

LUXEMBOURG
NORMANDY : LYONS
PROGRAMMES
July 25 - 31

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RADIO PICTORIAL

THE MAGAZINE FOR EVERY LISTENER

3^D

EVERY
FRIDAY



**SHOULD B.B.C.
ENTERTAIN OR
EDUCATE?**

By Bruce Sievier

MY LIFE OF SONG
By Brian Lawrance

**SECRETS OF THE
CHILDREN'S HOUR**
By John Trent

**ALL THE WEEK'S
RADIO NEWS
GOSSIP AND
PICTURES**

**Brilliant Articles
Featuring
JANE CARR
LEW STONE
DOROTHY CARLESS
JACK McCORMICK**

**Special Articles
For Women By
ELIZABETH CRAIG
AND MAX FACTOR**

**ROMANTIC RADIO
SERIAL BY
HELEN BRETT**



Hughie Green
HIS GANG

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ONE of RADIO PICTORIAL's most popular services to readers has been our series of postcard photographs of favourite radio stars at very reasonable prices. Countless readers took advantage of this offer.

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Each of these photographs will be delivered post free, in a cardboard packing, for the sum of 6d. each. Just imagine it . . . life-like photographs of all the stars for such a small sum !

Week by week we shall add two new stars to the list of photographs obtainable. Those readers who secure each photograph will quite soon build up a remarkable and delightful photo gallery of all the leading radio stars.

Watch out each week and wait for your own pet star to be added to our Photograph List.

We will announce next Friday the first four names . . . they will be of four radio favourites admired and loved by everybody.

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 MARGOT JONES)

THERE'S LAUGHTER IN THE AIR!



WISECRACKS by THE WEEK'S WITTIEST BROADCASTERS

A BEGGAR stood on the street corner and affixed to him was a card bearing the words, "Stone Deaf."

A gentleman who was passing dropped half-a-crown, and he noticed that the beggar turned sharply at the sound. So he went up to him and said: "If you're stone deaf, how is it you heard that half-a-crown hit the pavement?"

"To be truthful, gov'nor," replied the other, "it's my pal who's stone deaf, and I'm just standing here to help him out."

"And where is your friend?" inquired the stranger.

"Oh," said the beggar, "he's just popped off to listen-in to a running commentary."

(By REGINALD PURDELL, guest-star in the Beecham's Reunion, Radio Lyons, July 25.)

SALESMAN (in radio shop): Now, here's a set which will bring the world to your fireside!

CUSTOMER: I'm afraid that wouldn't be any good to us.

SALESMAN: Why, sir?

CUSTOMER: We've got central heating!

(By SIDNEY TORCH, the famous organist, presented by Robinson's Lemon Barley, Normandy, July 26.)

A lady broadcaster invited to appear in television decided to have the shape of her nose altered first. So she called on a beauty-surgeon.

"How much will you charge to alter the shape of my nose?" she asked.

"A hundred guineas, madam."

"A hundred guineas!" she exploded. "Isn't there something less expensive?"

"Well," replied the surgeon, suavely, "you could try walking into a lamp-post."

(By GRETA KELLER, the unique vocalist whom you will hear in Rowntree's Voices of The Stars, Luxembourg, July 25.)

CONCEITED VIOLINIST: What do you suggest as the ideal accompaniment to my speciality?

FELLOW BANDSMAN: A couple of drums and a couple of trumpets.

CONCEITED VIOLINIST: But with a couple of drums and a couple of trumpets you'd never hear me!

FELLOW BANDSMAN: That's what I mean.

(By BOBBIE COMBER, Claude Hulbert's accomplice in another "Big Business" episode, National, July 26.)

"You must stress in your article," said the star to the reporter at the

conclusion of the interview "that I detest all this publicity. I am retiring by nature. I love privacy. I would escape all this publicity if possible."

"Thanks, I'll publish that," said the reporter. But as he got to the door, the star called out to him:

"Say, if you stick that article right at the back of the paper, I'll raise hell, see!"

(By NORMAN BARTLETT, of the "Three Admirals," presented by Reckitt's Bath Cubes in "Good Morning Neighbour," Luxembourg, July 29.)

CUSTOMER: This music stool you sold me isn't a ha'porth of good!

FURNITURE SALESMAN: Why is that, sir?

CUSTOMER: If I've twisted it once, I've twisted it a hundred times, but not a single note's come out of it!

(By "HUTCH," or Leslie Hutchinson, whom you can hear in a morning gramophone recital from Lyons, July 27.)



"Can't you possibly win anything but radio sets at the whist drives, Harold?"

"Wait a minute," cut in the owner. "My car hasn't got a sunshine roof."

"Well, that's funny," laughed the other, "I opened it!"

(By ELSIE RANDOLPH, famous musical comedy star, whom Radio Lyons presents in "Comedy Corner," July 28.)

SALESMAN (in radio shop): Listen, sir, if I offered you a five valve, all-mains, screen-grid set, with automatic volume and tone controls and gramophone pick-up, in solid walnut cabinet, fully guaranteed, all for ten guineas, you wouldn't turn a deaf ear to the proposition, would you?

CUSTOMER: Eh?

(By BETTY DALE, another of the "Good Morning Neighbour" stars presented by Reckitt's Bath Cubes, Luxembourg, July 29.)

While the sentimental singer of ballads was "doing his stuff" on the stage, a galleryite kept muttering his disapproval in no uncertain terms.

The person sitting next to him turned and said, "Will you please keep your criticisms to yourself! I consider this artiste a very finished performer."

"Blimy," replied the vociferous one, "'e would be if I could lay my 'ands on 'im!"

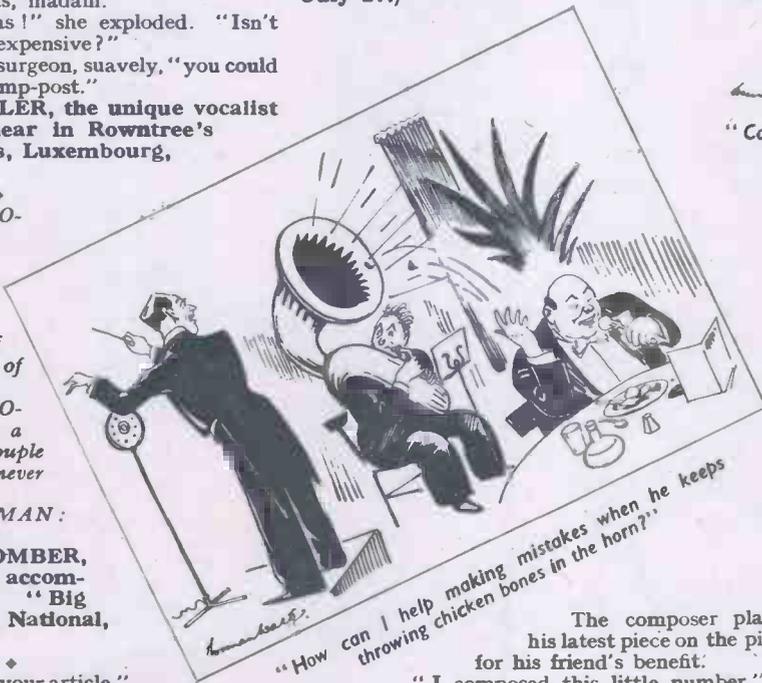
(By RALPH SILVESTER, singing with Jack Payne's Band in the "Beecham's Reunion," Lyons and Luxembourg, July 25.)

PLAYWRIGHT: This new play of mine is all about lumbago, bunions, tonsillitis, and barber's rash.

B.B.C. PRODUCER: Great Scott! What sort of a play is that!

PLAYWRIGHT: Didn't you tell me to put everything I'd got into it?

(By DAVE FROST, whose orchestra plays in "When You And I Were Dancing," on National to-night, July 23.)



"How can I help making mistakes when he keeps throwing chicken bones in the horn?"

The composer played his latest piece on the piano for his friend's benefit.

"I composed this little number," he said, "just to keep the wolf from the door."

THIS WEEK

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NAME.....
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SHOULD THE B.B.C. EDUCATE OR ENTERTAIN?

Our broadcasting authorities must decide, says the author of this provocative, straight-from-the-shoulder article

By BRUCE SIEVIER

(Well-known lyricist, songwriter, playwright and producer)

ENTERTAINMENT used to be a luxury. A visit to the theatre was an event. To-day some housewives go to the early morning performance at their local super-cinema in order to save lighting the fire at home; others turn on the wireless as soon as the programmes commence and whilst someone is lecturing upon "How the early bird catches the worm," they are either washing slugs out of lettuces or dirt out of "the smalls."

When you have water on tap throughout the house you forget that in the middle of the Sahara Desert you would price it far above rubies or beer! So with entertainment, especially as applied to broadcasting. THERE IS TOO MUCH OF IT.

That the B.B.C. have, quite voluntarily, set themselves an impossible task is to my mind the first solution of our problem—and incidentally theirs. You can neither entertain nor find and supply good entertainment for 12 to 14 hours per day all the year round on two alternative wave lengths.

The result is that music on tap has become a background to our lives, in the same way that it used to be when you took your neighbour's pretty daughter to the local restaurant for lunch and an orchestra played; you were far too interested in your companion to be thrilled by the music. Merely a pleasant background to a growing romance.

Naturally it would be difficult for the B.B.C. to go back on its tracks, but I would like to see them give programmes from 10 a.m.—1 p.m., 2 p.m.—5 p.m., 6 p.m.—6.30 (news and sport), 7 p.m.—10 p.m., finally closing down all except one station, which would continue from 10—12 (midnight).

The amount of money they would save could be spent on paying more for material and more for their artistes.

It would not be necessary to make the late night broadcast, i.e. 10 p.m.—12 (midnight), dance music. Early closing days (probably Wednesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays) would suffice.

Under these circumstances, the late night session on Monday, Tuesday and Friday could be filled up with the theatre orchestra, sophisticated revues, speciality acts (in the early part), etc., etc. In fact, light music and generally light entertainment. Outside broadcasts taking precedence at all times. I have asked should the B.B.C. educate or entertain? It may seem that I am trying to educate the B.B.C. in "How to Entertain." This is not strictly correct.

When doing work for the B.B.C. I have always found them most receptive to "constructive criticism." When one considers the dreadful mistakes that are made in the theatre (which has been running for hundreds of years) it is only natural to suppose that the B.B.C., with its vast audience running into millions, cannot please everybody all the time. My chief concern is: "Do they please the majority most of the time?" To this I would emphatically answer No. Who is to blame? Chiefly, the Music Department.

This department of the B.B.C. would seem to be composed of a fair number of "musical snobs." Their leanings in "light music" never sink below the level of Strauss, Lehar, and semi-art songs. They consider that the public should be raised to their level of "musical understanding" (whatever that is). They are, in fact, attempting to educate rather than entertain you. At least, a glance through their programmes would lead one to think this to be the case.

Do you consider that the programmes sent to you by the Music Department are what you want or what you like? Are they entertaining?

What is entertainment? I would define it by the following explanation.

There are all over the world quite 20,000 conjurers who can produce a rabbit out of a hat. Some are earning £10,000 a year, others hardly £10 per annum. The difference of £9,990 is entertainment. What do the music department do with their rabbit and their hat?



Bruce Sievier

A brass band belches forth to its heart's (or lung's) content excerpts from "The Gondoliers," followed by Tannhauser-of-some-kind. There is a long, long pause (enough to kill any entertainment value) and then, a usually, weary voice states that Lettice Green will sing a group of three songs: "The Baby in the Gooseberry Bush" (Traditional), "Oh, Lovelier than the Petals" (by Bloom), and "Where Now the Gazelle" (by Chaicowske).

Then all these songs are sung by a shrieking soprano with piano accompaniment—after a brass band has belched forth Tannhauser-of-some-kind and there has been what seems an interminable gap in the programme.

This is not entertainment. It is not fair to the artiste, be she a shrieking soprano, or one of those excellent broadcasting artistes such as Olive Groves, Anne Ziegler, Tessa Deane, Esther Coleman, and those others whose diction is usually superb.

What therefore is the position? It is an obvious one. The music department is not capable, as it is constructed to-day, of handling light music. It has a superiority complex which is "individualistic." Most of its "major members" kneel at the feet of Toscanini, whilst the majority of listeners couldn't tell the difference between a work conducted by Toscanini, Beecham, Wood, or Joe Lewis for that matter.

They pay Toscanini £500 a concert. He fills the Queen's Hall and is therefore an approved box office draw. But how many of the 8,000,000 licence holders do or can appreciate the difference between the conducting of Toscanini or Beecham?

It seems that the music department consider that we ought to be able to—but licence holders resent that attitude. One pays one's 10s. per year to listen to what one likes and what one understands. You can only appreciate Toscanini by seeing him, as well as hearing him. At least, the masses feel this way.

All the public want is ENTERTAINMENT. If the B.B.C. give their listeners this, the public, the critics, and everybody else will shake them by the hand and congratulate them. But, first of all they have got to learn how to entertain.

For instance, art songs, symphony concerts, chamber music, have their place—but why a surfeit of highbrow music? It pleases a comparatively few listeners. And chamber music is probably a pain in the neck to 999,999 in 1,000,000.

It seems that there is a big gap between the variety

section and the music department at the B.B.C. and that this gap should be filled by a "Light Music Department," taking over all light orchestras, including the theatre orchestra, cinema organs, musical plays, and special shows with light music—such as popular ballad concerts.

This new department should not be put in charge of either "a conductor nor yet a composer." It should be run by somebody who understands light entertainment. Who has proved himself not only capable of providing, but also of producing it. Every moment should "be put over" as entertainment. It should be made interesting. There should be no waits. In fact its motto should be "The Light Music Department presents."

In these circumstances I am quite sure that the music department would fulfil its purpose admirably where at the moment it is mixed up and muddled up with us rabble, and we, of course, need uplift!

Any idiot can be superior. It takes a wise man to be a universal provider.

To understand and follow Toscanini is the pastime of the connoisseur. The man in the street has neither the time nor the inclination to discriminate between Beecham and Toscanini. His entertainment need not necessarily be "vulgar," but it must be readily understandable, or easily absorbed.

Operatic arias are appreciated by the masses, but opera is not. Musical comedies, when good, are liked. Ballad singers in a variety programme generally get more applause than comedians. Yet we hardly ever hear one. There is too much broadcasting, but were it all first class entertainment the palate of the public would be whetted.

An instance to prove this. During my series, "Songs You Might Never Have Heard," one of the songs, "The Angel of the Great White Way," sold 50,000 copies in five broadcasts. This was due to concentrated listening—there is not enough of it. To get concentrated listening you need feature programmes. Furthermore, these programmes should be clearly defined. By this I mean they should be like "In Town To-night" was—at the same time, on the same station, on the same day, each week. There is no reason why there should not be at least two light entertainments or defined variety programmes every day.

Please turn to page 37



THIEVES'

Maschwitz Gets his Medals ::
at St. George's Hall :: Lola

It's enterprising to start broadcasting at eighty!

R. H. Mallett, grand old man of cricket, is coming to the microphone on August 4 and 11 to talk about the game in *Background to Sport*. He has been on the "inside" of the M.C.C. and the cricket championship for no less than fifty years.

Next Saturday, two of the personalities of last week's *Almond and Raisin* show are on the air again.



Lola Shari, exotic, dramatic, versatile singer, broadcasts five times this month. (Right) Eric Maschwitz and John Watt, at the top of their form, at a "Hall and Farewell" party before Eric left. Henry Hall and Bryan Michie are in the picture

THIEVES have just sent a letter to the B.B.C. It bore only a halfpenny stamp, and there was fivepence to pay.

Inside was an O.B.E. belonging to Eric Maschwitz. Also some metal plaques, which were a gift from Budapest on the occasion of his last visit.

The envelope and paper were blue, and in large capital letters had been written in ink: "Mr. Maschwitz would probably appreciate this more than we do."

Eric Maschwitz is now in Budapest where Val Gielgud has joined him. Although Val is supposed to be on holiday, they mean to write another detective story together, I hear—a sequel to *Death at Broadcasting House*.

Mr. Kevin FitzGerald is definitely a wag. If you have missed the first three of his talks on *Domestic Drama*, I advise you to listen to the last, next Friday.

Perhaps it won't be the last. I believe the B.B.C. is thinking of extending the series.

Mr. FitzGerald talks about the troubles likely to beset married couples from the word go, and makes his words of sage advice definitely entertaining.

"What are your qualifications for talking on the subject of marriage woes?" I asked him. "Well, I'm married," he replied.

He had never been heard on the air till last December. Then it happened one day that a letter came from the B.B.C. Somebody had heard Mr. FitzGerald talking and decided he was a good conversationalist. Would he like an audition?

Mr. FitzGerald must have passed with honours. Since then he has given talks on *The Lost Art of Staying at Home*, *Free Entertainment in London*, and *Swapping Horses*.

His job is agriculturist at the Imperial Chemical Institute.

For years as Variety Director, Eric Maschwitz was faithfully served by Dorothy Knight. She never let the wrong people in or kept the right people out. She was always polite and never allowed her chief to forget an appointment.

On leaving, Eric made her a present. So now Miss Knight has one more thing to remember him by—a beautiful cape of fox furs.

Here's another secretary in the news. When Gladstone Murray left Broadcasting House to take charge of Canadian radio, he left behind his secretary, Esme Vernon. Last time we met she was at the Duchess Theatre, where she was playing the juvenile lead in the *Sport of Kings*, in which Sir John Reith scored a personal triumph as the butler.

And now Esme is leaving her desk to return to the stage.



Study of famous actor at the theatrical garden party held at Brooklands' Flying Club: Claude Hulbert

Max Turganoff and Gerald Kassen, tenor and bass, will sing duets in the Military Band programme.

Max Turganoff is a Russian who arrived over here in 1920 not knowing a word of English, but from the moment he ate eggs and bacon for the first time on the boat, has adopted everything English as his own. He now counts himself more English than Russian, and is just in process of getting legally naturalised.

He speaks beautiful English, has beautiful manners, is short, smiling, with soft white hands and shrewd, twinkling eyes.

He is an old hand at broadcasting—with the Ridgeway Parades, Julius Buerger Potpourris, and Leslie Jeffries and his Royal Hungarian Orchestra, before Leslie went to Eastbourne.

The first broadcast Max ever gave over here lasted an hour. And he got a whole guinea for doing it! That was in 1921—the first midday broadcast ever given by the B.B.C.

Met Derek McCulloch looking very sunburnt after his holiday, only to find that he had spent a week at home. But then his home is a beautiful house six hundred feet up on the Surrey hills.

Before Mac left for this brief holiday, he booked a successor to Stephen King-Hall for the Children's Hour. Commander King-Hall is retiring from the mike for the good reason that he "wants to." Bernard Newman is the brave man who is taking his place.

Several jobs are going a'begging at St. George's Hall.

Bertram Henson's place has never been filled.

GESTURE TO ERIC MASCHWITZ

Between You, Me and
the Mike . . .
by MARGOT JONES

**"Domestic Drama" :: Secretary to Stage :: Jobs
Shari's New Voice :: "Music and Mystery"**

Also a producer is needed to fill the gap made by Douglas Moodie when he moved up one.

When Paul Askew, the big dance music executive, goes to Bristol next month, his place will be filled by K. G. F. Macara. He has worked so long as an outside broadcasting engineer, that he knows how to fiddle with the knobs which balance those tricky programmes.

So it's no good applying for his job. But there is still a vacancy for a talent scout, following Francis Bolton's untimely death.

How sorry I am for listeners who cannot see Lola Shari's dramatic, exciting face as well as hearing her dramatic, colourful voice.

She is what is called an unusual type. Art students stop her in the street and ask her to pose



Darling of radio and music-hall, Florence Desmond, with Mr. Charles Hughesdon, former R.A.F. officer, whom she is to marry early in September



Max Turganoff, tenor, and Gerald Kassen, bass, will sing duets in the military band programme next Saturday, July 31

for them. She has satiny black hair, a brown skin, and enormous brown eyes, which are sometimes sad and sometimes have a mischievous flash to them.

"I am temperamental," says Lola. "And terribly nervous. Terribly nervous now at the thought of my broadcast to-morrow night."

She has recently broadcast in *Three in Waltz Time*, *Almonds and Raisins*, and, on Thursday this week, with the *Orchestre Raymonde*. Next Tuesday you will hear her again in *Men Behind the Melodies*.

I had coffee with her one day this week.

She was wearing plum and blue; high-necked Russian coat in plum colour, blue skirt, shoes in the same shade of plum, and plum suede gloves.

Now and then she put up a hand to adjust the angle of her plum-coloured felt hat and display a massive silver ring, which was given her by an Indian Nautch girl.

Exquisite, distinguished, very.

Lola was born in England, but has lived all her life in South Africa. Her father, who was a

Hungarian, gave her her first music lessons. Her mother is Russian.

Four years ago she came to England to make a career for herself. Her ambition is to sing in opera.

In the meantime, she is taking singing lessons and has recently discovered another voice, besides the one you know. Her second voice is a coloratura soprano.

Perhaps you will be hearing it soon.

In a recent Ray of Sunshine programme from Luxembourg, Christopher Stone made two quotations from a little booklet called "Rays of Hope."

I have just received a copy from the author. It is a collection of "cheering passages chosen from many authors," and as profits from the sale are given to the Princess Elizabeth Hospital for Children, readers will like to know that they can obtain a copy, price 1s., from Mr. Edmund Warde, The Red House, Lyminge, Folkestone, Kent. Or through booksellers.

Keith Faulkner, as John K. Newnham tells you on another page, has started work on his new film, *Music and Mystery*, in which he plays opposite Chili Bouchier, Teddy Joyce's fiancée.

Rushing from place to place has prevented Keith Faulkner ever seeing himself on the screen. It almost prevented his appearing in films at all.

He was given a screen test in New York, but by the time the result of the test was known, and Keith had been proved a screen find, he was in London.

He made a break in his concert engagements last November and made a film called *Mayfair Melody*. Then he broadcast on New Year's Eve, and was off again to America before his film had got through the cutting room.

"I have just completed six thousand miles of touring, chiefly in America, and not had time even to look at scenery," he said to-day. "I hope that while I'm here I shall see some rushes and so know what I look like on the screen."

I rang up Billie Baker the other day to find she was just off for a fortnight's holiday in Corn-

wall with her new husband. "We've taken a cottage," she said. "It'll be grand."

Though married, Billie has no intention of retiring from broadcasting. "I'm not a bit domesticated, I must admit it," she said, gaily. Her voice always sounds gay.

As well as appearing frequently in radio musicals (last one was *Ladies and Gentlemen of the Chorus*), Billie has appeared many times for television.

AT St. George's Hall, Guernsey, this week—also on our cover—is Hughie Green's famous Gang.

So those of you who are lucky enough to be on holiday in the Channel Islands will have a chance of seeing this bunch of children radio celebrities, whom you have heard so often through your loud-speakers.

Let me introduce you, one by one.

There's Joyce Cannon, clever little comedienne, a fifteen-year-old from Southend; she's been with the Gang three years. There's Stanley Thackray, accordionist; Willie Scott, comedian (who once sold chocolates on a railway station); and Ken Camden, singer, tap-dancer, banjoist.

Joey Hopkinson is just like Joe E. Brown. Eileen West is a miniature Jessie Matthews. There's the golden voice from Lancashire, Mary Kelly; and Connie Glover, fifteen-year-old Red Hot Momma.

Alma Symons, Bobby Price and Tommy McIntosh, who travelled from Glasgow to Blackpool for an audition, complete the Gang. Not forgetting the band, who have been complimented on their snappy rhythm and pep.

The Gang, by the way, dashed to the Channel Islands direct from the film studios. They have just made the first of a series of films; it's called *Melody and Romance*.

Hughie himself is not with this summer show. At the moment he is in Paris, having a look at the Exhibition. Ridding himself of the cares of Gang-leader, band leader, music hall artiste, broadcaster and film star!

THAT versatile Midland artist, Janet Joye, has just put on a new act which she recently broadcast at short notice in "Music Hall." While she was learning the new material, Janet carried the script round Plymouth with her for days. Then she lost it. There was a terrible to-do, for it was the only copy in existence. The police scoured the city without result. When she had given up all hope a young man called at her hotel with the precious script which he had found lying on a park bench!



Lew Stone, shy, reserved and charming, didn't look out—and the Love Bug did bite him! But Lew's very glad about it

WE MET AT A PARTY

Telling how *The One Girl* came into the life of a "Confirmed Bachelor"

By
**LEW
STONE**

(Café de Paris bandleader and star of Pond's Powder broadcasts from Normandy)

"A toast!" I nodded towards the band. The strains of that oft-heard tune, "I'm Twenty-One To-day," burst forth from the orchestra, and the small crowd sang lustily with brimming glasses raised towards the happy girl.

It was a thoroughly enjoyable party, and the band, as always on these occasions, joined in the fun. Later that evening, I wished Miss Joyce Newman every happiness.

We talked for some time, laughing and joking at unimportant and trivial things, when slowly the conversation drifted to music. We discussed both classics and jazz, and I found she was well versed in the subject. She was tremendously keen on classical music, and at the same time fully appreciated modern jazz. Living in the country, however, Joyce had had little opportunity to attend many promenade concerts or recitals, and when I suggested that she should accompany me to a concert, she readily accepted my invitation.

I found, during our second meeting, that Joyce's interest in music was very real indeed.

It was only natural that our friendship should be strengthened by this mutual appreciation of the one art that had dominated my life since I was a lad in my teens.

Our little jaunts to concerts and recitals were not very frequent, however. I was tremendously busy, and sometimes weeks slipped by without my seeing her.

This did not, though, prevent our friendship from developing into a deep and sincere romance, culminating in a quiet little wedding a few weeks ago.

Throughout my career, I have met hundreds of girls. I imagine I have been acquainted, at some time or other, with every possible type of young woman. Some languid and pseudo-sophisticated, others gay, and many lighthearted.

Yet, somehow, I have never felt anything in common with these girls, however charming they may have been.

I was beginning to think I should remain a bachelor all my life.

In fact, it was not until that twenty-

first birthday party at the Monseigneur that I met someone with whom I could share my life, my interests and all my happiness.

As a classical pianist, Joyce is brilliant, and has many certificates and degrees to her credit.

Joyce has many interests which are, fortunately, the same as my own.

On the tennis court she displays a no mean ability with the racket, and at times I am hard put to keep pace with her.

Cricket, too, fascinates her. She enjoys watching a good game as much as I do, and shows a remarkable knowledge of batsmen's strokes and fielding positions.

Living most of her life in the country, Joyce is naturally fond of animals (one of the first things I had to do after our marriage was to buy her a dog), and there is nothing she loves more than visiting a polo field.

Yet, strangely enough, she does not like riding horses herself.

Driving in the car is another of her favourite pastimes. We have driven for miles through the country together, and she has enjoyed every minute of it . . . and the faster she drives the better she likes it.

I wonder how many people realise what it is like to enjoy a private life when they haven't been used to one for many years.

Most people, when they leave their businesses, go home to peaceful, uninterrupted existences.

A band leader cannot always enjoy that privilege. He is exposed to limelight and publicity, and everything he does, even what he thinks, is recorded for exploitation.

It is not a question of whether I like it or not . . . I do, but I feel that I have earned for myself a certain amount of private life which I am not unfair in keeping to myself.

And this is the life that I intend to enjoy to the full with the girl of my choice.

I know we'll be happy . . .

THUNDEROUS applause filled the Queen's Hall as the last strains of the symphony faded away. Although I had been sitting quietly among the audience, I was breathless and a little excited.

It was the first time I had ever attended a Promenade Concert, and until then I had no idea how beautiful and inspiring music could be.

Walking home that night, I realised that few things could be more interesting than a musical career.

Yet it was only by chance that I happened to go along to the Queen's Hall that night. My brother, who had developed a liking for classical music, gave me a ticket he was unable to use.

Having nothing better to do, I went along prepared for a thoroughly boring evening. Instead I became a devotee of classical music.

Some years after, jazz music swept the country, bringing with it new musical interests, and opening up an entirely new field in music.

I began to play jazz on the piano, and very soon I was playing at parties and sometimes at concerts.

From this I went with several small bands—I received ten shillings for my first professional fee—gaining valuable experience, and eventually I got a job in Bert Ralton's Havana Band.

Soon after that I went to the Monseigneur and co-operated with Roy Fox in forming a new outfit. Later I took over complete control of the band.

Attending that Promenade Concert at the Queen's Hall was the luckiest thing I had ever done up to that time.

Music changed my life then just as it changed my life a few years ago. . . .

Down in the Monseigneur Restaurant one night, a gay and carefree crowd were celebrating the twenty-first birthday of a dark-haired, pretty girl. Flushed with happiness, a twinkle in her rather wide-set eyes, a ready smile on her good-humoured mouth, the twenty-one-year-old girl favoured me with a somewhat shy smile.

Someone stood up.



Mrs. Lew Stone née Joyce Newman

Behind the Scenes at Broadcasting House

FIVE O'CLOCK FAVOURITES

SOON after half-past four, when tea is over in the homely offices overlooking Portland Place, the trek starts for the basement studio at Broadcasting House. Wet or fine, it doesn't matter, because the journey can be made all the way under cover.

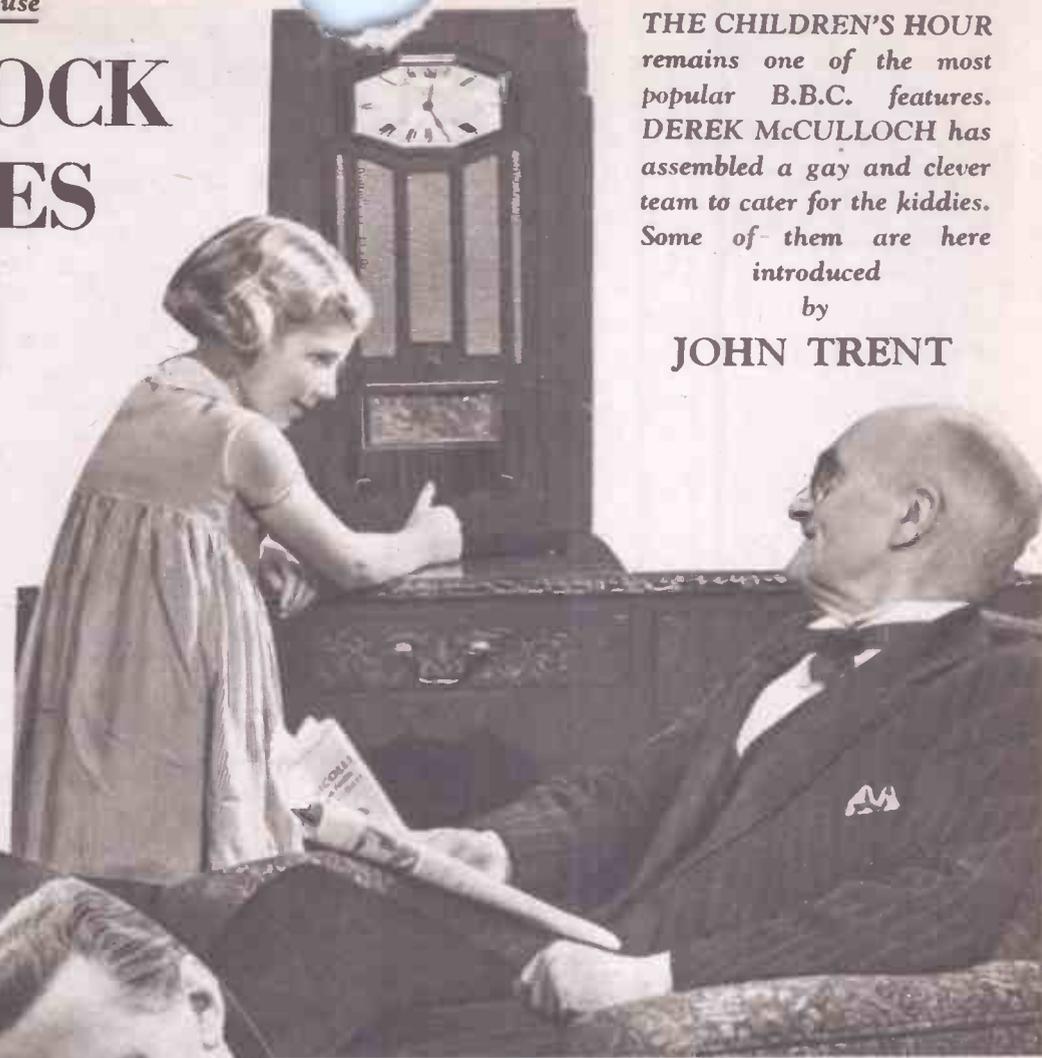
It is just about as long a walk as can be taken from the offices adjoining Broadcasting House into the building, but Mac, Elizabeth, Rose and David know every inch of the route by heart. Maybe, this isolation accounts in part for the happy family spirit which is so marked in the staff that works all day for children.

Along the passage, round two corners, across the bridge, through two doors, down five floors in a lift, they will soon be in the mauve and orange studio, decorated by Raymond McGrath, from which the Hour is always broadcast. Mac and Elizabeth carry the scripts while Rose and David take the music.

The studio has had an eventful life. Henry Hall, so long in opposition at 5.15, was its first tenant, then television came along, and the band had to go. Afterwards television was transferred to the Palace, and the Children's Hour moved in. Two

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR remains one of the most popular B.B.C. features. DEREK McCULLOCH has assembled a gay and clever team to cater for the kiddies. Some of them are here introduced

by
JOHN TRENT



The Zoo Man and "Mac" cajole a reluctant star to make his radio bow at the mike

pianos occupy the far end of the studio, and above the listening room at the other is a small balcony, from which privileged guests may view the scene from comfortable tub-like chairs.

Now let us meet the folk who plan the broadcasts for children.

Mac's story is almost too well known to be re-told. Young to have been in the war at all, he emerged with a brilliant record and many scars. At intervals for some years afterwards the surgeons claimed a lot of his time. Starting, like so many other chiefs, as an announcer, spells in hospital kept him away from the mike; but now, happily, he is fitter than at any time during the past ten years.

that more children could meet this sympathetic, kindly soul.

No programme occupying an hour a day would be complete without music, and this is David's business. Eric Davis is his real name, and he, too, found a wife in the B.B.C.

When this young man is not arranging choruses, accompanying vocalists at the piano or giving a recital, he is reading stories, acting as narrator, or editing manuscripts for the mike. No regular programme is produced with a smaller staff, and every member of the Children's Hour has got to be versatile.

Rose Temple, a niece of the Archbishop of York, is the most recent addition to the family, and

At Savoy Hill he found both fame and a wife, and that bright eyed child who smiles from a photograph frame in his office is Judith, his five-year-old daughter.

May Jenkin, Elizabeth to the children, is his chief assistant. Occasionally she reads stories, but her main work lies behind the scenes, organising programmes, answering correspondence, totting up requests and seeing that everything is ready when the Hour goes on the air.

While Mac is on holiday she produces the plays which are such a feature of the programmes, but more about this later. Any child would be proud to have May for an aunt, and I wish

children are beginning to know her for her work on competitions. She joined from the Training College when Barbara Sleigh left to marry "David." Like the others, she takes a turn at the mike at any job that is going, often reading small parts in plays.

Mac is sorry that he ever started being "Larry the Lamb," with the sheep-like bleating voice. "It really is rather trying after a time," he says, but the children simply won't let him give it up.

Mac calls on the best talent in town for his programmes, and apart from the staff, Norman Shelley is probably as well known to the children as any actor. He enjoys this work more than anything else he does for the mike. "Any West End producer would be lucky to have such casts as Mac regularly produces," he says, and the man who plays "Denis," the villain, in *Toytown*, should know.

Philip Wade, the actor-playwright, is another regular, and it was in the Children's Hour that Dickie Goolden, now known to the listening world as Mr. Penny, first made his name on the air. He was the little man in the Peach plays and before they knew his name children used to write and ask for "lots more of the funny little man."

When *The Wind in the Willows* was produced on the stage, of course, they came to the Children's Hour for the biggest parts—including Mr. Toad and Mole. Read the cast of any play in the Hour this week and you will know the reason why.

Once in three months there is a programme for children by children, and every three or four weeks proud parents and teachers bring their prodigies (they must be over twelve) to Broadcasting House for audition.

The standard is high, and the best advice to a child who wants to broadcast is to listen first. Anyway, only professionals, or those studying for a professional career, need apply. Even so, after listening, they will probably say: "Goodness, I can't sing as well as that."

But if they do not feel like that, then let them write to Mac. He finds that lots want to recite the same poem and play the same piece of music.

Please turn to page 33

Charles Hatton Invites You to Meet the . . .

MERSEYSIDE IDOL

JACK McCORMICK,
bandleader at the Rialto Ballroom, Liverpool, who has found himself in the top-flight of British broadcasters. Liverpool thinks Jack as good as any London band maestro—and those of us who have heard his broadcasts consider Liverpool to be not far wrong!

He likes to base his broadcasts upon some definite idea whenever possible, and greatly admires the American methods of programme presentation. On one occasion, Jack made the bold experiment of putting on a dance music programme portraying a world cruise, which he staged in the Rialto Ballroom.

"The place was packed with people—it was like playing in the open air as far as acoustics were concerned," he declares. "Before the show, we particularly asked our patrons not to applaud the numbers, and so destroy the 'round the world' atmosphere. It would have been fatal if a song about moonlit Hawaiian waters had been applauded just as the compère had drawn a graphic word picture of the scene. The boys and girls were very good; they kept their applause until the end, and the whole show went with a swing."

On another occasion Jack presented a contrasting programme of old tunes and new, and this brought him in twice his normal fan mail.

One old man wrote to say that his wife was a very poor cripple, and for the first time in ten years she had tapped her foot in time to the music.

Another appreciative letter came from a man in hospital, who wrote that the programme had cheered him up so much that the nurses declared it had been a turning point for the better in his illness.

Jack has a quick eye for any likely talent. He discovered Harry Case, the young vocalist and guitar player, who was with him for three months before joining the Kit Cat Club outfit and afterwards Lou Preager.

When Jack and the Ambassadors, were at the Astoria Dance Hall in London, playing opposite Joe Loss, Bill Bolland, the Ambassadors' trumpet player and trombonist, soon began to attract attention, and when the band returned northwards, Bill went to Bram Martin. He has since transferred to Joe Loss. Jack never stands in the way of any of the boys if they can improve their positions.

Tony Lombardo is another of his discoveries. He used to travel from Wrexham specially to sing at the Rialto Ballroom and to broadcast with the Ambassadors. One night Peter Fielding, the Newcastle band leader heard him, and asked Jack to release him, which

he did. Tony afterwards made good with Teddy Joyce, and is now among the top-liners in the crooning world.

Now Jack has another youngster—George Loughlin, an eighteen year old Liverpool boy, whose light tenor vocals have been creating a sensation at the Rialto and on the air, too. Jack is convinced that he has a great future before him.

Still on the sunny side of thirty, Jack McCormick has two main hobbies—motoring and golf. But he hasn't had much time for them since he was married two years ago, for he has turned his hand to gardening, specialising in laying concrete paths and crazy paving.

This, with his eight months' old youngster, keeps his leisure moments fully occupied. But he likes to be up to date with his radio, and invariably tunes in two or three American stations when he returns from his nightly labours.

Here is the present line-up of the band for their broadcasts: A. Haydock, drums; Jack Martin, string bass and trumpet; Reg Dykes, string bass and violin; Al Sharkey, first trombone and vocalist; John Stokes, second trumpet; Alan Johnson, saxes and clarinet; Alf Roberts, sax, clarinet and violin; Jack Wardell, violin; Cyril Wookey, violin and compère; George Loughlin, vocalist.

A pretty versatile crowd you must agree. Tune in to them sometime, and you'll find they compare more than favourably with some of the big London bands.

NEXT WEEK
BARRY WELLS WRITES A HOLIDAY ARTICLE ABOUT THE STARS

(Above) Jack McCormick the dapper Liverpool bandleader, and (right) his band—eight talented and versatile musicians



ABOUT two years ago, London musicians were going round asking each other, "Who is this man McCormick?" For, to everybody's surprise, Jack McCormick and his Ambassadors, a provincial band, had been accorded the honour of providing late night dance music on Boxing Night—radio's highspot of the year.

One of the few who were not surprised at this choice was Henry Hall. He knew Jack's capabilities, for the young Liverpool musician had played in bands at all the L.M.S. hotels in Scotland under Henry's direction.

The Boxing Night broadcast was a huge success. Just before the mike came alive, one of the engineers took Jack aside and whispered: "America will probably be relaying us to-night, but don't tell the boys. It might make them nervous."

And reception in America was excellent. One of Jack's fans, a Liverpool sailor, tuned in while his vessel was lying in New York harbour, and heard every note of his favourite band as clear as a bell.

Naturally, he lost no time in passing on the news when he returned to Liverpool to visit Jack at the Rialto Ballroom.

As a result of this broadcast, Jack landed a series of National dates, in addition to his regular work from the North Regional studios, from which he had then been broadcasting for over a year. He was also

heard on the air from the Midland station when the band was in Birmingham.

Jack's first instrument was the violin, which he started to learn at the comparatively advanced age of thirteen. By the time he was eighteen he had a band of his own, comprising two banjos, cornet, drums and piano, with himself as leader violinist.

Jack has a weakness for the banjo, though he does not play the instrument himself. He thinks it's due for a come-back in dance bands, and knows a man in Manchester who has been buying them right and left, and has a shop fully stocked with these instruments in readiness for their return to popular favour.

Soon Jack had learnt the alto sax, which he still plays himself in all his broadcasts, and manages to lead the band as well, though this isn't always easy with both his hands fully occupied with his instrument.

At the moment Jack is stationed at the Rialto Ballroom, Liverpool, where most of the broadcasts take place, and where he has built up a tremendous reputation during the past five years.

This is Liverpool's most popular dancing rendezvous—four or five hundred enthusiasts are there every night. And they know something about dance music too. Particularly the male dancers, who are always requesting real hot numbers, including the latest from Harlem. Jack and the boys always manage to rise to the occasion. Liverpool's girl dance fans, however, prefer the slow numbers, which actually call for more polished dancing. Jack obliges them all.

JANE CARR'S flat is the

LAP OF

Luxury

says Verity Claire, who visits it in this, the latest in her series of articles on Stars at Home



Jane Carr in full song

WHEN you look at Jane Carr's flat you'd never think it belonged to an open-air girl who is extremely fond of almost every kind of sport.

It has just been redecorated. Very lovely, modern, sophisticated and ultra-luxurious, it contains in a small space everything you could desire.

When I went to see her, Jane had just come in from riding in the Park, and after valiant assistance from her fiancé—Major Featherstonhaugh—she got her boots off and showed me round, padding about in her socked feet and not losing one ounce of her charm by so doing.

The flat is in Upper Berkeley Street, one of a large and modern block. It's very compact: bedroom, sitting-room, bathroom, minute kitchen, and hall. But in that small flat are a tremendous number of things. The hall, for instance, has an enormous cupboard—like Jeanne de Casalis, Jane Carr is a great believer in built-in cupboards. In this one she keeps all her

Touching up her perfect complexion before leaving home

sports clothes and gear—and that's a great deal, believe me. Riding habits, riding boots—and don't those take up a lot of room?—tennis rackets, golf clubs, shooting stick.

Jane's especially proud of her shooting stick, which is a very neat and natty model. It looks quite ordinary, but when you unscrew the top, out comes a very trim, long, thin umbrella! No awkward choice for Jane of "Shall I risk getting wet, or shall I bother about carrying an umbrella as well as a shooting stick?" She and her fiancé go racing a lot.

Jane is an absolute sports fan and is never happier than when she's out riding, an enthusiasm she shares with Major Featherstonhaugh. She's also a keen golfer, tennis and squash player. And she played lacrosse at school.

There's a small table in the hall, and on it rests a Coronation plate Jane's just bought, with all kinds of heraldry and dates painted on it. The hall, by the way, is pink, in keeping with the rest of the flat.

"I adore pink," said Jane. "Always have done. It's such a pretty light when you wake up in the morning."

All the interior decoration was planned by Jane herself, and she's justifiably proud of it. It was the work of months to get everything matched to the exact shades she wanted, but the result is worth every bit of her trouble.

All the walls are the same colour—pale pink, shading a little deeper towards the ceilings, which are pink, too.

The sitting-room is gorgeous—really gorgeous. The pile carpet is a deep shade of dull rose; not that hot rose pink that makes you blush in sympathy, but pink with a slightly brown tinge to it. The heavy velvet curtains—dull rose again, in the loveliest thick furnishing velvet—are lined with rich cream, and the inner curtains in silk net are a paler and slightly brighter shade of pink.

The lighting is electric candles set in brackets on the walls—pink-painted brackets. The shades are the cutest little things of zebra skin in a deep parchment colour, hand-painted with small flowers. The woodwork is pink, too, exactly matching the walls. The room is made even lighter by the door of opaque glass. Huge vases of roses are everywhere, deep pink roses to tone with the decoration. Another built-in cupboard in the corner was hardly noticeable until Jane opened it to get us drinks—served in huge green glasses like little goldfish bowls!

But Jane's pride and joy is her new settee, a seductive piece of furniture, deep and low, and covered in one of the most exquisite brocades I've seen—golden-cream, with a pattern of soft pinks and greens to match the room.

Jane looks dotingly at this settee whenever she isn't talking

to you—and it is beautiful. Beautiful, too, is the clock over the mantelpiece, which is also a radio set! Yes, it is, though it's hard to credit it. The most ingenious arrangement of the clock hands and the tuning dial is there, and it all looks just like a beautiful clock, with a sunray background, fitted into the wall. It's most unusual, and a present from Major Featherstonhaugh.

The bedroom is in the same colouring as the sitting-room, and furnished much the same way, with the exception of the curtains, which are satin, not velvet, and very cunningly draped. The bedspread is gold and pink satin, in an embossed design, and the same material is used round the dressing table.

Jane has just had a lot of new cupboards built along one wall, and these house an amazing collection of clothes—not amazing clothes, but an amazing number of them.

"I don't have many, really," said Jane, "but I'm very careful of them, and they last for ages, simply ages. I don't get tired of my clothes and throw them away: I keep on wearing them."

The next exhibit was the bathroom, which is blue and white, for a change, with blue towels, blue bath salts and a blue enamelled clock. And at the end of the bath hangs a blue rubber cushion, so that Jane can be really comfortable as she lies there, for she spends a lot of time telephoning from the bath! There's a little alcove in the wall just within reach of her hand, so it's the easiest thing in the world to call up her friends.

Yes, Jane believes in comfort in the home. Yet you'll never find her complaining of physical discomfort, for you can't go in for sports as wholeheartedly as she does without a little discomfort, as those of you who do the same yourselves know well enough. Jane says: "Comfort indoors, when you can get it, and let things go hang once you're outside."

She's outside a lot, for when she isn't sporting there are the dogs to be exercised, three black Scotties, Teenie-Weenie, Gillie and Llorton.

Jane admits quite frankly that she isn't a bit domesticated. She loves buying things for her flat, arranging the place and deciding about the decoration, but says that the thought of cooking gives her a pain—and would probably give other people a pain, too!—and the sight of a needle makes her swoon! All her spare time—which isn't much, considering that she frequently appears on both stage and screen, and is nearly always to be found in radio programmes—is spent in practising the piano.

But although cooking, sewing and such feminine accomplishments are not in her line, she's feminine enough to be thrilled to the core with her newly decorated flat. I'm not surprised. It's one of the most charming places imaginable, and a perfect setting for its fair-haired, pink and white owner.



Princess
PEARL

UNUSUAL portrait of Mrs. Harry Roy, vocalist and screen actress. She pauses to give the cameraman a characteristic smile



MY JIG-SAW GENTLEMAN

Dorothy Carless, popular B.B.C. and Luxembourg vocalist, in this amusing article describes her Dream Lover—from a jigsaw combination of eight popular radio and screen stars! We hope she'll be lucky in her search!

ONE day, I suppose, I shall meet my own (maybe cockeyed) conception of the ideal young man and proceed to fall in love for the first time in my life.

But he will have to have an awful lot of charm—and not, like so many “modern young men,” merely an awful lot of cheek.

What is he like, this ideal I have yet to meet? Well, perhaps the best way I can describe him to you is to build him up, like a jig-saw pattern, from bits and pieces of other young men.

First, take the lean, athletic figure and boyish charm of James Stewart (the American film actor I admired so much in *Seventh Heaven*); despite his determined chin, there is somehow a slight suggestion of helplessness about him—a characteristic which appeals, almost inevitably, to the “mothering” instinct in womankind.

Add to this the happy smile of Fredric Bayco (the young cinema organist) and watch the picture grow. All women adore the man to whom a smile comes easily—a warm and honest smile, and not a furtive leer that travels across the face as though in constant fear of a cracked lip, nor yet a bellowing horse-laugh that echoes from an empty mind.

Next, he must know how to make me laugh; for women fall in love very easily with a man who lightly transforms life into a children's playground, a man who can be gay, and even absurd at times, and get away with it. He may be extravagant, forgetful, irresponsible, but women will forgive a playmate lover many things. For he keeps one young of heart.

Robert Montgomery portrays such a character most excellently on the films. Remember him in “Private Lives,” for instance? Well, add that picture of gaiety to this jig-saw gentleman of mine.

Some may find the blasé type attractive, and seek—if only from a sense of curiosity—to get beneath their skin. But not I. They depress me. Give me instead, the quick, kind friendliness of some such man as Carroll Gibbons, who, from the moment he meets you and draws, “Hello, kid,” makes one feel perfectly at home and full of confidence.

Then there's the gay good humour of those two brilliant young men, Austen (“Ginger”) Croom-Johnson and his pal John Burnaby.

I remember, when “Ginger” and John were sharing a flat together, how sometimes I had to call on them in the morning to discuss some programme or other. Having been working late the previous night, they were sometimes not ready for receiving visitors. But they weren't too tired to laugh.

They used to come down to meet me swathed in

either a sheet or an eiderdown, wearing each a wastepaper basket on his head, and introducing themselves as “The Brothers Death.”

By the way, you can now add to this jig-saw picture of the “perfect man” a pair of hands very much like “Ginger's.” I used to love watching him perform miracles on the piano with those extraordinary long thin hands of his.

Some women idolise a man because he is a great sportsman and runs round in circles on a cinder track with great rapidity (without ever really getting anywhere); or kicks a ball with great accuracy; or knocks the stuffing out of all comers in the boxing-ring, and is perfectly superb in the way he always “keeps a straight bat” and always “puts the game first.”

I could never respect a man whose sense of values was such that he put “the game” before the wife, but could easily respect a man who got so crazy about a girl that he'd throw down his bat, with only three runs needed to win, and rush off to keep his appointment on time!

By



DOROTHY CARLESS

(Vocal star of Pepsodent's “Soft Lights and Sweet Music” shows from Luxembourg)

No, I cannot imagine myself sitting patiently knitting while my hero fought breathless battles with a cricket bat (or whatever it might be) at every available spare moment of his life. On the other hand, I should most happily sit up all through the night, bringing him hot coffee and sandwiches, while he composed, say, some marvellous rhapsody, or wrote a brilliant novel, or invented a new sort of television set. Or, in fact, did anything worth doing.

And even if, in the doing of it, he forgot all about me for a while, I should like him to be the sort who would lie like a gentleman afterwards and tell me that I was his inspiration.

And he would have to tell me that with the intense sincerity of a Fredric March at his best.

Add that to the picture, will you? The ability to make a woman believe she is the most important thing in the whole wide world; and the sole reason for living.

Sure, a woman likes to be fooled occasionally, but not too often.

Bernard Shaw says of a man who is a great artist that he will “let his wife starve, his children go barefoot, his mother drudge for his living at seventy, sooner than work at anything but his art.” In that case I should not like to marry a great artist. Let him be just reasonably successful, but not too much so, for fear it may take him away from me.

For surely a woman can only stay in love with a man who continues to show how much he needs her.

To maintain this affection throughout the years, a man should be as full of surprises as the Marx Brothers. By this I don't, of course, mean that he should rush around chasing blondes and blowing hooters like Harpo Marx, but that he should make unexpected gestures, like sending absurd little gifts for no reason at all, or needlessly expensive telegrams on birthdays and suchlike occasions. Like a boy in love for the first time.

Which reminds me that there's a young man in India, whom I've never seen in my life, but who has this habit of doing the unexpected. I first heard from him two years ago, when he wrote from India and said he'd heard my broadcast. Since then he's sent presents, flowers—and now he's just written that he's coming to England to see me next spring!

Yes, women adore being surprised. The strange thing is, I've got a feeling that when I do eventually find this “modern young man,” he'll turn out to be quite old-fashioned at heart! Well, that suits me, for I guess I'm that way myself. Decidedly old-fashioned. I don't like night clubs. I don't like dancing, nor drinking, nor sophisticated cocktail parties, nor late dinners.

So add to my jig-saw gentleman from dream-land the “Old English” ideals of a George Arliss, and the picture is complete.

I only wish I knew his 'phone number!

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The Woman Listener

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OF THE WEEK

Try Tunny-fish for a Change; a New Way to Cook Sweetbreads; a Delicious Summer Sweet; Cheese Savoury Snack; Fruit Cake for Father



WELL, here I am again! I was wrong though when I told you last week that I'd be chatting to you from the back of beyond, from the Highlands of all places, this week. Elizabeth Craig may propose, but editors dispose. So one's plans fade away like the mists off the Coolins on a September morn in Skye. But they're taking shape again. Oh, yes. In forty-eight hours, I'll be exceeding the speed limit when there's no one looking, through the Valley of Strathmore, past grey-turretted Glamis Castle, to the home of my childhood at the foot of St. Arnold's seat, a spur of the Grampians.

Speak of working! What a week. Testing out ancient recipes and tasting the result with dire effect on my figure. . . . Opened a flower show . . . judged a cake competition . . . went to an evening party and tasted a delicious new orange sweet . . . made some tomato ketchup . . . invented a new sweetbread dish . . . and tried out a savoury snack that was new to me, passed on by a cousin who went to school with me many years ago . . . made a large fruit cake to take to my father, and wrote and wrote and wrote.

SHOPPING IN SOHO

1. Treated my home to a dozen gilt coffee spoons at 4d. each, and two mustard spoons to match at 6d. each. They'll save my best. Good bargain.

2. Bought ½ lb. delicious sheep's milk cheese from Budapest, 10d. per lb. It seems a cross between gorgonzola and Roquefort.

3. Bought two small cans of tunny fish. Makes a marvellous *hors d'œuvre*, simply turned out of can. Good for mixing with white sauce, and serving on toast or fried bread or in hot pastry cases. Sometimes I pile mixture into buttered fireproof dish, sprinkle it thickly with crumbs, dab with butter and bake till top's brown.

HORS D'OEUVRES WITH TUNNY FISH

Can of Tunny Fish.—Give it for company (a) Pickled beetroot, garnished minced green onion tops. (b) Hard-boiled eggs, cut in eighths, dressed with mayonnaise, garnished minced parsley. (c) Potato and green pea salad. (d) Dish of olives.

Serve *hors d'œuvre*s as a first course at lunch, dinner or supper with rolls or toast and butter.

WHAT TO DO WITH SWEETBREADS

Noticing lovely looking sweetbreads, marked at 10d. per lb., I bought a pound, and then picked up ½ lb. mushrooms at 1s. per lb. Took them home and treated them in the following way:—

SWEETBREADS, QUEEN ELIZABETH

1 lb. sweetbreads, 6 ozs. mushrooms, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 pint boiling water, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, salt and pepper to taste, 2 tablespoons cream.

Soak sweetbreads in cold water to cover for 20 minutes. Remove pipes and membranes. Pour boiling water into a saucepan. Add ½ teaspoon salt and lemon juice. Throw in sweetbreads. Boil slowly for 20 minutes, or until

tender. Drain and throw into cold water. Drain. Melt butter in a shallow pan. Add 1 teaspoon minced onion, if liked, and sliced mushrooms. Fry slowly for 5 minutes. Add sliced sweetbreads. Fry, tossing occasionally, until heated right through. Season with salt and pepper to taste and stir in cream. Serve with boiled potatoes and buttered beans.

ORANGE DELIGHT

1 packet Chiver's Orange jelly, 1½ cups boiling water, 1 cup diced pineapple, ½ cup canned pineapple juice, cream and raspberries to garnish.

Dissolve jelly in the water. Strain in pineapple juice. Turn into a shallow dish, rinsed in cold water. Leave till set and chilled. Cut in cubes. Pile into sundae glasses, alternately with the pineapple. Decorate with whipped cream, sweetened and flavoured with vanilla essence, and fresh raspberries.

JEAN'S TOMATO KETCHUP

½ peck ripe tomatoes, 1 cup light brown sugar, ¼ teaspoon ground cloves, 2 teaspoons ground cinnamon, 1 teaspoon pepper, 3 pints mild vinegar, 1 tablespoon celery seed, 1 cup chopped onion, ½ cup salt, ½ teaspoon ground mace, 1 minced red pepper, 4 tablespoons mustard seed, 1 minced clove of garlic.

Scald, peel and chop tomatoes. Stand for 2 hours in colander to drain, then remove to a crock or large bowl. Add onion, sugar, mustard seed, salt, cloves, mace, cinnamon, pepper, and minced red pepper. Stir in garlic and celery seed. When celery is ready, substitute ½ cup chopped celery for the seed. Add vinegar. Mix well. Pot and seal.

FIVE-SHILLING HINTS

Five shillings are offered for every hint published on this page. Send yours to "Radio Pictorial," Hints, Chansitor House, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2

Flabby Tomatoes

FLABBY tomatoes can be made quite fresh and firm if they are left for an hour or two in a bowl of cold water with a little salt added.—Miss E. Tudor Palman, 2 Rolleston Drive, Lower Bebington, Wirral.

Stewed Fruit

WHEN stewing fruit such as rhubarb, apples, etc., where there is a surplus amount of juice, mix a small quantity of cornflour with a little cold water and add to fruit when cooked. Stir well, and simmer for a short while to allow cornflour to cook. This will thicken juice and is also useful when making fruit flans and tarts to be eaten cold.—Mrs. E. A. Lee, 10 Glenalla Road, Ruislip.

NOTE.—If to be kept for a long time, it is better not to drain tomatoes, but boil all ingredients together till thick enough to bottle.

CHEDDAR CHEESE SANDWICH

6 cheese sandwiches, 1 cup milk, 2 beaten eggs, salt and pepper to taste.

Make sandwiches with slices of bread, thinly buttered, and thin slices of a nippy cheese. Spread a little mustard over cheese, or sprinkle with a little minced gherkin. Mix eggs with milk and salt and pepper to taste. Dip sandwiches in mixture. Melt ½ tablespoon of lard, butter or bacon fat in a frying pan for each sandwich. Fry on both sides until brown. Serve garnished with rashers of bacon, cut in halves and fried.

FRUIT CAKE FOR FATHER

1 lb. flour, ½ lb. cleaned currants, 6 ozs. chopped mixed candied peel, 2 tablespoons rum, 5 eggs, 2 ozs. ground almonds, milk or weak coffee to moisten, ¼ lb. castor sugar, ½ lb. picked sultanas, 1 saltspoon grated nutmeg, grated peel of 1 lemon, strained juice of 1 lemon, 12 ozs. butter, 2 teaspoons baking powder, pinch of salt.

Line a greased cake tin from 8 to 9 inches in diameter with 2 layers of buttered paper. Sift flour with baking powder, nutmeg, and salt. Mix 2 tablespoons of the flour with the fruit. Beat butter and sugar to a cream. Beat eggs. Stir flour and eggs alternately into the butter and sugar, then add ground almonds. Mix lemon juice and rum. Stir in liquid and fruit. Add lemon peel and enough weak coffee or milk to make mixture drop heavily from spoon. Beat well. Pack lightly into prepared tin. Place on a baking tin. Bake in a slow oven, 325 degrees F. for 2½ hours. Test with a skewer when you think cake ready. If skewer comes out dry, remove tin from oven. If skewer comes out wet, bake a little longer, and test again. Stand for a minute to allow cake to shrink before removing from tin on to a wire rack to cool.

To enrich this cake, use 1 lb. butter and 8 eggs. Omit baking powder, and milk or coffee.

RULES FOR MEAL PLANNING

1. Allow a pint of milk per day for every adult and a quart for every child.
2. Serve two vegetables besides potatoes every day, one cooked and one raw.
3. Serve one raw fruit, and canned or cooked fruit daily.
4. Allow for meat or fish daily as well as an egg, or cheese dish.

It's not necessary to serve milk in beverage form. It is equally nutritious in sauces, soups and desserts, such as custard and jelly, and milk puddings and moulds. Make up quantity necessary per day partly in beverage, partly in solids. Also serve enough starchy foods, such as bread, cereals, potatoes, and starchy puddings, such as bread puddings, steamed puddings, and pastry sweets, to satisfy appetites after other foods have been taken into account.

STREAMLINE FIT—

MATERIALS.—19 oz. Copley's "SPEEDI-NIT" Wool, Navy No. 85; 1 oz. Copley's "SPEEDI-NIT" Wool, White No. 61; 1 oz. Copley's "SPEEDI-NIT" Wool, Jubilee Blue No. 1023; 1 pair No. 5 "COPLOID" knitting needles; 1 pair No. 8 "COPLOID" knitting needles; 1 No. 10 Stratnoid crochet hook; 1 white bone buckle; 2 white bone hooks and eyes.

MEASUREMENTS.—Length from top of front to lower edge, 40 ins. To fit a 34-in. bust.

TENSION.—Using No. 5 needles, work to produce 4½ sts. and 6 rows to 1 square in. in smooth fabric (1 row K., 1 row P.).

ABBREVIATIONS.—K.—knit; P.—purl; st.—stitch; tog.—together; wl.fwd.—wool forward; sl.—slip.

THE FRONT

Using No. 5 needles and navy wool, cast on 115 sts. 1st row—Working into the back of the sts., knit. 2nd row—K. 1, * P. 1, K. 1. Repeat from * to the end. 3rd row—Knit. 4th and 5th rows—As the 2nd and 3rd rows. 6th row—As the 2nd row.

Proceed in pattern as follows: 1st row—K. 1, P. 1, K. 3, * P. 1, K. 1, P. 1, K. 3. Repeat from * to the last 2 sts., P. 1, K. 1. 2nd row—Purl. Repeat these 2 rows twice more. 7th row—K. 2, P. 1, K. 1, P. 1, * K. 3, P. 1, K. 1, P. 1. Repeat from * to the last 2 sts., K. 2. 8th row—Purl. Repeat these 2 rows twice more.

These 12 rows form the pattern.

Now decrease as follows: 1st row—P. 2 tog., K. 3, * P. 1, K. 1, P. 1, K. 3. Repeat from * to the last 2 sts., P. 2 tog.

2nd and every alternate row.—Purl. 3rd row—P. 1, K. 3, * P. 1, K. 1, P. 1, K. 3. Repeat from * to the last st., P. 1.

5th row—As the 3rd row. 7th row—K. 1, P. 1, K. 1, P. 1, * K. 3, P. 1, K. 1, P. 1. Repeat from * to the last st., K. 1.

9th row—P. 2 tog., K. 1, P. 1, * K. 3, P. 1, K. 1, P. 1. Repeat from * to the last 7 sts., K. 3, P. 1, K. 1, P. 2 tog.

Keeping the continuity of the pattern, continue decreasing 1 st. at both ends of every following 8th row, until 69 sts. remain. Work 3 rows after the last decrease, thus finishing at the end of a complete pattern.

Keeping the continuity of the pattern, increase in the first st. and last st. but one, by working into the front and then into the back of it, on the next row, and every 6th row following, until there are 75 sts. on the needle. Work 5 rows.

Keeping the continuity of the pattern, decrease 1 st. at both ends of the next row, and every

—And a grand neck for even shoulder tan are features of this easy-to-knit holiday frock

alternate row following, until 39 sts. remain. Work one row after the last decrease.

Keeping the continuity of the pattern, decrease 1 st. at both ends of every row following, until 17 sts. remain.

Work 1 row after the last decrease. Cast off.

THE BACK

Using No. 5 needles and Navy wool, cast on 109 sts. Work exactly as the instructions for the front, until 63 sts. remain instead of 69 sts. Work 3 rows after the last decrease.

Next row.—Work in pattern over 28 sts., cast off the following 7 sts., work to the end.

Keeping the continuity of the pattern, continue on the latter set of 28 sts., decreasing 1 st. at the beginning of the next row, and every 6th row following at the side edge, also casting off 3 sts. at the beginning of every row commencing at the centre of the back, until all are cast off.

Rejoin the wool to the remaining sts. and proceed to match the side just worked.

THE STRAPS

Using No. 8 needles and white wool, cast on 11 sts. 1st row—Working into the back of the sts., knit. 2nd row—K. 1, P. 1, wool to the back, * sl. 1 purlwise, P. 1, wool to the back again. Repeat from * to the last st., K. 1.

3rd row—K. 1, * wl.fwd., sl. 1 purlwise, wool to the back again, K. 1. Repeat from * to the end. Repeat the 2nd and 3rd rows until the work measures 36 ins. (not stretched).

Using Jubilee Blue wool, work another strap.

THE BELT

Using No. 8 needles and navy wool, cast on 21 sts. 1st row—Working into the back of the sts., knit. 2nd row—K. 1, P. 1, wool to the back, * sl. 1 purlwise, P. 1, wool to the back again. Repeat from * to the last st., K. 1.

3rd row—K. 1, * wl.fwd., sl. 1 purlwise, wool to the back again, K. 1. Repeat from * to the end. Repeat the 2nd and 3rd rows, until the work measures 28 ins. Cast off.



Navy with Blue and White, or Irish green, cowslip and white, would be charming colour schemes

MAKE-UP

Press all pieces of work on the wrong side, using a warm iron and a damp cloth. Join the side seams.

Using the crochet hook and navy wool, work 1 row of tight double crochet round the top of the frock. Join the white and blue straps together.

Place this join to the centre of the back, the smooth side of the straps to the right side. Stitch one edge of the straps round the top of the frock to the centre of the front, leaving the remainder of the straps free. Stitch on belt buckle.

Attach the hooks on to the top of the band at the back on a line with the side seam.

Attach the eyes on to the straps to correspond with the hooks, to fit the wearer after crossing the straps at the back, placing the ends of the straps inside the frock. Press all seams.

FEMININE TOUCHES WITH MAKE-UP

By **MAX FACTOR**
Hollywood Beauty Genius

you will complete the effect by restricting your coiffures to slick, flat ultra-modern arrangements.

Avoid straight lines in your hair-dress if you want to soften your features. You will find a side parting more becoming than one in the centre. Long hair will usually be more flattering to you than short hair. If your forehead is high enough to allow room for a "fringe" then try the effect by all means. Don't be afraid of being "different." The thing to do is to discover your best points and then learn how to dramatise them. In other words, learn how to emphasise your own personality.

Of course this principle of avoiding straight lines should be carried into your ideas about dress. Gowns or frocks with square neck-lines are absolutely taboo for the woman who has rather severe features. Acquire the taste for the definitely feminine style of dress.

These small tricks which we study so closely in Hollywood make all the difference to your appearance. It is startling to notice the great change a little thought and care can make in detracting from the severity of your features. Nowadays, in my opinion, there is no need for any woman to be unattractive. The woman with sharp features has only to realise how easy it is to improve herself . . . to learn some of the beauty tricks which in Hollywood we have been studying and using for twenty-eight years!

I FIND that quite a number of English women are sharp-featured. What they ought to realise is that sometimes the sharpness of even one feature can give a slightly harsh appearance to the entire face. For instance, a pointed nose or chin!

English women, as I have often pointed out, are naturally beautiful. Unfortunately, they have not so far made a real study of the art of make-up, and very often they don't know how to make the best of themselves. They are naturally beautiful, but for some reason they don't realise how easy it is to improve and soften your features!

In Hollywood, for example, make-up is used by many women to tone down the harshness of a pointed chin. A spot of rouge on the tip of the chin, blended to a subtle shadow, will do wonders in softening its sharpness.

What we believe in Hollywood is that beauty in a woman's face implies a classic softness. Severity is distinctly unfeminine, and therefore to be avoided. And once you know a few of the Hollywood beauty tricks it is quite easy for any woman to cultivate that soft look which adds so much to the feminine charm of her personality.

Now the correct technique of blending rouge, lipstick, powder, eye-shadow and other beauty aids is a powerful weapon in fighting harshness of features.

First of all, learn to use a minimum of each of these items of make-up . . . eliminating sharp edges by blending with the finger tips.

Your rouge, for example, should always be blended in this way. Spread it with your fingers and carry it right up to your lower lashes. Always try to avoid that faint white space between the rouge and the eye which in so many cases makes a woman look older, and slightly haggard. A very common mistake in make-up!

I would also like to point out that eyebrows plucked to a thin sharp line are very often responsible for an unattractive severity. Cultivate full, natural brows. If they must be plucked, you should always pluck them from underneath, following the natural line. Remember that if you alter the shape of your eyebrows you alter the entire character of your face, and in nine cases out of ten the effect is hard and unlovely.

Perhaps the biggest factor in determining whether your features will appear harsh or soft is the way you wear your hair. If your features already have a tendency to be severe,

GUIDE TO THE WEEK'S B.B.C. HIGHSPOTS

BIG SPORTING AFTERNOON

New Gaucho Band To-morrow :: Weston-Super-Mare Seaside Show :: Violet Lorraine in "Men Behind the Melodies"

SATURDAY, JULY 24

SPORT.—Davis Cup at Wimbledon, Second Test Match at Old Trafford and, as novelty thrown in a sporty afternoon, the Empire Cup Polo Match. Giving one of those amazingly fast commentaries at Wimbledon are Colonel Brand and H. B. T. Wakelam—find them making a fault if you can. And P. G. H. Fender has the mike at Old Trafford (National).

MUSIC HALL.—John Sharman gives a hand to newcomers in Fioranti and his Gaucho Band, colourful, lively combination with a new style. Also Murray and Mooney, Gus Chevalier, Sydney Baynes and his Orchestra, and Larry Adler, while Turner Layton manifests his supreme artistry with voice and keyboard (National).

IS THAT THE LAW?—If you were knocked down by the grocer's van and claimed damages from the grocer, only to be told that the grocer could not be sued because the van was being driven by the grocer's boy, who was not its authorised driver, what would you do? Listen and see (Regional).

ORGAN FEATURE.—A special Saturday supper-time programme from Reginald Foort at the Theatre Organ, with that grand bass, Robert Easton. Followed by "Serenade" concert by B.B.C. Orchestra under Joe Lewis, with Gwen Catley singing (National).

HOLIDAY TOWN.—Adults should hear Children's Hour which visits seaside fun-fair at Porthcawl and drops in on Punch and Judy (Regional).

NAT GONELLA whips up his Georgians in tea-time session of dance music; Ambrose closes the day (National).

O!—That's the letter the "A B C" has reached (National).

SUNDAY, JULY 25

"SUNLIGHT AND SEA" is one of the series of programmes "Summer Over the British Isles," and offers you a Sunday evening journey down the lovely coasts of Devon and Cornwall, and up the quiet rivers of those holiday countries. You'll be hearing things from the actual spots—Francis Dillon has riddled that Western paradise with mikes (Regional).

VICTORIAN MELODIES.—Alternatively, on National, there are more of the tunes of Grandpa's day, Harold Williams and chorus singing with Theatre Orchestra.

STORY.—A yarn for that arm-chair period after Sunday dinner—Carleton Hobbs reading "The Three Infernal Jokes," by Lord Dunsany (National).

MUSIC throughout the day from Harold Sandler and his Viennese Octet; Arthur Cranmer singing in Morris Motors Band programme; Reginald Foort at Theatre Organ; Mantovani's Tipica Orchestra; and Municipal Orchestra from Winter Gardens, Margate (all National).

MONDAY, JULY 26

"SHOW OF SHOWS."—A seaside show from Weston-super-Mare, with Peggy Ford-Carrington, soprano; Michael Iva, Russian tenor; Marion Dawson, comedienne; Billy Burnhart and Partner, funny pair; Isna Roselli and her Six Girls; Hal Moss's Mayfair Broadcasters and Al Lever's Winter Gardens Band (Regional).

MONDAY AT SEVEN, on just before "Show of Shows," includes lovely Lina Menova, singer who was once told by a great conductor that she was too pretty for opera! Claude Hulbert and Bobbie Comber at it again; those prize fools, Chick Endor and Charles Farrell; sweet songstress Judy Shirley; and, of course, "Inspector Hornleigh" (National).

DANCE MUSIC from supper-time onwards by Billy Thorburn and his Music (Regional), and then by Jack Jackson at the Dorchester (National and Regional).

OPERA.—"Falstaff" as it is played in musical city, Salzburg; Act II (National; Act III later (Regional).

DAVIS CUP and Test Match commentaries during the day.

TUESDAY, JULY 27

VIOLET LORRAINE and a sumptuous cast, including Ellaline Terris (Lady Seymour Hicks), G. H. Elliott, cartoonist, Bruce (Ole Bill) Bairnsfather, Morgan Davies, Lola Shari and Walter Williams in "Men Behind the Melodies," big-scale musical show telling the stories behind familiar tunes (National).

"SWIFT SERENADE."—Tommy Mathews continues making history and melodious entertainment in North Regional studios with his beautiful Concert Orchestra.

"QUEER HAPPENINGS at Sea," by Commander A. B. Campbell, that ace yarn-spinner. A highlight for afternoon listeners (National).

BALLROOM ORCHESTRA.—Victor Silvester's dancing combination provide music. (Regional)

POETRY.—Owen Reed, popular young Midland producer, comes to mike himself this time to voice some of John Clare's poems (National).

WEDNESDAY, JULY 28

PLAY.—A famous and delightful comedy "The Romantic Young Lady," is produced for radio to-night by Peter Creswell. A tale of Madrid in days of Spanish peace—and romance. A sparkling cast: Hermione Gingold, Nina Boucicault, Josie Redman, Terence de Marney, Ethel Lodge, Malcolm Graeme (Regional).

CABARET.—A late evening programme of sophisticated fun and melody. (National).

JACK PAYNE and his Band provide a show with strong team of vocalists for mid-evening listeners, while Harry Leader's consistent little outfit supplies the tea-time dance music (both National).

VARIETY from the home of good relays, the Argyle, Birkenhead (Regional).

THURSDAY, JULY 29

MUSICAL COMEDY.—Famous show "Dorothy" revived in radio form by Martyn Webster and Reg Burston, with a cast of London stars gone to Birmingham for it: Wynne Ajello in name part, Jan van der Gucht, Sybil Evers, Arnold Matters, and supporting cast of Midland favourites, including Dorothy Summers, Vera Ashe, Hugh Morton (Regional).

SEASIDE SHOW.—Harry Pepper picks George Haye's "Summer Revellers," at Littlehampton.

CARROLL GIBBONS and his Orpheans provide a special mid-evening programme (National).

FOR FANS!—Programme in your honour—about you. "Fan Worship," feature by Gale Pedrick, telling history of fans (Regional).

FRIDAY, JULY 29

"FIVE HOURS BACK."—It's just after tea over here, but New York's starting its afternoon and sends us a show of American entertainment (National).

DANCE MUSIC.—Maurice Winnick's playing for holidaymakers at the Spa, Scarborough, and from there provides late dance music (National). Tea-time session from Brian Lawrence's Band (Regional).



We never tire of old favourites. Wynne Ajello will be heard on Thursday as "Dorothy" in musical comedy



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Paul Askew at the control panel during a dance band session

DANCE-BAND FANS' DEPARTMENT

famous opera, screen, stage and radio stars "on to the wax" has stood them in good stead.

George Innes graduated from the B.B.C. Effects Department. Recently he presented the first of his own shows—"Down Memory Lane."

The work of these Balance Experts is first of all to place the artistes correctly.

From personal experience I can tell you this is anything but easy.

Artistes broadcasting for the first time require particularly careful watching. Quite a lot depends upon their keeping at the correct distance from the microphone. A nice ripe baritone could safely stand, say, six feet away, so could a "peaky" soprano; but those who croon quietly, or sing very "confidentially," have to be very much nearer.

Sometimes singers allow their enthusiasm for their own performances to carry them away. And I mean that literally. They start walking around and get so far from the mike that they are sometimes only rediscovered days afterwards. Others go to the other extreme. They cuddle the microphone so closely that it looks as though they were trying to eat it stand and all. It is the Balance Experts' job to disentangle their tongs from the apparatus and try to get the miscreants to stay put on a given spot.

But perhaps the most difficult task is balancing a group of instrumentalists or singers.

The Rhythm is Drowned

Perhaps, for instance, the third trumpet sounds too faint, so he is brought nearer. It is then discovered that that makes the brass section as a whole sound too loud for, say, the saxes, so they, too, are brought up closer.

But this drowns the rhythm, so back go the saxes and brass, only to find that in their new positions their tone has become dull due to some peculiar acoustic property of the studio.

Eventually things begin to sound right, except . . . yes, the piano and the guitar are not quite prominent enough.

They can't be put closer to the microphone because there doesn't happen to be room for the piano there. Never mind, we'll give them a separate mike to themselves. A good idea, but this second mike picks up also, say, the bass and drums and makes them too loud.

All right, we'll put the guitar and the piano and their mike farther away by themselves. Fine. Sounds great—until some of the musicians suddenly discover they can't get a swing going because the rhythm section is ragged.

Why is it ragged?

Because the bass and drums can't hear what the piano and guitar are doing now that they are over on the other side of the band. Also the singer, who happens to be the drummer, can't get to the mike in time for his vocal refrain, because he has some solo

KEEPING THEIR BALANCE

Experts who Help You to Hear Your Dance Music By EDGAR JACKSON

AMONGST all the criticism that is levelled against the B.B.C.—and, goodness knows, most of it is deserved—one very seldom hears any complaint about the technical quality of the transmissions.

Some may say that this is because the public knows less about this side of radio, but assuming for the sake of argument that this is so, the fact still remains that experts, both amateur and professional, hand it to the B.B.C. engineers for having procured, and knowing how to control, apparatus that sends out programmes in a way that, as far as the science of sound transmission by radio goes to-day, could hardly be improved upon.

One day, perhaps, I will tell you all about these engineers and something of the amazing conglomeration of awe-inspiring apparatus they so skilfully operate, but for the moment I want to chat to you about some other technical people whose work is equally important.

They are known as Balance Experts. Were they to fail in their also highly technical jobs, much of the excellent work of the engineers, not to mention artistes, would be negated.

Meet the Balance Experts

The task of these Balance Experts is to adjust the outgoing programmes so that listeners can hear every note of music, every syllable of every word, whether spoken or sung, and every "production effect" in correct perspective.

Every programme producing department of the B.B.C. has its Balance Experts. In no sections do they have to co-operate more closely than those which deal with the lighter entertainment.

For these lighter entertainments there are four Balance Experts.

If you listen to shows like "Music Hall," the "Palace of Varieties" and the "Air-do-Wells," it is a certainty that a certain Teddy Gower is twiddling knobs to ensure that the accompanying orchestra is not swamp-

ing the singers, or that when one of the comedians may be indulging in cross-talk with the conductor, the conductor's voice is heard clearly even though he may be very much farther from the microphone.

Then there is Douglas Lawrence. He specialises in "symphonic" dance music—the sort of thing played by Geraldo, Van Phillips and Louis Levy.

George Innes looks after certain other light entertainment features.

Paul Askew is the man responsible for most of the dance band broadcasts from the studios.

Paul is six feet tall, bluff, hale and hearty—a typical product of the Navy from which he comes.

Both Teddy Gower and Douglas Lawrence came to the B.B.C. from a well-known gramophone company, and their experience of successfully getting many

BUDDY BRAMWELL CHATTERS



Pretty Betty Drew (see below)

JUST a few of the stars who've promised Tolchard Evans to appear at the "Dancing With the Stars" Ball at the Palace Hotel, Southend, on Friday next (see this column last week) Bryan Michie, Marie Burke, Vera Lennox, Olive Groves, Esther Coleman, Robert Ashley, Lance Fairfax, the Tin Pan Alley Trio, Judy Shirley, Dennis Noble, Yvette Darnac, and Tessa Deane.

late night airing on Wednesday next and on August 28, and a mid-evening session on August 9.

By the way, met Stella Roberta (Monty's vocalist-sister) the other day. Just returned from Sorrento. Will soon be busy touring with Mantovani again. Meanwhile is still shivering after Sorrento sunshine. Too bad!

You can hear Al Durrant with a new style band from Bristol on Wednesday. Strings predominate. That's all about Al. He says he's the band-leader to whom nothing ever happens!

Thanks, folks, for rallying round in the Sheila Pilkington christening contest. Many suggestions . . . some good . . . some crazy! Remember, simplicity was the best line to take.

Photographs autographed by Bram Martin are to be sent to Readers D. E. David, Mollie Temple and Harold Ashley, who suggested respectively, Jeanette Russell, Sheila Carlton, Sheila Graham. And, with typical feminine perversity, Sheila has gone and thought of a better one all on her own! I'll tell you what it is soon.

I mentioned Lionel Millard's band recently as a "new one" on me. My apologies. One of Lionel's boys writes very nicely to point out that during the last four years the band has had something like 430 broadcasts.

Gee! I ought to have caught one of them. Must make a point of doing so. My correspondent tells me that the band consists of three brass, three saxes and four rhythm. Thanks, pal.

Betty Drew, who decorates this page, is a young lady of eighteen who looks to be up and coming. You can hear her with Ben Oakley's band on the 29th. She's been with Ben for ten months at the San Marco and Barn Club. Ben found her three years ago and believes he's got a great croonette. Ben, incidentally, takes Carroll Gibbons' place at the Savoy Hotel while Carroll is in Monte Carlo.

Mantovani's good and busy these days. As a straight outfit you can hear him on Sunday and on August 20. As a dance combination he has a

PAULA GREEN

(Croonette with Marius B. Winter)

- Age 20
- Birthday March 6, 1917
- Birthplace Blackpool
- Colour of Eyes Hazel
- Colour of Hair Chestnut Brown
- Height 5 ft. 2½ in.
- Weight 8 st. 3 lb.
- Favourite Food Salad
- Favourite Drink Gin and Tonic
- Favourite Sport Swimming
- Favourite Hobby Swing records

GOSSIP — NEWS — AND VIEWS

Stars in the Spotlight

breaks at the end of the preceding chorus and the piano is now between him and the vocal microphone. Also... In the end the harassed Balance Expert has to break it all up and start his placing all over again. Played slowly, it's a grand game, provided that all concerned have time for it—which is never!

All these little troubles have to be allowed for and put right at rehearsal.

During the actual broadcast the Balance Expert sits in a little sound-proof room, through the glass window of which he can see what is happening in the studio, but can hear only through his monitor loud-speaker.

In front of him is a control panel with its knobs by means of which he can control and mix the outputs from the various microphones in use. Sometimes there are as many as six of them, and to keep them all correctly balanced is no sleepy man's job, but that's not all he has to do.

Through his little window Mr. B. E. has to watch all the microphones in the studio, partly so that he may be able to spot at once if any one or more is being used for some special solo which needs "bringing up," partly so that he may give directions to the soloists, for, in spite of the instructions given at rehearsals, they may have managed to get too near to, or far from, the microphone.

These instructions are conveyed by nods, frowns, smiles, hand-wavings and any other physical contortions which may spring to the Balance man's mind. Often, however, the performer is too intent on his own contribution to the proceedings to remember to watch for them. Then Mr. Balance Man has to make a frantic dash into the studio.

Vocalist and a Missed Cue

Of course, even Balance Experts are not infallible. I expect you have sometimes heard singers with the late night dance bands come in a bar or two late. Probably you thought the vocalist had missed his cue. More likely it was because the Balance man had not realised that it was a singing chorus and had not switched in the vocal microphone.

However, it is only fair to say that this sort of thing rarely happens during studio transmissions. It is generally when the bands are broadcasting from some hotel or other "outside" ballroom, where the Balance Expert has not always a direct view of the bandstand and has to guess what is happening from what he hears through the headphones, possibly in some little room tucked away in some remote part of the building.

Chatting with Teddy Gower the other day, he told me:

"The best compliment that anyone can ever pay us Balance chaps is to say that they never thought we existed. After all, it's not our job to improve programmes, or anything like that. We've just got to see that listeners hear the show at its best.

"Nowadays I can tell without much trouble what the

Denny Dennis Fan Club still needing male members. Come on fellows, get busy! Just seen the Fan Club badge. Neat effort, designed by Denny himself.

Ha-ha story from the Jack Hylton camp. At the end of a heavy morning's recording in the gramophone studio, Jack just had to laugh when he found one of the fiddlers had dropped off to sleep. The whole band tiptoed out to lunch, except the sleeping beauty.

Lunch over, the band tiptoed back, and Jack gave the signal to strike up once more.

With a start the fiddler awoke, blinked, snatched up his bow, and joined in... obviously confident that nobody had noticed anything!

Ha-ha story told by ace harmony team, the Four Aces, against themselves.

Booked to play at a seaside town, they were strolling along to rehearsals, with guitar, when an eager-looking gentleman rushed up with a cornet under his arm.

"Say, boys," he gasped, "can I join your pitch?"



This is Sheila Pilkington —see opposite page

JAZZ MASTER — A TRIBUTE

NO. 8

GEORGE GERSHWIN



In this brief space how can one attempt to tell all that Gershwin did? He wrote such musical comedies as "Lady Be Good," "Oh, Kay," "Funny Face," "Of Thee I Sing" (which won the Pulitzer Prize), "Delicious," "An American in Paris" and "Concerto in F" revealed the more serious musician, the man who believed in jazz as an art and not as a mere cacophony of blaring sound.

But always, when we attempt to assess Gershwin we revert to "Rhapsody in Blue," worked out in three weeks and planned amid the steely clamour on the Boston Express. Whiteman made it famous and helped to pin a label on to Gershwin which, at times weighed heavily on that composer.

There are some to whom "Rhapsody" was bunk. There are countless more who consider it one of the most magnificent offerings ever presented to a world that has given its hand to syncopation.

Whichever way you look at it, it rocketed Gershwin to the front page, and it brought him a fortune. He is reputed to have earned £200,000 in the few years that he has been "the tops."

But he died a man who was still trying, in his own words, "to learn music." He died a bachelor, surrounded by luxury, but, I imagine a lonely man.

The name of Gershwin will live. His "Rhapsody in Blue" is an eternal obituary.

And we mourn him.

GEORGE GERSHWIN is no more. The man who, perhaps more than anyone else, helped to make jazz "respectable" has died suddenly at the age of thirty-eight, and at the height of his fame.

The news, when we first heard it, was numbing. For so many years, it seemed, we should be hearing on the radio and from cinema screens the lifting, syncopated hits that tumbled out of his agile brain.

And now, no more. . . . When he died he was working on the score of "Goldwyn Follies," a new film. The screen was his new love and in the recent Astaire-Rogers film, "Shall We Dance," he had proved himself a master of the screen technique with his numbers, "Let's Call the Whole Thing Off" being a great hit.

Yes, Gershwin was on top of the world. Rich, successful, sought-after. But it had not always been like that.

It was thirteen years ago that Gershwin rose to fame as a clarinet wailed to a high note at the beginning of "Rhapsody in Blue." Before then it had been struggle—hard work—disappointment.

Gershwin was born of Russian-Jewish parents in a tough quarter of New York's East Side. He was an ordinary kid who preferred roller-skating to music. Yet, one day, at the age of six he heard an automatic piano churning out Rubenstein's "Melody in F" to a background of noise from the streets of Manhattan. He was entranced; and that may well have been the beginning.

His family bought a piano and from then onwards the career of Gershwin was destined. He secured a £3 a week job as a song plugger and graduated to £5 when he played piano in Fox's theatre. Later Fox was to pay him £20,000 for working on a Hollywood film!

At about that time he began to write numbers and he wrote one, in particular, which paved the way to his later fame. It was "Swanee" and Al Jolson turned it into a hit. It sold 2,250,000 records.

best set-up will be for any given kind of orchestra or show in any particular studio the acoustics of which I have had a chance to study.

"My personal opinion is, the fewer microphones, the better, but for a big show I have had to use as many as six.

"Each microphone is connected to a fade-control in the silence room, as we call it, and the outputs from all of them can be mixed in any required quantities as easily as you mix a pudding."



The happy "Twinkle" party described last week. This photo was taken by the fair hand of your own Buddy. Can you you spot Clarkie, Olive Fox, Anne Leslie, Conrad Leonard, Eddie Henderson and Gordon Holdom

She only came to London as typist but is joining Henry Hall's band next month. Anita Riddell, who hails from Glasgow, says that she sent a record to Henry for fun. Henry liked the voice he heard so well that he asked Anita to Maida Vale for an audition. She stayed to hear several broadcasts and Henry signed her up to sing in a whole lot more and we shall listen to the typist's notes when the band returns from holiday on August 8.

I hear that Nottingham born Billy Merrin will be returning early next year as resident band at Nottingham Palais—the scene of his earliest triumphs. Good news for Notts "hoofers."

On the Air Next Week!

YOUR FAVOURITE DANCE BANDS

- AMBROSE—To-morrow (Saturday), Regional, 10.25 p.m.; National, 11.10 p.m.; National and Regional, 11.40 p.m. Sunday, Luxembourg, 6 p.m. Saturday (July 31), National, 5.20 p.m.
- BISSETT—Sunday, Luxembourg, 7.30 p.m.; Lyons, 9.45 p.m.; Normandy, 10 a.m. Monday, Luxembourg, 8 a.m. Tuesday, Normandy, 9.45 a.m. Wednesday, Luxembourg, 8 a.m. Thursday, Luxembourg, 8 a.m.
- COTTON—Sunday, Luxembourg, 2 p.m.; Normandy, 2 p.m.
- FOX—Tuesday, Regional, 10.25 p.m.; National, 11 p.m.
- GERALDO—Sunday, Luxembourg, 11 a.m.
- GIBBONS—Sunday, Lyons, 11.15 p.m. Thursday, National, 8 p.m. Friday, Lyons, 11 p.m.
- HIND (Bobby)—Friday, National, 12.30 p.m.
- HUGHES (Grant)—Sunday, Luxembourg, 1 p.m.
- JACKSON—Monday, Regional, 10.25 p.m.; National, 11 p.m.
- KYTE—Thursday, Regional, 10.25 p.m.; National, 11.15 p.m.
- LAWRANCE—Sunday, Luxembourg, 9.30 a.m. Friday, Regional, 6 p.m.
- LEADER—Wednesday, National, 5 p.m.
- LIPTON—Sunday, Luxembourg, 7.45 p.m. Saturday (July 31), Regional, 10.25 p.m.; National, 11.45 p.m.
- MANTOVANI—Wednesday, Regional, 10.25 p.m.; National, 11.15 p.m.
- OAKLEY—Thursday, National, 5 p.m.
- PAYNE—Sunday, Lyons, 10.45 p.m.; Luxembourg, 9.15 p.m. Wednesday, National, 7 p.m.
- REID—Sunday, Luxembourg, 7.15 p.m.; Normandy, 10.30 a.m.
- SHAW—Sunday, Luxembourg, 11.15 p.m.
- SILVESTER—Tuesday, Regional, 7.30 p.m.
- SOMERS—Sunday, Luxembourg, 4 p.m.; Normandy, 4 p.m.
- STONE—Sunday, Normandy, 3.45 p.m.
- SWALLOW—Monday, Midland, 8.40 p.m.
- THORBURN—Monday, Regional, 8.45 p.m.
- WINNICK—Friday, Regional, 10.50 p.m.; National, 11.15 p.m. Saturday, North, 10.50 p.m.
- WINTER—Sunday, Luxembourg, 12.15 p.m., 11 p.m.

DARE-D

Raided by an Elephant—Rattling to
Death—At the Mercy of Sharks—My
First Long Trousers

By

BRIAN LAWRENCE

(Star of the Keatings, Palmolive, Elfrida and
Spratts programmes from Luxembourg)



Brilliant violinist
as well as voca-
list—that's Brian
Lawrence

MY high hopes were suddenly shattered. Sydney, the "jumping off" town of my professional career, was a closed shop for all forms of entertainment. Pneumonic influenza was taking its toll. Hundreds were dying.

It was a city of masks.

Fantastic, frightening, everybody in the streets was wearing them, including me. I wondered if I'd have to walk about for the rest of my life like that!

Sudden good news came to raise me from the depths of gloom into which I had been plunged. The show, *Maytime*, which the epidemic had closed down, was going on to Melbourne. Hastily we packed our trunks, my mother and I, and never were two people so glad to get away from any town.

Maytime went with a swing at its new theatre, and when at last it folded I took once more to singing in the cinemas. We made our home in Melbourne, and then one day a telegram arrived and we were starting our travels anew.

A variety date in Geelong! When I arrived, I found that the man who'd taken over the bill was none other than Claude Dampier, whose act I'd been admiring from the age of three. "Young fellow-me-lad," he said, "you're here for a week, and it's understood we have an option of a second week. Good luck to you."

Claude was charming, and his encouragement gave me confidence. The one week spread into two, and then into several more. I made the acquaintance of Claude's little daughter, Dorothy. She was about my own age—twelve—and we became great friends and playmates.

Our favourite occupation was the making of one-string fiddles out of old cigar boxes, and then competing to see who could coax the most tuneful noises out of them!

It was a rather sad moment for me when I finally had to say "good-bye" to little Dorothy, and continue my wanderings—this time to Tasmania, where I was originally engaged to sing for two weeks, but was kept on there for fourteen weeks.

It was around this time that a "little novelty" known as "wireless" began to attract the public's attention—and as for me, when I discovered one could get music out of the air by the judicious use of cat's-whiskers and crystals, I built one set after another and listened for hours, fascinated. It never occurred to me for a moment that I should ever send such music over the air myself—such a thought was entirely outside the realms of the imagination!

A little later, incidentally, I grew ambitious and made what was probably the first portable radio valve-

set in the country. It had three valves, and was built in a small suitcase.

I sold it to a man for fifteen pounds. It so happens that he'd never been in the least interested in radio till he bought this set—but that man is now one of the chiefs of the 4QG station in Brisbane!

The most important job I'd ever had came my way when I was thirteen—an engagement with "Pat Hanna's Famous Diggers," a well-known company of entertainers. With this company I stayed three and a half years, gaining invaluable experience. We toured all over Australia and New Zealand, and in the course of that tour I met with a number of strange adventures and unexpected thrills.

When the "Diggers" and I set sail for New Zealand, we found that we were fated to be travelling in the company of a circus. Cages of wild animals were brought on to the deck and lashed tight—and when I got to my deck-cabin I found that the elephants had been tethered just outside!

That night I was awakened by the sound of what seemed to be someone—or something—moving about the cabin. I sprang up and switched on the light—and discovered an elephant's trunk poked through the open port-hole and waving about inside the cabin!

Hungry Elephant

Having already devoured the curtain, the hungry animal was now exploring for any other substance within reach that might be utilised as fodder!

Grabbing a hairbrush, I made war upon the prowling appendage just in time to save my pants from going the way of the curtain. With a disgruntled snort the elephant retired, and I closed the port-hole, switched off the light, and settled down with the intention of continuing my sleep.

Unfortunately we were running into rough seas. Before long the boat started rolling. There was a terrific crash, and I thought the side of the cabin was about to cave in, and that the elephants were committing a mass onslaught upon my apartment. It turned out, however, that they were merely lurching up against it with every particularly heavy roll of the boat!

This went on throughout the night, while I conjured up vivid mental pictures of what would happen to me if the side of the cabin did happen to give way. At long last I drifted off into a restless slumber.

Towards dawn I awoke again with a cold wind blowing upon me and the impression that I had, in some extraordinary way, got caught in a snow-storm!

I blinked, looked again—and discovered that the "snow-flakes" swirling around me were really feathers, emanating from a pillow. And the pillow, furthermore, was gripped in the trunk of one of my elephantine acquaintances, who was thumping it on the floor, his head poked through the door which had been forced open by the weight imposed upon it!

Incidentally, in Roturau (New Zealand) I learned the Maori love-song and the Maori war-cry—and later had the pleasure of singing them back to the Maoris. I'll be repeating them on the air shortly, in a Fred Hartley broadcast.

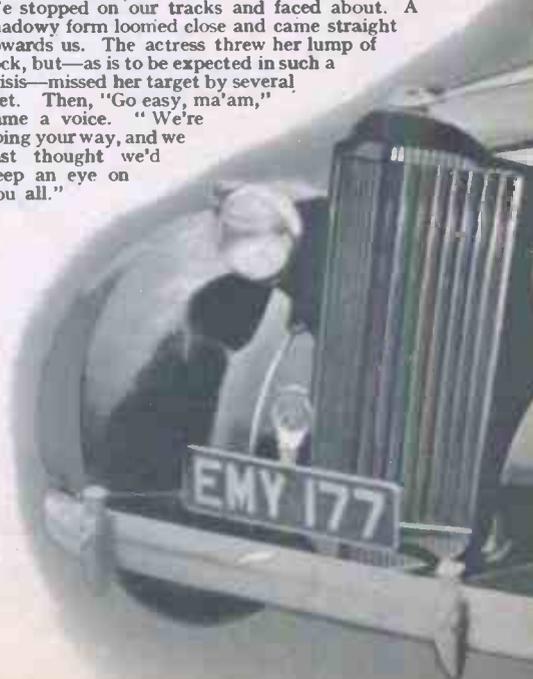
After New Zealand, North Queensland. This proved to be a wilder sort of country than I'd anticipated. Many of the small towns were like those "Wild West" villages I'd seen on the pictures, with a large proportion of the male inhabitants carrying guns in holsters attached to their belts.

At one such town we had the fright of our lives, returning to our hotel after the show one night. There had been several cases of robbery with violence in the district, and to get to the hotel we had over a mile's walk through pitch-darkness! There were three of us—my mother (who went with me on all these tours), a girl from the show, and myself.

Mistaken Identity

It was a desolate country road. After we'd been walking some time we realised that we were being followed. We quickened our pace, but somewhere behind us we could still hear the sound of hurrying footsteps, keeping pace. When we came to a less shadowy part of the road I looked round and saw the dim outline of two men, skulking along, one on each side of the road.

The young actress who was with us stooped and picked up a small rock. On we went, but our pursuers were now lessening the distance between us, and it seemed they had made up their minds to attack. We stopped on our tracks and faced about. A shadowy form loomed close and came straight towards us. The actress threw her lump of rock, but—as is to be expected in such a crisis—missed her target by several feet. Then, "Go easy, ma'am," came a voice. "We're going your way, and we just thought we'd keep an eye on you all."



EVIL DAYS!

SECOND INSTALMENT of
 "From 'Down Under' to 'On Top'"
 BRIAN LAWRENCE'S
 "LIFE OF SONG" told by himself

It transpired that a suspicious-looking character—believed to be the "hold-up" man—had been reported as seen along that road earlier in the evening; and our two escorts, using us as bait, had planned to trap him!

A dog saved our lives in another highway adventure in New Zealand. A car had been hired to take us to the next town, where we were due to open, and part of our route took us on to a hillside road bounded on one side by a precipice and on the other by towering cliffs. Just ahead of us was the lorry which carried our "stage props"—a closed-in lorry—and on top of it rode the driver's dog. He preferred to ride there, the driver told us. As we rattled along the rough road I could hardly take my eyes off the animal, for every time we came to a pot-hole I felt sure it would be shaken off.

Suddenly the dog began barking furiously at something high up on the cliff.

We peered up to see what it was that had attracted its attention. And then I, for one, felt as though my heart had suddenly stood still.

For a huge rock was slowly detaching itself from the rugged cliff wall.

We yelled to the lorry ahead, but the driver, warned by his faithful pet, had already seen the danger.

He pulled up, and with a shrieking of brakes we came to a standstill behind him. The boulder gathered momentum, and hurtled downwards, bringing with it a miniature avalanche of dust and stones. It hit the roadway just ahead of us, rolled across, and bounded over down the side of the precipice.

A Lucky Mascot

That dog was certainly our lucky mascot!

During another drive over one of those nerve-racking hill roads, a road no more than eight feet wide, one of the tyres burst.

The car lurched, and the driver trod hard on the brakes, just in the nick of time.

We found ourselves within three inches of the edge of the road, gazing over at an almost perpendicular drop of some two hundred feet!

Back in Australia again, still with the "Famous Diggers" company, I found more adventure when I bought myself a small sailing yacht and learned to sail her. The "learning" part was quite dangerous, but being under fifteen years of age and over-full of confidence, I didn't realise the dangers of inexperience until I'd had a few salutary lessons!

Sailing merrily along one sunny day, a sudden squall caught me unprepared, and the yacht capsized. Clinging on to the vessel with one hand, I waved for help to a motor-launch I observed approaching in the distance. The pilot saw my plight, and waved back. To pass the time till his arrival, I hung on to the riggings and

floated—a pleasant experience, with the sun pouring down on me, and the water, of course, quite warm.

My tranquility of mind was shattered suddenly by the sound of my rescuer's voice—a voice yelling a frantic warning. . . .

"Sharks!"

Stirred to action by the terrifying word, next moment I was thrashing the water with arms and legs, kicking and striking out with all my strength, swallowing great sickening gulps of very salt water, hoping against hope that the splash I was making would deter the shark from launching an attack.

In imagination I could already hear the "swish" of its racing fins as it turned to strike, and feel the agony of its jaws clamping tight. In such moments of agonising suspense, the human mind has a habit of conjuring up unbearably vivid pictures!

Those few moments seemed like hours. I was exhausted. I closed my eyes, then a shadow came between me and the sunshine, and something touched me. . . .

When I opened my eyes I was being hauled on to the launch. The dark ominous shadow, that hovered near the surface some way off, turned and went on its way.

A storm, breaking suddenly, brought more excite-

ment in its wake, when I was out sailing with a young friend of mine. This time it was a thrill of a more invigorating nature. We scurried before wind and wave, the foam lashing at us and the wind in our ears howling its challenge.

"Reefs ahead!" yelled my comrade, and we set ourselves to the task of skirting them. Anxious moments followed, but at last that dangerous white line of broken waters was passed. And as we sailed triumphantly into the shelter of a tiny bay, I guess we were feeling as proud as a couple of Captain Cooks!

Grand moments, those, and not easily forgotten.

First Prize

In the musical world there was a thrill of another nature, and even more satisfying, awaiting me. My mother observed that I had been studying hard with my violin, and suggested that I should enter for an Eistedfodd in Brisbane. Never before having competed as a violinist, it seemed to me that this would be a hopeless task. But, in the way that only mothers can, she laughed away my fears. . . .

Imagine my amazement when I found that I'd had the incredible luck to win, not only the first prize in the "under fifteen" contest, but also the first prize in the



Brian (he with the Eton Collar!) when a member of "The Diggers Quartette"

"open to all-comers" competition!

When I had passed the age of fifteen it was decided that the time had come when I should blossom forth into long trousers. For the sake of the act it had been delayed as long as possible; I realised that a stern test was ahead of me.

I knew that—while wearing "shorts"—I was still a child to the audience, and they did not judge my work as critically as they would judge an adult's efforts to entertain them. But—the moment I stepped into long trousers—then they would regard me as a man, and the songs I sang to them would have to have not "child appeal," but "man appeal."

It was a vital change in my life as an artiste. To break as gently as possible to the audience the news that their "little boy" had now grown up, my debut in long trousers was made in an Eton suit!

If my knees were knocking slightly on this occasion, at least it was one consolation to know that the audience could no longer see them. However, the fates were kind, and the "changeover" was established without any ill effects on my career.

I had quite a deep voice by this time. It may be of

Please turn to page 33

The sort of thing that hard work and talent brings as its reward!

RADIO FAVOURITES IN



Lovely Enid Stamp-Taylor, who you hear in the "Dinner at Eight" programmes from Luxembourg, as she appears in one of her new films, *Talking Feet*

Instead, when she left school, she became elocution teacher to telephone exchange girls in her native city.

Then she won a prize in the Canadian Dramatic Festival, and decided to take up stage work. She came to England, and hadn't been here long before Cecil Madden spotted her, and put her into television.

Appropriately enough, she appears as a telephone operator in the "Picture Page" programmes!

Television in Talkies

While on the subject of television, Richard Gooden (Mr. Penny to you) was telling me the other day that he had just completed a picture called *Television Talent*.

He appears as a professor at a dramatic training school. Polly Ward and the American comedian, Gene Sheldon, are seen as a couple who are out of work. They spot an advertisement issued by the dramatic school. It offers a week's free training, and they go along.

Polly proves to be highly promising, though Gene makes a mess of things. However, when the school is asked by a television company to submit pupils for a television talent search, they are both entered—with Gene Sheldon making a bigger mess than ever of things.

The picture sounds as if it ought to be quite amusing. Popular Rita Cave has a nice part in this film, too.

He is an energetic fellow, though you might not think it from his appearance or voice. He makes picture after picture, and succeeds in broadcasting with astonishing frequency, sometimes with Bobby Comber, and sometimes with his attractive and clever wife, Enid Trevor.

I was told at the studio how Claude and Enid started their famous quarrelling act. Apparently, when they were asked to go on the air, Claude sat down to write the script. He did so on the South Coast.

He ran over the script with Enid when they were on the beach one day. She disagreed with a lot of things, and kept pointing out that certain scenes wouldn't be at all suitable for broadcasting, as they needed visual backgrounds.

They argued more and more, getting quite tied up and flurried over it. And suddenly a complete stranger who had been sitting near them, leaned forward.

"Excuse me," he said, "but if you do the act in the way you're talking about it now, it'll be a riot!"

And that was where they got the idea from!

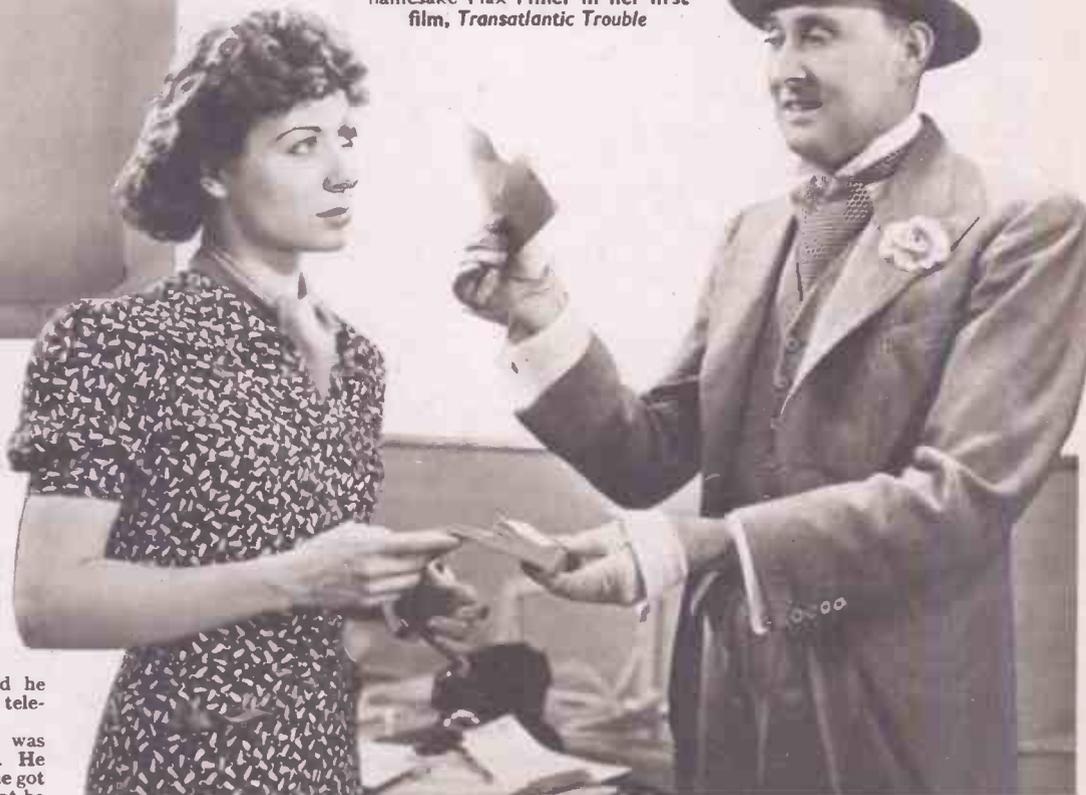
Enid Trevor, by the way, has just made her talkie debut in a short picture with Claude. It's called *Ship's Concert*. Look out for it, if you're one of her admirers.

Buchanan and the Bananas

It's not surprising that Jack Buchanan doesn't have much time for broadcasting these days, though his gramophone records fortunately keep him in mind.

He is having a busy time in the film studios. Visiting Pinewood, I found him just finishing a comedy-drama called *Smash and Grab*, and he was preparing to go straight away into a musical, *The Sky's the Limit*.

Jack was doing a scene with Elsie Randolph. They



Joan Miller, television girl, with namesake Max Miller in her first film, *Transatlantic Trouble*

THERE is a television set in a large house near Windsor. It's there for business as well as pleasure. Irving Asher, husband of Laura la Plante, and ace producer and star-discoverer in this country for the American Warners-First National people, owns it.

Errol Flynn is one of his finds. Now Asher expects to find new screen personalities by looking-in at the television artists.

He has already made one discovery, and you'll be seeing her in a picture soon. She is Joan Miller, the "Picture Page" girl. She has just made her screen debut with Max Miller in *Transatlantic Trouble*.

When I was down at the Teddington studios the other day, Asher was enthusiastic about her. He had just been seeing the film run through. And he assured me that he had a real find in this brunette television girl.

Cecil Madden, the "Picture Page" producer, was responsible for drawing Asher's attention to her. He was so impressed with her screen possibilities that he got in touch with the film producer, and suggested that he should take a look at her.

So Asher tuned in his television set the next time "Picture Page" was on the air—and agreed immediately with Madden. And Joan Miller was signed up to appear with Max Miller. She was given the role of an American girl secretary to a boxing promoter.

You can understand, therefore, why Asher is keeping a close eye on television now!

Joan Miller is the first television girl to find film fame through television itself. There have been many film stars who have appeared in television programmes, and many (such as Elizabeth Astell) who have made a name in both spheres. Joan Miller breaks new ground.

She is a Canadian girl, and specialises in Canadian and American parts. She was born in Vancouver, and wanted to go on the stage when she was quite young.

Coincidence

Reverting to Teddington, I found quite a broadcasting air about the place.

By a coincidence, those broadcasting partners, Claude Hulbert and Bobby Comber were both at work—but on different pictures. Claude was making *It's in the Blood* on one set; and on another set, Bobby Comber was appearing with another star you've heard on the air, Keith Faulkner, in a film called *Music and Mystery*.

Energetic Hulbert

Claude has just joined that bunch of radio artistes who have nearly missed the broadcasting boat. He was working late, and had to dash off to Broadcasting House in full movie make-up. He didn't have a chance to take it off until after the broadcast.

were in twin beds, and had to be seen eating bananas. Their faces had to register enjoyment.

Unfortunately, the banana happens to be one of the few fruits Jack doesn't care for. And a perverse fate decreed that everything should go wrong that day. The rest of the production had gone smoothly, but this banana scene just wouldn't go into the bag.

So Jack had to go on eating banana after banana, until at last the scene was satisfactory.

At the end of the day, director Tim Whelan invited him to have a meal to celebrate the completion of the difficult scene. And, waiting for him, Jack found two bananas on a plate, a banana liqueur cocktail, and an innocent waiter asking if he would like a banana fritter! They're suggesting now that the theme song

FILMLAND

All the news and gossip about radio stars who are appearing in films—a weekly feature of red-hot interest to every radio fan,
by John K. Newnham



Jack Buchanan does a banana-eating scene with Elsie Randolph. The joke is, he doesn't like bananas!

Jean is dead. It would be in good taste to cut this scene, and I hope the alteration is made before the picture is released.

Otherwise, it is a feast for radio fans.

GENERAL RELEASES THIS WEEK

Gold Diggers of 1937, that popular annual, heads the general releases this week. It stars that American radio-cum-film favourite, Dick Powell, and Joan Blondell. They are supported by Glenda Farrell (who nearly did a television broadcast in England recently, but the Alexandra Palace transmitter went on strike). The picture deals in farcical vein with the efforts of some people in the show business to collect the life insurance of their backer—and their attempts take the form of trying to hasten his decease. A grim subject for a comedy! But it is so lightly handled that it is thoroughly entertaining. The picture has some elaborate ensembles into the bargain.

Underneath the Arches is a boisterous Flanagan and

for the picture should be "Yes, We Have No Bananas."

Nine Films a Year

Lovely Enid Stamp-Taylor is another of those very busy film people. The wonder is that she ever gets time to do anything except picture-work. She was telling me the other day that she makes an average of nine films a year.

You're hearing her now on the Crosse and Blackwell's "Dinner at Eight" programmes from Luxembourg—and will continue to do so for a long time, for her contract runs until Boxing Day.

She's not by any means a newcomer to radio. She used to be heard a lot in the old Savoy Hill days; and she showed me a signed picture given to her by Television Baird in recognition of the fact that she was the first artiste to appear on the new ultra-short wave television programmes.

When they were rehearsing the latest *Dinner at Eight* programme, the producer, Ivor Lambe, suddenly remarked: "I say, Enid, do you know you worked for me ten years ago?"

She had to confess that she couldn't remember anything about it.

"Nor did I until this morning!" he said. "A friend reminded me. We made a publicity film, and you were about the only one who was any good in it!"

And it was one of Enid's first film appearances. She has made many a picture since then, and she is more in the public eye than ever at the moment. She was in the recently released *Take a Chance* and *Feather Your Nest*, and other films she has completed and which you'll be seeing soon are *Talking Feet*, *Sunset in Vienna*, *Okay for Sound* and *Action for Slander*.

Re-Enacting History

A couple of memory tests for you.

Remember all the confusion when two pictures went into production, more or less at the same time, bearing the same title, *Calling All Stars*?

And do you remember when Clapham and Dwyer had a spot of bother with the B.B.C., and were, off the air for a period?

Well, I have just seen the *Calling All Stars* picture that had its title changed. This was the one made at the Rock studios. It has become *Sing as You Swing*.

And in it, Clapham and Dwyer have a spot of bother with a broadcasting company (called the B.V.D. for film purposes), and get banned. Clapham puts over a doubtful joke; all the lights go out; sparks flash from the aerials; the building shakes; and officials collapse!

I don't know whether it is a deliberate skit on that chapter in their own careers, or whether it is just a casting coincidence—no one will say—but it makes quite amusing screen fare.

The picture boasts a goodly cast of radio favourites, and they are all given very fair opportunities. Nat Gonella and his Georgians open up the programme. Later, by contrast, there is Mantovani and his Tipica Orchestra. Clapham and Dwyer appear as themselves

throughout the film, and the Four Mills Brothers, Billie Carlyle and Beryl Orde are also introduced by name.

Most of the other members of the cast appear in character roles—Evelyn Dall as an ambitious croonette by the name of Cora Fane; Claude Dampier as Pomphrey Featherstone-Chau, a rat poison salesman; Lu-Anne Meredith as a singing waitress, Sally Bevan; and Brian Lawrance as her song-writer boy-friend, Jimmy King.

This switching from real names to fictitious ones is a bit puzzling, but as the story part of the picture doesn't count for much, it doesn't really matter. The film is actually one long string of variety turns, with some satire in between, and as such it is an entertaining piece of work.

Two grumbles. One, that Lu-Anne Meredith and Evelyn Dall are so alike in colouring, quite similar full-face, and both have American accents, that it is rather difficult to tell which is which, unless you know them at all well. They shouldn't be cast together in pictures.

The other grumble is that Beryl Orde recorded an impersonation of Jean Harlow for the film. And now



Romantic scene between *The Street Singer* (Arthur Tracy), and Phyllis Stanley, in *Command Performance*



You can SEE "Mr. Penny" in a new film called *Television Talent*, and hear him teaching singing. He's always great fun

Allen comedy, with the two funsters in typical mood. Unpretentious but funny.

Tod Slaughter gets a bad break in an out-of-date melodrama called *Darby and Joan*, and I don't think many people are likely to be entertained by it.

Victor McLaglen's *The Magnificent Brute* is a robust piece of fighting drama, and gets mentioned in these pages because it has quite a newcomer, William Hall, in it. Hall is a young man who has made a name for himself on the American radio.

Ronald Frankau appears in this week's *Pathetone Weekly*.

Write to John K. Newnham, c/o "Radio Pictorial" if you have any film query about your favourite radio stars. Enclose stamped addressed envelope.

Another long and glamorous instalment in our serial of Radio Love and Intrigue

"May I Have the next Dancing With You?"

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

BILL BURKE, crooner-saxophonist with Micky Dorland's Hot Eight, resident band at the Hotel Splendide, is going home one night with his fiancée, Marilyn, crooner with the same band, when they are in time to help a girl in difficulties with her car. She is Yvette Dalcroix, who is staying in the district. Bill and Marilyn have a difference of opinion and Marilyn, in a temper, leaves Bill to escort Yvette home. Yvette is attracted by Bill and flirts with him outrageously. Eventually they reach Yvette's hotel very late and discover that she is locked out. She announces her intention of staying the night with Bill at his lodgings. Bill gives up his bed to Yvette, sleeping himself in the sitting-room. During the night he writes to Marilyn, breaking off his engagement but not mentioning Yvette. Next evening after the band had finished at the Splendide, Marilyn decides to go to Bill's lodgings and try to patch up the quarrel. She is arranging some flowers when Bill's landlady enters and inadvertently lets out the truth—that Yvette stayed all night with Bill

NOW READ ON

MARILYN felt the room blur and sharpen around her, then she gave herself a little shake. It was ridiculous. Mrs. Wright must be mistaken. Perhaps some other boarder had brought a girl back with him and perhaps Mrs. Wright thought it was Bill. It was impossible that it *should* be Bill . . . things like that couldn't happen.

She said, her young voice cold and level: "I don't believe you, Mrs. Wright. Mr. Burke and I are engaged."

A voice came from the doorway, amused and husky:

"Don't you?" it said. "You should, my dear, because it's perfectly true. I did stay the night here with Bill and as for your being engaged, aren't you perhaps a little behindhand with the news."

Marilyn's hand caught at her throat and she stared at Yvette Dalcroix.

Mrs. Wright wheeled round, then she turned to Marilyn:

"You see," she said, triumphantly, "I wasn't telling no lies. That's her, the brazen hussy."

Yvette blew smoke down her beautiful nostrils. "Please," she said, laughing a little, "cut the histrionics, Mrs. Wright, you mustn't call me names in front of a witness you know. It's dangerous. And unwise."

Marilyn picked the flowers off the table with shaking fingers, placing them back in their paper with meticulous care. The silence in the small room was heavy and thick, and Marilyn was conscious of Yvette's amused blue eyes on her.

Suddenly something snapped in her throat and the words poured out:

"It won't make any difference," she said to the tall, silent girl who leant so nonchalantly against the door jamb, "maybe you *did* stay here with Bill last night, maybe you'll stay here with him again, but you don't *mean* anything, you'll pass, he'll get over this—disease—and he'll come back to me. I don't care, it doesn't worry me. Bill'd never marry a girl like you, you're just a passing fancy. . . ." her voice broke pathetically and she stopped.

For a long moment Yvette stared at her, at the small, heart-shaped face flushed with anger and unhappiness, then she flicked the ash from her cigarette on to the florid carpet and strolled across to the bedroom door.

"You think so," she said, evenly, before she opened the door, "but you're wrong. *Bill and I got engaged last night*," then she was gone into the bedroom as if she owned the place, and Marilyn's feet tore down the stairs as if all the fiends of hell were pursuing her.

Down in the street she could hardly see for the tears that were blinding her. She knew with that sixth sense of women that Yvette was watching her from behind the discreet lace curtains of Mrs. Wright's second floor front, so she slowed down to a slow, challenging walk and kept her pointed chin high.

She thanked God that her own digs were only twenty yards down the road and then around the corner, and her teeth bit into a coral underlip as she walked. It couldn't be true—but it was. That was the terrible part of it. The impossible had happened. It wasn't so much the fact that Bill had loved her too little and another girl too much, it was the fact that he had lied to her. . . . Bill, whom she would have trusted with her life, with her heart. . . . Bill, whom she relied upon completely and absolutely. She remembered the

him away from his fiancée if I didn't even know he had one, can he?

She wondered idly, as she lit another cigarette, whether she had frightened Marilyn off for good. It had been a sudden move of hers to come up to Bill's rooms . . . if she hadn't happened to see Marilyn's figure turning into the gate as she drove her car past the end of the road what might have happened? Would Bill have been swayed . . . was her appeal strong enough . . . or was it mere infatuation on his part?

She opened her bag and took out her cigarette case. Holding it in her hand she walked into the sitting-room to where Mrs. Wright was waiting for her, arms akimbo.

They eyed one another, warily.

"I came for this," Yvette said, coldly, displaying the case in one pink palm. "I forgot it this morning. I'm going now. You needn't tell Mr. Burke I've been here . . . need you?"

"I need," said Mrs. Wright sharply, "and I need to tell him the lies you told that poor thing about being engaged, too . . ." her voice trailed away as she saw the brown flash of a ten shilling note in Yvette's hand.

Yvette smiled a little, hearing the hesitation, she took half a crown from her bag and weighed it carefully in the other hand.

"I came back, too," she said, slowly, "to thank you for letting me sleep here last night. I forgot to leave anything for you—your chambermaid."

The implication was obvious even to Mrs. Wright's slow brain. Half a crown or half a sovereign. After all it was bad policy to interfere in love affairs. "Never come between a man and his wife," Mr. Wright had told her often, and although Mr. Burke wasn't really married, still he ought to be and no mistake. She smiled frostily: "All right, miss," she agreed, "I won't say nothing. Thank you, miss."

Yvette just had time to get down the stairs to her waiting car and to drive to the corner as Bill came into sight. She slowed down and got out to meet him.

His first impression of her was that she was much taller than he remembered and that her figure was much more exciting. She was a lovely girl, he thought, and the tiredness of the evening fell from him.

"Hanging about to kiss you good-night," she said, "my new hotel isn't so fussy about hours. Come for a ride?"

Bill grinned:

"What do you think?" he said, climbing into the car with indecent haste, "so long as there's not too much riding about it!"

There wasn't.

They parked the car beneath the sable shadow of a great elm and stabbed the darkness with the bright tips of their cigarettes. Presently two showers of sparks marked those cigarettes being thrown aside. Two slim arms closed tightly around Bill's neck and two soft lips pressed themselves hungrily against his.

And back in her room Marilyn stared with hot eyes at the ceiling, her thoughts going round and round in a cruel, recurrent circle, like a needle on a record that is cracked . . . on and on . . . monotonous . . . deadly . . . "Bill is engaged . . . unfaithful . . . you ought to hate him . . . but you don't, you love him . . . you haven't any pride . . . Bill is engaged . . . unfaithful . . ." over and over again, tormenting her.

Marilyn was tired and heavy-eyed when she climbed the steps of the Splendide for the weekly tea-dance session. She stuck her hands in the pockets of her linen suit to stop their

letter she had received by the afternoon's post. Every word seemed to be engraved on her heart: "You see, Marilyn, as a band leader's wife you would be too jealous. Look at the scene you made last night about that girl on the cliff."

She caught her breath on a sob. The scene you made last night. That meant that he had written the letter in the morning. After—after—her mind reeled away from the thought.

She felt she wouldn't have minded so much if he'd been honest with her. If he'd said he wanted to break their engagement because he had fallen suddenly and irrevocably in love with someone else. But to cheat that way. To pretend. To write those lies with another woman's kisses still damp on his lips, when the heady rapture of another woman was still fresh in his mind.

She turned in at her own gate and fumbled her way up the stairs to her room. She flung herself on the bed and then she was alone in the dark and she wept for Bill. Dry, hard sobs pushed up into her throat and choked her, tears, hot and salt-bitter stung her eyes and scalded her cheeks. She tried to hate him, but she could only hate herself for loving him still. . . .

When Marilyn had gone, Yvette leaned against the bedroom door and shook with laughter. The poor, foolish little thing. So he had been engaged to her, had he? She'd an idea about that, last night, when they came up the cliff road together. Lucky, Yvette thought, that I didn't ask him straight out. He can't think I've lured

Can infatuation ever win
through against True
Love?

Read this Gripping Serial

by

HELEN BRETT

Marilyn's whole world collapses when she hears that Bill loves another woman. But the eternal instinct in all women prevails, and she determines to fight with all her being for her man

shaking. It wasn't going to be pleasant, meeting Bill after—last night. She prayed, wildly, desperately, that he didn't know she had been to his rooms.

She changed into her long, lace afternoon frock and tied a bright ribbon over her curls. She gave herself a wide, wicked mouth with a scarlet lipstick, then she walked through the velvet curtains at the back of the band's dais and sat on the small chair behind Bill.

Her eyes were bright and her heart was a wild, fluttering thing beneath the smooth, hard shell of her apparent coolness. Mickey Dorland raised his eyebrows when he saw that she hadn't said a word to Bill. He didn't like to interfere, but on the other hand he hated to see his band on bad terms with one another.

He said, quietly, as Bill passed him to go to the microphone:

"Come in and see me before you go, Bill," and saw him nod assent.

The minutes dragged, and Marilyn sang mechanically. It seemed she was so hurt that nothing further could matter. When your whole heart was frozen up and anaesthetised with pain

girls pretend to be desperately interested in the glowing point of a cigarette as good-looking men in immaculate flannels approached their table. She saw all the panorama of a fashionable seaside hotel . . . the little hopes and disappointments . . . the budding romances . . . the holiday friendships. She saw it all and her heart was as cold and as hard as a stone.

Nothing mattered any more . . . nothing. Not the sunshine or the sea or Bill . . . no, not even Bill.

She noticed, vaguely that he went off with Mickey Dorland after the session was over. Saw their heads, Bill's black and shiny, Mickey's red and unruly, duck in unison to enter the low door of Mickey's private room. Then she went to her own room to change.

Mickey said: "Cigarette, Bill?" and pushed over a large box of mirror glass.

Bill helped himself, and held a match for Mickey.

For a moment they discussed trivialities, then Mickey dragged the conversation round to Marilyn.

"Your girl's looking a bit off colour to-day," he said, "dark circles under her eyes. Mustn't keep her out too late, fellow."

Bill grunted, and regarded his finger-nails with intense concentration, and Mickey tried not to smile. So they'd had a row, had they, and Bill wasn't going to admit it, not he. Mickey knew the signs. His mouth hardened. He certainly knew the signs. His own life wasn't too peaceful, not by a long chalk. Almost without realising he started to tell Bill that he wasn't the only man with troubles.

"Queer fish, women," he said, thoughtfully, "I've never been able to understand them. Take my own girl now, not that it's the same thing as you and Marilyn, we're not engaged. I wouldn't marry her because well . . ." he frowned, "there's some awful sort of fascination about her, Bill. I know I don't love her, not the way you'd love the woman you married and had kids by, but she gets me all het up when she treats me casually."

you like ninepins. Different with a chap like me funny face I've got, that's all. Can't be good looking with ginger hair and freckles. What ought I to do?"

Bill looked surreptitiously at his wrist watch. He was meeting Yvette for a late tea at half past six. The hands showed twenty five minutes past already.

"I'd cool off too," he said, "look Mickey, do you mind if I run. Got a date."

Mickey said: "Course not," but he did mind. He minded a lot. It was a good thing to talk things over, still, why should young Burke worry about his band leader's problems anyway?

He met Marilyn, changed into her white linen suit with the discreet dashes of navy blue about the collar, as he followed Bill out of the room. Bill walked fast down the corridor like a man with a purpose and Mickey saw Marilyn flush.

He linked his arm through hers, "He'll get over it, kid," he said, "tell uncle Mickey all about it."

Bill tore up the stairs to his room and there she was sitting on the shiny, horsehair sofa, flipping through the pages of a radio magazine.

She looked at the clock. "Late, darling," she said, holding up her mouth for his kiss.

"Got talking to Mickey," he told her, "and he went on and on and on."

She moved away from him sharply, "What'd he talk about," she said.

"Oh, some dame of his who was cutting dates, so what?"

"Tell you her name?" she asked, beautifully casual.

"No," he told her, "didn't even know he had a girl. He's a dark horse, old Mick." He took her in his arms, "Don't want tea," he whispered into her hair, "I want kisses, beautiful, lots and lots of them . . ."

She leaned back against the high old-fashioned arm of the sofa and regarded him through half-shut lids. Her lashes made dark half-moons on her cheeks and her mouth was a delight and a promise.

He kissed her passionately, and his arms were hard and demanding.

"Oh, Bill," she breathed, "darling . . . kiss me, and never stop. Bill, I love you so . . . I'll always want your kisses."

There was no sound in the drab little room except the ticking of the marble clock on the over-decorated mantelpiece.

Neither of them heard the door open, and Mickey Dorland's voice came to them suddenly, harsh and unreal.

"When Marilyn told me you had given her up for a blonde in a red sports car, Burke," he said, "I had a pretty good idea who that blonde was."

He was across the room in three long strides and his hand on Bill's shoulder tightened unbearably. He wrenched Bill up from the sofa, and forced him round to face him.

"You dirty, double-crossing little rat," he said, "you may be a good crooner but you're a mess as a man. I'll share the profits of my band with you any day but I'm darned if I'll share my girl-friend."

★ *What will happen now? Will Mickey believe that Bill did not know about his romance with Yvette? How will it all end? Don't miss next week's concluding instalment*

NEXT WEEK

Ideal August Bank Holiday reading for home, beach or river is next week's "RADIO PICTORIAL"



Two slim arms closed tightly around Bill's neck, and two soft lips pressed themselves hungrily against his

it didn't matter if you sang harmony with the man you loved. It didn't matter. Your lips sang, while your heads almost touched:

"There's a small hotel,
Near a wishing well;
I wish that we were there . . . together."
But it didn't matter any more. The words were empty, meaningless, and your voice seemed to sing in spite of yourself. It was even amusing to watch the dark flush rise on Bill's cheekbones as he crooned beside you, those intimate, romantic words. She watched the dancers as she sang, saw a young, blonde boy kiss his young, dark partner briefly on the ear when he thought no one was looking. She saw lovely, sun-tanned

He drew deeply on his cigarette and Bill leaned forward eagerly. Thank God, he thought, Mickey's got off Marilyn. Not that he was ashamed at having broken his engagement, but the blokes all liked her so, they might cold shoulder Yvette when they knew

"And does she treat you casually?" he asked, feigning tremendous interest.

Mickey grinned suddenly and charmingly.

"Does she hell! She couldn't be parted from me when we started down here. Came down too and now suddenly she's cutting dates. She used to come in and meet me every night and now she says she's tired. What's the idea, Bill? You ought to know all about women, you're tall and handsome and sunburned," he dodged the fist Bill threatened him with, "and women fall for

All characters in this serial are fictitious. Music on opposite page printed by kind permission of Cinephonic Music Co., the publishers



James Melton, singing film star, is heard in Horlicks Picture House on Sunday at 4 p.m.



Also in Horlicks Picture House, beautiful Patricia Ellis, peppiast of American song and dance girls.

SUNDAY, JULY 25

- 8.15 a.m.** REQUEST PROGRAMME
- 9.0 a.m.** STATION CONCERT
- 9.15 a.m.** MASTER O.K.—THE SAUCY BOY. Gypsy Violin, O'Flynn; She's a Latin from Manhattan, Dublin; Cuban Pete, Norman; Lady, Sing Your Gypsy Song, Damerell.—Concert presented by the makers of Mason's O.K. Sauce.
- 9.30 a.m.** BRIAN LAWRENCE AND HIS MELODY FOUR. Do Something; I'm in the Market for You, Hanley; It Ain't Gonna Rain No More; Underneath the Arches, Allen; Shuffle Off to Buffalo, Warren.—Presented by Keatings.
- 9.45 a.m.** ALFREDO CAMPOLI AND HIS ORCHESTRA. Talk by Nurse Johnson on Child Problems. Stephanie Gavotte, Cibulka; Poppies, Moret; Castles in Spain Ancliffe; Gypsy Moon, Borganoff.—Presented by California Syrup of Figs, 179 Acton Vale, W.3.
- 10.0 a.m.** OLD SALTY AND HIS ACCORDION. To-day: Old Salty has a thrilling time when captured by Red Indians. Nancy Lee, Adams; Il Bacio, Arditi; Green-eyed Dragon, Charles; Dolores, Bill; Uncle Joe.—Presented by Rowntree's Cocoa.
- 10.15 a.m.** CARSON ROBISON AND HIS PIONEERS. Sometimes I'm Happy, Youmans; Adjectives, Carson Robison; Polly Wolly Doodle; Little Buckaroo; Smoky Mountain Bill, Carson Robison; Let the Rest of the World Go By, Brewer.—Presented by Thos. Hedley & Co., Ltd., Newcastle-on-Tyne, makers of Oxydol.
- 10.30 a.m.** PROGRAMME OF MUSIC Presented by the makers of Freezeone.

KEATING'S KILLS-

and Now

KEATING'S CALLS

from

RADIO LUXEMBOURG EVERY SUNDAY

at 4.30 a.m.

OUR SIGNATURE TUNE 'A HUNTING WE WILL GO'

DON'T MISS IT

KEATING'S

THE WORLD-FAMOUS INSECTICIDE



Singer and comedian, Harry Richman, in Rinso Music Hall, Sunday at 6.30 p.m.

- 10.45 a.m.** MUSICAL MENU Elizabeth Craig, the famous cookery expert, gives you free advice while her old friend, Mrs. Jean Scott, is on holiday. There's No Two Ways About It, McHugh; Alice Blue Gown, McCarthy; I Saw Stars.—Presented by Brown & Polson's.
- 11.0 a.m.** ELEVENISES WITH GERALDO AND DIPLOMA. Where Are You, McHugh; Delyse, Nicholls; Shall We Dance Selection, Gershwin.—Presented by the makers of Diploma.
- 11.15 a.m.** THE OPEN ROAD Darling of the Guards, Meshill; Hand in Hand, Pola; Anchors Aweigh, Zimmerman; Betty Co-ed, Vallee; Entry of the Gladiators, Fucik.—Presented by Carter's Little Liver Pills, London, E.C.1.
- 11.30 a.m.** LUXEMBOURG RELIGIOUS TALK (in French).
- 12.0 a.m.** THE CALVERT CAVALCADE OF SPORT.—Presented by Calvert's Tooth Powder.
- 12.15 a.m.** ORCHARD VARIETY With Marius B. Winter and His Orchestra and their guest artistes, Kenway and Young. Across the Great Divide, Box; On the Trail Where the Sun Hangs Low, Kennedy; Valley of Laughter, Sanderson; Cowboy, Carr; Cowboy's Wedding Day, Noel.—Presented by Rowntree's Fruit Gums and Pastilles.
- 12.30 p.m.** MUSIC OF YOUR DREAMS A Mosaic in Melody. My Song Goes Round the World, Hans May; Rustle of Spring, Sinding; When the Great Red Dawn is Shining; Softly Awakes My Heart, Saint-Saens; Rag-time Cowboy Joe, Trad.; Deep in My Heart, Romberg; Carolina Moon; All Through the Night; Wedding of the Painted Doll, Brown; Oh for a Night in Bohemia; You're the One I Care For, Link and Gray; Kiss Me, Coward; To-day I Feel So Happy, Abraham; Love Could I Only Tell Thee, Capel; Avalon; An Old Violin; Swanee; She is Far from the Land, Lambert; Tie a String Around Your Finger, Hughes; Passing By, Purcell; I'm Sitting, High on a Hill-top; Gipsy Moon Waltz, Borganoff; Stardust, Carmichael; Love Here is My Heart; Beyond the Blue Horizon; Without a Song.—Presented by Irish Hospitals' Trust, Ltd.
- 1.0 p.m.** PRINCESS MARGUERITE PROGRAMME. Music by Grant Hughes and His Orchestra. Introducing Princess Marguerite All-Purpose Cream.—Made by Theron, Perivale, Greenford, Middlesex.
- 1.30 p.m.** OVALTINE PROGRAMME OF MELODY AND SONG.—Presented by the makers of Ovaltine.

LISTEN TO RADIO

Information supplied by Wireless Publicity, Ltd., of Electra House, Victoria Embankment, London, W.C.2, Sole Agents for Radio Luxembourg in the United Kingdom. Chief Announcer: Mr. Ogden Smith. Assistant Announcer: Mr. Charles Maxwell.

- 2.0 p.m.** THE KRAFT SHOW Directed by Billy Cotton, with Alan Breeze and Peter Dawson. Over My Shoulder, Woods; Cows in the Meadow, Cotton; Liebestraum, Lissi; Home James, Hillebrand; Yours Truly, Olman; Girl from Armentiers, Bullenouch.—Presented by the Kraft Cheese Co., Ltd., Hayes, Middlesex.
- 2.30 p.m.** YOUR OLD FRIEND DAN Flag That Train to Alabam, Richmond; Stardust, Carmichael; Why Start Slimming, Haines; Mr. Ghost Goes to Town, Hudson; Give Me the Spice of Life, North.—Presented by S. C. Johnson & Son, Ltd., the makers of Johnson's Glo-Coat.
- 2.45 p.m.** MUSICAL MOODS Featuring Lee Sims and Ilomay Bailey.—Presented by Thos. Hedley & Co., Ltd., Newcastle-on-Tyne, makers of Fairy Soap.
- 3.0 p.m.** MORTON DOWNEY The Golden Voice of Radio. When I'm With You, Revel; No Regrets, Tobias; Sylvia, Speaks; You Turned the Tables on Me, Aker; Pennies From Heaven, Burke.—Presented by Thos. Hedley & Co., Ltd., Newcastle-on-Tyne, makers of Drene Shampoo.
- 3.15 p.m.** THE ANDREWS LIVER SALT PROGRAMME. Directed by Jay Wilbur. Featuring the Gresham Singers and Frederic Bayco at the organ. Let's Call the Whole Thing Off, Gershwin; Wedding of the Painted Doll, Brown; Dear Little Shamrock, arr. Gresham; All Alone in Vienna, Towers.—Presented by Andrew's Liver Salts.
- 3.30 p.m.** BLACK MAGIC A programme of dance music. Gonna Get
- 6.0 p.m.** UP-TO-THE-MINUTE RHYTHM MUSIC. Ambrose and His Orchestra, with Evelyn Dall, Sam Browne, Max Bacon, and Leslie Carew.—Presented by the makers of Lifebuoy Toilet Soap.
- 6.30 p.m.** RINSO RADIO MUSIC HALL Master of Ceremonies, Edwin Styles. Featuring Aileen Stanley, Moreton and Kay, Rudy Starita, Una May Carlisle, and Harry Richman. With Rinso Music Hall Orchestra.—Presented by the makers of Rinso, Unilever House, Blackfriars, E.C.4.
- 7.0 p.m.** DR. FU MANCHU, by Sax Rohmer. No. 34—The Shadow Army. A further episode in the Timeless War between the famous criminal investigator, Nayland Smith, and Dr. Fu Manchu, arch-enemy of the Orient. Cast: Dr. Fu Manchu, Frank Cochrane; Nayland Smith, D. A. Clarke Smith; Dr. Petrie, Gordon MacLeod; Sir Lionel Barton, Arthur Young; Kennedy, Vernon Kelso; Karamanek, Rani Waller; Mrs. Oram, Thea Rae; Dr. Hamilton, Vernon Kelso; Voice, Arthur Young.—Presented by the makers of Milk of Magnesia, 179 Acton Vale, W.3.
- 7.15 p.m.** EDDIE POLA AND HIS TWISTED TUNES.—Presented by the makers of Hudson's Soap.
- 7.30 p.m.** WALTZ TIME With Billy Bissett and His Waltz Time Orchestra, Pat Hyde, Sam Costa, and the Waltz Timers. Vienna, You've Stolen My Heart, Vienna; World is Waiting for the Sunrise, Setts; Ramona, Wayne; L'Estudiantina, Waldteufel; Good Night, Sweetheart, Noble.—Presented by the makers of Phillips Dental Magnesia.
- 7.45 p.m.** DINNER AT EIGHT Enid Stamp Taylor introduces "My Friends the Stars," Adele Dixon, and Patrick Waddington, with Anne De Nys and John Ridlay at the Grand Pianos, with the C. & B. Dance Band, directed by Sydney Lipton. Under Your Spell, Schwartz; Quaker City Jass, Savitt; Boo Hoo, Loeb; Doing the Suzi Q, Coats; Let's Put Our Heads Together, Arland; Sitting on the Moon, Seft; Twinkle Twinkle Little Star, Oakland.—Presented by Crosse and Blackwell's.
- 8.0 p.m.** PALMOLIVE PROGRAMME With Olive Palmer and Paul Oliver. If the World Were Mine; Reading from Left to Right; They Can't Take that Away From Me, Gershwin; Caravan; Romance Medley, Various; Slap That Bass, Gershwin; Marigold, Mayerl; Making Up a Song; They All Laughed, Gershwin; Fraidy Cat.—Presented by Palmolive.
- 8.30 p.m.** LUXEMBOURG NEWS (in French).
- 9.0 p.m.** OLD TIME MUSIC HALL Impersonations of Marie Lloyd, Vesta Victoria, Gus Elen, Harry Fragon, Harry Lester, etc., etc., by Bertha Wilmot, Muriel Farquhar and Fred Douglas.—Presented by Macleans, Ltd.
- 9.15 p.m.** BEECHAM'S REUNION With Jack Payne and His Band and their guest artist Gordon Little. Compered by



Rudy Starita, maestro of the xylophone, is another name on the Rinso Music Hall Bill.

- a Girl, Simon; Sweet is the Word, Robin; Excuse Me, Lady, Leslie; Melody For Two, Warren; And So I Married the Girl, Seft.—Presented by Black Magic Chocolates.
- 3.45 p.m.** JOHN GOODWOOD ON THE COTY PROGRAMME. A new programme of haunting melodies, beauty information, and John Goodwood, astrologer and student of the stars, who will tell you how the planets shape your destiny. I'll See You Again, Coward; Drink to Me Only, Trad.; Good Night, Lovely Little Lady, Gordon.—Presented by Coty (England), Ltd.
- 4.0 p.m.** THE HORLICKS PICTURE HOUSE. With Debroy Somers and Company. Starring Jack Cooper, Florence Oldham, Helen Raymond, Bert Yarlett and the voices of Patricia Ellis and James Melton.—Presented by Horlick's, Slough, Bucks.
- 5.0 p.m.** RAY OF SUNSHINE PROGRAMME. Compered by Christopher Stone.—Presented by the makers of Phillips' Tonic Yeast and Betox.
- 5.30 p.m.** THE OVALTINEYS Entertainment especially broadcast for the League of Ovaltineys, with songs and stories by the Ovaltineys and Harry Hemsley. Accompanied by the Ovaltineys Orchestra.—Presented by the makers of Ovaltine.



Billy Bissett and his Waltztimers bring you sweet melody on Monday at 8 a.m.

LUXEMBOURG

1,293 metres

Get the Luxembourg Habit—and tune-in to 1,293 metres on Sundays and Weekdays for the best that Variety offers, high spirited, happy-go-lucky programmes that bring you never-failing entertainment.

- Christopher Stone.—Presented by the makers of Beecham's Pills and Dr. Cassell's Tablets.
- 9.45 p.m. **THE COLGATE REVELLERS** With Plenty of Money and You, Warren; Heat Wave, Berlin; Let's Call the Whole Thing Off, Gershwin; Alibi Baby; Shall We Dance, Gershwin.—Programme presented by Colgate Ribbon Dental and Shaving Cream.
- 10.0 p.m. **POND'S SERENADE TO Beauty.** A programme for lovers.—Presented by Pond's Extract Co., Ltd., Perivale, Middlesex.
- 10.30 p.m. **A QUESTION OF TASTE** Introduced by the Western Brothers.—Presented by the makers of Quaker Corn-flakes.
- 10.45 p.m. **Austen Croom-Johnson's SOFT LIGHTS AND SWEET MUSIC** May I Have the Next Romance, Revel; Butterfly in the Rain, Myers; Chanson Hindu, Korsakov; Star Dust, Carmichael.—Presented by the makers of Pepsodent Tooth Paste.
- 11.0 p.m. **RHYME WITH REASON** A musical programme in a new style, with Marius B. Winter's Seven Swingers, The Three Heron Sisters and The Two Black Notes.—Presented by Bille Beans.
- 11.15 p.m. **SWEET MELODIES** Played by Al Shaw and His Twenty Strings. Here Lies Love; Pagan Love Song, Fred; Kashmiri Love Song, Finden; Where the Shy Little Violets Grow; Someday I'll Find You, Coward; Brother Can You Spare a Dime; Traumeri, Schumann; If I Had a Girl Like You.—Presented by the makers of Zam-Buk.
- 11.30 to 12.0 **REQUEST PROGRAMME**

- 9.0 a.m. **SMILE AWHILE** Programme of musical humour.
- 9.30 a.m. **VARIETY**
- 10.0 a.m. **STATION CONCERT**
- 10.15 to 10.30 a.m. **REQUEST PROGRAMME**
- 3.30 p.m. **CONCERT OF LIGHT ORCHESTRAL MUSIC**
- 4.0 p.m. **THE DANSANT**
- 4.30 p.m. **SWING MUSIC**
- 4.45 p.m. **ALFREDO CAMPOLI AND HIS ORCHESTRA.** Talk by Nurse Johnson on Child Problems. Suite: The Doll's House; Knave of Diamonds.—Presented by California Syrup of Figs, 179 Acton Vale, W.3.
- 5.0 p.m. **BORWICK'S LEMON BARLEY CONCERT.** Carelessly, Kenny and Ellis; Medley of Stephen Foster Melodies, Part I, arr. Anton and Myddleton; Old Folks at Home; Oh, Susanna; My Old Kentucky Home; Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground; Love Live for Ever, F. Lehár, A. P. Herbert; Credimi, Mascheroni.—Presented by Geo. Borwick & Sons, Ltd.
- 5.15 p.m. **BEAUTY AND MELODY** A programme of sweet and lovely melodies played by Brian Lawrance and The Three Ginx, with a talk on beauty by Lady Betty Bourke.—Sponsored by Elfrida Perfumery Co., Rawden, Leeds.
- 6.30 p.m. **REQUEST PROGRAMME**
- 6.45 to 7.0 p.m. **FILM STARS ON PARADE**

IN THE RINSO RADIO MUSIC HALL THIS SUNDAY AT 6.30

LUXEMBOURG-NORMANDY [TRANSMISSION FOR NORMANDY ARRANGED THROUGH THE INTERNATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY LIMITED]



HARRY RICHMAN

AILEEN STANLEY

MORTON and KAYE

RUDY STARITA

UNA MAE CARLISLE

COMPÈRED BY EDWIN STYLES

SUNDAY, AUG. 1ST AT 6.30



NELLIE WALLACE

WESTERN BROS

TURNER LAYTON

LEON CORTEZ AND HIS COSTER BAND

BOB & ALF PEARSON

RUDY STARITA

COMPÈRED BY EDWIN STYLES

RINSO RADIO MUSIC HALL

R 2409-143

R.S. HUDSON LIMITED, LONDON

MONDAY, JULY 26

- 8.0 a.m. **WALTZ TIME** With Billy Bissett and his Waltz Time Orchestra. Anita Hart, Eddie Lee and the Waltz Timers. Dancing in the Firelight, de Lettre; Pal of My Cradle Days, Papanados; When It's Springtime in the Rockies, Sawyer; Vienna Life, Strauss; Three o'clock in the Morning, Robledo.—Presented by Phillip's Dental Magnesia, 179 Acton Vale, W.3.
- 8.15 a.m. **HORLICKS MUSIC IN THE MORNING.** Wake Up and Sing, Friend; Sing Before Breakfast, Brown; Tea for Two, Youmans; Beyond the Blue Horizon, Robin Whitting; One, Two Button Your Shoe, Burke; I've Got Rhythm, Gershwin; Little Bit Independent, Burke; From the Top of Your Head; It's Got To Be Love.—Presented by Horlick's, Slough, Bucks.
- 8.30 a.m. **DANCE MUSIC**
- 8.45 a.m. **THE OPEN ROAD** Blaze Away, Holtzmann; Jolly Good Company, Wallace; Scottish March; King Cotton, Sousa; Valencia, Padilla.—Presented by Carter's Little Liver Pills, 64 Hatton Garden, E.C.1.



Marius B. Winter, maestro of "Orchard Variety" on Sunday at 12.15 p.m., and "Rhyme with Reason," Sunday at 11 p.m.

TUESDAY, JULY 27

- 8.0 a.m. **HILDEGARDE** —the most fascinating personality of 1937. We Haven't a Moment to Lose, Burke; Sweet Leilani, Owens; There's Something in the Air, McHugh; Handsome Young Soldier, Pola; Love is Good for Anything That Ails You, Friend.—Presented by Phillip's Dental Magnesia, 179 Acton Vale, W.3.
- 8.15 a.m. **8.15 AND ALL'S WELL** Featuring Browning and Starr. Way Down Yonder in New Orleans, Layton; Carry Me Back to Green Pastures, Pepper; The King's Horses, Gay; Words Are in My Heart, Warren; Is It True What They Say About Dixie, Marks.—Presented by the makers of Alka-Seltzer.
- 8.30 a.m. **CROONERS**
- 8.45 a.m. **THE IRON OX PROGRAMME** Fifteen fascinating minutes of melody and song. That Foolish Feeling, McHugh; You Are My Lucky Star, Lehár; Let's Be Gay; From the Top of Your Head, Woods; I Can't Lose That Longing for You, Greer.—Presented by Pharmacol Laboratories, makers of Iron-Ox Brand Tablets.
- 9.0 a.m. **LUCKY DIP** (Please turn to next page)



"Your Old Friend Dan," Lyle Evans. Hear him on Sunday at 2.30 p.m., and Thursday, 4.30 p.m.

LISTEN TO RADIO LUXEMBOURG

1,293 metres

(Continued from preceding page)



Eddie Pola in a new series of "Twisted Tunes," Sunday, 7.15 p.m.

9.15 to 9.30 a.m. FOUR KOLYNOS SMILES. Where is the Sun, David; Toscy Tostee, Williams; Here Comes To-morrow, Astman; Round the Bend of the Road, Klenner; I'm Whistling For My Honey.—Presented by the makers of Kolynos Dental Cream.

10.15 to 10.30 a.m. REQUEST PROGRAMME

3.30 p.m. CONCERT OF MUSIC by the Radio Luxembourg Station Orchestra directed by Henri Pensis.

4.0 p.m. MILTON'S TEA TIME TALKS With Gil Chard.—Presented by Milton Antiseptic, John Milton House, London.

4.30 p.m. THE ANSWER'S A LEMBAR Programme presented by the makers of Lembar Barley Water.

4.45 p.m. WALTZ TIME With Billy Bissett and his Waltz Time Orchestra. Anita Hart, Eddie Lee and the Waltz Timers. Jeannine, I Dream of Lilac Time, Skilred; Daisy Bell, Dacre; I'm Still in Love With You, Sweetheart, Edwards; Waves of Danube, Ivanocci; When Your Hair Has Turned to Silver, Burke.—Presented by Phillip's Dental Magnesia.

5.0 p.m. STATION CONCERT

5.15 to 5.30 p.m. MUSICAL ALPHABET.

6.30 p.m. REQUEST PROGRAMME

6.45 to 7.0 p.m. ALT CAR'S RADIO REVIEW. Latest Greyhound Racing News. Gossip and form in this evening's programme.—Presented by Altcar.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 28

8.0 a.m. WALTZ TIME With Billy Bissett and His Orchestra, Anita Hart, Eddie Lee and the Waltz Timers. Blue Danube, Strauss; Delyse, Nicholls; When Irish Eyes are Smiling, Ball; I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles, Kellee; Missouri Waltz, Logan; Meet Me To-night in Dreamland, Friedman.—Presented by the makers of Phillip's Dental Magnesia, 179, Acton Vale, W.3.

8.15 a.m. HORLICKS IN THE MORNING. Wake Up and Sing, Friend; The Sun Has Got His Hat On, Butler; Sing Something in the Morning, Brodsky; Keep Your Sunny Side Up, De Sylva; Everything's in Rhythm With My Heart, Sigler; When You're Smiling, Shay; Ooh, That Kiss; I've got a Thing About You, Waller; It's a Great Life if You Don't Weaken, Whiting.—Presented by Horlicks, Slough, Bucks.



Pretty Rita Cave sings in Horlick's "Music in the Morning" series.

8.30 a.m. STATION CONCERT

8.45 a.m. SOLO INSTRUMENTS

9.0 a.m. VOICES OF THE STARS Present Greta Keller, The famous Viennese star of radio and gramophone records. Vienna, City of My Dreams, Steczynski; I Love You Very Much, Madame, Carr; For All We Know, Coots; A Little Ramble in Springtime; When I Learnt French; In a Little Gipsy Tearoom, Leslie, Burke.—Sponsored by Rowntree's, the makers of Chocolate Crisp.

9.15 a.m. MILITARY MUSIC

9.30 a.m. OLIVER KIMBALL The Record Spinner.—Programme presented by Bisurated Magnesia.

9.45 a.m. RADIO FAVOURITES Tell Me, Pretty Maiden, Stuart; Choristers Waltz, Phelps; When Irish Eyes are Smiling, Ball; Champagne Waltz Selection, Various.—Presented by Brooke Bond Dividend Tea.

10.0 a.m. STATION CONCERT

10.15 to 10.30 a.m. REQUEST PROGRAMME.

3.30 p.m. CONCERT OF LIGHT ORCHESTRAL MUSIC.

4.0 p.m. TEA TIME CABARET

4.30 p.m. FAMOUS ARTISTES AND MELODIES

4.45 p.m. DR. FU MANCHU No. 2, The Clue of the Pigtail. Cast: Fu Manchu, Frank Cochran; Nayland Smith, D. A. Clarke Smith; Dr. Petrie, Jack Lambert; Weymouth, Arthur Young; Karamanek, Pamela Titheradge; Calby and other characters, Arthur Young.—Presented by the makers of Milk of Magnesia.

5.0 to 5.30 p.m. NOT SO VERY OLD FAVOURITES.

6.30 p.m. REQUEST PROGRAMME

6.45 to 7.0 p.m. THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES.

THURSDAY, JULY 29

8.0 a.m. WALTZ TIME With Billy Bissett and His Orchestra, Anita Hart, Eddie Lee and the Waltz Timers. My Hero, O. Strauss; Seal It With a Kiss, Schwartz; On Miami's Shore; Destiny; Down by the Old Mill Stream.—Presented by Phillip's Dental Magnesia.

8.15 a.m. HORLICKS MUSIC IN THE MORNING. Wake Up and Sing, Friend; Singin' in the Bath Tub; Singin' in the Rain, Friend; Over on the Sunny Side, Flynn; No Strings, Berlin; Crazy Rhythm, Meyer; Head Over Heels in Love, Revel; Never Say Never Again, Wood; I'm in Love Again, Simon.—Presented by Horlicks, Slough, Bucks.

8.30 a.m. THE OPEN ROAD Radio, Pecking; Everything's in Rhythm With My Heart, Sigler; Garde Republicaine; National Emblem; Changing of the Guard, Jetsam.—Presented by the makers of Carter's Little Liver Pills.

8.45 a.m. VARIETY PROGRAMME

9.15 a.m. STATION CONCERT

9.30 a.m. MUSICAL MENU Elizabeth Craig, the famous cookery expert, gives you free advice while her old friend Mrs. Jean Scott is on holiday. Summer Night, Warren; Valse Bluette, Drigo; I Only Have Eyes For You, Warren.—Presented by the makers of Brown & Polson's Cornflour.

9.45 a.m. SWING MUSIC

10.0 a.m. STATION CONCERT

10.15 to 10.30 a.m. REQUEST PROGRAMME.

3.30 p.m. CONCERT OF LIGHT ORCHESTRAL MUSIC.

4.0 p.m. MILTON TEA TIME TALK With Gil Chard. A fascinating programme of words and music.—Presented by Milton Antiseptic, John Milton House, London, N.

4.30 p.m. YOUR OLD FRIEND DAN Singing his way into the home. On a Little Dream Ranch, Hill; Dance la Pasche, Clark; Dancing in the Dark, Schwartz; Rose Room, Hickman; Sweet Muchacha, Ager.—Presented by S. C. Johnson & Son, Ltd., makers of Johnson's Wax Polish.

4.45 p.m. SONGS AND SENTIMENT A programme of piano and vocal duets.—Presented for your entertainment by the makers of Danderine.

5.0 to 5.30 p.m. SMILE AWHILE

6.30 p.m. REQUEST PROGRAMME

6.45 to 7.0 p.m. ALT CAR'S RADIO REVIEW. Latest Greyhound Racing News. Gossip and form on this evening's programme.—Presented by Altcar.



Peter Dawson, guest artiste with the Kraft Show, at 2 p.m., Sunday.

FRIDAY, JULY 30

8.0 a.m. HILDEGARDE The most fascinating personality of 1937. Goodnight, My Love, Revel; One in a Million, Alter; Was It Rain? Hirsch; Melody for Two, Warren; Mood I'm In, Al.—Presented by Phillip's Dental Magnesia.

8.15 a.m. RECORD REVIEW Programme of popular melodies chosen by Donald Watt.—Presented by the makers of Do-Do.

8.30 a.m. CHIVERS' CONCERT Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 2, Liszt; Deep in My Heart, Dear, Romberg; Shenadoah; Lane Wilson Melodies, Various.—Presented by Chivers & Sons, Ltd.

8.45 a.m. SINGING JOE There's a Tavern in the Town; A Brown Bird Singing; What are We Gonna Do With Baby; Lighterman Tom; Mountains o' Mourne.—Presented by the makers of Sanpic, Reckitt's & Sons, Ltd., Hull.

9.0 a.m. GOOD MORNING NEIGHBOUR Reckitt's Bath Cubes programme. Featuring the Three Admirals, Betty Dale, and Bill Bowness. Here Comes To-morrow, Actman; I'm Gonna Change My Blackbird, Ingram; They All Laughed, Gershwin; All's Fair in Love and War, Warren; Snow Fairies, Lowry.—Presented by Reckitt's and Sons, Ltd., Hull.

9.15 a.m. COUNTRYSIDE A musical panorama of our glorious country highways and byways, featuring Simon the Singer, and the Carnation Countryside Quintet. Minuet (Merrie England), German; Haymakers' Dance, King; Valsette, Crooke; Come Ye Back to Bonnie Scotland, Hall; Where My Caravan Has Rested, Lohr; Rose in the Bud, Forster.—Presented by Carnation Milk—The Milk From Contented Cows.

9.30 a.m. PROGRAMME OF POPULAR MUSIC.—Presented by Freezone.

9.45 a.m. BROOKE BOND CONCERT Nola, Herbert; Pirates of Penzance—Seln, Sullivan; Merry Peasant, Schumann; Bolero, Ravel.—Presented by Brooke Bond Dividend Tea.

10.0 a.m. STATION CONCERT

10.15 to 10.30 a.m. REQUEST PROGRAMME

3.30 p.m. CONCERT OF MUSIC By the Radio Luxembourg Station Orchestra, directed by Henri Pensis.

4.0 p.m. WHIRL OF THE WALTZ

4.30 p.m. STATION CONCERT

4.45 p.m. ALFREDO CAMPOLI AND HIS ORCHESTRA. Talk by Nurse Johnson on Child Problems. Melody in F; Daffodil Dance; Under the Balcony; Bos'n Bill.—Presented by California Syrup of Figs, 179, Acton Vale, W.3.

5.0 p.m. STATION CONCERT

5.15 to 5.30 p.m. MUSICAL ALPHABET

6.30 p.m. REQUEST PROGRAMME

6.45 to 7.0 p.m. SWING MUSIC

11.0 p.m. DANCING TIME

12.0 a.m. PRINCESS MARGUERITE Programme of music.—Presented by Theron Laboratories, Perivale, Middx.

12.30 to 1.0 a.m. LATE DANCE MUSIC

SATURDAY, JULY 31

8.0 a.m. ALFREDO CAMPOLI AND HIS ORCHESTRA. Talk by Nurse Johnson on Child Problems. Fiddlers at the Forge, Ives; Where the Woods are Green, Brodsky; Floral Dance, Moss; Musical Box, Heykens.—Presented by California Syrup of Figs, 179, Acton Vale, W.3.

8.15 a.m. HORLICKS MUSIC IN THE MORNING. Wake Up and Sing, Friend; Wear a Top of the Morning Smile, Wallace; Smile, Darn You, Smile, O'Flynn; Best Things in Life are Free, Brown; Put on Your Old Grey Bonnet, Murphy; Polka Dot Swing; Looking Around Corners for You; High and Low, Schwartz; I'm Sitting High on a Hilltop, Johnson.—Presented by Horlick's, Slough, Bucks.

8.30 a.m. SUNNY JIM'S programme of FORCE AND MELODY. Childhood Memories, arr. Somers; Halfway Down, A. A. Milne; Ride a Cock Horse; Dickory, Dickory Dock; Teddy Bear's Picnic, Bratton.—Presented by A. C. Fincken & Co.

8.45 a.m. VARIETY PROGRAMME

9.15 a.m. MUSIC FROM THE CLASSICS

9.30 a.m. MUSICAL MENU Elizabeth Craig, the famous cookery expert, gives you free advice while her old friend Mrs. Jean Scott is on holiday. Rainbow on the River, Lover, Stay as Sweet as You Are.—Presented by Brown & Polson's.

9.45 a.m. MUSICAL MELODIES

10.0 to 10.30 a.m. SURPRISE ITEM

3.30 p.m. CONCERT OF LIGHT ORCHESTRAL MUSIC

4.0 p.m. THÉ DANSANT

4.30 p.m. SONGS FROM THE FILMS HILDEGARDE The most fascinating personality of 1937. Alone in Vienna; Carelessly, Ellis; Melancholy Baby, Romberg; September in the Rain, Dublin; April in Paris, Harburg.—Presented by Phillip's Milk of Magnesia.

5.0 p.m. FOUR KOLYNOS SMILES Presented by the makers of Kolynos Dental Cream.

5.15 to 5.30 p.m. COLOURED ARTISTES.

6.30 p.m. REQUEST PROGRAMME

6.45 to 7.0 p.m. ALT CAR'S RADIO REVIEW. Latest Greyhound Racing News. Gossip and form on this evening's programme.—Presented by Altcar.

11.0 to 1.0 a.m. DANCING TIME

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STAR WHO STUDIES THE STARS

John Goodwood, astrologer and student of the stars, is featured in the new Coty programme from Radio Luxembourg at 3.45 p.m. every Sunday. He is supported by the Coty Quintet, led by JAY WILBUR, whose programme "Melody in the Sky" is a popular feature with the B.B.C.

By JOHN GOODWOOD

MANY people would call me a fortune-teller. In a loose sort of way they are right. But one thing I should like to make quite clear from the beginning. I am not a prophet. I can't tell you whether you are going to marry a dark man or a fair one; or that somebody with a name beginning with X is going to bring you news that will make you a millionaire. Neither for that matter can anybody else. I can't tell you what you are going to do, but I do claim I can tell you what you should do.

Before I decided to devote my life to astrology I spent many years studying the work of astrologers, palmists and all kinds of people connected with the occult sciences. The majority at least believed they were genuine, though some would frankly admit in private that they didn't know the difference between a horoscope and a gyroscope. I have read all sorts of books on the occult sciences, and met many scientists famous in other fields, who were far from sceptical of this oldest and least known of the sciences. I have talked to clairvoyants and had many queer experiences at seances—some of them extremely impressive, some of them just laughable.

All the way through I have been perfectly honest with myself. I have tried to make up my mind whether the knowledge I have is just so much hokum—sufficient to amuse my friends; or whether there is something more in it—something that can be of real assistance to the great mass of men and women.

After many years' study I came to the conclusion that whilst there were charlatans and tricksters in fortune-telling, as there are in every walk of life, it was a genuine science, for which I happened to be born with a peculiar gift. If I had not come to this conclusion, I can assure you I should never think of giving these broadcast talks of mine.

I am an astrologer, a student of the stars. I am also interested in physiognomy (the study of faces), phrenology (the study of heads), palmistry (the study of hands). I am interested in these other "ologies" because I have proved by experience that they all help you to understand people better. This is really only common experience. You know for yourself how you can usually judge people by their appearance. People with the same kind of eyes, the same tilt to their nose, or the same-shaped head, tend to be similar in character.

But my chief interest is in astrology, the science which deals with the connection between a person's birth and the position of the stars at the time.

Astrology had its birth, of course, long before the beginning of civilisation. Most of the early religions



Jay Wilbur provides a melodious background to a new programme

were based on the movements of the planets, and the priests were first and foremost astrologers.

Now, don't get the idea that an astrologer lives in an atmosphere of incense and black cats, muttering mumbo-jumbo phrases, and occasionally whisking off in the dead of night on an old broom-handle. Horoscopes are cast by mathematics, not magic. The early astrologers, besides being the religious leaders of the people, were the fathers of mathematics. The astrologers first taught us how to measure and calculate. The astrologers gave us the calendar. Every geometrical figure originally had a psychic significance. The astrologers were the Einsteins of 3,000 years ago and have been mathematicians ever since.

I've told you I can't prophesy. Then what can I do? Well, all through the ages, astrologers have proved again and again that when the stars and planets are in certain relationship, certain things are likely to happen. This does not mean they will happen, but for some reason, which I am not going to try to explain, conditions are favourable to their happening.

The arrangements of the planets at the moment of your birth, for example, make it much easier for you to lead one kind of life than another. Of course, I am not suggesting that all people born in the same week are alike, or that all their life-journeys will be exactly parallel. That would be nonsense. In any case, the planets vary slightly each hour, each day, each month and each year. To cast an exact horoscope, an astrologer must know the exact moment of birth. Nevertheless, the fact remains that most people born under the same signs of the zodiac are somewhat similar in character, and at certain times similar difficulties confront them.

All I can give you over the radio are generalisations, with special advice for individuals born on certain days or with certain physical characteristics. I don't ask you to believe everything I say, but I do ask you to listen carefully and weigh the truth of my words. Check what I say with your own experiences and that of your friends. You will, I fancy, find most of it fairly accurate. In fact, if you don't believe in astrology, you may even find it astonishingly accurate.

NEWS FROM RADIO LUXEMBOURG by S. Ogden Smith

TALKING ABOUT "REQUESTS"

HULLO, everybody, Radio Luxembourg back with you again, and my pet little bird tells me that everything is well in the Grand Duchy—as I told you last week, I am enjoying once again a taste of London and all its joys, and am I enjoying myself? I'll say I am!

All you people who live in England, and spend your holidays there, do not realise what it means to someone who lives abroad to be able to go into a shop, even, and not have to ask for the things you want in a foreign language. Charles is back in Luxembourg again, and he tells me that he is glad that he will soon be back in London for good—I cannot make up my mind as to whether I really envy him or not.

It's a strange thing, but these foreign countries do get a habit with one; Gordon tells me that he would like to be back in Spain, provided the rival factions had by then stopped having pot-shots at one another!

Now for some programme news. Mr. Pensis tells me that he will—very regretfully—have to give up playing for us during the month of August, as his orchestra go away on holiday for the whole of the month. This is a great disappointment to me, and I feel sure that it will be to you too, and it also means that we shall not be able to hear Mr. Zakin's delightful piano solos during our surprise items.

However, I hope that, when they do come back, we shall be able to arrange for more of the light music that they play so well. I am aiming at the idea of having them every afternoon, but they have so much playing to do for the Continental programmes that that may have to remain as an ideal only.

Anyway, I have arranged with him that, as he is going away, the programmes that he will give you next week shall all be requested numbers; therefore, all of

you who have written in for special items played by the Station Orchestra should make a point of listening next Tuesday and Friday afternoon at half past three.

Fery Jousa, the leader of the jazz section of the orchestra, and, incidentally, the trombone player, tells me that the only thing his band needs is an English crooner—it's a pity that Charles is not staying on, as he could have filled the place easily; Jousa asked me to do it for him, but I told him that our mikes in Luxembourg are too expensive to risk breaking all we've got!

Talking about "request" programmes, may I remind you all that we cannot possibly guarantee to play any particular request on any particular day? We get literally hundreds of letters and postcards every week, asking for some special number to be played on someone's birthday and so on, but if you stop to think about it, you will realise that it is beyond our powers to adhere to such requests; there are two main reasons.

Firstly, though we have some 10,000 records from which to draw, there are still a great number of those requested that we haven't got; secondly, unless there is a real reason—such as a request from a cripple or sick person in hospital, or the celebration of a golden wedding—it would not be fair to everyone else who had written to put another person's request in before their's; we take, as far as we possibly can, every "request" in strict rotation, and then we are being fair to all.

Cheerio until next week.



S-S-SH!

DR. FU MANCHU IS ON THE AIR!

WARNING! Dr. Fu Manchu, arch-demon of the Orient, is slinking through the shadows of the underworld. Nayland Smith, celebrated international detective, has sworn to destroy him. Mystery... Torture... Death... LISTEN!

A thrilling new episode in the adventures of Sax Rohmer's famous character will be presented every Wednesday at 4-45 p.m. and Sunday at 7 p.m.

RADIO LUXEMBOURG

4.45 p.m. Wednesday; 7 p.m. Sunday

Presented by the makers of "MILK OF MAGNESIA"—the perfect antacid

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- EVERY SUNDAY AFTERNOON—
- EVERY MONDAY MORNING—
- EVERY TUESDAY MORNING—
- EVERY WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON—
- EVERY THURSDAY MORNING—

The CARTERS CARAVAN

SETS OUT ON "THE OPEN ROAD"

SONGS—DRAMA—MUSIC

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RADIO LUXEMBOURG (1293 metres)
11.15 a.m. every Sunday; 8.45 a.m. every Monday; 8.30 a.m. every Thursday.

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Announcers: David J. Davies, Thorp Devereux, Kenneth Maconochie, Ian Newman.



TUNE IN

Times of Transmission	
Sunday:	7.45 a.m.—11.45 a.m. 2.00 p.m.—7.30 p.m. 10.00 p.m.—1.00 a.m.
Weekdays:	7.45 a.m.—11.00 a.m. 2.00 p.m.—6.00 p.m. 12 (midnight)—1.00 a.m.
*Thursday:	2.30 p.m.—6.00 p.m.
†Friday, Saturday, 12 (midnight)—2.00 a.m.	

SUNDAY, JULY 25

7.45 a.m. Normandy Calling
8.0 a.m. Light Music
8.15 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL
Rise'n Shine, *de Sylva*; Wah Hoo, *Friend*;
Rory O'Moore, *arr. Hartley*; Pep, *de Pietro*;
Jack Payne's Memories.

8.30 a.m. Sacred Music
He Who Would Valiant Be, *Trad.*; Jesu,
Lover of My Soul, *Marsh*. The Thought for
the Week: The Rev. James Wall, M.A. The
King of Love, *Stanford*.

8.45 a.m. Charlie Kunz
In a Programme of Recordings.—Presented
by Ladderix, Ltd., Slough, Bucks.

9.0 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL
Orchestral Concert.

9.15 a.m. Hollywood Heroes
One Never Knows, Does One? *Reed*;
Shadow Waltz, *Warren*; Moonlight and
Shadows, *Robin*.—Presented by the makers of
Lux Toilet Soap.

9.30 a.m. ALFREDO CAMPOLI
AND HIS ORCHESTRA
Talk by Nurse Johnson on Child
Problems
Narcissus, *Nevin*; Chinese Dance, *Lewis*; In
Old Quebec, *Sharpe*; Song of Paradise, *King*
—Presented by California Syrup of Figs, 179
Acton Vale, W.3.

9.45 a.m. THE SMOKING CONCERT
A Convivial Collection with a
Cigarette and Song on Their Lips
featuring
Charlie the Chairman
and
The Smoking Concert Party
Presented by Rizla Cigarette Papers, Rizla
House, Beraford Avenue, Wembley,
Middlesex. (U.P.C. Production.)

10.0 a.m. Waltz Time
With Billy Bissett and His Waltz Time
Orchestra, Pat Hyde and The Waltz
Timers.—Presented by Phillip's Dental
Magnesia, 179 Acton Vale, W.3.

10.15 a.m. CARSON ROBISON
And His Pioneers
Presented by Oxydol & Co., Ltd., New-
castle-on-Tyne.



Charlie Kunz—on records—will be heard at 8.45 a.m. on Sunday

10.30 a.m. Eddie Pola
And His Twisted Tunes. A programme of
Twisted Words and Music.—Presented by
the makers of Hudson's Extract, Unilever
House, Blackfriars, E.C.4.

10.45 a.m. The Rowntree Aerodrome
A Programme of Flying and Music. Swing
is in the Air, *Lerner*; Twinkle, Twinkle,
Little Star, *Oakland*; Look for the Silver
Lining, *Kern*; A New Moon is Over My
Shoulder; I Don't Know if I'm Coming or
Going, *Wayner*; Blue Skies, *Berlin*.—
Presented by the makers of Rowntree's Aero
Chocolate.

11.0 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL
PUTTING A NEW COMPLEXION
ON LIFE

Bugle Call Rag, *Schoebel*; By the Lazy
Lagoon, *Keuleman*; Cuban Moonlight,
Hernandez; Swingin' on the Moon, *Carmichael*.—Presented by D.D.D., Fleet Lane,
E.C.4. (U.P.C. Production.)

11.15 a.m. Military Band Concert
Action Front March, *Blankenburg*; Selection:
The Mikado, *Sullivan*; Bells of St. Malo,
Rimmer; R.A.F. Grand March,
Bowen.

11.30 a.m. Records by Paul Whiteman
and His Orchestra.

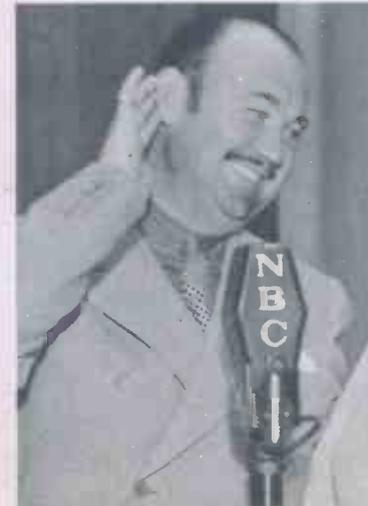
11.45 a.m. Programmes in French
Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie.

2.0 p.m. The Kraft Show
Directed by Billy Cotton with Alan Breeze
and Peter Dawson.—Presented by Kraft
Cheese Company, Ltd., Hayes Middlesex.

2.30 p.m. Sing a Song of Nonsense
Presented by Lixen, Allen & Hanburys, Ltd.,
Radio Dept., E.C.2.

2.45 p.m. THE OPEN ROAD
The Darling of the Guards, *Meskill*; Hand
in Hand, *Pola*; Anchors Aweigh, *Zimmerman*;
Betty Coed, *Lockton*; The Entry of
the Gladiators, *Fuchs*.—Presented by
Carter's Little Liver Pills, 64 Hatton
Garden, E.C.1.

3.0 p.m. A Serenade to Beauty
Presented by Pond's Extract Co., Perivale,
Greenford, Middlesex.



Fans, listen to Paul Whiteman's Orchestra at 11.30 a.m. on Sunday

3.30 p.m. Variety
With Paula Green, Pat Gilbert, Peggy
Desmond and Charles Truss.—Presented by
Huntley & Palmers, Ltd., Biscuit Manu-
facturers, Reading. (U.P.C. Production.)

3.45 p.m. MAYFAIR'S FAVOURITE
DANCE TUNES OF THE WEEK
played by
Lew Stone and His Band
To-morrow is Another Day, *Jurmann*;
Moonlight and Shadows, *Hollander*; Sweet
is the Word for You, *Robin*; I Need You,
Botzell; Little Hula Heaven.—Presented by
Pond's Face Powder.

4.0 p.m. THE HORLICKS PICTURE HOUSE
With Debroy Somers and Company

Starring
Jack Cooper
Florence Oldham
Helen Raymond
Bert Yarlett
and the voices of
Patricia Ellis and James Melton
Presented by Horlicks, Slough, Bucks.

5.0 p.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL
Peter the Planter and A Particular Lady
Talk Over Tea. With the Music of the
Fantasia Orchestra.—Presented by Lyons
Green Label Tea (U.P.C. Production.)



The Kraft Show at 2 p.m. features Alan Breeze with Billy Cotton's band

5.15 p.m. A QUESTION OF TASTE
A Programme in which Members of
the Public Select and Present Their
Own Tastes in Music
Presented by the makers of Quaker Corn
Flakes, Southall, Middlesex (U.P.C. Produc-
tion.)

5.30 p.m. ROMANTIC MELODY TIME
With the Romeo of Song
You Are Too Beautiful, *Rodgers*; Chan-
sonette, *Friml*; When Did You Leave
Heaven? *Whiting*; When Day is Done,
Katscher; It's Easy to Remember, *Rodgers*.—
Presented by Milk of Magnesia, 179 Acton
Vale, W.3.

5.45 p.m. Master O.K., The Saucy Boy
Gypsy Violin, *Betsner*; She's a Latin from
Manhattan, *Warren*; Cuban Pete, *Norman*;
Lady Sing Your Gypsy Song, *Damerell*.—
Presented by O.K. Sauce, Chelsea Works,
S.W.18.

6.0 p.m. MUSIC HALL MEMORIES
featuring
Fred Douglas
Muriel Farquhar
and
Bertha Willmott
and
Charles Star's Old Time Variety
Orchestra.
Presented by Macleans, Ltd., makers of
Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, Great
West Road, Brentford (U.P.C. Production.)

6.15 p.m. ALFREDO CAMPOLI
AND HIS ORCHESTRA

Talk by Nurse Johnson on Child
Problems
Prunella, *Bridgewater*; The Dancing Clock,
Montague; Hiawatha, *Moret*; The Swan,
Saint-Saens.—Presented by California Syrup
of Figs, 179 Acton Vale, W.3.

6.30 p.m. RINSO RADIO MUSIC HALL
Master of Ceremonies: Edwin Styles
featuring
Allen Stanley
Ivor Moreton and Dave Kaye
Rudy Starita
Una Mae Carlisle
and
Harry Richman
With the Rinso Music Hall Orchestra
Presented by the makers of Rinso, Unilever
House, Blackfriars, E.C.4.

7.0 p.m. Black Magic
A Programme for Sweethearts. Pardon
Me, *Pretty Baby*, *Klages*; I Hear a Call
to Arms, *Coslow*; Alice Blue Gown, *Tierney*;
Let's Fall in Love, *Arlen*; Fancy Meeting
You, *Warren*.—Presented by the makers of
Black Magic Chocolates.

7.15 p.m. Voices of the Stars
present Greta Keller, the Famous Viennese
Star of Radio.—Sponsored by Rowntree's,
the makers of Chocolate Crisp.



Sparkling Bertha Willmott is in "Music Hall Memories"—Sunday, 6 p.m.

7.30 p.m. Programmes in French

Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie

10.0 p.m. Paris Exhibition News

10.15 p.m. Records by Bing Crosby
Request Programme from Miss M. Smith.

10.30 p.m. Your Requests

11.0 p.m. Advance Film News
Presented by Associated British Cinemas,
30 Golden Square, W.1.

11.15 p.m. Records by "Fats" Waller
and His Rhythm.

11.30 p.m. Sweet Music

12 (midnight) Melody at Midnight
Jimmy Grier and His Orchestra. Guest
Artistes: Betty Jane Rhodes and the
Rainbow Trio (*Electrical Recordings*). Rise
and Shine, *Youmans*; Down Home Rag,
Bowman; To Think You Are Mine Again,
Silver; No Other One, *Lawnhurst*; You're
All I Need, *Jurmann*; My Long Gone Gal,
Koki-Mayne; College Education, *Mercer*;
Thunder Over Paradise, *Rainger*; Bouncin'
at the Bowe, *Stoddart*; Runnin' Wild, *Wood*.
Presented by Bile Beans, C. E. Fulford, Ltd.,
Leeds.

12.30 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL
Dance Music. Rhythm's O.K. in Harlem,
Carr; Prairie Romeo, *Godfrey*; A Gipsy
Who Has Never Been in Love, *Saville*;
On the Isle of Kitchymiboko, *Chase*; What
Will I Tell My Heart? *Tinturin*; In a Little
French Casino, *Silver*; Wanna Lot of Love,
Rodriguez; All's Fair in Love and War,
Dubin.

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

Do you want to be interested, amused, entertained—or do you simply want to relax? Whichever it is, tune in to Radio Normandy, and you won't be disappointed



Browning and Starr, in "8.15 and All's Well," on Monday

MONDAY, JULY 26

7.45 a.m. Laugh and Grow Fit With Joe Murgatroyd (The Lad fra' Yorkshire).

8.0 a.m. **MUSIC IN THE MORNING** Sing Before Breakfast, *Brown*; Tea for Two, *Youmans*; Beyond the Blue Horizon, *Barling*; One, Two, Button Your Shoe, *Johnston*; I Got Rhythm, *Gershwin*; A Little Bit Independent, *Burke*; From the Top of Your Head, *Revel*; It's Got to Be Love, *Rodgers*.—Presented by Horlicks, Slough, Bucks.

8.15 a.m. **8.15 and All's Well** An Early Morning Programme to Encourage the Healthy, Happy Side of Life, featuring Browning and Starr.—Presented by Alka Seltzer Products. (U.P.C. Production.)

8.30 a.m. **I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL** Sidney Torch and Guest Artists—Angela Parselles, Oxford Street, *Coates*; Sweet Melody of Night, *Cornford*; Ace of Clubs, *Mayerl*; Free, *Carr*.—Presented by Robinson's Lemon Barley, Carrow Works, Norwich. (U.P.C. Production.)

8.45 a.m. Light Orchestral Concert The Merry Brothers, *Gennin*; Springtime Serenade, *Heykens*; Invitation to the Waltz, *Weber*, arr. *Walter*; Free and Easy, *Porschmann*.

9.0 a.m. **I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL THE OPEN ROAD** Steadfast and True, *Teike*; Swinganola, *Meskill*; L'Entente Cordiale, *Allier*; Hand in Hand, *Kern*; Washington Post, *Sousa*.—Presented by Carter's Little Liver Pills, 64 Hatton Garden, E.C.1.

9.15 a.m. **GORDON LITTLE** In Music Through the Window Her Name is Mary, *Ramsay*; Lonely Road, *Ansell*; You and the Night and the Music, *Schwartz*; I Still Love Mary; Vienna, City of My Dreams, *Sieczynsky*; Smilin' Through, *Penn*.—Presented by Phosferine Tonic Wine, La Belle Sauvage, E.C.4. (U.P.C. Production.)

9.30 a.m. Fingers of Harmony Selection: Gold Diggers of 1933, *Dubin*; Russian Rag; Rhapsody in Blue, *Gershwin*; Old and New Medley.—Presented by the proprietors of Daren Bread, Daren, Ltd., Dartford, Kent.

9.45 a.m. **ROMANTIC MELODY TIME** With the Romeo of Song Serenade in the Night, *Bixio*; A Fine Romance, *Kern*; The Way You Look Tonight, *Kern*; Would You? *Brown*; Love in Bloom, *Rainger*.—Presented by Milk of Magnesia, 179 Acton Vale, W.3.

10.0 a.m. Light Fare At the Balalaika, *Posford*; Selection: Gold Diggers of 1937, *Warren*; I Wonder Where the Old Gang's Gone? *Box*; An Elephant Never Forgets, *Schumann*; Bubbling Over, *Gibbons*; Sweet Lillani, *Owens*; There's Only Five Bullets in My Old Six Shooter, *Box*; Selection: Fanfare, *Murphy*.

10.30 a.m. **POPULAR CONCERT** Strauss and Lanner Potpourri, arr. *Wysocki*; The Dicky Bird Hop, *Gowley*; Queen of My Heart Tonight, *Cellier*; Second Serenade, *Heykens*.—Presented by Macleans, Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford.

10.45 a.m. Ten Forty-Five and All That **11.0 a.m.** Programmes In French Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandis.

2.0 p.m. **Pierrot Parade** Celebrity Concert Party. Who's Been Polishing the Sun? *Gay*; Them Days is Gorn, *Burnaby*; Love's Wisdom, *Mordaunt*; Tap Your Tootsies, *Sigler*; The Phantom Melody, *Kedelbey*; We Montmorencies, *Hasluck*; Across the Great Divide, *Box*; Bang, Bang, Bang, *Van Thal*; What a Little Moonlight Can Do, *Woods*.

2.30 p.m. Paris Exhibition News

2.45 p.m. Records by Bing Crosby. **3.0 p.m.** Light Orchestral Concert Die Werber, *Lanner*; Oxford Street, *Coates*; Savoy American Medley, arr. *Somers*; My Darling, *Strauss*; Danse Bagatelle, *Bourdon*; Sizzietta, von *Bion*; Viennese Singing Birds, *Translatow*; La Paloma, *Yradier*; Wedding Whimsies, arr. *Alford*.

3.30 p.m. **Odd Orchestras** Carioca, *Youmans*; Quivering Quavers, *Thomas*; Minstrel Medley; Turn to Sorriente de *Curtis*; Impressions.

3.45 p.m. Variety

4.15 p.m. Records by Jack Hylton and His Orchestra. The Dart Song, *Holmes*; Sweet Sue, *Young*; Don't Say Good-bye, *Stolz*; Swing is in the Air, *Lerner*; The Love Bug Will Bite You, *Tomlin*; Wedding of the Jase, *Jessel*; Unbelievable, *Broomes*; Waltzes from Vienna, *Strauss*.

4.45 p.m. **Cookery Nock** Your Tea-Time Rendezvous, with Phyllis Pack, McDougall's Cookery Expert. Irving Berlin: Waltz Medley, *Berlin*; Plantation Songs, *Powell*; Lionel Monckton Melodies, *Monckton*; Bedtime Medley. Presented by McDougalls, Ltd., Millwall Docks, E.14.

5.0 p.m. **I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL POST TOASTIES RADIO CORNER** Uncle Chris (Christopher Stone) Presented to the Children.

Presented by the makers of Post Toasties, 10 Soho Square, W.1.

5.15 p.m. **Advanc. Film News** Presented by Associated British Cinemas, 30 Golden Square, W.1.

5.30 p.m. A Quarter-Hour Programme For Boys and Girls. Birthday Greetings from the Uncles.

5.45 p.m. **Musical Potpourri** Kitten on the Keys, *Confrey*; Hungaria, *Douca*; Maurice Chevalier Medley; In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree, *Williams*.

6.0 p.m. **Programmes in French** Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandis. **12 (midnight)** Melody at Midnight Jimmy Grier and His Orchestra. Guest Artist: Carol Lee.—Presented by Bile Beans, C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds.

12.30 a.m. **I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL** Dance Music.

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

(Please turn to next page)

"I learned this beauty lesson at an American Varsity match" . . .



THE LADY TENNYSON

"I WAS at finishing school in America. And my room-mate's brother had asked me to be his guest at the great varsity match of the season—between Harvard and Princeton.

"I longed to go—but I was afraid my skin wouldn't compare with that of older girls who would attend. My skin was so rough—and not clear at all!

"But I had read about Pond's Cold Cream. So I got some. And how my skin improved as I used it through the next two weeks!

"I went to the match. And I must have looked right, for I had a very good time at the dance afterwards. . . . Since then I've used Pond's Cold Cream daily."



even before you are 20, your under-skin starts to get sluggish; the nourishing blood flows slowly; glands and muscles fail to do their work. And then skin troubles start.

To fight off those skin faults you must rouse your underskin. And you can! By using Pond's Cold Cream. Its oils sink into the pores, soften the dirt and float it out. Then, as you pat this cream into your skin, it wakes up your underskin.

Use Pond's Cold Cream every night. At once your skin will be fresher, softer and smoother. As you continue, pores will become finer, blackheads will go, lines will soften away. Use this cream in the morning, too, and for removing make-up.

Start today making your skin lovely with Pond's Cold Cream. You can get this cream everywhere. But try it free—send in coupon below. You will also receive a free sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream, a perfect powder base **POND'S**

These facts explain why Pond's Cold Cream can make your skin as lovely as Lady Tennyson's:—

Skin faults start beneath the skin you see—in the underskin, a network of blood-vessels, glands and muscles.

How to get rid of Blackheads and Lines

When your underskin is active, your complexion is really beautiful. But

Tune-in to Pond's "Serenade to Beauty" every Sunday—Normandy 3 p.m. and Luxembourg 10 p.m.

Tune-in also to a Pond's Programme—Mayfair's Favourite Dance Tunes played by Lew Stone and His Band every Sunday—Normandy, 3.45 p.m.

Transmission from Normandy arranged through the International Broadcasting Company Limited

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

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. 01384, Pond's, Perivale, Greenford, Middlesex.

Tune in RADIO NORMANDY

Full Programmes for the Week—continued from preceding page.



An all-Astaire record programme is to be heard on Tuesday at 10 a.m.

TUESDAY, JULY 27

7.45 a.m. Laugh and Grow Fit with Joe Murgatroyd (The Lad fra' Yorkshire).
8.0 a.m. Old and New Favourites Where the Black-Eyed Susans Grow, *Whiting*; Sweet Leilani, *Owens*; Keep On Doin' What You're Doin', *Kelmar*; She's a Latin from Manhattan, *Warren*.
8.15 a.m. **I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL.** Massed Bands of the Guards, *Burnaby*; Georgia on My Mind, *Carmichael*; The Old Kitchen Kettle, *Woods*; Music Makes Me, *Youtman*; On the Isle of Kitchymiboko, *Czase*.
8.30 a.m. Records by Mantovani and His Orchestra. On a Little Bamboo Bridge, *Sherman*; Harbour Lights, *Kennedy*; One Kiss in a Million, *Alter*; Tipica Stomp, *Binge*.—Presented by Vitacup, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.
8.45 a.m. **Cookery Nook** Your rendezvous with Phyllis Peck, McDougall's Cookery Expert. Selection: The King Steps Out, *Kreisler*; If I Had You, *Shapiro*; Valentine, *Christine*; Selection The Lilac Domino, *Cuvillier*.—Presented by McDougall, Ltd., Millwall Docks, E.14.
9.0 a.m. **I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL** Records by Geraldo and His Orchestras. The Lady in Red, *Dixon*; Rose of Italy, *Nicholls*; Accordion Cora, *Graham*; Bandonion Arrabacero, *Contursi*.

9.15 a.m. Tunes You Might Have Heard Fighting Strength, *Jordan*; Louise, *Whiting*; Milestones of Melody; Selection: Patience, *Sullivan*.—Presented by the proprietors of Lavona Hair Tonic, Braydon Road, N.16.
9.30 a.m. Tunes We All Know Good Old Songs of the Good Old Days; The Way You Look To-night, *Kern*; Stein Song, *Ernst*; Circus March, *Smetana*.—Presented by Limestone Phosphate, Braydon Road, N.16.
9.45 a.m. **Waltz Time** With Billy Bissett and His Waltz Time Orchestra, Anita Hart, Joe Lee and The Waltz Timers.—Presented by Phillips' Dental Magnesia, 179 Acton Vale, W.3.
10.0 a.m. Featuring Fred Astaire (Electrical Recordings). Flying Down to Rio (Flying Down to Rio), *Youmans*; We Saw the Sea (Follow the Fleet), *Berlin*; I've Got Beginner's Luck (Shall We Dance), *Gershwin*; A Fine Romance (Swing Time), *Kern*; I'm Building Up for an Awful Let Down, *Astaire*.
10.15 a.m. **THE OPEN ROAD** Great Little Army, *Alford*; Don't Let It Bother You, *Revel*; Sabres and Spurs; Sousa; Back to Those Happy Days, *Youmans*; Open Air Brigade, *Leon*.—Presented by Carter's Little Liver Pills, 64 Hatton Garden, E.C.1.
10.30 a.m. **POPULAR CONCERT** When the Band Begins to Play, *Williams*; Love Me a Little To-day, *Brodsky*; Spanish Gipsy Dance, *Marquina*; Maid of the Mountains Waltz, *Fraser Simson*.—Presented by Macleans, Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford.
10.45 a.m. Ten Forty-Five and All That Teddy Bears' Picnic, *Bratton*; Whispering, *Schonerberg*; Under My Umbrella, *O'Flynn*; State Ball Memories.
11.0 a.m. Programmes in French Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie
2.0 p.m. Records by the Casani Club Orchestra.
2.15 p.m. **Advance Film News** That Song in My Heart, *Reader*; September in the Rain, *Warren*; With a Twinkle in Your Eye, *Reader*; A Melody for Two, *Warren*.—Presented by Associated British Cinemas, 30 Golden Square, W.1.
2.30 p.m. Paris Exhibition News
2.45 p.m. Dancing Reflections in the Musical Mirror.—Presented by the makers of Novopine Foot Energiser, Yeo Street, E.3.
3.0 p.m. **OLIVER KIMBALL** The Record Spinner El Capitan, *Sousa*; Aloha Oe, *Liloukalani*; Daisy Bell, *Dacre*; Fifty Years of Song.—Presented by Bismag, Ltd., Braydon Road, N.16.
3.15 p.m. Request Programme from C. A. Johns. Selection: The Cat and the Fiddle, *Kern*; Minuet in G, *Beethoven*; Long Ago in Alcalá, *Messager*; The Night is Young, *Romberg*; Toreador et Andalouse, *Rubinstein*; El Relicario, *Padilla*; Pagan Love Song, *Brown*; When I Grow Too Old to Dream, *Romberg*.
3.45 p.m. **Father's Favourites** The Campbells are Comin', *arr. Mansfield*; We're All Bound to Go, *arr. Terry*; Grandfather's Clock, *Trad.*; Old Black Joe, *Foster*; Minstrel Memories.
4.0 p.m. **Variety**
4.30 p.m. Rhythm of the South Alegrais, *arr. Valverde*; La Jota Para ser Brava, *Jotas*; Palomica Aragonesa, *Jotas*; Bolero, *Bouzheron*; La Corrida, *Valverde*; Capriccio Mazurka, *Arienzo*.
4.45 p.m. **Soaring With Seraffo** A Light Musical Confection. I'm in a Dancing Mood, *Sigler*; The Sunshine Cruise,

Hulbert; Cut Yourself a Little Piece of Cake, *Sarony*; Crazy Feet, *Conrad*.—Presented by the proprietors of Seraffo Self Raising Flour, Dartford, Kent.
5.0 p.m. **I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL** **POST TOASTIES RADIO CORNER** Uncle Chris (Christopher Stone). Presented to the Children By the makers of Post Toasties, 10 Soho Square, W.1.
5.15 p.m. **A QUARTER-HOUR PROGRAMME** For Boys and Girls. Birthday Greetings from the Uncles
5.30 p.m. **PALMOLIVE HALF-HOUR** With The Palmolivers Brian Lawrence, Paul Oliver and Olive Palmer Presented by Palmolive Soap, Palmolive, Ltd., S.W.1.
6.0 p.m. Programmes in French Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie
12 (midnight) Melody at Midnight Jimmy Grier and His Orchestra. Guest Artistes: Jeannie Dunne and Jimmy Tolson.—Presented by Bile Beans, C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds.
12.30 a.m. **I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL** Dance Music
1.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

9.45 a.m. **ALFREDO CAMPOLI AND HIS ORCHESTRA** Talk by Nurse Johnson on Child Problems Parade of the Pirates, *Bratton*; Minuet in G, *Beethoven*; Snowman, *Archer*; Daddy Long Legs, *Wright*.—Presented by California Syrup of Figs, 179 Acton Vale, W.3.
10.0 a.m. Listen to Vitbe Hors d'Oeuvres, *Comer*; The Tiddy-te-lolla-larty Fusillers, *Sarony*; Butterflies in the Rain, *Myers*; Big Boy Blue, *Tinturin*.—Presented by Vitbe Bread, Crayford, Kent.
10.15 a.m. **TANTALISING TUNES** Guess the Titles A "Teaser" Programme Compered by Steven Miller Presented by the makers of Lacto Calamine, The Crookes Laboratories, Park Royal, N.W.10.
10.30 a.m. **POPULAR CONCERT** Through Night to Light, *Laukien*; Polonaise in A, *Chopin*; My Old Shako, *Barron*; Memories of Sweden, *Heinzecke*.—Presented by Macleans, Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford.
10.45 a.m. Ten Forty-Five and All That Keep a Twinkle in Your Eye, *Mercer*; Watching the Stars, *Lerner*; Let's Put Our Heads Together, *Arlen*; In the Sweet Long Ago, *de Rose*.
11.0 a.m. Programmes in French Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie.
2.0 p.m. **Pierrrot Parade** Celebrity Concert Party. Happy Days are Here Again (Part I); Love in Bloom, *Rainier*; Leave the Pretty Girls Alone, *Robson*; My Lancashire Yodelling Lass, *Torrani*; Love Laughs at Locksmiths, *Gay*; In the Chapel in the Moonlight, *Hill*; Mad Dogs and Englishmen, *Conard*; About a Quarter to Nine, *Warren*; Happy Days are Here Again (Part II).
2.30 p.m. Paris Exhibition News
2.45 p.m. **Dream Waltzes** A Beautiful Lady in Blue, *Cools*; Sweetheart, Let's Grow Old Together, *Bratton*; Bird Songs at Eventide, *Coates*; Pagan Moon, *Dubin*.—Presented by Trus' Story Magazine, 30 Bouverie Street, E.C.4.
3.0 p.m. Light Fare
3.15 p.m. **MUSICAL MOODS** An Unrehearsed Entertainment By Lee Sims and Ilomay Bailey Presented by the makers of Fairy Soap, Thos. Hedley & Co., Ltd., Newcastle-on-Tyne and Manchester.
3.30 p.m. **MORTON DOWNEY** The Golden Voice of Radio Presented by Thos. Hedley & Co., Ltd., Makers of Drene Shampoo.
3.45 p.m. **SONG SUGGESTIONS** Presented by the makers of Lava Soap, Thos. Hedley & Co., Ltd., Newcastle-on-Tyne.
4.0 p.m. **MILTON TEA-TIME TALKS** Fascinating Programme of Words and Music With Gill Chard Annabelle Lee, *Leslie*; Espana Waltz, *Waldteufel*; The Birth of the Blues, *Henderson*; I'll Never Say "Never Again" Again, *Woods*; All Alone in Vienna, *Towers*; Rochdale Hounds, *Cliffe*; Beggar's Opera Selection, *Gay*.—Presented by Milton Antiseptic, John Milton House, N.7.
(Please turn to page 34)

WED. JULY 28

7.45 a.m. Laugh and Grow Fit With Joe Murgatroyd (The Lad fra' Yorkshire).
8.0 a.m. **MUSIC IN THE MORNING** The Sun Has Got His Hat On, *Gay*; Sing Something in the Morning, *Brodsky*; Keep Your Sunny Side Up, *Brown*; Everything's in Rhythm with My Heart, *Sicler*; When You're Smiling, *Goodwin*; Oh, That Kiss, *Harris*; I've Got a Thing About You, *Tunbridge*; It's A Great Life If You Don't Weaken, *Whiting*.—Presented by Horlicks, Slough, Bucks.
8.15 a.m. **I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL** Prosperity Programme, featuring Altair, the Astrologer, Sunshine Ahead, *Connolly*; Birdie out of a Cage, *Lerner*; All Jolly Pirates, *Rolls*.—Presented by Odol, Odol Works, Norwich.
8.30 a.m. Sidney Torch and Guest Artiste Frank Titterton. Dance (Othello), *Cole-ridge-Taylor*; I Love Thee, *Greig*; Waltz in D Flat, *Chopin*; At Dawning, *Cadman*; You're Not the King, *Hudson*.—Presented by Robinson's Lemon Barley, Carrow Works, Norwich.
8.45 a.m. Sunny Jim's Programme of "FORCE" AND MELODY Old Father Thames, *O'Hogan*; Room for the Factotum, *Rossini*; If in the Great Bazaars, *Woodforde-Finden*; The Fleet's Not in Port Very Long, *Gay*; Jerusalem, *Parry*.—Presented by A. C. Fincken & Co., Clifton House, Euston Road, N.W.1.
9.0 a.m. **I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL** Dance Music.—Presented by Sanitas, 51 Clapham Road, S.W.9.
9.15 a.m. Favourite Melodies Polka Medley; Good-night, My Love, *Rezel*; Master Melodies; When the Band Begins to Play, *Williams*.—Presented by Freezone Corn Remover, Braydon Road, N.16.
9.30 a.m. **Popular Tunes** La Caprice de Nanette, *Cole-ridge-Taylor*; The Ginger Bread Waltz, *Humperdinck*; I Dream Too Much, *Kern*; Flor Gitana, *Ferraris*.—Presented by Fynnon, Limited.

9.45 a.m. **ALFREDO CAMPOLI AND HIS ORCHESTRA** Talk by Nurse Johnson on Child Problems Parade of the Pirates, *Bratton*; Minuet in G, *Beethoven*; Snowman, *Archer*; Daddy Long Legs, *Wright*.—Presented by California Syrup of Figs, 179 Acton Vale, W.3.
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(Please turn to page 34)



Listen to records by Geraldo and his Orchestra on Tuesday at 9 a.m.



And on Tuesday at 8.30 a.m.: Records by Mantovani and his Orchestra



Bing Crosby fans will be delighted by a programme featuring him on Monday, 2.45 p.m.



Bert Yarlett's grand voice will be heard as usual in Horlick's Picture House, Sunday, 4 p.m.

THE I.B.C. SHOP WINDOW by THE LOOKER-IN

JOE MURGATROYD EN ROUTE FOR NORMANDY!

Last week we introduced JOE MURGATROYD—Normandy's new "physical training" instructor. This week he tells you characteristically of his journey to Normandy!

DEAR READERS,
So you'd like to hear all about our experiences on our way to Radio Normandy—well, here goes. We were in the taxi gooin' to Victoria to catch the train—Poppet beside me is very excited at the prospect of gooin' to the "Continong." The taxi driver said "Oh, so you're going to France, are you? I took a lady to catch the same train yesterday, and a funny thing happened. When we got to the station, the lady found she'd forgotten her 'top set,' and naturally she was very worried. So I 'phoned our garage and they sent a car round to fetch her teeth from the house to Victoria." But then, he added, "People are always forgetting things." I turned to Poppet and I said, "Poppet, have you forgotten owt?" It was just as if you'd stuck a pin in her, for she shouted, "Oh, I've forgotten my fur." So I had to 'phone for somebody to bring it and it arrived just as the train was starting. It were a good job an' all, for when we got on the boat it were blowing hard. Still, we thought, "A life on the ocean wave." What's it matter if it blows, but it got a bit too thick, so Poppet said, "I've got an idea." Ah said, "What is it?" She said, "Lunch; we can go downstairs, get out of the wind, and employ the time usefully." It's funny how great minds think alike. Ah should think there might ha' bin a thousand people aboard that boat, and nine hundred and ninety-nine thought the same as Poppet. Well, when we *did* get lunch, there were only a few odds an' ends left and we arrived at Dieppe feeling a bit peckish. Well upon my word you never heard such a din in all your born days. All the English people started to talk French but somehow the French people didn't seem to understand their own language. Ah didn't say owt at all—ah couldn't—ah put me bag on the counter and the customs man looked me in a fierce way and shouted "Cigarettes?" Ah said "Ah never smoke 'em." He said "Cigars." Ah said "Ah don't mind having one if it's a good 'un." Then he said something that sounded like "Pee-Kay." Ah've got an idea that fellow thought I were daft. The three porters came along and tried to bung Poppet an' me an' the luggage on the train for Paris but more by force than persuasion we managed

to stall them off. Poppet who'd been reading "Brush up your French" explained with great difficulty that we "Attend-ayed urn om from Fécamp." But the "om" wasn't there neither was the "om's" car which should have fetched us. Ah said "Ah'm fed oop; Ah'm gooin' to have a cup o' tea." The porter said "Wee monsewer due tay." I said, "Ah've got nowt to pay duty on." But he was a good lad and only trying to help us—in fact, he stuck to us all the afternoon. Fortunately Ah found an R.A.C. man, who telephoned Fécamp for me. The car, it appeared, had had a puncture, and it had another one before it got to Dieppe. After several hours, and several pots o' tea, the car rolled up—it was five horse power! Ah looked at my luggage, Ah looked at Poppet, and looked at the car, and hopefully sang the chorus of "I believe in miracles." Well, I still do, for we got it all aboard. You should have seen Poppet, wedged in with basket, golf clubs, several bags, and on the back—my trunk tied on with bits of string attached to the handles of the back doors. We set off in style.

On the way we saw a pretty sight—a country wedding. The bride, the prettiest thing, was arm in arm with the bridegroom and there was a procession of friends behind them. They must have walked at least four miles to the church, and were on their way back to their own village. Just after that I looked at the speedometer, which pointed to ninety. I said to the driver, "You're going a bit fast, aren't you?" He said, "They are not miles; they're kilometers." Anyhow, we arrived very tired and hot at the Hotel d'Angleterre. They call it this because none of them speaks English. Well, the sea looked inviting, so I had a bathe, dived in and made my first acquaintance with a French jellyfish, after which I felt very much better. Now Ah'm just gooin' in to have dinner. Soon Ah'll tell you all about meeting "the Lads," Announcers and Uncles at the Radio Normandy Station—Thorpe Devereux—David Davies—Ian Newman—Kenneth Maconochie—and the man who is the power behind the throne—Clifford Sandal, the Electrical Engineer. JOE MURGATROYD.

FIVE O'CLOCK FAVOURITES

Continued from page 2

Most children who apply play the piano or sing. Strings take longer to learn, but some, more advanced, play the fiddle, while others attempt the accordion. At Broadcasting House they find that the children usually do better if the fond parent or teacher waits in the listening room. Sometimes a prodigy turns up. The other day a little girl brought a schoolmate to sing the songs, which she herself had composed. "Little girls," says Elizabeth, "now seem to have more powerful voices than little boys." Unlike some adults when faced with the mike for the first time, children are usually sensible in the studio.

The first quarter of the Hour is devoted to simple stories, nursery rhymes and so on, for younger children and an old German melody played by a musical box produced by the effects room is their signature tune. Actually it is a broadcast from a record, and even a record in time wears out. So, perhaps at the end of the year the children will have a new tune. It is typical of the care which is bestowed on every phase of this programme that much anxious thought is being given to this point. If it is the Zoo they want to hear about, no one less than D. Seth-Smith, the kindly curator, is good enough; farming, and it must be John Morgan; current affairs, Commander Stephen King-Hall, pity he's going; astronomy, the "Stargazer"; experts all with the rare and invaluable something that children love.

Call it personality if you like; I cannot sum it up in a word, but I think that sincerity and simplicity play a big part. Mac thinks that it is tremendously important that nothing should be said or done during the programme which even slightly insults the intelligence of the children. He and these speakers see that children are never made to feel that they know far less than the talker. And that is partly the secret of their success.

DARE-DEVIL DAYS

Continued from page 21

interest to record at this point a fact that few people know—*my voice has never broken*. It just gradually deepened. I still have the first gramophone record which I made at sixteen, of "Sally Horner" and "Love's Old Sweet Song." Recently I remade that record, with Fred Hartley, and it reveals the extraordinary fact that I am now singing on a higher register than when I was at only sixteen.

After three and a half happy years I left the "Famous Diggers" company and branched out on my own in variety, meeting with many grand troupers. There was the late "Coram," the clever ventriloquist, who pulled my leg several times with his "voice-throwing" act when on the same bill as myself; another star I met in those days was Ella Shields, the famous male impersonator (I met her again recently at the Lansdowne Restaurant—a happy reunion!); and then there was an act called "Osborne and Perryer," now known to listeners in this country. I wonder if they recall a certain young boy, singing on the same bill, who also undertook the job of "effects merchant," and made appropriate noises off-stage during their motor-car scene? Because that was Yours Truly, enjoying himself. . . .

And then, one night a company of English artistes, who had been in to see the show, called backstage. Getting into conversation, they told mother and I that we really ought to try our luck in England. The idea started revolving in our minds. Quite suddenly, we decided we'd make the gamble and take a trip home—for "home" is the way Australians think of England, though they may never have lived in it. "Home"—a lovely word. I little knew I was heading for an experience that was almost to break my heart.

To be continued

NEXT WEEK

Sparkling August Bank Holiday Issue

Order Your Copy Today!

BALDNESS Starts Here



Only Vitamin 'F' Can Stop it Spreading

WHY does baldness so often begin with hair receding from the forehead? Simply because your scalp fails to feed the hair-roots with Vitamin 'F,' the vital food in the natural scalp oil. This deficiency, coupled with dandruff infection, modern hair-specialists regard as the cause of nearly all baldness.

That's why the new 'Red Label' Lavona Hair Tonic is so effective; it nourishes the starved hair-roots, and instantly kills the deadly dandruff-germ. It nourishes the hair-roots because it contains not only Vitamin 'F,' but also cholesterol and lecithin—the actual components of natural scalp oil; it kills dandruff infection because of its powerful antiseptic properties.

A short course of 'Lavona' Hair Tonic 'Red Label' works wonders with thinning hair. Try it yourself: every 2/3d. bottle carries a money-back guarantee of satisfaction!

LAVONA HAIR TONIC

Red Label for Dry Scalp
Blue Label for Greasy Scalp

DYSPEPSIA

Of all forms of digestive derangement, dyspepsia is not one that will be put right by waving a magic wand. When the correct treatment has been prescribed a certain amount of patience may be called for before the final cure is effected.

Probably the most reliable, and certainly the most popular form of treatment is Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. It is a perfectly balanced combination of pure ingredients designed to deal with the peculiar needs of dyspeptic subjects. In many cases the impaired power of digestion so common in dyspepsia has to be assisted, and it is in rendering this much-needed assistance to good digestion that Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is so beneficial. When the natural flow of gastric juice is deficient, this powder restores balance in the stomach and works wonders with the digestive organs.

Dyspeptic subjects should take Maclean Brand Stomach Powder regularly for a week or two, during which period they will experience a progressive improvement that will surprise and delight them. Get the original MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder with the signature, "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on the bottle. Powder or tablets, 1/3, 2/-, 5/-. Never sold loose.

Tune in RADIO

Full radio programmes of the week



"Dancing Time," on Saturday at 3.30 p.m., is a programme chosen by Victor Silvester

4.30 p.m. Fingering the Frets A Programme for Instrumental Enthusiasts: Hilo March, *Traditional*; Doll Dance, *Brown*; Bluin' the Blues, *Ragas*; Mandoline March.

4.45 p.m. Records by Bram Martin and His Band. You've Got Dust on Your Coat, *Bell*; The Changing of the Guard, *Scholl*; Every Road Leads Back to Ireland, *Hill*; Where the Cafe Lights are Gleaming, *Goehr*; When the Trumpet Started Crooning, *Royce*.

5.0 p.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL HEALTH AND HAPPINESS King Cotton March, *Sousa*; Rise'n Shine, *Youmans*; Light of Foot, *Lalans*; Singing a Happy Song, *Meskill*; The Great Little Army, *Alford*.—Presented by Carter's Little Liver Pills, 64 Hatton Garden, E.C.1.

5.15 p.m. Radio Tour (Russia) Russian Gipsy Sketch, *Ferraris*; Along Peterskoy; St. Petersburg Sledge Drive, *Eilenberg*; Dnieper Water Power Station, *Meytuss*; Along the Banks of the Volga, *Borchert*; Song of the Volga Boatmen, *Trad* Souvenir d'Ukraine, *Ferraris*; Procession of the Sirdar, *Ivanov*.—Presented by Rentals R.A.P., Ltd., 183 Regent Street, W.1.

5.45 p.m. What's On in London News of the Latest Films, Shows and Other Attractions.

6.0 p.m. Programmes in French *Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie*.

12 (midnight) Melody at Midnight Seger Ellis and His Orchestra. Guest Artist: The Blue Four and Gene Austin. —Presented by Bile Beans, C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds.

12.30 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL Dance Music.

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

THURSDAY, JULY 29

7.45 a.m. Laugh and Grow Fit With Joe Murgatroyd (The Lad fra' Yorkshire).

8.0 a.m. Singing Joe The Sanpic Man.—Presented by the makers of Sanpic, Reckitt & Sons, Ltd., Hull.

8.15 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL GOOD MORNING, NEIGHBOUR featuring The Three Admirals Betty Dale and Bill Bowness Presented by the makers of Reckitt's Bath Cubes, Reckitt & Sons, Ltd., Hull.

8.30 a.m. The Colgate Revellers Panamanian, *Costlow*; Midnight in Mayfair, *Chase*; Red, White and Blue, *Gay*; When My Dream Boat Comes Home, *Friend*; Take Another Guess, *Sherman*.—Presented by Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, Colgate, Ltd., S.W.1.

8.45 a.m. Popular Music By Lionel Monckton. Selection: The Country Girl; Selection: The Arcadians; Soldiers in the Park.—Presented by Fels Naptha Soap, Clifton House, Euston Road, N.W.1.

9.0 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL Dance Music. Everything's Been Done Before, *Adamson*; Now That Summer is Gone, *Simons*; The Night is Young and You're So Beautiful, *Suesse*; Congratulate Me, *Rothberg*.—Presented by Woodward's Grape Water, 51 Clapham Road, S.W.9.

9.15 a.m. Light Music on Wurlitzer Organ The King's Horses, *Gay*; Dancing Animal Crackers, *Steiner*; Looking Around Corners for You, *Revel*; Song Memories of the Past.

9.30 a.m. OLIVER KIMBALL The Record Spinner Sussex by the Sea, *Ward Higgs*; Selection: Gold Diggers of 1937, *Warren*; Selection: Gondoliers, *Sullivan*; Selection: Yes, Madam, *Tunbridge*.—Presented by Bismag, Limited, Braydon Road, N. 16.

9.45 a.m. ROMANTIC MELODY TIME With the Romeo of Song More Than You Know, *Youmans*; By the Waters of Minnetonka, *Lawrence*; I'll Sing You a Thousand Love Songs, *Warren*; Beyond the Blue Horizon, *Whiting*; Miracles Sometimes Happen, *Noble*.—Presented by Milk of Magnesia, 179 Acton Vale, W.3.

10.0 a.m. Radio Favourites Tell Me Pretty Maiden, *Stuart*; Choristers' Waltz, *Phelps*; When Irish Eyes are Smiling, *Olcott*; Selection—Champagne Waltz, *Costlow*.—Presented by Brooke Bond and Co., Ltd., London, E.1.

10.15 a.m. THE OPEN ROAD Liberty Bell March, *Sousa*; I Feel a Song Coming On, *McHugh*; Devil May Care, *Valerie*; El Captain, *Sousa*; Don't Let It Bother You, *Revel*.—Presented by Carter's Little Liver Pills, 64 Hatton Garden, E.C.1.



Frank Titterton, Sidney Torch's guest artiste on Wednesday at 8.30 a.m.

10.30 a.m. POPULAR CONCERT A Village Festival, *Mayerl*; My Hero, *Straus*; Roses of Picardy, *Haydn Wood*; Gingerbread Waltz, *Humperdinck*.—Presented by Macleans, Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford.

10.45 a.m. Ten Forty-Five and All That Julietta, *Vauclair*; Whistle Your Worries Away, *Jones*; Saddle Your Blues to a Wild Mustang, *Whiting*; Back to Those Happy Days, *Nicholls*.

11.0 a.m. Programmes in French *Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie*.

2.30 p.m. Paris Exhibition News

2.45 p.m. Records by Sol Hoopil and His Novelty Quartet. Hula Breeze, *Hanshaw*; I Want Somebody to Love, *Decker*; Aloha Beloved, *Long*; Weave a Lei, *Bright*; To You, Sweetheart, *Aloha, Owens*.

3.0 p.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL Light Music.

3.30 p.m. Request Programme From Miss N. Dale. I Dream of San Marino, *Shields*; Ole Faithful, *Carr*; The Wheel of the Wagon is Broken, *Carr*; Riding the Range in the Sky, *Carlton*; The True and Trembling Brakeman; There's Only Five Bullets in My Old Six Shooter, *Box*; Little Red Caboose Behind the Train; Wood Birds' Morning Greeting; When the Poppies Bloom Again, *Towers*.

4.0 p.m. EUROPE FROM A NEW ANGLE A Series of Cameos by Major John Swift

Skies of Blue, *Kutsch*; Trieste Overture, *Deiro*; The Balkan Princess, *Rubens*; Danse Slave, *Chabrier*.—Presented by British, Continental and Overseas Travel, Ltd., 136-142 Victoria Street, S.W.1.

4.15 p.m. PUTTING A NEW COMPLEXION ON LIFE

Sweet Leilani, *Owens*; I've Got a Note, *Pola*; I Breathe on Windows, *Mayerl*; Doing the New Low-down, *McHugh*; Let's Put Our Heads Together, *Arlen*.—Presented by D.D.D., Fleet Lane, E.C.4.

4.30 p.m. Variety Big Boy Blue, *Tinturin*; A Nice Cup of Tea, *Sullivan*; Orange Blossom, *Mayerl*; In Love Again, *Brownes*.

4.45 p.m. Dancing Reflections in the Musical Mirror.—Presented by Novopine Foot Energiser, Yeo Street, E.3.

5.0 p.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL POST TOASTIES RADIO CORNER Uncle Chris (Christopher Stone) Presented to the Children By the makers of Post Toasties, 10 Soho Square, W.1.

5.15 p.m. A Quarter-Hour Programme For Boys and Girls. Birthday Greetings from the Uncles.

5.30 p.m. Film Reminiscences You Oughta be in Pictures (New York Town), *Heymann*; A Glass of Golden Bubbles (Waltz Time), *Strauss*; Hot Patatta (Dynamite), *Durante*; This Little Piggie Went to Market (Eight Girls in a Boat), *Costlow*; When My Ship Comes In (Kid Millions), *Kahn*; Black Moonlight (Too Much Harmony), *Costlow*; Hollywood Holiday (Hollywood Holiday), *Parish*; I Was Lucky (The Man from the Folies Bergère), *Meskill*.

6.0 p.m. Programmes in French *Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie*

12 (midnight) Melody at Midnight The Rhythm Rascals. Guest Artists: Cleo Brown and Al Carr.—Presented by Bile Beans, C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds.

12.30 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL Dance Music.

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



Records by Bram Martin and his Band—4.45 p.m., Wednesday

9.45 a.m. ALFREDO CAMPOLI AND HIS ORCHESTRA Talk by Nurse Johnson on Child Problems

Nuages, *Shaumelle*; Smilin' Through, *Penn*; Bonzo's Day Out, *Ashwood Hope*; Laughing Eyes, *Finck*.—Presented by California Syrup of Figs, 179 Acton Vale, W.3.

10.0 a.m. A REFRESHING PROGRAMME Moonlight and Shadows, *Robin*; The Hit Parade; I Love Thee, *David*; Marche Lorraine, *Ganne*.—Presented by Borwick's Lemon Barley, 1 Bunhill Row, S.W.1.

10.15 a.m. SKY HIGH WITH SKOL featuring The Famous Petulengro Reading the Stars for You A Programme of Gipsy Music Hungarian Dance No. 5, *Brahms*; Hungarian Potpourri, *arr. Dinicu*; Play to Me, *Gipsy, Kennedy*; Gipsy, Sing for Me, *Pola*; Cuban Serenade, *Midgley*.—Presented by the makers of Skol Healing Antiseptic, 1 Rochester Row, S.W.1.

10.30 a.m. POPULAR CONCERT Tales from the Orient, *Strauss*; In a Clock Store, *Orli*; Lovely to Look At, *Kern*; La Caprice de Nanette, *Coleridge-Taylor*.—Presented by Macleans, Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford.

10.45 a.m. Ten Forty-Five and All That.

11.0 a.m. Programmes in French *Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie*.

2.0 p.m. Pierrrot Parade Celebrity Concert Parry. Hello Blackpool Medley; The Three Trees, *Powell*; Sweet Heartache, *Steph*; What People Make a Living From, *Ellstein*; Shall We Dance? *Gershwin*; Cannon Off the Cush, *Engleman*; Jolly Good Song, *Jolly Well Sung, Damrell*; The Pipes of Pan, *Monckton*; Hello Blackpool.

2.30 p.m. Paris Exhibition News

2.45 p.m. Records by Primo Scala's Accordion Band.

3.0 p.m. Musical Sundae The Love Bug Will Bite You, *Tomlin*; California; Oua Oua; The Flora Dance, *Moss*; Nights of Gladness, *Ancliffe*; Midnight in Mayfair, *Pola*; I've Got a Feelin' You're Foolin', *Brown*; With My Little Stick of Blackpool Rock, *Gifford*; Where the Cafe Lights are Gleaming, *Goehr*.

3.30 p.m. SEEING EUROPE FROM A NEW ANGLE

A Series of Cameos by Major John Swift A Mediterranean Cruise, *Jalowicz*; Maracas, *Marzedo*; This England, *arr. Somers*.—Presented by British, Continental and Overseas Travel, Ltd., 136-142 Victoria Street, S.W.1.

3.45 p.m. Past Favourites The Veleta, *Harris*; Silver Threads Among the Gold, *Danks*; The Merry Widow Waltz, *Lehar*; Ain't She Sweet, *Ager*.

4.0 p.m. MILTON TEA-TIME TALK Fascinating Programme of Words and Music

With Gil Chard Drake's Drum, *Stanford*; Selection: Ballads We Love; Medley: Say It With Music, *Noble*; Spread a Little Happiness, *Ellis*; Taking a Stroll around the Park, *Clive*; Gay Caballero, *Crumit*; Selection: Belle of New York, *Kerker*.—Presented by the makers of Milton Antiseptic, John Milton House, N.7.

4.30 p.m. Fingers of Harmony Selection: Mr. Whittington, *Green*; Alexander's Ragtime Band, *Berlin*; Summer



Morton Downey, the Golden Voice of Radio; at 3.30 p.m., Wednesday

FRIDAY, JULY 30

7.45 a.m. Laugh and Grow Fit With Joe Murgatroyd (The Lad fra' Yorkshire).

8.0 a.m. MUSIC IN THE MORNING Singing in the Bathtub; Slung in the Rain, *Brown*; Over on the Sunny Side, *Clynn*; No Strings, *Berlin*; Crazy Rhythm, *Meyer*; Head Over Heels in Love, *Revel*; I'll Never say Never Again, *Again, Wood*; I'm in Love Again, *Simon*.—Presented by Horlicks, Slough, Bucks.

8.15 a.m. 8.15 And All's Well An Early Morning Programme to Encourage the Healthy, Happy Side of Life, featuring Browning and Starr.—Presented by Alka Seltzer Products. (U.P.C. Production.)

8.30 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL Records by Brian Lawrence. Cavalcade of Stars, presented by Donald Watt. My First Thrill, *Sigler*; Don't Ask Me Any Questions, *Sigler*; May All Your Troubles Be Little Ones, *Sigler*; She Shall Have Music, *Sigler*; Moanin' Minnie, *Sigler*; I Saw a Ship a-Sailing, *Jerome*.—Presented by the makers of DoDo Asthma Tablets, 34 Smedley Street, S.W.8.

8.45 a.m. Sunny Jim's Programme of "Force" and Melody. Lover Come Back to Me, *Romberg*; Skye Boat Song, *arr. Somervell*; Coming Home, *Wilmot-Willeby*; Little Grey Home in the West, *Lohr*.—Presented by A. C. Fincken & Co., Clifton House, Euston Road, N.W.1.

9.0 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL For Beauty's Sake. Passing By, *Purcell*; Beautiful Lady in Blue, *Lewis*; I Dream Too Much, *Kern*; I'll Follow My Secret Heart, *Coward*.—Presented by Cuticura Preparations, 31 Banner Street, E.C.1.

9.15 a.m. GORDON LITTLE In Music Through the Window Presented by Phosferine Tonic Wine, La Belle Sauvage, E.C.4. (U.P.C. Production.)

9.30 a.m. Radio Favourites Presented by Brooke Bond & Co., Ltd., London, E.1.

NORMANDY

—continued from page 32



"Doctor" Joe Murgatroyd, genial instructor of the "Laugh and Grow Fit" Physical Training Classes. Monday to Saturday, 7.45-8 a.m.

Madness: Guitar Duet, *Mairants*; Piano Pie.—Presented by the proprietors of Daren Bread, Daren, Ltd., Dartford, Kent.

4.45 p.m. Cookery Nook Your Tea-Time Rendezvous with Phyllis Peck, McDougall's Cookery Expert. My Life in Music, *Darewski*; The Clatter of the Clogs, *Flynn*; Musical Comedy Gems; Blackpool Switchback.—Presented by McDougall, Ltd., Millwall Docks, E.14.

5.0 p.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL POST TOASTIES RADIO CORNER Uncle Chris (Christopher Stone) Presented to the Children

By the makers of Post Toasties, 10 Soho Square, W.1.

5.15 p.m. A Quarter-Hour Programme For Boys and Girls. Birthday Greetings from the Uncles.

5.30 p.m. Light Music Music from the Movies March, *Levy*; The Girl on the Little Blue Plate, *Alter*; Got a Bran' New Suit, *Schwartz*; Selection: Brewster's Millions, *Noble*; Waltz Medley; Old Man of the Mountain, *Brown*; Life Is a Song, *Ahlert*; Keep Calling Me Sweetheart, *Iida*.

6.0 p.m. Programmes in French Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie.

12 (midnight) Melody at Midnight Jimmy Grier and His Orchestra. Guest Artist: The Jones Boys.—Presented by Bile Beans, C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds.

12.30 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL Dance Music.

1.0 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL
1.30 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL
2.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

SATURDAY, JULY 31

7.45 a.m. Laugh and Grow Fit With Joe Murgatroyd (The Lad fra' Yorkshire).

8.0 a.m. MUSIC IN THE MORNING

Wear a Top of the Morning Smile, *Wallace*; Smile, darn ya, *Smile, O'Flynn*; The Best Things of Life are Free, *Brown*; Put On Your Old Grey Bonnet, *Wenrich*; Polka Dot Swing; Looking Around Corners For You, *Revel*; High and Low, *Schwartz*; I'm Sitting High on a Hilltop, *Johnston*.—Presented by Horlicks, Slough, Bucks.

8.15 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL Your Requests. Trees, *Rasbach*; Ragtime Cowboy Joe, *Muir*; When the Poppies Bloom Again, *Torrers*; Midnight in Mayfair, *Chase*; Always in All Ways, *Harling*.

8.30 a.m. Happy Days What Will I Tell My Heart? *Tinturin*; A Gipsy Who Has Never Been in Love; A Thousand Dreams of You; Oh, Lady Be Good, *Gershwin*.—Presented by Wincarnis, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

8.45 a.m. Sunny Jim's Special Children's Programme of "FORCE" AND MELODY

Childhood Memories, *arr. Somers*; Halfway Down, *Fraser-Simson*; Ride a Cock Horse; Dickory, *Dickory Dock*; Teddy Bear's Picnic, *Bratton*.—Presented by A. C. Fincken & Co., Clifton House, Euston Road, N.W.1.

9.0 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL Light Music. Is It True What They Say About Dixie? *Caesar*; I'm in the Mood for Love, *McHugh*; In a Little French Casino, *Silver*; Alexander's Ragtime Band, *Berlin*; I'm Just a Country Boy at Heart, *Tomlin*; El Relicario, *Padilla*; Mariou, *Mendez*; In the Sweet Long Ago, *Tobias*; Copper Coloured Gal, *Davis*.

9.30 a.m. Favourite Melodies Changing of the Guard, *Floresam*; There's a Tavern in the Town; John Peel; Singing in the Bathtub, *Magidson*; Waltzing Doll, *Poldini*.—Presented by Freezone Corn Remover, Braydon Road, N.16.

9.45 a.m. Records by the Hill Billies Old and New Favourites. There's Only Five Bullets in My Old Six Shooter, *Box*; The Wheel of the Wagon is Broken, *Box*; Memories of the Old Homestead; A Cowboy's Wedding Day, *Pelosi*; Yip Nedly, *Iida*.

10.0 a.m. Listen to Vitbe My Little Buckaroo, *Jerome*; Melodies of the Month; Crazy Feet, *Gottler*; Selection: Gold Diggers of 1937, *Warren*.—Presented by Vitbe Bread, Crayford, Kent.

10.15 a.m. News Parade The Wedding of the Rose, *Jessel*; Prelude in C Sharp Minor, *Rachmaninoff*; Indian Temple Dance, *Konigsberger*; Desert Song, *Romberg*.—Presented by the Editor of "News Review."

10.30 a.m. POPULAR CONCERT Musical Moments; Song of Songs, *Moya*; Wanting You, *Romberg*; Vienna Blood Waltz, *Strauss*.—Presented by Macleans, Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford.

10.45 a.m. Ten Forty-Five and All That Maid of the Mountains Waltz, *Fraser Simson*; Fiddlesticks, *Jones*; Indiana Sweetheart, *Hanson*; Irish Medley, *arr. Somers*.

11.0 a.m. Programmes in French Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie.

2.0 p.m. Blackbirds (Celebrity Concert Party.) Whoa Babe, *Clinton*; Solomon, *Porter*; Keep Calling Me Sweetheart, *Pease*; I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby, *McHugh*; Rockin' Chair, *Carmichael*; Wanna Go Back to Honolulu, *Leon*; I Wonder Where the Old Gang's Gone, *Box*; Porgy, *McHugh*; Swing High, Swing Low, *Lance*.

2.30 p.m. Paris Exhibition News

2.45 p.m. The Whirl of the World Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star, *Mazidson*; Hungarian Dance, *Brahms*; My Little Buckaroo, *Scholl*; Embassy Stomp, *Barnes*.—Presented by Monseigneur News Theatre.

3.0 p.m. Musical Cavalcade Vienna Blood, *Strauss*; Humoreske, *Dvorak*; Mazurka, *Chopin*; Selection: The Gipsy Princess, *Kalman*.—Presented by the publishers of "Cavalcade," 2 Salisbury Square, E.C.4.

3.15 p.m. Light Music on Wurlitzer Organ

3.30 p.m. DANCING TIME

A Programme of Dance Music chosen by Victor Silvester South Sea Island Magic, *Tomerlin*; I'm Still in Love with You, *Bratton*; I Once Had a Heart Margarita, *Schmis*; Don't Count Your Chickens, *Rene*; Wine, Women and Song, *Strauss*; House Beautiful, *Anderson*; Violetta, *Mohr*; Girls were Made to Love and Kiss, *Lehar*.

4.0 p.m. Saturday Show

5.0 p.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL POST TOASTIES RADIO CORNER Uncle Chris (Christopher Stone) Presented to the Children

By the makers of Post Toasties, 10 Soho Square, W.1.

5.15 p.m. Melodies of To-day and Yesterday. (Waltz Programme.) Paradise in Waltz Time, *Costlow*; Count of Luxembourg Waltz, *Lehar*; Faust Waltzes, *Gosnod*; I'll Follow My Secret Heart, *Coward*.—Presented by Rentals R.A.P., Ltd., 183 Regent Street, W.1.

5.30 p.m. Swing Music Request Programme from Mr. M. D. Burton. Mood Indigo, *Ellington*; Daybreak Express, *Ellington*; Echoes of the Jungle, *Williams*; Black and Tan Fantasy, *Ellington*.

5.45 p.m. What's On In London News of the Latest Films, Shows and Other Attractions.

6.0 p.m. Programmes in French Assn. des Auditeurs de Radio Normandie.

12 (midnight) Melody at Midnight Henry King and His Orchestra. Guest Artist: Carol Lee.—Presented by Bile Beans, C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds.

12.30 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL Dance Music.

1.0 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL
1.30 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL
2.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

PASSPORT

TO SOCIAL SUCCESS

DANCING time is any time nowadays—when radio brings into our homes the rhythms of the world's leading bands.

This should make better dancers of us all—shouldn't it? We have the opportunity—but have we the ability? Lots of us do not care for the bother and expense of going for a course of lessons to some academy at a total cost of many guineas. We would rather practise at home. Now we can . . . and at the same time become really skilful and graceful dancers—thanks to Professor Bolot, F.A.R., E.A.D.M., N.D.T.A.

For a quarter of a century the Bolot School of Dancing has been famous for its phenomenal successes. Professor Bolot's method really does enable a pupil to master every phase of modern ball-room dancing without the least effort. The Waltz, Rumba, Fox Trot, Quick Step—the latest Modern Old Time—and all the newest steps are acquired with ease in the privacy of a thousand homes.

But don't let's lose sight of the fact that to-day good dancing is an asset in social and in business life too which cannot be neglected. That is a most important aspect of Professor Bolot's Course, he tells us. Not only does it include these startling easy-to-grasp instructions to every modern dance correct poise and positions; it also covers such ballroom problems as Etiquette, Deportment, Conversation, etc.

These, of course, are indispensable to dancers who utilize their ability to enlarge their circle of acquaintance—gaining introductions to people of note and consequence with whom otherwise they might not come into contact.

Certainly it seems to us that readers of RADIO PICTORIAL are missing a big chance for an inexpensive and most profitable pastime if they ignore Professor Bolot's unusually successful system. A copy of his latest book entitled "True Facts about Ballroom" will be sent gratis and post free to all readers applying immediately. The address is: Professor J. Bolot, Studio A.15, 8 Broadway, London, W.6.

TO YOUNG WOMEN OVER 16

- 1 How does your birthday influence your life!
- 2 What star were you born under!
- 3 What do the next 3 months hold in store for you!

If you are interested, don't fail to listen-in to



JOHN GOODWOOD

Student of the stars in a

NEW RADIO PROGRAMME

Beginning Sunday, July 18, at 3.45 and every Sunday thereafter

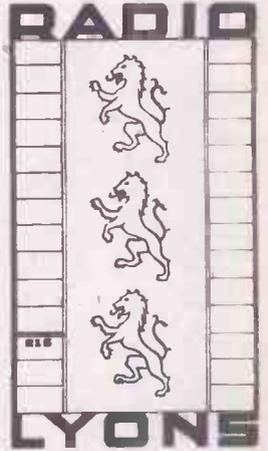
RADIO LUXEMBOURG

PRESENTED BY

Radio Lyons Calling!

Announcer: Gerald Carnes

Tune in to 215 metres for Radio's brightest and lightest programmes!



Leslie (Holmes) will be heard with the other Leslie (Sarony) in a record concert on Friday, 10.30 p.m.



Jack Payne's vocalist, Billy Scott-Coomber, takes the air on Sunday at 10.45 p.m. in "Beecham's Reunion"



Ronnie Hill, featured opposite Helen Clare, in "Songs and Sentiment," Sunday at 10 p.m.

11.30 p.m. THE NIGHT WATCHMAN with a further supply of melodious memories.
11.55 p.m. GOODNIGHT MESSAGE
12 (midnight) CLOSE DOWN

FRIDAY, JULY 30

10.0 p.m. THE HOBSON'S CHOICE PROGRAMME. Dance and Light Music—Presented by the makers of Hobson's Choice Feet Plasters and Powders.
10.15 p.m. "BOLENIUM BILL" ON PARADE, featuring "Boleium Bill" and his army of daily workers.—Presented by the makers of Boleium Overalls.
10.30 p.m. THE TWO LESLIES (Sarony, and Holmes) in a gramophone record concert.
10.45 p.m. "PLECTRUM PARADE" Banjo, guitar, ukelele, etc., featured in this programme of fretted instruments.
11.0 p.m. CARROLL GIBBONS AND HIS RHYTHM BOYS, with Anne Lenner, George Melachrino, and The Three Ginx in dance-music, songs and musical memories.—Presented by the makers of Stork Margarine.
11.30 p.m. "TRANS-ATLANTIC" The latest in song, dance and humour from across the Pond.
11.55 p.m. GOODNIGHT MESSAGE
12 (midnight) CLOSE DOWN

SUN., JULY 25

8.15 p.m. "GRAMO-VARIETY" A little of something to please everyone. Gramophone records selected and announced by Gerald Carnes.
8.30 p.m. "A QUESTION OF TASTE" Featuring those amusing cads, The Western Brothers, with the Quaker Orchestra, pianists and singers. An interesting programme in which members of the listening public take part.—Presented by the makers of Quaker Cornflakes.
8.45 p.m. THE LAUGH PARADE A gramophone record programme of humour by famous laughter-makers.
9.0 p.m. "YOUNG AND HEALTHY" Up-to-the-minute dance and swing-music by leading dance orchestras.—Presented for your entertainment by the makers of Bile Beans.
9.15 p.m. THE ZAM-BUK PROGRAMME of melody, humour and song.—Sponsored and presented by the makers of Zam-Buk.
9.30 p.m. ALFREDO CAMPOLI AND HIS ORCHESTRA in gems of light music, and an interesting talk by Nurse Johnson.—Presented by courtesy of the makers of California Syrup of Figs.
9.45 p.m. "WALTZ-TIME" With Billy Bissett and his Waltz-Time Orchestra, Pat Hyde, Robert Ashley and The Waltz-Timers. An invitation to the waltz, sent to you by the makers of Phillips Dental Magnesia.
10.0 p.m. "SONGS AND SENTIMENT" —a delightfully informal programme of piano and vocal duets featuring Helen Clare and Ronnie Hill.—Sent to you by the makers of Dandierine.
10.15 p.m. Dr. FU MANCHU, by Sax Rohmer. Episode No. 21.—"The Six Gates." A further dramatic episode in the timeless war between the famous criminal investigator Nayland Smith and Dr. Fu Manchu—arch fiend of the Orient. Cast: Dr. Fu Manchu, Frank Cochrane; Nayland Smith, D. A. Clarke Smith; Dr. Petrie, John Rae; Weymouth, Arthur Young; Karamanah, Rani Waller; Sergeant Carler, Vernon Kelso.—Presented weekly in serial form by the makers of Milk of Magnesia.

11.45 p.m. "THE NIGHT WATCHMAN" bringing the evening to a close with his soothing selection of music.
11.55 p.m. GOODNIGHT MESSAGE
12 (midnight) CLOSE DOWN

MONDAY, JULY 26

10.0 p.m. VARIETY A fifteen-minute entertainment.—Presented by courtesy of the makers of Stead's Razor Blades.
10.15 p.m. "SUNNY JIM" TRANSMITTING "FORCE" AND MELODY. Featuring "Sunny Jim" and his famous smile.—Presented by A. C. Fincken & Co.
10.30 p.m. YOUR OLD FRIEND "DAN" bringing a supply of songs and good advice. Assisted by Phil Green at the piano.—Sent to you by the makers of Johnson's Wax Polish.
10.45 p.m. "DANCING TIME FOR DANCERS." Time for dancing at the make-believe ballroom.
11.0 p.m. "THE STAGE DOOR LOUNGER." Theatre gossip, music and news. A weekly survey of London's best shows by our Theatre Correspondent in London—"The Stage Door Lounger."
11.30 p.m. "DANCING TIME" Continuing our dance music.
11.55 p.m. GOODNIGHT MESSAGE
12 (midnight) CLOSE DOWN

10.30 p.m. "MUSICAL MOODS" Starring Ilomay Bailey and Lee Sims, America's greatest piano and vocal-team, in a delightful entertainment.—Presented in a new style by the makers of Fairy Soap.
10.45 p.m. "AT THE ORGAN" A quarter-hour of organ music by famous cinema organists.
11.00 p.m. "FILM-TIME" Featuring Radio's Screen Reporter, "The Man on the Set," who brings an interesting supply of film news and screen-views.
11.15 p.m. JACK BUCHANAN AND ELSIE RANDOLPH in "More Musical Comedy Memories."
11.30 p.m. DANCING TIME with your favourite dance orchestras.
11.55 p.m. GOODNIGHT MESSAGE
12 (midnight) CLOSE DOWN

SATURDAY, JULY 31

10.0 p.m. "FROM THE HAT" Gramophone records picked at random from the enormous library at Radio Lyons, by Gerald Carnes.
10.30 p.m. "FILM-TIME" With "The Man on the Set," who brings a further supply of news and views from the Screen-World.
10.45 p.m. DANCING TIME Music by leading dance orchestras.
11.0 p.m. "ON WITH THE SHOW" Stage, Screen and Vaudeville artistes in their newest and best recordings.
11.30 p.m. THE NIGHT WATCHMAN With his soothing melodies, making a pleasing introduction to the programme which will follow.
11.40 p.m. "PASSING BY" A corner for listeners, featuring Tony Melrose, who is answering queries and helping listeners with their life problems.
11.55 p.m. GOODNIGHT MESSAGE
12 (midnight) CLOSE DOWN

TUESDAY, JULY 27

10.0 p.m. LESLIE A. HUTCHINSON ("HUTCH") in "Songs at the Piano." Famous coloured singer-pianist in a collection of his biggest successes.
10.15 p.m. "A LIFE ON THE OCEAN" Sea-shanties by famous vocalists and male-quartets.
10.30 p.m. CARSON ROBISON AND HIS PIONEERS. Cowboy melodies and humour featured by the Western Prairie's favourite songsters. A bright, breezy show.—Presented by courtesy of Oxydol.
10.45 p.m. PROGRAMME OF MODERN DANCE MUSIC by leading American and English Orchestras.—Sponsored and presented by the makers of Beecham's Pills.
11.0 p.m. "SIGN, PLEASE" The Signature Tune Contest. A new feature, becoming increasingly popular with listeners, conducted by Tony Melrose.
11.15 p.m. "HOT, SWEET AND SWING." The three popular styles of dance-music played by No. 1 dance bands of England and America.
11.55 p.m. GOODNIGHT MESSAGE
12 (midnight) CLOSE DOWN

THURSDAY, JULY 29

10.0 p.m. THE PALMOLIVE HALF-HOUR, featuring Palmolive's own masters of rhythm—The Palmolivers with songs and ballads by Olive Palmer and Paul Oliver.—Presented for your entertainment by the makers of Palmolive.
10.30 p.m. MORTON DOWNEY (Radio's Golden Voice), singing with the Drene Orchestra and Organ under the direction of Hal Hoffer.—Sponsored and presented by the makers of Drene.
10.45 p.m. PROGRAMME OF MODERN DANCE MUSIC by famous dance orchestras of both sides of the Atlantic.—Presented by courtesy of the makers of Beecham's Pills.
11.0 p.m. DANCE TUNES POPULARITY CONTEST. Being your weekly opportunity to forecast Britain's five most popular dance tunes.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 28

10.0 p.m. THE BORWICK'S PROGRAMME. Refreshing melodies, songs, and dance-music.—Presented by the makers of Borwick's Lemon Barley Water.
10.15 p.m. "SUNNY JIM" PRESENTING "FORCE" AND MELODY. A fifteen-minute entertainment, featuring "Sunny Jim."—Sponsored by A. C. Fincken & Co.



Robert Ashley, who stars with Billy Bissett's Orchestra in "Waltz Time" (Sunday, 9.45 p.m.) sends this snap of himself "on top of the bill"

What Listeners Think

DO YOU EVER LAUGH?

Five shillings is paid for every letter—or extract—used in this column. Address your letters to "What Listeners Think," Radio Pictorial, 37 Chancery Lane, W.C.2 Anonymous letters are ignored.

WHAT I miss most in the B.B.C. programmes is honest full-blooded laughter. The solemn dignified atmosphere of Broadcasting House is apparently too much for our comedians.

The books of P. G. Wodehouse, the films of Laurel and Hardy, Seymour Hicks and Leslie Henson on the stage—all these have made me laugh. So far, the B.B.C. has only made me giggle.—D. J. Ingram, Kingsley Bungalow, Merihyr Road, Pontypridd, Glam.

"And So to Bed!"

OUR favourite announcer, Stuart Hibberd, back to-night from holiday, has just informed us that the time is now four minutes past eleven, but he has omitted his usual welcome "Good-night."

Was this because, being of a naturally kind and thoughtful disposition, he felt it would be adding insult to injury, seeing we had just had twenty-four minutes of a storyteller describing in detail just what it feels like to drown? Some bedtime story!—Leslie Winn, 54 Manchester Road, Nelson.

No Women, Please

IN last week's "R.P." there were two letters regarding woman announcers, some people saying that the B.B.C. should have a woman announcer; well, the B.B.C. tried the experiment once but it was not a success! They also have a woman announcer on the Scottish Regional. Do people think our present male announcers are not good enough? I would go so far as to say our announcers are by far the best in the world for their perfect microphone voices, and the way they speak English (which is not easy). No, we do not want women announcing.—T. Mahoney, 40 Netherfield Gardens, Barking, Essex.

Shortage of Plays

REFERRING to your correspondent's letter asking why the B.B.C. does not give one play a night, the following information may be useful.

Mr. Val Gielgud, the Drama Director, states in his book "How to Write Broadcast Plays," that on an average the B.B.C. receives forty plays a week for production on the air. Of the plays submitted about one per cent. comply sufficiently with the requirements of broadcasting to be seriously considered. On the other hand, the B.B.C. is faced with the necessity of finding at least fifty plays every year for production in London alone, without counting the more localised demands of Regional stations.

Those who have a hidden (or think they have) power of writing should read the book and try and write something suitable to please not only their pockets but the millions of listeners who enjoy radio plays.—Francis B. Kay, The Loft, Weston Park, Thames Ditton, Surrey.

Autograph Hunters' Pleasure

WHY should autograph hunting be looked down upon? Surely, if the celebrities are willing to give their signatures and the autograph hunters find pleasure in collecting them, then it is all square. After all, it is the public who make all these artists. And I am positive that all the notices—"No autographs"—

outside any B.B.C. will ever prevent a keen autograph hunter getting what he wants.—(Miss) M. Levine, "Marcne," 188 Walm Lane, Cricklewood, N.W.2.

Paging the Pipers

BEING a true Scotsman, I like to hear the bagpipes sometimes; but, at present, the Scottish Regional gives us one piper playing solo. I think it would be a good idea if they gave us a full pipe band, at least once a week.

I heard one recently from Athlone, and I enjoyed it very much, but it would have been much more enjoyable if it came from Scotland. So what about it, Scottish Regional? We surely have a few bagpipe bands in Bonnie Scotland.—James L. Black, 39 Riversdale Grove, Edinburgh, 12.

Spotlight the Stars

I SHOULD like to see the practice of announcing the personnel of a dance band (as in the present "Swing that Music" series) become a normal feature of dance music sessions. Surely there is nothing more annoying than to hear an instrumental solo and not know the player?—Albert Sneed, 4 Crankhall Lane, West Bromwich, Staffs.

Band Contest

THERE are hundreds of unheard-of dance orchestras all over Britain; orchestras which, I am sure, could reach the heights of Henry Hall, Ambrose and Harry Roy, if only given the proper start.

So may I suggest that the B.B.C. holds an annual dance band contest?

The final heats could be broadcast, with Listeners as judges, and the winner become the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra for the year.—(Miss) M. E. Duncan, 96 Novar Drive, Hyndland, Glasgow, W.2.

Citizenship

WITHIN a short time the B.B.C. will be busy arranging their programme of talks and debates for the autumn season. Therefore, may I invite the hospitality of your columns to express the hope that talks on "Citizenship" may be included in the list. To expatiate on the benefits to be derived from a course of lectures on that theme would be superfluous. Suffice to say that, such talks would, I think, be eagerly welcomed.—Joseph Hobbins, School of Wireless Telegraphy, 2 Catherine Street, Limerick, I.F.S.

Fight Fan

I AM sure those listeners who forsook the comforts of a nice warm bed in the early hours of the morning to hear the recent Louis-Braddock fight from America were more than compensated by the excellent commentary. The broadcast itself was a revelation. The commentator gave us a thrilling and graphic account of the fight—no stopping to tell us that the contestants resembled film stars or tanks, etc., as our own B.B.C. commentators are prone to do—and then after the contest we heard the new champion say a few words; a feature the B.B.C. would do well to follow.—E. Liddiard, 5 Mill Lane, Biggleswade, Beds.

"Out of the Mouths of Babes . . ."

THE first Request Week since the Children's Hour was reorganised is now over, and the old favourites which haven't been summarily scrapped under the new régime still top the list. "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings. . ."

I wonder how many listeners besides myself deplored the absence for the first time in any Request Week of the time honoured Family Party? One can hardly believe that the youngsters preferred a visiting Choral Society, or some gramophone records, to the hilarity of the old family gatherings. Let us hope the Family Party isn't considered too human for the present dehumanised hour!—Eileen Barker, 67 Lowerhouse Lane, Burnley.

SHOULD THE B.B.C. EDUCATE OR ENTERTAIN? (Continued from page 5)

But the B.B.C. seems to make things as difficult as it can do for itself when programme-compiling.

That their task is difficult is fully appreciated. Having managed, edited, and made up a newspaper; compiled programmes; written scripts and produced shows, I should know.

One thing I have never done—muddled myself. The B.B.C. do this. For the life of me I cannot understand why.

An instance: "Songs You Might Never Have Heard" would be on Regional, then on National—then back on Regional. Sometimes on all Regionals, others leaving out Midland and Northern. It would start at 8.30 one time, at 9 p.m. another and 10 p.m. another. One broadcast would be 40 minutes, the next 45. Why? Why make it so stupidly difficult for the listener?

I have always found the B.B.C. willing to help in every way those like myself, who go there to do a show for them.

Here are my conclusions. Read them and let me know whether you agree. You may not. There is nothing like learning what you—the listeners—want.

1. That the music department spend too much time trying to educate the public and not enough trying to entertain them.
2. That there is room for a light music depart-

ment at the B.B.C. midway between the music department and the variety section.

3. That the B.B.C. should define their programmes more often. At least two a day.

4. That all light entertainment should be "presented."

5. That there is too much broadcasting, and that times should be cut down to five sessions daily:—

- 10 a.m. to 1 p.m.
- 2 p.m. to 5 p.m.
- 6 p.m. to 6.30 p.m., news and sport.
- 7 p.m. to 10 p.m.

With a final session on all stations, 10 p.m. to 12 (midnight) made up of dance music Wednesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, and mixed light entertainment and music on other nights.

Sundays, more light music in "presented" form, etc. Close down at 10 p.m.

The times suggested are arranged with a view to having the air "silent" for at least 2½ hours a day. For instance, it might be found necessary to keep programmes going between 12 (noon) and 1.0 p.m. This would necessitate a revision of the times between 10 a.m. and 5 p.m.

Interspersed with the above, I would advocate more outside broadcasting of racing, boxing, football (rugger and soccer), ice hockey, greyhound racing, etc.

What do you think?

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6 6	3 6	4 3	12	12/6	17/6
6 0	6 0	4 6	36	14/11	
6 6	6 0	6 0	36	18/11	27/6
7 0	6 0	6 6	36	32/6	42/0

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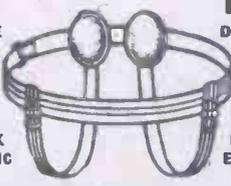


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PARIS (Poste Parisien)

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 : John Sullivan.

SUNDAY, JULY 25

6.0 p.m. From the Shows and Films The Dart Song (Swing is in the Air), *Sarony*; A Message from the Man in the Moon (A Day at the Races), *Day*; Good-night, Vienna (Good-night, Vienna), *Posford*; The Song of the Vagabonds (The Vagabond King), *Friml*; A Bench in the Park (The King of Jazz), *Yellen*; What is this Thing? (Temptation), *Abrahams*; Love Song of Tahiti (Mutiny on the Bounty), *Jurmann*; Let's Put Our Heads Together (Gold Diggers of 1937), *Arlen*; Speaking of the Weather (Gold Diggers of 1936), *Arlen*.

6.30 p.m. Records by Ambrose and His Orchestra, My Little Buckaroo, *Scholl*; Across the Great Divide, *Box*; I May Be Poor, but I'm Honest, *Lisbona*; Keep Calling Me Sweetheart, *Ilda*; Auf Wiedersehen, My Dear, *Sigler*.

6.45—7.0 p.m. Popular Tunes Policeman's Holiday, *Sylvester*; Her First Dance, *Heykens*; Watching the Stars, *Lerner*; Selection: Balalaika, *Posford*.—Presented by Fynnon, Limited.

10.30 p.m. Old Favourites Prelude in G Minor, *Rachmaninoff*; The Somerset Farmer, *Brandon*; Medley of Leslie Stuart's Songs, *arr. Greenwood*; Nocturne in E Flat Major, *Chopin*; On Ilkla Moor, *Trad.*; Soirée d'été, *Waldteufel*; Hearts and Flowers, *Hoare*; Liebestraum, *Liszt*.

11.0 p.m. Cabaret Love is Everywhere, *Parr-Davies*; I'm Still Dreaming, *Sigler*; My Heart and I, *Holland*; Phil, the Fluter's Ball, *French*; Yaaka Hula Hickey Dola, *Goets*; Old Stay at Home, *Flotsam*; Nobody Loves a Fairly When She's Forty, *le Clerq*; The Great American Tourist, *Yacht Club Boys*; Sweet Dreams, *Pretty Lady*, *Hanley*.

11.30 p.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL I.B.C. Goodnight Melody and Close Down.

MONDAY, JULY 26

10.30 p.m. Military Band Concert Punjab March, *Payne*; Selection: The Arcadians, *Monckton*; March of the Mountain Gnomes, *Eisenberg*; War March of the Priests, *Mendelssohn*.

11.0 p.m. Entertainment Parade Betty Co-ed, *Lockton*; A Cowboy's Wedding Day, *Noel*; Laughing at the Rain, *Gay*; Melodies of the Month; The Skaters' Waltz, *Waldteufel*; I Dream of San Marino, *Shields*; Strawberries and Cream, *Terrill*; On the Beach at Bali Bali, *Sherman*.

11.30 p.m. Records by Mantovani and His Tipica Orchestra. Moment Musical, *Schubert*; Poeme, *Fibich*; Throw Open Wide Your Window, *Calson*; Bees Among the Clover, *Barker*.

11.45 p.m. Father's Favourites Cozi Black Mammy, *St. Helier*; Won't You Buy My Pretty Flowers? *Persley*; Daddy Wouldn't Buy Me a Bow Wow, *Tabrar*; Love's Old Sweet Song, *Molloy*.

12 (midnight) Dance Music Nobody's Darling But Mine, *Davis*; All Alone in Vienna, *Towers*; Sweet Sue, Just You, Young; Red Roofs of Brittany, *Watson*; Sing a Song of Nonsense, *Carmichael*; Heart of Gold, *Nolan*; Sympathy, *Evans*; Mickey Mouse's Birthday Party, *Rothenburg*; Wood and Ivory, *Phillips*; A Little Chap with Big Ideas, *Evans*; It Ain't Right, *Rothberg*; Mammy Bone, *Norman*; Swing, *Ellis*; Harbour Lights, *Williams*; One, Two, Button Your Shoe, *Johnston*; Through the Courtesy of Love, *Revel*.

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

10.45 p.m. It's Time For Dancing Moonlight and Shadows, *Robin*; Big Boy Blue, *Tinturin*; Rita the Rumba Queen, *Norman*; I Need You, *Bottrell*; That Foolish Feeling, *McHugh*.

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

TUESDAY, JULY 27

10.30 p.m. Dance Music and Cabaret relayed from the Scheherazade Night Club. Compered by John Sullivan.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 28

10.30 p.m. Records by Ruth Etting A Message from the Man in the Moon, *Jurmann*; Why Dream, *Whiting*; Take My Heart, *Ahert*; On a Little Dream Ranch, *Hill*.

10.45 p.m. Radio Stars When the Trumpet Started Crooning on Parade, *Kennedy*; Rainbow on the River, *Alter*; Bojangles of Harlem, *Kern*; Across the Great Divide, *Box*.—Presented by "Radio Pictorial."

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

THURSDAY, JULY 29

10.30 p.m. From the Opera Triumphal March (Aida), *Verdi*; The Toreador Song (Carmen), *Bizet*; One Fine Day (Madame Butterfly), *Puccini*; The Anvil Chorus (Il Trovatore), *Verdi*; Forest Murmurs (Siegfried), *Wagner*; Chanson Hindoue (Sadko), *Rimsky-Korsakov*; Ballet Music (Faust), *Gounod*.

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

FRIDAY, JULY 30

9.0 p.m. (approx.) French Theatre Relay

SATURDAY, JULY 31

10.30 p.m. Variety Champagne Cocktail, *Phillips*; It Don't Mean a Thing, *Ellington*; Speaking of the Weather, *Arlen*; I'm Putting All My Eggs in One Basket, *Berlin*; Swanee Moon, *Towers*; Oua, Oua; The Baked Potato Man, *Sarony*; Did I Remember? *Donaldson*; Ups and Downs, *Crossman*.

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

RADIO MÉDITERRANÉE (Juan-les-Pins) 235.1 m., 1276 Kc/s.

Time of Transmissions
 Sunday : 10.30 p.m.—1.0 a.m.

10.30 p.m. Tunes From the Talks Jingle of the Jungle (London Melody), *Sigler*; Selection: Pennies from Heaven, *Johnston*; Good-night, My Love (Stowaway) *Revel*; When Did You Leave Heaven? (Sing, Baby, Sing), *Whiting*; Animal Crackers in My Soup (Curly Top), *Henderson*; Baby, Whatcha Gonna Do To-night (Good Morning, Boys), *Lerner*; My Red Letter Day (This'll Make You Whistle), *Sigler*; Selection: Everything is Rhythm, *Meskill*.

11.0 p.m. Entertainment Parade Betty Co-ed, *Lockton*; A Cowboy's Wedding Day, *Noel*; Laughing at the Rain, *Gay*; Melodies of the Month; The Skaters' Waltz, *Waldteufel*; I Dream of San Marino, *Shields*; Strawberries and Cream, *Terrill*; On the Beach at Bali Bali, *Sherman*.

11.30 p.m. Records by Mantovani and His Tipica Orchestra. Moment Musical, *Schubert*; Poeme, *Fibich*; Throw Open Wide Your Window, *Calson*; Bees Among the Clover, *Barker*.

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

RADIO LJUBLJANA 569.3 m. 527 Kc/s.

Time of Transmission
 Friday : 10.30—11.0 p.m.
 Announcer : F. Miklavic.

10.30 p.m. Old Favourites An Old Time Music Hall; Honeysuckle and the Bee, *Fitz*; Whistler and His Dog, *Pryor*; Polly-Wolly-Doodle, *Traditional*.

10.45 p.m. Military Band Concert Marching Through Georgia, *Miller*; See Me Dance the Polka, *Crossmith*; Humoresque, *Dvorak*; Post Horn Galop, *Koets*.

11.0 p.m. Close Down.

SHORT-WAVE EMPIRE TRANSMISSIONS

31.65 m., 9480 Kc/s.

Time of Transmission
 Sunday : 12.0—12.30 a.m.
 Announcer : E. E. Allen.

12 (midnight) Tunes of Yesterday Margie, *Davis*; Nobody's Sweetheart, *Kahn*; The Kunz Medley; Peter, Peter, *Woods*.

12.15 a.m. I.B.C. TIME SIGNAL. Love Everlasting, *Friml*; Emperor Waltz, *Strauss*; Puddin' on the Ritz, *Berlin*; Down South, *Mytleton*; I Raised My Hat, *Pola*.

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

Special Bank Holiday Issue of RADIO PICTORIAL NEXT WEEK!

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CAN YOU GET AMERICA?

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FOR the next twenty-six weeks American programmes assume a more summery aspect while several of the old familiar names are missing.

The main programmes have been more or less settled as regards times so that readers who want to hear for example Paul Martin and his music which is relayed from New York at 10.0 p.m. every Sunday evening should remember that this programme can be heard every Sunday evening at the same time. Also on this station is a programme relayed from Hollywood called the Jello Summer Show which is scheduled for 12 midnight.

This is a bright 30 minutes of entertainment. Film star Don Ameche is also relayed from Hollywood when he stars in a super variety programme for sixty minutes from 1 a.m. Incidentally these programmes which are transmitted by W2XAD in Schenectady can now be received at great strength owing to the use of a special transmitting aerial beamed on Europe. W2XAD is on the air every day from 4 p.m. till 2 a.m., while the associate station W2XAF radiates from 10 p.m. to 6 a.m.

Star feature for Mondays through the Schenectady group of stations is still Personal Column of the Air at 9.15 which is followed by Don Winslow of the Navy relayed from Chicago at 10.30 p.m.

Travelogue of the United States is a most unusual feature broadcast at 11.15 each Monday evening, consisting of the visits to American places of interest.

For the next few weeks Amos 'n' Andy are being relayed from Hollywood where they are making films. This programme is still scheduled for 12 midnight.

An interesting programme for Tuesdays is Matinee Musicale relayed from Cleveland at 6 p.m. The Three

"Have You Heard?" is a new feature scheduled for 8.45 p.m. each Tuesday evening which is followed by another new feature Azinsky's Dinner Music at 11.15 p.m.

Wednesdays at 5.30 p.m. brings Joe Dumond and his Cadets a new orchestra well worth hearing. Also on Wednesdays is the Continental Variety at 8.15 p.m., followed by the West View Park Orchestra at 9.45 p.m.

The N.B.C. Light Opera Co. have their usual Thursday transmission at 8.30 p.m., while Lucille and Lanny are a new listing for 10.0 p.m. on the same evening.

Jackie Heller, the N.B.C. star, is now scheduled for 10.45 each Friday evening, while Lowell Thomas has his usual fifteen minutes at 11.45 p.m. Irene Rich, the famous film star, is having thirty minutes from 1 a.m. on July 30 and each succeeding Friday.

There are plenty of orchestras to be heard on Saturdays between 3 p.m. and 10.30 p.m. One can hear Bill

SHORT WAVE LISTENERS' CORNER

by KENNETH JOWERS

Krenz and His Orchestra, Hessberger's Bavarian Orchestra, Walter Blaufuss, the West View Park, Ricardo and his Cabelleros, the orchestra from the Hotel La Salle, Herman Middleman's boys, a relay from the lounge of the Hotel Bismarck and finally Meredith Wilson.

Programmes from the Crosley stations WLW which claims to be the most powerful station in America, and probably in the world, can be heard through the short wave relay W8XAL on the 49 metre channel.

Amongst the star features of the following week are a Concert Hour at 10.30 p.m. on Sundays, Houseboat Hannah, a playlet at 4 p.m. Monday to Friday, film star Bert Lytell in Alias Jimmy Valentine on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday at 12 midnight, Bob Newhall at 11.45 p.m. on Wednesdays and the Cincinnati summer opera at 2 a.m. Saturday night or Sunday morning whichever way you look at it.

The opera to be relayed on July 24 is Puccini's "Tosca," followed by Cavalleria Rusticana on July 31 and "Il Trovatore" on August 7.

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Jackie Heller is on N.B.C. at 10.45 p.m. each Friday

X Sisters also have fifteen minutes at 10.15 p.m., while a new listing is vocal varieties relayed from Cincinnati at 12.15 p.m.

I notice that Fantasy in Rhythm relayed from Philadelphia at 6 p.m. on Wednesday includes many famous guest stars and a new orchestra each week. Make a point of hearing this programme. Three good items come from Schenectady on Wednesday evening starting at 11.35 p.m. First is Cappy Barra's Swing Harmonicas, then the Rhythmaires and finally Amos 'n' Andy again.

I usually skip Thursday as far as Schenectady is concerned with perhaps the exception of hearing Words and Music, a fifteen minute programme relayed from Chicago at 6.30 p.m. This same programme is relayed on Fridays and followed by Showtime at 7 p.m., Pepper Young's Family at 8 p.m. and Barry McKinley at 11.15 p.m.

The Continentals is the first good programme on Saturday. This is scheduled for 5 p.m. and is followed by Golden Melodies relayed from Denver at 7.30 p.m., Top Hatters at 11 p.m. and the Saturday Night Jamboree at 1 a.m.

Coast to Coast on a Bus is still a regular feature every Sunday morning from Pittsburg. Owing to the difference in time this programme can be heard in England at 2 p.m. Music Hall on the Air is scheduled for 5.30 p.m. followed by the Magic Key of R.P.A. at 7 p.m.

Every Sunday evening at 8.30 p.m. is an International broadcast from London. It may seem rather ridiculous tuning in from Pittsburg but this is the only way that you can hear these interesting talks and find out what we tell the Americans during these broadcasts.

Teatime dance music comes at the odd hour of 9.45 p.m. on Monday evenings, while the Singing Lady still has her regular thirty minutes at 10.30 p.m.

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Claude Hulbert



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