

ANNOUNCER'S LIFE OF THRILLS—See Page 7

JACK HULBERT—CARLYLE COUSINS—LESLIE FULLER

RADIOPICTORIAL

THE FAMILY MAGAZINE

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FRIDAY



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NEW WAYS WITH SUMMER SALADS
By Stanley B. Whitehead, D.Sc.

WHY CHILDREN GET "NERVES"
By Professor D. F. Fraser Harris, M.D., D.Sc., B.Sc. (Lond), F.R.S.E.

SAVE UP BEAUTY
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BIRTH CONTROL: OPPOSING VIEWS
The Countess of Iddesleigh and Dr. Graham Stewart

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Radio Pictorial—No. 136

The FAMILY MAGAZINE

Published by BERNARD JONES PUBLICATIONS, LTD.,
37-38 Chancery Lane, W.C.2.EDITOR.....K. P. HUNT
ASST. EDITORS.....{ HORACE RICHARDS
MARGOT JONESBETTER and BRIGHTER
BRASS BANDSELEVEN MEN AND A MIKE : HARRY
PEPPER NOT INCOGNITO : LESLIE
HOLMES SENDS SOME KIPPERS!

SANDY" O'DONNELL was talking about his brass band plans. "There is no reason why they should play worse or have worse music to play than other bands," said he; and with the help of Denis Wright he is going to see that they don't and haven't. "Bandy" finds there is still a lot of confusion about the composition of orchestras.

He puts it like this: A military band—which is misnamed, anyway—is composed of brass instruments and wood-wind; a symphony orchestra is the same, plus strings; while a brass band has only brass instruments. Military and brass bands could have no better champion, and he won't be happy until he has taken the smirk off the face of the "serious" musician who believes that military bands can only play marches.

Abroad it is different. In Madrid there is a military band which is even bigger than the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra.

Choosing a Commentator

ELEVEN men with microphone ambitions took turns at describing a scene at Wembley Speedway last week. The B.B.C. was holding another of its commentators' trials, and, while everything was rigged up for a broadcast, not a word passed beyond Broadcasting House.

O.B. men are not thinking of increasing speedway broadcasting, but the event is full of colour and thrills which give a fellow a good chance to exhibit his powers of rapid description. Few have the gift, but if the ability is there the man can specialise afterwards.

The B.B.C. has not forgotten that the one and only George Allison fell sick two days before a match, and second strings are needed. With any luck, several men who faced the mike that night will get a chance while Britain listens. Maybe a Coronation commentator will be found among those chosen.



"If things don't soon get better, nigger, we'll sure have to black our faces and sing in the streets"

This Week : p. 9, Suzanne Botterell : p. 10, Godfrey Winn : p. 11, Jack Hulbert : p. 12, Carlyle Cousins : p. 23, Leslie Fuller. 5



Presenting
The Radio Parade

"Just time for a dip." Popular Anona Winn caught in a leisurely moment at her seaside bungalow. Wish we were with you, Anona

Was His Face Red?

JUST after the concert party started, somewhere on the coast, a figure in dark glasses, with a slouch hat pulled over his eyes, passed half a crown through the box-office window and quietly took his seat. Ten minutes later the pianist on the stage played one of Harry Pepper's numbers, and at the end of the next turn the leader shouted: "If you want to broadcast, we can do a lot better than that."

Harry Pepper had been discovered!

It happened like this. The stage electrician was "in front" that night viewing the effect of his lighting. By an odd chance he was employed years ago at an hotel where Harry was staying. Once seen, never forgotten, and, despite the disguise, the electrician recognised the visitor and dashed behind with the news. Hence Harry's embarrassment.

Cecil Graves' Promise

CECIL GRAVES is fulfilling a promise. Some weeks ago the Controller of B.B.C. Programmes said that he would take listeners into his confidence at the microphone by explaining his plans and asking for opinions. Now the dates are fixed, and you may like to note them.

On September 24 he is going to talk about the general programme scheme, giving his reasons for this and that, and exactly a week later he intends to deal with the detailed work of the various departments in the same candid way.

Fishy!

KIPPERS are like sunsets: they would be more appreciated if we had to pay a lot for them. Leslie Holmes' friends got some free last week. Parcels arrived from the Isle of Man. "Try these; they are marvellous.—Leslie," was the note enclosed. He said a mouthful. They were!

I don't know what the Two Leslies are doing meanwhile, but in November they are starting a new feature on "Bachelor Party" lines. By which I mean that the B.B.C. will hand over the mike to this pair, as it does to Stanelli, saying: "Go to it, devise a programme, choose your artistes, and if listeners like it you shall do it again and again and again."

New Serial

Brian Lawrance and his band have been chosen for the Saturday serial starting next week. John Watt, while resting in Austria, prepared the book, a big mystery thriller. Then wired Broadcasting House: "Book Brian Lawrance." There are five instalments, each lasting from half an hour to forty-five minutes. John himself is producing, and the serial opens at eight on Saturday, the twenty-ninth.

Spotting a Voice

HAVE you noticed how hard it is to put a name to a familiar voice heard in a place where it is not expected? I would have sworn that I would recognise John Snagge's voice anywhere—though he certainly dodges about the programmes a lot, ranging from the Boat Race to the Epilogue.

But he fooled me for a couple of minutes the other day, because I had no reason to think that the voice might be his. It was in a cinema; and, in case you have been puzzled, too, his is the anonymous voice which gives the commentary on the *How to Play Tennis* film which features Fred Perry. John was so modest that he asked the film people not to use his name, as the commentary had been arranged by Colonel Brand.

Cinema Voices

TALKING of anonymous voices, I have often recognised other friends when having my weekly fling at the flicks. R. E. Jeffrey, first

NEXT WEEK!

**SPECIAL
RADIOLYMPIA ISSUE**

Magnificent Souvenir of The Show of Shows

This year's Radiolympia will be the biggest, brightest and most spectacular of all and in our next issue you will find all the Radiolympia stars on parade in Pictures, Gossip and Articles.

ORDER YOUR COPY TO-DAY!



This lovely lady is Lorna Hubbard, who is the girl in "The Vagabond Lover" act. She is making a film called *Love Up The Pole*

drama director at Savoy Hill, and Roy de Groot, the ex-announcer, must be known to all filmgoers for their news-reel work. Alan Howland, who was Columbus of the Children's Hour, and John Macdonnel, just home from the States, are two I have heard lately, and Freddie Grisewood I once recognised on an anonymous record.

Anglo-American Tie-up

THE man who brought the ants to Sir John Reith from New York is sailing to-morrow in the *Empress of Britain*. Felix Greene, B.B.C. representative in America, has been in England for three busy months, and is returning with all kinds of scheme in his grip. We shall hear more from the States in the autumn.

Where is My Wandering Girl To-night?

WHEN he was on duty the other evening, Jack Cowper, Midland Regional's chief announcer, had an urgent 'phone call put through to his office. "I want you to send out an S.O.S. for my daughter," said a woman's voice at the other end of the wire. "Tell her I am dangerously ill."

"You don't sound very ill," replied Jack, in puzzled tones.

"No, I'm not ill at all, really," said the woman, "but that's the only thing that will make her come home!"

It was a very exhausted chief announcer who rang off after patiently explaining that it is not a function of the B.B.C. to bring wandering

daughters back home, except in cases of extreme emergency.

What Next?

C HATTING to Dorothy Summers the other day, I discovered that she had played a small part in the film *The Good Companions*. There is apparently no limit to the versatility of this remarkable artiste, who was so very popular in Australia and South Africa, where she toured for some time in Sir Harry Lauder's road show.

Just lately she has been broadcasting negro studies in the Midland Children's Hour, and I hear that this series has been so well received that a gramophone company is interested and Dorothy may record these little monologues in the near future.

Scrapbooks Coming Back

DEEP in the heart of Hertfordshire, Leslie Baily is busy preparing five new "Scrapbook" programmes for the coming winter. He and Charles Brewer, who produces, are to give us another series of these popular programmes. Also, I hear that Leslie has some additional novel broadcast features up his sleeve for this autumn. They are all very secret at present, but some big stars are likely to be approached to take part in them.

Meanwhile, I am wondering if the B.B.C. will ask Leslie and brother James Baily to write another of those "Slow-on-the-Uptake" programmes. You remember what a scream the last one was, with its burlesquing of all B.B.C. activities. Leonard Henry is keen to play the Director of Slow-on-the-Uptake Region, I hear; so perhaps there's something in the wind.

Filmed While Suffering

WHEN you see the "Café Colette" film, in which Greta Nissen stars, you will notice Walford Hyden conducting his lively orchestra, with all the gusto of a picturesque Continental maestro. Actually, as he conducted those scenes in the film he was a suffering man.

Walford fell a victim to a mysterious poisoning, and went to the film studios against his doctor's advice. Throughout the orchestral sequences of the picture, despite his exuberant appearance, he was feeling exceedingly seedy and was on a diet.

Walford and his wife—Cleo Nordi, the ballerina who is expected to be one of the first television stars—has recently moved into a new home. He has left the quaint rooms he had in an old rambling house in Bloomsbury for a modern flat in the Bayswater district.

Another Ghost!

STOP PRESS! Programme chiefs have gone into conference at Broadcasting House over another ghost. They are wondering if they dare risk trying the microphone trick on yet another haunted house. This time it is "Bishop Cooper's Lodging" in Gloucester. Investigators, who are to sit up in the haunted bed chamber towards

Please turn to
Pages 18 and 19 for
DANCE BAND GOSSIP

For Your Autograph Album

Sydney Fisher

the end of next month, have invited West Regional to broadcast the vigil.

West Regional have consulted headquarters, and are awaiting an answer. With the memory of Freddie Grisewood's unsuccessful night watch down in that Kent manor house last spring fresh in their minds, the chiefs are pondering cautiously. But, from a reliable source, I hear that certain unusual circumstances about this haunted house make it very worth while to do something about it while the chance is there.



Hullo, has Phyllis Robins lost her elegant car? Not a bit. This is just whoopee on Blackpool Pier.

Star on the Cover

EXCITING, glamorous Gertrude Lawrence, the brilliant stage star, is one whom we hear too rarely on the air. We are proud to have her on our cover this week in anticipation of what should be an excellent radio appearance on Monday (August 24, National 8 p.m.). She will star in a play called "Never Talk to Strangers" by Philip Leaver. Music is by Kenneth Leslie-Smith, production by John Watt and Gertrude has a supporting cast which includes Philip Leaver, Cyril Nash, Joan Miller, and Mary Picquart, and Charles Shadwell with the B.B.C. Variety Orchestra.

WANDERING MIKE

REALISM





RADIO ANNOUNCER'S LIFE OF THRILLS

C. Danvers Walker
has smiled his way
through a variety of
exciting moments

By
C. DANVERS WALKER

*Chief Announcer of the
International Broad-
casting Company*

MADRID: The country plunged into a state of alarm . . . Spain patrolled by Government troops . . . spasmodic fighting . . . a curfew proclaimed to keep peaceful citizens out of the streets and the revolutionaries out of the centre of the capital. . . . newspaper offices bombed, political organisations' offices stormed.

From the midst of disorder, chaos and upheaval, emerges the one remaining link of communication with the outside world—radio.

The past few years have not dealt kindly with Spain. Revolution and now civil war have scourged the country pitifully.

Looking back on these months when I was living there, I marvel now how I was able to appear regularly at the studios of Union Radio and E.A.G. to broadcast the English concerts.

To be held up at the point of the rifle by watchful mobile guards was no common thing. To run the gauntlet of rifle fire, hiding in doorways until things quietened down, occurred more than once.

Mobile guards at the main entrance of the station, more guards in the control room; at all costs radio communication must be maintained.

Let me tell you one or two other experiences that I have had which have convinced me that half the value of many broadcast programmes is lost through the listener not knowing what romance and adventure lies behind many a broadcast talk, relay or any other form of daily "show."

Every broadcasting organisation can show innumerable instances of these sort of things.

On one occasion, when I was arranging a series of novelty O.B.'s, we met with an extraordinarily amusing incident which might have had serious consequences.

The idea was to broadcast a conversation between two men totally submerged under water in diving dress. One was a professional diver, and the other a person who was to go down and converse with him on the marvels of the sea bed.

Instructions as to how to operate the air valves

were given to him, and down they both went for a dress rehearsal. All being in order, the studio control room was linked up with the O.B. equipment and the signal given.

The marvels of the sea bed must have been too much of a distraction for the amateur diver, because he somehow forgot how to operate the valves with the result that he swelled up like a bull frog and came floating up to the surface, heels up, whilst the control engineers listened-in to frantic words of instruction being mixed with the fluent opinion of diving dresses in general!

I made a curious discovery when I broadcast from an aeroplane in flight.

On the afternoon in question we had been up and down trying to get a good result, but always

Thrills! They come unsought to radio announcers. During the past ten years Mr. Danvers Walker has been announcing from fifteen different broadcasting stations scattered all over the world. His clear, resonant voice is familiar to millions of listeners.

In this interesting article he recalls the most thrilling moments of his varied career.

finding that the engine noise and crackle produced by interference from the magnetos made the wireless reception almost inaudible.

In desperation I pressed the microphone against my chest to cut off the noise and leaned forward to speak to the pilot through a little window in the dividing partition of the cabin. On landing we found out that the only successful bit of reception occurred when I had done this!

Try it for yourself: try talking over the telephone to someone with the mouthpiece pressed firmly against your chest; if your voice is reasonably resonant you will find it works perfectly.

Another O.B. which was quite successful was from a doss house in the Chinese quarter in Melbourne. It is sufficiently long ago for me to

disclose now that the ceremonial dinner party of everything from shark fin soup to the dishes of tea was entirely imaginary, although by the sound of things the effects were most realistic. The music was, however, entirely authentic.

Everyone who has worked in broadcasting will have quite a fund of things to tell you regarding mistakes, "incidents" in the studio, last-minute non-arrivals, and so on.

In my experience, I have seen only one artiste faint at the microphone. A certain contralto whose slimming diet was obviously not a success once caused an anxious "black-out." But what troubled me was my inability to catch her in time and later find words to explain away the "unfortunate pause in our programme." She just went greener and greener until she toppled over into my arms!

Most unconventional, too, was an incident which occurred when, during an orchestral concert, a big theatre immediately in front of the broadcasting studio window caught fire.

So spectacular was the conflagration that, although the programme was being relayed by several stations, a microphone was put up on the roof of the station and a running commentary was given of the arrival of the fire engines and a description of the scene broadcast as the roof fell in!

That reminds me of the time when I mistook the microphone of a public-address system (the microphone used in conjunction with the loud-speakers installed in this particular building) for the station microphone, with the result that I was booming my voice among the audience and, until I discovered what had happened, heartily cursing the someone who had started up just when I was supposedly making the opening announcement through the station!

It was in this same building that I was present at the broadcast of a function which had a significant political interest.

During the proceedings—actually a musical programme put in as a sort of pacifier to those with strong contrary views to the main speaker—

Please turn to page 30

Studio Small Talk

By NERINA SHUTE

B.B.C. OFFICIAL TELLS A FIB-

—TO LAND A JOB!



Marie Burke
" . . . a sensation in New York"

HOW can I get an audition with the B.B.C.? Everyone asks me that question.

The answer is that Bryan Michie is one of the best producers to approach. Bryan Michie . . . big as a house, cheerful as a small boy, kind, sympathetic, almost motherly. If he likes you he wants to help you. If he wants to help you he probably makes you famous.

I don't suggest that Bryan Michie is so good-natured that he gives auditions to Tom, Dick and Harry.

But if you have genuine talent there is nothing to stop you writing to him.

In his own words: "We often find amateurs with talent. I believe in giving them a chance."

When you apply for an audition just remember that everything depends on the kind of letter you write. Don't write an impersonal business letter.

John Listener didn't post these letters—but he very much wanted to! Would you have written them as he has done? Or not? Send your comments on a postcard to John Listener, c/o "Radio Pictorial," 37-38 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

TO J. de Lotbiniere, B.B.C. Outside Broadcasts Director.

Dear Sir,

You are earning the gratitude of the great sports loving public for your good work in enlarging the scope and number of B.B.C. commentaries of sporting events. Your recent relays have been intensely interesting.

But I do wish you could find a few live sports commentators who really possess the apparently rare knack of conveying all the thrills to us unfortunate stay-at-homes.

I was quite disgusted with one of the Olympic Games broadcasts: the commentator merely drivelled on, repeating himself and talking trivialities, instead of painting an exciting word-picture.

Can't you do something about it?

JOHN LISTENER.

To Members of the Fol-de-Rols Concert Parties. Ladies and Gentlemen.

The recent composite broadcast of "Shows from the Seaside" which was contributed by your companies in Eastbourne, Llandudno and Hastings, was a great success. This jolly programme fairly radiated the veritable seaside atmosphere. Thanks!

JOHN LISTENER.

To Cecil Graves, B.B.C. Programmes Controller. Dear Sir.

Several prominent newspapers called attention to a glaring instance of failure to provide any alternative programme one evening recently. I should like to add my voice in support of their complaint.

Give it humour. Give it personality. Make the other man feel you are someone unusual.

This is much more important than most people realise.

Terribly important.

Bryan Michie gave me a cup of coffee the other morning.

We sat there for ages . . . talking about algebra, the King of Greece, and Basil Dean.

"A few years ago I was teaching algebra," said Bryan, "and earning about three pounds a week. Funny, isn't it? And then I got sick of it. They wanted me to teach children who were mentally deficient. So one day I went to see Basil Dean, the stage producer. His office was full of people. And I was the only one with no introduction, no appointment!"

"Did they kick you out of the office?"

Bryan Michie giggled.

"I met Basil Dean on the stairs and told him I wanted to go on the stage. Basil Dean said that what he wanted was a Dutchman. So I said I was Dutch—and got the job!"

Which is just how things happen to Bryan Michie.

Last week there came to see me a girl with great lumpy yellow curls and flashing blue eyes, and on her head a little piece of black impertinence which must have been a hat.

Very pretty and very stunning she was.

I discovered she was only twenty-one.

And this little girl, so worldly, so bright, so sophisticated, turned out to be June Malo—the new crooner. The girl who sings with Charlie Kunz and his Band at the Casani Club and on the air. Not to be confused with Vera Lynn, who also broadcasts with Charlie.

Said June: "Maurice Elwin taught me to sing. I used to be a pianist. I accompanied artists like Albert Sammons. Then I had a very bad time, and nearly starved, and finally took a job as dance hostess in a Brighton hotel. Oh, it was all very difficult. And then, in desperation, I went to Maurice Elwin for singing lessons.

"And do you know what happened then?

"Well," said June Malo, "Maurice Elwin arranged an audition for me. It was my first audition as a singer. And, right away, without any trouble at all, I landed my present job with Charlie Kunz! What do you know about that?"

So please listen to June Malo when she gives a broadcast. Only twenty-one, remember. For three years she has gone through a lot of hardship.

And now, because she has courage, I think she is coming out on top.

Another charming person is Marie Burke.

She was broadcasting with Renée Houston in "Music-Hall." We met. Had tea. Exchanged grievances.

Said Marie: "I had the biggest success of my life in America last year. I was playing in "Waltzes in Vienna." I didn't know it was possible to be so happy and make such a hit. And yet here, at home, I don't seem to get a chance in musical comedy. I sing over the radio. But I have to go abroad to get a chance on the stage. Why? Can you tell me?

Marie Burke made a sensation in New York. She came home because her daughter was ill. Otherwise she would still be there, still making a sensation.

But she is not in the least bitter.

Only puzzled.

And now, by way of experiment, she is planning to break away from musical comedy and appear in a straight play.

Unposted Letters



"La Vie Parisienne" was presented on a Thursday, via London Regional. Then, on the Friday, all stations, National and Regional—including London Regional again—repeated "La Vie Parisienne."

It was a good show; but surely we could have had, say, a gramophone recital of dance music on the alternative wavelength on the Friday? As things were, that period was a complete "wash out" for everyone who had heard "La Vie Parisienne" the evening before. Or wasn't it?

JOHN LISTENER.

To Henry Hall, Director, B.B.C. Dance Orchestra.

Dear Henry,

Your performance with the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra at the London Palladium a month ago was so successful that you were persuaded to appear there again last week.

Surely that provides a complete answer to those captious critics who decried your performance on the first occasion? One critic, if I remember rightly, described the band's efforts as "rotten".

Congratulations on a fine show, Henry. Take it from me, your band to-day is better than ever.

JOHN LISTENER.

To Harry Leader, Dance Band Leader, London.

Dear Harry,

You are well known in the dance music world as a popular



Harry Leader "will need to do some hard thinking."

and highly-skilled musician, and I believe you have "discovered" several now famous microphone stars. Yet somehow, you yourself and your band do not seem to make so much headway as your best friends would wish.

What's wrong?

I listened to your band the other night, and must tell you I was rather disappointed. Perhaps, of course, my receiver was at fault; but it seemed to me that I had heard far better dance bands, better vocal renderings and better announcing.

Unless I am mistaken, Harry, you will need to do some hard thinking if you are hoping for the highest broadcasting honours.

JOHN LISTENER.

To Renée Houston, Broadcast Comedienne.

Dear Renée,

As usual, I thoroughly enjoyed your broadcast in "Music-Hall" the other Saturday.

You always succeed admirably in "putting over" your attractive personality, and a listener must be dull indeed who does not feel and respond to your delightfully infectious hilarity. All the best.

JOHN LISTENER.

As They Are: No. 10

IT'S disconcerting how an odd word, a rash, ill-advised remark can create a false impression that is as difficult to eradicate as an overdraft at the bank.

Consider fascinating Suzanne Botterell, for instance.

This blonde beautiful crooneuse is the victim of a series of false impressions that clings more persistently than the ghosts of memory that Holt Marvell has immortalised in *These Foolish Things*.

Everyone who doesn't know better (and quite a few who ought to, anyway) is firmly convinced that (a) Suzanne is a haughty, aloof person. (b) Her father is such a rich man that it's a shame that Suzanne should attempt to take the caviare out of the mouths of more needy individuals. (c) Suzanne is a delicate creature who, rather like Elizabeth Barrett Browning, languishes in a perpetual state of ill-health.

In attempting, in this article, to present my impression of the real Suzanne Botterell, it is at once a duty and a pleasure to prick these three bubbles. I insist, on behalf of a rather rueful Suzanne, that all three are shameful canards.

But, of course, you can't stop people gossiping . . .

"I seem to leave a trail of gossip behind me, wherever I go," remarks Suzanne. "Not scandalous gossip, but just wrong impressions. Some how people seem to get me wrong."

I can vouch for the fact that Suzanne is neither aloof nor haughty. There is a warm friendliness in her voice, her approach and her attitude towards people that is all-embracing. Only it so happens that she has a sophisticated poise which might well be misconstrued as snobbishness.

Secondly, Suzanne is no "pin-money" personality. She has to earn her living just like you and I. That comment needs no elaboration from me.

Thirdly, the fact that she is frail of build, pale of complexion and does not bounce around on horses and slash her way across golf-courses is not a sign that she is a hot-house flower who is liable to drop into a graceful swoon on the least provocation. She just doesn't care for bouncing and slashing.

Actually, she is thoroughly fit. When she was a kiddy, her heart did a cock-eyed thing and slipped four or five inches away from its moorings, thereby causing a minor sensation in Harley Street. So she has to go a little easy with her exercise. But if, on reading this, you find yourself shaking your head sagely and murmuring to yourself: "H'm, poor girl . . . heart disease," I can only tell you that you're making a first class blunder and you had better go to the bottom of the class and give the pencils out . . .

Having told you a lot of things that Suzanne isn't, let me line-up a few of the things that she is.

She's twenty-three, eight and a half stone in weight and five feet seven tall. She is built on a stream-line plan, with thin, delicately chiselled features, long, shapely hands (pity about those blood-red nails), hair that is an aureole of shimmering fairness, eyes that are intensely alive, and a smile that ripples . . .

Her complexion deserves a paragraph to itself and can probably be attributed to the fact that she adores stewed fruit, doesn't eat meat, eschews alcohol and knows the value of ice when applied to the skin. The Botterell complexion, folks, is a symphony in satin.

Suzanne talks vividly and vivaciously. She talks with her face and her hands as well as with her mouth, and one of the things that I like about her is her pleasant ability to laugh at Suzanne Botterell. Her cool elegance and unruffled poise are the outward signs that she has, to use an expressive Americanism, got wise to herself.



"FASCINATING LADY"

SUZANNE BOTTERELL,
the popular dance-band vocalist, is introduced in this revealing and intimate article by Barry Wells.

You see, she has experienced life in many phases. Blonde Venus she may be, but she has not been stuck away on a pedestal far above the clatter of the world. She was in Holland during the War and, as a kiddy, she saw things which may have robbed her of her ideals ("I've none left," she admits simply), but which gave her understanding. Between her vocalist jobs she has been a mannequin, a receptionist and a manicurist ("I never want to see another man's nail," says Suzanne). In other words she has been around.

"When I first got into this dance-band business I had a big and swift success," Suzanne told me. "I shot to the top and it went to my head. I was spoiled, bumptious, stupid. But Carroll Gibbons showed me where I got off. He helped to smooth out the awkward corners of my character. I'll never cease to be grateful to him for that."

And since then Suzanne has continued to get wise to herself and the result is that now she has an angle on life which makes it all very pleasant.

Let's stop being abstract for a moment and get down to cases. Suzanne insists on eight hours sleep each day, so that if she is working late or dancing till the early hours, she is up late and that means a combined breakfast and lunch. She is a moderate eater and simplicity is the keynote of her meals.

Her favourite dish? Baked apples! She is also very fond of chicken de creme suprême, oeuf mornay and lots of bread and butter. She drinks gallons of milk, does not care for fresh fruit (" . . . too much acid") and detests oysters.

I've already hinted that she is not the athletic type. She says she wishes she were. But I'm inclined to the belief that she only thinks she

ought to wish she were! She is fond of an occasional game of tennis and loves walking in the country. But her favourite exercise and relaxation is dancing.

Not yet have I had the felicity of tripping a measure with her, but I have it on good authority that she dances divinely and she admits that she is crazy about it. She'll dance anywhere, in those expensive ermine and white shirt front palaces, in a cheap Palais or in one of those crazy little night-clubs with which London abounds. Anywhere so long as there is room to glide . . .

She loves clothes and feels at her best in evening gowns. White and black are colours in which she looks superb, but she will not wear yellow or green on any pretext. You see, Suzanne is very superstitious. "Something always goes wrong when I wear green," she says.

Stockings are her chief extravagance. No stocking that has been washed or mended ever graces the shapely leg of Suzanne. Her other extravagance is perfume. Masculine admirers may care to note that she likes Chanel . . . something elusive, fragrant as wistaria. For sports clothes she goes in for extravagant cuts . . . wide lapels, heavy tweeds and that sort of thing.

She smokes twenty or more cigarettes a day—du Maurier filter-tipped—a fact which I shall use as propaganda in my never-ending attempt to convince my relations that my total of forty-odd per day is not excessive.

Suzanne adores gay parties and loves meeting people. This may further help to explode legend B—that she is aloof. Far from it. She'll meet anybody gladly and take them as she finds them. "I loathe any form of snobbery," says Suzanne. "You see, before I came into this business I had all the makings of a first-class snob. But I've had it knocked out of me and now I like people, all types of people—except two."

And the two types are conceited people and hearty people. Two habits fill Suzanne with cold fury. People who smack their lips noisily and vulgarly and the sort of person who tells you a joke and then, at the end, laughs vehemently and slaps your arm or back to drill in the point of the yarn.

In passing, it is a funny thing that though she dislikes hearty people she will pepper her conversation with expressions like "Old boy" when talking over the phone to someone she knows. (N.B.—Must remember to ask her about this!)

She likes car, train and "Shanks' pony" travel, but nothing on earth will lure her into an aeroplane and she also abhors sea-travel. She talks German and Italian, though her French is not so hot, she does not care much for reading, is crazy about hot gramophone records, is a person of limited ambition . . . "I just want to go on singing as well as possible with dance-bands") and says that her one desire is for contentment, which to her is represented by peace of mind and security. You see, she has known "hard-luck" days and she has known anxiety of mind.

That sort of thing leaves its impression . . .

Criticism depresses her greatly and if she knows that she is singing a little below her usual standard she feels that the end of the world has come. That, to my mind, is the true artistic temperament. Any other attitude surely suggests a lack of imagination?

It is one of the privileges of a journalist that he can rush in where angels fear to tread. Thus he can discuss love with a ravishing blonde like Suzanne Botterell without going hot beneath the collar.

Suzanne has been engaged but she wasn't in love with him. She has also been in Please turn to page 31.



"... you could clap the skin off your hands"

★ The radio fades out and fine shows are gone never to be recaptured. Why not? Which radio items would you choose to hear again? GODFREY WINN, the clever young novelist, gives his selections in this article

"ENCORE, PLEASE!"

MY greatest complaint against radio as a source of entertainment is in another way a tremendous compliment. It's this. You can't encore anything, or anybody. . . .

Has that fact ever struck you? It hadn't occurred to me till the other night. I was listening to the *Café Colette*, and enjoying the colour and the gaiety that this show always send over the air, and I found myself suddenly wishing that it was possible to encore some of the items. But, of course, a wireless fan is quite helpless. You could clap the skin off your hands. It wouldn't make any difference. . . .

In a theatre or music hall, you can hold up the show, until the object of your applause consents to give a repeat performance. Again, in a cinema, provided you have got the time to spare, you can sit in your seat and watch the whole programme through a second time. I must confess I did that recently, to see *Mutiny on The Bounty* all over again, and also to get an encore of *La Hepburn*, my favourite star, in *Sylvia Scarlett*.

I wish the same process was possible where the radio was concerned. Unfortunately, so many of the best items are heard once over the air, and never repeated. I am not blaming the Powers that Be, since I realise that they have to cater for all tastes, and variety is the first essential in radio entertainment.

At the same time, I can't help sighing sometimes for some of the peak points in past programmes, comparing them with current fare, and wishing that I had the power to substitute in their stead an evening's entertainment, consisting entirely of repeat items. Wouldn't you sometimes, too?

Songs from the Shows

Naturally, were it possible to order such a feast of encores, no two listeners would agree as to what they would like to devour and drink in, but if I tell you my own preferences, it will, at any rate, serve to give your own memory a jog.

I know what I'd start off with myself. An echo from the "Songs from the Shows" series. They were first-class radio entertainment, and I am not surprised that their brilliant originator, John Watt, followed up their success with other variations on the same theme, but somehow none of the succeeding shows have been quite able to reapture the melodious magic of the idea in its original form.

That's so often the way in life.

Consequently, I'd like to be able to hear the original again, just as I would like to hear *Good Night Vienna*, which, in my humble opinion, is still the best musical-play ever broadcast, for the simple reason that the music and the story were in perfect harmony with each other, and neither was allowed to score a success at the expense of the other. Moreover, the whole performance had a kind of timeless enchantment, which is just

the sort of atmosphere one longs for the wireless to create, during the holiday months. . . .

Another show of the same description, of which I would gladly welcome many encores, was *Puritan Lullaby*, in which Webster Booth and Natalie Hall both gave exquisite singing performances. I have a tremendous admiration for the music of Kenneth Leslie-Smith, and I wish we were allowed to hear more of it over the air.

Which reminds me, that, in my opinion, the time has come for a repeat performance of the Monthly Reviews, which, in their own way, are the best thing the light entertainment side of broadcasting has ever achieved, to date.

A Great Artiste

I am sorry, too, that "Soft Lights and Sweet Music" has faded out for the last time, apparently. I know that its compere, Croom-Johnson, has gone to the States, but I can't see why the show can't go on without him. After all, Elizabeth Welch's singing wouldn't be affected by his absence. She is a great radio artiste, with a flawless mike technique. Encore, please!

Another singer who is given too little time on the air is Esther Coleman. Her's is the most lovely voice, although recently it has been far too silent, where the wireless is concerned. When I think of some of the sopranos that we listeners are

By

GODFREY WINN

expected to endure without cotton-wool in our ears, it seems to me all the more extraordinary that the B.B.C. doesn't make better use of the artistes who have proved over and over again their value as broadcasting properties.

Another example which comes to my mind is that of Paul Robeson, who is an immense favourite with millions of listeners all over the world, but whose radio appearances can be counted on the fingers of one hand.

I dare say he may be expensive, but then so must Gracie Fields be, and the B.B.C. quite rightly give in to popular clamour for an encore there. So why not in Robeson's case, too? Personally, I shall never forget his recital, when he began with the famous Blake poem about the little black boy. Do you remember?

Another item, which I should have liked to have encored at the time, wasn't a single act, but was a whole play. Still, it was the shortest play I have ever heard on the wireless, and easily, the best. Within its own limitations, it was absolutely perfect. Its name? *The Hatchet*, by Edward Lewis, and if it is ever repeated, I hope we shall have Athene Seyler, just as, if they give us an encore performance of *A Bill of Divorcement*, it wouldn't be the same without Edna Best.

Other plays, I should like to hear over again—and I must admit there are not more than half a dozen of them, all told—are Conrad's *Lord Jim*, *The Green Goddess*, *The Loss of the Marie-Celeste*, *The Game* by Philip Wade—our best radio-dramatist by far in my opinion—and *Carnival*.

Best of All Plays

The last named has been repeated, I know, but, although it first came on the air several years ago now, I still think it's the most satisfactory radio production of a play ever staged. Somehow the atmosphere came over better than it has ever since. The whole thing was moving without being maudlin, swiftly-played without being incoherent, romantic without being too sentimental, and above all, there was a sort of magic about it that one often gets over the footlights, but somehow seldom receives through the loud-speaker.

Forgive my going-on about that production at such length, but I do feel that the average standard of the plays we are expected to listen to is pretty mediocre, and where every other department of the B.B.C. activities has gone steadily ahead, achieving new distinctions all the time, the plays that we hear over the radio that could bear a second or third performance are still few and far between. Maybe, I am wrong, but that's how it seems to me. . . .

Lastly, I should like to mention a few of the actual artistes, from whom I could never have enough encores. Gillie Potter, for instance, whose inspired nonsense hasn't been heard over the air for some time now, and Henry Ainley, possessor of the most beautiful speaking voice of any living man, and Seymour Hicks, who should be invited by the B.B.C. to give a party at their expense and our pleasure. . . .

And why can't we have "In Town Tonight" all the year round? I imagine that I am right in saying that there has never been a more popular feature in the programme with all classes of the community. Encore, please. . . .



WITH JACK and CICELY

“DOWN ON THE FARM!”

Popular JACK HULBERT, radio and screen comedian, describes a typical week-end in his busy life

SATURDAY

EARLY this morning I start to figure it out. This was the week-end Cicely and I had promised ourselves a visit to the farm—our secluded country spot miles from the nearest railway station, right off the bus routes but within an hour's drive from town.

But how the deuce we're going to get away to-day beats me, for there's so much to do.

I've a recording session, and Cicely, having done her housewife's duties for the morning, has to go to the film studios for a conference! Household duties don't tie her down so much now that we are in 28 Curzon Street. We moved from No. 43—on the north side—some months ago, and are now just about settled down again. As we have an 800-year lease of the building we shall have plenty of time and opportunity to settle down for good now—when we stop broadcasting, filming, recording, and appearing at various places in professional capacities!

But I was telling you about this house, of which we shall see so little this week-end. It is typically Georgian—and I have a serious streak in my nature which makes me love old things of fine design—and has four reception rooms (the morning room and the drawing room have kept their fine old pine panelling), a dozen bedrooms, and four bathrooms.

At the back is a small paved garden, which—in town—is as much garden as I need. All my rough digging is done at the farm! Of course, the whole place has been brought up to date and modernised without spoiling the atmosphere, and although Cicely won't admit it, and loves to potter around looking after domestic things, there is not so much responsibility in this new place as the organisation is better.

Breakfast over, we set out for work . . . and not so very much later, either, than the ordinary office clerk who has to clock in on his job. We don't have to clock in, but Cicely cannot very well keep film chiefs waiting, and I shall have all my work cut out to get my recording session over before the afternoon.

As you know, I write my own dialogue—and this means that after struggling with the morning post, grumbling at bills, trying to read the morning paper and arguing with Cicely about the garden (she is keen to have another Italian garden like the one we used to have at the other house) and

the Guy de Gerald colour schemes, I have to go off to the study and sit down to a blank piece of paper—and try to be funny!

Thoughts wander off . . . to the possibility of getting a few weeks holiday at Instow, where Claude and his family like the yachting . . . to those fossils I brought back from West Africa (I have showcases with hundreds of specimens in the study) . . . to the toy railway I'm planning (we used to have a real miniature railway—a hobby of mine—at the other house in a rock garden) . . . to the carpentry I want to do down at the farm . . .

And so it is that the shrill tinkle of the 'phone bell interrupts my musing. It is the gramophone studio wanting to know if I'm on my way. By Jove, yes, as Claude would say! I'm ten minutes late already . . . but we make up for that in the car. I write as we go along, and the various bits of funny dialogue (I hope they'll sound funny over the microphone) seem to come by inspiration as the car sweeps on. In fact, I put the final full stop as the car swings round into the drive of the recording studio.

The session starts to time, but I do like to make sure that each number is recorded in the way that I feel gives me a chance to do my best. It is long past lunch time before we are finished—though there are no gnawing pains in me as I had my usual solid breakfast of grapefruit, porridge (never miss it), bacon and eggs and marmalade.

It's 3.30 before I can get at the 'phone and say to Cicely at home, "What about a spot of meal?" That starts the thunder-claps going, because the dear soul, who after all has to consider the organisation of the staff, likes me to be punctual about meals . . . and lunch was fixed for two hours ago.

"Lunch!" says Cicely on the 'phone. "Why, I had lunch ages ago. I'm just having a cup of tea to stave away the 'Droops.' You'd better have lunch out if you've any money on you."

Now isn't that just like a wife! I always leave managing things to Cicely, because in spite of the

crazy parts she sometimes plays in pictures she is actually a very capable woman, and I leave all my affairs to her. I never bother about money. In fact, when we set off for America once I had only ten shillings in my pocket, and Cicely was flabbergasted when she knew that I had relied on her for everything.

And now, of course, I realise with a shock that I did come out with only half a crown this morning—and when Cicely says lunch out, she means lunch out. In any case, she is probably getting some things ready for our trip to the farm—when at last we do get a chance to go—so I won't go back and disorganise everything to get lunch.

The jolly old credit stands well at the Savoy, and the head waiter smiles knowingly at my plight. I fall in with some friends from the B.B.C. who are just going back to the studios after a

(Please turn to page 31)

At FORTUNE COTTAGE... with the CARLYLE COUSINS



Lilian

Trissie and (right)
Helen

AN ancient Elstree rhyme says "No eye can see, no tongue can tell, what lies between Brockley Hill and Penny Well," meaning that so many relics of Roman and Saxon days lie beneath the soil in this part of Hertfordshire that they are too numerous to excavate.

Leave Brockley Hill behind you, and as you enter Elstree Village, turn up Barnet Lane, where several titled people and film celebrities have their homes. A little way up the lane you come to a charming offshoot lane, with no pavements and lined with hedges, and it bears the happy name of "Fortune."

You can't miss "Fortune Cottage," a great white cottage with a beamed front, four hundred years old. Flowers run amok in the front garden. From the garden path you have a sweeping rural view, and from the sloping lawn at the rear of the cottage there is another uninterrupted view of rolling country.

The old Saxon Wishing Well—Penny Well—into which coins were thrown in the old days for good luck, was on a spot adjoining the Carlyle Cousins' garden entrance. In the cottage itself, worked in plaster in the lofty hall ceiling, is the "Fortune Wheel," a wheel which, in days of yore, was calculated to reveal the destinies of the occupants.

The present occupants of "Fortune Cottage," the Carlyle Cousins *en masse*, who moved into this charming home last September, are carrying on the tradition with a large horseshoe over the front door.

When I telephoned "Fortune Cottage" the other morning, I was answered by Lilian Taylor, the brunette of the famous trio of radio songsters. "Tinker isn't in at the moment, and, of course, Trissie's in hospital," said Lilian, "but come on over and have a chat." I live just across the road, so I went on over. (Tinker, by the way, is Helen Thornton's nick-name, and Trissie is Cecile Petrie.)

Approaching the cottage, I was greeted by Chummy, the Cousins' big black retriever, a very chummy animal indeed, as chummy as its famous owners. In the garden, I came across a dear little Sealyham puppy by the name of "Pop-Eye," who was at the moment leading my hostess a bit of a dance.

"Some flowers have been terribly slow this year," said Lilian worriedly. "It's not insects or anything—they're just backward." She laughed. "Since becoming rusticated, we've been thoroughly ardent gardeners," she added.

Lilian looked rusticated, too. She was wearing riding breeches. She told me they had all been riding quite a lot (you've no idea how crazy people are on horse-riding in Elstree!) and that they were on the point of getting some horses of their own. At the moment they do their riding at Radnor Hall Country Club nearby, favourite haunt of the entertainment world.

"I really ought to have some snaps for you," sighed Lilian. "We've taken lots, but, as usual, the deuced things didn't come out!"

Lilian took me into the fascinating cottage. It is all magnificent old beams, and they have enhanced the historical atmosphere with warming-pans, copper and brass bric-a-brac, blue china, heavy oak furniture, and other things one expects to find in genuine old cottages.

There are modern touches, however. One room is a cocktail bar, bedecked with signed photographs of radio, screen, and stage favourites whom the Cousins have worked with or entertained.

In one long, lofty room is a fine radiogram, and a simply gigantic grand-piano which occupies almost half the length of the room and is the biggest I've ever seen. On the table in the centre of the room are some ornamental concertinas. A "musical" room indeed.

"We only switch on for things we really like," said Lilian, indicating the radiogram. "We're very keen on Ambrose,

★ **Britain's Queens of Harmony, THE CARLYLE COUSINS, live in a quaint old house in Elstree, a place as charming as its owners. In this article Herbert Harris is conducted over the house by Lilian pianist in the famous "Cousins act"**

I, personally, never missed Ginger's "Soft Lights and Sweet Music." A pity Ginger left for the U.S.A." (She was speaking of course, of Austin Croom-Johnson.)

"Trissie never misses Carroll Gibbons. She worked with his band for a couple of years, you remember. Sometimes we play our own gramophone recordings," she concluded laughingly, "and we're not very impressed!"

With one eye on the cocktail-bar and another on the grand piano, I said, "I expect you've had some swell parties?"

"We had a grand party last Christmas," said Lilian. "All star cast, you might say. We had Buddy Rogers and Mary Brian, Clifford Mollison, Renee Houston, Phyllis Robins, Paddie Naismith, and some others I can't think of off-hand... Tch, such a memory!"

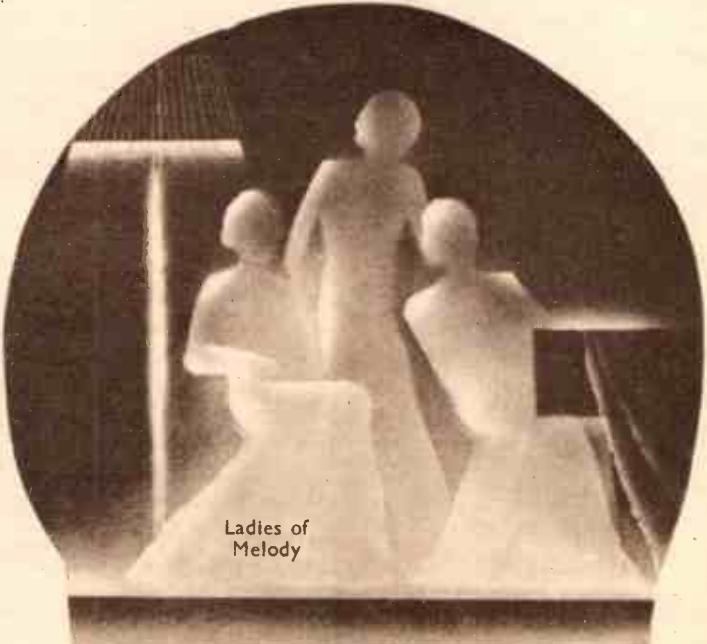
"Renee often comes to see us on Sundays and stays to tea." (Renee lives only fifteen minutes distant, in fact. She used to do a spot of

farming in Elstree and supplied produce to her starry companions!)

"We worked in both the *Radio Parade* films made here, and fell in love with Elstree," said Lilian. "We're very happy here, with country all round, and we love the sports facilities we get here. We've already done lots of walking, riding, tennis, and swimming in the country club swimming-pools. And—shhhh!—we've actually fallen victims to another game since living in Elstree. It's darts—introduced to us in the local inn!"

You often see the Carlyle Cousins' car parked outside the little old low-windowed shops in Elstree Village. Shopping in the village is another of their pastimes.

Their closest neighbours are Lord and Lady Louth, whose mansion and large grounds are only a few yards away in Barnet Lane, sometimes called "Millionaires' Lane," because of the accumulation of wealth here. It has quite a Hyde Park atmosphere with its swagger cars and horse-riders.

Ladies of
Melody

Elisabeth Ann's Page

MAKE A MASK OF BEAUTY

Elisabeth Ann

prescribes a tingling, radiant skin tonic. It comes in a tube and you spread it over the skin, to tighten the pores, or feed or bleach the complexion.

THERE is a certain fascination about a mask, whether it is one of those black lace Venetian affairs or a china likeness for wall decoration, or a mask of cream which sets on the skin.

The newer beauty masks are not as stringent as the old; their action is gentle, but equally effective, and their ingredients are so scientifically blended that they have more than a tightening cleansing effect—they give youth to the facial contours!

It depends, of course, for which problem you need a mask. Blackheads demand a weekly mask treatment, and there is a special blackhead mask designed for the purpose, which penetrates deeply into the pores and lifts out impurities.

I don't want you to imagine that one mask treatment of any kind is sufficient to beautify. It isn't. Certainly, if you have a perfectly normal skin, no drawbacks, and use very little make-up, a mask once in a while will tone up the skin and you will not need to use it regularly. But if you are correcting a blemish problem, or an ageing surface, or dropped facial contours, be prepared to make a habit of the mask treatment, once or twice-weekly, as instructed.

Open pores—these need a mask to themselves. The simple, tightening mask made by Laleek is used extensively abroad, where the open pore condition is most general. It comes in a tube, and you spread it over the skin, and leave it for ten minutes with a dry skin, twenty with a greasy. Then remove the mask by smoothing over a cold cream and cleansing with tissues. This mask costs 3s. for about six complete treatments.

Dropped facial contours, sagging cheek and chin muscles, need an entirely different mask. A mask containing hormones. This dries on the skin like a thin sheet of elastic, and can be lifted in the fingers and drawn off the face, after it has "set."

A mask you can make yourself—if you have blemishes—with very little trouble. Of boric acid powder and rose water. Pour on the rosewater, and mix until you have a stiff white consistency.

But having applied it, and before it is dry, place the fingers at the outer sides of the eyes, and lift the skin. Place them on the brow and lift again, before relaxing. In this way the mask dries on the lifted skin and repays you with a smooth, youthful skin surface.

Suntan—or sallow skin—needs a bleaching mask to whiten, and this is perhaps the most difficult of all, because the mask should be used three times a week if you mean to remove freckles, faded tan, or sallowness (though I cannot tell you that a mask alone will correct sallowness. Diet and health enter into this problem). Magnesia is clearing to the skin, lemon is whitening. Both combine in a mask to change the tone of your skin.

You can beautify the complexion considerably by careful use of any of these masks, but here are some rules to remember:

(a) Don't apply any mask while you have a blemish condition on the skin.

(b) Don't attempt to make-up after using a mask until you have been generous with a soothing or nourishing cream, because while the skin is tight and dry after a mask it is not in a mood to take a vanishing cream.

(c) If you have a very dry skin, don't apply a hardening mask without first treating the surface to a skinfood and leave a little of the skinfood on the face or throat while you apply the mask.

Actually, if you have a very dry, flaky skin, a cream mask is much more beneficial than a hardening mask, and it can be used as a powder-base, too, if you leave it on throughout the day.

READERS' QUERIES:

PLEASE tell me what I can do for too fat hips. I am quite normal elsewhere, but am worried because my friends are beginning to notice it. I am 40 in. on the hips, and only 5 ft. 4 in. tall. That is too much, is it not?—JENNIE WREN.

You are certainly a little large on the hips, but I would like to send you a reducing exercise, quite simple to follow, which will rid you of three inches in a very short time. Will you let me have your address?

YOUR advice would be much appreciated. Is there anything I can do to lessen my nose, as it is rather long, which would not matter if it were not so broad? When I get heated it is always larger than ordinarily. I will look for a reply in your columns.—WORRIED.

You might like to try a nose appliance to correct the shape, though I would assure you that the nose always swells slightly when heated and the pores become relaxed. The appliance costs one guinea.

I AM only fifteen years of age, but rather worried about my figure. I will give you details. Height 5 ft. 2 in., bust 30 in., waist

32 in. Is that my proper measurement. If not, please tell me in "Radio Pictorial," what to do. And can you tell me which of the Potter and Moore powders creams I

should use? I am pale, but have a little colour just on my cheekbones. Please answer soon as I need your help.—GRATEFUL PEGGY (Dagenham).

I am rather doubtful about advising you without knowing more about those measurements. Do you mean that 32 in. is the upper hip measurement, and if not, what is your hip measurement? You need to gain on the chest, in any case, but perhaps you will let me write you personally? Use the natural shade of powder-cream on a pale face—it flatters pale complexions.

SOMETIMES ago you mentioned a marvellous rouge which changed colour on the skin and I believe the price was 6d., but I can't be sure. Is it too late for details?—T. JAY.

No, it is not too late. The new "Discreet" rouge is priced at 6d. and 1s., and is a soft cream which blends on the face very easily. I am sure you will like it, and if you want details, perhaps you will send me your address?

I HAVE very soft white hands with narrow fingernails, but they are bluish. Even though I use colourless nail varnish my nails look very bright. As I do not care for painted nails, can you please suggest something? I have taken Ovaltine lately, as you told me, and I find the white flecks on my nails much better.—SHY SYLVIA (Norwich).

If you don't like a high gloss on the nails, I would advise you to use a pink nail powder, which is quite inexpensive. You dust this on to the nails, then polish with a buffer. I am so glad the Ovaltine is helping you.

(Write ELISABETH ANN, c/o "Radio Pictorial," Chancery Lane, London, W.C. if you have any beauty or health queries. She will send you a personal letter of advice. Don't forget to enclose a stamped addressed envelope with your query.)



GOOD THINGS TO EAT

By Mrs. Stanley Wrench

HERE'S a silver lining to every cloud, and when I saw rain pouring down in July I consoled myself with the thought that later on there will be plenty of mushrooms. To pick one's own mushrooms, fresh and dewy, is one of the joys of a country holiday, and there are dozens of delicious ways of cooking them. But the best way is the most simple. Done as Midland folk cook them, mushrooms make a delectable breakfast with grilled bacon.

COUNTRY MUSHROOMS

Ingredients.—As many mushrooms as required, salt, a pinch of black pepper, a piece of butter (size according to number of mushrooms), a little cold water. *Slices of grilled bacon.*

Method.—Cut off the stalks, which can be used for sauce or soup, and wipe the skins if the mushrooms are very young; older ones must be peeled. Place them, brown side upwards, on a baking tin, sprinkle lightly with the black pepper and salt. Leave for ten minutes, when tiny beads of water will stand on the gills, salt being absorbed. Put a small knob of butter on each, add a little cold water to them, to prevent burning, set the pan over the grill, bring water to boiling point and let them simmer ten minutes. Grill the slices of bacon beneath. Lay bacon in centre of a hot dish and arrange the mushrooms around. (They can be done in the oven, if preferred, or served on rounds of toast. This is an easy way for a bachelor girl to cook them on a gas-ring.)

Another way is to pop them in a casserole with a little butter and cook them till tender. Or cook them in butter and then sprinkle with grated cheese and brown them one minute beneath the grill.

Suppose unexpected guests arrive and you fear the cold mutton won't go round. Now marrows are in season, an easily made vegetarian dish can accompany the cold meat and salad. Make a goodly sized dish, for it smells most appetising, looks and tastes good, and you'll find cold mutton disdained beside this. Here is the recipe:



MARROW CHEESE

Ingredients.—One or more medium sized marrows, and to each one allow $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. grated stale cheese, enough white sauce or parsley sauce to cover, and a lump of butter.

Method.—Peel the marrows, remove pith and seeds, cook in salted water, then drain and place in a fireproof dish. Fill up each corner with grated cheese, and pour the sauce over. Put the butter on top, and set in the oven for twenty minutes. Brown the top beneath the grill. Children love this dish, by the way, and it makes a good midday meal instead of meat.

SHRIMPS FOR TEA

When holidaying at the seaside, freshly caught shrimps are good, but if it is a "pouring wet day" and you need something savoury for "high tea," try them done this way. You won't forget it. They are what children call "scrumptious."

Ingredients.—As many undressed shrimps as required, a dash of salt, a teaspoonful of Worcester sauce, a little butter and a little milk. *Toast.*

Method.—Remove armour from shrimps. Melt butter in a fry-pan, stir in a pinch of salt and the sauce, then a little flour, and sufficient milk to make it creamy. Pop in the shrimps when this is hot and heat all through, then serve on hot buttered toast. Or you can serve in china shells with breadcrumbs sprinkled on top. Set beneath the grill for one minute. You must try this dish!

GARDEN NOTES

By F. R. Castle

A LYSSUM SAXATILE VARIEGATA.—Do your very best to find a place in your rock garden for this variety. Its flowers apart, the foliage makes it attractive at all seasons. It is one of the easiest of all plants to propagate and in addition to being "at home" on a rockery or in soil where many plants refuse to grow, it makes a grand setting to beds of tulips in spring.

Lupins.—It is a good plan to get these planted into permanent quarters during the next few weeks, for though a little watering may be needed to give them a start, the plants next April will be twice the size of those which were left in the temporary beds.

Gallardias.—Late-sown plants should be pricked out into well prepared soil and adequately watered. Keep free from weeds and allow them to remain undisturbed until next March.

Violets for Winter.—Give these generous supplies of manure water and syringe overhead to keep pests in check. Continue to remove all suckers and use the handfork between the plants to stimulate still further strong growth.

Autumn Sown Onions.—Pull these up and allow the ripening to be completed on old sacks, or, better still, in bunches of a dozen bulbs tied to long horizontal sticks exposed to full sunshine until the tops are withered.

Leeks.—Fill a few yards of vacant ground with strong plants of leeks. There is no need to use the large amount of manure which many think



(1) Really only a skull cap, cleverly trimmed with a circular frill and pierced with a quill which looks rather like a firework. This is a Garvette model. (2) A cool and refreshing neckline from D. H. Evans, London. (3) This Webflex hat is just right for the country, made in dark brown felt, trimmed with petersham ribbon.

necessary. A plot recently cleared of early potatoes should produce very useful leeks by the end of November. Allow a foot between the rows and 9 inches between the plants and keep well supplied with moisture.

Greenhouse Asparagus.—Either the variety Plumosa or Sprengeri, if sown now and given the protection of a warm house, should give sturdy seedlings ready for single pots early in January. Soak the seeds for an hour in tepid water and, if possible, sow in coarse silver sand, allowing each seed half an inch each way.

Broccoli for Spring Use.—Late Broccoli are more expensive than early ones and there is still ample time to plant them. Select plants carrying a good number of fibrous roots. Plant with a trowel and after making them very firm give a good watering. Do not attempt to make up for lost time by giving liquid manure, but rather let the growth be slow and sure until next March.

AN EARLY AUTUMN FORECAST

By Elisabeth Ann

LAST week we discussed colours, and I imagine by now you have decided just which colours you are going to have for the autumn suit or coat and dress.

But what about style? Have you thought what kind of skirt, what sort of sleeve, what description of neckline you are going to have? If you're one of those people who plan for weeks ahead (like a young "lovely" whom I know; she takes cuttings about with her for weeks, thinking about them, getting ideas, and matching up accessories before she buys, so that she has a very complete outfit the moment she is ready to wear it), you may change your mind a dozen times before you really decide on a style. But if you're one of those busy readers who have little time to spend on dress matters, you will want your style decided for you.

The large, full sleeve is going to be popular again. Gathered or pleated on the shoulder and tapered off at the elbow or cuff; but only adopt this style if you are slim-shouldered and can afford to have changes in your autumn wardrobe. An exaggerated style of this kind, charming as it is, is so easily recognised that you may be conscious of it if you meet the same people often in the one dress or suit.

Tie necks are going to be even more popular than the tailored collar, and these are safe at any time, at any age. There are such fascinating ways



Printed linen gives the right holiday feeling. This frock is trimmed in two shades of blue. A Wisco model

pockets, on one hip, or introduced as a back fastening.

One little green suede waistcoat I saw the other day had a green lightning fastener from waist to neckline.

Glass lightning fasteners are also being introduced, in various shades.

READERS' DRESS DIFFICULTIES ARE THEY YOURS?

I HAVE been invited to a dinner at a London restaurant. My daughter has married comfortably and I want to look right, but I want to use a frock I had for her wedding. How can I alter it so that it won't be too unsuitable? It is beige lace, with full long sleeves, cowl neck and full length. Do I wear satin or kid shoes with it? I have both.—MRS. ADAMS.

I think the beige frock will look very attractive for the dinner, but you could, if you liked, shorten the sleeves, and leave them falling loosely, to resemble a cape shoulder. And lower the cowl neck at the back if you are going to wear it again for the evening. Have a spray of pink carnations for the shoulder-front on the night of the dinner to give you a fresh and festive feeling. Flowers so often have this effect. Satin shoes will be most suitable.

PLEASE help me with your advice. I have bought a number of clothes, but I never look nice. I don't know how to match them, and I never know how to buy. I have a brown coat, a green suit, a grey silk dress, a blue tweed mixture skirt, a pink blouse, and a yellow one. You see, they are all odd, and my hats are too. What do you advise?—“DISTRACTED JOANIE.”

You have rather mixed the colours, but if you are prepared to spend a little more, you can make that wardrobe very becoming. You have a brown coat and a yellow blouse. Make up a little brown skirt to match the coat so that you can wear the three-piece. Do you like the idea? Wear the pink blouse with the blue tweed skirt, and have a swagger blue jacket to complete another three-piece. You can also wear the blue swagger over the grey silk dress for afternoons, and feel well-dressed. You don't tell me the colours of your hats, but wear brown or gold yellow felt with the brown ensemble, a navy with the blue tweed, shoes to match. I'm sure you will like the result.



of varying the tie neck. I mean, you can have a brown lined with green and turn back the edge of the band about the neck. And you can introduce fur on the ties in front.

Another popular neckline is the no-collar variety with which you can wear the cravat or "stock" in a contrasting wool or silk. (One of the latest lovely cravats, seen in Peter Baxendale's collection, was fashioned from cellophane wool. Cellophane on one side, wool on the other.)

Jaeger have made this no-collar jacket or coat as attractive as it is by designing it for the Olympic Games regulation uniform. If you are the sports or outdoor type, you will always look well-dressed in this style of coat with vivid cravat.

Raglan sleeves will vie with the "set-in" sleeve, and these are kind to nearly every type of shoulder except the very narrow ones. The raglan looks very chic in nubbly woollens and angoras.

Then there is the important matter of length of your coat. If you are tall, you have a choice of practically any length, fingertip, three-quarter or full-length.

If you are medium height, have a three-quarter length or full. If you are petite, have the full-length coat for winter.

You know, of course, the rules for fabrics. Smooth-faced cloths are slimmer than rough-surfaced. Dull fabrics are more slenderising than shining or high-glossed ones.

Don't neglect the charm of the zip-fastener trimming. Quite apart from its fastening convenience, the new lightning fasteners in various pastel colours look delightful over synthetic

FIVE-SHILLING HINTS

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

COOKING APPLES

NOT many housewives know that if scalding water is poured over apples the skins will easily slip off, thus saving much labour.

Also, if difficulty is found in making your apples cook in a pudding, you will find that (instead of adding sugar in the usual way), if you put in a little butter they will never fail to cook.—Mrs. C. H. Watkin, 37a Bentinck Road, Nottingham.

STAINS ON WALLPAPER

VARNISHED wallpaper is very attractive in the bathroom or kitchen, but sometimes it gets badly stained with splashes. Try painting the stains with methylated spirit and then rubbing a little olive oil over them to bring back the gloss.—Miss F. Lawrence, Chalk Hole Farm, Margate, Kent.

ODD PIECES OF SOAP

THESE can be used by tying them tightly in a piece of flannel and dipped in boiling water until soft. Place in cold water until firm, remove flannel, and a ball of good soap, ready for use, is the result.—Miss S. Wilkinson, 241 Belmont Road, Belfast.

RECIPE FOR CURRANT CAKE

SIEVE $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of flour. Clean and prepare 4 oz. of currants and 2 oz. peel and mix with it $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of mixed spice and 1 teaspoonful of flour. Cream $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of butter and $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of sugar; add $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of flour and 2 eggs by degrees, beating thoroughly. Add the fruit and 1 teaspoonful of baking powder mixed with the last spoonful of flour. The mixture should be of a consistency to drop easily from the spoon, so, if necessary, add a little milk. Turn into a prepared cake tin. Place in a hot oven till risen. Moderate the heat, and bake steadily for about one and half hours.



Cable stitch is used to advantage on this country costume which is hand knitted in a stone coloured wool and worn with a brown leather belt. It is a Copley-Smith design, and directions for knitting it are available

WHY NOT JOIN US?

EVERY SUNDAY MORNING—
EVERY SUNDAY AFTERNOON—
EVERY MONDAY MORNING—
EVERY WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON—

The CARTERS CARAVAN
SETS OUT ON
"THE OPEN ROAD"

SONGS—DRAMA—MUSIC

Remember the times and the stations :

RADIO LUXEMBOURG (1293 metres)

11.15 a.m. every Sunday
8.45 a.m. every Monday

RADIO NORMANDY (269.5 metres)

2.45 p.m. every Sunday
9.0 a.m. every Monday

5.0 p.m. every Wednesday

POSTE PARISIEN (312.8 metres)

6.30 p.m. every Sunday

You'll be switching on to an entirely new kind of musical show! The Carters Caravan will fascinate you with Music, Song and Drama — the brightest show on the air. You and your family must 'listen-in' to this programme.

Listen to "The Open Road" programme sponsored by the makers of

CARTERS Brand LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Poste Parisien and Radio Normandy transmissions arranged through International Broadcasting Co. Ltd.

NOW YOU CAN CHOOSE YOUR OWN SONGS ON THE RADIO

Ask

SINGING JOE
THE SANPIC MAN

to sing your favourite song!

**LISTEN-IN
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING
at 8.45 a.m. to**

RADIO LUXEMBOURG

Presented by the makers of Sanpic

SANPIC—The new non-poisonous disinfectant that SMELLS GOOD! 2d. and 6d. a bottle!

FOUR YEARS OF STOMACH SUFFERING
"Perpetual pain and sinking feeling"

Every stomach sufferer will sympathise with Mr. Whitney, of Hanley, when he asks how you can look pleasant when you are in perpetual pain. But joyous relief came his way, as his letter shows. Mr. Whitney writes :

"Up to four months ago I had been suffering for four years from stomach trouble.

"Probably only sufferers know the agony of that perpetual pain and sinking feeling.

"Can anyone imagine anything more impossible than trying to look pleasant while suffering from gastric trouble? My job was 'getting me down,' and I was losing weight.

"One day, I took the advice of an old lady and bought a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. The relief was so great that I decided to carry on with it, and now, and for the past three months, I can eat anything I fancy without any fear of after-effects, and my job is now a pleasure."

Even if your stomach has troubled you for years you will go happily about your work again after using Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Insist upon MACLEAN BRAND. You can tell it by the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on the bottle. Sold only in bottles in cartons, 1/3, 2/- and 5/-, powder or tablets. Never sold loose.

FOR YOU TO KNIT —

A
Smart
and
Simple
Cardigan

This comfortable, soft, practical cardigan is the sort of garment every woman should have in her wardrobe. Right for the garden and the country, and ideal for wear about the house

MATERIALS

8 ozs. **PATON'S "MERMAID" Non-Shrink Knitting Wool**; Two No. 8 and Two No. 10 "BEEHIVE" Knitting Needles (or "INOX", if Metal preferred), measured by the Beehive gauge; Three Buttons.

MEASUREMENTS

Length from top of shoulder, 19 ins. Width all round at under-arm, 36 ins. Length of sleeve from under-arm, 17½ ins. Work at a tension to produce 6½ stitches to the inch, measured over the plain, smooth fabric—the correct size will only be obtained by exactly following this instruction!

THE RIGHT FRONT

USING the No. 10 Needles, cast on 54 stitches. 1st row—K. 2, * P. 1, K. 1, repeat from * to the end of the row. Repeat this row once.

**3rd row—K. 2, P. 1, cast off 2 stitches, K. 1, * P. 1, K. 1, repeat from * to the end of the row.

4th row—K. 2, * P. 1, K. 1, repeat from * to the last 4 stitches, P. 1, cast on 2 stitches, K. 1, P. 1, K. 1. Repeat the 1st row fourteen times **. Repeat from ** to ** once, the 3rd and 4th rows once, then the 1st row four times. Using the No. 8 Needles, proceed as follows :

1st row—K. 2 (P. 1, K. 1), three times, * increase once in the next stitch, K. 5, repeat from * to the last 4 stitches, increase once in the next stitch, K. 3 (there should now be 62 stitches on the needle).

2nd row—K. 1, purl to the last 8 stitches (P. 1, K. 1), four times. 3rd row—K. 2 (P. 1, K. 1), three times, knit plain to the end of the row. Repeat the 2nd and 3rd rows three times, then the 2nd row once. Continue in plain, smooth fabric (keeping a border of 8 stitches in rib), decreasing once at the front edge (inside the border) in the next and every following 8th row until 55 stitches remain. Work 6 rows without shaping.

In the next row cast off 7 stitches, purl to the last 8 stitches (P. 1, K. 1), four times.

Decrease once at the front edge (inside the border) in the next and the following 8th row, whilst at the same time decreasing once at the armhole edge in the next and every alternate row, until 38 stitches remain.

Decrease once at the front edge (inside the border) in the 2nd and every following 8th row until 33 stitches remain. Work 3 rows without shaping.

The style is remarkably well-tailored, and the knitting is remarkably easy

Shape for the shoulder as follows :

1st row—K. 2 (P. 1, K. 1), three times, knit plain to the last 8 stitches, turn.

2nd and 4th rows—Purl to the last 8 stitches, (P. 1, K. 1), four times.

3rd row—K. 2 (P. 1, K. 1), three times, knit plain to the last 16 stitches, turn.

5th row—K. 2 (P. 1, K. 1), three times, turn.

6th row—(P. 1, K. 1) four times.

7th row—K. 2 (P. 1, K. 1), three times, knit plain to the end of the row.

8th row—Cast off 25 stitches (P. 1, K. 1), four times. Work 2 inches in rib on the remaining 8 stitches. Cast off.

THE LEFT FRONT

Using the No. 10 Needles, cast on 54 stitches.

1st row—* K. 1, P. 1, repeat from * to the last 2 stitches, K. 2. Repeat this row thirty-nine times. Using the No. 8 Needles, proceed as follows :

1st row—K. 3, * increase once in the next stitch, K. 5, repeat from * to the last 9 stitches, increase once in the next stitch (K. 1, P. 1), three times, K. 2 (there should now be 62 stitches on the needle). 2nd row—(K. 1, P. 1) four times, purl to the last stitch, K. 1. 3rd row—Knit plain to the last 8 stitches, (K. 1, P. 1) three times, K. 2.

Repeat the 2nd and 3rd rows three times, then the 2nd row once. Continue in plain, smooth fabric (keeping a border of 8 stitches in rib), decreasing once at the front edge (inside the border) in the next and every following 8th row until 55 stitches remain.

Work 5 rows without shaping.

In the next row—Cast off 7 stitches, knit plain to the last 8 stitches, (K. 1, P. 1) three times, K. 2.

Decrease once at the front edge (inside the border) in the 2nd and the following 8th row, whilst at the same time decreasing once at the armhole edge in every alternate row, until 38 stitches remain.

Decrease once at the front edge (inside the border) in the 2nd and every following 8th row until 33 stitches remain. Work 2 rows without shaping.

Please turn to page 33

You must not miss next week's splendid Radiolympia Issue

SPORTSMEN ON RADIO PARADE!

Sport is looming larger than ever on the radio horizon. The biggest sports events of the year are being brought to our loud-speakers and the method is a complicated and amazing one. This article takes you behind the scenes.

THE vast crowd, densely packed around the arena, is hushed for a moment. Every voice is stilled—every voice except that of the man seated at the microphone in the little box high in the grand-stand.

"The starter's pistol is raised," he says swiftly; surely. "The runners are down on their mark. . . ."

And in compelling phrases he details the scene, so that it lives vividly in the minds of twenty million listeners. Another "Afternoon of Sport" is in progress, an afternoon that is an event in any listeners' experience.

A vast organisation, a great network of communication backed by all the resources of Broadcasting House, is at work. Lines are running from Portland Place to flying fields, cricket grounds, sports stadiums, golf courses, swimming pools—to all places where, that Saturday afternoon, people have gathered to watch some form of sport.

At the end of each line is an Outside Broadcast unit, a small team of experts whose job it is to report the scene and put the spoken word safely on the line to head-quarters. There may be as many as five or six different units, separated by hundreds of miles, yet working together as smoothly as so many studios in the same building.

Indeed, that is the principle on which they base their operation. Just as the control expert on the main panel fades in and fades out each studio in turn, during the transmission of a radio play, so he rings the changes on the various units scattered over the country.

Snags the B.B.C. Encounters

But now there are complications, for in the studio the actors and musicians will patiently watch the red light, ready to perform their own particular piece precisely when instructed. On the other hand, the B.B.C. have no control over the events they report for listeners, and the most carefully arranged schedule may be upset. A sudden rainstorm may cause the last minute cancellation of a game, or an unexpected victory may bring an event to an end sooner than was expected.

Nevertheless, the Outside Broadcast experts manage to fit the various features into a composite whole, welding pieces of time together like some abstract jig-saw puzzle.

Perhaps you can imagine the way in which you receive a commentary during a Saturday afternoon. First there is the commentator himself, watching intently and speaking softly into the mike nestling in its bed of sponge rubber before him. Somewhere adjoining is the control man, blending the sound of that voice with the noises from the effects microphones, making swift decisions, affecting the enjoyment of millions.

The sporting event may be working up to a dramatic climax and the commentator may, in his excitement, be positively shouting. But the control man is there, thinking fast, fading the speaker's voice so that it will not startle or deafen listeners.

Perhaps an experienced announcer would never

give the control man such cause for worry; but the officials of the Outside Broadcast Department have to choose their commentators generally from two kinds of man—he who is expert with the microphone, and he who is an expert on the event being broadcast. You see the difference.

After the control man there is the land-line to Broadcasting House, where somewhere near the roof sits another control official with several assistants. The principal operates the several knobs which fade in and fade out the various "outposts."

The actual "cue" is given by the announcer at each end, for each unit carries with it a powerful portable receiving set, by means of which the commentator listens to his colleague broadcasting his own commentary from wherever he is. The last words are invariably, "and so over to ——"

Waiting for his Cue

The moment he hears the cue, and the name of his own place—such as "Lords" or "Hoylake"—he slips the earphones off and begins to speak into his own microphone. If he were to keep the earphones on he would have the uncanny but disconcerting experience of hearing his own voice reproduced in his ears at the moment of utterance!

Meanwhile, at headquarters, the control man on the end of the various land-lines is informed by one of his assistants—who has been in contact with the "outpost" by telephone all the time—that So-and-So is all ready, or that he wants a few extra minutes.

At the words "Over to ——" from the announcer the effects microphone is faded up so that, at headquarters, the fade out can be made against plenty of background noise. Listen next time carefully and you will understand what I mean—the way the roar of the crowd swells up before finally dying away.

Of course, all this is made possible by the co-operation of the Post Office—which authority has a monopoly of telephone lines—and one of the most important features of an Outside Broadcast is the arranging of good land-lines well in advance. These must be kept absolutely free for a given period, and frequently they require to be tested for quality.

All the apparatus on the scene of an O.B.—microphones, amplifiers, high-tension and low-tension batteries and so on—is in *duplicate* and there is a *double* land-line. There is also a switch which makes it possible to use one circuit or the other, without the listener being any the wiser, in the event of the slightest hitch or a complete breakdown.

Each O.B. unit is supplied with a rough script, which may possibly be amended at the last moment but which gives certain fixed times. This script gives the wording of the announcements to be made from the studio, so that the commentator due to speak can follow the gist of the whole programme.

For instance, you may have listened to that exciting "Afternoon of Sport" when we heard, among other

things, the King's Cup Air Race and the A.A.A. Championships from the White City.

Now I stood beside John Snagge, listening to the studio announcer introducing the A.A.A. championships, telling you what they were about and why they were being held. Then we heard, from the studio, the words, "and so over to the White City."

At that, Snagge slipped his earphones and began to talk pleasantly into the mike. It was so casual that I thought he had missed his cue—impossible idea!—and was talking to me!

Glancing right and left, up at the leaden sky and down at the packed crowd, he spoke pleasantly of our situation, the weather, the record "gate" and led up easily to an introduction of Mr. Harold Abrahams. There you had the two experts—Snagge, expert with a microphone, Abrahams, expert on sport. Singly, no doubt, they have their limitations, together they make an ideal pair.

Abrahams became so excited at one point that he forgot to stop his stop-watch, and was unable to give an approximate time, but that merely added a little human note to the proceedings.

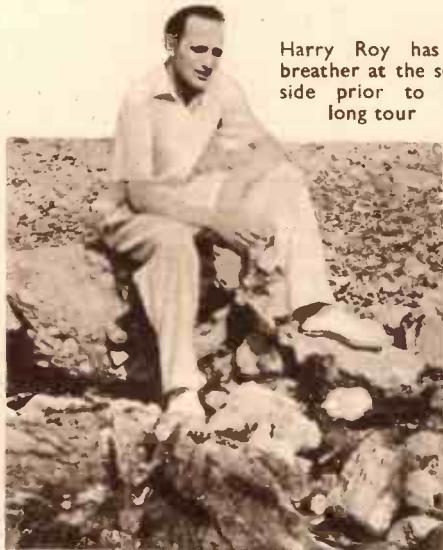
Man Behind the Scenes

Back in Broadcasting House I tracked to his den the man who is in charge of this very efficient Outside Broadcasts Department, Director S. J. de Lotbinière. He is about six feet eight of quiet, youthful authority, a youngish man for such an important job. But he knows every aspect of the work, and talks of it all with an easy intentness that betokens immense enthusiasm. You have probably heard his voice often enough, for he has an excellent microphone manner and generally announces from one of the "outposts."

He told me of the work that goes into the preparation for an O.B., of the weeks of careful research and tactful inquiry that precede the actual broadcast. He dealt with the B.B.C. policy—that the Corporation never pays for the *right* to broadcast, but only for facilities for doing so. He described the ideal commentator as he understands it—a man with fluency of speech, speed of mind, an eye for the picturesque.

"He must realise," Mr. de Lotbinière told me, "that a lively description of what to many would seem an irrelevant detail is often more effective in building up a picture than an orderly selection of all the salient features."

Think of the thousand and one things that might go wrong in the course of a complicated programme like the "Afternoon of Sport"—and be grateful that the B.B.C. has nothing to learn about at least one important side of the broadcasting business.



Harry Roy has a breather at the seaside prior to his long tour

UNOBTRUSIVELY the 6.55 p.m. Atlantic boat train slid out of Waterloo station the other evening leaving a small bunch of us looking glumly after it.

Scarcely a minute previously I had taken the snap you see on this page of Lew Stone, famous radio band leader, leaving for his New York trip.

"Good luck, Lew," everyone had shouted unanimously.

AFTER 11.30

HERE'S a guy whose name you won't hear more'n once every now and then over the air, but whose music you can enjoy mostly every night in those pot-luck programmes after 11.30.

Hoagy Carmichael is the composer of dozens of popular tunes that stay popular. His are the popular songs that live for ever.

Here are just a few that are broadcast again and again: "Washboard Blues," "Stardust," "Rockin' Chair," "My Sweet," "Lazy River," "Georgia on My Mind," "Lazybones," "Snowball," "One Morning in May," "Judy," "Moon Country," "Down t'Uncle Bill's," "Ballad in Blue," "Moonburn"; and they tell me that his latest, which is called "Sing Me a Swing Song," is also his greatest.

So much for Hoagy's claims to fame.

How's about me telling you something of his exciting life story?

First saw daylight on November 11, 1899. Since then has grown as high as 5 feet 7 inches; has brown hair and eyes and great charm.

First played the piano at a very early age. He picked out with one finger a melody currently popular in his home town of Bloomington, Indiana.

First and only piano lessons were given by his mother. Herself a pianist of more than average ability.

First public appearance was with local Concert Party while still very young. Might well have been his last; he was so scared when he came to take his bow, he just couldn't stop—and down came the roller curtain on the back of his neck.

First time that he heard the late Bix Beiderbecke (Swing trumpet virtuoso extraordinary) his one ambition was to play the trumpet himself. He tried hard; much to the horror of his fellow students at Indiana University. When they could stand no more of it, they would crowd into his room sucking lemons. Have you ever tried even to whistle in an atmosphere like that? You can't!

First thoughts of composition came when he heard a famous composer, who shall be nameless, tinkering at the piano. After hearing that, Hoagy thought that any fool could compose. He tried, and found it as easy as he had thought. But it doesn't prove what you think.

First time that he met Paul Whiteman, Paul said: "I've heard about you, little feller." Snap came the reply: "I've heard about you, too, Big Boy!" And Paul really was "big" in those days.

First time that he went to Hollywood to make his fortune, he didn't. Luckily for him, the Whiteman band was out there making the "King of Jazz" film. They smuggled him back in Bing Crosby's bunk. Last year he went to Hollywood by invitation at a fabulous salary. He's still there as I write.

THE MYSTERIOUS

Why IS Lew Stone going to America? :: New System of Band Booking at B.B.C. :: Dates for Gibbons, Payne, Van Phillips, and others :: Max Bacon on the Air

Mrs. S. Willmott—Lew's charming sister—and her husband who, by the way, is a highly placed Government official; and several intimate friends, were there.

Also **Jimmy Phillips**, Irwin Dash and other nabobs of Tin Pan Alley. Hats in hand, pally, smiling.

"Kinda mysterious, this American journey, isn't it?" I overheard someone whisper.

Lew himself was smiling, too. Although to me he looked terribly tired as he left for this six weeks' holiday-in the States.

"I'm going absolutely alone," he confided. "I've no plans whatever, except that I'm going to forget all about dance bands and radio. Probably I shall stay about five days in New York City. Then I may get a small car and drive alone through Maine. I want to see the American countryside and the backwaters of life over there, rather than the big towns.

"I shall be guilty of all the *faux pas* that an Englishman can commit—and revel in it. But I shall be back to reopen at the Café de Paris on September 14.

"My trip is merely a long-deferred holiday," Lew assured everybody. "There's no secret business reason."

Not that many of the crowd really believed him. I heard mention of a big American radio offer.

Yet I for one knew that Lew was telling us the simple truth. He badly needs a holiday, and has merely slipped away for a short spell with no exact idea of how he will occupy it.

You see, Lew Stone is a very different man to-day from what he was even six months ago. He has undergone a profound psychological change.

As I stood on Waterloo platform, I thought back . . . how I first knew him as a struggling orchestrator . . . how his skill as arranger was gradually recognised . . . how I once watched him put up on his office walls in place of pictures the framed gramophone records of his best orchestrations . . . his days as pianist . . . how he took over the Monseigneur band . . . radio success almost overnight . . . a vision of his sister who acts as his secretary, snowed under with fan letters . . . then, touring the music-halls . . . and? And what?

I will tell you. Lew has been courageous and honest enough to convince himself that music-hall appearances, despite his successes, are not his real métier. I am certain that he will never again tour the halls with a dance band.

In fact, a little bird told me very privately that this microphone favourite may take a big job this winter which will prevent him even from broadcasting for a lengthy period.

That would be a great loss to listeners. Watch and see if my prediction is right.

The fact is that Lew has now developed a mature, practical viewpoint. Also a bit of a secrecy complex.

He told me at Waterloo that, like Greta Garbo, he "just wanted to be alone."

And with that explanatory remark and a wave of the hand he has gone to America.

Mysterious Mr. Stone.

Jack Payne, Al Collins, Peter Yorke, and a whole lot more who have yet to sign on the dotted line, are going to get bunches of broadcasts in the autumn. It is what the B.B.C. calls "block" booking, and the reasoning behind the plan, I am told, is this: When a band broadcasts, its leader wants to put on a good show, something different from the other fellow. This means getting a special orchestration of every number his band is going to play, and special orchestrations cost a lot of money.

Now if the band is not heard again until a month later, most of the numbers it played before will be out of date, and the leader is faced with more expense. On the other hand, if he gets four broadcasts within ten days, many of his special orchestrations can be used again. In this way he can make the most of the money he spends and may still be in pocket, now the B.B.C. is increasing its fees to some extent.

The most notable announcements regarding the B.B.C.'s autumn dance band plans are: Geraldo



"Au revoir, Lew." "Radio Pictorial's" cameraman catches a happy smile as Lew Stone leaves for America

will be heard in a new type of programme every other week starting in the week of October 5. **Jack Payne** with his band has five dates between September 29 and end of October. **George Scott-Wood** has three dates. **Carroll Gibbons** and his band will broadcast every other week beginning October 5, and **Peter Yorke** has three dates in November.

Van Phillips comes back into the programmes again on September 28, and is booked to broadcast once a week for thirteen consecutive weeks. I understand that the broadcasts will each be of half an hour duration, and that the band will be of picked musicians playing together for broadcasting only. I will tell you more about this some other week, especially about the £ s. d. of it.

MR. STONE!

"Public-school, Cambridge, frightfully blue-blood and all that sort of bunk"—with this pithy phrase, bandleader Austin Treliving dismissed my query on his collegiate days. He made his first broadcast yesterday (August 20), and a B.B.C. pal tells me he's already scheduled for another date, in Variety.

After leaving Cambridge, Treliving tried his hand in the hardware trade, then in the coach-painting trade—but when there's rhythm in the blood, it's got to come out.

"I gave up coach-painting," Treliving told me, "after I found I'd absentmindedly scratched a musical score on a newly varnished car!" He's been band-leader and musical-director for three years now, though he's only twenty-five.

They're forecasting a bright future for this young man, who composes and orchestrates his own music. He's already a star attraction at Debutantes' balls and Hunt balls (much the same thing); at the Cambridge May Week this year he grabbed a big percentage of applause against such stern competition as Ambrose, Howard Jacobs, Marius Winter, and Harry Roy's *Lyricals*; at his B.B.C. audition he put on just a couple of numbers and was immediately O.K.'d. "Dance music has a great future when it ceases to be called 'dance music,'" says Treliving.

By this remark our friend means that the superficial sound of the term "dance-music" tends to scare-off many great composers who might otherwise have experimented in modern rhythm-music. But he couldn't think of a more dignified name for it.

Can you? If so, you may help to make musical history!

Having worked for five years as an electrical engineer, Reg Edwards started to study the piano in 1922. Then he took up the banjo, and was given an engagement in Ireland which lasted for twelve months. His first fee was ten and sixpence!

Subsequently he went to the Isle of Man, and eventually toured the U.S. and many other parts of the world. On his return he became interested in the piano-accordion, and, taking up that instrument, joined the famous St. Louis Band, who were then (1922) broadcasting regularly from Liverpool.

Afterwards he formed his own band, and toured the Continent with it. The band is now on view at the Rialto Ballroom, Liverpool, from which it will broadcast for the first time on August 27.

Pat Kirkwood, Manchester's fifteen-year-old "crooner," takes part in a programme of "Rhythmic Brevities," which is to be broadcast on August 28. Pat's numbers—mostly of the "swing" type—will alternate with piano solos by Alan C. Low. Alan is a Liverpool man, who has broadcast on various occasions in the Northern Children's Hour.

He is a versatile composer, specialising in "signature tunes." He composed the Argyle, Birkenhead's, signature tune, "Tune in and be Happy." He is to broadcast one of his own numbers, "Lift your Arms, Touch your Toes."

What's breaking Harry Roy's heart about his forthcoming tour is that he's going to miss a whole heap of Tottenham Hotspur's matches. You can't keep him away when he's in town.

Jimmy Jacks and his Band, of Scarborough, is on the air to-morrow (August 22) at 7 p.m., and listeners who have not yet heard him might do well to switch on if they're in search of a band that believes in plenty of melody.

By
BUDDY
BRAMWELL

Jimmy tells me that he has a new croonette with him. Her name is Doreen Day, and Jimmy says she's the goods. Well, he's a pretty good judge. The lady is certainly easy on the eye, as the photograph on this page proves.

"I won't make a penny out of it," says Val Rosing, referring to his B.B.C. dates (he's on the air to-day, August 21, and again on the 24th). You see, he's paying for good men—look out particularly for that "smooth commercial piano team" as Val describes Bruce Merryl and Len Stevens.

Poor Charlie Kunz—he's just sent his nine-year-old son Gerald to Italy for a holiday, and his ten-year-old Peter to Belgium. "But the old man keeps on working," he grinned. "True, I've got a fortnight's holiday during the next two weeks—which I'm to spend playing at Bournemouth and Swansea."

Eddie Carroll and his Band deputise for Charlie Kunz and his boys. There is a possibility, Santos Casani tells me, that the Casani Club will carry two bands in the future, in which case Eddie and his boys will stay put.

There was I, gently sipping a stoup of ale at the Listeners' Inn when who should walk in but Ray Noble. Radio stars turn to that bar like homing pigeons!

Ray was looking fit and well. He tells me that he's over here on a vacation (no kiddin', folks!) and his chief concern is to look up all his pals. But he *might* do a couple of records, and he *might* write a couple of songs, and he *might* do a broadcast if the B.B.C. asks him.

Believe me, there'll be ructions from his fans if the B.B.C. doesn't!

Al Bowly back in town. But he slipped off to the country at once. You see, Al's had an exhausting time in America, where he's the blue-eyed boy among the fans. He came back to England in style, which is a bit different from one of his early trips, when he touched New York while working his passage round the world.

I hear that Trissie, leader of the Carlyle Cousins, blonde, beauti-

Inside Chatter from the DANCE-BAND WORLD

A Popular Weekly Feature

ful and so sweet, is still ill in a nursing-home. Poor Trissie has had a bad time of it during the past few months, and all her friends wish for a speedy recovery.

It must be galling for this enthusiastic harmony queen to be missing while the Cousins dispense sweet syncopation at Radiolympia next week.

I imagine that she'd love to hear from her friends and her fans (though you must be reasonable and not expect a reply). Maybe I ought not to reveal the address, but I'll take a chance. Here it is: Miss Cecile Petrie, Arica Nursing Home, North Foreland, Broadstairs. Come on, fans, do your stuff!

Next Week's LATE-NIGHT DANCE MUSIC

(Subject to unavoidable late alterations)

Monday—SYDNEY LIPTON and the Grosvenor House Dance Band.

Tuesday—MAURICE WINNICK and his Dance Orchestra.

Wednesday—BILLY COTTON and his Band.

Thursday—NAT GONELLA and his Georgians.

Friday—SYDNEY LIPTON and the Grosvenor House Dance Band.

Saturday—BILLY COTTON and his Band.

Clean Fun Department: Did you hear about the man who hated the saxophone because his wife's first husband choked himself to death while playing one? **Billy Thorburn** told me this!

Oi! Oi! Oi! What does it matter that we have not got our health and strength if we have Max Bacon in a solo spot on the air?

September 12, is the date fixed for Ambrose's brilliant drummer-comedian to appear in "Music Hall." Maxie will be doing one of his inimitable dialect acts.

John Sharman—for this day's deed, a large bouquet is awarded by this department.

Line-Ups No. 15

Peter Yorke's fine band, which has hit the radio spot with a vengeance, is composed of the following boys: David Wise (1st violin), Freddy Grinke (2nd violin), Harry Berly (viola), Charlie Pini (cello), Arthur Midlo (trumpet), Ernest Chester-Smith (clarinet), Alec Blackford (piano), Jock Jacobson (drums), Don Studeley (bass), Billy Herbert (guitar), Harry Chapman (harpist between numbers), Sam Costa and Janet Lind (vocalists).

Be seeing ya, pals . . . closing down now!



Jimmy Jacks and his Band in action. They're on the air to-morrow

IT'S MY MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY TO-DAY

all. Great di-Video I.D.P.A.S

WHY DID SHE HAD THE LEADER OF THE

August 21, 1937

STROLL THROUGH TIN-PA

CHARING Cross Road ! That
strange strip of London
which is a kaleidoscope of
jangling pianos, goodfellow-
ship, hard work and flashes of
genius. Where ideas and melo-
odies are born, have their
brief radio being and then make way for
others. This is the
setting of this—

Hamilton Kennedy, brother of Jimmy, writer of "I'm the Last of the Texas Rangers," among other hits

"Small Town Gal" is one of Rodd Arden's big successes

Leo Towers with his partner Harry Leon wrote "Good-bye Hawaii" and "Sally." Just two of many of their hits

Harry Saville, part author of the show, will play "Happy," one of the two chief characters

Tolchard Evans (left) and Stanley Damerell (right), a team that has written many big hits. "Let's All Sing Like the Birdies Sing" and "Lady of Spain" are two that they'll introduce to the show

—musical show written and devised by Michael Carr and Harry Saville, produced by A. W. Hanson and starring many of our leading British song-writers who will come to the microphone to sing and play their own numbers. You will hear it on Friday, August 28 (National, 9-9.40 p.m.).

"Dinner for One, Please, James," "A Gentleman's Gentleman," "Lady from Mayfair" . . . these are a few of Michael Carr's winners. He will play "Snappy," the other leading character in the show he helped to devise

DE TEXAS RANGERS

Bb E7 G.C.

HE WAS A GENTLEMAN'S GENTLEMAN

Bb7 Eb7 Ab7 Am7

WE'RE SAT

ers ver whi he

Ac Ad

Jimm has' Cap Satu song



RADIO PICTORIAL



“TWENTY YEARS of RHYTHM”

★ The old days of the Savoy Havana Band and the original Savoy Orpheans marked the beginning of an era in dance-music. RAMON NEWTON, now well-known as a radio singer, was in at the beginning of those halcyon days

By
RAMON
NEWTON

Leader of those old-time favourites, the Savoy Havana Band and the Savoy Orpheans many years ago.



Ramon Newton,
radio singer, as
he now is



And this is
Ramon when
he was younger

IT is fascinating to look back on the comparatively short history of modern dance music; to trace its evolution from the early days of kitchen utensils and Swanee whistles to the refined symphonic instrumentation of our bands to-day.

It must be 20 years since I led my first dance band, 17 years since we played at the New York Terrace Garden, 13 years since I first broadcast over 2LO with the old Savoy Havana Band, introducing the vogue, in this country, of incidental band singing, which is now a commonplace characteristic of broadcast dance music.

Even as far back as 1923 we had completely broken away from the din and noise of the early jazz bands. We employed straight melodic choruses against a compelling rhythmic background of piano, banjo, bass and drums. "Hot" music was unknown, special arrangements were few, but we improvised quickly on the simple scores, introducing such sounds as the "horse-neigh" (via the trombone), the "wow-wow" and the "doo-wacka-doo" with good effect.

For melodic purposes we relied mainly on straight saxophone solos shadowed by violin *obligato*. As a young violinist, I had acquired the knack of spontaneous *obligato* by mastering the rudiments of harmony which enable a musician to "play round" the melody without *catty* effects.

My pianist, in those days, was the still popular Billy Mayerl, whose staccato rhythms and rippling melodies were the joy of the appreciative dancer. My banjoist—the late Dave Thomas—fingered his keyboard like a violin player, fluently and accurately. The drummer, Laurie Huntingdon (now a film producer) employed the cymbal, tap box, celeste and cow bells with masterly effect.

I suppose we were the happiest bunch of musicians that ever occupied a bandstand, and I believe our enthusiasm and love of melody-making were communicated to our wireless audience.

Every morning I received letters testifying to this belief. Invalids, schoolboys, the aged and infirm—men and women in all stations of life—told me of the happiness our music brought them. Whenever I sang a chorus, I felt that I was singing, not to strangers, but to a family of incalculable size.

And even to-day, when radio singing has become a daily expectation, that same sympathetic sense possesses me when I face the microphone in the Radio Luxembourg studio, under vastly improved conditions, and interpret the latest song as sincerely as I can.

When I first achieved success as a broadcasting band leader, many people told me I was "lucky." Perhaps I was, but few appreciated the years of struggle that went toward that success.

I went to Canada at the age of eighteen prepared to learn farming. This, however, did not satisfy my adventurous disposition. Subsequently, I spent two hard winters in Canadian lumber camps, several months with a road-construction gang—sometimes wielding a pick—and later embarked on a surveying expedition through the Peace River country in a temperature of 40 to 50 degrees below zero.

When I ultimately decided to make my living at music, the proprietor of the small cinema where I played stipulated that the resident violinist should also light the fires and sweep out the room. For these varied tasks I received the princely sum of seven dollars per week.

The cinema boom, however, gave me the chance I needed. I took my fiddle into the pit under the screen and fitted those early film dramas with appropriate tunes. When, as often happened, the projector broke down, I popped out of the pit and lulled our impatient audiences with a song.

In this way I became what was then known as an illustrated song singer—one whose vocalisms were made to coincide with a series of ingenuous coloured slides flashed on the screen with the progress of the song.

From Edmonton, Alberta, I travelled the de luxe cinemas of Canada. Then, with the coming of the post-war jazz fever, I formed my first dance band, led on the violin and sang the choruses. A long line of engagements took us to New York, where we settled at the Terrace Garden, seeking to satisfy the needs of an eager dancing public that wanted to forget the War.

In 1920 I had an offer to return to the land of my birth. I wavered at first, but the lure of the old country outweighed all other considerations, and I sailed for England.

I wonder if you know the thrill of setting foot

in England after years of exile. Much that I had known of it had gone—but England is always England. I lost no time in re-visiting the scenes of my childhood at Malvern, Worcestershire, where, years before, my father, Walter Newton, had been music master at Malvern College.

Of course, no one remembered me as I wandered down the old country lanes and ambled through the streets of the town with its hundred-and-one associations of boyhood. The old town still slept snugly among its glorious hills and valleys. Life there had changed very little during my long absence.

Back in London I settled to work at the Savoy Hotel. There was much antagonism to jazz music at that time, but we swiftly obtained a large following of dancing enthusiasts.

The late Bert Ralton brought his New York Havana Band to the hotel, and we linked up for a pioneer stage broadcast at the Coliseum. We were on tenterhooks the first night, not knowing how a dance band would be received by a theatre audience.

Before the curtain rose, all doubts were dispelled. As we struck into the opening number a wave of applause swept up from the auditorium, and as the curtain lifted, it grew into a vast roar. We had found our public and we never looked back.

Towards the end of 1923, when Ralton took his band to Australia, I re-formed the Savoy Havana Band, obtaining the services of eight leading London musicians. Broadcasting and recording made severe inroads in our leisure hours. Sometimes, after playing at the Savoy till 2 a.m., we re-assembled for a gramophone session at 9 o'clock the same morning.

In those days, before electrical recording, the studios were sound-proof and the heat was often stifling. Coatless and collarless, we slaved in front of three merciless, inquisitive-looking horns that projected from the wall. Sometimes the second or third performance produced the right record; on other occasions six renderings went to the finished disc.

Early in 1924 a young collegiate from America joined our ranks. He was Rudy Vallee, then a saxophone player with an ambition to sing.

Rudy's style of singing, however, was ahead of its time. He could only be heard effectively through a large megaphone. I will admit, frankly, that I little dreamed of the success that later came his way when he returned to the States, completed his studies at Yale, and branched out as a crooner and band leader.

I remember him as a pleasant, fresh-faced youngster, full of enthusiasm and up to any lark. We replaced him with Van Phillips, whose masterly arrangements you have probably heard from time to time.

The retirement of Debroy Somers from the leadership of the Savoy Orpheans early in 1926 again altered the course of my career. The Havana was placed in charge of Reginald Batten and I was appointed conductor of the "band opposite."

After years of violin leadership I did not find it difficult to wield a baton in front of 12 trained and highly accomplished musicians. My vocal chorus was still much in demand, and I participated in the making of several famous songs.

"Show Me the Way To Go Home," of which I was part author, was probably the most successful. The big publishing business of Campbell,

Please turn to page 30

The only film star with his name on a studio roof! This is the fun factory where the Fuller comedies are made!



"ANYTHING FOR A LAUGH!"

This is the motto of **LESLIE FULLER**, the popular screen comedian, who will be heard in *Variety* to-morrow (August 22, National 8.40—9.40 p.m.) This article reveals Leslie as hardworking comedian and kindly man.

DESPITE its present teeming throng of Leslies, the B.B.C. gladly welcomes another to its fold.

Leslie Fuller, big, bluff, rubber-faced, joins Sarony, Holmes, Bridgewater, and all those others who help to make Broadcasting House more and more of "Les" and "Les"!

Elstree is liable to feel jealous. In Elstree Leslie Fuller is "Our Les," just as in Lancashire Gracie Fields is "Our Gracie." He is an Elstree landmark.

When they built a new swimming-pool at one of Filmland's playgrounds, they got Leslie to open it and take the initial plunge. When they built Elstree's first cinema less than a year ago—The Studio Cinema—it was Leslie who declared it open.

Leslie, and his well-known cream and light green car, belong so definitely to the Hertfordshire filmopolis that if they were to take them away it would be rather like burning down the studios. His name is written in bold white letters across the top of Elstree's oldest studios.

Before opening the Studio Cinema, Leslie came and sat in the audience, with his pretty wife, Nan Bates. Everybody was saying "Hello, Leslie," as though they had known him for years. Then he walked down the aisle, waving a hand to everybody, and climbed on the stage. He gagged spontaneously for fifteen minutes, and the house rocked. Then they opened the first programme with the première of Leslie's picture *Captain Bill*.

That picture was Leslie's twentieth made in Elstree. Not one of them has ever lost money. Some of the snootier critics frown on his broad, hearty comedy, but to the Cockney and the homely folk up North he is the top!

When Nan presented Leslie with twins, one high-hat fellow said to me, "Fancy two new Leslie Fullers coming into the world at one time!" But if the twins follow in Dad's footsteps and help to

keep good broad fun alive in the midst of highbrowism, the stork did a very noble job.

Leslie's a demon for work. He will do anything in the cause of comedy. I remember him, when he impersonated a female, walking around an exterior film lot in a backless evening gown and with the thermometer at freezing point. I remember him allowing an all-in wrestler to throw him about for a scene filmed at the Ring, Blackfriars.

At one time, when he was fulfilling variety engagements as well as filming, he had to fly from various points to Elstree, his plane landing punctually to time at Aldenham Aerodrome near the studios.

While at work, he is deadly earnest, but in the lunch-hour—at "The Red Lion Hotel" facing the studios, or in "The Plough," the early Georgian lunch rendezvous of the stars, in Elstree Village—he is a smiling very human fellow, liked by all, and nobody ever calls him "Mr. Fuller."

If one must name another place entitled to claim Leslie as its own, that place is Margate. Leslie's "Margate Ped'lers," the concert party he had formed during the War in France, helped to put Margate Pier—or should I say Margate itself?—on the map. Moreover, Leslie is a Margate man.

Nan Bates, the present Mrs. Fuller, was a performer in the "Margate Ped'lers," and Syd Courtenay, Leslie's pal for twenty years and his right-hand man in the "Ped'lers," is scenarist at the Rock Studios where Leslie has filmed the past two years, and has authored the scripts of several Fuller films.



So Leslie still has "Ped'lers" around him to recall those tough but enjoyable days before he attained screen stardom.

Leslie's four-foot partner in recent films, Georgie Harris, has been televised and Leslie will doubtless be televised, too. It's almost a certainty. He has a funny face, and only through television will his full comedy value be realised.

Sometimes I think the B.B.C. has an ulterior motive in making comedians of the Leslie Fuller type "mike conscious." It looks suspiciously as though the B.B.C. is rallying funny faces about its portals in preparation for the Television Offensive.

Anyway, the B.B.C. is to be congratulated on preserving England's traditional "homely" comedy. The new exponents of satire and skilful word-play are brilliant and welcomed. But the broad, bluff humour of Fuller and his ilk is a thing well worth retaining.

Leslie started out in life as one of Fred Karno's boys, as did Chaplin. Leslie is proud to admit that. All the Karno boys made good, chiefly because of the sound training they got. They all had to be versatile. Few people realise that Leslie Fuller is not only a singer but an acrobat as well.

Maybe one of these days the B.B.C. will get him to sing one of those comic songs with which he delighted the audience when he made a personal appearance at the Empire, Leicester Square, in 1932.

His first broadcast was given two years ago. It was an army episode, an extract from his film "Not So Quiet on the Western Front." To-morrow his countless fans will make a date with their radio sets and settle back for another "mirthquake." H. H.



Lucky Leslie! Two film lovelies lunch with him at the Barn Club.

NEXT WEEK

RADIOLYMPIA!

"Radio Pictorial" tells you all you want to know about the giant show.

Our Magnificent Seaside Serial Is Drawing to a Close

THE MYSTERY IS CLEARED UP

BY
LEONARD
HENRY

★ Readers will remember that Augustus Lamberry caused a sensation at the end of last week's instalment when he burst into the green room and accused Sheila Fordyce of the murder of Cynthia Stockford. What is the mystery behind this accusation? Is Sheila really guilty of this crime?

THERE was dead silence for a moment after Augustus Lamberry's dramatic interruption. If it had been a scene in a play somebody would have said or done exactly the right thing, but in real life one thinks of the right thing about two minutes too late. So we all, even the policeman, just stood still and gaped at Augustus as though we expected him next to produce the body, all nicely marked with a cross.

Instead, he fumbled in a pocket and pulled out a note.

"I suppose you won't deny you wrote this?" he demanded. "I got this to-day, Inspector, from this girl Fordyce. She says 'Why don't you give it up and go home? Don't you understand? Cynthia Stockford has ceased to exist.' Then she signs it 'Sheila Fordyce.' If this note is true and Cynthia is dead, then this girl must have killed her."

Detective-Inspector Armitage came to life and grabbed the note. Inspector Timbrell moved swiftly to Sheila's side. Lamberry gloated over the sensation he had caused. I felt slightly sick, and even Arthur Copliss looked shaken. And then Sheila—Sheila stuffed her hankie in her mouth and went off into helpless giggles.

Make no mistake, there was no hysteria about it. Just the honest-to-goodness giggling that convinces you there's a darned good joke lurking somewhere if only you can see the point of it. I thought feverishly, but it beat me so I gave it up and sat down to wait patiently for the next development.

Armitage and Timbrell looked worried and uncertain. Dash it all, no matter how hard-boiled a bobby may be, he can't charge a girl with murder when she's bubbling over with maidenly merriment. It began to dawn upon me that there were those amongst us who would look awful asses before they were much older, and that Sheila Fordyce would not be of the elect. Then Armitage got impatient.

"When you've finished enjoying yourself perhaps you'll remember I'm a busy man, that you've already caused me to waste a good deal of time tonight, and that I can quite easily arrest you if you would prefer to make your explanations at the station."

Sheila dabbed her eyes and pulled herself together.

"I'm terribly sorry, Inspector. Of course I'll explain everything. I apologise for my fit of the giggles, but I've not had much to laugh about this last week, and Augustus did look so funny. Also, I can see now what a silly idiot I was to send that note to Augustus. I thought I was helping him."

but I might have guessed he'd misunderstand it. I only wanted to give him a chance to clear out quietly and save him from making an ass of himself in public, and it seems to have had the opposite effect.

"Cynthia Stockford has ceased to exist, not because she is murdered, but because she is married."

"Married!" burst out Augustus. "Who to?"

"To whom, you should say," murmured Arthur primly.

"Charles Cavendish," replied Sheila. "If you want to verify what I am telling you, ring him up at the Vantone Hotel, Bayswater. He and Cynthia have been spending their honeymoon there, and she promised she would wait in till midnight tonight in case anyone wanted to get into touch with her."

"Then what the devil's the meaning of all this mystery?" growled Armitage. "It seems to me there's going to be trouble even now. It's a serious business, misleading the police."

"No one has misled the police," put in Sheila swiftly. "If there has been any trouble Cynthia and I are very sorry, but the only people to blame are Mr. and Mrs. Stockford—Cynthia's parents. I'd better tell you the whole story."

Although the Stockfords are terribly rich, her parents were always dead set on Cynthia marrying Augustus Lamberry—mainly because he's rolling in money. I don't mean that unkindly, Augustus. You're a dear old soul in many ways. But Cynthia was never in love with him, so if she had married him it could only have been for his money.

Cynthia was crazy on Charles Cavendish, who hasn't a bean at the moment. But he's on the stage, he's ridiculously good looking, and if he gets half a chance—which he will do with the Stockfords' money and influence behind him—he'll be an international star in no time and earning thousands.

Cynthia was supposed to be stage struck, but actually Charles was her chief source of interest in the stage and she never had any ambition to act herself. But her father tried to make out that her infatuation for Charles was because she was mad on everything connected with the theatre, and to save trouble, Cynthia didn't contradict him.

"At last Cynthia could stand it no longer. Her people were bullying her to marry Augustus. Augustus was pestering her every day and all day, so she decided that the only thing to do was to

run away and marry Charles, and trust to luck to make it up afterwards.

"She knew that if she tried to marry Charles openly her father would put every possible obstacle in her way, and so we hit upon this plan of making everyone think she had bolted from home to go on the stage. I'm Cynthia's cousin, by the way. We're rather alike, and I really was keen to take up theatrical work.

"So Cynthia gave me some of her clothes, and I stopped at a few places in her name so as to leave a trail of clues, and eventually finished here at Brightbourne. I gave my own name at my lodgings here, but I collected some letters at the Poste Restante addressed to Cynthia, and left a few other clues about to keep things moving.

"Meanwhile, Cynthia slipped off to London, got married to Charles at a Register Office at Tooting, and has been having a fortnight of peace and happiness in that Bayswater hotel. I promised I'd keep her secret till to-night so that her honeymoon wouldn't be ruined, but now she's ready to go home, face the music, and make peace with her parents.

"That's why I couldn't kick up a fuss when Augustus kidnapped me and took me to his cottage. I was afraid that if I attracted attention it would all come out about Cynthia. Incidentally, Augustus trying to drug me was the funniest thing that has ever happened to me."

"He had about two spots of chloroform on his handkerchief—I suppose he was afraid to use more—and he held it to my nose so awkwardly that even if it had been *soaked* I could still have got plenty of fresh air! But I could smell chloroform, I couldn't risk a scrap with him, so I thought I'd better pretend to be doped. Was I a terrible weight, Augustus? You were puffing hard enough by the time we reached the taxi!"

"Well, your tale sounds all right," said Detective Inspector Armitage cautiously, "but I'll just put a phone call through to the—the Vantone Hotel, did you say? May I use your office, Mr. Henry?"

Poor old Augustus! I felt really sorry for him. All his pomposity had vanished and he looked like a fat, overgrown schoolboy who had just had a fearful kick in the pants for no reason he could grasp at the moment.

"Cynthia's married, you say? To Charles Cavendish? But he's a nobody. Oh, I know I wasn't good enough for her, but Cynthia could have married anybody she liked—anybody."

He sat down heavily, and then Arthur did what I thought was a jolly decent thing. He strolled casually across to Lamberry and held out his cigarette case.

"Have a cigarette, Lamberry, old man," he said. "Good for the nerves and all that sort of thing. Light? I'm sorry I socked you the other day, but in the circumstances there didn't seem anything else to do. No ill feelings, I hope?"

Lamberry, puffing feverishly at his cigarette, shook his head and held out his hand. The two men gripped. Then the door opened and a young mob surged in.

At the head was Detective Inspector Armitage, looking considerably less grim. Close behind was Scotson Towndale and then followed several of his friends of both sexes.

"Come on, you folks!" called out Towndale. "Let's go somewhere and have a drink. I think an auspicious occasion like this demands strong liquor and good wishes for continued success."



Guest (at Suburban Wireless Party):—"Allegro! Gee! I know him. He Runs a swell speakeasy in Noo York."



Sheila stuffed her hankie into her mouth and went off into helpless giggles.

I think that was the first time on record that a party of Thespians ignored an invitation to drink, but not one of us took the slightest notice of Towndale. We all gazed hopefully at Armitage. Somehow, we wanted to make quite certain that everything was O.K. with our little Sheila. It was!

"Well, Miss Fordyce," said Armitage, "I've had a talk with Miss Stockford—or rather, I should say, Mrs. Cavendish—and she confirms everything you've told me. Also I rang through to Mr. Stockford and told him all about it and where he could find his daughter.

"I took the liberty of telling him that I considered him responsible for putting the police to a great deal of unnecessary trouble, and I hinted that the best way to smooth things over would be to become reconciled with his daughter as quickly as possible. Then the authorities might be persuaded to take the view that their trouble had not altogether been in vain. So I think that little romance will end happily."

"Inspector," I said solemnly, "you're a sentimental old devil. You may have a face that gives criminals bad dreams, but when you're off duty I bet you go to the flicks and snivel over Greta Garbo."

"What is all this about, if it's not impolite to ask?" said Scotson Towndale.

I rapidly explained the exciting climax to the hunt for the Stage Struck Heiress, and Towndale and his friends were duly impressed. Then Augustus Lamberry struggled to his feet and gave tongue.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said huskily.

"I'd be very grateful if you would listen to me for a few moments. I've made myself a confounded nuisance to some of you during the last few days, and I'm afraid I've done a few things I ought to regret.

"When I say I don't regret one of them I trust you'll understand my lack of repentance is solely due to the fact that I've only done what any other man here would have done. I did my best to win the girl I was keen on.

"Well, I didn't win. In fact, I was fighting a battle that was already lost, so all I can do now is to say I'm sorry for any trouble I've caused any of you, and that I wish Cynthia and her husband health, wealth and happiness."

He paused, and we seized the opportunity to give three hearty cheers. We weren't quite certain whether we were cheering Augustus, the newlyweds, or ourselves, but three cheers seemed the best way of letting off steam, so we gave them. Anyhow, Augustus looked pleased, and perked up no end. When we were silent once more, he continued.

"Now, there's only one thing left to do. Mr.—er—Towndale said something about a celebration when he came in. A celebration seems the best way of bringing this little episode to a conclusion, so I would like you all to come along to the Royal Hotel for supper as my guests. Yes, you and your friends too, Mr. Towndale. The more, the merrier, and you've all had some part in making a success of this Competition which was won by Sheila. You'll come, won't you, Inspector? And you?"

Armitage and Timbrell consulted for a moment in whispers, and then Armitage answered.

"Yes, I think we can manage it, thank you very much. We'll have to go to the station to report, but after that, if we may, we'll meet you at the Royal."

My last conscious impressions of that evening were, firstly, Augustus, with a paper cap cocked over one eye, sitting in a corner with Angela, telling her she was the most wonderful girl he had ever met; secondly, Jimmy Donald sitting at the piano singing slushy love songs in a voice that went into a cracked falsetto about once every six bars; and thirdly, Inspectors Timbrell and Armitage, clasped in each other's arms, twirling slowly round and round in an inexpressibly solemn waltz. Truly, a great evening.

To be concluded in our next issue

Have you bought your copy of the August

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The Children's Hour

RPL

UNCLE BARRY'S LETTER

IT is really quite remarkable the number of young listeners who take an interest in the private lives of the Children's Hour Staff, and of the artistes who take part in the programmes.

Quite a lot of children seem to think that "Sophie"—who is Cecil Dixon, pianist and accompanist—is Mac's wife. Of course, this is not the case, for "Sophie" is not married at all. "Barbara," who used to be in the Children's Hour is married to "David," but neither "Elizabeth" nor "Anne" are married. I hope that news will settle a number of arguments.

Friday's Children's Hour—to-day—includes Commander Stephen King-Hall, in his weekly News Talk *Here and There* series, and also Hugh de Sélincourt, who continues to read from his own book *Young 'Un*. Hugh de Sélincourt is an expert critic of the grand old game, yet it was not until he was fifty years old that he scored his first century—and then it was in a village cricket match.

After a short break the stories of Rudyard Kipling are to be revived. The *Just So Stories* have now been broadcast, and the famous Jungle Books come next. Part one of *Rikki-Tikki-Tavi*—a mongoose—will be read by Ronald Simpson, the actor, on Monday, August 24. The Zoo Man is in the same programme.

Listen to the B.B.C. Singers on Tuesday, August 25, because they are always good, and in this programme both Stanley Riley, the bass-baritone, and Martin Boddey are to sing solos.

Probably you often hear the Singers at the Daily Service before the Weather Forecast, and the same singers who take part in the Sunday night Epilogue. Well, both Stanley and Martin are members of these Singers, and so you will be interested to hear their solos.

The fifth dialogue story in the series *Babs and Mr. Bun* comes to the microphone on Wednesday, August 26, when the cast will include Joyce Moore and Robert Holland. When Robert was a small boy of eight he wrote a story which was considered to be so good that he was invited to read it in the Children's Hour.

On this same afternoon, Leslie Housden begins a new series called *My Funny Little Family*—these are stories about his own home pets.

A play by Arthur Davenport is down for Thursday, August 27, and as this author's work is always first-rate, you must make a point of listening to *Robin-a-Robbin*.

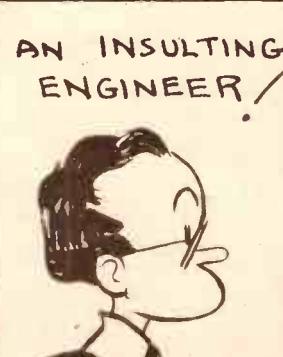
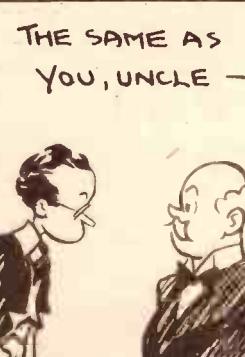
Until next week—when there is some exciting news!

UNCLE BARRY.

ANOTHER RIDDLE RHYME

The following couplets contain clues to famous radio surnames:

- (1) First get a laugh most people hate;
Then add a very heavy weight.
- (2) Do this to prove you like the show;
The next part's nice with eggs, you know.
- (3) If you fall off this while crossing a river,
You'll fall into this, and how you'll shiver!

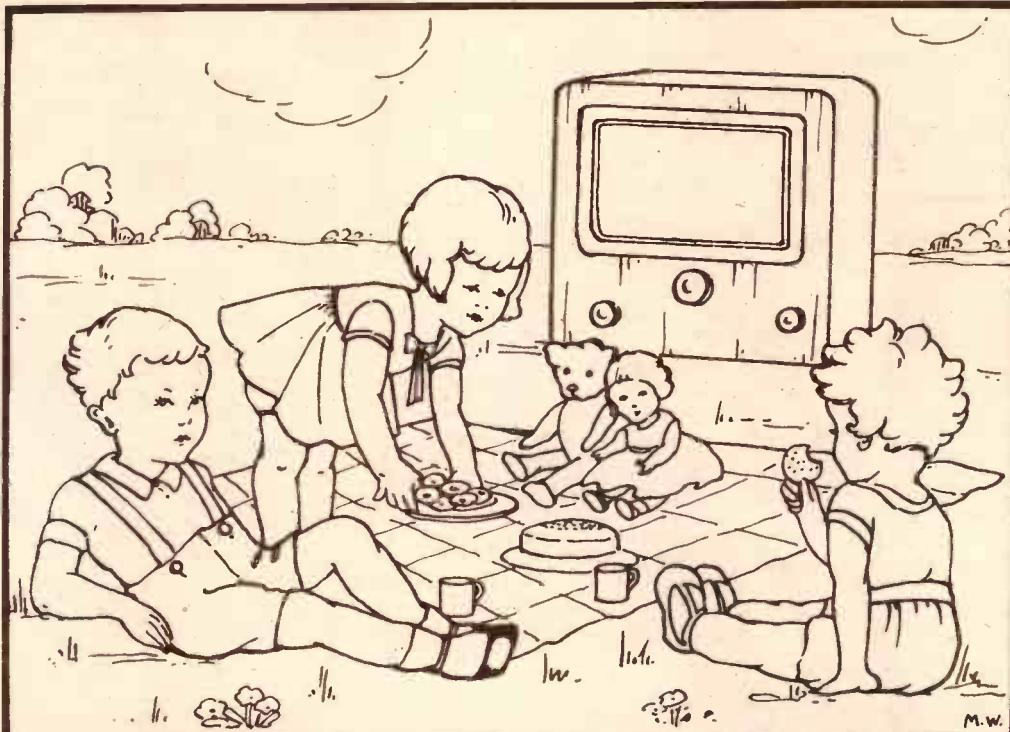


PERCY...

FLATTERY!

Conducted by Uncle Barry

PICNIC PAINTING COMPETITION



OUR LEAGUE CORNER

RADIO PICTORIAL LEAGUE

(In aid of The Queen's Hospital for Children, Hackney Road)

MY DEAR CHILDREN,

The Goose Painting Competition that appeared on this page the other week was very popular and there was a record number of entries. Here are the prizewinners:

Class A.—Joyce Best (10), 12 Mabel Grove, West Bridgford, Nottingham.

Class B.—Roy Whitfield (11), 8 Fernbank Terrace, Bingley.

Class C.—Patricia Henderson (14), 128 Clitterhouse Crescent, Cricklewood, London, N.W.2.

Two five-year-olds deserve special mention for their very nice colourings. Ralph Sherwin and Sheila Hall.

Well done, prizewinners! And may all the others be more successful another time.

And now, up above you see another painting competition—a picture of a picnic, complete with radio set, nice things to eat, and lots of grass and flowers. Even Teddy and Dolly are joining in. You will enjoy putting in the colours with the aid of your paintbox or crayons.

Competition Rules

1. Entries must be received at the RADIO

PICTORIAL offices, 37-38 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2, before Friday, August 28.

2. The Editor's decision is final.

3. Each entry must be signed with name, age, and address, and must be guaranteed by a parent or guardian to be unaided work.

4. There are three classes for every competition: Class A for children of 10 years old and under; Class B for 11 to 13; Class C from 14 to 16.

5. A prize of an album of six portraits of popular broadcasters will be awarded in each class.

THE HOSPITAL LADY

MIXED DOUBLES

Here is the solution to last week's puzzle called "Mixed Doubles":

- (1) Norman Long and Norman Austin.
- (2) Tommy Handley and Ronald Frankau.
- (3) Reginald Purcell and Reginald Foort.
- (4) Harold Ramsay and Quentin Maclean.
- (5) Fred Hartley and Fred Latham.
- (6) Jack Hylton and Harry Leader.
- (7) Leslie Weston and Leslie Holmes.
- (8) Billy Cotton and Billy Merrin.

From My Diary . . .

By a Harley Street Doctor

OFF FOR THE HOLIDAYS

THIS week we have been in a turmoil of holiday preparations and, as usual, the three children are doing their best to upset themselves with excitement. I reminded my wife that last year we brought a great deal of additional trouble on our own heads by failing to keep sufficient control over our tempers. As she prepared to utter indignant denials I pointed out that the extra work and worry made us both irritable so that we were too easily aroused to anger by some childish escapade.

"We blame the children for being over-excited," I said. "The only sensible way to deal with excitement is to keep perfectly calm. Handle them as a nurse handles a fractious patient, and that alone will do more to avoid minor ailments than any medicine I can prescribe."

I set the seal on my popularity early in the week by bringing home vast quantities of barley sugar. All other sweets were cancelled by strict order, but the glucose in the barley sugar helped to keep the little tummies from getting upset. John, our four-year-old, is a bad traveller, so we gave powdered glucose as well, sometimes in milk and sometimes sprinkled over his breakfast cereal.

We also cut down the milk ration for that week only. The less fat there is in the diet, the less likelihood there is of sickness. If any of the children seemed disinclined for food at a meal I warned my wife not to press them to eat. A little wholesome hunger is an admirable corrective, and she soon found that a neglected lunch was almost invariably followed by an abnormal tea!

Young people are affected far more than one realises by the worry of anticipation. Here are all these seaside thrills in sight, and yet until they actually arrive the days seem interminable. To overcome that I suggested they should begin their own holiday preparations. Mary is ten and a sensible kid, so I handed her the local guide book and told her to write a list of all the places she'd like to visit, and what she wanted to see at each spot. She read bits out to John, who was enthralled, and promptly began to invent games to play in ruined castles.

John wants to learn to swim, so dozens of times

Beginning a new series of authoritative articles. The author is a famous Harley Street doctor, whose name, for reasons of medical etiquette, cannot be disclosed

a day he sprawls his plump body across a cushion and strikes out manfully. Peter, our two-year-old, toddles round admiringly and had to be restrained from making sand pies with the soil from the flower beds. But they all feel they really are helping to get ready for the holidays.

In spite of all our care, John and the baby both got constipated towards the end of the week.

John was promptly given a dose of castor oil, but my wife was horrified when I ordered a grain of calomel for little Peter. I explained that relatively a baby's liver is much larger than an adult's and it could easily tolerate a purgative that might upset a grown man. She administered the calomel with misgivings, but was completely satisfied with the results.

Thursday night Mary was a little terror and hardly slept at all. Poor kid, she was so good, but just couldn't drop off to sleep. She was heavy-eyed and listless on Friday, so in the evening she had salad for supper, but instead of salt I sprinkled 5 grains of bromide of sodium over it. She slept the clock round after that!

We got off safely on Saturday and I bought a few cheap games—

crossword puzzles and such-like—for entertainment on the train. I have one very strict rule for train journeys, and that is no reading of twopenny comics. Reading, especially when the print is none too clear, is a big strain on the eyes and eyestrain is a common cause of sickness. In case of emergencies, however, my wife had two or three stout paper bags—easily the cleanest and most easily disposed of receptacles.

As it turned out, the children cheerfully munched barley sugar and did the journey without turning a hair, arriving full of anticipation.

NEXT WEEK: First Days by the Sea.

Mary is ten and a sensible kid . . . John wants to learn to swim . . . Peter toddles round admiringly



REGIONAL BAND LEADERS, No. 8.

W. E. PETHERS of COVENTRY HIPPODROME

WHEN Charles Shadwell received his B.B.C. appointment, the directors of Coventry Hippodrome considered themselves very fortunate to secure "Bill" Pethers as his successor, and there is no doubt that the radio fame of the Hippodrome Orchestra had a good deal to do with attracting him to Coventry.

For there is no more experienced musical director in the country—let's take a peep at his record which proves this.

A native of Perth, Mr. Pethers was seriously wounded two weeks before the Great War ended, and after his discharge from the army immediately started cinema work, which kept him busy for two years. After that, he toured as musical director to several musical comedies, and was then "spotted" by Gracie Fields, with whom he toured for about four years as her conductor in revue and variety.

It was during this time that his son Ronald was born, and Gracie became his godmother—the youngster's name is Ronald Stansfield Pethers, Stansfield being Gracie's real name.

While he was at the Hippodrome, Liverpool, Richard Crean, the conductor of the London Palladium Orchestra, was taken ill, and Bill Pethers went down and deputised for him for twelve months, conducting the band at all its engagements, including radio and recording.

On the return of Mr. Crean, Bill was transferred to Brighton Hippodrome, where he was stationed for five years before coming to Coventry. Strangely enough, he followed Charles Shadwell to the conductor's chair at Brighton Hippodrome, and again to Coventry. Is he, too, destined for the B.B.C.?

He has already become very popular with Hippodrome patrons by organising his orchestra to take part in a stage party, with the collaboration of artistes on the bill. This is the first time this has ever been done in Coventry, and proved a huge success.

Bill Pethers has undertaken no light task in following Charles Shadwell, who has made the weekly Saturday lunch-hour broadcasts of the Hippodrome Orchestra one of the most popular features in broadcasting to-day.

Their versatility is one of their strongest points—they are usually some fifteen strong, but several of them double on various instruments. With a pianist such as Jack Wilson available,

this instrument is naturally very much to the fore. Jack has been with the band since its first broadcast; in fact, there was a time when he was full-time pianist at the Hippodrome.

The band invariably features some of its own arrangements—Charles Shadwell did a lot of work in this direction—and has developed a team-work which is quite outstanding.

Its popularity is no mere hearsay. On several occasions the band has paid flying visits to health resorts and broken all records. And one relay service has furnished written evidence that when Coventry Hippodrome Orchestra comes on the air, quite 30 per cent. more of its subscribers switch on.

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Even if you can't get to Radiolympia you'll revel in our next week's Souvenir Issue

Germany's Droitwich

Germany's National Radio Station, Deutschlandsender, is described in this revealing article by

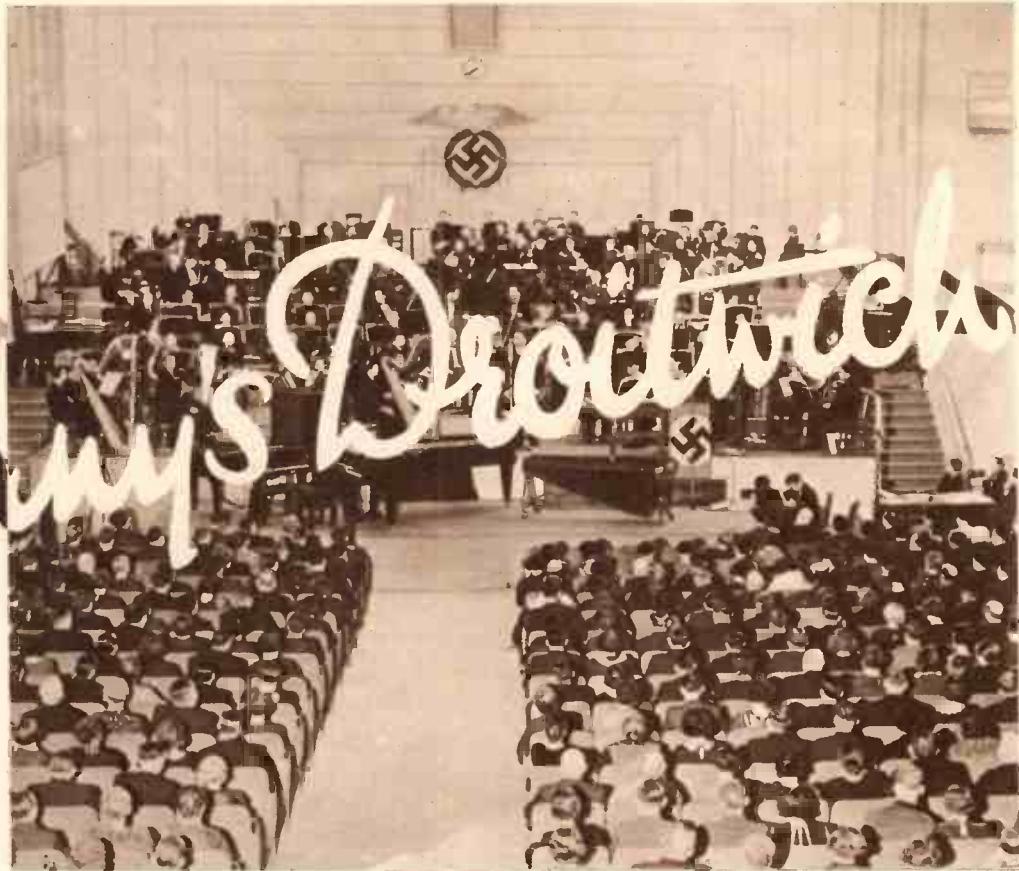
A. A. Gulliland

"GERMANY transmitter" would be the literal translation of Deutschlandsender, which is that country's representative national station. It is, to all intents and purposes, Germany's Droitwich, but unlike Droitwich, it has an independent programme of its own.

In Germany, programme building is decentralised and each station has an "Intendant" (Station Managing and Programme Director) who bears the entire responsibility for the programmes.

There are ten regional stations apart from the national transmitter, but the service area of the regionals is limited. Their programmes reflect the cultural life of a district where Deutschlandsender, on the other hand, has the entire country to cover and its programmes are therefore representative of Germany as a whole.

The history of the station goes back to the early days before the introduction of broadcasting when Post Office officials organised Sunday concerts from one of the long-wave telephony stations at Königswusterhausen, near Berlin.



A glimpse of one of the giant studios to be found at Deutschlandsender, Germany's Droitwich

Later, the "Deutsche Welle," a company formed for the provision of educational programmes in Prussia, operated the transmitter during the day-time. Educational broadcasts earned it the nick-name of "Professor's Station." Deutschlandsender did not receive a full-time programme organisation of its own until 1933.

The director, Intendant Goetz Otto Stoffregen, who took over in March, 1933, has had to live down that terrible reputation (terrible at least for a broadcasting station which desires to entertain) of the "Professor's Station." Now, three years later, the last cobwebs of high-brow talks have been swept away and Deutschlandsender is well on the way to becoming known as Europe's foremost entertainer on the long waves.

The very light-heartedness of the entertainment programmes which start at 6 a.m. with light music, announced by well-known humorists, are an intended contrast to its duties as a representative of the country's serious thought.

Germany's present-day political problems, radio drama, great concerts by an orchestra of 85 men (shortly to be enlarged to 104) and relays of important foreign events are some of the items treated in the heavier programmes.

Intendant Stoffregen always endeavours to present even the most serious subjects in a truly broadcast form so that even a "high-brow" theme becomes palatable.

The Intendant is well known in Germany as a writer under the name of "Orpheus II." The secret of his success lies, to my mind, in his immunity to more or less potent "suggestions" which reach him from all quarters and which range from a request to broadcast the speeches at the tenth anniversary of the fire-brigade at the German equivalent for Little Marsden, near Putney, to a heated protest from the "Housewives' League" against allowing jokes at their expense!

Herr Stoffregen enjoys the full confidence of those in charge of German broadcasting, and it is largely due to his efforts that the one-time very extensive use of that medium for the dissemination of undiluted politics has been curtailed and that entertainment is provided during the major portion of programme hours.

Politics have been concentrated into tabloid form for broadcasting and it is found that this method has greatly increased its efficacy as an instrument of propaganda.

In January, concerts of request items were arranged in aid of the Winter Help Fund, and the enormous response of listeners was very gratifying to the directors. Listeners were asked to supply receipts of donations to the Winter Help Fund together with their wishes for items. Many thousands of letters and parcels arrived.

One man sent five pounds of potatoes and asked for a military march. Another one had given ten litres of milk to his local Winter Help Organisation and desired a folk song!

Extra telephonists had to be employed to deal with the incoming telephone calls and a special staff of six helpers was delegated to deal with letters and parcels. Listeners even from Yugoslavia and Czechoslovakia sent in donations.

There were families who wrote in to say that they would undertake to be godfathers or godmothers to children born in a certain town during the concert. An hour after it had begun the announcer was able to proclaim the first birth. He read out a wire that a little girl had arrived in the desired town and would Mr. So-and-So kindly note the address of his god-daughter.

Deutschlandsender, as the national transmitter of Germany, broadcast King George's funeral service from Windsor on January 28, and altered its evening programme of dance music to one of more serious character in sign of mourning.

The transmitter itself is situated about twenty-five miles to the south-east of Berlin, at a little place called Zeesen: about a mile from Königswusterhausen. It is in the same house as two of the German short-wave stations.

Many readers may get confused at the various designations under which Deutschlandsender has previously been known. For the sake of tradition the German Post-Office still calls the transmitter "Königswusterhausen," although it was removed to Zeesen some years ago.



Intendant Stoffregen
director of Deutsch-
landsender, Ger-
many's Droitwich

WHAT
LISTENERS
THINKGeorge Buck,
radio vocalist

Here's Another George

I AM an interested reader of the RADIO PICTORIAL and would be pleased if you would publish a photograph of George Buck.

I should also like to mention that I disagree with F. Stuart, of Heath Street, Hampstead. We hear far too little of Dan Donovan, he being one of the best crooners on the air.—Dan Donovan Fan, Summertown, Oxford.

Tolerant

I AM an enthusiastic "R.P." fan, and I have been struck by the number of letters praising one radio star and condemning another. I think this is very unreasonable. Brian Lawrence is my favourite, but I try not to let that warp my opinion of other stars. Just think how monotonous the programmes would be to some people if all stars were "Brian Lawrence". Of course I couldn't hear too much of him as he is a fine artiste. So next time these people are tempted to criticise I hope they will remember that their favourite is not everyone else's. Also may I take this opportunity of thanking the RADIO PICTORIAL for the lovely photographs and items about Brian Lawrence. They have been very helpful.—Bonny Akers, Jesmond Cottages, Hertford Heath, Hertford, Herts.

Cute Line-up

MAY I, as a regular reader, congratulate you on the great success of RADIO PICTORIAL, which, I consider, is the finest entertainment paper on the market.

On your page "What Listeners Think," I have read many criticisms of Henry Hall's band.

Being one of his ardent admirers I will not criticise one way or the other, but I think my fellow fans may be interested in the "Personnel of the B.B.C. Dance Band," which I have created.

Wishing RADIO PICTORIAL every success.—Miss A. Robinson, South Street, S. Farnborough, Hants.

Henry Hall	Leader
Freddie Mann	Trumpet
ToNY Thorpe	Trombone
GeoRge Elrick	Drummer-Vocalist
SYdney Williams	Violin
THEO. Farrar	Bass
DAyN DONovan	Vocalist
CYRIL Harling	Violin
BILLY Smith	Trumpet
JAck Halsall	Saxophone
Eric TaNN	Trombone
Freddie Williams	Saxophone
THree Sisters	Vocal Trio
Eric Cuthbertson	Violin
Stuart Knussen	Cello
Bert Yarlett	Vocalist
Bert Powell	Viola
Charlie Price	Trumpet
George HoDges	Announcer
ElizAbeth Scott	Vocalist
George DickeNson	Guitar
Eddie Cromar	Saxophone
JoE Hitchenor	Violin
Vivienne Brooks	Vocalist
Bert ReAd	Piano
Burton Gillis	Saxophone
FredDie Welsh	Trombone

"WHERE ARE THE B.B.C. LINGUISTS?"

Reader Arthur Leach has a grievance. It is a sound grievance and his constructive letter below earns him half-a-guinea.

★ STAR LETTER

I WAS greatly surprised recently, whilst listening to the opening of the Olympic Games, to find that the commentator appeared to have no knowledge of the German tongue. Surely, talent at the B.B.C. is not so limited that someone who can speak German could have been appointed to convey to English listeners the gist of opening speeches. As it was, thousands of others, like myself, must have felt that half the interest was taken out of this broadcast, by the lack of this most important item in such a relay from a foreign country.—*Arthur E. Leach, 20 Talbot Road, Harrow Weald, Middlesex, who is awarded half-a-guinea.*

Nuts on Nat

WHEN first Nat Gonella started to sing with Lew Stone in his broadcasts, the B.B.C. told him his scat singing must stop. Nat, however, refused to stop and said that some day the public would look forward to his singing. That day has arrived now.

Before hearing Nat Gonella nowadays one has to hear his Georgians (a very smart outfit by the way), a tear which is only heard on the air on gramophone records. One is inclined to think from this that there is a grudge between the B.B.C. and Nat. If so the sooner it is dropped the better for us. Wishing your paper and our Louis Armstrong the best of luck.—*Jimmy Muirhead, Torwood Avenue, Larbert, Stirlingshire, Scotland.*

(No grudge. Nat and his boys are back on the air this month.)

Too Much

I AM a fourteen-years-old schoolgirl, and I should like to air one of my grievances against the B.B.C. Can't this practice of song-plugging be stopped? Last Thursday, July 22, I switched on to hear Oscar Rabin and his Romany Band who played "Is it True What They Say About Dixie?" which I enjoyed very much. When later in the evening Geraldo played it I was rather bored, but when Henry Hall calmly informed us that they were going to play it I nearly switched off. Surely the B.B.C. can do something about this? However good a tune we can have too much of it.—*Betty Goswell, Maldon Road, Colchester, Essex.*

Lay Off Dan!

WILL F. Stuart, Heath Street, Hampstead, N.W., please lay off Dan Donovan. If Dan has more numbers to sing than the other vocalists of Henry Hall's band, I've never noticed it. But the reason is simple: he is the best in the outfit. I am saying nothing against the other singers. They are all good, but Dan has the extra something which makes him the ideal dance band singer, and it is definitely true that Henry's first vocalists, Dan Donovan and George Elrick, are still the best, so here's good luck to Danny. This reader could never listen to too much of him.—*Dan Donovan Admirer, Stoke Newington, N.16.*

Talent

WHY does the B.B.C. refrain from seeking new talent? Send an open invitation to all who feel talented in any way to write to B.B.C. and give an

audition and make new stars, lesser and greater. Also offer invitations to the coloured folk, they are real singers, actors, and dancers. Every one ought to have a chance to make a name. The well-known artistes had to make a name, so please give the lesser folk a chance. There are thousands of very talented people quite unknown, and a friendly helping hand could, and ought to, do the trick. *B.B.C. please take the lead.* By the way, why not ask actresses like Ellaline Terriss and old men like Charlie Coborn to render some old favourite songs.—*E. Sadler, Grasmere Gardens, Harrow Weald, Middx.*

Late Evening Programmes

I WONDER how many readers, like myself, read hurriedly through the radio programmes immediately they are published for the coming week, and have occasion to "groan inwardly" when they see that during their business hours—say from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. roughly—many of their favourite tunes are being played, or that some band or artiste is "on the air" at a time when the listener is unable to hear the programme.

Suppose the B.B.C. tried, as an experiment to please the thousands like myself, say organ programmes instead of "hot" records from 11.30 p.m. to midnight. This, I realise, would not be acceptable to everybody but during the summer when most people stay up later, it could be arranged and I believe the response would justify the experiment. Moreover, as the principal cinemas close about 11 p.m., it would be easy to fit a recital in and, in my opinion, the organist would much rather stay this extra half-hour than have to arrive say, two or three hours earlier than his usual time to give a morning broadcast.

I write, not as an organ "fan," but just as I imagine many others feel regarding the programmes beyond their reach. Don't you agree that sooner or later the tune you especially like to hear appears in one of the morning broadcasts?—*J. L. Hunt, Waterway Street, Nottingham.*

Light Music Fan

IT is becoming increasingly recognised that the most popular form of entertainment is that which pleases the "middlebrow"—the tolerant, balanced person, who does not dote solely on the classics or regard jazz as the only thing worth living for. I would therefore like to pay a compliment to our not-over-praised light composers.

Who has not honestly enjoyed a vigorous Eric Coates march or one of Albert Ketelbey's delightful ballads? Yet these men get very little—if any publicity compared with a dance-band idol.—*H. W. Despard, St. Leonards, King's Avenue, Chichester.*

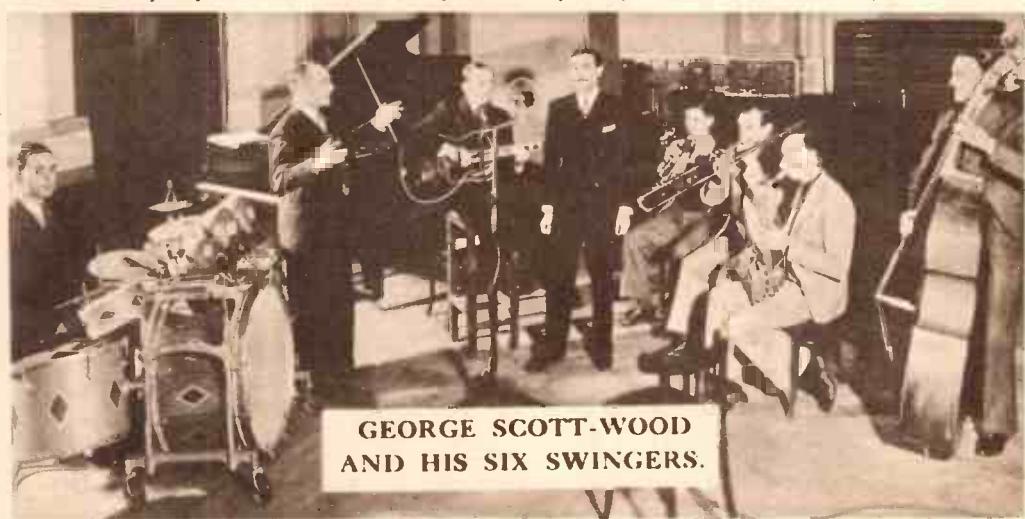
Below Are the Swingers

I HAVE been a regular reader of RADIO PICTORIAL since the first number, but I have never been fortunate enough to secure a photograph of George Scott-Wood and his Six Swingers.

Would you please publish a photograph of this delightful band, and also include him in your series of "Line-ups."

I must also agree with C. M. Jones, of Kingwood, Surrey, that we should hear much more of George Scott-Wood. Every success to RADIO PICTORIAL.—*George Shepard, Ranelagh Road, Leytonstone, E.11.*

(Line-up will follow in due course.)

GEORGE SCOTT-WOOD
AND HIS SIX SWINGERS.



"HEAR ME ON THE AIR!"

Says OLD HETHERS

"Yes, I'm on the air nowadays—along with my friend Sidney Torch. And every week Sidney invites a well-known guest artist to join us. Believe me, it's a real treat for all concerned! And, come to that, so's my barley water. It's all the rage this summer—but it only costs 1s. 9d. the bottle, and that means only a penny a glass. . . . By the by, here are times we're on—

LUXEMBOURG
WEDNESDAYS
6.30-6.45 p.m.

NORMANDY
FRIDAYS
9.15-9.30 a.m.

These programmes are presented by courtesy of Keen Robinson and Co., Carrow Works, Norwich, the makers of Robinson's Lemon Barley Water.

CVS-222

MOTHERS LEARNING MANY USES OF 'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

From the beginning of expectancy until baby is weaned. That's the time 'Milk of Magnesia' performs the greatest service for many women.

It relieves the expectant mother's nausea, heartburn, "morning sickness," inclination to vomit; helps her digestion. Its mild but effective laxative action assures regular bowel movement.

'Milk of Magnesia' is better than lime water for neutralising cow's milk for infant feeding. A teaspoonful of it does the work of half a pint of lime water. It is a mild laxative; harmless, and almost tasteless.

Of all chemists. Prices: 1/3 and 2/6. The large size contains three times the quantity of the small. Be careful to ask for 'Milk of Magnesia,' which is the registered trade-mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia, prescribed and recommended by physicians for correcting excess acids. Now also in tablet form 1/- per box and in bottles 2/- and 3/6 for family use. Each tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of the liquid preparation.

Have you ordered your copy of
TELEVISION
AND SHORT-WAVE WORLD

Now on Sale. Price 1/-

CALEDONIAN MARKET

By the Rev.
JAMES WALL,
M.A.



"WE'VE all heard of this old place back home," I heard an American explain in the Caledonian Market a week or two ago, accounting for the presence of so many of his countrymen there. I agree with many other travellers, that it is one of the most interesting sights in the world. Each Tuesday and Friday, all the junk in creation seems to be laid out there for sale, a bargain for anyone that happens to have a use for it, and a good deal too that isn't junk. Everything from Stuart silver by way of a stuffed elephant to a refill for your petrol lighter.

To me the human element is much the most interesting part of it all. The humour, the bargaining, the sharp practice side by side with the disclaiming of any but the most honourable intentions; the Americans, the Armenians and the Cockneys; lads and lassies about town; poor babies in rickety perambulators, lying in all possible attitudes

of discomfort without complaining. Garbo and Gable fade into a proper insignificance beside this great living panorama.

All the fun and all the pathos of life is there, and so, too, is its seamy side. Much of the junk loudly proclaims that it has come from, and is going to, homes of inhuman squalor. Small trading, too, where the cunning of the buyer hopes to triumph over the ignorance of the vendor, or the blatancy of the vendor trades on the credulity and the cupidity of the buyer, and all are at one in a lust for getting an wholly uneconomic advantage out of the transaction, does not bring out the best in human nature. In a way the market is more depressing than a criminal court, for many of the customers there are redeemed by a certain bigness in their intentions, and most are faced with some kind of finality in their exploits.

Still, here is human nature, the human nature made in the image of God to be redeemed through Christ. If it is any consolation, I think most travellers will agree with me that its counterpart in the Biblical East is considerably lower. Go to the Holy Land by way of Port Said, and you will find yourself wondering where the holiness comes in. Squalor is there, and dirt; above all, a depressing lack of originality in the sinner. . . . Yet these are the people with whom Jesus walked and talked. He himself knew well what was in man, in those men . . . yet He went about saying and doing what He did, telling them they, too, were divine.

Still, even here at home in the dust and grime of the "Caly," amid the bartering and the banter, a sympathetic study of individuals will help you to realise why He did so.

This address was broadcast by the Rev. James Wall from Radio Normandy at 8.30 a.m. last Sunday. Another "Thought" next week.

RADIO ANNOUNCER'S LIFE OF THRILLS

Continued from page 7

some of the rowdier element threw a couple of stink bombs at the stage. A quick return to the studio was found necessary.

On another occasion a microphone fell and burst on the marble floor just missing the head of a certain notable man who was entering the building just underneath the gallery from which he later spoke.

I mentioned awkward moments in the studio just now. Here are two instances which come to mind. I admit to two occasions when I have quite unintentionally broadcast something which I would have given my right arm to recall.

A quick and unnoticed fade-in of the microphone caught me on the hop with, "When is that — chap going to turn up?" (cause, late artiste.)

The other instance was when I was announcing the well-known phrase: "We are now taking you over—" etc., and I made a ghastly spoonerism so bad that no one even wrote in to complain.

Thrills? An announcer's life is full of them.

It was some few years back, however, that I met with the greatest adventure in my wireless career. During a terrific storm an air liner crashed somewhere within a 50-mile radius of Melbourne, but nobody to this day knows where.

That terrible tragedy set me off on a broadcasting news story which lasted more than a week.

During those days it meant flying miles and miles over mountainous bush country, peering through binoculars for some trace of the missing plane.

In the expert hands of those master pilots who are now gone, Sir Charles Kingsford Smith and Mr. C. T. P. Ulm, we flew literally for hours on end over mountain, plain and sea. For me, the end of the flight meant a broadcast story, hastily prepared from notes taken during the day.

Jim Mollison was over there at the time, and it was he who landed me in company with a ground search party to investigate some small clue.

To announce the sudden passing of anyone is the sad duty of many a radio announcer. Yet it has often been my unhappy and difficult lot.

If you heard the broadcast commentary I gave of the Deauville Grand Prix only a few weeks ago, you will realise how carefully non-committal I had to be in announcing the fact that the French driver, Lehoux, had been instantly killed in his fatal accident with Farina.

Had I not seen the crash so vividly, it might not have been so difficult. But knowing all that, yet actually broadcasting only the barest details allowed, imposed upon me a terrific strain which I hope I may never have to experience again.

Oh, no! Please don't imagine that a wireless announcer has merely to sit at a desk in a comfortable chair and speak into a microphone!

TWENTY YEARS OF RHYTHM

Continued from page 22

Connelly which grew out of a small room into a commodious block of offices in Denmark Street, was founded on that song. A song called "Dream Daddy" brought me letters from young children and I was once persuaded to sing it during the children's hour.

Our rendering of "Valencia" produced a gramophone sales turnover of roughly £100,000. At one time I thought these old records had been forgotten; perhaps thrown, needle-worn and scratched, into the dustbin. A short time ago I realised my mistake.

Somewhere in England there is a small "fan" club which still delights in these old Savoy discs, plays them regularly, and knows the name of every performer.

A member of this club wrote to me anonymously, and followed up his account of the club's activities with a character reading based on my vocal idiosyncrasies. If this gentleman would write and tell me his name, so that I can thank him, I should be grateful.

During the past seven years I have played in many places up and down the country. My New Havana Band, formed in 1929, ran at the Grand Assembly Rooms, Newcastle, for four seasons, broadcasting regularly over the North Regional. In the summer months we played at Scarborough—on the sea front in the afternoons; in the ballroom at night.

This summer I shall be at Seaview, Isle of Wight, with a new band. This will entail a weekly trip by air to London for my Luxembourg and Normandy broadcast every Sunday evening at 6.30.

It's a hectic life, really.

DOWN ON THE FARM

Continued from page 11

belated lunch and business chat, and it is 4.45 before I am back home in Curzon Street.

"Thank goodness you're back," says Cicely. "My studio conference only took me an hour and a half, and I've been waiting for the car all the afternoon. I must pay two calls before we leave for the country. And do remind me to go with you to the tailor on Monday. You look disgraceful in that suit."

Unfortunately Cicely is right. She is a shrewd judge of things. I leave the choice of details such as shirts and ties entirely to her, and she always comes to the tailor with me to choose clothes.

Now we're off to the farm—a bare hour's journey from the West End. I'm not going to tell you where it is, because Bobby Howes (who has a cottage nearby) and I have so far managed to keep the venue a secret.

To-night, which is our first night off for weeks (and this is our laziest week-end for months) we invite down a few friends, play cards, listen to the wireless, and put on some ciné-films.

SUNDAY

EARLY in the morning somebody has suggested tennis, so some of the party have risen early and gone off to the courts for a couple of sets before breakfast. I don't play many games, for dancing and riding—and occasionally skating—give me all the exercise I need.

About 10.30 I have breakfast in a lazy way—dressed in riding kit—and then go down to see the horses.

This, I should tell you, is a 120-acre farm with a fifteenth century farmhouse, good stables, and many outhouses. I'm as keen as mustard on the running of the place. I was always interested in country life, having knocked about a bit as a geologist and explorer in a small way. And the real work needed to get a farm like this going as a live concern is just what I want as a periodic change from studio work and stifling London.

A friend and I take out a couple of good hacks for a brisk gallop and then over a couple of mugs of good country ale we relax a bit! My pal suddenly says it's getting on for one o'clock, and wasn't Cicely expecting us back early for lunch?

Now I'm not going to let her down twice in succession, so back for lunch it is, taking short cuts through fields, walking the horses where the going is rough, and riding short-reined and full gallop where the turf is good and hard. This is ten times as good as quiet ambling, stylishly dressed, in the Row.

The afternoon is spent digging, taking the dogs out, measuring up for the new wire fencing, talking to the men on the farm, and generally doing an honest afternoon's work.

Cicely hasn't been idle, either. In 1933 she became a director of a book-publishing concern as a spare-time occupation, and she is always very

interested in publishing and literary work. Some of the friends we have with us this week-end are connected with her activities, and when we get in tired after an afternoon out of doors tea is ready and there is an interesting conversation about books and the serious things of life. I, too, like to be serious when off-stage.

The early part of the evening before dinner I spend upstairs on a small stone-grinding machine, working on some of my new fossils.

After dinner before it gets quite dark a few of us go out for a tramp to see the lay of the land in a new corner of the district I haven't yet explored.

Then, after dinner, they clamour for snaps and the "movies" again. I go in for camera collecting, too, and have a talkie outfit at home, as well as miniature "candid cameras" with precious lenses which will take pictures almost in the dark!

So the week-end ends . . . the friends depart . . . and all too soon it is 10.30 on Monday morning, and time for Cicely and I to set off for the studios.

FASCINATING LADY

Continued from page 9

love, but not engaged. That's one of Life's exciting little paradoxes. "I suppose one is in love on and off from the time one first begins to think about it, at about seventeen," said Suzanne, with a smile, "But now? Well, I don't know. I don't want to get married. You see, I don't like children."

My heart warmed to Suzanne at that confession. Not because she doesn't like children, but because she admitted it frankly and without embarrassment.

At the moment, she is not exactly heart-free. There is "Someone," a Mr. X, about whom she is vague and uncommunicative. But I was watching her eyes when she spoke of him and . . . oh, well, maybe I'm just a sentimental old softy who only imagined that he saw the tender sparkle that has betrayed Romance ever since the days of Romeo and Juliet!

Anyway, Suzanne says that if she marries it will be to a Jew, though she is Gentile herself. "Most of my men friends have been Jewish. I find them sympathetic and kindly and they share with me a love of the arts which would be very necessary in my husband. Yes, definitely, when I marry he will be a Jew," she confessed.

Whoever he is, he will be a lucky man. . . .

Her chief fault, in her own belief, is that she lacks "guts." "I'm sure I could have got farther if I had been more pushful," remarks Suzanne.

Anita Loos says that "Gentlemen prefer Blondes." Suzanne of the fascinating voice is certainly a very good argument for this theory.

She seems to me to have everything. Personality, a sophisticated charm and a considerable glamour.

She seems to me to have that subtle, elusive quality known as "It."

Whatever "It" may be!

HALF-CROWNS FOR OVALTINEYS

ONLY another fortnight now in which to find Uncle Henry and win a shining half-crown! Holidays are especially exciting for Ovaltineys this Summer. Every day, Uncle Henry of the Ovaltineys' Concert Party is visiting some holiday resort and giving away half-crowns to the lucky children who recognise him. The places which he will visit each week are announced during the Ovaltineys' Programme from Radio Luxembourg at 5.30 on Sunday afternoons.

Are your children members of the League of Ovaltineys? It was founded by the proprietors of "Ovaltine," the popular food beverage, to promote the happiness and well-being of children everywhere. Many thousands of children all over the country are now members of the League, and have great fun with their secret signs and mysterious code messages. At 5.30 every Sunday their own special Concert Party broadcasts from Radio Luxembourg. Even people who are no longer young enough to be Ovaltineys find this delightful programme very entertaining and amusing.

More Press Tributes to

BILLY COSTELLO

"A very remarkable voice in its depth—so impressive"

—Irish Independent.

"Extraordinary examples of Hot Rhythm"—The Era.

RADIO LUXEMBOURG
SUNDAY MID-DAY, 12.15

Next Week: Calling All Stars for Radiolympia! Read about them in "R.P."



*Take
your beauty
on the
beach*

**After your Swim keep
your hair in trim.**

Thousands of clever lovelies thank Amami Wave Set for well-defined waves and entrancing little curls. Just a quick comb through with this non-oily, non-sticky lotion brings absolute order to every strand. And the price is so easy on the purse—In bottles 6d. and 13.

Try the new Amami Spirit Wave Set! Quick-drying. Non-oily. Keeps order over every type of hair. Packed in a yellow carton.

AMAMI

WAVE SET... 6d & 13

and Shampoos 3d. and 6d.

AMAMI No. 1 gives deeper gloss to Brunettes. 3d. & 6d. AMAMI No. 5 is specially for Blondes. 3d. and 6d. AMAMI Special Henna burnishes "In-betweens." 6d. only 3d.



**FRIDAY NIGHT
IS AMAMI NIGHT**



At the leading Cafés, Restaurants and Milk Bars thousands of people are discovering 'Ovaltine'—served cold—as the perfect summer drink.

'Ovaltine' has great advantages as a summer beverage. Whilst it is deliciously creamy and refreshing, it is also supremely health-giving and sustaining. For 'Ovaltine' is brim-full of the nourishment which builds up energy, vitality and perfect fitness of body, brain and nerves.

Wherever you go this summer remember to ask for 'Ovaltine' at Cafés and Restaurants. And when at home—do as millions of people do—make 'Ovaltine' your daily beverage. It is easily prepared either as a cold or hot drink. But be sure it is 'Ovaltine'—there is nothing "just as good."

OVALTINE

COLD or HOT

is now served at Cafés, Restaurants, Milk Bars and Bathing Pools

Prices in Great Britain and N. Ireland 1/1, 1/10 and 3/3

P159a

Everybody's Favourite Radio Programmes

Sunday, 5.30 to 6 p.m.
From Radio Luxembourg

THE OVALTINEY CONCERT PARTY

HARRY HEMSLEY
in his
thrilling Radio Adventure:
"THE CAMPERS"

THE OVALTINEY ORCHESTRA

Latest News of the
League of Ovaltineys

Sunday, 1.30 to 2 p.m.

From Radio Luxembourg
A PROGRAMME of
MELODY & SONG

Friday Morning, 10.15—10.30
from Radio Normandy
MUSICAL COMEDY
PROGRAMME
for the
Woman at Home

(Normandy Time booked by
arrangement with the I.B.C.)

LUXEMBOURG CONCERTS YOU SHOULD NOT MISS

1293 M.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 23

10.15-10.30 a.m.

CARSON ROBISON AND HIS PIONEERS

Presented by THOS. HEDLEY & CO. LTD., makers of OXYDOL, Newcastle-on-Tyne

Drifting and Dreaming.
Shortn' Bread.
Home in Wyoming.
Boots and Saddle.
I Was Born in Ol' Wyoming.
Settin' by the River.

10.30-10.45 a.m.

NEW SONGS FOR OLD

WITH GERRY FITZGERALD, PHIL GREEN and BILL SNIDERMAN
Compered by PAT BARR
Presented by the Proprietors of BISURATED MAGNESIA

11.15-11.30 a.m.

THE OPEN ROAD

Presented by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Parée Padiall
Boston Commandery Brown
I Travel the Road Thayer
Carry On Dundas
The Changing of the Guard Flotsam and Jetsam

12.15 p.m.

The makers of EX-LAX present
BILLY COSTELLO
EUROPE'S NEWEST THRILL

1.30-2 p.m.

OVALTINE WEEKLY PROGRAMME OF MELODY AND SONG

Presented by the makers of OVALTINE

Mississippi Cradle.
Jubilee in the Sky.
My Baby's Arms.
Baby Shoes.
Ridin' Down That Texas Trail.
Way Down Yonder in the Cornfield.
Wabash Moon.

2.45-3 p.m.

CARSON ROBISON AND HIS OXYDOL PIONEERS

Presented by THOS. HEDLEY & CO. LTD., makers of OXYDOL, Newcastle-on-Tyne

Lady in Blue.
I'm Building Up for an Awful Let Down (piano solo).
My Heart and I.
Calabash Pipe.

4 p.m.

HORLICK'S TEA-TIME HOUR

With DEBROY SOMERS AND HIS BAND
Featuring ANTHONY YOUNG, Celebrated Operatic Baritone, SAM COSTA, JOHN DUDLEY and OLIVE GROVES.

5.30 p.m.

Entertainment broadcast especially for THE

LEAGUE OF OVALTINEYS
Songs and stories by the OVALTINEYS themselves, and by HARRY HEMSLEY, accompanied by the OVALTINEYS' ORCHESTRA

6 p.m.

The makers of LIFEBOUY TOILET SOAP present
AMBROSE AND HIS ORCHESTRA

with EVELYN DALL (the American Blonde Bombshell) and MAX BACON in their first series of Luxembourg Broadcasts
"MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT"

6.30 p.m.

THE RINSO MUSIC HALL
All-Star Variety presented to listeners by the makers of RINSO MABEL CONSTANDUROS, RONALD GOURLEY, ROBB WILTON, THE FOUR ACES, BERNARD HUNTER, and HARRY CHAMPION

7 p.m.

A "PLEASURE CRUISE"

Featuring ESTHER COLEMAN and GORDON LITTLE

Presented by "MILK OF MAGNESIA"

Melody from the Sky Mitchell

Song of Paradise King

Christopher Columbus Razaf

West Wind Ager

7.15 p.m.

MORE MONKEY BUSINESS

With BILLY REID AND HIS ACCORDION BAND and FRED and LESLIE DOUGLAS

Presented by the makers of MONKEY BRAND

7.30-7.45 p.m.

WALTZ TIME

Danube Legends Fucik

Would You Brown

Sweetheart Strauss

When I Grow Too Old to Dream Romberg

Presented by PHILLIPS' DENTAL MAGNESIA

8.0-8.30 p.m.

PALMOLIVE PROGRAMME

With OLIVE PALMER, PAUL OLIVER, BRIAN LAWRENCE and FREDERIQUE

Rhythm Saved the World.

Palmolivers.

Robins and Roses.

Palmolivers.

Fairings.

Brian Lawrence.

Fancy Our Meeting.

Transcontinental.

Palmolivers.

Bird of Love Divine (duet).

Paul Oliver and Olive Palmer.

You Can't Pull the Wool Over My Eyes.

You.

Palmolivers.

My Hero.

Frederique.

I Don't Want to Make History.

Palmolivers.

9.0-9.15 p.m.

MACLEAN'S CONCERT

Girl of a Million Dreams.

Albert Sandler's Orchestra.

Poranck.

Orchestra Mascotte.

The Gentle Maiden.

Denis Noble.

The Windmill Waltz.

International Novelty Orchestra.

9.45 p.m.

THE COLGATE REVELLERS

Lady in Blue.

I'm Building Up for an Awful Let Down

(piano solo).

My Heart and I.

Calabash Pipe.

10.0-10.30 p.m.

POND'S SERENADE TO BEAUTY

THE PROGRAMME FOR LOVERS

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 26

6.30-6.45 p.m.

SIDNEY TORCH AT THE ORGAN

Guest Artist of the Week: ROBERT ASHLEY.

Scène du Bal Coates

Tell Me To-night Eytton

Bal Masqué Fletcher

God Remembers Everything.

The Scene Changes Hill

Presented by the makers of ROBINSON'S LEMON BARLEY WATER

FRIDAY, AUGUST 28

8.45 a.m.

WILL HE SING YOUR SONG?

SINGING JOE, THE SANPIC MAN

sings the songs you ask for in the SANPIC QUARTER HOUR

Presented by RECKITTS & SONS, LTD.

LET MARY STRONG HELP YOU!

Write to Mary Strong, "Radio Pictorial," 37 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2, and she will do her best to help you in your troubles. For a private reply you must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. PLEASE ADD A NOM-DE-PLUME AT THE END OF YOUR LETTER AS THE MOST INTERESTING LETTERS WILL ALSO BE ANSWERED IN "RADIO PICTORIAL."

"I HAVE been engaged for over four years—ever since I was eighteen—to a man who may not be able to marry me for at least another four years. My people think I ought to break off the engagement, but I feel I ought to stand by my word. Sometimes, I own, I feel it is all so hopeless that I do wish I were free. My fiancé seems content enough so long as I see him every evening of the week. What do you suggest?—Another Mary, Epsom.

I agree with your parents. For these reasons. I am taking your statements at their face value and am trying to read clearly into your case. You have been engaged for four years and there seems no more chance of your marrying him at the end of them than the day you became engaged. You foresee another four years of the same kind. Now, if you had told me you were desperately in love with your fiancé, that nothing would induce you to give him up, because he is the only man in the whole wide world who means a thing to you, that would have been different. Instead, you tell me you yourself often feel it is hopeless and wish you were free. Supposing your worst fears are realised, and you do not marry him until 1940, do you feel you can stand up to the waiting period? If he were facing the situation, and moving heaven and earth to alter things, that would have also influenced my answer. But you say he seems quite content. I have merely taken your statements, you see! You had better have a long talk with him and tell him a few facts. Don't just drift along for the next four or five years. It isn't worth it.

"I HAVE a real problem for you, and I hope you can answer it fairly soon. I dare not enclose a stamped envelope, so the reply must come through 'Radio Pictorial'. I have had a rotten time for some years. My father is very hard on me and is not above thrashing me, even though I am twenty-two. My mother dare not say anything. I have been privately engaged for some time now to a young man in a good position. My father will not allow him inside the door and has forbidden him to have anything to do with me. He told me last week he intended to make me stay at home and do the work always. I have rebelled at last, but it has cost me more than I dare write. Now, Mary Strong, answer me this question: If you were bullied day and night, sworn at, even kicked into submission, and you were offered marriage with a man who loved you, would you do what I am thinking of doing—running away and marrying him? I shall never get married unless I do run away. Do you think I am very wicked?"—Heartsease, Croydon.

It is not often I advise anyone to run away from home and get married, but, taking your statements literally to be true, I suggest you do that. I look at it this way. You owe such a father nothing—less than nothing. He must be a brute. Very well, then. Make your arrangements carefully and see that nothing is likely to go wrong, and do what you intend to do with a free mind. Once that mind is made up, do not look back. There is a limit to the indignity a girl of your age can stand from an unreasoning parent, and I, personally, am of opinion you have long passed that limit.

RADIO ATHLONE

531 metres

Week Commencing SUNDAY, AUGUST 23

SUNDAY

3.30. Commentary by P. MacNamee on the All-Ireland Football Semi-Final, in Croke Park.
8.30. *As You Like It*—Comedy (Shakespeare).
9.30. Variety.
10.30. What Happened To-day.
10.40. Irish Sports News, by Sean O'Ceallaigh.
10.50. Garda Ceilidhe Band.
12.00 midnight. National Anthem.

MONDAY

1.30-2.30 p.m. Records.
5.30. Children's Hour.
6.15. Records.
6.20. Cycling Holidays in Ireland.
6.35. Irish News Feature.
7.0. Garda Siochana Depot Band.
8.0. Great Irishmen—Sean Etchingham, by Mrs. Woods.
8.15. Chamber Music, by Maud Aiken's Quartet.
8.45. Station Orchestra.
9.30. Variety.
10.30. What Happened To-day.
11.0. National Anthem.

TUESDAY

1.30-2.30 p.m. Records.
5.30. Children's Play.
6.0. Ceilidhe Trio.
6.35. Irish News Feature.
7.0. Station Orchestra.
7.25. An Bunán Buidhe—Play, by the Derrybeg Players.
7.55. St. James's Brass and Reed Band.
8.30. Play in Irish by the Derrybeg Players.
9.30. Variety.
10.30. What Happened To-day.
11.0. National Anthem.

WEDNESDAY

1.30-2.30 p.m. Request Records.
5.30. Children's Hour.
6.35. Irish News Feature.
7.0. Army Band No. 2 and Vocalist.
8.0. Here Are Our Treasures—The Municipal Art Gallery, Dublin.
8.20. Station Orchestra.
8.50. Debate in Irish.
9.5. Station Orchestra.
9.30. Variety.

THURSDAY

10.30. What Happened To-day.
11.0. National Anthem.

FRIDAY

1.30-2.30 p.m. Records.
5.30. Children's Hour.
6.15. Gardening Talk.
6.25. Records.
6.35. Irish News Feature.
7.0. Dublin Postal Band and John West (baritone).
8.0. What has your County done? Clare: Rev. S. MacRuairdri.
8.15. Some Poems by Convicted Patriots: M. O'Mathghamhna.
8.25. Old-Fashioned Ballad Concert.
9.25. Talk: St. Augustine.
9.30. Variety Programme.
10.30. What Happened To-day.
11.0. National Anthem.

SATURDAY

1.30-2.30 p.m.: Irish Records.
4.45. Commentary on the Irish Cup Water Polo Final.
5.30. Tell Me What's On.
5.45. Light Orchestral.
6.35. Irish News Feature.
7.0. A Visitor Interviewed.
7.15. Station Orchestra.
8.0. Germany through Irish Eyes, by Dr. P. O'Suileabhaigh.
8.15. Peggy Kellagher (violin).
8.30. New Poetry.
8.45. Variety programme by McCullough's Piano-Accordion Band.
9.30. Variety Programme.
10.30. What Happened To-day.
11.0. National Anthem.

A SMART AND SIMPLE CARDIGAN

Continued from page 16

Shape for the shoulder as follows:

1st row—(K. 1, P. 1) four times, purl to the last 8 stitches, turn.

2nd and 4th rows—Knit plain to the last 8 stitches, (K. 1, P. 1) three times, K. 2.

3rd row—(K. 1, P. 1) four times, purl to the last 16 stitches, turn. 5th row—(K. 1, P. 1) four times, turn. 6th row—(K. 1, P. 1) three times, K. 2. 7th row—(K. 1, P. 1) four times, purl to the last stitch, K. 1.

8th row—Cast off 25 stitches, (K. 1, P. 1) three times, K. 2. Work 2 inches in rib on the remaining 8 stitches. Cast off.

THE BACK

Using the No. 10 Needles, cast on 94 stitches.

1st row—K. 2, * P. 1, K. 1, repeat from * to the end of the row. Repeat this row thirty-nine times. Using the No. 8 Needles, proceed as follows:

1st row—K. 1, * increase once in the next stitch, K. 5, repeat from * to the last 3 stitches, increase once in the next stitch, K. 2 (there should now be 110 stitches on the needle).

2nd row—K. 1, purl to the last stitch, K. 1.

3rd row—Knit plain. Repeat the 2nd and 3rd rows until the work measures the same as the Front to the under-arm, ending with a purl row.

Cast off 9 stitches at the beginning of each of the next two rows. Decrease once at each end of the needle in the

next and every alternate row until 80 stitches remain.

Continue without shaping until the armhole measures the same as the front armhole, ending with a purl row.

Shape for the shoulders as follows:

1st row—Knit plain to the last 8 stitches, turn.

2nd row—Purl to the last 8 stitches, turn.

3rd row—Knit plain to the last 16 stitches, turn. 4th row—Purl to the last 16 stitches, turn.

5th row—Knit plain to the last 25 stitches, turn. 6th row—Purl to the last 25 stitches,

turn. 7th row—Knit plain to the end of the row. Cast off.

THE SLEEVES

Using the No. 8 Needles, cast on 34 stitches. 1st row—Knit plain to the end of the row, cast on 2 stitches. 2nd row—K. 1, purl to the end of the row, cast on 2 stitches. 3rd row—Knit plain to the end of the row, cast on 1 stitch.

4th row—K. 1, purl to the end of the row, cast on 1 stitch. Repeat from the 1st to the 4th row seven times (there should now be 82 stitches on the needle). Continue in plain, smooth fabric, decreasing once at each end of the needle in the 7th and every following 8th row until 58 stitches remain.

Continue without shaping until the work measures 18½ ins. from the commencement, ending with a purl row.

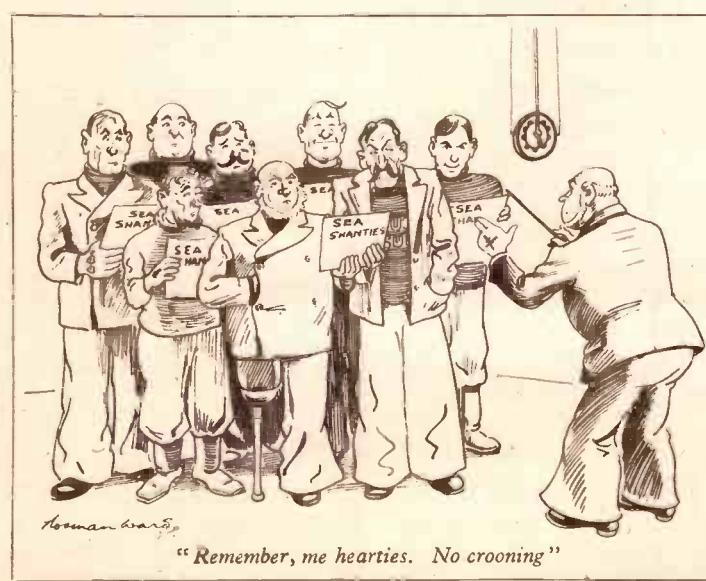
In the next row K. 1, * K. 2 tog., K. 3, repeat from * to the last 7 stitches, K. 2 tog., K. 2, K. 2 tog., K. 1. Using the No. 10 Needles, proceed as follows:

1st row—K. 2, * P. 1, K. 1, repeat from * to the end of the row.

Repeat this row for 3 inches. Cast off. Work another sleeve in the same manner.

TO MAKE UP THE CARDIGAN

With a damp cloth and hot iron press carefully. Sew up the side, shoulder and sleeve seams. Sew in the sleeves, placing seam to seam. Join together the bands from the fronts and sew to the back of the neck. Sew on buttons to correspond with button-holes.



Sunday, August 23, to Saturday, August 29, 1936.

PROGRAMMES

from the

CONTINENT in ENGLISH

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

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Sunday, Aug. the Twenty-Third

All Times stated are British Summer Time

RADIO LUXEMBOURG

1293 m., 232 Kc/s.

Times of Transmissions.

Sundays : 9.30 a.m.—11.15 a.m.
12.30 p.m.—1.00 p.m.
11.00 p.m.—12 (midnight)

Weekdays : 8.15 a.m.—8.30 a.m.
8.45 a.m.—10.00 a.m.
6.15 p.m.—7.15 p.m.

Morning Programme

9.30 a.m.

ELECTRICAL RECORDINGS

10.15 a.m.

CARSON ROBISON
And His Pioneers

Drifting and Dreaming
Shortnai' Bread.
Home in Wyoming.
Boots and Saddle.
I Was Born in Ol' Wyomin'.
Settin' by the River.
Presented by the makers of
Oxydol, Newcastle-on-Tyne

10.30 a.m.

ELECTRICAL RECORDINGS

11.15—11.30 a.m.

THE OPEN ROAD

Paree Padilla
Boston Commandery
I Travel the Road Thayer
Carry On Dundas
The Changing of the Guard Flotsam and Jetsam
Presented by Carter's Little Liver Pills, 64 Hatton Garden, E.C.1

12.30 p.m.

THE GOLDEN HOUR OF MUSIC

For Irish Free State Listeners

Arranged by the Industrial Broadcasting Corporation of Ireland, Ltd., Dublin

Crooning Caesar
Falling in Love Again Robin
In Old Madrid Tralese
Moonshine.
It Happened in Monterey Wayne
Smilin' Through Penn
The Sheik of Araby Synder
Say It While Dancing Berlin

1.0—1.30 p.m.

THE LATEST DANCE MUSIC

Presented by Zambuk, C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds

(Continued on page 35, column 3)

Housewives! Listen to MRS. JEAN SCOTT'S Cookery advice given in the MUSICAL MENU every Sunday morning at 10.45 a.m. (RADIO NORMANDY)

RADIO NORMANDY

269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s.

Times of Transmissions.

Sunday : 8.00 a.m.—1.00 p.m.
2.00 p.m.—7.30 p.m.
10.00 p.m.—1.00 a.m.
Announcers : J. Sullivan, D. J. Davies, J. B. Selby, F. R. Plomley.

Morning Programme

8.0 a.m.

LIGHT MUSIC

Passing of the Regiments arr. Winter
Czar and Carpenter Lortzing
The Happy Whistler Baptiste
Red Hearts Simpson

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

Under the Bridges of Paris Scotto
Dona Ines—Paso doble Schmidseder
Following the Drum Abraham
The Music Comes Straus

8.30 a.m.

SACRED MUSIC

Thy Way Not Mine, O Lord Meale
How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds Reinagle

The Thought for the Week

THE REV. JAMES WALL, M.A.

Rescue the Perishing Doane

8.45 a.m.

UNDER THE BIG TOPS

Barnum and Bailey's Favourite King
Joey the Clown Myers
The Man on the Flying Trapeze O'Keefe
When the Circus Comes to Town de Rance

9.0 a.m.

I.B.C. Time Signal.

THAT HOLIDAY FEELING

I Do Like to Be Beside the Seaside Glover
Camptown Carnival Morley
Piccaninnies' Picnic Squire
Three Jolly Fellows Hecker
Live, Love and Laugh Heymann
Holiday Time is Jollity Time Van Dusen
Joyousness Haydn Wool
At the Dance Coules

9.30 a.m.

MUSICAL REVERIES

Gipsy Dance Bizet
Summer Afternoon Idyll Coates
Le Cid Massenet
La Vida Breve de Falla

Presented by California Syrup of Figs, 179 Acton Vale, W.3

TIME TO GET UP, SLEEPYHEADS!

Listen to

JACK SAVAGE AND HIS COWBOYS

in the

Early Morning Round-Up

RADIO NORMANDY

8.0 a.m.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday

PARIS (Poste Parisien)

312.8 m., 959 Kc/s.

Times of Transmissions.

Sunday : 6.00 p.m.—7.00 p.m.
10.30 p.m.—11.30 p.m.
Weekdays : 10.30 p.m.—11.00 p.m.

Announcer : C. Danvers-Walker.

Evening Programme

6.0 p.m.

POPULAR CONCERT
(Electrical Recordings)

Gold and Silver Waltz Lehar
Marek Weber and his Orchestra Verdi
Anvil Chorus (Il Trovatore) Apollo Choir
Ballet Egyptien Luigi
Reginald Foort.
Selection of Regimental Marches.
National Military Band.

Presented by Macleans, Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford

6.15 p.m.

LIGHT ORCHESTRAL MUSIC

Destiny Haynes
Pas des Fleurs (Naila) Delibes
Golden Rain Waldteufel
La Paloma Yradier

6.30 p.m.

HEALTH AND HAPPINESS

Jolly of the Gladiators Fucik
Jolly Good Company Holt
Marching with Sousa Sousa
Valencia Padilla
Confetti Kappusch

6.45—7.0 p.m.

WALTZ TIME

Danube Legends Fucik
Would You? Brown
Sweetheart Strauss
When I Grow Too Old to Dream Romberg

10.30 p.m.

CINEMA ORGAN RECITAL

Selection of Wilfred Sanderson's Songs Sanderson
River Reveries.
Selection—Mississippi Rodgers
Pale Moon Knight

10.45 p.m.

SOME POPULAR RECORDS

The Valley of the Poppies Ancliffe
London Palladium Orchestra
Lucia Lisboa
The Vagabond Lover.
Mama Don't Allow It Davenport
An Old Dance Medley.

George Hanes and his Accordion Band.
Presented by Billie Beans, C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds

11.0 p.m.

ALL STAR VARIETY
(Electrical Recordings)

Wake Up and Sing Lombardo
Eddie Duchin and his Orchestra
Swing Ellis
Frances Day.

I'm Still Dreaming Sigler
Jack Buchanan.
Chinatown, My Chinatown Schwartz
The Mills Brothers.
Imagination Valaida

By a Waterfall Fain
Dick Powell.
I Dream Too Much Kern
Hildegardie.
Some of These Days Brooks

Bing Crosby.
Tiger Rag La Rocca
Ray Noble and his Orchestra.

11.30 p.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.
I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

(Continued on page 35, column 1)

Sunday, August the Twenty-Third

RADIO NORMANDY 269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s. Continued from page 34, col. 3.

11.0 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.
POPULAR SELECTIONS
 (Electrical Recordings)
 Vamos Bailar—Maria Ferral
 Orquesta Tipica Portuguesa.
 At the Café Continental Kennedy
 Roy Fox and his Band.
 Schubert Time.
 Rawick and Landauer.
 Fritz Bligh
 Hildegarde.
 Presented by D.D.D.,
 Fleet Lane, E.C.4

11.15 a.m.
BOLENIUM BILL
 presents
 Norman Long
 (Electrical Recordings)
 The Barrers in the Walworth Road Sarony
 The Isle of Hootcha Kootcha Rose
 Dick Turpin's Ride to York Le Clerq
 'Oles Burnaby
 Presented by Bolenium Overalls,
 Upton Park, E.13

11.30 a.m.
PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH
 Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie

Afternoon Programme

2.0 p.m.
SUMMER CONCERT PARTY
 RONALD FRANKAU
 And His
CABARET KITTENS
 With
 TOMMY HANDLEY
THE RADIO THREE
 RENEE ROBERTS
 JEAN ALLISTONE
 MONTE CRICK
 Presented by
 Kraft Cheese Company,
 Hayes, Middlesex

2.30 p.m.
SILKEN STRINGS
 Beautiful Lady Caryll
 Naila Waltz Delibes
 Fair Rosemary Kreisler
 Under Heaven's Blue Payan
 Presented by
 The Society of Herbalists, Ltd.,
 Culpeper House, 21 Bruton Street, W.1

2.45 p.m.
THE OPEN ROAD
 Paree... Padilla
 Boston Commandery.
 I Travel the Road Thayer
 Carry On Dundas
 Changing of the Guard Flotsam and Jetsam
 Presented by
 Carter's Little Liver Pills,
 64 Hatton Garden, E.C.1

3.0 p.m.
SERENADE TO BEAUTY
 Presented by
 Pond's Extract Co.,
 Perivale, Greenford

3.30 p.m.
LIGHT ORCHESTRAL ENTERTAINMENT
 Old Musical Comedy Gems.
 The Picanninnes' Picnic Squire
 Chanson Friml
 Scotch Memories Waltz Medley Traditional

3.45 p.m.
MARY LAWSON
 (By permission of Twickenham Films, Ltd.)
 In
"BEHIND THE SCENES"
 The Diary of a Chorus Girl
 Presented by
 Pond's Face Powder

NEW SONGS FOR OLD ! . . . Compèred by Pat Barr . . . Sent you every Sunday at 5.0 p.m. from **RADIO NORMANDY**

4.0 p.m.
TEA-TIME HOUR
 With Debroy Somers and His Band
 Featuring ANLON YOUNG
 Celebrated Operatic Baritone SAM COSTA, JOHN DUDLEY
 and OLIVE GROVES
 Presented by Horlick's, Slough, Bucks

5.0 p.m.
NEW SONGS FOR OLD
 featuring GERRY FITZGERALD
 with PHIL GREEN AND BILL SNIDERMAN
 Compèred by Pat Barr
 Presented by Bismag, Ltd.,
 Braydon Road, N.16

5.15 p.m.
LISTEN TO VITBE
 When April Comes Again Neiburg
 Trees Rasbach
 Smoke Gets in Your Eyes Kern
 She Wore a Little Jacket of Blue Fisher
 Presented by Vitbe Brown Bread, Crayford, Kent

5.30 p.m.
PLEASURE CRUISE
 With Esther Coleman and Gordon Little
 Melody from the Sky Mitchell
 Song of Paradise King
 Christopher Columbus Razaf
 West Wind Ager
 Presented by Milk of Magnesia,
 179 Acton Vale, W.3

5.45 p.m.
ALL-STAR VARIETY
 (Electrical Recordings)
 I'm Feeling Happy Hall
 Henry Hall and his Orchestra.
 Tony's in Town Woods
 Jessie Matthews.
 Hot Pie No. 2.
 The Six Swingers.
 Irish Medley arr. Somers
 Debroy Somers Band.

Presented by Thorn's Portable Buildings,
 Brampton Road, Bexley Heath, Kent

6.0 p.m.
POPULAR CONCERT
 (Electrical Recordings)
 Monte Cristo Kollar
 Orchestre Mascotte.
 Farmyard Waltz Traditional
 Continental Novelty Orchestra.
 Naila Waltz Delibes
 De Groot Trio.
 Spanish Dance No. 3 Granados
 New Light Symphony Orchestra.
 Presented by Macleans, Ltd.,
 Great West Road, Brentford

6.15 p.m.
NURSE JOHNSON OFF DUTY
 Overture—Midsummer Night's Dream Mendelssohn
 O Mistress Mine Quilter
 Dose's March (Merchant of Venice Suite) Rosse
 Presented by California Syrup of Figs,
 179 Acton Vale, W.3

6.30 p.m.
THE RINSO MUSIC HALL
 with MABEL CONSTANDUROS
 RONALD GOURLEY
 ROBB WILTON
 THE FOUR ACES
 BERNARD HUNTER
 and HARRY CHAMPION
 All-Star Variety
 Presented to listeners by the makers of
 Rinso,
 Unilever House, Blackfriars, E.C.4

7.0 p.m.
BLACK MAGIC
 I Told Them All About You Cliff
 Time on My Hands Youmans
 I'm a Little-Bit Fonder of You Youmans
 Cross Your Heart Gensler
 Presented by Black Magic Chocolates

7.15 p.m.
"VOICES OF THE STARS"
 Present CEDRIC HARDWICKE
 With the Music of Monia and His Troubadours
 Sponsored by Rowntrees,
 The Makers of Chocolate Crisp

7.30 p.m.
PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH
 Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie

Evening Programme

10.0 p.m.
HUNGARIAN CONCERT
 Marche Hongroise Berlioz
 Budapest (Austria-Hungary) arr. Landauer
 Hungarian Dance No. 2 Brahms
 Czarda Szene Hubay
 Presented by Hungarian National Office For Tourism,
 210 Piccadilly, London, W.1

10.15 p.m.
RAINBOW RHYTHM
 Selection—Limelight Woods
 Swinging 'Em Down—Fox trot.
 That's a Plenty—Quick step Pollack
 Pusztá—Fox trot Mihaly
 Presented by the makers of Tintex,
 199 Upper Thames Street, E.C.4

10.30 p.m.
ALL ABOARD!
 Westwards (Four Ways Suite) Coates
 Starlit Sky Waldteufel
 Song of the Islands King
 Thrills Waltz Anchife
 Presented by Cunard White Star, Ltd.,
 26 Cockspur Street, S.W.1

10.45 p.m.
HARLEM REVUE
 Recorded Rhythm introducing the following artists:
 Ethel Waters
 The Mills Brothers
 Louis Armstrong
 "Fats" Waller
 Bill Robinson
 Cab Calloway
 Duke Ellington and His Orchestra
 Devised by Roy Plomley

11.0 p.m.
FOUR POPULAR ORCHESTRAS
 (Electrical Recordings)
 Falling Leaves Kennedy
 Ambrose and his Orchestra.
 Patiently Smiling Lehar
 Albert Sandler and his Orchestra
 Mary.
 Richard Tauber with the Dafos Bela Orchestra
 Girl of a Million Dreams Gay
 Albert Sandler and his Orchestra.
 De Kaspec De Groot
 De Groot and his Orchestra.
 Rhapsode Russe Nussbaum
 Dafos Bela Orchestra.
 Piccadilly Carr
 Ambrose and his Orchestra.
 Reaching for the Moon Berlin
 Albert Sandler and his Orchestra.

11.15 p.m.
VARIETY
 Sunshine Ahead—Fox trot Rolls
 We'll Rest at the End of the Trail Rose
 Medley of Leslie Stuart's Songs arr. Greenwood
 San Felipe Sigler
 Alpine Valse Perosa
 Where Yorkshire and Lancashire Meet Damerell
 My First Thrill Sigler
 Got to Dance My Way to Heaven Coslow
 11.45 p.m.
ULLABY PROGRAMME
 12 (midnight) Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

11.30 p.m.
ORGAN PROGRAMME

L'amour, toujours l'Amour Frimi
 Monte Cristo—Gipsy Waltz Kollar
 Night on the Desert Hill
 My Moonlight Madonna Fibich

11.45 p.m.

MIDNIGHT HERALD

A Midsummer Night's Dream Mendelssohn
 Nightingale in the Lilac Bush Krome
 Waltz of the Hours Delibes
 Midnight Bells (The Opera Ball) Heuberger

12 (midnight)

DANCE MUSIC

Rhythm Like This—Quick step Bamberger
 Lost—Fox trot Mercer
 Got to Dance My Way to Heaven Coslow
 Cuban Pete—Rumba Norman
 Dream Time—Fox trot Davis
 Robins and Roses—Fox trot Burke
 Calling Me Home—Fox trot Wilfred
 I'd Rather Lead a Band—Fox trot Berlin
 12.30 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.
 We'll Rest at the End of the Trail Rose
 The Whistling Waltz Woods
 The Glory of Love—Fox trot Hill
 Some Other Time—Fox trot Coslow
 Play, Orchestra, Play—Fox trot Coward
 No Greater Love—Fox trot Symes
 Am I Gonna Have Trouble with You?—Fox trot Tobias
 At the Close of a Long, Long Day Marvin

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

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

Time of Transmission.
 Sunday : 1.0 a.m.—1.30 a.m.
 Announcer : E. E. Allen.

1.0 a.m.

DANCE MUSIC

She Shall Have Music—Fox trot Sigler
 The Winter Waltz Altman
 Red Pepper—Quick step Lodge
 To-night I'm Going to be Gay Discipello

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

Sailing Along on a Carpet of Clouds Sigler
 Rollin' Home—Fox trot Hill
 Dearest—Slow Fox trot Damerell
 All I Do is Dream of You—Fox trot Brown

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

RADIO LUXEMBOURG Continued from page 34 col. 1

Evening Programme

10.30 p.m.

THE LATEST DANCE MUSIC

Presented by Bile Beans,
 C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds

11.0 p.m.

ELECTRICAL RECORDINGS

11.15 p.m.

Sunshine Ahead—Fox trot Rolls
 We'll Rest at the End of the Trail Rose
 Medley of Leslie Stuart's Songs arr. Greenwood
 San Felipe Sigler
 Alpine Valse Perosa
 Where Yorkshire and Lancashire Meet Damerell
 My First Thrill Sigler
 Got to Dance My Way to Heaven Coslow

11.45 p.m.

ULLABY PROGRAMME
 12 (midnight) Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

Sunday—continued

RADIO-CÔTE D'AZUR (Juan-les-Pins)
235.1 m., 1276 Kc/s.

Time of Transmission.

Sunday : 10.30 p.m.—1.0 a.m.

10.30 p.m.

MILITARY BAND CONCERT

Light of Foot—March ... Latann
Glow Worm Idyll ... Lincke
Serena ... Toselli
La Source Ballet ... Delibes
Danse des Echarpes.
Scène d'Amour.

10.45 p.m.

MUSIC HALL
(Electrical Recordings)

What a Perfect Combination ... Kalmar
Ethel Levey.
Laughter, Love and Lingerie ... Grey
Billie Grey.
Concentratin' ... Waller
Mildred Bailey.
You Gotter Be ... Weston
Alexander and Mose.

11.0 p.m.

LIGHT ORCHESTRAL PROGRAMME

Selection—Paris ... Strauss
Wine, Women and Song ... Strauss
Zigeuner, You' Have Stolen My Heart ... Swabach
Play, Fiddle Play ... Lawrence
Shining Moon ... Traditional
Pantomime Brigade ... Middleton
The Two Guitars ... Pommery, arr. Rode
Adios—Goodbye ... Fernandez

11.30 p.m.

POPULAR PEOPLE
(Electrical Recordings)

When I Grow Up ... Henderson
Mac Quesal—the Betty Boop Girl.
A Letter to My Mother ... Gilbert
Derickson and Brown.
My First Thrill ... Sigler
Brian Lawrence with Fred Hartley and his Quintet.
Out of the Blue ... Little Patrick Waddington with Peggy Cochane and Anne de Nys.
Red Pepper ... Lodge
Harry Roy and his May Fair Orchestra.
Where There's You There's Me ... Sigler
Jack Hulbert.
The Physician ... Porter
Gertrude Lawrence.
Kiss Me Goodnight ... Greer
Anna Neagle.

12 (midnight)

DANCE MUSIC

May All Your Troubles be Little Ones—Fox trot ... Sigler
Just a Corner in Paradise ... Damerell
Log Cabin Lullaby—Fox trot ... Byrne
Old Ship O' Mine—Fox trot ... Pelosi
San Roque—Cumbiamba ... Maldonado
The Breeze—Fox trot ... Sacco Carr
Because It's Love—Slow Fox trot ... Damerell Carr
Whistling Lovers Waltz ... Gordon Hall
When's It Coming Round to Me? ... Wild Box
Sarawaki—Quicke step ... Sigler
The Wheel of the Wagon is Broken ... Butler
Say the Word and It's Yours ... Sigler
The Duck Song—Waltz ... Butler
I'm Hummin', I'm Whistlin', I'm Singin'—Fox trot ... Revel
Sleepy Head—Fox trot ... Kahn

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

Continued from page 38, column 4

FRIDAY, AUGUST 28TH

RADIO LJUBLJANA
569 m., 527 Kc/s.

Time of Transmission.

Friday : 10.30 p.m.—11.0 p.m.

10.30 p.m.

I.B.C. CONCERT

LIGHT MUSIC

You Will Remember Vienna ... Romberg
Singing in the Moonlight ... Wade
Song of Paradise ... King
Spanish Dance No. 1 ... Moszkowsky
I Love You ... Grieg
Sevillana ... Ferraris
Andalusia—One step ... Gomez
Goodbye, Broncho Bill, Goodbye ... Pola

TIME TO GET UP, SLEEPYHEADS!

Listen to

JACK SAVAGE AND HIS COWBOYS

in the

Early Morning Round-Up

RADIO NORMANDY ... 8.0 a.m.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday

MONDAY—Continued from column 4.

RADIO LUXEMBOURG 1293 m., 232 Kc/s.

Morning Programme

8.15—8.30 a.m.

ELECTRICAL RECORDINGS

8.45 a.m.

ELECTRICAL RECORDINGS

9.15 a.m.

GOOD-MORNING PROGRAMME

Parade of the Tin Soldiers ... Jessel
Piccadilly ... Carr

9.15 a.m. Good-Morning Prog.—cont.

La Paloma ... Yradier
Rio Rita ... Tierney
Presented by Horlick's, Slough, Bucks

9.30—10.0 a.m. ELECTRICAL RECORDINGS

Evening Programme

6.15—7.15 p.m.

ELECTRICAL RECORDINGS

Popular song hits are presented in MELODIANA ... every Monday and Thursday at 9.45 a.m. ... RADIO NORMANDY

Monday, August 24th

RADIO NORMANDY 269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s.

Morning Programme

8.0 a.m. LIGHT MUSIC

Selection—H.M.S. Pinafore ... Sullivan
Dance of the Nymphs ... Birch
The Whirl of the Waltz ... Lincke
King Chanticleer ... Ayer

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

NEWS PARADE

Czardas ... Monti
Billy Moyer Selection ... Mayerl
In the Shade of the Palm (Floradora) ... Stuart
Rose Mousse ... Bosc
Presented by The Editors of "News Review"

8.30 a.m. HAPPY DAYS

Don't Save Your Smiles ... Rio Rito
That Little Back Garden of Mine ... Eytun
Joey the Clown ... Myers
In a Vienna Beer Garden ...
Presented by Odol, Odol Works, Norwich

8.45 a.m. SUNNY JIM'S PROGRAMME OF "FORCE" AND MELODY

Naila Intermezzo ... Delibes
The Fortune Hunter ... Dickson
The Penguins' Patrol ... Myers
A Waltz Dream ... Straus
Presented by A. C. Fincken & Co., 195 Great Portland Street, W.1

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

THE OPEN ROAD

Blaze Away ... Holzmann
Old Father Thame ... Wallace
Marching Along Together ... Steininger
Some Folks Like to Sigh ... Dundas
Carry on ... Presented by Carter's Little Liver Pills, 64 Hatton Garden, E.C.1

9.15 a.m. VARIETY

(Electrical Recordings)

Swing ... Ellis
Billy Cotton and his Band ...
The Lovely Aspidistra in the Old Art Pot ... Weston
Gracie Fields.
Selection—Follow the Fleet ... Berlin
Larry Adler.
Hang it in the Hen House ... Fields
The Rocky Mountaineers.

9.30 a.m. ADVANCE FILM NEWS

Selection—To Beat the Band ... Mercer
Whistling Waltz ... Woods
Selection—The Charm School ... Gordon
Celebratin' ... Woods
Presented by Associated British Cinemas, 30 Golden Square, W.1

9.45 a.m. MELODIANA

I'll Bet You Tell that to all the Girls ... Stept
Queen of Hearts ... Haines
Our Days Together ... Kennedy
Ain't Misbehavin' ... Razaf
Presented by Milk of Magnesia, 179 Acton Vale, W.3

10.0 a.m. SOME POPULAR RECORDS

Dance of the Flowers ... Delibes
B.B.C. Wireless Military Band.
Ciribirin ... Dole
Grace Moore.
Charlie Kunz Medley.
Charlie Kunz.
Teddy Bears' Picnic ... Bratton
Alfredo Campoli and his Orchestra.
Presented by Bile Beans, C. E. Fullord, Ltd., Leeds

10.15 a.m. CINEMA ORGAN RECITAL

With Sword and Lance ... Starke
My Beautiful Lady (The Pink Lady) ... Caryll
Blackpool Switchback.
Narcissus ... Nevin

PARIS (Poste Parisien) 312.8 m., 959 Kc/s.

10.30 p.m.

RAINBOW RHYTHM

A Gipsy Loves Music ... Sievier
Lolita ... Buzzi
Jazz Goblins ... da Costa
Gershwin Fox Trot Medley ... Gershwin
Presented by the makers of Tintex, 199 Upper Thames Street, E.C.4

10.30 a.m.

POPULAR CONCERT

(Electrical Recordings)
Hungarian Dance No. 1 ... Brahms
Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra
Entry of the Spring Flowers ... Kockerl
Marek Weber and his Orchestra.
Love's Dream ... arr. Besley
Winnie Melville and Derek Oldham.
Goldregen Waltz ... Waldeufel
Merton Orchestra.
Presented by Macleans, Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford

10.45 a.m.

JOVIAL MOMENTS

Alexander's Ragtime Band ... Berlin
I like Bananas Because They Have No Bones ... Yachik
Peggy O'Neill ... Pease
Tap Your Tootsies ... Sigler

11.0 a.m.

PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH

Asn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie

Afternoon Programme

4.0 p.m.

TEA-TIME HOUR

With Debroy Somers and Other Artists
Washington Greys ... Grafula
Keep Your Fingers Crossed ... Coslow
Ballet Egyptian ... Luigini
You Are My Lucky Star ... Brown
Three Dances (Tom Jones) ... German
Yogibogi ... Four Crotches
Faust Ballet Music ... Gounod
Tromello ... Farrell
Two Heads Against the Moon ... Ager
Battling Butler ... Bramham
Followed at 4.45 p.m. by THE CHILDREN'S CORNER

With the Uncles

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS
Presented by Horlick's, Slough, Bucks
5.0 p.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.

RAINBOW RHYTHM

On the Beach at Bali-Bali ... Meskill
Mellow as a Cello ... Chaplin
Rhythm Saved the World ... Chaplin
Queen of Hearts—March ... Haines
Presented by the makers of Tintex,

5.15 p.m.

MATTER OF TIME

The Dancing Clock ... Ewing
In a Clock Store ... Orth
Dream Time ... Davis
Old Timers Medley.

5.30 p.m.

WHAT'S ON IN LONDON

New: of the Latest Films, Shows and Other Attractions

5.45 p.m.

SONG MEDLEY

Deep in My Heart (The Student Prince) ... Romberg
Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man o' Mine (Show Boat) ... Kern
One Mad Kiss (One Mad Kiss) ... Sanders
Russian Song (Viktoria and her Hussar) ... Abraham

6.0 p.m.

PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH

Asn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie

Evening Programme

12 (midnight)

VICTOR SILVESTER AND HIS BALLROOM ORCHESTRA

(Electrical Recordings)
The Touch of Your Lips ... Noble
Calling me Home—Slow Fox Trot ... Wilfred
Don't Save Your Smiles ... Rio Rito
Lost—Fox Trot ... Mercer
Alone at a Table for Two—Fox Trot ... Rio Rito
Hypnotised—Slow Fox Trot ... Silver
Thanks a Million—Fox Trot ... Johnston
Negrita—Rumba ... d'Areaga

12.30 a.m.

I.B.C. Time Signal.

DANCE MUSIC
Mine Alone—Fox Trot ... D'Areaga
Woo is Me—Fox Trot ... Clegg
Hawaiian Paradise—Slow Fox Trot ... Ovens
Spreadin' Rhythm Around ... McHugh
If You Love Me—Fox Trot ... Noble
Wah Hoo—Fox Trot ... Friend
At the Café Continental—Fox Trot Kennedy
Ain't Misbehavin'—Slow Fox Trot ... Razaf
1.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

10.45 p.m.

VARIETY

Three Loose Screws ... Endor
Mother's Pie Crust ... Wallace
I'm Building Up to an Awful Let Down ... Mercer
Tour Round London.

11.0 p.m.

I.B.C. Time Signal.

I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

Tuesday, Aug. 25th

Wednesday, Aug. 26th

RADIO NORMANDY 269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s.

Morning Programme

8.0 a.m. JACK SAVAGE AND HIS COWBOYS in the Early-Morning Round-up Presented by Crazy Water Crystals, Thames House, S.W.1 I.B.C. Time Signal. GOLDEN HARMONY Selection—The Cat and the Fiddle Piano Pastimes ... Kern Deneke We Saw the Sea ... Berlin Bourdon Ginger Snaps ... Presented by Spink & Son, Ltd., 5, 6 and 7 King Street, St. James's, S.W.1

8.30 a.m. The Band of H.M. COLDSTREAM GUARDS (Electrical Recordings) Swastika March ... Kohr Selection—H.M.S. Pinafore ... Sullivan The Policeman's Holiday ... Ewing Youth and Vigour ... Presented by Vitacup, Wincarnis Works, Norwich

8.45 a.m. POPULAR MUSIC Tannhauser March ... Wagner The Lilac Domino ... Cuvillier Jolly Fellows ... Presented by Fels Naphtha Soap, 195 Great Portland Street, W.1

9.0 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal. THE LONDON PALLADIUM ORCHESTRA (Electrical Recordings) Selection—The Maid of the Mountains ... Fraser Simson Animal Antics ... Wark Second Serenade ... Heykens Live, Laugh and Love Heymann, arr. Herbert Oxford Street (London Again Suite) Coates The Valley of the Poppies ... Ancliffe Master Melodies ... Turkish Patrol ... Michaelis, arr. Lloyd

9.30 a.m. TUNES WE ALL KNOW (Electrical Recordings) Selection—The Mikado ... Sullivan Court Symphony Orchestra. There's Something About a Soldier ... Gay Cicely Courtneidge. Londonderry Air ... arr. Archer Serenade ... Presented by the makers of Limestone Phosphate, Braydon Road, N.16

9.45 a.m. TUNEFULLY YOURS Let Yourself Go ... Berlin My First Love Song ... Parr-Davies Got to Dance My Way to Heaven ... Coslow Calling Me Home ... Wilfred Presented by California Syrup of Figs, 179 Acton Vale, W.3

10.0 a.m. TEN O'CLOCK TUNES (Electrical Recordings) Sing, Sing, Sing—Fox trot ... Prins The Krakatax. Blaze Away ... Holzmann Eddie Peabody. When the Swallows Nest Again ... Stevens Kitty Masters.

RADIO LUXEMBOURG 1293 m., 232 Kc/s.

Morning Programme

8.15—8.30 a.m. ELECTRICAL RECORDINGS

8.45 a.m. MORNING CONCERT

9.0 a.m. ROSE'S HAPPY MORNING MATINEE With the Happy Philosopher I'm a Learner in Love ... Leon Alice Blue Gown ... McCarthy Stars in My Eyes ... Kreisler Presented by L. Rose & Co., Ltd., 89 Worship Street, E.C.2

9.15 a.m. GOOD-MORNING PROGRAMME Black Eyes ... Ferraris You Gotta Know How to Dance ... Dublin Selection of Hebrew Dances arr. Phillips Selection—Happy Memories. Presented by Horlick's, Slough, Bucks

PARIS (Poste Parisien) 312.8 m., 959 Kc/s.

10.30—11.0 p.m. RELAY OF DANCE MUSIC From a Paris Cabaret Commentary in English

10.0 a.m. Ten O'clock Tunes—contd.

Il Bacio ... Arditi Troise and his Mandoliers. Presented by Zambuk, C. E. Fullford, Ltd., Leeds

10.15 a.m. FIFTEEN MINUTES WITH BING CROSBY (Electrical Recordings) Dinah ... Lewis We'll Rest at the End of the Trail ... Mitchell Lovely Lady ... McHugh Takes Two to Make a Bargain ... Gordon

10.30 a.m. POPULAR CONCERT (Electrical Recordings) Second to None ... Orde Hume Band of H.M. Grenadier Guards. Waltz Memories. Reginald Dixon. Kitten on the Keys ... Confrey Novelty Orchestra. Japanese Lantern Dance ... Yoshimoto Victor Ricardo and his Orchestra. Presented by Macleans, Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford

11.0 a.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie

Afternoon Programme

4.0 p.m. TEA-TIME HOUR With Debroy Somers and Other Artists Old Faithful ... Holymann The Wedding of Jack and Jill ... Coots Country Dance ... German Savoy Scottish Medley ... arr. Somers Melodious Memories ... Finck Sari Green ... Gregory Kern

Followed at 4.45 p.m. by THE CHILDREN'S CORNER

With the Uncles BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

Presented by Horlick's, Slough, Bucks

5.0 p.m. I.B.C. Time Signal. RAINBOW RHYTHM I've Got the World on a String ... Kochler Old Yazoo ... Waller I'll Bet You Tell that to All the Girls ... Stept Selection—Limelight ... Woods Presented by the makers of Tintex, 199 Upper Thames Street, E.C.4

5.15 p.m. FINGERING THE FRETS A Programme for Instrumental Enthusiasts Mandolinata ... de Pietro Snatches of Song ... Grimshaw Rhapsody in Blue ... Gershwin Kuu Home ... Montano

5.30 p.m. WHAT'S ON IN LONDON News of the Latest Films, Shows and Other Attractions

5.45 p.m. LIGHT ORCHESTRAL FINALE Malaguena (Spanish Dance) ... Moszkowski Musical Box Miniatures ... arr. Walter Abandonado—Waltz ... Pasadas Song of Paradise ... King

6.0 p.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie

Evening Programme

Dance Music runs till 1.0 a.m. For Programmes see page 39

RADIO NORMANDY 269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s.

Morning Programme

8.0 a.m. JACK SAVAGE AND HIS COWBOYS in the Early Morning Round-up Presented by Crazy Water Crystals, Thames House, S.W.1 I.B.C. Time Signal.

8.15 a.m. GOLDEN HARMONY Selection—The Cat and the Fiddle Piano Pastimes ... Kern Deneke We Saw the Sea ... Berlin Bourdon Ginger Snaps ... Presented by Spink & Son, Ltd., 5, 6 and 7 King Street, St. James's, S.W.1

8.30 a.m. THE BAND OF H.M. COLDSTREAM GUARDS (Electrical Recordings) Swastika March ... Kohr Selection—H.M.S. Pinafore ... Sullivan The Policeman's Holiday ... Ewing Youth and Vigour ... Presented by Vitacup, Wincarnis Works, Norwich

8.45 a.m. POPULAR CONCERT (Electrical Recordings) Second to None ... Orde Hume Band of H.M. Grenadier Guards. Waltz Memories. Reginald Dixon. Kitten on the Keys ... Confrey Novelty Orchestra. Japanese Lantern Dance ... Yoshimoto Victor Ricardo and his Orchestra. Presented by Macleans, Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford

8.30 a.m. NOVELTY ORCHESTRA Jolly Brothers ... Lisbona The Merry Hill ... Peros Wedding of the Rose ... Jessel Danse Bagatelle ... Bourdon

8.45 a.m. SUNNY JIM'S PROGRAMME OF "FORCE" AND MELODY Fairest of the Fair ... Sonsa The Windmill ... Longfellow Cheeky Sparrows ... Lohr Play of the Butterflies ... Heykens Presented by A. C. Fincken & Co., 195 Great Portland Street, W.1

9.0 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal. DANCE MUSIC We're Tops on Saturday Night ... Kennedy Café in Vienna—Tango ... Vacek I'll Bet You Tell That to All the Girls—Fox trot ... Slept Is it True what They Say about Dixie?—Fox Trot ... Caesar

Presented by Sanitas, 51 Clapham Road, S.W.9

9.15 a.m. STARS OF THE SILVER SCREEN (Electrical Recordings) Got to Dance My Way to Heaven ... Coslow Jessie Matthews. Maurice Chevalier Medley. Maurice Chevalier. They Call Me Sister Honky Tonk ... Ellison Mae West. I'm Building Up to an Awful Let Down ... Mercer Fred Astaire.

9.30 a.m. MILITARY BAND CONCERT Joy of Life ... Moorhouse Selection—A Waltz Dream ... Strauss Il Bacio ... Arditi Light of Foot—March ... Latann

9.45 a.m. MUSICAL REVERIES Gipsy Dance ... Bizet Summer Afternoon Idyll ... Coates Le Cid ... Massenet La Vida Breve ... de Falla Presented by California Syrup of Figs, 179 Acton Vale, W.3

10.0 a.m. THIRTY MINUTES OF MERRIMENT The Laughing Saxophone ... Glomig The Isle of Hootcha Kootcha ... Rose Joey the Clown ... Myers The Isle of Man ... Gifford

10.30 a.m. POPULAR CLOSE-DOWN Don't Let Your Love Go Wrong ... Sigler It Always Starts to Rain ... Keyes You Are My Heart's Delight ... Lehár Ich Lieb Dich (I Love Thee) ... Holstein Holiday Express ... Macaffer Give Me a Ring Medley ... Brookes Let's Dress for Dinner To-night ... David Sweet Melody of Night ... Korngold

6.0 p.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie

Evening Programme

Dance Music runs till 1.0 a.m. For Programmes see page 39

RADIO LUXEMBOURG 1293 m., 232 Kc/s.

Morning Programme

8.15—8.30 a.m. ELECTRICAL RECORDINGS

8.45 a.m. MORNING CONCERT

9.0 a.m. ELECTRICAL RECORDINGS

9.15 a.m. GOOD-MORNING CONCERT The Rose Beetle Goes A-Wooing Armandala I Don't Have to Dream Again ... Dublin

6.15—7.15 p.m. ELECTRICAL RECORDINGS

PARIS (Poste Parisien) 312.8 m., 959 Kc/s.

10.30 p.m. RAINBOW RHYTHM Queen of Hearts—March ... Haines Wild Goose Chase—Fox trot ... Gifford The Scene Changes—Fox trot ... Hill The Gaucho—Rumba ... de Sylva Presented by the makers of Tintex, 199 Upper Thames Street, E.C.4

10.45 p.m. RADIO STARS (Electrical Recordings) Amparito Roca ... Texidor, arr. Winter, Café Colette Orchestra

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

Tune in for THE EARLY MORNING ROUND-UP with JACK SAVAGE AND HIS COWBOYS ... every Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday at 8.0 a.m. ... RADIO NORMANDY.

Thursday, August 27th

RADIO NORMANDY 269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s.

Morning Programme

8.0 a.m. JACK SAVAGE AND HIS COWBOYS

in the Early Morning Round-up
Presented by Crazy Water Crystals, Thames House, S.W.18.15 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.
THE STA-BLOND SPECIALJoin June Manners and Jack Lyndon
In Their American Tour
Presented by Sta-Blond Shampoo, 14 Hanover Square, W.1

8.30 a.m. THE REVELLERS

Cross Patch.
Piano Medley.
Shine Brown
Awake in a Dream Robin
I've Got My Fingers Crossed McHugh
You Can't Pull the Wool Over My Eyes Ager
Presented by Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, Colgate, Ltd., S.W.1

8.45 a.m. POPULAR MUSIC

Wedgwood Blue Ketelbey
Rose Marie Friml
Amoureuse Berger
Presented by Fels Naphtha Soap, 195 Great Portland Street, W.19.0 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.
DANCE MUSICA Melody from the Sky—Fox trot Mitchell
Sweetheart Let's Grow Old Together Bratton
At the Café Continental—Fox trot Kennedy
Presented by Woodward's Gripe Water, 51 Clapham Road, S.W.99.15 a.m. FACING THE MUSIC
with The Melody Master

Presented by Vitak Health and Body-Building Tablets, 10 Henrietta Street, W.1

9.30 a.m. FAVOURITE MELODIES
(Electrical Recordings)Irish Medley arr. Somers
Debroy Somers Band arr. Somers
Mighty Lak' a Rose Nevin
Paul Robeson.
Sweethearts of Yesterday.
The Scott-Wood Accordion Quartet.
Geraldoland.
Geraldo's Gaucho Tango Orchestra.
Presented by Freezone Corp Remover, Braydon Road, N.16

9.45 a.m. MELODIANA

We're Tops on Saturday Night Kennedy
Now You've Got Me Doin' It Burke
Lovely Lady McHugh
I'm a Fool for Lovin' You Wending
Presented by Milk of Magnesia, 179 Acton Vale, W.3

RADIO LUXEMBOURG 1293 m., 232 Kc/s.

Morning Programme

8.15—8.30 a.m. ELECTRICAL RECORDINGS

8.45 a.m. MORNING CONCERT

9.0 a.m. ROSE'S HAPPY MORNING MATINEE
With the Happy Philosopher
A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody Berlin
Did My Heart Beat? Russell
When Evening Comes Stanton
Presented by L. Rose & Co., Ltd., 89 Worship Street, E.C.29.15 a.m. GOOD-MORNING CONCERT
The Clatter of the Clogs Flynn
You Adamson
Pan and the Wood Goblins Rathke
The Gay 'Nineties.
Presented by Horlick's, Slough, Bucks

PARIS (Poste Parisien) 312.8 m., 959 Kc/s.

8.15—11.0 p.m.

A French Play

MONSIEUR ET MADAME UNTEL

by

Denys Amiel

Friday, August 28th

RADIO NORMANDY 269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s.

Morning Programme

10.30 a.m.

POPULAR CONCERT

(Electrical Recordings)
Lazy Pete Werner
International Concert Orchestra.
On Wings of Song Mendelssohn
Sandy McPherson—Organ Solo.
Where the Lemons Bloom... Strauss
Johann Strauss and Symphony Orchestra.
March of the Leader Soldiers Pierne
Chenil Military Band.
Presented byMacleans, Ltd.,
Great West Road, Brentford

10.45 a.m.

DANCE MUSIC

On the Beach at Bali-Bali—Fox trot Sherman
Cuban Pete—Rumba Norman
A Melody from the Sky—Fox trot Mitchell
But Where are You?—Fox trot ... Berlin

11.0 a.m.

PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH
Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie

Afternoon Programme

4.0 p.m.

TEA-TIME HOUR

With Debroy Somers and Other Artists
Steps of Glory arr. Winter
I'm Gonna Sit Right Down Ahlert
Spanish Ladies Curzon
Wee Macgregor Amers
Lullaby Elgar
Pique Dame SuppeWhen April Comes... Neiburg
Musical Comedy Switch Hall
By the Blue Hawaiian Waters KetelbeyFollowed at 4.45 p.m. by
THE CHILDREN'S CORNER
With the UnclesBIRTHDAY GREETINGS
Presented by Horlick's, Slough, Bucks

5.0 p.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.

RAINBOW RHYTHM

I Come from a Musical Family Franklin
Lovely Lady—Waltz McHugh
Mystery. Woods
Celebratin'—Quick step WoodsTintex,
199 Upper Thames Street, E.C.4

5.30 p.m.

CONCERT MUSIC

Children's Overture... Quilter
Rakoczy March Berlioz, arr. Liszt
A Voice I Heard Just Now (Barber of Seville)... Rossini
La Fileuse Raff
Arabesque in G Debussy
Sirs! Your Toast (Toreador Song) Bizet
Marche Militaire Schubert, arr. GuiraudPROGRAMMES IN FRENCH
Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie

Evening Programme

Dance Music runs till 1.0 a.m. For
Programmes see page 39For RADIO LJUBLJANA Programme
see page 35

RADIO LUXEMBOURG 1293 m., 232 Kc/s.

Morning Programme

8.15—8.30 a.m. ELECTRICAL RECORDINGS

8.45 a.m. MORNING CONCERT

9.0 a.m. ELECTRICAL RECORDINGS

9.15 a.m. GOOD-MORNING PROGRAMME

The Dwarf's Patrol... Rathke

Let's Sing Again McHugh

Wedding of the Rose Jessel

Selection—Show Boat Kern

Presented by Horlick's, Slough, Bucks

9.30—10.0 a.m. ELECTRICAL RECORDINGS

Evening Programme

6.15 p.m. ELECTRICAL RECORDINGS

6.30 p.m. KING'S MEN QUARTET

Down Where the Wurzberger Flows.
Estrellita.
Lullaby.
Rigoletto
Presented by Rowntrees Gums and Pastilles, York

6.45—7.15 p.m. ELECTRICAL RECORDINGS

PARIS (Poste Parisien) 312.8 m., 959 Kc/s.

10.30 p.m. RAINBOW RHYTHM

At the Café Continental—Fox trot Kennedy

One Night of Love—Waltz Schetzingen

La Java de Doudonne Padilla

Let's Face the Music and Dance Berlin

Presented by Tintex,

199 Upper Thames Street, E.C.4

10.45 p.m. VARIETY

Let Yourself Go Berlin

The Physician Porter

No News.

Up the Old Narkovians Sarony

11.0 p.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.

I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close
Down.

Saturday, August the Twenty-Ninth

RADIO NORMANDY 269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s.

Morning Programme

8.0 a.m. MUSICAL CAVALCADE
Folies Bergère—March ... Lincke
Rose Mousse Waltz ... Boss
Humoresque ... Dvorak
Oxford Street (London Again Suite) Coates

8.15 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.
THE MELODY MAKERS
With Sam Browne, The Radio Three and Arthur Young and Reginald Foresythe
Alone ... Brown
Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man ... Kern
With All My Heart ... McHugh
Greener Than the Grass ...
I'm Sitting High on a Hilltop ... Johnston
Presented by Rowntrees Gums and Pastilles, York

8.30 a.m. REQUEST PROGRAMME
Entry of the Gladiators ... Fucik
Old Faithful ... Carr
Whistling Rufus ... Mills
Oh Donna Clara ... Petersburski

8.45 a.m. SUNNY JIM'S SPECIAL PROGRAMME FOR CHILDREN
Old Folks at Home and Abroad
Dick Turpin's Ride to York ... Le Cler
Knight on the Hobby Horse ... Evans
Presented by A. C. Finken & Co., Ltd., 195 Great Portland Street, W.1

9.0 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.
SOME POPULAR RECORDS
Serenade ... Heykens
Quentin Maclean at the Organ ...
My Hero (The Chocolate Soldier) ... Strauss
Ina Souze ...
Espanita ... Kroeber
Fritz Kroeger:
Every Minute of the Hour ... Kenny
Ted Fio Rito and his Orchestra
Presented by Bile Beans, C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds

9.15 a.m. SPORTING REVIEW
On the Track ... Simpson
English Dance ... Mayerl
Cricket Dance ... Mayerl
The Sport of Kings ... Flanagan
Over The Sticks ... Starita

9.30 a.m. FAVOURITE MELODIES
(Electrical Recordings)
Songs of England ... Trad
Band of His Majesty's Grenadier Guards ...
Deep in My Heart ... Romberg
Winnie Melville and Derek Oldham
When the Sergeant Major's on Parade ... Longstaffe
Peter Dawson
Nutcracker Suite ... Tchaikovsky
(a) Chinese Dance ...
(b) Dance of the Flutes ...
Leopold Stokowski and the Philharmonic Orchestra
Presented by Freezone Corn Remover, Braydon Road, N.16

9.45 a.m. DREAM WALTZES
One Life, One Love ... May
Our Days Together ... Kennedy
List'n to the Violin ... Grother
I Give My Heart ... Millocker
Presented by True Story Magazine, 30 Bouverie Street, E.C.4

10.0 a.m. CONVERSAZIONE
It Always Starts to Rain ... Leslie
We Saw the Sea ... Berlin
Whistle Your Worries Away ... Jones
I Love to Ride the Horses on a Merry-go-Round ... Yellen
It's Really Too Terribly Thrilling ... Rose
In the Shops ... Borel
You Look So Sweet Madame ... Wimperis
Why Did I Have to Meet You? ... Parr-Davies

10.30 a.m. POPULAR CONCERT
(Electrical Recordings)
Jollity on the Mountains ... Fettes
Marek Weber and his Orchestra.

10.30 a.m. POPULAR CONCERT—cont.
Gee Whizz ... Gennin
Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra with Piccolo Duet ...
A Paradise for Two (The Maid of the Mountains) ... Tate
Alice Moxon and Stuart Robertson
Buffoon ... Confrey
New Light Symphony Orchestra
Presented by Macleans, Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford

10.45 a.m. SATURDAY'S FANCIES
The Gay Highway ... Drummond
That Little Back Garden of Mine ... Elyton
I Like to Jump Up on a Bike ... Box
Old Stay at Home ... Flotsam, Jetsam

11.0 a.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH
Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie

Afternoon Programme

4.0 p.m. TEA-TIME HOUR
With Debroy Somers and Other Artists
Fighting Strength ... Jordan
The Music Goes Round and Around ... Farley
Dance of the Dryads ... Haines
Fifty Second Street Fever ... Murphy
Slavonic Rhapsody ... Friedmann
Say the Word and It's Yours ... Sigler
Rustic Revels ... Fletcher
Dance Memories ... arr. Finck

Followed at 4.45 p.m. by
THE CHILDREN'S CORNER
With the Uncles

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS
Presented by Horlick's, Slough, Bucks

5.0 p.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.
RAINBOW RHYTHM
Olga Pullofski—Comedy Waltz ... Weston
Saturday Night Function ... Ellington
Fancy Meeting You ... Wallace
The Scene Changes—Fox trot ... Hill
Presented by the makers of Tintex, 199 Upper Thames Street, E.C.4.

PARIS (Poste Parisien) 312.8 m., 959 Kc/s.

Evening Programme

10.30 p.m. RAINBOW RHYTHM
Andalusia—One step ... Gomes
Pidgeon English Hula ... King
The Chicken Reel ... Daly
Medley ...
Presented by the makers of Tintex, 199 Upper Thames Street, E.C.4.

5.15 p.m. SWING MUSIC
Request Programme from B. Mallett, of Great Yarmouth.
(Electrical Recordings)
Mutiny in the Parlour ... Lawnhurst
Gene Krupa and his All Star Swing Band ... Ellington
Ducky Wucky ... Duke Ellington and his Orchestra
Doin' the Uptown Lowdown ... Gordon
Joe Venuti and his Blue Six ... Henderson
Jamaica Shout ... Coleman Hawkins and his Orchestra.

5.30 p.m. WHAT'S ON IN LONDON
News of the Latest Films, Shows and Other Attractions

5.45 p.m. SATURDAY SPECIAL
Selection—The Cat and the Fiddle
(Part I) ... Ritter
Gipsy Wine ...
They Call Me Sister Honky Tonk ... Ellison
Selection—The Cat and the Fiddle
(Part II) ... Kern

6.0 p.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH
Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie

Evening Programme

12 (midnight) DANCE MUSIC
I'm Putting All My Eggs in One Basket—Fox trot ... Berlin
When Somebody Thinks You're Wonderful—Fox trot ... Woods
Chinatown, My Chinatown ... Schwartz
Goody Goody—Fox trot ... Mercer
A Melody from the Sky—Fox trot ... Mitchell
Would You?—Waltz ... Brown
Darling You—Fox trot ... Stolz
With All My Heart and Soul ... Hudson

12.30 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.
AMBROSE AND HIS ORCHESTRA
(Electrical Recordings)
We're Tops on Saturday Night ... Kennedy
Our Days Together—Fox trot ... Kennedy
Cuban Pete—Rumba ... Norman
Lost Rhythm—Fox trot ... Brown
I'll Step Out of the Picture ... Kennedy
Lady from Mayfair—Slow Fox trot ... Carr
I'd Rather Lead a Band—Fox trot ... Berlin
At the Café Continental—Fox trot ... Kennedy

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

10.45 p.m. ADVANCE FILM NEWS
Selection—The Music Goes Round ... Schertzinger
We're Tops on Saturday Night ... Kennedy
Selection—Follow the Fleet ... Berlin
She ...
Presented by Associated British Cinemas, 30 Golden Square, W.1

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

RADIO LUXEMBOURG 1293 m., 232 Kc/s.

Morning Programme

8.15-8.30 a.m. ELECTRICAL RECORDINGS

8.45 a.m. MORNING CONCERT

9.0 a.m. ROSE'S HAPPY MORNING MATINEE
With the Happy Philosopher

You Never Looked So Beautiful
Build a Little Home ... Dubin
Hills of Old Wyoming ... Robin
Presented by L. Rose & Co., Ltd., 89 Worship Street, E.C.2

9.15 a.m. GOOD-MORNING PROGRAMME
Perpetuum Mobile ... Strauss
Sweetheart Let's Grow Old Together ... Brattom
Narcissus ... Nevin
Selection—Words and Music ... Coward
Presented by Horlick's, Slough, Bucks

9.30 a.m. MUSICAL MENU
Mrs. Jean Scott,
President of the Brown and Polson Cookery Club, gives you a Free Recipe
A Rendezvous with a Dream ... Robin
I Met My Waterloo ... Schwartz
Our Days Together ... Kennedy
Blazin' the Trail ... Whitecup
Presented by Brown & Polson, 43 Shoe Lane, E.C.4

9.45-10.0 a.m. ELECTRICAL RECORDINGS

Evening Programme

6.15-7.15 p.m. ELECTRICAL RECORDINGS

RADIO NORMANDY—Dance Music Programmes—Continued from pages 37 and 38

TUESDAY, AUGUST 25

12 (midnight) DANCE MUSIC
I'll Bet You Tell That to All the Girls—Fox trot ... Stepi
Chant of the Weeds—Fox trot ... Redman
Someday Sweetheart—Fox trot ... Spikes
Lovely Lady—Waltz ... McHugh
Slipping Through My Fingers ... Woods
Rhythm Saved the World ... Chaplin
Queen of Hearts—One step ... Haines
nah—Fox trot ... Akst
4.0 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.
he Beach at Bali-Bali ... Sherman
ene Changes—Fox trot ... Hill
pher Columbus—Fox trot ... Razaf
You?—Waltz ... Brown
Doll—Fox trot ... Tate
Service Madame ... Dublin
id Roses—Slow Fox trot ... Burke
—Fox trot ... Alter
.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

12 (midnight) DANCE MUSIC
Swing—Quick step ... Ellis
Now You've Got Me Doing It ... Burke
It's Love Again—Fox trot ... Coslow
A Waltz was Born in Vienna ... Loewe
I'll Stand By—Fox trot ... Coots
You Let Me Down—Fox trot ... Dubin
The Juba—Rumba ... Ellison
Dill Pickles—Fox trot ... Johnson
12.30 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.
MARIO "HARP" LORENZI and his Rhythms
(Electrical Recordings)
The Whistling Waltz ... Woods
Miss Annabelle Lee—Fox trot ... Clare
Say I Wasn't Dreaming—Fox trot ... Ramsay
Celebratin'—Quick Step ... Woods
I'll See You in My Dreams ... Jones
Quicker Than You Can Say Jack ... Robinson
1.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 27

12 (midnight) DANCE MUSIC

Rhythm Lullaby—Fox trot ... Razaf
Every Now and Then—Fox trot ... Silver
Amparame—Rumba ... Adams
I'd Love to Take Orders From You ... Dublin
Limehouse Blues—Fox trot ... Braham
Lovely Lady—Waltz ... McHugh
You Hit the Spot—Fox trot ... Gordon
If You Love Me—Fox trot ... Noble
12.30 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.
I'm Gonna Clap My Hands ... Reilly
These Foolish Things—Fox trot ... Strachey
I've Got My Fingers Crossed ... McHugh
Alone at a Table for Two ... Fio Rito
Dere's Jazz in Dem Dere Horns ... Williams
It's Been So Long—Fox trot ... Ronaldson
Counting Crotchetts in My Sleep ... Ives
1.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

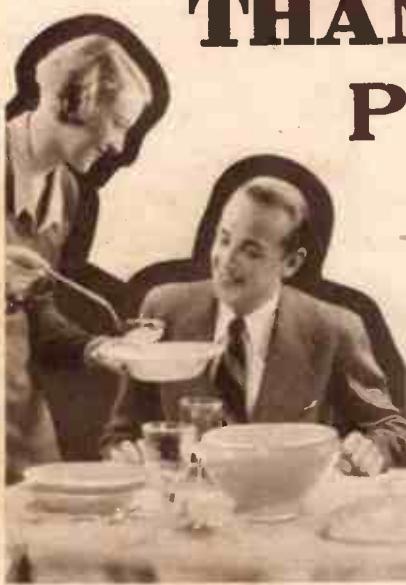
FRIDAY, AUGUST 28

12 (midnight) DANCE MUSIC
Is It True What They Say About Dixie? ... Caesar
Alone Again—Fox trot ... Woods
How Can You Face Me?—Fox trot ... Razaf
Alabama Stomp—Fox trot ... Creamer
Dancing in a Dream—Fox trot ... Evans
Cherokee—Fox trot ... Lisboa
Let Yourself Go—Fox trot ... Berlin
Amorette—Waltz ... Gung'l
12.30 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.
I'm Building Up to An Awful Let Down—Fox trot ... Mercer
I Like Bananas—Quick step ... Yachic
Heart of Gold—Fox trot ... Nolan
Yankee Doodle Never Went to Town—Fox trot ... Hanighen
The Man from Harlem—Quick step ... Hudson
Leave It to Love—Fox trot ... Stoltz
Moonburn—Fox trot ... Carmichael
Bye Bye Blues—Slow Fox trot ... Bennett
1.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

Eat What You Like!

THANKS TO "WHITE LIONS"

PAIN AFTER EATING,



Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastric Catarrh, Wind or Flatulence, Fullness after Meals, and Acid Indigestion have

DISAPPEARED LIKE MAGIC

You need not suffer a Single Day longer from Meal-time Discomfort. "WHITE LIONS" give prompt relief and comfort. Even Gastric and Duodenal Ulcers yield to this treatment.

This prescription is not purgative

Mr. Shadforth's book on Indigestion (No. R.P. 314) sent to all sufferers. Price 1d. post free.

Ask for "White Lions." A Trial will convince you and make your meal-time happier!

Price 6d. (24), 1/4 (72), 2/6 (144), 7/- (432 Lions), with directions. POSITIVELY—The Finest Remedy for Indigestion.

LIVER TROUBLES

Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headache

Periodical bilious attacks, constipation, sick headache and bowel indigestion indicate a sluggish liver, and for this nothing equals this pill. Take it with each meal and you will soon be better. This is a useful formula to keep in the house for family use. Get it now, and prove its worth. It is known as Shadforth Prescription (No. 2,000). Prices: 6d. (36), 1/3 (100), 3/- (300 pills).

Booklet (No. R.P. 222) free on request.

PILES! QUICK RELIEF without the knife

This tonic laxative prescription quickly relieves and soothes piles, constipation, sluggish liver, and atomic dyspepsia. It ensures regular bowel movements, improves nerves, and increases energy. Why endure the misery of piles any longer? Ask for Shadforth Complete Fourfold Pile Treatment No. 394/DD. Price 7/-.

Descriptive Booklet (No. R.P. 325) sent post free on request.

HEADACHE

Painful Nerve-Sheath Inflammation

All nerve pains, including those of neuralgia, colds, influenza, headaches, Sciatica-neuritis, etc., are promptly relieved by "Shadforth Compound," the new pain-killer (No. 263). This formula is non-purgative, and does not upset the stomach. It quickly relieves pain and renders movement possible. It reduces inflammation and temperature. It reduces bacteria. Prices: 6d. (10), 1/3 (25), 2/- (50), 3/- (100) tablets.

The Shadforth Booklet on Headache (No. R.P. 234) free on request.

FITS CURED

The Shadforth Brand Epilepsy Tablets

(No. 349/T) have brought happiness to thousands of sufferers and are well worth a trial. Prices: 2/-, 3/-, and 6/- per box.

The Shadforth Book (No. R.P. 262), giving full particulars of home treatment, post free on request.

HEALTHY BLOOD—

100 per cent. Purity. 100 per cent. Vitality.

Here is the Shadforth known, admitted, and approved remedy for blood troubles. It eliminates rheumatic tendencies and soothes painful parts. It heals ulcers, sores, boils, eczema, and skin disfigurement. It renews the blood and blood is life. Ask for Shadforth Blood Purifying Tablet (No. 122). Prices: 2/-, 4/-, and 13/-.

You can obtain "Shadforth" Prescriptions from Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, and your local chemist, or privately packed and post free at these prices from

SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTION SERVICE LTD.

(Dept. R.P. 109,) 49, KING WILLIAM ST., LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4.

YOUR FACE is Preserved



Nourished and beautified by

SHADFORTH'S SPECIAL FACE SOAP

Your face needs something special. Only the finest and purest ingredients are used in Shadforth's Face Soap, the soap that really helps the complexion. It contains the finest face powder and leaves a faint bloom after drying. It does not lather like ordinary soap. It is for the face only. Price 1/- (No. 825). The Shadforth list of Special Soaps includes:-

No. 929. Anti-Wrinkle (Benzoin) Soap —smoothes out the furrows; gives a fresh, youthful appearance. 1/-

No. 946. Anti-Perspiration (Formalin) Soap—quickly removes unpleasant body odours; a joy to those who perspire freely. also used for softening corns. 1/-

No. 986. Anti-Obesity (Ox-Gall) Soap—dissolves surface fat and gives dry, non-oily skin; a boon to the corpulent. 1/-

No. 930. Anti-Dandruff (Birch-Tar) Soap—prevents the hair falling out; relieves psoriasis and keeps off mosquito attacks. 1/-

No. 1044. Anti-Blackhead or Acne-Pimple and Skin-rash-clearing (Milk of Sulphur) Soap 1/3

SKIN AND COMPLEXION TROUBLES

The Shadforth Beauty Course

comprises a special medicated Sulphur Soap, a Complexion Tonic Lotion for use after washing, and the famous "Shadforth" Complexion Tonic Prescription in dainty tablet form.

This constitutes the world's best triple beauty treatment, and is supplied with full directions. It removes acne or blackheads, pimples, redness, blemishes and sallow complexion. The beauty parlour price of similar treatment runs from 2 to 5 guineas. Ask for Shadforth Beauty Course (No. 442/T). Prices: 3/9 and 6/-.

Shadforth Beauty Pamphlet (No. R.P. 322) post free on request.

HEART TROUBLE

Prescription That Always Gives Relief

HEART DISEASE IS RARE. Don't be alarmed because you suffer from palpitation or pain near the heart. It may be caused by indigestion or overstrung nerves. Shadforth Tonic No. 632 (known as "Blue Lion Fox Nuts") will strengthen the nerves, steady the heart, and tone up stomach and kidneys. Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take the prescription, and be normal again in a few days. Prices: 1/- (25), 1/9 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/- (144) fls. This prescription prevents palpitation, faintness, heart failure, tremblings, run-down condition, and stops that falling-to-pieces feeling.

Book (No. R.P. 320) dealing with Heart Troubles will be sent free on request.

ADENOIDS Enlarged Tonsils



YOU CAN CURE YOUR CHILD

without the surgeon's knife or the loss of one drop of blood by means of the "SHADFORTH" KNIFELESS TREATMENT FOR ADENOIDS AND ENLARGED TONSILS. The most successful treatment has been developed by a distinguished doctor, and can be carried out easily at home and in any part of the world. It is claimed to be one of the most recent advances of medical treatment. It has saved hundreds of operations, and costs only 7/6, with full directions. Ask for the "Shadforth" Treatment for Enlarged Tonsils and Adenoids (No. 331/TAD). Septic Tonsils and Nasal Obstruction in Adults are also conquered without operation, pain, or loss of blood.

Booklet (No. R.P. 290) free on request.

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

Rejuvenate Your Arteries

Strengthen Your Heart

and add years to your life!

It is VITALLY IMPORTANT to keep your arteries young, especially if you are over 40 years of age. Avoid blood pressure breakdowns! Steady heart action co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries is now possible for those past their prime. "Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment for Arterio-Sclerosis rapidly reduces high blood pressure and tension. It gives prompt relief from palpitation, giddiness, premonitions of collapse, and sleeplessness. It leads to permanent restoration and makes you feel years younger within a few days. Get it now! (Prescription No. 1103/T). Prices: 2/6, 5/6, 13/-.

Descriptive Book (No. R.P. 342) sent free of charge on request.

Natural Treatment for KIDNEY TROUBLE

No harmful drugs. Just soothing, healing, cleansing balms and oils with other remedial ingredients, which the best doctors recommend and compounded by a leading pharmaceutical chemist. Sufferers from cystitis, disturbed nights, prostatitis, sciatica, stricture, gravel, gall stones or any liver, kidney, or bladder trouble should go at once to Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, or their nearest chemist, and ask for "Shadforth" (Shadforth Brand Bladder Comforters Prescription 285). Prices: 1/4 (25), 2/6 (50), 4/- (100), or write direct for them to Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd., Dept. P.25, 49 King William Street, London Bridge, E.C.4. Pain subsides. The mind is relieved. Start now and find new joy in life.

The Special Shadforth Booklet on Kidney and Bladder Troubles (No. R.P. 326) post free on request.

CATARRH

COLDS AND INFLUENZA

Cold in the Nose, Bronchial Cough.

Cold in the Nose, Bronchial Cough. Catarrh is often the first stage of bronchitis, cold on the chest, pneumonia, chronic winter cough, tonsillitis, hoarseness, sore throat, ear, chest and lung diseases. The Shadforth Triple Catarrh Treatment (No. 331/T) acts like a charm. Considering its efficacy and how often it will save a man being off work for days and weeks, the cost of this world-famed and reliable remedy is very small. Prices: 2/6, 4/-, 8/-, and 13/-.

Special Book on Catarrh (No. R.P. 321) post free.

CORNS

Wash the feet well with hot water every night, using Shadforth Formalin Soap (No. 940). Costs 1/-. Dry the feet and corns well with a rough towelling and afterwards rub in a little Corn Salve (No. 801). Costs 7/4.

The Shadforth Booklet on Corns (No. R.P. 297) free on request.

"NEVERILL" OLD SALTS

A Spoonful a Day Keeps the Doctor Awe-

For biliousness, indigestion, constipation, liver, kidney and bladder troubles, and all forms of rheumatism, sciatica, gout and uric acid troubles.

NO HEALTH SALINE LIKE "NEVERILL" OLD SALTS Shadforth Prescription 365.



Bracing Day! Prices: 3d., 6