

RADIO SONG MUDDLE See Page 7
DAN DONOVAN :: MARJERY WYN :: GEORGE BARCLAY

RADIO PICTORIAL

THE FAMILY MAGAZINE

3D.

EVERY
FRIDAY



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(NINA)



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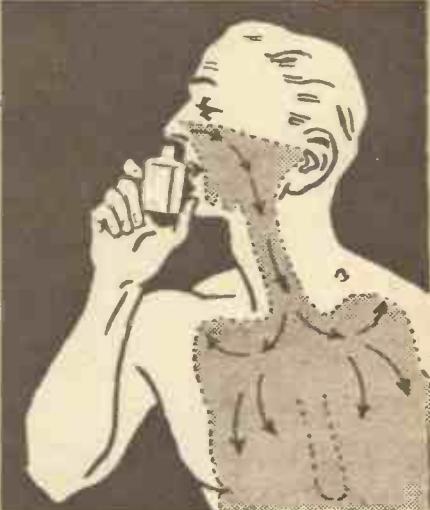
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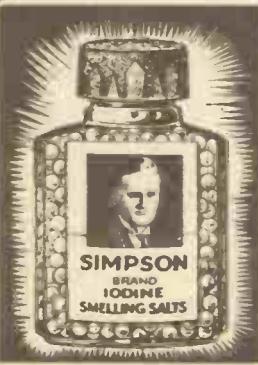
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The seaweed Iodine clears the nasal and lung passages like magic. Phlegm and mucus disappear at once. No more morning coughing and "spluttering." Money back if you do not get INSTANT relief.

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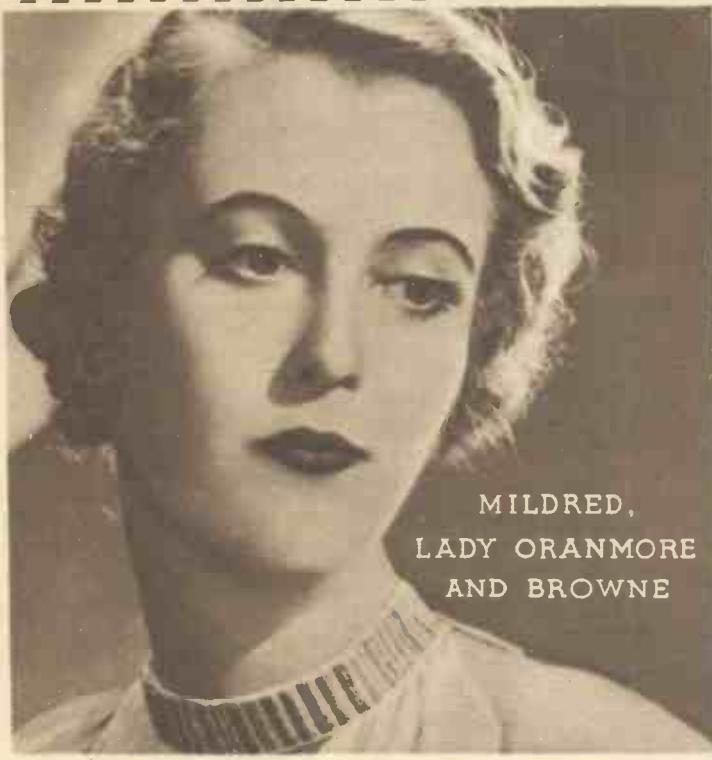
But see the photo of Mr. Simpson M.P.S. (The Iodine Specialist) on the label as shown here, to make sure you get the genuine article. In case of difficulty send 1/3 direct to: J. W. SIMPSON, (Chemist), LTD., ALDWYCH HOUSE, LONDON, W.C.2.



Jack PLANT

ONE of the busiest and best freelance crooners in the business. You have heard him mostly with Sydney Kyte's band and he is at present on tour with that clever outfit. Jack is one of the shyest, least-publicised of all dance-band vocalists, but despite that he has a tremendous, loyal following.

Jeune fille
turns into lovely lady
in three days



AT SIXTEEN she was a slim fair girl who escaped from house and town whenever she could—to ride her pony up hill and down dale.

"But one day a white satin gown arrived for my first hunt ball," says Lady Oranmore. "I tried it on—and heavens! my face didn't match my arms and shoulders at all! Such weather-beaten skin! And the ball only three days away!"

"It was my governess told me about Pond's Creams. I used them, and in three days my skin became as soft and smooth as if I'd given it a season of care. Ever since that time I've used Pond's Creams," Lady Oranmore adds. . . . And you've only to look at her to see how lovely they have kept her complexion!

You can have a skin as lovely as Lady Oranmore's. Pond's Creams are easy to use and this is how they will work to make your skin so beautiful.

Rough skin turned satin-smooth at once

Wind and sun are constantly drying your skin. Raw little edges break free! And whether your skin is naturally dry, oily, or normal, it soon looks

rough, dull and coarse.

Now Pond's Vanishing Cream contains the very substance found in beautiful young skin which makes it soft and smooth. When you use Pond's Vanishing Cream, this precious softening substance is quickly absorbed by your skin, making it like velvet.

Also, there is a second substance in Pond's Vanishing Cream. This nourishes, makes your skin firm, corrects drooping contours, fills out lines and wrinkles. Spread on Pond's Vanishing Cream always before you powder. It will make your powder go on smoothly and hold it for hours, while it keeps your skin soft and fresh all day. Use Pond's Vanishing Cream at night, too, to nourish and beautify your skin as you sleep.

But, first, always cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream. Use it every night. It clears out the pores and stimulates your under-skin so that blackheads and blemishes, enlarged pores, lines and wrinkles disappear. Start using Pond's Creams to-day.

Pond's

FREE: For sample tubes of Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams, write your name and address below, pin a 1d. stamp to this coupon, and post in sealed envelope to Dept. C16172, Pond's, Potters, Greenford, Middx.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Tune-in to Pond's "Serenade to Beauty" every Sunday—

Normandy 3 p.m. and Luxembourg 10 p.m.

Tune-in also to Pond's "Behind the Scenes" every Sunday—Normandy 3.15 p.m.

Transmission from Normandy arranged through the International Broadcasting Company Limited



IF you feel your job getting the upper hand, then it's probable that nature isn't getting a chance to replace the energy your body uses up during sleep. Sleep is doing you no good—in fact, you're 'NIGHT-STARVED.'

Horlick's at bedtime and mid-morning restores the lost energy and makes sleep effective: you

wake refreshed and confident. Horlick's is delicious and economical: just add water, the milk is in it. Prices from 2/-, Mixer 6d. and 1/-.



HORICK'S

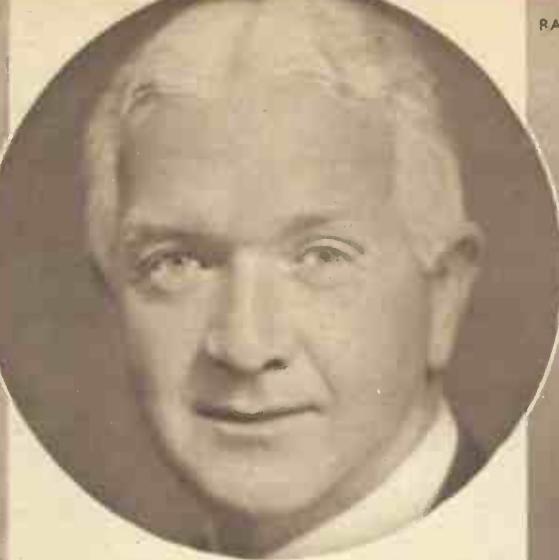
TUNE IN

Horkick's Tea-Time Hour. Debroy Somers and his band, vocal soloists and chorus. Luxembourg (1293 metres) and Normandy (269 metres), Normandy 4 p.m. to 5 p.m. Also Normandy, week-days 4 p.m. to 5 p.m.

Transmission from Normandy arranged through the I.B.C., Limited.



Get to know Dinah Sheridan. She'll soon be big news. See page 6



S. A. Bulloch is North Ireland's "Val Gielgud"—a brilliant play producer whose work you can hear in a play on Friday next



Lady of the Magic Fingers. Peggy Desmond, the syncopated pianiste who is much in demand

Presenting "THE RADIO PARADE"

B.B.C.'s NEW BABY TAKES A BOW!

First Hearing of the new Organ :: Fishing—and Fees! :: John Sharman's Circular Tour

THE B.B.C. requests the pleasure . . . and it will be a distinguished audience that receives a card for St. George's Hall on Tuesday for the baptism of the new organ. In its way this broadcasting organ is the finest instrument the Compton people have ever built and I wish them luck on the opening night.

It was a tight fit behind the grill in the concert hall, but this time there has been a whole lot more room for their men to work. If they are able to get away for the occasion, we shall hear two of the well-known Reginalds—Footh and Porter-Brown as well as Quentin McLean and Harold Ramsay.

Compleat Angler

ONE or two little jobs are waiting for Arthur Brown when he returns from holiday at Brighton. For instance, there is the matter of Flotsam and Jetsam's fee, which has been held over till the "boss" is back among the cheques. Willie Streeton, well known to artistes for his work behind the recording scenes, is filling Arthur's chair while its owner views a line from the end of Palace Pier.

Amid the boisterous excitement of variety booking, Arthur is imperturbable. Maybe spells of quiet reflective fishing help. Willie Streeton is to have the big job of booking for television.

Round the Halls

FOUND John Sharman, a little footsore the other day after a night before which had been spent in showing Mr. Grimm the music halls of London. Mr. Grimm is a programme man from the N.B.C., and is on a hustling visit to London. Eric Maschwitz asked him how he would like to spend the evening. "See some of your really typical music-halls," he said.

So John Sharman took him by the hand and, starting South of the Thames, they made a tour, working in a circle by way of the Chelsea Palace, the Metropolitan in Edgware Road to the Palladium, where they arrived in time for the last few acts. Altogether they visited six theatres.

A Strange Mistake

FLYING SQUAD Fletcher, famous for his teacups, had a laugh with Paul Askew about the mistake which put the latter on the air the other night. The wrong studio was plugged in at Maida Vale where Paul was rehearsing Jack Payne in No. 5, across the passage from Henry Hall, while John Barbirolli was waiting for his cue light in No. 2. It was lucky the dance-band studio was not put on the air a few moments earlier because a good deal more might have been heard than "We're a bit cramped here for room, boys."

Paul's Come-back!

A PART from a single appearance in "In Town To-Night," Paul Askew has not broadcast since the night years ago in Aberdeen when he last said "Good-night, everybody, good-night." His wife chanced to hear his impromptu the other evening, and says his voice sounds as good as ever. H. L. Fletcher, by the way, is taking his new recording vans on tour, to show the programme fellows in the regions what can be done.

Bulldog's Welcome

A THIRTEEN-MONTH-OLD bulldog was as pleased as any listener to hear Stuart Hibberd's voice again—and how that pup has grown while his master's been away! The dog often listens when Stuart is reading the news, but the wireless has not been on so much while the Chief Announcer has been on holiday.

While in Ottawa, Stuart got a kick from hearing London calling. Then he tuned the dial to hear Banff Springs on the other coast. Hard to believe it, but Banff is farther than London from Ottawa, as his Canadian friend pointed out. Shows what a vast task Major Gladstone Murray is facing in Canada.

Philip Loses a Train

LOOKING just as West End as ever, Philip Ridgeway claims to have gone all "country cousin." He "blames" these long and successful tours with his Parades. He looked miserable and he told me this story, which explained his sadness. He had missed a train; that might happen to anybody—but he had missed it because he could not find the way to get his car into Waterloo Station!

Telling the World

DAWN at Droitwich on an October morn will find three muffled figures with a mike at the top of a 700-foot mast. They will be Kenneth Adam, David Gretton, and a rigger who should be more at home than the others, because climbing the mast is part of his job. Of course, you've guessed what they are going to do?

Tell the world how the dawn breaks over the Midland counties, and I am told it is a sight worth seeing.



Gert and Dais, having trouble with their car. But these girls are tough—they wouldn't even call in Harry Tate for advice!

Radio Pictorial—No. 144
The FAMILY MAGAZINE

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EDITOR.....K. P. HUNT
ASST. EDITORS.....{ HORACE RICHARDS
MARGOT JONES



Gentleman in the helmet is H. J. Kaltenbom, C.B.S. radio reporter, who is now in Spain covering the Civil War.

Irish Spooks

S. A. BULLOCH, Northern Ireland Drama Producer, is back after a short holiday spent in the Donegal highlands. On Friday night (Oct. 23) he produces a spookish kind of play called *The Curse of the Lone Tree*; but its plot is not nearly so improbable as the title might suggest.

A tree which grows alone in the centre of a field is always looked upon as the property of the fairies by the Irish peasantry. The belief is so deeply rooted that I doubt if any Irishman—not even Mr. Bernard Shaw—would be courageous enough to cut down a fairy tree.

Anyhow, that's what happens in the play. The hero cuts down a fairy tree, and is cursed both by his superstitious family and the fairies. The author is Eamon Dubhagan, a young playwright who is much interested in Irish legendry, and it sounds interesting.

Journalist's Show

"**HOT NEWS**" is the title of the theme song in a revue called *The Ballymagraw Gazette*, to be broadcast from Northern Ireland on Monday (Oct. 19). The news should be authentic and snappy, because **Ruddick Millar**, who has written the lyrics and the principal part of the book, is assistant editor of one of the busiest Belfast morning papers. The music has been written by **Dudley Hare**, who is Musical Director of the Belfast Opera House.

Girl on the Cover

ATTRACTIVE, glamorous Gipsy **Nina** deserves a place of honour on our cover for her brilliant accordion playing. We have heard her from the B.B.C. and music-hall devotees have probably seen and heard her at their local variety theatres. Now she is a star in the weekly "Rinso" Music Hall programmes that are broadcast each Sunday at 6.30 p.m. from Luxembourg and Normandy.

Helping Announcers

THE B.B.C. is in a helpful mood. Another of those handy aids to announcing is just about going to press. Nothing teases the "cub" announcer more than foreign place names, so the powers that be have listed the worst. There are fifteen hundred in the book spelt in four different ways: as written, in international phonetics, in modified English, and as recommended for announcers' use. That is the only column the new boys will have to worry about. But be reassured, Paris will not become "Paree." I could not bear it.

NEXT WEEK

You've had our Tea Set and Fruit Set and you've liked them!

Now look out for our Stupendous Double Presentation

DINNER-SET OFFER

See our Specially Enlarged Autumn Issue
Price 3d.

Vera Goes Irish
I'M glad to see that pretty, witty **Vera Lennox** is again appearing so frequently in the programmes these days. In addition to being a fine artiste, she's a very lovable person—not always a certain combination. Anyway, following her five Saturday broadcasts with **John Watt**'s *Mystery Thriller*, she will be on the air on Wednesday and Friday (21st and 23rd) in *The Arcadians*.

She plays the second feminine lead and has to have an Irish brogue. I immediately lapsed into pseudo-Killarney and offered to coach her in the brogue, but Vera insisted that my blarney was better than my brogue! I may be able to give you advance information quite soon of

more interesting radio activities with Vera as the centre. At present it's "Hush!" Incidentally, she is to play Jack in *Jack and Jill* at Wimbleton, this pantomime-time.

News from Peggy Desmond

THAT brilliant, syncopated pianist, **Peggy Desmond**, is back in town after a fine season at Hastings. She phoned me the other day to tell me that she has just fixed up for fifty-two Luxembourg programmes! That's a year's work and must make her date-book look very snug. In addition she has resumed ciné-variety and is negotiating to make a talkie short for Pathé. Further, a gramophone company is dickering for her services, and **Greatrex Newman** has already signed her up for his Fol-de-Rols next summer. Busy person! Of immediate interest is the fact that we can hear her on the air again on Wednesday (Oct. 21) from 6.40 to 6.50 p.m.

Prom. Profits

ACOUNTANTS were busy at Broadcasting House last week checking up receipts from the Proms. It has been a record year, with Bach, Beethoven and Brahms on top. The house was sold out and the Prom. so full that they had to close the doors ten times this season as compared with seven last year.

Unposted letters

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

To Rev. F. A. Iremonger, Director of Religious Broadcasts, Broadcasting House, London.

Dear Sir,

Congratulations upon the introduction of the B.B.C.'s new prayer-book, "New Every Morning." The religious services broadcast on weekdays and Sundays undoubtedly fill a very real need among Britain's millions of listeners, and your enterprise in producing a new prayer-book, right up-to-date in subject-matter and sentiment, will be warmly appreciated.

JOHN LISTENER.

To A. Mantovani, Musical Director, London.

Dear Mantovani,

I was looking forward to your concert of gypsy music which was to be broadcast the other Sunday, and was exceedingly sorry to learn that it had been cancelled because you had been hurt in a road accident earlier in the day. I was glad to hear that your injuries are not serious, and wish you a speedy recovery.

JOHN LISTENER.

To Miriam Ferris, Broadcaster, London.

Dear Miriam,

A little bird has told me that you suggested a Christmas broadcast to be entitled "Savoy Hill Memories."



Walford Hyden
... making Brighter Sunday programmes a reality.

For Your Autograph Album

Yours sincerely
Ronald Daddington

With rehearsals every morning and concerts every night for eight weeks, it is an arduous time for the most seasoned players, but enthusiasm seems to give them the little extra strength needed to make the grade, and I must especially congratulate the women.

For Bertha Wilmott Fans

A SHORT note, but an important one, for the many people who can't resist listening to a Bertha Wilmott broadcast. The next is on Monday, October 19. Bertha's always worth listening to, so make a note in your diaries.

Ideas from Italy

GORDON McCONNEL was able to pass on a few tips before Stanford Robinson, the B.B.C.'s new opera director, left for Italy. Gordon has twice visited the Italian studios and admits that their system helped him in devising his own special treatment for light opera broadcasts.

It was after one visit that he worked out with **Rex Haworth** the well-known McConnell mat which graces the stage of St. George's Hall. With its boldly marked and numbered squares it seems now just a part of stage furniture. At first some producers responsible for less elaborate shows were inclined to smile, but they all use it now.

Actually, Robbie will not be following Gordon's route. He intends to spend more time in opera houses than in studios.

Young Starlet

ONLY sixteen, young **Dinah Sheridan** is a girl already on the way to becoming a big-news personality. A week ago she was televised in the "Picture Page" programme as Britain's youngest film star. She is scheduled to play leading roles in three big British pictures in the next twelve months. Yes, an up-and-coming starlet. Take a look at her picture on page 5; there's brains as well as beauty in that charming face.

WANDERING MIKE.

but the official reply was that "the B.B.C. has no vacancies for such a programme until the New Year."

You are disappointed, of course; and so are the very large number of listeners who have enjoyed all your broadcasts for more than ten years.

JOHN LISTENER.

To Walford Hyden, Musical Director, London.
Dear Walford,

Your recent programme entitled "The Table Under the Tree" was as near the perfect alternative programme for a Sunday evening as could be devised, and it was quite an inspiration to feature Cavan O'Connor although not, on this occasion, as the "Vagabond Lover."

These programmes should be very popular and go a long way towards making Brighter Sunday Programmes a reality.

JOHN LISTENER.

To Max Miller, Comedian, London.
Dear Max,

So you are coming back on the air. Cheers! You have been an absentee from the microphone for more than four years through no fault of your own—merely that little clause in your theatrical contracts—but it will not take you long to make up for lost time.

JOHN LISTENER.

★ You dance to their tunes, you listen to them, whistle them, play them. But do you know what the British Song-writer is fighting?

AMAZING RADIO SONG MUDDLE EXPOSED

By
Our
Special
Investigator



MUST BRITISH SONG-WRITERS STARVE?

UNKNOWN to the great majority of Britain's listeners, a fierce struggle is in progress behind the scenes of Radioland.

On the one side are American interests, anxious to flood the British ether with Yankee dance tunes. At present, as for many years past, the men representing these interests are reaping a golden reward for their assiduity.

On the other side is ranged a determined group of British dance song writers. For years these men have maintained that they have not been getting a square deal.

Now they have their backs to the wall.

"The British song-writer will either starve or in other ways be driven out altogether in the course of a few years, if the business of 'plugging' American songs continues as it is at present!"

That was the startling remark made to me in all sincerity—not by a disappointed failure of Tin Pan Alley—but by one of Britain's most successful composers, Tolchard ("Lady of Spain") Evans.

I set off on a comprehensive tour of Charing Cross Road—that street of song, of struggle, of sudden wild success—and of bitter sorrow and failure too. I met the men who had failed, and whose stories would tear at your heart-strings. And I met the songwriters of England who had made the grade, often against overwhelming odds, and always against the excessive foreign competition encouraged by the B.B.C. Success came to them at last—but—

"How long can we hold out"—that's what I heard them asking.

I met Box and Cox, two young Englishmen whose names are on such "hits" as "The Wheel of the Wagon is Broken," "Poor Dinah" and "My Girl's a Rhythm Fan."

"We have known the meaning of starvation," they told me. "When we started in Tin Pan Alley, we'd often go without food for two days. We got behind with the rent, and one day—when we were working out a new tune—two large gentlemen came along and removed the piano half-way through the chorus!"

"If we'd been American song-writers, we'd have made an impression at once. Even so, we won through at last, and have many more important songs due for publication...."

"But there'll be more tough times ahead if the

situation doesn't improve and if American songs—good, bad, and indifferent—continue to swamp the market!"

Bruce ("You're Blasé") Sievier agreed with them. "We welcome good American songs"—he said. "But the point is they are *not* all broadcast because of their merit, as the public naturally believe. Time on the air is as far as possible divided up so as to be equally fair to each music-publishing house.

"So the reason that there is such a large preponderance of alien tunes is *not* because they have greater merit, but merely because such a large number of them are published in England. You see, the publisher enters into agreement with alien firms to publish—not their "hit" songs only—but also their whole catalogue, including the trash.

"They say America is the home of jazz—so what? An Englishman did not invent the motor-car... but he built the Rolls-Royce!"

Bruce Sievier, by the way, is chairman of the newly formed (but already very active) British Authors' and Composers' Protection Association, of which you will hear much more in the near future.

Here is a little anecdote that will show you just what the British song-writer is up against:

The late Harry Tilsley was an Englishman, and connected with scores of "hits," including "Every Step Towards Killarney," "Dreamy Devon," "Sunset Down in Somerset," and "Let's Have a Basinful of the Briny."

Yet—"I met Harry in a music-publisher's office once" (Ralph Butler, another big hit-writer, told me), "and it seems he'd been waiting half an hour to see the boss. Then in swaggered an American who had just one popular song to his credit.

"Ah, come in," called the publisher from his inner-office. "How are you? Have a cigar...." "I saw Harry's lips trembling, as he rose wearily from his chair....

"I'm getting out of here," he said, "I just can't stand it...."

One of the greatest scandals of this invasion of foreigners into British broadcasting is that the B.B.C., in unofficially defining a "British song," had for some

time allowed a loophole wide enough for the whole seething hordes of America, Europe, and Asia to ride through—on elephants, if needs be!

For any foreigner could come over to England, write his songs, and—merely because they were published here—these songs went on the air disguised as "British."

So long as it was made copyright in this country, anybody from a half-bred Hottentot to a Chinese mandarin could write a "British" song!

This was one of the rulings about which song-writers born in the British Isles felt most keenly. Now, however, a British song-writer has been unofficially defined as a man actually born in the British Isles.

A plan is now being considered at Broadcasting House whereby it is hoped eventually to establish an official quota of British dance-music on the air.

But unless the B.B.C. officially agrees that a British song is one written only by a British National, this will result in a still further influx of foreigners and of foreign manuscripts into the country—and the inevitable defeat of the B.B.C.'s laudable effort to aid British song-writers.

Fortunately the melodymakers of great Britain have a very sincere friend at Broadcasting House.

Eric Maschwitz, himself a brilliant song-writer, is the man I mean.

The B.B.C. informs me that he has given an assurance that he "will do all he can to settle the matter to the satisfaction of listener, song-writer, and music-publisher."

By the time you read this, I understand that Eric Maschwitz will have arranged for representatives of the British Authors and Composers Protection Association to meet B.B.C. officials periodically at House, to state their position and to suggest ways and means whereby their legitimate interests may best be furthered.

In the event of a broadcasting quota of British music, music-publishers would be given due notice so that they might reduce their purchasing of foreign works and so avoid any financial loss.

When I interviewed Jimmy Kennedy (of "Isle of Please turn to page 24



Big double for
Angela Parselles
—she's going into
opera and she's
fallen in love!

BEFORE long you will see Richard Tauber and Steffi Duna in the film version of "Pagliacci." Tauber's voice will sound marvellous. You will go home feeling thrilled and satisfied. BUT . . . you will want to know something.

Is Steffi Duna a professional singer? Does that thrilling voice really come from the beautiful Duna or from someone else?

The answer is . . . someone else.

I have just discovered that Angela Parselles . . . little nervous Angela Parselles . . . was paid a big sum to double for Steffi Duna in the part of Nedda. So that Angela does the singing, while talented Miss Duna does the acting and vamping and glittering.

Of course Angela is no film star and could not possibly appear on the screen opposite the great Tauber. So she gets no credit. But the truth is she was chosen to be the Steffi Duna double out of forty-six well-known singers who applied for the job. And Tauber said to her: "You sing like a professional with years and years of experience!"

This story did not come to me from Angela Parselles. I want to make that quite clear. But it is true.

And it gives me a lot of pleasure, because Angela is still so nervous about her work, and so modest, and so lacking in confidence. I never met anyone who seemed quite so apologetic.

I wonder . . . if she were run over by a bus, would Angela get up and apologise to all the passengers for causing a bump?

The three of us had lunch together last week. Angela, her sister, and me.

Said Angela: "I'm not so bad as I used to be, not so timid and stupid. For one thing my sister has come all the way from Australia to live with me. For another thing I have fallen in love. Yes, it's true. I never thought anything like that could possibly happen to ME. I'm not the sort of person who DOES

Studio Small-Talk

by NERINA SHUTE

ANGELA PARSELLES GOES OPERATIC!

fall in love. But I'm so much happier. Everything has changed. And for some reason I have been so successful lately. I don't understand it. And now that my sister has come to live with me I don't feel lonely any more. I'm happy. Don't you see a change in me?"

Said Angela's sister: "I shall stay in England as long as Angela wants me."

Said Angela, beaming: "I shall always want you. I need you. When I have you with me I have more confidence in myself. Don't you understand?"

That's how she talks. A lot of quick words, and the apologetic voice of someone who thinks nobody will understand her.

So this is the story, reader.

Little Angela Parselles was actually invited to sing in opera. She had no operatic training. Everyone was amazed when the news came out. As John Garrick said to me: "It's incredible! Most people have to study opera for years and even then they don't get a chance at Covent Garden!"

And yet Angela just calmly walks off with the leading role in "Pagliacci." She opens at Covent Garden on November 18. In "Pagliacci" she plays the part of Nedda . . . the Steffi Duna role in the film. She also plays leading roles in two other operas.

Charming people are always taking me out to tea.

And one of the most charming of the whole lot is Gilbert Rumbold who has only one arm and yet is painter, writer, actor, crooner, radio artiste, marathon runner, and popular newspaper cartoonist.

He is so nice, and clever.

Said Gilbert Rumbold: "I suppose you remember how I started broadcasting? I turned up at the B.B.C. starving. Had no food for several days. So they asked me to broadcast in 'In Town Tonight.' I was known as the Starving Artist.

"Probably no one really believed that story. Why should they? But the whole thing was true. I had been sleeping on the Embankment for weeks. I was down and out. And now I am making a lot of money as a cartoonist. And broadcasting as well!"

The story of Gilbert Rumbold in brief:

Gilbert Rumbold, of "Red Sarafan" fame, is also a clever artist. Here he is on the Lido with a lovely subject

Became a commercial artist. Saved up enough money to live in Sussex for two years and paint. Was completely happy.

When all the money was gone he returned to London and slept in doss-houses. Then came this broadcasting break and with it success.

"A few weeks ago," he told me, "I spent a night in a doss-house just to revive old memories. It was grand. I had a dream about Ancient Greece which I shall never forget. I left the doss-house, cashed a cheque, and had lunch at the Savoy."

Gilbert Rumbold broadcasts regularly in "The Red Sarafan."

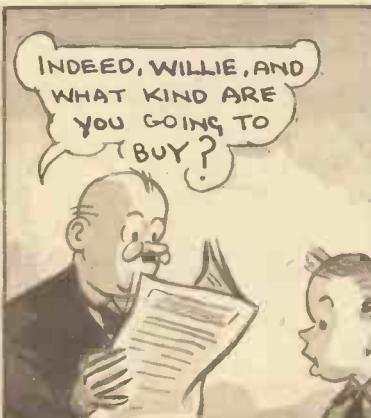
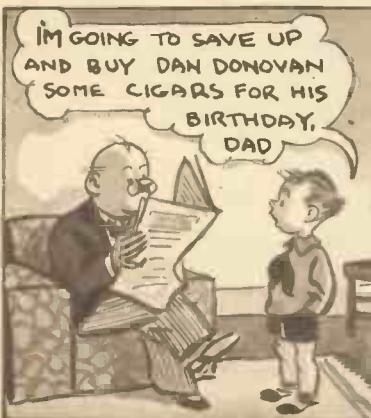
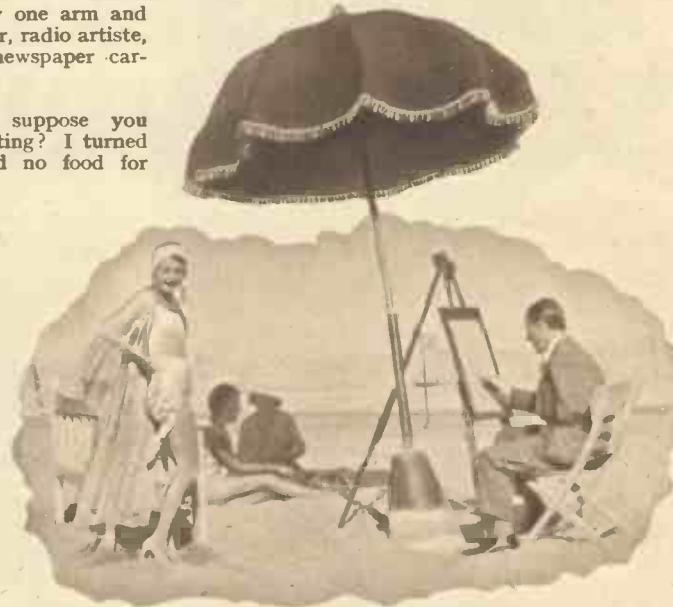
Next time I hear him I shall think of a good-looking artist who has struggled through after many set-backs. Incidentally he has written a book on philosophy which at present has a place of honour in the Bodleian Library at Oxford.

I do hope he takes me out to tea again.

Right now we are wondering about the "Mrs. Murgatroyd and Mrs. Winterbottom" programme . . . with Mrs. Tommy Handley and Mrs. Ronald Frankau. Seems like a good idea. But do YOU like the wives as much as the husbands?

A few words from Jean Allistone (Mrs. Tommy Handley).

"The programme was an experiment," said Jean. "Our husbands got the idea, and wrote the sketch for us wives. You see, we are all great friends and so we love working together. But I still don't know whether it's a good idea or not."



PUN-ISHABLE OFFENCE !



Famous Crooner Reveals his Life's Ambition

"I'M A HAPPY MAN —but I have a problem!" Says DAN DONOVAN

STARS in the radio world certainly have their problems.

Take Dan Donovan.

Now Dan is about as well known as anybody in the radio world. As you all know, he sings for Henry Hall. He is a celebrity. A great artiste.

And yet with all his radio success, and all his publicity, and all his achievements, Dan Donovan is disappointed. He points out that most people don't even know what he looks like. He is just a Voice. And so with all his ambition, his charm of personality, his good looks and his Irish blarney, he is disappointed.

I said to him: "What is your grievance?"

"Well," said Dan, "it is not a grievance that I have. I am a happy man, and I love my work. It is a problem—not a grievance. But I don't know how I am ever to solve this problem."

"What is your problem?"

"Well," said Dan. "I know what I want but I don't know how to get it. What I want," he said with embarrassment, "is to be a film star. Now don't laugh! I know I can act just as I know I can sing. I am not boasting. It is the truth. And I know perfectly well that if only I could get in touch with the right film producer, and get a chance, I could prove what I say."

"But how do I get my chance? That is the problem. How do I meet a big film producer and after that how do I persuade him to give me a real chance?"

Dan impressed me quite a lot. He is so good looking, so Irish and charming.

If Dan can act, as he says, then he ought to be a film star. Because he has the appearance and the charm.

And yet strangely enough it is almost as difficult for famous Dan Donovan to get a real chance in the film world as it is for an unknown crowd artiste. His voice over the radio is famous. But his personality in real life is unknown.

I am telling you all this because one of these days I believe Dan might easily turn into a film star. I believe he has it in him. If somebody will give him a chance he will make good.

At the same time there is something a bit strange about talking to a famous artiste and finding him disappointed with life.

But even if Dan is secretly disappointed and a bit puzzled he is obviously a very happy person by nature. I went to see him at the B.B.C. studio in Maida Vale. After watching him rehearse with Henry Hall (and getting a great kick out of all the laughing and nonsense which goes on all the time) I went with him to the canteen and I heard the story of his life.

"You want to know the happiest moments of my life? What a funny question! A journalist," said Dan, "has the courage to ask almost anything!"

"Well, I started life as an office boy in a shipping business. That was in Belfast. My job was to lick stamps and run messages."

"I stuck that horrible job for quite a long time. But finally I told my father it wasn't good enough for me. I pointed out that I was very ambitious. What I wanted to be, I told him, was a mechanic.

"So then, after a heart-to-heart talk with my father about boys with ambition, I became a mechanic. In those days you had to serve an apprenticeship. You had to mess round for about three years before you were qualified for any kind of job in a good motor works. Well, that's what I did. I served my apprenticeship. And then at the age of twenty-one I found myself in the sales department earning about six pounds a week. And was I happy?"

"That must have been one of the happiest times in my life, you know. I love anything to do with mechanics.

Even now I can't keep away from cars. If I'm out driving and I see someone on the side of the road, a break-down, I just can't resist stopping my car and offering to lend a hand. The kindest thing a motorist can do, so far as I'm concerned, is to have a break-down!

"Well, I'm not going to bore you with the whole story of my career in detail. I started a little band while I was still working as a motor salesman. It grew popular. Finally we were asked to take a permanent job at the Cox Café and so I gave up my other job.



It's at moments like this that Dan's at his happiest.

"Then I started to get really ambitious. I suddenly saw the possibilities in a job as a band-leader. The thing to do was to get ourselves known. So, after broadcasting a few times I had the idea of sending out hundreds of circular letters explaining that my band was a good band. See the idea? One of the people I sent this letter to was Quaglino, in London. That was a bit of conceit, wasn't it?"

"Yet, it was the letter to Quaglino which gave me my break. He asked me to come and see him. Off I went to London to see Quaglino—but I didn't take the job he offered me."

"It's funny how things happen. I was so thrilled when I got the offer from Quaglino. Of course I intended to accept it. And then, quite by accident, I met Debroy Somers. Everything changed from that moment."

"You see, I met a chap in London and this chap took me round to the theatre where Debroy Somers was then working. We got talking, the three of us. It turned out that Debroy Somers was looking for a new singer, and just for fun I asked him to give me an audition. He did. And it all happened then and there."

Special
"Radio Pictorial"
Interview



"Pass the sugar, please"—a happy informal photo of Dan, off duty.

"To my amazement I was suddenly standing beside a piano and singing. I only sang about three bars. Then Debroy Somers said, 'That's enough. I'll give you £20 a week. Will you take it?'

"That was more money than I had ever earned in my life. £20 a week! It seemed like a fortune, and I felt like a millionaire."

"Yes, that must have been the happiest moment in my whole life. It was all so unexpected. I didn't even know that I was going to meet Debroy Somers, let alone get a job with him. Anyway, I accepted. I felt a bit guilty about the Quaglino offer, but I went back to Ireland and told the boys what had happened. There was no trouble. They decided to stay in Ireland, and I decided to join Debroy Somers."

"After that I worked with Debroy Somers for about five years. He gave me every chance. He let me make records, and he let me sing for several different bands—he let me do anything so long as I worked for him when I was wanted. So I think a lot of Debroy Somers. I think of him as the man who gave me my chance. A marvellous man to work for, Debroy Somers."

"And finally, of course, I landed my present job with Henry Hall."

"You see, I've always been one of those lucky people you hear about. I've never had a struggle, never been through bad times. And I've never been the least bit nervous. I don't know why it is. Other people tell me about microphone nervousness. I don't even know what it is! Never felt it in my life!"

"My only real trouble is that I happen to be very ambitious. I'm not satisfied with myself. I want to be a film actor more than anything in the world, and I know perfectly well that if only I got the chance I could make a success."

"Anyway," he added, "if ever I do get a real chance . . . that will be the happiest moment in my life!"

N. S.

No. 3. Ex-B.B.C. Announcer's Confessions.

BEHIND THE SCENES at
BROADCASTING
HOUSE

To day I have achieved my ambition
I can hardly express my feelings
when I won on Golden Kent at archive
my 247th winner, which beat Fred
Archer's long standing record.
A strange & perhaps unfortunate
coincidence is that I should do it
the 47th anniversary of his death.
Companions have been made
you know by the wins between Fred
Archer & myself. Personally I like
that today although condition is
own will

Here is part of the original broadcast speech made by Gordon Richards when he broke Fred Archer's record. It is in his own handwriting.

So far I have told you of the morning and afternoon routine which I had to follow at Broadcasting House.

But, as you can imagine, the most interesting things at the B.B.C. generally occur during the evening sessions.

Generally the most ticklish job of the evening is getting from one studio to another in between programmes. When you hear an announcer say "That is the end of the concert by the Wireless Military Band. The next part of the programme will follow almost immediately," and 30 seconds later hear the same voice say: "To-night the B.B.C. Orchestra is playing in the Concert Hall," think of the rush to get from the eighth floor to the lower ground in 30 seconds.

After the 10.15 news I send the Regional over to dance music, then back to the announcers' room for coffee and sandwiches thoughtfully provided by the B.B.C.

Either I read the 11 o'clock weather forecast and go home—or go down to studio BB, announce television until 11.30, stay on until midnight to say a final "Goodnight to you all—Goodnight"—my special version.

So my announcing days pass, many of them just routine—but few without some interesting incident—some letter of praise or criticism from a listener—some well-known personality passing through the marble entrance hall up to the padded studio—and then the few moments' conversation before and after the broadcast that brings a fresh thrill each day.

Many of the incidents, most of the personalities are fresh as ever in my memory.

There was one occasion when the Chauve Souris came to the microphone—with that incomparable showman Nikita Balieff as compère—how sad his death recently.

He speaks English with an atrocious accent and asks me my name several times to make sure he has got it right.

I introduce him at the mike—he follows—breaks all rules about the anonymity of announcers by saying: "I tank de prononcer Meestair de Groot for de very kind vay ee as introdwooced me."

It was too late to stop him, so there were lifted eyebrows at Broadcasting House—and in came over a hundred amused letters from listeners addressed to me personally.

Then there is my most difficult broadcast. The whole English-speaking world is on its toes—it is looking towards Russia where the trial of the British engineers accused of sabotage is drawing to its end.

Will they be convicted? All day long the B.B.C. News Department have been watching the tape machine—nothing for the First News—nothing for the 9.30 National Bulletin—I am due to read the 10.15 Regional—we wait until 10.14—nothing—I tear to the studio, begin with the weather forecast.

At 10.16 p.m. the news from Russia begins to filter through, and the news editor tip-toes into the studio.

I dare not pause even to look at him. He lays before me an announcement: "The news of the Russian trial is just coming through; it will be given in a moment or two."

The full summing up is coming through on the tape—miles of it!

There is not time to edit it, retype it. They bring



Recent photograph of Roy De Groot in his present office

MY BIG YEAR OF THRILLS

A Royal Telephone Call Caps All Previous Experiences

me the first sheet—just a maze of red pencil "scratches out" with the lines left in to be read hardly discernible.

No time even to glance down the page—the mike alive six inches from my face—a cold sweat breaks over me—I begin.

The strain of finding my way in that wilderness of red pencil still sends a tingle through me to-day—one page done—a second—a third—a fourth—the News due to finish at 10.30 p.m.—it drags on to 10.45 p.m.—for me "drags" is hardly the word—"burns" would be better.

They say I made five mistakes in those four pages—it feels as if I had made five million and I was limp at the end of it.

My biggest evening of all was the anniversary of the Battle of Ypres. In the Second News was an anonymous talk by a man who was in it—a talk that painted a graphic brutal picture of those days.

It is on Hibberd's programme and I don't know who the man is.

It's my turn to stay late so Hibberd goes and leaves me to run Broadcasting House till midnight.

The phone rings—a voice: "Who is in charge at the moment, please?"—I reply that I am—the voice: "Will you give me your name please. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales wishes to speak to you."

Put yourself in my place!

The world's clearest, most incisive voice comes to the 'phone. H.R.H. has heard the talk about the Battle of Ypres—liked it—wishes to know who gave it. I am unable to tell him. He asks me to find out as soon as possible—tells me that he is staying at Fort Belvedere—gives me his telephone number—is gone.

Within a few minutes I know that the unknown survivor of Ypres is Derek ("Children's Hour") McCulloch.

I get through to the exchange—ask for "a personal call to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales at Fort Belvedere."

Never before—or since—have I got a trunk number so quickly!

Within three seconds I am speaking to H.R.H.'s private secretary—a moment later I am giving McCulloch's name to the Prince. Then he speaks of broadcasting in general—praises the "excellent work" done by the B.B.C.—asks many questions—after a conversation lasting a quarter of an hour—is gone.

Looking back, the most striking thing about that quarter of an hour was the uncanny speed at which H.R.H. absorbed the information that I was able to give him. Never have I spoken to anyone who so immediately saw the full implications of, could so quickly spot the flaws in, any given series of facts. An hour's conversation was crammed into that short quarter!

The evening was the most exciting culmination to the most exciting year of my life.

I found announcing a most thrilling job, but seeing so many programmes go out over the air created a desire in me to learn more of how they are built.

My chance comes when the great staff reorganisation takes place.

It is decided to "hot up" the Regional Headquarters by sending to them "crack" men from London. To Manchester go Archie ("Round the World Programmes") Harding, as Programme Director, Robin ("Eton and Oxford") Whitworth as Dramatic Producer.

I am offered the job of combining with announcing, general help with producing programmes. For the sake of future experience I accept.

In Manchester it's a vastly different life from London. At Broadcasting House they are smooth easy-flowing days with each man's work carefully cut out. In Manchester a small staff covers an enormous area—Yorkshire, Lancashire, Durham, Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmoreland. So much programme material is available—so widely distributed—that even with sub-offices in Leeds and Newcastle there's enough to keep everyone working fifteen hours a day.

Here's a typical job, which shows you what things are like.

Liverpool has gone crazy—Gordon Richards has just broken Fred Archer's record—he has got back to his hotel—locked himself in his room—the hotel is in a state of seige—thousands are fighting to get in, get an interview, a picture, just a glimpse of the big little man.

To Manchester comes the instruction from London—"We must get Richards to speak in the second news."

Harding sends me to track down our "quarry." While our engineers fit up the mike in the Manager's office, my job is to fight harder than the rest—get through—my B.B.C. card helps—my height (6 ft. 5 in.) does the rest.

In Richards' bedroom we plan out a five minutes' talk. He prefers to have it in his own handwriting—rehearses pacing the room while I sit on the bed.

But there's still an hour to the time. He wants to sleep—and I want some dinner!

Downstairs they've heard about the Broadcast. News-hawks want the wording for the early evening editions. They very nearly mob me and through dinner the waiters spend most of their time keeping the press boys away from my table.

At nine o'clock the biggest job of all is getting Richards from his room to the mike. Anywhere near the crowds and he'd just disappear! So round back ways, through devious passages—someone spots us—we run—the crowd is after us—we reach the office just ahead of them—they want to be let in to take pictures at the mike—I beg them to keep quiet until after the broadcast.

Behind a locked door Richards speaks to the world. Then the crowd just surges forward—pushes the door clean off its hinges—they get their pictures. My souvenir is the paper on which Richards wrote his speech. I've still got it!

Harding—officially my chief—becomes in programme matters also my "father and friend."

Please turn to page 31

By
**ROY
DE GROOT**

Marjery Wyn, the lovely radio star, tells here the story of her love romance—it was glamorous, fascinating, like a chapter from a novel

★ "My romance was one after my own heart—because it came to me romantically!"

By

MARJERY WYN

Precious Romance

The perfect smile of contentment that is the sign of a lady in love!

TRUE romance never comes more than once in a lifetime. I suppose most people experience a variety of love affairs before they finally discover that real devotion has never been their way before.

But it doesn't come to everyone in the same fashion. Sometimes it appears suddenly but quite ordinarily. Other times the players just drift into it and awaken to find themselves in the midst of a perfect romance.

Then there is the other way—a way that we all dream about, like a chapter from a storybook—when romance comes romantically.

It came to me like that, when I least expected it.

It awakened a feeling I had never experienced before, and sent me on a sea of unbelievable happiness.

I was touring at the time. I hadn't many friends in the town I was stopping at, so you can imagine my delight when I ran into an old friend of mine. She hadn't been married long, and it was ages since I had seen her.

She seemed pleased to see me and invited me to a party she was holding at her house. I accepted readily enough, and she asked me to be there early so that we could talk about old times. And she added, secretly, there was something she wanted to tell me.

My curiosity was aroused. Any woman's would be in the circumstances. I thought of a hundred things it might possibly be, but I was wrong in every case.

When I arrived, and after we had talked for half an hour, my hostess drew me aside and made me promise I wouldn't breathe a word that passed between us. I promised.

"This party," she said, "is going to be an experiment. My husband's asked his life-long friend, a good-looking man, to come. I've asked my life-long friend to come as well. We're going to engineer it so that they fall in love with each other. If we can pull it off it will make a perfect foursome through life."

I had an urgent desire to laugh. Romance doesn't come that way to people. True love can't be engineered by outsiders. All the same, I knew there was a possibility that the two might fall in love at first sight. But why stage an elaborate party? Surely, I thought, an ordinary introduction would have been good enough for the purpose.

But still, it would help to make the party interesting from my point of view.

I was first introduced to the girl. She was attractive and possessed a pleasing personality. I wondered looking at her, whether she knew that this party was being held for her sake, and that it might lead to a complete change in her life.

Then I met the husband's friend. He was charming and, as my friend had said, very good-looking. I could see no reason why the experiment shouldn't work. It all depended now on their individual tastes.

But before long I had an extraordinary feeling. Surely this couldn't be true? Sane people in real life don't do things as do characters in a book. Something was bound to spoil the whole idea.

As the party progressed I sensed something that began to upset me. Instead of the hero taking a lot of notice of the heroine, he persisted in sitting next to me and talking about everything under the sun.

I could see my hostess frowning now and again when she looked in my direction. I began to wish devoutly she hadn't told me about her secret.

What could I do? If I made myself attractive to the man she would only think I was deliberately trying to spoil her plan. That would have been a cheap thing to do.

And again, something had happened inside me. I felt stronger than ever before, that here was a man I could really love throughout life. This feeling didn't make things easier for me at all.

Instead of encouraging him I remained aloof. I appeared interested in his talk, but that was all. My position was steadily becoming uncomfortable. I was acting a part the whole time. Stimulating a coldness that I could not feel at heart.

To my utter relief the party came to an end sooner than we had expected. I was glad. The tension in the air could almost be felt.

Next Week: "CUPID and I" by RENEE HOUSTON

Still, my friend had one move left. She might engineer it so that he took the girl back to her home. If she could do that, romance might flare up during the journey.

I was standing just inside a room waiting to say good-bye to my host. He was talking to his friend just outside in the hall. I couldn't hear what they were saying, until suddenly the friend slightly raised his voice.

"But, old man," he said, "I don't want to take the girl home. In fact, I'm not going to take her home. If I take anyone it'll be Miss Wyn and no one else."

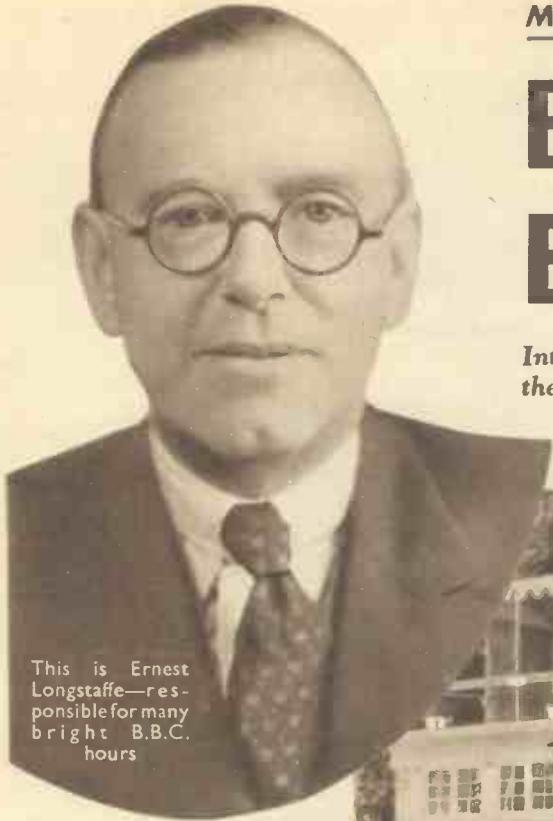
That was the gist of the conversation. Their voices dropped as my heart rose. I sat down on a chair and just gazed into space.

I wondered whether my host would be able to persuade him to take his wife's friend home.

Anyway, I wasn't going to interfere. I intended to keep my pose of aloofness until I had passed through their front-door, with or without a companion.

(Please turn to page 29)





This is Ernest Longstaffe—responsible for many bright B.B.C. hours

WHEN delving into radio programmes in search of light entertainment, to come across the words "Written and produced by Ernest Longstaffe" following the title of a musical show is invariably an indication that your search is at an end.

The name "Longstaffe" is, in radio circles, synonymous with "Quality."

Ernest Longstaffe . . . in his early forties, clean-shaven, amiable, courteous, enthusiastic and, above all, sincere. The sort of man who conceals a very considerable force by an imperturbable exterior.

Try to get Ernest to boast about his radio activities and you will find him quieter than a non-Aryan in Berlin and yet he will tell you, with his eyes glistening proudly behind his spectacles, that he is a very good interior decorator!

He gravitated to the stage, via a musical comedy chorus. This despite the fact that his voice, on his own admission, is "terrible." He stuck it until one night the manager heard a strange noise coming from the stage. He stopped. He looked. He listened. Exit Ernest. . . .

Preparing His Future

However, he had been preparing quietly for this inevitable moment and had painstakingly taught himself composition, orchestration, harmony, counter-point and the other strange intricacies of the composer's craft. Ernest then became Musical Director for various touring and West End shows.

On the twenty-ninth of May, 1926, he "debuted" at the B.B.C. . . .

The show was called the Bee Bee Cabaret. It was a success and Longstaffe followed it up with many other equally bright revues and musical shows. Notably, of course, he has become the Radio pantomime King and most Christmases are made lively by one of these Yuletide pot-pourris of mirth and melody.

He works now in a room at St. George's Hall which used to be the wardrobe-room of Maskelynes. The room still contains the full-length wall mirror used in those days, an important fact for which Miss Phyllis Rounce, Ernest's charming and capable secretary-cum-right-hand-man, is unceasingly grateful.

Organised magic may have flown from St. George's Hall, but in that little room of Ernest Longstaffe's magic still persists. The magic is

Meet the Man Whose Middle Name is Enthusiasm!

BEING ERNEST!

Introducing **ERNEST LONGSTAFFE**,
the popular B.B.C. "Shirt-sleeve"
producer

script—assuming it's not one of my own. Then I cast it and pray fervently that I shall be able to get all the artistes I want. Next I think around the music, arrange for orchestrations or do them myself. I like to work about eight weeks ahead on a show.

"There are some producers who are not happy unless they are in a whirl the day before production—I'm not like that, I insist on everything being cut and dried. System! It's necessary when you realise that I sometimes have on hand as many as twenty different shows in various stages of composition—or decomposition.

"I am at my happiest when I have in hand



"Sundream," the beautiful house-boat bought by Ernest for his leisure hours. But he didn't get any, so he had to sell the boat! Who'd be a B.B.C. producer? (Shrieks from a thousand readers—"We would!")

the way in which he discovers new artistes and licks them into The Shape of Stars to Come.

For Ernest Longstaffe is the friend of struggling artistes. I should think he holds the record for discovering potential "mike" material and giving new artistes a chance to make good. Tolefisen, the Accordion wizard, Marjorie Holmes, the Sunshine Girl, Nina Devitt, Ray Meux, Edwin Lawrence, Winnie Collins, Brookins and Van, Roy and Alf, Phil Green and his Busketeers. . . . These are just a few of the newer radio artistes who must be grateful to Ernest Longstaffe for their chance.

Friend of Young Artistes

"If one makes but one discovery out of two hundred auditions," says Ernest, "the time has been well spent." He'll probably lie in wait for me with a battle-axe for printing it, but the fact is that if I were a young artiste seeking a break on the air (which Heaven forbid, for I like eating regularly!) it would be to Ernest Longstaffe that I would apply. That's a straight tip.

He does not demand outstanding talent of his artistes nor does he insist on ruthless discipline at rehearsals. All he demands is enthusiasm and sincerity, a sincere determination on the part of everybody to make the current show the best ever.

"Just as I've tried to cut out the Government atmosphere from my own office, so I've tried to eliminate the formal atmosphere from my rehearsals. I do my best to radiate cheerfulness at rehearsals. It is necessary for artistes to be happy working with me if the show is to be a success," he told me.

"When I rehearse I like to plunge into it in my shirt-sleeves and really get down to the job. I've found that radio artistes hardly ever throw temperaments—they haven't time, for one thing. Certainly I've never had any bother at all."

"When I have a show to do I first read the

an unsophisticated revue or vaudeville programme, with perhaps a bright spot of cabaret. I have about four or five rehearsals and that is enough if the artistes are working with me.

"Honestly, I cannot pick out one particular programme which I would claim was my best. I like to believe that the latest one is always the 'tops'."

Every fresh broadcast is a new thrill, though I die a thousand deaths until the red light indicates that the show is 'on.' After that a keen agony envelopes me, and I perspire profusely until the 'fade-out.' And then? Well, I have a drink, go home, read a thriller, and then start thinking about the next programme."

Yes, a busy life is Ernest Longstaffe's. He didn't even have time to enjoy "Sundream," the house-boat which decorates this page. So he had to sell it. But when he does get a little leisure he devotes it to painting, gardening and interior decorating.

He says he can paper a room with the best of them. Well, if he does it as well as he puts on his shows the House Decorators' Trade Union ought to look into the matter. They can't afford to have experts in competition with them!

The reason for Ernest's success is being Ernest. . . .

By
ROSS REDFERN

NEXT WEEK

Special 48-page Autumn Issue
No extra charge. 3d. only
Many magnificent articles, fiction,
pictures and gossip.

Also

A Superb Presentation Offer of a Beautiful Dinner Set for you and your friend!

Order Your Copy To-day!

Elisabeth Ann's Page

From nut-brown to lily-white loveliness — **ELISABETH ANN** tells you how you can achieve this miracle; and cure with home treatment a lined or discoloured throat line.

IT may sound a little strange to talk of necklets and "packs" side by side, but in this case the necklet is the pack; and it serves just the same purpose—to enhance your neck.

Sometimes you do not discover the difference in colouring of neck from face until you begin to wear your dance dresses—a new neckline to a day dress will often give it away, but it is true that nine out of ten throatlines are discoloured from tan or from being be-scarfed for a month or two, or from a general run-down condition. The best treatment, to whiten, to nourish and to keep the throatline firm and youthful, is the necklet pack.

It is not sufficient merely to apply a pack, let it dry, and remove. The throat needs kinder treatment, massage, and a cream with an oily base which will nourish it. First of all use a cleansing lemon cream, working it in with upward movements from beauty's hollow in the throat to just below the chin. From the sides of the throat work up again, and from the nape of the neck up to where your hair grows, pressing with the finger-tips to stimulate circulation.

Then remove your lemon cream with tissues and prepare your pack. Place a sufficient quantity of the pack in a small finger-bowl or saucer, and add a little milk (the cream from the top of the milk is particularly good). Then apply the pack to the skin surface, quite thickly, and allow it to dry. I do want you to try to relax while the pack is drying, resting the head, so that the throat is not disturbed during the drying.

When the pack is quite dry on the surface, and no pack looks very beautiful when it has dried, remove with cotton-wool which has been dipped in tepid water. Not cream, nor astringent. The circulation will have whipped colour to your cheeks, and your skin should be glowing!

If you are retiring, apply a little skin-food before sleeping. If you are going out, smooth on a foundation cream which is slightly astringent, and dust with a silken powder.

One pack treatment will not give your throat the same colouring as shoulders or face. Apply it twice weekly for a while, or even thrice weekly until the yellowness has disappeared.

It doesn't sound elaborate, do you think? And working it out from a practical standpoint, the cost is approximately 2s. 3d. for several treatments, made up like this: Clasmic Pack 6d. a tube; lemon cream, 9d. a jar; foundation cream, 6d. a tube; and face powder, 6d. a box—all these are special trial sizes well worth trying.

Just another point—if your skin is particularly greasy, you may prefer another type of mask—a blending of lemon and magnesia will help to refine the pores and will still whiten the skin of face and throat. Or there is an excellent face pack, costing half a crown for three treatments, which is suited to all types of complexion, including the very dry and sensitive.

And have you thought of a foot-pack? The same process applied over the feet and ankles, just before you wear those evening sandals which expose so much of your foot? It helps to draw out acidity, and is a complete change from the foot-bath treatment. Don't apply a nail varnish to the toes until after the pack has been removed, and instead of the foundation you would use for the throat, spray on a little lavender water to make the feet fragrant and cool.

If you are one of the many readers who have written me lately about a discoloured neck, a too-thin neck, or a lined throat, you will want to use this bright new treatment. And if you haven't written, I shall be delighted to send you details on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope.

If you have not already benefited by Elisabeth Ann's Free Advice on every kind of beauty query, write to her now c/o "Radio Pictorial," Chancery House, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope for a quick reply.

Beauty's Necklet

READERS WISH TO KNOW:

COULD you please publish a sure prescription for blackheads and pimples?—A DEVOTED READER, MARTA (Shotts).

Why not try a series of masks to help clear the skin, and inwardly take an antacid powder to lessen the blemishes. Also take plenty of cold water between meals, and avoid too many pastries, fried foods, rich sauces and acid-forming fruits such as plums, red-currents, strawberries and tangerines. May I send you details by post?

I AM writing for my friend with whom I am staying, and would like your advice about her problem. She perspires an awful lot, which stains her clothes and causes an unpleasant odour. She is very distressed as she has tried several things without success. But as you answer so many problems on your page in "Radio Pictorial" I am sure you will be able to answer hers.—KATHLEEN LAWRENCE (Dereham).

I am sure your friend will benefit from a deodorant ICE, which is an iced cream and stays cool in the jar until it is finished. Apply just a little each morning, and it absorbs any moisture, besides checking perspiration, and deodorises any odour. It costs 1s. 6d., and I know many readers with your friend's problem will be delighted to hear about it. It is not wise to try to stop perspiration altogether.

I WORK on a farm and am, therefore, out in all weathers. During the cold weather my skin chaps and becomes very sore. I have tried ointment to heal it, but the moment it is better it chaps again.—DISTRESSED (Worthing).

It is no use healing the skin and leaving it exposed immediately afterwards when it is super-sensitive. I want you to use a protective, waterproof foundation cream (have it in pink tint for winter weather) and dust over with a little powder. This should prevent the face chapping. Use no cold

You can apply the Clasmic Pack from a tube, or spray it on to cure discolouration and tired skin.

or hot water on the face for at least a month, but cleanse with a complexion milk, and at night apply a light rose skinfood.

AFTER having my hair permanently waved I wish to set it at home, to save expense, but I cannot get the ends to turn up properly. They twist round all ways. Can you advise me what to do with these, and what curlers to use, because the "perm" is not very tight at the ends.—JULIA (Midlothian).

I think if you use a special "spring" curler for the ends, you can make tight curls. First damp the hair, place the ends in the spring arms, and then roll the hair up into the curler and leave for ten minutes. This particular curler is guaranteed, and should it break, it will be replaced free by the makers. Priced at 6d. for two.

WILL Miss Weston send her new address to which I can send the exercise for slimming the waist? She omitted to enclose it, and I believe she wanted it urgently.

YOU told one of your readers in this week's *RADIO PICTORIAL* to use an astringent lotion for enlarged pores. Would you tell me the price, and also is a face pack of Fuller's earth and witch-hazel good for clearing the skin?—BILLIE (Gill).

The price of Laleel Astringent Lotion is two and sixpence, and you can get it direct from Miss Adelaide Grey, 27 Old Bond Street, London, W.1. The face pack you mention is rather unkind to the skin. You can make a mask yourself with half a teacupful of oatmeal, to which have been added equal parts of rose-water and witch-hazel, and the beaten white and yolk of one egg.





GOOD THINGS TO EAT

By M. S. W.

I WONDER how many mothers have had to cater for the "finicky" child who won't eat this or that? Thousands of us, I'm sure. But there are many ways of making wholesome food look tempting. Instead of suet, for instance, use Stork margarine; and when "rice pudding" day comes, spread a meringue mixture on top, and it looks almost "partyish." On a chilly October day a

GOLDEN LAYER PUDDING

is delicious.

INGREDIENTS.—To $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. flour, allow $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. Stork Margarine, a good pinch of salt, a level teaspoonful Borwick's baking powder, and $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. golden syrup.

Method.—Mix the salt with the flour, and add the baking powder, then rub in the margarine as if for making pastry. Now mix to a stiff, dry paste with a little cold water, and roll out on a floured pastry board. Grease a pudding basin. Put in a dessertspoonful treacle, then cut a round of pastry-dough to cover bottom. Pour in a little treacle, add a layer of pastry-dough, and repeat till basin is full; allow $\frac{1}{2}$ inch from top for it to swell. Steam for 3 hours, then turn out on a hot dish.

RICE PUDDING

is often the pet abomination of nursery folk, but served this way they won't grumble.

INGREDIENTS.—1 pint new milk, 2 tablespoonsfuls rice, 2 tablespoonsfuls sugar, 1 oz. butter or margarine, a dash of powdered cinnamon, 2 eggs, 3 ozs. castor sugar for meringue mixture.

Method.—Wash the rice, put it in a greased pie-dish, and add the sugar and milk; also, if liked, the pinch of cinnamon. Let it stand for an hour, then bake in a slow oven for an hour. Break the eggs, separate whites from yolks. (Use yolks for making a custard.) Whisk up the whites and fold in the castor sugar. Spread over the top of pudding, or pile in chunky masses, and set back in the oven till the meringue becomes a pale biscuit colour. A few glacé cherries as decoration makes it look like a party sweet.

A nice savoury supper dish which does not cost much is

STUFFED ONIONS

INGREDIENTS.—4 large, evenly sized, Spanish onions, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. sausage meat or cold minced meat, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful minced parsley, 1 teaspoonful Worcester sauce, 2 ozs. dripping or margarine, 1 cupful of stock (or cold water with a teaspoonful of Marmite added), salt and pepper to taste.

Method.—Mix the sausage meat and minced parsley and add the sauce. Peel the onions, scoop out the centres, and fill with the sausage mixture. Put a knob of dripping or margarine on top of each. Set in a baking pan with the rest of dripping or margarine, and bake in a moderate oven for an hour, or till quite tender. Make a gravy with the stock, or marmite and water, and serve with the onions which should be placed on a hot dish.

GARDEN NOTES

By F. R. Castle

FERNS.—From now onward, Ferns of all kinds growing under glass will need less water, but you must always guard against excessive dryness at the root. Carefully remove all faded or discoloured fronds and, if possible, stand specimens on inverted flower pots. Free play of air around the plants prevents mildew.

Roman Hyacinths.—Noted rather for the fragrance of the flowers than for their size, Roman Hyacinths are well suited for cultivation in bowls, and, if put in now, should begin flowering before the end of the year. Ordinary bulb fibre should be used. Make this slightly damp and, after nearly filling the bowls, press the bulbs into it until their top is almost covered. Stand the bowls in a dark cupboard and, unless the fibre gets very dry, give no water until growth begins, after which keep them consistently moist, but not saturated.

Cyclamen.—Cyclamen will now appreciate a little help from liquid manure or one of the advertised patent manures. Never give a stimulant when the soil is dry, and, if possible, keep this from direct contact with the little buds just showing or the loss may be serious. Should a plant get dust dry, stand for ten minutes almost level with the soil in a bowl of tepid water.

Gas Lime.—The use of fresh gas lime is recommended to any reader having to deal with a pest-ridden soil. The lime may be obtained from the local gasworks and is not costly to buy. A hundredweight and a half is sufficient for a ten-perch plot of ground. After digging the ground roughly next month, scatter the lime evenly over the surface and allow it to remain until February. Then dig it well into the soil and in March plant or sow the desired vegetables in full assurance that the crop produced will compensate for the slight cost and trouble incurred.

Wintering Fuchsias.—Fuchsias need not be given a place of honour in the greenhouse. Old plants in pots do quite well stood beneath the greenhouse stage, or even in one corner of a garage or shed where none but the most severe frost is likely to harm them. Give them no water, but next March cut them hard back, shaking away the soil from the roots and repot them into very small pots.

Weedy Lawns.—It is now a good time to tackle a weedy lawn. Various proprietary mixtures are offered, but an effective and cheap remedy is a mixture of basic slag (4 ounces) and kainit (1 ounce), used 5 ounces to the square yard. Brush it well into the turf, afterwards keeping the lawn well rolled.

This useful little pastry wheel should be in every kitchen. When you make meat-filled patties, fold over the edges, moisten slightly, and just cut round it with the wheel. As it cuts, it fixes the sides firmly together and makes a neat notched pattern all round. The flat end can be used for making decorative designs

5/- HINTS

Have you got a favourite "wrinkle" or recipe? Then send it to "Margot," c/o "Radio Pictorial," Chancery House, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2. Five shillings are offered for every hint published on this page.

SILENCE NOISY CISTERNS

NOISY cisterns are a nuisance. If your cistern seems to trickle all the time or too much, prevent it in this way. Tie a string firmly round the neck of a suitable size bottle and attach the bottle to the arm of the ball-cock. The water will go into the bottle first, then flow down the sides of it noiselessly into the cistern.—*Mrs. R. Hill, 65 Brian Avenue, Sandinstead, Surrey.*

NO MORE BURNT CAKES

AVOID burnt cakes by lining your cake tins with corrugated paper (such as is used for packing) before putting in usual grease-proof paper. The cakes will then be lovely and a golden colour.—*Mrs. C. Dolphin, "Sunnyside," Wadboro', Worcester.*



The charm of lace is illustrated by this afternoon dress, straight from Paris—in black wool lace, scarfed with red georgette. Model by Francevramant



(Left)
"Marguerite" — wispy black net with appliquéd flowers makes a romantic and beautiful evening dress

(Below)
A youthfully appealing dress in pink tulle embroidered with silver thread.
From Bruyère

LACE IS IN FASHION

By Elisabeth Ann

NATIONAL Lace Week is being held from October 19 to October 24, and during this week you will find the loveliest laces from which to make evening frocks, dance dresses, tunics and trimmings for lingerie. Lace is in fashion, it appears on famed Paris gowns, it is used extensively for London designs, and the heavier types of Guipure and wool lace are very useful for tailored frocks and suits. Soft pink and blue lace is ideal for dance dresses, and beige, café au lait, and black lace is lovely for tunics. If you are planning to make a lace tunic for an evening skirt, I shall be delighted to send you cutting-out instructions, on receipt of a stamped-addressed envelope. The type of tunic which needs no pattern, and which you can cut out yourselves and make up in an evening. With demure "excuses" for sleeves, and high throat-line in front.

Witchcraft lace is another exciting variety in a number of lovely designs, including flowers, net and appliquéd patterns. This lace is wearable for day blouses, too.

Chiffon makes up beautifully with lace, grey and browns particularly. In her London collection Isobel uses black lace and net, and inserts them in half moons over the shoulders, just where the



(Right) A convenient cooking spoon for lifting and straining. The blade-like sides, sharp and fine, act as a chopper for cooked vegetables. Price 6d.

sleeve begins, round the hem of the skirt, and at the wristband, to relieve severe little afternoon dresses. And it looks entrancing!

Sequinned net is also in fashion, the sequins spaced widely apart, and shimmering as they catch the light. And net on which a feathered lace design is woven makes a dreamed-of bridal headdress and train for the all-important wedding occasion.

At another of the London dress collections a mannequin suddenly lifted her day dress a trifle, to expose a lace-trimmed petticoat beneath. And at her throat and wrists were tied little ruffles of cream lace to match. Which is a way of freshening a dark day dress instead of the more conventional collar with cuffs.

The frock illustrated is fashioned from black tulle net on which are embroidered huge marguerites. Worn over a stiffened "slip," it looks very feminine, very lovely. Model by Zyro-Pam. If you are young you can wear all these frail laces and nets and look youthful. If you are not-so-young, you can wear the heavier laces, those deep cream patterned laces and the shining ones, and look charmingly well dressed.

MY READERS WRITE:

I WOULD very much like your advice on stockings. I generally pay 4s. 11d., but I never get nice shades. I wear black shoes and green suede ones, so don't want brown tones, yet all I get look "gingery." Can you explain this. Also what size do I need in stockings for a 5½ shoe? —ANXIOUS TO KNOW.

First of all, get the new "Cocktail" shade in a lovely new stocking which is fine yet eminently wearable. This shade goes with black, with grey, green and blue, and has very little brown in it. Also it is "shadowy" in effect. Actually you need a 9½-inch stocking in a good English brand, because this is not too full round the ankle, and in any case good stockings don't shrink.

I MADE up the pattern you suggested and I am quite in love with it. The only worry I have is about the flower at the neck. Actually this makes my make-up look wrong, because the orchid tones don't match my lipstick, etcetera.—MRS. JENNER.

Why wear the flower at the neck or shoulder? I would assure you flowers are being worn at the waist, centre front, and at the side of the waist, in this year's models, and if you wear your flower there, it need not affect your present make-up.

I WISH you could advise me about clothes for a first baby. I have had so many catalogues I am quite confused. Is there anywhere I can go and be advised as to what I need for a minimum layette? I cannot afford to spend much, but I want the clothes to be good to start with.—MOTHER-TO-BE (Uckfield).

Yes, I can advise you of a store specialising in layettes, and these people will give you a list of just what you need for the happy event, without incurring too great expense. Can you manage to come to town for the occasion? If not, write the firm and they will send you lists.



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SUITED DOWN TO THE GROUND

This cute little coat bordered with red, and gay red trousers knitted in a smart checked pattern, are highly becoming to the small boy—and easily knitted on large needles

MATERIALS

6 oz. of red and 5 oz. of white "PEARLSHEEN" 3-ply wool, Golden Eagle; 1 pair of No. 8 needles; 1 set (4) of No. 9 needles, points each end (for cap only); 4 pearl buttons; length of narrow elastic for round waist and edge of cap.

MEASUREMENTS

Coat, 14 inches; sleeve seam, 10 inches; trousers, round waist, 20 inches; body, 12 inches; leg, inner seam, 13 inches.

ABBREVIATIONS

K., knit; p., purl; sts., stitches; tog., together; rep., repeat; m.s., moss stitch; wl. fwd., wool forward.

TENSION

6 sts. to 1 inch; 8 rows to 1 inch.

TRousERS

Right Leg

With No. 8 needles and red wool, cast on 64 sts.
1st row—K. 2, * P. 1, K. 1. Rep. from * to end of row. Repeat this row 3 times.

5th row—K. 2, * wl. fwd., K. 2 tog., P. 1, K. 1. Rep. from * to last 2 sts., wl. fwd., K. 2 tog. Rep. 1st row 7 times. Shape for back as follows:

1st row—K. 4, P. 3, turn. 2nd row—K. 3, P. 4. 3rd row—K. 4, P. 4, K. 4, P. 1, turn.

4th row—K. 1, P. 4, K. 4, P. 4.

5th row—P. 4, K. 4, P. 4, K. 4, P. 3, turn.

6th row—K. 3, P. 4, K. 4, P. 4, K. 4.

7th row—P. 4, K. 4, P. 4, K. 4, P. 4, K. 4, P. 1, turn. 8th row—K. 1, * P. 4, K. 4. Rep. from * to end of row. 9th row—(K. 4, P. 4) 3 times, K. 4, P. 3, turn. 10th row—K. 3, * P. 4, K. 4. Rep. * to end of row. 11th row—(K. 4, P. 4) 4 times, K. 4, P. 1. 12th row—K. 1, * P. 4, K. 4. Rep. from * to end of row.

13th row—(P. 4, K. 4) 5 times, P. 3, turn.

14th row—K. 3, * P. 4, K. 4. Rep. from * to end. 15th row—(P. 4, K. 4) to end of row.

16th row—As 15th row. 17th row—(K. 4, P. 4) to end of row.

18th, 19th and 20th rows—All as 17th row.

21st and 22nd rows—As 15th row.

Continue in check pattern, increasing once at the long side of the work in the next and every following 4th row, whilst at the same time increasing once at the short side of the work in the 5th and every following 6th row until there are 92 sts. on needle.

Decrease once at each end of the needle in every alternate row until 52 sts. remain, then in every 4th row until 40 sts. remain. Work 12 rows without shaping. Now proceed as follows:

1st row—M.s. 8, work 10 in pattern, m.s. 22.

2nd row—M.s. 22, work 10 in pattern, m.s. 8. Repeat these 2 rows twice.

7th row—Cast off 18, m.s. to end. Work 10 rows m.s.

Continue working in m.s. decreasing once at each end of the needle in every alternate row until 10 sts. remain. Cast off.

Left Leg

As right until shaping for back (1st and alternate rows). 1st row—K. 4, P. 4 to end of row.

2nd row—(Working in pattern) 7, then turn.

4th row—Work 13 in check pattern, turn.

6th row—Work 19 in check pattern, turn.

8th row—Work 25 in check pattern, turn.

10th row—Work 31 in check pattern, turn.

12th row—Work 37 in check pattern, turn.

14th row—Work 43 in check pattern, turn.

16th to 22nd row—All in check pattern.

Now continue as right leg until 12 rows are worked on 40 sts. 1st row—M.s. 22, work 10 in pattern, m.s. 8. 2nd row—M.s. 8, work 10 in pattern, m.s. 22. Rep. these 2 rows twice.

7th row—Cast off 18 sts., m.s. to end. Finish as right leg.

COAT

Left Front

Cast on 52 sts. in Red wool.

Work 10 rows m.s., break off Red (this forms Red border) and join on White wool, K. 4, P. 4



A fancy little suit
that puts its owner
in the best of spirits

to within 8 sts. from end.. Join on Red wool and m.s. 8 in Red. Continue in check pattern, always working these 8 m.s. in Red wool to form border. On eighth row, work until 4 m.s. left, wl. fwd., K. 2 tog., m.s. 2 (buttonhole).

Now work 29 rows in pattern (still keeping m.s. border in Red). On next row make another buttonhole (work to within 4 sts. of end, wl. fwd., K. 2 tog., K. 2).

Work another 29 rows then another buttonhole. Work 11 more rows.

Cast off 3 sts. Work in pattern to end of row. Still keeping the border of 8 m.s. at front edge, in Red continue in pattern, decreasing once at the beginning of row (armhole end) until 42 sts. remain. Work another 5 rows without decreasing. On next row make buttonhole and work 2 more rows, now cast off 16 sts. (neck edge), K. 4, P. 4 to end of row. Next row—Work to within last 3 sts., K. 2 tog., K. 1. Next row—P. 1, P. 2 tog., work to end of row. Rep. these decreases until 16 sts. remain. Work 2 rows without shaping. Cast off.

Right Front

Cast on 52 sts. with Red wool. Work 10 rows m.s. Next row—8 m.s. in Red. Join on White wool, K. 4, P. 4 to end of row. Work as for left front, keeping 8 m.s. border in Red, but omit buttonholes until armhole is reached.

Cast off 3 sts. and decrease once at armhole end every 2nd row until 42 sts. remain. Work 8 rows without shaping. Cast off 16 sts. neck edge.

Next row—K. 2, P. 4, K. 4 to within 3 sts. of end, K. 2 tog., K. 1. Next row—K. 1, K. 2 tog., P. 4, K. 4 to end of row. Continue, decreasing neck end each row until 16 sts. remain, K. 2 rows without shaping. Cast off.

Back

With Red wool cast on 68 sts. and K. 10 rows m.s. Break off Red wool and join on white wool and knit in check pattern until work measures the same as front to underarm. Cast off 3 sts. at the beginning of next 2 rows. Continue in check pattern, decreasing once at each end of needle in the next and every alternate row until 48 sts. remain. Now work 20 rows without shaping. Cast off. Join up shoulder seams.

Collar

Pick up and K. 50 sts. round neck with Red wool. Only pick up sts. on the White part of

(Continued on page 31)

A New Angle on the Eternal Dress Problem!

WHAT I LIKE GIRLS TO WEAR

Do women dress to please men? Whether the answer's "Yes" or "No," there's no doubt that most men have strong views on feminine clothes. Here is a masculine point of view on "Eve—and her Clothes."

I SUPPOSE most men have their own ideas of women's clothes. Of what they like and what they simply detest. Personally, the first thing I notice about a girl is her face, and provided it's not actually obliterated by make-up (in common with most of my sex I can't abide too much make-up) I'm interested enough to look at her clothes.

Here's what I like.

I like really smart sports clothes. I don't mean thick, shapeless tweeds and beret shoved on just any old how and great boat-like brogues, I mean those clothes that are called "spectator sports wear" in the smart magazines; you know, tweedy material but frightfully well tailored and worn with neat tie-up shoes, bright stock scarves and jolly slouch hats. The sort of clothes that look just as smart in a West End cocktail bar as in a country "pub."

But in the evening I like a girl to go all out about her clothes. Let her be as casual as she likes in the daytime, but after eight o'clock she ought to look like someone's leading lady. Black, I think, suits most girls, and that filmy sort of net stuff that goes all slinky down to the knee and then flares out into an absolute cloud is grand.

I like really high heels with evening dress, though in the daytime I prefer them middling—flat heels look a bit dowdy, I think, and very tall ones make a girl totter along in a very ugly way—but after dark girls ought to be all feminine, however "good sports" they may have been an hour ago about helping you to change a punctured wheel.

Of course, I know that girls can't always go about in sports clothes or an evening dress, so if they've got to wear an afternoon affair I'd prefer it to be rather plain and of a dull-surfaced material, relying more for its smartness on good cut than on lots of frills and gadgets.

I like a lot of white with dark clothes, a bunch of white flowers at the neck, white gloves and, maybe, a bit of white ribbon somewhere on a hat looks

By
GEORGE BARCLAY
(Crooner with the Casani Club Orchestra)

George likes "tweedy material, frightfully well tailored" Esther Coleman looks elegant in tweeds and she and her companion are both wearing berets which are approved by George!



"I like a bunch of white flowers at the neck of a dark dress," says George. Effie Atherton certainly looks lovely with this style.

awfully smart, I think, with a dark brown or blue frock. Better than a black satin frock and hat with a lot of diamonds that one immediately suspects of being paste!

Beach clothes have been swell this year, to my way of thinking.

I love those jaunty navy flannel trousers with stripey jerseys that girls have been wearing, and I like those very short shorts if a girl's got the right sort of legs. And white linen suits that look as if they've just left the laundry—I could fall for a girl in a white linen suit that's really impeccable any time of the day!

Wet weather wear seems to loom rather largely on the horizon this year, so I must put my spoke in that wheel while I'm about it. Whoever invented those long

waterproof capes ought to get a medal. I've seen them in all sorts of colours on all sorts of girls and they make me feel considerably less bitter towards the weather in general.

I can't think why all girls don't wear them instead of flapping about in dreary mud-coloured mackintoshes. It must be such fun to be able to wear a gay, swashbuckling cape and an imitation trilby



George Barclay proves himself as good a dress critic as he is a crooner!

hat with an absurd feather stuck through it and masquerade as a musical comedy sort of Ruritanian soldier every time there's an ominous black cloud in the sky.

Want to know my pet aversions? There are two, and they link up together, in a way. The first one's bare legs in town! I forgive the woman in a thousand (and there always is a woman in a thousand) who has perfect legs, satin-smooth and beautifully tanned, but until girls have grown seams up the backs of their legs to bisect the calf in two, a pair of chiffon stockings will always look fifty times nicer than bare legs.

The second, and it gives me cold shivers down the spine even to write about it, is—or should it be are?—ankle socks. Brrr, how can they do it, the girls who walk around London in high-heeled shoes and silly little socks turned over at the ankle? For tennis, or on the beach, with a pair of flat-heeled tennis shoes and shorts they're all right, those socks, but there ought to be a law against wearing them anywhere else.

But I'm supposed to be telling you what I like, not what I don't! Shoes, I think, are an important item. I like rather plain, good shoes—those snub-nosed court shoes with medium high, straight heels are the best of the lot; they "go" with everything and they always look nice.

I like the funny things that girls wear in their buttonholes and breast pockets. Little bunches of crazy-coloured flowers, handkerchiefs with big spots on them, fob watches and square wooden initials. They're all fine and make an awful lot of difference to the general appearance. I like fox furs on tall girls, but not on short ones; they look kind of swamped, if you know what I mean—all fur and no girl.

Handbags, like shoes and gloves, ought to be plain and pretty expensive. I should think that a good plain handbag would outlast two or three cheap and fussy ones, so I can't think why girls don't take more care over that sort of thing. I believe any girl could get away with a home-made frock if she had good plain shoes and bag and gloves and a jolly bunch of flowers pinned on somewhere.

It's just occurred to me that I haven't said much about hats, except to mention the slouchy ones I like with sports clothes. Well, I love them to be smart and worn all on one side, but I do hate them to be silly. I feel an awful ass walking down the street with a girl who's got something that looks like a brown paper bag stuck on her head, or a thing like a saucer topped by a feather duster kept on (apparently) by remote control.

Big hats that dip a bit over one eye are fun and so are those little eye-veils that get attached to small towny hats. Berets are nice, too, worn in the right way by the right girl in the right place.

After all I suppose it's chiefly a matter of being "suitably" dressed and looking smart and "different" without being too conspicuous.



"I like fox fur on tall girls," says George. Elizabeth Cowell demonstrates how right are his tastes.

If you want any dance-band information write to Buddy Bramwell, 37-38 Chancery Lane, W.C.2. He'll do his best to settle all your queries.



Phil Green, a man of many names and lots of talent. See next page.

CROONERS SPOT

**Band Leader with Nerve :: Dan Donovan picks a Winner
Chick Henderson is Making Good!**

Brooklands—which is to-morrow (17th). Read also one of his many fan-letters—this from a hospital nurse who remembered him when he was flying during the war. She recalled how, "up at the Front," he used to scare the lives out of certain officers by taking his plane up, and skimming the wheels along the roofs of the sheds that housed them!

Bill's got nerve, all right. He's the chummy sort of fellow you'd just love to meet.

Which gives me an idea. Why shouldn't he form a fan club, so that he could arrange to meet parties of his radio public from time to time? Write to him here, if you think it would be good fun. He'd be interested.

Here's a Dan Donovan protégée.... Meet good-looking young Al Durrant, dance-band leader, who makes his second appearance at the mike on October 27, when he and his "Blue Boys" broadcast from the Cadena, a restaurant in Gloucester.

"If I hadn't met Dan Donovan," says Al, "maybe I'd still be working at photography and commercial art. But Dan taught me to play wind instruments, and at twenty I was making my first public appearance."

FROM America comes amazing news of the radio authorities' attempt to stop "song plugging." It seems that after 5 p.m. nowadays no dance tune can be repeated on the air without the lapse of a four-hour interval!

They're also going "all out" to stop their radio

And I know of one very famous band leader who—on hearing it for the first time—said just that thing!

Glad to hear that dear Elisabeth Welch has hit the spot in the new Victoria Palace show. Here's an artiste of international renown. London, New York, Paris, Berlin, and Vienna (her favourite spot for night life) all know and acclaim her. She confesses that she "lives at night" and admits frankly that she sleeps late. Hence her superabundant energy and unflagging vivacity.

Lives in a mews flat at Knightsbridge. At present decorators are still slapping paint all over it, but as soon as it's ready Elisabeth will resume her "cabin picnics." Believe me, they are grand parties, and Buddy Bramwell always R.S.V.P.'s an eager "Yes"!

You see, Elisabeth makes a soufflé which is like a little bit of heaven.

WE'VE heard of people "Waltzing in a Dream"—but have you ever heard of anybody singing in a dream?

The manager of that popular harmony team—The Four Aces—tells me that not long back Barry Tinsley, one of the Aces, was operated on for a poisoned arm. They gave him an anaesthetic that put him sound to sleep.

"He got straight up from the operating table and went on to join the act"—revealed the manager—"but, he was singing in a dream!"

Mark my words, Chick Henderson, crooner with Joe Loss's band, is gonna get to the very top. He's good but the knowledge won't give Chick swelled head. Here's his story in brief: Was working as a marine engineer as recently as March, 1935. Jan Ralini's band visited West Hartlepool, Chick's home-town, and ran a "Go As You Please" competition. So Chick upped and entered. Won it. Got an engagement with Jan on the strength of it. Three months later, Chick and five other boys left the band and joined up with trumpeter Louis de Vries, whose



Al Durrant,
see above.



Chick
Henderson,
clever
crooner.

WETHER it is possible for any one individual to develop a sufficient catholicity of outlook regarding crooners to anticipate public judgment correctly in every case is a moot question.

That's why I don't envy the B.B.C. Dance Band Department officials who in future have to give auditions to intending crooners.

It has just been announced officially that all crooners must pass a B.B.C. test before they go on the air, and that it will no longer be possible for a dance-band leader to introduce a new vocalist who has not first received the B.B.C.'s O.K.

I think that a few vocalists have got on the air who appear to have no qualifications whatever. But that is my opinion only, and I am quite sure that, if I mentioned their names in this column, the next post would bring me an avalanche of protests from their indignant fans who evidently see and hear a good deal more in their broadcasts than I do. Which is my loss, of course.

A "straight" singer can be judged by certain accepted standards, but a dance-band vocalist's success depends almost as much upon his or her personality—that elusive factor which it is so difficult to appraise.

In consequence of this new regulation, a number of crooners and croonettes naturally are beginning to descry a red light.

Is this latest restriction upon crooners justified?

Many of them argue that however well intentioned the judge or panel of judges at Broadcasting House may be, the system will be irksome and tend to prohibit enterprise.

For instance, if a vocalist with an entirely new style now appears, a go-ahead dance-band leader can introduce him or her and possibly greatly improve the broadcast.

Under this new arrangement, the band leader must first convince the B.B.C.'s dance-band department that the innovation is worth while; i.e., that something never done before actually can be done—which is always a difficult task, even in the best of circumstances, isn't it?

The dark intention, apparently, if we can believe the B.B.C.'s official journal, is to "weed out the crooners."

Who will be the unlucky ones?

BEERED with bright and breezy Billy Cotton (broadcasting to-night and again next Friday), and wished him luck for his next race at

band leaders accepting bribes . . . and the rules are severe.almost to harshness. I've seen 'em. Music-publishers must not give band leaders special arrangements or anything else of any value. Mustn't even put their photos on music and say "Featured by this famous band," because that's giving them advertisement.

"In fact," cables an American publisher, "if we even speak to a band leader sideways, we're liable to be thrown into jail!"

Yes, the Federal authorities are going to prosecute those who break the rules!

It is amusing to reflect that if "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" had been offered to an English music-publisher, he would almost certainly have labelled it—"Not commercial."

tragic death left Chick without a job. So he joined up with Harry Leader's band.

Last August he broadcast for the first time with Bobby Howell's band. Joe Loss heard him and invited him to join his band. "Don't you think I've been lucky, Buddy?" asks Chick. Answer is "Yes and no." Lucky to get the breaks, but taking advantage of them needs more than luck. It needs talent.

Chick's pet sports are rugger, soccer, tennis and boxing. Often has a couple of rounds with Bert

THE RED LIGHT

Gerald Fitzgerald's New Dog :: Big New Radio Film
Billy Merrin's Seaside Discoveries

Collier of Joe's band, but usually comes off worst! Also a keen reader of light novels . . . Ethel M. Dell, P. G. Wodehouse, and Edgar Wallace are his favourites.

Bouquet to clever Hugo Rignold (sometimes called "the British Joe Venuti") for the excellent way he handles Jack Harris's pit orchestra for *Transatlantic Rhythm* at the Adelphi Theatre. There's a ton of good stuff in this bright, battle-scared show, and I can recommend it for a jolly evening. Lou Holtz is a slick comedian whom I'd like to hear on the radio. And Buck and Bubbles are aces high as dancers and comedians. And the show-gals . . . oh boy!

Gerry Fitzgerald has gone and got himself another dog. His last one, Dinty, had a complex. Couldn't bear corners on furniture, and he neatly nibbled the edges of £25 worth of furniture before Gerry decided to call it a day. The new animal—a rip-snorting mongrel—has already been examined by a psycho-analyst and has been duly vetted as free from phobias.

Gerry, by the way, has "discovered" a drink bearing the unusual name of "Pique d'Amour." It once cost me one-and-six to buy him one. The English equivalent of "Pique d'Amour" would be "Sting of Love." I guess the one-and-sixpence is the sting!

NEW signature tune of Sydney Lipton is "Dance and Leave the Music to Me." It's already insinuated itself into my bathroom repertoire, which shows it's got what it needs.

Seems the words and tune came to Sydney when driving from Liverpool to London, and he wrote them down roughly on the back of menu cards at a village inn. Then Jack Trafford (one of "The Three T's") licked the number into shape.

Telephone tinkle, a melodious voice brings a little sunshine into my hard life. It's Suzanne Botterell. Tells me that she's being kept plenty busy doing "voice-doubling" for stars at the Denham studios. Pay, she confides, is £20 a day! Nice! M.-G.-M. are interested in Suzanne as a screen bet herself. But the cameraman is in a dilemma. Worried whether to dye Suzanne's naturally blonde hair dark to match her eyebrows and lashes, or whether to bleach her naturally dark eyebrows and lashes to match her hair!

Leslie Douglas is a big attraction with Van Phillips' dance orchestra. I'll let you know more about this clever vocalist in a short time.

Nat Gonella and his boys, Brian Lawrence, and Evelyn Dall are dance-band names lined up for *Calling All Stars*, a new film being made by Joe Rock, who was responsible for Harry Roy's film. Cyril Ray, who wrote the hits for *Everything is Rhythm*, has done the numbers for the new show. Lu Anne Meredith, Clapham and Dwyer, Fred Hartley, Claude Dampier are other radio names in a film that sounds as if it will be swell entertainment.

Johnny Rosen, who is rapidly becoming a favourite with listeners, has a capture in Taylor Frame, his vocalist and arranger. Taylor also plays the saxophone, and his versatility does not end there, for he is also a slick performer on the piano and clarinet. What's more, he has had a good deal of broadcasting experience at Midland Regional with the Midland Mischief Makers and the Three Blue Boys. In those days he used to work in an office, but he has now become a full-time musician, and there is no doubt that this rather shy young Scot has a great career before him.

If you're with Al Berlin's Band and you yell out "Butch," Trumpeter Phil Rome answers.

Wally Beery, the film star, gave him this nickname when the band was playing in Biarritz. Don't ask me why!

WHILE Michael Carr and I punished a couple of mushroom omelettes 'other day, this same songwriter (who glorified all valets by writing "A Gentleman's Gentleman"!) mentioned that the B.B.C. plan to broadcast another of his "Strolls Down Tin Pan Alley," at the end of October or the beginning of November. Michael also contemplates putting the show on the stage.

A friend in Hollywood writes me to say that Louis Armstrong, hottest of Harlem's hot trumpeters, will be blowing strong in Bing Crosby's new film *Pennies From Heaven*.

Armstrong is one of those performers who break up an audience into two distinct schools—those who are simply nuts about him, and those who hate him like poison. You either like his trumpeting or you don't.

When he appeared at a London music-hall, there were wild scenes round the stage door. I thought it was a "lynching party." A crowd was yelling: "We want Louis Armstrong! We want Louis Armstrong!" at the tops of their voices. They were his fans wanting a close look at him.



Elisabeth Welch, one of the brightest stars in "Let's Raise the Curtain," the "All-in-One" show at Victoria Palace, London.

Inside Dance Band Chatter

By

BUDDY BRAMWELL

Next Week's

LATE-NIGHT DANCE MUSIC

(Subject to unavoidable late alterations)

Monday—SYDNEY LIPTON and the Grosvenor House Dance Orchestra.

Tuesday—AMBROSE and his Orchestra.

Wednesday—BRAM MARTIN and his Holborn Restaurant Dance Orchestra.

Thursday—LEW STONE and his Band.

Friday—BILLY COTTON and his Band.

Saturday—HENRY HALL and the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra.

When he appeared, they had to queue up for autographs!

He's supposed to hold a top note on the trumpet longer than any other man. Whether this is worth another Blue Riband or not, I can't say.

I'd better not say, anyway, because that would start a real fight.

A real mystery man of radio, with as many names as a cat has lives, if not more, was on the air Wednesday (14th). I mean Phil Green, with his Busketeers, whose photo is on the next page. He's broadcast with his other outfits under the name of "Don Miguel" and "Joe Paradise." He's only young—but so bright he sparkles!

BILLY MERRIN brought two new recruits with him back from Ramsgate, where he has been spending the summer season with his band. Ten-year-old Jessie Nicholson was the most confident broadcaster I have ever seen, reeling off impressions of Mae West, Greta Garbo and Zasu Pitts without turning a hair. Billy has a new crooner in Eric Stanley, who came up to him at a dance and asked to be allowed to sing with the band. He's certainly a discovery—hailing from Loughborough, and Billy has him under contract. He replaces Ken Crossley, who is now free-lancing in London. Meanwhile, little Rita Williams goes from strength to strength, and compares more than favourably with any crooner in the West End. She's only sixteen—so I can see her service being greatly in demand in a year or two's time.

You've all heard "The Scene Changes," and "The Glory of Love," two big hits on the radio these days.

Composer is Billy Hill, of "Last Round-up" fame, in fact, a big noise in the dance-music world. Now, here's fun. Billy wrote his first song one night while he was acting as a night-watchman in a factory in Death Valley!

Clean Fun Department. Hand it to Peter Yorke for the story of the young lady who arrived very late for a dance. Her boy friend gazed at her reproachfully: "Darling," sez he, "I'm so glad you've come. The place has been like a desert without you." "Yes," she replied, "I know it has. I've been watching you dance like a camel."

Line Up No. 23

WALK up and be introduced to the boys in Mrs. Jack Hylton's band. Conductor, "Mrs. Jack"; George Hurley, Bill Miller (violins); Jimmy Miller, Len Edwards (pianos); Jock Scott, John Bristol, Eric Lambert, Pete Rose (saxes and clarinet); Bill Newton, Stan Howard, Harry Edwardson (trumpets); Jack Bentley (trombone, trumpet, 'cello); Alex Morris, Leslie Brian (guitars); Bert Kirby (bass and sousaphone); Lew Stevenson (drums, etc.); Jimmy Miller and Leslie Brian (vocals).

Debroy Somers and his Band supplies the snappy music heard in Horlick's Sea-Time Hour. All-Star Cast includes the Rhythm Brothers, Sam Costa and Dorothy Kay.

Getting together—the Rhythm Brothers.

Ambrose, maestro of modern rhythm music, gives listeners a treat in the Life-Savvy programme.

Every child—and not only children—listens to the Ovaltiney! And who is this? Is the letter "I" Ovaltiney!

Sam Costa.

"Let's Go Round to Long's"—it's worth it to hear the jolly voice and smile. Norman and Al and Bob Harvey and Jerome will be there. Sponsored by Kruschen's.

He's not looking much like a Buccaneer—but he sounds like one in the Ex-Lax programme. It's Harry Bidgood.

Brian Lawrence counts his army of fans millions strong. You can hear him every Sunday in the Palmolive concert.

You can almost see the Golden Voice of Radio in this picture of Morton Downey, American star vocalist featured in the Drene programme.

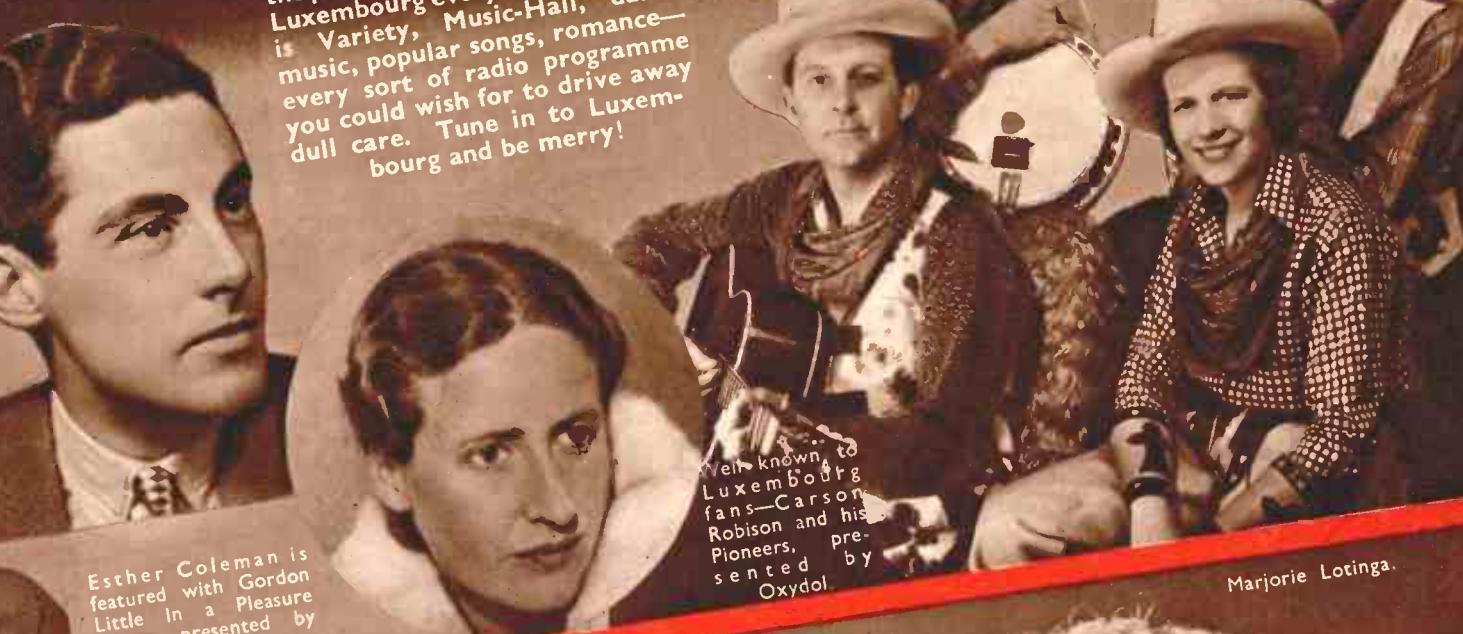


Dorothy Kay.



FROM LUXEMBOURG THIS SUNDAY

None Better and Brighter than the programmes to be heard from Luxembourg every Sunday! Here is Variety, Music-Hall, dance music, popular songs, romance—every sort of radio programme you could wish for to drive away dull care. Tune in to Luxembourg and be merry!



Esther Coleman is featured with Gordon Little in a Pleasure Cruise presented by Milk of Magnesia.

Rinso Music-Hall provides one of the finest bills of the week. This Sunday an All-Star Variety cast, includes "Granma" Mabel Constanduros, popular creator of the Buggines, and Marjorie Lotinga, a famous member of a famous family.

Marjorie Lotinga.

Mabel Constanduros.



"A little nonsense now and then . . ." Read this page and be happy!



Crackles and Sparks!

By THE IRRESPONSIBLE LISTENER

ISN'T it just too mahvious! A comedian broadcasting from a B.B.C. studio the other day made a slightly naughty joke, and the London Regional transmitter immediately broke down. This is not a joke—it's a fact.

DARK DOINGS AT BROADCASTING HOUSE

IT seems to me to explain many things about Broadcasting House that were formerly cloaked in secrecy. Here, for instance, is an exclusive account of an interview between Sir J-hn R-th and a newly made microphone eager to secure a job with the B.B.C.

Sir J. (sternly): "I would like to test your reactions to different accents. Now what about Oxford?"

Microphone (simpering): "Bzmmmm!" (a low, humming note, indicating extreme pleasure).

Sir J.: "Scottish?"



Some knitters go to almost any lengths to ruin an opponent's chances. I've even known them to breathe hard on a rival's jumper to make it shrink.

Microphone: "Bzmmmm!"
Sir J.: "Provincial?"

Microphone: "Br-rrr!" (a growling note, suggesting there are limits to endurance).

Sir J.: "Cockney?"

Microphone: "Ee-wheee!" (a high-pitched shriek of agony).

Sir J.: "Ver-ry satisfactory. Now, suppose someone told you—a-a rude joke?"

WHAM!

Although the last words were spoken in a hushed whisper, the strain has been too much. The wretched microphone has shattered into a thousand pieces and an impassive, white-coated attendant is already sweeping up the bits. Sir J. rubs his hands with glee.

"Excellent!" he remarks. "We'll order a gross—er—ahem—I should say twelve dozen of that type."

OUT OF THE MOUTHS

I CALLED for a friend the other day, to take his family a run in the car. Small boy, aged five, switched off the wireless long before the party was ready.

"You needn't have switched off yet, son," said his father mildly.

"Never mind, Daddy. It'll be the same sort of music when you switch on again."

O.B.s AT THEIR BEST

WE are just going to take you over to the Grand Hall of the Worshipful Company of Wool-Gatherers to hear a running commentary on the final stages of the All-England Knitting Championship. The rules are that each competitor has three skeins of wool, one red, one white and one blue. The finished jumper must have an original pattern illustrative of England's supremacy in wool-gathering. Competitors use their own needles, and all jumpers must be finished within the time limit of three hours.

This is to affirm solemnly that we have given up hope of bringing "The Irresponsible Listener" to order! To him radio is a glorious joke and writing about it is the biggest joke of all.

hope that we shall be able to tell you the name of the winner during the latter part of the news bulletin. Good night, everyone.

THIS WEEK'S RUMOUR

THE B.B.C. has advertised a vacancy on the executive side at Broadcasting House at a salary of £1000 a year, and no one at Headquarters has the faintest idea who is going to fill it.

MIRABEL HOLDS FORTH

I THINK it's very unfair, but Mirabel seems to hold me personally responsible for all the sins of the B.B.C. The other night, when I was wrestling with some teasers amongst the Twelve Starred Matches and was wondering whether Chelsea would win or play up to their usual form, she nearly wrecked my coupon for me.

Mirabel (fiercely): "How many women are there in England?"

Me (absently): "Yes, it must be '2' I think. Eh? What did you say, dear? Oh, about twenty million."

Mirabel (just as fiercely): "And how many men?"

Me: "About the same, I think. Twenty million of each."

Those are the things millions of women think about and talk about. Why doesn't the loud-speaker ever talk to us about them?"



Mirabel (darkly): "Would you guess it from the B.B.C. programmes?"

Me (modestly): "I can never guess anything from the B.B.C. programmes."

Mirabel: "How many of the B.B.C. broadcasts are designed to interest women?"

Me (hurt and surprised): "I never considered the matter. There are some very nice talks to housewives in the mornings, I believe."

Mirabel (releasing all her pent-up emotions): "Talks to housewives! 'The Life Story of the Cod.' That's one they gave us the other day. 'How to make a Shepherd's Pie.' Thrilling things like that. Look through the programmes yourself. A woman who is at home most of the day doesn't want eternal music and an occasional portion of fish. Where are the big feature programmes designed to entertain women? Millions of things for men. Instructive things, amusing things, exciting things for men. But the only use the B.B.C. has for women is to treat them like a lot of silly little schoolgirls and lecture them. Why doesn't the B.B.C. engage a fashion expert to tell us all about the latest frocks. Why don't they take us on a jolly tour round the big shops and tell us of the bargains that are going? Why don't they give us a beauty talk every afternoon? Why not fifteen minutes society gossip in the morning by someone who goes everywhere and knows everyone? Those are the things millions of women think about and talk about. Why doesn't the loud-speaker ever talk to us about them?"

Me (meekly): "I don't know, dear."



"Must you whistle 'The Wheel of the Wagon is Broken'?"

WHOOPEE ON THE AIR

—AND OFF!

THIS is Jenny Howard calling! Full of whoopee. During eight years "on the air," have I had fun and thrills? I'll say! Take the busking act Percy King and I did at last year's Radiolympia! Me with a harmonium. Him with a harp!

Before the microphone rehearsal, we left to do a show at Shepherd's Bush. When we returned, the stage had been set, and our instruments placed in position. Three microphones had also been arranged by the engineers.

We started. Me tickling the old harmonium, and Percy plucking furiously at the harp. Suddenly, the engineers who—from their position, could not see, but only hear us—stopped the show.

Another "mike" was set up in front of Percy and the harp!

Again, we started. Again, we were stopped. Another "mike" was solemnly planted to the left of Percy and the harp.

We recommended. Again, we were called to a halt. Yet another "mike" was placed close to the now exasperated harpist!

Finally, when yet another halt was called, and a fifth "mike" was about to be planted near Percy by an assistant-engineer, the former leapt to his feet, and demanded what the dickens was wrong?

"Well!" came the chief-engineer's puzzled voice through the loud-speaker. "We can get Jenny O.K. We can get the harmonium. We can get your voice. But we can't get the harp!"

Whereupon John Sherman, the orchestra and ourselves burst into roars of laughter. Even the crinkly legs of the harmonium trembled with mirth, not to mention the knobs on the harp.

The truth was that the elastic strings of our property harp could not sound a note. No wonder the engineers had been unable to "get" it!

The story behind this busking act is worth relating! It originated when George Black asked us to put on a new act at the Palladium.

We decided to imitate a couple of old-time buskers, and I searched half

By
JENNY HOWARD

She shall have fun wherever she goes! One of Radio's most delightful Comediennes tells some amusing adventures.

England for a suitable harmonium and a harp. The harmonium I bought for £3 10s. at a London second-hand dealers. The harp was the big difficulty!

High and low I looked for a harp at a reasonable price. I nosed around all the London markets. I dived and delved in oodles of second-hand shops. I emerged dusty and defeated from countless antique emporiums. Then I got a date at Cardiff.

Surely, in Wales, I'll find a harp, I thought! Eventually I did. A lovely harp, it was, too! All golden and glittering. The very thing!

"How much?" I asked.

"Ninety guineas, Madam!" came the cool reply. "Ninety g-guineas?" I stammered, faintly. And then proceeded to explain that we were only buskers, and wanted something round about ninepence.

There was nothing doing. So back I came from Wales—harpless!

Eventually, about three days before we were due to perform the act in public, we found a harp, hidden away in a dirty, dust-filled attic of an antique dealer. All the strings had gone; but the frame was O.K. A bit of gold paint, and the introduction of those elastic strings put it in splendid working order for our particular purpose.

And that's how I took my harp to the Palladium, and, eventually, to Radiolympia!

Incidentally, we toured South Africa with Debroy Somers and his Band, plus harp and harmonium, in the same act!

A week or two ago, after a long time had elapsed, we met Debroy Somers and his boys again at the recording studios. We had not seen each other since the South African tour.

As we walked through the door, the band roared in unison:

"What? No 'arp?!"

And we all shrieked with laughter!

One of my funniest experiences occurred during a Savoy Hill broadcast, in the old days. I was doing a polka number. And I wanted to introduce the sound of people dancing the polka, and the band singing the chorus, to give the effect of a crowded ballroom.

The lad in charge of the "sound effects" was a youngster, aged about fifteen. When I explained that I wanted him to dance, he looked dubious, until I named the polka, and showed him the steps.

"Coo, yes, Miss, I can do that!" he agreed stoutly.

There wasn't much time for a preliminary rehearsal. I put him through his paces with the band. And he solemnly "did his stuff" on a small square of wooden board very successfully.

Then, having given him the line of the chorus where he was to commence dancing, we went "on the air." Unfortunately, I had omitted to tell my youthful assistant that I sang six choruses in all, and that I wanted him to commence operations towards the end of the last chorus.

Well, as soon as I sang the cue line in the first chorus, the lad started dancing. And he kept it up through seven verses, and five more choruses; getting redder and redder in the face, with perspiration pouring down his forehead, yet not daring to stop.

The vision caused the studio audience, first to titter, and then to laugh uproariously. Finally, everyone, including the officials, was in hysterics. Afterwards, the engineers said that the sound of the dancing came over splendidly!

Naturally, we saw that the boy was suitably rewarded for his loyal if ill-timed efforts!

My most thrilling radio performance was when we were doing a show in the East End of London, and wanted to sandwich a broadcast between the two performances one evening. We tried to persuade the music-hall manager to switch over our times in the programme, in



Jenny Howard gives the smile that's launched a thousand ships.

order that we could come on early in the second house and have the rest of the night free. But he was unable to do so. So we planned to motor to Broadcasting House between shows, and take the risk of arriving late at Portland Place.

We reckoned, however, that—with normal luck—we could do it with over ten minutes to spare!

As we dashed out of the stage door after the first house, we heard the ominous clang of fire-bells. Engines were dashing madly past, followed by a cavalcade of cars, and running people.

We jumped into our own 'bus. But we had not gone more than a mile before we hit trouble. Sweeping round a corner, we beheld, in full view, a factory blazing furiously.

Fire-engines were everywhere. Cars cluttered the road in front. Crowds were jammed tightly in a seething mass, effectively barring our path. The highway was completely blocked. It was certain we could not get through to our destination that way.

"There's a turning!" Percy, who was driving, shouted hopefully.

We swung round—into a cul-de-sac! Desperately, Percy reversed back into the main road, only to meet a fresh bevy of charging fire-engines.

"We'll have to go back!" he shouted to me, as he missed a fire-engine by inches, mounted the pavement, and swung back towards Shoreditch, on the wrong side of the road.

"Phew! Were we panic-stricken? It looked as though we were going to miss that broadcast, and no mistake!"

With apologies to Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade," there were fire-engines to the right of us, fire-engines to the left of us, fire-engines in front of us, policemen and hose....

As we went careering back the way we had come, people scattered in all directions. Rude, unprintable things were yelled in our wake, as we skidded round into another side-turning. And, bless me, if it wasn't a one-way street!

And we were going the wrong way!

Did we care? Luckily, the police were too busy warming themselves around the fire to worry about us!

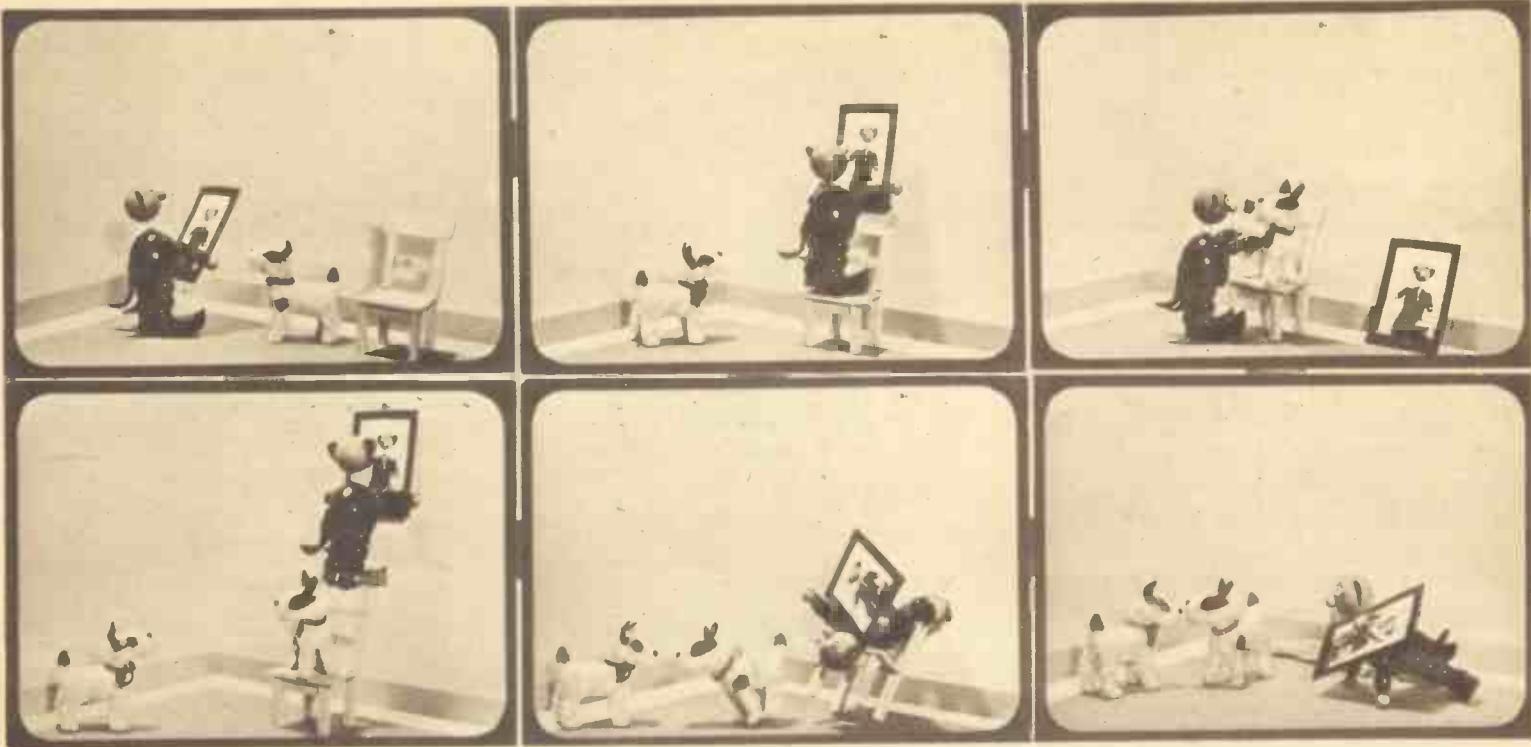
Eventually, we found ourselves going through Victoria Park. Then we dived and dodged, and turned, and twisted through a maze of streets, while—all the time—the precious seconds ticked remorselessly away, and zero hour—the time we were due to make our microphone bow—grew nearer and nearer.

We reached Broadcasting House with about two minutes to spare. And, never before nor since, have I been so glad to see those august portals.

In character costume—a pensive study of Jenny.

TOTO AGAIN

This Week : HE HANGS A PICTURE



10,000 hours Stomach Pain! NOW COMPLETELY CURED

Imagine it! In six years Mrs. H. R. suffered over 10,000 hours of stomach torture—and then found at last a cure. Read her vivid letter telling of this harrowing experience.



"After what I have gone through, it is nothing short of a miracle to me being able to enjoy and digest anything set before me. For nearly six years I used to get severe pains, which lasted for a couple of hours after every meal. Then I decided to give 'Bisurated' Magnesia a trial. That was about two months ago, and apparently my stomach is now healed for good, as I have had no pain since then."—H. R.

No matter how serious your stomach trouble, or how long you have suffered, don't despair. 'Bisurated' Magnesia has cured thousands of people who were beginning to give up hope. Prove that 'Bisurated' Magnesia can be just as effective in your own case by getting a 1/3 bottle—powder or tablets—from your Chemist to-day. (Trial tin of 24 tablets, 6d.) Your first dose will stop stomach pain and start your cure.

**'Bisurated'
Magnesia
For the Stomach**

MUST BRITISH SONG WRITERS STARVE?

(continued from page 7)

Capri" and "Red Sails in the Sunset" fame), he stated, most vehemently, "We can more than supply a broadcasting quota of 40 per cent. British tunes—and first-class ones at that. In proportion to the number played, there has been a bigger percentage of British 'hits' than of American. Why, we even beat the Americans at their own game—the writing of 'Hillbillies.'

"For example, 'The Last Round-Up' sold 100,000 copies in this country. Then two of our own boys—Michael Carr and Hamilton Kennedy—wrote 'Old Faithful' and it sold three times that amount!"

That's success all right . . .

But when I first met Michael—years before our songwriters dreamed of banding together to stem the foreign invasion—he was frequently not quite certain where the next meal was coming from. He had, thank Heaven, indomitable courage. . . .



Another way in which British songwriters have been victimised is as follows: in signing their contracts, they were often asked to sign away part of their royalties "to pay for exploitation of the song." In other words, to help pay certain band-leaders for "plugging" them.

"The present situation" (a music-publisher told me), "is that when the B.B.C. commanded that this payment for 'plugging' should stop, the 'special orchestral arrangement racket' started in its place. Some bandleaders charged excessively for orchestral arrangements which they had made for broadcasting, and publishers paid up to twelve guineas. The arranger got some of the cash—but the bandleader often took the rest!

"In the old days many band-leaders did even better, receiving £45 or more in 'plug-money' for a single broadcast!"

"Plugging" still exists in the disguised form of "special arrangements." AND THE B.B.C. KNOWS ABOUT IT.

This they indicated in a letter, dated August 26, which they sent to forty music-publishers—and which I saw! The letter stated that the B.B.C. was introducing a new clause into their contracts to dance-bands and certain other orchestral combinations, and asked publishers to co-operate. The clause read:

"The free supply of orchestral arrangements other than those normally issued in printed forms on nominal or

reduced terms (whether direct from the publisher or through any other source) or any fee or other valuable consideration whatsoever for the purpose of obtaining such supply shall not be demanded or accepted from the publisher of any musical work performed for broadcasting during the continuance of this agreement.

(Signed) The Director of Business Relations."

And that's the first time the details of this letter have been publicly revealed—but why shouldn't you know? You do, after all, pay the piper!

The music-publishers held a meeting after receiving this letter. They were perturbed. They didn't want to commit themselves by agreeing to it. They are supposed to have said, in effect, "If we don't pay through the nose for these special arrangements, the bandleaders (notoriously bad pickers, most of 'em) will pick their own tunes. And they'll pick the hot 'technical' numbers, the sort they like showing-off with—but not the sort that sell!"

What can be done to clear up this intolerable muddle? Must the "special arrangement racket" be allowed to go on? Do British song writers really not deserve better treatment than they are getting?

I am sure that British publishers are only too anxious to do all they can. The great publishing firms of our Tin Pan Alley are run by men of integrity with a desire to see fair play all round.

But they have got to live and, goodness knows, are passing through a lean period just now.

The time has come when this whole problem must be faced boldly. All the interests concerned must be got together and a comprehensive scheme devised which will ensure that British song-writers get their just and proper due.

It is gratifying to record that some of the B.B.C. chiefs seem determined to bring matters to a head. More power to their elbows. . . .

But first, I suggest, the B.B.C. must clear up the "racket" right on their own doorstep—that of giving foreign dance music exorbitant and economically demoralising precedence over British dance music.

Will it not be a crying shame if our fellow-countrymen of Charing Cross Road are left much longer fighting in vain for an "even break" on the radio—the even chance with their foreign competitors which they've never yet been given since British broadcasting began?



LOCAL RECEPTION

By

PAUL HARDIE

Lorrain was famous . . . a radio success. But to old Josiah he was just Kate Walker's boy, and that knowledge irked Lorrain. A Short, Short Story with a twist

MAURICE LORRAIN was annoyed, exasperated—and a little liverish. People kept coming into his dressing-room bringing letters, telegrams, 'phone messages, even tinsel-wrapped boxes of flowers; all things that might customarily have soothed the uneasy—and liverish—spirit.

But Maurice Lorrain kept right on being annoyed.

In the background, Luigi, the almost-perfect valet, tried to turn himself into an invisible man.

Lorrain might be hailed in two continents as the king of radio crooners, but a blazing temper and a cutting tongue went with the golden voice. That Luigi knew all too well.

Furtively he watched his master pick up a letter from the pile on the dressing table and read it listlessly:

"Dear Mr. Lorrain,

Having heard your glorious voice on the radio, the girls at our local club are taking the liberty of writing you and . . ."

He pitched the letter into a basket and yawned widely.

Another fan letter! One of thousands—and every one wanting something, wanting to know something.

"What do they think I am?" he suddenly shouted, "a duplicating machine? Am I to have no time to sing?"

And Maurice Lorrain shouted these words in a voice that bore no trace of the fascinating French accent which sounded so effective over the "mike."

Which is scarcely surprising when you reflect that Maurice Lorrain, former choir-boy in a village church at Long Reach, Somerset, had been christened Herbert Walker.

And it was a letter, postmarked Long Reach, that had upset the king of crooners.

The truth was that Maurice Lorrain had a jinx. A rather unusual jinx in the shape of one Josiah Ember, self-appointed arbitrator of village affairs at Long Reach, unchallenged sage of the district. And by way of becoming the oldest inhabitant.

Lorrain, as a gawky rather bumptious village tenor, had suffered at Josiah's hands.

"Thee'll never get on until thee lose them crackpot ideas 'bout singing," Josiah had mumbled over and over again.

Lorrain had laughed, gone to London, made a hit, succeeded.

Yet almost every week there came letters of advice from old Josiah, tantalisingly, patronising letters. Letters that might improve a beginner—but were annoying to a man who had netted 5,000 dollars for a fifteen-minute broadcast in New York.

He had tried laughing at them, ignoring them. But they stung like village nettles.

When he went to America he imagined he had shaken off old Josiah. He returned—to a small pile of letters from Long Reach.

That was when Lorrain's "welcome home" broadcast had to be cancelled. "Sudden indisposition," said an announcer apologetically.

Moodily Lorrain studied the latest:

" . . . and I hear they're putting thee on this wireless telephone," Josiah had written. "Don't thee have nothing to do with it. You get on like old Peter Matthews' son. He went right through musical college and got a part in *Elijah*."

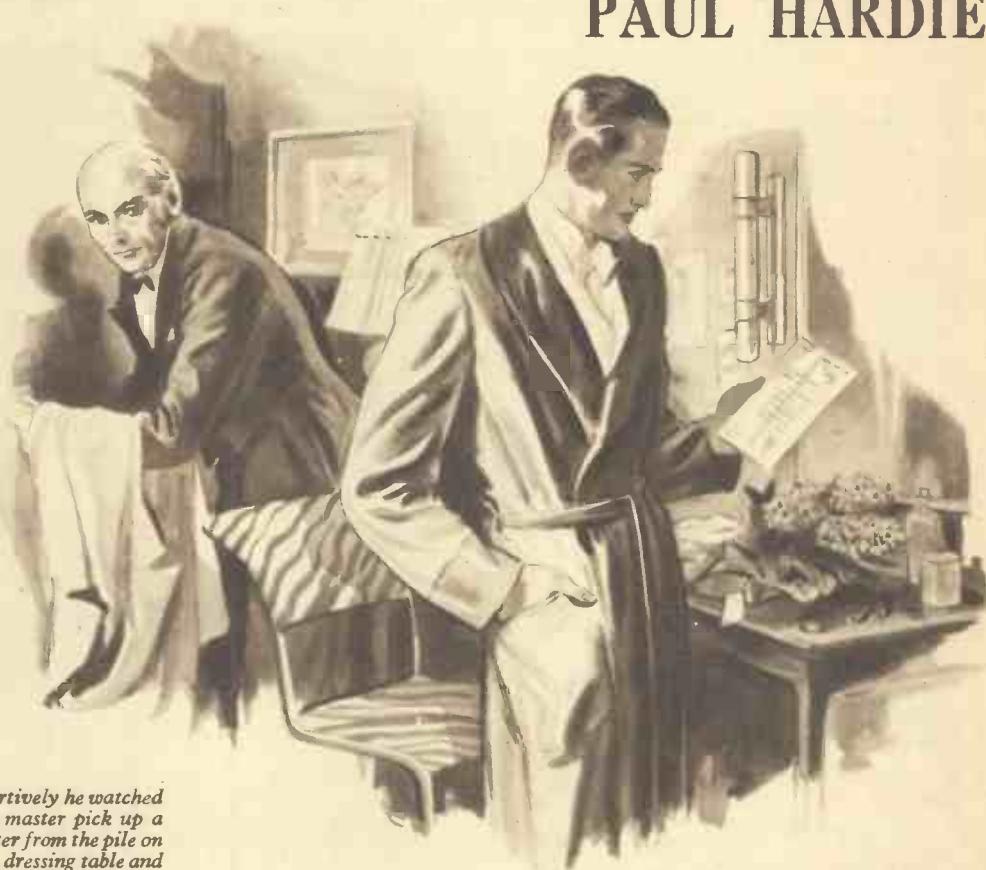
Lorrain pushed the letter aside and strode about the room, cursing himself that he took any notice of a doddering old fool's advice. Couldn't the old idiot see that he, Lorrain, was the highest-paid, most successful . . .

"Five minutes, Mr. Lorrain," said the call-boy.

"All right—all right."

And it was as Maurice Lorrain, bathed in

All characters in this story are fictitious



Furtively he watched his master pick up a letter from the pile on the dressing table and read listlessly

amber and red floodlights, was crooning "The Scene Changes" to a hushed house that he had his big idea—an idea that would settle old Josiah for once and all.

A few hundred girls in the auditorium sighed and nestled closer to their boy-friends. A few elderly matrons wiped away a few surreptitious tears.

In front they could not see the exultant light that leaped into his eyes.

"Luigi," he snapped, re-entering his room.

"Saire?"

"My next big radio show. Saturday at nine, isn't it?"

"Yessaire."

"Good. Well, go out to-morrow and buy a wireless set, a good one. And send it with my compliments to Mr. Josiah Ember at the—the—oh, here we are! The Cottage, Long Reach. And enclose a note saying I would be glad if Mr. Ember listened at nine on Saturday to my programme."

He chuckled for the first time that night. This would shut up the old fool. They were giving him a whole half-hour on Saturday and, as a pretty stiff fee had been fixed, the announcer was sure to put across a flattering build-up.

He gloated over the sensation the arrival of the set would cause. He could see the villagers crowding the cottage, listening—to him.

And above all he gloated on a vision of Josiah's face, puzzled by the praise, the applause, the comments.

A sudden thought checked him.

"Luigi."

"Saire?"

"Make it a battery set. I'm not sure whether they have electric light at that cottage. I'm sure they haven't. A battery set, but the best you can buy. And send it down complete with batteries and things. Make arrangements for the whole thing to be working by Saturday."

Well, you probably remember that Saturday recital. Even people who hated Lorrain grudgingly confessed that this night he knocked every other crooner stone cold.

He sang as he had never sung before. The studio audience went wild as his last song ended in a

crescendo of saxophones, drums, and brass.

Yet, as the days passed, no humble letter came from Josiah.

Lorrain had removed the cause of the irritation—but the effect still remained to drive him almost frantic.

That was why village lads gaped one summer afternoon when the stream-lined car of Maurice Lorrain pulled up at Josiah Ember's cottage.

"I'm mad to come," he said to himself as he knocked, "but I'll see it through now."

Josiah's wife, calm and fat as ever, opened the door and stared inquiringly at the smartly dressed stranger.

"Well, don't you know me?"

Recognition dawned in her eyes.

"Why, if it isn't Kate Walker's boy!"

Lorrain winced.

"Is Josiah in?"

"No, he's out a'whiles. But du 'ee come in."

He entered the cottage and glanced around.

"Where's the—didn't you receive a—"

"Ah, sure-ly. I forgot tu thank 'ee, Mr. Walker.

It was a foine present."

"But where—?"

She fidgeted awkwardly.

"We sold 'un," she said at last.

"You what?"

"Ah, to Murdon at the Post Office. Thee'll remember old Mr. Murdon."

Lorrain clutched at his hair.

"But—but—surely—"

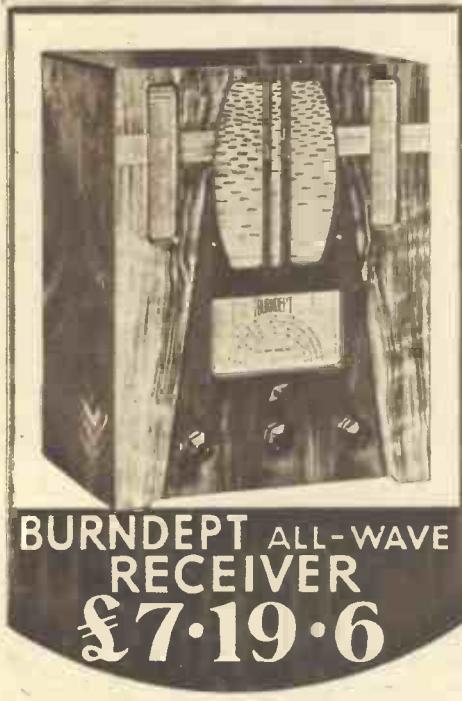
"We thought thee wouldn't moind, seeing 'twas just sent to Josiah for writing to 'ee. He was that delighted that you be taking heed of his advice! He hasn't been able to write the past week, so he's done two letters to-night. He's down posting them now. Reg'lar stiff 'uns that'll do the lad good, he did tell me they were. And he's going to keep—"

"But Saturday night! My letter! My broadcast! Didn't you—didn't he hear—see that I—"

She laughed.

"Why, lor bless 'ee, Mr. Walker," she said, "taint much good expecting Josiah to listen to they machines. Past four years he's been as deaf as a post."

ADVENTUROUS LISTENING Below 145 metres



BURNDEPT ALL-WAVE RECEIVER
£7·19·6

THE SPOKESMAN OF HITLER SAYS : - "OUR GERMAN GUNS ARE POINTING EAST"

There is adventure in listening to the short-wave stations between 13.5 and 145 metres on a Burndept All-Wave Receiver. You can hear the news and views, the philosophies and controversies of the world leaders—you can eavesdrop on Hitler's fiery passages with Moscow, on Mussolini building a new Imperial Italy, on Stalin spreading the Russian ideals—you can judge for yourself on the great international questions of the day by listening *direct* to the news on Burndept All-Wave Radio.

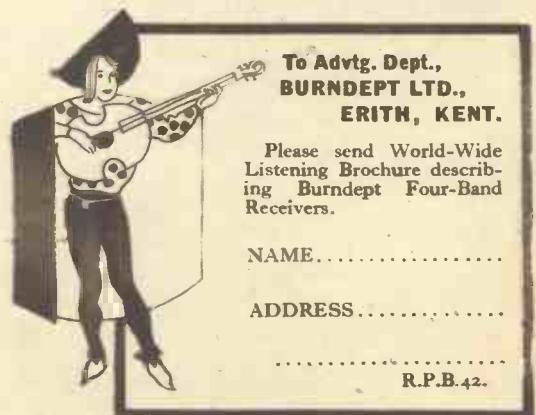
And while you are searching the ether with absolute ease for these broadcasts, you will hear the Stars of American broadcasting quite easily; you will stumble on original conversations between the Amateurs of America and England, on ships speaking to the shore and to each other, on newspaper correspondents communicating with their papers, on multitudinous broadcasts in English and in strange tongues from strange lands.

From the ends of the earth Burndept All-Wave Radio will bring you "Surprise Items" you cannot hear on any ordinary receiver, and for which you need the wonderful new Burndept Automatic Overdrive Dial to make their reception easy and certain. And, of course, this new Burndept All-Wave Receiver brings you all the usual Home and Continental stations at great power and with exquisite tonal quality.

AND ALL YOUR USUAL HOME AND CONTINENTAL STATIONS AS WELL

Go to your Burndept Dealer for advice. We have selected him for his commercial integrity. He will advise you the best receiver for your needs. (In some cases it may not even be a Burndept Receiver, but whatever he does recommend, you may depend upon his unbiased judgment.) Ask him to show you Burndept All-Wave Radio, and let him demonstrate it in your own home without obligation. In case of difficulty, send the coupon on right for full descriptive All-Wave Listening Brochure, and name of your local Burndept Dealer.

BURNDEPT



Will You Hear These - - -**AMERICAN STARS NEXT WEEK?**

You can if you are up-to-date and possess an All-waves Radio Set

AMERICAN broadcast programmes are, as a general rule, split into periods of 15 minutes into which maximum amount of entertainment is crammed.

These programmes are sponsored by commercial advertisers who are wanting to sell all manner of goods. They know that the brightest programme will draw the maximum attention to their products, so there is a continuous war waged between these sponsors to provide the most entertaining programme.

Hot dance fans tell me that one of the finest bands in the world is Jimmy Lunford's, that famous exponent of swing music. He is broadcasting next Thursday at 11 p.m., and next Friday at midnight over the N.B.C. chain.

Sponsored by Phillip Morris, Leo Reisman and his orchestra are coming to the microphone next Tuesday and every other Tuesday at 8 p.m., bringing with them such famous artistes as Phil Duey, The Eaton Boys, Loretta Clemens, The Three Sweethearts, plus Johnny.

This should be a really fine programme. The orchestra is good, while the Eaton Boys are the funniest wise-cracking team I have heard for a long time. One hour later Ben Bernie comes along and he is supported by Smith and Dale, that well-known comedy team who have just made two pictures for M.G.M.

WHAT LISTENERS THINK**DREARY LUNCH-HOURS****★ STAR LETTER**

SINCE the coming of autumn, listeners have been promised by the B.B.C. bigger, better and a greater choice of alternative programmes. Well, first of all, the dull and dreary lunch-time programmes have not yet been livened up. Between the hours of 1 and 2 p.m. listeners are afforded the wide choice of either listening to a church organ, some screechy contralto or a husky bass.

Also, with regard to the wonderful evening programmes, listeners will no doubt recollect that last Tuesday night there was broadcast a play and a Promenade Concert from the National and Regional stations both at the peak hour of 8 p.m., and then this dose of poison was repeated again on the following night again at the hour of 8 p.m.

There is no need to stress the point that this state of affairs exists quite frequently, and it is a matter that needs immediate attention, to which RADIO PICTORIAL and all listeners will agree.

Now what about it, B.B.C.?—Tom Harbron, 32 Gray Street, West Hartlepool, to whom half a guinea has been awarded.

Terrible Noises

I AGREE thoroughly with Whispering, of Peterboro', concerning those terrible records we get from 11.30 p.m. A child with a penny trumpet couldn't make much worse noises. The announcer's voice is the only pleasant thing to be heard. I know lots of people like the "hot" style, but we who do not, never get our favourite kinds.

Old records of favourite tunes, by Reginald Dixon at the organ, Jack Payne in some of those we used to like so much when he was at the B.B.C., tunes from plays like *Bitter Sweet*, the film *Evergreen*—I could think of many more. We should listen with such pleasure to those. Another "Listener" and Constant Reader of RADIO PICTORIAL, Knightsbridge.

Excellent Octet

QUITELY recently I heard an excellent Saturday morning programme broadcast by the Wynford Reynolds' Octet from the Spa Pavilion, Felixstowe.

By
KENNETH JOWERS
Short-wave Editor of
"Television"

Barney Rapp is a very good combination which swing music lovers should hear. There are only five in the team but they have certainly got good rhythm and can put over hot music in a pleasant way.

On Thursday next Bing Crosby, supported by Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra, comes on N.B.C. at 11 p.m. This programme is to be followed by a short news commentary by Paul Sullivan, and then comes Rudy Vallee with one or two guest artistes.

Rudy Vallee puts on these surprise programmes and usually manages to rake up one or two big names to support his orchestra. This will be well worth hearing.

Of course, there are other programmes next week if you are not particularly keen on dance orchestras. I notice in particular a ball game between the Yankies and the Giants next Sunday at 6.30. Father Coughlin at 11 p.m. over 33 medium wave stations and 5 short-wavers, Jack Benny, ace comedian, at 11.30 p.m. every Sunday evening in future, and Walter Winchell, who knows more about things he shouldn't than any news reporter in America, who will be on next Sunday at midnight.

This is a bit late but no one can appreciate Walter Winchell until they have actually heard him over the air.

WHY NOT JOIN US?

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

The CARTERS CARAVAN
SETS OUT ON
"THE OPEN ROAD"

SONGS—DRAMA—MUSIC

Remember the times and the stations:

RADIO LUXEMBOURG (129.3 metres)
11.15 a.m. every Sunday
8.45 a.m. every Monday

RADIO NORMANDY (269.5 metres)
2.45 p.m. every Sunday
9.0 a.m. every Monday
5.0 p.m. every Wednesday

POSTE PARISIEN (312.8 metres)
6.30 p.m. every Sunday

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

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

CARTERS Brand LITTLE LIVER PILLS

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

STOMACH PAINS GONE IN 5 MINUTES

The first thing you want when you suffer from stomach pain is quick relief. Then, when the pain has gone, you want to keep it away. That is just how Mrs. Davies, of Brighton, felt. She suffered agony with her stomach. Now she has found the way to banish stomach pain quickly and for good.

"Two weeks ago," her husband writes, "a great friend brought my wife a 1/3 bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. It was on Saturday morning, just before dinner, and my wife was then in great pain.

"She immediately took a dose and within five minutes the pain was gone. It was quite nice to see her without the look of pain on her face. She is taking it regularly now and I am pleased to say she is more like her old self.

"I shall always say to my friends 'Don't suffer, buy a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, but be sure it is Alex. C. Maclean's.'"

This is only one example of the miraculous ending of pain experienced after taking Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Thousands of stomach sufferers will tell you the same glad tidings. But be careful. Steer clear of unproven 'remedies'. Look for the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on your bottle—the sign of the original MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder—your assurance of quick, lasting relief from stomach pain. 1/3, 2/- and 5/-, powder or tablets. Never sold loose.

MOTHER OF 5-YEAR-OLD BALLERINA EXPLAINS HEALTH SECRET

Liverpool may one day be the birthplace of an English Pavlova. Mrs. D. C. has a little daughter who at 5 years old has passed the examination of the British Ballet Organisation with Honours. The examination was entirely in French, yet little Doreen has never been to school!

Mrs. D. C. attributes her kiddy's brilliance to her good health, which she watches with great care. She says in a letter:

"I never give Doreen any other laxative than 'Ex-Lax,' and I have never had a doctor since I started with it. By keeping Doreen clear of constipation in this pleasant modern way it keeps her brain clear and her body fit and she doesn't know what nerves are."

"As for 'Ex-Lax' itself, I find it is excellent for all my family. Its delicious chocolate taste makes it pleasant to take. It is painless in operation, promotes appetite, is not habit-forming, and is gentle in its action."

Mrs. D. C.'s experience with 'Ex-Lax' is the experience of millions. Get some for yourself as soon as you can, and you will find just how good and pleasant a modern scientific laxative can be. Remember EX-LAX brand Chocolate Laxative, conveniently packed in the little BLUE tin. 2d., 6d., and 1/3. From all chemists.—Advt.



Wynford Reynolds

*For the first time from
RADIO LUXEMBOURG*
**ARTHUR
MARSHALL**

will be heard on the air
at 7.0 p.m. on
TUESDAY, OCT. 20th

★
*Make a point of listening
at this time, when
ARTHUR MARSHALL will
join THE BARON DE BEEF,
Miss DI GESTER
and other members at the
Eighth of the
GUEST NIGHTS
of the MUSTARD CLUB*

Presented by

J. & J. COLMAN, LTD., NORWICH
at 7.0 p.m. every Tuesday
from Radio Luxembourg

**CHOOSE YOUR OWN
RADIO ENTERTAINMENT**

**SINGING JOE
THE SANPIC MAN**

sings the songs you ask him to sing.

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

presented by the makers of SANPIC

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

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.

Next Week : Specially Enlarged Issue and a Magnificent Presentation Offer!

From My Diary...By a Harley Street Doctor

WHEN TINIES CATCH COLD...

SMALL Peter has been suffering with a slight cold in his head which was duly abolished in a couple of days. It is rather a sad thing that most parents know of dozens of "cures" for their own colds, but only show sympathetic helplessness when a little child gets one. Yet, properly and firmly handled, the distressing "runny nose" state into which so many infants are allowed to degenerate should easily be avoided.

The most important thing to remember about a cold is that there is no cure for it. Medical science has not yet produced a drug that will banish this scourge overnight. The only way to stop a cold is to let the body cure it, and that applies equally to the youngest child and the oldest adult. So don't rush frantically to the chemist's for bottles of medicine, as they cannot possibly do any good.

The next point, which is almost equally important, is that with children especially the symptoms that seem to suggest an ordinary cold may be the commencement of some more serious illness. Influenza, measles, whooping cough, diphtheria, bronchitis and a number of other unpleasant things all either start with a cold, or their symptoms may easily be mistaken for a cold by the inexpert eye. So although there is no need to panic every time a child gets a slight cold, it is better for the child and everyone else if simple precautionary measures are taken.

Peter, at two, isn't going to school, but John, who has just started, would be treated in exactly the same way. It is nothing to miss kindergarten for a day or two. It is taking a very grave responsibility to run the risk of infecting a dozen other children with a cold or perhaps something more serious, and to turn one's own child from a mild case into a severe one.

A cold in the head and a day or two in bed should be synonymous. When I told a woman this the other day—not one of my patients, I assure you—she replied: "But my children are always getting slight colds. If I followed your advice they would never get to school at all." I pointed out to her that healthy children rarely get colds, and frequent attacks are an infallible sign that something is fundamentally wrong and ought to be put right.

PRACTICAL HOME MAKING By D. D. COLTINGTON-TAYLOR.

WHETHER you are contemplating marriage or merely intending to furnish and redecorate your home, this book, "Practical Home-making" by D. D. Coltington-Taylor, will prove a mine of interest to you.

There are 175 pages, packed with helpful tips and advice and profusely illustrated with colour. The famous furnishing firm, Oetmann & Co., Ltd., of Hampstead Road, has published this book and to celebrate their 88th Annual Sale they are giving a copy FREE to every customer during October.

Some important "Do's" and "Don'ts" by a well-known doctor for those occasions when the youngest one catches cold.

General debility and lack of vitality will bring about a lowered resistance of the nasal lining and give the germs that are always there a

chance to get the upper hand. This is a very common state in young children, because though a child has marvellous powers of recuperation, it has little resistance. Doctors who constantly see healthy, chubby infants dwindle to mere bags of bones after a few days' illness know this only too well. So if children catch frequent colds build up their resistance by giving Vitamin A in the form of one of the good proprietary capsules on the market that are made specially for the young. If these fail, then the adenoids may be septic and will have to be removed.

Having packed the wee patient off to bed, take care that he is kept warm, but that there is plenty of fresh air in the room. Germs multiply with terrifying rapidity in a stuffy atmosphere, and the more germs there are, the more will his poor little body have to kill. Do as we did, and get the little one into bed when the cold is slight, then all the energy that would have been absorbed by running about and playing will be devoted to building up resistance to germ attacks.

With the very small ones the rubbing of camphorated oil on the chest will be a great help, but unfortunately its effect gets less as the years roll by. Apart from that it is not necessary to do much beyond seeing that the bowels are kept well open with some mild aperient such as milk of magnesia or liquid cascara.

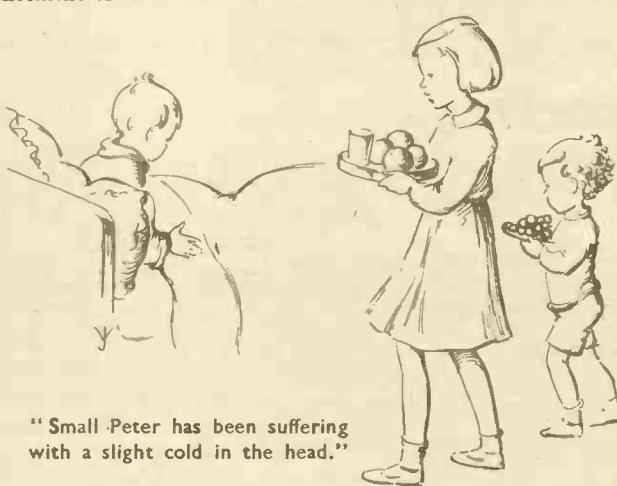
The right kind of diet will be a great help in this connection. Misled by the old saying about "feeding a cold," some parents try to stuff too much food into unwilling tummies, with disastrous results. The child will probably have little appetite, he will be using up very little energy as he is being kept in bed, so a lot of food will not be needed. See that he gets plenty of milk, and supplement this with the juice of oranges, grapes or tomatoes, and apart from that he can eat anything light and nourishing that he fancies. If he doesn't fancy anything, then let him go without.

One final warning. If the cold shows any signs of getting on to the chest or producing an inflamed throat, send for the doctor at once. It may be nothing—but its best to be sure.

"GOOD HEALTH!" And Here's the Secret

GOOD HEALTH!" It's the oldest, most delightful toast of any. How many of us are as fit as we could be or would like to be? Precious few in these days of hurry and scurry. For those who are really interested in guarding the most precious possession of all, there is a magazine which will help to show you the way, "New Health," price 6d., and the October issue is now on sale, containing a wealth of interesting and helpful articles.

Resolve to order your copy to-day. You will find it most interesting.



"Small Peter has been suffering with a slight cold in the head."

PRECIOUS ROMANCE

Continued from page II

While I was thinking this over, the central figure of my thoughts came into the room and walked over to me. He seemed awkward and slightly shy, and it took him at least a minute to blurt out: "Please may I take you home, Miss Wyn?"

I tried to look surprised, but it was useless. I was too pleased at the turn of events to say "No." Instead I said "Yes," and prepared to meet the stern gaze of my naturally disappointed hostess.

After all it wasn't as though I had stolen the man from the girl. She hadn't even known that he was intended for her, and what the mind doesn't know the heart can't grieve over.

But instead of receiving a cold and formal good-night, my friend kissed me and squeezed my arm, whispering: "It's just as good."

My companion remained fairly quiet during our journey home. My aloofness during the party had not encouraged him to show his feelings too much. It was a pity in one way that it had to happen like that.

As I have said before, it was too much like a chapter from a romantic novel. When things happen that way they don't seem real, and can't possibly last very long.

When we parted he asked me when I could see him again. I was leaving the town the next night and going on to Manchester. I gave him all the particulars and where he could send me a letter if he wanted to.

He promised he would write.

That was that. Arrangements of that kind generally finish there and then. I left for Manchester feeling dissatisfied with everything. Most likely he would soon forget all about the party, and even if I got one letter I doubted whether he would keep it up very long.

But I under rated his love. I hadn't been in Manchester two days when, on leaving the theatre, I found him waiting at the stage door.

That was the beginning of a long series of follow-my-leader. He was constantly turning up in different towns throughout the whole of my tour.

I was glad. It forged a strong band of romance between us, which, on my part, will never be broken.

When I look back over that tour, starting from the time I accepted the invitation to my friend's party, I can't help feeling that everything was really too much like fiction to be true.

All the same, it was a romance after my own heart—because it came to me romantically!



C. W. A. Scott and Giles Guthrie, winners of the great Empire Air Race to Johannesburg, carried and used 'Ovaltine' during their magnificent flight. "You can tell the Empire," runs Scott's cable, "that I found 'Ovaltine' of supreme value in maintaining perfect physical fitness and vitality upon this strenuous flight." The unrivalled sustaining and restorative properties of 'Ovaltine' have made it invaluable in many outstanding feats of endurance. Mrs. Mollison, Tommy Rose, Jean Batten, David Llewellyn, and many others have relied on its concentrated nourishment in their record-breaking achievements.

ANY GOOD BEAUTY PREPARATION

WILL MAKE YOU *Lovelier...*

ONLY ONE WILL DO IT IN TWENTY MINUTES

Between six



and six-twenty

Wrinkles are lifted out

Complexion clears

Contours are youthened

Discolouring Acids are drawn away

Blackheads drawn out

Colour becomes clearer

Sallowness Disappears

Pores are cleansed

Have you ever hated the sight of your own face?

Nothing exactly wrong with it — nothing exactly right. Your colour seems drab, your powder cakes maddeningly on your nose. A Boncilla Clasmic Pack would put that right for you in twenty minutes, and keep it right *for keeps!*

BONCILLA

CLASMIC PACK

The skin treatment that beauty salons, skin specialists and beauty editors always endorse.
TUBES 1/6, JARS 3/-, TRIAL TUBE 6d., AT ALL TOILET COUNTERS
BONCILLA LABORATORIES LTD., 211-215 BLACKFRIARS ROAD, S.E.1

GLAMOROUS Hollywood BEAUTY



IRENE DUNNE

Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream not only gives the matt refreshed appearance of powder, but also softens the skin wonderfully which powder alone cannot do.

Moreover in these high speed days it is so convenient to be able to restore one's complexion with a few touches from a dainty jar which fits nicely into the hand-bag.



1/-

Every jar is fitted with a dainty mirror. In popular shades everywhere.

Potter & Moore's MITCHAM LAVENDER POWDER-CREAM

CONSTIPATION Can be Conquered

Yes, even the most stubborn case of constipation will yield to the right treatment—but it is useless to have recourse to violent purgatives which only achieve their object by "shock" methods. These weaken the whole system and, apart from the obvious danger involved in their continued use, invariably aggravate the trouble by their "binding" effect.

What is needed is a systematic course of a mild antacid laxative: 'Milk of Magnesia' is admirable for this purpose. It never occasions the slightest discomfort; its mild action cannot possibly cause strain to the most delicate. It is definitely not habit-forming. In addition to its mild laxative properties it has the most beneficial effect on the entire digestive tract. In remedying indigestion it removes the very cause of constipation.

Get a bottle of 'Milk of Magnesia' from your chemist to-day. Take it regularly for a week, adjusting the dose as directed to your needs. You will be delighted with the all-round improvement in your health and well-being. Thereafter an occasional dose, say at intervals of a week, will provide all the prompting that your system needs. Once you have tried this gentle, safe relief, that doctors so strongly recommend, you will never use anything else. Be sure to get 'Milk of Magnesia' which is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia. Of all Chemists: Prices 1/3 and 2/6.



Navarre inspects
a Burgoyne all-wave Auto-gram

ALL-WAVE RECEIVERS We Can RECOMMEND

ACCUSTOMED as we are to seeing manufacturers lop off guineas off their new receivers, Ekco must surely be cutting things very fine with their all-wave model AW87 at 12 guineas. This receiver is really a full-size eight-stage all-waver that has not been built to a price but built so as to give an outstanding performance coupled with reliability.

We have made a special point of refusing to review any receiver that is likely to cause trouble, or alternatively which is not backed up with a good, reliable service scheme. We have had personal proof that the Ekco people do look after their receivers after they have sold them, while for the past couple of months or so we have been checking most carefully the performance of this receiver.

In the circumstances we are fully in a position to recommend this receiver. It is suitable for A.C. mains 200-250 volts, gives faithful reproduction from a large number of stations, in addition to the local Regional and National.

Automatic volume control of a specialised type gives almost perfect entertainment from most of the more reliable continental broadcasters, while the four-channel short-wave section covers all of the world's commercial broadcasters of any consequence.

Those readers who have an old model super-het of any kind will probably think that the whistles and chirps they normally hear are part and parcel of super-het performance. Go to the local dealer and hear the new Ekco AW87 and one of the first things to be noticed is that there are not any whistles over both the medium and long-wave bands.

The receiver can be supplied in a black and cream cabinet for an extra 7s. 6d., while if the cash price is beyond your pocket hire-purchase terms are readily available. As a family set this AW87 will appeal to many, for it combines a really great performance with good looks.

Incidentally we forgot to mention a new receiver that appears to be rather better than the average.

OUR HOSPITAL LETTER

MY DEAR CHILDREN,

One of the very nicest letters I have had this week was from Barbara May Bensley, written on her seventh birthday—beautifully written, too, in plain script on very pretty notepaper. The sad thing is Barbara forgot to put her address on the letter and so I have been unable to thank her for it as I should have liked to have done. Here is the letter:

"Dear Hospital Lady,

I would love to join your League, but I don't know how to. My big brother who has just started taking RADIO PICTORIAL has got 500 stamps and will give them to me to send to you if you would like them for the hospital, and if you will please tell me how to join your League.

Today is my birthday and I am seven. I have got lots of presents, a big dollie, a book, a bottle

We refer to the Vidor model 258 super-het, a four-valve circuit costing 9 guineas. This receiver employs 7 tuned circuits, so giving that high degree of selectivity so necessary with over 200 stations broadcasting on medium waves.

It employs all of the important features so necessary in a modern receiver, such as an Octode frequency changer, complete automatic volume control, band-pass coils throughout and a special moving-coil loud-speaker designed to give a boost to the frequencies normally missed. Consequently one notices a distinct improvement in the quality as compared with many other receivers at a similar price.

We are glad to see that some of the manufacturers are now realising the value of short-waves and are including a really wide short-wave section in this year's receivers. Burgoyne in particular catch our eye with three instruments which are really outstanding from every angle.

They have been very far-sighted in producing what we imagine is the first all-wave battery operated portable receiver. It really is a good all-waver covering from 19 to 55 metres and it really is portable. In addition to all that they haven't pushed the price up owing to the novelty, it is listed at 8 guineas.

"*Navarre*," the well-known impersonator, brought to our attention the Burgoyne all-wave Auto-gram at 29 guineas. It can truly be called the complete entertainer, for over 100 stations are named on the radio side, the gramophone will play for nearly 40 minutes without attention, while over 200 short-wave programmes are on tap at various times of the day.

The straight receiver still has a lot of adherents particularly on short-waves. The new all-wave straight four of Burgoyne has a sensitivity of 15 microvolts per metre. If this does not mean anything to you, take it from us that it means the receiver is particularly sensitive and can give a very good account of itself. Also the price is only 9½ guineas.

of scent and a box of writing paper. This is a piece of it. My little sister is in the hospital, she is very ill.

Please tell me how to join your league.

With love from Barbara May Bensley."

I am so sorry, Barbara, to hear your little sister is ill, and I hope she gets better very soon. I shall be very glad indeed to welcome you as a member of the League; all you have to do is to send me 6d. for your subscription, then I will send you your badge and membership card.

Another interesting letter comes from Mary Souter, who lives at Dunsfold, Surrey. She and her sister had the very good idea of holding a concert in aid of the Beejapee Cot, and made themselves dresses of pink and yellow crêpe paper.

I hope you can all say what Mary does—that she wears her badge every day.

Yours affectionately,

THE HOSPITAL LADY.

YEAR OF THRILLS

Continued from page 10

He is a master of every branch of programme production technique and "puts me through it"—gives me first small, then more important programmes to produce—pitches into me over my mistakes—makes sure I learn the foundations of a producer's job.

If he teaches the students at the new B.B.C. Staff College—he has recently been appointed an instructor—as well as he taught me, it should mean brighter B.B.C. days ahead!

Apart from producing, I also take part in many programmes as narrator.

One such is "March Winds"—music, song and story about the windy north. Brought into this programme to read a poem is the fair-haired, golden-voiced girl of the B.B.C. Savoy Hill days—Katherine Hynes.

From the B.B.C. she went on to the stage—came up north as leading lady for the Manchester Repertory Theatre—her broadcasting fame goes ahead of her and Harding arranges that when she's not rehearsing or playing at the theatre she shall be able to come to the studios.

Her first job is "March Winds".

It may or may not be "love at first sight", but the fact remains that we speak to each other first in the studio just before the broadcast—that within a fortnight we are spending all our off days together (they are precious few)—within a few months we are to be engaged—and within fifteen months married.

But in spite of romance I am working hard, knowing that I must hurry to save enough money with which to get married.

But in spite of all this activity and the wonderful experience I am getting, I suddenly spring a surprise on everybody by announcing that I am going to leave the B.B.C.!

The reason I will explain next week—for it concerns not only my ambition to launch out and do still more important work, but my love affair.

(To be concluded)

RED AND WHITE GAITER SET

Continued from page 16

garment, leaving 2 Red borders. Work in m.s., increasing once at the beginning of every row until you have 70 sts. Cast off.

Sleeves. (Both alike.)

With White wool, cast on 24 sts. Work in check pattern (K. 4, P. 4), casting on 2 sts. at each end of every row until there are 52 sts. on needle.

Decrease once each end of the 7th and every following 8th row until you have 40 sts. Continue without shaping until work measures 9 inches from commencement.

Next row—K. 3, K. 2 tog. all along row. Now work 10 rows ribbing of K. 1, P. 1. Change to Red wool and work 16 rows m.s. Cast off.

To Make Up

Sew all seams up neatly and press very lightly with warm iron over damp cloth. Sew on pearl buttons to correspond with buttonholes. Fix elastic round waist of gaiterettes and under the feet of the gaiters.

CAP

With No. 9 needles (4 with points both ends), cast on 120 sts. with Red wool (40 on each needle). Work 1 inch of K. 1, P. 1 for headband.

Next row—K. 2 sts. into every 10th stitch all round. Work next 2 rows in check pattern.

(Keep block pattern of K. 4, P. 4 for 4 rows, and P. 4, K. 4 for 4 rows as far as possible. It will, however, be found when increasing that there will be a few more knit sts. occasionally, but keep to the 4 purl as far as possible.)

Next row—K. 2 sts. into every 11th stitch. Work 2 rounds in pattern without alteration.

Next row—Work 2 sts. into every 12th stitch. Work 6 rounds without alteration in pattern.

On next round K. 2 tog. every 12th and 13th stitch. Now work 2 rounds stocking stitch.

On next round work every 11th and 12th stitch together. Continue in this way in stocking stitch, decreasing on every 3rd round, always with 1 stitch less between the decreases on each successive decrease round until you have knitted together every 7th and 8th stitch. Now continue decreasing in the same way, but on every 2nd round till the 2nd and 3rd sts. are knitted together. Work 1 round without alteration, then on the next round K. 2 tog. all round.

Draw wool through the remaining sts. and fasten off. Make a pom-pom in contrasting colours and sew to centre top.

NEW SHAMPOO BRINGS GLEAMING BEAUTY TO DULL HAIR



OLD WAY

DRENE WAY

drene—new liquid soapless shampoo—rids hair of dull film and reveals its natural beauty

Your hair is lovely! But you will never realise how lovely . . . how lustrous, until you shampoo your hair with Drene, the new liquid soapless shampoo. For all hair that has been washed with old-fashioned shampoo is dulled by a coating of "lime-scum". Drene gets rid of this dullness—makes hair cleaner than it has ever been before—soft and silky, sparkling with fascinating highlights.

DRENE CLEANS YOUR HAIR WITH A THOROUGHNESS HITHERTO UNKNOWN

For years tiny bits of "lime-scum" have been left on your hair, because ordinary lather combines with the minerals in the water and forms a sticky unrinseable film such as is left on the bath. Drene is not soap and cannot form this film. On the contrary, Drene removes every trace of this old beauty-clouding film. All the excess oil and loose dandruff is washed out by one quick lathering.

DRENE GIVES FIVE TIMES MORE LATHER THAN SOAP

A few drops of Drene sprinkled direct from the bottle on to your wet hair rub instantly into a glorious billowy lather—even in the hardest water. The wetter your hair the more lather you get! No before-mixing, no mess. One quick lathering washes the hair cleaner than you've ever washed it before.



MORTON DOWNEY is supported by the DRENE Orchestra under the direction of JAY WILBUR.

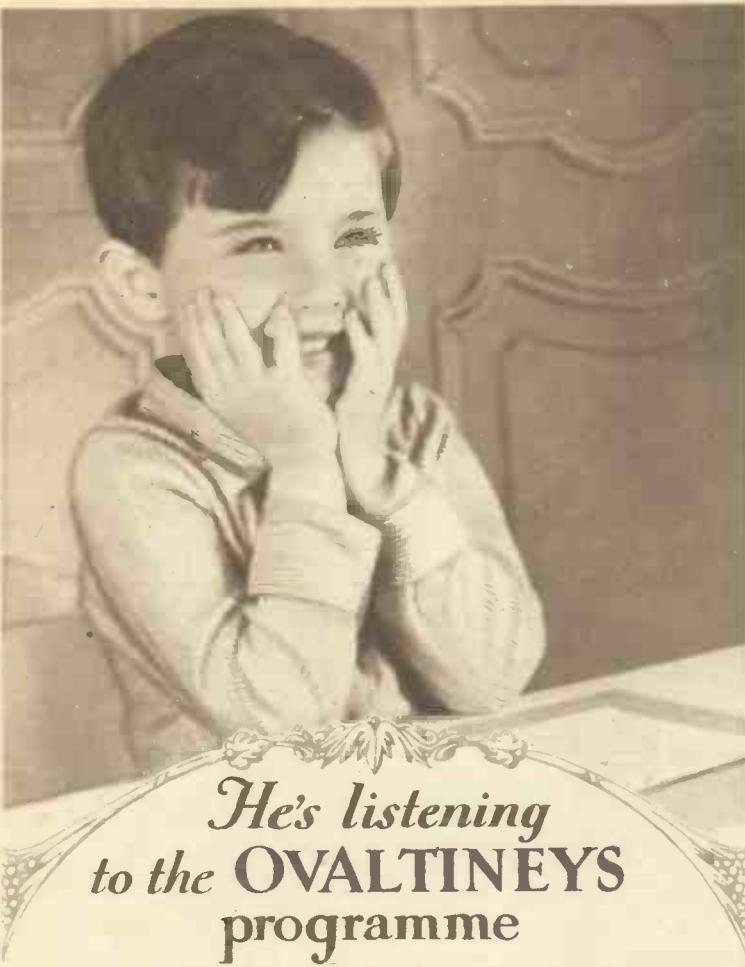
MORTON DOWNEY THE GOLDEN VOICE OF RADIO sings for drene

Morton Downey has won the hearts of millions of women in two continents. His charming Irish tenor voice, has the strange "personal" power of singing to you and you alone. Listen next Sunday for Morton Downey . . . as he sings the opening bars of his theme song "Lovely Lady" you will close your eyes and float away into a world of happy day-dreams . . .



6d. size gives two shampoos,
1/6 family size gives eight shampoos or
more.

Listen every Sunday to the fascinating Drene programme from
RADIO LUXEMBOURG (1293 metres) 2.45 to 3 p.m.
RADIO NORMANDY (269.5 metres) 10.15 to 10.30 p.m.
(Radio Normandy time booked through the International Broadcasting Co., Ltd.)



He's listening to the OVALTINEYS programme

THE Ovaltineys Programme broadcast each Sunday evening from Radio Luxembourg is a sheer delight to every boy and girl, and particularly to members of the League of Ovaltineys. In addition to the Radio programmes, Ovaltineys get great fun and amusement from the secret signs, signals and code which are explained in the official rule-book.

Parents welcome the League because they appreciate its objects and the benefits which 'Ovaltine' confers on the health of their children.

BOYS AND GIRLS! Join the LEAGUE OF OVALTINEYS TO-DAY

Send a postcard to-day to THE CHIEF OVALTINEY (Dept. 35), 184 Queen's Gate, London, S.W.7, asking for the Official Rule Book and full details of the League.

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

1293M.

LUXEMBOURG CONCERTS

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 18

10.15-10.30 a.m.

CARSON ROBISON AND HIS PIONEERS

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

Careless Love.
Boots and Saddle.
Sweet Bunch of Daisies.
Cowboys' Yodelin' Song.
Carry Me Back to the Lone Prairie.
There's a Moon Shinin' Bright on the Prairie To-night.

10.30-10.45 a.m.

CONCERT

Presented by the Proprietors of BISURATED MAGNESIA

11 a.m.

LET'S GO ROUND TO NORMAN LONG'S

With
NORMAN LONG
AL AND BOB HARVEY
and
SYDNEY JEROME AND
HIS ORCHESTRA

Presented by the makers of KRUSCHEN SALTS, Adelphi, Salford

11.15-11.30 a.m.

THE OPEN ROAD

Presented by the makers of CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Open Air Brigade.
Old Father Thames ... Wallace
Put On an Old Pair of Shoes ... Hill
Throwing Stones at the Sun.
The Fountain ... Delibes

12.15 p.m.

HARRY BIDGOOD AND HIS BUCCANEERS

With Guest Artists

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

The Touch of Your Lips.
I Nearly Let Love Go Slipping Through My Fingers.
Lost.
Blue Danube.
When Irish Eyes Are Smiling.

4 p.m.

SEA-TIME HOUR

Cruising the World with an All-Star Cast of Radio, Stage and Screen Favourites aboard, including

MAX MILLER,
AL AND BOB HARVEY
ALMA VANE
RONALD HILL
SAM COSTA
NORMAN SHELLEY
DOROTHY KAY
THE RHYTHM BROTHERS
MOLLY CARDEW
ARTHUR GOMEZ
and

DEBROY SOMERS AND HIS BAND
Presented by HORLICK'S

5.30 p.m.

Entertainment broadcast especially for THE LEAGUE OF OVALTINEYS

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

6.15 p.m.

The makers of LIFEBOUY TOILET SOAP present

AMBROSE
AND
HIS ORCHESTRA
in a programme of MODERN RHYTHM MUSIC

6.30 p.m.

RINSO MUSIC HALL

IVY ST. HELIER
WALTER WILLIAMS
and

MARJORIE LOTINGA
MAX AND HARRY NESBITT
JOCK MACKAY
SHAUN GLENVILLE
and

MABEL CONSTANDUROS

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"

Green Eyes... Mendez
Marianna ... Sunshine
La Belle Creole ... Colson
La Cumparsita ... Rodriguez

7.15 p.m.

MORE MONKEY BUSINESS
With
BILLY REID AND HIS ACCORDION BAND
DOROTHY SQUIRES
and

LESLIE DOUGLAS
Presented by the makers of MONKEY BRAND

7.30-7.45 p.m.

WALTZ TIME

Throw Open Wide Your Window Calson
Blonde or Brunette ... Waddeufel
A Waltz Was Born in Vienna ... Loewe
Du and Du ... Strauss

Presented by PHILLIPS' DENTAL MAGNESIA.

YOU SHOULD NOT MISS

SUNDAY, OCT. 18—cont.

8.0-8.30 p.m.

PALMOLIVE PROGRAMME

With
OLIVE PALMER
PAUL OLIVER
BRIAN LAWRENCE
and
MORTON DOWNEY

You're a Honey.
Stars in My Eyes.
Sweetheart, Let's Grow Old
Together ... Brian Lawrence
After You've Gone.
On the Beach at Bali Bali.
Romance Medley.
It's Been So Long.
Say Si Si.
Lost ... Morton Downey
I Don't Have to Dream Again.

9.0-9.15 p.m.

MACLEAN'S CONCERT

On My Window Sill ... Novelty Players
Goodnight ... Charles Kullman
Evergreen Medley.
Billy Reid and his Accordion Band
Gipsy Baron, Potpourri
Bernard Derkson and Orchestra.

9.45 p.m.

THE COLGATE REVELLERS
Get Thee Behind Me.

My Heart and I.
Morton Downey.

You Never Looked So Beautiful.
I'm in the Mood for Love (Piano Duet).
Sunbonnet Blue.

10.0-10.30 p.m.

POND'S SERENADE TO BEAUTY
THE PROGRAMME FOR LOVERS

TUESDAY, OCT. 20

6.45 p.m.

ROB, BERT & SON
"The Three Mincemeateers"
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 DI GESTER

THIS SUNDAY FROM LUXEMBOURG

CHRISTOPHER STONE was telling me about the great success of the new Thermogene programmes featuring the Two Leslies.



Christopher Stone

"We've changed all that," he said.
"What!"

"That's the title," he hastily explained.

You've heard it? The Two Leslies compere an entertaining quarter-hour of contrasts in gramophone records—at 3.15 p.m. every Sunday,

while the inimitable Christopher himself introduces the whole programme. He also acts as genial compere to the *Beecham Reunion* at 9.15 p.m., which is as friendly as it sounds—a mixture featuring Jack Payne, the ever-welcome, and Mabel "Gran'ma" Constanduros, the versatile creator of the whole host of Bugginses.

Both programmes, in Christopher's own words, are "grand entertainment."

DUAL PERSONALITY

If you ask Esther Coleman which is more popular—Esther or the other half of her personality, Diana Clare, she can only say that she enjoys being both people equally. "I never get tired of dance music. I can sing a song four times a day and still love it," she declares.

It is as Esther Coleman that she sings with Gordon Little every Sunday from Luxembourg, in the *Pleasure Cruise* feature at 7 p.m.

She can sing in eight languages, and likes Continental cooking, dogs, theatres, riding, and giving parties. Noted, also, for her taste in clothes.

How doctor relieved patient's

Asthma

8 years suffering ended

A doctor in India with an obstinate case of Asthma to treat prescribed Dr. Hair (brand) Asthma Cure. The patient immediately improved and the doctor writes 'There is no doubt, it is a sure remedy for Asthma.'

Defence against Asthma must take the form of attack. YOU must attack. YOU must steadily build up your whole system until the attacks get less cruel, less frequent. Strengthen your natural resistance by taking Dr. Hair (brand) Asthma Cure which is a liquid medicine and therefore can be completely absorbed by the system. If only you could see the mountain of joyful letters from sufferers who have found true relief by taking Dr. Hair (brand) Asthma Cure you would realise that you also can end the bitter suffering of Asthma. Dr. Hair knew, too well, the tyranny of Asthma. For eleven years he suffered and then at last he found the remedy.

YOU WANT PROOF HERE IT IS Read Dr. Hair's own book—free. Post coupon below at once. Send no money. Involve yourself in no obligation. But for your own sake read the proof.



The Royal Physician who said he knew many people benefited by using the Dr. Hair (brand) Asthma Cure.

Dr. Hair ASTHMA CURE

(BRAND) TRADE MARK

2/6 bottle contains 32 doses. Double quantity 4/6. All chemists stock

COUPON
FOR
FREE
MEDICAL
BOOK

To Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure Ltd. (Dept. I. 11, Stanwell Moor, Staines, Middlesex. (Late of 104 High Holborn, W.C.1).

Send me at once without expense or obligation free 48-page book by Dr. B. W. Hair, M.D., with details of Treatment, Health Rules, Diet Suggestions and Patients' Health Testimonials.

Name

Address

The Luxury of a Radiogram!

The GRAMADAPTOR

Yours for
5/- down

and 11 monthly payments of
7s. 9d.

The Gramadaptor is instantly connected to the pick-up sockets of your BATTERY or A.C. MAINS Receiver.

- No alterations to your set.
- Plays any size record with front open or closed.
- Independent Volume Control.
- BATTERY Model with Garrard double-spring unit plate motor.

● A.C. Model with constant speed electric motor.
EITHER Cash or G.O.D. £3 19s. 6d.
MODEL Carriage Paid.

or 5/- down and 11 monthly payments of 7/9.

Post coupon to-day for
free two-colour art folder.

Post this Coupon!

PETO-SCOTT Co. Ltd.,

77 (B.P.T.) City Road, LONDON, E.C.1.
West End Showrooms—62 (B.P.T.), High Holborn, W.C.1.

Please send me, free and without obligation, two-colour art folder giving full details of the GRAMADAPTOR.

NAME

ADDRESS

1d. stamp
on unsealed envelope.

R.P.T.

EST. 1919

Sunday, October 18, to Saturday, October 24, 1936.

PROGRAMMES

from the

CONTINENT in ENGLISH

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

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Sunday, October the Eighteenth

All Times stated are Greenwich Mean Time

RADIO LUXEMBOURG
 1293 m., 232 Kc/s.
Morning Programme

11.15—11.30 a.m.

THE OPEN ROAD
 Open Air Brigade.
 Old Father Thames ... Wallace
 Put on an Old Pair of Shoes ... Hill
 Throwing Stones at the Sun ... Simon
 The Fountain ... Delibes
 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 Billie Beans,
 C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds

Featured from

RADIO NORMANDY**TO-DAY:****SERENADE TO BEAUTY**

Sunday, 3.0 p.m.

THE SEA-TIME HOUR

with

An All-Star Cast

Sunday, 4.0 p.m.

ESTHER COLEMAN

and

GORDON LITTLE

Sunday, 5.30 p.m.

MORTON DOWNEYThe Golden Voice
of Radio

Sunday, 10.15 p.m.

RADIO NORMANDY
 269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s.

Times of Transmissions.

 Sunday : 8.00 a.m.—11.30 a.m.
 2.00 p.m.—7.30 p.m.
 10.00 p.m.—1.00 a.m.

 Weekdays : 8.00 a.m.—11.00 a.m.
 2.00 p.m.—6.00 p.m.

Thursday : 2.30 p.m.—6.00 p.m.

12 (midnight)—1.00 a.m.

Announcers : D. J. Davies, J. R. L. Fellowes, F. R. Plomley, J. F. Sullivan.

MORNING PROGRAMME

8.0 a.m.

NORMANDY CALLING
 Belphegor—Quick march ... Brepstant
 Footloose and Fancy Free... Lombardo
 The Joyful Huntsman ... Morley
 Brazililia—Paso doble ... Sinclair
I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL.
 You Will Remember Vienna ... Romberg
 I Want Nothing But Your Love ... Lopez, arr. Borchert
 Let's Sing Again ... McHugh
 Jack Payne Memories.

8.30 a.m.

SACRED MUSIC
 Jesus Shall Reign Where'er the Sun ... Rimington
 My Song Shall Be Always Thy Mercy ... Mendelssohn
The Thought for the Week

THE REV. JAMES WALL, M.A.

His Yoke is Easy ... Handel

Behold the Lamb of God.

8.45 a.m.

ORCHESTRAL CONCERT
 Demande et Reponse ... Coleridge Taylor
 Danube Waves ... Ivanovici
 Rendezvous ... Aletta
 Les Millions d'Arlequin ... Drigo
9.0 a.m. **I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL.****OCTOBER**
 Hiawatha March (Indian Summer) ... Morel
 Autumn Murmurs ... Lincke
 The Chestnut Man ... Perkins
 Falling Leaves ... Kennedy

9.15 a.m.

SCOTT'S MARCHES ON
 Sons of the Brave ... Bidgood
 Old Comrades ... Teixeira
 Distant Greeting ... Lorin-Bagley
 National Emblem ...

 Presented by the makers of Scott's Emulsion,
 10-11 Stonecutter Street, E.C.4

9.30 a.m.

MUSICAL REVERIES
 Gipsy Love Overture ... Lehar
 One Life, One Love ... Kennedy
 I Love Thee... Grieg
 Gipsy Love Waltz ... Lehar

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

9.45 a.m.

A NOVEL ENTERTAINMENT

Including

 The Code Phrase Free Gift Offer
 Nautical Moments—Part I ... arr. Winter
 We Saw the Sea ... Berlin
 Drake's Drum ... Stamford
 Nautical Moments—Part II ... arr. Winter

Presented by the makers of Preservene Soap

10.0 a.m.

WALTZ TIME
 Throw Open Wide Your Window... Calson
 Blonde or Brunette... Waldteufel
 A Waltz Was Born in Vienna ... Loewe
 Du und Du ... Strauss
 Presented by Phillips' Dental Magnesia,
 179 Acton Vale, W.3

10.15 a.m.

RECREATION CORNER
 The Fiddlers at the Forge ... Ives
 You ... Adamson
 Would You? ... Brown
 Keep a Twinkle in Your Eye ... Mercer

10.30 a.m.

MORE MONKEY BUSINESS
 With BILLY REID AND HIS ACCORDION BAND
 DOROTHY SQUIRES

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

 Duke Ellington Selection ... Ellington
 Where Am I? ... Dublin
 Charlie Kunz Medley ... arr. Kunz
 These Foolish Things ... Strachey
 Presented by Brown & Polson,
 43 Shoe Lane, E.C.4
11.0 a.m. **I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL.****POPULAR SELECTIONS**
 Happy Swiss Memories ... arr. Béziers
 There Isn't Any Limit to My Love ... Sigler
 O Sole Mio ... di Capua
 Rumba Medley

 Presented by D.D.D.,
 Fleet Lane, E.C.4

11.15 a.m.

BOLENIUM BILL
 Presents A Medley of Medleys
 Sponsored by Bolonium Overalls,
 Upton Park, E.13

11.30 a.m.

PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH

Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie

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.

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

 6.15 p.m. **LET'S GO ROUND TO NORMAN LONG'S**
 featuring NORMAN LONG

and AL AND BOB HARVEY

and SYDNEY JEROME AND HIS ORCHESTRA

Presented by Kruschen Salts, Adelphi, Salford

 6.30 p.m. **HEALTH AND HAPPINESS**
 Carnival of the Dwarfs ... Raasch
 Madame Will You Walk? ... Nohain
 Mona Lisa ... Sullivan
 There's a New Day Coming ... Young

Back to Those Happy Days ... Nicholls

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

(Continued on page 39, column 1)

Featured from

RADIO NORMANDY**THIS WEEK :****HEALTH MAGIC**

Tuesday, 9.0 a.m.

THE MELODY LINGERS ON

Compered by Martin Henry

Thurs. and Sat., 9.15 a.m.

YOUR OLD FRIEND DAN

Singing

Your Favourite Songs

Friday, 8.15 a.m.

THE MELODY MAKERS

with Sam Browne

and the Radio Three

Saturday, 8.15 a.m.

MARY LAWSON takes you BEHIND THE SCENES this afternoon at 3.45 p.m. . . . tune-in to RADIO NORMANDY.

Sunday, October the Eighteenth

RADIO NORMANDY

269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s.

RADIO NORMANDY

269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s.

Continued from page 34, column 3.

AFTERNOON PROGRAMME

2.0 p.m.	KRAFT CONCERT PARTY Tommy Handley's Watt-Knots including JENNY HOWARD JEAN ALLSTONE THE RHYTHM SISTERS. JOHN RORKE TOLCHARD EVANS and TOMMY HANDLEY Presented by Kraft Cheese Company, Hayes, Middlesex	4.0 p.m.	SEA-TIME HOUR Cruising the World With an all-star cast of Radio, Stage and Screen Favourites Aboard, including MAX MILLER AL AND BOB HARVEY ALMA VANE RONALD HILL, SAM COSTA NORMAN SHELLEY, DOROTHY KAY THE RHYTHM BROTHERS MOLLY CARDEW ARTHUR GOMEZ And Debroy Somers and His Band Presented by Horlick's, Slough, Bucks	6.15 p.m.	NURSE JOHNSON OFF DUTY Childhood Memories ... arr. Somers Children's Overture ... Quilter Ma Curly Headed Babby ... Clusam Fairy Tale ... Heykens Presented by California Syrup of Figs, 179 Acton Vale, W.3	10.30 p.m.	ALL ABOARD En Bateau ... Debussy Cherkess Drumbeat ... Machis Les Nubiennes (Faust Ballet) ... Gounod Song of the Islands ... King Presented by Cunard-White Star, Ltd., 26 Cockspur Street, S.W.1
2.30 p.m.	Jane Carr Selects MUSICAL HITS FROM THE FILMS (Electrical Recordings) I Dream Too Much ... Kern Honey Coloured Moon (Music Hath Charms) ... Wayne I've Got My Fingers Crossed (King of Burlesque) ... McHugh My Heart and I (Anything Goes) ... Robin Presented by the makers of Lixen, Allen & Hanburys, Ltd., Radio Dept., London	5.0 p.m.	TUNES FOR ALL Selection—The Gondoliers ... Sullivan Mighty Lak' a Rose ... Nevins The Clouds Will Soon Roll By ... Woods Turkish Patrol ... Michaelis Presented by Bismag, Braydon Road, N.16	6.30 p.m.	RINSO MUSIC HALL IVY ST. HELIER WALTER WILLIAMS and MARJORIE LOTTINGA MAX and HARRY NESBITT JOCK MACKAY SHAWN GLENVILLE and MABEL CONSTANDUROS All-Star Variety Presented to listeners by the makers of Rinso, Unilever House, Blackfriars, E.C.4	10.45 p.m.	MUSICAL MELANGE Non-stop Quarter Hour Devised and Presented by David J. Davies
2.45 p.m.	THE OPEN ROAD The Open Air Brigade. Old Father Thanies ... Wallace Put on an Old Pair of Shoes ... Hill Throwing Stones at the Sun ... Simon The Fountain ... Delibes Presented by Carter's Little Liver Pills, 64 Hatton Garden, E.C.1	5.15 p.m.	LISTEN TO VITBE Selection—It's Love Again ... Woods Japanese Sandman ... Whiting Empty Saddles ... Hill The One Rose. Presented by Vitbe Brown Bread, Crayford, Kent	7.0 p.m.	BLACK MAGIC It's Been So Long ... Adamson But Where Are You? ... Berlin All My Life ... Stept Give Me a Heart to Sing to ... Washington Presented by Black Magic Chocolates	11.0 p.m.	CONCERT OF BELTONA RECORDS Rhodesian Regiment. Creep, My Bairnie, Creep. My Ain Folk. Deeside Mixture.
3.0 p.m.	SERENADE TO BEAUTY Presented by Pond's Extract Co., Perivale, Greenford	5.30 p.m.	PLEASURE CRUISE With Esther Coleman and Gordon Little Green Eyes ... Mendez Marianna ... Sunshine La Belle Creole ... Colson La Cumparsita ... Rodriguez Presented by Milk of Magnesia, 179 Acton Vale, W.3	7.15 p.m.	"VOICES OF THE STARS" Present NELSON KEYS Star of a Hundred Shows With the Music of The Crisp Crackajacks Sponsored by Rowntrees, The Makers of Chocolate Crisp	11.15 p.m.	SING SONG Sing, You Sinners ... Coslow Let's Sing Again ... McHugh Singin' in the Bathtub ... Magidson Sing Sing Isn't Prison Any More Yacht Club Boys
3.30 p.m.	MUSIC THROUGH THE AGES Unfinished Symphony ... Schubert Le Cygne ... Saint-Säens Selection—Madame Butterfly ... Puccini Spring Song ... Mendelssohn Selection—The Arcadians ... Monckton Presented by Huntley & Palmers, Ltd., Biscuit Manufacturers, Reading	5.45 p.m.	MASTER O.K. SELECTS THE STARS (Electrical Recordings) Sweetheart Let's Grow Old Together Brattom Florence Desmond Impersonations. Tell Me, Little Dream Girl ... Davis Cigarettes, Cigars ... Gordon Presented by O.K. Sauce, Chelsea Works, London, S.W.18	7.30 p.m.	PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie	11.30 p.m.	VARIETY Ca'est Paree ... Padilla Old Yazoo ... Waller The Old Oak Tree ... Mayer More Than You Know ... Youmans I Had to Go and Draw Another Pound Out ... Rose What People Make a Living From Clarinet Tickle ... Ellstein Hawaii in the Heart of Me ... Senter Owens
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	6.0 p.m.	POPULAR CONCERT Wedding Dance Waltz ... Lincke White Flower of the Islands ... Abraham Holiday Time is Jollity Time ... Van Dusen Selection—The Cat and the Fiddle ... Kern Presented by Macleans, Ltd., makers of "Mac" Brand Antiseptic Throat Sweets, Great West Road, Brentford	10.0 p.m.	LET'S GO ROUND TO NORMAN LONG'S Featuring NORMAN LONG AL AND BOB HARVEY and SYDNEY JEROME AND HIS ORCHESTRA Presented by Kruschen Salts, Adelphi, Salford	12 (midnight)	PAUL WHITEMAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA (Electrical Recordings) The Bouncing Ball—One step ... Trumbauer Ol' Man River—Fox trot ... Kern The Night is Young—Waltz ... Romberg Awake in a Dream—Fox trot ... Robin I Feel a Song Coming On ... McHugh Make Believe—Fox trot ... Kern When I Grow Too Old to Dream ... Romberg A Night with Paul Whiteman at the Biltmore.
10.30 p.m.	I.B.C. SHORT-WAVE EMPIRE TRANSMISSIONS E.A.Q (Madrid) 30 m., 10,000 Kc/s.	10.30 p.m.	B.B.C. WIRELESS MILITARY BAND The Guards Patrol—Descriptive March ... Williams Soldiers in the Park ... Monckton Wee MacGregor—Highland Patrol ... Amets Wives of the King ... Stuart	11.0 p.m.—continued A Fly's Day Out ... Kennedy The Laughing Saxophone ... Grey Hornpipe ... arr. Byng	12.30 a.m.	I.B.C. Time Signal. DANCE MUSIC Sky High Honeymoon—Fox trot ... Meskill I Wanna Woo—Fox trot ... Wayne Your Heart and Mine—Fox trot ... Mercer Lejos de Ti—Rumba ... Fuentes There's a Star in the Sky—Fox trot ... Mayer Big Chiel de Sota—Fox trot ... Rasaf Poor Butterfly—Slow Fox trot ... Hubbell At the Café Continental—Fox trot ... Kennedy	
12 (midnight)	AMBROSE AND HIS ORCHESTRA (Electrical Recordings) The Very Thought of You ... Noble If You Were the Only Girl in the World—Fox trot ... Ayer A Place in Your Heart—Fox trot ... Coslow Whistling Lovers Waltz ... Damrell	10.45 p.m.	INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT Raymond Overture ... Thomas Estrella (Little Star) ... Ponce Intermezzo (Cavalleria Rusticana) ... Mascagni Gipsy Idyll ... arr. Ferraris	11.30 p.m.	LIGHT ORCHESTRAL MUSIC Spanish Dance in G Minor ... Moszkowski Baires in the Wood ... Rimming To-night ... Kennedy Fledermaus Waltz ... Strauss Zigeuner, You Have Stolen My Heart ... Swabach Two Hungarian Dances ... Brahms Adios, Goodbye ... Fernandez Selection—The White Horse Inn ... Benatzky	1.0 a.m.	I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.
12.15 a.m.	I.B.C. Time Signal. Humming to Myself—Fox trot ... Fain They Didn't Believe Me—Fox trot ... Kern Oopsala—Comedy Waltz ... Butler Soft Lights and Sweet Music ... Berlin	11.0 p.m.	HAPPY-GO-LUCKY MEDLEY Policeman's Holiday ... Ewing Where There's You There's Me ... Sigler Laughing at the Rain ... Gay Rochdale Hounds ... Cliffe Bunkey-doodle-i-do ... Sarony	12 (midnight)	DANCE MUSIC May All Your Troubles be Little Ones ... Sigler Muniquita.	1.0 a.m.	I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

RADIO CÔTE D'AZUR (Juan-les-Pins)

235.1 m., 1,276 Kc/s.

10.30 p.m.	B.B.C. WIRELESS MILITARY BAND The Guards Patrol—Descriptive March ... Williams Soldiers in the Park ... Monckton Wee MacGregor—Highland Patrol ... Amets Wives of the King ... Stuart
10.45 p.m.	INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT Raymond Overture ... Thomas Estrella (Little Star) ... Ponce Intermezzo (Cavalleria Rusticana) ... Mascagni Gipsy Idyll ... arr. Ferraris
11.0 p.m.	HAPPY-GO-LUCKY MEDLEY Policeman's Holiday ... Ewing Where There's You There's Me ... Sigler Laughing at the Rain ... Gay Rochdale Hounds ... Cliffe Bunkey-doodle-i-do ... Sarony
11.30 p.m.	LIGHT ORCHESTRAL MUSIC Spanish Dance in G Minor ... Moszkowski Baires in the Wood ... Rimming To-night ... Kennedy Fledermaus Waltz ... Strauss Zigeuner, You Have Stolen My Heart ... Swabach Two Hungarian Dances ... Brahms Adios, Goodbye ... Fernandez Selection—The White Horse Inn ... Benatzky
12 (midnight)	DANCE MUSIC May All Your Troubles be Little Ones ... Sigler Muniquita.

11.0 p.m.—continued	A Fly's Day Out ... Kennedy The Laughing Saxophone ... Grey Hornpipe ... arr. Byng
11.30 p.m.	LIGHT ORCHESTRAL MUSIC Spanish Dance in G Minor ... Moszkowski Baires in the Wood ... Rimming To-night ... Kennedy Fledermaus Waltz ... Strauss Zigeuner, You Have Stolen My Heart ... Swabach Two Hungarian Dances ... Brahms Adios, Goodbye ... Fernandez Selection—The White Horse Inn ... Benatzky
12 (midnight)	DANCE MUSIC May All Your Troubles be Little Ones ... Sigler Muniquita.
1.0 a.m.	I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

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

Monday, Oct. 19th

RADIO NORMANDY

269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s.

MORNING PROGRAMME

8.0 a.m.	NORMANDY CALLING	9.30 a.m.	RADIO FAVOURITES
Oxford Street (London Again Suite)	Coates	The Fiddlers at the Forge.	
Spanish Quickstep Medley.		An Old World Garden.	
Swing Song	Messenger	Cheer Up	
Keep a Twinkle in Your Eye	Mercer	Bird Songs at Eventide	
8.15 a.m.	I.B.C. Time Signal.	Presented by	
NEWS PARADE		Brooke Bond & Co., Ltd.,	
Lynwood Match	Orde Hume	London, E.C.1	
The Gollivogs' Cake Walk	Debussy	Sigler	
Marta	Simons	Berlin	
Humoresque	Dvorak		
Presented by			
The Editors of "News Review"			
8.30 a.m.	HAPPY DAYS	9.45 a.m.	MELODIANA
Washington Greys March	Grafulla	Without Rhythm	
You Can't Pull the Wool Over My Eyes	Ager	Let Yourself Go	
On the Beach at Bali Bali	Meskill	I Want to be Snappy.	
This'll Make You Whistle	Sigler	A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody	
Presented by		Presented by	
Wincarnis,		Milk of Magnesia,	
Wincarnis Works, Norwich		179 Acton Vale, W.3	
8.45 a.m.	SUNNY JIM'S PROGRAMME OF "FORCE" AND MELODY	10.0 a.m.	SOME POPULAR RECORDS
Eighty-fourth March	Komzak	Selection—In Cielante	Dixon
For You Alone	Gehl	Two Hearts and a Waltz Refrain	Stolt
Shepherd's Dance	German	Over the Sticks	Starita
Laughing Irish Eyes	Stept	Come Gipsy (Countess Maritta)	Kalman
Presented by		Presented by	
A. C. Fincken & Co.,		Bile Beans,	
195 Great Portland Street, W.1		C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds	
9.0 a.m.	I.B.C. Time Signal.	10.15 a.m.	REGINALD DIXON AT THE ORGAN (Electrical Recordings)
THE OPEN ROAD		Selection—Broadway Melody of 1936	Brown
Marche Heroïque de Szabady	Massenet	With Sword and Lance	Starke
Happy Days Are Here Again	Yellen	The Teddy Bears' Picnic	Brattton
El Abanico	Javalos	Dixon Hits	arr. Dixon
St. James's Park	Leon		
Carnival of the Dwarfs	Raasch		
Presented by			
Carter's Little Liver Pills,			
64 Hatton Garden, E.C.1			
9.15 a.m.	JACK SAVAGE AND HIS COWBOYS	10.30 a.m.	POPULAR CONCERT
In the Early Morning Round-up		Master Melodies.	
Never Leave Your Gal Too Long.		Chopinian	Chopin, arr. Doucet
Old Fashioned Picture.		The Bandolero	Stuart
My Little Girl.		A Night at the Hungaria	arr. Colombo
The Man on the Flying Trapeze.		Presented by	
My Missouri Home.		Macleans, Ltd.,	
Presented by		Great West Road, Brentford	
Crazy Water Crystals,			
Thames House, S.W.1			

AFTERNOON PROGRAMME

2.0 p.m.	HERE WE ARE AGAIN	4.0 p.m.	TEA-TIME HOUR
Hold My Hand	Elwin	With Debroy Somers and Other Artists	
Will You Love Me When I'm Mutton?	Weston	Fancy Meeting You	Wallace
Let's Face the Music and Dance	Berlin	Music Hall Scrap Book	arr. Bayford
Alice Delysia Memories.		Ireland	Downey
Hallelujah! I'm a Tramp	Rodgers	Thanks a Million	Johnston, arr. Zalva
Joey the Clown	Myers	Marche Montmartre	Haydn Woods
The Film Stars Parade.	Dubourg	Sailor Beware	Whiting
The Apache Dance		II Trovatore	Verdi, arr. Somers
2.30 p.m.	DANCE MUSIC	Followed at 4.45 p.m. by	
Sailing Along on a Carpet of Clouds—Fox trot	Sigler	THE CHILDREN'S CORNER	
Lost My Rhythm, Lost My Music	Brown	With the Uncles	
You've Got the Wrong Rumba	Sigler	BIRTHDAY GREETINGS	
Melody from the Sky—Fox trot	Alter Carr	Presented by	
Lady from Mayfair—Fox trot	Grenet	Horlick's, Slough, Bucks	
Songoro Consono—Rumba	Stols	5.0 p.m.	I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL.
Darling You—Fox trot	Nicholls	RAINBOW RHYTHM	
Missouri Lullaby—Waltz	Stone	Selection—The Great Ziegfeld	Adamson
Mexican Rose—Fox trot		Keep a Twinkle in Your Eye	Mercer
3.0 p.m.	LIGHT ORCHESTRAL MUSIC	Big Chief de Soto	Razaf
Showboat—Overture	Kern	Jungle Drums—Fox trot	Lewuona
The Cup of Sorrow—Tango	Delfino	Presented by the makers of	
Orient Express—Intermezzo	Gerhard	Tintex,	
Katja the Dancer—Waltz	Gilbert	199 Upper Thames Street, E.C.4	
Song—Deep in My Heart	Bomberg	5.15 p.m.	ADVANCE FILM NEWS
A Waltz Dream—Potpourri	Strauss, arr. Dostal	You Never Looked so Beautiful	Adamson
Tell Me Tonight	Spoiltz, arr. Dostal	But Definitely	Gordon
Selection—The Cat and the Fiddle	Kern	You	Adamson
Gipsy Wine	Ritter	When I'm With You	Gordon
Presented by D. D. D., Fleet Lane, E.C.4		5.30 p.m.	WHAT'S ON IN LONDON
3.30 p.m.	BRIGHT MOMENTS	News of the Latest Films, Shows and Other Attractions	
Holiday	Ponce	5.45 p.m.	POPULAR PROGRAMME
Happy—Fox trot Medley.		Beyond the Blue Horizon	Robin
The Happy Whistler	Baptiste	My Love Parade	Schertzinger
Saddle Your Blues	Haid	The Merry Widow Waltz	Lehar
Don't Save Your Smiles	Fio Rito	Good-night	Abraham
Tzinga Doodle-Day	Wimpfis	6.0 p.m.	PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH
Jolly Good Company	Wallace	Presented by	
Old Favourites.		Asso. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie	

EVENING PROGRAMME

12 (midnight)	AN HOUR OF DANCE MUSIC
Boris on the Bass—Fox trot	Kennedy
How Many Times—Fox trot	Berlin
Would You?—Waltz	Brown
Is It True What They Say About Dixie?—Fox trot	Cassar
Got to Dance My Way to Heaven	Coslow
I Like Bananas—Fox trot	Yacich
Mandy Lee Blues	Bloom
Swingin' at Maida Vale	Carter
12.30 a.m.	I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL.

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

Tuesday, Oct. 20th

RADIO NORMANDY

269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s.

MORNING PROGRAMME

8.0 a.m.	NORMANDY CALLING	9.30 a.m.	TUNES WE ALL KNOW
Wake Up and Sing	Lombardo	Knightsbridge March	Coates
Let's Go Ballyhoo	Browning	You Brought a New Kind of Love	
Selection—Ball at the Savoy	Abraham	To Me	Norman
Beside the Singing Waters	Kennedy	Savoy Welsh Medley.	
8.15 a.m.	I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL.	GOLDEN HARMONY	
Selection—The Great Ziegfeld	Adamson	Presented by	
Zip Zip	Brooks	Limestone Phosphate,	
I Lost My Heart to a Melody	Strachey	Braydon Road, N.16	
Viennoise Singing Birds	Translatuer		
Presented by			
Spink & Son, Ltd.			
5, 6 and 7 King Street, St. James's, S.W.1			
8.30 a.m.	BOURNEMOUTH MUNICIPAL ORCHESTRA	9.45 a.m.	TUNEFULLY YOURS
(Electrical Recordings)		Tap Your Tootsies	Sigler
The Clatter of the Clogs	Flynn	At the Café Continental	Dubin
Whispering Pines	Byrne	The Rose in Her Hair	Kennedy
Slippery Sticks	Brooks	Boris on the Bass	
Oriental Dance	White	Presented by	
Presented by		California Syrup of Figs,	
Vitacup, Wincarnis Works, Norwich		179 Acton Vale, W.3	
8.45 a.m.	TEN O'CLOCK TUNES	10.0 a.m.	THE NEW MAYFAIR ORCHESTRA
Parade of the Tin Soldiers...		(Electrical Recordings)	
Melody Trumps.			
My Isle on Hilo Bay			
Potpourri of Waltzes			
Presented by			
Zambuk,			
C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds			
10.15 a.m.	THE NEW MAYFAIR ORCHESTRA	10.30 a.m.	POPULAR CONCERT
(Electrical Recordings)		Blaze Away—March	Holzmann
Carolina in the Morning.		My World is Gold	Tauber
It's My Mother's Birthday To-day.		Selection—Happy.	
Virginia Polka.		Ginger Snaps	Bourdon
Ridin' Down the Sunset Trail.		Presented by	
Little Old Church in the Valley.		Macleans, Ltd.,	
Loveless Love.		Great West Road, Brentford	
Presented by			
Crazy Water Crystals,			
Thames House, S.W.1			

AFTERNOON PROGRAMME

2.0 p.m.	HERE WE ARE AGAIN	4.0 p.m.	TEA-TIME HOUR
Madonna of the Bullfighters	Espinosa	With Debroy Somers and Other Artists	
Got to Dance My Way to Heaven	Coslow	Fancy Meeting You	Wallace
Ray Noble Medley	Noble	Music Hall Scrap Book	arr. Bayford
Adorée	West	Ireland	Downey
Piccadilly	Meskill	Thanks a Million	Johnston, arr. Zalva
Gollwog's Cakewalk	Debussy	Marche Montmartre	Haydn Woods
Gipsy Love	Lehar	Sailor Beware	Whiting
El Relicario	Padilla	II Trovatore	Verdi, arr. Somers
Hold My Hand	Elwin	Followed at 4.45 p.m. by	
Waltz Medley	Jacobs	THE CHILDREN'S CORNER	
Please Believe Me	Claypole	With the Uncles	
Ragging the Scale	King	BIRTHDAY GREETINGS	
My Isle on Hilo Bay		Presented by	
2.30 p.m.	INSTRUMENTAL BREAK	Horlick's, Slough, Bucks	
Waltz Medley		5.0 p.m.	I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL.
Presented by		RAINBOW RHYTHM	
Teddy Bears' Picnic	Brattton	Song of the Vagabonds	Friml
Wood Nymphs	Coates	Love Will Find a Way	Fraser Simson
Down South	Myddleton	The Merry Widow Waltz	Lehar
A Musical Switch	arr. Alford	Selection—Chi Chin Chow	Norton
3.0 p.m.	AFTERNOON PROGRAMME	Presented by	
5.15 p.m.	PERENNIAL FAVOURITES	Help Yourself Annual,	
Song of the Vagabonds		2 Copthall Buildings, E.C.2	
Love Will Find a Way		3.45 p.m.	JACK SAVAGE AND HIS COWBOYS
Presented by		When It's Harvest Time, Sweet Angeline.	
Tintex, 199, Upper Thames Street, E.C.4		When the Work's All Done This Fall.	
5.15 p.m.	THE BOOK OF THE WEEK	Indiana.	
West Wind		Mother's Always Waiting at Home Sweet Home.	
Turn Your Face to the Sun		Row, Row, Row:	
Slipping Through My Fingers		Presented by	
The Words Are in My Heart		Crazy Water Crystals,	
Presented by		Thames House, S.W.1	
Hodder & Stoughton, London		5.30 p.m.	WHAT'S ON IN LONDON
5.30 p.m.	WHAT'S ON IN LONDON	News of the Latest Films, Shows and Other Attractions	
5.45 p.m.	NOEL COWARD	5.45 p.m.	PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH
(Electrical Recordings)		Asso. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie	

EVENING PROGRAMME

12 (midnight)	DANCE MUSIC
Empty Saddles—Fox trot	Hill
Got to Dance My Way to Heaven	Coslow
On the Beach at Bali Bali...	Meskill
A Beautiful Lady in Blue—Waltz	Coots
Nicotina—Rumba	Schwartz
Good-night Vienna	Marwell
The Glory of Love—Fox trot	Hill
Whotcha Gotcha Trombone For?	Kennedy
Happy Feet—Quick step ...	Fio Rito
1.0 a.m.	I.B.C. GOODNIGHT MELODY AND CLOSE DOWN.
I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.	Schertzinger
12.30 a.m.	ROY FOX AND HIS ORCHESTRA
Stars in My Eyes—Waltz	Kreisler
A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody	Berlin
Poor Little Angeline—Fox trot	Kennedy
My First Love Song	Parr-Davies
He Was a Gentleman's Gentleman	Car
The Piccolino—Fox trot	Berlin
These Foolish Things—Fox trot	Strache
Saddle Your Blues to a Wild Mustang	Hai
1.0 a.m.	I.B.C. GOODNIGHT MELODY AND CLOSE DOWN.

Wednesday, Oct. 21st

Thursday, Oct. 22nd

RADIO NORMANDY

269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s.

MORNING PROGRAMME

8.0 a.m.	NORMANDY CALLING	9.15 a.m.	Jack Savage—cont.
Argentine	Borchert	My Little Ditcher Girl.	
Old Musical Comedy Gems.		Put on an Old Pair of Shoes.	
The Merry Middies	Brooke	On the Aloma.	
A Day in the Tyrol	Romer	Presented by	

8.15 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.**HAPPY DAYS**

O. Kay for Sound	Kennedy	9.30 a.m.	POPULAR CONCERT
Communityland Medley.		The Merry Widow Waltz	Lehar
Tziga Doodle-day	Wimperis	Following the Drum	Abraham
King Chanticleer	Ayer	When Irish Eyes are Smiling	Alcott
Presented by		Du und Du (Die Fledermaus)	Strauss

Wincarnis,

Wincarnis Works, Norwich

8.30 a.m. LIGHT ORCHESTRAL MUSIC

Ballet Music (Rosamunde)	Schubert	9.45 a.m.	MUSICAL REVERIES
The Whirl of the Waltz	Linnke	Gipsy Love Overture	Lehar
Violin Solo—Les Millions d'Arlequin	Drigo	One Life, One Love	Kennedy
The Merrymakers' Dance	German	I Love Thee	Grier
Presented by		Gipsy Love Waltz	Lehar

Juvigold,

21 Farringdon Avenue, E.C.4

8.45 a.m. SUNNY JIM'S PROGRAMME OF "FORCE" AND MELODY

R.A.F. March Past	Walford Davies	10.0 a.m.	LIGHT MUSIC
Cheery Souls	Burke	Selection—In Callente	Dixon
Entr'acte and Gavotte	Thomas	It's Been So Long	Adamson
Cuckoo in the Nest	Sievier	Wherever You Are	Noble
Presented by		Tantalising Trovatore	Verdi, arr. Somers

A. C. Fincken & Co.,

195 Great Portland Street, W.1

9.0 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.**DANCE MUSIC**

There's a Star in the Sky—Fox trot	Mayerl	10.30 a.m.	POPULAR TUNES
I Lost My Heart in Budapest	Mihaly	Potpourri of Waltzes	arr. Robrecht
And Love Was Born—Waltz	Kern	Funiculi Funicula	Denza
Boris on the Bass	Kennedy	Nowt About 'Owt	Melvin
Presented by		Procession of the Sirdar	Ippolito Ivanov

Sanitas,

51 Clapham Road, S.W.9

9.15 a.m. JACK SAVAGE AND HIS COWBOYS

In the Early Morning Round-up

Magpie on the Hill.

Return of Abdul Abuibul Amir.

AFTERNOON PROGRAMME**2.0 p.m. HERE WE ARE AGAIN**

Distant Greetings—March	Doring	4.0 p.m.	TEA-TIME HOUR
Du und Du—Waltz	Strauss	With Debroy Somers and Other Artists	
Ciribiribin	Pestalozza	Swing	Ellis
When Grandmamma Was Twenty	Zeller	With All My Heart	McHugh, arr. Zalva
Rhapsody in Blue	Gershwin	Is It True What They Say About	Dixie?

2.30 p.m. DANCE MUSIC

Empty Saddles	Hill	Followed at 4.45 p.m. by	
I'm Nuts About Screevy Music	Lunceford	THE CHILDREN'S CORNER	
There's a Star in the Sky	Mayerl	With the Uncles	
Cuban Pete—Rumba	Norman	BIRTHDAY GREETINGS	
Poor Butterly—Slow Fox trot	Hubbell	Presented by	

3.0 p.m. HAWAII

Hawaiian Ripple—Fox trot	Lopez	5.0 p.m.	I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL.
My South Sea Sweetheart.		HEALTH AND HAPPINESS	
Hawaiian Song of Love	Rose	The Electric Girl	Holmes
By the Lazy Lagoon—Fox trot	Kuleman	Light of Foot	Lataan
		Maree	Sievier

3.15 p.m. POPULAR PROGRAMME

At the Court of Old King Cole	Prowse	Smile, Dara You, Smile	O'Flynn
Will o' the Wisp	Kuster	Brighter Than the Sun	Noble
Always in All Ways	Harling	Presented by	
You Are Too Beautiful	Rodgers	Carter's Little Liver Pills,	64 Hatton Garden, E.C.1

3.30 p.m. PIANOFORTE PICKLE

My S.O.S. for You	Rodgers	Would You?	Brown
Sing an Old-fashioned Song	Ahler	On the Beach at Bali Bali	Maskell
Waltz Memories from Vienna	Landauer	Don't Mention Love to Me	Levant
Military Fox-trot Medley	Padilla	Boris on the Bass	Kennedy
		Presented by	

3.45 p.m. JACK SAVAGE AND HIS COWBOYS

I Want an Old-fashioned Sweetheart.		199 Upper Thames Street, E.C.4	
Mississippi Valley Blues.		WHAT'S ON IN LONDON	
Isle of Capri.		News of the Latest Films, Shows and	
Cindy.		Other Attractions	
When Mother Played the Organ.			
In the Hills of Old Kentucky.			
Presented by			

Crazy Water/Crystals,

Thames House, S.W.1

CELEBRATION

CE

Friday, Oct. 23rd

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 New River Train, Misty Islands of the Highlands. Where Has My Little Dog Gone? Carry Me Back to the Lone Prairie. You're Just a Flower from an Old Bouquet. Old Dan Tucker. Presented by Crazy Water Crystals, Thames House, S.W.1	9.15 a.m. Morning Melodies—cont. My Love Parade Schertzinger Xylophone Solo—Joey the Clown Myers Presented by Colman's Starch, J. J. Colman, Ltd., Carrow Works, Norwich
8.15 a.m.	I.B.C. Time Signal. YOUR OLD FRIEND DAN Hard to Get Gerty. Let's Fall in Love Kochler Tattoo Lady. There's a New World Kennedy	9.30 a.m. RADIO FAVOURITES Around the Old Bandstand Towers The Musical Box Heykens Harmony Lane Foster Charlie Kunz Piano Medley. Presented by Brooke Bond & Co., Ltd., London, E.1.
8.30 a.m.	GEMS OF MELODY Oxford Street (London Again Suite) Come to the Ball Monckton Butterflies in the Rain Myers Waltz Medley (Gipsy Princess) Kalman Presented by the makers of Betox, 150 Regent Street, W.1	9.45 a.m. TUNEFULLY YOURS Alexander's Ragtime Band Berlin This'll Make You Whistle Sigler The Scene Changes Hill It's No Fun Ager Presented by California Syrup of Figs, 179 Acton Vale, W.3
8.45 a.m.	SUNNY JIM'S PROGRAMME OF "FORCE" AND MELODY The Invincible Eagle Sousa Shenandoah arr. Terry Morris Dance and Torch Dance (Henry VIII Dances) German Almond Blossom Williams Presented by A. C. Fincken & Co., 195 Great Portland Street, W.1	10.0 a.m. KITCHEN WISDOM Presented by Borwick's Baking Powder, 1 Bunhill Row, E.C.1
9.0 a.m.	PERENNIAL FAVOURITES Overture—The Arcadians Monckton Rose Marie Friml Selection—The Yeomen of the Guard Sullivan Katja the Dancer—Waltz Gilbert Presented by Help Yourself Annual, 2 Copthall Buildings, E.C.2	10.15 a.m. THE "SUN-MAID" SONGSTERS in a Non-Stop Programme May I? Gordon With Every Breath I Take Robin Love in Bloom Rainier June in January Rodgers Stay as Sweet as You Are Gordon Everybody Dance Gordon Sylvia Speaks Your Feet's Too Big Hancock Presented by the proprietors of Sun-maid Raisins, 59 Eastcheap, E.C.3
9.15 a.m.	MORNING MELODIES Morning Papers Strauss Robins and Roses Burke	10.30 a.m. POPULAR CONCERT Craela—Tango Ripp I'll See You Again Coward The Spirit of Fire Strauss Cupid's Army Ibanez Presented by Macleans, Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford

AFTERNOON

2.0 p.m.	HERE WE ARE AGAIN Knock, Knock, Who's There? Sentimental Gentleman from Georgia Dinah Happy Days Are Here Again. Got the South in My Soul Let Yourself Go Melody Trumps. You Can't Pull the Wool Over My Eyes That's a Plenty	Davies
2.30 p.m.	HAWAIIAN MEDLEY Hawaiian Waltz Medley Trad. Blue Hawaiian Sky Morton Hawaiian Love Trad. It's Hard to Say Good-bye Hoopii Southern Serenade Norman	Trad.
2.45 p.m.	POPULAR MELODIES By Rudolf Friml Only a Rose. L'amour, Toujours l'amour. Indian Love Call. Song of the Vagabonds.	Trad.
3.0 p.m.	DANCE MUSIC	
3.30 p.m.	TUNES OF THE TIMES Selection—The Great Ziegfeld My S.O.S. for You Rogers I Don't Want to Make History Keep a Twinkle in Your Eye	Adamson Rogers Robin Mercer

3.45 p.m.	JACK SAVAGE AND HIS COWBOYS Hold On Little Doggies. Ta-Ra-Ra-Boon-de-a. Anne Rooney. Quilting Party. Coquette. Partner, It's the Parting of the Ways. Presented by Crazy Water Crystals, Thames House, S.W.1
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EVENING PROGRAMME

12 (midnight)	AMBROSE AND HIS ORCHESTRA (Electrical Recordings)
O-Okay for Sound—Fox trot	Kennedy
Hide and Seek—Fox trot	Comer
This'll Make You Whistle	Sigler
Lady from Mayfair—Slow Fox trot	Carr
Copenhagen—Quickstep	Davies
When Day is Done—de Sylva, arr. Munro	
At the Café Continental	Kennedy
She—Fox trot	Kennedy
12.30 a.m.	I.B.C. Time Signal.

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

Saturday, Oct. 24th

RADIO NORMANDY

269.5 m., 1113 Kc/s.

MORNING PROGRAMME

8.0 a.m.	MUSICAL CAVALCADE Entr'acte and Valse (Copelia Ballet) Delibes Moment Musical Schubert Chanson Friml Caprice Viennais Kreisler Presented by the publishers of Cavalcade, Inveresk House, Strand, W.C.2	9.30 a.m. A QUARTER-OF-AN-HOUR'S ENTERTAINMENT FOR MOTHER AND THE CHILDREN Presented by UNCLE COUGHDROP and the "PINEATE" AUNTS AND UNCLEs Sponsored by Pineate Honey Syrup, Braydon Road, N.16
8.15 a.m.	I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL. THE MELODY MAKERS With Sam Browne, The Radio Three and Reginald Foresythe and Jack Penn Hold Me Tight, I'm Falling Lisbona Friend Wake Up and Sing Friend After the Shadows Woods Somebody Stole My Gal Youmans Rise 'n' Shine Youmans Presented by Rowntree's Gums and Pastilles, York	9.45 a.m. DREAM WALTZES You Have Taken My Heart Mercer Dear Love, My Love Friml It's a Sin to Tell a Lie Mayhew One Life, One Love May Presented by True Story Magazine, 30 Bouvier Street, E.C.4
8.30 a.m.	HITS OF THE DAY This'll Make You Whistle Sigler Would You? Brown Charlie Kunz Piano Medley. At the Café Continental Kennedy	10.0 a.m. REQUEST PROGRAMME Selection—Follow the Sun Schwartz Stay Awhile Sigler The Whistler and His Dog Pryor Rhapsody in Blue Gershwin Sweet Lucy Brown Renée Brothers Stars Over Devon Egan Il Bacio Arditi Selection—The Vagabond King Friml
8.45 a.m.	SPECIAL CHILDREN'S PROGRAMME of "Force" and Melody Youth and Vigour Lautenschlager The Birthday of the Nursery Rhymes Carr Penny in the Slot Ashworth Presented by A. C. Fincken & Co., 195 Great Portland Street, W.1	10.30 a.m. POPULAR CONCERT Tiroler Sanger March Romer Buzzi The Rose in Her Hair Dublin White Oriental Dance Presented by Macleans, Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford
9.0 a.m.	PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie	10.45 a.m. BALALAÏKA ORCHESTRA Toreador et Andalouse Rubinstein Black Eyes Ferraris Song Without Words Tchaikowsky Over the Waves Rosas
9.15 a.m.	THE MELODY LINGERS ON Musical Hits of Yesteryear Composed by Martin Henry And presented by Vikelp Brand Health and Body-building Tablets, 10 Henriette Street, W.I.	11.0 a.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie

AFTERNOON

2.0 p.m.	WE'RE ON THE AIR Keep a Twinkle in Your Eye Mercer More Than You Know—Fox trot Youmans I'll Stand By Davis The State of My Heart—Fox trot Spina Presented by R.A.P., Ltd., Ferry Works, Thames Ditton	4.0 p.m. TEA-TIME HOUR—CONT'D. Give Me Animals Gunn The Sunshine of Your Smile Ray, arr. Zalava I Hear You Calling Me Marshall All the Fun of the Fair Fletcher Poor Little Romany Lisbona Christopher Robin is Going Fraser Simson The Butterflies are Flying Fraser Simson Drury Lane Medley. Followed at 4.45 p.m. by THE CHILDREN'S CORNER With the Uncles BIRTHDAY GREETINGS Presented by Horlick's, Slough, Bucks
2.15 p.m.	DAJOS BELA ORCHESTRA (Electrical Recordings) Vindorona arr. Leopold You, Only You—Waltz Boston Arnold The Faithful Hussar Frantzen Autumn Airs—Waltz Waldteufel	5.0 p.m. THE THREE MINCEMEATERS Goin' to Have a Big Time To-night. Way Down Yonder in New Orleans. Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Irish Medley. La Paloma. Smoky Mountain Bill. Goin' Down that Old Texas Trail. Presented by the makers of Robertson's Mincemeat, Cattford, London, S.E.6
2.30 p.m.	HARRY ROY and His Orchestra (Electrical Recordings) Vocal Variety	5.15 p.m. HEALTH MAGIC Mimosa Jones Smilin' Through Penn The Grasshoppers' Dance Bucalossi Serenade Pierle Presented by The Society of Herbalists, Ltd., Culpeper House, 21 Bruton Street, W.1
3.0 p.m.	Sing As We Go Parr-Davies Shout Sister, Shout Williams Harmony Yodel Wild The Man Who Brings the Sunshine Cooper Faint Harmony Carter Birdie on the Green Gourley Some of These Days Brooks Over the Blue Heymann	5.30 p.m. THE DOLCIS FOOTLIGHT PARADE Cheyenne. Riding the Range in the Sky. Nola. Home in Wyoming. It's Spring. I Like Molasses. Presented by Crazy Water Crystals, Thames House, S.W.1
3.15 p.m.	WHAT'S ON IN LONDON News of the Latest Films, Shows and Other Attractions	5.45 p.m. SWING MUSIC Request Programme from A. R. Greaves, of Worthing
3.45 p.m.	LIGHT ORCHESTRAL MUSIC La Paloma Yradier Following the Sun Around Tierney Desert Song Romberg You Will Remember Vienna Romberg	Rose Room Ellington Bundle of Blues Ellington Solitude Ellington Blue Jazz Gifford
4.0 p.m.	PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie	6.0 p.m. PROGRAMMES IN FRENCH Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie

EVENING PROGRAMME

12 (midnight)	AN HOUR OF DANCE MUSIC Is it True What They Say About Dixie? Caesar The Touch of Your Lips—Fox trot Noble Café in Vienna—Tango Vacch Got to Dance My Way to Heaven Coslow Popcorn—Rumba Costello Would You?—Waltz Brown You Were There—Fox trot Coward I'm Pixilated Over You—Fox trot Heyman 12.30 a.m. I.B.C. Time Signal.	12 (midnight) All My Life—Fox trot Stept Hobo on Park Avenue—Fox trot Hudson Knock, Knock, Who's There? Tyson Lover of My Dreams—Waltz Coward Rosario de Lagrimas—Tango Almada Sweet Sue—Fox trot Young Moon Over Miami—Fox trot Burke I Don't Have to Dream Again Dublin 1.0 a.m. I.B.C. GOODNIGHT MELODY and Close Down.
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PARIS (Poste Parisien)

312.8 m., 959 Kc/s.

Monday, October 19

- 10.30 p.m. **RAINBOW RHYTHM**
 The Grasshoppers' Dance ... Bucalossi
 Cornflowers and Poppies—Waltz Waldensel
 The Dancing Clock ... Ewing
 The Fountain—Quick step Delibes
 Presented by the makers of Tintex,
 199 Upper Thames Street, E.C.4
- 10.45 p.m. **MASSED BANDS**
 Theatre Lane Memories.
 Cavalcade of Martial Songs.
 Aldershot Command Searchlight Tattoo—
 1936.
- 11.0 p.m. **I.B.C. Time Signal.**
 I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

Tuesday, October 20

- 10.30—11.0 p.m. **DANCE MUSIC AND CABARET**
 Relayed from the Scheharazade Night Club
 Commentary in English

Wednesday, October 21

- 10.30 p.m. **RAINBOW RHYTHM**
 Sky High Honeymoon—Quick step Meskill
 On the Sunny Side of the Street ... McHugh
 Let's Make Love—Waltz ... Damorell
 This'll Make You Whistle ... Sigler
 Presented by the makers of Tintex,
 199 Upper Thames Street, E.C.4
- 10.45 p.m. **RADIO STARS**
 Got to Dance My Way to Heaven... Coslow
 As Long as Our Hearts are Young ... Kester
 That Handsome Accordion Man ... Box
 Dandelion, Daisy and Daffodil ... Evans
 Presented by "Radio Pictorial"
- 11.0 p.m. **I.B.C. Time Signal.**
 I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

PARIS (Poste Parisien)

312.8 m., 959 Kc/s.

- SUNDAY (Continued from page 34)
 4.45-7.0 p.m. **VARIETY**
 (Electrical Recordings)
 This'll Make You Whistle ... Sigler
 When Evening Comes ... Long
 Nothin' Else to Do All Day ... Tate
 A Broken Doll ...
 Presented by Thorn's Portable Buildings,
 Brampton Road, Bexleyheath, Kent

- 10.30 p.m. **DANCE MUSIC BY AMBROSE AND HIS ORCHESTRA**
 (Electrical Recordings)
 O. Kay for Sound ... Kennedy
 The Night Ride ... Phillips
 There's a New World ... Kennedy
 Hide and Seek ... Comer

- 10.45 p.m. **SOME POPULAR RECORDS**
 Big Chief de Sota ... Razaf
 Shoe Shine Boy ... Chaplin
 The End Begins ... Kreisler
 Ee' by Gum ... Flynn
 Presented by Bile Beans,
 C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds

- 11.0 p.m. **AN OLD-TIME SING SONG**
 Who's That a-Calling ... Trad.
 The Miner's Dream of Home ... Godwin
 We Three Kings of Orient Are ... Hopkins
 One-Horse Shay ... Trad.
 Daddy Wouldn't Buy Me a Bow
 Wow.
 On Ilkla Moor ... Trad.
 Oh, Cruel Were My Parents ... Trad.
 Little Annie Rooney ... Nolan
 Auld Lang Syne ... Trad.

- 11.30 p.m. **I.B.C. Time Signal.**
 I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

RADIO LUXEMBOURG

1293 m., 232 Kc/s.

Monday, October 19

- 9.15—9.30 a.m. **GOOD-MORNING PROGRAMME**
 Will o' the Wisp ... Kuster
 Take My Heart ... Young
 There Isn't Any Limit to My Love ... Sigler
 An Old World Garden.
 Presented by Horlick's, Slough, Bucks

Tuesday, October 20

- 9.30—9.45 a.m. **MUSICAL MENU**
 With Mrs. Jean Scott
 There's a New World ... Kennedy
 I'm An Old Cowhand ... Mercer
 I Don't Want to Make History ... Robin
 You Never Looked so Beautiful ... Adamson
 Presented by Brown & Polson,
 43 Shoe Lane, E.C.4

- 6.30—6.45 p.m. **KING'S MEN QUARTET**
 When Yuba Plays the Rumba ... Mary
 Clementine.
 Floatin' Down to Cotton Town ... The Bee.
 Presented by Rowntrees Gums and Pastilles,
 York

Wednesday, October 21

- 9.15—9.30 a.m. **GOOD-MORNING PROGRAMME**
 Buffoon ... Confrey
 Alone Again ... Woods
 Espana Waltz ... Waldensel
 Selection—The King Steps Out ... Kreisler
 Presented by Horlick's, Slough, Bucks

Thursday, October 22

- 9.30—9.45 a.m. **MUSICAL MENU**
 With Mrs. Jean Scott
 Internationale (Everything is Rhythm).
 When the Moon Hangs High.
 At Your Service Madame ... Dubin
 Let's Sing Again ... McHugh
 Presented by Brown & Polson,
 43 Shoe Lane, E.C.4

Friday, October 23

- 9.15—9.30 a.m. **GOOD-MORNING PROGRAMME**
 Valse Chaloupée ... Offenbach
 No Regrets ... Tobias
 At Dawning ... Cadman
 From the Land of the Sky Blue Water ... Cadman
 Selection—Queen of Hearts ... Parr-Davies
 Presented by Horlick's, Slough, Bucks

- 6.30—6.45 p.m. **KING'S MEN QUARTET**
 Banking on the Weather.
 Close Your Eyes.
 Throw It Out the Window.
 Daisies Won't Tell.
 Three Blind Mice.
 Presented by Rowntrees Gums and Pastilles,
 York

Saturday, October 24

- 9.30—9.45 a.m. **MUSICAL MENU**
 With Mrs. Jean Scott
 I'm Pixilated Over You ... Heyman
 Slipping Through My Fingers ... Woods
 Free ... Kennedy
 Your Heart and Mine ... Mercer
 Presented by Brown & Polson,
 43 Shoe Lane, E.C.4

RADIO NORMANDY

STAR FEATURES

SERENADE TO BEAUTY

Sunday, 3.0 p.m.

THE SEA-TIME HOUR

with
An All-Star Cast

Sunday, 4.0 p.m.

ESTHER COLEMAN and GORDON LITTLE

Sunday, 5.30 p.m.

MORTON DOWNEY The Golden Voice of Radio

Sunday, 10.15 p.m.

HEALTH MAGIC

Tuesday, 9.0 a.m.

THE MELODY LINGERS ON

Compère by Martin Henry

Thurs. and Sat., 9.15 a.m.

YOUR OLD FRIEND DAN Singing Your favourite Songs

Friday, 8.15 a.m.

THE MELODY MAKERS with Sam Browne and the Radio Three

Saturday, 8.15 a.m.

RADIO LJUBLJANA

569 m., 527 Kc/s.

Time of Transmission.

Friday : 9.30 p.m.—10.0 p.m.

Friday, October 23

9.30 p.m.

L.B.C. CONCERT

OLD TIMERS

- (Electrical Recordings)
 Good Old-Time Songs ... arr. Pecorini
 Gerry Hoey and his Band.
 Take Your Partners—Veleta and Barn Dance
 Primo Scala's Accordion Band.
 When Irish Eyes are Smiling ... Ball
 Jack Daly.
 Take Your Partners—Polka and Waltz.
 Primo Scala's Accordion Band.
 Two Eyes of Grey ... McGroch
 Victor Leonard.
 Selection—A Sprig of Heather arr. Stewart
 Atheneum Light Orchestra.
 Carry Me Back to Old Virginny.
 Emory University Glee Club.
 On the Side of the Zuyder Zee ... Mills
 Gerald Adams and the Variety Singers.

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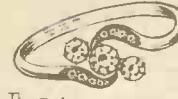
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