite dance tunes as they should be played

Try these few Bars over on your Piano

"Lambeth Walk"



"I'm Gonna Lock My Heart"

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Transcription by the courtesy of Keith Prowse & Co., Ltd.

HOW different it now sounds from the ordinary printed copy. If you can play a simple fox trot, let Billy Mayerl show you how simple it is to play all your favourite dance tunes as you hear them played by your favourite pianists.

25,000 SUCCESSFUL STUDENTS have already achieved their ambition to take a simple copy of music and at once play it in this fascinating style.

FILL IN THIS COUPON NOW

★ BEGINNERS

If you cannot play a note of music Billy Mayerl's special Course for Beginners will quickly enable you to play all your favourite songs and dance tunes. You start right away on fascinating pieces and your success is assured in a very few weeks.

SPECIAL GRAMOPHONE RECORDS

Every student on enrolment receives, free of extra cost, a complete set of Billy Mayerl's personal demonstration gramophone records, specially recorded so that he can demonstrate his lessons to you step by step.

NO LABORIOUS EXERCISES, NO WEARISOME HOURS OF PRACTICE

Just half an hour a day of pleasing study is all you need to devote, and after the first lesson you will be amazed at the progress you have made.

Read These Testimonials : from satisfied students

"I should like to congratulate you on this course. Although I have only had the first lesson and just started on the second, I have felt an improvement already."—A.—1.

"The very most I have ever earned at piano playing is the small sum of £2 per week. Now, thanks to your wonderful course, I am earning a very satisfactory salary."—B.—107.

"I should like to say how clear and excellent I consider your course. I had a few years' tuition from a local teacher, but there is a heap of difference in a postal course by Billy Mayerl."—B.S.—190.

"I have had a very busy season: I am still enjoying same. I am 100 per cent. better pianist this year than I was last."—X.—488.

Please send me at once, without obligation, full particulars of your Rhythm Course: Beginner's Course. (Please strike out course which does not apply.)

Name.....

Address.....

LEARN FROM A MAN WHOSE
WORK YOU KNOW

P.D.I.



RADIO LUXEMBOURG'S PROGRAMMES

Continued from page 52



Huntley & Palmers once again bring America's Favourite British Band Leader, Ray Noble, to the mike on Sunday at 12.45 p.m.

9.30 a.m. The Brown & Polson Cookery Club. Club news and cookery talks by the President of the Club, Mrs. Jean Scott.

9.45 a.m. Keeping House with Elizabeth Craig, introduced by Peter the Planter.—Presented by Lyons' Green Label Tea.

10.0 a.m. The Living Witness Fascinating episodes from the lives of men and women around you.—Presented by "Genasprin."

10.15 a.m. MACLEAN'S MORNING MELODY Presented by Maclean Brand Stomach Powder.

10.30 a.m. PLAIN JANE Presented by Rinso.

10.45 to 11.0 a.m. Request Programme

2.15 p.m. THE MELODY LINGERS ON Presented by Kolynos Denture Fixative.

2.30 p.m. "BACKSTAGE WIFE" Presented by Dr. Lyons' Tooth Powder.

2.45 p.m. "YOUNG WIDOW JONES" Presented by Milk of Magnesia.

3.0 p.m. "THE SWEETEST LOVE SONGS EVER SUNG" Presented by Phillips' Dental Magnesia.

3.15 p.m. "STELLA DALLAS" Presented by California Syrup of Figs.

3.30 p.m. STARS ARE ON PARADE A programme of Movie Memories Presented by Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice.

3.45 p.m. Geraldo in Play Presented by Diploma Cheese.

4.0 p.m. Station Concert

4.15 p.m. George Payne's Tea-Time With Cyril Fletcher, in "Odd Odes and Music."

4.30 p.m. YOUR OLD FRIEND DAN Singing His Way into the Home Presented by Johnson's Wax Polish.

4.45 p.m. MARMADUKE BROWN The lovable, eccentric inventor and his patient wife, Matilda

Presented by Phillips' Magnesia Beauty Creams.

5.0 p.m. GEORGE FORMBY with a strong supporting cast, including "Beryl!" Presented by Feen-a-Mint.

5.15 to 5.30 p.m. Request Programme

8.45 a.m. OUT OF THE BLUE

The programme of surprises brought to you out of the blue, with Quentin Maclean at the Organ, and a Mystery Item every week—a Star or Celebrity straight from the headlines.—Presented by Reckitt's Blue.

9.0 a.m. Zebotime With Fred Douglas and the Zebotime Orchestra.

9.15 a.m. Countryside A musical panorama of our glorious country highways and byways.—Presented by Carnation Milk.

9.30 a.m. THE OPEN ROAD Presented by Carters Little Liver Pills.

9.45 a.m. Concert Presented by Brooke Bond Dividend Tea.

10.0 a.m. Station Concert

10.30 a.m. PLAIN JANE Presented by Rinso.

10.45 to 11.0 a.m. Request Programme



Lyle Evans, Your Old Friend Dan, will cheer you up in the Johnson's Wax Polish programme on Sunday at 2.30 p.m.

2.15 p.m. THE MELODY LINGERS ON Presented by Kolynos Denture Fixative.

2.30 p.m. "BACKSTAGE WIFE" Presented by Dr. Lyons' Tooth Powder.

2.45 p.m. "YOUNG WIDOW JONES" Presented by Milk of Magnesia.

3.0 p.m. "THE SWEETEST LOVE SONGS EVER SUNG" Presented by Phillips' Dental Magnesia.

3.15 p.m. "STELLA DALLAS" Presented by California Syrup of Figs.

3.30 p.m. PALMOLIVE PROGRAMME with Olive Palmer Paul Oliver and The Palmolivers

4.0 p.m. Friday at Four Presented by Du Maurier Cigarettes.

4.15 p.m. Master O.K., the Saucy Boy

4.30 p.m. The Family Circle Gramophone records compiled by Christopher Stone.—Presented by Beto.

4.45 p.m. MARMADUKE BROWN The lovable, eccentric inventor and his patient wife, Matilda

Presented by Phillips' Magnesia Beauty Creams.

5.0 p.m. "NO. 7, HAPPINESS LANE" The romantic adventures of a musical family

A programme presented by Instant Postum.

5.15 to 5.30 p.m. Request Programme

11.0 p.m. Programme of Dance Music Presented by Ovaltine.

11.15 to 12 (midnight) Dance Music

12.0 (midnight) Rowntree's Daydreams at Midnight.

12.15 to 1.0 a.m. Dance Music

SATURDAY, DEC. 10

8.0 a.m. MELODIES FROM THE AIR Presented by Bisodol.

8.15 a.m. MUSIC IN THE MORNING Presented by Horlicks.

8.30 a.m. Sunny Jim's New "Force" Series—The Staff Contributes.—Presented by A. C. Fincken & Co.

8.45 a.m. CADBURY CALLING "Famous People Call the Tune" Requests from celebrities of the day, played by Reginald Dixon on the Blackpool Tower Wurlitzer.—Presented by Cadbury Bros.

9.0 a.m. CADBURY CALLING "The Cocob Radio News" A Radio Magazine for Boys and Girls, edited by Jonathan. With the Cadbury Cowboys, boy and girl entertainers, Zoo talks by Keeper Bowman of the London Zoo, puzzles, surprises, etc. Something new in Children's programmes.—Sponsored by Cadbury's on behalf of their Bournville Cocoa.

9.15 a.m. The Happy Philosopher Presented by Bob Martin, Ltd.

9.30 a.m. Brown & Polson Cookery Club. Club news and cookery talks by the President of the Club, Mrs. Jean Scott.

9.45 a.m. Keeping House with Elizabeth Craig, introduced by Peter the Planter.—Presented by Lyons' Green Label Tea.

10.0 a.m. UNCLE COUGHDROP'S PARTY FOR THE KIDDIES Presented by Pineate Honey Cough Syrup.

10.15 a.m. Station Concert

10.30 a.m. Concert Presented by Brooke Bond Dividend Tea.

10.45 to 11.0 a.m. Request Concert

5.0 p.m. All the Association Football Results.—Presented by Edward Sharp & Sons, Ltd., the makers of "Big Six Slab Toffee."

5.30 p.m. A Musical Cocktail Presented by Zubes.

5.45 p.m. THE OPEN ROAD Presented by Carters Little Liver Pills.

11.0 p.m. Programme of Dance Music Presented by Ovaltine.

11.15 to 12.0 (midnight) Dancing Time

12.0 (midnight) Midnight in Mayfair with Grey's Cigarettes.—Presented by Godfrey Phillips, Ltd.

12.15 to 1.0 a.m. Late Dance Music.

Information supplied by Wireless Publicity, Ltd., Electra House, Victoria Embankment, W.C.2. Sole Agents in the British Empire

KEEP FIT.. RULE N°1

Good wholesome home-made food



Keeping your family well and well-fed is a simple matter when you give them delicious, wholesome home-made puddings, pies and cakes. There is no surer way to success than with good plain flour and Borwick's.

Try this delicious FARMHOUSE DRIPPING CAKE

12 ozs. plain flour; 3 rounded teaspoonfuls Borwick's Baking Powder; 6 ozs. dripping; 2 ozs. butter or margarine; 6 ozs. brown sugar; 4 ozs. currants; 4 ozs. sultanas; $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful nutmeg; 1 egg; 1 gill milk; Pinch of salt.

1. Sift together the flour, salt, grated nutmeg, and Borwick's Baking Powder. 2. Rub the fat into the flour, etc. 3. Add the fruit and sugar. 4. Mix well but lightly with the beaten egg and milk. 5. Turn into a well greased oblong cake tin. 6. Bake in a moderate oven for about 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Temperature 325°.

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

and plain flour is cheaper

DAYS AND TIMES OF BORWICK'S PROGRAMMES

Every Monday, Luxembourg (1,293 m.), 5—5.15 p.m.

Every Friday, Normandy (212.6 m.), 10—10.15 a.m.

Normandy transmission arranged through I.B.C. Ltd.



A pageant of variety

17 different kinds of Huntley & Palmers Biscuits in this delicious collection.

That is Welcome Assorted! You get wafers, shortcake, creams, chocolate biscuits. There's a favourite for everyone — and plenty of them too. Welcome Assorted cost only 1/- a lb. They're amazing value and they are made by Huntley and Palmers — so you know they're the best.

In Dry packs and beautifully decorated Tins. Order some from your grocer or confectioner to-day.

HUNTLEY & PALMERS WELCOME ASSORTED

1/- per lb. Drums as illus. 2/6

LISTEN TO Ray Noble and His Band in Huntley and Palmers Programme from Luxembourg every Sunday at 12.45 p.m.

FRIDAY, DEC. 9

8.0 a.m. MELODIES FROM THE AIR Presented by Bisodol.

8.15 a.m. Melody on Parade Presented by Parmint, with Dorothy Holbrooke and her Harmony Hussars.

8.30 a.m. Chivers' Concert Featuring Mrs. Cambridge (Christine Barry).

FOR BRIGHTER RADIO .

RADIO NORMANDY

212.6 m., 1411 kc/s

I.B.C. Studio Manager: George R. Busby

Chief Announcer: David J. Davies

Resident Announcers: Ian Newman, Godfrey Bowen, Norman Evan

Sound Engineer: Clifford Sandall


SUNDAY DEC. 4
Morning Programme

- 7.0 a.m.** Radio Reveille
Mr. T. POTT'S TIME SIGNALS,
7.15 a.m., 7.30 a.m.
- 7.45 a.m.** Studio Service
Conducted by the Rev. C. Ross, of All
Saints Church, Rouen.
Mr. T. POTT'S TIME SIGNAL, 8.0 a.m.
- 8.0 a.m.** Light Orchestral Music
8.15 a.m. March of Melody
Presented by Pynovape Inhalant.
- 8.30 a.m.** French News Bulletin
- 8.40 a.m.** YOUR MESSAGE FROM THE STARS
Murray Lister
The Radio Normandy Astrologer
Reads in the stars your luck for to-day
Presented by Anne French Cleansing Milk
- 8.45 a.m.** IVORY CASTLES
A Grand Musical Adventure
Peter, Neville Gates
Mary, Maureen Gates
The Archer, Carl Bernard
The Fairy Queen, Zena Gates
The Giant, Campbell Copelin
The Singer, Raymond Newell
Chorus of Forest Beasts, Fairies, Elves,
Imps and the Gibbs Fairy Band
Presented by Gibbs Dentifrice.
Mr. T. POTT'S TIME SIGNAL, 9.0 a.m.

9.0 a.m. THE BIG LITTLE SHOW

- with
Helen Clare
and Guest Artists
Bryl Walkley, Jack Warman
Compered by Russ Carr
Presented by Cookeen Cooking Fat.
- 9.15 a.m.** Melody on Parade
Dorothy Holbrook and Her Harmony
Hussars.—*Presented by* International
Laboratories
- 9.30 a.m.** The Bisto Studio Party
Once again we meet The Bisto Kids,
Muriel Kirk, Bob Walker, and the Special
Guests for to-day are Bertha Willmott,
Foster Richardson.
- 9.45 a.m.** Roll Up! Roll Up!
Roll up to the Ritz Fun Fair.
Mr. T. POTT'S TIME SIGNAL, 10.0 a.m.
- 10.0 a.m.** "I'VE BROUGHT MY MUSIC"
A Programme of Piano Solos and Songs
at the Piano by
Harry Jacobson
Presented by Pepsodent Toothpaste.
- 10.15 a.m.** CARSON ROBISON
And His Pioneers
Continue their Hill-Billy Broadcasts
Sponsored by Oxydol.
- 10.30 a.m.** Eddie Pola and His Twisted
Tunes *Presented by* Monkey Brand.
- 10.45 a.m.** GEORGE FORMBY
With a strong supporting cast, including
"Beryl"
A terrific Series of Laughter and Song
Programmes
Presented by Feen-a-Mint.
Mr. T. POTT'S TIME SIGNAL, 11.0 a.m.



Organ maestro, Harold Ramsay, will be playing for you on Sunday at 6.0 p.m.

11.0 a.m.

DONALD PEERS
Cavalier of Song
supported by
Arthur Young
and the D.D.D. Melodymakers
Presented by D.D.D. Prescription and
Compered by Roy Plomley

11.15 a.m.
THE STORK RADIO PARADE

Third Edition
From the Stage of the
Granada, East Ham.

with:
Sam Browne, Helen Raymond, Scott and
Whaley
Comper Bob Walker

Presented by Stork Margarine.

11.45 a.m.
1.30 p.m.
LUX RADIO THEATRE

Compered by Charles B. Cochran
Introducing as Guest Star
Dorothy Dickson

with
Alan Howland
Kathleen Cordell
Barry Gray
Gwen Jones
and Orchestra directed by
Eddie Carroll

Presented by Lux.

Mr. T. POTT'S TIME SIGNAL, 2.0 p.m.
2.0 p.m.

The Kraft Show
Directed by Billy Cotton, featuring Ted
Ray and Phyllis Robins and Alan Breeze,
and Peter Williams.

2.30 p.m.
Teaser-Time

An entirely unrehearsed battle of
knowledge between two teams of listeners
Compered by Wilfrid Thomas.—*Pre-*
sented by "Genozo" Brand Toothpaste.

2.45 p.m.
THE OPEN ROAD

Presented by Carters Little Liver Pills.

Mr. T. POTT'S TIME SIGNAL, 3.0 p.m.
3.0 p.m.
A SERENADE TO MELODY

featuring
Jack Jackson and Orchestra
and Barbara Back

Presented by Pond's Extract Co.

3.30 p.m.
REGINALD FOOT AT THE ORGAN

Guest Artiste:
Frank Titterton

Presented by Macleans, Ltd.

CASH PRIZES FOR LISTENERS

See page 29
4.0 p.m.
HORLICKS PICTURE HOUSE

Master of Ceremonies: Howard Claney

Ralph Lynn
Gertrude Niesen
Oliver Wakefield
Dorothy Alt
The Cavendish Three
The Mayfair Men
Bryan Quinn
and
The Horlicks All-Star Orchestra
under
Debroy Somers

Presented by Horlicks.

Mr. T. POTT'S TIME SIGNAL, 5.0 p.m.
5.0 p.m.
The Plantation Minstrels

Sponsored by Lyons' Green Label Tea.

5.15 p.m.
QUAKER QUARTER-HOUR

featuring
Carroll Lewis

And His Radio Discoveries
Harry Dawson (Boy Soprano)
Sydney Barber (Tenor)

Betty and Nana Musker (Two on One
Piano)

Gwendoline Macklin (Soprano)

The Two Bricklayers (Musical Saw and
Accordionist)

From the Stage of the Odeon, Leicester
Square

Presented by Quaker Oats.

5.30 p.m.
THE MARKETERS OF MOBILOIL ARTIC

present
Going Places with Godiva

A saga of Suburbia, featuring the
Overdew Family and Their Car
Godiva

with
Sydney Kyte and His Mobiloliers

Featuring Master O. Kay (The Saucy Boy)

6.0 p.m. Harold Ramsay at the Organ

Presented by Fynnon.

6.15 p.m.
THEATRE OF THE AIR

Presenting—
Showland Memories
Robert Irwin
Elena Danieli

The Showland Trio
Percival Mackay and His Orchestra

Sponsored by California Syrup of Figs.

6.30 p.m.
RINSO RADIO REVUE

featuring
Jack Hylton and His Band
Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon
Tommy Handley
Sam Browne
Peggy Dell
Gerda Newman
June Malo

Compered by Ben Lyon

Presented by Rinso.

Please turn to page 59

**EARLIEST FOOTBALL
RESULTS
5-0 P.M.
EVERY SATURDAY
from RADIO NORMANDY**
(Transmission arranged through I.B.C.)

Check your coupons as the
matches finish! Radio Nor-
mandy broadcasts the results
as 'phoned straight from the
grounds. Every Saturday at
5 p.m.

PRESENTED BY THE PROPRIETORS OF **Pineate HONEY COUGH-SYRUP**

WHO IS "ELISE"?

She is a famous classical singer who, under the name of Suzette Lamonde, stars in *Bourgeois's* musical thriller, "Elise," from Lyons on Sundays at 8.15 p.m. J. Bertram Fryer, the producer, tells you the fascinating story of this artiste's debut into "thriller" parts.

YEARS ago, when I was at the B.B.C., I was listening to a programme and heard a very beautiful voice. Upon inquiry I discovered the owner of this very lovely voice to be Miss Dan . . . —er—Suzette Lamonde.

I had on my hands at that time a big production and I wanted a leading lady. Without another thought or inquiry I booked Suzette Lamonde. I saw her and spoke to her and came to the conclusion that she was French, but actually I made no inquiries as to this, although my lead in the play was a French girl.

I was in the seventh heaven at having obtained so beautiful a voice for this part, and looked eagerly forward to the first rehearsal.

The day arrived, and we were all sitting round in a semi-circle for a read-over. I had a big professional cast there, and they were all on their first reading giving excellent interpretations of their parts.

Then we came to the entry of my leading girl, played by Miss Dani . . . —er—Suzette Lamonde. (I shall give the name away if I'm not careful.) She had not read a couple of speeches before I realised that I looked like "coming a purler."

She had never, I realised, in the whole of her career, done any acting parts! The rest of the cast naturally stared at me, and it was indeed an unenviable moment.

That rehearsal took two hours, and through it all, as I said, I was, perhaps, the most embarrassed man in the world. I dismissed the cast with the exception of Suzette.

Well, after a long discussion, she assured me that she would be able to do it if I, on my part, would coach her by giving her extra private rehearsals—this I agreed to do. Somehow I felt that the capability, the histrionic ability, lay latent in Suzette, and my faith in her was justified—she made a tremendous hit as an actress, and as a singer—well, she always was a big hit.

Many years went by, and it was not until I started to cast "Elise" for Messrs. *Bourgeois*, at the request of their agents, Messrs. T. B. Browne and Company, that Suzette's name came to my mind, and I sent for her to take the part.

I suppose you are wondering what all this mystery about the name is. Well, you see, Suzette Lamonde covers the name of a very well known and beautiful singer, whose knowledge of classical music is almost unbeatable.

Whilst in no way ashamed to put her voice to the much lighter type of music, there still exists that prejudice by the followers of what we know as "good music," as against the stuff they call "cheap," and there is the possibility that the knowledge that she was playing these parts might jeopardise her very high position in the musical world.

"Elise" has naturally made a very big hit, and the mystery and thrill is getting across to the listener, who eagerly looks forward week by week to the programme at 8.15 p.m. on Sunday evening from Radio Lyons. You can always follow it by listening carefully at the beginning of each broadcast to the "what has gone before," so don't be afraid to pick it up, even for the last few episodes.



SHOOTING STAR

1ST RADIO ASPIRANT: So I took my courage in both hands, and marched straight into the producer's office.

2ND DITTO: Did anything come out of it?

1ST DITTO: Yeah, me.

By George Scott-Wood (Lifebuoy Gang Show, Luxembourg, December 4).

RADIO LETTER BOX

Readers' views on radio in general. A prize of 10s. 6d. will be awarded for the best letter published.

THIS WEEK'S PRIZE WINNER

For the best letter received this week the Editor has pleasure in awarding 10s. 6d. to Eric L. Adlem, 16 Elgin Crescent, Notting Hill, London, W.11.

I THINK the B.B.C.'s "Showboat" programmes I have proved themselves to be excellent entertainment, especially that portion devoted to material supplied by listeners.

Now, there is room for an extension of this idea into a long complete weekly programme based on material from listeners. "Listener's Own Hour" would be an apt title for such broadcasts, which could contain original jokes, verse, music by amateurs, listeners' strange experiences, etc. A programme of this nature would definitely brighten up one of those evenings when there is no variety worth mentioning.

The B.B.C. keeps telling us that it wants to be human and "loosen up" a bit—here's a very good opportunity.

J. Sewell, Portsmouth.

WITH regard to the numerous criticisms of swing music, I would like to point out that symphony and promenade concerts are not "pulled to pieces," and these are by no means 100 per cent. appreciated. So why not leave us alone, as we do the "highbrows"? After all, each to one's own taste.

A. Poore, Blackpool.

WHY not put all Instructive Broadcasts on a separate wavelength instead of sandwiching them so annoyingly into the general programme? Then French talks to schools wouldn't follow on the heels of cinema organs, and listeners would know just how to find, or how to avoid, either "Uplift" or Entertainment programmes.

Reginald Perry, Kingston.

IF only those people who continually grumble about the "tripe" on the radio would take the trouble to plan their listening, the B.B.C.'s task would be halved.

Too many listeners switch on to something they want to hear, and then leave the radio blaring after it is all over, until finally the noise gets on their nerves and they switch off in a fury.

J. Readman, Darlington.

WHY can't the B.B.C. give us more plays? From Luxembourg we get plays, continued day by day, and I enjoy listening. On the B.B.C. we get a revival of an old play. On the Children's Hour we do hear a new play, either complete or continued. Every All-Hallowe'en we get the St. Hilary Players in the same old thing. Why can't they make some old superstitions or legends into a play suitable for the occasion?

Inman Race, Sheffield.

THE B.B.C. musical snobbery extends even to gramophone records. Recently, on a Friday night, I listened to several classical records. To my surprise the announcer even gave the number and make of record—in some cases stating the number twice. Contrast with some programmes of popular music on records when only the names of the soloists or bands are given.

D. Blackburn, Chorley.

ONCE in a while I enjoy listening to the "life-story" being broadcast of some famous person, but these broadcasts are few and far between. Why doesn't the B.B.C. give us more knowledge about the lives of our famous men and women, and so help to inspire thousands of those listeners who are forced to lead uneventful lives?

Sydney Shale, N.W.3.

IT seems a pity that "Standing On the Corner" should be restricted to interviews with persons "In Town." For instance, it might be illuminating to hear the views of "the man in the street" from the distressed areas. Why not make this feature a separate programme and take the mike all over the country?

W. P. Harris, W.13.

WOULD it not be an excellent thing if the B.B.C. had a vote taken for an increase of radio licences to, say, twelve and sixpence, on condition that the programmes were improved accordingly. If the increase was accepted? The difference in cost would hardly be noticed, especially since a brighter Saturday evening Music Hall might save several times the amount of money spent at the cinema box-office.



Be Thriving! Tireless! Tough!

Healthy, hardy, full of vigour and free from cold and illness, a strong constitution, plucky as they make them by regularly taking OXO.

Always add Oxo to your Soups, Stews, Gravies and Meat Dishes. It provides the richness and savour of Prime Beef.

OXO

Beef—for Strength



SOLVING YOUR PRESENT PROBLEMS

No more need to worry. Here is a list of excellent and practical suggestions from our advertisers to help you overcome the difficulty of selecting presents for fathers, husbands, boy friends and wives

EVERYONE loves Christmas (Scrooges can turn over the page), but not everyone loves thinking what to give Aunt Aggie and how on earth to cope with father, who has everything he wants, anyway. Here are some suggestions that will help to fill those nasty blanks on your Christmas presents list.

Pond's Christmas caskets, for example, make lovely gifts for women of all ages who are interested in their looks (and is there a woman alive who isn't?). The coffrets are designed in green and gilt and cost 2s. and 3s. 6d. respectively, according to size. Both of them contain a full selection of Pond's famous beauty aids; in fact, all the essentials for complete skin care.

There is a jar of cold cream for cleansing and a pad of softest tissues for removing it. There's a pot of vanishing cream for protection and use beneath the box of powder, which comes in any of the five famous shades, and a bottle of skin freshener which takes away that out-all-night look from your skin.



How About Father?

FATHERS are always a problem, but they are a problem that can be solved. Why not give him a casket containing a shaving stick and a tin of Erasmic's solidified brilliantine? The price is only 1s. 6d., and it's a gift that is always welcome and never put on one side.

Or there's a presentation casket from Pears, containing two tablets of Golden Glory soap and a flacon of lavender water or eau-de-Cologne, whichever he prefers, for use in his bath or washing water. The price of this is 2s. 6d.

Talking of eau-de-Cologne and lavender water, almost any woman, old or young, would like a bottle of "Gold Medal" eau-de-Cologne in a bakelite handbag novelty. Three assorted colours can be obtained for 1s. 6d. each.

Getting back to father, Craven "A" cork-tipped cigarettes are helping to solve the problem again. These fine cigarettes, world famous for their exceptional coolness and smoothness to the throat, have been specially packed in attractive gold and red greeting boxes, liberally decorated with holly and mistletoe. Forty for 2s., 50 for 2s. 6d., 100 for 5s., 150 for 7s. 6d., or, if you want to keep on the right side of father for weeks to come, 200 for 10s., are the sizes these special boxes come in.



"It's marked 'not to be opened till Christmas' "

For Simply Everyone

WHEN investigators questioned thousands of people between London and Glasgow, 63 per cent. of them said they were buying a box of chocolates as a Christmas present. I don't wonder, you *can't* have too many boxes of chocs around the house at Christmas. They are a gift you can give to anyone, to a personal friend or a casual acquaintance, or the typist who was so decent about staying late the week before last. Cadbury's have umpteen beautiful boxes for you to choose from: the Anemone at 40s., the blue and silver Ascot at 25s., or the Rialto, with the lovely Venetian scene painted on the box, at 15s. From one end of the price list to the other, there are little gift boxes with pictorial designs for as little as 6d., containing a quarter of a pound of Milk Tray chocolates.



Gifts For Nothing!

"IF only I had the money." How often have you said that? You have the money, tied up in your Stork margarine coupons! You've the money for heaps of presents. Get out your Stork gift book and "shop" from it. Mrs. Newly-wed would love the cream-making machine that "costs" 72 coupons; a pair of artificial silk stockings for 22 coupons would be lovely for your office friend; a cigarette lighter for 70 coupons for the boy friend—there are *dozens* of presents waiting in this gift book.



For Your Girl Friend

NOW you males, stop wrinkling your brows and listen to what to give your girl friend. She's interested in swing? Then give her a miniature grand piano in bakelite containing Californian Poppy perfume. It costs 1s. 9d., and you'll find she adores the perfume. Or a gift box containing Icilmia powder, vanishing cream, and cold cream will make her even more lovely than she is now, if that's possible. That, too, costs 1s. 9d. And for the girl friend's mother, there's an elegant and novel "book" box of four tablets of the famous Vinolia soap; for the price of 2s. 3d. it's a beautiful gift. Most discerning women use Vinolia soap, and, after all, you must keep in with the

family, mustn't you? These three presents are not strictly reserved for girl friends either, you know. Try them out on your sister and earn the reputation of being a thoughtful and original brother.



Husbands, Please Note!

HUSBANDS, perhaps, wear more worried looks than anyone at this time of the year. If they are good husbands, they have bought their wives all the little things she wants as and when she wants them. But take heart, I've found the most perfect present any woman could have.

She will heave a sigh of relief when you give her a cosmetic case. Instead of that maddening rummage in her handbag, her powder, rouge, lipstick, cleansing and foundation creams are all together, neatly and completely tucked in one small, wafer-thin case.

As soon as she lifts the lid there are her mirror and comb securely held, and with a deft movement of her fingers she finds the powder-puff under the mirror. The lipstick slides into a groove and the creams, powder, and rouge are contained in sockets with snugly fitting lids. Nothing can spill, nothing can ooze out. The case is a beauty parlour in miniature; so miniature that it slips into the smallest handbag or pocket. There are several delightful shades from which to choose, and the Fifth Avenue products inside are perfection themselves.



... And Now For Wives

THERE is nothing that your husband would like better than cigarettes. Don't buy him socks that he will hate, or a tie that he'll only wear from sheer politeness. Buy him cigarettes every time. Wills have some really lovely oak cabinets containing Gold Flake Special or Capstan Special cigarettes, and they are obtainable in three sizes, 50 for 4s. 2d., 100 for 7s., and 150 for 10s., and remember that the oak cabinets can be refilled again and again and are a really beautiful addition to any room or office desk. The oak cabinets can also be obtained containing 100 Three Castles cigarettes for 8s. 6d.



"Darling, he asked me if he could listen to the radio party—I said I didn't mind"

Tune in RADIO NORMANDY

Continued from page 56

Mr. T. POTT'S TIME SIGNAL, 7.0 p.m.
7.0 p.m. Black Magic
 The Ace of Hearts Orchestra, in a programme for Sweethearts.
7.15 p.m. Seagers' "Good Mixers"
 Join us at the "Good Mixers" Roadhouse with Claude Hulbert, Enid Trevor, Afrique.
 Oscar Rabin and His Romany Band.
7.30 p.m. Programmes in French
10.0 p.m. Radio Normandy Auditions of the Air. Compèred by Tom Ronald with Arthur Young at the Piano.
10.30 p.m. Sunday Night Excursion into Mirth and Melody.—Presented by W. Symington & Co., Ltd.
10.45 p.m. Let's Go to the Movies
 Presented by Associated British Cinemas.
Mr. T. POTT'S TIME SIGNAL, 11.0 p.m.
11.0 p.m. Vaudeville
 Presented by Western Sports Pools.
11.15 p.m. Czechoslovakia
11.30 p.m. With the Hill-Billies
11.45 p.m. Roumanian Concert
12.0 (midnight) Melody at Midnight
 Presented by Bile Beans.
Mr. T. POTT'S TIME SIGNAL, 12.30 a.m.
12.30 a.m. Dance Music
1.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody

MONDAY, DEC. 5

7.0 a.m. Laugh and Grow Fit
 Joe Murgatroyd (The Lad fra' Yorkshire) and Poppet at the Piano.
Mr. T. POTT'S TIME SIGNALS, 7.15 a.m., 7.30 a.m.
7.15 a.m. THE OPEN ROAD
 Presented by Carters Little Liver Pills.
 The Long-range Weather Forecast for to-day and to-morrow will be given at 7.30 a.m.
7.30 a.m. Light Orchestral Music
Mr. T. POTT'S TIME SIGNAL, 8.0 a.m.
8.0 a.m. MUSIC IN THE MORNING
 Presented by Horlicks.
Mr. T. POTT'S TIME SIGNAL, 8.15 a.m.
8.15 a.m. Records at Random
 Compèred by Donald Watt.—Presented by International Laboratories.
8.30 a.m. French News Bulletin
8.40 a.m. YOUR MESSAGE FROM THE STARS
 Murray Lister
 The Radio Normandy Astrologer
 Reads in the Stars Your Luck for To-day
 Presented by Anne French Cleansing Milk.
8.45 a.m. Happy Families
 Sponsored by Keen, Robinson & Co., Ltd.
Mr. T. POTT'S TIME SIGNAL, 9.0 a.m.
9.0 a.m. Potpourri of Theatre Memories
9.30 a.m. Songs We All Know
9.45 a.m. LONDON MERRY-GO-ROUND
 Teddy Randall
 And His Sensational London Band
 Madeleine De Gist
 Pierre Le Kreun
 and the
 Smiling, Singing Men-About-Town
 Presented by Milk of Magnesia.

Mr. T. POTT'S TIME SIGNAL, 10.0 a.m.
10.0 a.m. Radio Normandy Concert
10.15 a.m. Accordion Favourites
10.30 a.m. Light Music
Mr. T. POTT'S TIME SIGNAL, 10.45 a.m.
10.45 a.m. Three Weeks to Christmas
 Presented by Ebe Bath Products.
11.0 a.m. Something For Everybody
11.15 a.m. Czechoslovakia
11.30 a.m. Programmes in French
2.0 p.m. Miniature Matinee
2.30 p.m. Sunshine Serenade
2.45 p.m. Ticking the Ivories
Mr. T. POTT'S TIME SIGNAL, 3.0 p.m.
3.0 p.m. Your Requests
3.30 p.m. Band Rhythm
Mr. T. POTT'S TIME SIGNAL, 4.0 p.m.
4.0 p.m. The Pleasant Quarter-Hour
 Presented by Farmer's Glory.
4.15 p.m. The Songs We Know Them By
 Presented by Ladderix.
4.30 p.m. "Let's Go to the Movies"
 Presented by Associated British Cinemas.
4.45 p.m. MARMADUKE BROWN
 The Lovable, Eccentric Inventor and His Patient Wife,
 Macilda
 Presented by Phillip's Dental Magnesia.
Mr. T. POTT'S TIME SIGNAL, 5.0 p.m.
5.0 p.m. The British Empire—Australia. Its story and Music sketched by the Empire Editor.—Presented by Pynovape Inhalant.
5.15 p.m. A Quarter-Hour Programme For Boys and Girls. Birthday Greetings from the Uncles.
5.30 p.m. Ebony Show
5.45 p.m. Winners
 Presented by South Wales Pari-Mutuel Ltd.
6.0 p.m. Programmes in French
12.0 (midnight) Melody at Midnight
 Presented by Bile Beans.
Mr. T. POTT'S TIME SIGNAL, 12.30 a.m.
12.30 a.m. Dance Music
1.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down

TUESDAY, DEC. 6

7.0 a.m. Laugh and Grow Fit
 Joe Murgatroyd (The Lad fra' Yorkshire) and Poppet at the Piano.
Mr. T. POTT'S TIME SIGNAL, 7.15 a.m.
7.15 a.m. By Special Request
 The Long-range Weather Forecast for to-day and to-morrow will be given at 7.30 a.m.
Mr. T. POTT'S TIME SIGNAL, 7.30 a.m.
7.30 a.m. The Musical Mirror
 Presented by Novopline Foot Energiser.
Mr. T. POTT'S TIME SIGNAL, 8.0 a.m.
8.0 a.m. CADBURY CALLING
 Presenting
 Songs to Make You Sing
 with
 Charlie Kung at the Piano
 and
 Pat Taylor and Gerry Fitzgerald
 Maurice Denham tells you the tunes
 Sponsored by Cadbury Bros.
 Please turn to next page

After Lunch
 enjoy the
**MOST FASCINATING
 PROGRAMME
 ON THE AIR!**



A Series of thrilling Serials
 featuring **MR. KEEN**
TRACER OF LOST PERSONS

EVERY MONDAY, TUESDAY
 AND WEDNESDAY AT
2.15
 FROM RADIO LUXEMBOURG

Mr. Keen is a man who believes there's always somebody in the world who has lost someone he'd like to find again. In such cases, Mr. Keen, Tracer of Lost Persons, offers his services.

Mr. Keen could have been a great detective, but rather than fight crime he fights human heartbreak and misery—he's out to help, not to punish—to help anyone who's lost someone they love.

A Grand New Radio Personality

Presented by the makers of

LAVONA
HAIR TONIC

Lavona Hair Tonic banishes dandruff, strengthens the hair roots, encourages new growth, and makes your hair gloriously healthy, and glossy. Use Lavona 'Red Label' for dry scalp. Use Lavona 'Blue Label' for greasy scalp. Price 2/3 a bottle from all chemists.



Listen to charming Helen Clare in the Cookeen "Big Little Show" on Sunday at 9 a.m.

Tune in RADIO NORMANDY

Full Programme Particulars

—Continued from
page 59



Jack Jackson and his boys are featured in Pond's "A Serenade to Melody" on Sunday at 3.0 p.m.

- Mr. T. POTT'S TIME SIGNAL, 8.15 a.m.**
Introducing Mrs. Able.—Presented by Vitacup.
- 8.30 a.m.** French News Bulletin
- 8.40 a.m.** "YOUR MESSAGE FROM THE STARS"
Murray Lister
The Radio Normandy Astrologer
Reads in the Stars Your Luck for To-day
Presented by Anne French Cleansing Milk.
- 8.45 a.m.** THE OPEN ROAD
Presented by Carters Little Liver Pills.
Mr. T. POTT'S TIME SIGNAL, 9.0 a.m. Movie Melodies
- 9.15 a.m.** OLIVER KIMBALL
The Record Spinner
Presented by Bismag.
- 9.30 a.m.** Tunes We All Know
Presented by Limestone Phosphate
- 9.45 a.m.** WALTZ TIME
Tom Sheppard and His Orchestra
and the Golden Voices of
Jerry Roberts and Mary Munroe
Presented by Phillips' Dental Magnesia.
Mr. T. POTT'S TIME SIGNAL, 10.0 a.m.
- 10.0 a.m.** Garland Anderson
The Voice of Uncommon Sense, Gives
You a Happier Outlook on Life. Hear
How the Simple Philosophy He Teaches
Works for One and All.
- 10.30 a.m.** Radio Favourites
Presented by Brooke Bond & Co.
Mr. T. POTT'S TIME SIGNAL, 10.45 a.m.
- 10.45 a.m.** March Medley
and Three Weeks to Christmas.—Presented
by Ebe Bath Products.
- 11.0 a.m.** In Search of Melody
Presented by Pynovape Inhalant.
- 11.15 a.m.** Something for Everybody

- 2.0 p.m.** "Let's Go To the Movies"
Presented by Associated British Cinemas.
- 2.30 p.m.** Czechoslovakia
Songs at the Piano
Mr. T. POTT'S TIME SIGNAL, 3.0 p.m.
- 3.0 p.m.** Radio Normandy Concert Hall
Radio Sweethearts
Romantic Adventures of Daphne and
Douglas as told in Comedy and Songs.
3.30 p.m. Hawaiian Harmony
- 3.45 p.m.** The Songs We Know Them
By.—Presented by Ladderix.
Mr. T. POTT'S TIME SIGNAL, 4.0 p.m.
- 4.0 p.m.** The Pleasant Quarter-Hour
Presented by Farmer's Glory.
- 4.15 p.m.** Your Singing Comper
Wilfrid Thomas presents Teddy Foster
and His Teatimers with Betty Kent.
- 4.30 p.m.** Pleasing Melodies
- 4.45 p.m.** Marmaduke Brown
The Lovable, Eccentric Inventor and
His Patient Wife, Matilda.—Presented by
Phillips' Dental Magnesia.
Mr. T. POTT'S TIME SIGNAL, 5.0 p.m.
- 5.0 p.m.** Dear Old Southland
- 5.15 p.m.** A Quarter-Hour Programme
For Boys and Girls. Birthday Greetings
from the Uncles.
- 5.30 p.m.** PALMOLIVE HALF-HOUR
With the Palmolivers
Paul Oliver
and
Olive Palmer
Sponsored by Palmolive Soap.
- 6.0 p.m.** Programmes in French
- 12.0 (midnight)** Melody at Midnight
Presented by Bile Beans.
Mr. T. POTT'S TIME SIGNAL, 12.30 a.m.
- 12.30 a.m.** Dance Music
- 1.0 a.m.** I.B.C. Goodnight Melody

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 7

- 7.0 a.m.** Laugh and Grow Fit
Joe Murgatroyd (The Lad fra' Yorkshire)
and Poppet at the Piano.
Mr. T. POTT'S TIME SIGNALS, 7.15 a.m., 7.30 a.m.
- 7.15 a.m.** Light Music
The Long-range Weather Forecast for
to-day and to-morrow will be given at
7.30 a.m.
- 7.30 a.m.** Favourite Melodies
Presented by Freezone Corn Remover.
- 7.45 a.m.** Popular Tunes
Presented by Fynnon, Ltd.
Mr. T. POTT'S TIME SIGNAL, 8.0 a.m.
- 8.0 a.m.** MUSIC IN THE MORNING
Presented by Horlicks.
Mr. T. POTT'S TIME SIGNAL, 8.15 a.m.
- 8.15 a.m.** Prosperity Programme
Introducing "Careers for Girls."—Presented
by Odol.
- 8.30 a.m.** French News Bulletin

- 8.40 a.m.** "YOUR MESSAGE FROM THE STARS"
Murray Lister
The Radio Normandy Astrologer
Reads in the Stars Your Luck for To-day
Presented by Anne French Cleansing Milk.
- 8.45 a.m.** Happy Families
Sponsored by Keen, Robinson & Co., Ltd.
- 9.0 a.m.** The Open Road
Presented by Carters Little Liver Pills.
- 9.15 a.m.** Tangos and Rumbas
- 9.30 a.m.** In Search of Melody
Presented by Pynovape Inhalant.
- 9.45 a.m.** THEATRE OF THE AIR
presenting
Showland Memories
Robert Irwin
Elena Daniell
The Showland Trio
Percival Mackay and His Orchestra
Sponsored by California Syrup of Figs.
Mr. T. POTT'S TIME SIGNAL, 10.0 a.m.
- 10.0 a.m.** Radio Normandy Concert
Hall
- 10.15 a.m.** Screen Personalities
- 10.30 a.m.** A Musical Potpourri
Mr. T. POTT'S TIME SIGNAL, 10.45 a.m.
- 11.0 a.m.** The Colgate Revellers
Presented by Colgate's Ribbon Dental
Cream.
- 11.15 a.m.** Czechoslovakia
Programmes in French
- 12.0 p.m.** Miniature Matinee
- 12.15 p.m.** Listen After Lunch
A Voice and a Piano in an informal
Programme with Arthur Young and
Wilfrid Thomas.
- 2.30 p.m.** The Listeners' Digest
Aubrey Walker tells you "Curious
Things I Never Knew."—Presented by
Ciro Pearls.
Mr. T. POTT'S TIME SIGNAL, 3.0 p.m.
- 3.0 p.m.** I'VE BROUGHT MY MUSIC
A Programme of Piano Solos and Songs
at the Piano by
Harry Jacobson
Presented by Peppodent Toothpaste.
- 3.15 p.m.** Thomas Hedley and Co.,
proudly presents
MISS GRACIE FIELDS
in a programme of new songs and at least
one old favourite, with some homely
advice about Fairy Soap.
- 3.30 p.m.** YOUR OLD FRIEND DAN
Singing His Way into the Home
Presented by Johnson's Wax Polish.
- 3.45 p.m.** GEORGE FORMBY
With a Strong Supporting Cast, including
"Beryl"
A Terrific Series of Laughter and Song
Programmes
Presented by Feen-a-Mint.

- 4.0 p.m.** The Pleasant Quarter-Hour
Presented by Farmers' Glory.
- 4.15 p.m.** The Songs We Know Them By
Presented by Ladderix.
- 4.30 p.m.** Fingering the Frets
A Programme for Instrumental Enthusi-
asts.
- 4.45 p.m.** MARMADUKE BROWN
The Lovable, Eccentric Inventor and His
Patient Wife,
Matilda
Presented by Phillips' Dental Magnesia.
Mr. T. POTT'S TIME SIGNAL, 5.0 p.m.
- 5.0 p.m.** Pot-Luck
Presented by Seniors Fish and Meat Pastes.
- 5.15 p.m.** A Quarter-Hour Programme
For Boys and Girls. Birthday Greetings
from the Uncles.
- 5.30 p.m.** Variety
Programmes in French
- 6.0 p.m.** Melody at Midnight
Presented by Bile Beans.
Mr. T. POTT'S TIME SIGNAL, 12.30 a.m.
- 12.30 a.m.** Dance Music
- 1.0 a.m.** I.B.C. Goodnight Melody
Close Down

THURSDAY, DEC. 8

- 7.0 a.m.** Laugh and Grow Fit
Joe Murgatroyd (The Lad fra' Yorkshire)
and Poppet at the Piano.
Mr. T. POTT'S TIME SIGNALS, 7.15 a.m., 7.30 a.m.
- 7.15 a.m.** THE OPEN ROAD
Presented by Carters Little Liver Pills.
The Long-range Weather Forecast for
to-day and to-morrow will be given at
7.30 a.m.
- 7.30 a.m.** Bruce Anderson
The Football Reporter Reviews Satur-
day's Matches and gives you His Select-
ions.
- 7.45 a.m.** MELODIES FROM THE AIR
Presented by Bisodol.
Mr. T. POTT'S TIME SIGNAL, 8.0 a.m.
- 8.0 a.m.** OUT OF THE BLUE
The Programme of Surprises Brought to
you out of the Blue
Quentin Maclean
at the Organ
and
A Mystery Item Every Week
A Star of Celebrity Straight from the
Headlines
Presented by Reckitt's Blue.
Mr. T. POTT'S TIME SIGNAL, 8.15 a.m.
- 8.15 a.m.** Zebo Time
With Fred Douglas and The Zebo Time
Orchestra.
- 8.30 a.m.** French News Bulletin
- 8.40 a.m.** YOUR MESSAGE FROM THE STARS
Murray Lister
The Radio Normandy Astrologer
Reads in the Stars Your Luck for To-day
Presented by Anne French Cleansing Milk.
- 8.45 a.m.** Music from the Theatre
Mr. T. POTT'S TIME SIGNAL, 9.0 a.m.
- 9.0 a.m.** George Payne's Tea-Time
With Cyril Fletcher in Odd Odes and
Music.
- 9.15 a.m.** Rhythm Round Up
- 9.30 a.m.** MUSIC YOU MIGHT HAVE HEARD
Presented by Lavona Hair Tonic.
- 9.45 a.m.** LONDON MERRY-GO-ROUND
Teddy Randall
And His Sensational London Band
Madeleine De Gist
Pierre Le Greun
and the
Smiling, Singing Men-About-Town
Presented by Milk of Magnesia.
Mr. T. POTT'S TIME SIGNAL, 10.0 a.m.
- 10.0 a.m.** Radio Favourites
Presented by Brooke Bond & Co.
- 10.15 a.m.** Military Band Music
- 10.30 a.m.** Highlights On Parade
With Alfred Van Dam and His Orchestra
and Olive Groves.—Presented by Mac-
lean's Toothpaste.
Mr. T. POTT'S TIME SIGNAL, 10.45 a.m.
- 10.45 a.m.** Haunting Melodies and
Three Weeks to Christmas.—Presented
by Ebe Bath Products
- 11.0 a.m.** Palmolive Half-Hour
with the Palmolivers, Paul Oliver and
Olive Palmer.—Sponsored by Palmolive
Soap.
- 11.30 a.m.** Programmes in French
- 12.30 p.m.** Miniature Matinee
Mr. T. POTT'S TIME SIGNAL, 3.0 p.m.
- 3.0 p.m.** Radio Normandy Concert Hall
- 3.15 p.m.** The Songs We Know Them
By.—Presented by Ladderix.
- Please turn to page 62

For a Silky and Lasting Set ask your Hairdresser to Shampoo with Starfoam

As used by London's Leading Coiffeurs

The Loveliness of a Flawless SKIN

The Secret of her Irresistible Charm

The clear healthy beauty of a perfect skin, free from spot or blemish, always compels admiration. The loveliness of a flawless skin radiates irresistible charm and fascination. Make this proud possession yours. If the condition of your skin causes you anxiety, let D.D.D. Brand Prescription come to your aid. Just a few drops of this golden liquid applied to the most unsightly skin trouble will clear it up almost magically.

When you use D.D.D. Prescription you benefit from a really scientific health and beauty treatment for your skin; your complexion will take on a new glamorous beauty that will add immeasurably to your powers to please.

D.D.D. Prescription quickly clears away blackheads, pimples, acne and rashes or sore places caused by eczema, dermatitis or psoriasis. Indeed this soothing, healing antiseptic liquid is invaluable in all forms of skin trouble. Use D.D.D. Prescription if you suffer from chilblains or chafed skin it will quickly soothe and heal the skin. D.D.D. Brand Prescription also gives wonderful relief to tired, aching feet.

D.D.D. Prescription is sold by chemists everywhere, price 1/3 per bottle.



Donald Peers invites you to join in his Christmas Party Broadcast from Radio Normandy on Christmas Day at 11.0 a.m.

Free Trial Offer: At this gift season we ask every reader of "Radio Pictorial" who is in any way worried about the condition of the skin to accept a generous free bottle of D.D.D. Prescription. To secure this, simply send name and address (a penny stamp and postcard) to D.D.D. Laboratories (Dept. R.P.32), Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4.

D.D.D.

BRAND

PRESCRIPTION



Cadbury Calling! ON SUNDAY NIGHT

With
**BINNIE
HALE**

well-known Musical
Comedy Star

**RAWICZ &
LANDAUER**

clever piano duettists
playing a medley of
Viennese Waltzes

PAULO

singing "The Play is Over"

and at the organ your
favourite

SIDNEY TORCH

Cadbury Calling every Sunday, bringing you
different stars each week. And don't forget the
Saturday programmes with Reginald Dixon
and the 'Cocobut Radio News,' and the
'Tuesday programme featuring Charlie Kunz.
Both commence at 8.45 in the morning.

Sunday Night
10-45 TO 11 p.m.
RADIO LUXEMBOURG
DEC. 4 1,293 METRES

**CARROLL
LEVIS'S**
MOST POPULAR
DISCOVERY
On Sunday, Nov. 20th
was

ALLAM and PERKINS
Playing on a
Musical Saw and Piano
"Love's Old Sweet Song"

These artistes received the greatest
number of votes from listen-
ers to the programme presented
by the makers of Quaker Oats.

Don't miss **CARROLL LEVIS** and
his latest

RADIO DISCOVERIES next week!

AND DON'T FORGET YOUR
VOTE. IT MAY MEAN A STAGE
CONTRACT FOR ONE OF THESE
"UNKNOWN'S"

NORMANDY
5.15 p.m.
SUNDAY
Transmission through
I.B.C. Ltd.

LYONS
8.30 p.m.
SUNDAY

LUXEMBOURG (12 noon)
SUNDAY

Tune in RADIO NORMANDY

Continued from page 60

SATURDAY, DEC. 10

7.0 a.m. Laugh and Grow Fit
Joe Murgatroyd (The Lad fra' Yorkshire)
and Poppet at the Piano.
U.P.C. Production.
Mr. T. POTT'S TIME SIGNALS,
7.15 a.m., 7.30 a.m.

7.15 a.m. Sparkling Melody
The Long-range Weather Forecast for
to-day and to-morrow will be given at
7.30 a.m.

7.45 a.m. MELODIES FROM THE AIR
Presented by Kolynos Tooth Paste.
Mr. T. POTT'S TIME SIGNAL, 8.0 a.m.

8.0 a.m. MUSIC IN THE MORNING
Presented by Horlicks.
Mr. T. POTT'S TIME SIGNAL, 8.15 a.m.

8.15 a.m. Happy Days
Presented by Wincarnis.

8.30 a.m. French News Bulletin

8.40 a.m. "YOUR MESSAGE FROM THE STARS"
Murray Lister

The Radio Normandy Astrologer
Reads in the Stars your Luck for To-day
Presented by Anne French Cleansing Milk.

8.45 a.m. Sunny Jim Presents
'The Staff Contributes.'—Sponsored by
A. C. Fincken & Co.
Mr. T. POTT'S TIME SIGNAL, 9.0 a.m.

9.0 a.m. SMILES, SONGS AND STORIES
Compèred by Albert Whelan
Presented by Andrews Liver Salt.

9.15 a.m. Kings of the Keyboard
Presented by Pynovape Inhalant.

9.30 a.m. HARRY DAVIDSON
And His Commodore Grand Orchestra
Presented by Bismag.

9.45 a.m. Radio Normandy's
Animal Man continues his Animal
Alphabet and answers his many Young
Correspondents.
Mr. T. POTT'S TIME SIGNAL, 10.0 a.m.

10.0 a.m. CARROLL GIBBONS AND HIS BOYS
with Anne Lenner
George Melachrine

Guest Artists: Bryl Walkley, Jack
Warman

Compère: Russ Carr
Presented by Cookeen Cooking Fat.

10.30 a.m. Radio Favourites
Presented by Brooke Bond & Co.
Mr. T. POTT'S TIME SIGNAL,
10.45 a.m.

10.45 a.m. Here and There with
a Band or Two.

11.0 a.m. Something for Everybody
Programmes in French

11.30 a.m. Military Moments
Presented by Hayward's Military Pickles.

2.0 p.m. Miniature Matinee
Presented by Leonard G. Feather. Listen and
Win One of the Prizes of Six Records
selected and presented by Leonard
Feather every week.

2.15 p.m. The Whirl of the World
Presented by Monsiegnur News Theatres.
Mr. T. POTT'S TIME SIGNAL, 3.0 p.m.

3.0 p.m. Radio Normandy
Concert Hall

3.15 p.m. What's On
A new complete half-hour by Edgar Blatt,
reviewing this week's New Films, this
week's New Plays, this week's General
Releases and presenting his Book and
Fashion Parade.

3.45 p.m. The Songs We Know Them By
Presented by Ladderix.
Mr. T. POTT'S TIME SIGNAL, 4.0 p.m.

4.0 p.m. The Pleasant Quarter-Hour
Presented by Farmer's Glory.

4.15 p.m. Your Singing Compere
Wilfred Thomas presents Teddy Foster
and His Teatimers with Betty Kent.

4.30 p.m. Old Comrades
A Programme of Old Songs that never
die and News of Old Comrades' Reunions.

4.45 p.m. Pot Luck
Presented by Seniors Fish and Meat Pastes.
Mr. T. POTT'S TIME SIGNAL, 5.0 p.m.

5.0 p.m. WHO WON?
Full Classified Results of All Association
Football Matches played this afternoon
will be broadcast between now and
5.30 p.m.

5.30 p.m. Working Round the World
with Wheeler and Wilson on the S.S.
'Lybro.'—Presented by Workwear.

5.45 p.m. Femina
Programmes in French

6.0 p.m. Melody at Midnight
Presented by Bile Beans.

12 (midnight) Mr. T. POTT'S TIME SIGNALS,
12.30 a.m., 1.0 a.m., 1.30 a.m.

12.30 a.m. Dance Music

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

Information supplied by the Inter-
national Broadcasting Co., Ltd.,
37 Portland Place, London, W.1.

3.30 p.m. Phil Park
Presents his own medley of Organ Music.
Sponsored by "Genozo" Brand Tooth-
paste.

3.45 p.m. The Musical Mirror
Presented by Novopine Foot Energiser.

4.0 p.m. What's the Answer?
Master of Ceremonies Wilfrid Thomas.
Presented by Farmer's Glory.

4.15 p.m. Play Orchestra

4.30 p.m. Cavalcade of Melody
Presented by Nestles.

4.45 p.m. MARMADUKE BROWN
The Lovable, Eccentric Inventor and His
Patient Wife,
Matilda

Presented by Phillips' Dental Magnesia.
Mr. T. POTT'S TIME SIGNAL, 5.0 p.m.

5.0 p.m. Old Favourites

5.15 p.m. Your Requests

5.30 p.m. A Quarter-Hour Programme
For Boys and Girls. Birthday Greetings
from the Uncles.

5.45 p.m. Bruce Anderson
The Football Reporter reviews Satur-
day's Matches and gives you his selections.

6.0 p.m. Programmes in French



Britain's Cavalier of Song, Donald Peers, sings for you in the D.D.D. Prescription
show on Sunday at 11.0 a.m.

12.0 (midnight) Melody at Midnight
Presented by Bile Beans.
Mr. T. POTT'S TIME SIGNAL,
12.30 a.m.

12.30 a.m. Czechoslovakia
Dance Music

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

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

FRIDAY, DEC. 9

7.0 a.m. Laugh and Grow Fit
Joe Murgatroyd (The Lad fra' Yorkshire)
and Poppet at the Piano.
Mr. T. POTT'S TIME SIGNAL, 7.15 a.m.

7.15 a.m. Bolenium Bill on Parade
The Long-range Weather Forecast for
to-day and to-morrow will be given at
7.30 a.m.
Mr. T. POTT'S TIME SIGNAL, 7.30 a.m.

7.30 a.m. Dance Music

7.45 a.m. MELODIES FROM THE AIR
Presented by Kolynos Toothpaste.
Mr. T. POTT'S TIME SIGNAL, 8.0 a.m.

8.0 a.m. MUSIC IN THE MORNING
Presented by Horlicks.
Mr. T. POTT'S TIME SIGNAL, 8.15 a.m.

8.15 a.m. The Alka Seltzer Boys
Browning and Starr in Fifteen Minutes
of Mirth and Melody.

8.30 a.m. French News Bulletin

8.40 a.m. "YOUR MESSAGE FROM THE STARS"
Murray Lister

The Radio Normandy Astrologer
Reads in the Stars Your Luck for To-day
Presented by Anne French Cleansing Milk.

8.45 a.m. SMILES, SONGS AND STORIES
Compèred by Albert Whelan
Presented by Andrews Liver Salt.

9.0 a.m. Round the World
Presented by Hancocks the Chemists.

9.15 a.m. Doubling the Notes

9.30 a.m. Radio Favourites
Presented by Brooke Bond & Co.

9.45 a.m. THEATRE OF THE AIR
presenting
Showland Memories
Robert Irwin
Elena Daniell

The Showland Trio
Percival Mackay and His Orchestra
Presented by California Syrup of Figs.

10.0 a.m. Mr. T. POTT'S TIME SIGNAL, 10.0 a.m.

10.15 a.m. KITCHEN WISDOM
Presented by Borwick's Baking Powder,
Dream Waltzes

10.30 a.m. Presented by True Story Magazine.

10.45 a.m. SONGS AND MUSIC FROM STAGE
AND SCREEN

Presented by Maclean Brand Stomach
Powder.
Mr. T. POTT'S TIME SIGNAL,
10.45 a.m.

11.0 a.m. Light Music

DONALD PEERS
Cavalier of Song
Supported by
Arthur Young

and the D.D.D. Melodymakers
and Compèred by Roy Plomley
Presented by D.D.D. Prescription.

11.15 a.m. Something for Everybody
Programmes in French

11.30 a.m. Miniature Matinee
Presented by Hayward's Military Pickles.

2.0 p.m. Listen After Lunch
A Voice and a Piano in an Informal
Programme with Arthur Young and
Wilfrid Thomas.

2.15 p.m. Your Requests
Mr. T. POTT'S TIME SIGNAL, 3.0 p.m.

3.0 p.m. Radio Normandy Concert Hall

3.15 p.m. Garland Anderson
The Voice of Uncommon Sense, Gives
You a Happier Outlook on Life. Hear
How the Simple Philosophy He Teaches
Works for One and All.

3.30 p.m. The Musical Mirror
Presented by Novopine Foot Energiser.

3.45 p.m. The Pleasant Quarter-Hour
Presented by Farmer's Glory.
Mr. T. POTT'S TIME SIGNAL, 4.0 p.m.

4.0 p.m. The Songs We Know Them By
Presented by Ladderix.

4.15 p.m. Sunshine Serenade

4.30 p.m. THE OPEN ROAD
Presented by Carters Little Liver Pills.

4.45 p.m. MARMADUKE BROWN
The Lovable, Eccentric Inventor
and His Patient Wife,
Matilda

Presented by Phillips' Dental Magnesia.
Mr. T. POTT'S TIME SIGNAL, 5.0 p.m.

5.0 p.m. Shamrockland

5.15 p.m. A Quarter-Hour Programme
For Boys and Girls. Birthday Greetings
from the Uncles.

5.30 p.m. The Musical Magazine
The Listeners' Digest

5.45 p.m. Programmes in French

6.0 p.m. Melody at Midnight
Presented by Bile Beans.

12.0 (midnight) Mr. T. POTT'S TIME SIGNAL,
12.30 a.m., 1.0 a.m., 1.30 a.m.

12.30 a.m. Dance Music

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

WIRELESS

A Career With Unlimited Opportunities

Wireless as a career offers many opportunities for properly trained men, and the Wireless Colleges at Colwyn Bay and Calmore offer the very finest training for boys—and a scheme to help parents of limited means

THIS Christmas will have a special significance for many thousands of young men now leaving school to embark upon a commercial career. It marks the end of their school life, and now they have to enter into some new sphere of activity.

What will it be, and what chances does it hold?

Experience of older men all goes to emphasise the importance of starting a boy to-day in a really congenial occupation, one in which his natural talents can be fully utilised. A survey of the occupational situation to-day also shows most clearly that a boy with no special training stands a much poorer chance than one who has been specifically prepared for some career for which he is naturally fitted and in which opportunities for advancement continually occur.

Thousands of parents, no doubt, are considering carefully this problem of what to do with their sons who are now leaving school, and to them we suggest an inquiry into the scope offered by radio.

There is not only broadcasting and television, but the wider field of wireless telegraphy as a world-wide medium of marine aircraft and international communication. It employs an enormous number of men at good rates of pay.

Properly trained men are required in all branches of this important industry, and to a young man who is naturally attracted to wireless, a first-class career is open.

What are the steps necessary for a young man to get a start in radio to-day?

The really essential thing is thorough training, and for this purpose "Radio Pictorial" completely endorses and recommends the wireless colleges at Colwyn Bay, North Wales, and Calmore, Southampton. The principal of these colleges is Mr. Gordon S. Whale, F.R.S.A., A.M.I.R.E., M.A.A.A.S., and it is now nearly two years ago since he opened the Southampton College as an addition to the original wireless college at Colwyn Bay, which for many years has been the largest of its kind in the world.

RADIO PICTORIAL's representative has personally visited the Southampton College, and was considerably impressed with the equipment, which embraces the very latest apparatus, and the comprehensive training given to students in all branches of this interesting profession.

Boarders are accepted at both colleges, and, in addition to the wireless training, organised sports and athletics form a prominent part of the curriculum.

Some indication of the high regard in which these schools are held by responsible people is shown by the fact that the Southampton school was opened early in 1937 by Sir Ambrose Fleming, F.R.S., D.Sc., M.A., who, as readers know, is famous as the inventor of the original thermionic valve, developments of which now find universal use in all wireless receivers. This college is situated on an estate of 56 acres overlooking Southampton Water. Both colleges, of course, are licensed by H.M. Postmaster-General.

These training schools are particularly advantageous to young men who, in addition to feeling drawn to radio generally, want to see the world as wireless officers. The life of a wireless officer aboard ship has undeniable attractions.

Proof of the success of the tuition offered and its eminently practical nature is to be found in the fact that a large number of qualified students of the schools are now holding excellent appointments in all branches of radio work, including the service of Messrs. Marconi's, many shipping companies and numerous radio manufacturers.

An important point to note is that suitable appointments are definitely guaranteed to students who successfully complete the course.

For young men and parents who are interested, we suggest they should write immediately to either college for the full descriptive prospectus which will gladly be sent post free, and fuller details will be found in an advertisement on page 34 of this issue.

Lastly, here is a really important concession which brings this opportunity to the door of every boy. For the special benefit of parents whose means are limited, one of the most interesting features about these colleges is that arrangements can be made for the bulk of the necessary tuition fees for a youth to be paid from his salary when qualified and after an appointment has been secured. In this way it is possible for any boy, if he has the inclination, to get a start in this interesting work.

The number of students at these two colleges has shown a steady and continual growth over recent years. Hundreds of wireless operators all over the world and men employed in lucrative positions in many branches of the industry, have graduated from them, and there is no doubt that Mr. Whale's efforts have been crowned with the success which they deserve, and that his colleges are filling an important need of the community.

If your boy is interested in wireless as a career, get full particulars of these colleges to-day.

NO SOAP SHAVEX NO BRUSH REVOLUTION IN SHAVING

Millions are now using SHAVEX all over the world.
Beware of imitations.

Throw away your soap and brush and use the up-to-date method of shaving which takes a quarter of the time. We guarantee that one can have a perfect shave in two minutes with Shavex.



MR. IVOR NOVELLO, the celebrated actor and composer, writes: "Shavex is a really splendid invention. I am so often asked to recommend preparations and can't do so, but in this case my appreciation of your 'Shavex' is genuine. I shall always use it."



MR. LESLIE HENSON, the famous actor, writes: "I use 'Shavex' every time I shave, and think it is the quickest, cleanest and most delightful preparation ever invented for shaving."

SHAVEX is without doubt the most perfect way of Shaving that man can desire. What is more simple than just wetting the beard and smearing on a little Shavex—and then a perfect Shave? Shavex contains Almond Oil, which is a fine skin food for the face. You shave in a quarter of the time that is taken by any other method, and you rub the rest of the Shavex into the skin—this takes away the wrinkles and keeps the face in a perfect condition. Fancy every day scrubbing one's face with very hot water and soap full of soda. One has only one's face for a lifetime and it should be treated kindly. OILS in SHAVEX will keep the face young and without wrinkles, and after shaving you will always feel as fresh as a daisy. The Shavex Cream makes the bristles of the beard stand up, when they are easily shaved with the razor. The ordinary creams and soaps flatten the beard, and so it is impossible to get the perfect shave. If grass is lying down it is more difficult for the mower to cut than if it is standing up. It is the same with the beard and Shavex. SHAVEX gets between all the hairs and forces the beard to stand up, and one can cut it so easily and get a perfect shave.

TRY A SHAVEX BLADE, THE KEENEST AND BEST BLADE ON THE MARKET. PRICE 2d. INSTEAD OF 4d.

SHAVEX is sold in
6d., 1/- & 1/6 Tubes and 1/6 Pots

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores or direct from

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD. (Dept. R64),
40, Blenheim Rd., Upper Holloway, N.19.



MR. JACK BUCHANAN, the great actor-producer, writes: "I find 'Shavex' absolutely perfect for shaving. It is most refreshing and so easy, and it gives me the best shave I have ever had."



MR. RALPH LYNN, the well-known actor, writes: "I consider 'Shavex' really splendid for shaving. It leaves the face soft and sweet, also removes the beard better than any shaving soap."

ALMOND OIL ZEE-KOL TOILET SOAP

Beautiful and Talented Women's Evidence that it
CREATES BEAUTY & PRESERVES BEAUTY
AND HAS A BEAUTIFUL LINGERING PERFUME



"A wonderful soap for the complexion and to keep the skin perfect. All should use Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap."
Miss LILLIAN BRAITHWAITE

"I can sincerely say that Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most beautiful soap for the complexion I have ever used."
Miss PHYLLIS DARE



Your Zee-Kol Soap is excellent for the Skin and so perfect that all my friends will hear of this wonderful Soap."
Miss FAY COMPTON

A revelation in transforming the worst skin in three nights into a most beautiful satiny and peach-like complexion. Never before has a soap of this description been given to the public. It is made of the purest oils. One must not think of the cheap 3d. tablets of Soap when thinking of Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap. This is the wholesale price of the material used in most of the advertised soaps. Compare this price to Almond Oil, which is 5/6 per lb., and which is used in Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

PALM OIL Costs 4d. per lb.
ALMOND OIL Costs 5/6 per lb.

Now it is easily seen why Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most expensive to make as it is very rare to get Almond Oil in Soap at all. The price of Almond Oil will prove to everyone that there is no soap in the world so marvellous as Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap. It has taken years to know how to blend the oils in this soap, because it is not like other soaps to-day,

which are only ordinary soaps. Its oils are a marvellous tonic to the skin. Blended with the most exquisite perfumes, Almond Oil has been chosen for this Zee-Kol Super Toilet Soap. It contains the purest and the most natural oil for the skin, and has a beautiful perfume that lingers over the face until washed away. When washing, the natural oil is replaced and the skin keeps firm, smooth and beautiful. No ordinary soap can do what Zee-Kol ALMOND OIL Soap does, yet it is sold everywhere to-day at half its former price—6d. instead of 1/- . Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect Shampoo. All dandruff disappears and the hair shines with health.

1/- LARGE TABLET NOW 6D

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores or direct from SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD. (Dept. S41), 40, Blenheim Rd., Upper Holloway, London, N.19.



The Paris Broadcasting Station

ACP

312.8 metres

959 kc/s.

60 kw.

PARIS

CASH PRIZES FOR LISTENERS

see page 29

Times of Transmissions:
Sunday: 9.15 a.m.—11.15 a.m.
5.00 p.m.—7.00 p.m.
10.30 p.m.—11.30 p.m.
Weekdays: 9.15 a.m.—11.15 a.m.

11.00 p.m.—11.30 p.m. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday & Thursday
Announcer: ALLAN ROSE

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 4

MORNING PROGRAMMES

H. SAMUEL "EVERITE" TIME, 9.15 a.m.
9.15 a.m. AND NOW FOR THE BOSWELL SISTERS
9.30 a.m. SPORTING SPECIAL
Presented by International Sporting Pools.

H. SAMUEL "EVERITE" TIME, 9.45 a.m.
9.45 a.m. "I" FOR INSTRUMENTAL INTERESTS
10.0 a.m. WHO'S VOICES ARE THESE?
H. SAMUEL "EVERITE" TIME, 10.15 a.m.

10.15 a.m. MERRY MEDLEY
Lambeth Walk, Eddie Cantor; Netty's the Nt Wit
Frank Crummit; The Daughter of the Old Grey Mare,
Nat Gonella; Mamma, I Want to Make Rhythm, Harry
Roy; Sarah, the Sergeant-Major's Daughter, Leslie
Holmes.

10.30 a.m. THE OPEN ROAD
Soldiers of the Queen
March of the Grenadiers
Entry of the Bulgars
Stout-Hearted Men
The Call of the Kahn
Presented by Carters Little Liver Pills.

H. SAMUEL "EVERITE" TIME, 10.45 a.m.
10.45 a.m. TO-DAY'S RADIO SHOW PRESENTS
11.0 a.m. MISCELLANEOUS
H. SAMUEL "EVERITE" TIME, 11.15 a.m.

AFTERNOON PROGRAMMES

H. SAMUEL "EVERITE" TIME, 5.0 p.m.
5.0 p.m.

HORLICKS PICTURE HOUSE
Master of Ceremonies: Howard Clancy
Ralph Lynn
Gertrude Nielsen
Oliver Wakefield
Dorothy Alt
The Cavendish Three
The Mayfair Men
Bryan Quinn
and
The Horlicks All-Star Orchestra
under
Debrov Somers

Presented by Horlicks.
H. SAMUEL "EVERITE" TIME, 6.0 p.m.
6.0 p.m. LUX RADIO THEATRES

Compered by
Charles B. Cochran
introducing as Guest Star
Dorothy Dickson
with
Alan Howland
Kathleen Cordell
Barry Gray
Gwenn Jones
and Orchestra directed by
Eddie Carroll

Presented by Lux.
H. SAMUEL "EVERITE" TIME, 6.30 p.m.
6.30 p.m.

RINSO RADIO REVUE
featuring
Jack Hylton and His Band
Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon
Tommy Handley
Sam Browne
Peggy Dell
Gerda Newman
Juna Malo
Compered by Ben Lyon

Presented by Rinso.
H. SAMUEL "EVERITE" TIME, 7.0 p.m.

NIGHT PROGRAMMES

THE FOOTBALL FAN'S HOUR

H. SAMUEL "EVERITE" TIME, 10.30 p.m.
10.30 p.m. REQUEST PROGRAMME
10.45 p.m. REQUEST PROGRAMME
H. SAMUEL "EVERITE" TIME, 11.0 p.m.
11.0 p.m. REQUEST PROGRAMME



Louise Browne makes a beautiful picture in a gilded frame. Listen to her on Monday at 9.15 a.m. electrical recording.

11.15 p.m. VARIETY THEATRE
Presented by Goodway Bonus Football Pools.
H. SAMUEL "EVERITE" TIME, 11.30 p.m.
11.30 p.m. A.C.P. GOODNIGHT MESSAGE

MONDAY, DECEMBER 5

H. SAMUEL "EVERITE" TIME, 9.15 a.m.
9.15 a.m. A MEDLEY OF SONGS
With a Love Song, Greta Keller; Fare Thee Well to
Harlem, Jack Teagarden; Nonny Nonny No, Louise
Browne and John Mills; Sweet Wilhemina, George Van
Dusen Yodelling; Got Me Doin' Things; Dixie Lee.

9.30 a.m. WHIRLING WHALTZES
H. SAMUEL "EVERITE" TIME, 9.45 a.m.
9.45 a.m. FROM THE SHOWS & FILMS
10.0 a.m. FIVE FOXTROTS
10.15 a.m. HERE COMES THE BRIDE
H. SAMUEL "EVERITE" TIME, 10.15 a.m.

10.30 a.m. SPORTING SPECIAL
Presented by International Sporting Pools.
10.45 a.m. A WEALTH OF MELODY
H. SAMUEL "EVERITE" TIME, 10.45 a.m.

11.0 a.m. AT THE PIANO
H. SAMUEL "EVERITE" TIME, 11.15 a.m.
11.0 p.m. PARIS NIGHT LIFE
Surprise Transmissions from famous Cabarets and Night
Clubs.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 6

H. SAMUEL "EVERITE" TIME, 9.15 a.m.
9.15 a.m. FIRST ONE, THEN ANOTHER
9.30 a.m. LIGHT ORCHESTRAL NUMBERS
H. SAMUEL "EVERITE" TIME, 9.45 a.m.

9.45 a.m. FIFTEEN MINUTES WITH VICTOR SILVESTER
10.0 a.m. CABARET
H. SAMUEL "EVERITE" TIME, 10.15 a.m.
10.15 a.m. DRYCOLE MELODIES
Presented by the Elephant Chemical Co.

10.30 a.m. RHYTHM COCKTAIL
H. SAMUEL "EVERITE" TIME, 10.45 a.m.
10.45 a.m. SINGERS ON PARADE
No. 1, Sam Costa, Helen Clare, Paula Green; No. 2,
Marjorie Stedefeld, Jack Plant, Dinah Miller; No. 3,
George Barclay, Pat Hyde, Al Bowly; No. 4, Dan Dono-
van, Alice Mann, Jack Cooper; Was it Rain, Phil Regan.

11.0 a.m. THREE RAGS AND TWO RUMBAS
H. SAMUEL "EVERITE" TIME, 11.15 a.m.

11.0 p.m. PARIS NIGHT LIFE
Surprise Transmissions from famous Cabarets and Night
Clubs.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 7

H. SAMUEL "EVERITE" TIME, 9.15 a.m.
9.15 a.m. FEMALE QUINTETTE
9.30 a.m. FILM SELECTIONS

H. SAMUEL "EVERITE" TIME, 9.45 a.m.
9.45 a.m. BROWN & POLSON
Present Eddie South and His Orchestra with Mrs. Jean
Scott, President of the Brown and Polson Cookery Club.

10.0 a.m. A LITTLE OF EVERYTHING
H. SAMUEL "EVERITE" TIME, 10.15 a.m.
10.15 a.m. THAT AFFAIR OF THE HEART
10.30 a.m. ON THE INCREASE

H. SAMUEL "EVERITE" TIME, 10.45 a.m.
10.45 a.m. MOONLIGHT PLAYS THE CHIEF PART
11.0 a.m. DIFFERENT DANCES
H. SAMUEL "EVERITE" TIME, 11.15 a.m.

11.0 p.m. PARIS NIGHT LIFE
Surprise Transmissions from famous Cabarets and Night
Clubs.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 8

H. SAMUEL "EVERITE" TIME, 9.15 a.m.
9.15 a.m. AND NOW FOR THE DANCE ORCHESTRAS
9.30 a.m. ORGANS OF TWO KINDS
H. SAMUEL "EVERITE" TIME, 9.45 a.m.

9.45 a.m. WALTZING TIME
10.0 a.m. A QUINTET OF MALE VOICES
H. SAMUEL "EVERITE" TIME, 10.15 a.m.

10.15 a.m. THRO' THE ALPHABET
10.30 a.m. SPORTING SPECIAL
Presented by International Sporting Pools.

H. SAMUEL "EVERITE" TIME, 10.45 a.m.
10.45 a.m. MUSICAL SWITCH
11.0 a.m. FIVE ORCHESTRAS FOR YOUR ENTER-
TAINMENT

H. SAMUEL "EVERITE" TIME, 11.15 a.m.
11.0 p.m. PARIS NIGHT LIFE
Surprise Transmissions from famous Cabarets and Night
Clubs.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 9

H. SAMUEL "EVERITE" TIME, 9.15 a.m.
9.15 a.m.

THE OPEN ROAD
Austrian Army
The Road is Open Again
Gladiator's Farewell
Sunny Side Up
Punjab March

Presented by Carters Little Liver Pills.
9.30 a.m. LIGHT, ROMANTIC, RECORDED MUSIC
Sweet as a Song, Al Bowly; Slow Foxtrot Medley, Billy
Thorburn; The Moon Got in My Eyes, Bing Crosby;
You Couldn't be Cuter, Tommy Dorsey; What Do You
Know about Love, Ella Fitzgerald.

H. SAMUEL "EVERITE" TIME, 9.45 a.m.
9.45 a.m. STAR TURNS OF VARIETY
10.0 a.m. MUSICAL PICTURE BOOK
H. SAMUEL "EVERITE" TIME, 10.15 a.m.

10.15 a.m. MUSIC TO DANCE TO
10.30 a.m. ALTERNATING BETWEEN DUETS & SOLOS
H. SAMUEL "EVERITE" TIME, 10.45 a.m.

10.45 a.m. HILL BILLY ROUND-UP
11.0 a.m. A PAUSE BY THE BAND STAND
H. SAMUEL "EVERITE" TIME, 11.15 a.m.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10

H. SAMUEL "EVERITE" TIME, 9.15 a.m.
9.15 a.m. SOME NEW RECORDINGS
9.30 a.m. OUT OF THE ORDINARY TITLES
H. SAMUEL "EVERITE" TIME, 9.45 a.m.

9.45 a.m. MELODIOUS MINUTES OF MEDLEYS
10.0 a.m. THE AMERICAN SPOTLIGHT
Fifteen minutes dedicated to our American Friends in
Europe.

H. SAMUEL "EVERITE" TIME, 10.15 a.m.
10.15 a.m. MELODIES FROM THE FILMS
10.30 a.m. MERRYMENT CORNER

The Laughing Policeman in America, Charles Penrose
and Co.; Fanlight Fanny, George Formby; Cuckoo,
Nellie Wallace; Income Tax, Naughton and Gold; The
Lovely Aspidistra in the Old Art Pot, Gracie Fields.

H. SAMUEL "EVERITE" TIME, 10.45 a.m.
10.45 a.m. FLASHBACKS
11.0 a.m. FAMOUS SINGERS

When You and I Were Young, John MacCormack; Love
Me For Ever, Grace Moore; Drake's Drum, Peter Daw-
son; I'm the Echo, Lily Pons.

H. SAMUEL "EVERITE" TIME, 11.15 a.m.

Anglo-Continental Publicity Ltd., Cavendish Man-
sions, Langham Street, London, W.1.

Reveals Secret of Personal Influence

Simple method to Develop Personal Magnetism, Memory, Concentration and Will-Power. 48-page Book Fully Describing this Unique Method, together with Character Delineation FREE to all who write at once.

"The wonderful power of Personal Influence, Magnetism, Fascination, Mind-Control, call it what you will, can surely be acquired by everyone, no matter how unattractive or unsuccessful," says Mr. Elmer E. Knowles, author of the new book entitled: "*The Key to the Development of the Inner Forces*." The book lays bare many astounding facts concerning the practices of the Eastern Yogi, and explains a unique system for the Development of Personal Magnetism, Hypnotic and Telepathic powers, Memory, Concentration and Will-Power through the wonder power of Suggestion. Count H. Csaky-Pallavicini writes: "Everyone in the world should have your simple system. People need this instruction as our lungs need fresh air, and our body food." The book, which is being distributed free of charge, is full of photographic reproductions showing how these unseen forces are being used all over the world, and how thousands upon thousands have developed powers which they little dreamed they possessed. The free distribution is being conducted by a large Brussels institution, and a copy will be sent post free to anyone interested.



Count H. Csaky-Pallavicini

In addition to supplying the book free, each person who writes at once will also receive a comprehensive character delineation. Simply copy the following verse in your own handwriting:

"I want power of mind,
Force and strength in my look,
Please read my character,
And send me your book."

Also send your full name and address plainly printed (state whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss), and address your letter to: "PSYCHOLOGY FOUNDATION, S, A (Dept. 742), rue de Londres, 18, Brussels, Belgium. If you wish you may enclose 4d. (stamps of your own country) to pay postage, etc. Be sure to put sufficient postage on your letter. Postage to Belgium is 2½d.

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BRISTOL and SLOUGH

WORLD'S BEST FOOTBALL POOLS

On the air from RADIO PARIS (POSTE PARISIEN)

Sundays, 9.30 a.m.

Mondays, 10.30 a.m.

Thursdays, 10.30 a.m.

☛ All Football Fans should listen to these wonderful Concerts ☛

Pilot



Radio

THE STANDARD

OF EXCELLENCE

PRICE—PERFORMANCE—APPEARANCE

Everyone's choice of a radio receiver is dependent upon one or all of these three classifications. Price is more often than not, the first consideration. Performance allied to price is definitely next on the list, whilst Appearance, plus price and performance, is necessarily the deciding factor.

In PILOT All-Wave Radio, each and every model is built up to the highest possible "standard of excellence" consistent with price value.

Because of the splendid reputation that Pilot have for giving the public real value for money and because of the wide choice in types and prices of Table, Console and Radiogram models of All-Wave Superhet receivers available, we suggest with confidence that you cannot lose and will probably gain in every way if you fill in the Coupon below. It only takes a minute of your time and costs only a halfpenny to post it in an unsealed envelope.

Pilot All-Wave, All-World radio is British Made and we are confident that after making your choice at the price you can afford, the free demonstration that your local dealer will give you, will result in your being proud of having chosen a PILOT.

Pilot Radio gives lasting satisfaction in the three essential factors that make for perfect radio pleasure. Price, Performance and Appearance. Fill in the Coupon now.



BTC 530

PRESS BUTTON CONSOLE MODEL. A 5-valve, 6 press-button and manual tuning, All-Wave Superhet. 3 Wavebands. **15 GNS.**
Console Model for A.C. mains.
Table Model for A.C. mains, 12 Gns.

A.C./D.C. model of either ½ Gn. extra.



B 43

PILOT MODEL B43.

A Battery operated 4-valve, All-Wave Superhet. 3 wavebands. 8 in. m.c. speaker. Table Model. Price with- **9 GNS.** out batteries.

PILOT MODEL 53.

A 5-valve, All-Wave Superhet. 3 Wavebands. Table Model for **10½ GNS.** A.C. mains.

Console Model for A.C. mains 14 Gns.

A.C./D.C. model of either ½ gn. extra.



53

EIGHTEEN MODELS TO CHOOSE FROM

Prices **9 to 35 Gns.**

H.P. Terms available on all models

Pilot



Radio

THE STANDARD

OF EXCELLENCE

PILOT ALL-WAVE RADIO

Please send full details of all Pilot Superhet receivers, etc., also **FREE, WORLD TIME CONVERSION CHART.**

NAME

ADDRESS

PILOT RADIO LTD., 87 Park Royal Rd., London, N.W.10

PETO-SCOTT

BRITAIN'S GREAT
MAIL ORDER HOUSE

ESTABLISHED

Here is another page of Peto-Scott splendid Xmas offers, Home Broadcasters, Electric Shaver (the ideal gift), Trophy Short Wave Receivers, Portable Set for the car or flat, modern hand-tuning or Push-Button Radio Chassis—there's something for everyone at a low cash price or on exceptionally convenient easy payment terms. **MAKE YOUR CHOICE AND ORDER EARLY!**

1919

"LITTLE PRINCESS"

PORTABLE Screened Grid FOUR RECEIVER



Radio Wherever You Go. 25 Stations Guaranteed. The set of the season for both indoor and outdoor listening. Station calibrated dial. Attractive dark blue leatherette covered case. Phone jack for cutting out speaker, enabling you to listen in bed without disturbing the household. Latest 4-valve 8.G. circuit; 4 British valves; ball-bearing turntable 7-in. P.M. moving-coil speaker. Self-contained aerial. Only 6 1/2 m.a. H.T. consumption. Range 200-550, 1,000-2,000 metres. Size: 9 1/2 ins. high, 11 1/2 ins. wide, 7 1/2 ins. back to front. Complete with Oldham L.T., H.T. and Q.B. batteries, ready to play.

BARGAIN £6 6s.

Or 7/6 down and 15 monthly payments of 9/-

GRAMADAPTOR

Enjoy Your favourite Artists and the delights of a modern Radiogram!



The PETO-SCOTT GRAMADAPTOR instantly converts your battery or mains radio into an efficient and pleasing radiogram. You merely stand your set on top or where you desire and with simple connections to the pickup sockets all the joys of listening to your favourite records are yours. The motor skids forward to receive record and plays with front open or shut. World famous Garrard Gramophone Motor incorporated—A.C. type in Mains Model and Double-Spring type in Battery Model. Automatic Stop. Highly sensitive Pick-up providing real quality reproduction. Volume Control and Needle cups. Housed in beautifully finished Walnut Cabinet. MAINS MODEL. For A.C. Mains only, 200-250 volts or 100-150, 30-60 cycles. N.B.—Please state voltage when ordering.

BATTERY MODEL. With Double-spring Motor fitted. Automatic Stop as A.C. Model. **CASH OR C.O.D. £3-19-6**

Deposit 5/-, Balance in 11 monthly payments of 7/9.

9 VALVE ALL-WAVE A.C. S/HET CHASSIS

REPLACE YOUR OLD SET SECURE THIS AMAZING BARGAIN

- 9 Valves, 10 Stages.
- 4 Bands, 10-2,000 metres.
- Illuminated Station name dial.
- Automatic Volume Control.
- 7 Watts Output.



Similar to illustration but circuit consists of 10 Stages incorporating push-pull output, 9 Octal-base British valves. Pre H.F. selector, radio frequency amplifier, triode-hexode frequency changer, bandpass transformer coupled to 2 I.F. amplifiers in cascade, double diode-triode, output power pentode. Complete with valves and knobs. Fully tested.

£29 19 6 CASH or 12/3 down and 18 12/3

Limited number of 6-Valve and 8-Valve Chassis also in stock. Write for details.

SPECIAL OFFER!



ALL WAVE S.G. 3 CHASSIS

- All waves 18-2,100 metres.
- S.G. 3-valve with Pentode output.
- Engraved dial 200-2,100 metres.
- Amazing tone volume.

Here is a chance to secure a splendid S.G. 3 Chassis at less than cost price. Ideal as a spare receiver for short-wave reception on 18.52 metres, and usual M/W and L/W broadcasts. Size 10 in. wide, 8 in. high, 7 1/2 in. deep, complete with matched S.G. Det. and Pentode valves. Fully tested.

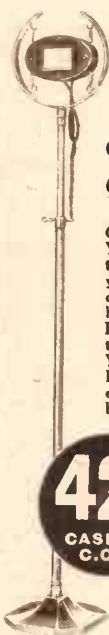
List value £4 15s. **SPECIAL OFFER** 52/6 or 5/- down and 12 monthly payments of 4/10. Matched moving-coil speaker 15/- extra or same deposit; but add 1/5 to each monthly payment.

5/- DOWN

ANOTHER MERRY XMAS yours with a



HOME BROADCASTER



42/- CASH OR C.O.D.

- INSTANTLY ATTACHED TO YOUR RADIO OR AMPLIFIER.
- SURPRISES, ENTERTAINS AND AMUSES OLD AND YOUNG.
- IDEAL FOR CROONERS, INSTRUMENTALISTS AND PUBLIC SPEAKERS.
- EXTREMELY SENSITIVE BUT VERY ROBUST.
- NO EXPERIENCE REQUIRED. NOTHING MORE TO BUY.

GET OVER YOUR "MIKE-FRIGHT" NOW. You never know when you may be called upon to speak into the microphone. Introduce into your home all the delights of home broadcasting. Listen (through your radio) if the baby's crying. Croon to your heart's content. Produce at will the Family Ghost. Make those COMING PARTIES THE MERRIEST YET. Simply attach a Peto-Scott Home Broadcaster to the pick-up sockets of your existing radio receiver, whether mains or battery, and your own broadcasting station is instantly ready to amplify clearly and distinctly the sparkling sounds and individual efforts with that professional entertainment touch to which we are all now accustomed. Everyone hears everything with the aid of a Peto-Scott Home Broadcaster.

Two models to choose from and remember running costs are nil and you've nothing more to buy. Supplied to you absolutely complete and ready for immediate use.

2/6 DOWN

TABLE MODEL As illustrated above. Cash or C.O.D. 25/- or 2/6 down and 9 monthly payments of 3/-.

TELESCOPIC FLOOR-STAND MODEL As illustrated on left. Chromium-plated—extending to 6 feet, complete with transformer and microphone lead. Cash or C.O.D. 42/- Or 2/6 down and 11 monthly payments of 4/-.

ORDER NOW FOR IMMEDIATE DELIVERY

RADIO REALISM RESTORED WITH A PETO-SCOTT 1939 CHASSIS

6-VALVE ALL MAINS SUPER-HET RADIOGRAM CHASSIS

- 6 Valves, 6 Stages.
- All-waves, 16-2,000 metres.
- Automatic Volume Control.
- Station name illuminated dial.
- Pick-up Sockets.
- 3-Watts undistorted Output.

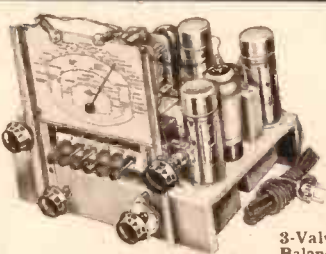
This brand new 1939 Chassis, size 11 1/2 in. wide, 8 1/2 in. high, 7 1/2 in. deep, represents amazing value for money, and is supplied complete with all valves and Celestion high-fidelity speaker. It provides world-wide reception and real quality reproduction. Fully tested and ready for immediate use on any 200-250 volt A.C. or D.C. supply.

£6 6 0 CASH or C.O.D.

or 7/9 down and 18 monthly payments of 7/9

A.C. MAINS MODEL. Similar to above, but with rectangular dial with station names, 5 Valves 7 Stages. Automatic volume control. Size 11 1/2 in. wide, 8 1/2 in. high, 8 1/2 in. deep. Complete with specially matched moving Coil Speaker. For A.C. Mains 200-250 Volts only. Cash C.O.D. **£6 6 0** or 7/9 down and 18 monthly payments of 7/9

MODERN PRESS-BUTTON REPLACEMENT CHASSIS



Supplied complete with Valves and Knobs, and ready for instant use. **GUARANTEED FOR 12 MONTHS.**

4-VALVE BATTERY 4-Valve, 6 Stage circuit. Wave range 19-2,000 metres. Press Button tuning for M/W and L/W stations. Also slow motion manual tuning. A.V.C. and 3-watts audio output. Complete with valves and knobs. **£5 12s. 6d.** or 6/9 down and 18 monthly payments of 6/10.

ALL-WAVE BATTERY S.G.3 CHASSIS. Powerful 3-Valve, 3-stage circuit. Wave-range 18-2,100 metres. Balanced and Screened Coils. Pentode output. Low H.T. consumption. Station-name dial. Complete with valves and knobs. **£3 12s. 6d.** Cash or C.O.D. or 5/- down and 12 monthly payments of 6s. 3d. **Hand tuning only.**

MODEL 909 (Illustrated) 4-Valve, 8-Stage, A.C. Superhet. Wave-range 10-2,000 metres. Press Button and Manual Tuning. Complete with valves and knobs. **£7 19s. 6d.** Cash or C.O.D., or 9s. 9d. and 18 monthly payments of 9s. 9d. **COMPLETE LIST FREE!**

REMINGTON RAND Electric Close Shaver

Save as you shave—no blades, no soap, no brush—enjoy the finest shave you have ever had—for the toughest beard, the most sensitive skin! Handsome Ivory Finish. Any voltage, D.C. or A.C. Real leather case, flex and plug. Price £3 7s. 6d., or 2/6 DOWN (plus 6d. carr., pack., etc.), and 12 monthly payments of 6/- Send for leaflet. Guaranteed for 1 year.

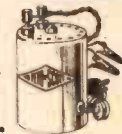


YOURS FOR 2/6 DOWN

PETO SCOTT TRICKLE CHARGER

Charge your L.T. for 1d. a week

- Nothing to wear out or go wrong.
- Modern metal rectifier. Will charge your 2-volt accumulator at 1 amp. while you sleep. 12 months' guarantee. A.C. mains. 200-240 volts, 40-100 cycles. Honestly worth 2/-.



BARGAIN 10/-

TROPHY 5 A.C. SHORT-WAVE

For Short-Wave Thrills



- 10-550 metres continuous
- Illuminated and calibrated scale.
- A.V.C. on-off switch.
- Bandspredding with equivalents of 8ft. scale length
- Built-in Speaker and Phone Jack.

The TROPHY 5-valve junior communication receiver, as illustrated, is proving most popular among experienced DX operators and enthusiasts in general where a moderately priced and efficient short-wave has been needed for use on A.C. supplies. The wide coverage and improved method of bandspredding tuning are two only of the outstanding features which have contributed to the success of the TROPHY 5. Entirely self-contained, guaranteed and ready for immediate use. Cash or C.O.D. **£9** Terms: 10/9 down and 18 monthly payments of 10/9

TROPHY 3 Short-Wavers

Highly efficient self-contained short-wavers. Speaker incorporated. Phone jack. Effective wave-range 6.2 (television) to 550 metres. Supplied with tuners for 12-52 metres. **BATTERY MODEL.** Cash or C.O.D., **£5 16s. 6d.** or 7/- down and 18 monthly payments of 7/-.

A.C. MODEL. Cash or C.O.D., **£6 6s.** or 7/8 down and 18 monthly payments of 7/8. Down. N.B.—If coils required for complete coverage, 6.2-550 metres, add 16/9 to cash price or 1/- to deposit and payments.

TROPHY 8 A.C. Communication Receiver This new receiver employs 8 valves and is supplied with smoothline circuit in cabinet for use with separate P.M. speaker. Bandspredding and further outstanding features ensure reliable reception on 7-550 metres continuous. Cash or C.O.D. 12 gns. or 15/6 down, balance in 18 12 GNS. monthly payments of 15/6.

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To PETO-SCOTT CO., LTD., 77 (R.L.1), City Road, London, E.C.1. or 41 (R.L.1), High Holborn, W.C.1.

Please supply Cash/C.O.D./H.P. the undermentioned goods, for which I enclose

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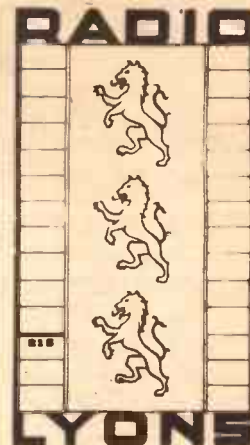
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Resident Announcer: Johnny Couper



SUNDAY, DEC. 4

5.30 p.m. Around the Bandstand
Radio Lyons opens the programme with some excellent recordings of Military Marches and Brass Bands.

5.45 p.m. Peter the Planter
Presents "The Plantation Minstrels." An old-time Minstrel Show starring C. Denier Warren, with Todd Duncan, Dale and Dodd, The Plantation Banjo Team and The Plantation Singers and Orchestra.—Presented by Lyons Green Label Tea.

6.0 p.m. Fairground Fantasy

6.30 p.m. H. Samuel "Everite" Time, 6.30 p.m.

6.30 p.m. Vaudeville.
Presenting Cicely Courtneidge, Jack Hulbert, Danny Polo, Tessie O'Shea, Don Rico and His Gipsy Girls and Louis Levy and Orchestra.

7.0 p.m. H. Samuel "Everite" Time, 7.0 p.m.

7.0 p.m. 500 PENNIES FROM THE STARS

presenting
Gordon Little
This week's Guest Artist
in a programme devised and compered by
Christopher Stone

7.15 p.m. Smiling Through
A programme of gay and tuneful gramophone records.—
Presented by Odol.

7.30 p.m. H. Samuel "Everite" Time 7.30 p.m.

7.30 p.m. George Payne's Tea Time
With Cyril Fletcher In "Odd Odes and Music."

7.45 p.m. Station Concert and News in French

8.10 p.m. Zetter Pools

8.15 p.m. ELISE

A musical thriller featuring

Suzette Lamonde

Bernard Clifton

Inga Andersen

Scott Harrold

Neal Arden

Boris Ravensky

James Pirrie

Tony Quinn

Little Maureen Glynn

The orchestra directed by Richard Crean

Produced by Bertram Fryer

Presented by Bourjols, creators of "Evening in Paris."

8.30 p.m. CARROLL LEVIS AND HIS RADIO DISCOVERIES

An All-Winners programme in which you will hear:

Harry Dawson (Boy Soprano)

Sydney Barber (Tenor)

Betty and Nona Musker (Two on one piano)

Gwendolin Macklin (Soprano)

Th: Two Bricklayers (Musical Saw & Accordion)

From the stage of the Odeon Theatre, Leicester Square.

Sponsored and presented by Qaker Oats.

8.45 p.m. Station Concert and News in French

9.0 p.m. Young and Healthy

Sweet and Swing in the latest Dance Music.—Presented by

Bile Beans.

9.15 p.m. The Zam-Buk Programme

Melody, Song and Humour in this quarter-hour of Variety.

9.30 p.m. H. Samuel "Everite" Time

9.30 p.m. SHOWLAND MEMORIES

A Musical Cavalcade of Theatreland, past and present, with

Elena Danieli

Robert Irwin

The Showland Trio

and

Percival Mackay and His Band

By courtesy of California Syrup of Figs.

9.45 p.m. "HUTCH"

(Leslie Hutchinson)

Romantic Singer of World Renown

Presented in the sophisticated manner by Phillips Magnesia

Beauty Creams.

10.0 p.m. WALTZ TIME

The New Waltz Time

with

Tom Sheppard

and the golden voices of

Mary Monroe and Jerry Roberts

Presented by Phillips Dental Magnesia.

10.15 p.m. THE ADVENTURES OF INSPECTOR BROOKES

of Scotland Yard

and his son

Dick

A series of thrilling dramas:

Presented by Milk of Magnesia.

10.30 p.m. Comedy Corner

Presenting some of your favourite humorists in a quarter

of an hour of Fun and Frolic.

10.45 p.m. H. Samuel "Everite" Time

10.45 p.m. THE OPEN ROAD

The Carters Caravan

In a Pageant of Music, Song and Drama

Sponsored by Carters Little Liver Pills.

11.0 p.m. Music Hath Charms

A fascinating Piano and Song Interlude, featuring Eve

Becke, Turner Layton, The Andrews Sisters, Carroll

Gibbons and Charlie Kunz.



Gordon Little will be in the 500 Pennies From The Stars programme on Sunday at 7 p.m. (electrical recording)

11.15 p.m. Happy Days

A cheerful quarter-hour of popular songs and dance music.

Brought to you by Western Sports Pools.

11.30 p.m. H. Samuel "Everite" Time

11.30 p.m. As You Like It

Your favourite artistes and tunes in a half-hour programme

of miscellanea.

12.0 (midnight) Close Down

MONDAY, DECEMBER 5

10.0 p.m. and 10.15 p.m. H. Samuel "Everite" Time

10.0 p.m. Dance Music

The leading Kings of Swing and Sweet music conduct their

Orchestras in this half-hour programme of contrasted

of dance rhythm.

10.30 p.m. H. Samuel "Everite" Time



Recognise our old friend Jack Hulbert in the flying get-up? Hear him on Sunday at 6.30 p.m. (electrical recording).

10.30 p.m. The Best of the Bargain

A programme for football fans—of special interest to all

Sportsmen.—Presented by Avon Pools, Ltd.

10.45 p.m. Keyboard Kapers

Presenting "Fats" Waller, Forsythe and Young, Patricia

Rosborough, Billy Mayerl and Moreton and Kaye.

11.0 p.m. H. Samuel "Everite" Time

11.0 p.m. Songs From Stage and Screer

Songs and music from recent successes. Presenting Bing

Crosby, Hildegard, Tommy Dorsey and Orchestra,

Geraldo and Orchestra, John Garrick and Adele Dixon,

Ralph Reader and The London Palladium Orchestra.

11.30 p.m. Our Own Choice

Radio Lyons friendly announcers amuse themselves and

you, too, we hope, with a selection of their own favourite

recordings.

12.0 (midnight) Close Down

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 6

10.0 p.m. H. Samuel "Everite" Time

10.0 p.m. A Melody With A Memory

10.15 p.m. H. Samuel "Everite" Time

10.15 p.m. Organ Parade

A quarter of an hour with some popular Organists.

10.30 p.m. H. Samuel "Everite" Time

10.30 p.m. THE OPEN ROAD

The Carters Caravan

in a pageant of Music, Song and Drama

Sponsored by Carters Little Liver Pills:

10.45 p.m. Lancashire Hotpot

11.0 p.m. H. Samuel "Everite" Time

11.0 p.m. The Odeon Programme

Fifteen minutes of Swing and Rhythm.—Presented by

Odeon Theatres, Ltd. please turn to page 69

Evening
in Paris
FACE
POWDER



An
EXQUISITE VELVETY FINISH

Of unbelievable fineness of texture
"Evening in Paris" Face Powder
endows the complexion with that
flattering "soft-focus" finish, so
glamorous and alluring. 1/- and 1/9

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After any illness beware of dangerous **KIDNEY TROUBLE**

After Influenza it is most beneficial to take De Witts Pills to ensure complete recovery and quick return of strength.

Suspect Kidney Trouble if you have any of these symptoms:—

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Too few people realise the extremely hard work that the kidneys have to perform, even in health. The removal of bodily impurities has to be carried on night and day.

During and after illness a far greater strain is put upon the kidneys. The illness itself has probably left the kidneys weak, but they must carry on removing the poisons left in the body by the illness. It is a most wise precaution to assist the kidneys in these circumstances, as recovery is delayed if the accumulated poisons are not removed from the body.

De Witts Brand Kidney and Bladder Pills are specially compounded to act on the kidneys. They have been famed throughout the world for nearly 50 years for their splendid action in restoring sick, sluggish or strained kidneys to health.

De WITTS PILLS hasten your recovery and build up your whole system, because they help the kidneys to perform perfectly their task of removing the waste matter (poisons) from the body. The tonic action of De Witts Pills will bring renewed vigour and vitality.



DE WITTS BRAND PILLS

Sold only in the white, blue and gold boxes, at 1/3, 3/- and 5/-. Beware of imitations.

WHEN THEY PLAYED

SANTA CLAUS (Continued from page 19)

loose chimney and had to clutch at another one and hang on to it in very undignified fashion. Then there was the time when my robe got caught on something on the chimney stack. I was marooned for quite a while until someone came and rescued me!"

Denis O'Neil once threw a party at which he arranged to be the Father Christmas. His two kiddies, Maureen and Peter, invited all their friends to "Santa Claus's Party." Denis played up the gag very well and said that he'd received special news that Father Christmas would arrive down the chimney at about seven.

"The party was going well when suddenly there was a tremendous fall of soot down the chimney. What happened was that I had the idea of throwing one or two of the non-inflammable presents down the chimney and then to appear through the more conventional doorway. But I hadn't bargained for the soot. According to my wife, Maureen suddenly piped up: 'He's coming! He's coming! It's Santa Claus!' But death to all my illusions about childish unsophistication. For Peter immediately replied, in tones of withering contempt: 'Don't be silly, you know that Daddy's Father Christmas—and Daddy's much too fat to get down a chimney!'"

Les Allen is another who delights his son and his friends by his annual impersonation of the jovial-faced, old Yuletide philanthropist.

But one Christmas Day night Les happened to be working.

"I worked it out that I could just do the impersonation and distribute the presents before hurrying off to my appointment. So I duly made myself up and did my act.

"But something went wrong. I'd stuck the whiskers on far too firmly with spirit-gum, and, short of wrenching them off with a hearty tug—which would probably have lacerated my face—I was stuck, in both senses. I tried to ease them off, but it was a slow task and to my horror I realised that time was getting on. In the end I got really scared that I would miss my engagement, so I doffed the-cloak and hood and hurried into my evening-dress. Never shall I forget the look of pop-eyed amazement on the taxi-driver's face when he saw a man in evening dress hurtle into his cab... with a red grease-painted face and a full set of Santa Claus whiskers! I managed to get rid of the whiskers in the cab and I arrived at my concert, quite breathless, and with a face that had to be thoroughly scoured before I could go on and sing!"

George Elrick's most embarrassing moment in this direction was when he took on the job of being S. Claus Esq. at a friend's house.

He arrived with his sack and after a few jokes he started to distribute the presents. Suddenly he heard a youthful critic pipe up: "Go on, that's not Father Christmas!"

Another kiddie, less sceptical, replied: "Course it is!"

Slightly shaken, but still sceptical, the first youth replied: "Well, if it is, what's he doing with Uncle George's trousers on?" That's the first and only time that George Elrick has ever been accused of not making-up with sufficient care to please his audience!

But despite these misadventures these radio folk enjoy this Christmas-tide impersonation as much as any that they have to do for a living.

And that despite the fact that most of them shudder slightly and say very firmly: "Oh, no, never again!" when you bring up the question of how they liked the temporary role.

X-CRUCIATING

A SNOOTY radio star was opening a Christmas bazaar. A Cockney kid pushed her way through the reporters and waved an autograph book in the star's face.

"Sorry!" snapped the star. "I can't sign my name just yet!"

"Never mind," cracked the kid, "if yer can't write put a cross!"

By Harry Davidson (Bisurated Magnesia show, Normandy, December 3; Luxembourg, December 4).

RADIO LYONS PROGRAMMES

Continued from page 67

- 11.15 p.m. Dancing Time
Music for the Dancer played by strict tempo Dance Orchestras.
11.30 p.m. By Request
Half an hour devoted to the listeners own requests. To hear your favourite record—write to Radio Lyons.
12.0 (midnight) Close Down

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 7

- 10.0 p.m. H. Samuel "Everite" Time
10.0 p.m. Record Review
A programme of outstanding recordings, selected by "Bohemian" and presented by arrangement with the publishers of The Gramophone Magazine.
10.15 p.m. H. Samuel "Everite" Time
10.15 p.m. Voices of the Golden Age
Presented and compered by Maurice Barclay.
10.30 p.m. H. Samuel "Everite" Time
10.30 p.m. Variety
Something for everyone in an enjoyable entertainment offered by Stead Razor Blades.
10.45 p.m. Whirl of the Waltz
A century of famous waltzes from the golden Strauss age to present day waltzes played by modern Dance Orchestras.
11.0 p.m. H. Samuel "Everite" Time
11.0 p.m. The Odeon Programme
Fifteen minutes of Swing and Rhythm.—Presented by Odeon Theatres, Ltd.
11.15 p.m. Radio Round Up
Our weekly quarter-hour of Cowboy Songs and Hill-Billy Favourites.
11.30 p.m. This and That
We look through our record library and find something to suit all tastes.
12.0 (midnight) Close Down

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 8

- 10.0 p.m. H. Samuel "Everite" Time
10.0 p.m. Mellow Melodies
Sponsored by Smith & Hoey, Ltd.
10.15 p.m. H. Samuel "Everite" Time
10.15 p.m. Highway to Happiness
Songs of the open air and the humour of life down on the farm—Presented by Hobson's Choice.
10.30 p.m. H. Samuel "Everite" Time
10.30 p.m. THE OPEN ROAD
The Carters Caravan
in a pageant of Music, Song and Drama
Sponsored by Carters' Little Liver Pills.
10.45 p.m. Organ Parade
A quarter of an hour with some famous Organists.
11.0 p.m. H. Samuel "Everite" Time
11.0 p.m. The Odeon Programme
Fifteen minutes of Swing and Rhythm.—Presented by Odeon Theatres, Ltd.
11.15 p.m. Hawaiian Paradise
11.30 p.m. The Night Watchman
A further supply of soothing goodnight music brought by our good friend, to put you in the mood for slumber.
12.0 (midnight) Close Down

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 9

- 10.0 p.m. H. Samuel "Everite" Time
10.0 p.m. Dance Music
Listen to some of the Bands playing in London Town To-night.
10.15 p.m. H. Samuel "Everite" Time
10.15 p.m. Old Timers
Music Hall Memories.
10.30 p.m. H. Samuel "Everite" Time
10.30 p.m. Trans-Atlantic
Stars of American Radio, Stage and Screen are to be heard in this thirty-minute programme of Swing, Song and Humour.
11.0 p.m. H. Samuel "Everite" Time
11.0 p.m. The Odeon Programme
Fifteen minutes of Swing and Rhythm.—Presented by Odeon Theatres, Ltd.
11.15 p.m. Concert Platform
World-famous Orchestras, Singers and Instrumentalists visit our Concert Platform to-night.
11.30 p.m. By Request
Listeners requests are played in this programme. To hear your favourite artist or tune—write to Radio Lyons.
12.0 (midnight) Close Down

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10

- 10.0 p.m. H. Samuel "Everite" Time
10.0 p.m. Hot, Sweet and Swing
Three styles of Dance Music demonstrated by famous Dance Orchestras.
10.15 p.m. H. Samuel "Everite" Time
10.15 p.m. For the Music Lover
Presenting Esther Coleman, Miliza Korjus, John Morel, Cecil Dixon, and The New Light Symphony Orchestra.
10.30 p.m. H. Samuel "Everite" Time
10.30 p.m. Empire Pools Special
Songs and Good Cheer in a Variety entertainment.—Presented by Empire Pools, Ltd.
10.45 p.m. Polyglot Po-Pourri
11.0 p.m. H. Samuel "Everite" Time
11.0 p.m. Swing With Good Sway
A programme of rhythm hits by well-known Orchestras. Presented by Goodsway Football Pools.
11.15 p.m. Marching Along
A quarter of an hour of records by famous Military Bands.
11.30 p.m. "Love Is On the Air To-night"
Lovesongs old and new in a final thirty-minute serenade to sweethearts.
12.0 (midnight) Close Down

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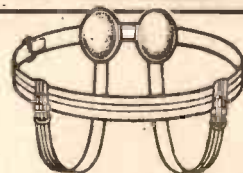
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RESULTS OF

Listening Competition
No. 2

will be published in

Next Week's RADIO PICTORIAL,
On Sale December 9th, 1938.

Tune in to 531 METRES, 565 KC's

RADIO EIREANN for LUCK

PROGRAMMES PRESENTED BY IRISH RADIO PRODUCTIONS

Programme details:

SUNDAY, DEC. 4

9.30 to 10.30 p.m. Sunday Serenade
We dip at random into the Album of Melodies which have charmed the world.

MONDAY, DEC. 5

9.30 to 10.0 p.m. Tantalvy
An Old Time Coaching Fantasy of the Days of Mr. Pickwick.

10.0 to 10.10 p.m. Harmony Lane
With the Kentucky Minstrels. (Electrical Recordings.)

10.10 p.m. (approximately). You will hear our Racing Commentary.

10.15 to 10.30 p.m. A Hundred Years Onward. Hail December 1938! With a few Newcomers to the Dancing World.

TUESDAY, DEC. 6

9.30 to 10.30 p.m. Ladder of Fame
From the Bottom Rung to the Top. A Programme in a reminiscent mood for many moods.

10.10 p.m. (approximately). You will hear our Racing Commentary.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 7

9.30 to 10.0 p.m. Melody in Waltz-Time. With "Modern" additions to "Yesterday's" Waltz-time Music Album.



Famous harmonisers — the Boswell Sisters will take part in a programme on Thursday at 10 p.m. (electrical recordings)

10.0 to 10.10 p.m. Singers on Parade
A Bumper Bag of Variety.
10.10 p.m. (approximately). You will hear our Racing Commentary.
10.15 to 10.30 p.m. December Roses. In the way of Dance Tunes.

THURSDAY, DEC. 8

9.30 to 10.0 p.m. Our Roving Melodiphone Reports. The latest Recorded Hits from Stage, Screen, Concert Hall and Variety.

10.0 to 10.10 p.m. Sisters Star In Harmony. The Boswells, the Duncans, the Peters, and the Andrews. (Electrical Recordings.)

10.15 to 10.30 p.m. Taking the Dancing Count From Count Basie. A Swing to the Right and a Swing to the Left and it's a Rhythm K.O.

FRIDAY, DEC. 9

9.30 to 10.10 p.m. Down the Country. A Programme for the Exiles. Here are Irish Airs for Irish Hearts.

10.10 p.m. (approximately). You will hear our Racing Commentary.

10.15 to 10.30 p.m. Mu-Saic
A Pattern in Modern Rhythm for Dancing Moments.

SATURDAY, DEC. 10

9.30 to 10.10 p.m. Strike Up the Band and Ring Up the Curtain. Again we present the Studio Entertainers to Entertain you in their own Entertaining Entertainment.

10.10 p.m. (approximately). You will hear our Racing Commentary.

10.15 to 10.30 p.m. The Melody—The Band—And You. A perfect combination for a Dance.

NATION SHALL SPEAK PEACE UNTO NATION

continued from page 5

AMERICA

(From the National Broadcasting Company)

THE Season's Greetings to RADIO PICTORIAL, and thank you for this opportunity to send to your listener readers the best wishes of the National Broadcasting Company for Christmas and the New Year.

During that tense period of 1938 the National Broadcasting Company kept listeners throughout the United States informed of minute-to-minute developments in Europe and through their short-wave facilities this information was shared with other countries.

During this New Year these short-wave stations will remain open windows through which other countries may hear the United States. The N.B.C. stations, W3XAL and W3XL at Boundbrook, as well as those great short-wave stations, W2XAF and W2XAD at Schenectady and W8XX at Pittsburg, will maintain the link between listeners here and programmes there.

We hope that your readers will use these "windows" in 1939 and join our audiences. Listening to the same thing will give us each valuable insight into the reactions of the other.

ITALY

MERRY Christmas to all British listeners. We welcome this opportunity to express the hope that you will have "good listening" at Christmas time, and that you will be able to listen to our Rome programmes on the medium and short waves.

If you are too happy at your Christmas parties to bother about turning the tuning dial, well, you will still be able to hear us through your own B.B.C. programmes on Christmas Day.

We in Rome are collaborating with the B.B.C. in the programme "Christmas Over the Frontiers," and during the past few days a B.B.C. official has been here in Rome making arrangements for our part in this world-wide programme.

So let us all share in the peace and happiness of Christmas; if you have any constructive reports to send us on the Rome short-wave broadcasts, please write to the Direzione Generale Dell'Eiar, Rome.

"GERT and DAISY"

continued from page 17

I was lucky in so much as I had a very fast car, there was practically no traffic and, finally, it was in the days before the "Gong" was invented.

Mentioning the girls' Christmas show at Folkestone reminds me that this particular festival brings all the members of our family together, when we go back over the years and have a good old party with everything from turkey, Christmas pudding and paper hats down to a Christmas tree for our two small nephews, who are incidentally well on the way to becoming future comedians.

I have only appeared twice on the same programme with my sisters—once was in a variety broadcast which consisted of all double acts, as I was then working as "Warner" of "Warner and Darnell," and I am quite certain that very few listeners realised that I was "Gert and Daisy's" brother.

The other time was this summer at Hastings where I was in the Fol-de-Rols and appeared on the same programme with the girls at a Sunday evening concert.

I have often been asked why I changed my name.

My answer to that is that I did it for many reasons and in any case I can put up exactly the same performance whether I call myself Smith or Brown, and "Warner" being so near to my own name is as good a name as any.



ENLARGING THE ACT

ASPIRANT: I hear you're putting on a television circus this Christmas. Like to see my trained elephants?

PRODUCER: Say, the last time you came here you had trained fleas!

ASPIRANT: Yeah, but my eyesight got bad!

By Bebe Daniels (Rinso Radio Revue, Luxembourg, Normandy, Paris, December 4).

At the time of writing I am working on some original ideas for my twentieth television appearance, and I am very interested indeed in this class of entertainment, which I feel, in spite of everything that is said to the contrary, is making as rapid strides now as broadcast transmission and reception did fourteen years ago.

You will gather from the foregoing that I have severed all connections with the motor business and am concentrating simply and solely on the most precarious but fascinating job of entertaining the "Great British Public."

I realise that I have a lot of leeway to make up, but at the same time I know that in "Gert and Daisy" I have two very staunch and loyal pals (albeit severe critics, and rightly so), to whom I can always turn to for the soundest advice.

So far as the two characters that Elsie and Doris created are concerned, there is no need for me to say how or when these came into being, as it is common knowledge from articles that have appeared from time to time. Suffice it to say that when "Gert and Daisy" go on the air their every song and gag is well rehearsed for weeks beforehand, as it is a point of honour with them—I might almost say a sacred duty—to keep faith with their millions of fans and in the words of the profession "give them all they've got."

RESULTS OF AUNTIE MURIEL'S COMPETITION

SOLVE THE LETTER

CHEQUES for 2s. 6d. have been sent to the following prize winners:—

LILIAN REEVES (age 10), 2 Carnarvon Street, Hollinwood, Oldham, Lancs. (Limeside School).

JUNE PENNY (age 7), Oare, Marlborough, Wilts (Oare School).

FRED TOMPKINS (age 10), 10 Sylvan Road, Forest Gate, London, E.7 (Elmhurst Road School).

JOHN VICTOR BOUGH (age 11), 68 Sandmere Road, Yardley Wood, 14, Birmingham (Yardley Wood School).

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GENUINE SURPLUS AIRMAN'S GAUNTLETS **2/3** POST 6d



Warm, fleece-lined, solid leather glove with genuine waterproof gauntlet. Very smart design. Perfect fitting. Warm, supple, and certainly smart. To clear, 2/3; post, etc., 6d. Absolutely unrepeatable after present stocks are exhausted. Send to-day. Your money willingly refunded if not completely satisfied.

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Indiana. Proofed. Cowls/Shoulders. Strictly limited number at this price. Out military pattern with full belt, general storm collar. Grey or Fawn coloured stormproof material, adjustable sleeveband to keep out wind. Ideal for flying, motoring or town wear. Exceptionally smart. A coat to keep out the cold. All brand new and perfect. Chest measurement 34 in. 3/6, 36 and 38 in. 4/9, 40 in. 5/9, 42 and 44 in. 6/9. Postage and packing 1/- extra. Buttons can be adjusted 3 in. If required. Proofing guaranteed 2 years.

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FREE UKULELE BANJO TUTOR WITH EVERY ORDER

DRASTIC PRICE REDUCTION

These beautiful instruments are marvellous value and are offered to the public at ridiculous price of 3/9 as result of disposal of a huge purchase; therefore this offer cannot be repeated. In highly polished Satin Walnut finish with brass-fretted finger-board, first quality vellum. Amazingly sweet Banjo tone. An hour or so only required for a novice to master it with the FREE TUTOR. Send P.O. 4/6 to-day to avoid disappointment.

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Bird bows and cuckoos the time every quarter of an hour and hour with clear voice. Ornamental case carved in woodland design. Solid Brass keyless movement with adjustable pendulum. Giving accuracy for years without attention. Complete with chain, weight, pendulum etc., ready to hang on wall for long service. Limited number only at 3/11, post and boxing 1/-.

BANKRUPT STOCK OF 800 ONLY TO CLEAR 3/11

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BALANCE OF SURPLUS STOCK CLEARING AT



A real lever movement with large centre seconds hand accurately adjusted to 1/5th, second. Stop action works on winding press stem. Ideal for motor and aircraft engineers—for timing machinery, sports, racing, photography, etc. Also excellent as an ordinary pocket watch to keep perfect time for 30 hours on one winding. Unbreakable glass, and chrome case. Greatly reduced to below cost of assembling. 2/9, post, etc., 6d.

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Owing to laying down special plant and re-organising the British Factory, we are now able to offer this outstanding "DOUBLE-WAVE" Comb which WAVES HAIR WITHOUT HEAT OR ANY OTHER APPLIANCE at 9d. each, post 3d., a price that you cannot afford to miss. No matter whether short or long—simply comb your hair to produce beautiful natural waves. No curling irons, bother, or mess. Will save you pounds in hairdresser's bills. The 48 specially shaped teeth give truly amazing results. Your money willingly refunded if not delighted. Send P.O. 1/- at once (stamps not accepted). DE LUXE MODEL IN REAL ART TORTOISESHELL, 2/6 POST FREE.

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DISPOSAL OF TWENTY THOUSAND U.S.A. DIAL TYPEWRITERS



AT LAST HERE IS A TYPEWRITER THAT WE CAN ALL AFFORD TO OBTAIN.

Standard Typewriters are beyond the ordinary purse, but we are offering the famous model which will enable you to type your own letters neatly and without previous experience owing to the special revolving disc. Fitted with spacer, release catch, double rollers and automatic action. Completely automatic action. Finished in black Japan, lined in gold and red. Reduced price to clear 7/11. Post and Packing 1/- extra.

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NO MORE ROUND SHOULDERS!



Stop that slovenly stooping—look fit and be fit. Every man, woman and child with a tendency to round shoulders should get this De Luxe Model Bracer, made of genuine surgical corset-steel material containing no rubber at the special reduced price of 1/9, post 4d., for one week only. Adds two inches to your height, keeps the chest expanded and encourages deep, healthy breathing. Quite inconspicuous and comfortable in wear. Highly recommended by physical training instructors and health culture experts. Send P.O. 2/1 now to AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS LTD. (Dept. R.P.M.B.3) 91, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. TEM. 6559

DE LUXE MODEL NOW REDUCED TO 1/9 POST 4d.

Great Clearance of Surplus Stock **Imitation DIAMOND PENDANT WATCHES** **at Staggering Reduction**



Every stone hand set. Neither description nor illustration can do justice to this beautiful fob watch. Setting designed by famous jewellers. Every stone faceted and blue-white simulation but difficult to tell from expensive models. Fine Swiss Lever movement, timed to a minute. Guaranteed 10 years. The fashion in Hollywood. Paris now offered at only 5/9, post and pkg. 6d. No more to pay. Delivered in velvet-lined presentation case.

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THIS WONDERFUL VEST POCKET RADIO SET



An amazing opportunity for readers of this paper to benefit by the scientific achievement of receiving stations at remarkable volume from so small a set. Only 2 1/2 ins. square it requires NO BATTERIES, NO ELECTRICITY, NO VALVES AND NO UPKEEP COSTS. Simply add aerial, earth and 'phones and tune in. You will be amazed at the results. Carry it in your pocket wherever you go—visiting friends, camping, motoring, etc. Price includes beautiful walnut grained bakelite case as illustrated. Only 3/9, post 3d. 'Phone: 3/9 post 3d. Listen in to-morrow by sending now. No more to pay.

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AUTOMATIC LIGHTER CIGARETTE CASE



An essential Combination sought by smokers for years. Delivers cigarettes and a lighter in one single-handed operation as you remove the case and press the levers simultaneously. Flatly made to hold 12 cigarettes and to fit the smallest pocket. Handsomely finished in chrome with engine-turned surface. Usually 21/-, but limited stock offered at bargain price of 4/9 only, post free. Send at once to AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS LTD., Dept. R.P.L.C.9, 91, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. Phone Tem. 6559

PROFESSIONALS PLAY 6-STRING SPANISH GUITARS



FINAL CLEARANCE SALE

Factory surplus must be cleared. An opportunity of a lifetime to acquire one of these handsome mahogany finished Guitars with Symore grained front and Mother-of-Pearl finished circle round sound chamber. A professionally strung regulation model with non-slip pegs to control the 6 strings. YOU will be able to play haunting melodies within half an hour. Sent complete with tuner for the unprecedented price of only 3/9 (post and packing 8d.)

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Liquidation Stock 400 JAZZ TO ONLY JAZZ CLEAR DRUM SETS



Having purchased an entire factory stock of musical instruments, we are able to make this truly amazing offer of complete drum sets, comprising large bass drum, brass bound, with real skin and seven adjusters, strong, automatic fly-back foot-beater, real skin snare drum, hardwood tap-box, brass cymbal, triangle and cowbell, also pair well-balanced drum-sticks. The whole outfit comes to you complete in strong box at the incredible clearance price of 5/9 only, postage 1/-. No party or shatter hand is complete without this wonderful outfit, so send P.O. at once to AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS LTD., Dept. R.P.J.S.8, 91, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. 'Phone: TEM. 6559.

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The most amazing offer ever made to popularise this fine organ-toned instrument. Full scale of piano keys with 8 syno-pating bass notes. Producing clear, inlaid music as easily as a 20-gm. model. Strong bellows. Well finished. Highly nickel-plated metal parts. Ivory finished piano keys. With leatherette hand and shoulder straps. At a price that will advertise our name all over the world. 5/9, post, etc., 6d. Money back if not satisfied. Immediate dispatch.

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COMPLETE SHAVING KIT & 10/6 GIFT FREE



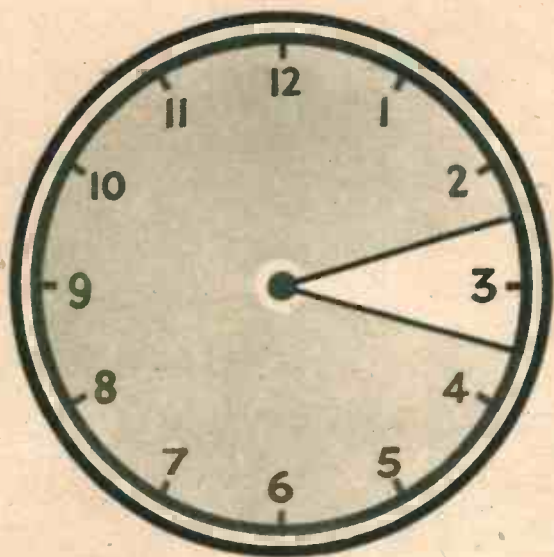
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THE WONDER HOUR

BRINGS YOU



**LOVE
DRAMA
MUSIC
PATHOS
THRILLS**

★ BACKSTAGE WIFE 2.30 p.m.

The drama of Mary Noble, a provincial girl who married Brian Noble, London's most handsome and popular star, dream sweetheart of a million other women. Hers is the story of struggle to hold the love of her famous husband; of what it means to be the wife of a famous star; of the intrigues, the joys and sorrows that face one in the complicated life Backstage.

Presented by "Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder"

★ YOUNG WIDOW JONES 2.45 p.m.

The moving human story of a woman's heart and a woman's love. Living in the small town of Appleton, Peggy Jones, in her twenties, with two children to support, ponders long on the question of what she owes to her children and what she owes to herself. A story of joy and despair, life and love as we all know it.

Presented by "Milk of Magnesia"

★ SWEETEST LOVE SONGS EVER SUNG 3.00 p.m.

Tenderly, sweetly played by celebrated orchestras, sung by world-famous stars, your favourite love songs will thrill you—perhaps bring a smile—a memory—a tear to the eye. For here is music of enchantment. A lovely interlude in your day—a programme to cherish and look forward to.

Presented by "Phillips' Dental Magnesia"

★ STELLA DALLAS 3.15 p.m.

A continuation on the air of the world-famous story of a mother whose love for her daughter was the uppermost thought in her life. For Stella Dallas saw her daughter Laurel marry into wealth and high society and, realising the difference in their social worlds was too great, gave her up and then went out of her life.

Presented by "California Syrup of Figs"

★ MARMADUKE BROWN 4.45-5.00 p.m.

The story of Marmaduke Brown and his devoted wife, Matilda. Marmaduke is a lovable character . . . lovable, but so impractical. The world is full of men like him. His impractical inventions make everyone smile, except Matilda. She has faith . . . and she loves him . . . and while he lives in day-dreams, she struggles for security.

Presented by "Phillips' Magnesia Beauty Creams"

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It is packed with entertainment for you and your family. Four great shows in succession . . . another famous programme soon after . . . with all the pathos, drama love and excitement of life itself. Remember, the Wonder Hour is presented five times each week at 2.30 p.m. It is your chance to enjoy the greatest entertainment wireless can offer. Don't miss it.

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RADIO LUXEMBOURG

2:30-3:30 P.M. MONDAY to FRIDAY