

# LUXEMBOURG, NORMANDY, LYONS, POSTE PARISIEN

OFFICIAL PROGRAMMES IN FULL

# RADIO PICTORIAL

THE FASHION MAGAZINE

3<sup>d</sup>  
EVERY  
FRIDAY



*Renée*  
ROBERTS

FAMOUS BROADCASTERS' GALLERY OF GREETINGS

CHEERIO TO ALL—  
KEEP SMILING!

Merry  
Christmas  
from  
NORMAN LONG



JOY and HAPPINESS  
to YOU this

Christmastide—

HEALTH & PROSPERITY  
throughout

THE COMING YEAR

BRIAN LAWRENCE



The HAPPIEST  
of  
Christmases  
to all my  
RADIO FRIENDS  
Sincerely  
DOROTHY KAY

Christmas Greetings

to ALL our

RADIO FANS  
and FANNIES

from

STANELLI



JACK WILSON

Wishes  
ALL HIS LISTENERS  
at  
HOME & ABROAD  
a  
Very Happy Christmas  
and a  
Prosperous New Year



Sincere Wishes

for a

Merry Christmas

and a

Glad New Year

to all my

LISTENING FRIENDS

PEGGY DESMOND



"RADIO'S  
SYNCOATED  
PIANISTE"



Season's  
Greetings  
to  
ALL LISTENERS  
from  
SUZANNE BOTTERELL



TO LISTENERS  
EVERYWHERE  
All Best Wishes for a  
Merry,  
Merry Christmas  
and a  
Prosperous New Year  
ROBERT ASHLEY



## Eugene PINI

**T**HIS debonair, polished musician has had a varied musical career since he was born, thirty years ago, in Buenos Aires, of Scottish and French parentage. Music-hall, restaurant, film and radio work has come equally flowingly to his talented violin. Latterly he has been heard with Carroll Gibbons and his band, and his own Tango Orchestra has been a regular and popular Sunday feature for some time

# Pilot Radio

## THE SEASON'S SENSATION

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

*"Radio Pictorial."* There can be no question that the Pilot U.650 at 16 guineas is about the best value for money at the present time. It is a large receiver in every sense of the word except in initial and running costs. For full test report see page 28.

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

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

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

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

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



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**Radio Pictorial**—No. 154

The **FAMILY MAGAZINE**

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EDITOR .....**K. P. HUNT**

ASST. EDITORS { **HORACE RICHARDS**  
**MARGOT JONES**



Just in case Santa Claus doesn't hear them, Priscilla and Rosemary Lane, C.B.S. songsters with Fred Waring, are filling their own stockings! Nice work!

Presenting  
**THE RADIO PARADE**  
By  
**WANDERING MIKE**

another wrote tartly "If you don't want them, burn them." I was sorry for the composer who had trouble with his lyric writer: "I had to write the last verse as the author declined to do so," he explained.

**New Irish Building**

WHEN Mr. G. L. Marshall, the Northern Ireland Regional Director, comes to the microphone on Wednesday next to tell listeners about his plans for 1937, he may have something to say about Ulster's new Broadcasting House, which is to be a replica of the London building. A site, it seems, has been acquired somewhere near the present studios, which were formerly a large linen warehouse—an appropriate place for a job on which John Sutthery, the Northern Ireland Programme Director, has been engaged for the last week. He has been balancing his books for the year. On Tuesday next, at 9 o'clock, he is presenting a programme called "Account Rendered," which will consist of excerpts from the shows which he considered the high lights of Northern Ireland radio for 1936.

**Losing a Panel**

IN one respect it will be an actual closing of a very old account—to the extent that Belfast producers will be saying good-bye to the control panel at which they have worked for a good many years. Immediately after this broadcast it will be dismantled, and a gang of engineers will begin the three weeks' job of installing a modern apparatus with twelve channels.

**Spoiling a Bath**

ROBIN WHITWORTH is looking forward to returning to the lights o' London this month when he will produce a repeat performance of the feature, "Unto Us," on Christmas Eve. When it was broadcast on Christmas Day last year it was received with many favourable comments. The producer had a letter from a famous authoress who said that she had listened to it in her bath on a portable set, and after being enrapt for the better part of an hour had realised that the bath water was stone cold.

I had a friendly argument with Robin as to whether nine o'clock on Christmas Eve (the time of the show) might be called a "peak listening time." I reminded him that the shops wouldn't close until that hour, but he's confident that there will be plenty of radio fans at the fireside all the same.

**Old Friend Back**

AT first television was unpopular in my home. Mother could not sew and sister could not read. It wasted so much time, they said, but now they are reconciled. I think the change occurred the night Henry Hall and the boys were seen and heard. Believe me, George Elrick and Dan Donovan were swell in close ups. Fans, we shall have to save up for sets. Queer thing about television is that it has brought one of the most popular announcers ever back into the home. It seems like old times to hear Eric Dunstan almost nightly doing his stuff in a news reel. Must be eight years since he left Savoy Hill on that memorable election night.

**B.B.C. CHRISTMAS FARE!**

Announcers on Duty at Christmas :: American Bands Will be Heard :: Big Chance for Unknown Composers

AS you switch off your set and sit down to your Christmas dinner, spare a thought for the workers at Broadcasting House. But shed no tear, for here is their menu: Turtle Soup; Cream of Tomato Soup. Boiled Cod and Egg Sauce; Fried Fillet of Sole and Shrimp Sauce. Roast Turkey and Sausage; Roast Topside of Beef and Horseradish Sauce; Roast Lamb and Mint Sauce. Roast, Boiled, Fried or Mashed Potatoes. Peas; Brussels Sprouts; Grilled Tomatoes. Christmas Pudding and Custard. Mince Pies. Fruit Jelly. Celery, Cheese and Biscuits. Coffee.

Though programmes will not allow them all to feed together, the Christmas spirit will not be lacking.

**Stuart Working Hard**

IT is evening in Australia when programmes open on Christmas morning at Broadcasting House. And as Vancouver settles down to Christmas dinner, it is Boxing Day in London. All of which explains why announcers will be greeted by sleepy smiles on arriving for work tomorrow morning. It would not seem like Christmas without the chief announcer on the air, and Stuart Hibberd is working throughout the holiday. With him will be Robert MacDermott, L. F. Gamlin, Frank Phillips, and, possibly, McConochie.

**Picking the Voices**

AS a suggestion for your guests on Christmas Day, see whether you can put a name to each voice. It is not as easy as it used to be, now there are so many men on the job. Of the thousand applicants who applied for the announcing vacancies advertised the other day, only two are being appointed. Weeks were spent in whittling down the list. First one hundred and fifty were picked for a preliminary test. Of these, twenty were heard at microphone tests. Five survived the ordeal, but only two succeeded in the final interview. They join the college next month.

**Bands Across the B.B.Sea**

AMERICAN dance music by the best bands direct from New York is one of Eric Maschwitz's bright ideas for the New Year. Benny Goodman and his band have been chosen for the first programme at eight-thirty on January 6. Shows will be monthly and the Columbia Broadcasting people are fixing another half hour for February 5. Listening to American bands on a short-wave set used to keep Eddie Carroll up all night. If the B.B.C. can persuade the States to put on their best in their afternoon like this, Eddie will get more sleep.

**Building A Programme**

AN odd, but earnest, company assembled in a basement studio at Broadcasting House. A policeman, a lorry driver, a page boy, a postman and his wife, a nurse and a business girl were all giving their leisure in the cause of art. They had come to help Bryan Michie choose tunes for "Songs you might never have heard" which is to be broadcast on Tuesday.

From hundreds of manuscripts Eric Maschwitz, Charles Brewer, Harry Pepper, Bruce Sievier

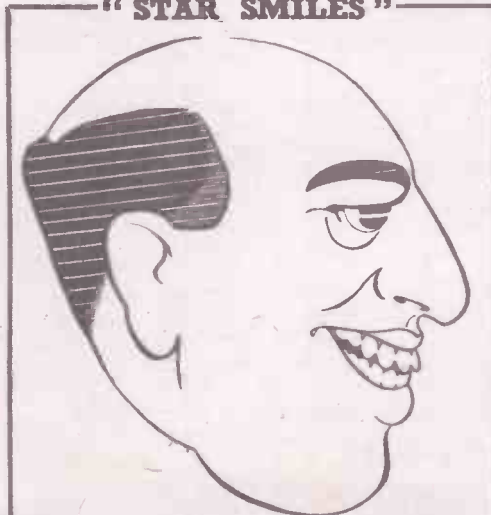
and Bryan Michie had picked thirty tunes and these typical listeners were asked to vote on them. Jean Melville played while Robert Ashley and Bruce Sievier sang. About half way through they got thirsty and tea was served.

**Composing Difficulties**

ALL kinds of composers had sent songs forming a mixture of Hill billies, recruiting songs, ballads, jingles, dream songs and pantomime numbers. Every one was unpublished work, of course. Some judges liked one sort, others another but with their guidance Bryan tells me that he can build several good programmes. The letters which accompanied the music were interesting. "I am a grandmother of thirty-three and have now started writing songs," wrote one aspirant to fame.

Many composers were diffident about their work. "Fully realise that you will not be responsible for any damage to MS. if lost or destroyed in your possession or transit," said one writer; while

**"STAR SMILES"**



**No. 2.—RONALD FRANKAU**  
As seen by Douglas Young



G. L. Marshall, Northern Ireland Regional Director, will broadcast on Wednesday (see previous page).

**Stars of To-morrow**

NOTICES pinned to boards at stage doors of big London theatres have produced many artistes for the programmes which John Watt is presenting next month. John had an idea that combing the chorus would yield a lot of stars. So he persuaded managers to post his invites and the result is this show which he will call "The Front Row."

The result was embarrassing, as almost every member of every chorus in town applied. Now he and Francis Bolton have sorted them out we are going to get an earful. Maybe some stars of the future will be among them. Many whose names are in the lights started this way.

**Fletcher's Big Moment**

"FLYING SQUAD" Fletcher has been haring round the regions where they have just got his new reproducing gear. This sound editing equipment needs careful handling if listeners are to say "The programme was so good that I was astonished when the announcer said that it was recording." H. L. Fletcher has been showing regional producers how to handle the gear.

In London the broadcast recording business has grown enormously and discs, film and metal tape systems are all in use. Work for the Empire programmes accounts for a lot of the three hundred recordings made each week, and no fewer than thirteen of the programme staff at Broadcasting House and forty engineers at Maida Vale are employed on the job. There are 4,000 records in the library.

John Listener didn't post these letters—but he very much wanted to! Would you have written them as he has done? Or not? Send your comments on a postcard to John Listener, c/o "Radio Pictorial," 37-38 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

To Sir Richard MacConachie, K.B.E., London.

Dear Sir Richard, I see that you have been appointed Talks Director at the B.B.C. May I congratulate you, since I understand that more than 1,000 people applied for the post? I am hoping you will make it your duty to reintroduce vigorous opinion and real debating into B.B.C. talks. Apart from fine specialised talks, such as those broadcast by Messrs. Middleton, Cooke and Hilton, there has been little recently to compare with those we used to enjoy from such speakers as Harold Nicholson, Vernon Bartlett, Beverley Nichols and Compton Mackenzie. JOHN LISTENER.

To Eric Maschwitz, Director of Light Entertainment, Broadcasting House, London.

Dear Mr. Maschwitz, The regular orchestral features, such as "The Music Shop," are among your best broadcasts. But don't you think the time has passed when listeners liked to hear orchestra leaders saying: "It has been such a pleasure playing to you"? This always strikes me now as pure affection, and, occasionally, sheer impudence! JOHN LISTENER.

To Syd Seymour, of the "Mad Hatters" Band, London.

Dear Syd, You deserve a pat on the back for your first broadcast in "Music Hall" the other night. Your band is well suited to radio, and I don't remember

brate its golden jubilee. Conductor Richard Wassell, who presides at these early morning revels, has now been conducting for fourteen years, and is largely responsible for the B.B.C. rating them as a Class A Band.

**Farewell**

I WAS grieved to hear of the sad death, after an operation, of Nene Smith, the clever girl composer whose work has been heard a great deal recently. She collaborated with Joan Young, and such shows as *Fictional Fame* and *Feminine Fame on Parade* were typical of their skill. Rest lightly, stones . . .

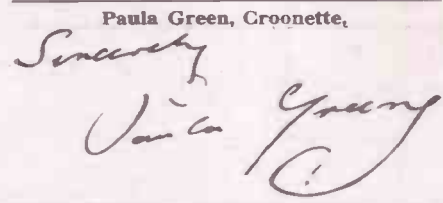
**Horse Sense**

WHEN I saw Charlie Clapham last, he had just returned from a hectic hour with a spirited horse. "They told me to be particularly careful with him when passing lorries," remarked Charlie. "The first lorry came along, and I held the reins tight. But the horse completely ignored the lorry, and I began to breathe again. Then he suddenly saw a scrap of paper that had blown in front of us. Away we went like the wind, right into the shopping part of a suburb. I nearly ended up in the middle of a shop window, but managed to calm him down eventually. I shall insist on a quieter horse in future."

**Playing Policemen**

EIGHT-FIFTEEN on a cold and frosty morning! Not exactly a jolly time of day, but there are sounds of lively music from Birmingham Police Headquarters. The City Police Band finds this is the most convenient time for their rehearsals—and after that the boys go off to their beats feeling they have started the day well. This band is very popular with Midland listeners, who will be interested to hear that it will shortly celebrate its golden jubilee.

**For Your Autograph Album**



"Serve you right," said Dwyer unsympathetically, "you wouldn't listen to my advice." "Yes; but look here . . ." retorted Clapham. I left them arguing. They might easily have been in the middle of their "act."

**World Fame**

IT often seems uncanny to us how Gert and Daisy are household names in every corner of the world." The speaker was Elsie Waters, who has just had a letter from New Zealand to compliment herself and her sister on their "Zoo 'Ooliday" programme, which was recorded for Empire transmission. The Gert and Daisy records are very much in demand in all the Colonies—perhaps because the domestic humour touches a responsive chord. Elsie and Doris have just concluded a successful tour with their own road show, and are busy making plans for the future. We hear it whispered that these included a pantomime for next Christmas.

**Amateurs To Be Televised**

UNLESS you are a really first-rate crooner, we should not advise you to sing "It's a sin to tell a lie" at one of Carroll Levis's auditions. He's heard it over a thousand times already—and the strain is beginning to tell!

"Not that it isn't a first-rate song," says Carroll, "but one can have too much of a good thing."

Three hundred and sixty would-be radio stars entered for Carroll's contest at the Gaumont Palace, Wolverhampton, just recently. All the finalists were men, and all save one were singers.

Carroll certainly works hard to get his proteges a break. The latest development is a film contract to make a picture called *Stars of To-night*.

There's no doubt that quite a number of our future radio stars will owe a lot to Carroll Levis.

**STARLETS**  
**£50 FOR TWO WORDS**  
\* \* \*  
**Turn to page 18 and Send in Your Entry!**

**Unposted Letters**



laughing so much for a long while. You must be funny to see, but you're just as funny to hear—a great boon in broadcasting. I hope the B.B.C. will give you regular dates. We can do with much more hilarious comedy of the kind you gave us. JOHN LISTENER.

To John Coatman, News Editor, Broadcasting House, London.

Dear Mr. Coatman, Certain M.P.'s, I hear, are saying that you should not broadcast full details of catastrophes like the Crystal Palace fire, because it draws unwanted crowds to the localities concerned. I hope you will take no notice of these critics. Your first duty is to the millions of listeners mostly outside London and even beyond the reach of newspapers, and your handling of national disasters is always restrained, informative and helpful. JOHN LISTENER.

To Edna Best and Anona Winn, The Coliseum, London.

Dear Edna and Anona, You two, in your different spheres, are much-loved radio artistes, and it gives me great pleasure to read that you are both playing in the same pantomime,

*Cinderella*. The very best of luck to you both in this new venture, and I look forward to hearing you when part of your show is broadcast by the B.B.C. on New Year's Eve. JOHN LISTENER.

To John Watt, Organiser of "Entertainment Parade," Broadcasting House, London.

Dear John, I seldom have a bone to pick with you, John. But when that recent "Entertainment Parade" was monopolised by TALKS on films for children, Russian music, and Viennese theatres, I was driven to writing.



John Watt: "... a bone to pick"

Although at the beginning of this broadcast we were told of numerous shows running in London, we heard only two excerpts and the remainder was all talking!

The first "Parade" was one of radio's most brilliant achievements—a score of big stars in 40 minutes. It has seemed to me, since then, that these programmes have dwindled off. Am I pessimistic in concluding that the initial high standard cannot be maintained?

JOHN LISTENER.



Left, is genial Billy Gerhardi and below Molly, Mary and Marie, Henry Hall's vocal trio



Oliver Wakefield who came to the front this radio year and has developed into an ace radio attraction



# 1936 WAS THEIR LUCKY YEAR

The Year Has Produced Many "Radio Débutantes" who have made the grade

**1936** was a lucky year for the "débutantes" of the B.B.C. The moment they walked from their world of comparative obscurity through the stately portals of Broadcasting House, their names became household words.

A radio début is a severe test. The microphone is keenly critical, and the eight million listeners are even more fastidious. But those who have made the grade are to-day reaping a rich reward. Looking back, as we all do at this time of the year, it is interesting to spot some of the stars who this time last year were "unknowns" to most listeners.

Frequenters of the Trocadero were well acquainted with "Elizabeth." Most of them knew her only by that name. But for three years the diners had listened to her enchanting voice, and had gazed at her slim figure and Eton-cropped head.

People expected to see her there. It looked almost as if she were a permanent fixture. Then, one day, she had gone. For hawk-eyes from the B.B.C. had spotted her.

Her full name was Elizabeth

Scott. She came into the limelight. Although she appeared as a guest artiste with Henry Hall, it was not until March, when she appeared as one of Henry Hall's new team, that her name was known to the vast army of listeners.

The forming of this new team of crooners was responsible for bringing other stars to the microphone last year. Vivienne Brooks made her debut without previous experience, and made a hit.

Actually, Vivienne first went along to the B.B.C. to get a job as a pianist. Apart from this forte she had been a cabaret artiste and even a milliner. Henry Hall saw her there and asked her whether she could croon. When she told him she could he invited her along for another audition.

Luckily for her, Henry liked her voice and gave her a contract. In exactly the same way as Elizabeth Scott soared to fame, so did Vivienne.

Then, of course, there are The Three Sisters, Molly, Marie and Mary. Henry Hall met them when he was making his film, *Music Hath Charms*. At that very time Henry was looking round for new talent. It was a gift, and the B.B.C. Dance Band Director never refuses a gift.

Bert Yarlett, now with Lew Stone, is another who must thank Henry Hall for his chance in this country, a chance he has taken with both hands.

Henry Hall has, of course, been the means of several people being able to regard 1936 as their lucky radio year. There are Bob Mallin, his new crooner-guitarist, and, notably, Oliver Wakefield, the young South

By  
**H. Mackenzie Newnham**

African comedian who has "hit the spot" with a vengeance.

There was a great deal of secrecy attached to the identity of the two television hostesses. Everyone was privately speculating as to who the lucky girls would be. They were brand new jobs in a brand new sphere, and the people who filled them would create, in the show world at any rate, a slice of history.

Potential "lookers-in" were agreeably surprised when pictures of Elizabeth Cowell and Jasmine Bligh were published. Both girls, however, are very well equipped for the job. It was really amazing how quickly they achieved national fame. It was an over-night success in the true meaning of the words.

Air-ace Dorothy Kay, slender, beautiful, and clever, made her debut last July. Ronald Frankau had been frantically searching for a star to sing his own compositions in his

*You Ought to See Us* programme. But somehow he just couldn't find the right type of voice.

Just when he was in despair he met Dorothy. They appeared together in a show at Southport, and when Ronald heard her sing he jumped with glee. She possessed just the voice that he had been looking for.

It was a lucky break for both of them. Ronald found his voice, so to speak, and Dorothy got her first broadcasting date.

Another delightful newcomer, although not a star just yet, is young Paddy Browne. Her first broadcast introduced her to the show world.

She had been running a hat shop. Then, writing some lyrics of her own, she thought of doing cabaret work. A broadcasting engagement was the result.

The next thing Paddy knew was that she was the proud possessor of a contract with the Windmill Theatre, where she has gained quite a name for herself.

It was a gram phone record and a "psychological moment" that gave Robert Ashley his first real chance. He made a recording and took it along to Eric Maschwitz. It just happened that

while Robert was in Eric's office, the young Variety Director was expecting Louis Levy along to fix up a singer for *Music From the Movies*.

Robert got the job. It has made a great deal of difference to him. In 1937 he has quite a number of dates with the B.B.C., and expresses his appreciation.

There is no doubting it that the fame Robert Ashley achieved in three months might have taken him years by any other channels of the show business.

The same applies to Nina Devitt, who is not only a 1936 débutante but also a comparative newcomer to these shores. This young Australian artiste's first broadcast was a phenomenal success, and to illustrate how much it did for her she told me the following story.

Only a short time ago she was asked to appear in a show at Luton. England was still a strange country to her, and although she had heard of Luton, she didn't think this town had ever heard of her.

When Nina arrived she was amazed at the reception she received. It was really this that first made her realise just what a broadcasting date can do for an unknown artiste.

Very few listeners in this country had ever heard of Tollefsen before 1936. On the Continent he was known as "The King of Accordions." When he came to England, this young Norwegian went straight into one of Ernest Longstaffe's vaudevilles, and became a star in this country overnight.

Billy Costello made his English bow in June, and was undoubtedly one of the hits of the year.

His voice was probably quite familiar to you, though you had quite likely never heard of his name or seen his face. He was the owner of "Pop-Eye the Sailor's" voice, of film cartoon fame.

He was introduced in one of the "In Town To-night" programmes when he first came over here. He was such a hit that he was engaged for further broadcasts—a rarity for "In Town To-night" personalities.

Who but a comparative few had ever heard of Bram Martin and Billy Gerhardi, the bandleaders, until 1936 dawned? Not that they had not years behind them in the business. It was just that they needed the radio break to make them stars. 1936 provided it, and they're now in the front rank.

There are others who will look back on 1936 and call it blessed. "Caroline," Eddie Carroll's "mystery" croonette, and Betty Batey, the

Continued on page 28



Bert Yarlett, brilliant crooner, has hit the spot this year



Elizabeth Scott, a "1936 débutante" in radio



On Sunday (27) we can hear Walter Widdop, tenor

"Jolly good music-hall, chaps, on Boxing Day." The Western Brothers will be there

Boxing Day—the Circus to be broadcast in "In Town To-night"

Wednesday (30) brings Harry Tate to the mike in "Light Fare"

# GUIDE TO THE WEEK'S B.B.C. PROGRAMMES

## DAY-BY-DAY HIGHSPOTS

A Popular Weekly Feature for Listeners



Charles Buchan, ex-Arsenal and England footballer, now a sports journalist, talks on Boxing Day on Christmas football of the past

### SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26

**A** LONDON family of six children used to indulge on their parents' patience with a jazz band which they formed amongst themselves in their drawing-room every Saturday afternoon. There were four brothers and two daughters. As they grew older, one by one, the brothers left home.

The band depleted, the two daughters made the best of it with a piano and songs which they made up themselves. It was not long before they decided to go out and earn their living in this way.

So Mrs. Waters said good-bye to her daughters, and Elsie and Doris Waters joined the "Fol-de-Rols."

But the folk who watched the "Fo-de-Rols" some years ago, at Scarborough, knew not "Gert and Daisy." The two sisters were doing straight songs at the piano, and it wasn't until they were tired of that and wanted a new turn for a dinner show in London that they invented the two famous Cockney characters.

Even then it was some time before "Gert and Daisy" became national characters, for, though people tried to persuade Elsie and Doris to take their act to the B.B.C., somehow or other they kept putting it off. When at last they did take it on the air no one was more surprised than they were at its success. And here they are again in "Music Hall" to-night.

A similar story lies behind the Western Brothers, in this bill. There's a difference, in that these cads are only "brothers" for the sake of their profession—jolly old self sacrifice, and all that, you hounds. They keep it pretty dark, but just among ourselves, chaps, they're really mere cousins. George began stumping

tunes out of the piano, and Kenneth began writing lyrics. A grand-uncle—the grand-uncle of the Western Family, of course—suggested that George's piano and Kenneth's lyrics should meet. And so for some time they contributed material to revues, particularly some of Archie de Bear's London shows. The strong vein of caddishness and public school spirit which was undoubtedly in them did not show itself until suddenly they produced it on the floor of a West End cabaret, before an audience of all the best people and the County—even the waiters were old Etonian fags. And the amazing thing was that these people laughed and laughed and laughed at these cads pulling to bits their very traditions and all that they stood for.

And so it has been ever since; they hardly ever get a "snorter" from an old public school colonel or one of the upper ten about their satire. Which is an encouraging sidelight on the profound fact that people will laugh at themselves, even the best people!

All the names that really mean radio "Music Hall" to-night. Norman Long, first variety broadcaster of them all. He's been made President of the Vaudeville Golfing Society, and wants to reduce his handicap. He likes riding, too, although most stable proprietors advise him to use two horses! He's been touring the provinces with Stanelli's Stag Party, and in one town overheard his landlady ask the charwoman: "Have you been to the Empire this week, Mrs. Higgins?"

"No, I haven't yet, what's on?"

"It's a Stag Party."

"Then I shan't go; I'm against performing animals."

That colourful personality, Gypav Nina, lends romance to this "Music Hall." And wizard Larry Adler will amaze you once again.

**T**o-night "Mr. Penny" tackles his last adventure. We hope it will only be "au revoir," for this serial has certainly been the best yet. Its success must be shared by Richard Goolden, who has played the name-part so splendidly, and Maurice Moiselwitsch, who has written the stories. This writer is only twenty-one. He has got into radio writing early, and the B.B.C. will be falling us if it does not cultivate his extraordinary talent. If I know Goolden he will now slip away to a little French village for a rest; he loves to live the life of the peasants there, whose strange dialect he has learnt.

Boxing Day means clowns and motley, and the sawdust ring for many a family, and during "In Town To-night" there will be a relay from behind the scenes at Bertram Mills' great Olympia Circus.

For four years, William MacLurg, of the B.B.C. Empire Department, has produced a pantomime for listeners overseas. We are to overhear his fifth to-day in the Regional programme. "Sindbad the Sailor," or "A Life on the Ether Wave," will be a carefree show with some human leg-pulls at broadcasting and all its sphere. Robert Ashley, for instance, is Uvula, the Court Crooner. It is good to see this young singer in the programmes. He has struggled manfully to get there. Nearly everything was against him. But his voice is one which nothing will defy. Unknown, his

success when he began in "Music from the Movies" was immediate. He was well received at Radiolympia. The B.B.C. laments the scarcity of talent; it should use to the full such sterling examples as this.

The book has been written by Alec McGill, who also plays in it.

Alma Vane is in this panto. She's a star who has stayed the rigours of radio work as well as any other. There's a man behind the scenes of every variety broadcast, technical expert Teddy Gower. He's Alma's husband.

Little cause for grumbles at to-day's programmes. There's The Vagabond Lover, too, accompanied now by Rae Jenkins and his Bijou Orchestra. Cavan O'Connor deserves his popularity; for long he studied singing, finding the money for it by working hard at nights in theatre choruses.

Sporting listeners, earlier to-day, can hear Charles Buchan recalling Christmas football of the past. While Captain H. B. T. Wakelam, the man who gave the first sports commentary ever, will be at Twickenham for the annual "marathon" between Harlequins and Richmond. He is going to describe not only the play, but also the scene in general.

To pile on the good things, Leslie Henson inaugurates another series of "Tunes from the Town." Excerpts from his rib-tickling show "Swing Along" will be given, with Zelma O'Neal, Fred Emney and Louise Browne supporting him.

Jack Jackson provides dance music, with red-head Helen McKay crooning in.

### SUNDAY, DECEMBER 27

**WHAT'S AN ESTUDIANTINA?** When Mario de Pietro introduced this musical combination into the programmes the B.B.C. was asked to explain it. It couldn't!

It needed Mario, with his knowledge of sunny Italy's music, to answer the question. Mario formed this band as an example of the sort of band which plays in the cafés of Naples, his native place. It is a string combination, consisting largely of mandolins and guitars. It's on early to-day.

The Richard Crean Orchestra will also play. In the past Richard Crean's name in programmes has been associated with the orchestra from that mecca of London music hall, the Palladium. Now he has started an orchestra of his own and is at Victoria Palace with the *Laughter Over London* show. The passing year must have seen more new orchestras come into radioland than any other.

C. H. Middleton tells you what to do about those gardening jobs again. There's nobody quite like Middleton. He's the most popular talker at the moment. His heritage is gardening, since his father was a village gardener and apprenticed his son to market gardening and fruit growing at an early age.

**A**n interesting programme will be "Coleridge," based on the life of the poet. It is the work of D. G. Bridson, of North Region, and rightly so, for most of it will deal with the years Coleridge spent in the Lake District. If you've holidayed there, this broadcast will be doubly interesting.

Talking of the North, that grand son of Bradford, Walter Widdop, tenor, gives a recital; and Joseph Farrington, who sang bass at sixteen and was solo bass at St. Paul's Cathedral, will sing students' songs with the Men's Chorus.

There is the theatre organ also to-day, and Vitya



**"Songs You Might Never Have Heard" :: Vagabond Lover Returns on Boxing Day :: Dance Music :: Circus :: Music Hall :: Pantomime**

Vvronsky and Victor Babin at two pianos, and the Theatre Orchestra.

Sir Walford Davies presents another "Melodies of Christendom" programme. This loved broadcaster was a boy chorister in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and in the same place stood last January, as the King's Master of Musick, as his King was laid to rest.

And another Sunday closes with the beautiful epilogue. Have you identified the voices of the readers in this? The Rev. F. A. Iremonger, religious director, Stuart Hibberd, and Howard Marshall take turns at this duty.

**MONDAY, DECEMBER 28**

**B**EHIND every "Entertainment Parade" is a hectic fortnight spent by Bertram Henson. He turns himself into a man-about-town, drifting about the haunts of all London's entertainment, and sometimes going to the provinces for some outstanding play or concert.

In this way only can be picked the items and stars you hear in the "Parade." Meanwhile, John Watt, C.O.P.—Commanding Officer of "Parade"—manages to keep an eye on theatres in Europe, studios in Hollywood, and cabarets in New York.

Anything spotted by Watt suitable for relaying into the programme from overseas gives his secretary, Miss Cushion, a lot of worrying work, cabling and radio-telephoning here, there, and everywhere. And then, as to-night, we hear the result of it all.

"Black Country" listeners have it all their own way to-night. A play of the Potteries, *The Nailers*, is being produced by Owen Reed in the Birmingham studios, with a local cast, and is presented in the main Regional programme. But other listeners, besides those with "Five Towns" associations, will enjoy this play, for its author, H. W. Small, makes dramatic use of industrial problems.

Owen Reed, one of the youngest B.B.C. producers, has, significantly, for his aunt, Dame Sybil Thorndike. In his spare time he is a keen aviator. It is the intention of Val Gielgud, drama director, to include from time to time in the main programmes plays performed in the Regions, and this is one of them.

Some years ago a boy taught himself how to play the organ on his father's harmonium in his home at Tynemouth. The boy was Sydney Gustard, who plays the B.B.C. theatre organ to-night. It was at Newcastle that he first broadcast, as accompanist to a singer. He is popular with Empire listeners and frequently broadcasts in the early hours for their programmes. The amazing thing is, that in the war he had a bullet through his hand, but can still play.

Reginald King's Orchestra provides some attrac-

tive light music, with Carys Davies, soprano, as soloist; and the "Barber of Seville Overture" is included in a concert later by the B.B.C. Orchestra.

Anthony Hurd talks to his farmer listeners again earlier to-day; the "Five O'clock" talk is by Helen Loewenthal, who will point out that "Museums Can be Fun," particularly for children; and that fluent yarn-spinner, Commander A. B. Campbell, will tell another story of the frozen north.

Cyril Scott, the young Middlesbrough pianist, broadcasts a recital from North; and Scottish has an old-fashioned Highland Hogmanay celebration.

And the day ends to Billy Gerhardt's dance music.

**TUESDAY, DECEMBER 29**

**"SONGS You Might Never Have Heard"** is a bright new idea of the variety department's, a series of programmes in which songs which British composers have put away for some reason and never had published will be sung. Bruce Sievier is arranging these broadcasts and tonight's has an attractive party of singers—ever-popular Elsie Carlisle, beautiful Esther (Diana Clare) Coleman, fine-voiced Morgan Davies, and our young hope for the future again, Robert Ashley.

Carroll Gibbons gives a middle-evening session of dance music. Carroll started as a concert pianist at fifteen, and made his way into syncopation by forming a school dance band.

If you want to know what plays will be on the air in 1937, tune in Val Gielgud, who will be talking about them. As drama director, this suave, distinguished-looking brother of John, the actor, has done much to get radio drama recognised by the leading stars of the stage. There is not one of these stars, now, who would not broadcast in one of his plays if they were always free to do so.

An unusual item will be songs by the Budapest University Chorus, which is visiting this country. Maurice Winnick provides the late dance music.

Midland is relaying part of the pantomime, *Mother Goose*, from the Alexandra Theatre, Birmingham. Rita Cooper, of *Wild Violets* fame, is principal girl, and Barry Lupino and Charles Penrose are in the cast.

North has an event to mark, in the first broadcast of a new concert party, *The Nobodies*. Harry Leslie, of the Rusholme Pavilion, Manchester, has formed this troupe, who will probably become regular broadcasters.

**WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 30**

**I**F you ever see it, you know who's driving that car with the number plate T8. Harry Tate, of course! Ronald Macdonald Hutchison—that's his real name!—heads an Ernest Longstaffe "Light Fare" show to-night. His famous name is in memory of his first employers, Tate's, the sugar people. He dropped a commercial



On Thursday (31) Edna Best will be in "Cinderella," relayed from the Coliseum

career started with them to go on the stage. As witness his middle name, he's Scotch.

It's a strong bill Longstaffe is offering. There's Bill Malony, Chick Farr, Campbell and Wise, The Three Admirals, Bill Shakespeare, Foster Richardson, and a newcomer, Frank Oliver, as well.

Good listening altogether, to-night. Those architects of burlesque, the Melliush Brothers, present a new skit, *Only a Shopgirl*, which is being produced in the Birmingham studios and broadcast by National. There are some queer goings on in "Rumble's Store," and you'll hear about them in this.

A cast of Midland artistes, joined by Lawrence Baskcomb and John Rorke, will act the parts.

Music lovers can find a deal of enjoyment to-night, for, as well as Albert Coates conducting the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, there is a talk on future broadcast music by Musical Director Dr. Adrian Boult. Those who think of musical celebrities as frail aesthetes would meet a shock in Dr. Boult. He is a vital, healthy open-air devotee, if ever there was one. He insists on walking to and fro between his Chelsea home and Broadcasting House for exercise. And he spent his last holiday, with wife and children, cycling in France.

There's a mid-evening programme of dance music by Jay Wilbur, and Charlie Kunz plays the late session. A popular talks series from Midland is that dealing with Midland football clubs. Division III has now

Please turn to page 18

A Boxing Day treat will be "Tunes from the Town." "Swing Along" is starred with (L to R) Leslie Henson, Fred Emney, Richard Hearne and Zelma O'Neal





Jack as he appeared in "Sunshine Ahead," a film triumph

FINAL FASCINATING INSTALMENT OF . . .

# "SAYING IT WITH MUSIC"

The Story of My Ten Years in Broadcasting

By JACK PAYNE

ONE of the great difficulties of the B.B.C. in its Savoy Hill days was that it had to employ "amateurs"—young men straight from school or 'Varsity—on its staff. This, in a sense, was inevitable, because so much of the B.B.C. work is of a type that can only be learnt in the Corporation.

None the less, the situation led to one or two unfortunate incidents. There was an occasion, for instance, when I had a difference of opinion with a young announcer a few seconds before I was due to broadcast. To put it frankly, I resented the young man's attitude, and both of us became quite "hot under the collar." However, a sense of humour pulled us through, and I realised afterwards that it was only the young man's anxiety to do the right thing that made him act as he did.

Quite a number of these B.B.C. beginners never progressed beyond the first stage. They weren't good enough. Others have done splendidly. Look at Bryan Michie, for instance, who came straight from the 'Varsity to the B.B.C., and proceeded to make a good thing out of a rather inferior job.

Before he came to Savoy Hill, producers of variety and radio plays had employed gramophone records for their effects of cheering, rushing water, horses' hoofs, and so on.

Michie, an immense figure of a man, with fair, curly hair, and a disarming smile, determined to make a science of his effects business. He combed Europe for unusual noises, including a record of a genuine revolution, complete with machine-gun fire and exploding bombs. In a short while he collected no fewer than 600 records.

Then he went on to manufacture his own noises, fitting up a basement studio at Savoy Hill with weird contrivances for imitating every known and unknown noise. Later, at Broadcasting House, he took to designing machines for the creation of suitable "effects." Great cylinders of compressed air and gas were constantly being lumped into the entrance hall, addressed to Bryan Michie, Esquire. The climax came when he had a full-sized bath installed in his studio so that rushing water noises could be made literally on tap!

### Man of Noises

Michie's realistic noises took so big a place in the variety shows that eventually he was asked if he would forsake his noise machines for seventy-five per cent. of his time, and become a full-blown variety producer. Naturally, he jumped at the chance. But even now when a difficult noise has to be imitated at the microphone, an inter-departmental note is always sent to Bryan Michie.

A man not so well-known as Michie, but quite as valuable to the B.B.C. and its listening public, is Donald Hook, the music librarian who rules the fifth floor in the tower of Broadcasting House.

In 1922, when Hook was a B.B.C. pianist, he kept by him for future occasions a few sheets of stock music. Those sheets grew and grew until, to-day, they comprise the biggest and finest musical library in the world. There are 15,000 full orchestral scores, 120,000 choral works, 14,000 songs and band parts, to say nothing of many thousands of part songs and military band pieces.

Under Hook's guidance, 31 expert library assistants look after this vast collection, and four men give their full time to repairing the torn, well-thumbed sheets. Nothing, I think, can better illustrate the growth of the B.B.C. than these library figures.

My happy association with the B.B.C. came to an end as the result of an offer made to me by a gramophone company. In its contracts, the Corporation tied its artists to recording for one particular company, and I came to regard this clause as something of a handicap to myself. My records were priced at three shillings each, a figure that I thought too high. My sales were good, but I thought they might be considerably better if the records were cheaper.

A popular dance number is lucky if it enjoys a life

of two months. After that, it is staler than a year old newspaper. Why, therefore, pay three shillings, or even half-a-crown for records that are so soon "dated"? I tried to get the B.B.C. to release me from the recording clause, but was told that the Corporation itself was tied by contract, and could do nothing in the matter.

Not long afterwards, I was offered a five figure contract by the Crystalate Company. It was too good to be ignored. I went once again to Val Goldsmith and Roger Eckersley, asked if I could be released from my entire contract, and set the full case before them. It was agreed that I should be released as soon as a suitable band had been found to take my place.

Thus it was that at last I said good-bye to Savoy Hill. In my time there I had broadcast more than four thousand tunes, spent 2,600 hours before the microphone, and given something like 6,000 hours to rehearsing. And, incidentally, I should record here a little story against myself.

You will remember that I told Mr. Goldsmith that stage contracts would in no way interfere with my broadcasting work. Well, I was wrong. There was an occasion—only one in four years—when my band was late for a broadcasting engagement.

### Awkward Dilemma

We had been appearing at a theatre in South London. Directly after the stage show, I left for Savoy Hill in my car. It was the week of floodlighting in London for the Faraday Celebrations, and the streets were crowded with thousands of sightseers. I managed to reach Savoy Hill in good time by following a roundabout route, but the "boys," in the charabanc that I always hired for occasions such as this, were held up on Westminster Bridge.

Such a crowd was there, looking at the Houses of Parliament in the glare of floodlights, that the bridge was temporarily uncrossable, and they and their instruments became "stuck" for twenty minutes.

All they could do was to remain where they were, strike up "Say it With Music" to the assembled populace (who recognised them through the tune, and began to cheer), while the instrument porter puffed and panted his way to Savoy Hill with tidings of what had happened.

It was anything but easy for me to bid adieu to my old surroundings there. In my four years at Savoy Hill, I had crowded in a host of happy and exciting memories. I had made many new friends, I had become a "name."

There was absolutely no bitterness between myself and the Corporation when I left. I was, and still am, grateful for their sympathy and understanding of my position. It is true that there have been differences of opinion between myself and the B.B.C., but they have been quite amicable differences as I shall explain.

Last year, for instance, I was asked if I could undertake a week's broadcasting from Broadcasting House whilst Henry Hall and his boys were on holiday.

Believe me, I was most anxious to accept that invitation, and to renew acquaintance with the listening public that has always been so generous to me.

But, naturally, I could not afford to ignore the financial aspect of the engagement. I have twenty-one skilled instrumentalists in my orchestra, all drawing double figure salaries. The B.B.C. offer would have meant a loss to me.

I went across to Broadcasting House and made suggestions that were listened to with complete sympathy, but which at the time could not be accepted. The result was that I had to turn down the broadcasts, and accept a theatre engagement instead.

Newspaper reports distorted this incident almost beyond recognition. There was, believe me, no suggestion of a "row" between the B.B.C. and myself, no ill-feeling of any kind at all. Why should there be? I respect the B.B.C.—a feeling which I believe is mutual. The facts were that as friends and business men we could not on that occasion reach complete agreement as to terms. That, and nothing more.

I have broadcast, of course, many, many times since I left Savoy Hill. The first time I broadcast from Broadcasting House, I remember inadvertently saying into the microphone: "This is Jack Payne, speaking to you from Savoy Hill," and although I corrected myself at once, that little slip brought me in a whole sheaf of letters from listeners.

Most of them felt, as I did, just a little sad at the immensity and the dignity of the mighty Broadcasting House. Quite definitely it marked the beginning of a new era in broadcasting, for the atmosphere of Savoy Hill was almost carefree by comparison.

But the evolution to Broadcasting House was, of course, inevitable. It was progress. And already, so it seems, broadcasting progress is leaving even Broadcasting House behind.

It has been found necessary to use the old St. George's Hall for music-hall programmes, and to build the great Maida Vale studio (from which, incidentally, I have broadcast frequently). And now plans are taking shape for additions to Broadcasting House itself.

There is to be a roof restaurant for the staff, additional offices for the various departments, and a new series of studios underground. This last, by the way, is an entirely new departure, and will certainly provide a grand opportunity for those carping wits who suggest that certain broadcasters deserve to be buried alive!

### Looking Forward to Television

But these additions will not be completed until 1940—and it is not beyond the realm of possibility that they will be out of date by then! When, not long ago, I asked a high B.B.C. official whether any further additions beyond these would be needed, he replied gloomily: "Nobody knows, Jack. But I fear the worst!"

The inevitable question arises—what shape will future progress take? That is not such a difficult question to answer now as it was two years ago. Everything points to the way of television.

Already a regular television service has been started by the B.B.C., under the able directorship of Mr. Gerald Cock. At the moment of writing, "looking in" is definitely a hobby for wealthy people, but next year, or the year after, it may well be within the reach of all of us. And this much is certain: television and broadcasting will one day be combined.

Many critics believe that that day is still a long way ahead. I don't pretend to know a great deal of the technical aspect of television, but I have every hope, of being alive when the television-cum-loud-speaker is part of the furniture of every household.

For my part, I am bound to say that I do not believe television will greatly assist the enjoyment of listening. It will add something, certainly to broadcast speeches, especially those speeches made by notable personalities.

But for musical programmes—and these, after all, are the backbone of broadcasting—they may only add disillusionment! After all, audibility is the main consideration, isn't it? To see Jack Payne's band playing to you as well as hearing it through your speaker would at first be a novelty. And novelties are not novelties for long.

None of us, in any case, is worrying about a new technique in entertainment. Savoy Hill is ancient history, and the day is coming when we shall have to don grease paint and scarlet jackets so that your televisors won't "blare." But, after all it's our music that really matters.

It's all that has mattered to me since my band first played to you.



"Cor, Bill, I wish I were at 'ome next to me wireless!"



Prince Charming (Patrick Waddington, an old favourite) with a lovely chorus in pantomime at the Vaudeville Theatre, London

Ring up the curtain—Panto is here! This swift survey tells you where you can see your Radio favourites in pantomime this season

## By PAUL HOBSON

**N**OT until Charles Brewer, then producer at Midland Regional, displayed the initiative to tackle a running commentary on a full-length pantomime from a Birmingham theatre did the theatrical world fully awake to the possibilities of radio in pantomime.

Other pantomime producers sat up and took notice. Outside broadcasts of pantomime came thick and fast. Then the producers carried things a step further, and, following the example of music halls, began to book stars on the strength of their reputation.

Undoubtedly, this has proved a great idea.

Pantomime's debt to radio is the more apparent when one realises that literally dozens of well-known broadcasting artistes will have to turn down B.B.C. dates during the next three months because they are tied down in pantomime.

They aren't particularly heartbroken about it. Salaries in pantomime are very generous, and more than compensate for long hours involved. Some of these radio principal boys get £100 a week and more. So they are naturally not inclined to turn down offers of that description.

But radio Music Hall and variety bills will have a "lean and hungry look" during the early part of the year.

Let's take a lightning look-round at radio favourites who are now busy with their pantomime trappings.

In Tom Arnold's super £20,000 production of "Mother Goose" at the London Hippodrome is versatile Florence Desmond, our No. 1 radio impressionist. She is enjoying her first experience as principal boy, and is assisted by that cleverest of dame comedians, George Lacey, who should be heard much more frequently on the air, and popular Mamie Soutter.

"Puss in Boots" at the Lyceum has a trio of male comedians whose names are household words to listeners. Jack Barty, famous for his radio parties, Eddie Gray, who has often broadcast with Jack Payne, and Clarkson Rose, whose name is continually popping up in the radio programmes.

### Radio Parade at Golder's Green

Out at Golder's Green you will find lovely Cora Goffin, aided and abetted by Stanley Holloway as Abanazar (assisted, of course, by Sam and his Musket, Albert and the lion, etc.), Davy Burnaby, who declares himself bigger and better than ever, is the Widow Comedian, plus Collinson and Dean, the crazy comedians who are always a riot in Music Hall, who will be the Chinese policemen.

In Birmingham there have already been long queues at the Prince of Wales to book seats for

"Humpty-Dumpty," which stars June—and many listeners will recall the delightful performance she gave in the June Revue—Gene Gerrard, a big film and radio attraction, Bobby Comber, whose "Big Business" episodes with Claude Hulbert will have to cease for a while, and Helen Gilliland.

Then, of course, there is Jean Colin in "Aladdin" at the Princes, Bristol, and Monti Roger will be her Principal Girl. Gwladys Stanley and Roy Barbour are at the Princes, Manchester, in "Red Riding Hood."

Marjery Wyn is at Newcastle, where she will spend all her spare time in getting together a trousseau for her coming wedding in the spring. Marjery is playing the part of Principal Boy in "Goldilocks and Three Bears" at the Theatre Royal.

### Gay Christmas Dinner

The chief thing Marjery likes about pantomime is the Christmas dinner the cast enjoys. There's not really much fun to be had when playing to two houses a day, and putting in rehearsals now and again. The dinner, however, acts as a wonderful tonic, and from the youngest to the eldest in the show, all slip back through the years and behave like little children again. Dressing-rooms are decorated, crackers are pulled, and a mountain of rich food is only half digested.

Let's all go down the Strand this year to the Vaudeville Theatre, where Uncle André Charlot's "The Sleeping Beauty" is in full swing.

The cast is like one big happy family. This is easily understood when we realise that the smiling, cheery and handsome Patrick Waddington, our old friend Harry Tate, and the inimitable Nellie Wallace are all there.

Prince Florizel is portrayed admirably by Pat, who took the same part last year in the same show, with the same cast at the same theatre.

He tells me it's good fun, but shockingly hard work. Besides having two shows a day, they have three performances on Boxing Day.

"But Nellie Wallace," he said, "keeps the party going. She is one of the grandest people to work with I know. Her continual joking and irrepressible good humour makes even hard work seem simple."

Harry Tate appears as Pat's fond father. He's the king of the romantic country from which hails Prince Florizel, who is madly in love with the Sleeping Beauty.



With that cheeky look it's obvious that Veda Lennox is enjoying her pantomime at Wimbledon



Newcastle will flock to see dainty Marjery Wyn (above) in "Goldilocks," and (right) Marjorie Sandford, better known as Marjorie Lotinga, who will be at the Lyceum, London, in "Puss in Boots"

the part of Principal Boy, Marjorie is. She comes from a theatrical family, and has worked hard to uphold the Lotinga name, and has been around a great deal in the theatre.

During her travels Marjorie had two nasty experiences.

"It was at the Hippodrome, Southend, that a bit of a disaster occurred. Walter Williams and I were doing our stuff in a double act when a vivid and blinding flash accompanied by fire gave us a terrible start. Pandemonium coursed throughout the theatre. Panic-stricken women shrieked and endeavoured to scuttle from their seats. But Walter and I realised that it was only the lights in the lime which had fused, and we shouted and gesticulated to them to remain calm and keep their seats—at the same time explaining what had occurred.

"Now here is a curious sequel. As a result of this electrical disorder I was obliged to use candle in my dressing-room. While I was on the stage during the second half of the show, the candle burned down to the celluloid powder box on which I had stood it and in a few seconds the dressing-table was ablaze."

Marjorie returned to her dressing-room just in time to save her favourite Peke, Chou Chou, from a nasty end. But she lost all her dresses and other valuables.

Wright must desert her beloved France in favour of Blackpool, where, at the Opera House, she stars in "Aladdin."

Then, at Chiswick you will find "Ali Baba," and the dashing robber chief will be none other than Helen McKay. Who'd mind being held up by Helen? Not I!

Admirers of Jennie Howard will have to take a train (or maybe a bicycle) to Coventry, where she will be playing at the Hippodrome in "Dick Whittington." But Vera Lennox's fans will find their idol at the Wimbledon Theatre. After appearing for a lifetime (or so it seems) in "Lady Precious Stream," and also playing the dramatic role of Jennie in "Carnival" so ably on the air, she once again dons the tights and plays Principal Boy in "Jack and Jill."

Thanks to the B.B.C.

Here we have seen how many celebrated radio artistes are appearing in pantomime this season. And there are dozens more, all concentrating feverishly on lines, songs, make-up, quick changes, patter and positions. "I had almost forgotten the B.B.C. existed," one radio star told me in the thick of it all last year. And you could not blame her.

But they must remember that had it not been for the B.B.C. it is extremely unlikely that some of them would have found themselves with such prominent positions on the boards.

Listeners will flock to see their favourite radio stars in pantomime, and it adds one hundred per cent. more interest for them.

And this year, more than in any other on record, there is a galaxy of radio stars in pantomime. It ought to be a good year!

**"STARLETS"**

Why not work out a "STAR-LET" in the intervals at the Pantomime? Yes, it's as simple as all that. £100 in cash prizes. See page 18



But, soft, there is a designing witch who will put a spoke in the young Prince's wheel. The witch, if you look carefully, will somewhat resemble Nellie Wallace. But her plans all seem to go wrong.

Once, while she is posing as a dressmaker, she designs a fearful dress for the Princess to wear at the Court Ball. She thinks, ha-ha! that if the Prince should see his darling looking so terrible he will at once fly away in terror, filled with misgivings.

"And in the dress-making scene," Pat explained, "Nellie has things much to herself. She's extremely funny, and one never knows what may happen."

Patrick Waddington's first pantomime was not last year as most people believe. Actually, he took the part of Dick Whittington over twenty years ago. He was so young then that he can hardly remember doing the part.

Anona Winn is taking the part of Dandini at the London Coliseum. This is a new departure for Anona. All her life she has wondered what it would be like to get into tights and appear in pantomime, and this year she has found out.

**From Opera to Pantomime**

It seems strange that when Anona left Australia she intended to become a grand opera singer in England! But when she arrived, opera was having a flat time.

Then Anona took up variety and made a great hit. And now, in "Cinderella" at the Coliseum she makes her debut as Dandini. Edna Best will also be on parade in this pantomime.

Streatham Hill Theatre-goers and all the neighbouring children were thrilled to learn that Leonard Henry is appearing in "Humpty-Dumpty" as the King who never smiles. Thorpe Bates, Mrs. Leonard Henry's brother, is also appearing in the show.

Leonard's part is delightful comedy. His refusal to smile at even the multitude of jokers and jesters, is, to say the least of it, an achievement for such a naturally jolly fellow.

But his hearty laugh when Humpty-Dumpty falls off the wall and has a great fall, will send every audience into an equally hearty peal.

This is only Leonard's third pantomime, but not by any means his last. He enjoys the "feeling" of a theatre. It makes an agreeable change after a series of concert parties.

Marjorie Sandford is playing the part of Principal Boy at the Lyceum this year. What, you don't know her? Of course you do. She's really our old radio friend Marjorie Lotinga, only now she is working under her married name. If anybody is well equipped for

Marjorie is full of good fun. Once she swam the Douglas Bay, a distance of three miles, accompanied by a man who gave it up half way because of the cold. She also walked on the ocean bed in a diving suit, and has ridden pillion the wall of death.

Which reminds me of the time when I saw Nellie Wallace being driven around the poor old Crystal Palace dirt-track on the back of Roger Frogley's motor-bike.

The first lap went well. Nothing happened to upset Nellie, and Roger took good care to keep the bike upright. But the second lap wasn't so good. The bike got up speed, and Roger, with a twinkle in his eye, started side-skidding round the bends, showering everyone watching with cinders.

But the funny part of it was Nellie Wallace's face. Never, except on the stage, have I seen her pull such amusing faces.

Och aye, ye lads and lassies, an' that braw fin' comic, Wully Fyffe, will be back on his native heath in "Cinderella" at the Empire, Edinburgh, and Ivy Tresmand, another old radio favourite, is Jack in "Jack and the Beanstalk," at the Royal, Glasgow. Near by will be Babette O'Deal, as "Cinderella."

For a season Betty Huntley



A dashing Dandini is Anona Winn, making her debut in panto at the Coliseum, London

Elisabeth Ann's Page

# Invitation

"... Requests the pleasure ... of your company ... at a dance ..." Magic words, magic occasion, and the opportunity for a little special Make-up Magic.

**C**OSMETICS, however attractive in themselves, however beautiful they look on your friends, are disappointing unless they are specially chosen to suit your type. You don't want a shining nose, a hot forehead and "patchy" lips before the waltz is over? And no successfully pretty girl has time between dances to start over again and re-make-up her face. Nor can she always be equipped with all her preparations at a dance.

So waltz your way to beauty, and all it means, to romance, to self-confidence, to happiness, with the cosmetics which will heighten your best features and deepen your colouring.

Here are some harmonies from which to choose:

**IF YOU ARE HONEY-FAIR:**  
Framboise Rouge, Light Lipstick, Natural No. 2 Powder, Blue-Grey Eye-Shadow.

**FOR THE FLAMING RED-HEAD AND THE RED-GOLD:**  
Basanees Rouge, Sunburn Lipstick, Peach Powder, Hazel Eye-Shadow.

**FOR THE MEDIUM LIGHT BROWN:**  
Intermediaire Rouge, Framboise Lipstick, Basanees Powder, Light Blue Eye-Shadow.

**THE BRUNETTE WITH A PALE SKIN:**  
Brunette Rouge, Sunburn Lipstick, Rachel Fonce Powder, Hazel Eye-Shadow.

**THE BRUNETTE WITH AN OLIVE SKIN:**  
Brunette Rouge, Dark Lipstick, Ocre Powder, Grey-Blue Eye-Shadow.

We will begin from the beginning with foundations. Actually, powder-cream is one of the best dance "foundations" if your skin is not opened. If it is, a liquid foundation is really safer, since it retains a smooth velvet surface for hours after application.

If you are using a powder-cream, first cleanse, then pat in an astringent before applying the powder-cream.

If a liquid foundation, first cleanse, pat in a toning lotion and, while the skin is damp, apply the liquid foundation; then blend it evenly over the skin with the finger tips.

Use eye-shadow and rouge-cream before powdering—lipstick afterwards. Mascara last of all, with a combing of the lashes to separate them and give them an upward curling effect.

The dance will find you under strong lighting. So apply your rouge a little more heavily than by day, because light robs it of colour. Use your lipstick sparingly because you will want to touch up your lips during the evening, and if you have a hard crimson line left, your next application won't be soft and moist, or inviting.

Dubarry present a gift of perfume complete with blue glass spray. Dainty Christmas gift coffrets by Potter and Moore, like the one on the right, are obtainable at prices from a shilling to a guinea.



Sweet Seventeen puts on a party dress as lovely as her face. Soft pale blue net makes this model by Acquer.

Don't imagine that make-up need be very heavy at night. It shouldn't, because artificiality is never pleasing or feminine, and it tends to spoil the effect of your most charming dress.

I want to answer a query here. A reader with green eyes is wearing a violet dress and says her usual make-up with green shadow will look dreadful. I think she should compromise with a blue or mauve shadow, both of which are flattering to green eyes under night light.

You have a delightful range of perfumes from which to choose. Rapture, light and carefree, is Miss Seventeen's choice for the dance, a rose perfume pleases the woman over thirty, and an Eastern bouquet awaits the choice of the olive-skinned girl who wears vivid greens and reds.

All these details play their part in procuring your enjoyment of the short, lovely holiday which is Christmas-time.

Let me say, personally, how many pleasant surprises I wish my RADIO PICTORIAL readers this festive Season. Greetings.



# TO THE DANCE

## PERSONAL QUERIES:

(Write ELISABETH ANN c/o RADIO PICTORIAL, Chancery House, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2, if you would like details of the preparations she mentions, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope for her personal response.)

**I AM** badly in need of your help. My trouble is a full chest. I am only sixteen, but I measure 36 inches. How much do you think I need reduce, as I am very slim everywhere else. Thanking you very much.—JUNE.

I don't think you should worry about your measurement at your age. It is so natural to be fuller in the chest at sixteen, then to lose the fullness when you are a little older.

Here is a gentle chest-reducing exercise which you should follow for a few minutes night and morning. Take your position standing, with the feet twelve inches apart. Raise both arms limply above head, then sweep over to the left side, with arms, head and body from the waistline; round and up again, completing a circle. Repeat the circular movement three times, then sweep over to the right side and complete three circles. Bring arms up again above head, tense them, and drop to sides.

Follow for a few minutes night and morning.

**I HAVE** horrid nails of the hard brittle type, and have decided to use a varnish, but it mustn't be too red or my fiancé won't like it. Does this enamel dry the nails more?—"LINDY LOU" (York).

I suggest you begin with a Natural nail varnish, with Coral for special occasions, or a "smoky" enamel in Dusty Rose shade. I cannot say that nail varnish will do anything to soften the nails, but you should invest in a nail oil at the same moment. Apply this several times a week round and over the nail, to improve the texture.

**I MUST** thank you for the benefit from your slimming diet. But as I have to work late for the next three months I should like to know of something I could take which will help me not to get hungry, without fattening. I usually go to bed at nine-thirty.—M. T. (Norwich).

I suggest you take a nourishing beverage (Horlick's) while you are on your work (not directly after a meal). This will drive away all need for food, and will nourish without fattening. You can have it in plain or chocolate form.

MISS BRECKLE.

I am sorry to tell you your letter was insufficiently addressed and has been returned to me. As the matter is personal, won't you send a card with your full address.

The well-known firm of Pond's has produced three charming gift caskets this year, in three sizes—1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d.





For Christmas afternoon : straight from Paris comes this multi - coloured taffeta tunic by Janique, and very festive it looks. You could copy it yourself for gay occasions this winter

straight line over the "tummy," keep your figure flat and help in preventing digestive troubles. If you are a short-waisted type, have the bones arranged in a V-shape; long-waisted, they can be straight.

I have already seen the Spring 1937 parade of foundation garments. The progress which has been made towards comfort, freedom and health is remarkable. Even an "aero" fabric has been devised, in elastic, to allow airiness during warmer days. And the newest slimming corsets, ranging in price from 10s. 11d., are combining slenderness with perfect comfort.

If you would like details of these, with prices, won't you write me full details of your measurements, etc., and let me advise you?

READERS' QUERIES:

I AM being married early in January, and I don't know what is right to wear with my wedding dress. Is it necessary to have a veil and gloves and are white stockings essential?—COUNTRY GIRL.

First of all, white stockings are not at all necessary, even with white shoes. Nude tone stockings, or a pale Suntan, are equally suitable with white shoes. Yes, you need a short veil, and this can fall just over the face and to the

THE SECRET OF YOUR FOUNDATION

By Elisabeth Ann

THIS comes at a last-moment-before-Christmas, but in time, I hope, to allow you to rush out and select just the right foundation garment for beneath your Christmas dresses. It is necessary to find the kind of foundation which will control your hips without discomfort or distortion, and will curve up in front and down at the back for waist freedom.

A good foundation belt need not be expensive if you know how to choose it. First decide on your type—or let a corsetière decide for you. Normally slender, medium height, you have a choice of attractive peach or blue girdles which will give you comfort and control over the hips and "tail." Plumper, and short, you need an all-in-one garment which will give you a longer waistline, uplift the chest contour and come well down on the thighs. You will like the newest garment of this kind which has a Lightning fastener all the way down the front. This saves stooping and twisting to fasten hooks.

If you are very slight, don't imagine a roll-on belt is going to be sufficient to keep your measurements correct. It will let the "tummy" muscles drop the moment it gets well worn, and nothing is as disheartening to an evening dress as a protruding "tummy."

Then if you are the tall, heavy type, big-boned (you can be statuesque if you like!) a girdle is best, with separate brassière in lace which fastens

Ideal for the medium figure — a Twilfit model, price 12 11d.



Last - minute idea for Xmas tea - time— a mirror lake, banked with cotton wool

waist behind, or can be arranged like a little bonnet with a spray of artificial flowers (all-white) round your hair, like a halo. Gloves are essential. If you are wearing a formal white wedding gown the gloves should be white also, and long, even if you pucker them above the wrist. May I wish you every happiness in the future?

WHERE do you suggest I can buy ready-made clothes at reasonable prices? I am a little over average size. Can anyone go to dress parades?—LOLA (Tooting).

I would like to suggest Staggs & Russell or Swan & Edgar as reliable but not expensive shops at which you can get your size gowns. You should keep to simple dresses and avoid "fluffiness" and wispy ends of sashes, etc. A good tailored belt and a severe piqué collar and cuff set are practical and pretty. Yes, once you have become a customer, and left your address, many stores will send you invitations to dress parades, but there will be few of these now until the spring, since the mid-season collections were shown a few weeks ago. Let me know if I can help you further, and please send details of your colouring. It is so much easier to help readers when they send full details.

on to the belt. A girdle with two insets of Delitex (a reducing fabric) over the hips does much to make the hipline smaller.

Your foundation garment should enable you to walk gracefully; also to sit well. Therefore it should tuck well under the "tail," pull high in front over the diaphragm, and follow the natural curves of the waist. When you are buying your next corset or corselette, make a point of sitting in it. If it gives you a feeling of pressure, it is wrong for you. It should be lower over the "tummy," or differently boned.

Many people have the confused idea that to have a boned girdle is to court discomfort. But bones, placed properly, and not always in a

GOOD THINGS TO EAT

By M. S. W.

**P**EPYS' amusing Diary tells us that he went to dinner with Sir Wm. Pens on January 6th, 1662, adding "we had eighteen mince pies in a dish." So Christmas pies were in season then. If you make a large mince-pie as well as the small ones, sift castor sugar on top, and cut this in wedge-shaped pieces.

**CHRISTMAS PIE**

**INGREDIENTS.**—1 lb. Self-raising flour, ½ tea-spoonful salt, ½ lb. Stork margarine, about 2 egg-cupfuls cold water or milk. One pound jar of Robertson's mincemeat.

**Method.**—Sieve together flour and salt. Cut up the margarine in small pieces and rub it into the flour till it is a nice crumbly mixture, like breadcrumbs. Using a knife stir in water or milk to make a stiff paste. Flour a pastry board, turn out the pastry on this and roll out. Cut a round of pastry to cover a baking-plate or old soup-plate. Cover with mincemeat. Roll out remainder of pastry. Wet edges of pastry on plate, and cover with second lot of pastry, crimping the edges with a fork. Make a slit in centre with point of knife and bake at once in a hot oven. If the top is brushed over with white of egg, then sprinkle with fine sugar, it looks much more festive.

When the Christmas Pudding comes in with its sprig of holly on top, remember to have a very hot dish, and if you do not serve Hard Sauce with this, you may prefer plain :

**BRANDY SAUCE**

**INGREDIENTS.**—To ½ pint water allow 1 table-spoonful of brandy, ¼ oz. castor sugar and ¼ oz. Brown and Polson's Cornflour.

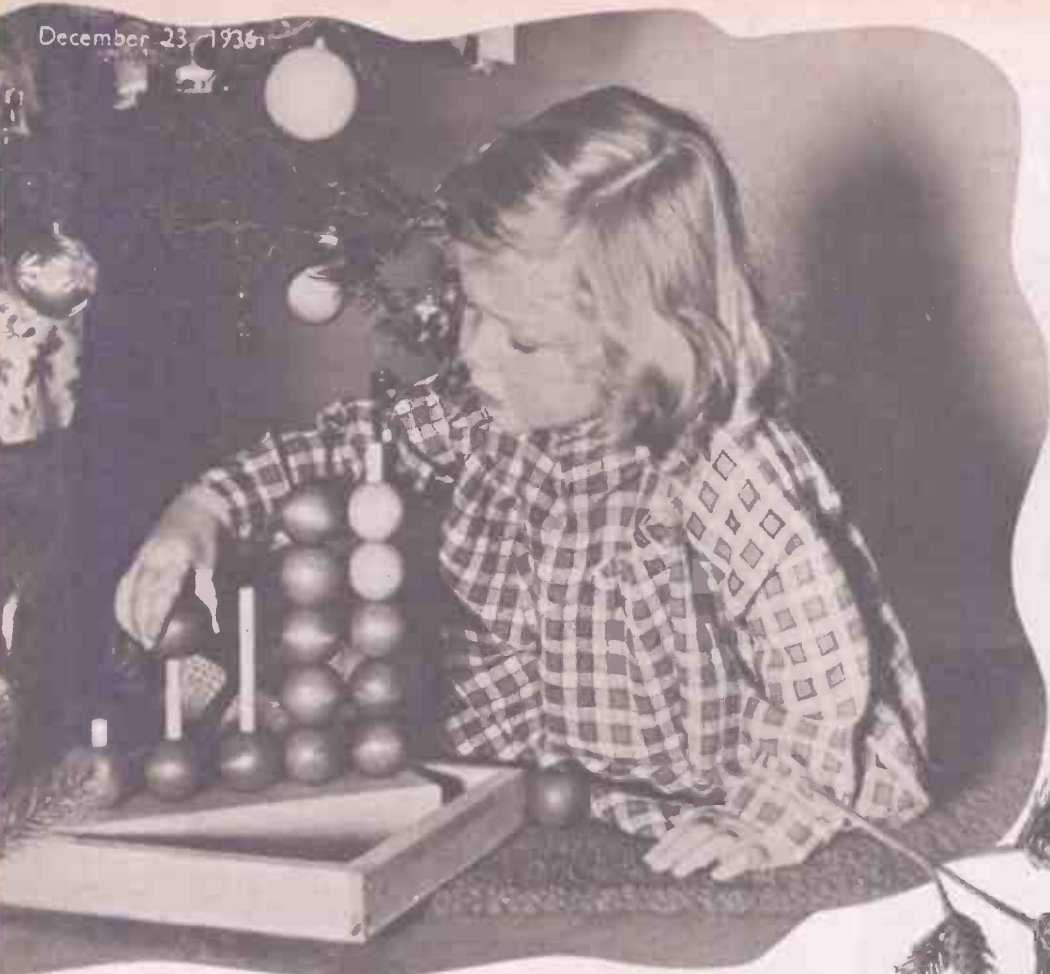
**Method.**—Mix the cornflour with sufficient cold water to make a paste, and put the remainder of the water in a saucepan to boil. Stir in the sugar to this and let it dissolve. When boiling, stir into the cornflour mixture, then return this to the saucepan and cook for 5 minutes, stirring all the time. Draw from the fire and add the brandy just before sending to table in a small jug or tureen. Double the quantities if for more than 3 persons.

With their Christmas Pudding children enjoy a custard sauce made with Bird's Custard powder. Or, for a change try a :

**FRUIT SAUCE**

**INGREDIENTS.**—½ oz. Brown and Polson's Cornflour, ½ pint of cold water, 1 table-spoonful castor sugar, ½ oz. Stork margarine, and 1 orange or lemon.

**Method.**—Wash the orange or lemon, then grate off the yellow rind. Squeeze out the juice. Melt the Stork in a clean saucepan, stir in the cornflour and add the water, stirring and cooking for a few minutes, then add the sugar. Stir till dissolved, then add the grated rind and juice. Stir, but do not boil after juice is added.



GARDEN NOTES

By F. R. Castle

**A Timely Hint.**—Readers are reminded that May flowering and ornamental plants, reputed to be quite hardy, often fail to pass an average winter unharmed. This is especially noticeable when a sudden sharp snap follows a mild period such as we have been getting. After this date, Palms, *Dracaenas*, *Grevillea* and *Eucalyptus* should be stood in a house or shed. Plants in tubs or pots will be less liable to damage if the pots are plunged in the ground level with the brim, while all choice plants growing against a wall should have the benefit of a few thicknesses of old netting.

**Sweet Peas.**—Wherever possible give each plant a separate pot, first covering the bottom with a piece of straw manure. Pots two inches across will serve for the first potting. Six weeks later move the plants into other pots twice the size. Plant into the open early in March and expect flowers for the Coronation.

**Alyssum, Little Dorrin.**—There is bound to be a run on this popular white bedding plant, consequently prices are likely to rise. Seed sown now in a moderately warm house will germinate in a week and, if carefully pricked out, should be in flower by the end of April.

**Seed Potatoes.**—There is a decided advantage gained by selecting seed potatoes at the earliest possible date. If these are now stored in single layers, eyes uppermost, exposed to full light, but safe from frosts, each tuber will soon be pushing strong shoots. If these are reduced to one, this will soon attain pencil-like thickness and by the end of March bear a cluster of tiny leaves. Such sets, if planted on a warm border, invariably give serviceable tubers by the end of May.

**Pea, Market Wonder.**—The introducer makes very extravagant claims for this variety, and certainly last season's trial showed these to be justified. Growing not more than 18 in. high, it has rare strength, the dark foliage being literally smothered with good sized and well filled pods early in June.

**Broad Beans.**—These may now be sown. Years ago it was customary to rely only on the small podded varieties for earliest sowing, but after many experiments I pin my faith to *Aquadulce* which, in addition to earliness, has length of pod and weight of crop to recommend it.

A good toy for the toddler. If she finds this on the Christmas tree, it will keep her happy for hours!



FIVE-SHILLING HINTS

Have you got a favourite "wrinkle" or recipe? Then send it to "Hints," c/o "Radio Pictorial," Chancery House, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2. Five shillings are offered for every hint published on this page.

**TO KEEP FRUIT FLANS FIRM**

**T**O prevent the bottom of a fruit flan or tart becoming sodden, brush over the pastry with a little beaten egg and leave for a few minutes before putting in the fruit.—Miss E. Tudor Palman, 2 Rollston Drive, Lower Bebington, Cheshire.

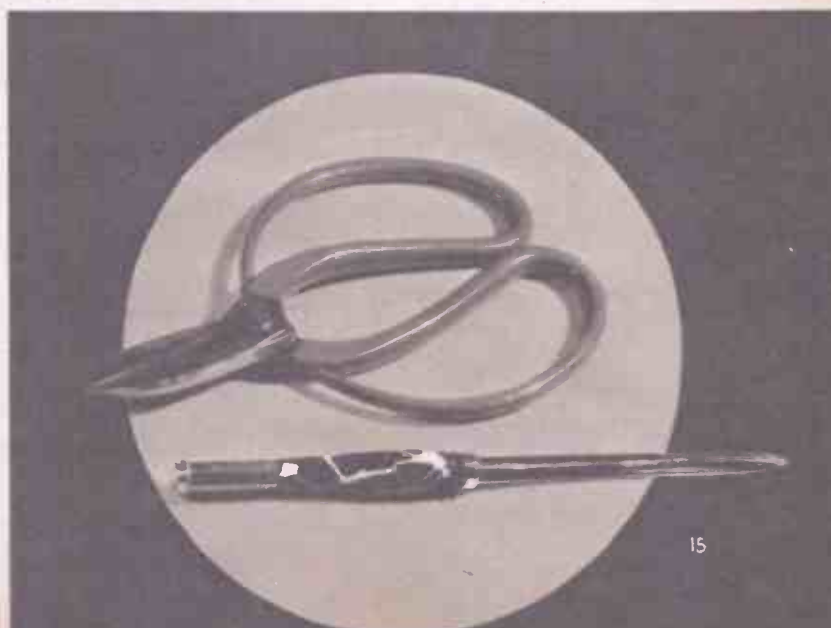
**IRONING COLLARS**

**S**TARCHED collars often get too dry to iron. If so, hold them in front of a boiling kettle. The steam from the spout will spread all over the collar and so enable the correct condition for ironing.—Mrs. M. G. Gardner, 10 William Street, Totterdown, Bristol 3.

**SHARP KNIVES**

**W**HEN knives lose their sharpness (especially the saw-edged type), try cutting up a block of salt. You will find the edges sharpen beautifully.—Mrs. C. Heals, 117 Knightsdale Road, Westham, Weymouth.

Small but useful : a perpetual calendar is on the end of this paper knife. The scissors are for flower-picking enthusiasts. The paper knife costs 2s. 6d. and the scissors 2s. 3d. from Selfridges







**A Sparkling Article by B. A. YOUNG**

"What wouldst thou have?" the genie inquired genially.



Our Tame Humorist makes an impassioned plea for . . .

# BRIGHTER WIRELESS LICENCES

**E**VERY now and then—or perhaps I ought to say every now or then, since you can't do anything now and then at the same time—the B.B.C. gets hold of the idea that there are too many people about who haven't paid for their wireless licences. In fact, I will go further. They haven't even got any wireless licences.

This may well come as a shock to us righteous people, who have always thought that a radio set wouldn't work without a licence in the top left-hand drawer of father's desk; but believe it or not, it is actually true.

The B.B.C. invented a very marvellous thing to detect these unscrupulous pirates. It was no less than a detector van, which would (a) detect whether there was a wireless set in your house, even when it wasn't working, (b) detect whether or not you had a licence for it, and (c) detect whether the licence was due to be renewed.

Not unnaturally, they refused to tell the public how such a marvellous piece of machinery worked. My own idea is that the principal piece of apparatus consisted of a magic ring, or perhaps a lamp, which summoned a genie when rubbed.

"What wouldst thou have?" the genie inquired genially as soon as the detector van had been run into Blankley Avenue, No. 10, and the rotating aerial on top twiddled round three times for luck. "I am Mustapha Nutha, the Slave of the Ring, and am willing to do for my lord whatsoever he would unto the end of recorded time."

"Okay, Mustapha," said the operator. "Just take a quick look round these houses and see if there are any cads using a radio set without a licence."

"Lord," said Mustapha Nutha, bowing profoundly and glittering with green fire all over his beard, "I hear and obey."

Five seconds later (these genies are pretty fast workers) he comes back and reports that the people at No. 15—the Robinsons, my dear, and I always thought they were such nice people—have a licence that is dated January, 1923.

And that is that. B.B.C. plain-clothes man makes a lightning raid on the den of vice, the offending Mr. Robinson is haled before a magistrate, and before you know where you are he is fined seven-and-six and has the mark of the jail-bird on him for life.

Well, this seems to me the wrong idea altogether. You can't make a silken purse out of a sow's ear—I hope that means more to you than it does to me—and you won't get people to buy dull and stuffy things like wireless licences simply because you tell them they ought to.

**You know the feeling when you pay your ten bob and get, in exchange, a drab slip of paper! Why not cheer it up? thinks our contributor, and characteristically explains how**

After all, what is a wireless licence? Just a piece of green paper with writing all over it. It hasn't even got any pictures on it or a joke column at the back. In fact, as value for money at ten bob, it is definitely in a pretty low grade. You don't see Woolworth's selling wireless licences, do you? No, and why not? Because there's no popular demand for them.

The thing to do is to make a popular demand for them. When the Post Office discovered that there weren't enough people sending telegrams, they didn't dash round in magic vans prosecuting people who didn't send them. Instead, they decided to make telegrams nicer things to send.

For instance, you can send a telegram now with holly and ivy and bells and things on it, all wrapped up in a golden envelope. Isn't that worth a few pence?

**That's the way the B.B.C. ought to work. If they only advertised their licences as if they were attractive, instead of forcing them on you like doses of castor oil, the public would fairly leap to buy them.**

Can't you see the harassed wife wondering what to give hubby for Christmas? (I'm sorry, but she's just the kind of woman who would call him hubby. Probably he calls her "the wife," as if she were an article of furniture, and they spend all their spare time dodging things like alkalistarvation and that thing that even friends won't discuss).

"I really don't know what to give hubby this year," she sighs. "He's got a motor-car and a razor and a set of the 'Children's Encyclopædia,' and a packet of toothpicks, and a moustache-cup, and everything a man can want."

**"STARLETS"**

*The competition that's all the rage!*

*Turn to page 18 for full details £50 for TWO WORDS*

"My dear," says her mother consolingly, "why not give him a real treat this Christmas? Why not Give your husband

a  
**WIRELESS LICENCE**  
this year?"

Put that way, it sounds a very different proposition from the more usual, "Curse it, the wireless licence expires on Tuesday. You might run down to the Post Office and renew it, dear, will you? What—not got ten bob? Really, I don't know what you do with your housekeeping money," etc., etc.

Or they could run the thing as a gigantic raffle. You've only got to make people think they're going to get something for nothing and they'll eat out of your hand. To look at, there's nothing to choose between a Post Office wireless licence and a ticket in the Irish Sweep; but we know which is the easier to sell.

**Suppose you were approached this way: "Good morning, madam. Will you buy a licence in our Great Wireless Sweep? Thousands of valuable prizes will be awarded. Only ten shillings a licence, madam—the chance of a lifetime. You'll take three? Certainly, madam." Wouldn't you do the same?**

You will object that the snag is that if you do that you've got to give away the prizes afterwards, unless you want to be exposed by "John Bull." Well, aren't there enough prizes going around to the owners of wireless licences?

The first prize, for example—and let's give away a million of them, while we're about it—could be free listening to a symphony concert consisting of Pumpernickel's "Variations on 'I Wish I Was an Angel'" and Bumpemoff playing his own "Double Concerto for Archlute and Bass Ophicleide." The second prize—and we'll have two million of those, just to show there's no ill-feeling—might be a couple of hours of Henry Hall. The third prize—one each to all the rest—a short talk on "Early Chaldean Poetry."

As for the licence itself, it is pretty drab, but there's no reason why it shouldn't be cheered up a bit. Let's have some of those bells and holly off the telegrams and write the thing in poetry:

*This paper is issued to you by John Reith  
—As long as you hold to the rules underneath—  
To grant you his personal authorisation  
To keep and establish a wireless station,  
To listen to music and all kinds of din,  
For the whole of the period stated herein.  
Wouldn't that be lovely?*

NEW! FASCINATING! AMUSING!

RADIO PICTORIAL'S GREAT CHRISTMAS COMPETITION

# STARLETS

<b>FIRST PRIZE</b>	<b>£20</b>	<b>THIRD PRIZE</b>	<b>20 PRIZES</b>
<b>£50</b>	<b>SECOND PRIZE</b>	<b>£10</b>	<b>OF £1</b>

EVERYBODY'S doing it! Doing what? Why, "STARLETS," the most fascinating and amusing competition ever devised to pass away your odd minutes at the Christmas dinner table.

The entire staff of RADIO PICTORIAL is doing them, which proves they're fascinating, because, after all, the staff can't win any of the prizes! Buddy Bramwell's just rushed in and shouted: "Here's one—Ronald Frankau—Refained Face-tiousness".

Well, we don't like encouraging Buddy, but we've printed this because it *does* give you the idea. You see, a "STARLET" consists of two words which aptly sum up the characteristics, activities or personality of any well-known radio star. The only essential is that the two words of the STARLET should begin with the initials of the radio star's Christian and surname.

Getting the idea?

Here are some more examples contributed by Susan Collyer, Barry Wells, Wandering Mike and the rest of the staff (who, between ourselves, have spent more time playing around with "STARLETS" than on their work during the past week!).

- Star's Name: Claude Hulbert  
"STARLET": Creates Hilarity
- Star's Name: Teddy Brown  
"STARLET": Ton Baby!

**USE THIS ENTRY FORM**

RADIO STAR'S NAME

---

"STARLET"

---

RADIO STAR'S NAME

---

"STARLET"

---

I agree to the Rules and Conditions and accept the Editor's decision. I enclose P.O. No. ....

Name .....

Address .....

23.12.36. (Please write in ink and BLOCK LETTERS)

- Star's Name: Peggy Desmond  
"STARLET": Pianoforte Delftness
- Star's Name: Western Brothers  
"STARLET": We're Blasé!
- Star's Name: Esther Coleman  
"STARLET": Elegance Crystallised.

It's easy, isn't it? And you can do far, far better than that with a little concentration. All you have to do is to think of your favourite star, providing he or she has got two names (sorry, you Geraldo fans!) and think out your "STARLET". You may then win one of the cash prizes—and you'll have a lot of fun doing it. Wit, originality and aptness will count heavily with the adjudicators, so don't necessarily fall for the first "STARLET" that comes to your mind.

Go ahead, now! It's the ideal fun for Christmas.

**CONDITIONS**

The "STARLET" which in the Editor's opinion is the best effort will be awarded first prize and the other twenty-two prizes will be awarded in order of merit.

Entries must be submitted on the Entry Forms printed in "Radio Pictorial" and must be written in ink in block letters, or typed.

Competitors may submit two "STARLETS" on each Entry Form. Additional efforts may be submitted by any competitor, but in all cases the proper Entry Form must be used.

Competitors must send with each Entry Form a Postal Order value 6d. made payable to "Radio Pictorial."

Cross all Postal Orders / & Co. / . The date of sending the Order, also name and address of competitor, must be written on back of the Postal Order. Write the number of the Postal Order in the space shown on the Entry Form.

When more than one Entry Form is sent, one Postal Order can be used for the total amount of entry fees due at the rate of 6d. for every two "STARLETS" submitted.

The Editor does not hold himself responsible for any Entry Form lost, mislaid or delayed.

No correspondence can be entered into regarding "STARLETS" 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.

Entries for RADIO PICTORIAL'S "STARLETS" competition must be posted so as to arrive not later than first post Monday, January 4, 1937, and addressed to:—

"STARLETS,"  
"Radio Pictorial,"  
37/38 Chancery Lane,  
London, W.C.2.

The result of RADIO PICTORIAL'S "STARLET" competition will appear in the issue of RADIO PICTORIAL, dated January 15, 1937.

**THE WEEK'S B.B.C. PROGRAMMES** Continued from page 9

been dealt with, and clubs in the first two divisions will be covered from now on. E. A. Eden will to-night give the history of Coventry City, promoted to Division II after last season.

**THURSDAY, DECEMBER 31**

IT'S good news that the B.B.C. has given Van Phillips a contract for thirteen more programmes, starting next week. Quiet, shy and unassuming, this young conductor is now at the top of his tree, and has also signed a contract with C. B. Cochran to look after music for his next spectacular revue. Another Phillips two-orchestra show to-day.

John Watt is a busy man to-night. First, he presents a lavishly produced feature based on "Cinderella" at the Coliseum. Among the stars in this we shall hear Edna Best and Anona Winn, as well as recordings which John has been making behind the scenes during rehearsals. Then, later, John dashes to the Albert Hall to look after a relay of music from the Chelsea Arts Ball which is to see our New Year in. In this yearly collection of glamour and luxury, John will wander about and try to get some of the celebrities to talk.

Felix Felton is presenting the New Year's Eve feature, the details of which are a secret. Canon W. H. Elliott conducts a Watch Night Service from St. Michael's, Chester Square, home of the Mid-Week Service.

**FRIDAY, JANUARY 1, 1937**

THE year starts off early enough, at breakfast-time, with Alan Kippax describing the start of the third Test from Australia.

A New Year's Day programme, "The Four Winds," will portray the first day of the year as it is spent in four corners of the country. By contrast M. H. Allen ticks back the years for a feature programme about "The 1890's."

Laurie Wyll's "Wireless Puppets" raid the studio again with Alma Vane, Marie Dayne, Phyllis Harding, Fred Yule, Dick Francis, Clarence Wright, and our old friend Billy Merson. And then there's "Gipsy Love," with singer Maria Elsner as star and Heddie Nash playing opposite her.

**TUNIC JUMPERS ARE NEWS** Continued from page 16

22nd row—K. 2, P. 1, K. 3, P. 1, K. 15, P. 1, K. 3, P. 1, K. 2. 23rd row—As 19th row.

24th row—K. 1, inc. in next stitch, K. 2, (P. 1, K. 1, P. 1, K. 1, P. 1, K. 3) twice, P. 1, K. 1, P. 1, K. 1, P. 1, K. 2, inc. in next stitch, K. 1.

25th row—K. 1, (P. 5, K. 1; P. 1, K. 1) 3 times, P. 5, K. 1. 26th row—(K. 3, P. 1) 7 times, K. 3. 27th row—K. 1, P. 1, (K. 1, P. 1, K. 1, P. 5) 3 times, K. 1, P. 1, K. 1, P. 1, K. 1.

28th row—K. 1, P. 1, (K. 3, P. 1, K. 1, P. 1, K. 1, P. 1) 3 times, K. 3, P. 1, K. 1.

29th row—K. 1, (P. 5, K. 1, P. 1, K. 1) 3 times, P. 5, K. 1. 30th row—K. 1, inc. in next stitch, K. 1, (P. 1, K. 3) 6 times, P. 1, K. 1, inc. in next stitch, K. 1. 31st row—As 2nd pattern row.

32nd row—As 3rd pattern row. 33rd row—As 4th pattern row, and so on.

Continue, keeping pattern in the centre and increasing 1 stitch at beginning and end of every 6th row until 22 patterns have been worked. (53 sts.) Continue without changing till 25 patterns from commencement. Now shape for top of sleeve by casting off 2 sts. at the beginning of every row till 19 sts. are left. Cast off.

Sew up shoulder seams.

**COLLAR**

With wrong side of work towards you, at left side of back vent, knit the 8 sts. left on stitch-holder, then pick up 24 sts. along edge, then knit 7 sts. left at centre front, then pick up another 24 sts. along edge, then the last 8 sts. on the stitch-holder (71 sts. altogether).

1st row—K. 5 sts., puri to last 5 sts., K. 5. 2nd row—K. 5, inc. in next stitch, K. 1, \* P. 1, K. 3. Repeat from \* to last 8 sts., P. 1, K. 1, inc. in next stitch, K. 5. 3rd row—K. 5, \* P. 2, K. 1, P. 1, K. 1, P. 3. Repeat from \* to last 12 sts., P. 2, K. 1, P. 1, K. 1, P. 2, K. 5. 4th row—K. 5, inc. in next stitch, P. 1, \* K. 3, P. 1, K. 1, P. 1, K. 1, P. 1. Repeat from \* to last 10 sts., K. 3, P. 1, inc. in next stitch, K. 5.

Do another pattern increasing every alternate row. Knit 5 rows garter stitch still increasing in the 6th loop at each end of needle every alternate row. You should have 85 sts., cast off fairly loosely.

With damp cloth, press all parts of garment, sew pockets in position and sew up all seams.

BETWEEN YOU, ME AND THE MIKE

# WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH DADDY CHRISTMAS?

A NEW WEEKLY FEATURE

Intimate and Entertaining Gossip about the Stars.

by MARGOT JONES

**H**ARRY HEMSLEY is sorry for Father Christmas. Thinks his whiskers must be a trial. Harry ought to know.

Once, impersonating the old gentleman in a Christmas television programme, Harry produced from his bag a clockwork engine. He wound it up to show Johnnie how it worked. Awful result: the wheels got caught in his long whiskers.

The engine raced. Father Christmas's beard began to wind up into the machinery.

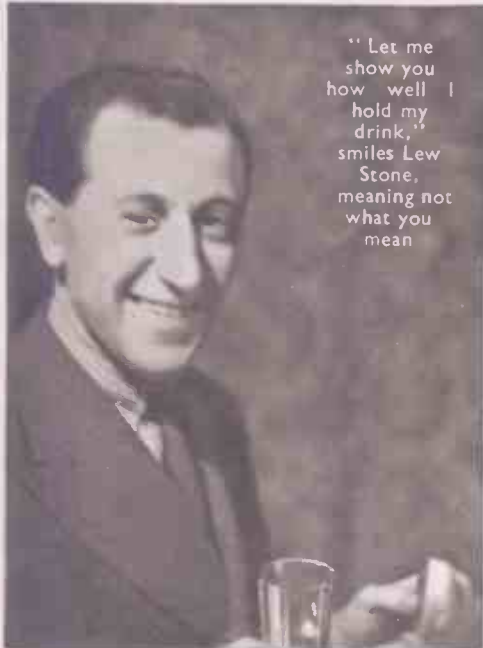
Fortunately, he just had enough presence of mind to let Winnie come to the rescue.

"Look at Daddy Christmas," said Winnie's voice. "What is the matter with him?"

"I'll tell you what's the matter with him," whispered Johnnie. "I believe he's getting too old for his job."

This Christmas once again Harry is to be Father Christmas in the Television panto.

Can he control those whiskers yet, I wonder?



"Let me show you how well I hold my drink," smiles Lew Stone, meaning not what you mean

Jack Payne's oldest fan is going to broadcast with Jack himself from Luxembourg on the 27th.

Jack's oldest fan is, so Christopher Stone says—impeccable authority—Gran'ma Buggins!

Christopher, partially obscured behind a screen of tobacco smoke, sat in his office and chuckled over the latest story of "A Broadcaster's Dilemma."

Seems a certain posh quartet recently arrived at Bristol for a concert, having lost their dress clothes en route. They had to play the first part of their programme in flannel bags. In the interval the clothes turned up. So they put 'em on and when they next appeared got such a thunderclap of applause from a delighted audience that the rest of the programme went for nothing. Press reports next day wallowed in accounts of what they wore, to the exclusion of what they played.

Name of quartet: the André Mangeot International String Quartet. The following week they were broadcasting from the B.B.C.

Christopher liked that story. He'd just come back from a trip to Radio Lyons. Thought of going again the next Sunday. "It is impossible to say too much about the friendliness of the place," he said.

"The studios are more or less unfinished still. You have to clamber over piles of builders' debris

to get to the gramophone desk. Like the early days of the B.B.C. at Savoy Hill.

"It's a wonderful gramophone unit, though," said Christopher.

Christopher Stone has become an almost professional beggar.

According to his secretary, more than half his time is spent on charity.

"On Christmas Day," he told me, "I am to make the Appeal for the Blind. It's a great honour."

Usually, people like Prime Ministers and Archbishops are asked to make this particular appeal. It's a great tribute to Christopher's begging powers.

My Christmas present from him is a diary. The Animal Lover's Diary, it is called. The nicest little blue drawings of dogs decorate every page and the introduction is written by—who else?—Christopher Stone himself.

Every sort of animal lover will want it. Particularly because the sale is on behalf of the P.D.S.A. You've heard of it? The People's Dispensary for Sick Animals.

Elizabeth Scott invited me to dinner at *Four Trees*. It was a very good one. My hostess wore navy blue slacks and cardigan; my co-hostess, Dorothy "Budge" Burroughs, also wore trousers and loose jacket, with the addition of a long flame-coloured chiffon scarf, loosely knotted round her neck. That is because she is an artist.

Trousers are the only wear at *Four Trees*.

The Elizabeth-Budge household is subject to Crazes.

The present craze is Solitaire. We took it in turns to have the board on our knees and play with the coloured glass marbles.

"Do you know," said Budge, suddenly. "I think the next craze will be colour photography?"

They already possess an album full of photographs. Mostly of one another.



Prince Charming's name is Pat Waddington, caught by the camera in Peggy Cochrane's exhilarating company.

Take Radiant Two from Radio Three — that gives you Joy Worth and Ann Canning. Peggy Cochrane makes a smiling third

Elizabeth told me this story.

Her niece, aged nine, said to her with great concern: "Do you know that Joseph and Mary had to go five miles on a donkey in order to pay their taxi?"

The Truth at Last! "Reminiscences of the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra" is now finished. By Elizabeth Scott. The inside, individual and indiscreet story of what the band is really like. "And who knows better than I do?" says Elizabeth.

Met at Ann Canning's cocktail party last Sunday: Patrick Waddington, fresh—yes, definitely fresh—despite an all-day pantomime rehearsal.

Charm radiates from Patrick's slow, casual voice and crinkly smile. Prince Charming he is in the Charlot panto, teamed up with Nellie Wallace—what a Witch!—and Harry Tate.

Two shows a day and three on Boxing Day make the life of a Prince Charming exhausting. Fortunately, a break on Christmas Day enables him to get away to Kent—"if conscious," he adds—to visit his sister.

Also present at Ann's party—Peggy Cochrane, the bright-eyed, bright-smiled, bright-voiced angel with auburn curls.

Alas! Peggy, in common with her hostess and the rest of the Radio Three, has just been brought up short by the untimely death of *All-Wave*, the radio revue at the Duke of York's.

"Never mind, it deserved to die," said Peggy. "It wasn't good enough."

"I can hold my drink well," grinned Lew Stone—producing his nearly full glass to show me. It was his one, identical drink, I discovered, the one he started with, and the level didn't go down appreciably all the evening.

Surprising to find that some band leaders are comparative abstainers, isn't it?

Lew has a straightforward, direct way of speaking—expect no flattery from Lew—and a twinkle in his eye.

Everybody will agree that Christopher Stone is the right person to have at a party. On the right, another popular broadcaster, Harry Welchman

Luxembourg invites you to a Christmas party—and many of its most famous broadcasters have promised to be there to help make whoopee. 3 p.m. on Christmas Day. Please come!

# CHRISTMAS PARTIES ON THE AIR

Debroy Somers—and his Band—will play for the party

Billy Reid displays his melodious accordion on the left, and, on the right, Norman Long smiles his cheerful smile

Friend Stanelli will be there

The dawn of an idea—Eric Maschwitz is struck by a happy thought for his Christmas party

Fair, fragile, fetching: Anne Zeigler

Quiet contentment in the person of Tommy Handley. But he'll be all live-o at the party

(Above) Bertha ("Principal Boy") Willmott always brings high spirits and jollity with her

Leslies both — Holmes and Sarony — look forward to meeting you at the party



Cyril Fletcher, you know him as the entertainer and brilliant còmpère with the Foi-de-Rols.

Stephen the Stainless, especially as regards hat-band, takes his parties sadly

**CONTROLLER'S  
OFFICE  
STRICTLY  
PRIVATE**

Another party, also on Christmas Day, has been arranged for 7 p.m. (National). Eric Maschwitz and most of the variety department will be there, together with the distinguished guests whom you see on this page. The most informal programme—and the cheeriest—of the year.

Full of cheek as usual! Clapham and Dwyer in a typical gagging scene, from the film "Calling All Stars"



An old favourite—Alma Vane

Organist, pianist, character actor for radio and films—this is Foster Carlin, a man of many parts

Raymond Newell, another guest on Christmas Day

# SURPRISE ITEM

A piece of music cursed with ill-luck, bringing with it nothing but disaster to all who played it. That is the unusual theme of this dramatic short story

"HELLO! Ivon, sorry to interrupt." Ivon Hawtby looked up from his writing desk in startled amazement to meet the sparkling topaz-coloured eyes of Lao Elvin. His expression of absorbed meditation fled as he welcomed her with a beaming smile. His glance took in her piquant personality; she was as dainty and fragrant as a morning in spring.

Her pretty brown hair, two shades darker than her wide-set eyes, framed her oval features; her gently pointed chin suggested a courageous spirit, and her nose and shapely mouth agreed with that chin.

"I've a lovely piece of news which I feel will help both of us. What do you think? Guess?" she exclaimed excitedly.

"Is it something really thrilling?"

She chuckled gleefully. "Yes, I'm a surprise item."

"I quite agree."

"Oh I don't be silly. Listen! I will tell you all." She struck a mock tragic attitude and intoned: "To-night I am on the air. In the radio programme there is a surprise item to be broadcast—"

"Well, go on," he commanded.

Dropping her pose, she placed both hands on the edge of his desk, leaned over towards him, and in a deep whisper continued: "I'm booked for a piano solo with the Euterpe Musicians at the Orphean Hall. The surprise item is to be a broadcast of our performance, and will be radiated from ten to ten-thirty. At that time I am the star performer. Isn't it a wonderful chance?"

"Great!" he enthused. "You will be on the air at last."

"It means a wider audience. My renditions will be heard by thousands of people, and I am hoping that I can help you to make your compositions famous. I want you to let me have that fascinating concerto of yours. Has it returned from the publishers yet?"

"Which one?"

"La-la-la-la—" she trilled a few bars.

His dark eyes clouded as his lips drew straight in a tight line. "The Malignant," he muttered. "I've never sent it. The piece is unlucky."

"Rubbish!" she sniffed in disdain.

"No! you can't have that. Ill-luck has dogged me ever since I heard it."

"What do you mean by saying, you heard it?" she demanded.

He stared up at her as she leaned on the desk. "Listen, Lao, and I will tell you."

"I was taking my usual daily walk and had been out for some time and was feeling tired. When I started out the early evening had been peaceful, but later the sky became overcast with coppery-looking clouds, and every now and then there was a distant mutter of thunder. I felt a heavy splash of rain and looked about for shelter. I was in a working-class suburb and the streets were all in uniform terraces of dingy red brick. There seemed no hope of protection from the storm, but I went steadily on until I saw a barn-like place beside a small shop. One of the double doors of this place stood open, so I stepped inside. The interior was in gloomy twilight; I could just make out the outline of a car. Close beside me was a wooden case, and I sat down carefully.

By  
CAROLINE  
TRAVERS

Finding it would bear my weight, I relaxed and closed my eyes.

"I don't know if I slept, but I became aware of a most enchanting melody. It seemed to steal in on my outward sense of hearing and not, as is usual with my compositions, to sound within my own head. The notes rose and fell, then mounted again in exquisite harmony. Suddenly a heavy crash of thunder deafened me and I became confused. Then, out of the chaos and through the flurry of the tempest one theme beat into my brain, a golden melody that threaded its way through the storm into a soothing calm and finished gloriously in a wonderful finale.

"I awoke and looked about. There was a feeling of stifling intensity in the air, a yellow gleam of lightning cut the gloom. It was caught and reflected in the rear lamp of the car, which shot out such a beam of red intensity, that it suggested the evil eye of some horrid prehistoric monster leering at me, and I rose in a panic and tore out into the rain." He hesitated and was silent.

"Do go on," she pleaded.

He took up the story.

"The cool clean drops pattering down in rhythmic tattoo helped me to regain my composure, and I began to muse on the symphony which I had heard. I hurried home and, going straight to my study, wrote down the music. I played it over and found that I had recalled it perfectly. I took it to Mario Koto, who was the most brilliant conductor that I knew. He went wild over it and declared it was a masterpiece. He had it orchestrated and his musicians tried to rehearse it, but—it holds a curse."

"It does not sound very dreadful up to now," Lao commented.

## STARLETS

Do you want £50? Your chance is on Page 18. The simplest and most fascinating competition ever devised.

He took no notice of her remark.

"At the first rehearsal the leading violinist had an accident. He was deputising for Mario and became so absorbed in the conducting that somehow in directing the orchestra he slipped and fell. A leg was badly fractured. At the second rehearsal the cello player lost his sight. One of his strings snapped and lashed whip-like across his eyes. He is now blind."

Lao made a little sympathetic noise.

"At the next rehearsal there was a storm, a frightful blue flash of lightning—a sickening roar



His dark eyes clouded as his lips drew straight in a tight line. "The Malignant," he muttered "the piece is unlucky."

of thunder—fire! The musicians barely escaped with their lives. All their instruments were ruined."

He stared up at her in apprehension. "I tell you, Lao, that you must not play this concerto, or you will be doomed," he insisted.

Lao shrugged her shoulders. "I think you are making a mountain out of a molehill. It was just a coincidence that all these accidents happened while your piece was being played."

Ivon leaned across the desk, his dark eyes intent on her face. "Mario died—this music is evil—it means tragedy—suffering."

"Ivon, don't be silly," she exclaimed impatiently. "The concerto is lovely music, and nothing that is so beautiful can be evil."

"Mario laughed at my warnings," he replied solemnly. "He refused to listen, but—" Ivon made a despondent motion with his hands.

"How?" she demanded.

"Poor Mario, he was so gay and debonair, guiding his orchestra with such quaint postures. His head, hands, and body all united in his efforts to obtain the utmost expression from his men. It was almost the last bar of the finale that it happened. A surprised look slid like a shadow over his face, his baton slipped from his hand, his eyelids flickered, he gently crumpled up, and was gone like the harmonies he evoked."

Ting-ling-ling shrilled a telephone bell.

"Please excuse me. I am expecting a call," he explained, as he rose from his desk and went quickly from the room.

Lao watched him go, then turning, she took in the details of the room.

Ivon had the minimum of furniture necessary to his study. His writing desk, a chair, and an open piano, also a few books in a case, that was all. There on top of the desk, not far from her hands was his portfolio of manuscripts. She turned them over.

"Ah! here it is." She smiled and nodded her head as if she were pleased. "Unlucky, is it? Well, we'll see."

With nimble movements of her supple fingers, she extracted several sheets and placed them carefully within her own music satchel. Then, closing

the portfolio, she replaced it exactly as she had found it. Hearing Ivon returning, she walked to the door and met him as he opened it.

"Sorry, Ivon, but I must be off. I have just two minutes in which to reach my hairdresser. Don't forget to listen in at ten to-night. If I get an encore, I shall play something of yours."

With a twinkling smile and a quick gesture of her hand, she was gone.

It wanted but a few minutes to ten o'clock. In his quiet sitting-room Ivon was waiting for the announcement of the "Surprise Item." He rose from the deep, comfortable chair, picked up the poker, and stirred the glowing coals into an agitated blaze. Satisfied with the fire, he replaced the poker and, crossing the room to the radio receiver, adjusted it to the required wavelength. Then, switching off the light, he returned to his inviting chair.

Through the loud-speaker a bland voice announced: "To-night our surprise item is relayed from the Orphean Hall. You will hear excerpts from the repertoire of the Euterpe Musicians. Miss Lao Elvin is solo pianoforte."

The light from the lively flame flitted over Ivon's face, reflecting the fitful flicker in his dark eyes. His lips were curved in an appreciative smile as he listened to the sweet harmonies that issued from the radio cabinet.

Every now and then deep chords from the piano could be heard and here and there little single notes were distinguishable through the musical maze of the orchestra. Quicker and quicker the little notes came, until a rippling melody, a delicious, exquisite tune, tripped forth

from the piano, accompanied by an incoherent murmur from the orchestra.

Lao was a wonderful pianist and also a very desirable woman, but he was unwilling to ask her to share his name until he had made a name that was worth while to share. She was rapidly becoming famous, while he was scarcely known. The fight for fame was fierce, and success was hard to win.

Violently his thoughts were shattered by the turbulent applause that stormed through the receiver. Ivon smiled, and his heart beat quicker as he realised that the ardent acclamation was a tribute to the girl he loved.

Slowly the clapping died down to a brief silence, to be renewed again as Lao's genial tones declared that she would play "Invocation," by Ivon Hawtby.

Lao must have made a mistake. Ivon's dark arched brows drew straight in a perplexed frown as he stared at the fire in a conscious effort to remember that title, but he was unable to recall any composition of his by that name.

Then the quiet of the room was disturbed by soft opening chords, to be swiftly followed by a series of delicate arpeggios lispng forth their message on the crest of the sound waves.

Ivon sat up in shocked attention. Lao must have made a mistake. She dared not play that concerto. He rose from his chair and stood upright, calling loudly:

"Lao, Lao, you must stop! You are playing 'The Malignant Concerto.' It holds a curse. Lao, do you hear? Stop! Stop! It will ruin you."

Hurriedly he crossed the room to the wireless cabinet. A wondrous melody was pouring forth

from that box of magic. Drowsy bass chords and soft treble trills answered his cries.

"Lao, do stop—it is an evil piece! I implore you to stop," he called desperately.

Swelling cadenzas of sound replied mockingly, rising in resonance as it hastened towards the grand finale.

Ivon stood close to the radio receiver in an attitude of dejection. His hands clasped.

The eloquent notes of the piano vibrated around him. Wildly he stared at the gathering darkness. It had swallowed up the furniture and was creeping and crawling and closing in on him. He felt stifled, yet he shivered.

The fire was leering at him with the wicked eye of a prehistoric monster. He shrieked out in terror. "Lao, something frightful will happen to you. All who play it are doomed. That concerto is cursed by an evil murder. A poor street musician had been horribly strangled. His body was in that gloomy garage the night I found shelter."

A sudden animated flame burst from the dying fire, sizzled, flared, and was gone. The rapacious darkness engulfed the room as the melody snapped off abruptly. Blackness and silence engulfed him. For one terrifying moment his heart suspended action. He slumped heavily to the floor.

A cheerful voice emanating from the loud-speaker penetrated the dark confusion of Ivon's brain:

"We must apologise to listeners for the four minutes' breakdown, from ten twenty-six to ten-thirty, which occurred during the broadcast of the surprise item."

(All characters in this story are fictitious)

# CHRISTMAS IN "SWING-TIME"

We all go gay at this time of the year. "Let it go with a swing" is a well-known expression for a party. "Let it go with Swing" is our contributor's advice

THE brand of swing music which has taken America by storm and which is even now only at the beginning of a tremendous wave of popularity over here, can best be described as happy music.

Goodness only knows why I haven't had the sense to think of that before.

I suppose it was because I was too close to the subject. For years I have been quite content to accept swing music as something that is. I have spent many pleasant hours just listening and maybe arguing—albeit very lazily—as to the degree of its presence in this record or that.

Suddenly, the whole entertainment world seemed to become aware, overnight, of the existence of "this swing music."

As the editor of a paper of the same name, I was expected to give a definition of the term. I went into all sorts of longwinded and highbrow reasons. I said that swing was a sensation—a natural sense akin to—and as indescribable as—any of their other natural senses such as seeing, feeling, smelling, and so on, but they were not satisfied.

They still asked for some rule of thumb guidance.

And on my head, the bald patches increased with startling rapidity.

And all the time, the solution (or, at least, a solution) was standing out a mile from the loudspeaker fret.

To the vast army of listeners in search of entertainment at Christmas, or any other time, I say with all my heart—Forget about the swing part of the music. Just enjoy yourselves; and, paradoxically enough, you'll come to like swing music so much that you won't want any other kind.

Because swing music is the happiest music that has ever been offered to the masses.

It has personality and atmosphere and a sense of humour. It laughs the weak-kneed saccharinities of Tin Pan Alley to scorn; sweeps across the dopy atmosphere of the post-war dance floor like a breath of fresh air.

If you've heard Wingy Mannone "do for" the "Isle of Capri," or the Riley-Farley boys' debunking of "I wish I were Aladdin," you'll have heard what I mean.

It is the best music for dancing because it has gaiety and guts. In this respect it has much in common with the Polka. American bandleader Al Payne says "that you can't get out of step to swing music without tripping."

People to-day want to be happy. They don't want to take their pleasures sadly any more.

## Music that is Genuine

Swing music is their safety valve; it has the pent-up excitement of the heroine in the novel, who was "so happy that she could cry."

Above everything else it is genuine. The boys and girls who make it put their whole heart and soul into a job that is not a job but pure enjoyment.

At this time of the year, I am sure the editor will forgive me if I tell you about some of the people whose records will put life into any party.

I read in the correspondence column of a daily paper recently, the plaintive letter of a reader who wanted ideas for his Christmas party this year. Every year, it seems, his friends came to his house, and just sat around in circles with nothing to do.

Now we may not all know one of those entertaining people who can be relied upon to be the life and soul of the party, but we all have, or should have, in these days, a good radiogram. And to all those people in the same position as the man mentioned above, I recommend the right kind of records.

The ordinary dance record is all wrong for warming up. You want something that is intimate and snappy. Something that is not quite so sober as it should be.

By  
**LEONARD HIBBS**  
(Editor of  
"Swing Music")



What is "Swing"? It's an evergreen question which people never tire of asking. In this article the most simple—and probably the final—definition is given.

Nearly a year ago, we were all whistling "The Music goes round." The boys who composed the number were Eddie Farley and Mike Riley. They were the joint leaders of a crazy band at a New York night club. Their performance included the nightly pouring of water over each other and down the instruments. Not a very staid method of music making. But who wants to be staid at a party? So for a start, I suggest that you look through the Brunswick record lists and take home a few of their records.

Stuff Smith is the oddly named negro violinist who composed the musical numbers game "I see a Muggin'." They tell me he plays "Organ Grinder's Swing" with a monkey draped around his neck, and copies of the words are handed out to the customers so that they can all join in. Silly—but good fun, and good music.

## Comedian Pianist

Do you remember that pretty tune "When I grow too old to dream"? Yes! Well take my tip and buy a Vocalion record of it by Putney Dandridge and his Orchestra. You may already have one, but get this one as well. It'll start people dancing and talking.

Then there is Fats Waller. His records are selling in enormous quantities every month. Not because he is one of the greatest swing pianists of them all, but because he is a natural comedian. He records for "His Master's Voice." You'll play his version of "It's a Sin to tell a Lie" long after you are tired of the tune.

Well, I'm afraid that I've filled all the space allotted to me, but if I have persuaded you that swing music makes for happy hearts and happy feet, then I'll be happy, and you'll all have the sort of holiday I wish you—a Happy Christmas in Swing Time.



Right is "Fats" Waller, brilliant comedian-pianist

THE MAN BEHIND THE . . .

GOLDEN VOICE OF

By **N. TENNANT** RADIO LYONS

Meet **TONY MELROSE**, popular announcer at **RADIO LYONS**, in this article. It solves the problem that has puzzled every listener—"Whose is this delightful voice?"



Tony Melrose

**D**ISTINGUISHED, intelligent, charming—with a life of remarkable adventures behind him—such is Tony Melrose, director of the new Radio Lyons, and the man whose golden voice has captured the imagination of every listener-in to this new French station.

In that clear voice you like so much, he has just told me his story. Told me simply and quietly, with an occasional twinkle in his eyes.

"Schooldays? Oh, they were grand fun! I went to the Royal Navy School and Dulwich College—just an ordinary schoolboy doing the ordinary things. And in the holidays I used to help in the Aviation experiments carried out by Colonel Cody at the Alexandra Palace. . . . I was terrifically proud of myself. . . . I even flew in the original, man-lifting kites. (Smug little prig I must have been!)

"Then, when school days were over, everything ordinary and everyday in my life was suddenly left behind; and adventures came thick and fast. And I wouldn't have missed one of them!

"I was lucky enough to travel enormously. Years of big game hunting in the East and in Africa were splendid sport—what tales I could tell you! But it would mean talking all night—and probably to-morrow, too.

"This is quite interesting, though. I was able to bring home one of the rarest animals in captivity. . . . "Blanco," the Albino monkey who is now living happily at the London Zoo.

"Other excitements? Well, one of my most dramatic adventures—and one of my most unpleasant ones, at that—occurred when I was out in Central West Africa. My nearest neighbour, a Frenchman, suddenly vanished. After a long and difficult search, we found that he had been captured by cannibals. And the worst had

happened. They had followed out their inhuman and revolting customs—and eaten him! And it was I who identified him! How? By the scalp of his red hair, which was buried inside the witch-doctor's hut!

"I never want to have any experience as dreadful as that again."

Here Tony Melrose paused, and puffed at his pipe, living all over again that remarkable adventure in Central West Africa.

Then he shrugged his shoulders, throwing off these unpleasant memories, and turned to me again with his charming smile.

"Well, let's go back to pleasanter times," he said. "Once I was a rubber planter in Malaya; once a cocoa and palm-oil planter in Africa; so one way and another, I have travelled all over the world, and learned to speak eight languages—all of them very badly, I'm afraid!"

"Oh, yes, I nearly forgot. I've had some amazing scraps in knife fights with both the Chinese and Javanese. And some lucky escapes, too. Once two of my friends were massacred; but I managed to escape by the 'skin of my teeth'—for which I'm duly grateful to Providence. I managed to scramble, reasonably safely, through the last international squabble—as I call the Great War—too; though I have had my share of illnesses, I can tell you.

"I've been through appalling cholera epidemics. I've seen people dying in hundreds all round me, of cerebral malaria. And I've spent a year in hospital with Beri-Beri. But I have been lucky enough to get through the lot."

And Tony Melrose has got through them very well; for, whatever adventures he has enjoyed, whatever calamities he has had to face, have only succeeded in making him an experienced, distinguished man, with a very complete understanding of other people's sufferings.

I asked him what personalities he had met in his travels. He was rather reticent; but I believe he has met most interesting and important national and international people, from Mussolini to George Bernard Shaw (who, incidentally, has always been exceptionally kind to him!)

And he knew Trader Horn extremely well. In fact, one of his most prized possessions is a pencil map,

drawn by Trader Horn himself, showing the location of an African-gold bearing reef which, shortly before his death, he asked Tony Melrose to help him exploit.

So much for sensational adventures. Now you probably want to know Tony Melrose's experience in broadcasting. I'll use his own words, when he told me.

"I first broadcast in 1924 from the old 5NG station (which was Nottingham), at the request of my friend, Captain Edward Liveing, who is now the Director of Northern Regional. Then later I carried on from Manchester.

"I was announcer in 1935 at Radiolympia, and also at the Manchester and Glasgow Exhibitions. Then I devised a feature with effects, and broadcast from London on Empire transmissions. And I was under contract to the B.B.C. for a series, when I decided to go in for commercial broadcasting, and started in Normandy. Now, here I am at Lyons, which I believe has a great future—and I enjoy my work tremendously."

"How do I manage about the language?" Mr. Melrose laughed. "That is the least of my difficulties. You see, I learned French as a small boy, in France, and I'm always very happy and at home with the French people."

Just before I left him, I asked Tony Melrose whether he had ever had any other activities—not really believing, for one minute, that there had been time for anything else in such a crowded life! But I was wrong!

He has been a journalist, writing for London and American papers and periodicals. (And I'm sure he had plenty to write about!) And he has run his own amateur dramatic companies abroad. And he is a cricketer, a first class shot, and a keen hunting man!

In addition to all this, he has managed to find time to get married to a very delightful wife ("Georgie" to her friends).

So next Sunday, when you tune in to the "Golden Voice" on Radio Lyons, just remember it belongs to a man who has had a fuller and more adventurous life than many other men whose voices you are ever likely to hear. And that ought to give you a thrill!

Is your hair beautiful enough for a film star? ARE YOU ONE OF BRITAIN'S HIDDEN BEAUTIES?

Edward G. Robinson and his leading lady Lull Deste as they appear in a scene from the Atlantic film production "Thunder in the City"



Would you like a chance of having your photograph submitted to Atlantic Films, the famous British Film Company who have just starred Edward G. Robinson in his first English picture, *Thunder in the City*, with the beautiful Viennese actress, Lull Deste?

We have just concluded an arrangement with Atlantic Films for a unique method of finding Britain's Hidden Beauties. You may be just the person that they are looking for! Here is an unrivalled chance of becoming a Screen Star.

There is no Agency Fee to pay, and you are under no obligation to have your portrait submitted to this Company. But we are prepared to send your photograph to them and to help you to put the lovely natural waves in your hair that would become a film celebrity, by offering you the illustrated Super Wave Comb which waves the hair naturally without heat or electricity.

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Our aim is to help find Britain's Beauties through the aid and help of our Super Wave Comb.

Send your postal order to-day, and secure your chance of this wonderful offer.

RESULTS OF RADIO LYONS POPULARITY CONTEST

ORDER OF MERIT	TITLE
1.	"In a Monastery Garden" (No. 8)
2.	"Request Record" (No. 6)
3.	"Toselli's Serenade" (No. 7)
4.	"Laughing Irish Eyes" (No. 2)
5.	"Huppertz's Poem" (No. 3)
6.	"The New Sow" (No. 11)
7.	"Albert and the Lion" (No. 4)
8.	"Sarah, the Sergeant Major's Daughter" (No. 5)
9.	"Oxford Street March" (No. 1)
10.	"The Way you look To-night" (No. 9)
11.	"Sousa's Marches" (No. 12)
12.	"Organ Grinder's Swing" (No. 10)

STARLETS

£50 for 2 Words

It's a magnificent chance to enjoy yourself profitably

See page 18



# WHY THEY WEAR BLACK

Most of the best dressed radio stars are fond of black clothes. In this article five of them explain why, and the reasons are ones that should be taken to heart by every would-be well-dressed woman

"IT'S smarter than anything else!" was the unanimous opinion of our best dressed radio stars, when I asked them why they wore black.

"There are so many reasons in favour of black," said chic and soignée Esther Coleman. "It's much harder to think of a reason for not wearing it! The most important thing by far is that it never goes out of fashion. When you go into a shop and ask for a black frock you don't hear the assistant say, 'No one is wearing black this season, madam!' Every smart woman always has at least one black ensemble. Always.

"If you're undecided as to whether you'll buy a model in red or green it will take you a long time, maybe, to make up your mind, but if the choice lies between red and black, don't hesitate, choose black. You'll never regret it. It won't go out of fashion and people won't remember it.

"It's unobtrusive, and that's the hallmark of good style. I always feel better dressed in black than in anything else. I don't in the least mind wearing an old black ensemble, and I can't bear old clothes as a rule.

"But black clothes must be well cut. Good cut is almost a fetish with me. It's odd that, just as there is nothing smarter than well cut black, so there is nothing dowdier than ill-fitting black garments.

"I prefer colours for full evening dress—they're a much better contrast to the men's black clothes—but for dinner frocks black is a very safe choice. I've just bought a heavenly black dinner frock—really a dream. It's in chiffon, cut high at the throat, with the entire bodice ruched to the waist. The armholes are enormous—simply huge—and the large baggy sleeves are clipped in tightly at the wrist with a little band. The sleeves are set into the armholes with that lovely new stuff best described as black diamante, while the skirt is absolutely plain, flaring slightly towards the hem."

Joan Carr, The Girl of "The Table Under the Tree," and star of many other musical programmes, said: "I wear black because it's the smartest thing you can get, and also the most economical.

"I'm lazy, too, and black saves me so much trouble. It is such a joy because it goes with practically anything. If you have a black winter coat you can wear any coloured frocks with it, bar navy or brown. And one set of black accessories does for them all. Think what you save on those alone! Not only money but time and trouble.

"I think one black evening dress is absolutely indispensable. I'm nearly as fond of white, though that's rather extravagant and always at the cleaners when you want it. I've got one black dinner dress at the moment that I'm very fond of and I'll wear it till it almost drops off me! It's a Chanel model in that lovely glittering new material that has glass in it—you know the stuff I mean. The bodice is plain, close fitting and almost backless, but cut into a round, not a square, and the skirt fits to just below the knees and then flares. I wear a big spray of real flowers with this frock and I do feel so good in it."

Pretty Anne Ziegler likes black because she thinks that, used in the right way, it makes you look much younger. Certainly no one could look younger than she does in her black winter outfit, though she's the last person who needs to bother about looking her age!

She has an enchanting little black halo hat, with a velvet bow on the crest of the halo, and a huge veil which falls almost to the shoulders all round and is very slightly stiffened. The veil is bordered with a tiny pattern, also in black.

By  
VERITY  
CLAIRE



"I hardly wear anything but black," says Peggy Cochrane

"This hat may make me look a wee bit widowed," said Anne, "but I think it's rather fetching." Her winter coat is of fine black cloth trimmed with the dark grey fox—not silver fox—which looks almost black. The coat is perfectly plain and straight and the only point to note about it is the large bishop sleeves.

Anne has a black crêpe evening dress which is really lovely. The bodice has an unexpected white satin front, just like a man's evening dress shirt, with a little white bow at the neck. This little band is carried right round her throat and a strip of white satin wanders down the spine, leaving the rest of her back quite bare. The only other touch of white is a satin belt at the waist, which fastens with a small bow in front. The full skirt is sunray pleated and the frock has a little cape to go with it, also of sunray pleating.

I visited Jean Melville next, the smart ex-B.B.C. variety accompanist. "Why do I wear black?" said Jean. "Chiefly because it makes me look shorter and slimmer. Light colours are fattening, there's no getting away from it, and although navy, nigger and other dark shades are flattering to the figure there's nothing like black for making you look really sylphlike. It conceals an awkward bulge as nothing else can!

"It's so serviceable, isn't it?" she went on. "At any time of day and any season of the year



Esther Coleman wears black because it's unobtrusive, and this is the hallmark of good style

you look well dressed in black. There's no occasion on which it's out of place. If you have a smart black outfit you can put it on first thing in the morning, wear it all day at the office, lunch at a smart restaurant, go to a bridge party, a dinner and theatre—anywhere. You can't do that if you're wearing bright colours. No, give me black every time.

"I've just bought a new black Angora dress, perfectly plain in cut, with bell sleeves which are decorated for about four inches above the wrist with little pieces of red leather, just inch long narrow pieces with serrated edges, twisted into delightful tiny patterns. They're awfully cute, really. The skirt is box-pleated, slimming again—and the neck has a kind of cowl outlined with a few of the red leather patterns. The frock is finished with a marvellous red belt that has a big buckle. It's awfully smart, though I say it as shouldn't! and the loveliest material I've seen for ages."

"Do you wear black?" I asked Peggy Cochrane.

"Do I not?" she laughed. "I hardly wear anything else. It's by far the most becoming scheme for an auburn haired person like myself.

"In fact, what ever your colouring, black will make it look better. But, if you're auburn-haired or blonde—black is particularly useful. Black hats over light curls are always a safe bet.

"I always have several black dresses and I never get tired of them. I've had coloured frocks that have bored me within a month of their purchase, but I never feel that way about black. I always wear it in Town because it's smart, serviceable and, to be very mundane but extremely practical, it doesn't show the dirt! Black in winter and black and white in summer. They're both exceedingly smart. I always have a black dinner frock and one or two black evening dresses.

"Yes, I like it for the stage, too. I think it's marvellous, but only if I can have a white piano. A black frock and black piano is apt to be a trifle gloomy, but if I can get a white piano black's my first choice."

And, there you have the views of a representative selection of radioland's best dressed stars. They agree that there's no question about it, black wins all along the line—smart, serviceable, becoming, economical and slimming.

So if you want to look really smart—and who doesn't?—buy black!

# WHITEHALL, 1212

Final Instalment of Our Dramatic Serial

By

CAPTAIN FRANK H. SHAW

Events are moving rapidly towards the climax of this thrilling serial. Dyke Ferrers has set off on the trail of Smailes, the would-be murderer of Helen Quinley. And, meanwhile, the fight for Helen's life is going on in that quiet Bretby hospital. What will happen now?



Dyke and Dawn leaped from the halted car, approached the edge and peered over.

**P**RECEDING events had caused black patches to form spasmodically in Dyke Ferrers' brain. At another time he would have been ashamed of his emotionalism; now he gloried in it as he stepped on the gas and set out to run the fugitive Smailes down that the justice of England might be worked upon a crazy murderer.

From the filling station he had obtained the number of the thieved car in which Smailes was making his attempt at escape. In his own hands Dyke controlled four times the horse-power at Smailes' command; he had small fear of the issue. Exactly what he would do when the moment came to accost his erstwhile friend, he did not know; that Bill Smailes was presumably armed with the weapon that had killed and gravely wounded, mattered nothing. A way would be shown, he felt; and Dawn, staring rather white-facedly at his tight lips and steely eyes, hoped that way might not be too tragic.

Dawn's own hopes were dying. Yet, knowing that all her companion's love was for Helen Quinley, she could not prevent herself from a great, an overwhelming tenderness.

"You must be careful, Dyke!" she urged. "Wouldn't it be better to stop? What good would it be for Helen to live if you—if you—?"

"I won't hurt him, trust me!" he grated at her through clenched teeth. "But if I don't do something—by God, Dawn, you're a sportsman, though." For a moment he appeared to look at her with new eyes, and Dawn's heart turned over in her breast. If the worst happened to Helen, if the extreme remedy failed, there might still be a form of happiness ahead for Dyke. Passionately, the girl—social butterfly as she had previously been—vowed to herself to devote her every power to the healing of Dyke's wounds.

"Seen a green saloon pass this way?" Dyke yelled at a shock-headed passer-by.

"Seen nawthin'!" came the surly reply. The momentarily arrested car went on, gathering speed. They left the last houses behind and now the ribbon of road stretched towards the moors.

"He can't have turned off!" said Dyke. It did

not seem likely. Beyond insignificant side-turnings there had been no open road the fugitive might have taken. Dyke's thoughts began to whirl: they had seldom lifted from Helen and her precarious plight. At this moment the girl was probably under the surgeon's knife; she might, indeed, be dead.

"What good's that money to me?" he exclaimed, determined to arouse himself from what was almost a stupor. "I've lost my friend, and Helen—"

"It might become a great power for good," Dawn soothed him. With an effort she added: "Probably Helen's safe by now, Dyke!"

He slowed: "Should we turn, do you think? They said it would take a long time, but—"

"I'd go on." This activity would give his over-tired brain some peace, the girl thought shrewdly. It was better than a fretful, unbearable waiting. "We've not been away long." They proceeded, the great car snorting up the hill almost at its top speed.

"You know," Dyke said, "if I thought Helen was likely to live, I'd feel inclined to let Smailes go—help him, perhaps. Maybe he wasn't so much to blame as appears. If that fellow he killed was the swine they seem to think him—" But then a jealous worry as to why Helen should have been in his company filled his mind.

"What's that?" asked Dawn impulsively, then wished she had not spoken, for, woman-like, her sympathy was to a great extent with the under-dog. There was a car ahead. It looked tiny and insignificant in the waste, for here, to the right, the moor ran fairly to the edge of the towering cliffs which guard the coast to the north of Bretby. No wall or fence protected the road from the open moorland, and Dawn had noticed signs warning motorists against the danger of straying sheep.

"Might be him!" said Dyke, and tried to get still a little more out of the car. The saloon ahead might have been old, but it certainly had power, and the distance between the two lessened only slowly. The idea in Dawn's mind was that it could only be a fugitive who would drive thus recklessly, unless, indeed, it were a police car in pursuit of Smailes.

"It looks green to me!" said Dyke, steering as steadily as a rock. Dawn had thought the same thing, though hesitating to say so. The pursuit went on for mile after thunderous mile; only slowly did Dyke overhaul the car ahead, but once a gain was made it was improved. There was a descent, another uphill sweep, flat ground again, then Dyke commenced to overhaul hand over hand.

The green car ahead was slowing perceptibly, almost as if something had happened to its engine. The scene was very lonely. The green car began to wobble, and suddenly there was a crash; the windscreen of Dyke's car starred amazingly, almost into milkiness, since it was of unbreakable glass. The effect was blinding—he lifted his foot from the accelerator, slowed.

"What was that?" he asked, and another thudding something struck the windscreen.

Dawn thrust her head out of the side window. The car ahead swerved across the road. "He's shooting at us, Dyke!" she called. "Do be careful!" That was precisely what Bill Smailes was doing. Another yellow flash showed from his car, but this time the bullet went wide. What was passing in the maniac's mind it was impossible to say—it will certainly never be known. For, with the speed of light, the green car suddenly turned sharply off the road and careered across the open moorland at a headlong pace, rocking like a small ship in a heavy sea. And its nose was pointed towards the high cliffs, not the open country inland.

"I'll stop him!" gasped Dyke, and followed, in hope of cutting him off before he reached the brink. But the starred windscreen was a handicap. It was out of the question to drive at speed with the outlook blurred.

"Oh-oh!" gasped Dawn. Had she not been a modern girl she would probably have fainted. As it was she pressed her hand against her mouth. The green car drove at top speed to the cliff edge, and without a check went straight over. White to the lips, Dyke drove on as near as safety permitted, then he and Dawn leaped from the halted car, approached the edge, peered over. Smailes had received his quittance. Two hundred feet below spiky rocks were lashed by angry foam. Through that froth showed the mangled car, tortured to wreckage. Somewhere in the ruin was the broken body of the Bretby murderer.

"Poor Bill, and he was such a good scout—once!" said Dyke. There was nothing to be done save return. To descend the towering cliffs in

(All characters in this serial are fictitious)

the hope of aiding the unfortunate victim would be a waste of time and energy.

"It must have been Bill, of course. No one else would start shooting that way. I suppose he fired his last cartridge and then saw he'd have to surrender. Poor Bill!"

They returned to the car soberly. They backed and swung, and then, proceeding, Dawn said softly: "I think it was best that way, Dyke, don't you? It must have been so quickly over; and—and—" Nothing, Dyke knew, could have saved his friend from the gallows or lifelong detention in a criminal asylum. Yes, maybe it was best so—the disordered brain had found the sleep that endures for ever.

They were halted on the homeward way by a police car, asking if anything had been seen of the stolen green car. To the uniformed men Dyke told what had happened, sent them on to see for themselves, after giving his name and address. He would be needed as a witness at the inquest, of course.

They returned to the hospital. The same ward-sister received them; an atmosphere of high tension was in the place.

"They are still with her!" she said. "You're back too soon. It's proving a complicated case."

Nothing to do but continue waiting—waiting. The nurse dilated on the difficulties—it was, of course, impossible for a comparatively unskilled man to operate with the dexterity of an expert, even under that expert's guidance. There was not the perfect co-ordination between brain and hand that existed when one specialist alone did the work. She spoke a lot of abstruse technicalities that made Dyke wonder if it would be a crime to strangle her—then she was called away.

More tense waiting, quick, soft footfalls, a stir and bustle. Dyke, at the door, saw a stretcher wheeled past, bearing an inanimate form, throwing behind it a strong odour of ether. Attendants, grave-faced, paced beside it. He made a run to gaze at the face of the woman he loved, whom he had never loved as now, but he was cautioned back.

"Is she alive or dead?" he demanded, his strained voice harsh in the unearthly hush, which was complete save for the mutter of foam on the rocks. She was, they said, alive—just. He was conducted back to the waiting-room; another nurse was talking to a man in a daze.

"A most incredible thing!" she said. "You'd never have believed it if you hadn't seen it. What a bit of luck it was that Sir Thomas was saved from his yacht—it seems like a miracle to me." Even she was incoherent under the stress of emotion.

"Yes. What happened?" asked Dawn, the only calm one there. And she, watching Dyke's tormented face, felt as if her heart must break.

"Dr. Pickersgill was operating, and Sir Thomas was giving the orders. Dr. Pickersgill seemed to be doing splendid—oh, splendid, then, all of a sudden, he hesitated. "Go on, man, go on!" Sir Thomas said. "Don't hesitate!" And Dr.

Pickersgill said, "I daren't—oh, I daren't!" It was a most delicate operation, of course—I've never seen one like it."

"Go on, woman, go on!" grated Dyke, and the nurse drew herself up indignantly; then, softened by his expression, relented.

"She'll live, Sir Thomas says. As I was saying, Dr. Pickersgill hesitated, and it was really a question of the patient's life. Just then Sir Thomas snatched the knife from him, although his own hand is so badly hurt, and completed the operation himself."

"Oh, good for Sir Thomas!" applauded Dawn, patting her palms together.

"And just as he finished he fainted, on account of the pain—it was a miracle, I tell you!" prattled the nurse. Dyke mentally resolved that the eminent surgeon should receive a cheque that would surprise him. He wanted to go to him, to shake his hand, to yell congratulations.

"Of course, it will be a long time before she is completely recovered, and she may never sing again—not in public, anyhow," said the nurse.

"She'll never need to do that again—when can I see her?" Dyke demanded. A wave of joy surged through him; after the tension of past hours his face worked, tears started to his eyes.

"That I can't say; but Sir Thomas and Dr. Pickersgill, too, are both certain she will live; so that terrible murderer won't have a double murder on his soul!" the nurse said. "Now, I must go. I'll let you know when she can be seen." As she went out she passed Peter Quinley entering.

"She'll live; thanks to a good man's work!" said Dyke.

Dyke and Dawn returned to the Hotel Important after a long wait. At the end Dyke was allowed a brief glance at his sweetheart. He flattered himself she rewarded him with a faint smile. A great peace possessed him: he felt that all would be well.

"I shall wait here, of course," he said to Dawn, from whose face much of the colour had shrunk. "But there's you—what about getting you home, my dear?"

"I'll stay on a bit, I think, Dyke. You might need someone to stand by," said the girl. Dyke looked at her, and saw more in her eyes than she knew was there. He stopped and kissed her.

"You ripping little sportsman!" he said. And that was all the comfort secured by Dawn. Yet somehow, when the perspectives became adjusted, it seemed worth while. Time would heal her wounds, she believed. Time would have to heal them—she wasn't a coward. But if Helen Quinley didn't make Dyke Ferrers the happiest man in England she felt she'd—she'd—

"Before reading the news bulletin," said the loud-speaker in the hall, "here is a police message." There had been a road accident, details were given.

"If anyone who witnessed the accident hears this, will they communicate with New Scotland Yard—Whitehall 1212?" said the suave, concerned voice. And, without knowing it, Dyke Ferrers muttered: "God bless Whitehall 1212!"

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"Even if this is 'Babes in the Wood' you needn't sound so wooden!"

# PILOT RECEIVER for WORLD RECEPTION

**T**HE term "all-wave" is rather inclined to be ill used with some of the cheaper modern so-called short, and broadcast receivers.

One of the few sets that is really entitled to the comprehensive term "all-wave" is the Pilot U650, a 6-valve super-het receiver of very modern design. This set actually covers all of the important channels between 16 and 2,100 metres, so that it is suitable for reception of programmes from all over the world.

The average listener buying an all-wave receiver is inclined to be disappointed if the short-wave results are not equal to reception on medium and long waves. We can safely say that no one, even the most inexperienced listener, will find any cause for complaint with the results obtained with this receiver.

Owing to the use of a large output valve, the volume on short-wave stations is no less than 3 watts. These remarks even apply to reception of out-of-the-way stations such as Sydney or Java, etc., which, to take just two examples, can be received very easily.

During the recent Test Matches in Australia we were able to obtain ball-by-ball commentaries from Melbourne or Sydney via our Pilot receiver. We feel sure that any reader buying a U650 will be able to duplicate our results without any previous knowledge of short-waves. Similarly on broadcast wavebands, hosts of stations can be received without interference and with very good quality. In fact, the receiver works as one would expect a modern 6-valve super-het to perform.

In addition to reception of the conventional short-wave programmes from all over the world, owing to the very wide waveband coverage, such signals as American police, ships and airplanes can be received quite consistently. The amateur bands provide a considerable amount of entertainment, for no matter at what time of the day the receiver is used, there are always some transmissions to be heard.

There can be no question that the Pilot U650 at 16 guineas is about the best value for money at the present time. It is a large receiver in every sense of the word except in initial and running costs.

Full information can be obtained from Pilot Radio, Ltd., 87 Park Royal Road, London, N.W.10.



"With this set you can get any station you want without interference, sir."  
"I see you aren't married, young man."

## 1936 WAS THEIR LUCKY YEAR

Continued from page 7

Peter Fielding discovery, who was introduced last week by Buddy Bramwell.

The names flock thick and fast. Marjorie Holmes, the "Sunshine" girl, Robinson Cleaver, Bexleyheath's broadcasting organist, and Peter Williams, who came to the fore with Billy Cotton's band.

Jay Wilbur has long been a big name . . . 1936 has made it a name known in every listening home. Carroll Levis came to England unknown, despite his American reputation . . . now he and his "Discoveries" are famous.

F. S. N. Creek made his debut recently as a sports commentator, and he is likely to be heard much in the future. Thus 1936 will have made another reputation. And, finally, Ivor Dennis will doubtless regard 1936 as his lucky year, for as the year drew to a close he was appointed B.B.C. variety pianist to succeed Jean Melville.

No other medium can create a star so quickly as broadcasting.

The lucky ones have a lot to thank their stars for in 1936. And now 1937 looms up. After these, who . . . ?

# WHERE YOU CAN SEE TELEVISION

**P**YE TELECEIVERS have been installed at the following addresses and the firms concerned will be only too happy to welcome any televiewers who may be interested:—The Teleradio Co., 497 High Road, Bruce Grove, N.; A. Imhof, Ltd., Imhof House, New Oxford Street, W.C.1.; J. B. Cramer & Co., Ltd., 46 Moorgate, E.C.2.; Eric Rivers-Smith, Ltd., 21 Heath Street, Hampstead; John Barker & Co., Ltd., Kensington High Street, W.8.; Keith Prowse & Co., Ltd., 159 New Bond Street, W.1.

In addition, the Selfridge Provincial Group, I am told, have purchased several Pye Teleceivers and they are on demonstration from time to time at their various branches as follows:—Bon Marche of Brixton; Holdrons of Peckham; John Barnes of Hampstead; Trewins of Watford; Jones Bros. of Holloway; Pratts of Streatham; Quin & Axtens of Brixton.

Readers who have not yet had an opportunity of seeing the new television programmes, and who live anywhere near the firms mentioned, will find it extremely interesting to look-in.

# "CINDERELLA" THE OVALTINEYS' PANTOMIME

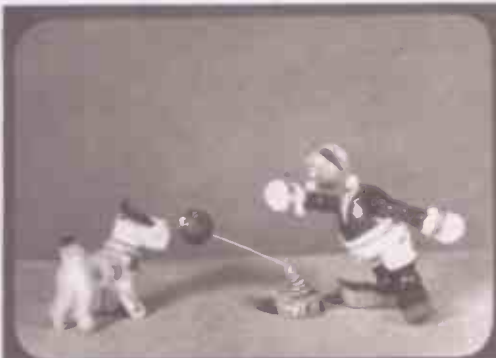
**A** GRAND Christmas pantomime told in rhyme and packed full of fun and jokes and jolly music!

That is the programme to be given by the Ovaltineys' Concert Party from Radio Luxembourg at 5.30 p.m. this Sunday afternoon (December 27).

Twelve-year-old "S" whose delightful songs we hear every week plays the part of Cinderella, while Chairman "N" and little comedienne "V" are the Ugly Sisters.

"L" is the Fairy Godmother, Buttons is played by that popular young man "A," while the manly voice of Uncle George makes him the perfect Baron Bumblebee.

## TOTO AGAIN



## SHADOW BOXING



Don Rico "captured" by two stalwart Zulu warriors at the Johannesburg Exhibition

# VIVIENNE FOR THE HALLS

## Inside Dance Band Chatter

**T**HE fog hung low over London, but I didn't notice it . . . for I was chatting with that lovely lady, Vivienne Brookes, in her cosy flat.

Listeners all over the country will soon be able to share my blessing and gaze upon her loveliness, for she starts—on February 8th, at the Trocadero, Elephant and Castle—a tour of England's halls and cinemas. She will play the piano as well as sing—and believe me, she plays divinely.

We talked of her B.B.C. days, and Vivienne told me of a letter Dan Donovan had shown her, received from an unknown lady. She—the unknown one—started off by stating that Dan's voice made her day-dream . . . and ended by calmly suggesting that if Dan would marry her and live with her, she'd pay him ten pounds per week!

But you can't spell *Love* that way!

**L**OOK out for it in the programmes—the "Songs You Might Never Have Heard" series, December 29th, January 10th, 24th and so on, every fortnight. Romantic Robert Ashley sings, Reggie Foort plays organ, Esther Coleman brings the charm of her voice to it . . .

There's lovely music coming . . . yet most of these songs have been shelved or turned down by publishers. One—in the first broadcast—is entitled "Footprints in the Snow." The publisher turned it down because, he said, "The public don't want it. You see, *there's not so much snow about nowadays!*"

Hand me my aspirins, somebody. Quickly.

By the way, few people know that when golden-voiced Esther Coleman was singing one day in a radio-plus-television transmission, Ex-King Edward, when Prince of Wales, happened to be in the B.B.C. studio, to see the demonstration. When he heard Esther's voice he asked for more. . . . Who wouldn't?

Interesting to hear that Jack Harris and Ambrose have teamed up. No, they're not going to wave the baton, in shifts of an hour, in front of the same band! They've become partners in running the famous Ciro's Club, and Ambrose's Orchestra, moving over to this gay rendezvous of the youth and beauty of Mayfair, will be a colossal attraction.

Many Happy Returns on Christmas Day to Robert Ashley, and tomorrow (Christmas Eve) to Anne Lenner. Anne says she wants a car for her present. My gift (bank-manager permitting!) would be some driving lessons. I know why! Gerald

Cock will give her a belated present on January 2, in the form of a television date.

**M**AKE an advance note, ye legions of Cotton fans. Billy will be late-night-dance-musicing it on January 5. And you'll also be hearing him from Luxembourg. Dates, January 3, 10, 17 and 24. Time, 2 p.m. Programme, Kraft Cheese. Four Cotton Sundays off the reel (Joke).

Plea from the heart. Much as I like helping you in the way of sending addresses of the stars, you autograph fiends, please note that I cannot accept any responsibility (a) if the star doesn't answer and (b) if you send him your autograph book and it gets mislaid. (N.B. Don't send books, anyway, it's taking too great a risk.) Also please limit your requests for addresses to reasonable proportions. Remember I've also got to write a column and get around! One bright lad broke all records recently by requesting forty-seven addresses in one batch! Have a heart, pals!

**I** HEAR that Don Rico and his Gypsy Girls I have rung all the bells at the Johannesburg Exhibition. They have been doing a weekly broadcast from the Exhibition ballroom and on November 22 they broadcast an hour of gypsy music from the studios. By the way, if you'd like to drop Don a line—just to show that oceans may separate us, but you're still thinking of him and all that!—write to him at 51 Duchess Court, Johannesburg, South Africa. I know he'll be glad to hear from you. . . .

I was sorry to hear that Maurice Winnick has recently suffered a bereavement by the death of his mother. All dance-band fans will be thinking of Maurice at this sad time and this column extends sincere sympathy.

Vincent Ladbroke, that young Midland band leader has formed a new combination which he calls his Cosmopolitan Orchestra, and its first broadcast just recently was a great success. He has added a sax section and a piano accordion to his old band, and the results have more than repaid the trouble he has taken. Vincent gets at least twenty songs a week submitted by unknown composers. So far he has only found two good enough to broadcast. But he keeps on hoping!

It had to come! Joe Loss's fans are becoming so numerous that a club was inevitable. Good luck to it, and if you'd like to join send a stamped addressed envelope to the Hon. Secretary, Mr. Sydney Lacey, 70 Roan Street, Greenwich, S.E.10.

By  
**BUDDY  
BRAMWELL**

# Have you a KOLYNOS-SMILE?



Listen-in to the  
**KOLYNOS**  
"VARIETY of SMILES"  
BROADCAST FROM RADIO LUXEMBOURG  
TWICE WEEKLY  
Thursdays 7.15p.m. Saturdays 5p.m.

COMPÈRED BY THE NEW RADIO STAR—  
CYRIL FLETCHER

A smile that reveals attractive white teeth is remembered with pleasure. Make your smile a pleasant memory by using Kolynos—the Dental Cream that brings beauty to light.

Remember to listen-in to Radio Luxembourg Thursdays, 7.15 p.m.; Saturdays, 5 p.m. You will enjoy fifteen minutes of the most attractive radio entertainment you could desire.

Can you complete a simple Limerick? For details of conditions and valuable Cash Prizes—listen in!

## WHY NOT JOIN US?

EVERY SUNDAY MORNING—  
EVERY SUNDAY AFTERNOON—  
EVERY MONDAY MORNING—  
EVERY WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON—

# The CARTERS CARAVAN

SETS OUT ON

"THE OPEN ROAD"

## SONGS—DRAMA—MUSIC

Remember the times and the stations:

**RADIO LUXEMBOURG** (1293 metres)

11.15 a.m. every Sunday  
8.45 a.m. every Monday

**RADIO NORMANDY** (269.5 metres)

2.45 p.m. every Sunday  
9.0 a.m. every Monday  
5.0 p.m. every Wednesday

**POSTE PARISIEN** (312.8 metres)

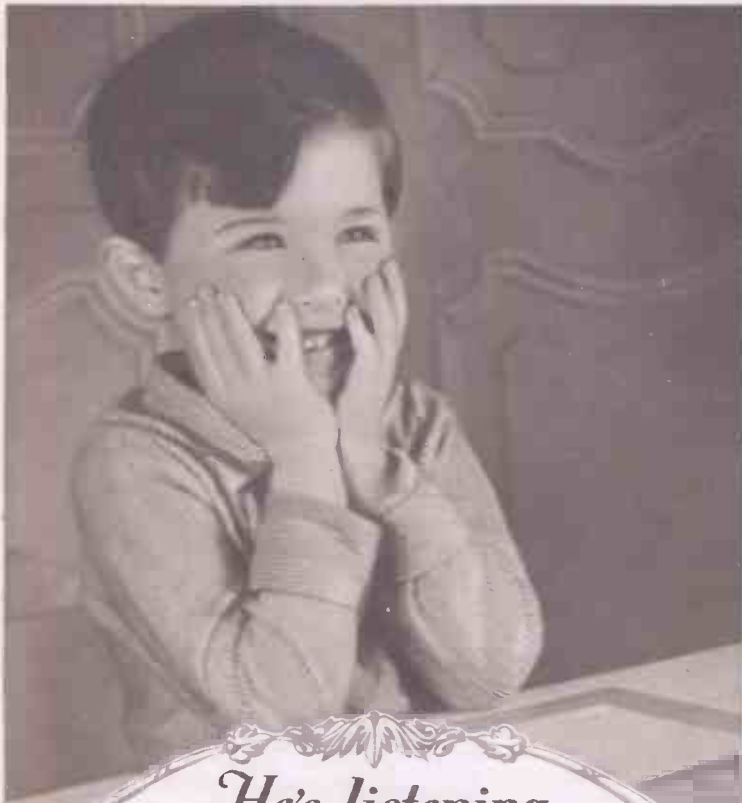
6.30 p.m. every Sunday

You'll be switching on to an entirely new kind of musical show! The Carters Caravan will fascinate you with Music, Song and Drama—the brightest show on the air. You and your family must 'listen-in' to this programme.

Listen to "The Open Road" programme sponsored by the makers of

## CARTERS Brand LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Poste Parisien and Radio Normandy transmissions arranged through International Broadcasting Co., Ltd.



*He's listening  
to the* **OVALTINEYS**  
*programme*

THE Ovaltineys Programme broadcast each Sunday evening from Radio Luxembourg is a sheer delight to every boy and girl, and particularly to members of the League of Ovaltineys. In addition to the Radio programmes, Ovaltineys get great fun and amusement from the secret signs, signals and code which are explained in the official rule-book.

Parents welcome the League because they appreciate its objects and the benefits which 'Ovaltine' confers on the health of their children.

**BOYS AND GIRLS! Join the LEAGUE OF OVALTINEYS TO-DAY** Send a postcard to-day to THE CHIEF OVALTINEY, (Dept. 35), 184 Queen's Gate, London, S.W.7, asking for the Official Rule Book and full details of the League.

*Be sure to listen to*  
**"CINDERELLA"**

*A Delightful Pantomime  
given by the  
Ovaltineys Concert Party  
assisted by the  
Ovaltineys Orchestra  
from Radio Luxembourg*

*On Sunday, December 27, from 5.30-6 p.m.*

*Also a Programme of Melody & Song  
from Radio Luxembourg  
Every Sunday, from 1.30-2 p.m.*

# THIS WEEK

## SUNDAY, DEC. 27

- 8.15 a.m. STATION CONCERT
- 9.0 a.m. EXCURSIONS DOWN MEMORY LANE  
*Presented by the makers of Mother Seigel's Syrup.*
- 9.15 a.m. STATION CONCERT
- 9.30 a.m. WAKE UP AND SING  
Brian Lawrance and his Lansdowne Orchestra, with Marjorie Stedford and The Three Ginx.—*Presented by the makers of Clarke's Blood Mixture.*
- 9.45 a.m. "OLD SALTY AND HIS ACCORDION"  
To-day Old Salty plays party games with Chinese Pirates.—*Presented by Rowntree's Cocoa.*
- 10.0 a.m. BLACK MAGIC  
A Programme of Dance Music.—*Presented by Black Magic Chocolates.*
- 10.15 a.m. CARSON ROBISON AND HIS PIONEERS  
*Presented by Thos. Hedley & Co., Ltd., makers of Oxydol, Newcastle-on-Tyne.*
- 10.30 a.m. OLIVER KIMBALL  
"The Record Spinner."—*Presented by Bisurated Magnesia.*
- 10.45 a.m. MUSICAL MENU  
With Mrs. Jean Scott, head of Brown and Polson's Free Cookery Service, who gives you a special recipe each week.—*Presented by Brown & Polson.*
- 11.0 a.m. LET'S ALL GO ROUND TO NORMAN LONG'S  
With Flossam and Jecsam and Sydney Jerome and his Orchestra.—*Presented by Kruschen Salts.*



Let's listen to Sydney Jerome and his Orchestra, round at Norman Long's.

- 11.15 a.m. THE OPEN ROAD  
*Presented by Carter's Little Liver Pills.*
- 11.30 a.m. LUXEMBOURG RELIGIOUS TALK (in French).
- 12.0 (noon) THE CALVERT CAVALCADE OF SPORT  
With Bob Bowman.—*Presented by Calvert's Tooth Powder.*
- 12.15 p.m. Ex-tax present Clapham and Dwyer in ANOTHER SPOT OF BOTHER, with Harry Bidgood and his Buccaneers.
- 12.30 p.m. Irish Hospitals Trust present CAFE DE LA BONNE CHANCE
- 1.0 p.m. DANCE MUSIC  
*Presented by the makers of Zam-Buk.*
- 1.30 p.m. OVALTINE PROGRAMME OF MELODY AND SONG.—*Presented by the makers of Ovaltine.*
- 2 p.m. WINTER SEASON AT THE KRAFT PAVILION  
A new top-speed Radio Revue: Stand By !!!  
*Presented by the Kraft Cheese Co., Ltd., Hayes, Middlesex.*
- 2.30 p.m. YOUR OLD FRIEND DAN  
in a programme of popular songs.—*Presented by the makers of Johnsons' Glacé.*
- 2.45 p.m. MORTON DOWNEY, the Golden Voice of Radio, with Jay Wilbur and his "Drene" Orchestra.—*Presented by Thos. Hedley & Co., Ltd., Newcastle-on-Tyne, makers of "Drene" Shampoo.*

- 3 p.m. A Special Christmas Programme introduced by Christopher Stone, with Leslie Holmes and Leslie Sarony (The Two Leslies).—*Presented by the makers of Thermogene Vapour Rub.*
- 3.15 p.m. THE MERRY ANDREWS PROGRAMME  
with Frederick Bayco at the Organ, Andy Mack, and their guest artist, Jack Simpson and his Xylophone.—*Presented by Andrews Liver Salts.*
- 3.30 p.m. Claude Hulbert and Enid Trevor as the MICKLETHWAITES AT HOME, entertaining Paul England.—*Presented by the makers of Virol.*
- 3.45 p.m. THE DOLCIS FOOTLIGHT PARADE  
in step with Carroll Gibbons and his Orchestra.
- 4 p.m. HORLICK'S SEA-TIME HOUR  
Cruising the world with an all star cast of radio, stage and screen favourites aboard, including Max Miller, Al and Bob Harvey, Alma Vane, Ronald Hill, Sam Costa, Bernard Lee, Dorothy Kay, The Rhythm Brothers, Molly Cardew, Arthur Gomez and Debroy Somers and his Band. Bulletin from the world's cyclists.—*Presented by Horlick's, Slough, Bucks.*
- 5.0 to 5.15 p.m. RAY OF SUNSHINE CONCERT  
Compered by Christopher Stone.—*Presented by the makers of Betox and Phillips Yeast.*
- 5.30 p.m. THE OVALTINEYS  
Entertainment especially broadcast for the League of Ovaltineys, with songs and stories by the Ovaltineys and Harry Hemsley, accompanied by the Ovaltineys' Orchestra.—*Presented by the makers of Ovaltine.*
- 6 p.m. MASTER O.K. SELECTS THE STARS  
*Presented by the makers of O.K. Sauce.*
- 6.15 p.m. MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT  
The makers of Lifebuoy Toilet Soap present Ambrose and his Orchestra in a programme of Modern Rhythm.
- 6.30 p.m. RINSO MUSIC HALL  
"All-Star" Variety with Olive Groves, Bennett and McNaughton, Mario de Pietro, Medvedeff and his Balaleika Orchestra, Billy Bennett, and Arthur Prince and "Jim."—*Presented by the makers of Rinso.*
- 7 p.m. DR. FU MANCHU by Sax Rohmer No. 4.—The Green Mist. Cast: Dr. Fu Manchu, Frank Cochrane; Nayland Smith, D. A. Clarke Smith; Dr. Petrie, Jack Lambert; Weymouth, Arthur Young; Karamanch, Pamela Titheradge; other characters, Mervyn Johns.—*Presented by the makers of Milk of Magnesia.*



Frank Cochrane, as Dr. Fu Manchu

# AT RADIO LUXEMBOURG

## SUNDAY, DEC. 27—cont.

- 7.15 p.m. MORE MONKEY BUSINESS with Billy Reid and his Accordion Band, Ivor Davles and Dorothy Squires.—Presented by the makers of Monkey Brand.
- 7.30 p.m. WALTZ TIME with Billy Bissett and his Waltz Time Orchestra, Louise Adams, Robert Ashley, and The Waltz Timers.—Presented by the makers of Phillips' Dental Magnesia.
- 7.45 p.m. AVA PRESENTS! "Olga" the Radio Pianiste, with her Gipsy Girls' Orchestra, and The Girl with the Glamorous Hair.—Programme by Ava Shampoo.
- 8 p.m. PALMOLIVE PROGRAMME With Olive Palmer, Paul Oliver, Brian Lawrence.
- 8.30 p.m. LUXEMBOURG NEWS (in French)
- 9 p.m. MACLEAN'S CONCERT
- 9.15 p.m. BEECHAMS REUNION featuring Jack Payne and his Band, with Mabel Constanduros. Compered by Christopher Stone.—Presented by the makers of Beechams Pills, Ltd.
- 9.45 p.m. THE COLGATE REVELLERS Presented by the makers of Colgate Ribbon Dental and Shaving Creams.
- 10 p.m. PONDS' SERENADE TO BEAUTY Programme for Lovers.—Presented by Pond's Extract Co., Perivale, Greenford.
- 10.30 p.m. DANCE MUSIC Presented by the makers of Bile Beans.
- 11 p.m. THE STREET SINGER (Arthur Tracey).—Presented by the makers of Tokalon Powder and Cream.
- 11.15 to 12 (midnight) STATION CONCERT

## MONDAY, DEC. 28

- 8.15 a.m. STATION CONCERT
- 8.45 a.m. THE OPEN ROAD Presented by the makers of Carter's Little Liver Pills.
- 9 a.m. STATION CONCERT
- 9.15 a.m. GOOD MORNING PROGRAMME Presented by the makers of Horlick's, Slough, Bucks.
- 9.30 a.m. STATION CONCERT
- 9.45 a.m. BRANDS A I CONCERT Presented by the makers of Brands A I Sauce.
- 10 to 10.30 a.m. STATION CONCERT
- 3.15 p.m. STATION CONCERT
- 3.45 p.m. FINANCIAL NEWS (in French)
- 3.50 p.m. STATION CONCERT
- 4 p.m. HORLICK'S TEA-TIME HOUR With Debroy Somers, and various artists, followed at 4.45 p.m. by the CHILDREN'S CORNER. Presented by the makers of Horlick's, Slough, Bucks.
- 5 to 5.15 p.m. STATION CONCERT
- 6.15 p.m. STATION CONCERT
- 6.45 p.m. CELEBRITY CONCERT Stanley Holloway.
- 7.15 to 7.30 p.m. STATION CONCERT



Stanley "Sam" Holloway is featured in a special Celebrity Concert this Monday

## TUESDAY, DEC. 29

- 8.15 a.m. STATION CONCERT
- 8.30 a.m. VITA-CUP CONCERT Presented by the makers of Coleman's Vita-Cup.
- 8.45 a.m. STATION CONCERT
- 9 a.m. ROSE'S HAPPY MORNING MATINEE, with the Happy Philosopher. Presented by L. Rose & Co., Ltd.
- 9.15 a.m. STATION CONCERT
- 9.30 a.m. MUSICAL MENU With Mrs. Jean Scott.—Presented by Brown and Polson Cornflour.
- 9.45 to 10.30 a.m. STATION CONCERT
- 3.15 p.m. STATION CONCERT
- 3.45 p.m. FINANCIAL NEWS (in French)
- 3.50 p.m. STATION CONCERT
- 4 p.m. HORLICK'S TEA-TIME HOUR With Debroy Somers and various artistes, followed at 4.45 p.m. by the CHILDREN'S CORNER.—Presented by the makers of Horlick's, Slough, Bucks.
- 5 to 5.15 p.m. STATION CONCERT
- 6.15 p.m. STATION CONCERT
- 6.30 p.m. ROWNTREE'S SCRAP BOOK of Popular Dance Tunes.—Presented by Rowntree's Clear Gums.
- 6.45 p.m. STATION CONCERT
- 7 p.m. GUEST NIGHTS, at the Mustard Club. Albert Whelan joins the Mustard Club, Mirth and Music, with Baron de Beef, Miss Di Gester, Signor Spaghetti, Lord Bacon, and other members.—Presented by J. & J. Colman.
- 7.15 to 7.30 p.m. STATION CONCERT



This week's guest at the Mustard Club is Albert Whelan

## WEDNESDAY, DEC. 30

- 8.15 a.m. STATION CONCERT
- 8.30 a.m. SUNNY JIM'S PROGRAMME OF "FORCE AND MELODY."—Presented by A. C. Fincken & Co.
- 8.45 a.m. STATION CONCERT
- 9 a.m. Programme presented by the makers of Rowntree's Chocolate Crisps.
- 9.15 a.m. GOOD MORNING PROGRAMME.—Presented by Horlick's, Slough, Bucks.
- 9.30 a.m. STATION CONCERT
- 9.45 a.m. RADIO FAVOURITES Presented by the makers of Brooke Bond Dividend Tea.
- 10 to 10.30 a.m. STATION CONCERT
- 3.15 p.m. STATION CONCERT
- 3.45 p.m. FINANCIAL NEWS (in French)
- 3.50 p.m. STATION CONCERT
- 4 p.m. HORLICK'S TEA TIME HOUR With Debroy Somers and Various Artists, followed at 4.45 p.m. by the CHILDREN'S CORNER.—Presented by the makers of Horlick's, Slough, Bucks.
- 5 to 5.15 p.m. STATION CONCERT
- 6.15 p.m. STATION CONCERT
- 7 p.m. BIRDS AND MUSIC with bird imitations by Imito.—Presented by the proprietors of Whistler Bird Seed.
- 7.15 to 7.30 p.m. STATION CONCERT

The Calvert Cavalcade of Sport presents Bob Bowman, famous Canadian sports commentator, in their programme on Sunday, at 12 noon. Here's a picture of Bob giving one of his breath-taking broadcasts at the mike



## THURSDAY, DEC. 31

- 8.15 a.m. STATION CONCERT
- 8.30 a.m. THE OPEN ROAD Presented by the makers of Carter's Little Liver Pills.
- 8.45 a.m. STATION CONCERT ROSE'S HAPPY MORNING MATINEE Presenting the Happy Philosopher by L. Rose & Co., Ltd.
- 9.15 a.m. STATION CONCERT
- 9.30 a.m. MUSICAL MENU With Mrs. Jean Scott.—Presented by the makers of Brown & Polson's Cornflour.
- 9.45 a.m. "SCOTT MARCHES ON" Presented by the makers of Scott's Emulsion.
- 10 to 10.30 a.m. STATION CONCERT
- 3.15 p.m. STATION CONCERT
- 3.45 p.m. FINANCIAL NEWS (in French)
- 3.50 p.m. STATION CONCERT
- 4 p.m. HORLICK'S TEA TIME HOUR With Debroy Somers and Various Artists, followed at 4.45 p.m. by the CHILDREN'S CORNER.—Presented by the makers of Horlick's, Slough, Bucks.
- 5 to 5.15 p.m. STATION CONCERT
- 6.15 p.m. STATION CONCERT
- 6.30 p.m. [THE THREE MINCEMEATEERS Rob, Bert and Son.—Presented by the makers of Robertson's Mince-meat.
- 6.45 p.m. STATION CONCERT
- 7.15 to 7.30 p.m. THE KOLYNOS VARIETY OF SMILES. Compered by Cyril Fletcher.—Presented by Kolyonos Tooth Paste.

## FRIDAY, JAN. 1, 1937

- 8 a.m. ENGLAND v. AUSTRALIA—3rd Test Match. Closing scores and full description by W. H. Ponsford (the famous Australian batsman).—Presented by the makers of De Rezke Minor Cigarettes.
- 8.15 a.m. STATION CONCERT
- 8.30 a.m. CHIVERS' CONCERT Presented by Chivers' & Sons, Ltd.
- 8.45 a.m. SINGING JOE, THE SANPIC MAN, in The Sanpic Quarter Hour.—Presented by Reckitts & Sons, Ltd., Hull.
- 9 a.m. ZEBO CONCERT Presented by Zebo, Ltd.
- 9.15 a.m. GOOD MORNING MATINEE Presented by Horlick's, Slough, Bucks.
- 9.30 a.m. STATION CONCERT
- 9.45 a.m. BROOKE BOND CONCERT Presented by the makers of Brooke Bond Dividend Tea.
- 10 to 10.30 a.m. STATION CONCERT

- 3.15 p.m. STATION CONCERT
- 3.45 p.m. FINANCIAL NEWS (in French)
- 3.50 p.m. STATION CONCERT
- 4 p.m. HORLICK'S TEA TIME HOUR with Debroy Somers and Various Artists, followed at 4.45 p.m. by the CHILDREN'S CORNER.—Presented by the makers of Horlick's, Slough, Bucks.
- 5 to 5.15 p.m. STATION CONCERT
- 6.30 p.m. ROWNTREE'S SCRAP-BOOK of Popular Dance Tunes.—Presented by Rowntree's Clear Gums.
- 6.45 p.m. CELEBRITY CONCERT Gracie Fields.
- 7.15 to 7.30 p.m. STATION CONCERT
- 11 to 12 midnight STATION PROGRAMME of Dance Music.
- 12 (midnight) PRINCESS MARGUERITE Programme of Dance Music.—Presented by Theion Laboratories, Perivale.
- 12.30 to 1 a.m. STATION PROGRAMME of Dance Music.

## SATURDAY, JAN. 2, 1937

- 8 a.m. ENGLAND v. AUSTRALIA, 3rd Test Match, Closing scores and full descriptions by W. H. Ponsford (the famous Australian batsman).—Presented by the makers of de Rezke Minor Cigarettes.
- 8.15 a.m. STATION CONCERT
- 8.30 a.m. SUNNY JIM'S PROGRAMME of "Force and Melody."—Programme presented by A. C. Fincken & Co.
- 8.45 a.m. STATION CONCERT
- 9 a.m. ROSE'S HAPPY MORNING MATINEE.—Presented by L. Rose & Co. Ltd.
- 9.15 a.m. STATION CONCERT
- 9.30 a.m. MUSICAL MENU With Mrs. Jean Scott.—Programme presented by Brown & Polson.
- 9.45 to 10.30 a.m. STATION CONCERT
- 3.15 p.m. STATION CONCERT
- 3.45 p.m. FINANCIAL NEWS (in French)
- 3.50 p.m. STATION CONCERT
- 4 p.m. HORLICK'S TEA-TIME HOUR With Debroy Somers and various artistes. Followed at 4.45 p.m. by the CHILDREN'S CORNER.—Presented by the makers of Horlick's, Slough, Bucks.
- 5 to 5.15 p.m. THE KOLYNOS VARIETY OF SMILES. Compered by Cyril Fletcher.—Presented by Kolyonos Tooth Paste.
- 6.15 to 7.30 p.m. STATION CONCERT
- 11 p.m. to 1 a.m. STATION PROGRAMME of Dance Music.

Sole Agents for the United Kingdom—Wireless Publicity, Ltd., Electra House, Victoria Embankment, London, W.C.2.

# WORLD SHORT-WAVE PROGRAMMES

## THIS WEEK'S DAY-TO-DAY HIGH SPOTS

More than 200 extra broadcasting stations can be heard with a modern All-Wave receiver. In this new and exclusive "Radio Pictorial" feature you will find every week the most interesting programmes on the short-wave band



### SUNDAY, DEC. 27

- 11.0 a.m. VARIETY  
Sydney, VK2ME
- 11.30 a.m. INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT  
Paris, TPA4
- 1.0 p.m. ORGAN HIGHLIGHTS  
Wayne
- 2.0 p.m. ANTOBALS CUBAN ORCHESTRA  
Schenectady, W2XAD
- 3.0 p.m. THE SOUTHERNAIRES  
New Vocal Quartet  
Boundbrook
- 3.15 p.m. A SUNDAY AFTERNOON PROGRAMME  
Zeeseen
- 5.0 p.m. HOLLYWOOD HIGH HATTERS  
A Star Musical  
Pittsburg
- 6.30 p.m. COLUMBIA-EUROPE NEWS EXCHANGE  
Wayne
- 7.0 p.m. MAGIC KEY SURPRISE PROGRAMME  
Pittsburg
- 8.30 p.m. GUY LOMBARDO AND ORCHESTRA  
Pittsburg
- 8.45 p.m. CAMPANA'S GRAND HOTEL  
Schenectady
- 10.30 p.m. SMILING ED. McCONNELL  
The Singing Philosopher  
Schenectady, W2XAF

### MONDAY, DEC. 28

- 4.45 p.m. EDWARD MacHUGH  
Boundbrook
- 4.45 p.m. DR. ALLAN ("Quins") DAFOE  
Wayne
- 5.30 p.m. GENE ARNOLD AND THE CADETS  
Schenectady
- 5.40 p.m. ENGLISH VARIETY PROGRAMME  
Huizen
- 6.15 p.m. HOLLYWOOD HIGH HATTERS  
Schenectady
- 7.30 p.m. N.B.C. RADIO GUILD  
Schenectady
- 8.0 p.m. ROCHESTER CIVIC ORCHESTRA  
Pittsburg
- 8.0 p.m. PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY  
Schenectady
- 9.0 p.m. HARRY RICHMAN WITH  
FREDDIE RICH AND HIS ORCHESTRA  
Cincinnati
- 11.35 p.m. THREE X SISTERS  
Harmony Trio  
Pittsburg
- 11.35 p.m. DANCE MUSIC FROM HOTEL BRISTOL  
Skamlebaek



Frances Langford (left) and Myrna Loy are together in "Hollywood Hotel," Friday, 9.30 p.m. (pictures by courtesy of C.B.F.)

### TUESDAY, DEC. 29

- 5.30 p.m. GENE ARNOLD AND THE RANCH BOYS  
Schenectady
- 6.0 p.m. CHARLES STENROSS' LOTUS GARDENS ORCHESTRA  
Schenectady
- 7.15 p.m. WORDS AND MUSIC  
Hammerstein's Music Hall  
Pittsburg
- 8.30 p.m. LAUGH WITH  
KEN MURRAY AND RUSS MORGAN  
Wayne
- 9.0 p.m. WARING'S PENNSYLVANIANS  
AND THE LANE SISTERS  
Wayne
- 9.10 p.m. ORCHESTRAL CONCERT  
Huizen
- 9.30 p.m. VARIETY PROGRAMME  
Bombay
- 10.15 p.m. JACK ARMSTRONG  
Cincinnati
- 10.30 p.m. CONCERT  
Paris, TPA3

### WEDNESDAY, DEC. 30

- 1.0 p.m. VARIETY  
Zeeseen
- 2.45 p.m. FIDDLER'S FANCY  
Novelty programme  
Wayne
- 3.0 p.m. STREAMLINERS  
AND BURNS AND ALLEN  
Schenectady, W2XAD
- 5.0 p.m. EUROPEAN REVIEW  
Paris, TPA2
- 6.0 p.m. ETON BOYS  
Hot Rhythm Show  
Wayne
- 6.45 p.m. ART GILES AND HIS ORCHESTRA  
Wayne
- 7.10 p.m. THE BRISTOL HOTEL DANCE ORCHESTRA  
Skamlebaek
- 8.0 p.m. AN HOUR FOR THE SHUT-INS  
Pittsburg
- 8.15 p.m. OPERA RELAY FROM MILAN  
Rome
- 8.45 p.m. VARIETY PROGRAMME  
Georgetown, VP9R
- 10.30 p.m. IRMA GLEN  
Organ Solos  
Boundbrook
- 11.35 p.m. GEORGE HALL AND HIS ORCHESTRA  
Wayne
- 1.30 a.m. BURNS AND ALLEN  
Philadelphia

### THURSDAY, DEC. 31

- 6.45 p.m. HAPPY JACK WITH GUEST ARTISTES  
Schenectady
- 8.0 p.m. AL PEARCE AND HIS GANG  
Pittsburg
- 8.15 p.m. CARNIVAL BALL  
Skamlebaek
- 8.30 p.m. BETWEEN THE BOOK ENDS  
Pittsburg
- 8.45 p.m. CONTINUOUS DANCE PROGRAMME  
Huizen
- 8.45 p.m. DO YOU REMEMBER?  
Old Melodies Revived  
Wayne
- 9.0 p.m. POPULAR ORCHESTRAL CONCERT  
Zeeseen
- 9.15 p.m. NEW YEAR PROGRAMME  
A Surprise Item  
Cincinnati
- 10.45 p.m. SURPRISE PROGRAMME  
Skamlebaek
- 10.50 p.m. THE NEW YEAR  
Zeeseen
- 12.30 a.m. THE MARCH OF TIME  
Philadelphia

### FRIDAY, JAN 1

- 6.0 p.m. FIVE STAR REVUE WITH MERI BELL  
Wayne
- 9.0 p.m. BILLY MILLS AND HIS ORCHESTRA  
Wayne
- 9.30 p.m. HOLLYWOOD HOTEL WITH  
DICK POWELL, FRANCES LANGFORD,  
and MYRNA LOY  
Philadelphia
- 10.15 p.m. JACK ARMSTRONG  
The All-American Boy  
Cincinnati
- 10.30 p.m. THE SINGING LADY  
Philadelphia
- 11.35 p.m. THE THREE ACES  
Wayne
- 11.40 p.m. A GAY HOUR OF SONG AND DANCE  
Zeeseen
- 12 midnight THE ETON BOYS  
Philadelphia
- 12 midnight EUROPEAN NEWS  
Moscow
- 12.15 a.m. CONCERT RELAY  
Paris, PTA4

### SATURDAY, JAN. 2

- 2.30 p.m. MELLOW MOMENTS  
Wayne
- 3.0 p.m. BETTY AND BOB  
Wayne
- 3.30 p.m. MANHATTERS WITH LANDT TRIO  
Wayne
- 7.0 p.m. ANNE LEAF  
Philadelphia
- 8.30 p.m. JESSIE CRAWFORD  
Some New Organ Pieces  
Pittsburg
- 8.30 p.m. WEEKEND REVIEW  
Schenectady
- 9.30 p.m. THE CONTINENTALS  
Schenectady
- 9.45 p.m. A NATIONAL BARN DANCE  
Cincinnati
- 9.45 p.m. MODERN FOLK LORE MUSIC  
Zeeseen
- 10.0 p.m. CONCERT RELAY  
Paris, TPA3
- 10.10 p.m. DANCE SESSION  
Huizen
- 10.30 p.m. DANCE PROGRAMME RELAY  
Skamlebaek
- 10.30 p.m. VARIETY PROGRAMME  
Georgetown
- 11.0 p.m. AL ROTH AND ORCHESTRA  
Pittsburg
- 11.15 p.m. THE ORLEANDERS  
Cincinnati
- 11.45 p.m. SATURDAY NIGHT SWING CLUB  
BUNNY BERIGAN AND GUEST STARS  
Philadelphia
- 12 midnight JACK BENNY AND MARY LIVINGSTONE  
Cincinnati
- 12.30 a.m. WALTZING THROUGH EUROPE  
Schenectady
- 1.0 a.m. WALTER WINCHELL LOOKS  
THROUGH THE KEY HOLE  
Schenectady
- 1.15 a.m. PAUL WHITEMAN  
AND ORCHESTRA WITH RAMONA  
Schenectady

### BEST RECEPTION TIME AT A GLANCE

RECEPTION from short-wave stations is best at certain times of the day. Here is a key list showing you when programmes from the world's principal short-wave stations come in loudest.

**BOUNDBROOK (U.S.A.)**  
W3XAL, 16.87 m. 2 p.m. to 8 p.m.

**MELBOURNE (Australia)**  
VK3ME, 31.5 m. 9 a.m. to 12 midday

**MOSCOW (Russia)**  
RNE, 25 m. 9 p.m. to 10 p.m.

**PHILADELPHIA (U.S.A.)**  
W3XAU, 31.28 m. 5 p.m. to midnight

**PITTSBURG (U.S.A.)**  
W8XK 19.72 m. 3 p.m. to 8 p.m.  
25.27 m. 10 p.m. onwards

**ROME (Italy)**  
2RO, 25.4 m. 1 p.m. to 8 p.m.

**SCHENECTADY (U.S.A.)**  
W2XAD, 19.57 m. 2 p.m. to 9 p.m.  
W2XAF, 31.48 m. 9 p.m. onwards

**SKAMLEBAEK (Denmark)**  
OKY, 49.5 m. 6.30 p.m. onwards

**SYDNEY (Australia)**  
VK2ME 31.28 m. 6 a.m. to 8 a.m.  
11 a.m. to 3 p.m. Sundays

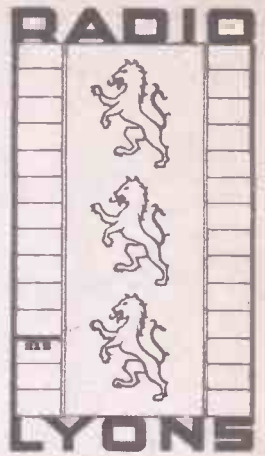
**WAYNE (U.S.A.) W2XE**  
19.65 m.—6 p.m. to 9 p.m.  
25.35 m.—10 p.m. onwards  
13.94 m.—12.30 p.m. to 6 p.m.



Betty and Bob  
Saturday,  
3 p.m.  
(Wayne)  
C.B.F.



# Radio Lyons Balling!



## SUNDAY, DEC. 27

4.0—5.0 p.m.  
**MELODIES AND SONGS ON THE GRAMOPHONE**  
 Played and sung by your favourite artists  
 "Christmas Round the Camp Fire"

5.0—5.15 p.m.  
**CARSON ROBISON AND HIS PIONEERS**  
 Presented for your entertainment by  
 Thos. Hedley & Co., Ltd., Newcastle-on-Tyne,  
 makers of Oxydol.

5.15—5.30 p.m.  
**MORTON DOWNEY**  
 (The Golden Voice of Radio)  
 with  
**JAY WILBUR**  
 and  
**THE DRENE ORCHESTRA**  
 Sent to you by the makers of  
**DRENE**

5.30—5.45 p.m.  
**ARTHUR TRACEY**  
 (The Street Singer)  
 Once again turns the corner and comes your way with a song  
 on his lips and in his heart.  
 Compered by James Dyrenforth, and brought to you by  
 Tokalon

5.45—6.0 p.m.  
**YOUR OLD FRIEND DAN**  
 With seasonable songs and more good advice  
 Presented by the makers of  
 Johnson's Glo-coat

6.0—6.30 p.m.  
**CARROLL GIBBONS AND THE SAVOY HOTEL  
 ORPHEANS**  
 Assisted by several well-known artists in a  
 programme of Dance Music  
 sent to you by the makers of  
 Dolcis Shoes

6.30—6.45 p.m.  
**AN INVITATION TO A PARTY**  
 The following artistes have promised to attend:  
**PETER DAWSON, SAM BROWNE,**  
 and  
**ALFREDO CAMPOLI WITH HIS ORCHESTRA**  
 Presented by the makers of  
 Beecham's Lung Syrup  
 (Gramophone Records)

6.45—7.0 p.m.  
**CHRISTMAS TIME IN MERRIE ENGLAND**  
 Recordings of festive music by  
**JACK HYLTON AND HIS ORCHESTRA**  
**ELIZABETH WELCH AND HER SWING QUARTET**  
**ALFREDO CAMPOLI AND HIS ORCHESTRA**  
**BAND OF H.M. WELSH GUARDS**  
 Presented by the makers of  
 Phensic

7.0—7.30 p.m.  
**CARROLL GIBBONS AND HIS RHYTHM BOYS**  
 with  
**ANNE LENNER**  
**THE THREE GINX**  
 and  
**GEORGE MELACHRINO**  
 Sent to you by the makers of  
 Stork Margarine

9.30—12.00 (midnight)  
**MUSIC FOR DANCING**  
 Recordings by your favourite Dance Orchestras

Alfredo Campoli  
 gives you music  
 with a lilt in it.  
 At 6.30 p.m.



Tune in **RADIO LYONS!** You can rely on something  
 interesting from this new station on Sundays and  
 weekdays. The wavelength is 215 metres—not far  
 below B.B.C.'s National, on medium wave-band.

## WEEKDAYS Dec. 28 — Jan. 2

Transmissions every day from 4.0—6.0 p.m., and  
 from 10 p.m till midnight.

James Dyrenforth (right), author and comperè  
 with an attractive voice, comperes the Street  
 Singer's Concert at 5.30 p.m.



Festive music by Jack Hylton (above)  
 and his Orchestra will be heard in  
 a programme of Christmas music at  
 6.45 p.m.



(Above) "The Brown Blues Singer,"  
 Elizabeth Welch, as she appeared with Paul  
 Robeson in the film *Song of Freedom*. You  
 will hear her with her Swing Quartet at  
 6.45 p.m.

(Left) Most manly and appealing of dance-  
 band vocalists, Sam Browne is always sure  
 of an enthusiastic audience. His voice will  
 be contrasted with that of Peter Dawson at  
 the party which is to be held this Sunday at  
 6.30 p.m.

Sunday, December 27, 1936, to Saturday, January 2, 1937.

This Week's Programmes from

# RADIO NORMANDY, Poste Parisien and Côte D'Azur

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

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## Sunday, December the 27th

All Times Stated are Greenwich Mean Time

### RADIO LUXEMBOURG 1293 m., 232 Kc/s.

#### Morning Programme

11.15—11.30 a.m.

##### THE OPEN ROAD

Entry of the Gladiators ... *Fucik*  
There's a New World ... *Kennedy*  
Here is My Song ... *Longstaffe*  
Keep a Twinkle in Your Eye ... *Bloom*  
Bond of Friendship ... *Rogan*

Presented by

Carter's Little Liver Pills,  
64 Hatton Garden, E.C.1

1.0—1.30 p.m.

##### THE LATEST DANCE MUSIC

Presented by

Zambuk,  
C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds

#### Evening Programme

10.30—11.0 p.m.

##### THE LATEST DANCE MUSIC

Presented by

Bile Beans,  
C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds

### RADIO NORMANDY

TO-DAY:

#### MORE MONKEY BUSINESS

Sunday, 10.30 a.m.

...

#### MUSIC THROUGH THE AGES

Sunday, 3.30 p.m.

...

#### SEA TIME HOUR

Cruising the World

Sunday, 4.0 p.m.

...

#### ZELMA O'NEAL

in

Voices of the Stars

Sunday, 7.15 p.m.

### RADIO NORMANDY

269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s.

Times of Transmission

Sunday: 8.00 a.m.—11.30 a.m.      Weekdays: 8.00 a.m.—11.00 a.m.  
2.00 p.m.—7.30 p.m.                      \* 2.00 p.m.—6.00 p.m.  
10.00 p.m.—1.00 a.m.                      † 12 (midnight)—1.00 a.m.

\* Thursday: 2.30 p.m.—6.00 p.m.; † Friday, Saturday, 12 (midnight)—2.00 a.m.

Announcers: D. J. Davies, J. R. L. Fellowes, H. V. Gee, D. I. Newman and J. F. Sullivan.

#### MORNING PROGRAMME

##### 8.0 a.m. NORMANDY CALLING!

Swift and Bold ... *Mansfield*  
This is the Day of Days ... *Dixon*  
The Song of the Lift ... *Evans*  
Singing a Happy Song ... *Meshill*

##### 8.15 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL.

The Skaters' Waltz ... *Waldteufel*  
Boris on the Bass ... *Arden*  
Mouse in the Clock ... *Hunt*  
American Medley ... *arr. Somers*

##### 8.30 a.m. SACRED MUSIC

As Pants the Hart ... *Spohr*  
God From on High Hath Heard ... *Gauntlett*

The Thought for the Week

THE REV. JAMES WALL, M.A.

There's a Friend for Little Children *Midlane*

##### 8.45 a.m. ORCHESTRAL CONCERT

Miniature Overture ... *Tchaikowsky*  
Spanish Dance No. 1 ... *Moskowsky*  
A Sierra Melody ... *White*  
The Music Comes ... *Straus*

##### 9.0 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL.

##### WOT CHER!

Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road *Chevalier*  
The Barrers in the Walworth Road *Sarony*  
My Old Dutch ... *Chevalier*  
Fifty Fousand Quid ... *Burnaby*

##### 9.15 a.m.

##### SCOTT'S MARCHES ON

Sabre and Spurs ... *Sousa*  
Gridiron Club March ... *Sousa*  
Martial Moments ... *arr. Winter*

Presented by the makers of

Scott's Emulsion,  
11 Stonecutter Street, E.C.4.

##### 9.30 a.m.

##### PROGRAMME OF LIGHT MUSIC

Entry of the Gladiators ... *Fucik*  
Forget Me Not ... *Hesse*  
Luna Waltz ... *Lincke*  
Take My Heart ... *Ahleri*

Presented by

California Syrup of Figs  
179 Acton Vale, W.3

##### 9.45 a.m.

##### A NOVEL ENTERTAINMENT

Including

##### The Code Phrase Free Gift Offer

Got to Dance My Way to Heaven *Coslow*  
I Wish I Were Twins ... *Meyer*  
Glory of Love ... *Hill*  
I'll String Along With You ... *Warren*

Presented by the makers of

Preservene Soap,  
Australia House, Strand, W.C.2

##### 10.0 a.m.

WALTZ TIME  
With Billy Bissett and His  
Waltz Time Orchestra  
LOUISE ADAMS,  
ROBERT ASHLEY  
and

##### THE WALTZ TIMERS

The Dance Goes On ... *Mayerl*  
Memories ... *Kern*  
The Waltz in Swingtime ... *Kern*  
Mellow 'Cello.  
Let Me Call You Sweetheart ... *Whilson*

Presented by

'Phillips' Dental Magnesia,  
179 Acton Vale, W.3

##### 10.15 a.m.

##### RECREATION CORNER

Music from the Movies.  
I'll Sing You a Thousand Love  
Songs ... *Warren*  
Good Evening, Pretty Lady ... *Evans*  
This Year in Theatreland—1936.

Presented by

Currys, Ltd.,  
Great West Road, Brentford

##### 10.30 a.m.

MORE MONKEY BUSINESS  
WITH BILLY REID AND HIS ACCORDION  
BAND  
IVOR DAVIES  
and

##### DOROTHY SQUIRES

Presented by the makers of  
Monkey Brand,  
Unilever House, Blackfriars, E.C.4

##### 10.45 a.m.

##### MUSICAL MENU

Mrs. Jean Scott,  
President of the Brown and Polson Cookery  
Club, gives you free Cookery Advice each  
Week  
Phantom Brigade ... *Myddleton*  
Just One More Chance ... *Coslow*  
The Last Waltz ... *Straus*  
The Way You Look To-night ... *Kern*

Presented by

Brown & Polson,  
43 Shoe Lane, E.C.4

##### 11.0 a.m.

##### I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL.

POPULAR SELECTIONS  
The Sanctuary of the Heart ... *Ketelbey*  
Until the Real Thing Comes Along ... *Chaplin*  
Ay, Ay, Ay ... *Peres*  
No Regrets ... *Ingraham*

Presented by

D.D.D.,  
Fleet Lane, E.C.4

##### 11.15 a.m.

Bolenium Bill Presents  
THE SUNDAY MORNING PARADE  
Bond of Friendship March ... *Rogan*  
Home Sweet Home ... *Trad.*  
A Ragtime Review.  
Auld Lang Syne ... *Trad.*

Presented by

Bolenium Overalls,  
Upton Park, E.13

##### 11.30 a.m.

##### PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH

Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie  
(Continued on page 35, column 1)

### PARIS (Poste Parisien) 312.8 m., 959 Kc/s.

Times of Transmission

Sunday: 5.00 p.m.—7.00 p.m.  
10.30 p.m.—11.30 p.m.  
Weekdays: 10.30 p.m.—11.00 p.m.  
Monday: 10.35 p.m.—11.05 p.m.

Announcer: F. R. Plomley.

#### Evening Programme

##### 5.0 p.m. CURTAIN RAISER

Viennese Memories ... *Lehar*  
King Charles ... *White*  
Cuban Cabby ... *Cavanaugh*  
Take My Heart ... *Young*  
Hand in Hand ... *Kern*  
Castle in the Moon ... *Lincke*  
Mama Don't Allow It ... *Davenport*  
New Orleans Twist ... *Gifford*

##### 5.30 p.m. SPORTING SPECIAL

The Travelling Salesman ... *London*  
Over the Waves ... *Rosas*  
Christmas Bells at Eventide ... *Pola*  
A Gift From Heaven ... *Roy*

Presented by

International Sporting Pools,  
77 Victoria Street, Bristol

##### 5.45 p.m.

##### YOUR FAVOURITE FILM STARS

Honeymoon Hotel ... *Warren*  
When You've Got a Little Springtime  
in Your Heart ... *Woods*  
Sonny Boy ... *Jolson*  
Excuse Me ... *Gibbons*

Presented by the makers of

Karsotte Inhalant,  
Adelphi, Salford

(Continued on page 39, column 1)

Featured from

### RADIO NORMANDY

THIS WEEK:

#### THE THREE MINCEMEATEERS

Monday, 8.15 a.m.

...

#### THE COLGATE REVELLERS

Thursday, 8.30 a.m.

...

#### TEST MATCH BROADCAST

Friday, Saturday, 8.0 a.m.

...

#### YOUR OLD FRIEND DAN

Friday, 8.15 a.m.

COME TO THE SUNDAY MORNING PARADE, to-day, 11.15 a.m.

# Sunday, December the Twenty-seventh

## RADIO NORMANDY

269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s.

## RADIO NORMANDY

269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s.

Continued from page 34, column 3

### AFTERNOON PROGRAMME

**2.0 p.m.** "STAND BY"  
RALPH CORAM—Compère  
with  
MARIE DAYNE  
NINA DEVITT  
MONTI RYAN  
THE CORONATION THREE  
MICHAEL COLE  
LEONARD HENRY  
JOHN PAYNE AND HIS JUBILEE SINGERS  
Kraft Revue Band, conducted by  
Harold Brewer  
At the Piano—Bert Marland  
Presented by  
Kraft Cheese Company, Ltd.,  
Hayes, Middlesex

**2.30 p.m.** Jane Carr Selects  
**MUSICAL HITS FROM THE FILMS**  
The Way You Look To-night (Swing  
Time) ... Kern  
The Orphans' Benefit (The Orphans'  
Benefit) ...  
Stars in My Eyes (The King Steps  
Out) ... Kreisler  
Life is Empty Without Love  
(Everything is Rhythm) ... Meskill  
Presented by the makers of  
Lixen,  
Allen & Hanburys, Ltd., Radio Dept.,  
London, E.2

**2.45 p.m.** THE OPEN ROAD  
Entry of the Gladiators ... Fucik  
There's a New World ... Kennedy  
Here is My Song ... Longstaffe  
Keep a Twinkle in Your Eye ... Bloom  
Bond of Friendship ... Rogan  
Presented by  
Carter's Little Liver Pills,  
64 Hatton Garden, E.C.1

**3.0 p.m.** SERENADE TO BEAUTY  
Presented by  
Pond's Extract Co.,  
Perivale, Greenford

**3.30 p.m.** MUSIC THROUGH THE AGES  
Concerto in F ... Gershwin  
La Golondrina ... Serradell  
Tchaikowskiana ... arr. Hand  
Ol' Man River ... Kern  
Presented by  
Huntley & Palmers, Ltd.,  
Biscuit Manufacturers, Reading

**3.45 p.m.** MARY LAWSON  
(by permission of Twickenham Films, Ltd.)  
in  
"BEHIND THE SCENES"  
The Diary of a Chorus Girl  
Presented by  
Pond's Face Powder

**4.0 p.m.** SEA-TIME HOUR  
Cruising the World  
With an All-Star Cast of  
Radio, Stage and Screen Favourites  
Aboard  
including  
MAX MILLER  
AL AND BOB HARVEY  
ALMA VANE, RONALD HILL  
SAM COSTA, BERNARD LEE  
DOROTHY KAY  
THE RHYTHM BROTHERS  
MOLLY CARDEW, ARTHUR GOMEZ  
and  
Debroy Somers and His Band  
Presented by  
Horlick's, Slough, Bucks

**5.0 p.m.** OLIVER KIMBALL  
The Record Spinner  
Presented by  
Bismag,  
Braydon Road, N.16

**I.B.C. SHORT-WAVE  
EMPIRE TRANSMISSIONS  
E.A.Q. (Madrid)  
30.43 m., 9860 Kc/s.**

Time of Transmission.  
Sunday: 12 (midnight)—12.30 a.m.  
Announcer: E. E. Allen.

**12 (midnight) LIGHT MUSIC**  
Speak Easy—Bolero ... Gensler  
The Skaters' Waltz ... Waldteufel  
Selection—Congress Dances ... Strauss  
Come Out Vienna (Waltz Time) ... Herbert  
**12.15 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL**  
Mama Inez—Rumba ... Grenet  
Czardas ... Monti  
Canzonetta ... Godard

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

**5.15 p.m.** CHARADIO  
The New Radio Game  
Presented by  
Bemax (Vitamins, Ltd.),  
23, Upper Mall, W.6

**5.30 p.m.** PROGRAMME OF LIGHT MUSIC  
The Waltzing Doll ... Poldini  
A Star Fell Out of Heaven ... Gordon  
Poème ... Fibich  
I Heard a Song in a Taxi ... Henderson  
Presented by  
Milk of Magnesia,  
179 Acton Vale, W.3

**5.45 p.m.** MASTER O.K., THE SAUCY BOY  
I'll Never Let You Go ... Astaire  
I Breathe on Windows ... Mayerl  
Piano Medley.  
We Saw the Sea ... Berlin  
Presented by  
O.K. Sauce,  
Chelsea Works, London, S.W.18

**6.0 p.m.** POPULAR CONCERT  
Vocal Gems—Rio Rita ... McCarthy  
Two Little Girls in Blue ... Graham  
Second Serenade ... Heykens  
Winter Storms Waltz ... Fucik  
Presented by Macleans, Ltd., the makers of  
"Mac" Brand Antiseptic Throat Sweets,  
Great West Road, Brentford

## RADIO CÔTE D'AZUR (Juan-les-Pins)

235.1 m., 1276 Kc/s.

Time of Transmission.

Sunday:

5.0 p.m.—6.15 p.m. 10.30 p.m.—11.30 p.m.

**5.0 p.m.** ROUND THE BANDSTAND  
Entry of the Gladiators ... Fucik  
Il Bacio ... Arditi  
Down South ... Myddleton  
Medley of British Songs.

**5.15 p.m.** RECORDS BY  
MANTOVANI AND  
HIS TIPICA ORCHESTRA  
Moment Musical ... Schubert  
Bees Among the Clover ... Barker  
Sweethearts of Yesterday ... arr. Hall  
Babes in the Wood ... Rimming

**5.30 p.m.** MEDLEY OF FAVOURITES  
My First Thrill ... Sigler  
Congo Lullaby ... Spoliansky  
Popular Melodies on a Piano.  
When You've Got a Little Springtime  
in Your Heart ... Woods  
Hands Across the Table ... Parish  
Sleep On ... Offenbach  
Dixieland ... arr. Stoddon  
Dick Turpin's Ride to York ... le Clerq

### EVENING PROGRAMME

**6.15 p.m.** NURSE JOHNSON  
Bye, Bye, Baby ... Hirsch  
Gold and Silver Waltz ... Lehar  
A Waltz was Born in Vienna ... Loewe  
When Day is Done ... de Sylva  
Presented by  
California Syrup of Figs,  
179 Acton Vale, W.3

**6.30 p.m.** RINSO MUSIC HALL  
OLIVE GROVES  
BENNETT AND McNAUGHTON  
MARIO DE PIETRO  
MEDVEDEFF AND HIS BALALAIKA  
ORCHESTRA  
BILLY BENNETT  
ARTHUR PRINCE AND "JIM"  
All-Star Variety  
Presented to listeners by the makers of  
Rinso,  
Unilever House, Blackfriars, E.C.4

**7.0 p.m.** BLACK MAGIC  
I've Got a Feeling I'm Falling ... Link  
Music in May ... Novello  
'Neath the Spell of Monte Carlo ... Leigh  
Me and the Moon ... Handman  
Got a Date with an Angel ... Waller  
Presented by  
Black Magic Chocolates

**7.15 p.m.** "VOICES OF THE STARS"  
Present  
ZELMA O'NEALE  
Famous Musical Comedy Star  
Sponsored by  
Rowntrees,  
The makers of Chocolate Crisp

**10.0 p.m.** LET'S GO ROUND TO  
NORMAN LONG'S  
featuring  
NORMAN LONG, FLOTSAM AND JETSAM  
with  
SIDNEY JEROME AND HIS ORCHESTRA  
Presented by  
Kruschen Salts,  
Adelphi, Salford

**10.15 p.m.** SPORTING SPECIAL  
Alexander's Ragtime Band ... Berlin  
Queen of Hearts ... Haines  
The Merry Widow Waltz ... Lehar  
Christmas Melodies by the Fireside  
... Forbes  
Presented by  
International Sporting Pools,  
77 Victoria Street, Bristol, 1

**10.30 p.m. DANCING NOVELTIES**  
Jack in the Box ... Reaves  
Butterflies in the Rain ... Reaves  
Buffoon—Fox trot ... Confrey  
Little Dutch Clock ... Reaves

**10.45 p.m.** MUSICAL MELANGE  
Programme devised and presented by  
David J. Davies

**11.0 p.m.** ADVANCE FILM NEWS  
Bojangles of Harlem ... Kern  
The Way You Look To-night ... Kern  
A Fine Romance ... Kern  
The Waltz in Swing Time ... Kern  
Presented by  
Associated British Cinemas,  
30 Golden Square, W.1

**11.15 p.m.** CONCERT OF BELTONA RECORDS  
The Irish Settler's Dream.  
The Dancing Dustman.  
Wie My Big Kilmarnock Bonnet.  
Far Over the Sea.  
Shepherd's Crook.  
Miss Proud.

**11.30 p.m.** SWEET MUSIC  
Manhattan Moonlight ... Alley  
Mother Macree ... Ball  
Play to Me Gipsy ... Kennedy  
In the Valley of Yesterday ... Steiner  
I'm Falling in Love With Someone ... Herbert  
Song of the Waterfall ... Squire  
I'll See You Again ... Coward  
Let's Put Out the Lights ... Hupfeld

**12 (midnight)** AN HOUR OF DANCE MUSIC  
Oh You Rogue!—Fox trot ... Rose  
I Breathe on Windows ... Mayerl  
When the Poppies Bloom Again ... Towers  
Cuban Pete—Rumba ... Norman  
Take My Heart—Fox trot ... Young  
When a Lady Meets a Gentleman  
Down South—Fox trot ... Oppenheim  
A Star Fell Out of Heaven ... Gordon  
The One Rose—Waltz ... Lyon

**12.30 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL**  
I Heard a Song in a Taxi ... Henderson  
A Little Robin Told Me So ... Davis  
Serenade in the Night ... Bixio  
Until To-morrow—Fox trot ... Hoffer  
I'm in a Dancing Mood ... Sigler  
Everybody Dance—Quick step ... Gordon  
I Dream of San Marino—Fox trot ... Shields  
But Definitely—Fox trot ... Gordon

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

Monday, Dec. 28th

Tuesday, Dec. 29th

RADIO NORMANDY

269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s.

MORNING PROGRAMME

8.0 a.m. NORMANDY CALLING! When a Lady Meets a Gentleman ... Oppenheim ... Merry Vienna ... Meisel ... Gee Whizz! ... Gennin ... Chansonette ... Friml ... 8.15 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL THE THREE MINCEMEATERS ... Ta-Ra-Ra-Boom-de-Ay ... Waiting at the Church ... And Her Golden Hair was Hanging Down Her Back ... Musical Switch ... Two Little Girls in Blue ... In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree ... 8.30 a.m. HAPPY DAYS ... A Little Robin Told Me So ... Gipsy Drinking Song ... South Sea Island Magic ... The Fleet's in Port Again ... 8.45 a.m. SUNNY JIM'S PROGRAMME OF "FORCE" AND MELODY ... Fire and Blood ... Our River Thames ... Billy Mayerl's Own Selection ... The Girl in the Taxi ... 9.0 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL THE OPEN ROAD ... Carnival of the Dwarfs ... Madama, Will You Walk? ... Mona Lisa ... There's a New Day Coming ... Back to Those Happy Days ... 9.15 a.m. PANTOMIME TIME ... Selection—Peter Pan ... Cinderella's Coach ... Babes in the Wood ... A Fairy Ballet ...

9.30 a.m. RADIO FAVOURITES ... Morgenblatter ... Robbin' Harry ... Me and the Moon ... I'll Never Let You Go ... 9.45 a.m. PROGRAMME OF LIGHT MUSIC ... Katja the Dancer ... When Did You Leave Heaven? ... Glow Worm Idyll ... Take My Heart ... 10.0 a.m. SOME POPULAR RECORDS ... Bojangles of Harlem ... Music in May ... The Yodelling Toreador ... Gaiety Echoes ... 10.15 a.m. DANCE MUSIC ... Dixieland Band—Novelty Fox trot ... Good Evening, Pretty Lady ... Raindrops—Tango ... Until To-day—Fox trot ... 10.30 a.m. POPULAR CONCERT ... Selection—The King Steps Out ... Siziiletta ... Love Everlasting ... Gipsy Fantasy ... 10.45 a.m. TEN FORTY-FIVE AND ALL THAT ... Did Your Mother Come From Ireland? ... Your-a-lay-a-tee ... The Playful Pelican ... I Left My Sugar Standing in the Rain ... 11.0 a.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH ... Asm. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie ...

AFTERNOON PROGRAMME

2.0 p.m. NEWS PARADE ... Selection—Love Tales ... Love Everlasting ... By the Waters of Minnetonka ... London Bridge March ... 2.15 p.m. RAINBOW RHYTHM ... A Feather in Her Tyrolean Hat ... Teasin' the Frets ... Mississippi Mud ... I Left My Sugar Standing in the Rain ... A Perfect Day ... 2.30 p.m. LUCKY PEOPLE ... Too Good to Be True ... I've Got the Sweetest Girl in All the World ... I've Got a Pocket Full of Sunshine ... I've Found the Right Girl ... It's Unbelievable ... I've Got the World on a String ... Got a Bran' New Suit ... I've Found a New Kind of Baby ... Miracles Sometimes Happen ... 3.0 p.m. ALFREDO CAMPOLI AND HIS ORCHESTRA ... Ballet Egyptian ... Love Songs of the Nile ... Allah's Holiday ... In the Sudan ... 3.45 p.m. VIROL VARIETY ... Unbelievable ... Learn How to Lose ... Selection—Over She Goes ... When Did You Leave Heaven? ...

4.0 p.m. TEA-TIME HOUR ... With Debroy Somers and Other Artists ... I Love to Ride the Horses ... Echoes of Ireland ... Ten Cents a Dance ... You Started Me Dreaming ... He Met Ena in An Inn ... New Orleans Twist ... If You Love Me ... Square Face ... Crazy Guitars ... The King's Breakfast ... 5.0 p.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL A QUARTER-HOUR PROGRAMME FOR BOYS AND GIRLS ... A Delayed Transmission from London BIRTHDAY GREETINGS FROM THE UNCLIES ... 5.15 p.m. ADVANCE FILM NEWS ... Bojangles of Harlem ... The Way You Look To-night ... A Fine Romance ... The Waltz in Swing Time ... 5.30 p.m. YOUR REQUESTS ... Night and Day ... Twentieth Century Blues ... Deep in My Heart ... Merry Go Round ... 5.45 p.m. WHAT'S ON IN LONDON ... News of the Latest Films, Shows and Other Attractions ... 6.0 p.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH ... Asm. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie ...

EVENING PROGRAMME

12 (midnight) AN HOUR OF DANCE MUSIC ... This'll Make You Whistle ... San Francisco—Fox trot ... Until the Real Thing Comes Along ... Moonlight—Quick step ... Spanish Jake—Fox trot ... Me and the Moon—Slow Fox trot ... Keep a Twinkle in Your Eye ... 12.30 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL ...

Man of My Dreams—Fox trot ... Did Your Mother Come From Ireland?—Fox trot ... Popcorn—Rumba ... The Scene Changes—Fox trot ... Hobo on Park Avenue—Fox trot ... Free—Fox trot ... Sweetheart, Let's Grow Old Together ... 'Tain't No Use—Fox trot ... 1.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down ...

RADIO NORMANDY

269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s.

MORNING PROGRAMME

8.0 a.m. NORMANDY CALLING! ... Havana Heaven ... Tomi, Tomi ... Keep a Twinkle in Your Eye ... When a Lady Meets a Gentleman ... 8.15 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL GOLDEN HARMONY ... The Merry Middies ... La Petite Tonkinoise ... Under the Lilac Bough ... A Thousand and One Nights ... 8.30 a.m. EDITH DAY AND DEREK OLDHAM ... Why Do I Love You? ... Make Believe ... Orchids To My Lady ... You Are My Heart's Delight ... 8.45 a.m. POPULAR MUSIC ... Gipsy Love Waltz Melodies ... I Want Your Heart ... Snowball ... The Grasshoppers' Dance ... 9.0 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL HEALTH MAGIC ... O Maiden, My Maiden ... Lionel Monckton Memories ... Paradise ... Always in My Heart ... 9.15 a.m. REQUEST PROGRAMME ... When Somebody Thinks You're Wonderful ... There Goes My Headache ... Keep Tempo ... Dinah ... 9.30 a.m. TUNES WE ALL KNOW ... Phantom Brigade March ... Bells Across the Meadow ... Down Among the Dead Men ...

9.30 a.m. Tunes We All Know—cont. ... Funiculi, Funicula ... Here's the Circus ... 9.45 a.m. WALTZ TIME ... With Billy Bissett and His Waltz Time Orchestra ... LOUISE ADAMS, ROBERT ASHLEY and THE WALTZ TIMERS ... Music in May ... It's a Sin to Tell a Lie ... Noel Coward Medley ... If You Were the Only Girl ... 10.0 a.m. TEN O'CLOCK TEMPO ... Dixieland Band—Novelty Fox trot ... Saxo-Folly ... Amapola—Rumba ... Put On Your Old Grey Bonnet ... 10.15 a.m. THE OPEN ROAD ... Bond of Friendship ... Roll Away Clouds ... Who's Been Polishing the Sun? ... Sons of the Brave ... Everybody's Got to Wear a Smile ... 10.30 a.m. POPULAR CONCERT ... Nicolette ... Spring Song ... In the Shadows ... Fantasia—Strauss Melodies ... 10.45 a.m. TEN FORTY-FIVE AND ALL THAT ... I'm One Step Ahead of My Shadow ... Selection—Follow the Sun ... Whispering ... The Valparaiso ... 11.0 a.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH ... Asm. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie ...

AFTERNOON PROGRAMME

2.0 p.m. RAINBOW RHYTHM ... Wood and Ivory ... Music in May ... Vamp of Havana ... Too Good to Be True ... 2.15 p.m. ADVANCE FILM NEWS ... Bojangles of Harlem ... The Way You Look To-night ... A Fine Romance ... The Waltz in Swing Time ... 2.30 p.m. TUNING UP ... Clarinet Marmalade ... Drummer Goes to Town ... Bugle Call Rag ... Mellow as a 'Cello ... Dere's Jazz in Dem Dere Horns ... Pianotrope ... Picking the Guitar ... Accordion Cora ... Gipsy Violin ... 3.0 p.m. CIRCUS TIME ... Here's the Circus ... When the Circus Comes to Town ... Joey the Clown ... The Elephants' Parade ... Acrobat ... The Man on the Flying Trapeze ... The Dancing Bear ... Swing Me Up Higher ... The Juggler ... 3.30 p.m. SPECIAL OCCASIONS ... Turkish March ... Masquerade ... I Thank You Mister Moon ... The Skaters' Waltz ... 3.45 p.m. SAXOPHONICS ... Saxo Folly ... Baby Won't You Please Come Home? ... Sax-o-phun ... Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life ... The Laughing Saxophone ...

4.0 p.m. TEA-TIME HOUR ... With Debroy Somers and Other Artists ... Diddle Dum Dee ... Leslie Stuart Melodies ... Is It True What They Say About Dixie? ... Fighting Strength ... June ... A Melody from the Sky ... Welsh Medley ... Sleepy Time Gal ... Dr. Heckle and Mr. Jibe ... Down by the Pond ... Cherry Stones ... Sea Fantasia ... 5.0 p.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL A QUARTER-HOUR PROGRAMME FOR BOYS AND GIRLS ... A Delayed Transmission from London BIRTHDAY GREETINGS FROM THE UNCLIES ... 5.15 p.m. FINGERING THE FRETS ... A programme for Instrumental Enthusiasts ... Argonne March ... Hawaiian Sunset ... Pandanguillo ... Mandolino—Waltz Serenade ... 5.30 p.m. MUSICAL FIREWORKS ... Blaze of Glory ... Showers of Gold ... Silver Shower ... Golden Rain ... 5.45 p.m. WHAT'S ON IN LONDON ... News of the Latest Films, Shows and Other Attractions ... 6.0 p.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH ... Asm. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie ...

EVENING PROGRAMME

12 (midnight) WINTER SPORTS ... Pick Yourself Up ... White Jazz ... Feelin' Gay ... There's a New World ... 12.15 a.m. DANCE MUSIC ... Everybody's Swingin' It Now ... I'm Pitiolated Over You ... Donegal Cradle Song ... The Scene Changes—Blues ...

12.30 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL ... Your Heart and Mine—Fox trot ... Internationale—Fox trot ... Mine's a Hopeless Case—Fox trot ... A Gift From Heaven—Waltz ... The Way You Look To-night ... When Did You Leave Heaven? ... Shall I See You Again?—Quick step ... You Turned the Tables on Me ... 1.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down ...

Wednesday, Dec. 30th

Thursday, Dec. 31st

RADIO NORMANDY

269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s.

MORNING PROGRAMME

- 8.0 a.m. NORMANDY CALLING! Under the Balcony Heykens Waltz Medley. Frog King's Parade Kronberger King Chanticleer Ayer

RADIO NORMANDY

269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s.

MORNING PROGRAMME

- 8.0 a.m. NORMANDY CALLING! Selection—The Great Ziegfeld Adamson A Day in the Tyrol Romer

AFTERNOON PROGRAMME

- 2.0 p.m. RAINBOW RHYTHM I Breathe on Windows Mayer Lonely Road Ansell Medley—Say It With Music Noble

AFTERNOON PROGRAMME

- 2.30 p.m. THE MAGIC CARPET Sidewalks of Cuba Oakland The Continental Conrad

EVENING PROGRAMME

- 12 (midnight) AN HOUR OF DANCE MUSIC Organ Grinder's Swing Hudson Pick Yourself Up—Fox trot Kern

EVENING PROGRAMME

- 12 (midnight) WINTER SPORTS—1937 Hop Scotch—Scottische Rose Pas de Quatre—Barn Dance Lutz

Friday, Jan. 1st

Saturday, Jan. 2nd

RADIO NORMANDY

269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s.

MORNING PROGRAMME

8.0 a.m. De Reszke Minor TEST MATCH BROADCAST
8.15 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL YOUR OLD FRIEND DAN
8.30 a.m. POPULAR MELODIES
8.45 a.m. SUNNY JIM'S PROGRAMME OF "FORCE" AND MELODY
9.0 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL TUNES FROM THE TALKIES AND SHOWS
9.15 a.m. SONG AND DANCE
9.30 a.m. RADIO FAVOURITES
9.45 a.m. NURSE JOHNSON
10.0 a.m. KITCHEN WISDOM
10.15 a.m. THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE
10.30 a.m. POPULAR CONCERT
10.45 a.m. TEN FORTY-FIVE AND ALL THAT
11.0 a.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH

AFTERNOON PROGRAMME

2.0 p.m. RAINBOW RHYTHM
2.15 p.m. MILITARY BAND CONCERT
2.30 p.m. NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS
3.0 p.m. TUNES THAT NEVER DIE
3.30 p.m. SPECIAL OCCASIONS
3.45 p.m. LESLIE HUTCHINSON AT THE PIANO
4.0 p.m. TEA-TIME HOUR
5.0 p.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL A QUARTER-HOUR PROGRAMME FOR BOYS AND GIRLS
5.15 p.m. COME TO OUR PARTY
5.45 p.m. WHAT'S ON IN LONDON
6.0 p.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH

EVENING PROGRAMME

12 (midnight) EXTENSION NIGHT
DANCING TILL 2 a.m.
Popular Dance Bands Record Your Favourite Tunes
I.B.C. GOOD-NIGHT MELODY AND CLOSE DOWN, 2.0 a.m.
I.B.C. Time Signal, 12.30 a.m., 1.0 a.m., 1.30 a.m.

For PARIS (Poste Parisien), RADIO LUXEMBOURG and RADIO LJUBLJANA programmes, see page 39.

RADIO NORMANDY

269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s.

MORNING PROGRAMME

8.0 a.m. De Reszke Minor TEST MATCH BROADCAST
8.15 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL LIGHT MUSIC
8.30 a.m. HAPPY DAYS
8.45 a.m. SUNNY JIM'S SPECIAL CHILDREN'S PROGRAMME OF "FORCE" AND MELODY
9.0 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL SOME POPULAR RECORDS
9.15 a.m. BILLY COTTON AND HIS BAND
9.30 a.m. A Quarter of an Hour's ENTERTAINMENT FOR MOTHER AND THE CHILDREN
9.45 a.m. A NAUTICAL JIG-SAW
10.0 a.m. LISTEN TO VITBE
10.15 a.m. INSTRUMENTAL NOVELTIES
10.30 a.m. POPULAR CONCERT
10.45 a.m. TEN FORTY-FIVE AND ALL THAT
11.0 a.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH

AFTERNOON PROGRAMME

2.0 p.m. WE'RE ON THE AIR
2.15 p.m. RIVER REVERIES
2.30 p.m. LIGHT ENTERTAINMENT
3.0 p.m. HALF HOUR'S VARIETY
3.30 p.m. RAINBOW RHYTHM
3.45 p.m. HAWAIIAN QUARTER-HOUR
4.0 p.m. TEA-TIME HOUR
5.0 p.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL MOONLIGHT MAGIC
5.15 p.m. SWING MUSIC
5.30 p.m. ALBERT SANDLER AND HIS ORCHESTRA
5.45 p.m. WHAT'S ON IN LONDON
6.0 p.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH

EVENING PROGRAMME

12 (midnight) EXTENSION NIGHT
WINTER SPORTS
DANCING TILL 2 a.m.
Popular Dance Bands Record Your Favourite Tunes
I.B.C. GOOD-NIGHT MELODY AND CLOSE DOWN, 2.0 a.m.
I.B.C. Time Signal, 12.30 a.m., 1.0 a.m., 1.30 a.m.

# PARIS (Poste Parisien)

312.8 m., 959 Kc/s.

## Monday, December 28

10.35 p.m.  
**RAINBOW RHYTHM**  
A Feather in Her Tyrolean Hat ... *Mills*  
Teasin' the Frets ... *Collichs*  
Mississippi Mud ... *Barris*  
I Left My Sugar Standing in the Rain ... *Kahal*  
A Perfect Day ... *Jacobs*  
Presented by the makers of  
Tintex,  
199 Upper Thames Street, E.C.4

10.50 p.m.  
**AMBROSE AND HIS ORCHESTRA**  
(Electrical Recordings)  
Miracles Sometimes Happen ... *Noble*  
Body and Soul ... *Green*  
Sweet Muchacha ... *Ager*  
Chasing Shadows ... *Silver*

11.5 p.m. **I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL**  
I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down

## Tuesday, December 29

10.30 p.m.  
**DANCE MUSIC AND CABARET**  
Relayed from the  
Scheherazade Night Club  
Commentary in English

## Wednesday, December 30

10.30 p.m.  
**RAINBOW RHYTHM**  
I Breathe on Windows ... *Mayerl*  
Lonely Road ... *Ansell*  
Medley—Say It With Music ... *Noble*  
Serenada Criolla ... *Frondel*  
Presented by the makers of  
Tintex,  
199 Upper Thames Street, E.C.4

10.45 p.m.  
**RADIO STARS**  
Did Your Mother Come From  
Ireland? ... *Kennedy*  
Song of the Nightingale ... *Aibout*  
With All My Heart ... *McHugh*  
A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody ... *Berlin*  
Presented by  
"Radio Pictorial"

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

## Thursday, December 31

**SPECIAL FRENCH**  
**NEW YEAR'S EVE PROGRAMME**

## Friday, January 1

**Evening Programme**  
**FRENCH THEATRE RELAY**

## Saturday, January 2

10.30 p.m.  
**RAINBOW RHYTHM**  
Sylvia ... *Speaks*  
The Step Dancer ... *Rawics*  
There Goes My Headache ... *Razaf*  
Organ Grinder's Swing ... *Hudson*  
Presented by the makers of  
Tintex,  
199 Upper Thames Street, E.C.4

10.45 p.m. **GRETA KELLER**  
(Electrical Recordings)  
Bird on the Wing ... *Kennedy*  
When Budapest was Young ... *Kennedy*  
Take My Heart ... *Ahlert*  
I Wished on the Moon ... *Rainier*

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

# RADIO LUXEMBOURG

1293 m., 232 Kc/s.

## Monday, December 28

9.15—9.30 a.m.  
**GOOD-MORNING PROGRAMME**  
The Squirrel Dance ... *Elliott Smith*  
A Little Robin Told Me So ... *Davis*  
Moonlight on the Alster ... *Fedras*  
A Bedtime Story ... *Towers*  
Presented by  
Horlick's, Slough, Bucks

## Tuesday, December 29

9.30—9.45 a.m.  
**MUSICAL MENU**  
With Mrs. Jean Scott  
Amoretantanz ... *Gung'l*  
Sweet and Lovely ... *Arnheim*  
Sweetheart Czardas ... *Marie*  
A Little Robin Told Me So ... *Davis*  
Presented by  
Brown & Polson,  
43 Shoe Lane, E.C.4

6.30—6.45 p.m.  
**THE ROWNTREE'S MELODY MAKERS**  
in  
**Dance Memories**  
Sailin' in the Robert E. Lee.  
The Doll Dance ... *Brown*  
Side by Side ... *Wood*  
Flapperette ... *Greer*  
Please ... *Robin*  
Smile, Darn Ya, Smile ... *O'Flynn*  
Brown Eyes, Why Are You Blue?  
Presented by  
Rowntrees Gums and Pastilles,  
York

## Wednesday, December 30

9.15—9.30 a.m.  
**GOOD-MORNING PROGRAMME**  
Sunny Days ... *Kruger*  
Estudiantina ... *Waidteufel*  
Cupid's Army ... *Ibanes*  
Selection—Love, Life and Laughter ... *Haines*  
Presented by  
Horlick's, Slough, Bucks

## Thursday, December 31

9.30—9.45 a.m.  
**MUSICAL MENU**  
With Mrs. Jean Scott  
Collette ... *Fraser-Simson*  
I Can't Escape From You ... *Robin*  
Dicky Bird Hop ... *Gourley*  
Peter's Pop Keeps a Lollipop Shop ... *Long*  
Presented by  
Brown & Polson,  
43 Shoe Lane, E.C.4

## Friday, January 1

9.15—9.30 a.m.  
**GOOD-MORNING PROGRAMME**  
There's a New World ... *Kennedy*  
Ginger Snaps ... *Bourdon*  
Nola ... *Arndt*  
A Hunting Medley ... *Arndt*  
Presented by  
Horlick's, Slough, Bucks

## 6.30—6.45 p.m. THE ROWNTREE'S MELODY MAKERS

in  
**Dance Memories**  
My Blue Heaven ... *Whiting*  
Nola ... *Arndt*  
Stay Out of the South ... *Dixon*  
Wedding of the Painted Doll ... *Brown*  
Just One More Chance ... *Coslow*  
Forty-Second Street ... *Warren*  
Pasadena.  
Presented by  
Rowntrees Gums and Pastilles,  
York

## Saturday, January 2

9.30—9.45 a.m.  
**MUSICAL MENU**  
With Mrs. Jean Scott  
Jealousy ... *Renee*  
A Fine Romance ... *Kern*  
Frasquita ... *Lehar*  
I Breathe on Windows ... *Mayerl*  
Presented by  
Brown & Polson,  
43 Shoe Lane, E.C.4

# PARIS (Poste Parisien)

312.8 m., 959 Kc/s.

**SUNDAY** (Continued from page 34)

6.0 p.m.  
**POPULAR CONCERT**  
Soldiers of the King ... *Stuart*  
Tales of the Orient ... *Strauss*  
Cobbler's Song ... *Norton*  
Animal Antics ... *Wark*  
Presented by  
Macleans, Ltd.,  
Great West Road, Brentford

6.15 p.m.  
**LET'S GO ROUND TO NORMAN LONG'S**  
Featuring  
**NORMAN LONG**  
**FLOTSAM AND JETSAM**  
**SYDNEY JEROME AND HIS ORCHESTRA**  
Presented by  
Kruschen Salts,  
Adelphi, Salford

6.30 p.m.  
**HEALTH AND HAPPINESS**  
Through Night to Light ... *Laukien*  
Drums Are On Parade ... *Neville*  
Good Morning Glory ... *Gordon*  
When the Guards go Marching By ... *Barker*  
Stein Song ... *Fenstead*  
Presented by  
Carter's Little Liver Pills,  
64 Hatton Garden, E.C.1

6.45—7.0 p.m.  
**VARIETY**  
Your Feet's Too Big ... *Hancock*  
My Heart and I ... *Robin*  
When the Poppies Bloom Again ... *Towers*  
American Tour.  
Presented by  
Thorn's Portable Buildings,  
Brampton Road, Bexleyheath, Kent

10.30 p.m. **ORCHESTRAL MUSIC**  
Nutcracker Suite—Waltz ... *Tchakowsky*  
Thousand and One Nights ... *Strauss*  
Minuet ... *Beethoven*  
Cavalleria Rusticana ... *Mascagni*  
(Continued in column 4)

# RADIO CÔTE D'AZUR

(JUAN-LES-PINS)

235.1 m., 1,276 Kc/s.

## NEW TRANSMISSIONS

TUNE IN TO  
**THE SUNNY SOUTH**  
EVERY SUNDAY

**LATE AFTERNOON LATE EVENING**

Commencing at 5.0 p.m. Commencing at 10.30 p.m.

I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

11.30 p.m.

# PARIS (Poste Parisien)

(Continued from column 1)

10.45 p.m.  
**SOME POPULAR RECORDS**  
My Sweetie Went Away ... *Turk*  
Like a Bolt from the Blue ... *Oakland*  
China Boy ... *Winfrey*  
Fresh Breezes ... *Borchert*  
Presented by  
Bile Beans,  
C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds

11.0 p.m.  
**CABARET**  
To-day I Feel So Happy ... *Abraham*  
Sweet Melody of Night ... *Korngold*  
Carry Me Back to the Lone Prairie ... *Robinson*  
A Little Bit Independent ... *Leslie*  
Golden Gate Kate ... *Roy*  
Holiday Sweetheart ... *Henderson*  
Lady be Good ... *Gershwin*  
Mrs. Worthington ... *Coward*  
Serenade in the Night ... *Bixio*

11.30 p.m. **I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL**  
I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

# RADIO LJUBLJANA

569.3 m., 527 Kc/s.

Time of Transmission.  
Friday: 9.30 p.m.—10.0 p.m.

## Friday, January 1

9.30 p.m.  
**I.B.C. CONCERT**  
**MEDLEY**  
Weather Reports ... *Flotsam*  
A Thick, Thick Fog in London ... *Gay*  
Just a Poor Street Singer ... *Uher*  
The First Waltz ... *Durand*  
The Honeysuckle and the Bee ... *Fils*  
Marching Through Georgia ... *Müller*  
Phil the Fluter's Ball ... *French*  
Andalusia ... *Gomez*

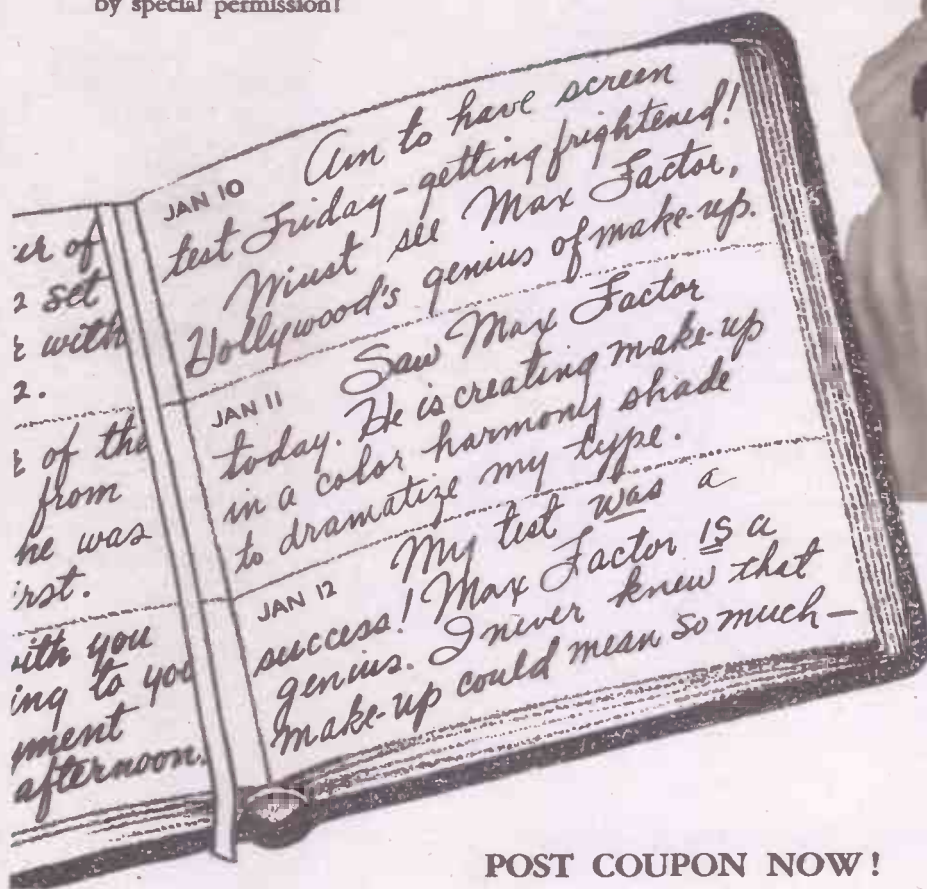
# RADIO STARS 142

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# MAKE-UP *Secrets* from the PERSONAL DIARY of

*Ginger Rogers!*

Intimate facts of her first Screen Test now revealed for the first time in England and reprinted by special permission!



Would you like Max Factor to give you a personal Make-up Analysis, just as he does for Screen Stars? His famous Society Make-up — Powder, Rouge and Lipstick—originated for the Stars, is now available to you in COLOUR HARMONY shades for Brunettes, Blondes, Brownettes and Redheads.

*GINGER ROGERS*, lovely Radio Pictures Star in "SWING TIME," using Max Factor's Rouge.

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Complexion	Eyes	Hair
Very Light . . . . . <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue . . . . . <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE
Fair . . . . . <input type="checkbox"/>	Grey . . . . . <input type="checkbox"/>	Light . . . . . <input type="checkbox"/> Dark . . . . . <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy . . . . . <input type="checkbox"/>	Green . . . . . <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE
Medium . . . . . <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel . . . . . <input type="checkbox"/>	Light . . . . . <input type="checkbox"/> Dark . . . . . <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy . . . . . <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown . . . . . <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE
Sallow . . . . . <input type="checkbox"/>	Black . . . . . <input type="checkbox"/>	Light . . . . . <input type="checkbox"/> Dark . . . . . <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled . . . . . <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES	REDHEAD
Olive . . . . . <input type="checkbox"/>	Light . . . . . <input type="checkbox"/>	Light . . . . . <input type="checkbox"/> Dark . . . . . <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN	Dark . . . . . <input type="checkbox"/>	
Dry . . . . . <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE	
Oily . . . . . <input type="checkbox"/> Normal . . . . . <input type="checkbox"/>	Over 35 . . . . . <input type="checkbox"/>	If hair is Grey, check type above and here . . . . . <input type="checkbox"/>
	Under 35 . . . . . <input type="checkbox"/>	

Max Factor's Make-up Studios (Dept. A.), 16 Old Bond Street, London, W.1.  
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