

THE EVERYBODIES MAKE "THE GRAND TOUR"



SWAMPED in a sea of admirers: Fred and Maggie welcomed at Wellington's C.P.O.

UNDETERRED by a fine, drizzling rain, several thousand people gathered on the steps of the General Post Office, along Featherston Street, and in every accessible nook and cranny when Fred and Maggie Everybody and daughter (Daisy Sproggins) were welcomed to Wellington. Some time before the appointed time for arrival old and young alike gathered, chattering excitedly, thrilled at the thought of seeing people whom they have come to accept as friends and companions. Officials of the Commercial Broadcasting Service were there, too, with the 2ZB van, now well-known in and around Wellington. Kingi Tahiri stood with microphone in hand, technicians bustled inside the van, the hum of excited voices went on—and suddenly changed to a long cheer as the service car crept slowly through the crowds opposite the post office.

Nearly everybody present took radio for sufficient introduction, and cries of "Oo-hoo, Maggie!" "How are yer, Fred?" "Hello, Mrs. Maggie," "Look, there's Daisy!" and "Where's old Sproggo? How's Barney," filled the air.

Shrieks of Laughter

The next stage in the journey of the Everybody family, to the car waiting to take them to their hotel, was accomplished through a froth of multi-coloured hats, umbrellas, waving hands, smiling faces and bobbing heads. On the way they stopped long enough to wave to the crowds and call a few words of welcome. There were shrieks of laughter when Fred gave his high-pitched, roosting laugh; Maggie had time to say "Don't be awful, Fred" and Daisy confidently chatted in the best Sproggins dialect. So, at last, the car was reached and the Everybodies drove off to their hotel.

It was only the first stage of a busy day for Mr. and Mrs. Edward Howell and their daughter Madeline, who made a kind of "grand tour" of Wellington, "taking in" as the Americans say, sev-

eral public performances, a visit to the Exhibition, a theatre and a broadcast from 5ZB.

At The Exhibition

As it was at the Post Office, so it was at the Exhibition. The scenes of enthusiasm were if anything greater at the

THE PLAYERS

Everybody is interested in the "Fred and Maggie Everybody" feature, so here is the cast of players:

Fred Everybody - Edward Howell
Mr. Sproggins - Edward Howell
Maggie Everybody -
Therese Desmond (Mrs. E. Howell)
Mrs. Crackenthorp - Mrs. Howell
(Mr. Howell's mother)
Barney - - - Les. Warlon
Maisie - - - Lettie Craydon
Mrs. Sproggins - Thelma Scott
Sonja - - - Thelma Scott
Daisy Sproggins-Madeline Howell
(E. Howell's daughter)
Mr. Cartright Sr. - Harvey Adams
Mr. Cartright Jr. -
George Farwell
Mr. Conker - George Hewlett
Mrs. Conker - Elizabeth Jacobs

south band shell where the Everybodies said hullo to several thousand visitors. Extracts from their remarks:

Maggie: I love you all . . . especially the children . . . I'm tickled to death . . . I don't know what to say . . .

Fred: That was very good dear, considering . . .

Daisy: This wonderful reception . . . I'm overwhelmed . . . Happy New Year!

Then came visits to several of the courts, under the protection of a body-guard of muscular, smiling policemen. Daisy was particularly fascinated by

the police sergeant who led the way, clearing a path with expansive gestures.

After the tour, afternoon tea in the Director's room came as a welcome respite.

Drawn From Real Life

The incidents on which the "Fred and Maggie Everybody" plays are built are all drawn from real life. The celebrated caravan tour which is now in progress in the feature actually happened, and it was just as much fun as the dramatised version. At tea, Daisy regaled the company with an account of the jamming of their car and caravan across the street, a mishap which effectually barred all traffic for some time.

Next came a visit to Playland, where the family enjoyed the traditional fun of the fair.

And in the evening, at the St. James's Theatre, Maggie proved that she can sing quite as well as she can act, Fred made more friends with his famous chortle of mirth, and Daisy, following in father's and mother's footsteps, once again delighted the audience by breaking forth with a burst of Sproggins dialect. The day finished with a broad-

cast from the Exhibition studio of the Commercial service, 5ZB; after which, no doubt, like everybody else's family, the Everybodies found warm beds the best places in the world.

SOME "CHUCKLES" WITH "JERRY"

Dud: Jerry, your manners are dreadful you shouldn't stretch across the table. Haven't you a tongue?

Jerry: Yes, Dud, but it's not as long as my arm!

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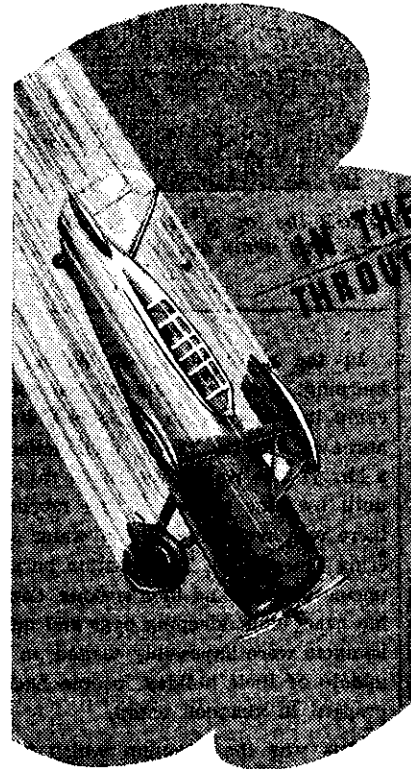
Jerry (explaining how he came to spill tea on the armchair): You see, Dud, it looked so weak I thought it could do with a rest!

* * *

Dud: So your Uncle Stint is very mean, Jerry?

Jerry: Too right; he found a bottle of cough mixture in the tram the other night, then went home and made Auntie sit in a draught!

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