

# AMAZING RADIO SCANDAL—See Page 7

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# RADIO PICTORIAL

THE FAMILY MAGAZINE

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Gracie Fields—godmother—  
being fed by Sheila, one of  
Leslie Fuller's twin daughters.  
They have just held their  
second birthday party

# GOLDEN VOICE RETURNS

Visitors from Afghanistan :: How do YOU Pronounce "Pasty"? :: One Man Competed

**T**HE "man with the golden voice" returns to the mike on Monday, so fans get out your writing pads.

It was on a day in June (the hot one) that Stuart Hibberd shook hands in the announcer's room at Broadcasting House and departed for home to pack his grip. The last days had been pretty busy.

Once quit of Broadcasting House, the chief announcer first went to Canada in the best time of the year, when the snow has melted on the hills and the landscape is green before the sun burns it brown. Then home for a lazy English holiday in Devon where so many broadcasters go, and when word was last heard of him at Broadcasting House he was planning a trip to Germany. Next week he is back on the air again.

### "Visitors to See You, Sir!"

"MR. LONDON calling" is what they call the Empire Announcer in far away Kabul, and the Afghan hockey team got quite a kick from watching him at work at Broadcasting House last week. There were sixteen of them in the listening room by the studio, and they crowded round the glass window to see Mr. Shewen doing his stuff.

The team was taken all over the building, and the sight that thrilled the Afghans most, after seeing the announcer at work, was the control room. Here engineers had to explain what every gadget did.

Chatting about Afghanistan, M. Yaqub, the secretary, said that they had 2,000 sets in Kabul which could get the Empire programmes, but when they wanted Eastern music they tuned in Delhi or Peshawar. Their King had a powerful set and listened to London a lot. They are diplomats, these Afghans, and they could not say whether Henry Hall or Chamber music pleased His Majesty most.

### Awkward Words

**T**ALKING of announcers reminds me that the book of awkward words is getting full again. Whenever they cannot agree about pronunciation, announcers jot the word in the ledger and the B.B.C. Advisory Committee on Pronunciation makes its decision.

The next meeting is fixed for November, when

fifty odd words come up for review. *Cordon, gaseous, lido, de luxe, pasty, waistcoat, debris* and *variegated* are all in the list.

Besides these and other tongue twisters, the committee has got to consider this time a book of foreign place names—more awkward words.



Rosalind Wade, without her "Dancing Daughters," arrives home from a Continental Tour. With her is Sutherland Felce, well-known Compère

### A Hint to Mr. Cock

**I** KNOW they were not picked with an eye for television, but I should advise Mr. Cock to take a look at some of the autumn speakers. He will soon be needing some illustrated talks.

Mrs. Havryn Evans, for instance, would make a good picture, tossing a pancake. She is the young and practical housewife who was chosen to broadcast recipes out of the several women and one man who competed at the microphone tests. She is dark and handsome and lives in a suburb, and makes her debut at the mike in November.

It was hardly likely that one brave man competing with six women on a subject like cooking would win his way to the microphone. Few would have faced those odds. But I hear that his household hints impressed the judges, so he may yet get a consolation prize in the form of a talk on this subject.

### Box of Tricks

**W**ANDERING round the gallery of St. George's Hall, I pushed open a door and found a box-like room that would delight a child. It was full of drums, tambourines, klaxons, taxi horns, horses' hoofs, clanking chains, sirens and what-nots, and, believe me, they all worked. I tried them.

I had strayed into the effects section of the big organ which the Compton people are building in the hall. Eventually it will occupy both sides of the gallery and the box below, where Eric Maschwitz used to sit and watch shows on the stage.

The first broadcast is fixed for October 20.

### No Seats Reserved

**I**T is really a kindness that they won't reserve seats in St. George's Hall. Mr. Chilman keeps a waiting list of listeners who want to see a broadcast, and issues cards in turn to those who write. The cards are not numbered, and "first come, first served" is the order of the day. So when you get a card, if you want to be in front, arrive early, as each row is filled in turn.

The reason Mr. Chilman doesn't reserve seats is that the rows are pretty close together and it would be awkward for those already seated to have late-comers treading on their toes.

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MARGOT JONES

## Young and Lovely ::

### Found!

FOR a long time the big shots of Hollywood have been worried. They had a grand plot, but the trouble was to cast the picture, which needed for a lead a violinist who was young, lovely and a brilliant player.

Cast your mind around . . . there are not a lot. I can only think of one, and in the end they found her—Lisa Minghetti. She was in town for the Prom. last Saturday, and after rehearsing in Queen's Hall told me that she was soon off to Hollywood. She is a Viennese artist and just the type they wanted.

### Harold Fielding To-night

WRITING of violinists reminds me that Harold Fielding, who is still in his 'teens, is giving another of his recitals at 11.40 p.m. to-night (Regional).

Despite the fact that he did not begin to study the violin until he was ten years old, in less than a year he was playing on the concert platform. He was specially chosen to appear on the Tetrizzini farewell tour in 1933. He studied in England under the famous Albert Sammons.

Harold has given many broadcasts in the home programmes as well as playing to the Empire.

### Miss "Number Please"

IT was her voice that first attracted attention—the sweet way she used to say "Number please." In a large office with a big switchboard, operators soon lose their identity, but not so at Alexandra Palace, where the staff is small and compact.

It was not long before the owner of that cheerful voice was discovered, and within a week producers were using her face for make-up tests. Who



Boy violinist, Harold Fielding, snapped here—with his fiddle, and in an off-duty moment.

knows? She may soon be starting on a dazzling career beneath the lights of the television studios. But who is she?

### From the Regions

FRIENDS up from the provinces bring me news of the regions where they are busy preparing their autumn plans. Bigger and better variety

## :: A Romantic Moment

is the order in the North, where Francis Bolton, talent scout, is searching for fresh acts.

At Manchester they have decided to appoint a variety producer and a stage manager for the studios. And there is great activity in the West, where they are looking in Swansea and Aberystwyth for places for new studios.

### Suddenly He Saw It

EVEN a Balance and Control man has his romantic moments, as proved by Arthur Spencer, of North region, who decided to visit Chopin's grave at *Père Lachaise* when on holiday.

Carrying a sheaf of roses, he arrived at the cemetery and searched among the dull granite flowerless tombs in vain, although he passed the lonely-looking graves of several celebrities, including Oscar Wilde's.

He was about to depart when he bumped into a gardener who agreed to lead him to the grave for which he was searching. Then suddenly he saw it. "There it is!" he cried.

"How did you know that was Chopin's grave?" asked the gardener.

It was the only one of white stone, and the only one in the cemetery to be smothered with flowers, though there were no cards to show who had placed them there.

"I just knew it instinctively," said Arthur, and having laid his offering at the foot of the stone, he went on his way.

"WANDERING MIKE"

### For Your Autograph Album

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.

## Unposted Letters



TO John Coatman, Chief News Editor, Broadcasting House, London, W.1.

Dear Sir,

In the First News Bulletin one evening recently it was announced that the World Speedway Championship Final at Wembley had been postponed. As a result, many people who had intended to witness this important sporting event cancelled their arrangements.

These people naturally were extremely annoyed to discover that, after all, the event actually took place.

To err occasionally is only human, we all know, and you have my sympathy in this very galling experience, but I trust you have seen to it that no blunder of this particular kind can occur again.

JOHN LISTENER.

TO Carroll Levis, c/o Broadcasting House, London, W.1.

Dear Carroll,

Your recent broadcast with your "discoveries" was a huge success.

Inevitably, in a programme of this sort, one or two of the "discoveries" would have been better left undiscovered; but the majority was good and the programme, as a whole, was highly intriguing.

Your "Amateur Hour" fully deserves a regular, weekly place in the B.B.C.'s programmes.



"... should now take more care in choosing numbers."

JOHN LISTENER.

TO Al Collins, Dance Band Leader, London.

Dear Al,

Shall I confess I was disappointed with your broadcast the other night? Knowing of your long experience as one of London's foremost dance musicians, I fully expected something "extra." Instead, there was no inspiration behind the broadcast, which seemed to me consistently mediocre throughout.

Unless I am mistaken, Al, you will have to put much more thought into your programmes if you expect many more broadcasting dates.

JOHN LISTENER.

TO Billy Thorburn, Dance Band Leader, London.

Dear Billy,

Glad you adopted my suggestion and dropped that clever but unsuitable Continental announcer-vocalist. Your vocalists are now excellent, the band is first-class, and your own piano intermissions quite delightful.

JOHN LISTENER.

TO Molly O'Connor, Vocalist, Lou Preager's Band.

Dear Molly,

You're only fourteen years old, yet you came all the way from Ireland to London, determined to get "on the air."

I hear that you managed to "gate-crash" the

B.B.C., saw Mr. Lou Preager, the dance-band leader, and secured a year's contract with him as crooner.

I'm sending you a four-leafed shamrock, Molly—just for luck, and lots of it.

JOHN LISTENER.

TO Max Bacon, Broadcast Comedian.

Dear Max,

After being recognised for many years as one of our foremost dance-band drummers, you have suddenly found new fame as a brilliant radio comedian.

I listened to your turn the other night and laughed all the time. You need, however, to cultivate an appearance of a little more spontaneity; many of your lines sounded too much as if you were reading them.

JOHN LISTENER.

TO Anona Winn, Broadcast Vocalist.

Dear Anona,

One of the earliest broadcasters and a firm favourite, you have given us literally hundreds of happy listening hours.

But if I were you I should now take more care in choosing numbers within the capabilities of your voice. One Saturday recently you were guilty of forcing your voice to such an extent that it sounded very different from your usual charming rendering.

Take my advice, Anona: stick to songs of the "soft and sweet" type and you will shine as a brilliant radio star for many more years to come.

JOHN LISTENER.

# THE SCANDAL BEHIND SCHOOL BROADCASTING

By Our  
SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR

Many thousands of pounds annually are being poured out upon School Broadcasts. Yet only a small fraction of Britain's schools listen. WHY? Here is an article to make you think.

AS soon as broadcasting began in this country it was immediately apparent to all seriously minded people that in the microphone we have an instrument of transcendental importance, for good or ill, in the realm of education.

Builders of the B.B.C.'s programme service obviously were inspired by these possibilities. In broadcasting they recognised the opportunity of bringing the world's greatest authorities, finest tutors, and most interesting exponents of every scholastic subject direct to the ear of every child throughout the land.

An elaborate organisation for school broadcasting was gradually built up. Carefully planned programmes, giving educational matter in a manner immeasurably more attractive than children had ever known before, were devised and broadcast.

Thousands upon thousands of pounds have been poured out by the B.B.C., all to bring these benefits of educational broadcasting within reach of the humblest child in the land.

Has this money been wasted? Or not?

Last week, many of Britain's school children went back to school for the new term; and, therefore, it is a fitting time to review the progress of school broadcasting. It is an amazing story.

Let me indicate at once that, in my opinion, the facts about school broadcasting in this country disclose a scandal which no doubt may seem almost incredible to the ordinary listener.

The majority of adult listeners are familiar only with the dance music, variety, drama and news programmes which occupy the evening fare. For the most part they are unaware of the extensive schools' programmes which, after numerous experiments, the B.B.C. has succeeded in establishing.

They may read in the newspapers that half a million children listen to the wireless lessons and that more than 250,000 copies of the B.B.C.'s pamphlets describing the various broadcast courses have been sold. But those fragmentary facts give no true indication of the position.

Unfortunately, it is not possible to say accurately how many schools there are in Great Britain to-day, but it is probable that, approximately, there are 27,000 elementary schools and something like 15,000 secondary schools. The total number of schools, including private ones, approaches 45,000.

Astounding, is it not, that the number of schools in England and Wales registered with the B.B.C. at the end of last term as listening to the broadcast lessons was little more than one tenth of the total number of schools? To be accurate, the number was 4,896.



At this go-ahead London school the boys have built themselves a radio-gram which is now in frequent use

How comes it, you may wonder, after 12 years of effort and propaganda, that such a pitifully small proportion of schools avail themselves of this wonderful national service?

But that is not the worst.

The vast majority of the schools now fitted with wireless sets are found only in the large towns and cities where, in the ordinary course of things, educational facilities already are better. Where broadcast lessons could be of greatest value obviously is in the small rural schools with an attendance of about 50 or less. Scattered all over the country there are many thousands of these small schools in areas where, unfortunately, the children are denied many of the usual facilities such as free libraries which town children enjoy.

Here then, pre-eminently, is the sphere in which broadcasting can confer the greatest advantages.

Yet what do we find?

Of those 4,896 schools in England and Wales which, at the end of last term, were registered with the B.B.C. as listening, merely 383 consisted of the small rural school of which I am speaking.

Thus, in spite of the many thousands of pounds expended annually upon this excellent service, the number of rural schools partaking of it is less than one per cent of the total number of schools in the country.

Surely this astonishing position should give cause for serious thought not only to those interested generally in the development of educational facilities, but to the Central Council for School's Broadcasting and the B.B.C.'s officials responsible for the transmission of the service.

I have contented myself up to now with general figures. But the scandal which I have thus indicated generally is continually being borne out by small investigations undertaken in particular areas.

In May of this year, for instance, the Teachers' County Association in Staffordshire conducted an inquiry. Questionnaires were sent to 812 schools, and it is appalling to record that the replies revealed that only 81 of these schools had wireless sets.

Any unbiased thinker will admit, I think, that these figures disclose a situation which, for sheer indifference, short-sightedness and, perhaps, incompetence, is difficult to parallel

in any other department of the wonderful history of radio.

Broadcasting has gone ahead in every other direction, but the ridiculously slow progress of school broadcasting stands out as—the B.B.C.'s biggest failure?

I would not go so far as to say that. The B.B.C. has never laid down the law in the matter of school broadcasting and, in fact, has no real authority. School broadcasts take place under the direction of the Central Council which is a large voluntary committee, thoroughly representative of the various educational forces in the country. The B.B.C. officials are not the ultimate authorities, and their part in the scheme appears merely to be one of carrying out the decisions of the Council which is an entirely independent body of educational experts.

So far as the technique of school broadcasts and their transmission is concerned, it can be said that all the problems have long since been solved or at least are on a reasonably satisfactory basis. But at the other end of the chain, that is, at the listening end, matters have not progressed at anything like the same rate.

The root reason apparently is that teachers, parents and the public generally have never been, and are not to-day, sufficiently alive to the benefits school broadcasting brings to those children privileged to listen.

The results of this widespread ignorance and apathy are that the provision of wireless sets in most rural schools still depends chiefly upon the generosity of some local, public-spirited person. Quite a number of educational authorities to-day, of course, supply the sets to schools, but relatively these are few. Some others contribute part of the cost, and many schools have raised funds for this purpose by special entertainments. Teachers themselves have bought many of the sets to enable their pupils to listen to the loudspeaker lessons.

Quite recently, a London Welshman who was stirred to help some of the children in his native county presented a wireless receiving set to every elementary school in Merionethshire. About 83 schools in all benefited from his generosity.

That sort of thing is typical of the way in which many schools have been equipped.

Is it good enough, in this enlightened age, that the advantages of school broadcasting should depend upon so haphazard a circumstance?

Is it fair that whether or not a child can derive these benefits must needs depend, to a large extent, upon the geographical accident of his birth-place?

It is clear that if broadcasting is ultimately to  
Please turn to page 29

Studio Small Talk

By NERINA SHUTE

# KITTY BLUSHED!



Peggy Ryalls, another Sandy Powell discovery

**I**n the show business there is one man who will give YOU a chance to go on the stage.

With him it is not just a lot of hot air.

He is always looking for talent, always giving auditions, always making discoveries—making artists out of amateurs.

The man I mean is Sandy Powell.

And his latest discovery is Kitty Thomson, crooner. A little girl of 19.

Kitty Thomson gave her first broadcast with Sandy a few weeks ago. Now she is under contract. Her act is part of Sandy's show.

Her father said to me: "This is Kitty. But don't ask her too many questions, because she is very shy."

Then Kitty appeared. A tiny little blonde, with short yellow hair brushed behind the ears. Very boyish. Very neat.

"I'm trying hard to get over my shyness," she said.

And to prove her words she showed me a picture of herself in the nude, holding a sort of ornamental fruit-dish instead of a fig-leaf.

Said Kitty Thomson simply: "I had my picture taken in the nude because I thought it might get me a job as a crooner."

I am afraid I laughed.

Kitty blushed, became shy, and then said in a sensitive voice: "Don't you think I was right?"

But shy little Kitty Thomson, only 19 years old, is now on the verge of a big career. Her father is Paul Thomson. Sandy Powell's manager.

"I was engaged by Sandy before my father knew anything about it," she told me. "I got the job without my father's help. It happened like this. You see, my real job is to teach dancing. I never had a singing lesson in my life. But I have a little sister at home and when I put her to bed she always wants me to sing her to sleep. I sing very softly. That's what she likes.

"And then, all of a sudden, when I was singing her to sleep one night, I got the idea of microphone work. I can't sing very loud. That doesn't matter with a microphone. So why not enter for one of these crooning competitions?"

To cut a long story short, Kitty entered the All England Crooning Competition (as Miss Midlands) and walked away with third prize.

She had no training, no experience. And Sandy Powell was so impressed that he engaged her right away.

So now Kitty Thomson (with or without the fruit-dish) is on her way to success.

Paul Thomson, her father, is the man who writes all the Sandy Powell shows.

"I wrote the story for Sandy's last film," he told me proudly. "That was called *Can You Hear Me Mother?* Yes, and I had to write the whole story in 12 hours! Because the original story, written for Sandy by a professional scenario writer, was turned down at the last minute!"

Paul Thomson did not give me the following figures. But I understand that *Can You Hear Me Mother?* cost the producers something like £15,000 to film. It is now making a fortune for everyone concerned.

And yet Alexander Korda thinks nothing of spending £100,000 to make a film. Think it out!

Sandy Powell is now making another film, a football story. **BUT REMEMBER: HE IS ALWAYS LOOKING FOR TALENT. ALWAYS HELPING AMATEURS.**

Yet another discovery, by the way, is Peggy Ryalls.

A girl of 21 (by profession an elocution teacher), went to Sandy in fear and trembling and said: "I want to go on the stage."

And Peggy Ryalls gave her first broadcast in the same show with Kitty Thomson. Two discoveries in one show.

Sandy discovered her in Sheffield—where he discovered Jimmie Fletcher.

You know that Joe Loss is engaged to be married? And that he popped the question at midnight because during the day he has no time to pop anything?

"Listen," said Joe, full of excitement, "I have been trying to pop the question for a whole year. For a whole year I was longing to get engaged to this girl. She is a Jewish girl. I think she is marvellous. But how

could I find time to get engaged? You've got to spend a lot of time proposing to a girl—and then afterwards a lot more time while you choose the engagement ring . . .

"Believe it or not," said Joe, full of excitement, "I had no time for a whole year to pop the question. And when I finally got around to it, at midnight I did a rush job."

"Have you chosen the engagement ring, Mr. Loss?"

"Yes," said Joe, "I ordered it by telephone."

People in the show business certainly have peculiar problems. I told you about Lola Shari, who complains that she can't get a film job because she looks too exotic and wicked. And now Joe Loss tells me (with disgust) that he may not find time to get married and be romantic for at least another year.

"It's a problem, Miss Shute! What would you do if you were me?"

Joe Loss started life in Liverpool Street. Educated at Jewish Free School. Studied music against his will at Trinity College and London College of Music.

Until 2 years ago, when he started work at Astoria Dance Hall, he was struggling along and getting nowhere.

Then he had no money and lots of time.

Now he has lots of money and no time.



Instead of a fig-leaf



Paul Thomson is the man who writes the Sandy Powell shows



PERCY, YOUR FIRST SCHOOL REPORT SAID "TRYING" —

THE SECOND SAID "STILL TRYING" —

AND THIS ONE SAYS —

"STILL VERY TRYING" —



PERCY . . .

THE TRYER



How happy Ruth is when she is singing to her vast public

America's favourite torch-singer has come to thrill us!



The smile that warms! Ruth Etting in a glamorous pose

# TEN CENTS A DANCE!

RUTH ETTING wanted to be an interior decorator, but . . .

By ROSS REDFERN

"Ten cents a dance,  
That's what they pay me. . . ."

**D**O you remember that haunting number with its pathetic, throbbing lyric? It was the song that Ruth Etting made famous; the song that, seeping through ten million loud-speakers, tugged at America's heart-strings and helped to make Ruth a national idol.

We, too, fell under the spell of the Etting voice on records and cinema screen. We thrilled to the low-pitched melancholy of that soul-stirring, beautiful voice.

And now Ruth has hit London on her first trip to Europe, and we have heard her twice on the air—once as a guest-artist with Henry Hall and once when she deputised for Jessie Matthews on a world-wide hook-up.

Maybe you don't know how lucky we are to have her with us. Just over a year ago a big story broke in America's show-papers. "Ruth Etting Retiring. Famous Torch-Singer Quitting at the Height of Her Fame." Her fans were staggered. Radio without Ruth. Unthinkable! Horrible!

Well, Ruth was flattered, but her mind was made up. She'd made a stack of money and wanted to see the world. Better to get out early with her laurels thick upon her. Then she went to book her passage, but trouble broke out in Africa and other parts of her proposed itinerary and Ruth was advised to abandon her world-trip.

So back she went to radio; and now she is to play in a show in London called *Transatlantic Rhythm* and retirement is shelved. For a long while, I hope. . . .

Ruth Etting has brought to town what is just about the loveliest smile I have ever seen, despite eight years of writing about lovely ladies. Yes, I know I've rhapsodised about smiles before, but this one is something extra-special. I think they broke the mould after they created Ruth's.

That smile is dawn, breaking over the Sussex downs; it's the sun sparkling on a summer sea; it's poetry; it's ecstasy . . . it's . . . it's . . . oh, boy . . . it's A SMILE. Warm, gentle, alluring and with the hint of sadness which you expect when you contemplate Ruth's life, which has not been all honey.

Ruth was born in David City, a little hick town of about 2,500 inhabitants, in Nebraska. Her

grandfather was a pioneer who founded the town and earned a living as miller. When she was three, Ruth's parents moved to California and, two years later, her mother died. So she and her father returned to live on her grandfather's farm and shortly after her father died as well.

So she was raised on the farm which she now owns, together with three others.

"I potted around on the farm," Ruth told me in her deep broad American accent, "doing a little gardening and making a bit of extra pocket-money by selling eggs as a side-line. I went to college and my grandparents wanted to see me go on to University. But I guess I had other ideas. I was crazy to be an interior decorator. So I went to Chicago to study, but I soon found that it wasn't going to be so easy."

**I**t was mathematics that tripped up Ruth. Now I and, maybe, you, vaguely feel that to be an interior decorator one's just got to have a sense of colour and an ability to draw. Oh, no. It's when you get down to carpeting that you've got to know something about figures. And Ruth just couldn't understand it all.

So she turned to fashion drawing as an alternative and, when she was about seventeen, she got the job of designing dresses for the chorus at a place called the Marigold Gardens. Then one day fate took a hand. The manager of the show had a hunch and asked Ruth if she'd like to go into the chorus! Just like that!

"Well, I figured that I could do the dancing job at nights and still continue with my art. So I said: 'Yes, please.' And, behold, I was a chorus girl.

**O**f course, that was when chorus work wasn't so hard as it is now. You didn't have to break your neck to keep up to standard! Anyway, I got by and during the engagement I suddenly discovered I could sing. Soon I got a spot as a principal and I had to give my drawing up as the work was getting too hard."

Then, as often happens with chorus girls, Ruth found herself without a job. She drifted about from café to café singing her songs and eventually landed a job at Colosimo's.

Colosimo's—it still exists—was a landmark in Chicago. It was the night haunt of the stage, press, sporting world, artists, and writers.

(Please turn to page 31)



"Teaching" Buster Crabbe to swim in her own Hollywood bathing pool

# ROMANCE IN BRASS



A tiny tot in a place of honour finds the sensation almost too much for him

**T**HE great Brass Band Festival, held every year, comes off at the Crystal Palace to-morrow night. If you are not going there, I suggest you listen to the winner by radio on the following day.

Like a good many other people who are really devoted to good and serious music, I confess a definite liking for a jolly good brass band. In my boyhood days there were no brass bands—or, at least, I never had an opportunity of hearing one.

I even think now that the term was hardly understood. One thought of what was called a German band, which meant two or three miserable-looking individuals making an unpleasant noise at a street corner. I know I was not converted until some years later, when I happened to hear the famous *Besses o' the Barn Band* by accident, on a very wet Sunday afternoon in August, down at Ilfracombe. After that, I had more respect for brass bands.

Anyone wanting information about the Brass Band contest could not do better, I knew, than pay a visit to Mr. J. Henry Iles, whose offices are in Aldwych. I found Mr. Iles very willing to tell me the whole story of these festivals of which he himself was the founder.

Thirty-six years ago, in the year 1900, Mr. Iles determined to do something for the brass bands of this country. He began by approaching *The Daily Mail*. Lord Northcliffe liked the idea, and something was said about getting Sir Arthur Sullivan's help.

"You will never get him to do it," Mr. Iles was told. "Sir Arthur has vowed he will never conduct *The Absent-minded Beggar* again. He won't agree to doing anything of the kind. He is only interested in light opera."

Mr. Iles thought he would at least try. He felt it was so worth while getting a man with such a name (this was the last year of Sullivan's life, and he was the most famous musician in England) that he went down to his flat near Victoria and asked to see him.

His secretary, Wilfred Hendall—himself an excellent musician—said he did not think Sir Arthur would see Mr. Iles, especially without an appointment. Mr. Iles said if Sir Arthur once realised the importance of what he had come to see him about, he would most certainly give him an interview. At last, after some arguing, Hendall said he would go and ask. Mr. Iles sat down in the hall and waited.

Suddenly a door opened and Sullivan appeared in a dressing-gown, carrying a long, woolly contrivance with a tinder attached, from which he was lighting a cigarette.

"So you are the man who insists on seeing me,"

To-morrow, September 26, the Annual Brass Band Contest takes place at the Crystal Palace, and the winning band will broadcast from the B.B.C. studios on Sunday at 4.30 p.m. (Regional). MR. J. HENRY ILES, founder of the Festival, here tells the whole story of this great contest, and how it came into being, in an interview with WHITAKER-WILSON

he said, pleasantly. "What is it you want?"

They went into Sullivan's study. Mr. Iles began by telling Sullivan what he thought about brass-band players. "They have never had a chance in England," he said. "Nobody takes the least interest in them."

Sullivan thought for a moment. "I am quite ashamed to say I have never done anything for these fellows," he said at last. "I know I ought to have done. And yet I remember that famous band that came to the opening of the Royal College."

"You mean the Leeds Forge Band?" said Mr. Iles.

"That's the band," said Sullivan. "Samuel Fox was the

man who financed it. Do you remember the gorgeous uniforms they wore? They looked like Hussars. Well, there it is. I tell you I am ashamed I have done nothing for them. What do you suggest?"

This was the opening for which Mr. Iles was waiting. In a few sentences he outlined his proposals and told Sullivan his big idea—to give a concert in the Albert Hall.

"What's more," he continued, "I want to begin it with a hymn—your own *Onward, Christian Soldiers!* Think of it, played by those twenty-nine bands! More than that," he went on, as Sullivan had jumped from his chair and was pacing up and down the room, "I shall have fifty drummers from the Guards stretched in a row behind the bands. As we come to the chorus they shall drum a roll such as has never been heard before."

Sullivan stopped in his walk, sat down at the piano, and gave an amazing imitation of the effect they would produce. "All right," he said, when he had finished. "Go ahead, and you can count on me."

And when it all happened, Sullivan and Mr. Iles witnessed it together. Tears were streaming down Sullivan's face as he listened.

That is how it began. Twenty-nine bands only, that year. This year there are to be 210 bands!

Unfortunately, Sullivan died the very year in which they began. He conducted his *Absent-minded Beggar*—twice—because Mr. Iles asked him, and he thoroughly appreciated the scheme to raise, by competition, the standard of brass-band playing in this country.

At first, all the music played was what we call "arrangements"—that is, music written originally for some other combination of instruments and re-scored for brass. Mr. Iles was himself so enthusiastic that he embarked on a world tour in 1901 and organised big concerts in France. He was decorated by the President. Now, thirty-six years later, he is just as keen.

"You know," he said, "these outlying villages all have their clubs and meet for band practice. Young fellows, middle-aged men—it does not matter—they are all as keen as possible. They leave their work, do not even take time to go home and change their clothes—much less have a meal—and meet for their regular practice."

"This great festival of ours is the expression of their hopes and desires. The trophy must be worth £2,000. Originally, when the scheme was in its infancy, we had it displayed in every town where there was a brass band in existence—mostly in the north, of course. We were determined to let them see what they were playing for. The cup is a beautiful piece of work, with its gold filigree work and beautiful stones. It is a proud possession when it is won, I can tell you."

"I understand," I said, "that you persuaded English composers of note to write music for these festivals. Who is doing it this year?"

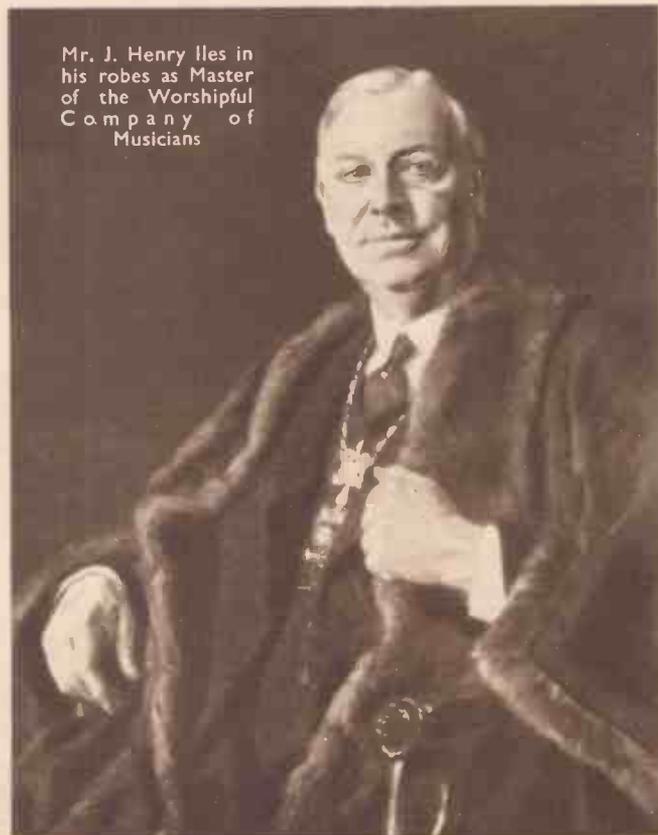
"Arthur Bliss."

"Last year," I said, "I remember it was my old friend Kenneth Wright, of the B.B.C."

"Yes," said Mr. Iles, "and before him we have had people like Gustav Holst, Sir Edward Elgar, and John Ireland, all of whom have written ideal test pieces for these bands to play."

"Like every other good movement, this began in a small way, and even I never dreamed that one day over two hundred bands would compete. There used to be three sections playing at once: this year there will be eight sections, and still they will not interfere with each other. Fortunately, the Crystal Palace is large enough to accommodate them."

"What a pity dear old Sullivan is not here to hear them," I said. "*Onward, Christian Soldiers!* accompanied by 210 brass bands would make cold shudders run down your spine."



Mr. J. Henry Iles in his robes as Master of the Worshipful Company of Musicians

# THE HAPPIEST MOMENT IN MY LIFE

## ROY FOX

confesses he's such a lucky sort of guy, that his life is about chock full of happiest moments! "Was it when I got married . . . or when I discovered Mary Lee . . ." he ponders

I always want to know whether people are happy and what makes them happy. It helps one to understand them so much better. So, recently I went to see Roy Fox, and I said: "I want to know if you are happy."

He looked a bit surprised, cleared his throat, smiled, raised his eyebrows. "Is this a joke? What's the idea?"

Finally, Roy Fox sat down, and we had tea together, and there in the hotel lounge, and surrounded by men and women who were talking gossip and drinking cocktails and flirting and making a great noise, I heard the story of his life.

And what a life! And what an extraordinary young man!

To begin with, I did not realise that Roy Fox is so thin. He sat there in his dark brown suit, and the immaculate shirt with the loose American collar, and I was looking at a young man with a pale face, thin hands, and a quick nervous energy written all over him. Very American.

And I knew that he was going to tell me that his work is the most important thing in his life. So American.

"I guess I would rather work than play. Yes," he said, "that's when I get my greatest kick out of life. My greatest happiness. When I've done a good job of work. When I've discovered a new singer with talent, or started something, or created something."

"Do you want to hear the whole story? Right from the beginning?"

"Well, I was only twelve years old when I got my first cornet and learnt how to play it. That started me in my ambition."

"When I was sixteen, another boy told me how marvellous it was to be earning your own living in a bank, so I decided to leave school and become a bank clerk. Yes, that was in Los Angeles. And I was paid twenty dollars a month—about £10."

"I guess that seemed a lot of money in those days. Especially as I made some extra money with my cornet. I worked with a band in the evenings, any time I got the chance. Then what do you think happened? Suddenly I was offered £10 a week to give up my job in the bank and join a band in Santa Monica!"

"Of course, £10 a week seemed like a fortune to a kid of seventeen. I resigned from the bank right away, and pretty soon I got the feeling I was a millionaire."

"You see, when I was eighteen years old, I was earning £25 a week and running my own car."

"Well, for the next few years I went right on climbing the ladder to success. Before long I was working in Hollywood with my own band, appearing at all the smart places . . . and so it went on."

"I made films. You remember Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell in a picture called 'Seventh Heaven'? Well, I was in that picture. My job was to stand around with my cornet and play sad music very softly. What I had to do was to make Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell cry, and the more I made them cry the better they acted!"

"When I was twenty-six I got married to Dorothea Booth. Yes, that was one of my happiest moments. She was a film actress, and she was working with the Marx Brothers in a picture called 'The Coconut.' I was making a lot of money, and so then I suddenly thought I would fall in love and get married."

Roy Fox and his wife spent their honeymoon in a little place called La Jolla, a little blue and golden place between the sea and the mountains.

They stayed at a hotel which is called "Casa de Mañana", or "The House of To-morrow".

"Yes," Roy Fox said, "that was one of my happiest moments. When I took my wife to that hotel, and all day long we lay on the beach in the sunshine."

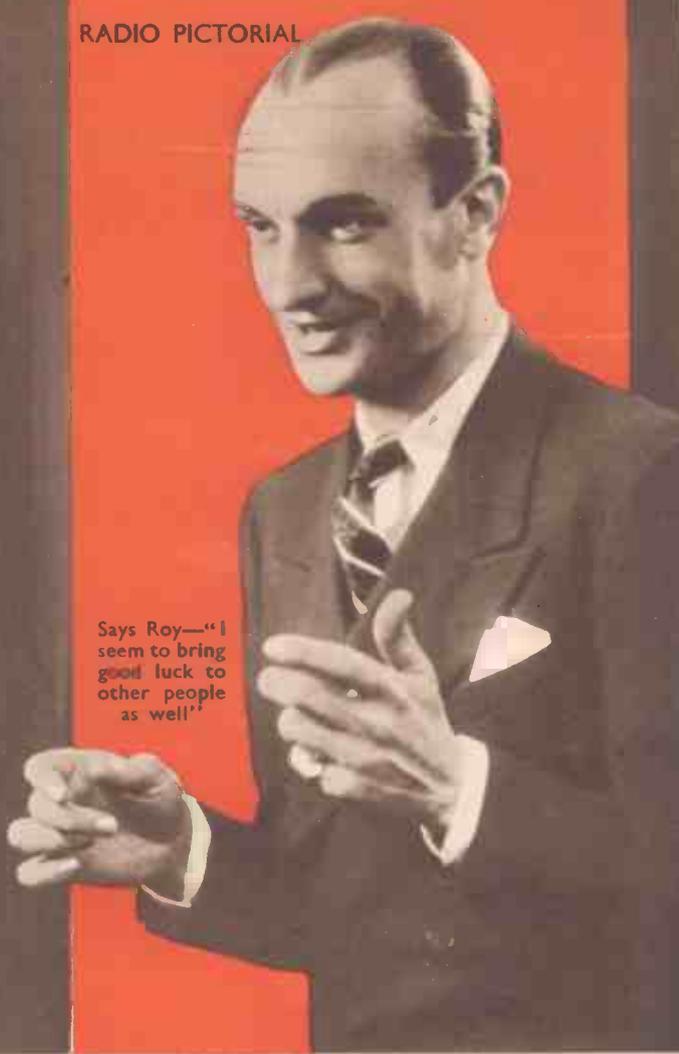
"I guess the most exciting moment in my life," he said, "was when I decided to come to London. I was doing very well in Hollywood. Then Dorothy Mackaill, the film star, got me a job for a few weeks at the Café de Paris in London. So I threw up my work in Hollywood, said good-bye to all my friends, and took a gamble on the future."

"People said I was crazy, taking such a risk. Just to come to London for a few weeks! But I was right, wasn't I?"

"Since I came to London, nine years ago, everything has been just marvellous. It seems I just can't help being lucky. I was born under a lucky star, or something. First I was working with my band in London, then I started touring, then I made some films. Not to mention broadcasting and recording. My films include 'Radio Parade,' 'On the Air,' and 'Radio Pirates.'"

"I seem to bring good luck to other people as well. Do you know, I have discovered six well-known vocalists? They are all famous now, and three of them are making a lot of money in the States. Their names? Ella Logan, Al Bowlly, Peggy

Whenever Roy Fox has a free moment he goes off to have a look at his greyhounds. And now he owns a racehorse!



Says Roy—"I seem to bring good luck to other people as well"

Dell, Denny Dennis, Bobby Joy, and Mary Lee.

"I'm such a lucky sort of guy, and my life has been so full of happy moments, but one thing I do know, nothing gives me more happiness than my work! But maybe the happiest moment in my life was when I discovered little Mary Lee, the new vocalist!"

"You know, I got a real thrill when I first discovered that little girl. I found her in Glasgow—by arranging a competition for local talent. She's only fourteen. When I heard her sing she was only thirteen—and I had to wait six months before I could employ her without breaking the law."

"It's hard to explain, but that little girl is the best vocalist I ever heard, whether in this country or the States."

Some day I shall take her to America and then she's going to make a sensation.

"I guess," Roy Fox finally said, "that you think I'm a funny sort of guy. Always thinking about my work. Typically American."

"But I hope I've given you some idea of the happy moments in a band-leader's life. Maybe I ought to tell you what I do when I'm not working. Well, I spend a lot of time at the kennels playing around with my greyhounds. That's a thing I love to do. As soon as I get a free moment I go right round to see my dogs."

"Oh yes, and the latest excitement is my new race-horse. The name is 'Pinfire.'"

"But I guess, really, I'm a serious sort of guy. I rarely go to parties and I rarely go to a night-club or a restaurant unless I go there to work."

"I guess it all sounds crazy to you. Does it? I wonder what you think of a guy like me?" N.S.

**YOU MUST NOT MISS**  
Next Week's Sensational Attraction

"B.B.C.'S 'BAD BOY' TELLS ALL!"

First article of the most intriguing series of disclosures ever written by an ex-member of the B.B.C.'s staff.

Radio Pictorial - every Friday, 3d.



Whenever Roy Fox has a free moment he goes off to have a look at his greyhounds. And now he owns a racehorse!

# REAL STAR GAZING



## WILL HAY,

*Hilarious Headmaster of St. Michael's and serious Astronomer, refuses to mix his roles. In this interview, HERBERT HARRIS finds the only star to be gazed at is Will himself!*

**W**ILL HAY frightened me. That may sound ridiculous, because I've spent my life interviewing famous people. But it's the truth. I found that talking to Will Hay is rather like talking to Bernard Shaw.

In the first place, you are ushered into his private study and motioned to a chair beside his desk. You glance nervously at the desk with its typewriter and orderly array of papers, and at the case full of text-books behind you.

Then Mr. Hay enters silently, shakes hands formally, and sits down at the desk as though he were a Government official about to interview an applicant for a position. You realise that you have never met a comedian so unlike a comedian in private life. That comedians are notoriously unlike comedians away from their professional settings, is well known, but I think Will Hay proves this truism most emphatically.

I'm afraid I somewhat abused Will Hay's hospitality. I began straightway to talk to him on a subject which he holds very dear and sacred. As everybody knows, that is Astronomy.

Will Hay will only talk to you about Astronomy if you regard him purely as an Astronomer, and not as a public entertainer. It is quite plain that you annoy him when you try to mix the two. That is why I was nervous. He was suspicious that I wanted to talk about Will Hay, the comedian-astronomer, and not Will Hay, Astronomer.

"I'm sorry," he said, politely but firmly, "but I can't talk to you about Astronomy unless it is in a scientific way, and that would be of no interest to anybody but astronomers. I take my hobby seriously. It is something quite apart from my career as an entertainer. I am heartily sick of seeing the two mixed, and I want to check that—please believe me. You either talk to me as a comedian or as an Astronomer, not both."

He produced several cuttings from papers. "You can see that I write articles on Astronomy in a serious way, for papers which never refer to me as a comedian. I belong to astronomical associations which maintain a certain dignity. . . ."

"Surely you understand that it makes me feel foolish to be looked upon as a sort of freak merely because I am a comedian with a serious hobby?"

"You want to paint a coloured picture of my 'star-gazing.' You will not be interested in my telescope from an Astronomer's point of view. You will say it weighs two tons, which is neither here nor there. You will 'glamourise' the fact

that I sat watching the eclipse of the sun as a schoolboy and decided to make Astronomy my life hobby.

"And all the time you and your audience will be thinking of me as Headmaster of St. Michael's, and everybody will think I am gloating over the publicity my hobby is bringing me. I wish sincerely that journalists would stop regarding my Astronomical work as another 'act' staged for the public's entertainment."

**T**hat was absolutely straight from the shoulder. I had been told off, not unpleasantly, but in deadly earnest.

I think my host felt sorry for me. He melted a little. "Of course, if you like to talk about something else . . ." He smiled and offered me a cigarette.

"Sherlock Holmes was based on a real character," I said. "Was the Headmaster of St. Michael's based on a real-life schoolmaster?"

"No. I don't even know why I called the



Wireless Play: "Stealthy hands were feeling through his pockets. He felt a stunning blow. Crash! All was black . . ." Father: "O-o-o-o! I've forgotten to post the letter your mother gave me this morning"

school St. Michael's. It was the first thing that came into my mind. That was twenty years ago, and it's stuck ever since."

"And you weren't a cheeky schoolboy yourself? You never talked to your teachers the way your assistant talks to you?"

"Obviously not. There lies the appeal of St. Michael's perhaps. The things my assistant says to me are exactly the sort of things everybody would like to say to his superior if he dared—schoolboys and other subordinates.

"That is also the appeal of Groucho Marx the Marx Brothers. He says things straight out to people which many of us often feel we want to say but which, out of politeness, we never do. Such as 'You've got a face like the hind part of a donkey.'"

"I suppose you get hundreds of letters from schoolboys?"

"Yes, I do. A lot of them say they wish they had a 'Master' like me, so that they could talk freely. But I also get shoals of letters from schoolmasters themselves. Usually they send me remarks which boys have made to them in class, and suggest I should incorporate them in my act. Sometimes they are quite good. But I've actually received howlers which I've recognised as my own, and which precocious pupils have perpetrated as original."

**I** heard the heavy drone of an aeroplane engine. Will Hay's house—a large white buttressed house standing on high ground in Hendon with a sweeping view of the country around—is near Hendon airport, and 'planes zoom perilously near its roof after taking off.

"They tell me you've given up flying," I said. "Doesn't the sound of the 'planes flying continually over your house make you want to take to the clouds again?"

"No. I got tired of flying," confessed Will. "I had two 'planes, and I did most of the interesting things connected with aviation—with the exception of flying the Atlantic!" On the wall of his study is a large photograph of Will in the cockpit of one of his 'planes.

"That's another little pastime of mine," he said, indicating an amateur cinematograph projector at the other end of the room. "I've dabbled in home cinematography for eleven years now."

By this time, dusk had deepened, and we were talking in a darkened room. "I feel I've told you nothing worth while," he said, as he bade me good-bye. But I shall remember the visit for a long time, because Will proved so different from what I had imagined. Actually he is very like a real life schoolmaster.

Going away from the house, I looked back rather disappointedly at the familiar domed roof of the observatory rising above the lawn.

I had gone to listen to a dissertation on stars. Instead I had been forced to leave the subject severely alone, and I only hope Will forgives me for even mentioning it.

Elisabeth Ann's  
Page

# BEAUTY AT YOUR SERVICE!



ELISABETH ANN invites you to try a brand new beauty salon, and has some good tips to give on after-holiday problems.

## A SPECIAL OFFER

is made this week to "Radio Pictorial" readers of a perfumed talcum powder. Send a stamped addressed envelope to Elisabeth Ann, c/o "Radio Pictorial," Chansitor House, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2, for your FREE sample to-day.

(Please note—these samples are despatched separately from answers to beauty queries, and need a separate stamped addressed envelope.)

brows should be more or less natural, but still beautifully shaped.

Advice on colour harmony is supplied without charge, if you happen to be in any doubt about your colouring.

The salon service is available only if you happen to be in or near London, or travelling to it occasionally. But if you must have home treatment, you can benefit from the series of beauty preparations offered by this salon, including an acne soap, a camphor jelly—have you

realised that camphor has a cleansing, soothing effect on the skin?—and an antiseptic lotion for the blemish problem.

And in response to a number of queries regarding uneven suntan, and fading suntan—if you have a dry skin, don't experiment with a number of bleaches and spoil the skin surface. Rather make up to your tan! Use a mauresque shade of face powder which will enhance the warm tints without making the skin look sallow.

And if you happen to be indulging in some of the new and attractive purple jumpers and blouses, you will need to change the shade of your lipstick and rouge from russet to blonde, which carries a faintly blue depth. Even then, you can wear a deep shade of face powder and manage to look attractive. Purples, with grey, beige, and greens, should not be worn unless you make up to them. A colourless skin . . . a pale complexion . . .

neither of these look well with the colours mentioned unless some feature is emphasised or brightened.

Your arms are always a problem at this season of the year—hands, too, because they may have freckled or tanned and the moment dull weather comes, they look brownish and uninteresting. But you can remedy this in your choice of a nail enamel. Choose a pretty shade, a deep shade, and apply it evenly over the nail surface right up to the tip. No white tip should be left while the hands are sunburned. Then, with the quickest of gestures, pass another finger round the edge of the nail, making what is called, in the manicure-world, a hair-line to prevent the enamel cracking the moment your fingernails come in contact with hard surfaces.

Use a hand whitener daily for hands and arms, not necessarily a bleach. The whitening cream will soften and smooth the skin at the same time, and prevent wrinkling from dryness.

And, by the way, if you happen to have developed foot cares over the holiday period, don't let them progress. Treat the feet to hot baths to which pine or foam salts have been added. Then, if callous skin has formed beneath the toes or on the soles of the feet, use a pumice-stock and rub lightly over the surface. Most of the callous skin will remove. If you have soft corns, use a solvent which will draw the root of the corn to the surface, but *do* wear a pad of cottonwool or a felt pad between the toes affected, to prevent inflammation.

Keep the toe nails fairly short, fairly straight in the way you file them, and keep them scrupulously clean. The refreshing, absorbent talcum offered to RADIO PICTORIAL readers this week is ideal for foot coolth and comfort. . . .

WITH the beginning of the Autumn season, a new service is offered in connection with beauty. Quite apart from a series of fascinating new preparations, such as a Skin Cocktail which tones up the skin and cleanses; a milk-cream foundation which is whitening to the skin which carries a fading suntan; a special nose foundation to prevent even the suspicion of a shine; there is a most attractive salon where you can make up your face to beauty, using all the desired cosmetics, for a fee of two shillings. If you happen to leave home in the morning without your quota of face powder and lipstick, you will find this service indispensable.

Eyebrow tailoring costs four shillings at this salon, and the "tailoring" means shaping them to divine arches but not thinning them until they lose their expression. Beauty's decree is that

## FROM MY POST-BAG

Will readers please note that a reply here cannot appear for three weeks after receipt! Letters needing immediate reply should be sent with full postal address to avoid disappointment.

I HAD a few dark hairs on the sides of my upper lip and foolishly plucked them. Now there are many more and I don't know what to do. Is it better to use a depilatory than go on plucking? The hair is really dark and noticeable. I cannot afford any expensive treatment just now.—RENE RANDALL (Manchester)

A wax depilatory should certainly be better than continued use of tweezers which must promote the growth. A complete outfit of the wax with pan for heating, costs three shillings and sixpence. May I post you details?

I SIMPLY don't know what to do to put on some flesh. I am very thin, pale, and underweight, I believe, because all my clothes hang on me. This has happened since I started work, and I cannot afford to be ill. I am eighteen and a half, if that will help you, in advising me.—GERTRUDE XX.

A girl's first encounter with daily routine and work often saps the vitality and anæmia follows. I do want you to follow a special diet for this anæmia. Take a course of byno-haemoglobin, and later on some body-building tablets which will help "round out" those too-thin contours. May I send you these details?

MY trouble is I am so fat. I need to lose two stones and as I have a job waiting for me in three months, I simply must lose weight. I would

rather not use drugs. Aren't there slimming herbs which can help me? I am quite healthy, by the way.—ROSALIND (East Drayton).

I can let you have a copy of a diet, on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope. But for general slenderising you will find a slimming apparatus ideal. Exercises are supplied with the apparatus, and it needs no fixing or electricity. Do you refer to a slimming tea, which is quite effective, provided you are perfectly healthy, or herbal slimming bath salts? I can suggest both to help you lose your weight without impairing your health.

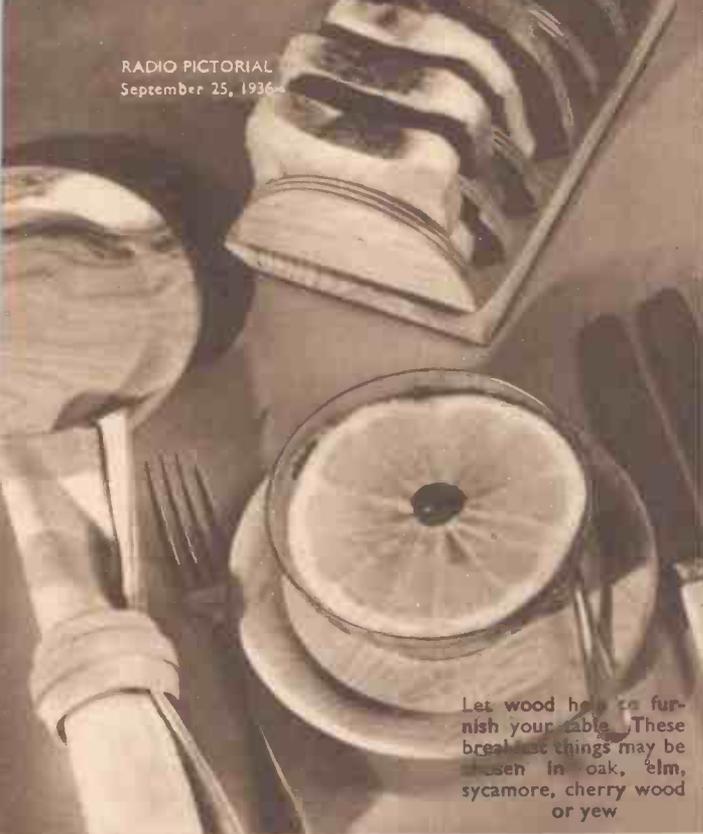
MY ankles have always been weak and now it has been suggested that I have massage for them and shoes with special support. Do they look very clumsy, Elisabeth Ann, because I do admire dainty feet and I hate the thought of heavy shoes.—SONIA (London E.).

You can have ankle massage at a foot clinic or salon, and I should imagine the massage will strengthen the ankles considerably. Corrective shoes are made from the finest kid and suède and need not look cumbersome. You should wear them for a while, until the ankles are firmer, then you could, by degrees, wear lighter types of shoes.

Write ELISABETH ANN if you have a beauty or health query, addressing her c/o RADIO PICTORIAL, Chansitor House, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2., and enclosing stamped addressed envelope for her personal advice.



Treat your feet to hot baths to which pine or foam salts have been added.



Let wood help to furnish your table. These breakfast things may be chosen in oak, elm, sycamore, cherry wood or yew



A useful hint : when petersham has become limp, rub it with soap, and iron

## GARDEN NOTES

By F. R. Castle

**DELPHINIUM SEEDLINGS.**—Endeavour to get these into winter quarters during the next few days. Planted in a plot sheltered from the north or east wind, new growth will continue to be made for some time to come. When the foliage dies down cover the surface with a thin layer of finely sifted ashes. This will protect the buds from slugs and keep them in good condition for removal early in March.

**Geums.**—Every flower garden should include geums. This year has been exceptionally favourable to growth. Our plants from seed sown last year opened their first flowers in May and have made a good show ever since. Provide a good rich root run, plant at least a foot apart and, in addition to the popular scarlet *Mrs. Bradshaw*, have at least a few of the yellow varieties.

**Dielytra Spectabilis.**—The common name of this is *Bleeding Heart*, while country folk often call it *Our-Lady-in-a-Boat*. By whatever name it is known, its beauty remains undeniable. It is quite hardy and is often seen in a mixed border. Expert growers make a point of preparing the clumps for forcing. Potted up in October or early November and at once taken into a moderately warm greenhouse, just ordinary watering will induce the flower spikes to rise in February.

**Goats Rue.**—For making a good show in the border from April until September few things are better than the white or mauve form of *Goats Rue*. The graceful fern-like foliage is a strong point in its favour where space is small and cut flowers and foliage in constant demand. On good ground it often reaches a height of five feet but even on shallow soils it appears to do better than many less useful plants. Planting is better done now than in Spring.

**Dictamnus Fraxinella.**—Several plants are known to gardeners as *Burning Bush* but this is the authentic—though I will not say Biblical—*Burning Bush*. The rosy purple flowers and seed pods exude an inflammable vapour which in thundery weather will, when approached by a light, catch fire and, without injury to the plant, envelop it for a short time in flames. Any good plant nursery would supply the shrub next month. A light soil best suits it.

**Turk's Cap Lily.**—Although most varieties of the lily family are suitable for pot culture, one rarely finds amateurs giving room to this particular variety. Yet, if potted up now and given the benefit of the ordinary amateur's greenhouse, strong shoots will be pushing before the close of the year and fully expanded flowers be ready in February. Where division of existing clumps has to be made, note the spot now and divide early in November. This is a lily worth cultivating.

## GOOD THINGS TO EAT

By Mrs. Stanley Wrench

**I**F you have a family to cook for, send them off at this time of the year fortified with a really good breakfast. If you are a bachelor girl it's worth while getting up ten minutes earlier and having a meal that is something to work on. The average Englishman likes bacon and eggs, varied by kidneys and bacon, perhaps sausages, haddock, occasionally a kipper. He doesn't care for eggs done in fancy ways, as a rule, but this method I've discovered pleases menfolk, also a girl in her teens, while a young nephew pronounced it "top-hole." I called it Savoury Eggs, but it is simply Buttered Eggs set on slices of hot buttered toast spread with anchovy paste.

### SAVOURY EGGS

**INGREDIENTS.**—One egg per person, salt and pepper to taste, a piece of butter or margarine the size of a walnut. Buttered toast and anchovy paste.

**Method.**—Beat up the eggs. Season to taste. Melt the butter in a clean saucepan, stir in the egg mixture, and stir with a wooden spoon till it thickens; then set on the anchovy toast and serve piping hot. You can vary this with scraps of lean ham or bacon minced up, or cold meat minced can be stirred into the egg mixture, or a few chopped mushrooms, or minced parsley. Left-over vegetables like peas, green beans or cold potatoes can be used up this way.

Men like Kedgerie made with smoked haddock; but I have discovered that when the haddock is cooked with tomatoes in the oven this makes a more economical as well as a more tasty dish.

### KEDGEREE

**INGREDIENTS.**—1 medium sized smoked haddock, a lump of margarine the size of a pigeon's egg, 3 or 4 tomatoes, ¼ lb. boiled rice, 1 hard-boiled egg, 1 uncooked egg, salt and pepper, with a dash of cayenne, 1 teaspoonful minced parsley.

**Method.**—Cook the haddock in a little water with the tomatoes (in the oven or in a pan over the fire), remove all skin and bone and flake up with the tomatoes, minus their skins. Melt the margarine in a saucepan and stir in the cooked rice, flaked fish and tomatoes. Beat up the egg and mix in. Chop up the white of the hard-boiled egg and add, also seasoning. Stir till piping hot, then serve on a hot dish, heaped in a pyramid with the chopped yolk of egg scattered on top with minced parsley.

### SCRAMBLED EGGS AND TOMATOES

Although children love this dish it is one that serves for grown-ups, too, either for breakfast or supper.

**INGREDIENTS.**—One tomato and one egg per person, a piece of dripping or margarine the size of a walnut for each egg. Seasoning to taste.

**Method.**—Slice off the stalk end of each tomato and scoop out inside; (use this for sauce or soup). Melt the dripping in a saucepan. Beat up the eggs, add seasoning, stir into the dripping and stir till all is well mixed but not set. Then fill each tomato with the egg mixture and bake ten minutes.



"Every flower garden should include geums"

## FIVE-SHILLING HINTS

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

### A USE FOR GRAPE-FRUIT PEEL

**T**HE peel of grape-fruit, dried in the oven and stored in tins, provides a pleasant, subtle flavour when grated up in puddings and cakes. It also adds considerably to the flavour of autumn-fruit jams.—*Mrs. E. C. Coleman, 104 Grandison Road, S.W.11.*

### THAT CORKSCREW!

**S**HOULD your corkscrew be mislaid, don't waste time looking for it, but go to the tool-box and find a good-sized cup hook. Screw this into the cork of the bottle just as you would the corkscrew. Put your finger under the hook and pull, when you will find the cork will come out easily.—*Mrs. R. Bramley, 104 High Street, Croydon.*

### NUTMEG GRATERS

**N**UTMEG graters can be very easily cleaned without water. Simply place the grater in a warm oven for a few minutes, and then tap it. There will not be a crumb left behind.—*Mrs. C. Pratt, "Meadow Croft," Manor Way, South Croydon.*



The peaked brim is very popular in Hollywood just now—especially in corduroy velveteen



Note that the new beret fits well down to the back of the head for comfort. Both these hats come from Marshall and Snelgrove

## Readers Write :

**A**LITTLE while ago you mentioned film-star frocks. Is it possible to get these by sending for them to London? I always admire the dresses the film and radio stars wear.—FAN (Newcastle).

Film fashions are not necessarily more glamorous than your own can be. Sometimes they are not really "wearable" off the screen, though they look so lovely. But you can get frocks in London copied from film fashions, at reasonable prices, and if you would like to be put in touch with the makers, let me know.

**F**OLLOW both your beauty and dress pages with great interest each week. Could you please tell me the correct way to wash chamois gloves. I washed a pair some time ago, and they were quite good ones—but they were utterly spoilt, I could not get them on afterwards. Thanking you very much.—MRS. KIDDERMINSTER.

You should wash chamois-leather gloves in warm water to which Lux has been added. Rinse in cold water, squeeze, but don't twist and hang to dry. When drying, (don't let them get too dry before you do this), take the gloves down and pull on to the hands to prevent them shrinking or becoming hard.

## YOUTHFUL FASHIONS

By Elisabeth Ann

**T**HIS week I received a letter from a reader who asked me: "Do you ever write about kiddies' clothes? I have two young daughters and it is difficult to find clothes which will allow for growing and yet will look as if they fit. Have you any suggestions?" So I want to mention a few clothes for the very-much-younger generation who can look very attractive—or they can look thoroughly uninteresting.

And in a search through London stores (the stores mentioned in RADIO PICTORIAL are always willing to send by post to readers living anywhere in the British Isles) I have discovered the following:

As a foundation, the "Schoolette" which has no bones, moulds the figure ever so slightly, and fastens at the back. Another model, at five shillings and elevenpence, is a supple little belt which will not restrict the tummy yet helps to keep the hips from spreading during the awkward years. If you will realise that the "foundation" your daughter wears between her twelfth and fifteenth birthday may make or mar her figure right through her twenties and thirties, I am sure you will hesitate over your choice. (Famous figure specialists in Mayfair are taking children in hand at the age of eleven and gently forming and moulding their figures so that when they are sixteen and seventeen they can be really lovely, with no defects, no enlarged tummy muscles, or wide hips, or rolls above waist). Early corseting is very important.

I don't advise brassieres for growing girls unless your daughter is indulging in sports. If she is, enthusiastically, it may be wise to wear a porous net brassiere, very light and dainty. But, ordinarily, it is better not to make the glands lazy.

Then there are locknit artificial silk slips with round top or opera top (most girls to-day prefer the latter!) and, with these, heavy-weight locknit knickers, priced at three shillings and ninepence. If you are outfitting your daughters for the autumn, Chilprufe is the ideal wool, and these knickers have hip pockets. White knicker linings for dark colours cost two shillings and sixpence.

Chilprufe vests with no sleeves cling closely to the figure, and there is a special service for repairs or size-alteration with this firm of which you may like to take advantage. There is no doubt at all that these small garments are very lasting.

The reader who is interested may at this moment murmur "but frocks—" I won't deal with school outfits, because these are usually supplied by a special firm, in a special colour. But for the frocks your daughter wears at weekends, and on holidays, wool angoraine is a light, warm fabric, and very serviceable. Cut with a small round yoke, with tucked skirt front, and a contrasting white Peter Pan collar, angoraine

makes a delightful frock for the younger girl, and is easily obtainable ready made.

Velveteen is always a happy stand-by, particularly when the frock has a gathered skirt with front pocket, jabot tie and tussore silk collar. I have seen this in blue and brown... a frock which will wear and always look trim.

Tweeds don't appeal to little-girl vision very much, unless it is a pink/white flecked tweed with a panel front, diminutive collar and long sleeves. Lengths 26 in. to 34 in. Plain colours with contrasting collars are really wisest.

Coats depend entirely on type, just as you choose a coat yourself, for your own type. If your daughter is "leggy," she can afford to wear the belted type of coat, in a navy nap cloth with a stitched panel back and a large hem for future lengthening. The revers turn upward and allow for buttoning at the throat.

But if she is plump and serene, reminiscent of Shirley Temple, she will adore a camel coat, shaped to the waist with a half belt at back, and double-breasted.

Or a shaped to the waist tweed with eight-button front and hat to match, in blue-mixture tweed.

If your daughter has reached thirteen, I suggest a three-piece ensemble in check homespun, including skirt of plain material, with stitched hat built high, with a feather, and tie collar of self-material. This outfit will ensure that she begins to look grown-up but inspiringly girlish.

Shoes are an important subject. School house shoes in willow calf have splendidly wide fittings, with flat heels. Walking shoes with the new tab and buckle and low heel, are excellent for walking and foot comfort and growth; and for evening occasions, if your daughter has reached party age, choose silver kid sandals specially designed for children with flat heel, narrow strap, and open-work front, but not the type of sandal which allows toes to bunch or show through.

If you happen to be planning party frocks for your daughters, rayon taffeta always looks pretty, especially if it is treated full from the waist, or flared, or frilled; and these rayon taffetas are available in a variety of multi-colour and flower designs if you wish to break away from conventional blues and pinks.

Capes for party wear should be fashioned from velveteen for comfort, warmth and wear. A small tie neck is simple and charming.



Here is a charming set of woollies for the Young Person, and (below) a neat little jumper with drawstring waist and tiny buttons—*a Copley model you can make yourself*

# FOR THE THREE-YEAR-OLDER



**"I wonder what there is for tea?"**



**"I hope it's Golden Shred"**

Children like 'Golden Shred'—a delicious jelly marmalade made from sun-ripened oranges and white sugar. Pure and wholesome—it's good for health and energy.



1-lb Jar **6 1/2**  
2-lb Jar **1/-**

ROBERTSON'S

**'Golden Shred'**  
Orange Marmalade



Willing

This cosy little cardigan is knitted in a broken check pattern, and will delight the heart of any small boy with its two pockets. A perfect all-the-year-round garment, made for a cost of 2s. 3d.

Mother, you will want to make your young man happy in this little woolly coat that fits so snugly.



### MATERIALS

3 ozs. 3-ply Jaeger "Pearl-Fleck"; 1 pair each No. 11 and No. 9 knitting needles and 4 pearl buttons size 1/2 inch diameter.

### MEASUREMENTS

Length down centre back including strapping 14 inches; width all round under arms 22 inches; length sleeve seam including cuffs 11 inches.

### TENSION

7 sts. to 1 inch in width and 9 rows to 1 inch in depth.

### ABBREVIATIONS

K., knit; P., purl; st., stitch; dec., decrease; inc., increase; tog., together; sl., slip; p.s.s.o., pass slipped stitch over; rep., repeat.

Always work the first row into back of all cast on sts. to produce firm edges.

### THE BACK

Cast on 80 sts. on No. 11 needles and work in K. 1, P. 1, rib for 10 rows. Change to No. 9 needles and work as follows:—

1st row—P. 2nd row—K. 2 and P. 1 alternately to end finishing K. 2. 3rd row—P. 2 and K. 1 alternately to end, finishing P. 2.

4th row—P. Rep. these 4 rows throughout. When the work measures 7 1/2 inches from beginning finishing after a 4th row, shape armholes as follows:—

1st row—P. 2 tog. each end. 2nd row—K. 1, P. 1, then K. 2 and P. 1 to end, finishing K. 1.

3rd row—K. 2 tog., then P. 2 and K. 1 until 2 remain, K. 2 tog. 4th row—P. 5th row—As 1st. 6th row—K. 2 and P. 1 to end, finishing K. 2. 7th row—P. 2 tog., then K. 1 and P. 2 until 2 remain, P. 2 tog. 8th row—P.

9th row—As 1st. 10th row—P. 1 and K. 2 to end, finishing P. 1. 11th row—P. 2 tog., P. 1, then K. 1 and P. 2 until 3 remain, P. 1, P. 2 tog. 12th row—P. 68 sts. left.

Continue in the pattern without dec. until the armholes measure 4 1/2 inches on the straight, finishing after a 4th row.

Shape shoulders by casting off 4 sts. at beginning of every row until 28 remain. Cast off.

### THE RIGHT FRONT

Cast on 45 sts. on No. 11 needles and work thus: 1st row—P. 1 and K. 1 to end, finishing P. 1. 2nd row—K. 1 and P. 1 to last 2 sts., P. 2 tog. 3rd row—P. 2 tog., then K. 1 and P. 1 to end. 4th row—As 2nd. 5th row—K. 1 and P. 1 to end. 6th row—K. 1 and P. 1 to last 2 sts., K. 2 tog. 7th row—K. 2 tog., then P. 1 and K. 1 to end. 8th row—As 6th.

9th row—As 1st. 10th row—As 2nd. 38 sts. left.

Change to No. 9 needles and work in the 4 pattern rows as for back.

When the work measures 3 inches from beginning finishing after a 4th pattern row make a pocket as follows: Cast on 26 sts. on spare needles and work in the 4 pattern rows for 2 inches, finishing after a 4th row.

Go back to front, P. 6, slip the next 26 sts. on to spare wool and P. the 26 from spare needles, P. remaining 6 sts.

Continue in the pattern until the work measures

7 1/2 inches from beginning, finishing after a 4th row.

Now begin armhole and front dec. as follows: Next row—P. 1, P. 2 tog., P. to last 2 sts., P. 2 tog.

Now dec. for armhole 1 st. at end of every 3rd and 1st pattern row another 5 times, taking off 6 altogether, at the same time dec. for front slope 1 st. at beginning of every 1st pattern row (working tog. the 2nd and 3rd sts. from end), until 23 sts. remain. (Take care to keep pattern correct while dec.). Work a few rows without dec. until the armhole measures 5 inches on the straight, finishing after a 4th row.

Shape shoulder by casting off 4 sts. at beginning of every 2nd and 4th pattern row until all are cast off.

### THE LEFT FRONT

Knit this to match right front by reversing all dec. as follows: Cast on 45 sts. on No. 11 needles.

1st row—K. 1 and P. 1 to end, finishing K. 1. 2nd row—K. 2 tog., then P. 1 and K. 1 to end. 3rd row—K. 1 and P. 1 to last 2 sts., K. 2 tog. 4th row—As 2nd. 5th row—K. 1 and P. 1 to end. 6th row—P. 2 tog., then K. 1 and P. 1 to end. 7th row—K. 1 and P. 1 to last 2 sts., p. 2 tog. 8th row—As 6th.

9th row—As 1st. 10th row—As 2nd. Change to No. 9 needles and work exactly as for right front until armhole is reached.

Next row—P. 2 tog., P. to last 3 sts., P. 2 tog., P. 1. Dec. for armhole at beginning of every 3rd and 1st pattern row 5 more times, and for front slope at end of every 1st row.

Shape shoulder by casting off the 4 sts. at beginning of every 1st and 3rd row.

### THE SLEEVES

Cast on 40 sts. on No. 11 needles and work in K. 1, P. 1, rib for 2 inches, inc. 1st at end of last row. 41 sts.

Change to No. 9 needles and work in the 4 pattern rows, inc. 1 st. at each end of the 5th row, then every 6th row following until there are 65 sts.

Work a row or two more if necessary until the work measures 11 inches from beginning. Shape top by casting off 3 sts. at beginning of every row until 25 remain. Cast off.

(Please turn to page 31)

# EVE DRESSES UP FOR THE MIKE

Dress is very important to the woman broadcaster. It sets her mood. Famous feminine stars tell us exactly what they like to wear at the mike in this fascinating article

**T**HERE are two distinct schools of thought about what should be worn in the studios.

Some of your favourite stars advocate simple clothes, old clothes, anything in which they can be comfortable. Others aren't happy unless they are "all dressed up." It's just a question of temperament.

There are no hard and fast rules about the kind of clothes artistes should wear for a broadcast, though the announcers are always in evening dress at night. Most artistes wear either dinner or full evening dress for music-hall and variety programmes, but for other shows—well, they appear in whatever they please, within reason!

I asked the Radio Three what they wore when broadcasting.

"It all depends on the kind of show," said Kay Cavendish, the tall, elegant member of the trio. "When we're in *Romance and Rhythm* we always put on full evening dress. Geraldo prefers it, and what he says goes.

"For our last *Romance in Rhythm* broadcast we wore our new stage dresses, as we had a theatre show immediately afterwards. They're really rather snappy frocks. Oyster satin, with sleeves tight as far as the elbow and then very full and floppy, the bodice gathered at the front and the skirt fairly tight, with a small train. We wore silver kid belts and silver shoes to match.

"We all wear exactly the same things on the stage and it takes quite a lot of thought to get some-

The ritzy black velvet gown worn by Renée Houston in her film, "Fine Feathers." She'll broadcast in it one day, she says

By  
**VERITY  
CLAIRE**



Lovely Anne Ziegler has the evening dress mood when on duty at the mike

thing to suit the three of us, because we are such totally different types. Off stage, of course, we never wear a thing alike. For instance, I like sophisticated clothes which are rather severe."

"And I'm fond of simple things, without a lot of draperies," put in Joy Worth, the little one. "But what we love is a broadcast by ourselves, with no audience in the studio at all, because then we can take off our shoes—you've no idea what a difference it makes to take off your shoes when you sing!—and wear really old, comfortable clothes.

Then we can really let ourselves go. We don't honestly like dressing up for a broadcast, but it just has to be done sometimes."

"When we're practising, you know," said Ann Canning, "we wear slacks and jumpers. They're grand, and so comfortable. But we don't really feel we could do a studio broadcast in slacks and jumpers! We shouldn't dare!"

"So what you wear depends on whether you have an audience or not?" I said.

"Well, not really so much on the audience as whether we have a show afterwards or not," said Kay. "But on the whole, alas, evening dress."

Marie Burke is another broadcaster who believes in simplicity.

"I don't want to bother about clothes when I'm broadcasting," said Miss Burke. "I like to have my mind completely on my work. I usually wear a plain dinner dress or an afternoon frock when I'm singing with an orchestra in an ordinary concert programme. I can't give my entire mind to my listeners—and every broadcaster should, of course—if I have to think

about my clothes. For that reason I always wear a comfortable frock and not one of those tight creations that make it so difficult to breathe properly.

"A music-hall is a different proposition. Then one's thoughts are apt to be divided. One has to think of one's audience though, with all respect to them, bless them, the listening public is much more important. But when I do have an audience I always wear evening dress. For my last broadcast I had a flowered chiffon dinner frock with a white moiré cape. I nearly always wear a little coat or cape, and it has been very necessary during this frightfully cold summer!"

**A**nne Ziegler, on the other hand, takes quite the opposite view. She likes to put on evening dress.

"I don't feel it's a show at all," she said, "unless I have on my 'best bib and tucker.' After all, a broadcast is an occasion, and I think one should dress up for it. I always wear evening dress in the studio, perhaps only a dinner frock, but definitely something decorative. I do think it helps to wear an exciting gown, don't you? It makes me feel at my very best.

"I well remember one dreadful occasion when I had to go straight on to a cabaret engagement from Broadcasting House. It was a very smart show and I was wearing an elaborate evening dress of parchment coloured crêpe with a long train of scarlet velvet, which fell from the shoulders and trailed along the floor.

"Oh, very county indeed! Of course, I was terribly teased when I got to the studio. One of the men on the staff—no, no names mentioned—gave me an awful time. He followed me about and trod on my train, which got shut in the studio door and caught in the door of the lift. It was misery! Never again will I wear such a dress when I broadcast. Still, it had to be done that time."

Renée Houston is a firm believer in dressing for the occasion. I talked to her in the intervals of a rehearsal at St. George's Hall.

"I'm very particular about what I wear in the studio," said Renée. I think it's most important. I always have a new gown for every broadcast."

"What, every broadcast?" I said. "Even when you have no audience?"

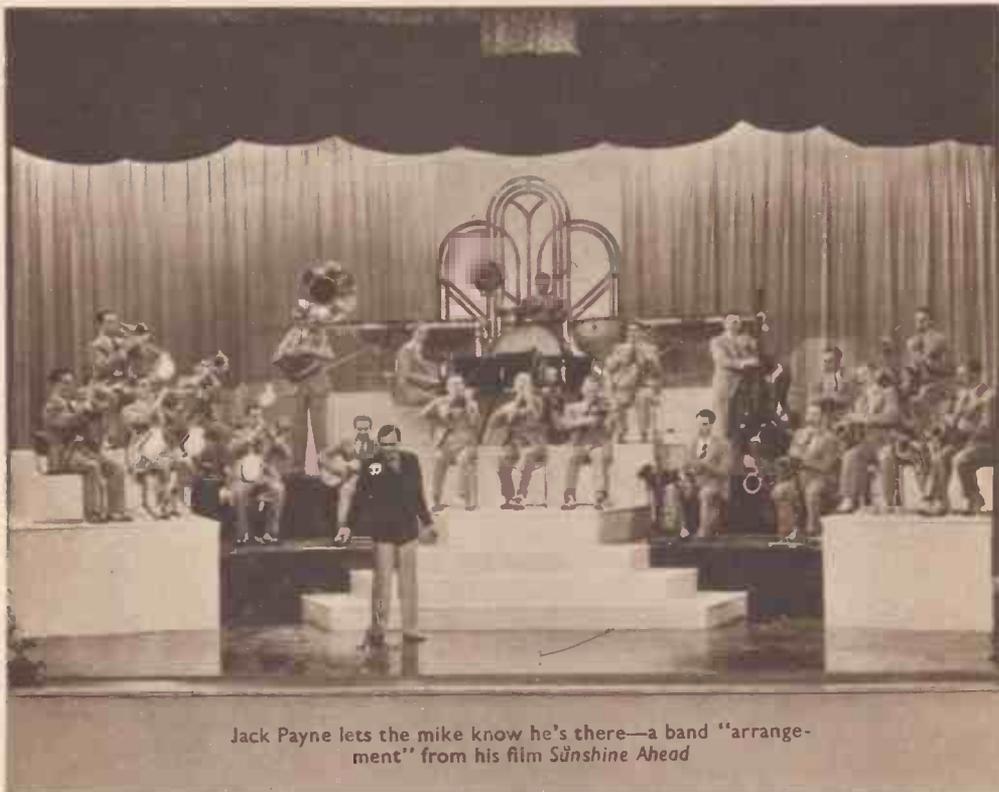
"Certainly," replied Renée, "Every broadcast. You see, I always have these same boys to play for me," waving her hand towards the Variety Orchestra; "they see me every time and it's up to me to keep them interested. I feel that if the

(Please turn to page 28)

By  
**BUDDY BRAMWELL**

# JACK PAYNE'S

Lunch-time Confidences :: Rudy and Debroy



Jack Payne lets the mike know he's there—a band "arrangement" from his film *Sunshine Ahead*

Noticed my old friend W. L. Streeton, now B.B.C. booking manager for television artistes, also present and duly taking stock of the situation. Shall not be surprised to find Jack Payne facing the television camera in the near future. Watch and see if I am right.

Somebody should have congratulated Oscar Deutsch, chairman of Odeon Theatres, for his horse sense in signing up a man like Jack Payne.

Of course everybody *did* congratulate Jack. And shook him warmly and genuinely by the hand.

For Jack Payne deserves every bit of his brilliant success. Clever, alert, and every inch a showman, he is now sittin' right on top of the world, and looks like becoming the biggest name that British dance music has yet known.

And as I jogged back to the office in a 'bus, I pondered the while on those far off days when I knew Jack Payne as a struggling, somewhat impecunious pianist.

A RECORD in the history of sponsored radio will be set up on Sunday, September 27, when Horlick's will present the hundredth consecutive programme in their famous *Tea-Time Hour*, featuring Debroy Somers. These *Tea-Time Hour* broadcasts from Radio Luxembourg have long since established themselves as firm favourites among millions of listeners, and Debroy Somers' achievement of "100 not out" is eloquent proof of the popularity of himself and his band.

Apart from his Sunday broadcasts, Debroy is on the air for Horlick's every weekday in a programme from Radio Normandy from 4 to 4.45 p.m. It looks as though he will soon outstrip the record for radio performances of his erstwhile colleague, Rudy Vallee, the famous American dance-band leader.

Rudy and Debroy, listeners will remember, used to broadcast together at the Savoy Hotel, London, and solid testimony to their friendship is witnessed by the heavily laden post-bags which pass across the Atlantic from one to the other. Many of the items introduced by Rudy in the programmes from W.J.Z. New York, are sent to him by Debroy, and Rudy returns the compliment.

The hundredth Horlick's *Tea-Time Hour* will, as usual, feature famous guest artistes, and Debroy will have with him on September 27, Ruth Etting, "America's sweetheart of the air," Effie Atherton, Harry Gunn, John Garrick, and the Three Bachelors. Listeners will remember hearing many well-known stage and radio artists in

SUN BRONZED, smiling . . . triumphant. That was my impression of Jack Payne, famous dance band leader, at a recent gathering of eighty or more newspapermen, B.B.C. officials and theatrical friends whom he entertained to lunch at Grosvenor House, London. Out of the corner of my eye . . . Doris Payne, Jack's charming wife, quietly flushed with excitement, surrounded by an admiring crowd of journalists, all hungry for news—or, quite possibly, for the good victuals of Grosvenor House.

Speaking personally, I cannot stand cocktails, hors d'oeuvres and all the other boloney of these State lunches on a working day.

Mine's usually a bite of bread and cheese and a large mug of tea.

But I sat it out, beaming benignly, and talking learnedly about the weather, waiting patiently for the "important announcement" which we had been summoned to hear.

"Gentlemen, The King!" solemnly said Jack, at last.

The toast drunk, Jack grew confidential.

He told us that he had been appointed, as from September 28, to take charge of all bands and artistes appearing at the gigantic Odeon chain of cinemas throughout Great Britain.

Must confess I raised my eyebrows on hearing that already there are no fewer than 175 Odeon cinemas and that they are increasing in number at the rate of eight a month. More than half a million people visit Odeon theatres every week.

Jack confided that he was getting really big dough for this new job; that he will be in a position to give lots of employment to lots of bandsmen and artistes; that he will make as many personal appearances at Odeon theatres as possible.

And he added significantly: "subject to B.B.C. Variety Producer John Sharman's co-operation"—John, by the way, was sitting with his head lazily back, puffing contentedly at a long cigar, immediately opposite Jack Payne—"I still hope to do an occasional spot of broadcasting."

At those prescient words the long cigar dropped disconcertingly from John's mouth.

## AFTER 11.30

RUMOUR has it that Thomas "Fats" Waller is the grandson of Adolph Waller, a German who—we are told—achieved fame as a violinist.

That opening sentence may account for the essential musicianship that is inherent even in the most boisterous of the records by Fats that we hear broadcast after 11.30. Fantastic is the only word that can apply to the reports that are to hand about the enormous coloured pianist and composer that you all saw in the film "King of Burlesque." Close on six foot high and almost as broad, Fats was born in 1904. There is no record of his weight at that time, but it has increased by an awful lot since then.

Strongest point lies in superb showmanship. Over the air and on records he can put across his unique personality until you can almost see him, as he sits bolt upright at the piano in his "durby" hat, genially prodding at the ivories. And with what a touch. Gently, oh, so gently, when he wants to play that way, but with a kick like a mule when he really swings out.

Make no mistake about it, every note of his seemingly spontaneous and carefree music

has been carefully thought out and rehearsed beforehand.

Fats received a classical training. He will tell you that Bach is a great source of inspiration to him. Although the Fugues don't help much in Jazz. He studied under Carl Bohm in New York, and under the great Godowsky in Chicago.

The son of a Minister, he played the organ in the Abyssinian Baptist Church of Harlem until his swinging was thought "unfit for a church." By the way, he has made a lot of organ records in America, although none have been released over here. He is also the composer of many famous songs such as "Ain't Misbehaving," "Honeysuckle Rose," "Turn on the Heat," and "My Fate is in Your Hands."

But the Black Gargoyle of Rhythm has not always been in the big money. For years he toured as an accompanist, and in 1932 came to Europe where he was to have teamed up with Spencer Williams for engagements in Paris and London. But he got horribly homesick one night and booked his passage home.

Ever since then, his luck has been on the up and up, and the future looks very rosy for Mr. and Mrs. Fats and their three children.



Broadcasting to-night, September 25—Charles Tovey. Lay on, Charles!

# BIGGEST BREAK

*Melodious Minutes* :: *The Three Musketeers* :: *The Most Travelled Bandleader*

previous *Tea-Time Hours*, for during the past few months Horlick's have presented *Olive Groves*, *Ronald Frankau*, *Morton Downey*, *Jenny Howard*, *Les Allen* and his *Canadian Bachelors*, *Lupino Lane*, *Webster Booth*, *Hildegard* and many others.

*Melodious Minutes*, a collection of songs by *Charles Tovey*, the well-known composer of *Lazin'*, *I'm Your Slave*, and *New Moon*, will be broadcast to-night, September 25, on the Regional wavelength, with Charles himself tinkling the ivories. He will be supported by Titian-haired *Helen McKay*, of television fame, and *Harry Compton*, who has a fine baritone voice.

So far as I know, this is Charles' first solo broadcast, although, of course, he has been on the air many times before, playing for *Nora Williams*, *Greta Keller*, *Nina Devitt* and other well-known artistes. He has had eight months of touring this year as accompanist, and tells me that he is going to stop in town in future.

And, by the way, he is being supported by a quintet of players derived from the B.B.C. Television Orchestra.

Now step up and meet *The Three Musketeers*, three voices with a four-

Do you recognise the group on the right?

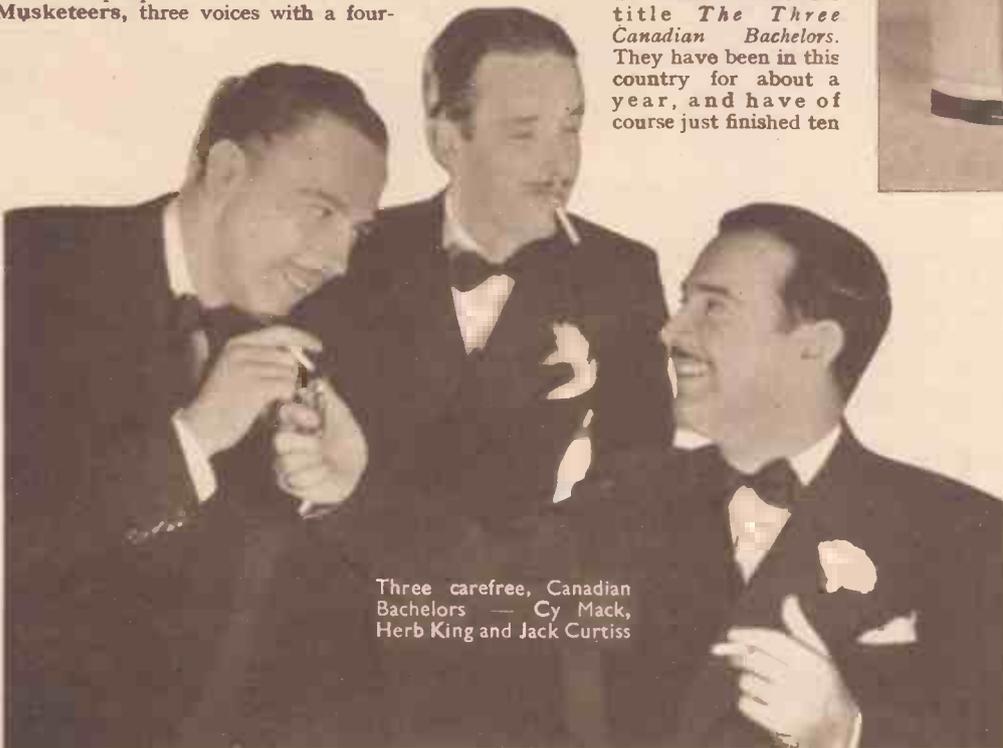
They are the *Four Rhythm Boys* who broadcast last week with the *Hawaiian Islanders* from *Midland Regional*.

*Syd Hill*, their manager, tells me that the boys claim to be the first act to broadcast that now popular number of the day, *Shoe Shine Boy*. Any other claimants to the honour?

What has happened to the rest of *Les Allen's* boys since the tie-up with *Kitty Masters*?

*Cy Mack*, *Herb King* and *Jack Curtiss* will be heard in *Music Hall* tomorrow, September 26. This harmony trio will be doing a snappy nine minutes, the show being produced by *Barry Bernard*. See their photographs on this page.

All three boys actually are Canadians, so there is no foolin' about the title *The Three Canadian Bachelors*. They have been in this country for about a year, and have of course just finished ten



Three carefree, Canadian Bachelors — *Cy Mack*, *Herb King* and *Jack Curtiss*

octaves range, an act which makes its debut on British radio to-morrow (26th) in *John Sharman's Music Hall* show. It's going to be big, they say.

*Hank Swain*, lean six-footer, is leader of the act, and worked as cowboy on an American ranch before hitting New York spotlights with his original *Four Musketeers*.

Musketeer Number Two in the new act is *Mussi*, ex-opera singer, who vocalised for two years with *Walford Hyden's Café Collette* outfit.

Musketeer Number Three is *Phil Roche*—who hit the headlines in 1933 as the "Mystery Singer" discovered by *John Watt*.

It's only three months ago that *The Three Musketeers* first got together, but they're heading fast for the big time. They're counting high on the broadcast, so wish 'em luck.

Incidentally, remember that sob-classic—*Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?* It was written specially for the original *Four Musketeers* in New York.

months of touring with *Les Allen*. Previously, however, they were well known in Canada where they had considerable broadcasting experience.

*Richard Valery*, whose *Dance Orchestra* broadcasts to-morrow (26th) from the *New Central Pier, Morecambe (Northern)*, has probably seen more of the world than any other British band-leader, for he's played in nearly every country you can think of, and broadcast many times in New York.

Valery is also a brilliant composer, of the *Duke Ellington* type. "It was as the result of months spent in Harlem, meeting the coloured folk and learning something of their philosophy"—he told me—"that I wrote the songs, *Negro Heaven* and *The Black Venus*."

He then revealed that he hopes shortly to present and conduct a programme of his own works, as soon as the B.B.C. can arrange it.

Did you hear the third and last version of *Evergreens of Jazz* last Tuesday, featuring *George Scott-Wood*? By the way, I was in error when

Inside

DANCE-BAND CHATTER  
A Popular Weekly Feature



Have you heard the *Four Rhythm Boys*? Here they are

I gave *Leonard Feather* the credit for these programmes; it was *George* himself who devised the whole show. Congratulations, *George*.

## Line Up No. 20

SINCE *Sydney Kytes'* departure, *Billy Gerhardt* has hit the spot at the *Piccadilly*. Meet the boys in this band: *Billy Gerhardt* (violin), *Frank Weir* (sax and clarinet), *Teddy Prince* (sax, clarinet and vocals), *Michael Salmon* (sax and clarinet), *Mott Moseley* (drums), *Bert Read* (bass and Manager), *Bert Whittam* (piano), *Arthur Niblo*, *George Davis* (trumpets), *Bert Boatwright* (trombone), *Jack Hill* (guitar). *The Three Jacks* and *Diana Grafton* vocalise at broadcasts.

**Clean Fun Department.** *Chick Henderson* of *Joe Loss's* band, telling the yarn of the *Radio Announcer* in love. Telling the girl-friend that he adores her when he suddenly goes all B.B.C. and continues: "Remember, darling, this is copyright and must not be communicated to the public by loudspeaker or any other means."

## Next Week's

LATE-NIGHT DANCE MUSIC  
(Subject to unavoidable late alterations)

Monday—The *GROSVENOR HOUSE* Dance Band, directed by *SYDNEY LIPTON*.

Tuesday—*JACK PAYNE* and his Band.

Wednesday—*BRAM MARTIN* and the *Holborn Restaurant* Dance Orchestra.

Thursday—*LEW STONE* and his Band.

Friday—*JACK PAYNE* and his Band.

Saturday—*AMBROSE* and his Orchestra.

Elizabeth Cowell, television  
hostess-announcer, filmed  
while being televised at Alex-  
andra Palace

Leslie Mitchell  
(television an-  
nouncer), Eliza-  
beth Cowell,  
Marco Thomas,  
Helen McKay,  
and Pogo (the  
"Wonder  
Horse") snapped  
in the B.B.C.'s  
television studio

# TELEVISION BEH

A B.B.C. engineer filmed at  
the control desk at Alexandra  
Palace

Carol Chilton and  
Marco Thomas snapped  
while "being televised  
at Alexandra Palace.  
Thousands of people  
at Radiolympia—9 miles  
away—saw their bril-  
liant tap-dancing

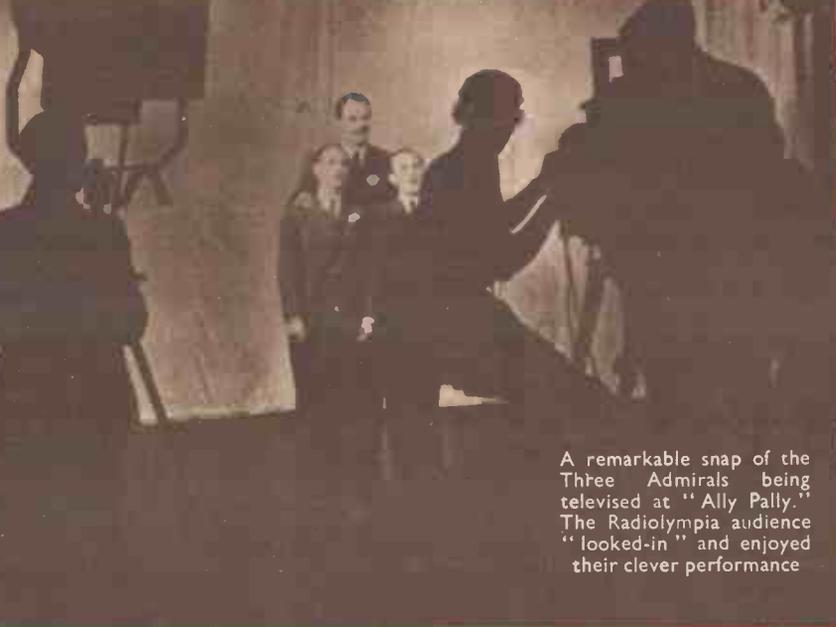
Gerald Cock, the B.B.C.'s Dir  
He has made television really  
Britain in a position of v

More than 150,000 people saw the B.B.C.'s  
new television programmes which were  
transmitted recently from Alexandra  
Palace to Radiolympia.

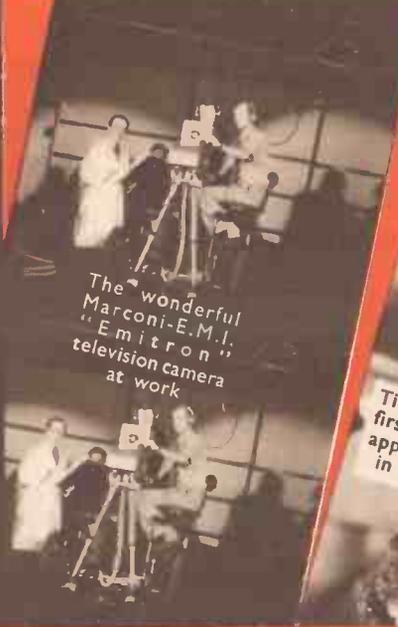
In this remarkable collection of photo-  
graphs, which appears exclusively in  
"Radio Pictorial," you "look in" upon the  
B.B.C.'s studio while television was actually  
in progress.

The strip photos are reproduced by kind per-  
mission of "British Paramount News."

"Here's looking at You!"  
The grand finale to the  
television programmes sent  
from "Ally Pally" to the  
crowds at Radiolympia



A remarkable snap of the Three Admirals being televised at "Ally Pally." The Radiolympia audience "looked-in" and enjoyed their clever performance



The wonderful Marconi-E.M.I. "Emitron" television camera at work



Titian-haired Helen McKay, the first television crooner, as she appeared before the electric eye in the B.B.C.'s television studio

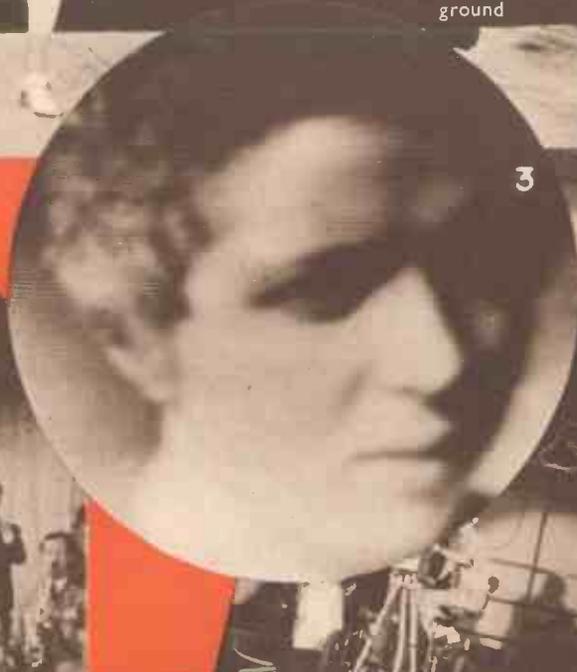
# BEHIND THE SCENES



A high kick—with the Television Orchestra in the background



Director of Television. Very practical, and put world leadership



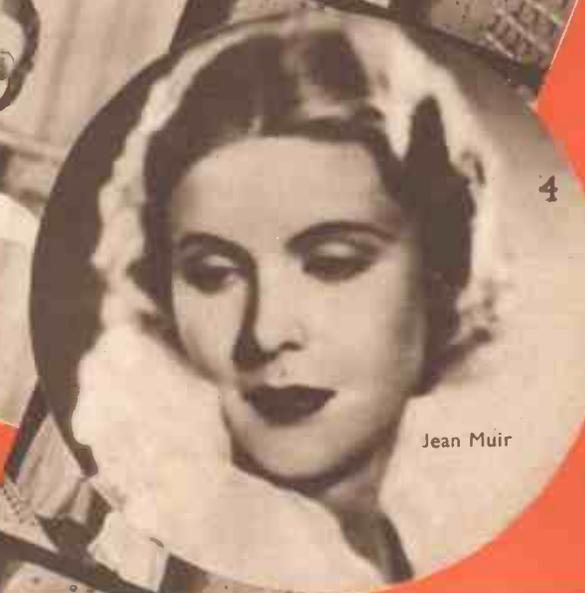
3



Another view of the television engineering staff at work



Look at the circular photographs numbered 1 to 4 to realise the progress made in television reception. The first three (reproduced by courtesy of Philips' Lamps, Ltd.), show 90-line, 120-line and 180-line transmission, respectively. No. 4 is an actual photograph of a televised picture of Jean Muir, the well-known film actress, as seen on a Philco receiver. This is a 343-line picture



4

Jean Muir

Glamorous Short Story of a Broadcast Romance

# THE WAGER

THE neighbours said that Joan and Richard should never play together. They always quarrelled fiercely. Their interests were so dissimilar. Joan had a consuming passion for radio and would listen to it for hours. Richard hated wireless. He was much more interested in exploring the lesser known parts of the local common. And yet, somewhere underneath, there must have been an odd affinity, since no amount of parental influence ever kept them apart for long.

It was the same when they left school. They saw somewhat less of each other, but those evenings they spent together were never entirely free from argument. Gradually, however, their bickerings and exchanges began to take more definite form. Joan's love of radio slowly developed into a consuming ambition to become a wireless singer. Richard's love of exploration led him to talk more and more of wanderings in remote corners of the world.

Just three years after they had left school, things came to a head. Joan, at twenty-one, was a lissom, graceful girl, with an unusually good contralto voice. Richard, just a year older, had developed into a fair-haired, blue-eyed giant, bounding with energy.

They had gone to the Cordos that night—haunt of all the young bloods—and danced until they could dance no more. Richard was sailing for India the following day and this was something in the nature of a final celebration.

Returning to their table he ordered another cocktail. And then began the fiercest argument they had ever had. It reached the stage where people were staring and wondering if they would come to blows, before they suddenly subsided into bitter silence. Joan felt for a moment that she hated this hulking great mule of stubbornness, and would do anything to get away from him. But five minutes later she had herself under control again, and asked, as quietly as she could, "When are you going to get this crazy ambition of yours out of your head?"

For all her effort her voice was sharp with sarcasm.

"Sooner, I feel, than you'll get yours," Richard answered. Stung to attack again Joan went right into it.

"Well, personally, I've never heard a more dam-fool idea than wanting to go gallivanting round the globe, dropping into foreign places full of flies and dagoes and fever and dirt . . . into places where you have to put a mosquito net over your face to get some sleep. Far away from friends and family, sweating your heart out under a tropical sun. No security, no regular job, no reliable income, never two minutes in the same place, packing, passports, seasick, homesick, bitten, boiled; travel, travel . . . and . . . oh, just think of it!"

"Yes, think of it," Richard caught her up. "Spending half your young life squawking to a piano, trying to train a voice that won't train, in the hope that one day you may make a few old buffers weep into their beer. . . . Stuck in this ghastly London atmosphere for years."

"India's worse."

"Not in the wilds."

"Must be stewing all day in the wilds."

"Well, think of the life and adventure. . . ."

"London's full of it."

"Yes, but it's not the same."

"Well, anyway, Richard, I'm willing to bet you ten pounds that I shall get more out of life in the next ten years than you do."

Just five minutes later Richard had very seriously accepted that bet. They parted almost immediately afterwards. Before he went Richard said: "If we do meet again, some ten years hence—or perhaps before, if I return to this country—I shan't have forgotten our bet to-night."

Turning on her heel Joan flung over her shoulder: "Don't worry, I shall win."

It was only when the Wager was Lost that they Found they did not want to Win. A story of two young people who thought they could do without one another,

by

EVERETT LAWSON

It was well into the eleventh year before Richard returned to England. Two days after landing he turned through the telephone book . . . Mordaunt . . . Iris Mordaunt . . . Joan Mordaunt. There she was—Regent 55331. For the first two years after he went away Richard had corresponded spasmodically with Joan. Their letters were very brief, and sometimes very bitter. Then, in the third year, they had ceased. But their bet was to remain vividly in his mind. And now, more than ten years later, the sight of Joan's name in the directory excited nothing more than a keen desire to know who had won.

The reception she gave him over the telephone



Half an hour later, very quietly, they entered Joan's flat together

surprised Richard. It was as near to a warm welcome as anything he had known from Joan. In response to his final question, she said: "Why, yes, Richard, come round right away."

A maid showed him into the sumptuous flat some fifteen minutes later. It was the same lissom, clear-eyed Joan who rose from a chair by the fire to greet him. Older. Yes, decidedly older. But not much changed.

"Why, Richard, this is amazing . . . after all these years," she said, taking his hand, with a little laugh. "And you're almost handsome. . . . It must be the bronze."

Switching off the radio she drew a chair to the

All characters in "The Wager" are fictitious and refer to no living person

# Radio ended the Wager, but Love made Another

fire and poured him a drink. They clinked glasses.

"To to-night's argument," he said.

"And the winner of the bet," Joan added.

"So you have remembered."

"Rather."

"Who talks first?"

Somehow, after a few light exchanges, Richard began to speak of his adventures abroad. Nearly an hour later Joan still sat wrapt, drinking in every word of this dazzling array. Richard had roamed countries and continents without end, snatching a precarious existence wherever it seemed easiest. There had been days when he begged in rags, and days when he stayed at the best hotels he could find. He had become far more of an adventurer than he originally intended, but he had revelled in the life, never knowing what the next day might bring. . . . Fortune or misfortune. Life or death.

"Good heavens! I'm due at the B.B.C. in fifteen minutes!" Joan had leapt from her chair to interrupt him, and then, as she rushed into a coat, she explained: "I sing in the tango orchestra to-night. . . . Stay here, Richard, and see what you think of me. . . . The right hand knob to switch on. . . . See you later. . . . Cheerio!"

The door of the flat slammed, and Richard sat alone. Twenty minutes later the tango orchestra with Joan Mordaunt, contralto, was announced. When, at last, she began to sing, the richness of her voice, beautifully subdued to match the soft, exotic rhythm of the tango, completely surprised Richard. Sitting there in the fire-light, he felt himself drifting away to far-off shores in sunshine and gentle abandon, lured along by the sheer loveliness of that voice. . . . It dwindled, faded, and was gone. . . . And with it something died in Richard.

He sat there thinking for half an hour after-

wards. Then he rose from his chair, took out his cheque book and walked to the bureau. He knew now who had won. To be able to penetrate people with your voice as she had penetrated him . . . to be able to thrill the hearts of a million listeners . . . to have the whole world waiting to hear you.

Carefully he wrote out a cheque for ten pounds, put it in an envelope and left the flat. At the nearest pillar box he posted his cheque.

By the next morning's post he also received a cheque for ten pounds. It came from Joan. And suddenly he remembered how absorbed she had been in his stories. How an occasional gleam of sheer excitement had lit her eyes, while she listened.

Richard tried immediately to get her on the telephone. There was no reply. In the afternoon he called at her flat, but the maid told him that she was not expecting Miss Mordaunt back that day.

In the evening Richard was himself scheduled to give a talk over the air about his adventures abroad. Driving leisurely towards Portland Place in a cab, it suddenly occurred to him that Joan might be broadcasting again to-night. Expectantly he scanned the radio programmes. "Joan Mordaunt with tango orchestra at eight." His own talk finished a few minutes before.

Had he known that only a few streets away Joan was a wrapt listener to that talk, he mightn't have delivered it with such easy assurance. Her set carefully tuned, she had waited for ten minutes to hear his voice, and now, before he was half way through this quiet understatement of his most amazing life, conviction rose in her that this man mattered terribly to her.

Hurrying away just before the end, she turned things over in her mind. From the confused excitements of her thoughts an idea suddenly emerged. She was to sing that night a rather lovely, although faintly melancholy song, entitled,

"Mary, I Want You." Supposing . . . yes supposing.

She met Richard in the lounge but hadn't time to say more than "listen to me to-night." Listen to her, Richard thought. My heavens, yes, I'll listen. She's marvellous. "Mary, I Want You" was listed as Joan's second song. Immediately she began it, Richard detected a faint difference in her voice. There was new emotion in it. She came to the chorus . . . "Richard, I Want You." The words came over distinctly to him. He glanced hurriedly at his programme. No, he had not been mistaken. It was 'Mary' all right in the actual song. . . . She was coming to those words again. That glorious easy voice rose gently, fell and rose again . . . "Richard, I Want You." Richard's heart missed a beat. He knew now. She was singing to him.

Half an hour later, very quietly, they entered Joan's flat together. Telling the maid she would not want her again to-night, Joan led Richard to the lounge, shut the door and lay back against it. In the firelight he could see her bosom heaving. Flinging his hat on a chair he went to her. Joan's body relaxed in his arms. He bent and kissed those full, red lips. Something sweet and mad went racing through him. Drawing deep breath he stooped again and pressed his lips to hers once more. He heard her whisper, "Kiss me again, Richard."

"Come closer, Richard . . . My dear, this was the one thing lacking in my life." She took his hand and pressed it against her cheek.

"And in mine," he answered.

"I want to make a bet with you, Richard, darling," she said, with her cheek against his coat.

"Oh, what is it, Joan?"

"That we shall both be very happy in the next few years."

"We both won our last bet, Joan," he murmured. "We shall both win this one, too."



Fred Astaire makes a rare radio appearance next Tuesday

## Short-Wave Programmes You Will Enjoy

By KENNETH JOWERS, short wave Editor of "Television," who shows you every week the highlights of the world's shortwave programmes

DJB. A concert of the musical kind is sent out for almost an hour. Very often an orchestra is relayed from one of the liners in Hamburg harbour, while occasionally I have heard a Variety programme put on specially for English listeners. This station carries on until 10.45 a.m., giving half-hourly programmes in the American style.

*There's life, song and laughter in the air—but do you hear it?*

*No fewer than 200 programmes are broadcast regularly on the short waves—as many again as there are on the usual medium and long wavebands.*

*If your set is not one of these up-to-date All-Wave Receivers, you are missing this wonderful entertainment. An all-wave wireless set gives you double the value for your licence fee!*

At 11.55 a.m. DJE links up with DJB until five in the afternoon. Three news bulletins are supplied, a special half-hourly programme for short-wave amateurs comes on at 4.15 p.m., and a *Woman's Hour* from 4.45 to 5.45 p.m. DJD and DJL take over at 5.45 p.m. and provides a typical German set of programmes until one-thirty the following morning. DJB, DJA, DJN and DJQ then keep the ball rolling until four-thirty the following morning, so for the exception of ninety-five minutes, German short-wave stations are operating all day and all night.

I have previously mentioned that Al Jolson is in charge of the Shell programme broadcast over the NBC chain. The time for this programme has now been changed, and *Shell Chateau* now comes on the air at 9.15 to 9.45 p.m. on Saturday nights only, over any of the NBC stations such as Schenectady, W2XAD and W2XAF.

Rudy Vallee is one of the star items of next week's listening. He is being broadcast from W2XAF on 31.48 metres next Friday evening at

11.15 p.m. This programme can be received very comfortably at this time of night. Other programmes to watch are Anne Muenchen from Pittsburg next Friday at 11.50 p.m., and an American hour from Rome on its 25 metre channel at 11.30 p.m. next Friday also.

On Sunday at 10 p.m. Joe Peterson and his Band is being relayed from the Bristol Hotel in Copenhagen. Listen to this programme through Skamlebaek, the Danish National short-wave station, on 49.5 metres. It will be received much more reliably than via Copenhagen, which is usually wiped out by London National.

Here is some news just received. A special programme from Schenectady next Tuesday. Fred Astaire is making one of his rare radio appearances at 11.15 p.m., when he will introduce some numbers from his latest film, and probably tell you something of his experiences during his trip to Europe. It should be rather interesting to get the low-down on what he actually thinks of us.

Yes, it's Al Jolson—in the "Shell Chateau" programme every Saturday



HITLER is making a very big effort to put Germany on the map as regards short waves. His nine national short-wave transmitters are being received all over the world at about twice the strength of the British nationals, even in some of the British colonies on which our own stations are directed.

English-speaking listeners have always been full of groans about the stodgy and stereotype method of announcing used by the B.B.C. This point seems to have been realised by the German broadcasting authorities, who have evolved a new technique in programme presentation.

The first German programme starts at 6.5 a.m. and is transmitted through stations DJA and



(Left) Walter Dierix  
Jack Todd (right)

Esther  
McCracken

# TYNESIDE'S RADIO TEAM

Some personal notes of the local  
broadcasters who frequently ap-  
pear on the air from the New-  
castle Station, by

**WALTER DIERICX**

Paul  
Blake

Jos. Q.  
Atkinson

Herbert  
Maxwell

Sal Sturgeon

written more than 80,000 words and broadcast in the region of 50,000 of them as "Geordie Marley," the Tyneside pitman.

**In originating this local dialect feature, I had in mind the artists who were best suited to broadcast as the different characters, and for my "wife," "Jennie Marley," I selected Sal Sturgeon.**

"Sal," as she is familiarly known, is one of the first people who broadcast from the Newcastle Station, for she was an "Auntie" when the British Broadcasting Company first began its programmes over the air from the "Coaly Tyne." She looked after the "Children's Hour" features, and made up her dialect and other material as the broadcasts proceeded.

"Sal" is a household word where the Tyneside dialect is spoken; she is consulted on the subject, and carries with her voice, in this most difficult of all English dialects, the homely atmosphere of the pitman's wife.

Her excellent dialect work, however, does not by any means cramp her style in other characters, for she is an actress of high merit, and is just as much at home in a Barrie line, or a Noel Coward play, as she is in anything else.

**Esther McCracken is another personality of note in Tyneside's Radio Team.** She is the wife of a Newcastle solicitor, and is another excellent speaker of dialect, including Cockney as well as the idiom of her home town. She has a fresh, young voice, that enables her to take "straight" parts with complete success.

Another of the advantages of Esther to the radio is that she is a composer and writer of songs; and has sung and played delightful lullabies of her own composition in the all-too-infrequent Children's Hour features from the Newcastle studios.

**An unusual member of the local Radio Team is Paula Blake, for she is considered the fashion expert and lady commentator at Newcastle Station.** She is a Beauty Specialist by profession, and had experience in broadcasting from Midland Regional before she came to Newcastle some years ago.

Paula was selected for the remarkably successful broadcast from the Newcastle Races this year, when an innovation from previous annual broadcasts of the great sports event of the North was the introduction of a woman commentator in the County Ring.

Paula did some good work in *Tyneside Calling*, for a Tyneside sketch required the sound of sawing wood, and the effect of an actual saw on a plank sounded like a blacksmith's shop.

This clever actress, however, obliged by standing behind the character speaking, and gave to the listener a life-like interpretation of the effect, by means of a sharp in-drawing of her breath and an unusual contortion of her mouth.

**Jack Todd comes to my mind as another outstanding local broadcaster when speaking of vocally-made sound effects, for Jack can give an interpretation of any bird, beast or fowl. He is a first-class actor, a Director of the Newcastle Drama Club, and is as skilful in his interpretation of straight character studies at the microphone as he is on the amateur stage.**

Studio officials and broadcasters have become almost

used to Jack's imitations, and when a cat or a dog is heard prowling round at a broadcast rehearsal, the cry is "Jack's about somewhere!"

**Two more prominent musicians in Tyneside's Radio Team are Jos. Q. Atkinson and Herbert Maxwell.**

Jos. Q. Atkinson is the leader of his broadcasting dance band, and directs his broadcasting Quintet which is so popular with Northern listeners. He is a musician from birth, was an organist and choirmaster at the age of sixteen, and a cinema organist at eighteen.

His hobbies are ornithology and fishing. He will tell you the breed of any British bird when he first hears it "tune in," and frequently composes musical numbers from the inspirations he receives from the songs of birds, and makes up the lyrics in a fishing boat or with his rod and gaff by some inland waterway.

The "Q" in his name, by the way, stands for "Quarrie."

Herbert Maxwell is the broadcasting organist at the Newcastle Paramount Theatre, and frequent relays of his Recitals are given in the Newcastle, Regional and Empire programmes. He is an adept at feature work in organ playing, and on demand will produce the sounds of ships and sea-waves, trains and typewriters and winds and waterfalls, from his broadcasting organ. He was one of the first organists to broadcast on Tyneside, and is a coming composer of pianoforte numbers; not the least talented of a first-class team.

**T**YNESIDE'S Radio Team " is a complex term, for, on the advent of Mr. E. L. Guildford, the popular Station Director at Newcastle, he established a group called "The Newcastle Radio Players," composed of amateur actors and actresses in the North-East who had previous experience in acting, and he has now a collection of artists running into three figures of membership, to call upon for broadcasting purposes.

The individual artists who broadcast from the Newcastle Station are, therefore, too numerous to mention, for, as far as possible, all the various members of this large broadcasting company have been cast in plays and radio features during the past few years.

There are, however, what may be called the "old and bold" in North East broadcasting—a sort of team which always pops up in the programmes, either individually or collectively.

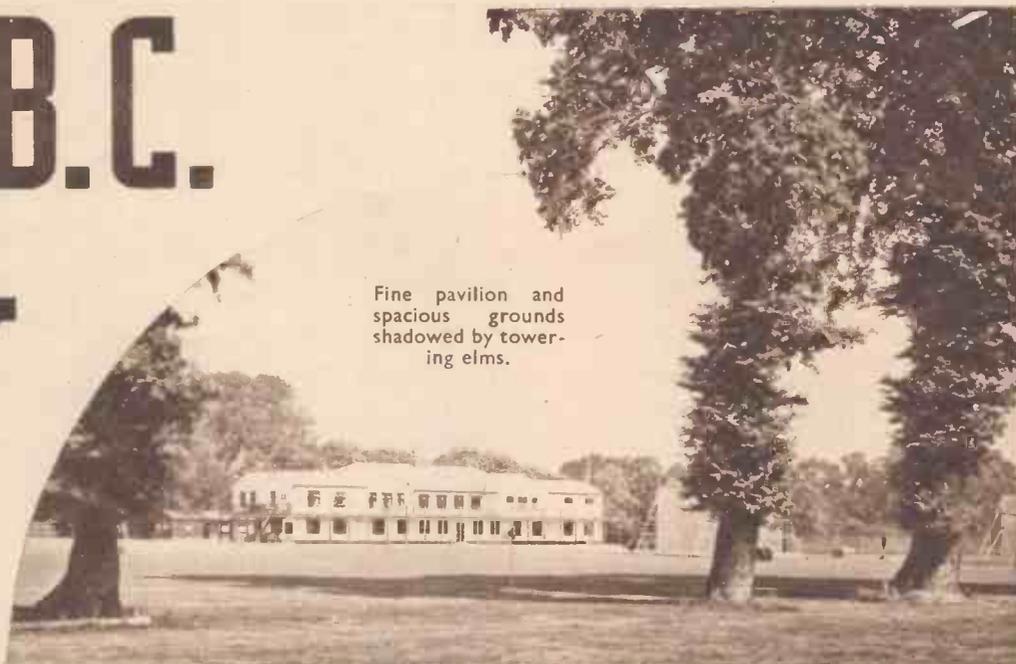
With due temerity and modesty, I mention myself, as, apart from having broadcast as much as the majority of radio players from Newcastle, I have written a number of plays, features and monologues that have on several occasions brought to the microphone this team of Tyneside broadcasters.

In "The Marleys of Tyneside" dialect chronicles, dealing with "Geordie Marley," his wife "Jennie Marley," and the host of their imaginary relatives and friends, I have, during the past two years,

# THE B.B.C. *at* PLAY

How do they enjoy their spare time? Take a trip to Motspur Park, and have a look at them—staff and stars—mustering on their beautiful playing fields. Here is a new light on B.B.C. activities, by

**KENNETH BAILY**



Fine pavilion and spacious grounds shadowed by towering elms.

**D** ID you know that the B.B.C. beat the M.C.C. at cricket the other day? Had you heard about those B.B.C. men who made a strong impression with their shooting at Bisley? And—what do you think—there's a room at Broadcasting House devoted exclusively to ping-pong!

The B.B.C. Club, out of which these facts arise, is as integral and as lively a part of Sir John Reith's organisation as the Variety Department. Quite as lively!

When the clock at Broadcasting House chimes five-thirty every evening crowds of secretaries, engineers, administration workers, producers and directors stream out into Regent Street, their day's work over, and rush down to Waterloo Station, squeeze into a train to Motspur Park, and alight at the B.B.C. Club's sports ground there.

An evening's recreation of every kind lies before them, probably with a spot of dancing at the end of it.

The 1,680 members of the Club—90 per cent. of the total B.B.C. staff in London—enjoy their spare time. I spent an evening seeing how.

Motspur Park is a beautiful, spacious ground, with a fine pavilion, which has a dancing floor, lounge chairs and a running buffet. I found three cricket teams in practice at the nets.

Captain Cecil Graves, Controller of Programmes, was playing a straight bat to the bowling of B. Walton O'Donnel, conductor of the Military

Band. Graves captained a team in a big match held on the annual Sports Day recently.

Three teams played friendly matches with a number of South Country teams throughout the season. This year they have played C. B. Fry's eleven, Southern Rhodesia, Clare College Cambridge, the M.C.C. (historic victory), Dulwich, Ashford, Epsom, and, appropriately, Daventry Town. An innovation was a cricket week.

R. H. Eckersley, Director of Entertainment, is president of the cricket section, and L. Marson, the announcer, and Laurence Gilliam are star players. Marson played for Wiltshire County before joining the B.B.C.

In a pretty corner of the ground three score of the staff were going fast at some exceedingly good tennis. They have won a high percentage of the tournaments they have played. The secretaries go in strongly for this, and Cecil Graves, thorough sportsman, is seen frequently on the courts.

As it grew near to dusk, the pavilion began to fill. A radiogram was switched on, and dancing began. I cornered Major T. S. Tate, General Secretary of the Club, and asked him if Motspur Park is as popular in the winter.

He soon proved that it is. There are two soccer elevens, chiefly composed of the junior

boasts some very fast swimmers, and its teams are kept busy defending their high reputation in contests almost every week at various baths in the London area.

The headquarters bath is at Marshall Street, just off Oxford Circus, a few minutes from Broadcasting House. There is held the yearly swimming gala, when teams from the regional stations come to town to compete for a trophy presented by Sir Charles Cappendale, the Deputy Director-General.

The swimmers have increased in number by leaps and bounds this past year, and are drawn from all departments. One to be seen regularly at the baths is Mr. B. E. Nicolls, the high-positioned Controller of Administration.

The B.B.C. motorists are a very ingenious crowd. Membership of the motoring section comprises also membership of the R.A.C. and A.A. and every week-end sees a fleet of these B.B.C. cars off to some thrilling, and usually hazardous expedition.

One which they will not soon forget was a hill-climb up Porlock Hill, followed by a "trial" across Exmoor in a snow storm!

Mystery runs and treasure hunts are very popular, and a gymkhana is held once a year. Each of the regions has its motoring section, and these parties have fun journeying to meet each other half way between their stations, say between Manchester and Glasgow, for picnics.

The majority of B.B.C. producers and conductors go in for golf, which is played on the Northwood Course; a small and select group of B.B.C. workers have a couple of dinghies on the Welsh Harp where they go dinghy-sailing; the rifle section is always winning "shoots" everywhere, including Bisley; and a boxing club is provided for the tough guys.

Squash Rackets is a game which has caught on very widely of late with some producers and officials. They play on courts at Ealing, and here, once again, the energetic Controller Graves is often seen.

The B.B.C. Club is responsible for the red-letter days in the B.B.C.'s social life. The big events of the year are the Sports Day, the dramatic society's plays, and the swimming gala.

The Sports Day is a brilliant affair at Motspur Park, attended usually by Sir John Reith, as president of the Club, and all the "big names." Besides "legitimate" sports, there are side-shows of every species, a Punch and Judy show, a military band from one of the Army regiments, three-legged races, obstacle races, and a variety concert, produced by John Sharman.

Sharman gets hold of some of the leading radio stars to give their services for this show. This year there were Marie Burke, Clapham and Dwyer, Tommy Handley, Ronald Frankau, and many others. After the concert this gay day winds up with dancing and a firework display.

And this year it all went on so long that the Southern Railway ran a special late train home from Motspur Park! Yes, the B.B.C. can enjoy itself!



The merry group on the right is the Dinghy Section of the B.B.C. Club, while below you get a glimpse of the interior of the pavilion, with dancing floor and lounge chairs.



staff, which, playing in the Westminster Football League last season, made a good impression. The first team was beaten by only one point to second place in the League table.

The Rugby football section plays friendly matches, and a strange thing is that all the Rugby players are in the Engineering and Administration Departments of the B.B.C. There are two hockey teams, men's and women's, and a very lively section for net-ball, which plays teams home and away, and is patronised chiefly by producers' and officials' secretaries.

Of the all-the-year round sections, the most flourishing seem to be the swimming and motoring enthusiasts. The B.B.C. swimming club has made quite a name for itself in the London Business Houses League. It

TUNE IN TO RADIO LUXEMBOURG  
(1293 METRES) SUNDAYS AT 8 p.m.

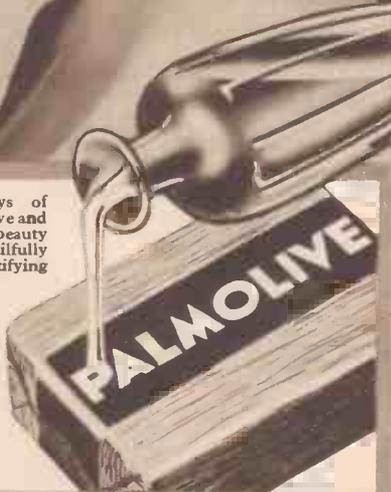
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I'M SCHOOLGIRL  
COMPLEXION ALL OVER"

She's proved for herself that Palmolive is far more than the best of all complexion soaps—it's the nicest bath soap too! It soothes all her tiredness away and leaves her wonderfully refreshed; and its rich olive oil lather makes her back and arms and shoulders as smooth as her face.



Women, since the days of Cleopatra, have known olive and palm oils as nature's own beauty treatment; and these, skilfully blended with other beautifying elements, are the main ingredients of Palmolive Soap. Use Palmolive in your bath always and give yourself all over the benefit of the soap that creates Schoolgirl Complexions.

3d. per tablet



to the  
**PALMOLIVE  
HALF HOUR  
of  
LIGHT MUSIC**

**PAUL OLIVER  
OLIVE PALMER  
and the  
PALMOLIVERS**

WRITE TO

*Mary Strong*

and Let Her Solve Your  
Troubles

"I AM being pestered by the attentions of a young man whom I do not care about. He takes every opportunity of seeing me alone and always asks me to marry him. I have, of course, refused. He is a peculiar sort of boy, which you will see for yourself when I tell you he is always threatening to shoot himself if I marry anyone else. I feel if he does that I shall have murdered him. Can you suggest anything I should do?—Worried, Market Drayton.

My dear, young men occasionally do try to be spectacular in that fashion. Perhaps he is a devotee of the cinema and has got his ideas from that. If he has parents you had better tell them the exact truth, saying you cannot consider marriage with him, and that you want them to take him in hand. If you hesitate before doing that, the next time you have one of these unwelcome proposals you might very quietly warn him that you intend to see his parents about it. That may have the desired result. Don't let it worry you too much.

"I LIVE at home with my parents. My sisters and brothers earn their own living, while I help in the house. Is there any way I could add to my pocket money? Mother pays me very little. Friends of my age get at least double what I receive."—Age 15, Glasgow.

It is, I am afraid, difficult to suggest to a girl of your years how she could earn money in spare time. You will have to persuade your parents to release you and let you go out into the world and earn your own living. But even if you do not earn much at home, you probably have more freedom than the others. You must think about that, too!

To A. B. G., Tottenham.—If you and your fiancé quarrel to that extent you are better apart. You say it will all come right when you are married, and he thinks otherwise. I think he is right. Success in marriage depends entirely on the ability of both people concerned to agree. Your argument is that you are really both very fond of one another. That is possibly true enough, but you admit he gets on better with other girls for whom he really cares nothing. I think it is more than likely. You will be very ill-advised if you marry anyone with whom you are at variance on so many points. Do be sensible. The answer to your other question is also definitely in the negative.

ROB, BERT AND SON MAKE THEIR BOW

LISTENERS who like lilting Hill Billies will welcome the appearance of Rob, Bert and Son on the air. Described by their irresponsible compeere as *The Three Minicmeateers—the boys who make mincmeat of anybody's music*, their programme consists of a well-balanced blend of musical favourites, old and new. Rob plays the accordion like a wizard, Bert's contralto voice is soft and soothing, while Son's guitar-playing is as good as his singing which is very good indeed! Their first broadcast is on Tuesday, September 29th, at 6.45 p.m., from Radio Luxembourg, and if that time isn't convenient, you can get them on Radio Normandy at 5 p.m. on Saturdays from October 3rd. We think you will like Rob, Bert and Son.



Ovaltine is not only an ideal drink, but also the sponsor of some fine broadcast programmes. Listen to Luxembourg every Sunday at 1.30 p.m. and 5.30 p.m.

When you wake with  
**"MORNING MOUTH"**  
there's something wrong!

A foul-tasting mouth when you wake in the morning means that your system contains poisonous decayed food waste matter which has no right to be there! "Morning mouth"—along with bad breath and coated tongue—is a sure sign of stomach disorder or constipation. Your whole body is being *poisoned*, causing not only bad skin, headaches, loss of vitality and depression—but eventually serious illness and disease. Let Feen-a-mint cleanse your system and banish stomach troubles and constipation. Let Feen-a-mint give you a clear complexion, bright eyes and "sweet" breath. Feen-a-mint works naturally and easily, and its fresh mint flavour makes it a family favourite. 15 million people all over the world depend on Feen-a-mint. Sold in 1s. 3d. packets by chemists and stores everywhere.

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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!



"A final dash of crimson lake"

# FACING UP TO IT

An Exhilarating and Inaccurate account of the Latest Developments in Television make-up, showing you exactly what Not to expect . . . by Our Tame Humourist,

**B. A. YOUNG**

**T**O-DAY'S news item—or rather yesterday's, by the time it gets to you in the broad sense of any time up to the date of publication—is that the B.B.C. are still fiddling about trying to find the perfect make-up for television.

I suppose you might say that that is hardly a news item at all, in view of the fact that they have been doing it more or less continuously since somewhere about nineteen twenty-nine; but what I mean is that it is in this morning's paper.

So I feel that the moment has come when I can break silence. My lips, unlike those of Mr. Baldwin, need no longer be sealed.

It was a bright sunny morning in August of the year 19— when I, in common with a few hundred others, all men specially chosen for their tact and discretion, witnessed the first secret trials by the B.B.C. of television make-ups. (Or do I mean makes-up?)

In one studio, conspicuously marked "PRIVATE" and guarded from the prying eyes of the public by cotton-wool stuffed round the sides of the door and in the key-hole, were mustered every spare face the Corporation could find.

Faces were what they wanted, and they spared no expense. There were the Uncles and Aunties, there were the Eight Step Sisters and the Dancing Daughters, with Peter Bernard, Peter Creswell, Walter Widdop, Henry Hall, old Uncle Holt Marvell and a-a-a-all, 'old Uncle Holt Marvell and all.

In another studio, just as conspicuously labelled "PLEASE DO NOT SPIT," were assembled the judges, consisting of the Director-General (*ex officio*), Val Gielgud, Dr. Adrian Boult and the Hanging Committee of the Royal Academy.

The Hanging Committee were restrained only with the greatest of difficulty from hanging one or two stray announcers and things out of hand. The judges were alone except for the hundred-and fifty odd representatives of the Press, each out for an exclusive report.

On a given signal, the door of the first studio was opened, and there entered a band of artistes and make-up experts, captained by Max Factor. They stood with their hares'-feet at the slope, champing impatiently. There was another given signal (signals are cheap), and each expert seized a face and began to work on it for all he was worth.

In the other studio the whole scene, which was being relayed both by sound and vision, was watched breathlessly by the judges. Over the microphone came little snatches of conversation.

"A little more green bice on the cheekbones would be effective, I fancy, Miss Rubenstein. . . ."

"If we just touch up those shadows under the chin with ultramarine. . . ."

"What are you using for the tip of the nose, Miss Arden?"

"Burnt sienna, Sir Augustus. It looks less prominent against that background of monastral blue, don't you think?"

"I think I shall try a wash of yellow ochre to begin with. . . ."

And so on.

Half an hour passed, and by then it was the judges who were champing impatiently. The Hanging Committee were seen to be nervously tying little knots in bits of string and casting envious eyes on the decorated necks of the Uncles, Aunties, Sisters and Daughters.

But at last all was ready.

The last make-up expert added a final dash of crimson lake, and the prepared faces were lined up for judgment.

One by one they passed before the scanner, registering various assorted emotions; while at the other end the judges scrutinised each close-up carefully, sometimes absent-mindedly winking at a Step Sister or raising the eyebrows at a Dancing Daughter in the way that means: "Are you doing anything afterwards?"—and all the time making copious notes in their notebooks.

Face after rainbow-hued face came up for trial, and was noted down on its merits. "No. 11 Seasick. No. 14 Blood-pressure. No. 27 Tottenham Court Road. . . ."

At last the judges came to the unanimous conclusion that the most effective make-up was without any question No. 44, the last one of all. The Chairman of the judges telephoned through to the make-up studio.

"We'd like to have another look at No. 44."

"There isn't a No. 44," came the answer.

"We only had 43 faces available."

"Nonsense!" said the Chairman. "We saw her distinctly, didn't we, boys? There—as a matter of fact she's standing in front of the scanner now. That nice-looking blonde with the peach-like complexion."

"And a mouth like a rose-bud," added another judge.

"And eyes like calm, deep lakes in which the blue of the sky is magically reflected," added a third.

"You must see her," insisted the Chairman. "She's just moving a little to the right now."

"Oh, that one?" asked the telephone.

"Yes. Tell her to come forward a bit, will you? We can't see properly."

"I'm sorry," said the telephone. "That isn't a face. That's Mr. Philip de Laszlo's palette."

After that some of the zip seemed to go out of the conference.

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So easy to arrange fascinating new hair styles when you use Amami Wave Set. It guides the hair in precisely the waves and curls you want to achieve, yet leaves it not the least bit sticky or oily. It's the beauty secret of thousands of smart girls who must never have a hair out of place, must always present an "expensive" appearance at minimum cost. Buy a bottle of this easy-to-use lotion to-day, and try an exciting new coiffure.

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

# AMAMI



## Wave Set

6d. and 1/3 per bottle

# IS YOUR CHILD CLEAN INSIDE?

Coated tongue, loss of appetite, fidgetiness, biliousness—these are sure signs that your child needs a thorough internal cleansing. Keep a bottle of 'California Syrup of Figs' always handy in the bathroom—it is the safe and gentle way to clear out the child's tender little bowels.

Have you forgotten what you used to suffer as a child, resulting from a real old-fashioned dose of some drastic physic? Children nowadays enjoy taking 'California Syrup of Figs'—they love the taste of it and they suffer not a single twinge of discomfort. But the relief it brings to their clogged bowels and poison-soured system! Give an ailing, cross or constipated child a spoonful of this tasty fruit laxative and in a few hours all the hard pent-up matter is moved away—all the fermenting bile and poison is cleared out—and the child's inside is sweet and clean once more.

Many mothers have adopted the plan of a dose of 'California Syrup of Figs' once a week. It keeps the child regular, happy and well. Doctors and nurses all recommend 'California Syrup of Figs,' 1/3 and 2/6 of all chemists, with full directions. The larger size is the cheaper in the long run. Be sure you get 'California Syrup of Figs' brand.

## WHY NOT JOIN US?

EVERY SUNDAY MORNING—  
EVERY SUNDAY AFTERNOON—  
EVERY MONDAY MORNING—  
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# 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

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## husky?...

Clear the throat with an Allenburys Pastille. They're delicious

**Allenburys**  
PASTILLES  
FROM ALL CHEMISTS 6d. & 1/3

## WHAT LISTENERS THINK

### ★ STAR LETTER

**B**ECAUSE a few snivelling young men, mostly in America, bend low over a microphone and wail of their long lost love, must all those who sing sentimental songs with dance bands be mocked by comedians and cartoonists as "crooners"? What of the real songs that some dance band vocalists sing?

I have a record of that famous piece, "Trees" and the refrain is sung by Jack Plant, who makes an excellent job of it! Then there is Brian Lawrance: he sings with a dance band, and yet he can give us delightful renderings of traditional, and other ballads.

But I consider the finest vocalist for versatility is Gerry Fitzgerald. I have a friend who regards dance band vocalists as "scat singers." One day we were listening to a programme of gramophone records, and a certain light orchestra was announced playing "Moya, lovely Moya." My friend remarked what a fine voice the singer had. I smiled to myself, recognising the voice. After the record, the announcer said: "By the way, the singer was Gerry Fitzgerald."

My friend was quite surprised, but had to admit that Gerry had a fine voice.

Whatever the critics say, here's one listener who says, long live the crooner.—*R. Emond, Brooklyn Terrace, Camels Head, Plymouth, to whom half-a-guinea is awarded.*

## LONG LIVE THE CROONER!

A staunch defence of the fine voices of dance band vocalists earns R. Emond half-a-guinea.

### Alleged Humour

**T**HE B.B.C. must rate very lowly the intellect of listeners—in when they allow such a song as "Poor Old Man" to be broadcast. Has the mentality of the composers of these so-called humorous songs become so degenerated that they must turn to death for their theme? Ridiculing women is another popular idea of present-day humour "On the Air." As the greater portion of listeners consists of women, this kind of low humour is completely wasted.—(Mrs.) *Ida Smith, Overdale Road, South Ealing, W.5.*

### Vary the Daily Service

**T**HE Daily Service like the Weather Forecast with its "deep depression over Iceland" is always with us, so here is a suggestion for varying it, which I think would meet with the approval of many listeners. Why not, on alternate days, say, hold the service in the Concert Hall; make use of the organ there; and allow B.B.C. employees to form the congregation? Surely in the interests of Broadcasting they could be spared for a quarter of an hour on three days a week? Or one third of them each time would suffice seeing there are 800 or so, in all.

The Wireless Singers are no doubt technically perfect, but we aren't all musicians of the calibre of Sir Walford Davies, trained to appreciate their perfection. In fact many of us would prefer to hear the hymns sung lustily by a large congregation with organ accompaniment than by four highly-trained unaccompanied singers endeavouring to keep down powerful voices.—(Miss) *A. Gore, Oakdale Road, Liverpool.*

### Not Fair

**S**WITCHING on the radio at 10-35 this evening, what do I hear? Instead of the last words of an announcer announcing a dance band, I hear a Musical Festival running overtime until 10-55 p.m. I ask listeners is this fair? Many's the time I've been listening to an interesting broadcast when it has been faded out. I always said to myself this was a very fair way, but I didn't know that Classical Concerts were an exception and could always be continued until the end of their performance. Something ought to be done about this surely, or before long we shall simply have to tune into a foreign station for most of our programmes.—*M. Allan, Thorney Hedge Road, Gunnersbury, W.4.*

### Request For Radio and Music Fare

**A**S letter was received in the listener-to-listener style and the number and make of records asked for can be supplied, will you please forward full address.—*3, Graig Terrace, Rhwderin, Mon.*

### Air on the Air

**A**VIATION, which is of such importance in modern life, seems to me one of the subjects almost completely ignored by a B.B.C. which prides itself on the topicality and variety of its programmes.

A couple of hours a month given up to aviation could work wonders, because the public would begin to understand the subject. Feature programmes of a day's work in the R.A.F., or the work that goes on in an air-liner, air-taxi, or mail-plane could hardly be boring, particularly if a speech from an aeroplane in flight could be broadcast.—*K. G. Ashton, Ladysmith Avenue, Seven Kings, Ilford.*

## EVE DRESSES UP

Continued from page 17

boys are interested, then my broadcast's all right. I never have done two broadcasts in the same gown. I wore a negligée last time."

"A negligée?" I gasped.

"A negligée!" said Renee, "and what a negligée! It was this way. I was stuck for an act and couldn't think what to do. Suddenly my little god-daughter said to me: 'Auntie, why don't you do an act in your dressing-room?' It seemed a good idea, so I used it and, of course, the only possible thing to wear was a negligée!"

"What was it like?" I asked.

"Oh, really very 'posh.' Salmon pink, the most lovely colour, beautifully fitting and very graceful, with long flowing sleeves, huge sleeves, you know the kind. And a gorgeous lot of flowers going round the neck and right down to the ground. I looked very smart in that and feel so Ritzy when I wear it in my dressing-room now."

"I always wear freak clothes," she went on. "I don't like plain things. I look ordinary in them. No personality. I like unusual, rather exotic models; they suit my



"And now The Great Big World Keeps Turning on a 12-inch record"

type. I design all my clothes myself and take a rough sketch of what I want to Lou Brooks. He's marvellous. He makes all my gowns and knows just what suits me.

"For the stage or studio I like brilliant colours, jade green, blue and mauve, a sort of cyclamen mauve, not a washy colour. But for ordinary wear it's nearly always black. It seems to me that my wardrobe is full of black clothes."

"Do you ever wear black in the studio?"

"Occasionally. I've got one lovely black velvet dress I wore in my latest film, *Fine Feathers*. It's a marvellous gown. I must wear it in the studio to show the boys. The skirt is full, with a train, the neck low, and that and the big sleeves trimmed with ermine tails."

"How many tails do you think there are? I had them specially counted. Two hundred and thirteen! I feel so frightfully smart in that gown I can't tell you what a difference it makes to me. Wouldn't you love two hundred and thirteen ermine tails on your frock? I get an awful kick out of them!"

"But seriously, my rule for the studio is, look as smart as you can. It always makes you feel good to be well dressed and that feeling's bound to come over the air to your listeners. It makes all the difference."

## SCHOOL BROADCASTING

Continued from page 7

take its place as one of the many instruments of educational value which modern science has made available, it must be brought within reach of every child wherever he or she may live. It is all wrong that, unless a child is born in London or some large town, he cannot listen to these broadcasts.

What can be done to remedy this distressing situation?

It would cost no more than £450,000 to equip every school in Great Britain with a wireless set!

The time has come when the scandal of this dreadful waste of time and effort should be realised and ended. It should be made compulsory that all local authorities must provide and maintain wireless receiving sets in every school through the land.

We cannot expect this to come about until not only politicians and local municipal officials but the public generally are sufficiently acquainted with the problem to realise the very urgent necessity for such steps.

It is in this respect, I suggest, that the B.B.C. is largely to blame.

The B.B.C. authorities are aware—better than anyone—that five sixths of their efforts to reach the children are failing through lack of receiving sets in the country schools. Yet little, if anything, is being done by the B.B.C. to bring to public notice and, more particularly to the notice of parents in rural areas, the advantages which school broadcasting can confer.

Those parents are not aware what their children are missing: is it not the B.B.C.'s job to make them aware of it?

Sir John Reith severely castigated the local authorities last summer but nobody took much notice. At the end of last year, the Council was given complete independence and negotiations begun for a grant from the B.B.C. which shortly will become available for the furtherance of work at the receiving end. At the same time, Mr. A. C. Cameron was appointed secretary of the Council. It is up to him to do something. But at present there is little evidence that this pressing problem is being tackled in any but a desultory, self-complacent manner.

One thing is certain: the wonderful development of school broadcasting in recent years promises without doubt that children of the future will enjoy advantages as yet unestimated which we, in our generation, have been denied, and of which, even a short time ago, we dared not even dream.

Will posterity ever forgive our sloth if we delay unnecessarily the full attainment of these immeasurable benefits?

### TIGER RAG

THE recent page portrait in RADIO PICTORIAL of those popular pianists, Ivor Moreton and Dave Kaye, was very popular with readers. We find, however, we were in error, as to their correct nomenclature! Dave and Ivor were, of course, the original Tiger Ragamuffins with Harry Roy's Band, but since leaving Harry this bright pair has been known as the "Tiger Rag Pianists." We apologise.

### OUR LEAGUE CORNER

#### RADIO PICTORIAL LEAGUE

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

MY DEAR CHILDREN,  
I wish I had space to thank everyone of you in print for the thousands of stamps that have arrived from every part of the country this week. Odd, heavy little parcels continually arrive on my desk, and I then have the delightful job of sending them or taking them to the Hospital (it's an easy bus ride) where they help to swell the large sackfuls, like a miser's treasure.

Some League Members were able to visit the Hospital this summer and have written to tell me how they enjoyed the visit. I really do think that the children in our beds are the most cheerful patients I have ever seen.

I look forward to getting your letters, children.

Yours affectionately,

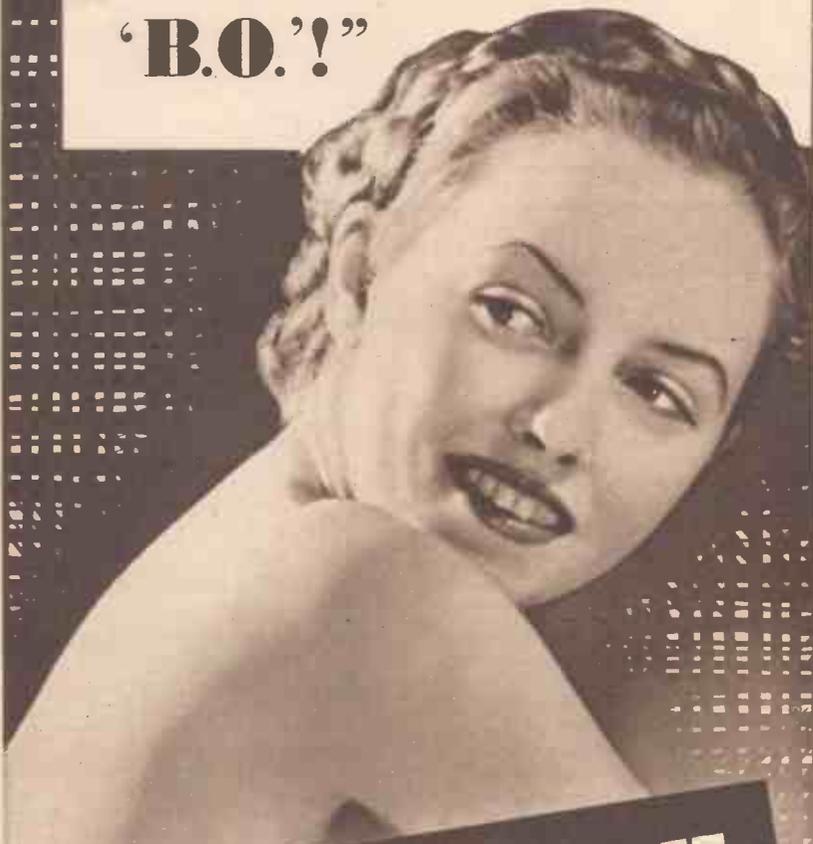
THE HOSPITAL LADY.

#### HIDING IN RHYME

Here is the solution to this puzzle (which appeared in the September 11 issue).

1. Norman Allin, Pierre Fol, Heddle Nash and Reginald King.
2. Pat Hyde, Florence Desmond, Ronald Hill and Ann Penn.
3. Bill Currie, May Blyth, Beryl Orde and Jack Plant.

"It's such a relief to know that using Lifebuoy Toilet Soap prevents the risk of 'B.O.'!"



THE LIFEBOUOY TOILET SOAP PROGRAMME NEXT SUNDAY EVENING WILL BEGIN AT 6.15 P.M.

(RADIO LUXEMBOURG 1293 METRES)



PER TABLET 3<sup>D</sup>.

A LEVER PRODUCT

*From My Diary . . .*

*By a Harley Street Doctor*

# WHEN BABY BEGINS TO WALK

Every week our Harley Street specialist writes practical and entertaining notes on your own and your children's health. His name, for reasons of medical etiquette, cannot be divulged

**W**HILE Mary was home for the holidays she loved to display to her admiring small brothers the dance-steps she had learnt at school. Now she has gone back Peter, our toddler, has provided us with a problem. In imitation of big sister's dancing, he is walking with his toes turned daintily out and, to my horror, I find that his mother has been encouraging this habit. "It looks so nice!" she says.

It may look nice, but it spells the ruin of the delicate muscles of the foot. Tens of thousands of middle-aged people are plodding painfully about on flat feet because of the absurd Victorian craze for turning out the toes.

When man first demonstrated his superiority to all the other animals by rising from all fours and walking on his hind legs he walked on tip-toe, using exactly the same part of the foot as he had previously employed when he crawled. Walk on tip-toe and you will find it almost a physical impossibility to turn the feet outwards. Rather will you tend to turn them *inwards*.

In time some early genius, demonstrating man's inherent laziness and desire for comfort, discovered that it was much easier and less tiring to walk if he allowed himself to sink on to his heels. So man began ordinary heel and toe walking—but he didn't turn out his toes. That was merely an artificial convention introduced at a much later date by some idiot who "thought it looked nice."

So when a baby toddles through its first attempts at walking there is not the slightest cause for alarm if the little toes turn in. That is the position which employs and most rapidly develops all the important muscles of the foot. As strength is gained the feet will gradually straighten until they point to the front. That is their proper position and no attempt should be made to improve upon what Nature has ordained.

Never try to make a baby walk before he wants to. "Teaching" children to walk is a piece of foolishness that is responsible for endless trouble. A child is the most imitative creature on earth and one of its greatest desires is to do everything that is done by grown-up people. Therefore you may depend upon it that any child will want to walk at the earliest possible moment.

But if it tries and discovers its legs are not strong enough to support its body, being a sensible little creature, it decides to postpone its attempts till a later date. Foolish parents who try to



"Mary . . . loved to display to her admiring small brothers the dance steps she had learnt at school"

hasten matters by holding the child up and making it walk will only expose it to the risk of flat feet, bow legs and even spinal weakness.

The correct way to hurry up the walking power is to pay proper attention to diet and so strengthen the bones and muscles. Plenty of vitamins in the form of fresh fruit, eggs, milk and butter and sometimes, in bad cases, the introduction of a little calcium in the form of tablets so as to assist bone formation, will work wonders. The sensible clothes worn by modern children have been of the greatest help in developing strong, sturdy limbs as they permit plenty of sunlight to get to them. The voluminous wrappings of Victorian days must have caused endless illness.

If trouble has already started there is no need to despair. Knock knees, bow legs and most minor malformations of the feet can be rectified, so long as they are not due to infantile paralysis. But it is useless to wait in the hope that unassisted Nature will put things right. The limbs may get stronger, but the malformation will become permanent.

Massage and artificial sunlight will work wonders if they are given in time. In the case of people of moderate means it may demand real sacrifices to ensure that adequate treatment is given, but these are sacrifices that parents should, make without hesitation. Failure to effect a cure in childhood may mean a painful handicap throughout life; and in any case the trouble is very definitely brought about by parental ignorance or neglect. I, for one, think it a crime to inflict a life-time's punishment on someone as a consequence of my own foolishness.

Peter, I am glad to say, was soon cured of turning out his toes. His mother coaxed him to walk on tip-toe as much as possible and he found this new game so fascinating that he soon forgot his tendency to follow—literally—in the footsteps of Charlie Chaplin!

## RECORD NEWS AND VIEWS

By **TURNTABLE**

# AND NOW—HOT WALTZES

This month's records feature the new waltz rhythm



Elizabeth Welch—featured with Benny Carter in "When Lights Are Low."

original composition by Spencer Williams called *When Lights Are Low*. On the reverse side is another fine number featuring the same artistes in *I Gotta Go*.

Shirley Temple's film "The Little Rebel" furnishes the number *I Wanna Woo*, a fox trot that is being whistled by all the butcher boys—a sure sign of popularity. Played by Joe Haymes and his orchestra on Rex 8815, it is another good shilling's worth.

Piano medley number R20 by Charles Kunz, on Rex 8839, includes such firm favourites as *Robins and Roses*, *Would You* and the *Whistling Waltz*. It is played in that easy style that characterises all Kunz records.

Marlene Dietrich made popular *Falling in Love Again* in the film "The Blue Angel." It has been included in Reginald Dixon's medley of waltzes on Rex 8838. Incidentally the six waltzes in the medley all come from either a famous play or film.

A good rousing number, *Off to Philadelphia*, is sung by Billy Scott-Coomber on another Rex, number 8841. On the reverse side is *Father O'Flynn*, a popular song accompanied by the orchestra.

A good contrast in styles will be found on Rex 8807, featuring Dick McDonough and his orchestra playing *On the Beach at Bali-Bali*, while the reverse side features Chick Bullock with the star tune from the Great Zeigfeld, *You*.

Pride of place must be given to Decca F6052, with Ambrose and his orchestra playing *Knock, Knock; Who's There and Wood Ivory*. The first number is the newest comedy tune by Ambrose presented in his inimitable style.

Ambrose has taken the two principle numbers from the Palladium show, "O-Kay for Sound," and recorded them on Decca F6048. This is splendid and coincides with the return last Monday of Ambrose to the May Fair Hotel.

Several favourites have been recorded by Decca this month, including Brian Lawrance on F6055, Sydney Kyte F6036, the incomparable Greta Keller F6054, and star exponent of correct dance tempo Jack Harris on F6056.

Lovers of Bing Crosby should hear one of his best records to date, *Empty Saddles and I'm an Old Cowhand*, both on Brunswick O2270.

The "Street Singer" has made three fine discs in F6024, F6012, and F6013, all Decca, of course. *Robins and Roses* on 6012 does not need any introduction, being one of the most popular numbers of the day in the dancing world.

Breaking away for a moment from dance recordings, listen to a delightful record made by Alfredo Campoli on Decca F6034 introducing Billy Mayerl's pet number, *Marigolds*, in addition to *Honeysuckle and the Bee* and *Forget Me Not*. These numbers have been linked together under the title of "An Old World Garden."

Considering the September lists, one cannot help feeling that there is lack of outstanding soloists while the number of "hot" records is on the increase. Why this should be is hard to tell, for few dancers appreciate hot rhythm. Fortunately we still have Charlie Kunz, Carroll Gibbons, Victor Silvester and Jack Harris, to mention but a few, who look after the needs of the average dancer who likes straight rhythm.

**B**ENNY CARTER has started something which will stir up the dancing world. Orchestra's have hotted up all kinds of music from Bach to Berlin, but Benny has the honour of being the first band leader to get down to hotting up the waltz.

Vocalion Swing record number 19 just released is the first disc to feature the new waltz rhythm and will certainly cause some controversy amongst dancers. In addition to Benny who plays the tenor and alto saxes there are Bernard Addison, guitar; George Kilcer, drums; Wally Morris, bass; and Gene Rodgers, piano.

Elizabeth Welch accompanies Benny Carter and his orchestra on Vocalion number 16 in an

## TEN CENTS A DANCE

Continued from page 9

Gaiety used to ride the high, smoky heavens at Colosimo's and Ruth became one of eight song-hostesses. Helen Morgan, now famous on screen and radio, was another. Ruth's job was to select a table and sit down and sing to the occupants. If they liked her they gave her a tip; if they didn't they gave her a tip to go to another table!

She got no salary and yet she used to make an average of fifteen pounds a week. All tips were put into a central fund and split at the end of the week.

"I worked harder there than ever before or since," Ruth told me. "We used to start singing at seven in the evening and we had to go on until the last patron had left. Sometimes there'd be one man who was out to make a night of it. At seven in the morning we'd still be taking it in turns to sing love-songs in his ear!"

While at Colosimo's Ruth met the man who has brought her everlasting happiness. Colonel Snyder. He is now her manager and for fifteen years has been the most devoted husband in radio. Their marriage is a model one.

From Colosimo's Ruth went to the College Inn where she sang solos with Abe Lyman's band. And this brought her her big break. She was invited to broadcast from the WSM station on the roof of the College Inn. She sang a number called "What Can I Say After I Say I'm Sorry?" It was a natural. A rave. The Columbia record company heard it and signed her up.

She starred in Ziegfeld Follies till the death of the great showman. "I did everything Ziegfeld asked me to do in his shows," Ruth told me, "because I knew he was always right. I never had my contract renewed, and I never talked money with him. He used to give me a two hundred dollars rise every year.

"What a personality! I shall never forget him, with his love for jade elephants of every size and value, his liking for orchids, his perpetual button-hole. His iron-grey hair, with suits to match; his clear blue eyes with shirts to match."

In the last few years Ruth has concentrated on radio, with excursions occasionally to film-land. Her signature tune "Shine On, Harvest Moon" rang out on the Chesterfield programme for a year and fifteen weeks.

Now she is in England and loves it. The quietness, the fact that, unlike in America, the people here are not in a hurry and can relax—this pleases Ruth who, although a singer who has been wined and dined in the most swagger places, is still just a country girl who wants more than anything to go round the world, seeking the peasants of every country in their local surroundings, getting to know them and to understand their habits and likes and dislikes.

Then she and her husband will go back to the farm and lead the life that is a natural instinct in her . . . simple, unostentatious, sincere.

## KNITTED CARDIGAN

Continued from page 16

### TO MAKE UP

Press on the wrong side with a warm iron over a damp cloth.

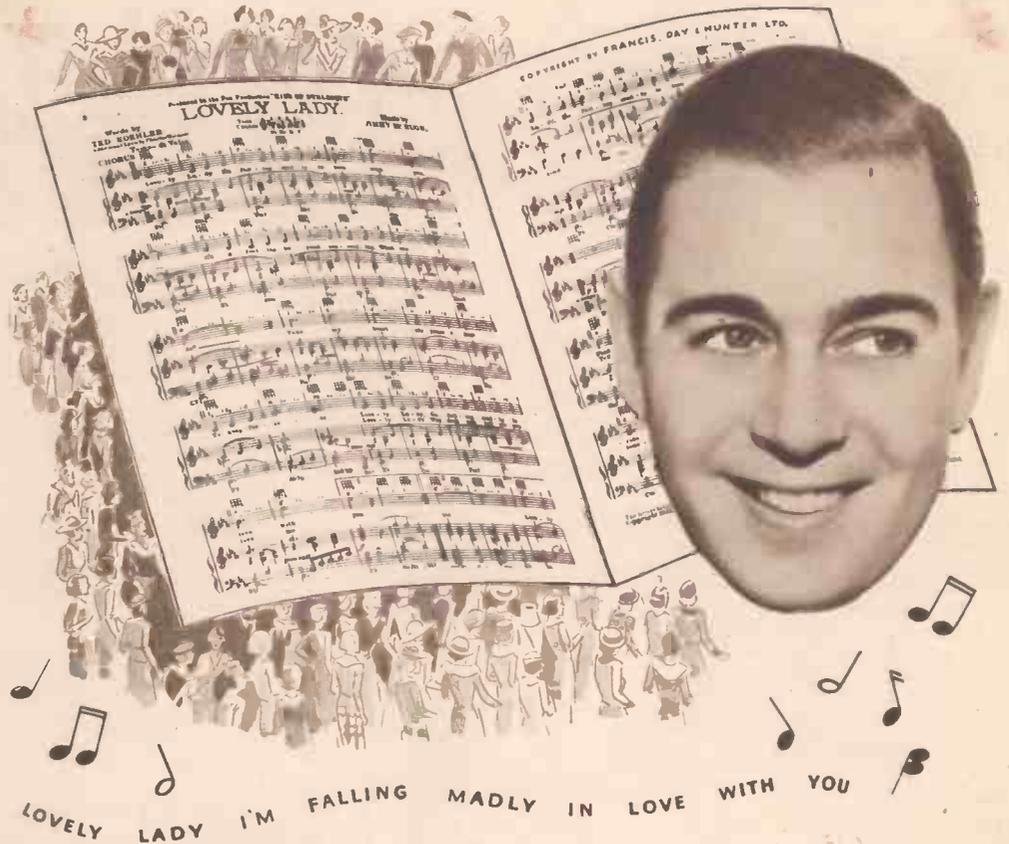
Take the 26 sts. of pocket tops and on No. 11 needles work in K. 1, P. 1, rib for 8 rows. Cast off in rib. Sew pocket linings and tops into place. Join shoulders.

Now (on No. 11 needles) pick up 4 out of every 5 sts., all round the front edges and every st. across back of neck.

Work 8 rows, K. 1 and P. 1 rib, inc. 1 st. at each end on the 2nd, 3rd, 5th, 6th and 8th rows, but at the same time work 4 buttonholes on the left front on 4th row as follows:—

Work in rib until you have worked 4 sts. past the finish of the slope on left front, cast off next 4 sts., then rib 10 and cast off 4 sts. alternately to end. In next row cast on 4 sts. in place of those cast off.

Sew sleeves into armholes. Press seams. Join under arm and side seams. Press seams. Sew buttons on right front to correspond with holes.



## LISTEN IN TO

The golden voice of radio—the international radio star whose singing has won the hearts of millions of women

# MORTON DOWNEY

who has been retained by the manufacturers of

# drene

THE NEW LIQUID SOAPLESS SHAMPOO

TO BROADCAST EVERY SUNDAY FROM

**RADIO LUXEMBOURG** (1304 metres) 2.45 to 3.0 p.m.

**RADIO NORMANDIE** (269.5 metres) 10.15 to 10.30 p.m.

IN THE SAME PROGRAMME WILL BE

• JAY WILBUR and his DRENE Orchestra •

Once you have heard that soft tenor voice with the fascinating dash of Irish in it, you will not willingly miss the next programme. Morton has that rare gift, to be found in all really great artists, of making his singing thrillingly personal—just as though he were singing for you alone. Listen for that haunting signature tune—and don't be surprised if it turns out that you are the one who is "falling madly . . . . ."

**DRENE** the entirely new liquid soapless shampoo washes every hair of your head absolutely clean because it removes the microscopic bits of soap scum that have been dulling your hair after every soap shampoo. One speedy lathering—clear water rinsing, and your hair is left clean to feel, easy to set and lovely to look at.

**BUY DRENE** at all chemists, including Boots, Timothy Whites, Taylors and Department Stores. 6d. size gives 2 shampoos. 1/6 'Economy' Family size gives 8 shampoos or more.

THOMAS HEDLEY & CO. LTD., NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE AND MANCHESTER





*"I rely on  
'OVALTINE'  
says Harry Roy"*

WITH broadcasting, recording, film work, stage shows and dance music, Harry Roy leads a strenuous life. "I could not keep it up," he says, "Unless I were sure of a sound, refreshing night's rest, and I have come to rely on my nightly cup of 'Ovaltine' for that."

Long experience proves that 'Ovaltine' is the world's best night-cap. Prove this yourself to-night, by drinking a cupful of 'Ovaltine' at bedtime. You will sleep soundly and awake feeling completely refreshed.

*Everybody's Favourite  
Radio Programmes*

Sunday : 1.30-2 p.m. from Radio Luxembourg.  
**A PROGRAMME OF MELODY and SONG**

Sunday : 5.30-6 p.m. from Radio Luxembourg.  
*The Ovaltineys Concert Party*

**HARRY HEMSLEY**  
*in his Thrilling New Serial*

**"A TERM AT ST. EAGLE'S"**

**THE OVALTINEY ORCHESTRA**

# LUXEMBOURG CONCERTS YOU SHOULD NOT MISS

## SUNDAY, SEPT. 27

10.15-10.30 a.m.

### CARSON ROBISON AND HIS PIONEERS

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

Jubilee in the Sky.  
Midnight on the Prairie.  
So I joined the Navy.  
Down the River of Golden Dreams.  
Mary Lou.

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 a.m.

### LET'S GO ROUND TO NORMAN LONG'S

Featuring NORMAN LONG, MCGILL and VAUGHAN, with SYDNEY JEROME and HIS ORCHESTRA  
Presented by KRUSCHEN SALTS

11.15-11.30 a.m.

### THE OPEN ROAD

Presented by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Marching Along Together ... Steinger  
When a Soldier's on Parade.  
Watch the Navy ... Howells  
When the Band Goes Marching By ... Parry-Davies  
Sing As We Go ...

12.15 p.m.

The makers of EX-LAX present  
**BILLY COSTELLO**  
EUROPE'S NEWEST THRILL  
Accompanied by  
**HARRY BIDGOOD'S BUCCANEERS**

1.30-2 p.m.

### OVALTINE WEEKLY PROGRAMME OF MELODY AND SONG

Presented by the makers of OVALTINE

2.45-3 p.m.

### MORTON DOWNEY the Golden Voice of Radio and THE DRENE ORCHESTRA

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

A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody.  
Is it True What They Say About Dixie?  
Until To-morrow.  
Robbin Harry.  
Rose of Tralee.

4 p.m.

### HORLICK'S TEA-TIME HOUR

With DEBROY SOMERS AND HIS BAND

Featuring EFFIE ATHERTON, JOHN GARRICK, HARRY GUNN, THE THREE BACHELORS, and RUTH ETTING

5.30 p.m.

Entertainment broadcast specially for THE

### LEAGUE OF OVALTINEYS

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

6.15 p.m.

The makers of LIFEBOUY TOILET SOAP present

### AMBROSE AND HIS ORCHESTRA

in a Programme of Modern Rhythm Music

6.30 p.m.

### THE RINSO MUSIC HALL

IVY ST. HELIER, HARRY CHAMPION SHAUN GLENVILLE, MARK STONE, and BILLIE HOUSTON

ALL-STAR VARIETY presented to listeners by the makers of RINSO

7 p.m.

### A "PLEASURE CRUISE"

Featuring ESTHER COLEMAN and GORDON LITTLE

Presented by "MILK OF MAGNESIA"  
A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody ... Berlin  
Selection—The King Steps Out ... Kreisler  
It's No Fun ... Newman  
I'll Stand By ... Davis

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

Presented by

PHILLIPS' DENTAL MAGNESIA  
Tales from the Vienna Woods ... Strauss  
Missouri Lullaby ... Nicholls  
Liebestraum ... Liszt, arr. Somers  
Remember Me ... Miller

7.45 p.m.

### AVA PRESENTS

OLGA, the Radio Pianiste, AND HER GYPSY GIRLS' ORCHESTRA: The Girl With the Glamorous Hair  
Rose in Her Hair—Signature Tune.  
Sevillana ... Ferraris  
Smoke Gets in Your Eyes ... Kern  
Live, Love and Laugh ... Strauss  
It's Been So Long ... Donaldson

8.0-8.30 p.m.

### PALMOLIVE PROGRAMME

With OLIVE PALMER, PAUL OLIVER, BRIAN LAWRANCE, and MORTON DOWNEY  
I'm Going to Dance My Way to Heaven.  
Kitty, My Love, Will You Marry Me?  
Brian Lawrance.  
You Can't Pull the Wool Over My Eyes.  
Robins and Roses.  
It's No Fun.  
One Moment Alone  
Paul Oliver and Olive Palmer.  
I'm Putting All My Eggs in One Basket.  
Romance Medley.  
Wake Up and Sing.  
The Touch of Your Lips.  
I Bet You Tell That to All the Girls.

9.0-9.15 p.m.

### MACLEAN'S CONCERT

Vienna, City of My Dreams.  
Alice Blue Gown ... Trio and Hildegard  
Bird Songs at Eventide ... Salon Orchestra  
Dora Labette and Hubert Eisdell  
Dollar Princess Waltz ... Marek Weber's Orch.

9.45 p.m.

### THE COLGATE REVELLERS

Palmsprings.  
Love is a Dancing Thing.  
Welcome Stranger.  
Midnight in Paris.

10.0-10.30 p.m.

### POND'S SERENADE TO BEAUTY

THE PROGRAMME FOR LOVERS

## TUESDAY, SEPT. 29

6.45 p.m.

### ROB, BERT & SON

"The Three Mincemeaters"

Presented by the makers of ROBERTSON'S MINCEMEAT

7.0-7.15 p.m.

### GUEST NIGHTS AT THE MUSTARD CLUB

Mirth and Music with THE BARON DE BEEF, MISS DIGESTER, SIGNOR SPAGHETTI, LORD BACON, and other Members  
Presented by J. & J. COLMAN, LTD.

## WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 30

6.30-6.45 p.m.

### SIDNEY TORCH AT THE ORGAN

Guest Artist of the Week ANONA WINN  
Spanish Gypsy Dance.  
Always.  
The Dickie Bird's Hop.  
Love, for Once You Can't Fool Me.  
Take My Heart.  
Presented by ROBINSON'S LEMON BARLEY WATER

## FRIDAY, OCT. 2

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 RECKITT'S & SONS, LTD.

Sunday, September 27, to Saturday, October 3, 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, Sept. Twenty-Seventh

All Times Stated are British Summer Time

#### RADIO LUXEMBOURG 1293 m., 232 Kc/s.

##### Morning Programme

10.15—10.30 a.m.  
**CARSON ROBISON**  
And His Pioneers  
Jubilee in the Sky.  
Midnight on the Prairie.  
So I Joined the Navy.  
Down the River of Golden Dreams.  
Mary Lou.

Presented by the makers of  
**Oxydol, Newcastle-on-Tyne**

11.15—11.30 a.m.  
**THE OPEN ROAD**  
Marching Along Together ... *Steininger*  
When a Soldier's on Parade.  
Watch the Navy ... *Howells*  
When the Band Goes Marching By ... *Sarony*  
Sing As We Go ... *Parr-Davies*

Presented by  
**Carter's Little Liver Pills,**  
64 Hatton Garden, E.C.1

1.0—1.30 p.m.  
**THE LATEST DANCE MUSIC**  
Presented by  
**Zambuk,**  
C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds

##### Evening Programme

10.30—11.0 p.m.  
**THE LATEST DANCE MUSIC**  
Presented by  
**Bite Beans,**  
C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds

#### A NEW SERIES of PROGRAMMES

from

#### RADIO NORMANDY

Featuring

**MORTON DOWNEY**  
the Golden Voice  
of Radio

with

**JAY WILBUR**

and the

**DRENE ORCHESTRA**

Every Sunday evening at 10.15 p.m.

#### RADIO NORMANDY 269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s.

Times of Transmissions.

Sunday : 8.00 a.m.—11.30 a.m.      Weekdays : 8.00 a.m.—11.00 a.m.  
2.00 p.m.—7.30 p.m.                      2.00 p.m.—6.00 p.m.  
10.00 p.m.—1.00 a.m.                      Thursday : 2.30 p.m.—6.00 p.m.  
12 (midnight)—1.00 a.m.

Announcers : D. J. Davies, F. R. Plomley, J. B. Selby, J. Sullivan.

##### MORNING PROGRAMME

8.0 a.m. **LIGHT MUSIC**  
The Dollar Princess Waltz ... *Fall*  
Hiawatha—Cake Walk ... *Moret*  
Wildflower ... *Youmans*  
Knave of Diamonds ... *Steele*  
8.15 a.m. **I.B.C. Time Signal.**  
Faithful Jumping Jack ... *Heykens*  
Excerpts (Naughty Marietta) ... *Herbert*  
A Day in the Tyrol ... *Romer*  
In a Mist ... *Beiderbecke*

8.30 a.m. **SACRED MUSIC**  
We Plough the Fields and Scatter.  
All Things Bright and Beautiful ... *Alexander*  
**THE REV. JAMES WALL, M.A.**  
The Thought for the Week  
Come Ye Thankful People Come.

8.45 a.m. **MERRIE ENGLAND**  
Merry Hunting Day ... *Partridge*  
Maypole Dances ... *Traditional*  
Selection—The Yeomen of the  
Guard ... *Sullivan*  
May Day Revels ... *Cope*

9.0 a.m. **I.B.C. Time Signal.**  
**BANJO BREVITIES**  
Flowers of Love ... *Rust*  
When the Robert E. Lee Comes to  
Town ... *Kennedy*  
Donna Inez—Paso doble ... *Schmidseder*  
Camptown Carnival ... *Morley*

9.15 a.m. **SCOTT'S MARCHES ON**  
Sons of the Brave ... *Bidgood*  
The Fairest of the Fair ... *Sousa*  
King Cotton ... *Sousa*  
Officer of the Day ... *Hall*  
Presented by the makers of  
**Scott's Emulsion,**  
10-11 Stonecutter Street, E.C.4

9.30 a.m. **MUSICAL REVERIES**  
I Don't Want to Make History ... *Robin*  
The Scene Changes ... *Hill*  
Got to Dance My Way to Heaven ... *Coslow*  
Langham Place (London Again Suite) ... *Coates*  
Presented by  
**California Syrup of Figs,**  
179 Acton Vale, W.3

9.45 a.m. **"I SPY"**  
A Novel Entertainment including the  
Code-Phrase Free Gift Offer  
Harry Lauder Medley—Part I ... *Lauder*  
Comin' Through the Rye ... *Trad.*  
My Ain Folk ... *Lemon*  
Harry Lauder Medley—Part II ... *Lauder*  
Presented by the makers of  
**Preservene Soap**

10.0 a.m. **WALTZ TIME**  
Tales from the Vienna Woods ... *Strauss*  
Missouri Lullaby ... *Nicholls*  
Liebestraum ... *Liszt, arr. Somers*  
Remember Me ... *Miller*  
Presented by  
**Phillips' Dental Magnesia,**  
179 Acton Vale, W.3

10.15 a.m. **RECREATION CORNER**  
Spanish Gipsy Dance ... *Marquina*  
Raindrops ... *Palm*  
Empty Saddles ... *Hill*  
Hide and Seek ... *Koehler*  
Presented by  
**Currys, Ltd.,**  
Great West Road, Brentford

10.30 a.m. **MORE MONKEY BUSINESS**  
with  
**BILLY REID**  
and  
**HIS ACCORDION BAND**  
and  
**FRED and LESLIE DOUGLAS**  
Presented by the makers of  
**Monkey Brand,**  
Unilever House, Blackfriars, E.C.4

10.45 a.m. **MUSICAL MENU**  
**Mrs. Jean Scott,**  
President of the Brown and Polson Cookery  
Club, gives you Free Cookery Advice each  
week  
Lady of Spain ... *Evans*  
The Whistling Waltz ... *Woods*  
Somebody Stole My Break ... *Franklin*  
I'll Stand By ... *Davis*  
Presented by  
**Brown & Polson,**  
43 Shoe Lane, E.C.4

11.0 a.m. **I.B.C. Time Signal.**  
**POPULAR SELECTIONS**  
The Middy March ... *Alford*  
It's a Sin ... *Mayhew*  
Serenade ... *Pierre*  
When Evening Comes ... *Stanton*  
Presented by  
**D.D.D.,**  
Fleet Lane, E.C.4

11.15 a.m. **BOLENIUM BILL**  
presents  
**A RUSSIAN PROGRAMME**  
(Electrical Recordings)  
Presented by  
**Bolenium Overalls,**  
Upton Park, E.13

11.30 a.m. **PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH**  
*Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie*  
(Continued on page 34, column 1)

#### 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**  
Old Timers Medley.  
Ay, Ay, Ay ... *Freire*  
Shipmates o' Mine ... *Teschemacher*  
Snacks in Bars ... *arr. Egerer*  
Presented by  
**Macleans, Ltd.,**  
Great West Road, Brentford

6.15 p.m. **BING CROSBY**  
(Electrical Recordings)  
Down by the River... *Rodgers*  
Make Believe ... *Kern*  
Soon ... *Rodgers*  
O! Man River ... *Kern*

6.30 p.m. **HEALTH AND HAPPINESS**  
Fall in and Follow the Band.  
Hand in Hand ... *Kern*  
Hyde Park Corner ... *Evans*  
I Love a Parade ... *Arlen*  
Meet the Navy.  
Presented by  
**Carter's Little Liver Pills,**  
64 Hatton Garden, E.C.1

(Continued on page 39, column 4)

### JACK SAVAGE and his COWBOYS Broadcast from RADIO NORMANDY

8.0 to 8.15 a.m.  
**MONDAY**  
to  
**FRIDAY**

3.45 to 4.0 p.m.  
**TUESDAY**  
to  
**SATURDAY**

# Sunday, September the Twenty-Seventh

## RADIO NORMANDY

269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s.

Continued from

### AFTERNOON PROGRAMME

- 2.0 p.m.**  
**KRAFT CONCERT PARTY**  
 Tommy Handley's Watt-Knots  
 Including  
 JEAN ALLISTONE  
 FLORENCE OLDHAM  
 THE CARLYLE COUSINS  
 RALPH CORAM  
 BRUCE MERRYL  
 and  
 TOMMY HANDLEY  
 Presented by  
 Kraft Cheese Company,  
 Hayes, Middlesex
- 2.30 p.m.**  
 Jane Carr Selects  
**MUSICAL HITS FROM THE FILMS**  
 (Electrical Recordings)  
 Muchacha ... Dixon  
 My First Thrill ... Sigler  
 Slipping Through My Fingers ... Woods  
 You Never Looked so Beautiful ... Adamson  
 Presented by the makers of  
 Lixen,  
 Allen & Hanburys, Ltd., Radio Dept., London
- 2.45 p.m.**  
**THE OPEN ROAD**  
 Marching Along Together ... Steininger  
 When a Soldier's on Parade.  
 Watch the Navy ... Howells  
 When the Band Goes Marching By ... Savory  
 Sing As We Go ... Parr-Davies  
 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.**  
**MUSIC THROUGH THE AGES**  
 Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2 ... Liszt  
 Voi che sapete (Marriage of Figaro) ... Mozart  
 Melody In F ... Rubinstein  
 Songs My Mother Taught Me ... Dvorak  
 Barcarolle ... Offenbach  
 Presented by  
 Huntley & Palmers, Ltd.,  
 Biscuit Manufacturers, Reading
- 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
- 4.0 p.m.**  
**TEA-TIME HOUR**  
 With Debrov Somers and His Band  
 featuring  
 EFFIE ATHERTON  
 JOHN GARRICK  
 HARRY GUNN  
**THE THREE BACHELORS**  
 and  
**RUTH ETTING**  
 Presented by  
 Horlick's, Slough, Bucks
- 5.0 p.m.**  
**NEW SONGS FOR OLD**  
 featuring  
 GERRY FITZGERALD  
 with  
 PHIL GREEN  
 and  
 BILL SNIDERMAN  
 Presented by  
 Bismag,  
 Braydon Road, N.16
- 5.15 p.m.**  
**LISTEN TO VITBE**  
 Don't Save Your Smiles ... Fio Rito  
 Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man ... Kern  
 Poupée Valsante ... Poldini  
 Sunshine Ahead ... Connelly  
 Presented by  
 Vitbe Brown Bread,  
 Crayford, Kent
- 5.30 p.m.**  
**PLEASURE CRUISE**  
 With Esther Coleman and Gordon Little  
 A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody ... Berlin  
 Selection—The King Steps Out ... Kreisler  
 It's No Fun ... Newman  
 I'll Stand By ... Davis  
 Presented by  
 Milk of Magnesia  
 179 Acton Vale, W.3
- 5.45 p.m.**  
**ALL-STAR VARIETY**  
 (Electrical Recordings)  
 Boris on the Bass ... Arden  
 We'll Rest at the End of the Trail ... Rose  
 One Night of Love ... Schertzing  
 'Tain't Nobody's Biz'ness What I  
 Do ... Grainger  
 Presented by  
 Thorn's Portable Buildings,  
 Brampton Road, Bexley Heath, Kent
- 6.0 p.m.**  
**POPULAR CONCERT**  
 The Merry-makers—Overture ... Coates  
 The Mounties (Rose Marie) ... Friml  
 Swanee River Medley.  
 Selection—The Student Prince ... Romberg  
 Presented by  
 Macleans, Ltd.,  
 Great West Road, Brentford
- 6.15 p.m.**  
**NURSE JOHNSON OFF DUTY**  
 Covent Garden (London Suite) ... Coates  
 Selection—Peter Pan ... Crook  
 Golliwog's Cake Walk ... Debussy  
 Presented by  
 California Syrup of Figs,  
 179 Acton Vale, W.3

## RADIO NORMANDY

269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s.

page 33, col. 3

### EVENING PROGRAMME

- 6.30 p.m.**  
**RINSO MUSIC HALL**  
 IVY ST. HELIER  
 HARRY CHAMPION  
 SHAUN GLENVILLE  
 MARK STONE  
 and  
 BILLIE HOUSTON  
 All-Star Variety  
 Presented to listeners by the makers of  
 Rinso,  
 Unilever House, Blackfriars, E.C.4
- 7.0 p.m.**  
**BLACK MAGIC**  
 My Best Girl.  
 Here in My Arms.  
 It All Depends on You.  
 Palace of Dreams.  
 Presented by  
 Black Magic Chocolates
- 7.15 p.m.**  
**VOICES OF THE STARS**  
 present  
**MARIE BURKE**  
 The Famous Actress-Vocalist  
 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
- 10.0 p.m.**  
**LET'S GO ROUND TO  
 NORMAN LONG'S**  
 featuring  
 NORMAN LONG  
 GWEN VAUGHN  
 and  
 ALEC MCGILL  
 with  
**SYDNEY JEROME AND HIS ORCHESTRA**  
 Presented by  
 Kruschen Salts,  
 Adelphi, Salford
- 10.15 p.m.**  
**MORTON DOWNEY**  
 The Golden Voice of Radio  
 and the  
**Drene Orchestra**  
 A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody ... Berlin  
 Is it True what They Say About  
 Dixie? ... Caesar  
 Until To-morrow ... Innes  
 Robbin' Harry ... Glover  
 Rose of Tralee ...  
 Presented by the makers of  
 Drene,  
 Thos. Hedley & Co., Ltd.
- 10.30 p.m.**  
**ALL ABOARD!**  
 Moon Over Miami ... Burke  
 Santiago ... Corbin  
 Cuban Moonlight ... Hernandez  
 Havana Heaven ... Johnston  
 Presented by  
 Cunard-White Star, Ltd.,  
 26 Cockspar Street, S.W.1
- 10.45 p.m.**  
**MUSICAL MELANGE**  
 Non-stop Quarter Hour  
 Devised and Arranged by David J. Davies
- 11.0 p.m.**  
**RUSTIC ROMANCE**  
 The Miller's Daughter ... Cibelli  
 Soft as Oi Looks ... Lister  
 Jan's Courtship.  
 The Old Rustic Bridge by the Mill ... Shelly
- 11.15 p.m.**  
**AUTOGRAPHS**  
 Maud Marie ... Hilliam  
 Old Yazoo ... Waller  
 Sweet Georgia Brown ... Bernie  
 Little Joan ... Hilliam
- 11.30 p.m.**  
**VARIETY**  
 I'd Rather Lead a Band ... Berlin  
 Love Dreams of Lula Lu ... White  
 Shout Sister Shout ... Williams  
 My S.O.S. for You ... Rogers  
 Grandma's Days and Nowadays ... Rose  
 Riding the Range in the Sky ... Carlton  
 I'm Building Up to an Awful Let  
 Down ... Mercer  
 Swing Me a Lullaby ... Raye
- 12 (midnight)**  
**DANCE MUSIC**  
 Keep a Twinkle in Your Eye ... Mercer  
 Cross Patch—Fox trot ... Lawnhurst  
 La Comparsa—Cuban Dance ... Lecuona  
 Frankie and Johnnie ... Leighton Brothers  
 There'll be Some Changes Made ... Higgins  
 And Love Was Born—Waltz ... Kern  
 Dancing in a Dream—Fox trot ... Evans  
 Big Chief de Sota ... Razaf
- 12.30 a.m.** I.B.C. Time Signal.
- 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**  
 Mammy Bong—Rumba ... Norman  
 Rosetta—Waltz ... Woods  
 As Long as I Live—Fox trot ... Kochler  
 Love Me—Fox trot ... Washington
- 1.15 a.m.** I.B.C. Time Signal.
- Spanish Love—Tango ... Bazan  
 The Show is Over—Fox trot ... Dubin  
 Swaller Tail Coat—Fox trot ... Miller  
 The River and Me—Fox trot ... Dubin
- 1.30 a.m.** I.B.C. Goodnight Melody.

### RADIO CÔTE D'AZUR (Juan-les-Pins) 240 m., 1,249 Kc/s.

- Time of Transmission.  
 Sunday: 10.30 p.m.—1.0 a.m.
- 10.30 p.m.**  
**LIGHT ORCHESTRAL CONCERT**  
 Selection—Princess Charming ... Noble  
 Dicky Bird Hop ... Gourley  
 Song—I Think of You ... Oakley  
 Piano Duet—Bow Bells ... Sullivan  
 Allah's Holiday ... Friml  
 Banjo Solo—The Doll Dance ... Brown  
 Serenade ... Heykens  
 Parade of the Tin Soldiers ... Jessel
- 11.0 p.m.**  
**HIGHWAYS**  
 Give Me the Rolling Sea ... May  
 The Wheeltapper's Song ... Wolsely  
 Ol' Man River ... Kern  
 Stonecracker John ... Coates
- 11.15 p.m.**  
**NIMBLE FINGERS**  
 Andalusia ... Gomes  
 The Fairies' Gavotte ... Kahn  
 Hawaiian Love.  
 Slippery Fingers ... Steele
- 11.30 p.m.**  
**VARIETY**  
 Tap Your Tootsies ... Sigler  
 The Laughing Policeman ... Grey  
 Spring is Here Again ... Gottler  
 When I Grow Up ... Henderson  
 Wedding Bells are Ringing for Sally Sherman  
 When We All Went to the Zoo ... Kester  
 Swiss Yodelling Song ... Hasler  
 When You've Got a Little Spring-  
 time in Your Heart ... Woods
- 12 (midnight).**  
**DANCE MUSIC**  
 My First Thrill ... Sigler  
 Old Ship of Mine—Fox trot ... Pelosi  
 Red Pepper—Quick step ... Lodge  
 In a Shelter from a Shower ... Brewer  
 The Army Fell for Little Isobel ... Butler  
 Sympathy—Waltz ... Butler  
 Let's Have a Jubilee—Quick step ... Mills  
 Dream Man—Fox trot ... Young  
 Log Cabin Lullaby—Fox trot ... Byrne  
 Mammy Bong—Rumba ... Norman  
 The Object of My Affection ... Tomlin  
 The Perfume Waltz ... Croke  
 Things are Looking Up—Fox trot ... Gay  
 The Wheel of the Wagon is Broken ... Box  
 Go to Sleep—Fox trot ... Hargreaves  
 Just as Long as the World Goes  
 Round and Round—Fox trot ... Woods
- 1.0 a.m.** I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and  
 Close Down.

An invitation . . . "LET'S ALL GO ROUND TO NORMAN LONG'S" . . . RADIO NORMANDY, 10.0 p.m.

Monday, Sept. 28th

Tuesday, Sept. 29th

RADIO NORMANDY

269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s.

RADIO NORMANDY

269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s.

MORNING PROGRAMME

MORNING PROGRAMME

8.0 a.m. JACK SAVAGE AND HIS COWBOYS In the Early Morning Round-up... 9.15 a.m. Musical Programme—contd. Cross Patch... 9.30 a.m. ADVANCE FILM NEWS Stars in My Eyes... 9.45 a.m. MELODIANA I'll Stand By... 10.0 a.m. SOME POPULAR RECORDS Tea for Two... 10.15 a.m. MILITARY BAND MUSIC Dance of the Flowers... 10.30 a.m. POPULAR CONCERT Selection—Lilac Time... 9.0 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal. THE OPEN ROAD Free and Young... 9.15 a.m. SPECIAL MUSICAL PROGRAMME It's a Sin to Tell a Lie... 9.15 a.m. SPECIAL MUSICAL PROGRAMME It's a Sin to Tell a Lie... 9.15 a.m. SPECIAL MUSICAL PROGRAMME It's a Sin to Tell a Lie...

8.0 a.m. JACK SAVAGE AND HIS COWBOYS In the Early Morning Round-up... 9.30 a.m. TUNES WE ALL KNOW The Skaters' Waltz... 9.45 a.m. TUNEFULLY YOURS Alexander's Ragtime Band... 10.0 a.m. TEN O'CLOCK TUNES Robins and Roses... 10.15 a.m. ACCORDION BAND MUSIC Grinzing... 10.30 a.m. POPULAR CONCERT Selection—Harmony Lane... 9.0 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal. HEALTH MAGIC Du und Du (Fledermaus)... 9.15 a.m. HITS OF THE DAY Knock, Knock, Who's There?... 9.15 a.m. HITS OF THE DAY Knock, Knock, Who's There?... 9.15 a.m. HITS OF THE DAY Knock, Knock, Who's There...

AFTERNOON PROGRAMME

AFTERNOON PROGRAMME

2.0 p.m. DANCE MUSIC 2.30 p.m. LIGHT ORCHESTRAL CONCERT Marche Symphonique... 3.0 p.m. LIGHT ENTERTAINMENT Twelfth Street Rag... 3.30 p.m. TROISE AND HIS MANDOLIERS (Electrical Recordings) Il Bacio... 3.45 p.m. THE TRAVELLER'S REST The White Horse Inn... 4.0 p.m. TEA-TIME HOUR With Debroy Somers and Other Artists Don't Save Your Smiles... 4.0 p.m. TEA-TIME HOUR With Debroy Somers and Other Artists Don't Save Your Smiles... 4.0 p.m. TEA-TIME HOUR With Debroy Somers and Other Artists Don't Save Your Smiles...

2.0 p.m. DANCE MUSIC 2.30 p.m. AN "ERIC COATES" PARADE London Bridge March... 3.0 p.m. VARIETY CONCERT Eldorado March... 3.30 p.m. REQUEST PROGRAMME Where the Arches Used to Be... 3.45 p.m. JACK SAVAGE AND HIS COWBOYS Crazy Water Crystals... 4.0 p.m. TEA-TIME HOUR With Debroy Somers and Other Artists Bond of Friendship... 4.0 p.m. TEA-TIME HOUR With Debroy Somers and Other Artists Bond of Friendship... 4.0 p.m. TEA-TIME HOUR With Debroy Somers and Other Artists Bond of Friendship...

EVENING PROGRAMME

EVENING PROGRAMME

12 (midnight) DANCE MUSIC Keep a Twinkle in Your Eye... 12.30 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal. IRVING BERLIN FAVOURITES Alexander's Ragtime Band... 1.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

12 midnight DANCE MUSIC Knock, Knock, Who's There?... 12 (midnight) I.B.C. Time Signal. There Isn't any Limit to My Love... 1.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

For RADIO LUXEMBOURG and PARIS (Poste Parisien) Programmes, see page 39.

# Wednesday, Sept. 30th

## IN THE RINSO MUSIC HALL THIS SUNDAY AT 6-30

LUXEMBOURG-NORMANDY TRANSMISSION FOR NORMANDY ARRANGED THROUGH THE INTERNATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY LTD.

# IVY S<sup>T</sup>HELIER

# BILLIE HOUSTON

Harry Champion

# SHAUN GLENVILLE

# MAX & HARRY NESBITT

Mark Stone

## SUNDAY, OCT. 4 AT 6-30

# VALAIDA



# Fred Barnes

# PAYNE & HILLIARD

# LILIAN GUNS

# THE FOUR ACES

Retta Ray

# RINSO MUSIC HALL

## 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  
Back to Old Smoky Mountain.  
Sleepy Rio Grande.  
Mary Lou.  
Way Out West in Kansas.  
Alice Benbow.  
By the Sea.  
Presented by  
**Crazy Water Crystals,**  
Thames House, S.W.1
- 8.15 a.m.** I.B.C. Time Signal.  
**HAPPY DAYS**  
I'll Bet You Tell That to All the Girls *Stept*  
Viennese Waltz Medley ... *Strauss*  
That's the Kind of Baby for Me *Harriman*  
Flapperette ... *Greer*  
Presented by the manufacturers of  
**Wincarnis and Wincarnis Jelly,**  
Wincarnis Works, Norwich
- 8.30 a.m.**  
**LIGHT ORCHESTRAL MUSIC**  
The Busy Bee ... *Bendix*  
Ballroom Memories—Potpourri  
arr. *Robrecht*  
The Merry Mill ... *Peros*  
Entrance of the Little Fauns ... *Piernd*  
Presented by  
**Juvigold,**  
21 Farringdon Avenue, E.C.4.
- 8.45 a.m.**  
**SUNNY JIM'S PROGRAMME OF  
"FORCE" AND MELODY**  
L'Entente Cordiale ... *Allier*  
Ma Curly Headed Babby ... *Clusam*  
Good Green Acres of Home ... *Kahal*  
Tales of Autumn ... *Waldteufel*  
Presented by  
**A. C. Fincken & Co.,**  
195 Great Portland Street, W.1
- 9.0 a.m.** I.B.C. Time Signal.  
**DANCE MUSIC**  
At the Café Continental—Fox trot *Kennedy*  
You Can't Pull the Wool Over My  
Eyes—Fox trot ... *Ager*  
The Magic of You—Rumba ... *Rainier*  
O-Kay for Sound—Fox trot ... *Kennedy*  
Presented by  
**Sanitas,**  
51 Clapham Road, S.W.9
- 9.15 a.m.** **LIGHT MUSIC**  
Wake Up and Sing ... *Friend*  
Hollyhock ... *Mayerl*  
Ragtime Cowboy Joe ... *Muir*  
The Jolly Whistlers ... *Gennin*
- 9.30 a.m.**  
**ELECTRICAL RECORDINGS**  
Invincible March ... *Cope*  
Indiana Moon ... *Jones*  
Pizzicato (Sylvia) ... *Delibes*  
Concert Waltz—Joyousness *Haydn Wood*
- 9.45 a.m.** **MUSICAL REVERIES**  
I Don't Want to Make History ... *Robin*  
The Scene Changes ... *Hill*  
Got To Dance My Way to Heaven  
Langham Place (London Again  
Suite) ... *Coates*  
Presented by  
**California Syrup of Figs,**  
179 Acton Vale, W.3
- 10.0 a.m.**  
**FRENCH CONCERT**  
of  
Religious Music  
Relayed from  
**LISIEUX.**

### AFTERNOON PROGRAMME

- 2.0 p.m.**  
**PROGRAMMES**  
in  
**FRENCH**  
Arranged by  
**L'Association des Auditeurs**  
de  
**RADIO NORMANDY**
- 3.30 p.m.**  
**MUSICAL BAROMETER**  
Sunny ... *Miles*  
April Smiles ... *Deprat*  
Weather Man ... *Caesar*  
Rain ... *Hill*
- 3.45 p.m.**  
**JACK SAVAGE AND HIS COWBOYS**  
Sailing Down the Cheaspeak Bay.  
Lay Down Little Doggies.  
She's a Lassie from Lancashire ... *Murphy*  
When You're Smiling ... *Fisher*  
When They Ring Those Golden Bells.  
Bile Them Cabbage Down ... *Trad.*  
Presented by  
**Crazy Water Crystals,**  
Thames House, S.W.1
- 4.0 p.m.**  
**TEA-TIME HOUR**  
With **Debroy Somers** and Other Artists  
Amparita Roca.  
One Night of Love ... *Schertinger*  
Erinalia ... *arr. Somers*  
They Met 'Neath the Weeping  
Withered Willow.  
Dancing on the Green.  
Vienna, City of My Dreams *Sieczynski*  
Selection—Rigoletto ... *Verdi*  
Tunelandia ... *arr. Lodge*
- 4.0 p.m.** **Tea-Time Hour—cont.**  
The Emperor's Rhyme ... *Fraser Simson*  
La Poupee ... *Dudran*  
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.  
**HEALTH AND HAPPINESS**  
Marching Through Georgia ... *Miller*  
Wear a Great Big Smile ... *Gilbert*  
The Match Parade ... *Lockton*  
When the Circus Comes to Town ... *de Rance*  
There's Something About a Soldier *Gay*  
Presented by  
**Carter's Little Liver Pills,**  
64 Hatton Garden, E.C.1
- 5.15 p.m.** **RAINBOW RHYTHM**  
There's a New World—Fox trot ... *Kennedy*  
I Lost My Heart in Budapest ... *Mishaly*  
You Can Call It Swing ... *Chaplin*  
Knock, Knock, Who's There? ... *Tyson*  
Presented by the makers of  
**Tintex,**  
199 Upper Thames Street, E.C.4
- 5.30 p.m.**  
**LIGHT ORCHESTRAL CONCERT**  
Dance of the Dryads ... *Birch*  
An Old World Garden  
Thrills ... *Ancliffe*  
Songs—Moonlight and Roses ... *Mord*  
Sylvia ... *Speaks*  
Rendezvous ... *Aleler*  
Demande et Reponse ... *Coleridge Taylor*  
Waltzing Doll ... *Poldini*
- 6.0 p.m.**  
**PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH**  
**Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie**

### EVENING PROGRAMME

- 12 (midnight)**  
**DANCE MUSIC**  
Slipping Through My Fingers ... *Woods*  
Havana Heaven—Fox trot ... *Johnson*  
With All My Heart and Soul ... *Hudson*  
Cuban Pete—Rumba ... *Norman*  
Now You've Got Me Doing It ... *Burke*  
Broadway Cinderella—Fox trot ... *Dubin*  
Bird Songs at Eventide—Waltz ... *Coates*  
These Foolish Things—Fox trot ... *Strachey*
- 12.30 a.m.** I.B.C. Time Signal.  
It's Raining in California ... *Gilbert*  
Moon Over Miami—Fox trot ... *Burke*  
You Give Me Ideas—Fox trot ... *Tunbridge*  
I'm Building Up to an Awful Let  
Down—Fox trot ... *Mercer*  
Madame Ah! la Marquise Ah! ... *Hughes*  
The Glory of Love—Fox trot ... *Hill*  
Vienna in Springtime—Fox trot ... *Leon*  
Moonburn—Fox trot ... *Carmichael*  
**1.0 a.m.** I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and  
Close Down.

For RADIO LUXEMBOURG and PARIS

# Thursday, October 1st

## 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  
If I Had My Brothers. *Rose*  
We'll Rest at the End of the Trail *Lehar*  
Merry Widow Waltz  
Are You from Dixie?  
O! Faithful  
Ten Little Indians. *Carr*  
Presented by  
**Crazy Water Crystals,**  
Thames House, S.W.1
- 8.15 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.**  
**THE STA-BLOND SPECIAL**  
Join  
**June Manners and Jack Lyndon**  
in their American Tour  
Presented by  
**Sta-Blond Shampoo,**  
Acton Lane, N.W.10
- 8.30 a.m. THE REVELLERS**  
I'm Shooting High *McHugh*  
Vincent Youmans Medley *Youmans*  
What's the Name of the Song? *Lawnhurst*  
My Heart is Keeping Company.  
Presented by  
**Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream,**  
Colgate, Ltd., S.W.1
- 8.45 a.m. POPULAR MUSIC**  
Sea Songs Medley. *German*  
Four Jolly Sailormen  
Dixon Hits. *d'Hardelot*  
Because  
Presented by  
**Fels Naphtha Soap,**  
195 Great Portland Street, W.1
- 9.0 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.**  
**DANCE MUSIC**  
No Words Nor Anything *Gordon*  
I Have Lost My Heart in Budapest *Mihaly*  
Cuban Pete—Rumba *Norman*  
I'm a Fool for Loving You *Wendling*  
Presented by  
**Woodward's Grippe Water,**  
51 Clapham Road, S.W.9
- 9.15 a.m. FACING THE MUSIC**  
with  
**The Melody Master**  
Presented by  
**Vikelp Health and Body-building Tablets,**  
10 Henrietta Street, W.1
- 9.30 a.m. POCKET MONEY FANCIES**  
The Peanut Vendor *Sunshine*  
Popcorn *Costella*  
Chewing Gum *Kassel*  
The Chestnut Man *Perkins*
- 9.45 a.m. MELÓDIANA**  
Selection—Queen of Hearts.  
You're Sweeter Than I Thought *Sigler*  
You Were... *Friend*  
Wake Up and Sing *Confrey*  
Buffoon  
Presented by  
**Milk of Magnesia,**  
179 Acton Vale, W.3
- 10.0 a.m. SNAPPY TUNES**  
This'll Make You Whistle *Sigler*  
Selection—Happy.  
Tony's in Town *Woods*  
Down South... *Spach*
- 10.15 a.m. WALTZ MEDLEY**  
The Whirl of the Waltz *Lincke*  
Over the Waves *Rosas*  
Muncher Kindl *Komzak*  
Poranek *Lindsay*
- 10.30 a.m. POPULAR CONCERT**  
La Caprice de Nanette *Coleridge Taylor*  
Danse Créole *Chaminade*  
I Give My Heart (The Dubarry) *Millocker*  
The Balkan Princess *Rubens*  
Presented by  
**Macleans, Ltd.,**  
Great West Road, Brentford
- 10.45 a.m. HIT BITS**  
Selection—She Shall Have Music... *Sigler*  
Would You? *Brown*  
Tea for Two (No! No! Nanette) *Youmans*  
The Lady in Red *Dixon*
- 11.0 a.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH**  
*Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie*

### AFTERNOON PROGRAMME

- 2.30 p.m. LIGHT MUSIC**  
Patiently Smiling *Lehar*  
Voices of Spring *Strauss*  
Turkish Patrol *Michaelis*  
Standchen *Heykens*  
The Czarina *Ganne*  
Free and Easy *Porschmann*  
Woodland Joys *Lindstrom*  
See Me Dance the Polka  
*Grossmith, arr. Solomno*
- 3.0 p.m. FULL MOON**  
Moon Over Miami *Burke*  
Gipsy Moon (Zigeunerweisen) *Borganoff*  
Moonbeams Dance *Gibbons*  
Moon Glow *Hudson*
- 3.15 p.m. MILITARY BAND CONCERT**  
When the Band Begins to Play *Williams*  
The Whistler and his Dog... *Pryor*  
Our Director *Bigelow*  
The Policeman's Holiday *Ewing*
- 3.30 p.m. DANCE MUSIC**  
I'm a Fool for Loving You *Wendling*  
Sky High Honeymoon *Meskill*  
Popcorn—Rumba *Costella*  
Your Heart and Mine—Fox trot *Mercer*
- 3.45 p.m. JACK SAVAGE AND HIS COWBOYS**  
Big Corral.  
My Wild Irish Rose.  
Dixie *Traditional*  
Is There Still Room for Me 'Neath  
the Old Apple Tree?  
That Little Boy of Mine *Forster*  
There's a Home in Wyoming.  
Presented by  
**Crazy Water Crystals,**  
Thames House, S.W.1
- 4.0 p.m. TEA-TIME HOUR**  
With **Debroy Somers and Other Artistes**  
March—The Glory of Labour.  
Rudolph Friml's Melodies *Friml*  
Take My Heart *Ahlert*  
The Fountain *Delibes*
- 4.0 p.m. Tea-time Hour—cont.**  
Jazz in G.  
Welcome Stranger *Mercer*  
Dardanella.  
Oh, You Sweet Thing!  
Sand Between the Toes.  
Daffadowdilly.  
Student Days.  
Followed at 4.45 p.m. by  
**THE CHILDREN'S CORNER**  
With the Uncles  
**BIRTHDAY GREETINGS**  
Presented by  
**Morlick's, Slough, Bucks**  
**I.B.C. Time Signal.**  
**RAINBOW RHYTHM**  
Cuban Pete—Rumba *Norman*  
Empty Saddles *Hill*  
Monkey Tricks *Groitzsch*  
Laughing Irish Eyes *Mitchell*  
Presented by the makers of  
**Tintex,**  
199 Upper Thames Street, E.C.4
- 5.0 p.m. HILL BILLY FAVOURITES**  
Lily Lucy Lane *Hodges*  
Ole Faithful *Carr*  
I'm the Last of the Texas Rangers *Kennedy*  
The Cowboy's Last Wish.
- 5.30 p.m. WHAT'S ON IN LONDON**  
News of the Latest Films, Shows and Other  
Attractions
- 5.45 p.m. SOL HOPI AND HIS NOVELTY QUARTET**  
(Electrical Recordings)  
Oh Lady be Good *Gershwin*  
My Isle on Hilo Bay *King*  
Maori Brown Eyes *Malden*  
Hula Girl *King*
- 6.0 p.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH**  
*Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie*

### EVENING PROGRAMME

- 12 (midnight) DANCE MUSIC**  
Dill Pickles—Fox trot *Johnson*  
Sunny Days—Fox trot *Kruger*  
Tain't Nobody's Biz'ness if I Do *Granger*  
Here Comes the Bride *Leon*  
If You Love Me—Fox trot *Noble*  
Knick Knacks on the Mantel *Fio Rito*  
Violetta—Tango *Mohr*  
That Never-to-be-Forgotten Night *Tobias*
- 12.30 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.**
- HENRY HALL AND HIS ORCHESTRA**  
(Electrical Recordings)  
Laughing Irish Eyes—Fox trot *Mitchell*  
Goody Goody—Fox trot *Mercer*  
Got to Dance My Way to Heaven *Costow*  
All My Life—Fox trot *Mitchell*  
What's the Name of That Song? *Lawnhurst*  
Lullaby of the Leaves *Petkere*  
When the Guardsman Started  
Crooning on Parade—Quick step *Lisbona*  
Every Minute of the Hour *Kenny*  
1.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and  
Close Down.

(Poste Parisien) programmes, see page 39.

# ALL-WAVE ALL-WORLD RADIO now controlled by a SINGLE KNOB

FOUR TUNING BANDS

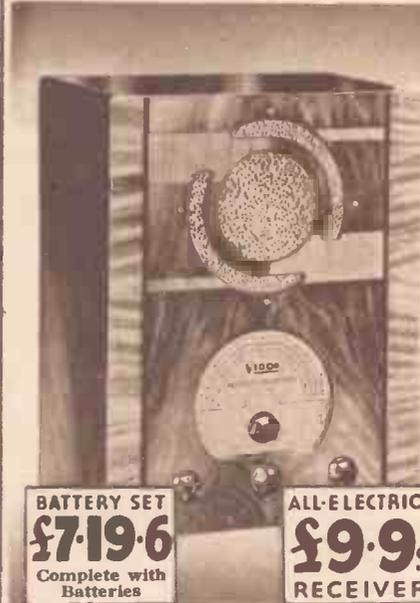
13.5 METRES

(BELOW WHICH THERE ARE NO WORTH WHILE STATIONS)

2000 METRES

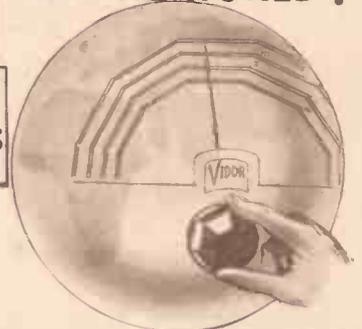
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COVERS EVERY BROADCAST STATION IN THE WORLD!



BATTERY SET  
**£7.19.6**  
Complete with Batteries

ALL-ELECTRIC  
**£9.9s**  
RECEIVER



*Epicyclic Geared Tuning makes it EASY to receive AMERICA & AUSTRALIA*



**VIDOR BAND-PASS THREE**

Never before has such value been offered. Triple-ganged condenser: tunes 200-550 metres, 800-2000 metres. Full-size moving-coil speaker. Complete with super-capacity H.T. Battery and accumulator

**£6.15s**

**VIDOR MINIATURE PORTABLE RECEIVER**



Weights only 14½ lbs., measures only 11 x 9½ x 7½ inches. Gives full moving coil quality reproduction. Complete with batteries

**£5.18.6**

Vidor All-Wave 4-Band Radio to-day makes the reception of AMERICA and AUSTRALIA perfectly easy—the wonderful new Vidor Automatic Epicyclic Geared Dial gives such absolute precision of tuning that even the most distant of the world-wide broadcasts on the Short Wave-bands can be accurately tuned by a novice to give good quality, full power loud-speaker reproduction. Not only does Vidor All-Wave 4-Band Radio enable you to receive all the high spots of American broadcasting—but in addition, on these Short Wavelengths you will hear the red-hot news transmissions, the conflicting views, the direct propaganda of the great Government-controlled stations of France, Germany, Italy, Spain, Russia. Immediately you switch over to Short Wave reception on the Vidor 4-band Receiver you are able to form your own judgment on the great issues of the day, to be an intelligent observer at first hand, of world affairs!

**FREE ALL-WAVE LISTENING BROCHURE WITH WORLD TIME CHART & MAP**

## COUPON

To Advt. Dept.,  
**VIDOR LTD., West Street,**  
**ERITH, Kent.**

Please send Vidor Brochure on All-Wave Listening—FREE.

Name .....

Address .....

Send to-day for the Vidor Brochure describing the exciting listening which awaits every owner of a Vidor 4-Band All-Wave Receiver, and gives you a world-list of Short-Wave Stations and a World Time Chart and Map by which your search for radio entertainment will be much simplified. Post the coupon to-day!

# VIDOR ALL-WAVE RADIO

Friday, October 2nd

Saturday, October 3rd

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
Saddle Your Blues to a Wild Mustang

9.30 a.m. RADIO FAVOURITES
Dinah ... Lewis
Charlie Kunz Medley ... Tierney
Alice Blue Gown ... Flynn

8.15 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal. YOUR OLD FRIEND DAN

9.45 a.m. TUNEFULLY YOURS
My Galveston Gal ... Harris
I'm All Alone ... May

8.30 a.m. GEMS OF MELODY
Gaiety Echoes ... Caryll
General Boulanger March ... Desormes

10.0 a.m. KITCHEN WISDOM
The Pipes of Pan ... Monckton
Ay, Ay, Ay (Richard Tauber) ... Perez

8.45 a.m. SUNNY JIM'S PROGRAMME OF "FORCE" AND MELODY
Second to None ... Orde Hume
Pastoral Dance (Nell Gwynn Dances) German

10.15 a.m. THE SUNMAID SONGSTERS
In a Non-Stop Programme
Yippee-ti-Yi ... Pola

9.0 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal. LIGHT MUSIC
For You, Rio Rita ... Santeugini
Selection—In Caliente ... Dixon

10.30 a.m. POPULAR CONCERT
Selection—White Horse Inn ... Benatzky
The Fortune Hunter ... Dickson

9.15 a.m. MORNING MELODIES
Narcissus ... Nevin
Charmaine ... Raabe

10.45 a.m. TERENCE CASEY AT THE ORGAN
(Electrical Recordings)
Ragamuffin Romeo ... Wayne

3.0 p.m. BRIAN LAWRENCE AND THE LANSDOWNE HOUSE SEXTET
Alexander's Ragtime Band ... Berlin
Don't Ask Any Questions ... Sigler

11.0 a.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH
Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie

AFTERNOON PROGRAMME

2.0 p.m. DANCE MUSIC

4.0 p.m. TEA-TIME HOUR
With Debroy Somers and Other Artists

2.30 p.m. VARIETY
You Can't Pull the Wool Over My Eyes ... Newman
Move Into My House ... Wright

5.0 p.m. I.B.C. Time Signal. RAINBOW RHYTHM
Havana Heaven ... Johnson
Sing Sing Isn't Prison Any More ... The Yacht Club Boys

3.15 p.m. SYNCOPATED PIANO DUETS
Who Do You Think You Are ... Green
Waltz Medley ... arr. Mayerl

5.30 p.m. WHAT'S ON IN LONDON
News of the Latest Films, Shows and Other Attractions

3.30 p.m. REQUEST PROGRAMME
Stars and Stripes March ... Sousa
Would You? ... Brown

5.30 p.m. MUSICAL JIG-SAW
The Forge in the Forest ... Michaelis
When Evening Comes ... Stanton

3.45 p.m. JACK SAVAGE AND HIS COWBOYS
Little Joe the Wrangler. Steamboat Bill. Kelly Waltz.

6.0 p.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH
Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie

12 (midnight) DANCE MUSIC
Rise 'n' Shine—Fox trot ... Youmans
I've Got a Heavy Date—Fox trot ... Kahn

EVENING PROGRAMME

12 (midnight) DANCE MUSIC
Rise 'n' Shine—Fox trot ... Youmans
I've Got a Heavy Date—Fox trot ... Kahn

12.30 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal. AMERICAN DANCE MUSIC
I'm Pixilated Over You—Fox trot Heyman
Save Me Sister—Fox trot ... Harburg

RADIO NORMANDY

269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s.

MORNING PROGRAMME

8.0 a.m. MUSICAL CAVALCADE
The Arcadians Overture ... Monckton
Poppies ... More

9.30 a.m. A QUARTER OF AN HOUR'S ENTERTAINMENT
For Mother and the Children
Presented by UNCLE COUGHDROP

8.15 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal. THE MELODY MAKERS
With Sam Browne, The Radio Three and Reginald Foresythe and Jack Penn

9.45 a.m. DREAM WALTZES
Love (Wonderful Love) ... Leon
And Love was Born ... Kern

8.30 a.m. SOME OLD FRIENDS
Argentina ... Danicelli
Whisper Sweet ... Johnson

10.0 a.m. FREE AND EASY
Put on an Old Pair of Shoes ... Hill
Saddle Your Blues to a Wild Mustang ... Haid

8.45 a.m. SUNNY JIM'S SPECIAL CHILDREN'S PROGRAMME OF "FORCE" AND MELODY
Parade of the Tin Soldiers ... Jessel
The Table and Chair ... Hely-Hutchinson

10.45 a.m. LIGHT MUSIC
Eldorado March ... Herbert
The Mouse, the Piano and the Cat ... Casson

9.0 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal. SOME POPULAR RECORDS
Keep a Twinkle in Your Eye ... Mercer
Marcheta ... Schertzing

11.0 a.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH
Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie

9.15 a.m. MILITARY BAND CONCERT
Selection—The Leek ... arr. Myddleton
Officer of the Day ... Hall

AFTERNOON PROGRAMME

2.0 p.m. DANCE MUSIC

4.0 p.m. Tea-time Hour—cont.
That Naughty Waltz ... Levy

2.30 p.m. REQUEST PROGRAMME
Viennese Singing Birds ... Translateur
Ten Tiny Toes, One Baby Nose ... Little

5.0 p.m. I.B.C. Time Signal. THE THREE MINCE MEATERS
Riding Old Paint. Sailor's Hornpipe.

3.0 p.m. ORCHESTRAL CONCERT
Selection—Tales of Hoffman ... Offenbach
The Balkan Princess ... Rubens

5.15 p.m. HEALTH MAGIC
Play Fiddle Play ... Lawrence
Under the Roofs of Paris ... Moretti

3.30 p.m. RAINBOW RHYTHM
When Somebody Thinks You're Wonderful ... Woods

6.0 p.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH
Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie

3.45 p.m. JACK SAVAGE AND HIS COWBOYS
Waiting for the Robert E. Lee ... Kenny
Treasure Island.

EVENING PROGRAMME

12 (midnight) DANCE MUSIC
Darling You—Fox trot ... Stolz
Whotcha Gotcha Trombone For? ... Kennedy

12.30 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.
Yankee Doodle Never Went to Town ... Hanighen
Building Up to an Awful Let-down ... Mercer

# RADIO LUXEMBOURG

1293 m., 232 Kc/s.

Monday, September 28

Thursday, Oct. 1st (contd.)

9.15—9.30 a.m.  
**GOOD-MORNING PROGRAMME**  
The Rose Beetle Goes A-wooping ... *Armandola*  
I'll Stand By ... .. *Davis*  
Trouble in Paradise ... .. *Weber*  
Selection—Land of Smiles... .. *Lehar*  
Presented by  
**Horlick's, Slough, Bucks**

9.30—9.45 a.m.  
**MUSICAL MENU**  
With Mrs. Jean Scott  
Dinner at Eight ... .. *McHugh*  
The Hills of Old Wyoming... .. *Robin*  
Au Revoir ... .. *Gilbert*  
You Never Looked so Beautiful ... .. *Adamson*  
Presented by  
**Brown & Polson,**  
43 Shoe Lane, E.C.4

Tuesday, September 29

Friday, October 2

9.15 a.m.  
**GOOD-MORNING PROGRAMME**  
Electric Girl ... .. *Holmes*  
Musical Box ... .. *Ansell*  
Morris Dance.  
Selection—The Last Waltz.  
Presented by  
**Horlick's, Slough, Bucks**

9.15—9.30 a.m.  
**GOOD-MORNING PROGRAMME**  
Annen Polka ... .. *Strauss*  
Stars in My Eyes ... .. *Kreisler*  
Rendezvous ... .. *Allder*  
Il est Charmant ... .. *Moretti*  
Presented by  
**Horlick's, Slough, Bucks**

9.30—9.45 a.m.  
**MUSICAL MENU**  
With Mrs. Jean Scott  
Every Time I Look at You ... .. *Stept*  
When the Swallows Nest Again ... .. *Stevens*  
A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody ... .. *Berlin*  
I Don't Want to Make History ... .. *Robin*  
Presented by  
**Brown & Polson,**  
43 Shoe Lane, E.C.4

6.30—6.45 p.m.  
**KING'S MEN QUARTET**  
Oh, Monah ... .. *Weems*  
Macushla ... .. *Rowe*  
Mimi ... .. *Rodgers*  
Daisy Bell ... .. *Dacre*  
I'm in a Daze Over Daisy.  
Presented by  
**Rowntree's Gums and Pastilles,**  
York

6.30—6.45 p.m.  
**KING'S MEN QUARTET**  
I Love You—Pizzicato.  
My Lovely Celia.  
Little David.  
Cinderella's Fellah.  
Roll Along, Cowboy.  
Presented by  
**Rowntree's Gums and Pastilles, York**

Wednesday, September 30

Saturday, October 3

9.15—9.30 a.m.  
**GOOD-MORNING PROGRAMME**  
Hiawatha ... .. *Coleridge-Taylor*  
You ... .. *Adamson*  
Mock Morris... .. *Granger*  
A Musical Comedy Switch.  
Presented by  
**Horlick's, Slough, Bucks**

9.15 a.m.  
**GOOD-MORNING PROGRAMME**  
La Petite Tonkinoise ... .. *Scotto*  
Sylvia Ballet—Waltz ... .. *Delibes*  
On the Trail.  
Review of Revues ... .. *arr. Somers*  
Presented by  
**Horlick's, Slough, Bucks**

Thursday, October 1

9.30—9.45 a.m.  
**MUSICAL MENU**  
With Mrs. Jean Scott  
Porcupine Rag. ... .. *Chaplin*  
Shoe Shine Boy ... .. *Contursi*  
Bandonon Arrabalero ... .. *McHugh*  
Let's Sing Again ... .. *McHugh*  
Presented by  
**Brown & Polson,**  
43 Shoe Lane, E.C.4

# PARIS (Poste Parisien)

312.8 m., 959 Kc/s.

Monday, September 28

Thursday, October 1

10.30 p.m.  
**RAINBOW RHYTHM**  
There's a New World—Fox trot ... *Kennedy*  
La Comparsa—Cuban Dance ... *Lecwona*  
Cheer Up ... .. *Mayerl*  
Keep a Twinkle in Your Eye ... *Mercer*  
Presented by the makers of  
**Tintex,**  
199 Upper Thames Street, E.C.4

10.30 p.m.  
**RAINBOW RHYTHM**  
Selection—The Great Ziegfeld ... *Adamson*  
Hide and Seek ... .. *Comer*  
At the Café Continental ... .. *Kennedy*  
Big Chief de Sota ... .. *Rasaf*  
Presented by the makers of  
**Tintex,**  
199 Upper Thames Street, E.C.4

10.45 p.m.  
**FOUR SONGS BY HILDEGARDE**  
(Electrical Recordings)  
Eeny Meeny Miney Mo ... .. *Mercer*  
Fritz ... .. *Bligh*  
I Dream Too Much... .. *Kern*  
The Scene Changes ... .. *Hill*

10.45 p.m.  
**SONGS BY NOEL COWARD**  
(Electrical Recordings)  
Mrs. Worthington ... .. *Coward*  
Let's Say Goodbye ... .. *Coward*  
Parisian Pierrot ... .. *Coward*  
Mad Dogs and Englishmen ... *Coward*

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

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

Tuesday, September 29

Friday, October 2

10.30—11.0 p.m.  
**DANCE MUSIC AND CABARET**  
Relayed from "Chez Scheharazade"  
Commentary in English

Evening Programme  
**FRENCH THEATRE RELAY**

Wednesday, September 30

Saturday, October 3

10.30 p.m.  
**RAINBOW RHYTHM**  
Let Yourself Go ... .. *Berlin*  
Alice Blue Gown ... .. *Tierney*  
Slipping Through My Fingers ... *Woods*  
Take My Heart—Fox trot... .. *Ahlert*  
Presented by the makers of  
**Tintex,**  
199 Upper Thames Street, E.C.4

10.30 p.m.  
**RAINBOW RHYTHM**  
O-Kay for Sound—Fox trot ... *Kennedy*  
Bellita—Rumba ... .. *Batell*  
On the Beach at Bali-Bali... .. *Meskill*  
Swing Me a Lullaby ... .. *Raye*  
Presented by the makers of  
**Tintex,**  
199 Upper Thames Street, E.C.4

10.45 p.m.  
**RADIO STARS**  
The Juba—Rumba ... .. *Ellison*  
Don't be Surprised... .. *Venton*  
Louisville Lady ... .. *Hill*  
Selection—Happy Days are Here Again.  
Presented by  
**"Radio Pictorial"**

10.45 p.m.  
**ADVANCE FILM NEWS**  
Laughing Irish Eyes ... .. *Mitchell*  
A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody ... *Berlin*  
All My Life ... .. *Mitchell*  
I Don't Want to Make History ... *Robin*  
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.

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

# RADIO LJUBLJANA

569 m., 527 Kc/s.

Time of Transmission.

Friday : 10.30 p.m.—11.0 p.m.

Friday, October 2

# FEATURES FROM RADIO NORMANDY

JACK SAVAGE

DRENE

and

present

His Cowboys

MORTON DOWNEY

THE EARLY MORNING  
ROUND-UP

JAY WILBUR

for

and

Crazy Water Crystals

The Drene Orchestra

DEBROY SOMERS

YOUR OLD FRIEND  
DAN

and

brings

Featured Artists

YOUR FAVOURITE  
SONGS

for

with the compliments of

Horlick's Tea Time Hour

Johnson's Wax Polish

★ ★ ★

Clocks go back one hour on Saturday night.

# PARIS (Poste Parisien)

312.8 m., 959 Kc/s.

SUNDAY (Continued from page 33)

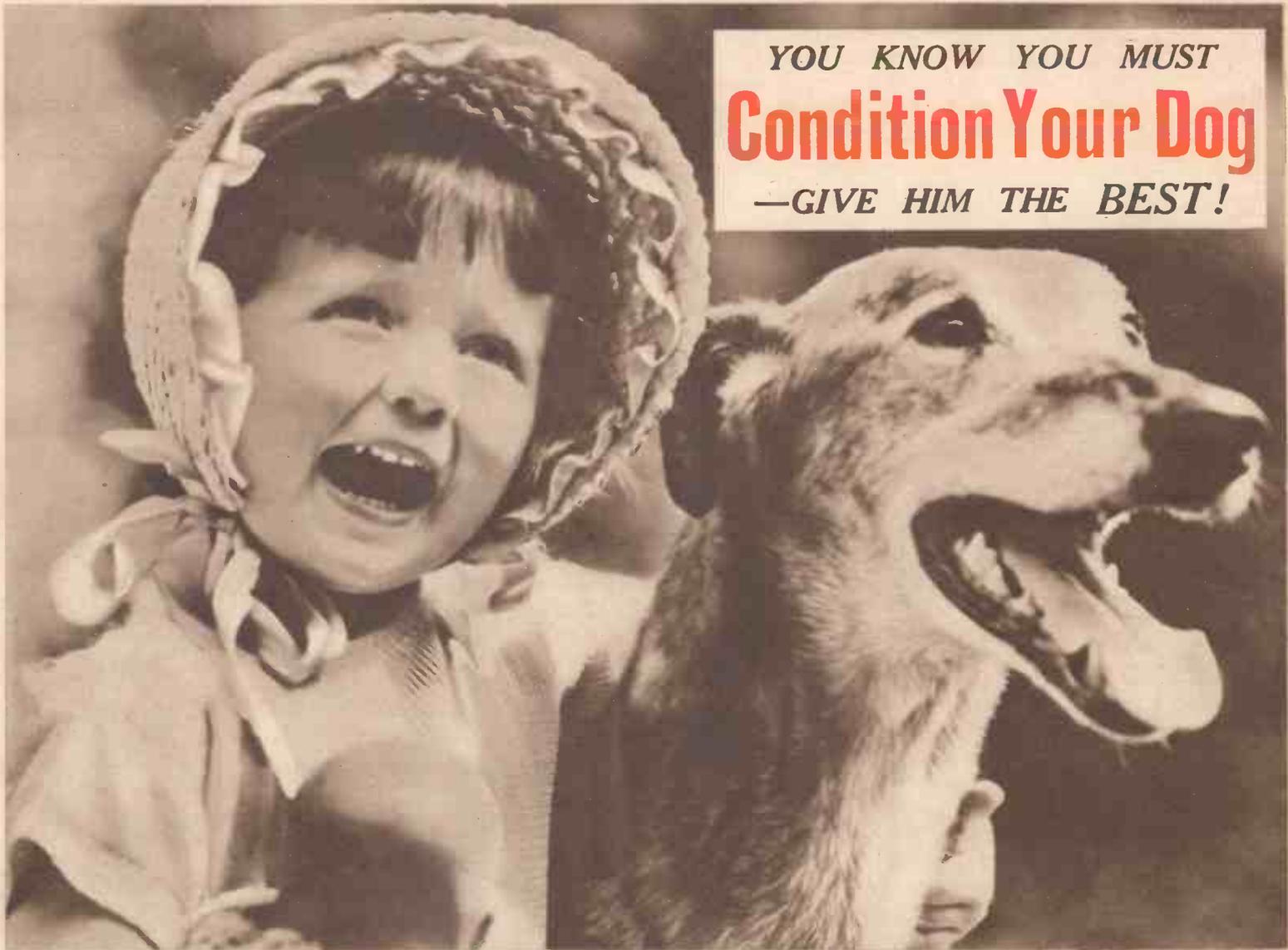
6.45—7.0 p.m.  
**A QUARTETTE OF QUARTETTES**  
Chloe (Song of the Swamp) ... *Carmichael*  
The Super Special Picture of the  
Year ... .. *Yacht Club Boys*  
Railroad Rhythm ... .. *Caryll*  
Sweet and Slow ... .. *Dubin*

10.30 p.m.  
**YOUR RADIO REQUEST RECORDS**  
Prelude in C Sharp Minor  
*Rachmaninoff, arr. Busby*  
The Three Loose Screws ... .. *Endor*  
Nagasaki ... .. *Dixon*

10.45 p.m.  
**SOME POPULAR RECORDS**  
I Come from a Musical Family ... *Franklin*  
Underneath the Old Pine Tree.  
Trail of the Lonesome Pine ... *Mitchell*  
Harvest Home ... .. *Tate*  
Is it True What they Say About  
Dixie? ... .. *Ceaser*  
Presented by  
**Bile Beans,**  
C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds

11.0 p.m.  
**LIGHT ORCHESTRAL MUSIC**  
Japanese Carnival ... .. *de Basque*  
Falling Leaves ... .. *Kennedy*  
Marche Symphonique ... .. *Savino*  
Spring in Japan ... .. *Tadasuke*  
Séfira—Intermezzo ... .. *Seide*  
Piccadilly ... .. *Carr*  
Langham Place (London Again  
Suite) ... .. *Coates*  
A Brown Bird Singing ... .. *Haydn Wood*

11.30 p.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.  
I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.



YOU KNOW YOU MUST  
**Condition Your Dog**  
 —GIVE HIM THE BEST!

# Love ME — Love My DOG

**B**IG, brown eyes look up at you, so full of that "beyond the ken of man" canine affection. A little throaty greeting, an eager anticipatory movement of that faithful hairy body, a wagging tail, a devotion that knows no other law than "Master" or "Mistress."

Is it necessary to tell you that you've a duty to your dog—that to make this uneventful life worth while you must condition him every week? Many generations have made your dog "domesticated," but in being the friend of man he has denied himself the natural conditions under which Nature intended him to live. Through the centuries he has known the need of regular conditioning—but to-day he knows the **BENEFITS**.

All wise and thoughtful dog owners are giving

their dogs **SHERLEY'S Tonic and Condition Powders**. Apart from **KEEPING** a dog in condition they are invaluable for curing

- |                      |                         |
|----------------------|-------------------------|
| <b>Listlessness</b>  | <b>Skin Troubles</b>    |
| <b>Moodiness</b>     | <b>and all ailments</b> |
| <b>Lost Appetite</b> | <b>due to blood</b>     |
| <b>Falling Coat</b>  | <b>impurity</b>         |

**SHERLEY'S Tonic and Condition Powders** are the **BEST** Conditioner. Remember :

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