

# BUMPER CHRISTMAS NUMBER

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# RADIO PICTORIAL

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# RADIO PICTORIAL

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MARGOT JONES

The Editor

and Staff

Wish All Readers

A

Very Happy

Christmas



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(Crooner with Joe Kaye's Band)

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to remember - Give  
them a



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# LET RADIO SPREAD CHRISTMAS CHEER

BRANSBY WILLIAMS,

*Great Dickensian character-actor, reminds you of the marvellous power of Radio for bringing Christmas Festivity and Goodwill to all the Homes of Britain*

**W**HEN twilight falls on Christmas day, ten million families will rest, at peace with the world. Curtains will be drawn, fires will blaze in hearths, and here and there wine will flow, nuts will be eaten, children will play with their toys—and a radio will be working.

At no other time of the year will man be found with his family in such complete harmony. For this is the one day he will never be away from his home, to enjoy the comfort and security which it affords him.

There will be few visits to palaces of amusement, to theatres, cinemas and fun fairs. If the snow falls, covering the ground with a large white blanket, children may toboggan, but when night falls they will all be together.

But they will not be totally without amusement on that day. For radio will be playing an important part in the home. Tired wives who have spent their mornings cooking, children who have been up half the night opening stockings, and the breadwinner who relaxes for the first time in months, will be listening to the programmes distributed mainly from the B.B.C. and the Continental stations.

On such a day as this—it cannot be repeated more than once a year—it is just the opportunity for all broadcasting stations to take the fullest advantage of the great power in their possession to spread Christmas cheer and good spirits throughout the homes of Britain and, indeed, the world.

Such a time is one of binding peace, friendship, and forgiveness. The immense possibilities this opens up for radio cannot be ignored. Whatever we hear will no doubt be admirable entertainment, and perhaps will spread the Christmas cheer as it should.

But I would like to see, or hear, programmes devised to make everyone realise that on this day the poor are struggling to make a Christmas day for their children, the rich becoming humble, and that there must be no misery.

**F**or years I did a version of "Scrooge" which lasted about fifteen minutes on Christmas day from the B.B.C. After every performance I used to receive many, many letters from all over the country, telling me how moved listeners were. They saw, in those brief minutes, another Christmas day of a long time ago, and how it affected someone outside their own sphere.

They would like to hear more of this—how you and I are spending Christmas day and what we are doing.

But Christmas to me means something more than just a time of celebration and over-eating. It brings back my happiest memory. The Christmas time in 1906.

I was young then, and very ambitious, starring at the old Tivoli theatre in London. After the curtain had fallen one evening, I received a message from George Ashton—who managed all the Royal entertainments.

I hurried to see him, and on my arrival I was told: "You have been commanded by His Majesty King Edward VII to appear at Sandringham on Friday as mimic and actor."

And this amazing piece of news was followed with instructions that I should not tell a soul until the Friday morning.

During the rest of the week I played at the Tivoli, keeping the news to myself. And then the great day arrived. I sent a message to the managers of the Tivoli and hurried to meet George Ashton.

We travelled down to Sandringham by the

Royal Coach train, and every mile we covered the more nervous I became.

At Sandringham I was met by an equerry, who handed me a list of the people I should impersonate. It was a list personally selected by His Majesty himself.

I decided to include all my impersonations in a story built around village life. I wanted to make Sir Henry Irving, Sir Charles Wyndham, Sir Henry Tree, Eugene Stratton, Dan Leno, R. G. Knowles, and others into various personalities



found in a village, like the gossip, the squire, etc.

Naturally, I had had no time for a rehearsal, so I went for a walk in the grounds at Sandringham to think over the story I intended to use.

I had not been there more than a few minutes when an arm rested on my shoulder.

It was a private detective, and I was immediately arrested for lurking in the Royal grounds. I tried to argue with the detective, but he refused to listen.

"I'm Bransby Williams," I complained.

"I've heard that one before," was the reply.

"Somebody told me he was the Bishop of London the other day."

It was fruitless, but before long I was rescued by George Ashton, who came out to identify me.

Just before I got ready to do my impersonations, I peeped through the stage curtain at the peers and peeresses of the realm.

**A**s I looked, the Royal party appeared at the far end of the hall, and half way down, the King turned round and waved to a small gallery. It was filled with his tenants.

From that moment my nervousness passed away. I realised that the King was so very human, and like all great people, unaffected.

My command performance came, and I am proud to say that I impersonated every actor on the list the King had sent me.



Bransby Williams, popular member of the "Melody & Song" programme

At a meeting of the Pickwick Club, Bransby Williams plays the part of Pickwick (right), that incarnation of kindness and good spirits

There was a short interval, and then I played some Dickens characters.

After the show I changed into a lounge suit and lit a cigarette. Just then an equerry came to my room and told me that His Majesty wished to see me.

Without thinking, I followed, still smoking my cigarette, and stood before the King, the Queen, and two other members of the Royal Family.

It was then I realised that I still had the cigarette in my hand. So looking the King straight in the eyes, I dropped the cigarette without anyone noticing my movements, and, as I bowed, my foot pressed on the burning end.

The King said such things to me that, had I wished, I could have had my name in the headlines of all the papers in England. But I did not. And after a few days I received a letter congratulating me on not talking about things said on that day.

I travelled back to Kings Lynn, where I had to go after the Sandringham Command Performance, in the royal coach again, and then went straight on to the stage for my matinee. A week later I returned home, changed into my oldest suit, and did some gardening.

Please turn to page 59



# Christmas on the CONTINENT

As you enjoy the Christmas programmes from Luxembourg, Lyons and Normandy, spare a thought for the Englishmen out there who are working to give you fun. On these two pages popular Ogden-Smith, Tony Melrose, Roy Plomley, Bob Walker and Tom Ronald give some lively impressions and reminiscences of Christmases on the Continent

## GIANT PARTY AT LUXEMBOURG

by S. P. Ogden-Smith  
(Chief Announcer)

**C**HRISTMAS itself, as far as Luxembourg is concerned, can be dismissed in a few words; the Day of Days for the kiddies is December 6, St. Nicholas Day.



Christmas smile from our Luxembourg. We are now working at U.P.C., the production unit of I.B.C.

Every child in the Grand Duchy receives his or her present at St. Nicholas, and apart from something a little special in the way of feasting, Christmas Day is treated rather like an ordinary Sunday, and the real "whoopce" is kept for New Year's Eve.

Do the English Staff of Radio Luxembourg go all "Luxembourgish" for Christmas Day? I should say not! We make as much of the day as we possibly can, though naturally we are greatly restricted by the lack of English people here. Suppose I tell you of the arrangements that we have made in advance?

First, we have ordered our turkey, and our Christmas pudding has already been made for us in England; turkeys are not a staple item of Luxembourg diet, so ours will have to come from Holland, but as one of my very good friends in Luxembourg happens to be the owner of the Station Restaurant, I have no doubt that he will make a good choice for us.

Needless to add, the liquid part of our feast has not been forgotten; they produce here a sparkling Moselle wine that, to my mind, is every bit as good as Champagne, and this will form the main item, with cocktails before and sundry "afters"!

Owing to the fact that our main job is to entertain you, we shall not have this feast at lunch time, but at 7.30 in the evening—will you all spare a pitying thought for the poor fellow that has to take the late Dance Music from 11.0 p.m. to

1.0 a.m. on Christmas evening after a dinner like that? As it is on a Saturday this year, I'm afraid that it'll be the poor Third Announcer who will have to do it, but I shall probably make some arrangements whereby we all share the duty on that day.

I don't really know why I started off by describing the dinner we propose to have—perhaps my friends are justified when they say that I think too much of my tummy!—when I should really have started in chronological order (bet I shan't be able to say that word at nine o'clock on Christmas evening!). So I'd better go back to the beginning.

One of us will have to turn out at seven o'clock in the morning, so as to be at the mike at eight, and our usual morning programmes for a Saturday will be on the air; then, at half-past ten—immediately the normal programmes end—we shall start our Christmas Party.

And what a Party it will be!! There will be somewhere in the region of forty of your favourite artistes to entertain you, but I am deliberately refraining from giving you any details about it, as we all want it to be the surprise of the year for you.

Some people may say "Who ever heard of a Party in the morning?" And the answer is "Why not?" I think I am speaking for most people when I say that Christmas morning is the best time of all for holding a party; in the afternoon, everybody has eaten too much, and wants to sleep it off; in the evening, you have your own parties, and so only want music to which you can dance; later at night, you're all too tired after the efforts of the day; therefore, as Euclid would say, Q. E. D.—or, better still, the proof of the pudding is in the eating!

So just wait until 10.30 on Christmas morning, and see (or rather hear) what Radio Luxembourg can do in the way of Christmas Parties. It is scheduled to end at noon, so as to give you time to take a little stroll before lunch for appetite's sake, but if it goes on a few minutes beyond the allotted time, well, it's a Christmas Party, remember!

Round about one o'clock, we have planned a very light lunch—for my part, I shall probably eat nothing, knowing what I have in front of me in the evening—with a short walk after. Then we shall be on the air for you again from a quarter past four until six o'clock.

As footballers are again among the unfortunates who have to work at this season of the year, we shall be giving the football results as usual at five o'clock. Then, from half-past six until seven, we shall play Request numbers with a Christmasy flavour—we think that it would be rather an anti-climax to take our mike to one of our Café Outside Broadcasts on that day.

Then, as I have said before, our Dinner, with its consequent giving and receiving of presents, and after that fun and games until we feel like going to bed. Again we're unfortunate in not having Boxing Day to recover as most of our listeners will have; the day after Christmas is our heaviest day of the week—Sunday—and as we have adopted the Theatre motto of "The Show must go on", it will be "Business as usual" on Sunday the 26th.

Apart from the Dinner, we shall all amuse ourselves in various ways. Gordon is,

strange to say, a confirmed believer in a "Busman's holiday", and I expect that most of his spare time will be spent in front of his Radio set, searching the ether for strange programmes. Being able to speak Spanish like a native, his special pleasure is taking tea in the afternoon with Buenos Aires, or Rio-de Janiero.

My own recreation will be to pay a few calls on my Luxembourg friends, as they all know we celebrate Christmas in the English fashion. They are really good sorts, the Luxembourgish, once you get to know them, and their hospitality is unbounded.

My wife and I have many friends here who delight in speaking English with us—it is for that reason that my French is not as good as it should be, and my wife's is almost non-existent—and I expect some of them will drop in on us during the evening to help us make our "whoopce".

I'll let you into a little secret that has, up to now, been closely guarded—the "Lady Announcer" whom you sometimes hear from Radio Luxembourg is my wife.

We have got our own flat here, with our own furniture imported from England, and have done our level best to make it a real bit of England in a foreign country. We have imported some other English things from home as well, such as cocktails for the Luxembourgish, but that, I'm afraid, is another story.

Suffice it to say that, while cocktails may look and taste like fruit-drinks, they don't act in such an innocent way—at least, not those I make!

When you come to think of it, Christmas at Luxembourg—anyway, the Radio Luxembourg Christmas—isn't so very much different from what most of you who are reading this are accustomed. And why should it be? We are all of



Tony Melrose remembers a "tough" Christmas at Lyons last year

us here typical Englishmen, and naturally no custom of our own country can be bettered by another! Through thick and thin, we stick to our Customs, and Christmas is no exception to our rule.

But, as I have said before, our main purpose of being out here is to entertain you, so if you want a really merry Christmas, Radio Luxembourg will surely give it you from the entertainment side, and you'll have the added knowledge that every one here—the whole English staff without exception—joins me in wishing you the happiest possible Christmas, and all you wish yourself. A Right Merry Christmas to you all!





★ *Ex-Normandy announcers look back on Christmas at Fécamp . . . and Tony Melrose also has his memories!*

# CHRISTMAS DAYS IN LOST ON CHRISTMAS EVE THE WORKHOUSE!

By **BOB DANVERS-WALKER**  
(Popular U.P.C. Announcer)

LOOKING back on my Christmases for the past twelve years, I find that out of them I have spent only one at home in London and that was last year.

In every other case I have, owing to some evil design of fate, found myself drafted for duty in the studio at some station or other. That's why I refer to it as the workhouse.

Without going far back into history for the gruesome facts, by 1930 I began to feel that never again would I experience those after effects caused by indulging in the usual seasonal comestibles ranging from the gallinaceous fowl (turkey to you) to wood alcohol. That year I washed down a couple of sandwiches with some coffee whilst positively oozing with the right Christmas spirit to prevent myself getting the sack. That broadcast was in Melbourne, Australia.

1931 saw me walking round in circles in Toulouse looking for someone who might take pity on an English announcer just killing time before starting work; someone who would recognise the pangs of Christmas-night starvation and say, "My dear chap, why didn't you say so before, here—take my plum pudding."

1932. That was different. By then, you see, I was back at Radio Normandy so see the contributions to this page by Tom Ronald and Roy Plomley.

1933. Madrid, and once again my Christmas vigil at the microphone. Part of the day spent in studying my handbook of Spanish conversational phrases and coming across such things as "Your Honour, see not that our barouche has been struck by lightning?"

1934. Once again in the bosom of the assembled company at Fécamp, when something like a Christmas dinner was arranged between studio shifts.

1935. Paris. Helped in the cooking of the dinner in a stove only capable of accommodating a bullfinch and a jam tart and then had violent indigestion owing to my having to run to the "workhouse."

1936. Came the dawn. Back in London for a Christmas after more than twelve years—Did I enjoy myself? Don't be silly!

1937. Well, so far, it looks as though Christmas this year will be spent in the bosom of my family, but the following day (Sunday) duty will call for the usual weekly performance of the Stork Radio Parade at Kingston. I hope you will all have recovered sufficiently by then to be able to attend this grand show.

By **ROY PLOMLEY**

(Well-Known U.P.C. Announcer)

LAST Christmas I had just left Radio Normandy to take over at Poste Parisien, but I'd promised to go back to Fécamp for the Christmas Party.

On Christmas Eve I was joined in Paris by Robert Fellowes, and Jack Hargreaves and Bruce Anderson from London, and we spent a very happy evening instilling ye Olde Englyshe Xmas Spirite into the Parisians. Jack nearly won a live pig in a raffle.

Suddenly we realised that it was getting on for 3.30 a.m. and we had to be in Fécamp, 150 miles away, by 8.00 as Robert was on duty. Well, we took the right road out of Paris, heading due North, but we must have taken a wrong turning somewhere because, after driving for about three quarters of an hour, we found we had circled round to somewhere near Versailles, which is in the South—so we had to start all over again.

We eventually arrived in Fécamp with about four minutes to spare. We found great festivities and a marvellous Christmas dinner arranged for us and although suffering a little from lack of sleep, we had a grand time.



Roy Plomley—remember him as the Paris announcer?

# HOMESICK IN 1932

By **TOM RONALD**  
(Another fine U.P.C. Producer)

MY first Christmas at Radio Normandy in 1932 would have been disastrous, had I not had some very good friends on the French Staff there. Owing to unforeseen circumstances I was the sole announcer left to carry on the transmissions, which on those days were not nearly so long or difficult.

I must admit I felt a bit home-sick on Christmas morning as I didn't see much chance of festivities. I had plenty of work to do, but still Christmas is Christmas . . . and telephone calls from well-meaning friends in London and Paris wishing me a Happy Christmas and telling me what a good time they were having, sent me into the depths of gloom. By the evening I had given up hope of celebrating, when suddenly the French announcer came into the studio saying that a party was going on in the "Green Room" and would I join it.

Naturally, I leaped at the idea and after the station had closed down for the day I had one of the best Christmas parties I have ever had, thanks, again to my very good French friends. I am hoping they will come to England one Christmas so that I can show them what we can do in the way of a party.



Ogden-Smith and the "Lady Announcer." She is Audrey Ogden's delightful wife

# SANTA CLAUS AT LYONS By TONY MELROSE

SO the Editor of "Radio Pictorial" wants me to write about Christmas at Lyons, does he? Huh! Likewise Huh! again. Two lightly boiled eggs and half a yard of bread apiece, with a slab of butter and half-a-bottle of red ink gulped down at the little café round the corner—then back to the studio . . . such was the banquet enjoyed by my wife and me last year!

Some of you may remember that I complained and moaned right mightily to you all that night. I could see you so clearly! Gorged to repletion with good things; oozing with self-complacency and crowned with silly little paper hats! It was just too annoying I can tell you.

But this year I assure you that things will be very different, for, as Christmas falls on a Saturday, those at Lyons will only have the usual transmissions instead of starting up at 4 o'clock in the afternoon as in 1936. And you can put in a rare lot of eating and drinking before ten o'clock at night!

However, I must tell you of one or two things about Christmas over here which would strike you very forcibly if you could look in at this city. First of all you would notice that the feast of Noel is not such a festival of the home as it is in England.

On the contrary, from early morning you will find Papa, Mama and the whole family, including the children in arms, packing the cafés in their

thousands. And the big eating event of the day is likewise celebrated in public.

You would also inevitably be struck by the absence of the elaborate decorations in which we so delight in England, although it's true that in many houses you would notice the decorated and illuminated Christmas trees standing in the windows with the curtains drawn back so that all can see and admire.

I expect you've all heard Gerald Carnes describe for you the magnificent church which, from its lofty hill dominates the great Place Bellecour and the whole of the city. You probably know, therefore, that this church is surmounted by a colossal statue of the Virgin which is covered in pure gold. Well, at Christmas this statue is magnificently flood-lit, and the impression is of almost awe-inspiring grandeur and solemnity.

Snow, did you ask? Oh! Yes, you can see that too! Merely take a trip up into the mountains where we have our gigantic transmitter and in the distance you will see gleaming the white head of Mont Blanc surrounded by all his family.

Food—practically everything you can get in England at this time of year—only much better cooked!

So there you are! And a very merry Christmas and happy New Year to all our listeners! I, even I, am having a truce to split a bottle with my arch-pest, "The Man on the Set," on Christmas Day! So, in happy anticipation, here's cheerio to you all!

Tom Ronald, U.P.C. producer, with Pat Hyde





# XMAS CRACKERS

SEASONABLE WISECRACKS FROM THE MONTH'S WITTIEST BROADCASTERS

**Y**OU hear a lot of people complaining nowadays that they miss the carol-singers. This is foolish, exclamation mark. They would not miss them so often if they aimed more carefully.

I well remember my own experience in carol-singing, question mark. Several people confessed that they were struck by our performance. The others succeeded in striking us first.

(By **STAINLESS STEPHEN**—as if you didn't guess!—at the National mike again on Christmas Day.)

*It was at a children's party at Christmas.*

*Uncle George fancied himself as a juggler, so at the tea-table he took three or four lumps of sugar and juggled with them very neatly.*



*As he put them down with an air of triumph, a nasty little boy fixed him with a challenging look and said, "Now let's see you do it with the granulated!"*

(By **TROISE**, whose Mandoliers will add to the gaiety of Boxing Day at the B.B.C. Hear him first on December 6.)

**D**ick Whittington was receiving final instructions for the Highgate Hill Scene.

"As you walk off," said the producer, "the band plays 'Turn Again, Whittington,' and you turn—"

"Not me!" exclaimed the principal boy. "These tights are so darned tight I wouldn't dare turn!"

(By **THE TWO LESLIES**, another star attraction from the B.B.C. on Christmas Day. They are also in the Boots programme from Luxembourg, December 9.)

**1ST LISTENER:** What do you usually get on your set at Christmas?

**2ND DITTO:** Beer stains.  
(By **EDDIE POLA**, who wisecracks every Sunday from Nor-

mandy and Luxembourg, in "Twisted Tunes"—sent by Monkey Brand, and as compère of Rinso Radio Revue.)

**SAX PLAYER:** Great Scott, where did you get these cigars?

**DRUMMER:** They're Christmas cigars.

**SAX PLAYER:** Ah, given to you by a friend?

**DRUMMER:** I thought he was!

(By **MAJOR AND MINOR**—Alec McGill and Fred Yule, the rib-tickers presented every Sunday from Normandy and Luxembourg by Huntley and Palmer.)

*A broadcaster who celebrated Yuletide too well was staggering along the*

band from Toulouse every Saturday in the Toulouse Song Club.)

**ALMOST AN ADVERTISEMENT**

"Whether you love your wife or not, buy her a fur coat for Christmas. If you love her, buy one to keep her warm. If you don't love her, buy one to keep her quiet."

(By **BILLY BENNETT** "Almost a Gentleman," in the B.B.C.'s Christmas Day show from St. George's Hall.)

**1ST BROADCASTER:** Hello, Percy! I saw you in the Bolivar on Christmas Eve.

**2ND DITTO:** Oh, so that's where I was!

(By **PATRICK WADDINGTON**, whose breezy lightheartedness is at its breeziest in Crosse & Blackwell's "Dinner At Eight" shows from Luxembourg every Sunday.)

**L**etter from a highly imaginative lady-listener:

"Dear Harry Hemsley, "There's something that puzzles me every Christmas. How do you go about putting imaginary toys into the imaginary stockings of your imaginary children?"

I leave it to her imagination.

(By **HARRY HEMSLEY**, the "Father" of "Winnie" and others, whose Ovaltineys shows from Luxembourg every Sunday delight all children between six and sixty!)

*A pal of mine got fixed up in a small pantomime in which he not only played one of the "Forty Thieves," but played in the orchestra as well. When he wasn't on the stage as one of the "Thieves" he was playing a violin.*

*This is known as pinching and scraping for a living.*

(By **TOMMY HANDLEY**, yet another of the flock of funsters the B.B.C. has gathered for Christmas Day.)

*street when a constable accosted him.*

"Sh'all right, offisher," said the broadcaster, "I'm looking for a parking-plashe!"

"Then where's your car?"

"It'sh in the parking-plashe I'm looking for!"

(By **SYDNEY KYTE**, whose popular band is due from National on December 22.)

**HARD-UP ACTOR:** Here are some more Christmas bills, darling! One creditor has even enclosed a stamped envelope.

**WIFEY:** Splendid, George! Send him back the stamp on account!

(By **JEAN MELVILLE**, favourite B.B.C. pianist, who is on the air December 6.)

*As it was nearing Christmas, Skinfint bought himself an electric-set, but next day he took it back to the shop.*

"I thought you said this set was all-mains?" he demanded.

"So it is," declared the shopkeeper.

"Yeah? Well, it won't work from the gas or water to begin with!"

(By **TOMMY KINSMAN**. Hear Tommy's increasingly popular

**G**UEST (at party): I seem to know your face, old man. Haven't I seen you at this place before?

**OTHER:** Shouldn't be surprised. This is my house.

(By **DEBROY SOMERS**, playing every Sunday from Normandy and Luxembourg in the all-star Horlicks shows.)

*Bill Hanson encountered on Christmas Eve  
A spectre draped in white.  
But Hanson, though haunted,  
Remained quite undaunted,  
And signed him for "In Town To-night!"*

(By **JOHN DUNCAN**, the fine vocalist starring in another "Melody Is There" programme, National, December 14.)

The pretty croonette went to a greengrocer's rather late on Christmas Eve to get her mistletoe supply.

"I'm sorry, Miss," said the man, "but I'm afraid I haven't a lot of mistletoe left."

The croonette glared at him indignantly and said, "Do I look as though I needed a lot?"

(By **HILDEGARDE**, who sings in her whimsical style daily from Normandy and Luxembourg in the Milk of Magnesia and Phillips's Magnesia programmes.)

**WIFE** (awaking in the small hours): What are you doing, Henry?

**HUSBAND:** I'm rocking the cradle, dear.

**WIFE:** Have you been rocking it long?

**HUSBAND:** About half an hour.

**WIFE:** Oh. Only the baby's in bed with me.

(By **RICHARD GOOLDEN**, whom you can hear in a "Mr. Penny" adventure every Saturday morning from Luxembourg, beginning December 11, and sent by Cadbury's.)







# B.B.C.'s CHRISTMAS PLANS

Here is a hint of some of the good things in store for listeners during Christmas week

By JOHN TRENT

**L**OUDER and funnier" is John Watt's motto for Christmas, and this year his programmes are going to be bigger, better and brighter than ever. Maybe you have heard that story before, but this time it happens to be true, though not of the rest of the broadcast programmes.

For days every offering of light entertainment is going to be a highspot, but apart from the frivolous programmes, listeners will be conscious of something missing this year. On Christmas Day after dinner, there will be no need to hurry over the port for the King will not be speaking.

As a matter of honest fact two o'clock was a bad time to start the peak programme of the year, and it was only chosen because distant relays about the Empire could best be heard at this time.

Now there is no Empire programme of this kind the B.B.C. is content to let us finish our meal in peace. Habits are more easily formed than broken and Broadcasting House may be criticised for not rounding us up in the afternoon. Still, I think that Sir John Reith is right. Nothing could adequately fill that gap. With the item which was the main inspiration of Christmas not available the B.B.C. has made several changes.

The Nativity play to be broadcast on Tuesday before Christmas is a new one by J. D. C. Pellow. It is called "World's End" and deals with the timeless and therefore modern significance of the Christmas story. Geoffrey Dearmer produces and Trevor Harvey conducts a section of the London Symphony Orchestra in the music which he has composed.

Quiet and thoughtful in mood, too, is the "Keeping of Christmas" programme late on Saturday night when those who listen will be introduced to some of the quaint ceremonies with which Christmas is kept in villages about Europe. I know of one in Provence where shepherds take one sheep each from their flocks to church to be blessed by the padre.

Now for the whoopee. On the Monday before Christmas when we are still packing the presents, the biggest cinema in Europe opens at Kilburn with a broadcasting bill that should make us feel pleased that we stayed at home. They have got Gracie Fields, Henry Hall and Larry Adler at the new Gaumont State.

Because Christmas falls on Saturday, Ernest Longstaffe was asked to shift his *Palace of Varieties* forward to Tuesday and he has taken the hint that an extra-special bill would not be out of place.

The Western Brothers, Frances Day and Forsythe, Seamon and Farrell are already "in the bag."

Wednesday brings us Billy Cotton in "The Signature is . . ." Archie Campbell has chosen "Folly and Mistletoe" as the title for his late revue, variety is relayed from its cradle in the North, the Argyle Theatre at Birkenhead, and Oscar Rabin winds up the day with dance music from the Palais de Danse at Hammersmith.

Jack Payne throws a party on Thursday when John Rorke and Mabel Constanduros also take the air.

Carols from King's College, Cambridge, in the afternoon and from St. Mary's, Whitechapel, in the evening give Friday's programmes the authentic Christmas air.

Carols were never sung more sweetly than in the chapel at King's and some listeners will recall that the Rev. John Mayo, first parson to broadcast a sermon, suggested the Whitechapel service way back in 1922. Every Christmas Eve for fifteen years the B.B.C. chorus and military band have trekked to St. Mary's. If fine, they are heard from the churchyard, when wet, from within the church.

Louis Levy and his Symphony have a gala programme this evening and some of London's best known buskers appear in a kerbside cabaret.

Ex-announcer Freddie Grisewood thinks that pre-war dances were as much fun as dances today, but Anne, his daughter, can hardly believe it. Sixteen-years-old, and home from school for the holidays, Anne is coming with her father to Broadcasting House to argue the point on the floor of the "B.B.C. Ballroom of 1909." Get grandpa his slippers for the barn dances, waltzes and galops which the B.B.C. Empire Orchestra is to play.

The service on Christmas morning comes from Bristol Cathedral, after which we settle down to good light fare which should please all those who pause to switch on. Until four o'clock it is not so much the B.B.C.'s intentions to claim our attention, as to provide music which is bright and tuneful should we have a chance moment to spare. Several great favourites take a turn.

The Commodore Grand Orchestra plays at lunchtime and Reginald Foort and some soloists, follow.

Denier Warren and Harry Pepper were together for nearly ten years with Arthur Collins, at Drury Lane, so

they know what a pantomime should be like, "The Magic Lamp of Al-Ad-Din" is the title of their show at tea time on Christmas Day. Wynne Ajello plays the Princess, Tommy Handley is Abanazar and Arthur Askey will be heard as the Vizier's son, so we all know what to expect.

Archie Campbell promises surprises in his Christmas party which will be broadcast from seven to nine. A "murder" is to be committed on the darkened stage of St. George's Hall and every one present will be questioned until the culprit is caught.

Sounds silly, but it is not, because the crime is part of an ingenious plot and listeners who hear the murder and the commotion and questioning which follow, should be able to fix the guilt. The verdict will be announced during the party.

And here are a few of the guests who are expected: Elsie and Doris Waters, The Two Leslies, Billy Bennett, Tommy Handley, Stainless Stephen, Al and Bob Harvey, and Bertha Willmott. What fun it ought to be.

Afterwards, Reginald Foort takes his seat at the organ once more and dance music continues from ten till midnight. Show pieces and popular medleys will alternate with rhythm for those who like to foot it to the music. The sports news and weather forecast will be read at six-fifty from all transmitters.

On Sunday, the Archbishop of Canterbury preaches at a service broadcast from Lambeth Palace, his home, and earlier a programme about Christmas Day in Bethlehem is relayed from Palestine.

For those who miss the pantomime on Christmas Day, "Al-Ad-Din" will be repeated on Tuesday.

Lucky ones with television sets will have their own pantomime on Boxing Day and on Christmas Day Harry Pringle is presenting old-time artistes in a music hall cavalcade.

Spare a thought as you sit at table on Christmas Day for those workers at Broadcasting House—announcers, engineers, producers, artistes and musicians, whose efforts are bringing these programmes to your home. For them Christmas Day is just like any other day, only more so.



Wynne Ajello, a charming Princess in this year's radio pantomime

Christmas week will be busy for Tommy Handley. He is in the Christmas Party and is also Abanazar in the pantomime. (Above) Louis Levy is another Christmas week attraction





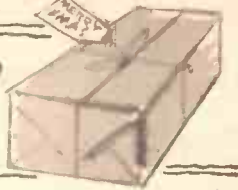
## Renee HOUSTON

"SHOW a leg there, Renee!"  
"What, the right one?" says she. "Why not? They're both very easy on the eye!" It's Renee Houston, that peppy, pliant person, with the bubbling sense of fun, the smile that radiates the Yuletide spirit and the talent that has put her to the top among radio and variety comediennes. Happy Christmas, Renee!





# My Gifts to the Stars



SAM HEPPNER fancies himself in the role of Father Christmas and knows exactly what he would give some of the stars—if his bank-manager were to enter into the spirit of the thing!

**W**HEN I look round and take stock of my friends in the radio world on whom—in an excess of prodigality occasioned by the festive season—I feel impelled to bestow gifts, I realise that, to make such a large and expensive gesture I would be obliged to abandon journalism in favour of share pushing.

My financial limitations, however, do not prevent me from enjoying the pleasure of compiling an imaginary list of presents I would like to give the radio stars.

To Billy Mayerl I give an aquarium. Not that he hasn't already got one. Ichthyology—the study of fish, to you!—is quite a new vice of Billy's. The aquarium he already possesses was the inspiration for his new piano and orchestral work, "The Aquarium Suite," of which each movement ("Willow Moss," "Moorish Idol," "Fantail" and "Whirligig") was actually suggested by his collection.

I've no doubt that he would appreciate another aquarium to accommodate the fast-arriving offspring of his present specimens. He has also made a rectangular goldfish pond in his garden, but after seeing mine, which is winding and rustic, has decided to make an annexe to his own. This I will let him do in peace, and not include its construction as part of my gift, because I know he'll love the job.

I would like to amass a collection of rare and valuable old books for my friend Stanley J. Damerell, lyric writer, whose words to Tolchard Evans' "Memory of a Tiny Shoe," "Lady of Spain," "A Little Chap with Big Ideas" and many other numbers you all know.

Stanley already has a large collection of rare old volumes—plays, gag books and comedy sketches—and I would like to repay his gesture to me of last Christmas when he presented me with one of these books out of his own precious collection.

The gift which would bring immense joy into the life of Hermione Gingold would be a very expensive affair, but since imagination costs me nothing I give it—in this fashion—with my love. The present is a home cinema apparatus large enough to present all the Marx Brothers films of which she is a passionate admirer—"Animal Crackers" in particular. As for the films themselves, these would be thrown in. A mere bagatelle!

To my dear friend and "Puppet" Phyllis Harding I present some books on subjects like theosophy, world brotherhood and music, subjects by which I know she is attracted.

And while I am choosing books I will pause at the counter labelled "World Politics and International Affairs" in search of gifts for those two highly intelligent students of such things, Marjorie Stedeford and Irene Prador.

I would then browse among the novels and give myself a ticklish job in trying to choose Wild West tales without duplicating those which Jimmy Kennedy already possesses in his collection of 600—all of which he has read.

Jimmy, who, you know, wrote "The Isle of Capri," "Play To Me Gypsy" and "Red Sails In The Sunset," has a decided "yen" for the western life and hopes eventually to settle down on a ranch with his wife in Western Canada. That's the reason why so many hill-billies feature among his varied and brilliant compositions. Imagine his thrill on tuning-in to America on short-wave and hearing a rodeo in Nevada using his "Roll Along Covered Wagon" as its signature tune.

Such is the beauty of Anne Ziegler that a mere glimpse of her would dissolve all limitations to my generosity, and I would be induced to buy her nothing less than an aeroplane which, I know, is the thing she desires more than anything else at the moment.

"I would like to have been an air hostess," I remember her once telling me, "had the professional career I now follow been

Posford, the "Balalaika" composer, who is profoundly interested in this idiom.

Before leaving the gramophone counter I would buy some records of the beautiful lieder of Schubert, Brahms and Hugo Wolf for Elsie and Doris Waters who, though the news may surprise you, are still studying this type of music under George Uttley.

A new bicycle would be an ideal gift for Stainless Stephen who, having been a keen and successful amateur and winner of medals and cups, now seems to have abandoned his cycle. A new bicycle might revive his interest in this fine sport, which Mrs. Stainless confesses she would like to see. Some months ago she said to me, "I do wish Stainless would take up his cycling again, he doesn't get nearly enough exercise nowadays."

Several packets of seeds would be my gift for Marius B. Winter who, a man of modest tastes and desires, has made gardening his sole hobby.

If Terence de Marney hadn't already furnished his luxurious flat I'd buy him something that he has long coveted—a bar billiards. Opera-lover Elizabeth French gets a Covent Garden season ticket from me, and I'd take delight in threatening James Dyrenforth with the lunch I owe him. He'll get that, anyway. I hope.

But, alas, not for me the philanthropic role of Santa. The stars will, no doubt, take the will for the deed. They'll have to, anyway!



(Left) Jimmy Kennedy—Wild West novels for him



(Right) Hermione Gingold would like a ciné camera



For Phyllis Harding books would be a grand gift



Why not a new bike for "Stainless"?

impossible. And if I had been a man I would certainly have gone into the Air Force. My brother did and we're both terribly keen on flying."

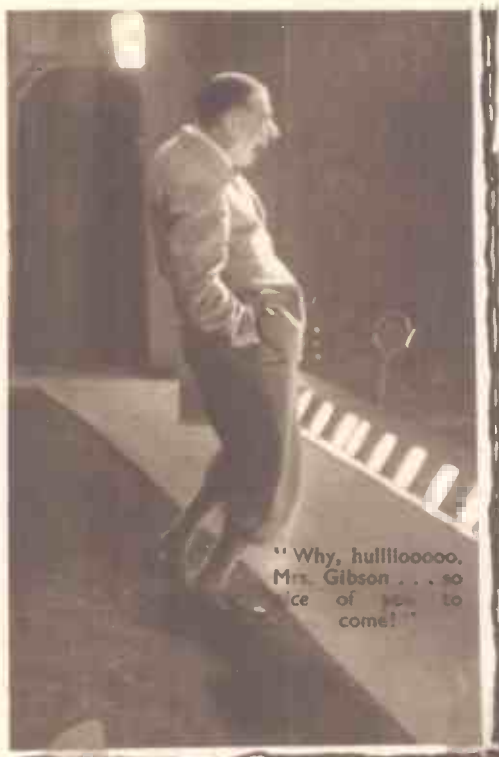
I would then wend my way to the music department of any London store and buy a selection of gramophone records for the many stars who are devoted to music.

Having Patricia Rossborough in mind, I would immediately order one of the Delius albums without the least compunction or doubt. I can well visualise her joy on receiving "Brigg Fair," "Summer Night on the River," and the Violin Concerto. And I would include some Ravel and Debussy for make-weight.

Delius for Doris Arnold, too.

I would buy some good examples of jazz-symphonic music such as Constant Lambert's "Rio Grande" and the late George Gershwin's "Piano Concerto in F" for George





"Why, hullooooo. Mrs. Gibson . . . so nice of you to come!"

★ Beginning the riotous life-story of **CLAUDE DAMPIER**, favourite radio and screen comedian. Here he gives the low-down on how he broke into show business and also reveals, in characteristic fashion, how his champion stooge, the mythical Mrs. Gibson came into being. This series is Dampier at his best . . . the accent's on mirth

spirit, as it were, it certainly paid better than my singing when it was my turn to take the tambourine round the audience on the pier at Cowes, where the concert party was.

Oh yes—I nearly forgot, I was going to tell you about my friend Mrs. Gibson. Nice woman. I would miss her if she went away.

She's very young, too for a married woman. She's only about 16 now, you know. It was like this. I went out to Australia and organised a series of concert parties, and it was out there I met Billie Carlyle, who is now my partner. She's such a nice girl, Billie—not a bit jealous of my friend Mrs. Gibson.

We were in Christchurch, New Zealand, during the same tour, and do you know—I forgot my lines one night. Just dried up completely. Everything went right out of my head. Suddenly, a face in the audience struck me as being like someone I thought I remembered meeting somewhere and I couldn't remember her name—so I called her Mrs. Gibson. I told her: "Oh—you are like my friend Mrs. Gibson!"

Everybody looked round, but the joke was that nobody was quite sure who it was that looked like Mrs. Gibson, and their expressions were so funny

island of Juan Fernandez in the South Seas. If you ever go to Largo in Scotland, you can see a statue of Selkirk. He's another Scot.

And it would have been so easy for him to send a wireless message to the B.B.C.—and, just think, it would have sounded so important, "Before the Second News Bulletin there is one SOS: Will Alexander Selkirk, last heard of on the island of Juan Fernandez, keep a look-out for a plane which is on the way to succour him?"

Well, I went on a voyage of discovery, too, but I didn't find Alexander Selkirk—no, I found Australia, like William Dampier, so I thought I couldn't do better than take his name for the time being. And I've still got it.

There I am, wandering again—when I really meant to tell you how I got the title of "The Professional Idiot." It was in Australia, too, you know. I had to give evidence in court one day, and my costume in the stage act is a little bit peculiar. I had to wear it in court, because it was really the costume that was the evidence.

The judge asked me what I was; and do you know, I'd never really thought what I was? So as I was such a fool I felt I'd better say this was my profession. I said: "Oh, I'm a professional idiot,"

IT'S really very odd how everything happens, isn't it? I mean to say, life's like the weather, so uncertain. You never know, do you . . . now take Mrs. Gibson, I mean she wasn't even born. She just happened, accidentally.

She's been in all kinds of accidents ever since, on and off—mostly off, of course, as she has never really been seen, . . . but there, I'm all ahead of myself, so I think I'd better begin at the very beginning.

You can go farther back if you like, back to biology, if you want to sort out the pedigree. Right back two generations, yes, that's right—two generations, to my great-uncle. He was a very famous man—oh yes! He was Professor Thomas Huxley, an eminent biologist. He was my mother's uncle, too. Yes, he was awfully clever.

He wrote about Cephalous Mollusca and he believed that there was a lot in the theory about men and monkeys being descended from each other; but, of course, he hadn't met our Piddy, our dog who sings on the radio. You know Piddy. She's really Miss Piddy Dampier, of course, so you can't call her a dog, can you?

There is an awful lot in heredity, but you know, I'm not really a bit like my clever great-uncle—no, not a bit. I went on the stage in tights, for a start. I was frightfully smart, one of the Royal Guard in a musical comedy called "The King's Sweetheart," written by that famous Drury Lane musical director, Jimmy Glover.

There again, it was all so unexpected. I answered an advertisement for singers, but at the audition, after only two lines—two lines, mark you—Jimmy Glover said, "You'll do. You're engaged!"

I was frightfully disappointed because it was a good song, "Out of the Deep"; it was very deep too, and I was very proud of my bass voice, but still, 30s. a week was really quite good pay just to walk on and carry a spear, and wear tights, don't you think so? Ye-s-sss!

**Wanted to be an Architect**

Oh, yes—I did lots of unexpected things in those days. I toured the country and learnt all about the things behind the scenes and then they let me produce the touring companies . . . but before that I was in a concert party. That was very interesting.

Of course, I'd wanted to be an architect once, when I was ever so young, and I'd learnt quite a lot about front elevations, too, but somebody gave me a five pound note, so I didn't bother about putting any backs to the front elevations. I spent part of the five pound note on a railway ticket to London, and it was then that I answered the advertisement for singers.

It was always my ambition to be a singer, you know, but I discovered that people laughed at me, and, although this rather wounded me, hurt my

# "ME and MRS GIBSON"

By

**CLAUDE DAMPIER**

(The Radio and Screen Professional Idiot)

The truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth (but with frivolous trimmings !)

that I began to laugh myself, then the audience laughed at me and quite soon everyone was laughing all together, and it didn't really matter about all the other things I was supposed to say.

Of course we thought the whole thing was just a little incident. You know what "incidents" are. They sometimes cause international situations, those things they write about in the papers. They always seem to be taking place in Central Europe or Middle Russia or somewhere else that's frightfully important.

**We Adopt Mrs. Gibson**

Then, the next morning the newspapers all commented on this mysterious Mrs. Gibson, and I'm sure no one was more surprised than Mrs. Gibson would have been if there'd been a Mrs. Gibson to be surprised. . . .

So we decided that Mrs. Gibson would just have to belong to the family circle, as it were, and we've never been separated since. Now of course, she's awfully well known on the air and she's got a cabin cruiser called after her and she is having a caravan built this summer with expanding sides. Oh—they're frightfully clever, they pull out, just like a chest of drawers . . . oh yes, Mrs. Gibson's terribly important.

Where did I get the name of Dampier? Yes—that's right, it isn't really my name, because I am half Scottish and my own name is Cowan. Did you ever hear of Alexander Selkirk, the man who is said to have inspired the famous story of Robinson Crusoe? What's that . . . you can't see what he has to do with radio? Oh, I can! Because if there had been a wireless station on his island there wouldn't have been any story of Robinson Crusoe. He'd just have sent out a radio SOS and the Navy would have gone and rescued him.

It was like this, a famous navigator called William Dampier went off on a voyage of discovery and, in 1699 I think it was, he found Australia, and there is a bit of Australia called after him—it's the Dampier Archipelago—you know, a lot of little islands all gathered together like a bunch of nasturtiums.

Later on the bold buccaneer Dampier sailed away again and he and Alexander Selkirk—he was one of the crew—had a little argument about something. And Selkirk said to Dampier: "Just drop me here!" Which happened to be the

and the court thought it was very funny. I didn't think it was funny.

Of course, the Professional Idiot is a bit older than Mrs. Gibson. He was born in 1918.

You see, it's always the unexpected that happens to me, and I've been known as the Professional Idiot for a long time now.

Oh, yes—I was going to tell you about broadcasting really, wasn't I? That, too, was one of those unexpected incidents.

When we came back to England after being in Australia, and five years in South-Africa, and then



With Billie Carlyle (disguised in brunette wig) in the film *Such is Life*



going back again to Australia, we toured up and down Great Britain in variety. I could tell you a lot of funny things that happened in our trips, but that was before broadcasting was part of our life, so it doesn't really come into this story at all, except that we made our first broadcast on a Variety stage.

We went to Birkenhead, to the Argyle Theatre. You've heard radio programmes from this theatre often on the air, I'm sure, because it's very well known.

It was a Sunday night when we arrived in Birkenhead for the first time, and before going to our diggings we went round to the theatre to see what it looked like. There were the bills outside, large as life, with Billie and me at the top of the bill.

That was a surprise, because we didn't think we were all that good, you know. It was very gratifying. And then we saw the announcement that on a certain night during the week, part of the programme would be broadcast.

"Then we'll be out of it that night," said Billie. "Our stuff is no good for broadcasting, is it?"

The management, however, told us on the Monday night that we were called for rehearsal on the following morning, for the broadcast.

D'you know, we couldn't believe them! You see, as we looked at things, most of the fun in our act came from visible reactions, and as Billie always says, I have to be seen to be believed.

**Slick Telegram**

We argued with the management, but they insisted, and said we'd be all right, with one or two little alterations; and so we rehearsed and felt terribly nervous when it came to the Big Moment.

The thing I remember most about that night wasn't so much the broadcast, as the telegram we received from London.

It seemed that a friend of ours in London had been listening in, and he must have gone straight to the 'phone and telephoned a telegram through, for, as the post office at Birkenhead was right opposite the theatre, we actually received the message on the way down from the stage to our dressing-room.

You know, it's funny. What makes people laugh, I mean. Our friend in London said he'd enjoyed the broadcast as much as if he'd seen it. Billie was awfully pleased. Of course, it was through Billie really that it was such a success, as she had to tell listeners what was going on, and describing me and the business I had trying to play her accompaniments; well, that must be frightfully difficult, you know.

Another odd thing about this broadcast was a letter we had from Australia. From a sheep-farmer. He'd got a wireless set, and as well as bringing up sheep he was potty on radio and used to sit up at all kinds of queer hours, just to get "Moscow," or "Iceland," or other funny places.

This is what he said in his letter:

"I am taking the liberty of writing to you.

hoping this finds you as it leaves me at present. There are sheep all round, and the noise they are making almost drowned the broadcast from England that I was trying to get. I couldn't hear it very well, but it was a great pleasure to hear what little there was, and to know that Mrs. Gibson is still going strong. . . . By the way, what happened to Winnie the Cow?"

Winnie was another of my friends in Australia. She belonged to one of our companies out there. We used to pay her ten pounds a week, and I've sometimes regretted that she wasn't here in England with me. She'd have been marvellous on the wireless—she had such an unusual voice.

**Piddy Does Her Stuff**

Of course, it would have been a bit difficult to take Winnie into Broadcasting House, I suppose. We had trouble enough to get Piddy all fixed up with a Performer's Licence, before she was allowed to broadcast. Then it was decided that she didn't need this, as the Music Hall feature is relayed from St. George's Hall, across the road. We did, however, have her licences, "just in case."

Poor Piddy! She had to go through her act for the Licensing Committee. Now Piddy's got quite a good voice for a dog. At home we call it singing, so as not to hurt her little feelings, but this is what it says on her permit:

"Dog gets on stool and, when incited, howls!"

Piddy did howl when we told her that. She went so flat we began to wonder if she'd turn into a pancake—oh, she was flat. . . .

It isn't often that a father follows in the footsteps of his young, but d'you know that's what happened to me? I have mentioned before, I be-



No, it's not Mrs. Gibson . . . it's that "perfect lady," Claude, in *Such is Life*



(Left) A scene from *Radio Revue*, Claude's first film. Clifford Mollison doesn't appear to approve of Claude's piano-tuning efforts!

lieve, that it is always the unexpected that happens to me.

For quite a long time after our first broadcast at Birkenhead, people used to ask me if I were "any relation" to Dorothy Dampier—and then such a surprised look they'd give when I said she was my daughter! Dorothy was a wireless "veteran" while I was still milky behind the B.B.C. ears, as you might say. Why, she was broadcasting from the old studio at Savoy Hill ages ago—in the Ridgeway Parade and other things. Now's she's in Australia, broadcasting some more.

Looks as though it's me that's a chip off the old block, doesn't it?

I don't often talk about Mrs. Gibson—she doesn't like being talked about, though oddly enough you can make fun of her as much as you

like, and she takes it all in good part. There are a lot of people who believe she is a real person. They write and tell me so, these "Mrs. Gibsons."

Mainly, of course, the writers don't object, but we did have a spot of bother with one good lady who was convinced I'd seen her and was making game of her on the wireless.

I'm sure I don't want to hurt anyone's feelings, and I know Mrs. Gibson wouldn't like that. She's much too good-natured.

It's wonderful how broadcasting has changed my life. When I came home to England after nearly twenty years abroad I thought it would be nice to settle down to some quiet variety again. But variety was going through a difficult time, and we had to work pretty hard for a year or two. Then, after that night at Birkenhead, everything

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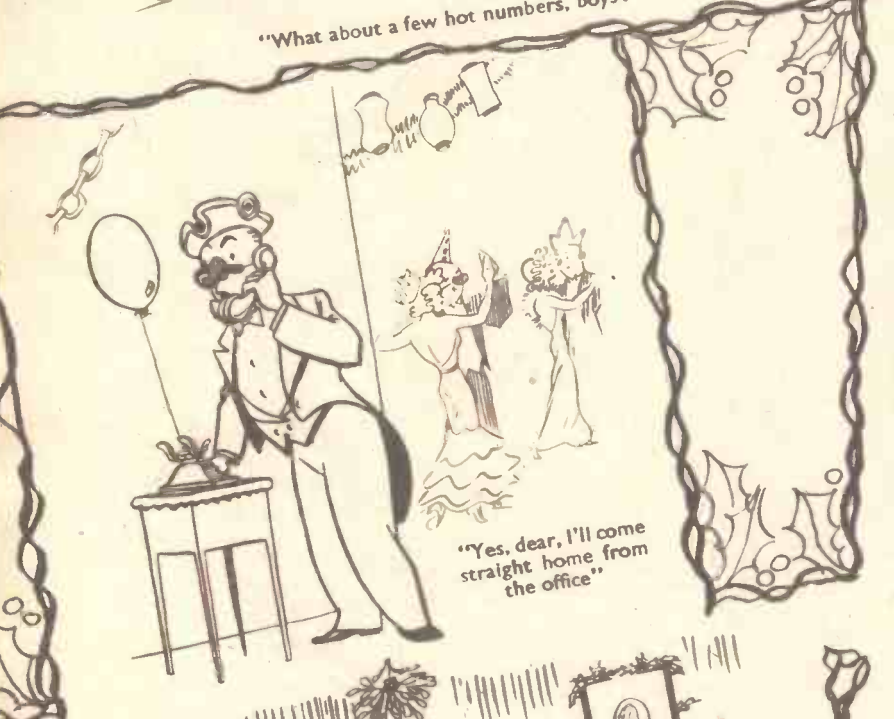






"What about a few hot numbers, boys?"

# Do you want to Laugh?



"Yes, dear, I'll come straight home from the office"



"Of course, it's crazy, but he used to be in the horse guards"



"I never turn on my wireless on Christmas Day, dear. It shows the B.B.C. that I don't approve of them making the poor announcers work on that day"



"Professor Nibbs will broadcast on 'Christmas in the Bush'"



"Well, it's a Xmas variety show, isn't it?"



# This Week's Radio Gossip



## Wandering Mike Presents—

**A**T Broadcasting House everyone is talking of Christmas. Offices will be shut from Friday night to Wednesday morning. Scots—and there are many of them on the staff—

usually volunteer for Christmas duty so that they may return to their native heath for Hogmanay.

The announcers have already made their plans, and throughout the holiday **Stuart Hibberd**, **Robert McDermott**, **Lionel Gamlin**, **Lloyd James** and **R. N. Bright** will share the work at the mike. The week after they are off for a long week-end, while **Tom Liddell**, **Frank Phillips**, **Lionel Marson** and **Grinnell-Milne** take over. So here is a chance to make sure of the voices we cannot always identify.

**T**HE announcers are not the only men who are preparing for Christmas. **A. E. Mason**, the catering king, was getting quotations for turkeys last week. He, too, is able to work with half staff through the holiday, because waitresses will not be through to serve teas in offices.

On Christmas Day business is *not* as usual in the large green restaurant where the cash register is silent beneath its dust cover. The B.B.C. provides a typical old English dinner for all workers at Broadcasting House, while the cashier spends the day at home.

It is hard to say when Christmas Day really begins in this room which never sleeps. From midnight on Christmas Eve, artistes and engineers trickle in from the studios for eggs and hot milk before going home. For the chef, Christmas starts when he hears *Hark the Herald Angels Sing* from a loudspeaker in the corner. The time varies slightly, but he is usually serving late breakfast for those who have left home too hurriedly to eat it.

Dinner consists of soup, fish, roast turkey and cranberry sauce, Christmas pudding, mince pies and crackers, and is served from twelve till three, and again in the evening. But lighter dishes are available for delicate engineers who cannot face this menu twice.

**DEBROY SOMERS** had just got a new place in the country and did not much want to leave it on Christmas night, which is a reason everyone can understand. Besides, he has been working pretty hard, and maybe the fee was not tempting. Anyway, the B.B.C. did not succeed in booking him.

So **Arthur Brown** approached **Jack Hylton** and **George Elrick**, to see whether they could provide an hour each. There could hardly be a more popular choice. George, by the way, is soon to start his own band. He has had a great reception as conductor of **Lew Stone's** old band.

**I** SEE that **Raymond Newell** (fresh from his recent Command Performance appearance) is singing "The Red Rose," from *Monsieur Beaucaire* in the Cadbury programme from Luxembourg on December 4.

Which must revive in poor Raymond painful memories. For when he was playing the title role in *Monsieur Beaucaire*, at Daly's Theatre a few years ago, he had to fight a duel—with a rather skilful opponent. Result was a realistic fight ended in Raymond receiving a nasty wound in the chest.

Such are the hazards of a stage career.

**O**RGANS, yes, but variety, no. Not long ago the Union at Kingston was the only Cinema putting variety on the air. Now the

other circuits are competing for places on the radio. Last week the Granada at Clapham gave us a surprise bill, and **John Watt** tells me that on the fourteenth we shall hear **The Western Brothers**, **Murray and Mooney**, **Louis Levy**, **Gerry Fitzgerald**, **Sutherland Felce** and **Michael Moore** in a relay from the Dominion.

Listen especially for **Michael Moore**—the mimic of the century, some say—broadcasting for the first time. He was discovered at Radiolympia this year.

More news: The new State Cinema at Kilburn has a great night with **Gracie Fields** booked for broadcasting in Christmas week.

**C**HAPS have a way of taking more money from the B.B.C. after leaving than they got when on the pay-roll. Already they are talking of signing **Bryan Michie** up as compère for feature shows. Bryan has a special gift, but it is not only Variety men who touch big fees after moving on. **Howard Marshall**, who was announcer, news editor and talks executive in his time, was not lost to the mike when he left, and I know that he does not regret the change.

But on the whole Bryan is not grumbling about the B.B.C. When we first met he was rolling potatoes on a drum in the effects studio below ground at Savoy Hill, and now he is the Variety Department's ace compère.

The seductive person in this picture is Polly Ward, delightful star whom you have heard in the *Feen-a-Mint* programmes from Toulouse, and whom we are looking forward to seeing again in pantomime this season



This week's new radio potpourri by **Julius Buerger** (December 8 and 10) features **Lorely Dyer**. You see her here (centre) enjoying tea with **Dr. Buerger** and his wife in their flat in Vienna

**JOHN WATT** is not rushing to advertise for a man to take Bryan's place at the mike, though a producer will be needed in the studio. Artistes can always be booked as compères, but a regular producer has got to be on the staff. There are one or two youngsters walking around the Variety department learning their jobs and, who knows, the world's best compère may be among them.

I would not bet about this, but I notice that young **Roy Speer** is producing his first show on Christmas Eve. It is called *Kerbside Cabaret*, and I should not be surprised to hear him take a hand at the mike. Bryan and he have much the same blond, bland charm, though Roy, of course, is several sizes smaller.

### HEARD AT THE B.B.C. LAST WEEK:

"I have seen admirals who commanded battle fleets in the war mopping their brows in terror of this wretched little instrument."—**Guy Pocock**, talking about the mike.

"Girdles of a thousand knots as a protection from bullets are being made in Japan for soldiers in the war. Each knot in the girdle is put in by someone with a good wish for the safety of its wearer."—**Mary Somerville**, discussing her trip round the world.

**MARY SOMERVILLE** tells this story of her arrival in Canada. The first morning while she was still in bed, **Timothy**, aged nine, (Please turn to next page)



# Radio Gossip

Continued from previous page

Mendelssohn of *Spring Song* fame—brings a seven-piece band to the Luxembourg ether in a new Nestlé's Café Au Lait programme. The first one is on December 12. Felix tells me his guest artistes will include **Judy Shirley, Monte Rey, Helen Raymond, Helen Clare, Stella Roberta, Nayarre, Rudy Starita.**

Little known fact about **Rudy Starita** is that once he served up coffee in a snack bar in White Mountains, New Hampshire, U.S.A. Bar was run by himself and his two brothers.

Bristol boy with big ideas—and much experience in well-known Western bands—brings his own outfit to the air for the first time this month. Name, **Freddy Williamson**, who performs at Bristol café.

**BLIND** from birth, seventeen-year-old **Frances Walker** will no doubt be finding the forthcoming festive season the happiest of his life. For he has now achieved his big ambition. . . .

For years he has been trying to get on the stage. Not long back his brother wrote a letter for him to **Herman Darewski**, asking if Darewski would like to hear him play the mouth organ. "Certainly," said the bandleader, heard him, and booked him immediately. You heard him on the air. Darewski also put him on the stage, whereupon, after his first fifteen minutes' performance, offers for a further four weeks immediately ensued.

Besides the mouth-organ, this blind boy can also play sax, guitar, ukulele, piano and accordion. Darewski, working fast, also got him into a film short and procured for him a Luxembourg audition.

About the only band-leader who doesn't boast a signature tune is **Philip Martell**, who broadcasts regularly from the Forum Theatre, Fulham. His trouble is that he can't find one that's suitable, in his opinion. Now, what do you think? If you can think of a published tune that would suit him, or if you have one that you have written yourself, write to him c/o The Forum Theatre, Fulham, S.W. He'll be pleased to hear from you.



Still life of Kenneth Western, of the famous Brothers, basking in front of his blazing hearth and sipping the spirit of Christmas, while he waits until it is time to hang up his stocking

opened the door of her suite to half a dozen reporters. "Just a moment, I'll tell Mummy," he said.

The Director of British Broadcasts to Schools rose from her bed, dressed, and explained to her guests that in private life Miss Mary Somerville was Mrs. Brown. Few boys have the chance of making such a trip so young, but Timothy has kept a diary, so making the most of his time.

**SWING** fans will be pleased to learn that **Willie Lewis** and his Orchestra have started broadcasting again every week-end from Paris Broadcasting Station. They take the air now every Saturday evening at 9.25 p.m. in a half-hour show—accent definitely on swing, though vocal items and solos are not omitted. Guest artistes, too, will probably be featured from time to time.

**C. F. BIGGS**, 86 Lordship Lane, Tottenham, N.17, writes to ask for more members for the National Radio Society. There are already 400 members, though the Society has only been in existence for four months. One of the big things the club does is to supply funds for radio sets for the depressed areas. Blind and infirm radio fans are accepted free to the Society, but others desiring to join should send a shilling to Mr. Biggs, who will send you all particulars.

**THAT** versatile artiste, **Doris Nichols** (you've heard her often in the "Mr. Muddlecombe, J.P." sketches) will be on the air on the 8th of December in a recital of **Frank Kidson's** English peasant songs. Mr. Kidson founded the Folk Society in 1898, and all the songs Doris is singing were collected by him. A week later she'll be heard in *Midland Parade*, and you'll find her giving a very different type of performance.

**PLAYING** *Tiger Rag* on a xylophone is just one of many things I've never been able to do—but playing it with six hammers in the hands and four attached to the feet.—Phewww! That's the proud feat of the extraordinary young xylophonist, **Barney Powell**, who recently broadcast again from the Winter Gardens, Morecambe. I hear, too, that other dates are in store for this pleasant and talented young man.

**BRIAN LAWRANCE**, now engaged on a very successful tour, has just been telling me of the most unusual—and most uncomfortable—Christmas Day he ever spent. "It was ten years ago this Christmas," recalls Brian, "and I had to appear the following day at Manchester. Mother and I set out by car (my very first). It started snowing when we reached St. Albans. It went on

snowing, a regular blizzard, blocking up the wind-screen. Yes, we ate our Christmas dinner in the car . . . chicken, mince pies, and pudding. We finally crawled into Manchester at ten o'clock that night, after a ten hours' journey, with myself at the wheel!"

The **Vagabond Lover** (otherwise Cavan O'Connor) considers that his most unusual Christmas Day was one which he spent in a gipsy encampment while hitch-hiking his way through Catalonia. As a present, he gave the chief a penknife . . . whereupon, as fair exchange, the courteous old gentleman offered Cavan the hand of his daughter in marriage. I understand that Cavan had a most embarrassing time explaining his refusal of the gift!

The **Vagabond Lover**, be it known, is on the air again December 8 and December 22. There is talk of the series going on till March, though at the moment Cavan is not sure whether his stage dates will permit.

By the way, there's a big factory in Derbyshire where the girls go home fifteen minutes earlier to lunch, every time the **Vagabond Lover** hits the air. This popular singer showed me a letter from the forewoman explaining that, when he made his first lunch-time broadcast, the girls asked to leave quarter of an hour earlier. Permission was granted.

Next time they asked, the forewoman inquired the reason. They told her. Now they do it every time. "And I go home to hear you as well," concluded the forewoman.

In a recent paragraph on another grand vocalist—**Robert Ashley**—I gave advance news concerning his appearance in a new West End show entitled *It's in the Bag*. It's "in the bag" all right, but I gave the wrong theatre. The show is at the Saville Theatre, Cambridge Circus.

Other famous radio artistes featured in it are dusky croonette **Elizabeth Welch** and **Ross and Stone**.

**Felix Mendelssohn**—bandleader, publicist, manager, composer, etcetera, and descendant of

RECORDS OF THE WEEK

Edgar Jackson's Selections  
For Everybody  
GRACIE FIELDS—"The Organ, the Monkey, and Me" and "Gipsy Lullaby" (Rex 9161).

For Swing Fans  
MAXINE SULLIVAN and HER ORCHESTRA—"I'm Coming, Virginia" and "Loch Lomond" (Vocalion S.116).



"—And this time, don't make such a noise when you come in"





"Will it be long before Santa Claus comes?" asks little Jacqueline



"And they all lived happily ever after," reads Enid

# FUN WITH THE



Whoops! we're off!

# Hulberts



Tea-time, and Jill Hulbert looks a spot critical!



What's the use of a Daddy if he won't play bears?



Flying high! Playing the aeroplane game, an invention of Jill and Jacqueline

You can well believe that a happy family like the Claude Hulberts is looking forward to Christmas. Our cameraman visits the Hulbert household and discovers that, at home, Claude and Enid are not radio stars—just proud father and mother



Soft music before the sandman pays his nightly visit



# Biggest

The Man Who Lost £28,000 at the Gambling Tables, Popular Leader of the Lifebuoy Toilet Soap broadcasts from Radio Luxembourg, is here gaily introduced to you by EDGAR JACKSON

Close-up of Ambrose, who combines the role of fine musician and clever businessman



**Y**OU may take my word for it that I am probably underestimating if I say that the salary sheet for Evelyn Dall, Sam Browne, The Manhattan Three, and the fourteen musicians who complete Ambrose's band as it is now appearing at the Cafe de Paris, London, is at least £375 a week.

And when you add to this the heavy cost of orchestrations (they are not all done by the boys in the band), such overheads as office expenses, managers, provision and upkeep of costumes (the band is now dressed in smart white cloth jackets and black trousers), and other items too numerous to detail, you will not find it hard to realise that Ambrose's must be quite the most expensive dance band at present appearing in any restaurant this side of the Atlantic.

The amazing thing is that Ambrose has for so long succeeded in finding town jobs which can pay enough to make such an expensive combination a profitable proposition. It may not be so very difficult to produce a good band if you can go round and pick, as Ambrose does, the finest musicians in the country, regardless of cost, but it is quite another matter to be able to find work to keep it going.

While I am not in any way attempting to deny the purely musical ability of Ambrose as a band leader, I think you will agree that the way he has kept his orchestra going suggests that one of his strongest points must be his commercial acumen.

As a matter of fact, you will find it a strong point in most band leaders, for the simple reason that, no matter how much they may know about dance music, how clever and original their ideas about it may be, they are never able to keep at the top unless they know not only how to produce what the public wants, but how to get the engagements that will provide the opportunities for proving it.

**A**mbrose's particular brand of commercial acumen seems to lie mainly in his inability to think in any but the largest terms of money. It is a complex that, when he is about, seems to be as infectious as any disease.

When a large new hotel was opened in London a few years ago, they sent for Ambrose and asked him how much he wanted for his band. Without turning a hair, he replied: "One thousand pounds a week." And, what's more, he nearly got it.

And it's the same in his private life. He admits that he lost £28,000 gambling during one holiday in Biarritz, and that in all he must have left over £100,000 on the tables of various Continental casinos.

Perhaps you will think this is impossible, but really it is not, for there have been years when his income has reached £50,000. His income-tax return shows that his gross receipts were as much as that during the year ending April, 1935. The amount was made up as follows:

- £30,000 for stage appearances (at the time band was doing its one and, so far, only provincial variety tour).
- £11,000 for the *Soft Lights and Sweet Music* film.
- £4,000 from gramophone records.
- £5,000 from gigs and his second band, then playing at the Embassy Club.

Of course, these figures are not personal salary, but even if you knock off £600 a week for musicians pay and expenses, it would still leave Bert with not much under £400 a week, or about £20,000 a year.

Now, all this is pretty big going, even for the son of a wool merchant in quite a good way of business; for that is what Albert Ambrose is.

He was born in London, and the intention was that he should go into his father's business. On his sixth birthday, however, the family gave him a violin. It cost about 10s. A street musician happened to be passing, and they gave him half a crown to give Bert his first lesson.

Actually this toy fiddle, which soon went the way of most childhood treasures, didn't leave much of an impression on young Albert, but it seems to have impressed his father. A few doors away lived some people called Rosenberg. Their son, Jan, had the reputation of being a wonderful violin teacher, and Bert was sent along by papa for lessons. He says he hated it, but did it because his father gave him a shilling a time.

Then a Russian concert virtuoso, named Dore, appeared on the scene, and Bert was placed under him. With Dore he studied for three years. By this time he was fourteen and really interested in his violin; so it is, perhaps, not surprising that, although he still intended to enter his father's business, he jumped at the opportunity when young Jan Rosenberg offered him one day the chance of playing for the first time with a real professional dance band. It was the one at the Empress Rooms, Kensington, which were then



Animation, exhilaration, acceleration, bubbling energy and laughter—that's Evelyn Dall, Ambrose's Blonde Bombshell, star hot vocalist who is also soon to star in her second film



# Money Spinner in Jazz

being used for social dances by a well-known teacher, Mrs. Belle Harding. Strangely enough, she later took over the Four Hundred Club in Bond Street, which, when it subsequently became the Embassy, was to play such an important part in Ambrose's career.

Periodically after this debut, Bert played other engagements with his friend Jan's six-piece band, and then went as violinist with Jacobs, the famous pre-war restaurant fiddler, who had his band of twenty at the Shaftesbury Avenue Trocadero. Bert got the sack from here because the manager caught one of the waiters throwing him an apple on the quiet; but it doesn't seem to have prevented him from getting another job a month later at the "Popular," in Piccadilly, which is also controlled by J. Lyons and Co.

Then came the war, and before Bert had a chance of thinking of joining up, his parents, who believed the whole thing would be over in a few months, shipped him off to America.

Here, aided by an allowance from home, he seems to have got on well. The first six months were a bit difficult, but then he met famous band leader Emile Colman, who found him a job in a well-known New York restaurant. From which he went to Sherbos's band at Paul White-man's spiritual home, *The Palais Royal*, a popular road-house just outside the city. Nine months later, when the leader fell ill, they gave Bert his job. He was then just 17½ years of age, but his salary was raised to £20 a week and shortly afterwards to £30. Later still, leading yet another band, his money rose to £60 a week.

Then his mother fell ill and Bert had to come back to London.

It had been his intention to return to New York, but, walking along Piccadilly one day, who should he run into but Cynthia Perrot. Cynthia had been a hostess at the *Palais Royal* when Bert was there, and the two had become very friendly.

"I'm dancing here," said Cynthia, "at a club in Bond Street called the *Four Hundred*. The band is terrible. Won't you, please, come and play at least a rehearsal for me?"

The upshot of this was that Ambrose got the job of putting in a band there, and was still "in residence" when the famous maître d'hôtel Luigi took over the management.

Luigi is now dead, but, before he passed away, such an attachment had sprung up between him and Ambrose that, when he fell ill, Bert exchanged his luxurious flat for a small room in a nursing home where he stayed for three weeks so that he might be near his friend.

Having started at the Embassy at £125 a week

for his band of five, Ambrose had by now got the money up to £385 a week for nine men. But when Sir Francis Towle opened the May Fair Hotel in 1927 he seems to have thought that the worthy Bert was worth even more. He guaranteed him £10,000 a year personal salary and another £11,000 for the band, making £412 odd a week.

In spite of protests from Luigi, Ambrose felt bound to accept, and for six years drew, week in and week out, his £412, not to mention the extras for broadcasts, records, private dances, and a profit on the band he had put in at the Embassy.

The May Fair management began to wonder if any band could be worth such money, and just to prove that his was, Ambrose went back to the Embassy. Luigi had died in the meanwhile, but Major Ruttle, the new managing director, had seen the books for the previous years and made no bones about stumping up.

Thinking in due course that it might prove an even more profitable proposition to show himself to the thousands who hitherto had only heard him over the air, Ambrose eventually decided on a provincial variety tour.

This lasted for fifteen months, and its story alone would fill a book, but, as space is running

out, we must bring Bert and his band back to London.

With Jack Harris, Ambrose took the bold and far-sighted step of buying a club of his own. Together they acquired the old *Ciro's Club* and opened it up as a new shop window.

What it cost them to put the place in order staggered even Bert's idea of finance, but they got it going, and a great success it has been.



Charming Vera Lynn, once Charlie Kunz' vocalist, now sings sweet melodies with Ambrose's band. And, on the left—Sam Browne of the persuasive voice, who has been singing with the band since its earliest days



The arrangement was that Harris and Bert should each provide the music for six months out of the year. Bert's spell came to an end a couple of months ago, but his star was still watching over him. The *Café de Paris* became available for a band, and Ambrose walked right in. If you heard the noise of laughter and chatter that went on behind Bert's last broadcast, there is no need for me to tell you that they are doing capacity business there.

Besides this, the band also has the *Lifebuoy Toilet Soap* programme from Luxembourg at 6 o'clock every Sunday, and the rehearsals for this and the ordinary gramophone Decca records take a big slice out of the week.

Now, to fill up the rest of the days for some time to come, Ambrose has just commenced a new movie at the Pinewood Studios.

It is to be called "Kicking the Moon Around," and unlike "Soft Lights and Sweet Music," will have a proper story. Evelyn Dall is the star, and Max Bacon and Les Carew have been ear-marked for characters. Also in the cast are Florence Desmond and Harry Richman.

This picture will take about six to eight weeks to complete, and then, after a week in Holland in the middle of January to fulfil an outstanding promise, Ambrose and the boys will return to London to resume work at the *Café de Paris* and commence at Beaconsfield on yet another picture.

Some people may make a lot of money, but they certainly seem to work for it.



Ambrose and the Band looking rather unlike their usual immaculate selves in a scene from their film "Soft Lights and Sweet Music"





## Bryan MICHIE

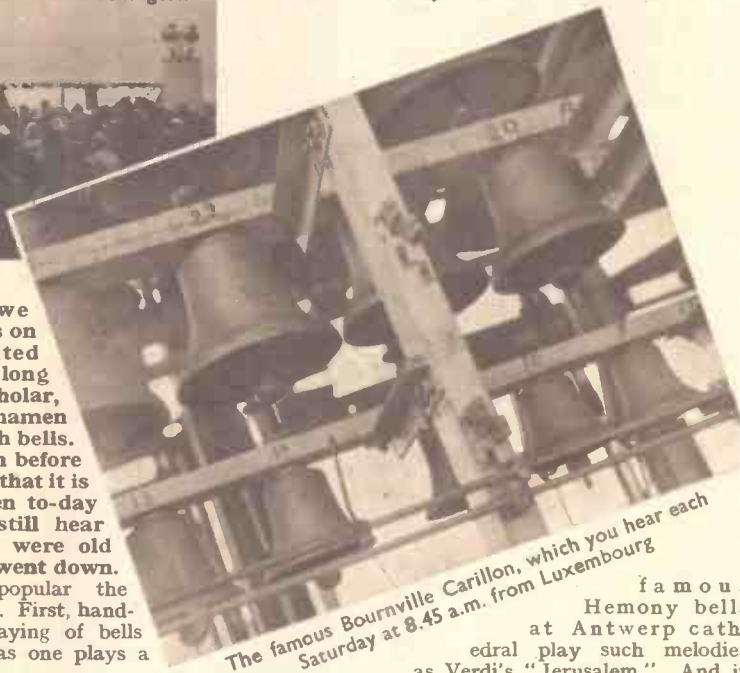
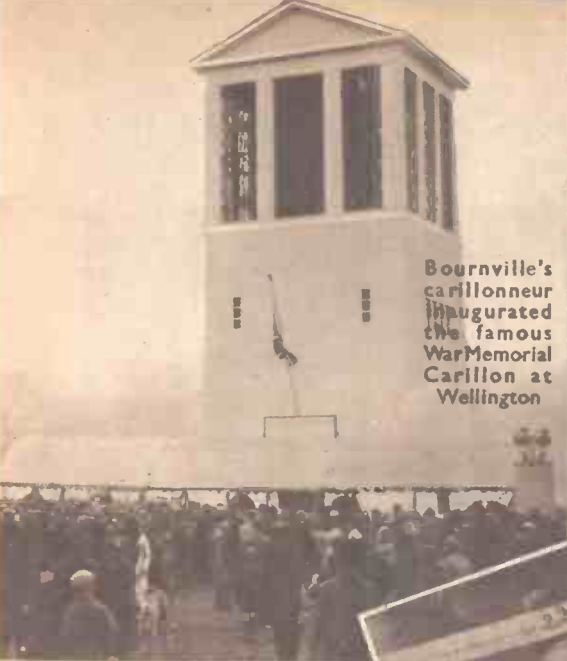
**WITHIN** a month or so we shall be bidding 'au revoir' (but not, we hope, 'Goodbye') to one of radio's most striking personalities. For Bryan Michie is to leave the B.B.C. and hit the Hylton gold-trail. Starting in the effects department, ex-schoolmaster Michie rose to the position of compère and producer and his friendly voice has put him in the big fan-mail class. Large, pink and cheerful, Bryan is a bachelor of 31 and drives a car which is, we maintain, the original Wreck of the Hesperus. His many fans will wish him well.



# BELLS ACROSS THE ETHER

Christmas and Bells are inevitably linked—and as you hear the Yuletide bells this year you may care to recall the facts in this interesting article by **PAUL HOBSON**

Bournville's carillonneur inaugurated the famous War Memorial Carillon at Wellington



The famous Bournville Carillon, which you hear each Saturday at 8.45 a.m. from Luxembourg

**W**HENEVER we pride ourselves on having invented something, along comes the Oriental scholar, who tells us the Chinamen were there first. So with bells. The Chinese made them before Greece was civilised, so that it is not surprising that even to-day Nanking and Peking still hear the notes of bells that were old when the Black Prince went down.

To-day bell-ringing, popular the world over, is of two kinds. First, hand-ringing, secondly, the playing of bells from a keyboard, much as one plays a piano.

The first is a feat of strength and a craft: the second is an art.

From a narrow street of ancient houses in old-world Malines you can see the high tower of the cathedral of St. Rombold. It houses forty-seven bells, and if you ask Chevalier Jef Denyn, most famous of all Carillonneurs, he will tell you these are his bronze children—the best bells in the world and the best tower in the world.

So he says. Maybe this Christmas you will be able to judge for yourself.

When M. Denyn sends Bach's fifth prelude floating over the housetops, he does so with no more physical effort than a village church-organist. Different is the task of the hand-ringers, who set out on great occasions to make bell history by beating records.

Among campanologists, as bellringers grandly call themselves, keenness to beat records results in feats of endurance of the most amazing kind.

Take, for example, the ring of what are known as Stedman Caters. In April, 1922, at Appleton, Berks, a record number of changes was rung, namely, 21,363. That means that for twelve hours and twenty-five minutes, the ten ringers remained at their ropes. As a physical feat, alone, this is remarkable.

"But why," you ask, "a Stedman Cater?" Stedman was the most famous seventeenth century campanologist, and invented this change—"Caters" from the French "Quatres."

The above feat looks insignificant, however, beside the performance of the men of Leeds, Kent, in 1760. Then James Barham and his thirteen men kept the bells going for a peal of Bob-Major for twenty-seven hours, ringing forty thousand three hundred and twenty changes. That has never been beaten.

Bell-ringing, like everything else, is subject to the iron rule of the age of machines. The carillon is, in effect, the mechanisation of bell-playing. Between the keyboard or clavier and the hammer of the bell, there is direct connection, so that the player can obtain effects like the play of a piano-forte.

There is no comparison between the monotony of the old change-ringing and the range of the modern carillon. These can play the most intricate of music. For instance, the



famous Hemony bells at Antwerp cathedral play such melodies as Verdi's "Jerusalem." And it was after listening to the carillon at Mechlin booming forth a Bach fugue that Victor Hugo wrote his famous poem to those bells.

In England there are a number of carillons, about a century old, mostly the work of Van Aerschodt, of Louvain. The largest in this country is that at Bournville. The late Mr. George Cadbury had always admired the beauty of the perfectly-tuned carillon, and he installed a set of twenty-two bells in the tower of Bournville School thirty-one years ago. These have now become 48.

This Bournville Carillon, with clavier, was the first to be made by an English bell-founder, the first to be recorded for the gramophone and the first to be broadcast. Now, as readers will doubtless have discovered for themselves, the Bournville Carillon comes over from Radio Luxembourg every Saturday morning with the signature tune of "Cadbury Calling."

On these bells it is possible to play such composers as Bach, Handel, Schubert and Grieg. And such is the fame of the Bournville carillonneur, Mr. Clifford Ball, that in 1932 he went all the way to New Zealand to inaugurate The National War Memorial Carillon at Wellington, on Anzac day.

Which is the most famous bell in the world? That is not an easy question to answer. You might plump for Big Ben, that is Big Ben II, for the first Big Ben only hung in its tower for two years before becoming so badly cracked it had to be removed.

By the way, Big Ben II, you may be surprised to learn, has a crack through which a man can pass his arm. When you hear him booming midnight on Christmas Day, you can think of that.

You will hear no evidence of crack, for they have twisted the bell so that the great hammer falls clear of it.

Bow Bells, so famous in lore and story, are not renowned particularly, as bells. Personally, I would say that the most famous bell in the world is the Czar bell, Moscow. It is two hundred years old and weighs 219 tons—against Big Ben's paltry 13½.

The following are all famous big bells: The Big Bell of Peking, 53 tons; Cologne, 27½; Nanking, 22; Notre Dame, 17; St. Paul's "Old Tom," 16¾; and York Minster, 12½.



JOAN BENNETT and Warner Baxter in a scene from "Walter Wanger's Vogues of 1938."

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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	Light... <input type="checkbox"/> Dark... <input type="checkbox"/>
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD
	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Light... <input type="checkbox"/> Dark... <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN	AGE	If hair is Grey, check type above and here
Dry... <input type="checkbox"/>	Over 35... <input type="checkbox"/>	
Oily <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	Under 35... <input type="checkbox"/>	

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# THEY'LL GO GAY



## Yuletide Reminiscences

Collected by  
**G. J. MATSON**

Cicely Courtneidge

round London trying to find someone who would come and put in a new fuse wire!

Jack's present to Cicely, on this occasion, was a very ornate blue table lamp. He had stood it proudly on the table and was busy wiring it up when the mishap occurred.

Claude's chief role at Christmas seems to be that of playing Santa Claus for the benefit of the Hulbert kiddies. "I get a real kick out of this," he says, "since Jack and I plan the visit on an elaborate scale and spend several hours working out the details."

The general scheme of things is for Jack to rig up the wireless so that Claude can announce, from another room, that Santa is on the way. The children then make for the balcony outside one of the windows and Jack rushes up to his study to jingle sleigh bells.

Meanwhile, Claude has gained access to the neighbour's roof, through a skylight, and as soon as Jack thinks he has had time to get into position he shines a large spotlight on him so that the children can watch his progress across the roofs and down on to the balcony. He is then led in with much ceremony and the distribution of the presents begins.

### Claude Was Scared!

"Playing Santa," asserts Claude, "is not without its thrills. Once I put a foot through the slates; on another occasion I dislodged a loose chimney; and on yet another my robe got caught up in something on the chimney stack and nearly threw me off the roof! I really was frightened then!"

Another star who plays Santa, and who puts a good deal of thought into the staging of his arrival, is Les Allen. He keeps to the old-fashioned custom of coming down the chimney and although he may not make the actual descent he is there, sure enough, in the fireplace of his little boy's bedroom when the latter is gently awakened.

On his back he carries a small sack and it is from this that a number of interesting toys later emerge. "It is my biggest thrill of the whole year," says Les, "watching the expression on the lad's face as he opens his eyes and sees me standing there with a sackful of good things. I shall be terribly sorry when he is too old to appreciate my acting."

Les Allen is one of the many stars who revel in a good old-fashioned Christmas at home and likes to make it as big a family affair as possible. All his own people, and his wife's people, come

**O**NE of the happiest, merriest families in the world, at Christmas time, is surely that of the Hulberts. They have an unbreakable rule that, however much they may be separated from each other during the year, they will always get together at Christmas time and make whoopee—for the children's sake, they say!

Usually Claude and Enid take their two bright youngsters over to Jack Hulbert's place where, more often than not, they are joined by Bobby and Pat Howes and their kiddies.

Claude and Enid Hulbert are particularly attached to Christmas, and to the parties at Jack's house, for it was at one of these that they first met and started all the domestic bother which has since made them so famous. "That, though," says Enid, "was a long time ago now. It was, in fact, when Claude was still up at Cambridge. I have always liked those Christmas parties, and especially the Christmas dinner."

Dinner time, in the Hulbert household, is always present time—a great time for everyone. All the presents come as complete surprises; Cicely has always insisted on this.

There is no hinting, weeks beforehand, of what one is going to give the other; neither are any promises made. "All that sort of thing," declares Cicely, "spoils the Christmas spirit." And I suppose she is right.

A year or two back, when the gifts were being handed round, Jack did more than spoil the Christmas spirit—he fused all the electric lights, and poor Claude had to spend an hour dashing

**Claude Hulbert Plays Santa**

**And so Does Les Allen!**

**No Work for Tom Walls**

**McGills and Dwyers**

**Go Crackers!**

**Albert Sandler Goes 'Hotcha'!**



# THIS CHRISTMAS, TOO!

*Why do we always regard the stars as beings apart? Time after time we find that they are just very human people like ourselves and never is this demonstrated more clearly than at Christmas. They like the same games, the same food . . . in fact, their Christmases are the Christmases of thousands of happy families*

round for dinner and they follow the meal up with the usual Christmas games. In the afternoon Les has a habit of visiting hospitals in the neighbourhood in which he lives and of giving presents to a number of the inmates.

Christmas for Anona Winn this year is, she hopes, going to be a very jolly affair. She has been having a new house built at Rottingdean and the builders have promised to complete it in good time for the holidays. This will mean a very special Christmas party, which will also serve as a housewarming party. "I have no doubt the house will be christened true and proper," says Anona.

Her Christmases follow no regular rule at all and vary considerably. "Last year," she has reminded me, "I was in pantomime at the Coliseum and we had our opening night on Christmas Eve! So I spent Christmas Day recovering from the strain of three weeks' rehearsals and preparing for a matinée and evening show on Boxing Day! I felt just as dead as the turkey!

## Sad Christmas

"The Christmas before was a family Christmas spent among my younger relatives and playing cowboys and Indians with them. You should have seen me decked out with feathers and daubed with war paint!

"The Christmas before that was the saddest possible, as both my husband and myself had pneumonia and my husband never recovered. Prior to that we had always spent our Christmases in our own home, very *en famille*."

Leonard Henry, more often than not, has to work throughout the greater part of the Christmas holiday, and this keeps him in London. "Only those who are forced to spend Christmas in London," he says, "know how empty the place is on Christmas Day. And if you happen to be empty yourself—well!"

The queerest Christmas Day he has ever spent was away back in the Savoy Hill days. Here is the story in his own words.

"We were putting on a pantomime in the evening and this meant a rehearsal from 10 o'clock until 12 o'clock. When it was over, as I had nothing to do (my family all being away at Cliftonville for the holidays) I strolled down into the huge hole that was once the Hotel Cecil and is now Shell-Mex House and had a long chat with the watchman. I think I really went to sit at his fire for a little while for it was a terribly cold day.

## No Place to Eat!

"Presently I was joined by Mr. Munro (now of Television who had just finished putting over the Round the Empire Christmas morning greetings. He also had no home to go to, so together we wandered forth to find food.

"We walked down the Strand, into Fleet Street and into the deserted City. We chatted to the pigeons and gave a Christmas greeting to all policemen. We walked on and on but nowhere could we find a place where food was being served. "In despair we walked all the way back to the top of Savoy Hill—and then found that the Strand Palace had been open all along! In a rash moment we both ordered steaks and lots of fried onions—the latter proving so strong that for the rest of the day nobody would come near us. What a Christmas!"

Alec McGill spends Christmas by going crackers! At any rate, that is what he tells me.

"My average Christmas," he says, "is a mixture of work and play—with rather more of the former than of the latter. It usually means rehearsing a Christmas show right up until Christmas Eve, and then putting it on the air on Boxing Day.

"Christmas Day itself, however, is generally my own and I try to make the most of it. The morning may bring a round of golf with one or more of the other officers of my club—a club which, by the way, is one of the most exclusive in the world. Known as the Anti-Serious Golfing Society it consists of eight officers and one member! One of our rules states that these numbers shall never be altered. Another reads: 'No paying member shall be allowed more than four caddies, and no non-paying member shall be expelled!'

"In the afternoon Gwen and I meet a few kindred spirits—perhaps Bertha Willmott, Fred and Doreen Yule, the Two Leslies, Stanelli, John Sharman, and one or two others—and then at night we foregather with our old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Dwyer.

## Going Crackers

"Although this has been our custom for several years it is strange that we have never met at either of our respective houses, but always at that of a mutual friend whose greatest joy in life is 'throwing a party.' And, believe me, it is some party! The real old yuletide spirit—with threepenny bits in the pudding, crackers with the usual mottoes, and all the good old-fashioned games to follow! Including darts! And unless you've seen Bill Dwyer and I throw a pretty dart you don't know the meaning of the old English pastime!

"In short, the greatest treat for us at Christmas is to forget all about the show business for a few hours, and just go 'crackers'."

Tom Walls and Ralph Lynn provide another example of stars who always spend Christmas together. Nothing will tempt Tom to give up his Christmas Day. Last year he and Ralph were approached to do a television broadcast on Christmas evening itself.

Ralph was deputed by the television people to approach Tom. "I'll come if he comes," he told them, "and I'll mention the fee you're offering, but I honestly don't think he will come—not if I know him."

"And he certainly knows me well enough, after all our years together," says Tom.

"Much as I would enjoy a television broadcast I would not sacrifice my Christmas Day for it. The question of the fee does not come into it at all.

"If I were offered £5,000 for it, I should

still refuse (although I am no multi-millionaire who can afford to sneeze at such a sum!) It is just one of those things I could not sell—like my favourite bull-terrier. That is how much Christmas means to me; it is one of the few days of the year to which I look forward, for weeks and weeks beforehand."

## Turns to Jazz

Albert Sandler admits that he welcomes Christmas because it gives him an opportunity, for once in a while, of "going all hotcha"! In the afternoon he gives a party to some twenty or so friends. Among the party are his popular cellist and pianist who delight everybody, including the famous violinist himself, by playing jazz in place of the usual light music.

The big event in Harry Roy's Christmas is the party which he and Princess Pearl give to baby Roberta. Page 46 proves how important she is in the Roy household. Last year he used this occasion to present Roberta with the hundreds of toys which had been sent to her by her many fans. Before this party begins he generally goes along to some hospital or prison to give an entertainment.

In other words, the famous stars of the air prove themselves at Christmas to be just like you and me—everyday, human folk, all set to enjoy the loveliest festival of the whole year. It seems to bring us much nearer to the stars, doesn't it?



If you would like to hear pleasant melodies, brilliantly played, listen to ALBERT SANDLER with his Trio every Sunday afternoon at 3.45 p.m. —4 p.m. from RADIO LUXEMBOURG in programmes presented by

**Boots**



Coral, green and blue as a setting for pale gold hair and a fair skin—lovely Anne Ziegler

Nine Glamorous Radio Stars describe their Favourite Evening Dresses and pass on their Personal Beauty Secrets to  
**SUSAN COLLYER**

# GOING TO



best-dressed women you can meet anywhere. She told me, smiling, that she had *two* favourite frocks. She showed them to me: one is black, cut very straight but flowing out at the bottom and ending in an eight-inch hem of clipped ostrich. "It's called 'spaniel,'" she said, "because it looks exactly like a spaniel's coat, only, you see, it's feathers."

Two and a half inch wide shoulder straps make a square neck in front and a deep V at the back. With this dress, Eve wears black shoes and an emerald clip and ring. Her coat is as sumptuous as the dress: a three-quarter length box-coat made of the same "spaniel."

"My other dress," said Eve, in her beautiful soft voice, "is of copper ciré.

To get the exact colour, my brother sent his door knobs to Paris in order to have them copied. Yes,

from Luxembourg. It is very plain, white, and made of heavy romaine, with narrow shoulder straps and a V *décolleté* front and back. The skirt is quite plain, too—except for a slit up the centre about twenty inches deep. Through this, from the back, comes the long circular train, or scarf, as it becomes when Anne slips it over her head. You see her putting it on in the picture on this page. Over the scarf she fixes her four-inch wide belt, made of ice blue and silver paillettes, piped with white kid, and on the top of her head she wears a paillette headdress. "Never flowers or jewels," says Anne firmly.

VERA LENNOX always wears black in the evening. "And I like my dress to be high in front," she says. "I'm rather broad at the shoulders and, you know, *décolleté* does broaden one. Of course, your dress can be as low as you like at the back. My favourite evening coat is also black, made of velvet, full length and with long tight sleeves. That's to keep my wrists warm, and avoid the risk of arriving at a party with cold, pink hands.

"Generally, I wear black shoes, too, but if I feel that a dress needs cheering up, I wear bright emerald or scarlet sandals."

Black or white seem to be the universally popular colours for evening. White is the choice of GWYNETH LASCELLES, Australian vocalist whom you first heard at Radio-lympia this year, and more recently with Jack Hylton and in the Union Cinema Radio Parade.

**Y**OU are dressed for the party, your escort is waiting in the hall, the flowers are in your hair, and your vanity bag in your hand. One last look in the mirror and you see reflected in it your most glamorous and radiant self, from the crown of your shining hair to the sole of your satin slipper. Now, no matter what may happen, no matter where you are going or whom you may meet, you are certain to enjoy yourself.

To paraphrase a now famous advertisement, you enjoy a party an hour before you get to it! It is what happens at your dressing-table that counts. There you have to settle important questions such as: "Shall I wear white or black? What colour accessories? What jewellery?" To help you, I have asked some popular radio stars to describe their favourite evening dresses and to tell me some of their secrets for evening make-up.

"White," said JEAN COLIN, blonde musical comedy heroine, "is my favourite evening colour. I have just got a duck of a new white dress. The bodice is sun-pleated into a high neck and sprinkled all over with diamond stars and jewelled beading. It has square shoulders, slightly padded, and very short sleeves. At the back the bodice is slit from neck to waist, and there's another very thin slit in front. The long white sash ties in a Grecian knot and hangs with jewelled ends. It really looks rather like a long day frock," finished Jean.

"All the decoration I wear with it is two diamond clips. White shoes, too, and a white ermine coat. It's a unique coat, quite collarless, with a band of white fox round the bottom. The white fox looks much grander round the hem than in the usual way as a collar."

"My favourite dress?" said ANNE ZIEGLER, of the milk and roses complexion and lovely lyric soprano voice. "It's cream-coloured satin, with a pattern of little horses and men shooting bows and arrows. In coral, blue and green. It has a sash of coral taffeta and a very low-cut back with a train. I wear gold clips in front and an antique ornament of gold and pearls in my hair. The coat that goes with it is also cream satin, tight fitting, you know, with a huge stand-up collar of red fox fur."

EVE BECKE, beautiful vocalist and commère, is the sister of Colin Becke, famous dress designer. So it is not surprising that she is one of the



Famous vocalist Phyllis Robins contrasts her bright ash-blonde hair with a luxurious cloak of frosted silver foxes

it's true. I wore this dress on the stage at Birmingham recently, and I find it lights beautifully. It is very simple, very *décolleté*, form-fitting but with a *bouffant* skirt spreading out at the bottom. The material is so lovely that it doesn't really need any ornament, but I sometimes wear my emerald clip with it. My shoes are copper, made of the same material, and a black satin floor-length cloak goes over it."

Imagine how dazzling this gleaming copper dress looks with Eve Becke's wonderful golden hair!

Another vocalist, charming VERA LYNN who sings with Ambrose's band, also likes black for the evening. Her dress is of black ninon, pin tucked to the knees and then falling in tiny accordion pleats to the ground. A long scarf of the same ninon with deep pleated ends can be worn over the low-cut square *décolletage*.

With this dress, Vera wears two little jade green feather birds in her hair, green vanity bag and a long evening coat of black dull crêpe lined with green.

A most exciting and unusual dress is worn by ANNE DE NYS, brilliant pianist with *That Certain Trio* and the *Dinner at Eight* programmes

Something new in evening dresses! Here is a train that can be worn as a scarf. Anne de Nys, clever and charming pianist of "That Certain Trio," is the wearer. Her belt is of ice blue and silver paillettes, and paillettes glitter in her hair





# A PARTY?

The Season of Parties is here, bringing with it a golden train of Dances and Dreams, New Faces, New Frocks, Excitement, Opportunity and Romance.

Her favourite frock is white net embroidered with silver beads and mounted on a silk taffeta underslip. But magnificent contrast is supplied by a long velvet evening coat buttoned down the front. It is in the new shade of red between rust and burgundy. "I wear a special nail polish with this coat," said Gwyneth. "The lacquer is mixed to the exact shade. A ring is the only ornament I wear with it. It is an heirloom and consists of a small diamond set in gold, let into a carbuncle, an old-fashioned stone very much the same colour as my coat. It looks very effective."

"My favourite evening colour is hyacinth blue," says JANET LIND. You remember you used to hear Janet with Louis Levy's band; now she is touring in Holland. "I have a blue dress of chiffon, very tailored—you may think that strange for such fluffy material? But that, I think, is what lends it such charm—just a touch of difference.

"With it I like wearing a small buttonhole of petunia-coloured flowers, anemones generally, or sometimes a diamond clip."

Plain clothes, lovely materials and the all-important cut are the things that matter to Janet Lind. WYN RICHMOND, vocalist with Alfred Van Dam in the Macleans programmes from Luxembourg, heartily agrees. She even shares with Janet Lind her favourite colour, blue. "But blue is not an easy shade to wear at night," Wyn explained. "The reason is that restaurants usually have amber lights, and that kills a lot of colours."

She thinks white is best of all for evening, preferably in heavy matt crepe. Add a diamond brooch (if possible! says Wyn) and you are the picture of elegance. Her coat is black velvet, Russian style, with tight waist, very full long skirt and full sleeves gathered at the wrists. "Black velvet is practical," she says, "but the material must be good. Then you need not worry about covering yourself with furs—which one must never wear unless they are the best!"

Wyn added a tip for party complexions that I certainly must pass on. "Sometimes," she said, "I put on Milk of Magnesia before powdering. Don't laugh! I find it's better than any founda-

tion cream for my complexion. The powder clings for hours without caking."

Anne Ziegler has a very good recipe for an astringent lotion; it was given her by a Hollywood make-up man. Here it is: Half pint witch hazel, one and a half grams tannic acid, half pint distilled water, quarter ounce glycerine.

Eve Becke has another brand new tip from America, home of applied beauty. "After cleansing your face at night, wet it with water and then massage it all over with—ordinary table salt! Economical, you see, and very effective. Rub it in very gently with circular movements; you'll probably find it stings a bit, but it leaves your face feeling marvellously braced and fresh. It rubs all the old skin away. Finally, wash off the salt in ice water. Twice a month is enough for this treatment, if your skin is fairly sensitive."

A perfect manicure is as important as a perfect

A mediaeval gown of silver lamé—an enormous bunch of violets its only note of colour—suits Jean Colin's blonde beauty perfectly



Eve Becke, of the red-gold hair and perfect figure, poses here in a dress reminiscent of the falling leaves of autumn



"Wear white," say Jean Colin, Anne de Nys, Gwyneth Lascelles and Wyn Richmond; "or black!" add Vera Lynn and Vera Lennox. Janet Lind prefers blue, Anne Ziegler loves figured fabrics. Eve Becke dresses in material to match her hair: which will you choose?

complexion. Before you put on your polish or lacquer, paint your nails with iodine. This is another of Eve Becke's secrets—"it strengthens the nails," she says, "and prevents them flaking."

Vera Lynn had a few words to say about the care of the hair. Her own is one of her most attractive features, worn in loose curls falling to her shoulders in the Ginger Rogers style. "The night before my shampoo, I massage my scalp with a good hair tonic, to keep it healthy; and I find Drene an excellent shampoo. But the most important rule of all is the old-fashioned one: 'a hundred strokes with the hairbrush night and morning.' It's hard to find the time, but it is well worth while."

"Have two hair brushes," advises Wyn Richmond, "so that you can use a clean one every day. I think combing your hair, too, is most important—it massages the scalp." Wyn is now doing her hair in the page-boy style—very successfully, and it doesn't suit everyone!

Then, your eyes. "I don't think people pay enough attention to eyes," says Gwyneth Lascelles. "I use special drops and at night bathe them in warm water to which half a teaspoonful of ordinary carbonate of soda has been added. This keeps them clear and sparkling."

"Instead of using mascara on my eyelashes, I use vaseline. I find it just as effective and it keeps the lashes in a very healthy condition. I use a Max Factor eyebrow pencil to extend my eyebrows."

"Don't forget to put vaseline on your lashes and eyebrows before you go to bed, so that they can grow more beautiful while you sleep."

Follow the good advice of the stars, and this season will be the most successful you have ever had. May you enjoy your parties this Christmas as you have never done before.

Hyacinth blue chiffon is Janet Lind's favourite evening frock, pleated, tailored, and very graceful





# "LAST HEARD OF..."

Beginning a Fascinating New Serial

of Romance in Radioland

By LINDA MUIR

**J**ULIA NORIN, mannequin, read aloud from a magazine, words that sent the blood rushing to Anita's cheeks, and made her heart beat with a queer, suffocating thud.

*"It is said of Dimitri Kovda, whose famous dance orchestra is the success of the season, and Radio's greatest favourite, that women are captivated by his charm without being able to help themselves. There is about his magnetism a power which draws them blindly towards him. Perhaps it is his seeming indifference towards their adulation that increases his supreme fascination. He leaves them breathless and unsatisfied. . . ."*

"And that," said Julia, "is a word picture of your famous hero." She threw aside the magazine and eyed her friend, Anita Vane, with an amused expression: "No man as attractive as Dimitri should be allowed to live," she said calmly. "He should have been drowned at birth and women spared the heartache."

Anita laughed. She hated the idea that her interest in Dimitri should become the object of ridicule. Nevertheless, nothing could dim that interest. It had begun when first she listened to him over the radio. His rendering of modern music was unorthodox; he brought to popular melodies a delicacy, a liting perfection, not to be captured by ordinary dance bands. He gave to the interpretation of simple themes, a new fervour, not wholly untouched by an appealing sadness—the romantic melancholy of the Russian. Dimitri's education was English; he had lived in England almost since his birth; but his love of music had been inherited from a Russian father.

Anita, slender, dark-eyed, flung herself down on the settee, her beautifully shaped legs tucked beneath her. The very mention of Dimitri started an excitement, a wild desire within her imaginative mind.

Julia was aware of this and said jokingly:

"When you have to live on dry toast and orange juice, you'll find your emotions are swamped by the desire for a good, square meal. Why on earth you don't try to get a job with the man beats me. He needs a new singer. Lola Warren's leaving his outfit."

"Don't be absurd," Anita answered swiftly. "I've had too little experience! He'd probably laugh at me."

"Nonsense. You've a darned attractive voice. I'd bet you anything that it would be great on the air—always told you so. Why go on wasting your time at concerts and cheap music-halls? Frankly, you're a fool."

"I know it," laughed Anita.

Julia's suggestion was one that had hammered in Anita's brain for months. To sing in Dimitri's orchestra would be rather like having the stars thrown in your lap. The very thought filled her with a breathless rapture.

She said swiftly:

"Dimitri's going to be at Maud Rosson's farewell radio party to-night."

"Well, there's your chance. You're going to it with Jack, aren't you?"

Anita nodded.

"Jack and Maud are old friends: he knew her long before she became a radio star."

Julia placed her hands on her slender hips and glared down at the girl whom she had known and loved since their school days.

"If you'd any sense you'd marry that nice young lawyer person."

"Jack?"

"Yes. You'd have heaps of babies instead of mooning around after a career. Gee! Wish Jack would ask me to marry him. Marriage! Release—blessed release—from this hip-swaying and dieting! I'd settle down, eat four good meals

a day and revel in every pound of fat I put on."

"Sounds all right," smiled Anita. "Why not find out what Jack thinks about it?"

"What a hope! The man doesn't even know I live here with you. Only got eyes for you and what does he get for his loyalty?"

"I've always been honest with him."

"That's a great help," replied Julia with comic inflection.

"He knows that I've no interest in marriage," persisted Anita. "I'm never going to marry, Julia, and you know me well enough to realise that I'm not posing when I say that."

"What about Dimitri?"

"Stop it."

"Suppose he *did* ask you to marry him?"

"Suppose the moon dropped into our flat and asked me if I'd like a trip to the sky? I'm never likely to meet him—" she broke off abruptly and dived into the bedroom. "I must get ready," she cried.

She dressed with meticulous care; spent half an hour on her make-up, brushed her hair until it gleamed like pure gold, and appraised herself before the mirror.

"Perfect," said Julia. "What a figure you've got! And no dieting. Crime! When I have to exist on bird-seed. If your hero doesn't fall in love with you in that then there's no hope for him."

Anita said and shivered:

"Dimitri is used to the most beautiful creatures in the world . . . Oh, talk sense!"

Jack Maxwell, solid, reliable and of the old public school tradition, arrived and Anita exclaimed tremulously:

"I'm scared, Jack. Not used to meeting celebrities."

"Nonsense," His eyes appraised her. "You're more beautiful than anyone who will be there to-night. Besides, celebrities are the easiest people in the world to meet: don't have to try to impress with what they've done: their success speaks for itself."

They drove through the crowded London streets and drew up outside the Imperial Hotel with its bright lights and flood-lit magnificence. People were massed down each side of the red carpet that stretched into the entrance from the pavement.

Anita gazed about her, wondering what it must feel like to be famous; to know that those people standing there, were waiting for *you*; waiting to cheer you. Once inside the hotel and a little, sick feeling of loneliness came to her. She was so outside this gay circle with its easy acceptance of success; so insignificant. She recognised famous radio stars with little burst of enthusiasm, but always her eyes were searching, searching for that one man whose presence haunted her.

Jack introduced her to Maud Rosson.

"I've listened to you so often," Anita said simply.

"Nice of you. . . . Wish I weren't going on this American tour, Jack. You get like this at a farewell party."

Anita studied her. She wasn't pretty; but she had a subtle fascination. Taking her courage in both hands she asked, too casually:

"The famous Dimitri is supposed to be coming along to-night, isn't he?"

Maud Rosson laughed.

"Every woman here is hoping so. He's on the air pretty late to-night; he'll come if he can."

There were a hundred questions Anita wanted to ask about him but dare not. Instead, for the next two hours, she watched every newcomer whom it was humanly possible to see amid the crush. And at midnight, she gave it up with a sense of sheer exhaustion. Every nerve in her body had been taut. Now, for the first time, she relaxed and accepted the disappointment of

realising that, after all, she was not to see Dimitri.

The party was gayer. Dancers swayed to the haunting strains of the latest waltz. Introductions were over; there was that settled feeling of enjoyment.

Anita said swiftly:

"Jack, I'd like to sit out on that terrace. It looks cool and deserted. You go on dancing: I don't mind being alone a scrap. I won't run away."

He guided her out into the softly illuminated terrace which offered a panoramic view of London . . . twinkling lights, like stars thrown at random on deep blue velvet. A saffron sky, with patches of crimson where electric signs blazed. Trees from a nearby park shivered in the slight breeze—tall, ghostly, yet majestic in their rich beauty.

Gratefully, Anita sat down and smiled reassuringly at her companion as he walked away. She was thankful for a moment's respite. With a gesture of utter weariness she rested her head back against the cushions of the low chair. Emotionally, she was exhausted; exhausted by the conflict, the turmoil of her thoughts: thoughts for which she despised herself. She knew that she had been mad to imagine she might meet Dimitri. Even were he to arrive he would be surrounded by friends.

Gradually her senses were stilled. The aching of her head ceased. For a while she sat there, listening to the tune the dance band was playing. Then, softly, she began to sing the words. No one would hear her; she was quite alone. Somehow those passionate, romantic phrases brought a strange solace. She closed her eyes so that imagination might usurp reality.

She didn't hear the footsteps that came slowly towards her, nor see the tall figure that moved up the steps to the verandah door into the patch



of golden light which spilled out across the terrace from the open doors of the ballroom.

It was the sound of a voice that roused her; the sound of words uttered in that deep tone with its very slight and altogether fascinating accent.

"You have a charming voice, mademoiselle."

Anita sat up with a start, the blood flaming into her cheeks as her eyes met those of the man



Anita had one desire in the world—to meet the famous, romantic Dimitri Kovda. Her dream came true, bringing with it adventures of the heart that will strike echoing chords in the hearts of every woman. Read this glamorous serial and thrill to the love story of Anita Vane

gazing down at her, a faint, almost amused expression hovering on his lips as he noticed her embarrassment.

"You!" she breathed.

His attitude changed.

"You know me?"

Anita hastened:

"Everyone knows you, Mr. Kovda."

"Don't spoil it," he murmured. "To be known by everyone can be so terribly dull; but to be known by one person can be infinitely consoling."

Dimitri's words were sincere. There was something about Anita's sweet, unspoiled beauty that aroused within him emotions he had steeled himself to conquer and ignore. Flattery had been his in abundance. Women—beautiful women—had made no secret of their desires so far as he was concerned. But here, in this slender, girlish figure there was the light of something precious; something different; a warmth, a glowing urge. Amid the shadows of that dimly lit terrace, she suggested a dream taking shape; and he found himself wanting to know her; to share the thoughts that were in her brain when she gazed at him and said in that tense, passionate voice:

"You!"

He said: "Forgive me if I do not know your name. There are so many celebrities here to-night that—"

"If I told you my name you would not know it," she said, trying to make herself believe that this was real—that it wasn't a trick of her imagination that Dimitri was here, talking to her. She dare not meet his gaze lest she betray the emotion by which she was moved. "I am not a celebrity," she assured him.

He sighed, thankfully.

"That is more refreshing still."

"Why?"

"To get away from one's profession can be very, very pleasant," he said. "To talk to someone right outside it."

"But your work—you love it?"

"Of course." His smile flashed disarmingly, transforming his rather serious face. "Suppose you tell me what you do. May I sit down?"

"Yes." It was the merest whisper.

He seated himself in a chair close to hers, and in the subdued light there seemed a power about him, a magnetism which made Anita conscious of his every movement. She was aware of him to the exclusion of all else; aware that she had only to lean forward and his arms might reach her . . . his lips . . .

"Now tell me about yourself," he asked.

Anita did not hear the footsteps that came slowly towards her, nor see the tall figure that was coming up the steps to the open verandah door.

"I'm just one of those would-be singers who probably are the bane of your existence."

"They are," he confessed. "Everyone should know, up to a point, their own capabilities. I've no patience with girls who imagine that because they have a pretty figure, and no voice whatever, it qualifies them to become stars."

Anita nodded.

"It is hard to know where to begin."

He leaned forward.

"The only way to begin," he said, "is to have an objective and work towards it: if you know you have the talent then don't let anything stand in your way; but if in your heart you know you haven't the ability to succeed in the career you would like, then face the fact and turn your energies in another direction where you can achieve something. You want to be a singer? That should be easy. I heard your voice before I saw you. That's why I came out here." His eyes were looking deeply into hers, holding her gaze, seeming to look into her heart. "Come, tell me of that ambition."

"Nothing that I might do could ever make it come really true. . . . My ambition is an impossible dream," she said slowly.

"No dream need be impossible."

"Mine is"—tensely.

"Then we must make it possible," he said.

That "we" sent the blood flaming into her cheeks. She felt faint; her whole body trembled to such an extent that it was difficult even to keep her voice steady: there was no fighting against the fascination of this man.

He stood up. The painful realisation that the meeting was over brought an almost physical sickness.

Then, looking down at her, he said softly:

"Will you dance with me?"

"Dance?"

He nodded.

She could not speak. In a dream she accompanied him to the ballroom. His arms went around her, drawing her so close that it seemed their bodies merged into one as they moved, in perfect rhythm.

For a while they danced, then, unprotestingly, he led her back to the terrace.

Night, and a moon gleaming; a magic and intoxication which stirs the heart and whispers of romance. . . .

Anita dared not breathe lest the spell should be broken; she knew only that she wanted to feel his arms around her; that the passion which surged through her would not be denied. Her eyes, meeting his, were dark with emotion and, with a little cry, he caught her to him, his mouth crushing hers, madly, possessively. She could feel the pressure of his body; the warmth of his hands as they clasped her; the rapture surging over her as she surrendered. . . . With answering passion her lips clung to his; her arms held him, drawing him still closer. . . .

Her eyes were closed; her body relaxed against his while his mouth touched her eyes, her throat and the whiteness of her breast which her gown only partly concealed. Every nerve was aflame at his caress; desire rose wildly so that she dreaded lest the moment might end and leave her shaken by a longing only partly fulfilled. . . .

The moment came and he released her.

"Forgive me," he breathed hoarsely. "I'd no right."

She did not move away from him, her voice was thick, choked, as she cried:

"Need I pretend? I've dreamed of this moment—always."

He drew her again into his arms, looking down into her eyes with a tenderness that only partially stilled the passion that had not died.

"You're different," he breathed. "I knew it in that first moment when I saw you sitting there . . . Anita, I must see you again."

Happiness surged into her heart. She was roused to a point of sheer ecstasy by the deep, throbbing voice; the touch of his hands which sent the blood rushing through her veins.

"Don't let's spoil this moment," she whispered. "Let's dance, as though we were never going to stop; as though there were no to-morrow."

Other dancers watched Dimitri that night and nodded their heads. At last, he had fallen the victim of a woman's charms. But who was that slight figure in his arms? That girl who had obviously awakened in the man, whom every woman desired, that fierce, unashamed interest?

A little later Anita managed to speak to Jack Maxwell and ask him to forget that she was there. Her eyes pleaded with him to forgive her, and looking into her flushed face and shining eyes, he agreed, and spent the remainder of the evening trying to find solace in other arms.

Please turn to next page





# "LAST HEARD OF . . ."

Continued from previous page

She and Dimitri danced until two o'clock. Then he breathed:

"Let me take you home."

Outside, the night air was cool but it had not the power to stem the tide of emotion that possessed Anita as she stepped into Dimitri's car. Hardly a word was spoken during that too short journey. It was only when they reached her tiny flat; only when she stood in the open doorway of the sitting-room that she managed to whisper:

"Thank you for bringing me back—for—"

He stifled the rest of the sentence with his kisses. Kisses that seemed to answer every need within her; to breathe of fulfillment and ecstasy combined; to wipe out the hunger and impossible hopes and leave her exulted by the rapture that transcended anything of which she had ever dreamed.

His voice was shaken, hoarse, as he cried:

"I must go, Anita—I—"

With a little convulsive movement she stirred against him, her mouth finding his, seeking that last caress; the yearning for his touch flaming into intensity the moment he relaxed his hold.

Then, abruptly, she stepped away from him. Her face was white now. Had she been mad to betray her feelings? What would he think? Would he imagine that her kisses were—

And as if reading her thoughts he said with a new gentleness:

"This isn't the end, Anita. It is the beginning." He gazed down at her. "I wonder if I have the power to make your dream come true. . . . Would you like to sing for me to-morrow morning? Would you like the opportunity of singing with my orchestra? If your voice is as good as I think it is—"

She broke in:

"Please, if you are not serious don't talk like that."

"Insincerity is not one of my failings," he said, and his voice was firm.

"I—I can't believe it."

"Come along to the B.B.C. to-morrow morning. Say eleven," he whispered. "No, don't move; I'll find my way out. Let me think of you standing there."

The following morning when she arrived at the B.B.C. she knew a panic which nothing seemed to overcome, neither the gentle encouragement of Dimitri, nor the appraising glances of his orchestra. Every moment she fought to master the faintness that threatened her. The very sight of the microphone reduced her to a state of nervous apprehension bordering on tears. It was when she met Dimitri's gaze, remembered the passion of their meeting that she realised just how much depended on her making a success of this audition. If she failed Dimitri would go out of her life: if she succeeded. . . .

With a superhuman effort she faced the microphone and began to sing in that soft, crooning voice. . . . And before the song was ended she knew that she had triumphed.

Afterwards, Dimitri took both her hands in his and cried with characteristic enthusiasm:

"I've looked everywhere for a singer like you and now here you are! Incredible!"

"Now my dream has come true," she whispered.

"Was that really it?" The tenderness of his voice stirred her almost to adoration.

"Yes; to sing with you. . . ."

It was Lola Warren, Dimitri's retiring singer, who brought the first note of discord into that sweet harmony, dimming the new-found happiness that blazed in Anita's heart. Dimitri introduced them. Lola had sung with him for nearly two years. She loved him with a jealous passion that was frightening in its menacing possessiveness. And it was because of that possessiveness and her persistent advances, that Dimitri was severing their association. She said, as she eyed Anita:

"So you are to be my successor?"

Dimitri moved away. He could not stand the malicious gleam in Lola's eyes.

"Yes," Anita spoke timidly. "I am afraid I am a very poor one."

Lola's white teeth gleamed.

"Dimitri doesn't often make mistakes," she said and her tone brought to Anita a sense of foreboding.

"Don't you—don't you hate the idea of leaving the orchestra?" Anita ventured.

Lola's smile was hateful in its subtle suggestiveness as she said:

"No; not really. Dimitri and I found that you cannot mix business with—love. He prefers to have me less tied up with contracts so that my time is freer for him. . . . love is worth more than a career—don't you think so?"

Anita clutched the arm of the nearest chair for support. The room swam before her gaze. She knew it was weak, absurd. Why shouldn't Dimitri love this alluring figure. . . . Why?

She said almost involuntarily:

"You and Dimitri—"

Lola laughed.

"I hope I haven't shocked you. . . . Or, perhaps I have spoiled your own dreams? He is attractive, isn't he? All the women are mad about him, but I take that as a compliment—and a little triumph." She held out her hand. "Congratulations! It isn't easy to break into radio. I'm glad it is you who are taking my place." Her inflection suggested that no possible menace could come from so insignificant a person as Anita.

Lola Warren moved away. The jealousy in her heart growing with each succeeding moment. Dimitri and this girl! Dimitri!

She sought him out. One glance from her stormy eyes and he asked:

"Well, Lola?" And his tone was cool, critical.

"So you have found someone to fill my place?"

"You knew that was my intention; your contract with me ends this week. I told you I should not renew it. You had your chance, Lola. I'm sorry."

"Once," she cried, "once you—"

He drew a hand wearily across his forehead.

"Once," he repeated. "Must you always drag the past into it? Everything between us has been over for a year, and more, now. It was never serious."

"I loved you. I still love you." Her voice was threatening. "No one else shall have you."

"Please," he said with a certain distaste. "Need we have all this theatrical nonsense? You're a woman of the world, Lola. Not an adolescent. I have tried for a solid year to make you see reason; to make you realise that nothing would induce me to repeat a folly. . . ." He added: "I never pretended to love you."

"You're in love with that girl. That's what it is."

And his voice changed as he said solemnly:

"For once you are right, Lola. I am in love with her." He moved away. "I have an appointment. Forgive me."

"Look, Dimitri," her voice grew urgent. "I'll do anything—anything."

"I'm sorry. I cannot stand the strain of your

moods or tempers, Lola. You make me look ridiculous in front of my orchestra. And I dislike your attitude of possessiveness. A woman who cannot realise that Yesterday is dead is a menace to—herself." He met her eyes squarely. "You have nothing against me: I've always treated you fairly and you know it. . . . Now, good-bye."

Anita's first broadcast was, to her, less of an ordeal than that first audition.

Standing there, in the studio, she felt an elation that nothing could dim. Here was success that she had dreamed about! People all over the country were listening to her. . . . The thrill was greater than any she had ever dreamed of.

The last note died away. Dimitri's signature tune began. . . . and faded. . . .

"You were great," he cried as he took her hands in his. "You've worked so hard this last week; you must be awfully tired."

"I'm not," she assured him and now the elation died, bringing back the memory of Lola's confidence. The knowledge of Lola's relationship with Dimitri had haunted her to the point of agony.

Looking at him, realising anew his immense fascination, nothing could still the pain in her heart. She hated the knowledge that his arms held that other woman; his lips had touched hers and whispered words of love. Just as she hated the fact that since that night at the party he had made no attempt to caress her; his attitude had been considerate and friendly, but nothing more.

"We must celebrate," his words crashed into her thoughts. "Dinner? Where shall we go?"

She tried to refuse the invitation but words failed her and she said:

"Anywhere. I don't mind."

During the meal at a fashionable restaurant, he said, his eyes looking deeply into hers:

"You're upset. What is it? I've noticed a difference in you these past few days—almost as if you are worried. . . . Tell me?"

"There is nothing," she assured him. "What could be? I have everything any woman could want."

He said slowly:

"Have you ever thought about—marriage, Anita?"

"Marriage?" She uttered the word in an almost frightened tone. Then: "No," she cried vehemently. "I hate the very idea of it. I've seen so much misery. . . . Nothing interests me now except my career. I want fame—money!" Her voice rose a little hysterically.

"Are you quite sure?"

"Quite sure," she breathed. "Marriage is not in my scheme of things."

The meal was finished. This night of which she had dreamed for longer than she cared to remember, was over.

"You would like to go home?" he said, swiftly.

So early!

She agreed. She was tired. Furious with herself because of an attitude that was highly unreasonable.

It was with a madly thumping heart that she led him for the second time into her sitting-room on their return. His "May I come in" started impossible hopes and, on top of those hopes, she told herself that whatever happened she must have the strength to resist him. She was not going to play a secondary part.

She switched on a glowing lamp and turned towards him. With trembling hand she offered him a cigarette.

Deliberately, he took the box and set it down. Then, turning, he caught her in his arms. For a fraction of a second she fought to avoid him, but as his mouth crushed down on hers, all power of resistance had gone and she clung to him with a passion all the greater for the jealousy that had gripped her since that fatal meeting with Lola Warren. With all the strength of which she was capable, she pressed against him, her lips burning with a fire that thrilled her into submission. Time stood still; there was nothing save their urgent need of each other. His hand pressed against her heart, seemed to increase its beating so that even breathing became a sweet torture. It was only when he released her, that the old misery came surging back and the face of Lola obtruded like some hideous ghost.

With a smothered cry he took her hands in his, looking into her eyes with a great tenderness as he said, his voice throbbing, caressing:

"Darling! Darling! I love you. . . . Will you marry me?"

Will Anita say "Yes"? Or will pride come between her and happiness? Read next week's thrilling instalment.



"Gad! I ought to have worn tails!"



# Let's Dance THIS CHRISTMAS



**C**HRISTMAS time is dance time, for many people who hardly ever shake a leg throughout the year go gay at Christmas and dance. And, of course, immediately after Christmas there are the many dances connected with New Year celebrations, as well as most of the important charity dances, whether in the big towns or the villages.

Now's the time to polish up your dancing, then.

This Christmas, radio's influence on ballroom dancing will be much more marked than ever before. All sorts of lively new features which are adding to ballroom enjoyment this year are linked with the radio.

Take the Swing Step, which is rapidly growing popular all over the country. There's a dance which has arisen from the enthusiasm for swing music which has been created more by broadcasting than anything else. It is radio which has created the present-day hunger for swing music in millions of homes. And is it surprising that, with the masses taking to swing, keen dancers should be demanding means of interpreting this fascinating music in dance?

That's what has happened, and the new Swing Step enables people to dance to swing music so as to get the utmost pleasure from it. So from now on there's no reason at all why the rhythm fans should only listen to their favourite bands—they can "swing" to swing!

Not only that, but the "in-between-time" speeds at which so many popular radio bands play, because they very rightly seek to put over the maximum of entertainment value in each number they broadcast, has resulted in a new style of dancing—Rhythm Dancing. I shan't have more to say about this, for I believe it has previously been dealt with in RADIO PICTORIAL. But it must be mentioned as just one more contribution which radio has made to dancing—adaptability. Dancers can now fit steps to varying speeds of music.

**Rule Number One** for a successful Christmas dance is to get a liberal quantity of the Christmas spirit into it! That means getting old and young to take part, and if some of the old folks like a swinging, old-fashioned Waltz, well, include a few in the programme especially for them.

*Good-night, Sweetheart* may be linked with something precious for you. Some old-time waltz tune may recall memories for the older folks, memories grown the more tender with the passing of the years. It's a good plan to remember that, when fixing a programme for a dance at Christmas!

**A**nother thing. If you're a good dancer, the one-partner type of person, drop that just for the festive season. Dance with the worst dancers present and help them to get round; I've found that's one of the best ways to ensure a Christmas dance going with a swing, and as often as not the faltering beginner you dance with will like it and take up dancing seriously! Not a bad thing, believe me, for over and above the fact that dancing's good for you both physically and mentally, you've got to remember that it represents a big industry to-day, employing many thousands of people.

You know, there really is a world of difference between what pleases the keen dancer and what appeals to the person who doesn't really dance though he attends a certain number of functions where dancing takes place. This latter is what we call a pedestrian—he walks round the

Learn how to enjoy your Christmas dances, whether you are an expert or only a faltering beginner, and learn how to dance the popular new Swing Step—you are taught it movement by movement in this splendid article by

*Victor Silvester.*

the Winner of World's Ballroom Championship, and leader of broadcasting band from Normandy every Saturday afternoon and from the B.B.C.



Mr. and Mrs. Victor Silvester demonstrate the hold for foxtrot, quickstep and the waltz.

dance floor. And, if the floor-space is very, very limited, he's likely to find that his walking is reduced to a very slow shuffle with next to no progress.

Only the other day a teacher from abroad told me that he'd visited one of our smart restaurants the night before, mainly to see the dancing. "Your English style, where is it?" he said. "I saw only a musical petting-party!"

That, be it said, was a gross exaggeration on his part, but it's a fact that at the restaurants, conversing while moving round to music is the thing; at the dance halls, serious dancing. From what I've said, it will be gathered that radio caters well, and has done for years, for the less-serious type of dancer.

But, more and more, it meets the needs of the keen dancers. The B.B.C. with its special Ballroom and Thé Dansant broadcasts is catering now for the more serious dancers—and there are millions of them—while from Radio Normandy every Saturday afternoon there is a rather similar programme for which I am responsible. I am very proud of the fact that I was the pioneer of the B.B.C. non-vocal programmes of dance music.

**What it boils down to is this: that every type of dancer is now being catered for over the radio.**

Among the gramophone people, Parlophone took the lead in what is now becoming quite a special branch of dance-band recording. They got Gerry Moore, now one of the pianists in my combination, to play in strict dance time and tempo, and I had the job, as a teacher and demonstrator of dancing and author of several books on the subject, of supervising the making of these records so as to ensure that they were as near perfect from the purely dancing point of view as anything humanly produced could be!

It was a job after my own heart, for I'd long urged the need for something of the sort, and, believe me, there's no better human material to "supervise" anywhere than the popular Gerry!

The results proved so successful that it wasn't long before I formed a band to follow out the

same idea, and apart from the recording, we are often on the air in B.B.C. programmes, as well as the regular Normandy feature. What has particularly pleased us has been the public response; for we've found that these strict dance-tempo records have sold extremely well all over the Empire. Not only to dancers, but to non-dancers as well. So it seems that there's quite a listening public for this style of dance music!

**I**f, this Christmas, you are lonely—and thousands are, even at this season—you'll probably find it a good plan to visit one of the dance halls. If you do, you'll observe that the keener dancers who mostly patronise these places move with long, flowing steps which take up plenty of room. Waltz, Slow Foxtrot, Quickstep and Tango, our four standard dances, take up a good deal of space, and therefore they are not suited to home dancing, where the room available is likely to be severely limited.

The way out of this difficulty is to "crush" or "telescope" the various movements so that you can really dance, instead of merely shuffling, in limited space. To do this, take all steps much shorter than in the orthodox dancing, and cut out the rises and falls, dancing on the flat instead. You can dance quite pleasantly in very little space if you do this and the various figures of the Quickstep will prove particularly helpful in solving this problem.

**But for most of you, I expect interest lies very largely in the Swing Step, for here again is one which can be performed pleasantly at home, and, of course, it is this year's new dance, brought to us by way of the radio.**

Each slow step takes two beats of music, except where it precedes a quick one, when it takes one and a half beats. If that sounds complicated, don't worry, for the music will help you to get the timing quicker than any amount of paper description will! All quick steps take half a beat.

Hold your partner about twelve inches away from you, and she should lean back on your right hand. Each slow step should be of easy walking length if there's space, taken on the flat foot, and

(Please turn to page 31)





## Marjorie SANDFORD

WHEN Christmas is in the air we think of pantomime, and thus we think of Marjorie Sandford, one of the gayest, most scintillating principal boys ever to slap a shapely thigh. Once again she goes into panto this year. Marjorie is, of course, a popular radio favourite, both from the B.B.C. and Luxembourg, for her Feen-a-Mint broadcasts from Toulouse





# LET'S DANCE THIS CHRISTMAS

Continued from page 29

with a rather "trudging" effect. And on each slow step which follows a quick one, bend the knees slightly so as to yield a moderate "dropping" effect.

## THE SWING WALK

### MAN'S STEPS

1. Forward left foot (Slow, 2 beats).
2. Forward right foot (Slow, 1½ beats).
3. Move the left foot about two inches to the left (Quick, ½ beat).
4. Move right foot across, and about four inches in front of left foot (Slow, 2 beats).

### GIRL'S STEPS

1. Back right foot (Slow, 2 beats).
2. Back left foot (Slow, 1½ beats).
3. Short step to side with right foot (Quick, ½ beat).
4. Move left foot across and about four inches in front of right foot (Slow, 2 beats).

Get this thoroughly until it comes quite easily, first without music, then with it, and after this try the

## QUARTER TURNS

Both partners repeat 1, 2, 3, 4 of the Swing Walk, then :

### MAN'S STEPS

5. Step back with the left foot, diagonally to middle of room (half backing to the centre, that is) (Slow, 2 beats).
6. Step back with right foot, turning very slightly to the left (Slow, 1½ beats).
7. Very short step to side with left foot (Quick, ½ beat).
8. Close the right foot to the left foot (Slow, 2 beats).

### GIRL'S STEPS

5. Forward right foot, half facing to centre of room (Slow, 2 beats).
6. Forward left foot, turning very slightly to the left (Slow, 1½ beats).
7. Very short step to side with right foot (Quick, ½ beat).
8. Close left foot to right foot (Slow, 2 beats).

These two figures will give you a very useful introduction to the Swing Step, and if you're keen enough there are plenty of other steps which you can learn.

You can repeat the Swing Walk a number of times, then introduce the Quarter Turns, immediately going into the Walk again after. And here's another figure you will be able to dance as soon as you've mastered the two described.

## THE CORTE

Here you simply dance the Quarter Turns, then



"Let's hide it. It would never do for Father Christmas to see that daddy is going to imitate him."

repeat steps 5 to 8 of that figure, *but without turning at all*, the man moving backwards throughout. Steps 5 to 8, done in this way, are the Corte, and here again is a figure which can be repeated a number of times, if desired.

That is the dance which proves, in an unmistakable way, that the year which is drawing to a close has brought radio and dancing closer together! It is the first dance which has been due to a radio-created demand.

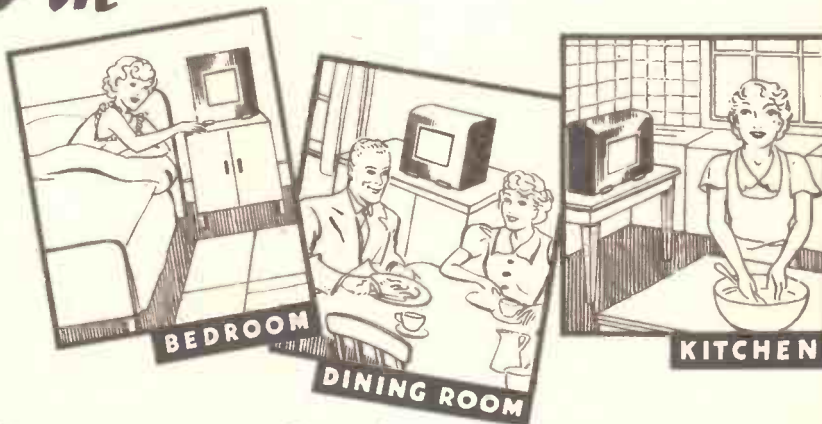
But at the same time, while dancers have profited by swing music in this way, it is clear that large numbers of people who never previously thought they liked serious dance music are getting very keen on it. Which is just as it should be, when you think it out. Dancing and radio represent the most popular forms of indoor entertainment to-day, and they ought to be close allies.

They are—this Christmas!



"Hold your partner about twelve inches away from you, so that she leans back on your right hand." Mr. and Mrs. Victor Silvester show you the Swing Step hold.

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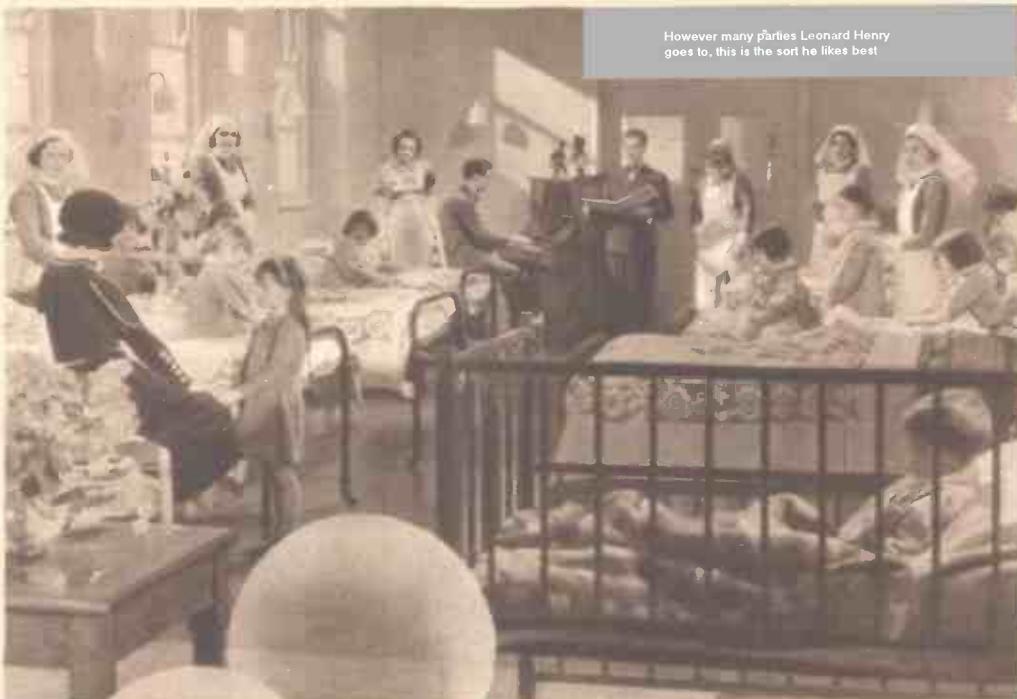


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However many parties Leonard Henry goes to, this is the sort he likes best

# Parties



Bobbie Comber, large and smiling, is the perfect picture of a host. He likes giving parties and going to them

**E**VERY now and then a gathering of radio stars takes place in private. One of the stars is throwing a party. A merry evening, with all-star cast, is the result, but Mr. and Mrs. John Listener unfortunately hear no part of it. What a shame the B.B.C. can't take a little to these jolly get-togethers and let us hear what goes on!

I've been talking to several of the stars about memorable parties.

Only just recently our old friend Leonard Henry gave a "do" at his home in Brixton, South London, and among those present were Thorpe Bates—Mrs. Leonard Henry's brother—with Mrs. Bates, George (Cad) Western and Mrs. Western, and Uncle John Sharman an' all.

John Sharman had returned from a Continental holiday and had brought back a movie which he had taken with his own cine-camera. This movie was shown to the guests on an improvised screen.

Thorpe Bates sang songs from *The Maid of the Mountains*, in which he appeared during its long war-time run, and when he had finished, host Leonard Henry dashed away and brought back a contract. There followed a funny scene in which Leonard, coming all over impresario, "signed Thorpe up"!

George Western and his wife sang a duet. Mrs. Western is not a professional, but charmed everybody with her voice. Leonard "signed her up" as well! By a stroke of misfortune, Kenneth Western was not able to turn up, as he had not properly recovered from his car accident.

Leonard loves these evenings with his pals, but the party which he didn't throw himself and which he'll never forget was the one given in the ward of a children's hospital by B.B.C.'s Uncle Mac. Leonard went along with several other radio personalities, and some of the goings on, I believe, were broadcast. Anyway, Leonard always says he had one swell time at this kids' party, and the kids couldn't have enjoyed it more than he did himself!

One of the most unusual parties ever given by a radio star was that still-talked-of party in the home of Walford Hyden and his wife, Cleo Nordi, the television ballerina, which was held a few years ago.

Walford and Cleo transformed their home into a Russian setting, creating the proper atmosphere by serving real Russian dishes of a most unique character and, of course, vodka.

Walford told me that he was fortunate in getting together so many guests representative of the fine arts. He had Eric Maschwitz and

George Posford (the famous collaborators on *Good Night, Vienna* and *Balalaika*), screen-star Rene Ray (who was to become Mrs. George Posford), Bill Hanson (of *In Town To-Night* fame), Leslie Woodgate and his wife Lena Mason (of the B.B.C. Orchestra), Danilova, singer Gabriel Lavelle, and famous artists of the brush—George Whitelaw, Will Dyson, and H. W. Nevinson. There were about two dozen others, but Walford can't remember them all.

Cleo Nordi danced for her guests, Gabriel Lavelle sang an old Irish song which Eric Maschwitz was hankering to hear, while Walford Hyden played for them. But there was more conversation than music, says Walford. There were interesting discussions on art and almost everything else, terminating in a card-game in which Leslie Woodgate "broke the bank"!

I know how impressed Walford's guests were by his unique decorative schemes, because when I had tea with Rene Ray in her Adelphi flat a little while ago she spoke of this party as one of the most striking—from an "atmosphere" point of view—she had ever attended. (And, of course, George Posford was there, and Rene is the very, very happy Mrs. Posford now.)

The effervescent Patrick Waddington (he laughs and sings almost continually!) remembers one party he went to particularly, because it was indirectly the turning-point in his career.

It was a party at Phyllis Dare's, and among the stars present were Ivor Novello, Ivy St. Helier, Zena Dare, and the guest-of-honour, Edna May, original *Belle of New York*.

Patrick Waddington at this time was a "straight actor" and only warbled for pleasure. Somehow or other, Patrick was persuaded to sing "I was blackmailed into singing under penalty of a forfeit," says Pat, "and when I had finished, I was surprised to find that I had made quite an impression. Ivor Novello said I was wasting my time in not pursuing a career of song, and this seemed to be carried unanimously."

Edna May said she was giving a party the following week at the Ritz, in honour of Gertie Millar, Countess of Dudley, and that Patrick simply *must* go along. Patrick did, and found such a gathering of stage celebrities and socialites that he trembled at the thought of being asked to sing for them. There were Gladys Cooper, Lily Elsie, Lord and Lady Esher, Lady Malcolm, Ivy St. Helier again, the famous Gertie Millar of Gaiety fame, and many people from the artistic and literary world.

Patrick *did* sing after much persuasion. The director of the Café de Paris was among those present, and was responsible for the formation of *That Certain Trio*, now re-christened *That Certain Trio*. Anne de Nys, who has been heard with



It was a party that proved the turning point of Patrick Waddington's career, and was responsible for the formation of "That Certain Trio," whom you see on the right. The two handsome young men are Patrick, and John Ridley; the charming pianist is Anne de Nys



# They'll Never Forget

When the Funny Man goes off duty and the Variety Star is off the stage—then they find time to entertain one another! What parties take place after the show, when every guest is a top-line star in his own right! And what wouldn't we give to be present at some of these gatherings, says

## HERBERT HARRIS

Patrick in the Crosse and Blackwell shows, *Dinner at Eight* from Luxembourg, was another of the trio.

Billy Dwyer told me of a funny unrecorded incident at one of the best parties he can remember. It was at a party given by a friend in Northampton while they were playing at the theatre there. They went along after the show—Billy Dwyer and Charlie Clapham, and Will Hay, who was also on the bill, went along, too.

The party really got merry at about one o'clock in the morning when Will Hay did his schoolmaster act, with Charlie Clapham playing the cheeky schoolboy and Billy Dwyer playing the famous old-man character, who despite his white hair and beard has never left school.

Can you picture that impromptu act? If only

Two Leslie's, two Western Brothers and two Harveys (Al and Bob) get together



the B.B.C. could have broadcast it I, for one, would have sat up till two in the morning to hear it!

Charlie Clapham has a remarkably spontaneous wit, and another incident starring Charlie—at a riotous party with such stars as Norman Long, Alec McGill, and the Two Leslie's—Charlie Clapham pulled Les Sarony on to his lap and gave a burlesque ventriloquial act with Les Sarony as "dummy." He had the others, hardened maestros of comedy, in fits.

Bobbie Comber—big, bluff, genial—is a great asset to any party. He has known lots of swell parties; can't think which he enjoyed the most.

There was, of course, the big party Bobbie

threw at his home just before leaving for Egypt with Claude Hulbert and his wife, Enid Trevor. He had Claude and Enid, Davy and Mrs. Burnaby, Noel Gay, Stanford Robinson, Paul England and C. Denier Warren.

It was a cocktail-party. Bobbie remembers it well because when the guests had gone there were two splendid hats left behind. He has made exhaustive investigations, but nobody has claimed the hats. "So I've kept them," says Bobbie. "I'm hoping, after a few more parties, to have a really decent wardrobe."

Bobbie told me of a grand party he attended at the Green Room Club, London's most famous star rendezvous. He helped to stage a show starring Stanley Holloway, Norman Evans, Wences (the French ventriloquist), Cardini and Giovanni. Sir Seymour Hicks and Lillian Braithwaite were among the guests.

The big laugh of the evening was a characteristically witty speech by Sir Seymour Hicks, in which he told a story concerning Lillian Braithwaite.

"Lillian," he said, "went to a very exclusive West End florists to buy some flowers. She chose some roses, and they charged her £17. Lillian gave them £20, and said, 'You'd better keep the £3 change—you see, I trod on a grape as I came in'."

"I always remember that party," says Bobbie, "partly because I had a puncture on the way home at four o'clock in the morning."

On the day I spoke to Bobbie about parties, he had a date in the evening at a party given by the Stage Golfing Society. "I'm looking forward to some great fun," he said.

I have heard lots of stories, too, about the hilarious gatherings staged by the Anti-Serious Golfing Society, whose activities will not be new to you. I well remember one party at which Billy Dwyer presided as chairman. For the chairman's hammer he used a knuckle of ham which had been well "cleaned" at the feast a few moments before.

As I said before, if only the B.B.C. could relay one of these private gatherings among stars—what a variety show that would be!



Ivy St. Helier, bright star of musical comedy, is a much sought-after-guest at parties. By the way, she is now playing her first straight part in "Bonnet over the Windmill"

"Be Prepared" is the motto of Clapham and Dwyer, when they are invited out for an evening, but, you see, Dwyer has to cater for a large frame!





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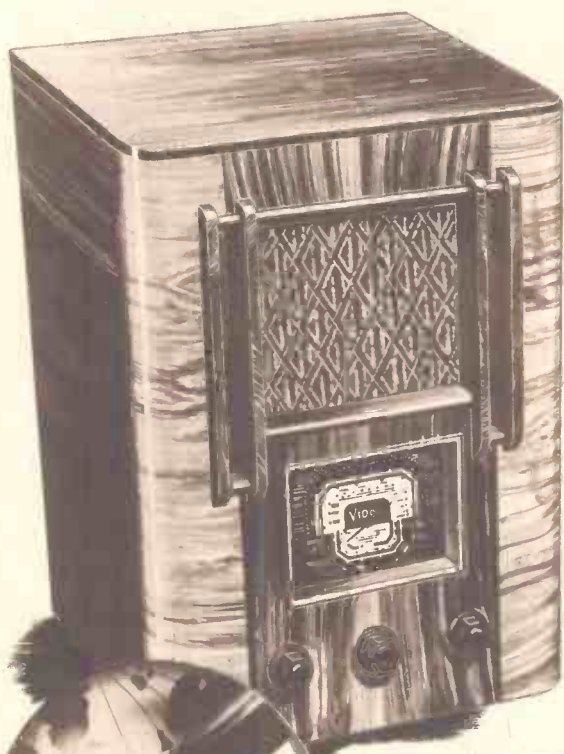
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# OUR RADIO LETTER-BOX

Readers Write to the Editor - - - - - And the Editor Replies

Half a crown is paid for every letter used in this feature. Anonymous letters will be ignored. Write on one side of the paper only and address your letter to "Radio Letter Box," Radio Pictorial, 37 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

From Miss M. E. Raison, 6 Victoria Mansions, Grange Road, Willesden Green, N.W.10.

PEOPLE afflicted with dull, monotonous voices should not be permitted to broadcast "talks." However instructive or interesting their subject matter, listeners promptly switch off in irritation.

[Who is to be the ultimate arbiter of the tone-value of a voice? A voice that pleases me may give you the "jitters" I.—ED.]

From Mr. Henry Jacobs, 33 Navarino Mansions, Dalston, E.8.

I HOPE the B.B.C. big-wigs listened to the relay from Utah recently. If they did they should feel humiliated. We must hand it to the Yank commentators.

[Yes, for certain types of commentaries our own men seem streets behind the peppy, imaginative and virile American commentators.—ED.]

From Mrs. H. G. Young, 360a Middleton Road, Carshalton, Surrey.

I ALWAYS listen in to the commentaries on the big fights. What always riles me is the voice of the commentator which invariably lacks enthusiasm and interest and, to me, sounds more like "dictation."

[See my reply to Reader Jacobs above.—ED.]

From Mr. Hedley Trembath, 6 Grand View Williamstown, Penygraig, Rhondda.

THE B.B.C. series of "Songs You Might Never Have Heard" is sheer delight. Why doesn't Reginald Foort or Reginald Dixon give us a recital of music from these shows every now and again?

[A good suggestion. I think "S.Y.M.N.H.H." is swiftly taking its place as one of the best shows of the B.B.C.—ED.]

From Mr. L. W. Glass, 36 Cornel Road, High Heaton, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 7.

I'VE just listened to the theme song of the "Plums" programme. It's a cross between a funeral dirge and an executioner's chant. The Plum family is nothing to shout about, without the awful handicap of such a drivelling ditty.

[It's some time since our readers have been so "het-up" about a programme as they are about the Plums. Some love 'em; others hate 'em. The show certainly does make news.—ED.]

From Mr. G. Williams, "Brookfield," Merthyr Road, Pontypridd, Glamorgan.

SINCE the B.B.C. insists on giving us five News Bulletins a day I think a Bulletin at 1 p.m. would give better balance. The 7 p.m. Bulletin could be dropped.

[I think the 7 p.m. bulletin is an ideal time. It commands a large audience of people who are home from the offices and not yet contemplating going out.—ED.]

From Mr. A. Schofield, 10 King Street South, Rochdale, Lancs.

IN a recent Larry Adler broadcast Larry announced that he was about to play a melody by Beethoven and he hoped we would be able to recognise it. We couldn't. Why must modern musicians torture classical tunes. Adler finished with a whirring noise which he said "Was Beethoven turning in his grave." Had Beethoven only recently died the B.B.C. would not have permitted this.

[I agree that butchering a classical tune offends many music-lovers. But there seems no way of stopping it.—ED.]

From Mr. W. Guffog, "Gladwyn," Burnley Road, Altham, Lancs.

WHEN is television coming North? "To him that hath shall be given." Londoners this year could see the Cenotaph ceremony by television though they have the real thing on their doorstep. Northerners cannot be present in the flesh so we would appreciate seeing it by television much more than Southerners. What about giving us a television station of our own here?

[Patience! It will come. Meanwhile listeners propose, but B.B.C. dispose.—ED.]

From Mr. H. Blundell, c/o 25 Links Avenue, Lord Lane, Failsworth, Manchester.

ARE we paying America in hard cash for the new series "Broadway Matinée?" If it is not a case of exchanging programmes then I consider the expenditure ill-advised. Crossing the Pond by ether is no longer a novelty that excuses bad transmissions. We can tune-in Uncle Sam any day, ourselves, on our short-wave sets.

[I agree. The whole thing is superfluous.—ED.]

From Mr. J. D. Dolan, 70 Rothbury Terrace, Heaton, Newcastle-on-Tyne 6.

WHERE has A. J. Alan, the B.B.C. mystery man, got to? It seems ages since I last heard his cool insouciant voice spinning an outrageous yarn. Have the B.B.C. interfered with his scripts as they did with Mr. Penny?

[No! No interference. It's just that Alan is a law unto himself. He'll broadcast when he's ready and no



amount of persuasion will bring him to the mike before he's ready.—ED.]

[Mr. Charles Robinson's recent letter on the inferiority of Northern organists to those of the South provoked the "War" that I predicted. I have been flooded with letters and Mr. Robinson has written to tell me that many readers have written direct to him and accused him of being a "so-and-so highbrow." This Mr. Robinson denies... but sticks to his assertion that Northern organists lack versatility. No more letters on this subject are required, but more letters will be printed next week. Here are a few comments from readers letters.—ED.]

From Mr. J. Shackleton, Pleasant Place, West Hyde, Nr. Rickmansworth, Herts.

WHEN Dixon and Finch are playing ordinary programmes as distinct from dance-music they supply something for everybody. Here, for instance, was a recent and typical Dixon programme: Ballet Music (Faust), Moon at Sea (Pease), Liebesfreud (Kreisler); Dance of the Blue Marionettes (Clair) Selection, Hit Parade.

Mr. Anthony Bayco, 37 Wymond Street, Putney, S.W.15.

LET Mr. Robinson listen to the Sunday Concerts given at Blackpool by Reginald Dixon and Horace Finch and he will find that these two men are not jazz-mad. They just give the dancing public what it wants. That's their job.

From Mr. J. Clare, 23 Hilary Avenue, Mitcham, Surrey.

WE Southerners would swap Reginald Foort and Quentin MacLean for Reginald Dixon and Horace Finch, any day.

From Mr. Edward Le Bon, 28 Crossfield Road, Southchurch, Southend-on-Sea, Essex.

MR. ROBINSON must remember when criticising the variety of tone-colour in the broadcasts of Dixon and Finch that their organs are of 13 ranks only, whilst Foort and MacLean's are of 22 and 21 ranks respectively.

From Miss B. Parkes, 148 Quarry Road, Cabra, Dublin, Ireland.

IF Reginald Dixon is "jazz-mad" he is sure can play it! And with his "decent" music he has that "certain something" which no other organist has.

From Mr. William Worswick, 1 Athol Street, Burnley, Lancs.

REGINALD DIXON'S programmes are mostly made up of listeners' requests. Hence the number of jazz tunes he plays. Please do not compare Dixon with Finch. Reg is far superior.

(A truce till next week! ED.)



"Oh, goody—a Paul Jones!"



★ Throughout the year BARRY WELLS is mixing with the big names of radio and in this seasonable article he offers a Christmas Toast to his many friends in radioland, wishing them Good Luck and Happiness, and revealing many intimate glimpses of them away from the microphone

IT does not seem a year since last I sat down to write this article. Time passes as swiftly as a song-hit dies on the air. But Christmas is once again in our thoughts . . . that lovely, warming season of good-will when we re-dedicate ourselves to old friendships and pause gratefully to reflect on new ones.

I'm glad that, once more, my life is all going to my friends on such an intensely personal note. Because my many friends in radioland have helped me to live 1937 to the full both professionally and socially.

Gay companionship, stimulating, amusing conversation, kindly gestures . . . memories of such abound as I find the names of new friends mingling in my brain with those whose friendship has stood the test of time.

First, then, a toast to absent friends. Hands across the sea. To Nina Devitt, vivacious little lady who, for several months, has been in Australia. I owe her a letter and, maybe she'll get it; but if not there'll be no reproach from Nina when she comes home. To the glamorous Hildegarde, now in Hollywood, with her fascinating habit of making you her willing slave, simply because her voice thrills and her personality and smile stir.

To Aileen Stanley, that sincere, lovely woman (remember that evening at Waterloo Station buffet, Aileen?) and to her late pianist, Helen Pope . . . frank, amusing and brilliantly clever. A toast to you both in New York.

In far-off Montreal is Vera Guilaroff, Canada's Princess of Melody. Memories crowd . . . of an evening in her flat when she played the piano for hours, until the man below complained that he ought to go to sleep, but that she was playing so well that he darned well didn't want to! . . . of an evening when she wouldn't play but, instead talked so interestingly that I didn't care.

And, in Luxembourg, a toast to Ogden-Smith, chief announcer. Remember the darts, Ogden, and the comic in the Pole Nord Café at whom we laughed ourselves sick?

Happy Christmas to my friends abroad. . . .

One of the nicest people I know is merry Paula Green, who helped so much to make Radiolympia fun. Paula's always a tonic, but she and her boy-friend led me into one of 1937's most embarrassing experiences.

"Come to a party," they said. So we went. But the host and hostess were out and were they surprised when they returned at midnight and found that Paula had a key. There we were sitting drinking their beer as if we owned the place . . . and just for a moment I thought we did!

That peppy blonde June Malo, who decorates page 3, is another to whom I extend the glad hand. It was at her place that Sutherland Felce and I heard that Farr-Louis fight. But we knew less about the fight than of the excellent eggs and bacon that June cooked with her own fair hands. I'm taking June to a football match soon because she's bet me that she's the only woman I know who really appreciates the game.

Memories of radio lovelies! Of The Three Herons and the night we sat with impressionist Michael Moore on Lewisham station singing part-songs. Don't ask me why! And of the evening when they and their pianist, Val, and their brother Tony, soaked me good and proper at pontoon in their dressing-room. I still swear those cards were marked!

Memories of a heavenly afternoon at Yvette Darnac's country cottage when gay conversation floated to the high heavens, and we played darts and poker (and was I bad at poker!); and of the run home in pretty Jean Colin's car, beneath a cool, clear sky.

1937 has been rich in new friendships with charming ladies. Blunt, amazing Audrey Cameron, about whom I'm always going to write but never do, so that by now she thinks the whole thing's a "gag"; charming songstress Margaret Eaves, who sings in "The Melody is There," and who, in pouring rain, came down to my office for a drink and then confessed that she doesn't drink, anyway!; sweet Vera Lennox, for whose voice I fell at Radiolympia, and who shared a sandwich with me one evening with as much graciousness as if I were giving her dinner at the Ritz; tall, mocking, Diana Morrison (she's a grand comic that "gal!"), whose neck I nearly broke with a life-belt when posing her for a photograph. These are all girls for whom I am grateful to 1937.

Another good friend of mine is gay Stella Roberta, Mantovani's sister-vocalist. Sweet, but as temperamental as Vesuvius, Stella is the grandest person.

I never thought I'd have the patience to sit for a whole afternoon watching the ducks in the Serpentine, but with Stella it was swell! It was in a tea-shop near my office that I first began to know Stella. Monte Rey was there, too, and we talked opera, dogs, love and life . . . all in the abstract. "Ti portera fortuna," says the little dog. Remember, Stella?

Christmas would not be Christmas if I could not raise a glass to sweet Anne Lenner and her sister Judy. A year has passed and neither Anne nor Judy is any the less vague nor any the less delightful. Salutations to two lovely ladies . . . and may we meet often in 1938.

Vera Lennox is another to whom I pass on the old, old wish. Vera's Mrs. Bill Berkeley now and yet, on the eve of her wedding, she remembered to send me a telegram for my birthday. As it happened it wasn't my birthday, but the gesture was typical of that sweet, generous soul.

Memories of Vera abound . . . rattling me down in her car to Southend for a dance . . . her naive modest delight when an autograph hunter actually knew who she was . . . a grand evening at the Café Anglais as a result of which I found myself wandering round Hampstead at 3 a.m., and not caring a darn . . . of an evening when by sheer personality she managed to quieten some ill-mannered people who were giggling and interrupting a play she was in . . . of a night when she sang so sweetly at a rowdy Chelsea party and made the noisy spirits look, stop and listen. Dear Vera . . . skoal! That visit to "Balalaika" isn't forgotten. . . .

Re-fill the glass, and raise it to The Two Leslies. They've handed me a batch of laughs this year. Particularly at an all-night party at Shanklin, when I missed a night's sleep but had a heap of fun . . . and another time when I ran in to Les Holmes at the Holborn Empire on one of his rare evenings off, and, at a tiny hint from me, he hurtled me out to Shepherd's Bush in his Studebaker. There wasn't any need for him to do it . . . but, there, that's Leslie.

What an opening that was, too, at the S.S. Club, run by those grand fellows Sarony and Stanelli. I looked in at noon to wish them luck and got away at 3.30 p.m. Heigh-ho, how the hours fly.

It was at that Shanklin party, too, that Mario de Pietro made the "crack" of the year. One of the guests tried to cajole him into taking her home. But not Mario, oh dear no! I shall never forget watching him sit on the edge of the bed (yes, it took place in a bedroom, but there were twenty of us there!) and, his walnut face shining with happiness, hearing him say: "No, I no' go. I come with my friends. I stay with my friends. I stay till t'ree, four, five . . . don't care a dam! I stay with my friends." He did, too!

It was Mario, too, who rose at 6 a.m. one chilly September morn to take a friend of mine from Shanklin to Ryde . . . just out of kindness of heart. I drink to you, Mario, even though you insist on calling me by every other Christian name than my own. . . .

Greetings, too, to sweet Rita Cave (why won't some producer give that large-hearted, clever girl



KEY TO PHOTOGRAPHS

1. Bram Martin	5. Sutherland Felce	11. Paula Green
2. Anne Lenner	6. Hildegarde	12. Billie Houston
3. Stella Roberta	7. Leslie Sarony	13. Ronnie Hill
4. Charles Shadwell	8. Leslie Holmes	14. Vera Lennox
	9. George Elrick	15. Cavan O'Connor
	10. Judy Shirley	16. Rita Cave

Handwritten signature or initials in the bottom right corner.







# CHRISTMAS TOAST . . . Continued from previous page

ing me to his partner, Billie Houston. Billie promises plenty of laughs during the coming year. Good health to you both. Still more to whom I raise my glass in Christmas goodwill. I drink to Cavan O'Connor and to Denis O'Neil.

It was Denis who came all the way down to an East London suburb to see me play in an amateur show (didn't know I was a spare-time Robert Taylor, did you?), made a speech that put the collection up fifty per cent., and then nearly got us thrown out of a nearby café because he would order four empty glasses and nothing else. (The reason was in a hip-flask . . . but the waiter decided that we couldn't do that there there!)

I always like seeing Denis, even though his pugnacious Irish blood is surely going to land him and me in Vine Street one night, as witness the time when we toured "the low life" of London!

Then there's Bob Ashley, not one whit changed though now he's very ritzy in a West End show, and there's Gordon Little, who, in 1937, broke his 1936 record (which I expected to stand for all time) for going out of his way to take me to my station in one of his ever-changing buses.

Salaams, too, to Gene Pini, probably radio's best-dressed man, Tom Ronald (those ties are getting worse and worse, Tom, and the need for a haircut even more pressing), Monte Rey, and Wilfrid Thomas, who talked philosophy with me in a pub until the barmaid thought we were "nuts."

Memories rise of Sutherland Felce, who spent hours trying to teach me card tricks in Le Trianon Restaurant and then had his own trick swung back on him by a waiter. Suttly has a habit, which I have never ceased to admire, of walking me into the most ritzy hotels for the most plebian reason.

Nor can I forget shy Beryl Orde who has threatened to "step out" in 1938 and have some of the fun she has missed through always doing a Garbo at parties!

Once again, in 1937, I've spent an amazing amount of time talking to Jack Plant, and though

we never seem to get anywhere with the argument, it doesn't really matter. One of my dearest memories is of the disgusted look on Jack's face when Leslie Holmes stung him for a bob at "pound-golf"—poor Jack thought that bob was so safe!

Then there's Carroll Levis, who always calls me "kid" though I'm just as old as he is, and Gerry Fitzgerald, still with an amazing fund of conversation and amusing stories.

I'd like to raise my glass (more wine, please, waiter!) to George Elrick and his sweet wife, Alice. I remember a grand night when we played table tennis at George's place and finished up at a roadhouse where the band played one of George's numbers, and George plaintively protested that he "didn't even know the bandleader!"

Next a toast to Clarkson Rose, philosopher, comic, and marvellous host. An evening spent with the "Twinkle" company on the roundabouts at a Littlehampton fun-fair, followed by dinner in the most glorious surroundings is a memory that will linger with me when many other memories have dimmed for ever.

Raise the glass, too, to Clay Keyes ("Haver" to you) and his wife, Gladys. Clay tried to help me out of a most humiliating "spot" one evening at a suburban variety theatre, and it wasn't his fault that he didn't succeed. If there were more blokes like Clay and less like the man who caused the bother, life would be far more amusing.

My space is nearly gone. Will four bandleaders who I am proud to call friends please share a toast? Billy Cotton (the sight of him at a banquet in a Scotch paper hat warmed my heart), Joe Loss (he'll be a married man before next I can offer Christmas greetings), zestful Billy Thorburn and that charming dinner-companion, Bram Martin.

Not readily shall I forget my friends Rupert Hazell, that popular pop-eyed person, and Elsie Day, his beautiful, blue-eyed blonde wife. I shall remember them for their helpfulness and kindly consideration at Radiolympia and because they so

obviously adore each other. Here's looking at you, Rupert and Elsie!

Just time to raise a glass to Esther Coleman and Peggy Cochrane, to Henry Hall, to Wee Georgie Wood, the finest impromptu after-dinner speaker I have ever heard, to Dan Donovan, Clarence Wright, Peggy Desmond, Jack Hylton, Arthur Askey, Frederique, Lyle Evans, Teddy Gower (Balance mogul at the B.B.C.) and his sweet wife, Alma Vane, who even forgave me attributing someone else's photograph to her on an article, to shy Louis Levy, that gay wisecracking crowd, Vine, More and Nevard, debonair Hugh French, organist Harry Farmer, Marjorie Holmes, glamorous Eve Becke, Les Douglas, Maurice Winnick, ex. Luxembourg announcer Charles Maxwell, with his passion for cream-buns and his kindly earnestness John Maberley, Mantovani, Bert Read, Michael Moore, Jimmy Gilroy, Carroll Gibbons, Bert Thomas, Peter Yorke, Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh an all. . . .

And can I forget the goodly fellowship in the song world? Tolchard Evans (too many memories of Tolch for such a short article!) and his partner Stanley Damerell. Stanley, this year's King Rat, has helped me often since I first broke into journalism, and I am grateful beyond words; those clever friends, Michael Carr and Jimmy Kennedy, and that amusing team, Box, Cox and Roberts.

Pat Halpin, Jimmy Lorde, Leslie Kettle, and "Tawny" Neilson . . . people of whom you, my readers, hear little, but who work day and night behind the scenes so that you may get your nightly dance music . . . to them all I offer a toast. And what shall the toast be? Year after year one strives to find new words to express the oldest emotion—that of friendship.

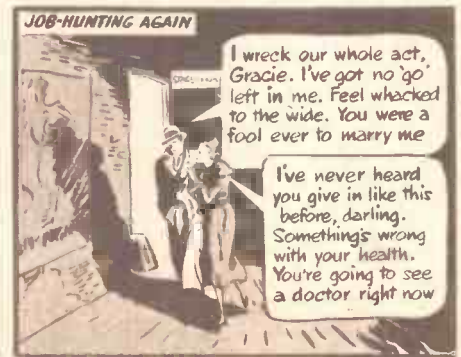
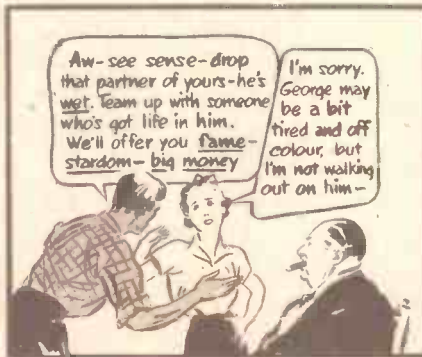
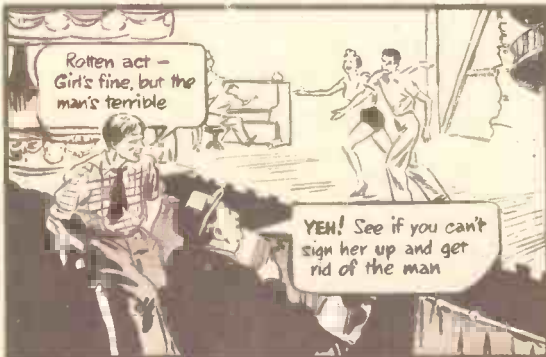
This is my toast to my radio friends: "Good luck, health and happiness. For the fun we've had in the past . . . thank you; for the fun that's round the corner . . . thank you. And may I not lose the friendship of one of you during 1938."

And as we raise our glasses to drink to that simple but sincere toast, perhaps my readers will charge their glasses and join us? For, through the pages of "Radio Pictorial" my friends are your friends. . . .

Don't you agree that they're a swell crowd? Happy Christmas, . . . and here's to 1938!


## Lady, take a bow!

George and Gracie were rising young dancers. Then, for no apparent reason, George began to lose his 'grip' on his work. . . .



**ADVICE THAT GAVE GEORGE NEW HEALTH AND CONFIDENCE**

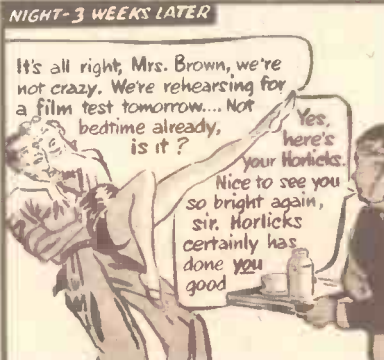
When George told the doctor that he woke tired even after a full night's sleep, the doctor knew what his trouble was. "It's a case of Night Starvation," he said "you're not replacing during sleep used-up energy. Next day you feel done up, tired, good for nothing. It's Night Starvation. I advise Horlicks regularly at bedtime."



**NIGHT-3 WEEKS LATER**

It's all right, Mrs. Brown, we're not crazy. We're rehearsing for a film test tomorrow. . . . Not bedtime already, is it?

Yes, here's your Horlicks. Nice to see you so bright again, sir. Horlicks certainly has done YOU good



**AND THEN THEIR OWN FILM PREMIERE**

Darling, it looks as though the whole of London had come to see us

Good! and to think how rundown I was until that doctor of yours put me on to Horlicks



**IF** you wake tired, if you suffer from 'nerves,' and that dreadful feeling of exhaustion — take Horlicks, a hot cupful regularly every night! Prices from 2/-, at all chemists and grocers. Mixers 6d. and 1/-.

**TUNE IN** to the Horlicks Picture House Programme with Debroy Somers and his band, Luxembourg (1293 metres) and "Normandy (269.5 metres) Sun., 4-5 p.m.

And to "Music in the Morning"—Mon., Wed., Thur., Sat., 8.15, 8.30, Luxembourg, Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 8-8.15, Normandy.

\*Transmission from Normandy arranged through the I.B.C. Ltd.

## HORLICKS guards against Night Starvation



# Pantomania!



BY A 'CHAPPELL'  
IN THE LIMELIGHT

NORMAN LONG  
WIDOW BANG-KEY

LES SARONY  
FAIRY TWEET-TWEET

THERE'S NO FACE  
LIKE HOLMES'



RONALD FRANKAU  
GOODIE-TWO-SHOES

I'VE GOT YOU  
UNDER A SKIN!



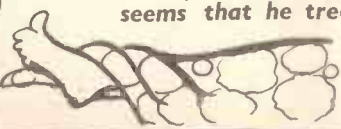
BILLY DWYER  
DICK WHITTINGTON



STANELLI  
BOY BLUE

## DOUGLAS YOUNG HAS A NIGHTMARE!

Our popular entertainer-caricaturist has, we think, gone slightly ga-ga. It seems that he treated himself to a premature Christmas dinner and probably contracted PantOMAINE poisoning. For, in the stilly watches of the night, alarming things happened as he visualised some radio favourites in pantomime!







Getting into the festive spirit. Carroll Gibbons and his merry band make whoopee at an advance Christmas party

## CARROLL GIBBONS

debonair band leader of the Savoy Orpheans, and maestro of the Luxembourg and Lyons Stork sessions, has been persuaded by PHILIP SLESSOR to reveal some "Travellers' Tales" in this exclusive interview

of other people had not the same idea at the same time. I was at the end of the queue. We'd have never made the train in time, but fortunately the Minister for Spaghetti and Vermicelli, or some equally important dignitary, was travelling that day, so they held the train back for five minutes.

Settling comfortably in our seats, we talked over what we would have to eat in the dining car. We set out along the corridor. We walked the length of the train. There was no dining car. We reached

# "CARROLL, CARROLL GAILY - - -!"

CARROLL GIBBONS looks back on an eventful year of fun!

**W**HAT a year! What a year it's been! Everything seems to happen to me, and all at once!

While I was driving to the church to be married I ran into the grandfather of all traffic blocks. I saw that, if only I could squeeze past a tiny "baby" car which was on my near-side front wing, I could get through. I leant out and said to its driver: "Excuse me, sir, but could you possibly move over? I'm on my way to be married."

He smiled, replied courteously: "Who am I to interfere with the workings of Providence?" and politely backed his car into the pavement, missing a startled sandwich man by inches and scraping all the nice new paint off a Belisha beacon!

Then there was the famous night while I was making the film *Calling All Stars* out at the Beaconsfield Studios. I used to drive out after my work at the Savoy every night and sleep at Beaconsfield. One night I stopped at a coffee stall in the West End, and had a cup of coffee and a nice hot saveloy.

When I went back to the car, my bag had gone! It contained every single one of the band-parts for the next day's shooting!

### Air Dash to Monte Carlo

Between some black coffee and wet-towel work in the small hours by my arrangers and myself, and frantic dashes by friends from London with the original manuscripts, and the miraculous sight reading by my boys from these spidery-scrawled scores, we got through the day "calmly," but if ever I catch the man who snatched that bag. . . .!

In August, I was carrying out an engagement at Edinburgh. We were due to finish on the Saturday night, and we had somehow to reach the Sporting Club, Monte Carlo, where I was scheduled to play for a month, by four o'clock on Sunday afternoon.

The only thing to do was for us to catch the midnight express to London, and fly from Croydon to Monte in a hired plane first thing in the morning. At the last minute, the aeroplane which I had originally chartered was unavailable, and I left Edinburgh with Anne Lenner, Laurie Payne, my saxophonist; Bert Thomas, guitar; "Frenchy" Sartell, trumpet, without really knowing whether we had got a plane, when we should arrive at Croydon. Luckily we had, and a very nice one, too.

Off we flew, and eventually arrived, more fatigued than somewhat, at Lyons airport, where we landed to re-fill tanks. Gerald Carnes, Radio Lyons Chief Announcer, was there to meet us. He rushed out towards the plane with a huge bottle of champagne clasped in his arms.

Just as he reached us, he tripped over a tussock, fell headlong, and the bottle of "fizz" flying out of his hands, hit the under-carriage and exploded like a bomb. We almost cried, but luckily there are several bottles in France.

### Off to Italy

But I must say, our time in Monte Carlo was worth it all. The boys went swimming, and water-ski-ing and motoring in that enviable sunshine for which Monte Carlo is famous.

But eventually our engagement at Monte Carlo came to an end and my wife and I set off for a holiday at the lovely Villa d'Este, on Lake Como. We drove through the afternoon and evening, and got to Como at about midnight.

I speak no Italian, so I just asked a passer-by "Villa d'Este?" in an interrogatory sort of way. He pointed straight upwards, and so up we went. We went up and up, and up until we came to the top of a mountain with two tracks leading from it. There were two signs standing there. One said "Como" and the other was blank.

We'd just come from Como, so we decided that we'd better follow the blank one. We drove down, and down, and down, until the track finished suddenly. I backed the car into a little grassy plateau to turn, got out to investigate, and found that the rear wheels were seven feet from a sheer precipice several hundred feet deep.

### Lover's Leap

I found out afterwards that this place is called "Lover's Leap"—in Italian, of course! We drove back, up and up and up, then the engine boiled, and we sat shivering in the car for an hour and a half waiting for it to cool down. We reached Villa d'Este about 5 a.m.

A few days later we set off by train for Budapest from Milan. We had just half-an-hour to make our reservations on the train, register our luggage, and change enough money to buy tickets. This would have been perfectly all right, if only thousands

of other people had not the same idea at the same time. We had a sleeper, but no dining car. We reached Trieste. Twenty minutes to wait. We rushed into the station restaurant. By the time our food arrived, the guard was calling: "Take your seats, please."

We hastily bought the knives, plates and forks, and dashed back to the train with them. When we settled back, with sighs of relief, we found that the food was too cold to eat.

But we had breakfast next morning. We had a good breakfast. We had it all the way from Vienna to Budapest, which is quite some distance if you look it up in the atlas.

Yes, quite a year it's been. But a lot of laughs all the same. This is Carroll Gibbons telling you good-bye and a Merry Christmas, and I'll be with you on Sunday—don't forget!



With his charming wife at Monte Carlo—Christmas seemed very far away, then!



# B.B.C. PROGRAMME GUIDE

Royal Command Performers on the Air Again :: New Revue :: London Potpourri :: "Music from the Sea" :: Freddy Rich from New York



Sheila Borrett, ex-B.B.C. Woman Announcer, plays in revue on December 8.

## VARIETY

**T**WO acts which impressed at the Royal Command Performance have the less nerve-wracking task of *Music Hall*

broadcasting on **DECEMBER 4**, National. **George Formby**, who admitted taking the Palladium stage "all parched up"; and **Revnell and West**, who felt easier when the Queen laughed at the hole in Gracie's stocking. **Ronald Frankau**, **Flotsam and Jetsam**, laughable melodists **Morrel and Melville**, and a new find, **Morton Fraser**, make up the bill.

**Douglas Moodie** is producing a new revue on **DECEMBER 7**, National, entitled *Chalk It Up*, with **Stainless** (bracket-dotty-bracket) **Stephen**, **Marion Dawson**, **Foster Richardson**, **Tom Brandon** and **Betty Driver**.

A revue of a more sophisticated type is on late on **DECEMBER 8**, National, with newcomers **Taber Penner** and **Deldre Doyle**; also **Arthur Pusey**, **Evelyn Neilsen** and the one-time woman announcer **Sheila Borrett**. *Themes of London*, on **DECEMBER 8**, is yet another Buerger potpourri on a grand scale.

Novelty of the week is likely to be **Martyn C. Webster**—no, not producing—singing some of **Melville Gideon's** famous songs, with **Michael North** at the piano, in *Music of Melville Gideon* on **DECEMBER 8**, National.

And mark down **Phyllis Monkman** for your *Monday at Seven* listening on **DECEMBER 7**, National.

## PLAYS, FEATURES AND TALKS

**BENIGHTED**, that eerie Priestley play, will be heard from Wales, on **DECEMBER 4**, National. A gloomy evil-looking house in the Welsh Border mountains becomes the unwelcome shelter for motorists stranded in a storm. Cast includes **Harold E. Mees**, **Barbara Powell**, **Ivor Maddox**, **Norman Shelley** and **Clifford Bean**.

There is drama listening good and plenty this week. **Taffrail** has written a programme for **DECEMBER 5**, National, about the *Calliope* incident, when the ship of that name was bottled in harbour in a South Seas hurricane. What happened is told in *The Escape of the Calliope*. Of a very different type is a play to be broadcast on the same day (National), *Music from the Sea*, written for radio by **Walter de la Mare**.

**Marie Tempest**, last heard in her famous part in *Hay Fever*, this week takes a new type of part for her, that of lead in Ibsen's *Ghosts* on **DECEMBER 9**, Regional. **Leon M. Lion** plays with her.

## DANCE BANDS

**T**HE band boys and the B.B.C. have been busy hatching new plans for the New Year. You've heard some of them already, but I think this one'll be new. It comes from genial **Big Bill Campbell**, whose **Hill Billy Band** is on again on **DECEMBER 8**, National. The idea will be the old ranch decked up for carnival nights when stars visit it.

*Broadway Matinee*, on **DECEMBER 6**, National, again brings us the artistry of **Freddy Rich** and his boys in New York.

Another U.S.A. band, never before heard in this country, is relayed from New York on **DECEMBER 10**, Regional—**Red Norbo** and his boys.

**Dave Frost** and his Band come back on **DECEMBER 9**, National, with another *When You and I Were Dancing* session, and **Les Seager** and his **Rhythm Boys** give a show of old and new music from **Craigside Hotel Hydro**, **Llandudno**, on **DECEMBER 4**, Welsh.

## MUSIC

**A** YOUNG violinist, struggling through the Russian Revolution, is finally forced to flee, abandoning his valuable violin. Such was the critical time in the career of **Nathan Milstein**, who will play **Dvorak's** Concerto in A minor in the B.B.C. Symphony Concert conducted by **Dr. Malcolm Sargent** on **DECEMBER 8**, National.

A choir drawn entirely from one family, the **Trapp Singers of Salzburg**, will broadcast on **DECEMBER 8**, National.

**Paul Hindemith** is soloist in **Walton's** Viola Concerto in the Sunday Orchestral Concert which **Sir Adrian Boult** conducts on **DEC. 5**, Regional.

## SPORT

**H. B. T. WAKELAM** takes a microphone to **Twickenham** on **DECEMBER 7** to commentate on the varsity rigger scrap, **Oxford v. Cambridge** (Regional).

On **DECEMBER 4** the Welsh programme includes a description by **K. G. Livingstone** on the Welsh Badminton Championship matches then being fought out at the **Craigside Hotel Hydro**, **Llandudno**.

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— but I wasn't  
thinking of my hand  
— I could not keep  
my eyes from your  
lovely hands so  
fascinatingly  
smooth and white

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EACH Christmas the idea of giving greeting boxes of Craven 'A' for presents becomes more and more popular. This year these quality cork-tipped cigarettes have again donned cheery seasonable dress to bear the annual good wishes of those of us who know and appreciate Craven 'A's' exceptional coolness and smoothness. The new boxes are simple, but smartly decorated—a wide gold band against a brilliant red background with just a single sprig of holly on the front and mistletoe on the back. There is a world of convenience, too, for busy shoppers in the thoughtful inclusion of a personal greetings card on every box. You simply sign your name and the gift is ready for the post. Of course, all the usual Craven 'A' packs from 25's upwards are sold in these special boxes. They make one of the most likeable, yet inexpensive gifts we've met.

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£1,000!**

*Sensational Challenge*

As the manufacturers of Vidor all-wave radios were so certain that, at the price, their receivers were unbeatable and embody more advantages than any other receiver of a similar type, they offered several weeks ago a reward of £100 to anyone who could produce a receiver to compete with the Vidor all-wave at a similar price. As no claimants were forthcoming, this reward was increased to £250 but without result, so proving most conclusively all the Vidor claims.

To demonstrate still further that the Vidor sets are the best value for money it is possible to obtain and that they are the best all-wave receivers at the price, the reward has been increased to the staggering sum of £1,000, an offer never before made by a British radio manufacturer.

In these days of modern all-wave receivers backed by claims of all types, Vidor have picked upon a sure way of proving that their claims are genuine and are prepared to back their statements up to £1,000.

In our issue dated October 22, we published the results of our tests on the Vidor all-wave receiver, and very satisfactory they were. Readers have since written to us saying that on our recommendation they have purchased Vidor receivers and wish to thank us for recommending them. Since that time, however, we have been testing most carefully the capability of these receivers on medium and long waves and on short waves right down to 13.5 metres. We can state without any doubt whatsoever that at the present time a Vidor receiver under average conditions will bring in on the loudspeaker American programmes at entertainment value in broad daylight, in fact, as early as one o'clock in the afternoon.

Consistently we have received stations from Pittsburgh, New York and New Jersey during the afternoon that are almost indistinguishable from local continental stations. In addition, news bulletins and programmes have been received from Australia, Japan, various parts of Africa, and from both North and South America during the course of a single day. The fact that we have received all continents in this way proves even without the backing of a thousand pounds that the Vidor all-wave receiver fully lives up to its claims.

On medium waves we have been particularly keen to pick up the stations having sponsored programmes, and here again we can recommend readers who are also interested in these programmes to buy a Vidor receiver for the most satisfactory medium-wave reception for a receiver of its type.

On long waves, despite its achievements on the previous wavebands, there is no decrease in efficiency. In fact, Luxembourg can be received quite as well on the Vidor receiver as on many others priced much higher.

In order to win the £1,000 reward, merely find a receiver that has all the advantages of the Vidor! By advantages we mean the number of wavebands, the efficiency on short waves and the possibility of bringing in America in daylight. Also, is there another receiver at the price that is a real all-waver covering every channel from 13.5 metres up to the end of the long wave?

These are but one or two of the features which are essentially Vidor, when compared with receivers of a similar price.

Vidor super-het receivers cost 9 guineas for the A.C. mains model or 8 guineas for the battery model, and you can obtain all details from the manufacturers, Vidor, Ltd., West Street, Erith, Kent. No listener who wishes to make the most of the hundreds of programmes broadcast between 13 and 2,000 metres can afford to be without an all-wave receiver, and from the backing that Vidor give to their claims, there is every reason to feel confident they represent real value for money.

**Radio  
Luxembourg  
every  
weekday  
afternoon  
Mondays to Fridays  
3.30 - 5.30  
Saturdays  
4.15 - 6**

Sole Agents for United Kingdom:

**WIRELESS PUBLICITY, LTD.**

Electra House, Victoria Embankment, W.C.2

Temple Bar 8432



# CHRISTMAS with the BLIND

By  
**Clifford Lewis**

Of all the People whose lives have been transformed by Radio, it is the Blind to whom a Wireless Set means most; especially at Christmas time, when they are enabled to share, through Broadcasting, all the Gladness and Festivity of this Happy Season

**F**LICKERING lights from a blazing fire play on the intent faces of a group of men who are listening, enthralled, to the Empire Broadcast on Christmas Day.

They do not miss one word—for the sense of hearing means everything to these men. They are blind.

Without radio, it would not be a real Christmas for the ex-soldiers at the St. Dunstan's Home, Brighton.

One man was listening to a Christmas radio play when he heard the voice of his former sergeant major who had now turned actor. The last time they had met had been in the trenches. A reunion was arranged. The private had the chance to tell the sergeant what he thought of him—and get away with it!

In the early days, particularly, blind men were encouraged to build their own sets. They started chiefly with crystal sets. To-day they are given advice on more ambitious undertakings. Constructional details and circuits are printed in braille, the H.T. wiring being indicated by large dots and the L.T. by smaller ones.

There is the usual thrill when the last adjustment is made—and the home-constructed set is plugged in. Then—that inevitable silence, so well known to amateur constructors. Members of the family crowd round offering helpful advice. Someone finds that the aerial is not connected. And soon the blind constructor smiles happily as hopeful shrieks and cracks emerge from his home-made set.

On Saturdays there is a tense feeling as the



Building and handling his own set can give the blind constructor almost as much pleasure as the programmes he gets on it



Himself a wireless enthusiast, Sir Ian will be listening-in this Christmas, as well as the thirty thousand blind people whom radio has taught to enjoy living

## SIR IAN FRASER,

Chairman of St. Dunstan's and a Governor of the B.B.C., sends Radio Pictorial this exclusive

### Christmas Message

**W**IRELESS might have been invented for the blind, for at present, at any rate, it is almost entirely a matter of hearing. Some years ago Parliament passed an Act to give blind people a free wireless licence, and shortly afterwards the British Wireless for the Blind Fund was started. Well over 30,000 blind people now have a wireless set in their homes. The blind are amongst the keenest listeners. The radio is their newspaper, their friend. On Christmas Day that extraordinary personality, Christopher Stone, will make an appeal for the British Wireless for the Blind Fund, which undertakes that every needy blind person shall have a wireless set.

It is easy to imagine how important wireless is to the blind person. There are many things the blind can enjoy. Some of my blinded soldier friends at St. Dunstan's take a keen interest in sports of all kinds and social life; some are regular visitors to football matches where the atmosphere of the crowd and the excitement of the game is communicated to them by the sounds around or sided, perhaps, by the description of a friend—a private commentator you might say. The blinded soldiers who belong to St. Dunstan's have achieved a wonderful "Victory over Blindness." Many are occupied and happy, but when all is said and done, they have a good many hours to spare and this is when radio is so important. I know of a number of blind men who perhaps were not very great readers in pre-war or student days, but follow even some of the more serious groups of talks week by week with the greatest interest.

I get a considerable correspondence in the course of a year about programmes, which are of great interest. A small number of blind people I know are more what you would call amateur enthusiasts than ordinary listeners. One blinded officer has a short-wave transmitter on the handling of which he is a great expert. He nightly talks to his friends in America and distant parts of Europe. Others make their own wireless sets. A blind man can do any of this work except soldering. He must either get a friend to do this or avoid it by screwing the wires and pieces together.

Imagine a blind man or woman before radio. However active he was, there were times when he was lonely. Perhaps his friend could not come in that evening, or his wife was ill or busy. He would have nothing to do but sit and wait. Now, at his side, is radio, which brings news, music, comment, argument and perhaps a big fight straight to him. He does not have to ask anyone to help him. He works the set himself.

If radio means much to you, the ordinary reader, how much more must it mean to the blind person who is more limited than you in his methods of enjoyment and passing the time. It is a satisfactory thought that every needy blind person has a wireless set. One can hardly imagine now how he would spend his Christmas without it.

football results come through, and the blind ex-soldiers check their football pool coupons, using pin pricks to mark the correct results.

St. Dunstan's men have frequently broadcast. Mr. Douglas Warden, a blind telephone operator, told some interesting stories in *My Job* series of talks. A South African soldier spoke on anthropology, and an Anglo-Indian gave a talk on missionary schools.

The St. Dunstan's Dance Band has broadcast on several occasions. Henry Hall was so impressed by them that he personally coached them for their appearance for the Prince of Wales' (as he then was) staff ball at St. James' Palace.

All the members of the band, except one, are blind. Mr. Paul Nuyens, the leader, is a blinded Belgian who came to St. Dunstan's early in the War; he plays the violin and musical saw. Other instruments in the band are drums, trumpets, trombone, and bass fiddle.

A few weeks ago, Mr. Horace Kerr, formerly telephone operator at the Regent's Park Headquarters and now in charge of the "Talking Book" department, broadcast in *The World Goes By* series. Every morning, although he is blind, Mr. Kerr comes alone from Beckenham to Regent's Park, and has a three miles' walk during the day. Once a friend insisted on guiding him from the station to the Headquarters. Meanwhile a heavy fog descended. The friend lost his way.

So Mr. Kerr had to escort him back to the station. He knew the way by instinct—fog was no bogey to him!

**M**r. Kerr, in his talk, told how the famous St. Dunstan's walking races came into being. A blinded soldier walked in the park one day—and after half an hour returned saying that he had walked three times round the Inner Circle (about three miles). His statement was disputed, and other men undertook the walk to determine whether it was possible.

Walking rivalry became keen and races were organised. The six-miles' race in the park is now a keenly-anticipated event.

I found Mr. Kerr in his experimental room puncturing cards giving instructions for radio and gramophone operation. He is a keen critic. There isn't much he doesn't know about the programmes since he listens in during most of his spare time.

"We old soldiers particularly like light music, Gilbert and Sullivan, Albert Sandler and military bands. News and sports bulletins are also favourites. Though I would prefer football to rugby commentaries. The latter are a little difficult to follow to men who haven't been to public schools.

"Anyway, we haven't got much to grumble about in the B.B.C. programmes.

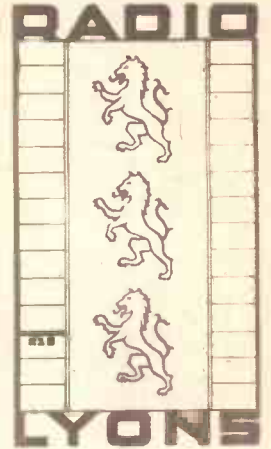
"They mean a lot to us."



# Radio Lyons Calling!

215 metres

Announcers: Gerald Carnes and Johnny Couper



## SUN., DEC. 5

- 5.0 p.m.** Gramo-Variety  
Something for everybody in a programme of amusing and delightful song and melody.
- 5.15 p.m.** Your Old Friend Dan  
Songs and sound advice from Lyle Evans, with music by the Johnson Orchestra.—Sponsored and presented by the makers of Johnson's Wax Polish.
- 5.30 p.m.** Dance Time
- 6.0 p.m.** CARSON ROBISON AND HIS PIONEERS  
From the C.R. Ranch, far out in the West, these favourite songsters bring you their rhythm, melody and humour of the range.—Sent to you by courtesy of the makers of Oxydol.
- 6.15 p.m.** MUSICAL MOODS featuring Ilomay Bailey and Lee Sims  
In an unusual piano and vocal entertainment.—Presented by the makers of Fairy Soap.
- 6.30 p.m.** BEECHAMS REUNION with Jack Payne and His Band Billy Scott-Coomber Ronnie Genarder and guest-star Betty Huntley-Wright the charming Vocalist  
The whole programme compiled by Christopher Stone.—Sponsored by Beechams Pills, Ltd.
- 7.0 p.m.** CARROLL GIBBONS and His Rhythm Boys with Anne Lenner George Melachrino Sam Costa and The Three Ginx  
A programme of dance music, songs and melodious memories by these famous artists.—Presented by the makers of Stork Margarine.
- 7.30 p.m.** Bubble and Squeak  
A merry mixture of music and song.—Presented by the makers of Liverpool Virus.
- 7.45 p.m.** Station Concert and News
- 8.05 p.m.** Dance Music on gramophone records.
- 8.15 p.m.** HITS AND HIGHLIGHTS FROM STAGE AND SCREEN SHOWS  
A programme of film and musical-comedy successes of yesterday, to-day and to-morrow.—Presented by the makers of the famous Macleans Peroxide Toothpaste.
- 8.30 p.m.** CARROLL LEVIS and His Radio Discoveries  
"To-day's unknown is the star of to-morrow." Among the talented amateur



Command Performance broadcaster George Formby is starred in Comedy Corner this Monday at 10.30 p.m.



Betty Huntley-Wright is the attractive guest-star at Beechams Reunion, Sunday, 6.30 p.m.

- artistes recently discovered by breezy, brilliant Carroll Levis are Vic Lewis and his Swing String Quartette, The Dryden Sisters, Fred Smith, Bill Annett (impressionist), Carmen Hare ("Gay Caballero").—Presented by the makers of Quaker Oats.
- 8.45 p.m.** Station Concert and News
- 9.0 p.m.** Young and Healthy  
A programme of modern, snappy dance-rhythm and swing.—Sent to you by the makers of Bile Beans.
- 9.15 p.m.** The Zam-Buk  
Programme of melody, song and humour.—Presented by the makers of Zam-Buk.
- 9.30 p.m.** HILDEGARDE  
The most fascinating personality of 1937 Presented by the makers of Phillip's Magnesia Beauty Creams.
- 9.45 p.m.** WALTZ TIME with Billy Bissett and his Waltz Time Orchestra Anita Hart Joe Lee and The Waltz Timers  
"An invitation to the Waltz," from the makers of Phillip's Dental Magnesia.
- 10.0 p.m.** SONGS AND SENTIMENT  
Helen Clare Ronald Hill and Jay Wilbur and The Danderine Orchestra  
In a delightful and informal programme of vocal duets.—Presented by the makers of Danderine.
- 10.15 p.m.** DR. FU MANCHU  
By Sax Rohmer. Episode No. 40: "The Scented Drug." A further episode in the timeless war between the famous criminal investigator, Nayland Smith, and Dr. Fu Manchu, arch-fiend of the Orient. Cast: Fu Manchu, Frank Cochrane; Nayland Smith, D. A. Clarke-Smith; Petrie, Gordon McLeod; Weymouth, Arthur Young; Karamaneh, Rani Waller; Sterling, Vernon Kelso; Signora Biresco, Rani Waller.—Presented by the makers of Milk of Magnesia.
- 10.30 p.m.** Betty and Henry  
In Musical Puzzles. A happy quarter-hour bringing news of an interesting cash-prize competition.—Presented by the makers of Anti-Bi-San.
- 10.45 p.m.** Dance Time  
Half an hour of dance music played by the world's finest dance bands.
- 11.15 p.m.** Solo Stuff  
Famous performers show their paces in this quarter-hour programme of gramophone records.
- 11.30 p.m.** As You Like It  
Dance music, songs and request items to suit the taste of every listener.
- 12 (midnight)** Close Down

## MONDAY, DEC. 6

- 10.0 p.m.** Tunes You Like to Hear  
A delightful programme of memorable tunes.—Presented by the New Era Treatment Co., makers of Elasto.
- 10.15 p.m.** Sunny Jim Transmitting "Force" and Melody. An old-time ballad-concert, reviving musical memories.—Presented by A. C. Fincken & Co.
- 10.30 p.m.** Comedy Corner  
Jack Buchanan and Elsie Randolph typify one type of comedy; Noel Coward, with his sophisticated songs, another; George Formby a third. These, and many other singing and wise-cracking laughter-makers, are presented to you in a fascinating programme of gramophone records.
- 11.0 p.m.** The Stage-Door Lounger  
Once more, up-to-the-minute news from theatreland, and selections from the latest hits, come to you from Radio Lyons' indefatigable backstage reporter.
- 11.30 p.m.** Sounding Brass  
The gallant strains of England's leading civilian and military brass bands, together with solos by their finest instrumentalists, come to you in a selection of splendid recordings.
- 12 (midnight)** Close Down

## TUESDAY, DEC. 7

- 10.0 p.m.** Variety  
Something for everyone in an enjoyable entertainment offered by the makers of Stead's Razor Blades.
- 10.15 p.m.** Bolenum Bill on Parade  
With his army of daily workers in a programme of stirring songs and marches.—Presented by the makers of Bolenum Overalls.
- 10.30 p.m.** Let's Sit the Next One Out  
An amusing programme of records.
- 11.0 p.m.** Sign, Please  
Once again Tony Melrose calls the class to order in his amusing and interesting signature-tune competition. His address is: 10 Soho Square, London, W.1.
- 11.30 p.m.** The Night Watchman  
Brings another selection of pleasant music in this closing programme.
- 12 (midnight)** Close Down

## WEDNESDAY, DEC. 8

- 10.0 p.m.** The Borwick's Programme of Songs and Popular Melodies.—Presented by George Borwick & Sons.
- 10.15 p.m.** Sunny Jim Transmitting "Force" and Melody. A musical programme of contrasts.—Presented by A. C. Fincken & Co.

- 10.30 p.m.** PALMOLIVE TIME  
With Olive Palmer, Paul Oliver and the Palmollivers. Palmolive's own collection of radio favourites in songs, duets and dance music.—Presented by the makers of Palmolive.
- 11.0 p.m.** Film Time  
A further programme of music and intimate screen news from The Man on the Set, Radio Lyons famous film-studio sleuth.
- 11.30 p.m.** The Above Have Arrived  
An exciting selection from the latest additions to Radio Lyons huge record-library.
- 12 (midnight)** Close Down

## THURSDAY, DEC. 9

- 10.0 p.m.** Vaudeville  
Dance music, songs and solos in an entralling medley of popular fare.
- 10.30 p.m.** Guess the Band  
A fascinating new Competition for all listeners, in which Radio Lyons offers attractive prizes. Don't miss this splendid new radio feature!
- 11.0 p.m.** Here and There  
A record-programme of varied successes by famous stars of the air.
- 11.30 p.m.** Trans-Atlantic  
Half an hour of rhythm and laughter in recent recordings by the top-line artistes of America.
- 12 (midnight)** Close Down

## FRIDAY, DEC. 10

- 10.0 p.m.** Dance Time  
With your favourite rhythm bands.
- 10.15 p.m.** Bolenum Bill on Parade  
A programme of stirring songs and marches with Bolenum Bill and his army of daily workers.—Presented by the makers of Bolenum Overalls.
- 10.30 p.m.** The Dromedary Dates Programme.—Presented by arrangement with A. C. Fincken & Co.
- 10.45 p.m.** Organ Parade
- 11.0 p.m.** Varied Fare
- 11.30 p.m.** Afterthoughts
- 12 (midnight)** Close Down

## SATURDAY, DEC. 11

- 10.0 p.m.** HITS AND HIGHLIGHTS FROM STAGE AND SCREEN  
Music from stage-shows and motion-pictures of yesterday, to-day and to-morrow.—Presented by the makers of the famous Macleans Peroxide Toothpaste.
- 10.15 p.m.** Programme of Modern Dance Music, as recorded by the most popular dance orchestras of to-day.
- 10.45 p.m.** Film Time  
Your friend, the Man on the Set, fresh from the film studios, brings you another intimate column of screen news and views. Have you entered for his competition? His address is: 10 Soho Square, London, W.1.
- 11.15 p.m.** Empire Pools Special  
A programme of songs and good cheer announcing to-day's football pool results.—Presented by Empire Pools.
- 11.30 p.m.** Passing By  
Friendly, popular Tony Melrose has an answer for every intimate problem. Join this pleasant, informal listening-corner, and spend the last half-hour of the week with amiable, jolly Uncle Tony, the Radio Lyons Philosopher.

Information supplied by BROADCAST ADVERTISING LTD., of 50 PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1. Sole Agents for RADIO LYONS. Programme Dept.; Vox, 10a Soho Square, London, W.1.



Elsie Randolph will be heard with her famous partner, Jack Buchanan, in an entertaining programme on Monday at 10.30 p.m.





**C**RAVEN 'A' quality is appreciated everywhere! That is why these cool, throat smooth cigarettes make such an acceptable Christmas Gift. There are six convenient sizes to choose from, all in gay gold, red and green boxes with Greetings Card on the back. You just sign your name and the most welcome of gifts is ready to post!

Sign your Christmas Card this year on the back of one of these Smart Craven 'A' boxes!

25 for 1/3 • 40 for 2/- • 50 for 2/6

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MADE SPECIALLY TO PREVENT SORE THROATS.

*The Gift that is  
always welcome*  
**Craven 'A'**





Lucky Roberta to have such an energetic horse as Harry!



When Harry's on tour, both he and his wife enjoy the late-night telephone call.

# Vive le Roy!

—AND PRINCESS PEARL AND HER HIGHNESS BABY ROBERTA. A PAGE OF SHEER DELIGHT, SHOWING THE LITTLE HOTCHAMACHACHA AS THE COMPLETE FAMILY MAN



Proud mother and bonny daughter. She's got Harry's eyes, hasn't she?



Looks as if Harry and Elizabeth are enjoying themselves even more than little Roberta.



(Left) Beautiful Mrs. Roy in her bedroom. (Above) With baby in bed they settle down to a musical evening. (Right) Princess Pearl with the newest Christmas gifts for Roberta.





# WERE YOU A GOOD CRITIC?

## "RADIO PICTORIAL" COMPETITION RESULTS

### Names and Addresses of Prizewinners

**N**O easy task confronted the judges of the enormous number of entries sent in for "Radio Pictorial's" great listening competition, which closed on November 23.

Readers from all over England, Wales, Scotland, Northern Ireland, and even abroad, competed in this novel contest. Foreign listeners sent criticisms in French and German, while several blind listeners sent their criticisms in Braille. These, of course, were translated, and we are glad to announce that one blind listener, whose entry was in Braille, secured a prize.

Some readers' entries were disqualified because they did not conform to the simple regulations of the contest. Criticisms should not have exceeded 200 words in length.

The competition revealed that practically every programme on the list has its own firm supporters, who voted for it as their favourite listening. The results showed some rather surprising preferences, however, for some apparently popular programmes appear to find little favour among our readers, while others seem to be almost universally admired.

Names and addresses of the twenty-three prizewinners, whom we heartily congratulate, are as follows:—

### 1st PRIZE

**DAVID G. WILLIAMS,**  
590 FOX HOLLIES ROAD,  
HALL GREEN,  
BIRMINGHAM.

Cheque for £50 has already been sent to Mr. Williams for his winning criticism of "Horlicks Picture House," which was a No. 1 favourite of many competitors.

### 2nd PRIZE

**MRS. L. RICH,**  
80 EDGEHILL STREET,  
READING, BERKS.

Mrs. Rich wins £20 for her criticism of the Milk of Magnesia "Dr. Fu Manchu" programme, which was high in the list of first preferences.

### 3rd PRIZE

**JOHN G. MORGAN,**  
8 VERDI AVENUE,  
SEAFORTH,  
LIVERPOOL, 21.

Mr. Morgan's winning criticism, which brought him £10, was of the "Rinso Radio Revue," another programme which drew a large number of No. 1 votes.

### Consolation Prizes of £1 Each

**A. Vandyk,**  
209 Oakwood Court,  
Kensington, London, W.14.

**Miss J. Dennett,**  
32 Rochester Street,  
Newcastle-on-Tyne, 6.

**Miss Mona Henry,**  
10 Hawthorne Road,  
Burnley.

**F. W. Veale,**  
13 York Street,  
Redfield, Bristol, 5.

**Master Ernest Smith,**  
Village Club,  
Station Road,  
Liss, Hants.

**Miss Margaret McAuley,**  
39 Orkney Street,  
Govan, Glasgow.

**Mrs. J. F. Moloney,**  
45 Dearman Road,  
Birmingham, 11.

**H. Ruglys,**  
The Limes,  
Frinton-on-Sea.

**C. Austen,**  
25 Tregarvon Road,  
Clapham Common,  
London, S.W.11.

**Miss Dorothy Kelleher,**  
4 St. James's Gardens,  
Swansea, S.W.

**James Moore,**  
31 Rockley Street,  
Liverpool, 4.

**R. B. Darby,**  
51 Chisholm Road,  
Croydon.

**Miss Irene Waddell,**  
10 Riles Road,  
Plaistow, E.13.

**P. Hayes,**  
5 Ditton Road,  
Langley, Bucks.

**H. Blackburn,**  
19 Arbuthnot Lane,  
Bexley, Kent.

**Miss Lily Gibson,**  
65 Manchester Road,  
Warrington.

**John Gummow,**  
120 Forest Road,  
Kingswood, Bristol.

**R. H. Hilborne,**  
26 The Park,  
Treharris, Glam.

**J. I. Burman,**  
"Greenfields,"  
Hampton Lane,  
Solihull, Birmingham.

**Mrs. Elsie Goring,**  
"Windmills,"  
Clayton Avenue,  
Hassocks, Sussex.

# TAKE UP PELMANISM

Sybil Thorndike's Advice—"The 'Open Sesame' That Smooths Away All Difficulties."

SCIENTIFIC Mind-Training has received a great recommendation from Dame Sybil Thorndike, the world-famous actress.



(Dorothy Wilding) DAME SYBIL THORNDIKE

"All through the ages," she writes, "we have been taught to train the body. We have been told that if our muscles were left in disuse they would gradually cease to function. And so it is with the mind. Indeed, even more quickly does this delicate part of our mechanism become atrophied. Pelmanism gives mind exercise scientifically, and because the principles are scientifically based, it not only improves, but actually discovers, qualities that would otherwise have remained dormant."

"We all wish for Success, to be uplifted from the mediocre, but many grope blindly and never find the key to open the magic door leading to the road. Pelmanism, I am convinced, is the 'Open Sesame' that smooths away all difficulties, giving a mental clarity and quality of alertness that sees opportunities and uses them rightly."

Pelmanism is a sure way to success if you will give it your loyal effort, your honest endeavour, and a regular and definite amount of time until you have completed the Course. A sustained effort over a period of but a few weeks will yield you dividends that will last you your whole life through.

### Pelmanism Appeals to Everyone

Pelmanism appeals to men and women of all classes and all ages—to the employer and employee alike—to the Professional man—the clerk—the salesman—the mechanic—the workers in every occupation—the Navy—the Army—the Diplomatic Service.

Experience in psychological training of this nature is an essential factor, and the Pelman Institute alone possesses the accumulated experience necessary for this purpose, gained in dealing with over half a million students engaged in all occupations and positions in life. Pelmanism is a course of practical psychology that is easily acquired by correspondence instruction and is quickly effective.

### Develops Valuable Faculties

Pelmanism awakens dormant faculties. It develops powers you never thought you possessed. It strengthens mental attributes which are valuable in every career and every aspect of living.

- If, therefore, you want—
- To strengthen your Will-Power,
  - To develop your powers of Concentration,
  - To act with Foresight and Decision,
  - To become a first-class Organiser and Manager,
  - To develop Initiative,
  - To acquire a strong Personality,
  - To banish Depression,
  - To talk and speak convincingly,
  - To work more easily and efficiently,
  - To cultivate a perfect Memory,
  - To win the confidence of others,
  - To appreciate more fully the beauties of Art and Nature,
  - To widen your intellectual outlook,
  - To deepen and enrich your life,
- you should write to the address printed below to-day.

### "The Science of Success"

tells you all about the Pelman Course and contains letters from Pelmanists showing how this system has enabled them to double their Earning-Powers, obtain Promotion and greatly increase their Personal Efficiency.

Write or call for a free copy of this book to-day to:

**Pelman Institute,**  
(Established 40 Years)  
79, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street,  
London, W.C.1.

Readers who can call at the Institute will be welcomed. The Director of Instruction will be pleased to have a talk with them, and no fee will be charged for his advice.

PELMAN (OVERSEAS) INSTITUTES: PARIS, 80 Boulevard Haussmann. NEW YORK, 271 North Avenue, New Rochelle. MELBOURNE, 396 Flinders Lane. JOHANNESBURG, P.O. Box 4928. DURBAN, Natal Bank Chambers (P.O. Box 1489). DELHI, 10 Alipore Road. CALCUTTA, 102 Clive Street. AMSTERDAM, Damrak 68. JAVA, Malabarweg, Malang.



"What ho, chum! Taking the missus away for Christmas?"





HERE'S GOOD NEWS FOR ALL TEA DRINKERS

FREE GIFTS AND  
FREE HOLIDAY  
TRAVEL FOR  
FREE COUPONS

THE spirit of festivity is abroad . . . jollifications, parties, good cheer and good fare, lovely surprise gifts . . . Ah! GIFTS. Here's a grand opportunity to select your own all-the-year-round. Simply drink the high grade, delicious, and economical blends of "Prescription," "Lemata" or "Co-op-man's" teas and save the coupons from each packet to exchange them for useful Domestic and Sporting articles, Toys, Cameras, Clothes, and a hundred

and one gifts of equal attractiveness, not forgetting Free Holiday Travel. YOU SEND NO MONEY. And, to make it even easier to obtain your gifts quickly, coupons are given in a range of "Lutona" cocoas to help you swell the total required. It makes no difference whether you collect Tea or Cocoa coupons separately or together—all have the same value. Start collecting today and enjoy your gifts all the sooner. Your local Co-op Store will give you full details.

Drink  
CO-OP TEAS

"CO-OP-MAN'S" "PRESCRIPTION"  
Nos. 76-77-78 & 79 ANTI-INDIGESTION No. 99

CELEBRATED  
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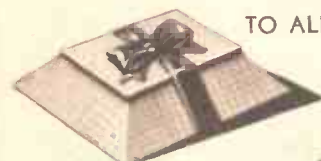


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TO ALL





# ELIZABETH CRAIG'S FAVOURITE RECIPE FOR CHRISTMAS CAKE



ONLY three weeks till Christmas! How far are you on with your preparations? Have you bought the ingredients for your cake yet? Let's make the cake this week, as soon as possible, and I'll give you the recipe for the icing, too, though that can be left till later.

## CHRISTMAS CAKE

1 1/4 lb. flour, 12 oz. sugar, 1 lb. cleaned currants, 1/4 lb. cleaned sultanas, 1 lb. chopped raisins, 4 eggs, 2 teaspoons ground cinnamon, 1 teaspoon ground cloves, 1/2 cup golden syrup, 1 lb. butter, 1/2 lb. chopped peel, 1 gill milk, 2 teaspoons baking powder, pinch salt, 1/4 teaspoon ground mace.

Soften butter, then beat well. Stir in sugar and eggs by degrees, beating well all the time. Stir in syrup, raisins, currants, sultanas, peel and flour sifted with spices and baking powder, and a pinch of salt. Add milk, more, if necessary, to make a batter that drops easily into prepared tin. Bake in a moderate oven for about 3 hours. Test with a skewer to see if perfectly dry before removing from oven. When ready, turn on to cake rack, remove paper and leave to cool. Store in a tightly closed tin until you are ready to ice the cake.

## ALMOND PASTE

1 lb. ground almonds, 2 lb. icing sugar, 5 egg yolks or 2 or 3 eggs, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1/2 teaspoon vanilla essence, 1 teaspoon rose water, 4 drops almond essence.

When I make almond paste, I prefer to use 1 lb. icing sugar and 1 lb. castor, but I find most people prefer to use only icing sugar. Sift icing sugar through a hair sieve into a large basin. Stir in the almonds. Mix with your fingers like rubbing in butter. Make a hole in the centre. Add lemon juice, essences, egg yolks and rose water. If eggs are large, use only 4 egg yolks. You may not need the fifth. Mix and knead on a lightly sugared pastry board till quite free from cracks. Roll out. If not moist enough to roll, add another yolk, and if still too dry, add another yolk. Re-knead till free from cracks. Now roll out strips for side of cake before rolling out round to fit the top. Brush the cake free from crumbs, then brush sides with melted red currant jelly. Place the cake on one end of the strip and roll along, then mould the ends together. Brush the top of the cake with melted jelly and place on round. Mould closely to the sides, then flatten out top of cake. Leave overnight to harden.

## ROYAL ICING

2 lb. icing sugar, 4 or 5 egg whites, 6 drops acetic acid, 6 drops confectioners' blue, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice.

Rub sugar with the point of a wooden spoon through the hair sieve, then add the whites of egg and beat well. Add acetic acid and lemon juice. Add confectioners' blue, beat well, and give the cake its first coat of royal icing. Keep top edges as sharp as possible when icing. If the cake has risen too much in the centre, which you can avoid by hollowing out the centre slightly before baking, slice down till even, then turn upside down and make the bottom the top. Give your cakes two coats of royal icing, or even three, drying each coat before applying the next. Thicken icing with a little more sugar before you begin to decorate with the aid of a forcing pipe and icing syringe.

NOTE.—I prefer to give the cake a coat of water icing before coating it with royal icing.

It is not necessary to use confectioners' blue or acetic acid when mixing the icing, but their addition makes the icing a purer white.

## TO USE UP LEFT-OVER NUTS

### Walnuts

1. When halved, use for decorating iced layer cakes.
2. Mince and use for decorating any sweets covered with whipped cream.
3. Chop and add to any chocolate cake or gingerbread mixture.

### Brazil Nuts

1. Slice thinly and add to melted sugar. When cold, break into small pieces and you have an inexpensive Brazil nut brittle.

Make your Christmas Cake this year from this delicious recipe especially chosen by ELIZABETH CRAIG, world-famous Cookery Expert

2. Boil 1/2 lb. rice till soft, in salted water to cover. Drain off water into a basin. Stir in 1 oz. mashed potato, 1/2 oz. butter, 1/4 lb. chopped onion, 1/4 lb. chopped Brazil nuts, and 1 teaspoon minced parsley to the rice. Leave till stiff. With floured hands, shape into tiny rolls. Egg and crumb. Fry in deep smoking-hot fat. Serve in a hot dish lined with a lace paper d'oyley, accompanied by buttered green peas and tomato sauce.

## TO MAKE PRESSED BEEF FOR CHRISTMAS

4 quarts cold water, 1 lb. kitchen salt, 1/4 oz. salt-petre, 6 oz. brown sugar.

Measure ingredients into a saucepan. Bring to boil. Boil 10 minutes, skimming frequently. Strain into an earthenware crock, and leave till cold. Rub the beef with the pickle. Cover and stand for 10 days. Turn in the pickle every day. To cook, wash beef well in cold water. Place in a saucepan or fish kettle. Cover with warm water. Bring to boil and skim well. Add one or two sliced carrots, turnips and onions, 6 black peppercorns, and a sprig each of parsley and thyme, and half a bay leaf. Cover, and simmer gently till the meat comes away from the bone. Remove meat to a board. Carefully take out the bone. Place meat on a dish. Cover with a plate and wait till cold. Brush with glaze.

## CHRISTMAS WITHOUT FEAR

If you want to enjoy your Christmas without fear of what will happen to your figure if you want to eat what you like and still have the comfortable feeling that you will be as slim at the end of the festivities as you were on Christmas eve, make a note of the following hints:

1. Drink a glass of water containing the juice of 1 lemon, strained, and unsweetened, as soon as you wake in the morning and last thing at night.
2. Drink a glass of water an hour before the midday and evening meal.
3. Drink a gill of water containing 2 teaspoons of fruit salts, 10 minutes before breakfast.
4. Don't eat candies and chocolates in between meals; eat them immediately after a meal.
5. Take a walk, dance or skate after meals.

It's a good idea to provide an alternative sweet to plum pudding. I always serve something like a fruit jelly, set with grapes and pieces of pineapple, or, better still, a fruit salad, served with cream.



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- SURPRISES, ENTERTAINS AND AMUSES OLD AND YOUNG.
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- EXTREMELY SENSITIVE BUT VERY ROBUST.
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GET OVER YOUR "MIKE-FRIGHT"! You can really and truly put over those funny stories this Christmas... croon to your heart's delight... produce at will the Family Ghost... make **THIS YEAR'S PARTY** the **MERRIEST YET!** Simply attach the Peto-Scott "Home Broadcaster" to the pick-up sockets of your existing receiver, whether battery or A.C., and your own broadcasting station is instantly ready to amplify clearly and distinctly the sparkling sounds and individual efforts with that professional entertainment touch to which we are all now so accustomed. Everyone hears everything with the aid of the Peto-Scott Home Broadcaster. Remember, running costs are nil and you've nothing more to buy. Supplied to you absolutely complete and ready for immediate use.

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The world's greatest football expert gives his exclusive service to the Club. He does not use "bankers" or ridiculous permutations. Each week he compiles a comprehensive list which contains the most probable results for points pool matches. You cannot do this for yourself on such a huge scale, even if you had the money. Besides—it is a tiresome job filling in forecasts for yourself. The Club does it all for you.

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Immediately you join we place you with 19 other members in a group. 480 Penny Points Pool Columns, costing exactly £2, are invested on behalf of your group, and subsequent winnings shared between the 20 members. You, therefore, have 480 chances of winning for 2/-, and when your group wins £5,000 you would have as your share £250, or one-twentieth. The whole of the donkey work of forecasting, filling in the coupons, copying, despatching and paying to the Pool is carried out for you by the Club staff. A complete copy of the 480 columns of forecasts is posted to every member before the matches take place. The Club checks all winning columns and remits amounts won to members of winning groups. You have the copy of forecasts as shown opposite and can see at a glance on Saturday night which dividend you share. A detailed report of winners and dividends is sent by the Club each week to active members. The Club relies on each member to remit to them 5 per cent (at the end of the season) of all wins over £250, after deduction of any losing stakes.

### HOW THE CLUB WORKS—for you

Send us 1/- for membership (cut out and use the form on the right). **STAKE MONEY MUST NOT BE SENT IN ADVANCE BUT SHOULD BE SENT TO US NOT LATER THAN FRIDAY FOLLOWING THE MATCHES.** We pay the Pool promoters on behalf of your group.

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The Club trusts implicitly in every applicant. They do not attempt to charge a membership fee sufficient to cover the cost of applicant's first week's entry. Membership is 1/- only for the whole of this season, and members do not pay until the following Friday for their weekly investment, thereby having a FULL week's credit. NO COMMISSION is payable on individual wins.

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Members of a unit pay for 480 columns, and the Club invests 480 columns. Every penny subscribed in each group goes on the pool. Compare this with others... We stand or fall by such comparisons. Play safe—join the best club...

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- POINTS POOL CHECKING JIG
- SPECIAL CHECKING CARD
- APPLICATION FORM

**TAKE HOLD IN LEFT HAND & PLACE YOUR THUMB HERE**

**MOVE JIG ALONG AGAINST EACH**

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Trington 5	Wolves

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To the Secretary, CO-OPERATING POOLS CLUB, 6, Paton St., Manchester, 1.

I enclose P.O. for 1/- as my Membership fee, in the "Co-operating Pools Club." Please send me a copy of the 480 columns on the Penny Points Pool in which I have a share next Saturday. I promise to remit payment for same not later than the Friday following the day the matches are played. I am over 21 years of age.

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**CO-OPERATING POOLS CLUB**  
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# MAKING THE MOST OF YOUR SET AT CHRISTMAS

**W**HY not make the most of your radio receiver this Christmas? Not merely by having it on all day and all night, but by careful discrimination of programmes and also by using the set to its fullest advantage.

Christmas time is generally assumed to be a period when practical jokes and parties are the order of the day, and nothing lends itself quite so much to helping in practical jokes as a modern radio. A little imagination will soon show the lines in which a radio can be used, not for picking up programmes but merely using it as an amplifier for a microphone or gramophone pick-up.

I remember quite well a joke that was extremely popular last year. A microphone was connected into the radio set via the gramophone pick-up sockets at the back of the chassis. A long lead of about 40 ft. was connected to the microphone which was in an upstairs room.

One member of the household then went up to the wireless set and in a very loud voice asked some complicated question. To everyone's amazement an answer was quickly forthcoming.

Actually what happened was one of the junior members of the family leaning out of the window of the room above, listened to the pre-arranged question and then by speaking in a disguised voice into the microphone gave the answers to the questions.

**This went on for quite a long time before it was finally discovered just how the trick was being worked.**

Most receivers are fitted with gramophone plugs, but if they are not, obtain a gramophone pick-up adaptor from Messrs. A. F. Bulgin, for this will do the trick quite well. It is supplied complete with instructions. As regards the microphone, Peto-Scott make a very nice, good quality microphone which will work excellently and give most realistic reproduction, and about which I'll tell you more later.

Another stunt which can be worked out with a little ingenuity at a party is to dress up a dummy in the form of a ghost all complete with white shroud, etc., and inside it mount a small W.B. extension loudspeaker. A microphone is again plugged into the radio set via a long extension lead and the ghost can then be made to talk.

Actually, as before, what happens is that somebody outside the room speaks into the microphone, his voice being amplified by the radio set and reproduced through the loudspeaker in the body of the ghost. If the lights are turned very low and the eyes of the ghost illuminated with little flash lamp bulbs, a very good effect is obtained.

**On the other hand, if you are not too keen on playing practical jokes, use the radio as a proper wireless set and pick up some of the unusual programmes which you don't bother to hear during the course of the year.**

*Radio plays a big part in making Christmas a home festival. But do you appreciate all the possibilities of radio fun that there are? This article will give you new ideas*

**By Our Technical Expert**

The Crazy Gang would be crazy if they didn't enjoy their Pilot radio



The picture of contentment. Jack Hylton with his Mullard radio

the Nottingham Police Station. It is not a place where I normally like to go but it is quite a different matter imagining one nice polite policeman, all complete with helmet and truncheon, sending out urgent messages over their radio transmitter at headquarters.

The Nottingham police actually do this with great gusto and you will be able to hear them telling police constables on their beat that Mr. So-and-so's car has just been stolen at some street or other, or else a shop in the main street has the front door open, and occasionally one gets some interesting items of news about would-be burglars or suspicious-looking characters.

There are plenty of these police transmitters about, for in addition to Nottingham there is Manchester, Liverpool, Edinburgh and of course, the originators, Brighton.

Another variation on this type of transmission is the more or less personal messages transmitted on 35 and about 70 metres from Atlantic liners. During Christmas time the ship-to-shore transmitters on these boats do a roaring trade, for passengers appear to spend most of their time and money sending messages to their friends on both sides of the Atlantic.

**It is most unlikely that you will be able to hear both sides of the conversation, but in any case, it is quite nice to be able to hear some of the boats that are actually in the middle of the Atlantic on Christmas morning.**

Last year I had a Marconiphone all-waver which seemed to have a partiality for ship stations, for I heard more liners on that set than I had ever heard before.

Talking about Marconiphone receivers, if you should have one of their multi-channel sets, or in fact, any receiver that tunes down to about 6 metres, then most listeners will be intrigued to hear the transmissions from Alexandra Palace which accompany the vision programmes.

*Please turn to next page*



# MAKING THE MOST OF YOUR SET AT CHRISTMAS

Continued from previous page

If you like lady announcers you will be able to hear two of them, in addition to Leslie Mitchell, who generally looks after the whole show. This is the next best thing to having a television receiver in your own home.

What about buying a few new gramophone records of a special Christmas type? Most of the record-makers have produced some specially for this occasion, and you can make the most of them via your radio set.

It is generally agreed that the way to get the best out of a gramophone record is to reproduce it electrically via a good radio-gramophone. On the other hand, if you haven't got a gramophone attachment on your set, why not consider buying one of the H.M.V. gramophone units?

This consists of an electric motor, gramophone pick-up and volume control. It can be simply interconnected with your radio set, but left in any convenient spot near the fireside and records can be played without moving from your chair

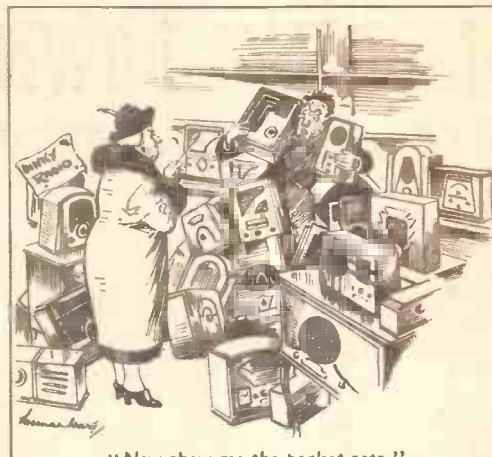
but are reproduced through the loudspeaker on your wireless set.

This is about the quickest and cheapest way of turning a receiver into a modern radio-gramophone.

Most receivers have provision for extension loudspeakers, but if the loudspeakers are not of a suitable type then the quality will be very poor, and probably volume much below the normal level. Whiteley-Boneham produce a whole range of loudspeakers suitable for extension use.

They include a special switched transformer so that any loudspeaker can be accurately matched to any receiver, while one or more loudspeakers, even if they are all connected in series, can be switched on or off as required. They also have another ingenious idea called the long-arm remote control, in which a speaker can be used at a distance from the main set, but if you should decide that you don't like the programme, and you are too lazy to walk into another room and

## "SOLVING THE XMAS PRESENT PROBLEM!"



switch off the receiver, then you will find a small switch at the side of the loudspeaker which will cut off the main set, even though it may be 30 or 40 ft. away.

This arrangement is entirely fool-proof.

I told you earlier about how you can have practical jokes with the help of your radio set.

Have you thought, however, of the entertainment that is available from your own immediate circle of family and friends?

A few years ago everyone was be-moaning the fact that the musical "at-homes" of the previous decade were gone, but imagine the joy of preparing and putting over your own programme with musical interludes, a one-act play, a ghost story, dance music, incidental items of entertainment from individual members of those gathered round you this Christmas, and putting the items on the "air" through the medium of a Peto-Scott "Home Broadcaster."

You cannot fail to increase the enjoyment of your family party a thousand times. You simply connect the Peto-Scott "Home Broadcaster" to your existing receiver through the medium of the pick-up sockets and you have at your command the facilities for providing your friends with your own idea of what a Christmas Day or Party broadcast should be.

The low price of 25s. is out of all proportion to the immense amount of additional pleasure and entertainment obtainable, and the very low and convenient easy payments system for which Peto-Scott are famous makes this the most perfect and enjoyable surprise you can "spring" this Christmas.

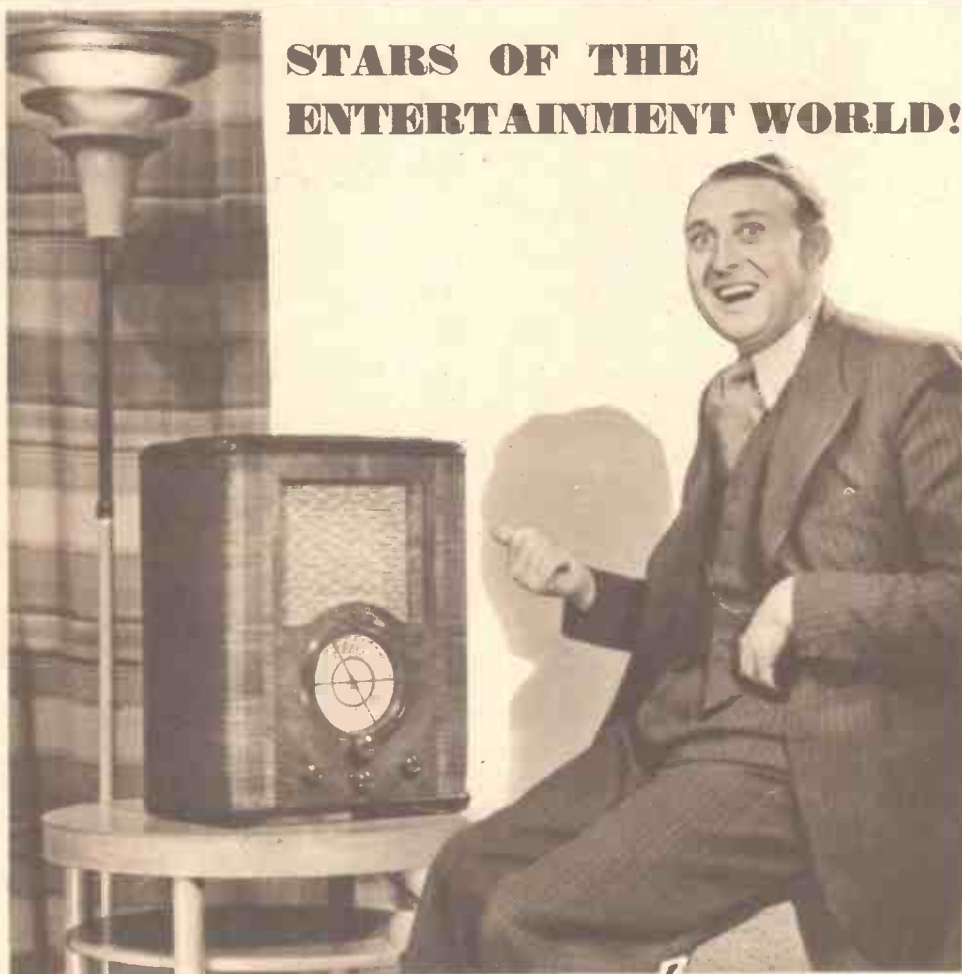
The outfit consists of a highly sensitive, specially sprung professional type microphone and transformer and sufficient twin flex for every home need. I would advise readers to refer to the advertisement on page 50 where they will find full details of this marvellous home entertainer.



JACK OWEN

"I ask you! What a place to put an aerial!"

## STARS OF THE ENTERTAINMENT WORLD!!



# Max Miller and his Pilot

MAX MILLER, "The Cheeky Chappie," says: "My Pilot gives me the best radio entertainment the world supplies." A truly marvellous receiver at the lucky price of only 13 guineas.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS and the best of radio entertainment throughout the New Year is assured to all who SEE A PILOT—HEAR A PILOT and BUY A PILOT. Over 20 models to choose from. Fill in the Coupon NOW.

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PILOT RADIO LIMITED, Park Royal Road, London, N.W.10.



CONCLUDING. . . .

## ROBERT S. TAPLINGER'S STORY of MORTON DOWNEY AS I KNOW HIM

**W**HEN Morton Downey first arrived in New York with only \$30.00, and no "connections", he looked up an old friend of his, a vocal teacher who had once heard him in Wallingford, Connecticut.

The pink-cheeked young visitor said that he wanted a job where he could sing.

The friend sent Mort around, ironically enough, to several of the music publishing houses, but they wouldn't even listen to him sing (excuse us while we laugh up our sleeve). They are all now clamouring for his patronage.

It was not long, however, before this Downey gentleman got another break. A friend of his in Yonkers began to get him jobs singing in Westchester, netting him \$25, \$50, and once an unbelievable \$150 (£40) a week, that seemed mythical whenever he thought of it. Even that fabulous sum is a mere drop in the bucket to what he is drawing now.

It may be added here, that he never forgot his mother, even at the expense of depriving himself of essentials. Every week, part of his earnings were sent to Wallingford.

He was beginning to get lucrative bookings, and a Brooklyn politician called Kelly, who likes this youthful tenor of celtic descent, got him his first real theatre engagement through a man who had a very diminutive theatre downtown. There, dressed in a cowboy suit, and waxing duly sentimental, he sang and sang and sang. And that song—a song which came from his heart—was really the beginning of a radio career which is now making history.

After drifting around earning from thirty to forty dollars a week, our hero was unexpectedly spotted by a discerning gentleman by the name of Ernst (who more than incidentally was manager for Paul Whiteman), and jumped into a good job. It consisted in running his fingers over a shiny saxophone that didn't make any noise, the object of this deception being that when young Morton stood up to sing, everyone would exclaim, "Doesn't he warble well for a saxophone player."

Bing Crosby succeeded Morton with Paul Whiteman's band. This association, started when they were making their way up the ladder, has continued pleasantly through the years that have brought success to both.

Next as a "single" he played in picture houses from San Francisco to New York, introducing new song hits and recalling old favourites.

"I had become so addicted to holding my sax while singing," he says, "that my hands positively felt awkward, so I bought myself a new hat and clutched that."

All was going well, and he was greeted with warm enthusiasm everywhere, when his madcap recklessness did its worse to him while he was playing at Albany.

**He was driving his car at a whirlwind speed when the thing went awry, turned over. . . he saw stars and tasted infinity, and when he woke up he had busted three bones, and was forced into hospital inertia for three months.**

You can imagine how it irked Mort. When he convalesced, he sang for the inmates, the nurses, the internes—and all the incidental what-nots of the hospital got a break. They just loved it. The pal who was with Mort in that disastrous drive came through without a scratch. Funny, wasn't it? It may have been a good thing, for it gave the generally too preoccupied Mort time to make a leisurely estimate of the situation, sum up all his real liabilities, and direct his thoughts to the "Big Dough" again.

He wanted success, he was fairly aching for success, and it came after that, more and more easily. . . .

Soon after Morton Downey emerged from the



Food! A man who enjoys his meals is a happy man—and that's Mort.

★ How MORTON DOWNEY, Drene's Golden Voice of Radio, reached the top is told in this, the third and final instalment of his story—written by an intimate friend of Morton's

Albany hospital, he landed a job with one Florenz Ziegfeld, who was opening a Palm Beach night club. Much as he liked it, Mort was too restless to remain until the end of the season. He trekked over to Havana and sang in a casino over there for a month. There followed, in several years succession, trips to Europe in the summer, and bookings at Palm Beach night clubs for the winters.

This colourful young Irishman sang at the Café de Paris in London under Lady Mountbatten's sponsorship, and eight weeks at the Ambassadeur in Paris under Cole Porter's invitation. There followed eight months of the continent, where he played in Biarritz, Berlin, Copenhagen, etc., etc., taking them all by storm.

Back to America he came again, liting his romantic songs at the Casanova. He chose this particular club, because he had been so tremendously successful in the European Casanova.

After his time with the Casanova was up, he made three motion pictures, "Syncopation," "Mother's Boy," and "Lucky in Love." Although these pictures, being among the first of the talkies, were not all that might have been desired, he certainly was lucky in love.

**He met Richard Bennett's daughters, Connie, Joan and Barbara. He fell for Barbara. He fell awfully, terribly, suddenly in love with Barbara, and in three weeks' time they were married.**

There was Mort in Hollywood with a home in Beverley Hills n'everything—but as far as making pictures went, he was a good horseback rider. Through Barbara he met the inmates of the film colony and liked them tremendously. Yet poor Mort, after seven months in Hollywood decided that he was losing ground. People forget so easily, and you didn't hear "Morton Downey" chanted in connection with night clubs or theatres any more.

The climax was a comment that appeared in a New York newspaper one day with the words "Poor Morton Downey, he's all washed up." And reading them Mort was reduced to a state of wrathful determination. He says "that just burned me up," and forthwith made for the Kit Kat Club in London as fast as he could get there, taking Barbara into his element.

She loved London, and her husband, the nice Mort, was a wov of a success that season. London was clamouring for his songs. He found Europe more responsive than America but says, "In order to make as much over there as you do here in America, you have to hold down two jobs, theatre and night club."

About that time, radio was getting to be the thing in America. Mort recalled one William Paley, President of the Columbia Broadcasting System, who had once advised him to go into radio, and he wired him.

The answer flashed back, "See me when you arrive." So Morton and Barbara came tooting back in great haste, and Mort was given a prompt audition at Columbia.

Within the first two weeks after he began singing on Columbia's programme, his fan mail jumped from nothing to a thousand letters a week. He found himself catapulted back into recognition with his own composition, "Wabash Moon" as his signature. He pulled in money hand over fist.

**There was no stopping him after that. He climbed quickly, steadily, until to-day he is possibly England's and America's favourite tenor. He holds the record for fan letters having received 30,000 in one month when he was entertaining nightly over the air for a well-known cigarette company.**

This gallant troubadour, beloved by radio fans throughout the country, is one of New York's own children. He has succeeded, beyond his own first imagination.

Here are a few of the things you might like to know about him: He adores raspberry ice; he bites his finger-nails on frantic occasions; combs his hair continuously with a silver-backed comb which he produces and has, for some years, produced from his pocket—it's an old Downey custom; calls "Pst! Pst!" in a loud voice to waiters and gets them whizzing around like nobody else on earth; has never studied music, but plays the piano by ear; has never taken vocal lessons. To quote the gentleman, "when I had the time, I didn't have the money, and when I had the money, I didn't have the time"; knows the lyrics and music of over 300 songs, and can memorise music at a glance; loves to be flattered (but what man doesn't); wears a slouch hat and turned-up overcoat collar; raises police dogs; has a deputy sheriff's badge; perpetually jingles coins in his pockets; tells naughty stories; pans his friends to their faces, and when they depart in a huff lauds them to the sky; calls his wife "lover" and isn't that something?; is prouder of his four children than anything else in the world.

**The greatest fact about this person is that he has not let success effect him; he takes his laurels at their face value. He lives life as it comes, and makes the most out of it. . . .**

And that is Morton Downey. . . .





## After any illness beware of dangerous **KIDNEY TROUBLE**

After Influenza it is most beneficial to take De Witts Pills to ensure complete recovery and quick return of strength.

*Suspect Kidney Trouble if you have any of these symptoms:—*

**RHEUMATISM, BACKACHE, LUMBAGO, JOINT PAINS, SCIATICA OR DIZZINESS.**

Too few people realise the extremely hard work that the kidneys have to perform, even in health. The removal of bodily impurities has to be carried on night and day.

During and after illness a far greater strain is put upon the kidneys. The illness itself has probably left the kidneys weak, but they must carry on removing the poisons left in the body by the illness. It is a most wise precaution to assist the kidneys in these circumstances, as recovery is delayed if the accumulated poisons are not removed from the body.

De Witts Brand Kidney and Bladder Pills are specially compounded to act on the kidneys. They have been famed throughout the world for nearly 50 years for their splendid action in restoring sick, sluggish or strained kidneys to health.

**De WITTS PILLS hasten your recovery and build up your whole system, because they help the kidneys to perform perfectly their task of removing the waste matter (poisons) from the body. The tonic action of De Witts Pills will bring renewed vigour and vitality.**



# DE WITTS BRAND PILLS

Sold only in the white, blue and gold boxes, at 1/3, 3/- and 5/-. Beware of imitations.



# CHILDREN'S CORNER

## Xmas Party

Conducted by AUNTIE MURIEL, the North's most popular Children's Broadcaster.



"Mick shot out of the cracker"

### Mick Goes Bang!

"WHAT ever happens," said Mick the Micrognome to himself, "I'm going to join in all the Christmas fun. I'm not going to miss a thing!"

No sooner had he spoken than the studio began to fill with the most exciting looking people. There were all the usual Children's Hour staff and lots of girls and boys of all ages looking very clean and shiny in their party frocks and Eton collars.

"Golly!" whispered Mick, as he peeped out from underneath the carpet and gazed at a long table laden with cakes, jellies, crackers and all the trappings of a jolly good feed, "there's going to be a party. I'm in on this!"—and without thinking twice, he nipped out, climbed up the leg of the table and lay panting, for the moment, underneath the white tablecloth. There he listened to all the laughter and gay conversation, and when he thought everyone was well occupied, he crept out and took a look over the table. Right in front of him was an inviting looking cracker. Mick had no idea what it was. As far as he was concerned it was an exciting kind of coloured tunnel which must be explored immediately.

So he crept into the cracker!

It was very dark inside, and for a few minutes Mick could not see a thing; but soon his eyes grew used to the light, and he spied something round and shiny. It was a pretty ring with a bright red glittering stone. Mick thought it was a crown and tried it on his head, muttering to himself "King Mick, King Mick," and feeling very bucked with himself. There was also a piece of paper with a lot of printing on. This he draped on his shoulders and used as his Royal robe, and he was altogether having a grand time, when, suddenly, without the slightest warning, he was lifted into the air and his "tunnel" began to rock and sway in the most alarming manner.

"Ohhh!" gasped Mick, taking off his 'crown' and 'robe'... "Ohhhh dear, oh dear... phew!"

From a long way off he heard a girl's voice cry: "Pull this one with me, Geoffrey!"

"Right oh!" answered Geoffrey, and the next minute it seemed to Mick that the roof of his tunnel was hitting him on the head, and the floor was pressing him upwards.

"Pull!" shouted several voices, and suddenly there was a mighty BANG, and Mick shot out of the cracker holding the ring and the motto!

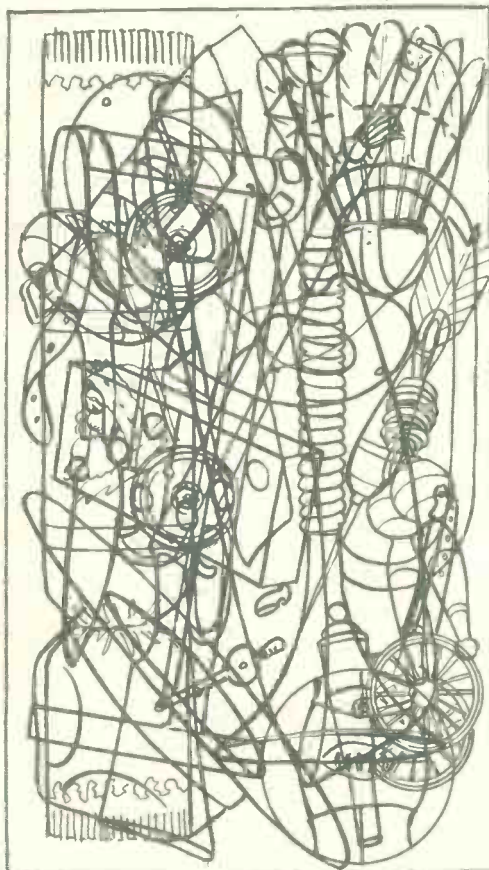
"It—IT'S MICK!!!" screamed the girl. "Quick! Catch him! It's Mick the Micrognome!"

Hands grabbed at him, but the Micrognome was too quick. With his little heart beating nineteen to the dozen, he shinned down the table leg and regained his carpet home before the children could spot where he had gone. WHAT A NARROW ESCAPE!

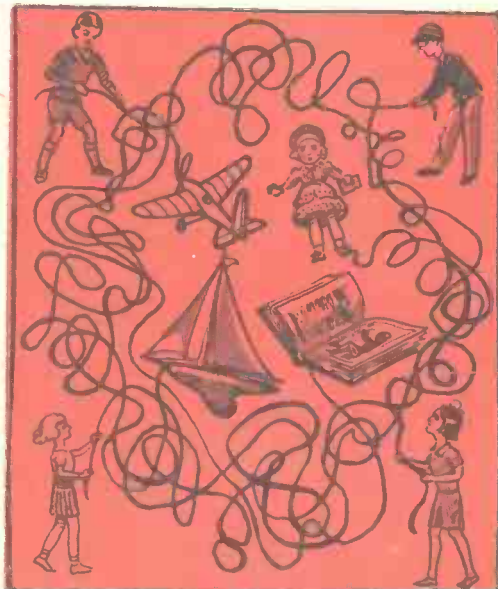
### DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,

Many of you have said that you would like a whole page to yourselves in RADIO PICTORIAL, and here it is! I hope you will get lots of fun out of it. I know you will all try to win the competition, especially as you have quite a long time in which to puzzle out all the missing Christmas articles. This is a most fascinating kind of competition in which half the family annoy you by trying to help you! Mick the Micrognome is full of the true Christmas spirit, and looks like having a grand time by the time Christmas actually arrives. I hope he keeps cool and doesn't do anything foolish. I am always rather anxious in case someone catches him and puts him in a cage or a box—but I think he's a bit too clever for that!

Meanwhile, my thanks to John Murphy of Boston (Lincolnshire), Mary Maxwell, of Sheffield, and many others for their kind letters of appreciation. I am so glad you all enjoy Mick's



How many toys can you see?



### WHO RECEIVES THE PRESENTS?

IN the picture you see four Christmas presents, a yacht, a doll, an aeroplane, and a book. Four children are also in the scene, two boys and two girls, so you can guess which presents they want. But in order to find out which ones they actually received, trace with your pencil over the lines of string held in each child's hand, and when your pencil reaches the present without a break in the line, you will know.

adventures so much. Look out for a particularly interesting competition next week. For the one you see to-day prizes of Five Shillings are awarded. Meanwhile, my very best Christmas wishes to all RADIO PICTORIAL readers.

Yours affectionately,  
AUNTIE MURIEL.

### FIND THE CHRISTMAS TOYS Five-Shilling Prizes

HERE is a most exciting competition in which the whole family will want to join, and because it is a little harder than usual, you will have longer time in which to send in your entries.

There are a number of toy Christmas presents drawn in the higgledy-piggledy picture. Search very carefully and see how many you can find. Name them and put them all down on a postcard, naming the number you have found, and not forgetting to give your full name, address, age, and school. PLEASE SEND YOUR ENTRIES ON POSTCARDS ONLY to:—

AUNTIE MURIEL (CHRISTMAS COMP.),  
RADIO PICTORIAL,  
37 CHANCERY LANE  
LONDON, W.C.2.

to reach me not later than December 30, and as this is a very special Christmas Competition, I will award four prizes of FIVE SHILLINGS for the first four correct solutions received, in the neatest handwriting.





# THE PRIVATE LIVES OF THREE GREAT SHOWS

... Teatime and a beautiful girl who really can cook! Over the Herring Pond thirty-two times! From ship's musician to greatest romantic Tenor. Marriage of two remarkable artistes ...

A JOURNALIST once asked me, "Is Carson Robison a real cowboy?" And a demon made me reply, "Ask him." The journalist did. He left—hurriedly—and was glad that the six-shooter was away in the hotel bedroom? Yes, Sir! Carson and his Oxydol Pioneers are cow-punchers all right! The genuine Wild West article! So is the C.R. Ranch. And their programme—a genuine Wild West sing-song and get-together! As breezy and irrespon-

to-day, when Morton is at a ship's concert—it is as a distinguished and well-loved guest artiste! No woman can wonder at such continent-to-continent popularity once she's heard Morton Downey's lovely voice! "Lovely Lady, I'm falling madly in LOVE—WITH—YOU." When Morton Downey opens the Drene Shampoo programme with those golden notes, those golden words, he opens to every woman for a little while, the door to her secret dreamland; those lovely tones carry over the air the very tenderness that inspired the love songs he sings so beautifully, the old ballads he understands so well. Maybe it's the Irish in him that adds that winning quality to his lovely voice—or perhaps it's the strength and kindness and fascination of the man that shines through. It's a programme millions of women of all ages love, and all can listen to by the mere twist of a knob on their wireless set. On Sundays at 3 p.m. and on Fridays at 5 p.m. from Luxembourg; and on Wednesdays from Normandy at 3.30 p.m. ... for Drene Shampoo ... "Lovely Lady, I'm falling ..."



Carson and the Oxydol Pioneers down on the C.R. Ranch.

sible and wholesome as the great prairies they ride over. And at moments as full of depth and real feeling. Lonely people, at times, these cowboys, and their songs of sentiment show it. But at the C.R. Ranch House when beautiful Pearl (and she is beautiful—see the photograph) makes coffee and chocolate cake and sings and wisecracks with the boys—then you'll hear some fun! For then, Carson, John, Bill, and their guests liven up and make the rafters ring with mirth as well as melody. And how they enjoy their broadcast! Listeners have felt it and commented upon it—the gaiety and fun, the gusto of the singing and laughter comes right over the air. Mother is as willing to pause in her dusting and listen as young Johnnie is to stop for a moment beating his new drum. It's a great show; the gang are great-hearted people—and real musicians. So tune in for Wild West Song and Sentiment—every Sunday 10.15, from Normandy and Luxembourg (whichever your set gets best) and again from Radio Lyons each Sunday at 6 p.m. And on Wednesday from Luxembourg at 5 p.m., and if you agree that the Show's good—then buy Oxydol, the wonderful granulated soap it advertises.

First impressions proved right in the case of my first visit to Lee Sims and Ilomay Bailey. Picture the scene—it will interest every musical person. At their door there was a slight delay—filled majestically by the music of a piano—thrilling chords from the fingers of a master musician. Even when the door was opened none of us moved. In a mighty crescendo the pianist piled chord upon chord until the music reached its sudden climax. Then, thin and silvery a few descending notes—and a pure lovely soprano had taken the lead, soaring into a difficult operatic aria. Still we waited, not wanting to break in. The aria ended and lo! impishly, the piano was rollicking through a popular "hot number" and gaily, frivolously, the voice was racing too.



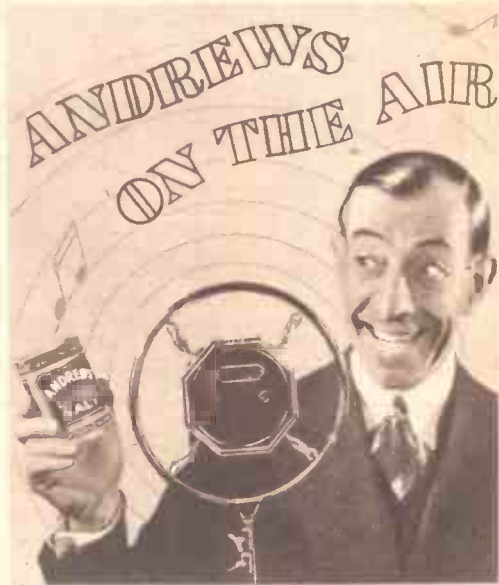
Lee Sims and Ilomay Bailey.

So we met, Lee Sims and his wife, the lovely Ilomay Bailey, and before long they are on the air for Fairy Soap. Lee plays just as his mood takes him—sentimental, "grand," rebellious, light-hearted, reminiscent—and Ilomay, without sign or rehearsal, follows and fits the mood and the melody. It is a unique fifteen minutes—and as surprising and entertaining as it is melodious. Luxembourg on Sundays at 2.45 p.m., and Thursdays at 5 p.m. On Wednesdays from Normandy at 3.15 p.m. and from Radio Lyons at 6.15 p.m. Hear them!



The Golden Voice of Radio—Morton Downey.

his way into the hearts of the women of the two great English-speaking nations. If you can get Morton to talk about himself—and that isn't easy—he'll tell you that his first crossing was as a humble member of a ship's orchestra. But his golden tenor voice, his charm of Irish personality, soon altered that! And



## Albert Whelan

BRIGHTENS DULL MORNINGS WITH

a song  
a smile!  
a story!

in the

# ANDREWS LIVER SALT

programme from  
RADIO-LUXEMBOURG

WEDNESDAYS—8-45 A.M.

THURSDAYS — 8-45 A.M.

SATURDAYS — 10-15 A.M.



9 and 1/4  
When days are cold, try ANDREWS with the chill off.

CARSON ROBISON	MORTON DOWNEY	LEE SIMS & ILOMAY BAILEY
Oxydol Quarter Hour	Drener Quarter Hour	Fairy Soap Quarter Hour
LUXEMBOURG	LUXEMBOURG	LUXEMBOURG
Sunday 10.15 a.m.	Sunday 3.00 p.m.	Sunday 2.45 p.m.
Wednesday 5.00 p.m.	Friday 5.00 p.m.	Thursday 5.00 p.m.
NORMANDY	NORMANDY	NORMANDY
Sunday 10.15 a.m.	Wednesday 3.30 p.m.	Wednesday 3.15 p.m.
LYONS		LYONS
Sunday 6.00 p.m.		Wednesday 6.15 p.m.

Radio Normandy Transmission arranged through International Broadcasting Co., Ltd.

THOMAS HEDLEY & CO., LTD., NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE AND MANCHESTER



# LISTEN TO RADIO LUXEMBOURG

1,293 metres

Chief Announcer : Mr. S. P. Ogden Smith.

Assistant Announcer : Mr. S. H. Gordon Box



Esther Coleman—an ever-welcome favourite—sings in "Waltz Time," on Sunday at 3.15 p.m.

## SUNDAY, DEC. 5

- 8.15 a.m. Request Programme
- 9.0 a.m. HIGHLIGHTS ON PARADE with Alfred Van Dam and his famous Trocadero Broadcasting Orchestra and Wyn Richmond  
*Presented by Macleans Limited, Great West Road, Brentford, Middlesex*
- 9.15 a.m. Station Concert
- 9.30 a.m. Master O K the Saucy Boy  
*Presented by the makers of Mason's O K Sauce*
- 9.45 a.m. SHOWLAND MEMORIES  
A musical cavalcade of Theatreland, past and present, with Webster Booth, Olive Groves, and the "Showlanders."  
*—Presented by California Syrup of Flgs, 179 Acton Vale, London, W.3.*
- 10.0 a.m. Old Salty and his Accordion To-day, Old Salty saves the ship in a mountainous tidal wave.—*Presented by Rowntree's Cocoa.*
- 10.15 a.m. CARSON ROBISON AND HIS PIONEERS  
*Presented by Thos. Hedley & Co., Ltd., Newcastle-on-Tyne, the makers of Oxydol.*
- 10.30 a.m. OLIVER KIMBALL  
The Record Spinner  
*Presented by Bisurated Magnesia.*
- 10.45 a.m. The Dream Man Clive Arnum, the Dream Man, tells you what dreams may mean to you. Mrs. Jean Scott gives you free cookery advice.  
*—Presented by Brown & Polson.*
- 11.0 a.m. ELEVENSES with Geraldo and Diploma  
*Presented by the makers of Diploma Cheese.*
- 11.15 a.m. THE OPEN ROAD  
*Presented by Carters Little Liver Pills, 64 Hatton Garden, London, E.C.1.*
- 11.30 a.m. Luxembourg Religious Talk (in French).
- 12.0 (noon) Calvert's Front Page  
Re-creating the most outstanding events of the world.—*Presented by Calvert's Tooth Powder.*
- 12.15 p.m. The Rowntree's Aerodrome  
A programme of flying and music.—*Presented by the makers of Rowntree's Aero Chocolate.*

- 12.30 p.m. Peter the Planter presents H. Robinson Cleaver at the organ of the Regal Cinema, Bexley Heath, and his guest artiste, Sam Mayo.  
*—On behalf of Lyon's Green Label Tea.*
- 12.45 p.m. MELODY AND MIRTH  
Major and Minor take the biscuit.—*Huntley and Palmer's of course.*
- 1.0 p.m. Princess Marguerite Programme  
Music by Grant Hughes and His Orchestra. Introducing Princess Marguerite All-Purpose Creams.—*Made by Theron, Perivale, Greenford, Middlesex.*
- 1.30 p.m. OVALTINE PROGRAMME OF MELODY AND SONG  
*Presented by the makers of Ovaltine.*
- 2.0 p.m. THE KRAFT SHOW  
Directed by Billy Cotton with Peter Williams Alan Breeze Jack Doyle Elsie Bower and Billy Rutherford  
*Presented by Kraft Cheese Co., Ltd., Hayes, Middlesex.*
- 2.30 p.m. Your Old Friend Dan  
*Presented by S. C. Johnson & Son, Ltd., the makers of Johnson's Glo-Coat.*
- 2.45 p.m. MUSICAL MOODS featuring Lee Sims and Ilomay Bailey  
*Presented by Thos. Hedley & Co., Ltd., Newcastle-on-Tyne, the makers of Fairy Soap.*
- 3.0 p.m. MORTON DOWNEY  
The Golden Voice of Radio  
*Presented by Thos. Hedley & Co., Ltd., Newcastle-on-Tyne, the makers of Drene Shampoo.*
- 3.15 p.m. WALTZ TIME with Billy Bissett and His Waltz Time Orchestra  
Esther Coleman  
Hugh French and the Waltz Timers  
*Presented by Phillip's Dental Magnesia, 179 Acton Vale, London, W.3.*
- 3.30 p.m. Black Magic  
The "Ace of Hearts" Orchestra in a programme for sweethearts.—*Presented by Black Magic Chocolates.*
- 3.45 p.m. ALBERT SANDLER with Jack Byfield at the piano, and Reginald Kirby on the cello. Compered by Stephen Williams and *presented by Boots, The Chemists.*



H. Robinson Cleaver is at the organ for Lyons Green Label Tea, at 12.30 p.m., Sunday

- 4.0 p.m. THE HORLICKS PICTURE HOUSE with Master of Ceremonies: Edwin Styles  
Bessie Love  
Frances Day  
Jay Laurier  
Ross and Stone  
Helen Raymond  
The Radio Three with Ramona and  
The Horlicks All-Star Orchestra under Debroy Somers  
*Presented by Horlicks, Slough, Bucks.*
- 5.0 p.m. RAY OF SUNSHINE PROGRAMME  
Compered by Christopher Stone  
*Presented by the makers of Phillip's Tonic Yeast and Betox.*
- 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.*
- 6.0 p.m. UP-TO-THE-MINUTE RHYTHM MUSIC  
Ambrose and His Orchestra with Evelyn Dall Sam Browne Vera Lynn and  
The Manhattan Three  
*Presented by the makers of Lifebuoy Toilet Soap.*
- 6.30 p.m. RINSO RADIO REVUE featuring Jack Hylton and His Band Alice Mann Dick Murphy Peggy Dell The Henderson Twins "Count" Schnitzel Marriott Edgar Compered by Eddie Pola  
*Presented by the makers of Rinso, Unilever House, London, E.C.4.*
- 7.0 p.m. DR. FU MANCHU by Sax Rohmer No. 53. The Fiery Hand  
A further episode in the timeless war between the famous criminal investigator, Nayland Smith, and Dr. Fu Manchu, arch-fiend of the Orient.  
*Dr. Fu Manchu—Frank Cochrane Nayland Smith—D. A. Clarke Smith Weymouth—Arthur Young Dr. Petrie—John Rae Mrs. Humphreys—Rani Waller Maddison—Arthur Young*  
*Presented by the makers of Milk of Magnesia, 179 Acton Vale, London, W.3.*
- 7.15 p.m. Eddie Pola and His Twisted Tunes. A programme of twisted words and music.—*Presented by the makers of Monkey Brand, Unilever House, Blackfriars, E.C.4.*
- 7.30 p.m. SONGS AND SENTIMENT  
A programme of piano and vocal duets featuring Helen Clare and Ronald Hill  
*Presented for your entertainment by the makers of Danderine.*
- 7.45 p.m. Dinner at Eight  
Enid Stamp-Taylor introducing "My Friends the Stars," Adele Dixon, Patrick Waddington, with Anne de Nys, and John Ridley at the grand pianos, with the C. & B. Dance Band, directed by Sydney Lipton.—*Presented by Crosse and Blackwell, Ltd.*
- 8.0 p.m. PALMOLIVE PROGRAMME with Olive Palmer and Paul Oliver  
*Presented by Palmolive.*
- 8.30 p.m. Luxembourg News (in French)
- 9.0 p.m. OLD TIME MUSIC HALL MEMORIES  
Impersonations of Marie Lloyd, Vesta Victoria, Gus Elen, Harry Lester, etc., by Nora Blakemore  
Muriel Farquhar and Fred Douglas  
*Presented by Macleans, Limited.*

- 9.15 p.m. BEECHAM'S REUNION with Jack Payne and His Band with their guest artiste, Leslie Holmes. Compered by Christopher Stone  
*Presented by the makers of Beechams Pills and Dinneford's Magnesia.*
- 9.45 p.m. COLGATE REVELLERS  
*Presented by Colgate Ribbon Dental and Shaving Creams.*
- 10.0 p.m. POND'S SERENADE TO BEAUTY  
A programme for lovers  
*Presented by Pond's Extract Co., Ltd., Perivale, Middlesex.*
- 10.30 p.m. QUAKER QUARTER-HOUR featuring Carroll Lewis and his Radio Discoveries Vic Lewis' Swing String Quartette Dryden Sisters (Harmony Singers) Fred Smith (Whistler) Bill Annette (Impersonations) Carmen Hare (Accordianist)  
*Presented by Quaker Oats, Ltd., Southall, Middlesex.*
- 10.45 p.m. JOHN GOODWOOD on the Coty programme  
A new programme of haunting melodies, beauty information, and John Goodwood, astrologer and student of the stars, who will tell you how the planets shape your destiny.—*Presented by Coty (England), Ltd.*
- 11.0 p.m. Half an Hour to Dance with Marius B. Winter and his full Dance Orchestra, featuring The Seven Swingers, Paula Green, Bob Howard, and the Two Black Notes.—*Presented by the makers of Bile Beans.*
- 11.30 p.m. to 12 (midnight) Request Programmes.  
*Please turn to next page*

## Cadbury Calling!

### THIS SATURDAY'S BIG PROGRAMME STARS



RAYMOND NEWELL  
popular stage baritone



PARRY JONES  
distinguished Wagnerian tenor

and of course



REGINALD DIXON  
famous Blackpool and radio organist

RADIO 1293 METRES

# LUXEMBOURG

Saturday morning

## 8-45

December 4th



# LISTEN TO RADIO LUXEMBOURG

1,293 metres

Continued from previous page



Marriott Edgar, clever writer and entertainer, is in Sunday's Rinso Revue (6.30 p.m.). Photo: Capstack

## MONDAY, DEC. 6

**8.0 a.m.** WALTZ TIME with Billy Bissett and his Waltz Time Orchestra Anita Hart Joe Lee and The Waltz Timers Presented by Phillip's Dental Magnesia, 179 Acton Vale, London, W.3.

**8.15 a.m.** HORLICKS' MUSIC IN THE MORNING Presented by Horlicks, Slough, Bucks.

**8.30 a.m.** Scott's Movie Matinée Presented by the makers of Scott's Emulsion.

**8.45 a.m.** THE OPEN ROAD Presented by Carter's Little Liver Pills, 64 Hatton Garden, London, E.C.1.

**9.0 a.m.** MUSIC IN THE AIR Presented by the makers of Kolynos Toothpaste.

**9.15 a.m.** THE HAPPY PHILOSOPHER A new programme of particular interest to all dog-lovers. Both adults and children eagerly await the arrival of their old pal, The Happy Philosopher.—Presented by Bob Martin Limited.

**9.30 a.m.** WITH THE IMMORTALS A musical problem, introduced by Orpheus and presented by the makers of Bisodol.

**9.45 a.m.** Keeping House with Elizabeth Craig. Introduced by Peter the Planter.—Presented by Lyon's Green Label Tea.

**10.0 a.m.** Martial Moments  
**10.15 to 10.30 a.m.** Request Programme

**3.30 p.m.** Concert of Music by the Luxembourg Station Orchestra, directed by Henri Pensis.

**4.0 p.m.** Thé Dansant  
**4.30 p.m.** Swing Music

**4.45 p.m.** MARMADUKE BROWN the lovable eccentric inventor and his patient wife Matilda Presented by the makers of Milk of Magnesia, 179 Acton Vale, London, W.3.

**5.0 p.m.** Borwick's Baking Powder Concert.—Presented by George Borwick and Sons, Ltd.

**5.15 to 5.30 p.m.** Piano Personalities  
**6.30 to 7.0 p.m.** Request Programme

## TUESDAY, DEC. 7

**8.0 a.m.** HILDEGARDE The most fascinating personality of 1937 Presented by Phillip's Dental Magnesia, 179 Acton Vale, London, W.3

**8.15 a.m.** 8.15 And All's Well Featuring Browning and Starr.—Presented by the makers of Alka Seltzer.

**8.30 a.m.** Household Hints by Mrs. Able Presented with the compliments of the makers of Vitacup, Colemans, Norwich.

**8.45 a.m.** New Numbers Listen-in and see if you can pick the "hits" of to-morrow.

**9.0 a.m.** MUSIC IN THE AIR Presented by the makers of Kolynos Toothpaste.

**9.15 a.m.** WITH THE IMMORTALS A musical problem, introduced by Orpheus and presented by the makers of Bisodol.

**9.30 a.m.** Brown & Polson Cookery Club Club news and cookery talks by the president of the Brown & Polson Cookery Club, Mrs. Jean Scott.—Presented by Brown & Polson.

**9.45 a.m.** THE MILTON SISTERS Dinah Miller and Pat Hyde with their entertaining Announcer Bob Walker and Arthur Young at the piano Presented by Milton, John Milton House, London, N.7.

**10.0 a.m.** Top-Gear A high-speed programme of swing.

**10.15 to 10.30 a.m.** Request Programme

**3.0 p.m.** Concert of Music by the Radio Luxembourg Station Orchestra, directed by Henri Pensis.

**4.0 p.m.** Thé Dansant  
**4.30 p.m.** Colour Changes A programme of colourful music.—Presented by Tootal Broadhurst Lee Co., Ltd., Oxford Street, Manchester 1, the makers of Pyramid Handkerchiefs.

**4.45 p.m.** MARMADUKE BROWN The lovable eccentric inventor and his patient wife Matilda Presented by Phillip's Dental Magnesia, 179 Acton Vale, London, W.3.

**5.0 p.m.** Unusualities

**5.15 to 5.30 p.m.** Dancing Time

**6.30 p.m.** Request Programme  
**6.45 to 7.0 p.m.** Radio Luxembourg presents a record programme of two widely different dance bands: Louis Armstrong and Ambrose.

## WEDNESDAY, DEC. 8

**8.0 a.m.** WALTZ TIME with Billy Bissett and his Waltz Time Orchestra Anita Hart Eddie Lee and The Waltz Timers Presented by Phillip's Dental Magnesia, 179 Acton Vale, London, W.3.

**8.15 a.m.** HORLICKS' MUSIC IN THE MORNING Presented by Horlicks, Slough, Bucks.

**8.30 a.m.** Scott's Movie Matinée Presented by the makers of Scott's Emulsion.

**8.45 a.m.** GOOD MORNING A visit from 'Albert Whelan; bringing a song, a smile and a story. Representing the makers of Andrews Liver Salt.

**9.0 a.m.** The Biggest Little Programme Starring Aileen Stanley, Vera Gullaroff, Paul England and Monia Litter.—Sponsored by Rowntree's, the makers of Chocolate Crisp.

**9.15 a.m.** THE HAPPY PHILOSOPHER A new programme of particular interest to all dog-lovers. Both adults and children eagerly await the arrival of their old pal, The Happy Philosopher. Presented by Bob Martin Limited.

**9.30 a.m.** OLIVER KIMBALL The Record Spinner. Programme presented by Bisurated Magnesia.

**9.45 a.m.** Radio Favourite Presented by Brooke Bond Dividend Tea.

**10.0 to 10.30 a.m.** CARROLL GIBBONS AND HIS RHYTHM BOYS with Anne Lenner George Melachrino and The Three Ginx Sponsored and presented by the manufacturers of Stork Margarine.

**3.30 p.m.** Concert of Light Orchestral Music

**3.45 p.m.** MACLEANS MUSICAL MATINÉE Presented by Macleans, Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford, the makers of Macleans Peroxide Toothpaste.

**4.0 p.m.** NIGHT-LIGHT TIME Nurse McKay talks about children. Programme presented by Price's Patent Candle Co., Ltd., Battersea, London, S.W.11.

**4.15 p.m.** PUTTING A NEW COMPLEXION ON LIFE Presented by D.D.D., Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4.

**4.30 p.m.** Selections from the Shows and Films

**4.45 p.m.** MARMADUKE BROWN The lovable eccentric inventor and his patient wife Matilda Presented by the makers of Phillip's Magnesia Beauty Creams, 179 Acton Vale, London, W.3.

**8.45 a.m.** GOOD MORNING A visit from Albert Whelan, bringing a song, a smile and a story.—Representing the makers of Andrews Liver Salt.

**9.0 a.m.** MUSIC IN THE AIR Presented by the makers of Kolynos Dental Cream.

**9.15 a.m.** Sweet Music

**9.30 a.m.** Brown & Polson Cookery Club. Club news and cookery talks by the president of the Brown & Polson Cookery Club, Mrs. Jean Scott.—Presented by Brown & Polson.

**9.45 a.m.** Keeping House with Elizabeth Craig. Introduced by Peter the Planter.—Presented by Lyons' Green Label Tea.

**10.0 a.m.** MACLEANS MORNING MELODY Presented by Macleans, Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford, the makers of Macleans Brand Stomach Powder.

**10.15 to 10.30 a.m.** Request Programme

**3.30 p.m.** THE MEDICINE CHEST A programme of tunes and tonics devised by Boots the Chemists, with The Two Leslies. Compered by Stephen Williams.

**4.0 p.m.** Concert of Light Orchestral Music

**4.15 p.m.** G. P. TEA TIME George Payne & Co., Ltd., present a cavalcade of memories, 1897-1937.

**4.30 p.m.** Your Old Friend Dan Singing his way into the home.—Presented by S. C. Johnson & Son, Ltd., the makers of Johnson's Wax Polish.

**4.45 p.m.** MARMADUKE BROWN The lovable eccentric inventor and his patient wife, Matilda. Presented by the makers of Milk of Magnesia, 179 Acton Vale, London, W.3.

**5.0 p.m.** MUSICAL MOODS featuring Lee Sims and Ilomay Bailey Presented by Thos. Hedley & Co., Ltd., Newcastle-on-Tyne, the makers of Fairy Soap.

**5.15 to 5.30 p.m.** An Earful of Music Featuring Marjorie Sandford.—Presented by Rentals, R.A.P., Limited.

**6.30 p.m.** Request Programme

**6.45 to 7.0 p.m.** Radio Luxembourg Presents a record programme of a famous crooner, Bing Crosby, and a famous double act, Layton and Johnstone.

## FRIDAY, DEC. 10

**8.0 a.m.** HILDEGARDE The most fascinating personality of 1937 Presented by Phillip's Dental Magnesia, 179 Acton Vale, London, W.3.



From these airy feathers Frances Day will emerge on Sunday at 4 p.m. to sing in Horlicks Picture House

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

**5.15 to 5.30 p.m.** Glyco-Thymoline Programme. Numerology—a fascinating talk showing how your birth-date affects your whole life, by James Leigh, the famous Numerologist.—Presented by the makers of Glyco-Thymoline

**6.30 to 7.0 p.m.** Request Programme

## THURSDAY, DEC. 9

**8.0 a.m.** WALTZ TIME with Billy Bissett and His Waltz Time Orchestra Anita Hart Eddie Lee and The Waltz Timers Presented by Phillip's Dental Magnesia, 179 Acton Vale, London, W.3.

**8.15 a.m.** HORLICKS MUSIC IN THE MORNING Presented by Horlicks, Slough, Bucks.

**8.30 a.m.** THE OPEN ROAD Presented by the makers of Carter's Little Liver Pills.



And Jay Laurier, comic, will also be a personality in Horlicks Picture House



# DINAH!—

is there anyone finer . . .

Where in to-day's radio will you find sweeter songs . . . wittier wisecracks . . . more charming personalities than those of PAT and DINAH? Five days every week these two girls are on the air in brightest-ever broadcasts. Make a note to make a date with the

## MILTON SISTERS

They're on the air from

<b>NORMANDY</b>	
Mondays	9.30-9.45
Thursdays	9.15-9.30
Saturdays	9.45-10.0
<b>LUXEMBOURG</b>	
Tuesdays	9.45-10.0
Fridays	9.30-9.45
<small>(Transmissions from Normandy through I.B.C.)</small>	

**MILTON PROPRIETARY LTD.,**  
John Milton House,  
10-12 Brewery Rd., London, N.7

## LET RADIO SPREAD CHRISTMAS CHEER

Continued from page 5

Two children peeped through the fence. One said: "That's him. That's Bransby Williams who appeared before the King." To which his companion replied: "Garn, that's only his gardener."

Just at that moment a car arrived, and out stepped an equerry of His Majesty. He came to present me with a gold pin the King had sent. But the pin was mounted on something else . . .

There was a message attached which said: "Seeing you are a cigarette smoker, His Majesty . . ."

And the pin was mounted on a gold and silver cigarette case.

So my little subterfuge had not gone unnoticed!

That's the Christmas I shall always remember. All these years I have treasured that memory. It has brought good cheer to my life, and at Christmas time I always recall this and think: "It was the King of England, the highest man of the realm, who made that day for me; as his son did for others over the radio."

And that is why I feel that radio, the greatest and most potent form of entertainment, can mean so much to the people in bringing them cheer, and spreading the Christmas spirit.

That people are affected by radio has been proved to me in my Ovaltine programmes. Every week I do a monologue of Shakespeare or Dickens, and the letters I receive from listeners have proved conclusively that radio is a moving, an eloquent form of entertainment.

Those who cannot afford all the luxuries of Christmas day can at least afford to receive the luxury that radio can bring them—in the form of goodwill, cheer and Christmas spirit.

Radio can send forth Thoughts, and "Thoughts are Things"—Thoughts of Peace—Peace and goodwill to all men.

May I conclude with the words of Charles Dickens when he made the poor, crippled Tiny Tim say: "May God bless us every one."

# Keep REGULAR



## and banish liverishness

Backaches, sick-headaches, that heavy listless feeling which makes life a misery—all are the penalties you have to pay for not keeping your system regular. Rid yourself of biliousness, stomach pains and liverishness by taking Beechams Pills. They'll keep your system as regular as the clock—and keep you thoroughly healthy and happy.

# BEECHAMS PILLS

Worth a Guinea a Box



**1814**  
**STEPHENSON**  
brings you **RAILWAYS**



**1903**  
**WILBUR WRIGHT**  
brings you **AIR TRAVEL**



**1920**  
**MARCONI**  
brings you **RADIO**



# 1937 THOMPSON brings YOU a FORTUNE

Take the modern way to a FORTUNE, ABSOLUTELY AND ENTIRELY FREE. I have won sensational Pool dividends for vast numbers of my delighted followers and offer YOU this rare chance of adding your name to my long list of winners.

The fact that I MAKE NO CHARGE whatever for my EXPERT PERSONAL SKILL is proof of my extreme confidence of winning you a huge sum.

A BIG POOL WIN is yours for the asking, don't miss this CHANCE OF A LIFETIME, prove it for yourself by posting off the Coupon NOW.

YOU CAN WIN A FORTUNE, IT'S SO EASY. THERE ARE ONLY THREE THINGS TO DO.

FIRSTLY—make up your mind to accept my specialised guidance in choosing the easiest and best Pool for your investment.

SECONDLY—fill in the Order Form.

THIRDLY—send one 1½d. stamp, or better still, four 1½d. stamps and I forward free Forecasts for four weeks.

DO NOT send any envelopes. DO NOT send any coupons for marking. DO NOT send any money.

I send you the coupon that I select, filled in with my wonderful forecasts, and you merely have to sign and post it.

Owing to recent gigantic successes, early application is advisable.

YOU may bless the day you post this Coupon LATEST SUCCESSFUL DIVIDENDS.—October 23, £3,453; October 30, £3,109; November 6, £5,139.

# FREE POOL FORECASTS

I enclose stamp(s) for.....week(s) Free Forecasts and Special Nap. I promise 25 per cent. commission on wins over £50. (Please write in BLOCK LETTERS.) I am over 21 years of age.

NAME..... R

ADDRESS.....

TOWN..... COUNTY.....

STICK OF CORNER OF STAMP HERE FOR 1 WEEK'S FREE FORECASTS	STICK OF CORNER OF STAMP HERE FOR 2 WEEK'S FREE FORECASTS	STICK OF CORNER OF STAMP HERE FOR 3 WEEK'S FREE FORECASTS	STICK OF CORNER OF STAMP HERE FOR 4 WEEK'S FREE FORECASTS
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**THIS WAY TO FORTUNE**  
**A. THOMPSON**  
**ALBERT RD. MANCHESTER 19.**





*"Oh! I do love my 'Ovaltine!'"*

JUST consider how much energy your child spends in a day—trotting backwards and forwards, asking endless questions—and all the time his mind eagerly receiving new impressions, his body growing bigger and stronger.

Growing children need far more nourishment than ordinary foods can provide to keep them healthy and vigorous. That is why 'Ovaltine' is the ideal beverage for them. It is the most supremely nourishing of all food beverages.

'Ovaltine' supplies, in a correctly-balanced form, every nutritive element needed to create abundant energy and build up strong, sturdy bodies, steady nerves and alert minds.

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland, 1/1, 1/10 and 3/3.

P263A

**BE SURE TO LISTEN TO THE  
'OVALTINE'  
MELODY and SONG PROGRAMMES**  
on Sundays, 1.30-2 p.m., from Radio Luxembourg,  
compèred by Norman Shelley.

**BRANSBY WILLIAMS**  
contributes one of his popular Monologues each week.

**SONGS BY FOREMOST ARTISTES**  
and concerted items by members of the  
'Ovaltine' Light Opera Company  
**MUSIC TO SUIT EVERY TASTE**, by the  
'Ovaltine' Symphony Orchestra,  
'Ovaltine' Military Band,  
'Ovaltine' Light Novelty Orchestra,  
'Ovaltine' Tango Band,  
and the 'Ovaltine' Concert Dance Band.



*The Children's Favourite Radio Programme*  
Sundays, 5.30-6 p.m., from Radio Luxembourg :  
**THE OVALTINEYS CONCERT PARTY**  
**HARRY HEMSLEY**  
in the thrilling Serial Story,  
**"UNDER THE SOUTHERN CROSS"**  
The Ovaltineys Orchestra.

# LISTEN TO RADIO LUXEMBOURG

(Continued from page 58)  
1,293 metres.

- 8.15 a.m.** Record Review  
A programme of popular melodies, chosen by Donald Watt.—Presented by the makers of Parminit.
  - 8.30 a.m.** CHIVERS CONCERT  
Presented by Chivers & Sons, Ltd.
  - 8.45 a.m.** ROUND THE WORLD IN SONG  
with Singing Joe the Sanpic Man  
Presented by the makers of Sanpic, Reckitt & Sons, Ltd., Hull.
  - 9.0 a.m.** ZEBO TIME  
A musical contrast of Grandmother's romantic songs, with the gay rhythm of to-day.—Presented by the makers of Zebo, Reckitt & Sons, Ltd., Hull.
  - 9.15 a.m.** Countryside  
A musical panorama of our glorious country highways and byways, featuring Simon the Singer and the Carnation Countryside Quintet.—Presented by Carnation Milk—the milk from contented cows.
  - 9.30 a.m.** THE MILTON SISTERS  
Dinah Miller and Pat Hyde  
With their entertaining announcer Bob Walker and Arthur Young (at the piano)  
Presented by Milton, John Milton House, London, N.7.
  - 9.45 a.m.** Brooke Bond Concert  
Presented by Brooke Bond Dividend Tea.
  - 10.0 a.m.** MUSIC IN THE AIR  
Presented by the makers of Kolynos Dental Cream.
  - 10.15 to 10.30 a.m.** Request Programme.
  - 3.30 p.m.** Concert of Music  
By the Luxembourg Station Orchestra, under the direction of Henri Pensis.
  - 4.0 p.m.** NIGHT-LIGHT TIME  
Nurse McKay talks about Children  
Programme presented by Price's Patent Candle Co., Ltd., Battersea, London, S.W.11.
  - 4.15 p.m.** Thé Dansant
  - 4.30 p.m.** Funniosities  
More laughter from Radio Luxembourg.
  - 4.45 p.m.** MARMADUKE BROWN  
The lovable eccentric inventor and his patient wife, Matilda.—Presented by the makers of Milk of Magnesia, 179 Acton Vale, London, W.3.
  - 5.0 p.m.** MORTON DOWNEY  
The Golden Voice of Radio  
Presented by Thos. Hedley & Sons, Ltd., Newcastle-on-Tyne, the makers of Drene Shampoo.
  - 5.15 to 5.30 p.m.** Glyco-Thymoline  
Programme. Numerology—a fascinating talk showing how your birth-date affects your whole life, by James Leigh, the famous Numerologist.—Presented by the makers of Glyco-Thymoline.
  - 6.30 p.m.** Request Programme
  - 6.45 to 7.0 p.m.** Top Gear  
A high speed programme of swing.
  - 11.0 p.m.** Dancing Time
  - 12.0 (midnight)** Princess Marguerite  
Programme of Music.—Presented by Theron Laboratories, Perivale, Middlesex.
  - 12.30 to 1.0 a.m.** Late Dance Music
- SATURDAY, DEC. 11**
- 8.0 a.m.** ALFREDO CAMPOLI AND HIS ORCHESTRA  
Talk by Nurse Johnson on Child Problems. Presented by California Syrup of Figs, 179 Acton Vale, London, W.3.
  - 8.15 a.m.** HORLICKS MUSIC IN THE MORNING.  
Presented by Horlicks, Slough, Bucks.
  - 8.30 a.m.** Sunny Jim's Programme of "Force" and Melody.—Presented by A. C. Fincken & Co.
  - 8.45 a.m.** CADBURY CALLING  
Two great attractions, in radio's new blend of entertainment :  
The Exploits of Mr. Penny, by Maurice Moiseiwitsch  
No. 1.—Mr. Penny, Superman. Featuring Richard Gooden as "Mr. Penny," and Doris Gilmore as "Mrs. Penny," with Antony Eustrel, Ernest Sefton and Maurice Denham.  
And the music of Reginald Dixon at the organ of the Tower Ballroom, Blackpool. Presented by Cadbury Bros., Ltd., Bournville, makers of Bournville Cocoa.
  - 9.15 a.m.** THE HAPPY PHILOSOPHER  
A new programme of particular interest to all dog lovers, but of special interest to children, who will eagerly await the arrival of Uncle Phil.—Presented by Bob Martin Limited.
  - 9.30 a.m.** Brown & Polson Cookery Club.  
Club news and cookery talks by the President of the Brown and Polson Cookery Club, Mrs. Jean Scott.—Presented by Brown & Polson.
  - 9.45 a.m.** Keeping House with Elizabeth Craig. Introduced by Peter the Planter, on behalf of Lyons' Green Label Tea.
  - 10.0 a.m.** Uncle Coughdrop's Party for the kiddies.—Presented by Pineate Honey Cough Syrup, Braydon Road, London, N.16.
- This is "Mrs. Penny"—Doris Gilmore. Hear her in "Cadbury Calling" at 8.45 a.m. on Saturday
- 10.15 to 10.30 a.m.** GOOD MORNING  
A visit from Albert Whelan  
Bringing a song, a smile and a story. Representing the makers of Andrews Liver Salt.
  - 4.15 p.m.** Thé Dansant
  - 4.30 p.m.** Colour Changes  
A programme of colourful music.—Presented by Tootal Broadhurst Lee Co., Ltd., Oxford Street, Manchester, 1, the makers of Pyramid Handkerchiefs.
  - 4.45 p.m.** ALFREDO CAMPOLI AND HIS ORCHESTRA  
Talk by Nurse Johnson on child problems Presented by California Syrup of Figs, 179 Acton Vale, London, W.3.
  - 5.0 p.m.** King's Cigarettes  
Football results programme.—Sponsored by Ardath Tobacco Co., Ltd.
  - 5.30 p.m.** MUSIC IN THE AIR  
Presented by the makers of Kolynos Dental Cream.
  - 5.45 p.m.** Musical Programme  
Sponsored by the makers of Ladderix, Stops Ladders Starting.
  - 6.30 to 7.0 p.m.** Outside Broadcast  
from Alpha Café
  - 11.0 p.m. to 1.0 a.m.** Dancing Time
- Information supplied by Wireless Publicity Ltd., Electra House, Victoria Embankment, W.C. Sole agents in the United Kingdom for Radio Luxembourg



FOR BRIGHTER RADIO . . .

# RADIO NORMANDY

269.5 m., 1113 kc/s

Announcers : Godfrey Bowen, David J. Davies, Thorp Devereux, D. I. Newman, W. Stuart-Saunders



TUNE IN



Times of Transmissions	
N.B.—All Times Stated are Greenwich Mean Time	
Sunday:	7.45 a.m.—11.45 a.m. 1.30 p.m.—7.30 p.m. 10.00 p.m.—1.00 a.m.
Weekdays:	7.45 a.m.—11.30 a.m. *2.00 p.m.—6.00 p.m. †12 (midnight)—1.00 a.m.
*Thursday:	2.30 p.m.—6.00 p.m.
†Friday, Saturday, 12 (midnight)—	2.00 a.m.

## SUNDAY, DECEMBER 5

### Morning Programme

- 7.45 a.m.** Studio Service From Rouen. Conducted by the Rev. C. Ross, of All Saints' Church.
- 8.0 a.m.** In Search of Melody Selection—Mother of Pearl, Strauss; Vienna Blood, Strauss; Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life, Herbert; In Merry Mood, Hardinger.—Presented by Pynovape Brand Inhalant, Yeo Street, E.3.
- 8.15 a.m.** I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL Military Band Concert.
- 8.30 a.m.** The Musical Alphabet General Boulanger March, Desormes; Gold and Silver Waltz, Lehar; Good-night, Sweetheart, Connelly; Good-night, Vienna, Posford.—Presented by Kia Ora.
- 8.45 a.m.** Sporting Special Washington Post March, Sousa; One Fine Day, Puccini; Selection—London Rhapsody, Carr; Moonlight on the Alster, Fetras; The General and the Private, Brown; Gone With the Wind, Magidson; Unrequited Love, Lincke.—Presented by International Sporting Pools, Bath Road, Bristol.
- 9.15 a.m.** I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL Hollywood Heroes. There's a Lull in My Life, Revel; One Night of Love, Scherzinger; Moon at Sea, Pease.—Presented by the makers of Lux Toilet Soap.
- 9.30 a.m.** SHOWLAND MEMORIES A Musical Cavalcade of Theatreland Past and Present with WEBSTER BOOTH OLIVE GROVES and the "SHOWLANDERS" Presented by California Syrup of Figs, 179 Acton Vale, W.3.

- 9.45 a.m.** The Smoking Concert A Convivial Collection with a Cigarette and a Song on Their Lips. Featuring Charlie the Chairman and the Smoking Concert Company.—Presented by Rizla Cigarette Papers, Rizla House, Baresford Avenue, Wembley, Middlesex.
- 10.0 a.m.** WALTZ TIME with BILLY BISSETT and his Waltz Time Orchestra LOUISE ADAMS and the Waltz Timers Presented by Phillip's Dental Magnesia, 179 Acton Vale, W.3.
- 10.15 a.m.** CARSON ROBISON And His Pioneers Presented for your entertainment by Oxydol Co., Ltd., Newcastle-on-Tyne.
- 10.30 a.m.** Eddie Pola And His Twisted Tunes. A Programme of Twisted Words and Music.—Presented by the makers of Monkey Brand, Unilever House, Blackfriars, E.C.4.
- 10.45 a.m.** The Rowntree Aerodrome A Programme of Flying and Music. The Big Apple, Emmerich; I Can't Break the Habit of You, Rafaf; The Peanut Vendor, Simon; Vieni, Vieni, Scotto; You're Here, You're There, You're Everywhere, Kahal; It's the Natural Thing to Do, Burke.—Presented by the makers of Rowntree's Aero Chocolate.
- 11.0 a.m.** I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL PUTTING A NEW COMPLEXION ON LIFE Let Us Be Sweethearts Over Again, Gilbert; The Wind and the Rain, Layton; Weary River, Silvers; I Hum a Waltz, Revel; Melody of Love, Arale.—Presented by D.D.D., Fleet Lane, E.C.4.

- 11.15 a.m.** The STORK RADIO PARADE Presented by the makers of Stork Margarine from the Stage of the Union Cinema, Kingston-on-Thames featuring AFRIQUE WARD AND DRAPER and Robin Hood Radio Normandy's New Discovery with Phil Park and Jack Dowle at the Organ. Directed by HAROLD RAMSAY Announcer: C. Danvers-Walker
- 11.45 a.m.** Programmes in French Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie

### Afternoon Programme

- 1.30 p.m.** Programme details to be announced later.
- 2.0 p.m.** The Kraft Show Directed by Billy Cotton, with Peter Williams, Alan Breeze, Jack Doyle and Bower and Rutherford.—Presented by Kraft Cheese Co., Ltd., Hayes, Middlesex.
- 2.30 p.m.** MISS JANE CARR In Stories from the Movies Presented for your entertainment by Haliborange, Allen & Hanbury, Ltd., Radio Dept., E.C.2.
- 2.45 p.m.** THE OPEN ROAD Bond of Friendship, Rogan; We'll All Go Riding on a Rainbow, Woods; Ca C'Est Paris, Padilla; There's a New World, Carr; Scottish March, arr. Haines.—Presented by Carter's Little Liver Pills, 64 Hatton Garden, E.C.1.
- 3.0 p.m.** A SERENADE TO BEAUTY Presented by Pond's Extract Co., Perivale, Greenford, Middlesex.
- 3.30 p.m.** MELODY AND MIRTH Major and Minor Take the Biscuit Presented by Huntley & Palmers, Ltd., Biscuit Manufacturers, Reading.
- 3.45 p.m.** JACK JACKSON And His Orchestra From the Dorchester Hotel, Park Lane playing Music in the Mayfair Manner Presented by Pond's Face Powder.
- 4.0 p.m.** THE HORLICKS PICTURE HOUSE Master of Ceremonies, Edwin Styles with Bessie Love Frances Day Jay Laurier Ross and Stone Helen Raymond The Radio Three Ramona and the Horlicks All-Star Orchestra under Debroy Somers Presented by Horlicks, Slough, Bucks.
- 5.0 p.m.** Peter the Planter Presents Fred Hartley's Sextet, with Brian Lawrence.—On behalf of Lyons' Green Label Tea.
- 5.15 p.m.** THE QUAKER QUARTER HOUR featuring Carroll Lewis And His Radio Discoveries Victor Joe Lewis' Swing String Quartet The Dryden Sisters (Harmony Singers) Fred Smith (Whistler) B. H. Annett (Mimic) Carmen Hare (Accordion Player) Presented by the makers of Quaker Oats, Southall, Middlesex.

- 5.30 p.m.** HILDEGARDE The Most Fascinating Personality of 1937 Presented by the makers of Phillips' Magnesia Beauty Cream, 179 Acton Vale, W.3.
- 5.45 p.m.** The Adventures of Master O.K. Featuring Master O'Kay (The Saucy Boy) and Uncle George, Betty Dale, Johnnie Johnston and The O.K. Sauce Orchestra.—With the compliments of O.K. Sauce, Chelsea Works, S.W.16.
- 6.0 p.m.** THE ROOSTERS' CONCERT PARTY Blow the Man Down, arr. Terry; Shenandoah, arr. Terry; What Shall We Do With the Drunken Sailor? arr. Terry; Hello, Who's Your Lady Friend? Don't Send My Boy to Prison, Conrad; Who Were You With Last Night? Godfrey; Roses of Picardy, Wood; We're Bound for the Rio Grande, arr. Terry.—Presented by Fynnon, Ltd.
- 6.15 p.m.** MORE SHOWLAND MEMORIES A Musical Cavalcade of Theatreland, Past and Present with WEBSTER BOOTH OLIVE GROVES and the "SHOWLANDERS" Presented by California Syrup of Figs, 179 Acton Vale, W.3.

Please turn to next page

## HELP US TO FIND NEW RADIO STARS!

Listen to "Fanfare"

"Fanfare" is the title of Feen-a-mint's novel programme broadcast from Radio Toulouse every Sunday at 5.30 p.m. Each week a famous stage or screen star will introduce to listeners a selection of her fans—fans who are amateurs with radio ambitions!

You are promised first-class entertainment, and the amateurs who receive most of your votes are promised wonderful opportunities of radio careers.

Listen to "Fanfare"—and send us your vote. Further particulars will be given in the actual broadcast of "Fanfare" on Sunday next at 5.30 p.m. Radio Toulouse, 328.6 metres.

## FEEN-A-MINT

The Ideal Family Laxative



Billy Rutherford and Elsie Bower star together in the Kraft Show this Sunday at 2 p.m.



# Tune in RADIO NORMANDY

—Continued from page 61

## Full Programme Particulars



Peter the Planter presents Fred Hartley and his Sextet in a popular programme on Sunday at 5 p.m.

### Evening Programme

**6.30 p.m.** RINSO RADIO REVUE  
Featuring  
**JACK HYLTON AND HIS BAND**  
Alice Mann  
Dick Murphy  
Peggy Dell  
The Henderson Twins  
"Baron Schnitzel"  
Marriott Edgar  
Compred by  
**EDDIE POLA**  
Presented by the makers of Rinsol, Unilever House, Blackfriars, E.C.4.

**7.0 p.m.** Black Magic  
"The Ace of Hearts Orchestra" in a Programme for Sweethearts.—Presented by the makers of Black Magic Chocolates.

**7.15 p.m.** The Biggest Little Programme  
Starring Aileen Stanley, Vera Guilaroff, Paul England and Monia Litter.—Sponsored by Rowntrees, the makers of Chocolate Crisp.

**7.30 p.m.** Programmes In French  
Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie.

**10.0 p.m.** Light Orchestral Concert

**10.15 p.m.** Pianos and People

**10.30 p.m.** JOHN GOODWOOD  
AND THE COTY QUINTETTE  
A New Programme of Haunting Melodies, with Beauty Information and

JOHN GOODWOOD  
Astrologer, telling you how the Planets Shape Your Destiny  
Presented by Coty (England), Ltd.

**10.45 p.m.** Request Programme  
From Mrs. Reardon, of Portsmouth.

**11.0 p.m.** Vaudeville  
I'm Feeling Like a Million, Brown; We'll Never Run Short of Love, Lenner; I'll Marry Ye When Me Garden Grows, Coulter; The Folks Who Live on the Hill, Kern.—Presented by Western Sports Pops, Westgate Chambers, Newport, Mon.

**11.15 p.m.** Happiness Ahead  
Whispers in the Dark, Robin; Stop, You're Breaking My Heart, Lane; The First Time I Saw You, Wrubel; Gone With the Wind, Magidson.—Presented by Goodsway Bonus Football Pops, Sunderland.

**11.30 p.m.** Normandy Play Bill  
Advance News and Some of Next Week's High Spots.

**11.45 p.m.** Call of Erin  
**12 (midnight)** Melody at Midnight  
Eddie Fitzpatrick and Orchestra. Guest Artists: Three Brownies (Electrical Recordings).—Presented nightly by Bile Beans, C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds.

**12.30 a.m.** Dance Music  
**1.0 a.m.** I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

### MONDAY, DEC. 6

**7.45 a.m.** Laugh and Grow Fit  
With Joe Murgatroyd (The Lad fra' Yorkshire) and Poppet at the Piano.—Presented by Nemakol, Braydon Road, N.16.

**8.0 a.m.** MUSIC IN THE MORNING  
Everybody's Got to Wear a Smile, Elton; I Wake Up Smiling, Ahlert; Living in Clover, Posford; Speaking of the Weather, Harburg; In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree, Williams; S'wonderful, Gershwin; Gosh, I Must Be Falling in Love, Nesbitt; Nevertheless, Ruby.—Presented by Horlicks, Slough, Bucks.

**8.15 a.m.** 8.15—And All's Well  
An Early Morning Programme to Encourage the Healthy, Happy Side of Life, featuring Browning and Starr.—Presented by Alka Seltzer Products.

**8.30 a.m.** I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL  
... And Speaking of the Weather, here is The Musical Barometer. Over on the Sunny Side, Nicholls; East of the Sun, Brook; One Rainy Afternoon, Stern; I've Got a Pocketful of Sunshine, Johnston.—Sponsored by Keen Robinson and Co., Ltd., makers of Waverley Oats.

**8.45 a.m.** Jane and John  
Hope You Will Like. My Ohio Home, Donaldson; St. Louis Blues, Handy; Stay as Sweet as You Are, Reval; Song of the Prune, Crumit.—Presented by Drages, Ltd., Everyman House, Oxford Street, W.1.

**9.0 a.m.** I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL  
THE OPEN ROAD  
Bond of Friendship, Rogan; We'll All Go Riding on a Rainbow, Woods; Ca C'Est Paris, Padilla; There's a New World, Kennedy; Scottish March, Hasins.—Presented by Carter's Little Liver Pills, 64 Hatton Garden, E.C.1.

**9.15 a.m.** Fascinating Rhythm

**9.30 a.m.** The Milton Sisters  
PAT HYDE AND DINAH MILLER  
with their Entertaining Announcer, Bob Walker  
and Arthur Young at the Piano  
Presented by Milton, John Milton House, N.7.

**9.45 a.m.** HILDEGARDE  
The Most Fascinating Personality of 1937  
Presented by Milk of Magnesia, 179 Acton Vale, W.3.

**10.0 a.m.** I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL  
In Search of Melody. Selection—The Flower of Hawaii, Abraham; A Gipsy Loves Music, Stevier; Wayside Rose, Lehar; I'm Lonesome for You, Caroline, Walker.—Presented by Pynovape Brand Inhalant, Yeo Street, E.3.

**10.15 a.m.** Popular Pianists  
(Electrical Recordings).

**10.30 a.m.** Light Music  
**11.0 a.m.** I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL  
Dance Music. Skies Are Blue—Fox trot, Chaplin; So Rare—Fox trot, Sharpe; Waltz of the Gypsies, Carr; Mine Alone—Fox trot, O'Connor.—Presented by Sanitas, 51 Clapham Road, S.W.9.

**11.15 a.m.** Something for Everybody  
**11.30 a.m.** Programmes in French  
Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie.

**2.0 p.m.** Peter the Planter  
And a Particular Lady Talk Over Tea to the Music of the Fantasia Orchestra.—Presented by Lyons Green Label Tea.

**2.15 p.m.** Your Requests

**2.30 p.m.** The Magic Carpet  
**3.0 p.m.** Around the Union Cinemas  
Featuring Harold Ramsay and Other Artists (Electrical Recordings).—Presented by Union Cinemas, Union House, 15 Regent Street, W.1.

**3.15 p.m.** Hungarian Gipsy Music

**3.30 p.m.** Patchwork  
**4.0 p.m.** What's On  
Stop Press Review of the Latest Films, Shows and Other Attractions, by Edgar Blatt, the I.B.C. Special Critic.

**4.15 p.m.** Hawaiian Music  
**4.30 p.m.** Some Favourite Dance  
Orchestras (Electrical Recordings). George Elrick and his Music Makers, Billy Cotton and his Band, Ambrose and his Orchestra, Harry Roy and his Orchestra, Joe Loss and his Band.

**4.45 p.m.** Cookery Nook  
Your Tea-Time Rendezvous with Phyllis Peck, McDougall's Cookery Expert.—Presented by McDougalls, Ltd., Millwall Docks, E.14.

**5.0 p.m.** I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL  
Request Programme from Miss Hill of Ramsgate, Kent.

**5.30 p.m.** A Quarter-Hour Programme  
For Boys and Girls. Birthday Greetings From the Uncles.

**5.45 p.m.** Hill Billy Favourites

**6.0 p.m.** Programmes in French  
Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie.

**12 (midnight)** Melody at Midnight  
Sagar Ellis and His Orchestra. Guest Artist: Clio Brown (Electrical Recordings).—Presented nightly by Bile Beans, C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds.

**12.30 a.m.** I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL  
Dance Music.

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

### TUESDAY, DEC. 7

**7.45 a.m.** Laugh and Grow Fit  
With Joe Murgatroyd (The Lad fra' Yorkshire), and Poppet at the Piano.  
Presented by Nemakol, Braydon Road, N.16.

**8.0 a.m.** Romeo of the Radio  
Introduced by Diana.—The Outdoor Girl. George Elrick (Electrical Recordings).  
Presented with the compliments of Outdoor Girl, 32 City Road, E.C.1.

**8.15 a.m.** I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL  
Jane and John Hope You Will Like. El Capitan, Sousa; Marche Militaire, Schubert; March of the Cameron Men, Moffatt; Aldershot Command Tattoo, 1935.—Presented by Drages, Ltd., Everyman House, Oxford Street, W.1.

**8.30 a.m.** Contrasts  
Introducing Mrs. Able. Ten Pretty Girls, Kennedy; Two Shadows in the Moonlight, Goer; Fooling Myself, Tinturin; On a Little Bamboo Bridge, Sherman.—Presented by Vitacup, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

**8.45 a.m.** Cookery Nook  
Your Rendezvous with Phyllis Peck, McDougall's Cookery Expert.—Sent you by McDougall's, Ltd., Millwall Docks, E.14

**9.0 a.m.** I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL  
Your Brighter Breakfasts Programme. Villa, Lehar; Vienna Life, Strauss; Valencia, Padilla; Very Merry Christmas.—Selection.—Presented for your entertainment by Vitalade, Slough, Bucks.

**9.15 a.m.** Tunes We All Know  
Champion March Medley, Ord Hume; Will You Love Me When I'm Mutton? Watson; Memories of the Old Homestead; Master Melodies.—Presented by Limestone Phosphate, Braydon Road, N.16.

**9.30 a.m.** Ann French's  
Beauty Talks.—Sponsored by Reudel Bath Cubes, Braydon Road, N.16.

**9.45 a.m.** WALTZ TIME  
with  
BILLY BISSETT  
And His Waltz Time Orchestra  
PAT HYDE  
and the Waltz Timers  
Presented by Phillip's Dental Magnesia, 179 Acton Vale, W.3.

**10.0 a.m.** I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL  
Songs from the Shows.

**10.15 a.m.** THE OPEN ROAD  
King Cotton, Sousa; Rise'n Shine, Youmans; Light of Foot, Lalanne; Sineing a Happy Song, Stern; The Great Little Army, Alford.—Presented by Carter's Little Liver Pills, 64 Hatton Garden, E.C.1.

**10.30 a.m.** POPULAR CONCERT  
Gipsy Love Overture, Lehar; Nights of Gladness, Ancliffe; Merry-go-Round, Tale; Selection—The Yeomen of the Guard, Sullivan.—Presented by Macleans, Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford.

**10.45 a.m.** Down in Dixie  
**11.0 a.m.** I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL  
Leisure at Eleven. I'm Gonna Change My Blackbird for a Bluebird, Ingram; If You Were the Only Girl Memories, Ayer; London Tango, Chester.—Presented by the makers of Goblin Electric Products, Fulham, S.W.6.

**11.15 a.m.** Sporting Special  
Selection—On the Avenue, Berlin; Whispers in the Dark, Robin; Stars in My Eyes, Kreisler; Turn 'Erbert's Face to the Wall, Mother.—Presented by International Sporting Pools, Bath Road, Bristol.

**11.30 a.m.** Programmes in French  
Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie.

**2.0 p.m.** Miniature Matinee  
**2.30 p.m.** Robin Hood  
Radio Normandy's New Discovery, singing to the accompaniment of his Merry Men.

**2.45 p.m.** Dancing Reflections  
in the Musical Mirror. Cossack Dance, Tchaikowsky; Stephanie Gavotte, Czibulka; Valse Hongroise, de Vecsey; Rumba Medley.—Presented by Novopine Foot Energiser, Yeo Street, E.3.

**3.0 p.m.** OLIVER KIMBALL  
The Record Spinner  
Under the Double Eagle, Wagner; Sarah, the Sergeant Major's Daughter, Saville; Happy Memories; Selection—Leslie Stuart's Songs, Stuart.—Presented by Bismag, Ltd., Braydon Road, N.16.

**3.15 p.m.** Request Programme  
From Mr. P. Knowles, of Southampton.

**3.45 p.m.** At Home with the Buggins Family  
featuring  
MABEL CONSTANDUROS  
Sponsored by Cow & Gate, Ltd., Guildford, Surrey.

**4.0 p.m.** Words and Music by Noel Coward

**4.15 p.m.** Soaring with Seraffo  
The Sheep Were in the Meadow, Lerner; They All Laughed, Berlin; Hometown, Kennedy; Czecho-Slovakian Love, Waller. Presented by the proprietors of Seraffo Self Raising Flour, Dartford, Kent.

**4.30 p.m.** Normandy Play Bill  
Advance News and Some of Next Week's High Spots.

**4.45 p.m.** Fifteen Minutes of  
Variety and Entertainment at the Café Au Lait.—Presented by Nestles Milk Products.

**5.0 p.m.** I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL  
Light Orchestral Concert.

**5.15 p.m.** A Quarter-hour Programme  
For Boys and Girls. Birthday Greetings from the Uncles.

**5.30 p.m.** THE PALMOLIVE HALF-HOUR  
With the Palmolivers  
PAUL OLIVER and OLIVE PALMER  
Presented by Palmolive Soap, Palmolive, Ltd., S.W.1.

**6.0 p.m.** Programmes in French  
Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie.

**12 (midnight)** Melody at Midnight  
Jimmie Grier and His Orchestra. Guest Artists: Jeannie Dunne and Jimmie Tolson (Electrical Recordings).—Presented nightly by Bile Beans, C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds.

**12.30 a.m.** Dance Music

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

### WEDNESDAY, DEC. 8

**7.45 a.m.** Laugh and Grow Fit  
With Joe Murgatroyd (The Lad fra' Yorkshire) and Poppet at the Piano.—Presented by Nemakol, Braydon Road, N.16.

**8.0 a.m.** MUSIC IN THE MORNING  
All Change for Happiness, Barker; Have a Little Faith in Me, Youm; Pick Yourself Up, Kern; Ragamuffin Romeo, Wayne; Good-night My Lucky Day, Slep; Without That Certain Thing, Nesbitt; Just You, Just Me; Looking Forward to Looking After You, Woods.—Presented by Horlicks, Slough, Bucks.

**8.15 a.m.** I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL  
Prosperity Programme, featuring Altair, the Astrologer.—Presented by Odol, Odol Works, Norwich.

**8.30 a.m.** ... And Speaking of the  
Weather, here is The Musical Barometer. Rise'n Shine, Youmans; The Scene Changes, Hill; When You've Got a Little Springtime in Your Heart, Woods; Lazy Weather, Carmichael.—Sponsored by Keen Robinson & Co., Ltd., makers of Waverley Oats.

**8.45 a.m.** Comparisons are Melodious.  
Pianists.—Presented by Sunny Jim, Clifton House, Euston Road, N.W.1.

**9.0 a.m.** I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL  
A to Z in Music. Gay Nineties Medley; Happiness Ahead, Wrubel; I Want to Be Happy, Youmans.—Presented by the makers of Anti-Bi-San, 79 Lombard Street, E.C.3.

**9.15 a.m.** With the Immortals  
A Musical Problem, introduced by Orpheus.—Presented by the makers of Bisodol, 12 Chenies Street, W.1.

**9.30 a.m.** Cinema Organ Favourites

**9.45 a.m.** A PROGRAMME OF POPULAR MUSIC  
With a Talk by Nurse Johnson on Child Problems  
La Petite Tonkinoise, Christine; Smile When You Say Good-bye, Parr-Davies; It Looks Like Rain in Cherry Blossom Lane, Leslie; Let's Call the Whole Thing Off, Gershwin; Merry Widow Waltz, Lehar; Boston Two Step, Everett.—Presented by California Syrup of Figs, 179 Acton Vale, W.3.

**10.0 a.m.** I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL  
Potpourri.

Please turn to page 64



# Who's Marmaduke Brown ?

Thousands of women in England are married to men just like Marmaduke Brown—lovable, loyal, but unpractical. Men who live their lives dreaming of a great to-morrow and accomplishing nothing to-day.

Marmaduke is an inventor. But what he invents never amounts to very much. So his wife, Matilda, is the breadwinner. The whole town chuckles at Marmaduke—except Matilda. She loves him in spite of everything. So will you! Hear Marmaduke Brown from Radio Luxembourg. A new instalment every day.

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## GIVE BEAUTY THIS CHRISTMAS

**SEASONAL GIFTS FROM POND'S**  
SMART green and gold caskets containing all the essentials for perfect skin care are Pond's solution to the Christmas gift problem. They have made them in two sizes, costing respectively 2s. and 3s. 6d., and both caskets are wonderful value. Inside the smaller gift coffret you will find a jar of cold cream for cleansing, vanishing cream for protection and powder-base, a box of face powder in any of Pond's five attractive shades, a bottle of skin freshener, and a pad of soft cleansing tissues. Or if you can afford to spend a little more, there is the 3s. 6d. luxury edition, which contains larger quantities of each of the five beauty aids. Either of these caskets would make a splendid travelling companion. And any young girl just beginning to take an interest in make-up would be thrilled to receive a selection of the same beauty aids that so many lovely titled women use!

**CHARMING DUBARRY SUGGESTIONS**  
THE firm of Dubarry has again greatly improved its special Gift Sets. The cases themselves, owing to their arresting appearance, the delicacy of their colouring and general refinement, are especially attractive. The new Gift Cases contain the latest successful innovations—Vanessa Soap and Bath Cubes, Velysia Soap, etc., while the man's range includes many new products.

**ICILMA CHRISTMAS COFFRET**  
THE Icilma Christmas Coffret, priced 1s. 6d., is another attractive seasonal gift. Icilma Cold Cream is excellent for deep cleansing, face massage and use at night. The oils which it contains remove all dirt and dust from the pores and feed and nourish the delicate underlying tissues. Icilma Vanishing Cream has a texture so light and foamy that it does not sink in deeply to clog the pores. The soothing freshness of its special ingredients—Icilma natural spring water—has a tonic effect on the skin. Icilma Face Powder is sifted nine times through silk, and therefore is fine and light. It is delicately scented and made in five shades to blend with every type of complexion.

**KNIGHTS OF OLD GOLDEN-GIRT** knights on gold-harnessed horses prance all over the eight-sided casket which the fine old soapmaking house of John Knight Limited offers as one solution of the modest Christmas present problem. It carries four tablets of Knight's Castile ranged round a sponge which has the appeal of novelty and the "Come unto those yellow sands" title of "Sea-Foam." The unusual is charmingly combined with utility in this present for man and woman; and the price of 1s. 6d. recommends it at a time when generous goodwill often outruns slender means.

**COLOUR HARMONY MAKE-UP**  
IF you have not already sent to Max Factor (Dept. A), 16 Old Bond Street, London, W.1, for your personal complexion analysis, make-up colour harmony chart, samples of powder, rouge and lipstick in your correct colour harmony, and an unusually interesting 48-page booklet on the "New Art of Society Make-up," by Max Factor, you should do so in good time before Christmas. Max Factor's "Cosmetics of the Stars" are obtainable at Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, and all leading stores, chemists and hairdressers throughout the country, and make most attractive seasonal gifts.



She couldn't take it!

## LAUGH and GROW FIT!



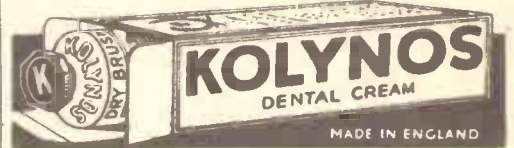
with **JOE MURCATROYD**  
(the lad fra' Yorkshire)

Start the day happily by listening to the laughter, wit and gaiety of Joe Murgatroyd. Fifteen minutes of sheer enjoyment!

From **RADIO NORMANDY** every **THURSDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY, 7.45 to 8 a.m.**

And when Joe puts you through your morning exercises, don't forget that physical fitness does depend to a great extent on your teeth. Cultivate the twice-a-day **KOLYNOS** habit. It will give your teeth a sparkling radiance and whiteness, without harmful, unnecessary abrasion. Economical, too. Use only half an inch, preferably on a dry brush. Get a tube to-day. Of all chemists, 6d., 1/- and 1/9 a tube.

★ Make a point of listening-in to other attractive Kolynos programmes which are broadcast from **RADIO LUXEMBOURG** at the following times:—★  
**MONDAY 9 to 9.15 a.m. THURSDAY 9 to 9.15 a.m.**  
**TUESDAY 9 to 9.15 a.m. FRIDAY 10 to 10.15 a.m.**  
**SATURDAY 5.30 to 5.45 p.m.**



Transmissions from Normandy arranged through I.B.C.

Look out each week for  
**"RADIO PICTORIAL'S" STAR PORTRAIT Scheme**  
Photos of your favourite Stars  
Price 6d.—10" x 8" in size

If I were you...  
I'd send for this

I'd find out more about Crichtons' simple way to dress smartly and economically. You'll find their confidential "little-3-time" plan so very convenient. You can get the loveliest models specially made for YOU, for as little as 6/- monthly. There is a fascinating free book (with photographs of all the newest ideas in Winter Coats, Ensembles, Fur Coats and Capes, and charming Dance and everyday Frocks) waiting to be sent to you, privately along with full information, if you post the coupon now.

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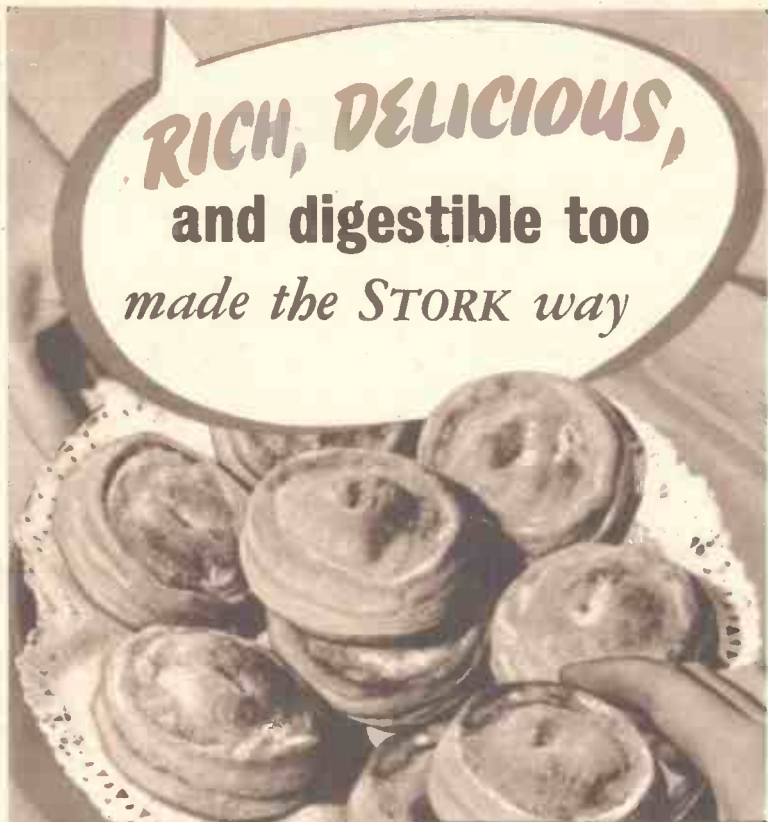
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**CRICHTONS' MAKERS OF GOOD CLOTHES** DECK 25  
39, Conduit St. London W.1.



# Tune in RADIO

(Continued from page 62)



## MINCE PIES

Cut two rounds of pastry for each. Keep those cut from the first rolling for the tops of the pies. Bake in a hot oven. (Regulo Mark 7.)

Make **MINCEMEAT** like this :

- 1 lb. currants.
- 1 lb. sultanas.
- 1 lb. Stork Margarine.
- 1 wineglassful brandy.
- 2 ozs. sugar.
- 1 teaspoonful nutmeg.
- 1 lb. peel.
- 1 lb. raisins.
- 1 lb. apples.
- 1 lemon.
- 1 teaspoonful ginger.
- 1 teaspoonful mixed spice.
- Pinch of salt.
- 1/2 teaspoonful cinnamon.

Stone and chop the raisins, rub and pick the sultanas, pick and dry the currants. Chop the peel finely. Melt the Stork Margarine. Peel and chop the apples. Grate the lemon rind. Strain the juice and mix everything thoroughly. Put into jars, place on top a cover dipped in brandy and seal with parchment paper till required.

See page 18 of the *Stork Cookery Book*.

## SHORT PASTRY

- 1 lb. self-raising flour, sifted with a pinch of salt.
- 1/2 lb. Stork Margarine.

An eggcupful of cold water (you may not need it all; some flour takes up more water than others).

Note.—Cold milk can be used instead; it makes a very good short crust.

For method of making see page 17 of the *Stork Cookery Book*.

With Stork-made short pastry and Stork in your mincemeat you've mince pies which little Jack Horner would have eaten whole instead of a plum at a time.

The recipes here tell you all you need to know to make really successful, delicious, digestible Christmas fare. And you get all the advantages of Stork's well-known nourishment and valuable Sunshine Vitamins A and D. Get plenty of Stork in for your Christmas cooking and show the family what a good cook you really are!

Please send me the free Stork Cookery Book entitled "The Complete Guide to Home Cooking," WHICH CONTAINS REGULO MARKS FOR ALL BAKED DISHES.

Name .....

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PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS

Fill in your name and address and send this voucher to The Stork Co., Dept. B.S.18, Unilever House, Blackfriars, London, E.C.4, in an unsealed 4d-stamped envelope.

# STORK MARGARINE

A GIFT COUPON WITH EVERY POUND



Curtis and Ames will entertain you on Sunday at 5.45 p.m. in the O.K. Sauce programme

- 10.30 a.m. An All-Scottish Concert  
Mary of Argyle, *arr. Hawkins*; *Wi' My Big Kilmarnock Bonnet*; A Northern Rhapsody, *arr. Robinson*; The Auld Scotch Songs, *Leeson*.—Presented by Scott's Porage Oats, A. & R. Scott, Ltd., Colinton, Midlothian.
- 10.45 a.m. Light Music
- 11.0 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL  
THE COLGATE REVELLERS  
Presented by Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, Colgate, Ltd., S.W.1.
- 11.15 a.m. Listen to Vitbe Home Town, *Kennedy*; Jack in the Box, *Myers*; Free, *Kennedy*; The Folks Who Live on the Hill, *Kern*.—Presented by the courtesy of Vitbe Bread, Crayford, Kent.
- 11.30 a.m. Programmes in French  
*Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie*.
- 12.30 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL  
Dance Music.
- 1.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

## THURSDAY, DEC. 9

- 7.45 a.m. LAUGH AND GROW FIT  
with  
JOE MURGATROYD  
(The Lad fra' Yorkshire)  
and  
Poppet at the Piano  
Presented by Kolynos (Sales), Ltd., 12 Chenies Street, W.C.1.
- 8.0 a.m. ROUND THE WORLD IN SONG  
With Singing Joe, the Sanpic Man  
Mausie, *Abraham*; *Vilia, Lehar*; Waltz of the Gipsies, *Carr*; Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2, *Liszt*; Gipsy Love Song, *Herbert*.  
Presented by the makers of Sanpic, Reckitt & Sons, Ltd., Hull.
- 8.15 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL  
ZEBO TIME  
A Musical Contrast of Grandmother's Romantic Songs with the Gay Rhythm of To-day  
Here We Are, Here We Are, Here We Are Again; You're Here, You're Here, You're Everywhere, *Kahal*; Bird in a Gilded Cage, *Von Tilzer*; With Plenty of Money and You, *Warren*; Sailors' Hornpipe, *Trad.*; The Big Apple, *David*.  
Presented by the makers of Zebo, Reckitt & Sons, Ltd., Hull.
- 8.30 a.m. POPULAR TUNES  
*Castaldo March, Novacek*; Mouse in the Clock, *Hunt*; Cinema Memories; Autumn, *Chaminade*.—Presented by Fynnon, Ltd.
- 8.45 a.m. Songs of the Century  
Presented by the makers of Jersey Lily Lotion, Department C.2, 15 Burrard Street, Jersey, C.I.
- 9.0 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL  
Everyday Songs.
- 9.15 a.m. The Milton Sisters  
PAT HYDE AND 'DINAH MILLER  
With their Entertaining Announcer  
Bob Walker  
and  
Arthur Young at the Piano  
Presented by Milton, John Milton House, N.7.
- 9.30 a.m. TUNES YOU MIGHT HAVE HEARD  
Cupid's Army, *Ibanes*; I Know Now, *Warren*; Post Horn Swing; Selection—White Horse Inn, *Benatsky*.—Presented by the proprietors of Lavona Hair Tonic, Braydon Road, N.16..
- 9.45 a.m. HILDEGARDE  
The Most Fascinating Personality of 1937  
Presented by Milk of Magnesia, 179 Acton Vale, W.3.
- 10.0 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL  
Radio Favourites.—Presented on behalf of Brooke Bond & Co., Ltd., London, E.1.
- 10.15 a.m. THE OPEN ROAD  
Stars and Stripes, *Sousa*; Shout for Happiness, *Blight*; Semper Fidelis, *Sousa*; There's Something About a Soldier, *Gay*; Garde Republicaine, *Emmerson*.—Presented by Carter's Little Liver Pills, 64 Hatton Garden, E.C.1.



# NORMANDY . . .

- 10.30 a.m.** MUSIC WITH A SMILE  
Selection—Careless Rapture, *Novello*; Oh, That Mitzi, *Straus*; Let Me Give My Happiness to You, *Pasford*; Gold and Silver Waltz, *Lehar*.—Presented by Macleans Peroxide Tooth Paste, Great West Road, Brentford.
- 10.45 a.m.** Accordion Favourites of To-day and Yesterday.
- 11.0 a.m.** I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL  
Dance Music.—Presented by Roboleine, 51 Clapham Road, S.W.9.
- 11.15 a.m.** Something for Everybody
- 11.30 a.m.** Programmes in French  
*Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie*.
- 2.30 p.m.** Miniature Matinee
- 3.0 p.m.** An Earful of Music  
The Glory of Love, *Hill*; Love, Please Stay, *Mayhurst*; Whoa Babe, *Clinton*; Girls Were Made to Love and Kiss, *Lehar*. Presented by Rentals, R.A.P., Ltd., 183 Regent Street, W.1.
- 3.15 p.m.** Light Orchestral Concert
- 3.30 p.m.** Sporting Special  
Presented by International Sporting Pools, Bath Road, Bristol.
- 3.45 p.m.** Dancing Reflections  
In the Musical Mirror.—Presented by Novopline Foot Energiser, Yeo Street, E.3.
- 4.0 p.m.** Jane and John  
Hope You Will Like: Song of the Dawn, *Ager*; Humoresque, *Dvorak*; Abdul Abulbul Amir, *arr. Crumit*; Vocal Gems—No, No, Nanette, *Youmans*.—Presented by Drages, Ltd., Everyman House, Oxford Street, W.1.
- 4.15 p.m.** PUTTING A NEW COMPLEXION ON LIFE  
The Sheep Were in the Meadow, *Lerner*; The First Time I Saw You, *Wrubel*; I'm Happy When You're Happy, *Lerner*; On the Pampas, *Molina*; She's My Lovely, *Ellis*.—Presented by D.D.D. Fleet Lane, E.C.4.
- 4.30 p.m.** Fifteen Minutes of Variety and Entertainment at the Café Au Lait.—Presented by Nestlé's Milk Products.
- 4.45 p.m.** Song Memories
- 5.0 p.m.** I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL  
Wurlitzer Organ.
- 5.15 p.m.** A Quarter-hour Programme for Boys and Girls. Birthday Greetings from the Uncles.
- 5.30 p.m.** Selections from Ivor Novello's Shows.
- 6.0 p.m.** Programmes in French  
*Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie*.
- 12 (midnight)** Melody at Midnight  
Tom Doring and His Boys. Guest Artist: Art Tatum (*Electrical Recordings*). Presented nightly by Bile Beans, C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds.
- 12.30 a.m.** I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL  
Dance Music.
- 1.0 a.m.** I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

## FRIDAY, DEC. 10

- 7.45 a.m.** LAUGH AND GROW FIT with  
**JOE MURGATROYD**  
(The Lad fra' Yorkshire)  
and  
Poppet at the Piano  
Presented by Kolyinos (Sales), Ltd., 12 Chenies Street, W.C.1.
- 8.0 a.m.** MUSIC IN THE MORNING  
Good News, *de Sylva*; On the Other Side of the Hill, *Kennedy*; When the Robin Sings His Song, *Parish*; Moonlight and Shadows, *Dennis*; El Relicario, *Padilla*; A Precious Little Thing Called Love, *Davis*; Don't Blame Me, *McHugh*; You're Sweeter Than I Thought, *Sigler*.—Presented by Horlicks, Slough, Bucks.
- 8.15 a.m.** 8.15—And All's Well  
An Early Morning Programme to Encourage the Healthy, Happy Side of Life, featuring Browning and Starr.—Presented by Alka Seltzer Products.
- 8.30 a.m.** I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL  
Pictures on the Wall.—Presented by the makers of Parment, 161 Smedley Street, S.W.8.
- 8.45 a.m.** Towns  
Presented by A. C. Fincken & Co., Clifton House, Euston Road, N.W.1.
- 9.0 a.m.** I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL  
For Beauty's Sake. The Skaters' Waltz, *Waldteufel*; Snowman, *Archer*; Winter Wonderland, *Bernard*; I've Got My Love to Keep Me Warm, *Berlin*.—Presented by Cuticura Preparations, 31 Banner Street, E.C.1.
- 9.15 a.m.** Light Orchestral Music

- 9.30 a.m.** Radio Favourites  
Presented on behalf of Brooke Bond & Co., Ltd., London, E.1.
- 9.45 a.m.** A PROGRAMME OF POPULAR MUSIC  
With a Talk by Nurse Johnson on Child Problems  
I Feel a Song Coming On, *McHugh*; Island Melody; I'll See You in My Dreams, *Jones*; Don't Stop Loving Me.—Presented by California Syrup of Figs, 179 Acton Vale, W.3.
- 10.0 a.m.** I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL  
Kitchen Wisdom.—Presented by Borwick's Baking Powder, 1 Bunhill Row, S.W.1.
- 10.15 a.m.** True Romances  
Presented by True Story Magazine, 30 Bouverie Street, E.C.4.
- 10.30 a.m.** SONGS AND MUSIC  
From Stage and Screen  
Selection—Gangway, *Lerner*; Rose of England (Crest of the Wave), *Novello*; We'll Never Run Short of Love (Vienna Sunset), *Lerner*; I Hum a Waltz (This is My Affair), *Revel*.—Presented by Macleans, Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford.
- 10.45 a.m.** Normandy Play Bill  
Advance News and Some of Next Week's High Spots.
- 11.0 a.m.** I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL  
Latest Hits by Popular Screen Stars.—Presented by the courtesy of Ladderix, Ltd., Slough, Bucks.
- 11.15 a.m.** Something for Everybody
- 11.30 a.m.** Programmes in French  
*Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie*.
- 2.0 p.m.** Peter the Planter  
And a Particular Lady Talk Over Tea to the Music of the Fantasia Orchestra.—Presented by Lyons' Green Label Tea.
- 2.15 p.m.** Military Band Music
- 2.30 p.m.** Musical Cavalcade  
Presented by the publishers of Cavalcade, 2 Salisbury Square, E.C.4.
- 2.45 p.m.** Accordion Reminiscences
- 3.0 p.m.** The Magic Carpet
- 3.30 p.m.** Jane and John  
Hope You Will Like. Broken Hearted Clown, *Noel*; Black Domino Overture, *Auber*; Along the Banks of the Volga, *Bochard*; Wedding of the Rose, *Jessel*.—Presented by Drages, Ltd., Everyman House, Oxford Street, W.1.
- 3.45 p.m.** In Search of Melody  
Presented by Pynovape Brand Inhalant, Yeo Street, E.3.
- 4.0 p.m.** What's On  
Stop Press Reviews of the Latest Films, Shows and Attractions, by Edgar Blatt, the I.B.C. Special Critic.
- 4.15 p.m.** Tune Time
- 4.30 p.m.** Fingers of Harmony  
Presented by the proprietors of Daren Bread, Daren, Ltd., Dartford, Kent.
- 4.45 p.m.** Cookery Nook  
Your Tea-Time Rendezvous with Phyllis Peck, McDougall's Cookery Expert.—Presented by McDougalls, Ltd., Millwall Docks, E.14.
- 5.0 p.m.** I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL  
From Erin's Isle.
- 5.15 p.m.** A Quarter-hour Programme for Boys and Girls. Birthday Greetings from the Uncles.
- 5.30 p.m.** Screen Personalities
- 6.0 p.m.** Programmes in French  
*Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie*.
- 12 (midnight)** Melody at Midnight  
Dick Jurgens and His Orchestra. Guest Artists: The Farr Brothers (*Electrical Recordings*).—Presented nightly by Bile Beans, C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds.
- 12.30 a.m.** I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL  
Dance Music. The First Time I Saw You—Fox trot, *Shilkret*; Too Marvellous for Words—Fox trot, *Mercer*; She's My Lovely—Fox trot, *Ellis*; Will You Remember: *Box*; A Little Co-operation From You—Fox trot, *Lerner*; Please Keep Me in Your Dreams—Fox trot, *Lawnhurst*; I've Got Beginner's Luck, *Gershwin*; You're Laughing at Me—Fox trot, *Berlin*; Rezoncos—Tango, *Rizutti*.

- 1.0 a.m.** I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL
- 1.30 a.m.** I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL
- 2.0 a.m.** I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

## SATURDAY, DEC. 11

- 7.45 a.m.** LAUGH AND GROW FIT with  
**JOE MURGATROYD**  
(The Lad fra' Yorkshire)  
and  
Poppet at the Piano  
Presented by Kolyinos (Sales), Ltd., 12 Chenies Street, W.C.1.

Please turn to page 67



"A hunt ball for others ...

a beauty test for me"



### LADY ROSEMARY GRESHAM

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# ME AND MRS. GIBSON

(Continued from page 13)

changed. The B.B.C. asked us to broadcast again. They even offered us a contract. And it was through broadcasting that I began a film career all over again. I made quite a lot of films in Australia, but I must tell you about my first British film.

It was called *Radio Revue*. They sent me a script. A great big, fat script, with a letter to say I could write up my own dialogue. D'you know, I sat up for hours and hours, going through the script, and I couldn't find anything about myself. Finally, it was Billie who said she'd have a look—and there it was, just one single page, tucked away all by itself in the very middle of the script. It looked so lonely all blank and naked.

We couldn't think what to do. If you ever saw the film, you will remember that it consisted almost entirely of radio personalities. When we got there, the director, Arthur Woods, asked us what we were going to do.

"Here is your piano," he told me.

"Oh," I said. "A piano. It looks a nice piano." "Do anything you like with it," said Mr. Woods. "Just tell us what you're going to do." Well, Billie and I thought and thought, and finally Mr. Woods said: "Do anything—you're a piano tuner, you know."

"But," I said, "I can't tune pianos—I'll sing." "We'd rather you tuned the piano," said Mr. Woods firmly. "You could smash it up in the process, if you like."

"Oh," I said, "I couldn't smash up that lovely piano. It's got such beautiful legs."

"Don't worry, it's hollow!"

So I sat down and pretended to tune the piano, and when the cameras were turning I lifted the lid—and it wasn't hollow at all. The most peculiar things began to happen, and I couldn't stop, couldn't stop at all.

Anyway, we finished the scene without a stop, but we couldn't do it again, if Mr. Woods had wanted to, because I'd simply ruined the piano. I treat pianos awfully carefully now, to make up for the rough way I attacked that instrument.

Y-e-s—that's right!

★ Now look out next week for the next long instalment of this sparkling story



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10.15 p.m. SUNDAY

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# Tune in RADIO NORMANDY . . .

(Continued from page 65)

- 8.0 a.m.** **MUSIC IN THE MORNING**  
Presented by Horlicks, Slough, Bucks.
- 8.15 a.m.** **I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL**  
Tunes from the Talks and Shows.  
Presented by the makers of Peck's Paste,  
8 Devonshire Grove, S.W.15.
- 8.30 a.m.** **Happy Days**  
Presented by Wincarnis, Wincarnis Works,  
Norwich.
- 8.45 a.m.** **Sunny Jim's**  
Young Folks' Programme.—Presented by  
A. C. Fincken & Co., Clifton House,  
Euston Road, N.W.1.
- 9.0 a.m.** **I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL**  
Light Fara. Introducing Mrs. Able.  
Presented by Vitacup, Wincarnis Works,  
Norwich.
- 9.15 a.m.** **Light Music**
- 9.30 a.m.** **A Quarter of an Hour's**  
Entertainment for Mothers and Children.  
Presented by Uncle Coughdrop and The  
Pineate Aunties and Uncles.—Presented  
by Pineate Honey Cough Syrup, Braydon  
Road, N.16.

- 5.30 p.m.** **An Earful of Music**  
Presented for your entertainment by Rentals  
R.A.P., Ltd., 183 Regent Street, W.1.
- 5.45 p.m.** **Songs at the Piano**
- 6.0 p.m.** **Programmes in French**  
Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie.
- 12 (midnight)** **Melody at Midnight**  
Tommy Tucker and His Orchestra.  
Guest Artists: The Playboys (Electrical  
Recordings).—Presented nightly by Bile  
Beans, C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds.
- 12.30 a.m.** **I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL**  
Melody Calling. Zing! Went the Strings of  
My Heart, Hanley; I Breathe on  
Windows, Mayer; Small Hotel, Rodgers;  
Good-bye Medley.—Presented by British  
Home and Office Telephones, 32 St.  
Peter's Street, Westminster, S.W.1.
- 12.45 a.m.** **Dance Music**
- 1.0 a.m.** **I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL**
- 1.30 a.m.** **I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL**
- 2.0 a.m.** **I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and**  
Close Down.



"Romeo of the Radio"—George Elrick, band-leader, vocalist, drummer—is featured in the Outdoor Girl Programme on Tues. at 8 a.m.

- 9.45 a.m.** **The Milton Sisters**  
**PAT HYDE AND DINAH MILLER**  
With Their Entertaining Announcer  
Bob Walker  
and  
Arthur Young at the Piano  
Presented by Milton, John Milton House,  
N.7.
- 10.0 a.m.** **I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL**  
Light Orchestral Concert.
- 10.15 a.m.** **Accordion Favourites**
- 10.45 a.m.** **Selections from**  
Cicely Courtneidge and Jack Hulbert  
Films.
- 11.0 a.m.** **I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL**  
Listen to Vitbe.—Presented by the courtesy  
of Vitbe Bread, Crayford, Kent.
- 11.15 a.m.** **Something for Everybody**
- 11.30 a.m.** **Programmes in French**  
Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie.
- 2.0 p.m.** **The Magic Carpet**  
Robin Hood
- 2.30 p.m.** **Radio Normandy's New Discovery**, sing-  
ing to the accompaniment of his Merry  
Men.
- 2.45 p.m.** **The Whirl of the World**  
Presented by Monseigneur News Theatres.
- 3.0 p.m.** **Around the Union Cinemas**  
Featuring Harold Ramsay and Other  
Artists (Electrical Recordings).—Pre-  
sented by Union Cinemas, Union House,  
15 Regent Street, W.1.
- 3.15 p.m.** **Charm of the Waltz**
- 3.30 p.m.** **Dancing Time**  
A Programme of Dance Music chosen by  
Victor Silvester.
- 4.0 p.m.** **Swing Music**  
Request Programme from Mr. L. Shaw,  
of Stepney, London, E.1.
- 4.15 p.m.** **Your Requests**
- 4.45 p.m.** **Memories**  
Presented by the makers of Du Maurier  
Cigarettes, 1 Sekforde Street, E.C.1.
- 5.0 p.m.** **I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL**  
Who Won? The Results of Association  
Football Matches played to-day will be  
broadcast as soon as they come to hand.  
Presented by International Sporting Pools,  
Bath Road, Bristol.

## RADIO LJUBLJANA

549.3 m., 527 Kcs.

Time of Transmission  
Friday: 9.30—10.0 p.m.  
Announcer: F. Miklavcic.

**FRIDAY, DEC. 10**

- 9.30 p.m.** **Film Reminiscences**  
Selection—Evergreen, Woods; You Will  
Remember Vienna (Viennese Nights),  
Romberg; Love is the Sweetest Thing (Say  
It With Music), Noble; Maurice Chevalier  
Selection.
- 9.45 p.m.** **Stirring Songs**  
The Bay of Biscay, Cherry; My Old  
Shako, Barron; The Company Sergeant  
Major, Sanderson; Polly Wolly Doodle,  
Traditional; Comrades in Arms, Adam.
- 10.0 p.m.** **Close Down**

## RADIO MÉDITERRANÉE

(Juan-les-Pins)  
235.1 m., 1276 Kcs.

Time of Transmission  
Sunday: 10.30 p.m.—1.0 a.m.

**SUNDAY, DEC. 5**

- 10.30 p.m.** **Light Orchestral Concert**  
Ragamuffin, Risner; Echoes from the  
Puszta, Ferraris; Faithful Jumping Jack,  
Heykens; Song—Vienna, City of My  
Dreams, Siczynski; Song of Songs, Moya;  
Chanson Bohemienne, Boldt; Babes in the  
Wood, Rimming; Selection—The White  
Horse Inn, Benatzky.
- 11.0 p.m.** **Variety**  
Swing, Ellis; Jolly Good Company,  
Wallace; In the Chapel in the Moonlight,  
Hill; On My Little Toboggan, Bos; The  
Yodelling Sailor, Van Dusen; A Fly's Day  
Out, Kennedy; Goodnight My Love,  
Revel; Hang it in the Hen House, Fields.
- 11.30 p.m.** **Popular Tunes**  
on the Cinema Organ. Free, Kennedy;  
Liebestraum, Liszt; Pan and the Wood  
Goblins, Rathke; Family Favourites, arr.  
Ewing.
- 11.45 p.m.** **Musical Comedy Gems**  
Selection—Maid of the Mountains, Fraser  
Sjinson; The Desert Song (The Desert  
Song), Romberg; She Didn't Say Yes (Cat  
and the Fiddle), Kern; Merry Widow  
Waltz, Lehar.
- 12 (midnight)** **Dance Music**  
What are We Gonna Do With Baby?—Fox  
trot, Pola; In a Little French Casino—  
Fox trot, Silver; I'm Gonna Kiss Myself  
Goodbye, Gordon; I Can't Believe It's  
True—Fox trot, Dubost; Floating on a  
Bubble—Fox trot, Friend; The Merry-  
go-round Broke Down, Friend; Midnight  
in Mayfair—Fox trot, Chase; At the  
Balalaika—Fox trot, Posford; Watching  
the Stars—Fox trot, Lermer; Prairie  
Romeo—Fox trot, Godfrey; Keep Calling  
Me Sweetheart, Ida; Moonlight and a  
Violin Was Playing, Jesson; I Need You  
—Slow Fox trot, Botterell; Brokenhearted  
Clown—Fox trot, Noel; Red, White and  
Blue—Fox trot, Gay; Harbour Lights—  
Fox trot, Williams; The Love Bug Will  
Bite You, Tomlin.
- 1.0 a.m.** **I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and**  
Close Down.



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**THURSDAY, DEC. 9**

**10.30—11.0 p.m.** Favourites  
Lamento Cubano; Songore Cosongo,  
*Grenel*; A Little Golden Locket, *Kennedy*;  
Me and the Old Folks at Home; Selection  
—Roberta, *Kern*; About a Quarter to  
Nine, *Warren*; She's a Latin from  
Manhattan, *Warren*; The Japanese  
Sandman, *Whiting*; Alexander's Ragtime  
Band, *Berlin*.

**FRIDAY, DEC. 10**

**9.0 p.m.** (approx.) French Theatre Relay

**SATURDAY, DEC. 11**

**10.30 p.m.** Relay of Dance Music  
From Chez Ray Ventura.

Information supplied by Anglo-Conti-  
nental Publicity Ltd., 6 Cavendish  
Mansions, Langham Street, London,  
W.1. (Telephone: Langham 1162).

Times of Transmissions

Sunday: 5.00 p.m.—7.00 p.m.  
10.30 p.m.—11.30 p.m.  
Weekdays: 10.30 p.m.—11.00 p.m.

**SUNDAY, DEC. 5**

**5.0 p.m.** From the Shows and Films  
Selection—London Rhapsody, *Carr*;  
Why Isn't It You? (Crest of the Wave),  
*Novello*; Gangway (Gangway), *Lerner*;  
Lazin' (Big Fella), *Dyrenforth*; A Little  
Co-operation from You (Going Greek),  
*Lerner*.

**5.15 p.m.** Request Programme  
From Mr. P. Jones-Blakey, of Boston,  
Lincs. Chinese Dance—Dance of the  
Flutes, *Tchaikowsky*; La Danza, *Rossini*;  
Slap That Bass, *Gershwin*; I'm Gonna  
Change My Blackbird for a Bluebird,  
*Ingram*.

**5.30 p.m.** Sporting Special  
Gay Nineties Waltz Medley; Slummin'  
on Park Avenue, *Berlin*; Ah, Sweet  
Mystery of Life, *Herbert*; Shall We Dance?  
*Gershwin*; Gold and Silver Waltz, *Lehar*;  
So Rare, *Sharpe*; The Window Cleaner,  
*Formby*; The Dancing Clock, *Ewing*.—  
Presented by International Sporting  
Pools, Bath Road, Bristol.

**6.0 p.m.** "CAFÉ CONTINENTAL"  
Iris Darbyshire presents a Montmartre  
Broadcast of Piano-Accordion music.—  
Presented by J. A. Davis and Company,  
94-104 Denmark Hill, London, S.E.5.

**6.15 p.m.** Light Orchestral: Concert  
Like to the Damask Rose, *Elgar*; Dream  
Waltz, *Millocker*; The Grasshopper's  
Dance, *Bucalossi*; Angel's Serenade,  
*Braga*.

**6.30 p.m.** THE OPEN ROAD  
On the Prom, *Evans*; Things Are Looking  
Up, *Grey*; Fighting Strength, *Jordan*;  
Swing is in the Air, *Lerner*; When the  
King Goes Riding By, *Nichols*.—  
Presented by Carter's Little Liver Pills,  
64 Hatton Garden, E.C.1.

**6.45—7.0 p.m.** Dance Music  
You're Laughing at Me.—Fox trot, *Berlin*;  
Mine Alone—Slow Fox trot, *O'Connor*;  
La Bomba—Rumba, *Rainger*; Home-  
town—Fox trot, *Kennedy*; Too Marvel-  
lous for Words, *Whiting*.

**10.30 p.m.** Variety Theatre  
Lone Star; Can I Forget You: *Kern*;  
Afraid to Dream, *Revel*; That Old  
Feeling, *Brown*.—Presented by Goodway  
Bonus Football Pools, Sunderland.

**10.45 p.m.** Popular Melodies  
Mighty Lak' a Rose, arr. *Attendor*; The  
Greatest Mistake of My Life, *Nelson*;  
Mick Mulligan's Daughter, *Mary Ann*,  
*Trad.*; Star of My Soul, *Jones*; La Petite  
Tonkinoise, *Scotto*.

**11.0 p.m.** Cabaret  
Jazz in the Rain, *Packay*; I Wonder  
Where the old Gang's Gone: *Box*; The  
Lady Who Couldn't Be Kissed, *Warren*;  
Why There's a Tear in My Eye, *Carter*;  
The Night is Young and You're So  
Beautiful, *Suesse*.

**1.15 p.m.** Request Programme  
Sanctuary of the Heart, *Ketelbey*; Largo,  
*Handel*; Sweet Leilani, *Owens*; Georgia  
On My Mind, *Carmichael*.

**11.30 p.m.** Close Down.

**MONDAY, DEC. 6**

**10.30 p.m.** Relay of Cabaret  
From the Pavillon de L'Elysee.

**TUESDAY, DEC. 7**

**10.30 p.m.** Relay of a French Play  
From the Studio.

**WEDNESDAY, DEC. 8**

**10.30 p.m.** Relay of Cabaret  
From the Scheherazade Night Club.  
Compèred by John Sullivan.

## ON THE AIR—RADIO ATHLONE!

TUNE IN TO 531 METRES, 565 Kc's, EACH NIGHT AT 9.30 P.M.

for the Programmes presented by Irish Radio Productions.

Here are the details:

**SUNDAY, DEC. 5**

**9.30 to 10.30 p.m.** Miscellany and  
Melody. A patchwork of melody suit-  
able for young and old.

**MONDAY, DEC. 6**

**9.30 p.m.** Sunshine Express  
A further musical adventure. It's Round  
the World and Back on the Wings of  
Melody.

**10.0 to 10.30 p.m.** Melodies in  
Modern Rhythms for Dancing Moods.  
You will hear our Racing Commentary  
at 10.10 p.m. approx.

**TUESDAY, DEC. 7**

**9.30 to 10.30 p.m.** From Our Concert  
Hall. Again we present the Stars of the  
Stage, Radio and Screen to "You" and  
an "Audience." You will hear our  
Racing Commentary at 10.10 p.m. approx.

**WEDNESDAY, DEC. 8**

**9.30 p.m.** Music of Your Dreams  
A Wealth of Golden Melody.

We feature in this Presentation Judy  
Shirley, famous vocalist with many well-  
known bands. Ronnie Genarder, and our  
Symphonic Orchestra under the direction  
of Dave Frost.

**10.0 to 10.30 p.m.** Fantasia  
Bringing to you Musical Selections from  
this writer's Theatreland. You will hear  
our Racing Commentary at 10.10 p.m.  
approx.

Judy Shirley, charming  
vocalist and singing  
commère, will broad-  
cast this Wednesday in  
"Music of Your Dreams"  
with Ronnie Genarder



**THURSDAY, DEC. 9**

**9.30 p.m.** Evening Melodies  
A further collection of Sweet Refrains  
with which we weave a Mosaic in Melody  
for these, your "Fireside Moments."

**10.0 to 10.30 p.m.** Let's Dance...  
Ballroom Rhythms. You will hear our  
Racing Commentary at 10.10 p.m.  
approx.

**FRIDAY, DEC. 10**

**9.30 to 10.30 p.m.** Jump Aboard the  
Stage Coach. And enjoy the charm of  
the old-world countryside aboard the  
Irish Mail. You will hear our Racing  
Commentary at 10.10 p.m. approx.

**SATURDAY, DEC. 11**

**9.30 p.m.** Dream Cruise  
It's Full Steam Ahead for Melody and  
Romance Aboard the Lady Luck,  
With Tony Welcome at the Helm.  
Artistes taking part include:  
Renee Flynn, Doreen Pullen, Doris  
Robbins, Jean Ormonde, Dorothy  
Hunter, Esme Biddle, Hubert Valentine,  
Eric Phillips, Brian Hayes, Eric Mac-  
Kean, Pat O'Moore, Keith Thompson,  
George Drewett, Kenneth Macconachie,  
Les Arthur, the Ship's Company,  
and "The Dream Cruise Melody Boys,"  
under the direction of Dave Frost.

**10 to 10.30 p.m.** Selections from Three  
Popular Composers.  
Coates  
Coward  
Kern.  
You will hear our Racing Commentary  
at 10.10 p.m. approx.

Programmes devised, arranged and  
produced by Irish Radio Produc-  
tions, Hibernian Bank Chambers,  
St. Andrew Street, Dublin.



# EPILEPSY —FITS

**London Doctor's Amazing Discovery**

**PERMANENT RECOVERY NOW POSSIBLE**

WE have not yet cause to be satisfied with the tone of opinion and the common conduct in regard to cases of Epilepsy. There is still a tendency—natural, perhaps, but unreasonable—to regard this affliction as something to be ashamed of and to conceal, a fatality which can neither be prevented nor cured. This inevitably results in many sufferers being deprived of the treatment which they need until it is too late to be effective, or, at the best, in the unnecessary prolongation of their distress, while it fosters a general apathy as to the measures which can be taken to diminish the incidence and the gravity of cases.

It is surely plain to all—for private experience and the distressing cases which too often force themselves into publicity offer proof enough—that in the interest of all sufferers from this disease we must use to the full the knowledge which modern science has brought.

That means—to put the case simply—that public opinion must be taught to regard epilepsy as a remediable disease.

The Romance of thirty-five years' research which lies behind the striking articles on epilepsy contained in the new edition of Dr. Niblett's work should be carefully read by all who are interested in this subject.

There is no infirmity so distressing, either to the sufferer or to those around him, as epilepsy and those kindred nervous diseases which, recurring more violently and unexpectedly at

shortening intervals, render the life of the sufferer one round of misery. It has long been supposed that fits were not curable, and many an unfortunate sufferer has spent large sums in search of the alleviation that ordinary remedies can never bring.

Dr. Niblett, by his patience and assiduity, succeeded in combining certain medicaments, the exact proportion of each skilfully defined, which he so successfully used in the treatment of epilepsy. Dr. Niblett's formula,

## **VITAL RENEWER,**

has for many years been used all over the world in a series of exacting tests to prove its efficacy. It has emerged triumphantly, and is now generally believed to be the most valuable contribution that modern science has made to the treatment of this particular disease, a treatment medically endorsed and vouched for by thousands of grateful patients.

The constant stream of letters of appreciation being received from patients who unhesitatingly testify to the wonderful efficacy of Dr. Niblett's "VITAL RENEWER" for the treatment of this disease should be sufficient to convince the most sceptical that a means of treatment has been provided wherewith to combat successfully this most intractable of diseases.

## *A few of the Spontaneous Letters of Appreciation Received Daily :*

Mauldeth Farm, Heaton Mersey, nr. Manchester.

August 17, 1937.

Dear Sir,—Just a few lines to say how pleased I am that I have now taken up a situation of private gardener.

It just feels as if a dark cloud has lifted, and I feel so happy and contented. Dear Sir, I must thank you from the bottom of my heart for the great benefit I have derived from Dr. Niblett's "Vital Renewer" after nine years of torture. Everybody thinks I am a new man, I am so different in every way. Once again I say thank you. Yours faithfully,

(Signed) A. BRASSINGTON.

7, Londubh, Poolewe, Ross-shire.

March 14, 1937.

Dear Sir,—I am most glad to say that my wife has derived the greatest benefit one could wish from Dr. Niblett's "Vital Renewer," and that there has been no recurrence of the attacks since commencing your treatment some twelve years ago.

I might add that the last time my wife had these fits, she had sixteen in twenty-four hours—but none since taking your treatment.

I have told a number of people about your remedy, and am gratified to know that they have derived the same benefit as my wife. Yours faithfully,

(Signed) GEO. MACLENNAN.

30, Fordhouse Lane, Stirchley, Birmingham.

June 21, 1937.

Dear Sir,—I wish to pay a sincere tribute to Dr. Niblett's "Vital Renewer." For four years my wife had incessant fits and the accumulated advice of doctors and specialists failed to offer relief. As a last resource we decided, although very sceptical, to try your remedy. With heartfelt gratitude I am glad to say that since taking the first dose, over six months ago, there has been no sign of those awful attacks returning. With grateful thanks.

(Signed) F. R. BROWN.

96, Napier Street, Nelson, Lancs.

April 2, 1937.

Dear Sir,—Once again I am writing to thank you for the benefit my daughter has derived by the use of Dr. Niblett's "Vital Renewer." I may add that she has now been married for the past ten months and has had no attack for the last three years.

This to us is wonderful, as about seven years ago she was having two or three attacks per week, and we could not allow her to go out by herself, so you will realize how grateful we are to you for all your remedy has done for her. Yours truly,

(Signed) E. GREENWOOD.

42, Elswick Street, Gateshead-on-Tyne.

April 27, 1937.

Dear Sir,—It is time now that I gave a little praise where it is due—your "Vital Renewer" has worked wonders in the patient's case, and it seems that a complete cure has been effected. For five months there has been no sign of an attack, and the girl seems to be in a better state of health. For that you have my undying gratitude. Thanking you on behalf of her parents and myself for the wonderful cure your remedy has worked. Yours very sincerely,

(Signed) R. HUMBLE.

31, Tweed Street, Liverpool, 6.

April 12, 1937.

Dear Sir,—My daughter has had six months treatment of Dr. Niblett's "Vital Renewer," and during that time she has not had an attack. Before taking Dr. Niblett's remedy she had eleven attacks in ten weeks without warning, and it was pitiful to see her in them. I tried quite a number of remedies, but they failed to do her any good. Now she can go to whist drives and other places and come back safe, and she is never tired of praising your medicine. Again thanking you for her wonderful health: I remain, yours sincerely,

(Mrs.) SULLIVAN.

## **GREAT FREE OFFER**

In order to prove the wonderful efficacy of Dr. Niblett's remedy, and with the object of making it more widely known, we to-day make the remarkable offer of a free (full size) bottle of the remedy together with a 76-page

copy of Dr. Niblett's "A Practical Treatise on Epilepsy" (post free to any part of the world), FOR A LIMITED TIME ONLY, to anyone who has not previously taken advantage of this treatment. Write to—

**H. A. NIBLETT, 38, BASINGHALL STREET, LONDON, E.C.2**



# Radio Toulouse

**Compère: JOSLYN MAINPRICE.**  
**Announcer: ALLAN ROSE.**

**Tune-in to 328.6 metres.**

## SUNDAY, DECEMBER 5

### 4 p.m. NEW MUSIC WITH A LITTLE OLD

Let us Be Sweethearts Over Again (Turner Layton); Mean to Me (Teddy Wilson and His Orchestra); Don't You Care What Anyone Says (Teddy Foster and His Kings of Swing); Cotton Pickers Congregation (Ambrose and His Orchestra); You Needn't Have Kept it a Secret (Billy Reid and His Accordeon Band); No More You (The London Piano Accordeon Band); Ghost of the Turkey (Reginald Purdell and Male Quartette); Follow the Sun Selection (Pianoforte Solo by Arthur Schwartz, the Composer); To-morrow is Another Day (Leslie Hutchinson); It Looks Like Rain in Cherry Blossom Lane (Gracie Fields); You're Here, You're There, You're Everywhere (Carroll Gibbons and His Boy Friends); Bruno's Bavarian Band (George Elrick and His Swing Music Makers).

### 4.45 p.m. BOUQUET FROM COVENT GARDEN

Selections from the best-known Operas.

### 5.0 p.m. ALL KINDS OF MUSIC

### 5.30 p.m. FEEN-A-MINT FANFARE

PRESENTING FANS OF THE STARS, No. 8. Kitty Reidy, introducing talent selected from her Fan Mail.—Presented by the Proprietors of Feen-a-Mint, Thames House, London, S.W.1.

### 5.45 p.m. THE LILT OF THE WALTZ

A Waltz was Born in Vienna (Turner Layton); Love and War (Dennis Noble); Waltz Land (Terrence Casey); The Dance Goes On (Mantovani and His Orchestra).

### 6.0 p.m. COMFORT CORNER

The Understanding Heart Invites you to confide your troubles to her.

### 6.15—6.30 p.m. SANDY MACPHERSON AT THE ORGAN

of the New Empire Cinema, London, presents an essay in Melody, "Correspondence"; Broadway Rhythm; Serenade; I've Got My Love to Keep Me Warm; Trees; In a Little Place Called Home. (Electrical Transcription made at the New Empire Cinema, London, by the London Gramophone Recording Company.)

INTERVAL

### 10.15 p.m. YOURS FOR THE ASKING

Write to Radio Toulouse, 23 Buckingham Gate, London, S.W.1, and ask them to include your favourite tune in this programme.

### 10.30 p.m. MUSIC FROM AMERICA

Some tunes and records hot from the States, never heard in this country. Presented by Allan Rose.

### 11.0—11.15 p.m. LET'S SIT THIS ONE OUT

A programme of Dance Music for the non-Dancers.

## MONDAY, DECEMBER 6

### 10.15 p.m. EVERY RECORD TELLS A STORY

The Humour or Tragedy Behind the Tune.

### 10.45 p.m. MARCH OF SWING TIME

The Family Tree of Jazz.

### 11.0—11.15 p.m. LET'S DANCE TO CARROLL GIBBONS AND HIS ORCHESTRA

Your Broadway and My Broadway; Whispers in the Dark; Too Marvellous for Words; This Year's Kisses; There's a Lull in My Life.

Kitty Reidy, vision of hilarity, presents some of her fans in "Feen-a-Mint Fanfare"—Sunday, 5.30 p.m.



## TUESDAY, DECEMBER 7

### 10.15 p.m. JANE CARR'S FILMLAND CORNER

Jane Carr, idol of the Stage, Screen and Radio. A straight from the shoulder talk to the film struck, illustrated somewhat flippantly with film music of the moment.

### 10.45 p.m. FRIENDS ON THE IVORIES

Personalities of the Piano.

### 11.0—11.15 p.m. AND THEY ALL LAUGHED—All Humour

She was Poor But She Was Honest (Billy Bennett); That Naughty Old Man of Madrid (Dorrie Dene); No, No, a Thousand Times No (Fred Douglas and Bertha Willmott); Let's All Sing at the Top of Our Voices (Leonard Henry).

## WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 8

### 10.15 p.m. THEY CAUGHT THE WORLD BY THE EARS

Each Year has its Song.

### 10.45 p.m. MELODIES THAT NEVER DIE

Ever Popular Music from the Classics.

### 11.0—11.15 p.m. LET'S DANCE TO LEW STONE AND HIS ORCHESTRA

One in a Million; What are we gonna do with Baby; Slumming on Park Avenue; I'm Gonna Kiss Myself Goodbye; Slap That Bass. (Gramophone Records.)

## THURSDAY, DECEMBER 9

### 10.15 p.m. OH, LISTEN TO THE BAND

Mill in the Forest (R.A.F. Band); Miss Drummond of Perth (Pipe Major Forsythe); Shylock Polka (Harry Mortimer and Foden's Band); Cossack March (Foden's Band).

### 10.30 p.m. YOURS FOR THE ASKING

Write to Radio Toulouse, 23 Buckingham Gate, London, S.W.1, and ask them to include your favourite tune in this programme.

### 10.45—11.15 p.m. BROADWAY AND PICCADILLY

Stars from both Sides of the Pond. In a Little Hula Heaven (Bing Crosby); Carelessly (Greta Keller); Wake Up and Live (Alice Faye); Goodnight to You All (Les Allen); Feeling Like a Million (Hildegard); Christopher Robin is Saying His Prayers (Howard Jacobs); Schubert's Serenade (Grace Moore); The Hit Parade Selection (Donald Thorne).

## FRIDAY, DECEMBER 10

### 10.15 p.m. SPORTSMEN'S CORNER

featuring CLIFFORD BASTIN.

### 10.30 p.m. NEW WORLD RIVIERAS

and "Laconia" cruise to the West Indies and Mexico, PRESENTED BY CUNARD WHITE STAR, LTD.

### 10.45—11.15 p.m. MICROPHONE MIRROR—NO. 11

THE RADIO REVUE OF SPORT, NEWS, INTEREST and ENTERTAINMENT.

## SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11

### 4.0 p.m. THEY STOPPED THE SHOW

Hits of Stage and Screen which caused a furore at their first performances.

### 4.15 p.m. THÉ DANSANT

### 4.45 p.m. MUSICAL BOX

A programme for People who never Grow Old.

### 5.0 p.m. ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

THE DAY'S RESULTS presented by INTERNATIONAL SPORTING POOLS, Bath Road, BRISTOL.

### 5.30 p.m. YOURS FOR THE ASKING

Write to Radio Toulouse, 23 Buckingham Gate, London, S.W.1, and ask them to include your favourite tune in this programme.

### 5.45 p.m. DO YOU REMEMBER?

Old Favourites.

### 6.0—6.30 p.m. WAX-WORKS REVUE

Up-to-the-moment Floor Show on Gramophone Records.  
INTERVAL

### 10.15 p.m. TOULOUSE SONG CLUB

Present to the Public for the first time, New and Unknown Songs by Amateur Composers, played by TOMMY KINSMAN AND HIS BAND, and sung to you by KAY MALONE, JOHNNIE JOHNSON, and compèred by JOSLYN MAINPRICE.

### 10.45—11.15 p.m. A LITTLE MORE DANCING

Information supplied by David Allen and Sons, Billposting, Limited, 23 Buckingham Gate, London, S.W.1.

(N.B.—This programme sheet is liable to revision and alteration without notice.)



**ALMOND OIL ZEE-KOL TOILET SOAP**

*Beautiful and Talented Woman's Evidence that it—*  
**CREATES BEAUTY and PRESERVES BEAUTY**

**AND HAS A BEAUTIFUL LINGERING PERFUME**

A revelation in transforming the worst skin in three nights into a most beautiful satiny and peach-like complexion. Never before has a Soap of this description been given to the public. It is made of the purest oils. One must not think of the cheap 3d. tablets of Soap when thinking of Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap. This is the wholesale price of the material used in most of the advertised soaps. Compare this price to Almond Oil, which is 5/6 per lb., and which is used in Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

**PALM OIL costs 4d. per lb. ALMOND OIL costs 5/6 per lb.**

Now it is easily seen why Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most expensive to make, as it is very rare to get Almond Oil in soap at all. The price of Almond Oil will prove to everyone that there is no soap in the world so marvellous as Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap. It has taken years to know how to blend the oils in this soap, because it is not like other soaps to-day, which are only ordinary soaps. Its oils are a marvellous tonic to the skin.

**1/- LARGE TABLET NOW 6D.**

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores or direct from **SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD.** (Dept. S.41), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.

Blended with the most exquisite perfumes, Almond Oil has been chosen for this Zee-Kol Super Toilet Soap. It contains the purest and most natural oil for the skin, and has a beautiful lingering perfume. When washing the natural oil is replaced and the skin keeps firm, smooth and beautiful. No ordinary soap can do what Zee-Kol ALMOND Oil Soap does, yet it is sold everywhere to-day at half its former price—6d., instead of 1/-.



*Recamier was a beautiful woman in the time of Napoleon Bonaparte. Her salon was always crowded with celebrated people. She refused to be Lady-in-waiting to Josephine. Napoleon was attracted towards her. Her great beauty was her skin.*

*She had no wrinkles even in her old age. It was no secret that to keep her complexion beautiful she used Almond Oil Soap, exactly the same soap that is Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap to-day, with its glorious perfume that lingers always over the skin.*

**DOGE CREAM**

THE MARVELLOUS

**COMPLEXION RESTORER**

**H**OWEVER sallow or patchy your complexion may be, we guarantee to make it perfect with Doge Cream. Doge Cream is absolutely a complete restorer. It works miracles on the skin and is the most ideal complexion cream on the market.

The original recipe was beyond price in the days when it was first known, but to-day we can make up all these preparations for the skin.

If Doge Cream is smeared around the eyes at night every wrinkle will vanish as if a miracle had happened. It will make the worst complexion perfect.

Doge Cream is not a vanishing cream. It does not dry up the skin but keeps the skin supple, firm and youthful. When thinking of other face creams remember that Doge Cream is not like any of these. Try it, and you will never go back to any face cream you have ever used.

It is the most remarkable and the most perfect cream that has ever been blended into a face cream. It contains Almond Oil, which is the most expensive oil one can use in a face cream, and does not grow hair. It preserves the skin and takes away all wrinkles and leaves the skin smooth as a child's. It was taken from an old Venetian recipe and has a beautiful perfume which lingers on the skin until it is washed away. Over a thousand of the leading Society women use Doge Cream.

**In Tubes 6d. and 9d.**

**In Pots 1/- and 2/-**  
 Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores or direct from **SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD.** (Dept. De36), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N19



*Who is that lovely woman dressed as the Venetian Lady in the tricorne hat? I have followed her everywhere. I cannot see her eyes but her skin is really beautiful. Friend: Why, she is Venetian and is my friend. She is the Contessa Torrento. She is not young but she looks no more than 30. She uses that Venetian Cream, Doge, which has made her look 20 years younger and her skin indeed perfect. I*

*have only been using it 2 days and it has taken away all my wrinkles and everybody says I look so well. They do not know the reason. Of course it is Doge. I believe one of the secrets is that they use Almond Oil in this Doge Cream. Can't you smell the perfume? It is most lovely and lingers over the skin until washed away. It is exquisite. Here is the Contessa. Let me introduce you.*

**A GREAT BOB'S WORTH!**

**The only Book on the Pools that Really Matters**

The Dividend Hunter's Counsellor and Friend

How to Select Homes, Aways, and Draws

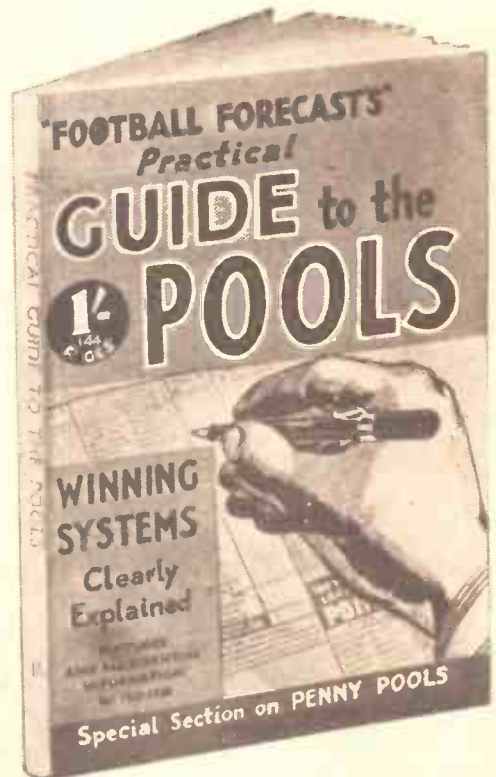
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# FAMEL CONQUERS COUGHS

It's treacherous weather. One day damp and muggy, the next bitterly cold. Just the kind of weather that germs of coughs and colds thrive on. Don't run any risks: at the first sign of a cough, take a dose of Famel Syrup. That is the safe, certain way of preventing a cough from getting a hold on you.

Famel Syrup will go straight to the roots of your cough, attacking and expelling the germs that have invaded your breathing system, while at the same time, it will soothe and strengthen the membranes that have been irritated and weakened by constant coughing.

The soluble Lactocresote in Famel Syrup—the most powerful bronchial antiseptic known—utterly destroys every germ of coughs and bronchitis that it reaches. Famel Syrup is not a mere cough mixture—it is a recognised medical product, known and constantly used by Hospitals and Sanatoria all over the world.



## FAMEL BRAND SYRUP

*Gets to the ROOT  
of your COUGH*

1/6 and 3/- (triple quantity) from all chemists.



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Ltd., North Circular Rd., London,  
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