

J. Davis

No. 19
MAY 14
1936
PRICE
2.

RADIO REVIEW



Anona Winn
STAR OF A
THOUSAND SHOWS



MUST BE WON!

"Radio Review's" Magnificent Offer
COLUMBIA SUPERHET
"FIVE" RADIOGRAM

This Columbia five-valve Radiogram is a beauty. The cabinet is of selected walnut; height, 30 3/4 in.; width, 27 in.; depth, 16 1/2 in.

Silent tuning, ensuring programme reception only. Quiet automatic volume control, sensitivity adjustable for local and atmospheric conditions. Constant-tone volume control. Variable tone control. Illuminated scale marked in station names and wave lengths. Connections for extension speaker. Mains aerial.

Five Marconi valves (including rectifier)—giving 7-stage performance. Wave length range—Medium, 200-550 metres; long wave, 1000-2000 metres. Voltage—200-250 volts, adjustment by screw plug, 50-60 cycles. (A.C. only).

Gramophone—Absolutely silent motor. "Quick-lift" pick-up to facilitate needle-changing. Perfect balance of tone at all settings of the volume control. Album of three Columbia records presented free.

An Easy One-Week Competition

"LIMERICKS"

What You Have to Do

ON this page are five Limericks. The last line of each is missing. Your job is to complete the Limerick!

Your line should be clever—funny—or contain a snappy comment.

Decide which Limerick you are to complete, copy it out on to a postcard complete with your last line, and send your postcard to Competition Editor (No. 6), "Radio Review," 12 Fetter Lane, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4, to reach that address by Tuesday, March 24.

If you would rather make up a com-

plete Limerick, you will find the names of 20 well-known broadcasters below. Study them, and make up a bright Limerick containing any one or two names.

The directions for sending your entry for this competition are the same.

For the best Limerick the Editor will award a magnificent "Columbia" Radiogram.

All other Limericks published will be awarded handsome consolation prizes,

All "Radio Review" readers are eligible

Said Marie, the innkeeper's daughter,
 "I think Henry Hall should play
 hotter,"
 Then she tuned in one night,
 And said, "Ah, I was right

A crooner who fancied his chance
 Went on tour with a dance band in
 France,
 When he sang his first song,
 He knew something was wrong,

Said a wag in a theatre one night,
 To a conjuror of the first flight,
 "I'll bet you a crown,
 You can't bring Teddy Brown.

A jocular joser from Jarrow,
 Took his set for a ride in a barrow.
 He was sick of sonatas,
 Fed up with cantatas,

A singer who scatted, named Friar,
 Nearly started a serious fire,
 For the mike—heaven rest us!—
 Wasn't made of asbestos,

Here are the names if you wish to make your own limerick:—

Robins, Kunz, Cowie, Peacock, Brown, Cave, Hall, Fox, Winter, Loss, Marius, Winnick, Brian, Lea, Kyte, Masters, Wyn, Stephen, Handley, Henry.

Radio Review

No. 19

March 14, 1936.

SUPPLEMENT.

Superb Panel Portrait of
JOHN WATT,

the man who gave us "Songs From the Shows."

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Phyllis Robins



BEAUTIFUL
 PHYLLIS
 ROBINS, a
 Sheffield lass
 in early 20's.
 Phyllis started
 in *Variety* at
 the age of 12.
 Since then she
 has performed
 in "every-
 thing that was
 anything." In
 1931 Phyllis

made friends with the mike. She was with Henry Hall as vocalist for some time. Also specialises in comedy and character work. Hobbies are yachting and golf.

TRIAL BY RADIO AUDITION

LET me tell you the truth about B.B.C.'s auditions. A lot has been said about them. We've heard of the romances of would-be radio stars walking into the audition studio unknown and coming out

It is an unprecedented ordeal for these artistes, used only to the stage and an audience, to have to stand in a bare, empty hall and be funny to a piece of indifferent machinery. After some moments the comedian, falteringly, started again. But he had ruined his test.

Material is often unsuitable. Few artistes realise that gags which get laughs from a hall full of folk all with that "out-for-a-show" feeling will not have such effect on listeners sitting amidst the ordinary surroundings, and often distractions, of their homes.

So the audition went on, the "No's" mounting up on John's report. The artistes were courteously shown in to the hall, and after their trials, even more kindly shown out, by the Audition Clerk.

by KENNETH BAILY

launched on the road to fame. Don't you believe it. Precious little romance about it! I spent an afternoon at an audition. *It was a depressing experience.*

There were only two bright spots. Boxer-singer Jack Doyle and his pretty Hollywood film star wife, Judith Allen, were responsible for one. A new double Hebrew comedy act was the other. The rest was just a tragic procession of fallen hopes.

That was *not* an unlucky day. It was a "good" audition! Of all those given auditions by the Variety Department, generally *only one per cent. get into the programmes.*

John Sharman was holding this audition at St George's Hall. He sat in a listening box high above the stage. The artistes put over their trial efforts at a microphone below. They never saw John.

An "auditioning producer" has no association with the artistes other than the verbal instructions he may give them through a loudspeaker.

Before John Sharman lay a sheet of paper. As far as possible, the producer knows nothing about the artistes. Probably he's never seen them, or heard of them.

No one other than the artiste is allowed in the studio.

Fifteen people with hope were crowding around an oil stove in the draughty lobby of the hall, waiting their turn. Those toward the end of the list had to wait two hours. The time may be precious to them. With few exceptions, their waiting only ends in failure. That's why I found it a depressing sight.

On came the first act—a trio. The girl sang; opposite their names John jotted his remarks. As they put on their coats and walked out, he wrote under the "Decision" heading "No."

This producer's report is sent afterwards to Variety Director Maschwitz, who scans it carefully. Should a producer's "remarks" not seem to him sufficient reason for his "decision," a second audition is given to the artiste—an instance of the B.B.C.'s efforts to be fair.

Next on John's list was a little, old, greyhaired man. He wore a fur collar on his coat. It was a remnant of better days. He was a patter comedian.

Suddenly the comedian's mouth closed. He stood as if hypnotised by the microphone. He had "dried up."

Mr
and
Mrs
Jack
Doyle



This gentleman—and he is every inch the perfect, well-mannered gentleman—is one of the B.B.C.'s mysteries. I cannot tell you his name. No one knows it. This is a safeguard. With him rests the calling of artistes to auditions.

The Variety Department receives over 100 letters a week requesting auditions. They come from amateur performers at village concerts and professionals on the stage alike.

The producers hand them all to the Audition Clerk. All receive the same careful treatment in his hands. He sends them a form on which they have to fill in what professional engagements they have had. *The B.B.C. will have no amateurs.* Usually only 50 per cent. of the forms come back. The Audition Clerk then calls up for auditioning those whose forms were satisfactory—perhaps six weeks later.

After an hour and a half of unfruitful auditions, the Audition Clerk ushered in handsome Jack Doyle and pretty Judith Allen.

Jack's voice appealed to John Sharman. Judith had "mike personality," but her material wasn't up to scratch. John decided they were worth a date, and he wrote down his first "Yes"! When John finds a place for these two in one of his "Music Halls," you can be sure that he will have told Judith to find better material. If she has, the broadcast should be a great break for Mr and Mrs Doyle, just beginning on their music-hall career.

Please turn to page 29.

Kenneth Baily went to an audition and saw the whole business from A to Z. With his intimate knowledge of radio and its people, his article is uncommonly interesting.

"Five Years of 'Hotcha' with Harry Roy," by Ivor Moreton and Dave Kaye begins on page 12.

Why Big Timers Go Broke. Amazing revelations next week



Elisabeth Welch of "Soft Lights and Sweet Music" fame, snapped during a restful moment at home.

ANOTHER mystery unravelled! Behind the name of "Don Miguel," whose rumba outfit broadcast last Saturday, lurks a personality of whose real identity even the B.B.C. is unaware! This man records under fourteen different names. You may have heard him on the air as "Joe Paradise"—but that's still not his real name. He was introduced to me as "Phil Green"—and that's not his real name!

2000 B.C.!

Met famed xylophonist Rudy Starita busy rehearsing his new miramba orchestra, which—'tis whispered—will be having a half-hour's spot in the programmes in due course. The miramba is a musical instrument that was being played in Asia about four thousand years ago!

Thrills Ahead

A B.B.C. official has been giving me production details of that thrilling list of shows scheduled for radio:—In the first week in April we're to hear "Youth at the Helm," a big stage hit, slick and amusing; then—the first week of May—we have "Cavalcade." From the films, the radio-producers will bring us "Episode," at the end of May. And in June—watch out for it—"The Thin Man," the film in which William Powell and Myrna Loy surely made the biggest hit of their lives!

Comedian Looks Back

So my friend Sydney Howard—lovable laugh-maker from Yorkshire, famed on stage and films—is to start a talks series in April on "Handy-craft"! Nowadays, Sydney and his charming wife have a suite in a famous Park Lane hotel. "But once we lived on £2 a week," recalls this comedian, "minus 8s 6d for fares and 1s 6d for the laundry. Thirty shillings for the two of us!"

"Kidding" a Queen

Sydney told me of one of his most embarrassing moments:—"At a hospital for wounded soldiers where I used to give concerts," he recalled, "I often cracked gags about the medical officers and matron who sat in the front row; one evening I saw another lady there, and cracked a few jokes at her expense. Afterwards, she asked to be introduced to 'That funny man in the funny brown hat.' (me!) The lady turned out to be none other than Queen Amelia of Portugal! But I must have been forgiven, for she attended many of my shows after that."

Meet Sir Cedric Harwicke

Another famous actor—Sir Cedric Harwicke—will be heard on the National, March 15. Incidentally, it is not generally known that Sir Cedric was the last British soldier, after the war, to leave the fighting zone; that

was in 1921—after seven years of it—when he hauled down the Union Jack at St Pol and carried it home to keep in his dressing-basket!

Age—Off Stage!

If you've only seen Sir Cedric on the stage, and in make-up, you may not realise that he's a mere forty-three years of age. "Since I spend so much of my stage life in being old, which in many ways ages my private life," Sir Cedric smilingly told me on one occasion, "I propose, when I am old, to play all the parts I wanted to play when I was much younger." A philosopher is this gentleman. "Remember what Churdles Ash said in 'The Farmer's Wife,'" he told me, "'Sense ain't got nothing to do with age, or there wouldn't be so many old fools in the world!'"

Was It The Bishop?

Our friend Curtis, of Curtis and Ames, radio songsters, is telling the following story, with embellishments:—Two navvies were discussing a stranger who was walking ahead of them in the street. One navvy said, "I tell you, he's the Bishop of Barmouth." "Bet you a bob he isn't," said the other. Whereupon, the first navvy ran up to the stranger and said, "Tell me, mate, are you the Bishop of Barmouth?" "Of all the blinking blankety-blankety cheek," growled the stranger. "Scram, or I'll push my fist through your ugly mug!" The navvy returned to his comrade. "The bet's off," he said, "the gentleman wouldn't tell me!"

Cads Go Fish-Shooting!

The Western Brothers, you'll be glad to learn, will be on the air again on March 31. Which brings me to the

NEWS ABOUT PEOPLE

JEAN COLIN—Star of the last "Songs from the Shows"—had no idea of going on the stage until Ralph Lynn's niece, who was in a ballet, came to stay opposite her home in Brighton. Six weeks later, Mary Lynn had taught Jean classical and tap dancing, and they went into pantomime together. From this start, Jean went to leads in musical comedy.

MIRIAM FERRIS—one of the old-timers—received her biggest fan-mail for a part in which she did not say a word! This was as the cat in Dick Whittington! For weeks before the broadcast Miriam went about prodding cats to see the kind of noises they made!

JOAN CARR, who puts across sentimental songs with such skill, was comparatively unknown until she came to the microphone. In fact she sat and waited for contracts that seldom came. Now that she has married a titled husband who doesn't like her to work, offers pour in. The irony of fate!

ARTHUR MARSHALL, ace of comedians, has only been heard over the air once in three months. Why? Ask the Headmaster of Oundle, who does not approve of his science master downing tools too often in order to hurry B.B.C.-wards!

ARCHIE CAMPBELL, latest light variety producer, had an air crash in Egypt, which scared him for life. His plane was smashed to smithereens, and it was a miracle that Archie wasn't the same. In fact, his escape made him into something of a show piece, and incidentally kept him in hospital for many months.

Dance Band Championship. Full details in next week's "Radio Review."

story of how the "Cads" once went fish-shooting in an aeroplane. Yes, it really happened! It was at an air pageant. The two Brothers were given shotguns, also a 'plane and a pilot apiece, and asked to go up and shoot down a big rubber gas-filled "fish" which was to be released from the landing field!

Heroism in Vain!

Kenneth fired the first shot, missed, and recoiled against the pilot, whereupon the 'plane dived. George fired the second shot, and knocked holes in the wing of Kenneth's 'plane. They kept diving and missing the floating fish, which at length caught in some trees and got punctured immediately. Bruised and battered, the Brothers finally landed—to find that the show was over and everybody had gone home!

Murder Play

A thrilling play, to be produced on the 16th and 17th of this month, is "Murder in the Dressing-Room," Clarence Wright, singer and radio-actor, plays the juvenile lead; this same versatile young man will also be heard in Variety in April.

Albert Whelan Again

Talking of versatility, what about whistling, singing Albert Whelan, on the National, March 18? His first "pro." job was playing the fiddle, interspersed with red-nosed comedy, in an Australian gold-camp. His big stage break came in Melbourne, where—after playing in all kinds of plays—he got into "The Belle of New York." When the leading man fell sick, Whelan took his part—and played it for weeks without the public knowing the difference!



"And it comes out here!" Larry Adler shows you the works of one of his new mouth organs.

Another Trio Coming

Trissie, that lovable leader of the Carlyle Cousins, has been resting for the past month, but is now back in the trio—which, she tells me, will be on the air frequently in future with Geraldo. Betty Dale, that grand little Scots singer who'd been taking Trissie's place, tells me she'll soon be forming a trio of her own. She's now looking for talent.

Harmony

But don't get me wrong—it won't be a matter of "competition" 'twixt Betty's trio and the Carlyles. "I've talked it over with Trissie," says Betty, "and she agrees it's a good idea, and that there's plenty of room for a new trio." Harmony all the way.

For the Kiddies

Introducing a new radio-writer for the kiddies—Elizabeth Turner, a lady with the pen-touch of an A. A. Milne,

discovered by Olive Shapley, organiser of the Northern Children's Hour. On March 24 Elizabeth's play—concerning the amazing adventures of one "Dolly Dimple"—hits the Northern ether.

A Word to Crooners

Singing on National March 20, is that delightful English tenor, John Coates. Born at Bradford many years ago, his voice is as rich in colour and tone as ever. Coates—who has sung everything from grand opera to musical comedy—has a word to say which might interest the crooners:—"The fact that a singer can sing 'Tristan,' he points out, "will make him sing the slightest ballad all the better!"

Gracie's Coming Back!

Hooray for Gracie Fields, due back to England and the Regional mike on March 30! Chatting over a cup of tea before she sailed for South Africa, Gracie recalled the first "stage-thrill" of her life. "I won first prize—thirty shillings—in a juvenile singing competition at Rochdale," she told me, "and it seemed like a fortune! After all, I was only eight. Another big moment was when the manager of a touring revue offered me a contract at £3 a week. Just before this I'd been playing (after factory hours) in a little troupe for one shilling a week!"

In Voice and Spirit Only

Commander Stephen King-Hall, who talks to us on Tuesday at 11.30 on National on the rather wide subject of "East and West," will actually only be with us in voice and spirit. The Commander has been urgently summoned to India, and rather than cut this talk out of the series, it was decided to get him to make a record of it, which will be played over at scheduled time.

—IN THE NEWS

LORELY DYER, Stanford Robinson's charming wife, is the B.B.C.'s most invaluable standby. On two occasions she stepped into vocal parts when other artistes were taken ill—once when Anne Ziegler had laryngitis, and the second time in comic opera. She is the quickest worker on the B.B.C.'s lists. She has undertaken a leading part at twelve hours' notice!

MARJORIE STEDEFORD—"Air-do-Wells"—certainly did well for herself. One morning she was just a smart young lady—that night she was singing professionally on the air with a dance band. The reason? While trying out a microphone at a friend's studio, she was heard by an official of the Melbourne Broadcasting Station and snapped up as a good thing for radio.

HARRY HEMSLEY must nearly hold the title of "youngest offender." At the age of two he was "had up" for drawing pictures on people's doorsteps in Margate.

ANNETTE MILLS, responsible for the music for "Molasses Club," is not a "darkie." She started her career as a dancing champion. A visit to America and Harlem, New York's negro quarter, inspired her to write hot negro rhythm. Since when she has done numbers for no less a person than C. B. Cochran.

VIVIENNE CHATTERTON'S dog, George, was the first animal ever to broadcast. He is a talented creature, who can play the piano and sing! He was, however, actually introduced into the studio to discover whether animals who were listening would recognise a fellow-canine's voice!

Where They Live to Music

JACK PLANT, the vocalist with "that extra little something," is back from America. He went over for a brief holiday—they kept him working four months. They'd have kept him longer, but the climate started to play havoc with his throat. He had to either come home or risk losing his voice.

We lunched with him in Shaftesbury Avenue. We asked him—"What struck you as being the biggest difference between radio in the States and over here? This is what he said:—

"The first thing you notice about the States is it seems to be a land living to music.

"Radio is back of everything, because radio happens to be the premier advertising medium. Every big product buys time on the American networks. The backbone of nearly every programme is music. In this way, you find inevitably that practically all the things you use, the things you eat and drink, the things you wear, and so on, come to have a musical background.

"They have found, over there, that 'Say it with Music' is the best slogan. They live up to it, and not in a half-hearted way either.

"The public is more keen about music in America than they are over here. Even the small-timers, bands and vocalists who would be classed as almost unknowns in this country, count their weekly fan mail not in tens or scores, but in hundreds. It runs into thousands, of course, for the 'big shots.'

"Fan mail is what they judge you by over there. The people who employ you do everything in their power to boost you—in their own interests, of course.

Fan Letters Mean Everything.

"If they pay you so many hundreds of dollars to broadcast, they naturally want to know that they are getting their money's worth—that the public is listening to you and to their advertising programmes.

"The only way they have of judging this is by your fan mail. It is no exaggeration to say that in the States a star lives by his or her fan mail. In this country one regards it just as a compliment from listeners.

"In America, if you can say, 'I am receiving 500 fan letters a week,' you can take any radio job at a good fat figure.

"In Britain you would simply be congratulated. But the fact would not act as a recommendation.

"Without giving any names, I can tell you there are many stars in this country whose fan mail is out of all proportion to the money they earn and the frequency of their radio appearances.

"Another big difference between the two countries is the feeling of the public towards dance music.

"In this country there are still thousands of people who regard 'jazz' as simply a frightful noise, and crooning as something not to be mentioned in the presence of the children.

"Across the Pond, these are regarded as definite arts by everyone—arts with standards of their own.

"That is why you will generally find that appreciation is not only keener, but the standard of playing is also more advanced in America.

"The public definitely knows what it wants—and gets it without too much asking. If it doesn't, then it simply doesn't listen at all, and that's hard lines on the advertiser.

"Here is another big difference. When a person over here wants to make a particularly

Continued on col. 3, opposite page.



Behind the

appointment, but plenty of people make the attempt. Perhaps they have come up to London for the day, and, having an hour to spare, decide they might as well have a look at the B.B.C.

The commissionaire learns to know the type on sight. He sees a man peering nervously through the doorway, evidently doubtful about venturing inside; but his wife, who is standing behind him commandingly, has no such doubts.

"Go in and ask. 'Course we can go in if we want to. We've paid our license money, ain't we?" she insists, and prods him with the end of her umbrella.

Thus goaded, her husband advances

Stuart Chesmore gives a vivid and amusing account of how the B.B.C. really works.

timorously towards the awe-inspiring commissionaire, and turns scarlet to the tips of his ears with shyness.

"Me and the missus'd like to have a look round," he whispers.

The commissionaire directs him to the reception desk, where he explains to one of the suave clerks. He is told, politely yet firmly, that he must make an application by letter, and he has to be content with that.

Conducted parties are taken round Broadcasting House; but usually there is such a long list of applicants that they have to wait for weeks before their turn comes, and even then they are admitted only if they have some good reason for making the visit. Mere sightseers are refused.

The reception clerk deals with all visitors in the same genial manner. He

Behind the Microphone
again next week.

BROADCASTING HOUSE rises majestically a hundred and twelve feet above the pavement of Portland Place—eight floors above and three below street-level. No other building in London excites so much interest and speculation.

Its bronze doors are forever opening and shutting, for the stream of people passing in and out of the reception hall is unceasing. Many have official business there, but the curious visitor who ventures inside in the hope of looking round invariably fails to get past the stolid commissionaire on duty in the middle of the foyer.

The B.B.C.'s elaborate machinery for guarding against unwanted visitors has been defeated only once, and it was a schoolboy who achieved the seemingly impossible!

Somehow or other this lad found his way into the office of the Director of Variety, which is in St George's Hall, across the road from Broadcasting House.

"Scoop" for School Mag.

"I'm the editor of my school magazine and I should like to write an article about 'In Town To-Night'" he said—as if that explained everything!

Little did he realise that even the most important journalists in the country would not have been allowed to march in unannounced, as he had done. But it was his lucky day. The Variety Director perhaps sympathised with the lad's ambitions. Whatever the reason, he gave him a note to take to the producer of "In Town To-Night" and sent him across to Broadcasting House with it.

Once inside the studio, the boy produced an enormous notebook and scribbled away excitedly all through the show. Then he was left alone in the room for a little while, but when the producer came back his young visitor had gone!

It is useless to try to get inside Broadcasting House without an

Microphone



makes no distinction between the dear old lady up from the country, who wants to leave a packet of cough sweets for her favourite announcer, and the famous song-writer who has come along to try over some of his new tunes.

The receptionist is well groomed, unruffled, and has an air of being faultless. One could not imagine him getting up late and hastily swallowing his breakfast while his wife laces his shoes, or running all the way to the station to catch his train. He is typical of the impression of a smoothly-running, punctual, and dignified organisation which the B.B.C. creates so successfully.

But even Broadcasting House has occasional failures.

The lifts, for example, shooting up and down with such efficiency, look as if they could never get out of order like other lifts.

Mr Chesmore will show you broadcasting in all its wonder, with a delightful touch of humour in his writing.

But once, on a day never to be forgotten, eighteen high-spirited members of a boys' band crowded into one lift, and the whole cargo became stuck between two floors.

They had only about ten minutes to spare before their broadcast was to begin, and the staff engineers barely succeeded in freeing them in time.

But mishaps rarely occur, in spite of the bustle and the continual passing to and fro.

There is always something to see in the foyer of Broadcasting House. A musician struggles through the door with a big instrument case. He is followed by some workmen carrying scenery for television.

An artiste coming out after finishing his broadcast stops abruptly as he recalls he wants to see one of the administrative staff. It is part of the

Make a date with Chesmore.

etiquette of the B.B.C. that he should make a formal request for an interview, even though the person he wants to see is one of his best friends.

Why the Fireman Blushed.

He, therefore, crosses to the reception desk and explains his requirements. The receptionist calls up the official on the house telephone while the artiste takes a seat on the settee until a page boy comes along to conduct him to the office.

A staff fireman may sometimes be seen in the hall of Broadcasting House. He makes an imposing figure in his blue serge uniform, ornamented with much gold braid. They tell a story about him which may be true. It is this:

One day an elderly lady was seen to pass and repass outside the door. Her eyes never left the dignified fireman. At last, she appeared to take her courage in both hands, burst into the hall, and caught him by the sleeve excitedly. "I hope you will excuse me for speaking to you like this," she twittered, "but dear Mr O'Donnell, I just wanted to tell you how much I admire your military band!"

Hence Black Blotting-Paper.

There is a comfortably furnished waiting room leading off from the hall, but it is not for the use of ordinary visitors. It is reserved for special occasions, and only distinguished people are invited into it.

It is really more of a drawing room than a waiting room. One curious feature is that the writing-table is supplied with black blotting-paper.

The explanation given is that amongst the users of this room are foreign notabilities, statesmen from this country and abroad, business men, and other important people who, quite frequently, want to write a letter or memorandum while they are waiting. In order to safeguard them from having their secrets read after they have blotted their writing, the blotting-paper is the same colour as the ink.

Frank Newman—All Set for a Record!

NINE years on the air. Such is the splendid record of that popular broadcasting organist Frank Newman.

On February 7, 1927, Frank broadcast his first radio programme. He has been on the air regularly ever since with the exception of a brief period five years ago when he was in Germany.

In the early days, Frank Newman and another old friend, Reginald Foort, were the only two cinema organists to be heard regularly over the air.

This "veteran" broadcaster gave his first relays from the Lozells Picture House, Birmingham, from what was then the 5 I T station.

Originally hailing from London, Frank Newman gained organ experience in various local churches. After the war he was appointed organist at St Peter Mancroft Church in Norwich.

He held this position for four years, when he decided to try his hand at the larger cinema organ.

After playing for two years in Birmingham, Frank returned to London to play at the well-known Empire Theatre, Leicester Square.

Frank cut brief his sojourn in the Big City to accept an appointment by a German film company to play as organist at a cinema in Dusseldorf.

When he returned to this country he went back to his first love, the Lozells Picture House, where he renewed acquaintance with the broadcasting microphone.

Two years ago, a new super cinema—the Plaza—was opened at Rugby. Frank Newman left Birmingham to become organist and musical director at Rugby.

It was here that he created a precedent by broadcasting from the theatre a fortnight before it opened its doors to the public.

His relays to-day are as popular as they were nine years ago and looked forward to by cinema organ fans all over the country.

Frank Newman gave no fewer than 180 broadcasts from Lozells, whilst, in all, he has been heard on well over 300 occasions.

Just what figure Frank is aiming at, we confess we don't know. But if he continues as he has been doing, 1945 will see him well on the way to creating a record which will stand a great chance of being unbeatable!

He celebrated his ninth anniversary with a programme from the Plaza, Rugby, on February 10.

WHERE THEY LIVE TO MUSIC.— Continued from previous page.

damaging smack at a crooner, he often accuses him of being 'horribly American.' That is just plain funny.

"In America the first thing a radio entertainer works for is clarity of diction. A crooner or any other type of vocal artiste may speak in a typically American voice with a certain accent. But you can always hear every word he says or sings. There is no slurring.

"In fact, apart from speciality acts such as the famous Amos 'n Andy, perfect English is the only language you hear on the American air.

"You will see that this has to be so. Artistes have to be sure that the public hears them. They can't afford to just take a chance.

"Still, taking it by and large, America has no advantages (save that of money values, of course) which we could not have over here. Britain has just as high a standard of talent—the trouble is to find how best to use it."



THE WORLD'S STRANGEST PEOPLE

THERE are still many small races living in the more inaccessible parts of the world who refuse to come into civilisation.

These people have their own peculiar standards and customs, which they have developed in some weird way through countless generations, and which have now become second nature.

As a source of interest to ethnologists, they are of great educational value in tracing the evolution of man. To us, though their habits may appear somewhat eerie, their lives and customs are arresting enough to make us wonder that such things can be.

I have come across many different people in the course of my travels, but for pure "un-understandability," to coin a word, give me the folk who live in Dutch Borneo, just beyond the British border.

They are an off-shoot of the original cannibal head-hunters, of whom you have doubtless heard. From what I have seen of them, I suspect their habits are not so changed as contact with Europeans would lead one to expect.

Of course, nowadays, cannibalism and other repugnant practices are ruthlessly suppressed, but the forests of Borneo are deep and deadly. European settlement is practically impossible.

I have, however, had occasion to make more than one trip across the island, and have studied these Kayans, Punans, Kalamantans, and the Land Dayaks at first hand.

They live in the wild fastnesses in the unnamed and unexplored region at the source of the River Baram, which divides Sarawak from Dutch Borneo.

IN this region the Land Dayaks are paramount. In my opinion, THEY are the strangest people in the world.

They are naturally fierce by temperament. This is not extraordinary, as their existence depends on the success of their struggle against all the terrifying and inimical forces that range these dense jungles.

It is possible, however, for a European to make friends—if he survives the first few days of close contact.

I found this interesting—if repellent—at times.

They live a life of pure totemism and spirit worship. Everything around them is believed to be possessed by a spirit—generally evil. All their actions are improvised to placate these mysterious forces.

After centuries, they have evolved a ritual which is supposed to fill the bill and to answer the purposes demanded by each and all of the spirits.

The ritual consists in making a pig—an ordinary pig—into the go-between.

A pig, tied to a pole, is brought into the main room of the house, the room of skulls—so called because skulls of enemies killed in battle form the chief decoration of every residence—and laid before a pile of totemistic emblems.

After an elaborate ceremony of incense-burning and other mumbo-jumbo, the pig is scorched by a lighted brand and asked to take a message to the spirits, who are also requested to write their answer on the liver of the pig.

A spear is then thrust into the neck of the pig. As soon as the animal is dead the flank is ripped open and the liver extracted.

Old men and the seers crowd round, trying

**DONALD HOWARD,
world traveller and
amazing fellow, comes
again with another of
his adventurous articles**

to read the spirits' answer on the various lobes of the organ.

They are decided by the various formations of the fat and tendons. On this reading depends the life and death of many people!

I MENTIONED skulls.

This form of head-hunting is not as common as it used to be, owing to European action, but even now it is not a forgotten art.

Ownership of a skull—personally acquired—raises any young man in the esteem of his fellows, and more especially among the maidens of the tribe.

The prettiest girls go to the man with the most skulls. With the advent of the other trading principles in the Orient, there is now

a flourishing business in skulls, cleverly made of a kind of plaster of paris.

Perhaps in the course of time these will supplant the original article, as the natives themselves don't appear to know the difference.

Some of their other customs are stranger still to European eyes—their idea of a perfect figure, for instance.

A rigid band is fixed about the waist of a young boy or girl—they go about naked, of course, in these hot jungles—and there it stays. The result is a distortion of the human frame which has to be seen to be believed.

The more it is distorted the more it is prized. Strangely enough, it doesn't seem to affect the health or strength in any way.

THEN there is their food. While they know how to make fire—and have a good knowledge of poisons for their blow-pipes—they seldom cook anything except powdered grain.

All meat is eaten raw—and the more it is "off" the better it is appreciated.

Another thing that struck me was their affinity with animals—even beasts of prey.

Seldom are they attacked by the denizens of the wild in an unguarded moment. They seem to know of the nearness of the beasts long before the beasts themselves.

There are many other strange things about these Land Dayaks—the way they bring up their children, the matriarchal rule in the villages, their inverted conception of straightforward things, and their other customs.

Gradually, as civilisation spreads, I expect they will be brought into line with the rest of the world. As they now are, they can certainly be ranked among the world's strangest people.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE BROADCAST

BERTIE, the headless spook, peered out of the summer-house at the haunted manor. He shivered and pulled his shroud more tightly round him.

"The l-l-least Mr Grisewood could have d-d-d-done," he muttered peevishly, "was to have asked m-m-m-me about it f-f-first."

The phantom hound at his feet stirred restlessly. "G-g-g-good d-doggie!" said the headless spook, throwing down a ghostly dog biscuit. "N-not l-long now. It's n-n-nearly m-m-mid-night, and the stupid b-b-broadcast will s-s-s-soon be over."

The headless spook's teeth chattered involun-

tarily as the cold wind swept through his shroud. "To t-t-think," he whispered in blood-curdling tones, "that I'm out h-h-here in the c-c-c-cold for the f-f-first time in three h-hundred years!"

He emitted a faint but hollow groan.

"How can a h-headless s-s-s-spook and a phantom h-hound with b-blazing eyes frighten p-people on the w-w-wireless?" he asked himself for the second time that night. "Especially when h-h-e s-s-s-stutters."

Bertie rattled his chains in a wave of self-pity.

"No," he murmured, "I w-won't b-b-broadcast until Mr Grisewood b-brings along a t-t-television set. A ch-chappie's g-g-got to consider his public!"

IS IT REALLY FOLLY TO BE WISE?

I HAVE a friend who is apt to produce trite sayings upon the slightest provocation. If I have lumbago, he will inevitably slap me on the back and remark, "Cheer up, old boy—worse things happen at sea."

When the world is really using you badly, when everything goes wrong from the collar stud that loses itself to the final income-tax demand, this cheerful idiot will say, "Well, there you are—it never rains but it pours, you know."

I heard him the other day trying to console an unlucky motorist who had run into a stationary lorry in a fog and smashed his new car to bits.

"I just couldn't see it," said the motorist. "I didn't know it was there."

"Ah," said my friend, "'where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise.'"

A supremely stupid remark in the circumstances. Yet worth pondering as a general proposition. I am not sure, mind you, that it is altogether sound. Obviously if we have eaten a piece of horseflesh imagining it to be beef, it is better to remain ignorant. The deed is done, and if we do not discover our error, we shall probably be none the worse.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN, in his latest film, gives us another instance of the same thing. If you have seen "Modern Times," you will remember the scene where Charlie is showing off before his girl friend and roller-skating blindfold in the toy department of the big store.

He has not noticed that the floor ends in a sheer drop to the department below, and that if he goes over the edge he will fall some fifty feet into the cutlery. He skates superbly, going within inches of the edge, perfectly confident, until his girl friend realises what is happening and shouts a warning to him.

He tears the bandage from his eyes, realises his danger, immediately loses control, and cannot keep away from the edge.

Here is a case where ignorance is bliss indeed, though we might suggest that a little preliminary wisdom would have saved him from so nerve-wracking an experience. We may argue that, up to a point, it is better not to be aware of the perils which surround us.

Many a man must have carried through some brilliantly successful experiment or business venture which



he would never have attempted had he realised the risks he was running.

In games, certainly, it is wise to ignore difficulties which otherwise might be completely unnerving. If Frank Woolley considered the chances he takes when he slashes at good-length bowling, we should lose the most attractive of batsmen very soon.

Confidence in games and life generally is vitally important. Most of us are helped to be confident by our ignorance of possible causes of failure.

THERE is, however, another side to the question, and a higher type of confidence. The man who believes that ignorance is bliss is too often like the ostrich sticking his head in the sand when danger threatens.

We shut our eyes to problems of

by

HOWARD MARSHALL

every kind, hoping vaguely that we shall muddle through.

What the world needs most to-day, in my opinion, is the courage which faces facts. If we are in a desperate mess, we shall not escape by ignoring it, though for the time being it is perhaps more blissful to close our eyes and ears and go about our little affairs as though there were nothing wrong at all.

It is a common human failing, this inability to face facts. We may suspect that there is something wrong with our teeth. Until toothache tortures us we are not certain. We postpone the inevitable visit to the dentist.

This kind of deliberate ignorance is folly. To be wise is the only way of finding true peace of mind. We put off the evil hour, we refuse to admit our mistakes, or our weaknesses. But the day of reckoning is bound to come.

What is the wisdom of which my friend's saying tells us? To my mind, it is a courageous acceptance of the world as it is, not as we should like it to be. Certain hard facts exist which no amount of sentimentality or wilful blindness will exorcise.

POVERTY, unemployment, slums, war—these and their like poison our civilisation. There are people who deliberately refuse to think about them, hoping that, like the sundial, they may count only the sunny hours.

I detest this smug and self-satisfied outlook on life, particularly when I find it is fortunate, prosperous folk who can, for the time being, be blissfully ignorant of reality.

It is our job to face the facts. I know what our own attitude to life must be if we are to help at all in the building of a better world.

Most of us dread the threat of another war. One way of allowing war to break out is by refusing to think about it, for only by thinking can we form an opinion, and only by public opinion are such calamities as war ultimately averted.

We have our responsibilities as citizens, and they do not end when our income tax or wireless licence is paid. If there are slums, as indeed there are, we must not ignore their existence because we are fortunate enough not to have to live in them ourselves.

The truth is that nowadays we cannot afford any blissful ignorance. The problems which surround us are too pressing for any ostrich business. If we stick our heads in the sands, something will hit us with painful sharpness elsewhere.

It is not folly, but plain common-sense to be as wise as possible. Never before was it so necessary to keep our eyes open and our wits alert. We shall come through safely, I firmly believe, but only because we do not fear the truth.

Bud Forder was in a dither when asked to write this article.



down Sauchiehall Street, but had to run back to the theatre, for a crowd collected.

And I don't mind admitting—still academically, but slipping fast—that I would, if I could, as soon share a moonbeam with the lady as the whole

RADIO'S FIVE BEST LOOKERS By BUD FORDER

Aurora Borealis

with Greta Garbo!

Another radio belle for whom I would willingly suffer insomnia and go places any time of the day or night is Phyllis Robins.

I once thought I'd said all there was to say about this celestial sweetheart of song, but now I know I was wrong. Shakespeare might have said it—but "yours truly" can't bring home the bacon when it comes to portraying this Phyllis in cold black type.

Orchids for you, dear lady.

And orchids for you, Hildegarde, for you too must come into this private gallery of pulse-skipping perfection. You, with your shy-seventeen graces, combined with the cosmopolitan



Left to Right—Marjery Wyn, Judy Shirley, Evelyn Dall, Phyllis Robins, and Hildegarde.

THIS puts me on the spot? All right!

Every night, as I curl up on my bachelor couch, photographs of scores of radio beauties that I've met smile down at me from the walls—each an excuse for insomnia.

Now I'm asked to pick out the five best-lookers amongst them. . . when every one has that little extra "oomph," that certain something different, else they would not be the stars they are.

Still, if it's the best-lookers you want, here's where I cross my fingers and cast a purely

academic eye over those whom Nature has moulded to fit my own personal views on Perfect Beauty.

I'm tossing orchids to Evelyn Dall to start with—she who sang herself into your lives with Ambrose's outfit, only last year.

Nature was certainly working overtime when it patterned this piece of loveliness and presented it to the world some nineteen years ago.

When you catch sight of her suddenly, with the light shining on her golden hair, you're apt to gasp a little and ask yourself, "Whence cometh this blonde angel with the particularly saucy halo?"

The answer's New York, where she was on the air and revving-up listeners' heart-beats three years back. Broadway theatre-goers also fell for her with a bomp.

In Glasgow, when she was touring with Ambrose, she went shop-gazing

**Does the B.B.C. make the best of things?
George Black, London Palladium chief,
answers that next week.**

savoir-faire of a princess of song adored over two continents. Or is it three?

Hildegarde gets my bet for the Beauty Stakes—happy, smiling Hildegarde, with the sort of face that looks as though it knows how to blush even in these modern days—a face that needs no art from the beauty parlour.

Graceful as a young willow tree, she is able, I believe, to speak in five languages. If I could speak in a dozen languages and she were to beckon, I wouldn't be able to say "no" in any one of them!

That makes three blondes, you notice, and one still to go. So if your taste runs to brunettes, you may be telling me to go buy some spectacles. But that's how it is, folks.

There's Marjery Wyn, and if I were to look at the gold of her hair even through sun-glasses I'd still fall with a wallop for the beauty of her.

Marjery's got charms—everything it takes to ring the bell! She's got the perfect figure; she's got a super-charged gaiety, so that when you meet her she's usually humming happily to herself; and, oh fellows, that winsome Wyn smile!

Last time we met she had a dog named Peter, who adored her. She could chain me up in that kennel and I wouldn't growl.

Now, hold tight, everybody, here comes your brunette. Five feet two, but every inch adorable. The name's Judy Shirley, first aired in Winnick's outfit, now recently joined the Louis Levy Symphony.

When I look at Judy I think of the dainty charm of the china shepherdess—petite, size two's in shoes, exquisitely made, exquisite colouring. She'll get your vote all right. She got Lincolnshire's vote when that county picked her as Beauty Queen in her concert-party days.

Blue eyes, black curls—the late Sir William Orpen, famous artist, asked if he could paint her as an Irish colleen. "I got £25 for that," says Judy. "It came when I was frightfully broke. Then I was able to buy myself a new wardrobe!"

But at what invisible horizon are you gazing, Judy, in those still, silent moments?

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

MELINDA ran to meet him. Long before he reached the garden gate she had linked her arm in his. "Daddy," she said breathlessly. "there's ever such an important gentleman to see you—you are late. Wherever have you been?"

"Mum says he may be a publisher who is going to ask you to write a book about windows—and you are wearing that shabby suit! He came once before—and he's waiting now."

"Who is he?" Mr Tutt asked. "I don't know—he's ever so handsome, and so well-dressed, and very polite. He asked me how I was, and seemed as if he really did want to know."

"H'm." "And he said he would wait. Mum's talking to him in the drawing-room. He called about two this afternoon. We said you'd be home by six at the latest—and we've put a fire in the drawing-room so that you can have a quiet talk."

"You'd better sneak in at the back door, and then you can wash in the kitchen before meeting him—he'll hear you come in at the front."

LINDA'S plan was doomed. Mrs Tutt had spied them, and was at the front door. "Here you are, Joseph," she said in her sweetest tones, evidently intended for the stranger to hear. "We were beginning to wonder wherever you had got to."

Then, in a whisper, and with a meaning glance at the drawing-room door, "Why couldn't you get back earlier, Joseph? There's been a gentleman waiting for ages—and I've had to do all the talking. For goodness' sake brush your hair back, and look as respectable as you can."

"O K, chief." Mr Tutt unconsciously lapsed into Horace's favourite expression. "Who is he?"

"A Mr Smith, and he seems most anxious to help you."

Mr Tutt frowned. "Now, look your best!" With this word of warning, she opened the door, entering and smiling at the same time. "Here is my husband at last!" she said.

"Come, come," said the gentleman in the finely-tailored black suit, set off with spats and buttonhole. "Good evening, Mr Tutt. I hope I see you well."

He extended a white hand, and gripped Mr Tutt's as if they had been brothers meeting after fifty years.

"I'm glad to meet you, Mr Tutt. I've heard a lot about you."

"Nice, and dry," Mr Tutt remarked,



sitting on the edge of an occasional chair, and feeling very much as if he were not at home.

"Yes. I called round to see you this afternoon, Mr Tutt—but I ought to have had more sense, you know." He smiled disarmingly. "I might have known you would be carrying on some of the world's commerce! Still," another smile, "I had the privilege of meeting a charming lady and a delightful daughter. You are a lucky man, Mr Tutt."

"Yes, I know." "Of course, you know—a sensible man always knows when he is well off."

MR TUTT was about to say that he wasn't well off financially when Mrs Tutt retired gracefully.

"Mr Tutt," said Mr Smith, leaning back in the chair and blowing a cloud

that you have had a hard struggle sometimes."

"Yes, of course." Mr Tutt was beginning to think that Esmerelda had said a good deal in a little time. He was also wondering when he was going to be invited to lecture on old glass or write a book on windows. Five guineas for a lecture, or the profits on a book would be acceptable.

"And," the important gentleman was saying, "if we are to do our best work, Mr Tutt, we need to be easy in our minds. Is not that true?"

Mr Tutt thought it might be. "And how can we be easy in our minds? Is not the way to be found in making sure that when our active days are done we shall have enough to live on—that should we die suddenly those we leave will be provided for?"

Mr Tutt sat back more comfortably in his chair. He took off his spectacles and began polishing them, blinking at Mr Smith. "I am already insured," he said.

"Of course you are, of course! Every wise man is insured, but I want to bring a new insurance scheme to your notice, Mr Tutt—a policy with unique advantages, one which might have been designed exclusively for you. Now here you are with your wife and—"

AN hour later a very hungry Mr Tutt was ushering a Mr Smith to the door. Mrs Tutt appeared in her best dress, intending to insist on his staying to tea—she would have liked to have called it dinner. But the gentleman was unable to accept her hospitality, though he promised to call again—he had an idea that Mr Tutt was about to do the best bit of business of his life.

"Yes," murmured Mr Tutt, "it's merely seventy pounds a year. I'll think it over, Mr Smith. I'll think it over."

"Was he a publisher after all?" Melinda asked.

Mr Tutt unfolded his serviette, and looked at her over his spectacles. "Not exactly," he said. "Don't trouble to make any more toast, Esme—and always be polite to insurance agents, dear. Some of them are the benefactors of mankind. Possibly Mr Smith is one of them, but," and here he smiled, "I shouldn't put a fire in the drawing-room for them, Esme, and there's really no need to change."

"You haven't done anything rash, Joseph?"

"I've carried on a good many years," Mr Tutt replied, smiling serenely. "Rest assured, my dear."

Mr Tutt Carries On

of smoke to the ceiling, "you have much to be thankful for. Your wife is one in a thousand. Shall I tell you, sir, what is her greatest ambition?"

"Do you know?" "Know? My dear Mr Tutt, of course I know. Hasn't she been talking all the time about you, about the way in which you have tried to build up this business? She has told me

An Organist Booked for Fame

Gerald Shaw—Kilted King of the Console

A LITTLE boy of four years walked confidently up to the platform and sat down at the piano. His arms weren't long enough to stretch the extent of the keyboard. Yet he contrived to play solos on the instrument that "brought down the house." That was twenty years ago. The boy was Gerald Shaw, organist of the Regal Cinema, Glasgow. He is 24 years of age now, and as popular in the Regal as Garbo, Colbert, Gable, or Beery.

His fame may spread like wildfire soon. *I can tell you that Gerald Shaw's name is being seriously considered by the B.B.C. for the important post of resident organist at St George's Hall, when the expensive new organ is installed.*

I understand he is leaving the Regal, Glasgow, for a post at Brixton Astoria. So highly is his ability measured by his new employers that he will be in receipt of the highest wage in the Astoria circuit.

Shaw is a young man with bright ideas.

His interludes are a big feature of the programmes. The idea of simply rattling off a few popular melodies doesn't appeal to him at all. His show is nearly a variety turn. Cinema-goers sit back with anticipation when the "Gerald Shaw presents—" flashes on the screen. All his shows are original.

One of his biggest successes was "A Day in the Life of the B.B.C.," in which, by the aid of organ, piano, and announcing microphone, he gave a remarkable impression of a B.B.C. programme from the morning gramophone recital until the dance music close-down at night. In other "themes" his versatility and complete mastery of the organ are fully exploited.

Gerald Shaw plays in the kilt. *But he isn't a Scot!* He was born in Harrogate. His mother, herself very musical is Scottish. His father is the well-known novelist, Frank H. Shaw. His first broadcast took place in February, 1934.

He was music-master at St Leonard's, Hastings, when only 17. The following year he won a Royal Academy scholarship.

He has been playing a cinema organ for only three years. One year at Regal, Hastings, and two years in Regal, Glasgow. I wonder if he will be more than a few months at his new post in Brixton.

The story you have been waiting for! Ivor Moreton members of his band. They know Harry The first of this

BEHIND THE SCENES

WITH
Harry Roy



BEGIN THIS GREAT SERIES OF ARTICLES NOW!

THE West End of London is a funny place. Even to those who have never been near it, the very name conjures up exciting pictures.

The whole world knows it as the whirling centre of social life and gaiety . . . the place where anything can happen—and usually does.

That is very nearly true, too.

We two boys have had plenty of proof of that. We have been working

Ivor Moreton and Dave Kaye have left Harry Roy's band to go into Variety with their own act.

there, helping to provide its much-talked-of night life for less than ten years, but those years have been a veritable lifetime of excitement.

If you want thrills and Life with a capital letter, don't go to sea or take up exploring in Darkest Africa. Try playing a piano for your living in the Brightest West End!

To show you what we mean, we two boys were once working for a short time together in a night-club. It was a very respectable place—that was its trouble.

Unknown to us, the club proprietor had incurred the wrath of a gang of toughs whom he had refused to admit to the club. They determined to get their own back.

Ivor and I—this is Dave talking!—were strumming away quite happily at

the piano one evening, the tiny floor occupied by perhaps a dozen couples—all good-class people, on their way home from theatres and so on, who had called in to wind up the night with us.

Everything was going smoothly, when suddenly from a side-door came half a dozen toughs, who had somehow got past the doorkeeper.

Without waiting to say "Good evening," they proceeded to smash everything within reach. Bottles were hurled at the walls, tables overturned, chairs hammered on the floor until they were smashed.

Patrons panicked. Men in immaculate evening dress, women in lovely gowns, made for the doors. They were allowed to pass out unmolested. The toughs had no business with them.

I was a long way from the nearest door. So I ducked behind the piano.

Ivor was among the missing. I couldn't see him anywhere, until—a bottle came flying through the air, missing my ear by an inch—a strong hand gripped the collar of my coat and I felt myself being hauled to my feet.

"Leggo," I yelled, and tried to swing a blow round at my assailant.

Out Through the Window

"Come on, you mug," said a pained voice behind me, "there's a window here."

I turned around and saw it was Ivor doing the caveman stuff, trying to pull me to safety through the window he'd discovered and already used as a means of escape himself.

We both got out with nothing worse than a pair of rumpled collars.

and Dave Kaye have been years with Harry Roy as and the boys like the backs of their hands. series starts below.

IVOR MORETON
and
DAVE KAYE
write on their
5 YEARS
A HOTCHA.



A really hectic evening! Yet, apart from the few people present, nobody ever heard anything about the little affair. Out in Piccadilly, not many yards away, gaily-dressed crowds were pressing on homeward, quite unconscious of the fact that a young pianist had just escaped being crowned with a champagne bottle.

That is the West End . . . strange things happen, but you have to be on the spot to see them.

How different were those days to the years with Harry Roy at the Mayfair. Those were lively days, too, but in a different way.

Playing at a hotel such as the Mayfair, where one has to cater for all that is brightest, most sparkling in the social whirl, is hard work!

Apart from early rehearsals, recording, and so on, which keeps the boys occupied during the early part of most days, playing dance music isn't easy work.

Although we always look "foot-loose and fancy-free," full of rhythm, and so on, our minds had always to be right on the job.

Reasons for Dancing

Occasionally I may pass a comment to one of my pals—perhaps on some happening of the day, or to draw his attention to somebody in the room, but generally there is no time for conversation. You can't talk and play at the same time.

Harry Roy himself seemed to manage to do the two things—it was great inspiration to see just how full of beans he always was,

He is a comrade-in-arms to all the regular patrons, and no wonder, for he can conduct a running conversation with the dancers without once losing the music beat. Rhythm is automatic with him. He never seems to get tired.

Occasionally he slips a few words to the boys, cracking an occasional joke

The strange things of life as they are seen from the dance band stand.

between numbers, or issuing last-minute advice on the playing of the next turn.

What of the people on the floor? Well, maybe some of them are working as hard as we are.

A gay throng always, on the surface, but we boys who have been looking on for so many years, night after night, know that you can't always judge a woman by her smile, or a man by his shirt-front.

On the whole, they dance because they like it, but many are simply obeying convention, which tells them an evening at home is "too old-fashioned for words." And many dance because it is an opportunity to get away from other things for a while.

Yes, sir, the West End is a funny place—and the dance-band stand is one of the best schools to learn its funny little ways.

"Sure, I'm A Crooner!"

By Donald Burr

Donald Burr, heard singing with Syd Lipton's band from the Grosvenor House, is appearing in the cabaret at that hotel.

Donald is well known in New York as a musical comedy star. He has played in Earl Carroll's "Vanities"; with Natalie Hall in "Marching By"; and opposite Beatrice Lillie in "Walk a Little Faster."

PICTURE six feet of healthy manhood, a magnetic personality, and a pair of eyes that look you squarely in the face—you've got it? Then you've also got a pretty good idea of what Donald Burr's like.

Don is essentially a man's man. He has that happy knack of holding a person's attention.

"Sure, I'm a crooner," said Donald. "As a matter of fact, I have one of those peculiar voices that comes over the microphone better than it really is.

"No kiddin'. I've made several records in the States, and each time I hear the playback I am more amazed.

"Say what you like, there's something in this crooning business.

"On the stage much can be conveyed by a gesture; over the air it has to be done by word of mouth.

"I've done quite a lot of broadcasting in the States, but, honestly, radio work doesn't appeal much. Frequently an artiste is contracted for one half hour per week—the other 167½ hours you just rest!

"Swell? I'll say!"

"Swell, you say. Sure it's swell, but after an incredibly short time I began to get bored, stiff. You know, it's possible to take things too easily.

"Your British broadcasting is a vastly different proposition. Unless you have private means you've got to do something, else.

"People such as Jack Benny, Frank Parker (the highest paid tenor in commercial broadcasting), Fred Allen, Jane Froman, and others too numerous to mention, can earn as much as £200 for a half an hour broadcast.

"Just imagine doing three of these a week!"
"I, myself, can earn more in one half an hour broadcast than I'd earn during a week in a theatre.

"Eddie Cantor is paid six thousand dollars for one hour a week. Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians get five times that amount from Henry Ford for an hour.

"Naturally, enough, Fred can afford to have the best musicians in his band. The whole secret of Fred's success is rehearsals. He rehearses his band practically the whole of the week for that one hour's broadcast.

"Rudy Vallee is another of the highly paid broadcasters. He presents the type of programme you would style 'Guest Nights.'

"Mostly, though, the programmes are pretty stereotyped. They generally consist of a comedian, a good singer, and a band.

"My longest taste of radio work was when I played in the 'Voice of America' programme which ran for 26 weeks. But radio takes second seat to the theatre.

"The footlights; the atmosphere; a different audience every day; and the human little unexpected things that happen which are part of the show.

"Somehow, American radio with all it brings in wealth does not compensate for the thrill and glamour of the bright lights."

The Strange Case of Betty

How the Story Begins

MILDRED DICKSON is aware that her daughter, LENA, knows that she has killed her invalid husband to gain control of Dickson & Grant's. She does not yet know, however, that Lena has evidence of the crime—a glass containing traces of a powerful medicine.

When the will is read, however, it is discovered that the business belongs to her late husband's older brother ANDREW, last heard of in Sydney, Australia.

Mildred Dickson, permitted to remain manager of the store, gets in touch with HENRY WELLWOOD. He agrees to search in Sydney for Andrew.

"Report that he is alive," Mildred Dick-

son said, "and you will get five hundred pounds. But if he is dead you will receive five thousand pounds."

Wellwood returns with forged papers that show that Andrew is dead. He withholds the knowledge that Andrew is alive and has a daughter. He receives the larger sum from Mrs Dickson.

The daughter is BETTY CAMPBELL, a pretty girl in the store, who is loved by DAVID GRANT, junior partner of the firm. Mildred Dickson would like to see her daughter marry Grant. Lena, however, is fond of STEPHEN BRADE.

Mildred Dickson is aghast when Wellwood tells her that Andrew had a daughter.

know the truth, however unpalatable it may be."

Wellwood seemed to hesitate a moment, and his voice lowered. "I had thought that possibly you might feel inclined to make a new agreement, similar to our last."

"What do you mean?" asked Mrs Dickson, startled.

"If you cared to send me on this errand with an offer, say, of five hundred pounds for proof that the girl is alive, and—shall we say—five thousand pounds for proof of her death, I should be very happy to help you—to help you in any way that lay in my power."

Mrs Dickson stared at him.

"I—I don't understand you."

"It is simple. It would surely be worth five thousand pounds to you to know that this girl was—dead."

"Well, I——" Mrs Dickson glanced from the man's inscrutable face to Lena and back again. "I, hardly know what to say. I'll have to think it over."

"Exactly, madam. Suppose I call again in two days' time?"

"Yes. I'll consider the matter and let you know definitely then."

Mrs Dickson was silent when Henry Wellwood had gone. Lena, too, had nothing to say for a while. She wandered restlessly about the room, touching a photograph here, an ornament there, occasionally pausing to glance at her mother with something like fear in her eyes.

"You know what he means, mother?" she whispered at last.

"Yes."

"If you pay him five thousand pounds, he'll find that girl and do away——"

"S-sh!" muttered Mrs Dickson uneasily. "Do be careful what you say, Lena. Come and sit down over here, You're very near the door."

They sat down together on a settee.

"If Mr Lawton hears of this," continued Mrs Dickson intently gazing, "we shall be back where we started."

"You mean you'll be working for him?" "For the estate. For this brat of Andrew's."

"And if she's found?"

"That will end everything. She'll be the owner of Dickson & Grant's. I'll have to take orders from her. She can turn me out at a moment's notice, if she wishes."

"You—you couldn't do that, mother."

"Of course I couldn't. But that's what it means. Unless——"

"Unless what?"

"Unless we accept that man's offer."

"But it's—it's murder!" Lena's voice was very low.

"That doesn't follow. It wasn't murder in the case of your Uncle Andrew."

"That was different. He was an old man, living alone, with no one to care for him. The chances were that he would be dead before we sent Wellwood out to Australia. But this girl will be young, won't she? About my age? Perhaps she'll have someone in love with her. That does make it different, doesn't it?"

"You're sentimental, Lena," said Mrs Dickson uneasily. "We don't know the girl, we've never even seen her. Why should we worry about what happens to her? Of course, if you'd like to live the rest of your life in poverty, and help me to run a boarding-house somewhere——"

"Good Lord!" Lena shivered. "Would it be as bad as all that?"

"Indeed, no. It is yours, Mrs Dickson, I make no claim to it. Honestly, I am most terribly sorry about this. But I'm afraid you will have to take it as true."

Sudden rage seized Mrs Dickson. Somehow, she knew that he was not lying, that she would have to face up to the fact. She felt that she had been cheated, betrayed.

"You knew this all the time?" she asked; her eyes blazing.

"Naturally, madam."

"And knowing it, you took my money?"

A faint smile flitted across Wellwood's dark face.

"I fail to see what difference this makes to our bargain. Our agreement stated explicitly that I should receive five thousand pounds if I brought back proof of Andrew Dickson's death. This, I did. The question of whether he left a child behind him or not surely does not alter that fact."

"You know perfectly well that I should never have paid over the money if I'd any suspicion——"

"Precisely, madam," agreed Mr Wellwood smoothly. "That, of course, is why I did not show you this letter before. Frankly, I don't see how you can blame me for that. After all, business is business."

"And now, I suppose, you think you're going to blackmail me?"

"Oh, dear me, no! That is a thought that has never entered my head. Believe me, madam, I have your interests at heart. I hope you won't think, because I found it necessary to keep back my knowledge of this letter, that my aims are in any way opposed to yours."

"You have paid me well for what I have done. I should like nothing better than to undertake more work for you."

"I have no more work to be done," snapped Mrs Dickson.

"I wonder. It's perhaps rather impertinent for me to suggest it, but I wonder if you have really considered the situation? I thought you would be anxious to trace this daughter. My idea to-day was merely to offer you my services in this connection."

"Why should I try to trace her? So far as I'm concerned, the longer she remains lost, the better."

"That, I think, is rather a short sighted view, madam. As things are, you will be living in uncertainty. It is surely better to

LENA DICKSON jumped to her feet and ran to her mother, peering over her shoulder at the letter which was obviously causing her so much consternation. Lena, too, stared incredulously as she saw the ruin of their hopes.

"It's not true, mother!" she whispered. "It can't be! He's playing a game. Don't trust him."

With an effort, Mrs Dickson pulled herself together. Perhaps Lena was right.

"I don't believe this," she said.

"Don't you, madam?" Henry Wellwood shrugged his shoulders. "I was afraid you might consider it bad news."

"How do I know that you haven't—forged it?"

"Really, madam! What possible reason could I have for doing such a thing?"

"Perhaps you hoped that I would be prepared to buy this letter from you."



BETTY
CAMPBELL

Campbell

"Of course it would. Does it appeal to you?"

"It doesn't. But this idea of sending Wellwood—I'm frightened, mother. It seems so dangerous; we're getting mixed up in terrible things. I can't help feeling that we were lucky the first time. If he'd killed Uncle Andrew—"

"Child! Do be careful what you're saying. How could it affect us if he had? We knew nothing about his intentions then. We know nothing about them now. Not a word has been said about killing anyone."

"I know. But—"
 "For all we know, the situation may be just the same. The girl may be dead already. If so, we certainly want to know about it."



"But it's—it's murder!" whispered Lena.

"That's true," agreed Lena doubtfully. "But I feel scared—"

"It was something of a shock to me, too," admitted Mrs Dickson, "to hear him making that suggestion so calmly. All the same, we've got to make up our minds, haven't we?"

"Evidently attempts have been made to trace this girl without success, and he seems to be pretty good at that kind of job. Frankly, I don't feel like sitting still and doing nothing."

"But, mother, murder—"
 "I wish you wouldn't use that word," Mrs Dickson was growing impatient. "We're in a situation where we can't afford to be too particular. If we don't accept that man's offer, it seems to me that we might as well give up all hope."

"You really think so?"

"I do. In any case, we've got to agree on what to do. The matter affects us both equally. If we employ Wellwood, and things turn out badly for us, you'll have to help me to pay him the five hundred pounds. So what do you think?"

"I don't like the idea," said Lena. "But if you're sure that there's nothing else—"

"I'm quite sure. Do you think I didn't spend many a sleepless night trying to find some way out of the fix we were in before?"

"Yes, I suppose you're right. After all, as you say, we don't know the girl. Why should we worry what becomes of her?"

Lena rose from the settee and lit a cigarette, her face hard and determined. "All right, we'll do it, mother. And in the meantime—"

"We'll not say a word to anyone, of course. I don't think Wellwood has any intentions of mentioning this letter to any one else, or he wouldn't have left it with me. We'll go on just as though nothing had happened. When he comes for his answer, I'll tell him that we have agreed to his terms."

The New Dress

BETTY CAMPBELL had hardly accepted Lena Dickson's invitation before she started to regret it. There were few reasons why she should go to The Larches, and many why she should not. She knew none of the people she would meet there, for instance.

She hadn't a dress fit to wear. She felt that she might be awkward amongst the Dicksons' classy friends. In addition, she was not at all sure that she liked Lena.

Still, she had promised to go, and she would keep her word. It would be necessary for her, to see about a new dress at once. She mentioned this urgent business to the Campbells as soon as she got home that evening.

John Campbell glanced at his wife as he listened to the news.

"Getting fine friends all of a sudden, aren't you, lass?" he inquired dryly. "I didn't know the Dicksons were interested in you."

"Neither did I," admitted Betty. "I can't think why Lena has invited me."

"What did she say?"

"Nothing. Just asked me if I'd go."

"Was her mother there at the time?"

"No."

"It's funny, isn't it?" asked Mrs Campbell. "Have you no idea why she's suddenly taken a fancy to you?"

"Not the slightest," said Betty. "As a matter of fact, I'm not at all keen on going."

"Oh, but you must go."
 "I don't think I shall feel comfortable there."

"Never you mind that, lass," said John earnestly. "You go. It may be that—"

"Well?"
 "Well, you never know. Perhaps they've been watching you at the store and have decided to promote you."

"I hardly think that's likely," smiled Betty. "I haven't been there long enough. Still, if you think I can have a new dress—"

"Of course you can have a new dress.

You and your mother had better go out and see about it straight away."

As soon as Betty had gone upstairs, Mr Campbell turned eagerly to his wife.

"Do you think there's anything in this, Martha?" he asked.

"Nay, how should I know? Looks like it to me."

"It seems so queer, doesn't it, that after all these years they should want to make friends with her."

"Aye," Martha nodded wisely. "It's just what they would do if they'd suddenly found out that a share in the business was hers by rights."

"Nay, lass. I think that's going a bit too far, isn't it?"

"Maybe it is, and maybe it isn't. We'll see what they have to say to her when she goes."

"That's the idea," agreed John. "It's no use building castles. Maybe we're on the wrong track altogether. But see that the lass has a decent dress—just in case."

"I will an' all!" agreed Martha.

The Party

ON Thursday afternoon, Betty arrived at The Larches looking smart and beautiful. She was relieved to find Lena alone.

"I'd an idea," she confessed, "that there might have been a lot more people here."

"Not yet," replied Lena. "There'll be some coming along later. I thought we might have a cosy chat together first."

The maid had hardly brought in tea when Mrs Dickson returned from a visit. Betty, remembering the hatred she had seen in the woman's eyes, had felt rather frightened of meeting her. To her surprise, however, Mrs Dickson greeted her warmly.

"I'm glad to meet you here, Miss Campbell," she said, shaking hands. "Both Lena and I have been keeping an eye on your progress at the store. We're glad to see that you are doing so well. I hope you're happy in your work."

"Quite, thank you," replied Betty.

"That's good. You're the kind of girl who can go far in business if she really tries. We're hoping that an opportunity for promotion will soon occur. Still, we didn't invite you here this afternoon to talk business. Lena, you know, is very fond of you."

Betty, rather confused, smiled and murmured something polite.

While they had tea, both Mrs Dickson and Lena tried hard to set her at her ease. They asked her questions about her work, and her home life.

David Grant's name was never mentioned. Nothing at all was said which gave her a clue as to why her employers had suddenly become interested in her.

Soon after tea, other guests began to arrive. Before long Betty was surrounded by a noisy crowd of young men and women. Their chatter was chiefly about people she did not know, and subjects in which she was not interested. Cocktails were served, and she was surprised at the rapidity with which they disappeared.

She was conscious of a definite relief when Stephen Brade turned up. He, at least, seemed part of her life. She noticed that he showed surprise at seeing her here.

"Hello, kid," he said, as soon as he could get a word alone with her. "I shouldn't have thought this was much in your line."

"It isn't," she admitted. "I feel rather like a fish out of water."

"Out of gin, you mean, don't you?" he murmured, with a glance at the bottles on the table. "You a bridge fiend?"

"I'm not—de finitely."

"Good! Neither am I. They'll start playing almost immediately, then you and I can console one another. Or maybe you're mad with me yet, because—"

"No, I'm not," smiled Betty. "Provided you don't do it again."

(Please turn to page 30.)



Edith Day.

THE King's Empire talk was a memorable thing. His reference to his mother and members of the family was so simple and natural that one forgot a king was speaking. The reverence in his voice when recalling the loving qualities of his father was most affecting. A friend writing from Montreal, where reception was perfect, tells me:—"As the time drew near for the King's speech, we all gathered round the set. I had some friends from New York staying with me. Immediately the first chords of the National Anthem crashed out we all jumped to our feet—the Americans did so shyly."

The King's Speech.

THE B.B.C. has played up very generously to those artistes whose contracts were cancelled immediately after the late King's death. A friend of mine was surprised to receive a cheque from Broadcasting House the other week for a show that had been cancelled. Accompanying the cheque was the following note:—"We enclose our cheque for the fee arranged for your services in the programme which was to have been broadcast on the —, but which in view of the national mourning occasioned by the death of the King was cancelled." A thoughtful action, and the more appreciated by artistes because the B.B.C. were under no obligation to do anything of the kind.

Thoughtful.

NOW, let's dig into recent programmes. I've been listening to a lot of talks during the last few days. To be frank, I found them more entertaining than many of the evening shows. There was Mr H. Stafford Hatfield in his "Many Inventions" series. I struck him on a good night. He was talking about inventive cranks and the gadgets they produce year after year. Here are some of the "inventions" that have still to find "backers":—A cap that expands like an umbrella when rain starts. A burglar-alarm that consists of a box of pepper over every door in the house. A bell on the end of a fishing rod that rings when a fish is hooked. Two rubber tubes that lead from the mouth down under a person's clothes to his boots, so that he can blow hot air down and keep his toes warm!

ACTUALLY it was a talker who provided the best item of the week—the well-known journalist, Mr Wickham Steed. His offering to the "Spice of Life" series was a classic. He proved himself a master of the mike. Jocular, condemnatory, whimsical, pleading, and human, he varied his intonations, inflections, and volume to such an

Many Inventions.

extent that one felt an argument with this man could only end one way! His mention of Lord Parker's speech to the House of Lords in 1918 may have been propagandist—but who would fail to see justification?

THESE were the words:—"If you will abolish wars, you must abolish neutrality. There would be more murders if the murderer could count on the neutrality of the bystanders. Neutrals are shirking their responsibility to humanity." Wickham Steed has done everything from "whizzing" along on a "penny-farthing" bicycle—"66 miles in 6 hours," to "blowing a modest flute in an orchestra. The flute was all right—I was modest!" This latest talk in the "Spice of Life" series makes it rather difficult for those to follow!

A Classic Talk.

YES, "Rio Rita" was fun. I could listen to that fascinating accent of Arthur Gomez all night. As "General Esteban," he made almost a lovable villain. The singing of Edith Day as "Rita," and Raymond Newall as "Captain Jim," was first-class. But Newall was terribly wooden in his dialogue at the start. His profession of love for Rita savoured of The Western Brothers! There were quite a few snappy lines in the show. Most of them from Lovett, the Lawyer. The whole show went with a fine swing, and, as I say, was topping fun.

I WONDER if Henry Hall is driving Haver and Lee too hard. I feel they're getting a wee bit forced these days. It takes a bit of doing to keep standard in the radio comedy line. Haver and Lee have done well, but I don't suppose they'd cry their eyes out if they got a rest from Henry's Hour. Still, they can always crack some good ones. Lee sent a wire to a friend of his in America, father of fifteen, who had just got another addition—"Congratulations. Stop. Lee." And I think it was Haver who declared, "A bird in the hand is worth two in the audience!" Pass on, boys.

YES, the B.B.C. is gradually showing its change of tune. The days when they let a classical concert run over its time and then faded out the succeeding popular show prompt are gone. The other night the Bach Choir concert from the Queen's Hall overran nine minutes. This put all the following regional programmes behind time. But London actually held up the news for five minutes to wait for these shows to finish! I was glad of that because I had been keen to hear

carols sung 450 feet under the ground is something Old Nick himself didn't bargain for, I'll warrant! The atmosphere of the echoing caves came over faithfully. The close-up of the drip-drip of water from the stalactite on the roof to the stalagmite on the floor was perfectly recorded.

THE voice of the commentator rather amused me. His habit of sounding every vowel elaborately and labouring over every syllable sounded old-fashioned in these days when folk chatter to the mike as blithely as women over the garden fence. I found the innovation interesting, however. But I don't want to get any farther underground, either in this life or the next!

OH, dearie me! What happened to Eric Barker the other night? His comedy item consisted of the most awful gush about cricket. Not a laugh, not a smile—in fact, a "maiden over." No one objects to Not Cricket! piffle on the radio—as long as it's funny. But when it isn't, then one does! The lady who followed him, Nina Devitt, wasn't so bad. And she wasn't so hot, either. I describe her singing of syncopated songs as "fair." But the third "act" in this

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an unusual show from Midland. It was a Variety concert from the North Evington Working Men's Club, Leicester.

DO they know how to enjoy themselves? And how! Without an effort, they created an atmosphere that hauled every listener into the hall. There were so many present, they had to have two chairmen!

"I Say, Messrs One at either end! Most of Chairmen!" The artistes were nodding to a microphone for the first time.

But in some cases not for the last. The chairman nearest the mike was a host in himself. "I now call upon Gertrude Harvey!" he announced. Gertrude had a voice of beautiful quality. Then Bert Mirfin and Frank Brady sang a really fascinating number, "You Ain't Never Gonna Get Nowhere, Nohow!" Lloyd James would have felt his waistcoat curling at his maltreatment of our language. But we should worry.

PERCY FRANKS (the Talkative Chappie) prattled away on the "I Know I'm Good!" lines. We swallowed it all. Especially that gag about the tennis court. "I was playing at tennis when the ball bounced up and struck me on the teeth. I lost that set!" Carol and West, a comedy duo; Bert Russell, the dusky prince, and Nat Harris and his band, were all entertaining. But the most entertaining thing was the atmosphere. These working men's clubs are doing a great deal of good. Mothers and children go with the breadwinner to these concerts. The B.B.C. can help to make them more widely known, and at the same time help themselves to some jolly good programmes at the same time!

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THAT was a most unusual broadcast, "Measureless to Man"—a tour through and around the famous Gough's Caves, Cheddar. To hear



Val Gielgud.

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"Million Dollar Secrets of the Stars"—Read about them in next week's "Radio Review."

little interlude was really good—Cecil Norman, clever pianist. When he hit those keys they yelled back. An' when he stroked them, they purred. Full marks, Cecil!

WISECRACK of the week :—" You do like yourself, don't you ?" " Why, every time I hear a clap of thunder I rush to the window and take a bow !"—From " Rio Rita."

THE broadcast that shattered my self-esteem : When the commentator at the Joe Davis-Horace Lindrum billiards match described Davis's break of 100—**IN FOUR MINUTES!** It takes you and I just about that time to get our cue chalked! But Joe Davis,

A Bad Break. when he came to the microphone, was a naughty lad.

He tried to put an ancient gag over on us. Told us he walked into a billiards room in Sydney, Australia. Saw a young lad playing brilliantly. Appeared to be on a tremendous break. So Joe asked a bystander how many the youth had scored.

" I DUNNO," was the reply. " He was at it when I came in. But I do know he's on his second piece of chalk!" Now, if Joe had let it go at that, all would have been well—or as well as a bearded crack could be.

Childhood's Memories. But when he said, " That young man was my opponent to-night, Horace Lindrum,"—well, I

mean to say, father's boots, with iron studs, were indicated! The first time I heard that one, I was so young I thought a cue was the thing you stood in for ma's messages.

JOHN WATT isn't the only one on the " personal tale" racket. There's a young man (at least, his voice is young) in Belfast who knows the



John Sharman.

JUST before a certain Tommy Weguelin came to the microphone, we were told that the said Tommy was a whale of an after-dinner speaker. Well, you know what the whale did to Jonah.

On Whales. But we didn't swallow Tommy! His " reply for the guests" was a lot more painful than the dinner menu he criticised. Laboriously he toiled through each item on the menu. Sadly we listened for the shaft of wit that never came. His " subtleties" fell dully from studio wall to floor.

NOW, Tommy may be the whole shoot when surrounded by jolly good fellows who have " fifty-fiftied" the food and wine. I've been at dinners and laughed my tonsils sore at remarks that would make me yawn in other circumstances. So we'll

Laughs And Yawns. conclude that what Tommy needs is atmosphere. May I thereupon suggest that next time the B.B.C. put on an after-dinner speech, they place an order with our local mine host—and yours, too, of course! If they do that, I'll guarantee to scream the place down!

GENTLEMEN, if you're depressed, if your wife has caught you helping the maid with the dishes, or crawling up the stairs at 2 a.m., boots dangling from your teeth, don't let things get you down. Tune in to

Rib-Tickers. radio's depression-physician—Jeanne De Casalis. There have been occasions recently when " Mrs Feather's" prescription hasn't been just so effective as of old. But in her last " consultation" she was the magician of mirth. To hear her 'phoning the male friend in " Bazookaland" to inform him he was now the father of twins was a thousand times more rib-tickling than a woolen under-vest. The poor man, on account of Mrs Feather's flippancy and odd change of tone and subject, ultimately believed he had " quads."

I'VE said it before. And I don't like to say it again. But apparently no one in the Young Ideas programme has paid any attention. David Buchan's pianoforte background to this half-hour is far too loud. Now, **Say—Listen!** maybe someone will take notice. I rate the Young Ideas one of the most interesting features in the programmes. I consider David Buchan a fellow with ideas and ability. But his playing during the announcements and sometimes the talks is so unrestrained as to become infernally irritating. Repeatedly I have missed the name of a speaker behind the clash of piano chords. **Soft pedal, David!**

BY the way, that was a fine talk by the saloon boy on the Portuguese ship. His voice was mighty pleasant. And his story descriptive. His mention of the taxis in Portugal being 3d per mile, and each cab complete " Cab, Lady!" with radio set, should have set our cabbies thinking. Just imagine if they did that here! All the young girl fans would be hiring a cab during the Henry Hall broadcast, so that they could boast they'd been in a taxi with Dan Donovan!

A TIP of the noble, though ancient, trilly to Miss Olive Groves, who sings as sweetly as she looks. When I heard her " Shine Thro' My Dreams," from " Glamorous Nights," it melted my tough journalistic heart. There's witchery in Olive's voice.

SO we've said good-bye meantime to the " Rocky Mountaineers." Curiously enough, I thought their last show the best they've given. Why do people imitate the little boy at the party, and keep the best for the last? Anyhow, better late than never. Al and Bob Harvey put in a power of work that

Hail and Farewell! night. Immediately the Mountaineers finished they were due to start up again with Stanelli's Bachelor Party. Their " We Like Mountain Music" is a favourite of mine—rare swinging harmony that makes you waggle your feet and absent-mindedly give your youngster your gold watch to play with!

TALKING about swinging. That's a hot bunch —George Scott-Wood and his Six Swingers. When I first saw that title on the programme some time ago, I thought we were set for a broadcast of work on the " parallel bars." **On Swingin'.** But George and his Six work other bars. And they don't loiter. Scott-Wood's own satire, " Handel in Harlem," was clever. But not a bit better than " Swinging the Lead," dedicated to Duke Ellington, for what reason I know not. A happy band that makes happy feet.

OH, I nearly forgot to give a shake to Stanelli for his latest show. Jolly good, it was. Norman Long came away with one of the usual, " Working for the Mayor and Corporation," being a recital of the woes and worries

In Brief. of a dustman. Heard a smart turn from the Grand Theatre, Doncaster. Leslie Childs, his name. Gave clever impression of a kiddie in best Harry Hemsley vein. His " take-off" of Bing Crosby and Maurice Chevalier was good. Another good conduct stripe for the Western Brothers—just as caddish as ever in " It was Bound to Happen in the End."



Jeanne de Casalis.

game, and how to play it to the best advantage.

The " Personal Tale." He put on a show called " As a Matter of Fact," a circus story, with a clever link-up of story and scene. I tuned in on chance. I listened to the

end, on choice! Jack Loudan is the name. Take your bow, old man. I've a soft spot for the Irish brogue. There's something so wonderfully friendly about it. The accent of the barman in this story was like a week-end at Castle Junction, Belfast, to me. The story was good. Carried you along. The atmosphere of the circus ring so vivid I could see the wax on the ring-master's moustache.

THIS personal tale business is, as I said before, the ideal broadcast. It is probably the only form of radio entertainment that cannot be said to imitate the stage. It can be used to introduce every and any kind of " turn" **Telling Tales.** under the sun. Val Gielgud would be well advised to ease up a bit on the search for new plays, and encourage radio playwrights to concentrate on " personal tales." A lot depends, of course, upon the teller of the story. But they will be easier to get than the stories, I imagine!

The ideal dance band? Edgar Jackson settles this knotty question on page 23.

My Fiddle and I - By Albert Sandler



IT'S TOUGH TO BE FAMOUS

for rehearsal, Jack Byfield and I decided to leave our homes in London in the early hours of the dawn.

So, behold me faring forth in the grey light to call for Jack, with my fiddle-case under my arm.

Now this case is a very special affair; of specially strong brown leather, fastened with two straps and fitted with stout locks. It seemed thoroughly suspicious to a policeman who happened to be patrolling his beat near my home just then.

Why Fiddlers Are Like Bricklayers.

He pulled me up, demanded to know who I was, and what I was carrying. I told him, but he didn't seem at all satisfied. "Look here," I said, "do you think I'm a burglar or something?"

"I shouldn't be a bit surprised!" he answered.

I had to laugh. I had to take him back to my home and show him a signed photograph of myself before he would believe he had nearly arrested Albert Sandler on the grounds of his being a suspicious character!

That sort of thing can be awkward sometimes, but it makes a change—breaks the monotony a bit.

Being a radio and stage star is the same in many ways as being a conscientious butcher, baker, or candlestick maker. On the surface their relations may not be very obvious, but it only amounts to this:—

If you are a tryer, and manage to become reasonably good at your job, whether it be playing the fiddle or

laying bricks, you will achieve a certain amount of fame.

If you are a fiddler, the world will applaud you; if you are a bricklayer, your foreman will speak well of you.

Unless you are very unlucky, you will find that this "fame," which is only a relative term after all, results in your working twice as hard as your fellow-craftsman who is not up to your standard of excellence.

Fame never comes cheaply. It always has to be worked for. Once it has been attained, once you have climbed the tree, you have to work harder than ever to keep at the top.

You know what they say—"The bigger they are, the harder they fall."

It's a great life, if you don't weaken!

I HAVE told you of my happiest moment. What was my worst?

It was a very odd affair. One night at Portsmouth when, in the middle of a sweet melancholy air, my audience started giggling. Now that is enough to make any artiste break into a cold sweat.

It nearly killed me. I could scarcely keep my mind on my fiddle. Was I losing my grip on my hearers? Was I being made a figure of fun?

At last I couldn't stand it any longer. While Jack Byfield held the melody with his piano alone, I looked around to see whether anybody else could be the cause of the laughs.

I nearly burst out laughing myself, for down at my feet, with an air of utter concern, sat a large black cat, busily washing her face!

My heart came up out of my boots with a jump. My worst moment was over!

Oddly enough, that experience was almost repeated a few weeks ago. At a concert in Yorkshire I was interrupted for a moment by a sleek-looking tabby, who strolled up the centre aisle, with her tail in the air. She sat down right in front of me, and proceeded to take what seemed to be an intelligent interest in my playing.

Much as I hated to hurt my audience's feelings, she had to be shooshed!

"What's This?" Asked the Policeman!

Another little misadventure came about as I was setting off one morning to fulfil an engagement in Birmingham.

In order to arrive at our destination in plenty of time

*Albert Sandler
concludes his
story*

DON'T MISS YOUR
"RADIO REVIEW"
NEXT WEEK!

*Packed with great reading
and
Another Top-Hole Panel Portrait—and a
Radiogram Free!*

She Went To Broadcast In A Nightie!



MEEET the lady who went to the studio in her nightgown!

She is Hermione Gingold, comedy star of the air—her impish voice has been making listeners laugh for many years.

"Tony" told me the story of her pink nightie as we sat in her all-white flat perched on top of the very heart of London. To get there, you turn off the busy Strand, walk through a shadowy doorway, and climb four flights of stairs till you come to a door that looks like leading to a fire escape.

Behind the door is a tiny but lovely flat. The grand piano is white, the furniture is white, with window curtains like bridal veils. Even the whiskers of Mitzi, the enormous ginger cat, are as white as snow.

"Tony," who has a trick of suddenly breaking into any and every kind of dialect, related the adventure:—

"When Effie Atherton went off to America to sing with Jack Hylton's band, I was asked to take her place at a few hours' notice in a radio show she'd been rehearsing.

"I played the part all right, but—blimey!—I 'ad to turn up at Broadcasting 'Ouse in me little pink nightie!

"You see, I was also appearing in a stage revue, and I had to wear a nightgown in the first number. I knew there would not be time to change after dashing like mad from the studio to the theatre when the broadcast was finished, so I just had to put on my nightgown first and go to the studio in it.

"The commissionaire 'e looks me up and dahn, but 'e lets me in. The receptionist 'e looks me to and fro, but 'e lets me in. And for why? Because I 'as a coat over me little nightie—and none of 'em sees it.

"But that doesn't alter the fact that I'm the first person who ever turned up at Broadcasting House in a nightgown!"

We had tea, which included a rich, creamy chocolate cake—a present from one of London's most famous chefs. I ate it till I was slightly bilious, but "Tony" wouldn't

touch a crumb. She said it might make her fat. No wonder she has the slimmest and trimmest of figures.

She refused a cigarette, but took a cheroot—and puffed it vigorously and gracefully. Somehow it didn't look strange to see her smoking this small cigar. It seemed to fit in with her unconventionality.

"Listeners come up here to see me sometimes," she said, "and I like it. It's nice to feel there are people who want to meet me, and who take the trouble to come and see me.

"When they come, we're all very matey. I'm sure it's the radio that creates the friendly atmosphere. Listeners hear me in their own homes, and so in a kind of way I'm entertaining them in their own homes. They have a feeling that they know me.

"But, on the other hand, when strangers from a theatre audience come to see me in my dressing-room, they're often nervous and self-conscious and shy.

"Another thing—I get a much bigger and more friendly and intimate fan-mail from listeners than from theatre audiences. Aye, listeners are reet champion fowk!"

Mitzi the cat—it's a he, and not a she, as the name might suggest—came over and sniffed my leg with a very pink nose.

"He has a habit of sitting on the window ledge and watching the pigeons," said Hermione. "Sometimes he forgets where he is and just walks out into the air after a bird!"

Like a lion-tamer struggling with a cub, "Tony" rolled on the carpet with the huge cat, whose broad paws patted her face in pretended anger.

"Do you believe in ghosts?" she asked suddenly.

I replied by repeating the wisecrack of Charles Lamb, the essayist:—

"I don't believe in ghosts—I've seen too many of them!"

"Is that so? Say listen, buddy, this durned joint is haunted. There's a very charming ghost who opens and shuts doors. I've never seen him myself, but I've heard the floors creaking and noises like footsteps. This is a very, very old Adams house with cobbled roof and floors that cave in a

bit more every day."

She conducted me through the other little rooms and showed me how the structure had set itself at all kinds of surprising angles.

"Propping up the furniture to keep it level is nearly a daily job," she said. "The whole place is gradually going with age. But I like it. I like the atmosphere that's a combination of the ancient and the fantastic. I've been here five years, and I'd hate to leave."

"But I must leave," I told her at last. And once more I negotiated the four flights of narrow steps.

"Tony" Gingold is at her best as a member of a poker party, not a serious gambling party, but a social party.

She sparkles and wisecracks and tells dialect stories till the other players can't see their cards for their tears of laughter.

Which is why she nearly always wins!

Hermione Gingold

in an
interview with
Moore Raymond

Dance Band Gossip

MANY stars of the dance-band world first achieved brilliance whilst playing under Sydney Lipton at Grosvenor House. For example, there's Jock Jacobson, the famous drummer, who went to Lew Stone and eventually settled down to free-lance work. There's Max Abrams, now with Carroll Gibbons at the Savoy; Freddy Gardner, one of the greatest saxophonists in this country; and lots more.

The Latest to Taste Success

The latest Liptonian to get a big break is Cyril Harling, the violinist who doubles on sax. Cyril is joining the greatly augmented B.B.C. Dance Orchestra. A Yorkshireman, Harling used to run his own band at a Plymouth hotel. He was always ambitious. He gave up this comfortable little job in the West Country to come to London on chance.

Started with Percival Mackay

It wasn't long before Cyril was in Percival Mackay's band, then with Freddie Bretherton at the famous "Spiders Web," and later to Grosvenor House. Determined to reach the top, he has been practising hour after hour for years.

Hard Work is His Keynote

Cyril's theory is that there is no short cut to success. "Ability" is his watchword, and that is only achieved by hard work. But hard work has never made him a "dull boy." On the contrary, he has been the life and soul of the Grosvenor House band since he joined it. Every man who has played with him in past jobs says the same thing—"But we do miss Cyril."

A Glutton for Practice

Another of Sydney Lipton's boys seems to work on the same theories as Harling. Chipps Chippendale, the vocalist, is a glutton for practice. Still studying under a famous teacher—a former opera star—he sings all day till his landladies give him notice. Or rather, that's what has happened in the past. He tells me that all is well now—neither landlady nor neighbours mind it a bit.

Radio Review's Dance Band Championship NEXT

The Joke About Chipps

I must tell you the joke about Chipps, which is still causing laughter at Grosvenor House. One night last week he came into the bandroom with tears streaming down his face. The

boys were due on the stand—there was no time for explanations.

Snuff Said!

When the tears appeared again and he had to leave the band platform there was a crisis. Somebody followed him to see what was wrong. Having a bad cold, he had a "hot toddy" just before entering the hotel. An old lady who recognised him insisted on his taking some of her snuff. He took an overdose! Nobody dares mention snuff to him now. . . .



Louis Levy.

Ambrose Takes Teddy Foster

It is the ambition of nearly every dance musician in Europe to play some day with Ambrose and his orchestra. Very few reach such heights. The latest to do so is Teddy Foster, the trumpeter. Ever since the old days when Teddy ran his own band at Tony's Ballroom, Birmingham, he has been an admirer of Louis Armstrong.

Sweet—And Hot

Teddy is himself a brilliant exponent of that kind of playing and singing. But why, oh why, do people talk of

NEWS OF THE

BILLY MERRIN'S DATES FOR NEXT MONTH

Billy Merrin and his Commanders have special sessions notched in for next month—on the 8th at 9.15 p.m., and on Wednesday (22nd) they play a thirty-minutes session of British dance tunes at 9.30 p.m. They rise early next morning to play a similar programme to the Empire at 7.25 a.m.!

* * *

ESTHER COLEMAN KEEPS BUSY

AND SO DOES DIANA CLARE

Esther Coleman is as busy as ever. She is giving a special recital of German songs in a musical programme next Sunday (15th) on the National wavelength at 5.30. The following Sunday, in the afternoon, she is singing as Diana Clare in a 45-minute session with Eugene Pini and his orchestra from 3 p.m. On Wednesday, April 1, Diana Clare has another session with Eugene Pini.

Her recital next Sunday is to include a new German song brought over by Esther Coleman after her recent visit to Germany.

COTSWOLD DIALECT PLAY PERFORMANCE

Clerk and legal adviser to various local authorities, Mr C. H. Gardiner, Evesham, has written a Cotswold dialect play which will be broadcast on Wednesday (18th).

"Motor Cars or Horses" is centred around Parish Council argument as to whether the fire engine should still be horse-drawn or a new motor vehicle secured.

* * *

BILLY BENNETT RETURNS TO BROADCASTING

Billy Bennett, "Almost a Gentleman," makes a long overdue return to broadcasting in Music Hall this Saturday (14th).

Listeners will also have first broadcast by new cross-talk Hebrew act, Abe and Mawruss. Lily Morris and Sam Browne with the Three Rhythm Sisters are also appearing.

* * *

The Two Leslies—Holmes and Sarony—take the air next Wednesday (18th) in a John Sharman hour of Variety.

Watch Out for Important Announcement WEEK

him only in that way? Everybody seems to forget (although obviously Ambrose didn't) that Teddy is a great player in any style. He can blow a sweet trumpet as good as the best of 'em and only does the Louis Armstrong stuff occasionally, as a feature. I don't know anyone more worthy than Ted to fill that place in Ambrose's band—a grand fellow, a great musician, and a terrific showman. Billy Cotton's loss is Ambrose's gain.

Changes at the Dorchester

Now for a chat about the Dorchester changes. Firstly, nobody will join the band when Con Lamprecht leaves to return to Jack Payne. Stanley Andrews, who not only plays every instrument in the band but orchestrates too, will leave the trumpet chair and return to the sax section. The brass will be "minus one." Harry Rubens will have as his new partner Charlie Pude, as Cecil Norman goes to Australia with Howard Jacobs.

A Straight Cinema Organist

Charlie was a straight pianist in cinema and theatre orchestras for

years before signing up with Jack Harris for all his principal outside work. During the last five years he has played for most of the best society functions in Town. He was with that band which flew to Paris just over a year ago with nearly all the Cafe de Paris staff for the tremendous party given at the Ritz Hotel by Miss Barbara Hutton, the Woolworth heiress.



Harry Davis, vocalist with Oscar Rabin's Romany Band.



Listen to the Duets!

When Reg Forsythe took a well-earned holiday last summer, it was Charlie Pude who took the deputy band to the 400 Club. The next time you tune into Jack Jackson's broadcasts, listen to the piano duets. Generally Charlie will be doing the "top" stuff whilst Harry will be in the lower register.

Romance!

"May I have your autograph, please?" That simple request was the beginning of a romance which culminated in the wedding in Birmingham last Saturday of Eddie Carney and Miss Margaret Soden. The band played some appropriate music outside the church, including "Why did she fall for the leader of the band?" Good luck to both!

STARS AND SHOWS

"DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS"

Interest in the first voyagings of the new liner Queen Mary is linked to new series of talks, "Down to the Sea in Ships," beginning on April 14.

Speakers will include well-known men in the shipbuilding industry, such as Sir Alan Anderson, Sir Richard Hall, Mr Maurice Denny, Leslie Runciman, and Lord Essendon.

STANLEY TUDOR TO HIT THE AIR

North country listeners may remember organist Stanley Tudor, who used to be featured in programmes in the days of the old broadcasting station at Stoke-on-Trent.

He is now organist at a new cinema in Manchester, from which there is a broadcast dated for Monday (23rd).

'IMAGINARY BIOGRAPHY,' BY JAMES AGATE.

James Agate will give what should be one of the most interesting of the "Imaginary Biography" series on Sunday (15th). This is entitled "The Voice from the Edinburgh Gallery."

The subject of Mr Agate's biography will be the owner of the voice who was heard saying, "No sae bad!" after the immortal Mrs Siddons had delivered one of her most impressive speeches from the stage of an Edinburgh theatre.

* * *

ORGAN TO BE INSTALLED IN MAIDA VALE STUDIO

The B.B.C. already have a concert organ installed at Broadcasting House, and an organ is to be installed at St George's Hall.

Now comes the news that a three-manual organ is to be installed in a studio at Maida Vale so as to be available for programmes by the B.B.C. Chorus and the Symphony Orchestra.

* * *

GOOD FRIDAY FEATURE FROM QUEEN'S HALL

On Good Friday evening, April 10, at 7.30 p.m., the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra with Philharmonic Choir and special soloists will be heard in "Parsifal," under the conductorship of Sir Henry Wood.

Excerpts will be relayed from the Queen's Hall.

Vincent Ladbrooke's Views

Vincent Ladbrooke, the 25-year-old controller of a vast dance-band organisation, who will be on the air on March 26, paid a visit to London last week. We chatted together for a long time on matters musical. I was very impressed with Vincent's views. Above all things, he wants to see a "Return to Melody," and will do his share towards that end in his broadcast.

Melody with a Capital "M"

"Dance music has been getting more and more complex during the last few years," said Vincent. "Melodies are becoming rare. I'm going to give the public Melody with a capital M," he continued, "because I'm certain it is what they want."

Big Day for the Astoria

The Astoria Dance Salon is catering well for listeners on March 24. By a strange coincidence (or is it?), the two bands from this establishment give us, more or less, the day's music. Reg Edwards from 5.15 to 6.0, and Joe Loss from 10.30 to 12.0.

WORK OF ART



JULES COLVETTE arrived in England from Boulogne, took a single room in Chelsea, and began to paint.

There was speculation in the art colony about the Frenchman. Colvette would show his work to nobody. To mention it to him, even in private conversation, was to receive a cold glare.

One day, in spring, a whisper went round the town. Jules Colvette was about to hold an exhibition. All the work of the mystic French painter was to be on view in his studio. Despite his unpopularity, a crowd battled for an insight into the artistic soul of the painter from Boulogne.

The crowd saw that Colvette's painting was unforgettable. His subjects were splashed over the canvas.

There are artists who can rouse the adoration of a small band of critics by wild, unorthodox work which proceeds from an inventive brain. Colvette was not such a one. But two or three among that vast throng were impressed by what they strove to identify as rugged grandeur.

Colvette was indifferent to the chill reception of his work. For three months he sold nothing, but went on painting and sneering.

He was unperturbed by failure. "All in good time," he declared. "My turn will come."

Colvette then changed suddenly from a laughing stock to an object of wonder. An elderly stranger apparently American, came to town, and paid the Frenchman five hundred pounds for one of his monstrosities.

In Chelsea, the two most-discussed men in the world were Jules Colvette and Mr Sandbury, the American.

THREE weeks later, the surly Frenchman painted a string of barges on the Thames. Sandbury fell upon it with zeal. The price was a thousand pounds.

Colvette's name and photograph began to appear in smart magazines.

When the painter from Boulogne held his second exhibition in a larger studio, only a few came to gape. Colvette's astounding success and publicity had made a bitter impression on his fellow artists.

"He has fooled the public," they wailed. "They have been taken in by

the foolishness of one eccentric buyer."

Jules Colvette reminded them that recognition had come after years of work. "I knew I could do it," he puffed. "I am a genius."

County collectors fell to the magic of Colvette's name. Another canvas changed hands at two thousand pounds, and distinguished itself a week later by being stolen.

The theft of this celebrated canvas rang out in every newspaper and the

was worth two thousand in the open market, he would never need to regret paying six hundred for it.

He often thought about that rainy afternoon when a muffled figure had walked into his shop and laid the stolen painting on the desk. How languid the fellow had been about it; how dispassionately he had stated his business.

Hohenbaum had a vivid impression of that interview. "What is it?" he had asked.

"It's the Colvette."

"How much?"

"A thousand!"

Old Mark haggled and at last made a deal. As the crook applied a match to his cigarette, the little Jew noticed the three rings on his left hand—how his customer had held the extinguished match against his forefinger and little finger, breaking it with his thumb. Then he had tossed the broken match on the desk and went away.

Hohenbaum could not understand it. And the stranger had promised him another one. Well, he must sell quickly, so long as the boom lasted.

Meanwhile, Colvette was in his studio, stolidly painting.

His first portrait—that of a down-and-out miner—brought him four thousand pounds from a Scottish collector. Two more pictures left his possession within a month. As feverishly

(Please turn to page 31.)

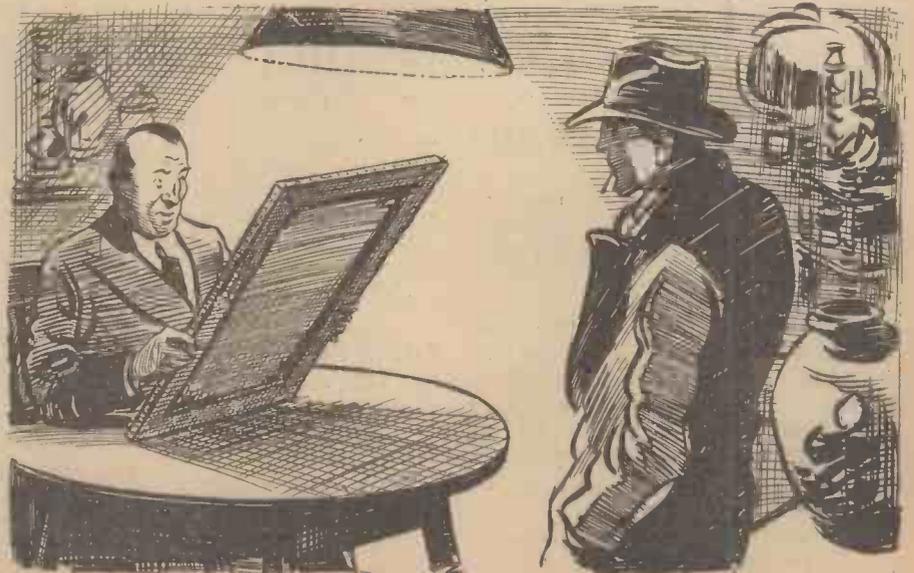
Our Short Story

artist crept more and more into the public eye.

Publicity was prolonged, for the police could make no progress in their efforts to trace the missing picture. Apart from the thieves, only one little art dealer could have told them.

MARK HOHENBAUM often took the stolen "Colvette" from his safe. He looked at it as if it were some obscure Egyptian papyrus. He could not understand the fame that attached to the uninspired daub.

In vain, he peered at it, but found no elusive beauty. Then he would shake his head and lock it away. It was not for him to question these things. He was a crooked dealer. If the thing



"How much?" asked the dealer. "A thousand pounds," said the man.

The Ideal DANCE BAND

by
EDGAR JACKSON

IF somebody offered you carte blanche to form your ideal all-British dance band, which musicians would you choose?

This question is by no means a new one, but it is still one of the most intriguing. The fact that interest in it is growing stronger every day is proved by the regularly increasing number of suggestions sent in by readers of "Radio Review."

Recently I put the question to twelve of the leading West End dance-band artistes. Here is the answer of the majority:—

1st Alto Sax—Joe Crossman (Lew Stone's Band).

*2nd Alto Sax—Freddy Gardner (Ambrose's Orchestra).

3rd Alto Sax—Bob Wise (Jack Harris's Orchestra).

Tenor Sax—Billy Amstell (Ambrose's Orchestra).

1st Trumpet—Alfred Nokes (Lew Stone's Band).

*2nd Trumpet—Max Goldberg (Syd Lipton's Band).

3rd Trumpet—Clinton French (Ambrose's Orchestra).

1st Trombone—Tony Thorpe (Henry Hall's Band).

*2nd Trombone—Lew Davis (Ambrose's Orchestra).

3rd Trombone—Ted Heath (Sid Lipton's Band).

1st Piano—Arthur Young (free-lancing).

2nd Piano—Stanley Black (Harry Roy's Band).

Guitar—Albert Harris (Jack Buchanan's theatre orchestra).

Drums—Max Bacon (Ambrose's Orchestra).

Bass—Dick Ball (Ambrose's Orchestra).

And, if they must have fiddles,
1st Violin—Hugo Rignold (free-lancing).

*2nd Violin—Eric Siday (abroad).

3rd Violin—Reginald Leopold (free-lancing).

These musicians are chosen not only for their individual virtuosity, but also because they would be likely to make good sections.

You will notice that each section contains one "hot" soloist (indicated *), and he is always placed second or third in his team, so that he shall not have the additional responsibility and strain of leading it.

As a matter of fact, I think this combination is for the most part almost a foregone conclusion.

Well, here is the majority opinion of the same twelve star musicians as to whom their "second" band would contain:—

1st Alto Sax—Art Christmas (Roy Fox's Band).

2nd Alto Sax—Laurie Payne (Savoy Orpheans),

or
E. O. Pogson (Jack Jackson's Orch.).

*3rd Alto Sax—David Shand (Jack Hylton's Band),

or
Harry Hayes (Maurice Winnick's Orch.).

Tenor Sax—Pat Smuts (Nat Gonella's Georgians).

1st Trumpet—William Shakespeare (Savoy Orpheans).

*2nd Trumpet—Teddy Foster (Billy Cotton's Band),

or
Tommy M'Quater (Lew Stone's Band).

3rd Trumpet—Harry Owen (Ambrose's Orch.).

1st Trombone—Paul Fenoulhet (Savoy Orpheans).

*2nd Trombone—Bill Mulraney (Lew Stone's Band).

3rd Trombone—Freddy Welch (Henry Hall's Band).

1st Piano—Cecil Norman (Jack Jackson's Orch.).

2nd Piano—Bert Reade (Henry Hall's Band).

Guitar—Ivor Mairants (Roy Fox's Band).



Left to Right—Eric Siday, Max Bacon, David Shand, William Shakespeare, Tiny Winters, Ted Foster, Reg Leopold, Joe Hitchenor.

Drums — Ronnie Gubbertini (Al Collins' Orch.),

or
Bill Harty (Ray Noble's Orch., in America).

Bass — "Tiny" Winters (Lew Stone's Band).

1st Violin—Gene Pini (Savoy Orpheans).

*2nd Violin—Laurie Bookin (Stanley Barnett's Orch.).

3rd Violin—Joe Hitchenor (Henry Hall's Band).

This latter combination is interesting not only for the names it includes, but because of those it omits.

You will notice that many musicians, who are regularly found in readers' suggestions for their ideal dance bands, are not among even the second choice of the dance musicians themselves.

Also it seems that musicians disagree even more strongly with the public concerning the respective merits of our regular broadcasting dance bands. My same twelve prominent musicians place them in this order:

- | | |
|-------------------|------------------|
| 1 Ambrose. | 7 Henry Hall. |
| 2 Lew Stone. | 8 Syd Lipton. |
| 3 Savoy Orpheans. | 9 Roy Fox. |
| 4 Billy Cotton. | 10 Harry Roy. |
| 5 Jack Jackson. | 11 Charlie Kunz. |
| 6 Jack Payne. | 12 Sydney Kyte. |
- Now, what say you?

Edgar Jackson is well known in the dance band world. He has co-operated with all the big-timers in this article.

PEGGY DELL WRITES TO YOU.

Dear Readers of "Radio Review,"—I have been asked by your Editor to write and tell you what I think of America, and also my work out here. I am really very happy to have the opportunity to write to all my many friends who read "Radio Review."

When I first saw the skyline of New York I was really thrilled. Here was something I'd wished for all my life.

As soon as possible after arriving at our hotel, out I went to sight-see, and, of course, the first place I went to look for was Broadway. To see all the well-known names outside theatres and cafes and the millions of lights is something I'll never forget.

We didn't stay long in New York, as we had to get to Chicago to start rehearsing for our first American broadcast on the following Sunday.

Now to try and tell you something about our work.

We came here to broadcast for Standard Oil Co., of Indiana, and we do these broadcasts every Sunday night from the Civic Theatre. The programme lasts from 9.30 p.m. to 10.30, and we broadcast over the Columbia system from their Chicago station, which is W.B.B.M., in the Wrigley Building. The Civic Theatre holds about eight hundred people, and the demand for tickets is so big that people have to write in about three months before the date they require tickets.

We do quite a varied programme. I do one



Peggy Dell.

Irish number, and some popular numbers on each programme. I always try to do a "swiny" type of Irish song, and one they haven't heard before.

We've done quite a bit of stage work and also a bit of travelling. We've been to Cleveland, Detroit, Champaign, Cincinnati, Grand Rapids, Buffalo, Iowa City, and Madison.

Stage work in America really means working. You know in Britain picture theatres have only three shows a day. Here they have four shows week-days, and five—sometimes six—on Saturdays and Sundays.

At the present time we are playing in the Gold Coast Room of the Drake Hotel. We start playing for dancing at 7.30 p.m. and finish 1.30 a.m. During the night we do two cabaret shows and two broadcasts. These broadcasts are for Mutual Broadcasts System and are on the W.G.N. station in Chicago.

Our shows have been very successful and we are drawing good crowds. In fact, they say since Jack Hylton and his boys have been here they've broken all records.

I hope all my "Radio Review" friends will enjoy reading this letter as much as I have enjoyed writing it.

Wishing you all the very best of luck.

Very sincerely yours,—Peggy Dell,



Gwen Vaughan.

WANTS GEORGE ELRICK'S PICTURE.

Dear Rex,—Could you please tell me where I could obtain an autographed photo of George Elrick?—"K. N." (Southampton).

You can write to George Elrick for a photograph, c/o B.B.C. Studios, Delaware Road, Maida Vale, London.

FRED ASTAIRE FAN.

Dear Rex,—First let me congratulate you on your paper, which I think is topping.

But what I've really written about is Fred Astaire. I've just recently seen "Top Hat," and I think it's great. I am a dancing teacher, and am interested in his dancing. It's very difficult to pick up steps at the speed he's producing them. I wonder if I wrote him a very sweet letter, asking him to send a few steps on paper to me, do you think I should be lucky or unlucky?

If you think it would do any good, could you please direct me how to go about it. What stamps should I send?—"F. A. Lover" (Birmingham, 5).

You can try your luck with Fred, but I'm not giving any guarantees! Write him c/o Radio Keith Orpheum Studios, Gower Street, Hollywood, California. Enclose an international stamp coupon (price 6d at your post office) for his reply.

LAY OFF BING CROSBY!

Dear Rex,—I should like to start this letter by saying how much enjoyment I get from reading "Radio Review." It is a fine paper.

My argument is with "W. M., Junr.," who states that Alan Breeze is the finest vocalist. That may be so in his opinion, but tell him to lay off the Supreme Crooner of the Age, namely Bing Crosby.

To "W. M., Junr.," I say, if that's your opinion, stay away from cinemas and save your money for a pair of glasses. Can't act, my eye!

I will conclude by saying I consider you as one of those small boys who don't know the difference between crooning and singing. So lay off Bing Crosby, sonny, and concentrate on your homework!

Wishing you the best of luck.—"Bing Fan" (Coventry).

THINKS CHILDREN'S HOUR DOES VERY WELL.

Dear Sir,—With regard to "M. R." (Wembley Park), I do not think he knows the meaning of the words, "Children's Hour." If he did he would not have written what he did.

He must realise that this hour is meant for children, although I know a good many grown-ups who listen regularly and enjoy it better than some of the evening programmes.

I am now over fourteen, and still listen to this hour regularly. No, I am not ashamed of it! I confess I have never heard much "baby stuff."

With regard to football and fishes, it is not the child who likes this sort of thing. I think nursery rhymes sound very pretty, and, at any rate, we do not have many of them. If "M. R." wants dance music, let him listen to National.

Uncle Mac told us why the "Children's Hour" was only three-quarters of one a few months ago. Perhaps "M. R." was not listening then. Uncle Mac said to the effect that it was not possible to

have a whole hour, and it would sound silly to call it the "Children's Three-Quarters of an Hour."

I think the "Children's Hour" does very well on the whole.—"Miss M. W." (London, S.W.9).

WHY THE ROYAL COMMAND WASN'T BROADCAST.

Dear Rex,—(1) Could you please tell me why Kitty Masters left Henry Hall's band?

(2) Why did the B.B.C. not broadcast the last Royal Command Performance?

(3) What is the wage the B.B.C. pays Henry Hall and his band?

(4) Is Cab Calloway coming to England?

(5) When will Jack Hylton and his band broadcast again?

(6) Did Borrah Minevitch broadcast with Henry Hall recently?—"J. O." (London).

(1) Kitty left to accept a lucrative stage contract. She is at the moment on tour.

(2) There was a dispute over the fee.

(3) This is purely a private matter.

(4) He may pay a return visit, but there is nothing fixed at the moment.

(5) Jack is still in the States.

(6) Yes.

Scottish Reader Wins All-Wave Set

MR DAVID ALLAN, Bridge Street, Saline, Dunfermline, wins the magnificent All-Wave Radio Set offered in "Radio Review."

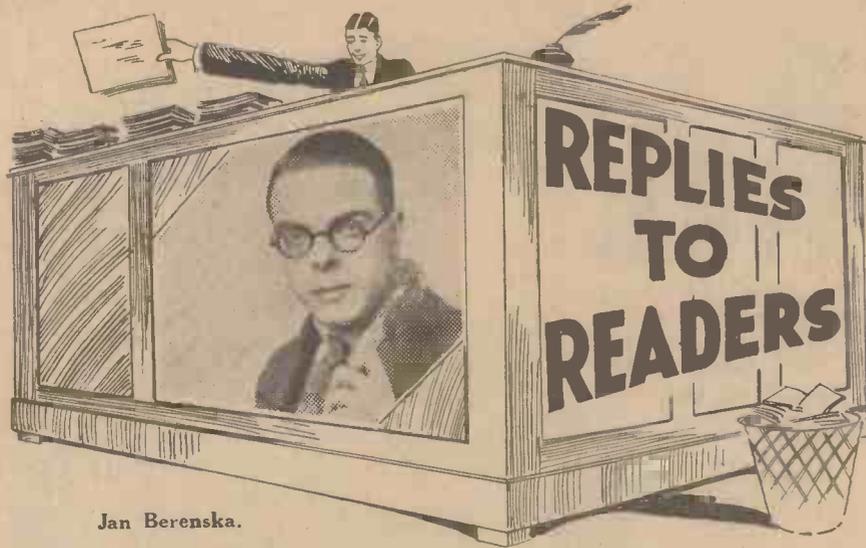
Here is his prize-winning effort:—

A brilliant band leader called Hall,
Makes most combinations look small,
"When the music goes round"
Most folk want him "crowned,"
But he'd just be "King Henry," that's all!

Handsome consolation prizes will be awarded to the senders of the following other Limericks:—

A gay young announcer named Boye
To "jazz fiends" was both pride and joy
For, far from being staid,
"Promenades" he would fade,
And switch on instead, Harry Roy.
—R. MUXWORTHY, 93 Woodfield Terr.,
Penrhinweiber, Glam.

Potter is almost forgotten,
His fans consider this rotten,
Could the powers that be
Take a good tip from me,
"Red tape" is becoming "gun cotton."
—EDGAR CREED, 3 Cornwall Street,
Hereford.



Jan Berenska.

QUENTIN MACLEAN IS THE TOP.

Dear Rex,—A letter on cinema organists by "S. W.," of Cardiff, states the majority of cinema organ enthusiasts think that Quentin Maclean is the cleverest organist, probably owing to the fact that he plays the largest organ in Europe.

"S. W." does not apparently know that Quentin Maclean is considered to be the finest cinema organist by his own colleagues. Surely their opinions are worth taking into consideration. Reginald New has admitted as much in print, while Reginald Foort's book, "The Cinema Organ," is dedicated to MacLean, with these words—"To Mac., whom we all admire."

MacLean's interpretations of serious and popular music, especially his arrangements of orchestral works for the organ, have proved that the possibilities of the unit organ are enormous. He is undoubtedly the only organist who has fully exploited them. He is more than clever—he is artistic.

He is equally at home with a "straight" organ, and is very much respected in orthodox organ circles. Recently he gave a recital from Broadcasting House.

If Sir Henry Wood took after Roy,
To the "Proms." he could bring perfect joy.

During "Flight of the Bee,"
He'd start buzzing, you see,
And in "Faust," caper round like a boy.

—Mrs J. SIVEY, 11 Northcliff Avenue,
Thornton, Bradford, Yorks.

Amid fighting and riots in Spain,
A rebel was heard to exclaim,
"A truce, boys," he cried,

As the wireless he plied,
"While we listen to Senor Jack Payne!"

—FREDA CHAPPELL, 19 Highfield
Grove, Westclif-on-Sea, Essex.

Stuart Hibberd was heard to say "sorry"
And a listener, whose name was Sam Borry,
Was so much surprised

That he blinked both his eyes,
And threw himself under a lorry!

—BARBARA SUMMERS, St Malo, 89
Belmont Road, Westgate-on-Sea.

Turn to Page 2.
You May Win
This Time.

Referring to "S. W." again—the 21-unit organ in the Trocadero is not the largest organ in Europe, but it is the largest Wurlitzer organ. The 30-unit Christie, designed by Quentin MacLean for the Regal, Marble Arch, holds this title.

The method of judging cinema organists by the size of the organs they play is rather unfair to the players of the larger instruments.

Admittedly, some organists show great ingenuity in handling small organs. These are the men who should be termed "clever." But it takes more than a clever man to exploit a really large instrument.

It is not skill as a player alone that makes an organist—this has to be combined with a thorough knowledge of orchestration for all types of music which then has to be applied to the organ through the medium of registration (choice of stops). That is what constitutes the handling of an organ.

It is MacLean's flawless technique, versatility, musicianship, and his application of orchestration to a unit organ which has drawn admiration from organists and musicians generally.

In conclusion, may I suggest that it would be a tribute to both a supreme artiste and to the instrument itself if the opening recital on the new organ for St George's Hall were given by Quentin MacLean.—"S. A. H." (London, S.W.18).

STEFFANI FAN.

In reply to Steffani Fan (Suffolk).—If you write immediately to Steffani, c/o Empire Theatre, Birmingham, he will supply you with a photograph. Enclose stamped addressed envelope for same.

IDENTITY OF DON CARLOS.

Dear Rex,—Will you please settle an argument by telling me—(1) Is Brian Lawrance Don Carlos? (2) Also is he the B.B.C. Mystery Singer?—"M." (Lewisham).

- (1) No. Don Carlos is Birrell O'Malley.
- (2) To my knowledge, no.

A PERSONAL BROADCAST.

Dear Rex,—I have been very interested in your fan mail column. I should be very grateful if you would answer my question.

Was it gramophone records of the Kentucky Minstrels on Regional, Saturday, 15th February, 1936?—"Anxious One" (Worcester).

Thanks for note. No, it was a "personal appearance" broadcast.

ABOUT MORETON AND KAYE.

Dear Rex,—I should be very pleased if you would kindly answer the following questions:—

(1) Where have Ivor Moreton and Dave Kaye gone since they left Harry Roy's band?

(2) Where must I write for photographs of the above-mentioned couple, also for a photo of Harry Roy's band?

(3) When are we likely to have a broadcasting band in Bradford again?

Wishing you and "Radio Review" every success.—"K. D. P." (Bradford).

(1) See the article on page 12.

(2) Send requests in separate letters addressed c/o "Radio Review," 12 Fetter Lane, London E.C.4.

(3) For dates, inquire at local theatre box offices.

FEBRUARY FACTS AND FIGURES.

Dear Rex,—Here are my Facts and Figures again. I hope they will prove interesting—

DANCE MUSIC.

473 tunes were played. Of these, 147 were different. 63 were played only once.

The most played tunes were:—

- (1) "The Music Goes Round and Around" 21 (15)
- (2) "Sunset Trail" 17 (5)
- (3) "Lucky Star" 15 (14)
- (4) "Thanks a Million" 15 (7)
- (5) "Love is a Dancing Thing" ... 15 (4)
- (6) "I'm Sitting High on a Hill Top" 13 (3)

The figures in parenthesis show the number of times these tunes were played last month.

PRODUCTION ENJOYED MOST.

"The Queen at Loch Leven"—produced by Gordon Gildard.

BEST JOKES.

(1) Comedian in relay from Midland theatre—
"A man had been arrested and detained for some offence and was to spend the night in a cell. 'But first,' said the inspector, 'you've got to strip and have a bath.'"

"'Take off my clothes,' said the startled prisoner, 'and 'ave a bath?'"

"'Yes,' said the inspector. 'Have you never had a bath before?'"

"'What?' said the prisoner. 'I've never been arrested before!'"



A. W. Hanson.

(2) Ronald Frankau, in "Variety," on 25th February.

"I went into a stationer's and said to the girl:—

"'Do you keep stationery?'"

"'I've tried,' said the girl, 'but I can't.'"

BEST WEEKLY FEATURE.

"The Saturday Magazine" still remaining prime favourite.

BEST REGULAR MUSICAL FEATURE.

Geraldo's "Romance in Rhythm" excels all others.—I. G. Bell (Lanarkshire).

"Radio Review." March 14, 1936.

REX KING'S
QUERY COUPON

FOR ONE QUESTION.



If you are lucky you may still hear a few deep-water men pulling on a sheet or weighing the anchor to the strains of "Billy Boy" or "Johnny's Gone to Hilo." Generally, however, sea shanties disappeared with sails. Their usefulness went with the coming of steel ships and mechanical windlasses.

Hear a sea shanty being sung on a ship to-day and you will probably find that the second mate is playing a record on his portable gramophone.

The exciting days of the '40's, when fast clipper ships raced with tea from China, saw the zenith of the sea shanty.



They were not literary. Seamen would improvise their words, singing interminable verses until their task was done.

The sea shanty has lived, however. Its carefree words are salty with the tang of the sea. They bring back some of the boisterousness of the foc's'le, reminding us of the time when "Cutty Sark" was the fastest ship afloat.

They are always popular, even with landlubbers, and a programme of sea shanties is to be broadcast from Northern Ireland on March 18.

Some of the following, beloved by the old-time sailors, are not so well known. Perhaps, however, you may hear them from Northern Ireland.

BLOW, BULLIES, BLOW!

A Yankee ship comes down the river,
Blow, boys, blow.

A Yankee ship and a Yankee skipper,
Blow, my bully boys, blow!



How do you know she's a Yankee clipper?
Blow, boys, blow.

Because her masts and yards shine like silver,
Blow, my bully boys, blow!

And who do you think is captain of her?
Blow, boys, blow.

Old Holy Joe, the darky lover,
Blow, my bully boys, blow!

HAUL AWAY, JOE.

Away, haul away. Oh, haul away together.
Away, haul away. Oh, haul away, Joe.

Once I had an Irish girl, and she was fat and lazy,
Away, haul away. Oh, haul away, Joe.

But now I've got a yellow one, she nearly drives me
crazy,
Away, haul away. Oh, haul away, Joe.



IT'S TIME FOR US TO LEAVE HER, JOHNNY.

I thought I heard the skipper say,
Leave her, Johnny, leave her!
To-morrow you will get your pay,
It's time for us to leave her.

The work was hard, the voyage long,
Leave her, Johnny, leave her!
The seas were high, the gales were strong,
It's time for us to leave her.



The food was bad, the wages low,
Leave her, Johnny, leave her!
But now ashore again we'll go,
It's time for us to leave her.

The sails are furled, our work is done,
Leave her, Johnny, leave her!
And now on shore, we'll have our fun,
It's time for us to leave her.

SALLY BROWN.

Oh, Sally Brown of New York City,
Way ay, roll and go!
Oh, Sally Brown, you're very pretty,
And I'll spend my money on Sally Brown.

Oh, Sally Brown's a bright mullutter,
Way ay, roll and go!
She drinks rum and chews tobaccer,
And I'll spend my money on Sally Brown.



Seven long years I courted Sally,
Way ay, roll and go!
Sweetest gal in all the valley,
And I'll spend my money on Sally Brown.

Now my troubles are all over,
Way ay, roll and go!
Sally's married to a nigger soldier,
And I spent my money on Sally Brown!

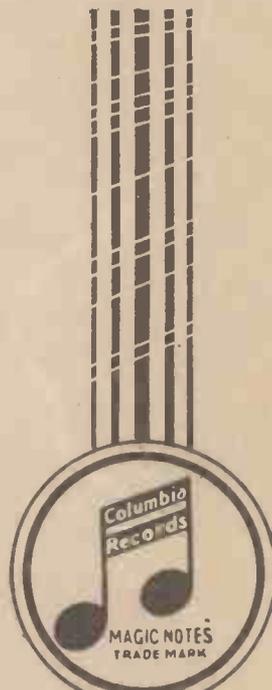


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| You Are My Heart's Delight | DB523 |
| Patently Smiling (Intro. : Beneath the Window) | (2/6) |
| Serenade (<i>Heykens</i>) | DB469 |
| Song of Songs | (2/6) |
| SYLVIA BALLET —Pizzicato* | DB1567 |
| Toreador et Andalouse* | (2/6) |
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| MERRY WIDOW —Vilia and Waltz | DB1418 (2/6) |
| SAMSON AND DELILAH —Softly Awakes My Heart | DB14 |
| Serenade (<i>Toselli</i>) | (2/6) |
| You Will Remember Vienna | DB373 |
| I Bring a Love Song | (2/6) |
| Second Serenade (<i>Heykens</i>) | DB1093 |
| Song of the Nightingale (With Chorus and Effects) | (2/6) |
| Liebstraum (Love's Dream)* | DX621 |
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High Spots of the Week's Programmes

WEDNESDAY.—The high light of the National programme is a relay in the evening by the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, under Dr Adrian Boult, from the De Montfort Hall, Leicester. The programme will include Beethoven's Sixth Symphony ("The Pastoral"), and Ravel's "Pavane for a Dead Infanta" and "Bolero."

H. Robinson Cleaver, at 6.30, gives another of his popular relays from the organ of the Regal Cinema, Bexley Heath, on **Regional**. Also on **Regional** we have twenty minutes with Philip Ridgeway and his partner, Irene. Philip will take this opportunity to introduce to listeners several of his "discoveries" whom he has "found" in various parts of the country. London again claims attention with a revival programme, entitled "Gale Warning." This programme was first broadcast in March of last year, and gives some idea of the drama behind the public services affected by a gale.

Midland has the first of Martyn C. Webster's Mellhuish burlesques, "Beaten at the Post," or "The Mystery of the Rumpston Stakes," which concerns the fortunes of three people and their horses. Lawrence Baskomb, John Lang, Hugh Morton, and Mavis Bennett-Levin have leading parts. Later in the evening, Henry Engleman's Quintet give another of their light programmes.

Wednesday — B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra (National).

Northern programme has unusual interest to-night, with a local comedy, "Comfortable Like"; a broadcast by the choir of Swiss yodellers, now visiting this country, and a relay from the variety bill at the Winter Gardens, Morecambe. The Radio Melody Boys (Stan Ribton and Percival Richards) make fourth broadcast with act (two pianos, accordion, and sax).

Western present the fourteenth edition of "Gaffer and Gavotte," by Cyril Wood. Listeners will hear four "Gaffer" sketches, and Reginald Readman has a new supply of gavottes.

In the **Welsh** programme, the Oxford Glee Singers come to the microphone for a half-hour's concert. The programme will range from Schubert to Vaughan.

Cecil Chadwick gives another of his organ recitals in the **Northern Ireland** programme.

Scottish bring back one of their most popular soloists, Robert Watson, the versatile baritone.

THURSDAY.—Most listeners will tune in on **National** to Gordon M'Connell's production of the operetta, "The Gipsy Princess." Maria Elsner, Viennese opera star, has been engaged for the name part, and Jan Van der Gucht, who played in the original production in 1932, will be in the cast, as are Bobbie Comber and Horace Percival.

Thursday—"The Gipsy Princess" (National).

The Royal Philharmonic Society's concert from Queen's Hall will be relayed in the **Regional** programme. During the afternoon **Midland** will repeat "Beaten at the Post." In the evening Tommy Handley and his company will feature in a relay from the Leicester Opera House, in the series "Variety of Theatres." Later the Birmingham City Police Band will be conducted by Richard Wassell. Their programme will include Schubert's "Ave Maria" and selections from Sir Edward German's "Merrie England."

Northern have a variety programme entitled "Cotton People." The people taking part represent the selected of over two hundred applicants from the spinning and weaving towns. During this evening the microphone will visit the North-Eastern Hotel at Goolle to relay part of a "Captain Blue Water Evening." Once every year these seafaring men meet for a supper and sing-song, and listeners will hear rollicking sea shanties sung as they should be sung.

James Moody, well-known syncopated pianist,

heard in **Northern Ireland** programmes, brings his own show to the mike. The show includes melodies for two pianos (James and Dorothy Morrow), while the "Three in Harmony" and James Johnston (tenor) will also be heard.

Scottish relay a musical comedy with the title "Highland Hollywood," the production being by Robin Russell. This will be a satire on an American film producer's idea of the Highlands. Sounds promising!

Friday—George Robey (National).

From **Welsh** and **Western** listeners can hear the Fifth Rhondda Festival of Song, by the Unemployed Men's Clubs, under the direction of Sir Walford Davies, and conducted by Bamford Griffiths.

FRIDAY.—George Robey's own show, which had to be postponed owing to the death of King George, will be heard this evening on **National**. It is repeated on **Regional** programme to-morrow afternoon.

The show has been written by George Robey and Rupert Hazell, and is George Robey's life story.

On **Regional** is repeated "The Gipsy Princess." After the First News, **Midland** relay "Just off Piccadilly," a thriller by James Parish. The scene is a haunted house, and in the cast are Lee Fox, Gwen Muspratt, and Noel Johnson.

Following the thriller we have Harry Farmer at the organ of the Granada Theatre, Bedford, in his second **Midland** broadcast. Later, Ord Hamilton and his 20th Century Seven have their first relay from this region. Ord has, of course, broadcast from London on several occasions, and has deputised for Henry Hall on four occasions.

Western have a broadcast by a pipe band composed of girls who attend the Strode Day Con-

PROGRAMMES AT A GLANCE.

tinuation School. Elsie Eaves and Glyn Eastman sing duets.

A Brahms programme by the B.B.C. Welsh Orchestra is available on **Welsh**. The programme is conducted by Idris Lewis and Katie Wilkes (soprano) will sing two groups of Brahms songs.

Scottish have a programme of "Music from the Scottish Past," devoted to the work of Robert Johnson, born in Duns, Berwickshire, in the sixteenth century.

SATURDAY.—**Regional** programme has an attractive look. At noon, Charles Shadwell and the Coventry Hippodrome Orchestra, with Jack Wilson (piano), give their usual mid-day concert. In the afternoon there will be a repeat of George Robey's show, and in the evening there is high-speed Variety, entitled "Mulum in Parvo."

Following the weekly survey of sport on **Midland**, Warwick Vaughan, twenty-year-old entertainer, comes to the microphone in a "surprise item." He will be presented by Martyn C. Webster, who discovered Warwick. Just before the Second News is a programme of Variety on gramophone records.

Saturday—Henry Hall (National).

"Y Felten" ("A Flash of Lightning"), a short story, is due to be read by Gwynfor to **Welsh** listeners. This has had to be postponed twice, but it is hoped that everything will be O K this time.

Scottish programme relay the Variety show, "Mulum in Parvo," said to introduce fifteen turns in as many minutes!

Chief interest is on **National** in the first broadcast (at eleven p.m.) of Henry Hall's enlarged band, including the new vocalists, Elisabeth Scott, Bert Yarlett, and Vivienne Brooks. This programme will celebrate Henry's entry into his fifth year as conductor of the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra.

SUNDAY.—**Regional** relay morning service from the Church of St Nicholas, Guildford, the address being given by Rt. Rev. the Lord Bishop of Guildford. In the evening Dr Adrian Boult conducts a Symphony Concert.

Midland have an afternoon concert by Charles Shadwell and the Coventry Hippodrome Orchestra, from the studio. Emily Broughton (soprano) will sing two groups of songs. Later the Pye Hill and District Male Voice Choir give a programme of part songs. The conductor is Joseph Bonsall.

MONDAY.—**Regional** has a performance of Dr John Blow's "Venus and Adonis," under the direction of Mr A. C. Lewis. Dr Blow was born in 1648, and one of his pupils was Henry Purcell. The role of Venus at the first performance was sung by Mrs Mary Davies (at that time mistress of King Charles and a rival of Nell Gwynn).

Monday—"Death in the Dressing-Room" (National).

After a light programme by Harry Engleman's Quintet, **Midland** present the twelfth and last in the series "Midland Organs and Organists," from Birmingham University. The organ will be described and played by G. D. Cunningham, City Organist of Birmingham.

National in the evening has a musical thriller, "Death in the Dressing-Room," written by Bob Lively and Betty Laidlaw, both of whom have been heard over the air. The murder takes place during a musical piece called "Follies of 1936." The repeat is on **Regional** wave-length to-morrow (Tuesday).

Jack Wilson and his Versatile Five with Jack Ford as the soloist will be heard on **National** during the early afternoon. At 8.45 p.m., **National** will relay the Northern Ireland feature programme in honour of St Patrick.

"Penny Reading" is an interesting item on **Western**, and includes a turn, a dramatic monologue, and one of O. Henry's stories. There will also be a studio concert in which the soloists will be Dora Jones (contralto) and Alfred Salter (baritone).

"Anther Nicht at the Bursts" is a feature on **Scottish**. J. M. Hamilton (tenor), Mae Johnston (soprano), Hamilton Scott (violin), Muriel Robertson (elocutionist), David Stewart (tenor), and the Colonial Quartette (male voices), make up a happy little party.

Tuesday—"The North Stars" (Scottish).

TUESDAY.—Immediately after the First News, **Regional** relay an organ recital by H. Robinson Cleaver, from Bexley Heath. "Death in the Dressing-Room" has its repeat performance.

On **Midland**, after the First News, there is a light programme with Donald Groome, crooner, Roy Sanders, and Eric Shimpston, guitarists, and Mr A and Mr Bee in original stories in song.

Dance music will be played by Tony's Red Aces, from the studio. Following this, the City of Birmingham Orchestra join the Rugby Philharmonic Choir in a concert. Soloists are Cecil Cope (baritone) and Rosalind Rowsell (soprano). There will afterwards be a light programme by the Norris Stanley Sextet.

North Regional relay part of an Irish "Ceilidhe" from the Grafton Rooms, Liverpool.

A Herman Lohr programme will be given on **Western** by the Clifton Light Orchestra, conducted by J. L. Bridgmont, with Madge Thomas, contralto. The "North Stars" come once again on **Scottish** in a programme of further reminiscences from the Old Beach Pavilion, Aberdeen.

Talks And Walkers

WEDNESDAY.—This morning's talk in the "Housekeeping in Adventure" series is another story of catastrophe. Mrs M. France is to tell us of her housekeeping duties during an earthquake in Japan. This sort of thing isn't exactly uncommon in Japan, but it's upsetting! Time is 10.45, on **National**. At 2.5 on the same wavelength Miss Rhoda Power, charming historian, paints a word-picture of a manorial court, a sequel to last week's description of a country fair.

This is followed at 2.30 by a talk by Mr R. C. Garry, on "Infinitely Little Necessities." This intriguing title really refers to vitamins. At 6.50, on **National**, there is another of the "Mainly Indoors" talks. A doctor talks on "A Popular Medicine."

THURSDAY.—On **National**, at 11.30, Mr A. B. Lowndes, who has lived for many years in Japan, is to talk of the mountains and basins of Central Honshu. These talks have a way of sounding better than their title implies.

The "Discovering England" series is continued at 2.5 in the afternoon by Mr W. C. M'Harrie, who is to talk of the "History, Legends, and Customs of the Isle of Man." Mr M'Harrie, who is headmaster of a well-known London school, is a Manxman by birth. Besides talking, he is to sing some of the folk songs of his island.

This talk is followed at 2.30 by Miss Eileen Power, on world history. She has chosen for to-day's talk the title, "Science Grows Up."

The **National** talk at 7.30 is in the "Ways and Means" series—Mr R. C. Davison discussing the special problems of unemployment. His chat will deal principally with juvenile unemployment and the "transplanting" and rehabilitation of adults.

Welsh **Regional** offers another talk by that amazing chap, Jack Jones, with the promising title, "Men, Tips, and Memories." Jack Jones has done practically everything a man can do in one life-time, from working in a Welsh colliery to talking in the House of Commons. He has mixed with every class of society.

FRIDAY.—This morning's talk on **National** at 10.45, for the Sensible Mother, is again by a doctor, who will talk of "Children of Yesterday and To-day." At 6.50, on **National**, Mr C. H. Middleton tells us what to do in our gardens this month. At 8.45, on **London Regional**, there is another discussion under the title "Is that the Law?" The subject this time is "The Stolen Motor Car."

There are some brilliant names to choose from on the **Regional** wave-lengths to-night. In the

"Six Men Went Forth" series from **Northern Ireland**, the subject is Lord Kelvin, whose work was largely responsible for making possible the sending of cablegrams under the sea. His life and work will be discussed by Professor Magnus M'Lean, Glasgow University, who is also Emeritus Professor of Electrical Engineering of the Royal Technical College, Glasgow.

On **Scottish Regional**, Sir Godfrey Collins comes to the microphones to sum up the series, "Our Children's Scotland," the most important sequence of talks broadcast in Scotland for some years. Sir Godfrey, who is Secretary of State for Scotland, is in an advantageous position to give

THE WEEK'S PROGRAMMES.

this talk. His periods of office have covered some of the most vital periods in modern Scottish history.

Two other well-known men appear in a debate on **Northern Regional**. They are Edgar Lustgarten, whose gramophone recitals of "swing" music are popular features, and Giles Playfair, son of the late Sir Nigel, who has been associated with the production of many successful revues and variety programmes. The exact point they are to argue has not yet been fixed, but the general heading will be on the lines of "That the proper location of a British National Theatre is in the North."

Midland Parliament meets again to-night to discuss the question, "Should Employers be Licensed?" The question is a natural sequel to all that has been said at previous meetings about the bad employer. Sir Charles Mander is chairman.

Final talk is back on **National** at 10.0 for Raymond Swing's popular "Transatlantic Bulletin."

SATURDAY.—This morning we are told of the week's doings in Westminster by Miss Florence Horsbrugh, M.P. for Dundee.

Unusual interest attaches to the **National Sports Talk** at 6.30. A new process of taking these records is being used, said to be even speedier than the Blatterphone.

SUNDAY.—To-day's "Imaginary Biography" is about a voice—actually "The Voice from the Edinburgh Gallery." Talker, James Agate, here

takes us back to the days when a name did not mean so much in the world of entertainment as it does now. The immortal Mrs Siddons, according to the story, toured Scotland with little success. Everywhere audiences either "sat on their hands" or hissed.

At last, in Edinburgh, she met with a small reward. Majestically the "Tragic Muse" came to the end of her greatest scene. In rolling tones, she swept through a long and eloquent speech. As her voice died away, a voice from the gallery murmured audibly, "No sae bad!" It is the owner of this voice we shall hear about at 6.45 on **National**.

Afternoon talks on **National** are by Rev. Father M. C. D'Arcy, on "Christian Morality and Ideals," and by Very Rev. W. P. Paterson at 4.50, who continues the "I Remember" series. He will tell of the changes in religious views and habits he has seen during fifty years' service with the Church of Scotland.

The **National** appeal is made by Sir Cedric Hardwicke, on behalf of the Clapham Home for Boys.

Make a note of the "Spice of Life" talk at 9.0, on **National**. Speaker is G. K. Chesterton.

MONDAY.—Subject of this morning's talk on "Fashionable Crazes" at 10.45, on **National**, is "Letter-Writing." You will hear Miss Helen Simpson, popular talker on books and kindred subjects. At noon, also on **National**, is another talk in the religious series for schools. Canon A. C. Deane is the speaker.

At 6.50 Dr Stafford Hatfield again comes to the microphone to talk of "Many Inventions," bringing us up-to-date with latest movements in the scientific world. Alistair Cook, at 7.10, comes along to give us another review of **Cinema Topics**. The third of this trio of evening talks, at 7.30, is another Galsworthy discussion by Mr Eric Gillett, who will continue his examination of the play, "Strife," and the feelings which prompted its creation.

TUESDAY.—Mrs Florence Ingllison again visits us at 10.45 this morning, to let us into more secrets of Yorkshire cookery. (Private note.—Our lunches have improved tremendously since these talks began. We pass the tip on!)

Commander Stephen King-Hall, as mentioned in our Gossip pages, speaks in novel manner on **National** at 11.30.

The afternoon talk in the "Round the Country-side" series is by Richard Morse, on "Spring Butterflies."

The Platonic episode at 7.30 on **National** is centred on "Education in the Totalitarian State." Plato held that education was the basis of any good State. But what did he mean by education? Mr Crossman will provide an answer. Finally, we have the next item in the "Conquest of the Air" series. Talk is given by Brigadier General P. R. C. Groves, who will have for his topic Britain's place in world aviation. The speaker is the original founder of the Air League.

TRIAL BY RADIO AUDITION—Continued from page 3.

The double Hebrew comedy act, the only other successful artistes, were Abe and Mawruss. Immediately they commenced their patter John, leaning head heavily in hands, cigarette ends all around him, brightened up. The depression lifted! John actually laughed out loud—most unusual behaviour for a B.B.C. producer at an audition! Listen for them. They're good!

Every B.B.C. Department holds its own auditions.

Sometimes it is known that a certain producer is in need of an artiste for a coming production, and, though he may not be "on auditions" that week, he is invited to drop in and hear someone who, judging by his past experience, might suit the vacant post. This is especially the case with the drama auditions, where a peculiar role in a scheduled play may be hard to fill.

Artistes aiming at fame in drama have to speak a dozen lines from any modern play, a dozen from Shakespeare, and give an example of a dialect or foreign language. They are allowed five or six minutes in which to get all that off their chests. Some test!

The most frequent fault with these aspiring radio actors is their inability to realise that the radio audience cannot see them! They wave their arms, walk all over the studio, smile and sneer. "And, of course, their voice,

which is all that matters, becomes a secondary part to their performance.

Auditions are falling out of date with the Music Department. Very few are ever given. The members of this department are apt to consider auditions a rather childlike habit of early B.B.C. days. They have now picked over all the musicians and singers of "class" in Britain, and their lists of artistes are full for a long time to come—so they say, officially.

We have heard the same quintets and octets, the same sopranos, baritones and military band basses for years. They are all "first-class" artists. But not even those rather superior officials who keep themselves to themselves at Brock House, the Music Department's quarters, can convince me that among all the young, serious musicians who have entered the profession since the B.B.C. began there is nobody to equal the old favourites of the "charmed circle."

Let me tell you of the most extraordinary B.B.C. audition ever given.

In the Variety Department's audition studio a while ago a man stood before the microphone deliberately chattering his teeth! He was trying to chatter them to the rhythm of dance music. He had written in to say that this new dental act of his was pure radio entertainment.

Well—the listening producer came to the conclusion that it wasn't!

The Strange Case of Betty Campbell

Continued from Page 15.

"I shan't do that, kid. You told me off good and proper."

Lena came along to see if Betty would care to make a fourth. She flashed a glance of warning at Brade, who understood perfectly what was in her mind. He smiled when Betty asked to be excused.

"You don't care for bridge, perhaps?" asked Lena.

"I'm afraid I don't," replied Betty.

"Miss Campbell prefers piquet, I believe," said Brade gravely.

"Well, they're wanting a fourth. I'll

Beyond saying that they would expect to see her again soon, Lena very wisely did not press her with a further invitation.

Betty heaved a sigh of relief as she walked down the drive, enjoying the cool night air. Parties like this were nothing in her line. She much preferred to be out with David. If Lena asked her again, she would try to find some good excuse for refusing.

She told David about the party next time they were out together. He, too, was surprised that the Dicksons should so suddenly develop an interest in her.

"Are you going again?" he asked, as they sat in the car watching the moonlight over the moor.

"Not if I can help it. I expect I'm a cat, David, but I don't really like Lena Dickson."

"Oh, she's all right."

"I dare say she is. Probably I'm biased—because I feel sure her mother wanted her to marry you."

"I've never heard anything about that," said David, surprised. "What on earth makes you think so?"

"Just intuition," laughed Betty. She didn't want to tell him about the hatred she had seen in Mrs Dickson's eyes. "Don't let's talk about it any more. You're not going to marry her, are you?"

"You know I'm not!" David caught her in his arms.

"You're a darling," Betty kissed him shyly. "It doesn't look as though that advertisement is going to bring any result, does it?"

"It's too early to say yet. We must give it a chance. It's only appeared in the papers a few days. If Rankine's still alive, he'll see it eventually."

"But will he reply to it?"

"I don't see why he shouldn't. It seems likely from what we've heard that he's a bit of a waster. He'll probably be only too glad to come forward if he sees a chance of making any money."

"Oh, I hope so!" whispered Betty. "Because—" she hid her face on his shoulder—"you see, I—I don't want to wait, either, David."

A Double Game

MR HENRY WELLWOOD did not seem at all surprised when he called as promised at The Larches to find that Mrs Dickson had decided to accept his terms.

"I think you are taking the right course, madam," he murmured. "I feel sure that you will not have cause to regret it."

"If this second commission turns out as well as the first," said Mrs Dickson, "I shall be quite satisfied. When do you propose to start?"

"At once, madam."

"You will let me know if you make any progress?"

"Of course. I hope I shall not keep you waiting long."

Mr Wellwood made his way back to the Crown and Mitre and sat down to evolve a plan of campaign. Probably his best move would be to insert an advertisement in the papers and try to get into touch with the man Rankine. Picking up his morning paper to discover the cost of a few lines in the personal column, he caught sight of something that made his eyes open wide in surprise.

For several minutes he stared at the advertisement David Grant had inserted. His brows were creased in a frown of perplexity. From time to time his thin lips curled in a vicious snarl.

"Trying to double-cross me!" he muttered. "Trying to do the thing behind my back!"

It never entered his mind that anyone but Mrs Dickson could have inserted the

advertisement. Who else could know about Rankine? It seemed clear that, for some reason, Mrs Dickson did not trust him. He wondered uneasily if he had betrayed himself in any way.

He recalled their various conversations, and decided that he had made no mistake. It was impossible for the woman to have discovered that he had lied to her. It could only be that she was playing a double game, pretending to employ him to find the missing girl, and at the same time working on her own.

"I'll teach her!" he muttered. "I'll show her that she can't play fast and loose with me!"

The Man on the Stair

QUITE unconscious of the enmity she had aroused, Mildred Dickson carried on with her work at the store, putting all her energies into it. Though her situation was precarious, she felt that it might easily be worse. She had great faith in Henry Wellwood's capabilities. She did not believe that he would fail her.

She felt that Lena, too, would play her part and so entangle Betty Campbell that David Grant, embarrassed for lack of ready money, might be prepared to accept a loan on the security of his shares.

She spent a good deal of time hurrying round the store, keeping a watchful eye on the work of the various departments. It was not surprising, therefore, that she should have been coming down the main staircase

Continued on opposite page.



"What could he want?" wondered Mildred Dickson.

have to go. Perhaps you'll look after Miss Campbell, Stephen?"

"Sure I will," he agreed.

Several other young men helped him in this task. When it was their turn to be dummy, they drifted over to Betty. Determined attempts were made to flirt with her.

Lena and Mrs Dickson watched unobtrusively. They were disappointed that the girl did not respond more freely. Still, this was perhaps too much to expect in the circumstances.

"We mustn't hurry her," Lena whispered to her mother. "I'll manage somehow to get her interested in bridge—if you think the idea's worth persevering with?"

"I certainly do. The only way we can get at David Grant is through her. If we can persuade her to run up some debts—or cause him anxiety in any way—I feel sure it would have the effect we want."

"Then leave it to me. But don't expect results all at once."

Betty was glad when the party was over.

HOOPER'S PILLS

The most striking testimony to the infallibility of the genuine Dr John Hooper's Female Pills is their tremendous sale. The oldest Patent Pill on the market gives relief where other so-called remedies fail.

Price 1/3 & 3/- per Box.

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- UNDERWEAR YOU CAN MAKE YOURSELF.
- AFTERNOON AND DAY DRESSES.
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with Lena at the very moment when a disreputable, down-at-heel individual was directed upstairs by the disdainful commissioner.

Mrs Dickson eyed the man with displeasure. She didn't want any beggars here. She'd have to speak to Wills.

"What do you want?" she snapped, as the man came up the stairs.

"I want Room G, ma'am," he replied.

Room G. This was David Grant's office. What on earth could this fellow be wanting up there? Mrs Dickson grew a little curious.

"Why do you want Room G?" she asked.

"I've come about the advertisement, ma'am."

"What advertisement?"

The man pulled a soiled scrap of paper from his pocket and unfolded it.

"This, ma'am," he replied, holding out the paper.

Mrs Dickson stared in amazement at the advertisement which David Grant had inserted. Why on earth should he be wanting to find Rankine? Surely he couldn't have any suspicion that Andrew Dickson had left a daughter behind?

"Are you Rankine?" she snapped, turning back to the man.

"Yes, ma'am," he replied.

Mildred Dickson felt faint. The reply came as a shock. This poverty-stricken individual knew the whereabouts of Andrew Dickson's daughter. He was on his way to David Grant's office to disclose his knowledge.

"Come this way," she said, with sudden decision.

Accompanied by Lena, she led the way up the stairs into her own office.

"Sit down please," she said, indicating a chair.

"I'm glad you've answered my advertisement," she went on. "I presume you're ready to tell me everything you can?"

"I thought I was going to hear something, ma'am," he protested.

"You're going to be paid—and paid well—if you're sensible."

Mrs Dickson could hardly control her excitement. Suppose this man could give her proof that Andrew Dickson's daughter was dead! That would put an end to all her troubles.

"I want to ask you a few questions."

Rankine watched her uneasily.

"Some time ago," she went on, "a relative of mine, Andrew Dickson, left his daughter in your charge. That's right, isn't it?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Where is she?"

"I—I can't tell you, ma'am. You see, I lost her and—"

"You mean you want paying for your information? Very well. I'd every intention of rewarding you. How much do you want?"

Rankine licked his thin lips.

"Fifty pounds," he said slowly.

"Very well. You shall have fifty pounds—provided your information is worth while."

"That won't do. You might say when I'd told you that—"

"You shall have fifty pounds," repeated Mrs Dickson curtly, "if you tell me where that daughter is now."

"All right, ma'am."

The man held out a dirty hand. After staring at it for a moment, Mrs Dickson swept out of the room, to return in a moment with a bundle of pound notes. She counted out fifty.

"Where is she?" she asked.

"I left her with some people in Bradley."

"In Bradley?" echoed Lena. "Here?"

"Yes, miss. With a Mr and Mrs Campbell of Turner Street."

"Betty Campbell!" Lena caught her mother's arm. "Betty Campbell!"

What will be the next move of Mildred Dickson?

NEXT WEEK WE PRESENT

"WHY BIG TIMERS ON THE AIR GO BROKE."

The friend of countless stars, a star himself, tells you the inside story of some of radio's greatest tragedies. In the big money one day—broke the next. But why?

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An American article giving you the lowdown on broadcasting's greatest personalities, and the reasons for their success. These million dollar secrets are free to "Radio Reviewers."

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Greta Keller is a great radio personality. Her fans are numbered by the thousand—Bud Forder is one of them. Real inside stuff!

HOWARD MARSHALL—MR TUTT.

REX KING'S FAN MAIL BAG, GOSSIP, NEXT WEEK'S PROGRAMME HIGH LIGHTS.

REX KING, RADIO'S GREATEST CRITIC.

Magnificent panel portrait of DORIS ARNOLD, star of hundreds of radio shows.

ANOTHER RADIO GRAM GIVEN FREE

WORK OF ART.—Continued from page 22.

as the collectors, the crooks got busy. Methodically they went round the homes of the buyers, rifling and getting away.

Four more times Mark Hohenbaum saw his laconic visitor. On the fourth visit the conversation was as cryptic as ever, except for one small addition.

"How much?" Mark had asked, as usual.

"Two thousand!"

"Where did you get all these Colvettes?"

"I stole them all myself."

Silently, unobtrusively out of the shop drifted the man who broke his match-sticks.

After each theft, a wave of publicity attended Colvette. Thanks to these crooked activities the values flew so high. Even with the praise of crank collectors, the Frenchman's pseudo talents would never have got him so far. After every theft the price of a Colvette rose.

SUDDENLY the bright star of Jules Colvette went out. His pictures were so sure to be stolen that nobody would buy. He could not have sold a picture for even five pounds. No man gambles when he is sure to lose.

Colvette closed up his studio, invested his fortune, and threw away

his painting brushes. He shed no tears.

"I have had my day," he murmured quietly. "England has been good to me."

Mark Hohenbaum was thousands of pounds out on the whole business. He made it worse by worrying himself ill.

The tired and worried Jew decided that he needed a holiday.

The big hotel at Harrogate helped him to forget. The little Jew felt his confidence returning.

He had been winning at cards. A man named Grange had introduced him to some fine fellows—not so smart as himself—who weren't afraid of high stakes.

One evening a member of the poker school was called away. It was left for Grange to find a substitute.

"Mr Hohenbaum," said Grange, "meet Mr Jules Colvette, the artist. He has agreed to join us."

Hohenbaum was off his game. The Jew's money poured across the table to the Frenchman.

When the poker game finished, they rose—all except Mark, the Jew. He was sick of life. He felt old.

Jules Colvette, with a cigarette in his mouth, brushed past the Jew's chair. Something dropped on the table before Hohenbaum. It was a match-stick, broken across the middle, as if someone had held it against two fingers and snapped it with his thumb.

RADIO MERRY-GO-ROUND



SWEETEST OF SWEET RADIO STARS. VERA LYNN CERTAINLY IS "LOVELY TO LOOK AT"



D'YOU KNOW GRANDMA? IT'S MABEL CONSTANDUROS - "MRS BUGGINS."



GERALDO ENJOYS A MOMENT'S LEISURE.



"TUNE A MINUTE" PEGGY COCHRANE



HERE'S MAVER AND LEE. THERE SEEMS TO BE TROUBLE BREWING!