

THE GREAT NEW PAPER

# RADIO REVIEW

MORE  
SILVERTONE PHOTOS

WHEN BING CROSBY  
PLAYS CUPID

THINGS THAT MAKE A HOME  
*by* HOWARD MARSHALL  
REX KING · GOSSIP · PICTURES

M<sup>rs</sup> TUTT GOES TO  
A PARTY

NO 2 NOVEMBER 16<sup>TH</sup> 1935

PRICE 2<sup>/-</sup>

# Introducing Our Contributors

**PROFESSOR A. M. LOW** writes on that really topical subject—"Is Television Being Bunkered?" Professor Low can and does answer that important question. He has a wide knowledge of television, and all his experience is brought to bear on this article.

**BING CROSBY**, featured in our article "How Crosby Plays Cupid," is one of the world's greatest crooners. His daily mail bag goes into four figures. Some of the extraordinary letters which he receives are reprinted in Radio Review.

**Mr TUTT** made many friends last week. This week he goes to a party with his wife. Their evening amongst the elite makes bright reading.

**HOWARD MARSHALL** writes on a subject of interest to everybody—"Things That Make a Home." He comes to you as the family man, who places his home on a pedestal.

**LES ALLEN**, writing "My Struggle to the Top," tells of joining the B.B.C. dance orchestra. Les is now broadcasting frequently with his Canadian Bachelors, but it was really with Henry Hall he made his name.

**R. F. LEE-DILLON**, world-wide traveller, who has been in many a tight corner. He has served in the navy and as an officer of the French Foreign Legion. "The Whitest Man I've Met," which he contributes to this issue, is a great yarn.

**Mr FLOTSAM**, aerial colleague of Mr Jetsam,

writes with his intimate knowledge of the stars gained by personal contact.

**REX KING**, ace of radio critics, contributes a weekly review of the B.B.C. programmes in his own inimitable style.

**ROY VICKERS**, versatile and popular author, is writing his greatest story, "The Notorious Miss Walters."

"WHAT WE LIKE AND DISLIKE IN RADIO" is this week contributed by such distinguished people as Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Dr Maude Royden, Ivor Novello, and Sheila Kaye-Smith.

**BERTINI**, well known on the air as conductor of the Tower Ballroom Band, Blackpool, is also the composer of a song that is sweeping the country—"When Love is Young." It is given free in this issue.

**LONG WAVE** sends his up - to - the - minute gossip of stars and coming stars. "ONE OF THE BOYS" is right behind the scenes in dance band circles. His gossip and his news are unrivalled.

**RADIO REVIEW**  
No. 2 November 16, 1935.

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**REX KING'S GUINEAS FOR CRITICAL POSTCARDS**

**What Do You Think of the Programmes?**

This competition is divided into three classes:—

**A—PLAYS AND TALKS.**  
**B—MUSIC (OTHER THAN DANCE MUSIC).**  
**C—VARIETY AND DANCE BANDS.**

Decide on your programme, listen to it and then write a 100-word criticism on a postcard to Rex King, "Radio Review," 12 Fetter Lane, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4. to reach that address not later than Thursday, November 21.

Mark your entry with the section letter. Readers may only send in one entry in each class.

Prizes of £1 1s will be awarded to the best criticism in each section. Pick any B.B.C. programme between Wednesday, November 13, and Tuesday, November 19.

# THINGS *that* MAKE a HOME



**T**O-MORROW, as it happens, is the tenth anniversary of my wedding.

For days, my wife and I have been considering how we should celebrate the auspicious occasion. Dine out, perhaps, and then a theatre or a cinema? We might even dance somewhere, and watch our fellow-citizens enjoying themselves to the peculiar rhythm of American music.

That's what we think just now, but, when it comes to the point, I know very well what we shall do. We shall settle down quietly by the fire and talk over old times and savour the fact that no cinema or theatre or dance club has as much happiness to offer us as our own home.

Dull, do you think? But then we are old-fashioned people, so our friends hint, simply because we like to make our home the true centre of our lives.

I am afraid those same friends do not think very much of the room where we shall spend our anniversary evening, where, indeed, we spend most evenings of the year.

It used to be the kitchen of an old farmhouse. It has no gadgets of any kind, except electric light, which we make ourselves. The floor, with a rug or two upon it, is stone-flagged. The fireplace, where we burn logs, is open.

## IT ISN'T A SHOW ROOM

There is hardly any furniture—an old sea-chest, which bears my somewhat battered hats and the dog's lead and a bowl of flowers and letters for the post; a little round table made by the local carpenter; a couple of armchairs with rather dicky springs; open bookshelves of plain wood with dozens of books stacked untidily upon them; a couple of pewter beer mugs; a miscellaneous collection of pipes, fishing rods, tobacco jars, reels of cotton, balls of cord, and feminine oddments.

Not a show room by any manner of means, but a room that is very obviously lived in, a room that means home to me. I feel the same sort of affection for it that I feel for an old coat or an old pipe—or even an old friend.

**H**OWARD MARSHALL this week comes to you as the family man. He loves his home and all it stands for. His finest thoughts are sent to you in this article. Above you see Mr Marshall in his home, with his wife and son.

There we come to it—a home should be friendly above all things, and if you find friendliness in the austerity of modern chromium-plated furniture or the mock dignity of imitation antiques, that is your affair—not mine. Tastes differ, as one of my friends has recently discovered.

He used to live, this friend, in a home very nearly as untidy as ours. It was a bit shabby, perhaps, but very comfortable—a little careless looking, with books lying about and a couple of dogs on the hearth, old leather chairs, and pipes on the mantelpiece. Then my friend married and took his wife to this house of his.

She had one look at it—and set to work. She spring-cleaned it, tidied it, and spruced it up, put fresh covers on the chairs, and generally licked it into shape.

That home is quite dead now. All the friendliness has been stamped out of it. I hardly dare smoke even a cigarette there, let alone a pipe. The books are shut away behind glass doors. The dogs are banished to the garden.

A lifeless, smug, thoroughly unhappy house, and my poor friend wanders through it like a stranger. A house, like thousands of others, without character or individuality.

If a house is to become a home, it must reflect the individual taste of its occupier. Perhaps you have read a book called "Babbit," by Sinclair Lewis, the American novelist?

Sinclair Lewis—Red Lewis, he is called—is an amazing fellow. I have sat in a room with him for hours while he has paced up and down in his shirt sleeves, prophesying the doom of European civilisation, a favourite theme of his.

## HOUSES—AND HOMES

Anyway, Red Lewis knows something about a home, and in "Babbit" he describes one of those homes we so often see advertised as having every modern convenience.

Beautifully decorated and fitted and furnished—the plumbing perfect—"And the bedroom," says Lewis, "came right out of Cheerful Modern Houses for Medium

(Please turn to page 11.)

# Radio Review

"OH-er-hum-yes . . . How d'you do." There was Claude Dampier, grand radio comic, gravely shaking hands with me while I told him my name for the fourth time. "I often forget names," said Claude. "D'you know, many's the time I find myself shaking hands with people who know me and I haven't the slightest idea who they are! What did you say your name was. . . ?"

### Mike-Like in Private

Claude's a very clever man, but can be amazingly and amusingly like his mike-self in private life. The other night he met film-star Arthur Riscoe—they're working together in "Public Nuisance Number One"—and they had a grand celebration. Imagine the scene, then, when these two big-money men in top hats, white ties, and tails—went to pay the bill.

### Red Face Department

Claude found he'd got just 3d in his pocket. Arthur found he had 2d! "We've-er-hum-we've left our money at home," drawled Dampier. Consternation all round! Up rushed the manager—but recognised them and laughed. "I'll trust you," he said—and Claude's visions of Vine Street vanished!

### Look Out for "Stainless"

Stainless Stephen, now resigned from his teaching post at a Sheffield school to be a full-time mirthmaker, tells me he'll be doing a Comic News Commentary in the "Saturday Magazine" broadcasts for five weeks. "But my next B.B.C. Music Hall date is December 7," he explains. Many famous people have been entertained by "Stainless"—including the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, the Duke of Portland, and Lord Derby. I wonder if they'll be listening-in!

### B.B.C. At Play

There's going to be gay doings amongst the B.B.C. staff on December 9, 10, 11, and 12—they're putting on their own private pantomime at St George's Hall, and calling it "Dick Whittington." I found ace-producer John Sharman getting into training for an arduous part. "I'm the Cat," he explained—"Jean Melville is Dick; Bryan Michie is the Dame." (Say, imagine a "dame" of six-foot-three!) "And this Dick Whittington doesn't come to London to be Lord Mayor—he wants to be Chief Announcer!"

### Lubbock Looks Back

I had a pleasant chat with Mark Lubbock—who looks about twenty-seven, but admitted to being thirty-seven! Mark is another B.B.C. man with a varied store of theatrical memories—memories of a little concert hall



Kitty Masters—"gone all sophisticated."

in which he played. It was so over-run with rats that the chorus girls lived in a state of perpetual panic; memories of himself in the chorus of a Harry Welchman play. Mark told me of an acquaintance of his, playing comedian in a show, who turned a somersault—and didn't get up again. They rang down the curtain—and found he'd broken his neck.

### From New York

Some time ago silken-voiced Jack Plant slipped quietly out of the country. Now from 55th Street, New York, comes a letter from Jack—"I came here for a holiday," he writes, "but they insisted on my staying to sing, and things might turn out big for me. All the vocalists here are trying to get as English as they can!" And over here British singers are still rhyming "dance" with "pants."

## More Titles

### Our Unofficial

THE championship is continued! Here's another 23 names of title winners.

Do you agree?

- Heartiest Man, Norman Long
- Daintiest Girl, ..... Jean Colin
- Frankest Man, .... Billy Cotton
- Frankest Woman, ..... Lilian Taylor (of the Carlyle Cousins)
- Most Happy-Go-Lucky Man, Austen Croom-Johnson
- Most Happy-Go-Lucky Woman, Nora Williams
- Most Sophisticated Man, Lance Sieveking
- Most Sophisticated Woman, Jane Carr
- Best Humoured Man, Denis O'Neil
- Best Humoured Woman, Nora Williams

**THE BEST RADIO SHOWS AND ARTISTS**



Top to bottom—Peggy Dell, Troise, Gerald, John Rorke, Jack Payne, Phyllis Robins, Rudy Starita, and Sydney Kyte.



Curtis and Ames—played their way round the world.

**Expensive 'Phone Call**

Another of our radio singers making good in America is lovely Eve Beck. I met her husband, the Count, and inquired after his lady's health. "She 'phoned me this morning," he smiled, "and tells me she's very well. They want her to stay over there some considerable time."

**Empire Acts Emerge**

An act already famous on the Empire wavelengths hit the Regional recently in "Variety of Music"—I refer to Fred Douglas and Phyl Fraser. The public are unaware that Phyl Fraser is the widow of the late Harry ("Basinful of the Briny") Tilsley. In the palmier days of England's Tin Pan Alley such a hit as the "Briny" song might have made a fortune.

**For The Stars  
Championships**

- Most Discussed Personality, Harry Roy
- Best Conversationalist (Man), Eric Maschwitz
- Best Conversationalist (Woman), Peggy Cochrane
- Most Versatile Woman, Anona Winn
- Most Versatile Man, Patrick Waddington
- Most Approachable Person, John Rorke
- Most Unapproachable Person, Sir John Reith
- Most Glamorous Woman, Hildegarde
- Best Leg-Puller, Tolchard Evans
- Gayest Man, Patrick Waddington
- Gayest Woman, Hermione Gingold

**Watch Out!**

Watch out for Curtis and Ames, two snappy songsters due for their third broadcast on December 3 in a Marius B. Winter late-night show. These two boys, having played their way round the world, met by chance in the West End two years ago, and decided to work together. Believe me, they've seen life!

**Adventure**

For instance:—"I was working a hotel in Paris," says Ames, "when two men started to quarrel over a girl. One man pulled a gun and fired into the ground at his rival's foot. Panic broke out, police whistles blew. Then I found the gun suddenly thrust into my hand, as the police burst in. Fortunately, the bartender had seen what happened. 'Give me that gun,' he said. All was well!"

**Matter of Money**

That big deep voice of Malcolm M'Eachern's (maybe you know him better as "Jetsam") will be heard on the Western air on November 20. "But when," I asked, "shall we hear the Flotsam and Jetsam act again?" "We have been offered a date in December," was the reply, "but it's not settled yet." Why not?" I asked, being of a curious disposition. "It's a question of money," frankly admitted M'Eachern. Here's hoping everything's settled O K. Radio needs that act.

**"Sophisticated Lady"**

"Well, if it isn't Kitty Masters—or isn't it?" Indeed, there was plenty of reason for my surprise. For it was not the Kitty I used to know who came gliding through the swing doors of that West End restaurant. Gone are the frilly pink and white dresses that first graced her in her stage career. "Yes, I've gone all sophisticated for a change," she laughed. We talked. Then I knew she was really just the same Kitty.

**Ears Across the Ocean!**

Finding John Rorke with a minute spot of blue paint behind the left ear the other morning, I did a spot of Sherlock Holmes work and hissed; "Ha, you've had the painters and decorators in!" "Right first time," said John, "and, to add to the confusion, I've just been entertaining distant relatives from South Africa. I haven't heard of them for years, but they've heard me lots on the Empire wavelength. Those broadcasts are finding me relatives all over the world!"

**Geography Lesson**

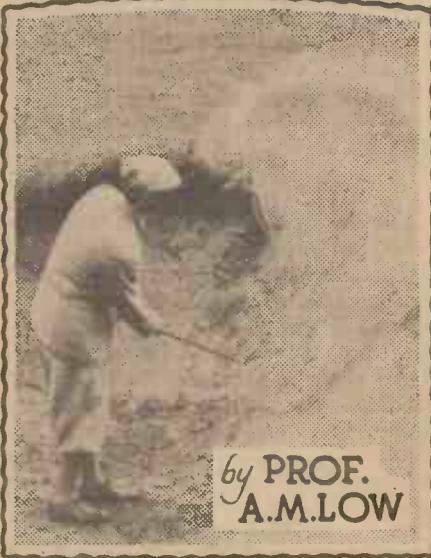
And now, you students of geography, did you know there's a spot in South Africa named after John Rorke's family? Well, there is—it's called "Rorke's Drift," and on this historic spot a great battle with the Zulus was fought, 'way, 'way back!



Top to bottom—Roy Fox, Girvan Dundas, Tiny Winters, Bryan Michie, Norman Long, Sydney Lipton, Arthur Salisbury, and Harry Bidgood.

STARS OF THE RADIO

# IS TELEVISION BEING BUNKERED?



by PROF. A.M. LOW

THE feelings of the vast majority of people in this country on the subject of television are probably best summed up by an adaptation of that famous deathbed remark of Charles II. —“Television is an unconscionable long time being born.”

Many recall that pioneers, of which I was one, were toying with television before the war, and had actually succeeded in transmitting pictures. They recall the many rather wild prophecies about television made from time to time since the war. And they look round and find no really practical service after twenty years' experiment. It would not be surprising if they asked, “Is television bunkered?”

Perhaps the answer to that question is not so much that television is bunkered as that we have asked too much of it. The technical problems involved in what I may call “real television”—the reproduction of moving scenes with fidelity at least equal to that of the cinema—are far greater than those involved in the reproduction of sound.

Television is so wonderful that the public have gasped for it. And the result has been that the finance of television

has sometimes seemed to be in advance of the science of television. By that I mean that television is one of

those rare inventions that have never flagged for lack of financial backing. But financial backing is not enough—we must have technical perfection, and I can conceive of cases where too much money may result in problems being shelved instead of solved.

An understanding of the problems of television is essential to an understanding of the delay.

## THE WHOLE PICTURE PROBLEM.

We cannot transmit simultaneously a whole picture. We can transmit the complete sound of, say, a band playing a chord, but to get their picture we have to resort to subterfuge. This subterfuge is the breaking up of the picture into a very large number of small points, which reassembled at the other end, give the appearance of being the picture.

If you look closely at a newspaper photograph you will see it is made up of a tremendous number of dots of varying degrees of light and shade. It is similar dots which we see on the television screen.

One of the problems of television has been to transmit these dots as electrical impulses—one at a time—so rapidly that they are to all appearances thrown on the screen simultaneously. This has been done fairly successfully.

The reproduction of still pictures at leisure has reached an advanced stage, but for what I call “real television” we want a moving picture. The image must

be changed many times a second, so as to give a series of pictures following one another so fast that they appear continuous, as on the cinema screen.

This means that about 25 complete pictures, each consisting, as I say, of innumerable dots, have to be transmitted every second. We get some spectacular speeds in electricity, but the transmission of thousands of dots of varying strength a second, for the distribution of some sort of scanner over a screen is, as you will now see, a terrific problem. Moreover, we want to do this, not under laboratory condi-

tions, but in a machine that can be worked by the man in the street with no technical knowledge and by the twiddling of two or three knobs!

Consider another aspect. Our televised picture is made up of dots. As long as it is reasonably small—a few inches each way—we can get deception of the eye. But magnify it to the size of a cinema screen—which is the ideal the public wants—and you will get eyebrows looking like thorn hedges and heroes looking as if they had measles!

This is a problem as yet hardly begun, and it may be

**PROFESSOR A. M. LOW** is the one man who can answer the question, “Is Television Bunkered?” He has been right “inside” the television experiments for years. He knows his subject—its chances, its possibilities, and pitfalls.

that the public will be content for some years with the tiny screen. Eventually, inventors may discover

some completely new principle of televising a moving picture to give an effect like the printing process known as “half tone,” or even colour.

Another problem of television is that of wave length. If we use the very short wave lengths, which are best for several reasons, the range of normal reception is limited. In the first instance only London “lookers” may be able to receive from, say, Alexandra Palace.

Again, if we could use several wave lengths simultaneously, we might get much greater definition. But this would add greatly to the complication and the cost.

## FILM TRANSMISSION FIRST.

In the first instance, I think, films will be very largely used for transmission. There are difficulties about televising actual outdoor scenes which are solved by photographing them and televising the film. A special piece of apparatus enables development to take place so rapidly that the film is being transmitted within 30 seconds of being taken, so that the loss of time is almost negligible.

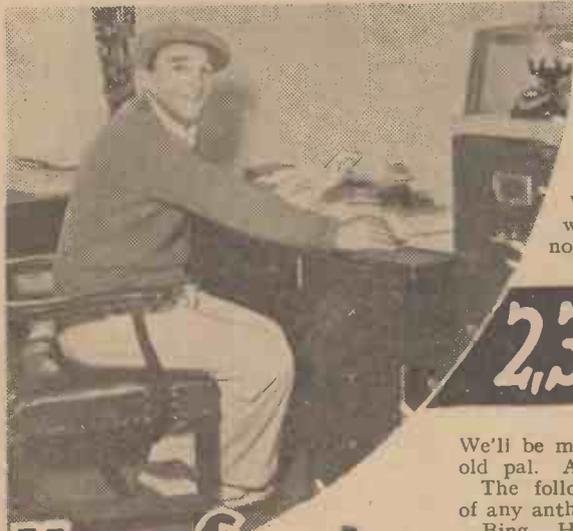
Television is not bunkered, but we may march towards perfection probably much more slowly than thousands of people suppose. I should consider that we shall have done well if in ten years we have a chain of transmitters through the country from which we shall be able to receive, on a set costing ten pounds, a clear picture.

The real trouble in the case of television is that imagination has leapt far ahead of achievement.

**Five Years with Jack Hylton, by Pat O'Malley, Begins Next Week**

## Meet the Real Bing!

The greatest crooner in the world reveals his fan mail to you. You can read the actual letters his admirers—and others—write to him. **FLATTERY — BLACK-MAIL—LOVE!** They all get into Bing Crosby's post-bag.



## How Crosby Plays Cupid

**TWENTY-THREE** hundred and more letters a day—all on love—have given Bing Crosby the title of Cupid instead of Crooner. We looked into the matter the other day, and it's a story well worth relating.

It all came up because of what a young man told me. He had taken his girl friend out. Under a clump of oaks, where the moon peered through lacy foliage, the car stopped. But in spite of the romantic setting, the mood did not seem complete. The boy turned on the radio—and suddenly romance is theirs and love is in the air. Crosby is crooning!

More lovers have been brought to speak of rose-covered cottages and wedding rings because of Bing's voice than any statistician could hope to count. Bing's fan mail proves it!

Let us delve into those bulging bags.

For instance, these:—

Dear Bing,—Pardon the familiar salutation, but Tom and I discuss you so often that we feel that you are almost one of us. If you could hear from your end of the radio as well as we do from ours, you'd know the reason why! And sometimes I feel that you can! That brings us the reason for this letter.

Last month Tom and I quarrelled. Oh, we've had occasional spats all right during our six months engagement, but this time it was really serious. To prove his independence, he began rushing Molly—she's the flirt of the town. I couldn't let him get away with that, so I started vamping like mad. Then it happened. He came over to the house one night and asked me to return his ring. He couldn't meet my eyes when he said Molly and he had decided to marry. Well, I ended

our engagement in the approved style. I walked with him to the door, and said something that was supposed to be funny. Then I collapsed.

I don't know how I lived through the next few weeks. That is, up to last night. Last night we had our monthly dance at the country club. I went with Wade. Tom and I wouldn't look at each other. But while we were dancing Wade asked Molly for the next, and Tom very impersonally mumbled to me. I accepted just as coldly.

We didn't say a word through the entire dance. I guess we were both thinking too hard. For the number they played was "Down The Old Ox Road." That was the song we heard you sing when we first went out together. And the one you happened to sing when he slipped the solitaire on my finger. After the dance Tom grabbed my hand and pulled me outside and shoved me into the roadster. He drove like a fiend. When we parked in our old spot we didn't waste time with explanations. We both understood that it was just stubborn pride. But we're not going to take any more chances.

terribly jealous, and wanted to find out if she really cared for him. We sat down on the swing. Through the open window came your voice from the radio. The way Harry talked, I realised he didn't know anything about Sis. He was in love with his illusion about her.

Then I made my gigantic discovery. As we lay back in the swing listening to you croon, it came to me suddenly that men love only the illusion which they, themselves, have created. Really love, I mean. Even an ugly girl—if she's not too ugly—can conform to their ideal.

### "It Was a Beautiful Hour."

I moved closer to Harry. I talked in such a way that he'd understand that I fit into his pattern. In a little while he was holding my hand. It was a beautiful hour. When he left he asked if he might see me again. Was I thrilled!

I'll be an old maid no longer! Fortunately, I made this discovery early enough in life. Next month I'll be seventeen.

With all my grateful heart for your help.—Hazel.

Here is a letter which is almost the opposite:—

My Dear Bing Crosby,—I'll admit that I'm

## 2,300 Love-Lorn Letters A Day

We'll be married next week. Wish us luck, old pal. And thanks.—Betty.

The following cry of anguish is worthy of any anthology:—

Bing,—He did it! For six months he's been threatening to leave me, and last night he did—for good.

When I came home from work I found his note pinned on my lounging pyjamas. What can I do? I can't go home. I don't want to go on living without him. I know I've been wrong, but, please—please help me, as I haven't a friend in the world. Sing "Body And Soul" the next time you're on the radio. He'll understand. I want him to know how much I love him still. He—I'm crying so hard I can't go on.—Ruth.

This impertinent letter must be included because of its sheer audacity:—

Bing, dear,—Can you take it? I've been listening to you and loving you long enough. Too long, really. I just received a thousand dollars from the estate of an uncle—God rest his soul—so I'm hopping the next plane for Los Angeles. I'm coming out to the studio for just one kiss. Then I'll be content.

I know you're married, but I'm just five feet four of healthy, young girl, so one kiss won't hurt. Devotedly,—Wilma.

P.S.—Remember the name when I pass through my card.

The following confession is from one in the "awful age."

Dear Bing,—I wish I could die! I'm just an old maid and ugly. All my life I've had to watch my sister attract all the eligible males.

You don't know how terribly lonely it is to sit at the window of my room and look at the moonlight and listen to Sis and some beau whispering on the porch. Nobody loves me. When I'm dead they won't even understand that I died of a broken heart.

Life's worth living! Just after I wrote the first page of this letter something tremendous happened. Harry came for Sis. She had gone out with another suitor. I went downstairs to see what the rumpus was about, and Harry asked me to go out on the porch. He wanted to talk about Sis. He was

not one of your fans. I'm just an old-fashioned mother. But my young daughter worships you. Even at the dinner table she won't permit us to talk or make any sound when you're on the air. She always listens with a rapt expression.

I've tried to bring her up as a good, wholesome girl. But I've failed. We have terrible scenes occasionally. Even when I forbid her to go out she steals down the back stairs. She seldom comes home before 2 a.m. She thinks it smart to smoke and drink and neck—I hate that word!

Won't you do me a favour? You have such a tremendous influence on Katherine. And I appeal to you as the father of children of your own. Won't you write a song extolling the old-fashioned virtues? Teaching the younger generation that true happiness comes only from the wholesome things in life? If you do, thousands of parents will be grateful. I know it is silly to lay any blame

on you, but I'm just an anxious mother. Your sincere friend,—Mrs R. E.

The next letter strikes a note of tragic simplicity:—

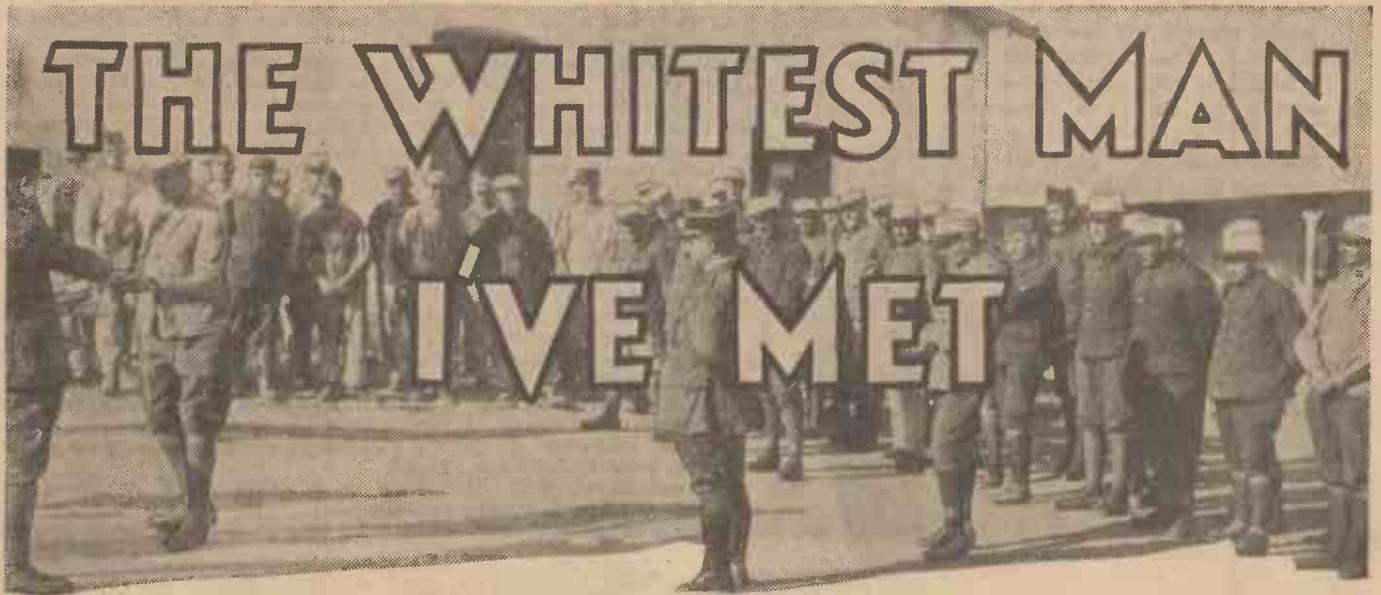
Mr Bing Crosby,—Maybe you git no letters from men, but I gotta write you to say something. I bin sitten here for three days now drinken and listen to you on the gramophone and rememberen when Ella was here. I killed four quarts, but I cant git drunk. I lose my job to because I dont go back to work but I dont care. Ella says when she left that shed git the divorce when she makes enough money and for me to take care of myself and not to worry. I dont blame her for leaven for shes much better off by herself. I only wish I didnt love her so much. Thats a helluva thing to love a woman so dam much your crazy and still do her no good when your around. But what I mean to write is that I've put the revolver away. I somehow play your record "Thanks" on the gramophone and know I feel the same way to. She give me four years of happiness which I don't deserve I guess. So thanks for all. And thanks to you to. You save my life even if it aint much good.—Karl.

Forgit to say you sing that song dam good.

(Please turn to page 31.)

\* All Bing's letters aren't sentimental. Quite a few are out for trouble. \*

A TALE OF THE FOREIGN LEGION. SENT OVER BY R. F. LEE-DILLON,  
NOTED TRAVELLER AND BROADCASTER.



I WAS with my section of machine guns and some five hundred men of the French Foreign Legion in North Africa escorting a convoy of provisions and stores to a newly-built small fort in the depths of the Atlas Mountain region in Morocco.

The country we had to pass through was extremely wild. We had to march through narrow defiles. Hidden snipers, high up behind boulders, were continually making casualties among us. This was despite the protection from surprise which our flank guard gave us.

Among these casualties was the hospital orderly attached to us in place of a medical officer. He collected an Arab bullet in the buttock, and had to be sent back under escort.

We continued our march with medical stores, but no medical attendant.

Two days later reveille was sounded in bivouac on what promised to be a scorching day. The men did not get up. They could not.

It was no case of malingering. One glance proclaimed them to be sick men. Their faces were grey, and their limbs were trembling.

The Officer in Command of the escort came to me. Consternation was written all over him. He informed me that the sick men were down with "plague."

With no medical man — and there being no telling how rapidly the disease might spread among all — the outlook was alarming.

No time must be lost, I said, if the men were to have a chance to recover and the epidemic prevented from rapidly spreading.

As I spoke, a man came up and saluted. He was one of my machine-gunners; indeed, a particular favourite of mine. Swiss by nationality, he was always known to us all as "Switzie."

He was the bravest and one of the best-looking men I have ever known. Fair, with humorous blue eyes, he had one failing, and that a bad one. His vice was drink. Switzie had private means.

In Africa, when a man gets money in his pocket, bad brandy in his stomach and homesickness in his heart, it produces what in the Legion is known as "le cafard." There is no telling what he might do.

Saluting the officers, Switzie volunteered at once to look after the sick men. He informed us that all the men knew that plague had broken out. He respectfully pointed out that there was danger of panic and, in his opinion, no time should be lost. Having some medical knowledge concerning such diseases, he suggested that he should take charge at once.

The Commanding Officer showed his relief. "Are you aware of the terrible risk you are asking to run?" he inquired. "You are almost certain to catch it yourself."

Switzie replied that he had considered all this. He thought it his duty, he said, to try to save his comrades and prevent the infection spreading to the rest of the men.

The Commanding Officer, much moved by these noble words, shook Switzie by the hand. But, knowing the man, I wondered what he was up to. I felt certain he was laughing up his sleeve—preparing some combination of devilry and heroism. And so it proved to be.

The facts only became known to me afterwards. I shall relate events as they happened.

Switzie had noticed among the medical stores six great bottles of pure alcohol for disinfecting wounds. There formed in his fertile mind a plan by which he might get a drink or two. There was also a sincere desire to save the sick men. He knew it would be at the risk of his own life.

His method of reasoning was something like this—if ninety-five per cent alcohol would disinfect wounds, it would disinfect a man's inside. Whose inside was more in need of disinfecting than that of an individual stricken with the plague?

The Commanding Officer ordered that everything was to be done to help Switzie. He was to be given anything he required.

Switzie directed that a small tent should be isolated on a little mound half a mile from the camp. To this tent three men were carried by soldiers wearing gas masks.

Switzie had been permitted to select anything he required from the medical stores. He had taken one medicine glass and six quarts of ninety-five per cent alcohol.

He had shut himself in a small tent with three men dying of the plague. It was either great courage or a great thirst.

Switzie uncorked the first bottle and filled the medicine glass. He raised it to his own lips to make sure that it was the right medicine. Satisfied, he seated himself next to patient No. 1.

He was so ill that Switzie had to lift his head on to his lap and pour the liquor down his throat. The same procedure was followed with each of the other two. Switzie took a dose himself as he gave one to each of his patients.

Three or four rounds of this medicine enabled the patients to revive to such an extent that they were able to sit up and take notice. Switzie and his patients sat on the floor of the tent passing the medicine glass from hand to hand.

Towards evening an uncanny stillness brooded over the little tent. The captain feared the worst. He walked over to investigate, regardless of danger.

Looking into the tent, he saw Switzie and his patients lying on their backs, apparently dead. They were. Dead drunk!

They had finished three quart bottles in four hours. The sick men took two whole days to get over the effect of "Dr" Switzie's treatment. But when they did there was no trace of plague. Nor did it spread to anybody else.

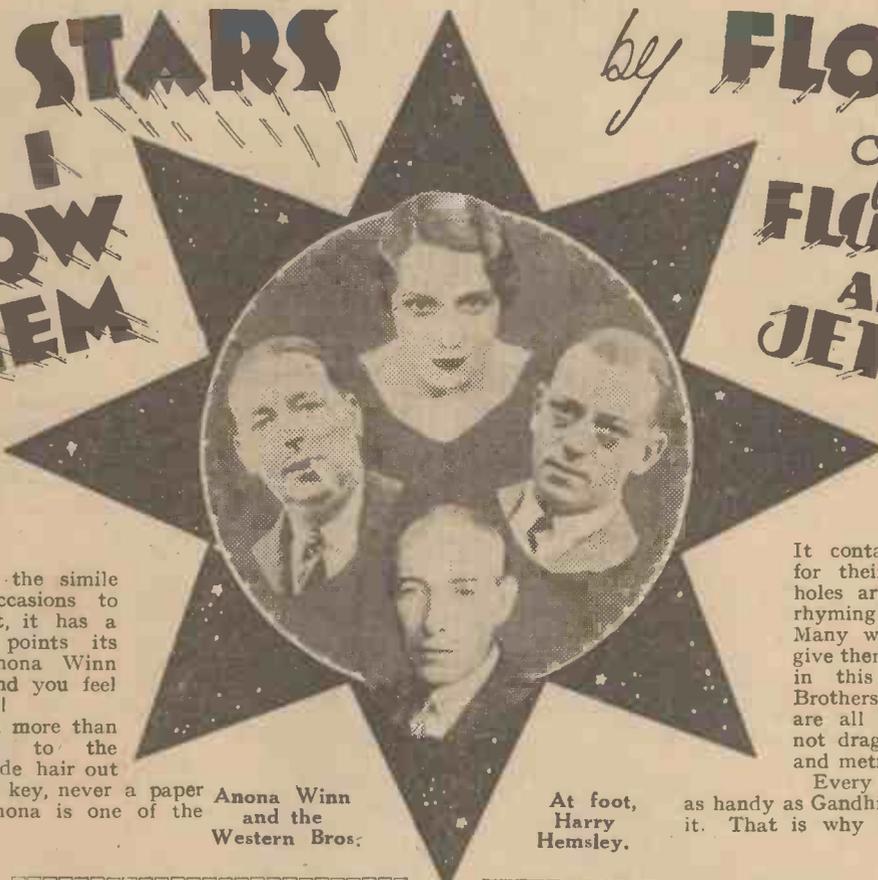
Switzie was put under arrest and threatened with court-martial for being drunk on duty in the presence of the enemy. He was still in prison when a telegram arrived from the French Government and the President of the Republic—awarding him a medal. It was for conspicuous bravery displayed in fighting dangerous epidemics, and particularly for saving the lives of three men exposed to contagion.

Switzie was not court-martialled. He was a white man, and liked by officers and men.



# THE STARS AS I KNOW THEM

# by FLOTSAM of FLOTSAM AND JETSAM



NEAT as a new pin. I have overheard the simile applied on several occasions to Anona Winn. In fact, it has a rhythmic sound that points its accuracy—new pin, Anona Winn—say it a few times and you feel it can't help being true!

It is—of Anona Winn more than anybody who steps to the "mike." Never a blonde hair out of place, never a note off key, never a paper astray at rehearsal; Anona is one of the smallest and slimmest of our lady broadcasters, so the new pin simile is apt; but it ceases at a given point, for Miss Winn is anything in the world but pin-headed.

Anona is so mentally alert as to be alarming. To begin with, she is an accomplished lyric writer; then, she is an Australian; an anti-podean lyric writer—that's a good start! She has a Melba-trained voice, is a grand mimic, knows just what she wants, is a good organiser, says exactly what she means, and means exactly what she says.

Anona doesn't waste time either. A few weeks ago the night watchman locked up the Winter Gardens at Margate too soon, and Anona found herself imprisoned with a song writer! They tried all the exit doors, but none yielded. "He's sure to come on his rounds again," said Anona. "Let's get on with this song!" In a few minutes she'd forgotten she was locked in. In half an hour they were set free, but the last chords of the song were being written. That's Anona!

### OR WAS SHE BEING CATTY?

One of her best assets is crystal-clear enunciation. Therefore, when she sang "The Girl with the Dreamy Eyes" lately, there was no excuse for the lady listener who said, "What I like about Anona Winn is that her stuff's always topical; fancy her having a song about 'The Man with the Glaring Eyes.'"

One of Anona's best impressions is that of Gracie Allen, of the American team of Burns and Allen. Its fidelity borders on the weird, and is all the more amazing in its sustained squeakiness, when you remember that another of Anona's most convincing caricatures is that of a baritone ballad singer. Yet these varied efforts are all delivered in the unruffled Winn manner.

While staying with some horsey people in the north, I was asked, "How about a show to-night?" I said at once, "Would you like to see Anona Winn?" "By gum, I

Anona Winn and the Western Bros.

At foot, Harry Hemsley.

It contains fresh white flowers for their lapels. These button-holes are always as neat as the rhyming in their topical songs. Many writers on current subjects give themselves considerable license in this respect. Not so the Brothers. The names of the great are all introduced, but they are not dragged in regardless of rhyme and metre.

Every celebrity hasn't a name as handy as Gandhi, but the lads get down to it. That is why their ditties, however red-hot, always sound polished and perfect in detail.

Privately the "cads" shed all their "cad-dishness" with their monocles, which, though mere empty rims, are valuable adjuncts to their onslaughts on the foibles of Mayfair.

Contentedly married men and fathers, the Western Brothers, products of the Roosters concert party, carved a niche for themselves in broadcasting history, and have never looked back. They are as popular to-day as ever—the cads!

Another immaculate and imperturbable worked is Harry Hemsley. To see him standing at the mike, or centre stage, you might say, "There's the family solicitor with some bad news." Unless you're in the know, you wouldn't suspect that in a few moments the ether, or the stage, as the case may be, is going to be peopled with the little folk of Harry's creative mind.

### THE HEMSLEY TRADE-MARK.

The sonorous voice with which he introduces himself does anything but prepare you for the pipings of youth that you are going to hear.

Harry's "children" are very real to him; when he "voices" their utterances, what they "say" comes back to his own ear as satisfying or otherwise, according to how he is working.

The Hemsley trade-mark is on his notepaper, the head of a sweet child with saucer-blue eyes, ready to blurt out innocently the whimsy that will soon be quoted as "Harry Hemsley's latest." In autograph albums you will find the same child's head in outline, quickly drawn by the mimic himself.

On a putting green at Lowestoft recently I met the "child" that Harry does not have to ask you to imagine—a tall, grown-up son who had taken a holiday from business and was "driving dad around a bit."

Mr Flotsam greets you again and hopes you are enjoying his articles—"The Stars As I Know Them." This week he has many interesting things to tell of our well-known broadcasters, Anona Winn, The Western Brothers, and Harry Hemsley.

would," cried my host, "I've got a horse running to-morrow!"

Two other new pins are Kenneth and George Western.

Every evening, as regular as clockwork, a small square package is delivered to them.

### MEET REGINALD KING

REGINALD KING, well known conductor and composer.

It was a great day in Reg's life when he signed his first contract, at the age of fourteen, to write educational music.

He has had experience with dance bands and orchestras, and has also done stage work.

He has been broadcasting programmes of light music for the past four years.

Dislikes ultra-modern music.



HERE THEY  
ARE AGAIN!

# MR TUTT CARRIES ON

"AND remember," said Melinda, giving Mr Tutt's tie a finishing touch, "you are to be a credit to me."

"Very good, Miss," said Mr Tutt. Melinda sighed. "I shan't have a minute's peace till you're back," she said severely. "You see, the Brown-Smiths are really posh people, pots of money and all that. You really ought to have gone in evening dress—"

"Never," said Mr Tutt. "I've never had an evening dress, and I never intend having one." He polished his glasses and looked nervously at his reflection in the mirror. He tried to smile at Melinda. "I wish to goodness I'd had the strength of will to turn the invitation down," he said. "I'd give anything to lounge about at home."

Melinda's finger was on her cheek. "You've a clean handkerchief," she said, "and don't dip your bread in the soup, and for heaven's sake don't tell everyone your brother once had a fish and chip shop."

"Quite," said Mr Tutt.

"And don't think everybody wants to hear you talking all the time. You're going out to

dinner, you know, not to give a lecture—and no funny stories, do you hear?"

A cheeky head popped round the door. "You're wanted upstairs, Mell," he said, grinning. "Mother's stuck. My hat, what a tie."

Mr Tutt was too preoccupied to administer paternal reproof. For a wretched fortnight he'd wished he'd never accepted Colonel Brown-Smith's invitation to dinner. It was all through a paper Mr Tutt had read at the last meeting of the local antiquarians.

The Colonel, impressed by Mr Tutt's knowledge of stained glass had said, "You must come along and see me."

There was a sudden commotion. The taxi had arrived, and Mrs Tutt was not ready. Mr Tutt was agitated. He didn't like to keep the man waiting.

Mrs Tutt couldn't find her wrap. Melinda had to run back for her bag, and Horace said, "I'll bet there's a bust-up!" Then Mrs Tutt sailed majestically down the path, and screamed when Joseph trod on her lace fringe as he climbed in after her.

It was not altogether the happiest of gatherings into which the Tutts were ushered. Apparently the Colonel's wife had not been as impressed with the Tutt tradition as the bluff Colonel. She trusted they were well, and that was all.

There was a relative of the Brown-Smith's, a Captain Peter, who had shot something near the Equator, and the Honourable Lionel, who seemed to be living on his honour only, and Alderman Simpson and his wife, who had

had a difference with the Colonel on local topics before the Tutts had arrived.

When, therefore, the Colonel whispered, "A ghastly crew," Mr Tutt gathered that he and the Colonel (and possibly Mrs Tutt) were exceptions.

Dinner went off better than Melinda might have expected. Mr Tutt was nervous and excessively polite. He might have come to grief over the fish by trying to tell a fishy story told to him by his brother, had not Mrs Tutt fastened him with her eye, and deftly turned the topic (that is the fish) into safer channels.

Then followed three long pauses, the last dispelled by the Colonel, who gave a long account of the sugar beet industry until his wife suggested that possibly there was some other topic under the sun.

"Glass, for instance," said the Colonel, retaliating. "Mr Tutt here knows a lot about glass. He's made a study of it for years. Jolly fine paper he read the other evening on fifteenth century

windows."

Mr Tutt toyed with his ice-cream and looked thoroughly ashamed of himself for being an authority on anything.

The Colonel's wife waited till Mr Tutt swallowed the last spoonful of ice-cream and then interrupted the Colonel's eulogy by saying that coffee would be served in the lounge. It was.

Alderman Simpson reverted to the matter which had recently been before the Cemetery and Watch Committee, the Colonel permitting himself to yawn, the Honourable Lionel saying fatuously, by jove, he thought there was something in it.

Whether he referred to the yawn or the Cemetery or the cup at his elbow, no one really knew.

"Speaking about the Cemetery and Watch Committee," said Mr Tutt, nervously breaking into one of the silences, "reminds me of a friend of mine who sat on a committee to consider whether the village grave-digger should get five shillings increase a week in wages." He faltered, catching Mrs Tutt's eye, and thinking of Melinda's instructions.

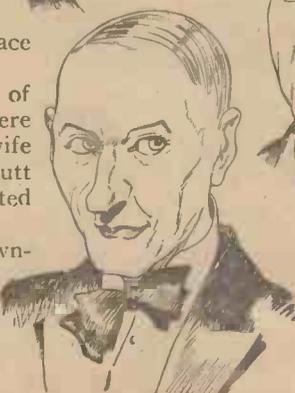
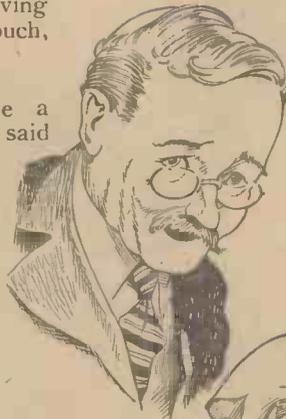
"Well?" asked the Colonel.

"Well," said Mr Tutt, "somebody in the meeting stood up and said he didn't see why the man should have an extra five shillings, arguing that the fellow hadn't to work overtime. 'No,' said my friend, 'thank heaven he doesn't. I'm leaving the village when he does!' And it was such a joke that the thing was carried there

and then."

The Colonel laughed heartily, and Mr Tutt, growing a trifle bolder, remembered another tale,

(Please turn to page 25.)



MR  
TUTT  
GOES  
TO  
A  
PARTY

Make  
a  
Date  
with  
the Tutts  
every  
week.

SHEILA KAYE-SMITH and  
IVOR NOVELLO.



Dr MAUDE ROYDEN and  
WILLIE SMITH.

*Likes*  
*Loves*  
*Dislikes*  
IN  
RADIO

MISS IRENE VANBRUGH. — *I really enjoy the "Proms." and the relays from opera.*

I am sorry I can't be so enthusiastic about broadcast plays. Though it is terribly against my own interests—for sometimes I play in them—I must say that for plays the radio is not the right

medium. Vision as well as hearing is essential for this form of entertainment.

The voice in wireless is terribly important. It is possible to listen to some people even when the subject matter is poor. Others spoil perfect material by faulty delivery. Sometimes I feel that broadcasters do not realise that they are speaking to individuals.

A. MAUDE ROYDEN, D.D. — *I like music neither very difficult nor very lowbrow. The Proms. are a continual joy to me.*

I prefer talks to debates, especially a series of talks by different speakers on highly controversial subjects. When a speaker has the field to himself he can devote himself to the positive rather than to the negative side of his subject.

Shakespeare is a favourite, especially when Ion Swinley is in the cast.

IVOR NOVELLO. — *I get most enjoyment out of my wireless from broadcasts of opera. I wish there were more of them—not necessarily during a theatre performance, but specially-arranged studio broadcasts, with, if possible—and why not?—international casts.*

Another group of distinguished people in various walks of life give you their candid opinions on radio programmes.

The Sunday night operatic performances from foreign stations are particularly well done and sung by casts that we pay 30s a stall to hear at Covent Garden during our all-too-short opera season.

*I could write a thousand words on the programmes I like least. Programmes whose only excuses are that they give much-needed employment.*

WILLIE SMITH. — *Wireless takes up most of my leisure hours. It's almost a vice with me.*

*I like most what I get little of—a good, virile military band. Why can't we have more such bands instead of so much mushy dance music, with its spineless crooning?*

MISS SHEILA KAYE-SMITH. — *I turn to the wireless for rest and recreation, therefore I resent all attempts to educate and improve me. I also dislike forms of broadcasting which are, it seems to me, quite unsuited to the medium, i.e., plays.*

I enjoy music in practically all its forms, though I have a sneaking preference for the lighter sort.

News, also, is valuable to anyone living, as I do, out of reach of evening papers, but I must say I have found the B.B.C.'s efforts to "brighten" the news a dismal failure.

THINGS THAT MAKE A HOME—By Howard Marshall. (Continued from page 3.)

Incomes. If people had ever lived and loved there, read thrillers at midnight, and lain in beautiful indolence on a Sunday morning, there were no signs of it. It had the air of being a very good room in a very good hotel. The whole house was as competent and glossy as this bedroom. In fact, there was but one thing wrong with the house—it was not a home."

Please do not jump down my throat for suggesting that untidiness is one of the essentials of a happy home. I suggest nothing of the sort. The housewife, after all, has her pride.

I do submit, though, that if we thought less of conventional appearance and more of practical comfort, our houses might become more human, more tempting of an evening. And for this happy compromise there will have to be toleration as well as affection between husband and wife.

I sometimes think that the home is fighting a losing battle to-day. There are so many counter-attractions—such entertainments as dirt-track racing, the dogs, &c., hockey, boxing, all-in wrestling, dancing, cinemas, theatres—allurements which make the fireside seem merely a place for those who have nothing better to do or no money to spend on amusement.

Please do not mistake me or think me a kill-joy. I have no quarrel with most of these entertainments. It is good that we should be able to relax now and again. I only

submit that they should not cause us to forget the far more lasting joys of home.

I do quarrel most bitterly, it is true, with the fact that so many of my fellow-countrymen are forced to live in conditions which make happiness in the house virtually impossible.

I look forward to the day when every family in Britain shall have at least the opportunity to be happy.

I say "opportunity," for whether we attain happiness or not depends ultimately upon ourselves. One of the happiest men I know is a crippled street flower seller in London and one of the most miserable is a millionaire.

I think, indeed, that it is more difficult for the rich man to preserve the joys of home than it is to the relatively poor man. I have strayed into great houses which are as coldly impersonal as hotels; misereable, bleak inhuman places compared with a certain little house in Poplar where I once lived, a house where kindness and affection are the only riches.

A home is not made by outward show of any sort, but by love and tolerance and good humour and courtesy and the laughter of children.

In the poorest homes you will discover these qualities, but they do not come there by accident. They are the products of unselfishness and courage and loyalty.

"Better is a dinner of herbs where love is," says the psalmist, "than a stalled ox and hatred therewith." A wise man. I think he wrote that by his own fireside.

REX KING'S RADIO CRITICISM



Top to bottom—Albert Sandler, Elsie Carlisle, Harry Davidson, Harry Roy, Maurice Winnick, Brian Lawrence, Stanelli, and Charlie Kunz.

“Did Gracie Fields—?” Quit Arguing. Remember Rex King's Free Information Service

THE B.B.C. keep stepping into puddles. The Will Hay puddle has given them the devil of a job clearing the mud off their pants! I've heard their action in cutting off Hay's act described as "a piece of mandarinism." That's too polite and inadequate. It was a piece of crass stupidity.

NO other branch of the entertainment industry would have blundered with such appalling ignorance of the desires of their "customers." I know as well as anyone that a time schedule is necessary in an organisation like the B.B.C. But a time schedule that is elastic with symphony and chamber concerts, and taut as wire with music-hall acts, is just a mockery. This freakish inconsistency is making Portland Place a laughing-stock.

WILL HAY is asked to supply an act of a certain duration. He accepts, and works to the clock. BUT THE FACT THAT THE B.B.C.'s



Will Hay.



Tessa Deane.

OWN ORCHESTRA OVER-RAN ITS TIME BY TWO MINUTES BEFORE SACRIFICED! THE MUSIC-HALL SHOW STARTED MEANT THAT SOMEONE HAD TO BE SACRIFICED ON THE ALTAR OF B.B.C. "PUNCTUALITY." And, with typical B.B.C. effrontery, the best act on the bill, and one of the best the B.B.C. has ever had, is "bumped off."

I HOLD a brief for the listening public. I am voicing their demands when I say that this hopeless state of affairs must stop.

THE B.B.C. have apologised to Will Hay. I suppose they imagine listeners have short memories. Heaven forbid! The trend of thought at Portland Place is too obvious. Music-hall programmes have been curtailed from once weekly to once monthly. That certainly does not indicate that the desires of the bulk of the listening public are being heeded. All that remains now is for the Foundations of Music to be extended to a full hour, and brought on in the evening period—then we shall be truly miserable!

GOOD for you John Watt! Unknowingly you gave me a real thrill with your repeat performance of "It Seems Like Yesterday." The last time I heard that show, I was surrounded by a lot of water. Crossing the Atlantic on my way to America, in fact. We were nearing the ice zone; had run into dense fog; we knew three big bergs were in the vicinity, but couldn't see even the ship's bow. The siren blared continuously. Passengers were fidgety.

THE wireless operator touched my sleeve. "C'mon downstairs," he whispered. "I'm off duty for an hour; we'll see what American stations we can bring in." I jumped at the offer. We slipped down to his cabin. Played about for a spell, then, "Gee, I know that voice!" I exclaimed. "If that isn't John Watt, of the B.B.C., then I'm the baths manager of Iceland!" It was John Watt, on an American network. The show was either being relayed to America from London, or the Yanks

were using a Blattnerphone of "It Seems Like Yesterday." It was a sheer tonic, to hear Watt emerge from a medley of advertising programmes announced by chappies with clothes pins fixed to their nasal organs.

"IT Seems Like Yesterday" was one of the best things Watt has done. He helps things greatly by his nonchalant narration. I'd liked his remark when Philip was hunting for a job. "Phil has starved himself to pay for his trousers to be pressed. Funny thing how employers won't give a man £2 per week unless he looks as if he earned £20!" A lot of hoss sense in that, you'll agree!

I WANT to pay a great tribute to a lady—Thelma Cazalet. The radio of any country has never brought a more perfect feminine voice to the microphone. She was speaking about the life and work of Sylvia Pankhurst, in the "I Knew A Man" series. A good subject certainly. But that voice, full of sweet cadency, could have transformed the most trifling matter into an item of vital import. I understand she was a member of Parliament in the last Government, and may be in the new. In which case I must book a pew in the visitors' gallery some time! I say without hesitation, Miss Cazalet has the most beautiful female voice I have ever heard on the air.

The Most Beautiful Voice.

There's another voice that fascinates me—in a different way. It belongs to Eddie Pola. We don't hear enough of it. Pola doesn't try to sound like a "silver-tongued announcer." He knows what he wants to say, and slings it at you. His remarks at the "Nut Club" are as crazy as the show itself. But they jerk you out of your armchair nap, and demand the big hand. Said the bright Eddie—"Remember, girls, you can fool all the boys part of the time, you can fool part of the boys all the time, but you can't fool ALL the boys ALL THE WAY HOME!" Crazy, mad, but funny. I christen Eddie Pola "The Madhouse Salesman"—we'd all like to be in his house!

DRAMA behind the scenes! Ah, folks, if you only knew the half of it! Maybe you noticed that in one particular "hot" dance number the

The Madhouse Salesman.

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DRAMA behind the scenes! Ah, folks, if you only knew the half of it! Maybe you noticed that in one particular "hot" dance number the



Eve Becke.



Eric Maschwitz.

other night the members of a famous dance band almost ruined the effect by laughing. I heard it, and thought it tactless. Listeners don't like to feel they are being side-tracked.

AS it happened, I met the band leader the next day. His explanation vindicated the band. You'll agree when you hear it. The number being played was a "hot" one, as I have mentioned.

The Band Leader Explains.

At one point the entire band had to burst into a vocal chorus of "Dod-de-oh, boomp-a-doop, hotcha-cha-cha," &c. One player was so keen to get the "hot" effect that he jumped to his feet, swinging his instrument, and bawling a la Harlem. He hadn't got past the first "Boomp-a-doop" when the tragedy happened. His dental plate came unstuck! "From that point," gurgled the leader, "his vocal chorus was the most perfect rendering I've ever heard of a 'hot' number."

"I'll make a note of your question, sir," said the candidate.  
 And he wrote Rex King about it!

**I**F you like your radio fun slung at you; if you like to have it hit you and spread over you, in the fashion of a cinema slapstick—then you would enjoy "Night Falls on Slow-on-the-Uptake." I don't—and I didn't! The idea behind this show was quite good. But its execution was—justified! Leonard Henry can do a lot better than this. As the "Regional Director," his articulation got lost in the wide-open spaces.

**THE** fault of "Night Falls on Slow-on-the-Uptake" was that it was ridiculously over-drawn. Yes, I know it was burlesque. But burlesque should have its strength and its tilt at the orthodox. In this case, such a relationship was seldom evident. In fact, most of the talk was sheer rubbish. It was like the first drop o' beer out of a new barrel—all froth. For once I agreed with my "better half"—we **WOULD** have been happier at the pictures!



Peter Dawson.

Ronald Hill.

**I** LISTENED to Kitty Masters, who used to croon for Henry Hall. I maintain that crooning is to real singing what puns are to real wit—the weakest form. Miss Masters saved herself in my estimation, when she sang a sentimental little item, "When Your Little Boy Grows Up." Sob stuff, of course, but it was the only number which let us hear Kitty in a voice that seemed to be "made in Britain." The others were sung in the moaning fashion that appears to be the "mode" with crooners.

**I**F crooners could only hear themselves at the other end of the radio, I wonder what they would think. Every time I hear a crooner starting an octave below and moaning slowly up to the proper note, I have a flashback picture of a bad crossing I made to Calais one time. That's why I always lie flat on my back when listening to one! I'll say this for Kitty Masters, though. She has a voice capable of effect without the crooning angle. That's more than I can say of most crooners!

**DO** you wonder that I enjoy writing this paragraph? It's about Peter Dawson, the baritone, who sings in his bath and then gets dressed, to find that some firm has made a record of it (the song, not the bath). If I had a fiver for every gramophone record Peter Dawson has made, I'd be the owner of Radio Review, instead of a humble critic. I understand Dawson has made more records than any other singer. And every time I hear him I know the reason why!

**PETER DAWSON'S** show with the B.B.C. Theatre Orchestra was sheer delight. His versatility and range are immense. He pleases me most, however, in his military numbers. That's probably why "The Song of the Drums" took my fancy. But Mr Dawson didn't steal all the thunder. Stan Robinson, with Montague Brearley and his men of the orchestra, got right in amongst the honours. This is one of the most popular of all the B.B.C. orchestral combinations.

**NO, gentlemen, I don't think it's wise.** I'm speaking to the Dramatic Department. And I'm thinking about that marathon effort, "The Trial of Madeleine Smith," arranged and adapted for the microphone by John Gough. I know the dapper, short-bearded Mr Gough, intimately. And knowing him to be one of the most charming and quietly-progressive minds in the Drama Department, I'd like to fall on his neck with enthusiastic acclaim. But, alas, the truth is I had already fallen—asleep!

**AS** the Lord Advocate (John A. Stewart) waded through his forty-five-minute speech, my sympathy for Madeleine, who was accused of administering arsenic to her lover and thereby bumping him off, became relentlessly diffused with boredom. And when the Dean of Faculty (Douglas Allan) got into the middle of HIS forty-five-minute speech, it was just too bad. Long before the finish I didn't give a hoot whether they found Madeleine guilty of murder, driving without a license, or breach of the peace!

**NOW** I don't blame John Gough, Gordon Gildard, another really lively mind and excellent producer, or the able members of the cast. Nor do I blame the B.B.C. for putting it on. I just don't think it constituted 90 minutes' entertainment or enjoyment. As an experiment it told us something. It told me, at any rate, that such an effort is justified—only if the theme or subject matter be holding. This trial wasn't holding—for two reasons. First, the subject itself was depressing. Second, we knew long before the end that the whole thing balanced upon whether or not Madeleine Smith did actually meet her lover, L'Angelier, on the night she was accused of administering the poison.

**THE** whole play lacked action in its suggestion. The two speeches which constituted the play, of necessity, bore too much repetition. And even the admitted grand eloquence of these speeches failed to balance the effect of the rather wearisome re-parade of the facts. It was a brave effort, however. But a similar one can only be justified when the theme



Webster Booth.

Michael North.

is one less melancholy, and more active—even in mere suggestion.

**WAS** it a slip of the tongue—or a slip of manners? I'm still wondering. Maybe the comedian concerned will let me know. He performed from an Edinburgh theatre—an outside broadcast. Came on to the stage as "feed" to his funny man partner. The latter interrupts him in the old Spanish fashion. "Feed" gets annoyed. "Look here," he protests. "You're interrupting me. I came on here to entertain the ladies and gentlemen in front—AND THE PEOPLE LISTENING-IN!" That's what I'm wondering about. Was it a slip of the tongue—or a cheap jibe at the folk enjoying the show at-home? If the former, I'll forget it. If the latter, home listeners are due an apology. I take it music-hall artistes don't allow their shows to be broadcast just because they love us.



Top to bottom—Denny Dennis, Billy Cotton, Kitty Masters, Henry Hall, Billy Merrin, Carroll Gibbons, Lew Stone, and Peggy Cochrane.

The SHAPPEST HINZOL BROOD QUACKING

BEGIN THIS GREAT  
STORY NOW

ROY VICKERS AT  
HIS BEST

# The NOTORIOUS MISS WALTERS



JOAN and Benjoy built bonfires and tried signals with smoke. But neither of them understood the difficult business of coding with smoke. Even if the smoke had been seen in the village, no notice would have been taken. For years no one had associated the island with any emergency. Soon darkness fell and they realised that no boat would come to the island that night.

"Cold supper, I'm afraid," laughed Benjoy. "Tinned stuff. There's any amount of it in the house. In stormy weather we used to be cut off sometimes for a couple of days, and the gov'nor didn't like starving!"

Joan decided to make the best of it. In two of the upstairs rooms they made fires and aired the bedding. It was even fun preparing a supper of tinned chicken, followed by apricots. There was whisky-and-soda for Benjoy and lemonade for Joan. She unearthed a coffee grinder and made coffee. While she was thus engaged, Benjoy was taking liberal toll of the whisky.

Over coffee he was gloomy. She asked him why.

"I'm thinking about the end of your holiday," he said thickly. "You mean to dodge out of my way, don't you?"

"It would be difficult to keep up our friendship," Joan admitted. "I don't see how you and Lionel can hobnob."

## Joan is Alarmed

"LIONEL!" he echoed. "That's the man you're engaged to." He shivered. "I just can't bear to think of that. You can't do it, Joan. You can't do it—now you and I have met."

"You're talking wildly, dear boy, and I don't think you know what you're saying."

Joan was angry and alarmed, but her tone was casual and indifferent. "It's time we turned in," she added sharply. "Good-night."

"Joan!"

Benjoy had sprung up and was standing between her and the door.

"Joan!" he repeated as if her name held magic. "I can't let you go—ever. I've given you the whole of myself. I've given you everything I possess. I love you, Joan. I can't live without you."

"We shall have a row in a minute, Cecil," said Joan dangerously. "Be sensible and get out of my way."

"I am being sensible," he returned, laughing wildly. "I love you, Joan. I've wanted you all my life without knowing it. You're what—she ought to have been. I tell you, I can't live without you. And I won't try—d'you hear me—I won't try. Joan!"

Before she could prevent him, he had taken her in his arms. Even then she did not lose her head.

"Dirty little cad!" she exclaimed hotly, striking him in the face.

It was a trifling blow, but Benjoy staggered back to the door.

"You're right!" he gasped. "I'm a dirty little cad."

Then, to Joan's amazement, he crumpled up, so that he was crouching on the floor. He covered his face with his hands and for the first time Joan heard a man cry.

She was unnerved, but in a different way now, for she had utterly forgotten her fear of

## THE BEGINNING OF THE STORY.

JOAN WALTERS, the pretty girl in the ribbons department of Carberry's, a suburban shop, was glad the other girls in the shop did not know that she had been christened Arabella Josephine. Why should parents call their children such awful names? However, Joan's parents had been killed in an accident when she was only seven. Aunt Betha had looked after her since.

Joan was looking forward to her fortnight's holiday with her fiance, LIONEL DEMPSTER, one of the clerks in Benjoy's big London stores. Fate in the person of Mr Carberry stepped in.

Arrangements had been altered, he said, and Joan must go on holiday next day. Joan packed her bag, containing the passport she had once used to buy stock for Carberry's, and decided to go to the Cornish coast.

Before leaving she had met her sweetheart, Lionel, outside Benjoy's stores, and told him that she was going to Colford. She was overheard by young CECIL BENJOY, chairman of the board of directors of the store. Cecil had fallen for Joan.

To Joan's amazement young Benjoy went to Colford and met Joan on the beach next day. They were soon good pals, for his talk led her to believe that Cecil Benjoy was a fellow clerk with Lionel Dempster.

When Cecil met Joan in a Rolls Royce car she thought he had hired it as a holiday extravagance. She insisted on paying half expenses. Joan did not find out the truth until they went to the island on the speed-boat, which Cecil had told her he had managed to get on loan.

Inside an empty house on the island, however, was a portrait which Joan recognised as that of the founder of the firm of Benjoy's—Cecil's father. She challenged Cecil, who confessed that he was a millionaire.

They left the house and went to the landing-stage. There they found the speed-boat, broken loose from the ropes, lying battered against the rocks.

Marooned with Cecil Benjoy on an island. Night was falling.

him. His whole body writhed with the dreadful sobs torn out of him in a very ecstasy of grief.

"Cecil—listen—you're making too much of this. You lost your head, but I—I forgive you if that's what's troubling you. Cecil!"

For a time Joan could make no impression upon him.

"I was in heaven while you and I were trotting about on the beach and fooling with the Firefly," he gasped. "And I never touched your hand. I was on guard all the time. And now I've spoilt it all. I've always spoilt everything. My mother always spoilt things."

"Your mother!" echoed Joan in surprise. "You're like her. You're like what she ought to have been."

Joan wanted to go, but there was a queer quality in Cecil's voice that held her fascinated.

"I barely remember her, but I know all about her. Father used to tell me—in this very house. She began with him. She was his shop-assistant when he had only one. When he began to succeed they married. He made her give up the work, though she didn't want to. She hated being just a lady. Shortly after I was born she began to drink. It was father's fault—he said so himself. He oughtn't to have made her give up the work she liked."

"Tell me all about it if you like to," prompted Joan.

## An Island Tragedy

"OF course there had always been some weakness, but the business life had made everything all right," continued Benjoy, in a high-pitched voice. "She drank herself to death. There was something rotten in her that might have been all right—very nearly was all right. Father told me. He used to frighten me when I was young, talking about her, hinting about her, warning me about her. I hated the holidays he and I spent here. I hated the house—I was frightened of it—until you came into it to-day and then it—sort of removed the curse. Oh, I know that's rot, but that's what I felt."

"I know now what father meant when he was always trying to warn me. There's the same rottenness in me. And now I've made you hate me."

"I don't hate you, Cecil." Pity stirring within her moved her to take his hand and half-drag him to his feet. "Don't bully yourself so. We'll just go back to—say, where we were when we were having supper. And we're friends—you don't have to worry."

"You're making it worse!" He showed signs of another collapse. "You're being kind to me—for my own sake. Not because you're going to be paid anything for it."

"That's all nonsense, you know, Cecil," Joan said in a matter-of-fact voice as she could muster. "You're really a jolly sort of person, who could make friends of the right sort without buying them. And you'll forget me in a few weeks."

"Now you are talking nonsense," he returned with complete conviction. "You'll never be able to bear me near you again. You'll always be frightened that I shall grab you again. Hysteria was creeping back into his voice. "It's true. I might, you know. The streak of rottenness! I know it's in me, because the doctors have told me so."

He meant, of course, a streak of insanity.

Or at least a streak of mental instability. She understood this, but was not afraid for herself. Here was no dangerous debauchee, but a stricken boy.

"You'll never try to hurt me again, Cecil. I'm sure of that."

"I'll never hurt you again," he repeated oddly. "But we're going to be alone together all night in this house. Do you understand that? I do. And I've got an idea. I know where the gov'nor kept it."

He went to a writing-table, took a key from the outer drawer and unlocked a side drawer. The second drawer in the tier of side-drawers.

Next moment he was offering her a revolver. "Take it," he muttered. "And protect yourself. If I touch you, shoot. Straight through the heart. D'you hear! No one will blame you. Nor shall I."

"Put that revolver back in the drawer, Cecil," said Joan firmly.

To her vast relief he obeyed. Joan followed him. As he turned away she locked the drawer and slipped the key into the holiday bag.

"Now drink some more coffee—it'll steady you—and then go to bed. And don't think about all this. I shall never tell anybody what has happened."

Benjoy looked up at her with dumb adoration. She smiled reassuringly, then went up to the room that had been agreed upon as hers; but she neither undressed nor locked the door. In so far as she thought of their personal relationship at all, she thought of herself as a sort of hospital nurse. Pity had driven out fear. It was quite clear that young Benjoy was a mental invalid.

Joan sat in a chair, a couple of candles on the dressing-table. Minutes passed while she strained her ears for his footsteps. If he did not soon go to his bedroom she would have to go downstairs to see if he were all right.

Suddenly she stiffened with dread. A deafening report filled the house.

Regardless of her own danger, Joan rushed downstairs.

In the dining-room, Cecil Benjoy was clutching the mantelpiece, swaying a little. On the carpet at his feet lay the revolver.

"I've done it!" he muttered thickly. "Through the lungs. All over in a minute or two. God bless you, Joan! Marry your man—and be happy."

As he spoke he tottered and fell heavily. Joan rushed to his side and pulled the revolver from under him, thinking that it would hurt him.

But as she did so she knew that her effort was vain. Before she had actually touched his breast above the heart and found it quite still, she knew that Cecil Benjoy was dead.

### Joan Keeps Silent

FOR a long time Joan stood over the body of Cecil Benjoy, dry-eyed, dazed by the tragedy. Then began for her a dreadful vigil. It was not yet midnight. She must stay for many hours, alone on the island with the remains of one who had so recently been her playmate.

She could not wait in that room of death. She returned to her bedroom—to wait.

When she thought that hours must have passed, she looked at her watch and found that she had been in the room for less than twenty minutes.

"I mustn't keep looking at the watch or I shall scream," she thought.

She soon lost her sense of time. Perhaps she dozed, only to start up as one of the candles flickered out. The other glowed dimly in the growing light. She blew it out. Then she remembered what Benjoy had said—that fishermen would pass the island shortly after dawn.

Joan crept downstairs, feeling her way. At the foot of the stairs her feet refused to

move further; she was numbed by the knowledge that the corpse was but a few feet from her.

Then the horror passed as she thought of Cecil Benjoy as a person—as one who, in spite of his great wealth, had been given no chance of real happiness.

She walked reverently out of the house, shivered in the cold air and returned to the hall for her coat, muffler and her holiday bag.

"I mustn't miss those fishermen. Not that there's anything that can be done for poor Cecil. I must get to his people as quickly as possible and tell them how it happened."

Joan walked to the highest point of the island, but as yet she could see scarcely half a mile ahead.

"But he hasn't any people! He said so himself. I wonder what I ought to do. Does one tell the police—or is that only when a crime has been committed? I can't just walk away and say nothing."

For the first time since the crack of the

she caught sight of the little fleet of five fishing boats—waving excitedly and calling though her voice could not possibly be heard. Presently one of them answered her signal.

Her own reputation smirched in the eyes of the unthinking! Lionel condemned to the grinding misery of unemployment! And to balance this misery—just nothing but an empty formality! Neither poor Cecil Benjoy nor any living person would suffer if she were to slip quietly away without saying anything.

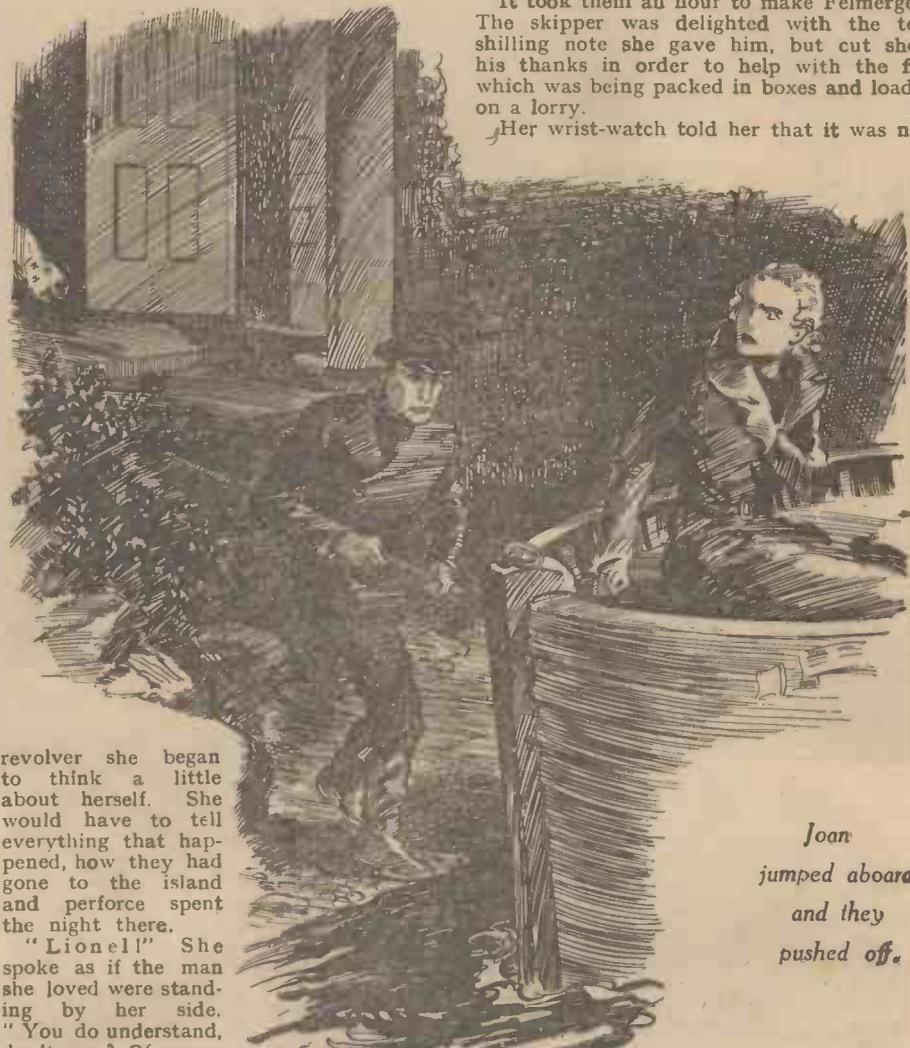
Almost as soon as she reached the landing-stage a fishing-boat rounded the elbow of rock—a lumbering, bulky tub with an out-board motor.

"Look'ee sharp, young lady, or lorry'll miss train!" shouted the skipper and laughed as he caught sight of the wreck of the Fire-fly.

There were three hands on board and a load of fish. Joan jumped lightly aboard and they pushed off. Two of the men were busy with the fish, and in any case the noise of the little engine made conversation impossible. So much the better!

It took them an hour to make Felmergell. The skipper was delighted with the ten-shilling note she gave him, but cut short his thanks in order to help with the fish which was being packed in boxes and loaded on a lorry.

Her wrist-watch told her that it was now



Joan  
jumped aboard  
and they  
pushed off.

revolver she began to think a little about herself. She would have to tell everything that happened, how they had gone to the island and perforce spent the night there.

"Lionel!" She spoke as if the man she loved were standing by her side.

"You do understand, don't you? Of course you do—how silly I am! And I didn't know that he was the Benjoy until—"

The Benjoy! Only son of old Christopher Benjoy! Owner of the world famous store! All the papers would publish the account. Lionel would read it and so would all the other clerks at Benjoy's. "Dempster's girl was with young Benjoy when he shot himself." "How did she come to know young Benjoy?" "Alone on that island, too."

Lionel would find his position impossible. He would have to throw up his job, and he might not get another. And the misery that would come to both of them would do Cecil Benjoy no good whatever.

Suddenly Joan was waving her hand as

half-past five. She hung about watching the men work, trying to take her thoughts from the island. When the lorry was ready to start she asked the driver to give her a lift to the station. The driver had noticed the skipper's contentment with his tip and eagerly agreed.

The lorry ran straight to the county town. Here, after some inquiry, she found that she would have to make three changes before she could get across the county to Whidcombe.

This, did not matter she thought. She was in no hurry now.

"I managed to slip away and no one has

(Please turn to page 26.)

Charles Shadwell & His Orchestra.



Charles Shadwell



Charles Manning



Mr. Van Dam

MID-

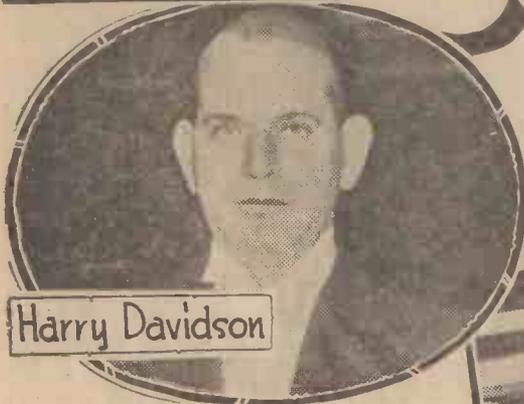
Hayden Heard



Trio of Granada Orchestra

MUSIC

Harry Davidson



Reginald New



7 6 5

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Muscant & Orchestra



Joseph Muscant



Tom Jenkins



Sydney Phasey



Sydney Gustard



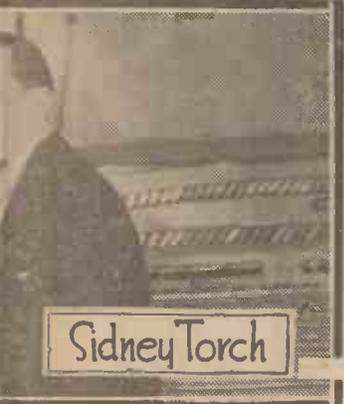
Arthur & Jack Salisbury



Quentin Maclean



Sidney Torch



Fredric Bayco



**Rex King is at your service**

His great Free Advice Bureau is open to you.

**A MIDLAND BROADCAST.**

Dear Rex,—(1) Could you give me the address of William Holden who gave a short broadcast from Midland Regional entitled "Never Say Die"? (2) Also did Harry Roy and Ambrose appear with their bands on a recent Friday night and Saturday afternoon respectively?—"M. S." (MON.).

(1) You should write William Holden, c/o B.B.C., Birmingham. (2) Yes.

**PHOTO OF THE WESTERN BROTHERS.**

Dear Rex,—Will you please forward me a photo of the Western Brothers.—"J. H. H." (GLAM.).

Sorry, we do not have photographs of stars to send out to readers. You should address your request to the Western Brothers personally, c/o "Radio Review," 12 Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed with your letter.

\* \* \* \*

- 1—Is Roy Fox American or Canadian?
  - 2—How long has he been in this country?
  - 3—Is he married?
  - 4—What are his hobbies?
- Fox Fan (Wolverhampton).

*1. I was born in Colorado U.S.A*  
*2. I've been here just over five years.*  
*3. married for seven years.*  
*4. my hobbies are —*  
*Shooting*  
*Racing*  
*Golf*  
*Fishing*  
*[Signature]*

\* \* \* \*

**A READER'S RATINGS.**

Dear Rex,—Would you be kind enough to oblige me by answering the following questions?—(1) Is Harry Roy coming to Blackpool Palace? If so, could you tell me the date? (2) Has Harry made a film yet? (3) Is Dan Donovan leaving the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra in the near future? Here is my rating of the leading dance bands in this country—1 Harry Roy, 2 Ambrose, 3 Lew Stone, 4 Herman Darewski, 5 Sydney Kyte, 6 Jack Payne, 7 Henry Hall, 8 Syd Lipton, 9 Roy Fox, 10 Charlie Kunz (this band is certainly very sweet, but lacks rhythm).—"G. L." (LANCASHIRE.)

(1) No. (2) No. (3) Not to my knowledge. Quite a good list.



**ABOUT JACK PLANT.**

Dear Rex,—Can you please tell me why Jack Plant has not sung for Sydney Kyte during his last three broadcasts? I always enjoy listening to this fine vocalist, and I have been very disappointed that he has not been on the air. Has he left Sydney or is he on holiday?—"A. R. B." (BIRMINGHAM).

Jack Plant is away on the continent at the moment.

**DRUMMER WHO IS NOW IN AMERICA.**

Dear Rex,—Would you be good enough to forward me the address of Drummer Bill Harty, late of Lew Stone's band who is now in America?—"J. W. R." (SCOTLAND).

I have no definite address for Bill Harty, but suggest you try him, c/o Radio City, New York, U.S.A.

**FILM STARS' ADDRESSES.**

Dear Rex,—Would you please publish in your valuable paper the addresses of the following:—(1) Eddie Cantor; (2) Tom Walls; (3) Ralph Lynn; (4) Gordon Richards; (5) Jack Payne; (6) Gracie Fields.—"H. B." (HULL.)

Eddie Cantor, c/o United Artistes Studios, 1041 Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California; Tom Walls and Ralph Lynn, c/o Gaumont British Studios, Lime Grove, London, W.12; Gordon Richards, c/o F. Darling, Beckhampton, Wilts.; Jack Payne, c/o Walmar House, 288 Regent Street, London, W.; Gracie Fields, c/o "Radio Review."

- 1—How many times has Leonard Henry broadcast?
- 2—Has he ever broadcast from regions other than National and London?
- 3—Does he write his own material?
- 4—Is he a Londoner?

—Joe Brown (Coventry).

- 1. Think of the Malcolm Campbell's speed record, but leave out the decimals*
- 2. Yes Luxembourg, Cote D'Azur, Cote Normandy Belfast, & all other Regions except the Lower Regions*
- 3. Yes Words and Music*
- 4. Yes Born October April 17 & all that.*

\* \* \* \*

**NO REPLY.**

Dear Rex,—I wrote you enclosing 3d in stamps for a photograph of Lew Stone's band, also leaves from autograph book, but I regret to say I have not had a reply. I received Nat Gonella's almost by return, and am more than pleased with it. Will you kindly look into the matter?—"A. P." (LONDON).

If your letter to Lew Stone was received at this office it was forwarded safely. I can only suggest you write again, mentioning that it is the second time of writing.

**NEWS OF THE**

**MIDLAND REGIONAL REPERTORIES**

**SUCCESS OF SUNDAY RELAYS.**

Last winter, Midland Regional began a series of representative plays by repertory companies in their area—these were relayed on Sundays.

The experiment was generally regarded as being successful. The series is to be resumed this winter, but the plays will be given from the studio instead of the theatres.

The first is Tyrone Guthrie's radio play, "The Flowers Are Not for You to Pick," and it is being presented by the Birmingham Repertory Theatre Company on Sunday.

\* \* \* \*

**FOR OPERA LOVERS.**

The Royal Carl Rosa Opera Company is doing a short season at the Theatre Royal, Nottingham. Parts of two operas are being given—"Il

Trovatore" on November 15 and "La Traviata" on November 18.

Charles Webber is the conductor, and the first two acts of "La Traviata" are being given.

There is a very strong company, including Ivor John.

\* \* \* \*

**NEXT "SCRAPBOOK" SHOW CORONATION YEAR CHOSEN.**

For the eighth of their attractive and popular "Scrapbook" programmes on Thursday, November 21, Charles Brewer and Leslie Baily have chosen the year 1911.

It was Coronation year—a year of colourful pageantry.

London was packed with "personalities," and the many entertainments arranged to celebrate the accession of King George added greatly to the general gaiety. Notabilities of 1911 in



**Send your Radio Queries to Rex**

He knows all the answers  
No question is too trifling.

**SIGNATURE TUNES.**

Dear Rex,—Will you, if possible, supply me with the following information?—  
(1) The signature tunes of the following dance bands—Ambrose, Billy Merrin, Cab Calloway, Charlie Kunz, Duke Ellington, Debroy Somers, Teddy Joyce, Howard Jacobs. (2) Is Jack Llewellyn still with Sydney Lipton as a guitarist? (3) Where is Louis Armstrong? Is he suffering from a lip disease?—"A. W. T." (BURY.)

(1) Ambrose, "When Day Is Done"; Billy Merrin, "Troubles Are Like Bubbles" and "Cheerio"; Charlie Kunz, "Clap Hands, Here Comes Charlie"; Duke Ellington, "Mood Indigo." Cannot say re others. (2) Yes. (3) Have no exact knowledge of Louis' whereabouts. He is not suffering from any lip disease.

**IS CHARLIE KUNZ COMING?**

Dear Rex,—Can you tell me if Charlie Kunz is coming to any of the Liverpool theatres in the near future, either himself or with his band?—"D. M.P." (CHESHIRE).

I have no definite dates for Charlie Kunz's provincial engagements.

\* \* \* \*

- 1—Is it true that Esther Coleman also broadcasts as Diana Clare with Eugene Pini's Tango Orchestra?
- 2—Which does she prefer—"crooning" or straight singing?
- 3—What does she do besides broadcasting?
- 4—Did she make her first broadcast as Diana Clare from a provincial radio station?

—Want To Know (Edinburgh).

*Yes - quite true.*

*They each fit her many moods!*

*hasn't singing, recording, stage work etc.*

*first broadcast as Diana Clare when appearing at the Paramount Theatre, Manhattan.*

\* \* \* \*

**AN AUTOGRAPH FAN.**

Dear Rex,—Could you please send me autographed photographs of the following:—  
(1) Elsie Carlisle, (2) Ambrose and orchestra, (3) Harry Roy, (4) Sam Browne, (5) Roy Fox, (6) Billy Cotton, (7) Teddy Foster.—"C. S." (LONDON, E.1).

Sorry, I do not have photographs to send out to readers. You should address your request to the stars you mention at the following addresses:—Elsie Carlisle, Sam Browne, Harry Roy, Roy Fox, Billy Cotton and Teddy Foster, c/o "Radio Review," 12 Fetter Lane, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4; Ambrose is at the Embassy Club, 6 Bond Street, London, W.1

- 1—Can you say if Peggy Cochrane is married, please?
- 2—Also, a friend says she is fair and I say she has chestnut hair. Who is right?
- 3—Is it true that Peggy writes some of her own songs?
- 4—How long has she been broadcasting now?

—Interested (London).

- 1. Yes, I am married
- 2. Was your friend is wrong, I am not a dazzling blonde I have Auburn hair
- 3. Yes, I have written many songs, I've been mostly for Cabaret.
- 4. I have been broadcasting for eleven years. Please don't call me a Veteran!

*Peggy Cochrane*

\* \* \* \*

**ADDRESSES OF FAMOUS ARTISTS.**

Dear Rex,—(1) Where should I write to get the autograph of Sir William Rothenstein, the ex-principal of the Royal College of Art, and Mr Alfred J. Munnings, R.A.?

(2) Where could I write to Roy Fox, Billy

Cotton, Maurice Winnick and Syd. Lipton?

(3) Has any dance band fixed a date for Leicester? I think "Radio Review" is great.—"K. E. J." (LEICESTER).

(1) You can write to Sir William Rothenstein c/o B.B.C., Portland Place, London, W.1., and Mr Alfred J. Munnings, c/o "Radio Review," 12 Fetter Lane, Fleet Street, E.C.4. (2) You can write to Roy Fox, Billy Cotton, c/o "Radio Review." Maurice Winnick is at the Carlton Hotel, Pall Mall, S.W.1. Syd. Lipton is at the Grosvenor House Hotel, Park Lane, London, W.1. (3) Sorry, have no dates for Leicester. Thanks for your good wishes.

**ARTHUR TRACY WITHOUT HIS ACCORDION.**

Dear Rex,—I am writing you a few lines asking you if you will send me a photo of Roy Fox and his band. I think he has the best band, but we don't hear enough of him. And I would also be very pleased if you could let me have a photo of Arthur Tracy, the Street Singer. Could you tell me why it is I have seen him on the stage at Holborn Empire Theatre twice, and the Longbury Empire twice, and not once has he played his piano accordion. He has not played it on the air.—"A. K." (LONDON, E.2).

Sorry, do not have photographs of Roy Fox and Arthur Tracy to send out to readers. You should address your requests to them, c/o "Radio Review," 12 Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4. On each occasion you have heard the Street Singer he has had an orchestra to accompany him. The same applies to his stage appearances.

**STARS and SHOWS**

person and on records will recapture for listeners some of the great moments of these golden days.

Tetrazzini, for example, will be heard singing an aria from "The Barber of Seville," which was presented at a Royal gala performance at Covent Garden. Walter Pitchford, of Lamport, who is well known to Midland listeners, will give his reminiscences as an eye-witness of the Investiture of the Prince of Wales at Caernarvon. Air-Commodore E. L. Gerrard will describe how, as a young lieutenant, he broke the world's long-distance flying record.

\* \* \* \*

**BURLESQUE OF THE B.B.C. SANDY POWELL'S SHOW.**

Sandy Powell returns to Broadcasting House on Thursday to produce a show burlesquing the B.B.C.

It is probable that Sandy will appear before the "mike" as an M.P., seek-

ing re-election and as a fireman burning up Broadcasting House.

This time Sandy has that grand West End artiste, Walter Williams, who has always been dear to the West End since his performance in "Bubbly" at the Gaiety. The remainder of the cast is a strong one, including Percy Hayden, Pat Hyde, little Peggy Powell, Sandy's daughter.

\* \* \* \*

**"TABLE UNDER A TREE" WITH JOAN CARR STARRING.**

Joan Carr, one of the most beautiful of broadcasting voices, will again be heard in the serial entertainment, "Table Under a Tree," on Wednesday.

This programme features the popular Cafe Colette Orchestra of Walford Hyden.

The feature is one through which charming Continental restaurant music can be agreeably conveyed,

## TWO HOURS TO PREPARE FOR MY FIRST BROADCAST



# Joining The B.B.C. Dance Orchestra

## And My Entry Into Variety

MY joining the B.B.C. was a shining example of Fate's funny little ways. Henry Hall first heard me at second-hand; he heard a record of mine being broadcast.

At that time I was with Howard Jacob's band at the Berkeley Hotel, London, where I was saxophonist, occasionally doing vocal numbers. "Crooning" was still a very young idea then.

Henry seemed to like the number he heard on the radio, and he got into touch with me. We had an interview, and, like so many other interviews, it ended with something like, "Well, thanks very much for calling; I will let you know." What a hopeless phrase that can be!

Henry, however, gave it a different meaning, for sure enough, not many days after I did hear from him.

Very urgently, too. He came through on the 'phone one afternoon, at about half-past two. Val Rosing, his usual vocalist, had been taken suddenly ill, and could not manage to turn up at the tea-time broadcast. Could I possibly fill the bill? Well, I took it on like a shot, of course, and round to the studios I ran.

### My First Broadcast.

I shall never forget that broadcast. I never want to go through another one like it.

I got to the studios about three o'clock, with a little more than two hours to prepare for the 5.15 broadcast. In this short time I had to learn, and rehearse with a strange band, some fifteen to eighteen numbers, fully a dozen of which were new to me.

Heaven knows how I did it. I only know that I didn't have time to be nervous.

But I can't say the same about my next broadcast with the B.B.C. boys. A fortnight later I was installed as the new vocalist of the band. Having plenty of time to think about it beforehand, I was as nervous as a kitten.

This feeling hung on for a day or two; it wasn't only "first-night" nerves. You see, all of a sudden I had found fame.

Hitherto I had been known only to a comparative handful of people, though I had broadcast with other bands often enough. Now I was a star—and I couldn't believe it! Fan mail poured in. Love-sick maidens poured out their hearts to me.

How would you feel?

Still, fortunately I weathered the storm, and managed to keep my size in hats down. For one thing, I still had plenty of work to

keep my mind occupied, and for another—well, there's a sort of atmosphere about Henry Hall's combination that keeps you level-headed.

Henry is, to my mind, one of the greatest

BY  
*Les Allen*

personalities in the dance band business. He was in those days my guide, philosopher, and friend, as he was to all the other lads under his baton. He has that calm, debonair smoothness of manner that can only be described by the catch-title of "fine old English gentleman." But with Henry the title really does mean something.

None of us ever minded how much effort we had to put into our work. We would go through interminable rehearsals under any kind of difficulties, simply because Henry told us he thought we should.

Everything he got from his band was got by kind words and requests which he knew would not be refused. Never demands or bullying tactics such as can be employed by a leader who does not know his men.

But don't get the idea that the rehearsal studio had anything of the schoolroom about it. No, Henry can enjoy, and crack, a joke with the best of 'em.

He was one of the very few leaders I have known who made it his business to know his boys away from the studios as well as inside. If ever you wanted advice, or were in any kind of difficulty, you could always treat Henry as your big brother. You knew that he would straighten out your worries for you. A real good fellow.

So were the rest of the lads.

### The "Same Audience" Problem.

The work was more difficult than you might imagine, for me. We had, by the very fact that we were broadcasting regularly to practically the same audience every day of the week, to keep constantly changing our programmes.

Often we would put across twelve to fifteen new numbers a day.

My trouble was that I found it intensely difficult to get always the greatest depth of

feeling into numbers that I had only learned a couple of hours before broadcasting. It did not give me time to let the atmosphere of the lyric sink in. Still, hard work is a good thing, and I was too happy to complain.

It was a hard business, breaking with this grand combination, and I might never have done had I not, once again, been trapped in a flood of circumstances.

It started after Radiolympia, when Julius Darewski, the agent, wrote to me, asking whether I had thought of turning myself into a variety act. Just then my head was too full to seriously think of this, because I was shortly due to go home and see my folks in Toronto again, after an absence of nine years.

Accordingly, I passed this letter along to my brother-in-law, who is now my manager, asking him to look after things.

I got an occasional cable from him during my visit, and when at the end of four weeks I returned to this country, I found that he had negotiated a contract for me with George Black, of the General Theatres Corporation.

### Booked for Thirty-Three Weeks.

It was an amazing contract, booking me up for thirty-three weeks—which I believe is a record booking for this circuit.

Of course, I had to approach Henry, and tell him of my position. He might have made difficulties, but, instead, was the real good pal he always had been, and gave me his blessing in my new venture. If ever I was in need of help, he told me, I only had to ask.

Well, more rushing about. I was due to appear in variety within two weeks of my return, and I had to find an act.

It wasn't without a good deal of hard labour that we finally hit upon the idea of the Melody Four. I was glad to be able to rope in Jackie Phillips and Cyril Hellier, who were special pals of mine in the B.B.C. combination. It made us a very happy family.

We were together for a year—or rather for a year all but a day. Then in September of this year the Canadian Bachelors "came into my life."

No matter how good an act may be, it seems to me to be a fact that variety is not only the spice, but the essence of a successful stage and radio life. The public demands that you give them the same, recognisable sort of act, but it also demands that that act be ever new. Difficult, paradoxical if you like, but then, my dear public, you are like that!

So here we are—and I hope you like us.

**Les Opens His Fan Mail for You Next Week! Don't Miss It!**

**STORIES BEHIND THE S.O.S.**

WILL  
ALICE MORTIMER,  
BELIEVED TO BE IN  
BLACKPOOL, GO AT  
ONCE TO FORTHWORTH  
INFIRMARY, WHERE

**Go PAT  
STEPPED  
IN**



"WILL Alice Mortimer, believed to be on holiday at Blackpool, go at once to Forworth Infirmary, where her fiancé, Larry Pearson, is lying dangerously ill?"

The clear voice of the announcer faded into silence. There was no sound in the little sitting-room. Pat Mortimer looked at her sister, waiting for her to speak.

Alice Mortimer sat dumb and motionless. A faint twitching of her lips was the only sign that she had heard, and that she was thinking deeply.

Pat could bear it no longer. "It's you, Alice. It's you!" she gasped. "Larry—he's ill! Didn't you hear?"

The noise of dance music struck suddenly across the stillness, and Pat switched off the radio. Still Alice did not speak.

"Alice! Listen! Something's happened—to Larry. You'll have to go."

The pretty, fair-haired girl shook her head in irritation. "I can't go! You know I can't! He isn't my fiancé any more."

The gentle, sweet face of Pat paled. "You mean—you've written already? You've sent back his ring?"

"I've kept the ring," Alice told her sister. "It's more use to me than to him. But I wrote this morning and told him about Alec. It's all off."

**Alice Guesses Right**

Pat moved uncomfortably on her high-backed, old-fashioned chair. "He won't have got it yet. It will be waiting for him at his digs and—oh, Alice, you must go! You must! They don't send an S.O.S. out on the wireless unless it's terribly serious. Maybe he's—dying!"

Alice got up and walked uneasily across the room. For a full minute she stood staring out of the window across the roof-tops of Blackpool, her toe tapping on the floor, her hands clenching and unclenching nervously. She swung round. "It's no use, Pat. There is no sense in my going. It wouldn't be decent after what I've written. And besides—I'm going out with Alec to-night." She flung up her head. "I can't let Alec down."

Pat's brow darkened, anger flashed across her face. "Alice, you don't know what you're saying!" she cried. "You surely can't mean you'll go to that dance to-night not knowing what may have happened to Larry? It's inhuman!"

"Oh, shut up!" Alice cried irritably. "Of course I'll be sorry and all that if Larry's really bad, but dash it all, if you ask me it's nearer to the right thing to stay away than to go, when I don't care that much

for him!" She snapped her fingers. "If Larry's in hospital, he's all right. Everything's being done for him, and I'd only be in the way."

Hot words sprang to Pat's lips, but she bit them back. She put an arm round her younger sister. "Alice, dear, you don't realise. It's the very least you can do, to find out what's happened. Maybe it's an accident. Maybe—"

"I tell you I'm going with Alec! What business of yours is it anyway? It's my affair, and I'll do just as I like, so there! You can save your breath!"

It was all Pat could do to keep herself from letting loose the torrent of anger that was flooding in her breast. There were

always been! All the time he and I were engaged. You've been as jealous as could be, and I believe you've wished me far enough so that you could have him for yourself. Well, you can take him! I'll make you a gift of him! Get the train to Forworth! Pack up your kit and clear out! Maybe I'd have a chance of calling my soul my own if you were out of the way."

Before Pat could speak her sister had snatched up her hat and coat and dashed out of the room. The door slammed, shaking the little house in which they lodged. The clatter of Alice's feet on the stairs fell away.

Pat stood like a creature turned to stone, her face as pale as ivory, her eyes wide and bright.

The little clock on the mantelpiece ticked busily. Above its sound Pat could hear the beating of her own heart.

"You're mad on him yourself!" Back to her and back again came the words her sister had shouted at her. "You're mad on him yourself!" She pressed a sun-browned arm against her beating brow, and closed her eyes trying to gather her thoughts.

**Pat Does It**

"It's true!" She cried that out to the empty room. "It's true! I love him! I'm mad, but I love him. I've always loved him. I always will love him, even if—" Panic gripped her. She dared not say the words that had leaped to her lips. She dared not contemplate the awful possibility that he might be dying.

"No! No! No!" She clasped her fingers and sobbed without tears. "No! It can't be that! Not dead—not dying, alone, with no friends near him, and his heart crying out for Alice, who will not come."

"Go yourself!" It was as if the sound of Alice's sneer were still in the room, and she actually heard it again. "Go yourself!" Her heart cried out: "Go! Go!" Her mind said: "He doesn't want you. It's Alice he wants."

Alice—who had gone off carelessly to a dance with the man who had taken Larry's place in her heart. Alice—who didn't care if he was alive or dead, who didn't care if he was suffering. Alice—pretty, headstrong Alice.

Cold anger surged up again. Why was it Alice who had won him when she cared so little? Why could Larry never have cared for her, who would have gone to the ends

**S.O.S.!**

Most dramatic signal in the world! How often have you wondered as you listen to the announcer's voice? Here is another drama

—BEHIND THE S.O.S.

times when she almost hated the pretty headstrong young girl who was her sister, and whose wayward ways were a continual source of anxiety to her. But it was something beyond anger that came to her now, something cold and fierce that frightened her with its intensity.

"Alice!" she gasped. "If you don't go, I tell you—I swear—I'll never speak to you again in my life! Never! You heard what the announcer said—dangerously ill. You know what that means. If you wait till to-morrow, perhaps he won't be alive. Perhaps he'll have—gone,—and you'll be sorry enough then."

"Look here!" Alice broke in with a toss of fair curls. "Is this my affair or is it yours? If you're so keen on somebody going to him—go yourself!"

She saw Pat start, and plunged on recklessly. "You can't cheat me! I know why you're so anxious about him. I know! It's because you're mad on him yourself! You've

# BUILDING A PROGRAMME

By ROY FOX

TUNES such as "Minnie the Moocher," "Dinah," "St Louis Blues," and "Some of These Days" are the classics of jazz. I prophesy that they will live for ever. These old favourites must be intermingled with the latest dance hits. This means Variety. And Variety is my foundation stone for both radio and stage purposes.

To my mind, Variety is the mainstay of any radio programme. Whatever happens, monotony must not be allowed to creep in—the listeners' interest must be kept at all cost.

That is the reason why I have a large number of vocalists in my band. I find songs that are suitable for them and arrange, as far as possible, for them to have two or three songs apiece. I also include a fair percentage of non-vocal numbers to give the programme its balance.

## Roy Mixes Them.

Although the public appear to show a definite preference for vocal numbers, I feel that too much of a good thing isn't good. One must remember to keep the programme as varied as possible.

After playing a slow foxtrot we endeavour to follow with a lively number, and vice versa.

When playing a sweet tune we try to play as sweetly as we can, and when playing "hot" we try to make Harlem sound like a church organ in comparison.

Now that I have two violins in the band, we shall be able to give one or two numbers a slightly different treatment. I think the addition of fiddles will give the band a little more tone colour.

After all, there are several numbers which simply shriek out for strings, and they will have arrangements specially featuring the string section.

Actually, when I was in Hollywood, I had three violins and a 'cello in my band. When I came over to this country, however, I dropped strings. I believe I was one of the first to rely on wind instruments and the usual rhythm.

## "We Want 'Dinah'!"

What I have termed the "classics" of jazz—too numerous to mention—frequently find places in our radio programme. Listeners enjoy these old tunes, and my fan mail carries regular requests for them over the air.

Just now, of course, I have to look around for numbers suitable for my two new vocalists, Little Mary Lee and Bobby Joy. I am more than delighted to be able to write that Mary and Bobby have already won their way into the public's heart. They have proved very successful over the air.

Mary Lee is a grand little trouper. She has a style that I have never heard before in England. She already compares with many outstanding American singers. As she has only just attained her fourteenth birthday, she has a great chance of developing. I had to wait five months before Mary was old enough to join up with the band!

Bobby Joy, who also plays the accordion, has a remarkable voice for a boy so young, and I am sure that he, like Mary, will go a long way.

Denny Dennis, Syd Buckman, and The "Cubs" remain, and we're all set to make future programmes of "entertaining dance music" as interesting as possible. Of course, "Whispering" will "sign us on" as before.

And so, dear listeners, au revoir until we meet again on the air!



# DOWN RHYTHM ROW

me was the fact that Messini is developing a similar taste. With Jimmie, it is not quite so "complete," but the green shirt and tie are there. No doubt the suit, hat, and socks will follow in due course.

## A Tiger for Luck.

One night last week the two boys went to see their pal, Tiger Jim De Lisle, in a wrestling bout. If you've seen Nat's act, you will remember the toy tiger which makes its appearance on the stage during "Tiger Rag." Well, as an emblem of good luck, Nat threw it into the ring before the fight, and De Lisle acknowledged the gesture 'midst a great round of applause.

## Tore It to Pieces.

THOSE two famous musicians, Nat Gonella and Jimmie Messini, are inseparable. Not only do they work together, but they go around double in leisure hours. A beautiful car with the name "Georgia" painted on the bonnet pulled up in Charing Cross Road the

As lucky charms don't always work, Tiger Jim lost the fight. Now all-in wrestlers aren't the gentlest of men, particularly when they are defeated. The Tiger in his fury tore the toy tiger to pieces and smothered everybody in



Lovely to look at, delightful to hear—the Radio Three.

other day. Now it doesn't take a detective's power of deduction to guess that it would belong to the leader of the Georgians.

## Jimmie Is Going Green, Too!

Sure enough, it was Nat who got out of the car, still advertising the fact that his weakness in colours is green. Green suit, green shirt, green tie, green hat, and green socks. What did surprise

the ringside seats in sawdust. Nat and Jimmie made a hurried exit. "We had a show to do that night," said Nat, "and we didn't want to risk being torn to pieces."

## Lew Stone Departures.

The main item of news in the dance band world at the moment is the fact that four of Lew Stone's boys are leaving the band. Jock Jacobsen, the

# DANCE BAND NEWS *and* VIEWS



drummer, is returning to George Scott Wood's band; Don Macaffer will do recording, filming, and "gigs" generally; Harry Berly will free-lance on the sax and do concert work on the viola; whilst Stanley Black will concentrate on arranging.

## More Changes.

The vacancy on drums has been filled by Barry Wicks, of Sydney Kyte's band, and formerly of Debroy Somers'. Jack Simpson, the drummer who was with Jack Payne for so long, returns to Kyte. He was with the Piccadilly band before Barry Wicks. This is the second man who has gone from Kyte to Payne and back to Kyte again, the other being Jimmie Redmond, the trumpet player.

## Kitty Masters' Return to B.B.C.

Here's great news for Kitty Masters' fans. From December 2, for five weeks, she will be back with Henry Hall, singing in every broadcast during that period. This was fixed up as soon as Henry returned from America.

## With the Rhythm Sisters.

The other evening I went out to a theatre to visit the Rhythm Sisters, formerly with Ambrose. I was greatly

amused to find Helen Raymond giving knitting lessons in the dressing-room to Kay Smith, the leader of the trio. As Kay said, they had lots of time to spare between shows and one must do something. Kay's real hobby is riding.

musicians from every famous band in London call here. Gerry Moore is the pianist, but you never know who'll be playing the night of your visit. Nat Allen, from the Piccadilly, may be slapping his bass fiddle; Joe Crossman, from Lew Stone's band, playing his sax like nobody's business—in fact, anybody you ever heard of may be there. "Hot" players can really "let themselves go." I often see Mr and Mrs Harry Roy dancing at the 400 Club in Leicester Square long after the Mayfair Restaurant is in darkness.



Married to melody—Les Allen's famous Canadian Bachelors.

Those Dance Band Broadcasts.

## Busmen's Holiday.

After the show we went to the well-known little club called the "Bag o' Nails." From 2 a.m. onwards,

Should dance bands broadcast a programme of music in strict dance tempo for dancers or should their programmes have variety to cater more for listeners? That question has been argued ever since radio began. If rumours going around just now are correct, the B.B.C. will soon answer it themselves by telling band leaders to play dance music only.

# THRILLING THE MILLIONS

By "HOTCHA"  
HARRY ROY

**T**HRILLING the millions!

What a job, what a joy—and what responsibilities!

That's what fame does—gives you that extra spur, makes your show "plus that little something," and makes you work about twice as hard as any self-respecting man wants to!

Do you believe me when I tell you that one morning last week I was called to answer my private telephone sixty-two times between 10 a.m. and 1 p.m.

Too good to be true? Maybe, but it is true, and that morning was by no means a record. Besides this, there are calls coming into my office daily at an even higher rate, as well as letters by the hundred.

On the other side of the balance, however, is the knowledge that without all this rush and scurry I would not be thrilling the millions for very long.

There is a marvellous kick in life, you know, when so many people tell you how much they enjoy your shows. On our recent tour I think the "fans" would have had even my shoelaces as souvenirs if I hadn't been careful!

## Quoth the Fan—

Perhaps, you, gentle reader, may be one of those who do not believe in "this fan business." Well, to that I shall only say, a very big percentage of those who write to me really mean what they write. They criticise my programme selections, the work of my band, tell me plainly sometimes that "I was not up to scratch the other night," and generally keep an almost paternal eye on me.

That type of fan does me good. It is an incentive to regard work more as a pleasure. We put in many hours each week at the Mayfair, recording sessions, rehearsals, broadcasts, &c. When there's an extra hour to be given up to work, we can only say, "Well, boys, it's for the millions."

Did I hear somebody whisper the word, "Conceit?"

Néver! Of course, we're proud to have so big a following. Hasn't it been our job to entertain, and shouldn't we have been failures if the thousands and thousands didn't follow us? We're not conceited. Just glad of it.

## Friday Night's Entertainment.

We're happy at our job. Friday night is the big night of the week for us all. Each week we think of the hundreds we've met up and down the country. We send them a "Cheerio, good luck!" and wonder when we'll meet them next.

Thrilling the millions! It is marvellous, but, please, don't forget it is a big responsibility for your Harry and for every member of his band.

People say, "Here is Harry Roy," and they expect something that really is 100 per cent. Harry Roy! If I try sometimes to make a change, they cry out loudly for the original. "Let us have what we know you by!"

And sometimes I feel that a real change would be good for everybody. I cannot play a number just because I like it. The one test must always be, "Will the millions like it?" If not, then whether it appeals to me or not, there's no room for it in my band's programme.

We only hope, this winter, to succeed in bringing you regular pleasure week by week and—well, many thrills to you, my friends, all over the country!

STAR SHOWS : PLEASING PLAYS : FASCINATING FEATURES

# FOR YOUR FUTURE RADIO ENTERTAINMENT

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 13

**B.B.C. Symphony Concert**, relayed from Queen's Hall, London (National). **Military Band concert** (Regional). "Red in the Morning," a mystery play by Loftus Wigram (Midland Regional). **Variety**, relayed from the Grand Theatre, Bolton (North Regional). "Weir of Hermiston," by Robert Louis Stevenson; adapted for broadcasting by Halbert Tatlock (Scottish Regional).



Stanford Robinson.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 14

**A PLAY**, "Eden End," by J. B. Priestley (National). **Halle Concert**, relayed from the Free Trade Hall, Manchester (Regional). **Variety**, relayed from the Empire Theatre, Peterborough (Midland Regional). The annual **Festival of the Combined Choirs of the St John the Baptist and Holy Trinity Churches**, Barnstaple, relayed from the Holy Trinity Church, Barnstaple (West Regional).

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 15

**SANDY POWELL'S Album**, feature programme (National). **Variety programme** (Regional). **Verdi's Opera**, "Il Trovatore," relayed from the Theatre Royal, Nottingham (Midland Regional). "Anatomy of Music," feature programme, illustrated on the gramophone (North Regional). "Visitors' Book," feature programme (Northern Ireland).



Denis O'Neil.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16

**GERALDO** programme (National). **Instrumental programme** (Regional). **The William Rees Concert**, relayed from the Milton Hall, Manchester (North Regional). "Saturday Magazine" (National). "The Rush Hour," No. 5 of the "Northern Cockpit" Series (North Regional).



Walford Hyden.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 17

**AN** appeal for Birmingham Settlement in the Week's Good Cause period, by Mr Norman Birckett, K.C. (Midland Regional). "The Flowers are not for you to Pick," a play presented by the Birmingham Repertory Theatre Company, produced by Owen Reed (Midland Regional). A selection of "Olney" Hymns, broadcast by a Yorkshire choir (North Regional).

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 18

**PART** of the opera, "La Traviata," presented by the Royal Carl Rosa Opera Company, from the Theatre Royal, Nottingham (Midland Regional). A Talk by Sir Richard Gregory in the first of a new series, "I Remember" (West Regional). "Northern Portrait Gallery," No. 1, subject, "George Hudson, the Railway King," speaker, Richard Lambert.



Joan Carr.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 19

**VARIETY**, relayed from the New Theatre, Cardiff (West Regional). The fourth and last act of Puccini's opera, "La Boheme," performed by the Royal Covent Garden Company, relayed from the Grand Theatre, Leeds (North Regional). A brief variety act, relayed from Newcastle (North Regional).

## ROUND THE REGIONALS

**MIDLAND Regional**.—Wednesday evening offers a mystery play under Owen Reed's production, entitled "Red in the Morning." The play is written by Loftus Wigram, and the plot centres around the death of a young wife who is supposed, by error, to have taken an overdose of a sleeping draught. Set in a jungle background, there should be real interest here. And not lessened either by the fact that three of the cast—Chris Gittins, Joyce Pickering, and Cedric Johnson—are making their first broadcast "break."

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**Scottish programme**, at 7 p.m., is given by members of the Edinburgh Repertory Theatre company, in a dramatised version of Robert Louis Stevenson's "Weir of Hermiston." This unfinished play deals with the life of a famous judge, Lord Braxfield. It was broadcast in 1929.

\* \* \* \*

**West Regional** celebrates the return to programme space of a feature which has been shelved for over two years. "Facet"—or "Drama viewed from many angles"—comes again, and this evening extracts are taken from "Hamlet" and works by Mordaunt Shairp and C. K. Munro. The feature line this week is "Man is man and master of his fate."

\* \* \* \*

**Northern listeners** have a sketch, "The Willing Spirit," to-night, specially written for the microphone by Esther McCracken, Newcastle poetess and actress.

Thursday evening is of special interest to Western listeners. The annual festival of the Barnstaple combined choirs is being relayed at 8 p.m.

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On **London Regional** we have the first appearance of the new B.B.C. "Vagabond Lover." This man has not only a good voice, but a fine talent for the violin and a really strong microphone personality. Listeners have written many letters to the B.B.C. about the charm of anonymous artists, and the pleasure they get from hearing old melodies broadcast. The two interests have been combined in "The Vagabond Lover."

\* \* \* \*

On Friday Frank Cantell returns to Birmingham Studio for a violin recital. Frank formerly directed the Midland Studio Orchestra. He is at present deputy leader of the B.B.C. Theatre Orchestra under Stanford Robinson, at Broadcasting House.

\* \* \* \*

**Scottish Regional** gives us some interesting sidelights on the personal activities of the Devil, also on Thursday. "Auld Hornie," as the Scots affectionately know him, is the centre of many romantic legends across the Border. This programme is a forty-five minute resumé of his misdeeds in the guise of the Devil o' Baldrroch.

\* \* \* \*

**Welsh listeners** have special interest to-night in the visit to the microphone of a group of singers known as Adar Tregaron. For the uninitiated,

this is translated as The Tregaron Birds. The chief Bird is Dai Williams, the conductor. The concert comes from Cardiff.

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**Northern listeners** get a running commentary this afternoon on the Swinton-Huddersfield Rugby League match from Hubert Bateman. As past president of the Yorkshire Society of Referees, Mr Bateman should be well experienced in the matter of running commentaries!

\* \* \* \*

**Scottish Regional** on Monday has another of its "reminiscent" programmes, featuring again the Old Beach Pavilion at Aberdeen. Violet Davidson, formerly one of the greatest attractions at the historic Pavilion, brings all the atmosphere to listeners with her concert party. This party is becoming one of the most popular items in Scottish programmes.

\* \* \* \*

Jack Ford, singing with Jack Wilson's Versatile Five from Midland to-day, proves his versatility. Jack, quite likely, will be singing jazz numbers. And then for a contrast is to give us the lovely Neapolitan air, "O Sole Mio."

\* \* \* \*

**West Regional** on Tuesday gives us a concert by the Wessex Quartet and Vera Roe, soprano. The quartet is now two years old. Its founder and director, Mr A. H. Morgan, was leader of the orchestra on "Admiral Beatty's flagship, Queen Elizabeth, during the war. Later he took over the musical directorship of a Bristol picture house. Miss Roe has won several gold medals at musical festivals.

# Talks And Talkers

**WEDNESDAY.**—The popular "Ulster Speaks" series is continued to-night from Northern Ireland. Rev. F. W. Marshall is to delve into yet another "Irish Question," with the sub-title, "The Brand of the Thistle." He traces just how far Scots have imposed their mode of speech on the Irish.

The morning talk on National is by Mr Ronald Cross, M.P., in the "Careers" series.

\* \* \* \*

**Thursday.**—To-night on National S. P. B. Mais is still "Discovering England" in his own inimitable way. This time it is the Weald and forests of his beloved Kent and Sussex.

\* \* \* \*

**Friday.**—Lord Kitchener—"K. of K.," Chief of the British Army in the early days of the war—is the subject of to-night's talk in the "I Knew a Man" series. The speaker is Sir Ronald Storrs, one of few men who knew Kitchener really well. Sir Ronald was K. of K.'s Oriental secretary in Egypt. Few men captured public imagination as Kitchener did—cold, laconic, yet with tremendous appeal. His mysterious death added even greater drama to the romance of his life.

\* \* \* \*

**Saturday.**—To-night's "Unrehearsed Debate" on National brings Bertrand Russell and G. K.

Chesterton together to argue on whether "parents are unfitted to bring up their own children." Neither speaker has ever minced words, so entertainment value will be high. Dr Cyril Burt, noted psychologist, sees fair play!

\* \* \* \*

**Sunday.**—Mr Norman Birkett, K.C., returns to scenes of early triumphs to-night—appealing for Birmingham Settlement. It was as barrister in Birmingham, and on Midland Circuit, that he first made his name famous.

\* \* \* \*

**Monday.**—Northern Region starts a new series to-night—on the lines of the National "I Knew a Man." Title is "Northern Portrait Gallery." To-night's portrait is of George Hudson, the Railway King. Hudson, starting life as a Yorkshire draper, rose to eminence in the banking world, and finally went over to railways. The painter of the portrait is Richard Lambert, author of a recent life of Hudson.

On National this evening James Agate tells us a few things about the latest plays.

\* \* \* \*

**Tuesday.**—Housewives this morning will be bidding temporary good-bye to Mrs Florence Ingillson, the "Yorkshire Woman in the Kitchen," who has been talking economics so entertainingly

for the past few weeks. Hers have been the most vivid economics of all—great believer in saving, not only money, but also time and utensils. A very good friend to the housewife who has to "make do" with often a very little to satisfy a big demand. Her thirty years' experience of housekeeping have been obviously well spent. Here's hoping that she is soon back again!

John Hilton continues his talks on "This and That" in the afternoon. Instant success attended this series, addressed particularly to the unemployed. The professor has real sympathy for those out of a job. His professional chair is that of Industrial Relations at Cambridge.

## Mr Tutt Carries On

Continued from  
page 10.

"It was about a man," he went on, ignoring Mrs Tutt's warning finger, "a passenger on a ship, who fell into the water and sank three times. When a sailor shouted, 'Man overboard!' the passenger struggled to the surface and gasped, 'Hi! Not so much of your man overboard. I'm Alderman Jones, if you please.'"

"That's a good one," said the Colonel, glancing at Alderman Simpson. "That's the spirit we had in the army—die on your dignity if die you must."

"It's a bit of a tall story," Mr Tutt admitted, taking off his glasses and smiling round the company, "but nothing to the tales my brother hears. He has a—he's in the fish trade, and he says he knew a man who went for a morning swim in a shark-infested bay on the Mexican coast. No one could understand why he always came out alive until he told them that he was tattooed with the words, 'The Americans won the War.'"

"Well?" asked the Honourable Lionel.

"Well," said Mr Tutt, "there was no shark could swallow that."

So Mr Tutt went on from strength to strength to the Colonel's intense delight and satisfaction. The entire company was in a roar as he told tale after tale from an inexhaustible store. Even the Colonel's wife begged him to tell another, and when she accompanied Mr and Mrs Tutt to the door she said, "Do come again soon."

"Thought you were all glass—fifteenth century, you know, Tutt," said the Colonel. "No idea you were a humorist."

But the bit of praise which was like honey in Mr Tutt's mouth was reserved till they arrived home where Melinda was waiting for them. "Linda," said Mrs Tutt, a little flushed, "your father was the success of the evening."

"I knew he would be," Melinda declared.

It meant more to Mr Tutt than a knighthood.

## THE LATEST SETS Reviewed by REX KING

No. 2—MURPHY CONSOLE.



LET me make a confession straightaway. This isn't the set I meant to tell you about at all!

It was the Murphy Radiogram I was after. But such is the demand for this receiver, that Murphy traders are tearing about distraught, their hair hanging over their eyes, watching every van that approaches their door in the hope that by some stroke of fortune, the works have made up on their order.

Mr Murphy made a public apology the other day because delivery was being delayed. He said that the phenomenal demand had shattered all his original ideas.

Well, I managed to get hold of a Console model to see if his apology was justified or just a new line of shrewd advertisement.

The Console is the same set, of course, apart from the gramophone attachment and frame. It is called "The set that tunes itself." A

very brave assertion—and one that might be slightly misleading.

For example, you can't sit beside it and murmur, "Give me West Regional, please!" and expect to get it. But you can do everything but!

Probably the more simple description is, "The set that corrects itself." If you want West Regional, for example, and turn the tuning to that station, your job is finished. Somebody may knock the set and disturb the tuning, BUT THE SET TUNES ITSELF IN AGAIN!

In short, you can swing the tuning a degree or so above or below the West Regional mark, say, and in a few moments in will come the station at full power as though it was still dead on the mark. The tuning is so arranged that it accepts the strongest signals nearby.

I understand the Murphy aim was to make for simplicity in working. This tuning arrangement helps enormously.

Once you've set the pointer at the station desired, you can sit back and know that you're properly tuned, so long as you don't deliberately swing the pointer to another station.

Another point—the dial is on top of the set with no lid.

The Radiogram model is also arranged so that you don't have to lift a lid every time you want to tune. I like that idea.

I found the selectivity beyond reproach. Even in daytime I could bring in most of the Regionals. And at night it is a joy for the explorer.

Unlike the Radiogram, the Console is devoid of any futuristic ambition. Plain, upright and honest-to-goodness. "It'll grow on you," advised my Murphy dealer.

Any set, no matter how plain to look at, that can give me as much joy as the Murphy Console, only needs planting and no further attention.

# The Notorious Miss Walters

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.)

noticed. I need never say anything about it," she told herself. "Except of course, to Lionel."

It was true that she had made what a crook would have called a "get-away."

But almost before Joan had stepped into the train, the fisherman, gossiping with the man who looked after Benjoy's garage, told him about the wreck of the Firefly. The conversation had meandered on for half an hour before the essential fact emerged that they had taken off only a young lady.

In due course it dawned on the rustic mind that young Mr Benjoy must be alone on the island without any boat. His man took upon himself the responsibility of hiring one of the fishing boats fitted with a motor.

By ten o'clock the police were in possession of the facts.

## The Police Question Joan

THE cross-country train journey, with three changes, took several hours, with the result that Joan did not reach the Oceanic until nearly lunch-time. No one looked at

"You went out with him in his car yesterday?"

"Yes—yes, I did—that's true! I have been out with him several times."

"What time did he bring you back to this hotel, Miss Walters?"

"He didn't bring me back," stammered Joan. "I spent the night elsewhere and came back this morning."

"Ah! Now, Miss Walters, you needn't answer this question if you think it's likely to do you any harm. Where did you spend the night?"

Joan was utterly unfamiliar with police methods. As she understood it, the superintendent was telling her that she need not answer that very inconvenient question if she did not wish to.

"In that case I'd rather not answer," she said with complete frankness.

"Do you know that Mr Benjoy is dead?" he asked.

Joan caught her breath. She had never contemplated lying to the police.

"And you needn't answer that question

may be used in evidence against you."

"But there's nothing to conceal, now you've found out I was there. And I see now you would have found it out if I hadn't told you."

The superintendent looked bewildered as Joan went on, "The damage is done now and I am quite willing to tell everything. I'm not afraid of your arresting me because, you see, I didn't kill him. He killed himself."

"Just so!" said the superintendent, and to a junior who was standing a few paces away: "Take those bags out of that car and put them in ours."

## Under Arrest

AT Launceston Police Station, Joan was duly warned, but ignored the warning and gave a detailed and truthful account of what had happened on the island.

Everything she said was written down, which took a long time. She was glad she had brought her luggage, because when they had finished with her it would probably be too late to get a train back to Colford.

The Chief Constable himself had been taking her evidence.

"Would you like to communicate with a friend or a solicitor? If you do not know any local solicitors, I can give you a list."

"No, thank you," answered Joan. "If you've finished with me I'll try and get a train back. And if it's too late I can put up at a hotel here."

The Chief Constable scowled.

"I don't know whether you're saying that for effect. You will certainly not persuade me that you are an unintelligent woman. Did you not understand when I told you that you were under arrest?"

"I heard you say it," faltered Joan. "But you said it before you had heard my explanation. Surely it's clear to you that I've done nothing wrong—except for slipping away."

"Then let me say it again. You are under arrest for the murder of Cecil Benjoy. You will spend the night in the cells here. And you will be brought before the Magistrates to-morrow. I would advise you to consult a solicitor as to your defence."

With an effort, Joan nerved herself. She chose the first name on the list of solicitors and was led away to a cell. Half-an-hour later she was taken from the cell to a small private room and left alone with the solicitor she had chosen by chance. A lucky chance, as it turned out, for Mr Tennell, a keen-looking man in the middle thirties without a trace of pomposity, was just the kind of adviser she needed.

Under his questioning she gave him the substantially true tale she had told the police. She told, too, how she and Benjoy had become acquainted, omitting only the fact that he had used Lionel Dempster's name as an introduction.

"Sure there's nothing else I ought to know, Miss Walters?"

"Nothing that I can think of."

So conscious was she of innocence that she did not see that the solicitor more than half suspected that she was guilty.

"I can't think of anything else," she said.

"Hm! Then you're telling me that you don't know at this moment that Benjoy made a will the day before yesterday leaving his entire property to you?"

"No." Joan positively laughed. "And I don't believe it. Why should he?"

"Well, he did!" said the solicitor. "Benjoy has left you about a million and a half. The whole of his shares in Benjoy's—and a few other things. You needn't have any doubt about it," he added. "His own solicitor has informed the police."

"But it's perfectly ridiculous!" protested Joan. It was not that she disbelieved the solicitor. It was just that she was totally unable to envisage the idea of such an immense sum of money being thrust upon her.



Joan, however, did not feel alarmed.

her with the slightest curiosity. Her absence at dinner and breakfast had apparently been unnoticed.

It was the end of her week, the day she was to move back to the little hotel at Colford for the latter half of her holiday.

She announced that she was not staying for lunch, paid her bill, and went up to do her packing, later ordering her two suitcases to be put in the hotel car.

There was no one to whom she had to say good-bye in the hotel, for Cecil Benjoy had monopolised her society. As she passed the reception-office on her way out she noticed a police officer talking to the clerk. The sight did not alarm her, did not even interest her—so convinced was she that she had covered her tracks. In the drive her suitcases were being put in the hotel car.

"Station, miss?" inquired the porter.

She was about to answer when the police superintendent spoke to her.

"Miss Walters, I think?"

"Yes?"

Even then she was capable of wondering how the superintendent knew her name.

"I understand from the hotel that you were a close friend of Mr Cecil Benjoy's?"

"No—no. Certainly not a close friend! I only knew him very slightly. We met on the beach here."

either," said the superintendent. "But I must trouble you to come back in the car with me to Launceston."

"Oh—but I don't want to do that!"

"Sorry, Miss Walters!"

"Do you—are you—does it mean I'm being arrested?"

"Well, I wouldn't go so far as to say that," said the superintendent. "And I admit I haven't got a warrant. But, I do tell you that it would save a lot of trouble—not only to us but maybe to you, too—if you were to come along with me in my car of your own free will."

Joan might be totally ignorant of police procedure, but commonsense told her she must obey the superintendent.

With this decision her self-confidence came back.

"Oh—I will come with you! I'm afraid I have behaved foolishly in trying to dodge your questions. I knew poor Mr Benjoy was dead. I was on the island with him when he died. I confess that I tried to slip away for fear of the scandal."

"Now look here young lady," said the superintendent severely. "I don't want you to tell me a lot of things and then go and say I bullied them out of you afterwards. You're not under arrest—yet. But I'd better warn you that anything you say may

"THE will," said the solicitor, "is a pretty hefty point against us, because you've told the police that Benjoy was only a casual acquaintance of yours."

Joan could make no answer. She was dazed. The solicitor went on—

"The local Bench won't take the responsibility of discharging you, however much of a splash we make. They'll send you for trial."

"How abominable! Why should all this have happened to me?" wailed Joan.

"The assizes start next week," continued Tennell. "If we reserve defence and put no opposition in the way of the police, it's possible that I could get them to commit you to-morrow without another sitting. That would mean you'd be up for trial next Wednesday week."

"Then I could leave here on the Thursday?" asked Joan eagerly.

The solicitor drew a deep breath, for he was profoundly astonished by this view of the case.

"Well—er—yes, I suppose so. If the—er—jury—er—"

"You see, I'm due to return from my holiday to-day week," said Joan quickly. "I'll telephone and ask for an extra week's holiday. If it's refused, I can sack myself. Then I can write home and say I'm taking another week on my own account. Then it's just possible my people won't know. Walters is a very common name, isn't it?"

"I really don't quite see how you're going to hush up the fact that you are being charged with murder," protested the solicitor, putting it as mildly as he could.

"No, of course not! But I can, if you'll help me, hush up just one little bit. There's no need for people to know that I am the particular Walters who happens to be engaged to a clerk at Benjoy's. Of course, I shall tell him afterwards, but not anyone else. People would say that his girl had been making up to the young boss to get him promoted. Lionel couldn't simply endure a thing like that. You do see my difficulty, Mr Tennell, don't you?"

If Tennell had been a fool, he would have told her that it was absurd to concern herself with trivialities like that at a time when she stood in danger of the gallows. But Tennell was not a fool. He had suddenly seen that this piece of nonsense was going to be very valuable to the defence.

To begin with, her manner had already convinced him of her innocence. She was just what she appeared to be—a nice-minded girl, intelligent but impetuous, very ignorant of the world, who had tumbled into a sordid little tragedy.

She did not understand her own personal peril. So much the better! She thought a murder charge against her a perfectly ridiculous piece of red tape. Again, so much the better! The jury would be able to feel all this when she stood in the witness-box—provided she did not lose her nerve in the meantime.

And the best way to prevent her from losing her nerve would be to let her concentrate her attention on this ridiculous business of insuring that her young man should not be made to feel uncomfortable in his place of employment.

"I quite understand the position, Miss Walters. Now let's go into this carefully. You've got six days more official holiday. We have plenty of time to get our heads together and fix it all, but we'll get this police-court business over first. Now, just let me tick off the facts once more."

Joan let him tick off the facts while she worried about Lionel.

As to the preposterous story of poor Cecil leaving her a lot of money—well, the police had made all sorts of ridiculous mistakes already, and in due course this would be found to be another misunderstanding of some sort.

### Double-Dealing

TENNELL knew his local Bench of retired gentlemen playing at being Magistrates. He knew when to flatter and when to frighten



"Can I have another week's holiday, Mr Carberry?"

them with hints of serious responsibility. In short, everything went according to plan. At the end of the day Joan was committed for trial at the Assizes about to be held.

In fact, the only thing that surprised her was that the Court seemed to know her full baptismal name.

"Arabella Josephine Walters," the clerk had read out, and it was a long time before she guessed that they must have obtained it from her passport in her holiday bag.

A few days later Tennell obtained permission for her to use the telephone, and she put a trunk call through to Mr Carberry. She had, she stated, lost several days' holiday, leaving it to be inferred that she had had a bad cold. She must please be allowed to take another week's holiday. When this was refused, on pain of dismissal, Joan promptly resigned.

Tennell was entering rather desperately into the conspiracy, though he believed that it was bound to fail. It was not his concern whether she succeeded in deceiving the unknown Lionel or not. His client's interests were his first consideration. He cheerfully sent a boy over to Coltford to collect her mail, to purloin some of the Coltford hotel note-paper, and to post the conspiratorial letters.

To Coltford had come a letter from Lionel saying he believed he had done well in his accountant's examination. Joan wrote on Coltford hotel paper, warmly congratulating him, and saying that she was taking an extra week's holiday in the form of a charabanc tour with a girl she had picked up. It would therefore be better not to write, as she could not be sure of her address. To Aunt Elizabeth she said much the same.

Tennell came to see her twice a day, bringing her a liberal supply of magazines and books. The following Tuesday, the day before the trial, he had his last anxious conference with Rowland Garley, the best of the young counsel on Circuit, whom he had briefed.

"Garley, you can build heavily on 'de-meanour of accused.' I've never seen or heard anything like it in my life. She hated standing up in the Police Court and having people stare at her, and she'll hate it just as much to-morrow. She may be a little nervous but she'll get over that in ten minutes or so. She's made all her plans for leaving the town next day. And as to any doubt about the verdict—the subject just bores her."

Rowland Garley laughed.

"It will be difficult," he said.

Joan, as Mr Tennell understands, does not realise her terrible position. The police have a good case. There are unexpected developments in next week's instalment.

## NEXT WEEK WE PRESENT

### "CALLING THE EMPIRE."

A B.B.C. announcer at the microphone in his pyjamas! Let him tell all about his job.

### "RADIO DRAMA."

By  
Sir John Martin Harvey.

This famous actor-manager in a new role. An article written in an attractively outspoken way.

### "FIVE YEARS WITH HYLTON."

Pat O'Malley, one of the finest dance band vocalists to meet a microphone, writes of his experiences in Jack Hylton's band.

### "THE CHARM OF A VOICE."

By  
Howard Marshall.

Mr Marshall was deeply impressed by hearing Paul Robeson in Canterbury Cathedral. Let him tell you all about it.

MR TUTT talks to Horace about the future. What did Horace want to be? Mr Tutt gets a shock—not the kind he anticipated.

### "WHAT WE THINK OF RADIO."

brings another group of people in all walks of life to "Radio Review." They are not afraid to hit out.

### FOUR MORE SILVERTONE PHOTOS.

HENRY HALL, HARRY DAVIDSON, MANTOVANI, FLOTSAM and JETSAM.

ANOTHER  
BERTINI  
WINNER

# WHEN LOVE

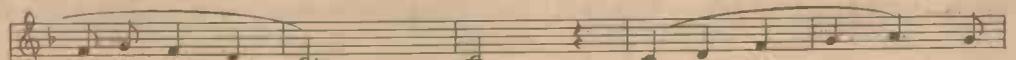
Music & Words By - BERTINI -  
(Leonard Clarke & Jerry Heywood)

INTRO.  
Moderato

PIANO



1. Love's old sweet stor - y goes on through the years. With all its hopes and  
2. Each bloom in spring-time a - wak - ens with dawn. Brings mem - o - ries so



mo - ments of re - gret: As we look back, there are  
sweet when love is born: Each fra - grant rose - bud to



smiles, there are tears. But there's a time we can't for - get.  
each heart re - calls The day when love reigned o - ver all.



FEATURED BY THE RADIO BANDS...

# IS YOUNG



### CHORUS

When love is young, ro-mance is in the air, It blooms like sum-mer

flow-ers ev-rywhere; The world is full of hap-py laugh-ter, If rain- clouds

fall, the sun shines af-ter, The Spring of Life then has its lit-tle

day, And turns De-cem-ber in-to May: No hap-pier time, no

sweet-er song is sung, Than in the days when love is young. young.

When love is young



## ANOTHER SUCCESS FROM BLACKPOOL...

## MEET THE RADIO STARS

### Who's Who—And Why

Here's Doris Arnold, snappy pianist at the B.B.C. and one time typist.

Doris was born at Wimbledon, and after schooling at Kensington-on-Thames, she started at the B.B.C. as a typist. Then came her big chance. One day she acted as pianist at lunch time. They liked her playing. So just as soon as a pianist was needed, Doris got the job.



Her varied duties include the selection of music for the lighter programmes. Her hobbies are few—but good! She is interested in dressmaking, and loves animals and the open air.

### HE GIVES US "THE WHITE COONS."

Meet Harry S. Pepper—pianist-composer.

Entertaining runs in the Peppers' blood. Harry's father ran the original "White Coons" concert party of which Harry was manager, composer and programme seller as circumstances demanded.

Harry is now a full-fledged member of the B.B.C. staff, writing excellent music for various light shows.

He is responsible for the production of that popular show "Kentucky Minstrels."

Special for the ladies—Harry is unmarried!

### THIS CHEERY ENTERTAINER.

Norman Long, radio entertainer, with a capital "E."

He was born in Deal 42 years ago.

Norman Long started his career in the office of an insurance company, but in 1914 he gave up clerking and looked to music for his livelihood.



Then the war interrupted his new start in life. Norman was the first entertainer ever to broadcast, appearing at Marconi House in 1922. He also took part in the

first Royal Command Performance to be broadcast.

After all these years at Broadcasting House Norman, is still a bachelor. He plays golf, but looks to cinematography as a hobby.

# SO PAT STEPPED IN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

of the earth for him; who would have been by his side now, trying to comfort him in whatever bad times had come?

"Dangerously ill." She pictured him lying on a bed of pain, tossing and turning, his slim athletic body racked with agony.

"I'll go!" There was little reason in her decision. It was born of a wild desire that was greater than reason. Larry needed help and comfort. Larry needed someone to care for him. Alice had refused—and the one who cared with all her heart would take her place.

"I'll go!" She repeated it as she packed up her little bag. She was still saying it like a lesson as she hurried to the station.

Pat could imagine no greater happiness than to serve Larry Pearson.

### When Pat Meets Him

THROUGH a blur of tears, Pat saw a head swathed in bandages, and lips that were twisted with pain. With a broken little cry she dropped to her knees. "Larry! Oh, Larry!"

The man paused in his delirious mutterings. "Alice! You've come! Where are you, Alice? I can't see! I—" A shoulder moved, as if he were trying to pull one arm from under the blankets.

"Don't move, Larry! Don't hurt yourself." He seemed to feel the pressure of her fingers. His body relaxed, and he sighed.

"Oh, Alice—it's good—to know—you're here!" He tried to turn his head towards her, but pain checked him.

A lump rose in Pat's throat, and she struggled with a desire to burst into tears. "Larry, I'm not—I mean Alice—" She checked herself. She did not know what to say. She could not tell him the truth—that Alice had refused to come; that Alice no longer loved him. She could not bear to bring heartbreak to him now, when his body was broken by falling down a cliff in a heroic attempt to rescue a child. She could not—

"Alice, come nearer, dear. I can't see you." The man's voice was hoarse and broken, infinitely pathetic. "Kiss me—" It trailed away into sigh.

Pat looked around fearfully. It was physical pain, the agony of watching him there, what remained visible of his face beneath the bandages eloquent of his eagerness to feel the lips of love. And it was Alice he wanted—

"Oh, kiss me. Say you love me. Say you won't go away—and leave me." There was something childlike in his anxious whisper, something that went deep into the heart of Pat. She found her lips moving, and she was reassuring him.

"I shan't leave you—not so long as you want me." She hoped that he would notice the difference between her voice and Alice's. "I'll stay as long as you like. Just as long as you like."

"But you haven't kissed me yet." He was trying to raise himself up, as if he would take her in his arms and press his lips to hers. Pat recalled what the doctor had said to her before she was admitted to the bedside. "He mustn't be disturbed. If you can, soothe him and send him off to sleep."

Soothe him—when he was longing for Alice's lips. Soothe him—when any moment he might discover that it was not his sweetheart who was beside him.

Once again he made his plea. "Don't you want to kiss me, Alice!"

Pat was scarcely aware of her actions then. A flooding desire welled up; a longing

to give him the thing his heart craved for; the thing that could never be his any more. The warm blood pulsed in her breast and beat in her throat. She closed her eyes and bent over him.

That kiss thrilled her more than anything had ever done in life, but she did not know it. Every nerve in her body responded to the wonder of it. But she could think of nothing but his pleased, happy murmur; his eager response, and the smile on his mouth.

"Dear—Alice—I love you—"

It was like a knife in her heart, to hear him say that. She beat away the anger she felt against her sister, and answered him with desperate sincerity. "And I love you, Larry! You'll never know how much!"

"Alice." It was more a breath than a word. Calmness came to him. A nurse came up like a soft shadow.

"That's better," she whispered. "He's almost asleep now. Perhaps—it won't be so bad—after all."

Pat felt that in those words was her full and complete reward. But when she wanted to stay by him all night, the nurse and the doctor agreed that it was out of the question.

They sent her home, urging her to come back in the morning, when he might be awake and in need of her again. They too, thought she was the "Alice" for whom he had been calling, calling ever since the ambulance had brought him in. She went away, breathing a prayer that at least his life might be spared.

### A Last Request

VERY early next day Pat went back again, and the nurse looked grave, and gripping her hand, said: "The poor boy."

"Is he—is he worse?" Pat gasped. "You don't mean—he's not going—to get better?"

The nurse bowed her head, all she would say was: "We can only hope." But Pat knew that she meant hope was very faint.

"Alice! Alice!" He was repeating the name over and over as she approached his bed, and now she knew that she must carry on the deception that had begun last night. She had tried to invent a story about Alice being away, and unable to come. She had failed. He had known they were together on holiday at Blackpool, only twenty-five miles from Forworth. He would know that there could be no proper reason for Alice staying away.

"I'm here! It's me! Larry, here I am!" His restless, excited calling ceased, and when he said the name again it was with a low, caressing whisper of content.

Tears smarting in her eyes, she kissed him, and assured him of her sympathy and her love. "You've got to get better quickly, Larry. You must try to get better. I miss you so terribly, but you'll soon be all right again!"

He did not answer that for a long time. He lay silent, and she watched the sadness of his lips, and stared at the bandages that concealed his dark curls and all the upper part of his face. When he spoke again, it was in a slow, deep whisper that she could scarcely hear. "I'll never—be all right—again."

Her heart cried out against that, and she spoke her protest. "Oh, but you will, Larry! I know you will! In a week or two, with all the care you're getting here."

"It's no use, Alice. I know. My eyes—"

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they'll never see you again. And our marriage—that can never be now, Alice. All our plans—you're not crying, Alice?" He had heard her stifled little sob.

"I've thought of something, Alice. Something—that would make me—terribly happy."

"What is it, Larry? Tell me! I'll do anything—anything!"

His lips moved without speech for a moment, then: "If I could just feel—before I go—that you're my wife. If we could be married here—to-day or to-morrow—before I go."

Pat bit back her exclamation of surprise. "We'd both be happy, Alice, knowing that we'd belonged. It would make it—so much easier to die!"

The doctor sought her out in half-an-hour. "He's fretting his last ounce of life away, worrying about you," he said gravely. "He's got his mind set on the thought of marrying you. Of course, it's a lot to ask a girl, but—"

"You mean—you think I should?" she gasped. "You think—it might help?"

He shook his head. "It rests with you," he said. "It's only right to tell you that at most he has just two or three days."

"Is there no hope—none at all?" she asked. "Not any?"

Again the doctor's head moved from side to side. "Where there's life there's always hope," he murmured. "But in this case—"

"I'll tell him—now—that I'll be happy to do it," she whispered, and ran back to his bedside.

### What Pat Didn't Know

LARRY was very weak, and only just able to make his responses. Pat answered her questions in a hushed, fearful whisper, and wondered if he would notice the difference in the names, but he made no remark. He was too weak, almost, to think of it. He said: "I do," so softly that the chaplain had to bend down to hear.

It was done. "I pronounce thee man and wife." The age-old words were uttered.

Larry felt for Pat's hand and slipped the ring on her finger. It had taken all his strength to remain in a sitting-up position for so long. But there was no questioning the happiness it had given him. There, in front of the doctor and the nurse who had acted as witnesses, she kissed him and he kissed her back. They were man and wife.

Only for a few moments more was Pat allowed to remain with him. But in these moments she knew at once a deep pain and an exquisite happiness. Pain because the thing she had done was unreal—a golden lie—and because he must die. Happiness because she had been able to do a service.

It amazed her to see the nurse and the doctor smile a welcome to her when she returned that evening. Usually she had been greeted with that drawn look of sympathy that comes in the presence of approaching death.

It was the nurse who explained the reason for it. "Why, it's almost a miracle!" she said. "He's quite a lot better, and the doctor thinks—of course, we don't want to raise your hopes—but there might just be a chance."

Pat's heart bounded at that, and she did not give it any other meaning than that he might live. She did not even think of what it would signify for her if he were snatched from the edge of the grave, believing that he was the husband of Alice.

He welcomed her eagerly, and it was only when she kissed him, and he said: "Alice my little wife!" that she remembered. But

she didn't care. She cared for nothing if only the miracle might indeed be worked, and he could be restored to health. She chatted to him in happy undertones; rejoiced to hear him say that perhaps he might pull through after all.

But thoughts of the future began to obtrude in the days that followed. Hope was renewed, and gradually merged into certainty. He was definitely going to get better. He was certainly going to live. He, and the nurse, and the doctor all told her that that was her doing—that she had saved his life. She knew that he would forgive her for the thing she had done when he learned.

When he learned. It would not be long now. Soon the bandages would be off his eyes. Soon he would be able to look and

## How Crosby Plays Cupid

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7).



The next letter should, properly, not be included. It is not the least bit typical. But your commentator found it irresistible. Judge for yourself.

Honourable Bing.—Perceiving my unmentionable debt to you, I now little bit repay same. Accept, honourable sir, my colossal gratitude.

Tenya have little eyes for me when I first make arrival from Japan. She American citizen. Me she call—cock-eyed dope!

One night we quarrel. I go to hell in approved stylishness, and end up in hospital from too abundance of saki. Tenya and honourable mother come for visit. Parent make flutter with eye as she adjust radio to your commodious voice. She tip-toe out. Tenya and I alone. I recline on pillow with ears imbibing pleasant sensations. Tenya commits hand to my brow. I pop up. I disclose she is thinking most tender thoughts. I seize other hand desperately. I implore her to become honourable wife. She smile and answer dreamily—"And will you cherish me always like moonlight on the water?"

I respond, "Hell, yes." After Justice of Peace enact strange ceremony, our lips perform sweet American custom. Very satisfactory. Thank you so much.

Your humble servant,—Ses

**"MISSING FROM HOME" IS  
THE TITLE. IT WILL  
THRILL YOU!**

see who had been kissing him and saying sweet love-words to him all the time. Soon he would know that Alice had deserted him, and that it was Pat—plain, ordinary Pat—who had been his wife for a month.

She had not known, at first, what she would do when the time of revelation came. She only became sure on the day before the removal of the bandages.

She would go away. She would write him a note, and slip off quietly to some place where there would never be danger of seeing him again. She would explain that it would be quite easy to divorce her in the circumstances, and she would beg his forgiveness, although she knew how little there was to forgive.

Sadly she went for that last meeting. Her heart was heavy as she sat down by his bedside for the last time. She almost broke down as she greeted him with a warm kiss, and gripped his fingers, and asked, cheerily, how he felt about it to-day.

"Just great, Tommy!" He had called her Tommy most of the time, because the doctor had described her as a brave little soldier. "To-morrow—one more day, and then I'll see my little wife! You'll come early won't you? You'll be certain to arrive right on the first stroke of the visiting hour?"

She had a wild desire to run right away there and then, and go into some dark corner and cry and cry. "I—I—oh, don't ask me!" she stammered. "I've something to tell you. I—I'm going to write to you."

"What about?" he wanted to know.

She almost became hysterical. "Let's talk about something else please—please! I—I'll write. I'll tell you in my letter. I can't say anything now. Please don't ask me!"

He put out a hand and groped for her arm and gripped it. "I love you!" he said suddenly. "More than I ever believed I could love anyone. You're—oh, I can't call you anything but an angel. Do you hear, Tommy? I love you!"

She was struggling with tears. She dared not speak.

"Do you love me, Tommy? Do you?"

She tried to draw her hand away, but he held it fast. "Do you?" he persisted.

Still she did not answer.

"Tommy," he began again. "Did you hear what I said? I love you! But I've only loved you for three weeks. Three weeks, Tommy. Are you listening? I've known you for just that time. And each day my love's grown twice as big as the day before, till now—oh, my dear, you can't guess how much you mean to me now. You see I—I'm a fraud. I know—Pat!"

She gave a quick, convulsive start. "You—you know!"

"Since three weeks past Wednesday, Pat. I suspected before. Your hair, the nurse spoke of it as brown. And your voice, there is a difference, you know. I was angry with you at first, because I didn't understand. But—the nurse read a letter of Alice's to me, and I saw it then. I didn't speak, Pat, at the time. I didn't know what to say, because I knew I owed my life to you, and—well, you see how difficult it was. But these last three weeks, Pat—since I began calling you Tommy—you heard what I said. I love you! I adore you! I think you're an angel right from heaven. I said do you love me? Do you?"

Pat's answer was a funny answer. It was a warm, clinging kiss that was accompanied by a little bit of weeping, and a little bit of laughing, and a whole world of loving.

# THE INIMITABLE Tommy Handley

## RADIO FUNNY MAN

## CRACKS HIS BEST



Brown—"What kind of a wife have you got?"  
Smith—"An angel."  
Brown—"You're lucky. Mine's living."



Son—"Does M-I-R-A-G-E spell marriage father?"  
Father—"Often my child."



Jack—"I put myself into everything I do."  
Tom—"Why don't you dig a well?"



Circus Attendant—"I want 300 loaves, please."  
Baker—"Giving a party?"  
Attendant—"Party be blown—the mule's given the elephant a kick and I want to make a bread poultice."