

LES ALLEN TELLS YOU ABOUT HIS PLANS

RADIO PICTORIAL

CONTINENTAL PROGRAMMES
FOR ENGLISH
LISTENERS



3^D
EVERY
FRIDAY

Writing in this issue:

- DUDLEY CLARK LESLIE BAILY
- FREDERICK GRISEWOOD
- J. MURRAY SMITH
- GODFREY WINN
- CAPTAIN WAKELAM

PAT PATERSON

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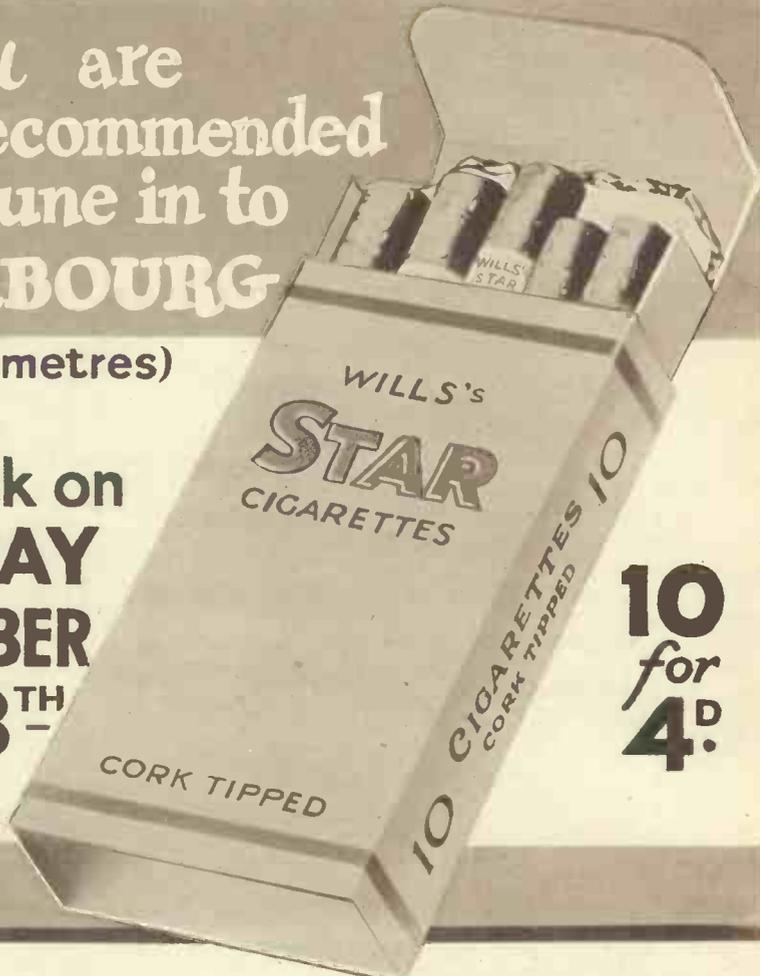
Helen GILLILAND

who broadcast the title rôle in "Our Miss Gibbs" last Wednesday. Listeners will be delighted to welcome her home from America, where she has been since March



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BREATHEABLE TABLETS

Everybody is asking what Les Allen intends to do now that he has left the B.B.C. Here he gives a special message to "Radio Pictorial" readers, and describes his plans

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Editor KENNETH ULLYETT



And now the Films!

Now that he has left the B.B.C., Les Allen is free to go on the films, and already he has been snapped up by an enterprising film producer.

Production commenced last week of the new Gainsborough film, "The Code," which will bring Les Allen, Britain's radio favourite crooner, to the screen for the first time. Also appearing and making her first picture under contract is Anna Lee, who is Les' "romantic interest" in the film. They should make a very appealing team.

organisation and including such fine artists as Warings' Pennsylvanians.

I was very impressed with some aspects of American broadcasting on this return trip and I was pressed to broadcast. My passage on the boat had been booked, however, and I did not want to break the promise I had made to be back in time for a Saturday Guest Night show at the B.B.C.

My brother-in-law met me on the quay side and told me of the big plan which had been suggested whereby I could tour the country and so satisfy the curiosity of those millions of listeners who want to see what a real broadcaster looks like.

Now it has all been fixed up. By the time you are reading this I shall already have met thousands of listener friends in Brighton and probably in London, too.

Then I shall be touring through Birmingham, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Newcastle, and many other towns on a route which will be definitely fixed up within the next few days.

Although I am actually going from studio to stage, I am not leaving B.B.C. studio conditions behind me. I know that people want to see how this broadcasting is done and so I am singing with a supporting combination of my own which has a distinct B.B.C. flavour.

Two of the boys are definitely "captures," as they, too, have been with B.B.C. dance orchestras.

BROADCASTING brings you many friends—more friends than outside listeners could possibly imagine.

When I was at the B.B.C. I used to find waiting for me every morning an enormous pile of correspondence from listeners in every part of the country. It was nearly always a superhuman job answering every one of these personally, which I have always tried to do.

Immediately I decided to leave the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra, I was inundated with letters from friends asking what I intended to do. The post bag has grown out of all bounds, and although I am still hoping to keep pace with it, I want to take this opportunity of thanking, through RADIO PICTORIAL, those listeners who wrote to me.

First, I must tell you that there is quite a romantic story behind my decision to leave the B.B.C.

It started just after the amazingly successful Radiolympia show, when listeners for the first time were able to see the B.B.C. dance orchestras in the flesh.

I was asked by a well-known figure in the theatrical world how I felt now that I had appeared on the stage, not only at a Royal Command Performance, but at the London Palladium and Olympia. The suggestion was made that I might now care to make the change over from studio to stage; but I had something more thrilling in mind.

I was off to Canada and home in only a day or two's time!

Now I Have Left the B.B.C. . . by Les ALLEN

Preparations for this rapid transatlantic dash to see my relations and friends at home (and, incidentally, to broadcast from Toronto) made it impossible for me to consider the hint dropped by the theatrical magnate.

I asked my brother-in-law to follow up the suggestion and cable me if it really did seem a sound policy to leave the seclusion of the B.B.C. studios and to go touring all over the country.

Some people said, "Ah, now Les has gone back home to Canada for a short while he will be scooped up by the Canadian or American broadcasters and we shan't have him at the B.B.C. any more."

Which might have been true but for the fact that I had so little time to spare in Canada that I could make only one broadcast, and that I was pressed to do for sentimental reasons.

I made a flying trip to New York (incidentally in very different circumstances from the last New York trip I made several years ago at the start of my career, when I was practically penniless and living on 25 cents a day), and I heard several sponsored programmes in action—really important sponsored programmes, given chiefly by the Ford

Cyril Helier, the famous violinist of the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra, is my fiddle player.

Jackie Phillips, undoubtedly one of the finest dance-band pianists in the country, comes to me from the B.B.C.

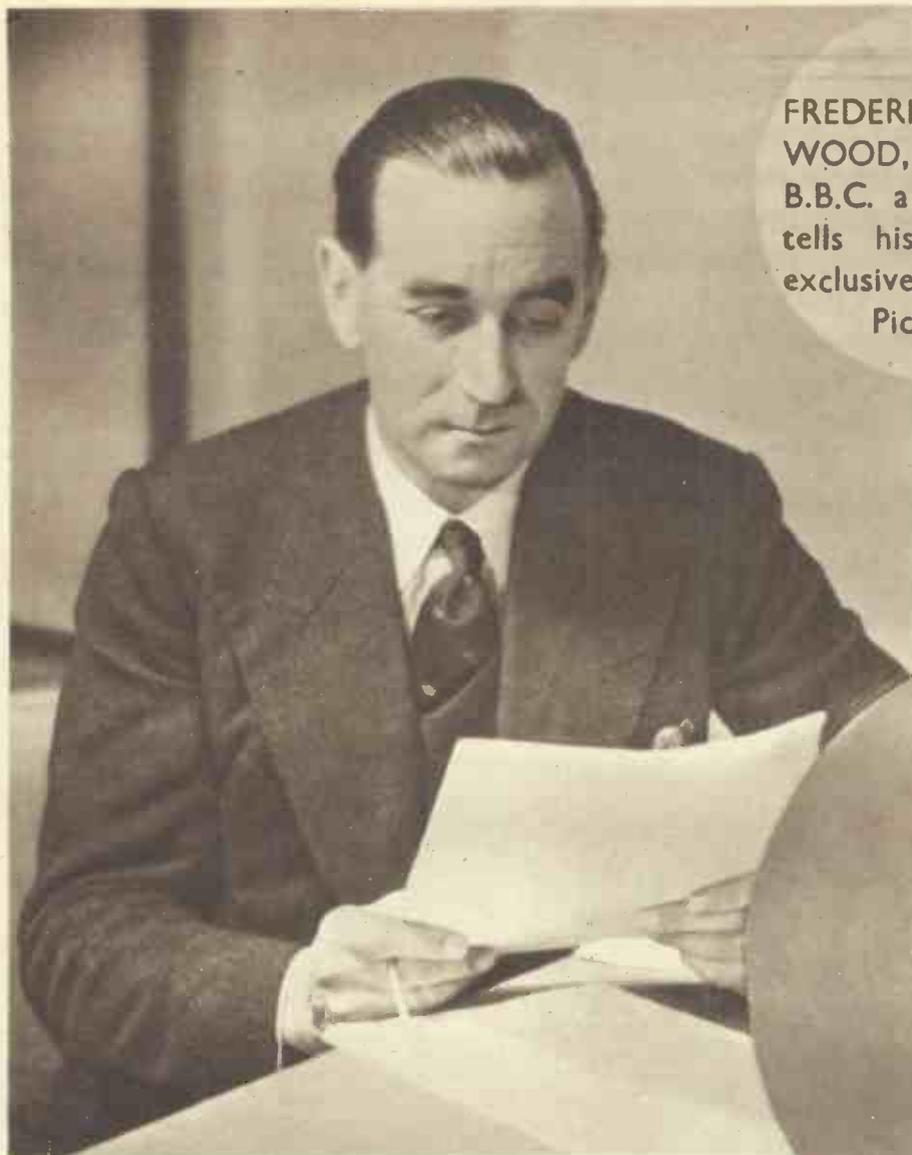
My guitar player is Wallie Chapman, who is very well known to radio and gramophone record lovers for his guitar work. He specialises in both the Spanish and Hawaiian music.

I have a "find" in my trumpet player, Dick Johns, as two years ago he was a member of one of the Guards bands. He has a very sweet tone, gives a fine rhythmic interpretation, and will, I think, complete this quartet of broadcasting favourites in a way you will all like.

Well there you are. I am looking forward more than I can tell you to making this big tour. It has needed not a little courage and at the moment I am working about twenty-three hours out of the twenty-four.

But it is great fun!

Les Allen



FREDERICK GRISEWOOD, the popular B.B.C. announcer, tells his life story exclusively in "Radio Pictorial."

Here an announcer tells what happened

When the
B.B.C. Lost
J. B. PRIESTLEY'S
Talk!



A new portrait of Mr. Grisewood (circle), and (left) a B.B.C. Studio photograph

OUR days at Savoy Hill were rapidly drawing to a close. The old 2LO transmitter on the top of Selfridge's was doomed. Already at Brookman's Park the two new London Transmitters were taking shape—until the day came when our first official tests were made from there.

These tests entailed a certain amount of extra work for us. In the small hours of the morning one or other of us held lengthy seances with the Gershom Parkington Quintet.

They discoursed sweet music, and in the intervals while they rested—for even the Gershom Parkington Quintet must rest occasionally—one of us would read long passages from "Jorrock's," or such literary works the copyright of which had expired.

But "Jorrock's" was our favourite; we got to know him intimately during those night watches—and I should not be surprised if, even to-day, those of us who remain from that time, could quote him quite fluently from memory.

On one occasion the lines between Savoy Hill and Brookman's Park failed, and I was rushed out there with all possible speed in a motor-car which had certainly not come straight from a show stand at Olympia.

We got there eventually—there must have been a special providence looking after us that night, and I was ushered into the great square building. Brookman's Park is one of the most impressive places I have ever seen.

That night it seemed like some flight of imagination from the film "Metropolis." It is the embodiment of latent power—the great central hall, the shining

panels, the monster dynamos that hum ceaselessly without a tremor, the towering masts—an engineer or two wandering nonchalantly about performing all sorts of magic as if it were the simplest and most matter-of-fact affair in the world—all combined to bring home to me an overwhelming sense of the importance of broadcasting.

I felt a very small cog in the machine as I sat before a hastily rigged microphone in a half-finished room and read my nightly ration from Mr. Jorrock's.

There were other signs of the times beside Brookman's Park—other nails in the Savoy Hill coffin.

We began to look outside our nine studios for something sufficiently large to house our Orchestra—which had assumed its present proportions.

No. 10 studio came into existence, and we had to trot, programme board in hand, over Waterloo Bridge—down a flight of stone stairs which at first sight looked like an area to a private house, under a sinister-looking archway, until we came to a large door over which was an illuminated sign—B.B.C. No. 10 Studio.

It was true Edgar Wallace country here, and one felt that one ought to be "packing a gat" in case of trouble.

By this time, too, Portland Place began to be more than a rumour. The foundations were dug, and gradually that great white ship—Broadcasting House—in which we now live and

have our being, was launched to sail majestically down Upper Regent Street.

In our spare moments we used to go up there and wander round the skeleton studios and wonder how on earth we were ever going to find our way about once it was finished.

Those transition days were certainly exciting.

We started with the Control Room—that was essential, of course, as that is the heart of the building. Then the top studio at Broadcasting House was tested, approved and brought into use.

Henry Hall made his debut there, and after him came the Wireless Military Band.

And so gradually, almost imperceptibly, the change from Savoy Hill to Broadcasting House was made, until finally we bumped our heads for the last time against the shutters that guarded the entrance to our old home. Perhaps it is sentiment that has kept me away from there, but I have never been back since. Occasionally on a journey to No. 10 I have caught a glimpse of it from the Strand above, and it has seemed dead and forlorn.

And so we have increased in habitation—in
(Continued on page 35)

The Life Story of a Chief Announcer

"MR. JETSAM" *at home*

FIRST of all, you had better learn how to pronounce his surname. It is not *Mc-Each-ern* at all. It is *McEckr'n*. However, Jetsam will do for the moment.

He lives in Hendon. His home strikes one as being that of a happy family man. The lobby—well, if you took notice of everything in the lobby you would stay there half the night. There are dozens of Savage Club menus on the walls signed by everyone you can possibly think of in the theatre world. It is really an amazing collection. And Jetsam is very proud of it.

We were invited into the *Study-pingpongroom*. That is what it is called. Jetsam studies in it when he gets a chance, which is when Bob, his thirteen-year old son, is *not* there. When he is, it is a case of "Come on, dad. Let's have a game."

Three gramophones. Two plain and one spot. In other words, two ordinary winder-uppers and one radiogram. A piano, of course. Which reminds us that Mrs. McEachern is a pianist. Just as well, for Malcolm never sings anything in public she has not heard first. And if he doesn't sing it as she told him to, she tells him something else!

He admits she is his wise counsellor in all matters relating to those low B flats. Jetsam can get lower than that. He told us that when he has a cold he can very nearly sing the bottom note in the piano.



There is a curio in that study. Very attractive it is, too. A lovely cabinet, built in the shape of a Chinese Pagoda in handsome carved mahogany. If Jetsam misses that cabinet one night he will know who has got it. It was given him by the Vocalion Company. No, there is no gramophone in it. *It is now a cocktail cabinet.*

There is a garden, of course. A very nice garden. Bob has his cricket pitch and "Dad" has to play when required. To tell the truth, there has been trouble over that in the Jetsam household. The pitch has become so worn that Mrs. Jetsam has seeded it. They ceded it first, though.

Football is, therefore, forbidden this season. Highbury Park if they like, but not on the private Oval.

Both Jetsam and his wife are Australian born. Bob is London born—and proud of it. "You can have your Bradman, dad," he says. "We'll beat you yet." He hasn't quite so much to say about that this year, but he says he is English, no matter whether he is born of Australian parents or not. He ought to know, of course.

Mr. and Mrs. McEachern were married in February, 1916.

Mac toured with Melba. She thought a great deal of his voice. Well she might, for few basses can equal his tone. Despite the fact that he is a sort of double-bass, he can take high notes. One night, on tour, he deputised for the tenor who was ill and soared up to a top A flat. He admits to having a range of three complete octaves which of course, is very, very exceptional. Two and a half is all most singers can boast.

Jetsam is a keen golfer. He has a handicap of *three*, we may inform you. He says, however, that it is all he can do to live up to it.

His boy has taken a fancy to riding and Jetsam is thinking of going out to Moor Park or Chorleywood—or somewhere in that district—so that Bob can get some good riding.

We asked whether Jetsam jun. was likely to be a singer. "Not trying to find out," said Jetsam. "I want him to have something at his back *in case he sings*. You never heard of a carpenter being out of work. In these days I believe in a youngster learning to do something with his hands. If he sings after *that*, he is welcome!"

So our Jetsam is a bit of a philosopher. He is a lively soul and a great favourite with his confrères, both at the B.B.C. and on the stage. He is gradually returning to his bigger style in singing, of which we are very glad. His is too fine a voice to waste on trifles, even though they are clever trifles.



He loves singing at home. "Mr. Jetsam" (Malcolm McEachern) with "Mrs. Jetsam" at the piano. Malcolm never sings anything in public she has not heard first



Alec MacGill and Gwen Vaughan, that famous broadcasting pair, are caught by our cameraman at work in their study. "Gwen Vaughan," is, of course Mrs. MacGill, and she helps hubby prepare the radio numbers, as you see here

At the conclusion of the concert the Philharmonic Choir shouted for their trainer, Kennedy Scott, who seems very popular. He made a short speech, but I am rather doubtful whether the audience as a whole realised he is the father of Scott of the England-Melbourne air race.

A Bit Lost

I saw Henry Hall a day or two ago and inquired how he liked being down at the Wharf Studio. He seemed a little doubtful. He said he loved the studio but the band felt a bit lost in it. He agreed with me that a spot of resonance behind his band was all to the good, but I imagined from what he said, he would like something a little smaller. No doubt the authorities will find the right thing for him eventually.

Sleeping Beauty

News about Olive Groves—she is to be a Principal Girl in pantomime this Christmas—*Sleeping Beauty* at the Opera House, Manchester. This is the first time a principal girl has been chosen from the ranks of radio stars, and I hear that Olive's salary is well over three figures. The Principal Boy in the panto is Binnie Barnes.

John-of-the-Shows

John Sharman is busy preparing for his winter Music-Halls. I mustn't tell you the names of all the artists up to the end of the year because that isn't fair. But I saw the engagement book and I can tell you that he has been after everyone of note in the vaudeville world.

“Newsmonger's”
RADIO GOSSIP

“They Learn Their Job”

HAVE you spotted the new announcers? There are two, Pascoe Thornton and J. McDermott, who are walking round with Stuart Hibberd and Freddie Grisewood, learning their job. They have made a few brief announcements, but I do not expect to hear them reading the news for a week or two.

Pascoe Thornton is a radio actor, and we have heard his voice before in Peter Creswell shows. Announcing becomes more arduous every day, and the new boys are additions to the regular staff.

Studio, Stage and Screen

Les Allen is to appear in films, as you read on page 3, and three famous American song writers, Maurice Sigler, Al Hoffman, and Albert Goodheart, the authors of the phenomenally successful, “Little Man, You've Had a Busy Day,” have been engaged by Gaumont-British to write special numbers for him. Les is to appear in *The Code*, a new musical extravaganza now in production at the Gainsborough Studios at Islington. Appearing with him are Anna Lee, Albert Burdon, Vera Pearce, and Cyril Maude.

Walking the Plank

Just before the sets for *The Code* were constructed in the studio, a strange ritual took place. With the studio absolutely clear, and all floor equipment stored away and the whole place looking deserted and empty, a sound engineer and two assistants suddenly appeared.

Lining up one behind the other they started to “walk the plank,” as it were. Up and down the studio they went, each time on a different piece of the floor very much like a gardener with a grass mower. One behind the other they trod slowly and heavily, stopping to listen, covering the same strip again, and so on right across the studio floor.

The Black Spot

These men were merely searching carefully for those parts of the floor that “creak,” usually at the wrong time, when a sound shot is being made, invariably spoiling that “take.”

They chalked the spots where the creaks occurred and a carpenter set about the task of silencing a creak, a passionate pastime which cannot be repeated more than once a year, when the studio floor is absolutely clear. It's a ten to one chance that a visitor to the studio will almost invariably stand on a piece of flooring that lets out a nasty creak right in the middle of a “take.”

It is a trifle embarrassing for the guest to have fifty technicians, five or six stars, and lots of other “big shots” all turn to look at the “monster” who has ruined the “take.” Hark ye and tread ye lightly in future!

A Delius Occasion

There was great excitement in Queen's Hall at the performance of the Delius *Mass of Life*. Most of London's musicians were present. I saw Sir Henry Wood sitting in the circle with one of his daughters. He had a score on his knee and he worked as hard, very nearly, as Sir Thomas Beecham, who conducted it. He had a pencil going the whole time. Sir Thomas himself was suffering—very much, I fear—from gout. He walked in very slowly and rested in between the sections. As he got down from the rostrum he was assisted by Roy Henderson, on whom he leaned heavily.

A Bouquet of Roses

Mrs. Delius sat just in front of me. A sweet old lady with white curling hair and an extremely beautiful expression on her face. Just before the concert began a large bouquet of roses arrived for her. I imagine it was sent by the chorus of the Philharmonic Choir. At all events, they applauded heartily as the attendant handed it to her. She waved it in return.

There should be some really good shows. He told me he had been making extensive inquiries in the country, Ireland especially, regarding these shows, and had been assured he was on the right lines. Whereat he seemed greatly comforted. John takes everything in dead earnest.

Rupert and Elsie

I had a very pleasant chat with Rupert Hazell and Elsie Day in St. George's Hall. There are very few broadcasters I have not met, but I made the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Hazell for the first time. They have been in Australia. They were telling me how wonderful it is to hear England on the short waves out there. They heard the King's speech last Christmas and were absolutely thrilled by it.

True Tact

They had also been in India. Mr. Hazell said that Calcutta the local station was under the care of a very polite Hindoo. Europeans are catered for, but they generally listen to England. Most of the local work is native. This Hindoo knew Rupert and Elsie were comedians, so he thought it would be polite to be amused at everything they said.

He began formally. Something like this: “And you like broadcasting from the big Broadcasting

“Christopher Stone Calling—”

This popular broadcaster now conducts this weekly feature in “Radio Pictorial”

I NEED hardly remind you that there will be very much less dance music than usual in the Radio-Luxembourg programmes on Sunday; for Armistice Day with its associations of tragedy for many listeners demands that if there is to be gaiety at all it must be that gaiety of the well-remembered marching songs and ballads which are inseparably tinged with an emotion much deeper than the deepest laughter.

Debroy Somers and Billy Cotton are well in the picture; for they have vivid war memories of their own and can recapture the authentic spirit of old Comrades' Reunions such as are being held all over the country at this season; and there and here among the gramophone records in the day's programmes are many of the best-known Armistice records of previous years.

The fine library of records at Luxembourg is supplemented every month with the latest productions of the recording companies, and it is evident from correspondence that a good many listeners would like to trace the catalogue numbers of some of the records that are broadcast.

May I take this chance of saying that if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed with any inquiries of this kind I shall always be glad to supply the information, and that my address is 10a Soho Square, London, W.1?



At the same time listeners are not always very sure whether they hear gramophone records or direct broadcasts. The delightful “Old Music Hall” Programme of last Sunday, for instance, was actually on records, one of which, Regal-Zonophone MR1435, is already on sale. The other half of that programme will be issued by Regal-Zonophone on December 1.

As for the guessing competition for Radio Celebrities which the Star Cigarette people have been running in connection with cigarette cards and an album, these have proved harder to identify than many enthusiastic radiolists (who started off with a “much too easy” snort of derision) expected. My own singing of Stanford's “Johnnie” defeated all but six of the competitors, and I fancy that none of these will survive with anything like full marks for the other programmes.

Last Sunday's record by the Two Leslies will be issued next week by Rex records.

But who cares? The great point is that so very many people evidently enjoyed the strain of guessing.

Christopher Stone

House, yes?” Mr. Hazell said he liked it very much. At which the Hindoo roared with laughter. If Rupert had told him he had just lost his mother the Hindoo would have felt he should laugh. Neither of them dared say anything really funny for fear the worthy station director would burst a bloodvessel.

Pretty Busy

Counting the new men, eight announcers are working on home programmes, and they are kept pretty busy. Travelling between the various studios around town takes time, and the job itself becomes more intricate as it gets more interesting. The extension of the news to half an hour taxes the voice, and all gramophone recitals have to be handled now that Christopher Stone has gone to Luxembourg.

But there is a move in the right direction. The powers that be have at last decided that announcers should specialise. So if a man has the right touch with variety programmes he is encouraged to develop his style and leave the epilogues to the other fellow.

They Will Not Fade

Mrs. Webb-Smith can take a holiday this week. Her services will not be needed to tend the lovely flowers which decorate the studios at Broadcasting House. Flanders poppies will take their place.

Mrs. Webb-Smith chooses and arranges the fresh blooms which are renewed twice a week and never look faded. In the B.B.C. even engineers have an eye for horticultural beauty, and this week gardeners have been planting flowering shrubs in the beds at Droitwich!

The World Will Listen . . .

The world will listen on Christmas Day when the King speaks to his people from his own fireside at Sandringham. Laurence Gilliam, the young man who specialises in “actuality” programmes, is again arranging the afternoon feature. Two years ago when His Majesty first gave a Christmas message, greetings were exchanged between the home country and Britons overseas.

Last year an impression of typical British Christmas parties was transmitted to the Empire, and this year the process is to be reversed. We shall hear Christmas being celebrated in the bush and on the ranch.

A Christmas Day Romance

We grow blasé in these days when it is a common experience to hear voices speaking across the world, but I still find cause for wonder in this Christmas programme. Call it sentimental, if you like; the idea of the Empire sitting down to

listen while the ether oozes goodwill is thrilling to me.

On Christmas Day that box of tricks in the corner is going to invite me to join parties in Canada, Australia, Africa, India, and, maybe, on ships at sea. And all in the space of an hour.

B.B.C. Monocles

There are more monocles about the B.B.C. in the provinces than at Broadcasting House. John Sutthery, who left town to become Programme Director in the West Region, is going to Belfast. Like Percy Edgar, at Birmingham, John carries an eyeglass. It will be the only one at the Northern Ireland headquarters of broadcasting.

R. A. Rendall takes John Sutthery's place as West Regional Programme Director, and his office will be at Bristol. It is hard to keep pace with changes at the B.B.C. in these days.

Producer Sam

Every producer likes to handle a successful play, and *The Great Adventure* is the “plum” of the dramatic list this winter. S. A. M. Bulloch will be in charge when the show is broadcast next month, and the choice of the Northern Ireland producer for the Arnold Bennett comedy proves that Val Gielgud is anxious to give the provincial lads a good break.

And they deserve it. Sam Bulloch is steeped in radio. He was the vicar in the original production of *The Flowers Are Not For You to Pick*, and he plays golf, cricket and hockey as well as he acts. He is the only man I know who has twice holed out in one.

A fellow with that kind of luck deserves all he gets!

A Radio Convert

Foster Richardson is one of our most versatile radio stars—song recitals, oratorios, revues, Children's Hour. . . . Yet once he was antagonistic to broadcasting.

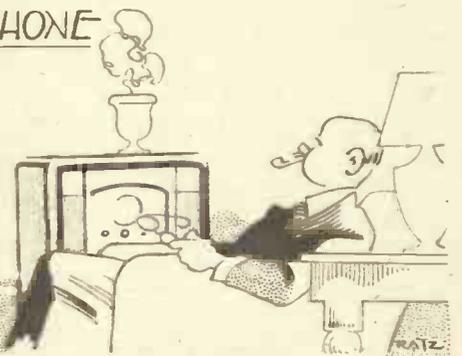
“When broadcasting began,” he told me, “the gramophone companies looked upon it as competition to their interests, and put a ban on their artists. I was entirely in sympathy with the ban. Soon, however, it became apparent that broadcasting was an aid to gramophone companies and they lifted the ban.

“But I was still stubborn! I maintained that if I broadcast no one would buy my records! I wrote letters to newspapers about it, thoroughly running down the B.B.C.!

“Then one summer I was at Eastbourne, singing, and a B.B.C. official cornered me and asked why I wouldn't broadcast. I told him that after what I'd said about them I should have thought the B.B.C. would not want me, but he convinced me that just the opposite was really the case! So I made my first broadcast—and I've never been sorry!”

BEHIND THE MICROPHONE

The Altruist



I know you'd like my Uncle Pete;
His disposition's awful sweet.
In fact, a truer altruist
Never gave a knob a twist.
The pleasure of his fellow-men
Was upmost in his thoughts, then, when
He packed his second collar-stud,
And hid him forth, to do some good.
He did—for one you used to dread
Now drapes a halo round his head!

Pete went to King's Cross, it transpired,
And, after tea and cakes, he wired
Fixing up the time and place

To meet his victim face to face!
This chap was gentle as a doe,
(The B.B.C. had made him so)
That's why he didn't make excuses,
But went, and after Pete's abuses,
Sat down with quite an Oxford “Ouch!”
And gently expired, on the couch!
Now, Uncle isn't hard to please,
So that same night, in slippers ease,
He plugged his set in, at the wall,
And listened-in to Henry Hall.
To-night, the world, for all its vices,
Would not hear the Fat-stock prices!

RATZ.

The WEEK at RADIO LUXEMBOURG

Sunday Programme for English Listeners—November 11

12.00—12.30 Light Music.
1.00—1.30 Zam-Buk Concert.
1.30—2.00 Littlewood's Concert.
 "War Marching Songs Medley."
 "Asleep in the Deep."
 "Ave Maria."
 "Old Contemptibles."
 "Land of Hope and Glory."
3.00—3.30 Pompeian All-Star Cast Concert.
 Including Lady Charles Cavendish assisted by Miss Anona Winn and the Fred Hartley Orchestra.
 "The Desert Song."
 "Miss Otis Regrets."
 "Moonglow."
 "Tiddlewinks."
 "Love in Bloom."
 "Always."
3.30—3.45 Rufflette's quarter of an hour of light entertainment.
4.5—4.00 Spillers Doggie Concert.

—5.00 p.m. Horlick's "Tea-Time Hour."
 Featuring Debroy Somers and his Band, and Pat Hyde and Harry Bentley.
 The English Medley, including:
 A Farmer's Boy, O Dear What Can the Matter Be, The Vicar of Bray, A Life on the Ocean Wave, Little Brown Jug, Cherry Ripe, The Dashing White Sergeant, John Peel, Sally in our Alley, The Girl I Left Behind Me, The British Grenadiers, Home Sweet Home.
I Never Had a Chance. Refrain by Harry Bentley.
Fifty Years of Song. Including:
 Soldiers of the King, Little Annie Rooney, Where Did You Get That Hat, Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay, The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo, After the Ball, Lily of Laguna, Tell Me Pretty Maiden, Just Like the Ivy, In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree, I Love a Lassie, Let's All Go Down the Strand, Waiting for the Robert E. Lee, You Made Me Love You, A Broken Doll, Peggy O'Neill, Ramona, Swanee, Love is the Sweetest Thing, It Ain't Gonna Rain No Mo'.

Ache in My Heart.
 The 12th Street Rag—Harry Robbins on the Xylophone.
 So On—Sung by Pat Hyde.
 Stealing Thro' the Classic Series—A mixture of standard overtures.
 Shipmates of Mine—A tribute to our sea forces, by Debroy Somers and His Band.
 The Prize Waltz.
 Flapperette—Harry Bidgood at the piano.
 The Old Brigade.

5.00—5.15 Wincarnis.
 "Trumpet, Tune, and Air."
 "O, Valiant Hearts."
 "For All the Saints."
 "A Solemn Melody."

5.15—5.30 Outdoor Girl.
 "Cavalcade"—suite.
 "Le Reve Passe."
 "Chorale, Belle Vue."
 "Grand March and Finale," from *Aida*.
5.30—6.00 Bush Radio All-Star Programme.
 Carroll Gibbons and the Savoy Hotel Orpheans, with Stanley Holloway.
 "Bugle Call Rag."
 "One Night of Love."
 "One Each a Piece all Round."
 "Man on the Flying Trapeze."
 "The Trumpeter."
 "Dancing Doll."
 "Summer's Over"—sung by Eve Becke.
 "Here Come the British."
6.00—6.15 Rothman's Curio quarter of an hour of unusual Gramophone Records.

6.15—6.30 Owbridge's Lung Tonic.
 "Boadicea"—march.
 "Old Comrades."
 "Eric Coates' Parade."
6.30—6.45 Brazil Nuts Concert.
6.45—7.00 June Hair-Curler Concert.
 Featuring Madame Smith, the world-famous astrologer, on "What Your Stars Foretell."
 "June."
 "The First Week-end in June."
 "Mine for Keeps."
 Send the date of your birthday now to Madame Smith, 1a Waterloo Place, Willesden Lane, N.W.6.

7.00—7.30 Beechams.
 Billy Cotton and His Band, compered by Christopher Stone.
 "Yes sir, I Love Your Daughter."
 "Spring Don't Mean a Thing."
 "Easy Come, Easy Go."
 "St. Louis Blues."
 "Whistle My Blues."
 "Arlene."
 "Somebody Stole my Girl."
7.30—7.45 Wrens.
 "King Cotton March."
 "Deathless Army."
 "La Cinquintaine."
 "Land of Hope and Glory."

7.45—8.00 Nic-o-cin.
 Miss Guelda Waller and the Southampton Male Voice Choir with Miss Hilda Pitcairn at the Piano.
 Schubert's "Serenade."
 "A Moorland Song."
 "My William."
 "Doctor Foster."
 "Why Should We Sigh."
 "The Long Day Closes."

8.00—8.30 Palmolive.
 The Palmolivers with Olive Palmer and Paul Oliver.
 "Medley of Old Favourites."
 "Roses of Picardy."
 "Heat Wave."
 "Softly Awakes My Heart."
 "Then I'll be Tired of You."

Duet by Olive Palmer and Paul Oliver, "Changing of the Guard."
9.15—9.45 Symington Film Star Competition Concert.
 "The Fighting Twenty-third."
 "Love, Wonderful Love."
 "Evensong."
 "My Treasure."
 "My Song Goes Round the World."
 "Young and Beautiful."
 "Silver Moon."
 "One Morning in May."

9.45—10.00 Zubes.
 "Let's All Sing Like the Birdies Sing."
 "Singing in the Bath Tub."
 "The Blue Danube."
 "Whistling Coon."
 "We're on the Telephone Now."
10.00—10.30 Mackay's Pools Concert of Light Music.
10.30—11.00 Bile Beans Concert.
11.00—11.15 Boyd's Pianos.
 Pianoforte Music.
11.15—11.30 Light Music.
11.30—12.00 Sunday Referee Goodnight Concert.

Programmes from Monday to Saturday next Week

Monday	November 12	6.30-7.15	Dance Music.
		7.15-7.30	Plasmon's Concert.
Tuesday	November 13	6.30-7.30	Dance Music.
Wednesday	November 14	6.30-7.15	Dance Music.
Thursday	November 15	6.30-7.15	Vernon's Football Pool Concert of Dance Music.
		7.15-7.30	Dance Music.
Friday	November 16	6.30-7.15	Dance Music.
		7.15-7.30	Waring and Gillow's Concert of Light Music.
Saturday	November 17	6.30-7.30	Dance Music.

Other Programmes from Luxembourg

SUNDAY (November 11)
 7.45 a.m. Gramophone concert.
 Le Calife de Bagdad.
 La Fille de Madame Angot.
 8 a.m. News Bulletin in French and German.
 8.30 a.m. Luxembourg Red Cross Sweepstake Concert of Military Marches.
 L'Entente cordiale
 La Favorite.
 La Brigade fantome.
 Les Adieux du Gladiateur.
 11 a.m. Concert of Old English Songs.
 11.30 a.m. Edouard Commette at the Organ.
 Prelude en Mi Mineur.
 Religious talk by the Rev. Father Dom Fernand Cabrol, Abbe of the Benedictine Monastery at Farnborough.
 Prelude et Fugue en Sol Majeur.
 11.50 a.m. News Bulletin in French and German.
MONDAY
 7.45 a.m. Gramophone Concert.
 Anacreon.
 Mona Lisa.
 8 a.m. News Bulletin in French and German.
 12 a.m. Concert by the Radio Luxembourg Orchestra, directed by Henri Pensis.
 Slamet marken.
 Dreaming.
 Cavalleria Rusticana.
 Aurore.
 La Belle au Bois dormant.
ITALIAN EVENING
 7.35 p.m. Concert by the Radio Luxembourg Orchestra, directed by Henri Pensis.
 Martha.
 Toboggan.
 Souvenir de Sorrente.
 Ballet des Parfums.
 8 p.m. News Bulletin in French and German.
 8.20 p.m. Concert.
 Carmen, intermezzo from Act IV. Collegiana.
 Sous ta Fenetre.
 La Paloma.
 8.40 p.m. The Radio Luxembourg Orchestra, directed by Henri Pensis.
 Norma.
 Premiere Rhapsodie Napolitaine.
 Extase.
 Guillaume Tell.
 Iseglio Serenade.
 Il Lampionaio.
 9.15 p.m. Luxembourg Red Cross Sweepstake Concert.
 Les Chercheuses d'Or.
 La Complainte de Jim.
 Mon Ideal.
 Selection from film *Monte Carlo*.
 9.30 p.m. The Radio Luxembourg Orchestra, directed by Henri Pensis.
 Nakiris Hochzeit.
 Loin du Bal.
 Danse des Lanternes japonaises.
 Jalousie.
 Streichholz-Wachtparade.
 Radetzky-Marsch.
 10.0 p.m. Gramophone Records of Italian Songs.
 Core'ngrato (Caroli): Enrico Caruso.
 Lucie de Lammermoor (Donizetti): Maria Barrientos.
 La Traviata, Act II: Giuseppe de Luca.
 Paillasser: No, Pagliaccio non son (Leoncavallo): Giovanni Martinelli.
 La Force du Destin: Invano Alvaro (Verdi): G. Martinelli and G. de Luca.
 (Continued on page 30)

You can receive Radio Luxembourg on a wavelength of 1,304 metres, 230 kilocycles. The power is 200 kilowatts. Other Luxembourg programmes are in the section commencing on page 21 of this issue



Talent Spotters

Have you ever been to the B.B.C. for an audition? Do you know what it is like to face a variety test in the studio? No? Well, here is a description of a radio audition as seen by the men inside the listening cabinet . . . a word picture by

J. Murray SMITH

HERE was a jolly, smoking-room sort of atmosphere. We all looked pleased with ourselves. We reclined in graceful attitudes, so far as a certain limitation of space permitted, and listened with our heads on one side.

Every now and then one of us would catch the eye of another and there would be an exchange of looks registering mock anguish or horrified dismay. Or we would chortle and chuckle like delighted schoolboys.

Oh, we did enjoy ourselves. And about twelve feet away all sorts and conditions of people, singers and comedians and musicians, were striving to impress or amuse us.

You know the scene well enough. The studio, deserted except for the unfortunate wretch trembling before the microphone. The adjacent listening room, with its bevy of beautiful producers, all with their long hair and flowing moustaches.

I can say what I like in this article, because all the people I am writing about are to be nameless.

We will consider, then, the listening room in which we are pretending to listen. Before the window the high desk and mixing panel, with its equally high stool occupied by an immensely tall, worried-looking but facetious young man.

On his left a grave gentleman with semi-walrus moustache, rather given to falling asleep and waking up to make incredibly funny remarks. If I were to quote some of the remarks you would be unable to see the humour. That is because you have never seen that moustache.

On his right a most cheery soul, also young and rather good-looking. Blessed with a pleasant and unaffected smile.

Just behind, by the gramophone, a gentleman whom I can only describe as the director of variety, so that you won't guess his identity.

One or two others there were in the corners, but they didn't seem to matter in the least. I had a feeling that they had somehow been left there since the last audition.

We could see the microphone and the performer through the window, but most of us sat with our backs to it. And while they sang or played or danced, we exchanged glances, made subtle remarks, and generally maintained the club-room atmosphere.

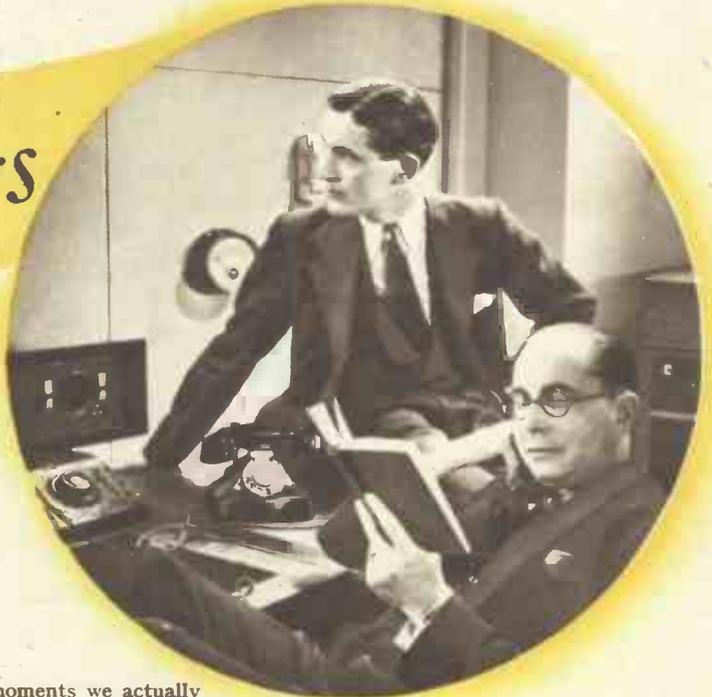
The worried-looking man on the stool had a sheaf of papers bearing such headings as: Artists; Type; Producer's Remarks; Decision.

Under "Decision" a fatal "No" had already been inscribed several times in block capitals, as though, if he had been asked aloud, the producer would have roared the word in a transport of rage.

"Remarks," though, were always very carefully considered and then couched in mild terms. "Imitations not very strong. Railway train the best . . . No."

Every time a new act came to the microphone a momentary hush would descend upon the

"Before the window, the high desk and mixing panel, with its equally high stool occupied by a worried looking young man . . ." That's how J. Murray Smith describes it, and (right) is a scene from the Norman Loudén production of "Radio Pirate"



listening room. For a few moments we actually would listen. Then, those looks of horror, of dismay, of despair—and the performer would cease to exist as a potential radio star.

Sometimes the gentleman with the moustache would sigh, lean over and, with a twist of the control on the mixing panel, fade out the microphone completely. Then he would fall asleep again and not even the efforts of a high-power soprano would succeed in waking him.

He dozed all through the shrieks of the animal imitator, but on the first notes of a little singer, whose soft voice caressed the senses, he sat up with a gleam in his eye like a maiden aunt at a christening.

"Who is it?" he demanded, seizing the sheaf of papers from the desk and turning them agitatedly. He read the name over again and again, listened to a few more notes, and wrote under "Remarks." But although he did not trouble to look and see what manner of person the singer was, he did stay awake until the end of her song.

All the others actually listened, too, and then broke into a thoroughly heartless discussion.

"What's her speaking voice like, anyway?"

"Just a moment, I'll go out and talk to her."

The director of variety unfolded himself, stooped at the door and disappeared. A few moments later we saw him in the studio, approaching the little lady.

"How long have you been in England, Miss—er—?" the loud-speaker asked us.

"Two months, perhaps," it answered, in silver tones. More glances and grimaces and nods. Much writing of "remarks," with a marked reluctance to fill in the "decision" column.

After that there was a grave relapse. One incredibly bad performer followed another, while the distinguished gathering in the "listening" room took no notice whatever.

This week Murray Smith gives you the story from inside the listening cabinet. In next Friday's "Radio Pictorial" he gives a vivid description of the other side—of duds who don't reach the mike!

It was not difficult to understand the minds of the producers. Week after week, for month after month, they hear singers and people who call themselves comedians, tap-dancers, and cross-talk artists, impersonators, and musicians. They develop the same kind of resistance as editors who have to read thousands of unprintable articles and stories.

To the outsider they seem utterly callous. Often they listen to no more than one line of a song, and then—round goes the knob, and a babel of entirely irrelevant conversation breaks out. Meanwhile, out there in the studio the trembling newcomer is going on with a performance before a microphone that isn't listening.

The ideas of the producers are remarkably unanimous. As one man they relinquish hope; as one man they display sudden interest. In short, each of them is perfectly familiar with the essential qualities of broadcasting technique. Let a woman scream into the microphone, let a singer drop half a tone, let a comedian fail to get over a hint of personality, and the mischief is done.

Even more interesting than the attitude of the producers was the bearing of those who submitted themselves to the ordeal. Not all of them came in white-faced and trembling by any means. There was one gentleman who is not unheard of as a crooner. He had a new act and he meant to make an impression.

He entered the studio briskly, strode over to the microphone with a familiar air, and addressed it threateningly.

"I may tell you," he began, "that I have come here specially—"

"Oh, dear," sighed the moustache, and the knob came into use once more. Our crooner went on opening and closing his mouth very vigorously and looked like an actor practising his lines in a train. We talked of this and that, and then he began to sing, so he was switched on again. But there were any number of pained expressions, and for the first time I contributed. So, most gratifyingly, our crooner joined the ranks of those who mutter to themselves.

That knob on the mixing panel is the producers' means of self-defence. Without it they would undoubtedly have lost their hair and their reason years ago. Unless, like the moustache, they developed the art of falling asleep at will to a pitch hitherto only attained by sundry fakirs and other men of magic.

A Day in my Life, by The MAN who Answers the Awkward Questions

6.0 Get up, winter and summer. However, claim no credit for this unusually early hour of rising, as the habit was inculcated in me during the war, when it was my flying experience that "dawn patrols" provided the best prospects of survival. Now, twenty years after, I still find that I have the same friendly feeling towards the dawn.

6.30 Run two miles in Regent's Park, the nearest suitable place for such exercise. Resultant exhilaration equal to that of vintage champagne, and infinitely more enduring.

7.0 The telephone rings, as I am dressing. It is the first appointment of the day. A regular feature of my life. To-day it is Adrian Boulton, at the other end, who sounds as alert as though his baton was already raised aloft. It is always the same.

7.30 I have my breakfast, subjected to a constant catechism from the young idea—Ian, aged eight—"What happens after death?" (Philosophy early.) Ann, aged five—"When do we ride again at Frinton?" (Intensely practical—horse crazy)—as I survey for the next hour the morning press. The radio critics are sprightly this morning; there are, of course, false assumptions, but I know too much of the working of newspaper offices to blame either the good-will or the intelligence of the critics. Anyway, it is clearly improbable that the programmes on the same evening can

GLADSTONE MURRAY, the Public Relations Officer of the B.B.C. In conversation with GODFREY WINN, he gives the "log-book" of a typical day at home and at the B.B.C. He lets you into some "policy" secrets of the B.B.C. and tells of the curious questions the officials have to answer.

be "unbelievably dull," and also "unhealthily stimulating." *Sic vita* . . . but go to it, my merry lads, you are important to broadcasting . . . and I wish there were more of you and that you were better paid and given more space.

8.30 Second telephone appointment. There are two points under discussion. My answer to the first question—Is it moral to support broadcasting with advertisements?—is that it obviously depends on circumstances; morality is not a factor; at the same time, it is demonstrably better to support broadcasting from listeners' licence revenue than from the proceeds of the sale of time, which method adds too many cooks for the resultant broth. Advertisers, agents, broadcasters separately would probably put on tolerable offerings—mixed, not so likely. My answer to the second—Should the B.B.C. ban all artists that link up with pirates?—is: No, certainly not. Artists must take their work as they find it.

If, however, artists accepted engagements from broadcasters, who by defying international agreements, threatened interference or obstruction in the waveband, the B.B.C. could hardly be expected to put down the red carpet for them every time they came back to Broadcasting House. But certainly no question of ban.

8.45 Arrive at the B.B.C. by car. The place already a hive of activity. Already? Eternally would be more accurate. Like the British Empire—and thanks to the transmission of the Empire programmes the sun never sets on Broadcasting House. (And it *does* rise, too—the place is not as cheerless as it is painted!)

8.50 Start straightway on notes for a speech I have to make this evening. It is part of my job to appear on a lot of platforms in the course of the year. My subjects vary from "Cultural Broadcasting" to "Critics I Have Known." On this occasion I am being sent to pour oil on the troubled waters—to address a probably hostile audience—a certain centre is being deprived at one fell swoop of its own transmitter and studios. Progress in broadcasting, like everything else, must count heads. It is inevitable.

9.0 My train of thought—we are the servants of Progress, and also the servants of the Public—should Progress come first—and, anyway, what is Progress? Is there any? (Why will these sidetrack musings intervene?)—is interrupted by the telephone ringing for the first time at the office. Yesterday I counted the number of incoming calls. There were eighty-nine, of which thirty-seven advanced business, twenty-five were neutral and twenty-seven fatuous.

This time News Agency wants to know, or rather wants my confirmation or denial of the "story" that in future the B.B.C. intends to institute a system by which it will collect its own news. I endeavour to be reassuring, but at the same time non-committal. Practice should have made it possible to say much and nothing at the same time, which is the obvious objective now. It is perhaps as well to avoid finality. Anxiety may be an asset.

9.10 Start dictating. As inevitably, there is an accumulation of "major points." A Devonshire editor complains of Welsh in West Regional. On the other hand, Welsh Nationalist Party demands separate service for Wales in the Welsh language. In the same post there is a protest from Newcastle to the effect that there is too much Manchester in North Regional. (I find myself thinking of the impressive motto that embellishes our Entrance Hall. *Nation shall speak peace unto nation. And within the nation itself?* Of course, the problem of particularisation goes much deeper than being simply a question of limited wavelengths and limited funds for the provision of programmes. It is clearly the duty of a monopolistic public service, like broadcasting, to do everything possible and reasonable to reflect local aspirations and attainments, but if the B.B.C. were in a position to provide for every district a local type of entertainment, rendered in turn, by local artists, it is more than doubtful whether such a policy



"Ian, aged eight, and Ann, aged five . . ."





Gladstone Murray at the microphone

would either serve the best interests of broadcasting generally, or even satisfy the tastes of that far larger proportion of listeners who, not surprisingly, regard broadcasting as a means of widening their interests and cultural experience, not as one more cause of confining their attention to their own little world. Common sense prescribes a nice balance that may completely satisfy nobody, and yet be demonstrably fair to all.

9.20 An M.P. wants to broadcast. What, another? The microphone seems to have a peculiar fascination for politicians, though few of them increase their reputation thereby. The truth is, the microphone is an infallible debunker of insincerity or swank. (Not that I ascribe these faults to the profession of politics; the mike respects neither individuals nor professions.) The confident, plausible public man with a deserved reputation for oratory normally believes that he has nothing to learn in order to conquer the mike. Whereas, in reality, the test is a cruel one. It was Mr. Baldwin, who first among front-benchers discovered that although one may be addressing millions of listeners the best way to reach them is as though one was speaking quietly and intimately to one listener. Little mannerisms are important, of course. Sir Oliver Lodge's clearing his throat, Mr. Churchill's slight lisp, the compelling intimacies of A. J. Alan and Christopher Stone. I believe that in time the microphone will change the manner of expression of most public speakers; certainly the would-be demagogue will have to go about his task in a different way. The result will doubtless be to the advantage of educated democracy—if there is any then!

9.30 Still dictating. This morning, forms of words come with difficulty. I find that my mind is preoccupied with my speech to-night.

What line shall I take? Will they suffer an appeal to the "General Interest"; will they welcome the idea of being national-minded in broadcasting, as in other things? Or shall I make a last-minute appeal to Authority to make a remission of sentence?

9.35 My problem is momentarily shelved by the arrival of the post. There is the usual tragic and anxious budget of job applications.

Too many people still tend to look upon broadcasting as a panacea for all unemployment problems, the Open Sesame to success—a new profession, full of plums. Whereas in actual fact its opportunities for employment are very limited. I certainly would not guide people into it.

Among them, however, there is one application which sounds sufficiently promising to follow up. It is from a young man who has already had a wide

Continued on page 27

THE MAN HIMSELF

Age 41; married, two children.
 Of undiluted Highland Scottish stock; father born in Tain, went to Canada in sixties as a boy, became a pioneer of British Columbia; first educationist of Fraser Valley, where he now lives in honoured retirement.
 Born in Maple Ridge, Fraser Valley, British Columbia; on the fringe of civilisation.
 Educated King Edward High School, Vancouver, and McGill University, Montreal. Many distinctions as middle distance runner; also equalled Tom Langboat's record for "Round the Mountain" cross-country race, Montreal. Founder the "McGill Daily," the first undergraduate daily paper in Canada.
 Apprenticeship in journalism in Montreal under C. F. Crandall, now president British United Press. Subsequently in New York and South America. Reporting and descriptive writing.
 Rhodes Scholar from Quebec Province (McGill University) to Oxford, 1913.
 Trooper in King Edward's Horse at outbreak war. Commissioned to Highland Light Infantry, October, 1914. Transferred to Royal Flying Corps, November, 1914. Three thousand hours war flying, specialising in artillery and infantry co-operation. Founded a "twit" monthly journal, "In the Field"—survived two numbers only.
 1919: Aeronautical Correspondent, "Daily Express," also partner with Douglas Jerrald (now editor "English Review") in ill-fated endeavour to establish affluence in hotel business.
 1920: Publicity Secretary, League of Nations Union.
 1922: Publicity Manager, Radio Communication Co., Ltd. and founder of "Radio," a quarterly magazine.
 1924-1934: Director of Information, Director of Publications and Public Relations Officer, B.B.C.
 1933: Recipient of a token signed by the chief executives of all the leading newspapers and publishing concerns of Great Britain.



Major Gladstone Murray has a vital job at the B.B.C., and although listeners do not often hear him at the microphone, yet he plays an important part in the scheme of broadcasting

For Housewives Only!

By Dudley CLARK

Our contributor gives some more or less practical advice to the woman listener

WHEN, during the "Mrs. Beeton Week" celebrations at Pzchokablokia, I broadcast my "Dish-cloth and Hashes" series of domestic talks under the auspices of the International Catsmeat Corporation, the result was a gratifying testimony to the keen interest which housewives take in these cheery chats on domestic economy.

Letters—some in luxurious, armorially-embossed envelopes, others written with simple boot-blackening on humble pieces of grease-proof paper; letters in various languages—good, bad and unprintable, but nearly all unstamped in the excitement, poured in upon me along with parcels of old boots, defunct cats, over-ripe vegetation, tins of weed-killer, and other tributes.

Listen while I dip at random into this week's

he will be looking hard for that paper, so she had better hide it, because hubbies hate household systems. Some day I must tell you how our own little (or lil') home is run. Such a dinky home, and we got it on those easy take-it-or-leave-it terms. You know—if we don't pay the instalments someone else takes it and we leave it.

First and foremost in your housekeeping system must come "Early Rising." Your household can't possibly function properly unless you can absolutely rely on your early cup of tea and extra

forty winks while your husband is letting the cat out and rousing up the children. You must insist on breakfast being ready when you come down so that you have comfortable time afterwards to read the paper and collect your energies for the day's work while he washes up and cleans the boots. Oh, and, of course, every woman who respects her health and figure will arrange her time-table so that she can lie on her back for an hour after breakfast. And then to the kitchen, with the radio switched on in readiness for the morning programme.

If you are one of those lucky housewives who possess a modern kitchen cabinet arrangement, the catering problem is more or less solved for you in advance. Most of these labour-saving contrivances have a printed selection of menus for the week (along with "What to do till the Policeman comes" and all that) stuck up inside. So all you have to do is to reach out to the telephone and pronounce the day's items as best you can.

I cannot help thinking it is rather a mixed blessing that these kitchen cabinets are so solidly constructed since after twenty years or so the menus may tend to become slightly monotonous. However, the resourceful housewife can always break up the thing with an axe and order another from a fresh firm.

The remainder of the day's work, as systematised by a competent radio housewife, should run smoothly on something like the following lines:

10.45.—Broadcast: Empire Cookery Talk by Rear-Admiral Sir Cuthbert Snooker. (Household Task: Flap duster around lounge.)

- 11.0.—Gramophone Recital of Icelandic Love Songs. (Fill flower vases with water and aspirins.)
- 11.30.—Health Talks to Schools (The Duodenum and How it Works) by Commander Bilgewater, Q.E.D. (Cocktail. Revise library list.)
- 11.45.—Organ Recital from the Institute for Retired Whelk Gatherers. (Visit library.)
- 12.30.—Percy Penguin and his Cormorant Orchestra. (Welcome children home from school. Instruct eldest to lay table and prepare lunch.)
- 1.0.—Relay from the Sturm und Drang Opera House, Schluchenberg. (Lunch. Cup of coffee or tea and cigarette. Kiss children goodbye.)
- 2.0.—Girl Guide Talk by Brigadier-General Ketchup, I.O.U. (Stack up lunch things for husband to wash up later. Short nap.)
- 2.30.—"Early Circassian Poetry," recital by Hon. Alethea Glubb. (Change frock, etc. Phone friends.)
- 3.15.—The Warthampton Market Gardeners' Temperance Prize Band. (Visit cinema, pay call, or read new novel.)
- 4.45.—Harold Popple's Cork-Legged Sextet. (Welcome children. Rest while eldest child gets tea. Tea.)

You see the advantage of maintaining a strict system is that it enables you to get through the most arduous day with zest and efficiency and be mentally fresh for the evening's pleasure.

I have received an appeal for help from a woman radio fan who does not appear to possess one of those thought-saving kitchen cabinets, and consequently has to worry things out for herself. She wishes desperately to know what she can do with tripe by way of a change. It seems she has an elderly admirer who is constantly bringing her presents

of tripe from his brother's shop, and she has now reached the point when the very thought of stewed tripe induces acute neurasthenia.

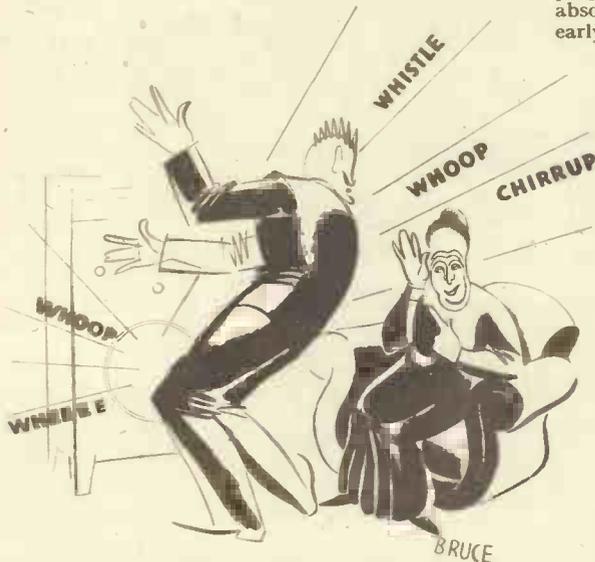
Well, every housewife has her cross, but let me assure this martyr to man's heedless passion that neither she nor the tripe need be in a stew. Raw tripe makes an excellent substitute for house-or face-flannel, though I must confess that my attempt to sow it with mustard and cress produced a far from worthy offering for our Harvest Festival.

Finally, no household system can be considered complete without a Housekeeping Budget. Ever since we got married on the strength of a newspaper article entitled: "How to Bring Up a Happy Family on 13s. 9d. a Week," my wife and I have been keen Budgeteers. Friday night is Budget night when she trots out the weekly balance sheet for me to examine and find incorrect. Then she looks out a few articles from our stock of duplicate wedding-presents and other oddments, and if all is well after my interview

with our local dealer in False Teeth, Old Jewellery and Cast-Off Clothing, the accounts are passed and filed carefully away to serve as a future warning to our girls against marrying anyone under the rank of an Announcer.



RADIO STAR: "What did you think of my broadcast last night?"
RADIO CRITIC: "Words fail me!"
RADIO STAR: "Heavens, I expected at least half a column!"



GRANDMA (on hearing the set oscillate): "Oh, Oswald, how wonderful! To think that you can tune in to the nightingale at any time with that thing. . . .!"

covey, or cluth. . . "Dear Sir,—Unless we receive immediate settlement of enclosed. . . Pardon me, a miss-hit. "Thousands of people suffer from nasal catarrh. . ." Confound it. Ah, here we are:

"Before I listened to your wireless talks I was quite unable to make ends meet, and my husband sometimes made an excuse for not coming home to dinner. Since I started taking your advice he has had all his meals out, and so I shall have enough for a new coat out of this month's house-keeping money. I'm ever so grateful, and how people can grumble at the B.B.C. I can't think."

Well, that's terribly sweet and rather bears upon what I particularly wish to ask you this week, which is—Have you a System? I don't mean a nervous system or a digestive system, but a system of household management.

So important. In fact, the first thing a girl should do when she has taken off her hat after the honeymoon is to get pencil and paper and draw up a system. Her husband will pat her head and call her his Little, or (if he is in the crooning trade) Lil' Housewife. Of course, a week later



"Oh Bill, croon to me!"

Broadcasting has beaten the—

FOOTBALL BAN



NOW that the football season (both codes) is well into its stride, listeners accustomed to "take" running commentaries are presumably thinking ahead of the times and events to come, and of being able to follow the fortunes of various teams and combinations by "ear."

It is nearly eight years now since the first football commentary, England v. Wales at Twickenham, was put out by the B.B.C., and it is perhaps rather strange, at first thoughts, to realise how slowly this "commentary child" has grown. No doubt many real fans thought, after such a beginning, that every important game of both codes would be put out regularly, and, in fact, in that first season, a great deal was done, but it was not very long before objections, and seemingly very sound ones, were put forward from knowledgeable quarters. These commentaries were all very nice and enjoyable, they said, but what about their effect on the "gates," without which at any rate the professional game cannot flourish? Their argument, a most feasible one, ran something on these lines: supposing that the Arsenal were playing Manchester City, and the match were being broadcast from Highbury. At the same time many other clubs, some of whom are struggling hard against financial adversity, are engaged all over the country. It might be a foul and filthy day. Very well then, Jones, Brown and Robinson, usual "turnstile supporters" of their local heroes, would doubtless rather sit and listen to the "top height" game in comfort by their own firesides, rather than risk a thorough wetting and a great deal of discomfort in the ordinary way. That made a very strong point, and one a little difficult to answer without considerable thought, for no doubt there is a lot of truth in it, but perhaps they had forgotten, and indeed, in some cases do not even yet fully realise, the tremendous advertising value of such things.

A match is being broadcast, and someone, not in the least interested formerly, happens to "tune in." "Hullo," he says, "this sounds exciting! I'll keep this on." He does so, and there and then forms the opinion that a sport which previously he has been apt rather to ignore, or even to look down upon, is certainly worth going to see, therefore taking the very next opportunity and in time becoming a "fan." It is extremely doubtful, too, if the real regular supporter would stay away from his customary Saturday afternoon pitch, though the contra argument may sound very feasible in really bad weather, when the self-same supporter would probably have stayed away anyhow! But when it came to putting up the ban against a Cup Final Broadcast, it was surely a mistaken and high-handed policy. That is but one Saturday afternoon out of so many, an occasion when the Wembley Stadium could be filled to three or four times its vast capacity, an occasion of almost world-wide renown, and to-day, an event of almost national importance. Fortunately the ban is lifted now, so that cripples, blind men, invalids and even exiles in far off lands are able to follow and enjoy the historic game second by second, surely a very big return for the fancied and chance "loss of gate" elsewhere. The same thing

Capt. H. B. T. WAKELAM

tells you the football plans for the winter



George Allison

applies to Rugby Internationals, more frequent it is true, but not frequent enough to warrant banning and forbidding. It is only necessary to open a "fan mail" to realise how many people have become followers of the game through hearing commentaries. Their "new" attendance on all other Saturdays must more than compensate for the temporary default of the "regular." At the beginning of things, I did some Soccer broadcasts myself, fortunately during my life having played quite a lot of the game, sometimes in comparatively renowned circles. But I was glad in a way to hand over, for it is impossible to follow both codes closely as a spectator, and therefore it necessarily becomes very much more difficult from an identification point of view. To be a successful commentator you must really know the "name, age and fighting weight," and possibly the "maternal grandmother's name" as well, of the men you are talking about—an almost impossible task with two sister codes with the same playing days. I remember, though, one rather curious incident. I was sent to one of our very largest provincial towns ("no names, no



(Capt. H. B. T. Wakelam

pack drill") to put over a round of the F.A. Cup, using the local regional as my "air." At the London terminus, on my way up, I had noticed rather a large and unusual crowd, but had not bothered much about it. Having bespoken a seat in the returning "diner," I was rather flabbergasted to find myself the fourth member at the table to a trio of very well-known politicians, one of whom bears a name which is a household word. But I was far more flabbergasted, and indeed not a little uncomfortable, when I overheard him complaining bitterly that his big speech at his big Party Meeting that afternoon could not be broadcast, because "Some wretched fellow was drivelling about some wretched football match!" In time, of course, he brought me into the general conversation, much impressing me with his wit and power of self-expression, but even when he asked me what I had been doing that day, I was very, very careful not to let the cat out of the bag!

Returning to Rugger, the first big game which will be broadcast this year is the Oxford and Cambridge match, down for decision at Twickenham on Tuesday, December 11, at 2.15 p.m. The Internationals come later, England v. Wales also at Twickenham on January 19, Wales v. Scotland at Cardiff Arms Park on February 2, England v. Ireland, again at Twickenham on February 9, Ireland v. Wales at Belfast on March 9, and, finally, the greatest event of all the season, Scotland v. England, the Calcutta Cup match at Murrayfield, Edinburgh, on March 16th. In between times there is the Royal Navy and the Army, another Twickenham game on March 2, and presumably the Irish Free State Broadcasting Corporation will put out a commentary of the Ireland v. Scotland meeting at Lansdowne Road, Dublin, on February 23, for, of course, this latter does not come under the aegis of the B.B.C. So far as Rugger is concerned, that is the complete programme. Let's hope it will be an interesting and exciting one!

FOR those of us who experienced the War, Armistice Day must of necessity be a very personal commemoration. We can all share in the experience of that Two Minutes' Silence—a stillness that is man-made and offered by men as a tribute to the memory of their fellow-men—but its meaning and its message for each one of us must needs vary. At two minutes after eleven we come back with a jolt to things of everyday life which we share: we have each had our moment of suspended and breathless life when we have been lifted outside ourselves and stood for a brief moment balanced as it were between this world and eternity—an eternity that belongs to us no less than to those who have passed over ahead of us.

I can only offer a summary of some of the thoughts that crowd in on me each Armistice Day. I feel that I am standing in the dock and they are my judges. The code by which I am being judged is composed of those things which make their memory so dear: the things that belong to friendship, patient, unwearying service and the carefreeness of willing self-devotion. The charge that is brought against me is that I am not in my generation doing all that I might to keep those things undimmed and foster them in the

What Armistice Day Means to Me --

by the REV. HUGH JOHNSTON

times of peace, that I am letting go of all that I learnt from them in those years of testing when men and women threw off the little things that go to make for strife and unneighbourliness, for self-conceit and self-seeking, and when they showed how great a thing human nature can be and to what heights it can rise.

But in the faces of those judges there is nothing stern or vindictive but rather an expression of yearning and longing that I should see, with the certainty that now is theirs, that the things for which they stood are of eternal worth—even though that faith came to them gropingly and dimly while they were still with us. The things of comradeship, of sacrifice, of devotion, of thought for others and unselfishness and love are not little things

of passing value but the real stuff of which life should be made.

If they showed us how to live our lives with a different grace and an almost careless gift of self-sacrifice, with simple humour and good nature, they were showing us something else. They taught us what Jesus meant when he spoke of the blessedness of the meek, the poor in spirit, the merciful, the pure in heart, the peacemakers: and they were standing to us as examples of the truth that it is given to each one of us to be, if not the light of the world, at any rate a light in the world.

Alfred Noyes has summed up in the last line of that great poem of his, "The Victorious Dead," the kind of commemoration they look for from us: "There's but one way. God make us better men."



The Cenotaph Service is broadcast from Whitehall, London, with the two microphones which a B.B.C. engineer is seen cleverly concealing in the branches of this tree.

ON November 11 the whole world will listen to the Cenotaph Service broadcast from Whitehall. Not only will this famous memorial service be given by all the B.B.C. transmitters, but it will be broadcast, too, throughout the Empire.

Hidden microphones concealed in the reading desk and in a tree near the Cenotaph will pick up the service and underground wires connect these microphones with a B.B.C. outside broadcast van which will be driven up into Richmond Mews, just off Whitehall. Here the engineers will be at work on their control panels regulating the broadcast, and the link from here to Broadcasting House is by means of an ordinary underground cable.

This year there will be no supplementary service or programme from the studio, and the Cenotaph service in its entirety will be given.

The B.B.C. arrangements in Whitehall are of a dignified nature, and as neither microphones nor wires can be seen, there is nothing to indicate that this service is being broadcast to the world.

It will, of course, be received and relayed to gatherings around War Memorials all over the country, while it is quite probable that a record and Blattnerphone version will be made. If there is any possibility that the Empire relay is not a success in all parts of the world, then the Blattnerphone excerpts can be given later in the day at a suitable time for that particular region of the Empire.

In the evening there will be the usual relay from the Festival of Empire and Remembrance at the Albert Hall, and the microphone arrangements for this are very much the same as those of last year.

It so happens that Armistice Day is that Sunday in the month on which, according to the regular schedule, the service is broadcast from St. Martin in the Fields.

The church will be crowded out on this occasion (as in fact it often is on broadcasting Sundays) and the whole service will be given by two microphones, one suspended over the pulpit and the other over the body of the congregation about half way down the church. From a little control room overlooking the congregation, the B.B.C. engineer will keep a "watching brief" on the broadcast and can signal to the pulpit with a flashing red light.

It is gratifying to know that the Empire transmissions are now so consistently reliable that the whole world can take part in the full ceremonies of this Armistice Day.



Arthur Askey, well known to West Regional audiences, will be heard on Saturday, November 17. On the right, a new and charming portrait of Anona Winn, whose next broadcast is November 10

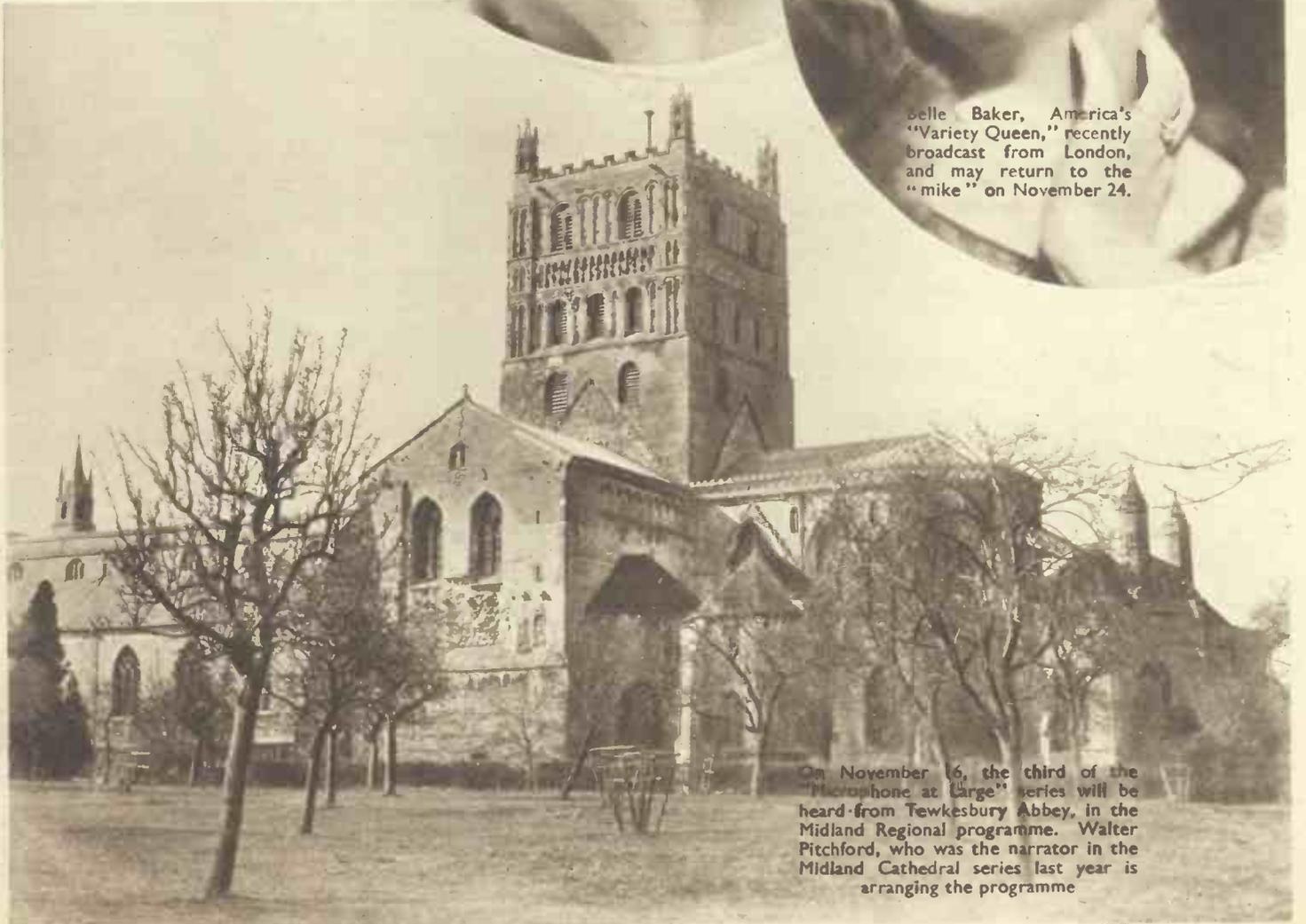


The Three Blue Boys will be heard on Thursday and Saturday next week from Midland Regional



Belle Baker, America's "Variety Queen," recently broadcast from London, and may return to the "mike" on November 24.

On the Air . . .



On November 16, the third of the "Microphone at Large" series will be heard from Tewkesbury Abbey, in the Midland Regional programme. Walter Pitchford, who was the narrator in the Midland Cathedral series last year is arranging the programme

"When his lips drew near to the microphone, they were steady and his voice was tense . . . 'Citizens! Enemy aircraft are flying over our city at this moment, keep calm, be brave . . . As Mr. Programme Announcer Rhosski drove down in a lurching armoured car from his home, his tired eyes looked through the goggles of his protective suit at devastation."

SOUJA-LABANA was glittering beneath an abundant carpet of snow. As Mr. Programme Announcer Rhosski drove down in a horse-sleigh from his home in the hills north of the city he looked out across the twinkling pattern of lights and the crystal roofs and domes and spires, all clearly defined through the crisp half-darkness that comes when there's snow on the ground and a frosty sky above, and he noticed, though they must be two miles away, the dancing reflections of the arc-lights along the riverside embankment, and he tried to tell himself that this was a lovely and a cheering scene.

Souja-Labana!

"Jewel at the meeting of the two rivers," is as near as one can translate the name into English. Only dull hoof-beats broke the gentle silence as the sleigh sped down the pine-shadowed road, past the bungalows, and on until the jubilant bells of the cathedral broke over the city, but even then Peter Rhosski could hardly throw off his feeling of irritability. To be dragged to the microphone on such a night as this! When it was not even his regular turn for announcing duty . . .

Europe's most popular radio announcer reflected bitterly on his public reputation. He wondered what his fans—especially those sentimental young ladies who cherished his postcard photograph—would think if they knew how often when he addressed them so amiably from the studio at Souja-Labana Radio House, Mr. Programme Announcer Rhosski's thoughts were away in the hills, in the charming old house where even now, as Peter's sleigh swung over the tramway tracks in the Great Square, he pictured Vanya sitting alone at the fireside, while upstairs Little Peter lay in profound slumber, heedless of the stocking that his father had stuffed before he left for the despised turn of duty. Vanya would have the radio switched on, he mused, waiting for his voice. And not only she. Peter knew that he was the expected guest that night in many thousands of homes.

"It's not your turn on the rota, but I should like you to take the Central programme to-morrow evening," Dr. Mendana, the Director of Programmes had said. "The public will expect it of you, Peter."

"Oh, I don't know."

"Well, I do," said the D.P., "because, you see, I've told the Press that you'll be announcing."

So that was that. Well, well, perhaps it was worth even the petty annoyances of being hero-worshipped to feel that on this evening of goodwill the people of Souja-Labana were waiting his coming with open arms. Cheered by that thought, Peter jumped down outside Radio House, and strode into that world-famed building.

"Merry Christmas, sir," saluted the smiling commissionaire in the hall.

"Same to you, Groschen. Any messages?"

"A few fan letters, sir. And this."

A postcard. Its stamp was foreign, that of Ostania. On the same side was written in bold masculine hand: "I studied medicine at Souja-Labana University. I often listen to you. I send you greetings. I shall hear you on Christmas Eve." On the other side was printed, simply: "Peace on earth and goodwill to all men."

Peter took the lift, feeling glad at heart. He bantered old Hogge, the brusque white-whiskered liftman, walked swiftly to his office, and hailed his merry-eyed little secretary, hung up his hat and fur coat, and noticed that the little one had fastened a sprig of mistletoe to the lampshade over her typewriter. Peter paid the price, whirled laughing from the room, across the passage, and into the talks studio. He had been an announcer now for six years, so it all looked tiresomely

familiar—the big blue settee, the heavy blue-grey carpet, the blue walls almost entirely without decoration other than the broadcasting company's flamboyant red and green national crest and motto, "Pacon Parolu Nacioj al Nacioj" moulded in plaster relief on the wall above the announcing desk, where a circular black object, the microphone, hung in its cradle of rubber thongs—but to-day somebody had placed a vase with a great crimson cluster of holly on the desk, and against it Peter propped the postcard from Ostania.

After a rollicking Christmas Eve concert in the main studio, Peter Rhosski returned to the talks studio to read the news bulletin. In one of those happily turned little speeches of his he sent the

"NATION unto

greetings of the Souja-Labana Broadcasting Company to all its listeners—"both those in our own land and those" (with a glance at the postcard) "in other lands, to whom we extend a hand of friendship across the frontier." Then he announced that Mass would be relayed from Souja-Labana Cathedral. He pressed a button on his desk; this caused a green light to flash upstairs in the control room, a signal to the engineers there to switch off the Programme Announcer's microphone and fade over to the Cathedral. Peter watched for the red "transmission in progress" light on the wall above the national crest to go out, then gathered together the scattered typewritten pages of the news bulletin and handed them to Jana Debs, the News Editor.

"Cheer up, Mr. Debs," said Peter, with a grin. "Eat, drink and be merry, eh?" grunted Debs, an austere civil servant twenty years Peter's senior—which meant somewhere about fifty.

"And why not, Mr. Debs? Come, come! Can't you—just this Christmas Eve—can't you forget the woes of the world?"

"The world's in a hell of a mess," muttered Debs. He walked away, paused at the door, and said: "And I'll tell you this, Mr. Programme Announcer. For weeks our foreign news has been officially censored. Yes. And to-night there was a very strange message—oh, but I cannot tell you what it was . . . I promised the War Department my secrecy—they rang up, you see, and ordered me to stop the message."

"Red tape, Mr. Debs! Come, come, man! Let's go and have a drink!"

"No, I regret. No—you see, the War Department—I am expecting instructions . . . they told me they might ring up later."

"Oh, well, if you can't be merry, be devotional," smiled Peter, crossing the studio. He switched on a loud-speaker in the corner. "Listen to that."

It was the Mass. The very first notes they heard had some quality, not simply in their beauty, something other-worldly, that held the two listeners in motionless attendance. The organ raised its high flute-like notes to the skies, and from a soft distance of the cathedral crept the voice of the choir chanting, echoing, chanting . . . Vanya was listening, too . . . yes, Vanya was listening in the firelight . . . and Peter thought of that glittering vista of city roofs as he had seen it, and he thought of all the people who were listening now . . .

Abruptly the door was thrown open. There entered an army officer, a tall and magnificent fellow with the gold braid of General Staff on the shoulders of his heavy grey overcoat.

"Mr. Debs. . . . Mr. Programme Announcer Rhosski . . . ?"

"Yes," affirmed Debs, immobile.

"Yes, I am Rhosski," said the amazed Peter.

"Good!"

The officer was curt and yet courteous. He took off his helmet. His hair was very short, just going grey.

"Excuse my haste. I want your immediate assistance, or we may be too late. Quick, now—cut that Mass. Switch on your microphone."

He strode to the desk and dropped a bulky leather portfolio on it.

"But what does this mean?" demanded Peter.

"This will explain," the soldier replied, "but hurry, hurry!"

Peter glanced at the paper, while the officer swung round to Debs.

"You, I think, understand?"

"Yes, sir. You are taking charge here?"

"Yes. I must ask you to stand by throughout the night, Debs, ready to receive messages from the War Department. They will commence almost immediately and will continue—well, indefinitely. I am sorry."

"It is my duty, sir," snapped Debs, clicked his heels, and left the studio.

On his way to the News Room he passed a young subaltern and two grey-clad storm troopers carrying rifles at the slope and wearing full field kit. The troopers took up positions at the studio

door, through which the young officer passed, saluted, and reported to his superior that an armed guard had been mounted at every entrance to Radio House. The other nodded.

"See that all windows and other air passages in the building are blanketed."

"Yes, sir." The subaltern saluted and left. Meanwhile Peter had found that the paper bore a War Department heading, but was signed by Dr. Mendana, and when he read its curt request that all officials at Radio House were to place themselves at the orders of the bearer he had immediately lifted the studio telephone and spoken to the control room. Then he switched off the loud-speaker, abruptly terminating the intoned prayers which had been pouring into the studio. The red light was flicking in-out, in-out, with a malevolent leer.

"They're just switching over, sir," said Peter.

"You will please transmit this." The officer drew a grey paper from the portfolio. "I am especially glad it is Mr. Programme Announcer Rhosski. The War Department feel that in yourself, sir, more than any other, the public will take confidence . . ."

His voice dropped to a whisper as the red light steadied to a continuous glow.

"Now, read . . ."

Peter drew a swivel chair to the desk, leaned forward to the microphone.

"This is the Central Programme; announcer, Peter Rhosski. Ladies and gentlemen, I beg your good grace. We are sorry to have interrupted the cathedral transmission; an extremely important message has been received for immediate transmission. Will you kindly pay attention."

He lifted the single sheet of grey War Department paper, and read with a resolution that completely disguised his own astonishment: "To all our peoples, a message from the Imperial Cabinet. We regret to state that our fatherland lies in extreme peril this evening . . ."

One of the sentries thrust open the door and beckoned urgently. The officer tiptoed out while Peter read on . . . "Our ambassador in Ostania was handed his passport this afternoon. All men scheduled under sections B, C, and D of the national registration scheme are hereby ordered to report at once to the nearest barracks or police station. The government believe there is no immediate reason for alarm, but it is necessary to take precautions. All members of the community will serve best by keeping calm and obeying instructions issued on the radio . . ."

The Brass Hat had raced along to the News Room, only to rush back a minute later, gasping

"My God, we're too late!" He burst into the studio, dragged Peter back from the desk, whispered in his ear, and thrust another type-written document into his hands. At that moment a thin thump followed by a muffled rumble like distant thunder penetrated even to this sepulchre-like room in the bowels of Radio House, where no single sound of the outside world had ever been heard before.

The two men were rigid. For a long silent second they held one another's eyes. Peter's heart suddenly raced and there was a void sensation in his stomach. He looked down at the paper. It was headed: "Radio announcement to be read only in event of imminent air raid."

Mr. Programme Announcer Rhosski, pale-faced, sprang to his desk. A vision of Vanya and little Peter whirled through his mind. When his lips drew



NATION - - "

Illustrated by Bruce

"The car came to a standstill at Radio House. Peter climbed out stiffly."

near to the microphone they were steady, and his voice was tense but assured.

"Citizens! Enemy aircraft are flying over our city at this moment. Keep calm, citizens, and be brave to-night. We are ruthlessly surprised, without even a declaration of war; but there will be no panic in Souja-Labana. I appeal to you for resolute action in this hour of peril. These are your orders." He took up the typescript and read: "Gas masks must be worn immediately. Occupants of premises provided with bomb-proof shelters should take cover therein at once; others if they are near communal shelters, should proceed thereto with all haste . . ."

Peter spoke on steadily, while that part of his brain which always seemed to work independently of the section that directed his voice registered with increasing horror every thud and rumble and every tremor of the building.

So passed the hours of Christmas Eve in Souja-Labana. The troopers who ran in and out with messages from Debs to Rhosski were wearing their respirators now, though there was really little risk on the studio floor thanks to the gas-proof curtains incorporated in the studio ventilation ducts by a cautious government designer.

Peter proclaimed the Government's warnings with a sinking heart. They seemed so ineffectual. One message implored citizens not to leave shelter because the enemy were using Lewisite bombs, and three tiny drops of this "death dew" falling on a man's skin will kill him; and as Peter read he wondered how much "shelter" was left out there in the shattered city . . . indeed, how many could still receive these warnings. And then there were patriotic exhortations, and "news" bulletins, and between them Mr. Programme Announcer Rhosski spoke to his "fans" in that familiar way of his own. But always through the terrible hours the vision of Vanya and little Peter was with him.

Once he slipped out of the studio to a public telephone box in the passage, but the exchange reported no reply.

Towards dawn the barrage diminished. Only occasionally the holly leaves on Peter's desk shuddered together as a vagrant bomb ripped another gash in the jewel-city.

"Rhosski, I'll take over now," whispered the Brass Hat at the end of a long announcement about antidotes for chlorine poisoning. "You've had a packet. Go and rest."

"I can carry on."

"No, we shall want you fresh—later. You've been splendid. The people have had hell to-night. Some of 'em panicked, but not many, I'm told,

Leslie BAILY

the author of a number of successful radio plays has written this thrilling long complete story of the world as it might be.

thanks largely to you. If the raiders return we shall want you again. Now go along and take a rest until 9 a.m."

"If I go off at all, I must go home."

"Home! Do you realise the risk? Outside this building the city's ablaze. Smothered in gas. Bombs still falling. Here we can at least breathe in safety."

"I left my wife and baby boy alone. They have masks, of course. But I promise to be here again at nine."

"Oh—I see. I didn't know you were married. I'll get an armoured car to take you, Rhosski."

The officer went to the door and spoke to a trooper. Peter ran to his office, took coat and hat, snatched a respirator from a drawer, and hurried to the lift. A trooper was working it.

"Where's Hogge?"

"Got a whiff of phosgene. Silly old fool went outside to watch the fireworks."

"Dead?"

"He'll be a few hours yet. Slow torture—that's phosgene. Drowns a bloke in his own blood. Coughing his lungs up piecemeal. Dirty sight."

Peter crossed to the heavily-guarded outer doors, adjusting his mask, but a soldier stopped him and held out a heavy overall suit, something like a diver's dress.

"What's this for?"

"Precautions against mustard gas, sir."

Mustard gas; Peter knew what that meant . . . the fine spray scattered imperceptibly through the air, lying everywhere in wait, adhering to your boots and your clothing and so carried indoors where it can vapourise and be breathed, blistering its victim all over with blisters that grow into running wounds, eating away the lungs until your breathing tubes are choked with particles and you are slowly strangled. Peter was fastened into the suit, and then they let him out, to the waiting car.

Upstairs the Brass Hat stood in the studio.

"A baby?" he mused in some surprise, never having visualised Souja-Labana's radio idol as a family man. And then he said to himself with further surprise, as of something else he had never previously realised: "You can't fit a mask on a baby." Shrugging his shoulders, he turned back to the announcing desk.

Souja-Labana was belching spirals of grey smoke. As Mr. Programme Announcer Rhosski drove down in a lurching armoured car from his home, his tired eyes looked through the goggles of his protective suit at devastation. Peter climbed out stiffly. He passed beyond the gas-proof doors to the entrance hall where Commissioner Groschen greeted him with a salute, but neglected this time the "Merry Christmas."

As the lift ascended Peter asked the trooper whether Radio House had been damaged. The trooper reported that the building was unscathed.

"Nearest thing was a high explosive bomb, straight across the Great Square. Brought a bit of plaster down here and there. That's the worst. Knew what they were about when they built this place, sir. Solid as a castle."

There was some plaster on the floor in the announcer's office. Peter went over to the studio.

"Hello, Rhosski," said the officer there. The red transmission light was out. "Just having a few minutes interval. Glad you're back. I'm no good at this. Dr. Mendana came in—said you must get on the air as quick as possible; try to rally the spirits of the people. I'm about done in. Here's the next bulletin, just arrived. Hot anti-Ostianian propaganda—that's the stuff to give 'em. Will you put it over?"

Mr. Programme Announcer Rhosski, taking the typescript, crossed to the desk and pressed a button. He sat down.

The Brass Hat turned back at the door. "How did you find them?"

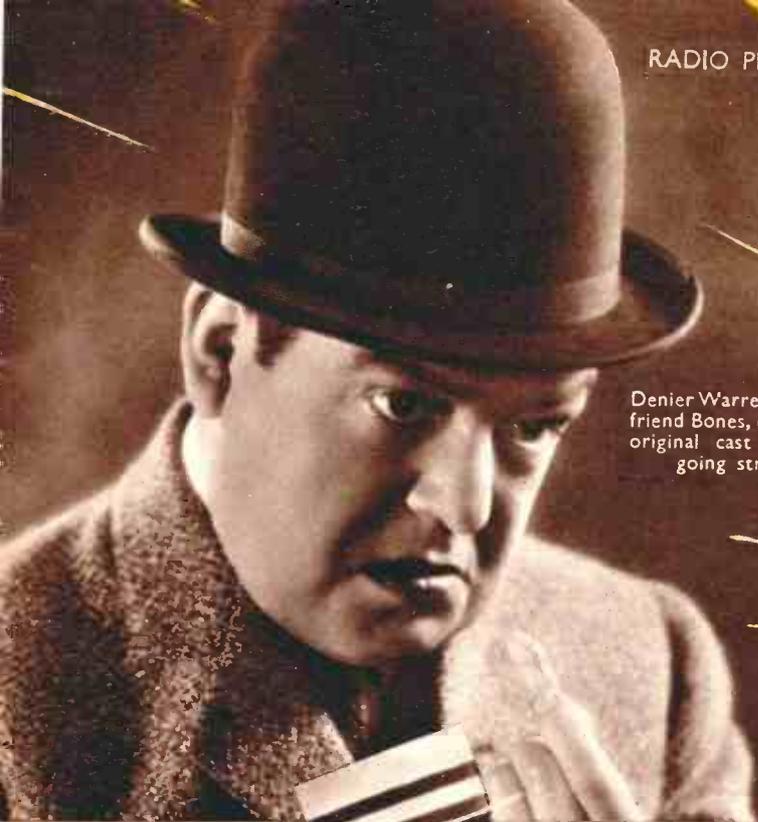
"My wife is safe," said Peter slowly.

The officer started back. "Oh, Rhosski, I'm sorry. I say, you must let me carry on."

The red light came on at that moment, in-out, in-out, then steadied, preventing any further argument. As Peter glanced up at the gleaming bulb he stiffened; his fingers clutched at the edge of the desk. Below the light, the national crest was chipped; across the legend, "Pacon Parolu Nacioj al Nacioj" (which, translated, means "Nation Shall Speak Peace Unto Nation") there sprawled a gaping crack. Grey plaster dust sprinkled the holly leaves, and lay over a postcard on the desk.

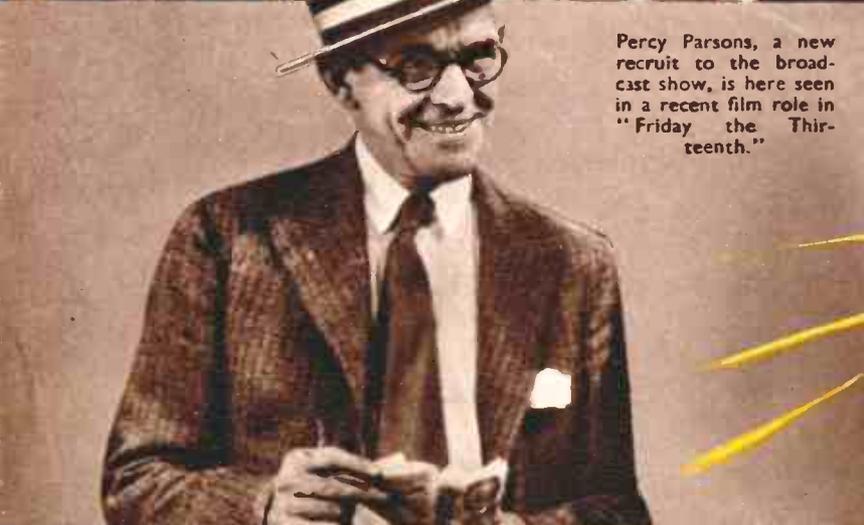
Mr. Programme Announcer Rhosski moistened his lips. "This is the Central Programme: announcer, Peter Rhosski . . ."

The Brass Hat closed the door quietly and left him with the stuff to give 'em.



Denier Warren, our old friend Bones, one of the original cast and still going strong.

"Kentucky Minstrels" will make their first broadcast since last June on November 15 (Regional) and November 16 (National). It will be a black-face, sit-around show, including bones, tambourines, corner men, a crack banjo team, stump speech, and old and new melodies. The show has been filmed this summer at Twickenham and, in addition to the broadcast team, the picture includes Nina Mae McKinney and Debroy Somers' Band.



Percy Parsons, a new recruit to the broadcast show, is here seen in a recent film role in "Friday the Thirteenth."

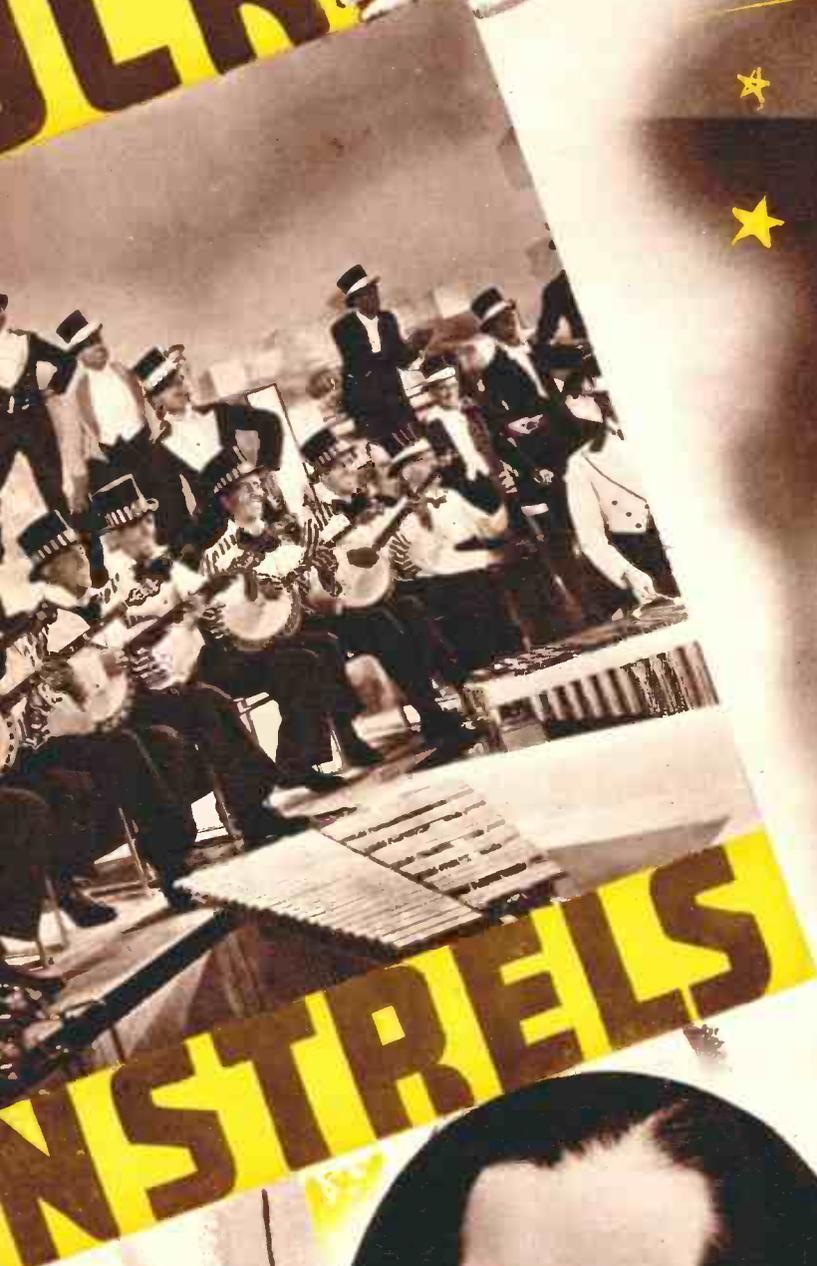


That famous pair of minstrels, Scott and Whaley, in a face-stretching scene from the film. They will again take part in the broadcast.



The musical score and lyrics are by Harry S. Pepper (left). John Watt (right) and C. Denier Warren are responsible for the book of the show.





Sparkling Nina Mae McKinney lends her talent to the film version of the "Minstrels."



The Kentucky Banjo Team—Tarrant Bailey, jun., Joe Morley and Dick Pepper.



Polly Ward, another Kentucky whom you will see and hear on the screen.



Mr. Ramsay MacDonald

The Guildhall speeches on the occasion of Lord Mayor's Show Day, November 9, will be delivered to a microphone. At 9.10 p.m. a commentary will be given by Howard Marshall, and from 9.15 to 9.45 Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's speech will be broadcast

A Special article by LADY KNILL

Broadcasting from a £3,000 BANQUET!

THE Guildhall banquet, which precedes the speeches broadcast every year, costs between £2,000 and £3,000. The Lord Mayor's Show costs another £2,000 and of these sums the Lord Mayor pays half, the rest being borne by the two Sheriffs and the Corporation. Items for this, the most gorgeous banquet of the year, mount up. The plate on the table, round the microphone, is valued at half a million pounds and is some of the most famous in the world.

Many a poor man has risen to the high position of Lord Mayor of London; but it is certain he was not poor when he reached the moment of election, whatever he may have become at the end of his year of office; for the position carries with it the privilege of spending anything up to £20,000 out of his private purse, a great proportion of which vanishes on the first day of office, November 9.

The salary of the Lord Mayor is £10,000 a year, but the many great expenses to which he is put, make it impossible that any but a rich man could dare to seek election; in fact, a sitting of the Court of Aldermen is specially called, to make sure that the next in rotation for the chair is one who can sustain the financial burden imposed upon him without it seriously affecting his finances, and that there is no possibility of his getting into difficulties before the year is out. At this meeting, the Alderman whose turn has come to be Lord Mayor, to all intents and purposes, reveals the secrets of his private purse. It has sometimes happened that one who aspired to the high post, found himself unable to bear the cost. When this happens, he is excused from taking office "on grounds of ill-health!"

Throughout the year of office there are various gratuities to pay to officials. Those who cut the beef at the banquet are entitled to £180 for their services; other members of the Lord Mayor's household receive handsome sums, and he must even find £8 for none other than the Lord Chancellor!

Week after week there are banquets to be given—to the Bishops, to the Judges, to the Trinity House Brethren, and so on; whilst even when the Lord Mayor attends functions other than his own, he has great expense to bear. His sable-bordered robes run into several hundreds of pounds, which sum is greatly increased should he happen to have to attend the Coronation of a Sovereign, when he would be required to provide himself with more than usually gorgeous apparel.

The hospitality of the Mansion House is famous, and no Lord Mayor would dare, or even consider for a moment, any slackening of effort or lowering of the scale. In fact, in the past, Mayors have been inclined to set a standard too high even for London, the richest city in the world; to the discomfort of their successors. In some years there is a regular succession of visitors from foreign lands, and when they are guests of the Lord Mayor, up go their host's bills with terrific velocity. And in addition to the State banquets, of which everyone hears, there are many others, whilst official luncheons are almost every-day affairs. This means a big staff at the Mansion House, and in addition even to those who fill obviously useful posts, are the more picturesque place-holders. For instance, amongst the staff of the Lord Mayor are seven trumpeters, a sword-bearer, and a mace-bearer. The sword-bearer's salary alone, is £600 a year. Then there are also

the Mayor's own huntsmen, his toast-master, and a regular retinue of secretaries to deal with his official correspondence.

Much of this correspondence deals with charities, and in the matter of philanthropy there comes a severe drain upon the Mayor's purse. Whilst he is expected to give generously to innumerable causes, it is possible that there may occur some great catastrophe, when a "Lord Mayor's Fund" is opened—as, for instance, for the relief of the population in the flooded areas in India. On such occasions, the Mayor heads the list with a handsome sum of money.

That famous Lord Mayor, Sir William Treloar, said that he had known of a case when



Lady Knill

Lady Knill's family has been closely connected with the Mayoralty for many years, Sir Stuart Knill having been one of the most popular Lord Mayors the City has ever known. The broadcasting of the speeches following the Guildhall Banquet has now become an annual event, and listeners will be interested to learn some of the secrets behind this spectacular event

the Mayor spent £30,000 more than his salary of £10,000, and in his own case he stated that he spent more than £10,000 of his own money. Another ex-Lord Mayor has said that the Show cost him £2,000; official dinners £4,000; private dinners and luncheons, £2,300; and Mansion House Balls, £1,200. It is reckoned that few Mayors give away less than £4,000 in charity in the course of their year of office.

Down to the last minute the Lord Mayor is putting his hand in his pocket, for one of the lesser-known ways by which he is privileged to spend money, is in the presentation of an additional piece of plate to the Mansion House collection, one of the finest in the world. As has been said, each Lord Mayor adds to this collection, at a cost which is rarely less than £500.

There are various expenses in connection with the office, which are borne by the outgoing Lord Mayor.

Truly it can be said that if there is one thing of which a Lord Mayor of London must be capable, it is putting his signature to a cheque.

Hullo, Children AUNT BELINDA'S Children's Corner

DEAR NIECES AND NEPHEWS, Those of you who live in Manchester and thereabouts will be able to see one of the best-known of radio artists at the Opera House there during the Christmas holidays, for Olive Groves, who has so often taken part in your hours in London, Manchester, and Birmingham, has been induced to become the "Principal Girl" in the Pantomime being produced there. She starts rehearsing in early December, and as it is her first essay in pantomime she is most excited about it. Remembering her as "Polly" in the last revival of "The Beggars' Opera" in London I know how charming she will look on the stage. I asked her what her small son thought of Mummy's new venture, and she said: "All he thinks about is his last—and next—game of "soccer." His letters to me from school are full of football and I wonder if he does any work at all!" Perhaps young Michael already has visions of a "Blue"!

Norman Shelley, who was such an excellent "Captain" in Franklyn Kelsey's last "Island in the Mist" adventure, does not believe in doing things by halves. He was recently cast for the lead — an air-pilot — in a play for the



evening programme and at one of the rehearsals he heard the author say that he wasn't quite sure about certain "effects" when the pilot talked to his observer while actually flying.

So Norman, who is an enthusiastic airman and flies almost daily, ran the author down to Heston aerodrome and took him up in his own machine and actually rehearsed the particular part of the play in question, so that the actual noises could be noted. The result was a most realistic broadcast!

The telephone has just rung, and in answering I found myself talking to Edwin Ellis—a coincidence, indeed, for he was "Shorty" in "The Island of the Mist"! Teddy tells me that he has just finished filming with Ernie Lotinga in *Josser on the Farm*.

Broadcasting, filming, acting—they all come alike to Teddy. I last saw him on the stage as Jimmie Nunn in *The Good Companions* at His Majesty's Theatre, but he has also travelled in Canada and America in *Journey's End* and "filled in time" by filming in slap-stick comedies in Hollywood!

In his spare time Teddy runs a dancing academy in London and at present is very busy training children for the Christmas pantomimes.

What a useful thing it is to be versatile! No space for more,

Until next week,

AUNT BELINDA.

Sunday, November 11 to Saturday, November 17, 1934.

PROGRAMMES

from the

CONTINENT in ENGLISH

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

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Sunday, November the Eleventh

All Times Stated are Greenwich Mean Time

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

RADIO LUXEMBURG
1,304 metres, 230 Kc./s., 200 kW.

Announcer: J. Sullivan

6.30—7.0 p.m.

Announcer: S. H. C. Williams

Afternoon Programme

SOCAPOLS' BROADCAST

REQUEST PROGRAMME

4.30 p.m. MILITARY BAND CONCERT
William Tell March Rossini
Plantation Medley Sullivan
Selection—The Mikado Coates
Wood Nymphs Coates

Blaze Away March Holzmann
Isle of Capri Kennedy
Selection—The Mikado Sullivan
The Old Brigade Barri
Once in a Blue Moon Gordon
Fairings Taylor
Jock the Fiddler Taylor
Deep in My Heart, Dear (The Student Prince) Romberg
Kashmiri Song Woodforde Finden
Socapools offer free Radiograms, with usual big awards in Football Pools. For details write to Socapools, 91 Regent Street, W.1.

12.30—1.0 p.m.

IRISH HOSPITALS SWEEPSTAKES CONCERT

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

DANCE MUSIC

Signature Tune—Come Back to Erin.
Sitting Beside o' You—Fox trot Waller
Dancing on a Rooftop—Fox trot O'Flynn
Marcella—Rumba Gollieb
Do I Love You?—Fox trot Robin
Carolina—Fox trot Brown
All I Do is Dream of You—Fox trot Freed
Moonlight is Silver—Waltz Adinsell
To-night is Mine—Fox trot Kahn
Tiddiewinks—Waltz Carr
Signature Tune—Come Back to Erin.
(For remainder of RADIO LUXEMBURG Programmes please see page 23, column 1.)

4.45 p.m. CURICONES' CONCERT
ORCHESTRAL MUSIC
Selection—The Dubarry Millocker
Bavarian Dance No. 1 Elgar
Summer Afternoon Idyll Coates
Faust Waltz Gounod
If you suffer from rheumatism write at once for free supply of Curicones to Stephen Matthews and Co., Ltd., 19-21 Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

Evening Programme

10.30 p.m.

WILLIAM S. MURPHY'S (Edinburgh) Celebrity Concert
(Gramophone Records)

Selection—Show Boat Kern
Paul Whiteman and his Orchestra with Chorus.
Always (Puritan Lullaby) Smith
Albert Sandier.
Drake Goes West Sanderson
Peter Dawson.
Oh! Miss Hannah Hollingsworth
Layton and Johnstone.
Will You Love Me When I'm Mutton? Lee
Gracie Fields.
Maudie the Racehorse Tilley
John Tilley.
José Collins Memories.
José Collins.
Come Out Vienna Strauss
Frank Titterton.

RADIO NORMANDY
206 metres, 1,456 Kc./s.

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

8.15—8.45 a.m.

PHILCO HAPPY HALF-HOUR

A MARCH MEDLEY

Philco Signature Tune.
March No. 4 (Pomp and Circumstance) Elgar
The Standard of St. George Alford
Scottish Patrol Williams
Irish National March Brase
March of the Men of Harlech.
Naval Patrol Williams
Soldiers of the King Stuart
L'Entente Cordiale Allier
Philco Signature Tune.
Philco—for popular programmes and better sets. Ask your radio dealer about Philco.

5.0 p.m. CLARKE'S "ATLAS" CONCERT
LIGHT ORCHESTRAL MUSIC
Signature Tune—My Song Goes Round the World.
Voices of Spring Strauss
Xylophone Solo—Light Cavalry Supplé
Of Man River (Showboat) Hammerstein
Selection of Haydn Wood's Songs.
The Merry Widow Waltz Lehar
London Bridge March Coates
You Are My Heart's Delight Lehar
Selection—Lilac Time Schubert
Signature Tune—My Song Goes Round the World.
Clarke's "Atlas" Radio Sets are better than ever. Ask your dealer for a demonstration.

Thousands place confidence in Murphy's Football Pool Coupons. Write to Wm. S. Murphy, Stauch Buildings, Blenheim Place, Edinburgh 7, for particulars.

5.30 p.m. Another Wonderful SYMINGTON'S SOUPS COMPETITION BROADCAST

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

Win a fortune in Symington's £3,000 Film Star Competition. Ask your Grocer for particulars.

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.

Theme—Shadow Waltz Dublin
March of the Marionettes.
Odds and Ends of an Old Love Affair.
Puddin' Head Jones Bryan
Coffee in the Morning Dublin
Inka-Dinka-Doo Ryan
Theme—Shadow Waltz Dublin
Wincarnis Tonic Wine brings summer health in winter weather. For free sample send 4½d. in stamps to Wincarnis, Norwich.

6.0 p.m. JUNE HAIR CURLERS CONCERT
featuring
MADAME SMITH
World-famous Astrologer
on
"What Your Stars Foretell"

DANCE MUSIC

Signature Tune—Hello! Beautiful!
Over My Shoulder—Fox trot Woods
Moonlight is Silver—Waltz Adinsell
Why Do I Dream Those Dreams?—Fox trot Dublin
For All We Know—Fox trot Lewis
Far Away in the Sunny South—Tango Fromke
My Song For You—Fox trot Eytton
Rollin' Home—Fox trot Hill
Signature Tune—Hello! Beautiful!
Horoscopes reveal your true soul. For free horoscope send date of birth and stamped addressed envelope to Madame Smith, 1 Waterloo Place, Willesden Lane, N.W.6.

For generous free sample of Outdoor Girl Face Powder send a postcard to Outdoor Girl, 33 City Road, London, E.C.1.

11.15 p.m. STRANG'S FOOTBALL POOLS BROADCAST

MUSICAL COMEDY AND OLD-TIME FAVOURITES

Selection—The Desert Song Romberg
Dancing Days—1920 arr. Gibbons
Terry, My Blue-eyed Irish Boy Scanlan
Carnival of Venice Bricciardi, arr. Gasdon
The Shade of the Palm Stuart
Sweet Genevieve Tucker
At Trinity Church Gilbert
I Love You So (The Merry Widow) Lehar
The Ragpickers' Party arr. Griffiths
Strang's Football Coupons return big awards. Write to Strang's, 24 Forth Street, Edinburgh, for details.

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

10.0 a.m. ORCHESTRAL MUSIC
Ruy Blas Overture Mendelssohn
Take Bile Beans and learn the real joy of living.
Träume Wagner
Cavatina Raff
Scherzo from "Midsummer Night's Dream" Mendelssohn

In a Country Lane Coates
No beard is too tough for "Easyshave." Price now reduced to 1s. post free from "Easyshave" Products, 1a Lewes Road, Eastbourne.
Selection of Lane Wilson Melodies.
Procession of the Sirdar Ippolitov Ivanov

10.30 a.m. MILITARY BAND MUSIC.

1812 Overture Tchaikowsky
Dennis Commercial Vehicles stand up to every test. Sparshatt's of Portsmouth are agents. Pilgrims' Chorus (Tanhäuser) Wagner
The Modern Aladdin—Spinks, 5 King Street, S.W.1—changes old gold into hard cash.
Barcarolle Tchaikowsky
A mother's best advice to her daughter: always use Bargeat Self Raising Flour.
Cornet Solo—The Letter Land Cowan
Do you know about the friendly credit plan offered by Alfred A. Jacobs, 18-20 London Rd., Portsmouth?
Selection—Rigoletto Verdi
Grand March (Tannhäuser) Wagner
Used cars that are as good as they look—Geo. Fitt Motors, Ltd., Tankerton Garage, Tankerton.
Andante in G Batiste

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

Listen to the I.B.C. Concerts from PARIS (Poste Parisien, 312 m.) this afternoon (Sunday) at 4.30 and this evening at 10.30.

Sunday, November the Eleventh

RADIO-NORMANDY—cont.

11.0 a.m. TWO MINUTES' SILENCE
 11.2 a.m.
 THE LAST POST
 Abide With Me ... *Monk*
 I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say ... *Dykes*
 A Few More Years Shall Roll ... *Bonar*

11.30 a.m.—12 (Noon)
ORCHESTRA AND ORGAN
 Solemn Melody ... *Walford Davies*
 The Flowers of the Forest ... *arr. Henderson*
 The Old Rugged Cross ... *Bennard*
 Elegie ... *Masseud*
 Found—One box of Bile Beans.
 Lost—The Blues.
 Recessional ... *Kipling, Dykes*
 Largo ... *Handel*
 The Lost Chord ... *Sullivan*
 March of the Chelsea Pensioners.
 March of the Women's War Services.

Afternoon Programme

2.0 p.m.
ORCHESTRAL MUSIC
 Marche Militaire ... *Schubert*
 For You Alone ... *Geehl*
 The Phantom Brigade ... *Myddleton*
 Les Sylphides ... *Cussans*
 The Merry Middies ... *Brooke*
 Violin Solo—Love's Garden of
 Roses ... *Haydn Wood*
 The Gipsies ... *Higgs*
 Valse des Fleurs ... *Tchaikowsky*

2.30 p.m.
I.B.C. Member's Request Programme
 Compiled by F. C. Woodcock, of
 Walmer, Kent

Colonel Bogey ... *Alford*
 Don't live in a shoe! Hasler Estates, Worthing, offer delightful homes at finest terms.
 Bells Across the Meadow ... *Ketelbey*
 Until ... *Sanderson*
 Shoes of comfort ... shoes of beauty ...
 shoes from Chas. Baber, Regent St., W.1.
 In a Monastery Garden ... *Ketelbey*
 My Hero (The Chocolate Soldier)
Oscar Straus
 Abracadabra! Spinks turn your old jewellery
 into cash like magic.
 The Song of Surrender ... *Warren*
 Standchen (Serenade) ... *Heykens*
 Sussex by the Sea ... *Ward-Higgs*

3.0 p.m.
SELECTIONS FROM SHOWS
(Gramophone Records)
 I'll See You Again (Bittersweet) ... *Coward*
Victor Young and his Orchestra.
 Men. Be kind to your wives! Be photographed!
 Three recommended photographers—
 J. Herbert Wilson, Teignmouth;
 Stephen Shore, Crouch End; S. A. Chandler
 and Co., Southampton and Exeter.
 Pianoforte Selection—Words and
 Music ... *Coward*
Billy Mayerl.
 Tinkle, Tinkle and Over My
 Shoulder (Evergreen) ... *Woods*
Jessie Matthews.
 Selection—Wild Violets ... *Stolz*
Bohemian Salon Orchestra.
 Banish cracked lips and chapped hands.
 Bring Shurzine Ointment to the rescue—
 Is. 3d. a tin.
 Near and Yet So Far (Princess
 Charming).
Robert Naylor and Sylvia Cecil.
 Musical Comedy Memories.
Jack Wilson.
 Selections from Yes, Madam ... *Waller*
Anona Winn and Reginald Purdell.
 Money from nowhere like magic. Sell your
 old gold and silver to Spinks.
 Ol' Man River (Show Boat) ... *Kern*
Paul Robeson with Paul Whiteman
and his Orchestra.

3.30 p.m.
SONG MEMORIES 1914—1918
 Tipperary ... *Judge, Williams*
 A radio programme is as good as the set
 that receives it—see Currys, branches
 everywhere.
 Angus Macdonald ... *Weatherley*
 Roses of Picardy ... *Haydn Wood*
 On the Banks of the Silvery Dee.
 Make certain of your free sample of Outdoor
 Girl Olive Oil Face Powder, by sending a
 postcard to-day to Outdoor Girl, 32
 City Road, E.C.1.
 Songs of the Army.
 Destiny Waltz ... *Baynes*
 If You Were the Only Girl in the
 World ... *Ayer*
 The greatest shirt value on the market.
 For details write to Garstangs, 23 Railway
 Road, Blackburn.
 Tunes from "Cavalcade" ... *Coward*

RADIO-NORMANDY—cont.

4.0 p.m.
MUSIC FOR OCTET
 Intermezzo (Cavalleria Rusticana) *Mascagni*
 It is not impossible to obtain comfortable
 shoes with fashion beauty. Ask Chas.
 Baber of Regent Street, W.1.
 Lullaby (Wiegengied) ... *Brahms*
 Spring Song ... *Mendelssohn*
 Romance ... *Rubinstein*

4.15 p.m.
The Thought for the Week
THE REV. JAMES WALL, M.A.
Precentor of Durham Cathedral.
MUSIC FOR OCTET—continued.
 Air on the G String ... *Bach*
 Mock Morris ... *Grainger*
 La Fileuse ... *Raff*
 Golliwog's Cakewalk ... *Debussy*

4.30 p.m.
The I.B.C. Nursery Corner
 with the Uncles
BIRTHDAY GREETINGS
 and
A Telephone Call from Flossie

4.45 p.m.
NOVELTY ORCHESTRA
 Ginger Snaps ... *Bourdon*
 Jolly Fellows ... *Vollstedt*
 Moonlight, mignonette and motoring.
 Philco Car Radio completes the atmosphere.
 Danse Bagatelle ... *Bourdon*
 The Dwarf's Patrol ... *Ratke*

5.0 p.m.
Another Wonderful
SYMINGTON'S SOUPS
COMPETITION BROADCAST
Sound tracks from actual films, featuring
Favourite Film stars in their most popular
numbers.
 Win a fortune in Symington's £3,000
 Film Star Competition. Ask your
 Grocer for particulars.

5.30 p.m.
JUNE HAIR CURLER
CONCERT
 featuring
MADAME SMITH
World-famous Astrologer
 on
"What Your Stars Foretell"
DANCE MUSIC
 Signature Tune—Hello! Beautiful!
 Heaven on Earth—Fox trot ... *Turk*
 My Song for You—Fox trot ... *Eyton*
 Far Away in the Sunny South—
 Tango ... *Fromke*
 Judy—Fox trot ... *Carmichael*
 Tiddlewinks—Waltz ... *Carr*
 Why Not?—Fox trot ... *Helman*
 When You've Got a Little Spring-
 time in Your Heart—Fox trot ... *Woods*
 Signature Tune—Hello! Beautiful!
 Will you be successful? For free horo-
 scope, send date of birth and stamped
 addressed envelope to Madame Smith,
 1 Waterloo Place, Willesden Lane,
 N.W.6.

The modern Magicians—Spinks buy your
 old, disused jewellery for hard cash.

6.0 p.m.
SOCAPOOLS' BROADCAST
Request Programme
 Sussex by the Sea ... *Ward-Higgs*
 The Old School Tie ... *Western Bros*
 The Floral Dance ... *Moss*
 We'll All Go Riding on a Rainbow *Woods*
 Oh Baby! Baby! ... *Makoney*
 Selection of War Marching Songs.
 My Hat's on the Side of My Head ... *Woods*
 Londonderry Air ... *Traditional*
 Service and value for money from
 Socapools. Write for Football Coupons
 to Socapools, 91 Regent Street, W.1.

6.30 p.m.
Violin Recital by
BERNARD GODFREY
 Spanish Dance No. 7 ... *Sarasate*
 Réve d'Amour ... *Coombs*
 Minuet in G ... *Beethoven*
 Bohemian Dance (The Bartered
 Bride) ... *Smetana*

RADIO-NORMANDY—cont.

6.45—7.0 p.m.
CURICONES' CONCERT
ORCHESTRAL MUSIC
 Triumphal March (Aida) ... *Verdi*
 Malaguena—Spanish Dance ... *Moskowsky*
 Danse Slave ... *Chabrier*
 Bohemian Polka (Schwanda) ... *Weinberger*
 Rhapsomies? Curicones will help you.
 Write to-day for free sample to Stephen
 Matthews & Co., Ltd., 19-21 Farringdon
 Street, London, E.C.4.

Evening Programmes
 9.30 p.m.
EXCERPTS FROM PUCCINI'S OPERAS
 One Fine Day (Madame Butterfly).
 Nessum Dorma (Turandot).
 Shake the Cherry Tree (Madame
 Butterfly).
 Your Tiny Hand is Frozen (La
 Bohème).

9.45 p.m.
WINCARNIS CONCERT
 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—Beloved.
 Oh I Yah! Yah!
 Let's Fall in Love.
 You're Devastating.
 Keep Romance Alive.
 What are We Waiting For?
 Wincarnis Tonic Wine free sample
 offer by radio. For free sample send
 4½d. in stamps to Wincarnis, Norwich.

10.0 p.m.
CYSTEX BROADCAST
 Thrilling Dramas of
 Newspapermen's Adventures
A Real New Broadcast
 No. 6—THE MAN HUNT
 Don't talk about kidney trouble. Do
 Something. Take Cystex.

10.15 p.m.
WAR SKETCHES
(Gramophone Records)
 Old Arry.
 An hour before your favourite radio
 programme—your set breaks down—see
 Currys.
 Days of the Dugouts.
 Cockney Spirit in the War.
 "Radio Pictorial," published every Friday,
 price 3d.
 The Old Contemptibles' Re-union.

10.30 p.m.
CHARLES STEVENS'
CONCERT
LIGHT MUSIC
 In the Shadows ... *Finck*
 La Paloma ... *Yradier*
 Isle of Capri—Slow Fox trot ... *Kennedy*
 The Merry Widow Waltz ... *Lehar*
 Musical Box ... *Heykens*
 Ache in My Heart—Fox trot ... *Sievier*
 Demoiselle Chic ... *Fletcher*
 Echoes from the Pusztta ... *Ferraris*
 Chas. Stevens offers new tuberculosis
 treatment. Write for descriptive booklet
 to 204 Worple Road, S.W.20.

11.0 p.m.
THE ARMY AND NAVY
 Soldiers of the King ... *Stuart*
 The Lolly-pop Major ... *Damarell*
 Nautical Moments ... *Winter*
 He's a Colonel from Kentucky ... *Tobias*
 A Sailor's Adventures ... *Ratke*
 When a Soldier's on Parade ... *Sarony*
 Don't live in the past! Sell your old gold
 or Spinks and live in to-day's fashions.
 Sailor's Waltz ... *Redi*
 Soldiers in the Park ... *Monckton*

11.30 p.m.
IRISH HOSPITALS
SWEEPSTAKES CONCERT
Arranged by the I.B.C. (Ireland), Ltd.
DANCE MUSIC
 Signature Tune—Come Back to Erin.
 To-night is Mine—Fox trot ... *Kahn*
 For All We Know—Fox trot ... *Lewis*
 Shadows on the Pavement ... *Flanagan*
 Michaela—Tango ... *Eisemann*
 Two Cigarettes in the Dark ... *Webster*
 Moonlight is Silver—Waltz ... *Adinsell*
 A Lonely Singing Fool—Fox trot ... *Wallace*
 Sleepy Head—Fox trot ... *Kahn*
 Signature Tune—Come Back to Erin.

RADIO-NORMANDY—cont.

12 (Midnight)
STANLEY BARNETT
AND THE IBCOLIANS
 Playing at the
 Prince's Grill, Piccadilly, London, W.1
(Gramophone Records)

Signature Tune—Bells of Normandy.
 Two Cigarettes in the Dark—Fox
 trot ... *Webster*
 Out in the Cold Again—Fox trot ... *Gordon*
 Sophisticated Lady—Hot Fox trot ... *Mills*
 Isle of Capri—Tango ... *Kennedy*
 With My Eyes Wide Open I'm
 Dreaming—Fox trot ... *Gordon*
 Wild Goose Chase—Hot Fox trot ... *Ellington*
 Heat Wave—Rumba ... *Berlin*
 I Bought Myself a Bottle of Ink—
 Fox trot ... *Evans*
 You're Still in My Heart—Fox trot ... *Yellen*
 Signature Tune—Bells of Normandy.

12.30 a.m.
Club Concert for
Dolgelly Listeners
 Ballerina—One step ... *Kennedy*
 Something To Do With the Spring
 —Fox trot ... *Coward*
 Lullaby in Blue—Fox trot ... *Wrubel*
 Come Juanita—Rumba ... *Zagar*
 Easy Come Easy Go—Fox trot ... *Green*
 He's a Colonel from Kentucky—
 Novelty Fox trot ... *Tobias*
 Cherie—Waltz ... *Haines*
 She Reminds Me of You—Fox trot ... *Noble*
 A Thousand Good-nights—Fox
 trot ... *Donaldson*

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.

Announcer: H. Gordon Box

12 (Midnight)
PHILCO BROADCAST
SPANISH MUSIC
 Philco Signature Tune.
 El Entrerriano ... *Rosendo*
 Palabras Falsas—Tango ... *Aguslar*
 Serenato ... *Malata*
 Sevillanas de Baile ...
 Madonna of the Bullfighters—Paso
 Doble ... *Espinosa*
 Don Fabricio—Tango ... *Galiasso*
 Santiago—Valse ... *Corbin*
 Philco Signature Tune.
 The song of India—the call of the
 Kookaburra—in your own home with
 a Philco 11-valve All-wave Superhet.
 Write to Philco, Perivale, Middlesex,
 for full demonstration.

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

UNION RADIO, MADRID,
 274 m., 1095 Kc./s., 15 kW.

Announcer: H. Gordon Box

1.0 a.m. **DANCE MUSIC**
 Gosh, I Must Be Falling in Love
 —Fox trot ... *Carr*
 Over My Shoulder—Fox trot ... *Woods*
 The Breeze—Slow Fox trot ... *Sacco*
 Donde estas Corazon—Tango ... *Serrano*
 In a Shelter from a Shower—Fox
 trot ... *Whiting*
 Madame Will You Walk—Fox trot ... *Mirville*
 If—Waltz ... *Hargreaves*
 How Could We Be Wrong—Fox
 trot ... *Porter*
 Mama Don't Want No Peas—One
 step ... *Gilbert*
 It's All Forgotten Now—Fox trot ... *Noble*
 All I Do is Dream of You—Fox trot ... *Brown*
 In the Little White Church on the
 Hill—Waltz ... *Fields*
 Aloha Beloved—Fox trot ... *Long*
 Ranno de la Noche—Tango ... *Manuel*
 The Old Covered Bridge—Fox trot ... *Hill*

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

Sunday (Continued)

RADIO LUXEMBURG (Continued from Page 21, Col. 3.)

1.30 p.m.
LITTLEWOOD'S BROADCAST
 CELEBRITY CONCERT OF
 GRAMOPHONE RECORDS
 Signature Tune—We're in the Money.
 Medley of War Marching Songs.
Debroy Somers Band
 Asleep in the Deep ... *Pedric*
 Part I—The Storm.
 Part II—The Calm.
 Old Contemptibles—War Medley.
 Land of Hope and Glory ... *Elgar*
Dame Clara Butt.
 Signature Tune—We're in the Money
 Littlewoods always lead the way! Write
 for football coupons and details of £2,000
 Competition to H. Littlewood, Ltd.,
 Liverpool.

2.0 p.m.
BALLITO CONCERT
 DANCE MUSIC
 Signature Tune—Happy Feet.
 I Saw Stars—Fox trot ... *Sigler*
 The Breeze—Fox trot ... *Sacco*
 Indien—Tango ... *Gordon*
 Two Cigarettes in the Dark—Fox
 trot ... *Webster*
 The Lolly Pop Major—Quick step *Damarell*
 Love, Wonderful Love—Fox trot ... *Leon*
 The Prize Waltz ... *Sigler*
 I'm Hummin', I'm Whistlin', I'm
 Singin'—Fox trot ... *Gordon*
 Signature Tune—Happy Feet.
 Well-behaved stockings—dull stockings
 that stay dull—Ballito Stockings.

2.30—3.0 p.m.
**VERNON'S ALL-STAR
 VARIETY CONCERT**
(Gramophone Records)
 Keep Your Last Goodnight for Me
Henry Hall and his Orchestra ... *Athert*
 Oh, How I Miss You To-night ... *Davis*
John McCormack,
 Out in the Cold Cold Snow ... *Haines*
Gracie Fields
 Little Man You've Had a Busy Day *Wayne*
Paul Robeson
 Gorious Devon ... *German*
Peter Dawson.
 Oh, Muki! Muki! Oh! ... *Hill*
Reilly and Comfort
 My Song for You ... *Eyton*
Geraldo and his Sweet Music.
 My Canary Went Cuckoo ... *Low*
Florence Oldham.
 Vernon's maintain Football Pool records.
 £1,000 weekly for only 12 results.
 Write to Vernon's Football Pools,
 Liverpool.

5.0 p.m.
WINCARNIS CONCERT
 Trumpet Tune and Air ... *Purcell*
 O Valiant Heart ... *Vaughan Williams*
 For All the Saints ... *Walford Davies*
 Solemn Melody ... *Walford Davies*
 A glass of Wincarnis before you go to
 bed is the surest way to cure sleepless-
 ness.

5.15—5.30 p.m.
OUTDOOR GIRL CONCERT
 Selection—Cavalcade ... *Coward*
 Le Réve Passe ... *Krier*
 Chorale—Belle Vue
 Grand March (Aida) ... *Verdi*
 Send that postcard to-day for week's
 free trial of Outdoor Girl Olive Oil
 Face Powder. Address it: 34 City
 Road, E.C.1.

9.0 p.m.
SNOWFIRE BROADCAST
 LIGHT MUSIC
 Signature Tune—Love in Bloom.
 Moon Glow—Fox trot ... *Hudson*
 Caricava—Rumba (Flying Down to
 Rio) ... *Youmans*
 Kiss Me Dear—Fox trot ... *Ellis*
 Love is the Sweetest Thing—Fox
 trot ... *Noble*
 Signature Tune—Love in Bloom.
 Ann: "Why is your skin so smooth
 and attractive?" Jane: "Snowfire
 Powder, of course."

RADIO LUXEMBURG—cont.

9.15—9.45 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.
 Ask your Grocer how you may win a
 fortune in Symington's £3,000 Film
 Star Competition.

RADIO-CÔTE D'AZUR (Juan-Les-Pins) 240 m., 1249 Kc./s., 10 kW.

Announcer: Miss L. Bailet
10.30 p.m.
 ORCHESTRAL MUSIC
 Mazurka from Coppelia Ballet ... *Delibes*
 Liebestraum Nocturne ... *Liszt*
 Song—Christ in Flanders ... *Stephens*
 Molly on the Shore ... *Granger*
 Les Tresors de Columbine ... *Drigo*
 Song—The Gingham Road ... *Edward*
 Harlequin's Serenade (I Pagliacci) *Leoncavallo*
 Ride of the Valkyries ... *Wagner*

11.0 p.m.
**MANTOVANI AND HIS TIPICA
 ORCHESTRA**
(Gramophone Records)
 Sweethearts of Yesterday ... *arr. Hall*
 Minuet ... *Bocherini*
 Gipsy Sing for Me ... *Meisel*
 Poem ... *Fibich*
 Moment Musical ... *Schubert*
 Throw Open Wide Your Window *Calson*
 Liebeslied (Love Song) ... *Kreisler*
 Play to Me Gipsy ... *Kennedy*

11.30 p.m.
 SELECTIONS FROM MUSICAL COMEDY
 White Horse Inn ... *Benatzky*
 The Desert Song ... *Romberg*
 I Give My Heart (The Dubarry) *Millocker*
 The Cat and the Fiddle ... *Kern*
 A Bachelor Gay (The Maid of the
 Mountains) ... *Fraser Simson*
 Old Man River (The Show Boat) *Hammerstein*
 Mother of Pearl ... *Strauss*
 How're You Getting On (Sporting
 Love) ... *Sarony*

12 (Midnight)
 DANCE MUSIC
 Boulevard of Broken Dreams—Fox
 trot ... *Dubin*
 A Place in Your Heart—Fox trot ... *Coslow*
 When To-morrow Comes—Fox trot *Kahal*
 I'll String Along with You—Fox
 trot ... *Dubin*
 Little Man You've Had a Busy Day
 Slow Fox trot ... *Wayne*
 When You've Got a Little Spring-
 time in Your Heart—Fox trot ... *Woods*
 Arlene—Waltz ... *Seymour*
 Love Thy Neighbour—Fox trot ... *Gordon*
 Over My Shoulder—Fox trot ... *Woods*
 Pickaninnies Heaven—Fox trot ... *Johnston*
 Maybe I Love You Too Much—Fox
 trot ... *Berlin*
 Lullaby in Blue—Fox trot ... *Magdison*
 Kazoo—Fox trot ... *Seymour*
 Madame Will You Walk—Fox trot *Mireille*
 I Never Had a Chance—Fox trot ... *Berlin*
 Tick, Tock Town—Fox trot ... *Jones*

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

HAPPY BIRTHDAY!
 Send your Birthday Greetings
 "over the air"! Each greeting,
 which will be broadcast during
 the Nursery Corner from Radio
 Normandy, at 4.30 p.m. costs 2s.
 Details should be sent to I.B.C.
 Headquarters at least 8 days in
 advance.

Monday November the Twelfth

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

Morning Programme
8.15—8.45 a.m.
PHILCO HAPPY HALF-HOUR
 ORCHESTRAL MUSIC

Philco Signature Tune.
 Selection—The Quaker Girl ... *Monclon*
 Les Cloches de Corneville—Selection
Planquette
 Song—The Cobbler's Song ... *Norton*
 Waltz from the Ballet Coppelia ... *Delibes*
 The Cockney Lover (Cockney Suite)
Katelbey
 Song—Bedouin Love Song ... *Pinsuli*
 Copak (The Fair at Sorotchinsk) *Moussorskysky*
 Marche Militaire ... *Schubert*
 Philco Signature Tune.
 The tone, the volume and the range
 of an all-mains set are to be found in
 the Philco Major Battery.

Afternoon Programme
**Chichester, Bognor, Hastings
 and Eastbourne Concert**

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.
 Sleepy Head—Fox trot ... *Kahn*
 I'm Hummin', I'm Whistlin', I'm
 Singin'—Fox trot ... *Gordon*
 La Veeda—Rumba ... *Vincent*
 Dearest—Fox trot ... *Damarell*
 With My Eyes Wide Open I'm
 Dreaming—Fox trot ... *Gordon*
 I Never Slept a Wink Last Night—
 Fox trot ... *Razaf*
 Remember Me—Waltz ... *Miller*
 New Moon—Fox trot ... *Brunelle*
 Signature Tune—Happy Feet.
 Ballito—a standard in radio programme
 service—a standard in stocking value.

5.15 p.m.
**JUNE HAIR CURLERS
 CONCERT**
 featuring
MADAME SMITH
 World-famous Astrologer
 on
 "What Your Stars Foretell"

DANCE MUSIC
 Signature Tune—Hello! Beautiful!
 Sitting Beside of You—Fox trot ... *Waller*
 Ache in My Heart—Fox trot ... *Siever*
 Moonlight Kisses—Tango ... *Barcsi*
 Heaven on Earth—Fox trot ... *Turk*
 Little Church Around the Corner
 —Slow Fox trot ... *Waller*
 The Prize Waltz ... *Sigler*
 All I Do is Dream of You—Fox
 trot ... *Freed*
 Signature Tune—Hello! Beautiful!
 Madame Smith wants to read your
 horoscope free. Send date of birth and
 stamped addressed envelope to Madame
 Smith, 1 Waterloo Place, Willesden
 Lane, N.W.6.

Fashion's hosiery for slender purses—Ballito always leads

5.45—6.0 p.m.
LAYTON AND JOHNSTONE
(Gramophone Records)
 Love in Bloom ... *Robin*
 Drama ... Humour ... Action ...
 Romance—each week at the Carlton
 Theatre, Cosham, Hants.
 Play to Me Gipsy ... *Kennedy*
 Dependable, pasteurised milk, tested by
 the Safety Fire Milk Association, is obtain-
 able from C. F. Simmons & Sons, Eastbourne.
 Don't Change, Be As You Are ... *Turk*
 Free—a week's supply of Outdoor Girl
 Olive Oil Face Powder. Send a postcard to
 Outdoor Girl, 32 City Road, E.C.1.
 Faint Harmony ... *Carter*
 The girl who wears Ballito Crepette
 Stockings is not only attractive, but thrifty.
 The Night by the Sea.

Evening Programmes

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

10.30 p.m.
 Violin Recital by
BERNARD GODFREY
 Spring Song ... *Mendelssohn*
 Loure ... *Back*
 Canzonetta ... *Tchaikowsky*
 Variations on a Hungarian Theme *Hubay*

10.45 p.m.
VARIETY
 Oriental Dance ... *White*
 Drifting tide ... *Castldop*
 All I Do is Dream of You ... *Freed*
 Memphis by Morning ... *West*

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.
 C. B. Cochran Presents.
 The price of gold still soars. Sell your old
 gold now to Spinks.
 Without Your Love (The Dubarry) *Leigh*
 With All My Heart (My Song for
 You) ... *Eyton*
 Little Did I Dream (Bottom's Up) *Adamson*
 Near and Yet So Far (Princess
 Charming) ... *Kester*
 Selection—Wonder Bar ... *Warren*
 Send for free booklet explaining tuberculosis
 treatment to Chas. Stevens, 204 Worpole
 Road, S.W.20.
 Baby (Boots! Boots!) ... *Cottrell*
 Do I Love You? (Thank Your
 Stars) ... *Robin*
 Signature Tune—Sittin' in the Dark.

11.30 p.m.
 Our Father's Favourites
 Boston Two Step ... *Everett*
 Racing Selections by the Irish Hospitals
 special English Racing Commissioner.
 Let's All Dance the Polka ... *Benson*
 Gavotte (Mignon) ... *Thomas*
 Highland Schottische.
 Paul Jones.
 Barn Dance.
 One Step.
 The Merry Widow Waltz ... *Lehar*

12 (Midnight)
**Club Concert for
 Townyn Listeners**
 DANCE MUSIC—Part I
 Little Black Shawl—Fox trot ... *Hill*
 We Like a Gay Song—Fox trot ... *Roy*
 He Was a Poor Musician—Tango *Schwartz*
 Better Think Twice—Fox trot ... *Seymour*
 Mister Magician—Fox trot ... *O'Flynn*
 Oh! Suzanne—One step ... *Noel*
 When the Mighty Organ Plays ... *Klenner*
 Pink Elephants—Fox trot ... *Dixon*
 Cupid—Fox trot ... *Coslow*

I.B.C. Time Signal.
12.30 a.m. Part II
 Emaline—Fox trot ... *Parish*
 From Me to You—Fox trot ... *King*
 Forever—Waltz ... *Siever*
 Ill Wind—Fox trot ... *Koehler*
 Nagasaki—Quick step ... *Dixon*
 It Must be Spain—Paso Doble ... *Speyer*
 So Help Me—Fox trot ... *Berlin*
 How Can It be a Beautiful Day? ... *Kahn*
 Latin—Fox trot ... *Brunelle*

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

Announcer: H. Gordon Box
1.0 a.m.
 LIGHT ORCHESTRAL CONCERT
 Mon Amour ... *Paolita*
 Fairy Tale ... *Heykens*
 Valse des Fleurs ... *Tchaikowsky*
 Serenade ... *Drilla*
 Le Chaland qui passe ... *Bisio*
 Monsieur Tricotin ... *Rawlingson*
 None but the Weary Heart *Tchaikowsky*
 Valse Viennoise ... *Poldini*

1.30 a.m.
 LIGHT MUSIC
 Steal Away (Negro Spiritual) ... *Huntley*
 Oh, Dem Golden Slippers.
 Climbing up Dem Golden Stairs.
 Water Boy (Negro Slave Song) ... *Dewy*
 Hold Me ... *Lulle*
 Wee Macgregor Patrol ... *Amers*
 Dixieland ... *Stodden*
2.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

Tuesday November the Thirteenth

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

Morning Programme

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

Philco Signature Tune.
Crickets in the Grass—Fox trot ... *Fio Rilo*
I Never Had a Chance—Fox trot ... *Berlin*
Ache in My Heart—Fox trot ... *Sievier*
La Parisienne—Tango ... *Filipetto*
I'm Your Slave—Fox trot ... *Brunelle*
Just a Poor Street Singer—Fox trot ... *Woods*
You Have Taken My Heart—Waltz ... *Jenkins*
Rollin' Home—Fox trot ... *Hill*
Philco Signature Tune.
Matched components and hair-line accuracy put Philco Radio Sets in a class by themselves.

Afternoon Programme

Torquay, Exeter, Plymouth and Devonport Concert

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

4.45 p.m. Here Comes the Bride
The Frog's Wedding ... *Beil*
In Redhill, order dependable "Safety First" tested milk from Lympson and Smees.
The Wedding of the Birds ... *Pederson*
Wheezy Anna's Wedding Day ... *Sarony*
The Wedding of Mr. Wu ... *Cottrell*
Wear them. Wash them. And wear them again—Ballito Stockings always look smart.
Cinderella's Wedding Day ... *Trumbauer*
The Wedding of Mr. Mickey Mouse ... *Pola*
The Bee's Wedding ... *Mendelssohn*
The concert halls of Europe at the touch of your finger. Philco brings back the old thrill of radio.
The Glow Worm's Wedding ... *Siede*

5.15 p.m.
JUNE HAIR CURLER CONCERT

featuring
MADAME SMITH
World-famous Astrologer on
"What Your Stars Foretell"
DANCE MUSIC
Signature Tune—Hello! Beautiful!
So Nice—Fox trot ... *Yellen*
Say It—Fox trot ... *Schwartz*
Love—Waltz ... *Leon*
You Turned Your Head—Fox trot ... *Ellis*
Carry Me Back to the Lone Prairie ... *Robinson*
Donde Estas Corazon—Tango ... *Serrano*
Love in Bloom—Fox trot ... *Robin*
Signature Tune—Hello! Beautiful!
Your horoscope free! Send date of birth and stamped addressed envelope to Madame Smith, 1 Waterloo Place, Willesden Lane, N.W.6.

5.45—6.0 p.m. **ORGAN RECITAL**

Fifty Years of Song.
Consult Searles of 33 St. Marychurch Road, Plainmoor, and I Albert Road, Torquay, about your new Philco.
Monte Cristo—Gipsy Waltz ... *Kollar*
Outdoor Girl Olive Oil Face Powder gives your make-up that smooth matt finish that is so fashionable.
A Cuckoo in the Nest ... *Sievier*
Test Ballito. Buy a pair. Date them and see how long they last. You'll never regret it.
Blackpool Switchback.

Evening Programmes

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

10.30 p.m.

BALLITO VARIETY CONCERT
(Gramophone Records)

Signature Tune—Happy Feet.
Schwartz Katharina ... *Weiss*
Café Colette Orchestra.
A Lonely Singing Fool ... *Wallace*
The Street Singer.
Selection of the Songs of Clarice Mayne.
Clarice Mayne.
I've Found a New Baby ... *Palmer*
The Mills Brothers.
I'm Waiting Now for Any Kind of Sweetheart (Norman Long)
Rollin' Home (The Old Choristers' Club) *Hill*
Stay at Home Papa (Sophie Tucker) *Yellen*
Apache Dance ... *Offenbach*
Massed Bands of Lew Stone, Alfredo Campois and Don Riedo.
Signature Tune—Happy Feet.
Don't be misled by the gossamer fineness of Ballito Pure Silk Stockings. Those delicate threads won't break—they stretch.

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

RADIO-NORMANDY—cont

11.0 p.m. Request Programme compiled by

The Isle of Wight Rhythm Club
Serenade for a Wealthy Widow *Foresythe*
Tuberculosis sufferers. Write for free treatment booklet to Chas. Stevens, 204 Worple Road, S.W.20.
Garden of Weed ... *Foresythe*
Berceuse for an Unwanted Child. *Foresythe*
No, she didn't steal the money for her new evening gown. She sold her old-fashioned jewellery to Spinks.
I Hate Myself ... *Davis*
Junk Man Blues ... *Nichols*
George: You're looking fit.
Tom: The answer is Bile Beans.
Miss Otis Regrets ... *Porter*
You Oughta be in Pictures *Heymann*
Super Tiger Rag ... *Rocca*

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

Arranged by the I.B.C. (Ireland), Ltd.
LIGHT MUSIC
Signature Tune—Come Back to Erin.
Bolero ... *Ravel*
Racing Selections by the Irish Hospitals special English Racing Commissioner.
Heat Wave ... *Berlin*
My Heart is Out of Work ... *Nichols*
Michaela ... *Eisemann*
My Little Girl ... *Hackforth*
Piano Solo—Musical Comedy Memories.
Santiago—Valse ... *Corbin*
Signature Tune—Come Back to Erin.

12 (Midnight) **Club Concert for Barmouth Listeners**

DANCE MUSIC—Part I
Happy—One step ... *Lupino*
Lazy River—Fox trot ... *Carmichael*
Why Don't You Practise What You Preach?—Fox trot ... *Sigler*
Over My Shoulder—Fox trot ... *Woods*
The Click of Her Heels—Tango ... *Bazan*
Riding on a Haycart Home—Fox trot ... *Dale*
You're in My Power—Fox trot ... *Hoffman*
Two Little Flies on a Lump of Sugar ... *Fain*
One Life, One Love—Waltz ... *Kennedy*

I.B.C. Time Signal. Part II

Josephine—Fox trot ... *Steiner*
Melody in Spring—Fox trot ... *Gensler*
She Loves Me Not—Fox trot ... *Heyman*
Nella—Rumba ... *Emer*
Alexander's Ragtime Band ... *Berlin*
Good-night Lovely Little Lady ... *Gordon*
After All You're All I'm After ... *Heyman*
That's Why I Need You To-night
I'm Gonna Take My Mother Out
To-night—Fox trot ... *Leon*

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) **CELEBRITY CONCERT**
(Gramophone Records)

Fiddler Joe ... *London*
La Precieuse ... *Couperin*
One Morning in May ... *Parish*
Bill and Al's War Story (In the Trenches) ... *Collinson & Deed*
Temptation ... *Freed*
Song of Paradise ... *King*
Laughing Waltz ... *Hargreaves*

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

Love in Bloom—Fox trot ... *Robin*
Miss Otis Regrets—Fox trot ... *Porter*
Love is a Song—Waltz ... *Noble*
The Very Thought of You ... *Noble*
Dearest—Slow Fox trot ... *Damarell*
Love Thy Neighbour—Fox trot ... *Gordon*
Kyrene—Tango ... *Wolfgang*
Rollin' Home—Fox trot ... *Hill*
Ridin' Around in the Rain ... *Austin*
Madonna Mine—Tango Fox trot ... *Sarony*
When You've Got a Little Spring-time in Your Heart—Fox trot ... *Woods*
Lagrimas Negras—Rumba ... *Matamoros*
Remember Me—Fox trot ... *Miller*
Isle of Capri—Slow Fox trot ... *Kennedy*
It's Time to Say Good-night—Waltz ... *Hill*

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 ORCHESTRAL MUSIC

Wednesday November the Fourteenth

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

Morning Programme

8.15—8.45 a.m.

PHILCO HAPPY HALF-HOUR
REQUEST PROGRAMME

Philco Signature Tune.
The Skaters Waltz ... *Waldeufel*
The Floral Dance ... *Moss*
Isle of Capri ... *Kennedy*
In the Little White Church on the Hill ... *Fields*
Colonel Bogey ... *Alford*
Grinzing ... *Benatsky*
Marta.
Sussex by the Sea ... *Ward-Higgs*
Philco Signature Tune.
The world in your home. Philco Radio gives "constant" reception with the new Automatic Volume Control.

Afternoon Programme

Isle of Wight, Portsmouth and Southsea Concert

4.30 p.m.

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

4.45 p.m. Memories of—

An Old, Old Man with an Old, Old Pipe ... *Gordon*
His new tuberculosis treatment has made life-long friends for Chas. Stevens, 204 Worple Road, S.W.20.
Little Black Shawl ... *Hill*
Buy Ballito Stockings—and forget that ladders exist.
The Musical Snuff Box ... *Nikoliewsky*
Hire a car and ride in luxury and style.
Derby Motor Works, Scamshaw Road Portsmouth. Phone Portsmouth 5436.
Old Roses ... *Little*
"Conversation Piece," by Handley's of Southsea.
Old Father Thames ... *Wallace*
Don't miss the "opportunity weeks" arranged by Alfred A. Jacobs, the furnisners of 18-20 London Road, Portsmouth.
Just a Little Grey-Haired Lady ... *Green*
And now—Philco Radio on easy payment terms from the Portsmouth Central Wireless Company.
By the Old Wishing Well ... *Pease*
See the special show of evening wear fabrics at Bulpitt's, Ltd., King's Road, Southsea, and 8 London Road, Portsmouth.
Little Locket of Long Ago ... *Woods*

5.15 p.m.

JUNE HAIR CURLER CONCERT

featuring
MADAME SMITH
World-famous Astrologer
on
"What Your Stars Foretell"
DANCE MUSIC

Signature Tune—Hello! Beautiful!
Rollin' Home—Fox trot ... *Hill*
New Moon—Fox trot ... *Brunelle*
Brazilia—Paso Doble ... *Sinclair*
Miss Otis Regrets—Fox trot ... *Porter*
My Song for You—Fox trot ... *Eyton*
Tiddewinks—Waltz ... *Carr*
Do I Love You?—Fox trot ... *Robin*
Signature Tune—Hello! Beautiful!
Your own horoscope free. Send birthday and stamped addressed envelope to Madame Smith, 1 Waterloo Place, Willesden Lane, N.W.6.

5.45—6.0 p.m.

PIANOFORTE RECITAL

Mr. Whittington Medley ... *Green*
Ballito Stockings must be good to have sold so fast.
Ace of Diamonds ... *Mayerl*
Ace of Spades ... *Mayerl*
Easy payment and a rebate on your old set from the Portsmouth Central Wireless Company.
Tea for Two ... *Caesar*
In Southsea, order dependable milk, tested by "Safety First," from Dorset Pure Milk Supply.
White Horse Inn Medley ... *Benatsky*
Banish colds with Fume. Send 6d. for postage of free (1s. 6d. size) bottle to Excelsior Laboratories, 51-53 Crasswell Street, Portsmouth.
The Night by the Sea.

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.
Selection—Yes, Madam ... *Waller*
Love Lost for Ever More (Blossom Time) ... *Tauber*
Don't Say Good-night (Wonder Bar) *Dubin*
Heat Wave (As Thousands Cheer) *Berlin*
Signature Tune—Happy Feet.
A point to remember—Ballito Dull Stockings stay dull. That's just one secret of their popularity.
Send that postcard now for your free sample of Outdoor Girl Olive Oil Face Powder to Outdoor Girl, 33 City Rd., E.C.2

10.45 p.m.

"RADIO PICTORIAL" CELEBRITY CONCERT
(Gramophone Records)

Signature Tune—You Oughta be in Pictures.
On the Quarter Deck ... *Alford*
Massed Bands of the Aldershot Tattoo.
Over Somebody Else's Shoulder ... *Lewis*
Eddie Cantor.
Ole Faithful ... *Carr*
The Hill Billies.
Shadows on the Pavement *Flanagan*
Billy Reid and His Accordion Band.
The inner secrets of radio Stars' lives in "Radio Pictorial," every Friday, price 3d.

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

RADIO-NORMANDY—cont.

11.0 p.m.—12.15 a.m.

Relay in French from the
FOLIES BERGÈRES,
Rouen

12.15 a.m.

Club Concert for Harlech Listeners

Part I—REQUEST PROGRAMME
March of the Men of Harlech.
Aberystwyth ... *Parry*
Savoy Welsh Medley ... *arr. Somers*
Land of My Fathers ... *James*

I.B.C. Time Signal.

12.30 a.m.

Part II—DANCE MUSIC

The Old Covered Bridge—Fox trot *Hill*
When a Soldier's on Parade—Fox trot ... *Sarony*
A modern miracle—hard cash given for old jewellery by Spinks, 5 King Street, S.W.1.
She Reminds Me of You—Fox trot *Gordon*
Poema—Tango ... *Greco*
A Day Without You—Fox trot ... *Coslow*
Racing Selections by the Irish Hospitals Special English Racing Commissioner.
Ending with a Kiss—Fox trot ... *Gensler*
Love is a Song—Waltz ... *Kester*
You're My Thrill—Slow Fox trot *Clare*
Live and Love To-night—Fox trot *Johnson*

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.

VARIETY CONCERT

The Elegant 80's—Waltz Medley.
Song—Happy ... *Lupino*
Getting a Job ... *Johnson & Bert*
Memphis by Morning ... *West*
Dutch Wedding ... *Russell*
The Kuz Medley.
Balloons ... *Shawn & Magine*
Evergreen Selection ... *Woods*

1.30 a.m.

SELECTION OF WALTZES

Song of the Islands ... *King*
The Count of Luxemburg ... *Lehar*
Jollity on the Mountains ... *Felras*
Blue Danube—Waltz ... *Strauss*
Live, Laugh and Love ... *Heymann*
Die Fledermaus—Waltz ... *Strauss*
Star Song.

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

Thursday November the Fifteenth

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

Morning Programme

8.15—8.45 a.m.

PHILCO HAPPY HALF-HOUR LIGHT MUSIC

Philco Signature Tune.
Dance of the Merry Mascots ... *Ketelbey*
Song—Love in Bloom ... *Robin*
Pianoforte Solo—I'll String Along
with You ... *Dubin*
After the Ball ... *Harris*
Song—The Cowboy's Last Wish.
Accordion Band—Where the Moun-
tains Meet the Sea ... *Buller*
José Collins Memories.
Philco Signature Tune.
Your radio dealer requests the pleasure
of your company to hear the new Philco
Radio.

Afternoon Programme

Worthing, Littlehampton,
Brighton and Hove Concert

4.30 p.m.

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

4.45 p.m.

A Musical Bouquet

The First Flowers in May ... *Herb*
Wild Violets ... *Stolz*
Old Roses ... *Little*
Ultra Receivers—Radio's last word. J. H.
Etherington, 6 South Street, Newhaven, can
supply any model and all your wireless
needs.
Who'll Buy My Lavender I ... *Gibson*
Orchids in the Moonlight ... *Kahn*
Add the finishing touch to your smart
evening gown—wear Ballito Sunbeige
Stockings.
Marigold ... *Mayerl*
In Tulip Time Beside the Water
Mill ... *Niel*

5.15 p.m.

JUNE HAIR CURLER CONCERT

featuring
MADAME SMITH

World-famous Astrologer on

"What Your Stars Foretell"

DANCE MUSIC

Signature Tune—Hullo! Beautiful!
Stay a Little Closer to Me—Fox
trot ... *Hill*
I Bought Myself a Bottle of Ink—
Fox trot ... *Evans*
You Were So Charming—Waltz ... *Carr*
And Still I Do—Fox trot ... *Leslie*
Moon Glow—Fox trot ... *Hudson*
Far Away in the Sunny South—
Tango ... *Fronke*
When To-morrow Comes—Fox trot
Signature Tune—Hello! Beautiful!
What do the stars foretell for you?
For free horoscope send date of birth
and stamped addressed envelope to
Madame Smith, 1 Waterloo Place,
Willesden Lane, N.W.6.

5.45—6.0 p.m.

SONGS BY RICHARD TAUBER
(Gramophone Records)

Once There Lived a Lady Fair ... *Clussam*
Brighton listeners order dependable
pasteurised milk, tested by "Safety First,"
from Holes and Davidgor. Do you!
Bird Songs at Eventide ... *Coates*
A week's supply of Outdoor Girl Face
Powder will be sent free to every listener
who writes to Outdoor Girl, 32 City Road,
E.C.1.
I Would That My Love Might
Blossom ... *Mendelssohn*
Do men criticise your stockings! Don't
take risks. Wear Ballito.
Because ... *d'Hardelot*

Evening Programmes

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

There will be no I.B.C.
Transmissions from
PARIS (Poste Parisien)
to-night

RADIO-NORMANDY—cont.

11.0 p.m. VARIETY
(Gramophone Records)

Valencia ... *Padilla*
Shadows on the Pavement ... *Flanagan*
Get your free booklet on the treatment of
tuberculosis from Chas. Stevens, 204
Worple Road, S.W.20.
Emilienne ... *Alexander*
Radio perfection is now yours for 14
guineas. Hear the Twenty-Six Star Baby
Grand Philco.
The Bee-eater ... *Weston*
Do you know what your jewellery is
worth! Ask Spinks, 5 King Street, St.
James, S.W.1.
I Saw Stars ... *Sigler*
Sing as We Go ... *Parr*
"Radio Pictorial," published every Friday,
price 3d.
By a Waterfall ... *Kahal*
Ole Faithful ... *Carr*
The Lolly Pop Major ... *Damarell*

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.
Selection—Yes! Madam ... *Waller*
Racing Selections by the Irish Hospitals
special English Racing Commissioner.
Not for all the Rice in China (As
Thousands Cheer) ... *Berlin*
Other People's Babies (Streamline) ... *Jeanes*
With All My Heart (My Song for You) ... *Eyton*
Just by Your Example (Evergreen) ... *Woods*
To-night is Mine (Stingaree) ... *Kahn*
In My Little Bottom Drawer (Sing
as We Go) ... *Parr*
I'll String Along with You (Twenty
Million Sweethearts) ... *Dubin*
Signature Tune—Come Back to Erin.

12 (midnight)

Club Concert for

Llanfair Listeners

DANCE MUSIC—Part I

Two Cigarettes in the Dark ... *Webster*
The Breeze—Fox trot ... *Sacco*
The Prize Waltz ... *Sigler*
All I Do is Dream of You—Fox trot ... *Freed*
I'm Your Slave—Fox trot ... *Brunelle*
Ache in My Heart—Fox trot ... *Siever*
Carry Me Back to the Lone Prairie ... *Robinson*
You Turned Your Head—Fox trot ... *Ellis*
To-night—Tango ... *Lesso Valerio*

I.B.C. Time Signal.

12.30 a.m. Part II

The Beat o' My Heart—Fox trot ... *Burke*
So Help Me—Fox trot ... *Berlin*
Little Valley in the Mountains ... *Kennedy*
Sweet and Simple—Fox trot ... *Kahal*
Dream of Me, Darling, To-night ... *Johnson*
Let's Dress for Dinner To-night ... *David*
I've Got a Warm Spot in My Heart
for You—Fox trot ... *Burke*
See-Saw—Rumba ... *Simons*
Happy Ending—Fox trot ... *Parr*

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)

PIANOFORTE RECITAL

The Spinning Chorus (Flying
Dutchman) ... *Wagner*
Prelude in B Minor ... *Chopin*
Scherzo in E Minor ... *Mendelssohn*
Dream Tangles ... *Schumann*
Variation on the Magic Flute ... *Mozart*

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

As Long as I Live—Fox trot ... *Kochler*
At the Court of Old King Cole ... *Boyle*
Dixie Lee—Fox trot ... *Hill*
The Show is Over—Fox trot ... *Dubin*
Dreamy Serenade—Slow Fox trot ... *Carr*
Spanish Love—Tango ... *Bazan*
Three of Us—Fox trot ... *Wendling*
Unless—Waltz ... *Hargreaves*
Cupid—Fox trot ... *Coslow*
Night on the Desert—Fox trot ... *Hill*
The Click of Her Heels—Tango ... *Bonaevna*
Tinkle Tinkle—Fox trot ... *Woods*
A Little Church Around the Corner
Spellbound—Fox trot ... *Adams*
Lullaby Lady—Waltz ... *Johnson*

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

Friday November the Sixteenth

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

Morning Programme

8.15—8.45 a.m.

PHILCO HAPPY HALF-HOUR

MILITARY BAND CONCERT

Philco Signature Tune.
Washington Post March ... *Sousa*
The Teddy Bears' Picnic ... *Bratton*
Ballet Music from Faust ... *Gounod*
Trombone Duet—The Harlequins ... *Hawkins*
Valse Creole ... *Tchaikowsky*
Selection—Dorothy ... *Cellier*
Jolly Peter—Waltz ... *Werner*
Harry Lauder Medley.
Philco Signature Tune.
An added luxury to the wonderful
Philco Radio—shadow tuning prevents
blasting and distortion.

Afternoon Programme

Bournemouth, Weymouth,
Southampton and Winchester
Concert

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.
Isle of Capri—Slow Fox trot ... *Kennedy*
When You've Got a Little Spring-
time in Your Heart—Fox trot ... *Woods*
Fair and Warner—Fox trot ... *Dubin*
Cuban Belle—Rumba ... *Simons*
So Nice—Fox trot ... *Yellen*
I've Got a Warm Spot in My Heart
For You—Fox trot ... *Burke*
Dream of Me Darling To-night—
Waltz ... *Johnson*
Oh! Baby, Baby—Fox trot ... *Mahoney*
Signature Tune—Happy Feet.
First in stocking value. Beauty,
economy, durability—that's Ballito.

The flour that upholds old English cooking
traditions—Bargate Self Kalsing Flour.

5.15 p.m.

JUNE HAIR CURLER CONCERT

featuring

MADAME SMITH

World-famous Astrologer on

"What Your Stars Foretell"

DANCE MUSIC

Signature Tune—Hello! Beautiful!
I'll String Along With You—
Fox trot ... *Dubin*
With My Eyes Wide Open I'm
Dreaming—Fox trot ... *Gordon*
Tango Mio—Tango ... *Fresede*
Judy—Fox trot ... *Carmichael*
Don't Let It Happen Again—
Fox trot ... *Symes*
Arlene—Waltz ... *Seymour*
As Long as I Live—Fox trot ... *Kochler*
Signature Tune—Hello! Beautiful!
Can you be successful? For your free
horoscope send date of birth and
stamped addressed envelope to Madame
Smith, 1 Waterloo Place, Willesden
Lane, N.W.6.

5.45—6.0 p.m.

ORCHESTRAL MUSIC

The Apache Dance ... *Offenbach*
A message of congratulation to the wise girl
who always wears Ballito stockings.
La Flor del Camino ... *Filiberto*
Bath listeners should order dependable
milk, tested by the Safety First Association,
from Norton Dairies.
For You Alone ... *Geehl*
Ann: When is a good girl bad?
Jane: When she doesn't wear Ballito.
The Merry Widow Waltz ... *Lehar*

Evening Programme

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.
Savoy Southern Memories... *arr. Somers*
Debory Somers' Band.
A Pair Well Matched ... *Landon Ronald*
Joseph Hislop.
Patiently Smiling (Land of Sm les) ... *Lehar*
Albert Sandler and His Orchestra.
Shooting and Hunting and Fishin' ... *Frankau*
Ronald Frankau with Monte Crick.
Schwartz Katharina ... *Weiss*
Café Collette Orchestra.
Miss Otis Regrets (Anona Winn.) ... *Porter*
Aloma (Feera and Paaluh.) ... *de Witt*
Xylophone Duet—The Merry Middies ... *Brooke*
W. W. Bennett & Ernst Slaney.
Signature Tune—Young and Healthy.
George always looks fit. George takes
Bile Beans regularly.

"Radio Pictorial," published every Friday,
price 3d.

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

RADIO-NORMANDY—cont.

11.0 p.m.—12.15 a.m.

Relay in French from the
FOLIES BERGÈRES
Le Havre

12.15 a.m.

Club Concert for Anlwh Listeners

DANCE MUSIC—Part I

Out in the Cold Again—Fox trot ... *Kochler*
I Never Slept a Wink Last Night—
Fox trot ... *Raza*
Marcella—Rumba ... *Go'lieb*
Crickets in the Grass—Fox trot ... *Fio Rito*
Stay a Little Closer to Me—Fox
trot ... *Hil*

I.B.C. Time Signal.

12.30 a.m. Part II

Moon Country—Fox trot ... *Carmichael*
I Never Had a Chance—Fox trot ... *Berlin*
Would you like a new evening gown? Sell
your old-fashioned jewellery to Spinks
and buy it.
1,000 Words of Love—Tango ... *Marquies*
"Radio Pictorial," published every Friday,
price 3d.
Music Makes Me—Fox trot ... *Youmans*
I Ain't Lazy I'm Just Dreamin' ... *Franklin*
You are well to-day, but to-morrow?
Avoid risks. Take Bile Beans.
Because It's Love—Fox trot ... *Carr*
An announcement for everyone interested
in the treatment of tuberculosis.
It's Time to Say Good-night ... *Gibson*
Sometime, Somewhere, We'll Meet
Again—Fox trot ... *Hammell*
Racing Selections by the Irish Hospitals
special English Racing Commissioner.
In a One Room Flat—Fox trot ... *Robin*

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.

TUNES FROM THE SHOWS

Cavalcade Selection ... *Coward*
Tell Her the Truth Selection ... *Waller*
Song—One Alone (The Desert Song) ... *Romberg*
Victoria and Her Hussar ... *Abraham*
The Vagabond King March ... *Frimi*
Musical Comedy Switch ... *arr. Hall*

1.30 a.m.

MILITARY BAND CONCERT

Step Lightly ... *Anderson*
Le Réve Passe.
Invitation to the Waltz ... *Weber*
El Clasico ... *Rincon*
Song—The Cobbler's Song ... *Norton*
The Dog's March from The Mer-
chant of Venice Suite ... *Rosse*

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

Saturday, November Seventeenth

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

Morning Programme

8.15—8.45 a.m.
PHILCO HAPPY HALF-HOUR
DANCE MUSIC
Philco Signature Tune.
I Hate Myself—Fox trot ... *Davis*
Stay a Little Closer to Me—Fox
trot ... *Hill*
Come, Juanita—Rumba ... *Zagar*
My Song for You—Fox trot ... *Eyton*
Miss Otis Regrets—Fox trot ... *Porter*
Sweet and Simple—Fox trot ... *Kahal*
St. Moritz Waltz ... *Hollander*
Why Not—Fox trot ... *Helman*
Philco Signature Tune.
Moonlight melodies—Philco Car Radio
makes wonderful nights perfect.

Afternoon Programme

**Tunbridge Wells, Isle of Thanet,
Dover and Folkestone Concert**
4.30 p.m.
The I.B.C. Nursery Corner
with the Uncles
BIRTHDAY GREETINGS
4.45 p.m.
Daughters of Kings
Gipsy Princess ... *Kalman*
Start telling your husband now that you
want Ballito Stockings for Christmas.
Princess Charming ... *Kester*
Dollar Princess Waltz ... *Fall*
There's no need to economise. Sell your
old gold to Spinks, 5 King Street, S.W.1.
Circus Princess ... *Kalman*
(My Darling and Two Eyes are Smiling.)
Illness may rob you of your job. Have
Bile Beans always on hand.
Balkan Princess ... *Rubens*

5.15 p.m. JUNE HAIR CURLER CONCERT

featuring
MADAME SMITH
World-famous Astrologer
on
"What Your Stars Foretell"
DANCE MUSIC
Signature Tune—Hello! Beautiful!
So Help Me—Fox trot ... *Berlin*
The Isle of Capri—Slow Fox trot ... *Kennedy*
Memories of Hours Spent with
You—Waltz ... *Smyth*
Super Tiger Rag—Quick step ... *Rocca*
Every Time I Look at You—Fox
trot ... *Mort*
Se Acaba el Mundo—Rumba ... *Froniela*
Straight from the Shoulder—Fox
trot ... *Gordon*
Signature Tune—Hello! Beautiful!
Your horoscope free! Send date of birth
and stamped addressed envelope to
Madame Smith, 1 Waterloo Place,
Willesden Lane, N.W.6.

RADIO-NORMANDY—cont.

5.45—6.0 p.m.

ACCORDEON BAND

Tiddlewinks ... *Carr*
Ann is just pretty. Jane is attractive, and
Ballito Stockings add the finishing touch to
her charm.
A Lonely Singing Fool ... *Wallace*
Delicious mineral waters, bubbling over
with health. For direct deliveries send a
postcard to Gilby, Son and Webb, Ltd.,
Southampton.
You Were So Charming—Waltz ... *Carr*
Free—a week's supply of Outdoor Girl
Olive Oil Face Powder. Send postcard to
Outdoor Girl, 32 City Road, E.C.1.
Shadows on the Pavement ... *Flanagan*
E. Harrison's Model Dairies, Vaudrey Street,
Shirley, Southampton—Better Milk and a
Bonus.
The Night by the Sea.

Evening Programmes

11.0 p.m.

Request Programme compiled by

Mrs. Austin, of Paignton, Devon
A DEVONSHIRE HOLIDAY

On a Local Train Journey ... *Rathke*
Chas. Stevens, 204 Worpole Road, S.W.20,
offers you free book on the treatment of
tuberculosis. Write for it.
Glorious Devon ... *German*
Devonshire Cream and Cider ... *Sanderson*
Widdercombe Fair ... *arr. Jacobs*
A good tip to old gold and silver owners.
Consult Spinks for valuation.
The Admiral's Broom ... *Bevan*
Drake's Drum ... *Slandford*
Homeward ... *Evans*
Memories of Devon ... *Evans*

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.
Waltzes and Interlude, Act 3
(Arabella) ... *R. Strauss*
The Doll's Song (Tales of Hoff-
mann) ... *Offenbach*
A Word, Allow Me! (Pagliacci) ... *Leoncavallo*
Flower Duet—Shake the Cherry
Tree (Madame Butterfly) ... *Puccini*
March of the Snugglers (Carmen) ... *Bizet*
E Lucevan le Stelle (La Tosca) ... *Puccini*
Ah, Mimi, False Fickle-hearted (La
Bohème) ... *Puccini*
Prelude, Act 3—Lohengrin ... *Wagner*
Signature Tune—Come Back to Erin.

The radio set you want at the price you want
to pay. See Currys—branches everywhere.

I.B.C. Time Signal.

RADIO-NORMANDY—cont.

12 (Midnight)

WILLIAM S. MURPHY'S (Edinburgh) BROADCAST

DANCE MUSIC

I'll String Along with You—Fox
trot ... *Dubin*
Judy—Fox trot ... *Carmichael*
The Black Gipsy—Tango ... *Vacek*
All I Do is Dream of You—Fox
trot ... *Brown*
Don't Let It Happen Again—Fox
trot ... *Symes*
Santiago—Waltz ... *Corbin*
Kiss Me, Dear—Fox trot ... *Ellis*
Moon Glow—Fox trot ... *Hudson*
Say It—Fox trot ... *Schwartz*
Paree—Paso Doble ... *Padilla*
Why Do I Dream Those Dreams?
—Fox trot ... *Dubin*
Your Mother's Son-in-law—Fox
trot ... *Nichols*
True—Fox trot ... *Samuels*
Build a Little Home—Fox trot ... *Dubin*
Beloved—Waltz ... *Schertinger*
Let's Dress for Dinner To-night—
Fox trot ... *David*

Test your skill in Murphy's Football
Pools. Write to Staunch Buildings,
12 Bienenheim Place, Edinburgh 7, for
coupons.

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

RADIO BARCELONA

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

1.0 a.m.

ORCHESTRAL CONCERT

Prelude to Act III (Arabella) ... *Strauss*
La Gazza Ladra (The Thieving
Magpie) Selection ... *Rossini*
Ballet Egyptian ... *Lusigni*
Violin Solo—Hungarian Dance in
D Minor ... *Brahms*
Symphonic Rhapsody ... *Coates*

1.30 a.m.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC

Ay, Ay, Ay—Spanish Serenade ... *Gartman*
Napolitana ... *Hay*
El Gaucho—Tango ... *Perot*
Fides—March ... *Piatoli*
Evergreen (Irish Jig) ... *Whitlock*
Hot Scotch ... *Whitlock*
A Double Scotch ... *Whitlock*

2.0 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

Fifty Years of Operetta.
Because ... *d'Hardelot*
Grandfather's Clock ... *Work*
Harry Lauder Selection.
Who's That a-Calling? ... *Traditional*
The Mousmé Overture ... *Ridgewell*
If Those Lips Could Only Speak ... *Javaloyes*
El Abanico ... *Javaloyes*
You may win a fortune in Strang's
Football Pools. Write for full particu-
lars to T. Strang, 24 Forth Street,
Edinburgh.

"Radio Pictorial," published every Friday,
price 3d.

11.0 p.m.

LONDON CAMEOS BY ERIC COATES London Bridge March. Covent Garden (Tarantelle). Westminster (Meditation). Knightsbridge March.

11.15 p.m. VERNON'S ALL-STAR VARIETY CONCERT

(Gramophone Records)
Selection—The Belle of New York ... *Kerker*
Band of H.M. Coldstream Guards.
Love is a Song (Princess Charming) ... *Kester*
Roberti Naylor and Sylvia Cecil.
The Clatter of the Clogs Gracie Fields. Flynn
The Old River Road ... *Halley*
Layton and Johnstone.
The Kunz Medley. Charlie Kunz.
When the Sergeant Major's on
Parade Peter Dawson ... *Longstaffe*
The Girl in the Post Office ... *Jeanes*
Cicely Courtneidge.
Selection—Evergreen ... *Woods*
New Mayfair Orchestra.
Vernon's Football Coupons acclaimed
by thousands! Write for yours to
Vernon's Football Pools, Liverpool.

11.45 p.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) REQUEST PROGRAMME

Kilima Waltz ... *Traditional*
Hawaiian Sweetheart of Mine ... *Heagney*
On a Little Street in Honolulu ... *Sherman*
Hawaiian Sunset ... *Vandersloot*
Hot Feet ... *McHugh*
Black Beauty ... *Ellington*
Blues I Love to Sing ... *Ellington*

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

Hullo, Twins!



"MARINA"



MACFARLANE LANG'S

DELIGHTFUL NEW BISCUIT 1/- lb.

SOLD EVERYWHERE BY
GROCERS AND BAKERS
YOU WILL LIKE THEM

A Day in My Life

Continued from page eleven

experience of life. His outline reads as follows : After a self-admittedly undistinguished career at a Public School, he was sent down from Oxford after two terms. He then got a job as cub reporter on a local paper at a small seaside town; from this he became assistant manager of an open-air entertainment, touring the coast. Then assistant theatre critic of an important provincial paper. Then a reporter in Fleet Street. Then abroad as assistant to the Paris correspondent of a London paper; from there to Rome, Berlin, Petrograd, where he had become the principal representative of his paper. Now on leave; feels like a change; warns me that if he got a job as programme builder in the B.B.C. would not stay longer than five years at the most. Whole attitude, original, frank, decisive, self-reliant . . . and he will move on . . . creating that turn-over so necessary to freshness in creation.

9.40 The shadow draws nearer again. Here is a note from the chairman of my meeting to-night confirming arrangements, and adding that he hopes that I shall be in a position to allay local unrest with a promise of a substantial concession from the Powers That Be. Clearly he means to convey a warning. Well, well.

9.45 Somebody in Yukon wants an extract from the script of a broadcast on "Broadcasting as a Factor in World Citizenship" that I gave in New York in 1933. I don't know whether to be flattered or frightened by this posthumous fame.

9.50 Now the new batch of complaints start. I don't mind their number—after all, what is a public institution for except to serve as an Aunt Sally and safety valve for the surplus emotions of private individuals? As long as the area of complaint is satisfactorily wide. What I don't like is concentration. On the other hand, what I should dislike even more would be to get nothing but praise or approval of policy. No one is ever quite right. We can be helped in this pioneering to be perhaps a little less wrong.

9.55 To-day there is a complaint from one newspaper group about the excessive publishing activities of the B.B.C. There is also a complaint from an individual editor about reference to the name of another newspaper in News Bulletin. The complaint boils down to the fact that the *News of the World* was mentioned in the sporting results as having sponsored a golfing competition. As this competition in question is known by the name of the paper it would have been clearly impossible to announce the results otherwise! Of course, a public monopoly like the B.B.C. has to be very careful to avoid giving puffs to competitive firms, but at the same time it has equally to avoid making its own position ridiculous through excessive pedantry. While being careful, therefore, to avoid gratuitous advertisement, one tries to give recognition where it is due. For example, the place of origin of a dance programme; or the name of the railway station from which Royalty departs. Common-sense is the criterion; no cast-iron ruling can be laid down.

Then there is a complaint from an irate baronet who protests that he was prevented last night from hearing a particular symphony because it was on the Regional and his set could only get the National. He thought it was a crying scandal that there should be a variety programme on the National . . . cheap American humour . . . etc., etc. He was going to get the matter raised in Parliament. (My reaction—good thing these questions are not accepted in the House, otherwise there would be no chance or time for serious public business.)

Of course, the trouble here is the necessity for "swinging the changes" in order to provide contrast. Heavy and light must be alternated on the main waves, and the baronet was unlucky. But, after all, the same symphony concert had been on his frequency the night before, and doubtless the great mass of listeners were delighted with that same variety show that the baronet had so vigorously condemned.

Lastly, there is a complaint that the B.B.C. does not conclude all its programmes with the National Anthem, as is the case abroad. The problem here involved is one of good taste and not of patriotism. Whenever the programme

Continued on page 29



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234,719 to 1	£1,956 for 2d.	10-2-34

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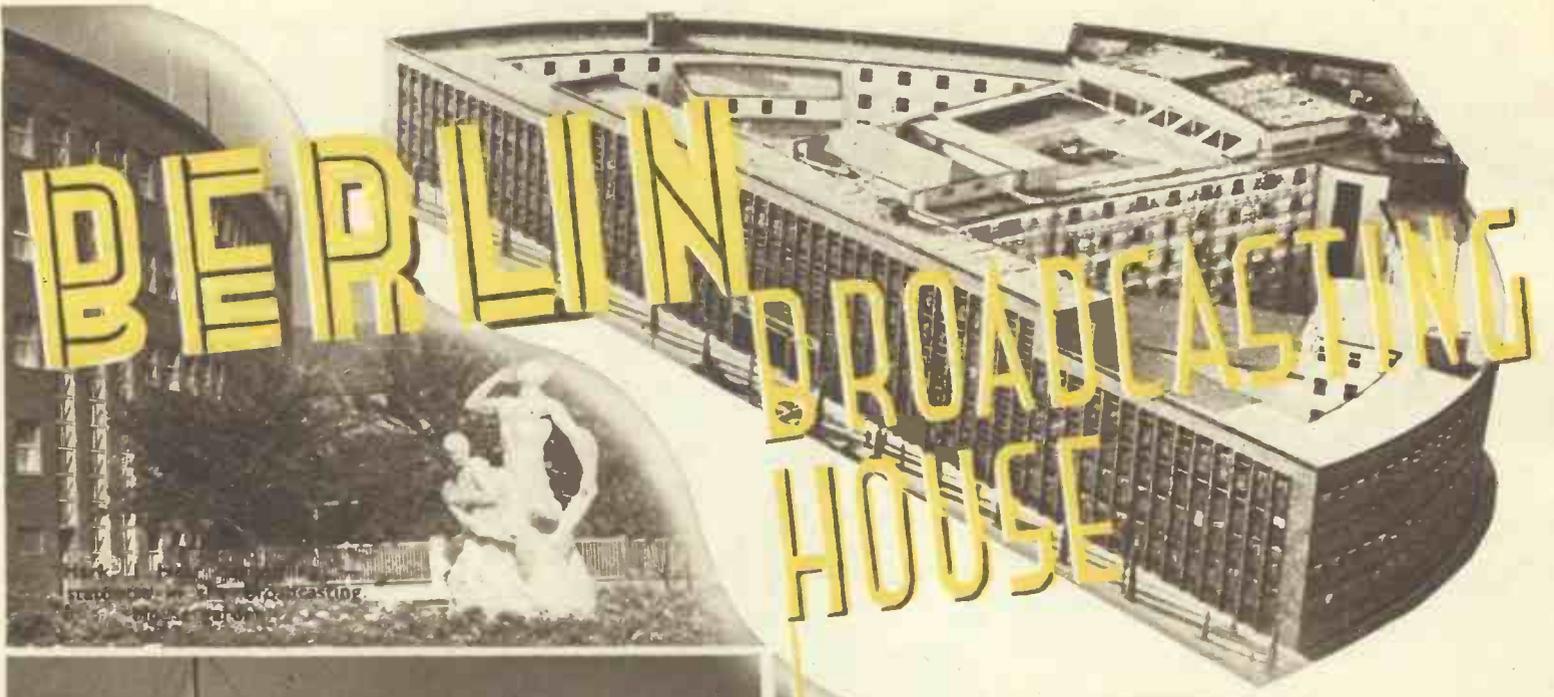
Telephone: MAYFAIR 0770



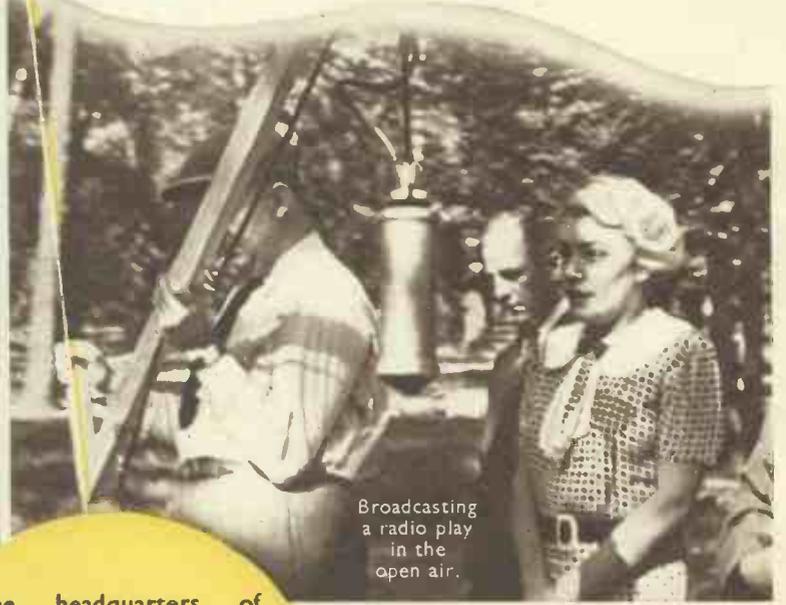
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At the L.S.B there are studios and recording facilities for every type of aspiring Broadcast Artiste. Get expert opinion. Take a course of lessons and hear your own progress. If you expect an audition shortly have one lesson and hear yourself before you go to Broadcasting House.

CALL, WRITE or TELEPHONE



A promenade on the roof garden.

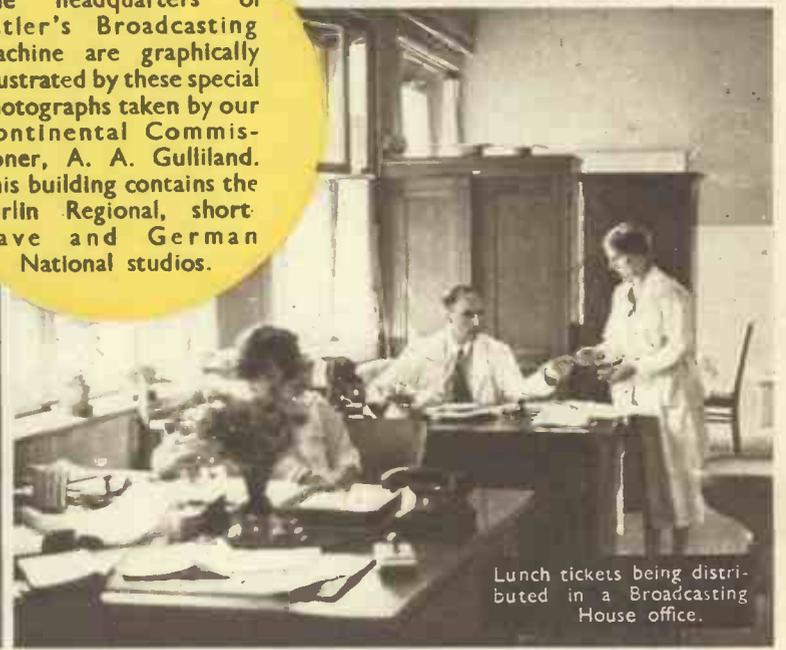


Broadcasting a radio play in the open air.

The headquarters of Hitler's Broadcasting Machine are graphically illustrated by these special photographs taken by our Continental Commissioner, A. A. Gulliland. This building contains the Berlin Regional, short-wave and German National studios.



Deutschlandsender's second-in-command, Dr. Lipp (right) coaches a promising young announcer.



Lunch tickets being distributed in a Broadcasting House office.

In Next Friday's "Radio Pictorial" Colour page of pictures of Jack Jackson and his Dorchester Radio Band

A Day in My Life

Continued from page twenty-seven

preceding is suitable, the National Anthem is played; but we do not run from vaudeville into the anthem, and, moreover, never will; nor do we admit for one second that the indiscriminate emission of National Anthems is either vital or welcome to the Empire at large.

10.00 Daily meeting with my fellow executives.

Reports, planning. Rigid rule limiting this council to twenty minutes; the only really satisfactory plan. All committees should be similarly limited.

10.30 The first of a series of interviews and conferences that last all morning. In a moment, almost, it seems I am being reminded by my secretary that I am due to leave for lunch with three editors.

1.15 We have the same lunch party three times a year, and the appointments are fixed up two years ahead! During our meal together we arrange the outline of some special broadcasting supplements to the newspapers concerned and tighten up co-operation generally with group represented.

2.40 Decide on my way back to Portland Place that the spirit of press managements and press relations is improving. Less tendency now to regard broadcasting as a vitally dangerous menace.

2.45 The circle commences another round. Interviews, telephone, conference, dictation until . . .

6.0 Usually at this hour I try to squeeze in a game of squash at the I.S.C. in Grosvenor Street, as I find violent exercise of some sort of vital complement to the intense activity of my business. I have a private and probably unsound theory about correlated vibrations, physical and mental. Proceeding in my work in rhythmic sequence from crisis to crisis, I crave the physical balance of the early morning run and the evening squash. But to-night this element must be missed as I have still much work to do and a long car journey ahead of me.

6.30 Look at my notes again for to-night's speech and try to supplement them. Decide to advocate "General Interest."

7.0 Start off in car with sandwiches. The soothing motion of the car is most conducive to sleep. Surprised how quickly we seem to arrive!

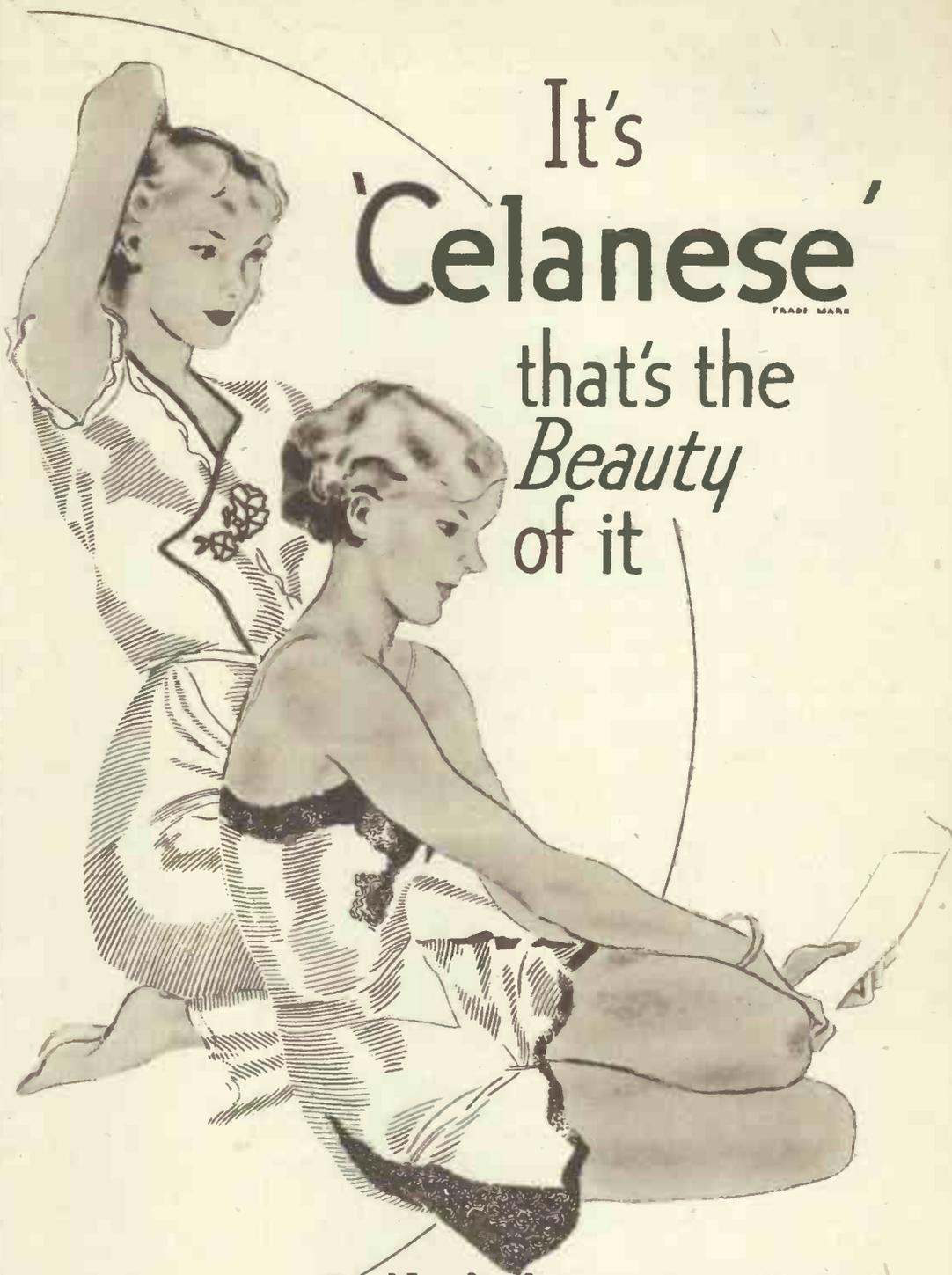
9.0 Have to go straight on to platform. Feel I have nothing to offer; nothing new, that is to say. Plunge into imaginative generalities, television, international exchange, musical standards. Much to my surprise I seem to be successful as a missionary. At any rate, no attack follows, though I am asked several awkward questions on other points—for instance, the rotation of religious denominations and the delimiting of sidebands.

10.0 Much internal relief when at last I am allowed to sit down and the meeting proceeds in a pretty flow of platitudes from the chairman's mouth; kindly people—but, then, most people are. Magnanimity is not spread so thin as many think. I am humbled for my early thoughts of deception. There was no need. They were eminently reasonable. As are most—when you meet them face to face.

12.30 Home at last. In the hall I find three telephone messages from morning papers and two from colleagues. These latter *not* to congratulate me on my speech but to inform me that explanations have been asked for—and, moreover, to-morrow, I remind myself, will have to be given—of a five-minute breakdown in the Northern transmitter, and the use of an alleged swear word in a talk from Aberdeen. I involuntarily cap it as I go upstairs. . . .

12.45 To bed. To dream of directing artillery fire on a hostile battery position near Lille. The wireless is weak. An "Archie" bursts under my tail and I note a fragment dislodging a piece of fabric above the centre section; another bursts almost on me this time—black out, with incessant ringing of telephone recalling me to consciousness to assure the news room of a morning paper that there is no truth in the rumour that the B.B.C. is attempting to secure the services of General Johnston, the ex-chief of America's N.R.A.

3 a.m. And so to more definite repose. . . .



It's
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that's the
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of it

● No doubt you wear undies that are brief and gay and lovely? You choose them chic and slender, cut on the cross in the latest, loveliest way, in soft, silken materials and dreamy colours? No doubt you like them because they look expensive and cost so little, seem delicate and yet wear so well. NO DOUBT . . . YOU ASK FOR 'CELANESE.'

You'll find the new Styles everywhere—notice the clever touches of lace—the charm of the embroidery accents . . . see how their 'line' follows every variation of to-day's silhouette. Then look at the new prices and compare their value . . . both better than ever before.

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DAN DONOVAN, who is now singing with the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra. Dan is a native of Cardiff, and for two years broadcast with his own band from the Cardiff studio. He has not been a professional musician all his life, however. His first job was in a shipbroker's office!

The Week at Radio Luxembourg

Continued from page Eight

TUESDAY

7.45 a.m. Gramophone Concert.
Defile des Bataillons.
Le Comte de Luxembourg.
La Tosca, potpourri.

8.0 a.m. News Bulletin in French and German.

12.0 noon. The Radio Luxembourg Orchestra, directed by Henri Pensis.

Les quatre Fils Amon.
Tout Paris.
L'Elfe dans la Plaine.
Herodiade.

1.5 p.m. Luxembourg Red Cross Sweepstake Concert of Opera Music.

Paganini.
Hallelujah.

1.20 p.m. Gramophone Concert.
Suite de Serenades Herbert—Paul Whiteman and his orchestra.

Les Planetes (Holst).
The Perfect Fool—Albert Coates and symphony orchestra.

BELGIAN EVENING

7.35 p.m. Short Accordion Recital by Marc Braun.

8.0 p.m. News Bulletin in French and German.

8.20 p.m. Brasted Pianos Concert. Soloist, Alexandre Zakin.
Erotikon.
Papillon.
Pourquoi?
Mazurka.

9.15 p.m. Song Recital by Claudine Marie Boons.

Flocons de Neige.
Neige blanche.
Rameaux de Pâques.
Le petit Veau.
Le Perce-Neige.
Lepetit Poucet.
La Chanson de la Fée.

9.35 p.m. Concert by the Radio Luxembourg Orchestra.

Pianist, Leon Kartum.
Concerto en Re Majeur.
Trois Danses de Cephale et Procris.
Ballade.

10.30 p.m. Dance music by the Radio Luxembourg Dance Orchestra, directed by Ferry Juza.

WEDNESDAY

7.45 a.m. Gramophone concert.
8 a.m. News Bulletin in French and German.

12 noon. The Radio Luxembourg Orchestra, directed by Henri Pensis.

Mignon.
Roses of Picardy.
Frühlingstau auf Schumanns Grab.
Serenata nostalgica.

LUXEMBOURG EVENING

7.35 p.m. Talk for Travellers by Marcel Noppeney.

7.40 p.m. Accordion Recital by Ch. Coppens.

8 p.m. News Bulletin in French and German.

8.20 p.m. A Bozon-Verduzra Concert given by the Radio Luxembourg Orchestra.

Flossie.
Trois jeunes Filles nues.

8.40 p.m. The Radio Luxembourg Orchestra directed by Henri Pensis.

Marche des Guides.
Lore-Lore
Melancolie.
Marie Adelheid.
Keep Smiling.

9.5 p.m. Luxembourg Red Cross Sweepstake Concert.

Andaluzia.
Chant sans Paroles.
Pour un petit Moujik.
Deux Sonates.

9.45 p.m. Chamber music by the Radio Luxembourg Orchestra.

Serenade nocturne.
Octette.

10.30 p.m. Dance music on records.

THURSDAY

7.45 a.m. Gramophone concert.

Marche des Grenadiers.
La Dame de Pique.
Perle des Pyrenees.

8 a.m. News Bulletin in French and German.

12 noon. Radio Luxembourg Orchestra.

Raymond.
Chants d'Espagne.

Zigeuner.
Danse slave No. 10.

1.5 p.m. Luxembourg Red Cross Sweepstake Operetta Concert.

Les 28 Jours de Clairette.
Orphee aux Enfers.

1.20 p.m. Gramophone concert.
Rip, fant. Symphony Orchestra directed by Manfred Gurlitt.

GERMAN EVENING

7.35 p.m. A short story in German by Johann Peter Hebel.

7.40 p.m. Song recital by Elisabeth Corty.

Lotosblume.
Frühlingsglaube.
Wohin?
Fussreise.

Air d'Anna.

8.0 p.m. News Bulletin in French and German.

8.20 p.m. Radio Luxembourg Orchestra.

Lorelei.
Dans le Temple de la Beaute.
Les Dragons de Villars.
Jeu d'Ombres.

Suite varice.
Negers Wiegenlied.
Chanson de Route.
Carillon.

Salut Vienne.

9.40 p.m. Piano Recital by Elfriede Muller.

Lyrische Stucke.
Rondo capriccioso.
Wandererfantaisie.
Rondo brillant.

10.10 p.m. German concert by the Radio Luxembourg Orchestra.

Serenade en Re Mineur for violincello and orchestra.
Soloist: Dodja Feldin.

Serenade for wind instruments.

10.40 p.m. Dance music on records.

FRIDAY

7.45 a.m. Gramophone concert.

Air des Trompettes et Hautbois.
A Musical Switch.
Menuet.

Le Coucou dans l'Horloge.

8 a.m. News Bulletin in French and German.

12 noon. Radio Luxembourg Orchestra.

1.15 p.m. Gramophone concert.

Wiener Leben.
In the Sudan.
In a Persian Market.
Wembley Military Tattoo.

DUTCH EVENING

7.35 p.m. The Radio Luxembourg Dutch Radio-Cabaret Orchestra.

La Feerie du Jazz.
Paulette.
Heb mij lief gelijk ik ben.
Innamorata.

Pompous Jerry.

8 p.m. News Bulletin in French and German.

8.20 p.m. Song Recital by Mariette Serle.

Droomenland.
Overpoinzing.
De Kat.
De Karavaan.

8.40 p.m. Radio Luxembourg Orchestra directed by Henri Pensis.

Faust.
Le Chant de Mistral.
Marche d'Etienne Marcel.
Idylle sauvage.

Avondstemming.
De Wereld is van hen.
Avondliedeke.
De Zee.

9.15 p.m. Luxembourg Red Cross Sweepstake Concert of Dance Music.

Hiawatha's Lullaby.
Guitarrita.
Bellita.

Rock-a-bye Moon.

9.45 p.m. Concert of Overtures and Waltzes by the Radio Luxembourg Orchestra.

L'Italienne a Alger.
L'Or et L'Argent.
Poet and Peasant.

Brune ou blonde.

10.15 p.m. Records.

In a Summer Garden (Delius)—The London Symphony Orchestra directed by Geoffrey Toye.

10.30 p.m. Dance Music by the Radio Luxembourg Dance Orchestra directed by Ferry Juza.

SATURDAY

7.45 a.m. Gramophone Concert.

Iowa Corn song.
Islamey.

Nights of Gladness.

8 a.m. News Bulletin in French and German.

12.45 p.m. The Luxembourg Red Cross Sweepstake Concert of Opera.

La Juive

Thais.

1.5 p.m. Radio Luxembourg Orchestra.

La belle Helene.

Les Fileuses.

Le Mariage des Vents.

Rhapsodie slave.

Hyawatha.

Dans le Jardin des Roses de Mendelssohn.

Czardas.

Prince Felix.

FRENCH EVENING

7.35 p.m. French Gramophone Concert.

Mireille.

Manon.

Louise.

Naila.

8 p.m. News Bulletin in French and German.

8.25 p.m. Accordion Recital by Hirschler.

Nuque Nac.

Spachetti.

Celebre Schottisch.

Folie de Musette.

Marche des As.

9.5 p.m. Radio Luxembourg Musical Lucky Dip, with soloists and the Station Orchestra

9.50 p.m. Gala concert by the Radio Luxembourg Orchestra with Maria Modrakowska.

Recit et Air de la Cantate; Nuptiale 210; "Schweigst ihr Floten"—Maria Modrakowska.

La Flute enchantee—the Orchestra.

Invitation au Voyage; Chanson triste—Maria Modrakowska.

Suite pour mes petits Amis—the Orchestra.

Les Oiseaux—Maria Modrakowska.

Danse viennoise—Orchestra.

Trois Melodies de G Faure—Maria Modrakowska.

Angelus—Orchestra.

Pastorale—Maria Modrakowska.

Marche militaire francaise—Orchestra.

10.50 p.m. Symphony Concert on records.

Symphonie en Re Mineur—The Philadelphia Philharmonic Orchestra directed by Leopold Stokowski.

11.30 p.m. Littlewood's concert of dance music.

Special Feature in Next Friday's "Radio Pictorial": S. C. H. Williams, the English Announcer at Radio Luxembourg, gives his personal story of announcing on the Continent since before the days of Broadcasting!

FREE TO YOU

SEND TO ME FOR CATALOGUES AND SAMPLES!

Here "Housewife" reviews the latest booklets and samples issued by well-known firms. If you would like any or all of them FREE OF CHARGE, just cut out this coupon and send it to us, giving the index number shown at the end of each paragraph. Please write your name and address in block letters.

My name and address is:—

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

POND'S two creams are known to every woman for their miraculous softening and refining influence on the skin. And now Pond's make a face powder which has the same reliable qualities as the rest of their products, and which for fineness of texture, beautiful colouring, and clinging properties is unequalled. Send for a free sample of all four shades; there is one for every type of skin. **98**

QUESTION: Do you know the quickest way of seeding raisins for cakes and puddings? Answer: Use seedless "Sun-Maid" raisins, and your cooking will be done in no time. They are sun-ripened, sun-dried, all ready cleaned and stoned. A free recipe booklet, which you can obtain with the coupon above will show you how to use them in delicious cakes and puddings. **99**

Fascinating New Tea-Time Hour

The first of a fascinating new series of sponsored entertainments was heard at tea-time last Sunday (November 4) from Radio Luxembourg. The programme, which lasted for an hour, was arranged by the makers of Horlick's Malted Milk. Horlick's "Tea-time Hour" from 4 to 5 o'clock on Sundays will be a regular feature of the Radio Luxembourg programmes from now onwards.

The programmes will feature the popular Debroy Somers and his band. The famous dance-band leader has written a special signature tune for this series of concerts. Several famous artistes and vocalists have been specially engaged to broadcast during these programmes.

A splendid programme has been arranged for next Sunday (November 11). In tribute to Armistice Day, Debroy Somers and his band will play two special musical medleys with vocal accompaniment. One will be a medley of Naval songs, called "Shipmates of Mine," and the other will be an Army medley entitled "The Old Brigade." Another medley Debroy Somers will play is called "Fifty Years on the Stage," and this number will recall many favourite tunes and artistes of years gone by. Other famous artistes who will be heard in the Horlick tea-time hour on Sunday are Pat Hyde and Harry Bentley.

LAST Sunday's Nicocin programme from Radio Luxembourg featured a song specially written by Ronald Hill and sung by Guelda Waller and the composer. Listeners were invited to submit suitable titles for the song, for which there are prizes of five guineas, two guineas, one guinea, and a number of consolation prizes. The entries are being judged by Joseph Hislop and Enid Cruikshank, who are now playing in the successful comic opera *Merrie England*, at the Princes Theatre.

Children's NEWS MOTTO

by Commander Stephen KING-HALL

"Set thine house in order."

This line comes in the Old Testament in the book of Isaiah (xxxviii, 1). You will find the key on page 35.

VALUE IN RADIO!

THE worst of radio work is its ephemeral nature. You spend months at research and at writing and producing the show, then it flashes away into the ether in sixty minutes and is gone for ever.

But against this is the knowledge of one's immense audience and the gratifying feeling that one has brought pleasure to so many.

In these days of Empire transmissions the size of one's audience is beyond calculation. It baffles the imagination. A man speaking in London, or a play produced at Broadcasting House, is heard instantaneously throughout the world.

The Fantastic Battle, for instance, was broadcast not only by the B.B.C.'s home transmitters, but by the British Empire short-wave station at Daventry, which provides a

day-and-night service of programmes to exiled Britons across the seas; and far away in Ceylon, that pear-shaped island at the equatorial end of India, someone tuned in to the play. He thought it would be a good idea to produce it locally, in the studios of the Colombo station, Ceylon. So the other day I received a letter from the Colombo authorities for broadcasting rights in *The Fantastic Battle*.

It was rather a pathetic letter, typed on the sort of paper favoured by our enemies, the income-tax inspectors (for I should explain that broadcasting in Ceylon is run by government officials). In as shy and disarming a manner as one could possibly assume on government notepaper, the writer of the letter proffered a fee of one guinea, regretting the modesty of his offer and plaintively drawing my attention to the fact that Ceylon has only 1,500 licence holders and that the colony's finances are in a very bad way consequent on the slump in rubber and tea.

This was a new one on me!

L. B

Have a Capstan!

Present series of
Cigarette Cards—
Radio Celebrities



10 FOR 6^D
20 FOR 11^{1D}/₂

Plain or
Cork Tipped

-you'll like it better



A Charming Knitted Bed Jacket

YOUR early morning cup of tea will be even more attractive if you have this fascinating hand-knitted bed jacket to slip on! The fur down the front makes it very luxurious, and you will enjoy knitting the pebbly pattern. Thick wool and large needles make short work of it—so start right away.

MATERIALS

12 oz. Copley's "Frenchlaine," white; 1 yard feather trimming, white; 1 large pearl button; 1 pair No. 00 knitting needles.

MEASUREMENTS

Length from the top of the shoulder to base, 19 inches. Width all round at underarm, 33 inches. Length of sleeve and shoulder from neck, 18 inches. Length of sleeve seam, 10 inches.

TENSION

Work to produce 3 sts. to 1 inch in width.

ABBREVIATIONS

K., knit; p., purl; st., stitch; tog., together; wl., wool; wl. fwd., wool forward.

THE BACK

Begin at the lower edge by casting on 48 sts. Working into the back of the sts. on the first row only, work 4 rows in garter-stitch (every row knitted). Now work in the pattern as follows:

1st row—Purl. 2nd row—P. 3 tog. (k. 1, p. 1, k. 1), into the front of the next st. Repeat from ** to the end of the row. 3rd row—Purl.

4th row—** (K. 1, p. 1, k. 1) into the front of the st., p. 3 tog. Repeat from ** to the end of the row. These 4 rows form the pattern. Continue in pattern until the work measures 4 ins. from the commencement, finishing at the end of a 3rd row of the pattern.

Next row—**K. 1, p. 1. Repeat from ** to the end. Repeat this row 4 times more. Now repeat the 4 pattern rows until there is a depth of 7½ ins. above the ribbing, finishing at the end of a 4th row of the pattern. If a short jacket is preferred, make the difference here, working the length required before commencing the armholes.

TO SHAPE THE ARMHOLES

1st row—Cast off 4 sts., purl to the end. 2nd row—Cast off 4 sts., pass the st. on the right hand needle back on to the left hand needle. Now work as the 2nd pattern row.

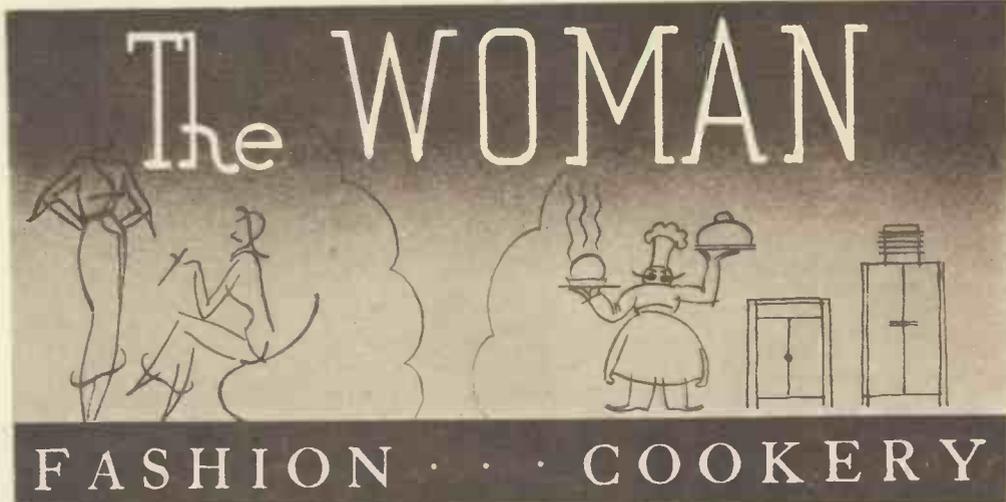
3rd row—Purl. 4th row—As the 4th pattern row. Repeat the original 4 pattern rows for a depth of 6½ ins. Cast off.

THE RIGHT FRONT

Begin at the lower edge by casting on 32 sts. Working into the back of the sts. on the first row only, work 4 rows in garter st.

Next row—K. 4, p. to the end.

Next row—As the 2nd pattern row to the



An unusual study of charming Betty Huntley-Wright. You heard her recently in "Our Miss Gibbs," and she has just finished filming in Paris

last 4 sts., k. 4. Next row—K. 4, p. to the end. Next row—As the 4th pattern row to the last 4 sts., k. 4. Repeat these 4 rows until the basque is the same depth as on the back.

Next row—** K. 1, p. 1. Repeat from ** to the last 4 sts., k. 4. Next row—K. 4, rib to the end. Rib to the last 4 sts., k. 2 tog., wl. fwd., k. 2. Work 2 more rows in ribbing and the border. Now proceed in the pattern and border until the side edge is the same depth as on the back up to the armhole thus finishing at the front edge.

Next row—K. 4, p. to the end.

TO SHAPE THE ARMHOLE

1st row—Cast off 4 sts., pass the sts. on the right hand needle back to the left hand needle, then proceed as the 2nd pattern row to the last 4 sts., k. 4. 2nd row—K. 4, p. to the end.

3rd row—Cast off 4 sts., pass the st. on the right hand needle back to the left hand needle, then proceed as the 4th pattern row to the last 4 sts., k. 4. This completes the armhole shaping and the front slope is now commenced.

1st row—K. 4, p. 2 tog., p. to the end. 2nd row—Work as the 2nd pattern row to the last 7 sts., k. 7. 3rd row—As the 1st row.

4th row—Work as the 4th pattern row to the last 6 sts., k. 6. 5th row—As the 1st row.

6th row—Work as the 2nd pattern row to the last 5 sts., k. 5. 7th row—As the 1st row.

8th row—Work as the 4th pattern row to the last 4 sts. k. 4. Repeat these 8 rows once more. Continue in pattern with the border on the remaining sts. (12 shoulder and 4 border sts.) until the armhole edge is 2 rows longer than that of the back. Now cast off the 12 shoulder sts. and continue in garter st. on the 4 border sts., for 2½ ins. Leave these sts. for grafting.

Continued on page 35

NEXT WEEK.—An unusually attractive jumper-cardigan featuring a striped yoke and a roll collar.

MRS. R. H. BRAND suggests some TEA-TIME DAINTIES

ICED BISCUITS

6 oz. flour; 2 oz. castor sugar; 3 oz. butter or margarine; 1 small teaspoonful baking powder; ½ egg; 4 oz. icing sugar; 1 teaspoonful flavouring; 2 table-spoonfuls tepid water (about).

Sieve the flour with baking-powder and a pinch of salt into a basin, work butter and castor sugar together until creamy, and the egg well beaten, stir in the flour gradually and work until the mixture is perfectly smooth. Roll out thinly on a pastry board, stamp into small rounds with a plain cutter (or the lid of the baking-powder tin) put biscuits on a slightly greased tin and bake in a moderate oven from 5-10 minutes, according to the thickness. When cold, sandwich together with a very little jam, put a spoonful of icing on each biscuit and decorate with a half cherry.

ICING

Sieve icing sugar twice, put into a small pan and add flavouring and enough tepid water, by degrees, to make a thick paste. Let the sugar dissolve, but it must not get too hot or the icing will look dull. When it coats the back of a wooden spoon, it is ready for use.

LITTLE FANCIES

2 eggs; their weight in butter or margarine; castor sugar and flour; 1 small teaspoonful of baking-powder; 1 or 2 tablespoonfuls of coffee essence, pinch of salt.

Weigh the eggs first. Sieve flour with powder and salt, and cream butter and sugar together in a basin until it is quite white. Then beat in the eggs separately with 2 teaspoonfuls of flour and add the coffee essence. Stir in the rest of the flour as lightly as possible and mix thoroughly. Line a Swiss Roll tin with greased paper, spread the cake mixture very evenly and bake in a moderate oven for about 10 minutes. Turn out and when cold, cut in half and spread one side with coffee butter icing. Cover with second half and cut into little fancy shapes; put these on a wire sieve over a dish and coat each one with coffee glacé icing. Decorate with violets.

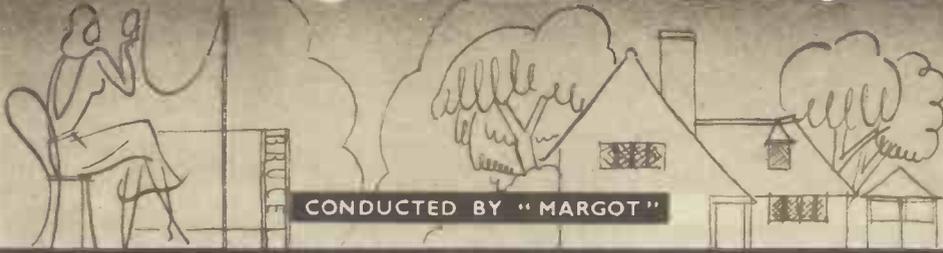
BUTTER ICING

6 oz. icing sugar; 4 oz. fresh butter; 1 dessert-spoonful coffee essence.

Sieve the sugar twice, work the butter until very soft, add sugar gradually, working until smooth, add coffee and when quite mixed the icing is ready for use. Glacé icing is made in the same way. Flavour with 1 dessertspoonful of coffee.

Bettina Brand.

LISTENER



BEAUTY · · · HOMECRAFT

JANE CARR
on
A FORTNIGHT'S DIET

UNLESS you are a perfectly normal and healthy person, you should not undertake any sort of diet without the advice of a doctor, as sudden, drastic changes can be dangerous. But for the plump woman who feels she is getting rather fat, here is a diet that will successfully and safely reduce her weight by a stone if kept up for a fortnight. You must keep to the letter of your diet sheet, exactly, without any lapses, however small.

First, there are a few general rules to be followed, such as not drinking with meals, but instead having a glass of water one hour before each meal; eating no sauces and pickles; and not resting after meals, nor going to bed soon after dinner.

It is a mistake to cut out half the things you ordinarily eat, and subsist on larger portions of the other half. To lose fat, you must moderate your diet, and keep it sufficiently varied to be interesting and stimulating.

Here, then, is a fortnight's diet:

Breakfast:

tea with lemon, or a little milk, no sugar. Crisp bread biscuits. White fish, boiled or grilled.

Crisp-bread, such as Ryvita, should always be substituted for bread in slimming diets, as it supplies the body with energy and practically no fat. It is now made coated with chocolate—slimming chocolate, of course—which means that it is more sustaining than before and really delicious.

Lunch: grilled fish or steak, green vegetables or tomatoes, salad without dressing and stewed fruit cooked with saccharin instead of sugar.

Dinner: clear soup, grilled meat or fish, salad, stewed fruit or raw apple, black coffee.

A glass of hot water should be taken first thing in the morning and last thing at night.

Jane Carr

JEANNE DE CASALIS
says
COLOURS ARE NEW!

IT is the colour that makes this season's little suits and coats so captivating and so new. A suit of reversible wool, for instance, copper coloured one side, with the reverse side, raspberry coloured, used for revers and gilet—what could be more striking? Three and four colours used together for one costume are not any too many. Three different shades of brown are used in one suit! Among other suits I have seen lately, there was one of olive-green tweed decorated with scarf and belt in violet, green and yellow; and another of purple blue with the very loudest of Scotch plaid jackets.

For top coats, black is the first choice, and green comes next with brown or black accessories. Grape blue, brown trimmed with black seal, and moss-grey are all smart.

Though colours for the afternoon and semi-evening are mostly dark, black moiré, black taffeta, black net embroidered with cellophane and black velvet, they are generally set off with something that glitters, either jet, paillettes or sequins in gold and silver.

Grey for the evening is newest of the new—and purple rose and cerise are in favour once again, with garnet, wine, blue, and pink next in popularity.

Off black shades are much worn, also, and shades of green with brown and blue.



Marjery Wyn is a splendid cook.

Jeanne de Casalis

Write to "MARGOT" About It

If you are worried over any household or domestic problems, then tell your troubles to "Margot." Fashion, cookery, and home-craft, to mention only a few examples, can be dealt with in this service. Send stamped addressed envelope for reply to "Margot," RADIO PICTORIAL, 58-61 Fetter Lane, E.C.4.



A brown velvet cap, trimmed with fur, has a large green feather quill, and a wide-mesh veil. Pearl Jarvis model

THIS WEEK'S FIVE SHILLING HINTS

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

TO REMOVE GREASE SPOTS

IT is possible to remove grease spots from unwashable materials by absorbing the grease with an iron. First place a piece of blotting paper under the material; then cover the spot with magnesia, Fuller's earth or French chalk, and put another piece of blotting paper on top. Apply a warm iron to absorb the grease into the powder. Finally brush the spot thoroughly. Grease spots can be removed from washing materials by washing after softening the grease with turpentine.

WHEN KNITTING

WHEN knitting in a fancy pattern, one is apt to forget what row is to be knitted next. Slip an ordinary hair-grip on the page, so that it can be moved to and fro. This is handier than marking with a pencil.

BROKEN FLOWERS

IT is vexing to find an expensive bloom broken or bent at the head of the stalk. It is quite easy to remedy the damage. Bind a thin strip of adhesive plaster carefully round the break and the flower will be found to last as long as the rest.

HOW to DRESS WELL on 10/- or £1 Per Month



OPEN a Credit Account with SMARTWEAR. No Deposits, no References required, even from non-householders.

VISIT our magnificent showrooms for Smart Winter Coats, Gowns, Knitted-Wear, Furs, Fur Coats, Millinery, Shoes, and Underwear.

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10/- "WENDY" Winter Coat in fleck angora mixture tweed. Sable dyed Coney Collar. Monthly Lined Celanese. Colours: Brown, Bottle Green, Navy. Sizes: SW., W., WX. Price 4 gns.

WRITE for Ladies' beautifully illustrated Winter Catalogue, post free. Address in full to Dept M.52.

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This Sunday's Pompeian Star Programme

From Radio Luxembourg, 1,304 Metres
November 11th, 3—3.30 p.m.

Features

Anona Winn

the well-known radio 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 the Special Free Offer!

Next Sunday, November 18, Lady Charles Cavendish (Adele Astaire) will introduce Helena Pickard

Given by the makers of Pompeian Beauty Preparations, including Pompeian Powder—the powder that is actually blown through fine silk.

Pompeian
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The Pompeian Co. Ltd., 160 Piccadilly, London, W.1

GORDON MACKAY & CO.

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★ LISTEN!

Listen to the Gordon Mackay Concerts from Radio Luxembourg (1,304 metres), next Sunday, November 11.

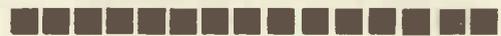
Paris (Poste Parisien, 312 metres), Monday, November 12, 10.45 p.m.

Radio Normandy (206 metres), Saturday, November 17, 12.15 a.m.

THE POOLS THAT GIVE EVERY CLIENT A FREE GIFT VOUCHER BOOKLET—

1,500 GIFTS TO CHOOSE FROM

Write to-day for Gift Booklet and Full Details



EXACT SIZE

SOLID ZAM-BUK

In addition to Zam-Buk Ointment for external piles, you can now obtain Zam-Buk soluble suppositories for inward use. Ask your chemist for Zam-Buk Suppositories. Left in position at night they cure while you sleep.

CURES PILES

1/3 box

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 paper only. Address to "Star" Letter, "Radio Pictorial," 58-61 Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4.

★ Four Suggestions

MAY I put three or four suggestions forward, which I have in my mind? First, I suggest having certain kinds of plays such as 'Murder thrillers' put into serial form lasting over two or three consecutive nights. They could be based on the old silent film serial idea of ending each part where it is most exciting and unexpected, thus leaving the listeners 'gaping' for the next instalment the next night, and leaving them to speculate upon who did the crime in the meantime. Next, I suggest talks upon 'Wireless.' There must be thousands of amateur wireless enthusiasts up and down the country who would simply welcome with open arms a series of talks by an expert. Thirdly, I think it would be a good plan if the announcers of all the classical music were to give the name of each piece after it has been played, as well as before it has been played, thus ensuring that people who had turned their sets on in the middle of a piece are informed of the name of it. I have noticed that dance band announcers always do this, so why not the same idea for classical music? Fourthly and lastly, how about a children's "Bedtime Half-hour," say about half-past seven or eight o'clock. This could be a broadcast of bedtime stories and lullabies, thus making way for a nice send-off to sleep for the kiddies and an undisturbed rest of the evening for the grown-ups—with the wireless."—Robert P. Hall, Edgware.

The Fault of the Loud-speaker

It has been evident for years that though we do get good dance music, the B.B.C. has been endeavouring to lift our brow by what they call good music—as played by their symphony and other orchestras. Yet the most popular music with the masses is dance music. Why? Because they do not realise that 70 per cent. of their audience possess sets that mutilate the music and feed it to a loud-speaker that booms, flattens and clips everything.

"Dance music, due to its brightness, rhythm and melody, just manages to satisfy, but the beauty of tone, on individual instruments and passages, is gone—the massed instruments are a headache. How then can people be expected to listen to the beauty of arrangement and playing of their expensive orchestras?"

"Before going any further, the B.B.C. should educate the 70 per cent. on quality by means of listening halls at their headquarters throughout the country, when most of the bricks they receive on their 'high-brow' orchestras will turn to bouquets, and, incidentally, greater enjoyment would be derived from our excellent broadcasting dance bands."—"Pictor All," Aberdeen.

Farcical

There is no one more appreciative than myself of a genuine apology from a person who has been guilty of faulty conduct, either through carelessness or accident; but I do think that the B.B.C. announcers are carrying this 'apologising' business just a little too far.

"I must apologise for the news being two and a half minutes late . . . I must apologise for Northern listeners missing one minute of their transmission through a technical defect . . . 'I must apologise, etc., etc.' This sort of thing can become very exasperating, and indeed there have been days when it has become farcical in the extreme. We listeners have a sense of justice, and while an apology for a grave lapse would be appreciated, there is no need for such when virtually seconds only are concerned.

"Also it seems to me a little rude to the preceding performer to apologise so profusely for the minute or so over time he or she may have taken. Imagine this happening at an ordinary concert."—H. A. Robinson, Cheshire.

Hearty Congratulations

RADIO PICTORIAL is far and away the best of all the weekly radio magazines. The rest are heavy and too technical. RADIO PICTORIAL

Are we Better or Worse? Rev. JAMES WALL, M.A.

By The
Precentor of Durham Cathedral

LET me say at the outset that I think (and I am grateful to be able to think) that we are much better than we were. Goodness and simplicity have a poor news value. No one wants to read in the papers that *wheels go round*; it isn't until some grit gets in, that they make good copy. Even in our conversation, at however high a level we try to keep it, the same holds good.

We hear a good deal to-day of shipwrecked marriages, of defaulting parsons, of empty churches, of godless laity. The inference is that we are worse than our grandfathers. I don't believe a word of it. The majority of people and homes and institutions are better and happier, despite the publicised failures; their very failure to conform to a certain standard at least argues the recognition of a standard—often a high standard; and that is more than could be said of us a century ago.

A century ago! At the beginning of last century England was still under the Georges. The English conscience saw nothing wrong in the slave trade; women and children worked long, long hours in factories and pits. Even good men in the Church saw nothing

wrong in a man's holding several remunerative appointments and attending to none; Roman Catholics were debarred from all public appointments and from any share in governing the country or any part of it. The penal system meted out torture, transportation and hanging for trivial offences. Very slight benefactions sufficed to acquit a man of his duty to his neighbour; public men paraded their mistresses without shame or abashment. A man was esteemed by his nightly consumption in bottles—not even by the number he could stand without being obviously the worse for them. Are we really as bad as we are often told? Judged by what we might be,

heaven knows we are bad enough. But judged by what we have been . . . "History," Bishop Lightfoot used to say, "is the best cordial for drooping spirits." If we have witnessed such an improvement, and that dating from the time when the church was apparently as dead as a doornail, what may we not do to-day, when the witness, official and private, to Jesus Christ, is so abundant and live? This address was broadcast by Canon Wall from Radio-Normandy at 4.15 p.m. last Sunday. Another "Thought" next week.



gives us just what we want. It is bright and snappy and up to date and evidently has a brilliant staff. I only knew of it two months ago, when I saw an advertisement, since when I have discarded all other wireless papers.

"Glad you are giving a weekly chat by Christopher Stone. One misses him from Daventry, but already one hears in his voice from Luxembourg a nuance of greater freedom. Those hampering and petty restrictions at the B.B.C. must have been very difficult to cope with.

"With hearty congratulations on your brilliant magazine, which I am certain will increase in circulation every week."—F. E. Davidson, Hastings.

Support Home Industries!

At various times the listening public has been told how to support home industries and help to keep the money in the country. How many thousands of pounds has the B.B.C. driven out of this country by its steadfast refusal to undertake sponsored programmes? I'm not suggesting advertising on the National or Regional wavelengths.

"But I do seriously suggest that at least one of the three transmitters which are shortly to close down should be equipped solely for sponsored programmes. Our manufacturers are forced to take their money abroad to get their products advertised over the air.

"The foreigner takes the money and buys goods made in his own country. Why not give one main organization a licence to radiate sponsored programmes?

"The 'powers that be' must see that this thing is bound to come in this country. Why not take their opportunity now and net some of the 'shekels'?"—E. Pattenon, Norwich.

A Charming Knitted Bed Jacket

Continued from page Thirty-two

THE LEFT FRONT.

Omitting the buttonhole and working the border at the opposite end, proceed to match the right front until the same depth up to the armhole has been reached, finishing at the side edge.

TO SHAPE THE ARMHOLE.

1st row—Cast off 4, p. to the last 4 sts., k. 4.
2nd row—K. 4, work as the 2nd pattern row to the end. 3rd row—Cast off 4, p. to the last 4 sts., k. 4. 4th row—K. 4, work as the 4th pattern row to the end. This completes the armhole shaping and the front slope is commenced. Work this as the instructions for the Right Front, reading the rows from the end to the beginning, i.e., 1st row—P. to the last 6 sts., p. 2 tog., k. 4.
2nd row—K. 7, work as the 2nd pattern row to the end. Complete to match the Right Front.

THE SLEEVES.

Begin at the shoulder line by casting on 8 sts. 1st row—K. into the back of the sts.
2nd row—Cast on 4 sts., working into the back of the cast sts., p. to the end. 3rd row—Cast on 4 sts., working into the back of the cast on sts., ** p. 3 tog. (k. 1, p. 1, k. 1) into the next st. Repeat from ** to the end. 4th row—Cast on 4 sts., working into the back of the cast-on sts., purl to the end. 5th row—Cast on 4 sts., working into the back of the cast-on sts., ** (k. 1, p. 1, k. 1) into the st., p. 3 tog. Repeat from ** to the end. Repeat the last 4 rows until the sts. number 72. Continue straight in the pattern for 8 ins., finishing at the end of a pattern row.
Next row—Working as tightly as possible, k. 2 tog., all across. Now work in k. 1, p. 1 ribbing for 7 rows. Cast off. Work the second sleeve in the same manner.

TO COMPLETE.

Sew the front shoulders to the corresponding number of sts. on the back. Sew the tops of the sleeves into the armholes. Graft together the sts. of the neck border and sew one edge of this to the back of the neck. Join the side and sleeve seams, then press all seams and sew the feather trimming round the neck and down the fronts.

The Life Story of a Chief Announcer

Continued from page Four

staff—in work generally—but those old happy-go-lucky days are over. But don't think for a moment that amusing incidents have ceased to occur. The human element plays a very large part in our work, and where that is strong there are bound to be odd happenings. An announcer's job is rather like the first night of a play. He never knows what may happen.

Take the case of Mr. Priestley and the lost manuscript.

No one knows the true story of this better than I do as I happened to be the Announcer on duty that night.

As Mr. Priestley said afterwards: "I think you and I have created a record.

For fifteen minutes we kept not only the British Isles but the whole Continent of America waiting—and all they heard was the Interval Signal," and he ended by saying "My next talk will be on the Man who lost his Script."

But I must keep that story for another time perhaps!

Then there was the case of the charming lady pianist whose programme was likely to overrun.

I told her that it was imperative that we should finish on time, and suggested that I should whisper to her when her time was nearly up, and that perhaps she could then come to a graceful end.

Judge of my surprise when having done this, she whispered back "Right," and took her hands abruptly off the keys in the middle of a phrase!

To the outside listener, no doubt programme follows programme with machine-like regularity, but could he see behind the scenes he might appreciate and perhaps laugh with us at the comic little things that continually crop up.

Occasionally we cease to be announcers and either revert to type or become human beings.

In my own case I have been allowed to revert to type.

"Our Bill" owes his existence primarily to the Children's Hour. We were due for a Family Party on November 5 some years ago, and I suddenly thought of the real "Our Bill" who was my constant companion when I lived in the Cotswolds. I remembered that he had told me scraps of his own version of the Gunpowder Plot, and thought I would make a nonsensical story out of it for the party.

As a result of that I was asked to do it again in a Variety Show.

People seemed to be amused by it and I was asked for more.

So "The Cricket Match" followed, and then "Ducks." Someone suggested a book might be made out of these stories, so I cudgelled my brains or rather revived old memories and gradually collected a number of these stories—all with "Our Bill" as the central subject.

The "Director of Talks" persuaded me to do a series of them in the programmes, J. C. Cannell heard them, called on me, and the next day I was introduced to Mr. George Harrap, the publisher.

Over a glass of beer in the Press Club the whole matter was settled and the little book came into being. People who have kindly written in appreciation nearly all ask if there are to be any more "Our Bill" stories.

That I am afraid I cannot answer.

For the time being, at any rate, "Our Bill's" tale is told. The old man himself is dead, and it is not easy to live again those peaceful leisurely days in the rush and hurry which must of necessity surround an announcer.

One day, perhaps, who knows?

Key to Commander King-Hall's Children's News Motto on page 31

The Minister of Health tells us that the campaign for clearing the slums and building better dwellings to take their place is progressing satisfactorily. Fifty thousand slum tenants have been settled in new houses during the last six months, and at this rate he thinks the programme of re-housing should be finished within five years.

STEPHEN KING-HALL

6 Wave-Sets for 6d



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IN BOTTLES 6d and 1/3 Wave-Set

HOW TO HAVE

Lovely Hands

Anne Grey Shares a Secret.



Miss Anne Grey, the well known and greatly admired English Film Star discloses here the secret of hand beauty.

Cold weather spells disaster to many otherwise beautiful hands. But a new preparation has been discovered, by which rough hands or even badly chapped hands can easily be remedied. It is called VELDEW, and just before retiring for the night you rub a few drops into the hands—not a two minutes' job. "I think Veldew, is a wonderful discovery," writes Miss Anne Grey, "just a few drops well rubbed into the hands last thing at night takes up so little time and keeps the hands as soft and smooth as satin." Veldew is a beauty specialist's recipe. A two months' supply in a dainty toilet flask costs only 2/-; or there is the trial size at 1/3. Any good-class chemist will supply you.

New Kidneys

If you could exchange your neglected, tired and lazy Kidneys for new ones you would automatically end Kidney trouble, Night-Rising, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Dizziness, Rheumatism, Burning, Itching and Acidity. Try the Doctor's prescription CYSTEX (Siss-tex). Guaranteed to cure or money back. At Boots and all Chemists.



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PROGRAMME HEADLINES of the WEEK



Hildegard Arnold
(November 11, 1.30 p.m., National)

ANOTHER launching for you. December 7. Ship's name: *Orion*. H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester will be present at a concert by the Returned Soldiers' and Sailors' Imperial League at Brisbane, Australia. At a given moment the concert will be inter-

rupted for the Duke to press a button. The *Orion* will then launch and actually break her own bottle of Empire wine over herself as she does so. A commentary will be supplied by Commander Stride, R.N. (ret.). The *Orion* is a 24,000-tonner, 664 feet long and with a beam of 82 feet.

Probably you enjoyed that excellent broadcast *Twenty Years Ago*. Professor Harold Temperley compiled it from original documents, you may remember. As a matter of fact, I have a copy of it here in my study. A fine piece of work it is. Well, the Historical Association has taken great interest in it and as a result, the B.B.C. is arranging a repeat broadcast from the Concert Hall at Portland Place on the 24th. Many hundreds of members of the Historical Association will be present.

Have you been listening to these talks on the Causes of War? The last of the series comes off on December 14 and will be given by Sir Austen Chamberlain.

A good show is promised for the 29th. "The Show Goes Over" is

its name. Listen to it because you will get quite a good idea of the troubles that beset anyone who undertakes to produce musical comedy seriously. I know something about the plot of this show.

Briefly the yarn comes to this: A certain broadcasting company produces a sponsored programme. The star of the show is very temperamental. Difficulties of all kinds arise, but whatever happens the show goes over. Book and lyrics by Max Kester on a scenario by Laurence Gilliam; music by Austen-Croom Johnson, and our good friend Bryan Michie will be the producer. So it ought to go over!

Midland listeners might like to know of the concert from Dean Close School at Cheltenham on the 17th. This school has become quite musical under Heller Nichols.

There has been a series of "Pithead Chronicles" in the North Regional programmes lately, has there not? There is going to be a further series called "The Fratchingtons of Fratchingthorpe." To *fratch* in Lancashire lingo is to *quarrel*. *Frach* means to *strike*. So that the title



Joan Daniels
(November 15, 4 p.m., Regional)

should explain itself. You will be treated to a series of family rows. And very elevating it should prove to be!

Scotland can look out on the 17th for Mr. Maley's eye-witness account of the Scottish Football Match between Rangers and Aberdeen.
RONDO.

NATIONAL

- SUNDAY (Nov. 11).—Armistice Day Service, relayed from the Cenotaph, Whitehall.
- MONDAY (Nov. 12).—The Lady Sally, a play by Rooke Ley.
- TUESDAY (Nov. 13).—Water Rats Variety programme.
- WEDNESDAY (Nov. 14).—Symphony Concert, relayed from the Queen's Hall, London.
- THURSDAY (Nov. 15).—Invitation to the Waltz, a musical comedy by Posford.
- FRIDAY (Nov. 16).—The Kentucky Minstrels, a black-faced minstrel show, presented by Harry S. Pepper.
- SATURDAY (Nov. 17).—Music Hall programme.

LONDON REGIONAL

- SUNDAY (Nov. 11).—English Folk Songs, choral programme.
- MONDAY (Nov. 12).—Entertainment Hour, feature programme.
- TUESDAY (Nov. 13).—The Lady Sally, a play by Rooke Ley.
- WEDNESDAY (Nov. 14).—Invitation to the Waltz, a musical comedy by Posford.
- THURSDAY (Nov. 15).—Speeches from the Eighth Annual Dinner of the Bristol Branch of the Incorporated Sales Managers' Association.
- FRIDAY (Nov. 16).—Chamber Concert.
- SATURDAY (Nov. 17).—Die Fledermaus (J. Strauss), act 2, relayed from Sadler's Wells Theatre.

MIDLAND REGIONAL

- SUNDAY (Nov. 11).—Band programme.
- MONDAY (Nov. 12).—Choral programme.

Dance Music of the Week

- Monday.—Sydney Lipton and his Band (*Grosvenor House*).
- Tuesday.—Lew Stone and his Band (*Studio*).
- Wednesday.—Dare Lea and his Band (*Studio*).
- Thursday.—The B.B.C. Dance Band, directed by Henry Hall (*Studio*).
- Friday.—Harry Roy and his Band (*May Fair Hotel*).
- Saturday.—Ambrose and his Band (*Studio*).

- TUESDAY (Nov. 13).—Murder in the Midlands, a play by Francis Durbridge.
- WEDNESDAY (Nov. 14).—Folk Tunes from the Cotswolds; an orchestral and choral concert.
- THURSDAY (Nov. 15).—Sibelius Concert, relayed from the Town Hall, Birmingham.
- FRIDAY (Nov. 16).—The Microphone at Large (3), Tewkesbury Abbey, feature programme, relayed from Tewkesbury Abbey.
- SATURDAY (Nov. 17).—School Concert, relayed from Dean Close School, Cheltenham.

NORTH REGIONAL

- SUNDAY (Nov. 11).—Band and choral programme.
- MONDAY (Nov. 12).—Orchestral programme.
- TUESDAY (Nov. 13).—Northern Concert Hall: The Liverpool Philharmonic Society's Concert, relayed from the Central Hall, Liverpool.
- WEDNESDAY (Nov. 14).—Jannock, a malicious medley of the North, written by D. G. Bridson.
- THURSDAY (Nov. 15).—Variety, relayed from the Royalty Theatre, Chester.
- FRIDAY (Nov. 16).—A Programme of Tchaikovsky's Music: orchestral concert.
- SATURDAY (Nov. 17).—A Recital by Young Northern artists.

WEST REGIONAL

- SUNDAY (Nov. 11).—Carolare, a recital of favourite hymns and sacred songs.
- MONDAY (Nov. 12).—A West Country Programme, relayed from Torquay.
- TUESDAY (Nov. 13).—Orchestral concert from Torquay.
- WEDNESDAY (Nov. 14).—Orchestral concert.
- THURSDAY (Nov. 15).—Speeches from the Eighth Annual Dinner of the Bristol Branch of the Incorporated Sales Managers' Association, Bristol.
- FRIDAY (Nov. 16).—Hywol o Went (Howell of Gwent), a romantic drama by J. O. Francis (Translation from the English).
- SATURDAY (Nov. 17).—Variety programme, relayed from the Central Hall, Bristol.

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



From left to right—Charles Manning (November 14, 12.30 p.m., National); Dare Lea (November 14, 10.30 p.m., Regional); Joan Leggatt (November 13, 4.30 p.m., National); Doris Cowen (November 17, 7.30 p.m., Regional); Col. R. H. Brand (November 12, 7.30 p.m., National)

SIX NEW PHOTOGRAPHS RELEASED *this* WEEK

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Pierre Garnier—
French Announcer
Radio Normandy

John Sullivan—Chief
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(Poste Parisien)

Peter Hope—Announ-
cer at Paris (Poste
Parisien)

Bernard McNabb—
Announcer at Radio
Normandy

JAMES AGATE
LES. ALLEN
NORMAN ALLIN
GEORGE ALLISON
JOHN ARMSTRONG
YVONNE ARNAUD
ALEXANDER & MOSE
GEORGE BAKER
ETHEL BARTLETT
VERNON BARTLETT
SYDNEY BAYNES
EVE BECKE
BILLY BENNETT
HARRY BENTLEY
JAN BERENSKA
BERTINI
SAM BROWNE
DAVY BURNABY
ERNEST BUTCHER
THE CARLYLE COUSINS
JANE CARR
JEANNE DE CASALIS
ANDRE CHARLOT
VIVIENNE CHATTERTON
CLAPHAM AND DWYER
JOHN COATES
PEGGY COCHRANE
ESTHER COLEMAN
EMILIO COLOMBO
MABEL CONSTANDUROS
BILLY COTTON
MARION CRAN

BILL CURRIE
DAWN DAVIS
ODETTE DE FARAS
FLORENCE DESMOND
REGINALD DIXON
REGINALD FOORT
LESLIE FRENCH
FLOTSAM AND JETSAM
MURIEL GEORGE
HERMIONE GINGOLD
WALTER GLYNN
RONALD GOURLEY
DORA GREGORY
GERSHOM PARKINGTON
QUINTET

HENRY HALL
TOMMY HANDLEY
LILIAN HARRISON
FRED HARTLEY
PERCY HEMING
HARRY HEMSLEY
ROY HENDERSON
LEONARD HENRY
LESLIE HOLMES
CLAUDE HULBERT
LESLIE HUTCHINSON
WALFORD HYDEN
JACK HYLTON
HAVER & LEE
HOWARD JACOBS
A. LLOYD JAMES
LESLIE JEFFRIES

PARRY JONES
TOM JONES
EDA KERSEY
HAROLD KIMBERLEY
COMMANDER
S. KING-HALL
CHARLIE KUNZ
SYDNEY LIPTON
JOE LOSS
LAYTON & JOHNSTONE
S. P. B. MAIS
MANTOVANI
KITTY MASTERS
ALEC MCGILL
JEAN MELVILLE
ISOLDE MENGES
BILLY MERRIN
JOSEPH MUSCANT
HEDDLE NASH
REGINALD NEW
DENIS O'NEIL
EUGENE PINI
JACK PLANT
LOU PREAGER
ARTHUR PRINCE
REGINALD PURDELL
HAROLD RAMSAY
WYN RICHMOND
PHILIP RIDGEWAY
RAE ROBERTSON
THE ROOSTERS
CONCERT PARTY

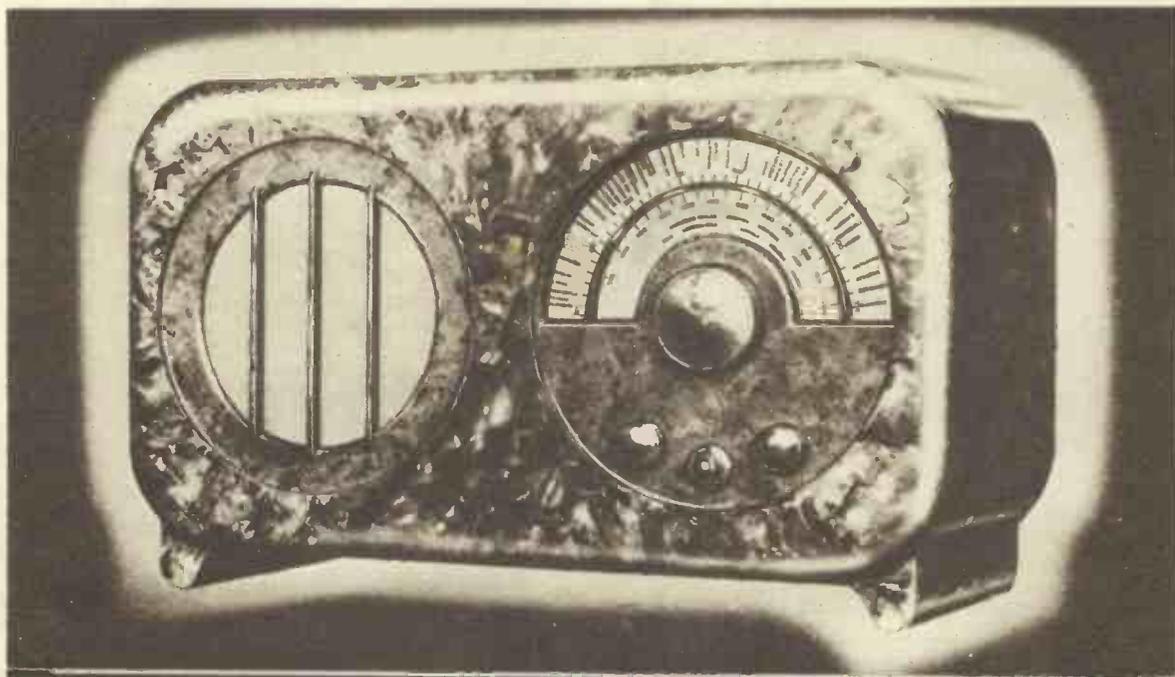
PHYLLIS ROBINS
HARRY ROY
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JACK SALISBURY
IVAN SAMSON
ALBERT SANDLER
LESLIE SARONY
IRENE SCHARRER
CEDRIC SHARPE
DALE SMITH
SOLOMON
STANELLI
M. STEPHAN
"STAINLESS STEPHEN"
CHRISTOPHER STONE
LEW STONE
MAMIE SOUTTER
RICHARD TAUBER
MAGGIE TEYTE
JOHN THORNE
ROBERT TREDINNICK
GWEN VAUGHAN
CAPT. WAKELAM
DORIS & ELSIE WATERS
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BRANSBY WILLIAMS
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