

A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE  
FROM THE QUEEN?

LEW STONE & HIS BAND—  
EXCLUSIVE PICTURES

CONTINENTAL PROGRAMMES  
FOR ENGLISH  
LISTENERS

# RADIO PICTORIAL

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*Photo: Kenneth Collins*



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## GOOD NEWS FOR TIRED WOMEN

Women who are run-down, tired, out-of-sorts, whose nerves have got so bad that any little thing upsets them, are finding relief in something doctors have been recommending for over fifty years as the surest and quickest restorer of nervous and physical health and strength.

They are finding new relief in Wincarnis; Wincarnis with all the valuable salts of its delicate wine, with the strength-giving qualities and the vitamins of its malt and meat extracts.

And they find this delicious tonic wine works wonders. It creates rich, new blood. It soothes jagged nerves. It builds up wasted tissues and brings new vigour, strength, vitality. It cures their depression, ends those sleepless nights, restores the looks they were in danger of losing.

From the very first glass you feel the benefit, for there is no long waiting for results with Wincarnis. It stimulates new energy immediately, puts you on the road to health at once. Try it to-day!

Be sure to listen on Sunday to the Wincarnis  
"BROADWAY HITS"

Luxembourg (1304 metres) 5.0-5.15 p.m.,  
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Paris (Poste Parisien) (312 metres) 11-  
11.45 p.m. All the newest tunes.

## CRITICALLY ILL WITH DUODENAL ULCER

If you are a martyr to any form of indigestion or stomach trouble, here is comforting news for you; you need only follow the example of Mr. F. G. S. . . of Elliott Road, Fenton, to obtain complete relief. Here is his letter:

"Twelve months ago I was admitted to hospital in a critical condition, having suffered three very severe internal haemorrhages. After five X-Rays my case was diagnosed as acute duodenal ulcer. My weight was 8 st. 1 lb., and I was recommended by the specialist to the Maclean formula. Following his advice, I have practised same ever since, and through the continued use of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder I am to-day—twelve months afterwards—in the pink of condition and back to my normal weight—10 st. 4 lb. Thus, even in such a serious case as mine, continued treatment performs miracles."

In view of the thousands of cases like this, why why should we go on suffering from indigestion or stomach trouble without giving a trial to this marvellous Maclean Brand Stomach Powder?

But be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose, but only in 1/3, 2/-, and 5/- bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

# A Christmas Message from the Queen?

**T**HE KING'S Christmas broadcast to the nation from Sandringham is now one of the great national events of the year—to which millions of people eagerly look forward. But splendid though the idea is, it could be made better still. It is no exaggeration or flattery to say that the present King and Queen enjoy a popularity and affection in Great Britain which no other occupants of the Throne have ever equalled.

King George and Queen Mary symbolise all that is finest and best in British national and family life. The King is a "man's man" through and through, and the Queen is an ideal woman. Would it not, therefore, be a good idea if at Christmas time Her Majesty followed the King at the microphone and broadcast a message to the women of the country and the Empire? It is reported that in a recent wireless canvass among 10,000 listeners, the question was asked, which woman they would most like to hear on the radio. An overwhelming majority voted for the Queen.

To many people the September launching of "534" is memorable chiefly for the fact that they heard the Queen's voice for the first time. All who heard Her Majesty on that occasion were charmed by her wonderful voice—so melodious and kindly in tone. All her life the Queen has suffered from shyness, and it is this which is the cause of the rather severe expression which is sometimes seen on her face. Her strict upbringing in true Victorian style and surroundings is responsible for her rigid control of emotions in public; but at heart the Queen is very human—and among her family and friends she unbends completely. But to make a speech in public has always been beyond her—as she herself confesses, she is "too nervous"—and the nation has been the loser.

The Queen is widely read, she is practical and has commonsense views on everything, but so far the country has had little chance to obtain an inkling of the Queen's real personality, as expressed by her own voice in her own way. The microphone offers a wonderful opportunity to remedy this. To speak to the nation from her own Sandringham fireside at Christmas would complete the Royal broadcast and make it even more notable and thrilling than it is.

notable and thrilling that it is.

When the King broadcasts, he speaks as the head of the nation, and the Emperor, but the Queen could specially address the women and children, in whose welfare she has been profoundly interested all her life. Wives and mothers all over the Empire regard the Queen with intense affection, for they know that Her Majesty is one of themselves and one who regards home and family as the main things in life. Christmas is pre-eminently the festival of home, and to hear the Queen's Christmas message would give millions of women an inward glow of pride and pleasure—and would make the bonds between them and the Royal Family stronger still.

THE HON. MRS. FRANCIS  
LASCELLES

*makes a suggestion for a Christmas broadcast that would please every listener. It would make another national event in the broadcasting year, to which millions of people would eagerly look forward.*

It is certain that the King would be as delighted as his subjects if the Queen consented to broadcast at Christmas, and now that Her Majesty has been heard through the microphone successfully, it is to be hoped that it may be found possible for both the King and Queen to speak to the country this Christmas. It is known that the King, for many years, has tried to induce the Queen to speak in public, but without success. It will be recalled that His Majesty, before the Queen had launched the new Cunarder with a single phrase, made the main speech of the ceremony.

The whole of Clydeside had been hoping that the Queen would make a speech—no matter how short—and they were undoubtedly disappointed when it was not forthcoming. Speaking before a vast course of people, and talking from a chair at a fireside, however, are two vastly different things, and nothing is surer than that the Queen would thoroughly enjoy broadcasting at Christmas and that she would make a great success of it.

There are one or two misguided critics who assert that the King's Christmas broadcast tends to cheapen the Throne, but this is sheer nonsense.

## Christmas Radio

CHRISTMAS is drawing near. The B.B.C. is busily making plans for the King's broadcast on Christmas Day, the religious services, the variety, the pantomime and all the other items that go to make up *Christmas Radio Pudding*.

Next Friday's issue of "Radio Pictorial" will be a special bumper Christmas Number, full of Christmassy stories and articles. A. J. Alan has written a special Xmas story which will be given first in the pages of "Radio Pictorial" after its broadcast. John Trent tells you what happens on

# Radio Pictorial — Vol. 2 — No. 46



Royalty, like everything else, moves with the times—and far from lowering the dignity of the Sovereign, the Christmas broadcast these last two years has enormously enhanced the popularity and prestige of the Crown.

If the Queen's voice was also heard, the effect would be greater still. It is an experiment which would be well worth while. The Queen has an ideal voice for the radio, and if she was allowed to give her own message in her own words, it would be a memorable one without a doubt. At Sandringham, the King and Queen are at their freest and best—for their Norfolk residence is their real home—and Her Majesty, especially, is most herself when there. If the public make their wishes known in the matter, the B.B.C. might be persuaded to petition the Queen to broadcast this Christmas.

The King and Queen have been inseparable companions for over forty years, and on the eve of their Jubilee Year, what could be more fitting and appropriate than that they should both give their individual Christmas greetings to their millions of devoted subjects.

*Christmas Day, and both Henry Hall and Christopher Stone will tell readers of "Radio Pic." how they are spending their holiday. Mabel Constanduros, Ashley Sterne, A. A. Thom-*

son, Godfrey Winn, and Capt. Wakelam, are also contributors to this Christmas Number of "Radio Pictorial."

Make sure of your copy now . . . usual price, 3d.





I'm not going to bother about the petty jealousies of Edinburgh and Glasgow. I saw the friendliest spirit in the offices and studios at both centres.

Nor do I now believe all I saw in a certain newspaper about London flooding Scotland with programme material which is not typically Scottish.

I am sure Melville Dinwiddie, Scottish Regional Chief, keeps the proportion of "National" and "Scottish Interest" very much under his thumb. Anyway, all the programme material of this vast B.B.C. machine goes out on the air through the mouths of Falkirk (Scottish National transmitter) and Aberdeen.

I went to Falkirk last week. There is a nice photo of the station on the facing page. It is not much different from the other Regionals. In fact the main difference is the lighting of the transmitter hall. There is a dome glass light instead of tall windows at the sides.

Falkirk gives a wonderful (I must use this B.B.C. expression)—"Service Area."

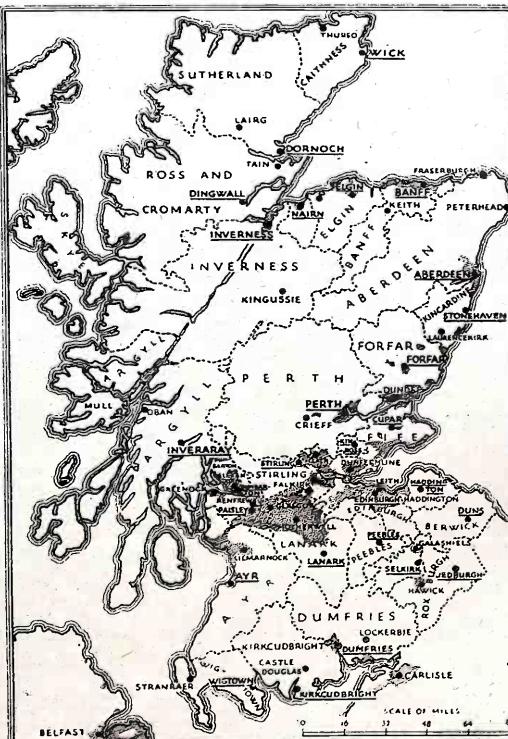
The service area of this station may be defined as the region within a radius of approximately seventy to eighty miles of Falkirk. Population figures show that this embraces about 80 per cent. of the total population of Scotland, a large proportion of the remainder being served by the Aberdeen transmitter. The radius of seventy to eighty miles is about the maximum range to which a transmitter working on an ordinary broadcast wavelength.

It should be remembered that reception is possible after dark over a much larger area, but some unavoidable fading is experienced outside the service area.

The service to this region had previously been provided by three low-power transmitters, situated in the main centres of population. These transmitters, although providing a satisfactory service within a few miles of each, could not provide a service, free from interference, over the whole region. Furthermore, only one programme could normally be provided for those listeners whose apparatus was insufficiently sensitive to receive the long-wave National-programme transmitter.

The map shown here gives the position of the Scottish Regional Station, and some of the principal cities which it serves. The station is similar technically to the London and North Regional stations, and consists of two entirely separate high-power medium-wave transmitters which are designed to work on separate wavelengths so that two programmes

# Where Their LUMS REEK...! Says Paul HOBSON



This map of Scotland (reproduced from the B.B.C. pamphlet "Receiving the Scottish Regional Transmitter") shows the densely populated areas shaded. The Falkirk transmitter is marked with a cross.

"I climbed to the top of the building, and before we looked at the medley of engineers' apparatus up here they showed me the wonderful view from the Broadcasting House window, across the shores of Fife, on the other side of the Forth." - says Paul Hobson. Here's the view!

can be radiated simultaneously. The programme radiated on the 376-metre wavelength is known as the Scottish Regional Programme, and consists largely of items which are of particular interest to Scottish listeners. It enables full scope to be given to available Scottish programme talent. This programme is generally contrasted with the National programme, which is radiated by the second transmitter on a wavelength of 288.5 metres.

Listeners who had been taking their service from the Glasgow transmitter had to make no alteration to the tuning range of their receivers in order to receive the Scottish Regional transmitter, and in Edinburgh and Dundee listeners found that their receivers would tune to 376 metres without alteration.

Although by far the greater percentage of the population of Scotland is situated within a radius of seventy to eighty miles of Falkirk (or within the service range of the Aberdeen transmitter), it is realised that there is still a comparatively small number of listeners in the west, north, and north-east of Scotland who are beyond the estimated service range of the new station. This does not, of course, mean that they are unable to receive the main station with valve sets. Actually, the Scottish Regional transmitter, like any other high-power medium-wave transmitter, is receivable at great ranges, but it is inevitable that during the hours of darkness the transmissions are subject to fading beyond the range mentioned. It is unfortunately a technical fact that the worst fading is usually experienced at ranges between about one hundred and one hundred and fifty miles from a medium-wave station.

Aberdeen is doing good service as a relay. It is a technical fact that the shorter the wavelength of a transmission, the more rapidly does it lose strength as it travels from the station. For example, a wavelength of 300 metres would serve a greater radius than a wavelength of 200 metres, while a wavelength of 200 metres would serve a greater radius than a wavelength of 150 metres. Nevertheless, a transmitter using an exclusive wavelength of about 200 metres can serve a bigger radius than one sharing a wavelength of 288.5 metres with a comparatively nearby high-power transmitter, quite apart from the additional freedom and the choice of programmes which an exclusive wavelength permits.

From tests which have been carried out, it has been found that the Aberdeen transmitter gives a satisfactory service when working on a 214.3-metre wavelength up to a radius of ten miles under the worst atmospheric conditions.

I understand that some listeners in the North would like Aberdeen's wavelength to be shifted. At the moment it just can't be done. The B.B.C. has made international arrangements to use the existing wavelength for the present. There are other waves in the immediate vicinity of 214 metres which can be used for Aberdeen if at some future date it becomes necessary for the B.B.C. to hand back the 214.3-metre wave, but these are international common waves, and Aberdeen listeners would probably experience more interference than they would on the exclusive wave of 214.3 metres. This wavelength is well within the band allotted to broadcasting. Actually a lower wavelength, 200 metres, was in use by the Leeds transmitter from 1929 to 1931. Listeners with modern receivers should never have any difficulty in tuning down to the wavelength of 214.3 metres.

I did not have the opportunity of visiting the North again to see how Droitwich comes in. If it is given anything like a service in the Highlands, then it will greatly help the problem. Will listeners in the Highlands write to me, c/o "Radio Pictorial," and give reports of Droitwich reception? I shall be very pleased to have any letters. Also, if I were as wealthy as our good Christopher Stone (which I am not) I, too, would offer a cash prize to the first Sassenach who translated the truly Scottish title of this article! Have a cut at it!

There are problems in every B.B.C. Region, of course. By next week I hope to have visited North Regional, and will report on that vital broadcasting centre.

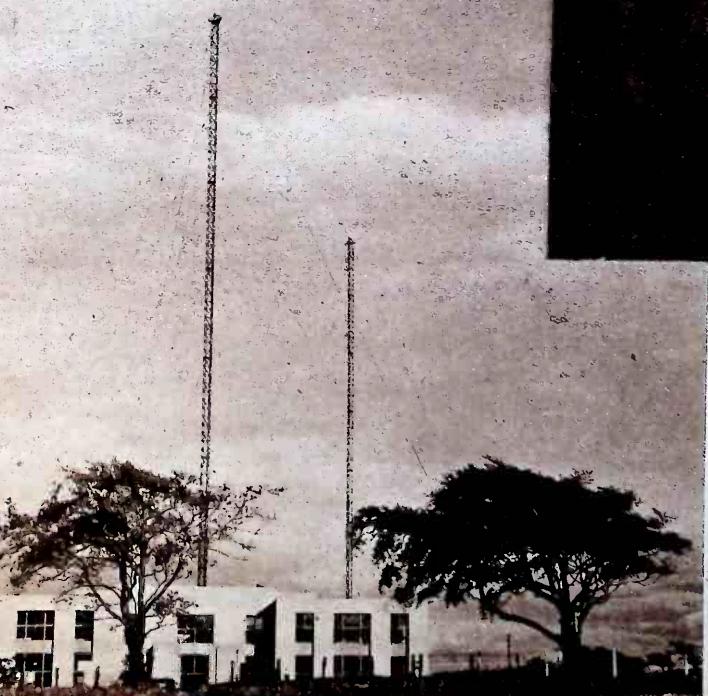
B.B.C. studios all over the country contribute to the National programmes. They are vital in collecting local talent for Regional and National broadcasts. And now Paul Hobson, "Radio Pictorial's" Special Commissioner, gives you a personal description, week by week, of each of the Regions.

A New Series

## ROUND the REGIONALS—2



Melville Dinwiddie, Scottish Regional Director. He has to satisfy both the Highlands and the Lowlands, while appeasing the little jealousies of Edinburgh and Glasgow



The fine waiting-room at Edinburgh



### The Latest Recruit

ERIC TANN, latest recruit to the B.B.C. dance band, first broadcast at the age of fourteen. The son of a bandmaster, he started to play a trombone when only twelve—and he assures me that it was a full-sized instrument. Two years later he was so proficient that his father wrote to Savoy Hill and the result was an engagement to play a solo in the Children's Hour.

That was in 1925; now Eric is married and has had years of experience with first-class bands, including the Roy Fox and Jack Jackson combinations. He is an asset to the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra, which is now playing with four saxophones and four brass instruments.

### His Worst Moment

YOU can't acquire experience without tears, and Eric admits that his most awkward moment occurred during the run of *Wonder Bar* at the Savoy Theatre.

He was playing his trombone in a dance band which was a feature of the show, and one evening while Carl Brisson was singing on the stage, Eric stumbled and his foot went clean through a 'cello.

There was a resounding crash, everyone was naturally annoyed and what the producer said is not for your ears. The 'cello cost ten pounds to replace and the trombone player has taken great care of his feet ever since.

### Another Death at the House

We have read a great deal lately about death at Broadcasting House, but I have seen no mention of the real tragedy which occurred behind the scenes last week. The poor fish bore an honoured name and he deserves an epitaph, as he died in the cause of art.

It happened this way. Though better known as a globe trotter, Malcolm Frost is also a pisciculturist, and Eustace Robb, visiting his office, was impressed with the shimmering beauty of a bowl of goldfish.

Thinking that the fish would make a good subject for a television programme, the producer carried the bowl to his studio. The brilliant light of the arc was focused upon the bowl, but the picture was never broadcast, as one of the fish succumbed. He was a fine specimen which had been named after one of the highest officials in the Corporation.

### Romance

A meeting in the television studio was responsible for the latest B.B.C. romance. Jean Bartlett, assistant producer in the television outfit, has just married Thornton Bridgewater, an engineer who manipulates the machine which looks like a magic lantern and is much more disconcerting. While Jean arranged the dancers in the studio, Thornton looked on from a window in the room next door and when the scene was ready to be broadcast, he turned a sort of searchlight on the company. Every year brings news of romance in the studios, and there are indications that 1935 will not disappoint us.

### To Describe a Nightmare

Talkers are discovered in the oddest ways. Most of the "unknowns" get to the microphone because they send an idea to the B.B.C. They are then asked to call, and while the original idea may prove to be useless, the interview often reveals some other topic on which the fellow is an expert.

A man who wants to talk about touring Honolulu on roller skates will probably find himself describing a monastery in Sinai a few weeks later. Life is like that. J. G. Temple is a case in point. He wanted to dramatise a conversation at a coffee stall, and in a few weeks' time he will describe a nightmare. The title is "The Town of Ugly Faces"—in case you would like to listen.

"Radio Parade, 1935," a new film now being made in the B.I.P. studios, is to have this dancing sequence filmed in natural colour by the recently perfected Duafycolor process. This is the first British film to have sequences in natural colours. Teddy Joyce and his band can be seen in the background of this "shot."

## "Newsmonger's" RADIO GOSSIP



# "Christopher Stone Calling—"

HERE is manifestly only one Stanley Holloway. He has enriched the gramophone during the last few years with a series of winners that no other artist of similar style can challenge; and by recording his monologues has invited others to imitate him, just as Gracie Fields has brought a cloud of mimics about her head.

His latest effort (due to Weston and Lee) about Anne Boleyn, "With her head tucked underneath her arm," has, one imagines, been carefully studied by the singer in the record made by Billy Cotton and his band on both sides of Regal-Zonophone MR1474— at least the result has been so successful that Stanley Holloway might easily seem, to listeners who hear it broadcast from Radio-Luxembourg, to have strayed from Bush Radio to Beecham's programme.

How many families have already learned to join in the refrain "She walks the Bloody Tower"? This Billy Cotton record at eighteenpence is a safe recommendation.

Stanley Holloway's own record of it (and of "The Beefeater") on Columbia DX603 costs 4s. and so does a record by Marriott Edgar, the author of "Albert and the Lion,"

in that masterpiece of ferocity, fitly backed by "With her head tucked underneath her arm," on H.M.V. C2707. But for a modest shilling you can secure these two monologues very cleverly compressed into the time of a ten-inch record on Rex 8342. Roy Barbour follows Stanley Holloway's methods without offence.

I have to thank many correspondents for taking up my invitation to suggest ideas for Radio-Luxembourg programmes. They have bombarded me with lists of gramophone



The ever-popular Christopher standing outside the old fort adjoining the studios at Radio Luxembourg

Every week in "Radio Pictorial" this popular broadcaster tells you about interesting programmes from the Continent for English listeners. He renews his money prize offer this week

records which they think others will enjoy hearing, and every now and then in scrutinising the lists I have been reminded of good records that had been overlooked in framing programmes.

Many thanks for such help; but it was not exactly the sort of help that I asked for! Ideas for a series of programmes are what might well occur to the genius of listeners, and for such ideas, if accepted, I offered five pounds; and the only constructive idea of this kind that is likely to be followed up comes from a faithful correspondent who prefers to remain anonymous and to whom therefore I am financially as well as otherwise indebted—a very awkward situation for me.

If an opportunity occurs on Sunday we shall have a Mark Hambourg interlude from Radio-Luxembourg. All the world knows the pianist through his records, and most of it knows him by sight as well. H.M.V. gave him a sumptuous luncheon at the Savoy the other day to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of his first recording for the company. In that period roughly three million of his records have been

distributed to the public, and to his eternal credit let me remind you that he was the first of the Big Noises (sometimes a very big noise and sometimes the most featherly of whispers) to forego a proportion of his royalties in order that his records might be sold at a popular price.

It was a fine gesture in those early days of the gramophone, and typical of the large-hearted man.

Christopher Stone

## Parts and Pantomimes

The B.B.C. should be flattered that pantomimes like to bill at least one well-known radio artist, but in fact it is embarrassing.

Every big provincial town has at least one pantomime, and in London there are shows at the Lyceum and Drury Lane. An artist taking an engagement for the season is away from the mike at least six weeks, and Arthur Brown, who books the variety acts at Broadcasting House, was saying yesterday that this was the most difficult time of the year for signing up stars.

## Women in Music Hall

John Sharman found that he could not get an all-star programme for his Women's Music Hall and so postponed the effort. On Saturday, December 8, he is putting on a strong bill with Belle Baker, the Houston Sisters, and Sybil Stanford. That is a name that you probably do not yet know. Sybil arrived "out of the blue" at a variety audition, they liked her stuff and this will be her first broadcast. There is more good news for the same day; Jack Hylton and his boys will be playing for an hour.

## A Pleasant Place

What a pleasant place is the Concert Hall at Broadcasting House! I passed an hour

there the other Friday night, listening to the English Singers and the Pro Arte String Quartet.

The hall was splendidly lit, mainly from the walls. Practically no shadows at all. The quartet sat facing each other in the usual manner, the two fiddles to the left and the viola and cello on the right.

When the English singers came on, there was a delightful arrangement. Six people, three of each kind, standing in a row, would have looked too awful. They sat round a large oval table and put their music on it.

## The Air-do-Wells Do Well

Wilfred Thomas, one of that light-hearted troupe of Air-do-Wells who were so entertaining the other evening, tells me that they were such a success that they have been booked again for December 11 with the probability of a series of fortnightly broadcasts in the New Year. Listeners, please note.

Wilfred Thomas himself is a baritone of some standing and is to be heard shortly in two or three straight musical broadcasts. He will also be on the air in the Jenny Lind costume recitals, and some Celebrity Concerts with Garda Hall and Jelly d'Aranyi, the famous fiddler.

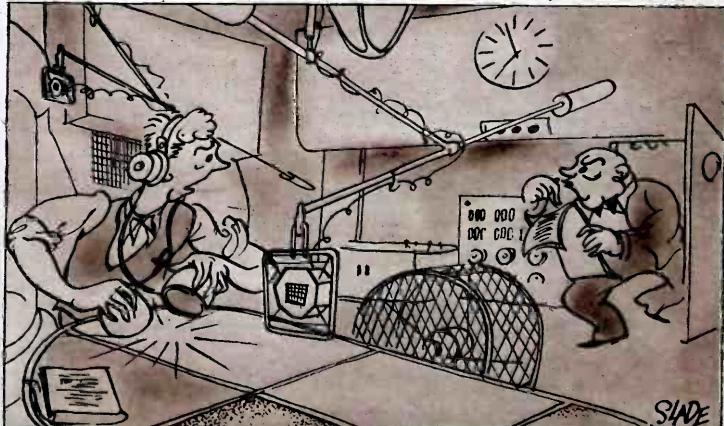
## The Split Second

I became mixed up in an *In Town To-night* affair on a recent Saturday. Those shows take some putting on. They are in charge of Mr. A. W. Hanson, who works like a Trojan. He begins rehearsing the various people who have been caught in the net soon after half-past five. Some of them can hardly read; all of them are scared stiff of the mike, unless they happen to be experienced broadcasters, which is not often the case.

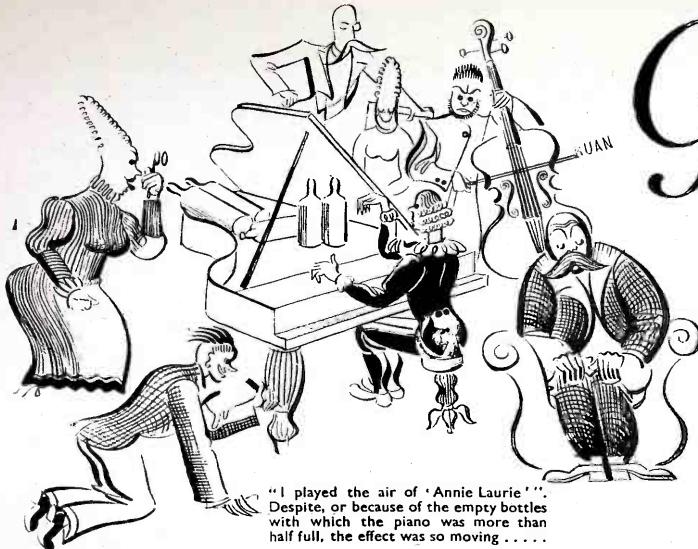
So friend Hanson tears about from studio to studio with a stop-watch in his hand and a worried look on his usually placid countenance. Nobody ever seems to realise that they must work to a split second. Two minutes twenty seconds is what most people get and they have to do their stuff in that time. Otherwise somebody else's stuff is faded in on top of them. Fortunately, they never know if it is!

## Louis Armstrong for "Radio Pic."

That great American trumpeter and dance band leader was at Paris (Post Parisien) on Wednesday, came on the air with a special feature programme at 10 o'clock, and was broadcasting during the RADIO PICTORIAL Celebrity Concert from Paris that night. This was a fine microphone scoop for RADIO PIC. readers, as Louis's appearances at the microphone are all too rare, and dance music enthusiasts were given a great treat by the wonderful programme put over in the true Louis Armstrong manner. These RADIO PIC. Celebrity Concerts are attracting thousands of new listeners on each occasion. They are always worth turning the knob for . . . to 312 metres at 10.45 p.m. every Wednesday night.



"The script says 'Heart beats' you idiot, not hoof beats!'



"I played the air of 'Annie Laurie'".  
Despite, or because of the empty bottles  
with which the piano was more than  
half full, the effect was so moving . . . .

My earliest recollection of any interest to music lovers is of being taken by my Uncle Roderick to have tea with Ruskin, or Sims Reeves, I forget which. I was about ten years old and wore a slightly soiled velvet suit and lace collar, which my good mother had borrowed for the occasion.

My uncle had with him his violoncello. He was a determined performer upon that instrument and never paid a visit without giving at least seven selections from the eight or nine compositions with which he was more or less familiar. I staggered along beside him bearing his favourite music-stand. It was the time of the removal of the Crystal Palace from Hyde Park to its present site and the streets were thronged with pantechnicons. Those were wonderful days, full of incident.

Ruskin, or Sims Reeves, or whoever it may have been, was not at home, but this was of small moment to my uncle, who was one of the most notable Bohemian gate-crashers of his time.

Thrusting the maid aside with his 'cello, he led the way into the drawing-room, which was full of musical folk who, to judge from the stacks of music which they clutched in their arms, were fully as invertebrate as himself. Some men fondled vast moustaches and lounged over the ladies in attitudes which the young degenerates of these days could not hope to emulate. One—I think it was the poet Tennyson—was carving a pierced heart on the leg of the grand piano. It was the age of virtuosity and high spirits.

Scarcely had hereditary instinct prompted me to secure a plate of Captain's biscuits, than I perceived I had attracted the attention of a very old gentleman who, by reason of his unsuccessful attempts to ingurgitate more mustard and cress than he could conveniently assimilate, appeared to be wearing a green beard. As soon as he had disposed of the surplus vegetation he exclaimed: "Boy, you look like a . . . . genius. Play something."

The old man was Ephraim Bottstagger, the doyen of Metropolitan organ-blowers, whose habit of keeping white rabbits in the organ-loft had begun to rival Shakespeare and the musical glasses as a topic of fashionable conversation. Greatly to the annoyance of Uncle Roderick, who was eagerly tuning his 'cello, Bottstagger forced me to sit down at the piano.

With considerable nervousness and two fingers of each hand, I played the air of "Annie Laurie." Despite, or because of, the empty bottles with which the piano was more than half full, the effect was so moving that Bottstagger delightedly

threw handfuls of mustard and cress into the air, while an opulent lady in mauve satin impulsively kissed me on the spot. That spot, a small mole, by the way, over my left eye, I cherish to this day.

The mauve lady was none other than Maria Slapperty, whose marvellous voice was at that time the wonder of Covent Garden, where she employed it most effectively in the vending of market produce.

On the urgent advice of my new patrons, the more pressing of our creditors were persuaded to accept bills at six months in order that all ready cash might be applied to my musical education.

I studied the piano (three pianos, in fact) at Old Heidleberg, Rotterdam, and Barcelona. At Naples I learned the barrel organ under the best of masters—Gabbalotti, Sapristo, who presented me with a pet monkey as a mark of his affection and esteem. With the aid of this intelligent creature, I worked my way overland to Paris, giving numerous well-attended performances *en route*.

At Paris I took up the violin, but being observed by a shop assistant, I was compelled to put it down again. Finally, in London, the ocarina attracted my attention and, thanks to its com-

## Make Sure of Next Friday's RADIO PICTORIAL

Next Friday you will find "Radio Pictorial" full of special Christmas features, with articles and stories by Christopher Stone, Henry Hall, A. J. Alan, Ashley Sterne and many other famous broadcasters.

As Christmas time is present time—and as many "Radio Pictorial" readers are interested in buying new receivers for winter time reception—a special section of the Christmas Number will be devoted to an illustrated description of some of the best sets on the market.



# GRAND OLD DAYS—

by Dudley CLARK

who has persuaded Mr. Stoppole Blower, the veteran ocarinist, to tell us something of his Victorian struggles for notoriety. Mr. Blower hopes to celebrate his ninety-first birthday by broadcasting Bgossenheim's Ocarina Variations on Two Holes and one for his nob.

paratively small bulk, I was able to take up this instrument with complete success. Little did I know at the time that I was also taking my first real step towards musical renown.

It happened that while I was giving an open-air recital on my new instrument, a window was flung open and an elderly gentleman waved his arms and shouted something which I took to be an invitation to enter. I at once forced my way into the building and had almost exhausted my limited repertoire before I discovered that I was actually entertaining a board meeting of the Royal Academy of Music. I was then eighteen years of age and possessed a Napoleonic personality and *savoir faire* of which the youth of to-day can have no conception.

As a result, I created such an impression that in- fluence was at once brought to bear to obtain for me an engagement to imitate the notes of the cuckoo at the old Sadler's Wells Theatre. So great was my success in this part that one day a wealthy bird-lover sent a ten-pound note to the management with a request that the talented bird might be sent in a cage to her residence in Queen Anne's Gate.

Ah, those salons of dear Lady Chabsnortie—or "Snorty," as Negretti (or was it Zamba) loved to call her. And her wonderful dinners. I don't think I missed one all the time I was under her financial protection. Every form of art and craft seemed to gather at that house in Queen Anne's Gate. It was impossible for a man of genius and resource not to make his way in such company. The Woodbine Brothers sang there frequently and nobody thought anything of it. Landseer called frequently to leave a gift of Highland cattle or a brace of bloodhounds, and then slipped away.

Broadcasting can give us the music of the past, but can it give us the glorious personalities? No. Have we singers like Daniel Widdicombe and Jan Cobley, whose mutual enmity was such that during an enforced duet at Covent Garden they staged an impromptu fight that earned the approval of Bodger, the Brockley Bruiser, and which was only stopped by the ingenious device of blowing snuff over them through a cornet?

Have we pianists with the exquisite temperament of Andrea Liverpillo, who, when enraged by the playing of a second violin, climbed inside the piano and refused to emerge until his young wife rushed on to the platform holding out their youngest child with a gesture of appeal which was cheered to the echo? Have we? But why sadden myself further with vain regrets

"We are now taking  
you over to . . .

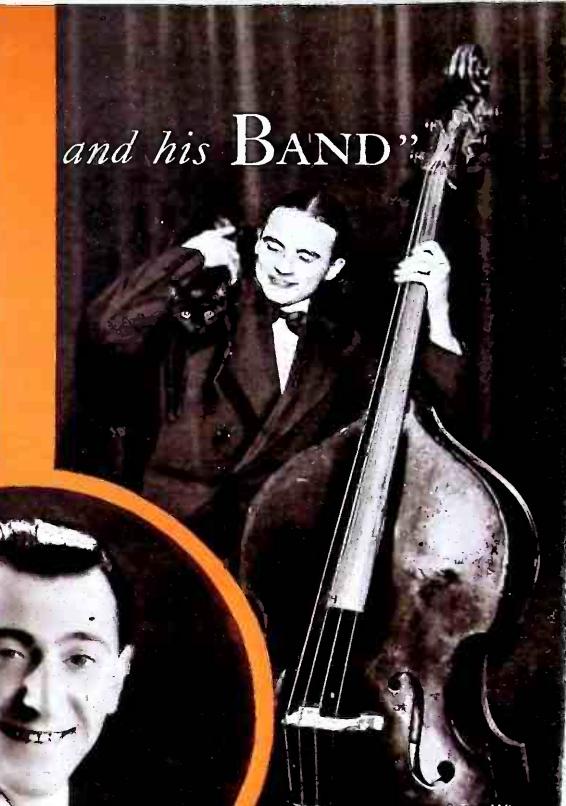
# LEW STONE

*and his BAND*"



Alan Kane,  
Lew Stone's  
new vocalist

Lew  
himself



Tiny Winters,  
the famous  
bass player



Front Row, left to right: Harry Berly (saxophone), Ernest Rittle (saxophone), Joe Crossman (saxophone), Albert Harris (guitar), Barry Lindoorn (guitar), Alf Noakes (trumpet), Joe Terrie (trombone), Nat Gonella (trumpet), Don Macaffer (trombone). Back Row, left to right: Tiny Winters (bass), Jock Jacobson (drums), Alan Kane (vocalist) and Stanley Black (piano)



ANDRÉ GAUDELETTE, a popular announcer at Poste Parisien

**E**XCITING incidents have taken place in connection with the English transmissions from the Continent by the International Broadcasting Co. Ltd., London. Listeners, when hearing transmission after transmission come over smoothly, must find it extremely difficult to realise the immense amount of detail work necessary to assure this effective running, and very often all calculations are upset by events outside our control.

One day I took a bus about 6.30 in the evening to go to the Paris Broadcasting Station, Poste Parisien, loaded with two large parcels of records, which I had just brought over from England. When the bus was crossing the Place de la Concorde, it was stopped by a crowd of political demonstrators. The engine was soon smashed, windows broken and passengers forced to descend.

In the excitement of the moment, I forgot all about my records and it was only after the first

police charge I realised they were still in the, by then, rather badly damaged bus.

Visions of untold complications immediately came before me! So, carefully approaching the bus again, I saw it was almost surrounded by police. I decided to make a dash for it. Into the bus I went, trusting that the French police would recognise the old school tie, as per my friends - the "Western Bros." Snatching my parcels of records, out I ran. If anyone has a little superfluous flesh he wishes to get rid of, and has not tried sprinting with 150 gramophone records, then I strongly recommend it. I managed to get clear, and we were "on the air" to time.

One Sunday afternoon at Radio Paris, I received a visit from a very high official in the French radio world. He questioned me as to what type of music we put over. Was it of an educational turn? Was full regard given to the classical side, and so on?

This I assured him was the case.

Suddenly on came a new record. It was our dear old friend Stanley Holloway in his well-known character of "Sam, pick up the Musket." Luckily the Frenchman saw the joke, and he even insisted on taking away a copy of the record with him. So Stanley got another "fan."

Most of the exciting incidents in broadcasting, however, happened in the old days, when our programmes were given from Radio Paris.

When I look back to the early days of 1928, and call to mind the first concert put on the air by the International Broadcasting Company Ltd., little did I think that only a few years afterwards we should be on the air for over 100 hours a week.



Another popular Paris Announcer—MARCEL LAPORTE

## "From the Continent" by H. W. MORRALL

I now appreciate how I was one of fortune's favourites in taking the first concert and never shall I forget it. The station was Radio Paris, and the transmission thirty minutes of records. I recollect arriving at Radio Paris with more or less the same feeling as one goes to the dentist, hoping for the best but greatly fearing the worst.

M. Ben Danou was the French announcer. He has since become famous as one of the best Continental announcers, as well as being well known in the film world. We hit it off from the start, and despite my fears the concert went with a swing. How pleased we were with the nineteen letters of appreciation received during the next week, though this compares rather unfavourably with the many thousand received each week by the I.B.C. at present!

Since those early days steady and consistent progress has been made, until to-day one has only to turn to the pages of RADIO PICTORIAL to see what is being done by the I.B.C. for the entertainment of the British Public.

During the Radio Paris period many world-famous artists performed in person during our transmissions, including Jack Hylton, Jack Payne, Roy Fox, Andre Charlot, Anona Winn, Jessie Mathews, and Lucienne Boger, to recollect only a few.

Roy Fox reminds me of a very anxious Sunday morning I spent at Le Bourget, the great Paris aerodrome. The weather was very misty and reports from London said fog. Time rolled on, with no sign of Roy who was coming over with his orchestra in two planes. I began to imagine we should have to disappoint our public . . .

At last we heard the sound of the engines and out of the mist came a great Imperial Airways

plane, quickly followed by another. My heart beat normally again.

Suddenly called upon to engage a Tzigan Orchestra on another occasion, I made a night trip to Montmartre, famous to all English visitors to Paris. At last after a search I found a really good one, the only objection being that the boys of the band seemed rather undisciplined. On the day of the transmission the chief violinist turned up at Radio Paris with a most ferocious looking monkey. I objected, but the answer I received from the orchestra was "No monkey, no concert."

I unwisely offered to take charge of the pet in my office. Before being called away for a moment during the transmission I tied the monkey to the table leg. To my horror on returning I found it had disappeared! Then commenced what was afterwards always referred to as the great Monkey hunt. It was eventually run to ground in the buffet making a hearty meal of the staffs' tea, the attendant being too terrified to remonstrate!

Tzigan Orchestras were very unpopular for a long time!



MAURICE PIERRAT, whom you hear announcing at the Paris mike



MAURICE BOURDET, Editor-in-chief at Poste Parisien

# An Awful Ordeal!

—says S. P. B. MAIS

in describing his popular American broadcasts. But perhaps they weren't really as bad as that, for each talk came over as perfectly as it is possible for any talk to come over. "S.P.B.M." enthalls you with a story of what it is really like to face the mike for America's millions

**G**FOUND broadcasting in America very different from broadcasting at home.

In the first place, of course, I had got used, after many experiments, to my studio at the B.B.C. 3A as a room is to me a room that is almost alive in the way it gives me a welcome, strength, and sometimes inspiration. 3B, the walls of which are lined with painted imitations of books, is quite dead.

My voice comes back to me mockingly, turning all my vivid images into clear, flat platitudes.

But, at any rate, before I go in I know that I'm going to be soothed by 3A and ruffled by 3B. In America I never knew what I was going to be let in for.

I gave my first talk from Lexington, Kentucky, where there is no wireless station at all. Engineers and announcers had to travel specially from distances of 400 and 500 miles to rig up a temporary station in my hotel bedroom.

In fact, my announcer had to make the journey his honeymoon, but neither he nor his lovely bride seemed to mind. They sat on a sofa and exchanged kisses while I began testing my voice through a microphone, the like of which I never saw before or since.

I am now used to talking into a toy aerial torpedo at a very obtuse angle. The day of simply talking into a simple square box is, I take it, gone for ever.

I am always expecting to be asked to talk into one of those extravagant, so sweetly scented bowls of lilac, carnations and roses that adorn every nook and cranny of the B.B.C.

But in America I never spoke into two microphones that bore even the slightest resemblance to one another.

They have an odd habit in America of encouraging audiences to come in and, sitting behind glass, gape at the wretched broadcaster as if he were a fish in an aquarium. I was regarded as a particularly unsociable oddity because I demanded either the removal of the audience or the presence of a screen.

It is bad enough to have to contend with atmospheres, ordinary nerves, fears about audibility, and desperate last-minute attempts to polish up the script which is never satisfying; but to have, on top of that, to appear in person, smile, and be affable to sightseers, was to expect too much.

I turned nasty. I stayed nasty. But the Americans are marvellous in their forbearance. I was the guest, and so, however mad were the demands I made, they were acceded to.

In most places they had never heard of a broadcaster who wanted to sit down. Apparently the American broadcaster likes to keep on his feet.



He faces the American microphone  
—S. P. B. Mais photographed by  
Ray Lee Jackson in the N.B.C.  
studios of America

Then there was my insistence on glass after glass of iced water. That puzzled them a lot.

But I have a soft place in my heart for nearly all the stations, because when the awful ordeal was over, I found myself treated as if I had been a great star after a world-shaking first night.

At Jacksonville the Mayor waited on me in person to congratulate me.

At Santa Fe, New Mexico, I had to crowd a Mexican orchestra into my bedroom while I broadcast, for they provided a musical background for my talk by following me with music appropriate to my surroundings.

**M**y announcers were always men of tremendous importance in radio. They were as good to look at as their deep melodious voices were pleasant to listen to. They always announced themselves by name, and one felt that it was a very great privilege to be allowed to listen to them.

The first-flight announcers get a star's salary for what is, in the United States, regarded as a star job.

But all the announcers that I met had at any rate enough physical attractiveness combined with material prospects to have quite astoundingly lovely wives, charming newly born babies, and rich-looking homes.



"The poor must be wisely visited and liberally cared for."

These words were spoken by Robert Charles Winthrop at Yorktown, in America, in 1881. Winthrop lived from 1809 to 1894. You will find the key on page 31.

*S. P. B. Mais*

Looking back on the twelve studios from which I gave my talks, it is odd how the significant has faded from my memory and trivialities remain.

All that remains of New Orleans, for instance, is the gorgeous view down the length of Canal Street. The studio there must have been about the highest spot in the city.

All I can see of Phoenix is a row of paper cartons filled with iced water and a puzzled, good-looking announcer, a very model of patience and forbearance, pondering just how long this uncouth Britisher's flow of oaths and violent rudeness would go on.

All I can remember of Schenectady is a day so treacherous outside that cars just slid about on the ice and I nearly didn't get to the studio at all, and when I did I described the specially air-conditioned room as draughty and was malicious about the corridor being hung with portraits of Adonis-like announcers.

At Chicago the studio was about the size of the Albert Hall, and I sat in a tiny three-sided tent right in the middle of the room, screened off (at my special request) from the gazers.

Of St. Paul I can remember nothing except a small heap of dirt on the floor that hadn't been swept up which drove me into my worst fury.

And of New York I remember a Tudor room, so perfectly reproduced that I forgot altogether that I was in Radio City. You must not think that my rages were due to any fault in the studios.

It was just that I was always on extreme tenterhooks, weighed down with the responsibility laid upon my shoulders of trying to make England realise in twenty minutes the variety and beauty of a State that I had only seen myself for a few hours and that most imperfectly.

The consequence was that I was rattled by the interminable variations in microphones: some high over my head, some at my right and some at my left hand, turned at all sorts of angles.

But as I have now a complete set of records of all my talks as heard in New York, I realise that from the electrical point of view I was in the hands of complete experts.

So far as America was concerned, each talk came over perfectly as it is possible for any talk to come over.

It was only the Atlantic that betrayed me.

If and when I go back to the States I hope to be sufficiently calmed down or sufficiently a veteran at the job not to display such a dangerous temper on seeing a microphone that makes me shy from it.

And yet I know perfectly well that if I were not worked up to a pitch of frenzy I couldn't talk at all.

**A** one opens the door a thick atmosphere of smoke hits one in the face. Muffled, tersely spoken curses occasionally cut through the haze as the deuce turns up where an ace is required. Round the table in the news cameramen's room various operators are lounging in attitudes which suggest utter indifference, if not sheer laziness.

For the moment, things are quiet on the News-reel Front! Above the soft plop of cards falling for the next hand, grumbled words group themselves into sentences.

"I was just going to shout Lord So-and-So when a blanketty-blank head came up and covered me."

If one knew no better, this might sound like a line spoken by a bloodthirsty gangster; but the shooting referred to concerns feet of film, not rounds of ball cartridge; and "being covered" merely indicates that an otherwise inoffensive person managed to get between the lens and the cameraman's objective.

"The police shut the street," says another. "Well, I've got to earn a living," I said to the sergeant. "Go and earn it somewhere else," he said. So I did! I hopped round the corner, got some people in the next street to let me through their kitchen, climbed out on the roof, and, hanging on with my teeth and eyebrows, got the exclusive story. Ah, that was a *lovely* fire!" added the speaker, with the apparent callousness of the true news-hound.

**T**he journalist's term "story," I may explain, is used with the same meaning in Wardour Street screen news, as it is in Fleet Street newspaper work.

Yes, the News-reel Front is very dull to-day.

But the "all-quiet" does not last for long.

The door suddenly opens, an excited face pushes itself in, and yells:—

"Come on, boys! Grab your gear. Scotch express is derailed near Carlisle! I've got a 'plane standing by; get down to Croydon and hop in! It's a great story, and if you're not first back with the pictures you're sacked, both of you!"

The harassed editor allows himself a smile on these last few words. Despite his responsibility to a few million cinemagoers, his bark is worse than his bite.

He knows those operators won't be sacked; he knows they'll get the picture somehow; he knows they'll beat all competition, if pluck, enthusiasm, and ingenuity, coupled with an air-pilot's skill, can do it.

So the card game is scrapped, and a car hurries off to Croydon, with its load of men, cameras, tripods, film and whatnot for the "shooting" of a derailed train, or any other likely "story."

*Universal's* news-reel cameramen are always on duty.

I feel convinced that if the editor suddenly phoned any one of them in the middle of the night (they all sleep with a telephone at their bedside) to go and film an eruption on the Moon, they'd shoulder their gear and start devising means of getting there—and back, with a length of exposed film.

The news-reel cameraman is little use if he can't leave Douglas Fairbanks, sen., cold in the way of stunts.

Here is an instance.

A few months ago somebody invented a new parachute and consequently somebody had to test it. It might work, and it might not.

Who was going to be brave enough to take a chance, four thousand feet up, on an unknown quantity? Whoever it was, the story was good stuff.

Our cameraman, himself an air pilot, known as "Taxi" Purnell, took a fast car to Reading, where the experiment was to be made. Arriving there, he discovered that the daughter's faith in her father's invention was sufficient to make her take a chance. The girl was Hazel Wootton, aged fifteen years.

Here was better story still! "The real picture," thought Purnell, "is to get this girl dropping

*Here's how they get outside broadcast news for the B.B.C. Two snapshots on the right are from the B.B.C. engineers' own snap book. They show the microphones installed in Canterbury Cathedral, and the B.B.C. van all wired up for a relay from Aldershot*

# B.B.C. Man puts News on the Screen

R. E. JEFFREY,

*formerly the Productions Director of the B.B.C., tells you how news is brought to the screen for the news reels. Jeffrey is "Screencaster" for Universal Talking News, and he describes new ways of bringing news to the mike.*



*A section of a news reel film—the King arriving at the Derby. Note the sound track down the left-hand side*

out of the 'plane and to follow her down and see if the parachute does open."

In a few minutes, Purnell had arranged with the inventor to use, for the first time, a second experimental parachute of the same untested type.

"Will you chance it, too?" said the inventor.

"Will a duck swim?" replied Purnell. "This is a great story!"

So two aeroplanes went up, instead of one; two parachutists dropped from them into space at the same moment.

Round the body of one was strapped a heavy movie-camera. For the filming of this episode, the operator, while hurtling down through the air, had to manoeuvre himself into the right position to photograph the girl as she fell parallel with him.

The experiment was successful. Purnell duly arrived back to Wardour Street with his exclusive story.



*(Continued on page 27)*

**W**ith a terrific roar the aeroplane "revs-up." Rising easily, its deep-throated roar increasing, the machine gathers speed with incredible swiftness. The long aerodrome is traversed in seconds. The pilot is keeping low. At the end of the take-off run are the hangars.

Still flying low—*too low*!

Is there anything wrong? If he clears the hangars, it will only be by inches! The tension for the onlookers is terrific. The 'plane is just clearing—and only just! Why doesn't he get higher? A few yards farther, the machine moving like a bullet, suddenly does a double somersault, crashes, and bursts into flames! The pilot has struck the telegraph wire!

People and cars rush to the spot—and not until that moment did horror cause the cameraman to cease turning. The crash and explosion were filmed!

## Sunday Programme for English Listeners—December 2

12.00-12.30 Light Music.

12.30 Irish Hospitals Sweepstake Concert.  
Dance Music.

1.00-1.30 Zam-Buk Concert.

1.30-2.00 Littlewood's Football Pools Concert.  
Clonker-ty-Clonk.  
Because I Love You.  
Jogging Along Behind the Old Grey Mare.  
The Gondoliers.  
Old Man River.  
Half-past Nine.  
Parted.

2.0 Ballito Hosiery.  
Dance Music.

3.00-3.30 Pompeian Beauty Preparations.  
Lady Charles Cavendish, assisted by Miss Jessie Matthews and Fred Hartley's Orchestra.  
Nola.  
A Kiss in the Dark.  
This Is No Sin.  
Music Makes Me.  
Easy Come, Easy Go.  
The Beat of My Heart.  
The Doll Dance.

3.30-3.45 Wincarnis.  
Music by the Wincarnis Broadway Boys.

3.45-4.00 Outdoor Girl.  
P.S., I Love You.  
Butterfly.  
Faith.  
Don't Let Your Love Go Wrong.

4.00-5.00 Horlick's Tea-time Hour.  
Debroy Somers and his Band, with Eve Becke, Harry Bentley, and Tom Kinneburgh's Male Chorus.  
Welsh Medley (Orchestra).  
Hummin', Whistlin', Singin' (Harry Bentley).  
Stars Fell in Alabama (Eve Becke).  
Moon Glow (Harry Bentley).  
Students Days (Tom Kinneburgh and Male Chorus).  
Faust.  
Freckle Face (Harry Bentley).  
Piano Solo.  
Southern Memories (Orchestra).  
Why Don't You Practise What You Preach? (Duet, Eve Becke and Harry Bentley).  
Stealing Through the Classics (Orchestra).  
It Ain't Gonna Rain No More, Novelty Number.

5.00-5.30 Imperial Tobacco's Concert of Light Entertainment.  
Compered by Christopher Stone.

5.30-6.00 Bush Radio.  
Carroll Gibbons and the Savoy Orpheans Orchestra, with Stanley Holloway.  
I'm in Love.  
I'll Follow My Secret Heart.  
Nevermore.  
Stanley Holloway (monologue).  
Soon.  
Song by Stanley Holloway.  
Schon Rosmarin (xylophone solo).  
Don't Let Me Bother You.

6.00-6.15 Owlbridge's Lung Tonic Concert of Light Music.

6.15-6.45 Light Music.

7.00-7.30 Beecham's Concert.  
Billy Cotton and His Band, compered by Christopher Stone.  
Who Told the Village Belle?  
Smoke Rings.  
With Her Head Tucked Under Her Arm.  
Lost in a Fog.  
The Mayor Laying the Corner Stone (John Tilley).  
42nd Street.  
Black and Tan Fantasy.  
You're Gonna Lose Your Gal.

7.30-7.45 Wren's Polish.  
Concert of Light Music.

7.45-8.00 Nic-o-cin Concert.

8.00-30 Palmolive.  
The Palmolivers, Olive Palmer and Paul Oliver.  
Medley of Old Favourites.  
A Dream.  
My Baby's on Strike.  
Brown Bird Singing (Olive Palmer).  
I'm Out in the Cold Again  
Love Will Find a Way (duet).  
Life of the Party.

9.00 Snowfire Concert.  
Dance Music.

9.15-9.30 Symington Concert.  
Light Music.

9.30-9.45 Light Music.

9.45-10.0 Zubes Concert.

10.00-10.30 Mackay's Pools.  
Concert of Dance Music.

10.30-11.00 Bile Beans Concert.

11.00-12.00 Flett's Hour.

### Programmes, from Monday to Saturday next Week

Monday	December 3	6.30-7 7-7.15 7.15-7.30	Dance Music. Plasmon's Concert. Dance Music.
Tuesday	December 4	6.30-7.30	Dance Music.
Wednesday	December 5	6.30-7.15 7.15-7.30	Dance Music. Vernon's Football Pool Concert of Dance Music.
Thursday	December 6	6.30-7.15 7.15-7.30	Dance Music. Waring and Gillow's Concert of Light Music.
Friday	December 7	6.30-7 7-7.15 7.15-7.30	Dance Music. Serenade française. Dance Music.
Saturday	December 8	6.30-7.30	Dance Music.

# The WEEK at RADIO LUXEMBOURG

### Other Programmes from Luxembourg

#### SUNDAY (December 2)

7.45 a.m. Gramophone Concert.  
8 a.m. News Bulletins (in French and German).

10.45 a.m. Luxembourg Red Cross Sweepstake Accordion Concert.

Polly.  
Les Sirènes.  
Humming a Song of Love.  
Dans tes Yeux.

11 a.m. Popular English Songs, ancient and modern.

11.30 a.m. Gramophone Record—Toccata, organ solo by Edouard Commett.

Sermon.  
Gramophone Record—Fantaisie (Bach), organ solo by Louis Vierne.

#### MONDAY

7.45 a.m. Gramophone Concert.  
Père Bugeaud.  
L'Or et L'Argent.

Carmen.  
8 a.m. News Bulletins (in French and German).

1.5 p.m. Luxembourg Red Cross Sweepstake Concert with the Radio Luxembourg Orchestra. Mistinguett selections.

#### SPANISH EVENING

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

Rakoczy Marche.  
Faune et Nymphe.  
Le Peze.  
Verschmahte Leibe.

Luxembourg, du Stadt der Rosen.  
8 p.m. News Bulletins (in French and German).

8.20 p.m. Gramophone Concert : Le Credo du Paysan.  
Ein Abend am Traunsee.

Sweet Hawaiian Moonlight.  
Stéphanie Gavotte.

8.40 p.m. Radio Luxembourg Orchestra : Dame slave No. 16.

Les Millions d'Arlequin.  
La Lotte de Manon.

Extase.  
Sérénade française.

Los Rumberos (gramophone record).

9.10 p.m. Song Recital by Lucienne Darteneille : Paysage.

L'Ôiseau bleu.  
Chanson de Fortunio.  
Valse de Roméo et Juliette.  
La Sevillana (gramophone record).

9.40 p.m. Spanish Concert by the Radio Luxembourg Orchestra : Il Guarany.

Ausencia.  
España.  
Danse No. 8 (Sarasate).  
Danzas fantásticas.

10.20 p.m. Gramophone Records of Dance Music.

#### TUESDAY

7.45 a.m. Gramophone Concert.  
8 a.m. News Bulletins (in French and German).

1.15 a.m. Gramophone Concert : That's a Good Girl.  
Lilac Domino.  
The Desert Song.  
She's Everybody's Sweetheart Now.  
Impressions d'Italie.

#### BELGIAN EVENING

7.40 p.m. A Talk on Luxembourg as a Travel Centre by Marcel Toppeney.

7.45 p.m. Luxembourg Red Cross Sweepstake Tango Concert.

8 p.m. News Bulletins (in French and German).

8.20 p.m. Radio Luxembourg Orchestra, directed by Henri Pensis :

Abu Hassan.  
Danse russe.  
Toboggan.

Hexentanz.  
L'Amé sanglote.  
Chant de la Source.

Le jeune Berger.

9.10 p.m. Cognac Martell Concert (The Radio Luxembourg Orchestra, with Alfred Dubois, violinist) :

Le Chevalier maudit.  
Concerto en Re Mineur pour Violon et Orchestre.

Songe d'une Nuit D'Eté.  
Humoresque.

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

# The Week at Radio Luxembourg—Continued from preceding page



## 10 p.m. Song Recital by Cecile Neiens :

Le Bonheur est chose legere.  
Nell.  
Les Roses d'Ispahan.  
Le Colibri.  
Chanson triste.  
Invitation au Voyage.  
L'Ané blanc.

## 10.30 p.m. Dance Music by the Radio Luxembourg Dance Band, directed by Ferry Juza.

## WEDNESDAY

### 7.45 a.m. Gramophone Concert :

Gruss mir Salamanca.

Nice Goings On.

La Java de Minuit.

Pardon Madame.

Une Heure de Reve.

### 8 a.m. News Bulletins (in French and German).

### 1.35 p.m. Gramophone Concert :

Three Fanciful Etchings.

Follow Through.

## CZECHOSLOVAKIAN EVENING

### 7.40 p.m. Talk in Czechoslovakian :

The Poems of Smetana.

### 7.45 p.m. Violin Recital by Maurice Duparlier, Professor at the Luxembourg Conservatoire :

Andantino.

Serenade.

Burlesque.

### 8 p.m. News Bulletins (in French and German).

### 8.40 p.m. CZECHOSLOVAKIAN Concert by the Radio Luxembourg Orchestra :

Libussa.

Berceuse.

Zigeuner.

Auf der alten Burg.

Danse slave No. 6 (Dvorak).

Rose-Marie.

### Gramophone Records :

La Fiancee vendue.

Furiante de "Schwanda."

### 9.30 p.m. Gala Concert by the Radio Luxembourg Orchestra, directed by Henri Pensis, with Lotte Schoene :

The Magic Flute.

Il Re pastore.

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen (Lotte Schoene).

Caprice espagnol.

Vox de Printemps (Lotte Schoene).

### 10.15 p.m. Gramophone Dance Music.

The trial against the officials formerly in charge of German broadcasting started on November 5, and may continue for some months. Our photograph shows the dock and the benches with the counsel for the accused and the six accused not detained in prison. Note the microphone which is prominently in the foreground. Immediately above the head of the former Secretary of State and Radio Commissioner, Dr. Hans Bredow, can be seen. His co-prisoner in the dock sitting to the right of the photograph, is Dr. Kurt Magnus, former managing director of the Reichsradiofunkgesellschaft. To the extreme left sits Dr. Sack, famous for his participation in the Leipzig Reichstag Fire Trial. He is appearing as counsel for Dr. Bredow. Note Dr. Hans Flesch who resigned his position as programme director of the Berlin Broadcasting Company as early as 1932. He is sitting at the right corner of the front bench. The charges made by the prosecution are for misadministration of the companies under their control.

## THURSDAY

### 7.45 a.m. Gramophone Concert :

Marche indienne.

Sérénade à Jeannette.

Soir de Belleville.

Jour de Noës à Troldhaugen.

### 8 a.m. News Bulletins (in French and German).

### 1.35 p.m. Gramophone Concert :

Three Fanciful Etchings.

Follow Through.

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Danse slave No. 6 (Dvorak).

Rose-Marie.

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La Fiancee vendue.

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### 9.30 p.m. Gala Concert by the Radio Luxembourg Orchestra, directed by Henri Pensis, with Lotte Schoene :

The Magic Flute.

Il Re pastore.

## FRIDAY

### 7.45 a.m. Gramophone Concert :

Pas cadence des Sans-Culottes.

Rose-Mousse.

### 8 a.m. News Bulletins (in French and German).

### 1.35 p.m. Gramophone Concert :

Three Fanciful Etchings.

Follow Through.

## FRENCH EVENING

### 7.45 p.m. Luxembourg Red Cross Sweepstakes Concert, with the Radio Luxembourg Orchestra and the violinist, Ernest Eichel :

The Country Girl.

Floradora.

The Quaker Girl.

### 8 p.m. News Bulletins (in French and German).

### 8.35 p.m. The Legend of St. Nicolas. Music by Guy Ropartz. Words by René d'Avril.

### 8.55 p.m. Radio Luxembourg Orchestra :

Zampa.

Angelus.

Dans le Royaume des Fees.

### 9.20 p.m. Organ Recital by Albert Leblanc, relayed from Luxembourg Cathedral :

Concerto (Handel).

Sœur Monique (Couperin).

6th Sonata (Mendelssohn).

### 9.45 p.m. German Gala Concert by the Radio Luxembourg

Orchestra with the celebrated pianist Elly Ney ; Concerto (Schumann). Kleine Lustspielsuite.

### 10.30 p.m. Gramophone Dance Music.

## SATURDAY

### 7.45 a.m. Gramophone Concert :

8 a.m. News Bulletins (in French and German).

### 1.15 p.m. Gramophone Concert :

Chal romano (Ketèbey).

La Vie Parisienne.

Tannhäuser and Lohengrin.

La Boutique fantasque.

Monsieur Beaucaire.

### 6.30 p.m. Concert of Light Music and Dance Music.

## FRENCH EVENING

### 7.45 p.m. Luxembourg Red Cross Sweepstakes Concert :

Gavotte des Mathurins.

Une bonne Recette.

La Mascotte, Act I.

Sous les Ponts de Paris.

### 8 p.m. News Bulletins (in French and German).

### 8.20 p.m. Song Recital by Mme. Lise Granger-Daniels.

### 9 p.m. French Concert by the Radio Luxembourg Orchestra :

Prelude pour un Drame.

Sur le Lac.

Première Suite pour Orchestre (Pierné).

Dans le Jardin.

Le Refrain de Perette.

## DUTCH EVENING

### 7.40 p.m. The Radio Luxembourg Red Cross Sweepstakes Concert, with the Radio Luxembourg Orchestra :

Erst kommt ein grosses Fragezeichen.

Kannst Du pfeifen.

De Loterijclub.

Parle-moi.

Ne t'en vas pas.

Lola.

### 8 p.m. News Bulletins (in French and German).

### 8.20 p.m. Radio Luxembourg Orchestra :

Pastorale.

Gavotte des Ballerines.

Aragonesa.

Caenement.

Policinelle.

Mon Suzon.

### 8.55 p.m. The Radio Luxembourg Orchestra with de K.

Maria-Schwamberger. Dutch Music of the 17th and 18th

centuries for violoncello and string orchestra :

Motor Touring in France.

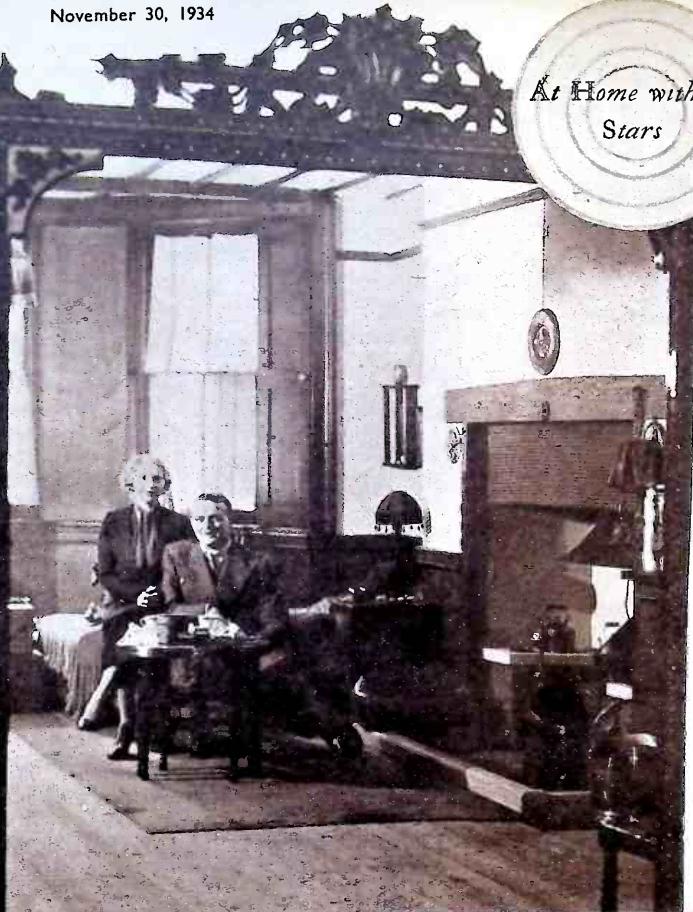
### 9.40 p.m. Gala Concert by the Radio Luxembourg Orchestra, with the celebrated violinist, Henri Temianka, of London :

Concerto for Violin and Orchestra (Beethoven).

Serenade Op. 48 (Tchaikovsky).

### 10.45 p.m. The Radio Luxembourg Lucky Dip with soloists' and the Radio Luxembourg Orchestra.

### 11.30 p.m. Littlewood's Concert of Dance Music.

At Home with the  
StarsDan  
Donovan

In the mirror! The "Radio Pic." cameraman photographed Mr. and Mrs. Dan Donovan at home by reflection in a mirror hanging on the wall. This is the unusual photograph you see above—a view of Dan's study

THIS home is in Holland Park. To reach it you go down stone steps to a ground-floor flat, but not a poky little flat by any manner of means. Decidedly a large and airy flat.

The first thing that strikes you about Dan's study is its size. One of those old-fashioned well-proportioned sort of rooms nobody seems able to afford to build these days.

It has a delightful Tudor fireplace of considerable proportions—the kind of fireplace you don't sit round, but in.

There are some interesting pieces. One a sort of cupboard of oak. At least it is oak, but it isn't a cupboard. It merely looks like one. When you pull it at, it opens and becomes a piano. It isn't a grand piano and it isn't a cottage piano. It is a piano because it plays like a piano. Very strange and very fascinating.

In the hall there is a stranger thing still. There is a bookcase. At least it isn't a bookcase, but it has the appearance of a bookcase.

Now start guessing this one and you will be quite wrong! No, it doesn't pull out and become a double bass or a billiard table or a cocktail cabinet. Nothing of the kind. It is a secret room.

It is a strong room. You can be shut up in it to die or something worse. Dan is of the opinion that Germans lived in the house during the war and that room was used for something "spyish." He doesn't think it is haunted.

Dan has been married nearly four years. His wife is a pianist, academy-trained. They had a little girl—but here is a sad story. She was born the night before Dan sailed for Africa; she died when he was four days' journey from England again.

His chief hobby is his car. Both his parents and Mrs. Donovan's live in Cardiff. (She is English, by the way; he, Irish.) Every other week-end—that is to say, when Henry Hall is not having a guest night—Dan and Mrs. Dan nip off in the car to Cardiff and return on the Monday morning.

They did this a fortnight ago, leaving Cardiff at 9.30 on the Monday morning. Dan was due at No. 10 studio, down by the river—you go under Waterloo Bridge to get to it—at 3 o'clock for a rehearsal. He arrived there with about thirty seconds to spare.

Dan is an expert with his car, but that is because he was once a motor engineer. On the other hand, he has always been interested in the stage and stage productions. Began as an amateur at seven.

He was a choir-boy at St. Patrick's Church, Cardiff, and then became interested in an amateur operatic society. He played Koko in the *Mikado* and Jack Point in *Yeoman of the Guard* for this society.

After that he started a band on his own under the name of Don Gabriel.

The etymology of this name is that (1) he was called Don, short for Donovan, at school; (2) his second Christian name is Gabriel. But feeling that a little too angelic for a band leader, he modestly dropped the third vowel and made Gabriel out of it. Now he is what he was originally—Dan Donovan.

He played for some time at the Palais de Danse at Gloucester, but returned to Cox's Café, Cardiff. After which he came up to London.

Then things began to move. He went out with Jimmy Phillips, who was doing a round of theatres, and was introduced to Debroy Somers, better known to his pals as Bill Somers.

Somers asked him what he could do. He said "sing and saxophone," or words to that effect. He was asked to sing. He sang "Body and Soul," and has been keeping body and soul together by this means ever since. He was with Debroy Somers for five years.

That brings us up to date, almost. Dan has sung for Charlie Kunz and Sydney Kyte, recorded with every reputable gramophone company, and been in films.

Intensely keen on his work, of course. He told us he received a splendid welcome from the boys in Henry Hall's band and as for Henry himself, we decline to print Dan's adulatory remarks concerning him. Henry must not know these things. Not good for him.

Dan is a confessed speedway fan and is also mad on boxing. Jack Petersen is one of his greatest friends. Dan says Jack is an overgrown schoolboy. They always meet when the boxer comes to London.

He takes his place among the saxophones in the orchestra, plays until the bar but one before he is due to sing, slides up to the "mike," and slips back again after he has finished.

His singing has already found great favour amongst listeners. He avoids Americanisms, but he listens to every American record likely to be of use to him. He sees every film his duties allow him to see—in fact, there is very little he misses.

He is on the air nearly every day.



**J**AM going to take you away from England to the market-place of an African city.

You are in the Djemaa 'l Fna, a large open place in the heart of the Southern Moorish capital of Marrakesh. From a white-hot sky the sun beats violently down on to the dusty ground. Beyond the rose-pink buildings of the city and its tall minarets, beyond the green girdle of palms which surround it, the snow-capped peaks of the Atlas Mountains, fourteen thousand feet high, float in the azure blue air of the horizon. The Barrier of the Unknown.

The Djemaa 'l Fna is one of the meeting places of the Earth. Drums beat, and strange cries are heard. Wrinkled old women sit under palm-leaf shelters selling fried locusts and sticky sweetmeats. The smell of spices and of sweat. Wild-looking acrobats from the Soud dance on each other's shoulders, or tie their children in knots. Long-haired snake-charmers, from the desert, festoon themselves with tired and grimy cobras, calling on their patron saint to protect them from the venom.

Miracle workers, surrounded by devout intoning crowds, drink water from boiling kettles, or thrust red-hot knives into their mouths. Strange orchestras play, sitting in a circle in the hot dust, and sing stranger songs. Groups of tribesmen from the surrounding country, or even from the mountains, dressed in long robes, wander from one attraction to another, or sit in placid contemplation upon the earth. And here too, are wandering storytellers, reciting to fascinated crowds tales, some of them now, some as old as the Arabian Nights.

One of them has just begun rapping a little drum to call attention. Now a circle of passers-by is collecting round him, and he is beginning his tale.

♦ ♦ ♦

*The Story Begins*

**L**isten, O ye faithful, to the story of the Red Lantern. (*Tap, tap, tap!*) Listen to the strangest story that was ever told in this ancient city (*tap, tap, tap!*). Listen to the story of Abdurrahman, who was once a poor sweet-seller, and how he came to great wealth. Listen, ye servants of Allah, and may Allah confer the blessing of wealth on you also (*tap, tap, tap!*)! Praise be to Allah, the Beneficent, the Creator, who set up the Firmament, and who stretched out the Earth, and blessing be upon our Lord Mohammed, and upon his family, and upon his companions. Amen. (*Tap, tap, tap!*)

And afterwards, know that there was once living in this city a certain sweet-seller, whose name was Abdurrahman. Now Abdurrahman was a devout man who performed his prayers and ablutions as a true Moslem should; but he was a poor man. Every day he came here to the Djemaa 'l Fna with his tray of sweetmeats; his little cakes of almonds and honey, his nougats flavoured with rare gums; and sold them to the passers-by. And yet the blessing of the All-Merciful was not upon him. Misfortune followed upon misfortune. One day, a policeman tasted and approved his sweetmeats. Thereupon, O ye faithful, the policeman struck him to the ground, and took away the whole trayful without giving him so much as a single piece of copper. Another day a djinn entered into the dust of the street, and whirling it up in a great cloud covered his sweetmeats until they looked like the rocks of the desert. Another day an infidel Christian looked upon his sweetmeats with the Evil Eye; and forthwith they all melted like water, and ran in a muddy stream on to the earth, and were lost.

But in spite of misfortune, Abdurrahman did not fail to return praise and thanks to Allah.

But at last he had no money left wherewith to buy honey and flour, to buy almonds and orange-water. Bricks cannot be made without clay, and the most cunning pastry-cooks cannot make sweetmeats out of empty air. So Abdurrahman sorrowfully decided to leave the city and to wander out into unknown countries, if Allah willed, there to seek his fortune.

**H**OW many of you that I see around me are great travellers; but you are rich men, upon whom the blessing of Allah has fallen. When you travel, you travel upon fat mules, and slaves follow bearing your provisions. Your guns are beautiful with silver, and the blades of your knives

**"Nine o'clock Stories" . . . do you remember them when they were broadcast—a B.B.C. National programme series? These microphone short stories are now to be retold in "Radio Pictorial," and the first is Richard Hughes' "The Red Lantern," a fascinating yarn which will hold you interested whether or not you heard it told at the mike.**

are engraved with gold. But when Abdurrahman set out from the city of Marrakesh, his feet were bare upon the stones of the road and the thorns of the mountains; and he carried all which he possessed in his right hand. That possession was neither a gun nor a bag of money; it was not even a loaf of bread, nor a handful of dates; it was a little red lantern made of red tin, with red glass in its sides, such as may be purchased from the accused Jews for a few pennies. This was all the wealth that Abdurrahman had when he set out into the mountains.

Now for seven days Abdurrahman journeyed into the mountains; sleeping by night in the mosques of the Berber villages, and by day eating such food as the devout could spare for a poor traveller. He had passed safely; for who should venture to rob such a poor man as he was? It is to fat merchants with their camel-loads of carpets, to rich servants of our Lord the Sultan, that brigands, by the will of God, give their companionship.

On the seventh day he reached the high peaks, where the snow lies cold upon the red earth: where no man dwells, nor even the lions will climb after the wild sheep; where only djinns and orphans dwell in the hollow places of the ice. He was very afraid; but the cold did not kill him, nor did the evil spirits molest him.

For three days he wandered among these peaks; and then he came down again on the other side into country that men could dwell in. And yet for a while Abdurrahman met no man. But at last he came to a broad valley, and there the road became easier. A river like one of the Rivers of Paradise ran at the bottom of the valley, and its banks were beautiful with groves of orange and olive trees. For three days Abdurrahman had eaten nothing; but presently he met an old woman, who saw that he was a holy man and a stranger, and gave him a loaf of bread and a bowl of food.

Now the people that dwelt in this land, though they were Moslems like us, had never crossed the mountains, nor had one from our part of the country ever before crossed the mountains to them. Round them the mountains towered high, and kept them safe where it had pleased Allah to put them.

When he had eaten and rested under a wild fig-tree, Abdurrahman passed on till he came to a great city. Now this was the most wonderful city that he had ever seen. The pillars of the gates were of ivory, and its streets were paved with marble. The lattices of the windows were of gold, and the children in the street played at knuckle-bones with rubies and emeralds. Abdurrahman entered the gate at about the middle of the day, and asked his way to the chief mosque of the city; and when he arrived there he washed himself, and he prayed to Allah.

Now at this time the Sultan of that city came into the mosque to pray also; and he saw that Abdurrahman was a stranger, and afterwards he called him to him. "Who art thou?" he asked of Abdurrahman. "I am thy guest," said Abdurrahman; and the Sultan took him home, as the Law of the Prophet commands, and entertained him well, and laid him on rich cushions of silk, and gave him great feasts for the three days which the Law commands. And when the three days were over, Abdurrahman did not wish any more to be a burden upon the hospitality of the Sultan. The time

had come for him to depart. But he was ashamed to leave the house of his kind host without making a present. But all he had in the world to give was the little lantern of tin and red glass; for it was the only thing which he possessed. He knew that it was worthless; yet he hoped that so good a man would accept it, being all that he had.

Now in all that town, with its abundance of jewels and silver and ivory, there was no glass and there was no tin; and when the Sultan saw the little red lantern, he thought it the greatest treasure that he had ever seen. When Abdurrahman gave it to him, therefore, he was ashamed that for common hospitality a present of such value should be made him. So he thought to himself, "How shall I make return for this lordly gift? So munificent a stranger I cannot send away empty-handed!" Therefore the Sultan loaded ten camels with bags of gold-dust, and wrapped the tuks of one hundred elephants in carpets of silk, and filled ten large chests of beaten gold with jewels of every description. Poor return though this seemed for so munificent a gift as the red lantern, he hoped that Abdurrahman would deign to accept it, seeing it was the best he had to give.

The next day, before sunrise, Abdurrahman set out by the way he had come, with his mules and camels and treasures; and the protection of Allah being upon him, he passed safely through the mountains; the eyes of the brigands were stopped, so that they did not see him go by.

When he got back to Marrakesh he bought a beautiful garden, and built himself there a magnificent palace, like the palaces he had seen in the city beyond the mountains; and there he settled down to live in great comfort.

Now Abdurrahman had a brother, whose name was Ismail. In the days of Abdurrahman's distress, Ismail had forgotten him, and put it quite beyond his memory that they came of the same mother. He was a well-to-do merchant in the Souk of the Carpet-Sellers, where he had a valuable stock of carpets from all over the country, including some of the finest that are woven on the looms of Rabat. But when Ismail heard that Abdurrahman had returned from his travels rich, he suddenly recited the close relationship that there was between them; and indeed remembered that he loved his brother as dearly as he loved himself. So he sent a messenger to Abdurrahman, to ask him to dine at his house; and for three whole days the scent of cooking arose from the kitchens of Ismail, that a feast might be prepared worthy to do honour to his only brother. On the third day Abdurrahman came, dressed simply and with only a single servant, making no ostentation of his wealth; and he sat down, and ate and drank, and the two brothers conversed together very affably.

The next day it was Ismail's turn to dine at the house of Abdurrahman. Splendid as the feast which Abdurrahman prepared was ten times more so. The spices were of the rarest, the meats of the choicest, and they drank scented waters from vessels of pure gold. Nothing but the best, it seemed to Abdurrahman, was sufficient to do honour to his dear brother Ismail. But when Ismail saw all the wealth which had come to Abdurrahman he was consumed with envy, and kept questioning his brother as to how he came by it. His brother immediately and willingly told him the whole story; but not till he had told it three times would Ismail believe it. All that wealth in exchange for one little red tin lantern? That was a hard thing to believe. But at last Abdurrahman explained to him the road which he had taken through the mountains; and thereupon Ismail determined to set out and achieve wealth in the same way. "Moreover," Ismail thought, "if so much wealth was given to my brother in return for me one little tin lantern, how much more will they give for me one if I take them some of the finest carpets that are made on the looms of Rabat?"

So Ismail closed his shop, and loaded his carpets on to ten donkeys and set out with them into the mountains. Now it was not likely that so valuable a caravan would pass safely through the land of the robbers; and indeed, he had hardly left the city four days before robbers set upon him and beat him, and drove away all his donkeys but one. This one, however, had fallen into a cleft in the rock and broken its neck, and so was unperceived by them. So when Ismail felt well

# The Red Lantern

by

Richard  
HUGHES

enough from his beating to be able to move, he unstrapped the bundle of carpets from the back of the dead donkey, and loaded them, with many groans, on his own back, and went on his way.

How shall I describe the pains he went through in crossing the high peaks in the country of the snow-devils? Surely they were such pains as await Christians and Jews in the next world (may Allah forgive me for mentioning such people!). But at length he came to the valley, even as his brother had done; and staggered on, sore and smarting from his wounds, till he reached the city gate.

The good Sultan was passing through the gate at the time, and was seized with pity when he saw the unfortunate stranger; he took him at once to his house, and treated him as well as formerly he had treated Abdurrahman.

So three days went by in feasting and rest, and Ismail's wounds were healed and he was ready to start back. Thereupon he made his present to the Sultan of the bale of carpets which he had saved from the robbers.

Now in all that city, though there were many fine carpets, there were none such as are made at Rabat; and the Sultan was greatly taken with their colour and beauty. Indeed, he thought, he had never seen such precious carpets before; for they were made of wool, which was a material unknown in that city, where everything was made of silk. Such a great gift, he felt, merited some equally great return; and he was at a loss how to make such a return. Gold and silver he had plenty of; and silk and ivory and precious stones; but what were these in return for carpets of genuine wool? The most precious thing he had in his whole palace would hardly be a fine enough gift to give this stranger. So the Sultan embraced Ismail, and thanked him, and begged him to stay as his guest for another three days. But this Ismail was unwilling to do, so eager was he to receive his present in return and to depart. So when the Sultan could not persuade him to remain there, not though he offered him his own daughter in marriage, he took Ismail by the hand and led him with him to the treasure-house.

Never had Ismail seen such treasures as were there piled up in profusion! The first door was guarded by a black slave with one eye, a drawn sword in his hand; and there lay heaps of gold-dust like the sand of the sea. Unable to hold back his delight, Ismail ran into the chamber and plunged his arms deep into the yellow heaps. "Come," said the Sultan, "that is common stuff, not worth the trouble of carrying away"; and he led Ismail to the second door.

The second door was guarded by a lion; but the keeper drew up the animal's chain short and they passed within. Hero was carved ivory, and silks, and sandalwood, and bracelets of beaten gold. Again Ismail ran forward and would have



Illustrated by KING

filled with them the folds of his robes. "Tush!" said the Sultan. "Those are plaything for girls; when you see the present I intend to give you you will throw them away as rubbish." So Ismail left them, and they came to the third door.

Now the third door was guarded by angry snakes that hissed and darted their heads this way and that; but their keeper played a certain tune upon his pipe and they grew quiet and returned to their holes. And when Ismail saw within the third chamber, his eyes were dazzled truly. For the floor was piled with rubies and amethysts and emeralds, with turquoise and chrysoprase and crystal, with amber from the North and pearls from the Southern sea. The sight of so many jewels made his heart almost stop, and he made no attempt to go inside.

"You are right," said the Sultan, "to despise such pebbles; but wait till you see the greatest treasure I have; for I believe there is not its like in the whole world!"

**FINE FICTION!**  
Short Stories by A. J. Alan and Mabel  
Constanduros in next Friday's Christmas  
Number of "Radio Pic."

"Never had Ismail seen such treasures as were there piled in profusion . . ."

Then the Sultan led Ismail to the fourth door. This door was guarded by a maiden with a torch in her hand, which burnt so fiercely that any who ventured near would assuredly be charred to a black coal. But when she saw the Sultan she plunged the torch into a pool of clear water, and so the Sultan and Ismail passed safely within.

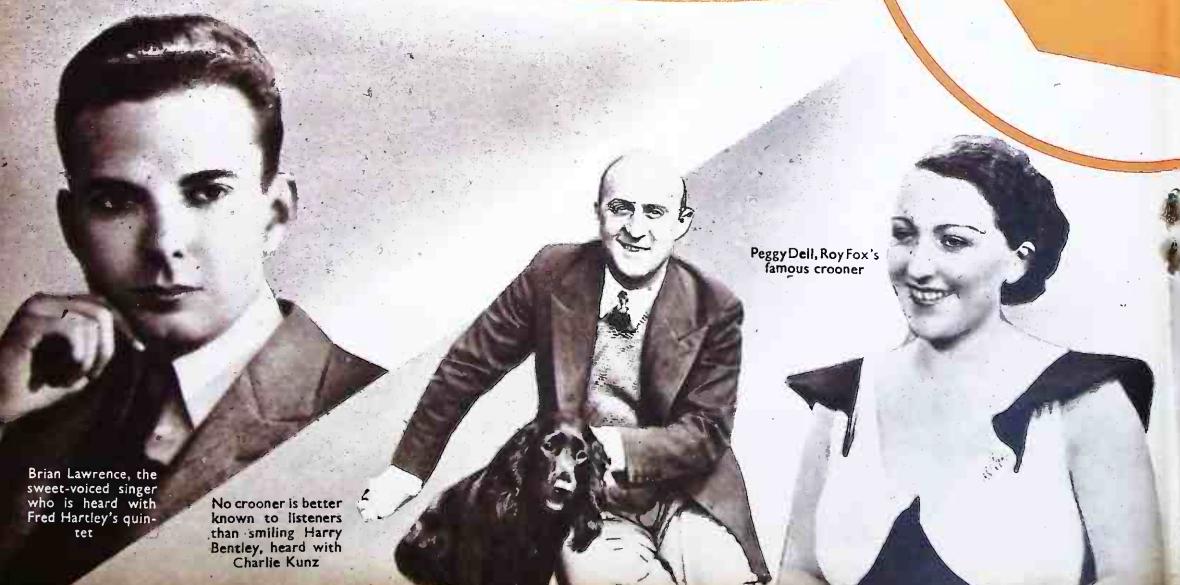
They found themselves in a long gallery, cut in solid rock. Here there was nothing to be seen but in the distance one single and enormous jewel, resting on a cushion, and lighting up the dimness with the brilliance of its rays. "Surely," thought Ismail, "that is some ruby the like of which was never seen before on earth," and he exclaimed aloud with pleasure.

"That," said the Sultan, "is my greatest treasure; and even that I intend to give you." So Ismail and the Sultan came near to where Abdurrahman's little red lantern, with a new candle in it, burnt on a cushion of silk. The Sultan could have shed tears that he must part with it; but it is written that the righteous giver does not give grudgingly. So he placed the lantern in Ismail's hands, and led him out of the treasure house, and set him on his way homeward; and so Ismail, carrying the red lantern, returned to the city of Marrakesh as poor as his brother had formerly set out.



Al Bowly. We have  
lent him to America,  
but are eagerly anti-  
cipating his return  
to the B.B.C. mike

Denny Dennis,  
popular vocalist  
with Roy Fox's band



Brian Lawrence, the  
sweet-voiced singer  
who is heard with  
Fred Hartley's quintet

No crooner is better  
known to listeners  
than smiling Harry  
Bentley, heard with  
Charlie Kunz

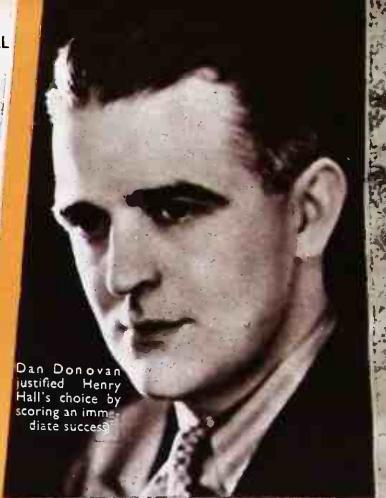
Peggy Dell, Roy Fox's  
famous crooner



(Left) Gloria Kaye, who is now heard with Don Sesta's band, and (right) Alberta Hunter, a striking and individual singer, with Jack Jackson

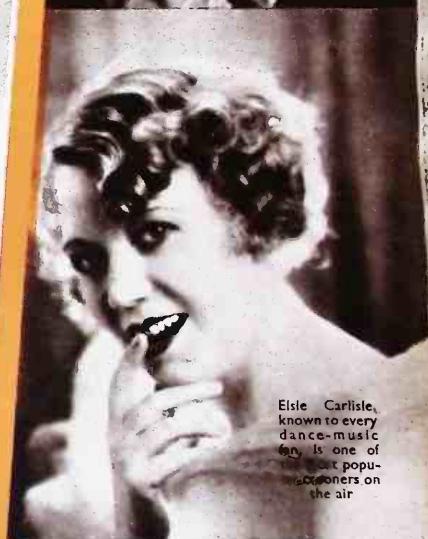


Charming Pat Hyde is already making a name for herself. She is now being heard regularly on the air, and records with Parlophone

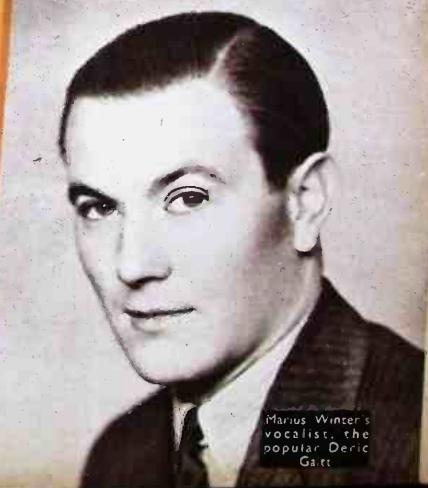


Dan Donovan justified Henry Hall's choice by scoring an immediate success

Sam (of the mellow voice) Browne, partners Elsie Carlisle in Ambrose's band



Elsie Carlisle, known to every dance-music fan, is one of the most popular vocalists on the air



Marius Winter's vocalist, the popular Deric Gatt



"Oor Gracie" has been absent from the microphone for about a year. It will be welcome news, therefore, that she is to be heard in variety relayed from the Hippodrome Theatre, Rochdale, on December 5, in the London and North Regional Programmes



Gladys Keyes, alias "Mrs. Haver" of Lee, radio authoress and



The Ross-on-Wye Orpheus Society will broadcast a concert from the New Theatre, Ross, on December 5 (Midland Regional)



Arthur Catterall, leader of the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, photographed at home with Mrs. Catterall and their two daughters. You will hear him on December 5 (National)



Jack Helyer standing by the organ of the Ritz Theatre, Nottingham, from which he will broadcast on December 3



The Rhythm Sisters who are now to be heard regularly with Ambrose and his band

Sunday, December 2, to Saturday, December 8, 1934.

# PROGRAMMES

from the

# CONTINENT in ENGLISH

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

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## Sunday, December the Second

All Times Stated are Greenwich Mean Time.

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

#### Afternoon Programme

6.45—7. p.m.

#### 4.30 p.m. CONCERT OF OLD FAVOURITES

Selection—The Dollar Princess	... Fall
Light Cavalry	... Subbé
Two Eyes of Grey	... McGroch
Unrequited Love	... Lincke
Vocal Gems from the Arcadians	... Mendelsohn
Spring Song	... Mendelsohn
My Old Irish Mother	... Degas
Wine, Woman and Song	... Strauss

#### 5.00 p.m. "ATLAS" RADIO CONCERT

##### LIGHT MUSIC

Signature Tune—My Song Goes Round the World.	de Sylva
Selection—Follow Through	de Sylva
Whispering Flowers	von Blon
Oil' Man River (Show Boat)	Kern
Whistling River	Miller
Dancing Queen—Merry Macsels	Kathleen
Song—The Admiral's Broom	de Will
Aloma	Padilla
Valencia	Padilla
Signature Tune—My Song Goes Round the World.	de Sylva
Enjoy all the advantages of Spectrum Tuning. For details write to Atlas Radio, Bush House, London, W.C.2, for "Folder 96."	

#### 5.30 p.m. SELECTIONS FROM MUSICAL SHOWS

Showboat Overture	Hammerstein
Lover Come Back To Me (The New Moon)	Romberg
You Are My Heart's Delight (The Land of Smiles)	Lhar
Selection—Lilac Time	Schubert
I Am Chu Chin Chow	Norton
Olive Oil	Norton
Selection—Streamline	Ellis
There's still time to enrol as a spare-time agent for the Great British Sales, Christchurch, Hants. £750 offered in prizes every week.	
Let's Say Goodbye (Words and Music)	Coward
Gems from No 1 No 1 Nanette	Youmans

#### 6.0 p.m. MILITARY BAND CONCERT

Youth and Vigour	Lautenslager
Savoy Hunting Medley	arr. Somers
Washington Greys	Grafsilla
Selection—The Mikado	Sullivan
Test the advantages of Outdoor Girl Olive Oil Face Powder with the generous free trial box offered by Outdoor Girl, 33 City Road, E.C.1.	Olive Oil
Valse Creole	Tchaikovsky
Down South	Myddleton
Champion March Medley	Orde Hume

#### 6.30 p.m. SOCAPOLLS' BROADCAST

FAVOURITE SONGS BY JOHN McCORMACK	
(Gramophone Records)	

Macumba	MacMurchy
All Downhill	Caruso
Somewhere a Voice is Calling	Tale
Love's Old Sweet Song	Holloway
Are you taking part in Socabolls' £500 weekly competitions? For details write Socabolls, Ltd., 91 Regent Street, W.1.	

#### WINCARNIS BROADCAST

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

The Waltz—Good-night Little Girl of My Dreams	Tobias
Flying Down to Rio	Youmans
Softly as in a Morning Sunrise	Romberg
Keep Tempo	Little Tobias
Alice in Wonderland	Hallelujah.

As the first step to complete fitness, send 4½d. for a special bottle of Wincarnis to Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

#### Evening Programme

10.30 p.m.

#### WILLIAM S. MURPHY'S

(Edinburgh) CELEBRITY CONCERT  
(Gramophone Records)

Fifty Years of Song.	
London Palladium Orchestra.	
Buttercup Joe	Traditional
All the Hardison's	
Ole Faithful	Carr
Jack Jackson and His Orchestra.	
Wanting You (The New Moon)	Romberg
Let's All Go Into the Ballroom	Allen
Has Anyone Here Seen Kelly	
Flirre Forde.	
Mother Macbeth	Olcott
Don MacPherson.	
I'm 04 To-day	Fyffe
Will Fyffe.	

Astounding amounts have been won in Wm. S. Murphy's Football Pools. Write for coupons to Staunch Buildings, 12 Blenheim Place, Edinburgh, 7.

11.0 p.m.

#### SONGS FROM THE OPERA

Toreador Song (Carmen)	Bizet
Night of Love (Tales of Hoffman)	Offenbach
All Hall, Thou Dwelling (Faust)	Gounod
Operatic Selection.	

11.15 p.m.

#### STRANG'S FOOTBALL POOLS

#### BROADCAST

#### DANCE FAVOURITES

Rollin' Home—Fox trot	Hill
See Saw—Rumba	Simons
Love Thy Neighbour—Fox trot	Gordon
Madame Mine—Fox trot	Kaufmann
Ulanes—Waltz	Hargrove
Carica—Rumba	Kahn
III Wind—Fox trot	Kochler
Aloha Beloved—Fox trot	Lonk

You, too, can enter for Strang's £1,000 Free Competition. Send 2d. for coupons from Strang's, 24 Fetter Street, Edinburgh.

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

#### RADIO LUXEMBURG

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

Announcer: S. H. C. Williams

12.30—1 p.m.

#### IRISH HOSPITALS SWEEPSTAKES

#### CONCERT

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

#### DANCE MUSIC

Signature Tune—Come Back to Erin.	
When the New Moon Shines—Fox trot	Woods
Dust on the Moon—Fox trot	Decuna
I Love You Very Much Madame—Tango Fox	
Out in the Cold Again—Fox trot	Grundland
Just A-Wearying For You—Fox trot	Bloom
A Thousand Kisses—Waltz	Jacobs
Two Cigarettes in the Dark—Fox trot	Joyce
Just a Pocket Full of Sunshine—Fox trot	Webster
Signature Tune—Come Back to Erin.	Woods

(For remainder of Radio Luxemburg Programmes, please see page 23 column 1).

#### RADIO NORMANDY

206 metres, 1,456 Kc./s.

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

#### Morning Programme

8.15—8.45 a.m.

#### PHILCO HAPPY HALF-HOUR

#### A KETELBEY PROGRAMME

Philco Signature Tune.	
Heart.	
The Clock and the Dunder Figures.	
Wedgewood Blue—Intermezzo.	
Devotion.	

Philco Time Signal.

Philco Signature Tune.

The Phantom Melody.

In the Mystic Land of Egypt.

In a Monastery Garden.

Philco Signature Tune.

All the things you've ever hoped to find in a radio set come to you in the new Philco Models.

10.0 a.m.

#### "RADIO PICTORIAL"

#### CELEBRITY CONCERT

(Gramophone Records)

Signature Tune—You Oughta be in Pictures.

Miss Ottis Regrets

Lew Stone and His Band.

Serenade (Les Millions d'Arlequin)

Dixie

Sooty

Phyllis Robins.

Mac Time (Guy Love)

Hamilton

Florence Desmond.

Signature Tune—You Oughta be in Pictures.

Why wait for television? See your favourite Radio Stars now in "Radio Pictorial."

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

Brighten your Sunday with programmes from PARIS (Poste Parisien, 312 m.) 4.30 to 7 p.m. and 10.30 to 11.45 p.m.

# Sunday, December the Second

## RADIO-NORMANDY—cont.

10.15 a.m.

## Request Programme

Selection—The Yeoman of the Guard ..... Sullivan  
Alluring—enriched—Hungary awaits you this winter. Details from Hungarian Travel Bureau, 3, Berkeley Street, W.1.  
Largo ..... Handel  
Poor Man's Garden ..... Russell  
Down in the dumps? Don't blame the weather; you need a course of Bile Beers. Selection—Patience ..... Sullivan

10.30 a.m.

## Wild Thyme

Daybreak Express ..... Ellington  
Shrapnel's of Portsmouth can fit your Dennis vehicle with a new service engine in 12 hours.

I Go Rhythm ..... Gershwin  
Sweep ..... Farnham  
Court your old gold to ready cash at Spinks, 1 King Street, St. James's, S.W.1.  
Wild Ride ..... Hall  
Cycling is more popular than ever. Choose your new bicycle at Dowding & Bromley's, 265A, Shirley Road, Southampton.

Mr. B. ..... Hopkins  
You'll be proud of your cakes when you make them with Barge Self Raising Flour.

Super Tigress Rag ..... Rocca  
White Waves ..... White  
A trial run without obligation in any car from Geo. Flett Motors, Ltd., Tankerton and Herne Bay.

White Lightning ..... Perkins  
A trial run without obligation in any car from Geo. Flett Motors, Ltd., Tankerton and Herne Bay.

White Lightning ..... Perkins

## 11.0 a.m. SACRED MUSIC

The Church's One Foundation ..... Newman  
Lead, Kindly Light ..... Newman  
Through the Night of Doubt and Sorrow ..... Dykes  
Turn Back O' Man ..... arr. Holst

11.30 a.m.

## ELDRIDGE POPE BROADCAST

## A HUNTING EPISODE

Signature Tune—Beer is Best. John Peel ..... Traditional  
The Hunt in the Black Forest ..... Voekler  
Rochdale Hounds ..... Gifford  
Post Horn Galop ..... Koenig  
Signature Tune—Beer is Best.

Sample Eldridge Pope's delicious ale by ordering special 4-quart crates containing Dorset Brown Ale, Crystal Ale and Oat Milk Stout. Eldridge Pope and Co., Dorchester.

11.45 a.m.—12 (noon)

## FRED HARTLEY AND HIS QUINTET (Gramophone Records)

Selection of the Songs of Jerome Kern. Serenade ..... arr. Tosells  
(With Webster Books.)

A clear complexion is the result of a pure blood stream. Purify your blood with Bill Beans.

The Song of the Nightingale ..... Alibert  
Always ..... Leslie-Smith  
(With Frank Titterton.)

## Afternoon Programme

2.0 p.m.

## SOCAPOLIS' BROADCAST

## POPULAR NUMBERS

I Bought Myself a Bottle of Ink—Fox Trot ..... Evans  
I'm Your Slave—Fox-trot ..... Brunelle  
The True Danube ..... Straker  
Marta ..... Gilliat  
Dinner at Eight—Fox-trot ..... Fields  
Nobody's Sweetheart—Fox-trot ..... Kahn  
Play to Me Gipsy Wailer ..... Kennedy  
One More Love-Wall ..... Seger  
You can win big money in next Saturday's Football Matches. Write for Coupons to Socapolis, 91 Regent Street, W.1.

## RADIO NORMANDY—cont.

2.30 p.m.

CONCERT OF GRAMOPHONE RECORDS (London) ..... Moshousky  
Linda in Worthing. Delightful houses await you on the Hasler Estates. Love's Garden of Roses ..... Haydn Wood  
The Drum Major ..... Nutcracker  
The Walk that will ride when you wear shoes from Charles Baker, Regent Street, London, W.1. ..... Russell  
Old gold—old silver—old jewellery, let your old chum come into hard cash for Christmas shopping. Selection—Evergreen ..... Woods  
There's still time to get your ticket for the Fair and Stray's Ball, Dorchester Hotel, on December 1. Apply to Mrs. Ridge Clarke, 20 Brunton Street, W.1.

The Merrymakers' Carnival ..... Haenschen  
Shadows on the Pavement ..... Flanagan and Brown  
The General and the Private ..... Brown

3.0 p.m.

EXTRACTS FROM TCHAIKOWSKY'S "Case Noisette Suite"

Overture Miniature. Marche. You have so many uses for ready money—so little for old gold. Why not make a public exchange at Spinks?

Daise: Arabe. Dance Chinoise. Now is the time to visit for your Xmas photograph. Recommended photographers: P. H. Morris, Crowe, Romford; H. B. Tansley, Sheringham; S. Seymour Harrison, Folkestone.

Danse des Fées Drägées. Dancede Chinoise.

Now is the time to visit for your Xmas photograph. Recommended photographers: P. H. Morris, Crowe, Romford; H. B. Tansley, Sheringham; S. Seymour Harrison, Folkestone.

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Dancede Chinoise.

## RADIO-NORMANDY—cont.

5.0 p.m. LIGHT MUSIC

On a Local Train Journey ..... Ratcliffe  
I Do Like to Be a Waiter ..... Nichols  
I Do Like a Bit of Nougat ..... Clifford  
Tiddlywinks—Videts ..... Carr  
The Xmas Gift that you can give—your photograph! Three recommended photographers: P. H. Morris, Crowe, Romford; S. Seymour Harrison, Folkestone; W. Foster, Birmingham; Bridlington; Guttenberg, Ltd., Manchester; My Hawaiian Queen ..... Noble  
Heat Wave ..... Berlin  
Star of Merlure ..... Berlin  
Love's Last Word is Spoken ..... Baxio

5.30 p.m. ORCHESTRAL CONCERT

The Merry Wives of Windsor ..... Nicolai  
Minuet No. 1 ..... Paderevsky  
I Will Still Hold Price ..... Remondi  
I Don't take risks—sell now to Spinks ..... Greg  
I Love Thee ..... The Nightingale and the Rose ..... Rimsky-Korsakoff  
Selection—La Tosca ..... Puccini  
Demande et Réponse ..... Coleridge-Taylor  
Invitation to the Waltz ..... Weber, arr. Woodhouse

6.0 p.m. DANCE MUSIC BY AMBROSE AND HIS ORCHESTRA (Gramophone Records)

Two Hearts on a Fox-trot ..... York  
Planning winter sports this year? Try inexpensive Hungary. Details from Hungarian Travel Bureau, 3 Berkeley Street, W.1. Who's Got the Gold? ..... Cymbal  
Fox-trot ..... Gordon  
Sweet Dreams, Pretty Lady—Waltz ..... Gordon  
Trees—Fox-trot ..... Rasbach  
Tick Tock Toss—Fox-trot ..... Jones  
I Can't Stop—Waltz ..... Jones  
A Place in Your Heart—Fox-trot ..... Colston  
There's always something new going on at Martin's Club, 50 Middle Street, Brighton. Night and Day—Fox-trot ..... Porter

6.30 p.m. Violin Recital by BERNARD GODFREY

Ent'acte from Rosamunde ..... Schubert  
La Vieille Dame ..... Tchaikovsky  
Am Meer (To the Sea) ..... Schubert-Wilhelmy  
Allegro ..... Fisco, arr. Bred & O'Neill  
The whole of this programme was recorded in the Studios of the London School of Broadcasting, 131 New Bond Street, W.1.

The game that will fascinate you more and more—P.M.'s the card game that is even better than "Sorry."

6.45—7.0 p.m. CYSTEX BROADCAST

Thrilling Dramas of Newspapermen's Adventures

A Real New Broadcast. No. 9—\$100.00 BAIL

You can't afford to neglect kidney trouble—start taking Cystex immediately.

6.45 p.m. Evening Programmes

9.30 p.m. SELECTIONS FROM RUSSIAN OPERAS (Coriol des Nobles (Mlada))

Rimsky Korsakoff  
Aria of the Miller (Rousak) ..... Dargomyski  
The most personal gift of all—your photograph! Three recommended photographers: Dora Head, Oxford Street, W.1; Denton and Co., Barnsley; Margaret Ellsmoor, Worksop.

Copak (The Fair at Sorochinsk) ..... Moussorgsky

Dance of the Tumbrels (The Snow Maiden) ..... Rimsky Korsakoff

9.45 p.m. WINCARNIS BROADCAST

Another of a series of "BROADWAY HITS" Sparsely recorded in New York by the Broadway Broadcasters.

FIFTEEN MINUTES OF POPULAR DANCE TUNES

Theme Waltz—You Have Taken My Heart ..... Mercer  
Music Makes Me ..... Youmans  
On the Wrong Side of the Fence ..... Youmans

Rumba ..... Bluebird

Palooka ..... Bluebird

Sleeping beauty? Take Wincarnis! For

free sample send 4/2 (d/c over postage) to Wincarnis Co., Norwich.

Houses, houses everywhere—but the easiest

way to find one is through the Esso Co., 93 Chancery Lane, W.C.2, and at Ramsgate.

9.45 p.m. Club Concert for Teatro Listeners

DANCE MUSIC

The Breeze—Fox-trot ..... Sacco

Judy—Fox-trot ..... Carmichael

Memories of Hours ..... Smith

Rollin' Home—Fox-trot ..... Hill

It's All Forgotten Now—Fox-trot ..... Noble

Brillazza—Paso Doble ..... Sinclair

Riptide—Fox-trot ..... Kahn

Face Two Way—Fox-trot ..... Colson

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

## RADIO-NORMANDY—cont.

REQUEST PROGRAMME  
Hungarian Rhapsody ..... Liszt, arr. Seidel  
Take advantage of Current service when your radio set needs repair. Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man (Show Boat) ..... Kern

Aloha Oe ..... Liliuokalani  
Simon the Cellarer ..... Hallton  
St. Louis Blues ..... Hallton  
Song of These Days ..... Hallton  
"Radio Pictorial," published every Friday, price 3d.

A Little Church Around the Corner ..... Walker  
10.30 p.m. 11.0 p.m.

## CHARLES STEVENS' CONCERT

LIGHT MUSIC  
My Dream ..... Waldecks  
The Breeze—Fox-trot ..... Sacco  
I Saw Stars—Fox-trot ..... Sisler  
The Sacred Hour ..... Ketelby  
Dance ..... Pibby  
My Song for You—Fox-trot ..... Weston  
Song—Sleepy Head ..... Kahn  
The Golden Music Box ..... Krome  
Know what Chas. Stevens' "tuberculosis" treatment does for others. Free booklet from 204 Purple Road, S.W.20.

11.0 p.m. TRAVELLERS' TALES  
Memories of the Mayfair. New Jewellery for old! I Spink: Spinks, 1 King Street, St. James's, S.W.1.  
Piccadilly, 100, W.1.  
Savoy Havana Memories. You'll be surprised how little it costs to winter in Hungary. Details from Hungarian Travel Bureau, 3 Berkeley Street, W.1. A Night with Paul Whiteman at the Biltmore.

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

Signature Tune—You Oughta be in Pictures. Straight from the Shoulder ..... Gordon  
Lie Stone and His Band. A British Mother's Big Flight (Stevie and the Carols) ..... Herbert Florence Desmond

El Gaucho ..... Perot  
Trois et Tous Mandolins. Selections from Big Broadcast. Dickey, Sonja Bono and the Carols Cousins and Don Novoman.

Signature Tune—You Oughta be in Pictures.

"Radio Pictorial" brings you face to face with your wireless favourites. Published on Fridays, price 3d.

11.30 p.m. IRISH HOSPITALS SWEEPSTAKES CONCERT Arranged by the I.B.C. (Ireland), Ltd.

DANCE MUSIC  
Signature Tune—Come Back to Erin. Cuckoo—Fox-trot ..... Brown

To-night is Mine—Fox-trot ..... Sisler

Steep Hollow—Fox-trot ..... Kahn

My Song for You—Fox-trot ..... Eylon

Playin' the Blues—Fox-trot ..... Turk

Heaven on Earth—Fox-trot ..... Brunelle

New Moon—Fox-trot ..... Brunelle

Signature Tune—Come Back to Erin.

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

Enjoy London's Super Floor Show—The New Prince's Frivolities—at New Prince's Restaurant, Piccadilly, W.1. I.B.C. Time Signal.

12.30 a.m. Club Concert for Teatro Listeners

DANCE MUSIC

The Breeze—Fox-trot ..... Sacco

Judy—Fox-trot ..... Carmichael

Memories of Hours ..... Smith

Rollin' Home—Fox-trot ..... Hill

It's All Forgotten Now—Fox-trot ..... Noble

Brillazza—Paso Doble ..... Sinclair

Riptide—Fox-trot ..... Kahn

Face Two Way—Fox-trot ..... Colson

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

# Sunday

(Continued)

## RADIO LUXEMBURG

Continued from page 21, column 3

### 1.30—2.0 p.m.

#### LITTLEWOOD'S BROADCAST

#### CELEBRITY CONCERT OF GRAMOPHONE RECORDS

Signature Tune—We're in the Money.

Clocker by Clark

Spindly's Venetian Orchestra.

Because I Love You

Gracie Fields.

Jogging Along Behind the Old Grey

Man

Bobby Greyl

The Gondolier

Billy Merson

Old Man River

The Revellers

Half Past Nine

Nellie Wallace.

Panted

D. Groot with Organ.

Signature Tune—We're in the Money.

Record dividends, better pools and great

for £2,000 Football Pool Competition—

details write H. Littlewood, Ltd., Liverpool.

### 2.0 p.m.

#### BALLITO CONCERT

#### DANCE MUSIC

Signature Tune—Happy Feet.

Two Hearts are a Tree—Fox trot.

Yorker

Faster and Faster—Fox trot

Herbert

The Love Way—Yellow Tango

J. H.

I Love You—Fox trot

Jenkins

When I Told the Village Belle

Kernell

One Night of Love—Waltz

Schertzinger

I Bought Myself a Bottle of Ink—Le Clerq

Eken

Signature Tune—Happy Feet

Ann: "Oh, Jane, they're laddered, and

they were almost new." Jane: "Next

time perhaps you'll buy Ballito.

### 2.30—3.0 p.m.

#### VERNON'S

#### ALL-STAR VARIETY CONCERT

(Gramophone Records)

Turkish Patrol

Hand of H. M. Coldstream Guards.

When the Sergeant-Major's on Parade

Longstaffe

Peter Dawson.

I Saw Stars—Sigler

I Love You—H. M. Band

I Love You Very Much, Madame

Carr

The Blasted Oak

Nellie Wallace.

Mark Weber and His Orchestra.

They All Blame Me

Harry Hemsley.

With a Smile—Carr

Billie Cotton and His Band.

21,000 weekly for only 12 results! Write

for details Vernon's Football Pools,

Liverpool.

### 3.30 p.m.

#### WINCARNIS BROADCAST

Another of a series of well-known

"BROADWAY HITS"

Specialty recorded in New York by the

Wincarnis Broadcast Boys.

FIFTEEN MINUTES OF POPULAR DANCE

Tunes

Theme Waltz—In the Valley of the

Moon

My Toreador

Speak to Me of Love

I Want to Lose Your Gal

One Minute to One...

Gools

Keep Young and Beautiful

Dubois

Prepare for a good night's sleep by

taking a glass of Wincarnis before you

go to bed.

### 3.45—4.0 p.m.

#### OUTDOOR GIRL CONCERT

#### DANCE MUSIC

P.S. I Love You—Fox trot

Butterfly—Waltz

Faith—Waltz

Damrell

Don't Let Your Love Go Wrong—Whiting

Millions—W. W. M. Hirschfeld

A Child Is Irresistible through

Outdoor Girl Olive Oil Rouge, Lipstick

and Face Powder.

### 4.45—7.0 p.m.

#### SNOWFIRE BROADCAST

#### DANCE MUSIC

Signature Tune—

Every Time I Look at You

... Mort...

You Were So Charming—Waltz

... Carr

A Place in Your Heart—Fox trot

Costlow

Thank You for a Lovely Evening...

Firds

Signature Tune.

Balsito's hidden beauty of your

skin with Snowfire Cream. Add the

final bloom with Snowfire Powder.

# Sunday

December the Third

## RADIO CÔTE D'AZUR

(Juan-les-Pins)

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

Announcer: Miss L. Bailet

### 10.30 p.m.

#### MUSICAL COMEDY SELECTIONS

Selections from "House Inn" ... *Roberts*The Desert Song ... *Romberg*I Give My Heart (The Dubarry) ... *Millacker*Selection—Bow Bells ... *Sullivan*Live For To-day (The Maid of the Mill) ... *Shaw*Morning ... *Shaw*Selections—The Cat and the Fiddle ... *Kern*Old Man River (The Show Boat) ... *Hammerstein*Selection—Mother of Pearl ... *Strauss*

### 11.0 p.m.

#### OLD-TIME ORCHESTRAL MUSIC

Ballet Music from "Paint" ... *Gounod*Liebestraum ... *Liszt*Violin Solo—Le Balcon ... *St. Denis*Moment Musical ... *Schubert*Poem ... *Bruch*Violin Solo—Souverain ... *Dvorak*Harlequin's Serenade ... *Leoncavallo*Roses of the South ... *Strauss*

### 12.00 a.m.

#### OLD-TIME MUSIC HALL MEMORIES

One of the Ruins that Cromwell ... *St. Denis*Knocked About a Bit ... *St. Denis*Lily of Lagu ... *St. Denis*Dancing Days ... *St. Denis*The Old Folks in Blue ... *Graham*In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree ... *Kennedy*Little Dolly Daydream ... *Stuart*Daisy Bell ... *Harris*After the Ball ... *Dacre*

### 12 (Midnight)

#### DANCE MUSIC

I'll String Along with You ... *Dubois*Tick Tock Town—Fox trot ... *Jones*Little Valley in the Mountains ... *Kennedy*When You've Got a Little Spring—Fox trot ... *Woods*I'm Your Heart—Fox trot ... *Woods*It's All Begotten—Fox trot ... *Noble*Paddy—Waltz ... *O'Keefe*Two Can't Sit on a Three-Piece Suite ... *Hargraves*One Fox Trot ... *Hargraves*One in the Morning—Fox trot ... *Nesbitt*At the End of the Day—Fox trot ... *Nesbitt*I'm Getting Sentimental Over You ... *Washington*Sweet Dreams Pretty Lady—Waltz ... *Downey*Lullaby in the Fox Trot ... *Magdison*Little Miss Muffet—Fox trot ... *Freiman*Dip Your Brush in the Sunshine—Fox trot ... *Parish*Shout 'Em Tillie—Fox trot ... *Parish*I Saw Stars—Fox trot ... *Sigler*

Signature Tune—Happy Feet

They All Blame Me

Harry Hemsley.

With a Smile—Carr

Billie Cotton and His Band.

21,000 weekly for only 12 results! Write

for details Vernon's Football Pools,

Liverpool.

### 1.0 a.m.

#### I.B.C. GOODNIGHT MELODY

and Close Down.

### 1.30 a.m.

#### UNION RADIO, MADRID

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

Announcer: S. H. Gordon Box

### 12 (Midnight)

#### PHILCO BROADCAST

#### SPANISH MUSIC

Philco Signature Tune ... *Levante*Danza Rumba ... *Lessuado*Danza Cuatros ... *Astorga*La Mula ... *Romero*Sendas del Plata ... *Teixidor*Malgueña ... *Godes*Noche en Otoño ... *Elizalde*Aventura de Aragón—Jota ... *Blasco*

Philco Signature Tune.

### 1.30 a.m.

#### I.B.C. SHORT WAVE EMPIRE TRANSMISSIONS

E.A.Q. (Madrid), 30 m., 10,000 Kc/s., 20 kW.

### 1.45 a.m.

#### E.A.Q. (Madrid)

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

### 2.0 a.m.

#### UNION RADIO, MADRID

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

### 2.15 a.m.

#### RADIO NORMANDY

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

### 2.30 a.m.

#### MORNING PROGRAMME

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

### 2.45 a.m.

#### PHILCO HAPPY HALF-HOUR

CONCERT OF GRAMOPHONE RECORDS

Philco Signature Tune.

The Mexican Carnival ... *Hanschen*The Street Singer ... *Flanagan*Danse Macabre ... *Birch*

Sir Dan Goad and Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra with Xylophone Duet.

Piano Solo ... *George Scott Wood*.

Philco Signature.

Miss Otis Regrets ... *Anna Winn*.Love (Wonderful Love) ... *Leon*

Gracie Fields.

Selection—The Mikado ... *Sullivan*Quintet—Moorish Organ Solo ... *Green*St. Cecilia and Lillian Potpourri ... *Arr. Wysocki*

Orchestra Mascotte.

Philco Signature Tune.

The Philco Battery Major gives performance equal to an All-Mains Set.

### 2.45 a.m.

#### RADIO NORMANDY

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

### 3.00 a.m.

#### Evening Programmes

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

### 3.12 a.m.

#### PARIS (Poste Parisien)

312 m., 959 Kc/s., 100 kW.

### 3.15 a.m.

#### RADIO NORMANDY

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

### 3.30 a.m.

#### RADIO NORMANDY

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

### 3.45 a.m.

#### RADIO NORMANDY

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

### 3.55 a.m.

#### RADIO NORMANDY

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

### 4.00 a.m.

#### RADIO NORMANDY

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

### 4.15 a.m.

#### RADIO NORMANDY

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

### 4.30 a.m.

#### RADIO NORMANDY

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

### 4.45 a.m.

#### RADIO NORMANDY

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

### 4.55 a.m.

#### RADIO NORMANDY

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

### 5.00 a.m.

#### RADIO NORMANDY

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

### 5.15 a.m.

#### RADIO NORMANDY

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

### 5.30 a.m.

#### RADIO NORMANDY

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

### 5.45 a.m.

#### RADIO NORMANDY

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

### 5.55 a.m.

#### RADIO NORMANDY

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

### 6.00 a.m.

#### RADIO NORMANDY

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

### 6.15 a.m.

#### RADIO NORMANDY

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

### 6.30 a.m.

#### RADIO NORMANDY

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

### 6.45 a.m.

#### RADIO NORMANDY

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

### 6.55 a.m.

#### RADIO NORMANDY</h

Tuesday

December the Fourth

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

## Morning Programme

8.15—8.45 a.m.  
**PHILCO HAPPY HALF-HOUR**  
DANCE MUSIC  
"Philco Signature Tune"  
Heat Wave—Fox trot ..... Berlin  
Shadows on the Pavement ..... Flanagan  
Have a Little Dream on Me ..... Rose  
Love—Waltz ..... Leon  
Philco Time Signal .....  
Sitting Back of You—Fox trot ..... Waller  
Everybody Shuffle—Fox trot ..... Carter  
Poema—Tango ..... McEl  
Ache in My Heart—Fox trot ..... Sievier  
Philco Signature Tune .....  
Miles by when your car is equipped with a Philco Car Radio.

## Afternoon Programme

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

4.45 p.m.  
**Torquay, Exeter, Plymouth and Devonport Concert**  
Part I—DANCE MUSIC

Rollin' Home—Fox trot ..... Hill  
Remember Me—Fox trot ..... Miller  
Dream of Me Darling To-night ..... Johnson  
All I Do is Dream of You—Fox trot ..... Brown  
Little Valley in the Mountains ..... Kennedy

Neither Ballot Pure Silk Stockings—  
Fox trot ..... Kennedy

Neither Ballot Pure Silk Stockings—  
Fox trot ..... Kennedy

As Long as I Live—Fox trot ..... Koehler

Love's Last Word is Spoken—  
Waltz ..... Bixio

Hear that new Philco at S. J. Sears', Ltd.,  
33 St. Marychurch Road, Plummoor, and  
1 Albert Road, Torquay ..... Kennedy

Love's Last Word is Spoken—  
Waltz ..... Bixio

Protect your skin with Outdoor Girl Olive  
Oil Face Powder. Week's generous free  
trial from Outdoor Girl, 32 City Road,  
E.C.1 ..... Kennedy

Blue Lull ..... Sampson

Singing the Blues ..... Harris

Rhapsody in Blue ..... Gershwin

5.45—6.00 p.m.  
Part III—EXTRACTS FROM SUITES BY  
JOHNSON & COATES

Summer Days Suite  
(a) In a Country Lane.

Buy your Christmas presents early—and be  
sure they include some Ballito Pure Silk  
Stockings—  
(b) On the Edge of the Lake.

Better be safe than sorry! Buy your milk  
from a member of the Safety First Milk  
Association.

From Meadow to Mayfair.

(a) In the Country.

House hunting without tears—assisted by  
the Essa Company, 93 Chancery Lane,  
W.C.2.

(b) A Song by the Way.

## 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.

Vincent Bonham—  
Maurice and his Orchestra ..... Strauss

In a Persian Market ..... Ketelby

Lester Dawson with Male Quartet ..... Davidson

Blue Moments ..... Johnson

National Economy ..... Kennedy

Norman Lane ..... Kennedy

Musical Comedies Medley.

Jack Hylton and his Orchestra.

Laugh and Smile (Gracie Fields) ..... Imrie

The King Medley.

Charlie Kunz.

Oh, Mukki, Mukki, Oh! ..... de Witt

All Shaz and his Hawaiian Beach-  
comber.

Signature Tune—Happy Feet.

It's so easy to match your stockings  
with the rest of your colour scheme when  
you choose Ballito.

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

Tuesday

December the Fourth

RADIO-NORMANDY  
206 m., 1456 Kc./s.RADIO-NORMANDY—cont.  
11.0 p.m. CONCERT BY MAREK WEBER  
AND HIS ORCHESTRA  
(Gramophone Records)

Waltz, Dream, Petpourri ..... Strauss  
Chas Stevens, 204 Worples Rd., S.W.1, for  
free book on the treatment of tuberculosis.  
I Kiss Your Lips ..... Rudolphe  
Musical Box ..... Heykens

For expert valuation, take your old gold,  
silver and precious stones to Spinks,  
5 King Street, S.W.1.  
Salut d'Amour ..... Elgar

A Girl Like Nina ..... Hammerstein  
Does Mary use make-up? No! Those  
of us who are sheathes!—Bella

Springtime Serenade ..... Heykens

Selection—Lila Time ..... Schubert

11.30 p.m. IRISH HOSPITALS  
SWEEPSTAKES CONCERT  
Arranged by the I.B.C. (Ireland), Ltd.

LIGHT MUSIC  
Signature Tune—Come Back to Erin.

Planx Pipe .....

Racing Selections by the Irish Hospitals  
special English Racing Commissioner.

Driftin' Tide ..... Castleton

Tom Muir Harmonica ..... Leigh

Love is a Song ..... Kester

Strange Interlude ..... Berne

Oceans of Time ..... Green

The Little Company ..... Bergberger

Signature Tune—Come Back to Erin.

Cambridge Listeners  
DANCE MUSIC—Part I

My Song for You—Fox trot ..... Eylon

Why Am I Happy?—Fox trot ..... Kernal

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

Goodbye—Fox trot ..... Carmichael

Judy—Fox trot ..... Carmichael

Every Time I Look at You—Fox trot ..... More

Isle of Capri—Tango ..... Kennedy

Over My Shoulder—Fox trot ..... Woods

Skirts—Quick step ..... Roberts

12 (Midnight) Club Concert for

Cambridge Listeners  
DANCE MUSIC—Part I

My Song for You—Fox trot ..... Eylon

Why Am I Happy?—Fox trot ..... Kernal

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

Goodbye—Fox trot ..... Carmichael

Judy—Fox trot ..... Carmichael

Every Time I Look at You—Fox trot ..... More

Isle of Capri—Tango ..... Kennedy

Over My Shoulder—Fox trot ..... Woods

Skirts—Quick step ..... Roberts

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

12.30 a.m. Part II—Melodies in Blue

Repeat the Blues ..... Green

Once in a Blue Moon ..... Gordon

"Conversation Piece" by Handley of

Southsea.

Manhattan Blues ..... Apollon

Hullis Blues ..... Noble

Protect your skin with Outdoor Girl Olive

Oil Face Powder. Week's generous free

trial from Outdoor Girl, 32 City Road,  
E.C.1 ..... Kennedy

Blue Lull ..... Sampson

Singing the Blues ..... Harris

Rhapsody in Blue ..... Gershwin

12 (Midnight) Club Concert for

Cambridge Listeners  
DANCE MUSIC—Part I

My Song for You—Fox trot ..... Eylon

Why Am I Happy?—Fox trot ..... Kernal

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

Goodbye—Fox trot ..... Carmichael

Judy—Fox trot ..... Carmichael

Every Time I Look at You—Fox trot ..... More

Isle of Capri—Tango ..... Kennedy

Over My Shoulder—Fox trot ..... Woods

Skirts—Quick step ..... Roberts

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

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

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

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and Close Down.

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

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

## Thursday

December the Sixth

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

## Morning Programme

8.15—8.45 a.m.	PHILCO HAPPY HALF-HOUR
Philco Signature Tune.	
King Cotton...	Sousa
Selection—Floradora...	Stuart
Cheeky Amour...	Steiner
Glow Worm Idyll...	Linche
Philco Time Signal.	
Hobomoko...	Reeves
Philco's Holiday.	Ewing
Bohemian Girl Overture.	Bulle
Viscount Nelson.	Zehle
Philco Signature Tune.	
Philco's Shadow Tuning puts an end to oscillation and distorted reception.	

## Afternoon Programme

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

## Worthing, Littlehampton, Brighton and Hove Concert

## Part I—DANCE MUSIC

Ache in My Heart—Fox trot	Stevie
I'm Your Slave—Fox trot	Brundelle
Lamento Negro—Rumba	Simons
Carolina—Fox trot	Brown
Rocky Horror—Fox trot	Hill
Better value—a better appearance—longer wear, in other words, Ballito Pure Silk Stockings.	
Dream of Me, Darling, To-night—Waltz	Johnson
La Vie Bloom—Fox trot	Robin
"Radio Pictorial," is published every Friday, price 3d.	
Beat o' My Heart—Fox trot	Burke

## 15.15 p.m. Part II—UPS AND DOWNS

A Lonely Singing Fool	Wallace
I'm Hummin', I'm Whistlin', I'm Singin'	Gordon
Wintering in Brighton?—Be sure you join	
Philco's Club 50 Middle Street.	
Shadows on the Pavement—Flanagan	
Over the Sunnyside—Flynn	
"Conversation Piece" by Handley of Southsea. On the Air Again—Katherine Kaelin	
Just a Foot Longer—Hill	
August 20, and as good as new! Ballito, of course."	
Sing As We Go—Waltz	Parr
Am I a Dream—Ellison	
Have you sent that post card for your week's free trial of Outdoor Girl Face Powder? Address: 312 City Road, E.C.1.	
Let's All Be Happy Together—Leslie	

## 4.45—6.45 p.m. Part III—BALLET MUSIC

Mazurka from Coppelia—Ballet	Delibes
Better be safe than sorry!—Buy your milk from a member of the Safety First Milk Association.	
Play It from Syria	Delibes
The Gipsies, Suite du Ballet—Higgs	
Big houses, little houses, flats or bungalows—all on the books of the Ess Co., 93 Chancery Lane, E.C.2 (and at Ramsgate, Debussy	
Ballet from Faust—Delibes	

## Evening Programmes

PARIS (Poste Parisien)  
312 m., 959 Kc./s., 100 kW.10.30 p.m. VARIETY CONCERT  
(Gramophone Records)

The Mosquitoes' Parade	Whitney
Cinema Memories.	
Billie Holiday—Fields	
Song of India "Rimsky-Korsakoff," arr. Grofe	
London Transport Board—Tilley	
Musical Comedy Marches.	
The River Road—Holley	

## 11.00 p.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

## RADIO NORMANDY—cont.

11.00 p.m. VARIETY CONCERT  
(Gramophone Records)

Hill Town Tonight—step	Coates
Hill Town—cont'd. from the treatment of tuberculous, write to Chas. Stevens, 2040 Ware Road, S.W.20.	
SSA Sing the old gold to Spinks, and solve your Christmas shopping problems.	
IPiccadilly Pickle.	
Where the Mountains Meet the Sea—Buller	

## Are you taking advantage of the splendid free sample offers made by advertisers this week?

## Friday

December the Seventh

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

## Morning Programme

RADIO NORMANDY—cont.  
11.15 p.m. "RADIO PICTORIAL"CELEBRITY CONCERT  
(Gramophone Records)

Signature Tune—You Oughta be in Pictures

Tune In—Quick step

Henry Hall and his Orchestra

Christmas Bells—Eventide

Pola

Santa Claus at the Buggins'

Mabel Constanduros and Michael Hogan

Morocco

Leonard Henry

Signature Tune—You Oughta be in Pictures

You'll find a new zest in radio when you take "Radio Pictorial," published every Friday, price 3d.

Friday, price 3d.

Philco Signature Tune.

Philco's Shadow Tuning puts an end to oscillation and distorted reception.

# Saturday, December the Eighth

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

## Morning Programme

8.15—8.45 a.m.

### PHILCO HAPPY HALF-HOUR

#### DANCE MUSIC

Philco Signature Tune. Kiss Me Dear—Fox trot ... Ellis  
Dearest—Fox trot ... Damerell  
Caravan—Runaway ... Young  
Rollin' Home—Fox trot ... Hill  
Philco Time Signal. I've Got a Warm Spot in My Heart  
For You—Fox trot ... Burke  
Life's Got You in the Mountains—Fox trot ... Kennedy  
Tiddlewinks—Waltz ... Carr  
Dancing on a Roof Top—Fox trot O'Flynn  
Philco Signature Tune.

Philco's 1935 models mark a new epoch in radio development. For details write Philco, Perivale, Middlesex.

## Afternoon Programme

4.30 p.m.

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

#### BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

4.45 p.m.

Tunbridge Wells, Isle of Thanet,  
Dover and Folkestone Concert  
Part I—"Don't Let Your Love Go  
Wrong"

We Were the Best of Friends ... Meyer  
until you ...  
Tired of it All ... Kalmar  
Goodbye Love then it was ... Conrad  
Goodbye ... for Warren  
It Never Occurred to You ... that ...  
I Love You Truly ... Jacobs  
It's all Forgotten Now ... Noble  
As Long As I Live ... Kochier  
I've Got a Warm Spot in My Heart  
for You ... Burke

5.15 p.m.

#### Part II—DANCE MUSIC

Two Hearts on a Tree—Fox trot ... York  
Your friends will appreciate an introduction to Huntsman Ale—brewed by Eldridge  
Pope & Co., Dorchester.  
Just a Poor Stroll Singer—Fox trot Woods

**RADIO-NORMANDY—cont.**

5.15 p.m.—continued

Your Queen's Case trial of Outdoor Girl—  
Olive Oil Face Powder is waiting for you.  
Just send a postcard to Outdoor Girl, 32  
City Road, E.C.1.

One Night of Love—Waltz Scherzinger  
Choose your district, and the Esso Co.  
93 Chancery Lane, W.C.2 (and at Ramsgate),  
will help you to find your house.

Heaven on Earth—Fox trot ... Turk  
Oh! Baby, Baby—Fox trot ... Mahoney

No Unlikely Wrinkles or Twisted Seams  
when you wear Balito Pure Silk Stockings.

She Reminds Me of You—Fox trot Gordon  
For a special occasion take your old gold,  
silver and precious stones to Spinks, 5  
King Street, S.W.1.

Isle of Capri—Tango ... Kennedy  
Don't blame the weather if you feel run  
down—pull yourself up again by taking  
Bills Beans.

Carolina—Fox trot ... Brown

5.45—6.0 p.m.

#### Part III—SELECTION OF STRAUSS WALTZES

The Blue Danube.  
Add the finishing touch to your evening  
gown with a pair of Balito Sunbeige  
Stockings.

Waltz of the Tannen and Song.  
There's health as well as pleasure in the  
mineral waters made by Gilby, Son and  
Webb, Ltd., Southampton.

Voices of Spring.  
Better late than sorry! Buy your milk  
from a member of the Safety First Milk  
Association.

Morganblatt.  
Barber Stores, Arundel Street, Portsmouth.  
See their weekly bargain squares in Satur-  
day's newspaper.

The Night by the Sea.  
Part I—"Don't Let Your Love Go  
Wrong"

## Evening Programmes

11.0 p.m.

### I.B.C. Member's Request Programme

compiled by D. A. HART, of Great Budworth, Estrex

#### "Out of the Ark"

Animal Antics ... Wark  
An announcement for everyone interested  
in the treatment of tuberculosis.

The Grasshoppers' Dance ... Bucalossi  
Tiger Rag ... Rocca

Perhaps you've been wondering what to  
do with that old silver—sell it to Spinks,  
5 King Street, S.W.1.

The Old Sow ... Traditional  
The Blue Bird ... Bordin

All Baby's Camel ... Bordin  
Teddy Bears' Picnic ... Bratton

Hungary's magnificent lakes and snowlands  
are calling you. Details from Hungarian  
Travel Bureau, 3 Berkeley Street, W.1.

The Whistler and His Dog ... Pryor

**RADIO-NORMANDY—cont.**

11.30 p.m.

### IRISH HOSPITALS SWEEPSTAKES CONCERT

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

#### "LONDON ROUNDABOUT"

Night Life Cameos  
by Michael Fane

#### The Irish Sweep Night Rover

#### DANCE MUSIC

12 (Midnight)  
I.B.C. Time Signal.

### WILLIAM S. MURPHY'S

(Edinburgh) BROADCAST

#### LIGHT MUSIC

Sitting Beside of You—Fox trot ... Waller

I've Slept a Wink Last Night—  
Fox trot ... Razz

Ole Faithful ... Carr

Tea For Two—Fox trot ... Youmans

One Life, One Love—Waltz ... Kennedy

Want to Be Happy—Fox trot ... Youmans

I Want to Be Home Again—  
Fox trot ... Waller

Till We Meet Again—  
Fox trot ... Waller

You Turned Your Head—Fox trot ... Ellis

The Castle of Spain—a line ... Romberg

All I Do is Dream—Fox trot ... Brown

Hand Me Down My Walking Cane ... Agar

I'll See You Again—Waltz ... Concord

Tinkle, Tinkle and Over My Shoulder ... Woods

Fox Trot Medley.

Happy—One step ... Lupino

£500 Free Competition—open to every  
client in Merton's Football Pools.

With Wm. Merton, Manager, St. Georges Inn,  
12 Blenheim Place, Edinburgh, 7.

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.

#### TUNES FROM THE TALKIES

Straight from the Shoulder (She Loves Me  
Not), Gordon; This Little Piggy Went to  
Market (Eight Girls in a Boat), Coslaine; Tell  
Me To Night (Tell Me To Night), Spoliansky;

Love is a Mystery (Picasso Chasing), Lester;

All Go Along on Rainy Days (Sweet  
Sally), Woods; Song—Temptation (Going  
Hollywood), Freed; When You Were the Girl  
on the Scooter (Broadway '19), Nesbit;

When You've Got a Little Springtime in Your  
Step (Broadway '19), Woods.

1.30 a.m. ORCHESTRAL CONCERT

Fiorillini Fantasy, G. Strauss; La Gazzza  
Ladra (The Thieving Magpie) Selection,

Rossini; Violin Solo—Waltz in A, Brahms;

Grand March from "Aida" ... Verdi; Non  
So 't Will Heart, Tchaikovsky.

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

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## B.B.C. Man puts News on the Screen

Continued from page Twelve

Up to the very last moment of the crash, the film of the disaster was shown on screens throughout Britain—probably one of the biggest and most hair-raising incidents ever watched by a cinema audience, and certainly one of the greatest of *Universal* "scoops."

They form an interesting crowd, these reckless, happy-go-lucky cameramen. One of *Universal British Talking News* operators, Harold Jeapes, has travelled over a hundred and twenty thousand miles with the Prince of Wales on his various Empire tours.

Others are familiar with various remote spots on the earth's surface and unconcernedly chatter of the latest social gossip of the West Coast of Africa, condemn the indifferent hotel accommodation in the Gobi Desert, and tell how the only foods obtainable on the upper reaches of the Yang Tse Kiang play havoc with a man's digestion.

Of course, the work has its humorous side; in fact, if a cameraman loses his sense of humour, he loses his job, too. It would follow naturally.

At Dudley, just recently, a whole town of condemned war-time huts was to be burnt as the easiest way of demolition—a good spectacular story for the news-reel.

Our operator arrived. The Mayor of Dudley was there. In fact, His Worship was to play the part of fire-raiser-in-chief.

Petrol was poured over the floors of the huts, and all that was required was a flare to start the conflagration. Had His Worship the Mayor a flare? No, he had not.

His Worship turned to the senior magistrate with expectancy, but the senior magistrate had no flare. But *Universal*'s cameraman had; a very nice big flare! To be a good story it had to be a good fire—so he had come prepared. If His Worship would care to accept...

His Worship did. Dudley's Mayor entered the condemned buildings and the spectacle of a town in flames duly appeared on the screen.

This ready-for-emergency attitude is characteristic.

At the Bridgwater Firework Carnival, our operators took a large box of these useful flares; they are useful for two reasons. In suitable circumstances they assist the spectacle, but in any case they provide brighter exposure for poorly illuminated scenes.

In the Bridgwater display, however, some over-enthusiastic Guy Fawkes roisterers dropped a lighted squib in the box, and before the explosive torches could be rescued, the whole lot had gone up and nearly blown the operator with them.

Persons are news, as well as places or public ceremonies. "Mr. Baldwin, sir; would you kindly replace your pipe a moment? The public expect it." Mr. Baldwin obliges.

Not all stories, of course, are in the nature of surprise raids; some are the result of carefully staged and skilfully mounted offensives. The Lord Mayor's Show, the State Opening of Parliament, Trooping the Colour, and the Derby all come under this heading.

Spectacular pageantry is popular with the public and with the news-reel editor. Footage must be found. A quarter of a mile of film must go into every issue.

Events of this kind mean a conclave in the editor's room. The atmosphere is rather that of the colonel's conference before "going over the top" in the bad old days of 1914-1918.

The thoughts of millions are on the Derby—and the fate of their Sweep tickets. This must be a good story. Even dejected punters are morbidly interested in how their money is lost.

"Ted, you'll get them coming up the straight. Harold, you're at the post. I want a good 'shot' of the winner; the last twenty-nine don't matter a rap. Percy, get me some good close-shots in the paddock—especially as they lead in the winner." (Percy, by the way, drew *Eroica* in the last Irish Sweep.)

The whole plan of campaign has been worked out beforehand; the editor knows exactly where he is posting every operator—and he has made arrangements for the film to come back to London at breakneck speed.



# MAKE YOUR REFLECTION PAY.

## WHAT ARE YOUR CHANCES?



OF  
GETTING WHAT YOU WANT?

● YOU MAY THINK THERE ARE NONE  
BUT THERE IS A CHANCE ● THINK OF  
**EVERYMANS & STAUNCH POOLS**

PROMOTED BY

**W. S. MURPHY**  
STAUNCH BUILDINGS  
12 BLENHEIM PLACE  
EDINBURGH, 7.

THOUSANDS OF POUNDS DISTRIBUTED EVERY WEEK

**POST THIS COUPON AT ONCE TO**

10.30-11 p.m. EVERY SUNDAY  
TUNE IN TO RADIO (First Five  
Minutes) through the I.B.C. London.

**FREE COMP.  
£1000 STAUNCH POOLS:**

**W.S.MURPHY, STAUNCH BUILDINGS,** 12 BLENHEIM PLACE, EDINBURGH, 7.

Please forward particulars of your Pools and £1,000 FREE Competition.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

R.P. \_\_\_\_\_



AGENTS WANTED

To sell G.B.S. Football Cards on Good Commission and Bonus. £750 in Prizes every week and a £1000 Free Gift. Every agent receives a gift worth over 10/-.

Write today to:

**GREAT BRITISH STORES, LTD.**  
CHRISTCHURCH, HANTS

## Help Kidneys

- If Kidney Trouble troubles you, suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Dizziness, Rheumatism, Stiffness, Burning, Smarting, Itching or Aclidity, try the guaranteed Cystex (Sulphur) treatment. Make sure money back. At Boots, Taylors, Timothy White's and all chemists.



BE A BRITON!

READ the most sensational book on strength EVER published. This book will amaze you with its possibilities. You don't know you're alive until you get this book in your own hands. Do you know what gives a gorilla the strength of ten men? Do you know why strength and will are connected?

It will answer questions you have hardly dared ask yourself, and you can get a copy FREE—if you hurry. Fill in the Coupon NOW, this minute, and post it TODAY!

—RIP OUT—POST NOW—  
**ALFRED J. BRITON, (Dept. A15) 8, Broadway, London, W.5**

Send me absolutely FREE your new Book, "The Secrets of Great Strength".

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
(Enclose 2d. stamp for postage.)

30/11/34

Concluding—

# Old Wives

**W**ELL, it had come, and at least she now knew where she was. She sat down and folded her hands.

"But, Sandro," she said calmly, "a divorce will be infinitely worse for your state of mind. I don't know what the Italian divorce law is, but I suppose it is just as tiresome as the English. And just as expensive."

"Expense is nothing," Sandro said bravely. "I have a lot of money, though I don't know how much. You know how much money I have, Cat. You know everythings. You will tell me how much I have and how much I will have to pay for my divorce, and then we will subtract what is left, and I will say, 'Here, my Cat, here is all my money. Take it!'" He paused, to give her time to appreciate the splendours of his magnanimity, and added rapidly: "And then I will earn a lot more."

She did not answer, and he went on: "I dare say I have a lot of money—about ten thousands, eh, Cat?"

"More than that," Catherine said briefly.

She got up and walked about the room. Sandro approached her timidly.

"You will help me?" he asked softly. "You love me so much that you will do anything for me. Besides—he finished triumphantly—"it will be to your advantage."

Catherine recognised the voice of Mrs. Lorden in the last phrase. "I don't know how you make that out," she said drily. "It can hardly be to my advantage to lose you—never to see you again."

"But you will see me often," Sandro said simply. "We will meet everywheres. I will come to tea and stay to dinner, and perhaps to breakfast—who knows? And we will have our holidays." He rushed out of the room and returned with a bundle of maps, which he dropped on the table in front of her. "We will go to Egypt and Granada and Budapest. Is it not strange, Cat, that I have never sung in Budapest? Poor devils! Well, never mind, we will go to Budapest, you and I, and we will swagger together about the town and they will see what Sandro looks like and that will be something for them—the silly animals."

Catherine swept the maps off the table. "And what will your new wife have to say about it?" she demanded cruelly. "All wives are not so—so comfortable as I have been, my dear Sandro. Perhaps she will not let you go to Budapest with me. Or anyone else."

*Sandro . . . could not easily resist a pair of dark eyes in a charming face*

"She will do all what I say," Sandro said enthusiastically. "She understands about my art." He added complacently: "I am a great artist. You have never understood what a great artist I am, my dear Cat."

Mrs. Lorden again, Catherine thought despairingly. She had never heard Sandro talk nonsense about his art before. He had talked a great deal about his voice, but with the unselfconsciousness of a child discussing a new toy. This was different. She winced. It hurt her to see Sandro standing in front of her with a silly, pleased smirk on his face, babbling about his art.

**D**amn the woman," she thought angrily. "She'll be the ruin of him. I can't bear it."

"Do you really believe all this nonsense about your art, Sandro?" she said wistfully. "Can't you be content to have the finest voice in the world and to know how to use it?"

"If I am not a great artist, how did I know how to use it so superbly?" Sandro said sulkily. "Tell me that, eh?"

"You didn't always," Catherine said sadly. She recalled an incident in the first month of their marriage, when the New York critics had very rightly abused his singing of "Rodolfo." They fell on him in a body and left him for dead outside the Metropolitan Opera House. He staggered into her room with the newspapers and flung himself into her arms. He was heartbroken. It took all her wit and courage to persuade him to sing the next night.

"I shall be torn in pieces," he had said tragically.

"No, you will not."

"Let us go away, my little Cat. Let us take all the money what we have and go back to Italy and grow olives. Yes, yes. Come with me. I will buy the tickets and we will go and be happy."

"No—you must sing again to-morrow," Catherine had repeated patiently.

He sang—and made a triumph. And afterwards . . .

Well, it was

a long time

ago. And now

Sandro was talk-

ing about his art and

asking her to divorce

him.

"Suppose I refuse to divorce

you?" she asked suddenly.

"That you will not do," Sandro

said shrewdly. "You are far too sensible."

Besides which, my good Cat, you love me."

He went off triumphantly, pleased to

have scored off her.

At a loss, Catherine made up her mind to play for time. If she could stave off a decision for a month, or two months, Sandro might grow tired of Mrs. Lorden. He had tired of all the others. If she asks him for any more emeralds, Catherine thought grimly, he'll tire of her quickly enough.

She took to her bed and instructed her maid to keep Sandro away. The only friend she allowed to see her was Mary Silchester, who reported the progress of Sandro's infatuation. Apparently, Mrs. Lorden was consolidating her position. Perhaps Sandro's wariness over the emerald had alarmed her. Whatever the reason, she was

# for New

By **Storm JAMESON**

behaving with great discretion—and Sandro was more in love than ever.

So, at least, Mary Silchester said.

Catherine listened to her with a smile. No one could have been more kind and sympathetic than Mary Silchester, but—well, she had once made Catherine cry. She should not see her cry now. So Catherine smiled and had her face massaged and her hair brushed, and refused to see her husband.

Sandro began to send her in little notes. Most of them had clearly been dictated by Mrs. Lorden. But one morning, when Catherine had been in hiding for nearly a fortnight, her maid brought her a letter from him which made her smile. This one, at least, bore no traces of that woman's influence.

My one small Cat—why do you refuse to let me come to you? I am so dull over my breakfasts, I do not know what to do. I sit and think how you wrinkle your nose when you eat grapefruit, and now nothings—no Cat, no wrinkled nose, no fun, all gone. How am I to divorce myself when you do nothing about it? Last night, when I came home, I said to myself: "When this stupid season is finished we will go away, my Cat and I, and repose in each others' arms for eight weeks." If you will only be kind to me and arrange this divorce, which I must have to satisfy this woman which I love so much.

Catherine Alessandro laughed aloud, and told her maid to let her know the moment Sandro left the house. As soon as he had gone, she rang up Mrs. Lorden and asked her to come and see her. Then she got up and dressed, noting with satisfaction that she looked all the younger for a fortnight's rest.

Mrs. Lorden was in a nervous temper. That was apparent before she had been in the room five minutes. She tapped the arm of her chair with long white fingers, on one of which she displayed a large emerald. The sight of it hardened Catherine's heart.

"Let us be frank with one another," she said pleasantly. "You want to marry my husband, and you have contrived to bring him to such a state of mind that he is willing to let you marry him rather than lose you. What if I refuse to take any steps about it?"

*Catherine Alessandro could look back on ten years of married life*



*Mrs. Lorden was the widow of an eminent portrait painter. Her eyes were a bright, clear blue . . .*

"You wouldn't be such an idiot," Mrs. Lorden said thinly.

Catherine gave her a surprised glance. "But I'd be an idiot simply to hand my husband over to you," she said.

"I can't see what you expect to gain by behaving badly."

"The question of bad behaviour is hardly one we need discuss," Catherine pointed out.

Mrs. Lorden held her tongue, and Catherine eyed her shrewdly. She saw that Mrs. Lorden was faintly less sure of herself than she had been on the day of Mary Silchester's luncheon. But she was very beautiful, and, after all—a shaft of sunlight fell full on the emerald, turning it to a green flame—she had brought Sandro to an extraordinary state of submission. Oh, she was very clever. "Let me be cleverer still," Catherine prayed.

"I admit," she said carefully, "that you have had a great effect on Sandro. He never wanted to marry any of the others."

Mrs. Lorden blundered. "The others?" she said.

"Your predecessors. You are the twentieth, Mrs. Lorden—or is it the twenty-first?"

But Mrs. Lorden had recovered herself. "I am glad you recognise that I am in a different category," she said smoothly. "After all, one must expect a great artist to behave according to his own laws. And—forgive me!—you were hardly, I dare say, the most sympathetic of wives."

"Oh, I don't know," Catherine said gently. She smiled. "My dear Mrs. Lorden, you're making one dreadful mistake. There is the most complete sympathy between Sandro and myself. Even now—." She panted, and seemed to be reflecting. Her face cleared. "Why, read this," she cried lightly, "and you'll see how Sandro regards me."

She watched the other woman's face as she read Sandro's letter, and was struck with admiration of her self-control. No trace of emotion appeared on her face. She read the letter through twice, and handed it back.

"I think that when Sandro and I are once married," she said calmly, "I shall be able to deal with him."

"Ah, you don't know him," Sandro's wife cried impulsively. "I've been married to him for ten years, and I give you my word that there is no such thing as dealing with him."

"Not for you, perhaps," Mrs. Lorden began.

She stopped. The door had opened on Sandro himself.

He looked from one woman to the other with an air of delight. "At last we can settle everything," he exclaimed. "My pretty Cat. How pleased I am you have got up. I have missed you like a devil." He rubbed his cheek against the top of her head and hugged her. "You must never go away again."

"But if I am to divorce you, I must go away for ever," Catherine murmured.

"Oh, great nonsense!" Sandro said loudly. "We will have fun, all three together, eh?" He turned to Ethel Lorden and flung out his arms. "Come to me, my bird."

His bird sat perfectly still. Catherine repressed an impulse to giggle. How absurd Sandro was—with his Cat and his bird! And he meant so well. His heart was overflowing with love and kindness. She allowed herself to smile. She knew her Sandro—and she was beginning to hope that Mrs. Lorden did not.

"I don't understand you," Mrs. Lorden said slowly. "You can't go on seeing your present wife if you want me to marry you."

"But of course you will marry me," Sandro said calmly—"why not?—since it is you who have been making all this talk about marriage. For my own part, I am quite content to be married to this dear little Cat—but you will do nothings without marriage. So I say, 'Oh, very well, let us, by all means, be married!'. But you must be reasonable, my beautiful. You would not ask me to leave my little old Cat after all these years. Why—I should be so unhappy you never saw, and so angry you never heard."

Mrs. Lorden stood up. "Then what do you propose to do?" she said disdainfully.

"It is quite simple," Sandro said persuasively. "You will be my wife—since you insist—and Cat will be my little sweetheart, as always. She is

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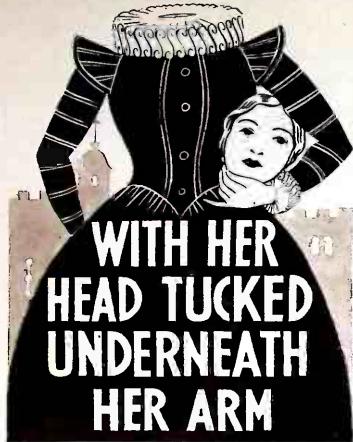
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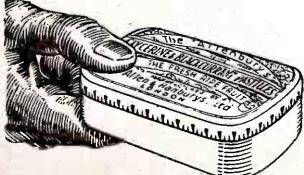
## WITH HER HEAD TUCKED UNDERNEATH HER ARM

and THE LION AND ALBERT

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## A Very Good Thing for a



## BAD THROAT

When there's a wretched tickling in your throat that makes you feel miserable and annoyed, an 'Allenbry's' Pastille will stop the trouble and put your throat at ease. Made from pure glycerine and the fresh juice of ripe blackcurrants, they are both delicious and effective. Try a tin to-day.

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Leonard Gowings on

# Ten Years of Broadcasting

ONE fine Sunday afternoon, ten years ago, I walked into the headquarters of the B.B.C. at 2 Savoy Hill, to make my microphone débüt. I had been looking forward to this for weeks, but when the moment arrived I was loth to leave the peaceful sunny street for the mysteries of "2 L.O." I left the building an hour or so later a proud man; for after I had sung my first group of songs, an official came to me and praised my "excellent microphone voice" and later sent me away with further engagements booked.

Since then I have broadcast approximately 200 times in all kinds of "studios"—from a tent to the Queen's Hall—and in all types of programmes: grand opera, light opera, oratorio, ballads, revue, variety. I had the happiness of singing in Bach's *Christmas Oratorio* in two successive annual performances. As a contrast, in one of Offenbach's operettas, I had to sing a song which necessitated the imitation of a crowing cock! But I expect most listeners will think of me as a singer of ballads. Well, I love Bach and Mozart, but I confess I get a great deal of satisfaction out of moving a large audience to enthusiasm by the singing of a simple ballad. It is, of course, quite an easy thing to sing a ballad well if one is "built that way." One essential is sincerity of expression. The other day I heard a man singing about the "magic of your smile" with such a lugubrious voice and manner that he might have been bewailing the decease of the smiling one. But he was a "crooner," and I promised myself that I would not mention crooning!

In the early days, when the provincial studios largely broadcast their own programmes, artists used to tour the "stations"—Manchester, Newcastle, and Glasgow in the North, with occasional trips to Aberdeen and Belfast; while Birmingham, Cardiff, and Bournemouth constituted the Southern tour. Conditions in the provincial studios were sometimes rather primitive, and the accommodation extremely limited. In one studio the microphone was on the mantelpiece, as the orchestra quite filled the room! The only anteroom was the staircase. Nevertheless, there were surprisingly few mishaps. On one occasion the conductor—a man of rather volatile temperament—in a fit of annoyance over the mislaying of some music, violently slammed the door of his room behind him—to find himself shut in by the spring lock! The door was eventually burst open and

the gentleman released, with the missing music, just in time to go "on the air." It was a very hectic ten minutes!

I recollect a most amusing broadcast performance of a comic opera when all the principals sang and spoke their parts kneeling on the floor in front of the microphone in order not to obstruct the chorus. A second microphone was unheard-of.

Many of our difficulties were occasioned by inadequate orchestral parts. At a Scottish station, when we came to rehearse an opera an hour or two before the performance, it was found that the orchestral parts, which had just arrived, had been in use for fifty years by various opera companies, and were so altered that after frantic efforts to put them right, the orchestra played as best it could from vocal scores. It was quite a good "show." I raise my hat to that orchestra!

Still, they were good times, and I for one regret their passing. Then, there was much informal friendliness which, with the growth of the B.B.C., has inevitably become engulfed in the organisation. In fact, the average solo broadcast is a rather cold-blooded affair—for the artist! Not that I suggest any emulation of the New York announcer who, on the occasion of my first broadcast with the "National Broadcasting Company of America," burst forth into a glowing account of me and my doings, even describing the morning suit and white spats which I was *not* wearing!

My visit to the U.S.A. last year provided me with some interesting comparisons between American and British radio.

In America, broadcasting is a purely commercial affair and bears all the signs of American business bustle and "boost," plus a considerable dash of Hollywood. A distinct contrast to the calm dignity of the B.B.C.

From early morning till late at night, innumerable stations radiate "entertainment." At 7 a.m. there are "setting-up exercises" for the energetic. During the mornings, programmes designed to interest the housewife and incidentally advertise somebody's soap or floor polish. Special Yiddish and Italian programmes. Hours and hours of dance bands, crooners, and torch singers. Plays and sketches—most of them under-rehearsed. Some (but not much) excellent singing and orchestral playing and, of course, world-famous comedians as the "high spots." So far as the artists are concerned, the rewards to the successful are great. There is competition between the various companies to secure the most attractive artists, some of whom have made fortunes in a few years.

Do not take valves out of their holders while a set is switched on. This is bad for the valves in any kind of set and with a mains driven outfit there is considerable risk in handling the metal parts while the set is on.

Some sets are fitted with an automatic switch, so that the mains supply is cut off if you take the back of the set away to make an adjustment . . . but in any case it is advisable to make sure that the set's switch itself is in the "off" position before the valves are changed.



This Week's  
RADIO  
HINT

# Old Wives for New

Continued from page Twenty-nine

always my little sweetheart — for ten years."

"After all—a great artist—one must expect . . ."

Mrs. Lorden smiled at her. For a moment the eyes of the two women met in a glance of perfect comprehension. Then Mrs. Lorden moved away.

"Good bye, my dear Sandro," she said pleasantly. "I made a mistake. I don't want to marry you. And the position of little sweetheart is too—arduous. I'm sure you'll understand."

As the door closed behind her, Sandro let out a bellow of bewildered annoyance.

"But I do *not* understand. He turned to Catherine. "You will please explain to what she means. First, she will marry me—oh, my reputation, my darling Sandro, my reputation—always her reputation. And suddenly she will not, she has made a mistake, good-bye, my dear Sandro. She is a fool. No, Sandro is the fool. She has made a fool of me. Sandro, the great artist, is a great fool." He bellowed again, this time with rage. "And I gave her a ring! Heavens, what a ring! It cost me hundreds of pounds." He groaned.

"Never mind," Catherine said gently.

"But I do mind," he retorted. "And so should you, if you had any sense at all. Seven hundred pounds of our good money—yours and mine."

"You nearly gave her my husband," Catherine said. "That would have been worse than any ring."

Sandro swung round and stared at her. Something like comprehension dawned in his eyes. He crossed the room and stood in front of her.

"So," he said gently. "You have been unhappy. You have been saying to yourself, 'Sandro is going to leave me.'" He sat down with her and rocked her in his arms. "As if I would ever leave you, my only one."

Catherine sat up and looked at him. "You know, Sandro," she said, "you don't really think

so little of marriage as you have been pretending to. You think a lot of it. It has made a difference, all these years, especially to you, that I was married to you. I mean that I was your wife, and those others were just—fancies. It has hurt me—you wanting to make Mrs. Lorden your wife. I thought—well, you know what I thought."

Sandro hung his head. "Yes, I know," he said humbly. "But I did not really want it." He sighed with relief. "Thank goodness that one has taken herself off," he said.

"All the same, you would have done it—you would have married her—if I had been willing."

Sandro's face brightened. "But you were not willing," he exclaimed. "And so it is all right. You will never arrange it so that I shall have to marry anyone else, will you? And I will love you all my life and have—no—more—fancies. Do you see?"

He put her down and jumped to his feet. "And now, my dear good Cat, let us have some tea. I am starving. I have been working all day at this voice of mine—of which you think so little—and now I am weak with hunger."

"I think the world of your voice," Catherine said indignantly.

Sandro roared with laughter. "You're bit!" he cried; "oh, how you are bit! I have bitten you; Sandro has bitten you."

She escaped from his arms to order tea and toasted muffins. Sandro devoured the muffins

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

Perhahs you have been hearing lately about "distressed areas." These are districts where most of the population depended on some big local industry (shipbuilding, iron and steel, etc.) and now that business is so bad in these industries there is much unemployment and poverty. The Government has received four reports on these areas, and has now appointed two men to organise schemes for making them less "distressed."

STEPHEN KING-HALL.

like a schoolboy. "You are the best woman in the world," he sighed. "For ten years you have never forgotten my hot, buttered muffins." With his mouth full, he wandered to the window and stood looking out.

"The most enchanting creature in the world is sitting in a car at the other side of the street," he announced. "If she would only look up. Oho—she is looking up. She has seen me; she has seen Sandro." He opened the window and waved his hand. "She knows who I am; she will come to hear me sing; I shall recognise her, and then I shall come to know her, and then—"

"Sandro, your muffins are getting cold," Catherine said gently.

## The Musical Companion

(Victor Gollancz, Ltd, 6s. net)

This is a wonderful compendium for all lovers of music, compiled by A. L. Bacharach from the works of W. R. Anderson, Julius Harrison, Edward J. Dent, Francis Toye, Dynne Hussey, Edwin Evans, F. Bonavia and Eric Blom.

Every phase of musical interest is covered in the various sections of this book, which makes a very valuable complement to radio listening. The wideness of the scope can be judged by the fact that opera is dealt with by Edward Dent, orchestral music by Julius Harrison, a general A B C of music is given by W. R. Anderson and Eric Blom contributes a valuable essay on performance and listening.

The book makes pleasant reading and is full of interesting information for every thinking radio listener.

The last token for the Radio Star Autograph Albums appears on page 36 of this issue.

Will readers please note that all applications for the Album together with remittance must be sent to arrive not later than first post Wednesday, December 5.

Delivery of the Alburnis will commence Friday, December 7.



MR.  
CHRISTOPHER STONE  
WILL COMPÈRE THE  
**WILLS'S  
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PROGRAMME

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**WILL'S STAR CIGARETTES**  
10 CIGARETTES 10  
CORK TIPPED

**10 for 4<sup>d</sup>.**



## A FRINGED SCARF AND BERET

THE amateur knitter, who hesitates to embark on anything long or elaborate, will have no difficulty in making this simple and straightforward, but immensely smart, cap and scarf set. The stitches are simple, the directions easy, the needles are big and a few hours only will see the set made.

Materials.—6 oz. Copley's "Frenchlaine" Wool. Mixture No. B58; a small quantity of the same wool, nigger, No. B84; 1 pair No. 3 needles; 1 No. 8 Stratford crochet hook.

Tension.—Work to produce 4 sts. to 1 inch in width, and  $3\frac{1}{2}$  d.c. to 1 inch in width.

Abbreviations.—K., knit; p., purl; st., stitch; d.c., double crochet; ch., chain.

### THE SCARF

Using the mixture wool cast on 24 sts. Working into the back of the sts. on the first row only, proceed as follows:—

1st row—\*\* K. 4, p. 4. Repeat from \*\* to the end. Repeat this row 3 times more.

5th row—\*\* P. 4, k. 4. Repeat from \*\* to the end. Repeat the 5th row 3 times more.

Repeat these 8 rows until the work measures 4 inches, finishing at the end of a pattern. Cast off.

### THE FRINGE

Using three strands of wool each 5 inches long, fringe both ends of the scarf, using the mixture and the plain shade alternately, commencing and finishing with the plain shade.

### THE BERET

Using the mixture wool, work 4 ch. and join into a ring.

1st round—Work 8 d.c. into the ring. Always working into the back-loop of the sts. on the previous round, proceed as follows (mark the commencement of the round with a coloured thread and carry this up as work proceeds as a guide):—

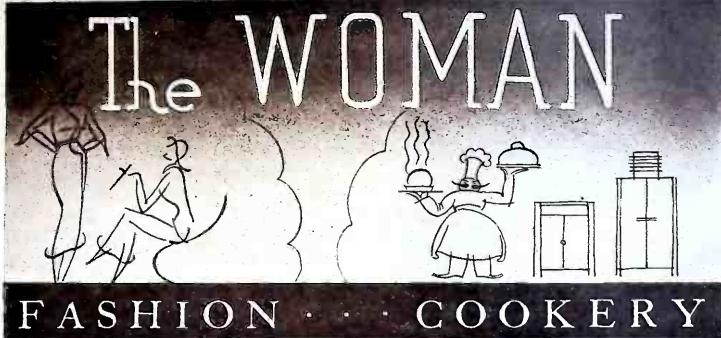
2nd round—Work 2 d.c. into each d.c. of the previous round. 3rd round—2 d.c. on every alternate d.c. with 1 d.c. on all other sts.

4th round—2 d.c. on every 3rd d.c. with 1 d.c. on all other sts.

Continue in this manner increasing on every round, working 1 st. more between the increases on successive rounds, until the round with 2 d.c. on every 12th d.c. has been worked. Work 8 rounds without further increasing. Now decrease as follows:—

1st round—Miss every 13th d.c., working 1 d.c. on all other sts. 2nd round—Miss every 12th d.c., working 1 d.c. on all other sts.

NEXT WEEK: Full directions for making some charming and useful Xmas presents in knitting.



## FASHION · · COOKERY



### JANE CARR on Beauty WON BY A NECK

PEOPLE who religiously powder their noses and cream their faces at night, say "Oh, I can't be bothered," when things like massage and exercise are mentioned. They forget that what they do in the cause of improving their appearance is time wasted if all the other necessary things are left undone. Besides, though we can't all be beautiful, we can all be "easy to look at" if we follow out the prescribed rules; and who will say it is not worth it?

Necks are often very neglected things, and yet it should be easy to treat them with just the same care you lavish on your face—do the same things to both at the same time, and it won't take much longer but make a lot of difference to the result.

To prevent under-the-chin flabbiness, do this simple massage—guaranteed non-fatiguing! First spread a liberal amount of cream over your throat. Then place your chin in the palm of your left hand, with the fingertips under your right ear. Move your hand towards the left ear until your fingertips touch the ear, keeping the palm and middle

finger following the line of the jaw all the time. Then do the same with the other hand.

This is another good exercise for tightening up a sagging neck. Tilt your head a little backwards, but without straining the neck muscles, open your mouth wide, then close it by very slowly pulling up the lower jaw. Try this ten times, night and morning.

When you have been doing this, you will find it restful to follow it by this exercise. This is for counteracting the pad of fat on the back of the neck that always accompanies a double chin.

Drop your chin on your chest, clasp your hands behind your head and raise your head against the pressure of your hands.

A lotion can be got for dabbing on flabby necks to tighten the muscles. For the skinny neck use a special nourishing tissue oil night and morning.

And here is an exercise for a skinny neck. Lean your head to the right, put your left hand on your left cheek, and lift your head against the pressure. But first rub in the tissue oil; then repeat the exercise with the other hand.

Jane Carr

**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.

# LISTENER

CONDUCTED BY "MARGOT"

## BEAUTY · · · HOMECRAFT

### MRS. R. H. BRAND gives, by request, INVALID COOKERY

#### BEEF TEA

Ingredients.— $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of bullock steak;  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of cold water; salt, if allowed. Equal parts of meat and water must always be used.

Remove all skin and fat from the meat, wipe it well and cut into small thin strips. Soak it in the water for 2 hours if possible before cooking, then stir and put both meat and water into a stone jar. Tie a piece of paper over the mouth before putting on the lid. Put the jar into a large pan of cold water and simmer over a very low fire for three hours. Strain and remove any fat there may be with small pieces of kitchen paper. Heat as much as is required and keep the rest in a cold place.

Note.—Always buy freshly killed meat if possible as it contains more juice than meat which has been kept.

#### CHICKEN BROTH

Remove all fat from chicken, but leave the skin; cut into small pieces, wash thoroughly, and put it into a saucepan with 3 pints of water and 1 teaspoonful of salt. Allow it to simmer for four hours, removing all scum very carefully. Strain and press the meat. Serve as required. Some invalids prefer it cold and it will jelly if left in a cold place.

If this broth is used for convalescents, a small sliced onion and a little mace may be added.

#### STEAMED FISH

Trim some fillets of sole or whiting, wash and wipe quite dry, and season with salt and pepper and a little lemon juice. Put them on a buttered plate (not margarine), cover with a buttered paper and another greased plate and cook over a pan of boiling water for about 10 to 15 minutes. Serve on a hot dish and pour the butter over. Sprinkle with chopped parsley.

#### MILK JELLY

Ingredients.— $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of milk; rind of a small lemon; 1 tablespoonful castor sugar;  $\frac{1}{4}$  oz. powdered gelatine.

Wipe the lemon and grate it very finely. Put this with the milk, gelatine, and sugar into a saucepan and stir over a low fire until the gelatine is quite dissolved. Strain into a basin and continue to stir until cold; pour into small wet moulds and leave in a cold place until required.

#### EGG FLIP

Ingredients.—1 white of egg;  $\frac{1}{4}$  pint of milk; sugar to taste; 1 dessertspoonful of brandy.

Put the milk into a glass, add the sugar and brandy, and stir well together. Beat the egg until a very stiff froth, stir it lightly into the milk and serve with sponge fingers.

### THIS WEEK'S FIVE SHILLING HINT

Five shillings for every "hint" published on this page. Have you sent yours to "Margot"?

### TO REMOVE STAINS

ORDINARY kitchen commodities can be used in removing stains from clothes. A teaspoonful of cream of tartar dissolved in a little boiling water will remove a stain from a woolen garment. A little powdered starch, rubbed into a dampened stain, will, if left to dry and then brushed out, remove stains from georgette. Oil of turpentine or pure benzine will remove printing ink from any article. Candle and other grease can be removed by placing a sheet of blotting paper over the stain and pressing with a hot iron.

Three layers of cakes can be stored in this convenient tin without one pressing upon the other. Price 4s. 3d., from Harrods



### JEANNE DE CASALIS talks about the DAY of the TUNIC

AND the evening, too; for to start at that end of the day, there's nothing smarter than an evening dress of velvet, in a glowing amethyst colour, made with a long slim-fitting tunic and skirt. The tunic generally comes almost to the knee, closely clinging, and swathed at the waist with a sash, probably of gold tissue. You will find, too, that most evening tunics are seamed at centre front and back, to help them fit like a glove, and the hem is most fascinatingly slit in front or at the sides to make it possible to sit down without undue difficulty.

But the tunic motif makes itself really important when it is a question of making last year's frock "do" for another season. A tunic of lamé or gold tissue, which need not cost more than four shillings a yard, is so smart combined with a satin or velvet skirt, and so new combined with a marocain, crépe or taffeta one.

The tunic dress has a leaning toward a high, draped neckline in front, and a neatly slit back to show a glimpse of bare back to the waist. For the afternoon the tunic is generally rather shorter—about fingertip length. A tunic in a plain colour, with a skirt in a bold patterned material, is an ideal combination for afternoon tea parties, for instance, or an evening at the theatre. In the morning the tunic is at its smartest about hip length, flared from the waist or straight.

One crowning point to remember about the tunic is its heaven-sent adaptability. You may wear a tunic of wool and a skirt to match in the office all day; then, by simply exchanging the tunic for one of a more glamorous fabric, satin or lamé, you are ready for whatever the evening may bring. Long live the tunic!

*Jeanne de Casalis*

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A hip-length tunic frock, flared from the waist, of turquoise taffeta. From Marshall and Snelgrove  
Photograph by Blake

# This Sunday's Pompeian Star Programme

From Radio Luxembourg, 1,304 Metres  
December 2nd, 3-3.30 p.m.

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## WHAT LISTENERS THINK

What do you think of broadcasters at the B.B.C. and Continental stations? What are your views on radio programmes, and how do you think broadcasts could be improved? What do you think of the men who run broadcasting, and what helpful suggestions could you offer? Let us have your views. The first 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 'Letters to the "Radio Pictorial," 58-61 Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4.

### The Listener's Opinion

IRVING among those who represent the majority of listeners—the artisan class—one continually hears dissatisfaction expressed with regard to programmes. Many of the musical items and practically all the talks are the subject of unfavourable comment.

In order to find out what the listener wants, I suggest that the Corporation should arrange with the Post Office to issue one business reply letter with each licence.

This letter should be stamped with the date of issue, and the listener requested to forward his or her opinion written in as few words as possible, not less than one month after issue, or, better still, one week.

"Let the public know that this is for its own benefit, but don't tax it. Such phrases as:

"Don't like Henry Hall."

"Henry Hall is great."

"Not interested in any talks."

"Interested in unemployed talks only."

"Like gardening talks, etc., etc." will give all the information required.

"As listeners are individually purchasing licences practically every day, this would provide a steady concensus of opinion from one year's end to the other."—"Willie Worry," Leyton, E.17.

### Cheerful Plays Wanted

I have just heard the broadcast play *Ivanov*, in which yet another character dies of tuberculosis. Only a few weeks ago we had for

at least the fourth time *Wild Decembers*, in which one character after another dies of T.B.

"Seeing that there are between 30,000 and 40,000 deaths every year, in Britain alone, owing to this scourge, isn't it thoughtless to harrow listeners' feelings by broadcasting plays in which the players are doomed to 'die' of the disease?"—M. Knowles, Blackpool.

### Unconvincing

One hears a great deal about the difficulty of attending upon writing a radio play, but if *Some Day* can be taken as an example, it would seem, in my humble opinion, to be easy enough. One hour and a quarter, nineteen characters and ten scenes given up to the small silly chatter of nursesmaids, schoolboys, an early Victorian mamma and papa, old ladies pouring out tea in a home for indigent aged gentlewomen, and, at the end—a dead man!

To the ordinary listener, especially in the country, nothing appeals much more than a good play—one that means something; not the their-heads incomprehensible sort of which there have been so many, and certainly not anything so unconvincing as the radio play *Some Day*."—Country Listener, Gloucester.

### Longer Variety

Would it be asking too much of the B.B.C. programmes on Saturday evenings? They are invariably good, but all too short, therefore lacking what I should term 'drawing power.' By this I mean, they do not compare favourably with their competitors—cinemas, etc.—all of whom offer a full evening's light entertainment.

Personally, although quite young, an enthusiastic dancer and an ardent picturegoer, I would most certainly, when mapping out my Saturday evening entertainment, add wireless to my list and give it a fair choice, if there were a lengthy variety programme on the air. Whilst at present I am afraid that I do not give it very much consideration, because I do not consider that a meagre hour's entertainment justifies my staying in the whole evening.

Allow me to offer a suggestion as to how the variety programme could be lengthened. It wouldn't be necessary for the B.B.C. to engage twice the amount of artists, but merely to cut the programme into two parts and allow each artist to appear twice, having an interval which would, of course, be represented by a musical interlude."—Derek L. Cornell, Rotherhithe.

By The

Rev. JAMES WALL, M.A.  
Precentor of Durban Cathedral

of many classes and countries have contributed that you may eat.

Saying grace makes the meal a sacrament, an outward and visible sign of our dependence on God and our interdependence among ourselves. To recognise this is to get a renewed view of heaven and earth, and of the purpose of human life.

Incidentally, it has the happy result of making the meal go farther. The gospel which is being read in churches to-day is the story of the 5,000 who were fed with five loaves and two fishes, after grace had been said over them. Until you have tried saying grace, this may seem an impossibility. But the day of miracles is not passed. When all is dedicated to God's service, the consciousness of working with God in his great purpose of the help and salvation of men and women brings satisfaction, and shows how many things we had thought necessary before, are really not worth thinking about.

Then, interdependence. The preparation of a meal involves much co-operation. Just think as you take your next meal how many different kinds of people have laboured to provide you with it. Farmers, pitmen, sailors, shopkeepers, clerks—men and women

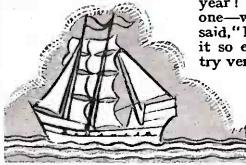


This address was broadcast by Canon Wall from Radio-Normandy at 4.15 p.m., last Sunday. Another "Thought" next week.

## Hullo, Children

AUNT BELINDA'S  
*Children's Corner*

MY DEAR NIECES AND NEPHEWS.  
I am always interested to know how people come to start doing whatever it is they are doing in the entertainment world and hearing Harold Reese's new play *Rain in the Orchard* set me thinking. I knew he had started to learn elocution at the age of four, but that was because his Aunt, Jeannie Hyman, who is the official accompanist at The Guildhall School of Music, took him along to keep him out of mischief. He proved a most interesting and apt pupil and as soon as he was old enough—that is when he was twelve—he took seriously to the stage and went into *Peter Pan* with Jean Forbes-Robertson. But it appears that he had a secret love, and that was writing, so, when, a couple of years ago, it was decided he could no longer play the part of a small boy, he revealed his secret—in the form of an exercise book in which were stories he had written from the age of six! One of them seemed to be not so bad, so he turned it into a play, *High Tide*—which, as you know, was accepted and performed in the London Children's Hour early this year! His second one—well, as he said, "I had thought it so easy I didn't try very hard." So that wasn't accepted. Being a sensible boy he did



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**L**IIGHT and Crumbly Suet Puddings." What an attractive title for a recipe book, which tells you how to make an entirely new Suet Pudding and is, moreover, entirely free. Now is the time to serve suet puddings in great variety. This new and beautiful recipe book is published by Brown and Polson. **109**

**A**BOOK that may be worth a lot of money to you—even though it's free—is "Habits of Health," written by a consulting physician. It shows you the danger signals to look out for—tiredness, headaches, indigestion, loss of appetite, and the swift, efficient and entirely safe corrective M.O. M.O. is a wonderful laxative compound, consisting of magnesia and liquid paraffin in minute sub-division. You will learn about it from your copy of "Habits of Health." **110**

**W**HEN you feel you are starting a cold, then is the time to take prompt action; and then is the time to take Cephos, the physicians' remedy against colds, neuralgia and rheumatism. It is obtainable in powder or tablet form from all chemists and stores—and a Free Sample will be sent you on request. Remember, don't wait until your cold is really bad—Cephos, taken in time, will get rid of it. **111**

work hard on the next one, and we heard the result last week. Now he hopes to go on play-writing—but as a second string, as it were, for his first love is definitely the stage. Good luck, Harold.

While I was talking to Harold, Frances Todd came in. She is giving some more of her "musical appreciations" on December 17, when she will play her own versions of various Christmas carols. Frances comes from Yorkshire, and in spite of all sorts of difficulties after winning a scholarship for the Royal Academy of Music—pursued her studies rather than become a teacher, as was expected of her. When she won the "Lionel Monckton" Scholarship it meant choosing between practically starving in London and studying, or going back to Yorkshire and forgoing the scholarship. Frances chose the former and has never regretted it.

Poor Dale Smith! The other evening in the middle of a group of songs in the evening programme he was told he was wanted most urgently on the telephone! Dale rushed along to find a police Inspector the other end of the line to tell him his flat had been burgled! But the wretches only succeeded in finding a gold watch—some blank cheques, and one hundred cigarettes—although the flat was a shambles when Dale got back! He was luckier than some other people I know who have had adventures (when their flats or houses have been broken into) which would make fine detective novels for my radio nephews!

Until next week,

AUNT BELINDA.

THE new "Book of the Rat" is not designed for pet lovers. It tells you exactly how to clear your house of rats entirely and for ever with "Liverpool Virus." It is obtainable from all chemists, in time for mice, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d., and for rats 2s. 6d. Send now for the "Book of the Rat." It's free. **112**

THE sensible course is not always the most pleasant. For instance, it is sensible to wear wool next the skin in winter, but that means putting up with its prickly surface and bulky texture. Unless you wear Toplex, a wonderful fabric which is wool outside and the softest, smoothest, superfine cotton inside—warmth and comfort combined, in fact! A sample of the fabric and full information about it will be sent to any reader who is interested—quite free. **113**

### British Play in America

IT is interesting to hear that *The Fantastic Battle*, Leslie Baily's radio play, was broadcast in America as part of their Armistice week celebrations on November 12. American broadcasters have not hitherto taken much serious interest in radio drama, and the broadcasting of a play written specially for radio, and of an hour's duration, is something of a revolution in American programmes. In fact, the National Broadcasting Company says *The Fantastic Battle* presents a new high mark in air drama.

*The Fantastic Battle* has been broadcast twice by the B.B.C. and also in Sweden and Ceylon.

### Denis O'Neil on the Screen

MANy radio stars are considering the possibility of becoming film stars, but not all of them are so successful at it as the genial Denis O'Neil. He is taking part in the new productions of the City Film Corporation. Denis, we suppose, must sleep sometimes, but he hardly seems to have much opportunity while he is working in the film studio, rehearsing and playing at the B.B.C., and filling in his spare time doing deeds of valour at charity concerts. The City Film Corporation is branching out along new lines in film production, and Denis is taking part in the film version of that good old English classic "Barnacle Bill."

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# PROGRAMME HEADLINES of the WEEK

## NATIONAL

SUNDAY (Dec. 2).—The Way to God; Section 2—Does God Speak? In the World Around Us, by Very Rev. the Dean of St. Paul's, from a studio. MONDAY (Dec. 3).—*Village Wooing*, a play by Bernard Shaw, relayed from Malvern. TUESDAY (Dec. 4).—*The Gypsy Baron* (Der Zigeunerbaron); scenes from a comic opera by Johann Strauss. WEDNESDAY (Dec. 5).—B.B.C. Symphony Concert in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester. THURSDAY (Dec. 6).—Variety programme. FRIDAY (Dec. 7).—Famous Trials (4), *Admiral Byng*, a play by H. Ellis. SATURDAY (Dec. 8).—Music Hall programme.

## LONDON REGIONAL

SUNDAY (Dec. 2).—Scottish Festival Service, relayed from St. Columbia's, Pont Street. MONDAY (Dec. 3).—*The Gypsy Baron* (Der Zigeunerbaron); Scenes from a comic opera by Johann Strauss. TUESDAY (Dec. 4).—The Tail o' the Herrin'; a programme from Fraserburgh to celebrate the return of the Scottish Fishing Fleets from English Waters. WEDNESDAY (Dec. 5).—Variety, relayed from the Hippodrome, Rochdale. THURSDAY (Dec. 6).—Famous Trials (4), *Admiral Byng*, a play by A. Ellis. FRIDAY (Dec. 7).—Scenes from the Shows, feature programme. SATURDAY (Dec. 8).—A Debate between Oxford and Harvard.

## MIDLAND REGIONAL

SUNDAY (Dec. 2).—Roman Catholic Service, relayed from St. Chad's Cathedral, Birmingham. MONDAY (Dec. 3).—Band Concert. TUESDAY (Dec. 4).—*Village Wooing*, a play by Bernard Shaw, relayed from Malvern. WEDNESDAY (Dec. 5).—Choral and instrumental concert, relayed from Ross-on-Wye. THURSDAY (Dec. 6).—Symphony Concert, relayed from the Town Hall, Birmingham. FRIDAY (Dec. 7).—Variety, relayed from Coventry. SATURDAY (Dec. 8).—Concert Party, relayed from the Town Hall, Birmingham.

## WEST REGIONAL

SUNDAY (Dec. 2).—Religious Service, relayed from the Parish Church, Swindon. MONDAY (Dec. 3).—Speeches from the Annual Dinner of the Round Table No. 26, Cardiff, at the Angel Hotel, Cardiff. TUESDAY (Dec. 4).—Gaffer and Gavotte—9: a West Country programme of Simple Humour, sophisticated dance and dialect sketches. WEDNESDAY (Dec. 5).—Hold the Line, or Anywhere for a Shilling, feature programme. THURSDAY (Dec. 6).—The Nightingales, a musical comedy of student life, by Idwal Jones. FRIDAY (Dec. 7).—Gypsy Band programme. SATURDAY (Dec. 8).—Band concert.

## NORTH REGIONAL

SUNDAY (Dec. 2).—A Fishermen's Service, relayed from Clarence Street Methodist Church, Morecambe and Heysham. MONDAY (Dec. 3).—The Rowedale Society's Concert, relayed from the India Buildings, Liverpool.

## Dance Music of the Week

**Monday.** The Piccadilly Hotel Dance Band directed by Sydney Kyte. (Piccadilly Hotel).

**Tuesday.** Lew Stone and his Band (Studio).

**Wednesday.** The Grosvenor House Dance Band directed by Sidney Lipton (Grosvenor House).

**Thursday.** The Casani Club Orchestra directed by Charlie Kunz (Casani Club).

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

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

**TUESDAY** (Dec. 4).—The Tail o' the Herrin', a programme from Fraserburgh to celebrate the return of the Scottish Fishing Fleets from English Waters.

**WEDNESDAY** (Dec. 5).—Symphony concert.

**THURSDAY** (Dec. 6).—Famous Trials 4, *Admiral Byng*, a play by A. Ellis, from London.

**FRIDAY** (Dec. 7).—Orchestral concert.

**SATURDAY** (Dec. 8).—Seeing Ourselves, an all-Irish radio revue, by Harry S. Gibson, Ruddick Millar and Stendal Todd.

## HIGH SPOTS OF THE PROGRAMMES

**P**ERHAPS you would like to know something of the Christmas arrangements. I went nosy-parkering for you yesterday to see what was going to happen, if anything. As a matter of fact, I button-holed Henry Hall and insisted on learning the innermost secrets of his heart.

He is arranging several broadcasts, of which some are designed for the children. Others, again, are for entertaining parties. He told me his normal dance transmissions would not be interfered with. One programme he seemed keen on is a sort of reminiscence of pantomime and he hopes to get some of the real stars of pantomime to come and work their special hits into his programmes.

On December 21 you will get Christmas dance music from the May Fair Hotel and, on Christmas Eve, from the Hungaria Restaurant. On the 17th the Hungarian Gypsy Band, conducted by George Garay, will broadcast for the first time from the Hungaria Restaurant. This is rather an unusual type of band. I suggest you give it a hearing.

Gordon McConnell has been working like a black at a special radio Christmas pantomime called *Bluebeard*. This comes off on December 26 and 27. It will, he tells me, be definitely in the style of the old-time Drury Lane shows, particularly the successful one given there in 1901. That was in the days of Dan Leno, of course. Leonard Henry will appear in this show.

One or two other items of interest not quite so far ahead are a new studio revue called *Ye Old Antique Shoppe*, for Midland Regional listeners, on December 4; the Ross-on-Wye Orpheus Society's concert relayed to Midland Regional from the New Theatre, Ross, on the 5th; Egon Petri playing in the concert by the City of Birmingham Orchestra on the following night.

West Regional listeners get a novel programme on the 5th called *Hold the Line*, or *Anywhere for a Shilling*. I only hope they don't have to hold the line as long as I did the other night trying to get a local call.

RONDO

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



Josef Hofmann (December 2, 5.30 p.m., National); Gaby Valle (December 2, 9 p.m., National); Marchioness of Reading (December 5, 10.45 a.m., National); John Hilton (December 7, 3.15 p.m., National); William Heseltine (December 4, 3 p.m., Regional); Conchita Supervia (December 7, 9 p.m., Regional)



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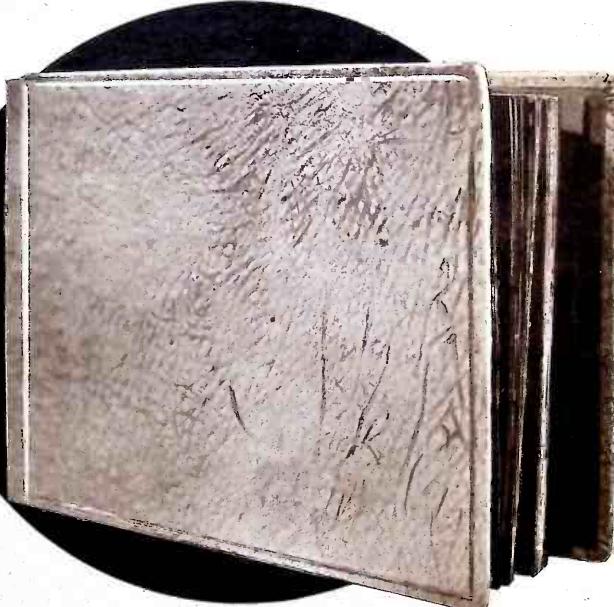
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## NEW PHOTOGRAPHS RELEASED THIS WEEK

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DON RICO  
PATRICIA  
ROSSBOROUGH  
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VON STRATEN  
FRANK THOMAS  
FRANK WALKER

### CONTINENTAL ANNOUNCERS

Photographs of the following have now been released

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**Pierre Garnier**—  
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Radio Normandy

**John Sullivan**—Chief  
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**Peter Hope**—Announcer at Paris  
(Poste Parisien)

**Bernard McNabb**—  
Announcer at Radio  
Normandy

JAMES AGATE  
LES BEN  
NORMAN ALLIN  
GEORGE ALLISON  
JOHN ARMSTRONG  
YVONNE ARNAUD  
FELIX ATI MER  
ALEXANDER AND

MOSE

NORMAN AUSTIN

ISOBEL AULIE

GEORGE BAKER

ETHEL BARTLETT

VERNON BARTLETT

SYDNEY BAYNES

EDWARD BEATTY

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HARRY BENTLEY

JAN BERENSKA

BERTIE BIRKIN

MARY BLYTH

SAM BROWNE

DAVY BURNABY

ERNEST BUTCHER

THE CARLYLE COUSINS

JANE CARR

JEANNE DE CASALIS

CECIL CHADWICK

LEON CHAMBERS

VIVIENNE CHATTERTON

CLAPHAM AND DWYER

JOHN COATES

PEGGY COLEMAN

EDWARD COLEMAN

EMILIO COLOMBO

MABEL CONSTANDUROS

BILLY COTTON  
MARION CRAIN  
BILL CURRIE  
DAWN DAVIS  
ODETTE DE FARAS  
DENNY DENNIS  
FLORENCE DEMOND  
LAURI DEVINE  
REGINALD DIXON  
PIERRE FOIL  
REGINALD FOORT  
FLOTSAM AND

JETSAM

MURIEL GEORGE

HERMIONE GINGOLD

WALTER GOODMAN

RONALD GOURLEY

HUGHIE GREEN

DORA GREGORY

GERSHOM PARKINGTON

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GARDIA HALL

HENRY HALL

TOMMY HANDLEY

LILLIE HANSON

FRED HARTLEY

CHARLES HAYES

PERCY HEMING

HARRY HEMSTY

JOHN HENSON

LEONARD HENRY

STANLEY HOLLOWAY

LESLIE HOLMES

CLAUDE HOLBERT

LESLIE HUNTER

WALFORD HYDEN

JACK HYLTON

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HAROLD LEMBERLEY

COMMANDER S.

KING-HALL

CHARLIE KUNZ

EDWARD LARSENCE

SYDNEY LIPTON

NORMAN LONG

JOE LOS

LAYTON & JOHNSTONE

LEONARD & HACKETT

S. P. B. MAIS

MANTOVANI

KITTY MASTERS

ALICE MCGRATH

JEAN MCILROY

ISOLDE MENGES

BILLY MERRIN

JOSEPH MUSCAT

REGINALD NEW

DENIS O'NEIL

EUGENE PINI

JACK PURDY

LOU PREAGER

ARTHUR PRINCE

REGINALD PURDELL

HAROLD RAMSAY  
WYNN RICHMOND  
PHILIP RIDGEWAY  
RAE ROBERTSON  
THE ROOSTERS  
THE CONCERT PARTY

PHYLLIS RIBINS

HARRY ROY

ARTHUR SALISBURY

IVAN SALISBURY

ALBERT SAMSON

LESLIE SARONY

IRENE SCHARRER

CEDRIC SHARPE

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M. STEPHAN

STAINLESS STEPHEN

CARL STERNER STONE

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MAMIE SOUTTER

RICHARD TAUBER

MAGGIE TAYLOR

JOHN THORNE

ROBERT TREDINICK

Gwen VAUGHAN

CAPT. WAKELAM

DORIS AND ELLIE

WATERS

LESLIE WESTON

BRANSBURY WILLIAMS

ANDREW WINN

MAURICE WINICK

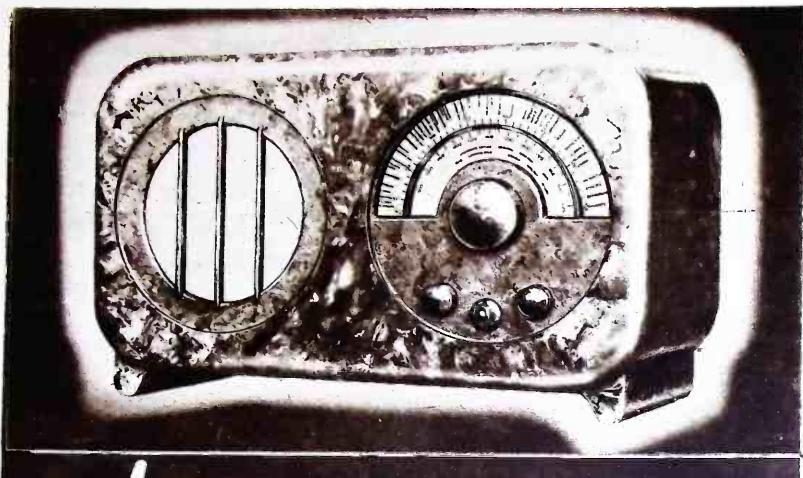
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