

**CASH
PRIZES
for
LISTENERS**

NO ENTRANCE FEE
See Page 31

**LUXEMBOURG
NORMANDY : LYONS
PARIS : EIREANN
PROGRAMMES
Feb. 12—Feb. 18**

RADIO PICTORIAL

THE MAGAZINE FOR EVERY LISTENER

VERY
RIDAY

3^D



B.B.C. CENSORSHIP REVELATIONS

Interview with
WICKHAM STEED

Intimate Close-up
of Bandleader

CARROLL GIBBONS

BETTIE BUCKNELLE
of Band Waggon Fame

Memories of

LESLIE HENSON

SPECIALLY FEATURED:—

CAVENDISH THREE

PATRICK WADDINGTON

STAINLESS STEPHEN

B.B.C. PROGRAMME GUIDE



Joe

LOSS

SEE PAGE 22

Two times you mustn't forget to remember!..

Every Sunday from
RADIO LYONS (215 Metres) 6.30 - 7.00 P.M.

Every Wednesday from
RADIO NORMANDY (274 Metres) 10.15-10.45 A.M.
Radio Normandy transmission arranged through the I.B.C.

★ *The gayest, wittiest, slickest programme on the air!*
YOU'LL HEAR—

The SPRY Syncopators
Radio's most catchy rhythm boys

Dick Francis
The comic compère with a thousand crazy quips!

Byrl Walkley
singing memorable melodies

Sandra Shayne
The clever crooner with the captivating voice

The Radio Revellers
The amusing male quartet

Sweet Henrietta
Screamingly funny skit on old-time melodrama

NEW INSTALMENT EVERY WEEK

Remember to tune in regularly every Sunday and Wednesday!

★ *Presented by the makers of*

SPRY

the pure vegetable cooking fat that's best for all cooking and frying!

SPR 318-143

THESE
Human Problems

WILL BE ANSWERED BY
STELLA WAYNE

1 A rich woman is trying to steal another woman's husband. The unhappy wife asks, "What shall I do?"

2 Who should be boss—husband or wife? A wise and just answer to eight puzzled young people.



Listen to the Pond's Programme next Sunday

From Normandy at 3 p.m., from Luxembourg at 10 p.m.



Also Van Phillips leading the Pond's Orchestra, with songs by HELEN CLARE and BILL CLAYTON

TRANSMISSION FROM RADIO NORMANDY THROUGH I.B.C. LTD.

STOP! and listen to these new
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YOUR OLD FRIEND DAN
(LYLE EVANS)

Songs of Safety are instructive songs specially written for the Kiddies to learn, to keep them out of harm's way

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LUXEMBOURG
Every Sunday at 2.30 p.m.
Every Thursday at 4.30 p.m.

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Every Wednesday at 3.30 p.m.
Transmissions arranged through I.B.C.

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RADIO PICTORIAL

The Magazine for Every Listener

Published by BERNARD JONES PUBLICATIONS, LTD
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MANAGING EDITOR.....K. P. HUNT
ASST. EDITOR.....JESSIE E. KIRK

THERE'S LAUGHTER IN THE AIR!



A TELEVISION FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY," runs an advertisement. Does this mean that even father gets a look-in?

Aren't the Weather Forecasts getting marvellous? They tell us the weather we're going to have forty-eight hours before we don't have it.

"WE'D sign you up," the producer said To the girl who had sung and acted. "But we haven't first choice. . . . By the sound of your voice, Your throat is already contracted."

ANOTHER MISPRINT "THIS little croonette began singeing in a night-club." Ah, the birth of hot music!

A vicar says that hot music makes him break out in beads of perspiration. "Are you glistening?"

ODD, WHAT? "ANYTHING in the paper about the new show coming off?" "Nothing in the 'Close of Play,' dear."

MONOTONY . . . 1ST CENSOR: Seen any good shows? 2ND CENSOR: Yes, darn it.

POP-ULAR "Do you know 'The Corkscrew Song'?" "Only the opening chorus."

COMEDIAN: Jokes like this don't come to my mind every day. **PRODUCER:** No, the paper you get 'em from only comes out once a week.

"LEARN TAP-DANCING BY POST." (Advt.) But doesn't that take a lot of stamps?

LISTEN GIRLS The B.B.C. invited a real Sheik to Broadcasting House to speak in its Arabic broadcasts. Our Tame Flapper withdraws everything she ever said about the B.B.C.

DUMB DRUMMER: I suppose you'd like to drop me from the band? **LEADER:** No, buddy—from a height of one thousand feet.

"MILLIONAIRE BECOMES RADIO WISECRACKER"—American headline. Richly funny.

"Montenegro is a town in Yugoslavia," points out a writer. Can you beat that! We always thought it was a coloured dance-band leader!

HINT: When writing humorous scripts for the B.B.C. remember to put all joking on one side.

ACCORDING to radio stars who have to depend on a fickle public it's Air to-day and gone to-morrow.

BANDLEADER: See that blonde at the table over there? Do you mind asking her to leave?

HOTEL MANAGER: Why? **BANDLEADER:** Every time my trombonist looks at her, it takes his breath away.

WELL CAST **HE:** Can you picture me as "The Singing Fool"? **SHE:** Yes, if you can sing.

STICKLER "IS this radio censor particular about blue gags?" "Particular? He won't even use a blue pencil!"

"Can you boys in the sound-effects department give us some storm noises?" "No. Somebody's stolen our thunder."

PASSING THOUGHT: Some of these blues singers sound like yellers to us.

NEWS ITEM: "The running commentator will describe the darts match to the bitter end." Make ours a pint.

"Life is just one jam swing after another," sighed the hot-band cornetist.

THE BIG APPLE ("People with big Adam's Apples have the best voices," says a music professor.) "My voice is rich," she said, "because My Adam's Apple's bigger." "And but for that," Replied some cat, "You wouldn't have no figure."

LITTLE AUDREY heard somebody mention "All Quiet on the Western Front," and Little Audrey just laughed and laughed, because she'd just seen Kenneth and George in their loud school ties.

"A RADIO SET WITH A PEDIGREE," announces an advertisement. Well connected, huh?

SO THE VICAR LOST HIS TEMPO **BELL-RINGER GRIMES** Has got the gate. Moved with the chimes And pulled in six-eight.

"To provide the foundation for the giant aerial mast," says a technical paper, "a bore was sunk to a depth of 3,000 feet." Well, that's one bore who won't give any more radio talks.



"I must listen in tonight—Paderewski is playing Beethoven." "Wot at?"

THE LOT OR NOTHING "THAT croonette is just a gold-digger after all." "Yeah. After all."

FROM A READER: "To get atmospheric in the middle of a radio cooking-recipe is a source of acute irritation to housewives." And acute indigestion to husbands.

OFF THE BEETON TRACK "I made this dish from a recipe that came over the air from the Continent." "It tastes like Plaster of Paris, too."

THANK THE NEIGHBOURS "HALF the world doesn't know how the other half lives," a writer reminds us. But we know what they have on the radio.

JUST an idea: If your neighbour keeps his radio going full-blast until 2 a.m., give him a ring at 4 a.m. and tell him how much you enjoyed it. . . .

1ST CONVICT: I wish I was Oliver Wakefield. 2ND CONVICT: Why? 1ST CONVICT: He never finishes a sentence.

A RADIO singer recently confessed that he exists on "tonic-solfa." It's rich in vitamin B.B.C.

IN television she's a flop, Poor lean and scraggy Isabel. She's so flat and compressed, Her back meets her chest, And sideways she's simply invisibel!

TO test a motorist for drunkenness, police subjected him to a spelling-bee. In this case, however, he had already been gonged.

SPOILSPORTS! **LISTENERS** everywhere are protesting that the scraps of private conversation we sometimes hear between members of the B.B.C. staff are continually faded out.

We now dedicate a modern version of "Pop Goes the Weasel" to folk who spend all their spare cash on gramophone records:

We love to watch our records grow, No matter what the cost be. That's the way our two-bobs go, Bing goes the Crosby!

Heard of the contortionist with nice manners? He ties himself up in a knot so that he doesn't forget himself.

"WHY call your new musical composition 'Dancing Moths'?" I didn't know moths danced.

"Sure. Have you never heard of moth-balls?"

"RADIO PIE" Goes on the Stage



Crooner Chipps Chippsindall with his sixteen-year-old fiancée Joan, whose mother "doesn't want her daughter to marry into the theatrical profession." Doesn't look asthough Joan shares her mother's views, does it?

WHAT will happen to Mr. Walker when Band Waggon comes to a standstill, as it is announced that it will, at the end of this quarter?

The "Mr. Walker Wants to Know" series turned out to be an even more successful brain-wave than many people in St. George's Hall—that home of optimism—imagined.

That rich, deep, fruity voice has an odd, sympathetic quality that made the listening public take Mr. Walker to its heart. When I met Syd this week he was carrying a great bundle of letters and postcards.

"Look at these," he said ruefully. "What am I going to do with 'em? They are all from people who have written to me asking advice. And what's more, they've been sent to my home address—not to Broadcasting House!"

Of course, this budget—and it is a daily affair, Syd tells me—is something quite apart from the hundreds of postcards that arrive at the B.B.C. in connection with all the problems that confront Mr. Walker in his capacity as philosopher and friend.

AS we expected, the television "push" began with a rare flourish. The "D.G." became a television star for the occasion—and, if I may say so, a very delightful performance he gave. His years of experience in the lecture-rooms have given his modest personality just that touch of confidence that makes the attractive speaker.

Mr. Ogilvie obviously knows the value of the dramatic gesture which is all the more striking when it is rare. I was interested to hear him make a point of the fact that television is "first and foremost a family affair." Mr. Ogilvie is himself a family man, and one can be quite sure that his position as the head of a happy family helps him to rule British radio with a broadminded outlook.

Anyhow, I have not the slightest doubt that the Director-General's friendly chat to the men who make and market radio was a first-class sales talk.

RADIO continues to provide ideas for the theatre. How "Monday Night at Seven" and "Band Waggon" went on the road, and how they fared is old



Dick Pepper, originator of the "Kentucky Minstrel Banjo Team," practises with "Tessa" and "George"

history. The latest translation of a radio show into terms of the theatre is that of "Radio Pie."

Leslie Holmes was very excited about it when I saw him the other day, for he and Leslie Savony propose to tour that popular feature, "Bring it to Town."

"We are going all out for a big show with our own scenery, and are hoping for the best," he said.

"Radio Pie" is one of the few shows produced by people outside the B.B.C. which is going to be broadcast this year.

"The highlight of the show will be comedy," Leslie told me, "but in addition there will be some very elaborate scenery, and we have written a number of up-to-date songs."

The Two Leslies have certainly lined up an impressive cast, headed by Suzette Tarvi, Robin Richmond (with his £2,000 Hammond Organ), Tubby Turner, George Harold, Kathleen West—a new discovery—and, of course, Hugo. The show opened at the Palace, Reading, the first theatre at which Holmes and Savony ever had a date as The Two Leslies. On Monday (February 13) "Radio Pie" is at the famous Metropolitan music hall in Edgware Road.

SO Gerald Cock, Director of Television, is off to America.

The ostensible reason for the trip is a visit a health cruise in the Mediterranean.

to the World's Fair—an ambition a great many executives in various walks of life are doing their best to "arrange." A tour of the kind Mr. Cock has in mind will doubtless be far more extensive than it seems at first blush.

This quiet-mannered, attractive man-of-the-world finds himself to-day controlling from the heights of Muswell Hill a force the strength of which cannot be calculated. From his office high up in the "Palace," overlooking square mile after square mile of London streets, roof-tops and patches of green, he has seen a daily miracle performed. Day by day, minute by minute, television has thrived and outgrown its swaddling clothes.

In this country the name of Gerald Cock is to all intents and purposes unknown to the general public. But you may be sure that abroad and in America especially he is

regarded as a very important personage indeed. While he is in the United States, Mr. Cock will see for himself just what television means in America, and whether big business will allow it to mean much more.

On the surface our television Director does not strike one as the likely hero of an exciting career. But for all his mild manner, Gerald Cock has had a wide experience of life in all kinds of odd and out-of-the-way corners. He would be the first to admit that in many ways he has been a rolling stone. For years he was a mining engineer and an explorer; he has seen violent death at close quarters and faced many dangers.

EVE MOIR, one of the most popular women behind the scenes at Alexandra Palace, has been away from her desk for several months.

Eve holds a "key" job, that of secretary to Cecil Madden, Programme Organiser, and had much to do with the success of "Picture Page." This tall, friendly girl, one of the hardest-worked in a hard-working department, was taken ill three months ago, but is now, I am glad to say, on the road to health again and will soon be back from

**THIS WEEK'S
GOSSIP**

By **STUDIO REPORTER**

THE last in the "Famous Music Halls" series produced a personality absolutely brimming over with life and humour. I cannot understand how it took the B.B.C. so long to "discover" vivacious Ada Reeve. With her memories of variety's heyday, the famous musical comedy star made a tremendous hit. And to the surprise of many, instead of the quavering tones of the old stager who is dragged willy-nilly into a "memory" programme, we heard a clear and silvery voice that sang "Ta-Ra-Ra-Boom-De-Ay" without a tremor. And Ada, as she most disarmingly admits, is 62!

I have an idea that we shall hear more of this great favourite and that John Watt made a special note of her performance. There must still be many listeners who remember Ada Reeve and her famous cartwheel ("Over, Ada, over!").

It is certainly refreshing to hear a veteran who can still face up to the microphone and win the battle with a knockout.

HAVE you noticed how many programmes are "coming to us" from the Regions? It is part of a new and economical policy. This month you will find that the majority of drama and features programmes—bringing new names and new voices—come from outside London.

"I don't know why we haven't tried this before," somebody-of-influence said to me this week, "it is cheaper—and there is a



Elsie Carlisle's admirers will be glad to see she is recovering from her recent illness, and is now well enough to read all the nice letters they've sent her



Mr. J. P. Van den Bergh, seen here with his charming wife, is the chief of the Cookeen executive, and supervises the radio programmes himself, taking a great personal interest in the production. You can read all about Carroll Gibbons, who directs the Cookeen shows from Luxembourg and Normandy, on page 8

wealth of untapped material in the Regions." So, London—look to your laurels!

HOW goes—or is it how go—*Les Miserables*? Henry Ainley's voice, with its fine range and timbre, has pleased everybody, and the whole affair is being handled with some delicacy by John Cheatle. But the current serial will never arouse the enthusiasm that greeted *Monte Cristo*. The pace is leisurely—and why, oh, why must all our serials be set abroad? Some of those names are a mouthful. Why (if we must have classics) we cannot hear "Pickwick" or some English tale I cannot think.

I KNOW of no two more devoted partners than Vernon Watson and his son Jack. Both, of course, are in the first flight of impersonators—Vernon Watson's Robey has to be heard to be believed. Vernon is tremendously proud—and rightly—of his son's success. Vernon has just made a film "talkie" of his celebrated monologue "Common Sense," for national propaganda purposes.

THE amateur actor is always with us. In fact, he has been with us a very long time. Even the great ones of history, not forgetting Oliver Cromwell (who acted in a play at Cambridge in 1616) have tried their hand at "amateur theatricals."

In 1811 there lived a picturesque figure, by name "Romeo" Coates, who was an inveterate amateur actor. Luckily for him, he had a great deal of money to spend on his hobby, and when he played Romeo he wore a suit profusely ornamented with diamonds. He was one of the "English Eccentrics" about whom Miss Edith Sitwell wrote so entertainingly.

Now Miss Sitwell is at work on her second radio feature (the first dealt with Beau Brummell), and her hero is "Romeo" Coates. We shall hear all she has to tell us about him on February 23.

The programme is in the hands of Stephen Potter, who is also producing "Silence for Take." This is all about the birth of a film.



PATRICK WADDINGTON

■■■■■■■■■■■■■■■■■■■■ FAVOURITE RADIO VOCALIST ■■■■■■■■■■■■■■■■■■■■

who so successfully took part in the broadcast version of "Mr. Cinders" very recently

MY MOST THRILLING VALENTINE

— that's what Marta Kennedy set out to discover from your favourite radio stars. But apparently the old saint is regarded with more amusement than heart-throb these days!

There's a special programme on St. Valentine's Day, February 14, arranged by Sandy Macpherson, called "To My Valentine" (National) which should make good listening

WHAT do you think some of our well-known radio stars said when I asked them a very personal question about that most heart throbbing of saints, Valentine?

"I don't think I've ever had a Valentine," they said with practically one accord, the discord being a popular young gentleman who asked: "When is St. Valentine's day?"

His young lady will have me to thank if she gets a visit from the noble saint, because I jogged the arm of her swain!

But I did manage to find some radio stars with memories of that romantic day.

Marie Burke told me a lovely story. February 14 had always been a quiet, ordinary day in her life, so imagine her surprise and delight after several years of marriage, to wake on the auspicious occasion, and find a luxurious card, all tenderly designed, and gushing forth divine words of love. It even had a delightful pink lace edging to lend poignancy and delicacy to the compliment!

Marie thanked her loving husband most profusely, and he looked at her darkly, asking in a stentorian tone to see the incriminating epistle.

Alas! His eye caught immediately the dread words, "secret love." Poor Marie hadn't noticed these before, but now they seemed to stand out in letters of fire! She quaked and trembled, and protested her innocence, and set out to find the culprit.

To this day she is ignorant of her strange lover, whoever, wherever he may be, and she has never received another Valentine!

Marie's lovely daughter, Patricia, who played principal boy in the Covent Garden pantomime, laughed when I asked if she had ever had an exciting Valentine.

"Why," she said, "the only Valentines I ever had were at school in America. They send them to all their friends over there, rather more like Christmas cards. I used to get one from my woman tutor. I was far too busy at lessons to worry about boy friends, so that was the only one I got."

Perhaps this year will bring better luck, Pat!

Derrick de Marney is another star with American memories of St. Valentine's day. Of his English experiences he says: "I haven't had a Valentine in years and years."

I wonder if "Paul" will be sending one to his "Virginia" this year?

Speaking of St. Valentine across the sea, Brian Lawrance tells me that before he set foot in the homeland he'd never heard there was such a day.

But such a popular young singer couldn't fail to discover its existence, because, strangely enough, St. Valentine seems a time when maidens feel they can "come clean" over their love—providing they don't sign their real name! Brian tells me he receives a good many cards now, but never knows who are the senders.

There's one gentleman we all know who receives enough Valentines from his lady friend to open one each day in the year. In fact, he's still opening the Christmas and New Year cards she sent him.

Can you guess who it is?

Nausea Bagwash sends them to her sweetheart, Arthur Askey!

Hundreds of Arthur's fans pay their compliments in the name of Nausea.

Every time Arthur sings a song, Nausea sends him something to do with it, such as his box of winkles after he sang a song about winkles—and—oh, the wool! Do you remember him singing a song about knitting? Arthur's got enough wool to keep him and Stinker in socks until they leave their flat.

Jane Carr was laid up last St. Valentine's day.

This charming and versatile artiste tells me that every year she receives a greetings telegram—the lucky lady! However, last year she was most unfortunate, she was laid up with jaundice.

Her sense of humour rose grandly to the top. She sent her mother a greeting saying:

*"Roses are red,
Violets are blue.
Your daughter is yellow,
What colour are you?"*

Wouldn't it be grand if all sick people could keep as cheerful as Jane must have felt, despite a very nasty illness?

Last year adorable Wynne Ajello was remembered by all her Seven Dwarfs on one big card, and she still doesn't know who was responsible!

When Pat Taylor used to trip daintily to school every day she was always accompanied by a very young, but ardent, admirer, who insisted on carrying her satchel.

But when schooldays became just a memory, Pat saw little of her cavalier. Often they would not meet for months.

Every year, though, he remembers the red-headed little girl who used to walk gaily by his side. On the morning of February 14 a bright card arrives at Pat's house—just to remind her that she will always have a great admirer and a Valentine.

One of radio's greatest romances is that of glamorous Eve Becke and her charming husband, the Count di Rivarolo. Soon after he had fallen in love with Eve's attractive voice, he sent her a Valentine.

It arrived from France, a beautiful card, and Eve declares that when she drew it from the envelope it was one of her most thrilling moments.

In fact, to this day, she treasures that token of love more than any of her other romantic souvenirs.

In their dressing-room at the St. James Theatre, I found Steve Geray and Magda Kun preparing for the evening performance of *Let's Pretend*, which came off recently. This charming couple have helped to make theatrical history by becoming two of the first stars of television.

I asked them about St. Valentine's day in their native Hungary, and found that although the saint is not actually commemorated on February 14, the custom of giving love tokens in Hungary is much stronger than in England.

On several big market days, and at Easter, young lovers will exchange honey cakes designed as hearts decorated with pink and red icing. In the middle of the heart is a tiny mirror, so that the recipient may see the donor's true love.

Miss Kun, who, although she is really Mrs. Geray, looks young enough to be a schoolgirl, smiled when I asked if she had received a heart from her husband.

"He gave me his own," she said, "and I think I've still got it."

What more could she want?

It's a grand idea to pay tribute to true love for one day in a hectic year, in a world of sophistication—so let's hope that one day St. Valentine will come into his own again, as in the days of our grandfathers.



No need to ask this young lovely if St. Valentine remembers her!



GETTING WARMER

"I'M surprised to see a classical musician like yourself falling for a dance-band vocalist."
"I can't help it. I'd swing for her."



IS NOT IT?

"DON'T tell me you're in love with the drummer! He only stands four feet."
"But it's better to have loved a short man than never to have loved a tall."

Ssh! Don't Wake Him Up!

A Busy Bandleader's having "Forte" Winks!

"HELLO, kid!" It was the deep, sleepy voice of our charming pal Carroll Gibbons that was greeting me. The scene—his luxurious flat in Baker Street. Into the room at his side walked his wife, Joan—a slender, fair-haired lady who moved with the grace of a wood-nymph. Bouncing and pouncing at their toes came a small black cat.

"This," they explained, "is Louie. Screwy Louie, we call her. When one of us is bathing, she sits on the side of the bath, and when the bath is emptied she jumps in and sleeps in it!"

While Carroll settled himself in an easy chair, Joan mixed some drinks and chatted about her husband.

"I like him to relax in the little spare time he has. Sometimes he dozes off—I think it's good for him. Better than reading.

"But I've taught him to play games, too—golf and tennis. Once he gets in the country he loves it, but he needs someone to make him do these things. And every Saturday night we go out and dance. I'm keen on dancing and flowers and sweet music."

Whenever Carroll sits at the piano to play, Joan sits on the stool at his side. It is almost a ritual.

They have been married just over two years. They were married on the 27th of the month.

"And this is rather sweet," said Joan. "On the 27th of every month he sends me red roses."

At this point "Screwie Louie" was removed from a table, where she had been secretively chewing some tulips. She next tried to climb up the cameraman's tripod, gave it up as a bad job, jumped on the back of my chair, and bit my ear tenderly.

When we had pacified the little lady, I persuaded Carroll to talk about himself—a thing he loathes doing.

His early boyhood was spent in a small town in Massachusetts. His father was a government official in the Maintenance of the Public Forest

Department. Yet, surrounded by forests and rolling countryside, and with an exciting river flowing almost past his door, young Carroll spent most of his time practising at the piano.

"Mother saw to that," he says. "In those days I wasn't as strong as the other kids. I could run well over one hundred yards and 220, but I wasn't allowed to play baseball or football—that was in case I hurt my hands. I wasn't allowed to play ice-hockey either, but I did! I was darned good at it, in fact!

"Little gangs of us used to put our pennies together and buy old sleepers from the railway depot," mused Carroll. "Then we used to nail four of them together and make a raft. We'd put on rubber boots, get a pole, and set out to explore the Nashey River. Well, I had the misfortune to belong to the gang that bought the rottenest sleepers. We were poling down the river when they got waterlogged—and under we went. Under the water in Wellington boots! Yes, we came near to drowning that time, but some kids on the bank threw out a rope, and we managed to scramble ashore."

"Talking of sleepers," I said, "have you always liked sleeping a lot?"

"Sure," drawled the maestro. "I always have and I always will!" He settled himself more comfortably, put his feet up. "Why not take a picture of me really at home?" he sighed. "This is the way I'd always like to have my picture taken!"

The cameraman snapped into action. So did "Screwie Louie." She found the camera-cap, pounced on it, and knocked it round the room. Carroll closed his eyes while we chased her.

"Don't be too long," he said, "or this pose will become reality!"

Flash went the bulb at last. "Time to get up, dear," said Joan. "Remember, we're going to a Rugger match this afternoon." He was apt to be absent-minded about appointments, she confided. "But he's always at work on time."

And by the way—would you ever think that Carroll Gibbons was nervous?

As he is—with fifteen years of broadcasting to his credit—one of the veterans of radio (and one of the greatest favourites), this is a question that can hardly have occurred to any

of us. It had certainly never occurred to me and I have known Carroll for many years.

Yet here is the truth. Carroll, when he goes up to the microphone, is as nervous as a kitten—or such was the case until a short time ago.

Here is what Carroll has confessed to me himself: When he first broadcast in 1924 he was asked to announce, but would not do so because his stammer was so bad. Then he determined that he would not be beaten, and a year or two later he forced himself, by sheer will-power, to try announcing.

The stammer that he had always regarded as a terrible disadvantage turned out to be his greatest asset—it was this and his delightful Southern "burr" that really endeared him to the public.

Listeners can never know how much agony Carroll endured because of that stammer. For, although he overcame it to such an extent that it became—to the outside world—no more than a slight hesitancy, he never knew when it might suddenly overtake him and cause him to "dry up."

Then, a year or so ago, he took up golf. The exercise so affected Carroll's breathing that his stammer is now completely cured.

And it is only now, since he has really conquered his affliction and all his microphone troubles are banished for ever, that Carroll has revealed the story of what he has gone through. He told it to me with characteristic light-heartedness.

"Golf made me swear so much," he explained with a broad grin, "that I wasn't able to stammer any more!"

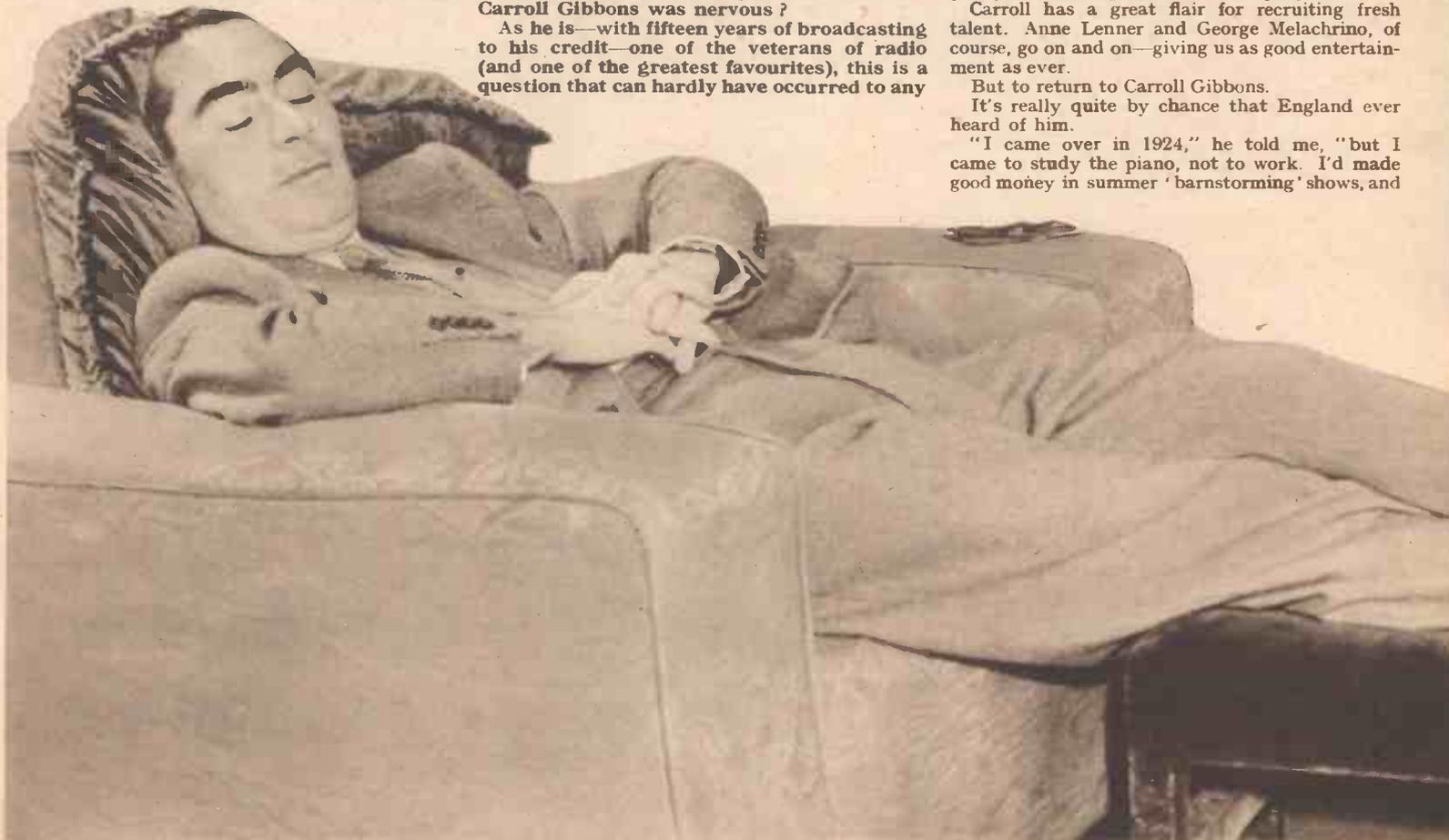
I wonder if any of you, in view of this, have noticed any change in Carroll's announcing in the increasingly popular Cookeen programmes in the last few months?

On the subject of these shows, I hear that Carroll and Mr. J. P. Van den Bergh (chief of the Cookeen executive) have been making plans to give you even brighter and better programmes.

Carroll has a great flair for recruiting fresh talent. Anne Lenner and George Melachrino, of course, go on and on—giving us as good entertainment as ever.

But to return to Carroll Gibbons. It's really quite by chance that England ever heard of him.

"I came over in 1924," he told me, "but I came to study the piano, not to work. I'd made good money in summer 'barnstorming' shows, and



CARROLL GIBBONS

maestro of the Savoy Hotel Orpheans, and of the popular Cookeen show from Luxembourg and Normandy, is interviewed at home with his charming wife, by Bud Forder

thought I'd come over while I still had the dough. I wanted to study at the Royal Academy—they think a lot of the Academy teachers over in America. Well, I studied there for some months, then met a chance acquaintance, who told me they wanted a pianist at the Berkeley. I took the job.

"My big break came when they wanted another band at the Savoy. They gave me 'The Sylvians.' Remember it? There were three saxophones, two pianos, one trumpet. Maybe you heard our records."

He crossed to the piano, and meditatively played some well-remembered old tunes.

Joan came and sat beside him. She indicated their home-recording apparatus (a "True Voice" machine). They have great fun with it when they're throwing a party. Guests sing into it, talk, crack gags. Carroll uses it for taking down his broadcasts, and for recording themes when he is composing

"Do you know how I came to write 'On the Air'?" he asked. It seems this famous signature-tune was inspired by an old film—Sylvia Sydney in *Street Scene*.

"The film opened with a girl getting up in the morning," explained Carroll. "Into her room came the street noises—the shouts, the milk-van, the elevated railway—I was trying to tell a friend about this picture, while I was sitting at the piano. Cooped up in her tiny room, this girl heard all the city noises and was longing for the countryside. Explaining this, I struck upon a pastoral theme—it stuck in my mind. I played it again and again."

And that's how "On the Air" was born.

At this point "Screwy Louie" popped up from nowhere and dived into the open top of the grand-piano, chasing the hammers.

We rescued her, and the music went on.

"Secretly, have you still some unfulfilled ambition tucked away?" I asked.

"Yes," was the answer. "I want to produce musical shows. I have written the score for two, but I want to produce something myself instead of just being a component part. Maybe I'd have Ella Logan singing in it."

It was nearly time for their Rigger match. As I walked out he was still at the piano, his mind wooing rainbows and his fingers still weaving melodies that no ears had heard before. And Joan was sitting at his side.



"Time to wake up now," says Joan gently

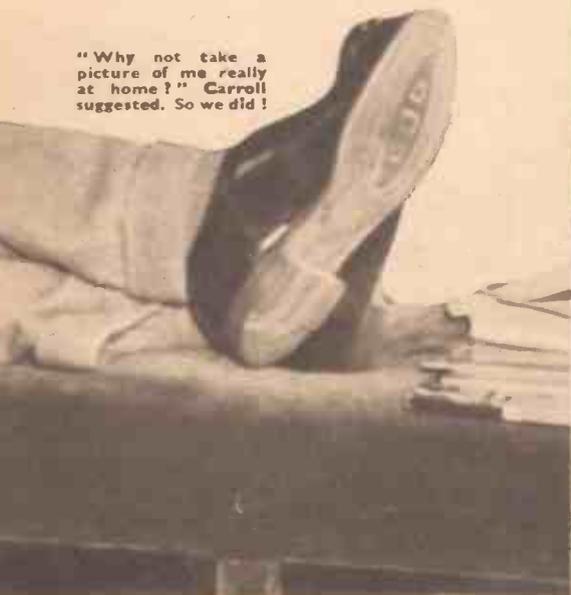


When Carroll plays, Joan always sits beside him. The "microphone" is a home-recording apparatus



Carroll nurses the family pet, known as "Screwy Louie"

"Why not take a picture of me really at home?" Carroll suggested. So we did!



Lovely radio star Jane Farrar who broadcasts on the WABC-Columbia network and can be heard by short-wave listeners



The L.S.D. of Becoming a Star

revealed by an ex-typist who is now a vocalist

WHEN you go to see your favourite broadcasting bandleaders and crooners on the stage, do you envy their happy, care-free life?

Then why don't you do something about it? I did.

Do you listen to the pessimistic tales of girls who've thrown up office jobs in search of radio and variety fame, only to be faced with poverty and disgrace?

Remember that there are failures in every branch of business. But you *can* be a success, as I am.

You can't make much of a splash on £2 5s. a week when you're a single girl and have to live in digs.

That was my position two years ago, when, as a typist-secretary in a solicitor's office, I hammered at the keys all day and dreamed of ambition, stardom, and romance through a haze of work.

That was exactly nineteen months ago.

Now I have broadcast through the B.B.C. and leading Continental stations, I have been on five records with a certain famous band, have had cabaret engagements and small parts in films. The typewriting days are forgotten, and I am what the average office girl would call a star.

Has it been worth it? Well, I'll tell you about my own actual experiences and you can decide for yourself.

When I was in an office job I spent about ten to fifteen pounds a year on dress—say five shillings a week. I believe a business girl can't afford to spend less than that, or she looks shabby.

My room cost me 12s. 6d. a week, food about the same, and extras like gas mounted up to an average of 2s. 6d.

Night after night, when I'd been working late, I'd go into a cafe for a coffee and eggs on toast. Then I'd slip into the pictures, alone or with a girl from the office, and get a cheap seat.

One evening we saw a musical—Eleanor Powell was in the picture, I think—and I said to myself, "I could do an act like that if only I had the chance." My particular pal at the office knew one of the girls in a trio doing a turn round the halls, and whom I had heard once or twice on my landlady's wireless set.

My pal said: "I know Jenny Gaye as she calls herself, but her real name's Jenny Davis—you know, one of the Three Gaye Sisters. I was at school with her. I'll get you an introduction if you like."

If I liked! We met Jenny Davis at the end of the week, and went along to her flat in Maida Vale.

If I wanted to start in variety, Jenny explained, I ought to make up an act and get an agent. It was no use just writing to the B.B.C. for an audition, or worrying any of the other casting directors. An agent would do all that for me—if I could devise an act.

That night I schemed it out. I had just over seven pounds saved, and I had just bought my spring outfit, so that I could go out for a job reasonably well dressed. Even if I had to spend two or three pounds on "props," I could still live for a month or five weeks without a job.

So on Saturday morning I took the plunge. First, I invented a glamorous-sounding stage name. Then I gate-crashed on a famous agency in Charing Cross Road, got fixed up with a girl pianist "resting" after a cabaret engagement, gave an audition in a barren rehearsal room—and was booked for a month's work on a cinema circuit at £5 a week—less 10 per cent. to the agent!

HAVE you ever wondered how stars are made—and what it costs to make one? Here is the true story of a girl who was a typist until she took the plunge and decided to become a crooner. Read her experiences and see if you think it was worth it.

That was a piece of luck which might come one's way only once in a hundred years—but I got it.

Then I got some West-End cabaret work (a killing job working till two o'clock in the morning), and met some B.B.C. and film people. I picked up tips on how to get into films, and I was shown how to apply for a B.B.C. audition.

Then my first real luck came in meeting a famous touring band-leader who occasionally takes West-End engagements, and broadcasts. I was useful to him for stage work, as I had learned how to put over an act, and I was O.K. with the band as a vocalist. On and off I have been working with him for seven months.

Now, has all this been worth it?

To begin with, I am working twice as hard as in the old days. Worries never stop.

When I was pounding a typewriter, I'd tear the last letter out of the machine at 5.59, pull the cover on, grab my hat and dash out.

Now I have work, anxiety and responsibility from about 11 in the morning till after 2 the following morning. I have to plan, think ahead and scheme all the time, wondering where the next job will come from.

I've had to lash out in expenses—but even so I'm more moderate in my outgoings than most radio and theatrical people I know.

One day I may be a star—but it's an expensive job getting there.

I spend 15s. a week (£39 a year) on dress. This past twelve months' budget includes:

£8 5s. on dresses and jumpers, £4 12s. 6d. for a new spring coat, £4 14s. 11d. on hats, £3 11s. 6d. on shoes, £7 14s. 6d. on undies, £2 17s. 6d. on stockings and extras, and £6 6s. for a heavy travelling coat.

That's all private stuff I must have to look well dressed and create a good impression.

Stage outfits, evening dresses, costumes and stockings, have cost me only £23 in ten months.

I'm renting a Kensington flat at £3 3s. a week (though I always have to apologise for living in such a poky place), and to cut down travel costs I've just bought a second-hand car.

So now you see what it costs in personal expenses to keep me where I am.

The agent gets 10 per cent. of everything I get, and charges up unusual expenses. In twelve months I've paid him £72—but I haven't earned anything like £700 a year!

The band-leader pays me a retainer of £4 when we're not working, and double that when we've got bookings. Ten per cent. of that goes to the agent (because I'm under contract), although I managed to get that job myself.

In connection with the band, I spend over £1 5s. a week in necessary entertaining. There are always friends and old business acquaintances dropping in for a drink, and in this game you can't refuse anybody, because next week they may be offering you work.

The B.B.C. has cost me least, and earned me least.

From the B.B.C. I have earned exactly £13 13s., made up of £3 3s. for my first broadcast, and two lots of five guineas for rehearsals and actual broadcasts on two subsequent occasions.

Thirteen guineas doesn't go very far when rent and living expenses are costing you around £6 a week.

I've learned that unless you get a real stroke of luck, and can drag fifty guineas out of the B.B.C., £200 a week from the London Palladium, or £500 a week from a Denham contract, trying to be a star is just an uphill fight showing a bare margin of profit.

But, in spite of knowing that, I still prefer this riotous, risky way than the dull monotonous office grind.



Tea for Two—but that is a rare privilege for a busy broadcaster



Passive resignation, but a good wife knows what's best for a brainless—we mean, stainless—husband

NOT SO RUSTY! IS OUR STAINLESS STEPHEN

who, this year, celebrates his fifteenth anniversary as one of radio's greatest comedians, and who has never been known to repeat the same comma twice!



How to keep the weight down—or this is how Mrs. Stainless does it



Mrs. Jean Stainless is also an attentive and clever secretary



Our cameraman called when Bettie was running up some new curtains

BETTIE BUCKNELLE

who sings to us every Wednesday in the popular Band Waggon series (though she tells us she's not appearing in the stage version) and with the Glymiel Jollities from Luxembourg and Normandy, reveals her domesticated self to Verity Claire

"Nervous?"

"No, not a bit," said Bettie. "I was never nervous till I began to broadcast, and then, by gosh, I made up for all the years of light-heartedness and shook like a person bracing themselves for a high dive!"

And what came after *Bitter-Sweet*?

She went to Drury Lane, where she was in the chorus, played small parts, and understudied. She was in *Jack and the Beanstalk*, with Binnie Hale, understudied in *Wild Violets*, and *Ball at the Savoy*, understudied Adele Dixon in *Three Sisters*, and Mary Ellis and Elisabeth Welch in *Glamorous Night*.

She went on for Mary Ellis once, but mostly

THERE'S no nonsense about Bettie Bucknelle.

She knows just exactly what she wants, sets out to get it—and she gets it. She is supremely capable, without being at all "bossy" or self-confident about it.

It would be difficult to get away with any shady business in dealing with Bettie. And she's so sincere and straightforward that she'll tell you what she thinks about you just as soon as not. If she doesn't like you, she doesn't, and there you are. But if she does like you, you're lucky. She'll probably offer you a glass of rum!

Yes, I said rum. It's Bettie's pet weakness. She'll drink beer with you, perhaps, though anything else leaves her quite uninterested. But offer her rum and she'll be delighted to join you.

It was a freezingly cold night when I went to call on her, but after being served with black coffee, which was exceedingly well made by Mrs. Bucknelle, and liberally laced with rum, I felt a different woman—no, not at all tight, but warm, happy, and well-disposed towards the world.

Bettie discovered the virtues of rum several years ago, and since then she's never been without it. She maintains that there is nothing so good for keeping you warm on cold railway journeys, in draughty rehearsal rooms and other unpleasant places and, besides that, she likes it, and you couldn't have a better reason.

"Of course," she said, "the rum we drink is nothing like the stuff served to sailors. That would put us under the table very soon!"

"But really, when I go on a 'pub-crawl'—which isn't very often—I'm much more interested in playing darts than in drinking."

Bettie is a pretty good darts player, and when she goes down to Suffolk to spend the week-end with her married brother she always drops into the local for a game.

She has two brothers, one older than she is and the other very much younger. Neither the elder one nor Bettie were christened till the year before last! Sounds crazy, but it's true. This is what happened.

Mrs. Bucknelle wanted her first baby christened by the clergyman who had married her, but as he was away on a health cruise, the christening was postponed. And, as the poor man died whilst he was away, it was postponed indefinitely.

On the day Bettie was to have been christened her father happened to be playing in a very important golf match, said he couldn't put it off for anybody or anything, and that the baby could quite easily be christened some other day.

"Some other day" was put off and off and off, until the year before last Mrs. Bucknelle decided that it really couldn't be put off any longer, and Bettie and her elder brother were christened at last, at the age of twenty-three and twenty-seven respectively!

Poor Bettie is always getting confused with



Time for tea—and her pet, Spice, looks ready for it, too. Note the electric tea-maker that does all the work for you

the dancer, Betty Bucknell. It doesn't seem to matter that one of them is a singer and the other a dancer, and that they spell their names differently; the confusion still persists.

Bettie is a singer now, she always has been, for that matter, and sang before she talked, but she was a dancer, too, as a child. She very much wanted to become a professional dancer, trained at the Mayfair School of Dancing from the age of three, and was doing really well, until she fell ill when she was ten.

It was discovered that a weak heart was the cause of it all and poor Bettie had to give up the idea of becoming a dancer. She, with her usual determination, decided to become a singer instead.

And she became a successful singer.

At fourteen she started to do jobs for Gaumont-British, in the days of the silent films, singing between the pictures and generally making herself useful.

At fifteen she went into the chorus of *Bitter-Sweet* at His Majesty's. She remained with the show for three years.

"Didn't you get bored, doing the same job all that time?" I asked.

"Oh no," said Bettie, "rather not. There was always something different happening. I understudied Ivy St. Helier, and later became one of the Ladies of the Town. There was always something new to do and I never got bored."

"Did you ever go on for Ivy St. Helier?"

"Yes, but only once."

she just stayed where she was, playing small parts and also in the chorus, while the leading ladies for whom she was ready and anxious to deputise remained obstinately healthy.

An understudy's life is a hard and exacting one, for she has to be always there, ready to step on the stage at a moment's notice and—she is hardly ever needed. And if she is needed she very often finds the audience stiff and unresponsive, because they're disappointed that the star they've come to see isn't in the show that night. Yes, it's a hard life, but Bettie enjoyed it, and took the difficulties in her stride. It needs a lot to upset Bettie Bucknelle.

After her three years hard labour at Drury Lane she joined Henry Hall as one of the Three Sisters, Molly, Marie and Mary. Bettie was Marie, and sang with Henry for over a year, during which time she broadcast nearly every day. She was also in Henry's film *Music Hath Charms*.

When Henry Hall dropped the Three Sisters act she went on the halls with Molly as a special turn.

And then came "Band Waggon."

Bettie went into the second programme as a New Voice—not new to radio, by any means, but new to "Band Waggon"—and such was her success that she remained to sing with the Waggoners and has never missed a "Band Waggon" show since, which is a pretty good record, isn't it?

She loves the programme and looks forward eagerly to the Tuesday and Wednesday rehearsals and the Wednesday evening broadcast. That's not to be wondered at, for who

BAND WAGGON BETTIE

Radio Singer Bettie Bucknelle who broadcasts with Phil Cardew's Band every Wednesday

could fail to enjoy being in a programme with Big-Hearted Arthur and "Stinker"?

"Band Waggon" is not the only programme that claims Bettie's attention, for she sings with Michael Flome and his Band from the Mayfair Hotel, and also with the Commodore Theatre Orchestra at Hammersmith. She's a busy woman, for she does sponsored broadcasting, too. She's singing with Glymiel now, O.K. Sauce, with Sydney Torch, and has been with Charlie Kunz in "Cadbury Calling"; and with the Ovaltines she's Auntie Bettie.

It isn't surprising to hear that, with all this work to do, Bettie very rarely gets time for a holiday. And whenever she has dared to go away she's always been summoned back to London in the middle of her vacation. It's flattering to know you're so sought after, even though it's most inconvenient when you're in the middle of a nice trip.

Bettie seldom has time to take any exercise, and as her heart is still a trifle groggy she has to be careful, but when she has a few free moments she loves to take Spice for a run. Spice is her fox terrier, a most intelligent young man who adores his mistress. He always knows when Bettie is on the air and listens most knowingly.

He and Bettie are inseparable and he goes everywhere with her, except to the B.B.C., where, as you know, animals are strictly taboo. He has his own special chair in the house, and poor Mrs. Bucknelle says that she is for ever washing the cover in this weather, as Spice is not too good at wiping his paws on the mat.

Bettie lives in Maida Vale with her mother and young brother, and Mrs. Bucknelle and she run the house between them. Bettie is very capable in this line, as she is in all things, but she has one foible; she won't do any dusting.

"I'll cook anything you like," she said, "and do all kinds of housework, but I'd sooner live in a place inches thick in dust than take a duster to the furniture!"

Fortunately, Mrs. Bucknelle doesn't object so strongly to dusting and the house is run amicably between the two of them.

Bettie is also exceedingly gifted with her needle and makes all her own clothes. Her greatest achievement so far is a sequin evening dress. I didn't believe her till I saw the garment, but it's true.

Bettie has always had a longing for a sequin evening dress. You know how expensive they are, and also that they are very frequently made with

the sequins sewn on in rows, so that if you lose one sequin you are apt to lose a whole row.

One day Bettie went out, bought some strong net, cut out and made a sheath-like net frock, then bought two pounds of sequins and began to sew them on, one by one.

She worked at this frock every day for a month, and the result is a magnificent, glittering sequin evening gown that fits her like a glove. A shining black sheath, with a chevron design in silver, and a silver and black sequin flower at the neck. It looks a million dollars, is worth forty pounds, and cost Bettie about three—plus hours and hours of hard work. But it's worth all her efforts, for in that frock no one can hold a candle to Miss Bucknelle of "Band Waggon."

One particularly attractive little frock has a belt made of bands of widely spaced gold braid, five lines forming a stave of music, with the notes B.B.C. across the front. Very original, very simple, and most effective. She has another frock with little B's in sequins round the neck.

She is very fond of knitting, too, a hobby which

her mother shares. Mrs. Bucknelle and Bettie can often be found with their noses pressed against the window of some exclusive jumper shop, hoping to be able to carry the patterns away in their heads. They often manage it, too!

Bettie has a whole stock of jumpers kept in a large chest which she calls "The Coffin." She makes them in knitting, crochet and Rose-Estrella work, a complicated-looking process which she says is delightfully easy. Her lacy pastel-coloured jumpers made in very fine wool are most attractive and suit her admirably.

Bettie is a very practical person where money is concerned. She keeps three accounts going, just to make sure: one current account, one deposit account, and one Post Office account, so that if any of them fail she always has the other two to fall back on. And in case all three should fail she collects threepenny bits!

She began to collect when she was once on tour in Scotland, because she seemed to get so many threepenny bits in her change. She's been saving ever since, with no definite purpose in mind, bar



Bettie's doing her spring cleaning in good time this year—you can see she's a great help to her mother as they measure up the new curtains

Upholstering a chair is all in the day's work to the capable Bettie



the thought that if she loses all her money and falls out of work there'll still be enough to keep her for one more week!

Another thing that she can fall back on is her collection of coins. Each year she collects a complete set of new coins, ¼d., ½d., 1d., 3d. bit (both copper and silver), 6d., 1s., 2s., 2s. 6d., and 5s.-piece. "Some people say 5s.-pieces are unlucky," said Bettie, "but I don't believe it. They're just more good money to me!"

Bettie's a grand person. Capable, good-hearted, practical, sincere, with a marvellous sense of humour and an inordinate capacity for hard work.

She's a Welsh girl and her people come from Swansea, though Bettie herself was born in London. It's probably her Welsh ancestry that accounts for her lovely voice. If you want to hear good singing you can't beat a Welsh voice. Listen to the next "Band Waggon" and prove it for yourself.

RADIO FAN CLUB NEWS

Why Don't You Join a Club? :: Brian Lawrance Social Circle's Dance Tomorrow :: New Secretary for Jack Jackson Club :: Vera Lynn Club News :: Club for Gordon Little

WHY do thousands of potential fan club members refuse to join a club? That, in the vernacular of Mr. Walker, is what we want to know. It will only take a few minutes to drop us a line, and you would be helping in more ways than one.

In the first place, there are many small-club secretaries, representing stars with literally thousands of admirers, who find that their total membership does not even reach the century, and some with only half that figure.

These secretaries, who have worked hard and enthusiastically since the inauguration of their organisations, are dismayed and bewildered by the relatively poor response to their appeals.

Each one is a charitable concern, and a lot of them do some very good work for needy hospitals and institutions. They offer, too, a meeting-place where one can enjoy the company of people with the same interests.

So we'll be glad if you would let us know why you do not belong to a club.

On the other hand, there are a few dissatisfied club members who write and air their grouses, and we do what we can to clear the matter up for them.

Perhaps it would be a good idea if club members, too, wrote and let us know what they like or dislike about their respective clubs, and we might be able to put the secretaries on the right path.

There's really no reason why every club should not be a flourishing concern, and maybe one day they will all be enjoying large weekly meetings with branches throughout the country.

We'd like to remind all Brian Lawrance's fans that the Social Circle is holding its first dance to-morrow (February 11), at the Foresters Hall, Kilburn High Road, N.W.6. Tickets are two shillings each, or three and sixpence double.

Dancing starts at 7.30 p.m., and every one of Brian's admirers should be there to help swell the throng. The secretary guarantees you a really good time.

By the way, a new secretary has been appointed for the official Jack Jackson Club. He is Mr. D. Humm, of 16 Foresight Road, Old Heath, Colchester, Essex, and takes over from Mr. Ernest Hignett.

Whether the new secretary will make any radical changes in the club we haven't yet heard. As soon as further details come to hand we will include them in the News.

In the meantime, if any of Jack Jackson's admirers are interested, why not write to Mr. Humm and give him a grand send-off in his new venture?

Here's the news that every Gordon Little fan has been waiting to read. Misses Mago Clarke and Megan Lewis have secured Gordon's permission to start a fan club in his honour.

The London branch will be controlled by Miss Lewis, 18 Dunblane Road, Eltham, S.E.9, who will be pleased to hear from any members living in or around London.

Provincial admirers of Gordon Little should

write to Miss Clarke, 15 St. Germans Road, Forest Hill, S.E.23, who will be handling the special news-sheets which will be sent out to members who cannot attend meetings.

In time branches will be organised to cover the larger towns throughout the British Isles, but this will have to wait until membership justifies such a course.

The Imperial Film Club is still as active as ever. Recently a party of members visited the Islington studios to watch Carol Reed directing an elaborate night-club scene for the film *A Girl Must Live*, starring Margaret Lockwood, Lilli Palmer and Renee Houston.

In addition to meeting these three stars, the party met most of the leading members of the cast, including Moore Marriott, Hugh Sinclair, Naunton Wayne, and David Burns.

Members were also fortunate enough to see the "Crook-Varo Zoom Camera Lens" in action. With the aid of this it is possible to move from a wide "long-shot" to an intimate "close-up"—ordinarily a distance of some thirty yards—without moving the camera.

The Imperial Film Club welcomes a new member—June Taylor, the clever seven-year-old dialect star.

Since our report last week on the formation of Mrs. Purdie's East London branch of the Vera Lynn club, we've heard that it is now quite a separate and distinct organisation, and is in no way connected with the original club.

Incidentally, Mrs. Purdie has now changed her address, and Vera's fans should write to her at 113 Langhorne Road, Dagenham, Essex.

The new club has Vera Lynn's official permission, and meetings are held on Mondays at the Champion, Wells Street, Oxford Street, W.1.

James Shaw, secretary of the recently formed Anona Winn Club writes to say that he will have to postpone going ahead with the club for a few months. He has, unfortunately, found a pressure on his time, but we will advise all Anona's fans when the club will be making its official debut.

The Birmingham branch of the Harry Roy Club is glad to announce that it is now firmly established. New members have been joining up every week, and the outfit is one of the biggest branches in the country.

Meetings are held every fortnight, and everyone who goes along has a really good time.

Any of Harry's Birmingham admirers who haven't yet joined the branch should write to Billy Collins, 6-80 Stanhope Street, Highgate, Birmingham, 12.

The Eve Becke Fan Club has been very busy since the Tuesday before Christmas when Eve bought a large Christmas tree for the Queen's Hospital, Hackney Road. Most of the club turned out and helped decorate the tree.

One thing led to another. Several members started making blankets by knitting white squares and then crocheting them together with blue.

Another member, who is in the R.A.F., is making a model aeroplane. Others are making scrapbooks or hot water bottle covers.

Eve contributes towards the wool in some cases, and altogether the club is turning out some useful things for the hospital. But as Miss Megan Lewis, assistant secretary of the Eve Becke Club, says: "We never realised that charity work could be such fun."

It is good fun when everybody joins in and makes the thing go with a swing. Eve Becke's fans shouldn't be out of this. Those of you who haven't yet joined the club should write to Miss Joan Roman, 113, Kingsbridge Road, Stonecot Hill, Morden, Surrey.

Miss Marion Liley, secretary of the Street Singer Fan Club, writes to say that her club has been discontinued, largely owing to lack of support from the members.

After all the hard work Miss Liley had put into organising and running this club, it does seem a pity.

Vera Lynn's charming mother is the Vice-President of the new Club organised in Vera's honour



Encouragement from King George VI, when Duke of York, helped to put Clapham and Dwyer on the top of variety bills

The Duke of Kent was once a pupil of pianist Billy Mayerl whose most treasured gift is a pair of gold cuff-links from the Duke

The Duke of Windsor, when Prince of Wales, showed a keen interest in the "noises-off" department at the B.B.C.



Photo: Bertram Park



Photo: Bertram Park



ROYAL OCCASIONS

SELDOM do we ordinary folk encounter the rare privilege of meeting some member of the Royal Family. But talks I have had with many of the radio stars reveal that a lucky strand in the rich and varied pattern of their experience has led them to just such an honour.

Indeed, it was an encouraging word from our present King, when the Duke of York, that helped to put Clapham and Dwyer on the map.

Shortly after this comical pair first decided to team up, they received an engagement to perform at a Mayfair party at which the Royal couple were guests.

When their turn was over, the Duke congratulated them and said: "You must be thirsty after that—why don't you follow the butler?"

They promptly took the Duke's advice and, encouraged by his approval of their act, struggled hard to get into the forefront of radio stardom where they now flourish.

"One of my encounters with Royalty," Harry Tate told me, "caused me the most dreadful fit of anxiety I have ever had. But, looking back on it, the incident now seems very funny."

"I was invited by Queen Alexandra to appear at Marlborough House where she was entertaining the King of Denmark. Arranging all my props and make-up in good time, I found myself unexpectedly confronted by the Queen. Now I couldn't remove my hat because the brim was filled with confetti for the purpose of a gag, so I bowed very elaborately and took my moustache off to the great lady.

"When I was due to appear, I found with horror that my assistant had failed to arrive with the crazy car we used for the show. I had telephoned beforehand and arranged for him to proceed from Marylebone Station to Marlborough House. I waited and waited. Realising that I was keeping an English queen waiting, I rushed to Marylebone Station in a cab and there, as large as life, was my assistant, kicking his heels.

"I called him several different varieties of idiot and demanded to know why he hadn't come along to Marlborough House, as arranged. He looked bewildered, and all he said was: 'Hey, I thought you were kidding!'"

A treasured possession of Billy Mayerl, the popular syncopated pianist, is a pair of beautiful gold cuff-links presented to him by a grateful pupil—the Duke of Kent!

RADIO stars spend all their time brightening the lives of listeners, but they in turn are thrilled when they meet Royalty, as you will learn from this fascinating article by Sam Heppner

Maybe you didn't know that the Duke of Kent is an accomplished pianist and can play the latest dance tunes with considerable skill?

Another Royal pupil of Billy's was Christina Infanta Maria of Spain, who used to call at the Mayerl house regularly for her lessons and go into ecstasies over Mrs. Mayerl's English cooking which, as one who knows, I can warmly recommend!

Most actors and actresses know the thrill of a Royal visit to their theatre.

A hushed and breathless excitement behind the scenes, a kind of palpable tenseness makes you aware that all the artistes are mustering every nerve and muscle in order to give the best performance of their lives.

Sometimes they receive no warning of a Royal visit until a few moments before the curtain rises. I was told of one such occasion by Elizabeth French, the B.B.C. artiste and one of television's most beautiful stars.

"It happened when I was playing in 'The Rivals,'" she said. "The news suddenly came through that the Queen was coming to see the show. Ten minutes before the opening we discovered that there was no cushion in the Royal box. And the sight of the wardrobe mistress frantically tearing up one of the chorus ladies' petticoats to make one is a thing I shall never forget!"

Since the initiation of the Royal Command Performance at the Palace Theatre in 1912, dozens of lucky variety artistes have been able to entertain reigning kings and queens.

During one of these performances, Queen Mary showed so much amusement at a joke about fish and chips which Billy Bennett cracked that this quaint comedian afterwards became known as "The Man Who Made the Queen Laugh."

George Robey has told me that one of his most embarrassing moments was during an entertainment at which Queen Mary and the late King George were present.

The host was Lord Curzon and when they called on the "Prime Minister of Mirth" to amuse the company he began a song called "Heigho! What I might have been."

In the middle of one of the verses he suddenly remembered that the next line contained a doubtful joke about an imaginary Queen in an imaginary country! And there before him sat a real Queen. Paralysis seized him! He tried desperately to improvise another line that would scan and rhyme, and be at once funny and harmless; but the effort failed and he simply "dried up." What the King and Queen thought, he doesn't know to this day, but they appeared to be unconscious of the lapse.

I expect most of you know that Bryan Michie, who is perhaps the most amusing compere the B.B.C. ever had, began his broadcasting career in the Effects Department, where he showed the sound devices to many Royal visitors.

When Queen Mary and King George were being shown round Broadcasting House shortly after its completion, they were taken into the Effects Studio where Bryan proceeded to make all the appropriate noises—thunder, running water, horses' hoofs, etc.

Sir John Reith had prepared a list of the things all these noises represented; but at the last moment he lost it. And the display was given amid much confusion!

"When he was Prince of Wales," Bryan told me, "the Duke of Windsor came to Broadcasting House a few hours before leaving for Belfast. It was a foggy day and the fog sirens intrigued him. He said: 'I shall be hearing a lot of that to-night, I expect.'"

"He had then just bought an aeroplane for himself and was fascinated by the contraption that makes a noise like a 'plane. This is a revolving steel disc, edged with tiny leather thongs, which is placed against a sheet of paper.

"But I didn't tell him of an odd thing that had happened on his account many years previously. He was due at Savoy Hill for a broadcast one night. Unaware of the fact, I marched blissfully into the building at the appointed time of his arrival.

"I was seized at once by an irate commissioner and flung into the ladies' cloak-room where I languished for half an hour before compassion moved him to unlock the door."

NOTES ON

Radio Rhythm

A Weekly Feature on Radio Dance Music and Swing Time Topics by Sidney Petty

SUCH kind and interesting letters I've had, from all over the British Isles and even one from Sweden—Swedish reader favoured Ambrose, Cotton, Hylton.

Torquay reader Ronald Britt writes: "Harry Leader and Ambrose were certainly justified in voicing strong protests, particularly when one compares their programmes with some of the junk that is offered."

Scores of readers are writing for information on their local rhythm clubs.

From the R.A.F. Marine Craft Section, Gosport, Robert Kerruish writes to say he's taken my advice and formed a Rhythm Club for the Portsmouth district, the secretary's address being 37 Wheatstone Road, Southsea.

As hinted on this page recently, the B.B.C. are "talking turkey" with Ambrose again, and he's accepted broadcast dates for March 11, 18, 25.

I wonder what would have happened if radio's "too expensive" bandleader had kept his mouth shut.

So Debroy Somers and his boys come back to radio again, for which hip-hip-hooray. Maybe you heard the first of his fortnightly *England Dances* shows last night, with Chippis Chippindall and the Cavendish Three.

Last time Debroy was due to go on the air, there was a spot of bother with the B.B.C., as he had difficulty in fixing-in a rehearsal at the time they wanted. So Somers called the broadcast off, and another band took over.

Another disappointment for golden-voiced vocalist Donald Marvin, the tale of whose tough deal I printed in these columns last week. Remember, he was "banned" the air by error? Well, he'd hoped for broadcasts with popular Peter Fielding, of the Oxford Galleries, Newcastle. But Fielding writes to me:—

"I am sorry to say that I am in no position to offer a job to Don Marvin owing to the fact that I have no definite dates in line yet (other than the one mentioned); and unless I can continually have Marvin over the air he would be wasted, as he is far too good to be singing only in a dance hall, with an occasional date over the air."

Other bandleaders, observe.

The Peter Fielding airing referred to is a new combination he's bringing to the mike on Sunday, February 19—an Hawaiian Quintet.

This comprises a steel guitar, a plectrum guitar, a clarinet (subtone), string bass and vibraphone. Peter plays the guitar himself in his danceband broadcasts, and received so many letters about it that he formed the above outfit.

Here's hoping southern listeners, too, hear more of him.

CRYSTAL



Bands on the Air This Week

TO-DAY (February 10).—Billy Thorburn, (National); Reginald Pursglove (late-night, National and Regional); Bram Martin (Normandy 8.0 a.m.); Percival Mackey (Normandy 9.45 a.m.).

Saturday.—Marius Winter (National); Herman Darewski's *Music for Dancing* (Regional); Jack Harris (late-night, National and Regional); Bram Martin (Luxembourg 8.15 a.m., Normandy 8.0 a.m.); Carroll Gibbons (Normandy 10.0 a.m.).

Sunday.—Percival Mackey (Luxembourg 9.45 a.m., Lyons 9.30 p.m.); Eddie Carroll (Luxembourg 1.0 p.m., Normandy 1.30 p.m.); Billy Cotton (Luxembourg 2.0 p.m., Normandy 2.0 p.m.); Jack Jackson (Luxembourg 2.45 p.m., Normandy 5.30 p.m.); Sydney Jerome (Luxembourg 5.15 p.m.); Jack Hylton (Luxembourg, Normandy and Paris at 6.30 p.m.); Alfred Van Dam (Luxembourg 9.0 p.m.); Carroll Gibbons (Luxembourg 9.45 p.m.); Van Phillips (Luxembourg 10.0 p.m., Normandy 3.0 p.m.); Peter Yorke (Normandy 11.15 a.m.).

Monday.—Reginald Pursglove's *Love is on the Air* (National); Michael Flome and Van Stratten (late-night, National and Regional); Bram Martin (Luxembourg 8.15 a.m., Normandy 8.0 a.m.); Charles Ernesco (Luxembourg 9.15 a.m.); Carroll Gibbons (Luxembourg 10.0 a.m.).

Tuesday.—Billy Cotton (late-night, National and Regional); Carroll Gibbons (Luxembourg 5.0 p.m.); Joe Loss (Normandy, 7.45 a.m.).

Wednesday.—Harry Leader (Regional); Geraldo's *Dancing Through* (National); Roland Powell and Norman Newman (late-night, National and Regional); Bram Martin (Luxembourg 8.15 a.m., Normandy 8.0 a.m.); Percival Mackey (Normandy 9.45 a.m.); Charles Ernesco (Luxembourg 9.15 a.m.); Peter Yorke (Luxembourg 10.0 a.m.).

Thursday.—Jack White's *Music For Dancing* (Regional); Joe Loss (late-night, National and Regional); Luxembourg 9.0 a.m.); Bram Martin (Luxembourg 8.15 a.m.); Geraldo (Luxembourg 3.45 p.m.).

The North provides late-night music on Wednesday, from Norman Newman's outfit and Roland Powell's Rhythm Aces. This will be Powell's 350th broadcast.

Syd Seymour, with his Madhatters, who gets full marks for his last bright broadcast, tells me he's on the air again in March, with that heart-throb ex-Gonella songster, Jimmy Messini.

There's a new Bing Crosby record out that I'd like you to hear.

It's called *A Blues Serenade*, and a novel arrangement includes a mouth-organ solo, ending with harp. The tune itself ranks as one of the best three blues-numbers I've heard.

The other two that get under my skin are:

Solitude, by Duke Ellington; and *Ballad in Blue* ("Born of sighs, and cold grey eyes") by Hoagy Carmichael.

NUMBER ONE RHYTHM CLUB send news of a new band—Vic Lewis's Chicagoans—which recently held a "jam session" for club members. Their blind pianist, George Shearing, broadcast recently in *New Voices*, and as a result will be heard on the air again in March.

Talking of ace-pianists, try to catch coloured solo pianist Jack London on Regional and Midland to-day. He's all right!

South West London Rhythm Club advise me of an all-star swing programme at their Streatham headquarters on Sunday. Among those expected are Tommy McQuater, Lew Davis, Jock Jacobson, Alf Noakes, Dick Ball (Ambrose bass).

MORE "Favourite Swing Records" sent by listeners:—

Benny Goodman, *I'm a Ding Dong Daddie*; Duke Ellington, *Mood Indigo*; Louis Armstrong, *Barbary Coast Blues*; Fats Waller, *Dedicated to You*; Duke Ellington, *Soda Fountain Rag* (from L. Hempshall, of Doncaster). Louis Armstrong, *West End Blues*.

WE'VE got keen critics of rhythm amongst the ladies too, I notice.

Dorothy Boardman, of Lancashire, sends three pages of shrewd comment on a certain outfit, finishes with the gal. . . . "They ought to be playing William Tell in the Park on a Sunday afternoon!"

You said it, Dorothy—but I won't print the name of the band, because some people like William Tell in the Park on a Sunday afternoon.

GOOD news for the numerous admirers of Miff Ferrie and his Jakdauz is that he may be heard in a series on the air this spring. You've often asked about him.

Miff came to London eight years back, having started life in the book-publishing business, playing the trombone at local hops o' nights. Then played with Fox, Ambrose, Harris, Winnick—now hitting the limelight alone.

MIFF'S married, met the wife-to-be dancing in a cabaret act on the last week of his engagement at the old Kit Kat. They talked, he found she came from his home town, Edinburgh.

The act's still going strong, "Beatrice Findlay and Arlene Worth," and Miff scores all the music for it.

IF there's any bandleader in the country who can beat this record, I'd be glad to hear it. Harry Robbins, to my knowledge, is the only dance-music maestro with no less than six children!

by FRED WILKIN

Thanks for the MEMORIES!

—LESLIE HENSON

FOR many years it has been my custom, on a Sunday, to go round to the local just before lunch and, over a pint of bitter, reflect on the follies and frailties of mankind.

But not now!

You see, at 12.45 p.m. Leslie Henson comes on the Luxembourg air and, though a pint's a pint, Leslie Henson is Leslie Henson. And anybody who has seen Henson on the stage will appreciate why I do not bother to elaborate that sentence.

He is, I suppose, King Pin among Britain's drolls.

Fully to appreciate him on the air one must have seen him. One must be able to visualise that funny little man with the face like a fish—those eyes that pop out perpetually like those of a bewildered cod—that mouth that is always about to twist into a surprised grin—those rubber-like features that wobble into the most fantastically grotesque guises.

These you miss on the radio. But you cannot miss that voice, that hoarse, fruity gurgle which takes the most prosaic remark and turns it into a screamingly funny wisecrack.

Fun rolls through Leslie's body as blood flows through the veins of lesser mortals. He has the capacity for mime of a Chaplin. The inventiveness of a Heath Robinson. The energy of any circus clown. The genius of—of a Henson!

You will fairly gather that I am somewhat goofy about this Mr. Henson.

And rightly so. He is to musical comedy what Beatrice Lillie is to revue, Sybil Thorndike to high drama, and Yvonne Arnaud is to high comedy.

The history of present-day musical comedy might well be summed up by the words *And then came Leslie Henson.*

It all began way back when Leslie Henson, now forty-six years of age, found himself the one member of a non-acting family who had ambitions towards histrionics.

At a tender age he used to stage hair-raising theatrical performances in the kitchen, with the cook and coachman as his willing audience.

Leslie was always the hero. In fact, owing to the fact that his cast was often limited in numbers—very strictly—he got in the habit of occupying the stage solo for long periods. Times change. Nowadays, though he could walk on to any stage and keep an audience in fits simply by reading the telephone directory or a Railway Guide, he goes out of his way to ensure that he is not left alone on the stage.

So "Troutie," as he was called because of his piscatorial features, went to school.

It was natural that, at Cliftonville College, he should turn to entertaining. He had had the streak in him for so long. Apparently he would lay in his cot and hum *The Man Who Broke The Bank at Monte Carlo* long before he could talk!

So at Cliftonville College he spent a considerable time putting on shows, notably an annual Christy Minstrel show that was so much of a riot that the schoolmasters, who should have frowned on these activities, kept him up to scratch by coming along to see the shows.

Then Leslie left school and started work in the family business, which was a hide, skin, and tallow merchants. To this day the Henson family runs a butchery business at Smithfield Market.

Leslie showed little aptitude for a business career and his mother, wise woman, seeing that his heart was not in his work, offered him a chance to study at a School of Dramatic Art.

"I'll give you a certain period," said she, "and if you don't succeed then you must come back into the business."

Leslie studied and eventually went along to try to get a job with George Grossmith in the West End. At the audition Leslie, very nervous, was practically inaudible and Grossmith turned him down. So Henson didn't start with a blaze of glory in the West End.

Instead, he got his first break in a small-time concert party called "The Tatlers" at Penarth.



Later he went to St. Anne's with "The Scamps."

Life in those days was not all honey. He tells a story of an occasion when the weather was so bad that only three people ventured out to see the show.

The boss pointed out to this faithful trio that, as there were six people in the cast, it was a case of two to one and was darned unfair.

So they gave the audience their money back and then invited them back to their lodgings to supper and a game of cards.

Leslie's first chance came in a show called "To-night's the Night," which went to New York. Officially Henson had only a small part, but his comic ingenuity, plus the unselfishness of that excellent actor, Robert Nainby, earned Leslie quite a lot of plaudits.

There was one scene, for instance, where Leslie was supposed to be studying a newspaper and, in response to a question, should have answered, "I'm seeing what's won the 3.30." But Leslie had happened to pick up some knitting in the wings and he continued doing this. In a flash of comic inspiration, he altered his line to "I'm just sowing my wild oats." It got a big laugh, and was built up into quite a large scene in subsequent shows.

In the Great War Leslie was used considerably as a means of taking the minds of the men off the grim misery of their daily round. He appeared in trench concert parties and also staged a giant pantomime at Lille.

Nowadays he is often recognised by old soldiers—but not as Leslie Henson, star of the Gaiety Theatre, but as Leslie Henson who put on that panto at Lille.

After the war Leslie was established. He helped to take the frost out of the Winter Garden with a show called *Kissing Time*. That was an amazing experience. The workmen only left the theatre ten minutes before the curtain went up. It was thought that the theatre would never be ready for the beginning of the show.

"the funny little man with the face like a fish," as Barry Wells describes him here, is recalling highlights of his career in the Huntley & Palmers programme from Radio Luxembourg every Sunday at 12.45 p.m.

And to-night, February 10, you can hear him in a relay from his successful stage show, "Running Riot," on the National wavelength.

Then, after a while, Leslie blossomed out with Tom Walls as a manager.

He had faith in a show called *Tons of Money*, which had been turned down by many managements.

Eventually Leslie and Walls decided to put it on. It was a do-or-die venture. They had £3 in the bank when the curtain went up. But the title was prophetic. At the interval it was bought for New York for the sum of £2,000!

Leslie's association with Sydney Howard has been, for me, at least, one of the major joys of my theatre-going experience.

They came together first in *Funny Face*, when Syd Howard of the lugubrious face and fin-like hands and splayed feet was a comparatively unknown Yorkshire comedian.

Leslie, so nimble and mercurial, Sydney so "slow" and stolid, formed a perfect comedy blend. *It's a Boy* and *It's a Girl* were mirth-quakes that burst on London sensationally.

And then Leslie turned his attention to the Gaiety and formed a "team" which is unsurpassed in the world of musical comedy.

The fat, "pompous," "slow-witted" Fred Emney. The remarkable young acrobat comedian, Richard Hearne, who always plays old men. Dainty Louise Browne of the light foot and the sweet voice. Good-looking Roy Royston, the perfect juvenile.

And, of course, the old maestro himself, Leslie Henson.

This is a team that in *Seeing Stars*, *Going Greek*, and *Running Riot* has had London at its feet.

Every Sunday, from Radio Luxembourg, he looks back along his lustrous career and, in song and gag, recalls highlights of that career. Every programme is a page of theatrical history put over as only Leslie can put it over.

Now do you wonder why I sacrifice my Sunday morning ritual with such zest?

Thanks for the memories, Leslie!

**THE CAVENDISH
THREE**

RADIO singers Pat Rignold, Kay Cavendish and Joy Worth (from left to right) who have proved so popular as a team at the mike, both in B.B.C. shows and in Horlicks Picture House every Sunday from Luxembourg and Normandy at 4 p.m., Paris at 5 p.m.



MUSICAL WALES

By E. EBRARD REES

INSTRUMENTAL music has never been popular in Wales, although Welsh antiquity boasts of two or three musical instruments not known elsewhere, such as the pibcorn. Wales loves vocal music, the choirs of any kind and size.

Idris Lewis, the Welsh Regional Director of Music, hopes that broadcasting will instil into the Welsh people a liking for the orchestra equal to the present liking for the choir. There is evidence that there is much more appreciation for orchestral music in Wales now than there has ever been.

Mr. Lewis is just the man to do this, for his experience is as varied as his musical gifts and qualities. He knows music as well as he knows Wales, and with this combined intimate knowledge he is sure that Wales will respond to the best in music of all kinds.

Mr. Lewis told me the story of his life as he puffed his pipe. He was born at Llansamlet in the Swansea Valley and at the age of eight he went the ten miles to Ystradgynlais every Saturday morning to have music lessons from Mr. Rees Thomas. He hated that journey as much as he disliked the lesson at the end of it. But he had no option, the lesson had to be part of his weekly life.

He flashed into the light unexpectedly by winning an open scholarship at the Royal

IDRIS LEWIS, the Welsh Regional Director of Music, is hoping that the Welsh will be persuaded by radio to become as interested in orchestras as they are in choirs.

College of Music where he proceeded to "learn the piano" under the distinguished Dane, Fritz Hart Vigson.

In 1911, he went on a tour of the East as a solo pianist and his experiences were many, for to the Eastern audiences he was regarded as a wizard of the white and black keys.

There were plenty of openings for him in London on his return, and for twelve years he was assistant and then musical director at some of the biggest theatres. He was assistant musical director and conductor at Daly's Theatre under Merlin Morgan, another Welshman, who hailed from Aberdare. When he was not conducting at Daly's he was wielding his baton at the Gaiety or the Lyric.

Happy though he was in the theatres, he wanted a change. Other music appealed to him; other fields remained to be conquered.

For six years he was musical director at Elstree Studios (B.I.P.) and was responsible for the musical side of the production of many notable films. He was in charge of three films starring Tauber, with whom he became very friendly.

In the presence of a large company, Tauber complimented Idris Lewis as being one of the finest English conductors under whom it had been his pleasure to sing.

"He is not English but Welsh," interrupted someone.

"So much the worse for England," was the reply.

When he married it was not an opposite that he took as his wife, but Nancy Pearce, a pianist, who intended taking music as her profession until she became a pianist's wife. For some years she was the accompanist of the London Welsh Choir.

As a composer, Idris Lewis has given his time

to the ballad. Popular Welsh music is his favourite line, especially the orchestration of Welsh airs and folk songs. Perhaps his most ambitious work and his most famous is "Alun Mabon," a work for solo voices and orchestra. This was broadcast some time ago and was greatly appreciated.

The Welsh Regional Orchestra is composed of twenty instrumentalists, and under Mr. Lewis it is becoming a better combination every month.

When I asked him what were the main movements and tendencies in Welsh broadcast music, he said there were three things. Welsh composers were learning the technique of orchestral works.

He believes that when this technique is mastered, Wales may give the world works of great value.

Mr. Lewis is keen on the Carolare, that Sunday evening sing-song that is peculiar to Wales and the West. Hymns were the order. But there is a new type of carolare in the making which consists of hymns, anthems and a solo or two. This appeals to Welsh listeners more than anything else musically, so it is going to be developed.

A short while ago, churches were waiting their turn for the broadcast of a church service. Now there is a waiting list of church choirs that have a carolare evening ready. Some have already had an audition.

It is just along these lines that Mr. Lewis hopes to develop music in the Principality.

That is not all. In August, Mr. Lewis invited all the Welsh composers he knew from all over the world to a conference. Nearly forty came and many were from overseas. They desire to create a Welsh sentiment. Other things are in the offing, but they belong to the future.

The Welsh Regional has an ideal musical director, because he knows Welsh and Wales as well as he knows music.

MESSAGE FROM THE STARS

EVERY morning from Radio Normandy at 8.40 the makers of Anne French Cleansing Milk bring Murray Lister, the famous Astrologer, to the Microphone to read in the stars your luck for the day

WHAT does the future hold in store for you?

That is one of the things we would all like to know. From the very earliest ages men have been trying to probe the fascinating secret of things to come.

Some blessed with a sixth sense, or a vast knowledge of the stars, have succeeded in foretelling the future. But they are few in number.

Nearly everyone delights in reading their own horoscope. A great number of people put implicit faith in what the stars predict, and some big business men will not make a single move without first consulting the position of their governing star.

The average man and woman, while not being quite so fanatic about this subject, is naturally intrigued by a glimpse into the future, and one of the most popular features in the newspapers to-day is "What the Stars Foretell."

Radio seems to have ignored this subject to a great extent in the past. Listeners have, in fact, been starved of one subject that really interests them.

To-day, this is not the case. The makers of Anne French Cleansing Milk have shown a keen insight into the public's needs by placing Murray Lister, the well-known Radio Normandy Astrologer, at the listener's service.

Murray Lister is one of the few men who can read in the stars your luck for to-day.

Every morning at 8.40 from Radio Normandy, he comes to the microphone to tell you what the future holds for you.

Will you be lucky? When should you entertain? What should you do to-day? Should you avoid anything? Murray Lister will answer all these questions.

No time is wasted in this daily programme. It is slickly produced—with only a minute's commercial announcement—and entertainingly presented.

Listeners are always writing to Murray Lister. Many of these letters prove that astrology is taken very seriously by a great majority of people.

At one time it was regarded with some scepticism, but the art of foretelling events by studying

the position of stars and their influence on human affairs has advanced so considerably during recent years that to-day it is an accepted science.

There are one or two letters, though, which set Murray Lister rather awkward puzzles. Listeners ask him all kinds of questions as to what is going to happen to them, and if he could answer them all accurately he wouldn't be an astrologer but a Wizard Merlin!

One girl wrote to him a short while ago, telling him that she had been entering competitions for a long, long time but so far she hadn't been successful in winning a prize.

"Could you," she added, "possibly tell me when I will win a competition or a football pool?"

Which, after all, is asking rather a lot.

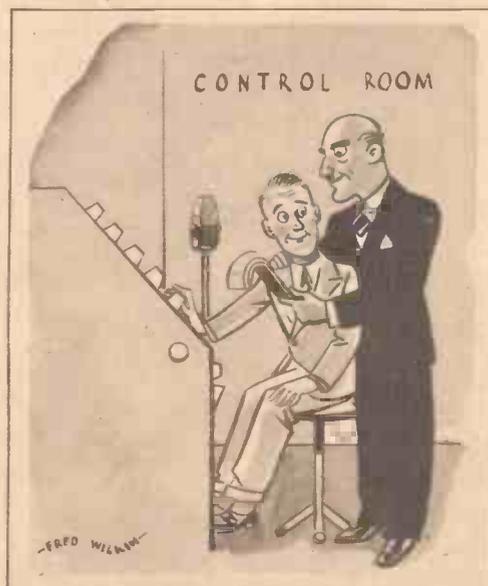
If you haven't yet heard Murray Lister, and if you are at all interested in what the future holds in store for you, why not tune in to-morrow morning at 8.40 to Radio Normandy?

In fact, why not tune in every morning at the same time and find out what Murray Lister predicts for you?

And women listeners will find an added interest in this unique series of programmes—they may help to solve one of their beauty problems. Anne French will do that for you.

Incidentally, Anne French can also be heard on Luxembourg every Wednesday at 9.30 a.m. with her intriguing beauty talks. Every week she deals with a different subject—fashions, hands, face, etiquette—and judging from the hundreds of letters she receives after each broadcast a lot of women find her talks extremely useful.

You would, too.



"Who shall we 'fade out' this week?"

WICKHAM STEED

former Editor of "The Times," arch-rebel against all forms of dictatorship and champion of democracy, gives this exclusive interview to Ralph Graves for "Radio Pictorial"

DID you know that the B.B.C. has a Black List? Wickham Steed knows, for he was on it! But as a famous journalist and political correspondent of twenty years' standing, his considered opinions were too valuable for the B.B.C. to lose, so the ban has been withdrawn and his frequent talks to the Empire on world affairs are now a vital part of the news broadcasts. Maybe you heard him last month in a debate with C. B. Cochran, H. G. Selfridge and Mrs. Hamilton (ex-B.B.C. Governor) on: "Should the B.B.C. Get Its Money from Advertising?" That shows how they regard the man they banned!

IN the quiet of his lofty, book-lined study, equipped with a powerful all-wave radio set and with the telephone bringing in every few minutes long-distance calls from German and Italian correspondents, I faced Wickham Steed with these questions:

What do you think of the B.B.C., in your capacity as an ordinary listener?

Can you regard me as an ordinary listener? came his quick reply.

In some ways you can. I take an intense interest in radio programmes, and in the staff who produce them. I can tell you at once, for instance, if it is Stuart Hibberd reading the news, or one of the other announcers. And because I am so interested in foreign languages and have had to write and speak in four languages, I am a student of articulation. In that way I get an especial pleasure from my radio listening.

On the other hand, I cannot be regarded as an

witness microphone commentators, may account for recent brighter radio news bulletins.

But as an ordinary and an "expert" listener I have wholehearted praise for the work of B.B.C. staff men and officials. Experience of the mingled delicacy and power of the instrument they use has taught me to sympathise with them. On the whole they know their job far better than any amateur outsider can know it.

But, Mr. Wickham Steed, you know there is an impression that B.B.C. men get poorly paid. It is suggested that sponsored programmes in this country would mean more money to buy better brains.

ordinary listener to broadcast news.

For some twenty years I was a foreign correspondent. As foreign editor, and later as editor, it has been part of my job to see beyond the bald announcement and the laconic cablegram or teleprinter slip from a news agency.

It has been part of my job to note how this news has been interpreted by the Press and the B.B.C. This makes me intensely aware of the difficulties that beset the B.B.C. editorial men when they come to "sub" the news and choose their eye-witnesses.

Listeners to the familiar phrase, "Copyright by Reuters, the Press Association, Exchange Telegraph, and Central News" may not fully realise that what they are hearing is "agency news." They may have to study the individual news of various journals on the morrow to gain a more comprehensive impression.

As a matter of fact, within recent months news agencies have tended to infuse into their dispatches more colour than was formerly thought to be acceptable to their clients. This, coupled with the fact that the Ullswater Committee, in 1937, advised that the B.B.C. should not be tied down to agency news, but should be free to use eye-

Mr. Humbert Wolfe puts into the mouth of one of his characters these satirical lines:—

*You cannot hope
to bribe or twist,
thank God! the
British journalist.*

*But seeing what
the man will do
unbribed, there's
no occasion to.*

The bite of this satire is undeniable. But it applies not to the working journalist and editor, but to the wealthy newspaper proprietor who "plays up" to his advertisers.

The principle of keeping British broadcasting free from any influence of advertising is so sound, that the moral advantage it gives to the B.B.C. over a Press which is so increasingly dependent upon advertisers ought not to be lost.

Well, now, as a broadcaster, what do you think of the B.B.C.?

Personally, I regard broadcasting as a public service, and I think it is a great privilege to be allowed to broadcast.

For that reason I take a great delight in having my radio scripts most carefully prepared. No matter whether it is a human-interest talk, one of my regular Empire broadcasts on world affairs, a talk to the schools, or one of the big American relays, I take the greatest pains, not only to have my radio scripts absolutely accurate and interesting, but smooth-sounding.

As a keen student of articulation, I take care to avoid all awkward consonants.

All my scripts are dictated, and after the first draft is completed, I cut and simplify it. Then I read the material aloud to check for timing, and to discover if any confusing sounds have been overlooked. They are not obvious in typescript, of course.

One has a great responsibility to the public in broadcasting, and one cannot take too much care

B.B.C. Censorship Reel

Rubbish! It is a fallacy that big money buys better brains. Cultural development is not so intimately linked with high finance. Good work brings its own reward, in broadcasting, as in everything else.

I grant you that many a B.B.C. staff man may be earning £8 a week, whereas in the newspaper world his wage would be £15, £20 or more. But is it not significant that there is a tendency for talented journalists to migrate from newspaper staffs to the B.B.C.?

This is not because of greater security or better remuneration, but for a more vital reason. It is not that conditions of work at the B.B.C. are lighter or, on the whole, more agreeable. It is because there is fuller scope for originality and greater freedom from the harassing sense that intellectual effort must be subordinated to the business of adding to the revenues that go to produce fat dividends.

So you don't like the idea of sponsored broadcasting in Britain?

Of course not! That does not mean I think the B.B.C. is perfect. But I am all in favour of public ownership protected by charter, instead of sponsored irresponsibility.

How dangerous and ridiculous it would be if our broadcast news bulletins were to be at the mercy of advertising interests. A money-making machine, you know, is not the best form of control.

Do you recall that in his *Uncle Tom's Cabin*

in marshalling facts for the microphone. They must be presented lucidly and simply. A broadcast talk delivered in the style of a newspaper article would fail to attract interest, while a newspaper printed in broadcasting style would be unreadable. In this respect at least, broadcasting and the Press supplement each other.

I like to be alone in the studio when I broadcast. I gesticulate at the microphone, forcing home my points and visualising my audience on the other side of the ether barrier. As a matter of interest, I keep my script in loose quarto sheets, triple spaced. They are not typed on the long foolscap which some B.B.C. officials favour. But I use non-rustling paper and move one sheet over another as I read, like a hand of cards.

If the wording of a radio talk is suitably chosen, you can read quickly, and combat that pressure on time which is the B.B.C.'s continual bugbear.

Imagine! The world's news has to be compressed into bulletins which seldom last more than 20 minutes. Many broadcasters, even announcers, cannot speak intelligibly at more than 150 words a minute. Stuart Hibberd I have timed when broadcasting the news with greatest possible intelligibility at 220 words a minute, but all have not his gift of clear enunciation.

IN the newspaper world, "pressure on space" is terrific as the editions go to Press. Galleys must be cut ruthlessly. Vital lines of type are lifted, chopped and rearranged. The mental strain on the men who do this work is tremendous, and they may wonder if modern newspapers have not attained at too heavy cost, in cash and nerves, the dizzy speed at which they are produced.

The equivalent in broadcasting is pressure on time. I had to combat this myself one night when invited to debate at the microphone on a certain subject, at only an hour's notice, as there had been a breakdown in the arrangements. There was not even time for proper revision of my debating partner's script.

The result was that I found myself at 3½ minutes before the end of the debate with vital material that would normally take seven minutes to read. And it had to be read, for the sake of all-important continuity of thought!

So I just went straight at it, articulating clearly, pausing between paragraphs to give listeners time to catch up, but speaking so rapidly that I finished on the tick.

I left the announcer breathless! He told me that I'd averaged 250 words a minute. But, of course, that is not the sort of record one normally likes to break.

One's manner at the microphone must never be such that listeners' interest is allowed to flag.

One day, perhaps, an instrument will be invented so that as you broadcast you can gauge listeners' reaction.

Nonsense! No broadcaster should need such an instrument. I can always experience the magnetic reaction of my listening audience. It is the greatest guide and help to me in broadcasting.

Do you actually mean that you get a definite physical sensation when you broadcast—a sort of psychic link with listeners?

I do. Please do not imagine that I am unique in this respect. I imagine that any keen, sensitive broadcaster must feel the response of his unseen audience. My own reaction is a definite tingling sensation,

relations

affecting my whole nervous system. It can overwhelm me like a wave, if there is a sudden response, as I had at Crisis-time last October when broadcasting to America.

Colonel Brand, when B.B.C. "host" at Savoy Hill, used to tell me that he divided broadcasters into two classes—those who talked to the microphone as though it were a human being, and those who talked to it as though it were a leg of mutton. I should imagine that all broadcasters in the former class would share my sensation.

You have proof that it is not just imagination?

Of course. I have experienced this magnetic link with listeners ever since my first broadcast, way back at the Savoy Hill studios. So I came to expect it.

One Sunday night I was invited to participate in the famous "Spice of Life" talks, in which Rose Macaulay, George Robey and others had told listeners what they considered was the real joy of living.

The idea amused me. I spent several days preparing my script, and began to broadcast it with especial care.

It was at a peak hour on Sunday evening, with a big audience listening. Yet the microphone was dead. I got no response from it, no "kick."

Just then an engineer poked his head around the door and said: "Would you mind beginning again, Mr. Steed? There's been a mistake in the Control Room. You weren't switched on."

I began again, and almost immediately I felt I had a vast audience with me—as the B.B.C. postbag subsequently confirmed.

AT Crisis time, Columbia asked me to give a broadcast to America.

I had to dash back from a meeting at Portsmouth, had my car waiting at Waterloo and only just managed to reach the studio (a B.B.C. studio loaned me for the occasion) in time.

As I faced the microphone with my pencilled script, the Columbia representative sat opposite me wearing headphones on which he could hear

Wickham Steed writes and talks fluently in French, Italian, German and Spanish, and has decided views on microphone technique

my talk coming back over the radio telephone from America.

At about page three on my script I felt carried away by a wave of magnetic response, and from then on till the end it increased to a climax.

"That was a grand broadcast," said the Columbia man when I'd finished.

"Yes," I said. "Plenty of people listening."

"You're quite right," he said. "After about the third minute I experienced it myself—like a wave of enthusiasm."

And remember, he had not been able to hear me in the studio, but only over a two-way transatlantic ether journey of some 6,000 miles!

If the link between broadcaster and listener is so personal, then surely the need for some radio censorship is all the more vital to protect the microphone's privileges from abuse?

Censorship is needed, but not more, I think, than the general editorial control of responsible men within the system—if the system be correct, of course.

I have suffered from the B.B.C. censorship, but I sympathise with B.B.C. officials and would not add to their perplexities by crotchety insistence on this or that point which in my opinion ought to be put forward.

Broadcasting of news and views is one of the most wholesome influences that could possibly have come into our public life. In the long run it may help to save the Press itself from some of the evils which now beset honest journalism.

An official censor would defeat that object, and might endanger democracy, which is political freedom. Ours is one of the few countries where we are free to speak, and our broadcasting must remain democratic.

But the B.B.C. at one time had your name at the head of their black list?

True. When Germany left the League I was astounded and disgusted at the attitude the B.B.C. took. They mobilised Vernon Bartlett in a hurry and took a ridiculous tone of mingled fear and apology lest Herr Hitler be upset. For

Please turn to page 27

PUTTING THE
Spot Page
ON THE SPOT



CHARLES HATTON takes you behind the scenes of that popular Northern feature, "The Spot Page," and interviews producer **DAVID PORTER**, seen on the right in the picture above, with Thomas Matthews.

TWENTY-FOUR-YEAR-OLD David Porter must be one of the youngest editors in the country. But his "publication" doesn't come neatly folded to your breakfast table every morning; instead, you may hear it on the air regularly once a fortnight if you are a North Regional listener.

Since its debut in October, "The Spot Page" has attracted a growing number of listeners to each edition, and it is now so firmly established that it is to be continued indefinitely. So let's take a peep inside the editorial office and discover the secret of this success.

"If you analysed 'The Spot Page' very carefully indeed, you might find a certain resemblance to some of the outstanding features in 'Band Waggon,' 'Monday Night at Seven,' and two or three more popular programmes," David confesses. "But we have managed to give them all a pronounced Northern flavour that appeals to our listeners, and have added one or two new ideas of our own."

"The Spot Page" opens with its own special signature tune, composed by Henry Reed, who is responsible for the original music in this show.

Then Reporter Fred Allen comes to the microphone to introduce the first item. Fred Allen has had considerable stage experience, and just lately has been acting as relief announcer at the Manchester studios.

A prominent feature of "The Spot Page" has been the introduction of old radio friends in a new guise, by persuading them to tell the story of their rise to radio fame.

For instance, Reginald Dixon related how, at the age of twelve, he used to get up at five o'clock in the morning to sell newspapers in the streets, how he was a music teacher at the age of thirteen, and a church organist at fifteen, and, strange as it may seem, how he once got the sack!

Then that doyen of villains, Tod Slaughter, admitted that he had played the dirty dog in two hundred dramas, and had once committed eleven stage murders a day for a month! That he was descended from Captain Cook, and his favourite part was that of Sweeney Todd. And he finished up by strangling poor Fred Allen!

Young Ross Parker returned to his native North to tell in this feature how he had won fame as composer of "The Girl in the Alice-Blue Gown," after hawking it all round London music publishers.

Then Lancashire's own crooner, Kitty Masters, admitted that her start on the ladder of fame arose through a trial engagement

at a cinema, that she had been married twice—once at Gretna Green and the next year at Pendleton—to the same man!

Johnny Rosen and RADIO PICTORIAL'S Auntie Muriel, of North Regional Children's Hour, were others in this series, and there are plenty more to come.

"Stranger to the Microphone" is another intriguing feature in "The Spot Page," and has been instrumental in introducing several new artistes to radio.

Two Blackpool milkmen, Harold Taylor and Jack Sharpe, scored a great hit with their close harmony act, and are due for more dates in the future. Then there was Airman Eric Steen, a young vocalist with a Bing Crosby personality, who should be an asset to any dance band.

David Porter made a capture in Douglas Millington, a thirteen-year-old banjo player, who has won innumerable prizes for his performances on this instrument, and Frank Worden, a clever young accordion player who was formerly with Archie's Juvenile Band.

However, one of "The Spot Page's" greatest scoops was bringing to the microphone young Joan Ellum, to tell how she had managed to secure the part of "Lydia" in the film, *South Riding*.

Joan had pestered Mrs. J. R. Gregson, who was responsible for the casting, by telephone, but had been politely discouraged. Whereupon Joan got a lift in a milk cart and went to see Mrs. Gregson herself, and gave her no peace until she had received an audition.

A prominent item in "The Spot Page" is a sketch, specially written for the occasion.

They started off with a series called "This Thing Called Love," which made quite a sensation. In one of these, David Porter made one of his very rare appearances as an actor at the microphone.

Every edition of "The Spot Page" has its own guest artiste, not necessarily a big star, but usually someone who is a particular favourite with Northern audiences.

Among the performers due for a broadcast in this series in the near future are Dorothy Heneke, a crooner, the Mamelok Accordion Band, and the Thirsk Coronation Prize Harmonica Band.

Then there is to be a new feature in which B.B.C. employees will reveal some of the absorbing details of their everyday jobs, about which listeners are ignorant. This will be a grand break for the men and women behind broadcasting whose names are quite unknown to the listening public.

What are Your Dancing Moods?

The makers of Meltonian Shoe Dressing would like to know, and if you listen to their new and fascinating programme, featuring Joe Loss and his Orchestra, on Luxembourg, Thursday, at 9.0 a.m., and Normandy, Tuesday, at 7.45 a.m., you may win a useful prize.

THE best news for years for the dance-music-minded is that Joe Loss and his band are to broadcast every week from Normandy and Luxembourg, and their sponsors, the makers of Meltonian Shoe Dressing, are organising a national contest to discover which dances Britain likes best.

Having signed up Joe Loss, the most up-and-coming band-leader of the moment and who smiles at you from our cover this week, Meltonian were not content to put him into "just another dance band session." Joe goes into a programme which is something new in radio—the history and romance of your favourite dances.

Every week Joe Loss will take a different dance rhythm and build it into a feature programme, with Dick Bentley (the "You've Asked for it" man) to do the talking. They're starting with the waltz. You'll hear how Britain was shocked by the introduction of the naughty waltz, how poets protested in verse—

*What! The girl I adore by another embraced?
What! The balm of her breath shall another man taste?
What! Pressed in the dance by another man's knee?
What! Partly, recline on another than me?
Sir! She is yours! You have pressed from the grape its fine blue.*

*From the rosebud you have shaken the tremulous dew.
What you've touched you may take, pretty waltzer,
Adieu!*

And through all this romance of the waltz, Joe Loss will weave his magic music.

The Lambeth Walk, the Chestnut Tree, the Polka, the Foxtrot, the Tango—you'll hear them all in time. But you can do more than hear these programmes—you can profit by them.

Meltonian offer you prizes for placing in order of popularity ten dances they have selected. There's a first prize of fifty pounds in cash and hundreds of gramophone records as consolation prizes. Not ordinary gramophone records, but records you can't buy in any shops, sets of three ten-inch double-sided records made specially for you by Joe Loss and his orchestra.

There's a very distinguished panel of judges: musical comedy's brightest star, Frances Day, Joe Loss, and the Editor of RADIO PICTORIAL.

These are the dances you will have to place in order of popularity. Chestnut Tree, Veleta, Foxtrot, Polka, Waltz, Quickstep, Rhumba, Tango, Paul Jones,

What are you going to start with, the waltz? Or perhaps the foxtrot? Or maybe it's the Lambeth Walk? Write to the Editor for an entry form.

It will be a great help (and a great pleasure, we can forecast with safety) to listen to the Meltonian programmes. The Normandy broadcast is at 7.45 a.m. on a Tuesday, the Luxembourg broadcast is at 9.0 a.m. on a Thursday.

This is something different in dance music programmes, appealing to all ages of listeners. Into one programme Joe Loss is introducing his popular "Community and" selection and he has invited a party of Meltonian factory girls to come along and sing with him.

Joe Loss has been busy on research work for these programmes and if you've been in the British Museum you might have seen Joe Loss delving into the history of the Lambeth Walk. Joe has unearthed the original Lambeth Walk, brought out years ago to rival the cakewalk.

Clem Stevens, a great favourite at the Astoria, gets a big break in this programme because besides singing both versions of the Lambeth Walk, old and new, he will also lapse into Lancashire dialect for another walk, the Blackpool Walk.

For the Paul Jones programme Joe Loss has been worrying London's librarians to find out who Paul Jones really was. At the time of going to press, Joe had discovered that Paul Jones was an American pirate, but how he sailed into the ballrooms is Joe's biggest puzzle at this moment. Do you know? You probably will—when this programme is broadcast.

There's a good show being planned for you. You won't want to miss a minute from the moment Joe Loss and his orchestra strike up "Shoe Shine Boy."



UP THE POLE

"I once did an aerial trapeze act."
"I put an outside aerial up, too."



Conducted by **AUNTIE MURIEL**, the North's most popular Children's Broadcaster

HELLO, EVERYONE!

We are nearly through our Radio Alphabet now. Perhaps some of you have kept all the verses and will be able to recite them by way of variation from the ordinary alphabet. I shall be interested to hear from members of our now very large Radiopic "family," what you would like to see in place of the alphabet on this page. Do not be shy about writing, as naturally, I want to give you everything that pleases you. Do you like verses, or puzzles, or riddles, or jokes . . . or what? Here is an opportunity for you to help with your own page.

Hoping to hear from lots of you,
Affectionately,

Auntie Muriel

ADVENTURES OF A MICROGNOME

Mick is Nearly a "Wash Out"

MICK the Micrognome has had some extraordinary adventures in his life, but one of the most peculiar happened this week.

It arose, as usual, through Mick's curiosity. As you know, he very often takes a little walk round the building, just to see what is going on. This time, he somehow managed to get into the cloak-room.

It certainly looked an exciting sort of place, with its rows of basins and shining taps. There were a number of small lockers, too, into which our inquisitive gnome longed to peep.

But someone was coming. He must not be seen. Quickly, he jumped into something that was lying on the floor. It seemed like a little green boat to Mick, but actually it was a soap-box that someone had dropped. It evidently belonged to the person who had just come into the room, for whoever it was put the lid on the box, picked it up and placed the whole thing on the ledge of the wash-basin. During the process, Mick found himself standing on his head, and wondered what he was in for now.

What was he to do? Some terrible thing was obviously about to happen to him. Perhaps he was down at the docks and would be shipped to America. The very thought of such a thing made him shake so violently that the whole soap-

box fell into the basin, and Mick received a thump on the head that made him see stars.

"Good gracious! My soap must be alive or something!" came a voice. "The whole thing's just jumped into the basin all by itself."

"Perhaps there's an earth tremor," suggested another laughing voice, while a third said there must be a frog inside the box. "Better open it and see," he added.

There was a great deal of laughter and teasing, and once more Mick felt himself being lifted into the air.

Mick held his breath, and felt the blessed relief of air as the lid was gingerly raised half an inch. Not quite enough space through which to crawl. If only he'd lift it just a fraction higher.

Mick still held his breath, and sat perfectly still. To his delight, the crack of light widened.

Now was the moment! It was no use doing the thing by halves. Shutting his eyes tightly, and hoping for the best, the micrognome bent his knees, and gave an enormous leap—right into the wash basin!

"It's a beetle!"

Someone shouted "Drown it" and turned the water tap on. Then they all turned away and left poor Mick to his fate.

Some kind providence watches over our little gnome, I am sure. By all the laws of nature he should have been washed down the pipes and drowned. But he emerged, dripping wet, and managed to take a running jump on to the tap. By a series of miraculous acrobatic feats, he finally reached the floor and ran for dear life, never stopping till he was safely underneath the studio carpet.

Query? Can Micrognomes catch cold? If so, Mick's in for a bad one!

Another Mick adventure next week.

STARS IN THE MAKING—3



Cavatino, an eighteen-year-old wizard of the accordion, is well on the way to being a really big star. Perhaps you heard him in "Variety Mornings" on January 30? He is an Italian by birth, but during the last few years he has been living with his parents in Wales. You are going to hear a lot of this young artiste in the future.

COMPETITION

FIND THE CIRCUS ATTRACTIONS

THERE are ELEVEN exciting items in the picture below. From the jumbled letters can you puzzle out what they are? Each one is something you always see at a circus.

Write your solutions on postcards only, and I will award four half crowns for the first four correct solutions received in the neatest handwriting.

Don't forget to give your full name, age, address, and school. Send your postcards to Auntie Muriel, RADIO PICTORIAL, 37 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2, before February 16. Age will be taken into consideration.



RADIO ALPHABET

V IS for VOICES

So soft and so clear,
Which by their inflections
Have made them so dear.
We each have our favourite
Whose voice cannot pall,
Belonging to someone
We've not seen at all.
So those who would envy
A radio "Voice"
Should start off to make their own
Gentle and choice.

RESULT OF AUNTIE MURIEL'S COMPETITION

SOLVING MICK'S LETTER

CCHEQUES for 2s. 6d. have been sent to the following prizewinners:—

WENDY VENTHAM (age 8), 2 Henry Road, Bishopstoke, Hants. (*Bishopstoke School.*)

MASIE CHAMBERS (age 11), 186 Langham Road, West Green, London, N.15. (*Belmont School.*)

FRANK BELLIS (age 8), 134 Holden Street, Ashton-under-Lyne, Lancs. (*St. James's School.*)

HENRY HENDERSON GILL (age 14), 33 Harehills Terrace, Leeds, 8. (*Gipton School.*)



When the lid of the soap-box was opened, Mick jumped out quickly.

Georgina Strange says

SPRING CLEANING IS

YOUR Beauty Editress tells you how to combine the "annual bogey" with a "beauty spring clean" in this week's Lesson in Radio Glamour.

SOON everybody will be in the throes of spring cleaning. Pictures will be taken down from walls and given a taste of the brush; carpets, curtains and cushions whisked away to be given their annual, and so on.

It's a marvellous idea to give the house a good clean out, but don't let your looks and grooming suffer during the process, will you?

Hands continually in water get rough and sore. Dust gets into the pores, causing a dirty-looking skin, and if the pores are enlarged, then you're in for a crop of blackheads. Extra laundering makes every bone in your body ache and if you're not careful the pains will bring wrinkles to your face and tiredness to your eyes.

By telling you all this, I wouldn't like you to

think that spring cleaning puts years on you. On the contrary, taken in the right spirit, it can be a pleasure and do quite a lot of good to your figure.

When you bend down to pick up rags or sweep the surround with a hand brush, move briskly without bending your knees—there's nothing like it for dispersing a spare tyre!

At the sink, always try and stand as upright as possible, keeping your shoulders well back—if I were a house builder I think I should make sinks much higher—and when peeling potatoes, or doing any real dirty work with your hands, rubber gloves please!

If housework forces you down on your knees, a very good tip to know is to place two pads of cotton wool inside your stockings, so that you don't get housemaid's knee.

Before sweeping or dusting smear a trace of cold cream or skinfood over your face and neck and tie a hankie round your head, to prevent the dirt getting into the pores and to keep your hair clean and bright.

After lunch try and rest for half an hour; a



When housework forces you on your knees, put two pads of cotton wool inside your stockings and avoid housemaid's knee!



Enid Lowe, radio and stage star, displays a comfortable outfit for "cleaning-up" operations. What could be neater than her white sweater and navy trousers? Note, too, her sensible shoes. Easy to combine exercise and work in this "get-up"!

quiet nap will relieve any aches and smooth down your nerves.

As happy as you might feel, never sing while doing your chores! I'm not trying to damp your spirits, but just letting you know that every time you open your mouth, you're swallowing loads of dirt and it's going right down into your lungs!

It is a good idea to use a damp cloth when dusting. It saves the dirt flying on to you and back on to the part of the room that has already been cleaned.

Gargle your throat at the end of the day and sniff some warm water up your nose to remove the dirt which has lodged itself in your throat and nasal organs.

Breathing in steam is another good ruse, as steam gets into the tightest corners and cleans them out, so, if possible, stand with your head over a basin of boiling hot water inhaling the steam. Cover your head up with a towel beforehand, though, or your hair will get soaking wet.

HARD water, of course, is disastrous to most complexions. The more you wash in hard water, the more you'll regret it later on. It ruins the skin and hair, and if you're giving your house a good turn out, the most vital asset to you is soft water.

"Oh, yes," you wail, "I know all that, but how am I to know whether the water is soft or not?"

Here is a simple test. If the water bubbles up when you pour it into the basin, or feels rather silky, then you've no need to worry, it's as soft as down. But, if it doesn't do this, or your skin feels it needs endless drying and tingles with soreness afterwards, the water is hard, and you must do something about it.

To make washing and bathing a pleasure, I always tip a teaspoonful of granulated crystals into the water. They soften it like magic and that's what I advise everyone of you to do.

I have arranged a free offer for you of the crystals I use. You'll find a coupon for obtaining these on the opposite page—fill it up and send it in to the address given—there's nothing to pay.

Incidentally, when I was with the makers arranging this gift, they told me it was excellent for all kinds of household things, and that's one of the reasons I'm making it this week's surprise offer. Besides giving you soft water for your beauty's sake, it will turn out to be a very good household friend while you're spring cleaning.

It gets stains out of all sorts of things, such as tea, fruit juices, iodine, etc., and will even keep baby's feeding bottle well sterilised!

Preserve your hair and tooth brushes by washing them in water to which a pinch of the crystals have been added—they will keep the bristles firm and stiff.

Half a teaspoonful added to your shampoo water, too, will give an extra gloss to your tresses. And if your men-folk have nicotine-stained fingers through smoking, they can rub away the discolorations with a nail-brush dipped in this solution. Also a pinch of the salts added to their shaving water will give a much better shave.

GOOD FOR YOU!

EVERY woman knows that hard water is one of beauty's worst enemies. That is why Georgina has arranged for you a **FREE OFFER** of special water-softening crystals.

WE'RE all agreed how important it is to wash everything in the house, our skin and clothes, but we mustn't forget our insides as well! They need just as much cleansing as everything else, to keep us healthy and strong with a clear complexion. That is why I am constantly advising you to drink at least six tumblers of water a day.

I'm going to repeat it once more. Do try and drink as much water as you possibly can—hot or cold.

If you can't bring yourself to take the water just as it is, flavour it with a little fruit juice, such as lemon, orange, grapefruit or pineapple. The blood is mainly composed of water and everything we eat and drink has some percentage of water in it, but not enough to keep the blood pure, so do try and drink the extra six glasses a day.

The advantage of clear water is that it acts as a bath to your inside and having no nourishment, will not interfere with your meals at all, or affect the appetite.

Good-bye for another week, everybody, and don't forget—if you have any beauty worries, write to me about them, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope. Two heads are always better than one at solving any difficulty.

BEAUTY QUERIES

The Powder Question

"I have tried heaps of powders and none seem to stay on my skin for more than twenty minutes or so. Would you suggest something for me? I have blue eyes, rather fair hair and a pinky skin."—*Pat, Billerica.*

TRY a peach shade of powder, Pat, and write to me again for the name of one that really clings and gives a matt surface. I tried it and found it "stayed put" for hours.

Dry and Sensitive

"My skin is rather dry and every time I wash my face it feels 'tight' and burns when I put on my foundation cream. What do you think is wrong?"—*Marjorie Dean, Ilfracombe.*

IF you take my advice, you will "dry clean" your face during the day with a cleansing cream and reserve soap and water for use at night only.

It is more becoming to tie a brightly coloured scarf or hankie round your curls than to wear the old-fashioned dust cap



I would also advise you to soften the water with some of the crystals I am giving away this week. Change your foundation cream, too, as it doesn't seem to suit your skin.

If you write to me privately I will tell you the name of a pair of creams that I would like you to try. One is for cleansing, the other's a vanishing cream. They cost only 6d. each and the makers guarantee that they do not grow hair.

Choosing a Lipstick

"My trouble is getting a lipstick to suit me, one that doesn't leave its trade mark on my cigarettes and serviettes, but so far I have been unlucky. If you can give me the name of a really reliable one, I shall bless you to the end of my days, as I hate having to keep re-painting in public."—*Joan Parsons, Sidcup.*

I KNOW the very lipstick for you. Once applied it sticks like glue; you can depend on it to stay in its place while you drink the hottest cup of coffee! It is made in a variety of attractive shades and is priced at 6d.

Here, again, I'm afraid I shall have to ask for a stamped, addressed envelope for the maker's name.

Hands Up

"Do please help me, Georgina, my hands are so cracked and rough I feel I could cry. Every time I close them, the skin feels as though it is splitting."—*Agatha Spencer, Hull.*

RUB a good jelly into your hands after washing them, and again at bedtime. Work the jelly well in so that it can feed the starved tissue with some nourishment. The trouble with your hands is that all the natural oils have been drained away.

Be sure to dry thoroughly after washing and don't



However happy you may feel, don't sling as you dust — your lungs will suffer if you do!

go out in the cold weather without gloves—which reminds me, sleep in an old cotton pair at night so that that jelly doesn't get rubbed off. I can let you have the name of a very good jelly if you care to send your name and address.

A Pleasant Toothpaste

"All my life I have used a powder for cleaning my teeth, but now I have decided to switch over to a paste. Would you let me know of a good one that has a pleasant taste attached to it and that really does keep the teeth white—not expensive, please?"—*Mrs. John Luther (Hull).*

ON receipt of a stamped, addressed envelope I will post you the name of a very good toothpaste. It retails at 6d.

"A Spotty Skin"

"My skin keeps on breaking out, and no sooner do I get rid of one lot than another batch appears. Would you suggest something to get rid of these wretched pests for good? I am so tired of seeing a spotty face staring back at me when I look in the mirror."—*Jean Fielder (Ventnor, I. of W.).*

WHAT you need is a course of Yeast packs to clear your skin. If you let me have your full address I can tell you of an excellent brand which retails at the small price of 6d. a packet. Give yourself two packs a week for the present, and in addition, be careful about your diet. Cut out starches, savouries and sweets for a while and drink plenty of home-made lemonade.

Longer Lashes

"Will you tell me the name of an eyelash-growing preparation that really does its work? My eyes would look far more alluring if I had long, curly lashes, so please don't fail me."—*"Binkie," Nottingham.*

THERE is an excellent pomade on the market that works miracles with the eyelashes. It will not grow them in a day, so to speak, but if you use it regularly every night you will have long, thick lashes after a couple of months. Won't you write again for the name, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope?

Putting on Weight

"There always seems to be a lot of advice to people one way and another on how to reduce, but I never see anything for my trouble—and that is, putting on flesh. I have tried all sorts of things without any good results: Do come to my aid, Georgina, and give me a few hints on how to gain some extra pounds!"—*"Skin and Grief."*

I KNOW of a very good flesh-making tonic that you would do well to take. It is made of various nourishing ingredients, including egg yolk and bone marrow, so you can imagine what good it must do you.

If you will write again, enclosing your name and address, I will tell you where you can get a twelve-dose sample of this preparation, absolutely free; and will also send you my special set of fattening menus, which I would like you to try and follow out at least four days of the week.



Always stand upright at the sink, keeping your shoulders well back—if you are short, try standing on a box to bring you to the right height

Wind-blown

"This summer, my husband and I will be doing a lot of cycling, as we usually do in the nice weather; but the trouble is we both seem to have rather sensitive skins, for every time there is the least scrap of wind our faces get terribly sore and chapped. What would you advise us to do to prevent a repetition of the trouble this year? My husband's skin gets so bad that he can't shave the next day."—*Mrs. Stella Carey (Northampton).*

ALL you need is a pot of very good cold cream tucked away in a spare pocket. Rub a little into your skins before setting out, and every now and then give yourselves another "dose." It will act as a protection for your skins against the unkind weather, and, incidentally, you might both use it as a "dry cleaner" during the day instead of washing in soap and water.

My final piece of advice to the two of you is, to massage a generous supply of the cream into your faces every night of your lives before getting into bed. It will keep your skin soft and well-nourished, and your husband will find he'll get a much better shave the next morning.

Perspiration

"Whenever I get hot, little beads of perspiration appear on my face. Would you give me a lotion to stop it? I cannot use powder and cream while working, as the trouble makes my face look such a mess."—*Mrs. Barton (Cheshire).*

DON'T try and stop the perspiration; it is a normal, healthy process of ridding the body of waste matter, although, unfortunately, in your case it comes out on your face. When it happens in future, wipe it away with a pad of cotton wool soaked in lemon juice and water—equal parts.

To help keep your skin looking matt, use a liquid foundation cream. Use a mild astringent lotion at night, such as witch hazel and rosewater, to help contract the pores.

THIS WEEK'S

FREE OFFER

To obtain a sample packet of O'Cedar Crystals for softening water, fill in the coupon below, slip it in an envelope, and address it to:

The Beauty Editress, "O'Cedar" Offer,
c/o "Radio Pictorial,"
37-38 Chancery Lane,
London, W.C.2.

Only a halfpenny stamp is needed if you tuck in the flap of your envelope.

CUT OUT AND POST THIS COUPON

"RADIO PICTORIAL'S"

FREE OFFER

Please send me the FREE and POST FREE offer of O'Cedar Crystals mentioned in your article.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

(Please write in block letters) 10/2/39

HIGHLIGHTS OF THIS WEEK'S B.B.C. PROGRAMMES

SUNDAY, FEB. 12

Plays, Talks, Features, etc.

NATIONAL: *Tight Corners*, repeat of *Torpedoed in Spats*, by H. B. Hermon-Hodge. Talk on *Towards a New Society*, by J. G. Lockhart, Chairman of Association for Church Social Action. Talk on the Madras Conference (*East and West*). C. H. Middleton, F. Buckley Hargreaves. Instalment of *Les Miserables*. **Regional:** Sir Adrian Boult on *Music of the Week*. *Portland Stone*, feature by James Bone.

Services, etc.

National: Morning service from Glasgow University Memorial Chapel by Rev. A. C. Craig. Evening service from St. Martin's-in-the-Fields.

Music

National: Recital by Arthur Catterall (violin) and R. J. Forbes (piano). B.B.C. Orchestra. *Table Under the Tree*, by Wilfrid Rooke-Ley, with the B.B.C. Theatre Orchestra. Irene Prador, Ernest Urbach, Ernest Nicholson and Dino Galvani. Marcel de Haes, the modern troubadour. Black Dyke Mills Band. Falkman's Apache Orchestra. Harry Davidson's Orchestra. B.B.C. Northern Orchestra. Mantovani's Tipica Orchestra, Fred Hartley and his Sextette, with Erian Lawrance. **Regional:** Austral Trio. Orchestre Raymonde. B.B.C. Orchestra conducted by Ernest Ansermet. *The Twilight Hour*, Sandy Macpherson on Theatre Organ.

MONDAY, FEB. 13

Variety

NATIONAL: *Monday Night at Seven*, Ivy St. Helier, The Peters Sisters, Three Chimes, Talbot O'Farrell, Inspector Hornleigh. *You Asked For It*, records compered by Dick Bentley. *Love is On the Air*, with Reg Pursglove and his band, Max Oldaker, Isabelle McEwan, Virginia Dawn and Gustave Ferrari. **Regional:** Eric Smith on organ of Granada, Bedford. Dick Spencer and Ethel Williams, two voices and a piano. *Trolley-Bus*, with Kenway and Young, Cyril Fletcher and Flora Ashe. B.B.C. Theatre Organ, with Gerald Master. *Almost an Academy*, musical bee with Billy Bennett and Sandy Macpherson. Tommy Matthews and his two bands in *Swift Serenade*.

Plays, Talks, Features, etc.

National: *Eleanora Duse*, feature by Count Hessestein. *War and Peace*, reading by Eric Gilett. **Regional:** *I Knew a Man*, Clemenceau by Lady Milner. H. P. Elliston on *The Week on Wall Street*.

Dance Music

Late night music shared by Michael Florne and band from May Fair hotel and Van Straten and band from Quaglino's.

Music

National: B.B.C. Northern Ireland Orchestra. Vivian Langrish, piano recital. Norbert Wethmar Trio. B.B.C. Orchestra. Recital by Boyd Neel Orchestra. **Regional:** Light music from Germany. Hastings Municipal Orchestra. Victor Fleming Orchestra. Upper Norwood Salvation Army Band.

TUESDAY, FEB. 14

Variety

NATIONAL: *Take a Chance*, comedy production by Jack Jackson and his band. *To My Valentine*, Sandy Macpherson on B.B.C. Theatre Organ, with Marjorie Stedeford, Sam Browne, Phil Park and Styx Gibling. **Regional:** Tom Jenkins on organ of Plaza, Swansea. B.B.C. Variety Orchestra, starring Arthur Sandford. *Cabarette* from West, with Doreen Pullen (impersonations), White and Woodman (songs at the piano) and The Three Nomads (close harmony). *The Alpine Hut*. *Arcadian Follies*, from Grand, Doncaster, with Evie Carcroft and Harry Korris. Syncopated pianist, Kenneth Frith.

WILL FYFFE in "MUSIC HALL"

Saturday, February 18 (National)

Plays, Talks, Features, etc.

National: *Town and Country*, Talk by F. G. Thomas. **Regional:** *Under Twenty Club*. Reading of *Sense and Sensibility*, by E. Martin Browne.

Dance Music

Regional: Dance band from America. Late music by Billy Cotton and his band.

Music

National: Band of H. M. Royal Marines, with Bernard Ross (baritone). Sonata recital, Lilly Phillips (cello) and Anne Mukle (piano). Bridge-water Harp Quintet. Biffo Brass Quintet. Angus Morrison, piano recital. Kolisch Quartette. **Regional:** Bristol Light Ensemble. Recital by Hope Hanson (harp) and James Williamson (bass-baritone). Torquay Municipal Orchestra, with Winifred Radford, soprano. 6 o'clock Symphony Concert. Clifton String Orchestra. Scottish Dance Music, by section of B.B.C. Scottish orchestra.



Radio and vaudeville star Irene Prador takes her first broadcast speaking part on Sunday, February 12 (National)

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 15

Variety

NATIONAL: Hungaria Gypsy Orchestra from Hungaria Restaurant, with Bela Bizoni. Dance Cabaret from Royal Bath Hotel, Bournemouth with Benny Loban and his Music Weavers. *Dancing Through*, variety-dance music production with Geraldo and his orchestra. **Regional:** *Band Waggon*. Reginald Porter-Brown, from the Forum organ, Southampton. *Alpine Hut*. Franz Reizenstein on piano. **West:** *Cabarette*, with Arnie Kitson (xylophone and marimba) Eileen Vaughan (soprano) and Jack Train (comedian).

Plays, Talks, Features, etc.

National: *War and Peace*, reading by Eric Gilett. *The World Goes By*. **Regional:** *Agricultural Bee*, Cornwall v. Wiltshire, semi-final of Fanners' General Knowledge Contest. Talk on *Television*. *Drama at Daventry*, play by Neil Tuson.

Dance Music

Regional: Teatime, Harry Leader and his band. Late night shared by Norman Newman and his band from Empress Ballroom, Blackpool and Roland Powell and his Rhythm Aces from Leeds studio.

Music

National: Piano recital by Irene Rustad. Light music from Sweden. New Continental Cardiff Novelty

Trio. Martin Boddy, tenor recital. B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, starring Albert Sammons, violinist. **Regional:** B.B.C. Scottish Orchestra. Jan Berenska and his Orchestra. B.B.C. Empire Orchestra. Medvedeff and his Balalaika Orchestra. G. Thalbin Ball on B.B.C. Concert Organ.

THURSDAY, FEB. 16

Variety

NATIONAL: *Lucky Dip*, with Sexton Blake, starring George Curzon and Brian Lawrance, *Listeners Corner*, *Sitting Out*, a romantic interlude by Jill Manners and Brian Lawrance. *Public Utilities*, starring Mr. Muddlecombe, J.P. (Robb Wilton). **Regional:** Repeat of *Lucky Dip*. Repeat of *Take a Chance* with Jack Jackson and band. Horace Finch on organ of Empress Ballroom, Blackpool. *Between You, Me, and the Mike*, intimate revue compered by Martyn Webster with Hugh Morton, Denis Folwell, Hal Bryant, Dorothy Summers, Marjorie Westbury and Mary Pollock, and Harry Engleman and Leila Brittain at the pianos. **West:** *Cabarette*, with Harry Evans (piano), Leslie Rogers (saxophone) and Billy Pound (fiddle tricks). **North:** Variety excerpt from Savoy, Scunthorpe. **Midland:** Variety from Royal County Theatre, Bedford, with Kitty Masters.

Plays, Talks, Features, etc.

National: Reading of *Under the Greenwood Tree*. Alison Settle talks on *You and Your Clothes*. *The Pacific* series, talk on U.S.S.R. Alistair Cooke talks on *Mainly About Manhattan*. **Regional:** *At The Black Dog*. Commentaries by Peter Fitzpatrick and Raymond Glendinning on International Ploughing Match between England, Scotland, Wales, Eire and Northern Ireland from Fir Field, Antrim. *Time Turns Back*, featuring S. P. B. Mais. *The Haslewood Diamond*, play by Arthur Watkin, with cast including Jacqueline Downing, Frederick A. Leckie and Vera Mezey.

Dance Music

Regional: Tea-time, Jack White and his Collegians. Late music by Joe Loss and his band.

Music

National: Philip Whiteway ensemble. B.B.C. Welsh Orchestra. Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra. Michaeloff and his Bessarabian Orchestra. *To the Children*, B.B.C. Orchestra in programme of Elgar music, conducted by Joseph Lewis, with Gwen Catley and Henry Cummings. B.B.C. Military Band. **Regional:** Arthur Dulay Quintet. Piano Trio. City of Birmingham Orchestra. R.A.F. Band. Recital by section of London Symphony Orchestra.

FRIDAY, FEB. 17

Variety

NATIONAL: *That Reminds Me*, organ recital by Sandy Macpherson. **Regional:** Sandy Macpherson on Theatre Organ. *Men Behind the Melodies*, Ivor Novello. Sydney Gustard on organ of the Apollo, Ardwick.

Plays, Talks, Features, etc.

National: *Empire Exchange*. *Three Famous Mysteries*, No. 1. *The Comte de Saint-Germaine (The Undying One)* by Jonquil Antony. Instalment of *Number 17*, with Leon M. Lion. *Week in Westminster*, talk by Wilfrid Roberts, M.P. *Tight Corners*, No. 6. *Tying a Lion Up in Knots*, by J. C. Walker. **Regional:** Feature programme on the History of Theatre Royal, Cheltenham, by Wilfrid Rooke-Ley, with Dorothy Paul and Godfrey Baseley.

Dance Music

Regional: *Music for Dancing* by Al Saxon and his band. **National:** Pre-lunch, Lou Praeger and his band. Late night: Oscar Rabin and his Romany Orchestra.

Music

National: *Manon*, by Massenet, with B.B.C. Theatre Orchestra. Maggie Teyte, Heddie Nash, Roy Henderson and Dennis Noble. *Friday Midday Concert* at Queen's Hall, Birmingham, with the Catterall Quartette. Bernard Crook Quintet. B.B.C. Theatre Orchestra. **Regional:** B.B.C. Scottish Orchestra. Light music from Holland. Manchester City Police Band. Arthur Salisbury and his orchestra, B.B.C. Midland Orchestra. Phyllis Sellick, piano recital.

Continued on opposite page

OOOOO-WHA!



—and it's

CARROLL LEVIS

and his

RADIO DISCOVERIES

on the air

Every Sunday

from

RADIO LUXEMBOURG

(1293 metres)

At 12 NOON

RADIO NORMANDY

(274 metres)

Transmission through I.B.C. Ltd.

At 5.15 P.M.

RADIO LYONS

(215 metres)

At 8.30 P.M.

POSTE PARISIEN

(312.8 metres)

At 6.15 P.M.

Listen in and spot who you think is the best discovery in the crowd of young people presented by Carroll to the huge audience ("Ooooo-Wha!!!") in the Odeon Theatre, Leicester Square.

CARROLL LEVIS

is presented by the makers of

QUAKER OATS

B.B.C. PROGRAMME GUIDE

Continued from page 26

SATURDAY, FEB. 18

Variety

NATIONAL: *Music Hall*, with Fred Miller and Millie Deane, Anona Winn, Lily Burgess, Will Fyffe and Haver and Lee. Repeat of *Men Behind the Melodies* (Ivor Novello). **Regional:** *Music from the Movies*, Louis Levy, George Melachrino, Eve Becke, E. V. Emmett, H. Robinson Cleaver on the organ of the Granada, Welling.

Plays, Talks, Features, etc.

National: *In Town To-night*. Raymond Gram Swing's *American Commentary*. **Regional:** *The Siege*, adapted by Hugh Stewart from story by Geoffrey Moss.

National: Mid-afternoon Billy Cotton and his band. Late-night, Jack Harris and his band.

Music

National: Troise and his Maudoliers. Gershom Parkington Quintet. Aston Hippodrome Orchestra. B.B.C. Orchestra, with John Fullard, Noel Eddie and Joan Cross. B.B.C. Theatre Orchestra. **Regional:** Sonata Recital, with Bessie Rawlins (violin) and Reginald Paul (piano).

Sport

National: Commentary by E. W. Swanton on England-South Africa Test Match from Johannesburg. Commentary on Cliftonville v. Derry football match (from Ireland). Midland v. Wales Amateur Boxing Contest.

B.B.C. CENSORSHIP

REVELATIONS Continued from page 21

several weeks previously Ramsay MacDonald had been completely bamboozled by Hitler, although I had seen this break coming and had, in fact, read about it in the Berlin papers.

After the B.B.C.'s broadcast, I expressed my condemnation of it publicly to the Portsmouth Post-War Brotherhood, and wrote also to Vernon Bartlett and Charles Siepmann (then in charge of these topical talks), giving them my opinion.

Somebody was horrified and my name at once went to the top of the black list.

But the B.B.C. relented in time, brought me back on minor programmes, and now I give my regular Empire talks as well as special broadcasts in the home programmes.

When you broadcast now, does a censor control you?

How can he? I submit all my scripts to the B.B.C. I discuss all ideas before I give news commentaries. They approve of or censor the printed words from which I speak, but they can't easily censor a broadcaster's voice. They cannot control that gentle inflection which can introduce light and shade and so emphasise the meaning of significant passages.

But in a publicly controlled B.B.C. we have no need for an official censor, muzzler, or dictator.

I believe the B.B.C. is serving the public by fidelity to those principles on which the freedom of the Press itself is based—at a time when in print some faithless Press stewards of the public conscience are betraying their trust.

A MELODIOUS NOTE

MANY "Radio Pictorialists" will already be familiar with previous announcements of J. J. Vickers & Sons, Ltd., whose business is in "all musical merchandise." This over-50-year-old firm supplies every conceivable need in music, for cash or on credit terms. Their method of business has earned the constant repeat patronage of their thousands of customers, and they welcome the spirit of the new Hire Purchase Act as conforming to their established custom of giving full satisfaction.

Messrs. Vickers have already gained the support and custom of many of our readers; as a consequence their advertisement on page 35 has been enlarged to include illustrations of others of their attractive lines. Any reader who requires a musical instrument can write to Messrs. Vickers with confidence.



Sore, red, chapped hands crave the comfort only Glymiel Jelly can give. Glymiel, made by a secret process no one can copy sinks deep, without trace of greasiness or stickiness, closes cracks, smooths and whitens swiftly. Glymiel protects leisured hands and busy, house-working hands equally well! Don't experiment, get Glymiel—rub a little well in—and you'll be a Glymiel convert!

Tubes 3d. 6d. 1/-
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Be sure it is

GLYMIEL JELLY

You'll Laugh! You'll Thrill!
at this new style entertainment

GLYMIEL JOLLITIES

Tessa Deane Monte Rey
Dorothy Carless Campbell Copelin
Bettie Bucknelle
Clarrie Wright Neal Arden
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GLYMIEL JELLY

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Radio Normandy time booked through I.B.C.

LISTEN TO RADIO LUXEMBOURG

1,293 metres

Announcers: Mr. John Bentley and Mr. Derek Baker

SUNDAY, FEB. 12

8.15 a.m. Roll Up! Roll Up!! Roll Up to the Rizla Fun Fair!!!

8.30 a.m. Station Concert

8.45 a.m. "I'VE BROUGHT MY MUSIC"
A programme of piano solos and songs at the piano by Harry Jacobson.—Presented by Pepsodent Toothpaste.

9.0 a.m. REGINALD FOORT AT THE ORGAN
Presented by Maclean Brand Stomach Powder.

9.15 a.m. Cavalcade of Melody
Presented by Nestle's.

9.30 a.m. Master O.K., the Saucy Boy

9.45 a.m. THEATRE OF THE AIR
Presents "Showland Memories," with Elena Danelli, Robert Irwin and Percival Mackey and his Orchestra.—By the courtesy of California Syrup of Figs.

10.0 a.m. Old Saly and His Accordion
Presented by Rowntree's Cocoa.

10.15 a.m. INSTANT POSTUM
Presents "No. 7 Happiness Lane," with Big Bill Campbell and his Hill-Billies.

10.30 a.m. "A GYPSY TOLD ME"
(Memoirs of a Traveller in the lands of Romy.) A programme of gipsy music, introducing the famous Hungaria Band. Sponsored by Bisurated Magnesia.

10.45 a.m. Professor Bryan Michie—"The Riddle Master."—Presented by Brown & Polson Custard.

11.0 a.m. The Circus Comes to Town
George Buck, Philip Wade, Jack Train, Jeanne de Casalis, with the Augmented Circus Band.—Presented by Bob Martin.

11.15 a.m. THE OPEN ROAD
Presented by Carters Little Liver Pills.

11.30 a.m. Luxembourg Religious Talk (in French).

12.0 (noon) QUAKER QUARTER-HOUR
Featuring Carroll Lewis and His Radio Discoveries: Cecilia Bradley (vocalist), Billy Tilley (violinist), Jimmy Redhead (crooner), Pat Lynn (pianist), Chrissie Griffiths (vocalist). From the stage of the Odeon, Leicester Square.—Presented by Quaker Oats.

12.15 p.m. J. J. Blakemore, Astrologer, with Cyril Grantham and the Coty Orchestra—"Love Songs in Rhythm."

12.30 p.m. "Sing As We Go"
Presented by Lyons' Green Label Tea.

12.45 p.m. "THANKS FOR THE MEMORIES"
The Story of Leslie Hanson's Twenty-five Years of West End Stardom.—Presented by Huntley & Palmers, Ltd.

1.0 p.m. LUX RADIO THEATRE
Presents Guest Artist Otto Kruger, with Eric Clavering, Alan Howland, Geoffrey Sumner, Mrs. Bevington, Gwen Jones, Ivor Davis and Orchestra directed by Eddie Carroll.—Presented by Lux.

1.30 p.m. Overture Programme of Melody and Song.

2.0 p.m. The Kraft Show
Directed by Billy Cotton, featuring: Clapham and Dwyer with Phyllis Robins, Alan Breeze and Peter Williams.

2.30 p.m. "YOUR OLD FRIEND DAN"
In "Songs of Safety." A programme of Safety-First for Parents and their Children.—Presented by Johnson's Wax.

2.45 p.m. The makers of Oxydol proudly present JACK JACKSON AND HIS BAND
In a new and unusual entertainment with an all-star cast: The Three Jackdaws, Helen Clare, Doris Hare, Jack Cooper, Jack Hunter and Robert Christie.

3.0 p.m. CARSON ROBISON & HIS PIONEERS
Continue their popular Hill-Billy broadcasts.—Presented by Fairy Soap.

3.15 p.m. THE NEW "WALTZ TIME"
with Tom Sheppard and His Orchestra, and the golden voices of Jerry Roberts and Mary Monroe.—Presented by Phillips' Dental Magnesia.

3.30 p.m. "The Ace of Hearts"
Orchestra in a programme for Sweethearts.—Presented by Black Magic Chocolates.

3.45 p.m. Geraldo In Play
Presented by Diploma Cheese.

4.0 p.m. HORLICKS PICTURE HOUSE
Master of Ceremonies: Howard Clancy. With Edward Everett Horton, Vic Oliver, Dorothy Alt, The Cavendish Three, The Mayfair Men, Bryan Quinn and The Horlicks All-Star Orchestra under Debroy Somers.—Presented by Horlicks.

5.0 p.m. Ray of Sunshine Programme
Compered by Christopher Stone.—Presented by Phillips Tonic Yeast and Betox.

5.15 p.m. DE RESZKE PERSONALITIES—No. 6
Herman Darewski. Meet the Stars and hear how they reached the top. With Herman Darewski this week will be Mrs. Darewski, Darewski minor and Leslie Mitchell. Sydney Jerome and His Orchestra will be there as usual.—Presented by De Reszke Minors.

5.30 p.m. The Overture
With Harry Hemsley and Orchestra.—Presented by Ovaltine.

6.0 p.m. THE RADIO GANG SHOW
Presented by the makers of Lifebuoy Soap, featuring: Ralph Reader, Enid Lowe, Dick Francis, Jack Beet, Eric Christmas, Ted Smith, Gwen Lewis, Syd Palmer, Norman Fellows, Donald Smith, Yoland, Elva and Dorothy and Our Three Boys. Orchestra and chorus under the direction of George Scott-Wood.

6.30 p.m. RINSO RADIO REVUE
featuring: Jack Hylton and His Band, Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, Tommy Handley, Sid Buckman, Sam Browne, Peggy Dell, Bruce Trent. Compered by Ben Lyon.—Presented by Rinso.

7.0 p.m. Another episode in the thrilling adventures of INSPECTOR BROOKES
and his son, Dick, of Scotland Yard. Inspector Brookes is played by D. A. Clarke-Smith.—Presented by Milk of Magnesia.

7.15 p.m. Nothing but the Truth
Presented by Monkey Brand.

7.30 p.m. London Merry-Go-Round
Presented by Dandeline.

7.45 p.m. COOKEEN CABARET
With Helen Clare. Guest Artistes: Isabelle McEwan and Duncan Gray. Compered: Russ Carr.—Presented by Cookeen Cooking Fat.

8.0 p.m. PALMOLIVE PROGRAMME
With Eddie Pola, Olive Palmer, Paul Oliver and the Palmolivers.

8.30 p.m. Luxembourg News (in French.)

9.0 p.m. HIGHLIGHTS ON PARADE
With Alfred Van Dam and His State Orchestra, and Robert Naylor.—Presented by Maclean's, Ltd.

9.15 p.m. CADBURY CALLING
Let's meet at the Organ. Sidney Torch entertains his friends at the Organ. This week: Kurt Kelley, Viennese violinist; Doris Hare, cabaret star, singing "You Go to My Head." A musical variety sent by Cadbury's of Bourneville to announce their "Roses" Chocolates.

9.30 p.m. Symington's Sunday Night Excursion.

9.45 p.m. On The Air
with Carroll Gibbons and the Savoy Orpheans, Anne Lenner and George Melachrino.—Presented by Colgate Ribbon Dental Cream and Shaving Cream.

10.0 p.m. POND'S SERENADE TO BEAUTY
Brings you Stella Wayne, discussing some human problems. The new dance orchestra is led by Van Phillips. Announced by Michael Riley.—Presented by Pond's Extract Co., Ltd.

10.30 p.m. Du Maurier
Present David and Margaret, with the Du Maurier Orchestra.

10.45 p.m. True Romance
Announcing a new series of True Love Stories, with music by Don Barrigo.—Presented by Rowntree's Dairy Box.

11.0 p.m. Young and Healthy
Presented by Bile Beans.

11.15 p.m. The Zam Buk Programme
11.30 to 12 (midnight) Request Programme..

MONDAY, FEB. 13

8.0 a.m. MELODIES FROM THE AIR
Presented by Kolynos Tooth Paste.

8.15 a.m. MUSIC IN THE MORNING
Featuring Gloria Brent, Bob Howard and Marilyn, with Bram Martin and his Orchestra.—Presented by Horlicks.

8.30 a.m. An All-Scottish Programme
Presented by Scott's Porage Oats.

8.45 a.m. THE OPEN ROAD
Presented by Carters Little Liver Pills.

9.0 a.m. Station Concert

9.15 a.m. The makers of Persil greet you WITH A SMILE AND A SONG
With Charles Ernesco and his Quintet, Webster Booth, Anne Ziegler and James Dyrenforth.

9.30 a.m. Sunlight on Monday
With Terence Casey at the Organ of the Dominion Cinema, London.—Presented by Sunlight Soap.

9.45 a.m. Keeping House with Elizabeth Craig, introduced by Peter the Planter.—Presented by Lyons' Green Label Tea.

10.0 a.m. THE COOKEEN PROGRAMME
With Carroll Gibbons and his Boys, Anne Lenner and George Melachrino. Guest Artistes: Isabelle McEwan and Duncan Gray.

10.30 to 10.45 a.m. PLAIN JANE
Presented by Rinso.

2.15 p.m. A SERIAL STORY
"Mr. Keen, Tracer of Lost Persons"
Presented by Anne French Cleansing Milk.

2.30 p.m. "BACKSTAGE WIFE"
Presented by Dr. Lyons' Tooth Powder.

2.45 p.m. "YOUNG WIDOW JONES"
Presented by Milk of Magnesia.

3.0 p.m. "THE SWEETEST LOVE SONGS EVER SUNG"
Presented by Phillips' Dental Magnesia.

3.15 p.m. "STELLA DALLAS"
Presented by California Syrup of Figs.

3.30 p.m. STARS ON PARADE
A programme of Movie Memories.—Presented by Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice.

3.45 p.m. Concert of Light Orchestral Music.

4.15 p.m. Coty
Presents "The Charm School," featuring Kay Lawrence.

4.30 p.m. Station Concert

4.45 p.m. MARMADUKE BROWN
The lovable, eccentric inventor and his patient wife, Matilda.—Presented by Phillips' Magnesia Beauty Creams.

5.0 p.m. KITCHEN WISDOM
Presented by Borwick's Baking Powder.

5.15 to 5.30 p.m. Request Programme.

TUESDAY, FEB. 14

8.0 a.m. MELODIES FROM THE AIR
Presented by Kolynos Tooth Paste.

8.15 a.m. The Aika Seltzer Boys
Browning and Starr.

8.30 a.m. Household Hints by Mrs. Able.—Presented by Vitacup.

8.45 a.m. CADBURY CALLING
And presenting "Songs to Make You Sing." With Charlie Kunz at the Piano and Florence Oldham and Al Bowly to sing to you.—Presented by Cadbury Bros. of Bourneville.

9.0 a.m. A Pickle of Character
Presented by Pan Yan Pickles.

9.30 a.m. Brown & Polson Cookery Club. Presenting the President, Mrs. Jean Scott, in Film Star Recipes from Hollywood.

9.45 a.m. "We Bring You a Love Song" with Jack Wilson and his Versatile Five, Denny Dennis and Esther Coleman. Presented by Turog Brown Bread.

10.0 a.m. "Ask the Doctor"
A programme presented by "Sanatogen" Brand Tonic Food, with music by the Arcadian Octet.

10.15 a.m. Doctor Humankind
Presented by Kraft Cheese.

10.30 to 10.45 a.m. PLAIN JANE
Presented by Rinso.

2.15 p.m. A SERIAL STORY
"Mr. Keen, Tracer of Lost Persons"
Presented by Anne French Cleansing Milk.

2.30 p.m. "BACKSTAGE WIFE"
Presented by Dr. Lyons' Tooth Powder.

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Presented by Milk of Magnesia.

3.0 p.m. "THE SWEETEST LOVE SONGS EVER SUNG"
Presented by Phillips' Dental Magnesia.

3.15 p.m. "STELLA DALLAS"
Presented by California Syrup of Figs.

3.30 p.m. REGINALD FOORT AT THE ORGAN
Special Guest Artist: Rae Jenkins.—Presented by Maclean's, Ltd.

4.0 p.m. Cavalcade of Melody
Presented by Nestle's.

4.15 p.m. GOOD AFTERNOON
A visit from Albert Whelan, bringing a song, a smile and a story.—Presented by Andrews Liver Salt.

4.30 p.m. HUNTLEY & PALMERS
Present "The Best of Everything." A programme arranged and compered by Christopher Bouch.

4.45 p.m. MARMADUKE BROWN
The lovable, eccentric inventor and his patient wife, Matilda.—Presented by Phillips' Magnesia Beauty Creams.

5.0 p.m. On the Air
With Carroll Gibbons and the Savoy Orpheans, Anne Lenner and George Melachrino.—Presented by Colgate Ribbon Dental Cream and Shaving Cream.

5.15 to 5.30 p.m. THE OPEN ROAD
Presented by Carters Little Liver Pills.

WED., FEB. 15

8.0 a.m. MELODIES FROM THE AIR
Presented by Kolynos Tooth Paste.

8.15 a.m. MUSIC IN THE MORNING
Presented by Horlicks.

8.30 a.m. Four Star Feature
Presented by Rowntree's Cocoa.

8.45 a.m. GOOD MORNING
A visit from Albert Whelan, bringing a song, a smile and a story.—Presented by Andrews Liver Salt.

9.0 a.m. Problem in Music
Presented by Symington's Soups.

9.15 a.m. The makers of Persil greet you WITH A SMILE AND A SONG
With Charles Ernesco and his Quintet, Webster Booth, Anne Ziegler and James Dyrenforth.

9.30 a.m. ANNE FRENCH'S BEAUTY TALKS
Presented by Reudel Bath Cubes.

9.45 a.m. Radio Favourites
Presented by Brooke Bond Dividend Beef Cubes.

10.0 a.m. THE STORK RADIO PARADE
Featuring Peter Yorke and his Concert Orchestra, Dick Bentley, Sam Browne, Dorothy Carless and "The Man in the Street."—Presented by Stork Margarine.

10.30 to 10.45 a.m. PLAIN JANE
Presented by Rinso.

2.15 p.m. A SERIAL STORY
"Mr. Keen, Tracer of Lost Persons"
Presented by Anne French Cleansing Milk.

2.30 p.m. "BACKSTAGE WIFE"
Presented by Dr. Lyons' Tooth Powder.

2.45 p.m. "YOUNG WIDOW JONES"
Presented by Milk of Magnesia.

3.0 p.m. "THE SWEETEST LOVE SONGS EVER SUNG"
Presented by Phillips' Dental Magnesia.

3.15 p.m. "STELLA DALLAS"
Presented by California Syrup of Figs.

3.30 p.m. Station Concert

4.0 p.m. THE GLYMIEL JOLLITIES
With Bettie Bucknelle, Tessa Deane, Dorothy Carless, Clarence Wright, Monte Rey, Campbell Copelin and the Glymiel Orchestra, with your announcer, Neal Arden.—Presented by Glymiel Jelly.

4.15 p.m. Variety

4.30 p.m. Household Hints by Mrs. Able.—Presented by Vitacup.

4.45 p.m. MARMADUKE BROWN
The lovable, eccentric inventor and his patient wife, Matilda.—Presented by Phillips' Magnesia Beauty Creams.

5.0 p.m. CARSON ROBISON AND HIS PIONEERS
Continue their popular Hill-Billy broadcasts.—Presented by Fairy Soap.

5.15 to 5.30 p.m. THE OPEN ROAD
Presented by Carters Little Liver Pills.
Please turn to page 30

Listen to ——— **JOE LOSS AND HIS ORCHESTRA**

IN THE MELTONIAN RADIO PROGRAMME



RADIO NORMANDY

On Tuesdays
at 7.45 - 8.0 a.m.
Commencing February 14th.

RADIO LUXEMBOURG

On Thursdays
at 9.0 - 9.15 a.m.
Commencing February 16th.

Transmissions from Radio Normandy arranged through the L.B.C. Ltd.

THERE IS A
MELTONIAN
DRESSING
FOR EVERY TYPE
OF SHOE



DON'T MISS
THE FINEST
ENTERTAINMENT
ON THE AIR
EVERY SUNDAY!

THE NEW RINSO RADIO REVUE

JACK HYLTON PRESENTS -

THOSE TWO
FAMOUS STARS
OF SCREEN, STAGE
AND RADIO

Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon

JACK HYLTON AND HIS ORCHESTRA

TOMMY HANDLEY

BRUCE TRENT

SID BUCKMAN

Peggy Dell

SAM BROWNE

Listen-in to this galaxy of talent in the NEW RINSO RADIO REVUE, every Sunday at 6.30 p.m. from Luxembourg, Normandy and Poste Parisien. (Transmission for Normandy arranged through the International Broadcasting Company, Ltd.)

LISTEN-IN TO THE
EXCITING SERIAL ROMANCE
PLAIN JANE

At 10.30 a.m. from Luxembourg. A ¼-hour programme daily (Monday to Friday inclusive), giving a thrilling new episode every day.



TUNE IN TO -
SANDY POWELL

Can you hear me, Mother?

Sandy Powell, Royal Command Comedy favourite, and his pal Joe, figure in a new comedy adventure—"Around the world," in their secondhand aeroplane. Here's a programme that the whole family will enjoy every Thursday, and here's another programme they'll enjoy any day—light, delicious Atora puddings and dumplings! Atora gives them the warmth and energy they need in a form they enjoy. And Atora is simple to use—every shred dissolves evenly without fear of failure and without waste. But be sure you ask for Atora—you can't get Atora quality at less than Atora price!

★ THURSDAYS at 5-15 p.m.

LUXEMBOURG (1293 metres)

NORMANDY (274 metres)

(Normandy transmissions arranged through I.B.C.)

The best in radio programmes presented by

Atora

THE BEST IN BEEF SUET

HUGON & CO., LTD., OPENSHAW, MANCHESTER 11

Presenting: 'A GIPSY TOLD ME'

A Fascinating New Programme of Gipsy Music



Featuring the famous **HUNGARIA BAND**

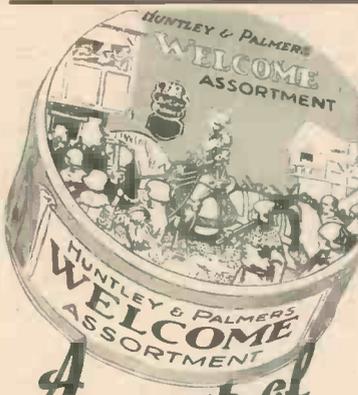
Here's a new programme of singular charm... "A Gipsy Told Me"... the memoirs of a young traveller in the enchanting lands of Romany... coloured and accompanied by the famous Hungaria Band. Hear how delightfully they play the romantic, haunting gipsy melodies.

Presented by the makers of 'Bisurated' Magnesia, the finest remedy for stomach pain

- ★ EVERY SUNDAY at 10.30 a.m. From Radio Luxembourg
- ★ EVERY SATURDAY at 9.30 a.m. From Radio Normandy

Transmission through I.B.C.

Sponsored by the makers of **'BISURATED' MAGNESIA**



A pageant of variety

17 different kinds of Huntley & Palmers Biscuits in this delicious collection.

That is Welcome Assorted! You get wafers, shortcake, creams, chocolate biscuits. There's a favourite for everyone — and plenty of them too. Welcome Assorted cost only 1/- a lb. They're amazing value and they are made by Huntley and Palmers — so you know they're the best.

In Dry packs and beautifully decorated Tins. Order some from your grocer or confectioner today.

HUNTLEY & PALMERS
WELCOME ASSORTED
1/- per lb. Drum as illus. 2/6

LISTEN TO LESLIE HENSON in Huntley and Palmers' Programme from Luxembourg every Sunday at 12.45 p.m., and BEST OF EVERYTHING every Tuesday at 4.30 p.m.

Carroll Levis's most popular DISCOVERY

On Sunday, Jan. 29th was

RONALD BULLEY singing "Sweet Hawaiian Chimes"

This artiste received the greatest number of votes from listeners to the programme presented by the makers of Quaker Oats.

Don't miss **CARROLL LEVIS** and his latest **RADIO DISCOVERIES** next week!

AND DON'T FORGET YOUR VOTE. IT MAY MEAN A STAGE CONTRACT FOR ONE OF THESE "UNKNOWNNS."

NORMANDY 5.15 p.m. SUNDAY <small>Transmission through I.B.C. Ltd.</small>	LYONS 8.30 p.m. SUNDAY
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LUXEMBOURG (12 noon) SUNDAY

RADIO LUXEMBOURG'S PROGRAMMES

Continued from page 28

THURSDAY, FEB. 16

- 8.0 a.m. MELODIES FROM THE AIR
Presented by Kolynos Tooth Paste.
- 8.15 a.m. MUSIC IN THE MORNING
Presented by Horlicks.
- 8.30 a.m. THE OPEN ROAD
Presented by Carters Little Liver Pills.
- 8.45 a.m. GOOD MORNING
A visit from Albert Whelan, bringing a song, a smile and a story.—*Presented by Andrews Liver Salt.*
- 9.0 a.m. THE MELTONIAN PROGRAMME OF DANCING MOODS
with Joe Loss and his Band, Chick Henderson and Dick Bentley. Featuring a dance romance every week. This week: The Waltz.—*Presented by Meltonian Shoe Dressings.*
- 9.15 a.m. HARRY DAVIDSON and His Commodore Grand Orchestra.
Presented by Bisurated Magnesia.
- 9.30 a.m. The Brown & Poulson Cookery Club. Presenting the President, Mrs. Jean Scott, in Film Star Recipes from Hollywood.
- 9.45 a.m. Keeping House With Elizabeth Craig, introduced by Peter the Planter.—*Presented by Lyons' Green Label Tea.*
- 10.0 a.m. The Living Witness Fascinating episodes from the lives of men and women around you.—*Presented by "Genasprin."*
- 10.15 a.m. Station Concert
- 10.30 a.m. PLANE JANE
Presented by Rinsol.
- 2.15 p.m. THE MELODY LINGERS ON
Presented by Kolynos Denture Fixative.
- 2.30 p.m. "BACKSTAGE WIFE"
Presented by Dr. Lyons' Tooth Powder.
- 2.45 p.m. "YOUNG WIDOW JONES"
Presented by Milk of Magnesia.
- 3.0 p.m. "THE SWEETEST LOVE SONGS EVER SUNG"
Presented by Phillips' Dental Magnesia.
- 3.15 p.m. "STELLA DALLAS"
Presented by California Syrup of Figs.
- 3.30 p.m. STARS ON PARADE
A programme of Movie Memories.—*Presented by Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice.*
- 3.45 p.m. Geraldo in Play
Presented by Diploma Cheese.
- 4.0 p.m. Nurse St. John On First Aid Treatment in the home.
Presented by Elastoplast First Aid Dressings.
- 4.15 p.m. George Payne's Tea Time With Cyril Fletcher in "Odd Odes and Music."
- 4.30 p.m. YOUR OLD FRIEND DAN
In "Songs of Safety." A programme of Safety-First for Parents and their Children.—*Presented by Johnson's Wax.*
- 4.45 p.m. MARMADUKE BROWN
The lovable, eccentric inventor and his patient wife, Matilda.—*Presented by Phillips' Magnesia Beauty Creams.*
- 5.0 p.m. Request Programme
- 5.15 to 5.30 p.m. SANDY POWELL
In the exciting series of fun and adventure, "Around the World with Sandy Powell."—*Presented by Atora Shredded Beef Suet.*

FRIDAY, FEB. 17

- 8.0 a.m. MELODIES FROM THE AIR
Presented by Bisodol.
- 8.15 a.m. "I Hear England Calling"
A programme of miscellaneous gramophone records of English composers, introduced by Donald Watt.—*Presented by International Laboratories.*
- 8.30 a.m. Chivers' Concert
Featuring Mrs. Cambridge (Christine Barry).
- 8.45 a.m. OUT OF THE BLUE
The programme of surprises brought to you out of the blue, with Quentin Maclean at the Organ, and a mystery item every week—a star or celebrity straight from the headlines.—*Presented by Reckitt's Blue.*
- 9.0 a.m. Brasso Metal Polish Broadcast Magazine. "Brighter Homes." Other People's Homes. This week: Mrs. Jack Jackson.
- 9.15 a.m. Countryside
Presented by Carnation Milk.
- 9.30 a.m. THE OPEN ROAD
Presented by Carters Little Liver Pills.
- 9.45 a.m. Concert
Presented by Brooke Bond Dividend Tea.
- 10.0 a.m. Station Concert

- 10.30 a.m. PLAIN JANE
Presented by Rinsol.
- 2.15 p.m. THE MELODY LINGERS ON
Presented by Kolynos Denture Fixative.
- 2.30 p.m. "BACKSTAGE WIFE"
Presented by Dr. Lyons' Tooth Powder.
- 2.45 p.m. "YOUNG WIDOW JONES"
Presented by Milk of Magnesia.
- 3.0 p.m. "THE SWEETEST LOVE SONGS EVER SUNG"
Presented by Phillips' Dental Magnesia.
- 3.15 p.m. "STELLA DALLAS"
Presented by California Syrup of Figs.
- 3.30 p.m. PALMOLIVE PROGRAMME
With Eddie Pola, Olive Palmer, Paul Oliver and the Palmolives.
- 4.0 p.m. Friday At Four
David and Margaret, the Happy du Maurier Couple, in repair-tea time.
Presented by Du Maurier Cigarettes.
- 4.15 p.m. Master O.K., the Saucy Boy
- 4.30 p.m. The Family Circle
Gramophone records compiled by Christopher Stone.—*Presented by Betox.*
- 4.45 p.m. MARMADUKE BROWN
The lovable, eccentric inventor and his patient wife, Matilda.—*Presented by Phillips Magnesia Beauty Creams.*
- 5.0 p.m. "No. 7 HAPPINESS LANE"
The romantic adventures of a musical family. A programme presented by Instant Postum.
- 5.15 to 5.30 p.m. Request Programme.
- 11.0 p.m. Ovaltine Presents "Music for a Dancing Mood."
- 11.30 to 12.0 (midnight) Dance Music
- 12.0 (midnight) Rowntree's "Day-dreams" at Midnight
- 12.15 to 1.0 a.m. Dance Music

SATURDAY, FEB. 18

- 8.0 a.m. MELODIES FROM THE AIR
Presented by Bisodol.
- 8.15 a.m. MUSIC IN THE MORNING
Presented by Horlicks.
- 8.30 a.m. "The Force Programme"
Sunny Jim contributes.—*Presented by A. C. Fincken & Co.*
- 8.45 a.m. CADBURY CALLING
"Famous People Call the Tune." Requests from celebrities of the day, played by Reginald Dixon on the Blackpool Tower Wurlitzer.—*Presented by Cadbury Bros., Ltd.*
- 9.0 a.m. CADBURY CALLING
"The Cocobud Radio News." A radio magazine for boys and girls, edited by Jonathan. With the Cadbury Cowboys, boy and girl entertainers, Zoo talks by Keeper Bowman of the London Zoo, puzzles, surprises, etc. Something new in children's programmes.—*Sponsored by Cadbury's on behalf of their Bourneville Cocoa.*
- 9.15 a.m. The Circus Comes to Town. George Buck, Philip Wade, Jack Train, Mabel Constanduros, with the Augmented Circus Band.—*Presented by Bob Martin.*
- 9.30 a.m. Brown & Polson Cookery Club. Presenting the President, Mrs. Jean Scott, in Film Star Recipes from Hollywood.
- 9.45 a.m. Keeping House with Elizabeth Craig. Introduced by Peter the Planter.
Presented by Lyons' Green Label Tea.
- 10.0 a.m. UNCLE COUGHDROP'S PARTY FOR THE KIDDIES
Presented by Pineate Honey Cough Syrup.
- 10.15 a.m. Station Concert
- 10.30 a.m. Concert
Presented by Brooke Bond Dividend Beef Cubes.
- 5.15 p.m. BOLENIUM BILL
The Reporter of Odd Facts.
- 5.30 to 6.0 p.m. All the Association Football Results.—*Presented by Edward Sharp & Sons, Ltd., the makers of "Big Six Slab Toffee."*
- 11.0 p.m. Ovaltine Presents "Music for a Dancing Mood."
- 11.30 to 12.0 (midnight) Dance Music
- 12.0 (midnight) Midnight In Mayfair with Greys' Cigarettes.—*Presented by Godfrey Phillips, Ltd.*
- 12.15 a.m. The Smarty Show
Bringing you four of the smartest performers around Town.—*Presented by Rowntree's "Smarties."*
- 12.30 to 1.0 a.m. Dance Music

Information supplied by Wireless Publicity, Ltd., Electra House, Victoria Embankment, W.C.2. Sole Agents in the British Empire

OUR GREAT WEEKLY COMPETITION

Enter To-day and Make Listening Pay!

COMPETITION No. 11 RESULTS: PRIZEWINNERS' NAMES AND ADDRESSES

By The Editor

COMPETITORS in our Listening Competition No. 11, held on January 22, awarded the Palmolive programme 7.17 marks out of a possible 10, which accordingly is our Figure of Merit for this programme.

Here is an old-established programme which evidently has a large audience of faithful listeners. This is due, no doubt, to the almost perfect combination of talent and personality represented in Paul Oliver and Olive Palmer. It seems to be well known to a large number of competitors that these two names cloak the identity of two favourite radio stars, and who they actually are.

Both have well-trained voices which blend well together. One of their chief attractions, competitors say, apart from the high quality of their singing, is the very suitable choice of material which is invariably evident in the Palmolive programme, and which pretty well hits the popular taste.

So far as Olive Palmer, Paul Oliver, and the Palmolivers Orchestra are concerned, no one seems to have any criticism; on the other hand, practically all competitors join in praising them.

We are not told exactly who the Palmolivers are, but most competitors know that the band is composed of very well-known musicians, and some have guessed their identity correctly.

It is only when we come to the humorous element in the programme that opinions differ.

Competitors in this matter are divided into two camps. One thinks that Eddie Pola and Goofy Sal

are intensely amusing, and supply just that element of pep necessary in the programme. The other contingent refer disparagingly to the "raucous American twang," and consider that Eddie's intrusions spoil an otherwise fine programme.

We think it is a fair summary of these divergent opinions if we say that in the early days of the Palmolive programme, listener taste was such that the beautiful vocal work alone of the two singers was really sufficient to sustain a big interest in the programme. But in recent months the producer no doubt has felt the demand of listeners for more humour generally, which seems to be one of the characteristics of the moment as regards listener preferences. In this respect the introduction of a wise-cracking compere was probably a good idea, but many competitors think the producer has chosen the wrong man.

We know Eddie Pola personally and are closely acquainted with the many contributions he has made to radio on this side of the Atlantic, and we have no doubt of his ability and popularity.

But everyone's ability, however outstanding, is utilised most effectively in some particular settings, and we do not think the Palmolive programme is one of these for Eddie. This live-wire comedian shines brightest in the high-speed revue type of show in which he made his name, and his style does not seem to harmonise with the general character of the programme under consideration. In saying this, naturally we have no intention of making any reflection upon Mr. Pola's work, which in a suitable setting is first-class. But it does seem to us that the majority verdict is dissatisfied with him in this programme and, indeed, some of the comments made by competitors are more than a trifle caustic.

Some competitors, in expressing these ideas, suggest that the idea of a wise-cracking compere is good, but that the general style of compering should be of the sophisticated type, in harmony with the dignified nature of the rest of the programme, and put over by one of the several comperes of this description who are available. Two suggested as suitable by several competitors are Sutherland Felce and Ronald Frankau. There seems no doubt, judging by these criticisms, that if a change of this character were made, the general popularity of the programme would be enhanced.

There were few references to the commercial announcements, which evidently did not cause any strong irritation to listeners or we should have heard about it. Several competitors describe the commercial announcements as restrained and dignified, and one or two mentioned that in their opinion too much stress was placed on the schoolgirl complexion angle instead of emphasising the other uses of the soap.

Numerous competitors also drew attention to the nice balance of material which can be obtained in a half-hour programme, such as this. They say that it gives both listeners and artistes a better opportunity than a shorter performance, and according to them the artistes seem to be conscious of this because their words are not slurred over through undue haste.

We have forwarded a copy of this page to the producer and sponsors of the programme, hoping that it will be a help to them in formulating their future programme policies.

Here is John Kirkby, manager of the radio division of Lord & Thomas, London advertising agents, who produce the Palmolive Half Hour. This programme has the distinction of being the sponsored programme with the longest continuous run of any. It first went on the air in April, 1924—has been running for nearly five years. When the band—the now-famous Palmolivers—played their first number, they started a guessing game among fans, which has increased as the programme has developed. Equal curiosity has been aroused by the aptly named singers—Paul Oliver and Olive Palmer. There is, however, no doubt about the latest visitors to the programme—Eddie Pola and that witless wonder, Goofy Sal.



Results of Listening Competition No. 11

"Figure of Merit" Awarded to "PALMOLIVE" PROGRAMME 7.17

Names and addresses of prizewinners to whom cheques have been sent—

First Prize £1
THOMAS G. SEATTER, 31 ROSE HILL, IFFLEY, OXFORD.

Second Prize 10/-
MRS. FRANCES SMITH, 12 RIDLEY COURT, FAUX CLOSE, STREATHAM, S.W.16.

The following each receive a prize of 5s.—
A. H. Clode, "Cran-More," Kilkenny Avenue, Taunton, Som.
Wm. Hodge, "The Nutshell," Friars Cliff, Christchurch, Hants.
Mrs. Peggy Hawke, 7 Westgate Crescent, Bath Road, Crippenham, Slough.
Joan Dawson, The Heath, Abbeyleix, Queen's County, Ireland.
C. W. Day, 70 Link's Road, Tooting, S.W.17.
Mrs. Jane Burnside, Craigs Cottage, Craigs, Polmont, Stirlingshire.
R. Hardaker, 69 Wright Street, Hull, Yorks.
Mrs. D. Morgan, North Lane, Rustington, Sussex.
D. C. Horley, The Log Hut, Lustleigh, Devon.
Mona G. Rogers, 7 Plainfields Avenue, Patcham, Brighton, 6.

MUST BE WON

FIRST PRIZE £5

£1 SECOND PRIZE

and

TEN PRIZES OF 5/-

HOW TO ENTER

THE subject we have chosen this week, for Listening Competition No. 14, is—
PONDS SERENADE TO BEAUTY

This programme will be broadcast on Sunday, February 12, from Radio Luxembourg at 10.0 p.m., and from Radio Normandy at 3.0 p.m.

Listen to this programme and make up your mind the number of marks out of 10—any number from 0 to 10—which you award. By the number of marks you award the programme you will record your verdict as to its general value as an entertainment and an advertisement.

Whatever figure you decide upon, write it in the dotted square on the entry form at the foot of this page.

Then, on a separate piece of paper, write your general criticism of the Ponds programme, not exceeding 250 words.

Don't forget to write your name and address on the piece of paper bearing your criticism, and head it "Listening Competition No. 14."

Remember—what the Editor values most is a candid and unbiased criticism giving praise or blame where it is due.

Separate cash prizes are awarded each week, and these will be awarded to the competitors who, in the Editor's opinion, submit the best criticisms.

Post your criticism and form below to the Competition Editor, RADIO PICTORIAL, 37/38 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2. Entries must be received not later than first post on Thursday, February 16, 1939.

Names and addresses of prizewinners in Listening Competition No. 14, together with a summary by the Editor of the criticisms submitted, will be published in RADIO PICTORIAL, dated March 3, 1939.

RULES OF THE COMPETITION

ENTRIES must be submitted on the entry form provided in RADIO PICTORIAL. The competitor's name and address must be written in ink in block letters, or typed.

The written criticism must be submitted on a separate piece of paper headed "Listening Competition No. 14," and must bear the name and address of the competitor. The criticism must not exceed 250 words in length.

Entries must be posted in an envelope bearing a 1½d. stamp. No entrance fee is required.

Each competitor may submit one entry only. If several members of a family enter the competition, each entry must be made on a separate entry form taken from RADIO PICTORIAL.

The Editor does not hold himself responsible for any entry form or criticism lost, mislaid, or delayed.

No correspondence can be entered into regarding the competitions, and the Editor's decision is final and legally binding in all matters relating to the contest.

Employees of Bernard Jones Publications, Ltd., are not allowed to compete.

CUT OUT AND POST THIS COUPON

LISTENING COMPETITION No. 14

To the Competition Editor,
"Radio Pictorial,"

37-38 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

I award the
PONDS SERENADE TO BEAUTY
programme
(maximum 10 marks)

marks.

Attached hereto is my criticism of the programme. I agree to observe the rules of the competition.

Please write in block letters. Name Address

"Happy Listening"

RADIO NORMANDY

I.B.C. Studio Manager:
George R. Busby
Chief Resident Announcer:
David J. Davies
Resident Announcers:
Ralph Hurcombe, Norman Evans
Godfrey Holloway
Sound Engineer: Clifford Sandall

SUNDAY, FEB. 12

- 7.0 a.m. Radio Reveille
Mr. T. Pott's Time Signal, 7.15 a.m.
- 7.45 a.m. Light Orchestral Concert
Mr. T. Pott's Time Signal, 8.0 a.m.
- 8.0 a.m. Studio Service
Conducted by the Rev. C. Ross, of All Saints' Church, Rouen.
Mr. T. Pott's Time Signal, 8.15 a.m.
- 8.15 a.m. March of Melody
Presented by Pynovape Inhalant.
- 8.30 a.m. French News Bulletin
- 8.40 a.m. "YOUR MESSAGE FROM THE STARS"
Murray Lister, The Radio Normandy Astrologer.—Presented by Anne French Cleansing Milk.
- 8.45 a.m. "IVORY CASTLES"
A Grand Musical Adventure.—Presented by Gibbs Dentifrice.
Mr. T. Pott's Time Signal, 9.0 a.m.
- 9.0 a.m. "COOKEEN CABARET"
With Helen Clare and Guest Artistes, Isabelle McEwen, Duncan Gray. Compered by Russ Carr.—Presented by Cookeen Cooking Fat.
- 9.15 a.m. "I Hear England Calling"
Presented by International Laboratories. The Long-range Weather Forecast for to-day and to-morrow.—Presented by Curicones.
- 9.30 a.m. Musical Moods
Presented by Bisto.
- 9.45 a.m. Roll Up! Roll Up!
Roll up to the Rizla Fun Fair.
- 10.0 a.m. "I'VE BROUGHT MY MUSIC"
A Programme of Piano Solos and Songs at the Piano by Harry Jacobson.—Presented by Pepsodent Toothpaste.
- 10.15 a.m. CARSON ROBINSON and His Pioneers
Presented by Fairy Soap.
- 10.30 a.m. Nothing but the Truth
Presented by Monkey Brand.
- 10.45 a.m. GEORGE FORMBY
With a strong supporting cast, including "Beryl." A Terrific Series of Laughter and Song Programmes.—Presented by Feen-a-Mint.
- 11.0 a.m. DONALD PEERS
Cavalier of Song
Supported by The D.D.D. Melodymakers. Presented by D.D.D. Prescriptions, Fleet Lane, E.C.4, and Compered by Benjie McNabb.
- 11.15 a.m. THE NEW STORK RADIO PARADE
Peter Yorke and His Orchestra, Dorothy Carless, Sam Browne, The Man in the Street. Compered: Dick Bentley. Announcer: Bob Walker.—Presented by Stork Margarine.
- 11.45 a.m. Programmes in French
- 1.30 p.m. LUX RADIO THEATRE
Featuring Guest Artiste Otto Kruger, with Eric Clavering and Alan Howland, Geoffrey Sumner, Mrs. Bevington, Gwen Jones, Ivor Davis, and Orchestra directed by Eddie Carroll.—Presented by Lux.
- 2.0 p.m. The Kraft Show
Directed by Billy Cotton. Featuring Clapham and Dwyer and Phyllis Robins, Alan Breeze and Peter Williams.
- 2.30 p.m. Teaser-Time
Presented by "Genozo" Brand Toothpaste.
- 2.45 p.m. THE OPEN ROAD
Presented by Carters Little Liver Pills.
- 3.0 p.m. SERENADE TO BEAUTY
Brings you Stella Wayne, Discussing some Human Problems. A New Dance Orchestra, led by Van Phillips, announced by Michael Riley.—Presented by Pond's Extract Co., Ltd.
- 3.30 p.m. REGINALD FOORT
at the Organ, with a Guest Artiste, Dennis O'Neil.—Presented by Macleans, Ltd.
- 4.0 p.m. HORLICKS PICTURE HOUSE
Master of Ceremonies: Howard Claney. Edward Everett Horton, Vic Oliver, Dorothy Alt, The Cavendish Three, Mayfair Men, Bryan Quinn, and the Horlicks All-Star Orchestra, under Debroy Somers.—Presented by Horlicks.
- 5.0 p.m. "Sing As We Go"
Presented by Lyons' Green Label Tea.
- 5.15 p.m. QUAKER QUARTER-HOUR
Featuring Carroll Lewis and His Radio Discoveries. Cecilia Bradley, Vocalist, Billy Tilley, Violinist, Jimmy Redhead, Crooner. Pat Lynn, Pianist. Chrissie Griffiths, Vocalist. From the Stage of the Odeon, Leicester Square.—Presented by Quaker Oats.

- 5.30 p.m. The Makers of Oxydol proudly present JACK JACKSON AND HIS BAND
In a New and Unusual Entertainment, with an all-Star Cast:
With The Three Jackdaws, Helen Clare, Jack Hunter and Jack Cooper.
- 5.45 p.m. Adventures of Master O.K. (The Saucy Boy).
- 6.0 p.m. Let's Remember
Presented by Fynnon.
- 6.15 p.m. EVENING IN PARIS
Fifteen Minutes in Paris. A Unique Show brought from a studio actually in the gay Capital, with Charles Richard, Nancy Crowne, An English Paris Taxi-driver, Pierre Zepelli and His Orchestra and Valaida.—Presented by Bourjois, the makers of "Evening in Paris" Powder and Perfume.
- 6.30 p.m. RINSO RADIO REVUE
Featuring Jack Hylton and His Band, Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, Tommy Handley, Sam Browne, Peggy Dell, Bruce Trent, Sid Buckman. Compered by Ben Lyon.—Presented by Rinsol.
- 7.0 p.m. "The Ace of Hearts Orchestra"
Presented by Black Magic Chocolates.
- 7.15 p.m. "THE FLYING RUBIES"
Another episode in the thrilling adventures of Inspector Brooks and his son Dick, of Scotland Yard.—Presented by Milk of Magnesia. Inspector Brooks is played by the famous actor of Stage, Screen and Radio: D. A. Clarke-Smith.
- 7.30 p.m. Programmes in French
- 10.0 p.m. The Star-Spangled Show
- 10.30 p.m. Sunday Night Excursion
Into Mirth and Melody.—Presented by W. Symington & Co.
- 10.45 p.m. The Songs We Know Them By.—Presented by Ladderix.
- 11.0 p.m. Vaudeville
Presented by Western Sports Pools.
- 11.15 p.m. The Best of the Month
- 11.45 p.m. Sweet Music
- 12 (midnight) Melody at Midnight
Presented by Bile Beans.
- 12.30 a.m. Dance Music
Mr. T. Pott's Time Signal, 12.30 a.m.
- 1.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody

MONDAY, FEB. 13

- 7.0 a.m. Radio Reveille
Mr. T. Pott's Time Signal, 7.15 a.m.
- 7.15 a.m. THE OPEN ROAD
Featuring The Carter Cavaliers.—Presented by Carters Little Liver Pills.
Mr. T. Pott's Time Signal, 7.30 a.m.
- 7.30 a.m. The Long-range Weather Forecast for to-day and to-morrow.
Presented by Curicones.
- 7.45 a.m. Military Band Concert
The Songs We Know Them By.—Presented by Ladderix.
Mr. T. Pott's Time Signal, 8.0 a.m.
- 8.0 a.m. MUSIC IN THE MORNING
Presented by Horlicks.
Mr. T. Pott's Time Signal, 8.15 a.m.
- 8.15 a.m. I Hear England Calling
Presented by International Laboratories.
- 8.30 a.m. French News Bulletin
- 8.40 a.m. "YOUR MESSAGE FROM THE STARS"
Presented by Anne French Cleansing Milk.
- 8.45 a.m. Mustard Melody Mixture
Presented by J. & J. Colman.
Mr. T. Pott's Time Signal, 9.0 a.m.
- 9.0 a.m. Ed and Don
The Singing Cowboys.
- 9.15 a.m. Health and Energy
Presented by Ovaltine.
- 9.30 a.m. Light Orchestral Selection
- 9.45 a.m. LONDON MERRY GO-ROUND
Teddy Randall and His Sensational London Band. Madeleine De Gist, Pierre Le Kreun, and the Smiling, Singing Men-about-Town.—Presented by Milk of Magnesia.
- 10.0 a.m. Happy Hammers
- 10.15 a.m. "A Programme of Character"
Presented by Pan Yan Pickle.
- 10.30 a.m. Dances From the Films
- 10.45 a.m. Benjie McNabb Presents
Radio Normandy Concert Hall
- 11.0 a.m. Something for Everybody
- 11.15 a.m. Czechoslovakia
- 11.30 a.m. Programmes in French
- 2.0 p.m. Miniature Matinee
- 2.30 p.m. Old Tunes In New Styles
- 2.45 p.m. YOUNG WIDOW JONES
Presented by Milk of Magnesia.
- 3.0 p.m. Ask For Another
- 4.0 p.m. STELLA DALLAS
Sponsored by California Syrup of Figs.
- 4.15 p.m. Ed and Don
The Singing Cowboys
- 4.30 p.m. Pick the Stars
Presented by Vidor Batteries.
- 4.45 p.m. MARMADUKE BROWN
The Lovable, Eccentric Inventor and his Patient Wife, Matilda.—Presented by Phillips' Dental Magnesia.
- 5.0 p.m. The British Empire—New Zealand.—Presented by Pynovape Inhalant.

274 m., 1,095 kc/s

- 5.15 p.m. A Quarter-Hour Programme For Boys and Girls
Song Album No. 7, 1936
- 5.45 p.m. Winners
Presented by South Wales Pari-Mutuel.
- 6.0 p.m. Programmes in French
- 12 (midnight) Melody at Midnight
Presented by Bile Beans.
Mr. T. Pott's Time Signal, 12.30 a.m.
- 12.30 a.m. Dance Music
- 1.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody

TUESDAY, FEB. 14

- 7.0 a.m. Radio Reveille
Mr. T. Pott's Time Signal, 7.15 a.m.
- The Long-range Weather Forecast for to-day and to-morrow.—Sent you by the makers of Curicones.
Mr. T. Pott's Time Signal, 7.30 a.m.
- 7.30 a.m. The Musical Mirror.—Presented by Novopine Foot Energiser.
- 7.45 a.m. THE PROGRAMME OF DANCING MOODS
With Joe Loss and His Band, Chick Henderson and Dick Bentley, featuring a dance romance every week.—Presented by Meltonian Shoe Dressing.
Mr. T. Pott's Time Signal, 8.0 a.m.
- 8.0 a.m. CADBURY CALLING
Presenting Songs to Make You Sing, with Charlie Kunz at the piano, and Florence Oldham and Al Bowly to Sing to You.—Presented by Cadbury Bros., Ltd.
Mr. T. Pott's Time Signal, 8.15 a.m.
- 8.15 a.m. Light Fare
Introducing Mrs. Able.—Presented by Vitacup.
- 8.30 a.m. French News Bulletin
- 8.40 a.m. "YOUR MESSAGE FROM THE STARS"
Presented by Anne French Cleansing Milk.
- 8.45 a.m. THE OPEN ROAD
Presented by Carters Little Liver Pills
Mr. T. Pott's Time Signal 9.0 a.m.
- 9.0 a.m. THE GLYMIEL LOLLITIES
With Bettie Bucknelle, Tessa Deane, Dorothy Carless, Clarence Wright, Monte Rey, Campbell Copelin, Neal Arden.—Presented by Glymiel Jelly.
- 9.15 a.m. Happy Harmony Programme
Presented by Manger's Sugar Soap.
- 9.30 a.m. Ed and Don
The Singing Cowboys
- 9.45 a.m. WALTZ TIME
With Tom Sheppard and His Orchestra, and the Golden Voices of Jerry Roberts and Mary Munroe.—Presented by Phillips' Dental Magnesia.
- 10.0 a.m. Garland Anderson
"The Voice of Uncommon Sense."
West End Spotlight
Presented by Payne-Jennings & Killick.
- 10.30 a.m. Radio Favourites
Presented by Brooke Bond Dividend Tea, Cocoa, and Coffee Essence.
- 10.45 a.m. Benjie McNabb Presents
Radio Normandy Concert Hall
- 11.0 a.m. In Search of Melody
Presented by Pynovape Inhalant.
- 11.15 a.m. Bruce Anderson Presents
The Listeners' Digest
- 11.30 a.m. Programmes in French
- 2.0 p.m. Miniature Matinee
- 2.30 p.m. The Songs We Know Them By.—Presented by Ladderix.
- 2.45 p.m. YOUNG WIDOW JONES
Presented by Milk of Magnesia.
- 3.0 p.m. A Musical Valentine
- 3.30 p.m. Potpourri of Well Known Tunes—Old and New
- 4.0 p.m. STELLA DALLAS
Presented by California Syrup of Figs.
- 4.15 p.m. Ed and Don
The Singing Cowboys
- 4.30 p.m. Your Singing Comper Wilfrid Thomas, presents Teddy Foster and His Tea-Timers with Betty Kent.
- 4.45 p.m. MARMADUKE BROWN
The Lovable, Eccentric Inventor and his Patient Wife, Matilda.—Presented by Phillips' Dental Magnesia.
- 5.0 p.m. Blackbirds
- 5.15 p.m. A Quarter-Hour Programme For Boys and Girls
- 5.30 p.m. Variety
- 6.0 p.m. Programmes in French
- 12 (midnight) Melody at Midnight
Presented by Bile Beans.
Mr. T. Pott's Time Signal, 12.30 a.m.
- 12.30 a.m. Dance Music
- 1.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 15

- 7.0 a.m. Radio Reveille
Mr. T. Pott's Time Signal, 7.15 a.m.
- 7.15 a.m. Ed and Don
The Singing Cowboys.
- 7.30 a.m. The Long-range Weather Forecast for to-day and to-morrow.—Sent you by the makers of Curicones.

- 7.30 a.m. Favourite Melodies
Presented by Freezone Corn Remover.
- 7.45 a.m. Popular Tunes
Presented by Fynnon.
Mr. T. Pott's Time Signal, 8.0 a.m.
- 8.0 a.m. MUSIC IN THE MORNING
Presented by Horlicks.
Mr. T. Pott's Time Signal, 8.15 a.m.
- 8.15 a.m. Listeners at the Mike
Presented by Odol.
- 8.30 a.m. French News Bulletin
- 8.40 a.m. "YOUR MESSAGE FROM THE STARS"
Presented by Anne French Cleansing Milk.
- 8.45 a.m. Mustard Melody Mixture
Presented by J. & J. Colman.
Mr. T. Pott's Time Signal, 9.0 a.m.
- 9.0 a.m. THE OPEN ROAD
Presented by Carters Little Liver Pills.
- 9.15 a.m. Nurse St. John
On First Aid Treatment in the Home.
Presented by Elastoplast First Aid Dressings.
- 9.30 a.m. In Search of Melody
Presented by Pynovape Inhalant.
- 9.45 a.m. THEATRE OF THE AIR
Presenting Showland Memories, Robert Irwin, Elena Daniell, The Showland Trio, Percival Mackey and His Orchestra. Sponsored by California Syrup of Figs.
- 10.0 a.m. We Bring You a Love Song
Featuring Jack Wilson and His Versatile Five, Denny Dennis and Esther Coleman. Compered: Neal Arden.—Presented by Turog Brown Bread.
- 10.15 a.m. The Spry Broadcasting Theatre. With Dick Francis, Bryl Walkley, Sandra Shayne, The Spry Syncopators, The Radio Revellers.
Presented by Spry.
- 10.45 a.m. The Songs We Know Them by.—Presented by Ladderix.
- 11.0 a.m. The Colgate Revellers
Presented by Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream.
- 11.15 a.m. Czechoslovakia
- 11.30 a.m. Programmes in French
- 2.0 p.m. Miniature Matinee
- 2.30 p.m. Cinema Scrap Book
- 2.45 p.m. YOUNG WIDOW JONES
Presented by Milk of Magnesia.
- 3.0 p.m. Fingering the Frets
- 3.15 p.m. The makers of Oxydol proudly present JACK JACKSON AND HIS BAND
In a Spot of Variety, with The Three Jackdaws, Helen Clare, Doris Hare, Jack Hunter and Jack Cooper.
- 3.30 p.m. SONGS OF SAFETY
With your Old Friend Dan.—Presented by Johnson's Wax Polish.
- 3.45 p.m. GEORGE FORMBY
With a strong Supporting Cast, including "Beryl." A Terrific Series of Laughter and Song Programmes.—Presented by Feen-a-Mint.
- 4.0 p.m. STELLA DALLAS
Presented by California Syrup of Figs.
- 4.15 p.m. Ed and Don
The Singing Cowboys.
- 4.30 p.m. Light Fare
Introducing Mrs. Able.—Presented by Vitacup.
- 4.45 p.m. MARMADUKE BROWN
The Lovable, Eccentric Inventor and his Patient Wife, Matilda.—Presented by Phillips' Dental Magnesia.
- 5.0 p.m. The Potted Show
Presented by Seniors Fish and Meat Pastes.
- 5.15 p.m. A Quarter-hour Programme For Boys and Girls.
- 5.30 p.m. PALMOLIVE HALF-HOUR
Eddie Pola, Paul Oliver, Olive Palmer, and the Palmolivers.—Sponsored by Palmolive Soap.
- 6.0 p.m. Programmes in French
- 12 (midnight) Melody at Midnight
Presented by Bile Beans.
Mr. T. Pott's Time Signal, 12.30 a.m.
- 12.30 a.m. Dance Music
- 1.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody

THURSDAY, FEB. 16

- 7.0 a.m. Radio Reveille
Mr. T. Pott's Time Signal, 7.15 a.m.
- 7.15 a.m. THE OPEN ROAD
Presented by Carters Little Liver Pills.
Mr. T. Pott's Time Signal, 7.30 a.m.
- 7.30 a.m. The Long-range Weather Forecast for to-day and to-morrow.—Sent you by the makers of Curicones.
Bruce Anderson and Kenneth Ling discuss prospects for Saturday's Soccer.
- 7.45 a.m. MELODIES FROM THE AIR
Presented by Bisodol.
Mr. T. Pott's Time Signal, 8.0 a.m.
- 8.0 a.m. OUT OF THE BLUE
A Programme of Surprises brought to you out of the blue, with Quentyn Maclean at the Organ, and a new Mystery Item every week. A Star or Celebrity straight from the headlines.—Sent to you by Reckitt's Blue.
Mr. T. Pott's Time Signal, 8.15 a.m.

OUR RADIO LETTER BOX

Eric L. Adlem, W.11

THE B.B.C. should realise by now that listeners want fixed times for popular programmes. Why cannot *Lucky Dip*, *The World Goes By*, and other features be given a definite time in the same way as other established favourites, thus putting our minds at rest as to the times of broadcasts? *In Town To-night* and *Music Hall* on a Saturday never vary—this goes a long way to making these broadcasts so well known.

A. J. Evans, Bicester

THERE is a real lack of good light music on the B.B.C. at meal-times. Dozens of really good bands play regularly every day in London. Surely it is possible to book some of them for regular broadcasts at a moderate fee?

A. I. Race, Sheffield

INSTEAD of serials spread over a period of weeks, I consider the B.B.C. should give us weekly serials. An instalment every day for a week would be interest-compelling, and would prevent us losing the thread of a story as we are apt to do when a week elapses between instalments.

Miss Gertrude McIntyre, Ellesmere

I AM constantly seeing mention in print of the expense of the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra. Surely this orchestra must bring in to the B.B.C. quite a nice income—e.g., two seasons of proms and symphony concerts and the London Music Festival? Anyhow, it's worth any expense to music lovers who do not have the opportunity of hearing a decent orchestra, except on the air.

L. E. M. Dale, W.11

IT is acknowledged in this country that one of the chief forms of radio entertainment is the playing of popular music on the organ, and it would be very interesting if a series of exchange programmes could be arranged between the

Readers' views on radio in general. A prize of 10s. 6d. will be awarded for the best letter published.

THIS WEEK'S PRIZE WINNER

For the best letter received this week the Editor has pleasure in awarding 10s. 6d. to Miss J. Dennett, c/o 32 Rochester Street, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 6.

IN view of the enormous popularity of the thriller type of play and serial, such as the "Paul Temple" series, don't you think it would be a good idea if the B.B.C. were to form a repertory company to give frequent performances of these plays and serials over different wave-lengths?

This would give many more listeners the opportunity of hearing them because, given the choice of, say, three broadcasts a week, one can always manage one night. It would also mean a regular flow of programmes which have again and again proved themselves to be very popular.

B.B.C. and foreign broadcasting authorities in order to form a kind of serial "Organ Bee."

As candidates for our team, I suggest the following well-known organists:—Reginald Dixon, Reginald Foort, Quentin Maclean, Sandy Macpherson, Charles Smart and Sydney Torch.

Mrs. C. Ingham, Stafford

WHY can't the B.B.C. do as the films do and label programmes unsuitable for children as "A"? (Adults).

Then those broadcasts which prove embarrassing when heard in company with other people might, with advantage, be labelled "P" (Personal).

It is not pleasant, either to be made feel hot under the collar, or to have to take the initiative in switching off!

To say nothing of "little pitchers with long ears" and their awkward questions afterwards!

Miss E. Robertson, Richmond

WHEN one considers how many gramophone records there must be in existence, it seems a pity that the B.B.C. should find it necessary to broadcast some of them two or three times within a few weeks.

This annoying habit is becoming more frequent. There is hardly ever a programme of records that doesn't include at least one which has been broadcast as recently as the previous week. Several times I have heard one record repeated within two days.

To mention only a few examples of this repetition, there are *The Chestnut Tree* by Ambrose and his Orchestra, *Plastered in Paris* by Lew Stone and his Band, *Where Have We Met Before?* by the Andrews Sisters, *Bells of St. Mary's* by Horace Heidt and his Alemite Brigadiers.

Cyril Mountjoy, Hoyland

LISTENING to the first *Lucky Dip*, I was appalled at the disgustingly feeble material included in *Listeners' Corner*. My daily paper informs me that submissions for this programme reached 3,650 in the first ten days, and were then still pouring in at the rate of 250 a day. It is inconceivable that the puerile bunkum utilised could be the best of the submissions.

Miss M. Judge, Dublin

I THINK the B.B.C. ought to let Michael Standing go vox-popping round London's "nighteries," say one night every week. Let him pick out the celebrities who are there enjoying themselves, and perhaps get some of them to say a few words into the mike.

As most people stay in to hear *Band Waggon*, I suggest Wednesday evening for this programme. It could run for perhaps half an hour before the late-night dance music, and should prove very interesting. It might even be called *Spotting the Stars*.



SKIN FLAWS
BETRAY
YOUR AGE

D.D.D. Prescription
Gives Your Skin the
PURITY OF YOUTH

Spotty, rough skins and sallow complexions add years to a woman's age, and cosmetics will not cover these defects. To restore clear supple texture to your skin, you should apply a little D.D.D. Brand Prescription, which deep cleanses away poisons and dirt, and tones and soothes the skin. Blackheads, spots, rashes, enlarged pores and pimples quickly disappear and skin troubles such as dermatitis, psoriasis, impetigo and eczema are soothed and healed by wonderful D.D.D. Prescription.

FREE: For free sample send postcard (1d. stamp) to D.D.D. Laboratories (Dept. R.P.10), Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4.

Tune in to Radio Normandy at 11 a.m. each Sunday and Friday morning and hear Donald Peers, Radio's cavalier of song, singing your favourite tunes.



D.D.D.
BRAND
PRESCRIPTION

EARLIEST FOOTBALL RESULTS
5-0 P.M.
EVERY SATURDAY
from **RADIO NORMANDY**
(Transmission arranged through I.B.C.)

Check your coupons as the matches finish! Radio Normandy broadcasts the results as 'phoned straight from the grounds. Every Saturday at 5 p.m.

PRESENTED BY THE PROPRIETORS OF **Pineate HONEY COUGH-SYRUP**



Tune in to 531 METRES, 565 KC'S

RADIO EIREANN for LUCK

(ATHLONE)

PROGRAMMES PRESENTED BY IRISH RADIO PRODUCTIONS



Programme details:

SUNDAY, FEB. 12

9.30 to 10.30 p.m. Sunday Serenade. We dip at random into the Album of Melodies that have charmed the World.

MONDAY, FEB. 13

9.30 to 10.10 p.m. From July On—From July, 1938, To The Present Time Another film revue starring where possible, songs by the original artistes, Orchestral Selections, by Louis Levy's Orchestra.

10.10 p.m. (approximately) You Will Hear Our Racing Commentary.
10.15 to 10.30 p.m. It's Swing in February. With the latest editions from the Rhythm Schools.

TUESDAY, FEB. 14

9.30 to 10.30 p.m. Ladder of Fame From the Bottom Rung to the Top. A programme in a reminiscent mood for many moods.

10.10 p.m. (approximately) You Will Hear Our Racing Commentary.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 15

9.30 to 10.10 p.m. Melody in Waltz Time. A further expression in Melody of the old, old Rhythm of the Waltz. Titles may change, but the "Waltz" will always be "The" Waltz.



Orchestral selections on Monday at 9.30 p.m. will be played by maestro of music Louis Levy, and his orchestra. (Electrical Recordings).

10.10 p.m. (approximately) You Will Hear Our Racing Commentary.
10.15 to 10.30 p.m. Brief Cabaret An intimate arrangement of modern Melodies.

THURSDAY, FEB. 16

9.30 to 10.0 p.m. Worker's Weekly In which we take you in imagination to a mythical city and with the help of passers by—try to find a happy tune for every walk of life.

10.0 to 10.10 p.m. Ten Minutes with John McHugh (electrical recordings).
10.10 p.m. (approximately) You Will Hear Our Racing Commentary.
10.15 p.m. The Dancing Barometer From "Stormy Weather" to "Blue Skies" we swing with the barometer needle.

FRIDAY, FEB. 17

9.30 to 10.10 p.m. Round the World in Forty Minutes. It's "All Aboard"—and may Dreams Come True.
10.10 p.m. (approximately) You Will Hear Our Racing Commentary.
10.15 to 10.30 p.m. A Dance Time Kaleidoscope. Or a "Catherine-wheel of Favourite Melodies."

SATURDAY, FEB. 18

9.30 to 10.10 p.m. Entertainment Exchange. A Universal "Switch-Board linked up to the Stars."
10.10 p.m. (approximately) You Will Hear Our Racing Commentary.
10.15 to 10.30 p.m. Sing-Song or Chorus Please. Dance Tunes you can sing to.

Tune in RADIO NORMANDY

Continued from page 32

8.15 a.m. The Bluebell Broadcast Magazine.—Presented by "Bluebell" Metal Polish.
8.30 a.m. French News Bulletin
8.40 a.m. "YOUR MESSAGE FROM THE STARS" Presented by Anne French Cleansing Milk.
8.45 a.m. On the March Mr. T. Pott's Time Signal, 9.0 a.m.
9.0 a.m. "George Payne's Tea-time"
9.15 a.m. Health and Energy Presented by Ovaltine.
9.30 a.m. Ed and Don The Singing Cowboys

9.45 a.m. LONDON MERRY-GO-ROUND Teddy Randall and his Sensational London Band, Madeleine De Gist, Pierre Le Kreun, and the Smiling, Singing Men-about-Town.—Presented by Milk of Magnesia.
10.0 a.m. Radio Favourites.—Presented by Brooke Bond Dividend Beef Cubes.
10.15 a.m. Tunes of the Times
10.30 a.m. HIGHLIGHTS ON PARADE With Alfred Van Dam and His Orchestra, and Anne Ziegler.—Presented by Macleans Toothpaste.

10.45 a.m. Benjie McNabb presents Radio Normandy Concert Hall.
11.0 a.m. Something for Everybody
11.30 a.m. Programmes in French
2.0 p.m. Ask for Another
2.45 p.m. YOUNG WIDOW JONES Presented by Milk of Magnesia
3.0 p.m. Music from the Movies
3.15 p.m. The Songs We Know Them By Presented by Laddex.

3.30 p.m. Phil Park Presents His Own Medley of Organ Music.—Sponsored by "Genozo" Brand Toothpaste.
3.45 p.m. The Musical Mirror Presented by Novopine Foot Energiser.
4.0 p.m. STELLA DALLAS Sponsored by California Syrup of Figs.
4.15 p.m. Ed and Don The Singing Cowboys.
4.30 p.m. Let's Go Places
4.45 p.m. MARMADUKE BROWN The Lovable, Eccentric Inventor and his Patient Wife, Matilda.—Presented by Phillips' Dental Magnesia.

5.0 p.m. These Were Hits
5.15 p.m. SANDY POWELL In the exciting Series of Fun and Adventure, "Around the World with Sandy Powell."—Presented by Atora Shredded Beef Suet.
5.30 p.m. A Quarter-hour Programme For Boys and Girls. Bruce Anderson and Kenneth Ling Discuss Prospects for Saturday's Soccer.
6.0 p.m. Programmes in French
12 (midnight) Melody at Midnight Presented by Bile Beans.
Mr. T. Pott's Time Signal, 12.30 a.m.
12.30 a.m. Dance Music
1.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody

5.30 p.m. A Quarter-hour Programme For Boys and Girls. Bruce Anderson and Kenneth Ling Discuss Prospects for Saturday's Soccer.
6.0 p.m. Programmes in French
12 (midnight) Melody at Midnight Presented by Bile Beans.
Mr. T. Pott's Time Signal, 12.30 a.m.
12.30 a.m. Dance Music
1.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody

FRIDAY, FEB. 17

7.0 a.m. Radio Reveille Mr. T. Pott's Time Signal, 7.15 a.m. The Long-range Weather Forecast for to-day and to-morrow.—Presented by Curicones.
7.30 a.m. Ed and Don The Singing Cowboys
7.45 a.m. MELODIES FROM THE AIR Presented by Kolyinos Tooth Paste.
Mr. T. Pott's Time Signal, 8.0 a.m.

8.0 a.m. MUSIC IN THE MORNING Presented by Horlicks.
8.15 a.m. Browning and Starr Presented by Aika Seltzer Products.
8.30 a.m. French News Bulletin
8.40 a.m. "YOUR MESSAGE FROM THE STARS" Presented by Anne French Cleansing Milk.
8.45 a.m. SMILES, SONGS AND STORIES Compered by Albert Whelan.—Presented by Andrews Liver Salt.
Mr. T. Pott's Time Signal, 9.0 a.m.

9.0 a.m. The Three Cooks Presented by Three Cooks Soups, Ltd.
9.30 a.m. Radio Favourites Presented by Brooke Bond Dividend Tea, Cocoa, and Coffee Essence.
9.45 a.m. THEATRE OF THE AIR Presenting Showland Memories, Robert Irwin, Elena Daniell, The Showland Trio, Percival Mackey and His Orchestra. Sponsored by California Syrup of Figs.
10.0 a.m. KITCHEN WISDOM Presented by Borwick's Baking Powder.
10.15 a.m. A Programme of Character Presented by Pan Yan Pickles.
10.30 a.m. SONGS AND MUSIC FROM STAGE AND SCREEN Presented by Maclean Brand Stomach Powder.

10.45 a.m. The Songs We Know Them By.—Presented by Laddex.
11.0 a.m. DONALD PEERS Cavalier of Song. Supported by The D.D.D. Melodymakers.—Presented by D.D.D. Prescription, and compered by Benjie McNabb.
11.15 a.m. Dream Waltzes Presented by True Story Magazine.
11.30 a.m. Programmes in French
2.0 p.m. Miniature Matinee
2.15 p.m. Listen After Lunch
3.0 p.m. Organ Airs
3.15 p.m. Garland Anderson "The Voice of Uncommon Sense"
3.30 p.m. The Musical Mirror Presented by Novopine Foot Energiser.
3.45 p.m. Irish Songs and Singers
4.0 p.m. STELLA DALLAS Sponsored by California Syrup of Figs.
4.15 p.m. Ed and Don The Singing Cowboys
4.30 p.m. THE OPEN ROAD Featuring the Carter Cavaliers.—Presented by Carters Little Liver Pills.
4.45 p.m. MARMADUKE BROWN The Lovable, Eccentric Inventor and his Patient Wife, Matilda.—Presented by Phillips' Dental Magnesia.
Mr. T. Pott's Time Signal, 5.0 p.m.
5.0 p.m. The Musical Magazine
5.15 p.m. A Quarter-Hour Programme For Boys and Girls
5.30 p.m. West End Spotlight Presented by Payne-Jennings & Killick.
5.45 p.m. Bruce Anderson Presents The Listeners' Digest
6.0 p.m. Programmes in French
12 (midnight) Melody at Midnight Presented by Bile Beans.
Mr. T. Pott's Time Signals, 12.30, 1.0, 1.30 p.m.
12.30 a.m. Dance Music
2.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody

10.45 a.m. The Songs We Know Them By.—Presented by Laddex.
11.0 a.m. DONALD PEERS Cavalier of Song. Supported by The D.D.D. Melodymakers.—Presented by D.D.D. Prescription, and compered by Benjie McNabb.
11.15 a.m. Dream Waltzes Presented by True Story Magazine.
11.30 a.m. Programmes in French
2.0 p.m. Miniature Matinee
2.15 p.m. Listen After Lunch
3.0 p.m. Organ Airs
3.15 p.m. Garland Anderson "The Voice of Uncommon Sense"
3.30 p.m. The Musical Mirror Presented by Novopine Foot Energiser.
3.45 p.m. Irish Songs and Singers
4.0 p.m. STELLA DALLAS Sponsored by California Syrup of Figs.
4.15 p.m. Ed and Don The Singing Cowboys
4.30 p.m. THE OPEN ROAD Featuring the Carter Cavaliers.—Presented by Carters Little Liver Pills.
4.45 p.m. MARMADUKE BROWN The Lovable, Eccentric Inventor and his Patient Wife, Matilda.—Presented by Phillips' Dental Magnesia.
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12 (midnight) Melody at Midnight Presented by Bile Beans.
Mr. T. Pott's Time Signals, 12.30, 1.0, 1.30 p.m.
12.30 a.m. Dance Music
2.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody

8.0 a.m. MUSIC IN THE MORNING Presented by Horlicks.
8.15 a.m. Happy Days Presented by Wincarnis.
8.30 a.m. French News Bulletin
8.40 a.m. "YOUR MESSAGE FROM THE STARS" Presented by Anne French Cleansing Milk.
8.45 a.m. Ed and Don The Singing Cowboys
9.15 a.m. Kings of the Keyboard Presented by Pynovape Inhalant.
9.30 a.m. A GIPSY TOLD ME Memoirs of a Traveller in Romany Lands introducing the famous Hungaria Band Presented by Blurred Magnesia.
9.45 a.m. The Animal Man
10.0 a.m. CARROLL GIBBONS AND HIS BOYS With Anne Lenner, George Melachrino. Guest Artistes: Isabelle McEwen, Duncan Gray. Compere: Russ Carr.—Presented by Cookeen Cooking Fat.
10.30 a.m. Radio Favourites Presented by Brooke Bond Dividend Beef Cubes.
10.45 a.m. Benjie McNabb Presents Radio Normandy Concert Hall
11.0 a.m. Something for Everybody
11.30 a.m. Programmes in French
2.0 p.m. Military Moments Presented by Hayward's Military Pickle.
2.15 p.m. Miniature Matinee
2.30 p.m. Riddle Rhythm With Leonard G. Feather
2.45 p.m. The Songs We Know Them By.—Presented by Laddex.
3.0 p.m. Enchanting Hawaii
3.15 p.m. What's On? A Complete Half-hour by Edgar Blatt.
3.45 p.m. Variety
4.0 p.m. Your Singing Compere Wilfrid Thomas presents Teddy Foster and His Tea-Timers with Betty Kent.
4.15 p.m. Ed and Don The Singing Cowboys
4.30 p.m. Bruce Anderson Presents The Old Comrades Associations News
4.45 p.m. Melody for Two
5.0 p.m. The Potted Show Presented by Seniors Fish and Meat Pastes.
5.15 p.m. "Working Round the World" Presented by Workwear.
5.30 p.m. WHO WON? Full classified Results of all Association Football Matches played this afternoon will be broadcast between now and 6.0 p.m. Presented by Pineate Honey Cough Syrup.
6.0 p.m. Programmes in French
12 (midnight) Melody at Midnight Presented by Bile Beans.
12.30 a.m. Dance Music
2.0 a.m. I.B.C. Goodnight Melody

SATURDAY, FEB. 18

7.0 a.m. Radio Reveille Mr. T. Pott's Time Signal, 7.15 a.m. The Long-range Weather Forecast for to-day and to-morrow.—Presented by Curicones.
Mr. T. Pott's Time Signal, 7.30 a.m.
7.45 a.m. MELODIES FROM THE AIR Presented by Kolyinos Tooth Paste.
Mr. T. Pott's Time Signal, 8.0 a.m.

Listen to the
CARTERS CARAVAN
ON "THE OPEN ROAD"



You'll be switching on to an entirely new kind of musical show! The Carters Caravan will fascinate you with Music, Song and Drama — the brightest show on the air. You and your family will enjoy every minute of it.

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RADIO LUXEMBOURG (1293 m.) Sun. 11.15 a.m.; Mon. 8.45 a.m.; Tues., Wed. 5.15 p.m.; Thurs. 8.30 a.m.; Fri. 9.30 a.m.
RADIO NORMANDY (274 m.) Sun. 2.45 p.m.; Mon. 7.15 a.m.; Tues. 8.45 a.m.; Wed. 9 a.m.; Thurs. 7.15 a.m.; Fri. 4.30 p.m.
PARIS BROADCASTING STATION (POSTE PARISIEN) — 312.8 m.) Sun. 10.30 a.m.; Fri. 9.15 a.m.
RADIO LYONS (215 m.) Sun. 10.45 p.m.; Tues. 10.30 p.m.; Thurs. 10.30 p.m.

Radio Normandy transmissions arranged through the I.B.C. Ltd.

Bring Romance and Drama
into your home every day



"INSPECTOR BROOKS" Every week a complete episode of the thrilling adventures of Inspector Brooks and his son Dick of Scotland Yard is presented for your entertainment. Mystery after mystery is solved by their shrewd investigations.—Presented by the makers of "Milk of Magnesia"

EVERY SUNDAY at 7.15 p.m.



"YOUNG WIDOW JONES" Living in the country town of Appleton—Peggy Jones, widowed in her twenties, with two children to support, has to decide what she owes to her children and what she owes to herself in life.—Presented by the makers of "Milk of Magnesia."

MONDAY to FRIDAY at 2.45 p.m.



"STELLA DALLAS" A dramatic radio version of the world-famous story of a mother whose love for her daughter was the uppermost thought in her life. The sacrifice of her own happiness to secure the social prestige of her daughter is a heart-rending echo of one of Life's gripping dramas.—Presented by the makers of "California Syrup of Figs."

MONDAY to FRIDAY at 4.0 p.m.



"MARMADUKE BROWN AND MATILDA"

You have met men like Marmaduke—lovable, loyal, but irresponsible. Marmaduke is an inventor, but what he invents never amounts to much. Matilda, his wife, is the bread-winner. She loves him—but he is exasperating. Listen to the adventures of these two human people.—Presented by the makers of "Phillips Dental Magnesia."

MONDAY to FRIDAY at 4.45 p.m.

SONG POEMS WANTED

Successful Composer invites
Authors to submit Lyrics

Write:—"Composer" (360) Rays Advt. Agency, Cecil Court, London, W.C.2.

In next week's

RADIO
PICTORIAL

★ At Home with **Suzette Tarri**
Radio's Favourite Comedienne

★ This is **Geraldo**
Intimate Pen-picture of the popular bandleader

★ Hollywood on the Air!
Details of the thrilling new American broadcasts from the heart of filmland

All the Week's Radio News, Gossip, Humour and Pictures

To avoid disappointment—
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In all ailments incidental to the Sex **DR. OSTER MANN'S FEMALE PILLS** have been used with extraordinary success. Countless letters from all parts of the world provide conclusive and undeniable proof of their efficacy. Every woman sufferer should write for **FREE SAMPLE**. Sold in boxes. Price 3/-, 5/-, 12/-.

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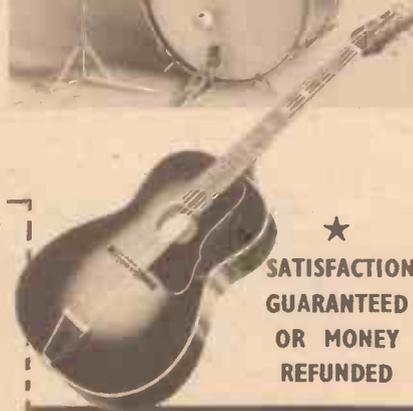
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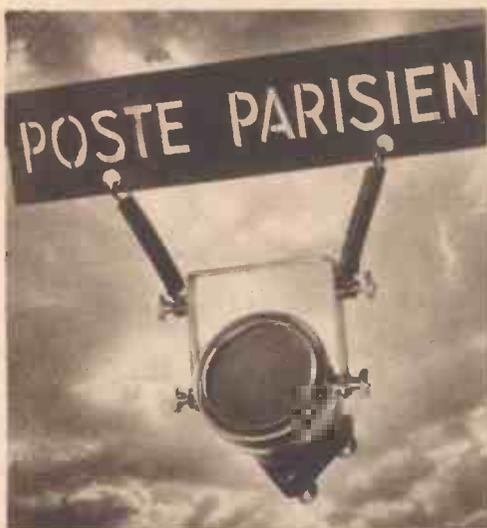
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312.8 metres

959 kc/s.

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PARIS

6.30 p.m.

RINSO RADIO REVUE

Featuring Jack Hylton and His Band, Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, Tommy Handley, Sam Browne, Peggy Dell, Bruce Trent, Sid Buckman. Compered by Ben Lyon.—Presented by Rinso.

H. Samuel "Everite" Time Signal, 7.0 p.m.

Evening Programme

FOOTBALL FANS' HOUR

H. Samuel "Everite" Time Signal, 10.30 p.m.

10.30 p.m. Dance With Us
A programme of gay dance music and an announcement by P.I.A. Pools.

10.45 p.m. Cabaret
A quarter-hour of popular favourites and an announcement by Zettlers Pools, Ltd.

H. Samuel "Everite" Time Signal, 11.0 p.m.

11.0 p.m. Varied Fare
A programme of listeners' favourites and an announcement by International Sporting Pools.

11.15 p.m. Variety Theatre
Presented by Goodsway Bonus Football Pools.

H. Samuel "Everite" Time Signal, 11.30 p.m.

11.30 p.m. A.C.P. Goodnight Message

10.30 a.m.

Concert Platform

A programme for lovers of Light Music.

H. Samuel "Everite" Time Signal, 10.45 a.m.

10.45 a.m. Piano Parade

Keyboard celebrities play for your enjoyment.

11.0 a.m. Patchwork Programme

Bits and Pieces of everything.

H. Samuel "Everite" Time Signal, 11.15 a.m.

11.0 p.m. Paris Night Life
Surprise transmissions from famous Paris Cabarets and Night Clubs.

11.30 p.m. A.C.P. Goodnight Message

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 16

H. Samuel "Everite" Time Signal, 9.15 a.m.

9.15 a.m. Filmland Melodies

Songs from the Movies, past and present.

9.30 a.m. Listeners' Command Performance

H.M. the Listener's special Request Programme. Write us for your favourite tune.

H. Samuel "Everite" Time Signal, 9.45 a.m.

9.45 a.m. Swing Session

Fifteen minutes of Swing for swing fans.

10.0 a.m. Radio Favourites

A programme featuring Masters of the Mike.

H. Samuel "Everite" Time Signal, 10.15 a.m.

10.15 a.m. Blue Pacific Moonlight

A glimpse of Hawaii.

10.30 a.m. Variety

A programme of Stage, Screen and Radio Favourites.

H. Samuel "Everite" Time Signal, 10.45 a.m.

10.45 a.m. Announcers' Mixed Bag

More of our Announcers' favourites.

11.0 a.m.

FASHIONS FROM PARIS

Latest French styles interpreted by Maya Noel.—Presented by Tampax, Ltd.

H. Samuel "Everite" Time Signal, 11.15 a.m.

11.0 p.m. Paris Night Life
Surprise transmissions from famous Paris Cabarets and Night Clubs.

11.30 p.m. A.C.P. Goodnight Message

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 17

H. Samuel "Everite" Time Signal, 9.15 a.m.

9.15 a.m.

THE OPEN ROAD

Presented by Carters Little Liver Pills.

9.30 a.m. In the Groove

Another programme of Rhythm in the Raw.

H. Samuel "Everite" Time Signal, 9.45 a.m.

9.45 a.m. Round-up Time

A quarter-hour of Hill-billy tunes.

10.0 a.m. Last Season's Favourites

Presenting some of the tunes you'll like to hear again.

H. Samuel "Everite" Time Signal, 10.15 a.m.

10.15 a.m. Songs and Singers

Voice and melody. A delightful quarter-hour of Celebrities.

10.30 a.m. Cuban Cocktail

Another programme in the Rhythm of the Rumba.

H. Samuel "Everite" Time Signal, 10.45 a.m.

10.45 a.m. Down Lovers' Lane

A programme of Love Songs and Sweet Melody.

11.0 a.m. I.S.P. Marches On

Presented by International Sporting Pools.

H. Samuel "Everite" Time Signal, 11.15 a.m.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18

H. Samuel "Everite" Time Signal, 9.15 a.m.

9.15 a.m. Sweet and Hot

A programme for those who like Melody better than Rhythm.

9.30 a.m. The Patchwork Programme

Bits and Pieces of everything.

H. Samuel "Everite" Time Signal, 9.45 a.m.

9.45 a.m. Yesterday's Hits

Melodies popular a few seasons ago.

10.0 a.m. American Spotlight

Fifteen minutes dedicated to our American friends in Europe.

H. Samuel "Everite" Time Signal, 10.15 a.m.

10.15 a.m. Concert Platform

A programme for lovers of Light Music.

10.30 a.m. Hollywood on Parade

A quarter-hour of singing Stars of the Screen.

H. Samuel "Everite" Time Signal, 10.45 a.m.

10.45 a.m. Waltz and Tango, Ltd.

For those who like Crinolines and Castanets and the Music that goes with them.

11.0 a.m. Swing Session

Swing for Swing Fans.

H. Samuel "Everite" Time Signal, 11.15 a.m.

11.0 p.m. Paris Night Life
Surprise transmissions from famous Paris Cabarets and Night Clubs.

11.30 p.m. A.C.P. Goodnight Message

Anglo-Continental Publicity Ltd., Cavendish Mansions, Langham Street, London, W.1.

Chief Announcer: ALLAN ROSE
Assistant Announcer: BERYL MUIR

Times of Transmission:

Sunday: 9.15 a.m.—11.15 a.m.

5.00 p.m.—7.00 p.m.

10.30 p.m.—11.30 p.m.

Weekday: 9.15 a.m.—11.15 a.m.

11.00 p.m.—11.30 p.m. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 12

Morning Programme

H. Samuel "Everite" Time Signals, 9.15 a.m., 9.45 a.m. and 10.15 a.m.

9.15 a.m. Announcer's Mixed Bag

Even our Announcer has his favourites.

9.30 a.m. Listeners' Command Performance

H.M. the Listener's Special Request Programme. Write us for your favourite tune.

10.30 a.m.

THE OPEN ROAD

Presented by Carters Little Liver Pills.

H. Samuel "Everite" Time Signal, 10.45 a.m.

10.45 a.m. Hollywood on Parade

A Programme featuring singing stars of the screen.

11.0 a.m. I.S.P. Marches On

Presented by International Sporting Pools.

H. Samuel "Everite" Time Signal, 11.15 a.m.

Afternoon Programme

H. Samuel "Everite" Time Signal, 5.0 p.m.

5.0 p.m.

HORLICKS PICTURE HOUSE

Master of Ceremonies: Howard Claney, Edward Everett

Horton, Vic Oliver, Dorothy Alt, The Cavendish Three,

Mayfair Men, Bryan Quinn, and the Horlicks All-Star

Orchestra under Debroy Somers.—Presented by Horlicks.

H. Samuel "Everite" Time Signal, 6.0 p.m.

6.0 p.m.

GEORGE FORMBY

With a strong supporting cast, including "Beryl." A

terrific series of laughter and song programmes.—Presented by Feen-a-mint.

6.15 p.m.

QUAKER QUARTER-HOUR

Featuring Carroll Levis and his Radio Discoveries, from

the stage of the Odeon, Leicester Square.—Presented by

Quaker Oats.

H. Samuel "Everite" Time Signal, 6.30 p.m.

6.30 p.m.



Handsome Ben Lyon is one of the stars in Rinso Radio Revue on Sunday at 6.30 p.m.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 13

H. Samuel "Everite" Time Signal, 9.15 a.m.

9.15 a.m. Songs and Singers

Voice and melody. A delightful quarter-hour of celebrities.

9.30 a.m. Variety

Up goes the curtain for 15 minutes' entertainment.

H. Samuel "Everite" Time Signal, 9.45 a.m.

9.45 a.m. Swing Session

A programme of modern dance music for swing fans.

10.0 a.m. Concert Platform

A programme for lovers of light music.

H. Samuel "Everite" Time Signal, 10.15 a.m.

10.15 a.m. Cuban Cocktail

A quarter-hour of rumba rhythms.

10.30 a.m. Keyboard Kruses

Fifteen minutes with piano-playing stars.

H. Samuel "Everite" Time Signal, 10.45 a.m.

10.45 a.m. Last Season's Favourites

The tunes you will like to hear again.

11.0 a.m. Radio Favourites

A quarter-hour with Masters of the Mike.

H. Samuel "Everite" Time Signal, 11.15 a.m.

11.0 p.m. I.S.P. Marches On

A gay Concert from the famous Paris Night Club—

Sheherazade.—Presented by International Sporting Pools.

11.30 p.m. A.C.P. Goodnight Message

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 14

H. Samuel "Everite" Time Signal, 9.15 a.m.

9.15 a.m. Plantation Parade

A programme of American Negro Melodies.

9.30 a.m. Hollywood on Parade

Another programme of Film Melodies.

H. Samuel "Everite" Time Signal, 9.45 a.m.

9.45 a.m. Cuban Cocktail

More dance tunes in the Rumba Rhythm.

10.0 a.m. In the Groove

A quarter-hour of Rhythm in the Raw.

H. Samuel "Everite" Time Signal, 10.15 a.m.

10.15 a.m. Drycole Melodies

Presented by The Elephant Chemical Co.

10.30 a.m. On a Park Bench

A programme of Love Songs.

H. Samuel "Everite" Time Signal, 10.45 a.m.

10.45 a.m. The Mike, The Organ and Me

With our compliments to cinema organ fans.

11.0 a.m.

FASHIONS FROM PARIS

Latest French Styles interpreted by Maya Noel.—Presented by Tampax, Ltd.

H. Samuel "Everite" Time Signal, 11.15 a.m.

11.0 p.m. Paris Night Life

Surprise transmissions from famous Paris Cabarets and

Night Clubs.

11.30 p.m. A.C.P. Goodnight Message

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 15

H. Samuel "Everite" Time Signal, 9.15 a.m.

9.15 a.m. Waltz and Tango, Ltd.

For those who like Crinolines and Castanets and the Music that goes with them.

9.30 a.m. Listeners' Command Performance

H.M. the Listener's Special Request Programme. Write us for your favourite tune.

H. Samuel "Everite" Time Signal, 9.45 a.m.

9.45 a.m. Brown & Polson Cookery Club

A programme of Rhythm and Melody from the ever popular squeeze box.

H. Samuel "Everite" Time Signal, 10.15 a.m.

10.15 a.m. Filmland Melodies

Songs from the Movies, past and present.

PSORIASIS and its TREATMENT

WE bring before you information of vital importance concerning the future welfare of your skin. If you are a victim of Psoriasis and suffer from scaly patches on the body, arms or legs, knees and elbows, or scale and dandruff on the scalp, there is a treatment which can be of the greatest service to you. Sufferers who want to banish their skin trouble, or the scalp trouble so frequently associated with Psoriasis, must get to know about this grand Treatment. It is most important for you to do so if you value a healthy skin and scalp. Our advice to sufferers is: Write for particulars of the Treatment now. Remember, this Treatment is a necessity to all sufferers from Psoriasis!

The grand results achieved by the Treatment are a revelation of what can be done in cases of Psoriasis. No other form of treatment can show such success. The Treatment is giving unbounded satisfaction to hundreds of present and former sufferers.

Those Psoriasis spots and patches on the arms, legs and body, which cause you such despair, soon fade away, and instead you get a clear, healthy skin—same as you used to have. It does not matter how long you have suffered, the Treatment's powerful influence and healing power is the same as in cases of shorter duration. Stubborn cases, which have defied all efforts for years, rapidly yield to this splendid Treatment.

Scurf, matted scales and dandruff on the scalp urgently require thorough treatment. Under the Treatment the scurf, matted scales, dandruff and inflamed pimples subside, and you are rewarded by a beautifully clear scalp with healthy hair growth.

Fill in the Coupon below and send it to National College, for the free illustrated publication which explains everything. You will be gratified by the results achieved by the Treatment.

LEG ECZEMA ITCHING, DRY & WEEPING

VARICOSE leg Eczema arises from the same causes as varicose ulcers. Sometimes it is dry and intolerably itchy. At other times it is raw, inflamed and weeping. Sometimes the whole leg is one red mass of skin inflammation from the knees to the toes. At other times the Varicose Eczema is all around the ankle.

Both forms of complaint are chronic and can only be cured by proper treatment. The "bit of this and that" is useless. A special form of Tremol Treatment is prepared for Varicose Leg Eczema, and the results to the chronic sufferer are most gratifying and amazing. The leg Eczema is quickly cured. The redness, soreness, inflammation and weeping soon vanish. The itching and irritation is rapidly subdued. All discomfort quickly goes away, and a clean, natural healthy skin is your reward. The leg is thoroughly cured.

If you suffer from leg Eczema and want to get rid of the complaint, write at once to National College, and get the free book which tells you how to get cured to stay cured.

BAD LEGS LEG ULCERS AND WOUNDS

THERE are scores of so-called leg remedies, but there is only one Tremol Treatment for Bad Legs. See that you get it. Your bad leg is too serious a matter, too painful a complaint, too great a handicap, to be trifled with. Make sure that you get the right treatment. Little "bits" of this and "bits" of that will never heal your Bad Leg. You must do the thing thoroughly and have proper and correct treatment for your leg prepared specially for your own case by those who know how to make your leg sound and well. Many thousands of Bad Leg Sufferers have had their legs made sound and well by the Tremol Treatment and hundreds are being cured to-day. The Tremol specialists have devoted their lives to the cure of Wounds and Ulcers and Eczema of the legs. They are experts in leg complaints. They are ready and willing now to heal your Bad Leg straight away if you will write and allow them to do this service for you.

HAVE DONE WITH THAT OPEN WOUND ON YOUR LEG

At best that wound is a daily worry and nuisance. At the worst it is terrible to you in its agonising pain and irritation. If allowed to go on it will make you a cripple for life. Besides, there is the risk of burst veins, and blood poisoning ever present with a wound or ulcerated leg.

Eczema and Skin Eruptions

THIS is the most common disease of the skin. Any part may be affected and the trouble may arise in many ways. Blood impurities, Insect Bites, Germ infection, Food poisoning, Over-heated blood, Long-standing, Varicose Veins Mental worry and shock are some of the causes of this distressing skin disease. Drugs—as with chemical workers, Starch—as with bakers, Soaps—as with laundry workers, Plants—as with gardeners, irritate sensitive skins and also set up an Eczema condition. At the onset the skin becomes red, inflamed, congested, and terribly itchy. Fluid escapes through the pores, dries and forms scales, which then again block up the pores. More fluid accumulates under dead scales, and there is more inflammation and more itchiness. If you suffer you feel you could "tear the skin to pieces" to get relief. But at what a terrible cost. You know you must not scratch, but to have the itchiness and irritation and leave it alone is more than you can bear. You can be rid of this distress. Your relief is here, at hand. Send for full particulars of the Treatment.

SPECIAL Treatment is prescribed to suit each case of Eczema and skin eruptions. Chronic Eczema is conquered, disfiguring face eruptions vanish, itching, irritable, unsightly skin troubles are rapidly cured. Read these questions:—

1. Do you suffer from Eczema or Dermatitis?
2. Do you suffer from Psoriasis?
3. Have you Pimples or Blackheads on the face, chest or back?
4. Are there Eruptions or Matted Scales on the Scalp?
5. Is there dreadful Itchiness?
6. Is the skin red, inflamed or Eczematous?
7. Are the hands or feet affected? Are there Eruptions on the Knees, Elbows, or Body?

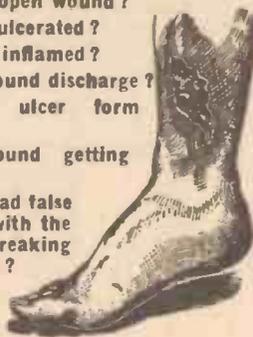
If you suffer from any of these skin troubles, write at once to the National College for the free illustrated publication, and get your skin trouble cured straight away. Fill in the coupon.

Write to-day to the address below Give the word now and banish for ever your leg trouble.

It does not matter where you live. From Land's End to John o' Groats the Treatment cures—in your own home—by your own fireside. Your age matters not—the Treatment cures Bad Legs at all ages. You may have tried twenty other remedies—that fact counts for nothing. Thousands upon thousands have been cured under Tremol Treatment and they have all tried plenty of other remedies before being cured by Tremol. No matter where you have been or what you have tried this Treatment is certain in its results and can bring about your complete recovery.

Suffer no more pain and waste no more time. Fill in the coupon and send it to The National College, Ward R.A., Great Clowes Street, Manchester 7. You will then receive a free illustrated Book which explains everything and commence to cure yourself in your own home.

- Is there an open wound?
- Is your leg ulcerated?
- Is the ulcer inflamed?
- Does the wound discharge?
- Does the ulcer form scale?
- Is the wound getting larger?
- Have you had false healing with the ulcer breaking out again?



If you suffer from any of these leg ulcer troubles, write to-day. It will be your first step towards recovery.

SWOLLEN and PAINFUL LEGS

WHAT do they indicate? Fluid has accumulated in the deeper tissues and caused the swelling. You may think they look unsightly. They may be, but the end is worse than looks unless you get proper treatment. Very soon the swollen leg will be at bursting point, and an open wound and bad leg result. Perhaps the joints are all swollen and painful. If so, there is deep-seated inflammation. The blood vessels and lymphatic cells under the skin are charged full of acid poison, which, if not speedily removed, will bring on Synovitis and joint disease. Trifling remedies are useful. You must get those swollen limbs properly treated before it is too late. Get at the root cause. Write to National College and get the free book, which tells you how to cure your swollen limbs at home in comfort and quickly. Sign the coupon below and send to-day.

VARICOSE VEINS

THE dangers from Varicose Veins are Phlebitis, Varicose Ulcers, Thrombosis, Eczema, Rupture of the Vein Walls and Haemorrhage. The stages in the development of Varicose Veins are:—

1. Simple Dilatation.
2. Loss of Elasticity.
3. Dilatation in all directions.
4. Shrinkage and Atrophy of the Vein Valves.
5. Thrombosis with swelling, ulceration, or Varicose Eczema.

If neglected, Varicose Veins become incurable. Then the greatest Specialist in the world could not cure them. They cannot be cured by operations, for if they are cut out, the other veins, having more work to do, will become varicose, too. They cannot be cured by injections, because, unfortunately, the hopes based upon injection treatment have not been realised. In the majority of cases the veins again canalise, and the treatment involves risk of Thrombosis, Ulceration and Eczema. Sufferers from Varicose Veins should take the trouble in time. Treat the veins while they retain their elasticity and contractile power. Under Tremol Treatment, the veins, walls become toned up and strengthened, the blood circulation is improved, venous congestion passes away and such symptoms of varicosity as dull aching pain, tiredness, heaviness of the legs, varicose swelling are relieved and cured. Get the free Illustrated Book now, which tells you all about your Varicose Veins. Fill in the Coupon to-day, and send it to-day to the National College.

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A limited number of copies of this interesting book with full particulars of the Treatment will be sent free to sufferers. If you suffer from BAD LEGS, SWOLLEN LEGS, PAINFUL LEGS, ECZEMA OR SKIN DISEASE, PSORIASIS or VARICOSE VEINS, write to-day before the books are exhausted.

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● **At 2.45 "YOUNG WIDOW JONES"** The moving human story of a woman's heart and a woman's love. Living in the small town of Appleton, Peggy Jones, in her twenties, with two children to support, ponders long on the question of what she owes to her children and what she owes to herself. A story of joy and despair, life and love as we all know it.
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● **At 3.00 "SWEETEST LOVE SONGS EVER SUNG"** Tenderly, sweetly played by celebrated orchestras, sung by world-famous stars, your favourite love songs will thrill you—perhaps bring a smile—a memory—a tear to the eye. For here is music of enchantment. A lovely interlude in your day—a programme to cherish and look forward to.
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