

THE LIFE STORY OF A B.B.C. ANNOUNCER

HARRY ROY & HIS BAND
—EXCLUSIVE PICTURES

RADIO PICTORIAL

3^d
EVERY
FRIDAY



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FROM THE CONTINENT

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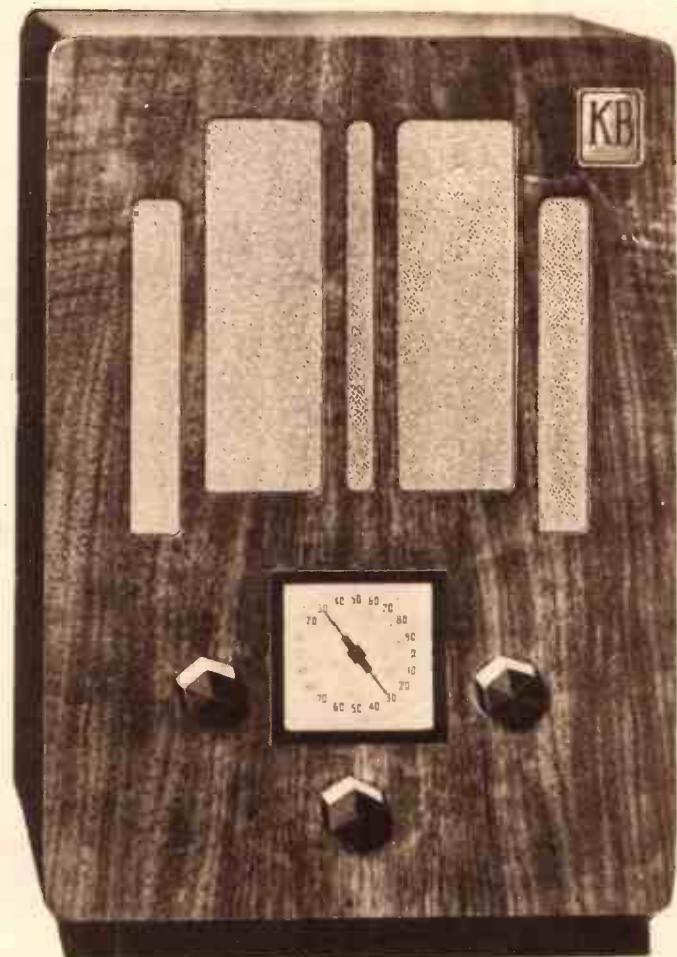
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Martyn Webster, the talent-spotter of Midland Regional, is on the right, while (above) is a view of the Regional Director's office at Birmingham, where programme plans are discussed.

HERE is hardly a spare inch of space on the walls of the Midland Regional Productions' Director's sanctum, which are covered with signed photographs of all shapes and sizes. I suggested to Martyn Webster that he should take me on a conducted tour round his collection. Then it transpired that the pictures were all of artists whom he had brought to the microphone.

At first he was somewhat reluctant.

"I don't boast about these captures—like some of the football clubs," he smiled. "It was all in the day's work you know." However, at length I managed to persuade him.

"First of all then, there's Billy Munn, now Jack Hylton's star pianist. I happened to hear him in a Glasgow cafe, got him to give us an audition, and tried him out in the Children's Hour. He broadcast for me regularly for six months and then Jack Hylton stepped in and secured his services, and he has been with the band ever since."

Next, we came to the photo of a very young artist, inscribed: "With every good wish—from Danny Malone." The name is now familiar to millions of listeners and music hall devotees, but Martyn Webster discovered Danny Malone for the microphone. After his first audition, he fainted from lack of nourishment, yet a few months later his salary on the halls had reached several hundreds a week.

The photo of Margaret Bannerman needed no identification, and no doubt many listeners are aware that Mr. Webster was instrumental in persuading this clever stage artist to face the unseen audience, and what is more, to sing a type of song with which she had hitherto been unfamiliar. For over a week, he coached her in the intricate rhythms of syncopation for several hours daily with astonishing results. Miss Bannerman's first broadcast was a tremendous success, and she was immediately inundated with offers from recording companies.

"I am secretly rather proud of having dis-



In Search of Stars for Midland Variety

covered this combination," declared Mr. Webster, pointing to a picture of four young men in evening dress. Of course you have heard the Moderniques. Many authorities on "hot" syncopation think they are quite as good as the Mills brothers, whom they imitated so perfectly in Eddie Pola's "America Calling" productions.

"How did the Moderniques come into existence?" I was curious to know.

"A theatrical agent notified us that there was a turn at a cabaret which was worth hearing. During the programme, four members of the band sang one number together. We were

immediately impressed by the originality of arrangement and execution, and forthwith arranged for them to give us an audition the next morning. Henry Hall and I sat enthralled while they ran through their repertoire, and lost no time in securing their services for the radio."

Then came Mary Lee, syncopated singer. She was a lucky find from the ranks of the Wireless Chorus. Mr. Webster was paying a hurried visit to the canteen one day when he heard a rich contralto voice light-heartedly humming a dance tune. Grabbing his companion,

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Martyn Webster
the guiding spirit of
variety in the Midlands
is interviewed for
"Radio Pictorial" by
C. HATTON



The Life Story

How

FREDERICK GRISE
WOOD, the popula
B.B.C. announcer
tells his life story
exclusively in "Radio
Pictorial."

LOOKING back over the past five years, one thing emerges quite plainly. My friend Bob Perry was responsible for the whole thing. In the early part of July 1929, we had gone down to Minehead together.

He had had a serious accident and had been sent there on doctor's orders. So we took things easy, played a little golf and rambled in his car round Exmoor. During the whole time that we were there, he badgered the life out of me by insisting that when I got back home I should immediately set about finding a job in London.

"You're absolutely wasting your life in the Cotswolds," he would say, "You are at the mercy of one man. When he dies, you're out of a job." I was looking after an estate at the time. "You'll never do any good until you get into the middle of things again. It was different when you were a sick man, but you're quite fit now."

So it would go on, no matter where we were, or what we were doing, until at last for the sake of peace, if for nothing else, I gave way and solemnly

swore that I would do something about it on my return. I was quite prepared to try to find something, but made up my mind that if it didn't come off, I would be content to remain where I was.

On my return home I had a great surprise.

My wife, instead of being on my side, ranged herself quite unmistakably alongside Bob, so now I had two opponents to combat. And to clinch matters, my best card was immediately trumped. I said, "But what sort of job can I possibly find?" This apparently was exactly what she was waiting for. "Write to the B.B.C." she said "and find out if there is anything there that you could do. You've always said how much you liked the atmosphere of the place, and what fun it would be to be there."

This was true.

On several occasions I had been engaged to sing in their programmes, and had always come home full of enthusiasm over the people I had met there. So we concocted a letter to Eckersley, the Director of Programmes, whom I knew fairly well. Even after the letter had been despatched I still felt comfortably secure. I knew how difficult it was

to get a job at the B.B.C. and also I couldn't imagine what sort of position I could fill there. I had visions of spending the rest of my life in the peace and quiet of our Cotswold village.

But my dreams were shattered.

By return of post came a letter saying "Come along on Friday next, we want an Announcer." This was something I had never considered, but it seemed definitely attractive.

So on a Friday morning in July 1929, I found myself walking down the slope that led from the Strand to Savoy Hill—very apprehensive of what was in store for me, feeling very nervous and not at all confident in my ability to pass any test that I might have to undergo.

Once inside, the friendliness of the place comforted me.

I was greeted by the Commissionaire as an old friend. "Come to do something different to-day, sir, I see," he said. "I hope it will be all right."

I was ushered along the passage that led to No. 6 studio—how well I got to know that old passage later.

of a Chief Announcer

it all Began!

Outside the studio, I met two men—both obviously candidates—their state of nervous tension was as bad as mine. As I arrived, the door of the studio opened and out came yet another. He had evidently just been subjected to the test.

There was no mistaking the agitation on his face.

He muttered something about "That beastly German programme. That's finished my chances for certain." This had an immediate effect on one of the other victims. "Did you say German?" he asked anxiously. "Yes," said the other "a whole programme of songs and things that I knew nothing about and couldn't pronounce the names of."

The other heaved a deep sigh.

"Oh Lor," he said sadly, "that's put me out. I don't know a word." All this time another candidate was going through it.

Once more the door opened.

This time there emerged a man with "success" written all over him. My spirits sank, he'd probably got the job already and it seemed useless for me to try. But at this moment I heard my name. I took what courage I had left with both hands and walked into the studio.

Here another surprise awaited me.

Inside, was Stuart Hibberd, the Head Announcer, who had been the last person to announce me when I had sung for the B.B.C. some months before. I think he was as surprised as I was. "Hullo," he said, "what are you doing here—



"Stuart Hibberd... had been the last person to announce me when I had sung for the B.B.C. . . ."



The author of this intimate article, Frederick Grisewood, chatting with Mr. George Harrap at a dinner in connection with the publication of Grisewood's new "Old Bill" book.

THE MAN HIMSELF

Frederick Grisewood, one of the chief announcers at the B.B.C., was born in Worcestershire. From his early days as a choir boy he was fond of singing and first adopted concert singing as a career. He sang in Paris, Munich, and London, where he took the bass solo part in Sir George Henschel's "Requiem" at the Queen's Hall in 1913 with Carrie Tubb.

In the first days of the war he joined up, and went out to France. It was while he was training as a soldier at Writtle that he met his wife, and just had time for a week-end honeymoon before he left for the trenches. He was made an adjutant, but soon after was invalided out after contracting typhoid, and went to live at Lingham, Oxfordshire.

It is Oxfordshire that furnished the material for his well-known character study "Old Bill," through whom Mr. Grisewood is probably even better known to listeners than as announcer.

He is an all-round sportsman, having played cricket for Worcestershire, and hockey for Oxfordshire. He also plays tennis and golf, and is keen on shooting, fishing and carpentry.

going to sing for us again." "No," I said, "I'm having a shot at this test." "That's grand," he said, "and the best of luck. Now, I'll show you what you have to do," and he sat me down in front of a microphone and presented me with three programmes.

"Don't shout," said Hibberd, "just talk quite naturally, and announce these programmes as if you were actually doing them on the air."

My first glance was a most re-assuring one.

There were, as I've said, three programmes, one German, one French, and one Italian. Nearly all the songs in these programmes were ones I knew well and had sung myself thousands of times, especially the German ones. So there was nothing to be afraid of so far.

I collected myself, and much heartened, began, to an accompaniment of encouraging nods and smiles from Hibberd who was standing quite close to me.

That over, he passed me a selection from a News Bulletin, then some prose, some poetry and the test was over.

I got up feeling rather shattered, and Hibberd ushered me to the door.

As I went out, he said "That sounded pretty good to me," and with a grateful shake of the hand I left him. Outside in the passage again a small boy was waiting to take me up to Eckersley. In his office I found Graves—who was then A.D.P.

We stared at each other, and then we both said, "I've met you before, playing hockey."

"You used to play for Bucks," I said.

"Yes," said he, "and you played for Oxfordshire didn't you." For the next five minutes we were hard at it talking "hockey," until Eckersley said to Graves, "Here, when you've done with this chap I want to take him out to lunch," and bundled me off without any more delay.

I was bursting to know what my test had been like. "Was there any chance? Did I make any appalling mistakes?"

But to all my questions he remained unmoved. "I can tell you this," he said at last, "your test is by far the best so far, but I can promise nothing as yet. There are a lot of people in for this job, and we've still got to hear several more. My advice to you is to go back home—forget about it, and if we want you, we'll send for you."

So with that, I had to be satisfied and returned home with mixed feelings.

This was on a Friday.

On the next Monday I was due to play in a tennis tournament on Stratford-on-Avon. So taking Eckersley's advice, I put all thoughts of the B.B.C. out of my mind, and plunged into the tournament. On the following Friday, the bombshell burst.

I was just going on to court to play a singles when an official looking envelope was handed to me. I had followed Eckersley's advice so thoroughly, that for the moment this document meant nothing to me. Wondering what on earth it was I opened it.

It was from the B.B.C.—"Please report for duty, Monday, 28th."

I had got the job!



! "Newsmoner" gets
"Radio Pictorial" gossip
by telephone from Phyllis
Roberts. Her dog Bill isn't
interested!

The Royal Wedding

THE world will listen when Princess Marina says: "I will." The Abbey is already wired for broadcasting the weekly service and when formal permission is given to relay the ceremony, on November 29, any extra microphones that may be needed will be added to the equipment which is controlled from a point underground in the crypt. Howard Marshall, who can make even a dull day's cricket sound thrilling, will describe the scene as the procession enters the abbey, and a room in a block of offices with a window overlooking the main door is being reserved for his use.

Making Their Bow

This week there are two premières on the air. The new variety orchestra of seventeen instruments is playing for the first time and the Eight Dancing Daughters are making their bow in a music hall programme. Three hundred applicants were given auditions for the orchestra and Stanford Robinson and Kneale Kelley spent hours in hearing the various instruments. They took pianists on one day and drummers on another. After spending half an hour listening to a few of the drummers I left with a feeling that percussion instruments of all kinds ought to be banned, but the conductors emerged from the ordeal, smiling.

High Kicking

The Dancing Daughters are trained by Rosalind Wade, who provided the team for

"Newsmoner's" RADIO GOSSIP

Radiolympia. A mixture of blondes and brunettes, they are all good lookers, and would be a box-office attraction if the B.B.C. chose to charge for admission to St. George's Hall. They kick at least as high as the Step-Sisters, and at rehearsal yesterday I noticed that the mikes were slung several feet above their heads.

Ambrose Returns

Ambrose and his band are returning to the studio. On November 3 they will be in their old place giving the late dance music and afterwards will alternate with Henry Hall on Saturday nights. They will be heard, too, at 5.15 on Saturdays when Henry Hall is broadcasting at night. So after an absence of several months one of the most popular bands becomes a weekly fixture again.

Sir Dan Again

Within a week of Sir Dan Godfrey's touching farewell at Bournemouth, the B.B.C. had arranged for him to return to the mike. He will conduct a concert on November 2. Seven years is a long time in the history of broadcasting and it would have been a wrench to part from an old friend. Besides Sir Dan's regular broadcasts, the Godfrey family has another association with broadcasting. Dan junior, the famous musician's son, was conductor of the wireless orchestra in the early days at Savoy Hill.

Rapid Stardom

On the radio, as on the stage, artists sometimes step from the chorus straight into a leading part. Margaret Landon did so last week, when she was a principal in *Monsieur Beaucaire*. Stanford Robinson, hearing the singer at an audition, booked her at once for a concert, and Gordon McConnel marked her down as a potential broadcasting star. We shall hear more of this young operatic soprano—a blonde who favours a "tailor-made" costume.

New Fielden Series

No one reading the papers can doubt that the public takes an interest in the law, and the idea of dramatising scenes in a lawyer's office should be a popular success. The talks between the various parties are arranged by Lionel Fielden and the client is always in such a position that the law cannot help him. You and I might easily find ourselves in the same fix. However ridiculous the situation may seem, the conditions do exist. Perhaps a few laws will be altered as a result of this publicity.

He Forgot!

Kneale Kelley told me a good story the other afternoon. I encountered him in the basement of Broadcasting House. He had been present at an audition. He said one man—a clarinettist—applied for an audition at Broadcasting House for one of the light orchestras. He travelled over a hundred miles and forgot to bring either instrument or music! He seemed quite surprised when asked what he was going to play.

Kneale also told me that as he was leaving the B.B.C. one evening he noticed a man and his wife peering in at the doorway. People often do that, as a matter of fact. The man was rather nervous, but his wife told him to walk straight in. They had paid their licence, she said, and they had a right to see Broadcasting House if they

wanted to. Nothing like getting value for your money.

Signature, Please!

I went into the little control-room at Queen's Hall during a Prom rehearsal. Stanton Jeffries and his assistant were there with scores of the Choral Symphony on their knees. A funny little room with a low ceiling.

I bumped my head coming out and said—well, never mind what I said, but I was told to write my name up on the beam. All who bump their heads have to do that. When I had signed on as a head-bumper I looked at the next signature. *Sir Henry's!* Evidently he had been in to hear what the orchestra sounded like, and that was the result.

Who Do You Think?

I travelled down in the car from Baker Street to Queen's Hall with Lauri Kennedy, the leader of the 'cellos. There was not too much time; in fact, it was about four minutes to eight when we got down in Regent Street. Lauri was not in the least upset.

"So long as I have two minutes in which to tune I don't mind," he said. By the time I had taken my seat in the circle he had tuned and was waiting for Sir Henry to begin. Most of them are like that. There just in time—but always in time.

Coming out of Queen's Hall, whom do you think I met? Tom Jones, late of Eastbourne. I inquired what he was doing there, and found he was deputising for one of the first violins who is away. He tells me he is living at Harrow.

Everybody's Loved by Someone!

There is no limit to the benefit bestowed on civilisation by the modern wireless set. In order to provide for the truth of the above observation, American broadcasting systems, so we learn from a *Times* leader, now supply, among other amenities, a public lover who pours out loving phrases, intimately and softly, so that each listener may easily imagine it is meant for her alone.

According to *The Times*, "the deep need for admiration and affection is thus, in part at any rate, allayed, and women with stolid and boorish husbands, or with none, are nevertheless able, at the Love Hour, to hear the prettiest compliments and the most charming speeches. The feature is accordingly popular, and is the sort of thing that the makers of scents and cosmetics find particularly apt for their purposes, better even than a concert of soft chamber music, when they want to provide a programme which will leave sweet associations behind it."

A Career for Youth

"A new career" (continues *The Times*), "that of the wireless lover, has thus been opened to young men whose fluency and warmth might land them in only too many breach of promise actions in real life. The privacy of the home, in which most listening is done, takes away from the

The Twiddleknobs—by FERRIER

The Life Story of a Chief Announcer!

This week, Frederick Grisewood, one of the most popular announcers at the B.B.C., begins his life story. This intimate story, exclusive to "Radio Pictorial," covers every phase of his B.B.C. job and tells you everything you want to know about an announcer's work at the B.B.C. Next week he tells how he felt about it, suddenly faced with his new announcing task and all its responsibilities!

Exclusive—In Next Friday's
"Radio Pic."

effectiveness of many wireless programmes; but it adds to the power of this one, and may have awkward results for American men, whose shortcomings are already freely criticised. The shy and tongue-tied youth, meditating his proposal, will have horrible qualms lest his performance shall look too crude and flat by the side of the skilled rhapsodies which have just been switched off because he has called with his flowers."

More B.B.C. Food

There will soon be yet another innovation at the Midland Regional studios in the shape of a catering department. Hitherto, the staff and artists have had to leave the building for meals—with the exception of afternoon tea. Just lately everyone has been working at such pressure that there has often been no time for this. Also, quite a number of Empire programmes are being sent out from these studios, necessitating artists being there at all hours of the day and night. So these new facilities will be highly acceptable; and as they are organised by eagle-eyed "Pat" Casey, they are sure to be the last word in efficiency.

In the Wilds

Teddy Gower, who is one of the balance and control engineers at Midland Regional, enjoyed a varied life before he joined the B.B.C. As a recording engineer, he travelled to all corners of the world, making records of the music of little-known native tribes. On several occasions the recording apparatus had to be transported by car over desert country for as long as a week at a time. He amuses his colleague, Joe Loughlin, with his adventures in the wilds when they are sitting through the night watches "balancing" the

Empire programmes. Although Joe declares that the tales are inclined to be somewhat hair-raising when the hour is particularly late and the studios silent.

Meet Mrs. "Stainless"

Did you know that "Stainless Stephen's" broadcasts are a family affair?

The unassuming young man who accompanies "Stainless" at the piano is his brother; and, besides playing for the comedian, he writes the music for his songs.

Then there is "Mrs. Stainless" (or perhaps we had better say Mrs. Baynes), who travels with her husband when he tours the music-halls and when he comes to London to broadcast. "Stainless" rehearses his "stuff" with his wife immediately before his turn.

How "Stainless" Started

By the way, we should never have heard the famous punctuated humour had it not been for the war.

"Stainless" was at the Northern School of Signalling at Tynemouth. One day, as he signalled question marks, commas, and full stops, the idea came to him of speaking punctuation marks in ordinary conversation. It was not long before his ingenious mind had turned the idea into a new kind of humour.

A Bit Far!

Half measures have never been favoured in the United States, but every one will agree that the barber of Baltimore went too far. Developing a violent dislike for crooners he made his way to a studio and drawing his knife wounded one of the singers. There is safety in numbers; most of our bands engage several vocalists!

With a Thrill.

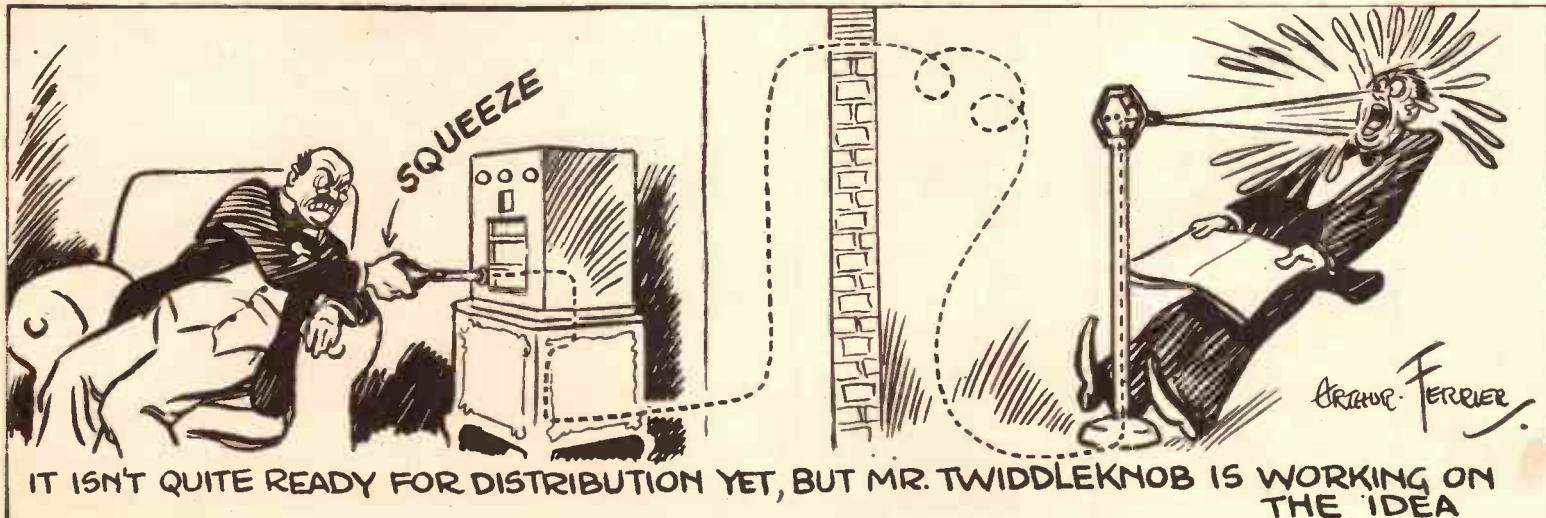
Many singers nowadays declare that they seldom get a kick out of their performances; everything goes according to plan and naught emerges save the critics' comments in next day's papers. Frank Titterton, however, still manages to provide a measure of excitement for himself and his audiences.

At a "Prom," when he was the soloist in the recitative and aria, "Sound an Alarm," an enthusiastic but misguided member of the audience expressed his views on the music presentation; and recently the elements themselves conspired to restrain Titterton's vocal efforts.

He was singing at Buxton when a terrific storm broke over the Winter Gardens. In the middle of his solo, "Lend Me Your Aid," all the lights went out, following a terrific crash of thunder. Without a pause Titterton continued singing.

Pick oop t'Moosket!

Everybody knows Stanley Holloway and his famous "Sam" dialect sketches. Stanley is on the cover of this week's "Radio Pic.," and, appropriately enough, there is a humorous background of an incident from one of the "Sam" broadcast sketches, Sam having defiantly dropped his musket in spite of the august presence of the Duke of Wellington!



Mabel Constanduros, Leonard Henry, Clarice Mayne, Derek Oldham, Claude Hulbert, Patricia Rossborough, Norman Long, Gordon Harker, and Reginald Arkell tell you about the things they hate!



MABEL CONSTANDUROS

BEING full of faults myself, I am very tolerant of the failings of other people. One thing only rouses me to uncontrollable agitation and makes me utterly unhinged—cruelty. I detest it so that sometimes I feel it is the only vice that matters. If I read of a case of cruelty in the papers, as a child it used to make me physically ill and haunt me for weeks.

The only other thing which really troubles me is moths. I am terrified of them and quite unable to help it.

DEREK OLDHAM

R EALLY one should try not to have a pet aversion, but to attain tranquillity and not to allow anything to upset one's nerves and serenity. This is a counsel of perfection, I know, but still, one can always keep on trying.

I find that women who fuss over small dogs irritate me intensely. Women who carry toy dogs or, if you call on them, have one always there and whose conversation centres round what the "peke" has just done, or is doing, or what he may do next.

A friend of mine says this irritation is merely jealousy, for I like to have all the attention centred on myself. Maybe he's right . . . but I still maintain that if conversation is to be interesting, it cannot be shared with a small dog and a pretty woman.

LEONARD HENRY

O YSTERS, olives, and the sound of a piano organ in the distance on a wet Sunday afternoon in October.

The man whose false teeth suffer from time lag, The utter boredom of the Bright Young Things. People who travel in trams, talk loudly to show



their breeding, and mention their maids and "the car."

People one meets who consider they've struck oil, and immediately become "gushers."

The man one meets after a broadcast who says, "By Jove, you were in form last night—I'll bet you'd had a couple."

CLARICE MAYNE

I THINK I dislike hearing people with loud and raucous voices as much as anything, and people that push past one in a theatre or cinema in a brusque manner. And lastly—women that nag and grumble at their husbands in public.

MY PET AVERTION

—what our radio favourites hate!

REGINALD ARKELL

A COCKTAIL is a wicked thing: It always makes me try to sing

NORMAN LONG

M Y pet aversion is the person who asks, "What is your pet aversion?"

Norman Long (below), and Gordon Harker (above)



CLAUDE HULBERT

M Y personal dislikes are as follows: "Light conversation," Cocktail Parties, Changing for Dinner, and my Wife's Relations!

PATRICIA ROSSBOROUGH

O NE of my greatest dislikes are people who will persist in overlooking one's shoulder and reading one's paper. Also those who walk a yard or two behind no matter how quickly or slowly one walks. My other real dislikes: Seed Cake, Wasps, and Boiled Rice.

GORDON HARKER

M Y pet aversion is a very hackneyed one—"Jazz." Just that. I wonder how many radio listeners agree with me? Still there you are!

Hullo, Children

AUNT BELINDA'S Children's Corner

EAR NIECES AND NEPHEWS, Since I wrote to you last week I have "run into" so many artists who have been "out of town" all the summer that I do not quite know where to begin my news. First of all there was Ronald Gourley. He has been in a concert party at Brighton and as a consequence was looking simply splendid when I saw him. You know, of course, that he is blind, but you do not realise probably how difficult it is to remember that when you are with him. You see, for instance, his reply to my "Hello, Ronald, how are you?" was "Hello, Belinda, I'm fine. You're looking jolly fit, too!" He also says, "The last time I saw So-and-So . . .!"

Knowing him very well I felt I could ask him how it is that he knows how people are looking and he

explained that it is a question of voice and vibrations. In the same way he knows when he comes to a curb or steps—he can hear them—and that is why he can travel all over the country by himself without coming to any harm. He was performing at Preston and Lincoln last week and at Birmingham the week before and when I met him he had just been to Broadcasting House for an Empire Broadcast in the afternoon and a vaudeville programme in the evening. And he was just crossing Oxford Street—alone!

Helen Henschel, too, is an artist we hear too seldom, and it was therefore an added pleasure to listen to her songs last week in the London Regional programme. When she sings "The Raggle-Taggle Gipsies" I long to be able to shout "encore," but if I did, what would be the good?—I must just wait till another time. It is not surprising that Helen is such a good artist for she is the daughter of that grand musician, the late Sir George Henschel. Helen's small daughter, Joan, is one of her severest critics.

Mario de Pietro was the next on the list. He is just back from a very successful season with a concert party at Shanklin, Isle of Wight. Mario was looking even browner than the proverbial berry, and for once in a way had neither his banjo, his mandoline or his lute with him. He had left them all at Broadcasting House where he was rehearsing and had come out for a very hurried snack. When he has a moment to spare he promises me that he will have a shot at playing upon the old eight stringed Greek instrument that a friend of mine has unearthed.

Until next week,
AUNT BELINDA.



Harry Roy and his Band as they appear at the May Fair
and during their popular weekly broadcasts



(Copies of these exclusive "Radio Pictorial" pictures may be had, price 2s. 6d. each, post free, from "Radio Pictorial" Offices, 58-61 Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4.)

Meet the band! Here are the boys and their instruments, from left to right : Ivor Moreton, Dave Kaye (pianists), Arthur Calkin (bass), Maurice Sterndale (violin), Bill Currie (Vocalist), Joe Daniels (drums), Harry Roy, Tom Venn (guitar), Joe Arbitter (saxophone and clarinet), Jack Collins (trombone), Matt Temple (saxophone and clarinet), Bert Wilton (trumpet), Tommy Porter (trumpet), Harry Goss (saxophone)

The B.B.C. Dance Orchestra gives you your daily dose of dance music. Other popular bands broadcast, too. Is there a surfeit of syncopation on the air?



Two action photos of the B.B.C. Dance Band at work. (Above) a saxophone, and (below) the drums

TOO much dance music! Guilty of high treason, am I? All right. I plead guilty?

The trouble is that the present-day dance music is very limited in the rhythmic sense. That is my first point about it.

If you come into the house and find one of the dance bands playing, either you get the four-four rhythm of a fox-trot or the three-four of a waltz. Occasionally you may find the rhythm of a one-step or a tango, but the chances are heavily in favour of one of the other two—the fox-trot being the more likely.

The fox-trot might have developed into a classic dance—it is quite graceful enough—but for its unfortunate name. American, of course.

Still more unfortunately, a habit has developed in all dance bands of having the complete bar tapped out on a drum or other percussion instrument. Consequently we are unconsciously reminded of one, two, three, four in every bar played.

I maintain that this has now become monotonously familiar, or familiarly monotonous—which ever way you prefer to regard it.

Several new rhythms have been tried, but have failed because they have proved unsuitable to the action of dancing.

Dance bands seem to grow on the bushes these days. There are at least a score of reputable bands heard regularly. In standard there is not much to choose between them.

They all play the same tunes and employ the same style of crooners for the vocal refrains.

New tunes come out each week. Out of the

Is There TOO MUCH

YES—says
Whitaker-Wilson

next two dozen you will hear, perhaps, two that will become popular. Their lives will be three months at the most. After that they will be as dead as mutton and will lie on dusty shelves until John Watt or somebody rakes them out and broadcasts them as "recent antiquities."

Every time there is a dance-tune recital we hear the leader say, "You are listening to Willie Woffler and his Band, broadcasting from the Hotel Splash. We have just played you two fox-trots called, 'Before I Met Yew' and 'Since I Met Yew.' We are now going to play you two more fox-trots entitled respectively, 'If I Hadn't Met Yew' and 'If I Had Only Met Yew.'"

Four four-four rhythms in succession! Bad for the nerves of all of us. It is easily possible to overdo rhythmic effects and get quite bad intellectual results.

What we need is a thorough change.

The difficulty facing us is that no new dance—universal dance, that is—is likely to be invented, and even if it were it would probably be in four-four rhythm.

Half our radio dance music comes to us in the form of dance-tune recitals. Nobody is actually dancing. The late evening transmissions alone give us the real dance feeling, mainly because we know people are dancing at the various hotels. Otherwise we listen to *dance-tune recitals*.

I have an increasing feeling that what we need is that our dance music composers shall produce a new form of their art—suitable music for dance bands to play.

I should like to see dance *preludes*, *interludes*, and *postludes*. Artistic movements suitably scored for the usual dance-band combination of instruments.

They could have their vocal refrains, just as the fox-trots and waltzes have them. They could be romantic or even humorous—grave or gay. By being definitely *not* dance music, but music for dance bands, they could avoid the triteness of the accepted dance rhythms.

The rhythm is the trouble. I maintain that this tap-tap of four in a bar is trying our artistic nerves. Because I am a musician, and not really devoted to light forms of music, I may have realised what the trouble is before the man-in-the-street (so-called) has realised it.

(Continued on page 34)



A Vital Question which
affects every Listener

Dance Music?

NO—says
Sidney Kyte,
A.R.A.M.

AN enormous section of the radio listening public appreciates dance music and its programme value as interpreted in the music for music's sake, and not solely for dance music.

I do feel, from my post bag and from personal experience in broadcasting, that the section of radio listeners who want dance music is increasing and that any complaint that there is too much dance music at present is inopportune.

Some of the facts stated by Mr. Whitaker-Wilson are incorrect, and are not a true reflection on broadcasting bands and dance music.

He says that "Dance bands seem to grow on bushes these days . . . in standard there is not much to choose between them."

This is a gross exaggeration which any listener can prove for himself if he examines the list of outside broadcast bands for any typical month.

It will be seen that the same bands broadcast time and time again. My Piccadilly Hotel band, for example, has its regular broadcasting schedule. If dance bands literally "grew on bushes," then the B.B.C. would not be so hard put to it to find new bands for the outside broadcast list. There is a constant call for variety in radio, and if there really were many good bands, then the B.B.C. would not continue to renew its arrangements with bands, such as my own, which have been broadcasting for a very long while.

Whitaker-Wilson also says that "they all play the same tunes and employ the same style of crooners for the vocal refrains."

THAT is a definite untruth, for each broadcasting band develops its individual style. I know that the style of my own band—and I have taken the greatest care to develop an individual standard of presentation—is distinctly different from that of any other radio band. Certainly you do not have to be a dance music expert these days to recognise the name of any broadcasting band immediately you switch on your set. There may be a sameness with inferior bands, which seldom come on the air, but each of the important bands has its distinctive style of presentation . . . and of course, each has a vocalist with an individual style.

The complaint is made by my contestant that dance music itself is largely to blame, and that the constant four-four rhythm becomes monotonous.

It would appear that the popularity of the new dance tunes, new style rumbas, tangos, and so on, has been overlooked. Every new dance brings a new type of lilting melody and rhythm. Only a very non-critical listener could possibly imagine that dance music rhythm is monotonous. The



Sidney
Kyte,
A.R.A.M.,
at the
microphone

tap-tap of four in a bar should not become trying to artistic nerves, if it is realised that, while the main purpose of dance music is for dancers, the fox-trot rhythm is nevertheless exhilarating.

All our dances are not modern, nor is all our rhythm of the four-four nature. The polkas and the Viennese waltz have never really fallen out of favour.

Analysing the complaints of Whitaker-Wilson about dance music, I cannot find that he puts forward any concrete argument, nor makes any constructive suggestions of a kind that have not already been done.

It appears to be overlooked that the production of dance music is the outcome of a specialised form of work—industry if you like—and that anything which would improve the quality of dance music to-day would be welcomed by publishers, dancers, and musicians alike.

The entertainment value of good dance music is very great, and we cannot afford to neglect any ideas. They must, however, be new ideas, and it is no good making an entire reversion to the old dances.

I feel sure that if I were to broadcast a programme of fox-trots interspersed by minuets, gavottes, and musettes, my band would soon become the most unpopular on the air!

I can, with all due humility, pretend to know at

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"Radio Pictorial" Autograph Album?

least something of what the listening public wants, and the kind of music they wish to hear, no matter whether they are simply listening to it or dancing to it. Only the other day, I had a personal letter from Lord Beaverbrook, not only complimenting me on my broadcasts, but taking a personal interest in one of the tunes I had given in one of my Monday programmes. I do sincerely feel that if a man of Lord Beaverbrook's outstanding personality can find the time to take a personal interest in dance music (and incidentally to compliment my band !) then there cannot be very much wrong with it.

I am occasionally having it put to me that dance music must of necessity be low-brow and must appeal only to people of a low-brow mentality. Actually the contrary is the case, and the late evening dance music recitals obviously appeal to every class of listener. There are an increasing number of people who can go to the Queen's Hall and enjoy an evening's symphony concert, then finishing up their night's musical entertainment with an hour or so of first-class dance music.

A well-chosen programme of radio dance music has its definite place in the broadcast programmes. It is in the selection, orchestration, and arrangement of the dance music that a successful dance music leader proves his personality.

A. J. ALAN retells one of his favourite Broadcast Stories

HERE'S a man in the Department where I work who's a great friend of mine—in spite of the fact that we share a room—and this story's all about him. He says he doesn't mind, but in order not to identify him too closely I'm just going to call him Henry.

It all began one morning a few months ago when he staggered into the office with a huge great iron thing like the wheel of a traction engine. I said, "What in the world's that?"

He said, "Oh, don't you know? I've had a country cottage given me and this is the base of a petrol engine I've bought to pump the water out of the well with because it's too much fag to do it by hand."

He went on to say that he wasn't going to use the iron base as he thought a concrete bed would be better.

This was the first I'd heard of this cottage because I'd been away on leave, but it was apparently somewhere in Norfolk and it had been given him by his mother. He *did* tell me how *she'd* come by it, but I've forgotten. The point is that she *didn't* want it herself so she'd passed it on to Henry.

He was rather vague as to its exact position as he'd only been down once, by road, but it seemed quite a decent sort of place. It was furnished after a fashion, so he said, but it would want a whole lot doing to it, so they were going down each week-end and getting it into shape by degrees.

As time went on, I naturally heard a good deal about how things were going. You do when you are in the same office as man, and I couldn't help noticing that everything that could go wrong was going, and when I say everything, I mean everything. It was almost uncanny. The most complete chapter of accidents happened in connection with the well, so I'll just quote it as an example.

This well was bang in the middle of the lawn and it looked quite decorative, but Mrs. Henry struck at the ideal of installing a pump and a blooming great petrol engine alongside it.

So what they decided to do was to sink the pump in the ground close to the well and stick the engine right away to the side, somewhere.

The engine was to transmit its power to the pump along a series of wheels and belts. These were to be down out of sight in a trench. Well, first of all, the concrete bed for the engine kept on cracking. The local builder must have got his quantities wrong. Anyway, he had to remake it three times before it would stand up to its job.

Then, one of the driving wheels in the trench was mounted slightly out of true and every now and then its belt came off. This, of course, whizzed along and fouled all the other belts, and they said "let's all go down the trench," and the poor old pump got the lot.

Then again, about the engine. It occurred to the Henrys that it would be bad for it to stand out in all weathers without a thing on, as it were, so they got hold of some match-boarding and felt, and built a sort of chicken-house round it, and they tell me it looked very fine, but not for long. That completely disappeared. Someone must have come along during the week and taken it away.

Even that wasn't the end of their hydraulic troubles. When they'd finally got the whole arrangement working and actual water was being produced, they thought they'd better have some of it analysed, and the answer was three per cent. of organic matter. Luckily it turned out to be only a dead rabbit, but coming on the top of everything else it did really look more than mere chance.

I said to Henry: "Norfolk doesn't seem to want you. Whom have you been annoying?" He said, "We can't have been annoying anyone because there isn't another house in sight," but he agreed that it was all very strange.

However, by the middle of April they seemed to have overcome the last of their troubles and they went down and achieved a completely enjoyable week-end; but it was so quiet in the evenings that they thought a wireless set might liven things up a bit. Would I go down and help him install it? I said I would and we all drove down on the following Saturday.

We both had to go to the office in the morning

(I forgot why), and we didn't arrive until late in the afternoon.

A perfectly gorgeous spot, but rather difficult to describe—it's position, I mean. You approached it down a long lane all overgrown with grass which appeared to lead straight into a small river, but just before we took the final plunge there was a gate on the right-hand side and Henry said, "Here we are."

His domain consisted of two cottages knocked into one, with a lawn in front, and past the bottom of this lawn flowed the river. At the back of the cottages there was a sort of barn place which they used as a garage. I'm telling you all this because the general lay-out is rather important.

First of all we had tea, and then I thought we'd better get the aerial up in case it turned wet. So we set to work. We didn't have to bother about a mast because there was a convenient tree down by the river, but even so, it took longer than we expected—jobs like that always do—and it was pretty nearly dark before we'd finished.

Just as I was beginning to climb down the tree for the last time, I noticed a light shining not far off, not more than a few hundred yards away. I thought it was strange because Henry had said there was nothing within miles of them, so I called out "What's that light over there?" Henry couldn't see it from the ground and said, "What light?" but just then there were loud cries of "Dinner" from the house and the subject dropped.

Afterwards we connected up the set and got quite good signals, even without a proper earth; all we had was a few feet of wire lying on the grass, but Mrs. Henry didn't like that in case it got left there permanently.

So Henry said, "All right. There's some wire netting in the loft over the garage. We could bury that. Let's go and get it." I murmured "Must we?" but they didn't hear, and along we went with an electric torch and climbed the ladder into this infernal loft.

We located the netting all right, but to get at it we had to move a lot of old planks and things, and underneath we came across a great long thing done up in canvas. We undid it and it turned out to be a canoe, a Canadian canoe, complete with two paddles.

This was a distinct find, although there was no saying what condition it might be in, but we said "Good, oh," and lowered it through the trapdoor

chain across. There was also a notice board which said "PRIVATE WATER." That settled it. It was a perfect morning for trespassing, so I scraped under the chain and went on. No one seemed to mind except numerous water-fowl which got up and flew away, uttering piercing cries. I expect they didn't like the colour of my pyjamas. Evidently provincial birds.

A minute or two later the river took a sharp turn to the left and led into quite a large sheet of water. By large I mean about half a mile long and a couple of hundred yards wide, and it wasn't till then that it struck me that this must be one of the smaller "Broads."

Across the middle of this "Broad" there was a winding row of posts apparently to mark the course of the river, but it occurred to me that it ought to have been able to find its way without that.

Anyhow, I followed the posts and got through a narrow opening on the far side into a still larger river. By the way, before I actually went through the opening I noticed a peculiar sort of hut standing near the edge of the lake. It had got a coke stove outside it, and, as far as one could see, the flue of the stove went deliberately in at one end of the hut and came out at the other. Leaning up against the wall of this hut were several sacks which I put down as containing coke for the stove. They were a bit light in colour, but perhaps they were young ones. And then I got through into the main river. A few yards down stream, immediately to my right, there was a large wherry moored against the bank. A wherry, by the way, is a sort of sailing barge, got up pretty.

I hadn't spotted her before because the river bank was too high and they'd taken the mast out of her. She was evidently there for keeps, from the look of her moorings, but lying astern of her was an extremely serviceable motor-boat. I should have liked to have gone on board her and had a look round, but hanging up in the bows, there was a large flat fish, obviously maturing for bait, which was quite unapproachable, so I paddled frantically out of range and back to breakfast.

Henry met me when I landed and said, "Where've you been?" I said, "I've been to trace what that light was I saw last night." He said, "Oh, really, what was it?" (not a bit interested) and I said, "If you *must* know it was a piece of fish hanging up to ripen on board a

HENRY—

by A. J. ALAN

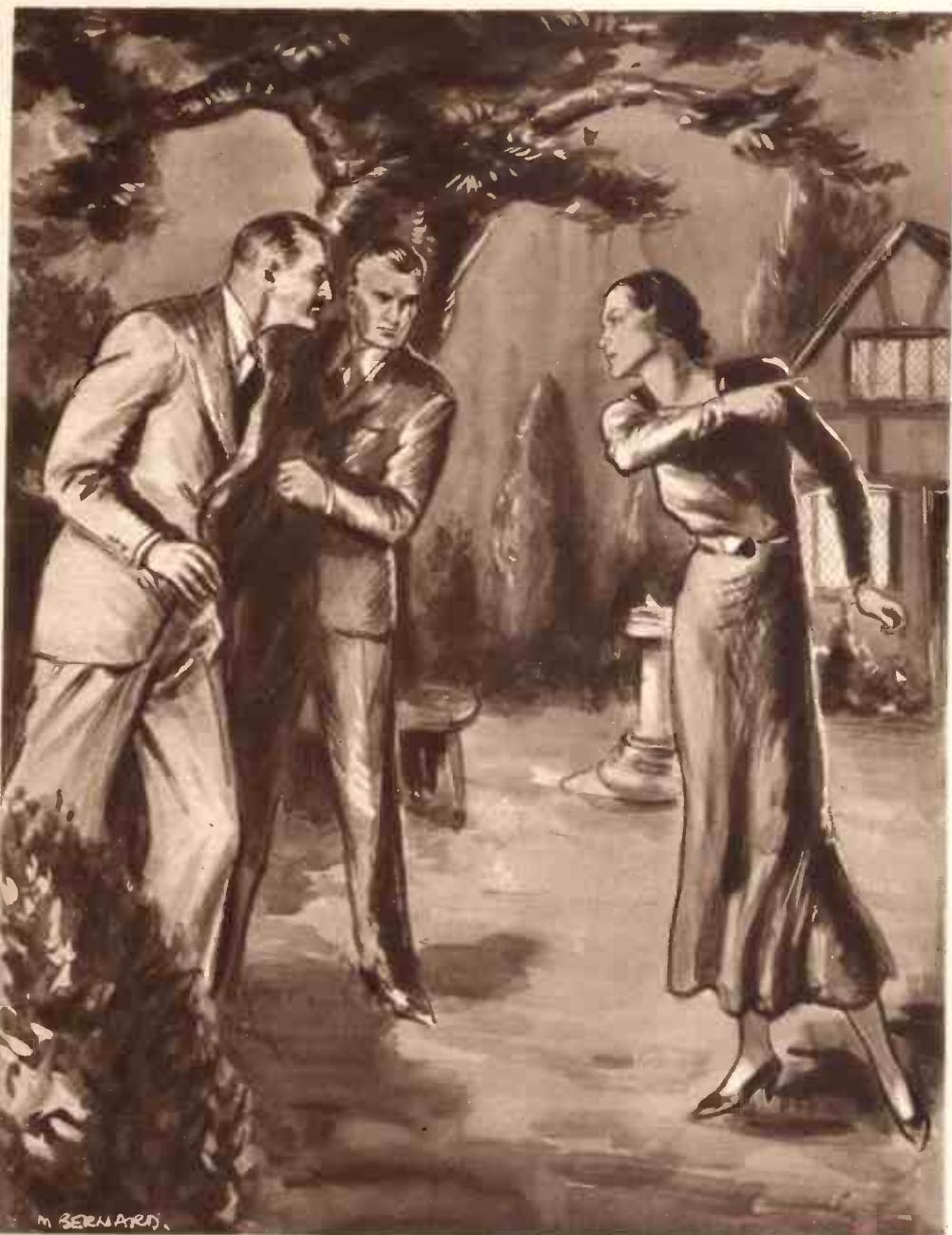
on chance. By the time we'd buried the wire netting, it was ten o'clock and we all went to bed. Now I'm not used to going to bed at ten, and the result was that next morning, I was wide awake at six. I got up and looked at the weather. Not a cloud in the sky or a breath of wind. I decided that it would be a sin to stay frowning in bed a moment longer, and not only that. My room was next to the bathroom, and I was terrified that Henry might come along and sing in it—so I strolled down and had a look at the river and that immediately reminded me of the canoe.

I went and fetched it from outside the garage and put it in the water, and to my great surprise it didn't leak. So I got in and paddled away down stream. Not that there *was* much stream—you could hardly tell which way it was flowing. It meandered about (like my stories), and after I'd gone a few hundred yards and was meaning to turn back, I came to a place where there was a

motor-boat out in the river there." He still didn't seem impressed. He simply said, "I'm glad you've got back, because our infernal pump's gone wrong again." Putting it right took us till goodness knows when, but somewhere about six, a small boy turned up from the outer world with a message about some eggs. He also mentioned that there'd been a mail-van robbery in the neighbourhood the afternoon before.

I immediately thought of my row of pale-coloured sacks.

I said, "Splendid. I can tell you where the swag is," and then I absolutely made them listen to my tale of adventure in the morning, and I put it to them: I said, "Why don't we go along in the canoe to-night and fetch one of these sacks, and make sure?" Well, Henry thought it would be quite a good scheme, so after dinner off we went, just he and I. It was pitch dark, but you can always see on the water, and



M. BERNATYN.

got to the hut and found that the sacks were still there. We chose a nice fat one and solemnly carted it all the way back to the cottage. But when we opened it in the middle of the sitting-room floor, all we found inside was a whole lot of dried leaves. Rather a sell, on the face of it, but Henry said, "Yes, but what is this stuff?" And we tried various things and finally burnt a bit. That left no room for doubt at all. It was tobacco. Whereupon I had one of my brilliant ideas. I said, "If I'm right we are on to a far bigger show than a mail-van robbery. That river over there is the Ant. The Ant runs into the Bure. The Bure and the Yare meet and run into the sea at Yarmouth."

"Now, let's assume, just for the sake of argument, that this feller in the wherry goes in for smuggling. He starts off by making a reputation for himself as a fisherman. He can get to Yarmouth in an hour in his motor-boat, and he goes in and out at all sorts of odd times until no one ever takes any notice of him. Very well."

"As soon as he get to that stage he goes out every now and then, ostensibly after bloater, and meets another motor-boat somewhere out to sea. This other motor-boat may have come from Belgium, or anywhere you like, with a cargo of tobacco. He picks up this cargo and brings it back here—miles inland. In due course he puts it ashore at the foot of your lane, and it goes up to London by lorry. That's why everything's gone wrong here. He naturally doesn't want anyone living right at his back door."

I admit that this seemed a hopelessly far-fetched theory, but how else could you explain a quarter of a ton of tobacco in an out-of-the-way place like

"I'm so glad you've come, because there's something funny going on farther up the lane—the weirdest noises are being made"

that? Anyway, we couldn't explain it, and then we began to get rather indignant. Not that we objected to smuggling *per se*. Why, I could remember once coming ashore at Chatham so stuffed out with what my friends were going to smoke during a week's leave that they had to carry me on a stretcher, but that was different—it was War Time.

However, this was a clear case of unfair competition with home industries (and we all had shares in the Imperial Tobacco Company), and we were just discussing what we ought to do about it when there was a ring at the bell, and lo and behold it was a policeman. Mind you this was hardly a coincidence. He'd been round the Saturday before selling tickets for some country police fête, and he'd called about that. At all events we said, "Come in, you're just the man we want." So we sat him down and gave him a drink, and then we produced the sack and said, "What do you think that is?" He just looked at it and said, "I know what it is—it's tobacco. Where did you get it?"

So I started to tell him about the wherry, and all that, and he said, "Oh yes, that belongs to Mr. de Vuyker, a Dutch gentleman—we know all about him." I said, "Do you also know that he smuggles tobacco?" and he burst out laughing. He said, "Smuggles it! He doesn't have to smuggle it, he grows it. He's got sixteen acres under cultivation on the other side of the river. Didn't you see his drying shed?" and of course I had, only I didn't know what it was.

Well, you can imagine how foolish we felt. Our bobby was evidently conversant with the technical side of the business and he went on to explain that the stuff we'd brought away was actually waste which couldn't be used, but it had to be disposed of in some particular way under the eagle eye of an excise officer.

Henry said, "Does that mean we've got to take this rotten stuff back?" and Robert was afraid that it *did* mean exactly that. The worst of it was that we should have to do it that night because we were making a very early start.

So Robert was given what they call "the other half," and duly seen off, and then Henry and I got into the canoe and paddled all the way to de Vuyker's shed with this blessed sack. When we eventually got back to the cottage we found Mrs. Henry pacing nervously backwards and forwards on the lawn. She said, "I'm so glad you've come, because there's something funny going on farther up the lane—the weirdest noises are being made." We could hear them ourselves. Strange odd crashes at regular intervals. So we went along to investigate and found that it was friend Robert still trying to get on to his bicycle.

Quite astounding. I thought policemen were like firemen and that it didn't matter *what* you gave them, but they can't be. He was awfully pleased to see us and said that if we'd only hold his bicycle still while he mounted, and then give him a push, he'd be quite all right, but I said, "No, my lad, I think not." I should hate to get a policeman into trouble, and there was no doubt that we were, in some measure, responsible for his unfortunate condition. That being so, we felt we ought to do the right thing by him, so while Henry was getting the car out, I brushed him down and found his helmet, and then we took him and his bicycle home.

Next morning we all came back to London, having had a most amusing time—so much so, in fact, that I'd brought away a little memento of it. As you may possibly imagine I hadn't entirely swallowed the policeman's explanation of the sack of tobacco, and while the Henrys were seeing him off the night before I'd had another look at it. The top layer certainly was rubbish, stalks and so on, but once you got down below that, the whole of the rest of the sack was stuffed tight with neat bundles of unbroken leaves tied up with cotton.

Well, I'd taken out one of these bundles and kept it, and when I left the office that evening, I went and called on my tobacconist. I planked my bundle down in front of him and said, "What's that?"

He proceeded to do various things to it. He first of all cut the cotton and breathed on the edges. Then he fanned out the leaves and smelt them and said, "That's very fine." I asked him what it was worth. He said, "Well, it all depends. Without the duty, it's worth about sixpence a pound, but with the duty it's about ten shillings." (Isn't it iniquitous?)

I next asked him whether it could be grown in England, and he laughed. He said, "Good gracious, no. That's the very best Virginia pipe tobacco. Can you get any more?"

I said, "Yes—rather. The next dark weekend."



Children's NEWS MOTTO

by Commander Stephen
KING-HALL

"To thy speed add wings."

This very famous line was written by John Milton in the second book of his poem "Paradise Lost." Milton lived from 1608 to 1674. You will find the key on page 36.

Stephen King-Hall



Murray Stewart,
tenor, who sings
with Fred Hartley's
Quintette in the
Pompeian All-Star
Luxembourg concert

Around the Dial . . .

A page of Programme Items from Abroad
in addition to the Special English Programmes
from the Continent
on pages 21-26.

SUNDAY (OCTOBER 21)

Barcelona (377.4 m.)	Gala Concert from the Palacio Bellas Artes	10 p.m.
Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.)	Dancing from the Cabaret Gaetty	10.10 p.m.
Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.)	Light Orchestral Music	9 p.m.
Juan-les-Pins (240.2 m.)	Light Music	1 p.m.
Leipzig (382.2 m.)	Die Glucksritter—Musical Play	3.15 p.m.
Ljubljana (569.3 m.)	Popular Songs with Accordion accompaniment	3.30 p.m.
Poste Parisien (312.8 m.)	Operetta Selections	11.10 p.m.
Strasbourg (349.2 m.)	St. Paul—Oratorio (Mendelssohn)	3.30 p.m.
Berlin (Funkstunde) (356.7 m.)	Light Orchestral Music	4 p.m.
Warsaw (1,345 m.)	Chopin Recital	3.30 p.m.

THURSDAY

Barcelona (377.4 m.)	Dance Music	11 p.m.
Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.)	Light Music	1.10 p.m.
Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.)	Vocal and Instrumental Concert	8 p.m.
Juan les Pins (240.2 m.)	Light Music	9 p.m.
Leipzig (382.2 m.)	Light Orchestral Music	5.30 p.m.
Ljubljana (569.3 m.)	National Songs	7.20 p.m.
Luxembourg (1,304 m.)	Dance Music	9.25 p.m.
Moscow (1,724 m.)	Concert	4.55 p.m.
Munich (405.4 m.)	Zither, Mandoline and Guitar Concert	6 p.m.
Poste Parisien (312.8 m.)	Military Music	12.5 p.m.

FRIDAY

Barcelona (377.4 m.)	Violin Recital	10.30 p.m.
Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.)	Gala Concert from the Palais de Beau Arts. Military Bands of the Brussels Garrison Regiments	8.15 p.m.
Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.)	Dance Records	10.10 p.m.
Leipzig (382.2 m.)	Jabuka—Operetta in 3 acts (Strauss)	7.10 p.m.
Ljubljana (569.3 m.)	Light Music	9.10 (approx.)
Luxembourg (1,304 m.)	Dutch Cabaret	6.35 p.m.
Poste Parisien (312.8 m.)	Gramophone Music	6.37 p.m.

SATURDAY

Barcelona (377.4 m.)	Musical Comedy Programme from Madrid	9.10 p.m.
Brussels No. 1 (483.9 m.)	Paganini Records	6.15 p.m.
Brussels No. 2 (321.9 m.)	Dance Music	10.10 p.m.
Leipzig (382.2 m.)	Light Music	9.20 p.m.
Luxembourg (1,304 m.)	“Hero-diade”—Opera (Messenet)	8.30 p.m.
Moscow (1,724 m.)	“La Tosca”—Opera (Puccini)	7 p.m.
Munich (405.4 m.)	Light Concert	12.25 p.m.
Poste Parisien (312.8 m.)	Orchestra and Russian Songs by the Chauve Souris Singers	7.31 p.m.
Ruyselde (29.04 m.)	Gramophone Music	8 p.m.

WEDNESDAY

Barcelona (377.4 m.)	Light Music	9.10 p.m.
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Sunday (Oct. 21) at Luxembourg (1,304 metres)

12.00-12.30	Orchestral Music.
1.00- 1.30	Zam-Buk Concert.
1.30- 2.00	Littlewood's Concert. Compèred by Christopher Stone with Debroy Somers and his Band.
3.00- 3.30	Pompeian All-Star Concert. Lady Charles Cavendish assisted by Miss Nancy Burne, and the Fred Hartley Orchestra.
3.30- 4.00	Light Music.
4.00- 5.00	Gaumont-British Film Fans' Hour.
5.00- 5.30	Messrs. W. D. & H. O. Wills' Concert of Light Music.
5.30- 6.00	Bush Radio "All-Star" Programme. Carroll Gibbons and the Savoy Hotel Orpheans with guest artist.
6.00- 7.00	Light Music.
7.00- 7.30	Beecham's Concert. Compèred by Christopher Stone. Billy Cotton and his Band with guest artiste.
7.30- 7.45	Wren's Concert of Light Music.
7.45- 8.00	Nic-o-cin Concert of Light Music and Song.
8.00- 8.30	"The Palmolivers." Paul Oliver and Olive Palmer will sing: "Pale Hands." "Wish I Were Twins." "Lost in a Fog." "Love in Bloom." "Miss Otis Regrets." "One Alone." "Here Come the British."
8.30- 9.15	News. Snowfire Concert.
9.15- 9.45	Symington's Film Star Competition Concert. Stanley Lupino: "Miss What's Her Name" from the film <i>You Made Me Love You</i> Miss Irene Dunne: "Jewel Song" from Faust from the film <i>Stingaree</i> . Bobby Howes and Marion Marsh: "Why Wasn't I Told," from the film <i>Over the Garden Wall</i> . Richard Tauber: "Thine is My Heart," from the film <i>Blossom Time</i> . Jimmy Schnozzle Durante: "Hot Potato," from film <i>Strictly Dynamite</i> . Florence Desmond: "The Man for Me" from the film <i>Gay Love</i> . Jack Buchanan and Elsie Randolph: "So Green" from the film <i>That's a Good Girl</i> . Steffi Duna: "La Cucaracha," from film of same name. Harry Bedford: "Lilly of Luguna" from film <i>Those were the Days</i> .
9.45-10.00	Light Music.
10.00-10.30	Mackay's Pools Concert of Dance Music.
10.30-11.00	Bile Beans Concert.
11.00-12.00	Sunday Referee.

A special concert for British listeners is broadcast every evening from Radio Luxembourg (1,304 metres) 6.30-7.30 p.m.



*At Home with the
Stars—40*

*At Home with
Ethel Bartlett
and Rae
Robertson*

Ethel Bartlett and Rae Robertson (Mr. and Mrs. Rae Robertson) spend many hours every day practising and arranging new works. Both the photographs on this page were taken by the "Radio Pic." cameraman, and copies can be obtained from the offices of "Radio Pictorial," 58, Fetter Lane, E.C.4.

ARE you keen on Romance? Do you like reading true stories of radiantly happy marriages? Of unions in which two people love the same things and do everything together? If you like that sort of story you had better read this one, because it is just like that.

Mr. and Mrs. Rae Robertson live in London. That is to say their home in England is there. They are not in it more than four or five months in the year because their work takes them all over the world.

As you know, they are pianists. How rarely has one pianist married another! Usually it is a case of a composer marrying a violinist, or a pianist marrying a singer, but this is perhaps unique—the union of two solo pianists.

A thorough romance. They were both students at the Royal Academy of Music under Tobias Matthay. They had the same sort of lessons and attended the same classes. So that from the beginning of their careers they were taught to think alike, musically speaking.

They became friends and discussed music together. They liked each other's playing. Miss Bartlett played the harpsichord as well as the piano, and her tastes in music were fairly catholic. Mr. Robertson was rather inclined to specialise. He played Chopin and became interested in the modernisms of Scriabin, then just becoming popular.

The war separated them, for he went on service—not without distinction, but he has nothing to say about that now. When peace came they were engaged. In 1926 she had a serious operation, and it was after her recovery that they first began to play together.

In 1927, Mr. Robertson wanted to go to Holland to give a concert. The agent told him that if he played better than Pachmann, Paderewski, and Busoni rolled into one there was no chance. There were too many pianists already. He then asked if it were true that Mr. Robertson played duets

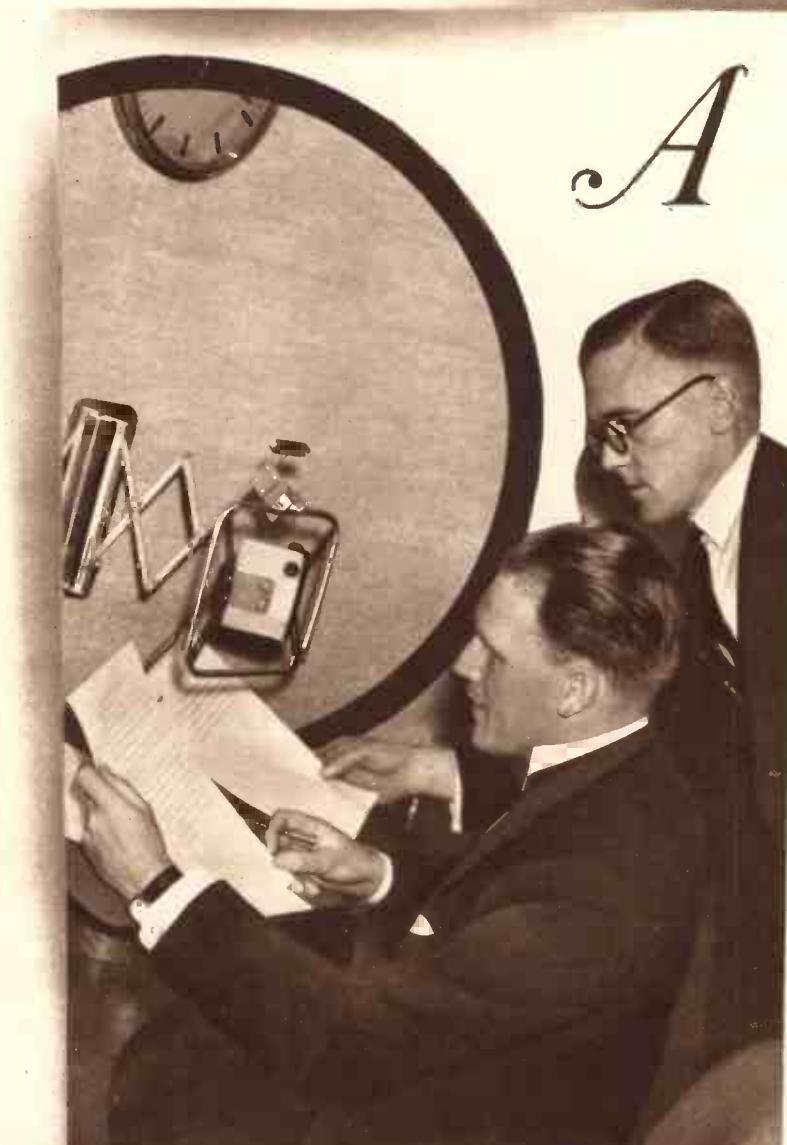
with his wife. Yes, it was true. Then, he thought, there might be an opening.

They went, and their press notices both in Holland and in Berlin encouraged them so much that they began to think they saw the real beginnings of their career.

The trouble was to find music to play. There was Bach; there was a good deal of classical music, but the field otherwise was rather limited. They went to the British Museum and dug for their treasure. They found excellent material.

Continued on page 36





J. C. S. Macgregor handing a news bulletin to the Chief Announcer at the microphone. J. C. S. Macgregor now concentrates on special music for the Empire.



A Day in

—by the Editor of the B.B.C. Empire News Bulletins, **JAMES C. S. MACGREGOR**, as told to **GODFREY WINN**. These genuine extracts from a B.B.C. News Editor's diary show how the daily radio news is brought to the microphone

2.25

Approaching Broadcasting House from Oxford Circus a newsboy passes with poster advertising lunch edition of the evening paper: "Crisis in Central Europe." Instinctively I quicken my pace.

2.30 Arrive in my office, which is a narrow room on the fifth floor next door to Topical Talks, containing three large tables, a case of reference books a huge map of the world, and two doors, leading respectively to the typists' room and the tape

room. There is the familiar buzzing coming from the news "beehive," where the tape machines which represent the four big agencies, Reuters, Press Association, Exchange Telegraph, and Central News, on which we chiefly depend for our bulletins—we get our Parliamentary news direct from the House of Commons Press Gallery—are pouring forth an incessant stream of items from all over the world. As I sit down at my desk I wonder whether the sifting and the sorting is going to be very difficult to-day. For if we were to broadcast all that reaches us there would be no time for anything but news in the programme! Whereas, in actual space, all we are allowed is the equivalent of two columns of an ordinary newspaper.

2.35 The scribbling pad cum diary on my desk remind me to fix up announcements of revised timing of to-morrow's Prom. concert relay and also to see about the monthly unemployment figures. Ring up the presentation director about the first and send boy to Ministry of Labour for the second. Hear that arrangements have been made by Foreign Department to relay the broadcast of Monsieur Z's important speech in Paris this evening so that we can have an excerpt in the news.

2.40 I look up to see sub-editor A.B. doing final revision of Empire news bulletin for Indian listeners; a new typist copying out the lunchtime cricket scores; Empire announcer waiting for

the bulletin (to be broadcast at 2.45); sub-editor C.D. emerging from tape room with the latest recordings; a topical-talks man scavaging round for good subjects for to-night.

2.45 Proceed to look through the cream of the morning's tape. A mixed bag as usual (and a mixed metaphor, too!). All manner of subjects, from an incident on the Ruritanian frontier—so that is the crisis in Central Europe—to the shové-halfpenny team for the next test match. Begin my job of working out how much time we can allow for the more important items and what must be compressed into bare paragraphs.

3.00 "Recorded programmes" comes to see me. Says the blattnerphones will be busy to-night for Empire programmes, and so if we are using an excerpt from Z's speech in Paris, can we put it fairly early in the second news? Agree to this and make a note of same. Also note that E. F. (night sub-editor) will have to listen to whole speech so as to pick out a suitable passage.

3.10 Topical Talks wants to know if we can squeeze in three minutes on the Chinese floods as well as the five-minute talk on the proposed South-West European pact?

James C. S. Macgregor

Age 37. Scotsman on both sides! Educated Bootham School, York, Edinburgh University, Trinity College, Oxford. War service, 1915-1919, including ambulance work in French and Belgian armies, and gunnery and intelligence work for British army. Lost most of left hand near Ypres in 1917. After the war had five years on administrative staff of big electrical manufacturing company. Joined the B.B.C. staff in 1925. B.B.C. posts include station director, Edinburgh; Glasgow representative; nine months as announcer at Savoy Hill. Became assistant news editor two and a half years ago. Is married and lives on Muswell Hill. Has four daughters, aged from 12 to 5. Recreations, walking and golf.

My Life

Agree provisionally to this, but it will depend on what other news comes in.

3.15 Start tackling the day's correspondence. Here's a letter from a dear old lady with a nephew in Belgrade: can we send her a copy of that item we gave last month about the Balkans? (Answer: Sorry, but letter too vague for us to trace the item. Incidentally, her letter is typical of many we receive.) And here's the secretary of the Mashville Parva Hard Court Tennis Club. Will we broadcast the results of their club tournament if he telephones them on Saturday evening? (Answer: Sorry, not of sufficiently general interest.) And so on. Luckily rather less than usual to detain me.

3.30 Return to the tape and hand over some of the stories to C.D. Keep the rest to write up myself, including this business on the Ruritanian frontier. Decide that it must come first in the bulletin, because it may be the prelude to a first-class row in Central Europe. On the other hand, the facts are very uncertain, as reports from the two sides of the frontier are to date flatly contradictory.

3.40 Ring up Foreign Office and inquire if they can throw any light on the affair. Their information seems to confirm Ruritanian report. Still no official information, however, as to whether Carpathia has actually withdrawn ambassador from Ruritanian capital. Can only hope for definite confirmation or denial before 6 o'clock.

3.45 Telephone rings. Empire programme director asks if we can keep the 7 o'clock Empire bulletin down to ten minutes to make room for a special message from High Commissioner for

South Africa? Agree to this and warn sub-editor A. B. to plan accordingly.

3.50 Start dictating first draft of my version for first news. Leave opening paragraph out altogether for the moment and leave space also for statement which Foreign Secretary is making in House of Commons.

4.00 Second typist comes on duty. Go on dictating. Stuff from the tape machines still pouring in, in some cases modifying whole aspect of an event.

4.10 Send off sub-editor A. B. to library to verify past history of Ruritanian state where "incident" took place this morning.

4.30 Dictation interrupted by Parliamentary telephone ringing. Yes, we certainly do want the statement about Ruritania. No, the Chancellor of the Exchequer's answer about the American War Debt is exactly the same as a fortnight ago. On the other hand the details of the Royal Air Force expansion are news and important. (This statement about measles in the West Riding is hardly worth space in the first news.) Yes, we shall want the Dominion Secretary on South Africa for the Empire at seven, and the latest on the Victorian settlers for our Australian bulletin early to-morrow morning. You see, we have to produce eight different bulletins a day, and it's part of my job to strike a happy balance in our different items of news so that home listeners aren't catered for at the expense of Empire ones or vice versa.

4.40 Go on dictating and polishing for the next hour, with inevitable

interruptions, of course. For instance, Outside Broadcasts want to know whether we should like an actual extract out of the running commentary on the last day of the last Test Match in first news. C. D. comes and leans over my shoulder to read out the story of the snake that has been found in the bunch of bananas on the transatlantic liner! (I am firm about letting this go in, as we don't want to give needless alarm to nervous passengers!)

5.40 Weather forecast has to be got from Meteorological Office.

5.45 Home announcer arrives to look through his bulletin. My Ruritanian story now almost complete and full of the most frightful names, that I am thankful he has to pronounce and not myself.

5.50 Some of the day's sport can now be got by telephone. Six o'clock cricket scores and foreign exchange summary must wait till after bulletin has begun.

5.55 Empire announcer calls in for his 6 o'clock bulletin, which is practically the same as the 2.45 one. Latest cricket scores will be sent upstairs to him later. Boy arrives with Stock Exchange summary and racing results.

6.00 Listeners in India and at home begin to hear the bulletins. News typist still busy taking down the last items to be added where and when possible. Boy arrives with fat stock prices. Query: How many listeners care about these one way or the other?

6.15 A slight breathing space at last! Empire bulletins for 7 o'clock now complete. My sub-editors A. B. and C. D. go off duty, while I myself rush downstairs

(Continued on
page 27)



J. C. S. Macgregor is in charge of the special Empire News bulletins, which are given all over the world from Broadcasting House. In this diary he tells how the news section carries out its day's work.

SEPTEMBER 27. 1934

SEPTEMBER 27.
Hockey Prospects
27. 1934

to Lead Dulwich Ag
losses

respects flats
Inform and
is not going
He has
to take
ason to
it.



Saturday night is variety night, the most popular programme of the week. This Saturday, October 20, we are to be entertained by some newcomers to the studio, including the Dancing Daughters who are taking the place of the Step Sisters in music-hall shows this season, as well as many tried radio favourites. So round with the knob to National at 8.30 to listen and laugh!

Dave Aullion and his band supply the right sort of Saturday-night music. He is a famous broadcaster who has made his name in America



SATURDAY NIGHT



Ernest Butcher and Muriel George, that famous broadcasting pair, who will sing rollicking and sentimental songs



Rosiland Wade's Dancing Daughters make their debut on the air. They will be heard constantly in this season's variety programmes

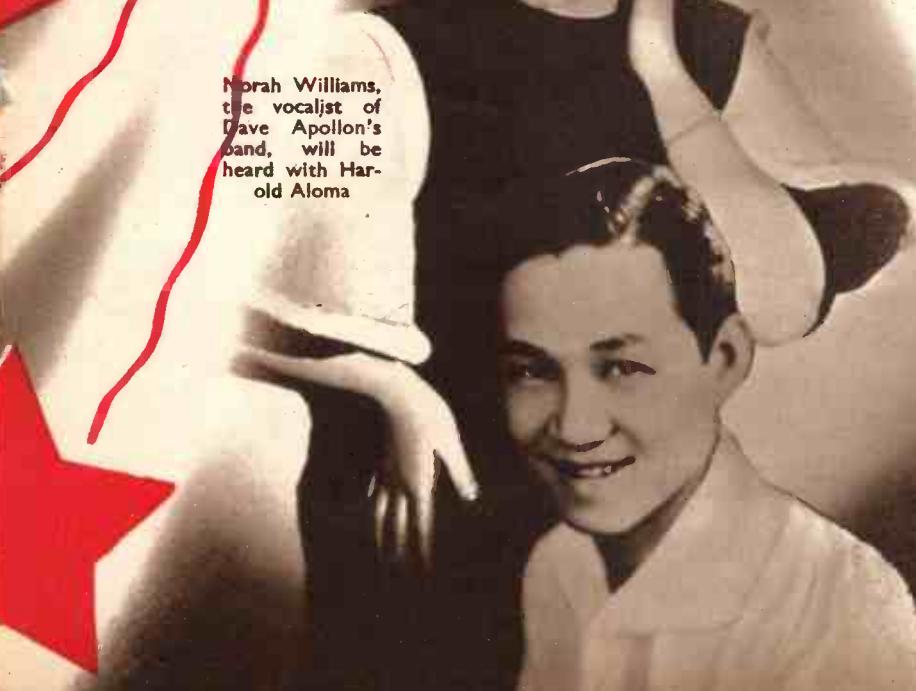


Lily Morris, the famous music-hall star, takes a leading place in this Saturday's variety

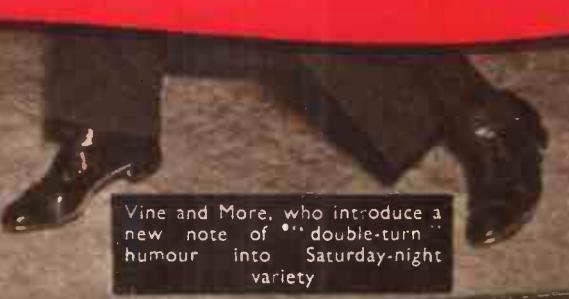


SATURDAY NIGHT VARIETY

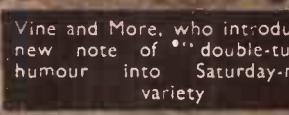
Norah Williams, the vocalist of Dave Apollon's band, will be heard with Harold Aloma

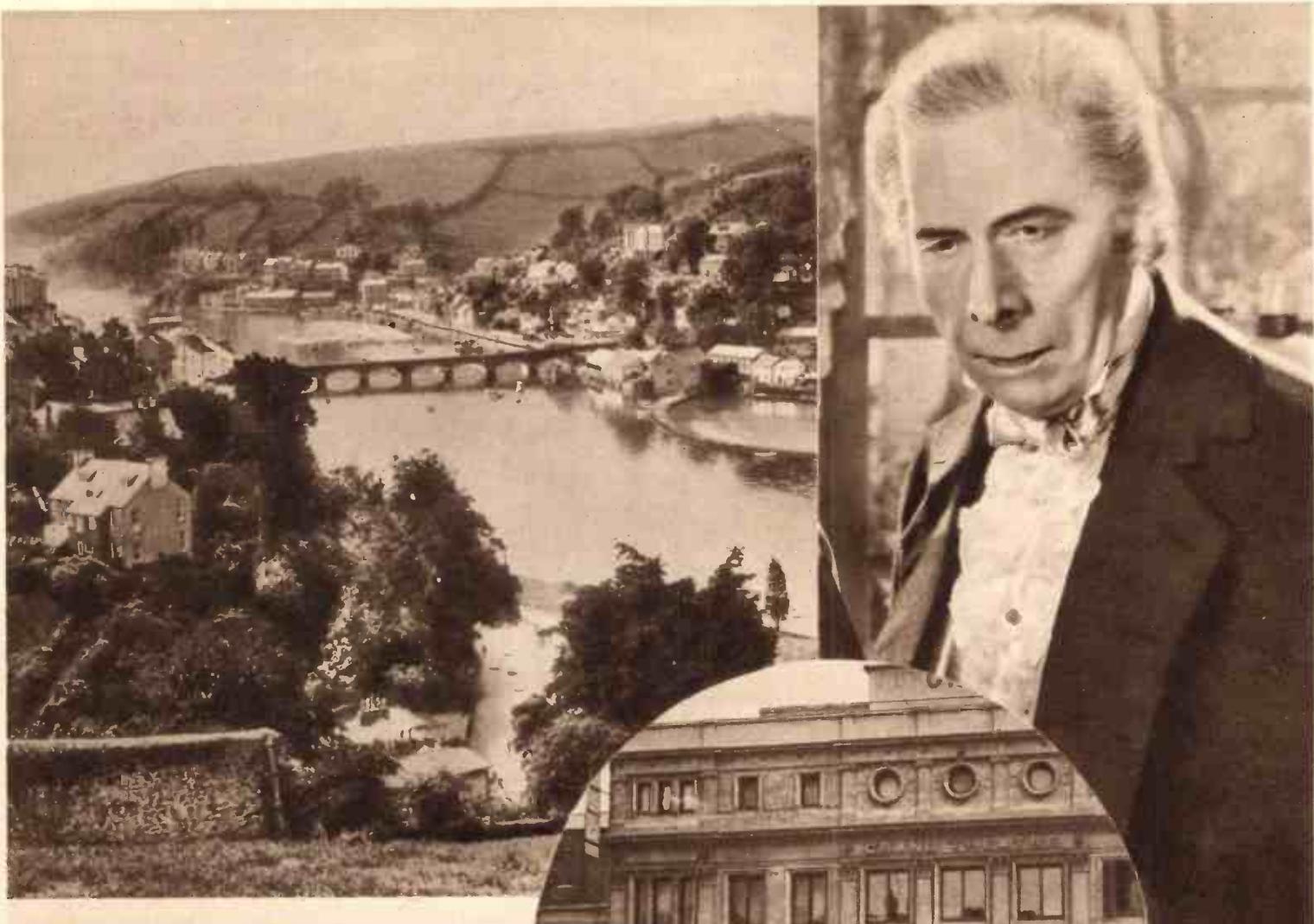


Vine and More, who introduce a new note of "double-turn" humour into Saturday-night variety



S. Kneale Kelley, who conducts the B.B.C.'s New Variety Orchestra —a fine musical support to radio variety





On the Air this Week . . .



The precise and leisurely tones of George Arliss will be heard over the air instead of from the screen on Sunday, October 21, National. You see him above in his most famous film part, *Disraeli*. Below, Harry Davidson conducts the Commodore Grand Orchestra. Listen to them next Tuesday, October 23, Regional.

Looe Fishermen's Choir will broadcast in the London and West Regional programmes on October 24; its recital will also be included in the Empire programme. The Choir is believed to be the only one of its kind in Great Britain, being composed entirely of men connected with the fishing industry. The view in the top left-hand corner is of the Looe harbour.

On October 19, there is to be a relay of variety from the Grand Theatre, Derby (circle). Billy Cotton and his Band top the bill.

Sunday, October 21 to
Saturday, October 27, 1934.

ENGLISH PROGRAMMES

from the

CONTINENT

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

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Sunday, October Twenty-first

All Times Stated are Greenwich Mean Time.

PARIS (POSTE PARISIEN), 312 metres, 959 Kc./s., 100 kW.

Announcer: J. Sullivan

5.0 p.m. MELODIES

Melody in F	Rubinstein
The Blue Danube	Strauss
Ol' Man River	Hammerstein
A Song before Sunrise	Delius
Nocturne No. 10	Chopin
Jeux d'Eau	Ravel
Waves of the Danube	Ivanovici
Poème	Fibich

Another Wonderful

5.30 p.m. SYMINGTON'S SOUPS
FILM STAR COMPETITION
BROADCAST

Sound tracks from actual films, featuring Favourite Film Stars in their most popular numbers.

Compère, Sutherland Felce

Ask your Grocer at once for Entry Forms for Symington's great £3,000 Film Star Competition.

Christmas is coming! Make money by enrolling as an agent for the B.W.S.A. Christmas Club, Deans Road, Boscombe, Hants.

6.0 p.m. ORCHESTRAL CONCERT

Ballet Egyptien	Luigini
Malaguena	Moskowski
Mighty Lak' a Rose	Nevin
Spanish Life	Rizzi
Selection—Wonder Bar	Dubin
Brave Hearts	Kester
Waltz Dream	Oscar Strauss

6.30—7.0 p.m. SOCAPOLLS' BROADCAST

POPULAR SELECTIONS

Selection—Evergreen	Woods
Song—The Admiral's Broom	Bevan
Bal Masqué	Fletcher
Let's Dress for Dinner Tonight	David
You Are My Heart's Delight	Lehar
Serenade (Les Millions d'Arlequin)	Drigo
Old Father Thames	Wallace
Kashmiri Song	Woodforde Finden
The Arcadians Overture	Monckton
Write now to Socapolls, 91 Regent Street, London, W.I., for coupons for next Saturday's Football Matches.	

10.30 p.m. WILLIAM S. MURPHY'S (EDINBURGH) BROADCAST REQUEST PROGRAMME

The Band is Gaily Playing	Kernell
Heather Bells	Haydn Wood
The Temple Bells (Rhythmic Arrangement)	Woodforde Finden

Hold My Hand	Yellen
Verdi Memories	
Goodnight Vienna	Posford
Play to Me Gipsy	Kennedy
Selection—The New Moon	Romberg

Why not test your skill in Wm. S. Murphy's Football Pools? For coupons write Staunch Buildings, 12 Blenheim Place, Edinburgh, 7.

11.0 p.m. WINCARNIS CONCERT "BROADWAY HITS"

Another of a series of well-known Broadway Hits

Specially recorded in New York by the

Wincarnis Broadway Boys

FIFTEEN MINUTES OF POPULAR DANCE TUNES

Theme Waltz—I Wish We Could Dance for ever.

We'll Make Hay While the Sun Shines

Brown

Tired of It All.

Heat Wave

Leslie

I Would be Telling a Lie.

Speaking of the Devil.

Wincarnis, the wine of life, will keep you fit and well. For free sample send 4½d. in stamps for postage to Wincarnis, Norwich.

Be sure not to miss the splendid I.B.C. concerts from PARIS (Poste Parisien, 312 m.) on Sundays from 5 to 7 p.m. and from 10.30 to 11.45 p.m.

RADIO LUXEMBURG—continued

3.30—3.45 p.m.

WINCARNIS CONCERT "BROADWAY HITS"

The second of a series of well-known Broadway Hits Specially recorded in New York by the Wincarnis Broadway Boys

FIFTEEN MINUTES OF POPULAR DANCE TUNES

Theme—Moonlight Waltz.	
A Bunch of Roses.	
Neighbours.	
Love Me Tonight...	Eyton
Smile.	
Sittin' Up Waitin' for You	Razaf
Theme—Moonlight Waltz.	
A glass of Wincarnis before you go to bed is the surest way to cure sleeplessness.	

9.0 p.m. SNOWFIRE BROADCAST

LIGHT ORCHESTRAL MUSIC

Signature Tune—Keep Young and Beautiful.	
Selection—Ball at the Savoy	Hammerstein
The Merry Widow Waltz	Lehar
The Skaters' Waltz	Waldteufel
Down South	Myddleton
Signature Tune—Keep Young and Beautiful.	
Use Snowfire Powder to give your skin a peach-like bloom that stays on for hours.	

9.15—9.45 p.m.

SYMINGTON'S SOUPS FILM STAR COMPETITION BROADCAST

Sound tracks from actual films, featuring Favourite Film Stars in their most popular numbers.

Compère, Sutherland Felce

Ask your Grocer at once for Entry Forms for Symington's great £3,000 Film Star Competition.

RADIO NORMANDY

206 metres, 1,456 Kc./s.

Announcers: C. Danvers-Walker, B. G. McNabb and A. Campbell

Morning Programme

8.15—8.45 a.m.

PHILCO HAPPY HALF-HOUR

ORCHESTRAL MUSIC

Philco Signature Tune.	
Springtime Serenade	
Russian Medley	Geiger
For You Alone	Gehl
Song—in Old Madrid	Bingham
Marie Louise	Meisel
Serenade	Toselli
Pianoforte Trio—Snowflakes	Rawicz
London Bridge March	Coates
Philco Signature Tune.	
In the new Philco Twenty-Six Star Baby Grand, Philco offers you radio perfection for 14 guineas.	

10.0 a.m.

The Cave of Ali Baba

A Palace of Dreams	
Jewel Song	Gounod
Pearl of Mine	Fletcher
Crown Diamonds Overture	Auber
Make shaving a pleasure with "Easyshave." For full size tube send 1s. 6d. to Easyshave Products, 1a Lewes Rd., Eastbourne.	
Little Locket of Long Ago	Woods
Gold and Silver	Lehar
With every 1s. 6d. tube of "Easyshave," Easyshave Products, 1a Lewes Road, Eastbourne, will send you full size box of Balm-of-Gilead Salve.	
Ali Baba	Chamfleury

(For remainder of Sunday's programmes see overleaf.)

Sunday, October Twenty-first

RADIO-NORMANDY—cont.

10.30 a.m. REQUEST PROGRAMME

March of the Herald ... Nicholls
Place your order for Dennis Commercial Vehicles with Sparshatt's of Portsmouth and ensure prompt delivery.
Shall My Soul Pass Through Ireland *Trad.*
Secure the best prices for your old gold and silver by selling them to Spinks.
By a Waterfall ... Kahal
Your cakes will be appreciated when you make them with Barge Self Raising Flour.
The Old Rustic Bridge ... Skelly
He Was a Handsome Young Soldier *Pola Geo.* Fitt Motors, Ltd., of Tankerton and Herne Bay, offer you trial runs in any car without obligation.
Experiment ... Porter
Home ... Steedon
Alfred A. Jacobs, the well-known furnishers, of 18-20 London Road, Portsmouth, invite you to inspect their showrooms.
The Mosquitoes' Parade ... Whitney

11.0 a.m. SACRED MUSIC

Ring the Bells of Heaven ... Root
Safe in the Arms of Jesus ... Doane
O Thou my Soul (Psalm 103)
There's a Friend for Little Children *Midlane*

11.30 a.m.—12 (Noon) A TCHAIKOWSKY HALF-HOUR

1812 Overture.
Valse Creole.
None but the Lonely Heart.
Prepare for a good time at Christmas by becoming an agent for the B.W.S.A. Christmas Club, Deans Road, Boscombe. Danse Chinois and Danse des Mirlitons (Casse Noisette Suite). Andante Cantabile from Quartet in D, Op. 11.
Barcarolle.
Valse des Fleurs (Casse Noisette Suite)

Afternoon Programme

2.0 p.m. DANCE MUSIC BY POPULAR DANCE BANDS (Gramophone Records)

Miss Otis Regrets—Fox trot ... Porter
Lew Stone and His Band.
Nightfall—Fox trot ... Lewis
Ambrose and His Orchestra.
To-night—Tango ... Valerio
Marek Weber and His Orchestra.
Lazin—Fox trot ... Brunelle
Casani Club Orchestra.
There's never a dull moment at Martin's Club, 56 Middle Street, Brighton.
All I Do is Dream of You—Fox trot *Brown Ray Noble and His Orchestra.*
Memories of Hours Spent with You, Smyth
Jack Payne and His Band.
Carioca—Rumba ... Youmans
Harry Roy and His Orchestra.
Rollin' Home—Fox trot ... Hill
Red Nichols and His Pennies.
Ill Wind—Fox trot ... Arlen
Eddie Duchin and His Orchestra.

2.30 p.m. FAVOURITE MELODIES

Waiting at the Church ... Peter
On the Hasler Estates, Worthing, you'll find your dream house come true.
Rustle of Spring ... Sinding
Annie Laurie ... arr. Campoli
Put an end to your foot troubles by a visit to Charles Baber of Regent Street, W.1, the well-known shoe specialist.
Un peu d'amour ... Silésu
Selection—Bing Boys on Broadway.
Your old-fashioned jewellery may be valuable. Take it to Spinks, 5 King Street, St. James's, S.W.1.
Moontime ... Collins
The Little Irish Girl ... Lohr
Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes ... arr. Quilter

3.0 p.m. LIGHT MUSIC

Spanish Serenade ... Heykens
Keep Smiling ... Hammerstein
The Charlie Kunz Radio Medley.
Mexican Yodel ... Torrani
Skin troubles vanish away when treated with Shurzine Ointment—1s. 3d. a tin from all good chemists.
Mimi of the Chorus ... Pola
Aloma ... de Witt
My last Year's Girl ... Little
Lightning Switch ... arr. Alford

3.30 p.m. CELEBRITY CONCERT OF GRAMOPHONE RECORDS

Saschinka—Potpourri of Russian Melodies. (Marek Weber and His Orchestra). Serenade (John McCormack) ... Schubert
Campanella (Yehudi Menuhin) ... Paganini
If I Am Dreaming (The Dubarry) ... Leigh
Richard Crooks.
Currys', Britain's biggest radio dealers, give prompt and efficient service.
Medley of Songs.
Ellalaine Terriss and Seymour Hicks.
He's Been on the Bottle Since a Baby (Will Fyffe) ... Fyffe
Mad Dogs and Englishmen ... Coward
Noel Coward.
In My Little Bottom Drawer ... Parr
Gracie Fields.

RADIO-NORMANDY—cont.

4.0 p.m. VIENNESE MEMORIES

Waltz Dream Potpourri ... Oscar Strauss
Serenade (The Student Prince) ... Romberg
Come With Me, No Risk You Run (Die Fledermaus) ... Strauss
Good health demands good shoes. See Chas. Barber, Regent Street, London, W.1.
Lilac Time ... Schubert
*4.15 p.m. The Thought for the Week THE REV. JAMES WALL, M.A. Preceptor of Durham Cathedral.

VIENNESE MEMORIES (continued)

Waltzes and Interlude (Arabeila) ... Richard Strauss
My Hero (The Chocolate Soldier) ... Oscar Strauss
In Old Vienna ... Jasmyne
Morning, Noon and Night ... Suppé

*The above transmissions may be interrupted by the relay of a local French football match.

4.30 p.m. I.B.C. NURSERY CORNER WITH THE UNCLES BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

4.45 p.m. NURSERY FRIENDS
Millie ... Brown
Annette ... Cuelier
Skippy ... Conrad
Just Friends ... Lewis

5.0 p.m. Another Wonderful SYMINGTON'S SOUPS FILM STAR COMPETITION BROADCAST

Sound tracks from actual films, featuring Favourite Film Stars in their most popular numbers.

Compère—Sutherland Felce
Ask your Grocer at once for Entry Forms for Symington's great £3,000 Film Star Competition.

5.30 p.m. OLD FAVOURITES
Old Music Hall Memories.
Over the Waves ... Rosas
Miss Hook of Holland ... Rubens
The Gladiator ... Merson
You will never have a better opportunity of selling your old gold. Take it to Spinks. Community Medley.

My Old Dutch ... Chevalier
Nellie Grey ... Slater
The Quaker Girl ... Monckton

6.0 p.m. SOCAPOLLS' BROADCAST FAVOURITES FOR ALL

Love in Bloom ... Robin
The Blue Danube ... Strauss
Soft Lights and Sweet Music. ... Moya
The Song of Songs ... Harris
After the Ball ... Graham

Two Little Girls in Blue ... Hargreaves
Unless—Waltz ... Hargreaves
Selection—Flying Down to Rio ... Youmans
Voices of Spring ... Strauss

Socapolls' Football Coupon includes Radiogram Competition. For details, write 91 Regent Street, London, W.1

6.30 p.m. VIOLIN RECITAL BY BERNARD GODFREY

Cavatina ... Raff
Moto Perpetuo ... Ries
Menuett ... Padewski
Tambourin Chinois ... Kreisler

6.45—7.0 p.m. SELECTIONS FROM THE OPERA "CARMEN" (BIZET)

March of the Smugglers.
Gipsy Dance.
Card Song.
Toreador's Song.

Evening Programmes

9.30 p.m. MILITARY BAND MUSIC

Pageantry March ... Windsor
Soldiers in the Park ... Monckton
Nautical Moments ... arr. Winter
El Capitan March ... Sousa

9.45 p.m. WINCARNIS CONCERT "BROADWAY HITS"

Another of a new series of Broadway Hits Specially recorded in New York by the Wincarnis Broadway Boys

FIFTEEN MINUTES OF POPULAR DANCE TUNES

Theme Waltz—You Have Taken My Heart ... Mercer
Fine and Dandy ...
Don't You Remember Me ... Kahn
Orchids in the Moonlight ... Kahn
Paper Moon ... Harburg
Our Big Love Scene ... Freed
To keep well this winter start taking Wincarnis, the wine of life. Sample bottle free for 4½d. in stamps for postage from Wincarnis, Norwich.

RADIO-NORMANDY—cont.

10.0 p.m. CYSTEX BROADCAST

Thrilling Dramas of Newscasters' Adventures
A Real New Broadcast
No. III.—"THE HIT AND RUN DRIVER" Cystex is the guaranteed cure for all kidney trouble.

10.15 p.m. FOUR PRINCESSES

The Balkan Princess ... Rubens
Let Currys' demonstrate 1935 radio sets for you, at the branch nearest your home. My Darling (Circus Princess) ... Kalman
Princess Charming ... Kester
You'll feel at home with the Radio Stars when you've read "Radio Pictorial." On sale every Friday, price 3d. The Gipsy Princess ... Kalman

10.30 p.m.

CHARLES STEVENS' CONCERT

LIGHT MUSIC

Selection—Tales of Hoffmann ... Offenbach
A Brown Bird Singing ... Barrie
I'll String Along With You ... Dubin
Zigeuner, You Have Stolen My Heart—Tango ... Egen
For You Alone ... Geehl
Springtime Serenade ... Heykens
I've Had My Moments—Fox trot ... Kahn
The Garden Where the Praties Grow ... Liddle
Charles Stevens, 204 Worple Road, Wimbledon, S.W.20, offers free book of the treatment of tuberculosis.

11.0 p.m.

REQUEST PROGRAMME OF MUSIC BY PAUL WHITEMAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA (Gramophone Records)

A Night with Paul Whiteman at the Biltmore. Song of India ... Rimsky Korsakow
Night and Day ... Porter
With Phil Devey and the Picken Sisters.

La Paloma ... Yradier
The Merry Widow Waltz ... Lehár
Ol' Man River ... Hammerstein
With Paul Robeson.

While the peak prices last, sell your old gold to Spinks, 5 King Street, S.W.1. Liebestraum... Liszt

11.30 p.m.

IRISH HOSPITALS SWEEPSTAKES CONCERT

Arranged by the I.B.C. (Ireland), Ltd.

DANCE MUSIC

Signature Tune—Come Back to Erin. A Little Church Around the Corner
—Fox trot ... Walker

With My Eyes Wide Open I'm Dreaming—Fox trot ... Gordon
The First Flowers in May—Tango ... Herb

Remember Me—Fox trot ... Miller
Love in Bloom—Fox trot ... Robin

Beloved—Waltz ... Schertzinger
Dearest—Fox trot ... Darnell
Little Did I Dream—Fox trot ... Adamson

Signature Tune—Come Back to Erin.

12 (midnight)

CLUB CONCERT FOR DERBY LISTENERS

DANCE MUSIC—Part 1

I Didn't Want to Love You ... Washington
Let's Dress for Dinner To-night ... David

Nella—Rumba ... Emer
Little Valley in the Mountains ... Kennedy

Spanish Waltz ... Adams
One Life, One Love—Waltz ... Kennedy

Fare Thee Well—Fox trot ... Coslow
Why Not?—Fox trot ... Hetman

I've Got a Warm Spot in My Heart for You—Fox trot ... Burke

12.30 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL

Part II
Te vi muy Triste—Tango ... Racho
A Place in Your Heart—Fox trot ... Coslow

Say a Little Closer to Me ... Hill
Paree—Paso Doble ... Padilla

Sweet and Simple—Fox trot ... Kahal
Jungle Fever—Fox trot ... Dietz

Swaller Tail Coat—Quick step ... Miller
The Show is Over—Fox trot ... Dublin

1.0 a.m. I.B.C. GOODNIGHT MELODY AND CLOSE DOWN.

RADIO-ROME

420.8 m., 713 Kc./s., 50 kW.

7.0—7.30 p.m. (approx.) JACK PAYNE AND HIS BAND (Gramophone Records)

Tune In—Fox trot ... Sarony
Other Days Selection.

The Prize Waltz ... Sigler
I'll String Along with You ... Dubin

Selection—Going Hollywood.

Little Valley in the Mountains ... Kennedy

A Little Church Around the Corner ... Walker

Jack Payne's Memories.

RADIO-CÔTE D'AZUR (Juan-les-Pins)

240 m., 1,249 Kc./s., 10 kW.

Announcer: Miss L. Bailet

10.30 p.m.

ORGAN RECITAL

Selection—Classica ... arr. Ewing
La Paloma ... Yradier
Organ and Violin—Intermezzo (Cavalleria Rusticana) ... Mascagni
Serenade ... Toselli
Liebestraum ... Liszt
Pianoforte and Organ—Marigold ... Mayerl
In a Chinese Temple Garden ... Ketelby
Family Favourites ... arr. Ewing

11.0 p.m.

LIGHT ORCHESTRAL MUSIC

Selection—White Horse Inn ... Benatzky
Bees Among the Clover ... Barker
Song—Wagon Wheels ... Hill
Narcissus ... Nevins
One Alone (The Desert Song) ... Romberg
Song—Josephine ... Burton
Die Fledermaus—Waltz ... Strauss
Sweethearts of Yesterday ... arr. Hall

11.30 p.m.

CHORAL SELECTIONS

Selection—Cavalcade ... Coward
"Way Down Yonder in the Cornfield."
Daddy Wouldn't Buy Me a Bow Wow ... Tabrar
Uncle Ned ... Foster
After the Ball ... Harris
Ould John Braddellum ... Traditional
Happy Memories.

12 (midnight)

DANCE MUSIC

Little Valley in the Mountains (Fox trot), Kennedy; I'll String Along with You (Fox trot), Dubin; When To-morrow Comes (Fox trot), Kahn; Arlene (Waltz), Seymour; My Little Grass Shack (Fox trot), Cossell; The Breeze (Slow fox trot), Sacco; Madame Will You Walk (Fox trot), Mireille; When You've Got a Little Springtime in Your Heart (Fox trot), Woods; May I (Fox trot), Gordon; Lullaby in Blue (Fox trot), Magidson; Waltzing in a Dream (Waltz), Young; What is the Use of it Now (Fox trot), Hargreaves; Waitin' at the Gate for Katie (Fox trot), Kahn; I Never Had a Chance (Fox trot), Berlin; Homeward (Fox trot), Hargreaves; Mauna Loa (Fox trot), Gibson.

1.0 a.m.

I.B.C. GOODNIGHT MELODY AND CLOSE DOWN.

I.B.C. SHORT WAVE EMPIRE TRANSMISSIONS E.A.Q. (Madrid)
30 m., 10,000 Kc./s., 20 kW.

12 (midnight)

Announcer: H. Gordon Box

PHILCO BROADCAST

SPANISH MUSIC
Philco Signature Tune.
Napolitana ... Hay
Maruscka ... Schnell de Leur
La Paloma ... Yradier
Zigano's in Spain ... Charlier
Lagartijo ... Domingo
Spanish Waltz ... Pitatoli
Bombola ... Mascheroni
Philco Signature Tune.

Radio Adventurers! Philco's 11-Value All-Wave Receivers were specially designed to put you in touch with the Short Wave Stations of all nations. For details write to Philco, Perivale, Middlesex, England.

12.30 a.m.

I.B.C. GOODNIGHT MELODY

UNION RADIO, MADRID
274 m., 1,095 Kc./s., 15 kW.

Announcer: H. Gordon Box

1.0 a.m.

DANCE MUSIC

Miss Otis Regrets—Fox trot, Porter; Have a Heart—Fox trot, Mayerl; Love Thy Neighbour—Fox trot, Gordon; Unless—Waltz, Hargreaves; Dearest—Slow Fox trot, Darnell; The Buggy Song—Quick step, Hill; Spanish Love—Tango, Bazan; Madonna Mine—Fox trot, Raffaeli.
Every Time I Look at You—Fox trot, Mort; That's Why I Need You Tonight—Waltz, Carr; Little Dutch Mill—Fox trot, Barris; The Old Covered Bridge—Fox trot, Hill; Cupid—Fox trot, Coslow; Pagan Moon—Waltz, Dubin; Rollin' Home—Fox trot, Hill.
2.0 a.m. I.B.C. GOODNIGHT MELODY AND CLOSE DOWN.

Monday

October Twenty-second

RADIO-NORMANDY 206 m., 1456 Kc./s.

Morning Programme

8.15—8.45 a.m.
PHILCO HAPPY HALF-HOUR CONCERT OF GRAMOPHONE RECORDS
Philco Signature Tune.
A Night with Paul Whiteman at the Biltmore.
Paul Whiteman and His Concert Orchestra
Isle of Capri Kennedy
Al Bowlby.
The Charlie Kunz Medley of Famous Waltzes Tolchard Evans
Charlie Kunz—Pianoforte Solo.
We've Got a Lot to be Thankful For Reader
Ralph Reader and some of the Gang with Orchestra.
The Rose Beetle Goes a-Wooing Armandola
Ferdy Kauffmann and His Orchestra
Sing As We Go Parr
Gracie Fields.
Aloma de Witt
Ferera and Paaluli—Hawaiian Guitars.
Blaze Away.
Reg. Bolton and Company.
Philco Signature Tune.
Philco's 1935 models mean luxury radio for the man of moderate means.

Afternoon Programme

4.30 p.m.
The I.B.C. Nursery Corner with the Uncles
BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

4.45 p.m.
BALLITO CONCERT DANCE MUSIC
Signature Tune—Happy Feet.
All I Do is Dream of You—Fox trot Brown
Stay a Little Closer to Me—Fox trot Hill
The Black Gipsy—Tango Vacek
I Never Had a Chance—Fox trot Berlin
Love in Bloom—Fox trot Robin
I'll See You Again—Waltz Coward
A Little Church Around the Corner—Fox trot Walker
Judy—Fox trot Carmichael
Signature Tune—Happy Feet.
Ballito Pure Silk Stockings make slim ankles look slimmer.

5.15 p.m.
Chichester, Bognor, Hastings and Eastbourne Concert
Part I—ACCORDION BAND
The Zigarro's in Spain Charlton
If you want a luxury stocking at an economy price—buy Ballito.
I Love You Truly Bond
Sunny Miles
Write to Charles Stevens, 204 Worple Road, Wimbledon, S.W.20, for details of tuberculosis treatment.
By the Shimmering Twilight Sea... Williams
For Cinema entertainment under ideal modern conditions, visit the "Criterion" and "Gosport" Theatres, Gosport.

5.30—6.0 p.m.
Part II—A Trip to China
Sing a Little Low Down Tune Tobias
Chinese Fairy Tales Dreyer
Selection—Chu Chin Chow Norton
Ballito Pure Silk Stockings look like new after every wash.
Shanghai Chamfleury
Chinese Dance and Dance of the Flutes Tchaikovsky
Chopsticks Mayerl
In a Chinese Temple Garden Kellebey

Evening Programmes

PARIS (Poste Parisien)
312 m., 959 Kc./s., 100 kW.

10.30 p.m. **Violin Recital by BERNARD GODFREY**

Dancing Doll Poldini
Canzonetta d'Ambrosio
Barcarolle (Tales of Hoffmann) Offenbach
Carneval de Venise Ernst

10.45 p.m.
GORDON MACKAY BROADCAST

LIGHT MUSIC
Signature Tune—The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo.
King Chanticleer Ayer
Song—Judy Carmichael
Aloma de Witt
The Swallow Serradell
Signature Tune—The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo.
Win or lose, you receive Free Goods Voucher for every 2s. 6d. invested in the Football Pools of Gordon Mackay and Co., Leeds.

11.0 p.m. **I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.**

RADIO-NORMANDY—cont.

11.0 p.m.

Talkie Time

TUNES FROM THE TALKIES AND SHOWS
Signature Tune—Sittin' in the Dark.
Have a Heart (Sporting Love) Mayerl
In My Little Bottom Drawer (Sing as We Go) Haines
The Film Stars' Parade.
Out-of-date jewellery may be valuable. You'll get the best prices for it at Spinks. Mad Dogs and Englishmen (Words and Music) Coward
Dusty Shoes (Moonlight and Melody) Harburg
A Hundred Years from To-day (Blackbirds of 1934) Washington
To-night (The Queen's Affair) Carter
Build a Little Home (Roman Scandals) Dubin
Signature Tune—Sittin' in the Dark.

11.30 p.m.

Club Concert for Ashbourn Listeners

Part I—MILITARY BAND MUSIC
Marching with Sousa Sousa
Racing Selections by the Irish Hospitals special English Racing Commissioner.
Music from "Cavalcade."
Twist and Twirl Koltoun
Coronation Bells Partridge
Until Sanderson
Selection—The Miracle Humberdinck
Jolly Peter Waltz Werner
Sussex by the Sea Ward-Higgs

12.0 midnight

Part II—DANCE MUSIC

Music Makes Me—Fox trot Youmans
I'll String Along with You—Fox trot Dubin
Memories of Hours Spent with You—Waltz Smyth
It Never Occurred to You—Fox trot Warren
Oh! Muki, Muki Oh!—Fox trot Hill
Perdon—Tango Sentis
A Thousand Goodnights—Fox trot Donaldson
Why Don't You Practise What You Preach!—Fox trot Sigler
Cocktails for Two—Fox trot Johnson

I.B.C. Time Signal.

12.30 a.m.

DANCE MUSIC BY JACK PAYNE AND HIS BAND (Gramophone Records)

When You've Got a Little Spring-time in Your Heart—Fox trot Woods
True—Fox trot Samuels
Masquerade—Waltz Webster
When a Soldier's on Parade—Fox trot Sarony
Oh! Suzanne—One step Noel
I'm a Failure—Fox trot Comber
This Little Piggie Went to Market—Fox trot Coslow
If—Waltz Hargreaves
Over My Shoulder—Fox trot Woods

1.0 a.m. **I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.**

RADIO SAN SEBASTIAN 238 m., 1258 Kc./s., 1.0 kW.

Announcer: H. Gordon Box

1.0 a.m.

STROLLING IN THE WOODS

Symphony of the Breeze Leon
When the Wild Wild Roses Bloom Woolsey
Song—The Cuckoo Song Norton
By a Waterfall Kahal
The Gipsies Higgs
The Squirrel Dance Elliott Smith
The Birds and the Brook Poleakin
Butterflies in the Rain Myers

1.30 a.m.

CONCERT OF GRAMOPHONE RECORDS

Richard of Taunton Deane arr. Molloy
I Have Twelve Oxen Ireland
Spring Sorrow Ireland
Trottin' to the Fair Standford
Widdecombe Fair arr. Jacob
Spring Song Mendelsohn
Canzonetta Mendelsohn
War March of the Priests Mendelsohn

2.0 a.m. **I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down**

Tuesday

October Twenty-third

RADIO-NORMANDY—cont.

RADIO-NORMANDY—cont.

Morning Programme

8.15—8.45 a.m.

PHILCO HAPPY HALF-HOUR DANCE MUSIC

Philco Signature Tune. Robin
Love in Bloom—Fox trot Gordon
With My Eyes Wide Open I'm Dreaming—Fox trot Smyth
Memories of Hours Spent with You—Waltz Brown
All I Do is Dream of You—Fox trot Sacco
The Breeze—Fox trot Youmans
Carioca—Rumba Hetman
Why Not—Fox trot Hill
Rollin' Home—Fox trot Hill
Philco Signature Tune. Wrap Me Up in My Tarpaulin Jacket Whyte
Jacket Whyte
Buy your timber at bargain prices from O'Gorman's, Ltd., Barking, London. The Water Melon Fete Thurban

Journey's end is quickly reached when your car is equipped with a Philco Car Radio.

Afternoon Programme

4.30 p.m.

The I.B.C. Nursery Corner with the Uncles

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

4.45 p.m.

Torquay, Exeter, Plymouth and Devonport Concert

Part I—DANCE MUSIC

Every Time I Look at You—Fox trot Morte
The Isle of Capri—Slow Fox trot Kennedy
Jungle Drums—Tango Gallaraga
Stay a Little Closer to Me—Fox trot Hill

5.00 p.m.

Part II—HITTING THE HIGH LIGHTS

Let's Dress for Dinner Tonight David
You can always find the shade you want among the full colour range of Ballito Pure Silk Stockings.

"Long About Midnight" Mills
In Town Tonight Coates
Sitting Up Waiting for You Symes
Hear Radio at its best with one of the new Philco Models.

We Like a Gay Song Roy
I've Had My Moments Kahn

Don't be Late in the Morning le Clerg

Ask S. J. Searle, Ltd., 33 St. Marychurch Road, Torquay, to demonstrate the new Philco Radio Sets.

Wild Ride Hall

5.30—6.0 p.m.

Part III—"SCHUBERTIANA"

Marche Militaire.

Serenade.

Look out for the red spot that distinguishes every pair of Ballito Pure Silk Stockings.

Ave Maria.

Who is Sylvia?

Moment Musical.

Selection—Lilac Time.

Evening Programmes

PARIS (Poste Parisien) 312 m., 959 Kc./s., 100 kW.

BALLITO VARIETY CONCERT (Gramophone Records)

10.30 p.m.

Signature Tune—Happy Feet.

Fly Away to Iowa Rodgers

Ted Fio Rito and His Orchestra.

Sweet Sue—Just You Harris

Nat Gonella and His Trumpet with Instrumental Accompaniment.

My Song For You Elyton

Jan Kepura.

Prelude in F. Sharp Minor. Rachmaninoff

Jack Hylton and His Orchestra.

My Song Goes Round the World. Kennedy

Red Riding Hood v. the Wolf Kester

Max Kester.

Three Minutes with Irving Berlin. Berlin

Diana Clare accompanied by Austin Croom Johnson.

Ballerina Kennedy

The Don Sesta Gaucho Tango Band.

Signature Tune—Happy Feet.

Ask your draper to show you Crepette

—the very latest Ballito Pure Silk Stocking. From 4s. 11d. a pair.

11.0 p.m. **I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.**

RADIO-NORMANDY—cont.

11.0 p.m.

CONCERT OF GRAMOPHONE RECORDS

Alpine Memories arr. Winter

An announcement for everyone interested in the treatment of tuberculosis.

Radio Stars in a Jam.

Aloha Beloved Long

Old Gold to sell; Take It to Spinks, 5 King Street, S.W.1, while the high prices last.

Joggin' Along the Highway Samuel

Selection—The Chocolate Soldier Oscar Straus

Step by Step Baubcombe

Wrap Me Up in My Tarpaulin Jacket Whyte

Jacket Whyte

Buy your timber at bargain prices from O'Gorman's, Ltd., Barking, London.

The Water Melon Fete Thurban

11.30 p.m. **IRISH HOSPITALS SWEEPSTAKES CONCERT**

Arranged by the I.B.C. (Ireland), Ltd.

LIGHT MUSIC

Signature Tune—Come Back to Erin.

I'm On the Crest of a Wave Reader

Racing Selections by the Irish Hospitals special English Racing Commissioner.

Judy Carmichael

The Charlie Kunz Medley of Famous Waltzes Tolchard Evans

My Little Girl Hackforth

Piano Pie.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday Harris

Pianoforte Medley—Give Me a Ring.

We've Got a Lot to be Thankful For Reader

Signature Tune—Come Back to Erin.

12 (midnight) **Club Concert for Chesterfield Listeners**

DANCE MUSIC—Part I

Miss Otis Regrets—Fox trot Porter

Sweet and Simple—Fox trot Kahal

Little Valley in the Mountains Kennedy

Arlene—Waltz Seymour

Nasty Man—Fox trot Yellen

Fair and Warmer—Fox trot Dublin

1,000 Words of Love—Tango Margulies

Out for No Good—Fox trot Dublin

Dreamy Serenade—Fox trot Carr

I.B.C. Time Signal.

12.30 a.m. **Part II**

Ole Mammy Ain't Gonna Sing No More—Fox trot Donaldson

For You—Fox trot Dubin

Beside My Caravan—Tango Kennedy

The Lion and the Unicorn Wells

Riding on a Haycart Home Boyle

Hot Chocolate Soldier—Fox trot Freed

Song of Surrender—Waltz Dublin

I Wish I Were Twins—Fox trot Lange

Moon Country—Fox trot Carmichael

1.0 a.m. **I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.**

I.B.C. SHORT WAVE EMPIRE TRANSMISSIONS

E.A.Q. Madrid,

30 m., 10,000 Kc./s., 20 kW.

12 (midnight)

CONCERT OF GRAMOPHONE RECORDS

Poor Me, Poor You Bestor

In Old Siberia Haines

Fiddler Joe London

Laugh at Life Imrie

The Squirrel Dance Elliott Smith

The Kunz Medley

12.30 a.m. **I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down**

UNION RADIO, MADRID

274 m., 1095 Kc./s., 15 kW.

1.0 a.m. **DANCE MUSIC**

Over My Shoulder—Fox trot Woods

Because It's Love—Slow Fox Trot Carr

Mama Inez—Rumba Lecuona

Night and Day—Fox trot Porter

Straight from the Shoulder Gordon

The Isle of Capri—Slow Fox Trot Kennedy

The Breeze—Fox trot Sacco

It's Time to Say Goodnight Hall

In Other Words—Fox Trot Symes

Lullaby in Blue—Fox Trot Magidson

Love is a Song—Waltz Noble

True—Fox Trot Samuels

Night on the Desert—Fox Trot Hill

Bad People—Tango Berretines

How Could We Be Wrong Porter

2.0 a.m. **I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.**

RADIO LJUBLJANA

569 m., 527 Kc./s., 7 kW.

9.30—10.0 p.m. **I.B.C. CONCERT DANCE MUSIC**

Wednesday

October Twenty-fourth

RADIO NORMANDY
206 m., 1456 Kc./s.

Morning Programme

8.15—8.45 a.m.
PHILCO HAPPY HALF-HOUR REQUEST PROGRAMME

Philco Signature Tune.
Please Robins
Happy Lupino
III Wind Koehler
Lazin Brunelle
Cupid Coslow
Over My Shoulder Woods
Beside My Caravan Kennedy
Play to Me, Gipsy Kennedy
Philco Signature Tune.

The Philco Battery Major gives performance equal to an all-mains set.

Afternoon Programme

4.30 p.m.
The I.B.C. Nursery Corner with the Uncles
BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

4.45 p.m.
Isle of Wight, Portsmouth and Southsea Concert

Part I—DANCE MUSIC
I'll String Along with You—Fox trot Dubin
Judy—Fox trot Carmichael
You Have Taken My Heart—Waltz Jenkins
Dearest—Fox trot Damarell

5.0 p.m.
Part II. SOME ADVICE
Love Thy Neighbour Gordon
Every quality the fashionable woman demands in her stockings is summed up in one word—Ballito.
Get Together Webb
Build a Little Home Dubin
You should visit Bulpitt's, Ltd., King's Road, Southsea, on Friday afternoon next for their "4-hour offers."
Be Careful de Sylva
Don't miss the splendid furniture bargains being offered by Alfred A. Jacobs of London Road and Commercial Road, Portsmouth.
Have A Heart Mayerl
Charles Stevens, 204, Worples Rd., Wimbledon, S.W.20, offers free book on the treatment of tuberculosis.
Oh, Lady Be Good Gershwin
Keep Young and Beautiful Dubin
The Portsmouth Central Wireless Company are Philco Dealers.
Count Your Blessings Guest

5.30—6.0 p.m.
Part III—ORCHESTRAL MUSIC

Saschinka.
For washing and wearing and looking smart all the time, there's not a stocking to touch Ballito.
Moontime Collins
Song—Song of Songs Moya
Summer Afternoon Idyll Coales
For everything you want in radio, consult the Portsmouth Central Wireless Company.
Simpli A'veu Thomé
Song—Seranata Toselli
Demoiselle Chic Fletcher
Insure against 'flu, colds, etc., by sending 6d. (for postage and packing) for free 120-dose Is. 6d. bottle of Fume, to Excelsior Laboratories, 51-53 Crasswell Street, Portsmouth.
Lightning Switch arr. Alford

Evening Programmes

PARIS (Poste Parisien)
312 m., 959 Kc./s., 100 kW.

10.30 p.m.

VARIETY

Oriental Dance White
Drifting Tide Castledore
Rhapsody in Blue Gershwin
All I Do Is Dream of You Freed
Memphis by Morning West
Little Dutch Mill Freed
In a Summer Garden Delius

11.0 p.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

RADIO-NORMANDY—cont.

11.0 p.m. Talkie Time

TUNES FROM THE TALKIES AND SHOWS
Signature Tune—Sittin' in the Dark.
Selection—Twenty Million Sweet-hearts ... Dubin
Can you make any use of that old-fashioned jewellery? No? Then sell it to Spinks.
Love in Bloom (She Loves Me Not) ... Robin
When To-morrow Comes (Mandalay) ... Kahal
C. B. Cochran Presents.
That's Love (Lady of the Boulevards) ... Rodgers
Mr. Whittington Medley.
Coom Pretty One (Rolling in Money) ... Sarony
Ending with a Kiss (Melody in Spring) ... Gensler
Racing Selections by the Irish Hospitals special English Racing Commission.
Signature Tune—Sittin' in the Dark.

11.30 p.m. BALLITO CONCERT

DANCE MUSIC

Signature Tune—Happy Feet.
Fare, Thee Well—Fox trot Coslow
Miss Otis Regrets—Fox trot Porter
Dream of Me, Darling, To-night—Waltz Johnson
Remember Me—Fox trot Miller
With My Eyes Wide Open I'm Dreaming—Fox trot Gordon
Souvenir—Tango Porschmann
Somebody Cares for Me—Fox trot Sherman
Tinkle, Tinkle—Fox trot Woods
Signature Tune—Happy Feet.
Buy Ballito Pure Silk Stockings—Chiffonette to wear with your filmy frocks, Service Weight for tweed occasions.

12 (midnight)

Club Concert for Buxton Listeners

Part I—DANCE MUSIC

Near and Yet so Far—Fox trot Kester
So Help Me—Fox trot Berlin
Marahuania—Rumba Adams
Little Man, You've Had a Busy Day—Slow fox trot Wayne
Night on the Desert—Fox trot Hill
He's a Colonel from Kentucky—Novelty fox trot Tobias
The Old River Road—Waltz Halley
Fly Away to Iowa—Fox trot Rodgers
Madame Will You Walk—Fox trot Mireille

I.B.C. Time Signal.

12.30 a.m.

Part II

I'm Somebody's Sweetheart Now—Quick step Moreton
Love is a Song—Waltz Kester
Cafe in Vienna—Fox trot Kennedy
We Like a Gay Song—Fox trot Roy
Please Kiss Me to Music—Tango Tito Schipa

Better Think Twice—Fox trot Seymour
Temperamental Blues Roy
Two Little Windows—Fox trot Lewis
Homeward—Fox trot Evans

1.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

RADIO BARCELONA
377 m., 795 Kc./s., 8 kW.

Announcer : H. Gordon Box

1.0 a.m.

MILITARY BAND CONCERT

Step Lightly Anderson
Old Panama Alford
Song—With a Song May
Rienzi Overture Wagner
Rakoczy March (Damnation of Faust) Berlioz
Song—Company Sergeant Major Sanderson
The Gladiator's Farewell Blakenburg

1.30 a.m.

AN EVENING IN VIENNA

The Blue Danube Waltz Strauss
Vienna, City of My Dreams Sieczynski
Song—Come Out Vienna Herbert
Valse Viennaise Poldini
Love and Life in Vienna Komzak
Beside the Lake King
Tales of the Vienna Woods Strauss

2.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

Thursday

October Twenty-fifth

RADIO-NORMANDY
206 m., 1456 Kc./s.

Morning Programme

8.15—8.45 a.m.
PHILCO HAPPY HALF-HOUR
MILITARY BAND MUSIC

Philco Signature Tune.
Radetzky March Strauss
Merry Hunting Day Partridge
The Golliwog's Cake Walk Debussy
Berceuse Lacome
La Paloma Yradier
The Vagabond King Friml
Serenade Heykens
Splendid Guards March Prevost
Philco Signature Tune.
Philco's shadow tuning gives you the right station without experiment and with undistorted tone.

Afternoon Programme

4.30 p.m.
The I.B.C. Nursery Corner with the Uncles
BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

4.45 p.m.
Worthing, Littlehampton, Brighton and Hove Concert

Part I—DANCE MUSIC
All I Do is Dream of You—Fox trot Brown
Miss Otis Regrets—Fox trot Porter
Dream of Me Darling Tonight—Waltz Johnson
With My Eyes Wide Open I'm Dreaming—Fox trot Gordon

5.0 p.m.
Part II—What Would You Like to Be?

Soldiers in the Park Monckton
Buy Ballito Pure Silk Stockings—they're British and best.
A Sailor's Adventures Matrosenstreiche
Airmen, Airmen Hargreaves
You Gotta be a Football Hero Sherman
The Physician Porter
When You've Got Fellows Like Me in the Force Frankau
The Poet's Song Puccini
You Oughta be in Pictures Heyman
Make your stay in Brighton memorable by enrolling as a temporary member of Martin's Club. Fee 5s.
Millionaire Kid Mayerl

5.30—6.0 p.m.
Part III—TROISE AND HIS MANDOLIERS (Gramophone Records)

Ballerina Kennedy
In the Hills of Colorado Leon
O Lonely Moon (Mexican Serenade) ... Sievier
A Cafe in Vienna Kennedy
Ballito Pure Silk Stockings keep their elasticity to the very end.
Ay, Ay, Ay (Spanish Serenade) ... Gartman
El Guache Perot
Play to Me Gipsy Kennedy
White Flower of the Islands Abraham

Evening Programmes

PARIS (Poste Parisien)
312 m., 959 Kc./s., 100 kW.

10.30 p.m.
BALLITO CONCERT

TUNES FROM THE TALKIES AND SHOWS
Signature Tune—Happy Feet.
May I? (We're Not Dressing) Gordon
Selection—Lilac Time Schubert
Josephine (Little Women) Burton
When Tomorrow Comes (Mandalay) ... Kahal
Signature Tune—Happy Feet.

Ballito Pure Silk Stockings never lose their pearly dullness—it's all in the weave.

10.45 p.m.
"RADIO PICTORIAL" CELEBRITY CONCERT

(Gramophone Records)

Signature Tune—You Oughta be in Pictures.
Savoy Russian Memories arr. Somers
Debroy Somers' Band.
Mad Dogs and Englishmen Coward
Noel Coward.
Hilo March Traditional
Roy Smeck's Trio. Hill
Rollin' Home Red Nichols and His World-famous Pennies.
Signature Tune—You oughta be in Pictures.
Friday brings you a new issue of "Radio Pictorial." Ask your newsagent for a copy—price 3d.

11.0 p.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

RADIO-NORMANDY
206 m., 1456 Kc./s.

11.0 p.m.

CONCERT OF OLD FAVOURITES
My Hero (The Chocolate Soldier) ... Oscar Straus
Chas. Stevens, 204 Worples Rd., Wimbledon, S.W.20, offers free book on the treatment of tuberculosis. Goodbye-ee.

Priceless Percy with the One Pip Up. Philco Automatic Volume Control prevents fading.

Yip-I-Addy-I-Ay Cobb

Don't hoard your old gold. Sell it to Spinks, the well-known British jewellers. Ellaline Terriss and Seymour Hicks—Medley.

Maid of the Mountains Fraser Simson

Radio Pictorial—the Radio Fan's paper—is bigger and brighter than ever. Price 3d.

Silver Threads Among the Gold Rexford

After the Ball Harris

O'Gorman's, Ltd., Barking, London, are the world's largest mail order timber concern.

Waiting at the Church Pether

11.30 p.m.

IRISH HOSPITALS SWEEPSTAKES CONCERT

Arranged by the I.B.C. (Ireland), Ltd. TUNES FROM THE TALKIES AND SHOWS

Signature Tune—Come Back to Erin.

You Turned Your Head (Streamline) ... Ellis

Racing Selections by the Irish Hospitals

special English Racing Commissioner.

Night and Day (Gay Divorce) Porter

With All My Heart (My Song for You) Eyston

Sitting Beside o' You (Yes Madam) Waller

Without Your Love (The Dubarry) Leigh

Sleepy Head (Spy 13) Kahn

Selection—Evergreen Woods

Carolina (Carolina) Brown

Signature Tune—Come Back to Erin.

12 (midnight) Club Concert for Wirksworth Listeners

DANCE MUSIC—Part I

Riptide—Fox trot Kahn

The Breeze—Slow Fox trot Sacio

The Beat o' My Heart—Fox trot Burke

The First Flowers in May—Tango Herb

Little Valley in the Mountains— Kahal

Spellbound—Fox trot Adams

Memories of Hours Spent with You Smyth

Do I Love You?—Fox trot Robin

Straight from the Shoulder Gordon

I.B.C. Time Signal.

12.30 a.m. Part II

A Little Church Around the Corner—Fox trot Walker

The Ballad of the South—Fox trot Gordon

It's Time to Say Goodnight—Waltz Gibson

So Nice—Fox trot Yellen

It never Occurred to You—Fox trot Warren

Isle of Capri—Slow Fox trot Kennedy

Marahuania—Rumba Johnson

Oh! Suzanne—One step Noel

Lazy River—Fox trot Carmichael

1.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

I.B.C. SHORT WAVE EMPIRE TRANSMISSIONS

E.A.Q. (Madrid)

30 m., 10,000 Kc./s., 20 kW.

12 (midnight) TANGO BAND

The Click of Her Heels Bonaventura

Mon Amour Paolita

Solitario Burli

Perdon Sentis

Eta Notche arr. Mantovani

Paris—Noel du Perron

Ta Vi Muy Triste Racho

12.30 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

UNION RADIO, MADRID

274 m., 1,095 Kc./s., 15 kW.

1.0 a.m. DANCE MUSIC

Tinkle Tinkle—Fox trot Woods

Ridin' Around in the Rain Austin

When a Soldier's on Parade Sarony

The Show is Over—Fox trot Dublin

If—Waltz Hargreaves

Judy—Fox trot Carmichael

All I Do is Dream of You—Fox trot Brown

Solitario—Tango Burli

Mama Don't Want No Peas Gilbert

Little Man, You've Had a Busy Day—Fox trot Wayne

Lover—Waltz Hart

Love in Bloom—Fox trot Robin

Spellbound—Fox trot Adams

Lagrimas Negras—Rumba Matamoros

At the Court of Old King Cole Boyle

2.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

Every listener to I.B.C. transmissions is invited to enrol as a member of the International Broadcasting Club

Friday

October Twenty-sixth

RADIO-NORMANDY
206 m., 1456 Kc./s.

Morning Programme

8.15-8.45 a.m.
PHILCO HAPPY HALF-HOUR
LIGHT ORCHESTRAL MUSIC
Philco Signature Tune.
The Merry Widow Waltz ... Lehar
Siciliana—Seranata ... Schmalstich
Song—If I am Dreaming ... Leigh
Liebesträum ... Liszt
Jalousie—Tango ... Gade
Song—Without Your Love ... Leigh
Bal Masqué ... Fletcher
Savoy Southern Memories ... arr. Somers
Philco Signature Tune.
Ask your radio dealer to demonstrate the new Philco Models—you will enjoy the experience.

Afternoon Programme

4.30 p.m.
The I.B.C. Nursery Corner with the Uncles
BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

4.45 p.m.
BALLITO CONCERT
DANCE MUSIC

Signature Tune—Happy Feet.
Every Time I Look At You—Fox trot ... Mort
Oh! Muk, Muk, Oh!—Fox trot ... Hill
As Long as I Live—Fox trot ... Kochler
Beloved—Waltz ... Scherzinger
Rollin' Home—Fox trot ... Hill
I Didn't Want to Love You—Fox trot ... Washington
Paree (Ca C'est Paris)—Paso Doble Padilla
Dreamy Serenade—Fox trot ... Carr
Signature Tune—Happy Feet—
You can always find the shade you want among the full colour range of Ballito Pure Silk Stockings.

5.15 p.m.
Bournemouth, Weymouth, Southampton and Winchester Concert

Part I—**HAWAIIAN BAND**
An Orange Grove in California ... Berlin
Neither wash nor wear can destroy the beauty of Ballito Pure Silk Stockings.
What Aloha Means ... Alphin
Naughty Hawaii ...
Write to Charles Stevens, 204 Worple Road, Wimbledon, S.W.20, for details of tuberculosis treatment.

In Vienna One Night ... Bordin

5.30 p.m. Part II—**Home Truths**

Nasty Man ... Yellen
Collect the coupons from each bag of Bargate Self Raising Flour and secure splendid free gifts.
Silly Girl ... Sarony
I Hate Myself ... Davis
You've a Tiny Little Hair Upon Your Shoulder ... Ewing
I'm No Angel ... Ellison
Yes Sir, I Love Your Daughter ... Magidson
Wherever fashionable women meet, you'll find Ballito Pure Silk Stockings.
You Dog ... Hoover
You're Driving Me Crazy ... Donaldson

Evening Programmes

PARIS (Poste Parisien)
312 m., 959 Kc./s., 100 kW.

10.30 p.m. **BILE BEANS CELEBRITY CONCERT**
(Gramophone Records)

Signature Tune—Young and Healthy.
Faust Waltz ... Gounod
Marek Weber and His Orchestra ... Strachey
Sing a Song of London ... Peter Dawson

Mary Ellen's Hot Pot Party ... Hargreaves
Gracie Fields.

Cuban Rumba ... Simons
The Castilian Troubadours.

Maudie the Racehorse ... Tilley
John Tilley.

I'll String Along With You ... Dubin
Raie da Costa.

Yes Sir, I Love Your Daughter ... Magidson
Bobby Horne.

Soldiers of the King ... Stuart
B.B.C. Wireless Military Band.

Signature Tune—Young and Healthy.
Why be content to feel "off-colour" when a course of Bile Beans will keep you "in the pink" of condition?

Your newsagent can supply you with "Radio Pictorial"—the paper that brings you the latest radio gossip. Out to-day.

11.0 p.m. **I.B.C. Goodnight Melody**

and Close Down.

RADIO-NORMANDY—cont.

Evening Programmes

11.0 p.m. **TALKIE TIME**
TUNES FROM THE TALKIES AND SHOWS
Signature Tune—Sittin' in the Dark.
With My Eyes Wide Open I'm Dreaming (Thank Your Stars) ... Robin
Turn your old gold to glittering cash at Spinks, 5 King Street, St. James's, S.W.1.
With All My Heart (My Song for You) ... Eyton
Selection—Flying Down to Rio ... Youmans
Near and Yet So Far (Princess Charming) ... Kester
Selection—Wonder Bar ... Warren
Two Hearts that Beat in Waltz Time (Two Hearts that Beat in Waltz Time) ... Stoltz
This Little Piggie Went to Market (Three Girls in a Boat) ... Coslow
"Radio Pictorial," with all the latest "Star" news, is on sale to-day. Get a copy from your bookstall, price 3d.
Keep Smiling (The Three Sisters).
Hammerschmidt

Night and Day (Gay Divorce) ... Porter
Racing Selections by the Irish Hospitals special English Racing Commissioner.
Signature Tune—Sittin' in the Dark.

11.35 p.m.
"RADIO PICTORIAL" CELEBRITY CONCERT
(Gramophone Records)

Signature Tune—You Oughta be in Pictures.
A night with Paul Whiteman at the Biltmore.

Paul Whiteman and His Orchestra.
In My Little Bottom Drawer ... Parr
Gracie Fields.

Mad Dogs and Englishmen ... Coward
Noel Coward.
Bing Boys of Broadway ... Tarran Bailey—Banjo Solo.

Singing the Blues ... Marion Harris
Love in Bloom ... Robin
Bing Crosby.
Gee Whizz ... Gennin

Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra.
Signature Tune—You Oughta be in Pictures.

Don't miss this week's issue of "Radio Pictorial" on sale at all newsagents to-day, price 3d.

12 (midnight)
Part I—DANCE MUSIC
The Band is Gaily Playing—March
Something to do with Spring ... Kornell
Come Juanita—Rumba ... Coward
The Old Covered Bridge—Fox trot ... Zagor
Marie—Quick step ... Hill
Easy Come, Easy Go—Fox trot ... Berlin
Arlene—Waltz ... Green
Lullaby in Blue—Fox trot ... Seymour
Goodnight Lovely Little Lady ... Coslow

1.30 a.m.
Part II—
Boulevard of Broken Dreams ... Dubin
She Reminds Me of You—Fox trot ... Noble
Love's Last Word is Spoken Cherie
Why Don't You Practise What You Preach?—Fox trot ... Bixio

I Love You Truly—Slow Fox trot ... Sigler
Lazin'—Fox trot ... Jacobs
Femme et Roses—Tango ... Brunelle
Happy—One step ... Cibolla
Ole Mammy Ain't Gonna Sing No More—Fox trot ... Lupino

1.0 a.m. **I.B.C. Goodnight Melody**
and Close Down.

RADIO VALENCIA
352.9 m., 850 Kc./s., 2 kW.

Announcer: H. Gordon Box

1.0 a.m.
CELEBRITY CONCERT
(Gramophone Records)

Jota ... de Falla
In Old Siberia ... Haines
But for You ... Wachsmann
Traumerei (Reverie) ... Schumann
Don't Send My Boy to Prison ... Conrad
Just By Your Example ... Woods
Give Her Little Kiss ... Steinberg
Laughing Waltz ... Hargreaves

1.30 a.m. **LIGHT MUSIC**
Aloha Oe ... Lilioukalani
Minuet in B Flat ... Haydn
Song—Love is a Song ... Kester
Viennese Singing Birds ... Translators
Sanctuary of the Heart ... Ketelby
Songs—Over My Shoulder ... Woods

When You've got a Little Springtime in Your Heart ... Woods
La Paloma ... Yradier

2.0 a.m. **I.B.C. Goodnight Melody**
and Close Down.

Saturday

October Twenty-seventh

RADIO NORMANDY
206 m., 1456 Kc./s.

Morning Programme

DANCE MUSIC
Philco Signature Tune.
Straight from the Shoulder—Fox trot ... Gordon
Do I Love You?—Fox trot ... Robin
Tiddlywinks—Waltz ... Carr
Rollin' Home—Fox trot ... Hill
Stay a Little Closer to Me ... Hill
My Shawl—Rumba ... Adams
Dearest—Fox trot ... Damarell
A Little Church Around the Corner ... Walker
Philco Signature Tune.
Journey's end is quickly reached when your car is equipped with a Philco Car Radio.

Afternoon Programme

4.30 p.m.
The I.B.C. Nursery Corner with the Uncles
BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

4.45 p.m.
Tunbridge Wells, Isle of Thanet, Dover and Folkestone Concert
Part I—DANCE MUSIC

Judy—Fox trot ... Carmichael
I Never Slept a Wink Last Night ... Razaif
—Fox trot ... Simons

When To-morrow Comes—Fox trot ... Kahal

5.0 p.m. Part II—**The Stars' Parade**

(Gramophone Records)

The Film Stars' Parade.
Young men! Make sure of bright companions for your autumn holiday by visiting "New Hazelwood," Esplanade, I.O.W.
Love in Bloom ... Robin
Radio Stars in a Jam.
Your draper can advise you as to the correct shade of Ballito Pure Silk Stockings to wear with your new colour scheme.
Mr. Whittington Medley.
Spinks are still paying top prices for old gold and silver.
Just a Catchy Little Tune ... Parr

5.30—6.0 p.m. Part III—**LIGHT MUSIC**
Waltz Favourites ... arr. Ancilfe
Ballito Pure Silk Stockings range from 2s. to 10s. 6d. in all styles and shades.

Gipsy Moon ... Borganooff
Spanish Serenade ... Heykens

The Musical Clock of Madame Pompadour ... Noack

Waldeufel Memories ... arr. Finck
The Child and His Dancing Doll ... Heykens

For direct delivery of delicious mineral waters send a postcard to Gilby, Son and Webb, Ltd., of Southampton.

Phantom Brigade ... Myddleton
Invitation to the Waltz ... Weber

1.30 a.m.
I.B.C. Goodnight Melody
and Close Down.

PARIS (Poste Parisien)
312 m., 959 Kc./s., 100 kW.

10.30 p.m.
STRANG'S FOOTBALL POOLS BROADCAST

MUSICAL COMEDY AND OLD-TIME FAVOURITES

Selection—The Mikado ... Sullivan
The Teddy Bears' Picnic ... Brattion
Selection—Follow Through ... de Silva

Captain Jinjah ... Leigh
Pianoforte Medley—Piccadilly Pickle.
The Policeman's Holiday ... Ewing

The Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomond.
Savoy Southern Memories ... arr. Somers

For entry forms and full particulars, write to T. Strang, 24 Firth Street, Edinburgh.

Get a copy of "Radio Pictorial," to-day—before your newsagent sells out! Price 3d

11.0 p.m. **I.B.C. Goodnight Melody**
and Close Down.

RADIO-NORMANDY—cont.

11.0 p.m. **Request Programme**
compiled by N. H. Shapton, of Balham, S.W.12

"Globe Dancing"
Memphis by Morning ... West

An announcement for everyone interested in the treatment of tuberculosis.

St. Louis Blues ... Handy

Georgia on My Mind ... Gorrell

It will be to your advantage to consult

Spinks about your old gold and silver.

My Little Grass Shack ... Cogswell

Nagasaki ... Dixon

RADIO NORMANDY
206 m., 1456 Kc./s.

11.0 p.m. continued

Isle of Capri ... Kennedy
Cafe in Vienna ... Kennedy
O'Gorman's, Ltd., Barking, London, will arrange deliveries of timber, asbestos, etc., to all parts of England and Wales.

Louisiana Lullaby ... Newman

11.30 p.m.

IRISH HOSPITALS SWEEPSTAKES CONCERT

Arranged by the I.B.C. (Ireland), Ltd.

MUSIC FROM THE OPERA

Signature Tune—Come Back to Erin.

Tannhauser Overture ... Wagner

Racing Selections by the Irish Hospitals special English Racing Commissioner.

Waltz Song (Faust) ... Gounod

Cortège des Nobles (Mlada) ... Rimsky-Korsakow

On with the Motley (I Pagliacci) ... Leoncavallo

Intermezzo and les Dragons d'Alca (Carmen) ... Bizet

Art Thou Weeping in Loneliness (Rigoletto) ... Verdi

Selection—Patience ... Sullivan

Signature Tune—Come Back to Erin.

12 (midnight)
DANCE MUSIC

In Town To-night—Fox trot ... Coates

Don't lock up your old-fashioned Jewellery.

Sell it to Spinks, 5 King Street, S.W.1.

Without You—Fox trot ... Thompson

Buying a radio set! Ask for demonstration at your nearest Currys' branch.

I'll See You Again—Waltz ... Coward

Let's Dress for Dinner To-night ... David

12.15 a.m.
GORDON MACKAY BROADCAST

DANCE MUSIC

Signature Tune—The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo.

Crickets in the Grass—Fox trot ... Rio Rito

Carry Me Back to the Lone Prairie ... Robinson

Memories of Hours Spent with You—Waltz ... Smyth

Miss Otis Regrets—Fox trot ... Porter

Signature Tune—The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo.

Gordon Mackay & Co., Leeds, offer a free gift coupon for every 2s. 6d. invested in their new Football Pool.

1.0 a.m.
I.B.C. Time Signal.

12.30 a.m. **Club Concert for Glossop and Dinting Listeners**

DANCE MUSIC

After All, You're All I'm After ... Heyman

Why Am I Happy—Fox trot ... Kornell

When the Mighty Organ Plays ... Klenner

Repear the Blues—Fox trot ... Green

Cupid—Fox trot ... Coslow

Tick, Tock—Fox trot ... Vienna

Lagrimas Negras—Rumba ... Malamoros

Little Did I Dream—Fox trot ... Adamson

Freckle Face, You're Beautiful ... Friend

1.0 a.m. **I.B.C. Goodnight Melody**

and Close Down.

I.B.C. SHORT WAVE EMPIRE TRANSMISSIONS

E.A.Q. (Madrid)

30 m., 10,000 Kc./s., 20 kW.

12 (midnight) **INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC**

The Swan (Le Cygne) ... Saint-Saëns

Prelude in B Minor ... Chopin

Mazurka in G ... Chopin

Hungarian Dance in D Minor No. 2 ... Brahms

The Spinning Chorus (The Flying Dutchman) ... Wagner

Meditation "Thais" ... Massenet

Valse Sentimentale ... Schubert

12.30 a.m. **I.B.C. Goodnight Melody**

and Close Down.

RADIO BARCELONA

377 m., 795 Kc./s., 8 kW.

1.0 a.m. **ECHOES OF RUSSIA**

March of the Russian Hussars ... Traditional

Boublitonna ... Traditional

The Cossack Prisoners ... Traditional

Black Eyes ... Otchi Tschernia

The Pibroch ... Goulescu

Volga March ... Dostal

Twelve Robbers ... Traditional

Dance of the Cossacks ... Traditional

1.30 a.m. **INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC**

The Rosary ... Nevin

On a Little Street in Honolulu ... Sherman

All Through the Night ... York

Silv'ry Moon ... Frazzini

Dixieland ... Bond

A Perfect Day ... Ascher

Alice, Where Art Thou! ... Alice

2.0 a.m. **I.B.C. Goodnight Melody**

and Close Down.

PROGRAMMES IN BRIEF

OCTOBER 21st—OCTOBER 27th

PRINCIPAL ITEMS FROM THE TRANSMISSIONS

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY
<p>8.15 a.m. RADIO NORMANDY Orchestral Music.</p> <p>0.00 a.m. "The Cave of Ali Baba."</p> <p>11.30 a.m. Music by Tchaikowsky.</p> <p>12.30 p.m. RADIO LUXEMBURG Dance Music.</p> <p>2.00 p.m. Dance Music.</p> <p>2.00 p.m. RADIO NORMANDY Dance Music.</p> <p>2.30 p.m. RADIO LUXEMBURG A 11 - Star Variety (Records).</p> <p>3.30 p.m. Broadway Hits.</p> <p>4.30 p.m. RADIO NORMANDY I.B.C. Nursery Corner.</p> <p>5.00 p.m. Film Star Competition Programme.</p> <p>5.00 p.m. PARIS (Poste Parisien) Melodies.</p> <p>5.30 p.m. Film Star Competition Programme.</p> <p>6.00 p.m. RADIO NORMANDY Favourites for all.</p> <p>6.30 p.m. Violin Recital.</p> <p>6.30 p.m. PARIS (Poste Parisien) Orchestral Concert.</p>	<p>7.00 p.m. RADIO ROME (approx.) Jack Payne and his Band (Records).</p> <p>9.00 p.m. RADIO LUXEMBURG Light Orchestral Music.</p> <p>9.30 p.m. RADIO NORMANDY Military Band Music.</p> <p>9.45 p.m. "Broadway Hits."</p> <p>10.00 p.m. "The Hit and Run Driver" (Drama).</p> <p>10.30 p.m. RADIO COTE d'AZUR (Juan-les-Pins) Organ Recital.</p> <p>10.30 p.m. PARIS (Poste Parisien) Request Programme.</p> <p>11.00 p.m. "Broadway Hits."</p> <p>11.15 p.m. Musical Comedy and Old- Time Favourites.</p> <p>11.30 p.m. RADIO NORMANDY Dance Music.</p> <p>12 (mid- night) E.A.Q. (Madrid) Spanish Music.</p> <p>1.00 a.m. UNION RADIO, MADRID Dance Music.</p> <p>2.00 a.m. Close Down.</p>	<p>8.15 a.m. RADIO NORMANDY Gramophone Records.</p> <p>4.30 p.m. I.B.C. Nursery Corner.</p> <p>4.45 p.m. Dance Music.</p> <p>5.15 p.m. Accordeon Band Music.</p> <p>5.30 p.m. "A Trip to China."</p> <p>10.30 p.m. PARIS (Poste Parisien) Violin Recital.</p> <p>10.45 p.m. Light Music.</p> <p>11.00 p.m. RADIO NORMANDY Talkie Time.</p> <p>11.30 p.m. Military Band Music.</p> <p>12 (mid- night) Dance Music.</p> <p>1.00 a.m. RADIO SAN SEBASTIAN "Strolling in the Woods."</p> <p>1.30 a.m. Gramophone Records.</p> <p>2.00 a.m. Close Down.</p>
<p>WEDNESDAY</p> <p>8.15 a.m. RADIO NORMANDY Request Programme.</p> <p>4.30 p.m. I.B.C. Nursery Corner.</p> <p>4.45 p.m. Dance Music.</p> <p>5.00 p.m. "Some advice."</p> <p>5.30 p.m. Orchestral Music.</p> <p>10.30 p.m. PARIS (Poste Parisien) Variety.</p> <p>11.00 p.m. RADIO NORMANDY Talkie Time.</p> <p>11.30 p.m. Dance Music.</p> <p>12 (mid- night) Club Concert for Buxton Listeners.</p> <p>1.00 a.m. RADIO BARCELONA Military Band Music.</p> <p>1.30 a.m. "An Evening in Vienna."</p> <p>2.00 a.m. Close Down.</p>	<p>THURSDAY</p> <p>8.15 a.m. RADIO NORMANDY Military Band Music.</p> <p>4.30 p.m. I.B.C. Nursery Corner.</p> <p>4.45 p.m. Dance Music.</p> <p>5.00 p.m. "What would you like to be?"</p> <p>5.30 p.m. Troise and his Mando- liers (Records).</p> <p>10.30 p.m. PARIS (Poste Parisien) Tunes from the Talkies and Shows.</p> <p>10.45 p.m. Celebrity Concert (Records).</p> <p>11.00 p.m. RADIO NORMANDY Old Favourites.</p> <p>11.30 p.m. Tunes from the Talkies and Shows.</p> <p>12 (mid- night) Club Concert for Wirk- worth Listeners.</p> <p>12 (mid- night) E.A.Q. (Madrid) Tango Band.</p> <p>1.00 a.m. UNION RADIO, MADRID Dance Music.</p> <p>2.00 a.m. Close Down.</p>	<p>FRIDAY</p> <p>8.15 a.m. RADIO NORMANDY Light Orchestral Music</p> <p>4.30 p.m. I.B.C. Nursery Corner.</p> <p>4.45 p.m. Dance Music.</p> <p>5.15 p.m. Hawaiian Band.</p> <p>5.30 p.m. "Home Truths."</p> <p>10.30 p.m. PARIS (Poste Parisien) Celebrity Concert (Records).</p> <p>11.00 p.m. RADIO NORMANDY Talkie Time.</p> <p>11.35 p.m. Celebrity Concert (Records).</p> <p>12 (mid- night) Club Concert for Matlock Listeners.</p> <p>1.00 a.m. RADIO VALENCIA Celebrity Concert (Records).</p> <p>1.30 a.m. Light Music.</p> <p>2.00 a.m. Close Down.</p>
		<p>SATURDAY</p> <p>8.15 a.m. RADIO NORMANDY Dance Music.</p> <p>4.30 p.m. I.B.C. Nursery Corner.</p> <p>4.45 p.m. Dance Music.</p> <p>5.00 p.m. "The Stars' Parade" (Records).</p> <p>5.30 p.m. Light Music.</p> <p>10.30 p.m. PARIS (Poste Parisien) Musical Comedy and Old- Time Favourites.</p> <p>11.00 p.m. RADIO NORMANDY Request Programme— "Globe Dancing."</p> <p>11.30 p.m. Music from the Opera.</p> <p>12 (midnight) Dance Music.</p> <p>12 (mid- night) E.A.Q. (Madrid) Instrumental Music.</p> <p>12.30 a.m. RADIO NORMANDY Club Concert for Glossop and Dinting Listeners.</p> <p>1.00 a.m. RADIO BARCELONA "Echoes of Russia."</p> <p>1.30 a.m. Instrumental Music.</p> <p>2.00 a.m. Close Down.</p>

YOU WILL ENJOY THE RADIO PICTORIAL CONCERTS FROM PARIS (POSTE PARISIEN) AND RADIO NORMANDY

Hullo, Twins!



A Day in My Life

Continued from page seventeen

to the restaurant to snatch a quick supper. (Funny how one soon gets used to eating at odd hours.)

7.00 Sub-editor E. F. arrives, collects first news from the announcer's room, reads it through to see what we have covered. He then goes through the news tape. Meanwhile I am making up my mind what we want for the second news, bearing in mind the blattnerphone record, two short topical talks, and a big debate in the Commons on the armament question, which must be reported at 9. In addition, there may be fresh news from Ruritania, or other stop-press items. The classic example of this was when Malcolm Campbell was breaking the world's speed record at Daytona Beach. We knew at 9 that he was actually under way, and said so at the start of the bulletin. About 9.5 came the news of a smashing record in one direction on the measured mile, and before the bulletin was over our listeners knew that Campbell had done it in both directions. A news scoop for us!

7.15 The S O S messages and the police messages start coming through. The news room is their receiving station out of office hours. Their elucidation and confirmation is not only a great responsibility and time-eater, but also sometimes a downright nuisance, as, for instance, when we were troubled by the optimist who rang up to say that his pet monkey (answering to the name of Percy) had gone astray, and please could we announce that sad fact over the ether. (Yes, that is a true story.)

8.45 Already? I look at my watch in amazement. Still, all is ready for the second news, unless something comes in now suddenly to upset all our calculations. The telephone rings. I hold my breath. Thank goodness, it only turns out to be another optimist. No, we can't help him to find his lost umbrella.

8.50 Hold my breath, fearing fresh complications to at the last moment in Ruritania or else 9.00 where necessitating our changing the bulletin, even after the announcer's golden voice has begun to percolate through the microphone. The Ruritanian business reminds me of the night of Dr. Dolfuss's death. At 9 there were strong reports that he was dead, but no confirmation from Vienna itself, so we simply didn't dare make a definite statement. Right on until after 10 we were still uncertain. Then suddenly the night sub-editor, listening to a broadcast from Vienna, caught the words (in German) "Herr Chancellor is dead, but his work still lives." I immediately dictated a new opening paragraph, "We deeply regret . . ." and with it in my hand dashed downstairs, three steps at a time, to get the last news from the regional announcer before he took it to the studio at 10.15. No time to re-dictate the Austrian story as a whole; all I could do was to pencil in corrections and try and give it something like balance. At 10.14 I let the announcer take the weather report and the first three pages (600 words) and while he was reading them I finished my amended version of the rest and handed it to him just in time so that it sounded—I hope—smooth and unbroken. A hectic, memorable night.

9.30 Somewhere about here, if my luck is in, my official day ends and sometimes even, I have got home in time to listen in to my own handiwork at 10.15. But before I can get away I have to be sure about the alterations, if any, to the 10.15 bulletin, and also about the three remaining Empire bulletins at 11.15, 1.45, and 7.15 next morning.

9.35 Outside the tube station the evening paper placards are stacked: "Latest News from Ruritania: Official." Well, Londonders haven't any longer an exclusive knowledge of stop-press news, I remind myself as I board my train. My resultant thoughts make me feel considerably less weary.

Special article for every listener, by S. P. B. MAIS—next Friday.



MAKE YOUR REFLECTION PAY

HAVE you reflected how you can profit by entering the "Staunch" and "Everymans" 2d. Points Pool? Big dividends are paid out each week and there is also a £2500 FREE Competition which must be won. Fill in and mail coupon NOW—it may bring you a fortune!

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150,000 PEOPLE"**

is the title of a book recently published containing letters appealing to the Ministry of Health for an official test of Umckaloabo to prove whether or not it can be looked upon as a remedy or cure for the disease of Tuberculosis. It is well worth reading, and a copy of it will be sent free of charge to anyone applying for same to:

CHAS. H. STEVENS,
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27

"The Changing of the Guard"

—a favourite radio melody composed and featured by those popular broadcasters "Mr. Flotsam" and "Mr. Jetsam." It is dedicated by permission to the Brigade of Guards.



"Flotsam" and "Jetsam," whose pictures you see above, wrote this number and made it famous. Here is a reproduction (copyright) of the chorus, so that you can sing it and try it over on the piano.

And there you'll see the changing of the guard.
Where you will see the changing of the guard.
Stand, may be, With.
- in the Palace yard. And if your plea to enter fails, You press your noses
Or swell the crowd a round the gate, That dai - ly come to
to the rails, And watch from there The cel - e - bra - ted changing of the guard.

See now they come!
Observe the style
To beat of
Of rank and
drum. A touch of pride and pomp on ev-er-y hand, A sharp stac-ca - to word of command, Be-
file. The ar - my drum sup-plies a reg-u-lar beat, To man-ly tramp of march - ing feet Be-
- hold, - hold, - hold, - hold, The chang-ing of the guard! guard!



Signor Carlo Castelli,
the announcer of "Radio
Lugano"

In Praise of Melody

LAST week we were saying that taste in music is improving. Nevertheless, it is an undeniable fact that, in certain quarters, for blatantly commercial reasons, there is a determined, but short-sighted, plot to maintain as low a standard as possible.

Some of you may remember the story of the two Russian monks who had a little lapse. After years of rigid self-denial and ascetic mode of living, they came to a town and had what must be described as an unholy "bust."

When they resumed their stony pilgrims' way one could only smite his breast and, goaded, doubtless, by a fearful "hang-over," called down invective on himself and his companion for their disgraceful conduct. The other, however, refused to become the victim of remorse. He went on his way smiling. Being a Russian, and, consequently, charged with imagination, the very kisses which he had enjoyed and which, from all accounts, had been far from chaste, became the salutes of the Saints. In justice to him, be it said, he had no desire or intention to repeat the experiment; but, meanwhile, he was not going to sit down and mope about it.

Let us, then, rather turn our attention to the "high-spots" of the autumn season of real music, now nearing its climax, than regret past lapses.

First of all, I think we should applaud the opening of what promises to be a brilliant season on the part of our only national opera, the Vic.-Wells Company.

The relay of the Prologue and First Act of Rimsky-Korsakov's altogether delightful "Snow Maiden" gave us the pleasantest

possible foretaste of what is in store. Here is another composer, fond of drawing on the rich store of his country's folk-songs. Such a succulent sample should indeed encourage listeners to visit one or other of the theatres—or, preferably, both.

Each has its especial atmosphere and charm—a disarming blend of tradition and modernity; all the performances attain a very high level, and for earnestness and sincerity, no foreign opera excels this, and few can so much as claim a parallel. Two of its most notable Continental counterparts are the Volksoper (or People's Opera) in Vienna, and the Opéra Comique (which is often far from comic) in Paris.

But, to resume, Gigli, who made a triumphant reappearance at the Queen's Hall a week ago, will provide another of his thrilling evenings at the Albert Hall on Friday, November 9.

The Courtauld Sargent concerts opened on Monday and will continue at the rate of two a month for the rest of the year, to be resumed in February, 1935. It is good to see Dr. Malcolm Sargent wielding the baton again after his long illness. These concerts provide a golden opportunity for hearing some of the world's greatest music at popular prices.

Mrs. Sam Courtauld, whose memory they perpetuate, was as charming as she was clever, and her early passing was a tragic blow to British music. Yet, she lived life to the full, enjoying tennis and Beethoven with equal zest.

Cuthbert Pearcey.

Will your lucky star be NORMA SHEARER?

Will this popular Film Star head the winning list in the gigantic



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£3,000 Film Star COMPETITION

Choose 12 of the 15 Film Stars on the Entry Form, and number them, in the squares beside each name, in what you consider the experts decide is their order of popular appeal. The prizes will be awarded to the entries on which the numbered lists correspond most nearly to the list of order of popular appeal compiled by SETON MARGRAVE Film Critic, "Daily Mail"; P. L. MANNOCK, Film Critic, "Daily Herald"; PAUL HOLT, Film Critic, "Daily Express." This key list, carefully sealed, will be in the hands of the judges until the competition closes. Send in as many Entry Forms as you like—or entries written on plain paper—but each one must be accompanied by either the front panel of a 5½d. packet or three empty 2d. cartons, or the label from a 6d. tin of Symington's Soup.

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CHOOSE 12 NAMES ONLY.

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Two or more entries can be put into one envelope, but make sure you have paid sufficient postage or your entry will be disqualified. No responsibility can be accepted for entry forms lost or destroyed, and proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery. Any breach of these conditions, or mutilation or alteration of entry forms, will cause disqualification. In the event of a tie, the prizes will be divided equally. The judges' decision will be final and no correspondence can be entered into. Send your Entries to SYMINGTON'S SOUPS COMPETITION COMMITTEE, STATION BUILDINGS, NEW BRIDGE STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.

ENTER NOW—Your grocer will give you as many more Entry Forms as you require, or you can make your entry on a plain sheet of paper.

COMPETITION ENDS NOVEMBER 30, 1934
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SYMINGTON'S SOUPS



a thrifty delight
to appetite!



IN SCARLET and STONE A Slim Fitting Jersey

HIGH neckline, dropped shoulders, elastic fit—these are the points to be noticed about this trim and very up-to-date jumper. Its colours, scarlet and stone, are a warm and cheerful note, and the yoke is easily managed on round needles. So start away!

Materials.—5 oz. Copley's 3-ply "Excelsior" wool, Natural No. 18; 2 oz. Copley's 3-ply "Excelsior" Wool, Castilion Red, No. 229; 1 medium-sized crochet hook; 1 pair of No. 11 needles; 1 No. 9 circular needle; 6 medium-sized buttons; 1 press stud.

Measurements.—Length from the top of the shoulder, 18 inches; width all round at underarm, 34 inches; length of sleeve seams, 18 inches.

Tension.—Work to produce 7 sts. to 1 inch on the No. 9 needles. **N.B.**—Unless this instruction is followed exactly, the measurements of the garment will not work out correctly.

Abbreviations.—K., knit; P., purl; st., stitch; tog., together; d.c., double crochet.

THE BACK

Using the No. 11 needles and natural wool, cast on 108 sts. Working into the back of the sts. on the first row only, proceed as follows:

1st row—** K. 2, p. 2. Repeat from ** to the end. Repeat this row until 4 in. of ribbing have been worked. Using No. 9 needles, proceed as follows:

1st row—** K. 3, p. 1. Repeat from ** to the end. **2nd row**—Purl. Repeat these 2 rows 4 times more. Keeping the pattern correct, increase by working into the front and back of the next to the edge st. at both ends of the next row and every 10th row following until there are 120 sts. on the needle. Continue in pattern without further shaping until the side edge measurements are 12 in. from the commencement, finishing at the end of the purl row.

Still keeping the pattern correct, cast off 8 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows and then decrease one st. at both ends of the next 6 rows. There are now 92 sts. on the needle. Slip these sts. on to a spare needle and leave for the present.

THE FRONT

Work exactly as the instructions for the back.

THE SLEEVE

Using No. 9 needles and Castilion wool, commence at the cuff edge by casting on 62 sts. Working into the back of the cast-on sts., proceed as follows:

1st row—Knit. **2nd row**—Purl. **3rd row**—Knit. **4th row**—Knit. (This row forms a ridge

Continued on page 33

NEXT WEEK:—Something new in sports sweaters—a polo jumper with raglan sleeves

The WOMAN

JEANNE DE CASALIS
surveys
The Winter Mode

MRS. R. H. BRAND—
Some 'by request'
EGG DISHES

EGGS AND RICE WITH TOMATO SAUCE

Ingredients— $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. rice; $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. tomatoes; 1 small carrot, onion, turnip; bacon rinds; $\frac{3}{4}$ pint stock or water; 1 oz. margarine; 1 oz. flour; pepper and salt; eggs.

SAUCE

Peel vegetables, cut them into large dice, and slice the tomatoes. Make the margarine hot in a saucepan and fry the vegetables without browning for a few minutes, then add the tomatoes and the stock or water (hot). Put in the bacon rinds and seasoning, and allow the sauce to simmer gently for one hour, skimming three or four times. Mix the flour in a basin with a little cold stock, add the sauce to it by degrees, stirring constantly, return to the pan and boil up again slowly, put through a sieve and, if not red enough, add a few drops of carmine. Keep hot until required.

An ultra-smart afternoon dress of black satin admirably contrasted with brocaded lame. An Em Kay Model. (Photograph by Blake.)

Boil the rice as if for curry, and get it perfectly dry. Poach one or two eggs for each person and put them on a bed of rice in a fireproof dish. Cover them with the tomato sauce and sprinkle with chopped parsley.

SCRAMBLED EGGS WITH HADDOCK

Cook a dried haddock in water. When ready drain well and flake it finely. Add to the scrambled eggs with a little pepper and a little chopped parsley, and serve at once in a hot dish with small fried mushrooms all round the edge.

POTATOES AND EGGS

Choose two or more very large potatoes, scrub and dry them well and bake in a moderate oven for about one hour. When they are cooked cut in halves lengthways, take out most of the soft part without breaking the skins, mash this with a little butter, seasoning and a grate of nutmeg, and keep hot. Make a little white sauce and put a spoonful into each half potato. Place a lightly poached egg on top, mask with more sauce, and cover with the mashed potato. Make a pattern with a fork and put into a hot oven, or under the grill to brown quickly.

—
Jeanne de Casalis

—
Bettina Brand

LISTENER

CONDUCTED BY "MARGOT"

BEAUTY . . . HOMECRAFT

THIS WEEK'S FIVE SHILLING HINTS

Five shillings for every "hint" published in these columns. Have you sent yours to "Margot"?

Do you know that it makes all the difference to a chocolate pudding if you add a pinch of powdered cinnamon?

To scrambled eggs, if you mix a very small pinch of powdered sugar with the seasoning?

To boiled ham if you let it get cold in the liquor it's been boiled in?

To shepherd's pie if you mix a couple of teaspoonsfuls of mustard with the seasoning?

When you have been busy with dirty work and find it difficult to clean the hands, try this plan. Lather them well with soap, then rub in half a teaspoonful of sugar and continue rubbing the hands until the soap and sugar are well mixed. This cleans the hands in no time and leaves them soft and white.

Have you ever tried washing your linoleum with sour milk? Next time you have some by you, use it on the floor; it brightens the colours in a magical way. Polish afterwards with melted beeswax. If the pattern has worn off, it is possible to stain linoleum with a special stain, in several colours, obtainable at any hardware shop.

Tiled walls in your kitchen, bathroom or scullery can be kept clean quite simply this way: rub them over two or three times a week with a cloth moistened with a little liquid ammonia. This will dissolve dirt and grease.

Before you put away your fibre cases, wipe them over with warm vinegar on a soft cloth, and when dry, polish with a good polish. This will preserve their glossy, new appearance.



JANE CARR

says

TAKE A TONIC

If you are one of those people for whom the winter means red noses and chilblains, it is absolutely necessary in justice to yourself to start November with a strong tonic. It should contain iron or strychnine, or you may prefer a malt and cod liver oil extract. Halibut oil is more convenient to take, as it is put up in small tablets, but it is more expensive.

If you suffer from chilblains, see that your diet includes a high content of calcium—take plenty of milk, fruit and vegetables, for instance. Dried figs, nuts and brown bread also contain calcium to a large extent, and sandwiches made of all three should be an ideal cold weather meal. There are also special calcium tablets you can take to banish chilblains.

There is a type of redness which causes the nose to become scarlet when exposed to extremes of temperature. A cold wind or a hot fire has the same effect. In this case you must be very careful of what you eat, avoiding highly spiced foods, and eating fish, eggs any way but fried, and vegetables instead of much meat.

Wash your face with soap and nearly cold water and rinse in cold water, to which a little vinegar has been added, to make the blood vessels contract. Be careful not to wear tight hats or glasses that press on the bridge of the nose and impede circulation.

Jane Carr



For colder days, a two-piece suit in mulberry, trimmed with moleskin. The frock has a finely tucked yoke of satin. Ninette House, Shaftesbury Avenue.

JUNE CAREY'S COLUMN

NATURAL PERFUMES

MODERN perfumes are as potent as any ancient love philtre. Each has its own message of beauty, mystery and allure. But learning to choose the right ones requires both imagination and good taste. Beauty has no ally more subtle than a perfume that really expresses your personality.

Nothing can equal the natural perfumes extracted from the flowers. Their essences are so powerful and lasting that in most cases the merest drop is sufficient. The lovely blend that comes from Amber and Roses is gay and intoxicating—clinging round the personality with a kind of haunting, imperative individuality; whilst another made from Orchids and Green Flowers has a fascinating and distinct aroma, reminiscent of the scent of the lilac tree in full bloom.

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PROGRAMME HEADLINES of the WEEK



Doris L. MacKinnon
(October 25, 2.30 p.m., National)

NATIONAL

SUNDAY (Oct. 21).—*Nelson*, a play to commemorate the Battle of Trafalgar, October 21, 1805.

MONDAY (Oct. 22).—Orchestral Concert.

TUESDAY (Oct. 23).—"Old Words to New Music," a revue.

WEDNESDAY (Oct. 24).—Mass of Life (Delius), relayed from Queen's Hall.

THURSDAY (Oct. 25).—Music by Alfred Reynolds: Orchestral Concert.

FRIDAY (Oct. 26).—*Some Day*, a play by H. Kelly.

SATURDAY (Oct. 27).—Music Hall programme.

LONDON REGIONAL

SUNDAY (Oct. 21).—A Congregationalist Service, relayed from the Congregational Church, Clacton-on-Sea.



Cecil G. Reid
(October 25, 5.15 p.m., Belfast)

MONDAY (Oct. 22).—"Old Words to New Music," a revue.

TUESDAY (Oct. 23).—*The Highland Light Infantry*, a chronicle play by John Gough.

WEDNESDAY (Oct. 24).—A "Services" Concert Party programme.

THURSDAY (Oct. 25).—*Some Day*, a play by H. Kelly.

FRIDAY (Oct. 26).—Songs from the Films, feature programme.

SATURDAY (Oct. 27).—Choral Programme, relayed from Queen's Hall, London.

MIDLAND REGIONAL

SUNDAY (Oct. 21).—A Roman Catholic Service, relayed from St. Chad's Cathedral, Birmingham.

MONDAY (Oct. 22).—*The Black Dog of Hergest*, a dramatisation of a Herefordshire folk-tale by Helen Enoch.

TUESDAY (Oct. 23).—Light Symphony Programme.

WEDNESDAY (Oct. 24).—Birmingham: a Literary Tour, feature programme.



Eileen Hannevig
(October 27, 7.30 p.m., National)

Dance Music of the Week

Monday. Jack Jackson and his Band (Dorchester).

Tuesday. Lew Stone and his Band (Studio).

Wednesday. Roy Fox and his Band (Studio).

Thursday. Lou Preager and his Band (Romano's).

Friday. Harry Roy and his Band (May Fair).

Saturday. B.B.C. Dance Orchestra, directed by Henry Hall (Studio).



David Buchan
(October 21, 4.30 p.m., Regional)



Gwen Knight
(October 25, 8.45 p.m., National)

THURSDAY (Oct. 25).—Symphony Concert, relayed from the Town Hall, Birmingham.

FRIDAY (Oct. 26).—Chamber Music.

SATURDAY (Oct. 27).—*Thread o' Scarlet*, a play by J. J. Bell.

WEST REGIONAL

SUNDAY (Oct. 21).—A Methodist Service, relayed from the Cardiff Central Mission, Central Hall, Cardiff.

MONDAY (Oct. 22).—A Ladies' Choral Concert.

TUESDAY (Oct. 23).—Beca: a programme dealing with the toll-gate riots in Wales 90 years ago.

WEDNESDAY (Oct. 24).—Choral Programme, relayed from the Foster Hall, Bodmin.

THURSDAY (Oct. 25).—An Echo of the Local Eisteddfod, choral programme.



Frank Thomas
(October 23, 10.45 a.m., Regional)

TUESDAY (Oct. 23).—Organ Recital, relayed from Huddersfield.

WEDNESDAY (Oct. 24).—Variety Programme.

THURSDAY (Oct. 25).—Instrumental Concert.

FRIDAY (Oct. 26).—Chamber Concert, from London.

SATURDAY (Oct. 27).—*The Bohemian Girl*, a concert version of the opera by Michael Balfe.

SCOTTISH REGIONAL

SUNDAY (Oct. 21).—A Scottish Religious Service, relayed from Wellington Church, Glasgow.

MONDAY (Oct. 22).—Orchestral Concert.

TUESDAY (Oct. 23).—*The Highland Light Infantry*, a chronicle play by John Gough.

WEDNESDAY (Oct. 24).—Vocal and Instrumental Recital.

THURSDAY (Oct. 25).—Orchestral Concert.

FRIDAY (Oct. 26).—Piping and Fiddling, a programme of Scottish Dance Music.

SATURDAY (Oct. 27).—Military Band Programme.



Robert Burnett
(October 27, 8 p.m., Regional)

BELFAST

SUNDAY (Oct. 21).—A Presbyterian Service, relayed from Fisherwick Church, Belfast.

MONDAY (Oct. 22).—*Maurice Harte*, a play by T. C. Murray.

TUESDAY (Oct. 23).—Orchestral Concert.

WEDNESDAY (Oct. 24).—Choral and Instrumental Programme.

THURSDAY (Oct. 25).—Instrumental Concert.

FRIDAY (Oct. 26).—Orchestral Concert, relayed from the Ulster Hall.

SATURDAY (Oct. 27).—Choral Programme, relayed from the Queen's Hall, London.

Radio Times gives full
B.B.C. programme details

In Scarlet and Stone

Continued from page Thirty

on the right side). Continue repeating the last 4 rows, decreasing 1 st. at both ends of the next row and every following 4th row until there are 52 sts. on the needle. Break off Castilian wool. With the wrong side of the work facing and using natural wool, continue on these 52 sts. as follows, thus reversing the work:—

1st row—* K. 3, p. 1. Repeat from ** to the end. 2nd row—Purl. Repeat these 2 rows until 3 in. of pattern have been worked, finishing at the end of a p. row. Still keeping the pattern correct, increase 1 st. next to the edge st. at both ends of the next row and every following 8th row until there are 80 sts. on the needle. Continue without further shaping until the sleeve edge (without cuff) measures 18 in., finishing at the end of a p. row. Cast off 16 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. Slip the remaining sts. on to a spare needle. Work another sleeve in the same manner, slipping the sts. on to a spare needle so that all parts correspond.

THE YOKE

With the wrong side of the work facing, slip the sts. from the spare needles on to the circular needle, in the following order: the sleeve, back, second sleeve, and the front. With the right side of the work facing, slip 46 sts. of the front on to the right-hand end of the circular needle, thus bringing the commencement of the round to the centre of the front.

Working backwards and forwards, proceed for the yoke as follows:—

1st row—Using natural wool, and with the right-hand side of the work facing, cast on 3 sts. (for the flap), and working into the back of the cast-on sts., p. to the end of the row, turn.

2nd row—Cast on 3 sts. (for the flap), k. to the end. These two rows form a ridge on the right side of the work. Break off the natural wool. There are now 286 sts. on the needle. Using Castilian wool, proceed as follows:—

1st row—Knit. 2nd row—Purl. 3rd row—Knit. 4th row—Knit. 5th row—K. 3, cast off 2 sts. for a buttonhole, k. to the end.

6th row—P. to the cast-off sts., cast on 2 sts., p. to the end. 7th row—K. 10, ** k. 2 tog., k. 10. Repeat from ** to the last 12 sts., k. 2 tog., k. 10.

8th row—Knit. Repeat the 1st to the 6th row.

15th row—K. 9, ** k. 2 tog., k. 8. Repeat from ** to the last 12 sts., k. 2 tog., k. 10.

16th row—Knit. Repeat from 1st to 6th rows. 23rd row—K. 9, ** k. 2 tog., k. 7. Repeat from ** to the last 11 sts. K. 2 tog., k. 9.

24th row—Knit. Repeat the 1st to 6th row.

31st row—K. 8, ** k. 2 tog., k. 6. Repeat from ** to the last 11 sts., k. 2 tog., k. 9.

32nd row—Knit. Repeat the 1st to 6th row. 39th row—K. 8, ** k. 2 tog., k. 5. Repeat from ** to the last 10 sts., k. 2 tog., k. 8.

40th row—Knit. Repeat the 1st to 6th row. 47th row—K. 7, ** k. 2 tog., k. 4. Repeat from ** to the last 10 sts., k. 2 tog., k. 8.

48th row—Knit. 49th row—Knit.

50th row—Purl. 51st row—Knit.

52nd row—** K. 2, k. 2 tog. Repeat from ** to the end. Cast off loosely.

THE COLLAR

Using Castilian wool and No. 9 needles, cast on 20 sts. Working into the back of the sts. on the 1st row only, proceed as follows:—

1st row—Knit. 2nd row—Purl. 3rd row—Knit. 4th row—Knit. Repeat from these 4 rows until 15 1/2 in. have been worked from the commencement. Cast off loosely.

THE TIE

Using Castilian wool and No. 9 needles, cast on 16 sts. Working into the back of the sts. on the 1st row only, proceed as for the collar, 28 in.

TO MAKE UP

Neatly stitch the right front flap over the left flap. Stitch the cast-off edges of the sleeves to the armhole shaping on the back and front. Omitting the k. 2, p. 2 ribbing, press lightly with a damp cloth and a warm iron.

Sew up the side and sleeve seams and press these. Mark the centre of the collar, place this to the centre of the back of the neck, and stitch to within 1 inch of the front edges. Using natural wool, work one row of d.c. up each side of the front opening and 1 inch of the neck, also one row round the edge of the cuffs, collar and tie.

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WHAT LISTENERS THINK

What do you think of broadcasters at the B.B.C. and Continental stations? What are your views on radio programmes, and how do you think broadcasts could be improved? What do you think of the men who run broadcasting, and what helpful suggestions could you offer? Let us have your views briefly. Every week a letter of outstanding interest will be starred on this page, though not necessarily printed first.

The writer of the starred letter will receive a cheque for one guinea.

All letters must bear the sender's name and address, although a nom de plume may be used for publication. Letters should be as brief as possible and written on one side of the page only. Address to "Star" Letter, "Radio Pictorial," 58-59 Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4.

★ Why Not Britain?

THE B.B.C. have stated that they intend to close the West, London, and North National transmitters, and use the two wavelengths released for new transmitters in north-east England and north-east Scotland. Surely this is a great waste, as each regional station was built as a twin-wave transmitter. These transmitters could be used to provide a second alternative to Droitwich, being synchronised on the same wavelength, as London and West National have been for some time.

The north-east England transmitter could be synchronised with North Regional, and north-east Scotland with Scottish Regional. This arrangement would actually free one wavelength which could be used for a North Wales transmitter, this region at present receiving only an indifferent service.

The B.B.C.—with its 6,429,000 licence holders, representing an audience of about 24,000,000—should serve them with more than two alternatives, at least in the densely populated London, Midland, and Northern Regions. The B.B.C. policy of providing a general programme as an alternative to a specialised high- or low-brow one cannot possibly please everybody. America has three chains with a proposed fourth—so why not Britain?"—R. J. Young, Chesterfield.

This Brass Business

The letter appearing under the heading of "Cutting Out the Brass" in these columns in a recent issue of RADIO PICTORIAL, appears to me to be lacking in the understanding and appreciation of the exploitation of the trumpet and trombone in the modern rhythm orchestra which one might expect from one who is evidently more than a little interested in dance band technique.

Whilst not desiring to deprecate the saxophone in any way, it has struck me rather forcibly that in recent dance recordings, the 'high spots' therein have almost invariably emanated from the members of the brass sections.

The writer referred to can surely have no quarrel with the many brass exponents on the grounds of poor technique or displeasing tone; to hear Lew Davies the famous trombone player, to mention only one instance, playing one of his many beautiful slow solos, is an experience of which I shall not readily tire.

For the Kiddies

Here is the solution to the Quaint Old Drake Crossword Puzzle given last week in RADIO PICTORIAL:

Across.	Down.
1. Drake.	1. Duck.
5. Curb.	2. R.R.R.
6. Acre.	3. Abet.
7. La.	4. Scarf.
8. Tier.	5. C.A.
	7. Le.
	9. In.

"However, I must confess, I agree with Antibrasso's dislike of brass in one respect, and that is 'ultra-hot' trumpet playing, involving an ear-shattering succession of freak high notes, absolutely out of harmony with the back-ground instrumentalists. I still derive remarkably little pleasure from a top C, when the predominant note of the 'backing' is so obviously C sharp!"—*Slidex, Cardiff.*

An Expert Commentary

Mr. Murray Smith's article on running commentaries was very interesting. Your reader's views were entertaining, but I should like to raise a point that is slightly different from the others. I maintain that there has not been a commentator put on the air by the B.B.C. who could be described as ideal. What the public wants is a *running commentary*. What it invariably gets is a *halting one*.

Anyone who heard the relay by the B.B.C. of the Kentucky Derby, can say they heard the ideal running commentary. Two speakers took the actual broadcast. The first must have been an expert at describing scenes. The stands, lawns, flower beds, ladies, gentlemen, crowds, personalities, etc., were put over so vividly that it could be almost seen.

Just before the race the 'mike' was handed over to an expert on horses and horse racing. He told you all about the horses, how they looked, their pedigree, how they behaved on the parade, what the public fancied, and so on. Then you *saw* the race. I say "saw" because the actual race was presented in such a realistic 'word picture' that it reminded one of a colour film of the actual event. There was no pausing and searching for words, no er—er—er's, just one unbroken flow of words from start to finish. When we get that we shall have had our first *running commentary*."—E. Paterson, Norfolk.

The Vocalist

Might I put in a suggestion in connection with the broadcasting of gramophone dance records? The announcer when giving details of a dance record always omits to say who the vocalist is and as this information is always stated on the label, I suggest it might be an improvement if he did mention it."—Irma Mollet, Chiswick, W.4.

Private Budgets

A series of talks by married people of varying incomes, giving us intimate details of their expenditure on food, clothes, recreations, educa-

tion of children and so on, would be both usefully instructive and entertaining. They might begin with a man on the 'doe,' followed by people with incomes of £200, £300, £500, £750, £1,000 and £5,000, the series being wound up by a millionaire, if one could be found to broadcast, even anonymously.

"What a revelation these talks would be, and what a valuable social document they would form if permanent records were kept of them."—Frank Bailey, Staffordshire.

The National Anthem

It seems rather strange to me that the B.B.C. has not adapted the idea of ending their programmes every evening at midnight with the national anthem. Surely it would make a better finish, if it were only a record, played by one of our many military bands. It would only take two or three minutes to play and wouldn't mean much inconvenience, whether played before or after midnight. Nearly all the continental stations end their programmes in this way, so why not our stations in England?"—N. H. Allen, Birmingham.

Too Much Dance Music?

(Continued from page Ten)

At the same time I hurry on to say that other musicians have spoken to me about it. I do not claim to have discovered something that everyone else has missed. I merely seem to be the first or one of the first, to say so in print.

I have chosen RADIO PICTORIAL as a medium for the expression of such a sentiment because I know its readers are interested in dance music.

An hour's recital by a dance band might begin with a prelude, followed by two fox-trots, a waltz, a tango, and a one-step. Then an interlude, followed much in the same manner. A postlude to wind up with.

There is such a chance for something really artistic in the idea. The old forms of the minuet and trio, or the gavotte and musette, might return to popularity. Or the polka or the mazurka.

Nobody wants to *dance* these things nowadays. Neither am I suggesting it. I merely advocate their use as preludes, interludes, and postludes to relieve the monotony of the present dance rhythms.

A minuet is a lovely rhythm. So is a mazurka. You can imagine how well Henry Hall's Band would play either, if scored carefully and artistically in the modern fashion.

Rhythm does matter. Thus my plea for these preludes, interludes, and postludes. I put the suggestion before our dance-band leaders. I should like some of them to write to RADIO PICTORIAL and give their views.

Harvest Festival

By The Rev. JAMES WALL, M.A.

Precentor of Durham Cathedral

him to further kindnesses.

It oils the wheels of ordinary social intercourse; it is a debt we owe to our neighbour. Still more do we owe it to God. We all have so many things to be thankful for: our very existence, our health and food; our powers of producing things beautiful and of ser-

vice to ourselves and others; colours and warmth; even our trials and disasters, for they often bring us more readily into touch with the things that are not seen. And when we come to the less substantial, yet substantial, qualities of beauty, truth, and goodness, and our powers of expressing ourselves in terms of them, we could go on for ever.

It is thus that I would invite you to hold your own harvest festival; thanking God for all that you have and are; always remembering that even gratitude is mere lip-service and worthless, unless it expresses itself in appropriate action.

This address was broadcast by Canon Wall from Radio-Normandy at 4.15 p.m. last Sunday. Another "Thought" next week.



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Even if you have all the cares of a household on your shoulders, you needn't lose your looks. Work and worry only affect you because you take nothing to counteract them.

If you find yourself giving way to worry, find your looks going, your nerves getting "jumpy," take a glass of Wincarnis at 11.30, another in the afternoon, and one before you go to bed. The very first night you will sleep better than you have for years, and wake up refreshed and reinvigorated. Your nerves will trouble you no more. In a few days your looks will begin to come back.

For Wincarnis, which has the vitamins and strength-giving elements of beef and malt extracts added to the valuable properties of the purest wine, actually creates rich, new blood. It soothes jaded nerves and builds up fresh strength. Over 20,000 recommendations have been received from medical men for anaemia, weakness, debility, and a host of other troubles. Try it to-day.

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Formula which saved a life

When a man whose father died of stomach ulcers has been X-rayed and found to have the same disease; when he is ordered, if he wishes to live, to take nothing but milk and to go to bed for eight weeks; and then he finds a wonderful remedy which, as he says, "saved his life and made a new man of him in three weeks," can you wonder he wants others to know about it?

That is why Mr. J. H. J., of Sutton, has written this letter:

"I had very bad pains in the stomach—and at Hospital I had an X-ray and was told I had stomach ulcer. They told me to go to bed for eight weeks and have just milk. I told the doctor I could not go to bed as business was bad. I was told to try Maclean Brand Stomach Powder which I did and am still taking it. I have not had pain for over three weeks, and feel first class. Your wonderful powder has not only made me a new man, but has saved my life."

In view of the thousands of cases like this, why does anybody go on suffering from indigestion without giving a trial to this marvellous Maclean Brand Stomach Powder with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose, but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles in cartons of Powder or Tablets.

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Send this coupon in an unsealed envelope, bearing 1d. stamp, to RADIO PICTORIAL Shopping Guide, 58-61 Petter Lane, E.C.4.

CHRISTMAS is a-coming, and part of the present problem is solved if, instead of buying your gifts, you get them free from the proprietors of Fry's Cocoa. All you have to do is to save the coupons from your Fry's Cocoa or Malted Milk Cocoa with Eggs. As few as nine will bring you your first gift. Send for the complete Gift List—it also contains a free start-off coupon. **89**

EVERY owner of a gramophone is missing an opportunity if he has not tried the Lingraphone method of learning a new language. It's so easy to learn in your own home, from native professors; and what new interest and pleasure it gives to travel, reading, and listening-in. Send for a free 28-page book about this quick, new and easy way of learning languages of particular interest to radio listeners. **90**

THERE are people who are unhappy without knowing why, people who think themselves failures because they are wasting their talents. The Pelman Institute sets out to cure lack of self-confidence and show sensitive and timid people how to attain moral courage, confidence and all those qualities which help to build up character and lead to success. Pelmanism is fully described in a book called "The Science of Success," which will be sent you free of charge on request together with particulars of the Pelman course. **91**

In Search of Stars

Continued from page three

Mr. Webster asked him if he knew the singer. "Certainly—I'll introduce you," was the reply. However, when Mr. Webster suggested that Miss Lee should broadcast dance numbers, she protested that she had never sung them at all before an audience, and that she could not possibly face such an ordeal.

But Martyn Webster can be both persuasive and persistent, and the radio public eventually heard and approved of Mary Lee. Her accompanist was another of Mr. Webster's protégés—Ronald Hill, a 23-year-old pianist, who writes songs and revues, several of which have been broadcast. He has lately been acting as vocalist in Dare Lea's Band, a new combination now occasionally broadcasting from London. They have made three films and broadcast at regular intervals. The Midland Regional Productions' Director gave them their first chance in a relay of "First Time Here" from the Birmingham studios.

"At any rate, tell me if you have made any more discoveries as a result of your three hundred recent auditions in the Midlands," I suggested.

"After a great struggle, we have reduced the 'possibles' to about twenty," he smiled. "Most of them are very young, and will require careful development. There's a very clever young pianist, who should come to the fore as a composer; a straight singer who may prove a riot as a crooner; one or two university students who will make a name in the entertainment world, and two 17-year-olds who might easily achieve stardom before they are out of their teens."

This Sunday's Pompeian Star Programme

From Radio Luxembourg, 1304 Metres
October 21st, 3-3.30 p.m.

Features

Nancy Burne

the well-known revue star, who will be introduced to you by Lady Charles Cavendish (Adele Astaire). This sparkling Pompeian Entertainment is supported by Fred Hartley's Orchestra. Don't miss this week's Special Offer!

Next Sunday, October 28, Lady Charles Cavendish (Adele Astaire) will introduce Jeanne de Casalis

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Listen to the Gordon Mackay Concerts from Radio Luxembourg, (1,304 metres) next Sunday, October 21.

Paris (Poste Parisien) 312 metres, Monday, October 22, 10.45 p.m.

Radio Normandy, 206 metres, Saturday, October 27, 12.15 a.m.

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Tommy Handley, Clapham and Dwyer in a "Spot of Bother" on the links.

HIGH SPOTS of the PROGRAMMES

ANOTHER Scrap-book on the way, 1918 this time. Charles Brewer asked me to send a message to you. If any of you were members of the Rouge et Noir Concert Party, or the Bow Bells, or the Diamond Troupe, the Emma Gees, or Verey Lights, all of which were performing in the British Expeditionary Force in 1918, will you drop him a line at once? He wants to hear from you.

♦ ♦ ♦

Midlanders ought to hear *Thread o' Scarlet*, a play by J. J. Bell. They will get it from the Northampton Rep. Theatre on the 27th. I hear it is particularly good.

Welsh listeners will be interested in what they tell me is an echo of the National Eisteddfod on October 25. The Neath Male Harmonic Society choir will sing and the whole broadcast will have a national flavour about it.

♦ ♦ ♦

Northerners may hear the Felling Male Voice Choir on the 24th. I hear this choir is good. It is to broadcast from the Methodist Church, North Shields.

♦ ♦ ♦

Have you heard the Minnehaha Amateur Nigger Minstrels? They are well known in the district of Manchester. The troupe is about sixty strong—all males, including several boys. Their programme, which is to come from the North Regional studios on the 23rd, will include coon songs with banjo accompaniment, and also a number of comedy sketches.

Belfast is to get Val Gielgud's play, *Friday Morning*, on the 19th. Try following it with the text as published in RADIO PICTORIAL a few weeks ago.

Key to Commander King-Hall's Children's News Motto on page 13

On Saturday the competitors in the great air race from London to Melbourne take off from Mildenhall. There are two races—one for the fastest flight and one handicap race, and they are being held as part of the celebrations to mark the hundredth birthday of Victoria, which I hope you know is in the south-eastern corner of Australia.

STEPHEN KING-HALL.

I wonder whether I can interest you in the *Mass of Life* by Delius? You will get it at 8.30 on the 24th from Queen's Hall, conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham. The singers are Stiles-Allen, Olga Hale, Francis Russell, Hermann Nissen, and the Philharmonic Choir. I was deeply impressed when I first heard it. Not everybody's music, I admit, but it is a great work and should not be passed by entirely. I imagine you will be pleasantly surprised.

Incidentally, Sir Thomas Beecham will be heard—at least, the result of his being there will be heard—on November 1 in a Philharmonic Society's concert when Jan Smeterlin will be the soloist. That will be a topping concert.

♦ ♦ ♦

Are you interested in *American Points of View*? That is the title of a series of talks arranged for Sunday evenings. You may have heard the first two. The others are on November 4 and 18, and December 2, 16, and 30.

RONDO.

Ethel Bartlett and Rae Robertson

Continued from page Fifteen

They realised they were not doing anything new at all. In the days of Mozart and Beethoven, playing on two pianos was thought a great deal of. The practice had declined. That was all. Naturally they have realised since that syncopated music for two pianos is a modern idea but it has nothing to do with what they were doing.

On one of their American tours they were playing a piece called "The Poisoned Fountain." In fairly remote places, where people did not understand music so well as in the greater cities, Mr. Robertson used to make a short explanation of the intent of the work before they played it. He told the audiences that his part represented the rippling of the water of the fountain, whereas that of his wife indicated the creeping of the poisoned snakes in the water. This succeeded very well until one morning the pianists were surprised to read headlines in the local newspaper. They were as follows:

WIFE DOES STRANGE THINGS ON A PIANO

Husband does the bubbling:

Wife does the creeping and crawling.

Many of the American notices referred to them as "Bartlett and Robertson" as though they had been Clapham and Dwyer or Fortnum and Mason! Every third notice talked about "two minds that think alike," or "two hearts that beat as one."

When they are learning a new work, and it is a case of getting hold of the notes, they hold



He's in "In Town To-night"—Jack O'Brien, a London sewerman, who broadcast his experiences.

a council over breakfast. Mr. Robertson asks his wife what her programme is for the day. If she says she is going to do some shopping in the West End, he says he is going to take the opportunity of learning his part while she is out. Later on in the day she does the same thing while he is out. The next morning they meet in their studio more or less prepared to work together.

Their home is delightful; a reflection of their refined minds. The pictures on the walls of their studio are nearly all presents from the artists. Mrs. Robertson's portrait has been painted four times and hung in the Academy four years in succession. She is now sitting for the fifth.

As they play together in work, so they play together in the sense of recreation. They are keen swimmers.

Such is this true story of real romance of a completely happy union. Mr. Robertson is a Scot by birth and an M.A. of Edinburgh. Mrs. Robertson is a native of London. They are here in London until two days after Christmas, their first in England for six years.

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3. FLORENCE DESMOND	8. JACK PAYNE
4. HENRY HALL	9. HARRY ROY
5. CHARLIE KUNZ	10. ANONA WINN

Name.....

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1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10.

[BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE]

Fill in your name and address and send to us immediately in an open envelope with a ½d. stamp fixed.

We will then reserve your album complete with eight autographed portraits. At the foot of page 36 in this issue "Album 2." will be found the album coupon.

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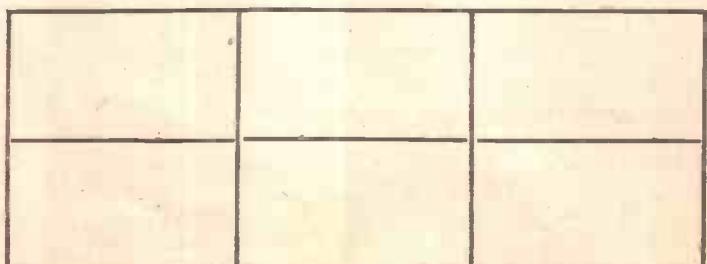


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