

TOP HOLE PANEL PORTRAIT OF LEW STONE

FREE INSIDE

RADIO REVIEW

№ 26
MAY 2
1936
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Elisabeth Scott,
A SINGER,
AND A COUPLE OF PALS

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What You Have to Do:—

BELOW 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 (2), "Radio Review," 12 Fetter Lane, Fleet Street, London E.C.4, to reach that address by Thursday, May 7.

If you would rather make up your own 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.

Directions for sending your entry for this competition are the same. For the best last line or Limerick, the Editor will award a magnificent Columbia Radiogram.

All other entries published will be awarded handsome consolation prizes. In all matters relating to the competition the Editor's published decision must be accepted as final and legally binding. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with this competition.

Entries will not be accepted from employees of D. C. Thomson & Co., Ltd., or their immediate connections.

A cigar king called Timothy Twine,
Had a fault in his telephone line,
He picked up the receiver
And heard Robinson Cleaver

There was an old man of Kintyre,
Who took out a wireless on hire,
When he tuned in
He heard Marjery Wyn

There was an old dame of Dundee,
Who listened each night after tea
To talks on tomatoes,
Old stones, and sonatas,

There was a young lady of Lent,
Who went out to camp in a tent,
With a short wave receiver,
And a golden retriever,

There was a young man of Madrid,
Who could dance the tango—and did.
To the strains of Geraldo
He danced the fandango.

These are the names if you wish to make your own Limerick:—Carter, Baily, Elrick, Carlos, Cooper, Scott, Mackey, Rosing, Oldham, Hartley, Long, Geraldo, Kelley, O'Neil, Noble, Coleman, Stone, Lenner, Robey, Gielgud.

Radio Review

No. 26.

May 2, 1936.

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Pasquale Troise



MOST of you know TROISE. His first name is Pasquale. Little need to tell you he is leader of the famous "Mandoliers." Born Minori, near Naples. Came to London 5 years before the Great

War. One of the original members of London Radio Dance Band. Now has his own band of 15 artistes. Married.

WELL, to start off with, I like you!

I know lots of people don't, but I think they're wrong.

After all, what's wrong with you modern girls?

Some folk say you're too sophisticated. Others, that you're hard and only on the lookout for a good time.

Well, maybe some of you are, but only a minority. I think that most of you are just as genuine and good-hearted as your mothers and grandmothers were when they were girls.

After all, times have changed. Life is lived at a faster tempo.

With the change in conditions, there's bound to be a change in people. We have to think quicker—and harder. This applies particularly to the modern girl.

Young girls to-day go out into the world and learn to know the world and its ways at a very early age—much earlier than they used to. In fact, not very many years ago, some girls grew up and became old women without even realising anything about Life outside their own family circle!

Nowadays all that is changed. Young women, working side by side with young men, have none of the sickly and sentimental illusions that their grandmothers sometimes fostered.

All those notions are out of place to-day.

Instead, you modern young women think clearly and directly, speak frankly and honestly. You say what you mean. Though you have changed outwardly, at heart you are the same as the girls of twenty years ago.

Though your lips may be bright with lipstick, your smiles are none the less sincere and tender for those you love.

That brings us to the question of make-up. That gets so many older people all hot and bothered.

"Just look at the little hussy, got up like some painted doll!" you'll hear some old man exclaim as a pretty girl passes by on her way to the office.

As a matter of fact, that girl doesn't look like a painted doll at all. She just happens to have a pretty little face which is made to look more attractive by the application of lipstick, face powder, and eyebrow pencil.

And why not?

If a pretty girl wants to make herself look prettier, why shouldn't she? Or, if a plain girl wants to make herself look less plain by artificial aids, well again, why not? It makes the world a brighter place to live in.

Then there's criticism of modern girls spending too much money and time on clothes and hairdressers.

Well, I know that many smartly-dressed girls spend very little on their clothes. They give most of their salary to their mothers to help pay for running the home.

But, because they are girls of 1936, they know how

Here's Gracie Fields just back from her South African trip. She's giving you her ideas on the modern girl.

You Modern Girls

BY GRACIE FIELDS



and where to buy materials economically and make them up into attractive looking dresses. Most of them can look after their own hair, with only a few visits a year to the hairdresser.

Call me a champion of the modern girl if you like. I am—though you girls don't need anyone to protect you. You're all quite capable of looking after yourselves.

There are some people who say you aren't romantic.

All nonsense!

What films are the most popular to-day? Romantic films.

Which novelists make most money? Romantic novelists.

What songs to-day have the strongest appeal? Romantic songs!

Who sees the films, reads the novels, listens-in to the songs? Who, in fact, enjoys romance most of all? Miss 1936.

Who, too, can laugh and appreciate good comedy? The modern young girl!

For, as well as romantic ideals, as well as a belief in true love, marriage, and motherhood, you modern girls have a sense of humour. You don't make life seem too serious. You laugh at it often.

And there's nothing puts life in its place so much as a good laugh now and again.

To all the grumbles about the modern girl! I would say this:—

"Take a look at her as she runs to catch a train. Watch her on the tennis courts or splashing merrily in the sea. Look at her as she dances in the arms of her charming young man.

"What is she symbolic of? Health, vitality, personality, and the joy of living!"

That's why I say, you modern girls are all right.

Because you're alive and vital, not stifled by silly pretences and artificial notions. Because you're free and happy and don't mind telling the world about it.

In other words, I think you're champion!

"What Women Want to Hear"—you'll want to read it! It's on page 6.

Lew Stone panel portrait free to-day. Don't miss Brian Lawrance next week.

Gossip Between



Ivor Kirchin.

HOLD your breath, for an event of unusual magnitude has taken place in Broadcasting House. Instead of trying to cut fees, they've actually been raising them for one or two people of late. Yes, and of their own accord!

They Work for It!

The Two Leslies always write fresh material for each radio show; and, what's more, they keep it "topical." "For the All-British Variety Show on May 5," says Leslie Holmes, "we've written two new numbers—'When the Territorials Are On Parade' and 'Public Benefactor Number One!'"

Exclusive

I am able to reveal that The Two Leslies have put forward plans for a grand new series of radio shows, which are being considered by B.B.C. experts, and which it is hoped will be on the air towards the end of this year. To back them up, The Two Leslies are now seeking the finest talent possible—not necessarily amongst the already well-known artistes, but also among the ranks of those who have the qualities for real stardom, but have not yet learned to exploit it. Here's wishing the Leslies "good hunting."

Up She Goes!

Talking of folks "getting a raise"—when bandsman Harry Leader bought a motor cycle for £75 he got two "raises" in one day. On the first day he couldn't get the machine to work at all. On the second day she

started up suddenly and ran off with him—result, he went over the handlebars! On the third day he gave it away!

Thrills an' Spills

It's quite a while now since that high-class funster, Ronald Frankau, rode a motor cycle, but he tells me he had lots of thrills on two wheels during the war. His enthusiasm waned a little after one wild night-ride to pick up some refreshment for the mess. "You see, I had no lights," explains Ronald, "and a certain big army car was carrying just one light." Ronald missed the light successfully—but hit the car! So the mess stayed thirsty!

Looks Out for Laughs

By the way, Frankau and Tommy Handley will be making another "hit" on May 8 in their "Murgatroyd and Winterbottom" act. Tommy is also on the air on the 5th. Here are two more grand fellows who write their own material, often at a few hours' notice—and occasionally in the oddest places. "One of the best broadcasts I ever wrote," Tommy tells me, "was while sitting in the bath!"

This Melody Meant Money

Here's where I reveal the little-known fact that B. C. Hilliam—otherwise "Flotsam," of "Flotsam and Jetsam"—is the man behind several famous ballads. He wrote "Four Ships," "The Golden Age," and in America won an open competition for the best song for the Allies. It was

called, "Freedom For All For Ever," and earned him over a thousand dollars. Foxtrots may come and go, but there's money in ballads.

Off to Iceland!

Have just said farewell to Jack Quinet, British band leader known to the Scottish studios, and the first British band leader to broadcast from Iceland, for which land he sailed a few days back. "I'll be broadcasting every

Mark Hellinger
writes
"Radio Review's"
short story
this week—

Sunday from Radio Reykjavik," he told me, "and as it will shortly be on an increased output of 42 kw., it won't be so difficult to pick up this year."

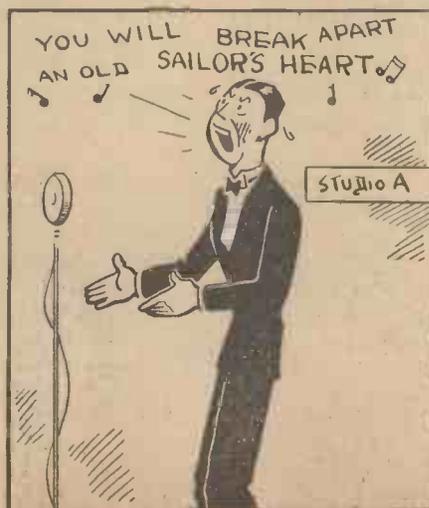
Not So Cold!

By the way, it's not all ice huts and igloos in the Land of the Midnight Sun! "The hotels are grand," Jack says, "the dry summer atmosphere actually permits one to go out without a coat. Champagne is very cheap."

Tense Moments

Spare a thought for the man who gets together in the studio so many of

CUTHBERT THE CROONER



Ourselves

... BY ...
LONGWAVE

the "In Town To-Night" acts—one, Jack Cannall. A little while back he stood and shivered while a marbles champion lost his place. "But that's nothing," said Jack when we met afterwards, "I shall never forget a total teetotaller who developed hiccoughs a few minutes before his broadcast. Sheer nerves! I grabbed a jug of water and poured it down his throat. I nearly choked him—but it stopped the hiccoughs. Then there was the sportsman who swore luridly all

to send in examples of "twisted tunes" you've discovered yourself. So start thinking.

Inspired by Snowdrops!

An interesting character on the National, Monday, May 4, is Arthur Dulay, who brings a quintet to the mike. Arthur claims to be the first one in this country to write the entire music for a British film. The film was called "Tartuffe," in which Emil Jannings starred. "The music took me six months to write," Arthur tells me. Arthur Dulay composes one new number for each broadcast; the new composition for the 4th is entitled "Snowdrops"—and was inspired by a huge box of snowdrops sent to him by an admiring listener!

Old and New

More dates for your radio notebook:—Ivor Kirchin and his band, on the Northern, May 1; Kirchin claims to be "the first band to be put over the air from Manchester." Now a brand new band to radio—Max Theodore Newman and his band, May 7. Though new to the air, this is a "high society" band which was formed shortly after the war.

Night into Day

The life of a society band leader is a strange one. Max tells me that it's quite a habit with him to come home from, say, a hunt ball engagement at 4 or 5 a.m., discard evening dress, don his oldest clothes, and start work with spade and trowel in his beloved garden!



Tommy Handley.

—The first
of a series
by this famous
American author.

through rehearsals—my one fear was that he'd slip a swear into the broadcast by accident. He didn't, after all!"

As Forecast

As exclusively forecast in these columns last week, that amusing little "Foundations of Music" feature in Eddie Pola's last "America Calling" show is being continued as a separate item by the B.B.C. On May 13 Eddie has a ten-minute spot to himself for his "Twisted Tunes." The idea is to show how one tune has evolved from another, and Eddie will be inviting you

Who's A Hermit?

Am I mortified—you'll be thinking I've turned woman-hater this week! For lo and behold! I find I haven't yet mentioned the "fair sex" on this page—a most unusual thing for me! But no—I haven't turned a blind eye to them—how could I! Amongst recent happy meetings I recall that tea-time talk with the Rhythm Sisters, when the moments fled like bluebirds. They have a great sense of humour, these girls. They tell me Sam Browne surprised them, in their joint stage act, by suddenly doing a spot of tap-dancing; they nearly "dried up" with laughter as a result. I understand Sam was equally surprised at himself. It must have been "spring in the air"—so he did!

The Singing Officer

Lots of people will be tuning in to Midland on May 7. On that date the B.B.C. Midland Orchestra will be conducted by Reginald Burston. But it is about the vocalist that I want to tell you. He is Cuthbert Reaveley. You may not know, but Mr Reaveley is Lord of the Manor of Kinnersley, in Herefordshire. More than that, he has the record of being the only regular officer to sing in Covent Garden opera. On the Continent, he made his reputation as an operatic singer under the name of Carlo Rivoji.

No. 2—MY SONG FOR YOU



What WOMEN WANT TO HEAR ON THE AIR

HAVE you ever thought that out of thirteen and a quarter daily hours of broadcasting, excluding Sundays, only one quarter of an hour each day is devoted to broadcasting exclusively for women? Considering that women represent a large proportion of the listening public, particularly in the day time, don't you think it a little unfair?

If the programme builders of the B.B.C. would only realise that most of their day-time listeners are women it would be a step in the right direction.

Our menfolk, are at work all day and we can have the radio to ourselves, to switch on—or off—as we like. There are men, of course, who listen in the day-time, the blind, those unfortunately unemployed, those in hospital, men whose shifts of work keep them at home during the day and many others. But women form the great majority of day-time listeners.

What is provided for them? One quarter of an hour's broadcasting each day, and that quarter of an hour filled, very largely, with talks of a domestic nature.

Don't you think that is unimaginative and a mistake?

Many women have to stay at home for the greater part of the day, cooking, cleaning, sewing, washing, and doing other domestic tasks. When they switch on the radio for the special women's broadcast is it right that they should be greeted by talks on child welfare, cookery recipes, and the like?

Why does the B.B.C. imagine that cookery, housework, and child welfare are the only things that appeal to women?

The average woman has many more interests. Chief amongst them is clothes, clothes, clothes. Do you know any woman who is totally unmoved by the mention of clothes? You don't. Every woman, whatever her views on life, has an interest in clothes.

It may be suppressed, often through lack of money. It may be only a sneaking interest, but it is there, deeply rooted in every one of us. Such being the case, why can't we have talks on clothes? Clothes of all kinds.

Not only what is to be fashionable this year, but everything to do with dress.

Now that such excellent paper patterns are obtainable everywhere many

women make their own clothes. Why not have a few talks on dressmaking? A short series of talks on how to make a coat and skirt, for instance, the first talk dealing with choice of material, the second with cutting out, the third on fitting, the fourth telling us how to set in the sleeves, and so on.

A speaker on such a subject would be sure of an enthralled audience. She would be of great assistance to many women who, whilst making their own clothes at home, find many pitfalls that expert and helpful advice would teach them to avoid.

Talks on fashion would be most useful. What will be smart this year, what colours will be *de rigueur* this season and what sorts of materials are best for certain occasions. Suggestions for spring, summer, and winter outfits, as the seasons come round, would be welcomed. Dress budgets for incomes of varying sizes would be appreciated, also suggested colour schemes for women of different types and colourings.

Wouldn't you like to hear of ways

in which you could make your last year's frocks up-to-date and how best to utilise those remnants you bought at the sales? Of course you would. Who wouldn't?

Don't you think a weekly shopping tour would be appreciated? There are so many interesting, useful, and important things in the shops and few women have time to see them all—even a small proportion of them. Couldn't we have a broadcast shopping service on a par with the shopping columns in magazines?

Direct advertising could be avoided by the speakers describing the article, giving its price and asking listeners to write to her, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope, for particulars of where it could be bought.

Such a service would be invaluable to many women, especially country listeners who live out of reach of the big shops.

What about society gossip, which so many women love to hear? Why not get some famous woman, either in the social or business world, or a representative of one of the arts, to come to the microphone and give a talk on what has interested her most during the week? There are so many functions taking place daily in London. It would interest women to know who was there, what was said, and done, and what the women wore!


VERITY CLAIRE

NEWCOMERS

—*Tabloid*

ERNEST LONGSTAFFE has now taken a hand in introducing some new talent to the microphone. His twenty-minute show, "Let's Broadcast," brought to listeners' notice Marjorie Holmes, Jack Barker, and Westell Gordon. They acquitted themselves well.

"May I leave at 4 o'clock this week?" asked Jack Barker of his boss. "I've been offered a week's work in Variety!" The reply was uncompromising. "You're always asking for time off. If you go now you'll never come back."

Jack never did. He threw up seven years' apprenticeship with a big engineering firm because he could not keep away from the stage. Since then he has never looked back.

"I'm a lucky chap," he told me. "Things always come my way, and because I've never refused work, however different from what I've been doing, I'm always kept busy."

At the age of twenty-one, Jack was earning £5 a week, and was happy in having his father's support in his new career.

Booked for a week in Dublin, he left himself just enough money to get over there and exist until pay day at the end of the week. But, alas, a thick fog delayed the sailing of the boat, and by the time he reached Dublin he had precisely 1½d in his pocket.

During the war Jack ran entertainments for the First Cavalry, and finished up in Cologne with the Army of Occupation.

After the war Jack went into Charlot's "Bran Pie," and later toured in revue before going back to the music halls.

He then felt the urge to do concert party work. Again his usual luck prevailed.

Jack had his eye on a season at Margate. Getting on a bus one day, he met the very man who could book him there. They fixed up the job there and then.

Since then Jack has specialised in concert party work.

His chief hobby is to get away into the country with his water colours and do some painting.

*Have you
entered for our
Limerick Contest?—*

Handicrafts appeal to many women, particularly round about Christmas time, or during the autumn, when so many people are seeking to make dozens of Christmas presents and have only ten shillings to do it with. Such talks would be greatly valued!

Knitting is popular now that knitted clothes are so much in vogue. A talk or so on knitting, how to finish, press, make up and wash our hand-knitted garments would be a boon. Talks on embroidery, crochet, rug-making, and the numerous other handicrafts would gain a wide listening public.

Then, most important of all, there is beauty. Could many women resist listening to a talk on beauty culture? I don't believe they could. Women who would tell us how to get and keep slim and preserve our youthful contours, how to make up properly—a lesson many of us sorely need—would earn our everlasting gratitude.

Why not a weekly suggestion as to what to see and where to go for the countrywoman who wants to spend a week-end in London? This could be given at the beginning of the preceding week and would describe the best way to spend a week-end in town, with information as to the important events taking place then, the best shows to see, how to get to places of interest, giving bus and tube routes, and so on.

TO RADIO Biographies.

In his early music hall work he not only did falsetto burlesque but rapid sketching. In a month Jack is taking a trip to New York and Canada for a much-needed holiday before he packs up for a long season at Weston-super-Mare.

* * * * *
Slim, with dark curly hair, brown eyes and ready smile, Marjorie Holmes is the essence of vitality. Though not yet twenty, she has about eight years of stage experience behind her.

Marjorie started to have dancing lessons when she was very small, and it was intended that she should go home to County Durham to teach. But things didn't turn out quite like that. Frank Melville came into the studio one day.

"What can you do?" he asked with a smile. "Anything," was the prompt response, and she could! The result was a three years' contract in pantomime.

From being a speciality dancer Marjorie became a soubrette. Now she is a soubrette comedienne and goes in for after-dinner entertaining.

* * * * *
Then there is Westell Gordon, tenor, 'cellist, and composer of light songs.

Although born in London, Westell has not lived in this country for over nine years.

He showed musical talent at an early age, and as a boy of eight became soprano soloist at St George's, Bloomsbury, where he took up the study of the organ.

During the last seven years he has established his reputation over the National broadcasting network in America.

During Sunday night broadcasts in U.S., it was his habit to give a hymn, and one day he received a letter from a listener asking him if he would sing at her funeral, at his own fee.

Mr Gordon, somewhat surprised, wrote back that he would be pleased to do so, and dismissed the matter from his mind.

Just before he left the States the undertakers rang him up and told him that the woman was dead and had left instructions regarding what he should sing and a cheque for payment.



This service would be immensely popular with the country listener, I feel certain. So many women come to town for an occasional week-end, not knowing London well and having no clear idea of where to go and what to see; and, if they have the idea, they don't know the best way of carrying it out.

The procedure could be reversed, in the summer at anyrate. Regional transmitters could broadcast suggestions of what to see during a week-end in their particular district, how to plan a trip, what roads to take, what interesting buildings lie in the vicinity, and, if they are open to the public and the hours of admission. Visitors would then be spared the irritation of arriving at the gates of some famous castle or show place just as it is shutting for the night.

These items would interest the average woman. They are only a few of the many ways in which the feminine programmes could be brightened. I'm sure most housewives don't want cookery and child welfare talks when they sit down for a few moments' rest. They have very probably just prepared the dinner and put it in the oven and also soothed the baby's crying. They sit down for a little rest and relaxation and turn on the wireless. What do they hear? As likely as not how to put a new washer on a tip, or how to mend a broken castor on a chair.

You know, we women are not treated fairly, whichever way you look at it! Men have a much larger share

of the radio than we have. They get their racing commentaries, cup finals, and the numerous sporting relays, which are of much more interest to them than to us. Plays, talks—some of them—Variety and music are almost equally liked by both sexes, but women, as women, have a pretty thin time.

Supposing there were a special men's hour. Wouldn't they be furious if they sat down to their masculine programme and had to listen to talks on how to write a business letter, the best and quickest way to add up figures, or how to sell their stock?

Of course they would.

Radio should be a mixture of entertainment, interest, and education, but primarily entertainment. Women's talks sometimes interest or educate but they never entertain. If we must be forcibly educated why use our precious quarter of an hour for education on such well-worn subjects? Most women would welcome an occasional cookery talk, but we do get so tired of these regular series of tips for erring housewives and the eternal rubbing in of the need for economy.

Give us a little time "off the chain." Let us have a change, a rest, and, above all, a little FRIVOLITY. Most of us need it!

THE B.B.C., frankly worried by criticisms of their morning broadcasts, have invited 500 women to Broadcasting House.

The B.B.C. is anxious to find out what improvements their guests think necessary to make the programmes more interesting to women.

It was stated recently that the B.B.C.'s problem is to find out "whether, in these days of equality, there is really a definite woman's point of view to be expressed on matters of importance."

Verily Claire's article should clear up any doubts on the matter!

—Full particulars
are on
page 2.

The MENACE OF MIMICRY

I AM a regular listener. It has, however, become my opinion that the epidemic of mimicry that has spread itself into radio programmes should be either moderated very drastically or stamped out.

In saying this, I have not the consciousness of depriving any artiste of the chance of making a living. No, I believe that all the exponents whom I have heard possess the ability to do better for themselves on original lines than they are doing at the moment by their imitations.

Let us examine the whole position, beginning with the attitude of the "pros." who are the victims of such mimicry.

Increasingly you will have noticed in the press, notices over the signatures of stage and film celebrities, either forbidding or deploring the imitations that are being given regularly by less established artistes of their styles and their specialities.

I am informed that the majority of stars regard even the best of mimics as a scourge, and their feelings on the subject are surely entitled to first consideration.

Quite recently the views of two women stars were given a prominent airing in the Press. Gracie Fields, in fact, found herself being so copiously



A favourite victim—Mae West.

imitated that she made an attempt to place a definite embargo on imitations of herself. Mae West, Nellie Wallace, Zasu Pitts—they all get it.

Mimics are notoriously thick-skinned, and apparently expect their

The writer of this article is a radio star—and he
doesn't like impersonators!

victims to possess a like thickness of skin.

Why?

Upon what fair grounds do they base this unwelcome trafficking in the methods and material of our stage, film, and radio successes?

The majority of stars have worked hard for the niche they have carved for themselves in the public favour.

They have, almost without exception, spent large sums on exclusive songs or monologues.

They have originated and developed an individual style that has become,

through the struggle of years, recognisable by the public.

They find themselves entitled to sit back comfortably, in the enjoyment of their hard-earned celebrity. They switch on the radio, and what do they hear? "Miss Purloina Phantom will present once again her popular imitations of famous stars!"

Nor is Miss Phantom content with a probably expert reproduction of the vocal vagaries of her victim; she frequently gives the poor star's material a new and impudent twist, with some cute and topical reference to events in her private life, fooling the audience into the belief that Miss Phantom must be a very close chum.

Making a good living by such means is not possible in any other walk of life.

However much you may long to make soap, if you can't invent a new kind of soap it is quite certain that your position is as hopeless as it is soapless. You'll land yourself in jail for stealing someone else's formula.

Nor so in the realms of public entertainment. When an artiste is stumped for lack of originality, he or she need

only do a bit of intensive listening to some star, and the studio doors of Broadcasting House will be opened, apparently, to another mimic.

If you say that the stars relish these imitations of their work, you say so without having consulted the stars or without having listened to the quality of most of these imitations.

On the air their frequency terrifies the victim, who feels that, on the heels of so much uncalled-for caricaturing, his or her own performance is going to fall flat.

Imitation may originally have been the sincerest form of flattery, but it has reached such a pitch in the entertainment world that it no longer flatters the stars—it flattens them!

"Thrills on the Harmony Highway." A great new set of stories by Curtis and Ames begins next week.

*Trial*s Of A Radio Salesman

IT'S not all fun being a radio salesman. You would hardly believe the trouble some customers are.

Last week I sold a lady a battery set. It was a nice little set and I had no hesitation in recommending it.

Two days ago she was back in the shop.

"It's about the set," she began. "I'm not pleased with it. It does not get all the stations on the dial."

Was I taken aback? You could

have knocked me down with a pole-axe!

"What stations are they, madam?" I asked.

"One is Newcastle and the other is Lahti," she replied.

Trying to look surprised I inquired how many stations the set brought in.

"Fifty-seven," she replied.

Now, what do you think of that?

It was much worse, however, when a man called into my shop early in the morning of Monday, April 20.

I recognised him as the owner of a powerful 1936 model radiogram. I had sold it to him.

"You'll have to come along and see the wireless," he said. "Something has gone wrong with it this morning."

"What's happened?" I asked.

"Everything," he said. "It won't bring in Hilversum—I always listen to it while I'm shaving."

"What time was that?" I inquired.

"About eight o'clock—it's always on about the same time," he said.

You should have seen his face when I reminded him that our clocks had been advanced an hour on Sunday morning!

Judy Shirley is Maurice Winnick's top notch croonette

YOU WANT
YOUR NAME
IN THE
CROONING?
BRIGHT LIGHTS!



Judy Shirley Tells You How

Fierce, deep-throated, vivacious crooners and limpid sopranos join hands in feeling annoyed that they aren't allowed to put that hotcha stuff into the microphone . . . that millions of fans don't write in for their autographs, and that Sam Goldwyn doesn't cable them a million-dollar contract hot from Hollywood!

They have a long way to go! So, too, have most of the crooners and vocalists of all kinds you hear on the radio.

I am still taking singing lessons. It will be many years yet before I am thoroughly contented with my technique. And I know that when I am satisfied then will be the time when I start to slide down the ladder of fame!

That's the first lesson of how to be a success as a crooner: NEVER STOP!

Without wishing to be unduly modest, I must say I was lucky.

I was fortunate to be the daughter of parents both in the variety game. "Florence Wright" was my mother. She delighted the hearts of thousands of theatre-goers many years ago; well, not so many years ago.

Then I was lucky to be allowed to take up singing as a child. Mother and father didn't always have an easy time in the early days of their career, but mother didn't try to deter me when she found that I really was keen on becoming a singer.

I was even given the chance of going in for a competition when I was eight—and I won it.

I advise all budding crooners to go in for competitions of this nature. You can't always win them. Don't expect to do so.

Competition work will tell you how to face the mike.

You will learn how to look easy and pleasant while you sing.

You will learn just where to stand for any strength of delivery, and you will learn how to turn your head away

from the sensitive front of the microphone as you hit that top note.

You will find that it pays to sing softly; the mike will amplify your voice.

While practising like this, you will

soon discover how difficult it is to hear your own voice above the volume of the orchestra.

A good hint in this connection is to hold the lobe of your left ear with the forefinger.

Of course you cannot do this on the stage, but you will find it a help when you sing in a studio to the mike. Your voice should be so soft that you cannot be heard distinctly by anyone standing more than a couple of yards away.

That's all part of crooning technique. The more difficult part—breathing, avoiding breathing at awkward phrases, or across the microphone front, intonation and the rest: that comes with practise.

The rest of the way to success as a crooner is paved with two things. Personality and—Luck!

I have been lucky in having a good mother who realised what my ambition was, and who still constantly urges me to do better.

I have been lucky, too, in having my more-or-less amateur efforts discovered by Maurice Winnick.



How Lew Harris Got To The Top

LEW HARRIS, who is heard at the organ of the Forum Theatre, Coventry, was at one time a pupil of that popular favourite Reginald Foort.

Before taking lessons under Reginald, Lew had devoted most of his time to the piano.

"My musical studies began at the age of five," said Lew in a chat with "Radio Review," "but at the age of fourteen I decided to abandon music.

"I qualified as a marine engineer and draughtsman, all the time keeping up music as my main hobby.

"Four years later I broadcast pianoforte recitals from Bournemouth for the old British Broadcasting Company. It was at this time that my interest in engineering began

to vanish as quickly as it had grown.

"At the age of twenty-two, I forsook the drawing-board for the keyboard. I joined the resident dance band at the Empress Ballroom, Portsmouth, as pianist-leader.

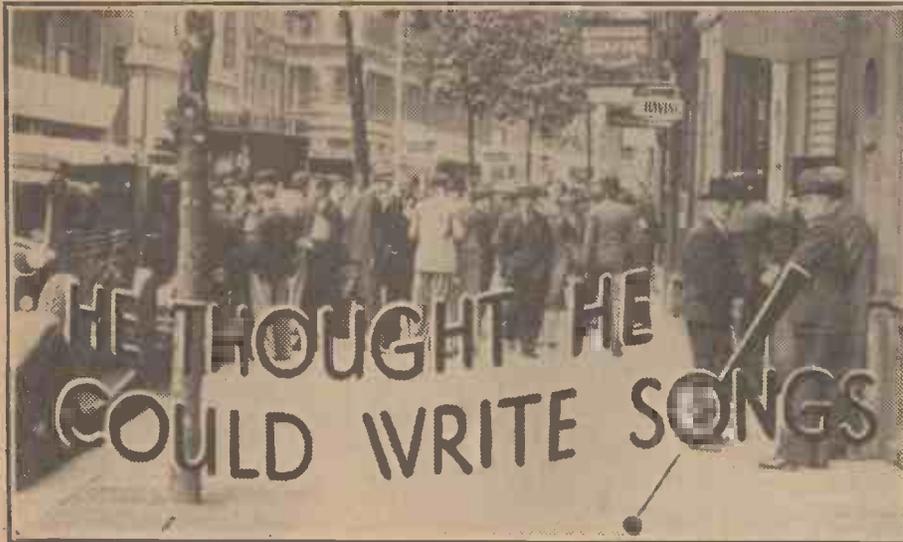
"It was then I met Reginald Foort, who was at the Regent, Bournemouth.

"As a result of a series of lessons under Reginald's tuition, I became assistant organist at the Regent, Portsmouth.

"My next move was to Southsea, where I was solo organist at the Commodore Theatre. I stayed there for three and a half years.

"My old friend Reg Foort was instrumental in my making the long trip to the Midland city."

Lew has been at the Forum for eighteen months.



CONTINUING the adventures of a young man who wanted to become a song writer.

Last week, you will remember, he told you how, after writing two foxtrots he gave up his job in Scotland and came to London.

After unsuccessfully approaching a band leader he decided to try the publishers direct.

In Charing Cross Road he entered a big music publisher's shop. Timidly he stood at a long mahogany counter.

"On the other side of the counter," he wrote, "was an elderly man wearing a suit much newer than mine.

"What can I do for you, sir?" he asked, pressing his fingertips together.

"I could feel my collar getting tighter. The MSS of my songs seemed to be bulging out of my inside pocket. I just couldn't tell the man that I wanted him to buy a couple of songs," he wrote.

Only one way out of the difficulty presented itself to our reader. With sudden inspiration he bought his freedom.

"Give me 'The Isle of Capri,'" he whispered.

I WAS glad to get into the street. Stuffing "The Isle of Capri" into a receptacle of litter—well, I knew every note by heart!—I went back to Piccadilly.

"Guess I'd better try some other dance bands," I said to myself as I walked into Haymarket Post Office. I took up my place at the end of the queue for the telephone directory. Within twenty minutes I was looking over the pages.

Gee! I'd been asleep! Leaping up at me was the name of a famous leader. I had read an article by him encouraging British song-writers.

That looked good to me. I went straight into the kiosk.

Somebody at the other end laughed. "Of course," he said, "we've got hundreds of MSS. here—frankly, we can't look at even a quarter of 'em,

THE writer of these articles presented himself at "Radio Review" offices recently. For more than an hour he told us of his experiences in London writing songs.

We found it so interesting that we persuaded him to write an account of his adventures for "Radio Reviewers." This is his second article.

If you care to submit your song, however, at your own risk, and take a chance—"

I never listened to the rest. Hanging up the receiver I walked into the park at Hyde Park Corner. There I sat down and thought things over.

For an hour I sat on a bench. During that hour I came very near to chucking song-writing. "Lay off it, son," I told myself. "There are more song-writers in London than Italians in Abyssinia."

I pulled myself up. I would try the leader of a famous hotel band. My hopes returned.

For nearly two hours I waited outside. Along came the boys and then the leader himself.

As I approached I could not help

thinking of the number of times I had listened to his famous band.

"Excuse me," I began. "About some song numbers. I've just finished doing—"

"I'm pretty busy," he said, and he turned to the commissionaire.

"He's the fifth since yesterday!" he exclaimed. "I dunno; these budding Irving Berlins seem to grow quicker'n flies!"

WEARILY I went back to Piccadilly. I looked sadly at the flashing electric signs and remembered something!

In less than a minute I was at the telephone.

"I've got some new dance numbers," I told a well-known leader. "I thought you might like to hear them."

"Sure, I would," was the enthusiastic reply. "Be at the club at 8.30 and we'll have a chat."

"Give your name to the commissionaire and he'll show you to the studio."

I nearly danced. A big dance leader was not only interested but anxious to listen. Without conceit, I knew my stuff was good. Soon I'd be "in the money."

I went back to my aunt's home, had a wash, and sat down at the piano. Here I altered a phrase, there a note. Soon it was time to be going.

I must have looked happy. In the tube people looked at me and smiled.

At last I was in the room with the great man himself. While he read the lyrics I played the piano and sang the melodies.

THE piano seemed to help me. When I came to the second number the leader dropped the lyrics. "Why, man-alive! That's a hit!" he cried. "Don't you see it's big stuff!"

I sang it over again.

"Boy, you've struck oil this time," said the great man. He went to the piano and played it himself. He put more into that number than I thought possible.

He turned to me. "Boy, I'll have this arranged and orchestrated right away. And to-morrow—to-morrow, there'll be another song-writer 'in the money.'"

I just wanted to laugh and dance and—oh, do a million things at once! Slowly I realised that the great man was speaking to me.

"Of course—well—frankly, the cost of arranging the number and playing it three times will be £50. You can just pay it out of whatever offer comes along for your number."

What happened after that isn't clear. I remember walking, in a dazed condition, to Hyde Park.

I sat on a bench. A long time afterwards I remember saying, "All right, you smart guys—I'm not quitting. This is where I really start!"

Playtime With The Mayfair Maestro Harry Roy the Sportsman

HARRY is something of a marvel as a sportsman. How he manages to take such an active interest in so many different branches of sport is a mystery.

His keenness on cricket is particularly great. In addition, he goes in for tennis, motoring, riding, swimming, and badminton. Between whiles, he finds time to see a football or ice-hockey match.

Cricket is his main sport.

During schooldays he was a good bowler and smart fielder.

He got a nasty crack over the eye from the ball and did not play again for many years.

Three years ago, an admirer of Harry Roy and the band oered them a ground at Chadwell Heath where they could play cricket. Harry made up his mind to take it up again.

He was as happy as a sandboy at the idea of playing again. Before many weeks were over, the team was going strong, playing all comers from round about.

Harry is particularly happy when he is playing against policemen.

The team has done very well. Last year, out of 36 matches played they won 29. A lot of the success is due to Harry's bowling. In one match he took nine for 7. Other figures are six for 50, seven for 28, and eight for 35. He once took four wickets in one over.

There is always the risk that a member of the team will get a broken finger or some injury, jeopardising the evening session at the Mayfair. But so long as his boys get their game of cricket Harry is willing to take the risk.

As a captain he is as efficient as he is a leader of the band. He keeps all the fellows up to scratch and will tolerate no slackness.

Swimming is a sport he cannot get enough of. Last summer, whenever it was possible, he and his fiancée were off into the country seeking a quiet pool. He prefers swimming in the sea, but the opportunity is not always there. He is a strong swimmer and a good diver.

He was put off diving for a while after a bad landing, but he has taken to it again as keenly as ever.

He is also fond of surf riding.

He manages to combine motoring with business by going everywhere in his car when on tour. He never has a chauffeur, preferring to drive himself. He gets a great kick out of being at the wheel. He favours an open car.

He likes going at a good speed but never runs a risk.

AT times he takes drives into the country. He and his wife are very fond of scenery.

They play a good deal of tennis and badminton together. Harry and the Rance usually play Syd Roy and the Princess.

Recently Harry started teaching his wife to play snooker.

The position now is that she usually beats him.

He has also succeeded in getting her to share his interest in soccer. He himself is a Spurs' supporter and never misses a home match. He takes it very much to heart when they are defeated. If ever you see Harry looking like the man with a load of trouble you can bet your life Spurs lost.

He has even got the Rance interested in the game now.

When he was on tour he saw Glasgow Rangers playing Kilmarnock, the Rangers winning by five goals to two. After the game, he told me he likes the Scots style much better than the English.

Had he the time, I am sure he would play football. While making his film, he would pop out between the shots and kick about with the boys on a piece of waste ground.

Whenever he gets the chance he likes to be out in the air having a game at something, even if it is only with a soft ball on a muddy piece of ground.

In the summer Harry likes to go riding.

He once had a narrow escape on horseback when he was out with two of the boys. A lorry came hurtling round a corner straight at them. They all got off to get their mounts out of the way, but the lorry got two of the horses and killed them.

Harry's bolted, but in spite of the nasty experience his first thought was for his horse and he shot off down the road after it.

Ice hockey is another sport he likes to watch and does as often as he gets the chance.

Oh, and there's another game he likes to play. Golf. But he's not very

good at it and doesn't pretend to be. He's game all the same.

"Hotcha" Harry Roy is one of the stars of the great show at the London Palladium.



I Met "Smithy"

I HAVE already told you of some interesting people, mostly hobos, that I have run up against. Whilst travelling I have also met some of the people whose names are household words.

Who has not heard of "Smithy"? Even now many people are reluctant to give up hope that he is alive. Some time after his amazing trans-Pacific flight, Kingsford Smith was touring Australia in the "Southern Cross" giving joy flights.

I was in Ingham when "Smithy" was there, and, with several fellow hobos, I went to the landing ground to watch the flights.

As I watched the 'plane rise time after time with its load of passengers, I thought it would be fine to go up. But those thoughts couldn't supply the necessary ten shillings!

I noticed a door towards the tail of the 'plane, and, whilst the ground officials were busy selling tickets, I started fiddling with the door, in the hope of finding a means of a free trip. Just as I was getting really interested, I got a terrific kick in the pants, and I found myself hustled past the nose of the "Southern Cross" with "Smithy" joining the crowd in laughter as he sat at the controls.

That night I stood outside the picture house, wondering what stunt I could put over to get inside, because "Smithy" was going to give a running commentary on a silent film of his Pacific flight.

By Arthur S. Rich

I approached the manager, but my luck was out.

I waited a while, and then saw "Smithy" leave a car and walk towards the cinema.

I ran across and said, "Excuse me, but I'm flat broke, and I'd very much like to listen to you to-night."

Many of "Smithy's" friends would have hustled me away, but the great pilot stopped and said, "Oh, flat broke, eh? I'm often that way." He arranged for me to have a seat in the theatre, and also dropped me half a dollar to get cigarettes.

That just shows that Air Commodore Sir Charles Kingsford Smith was not above speaking to a hobo.

Even in England you can see people if you use your head. Once I remarked casually that I'd like to broadcast! The ridicule I got from my friends!

I wrote to the "Gods" in Broadcasting House. An interview followed and within a few months I was under contract to give two talks in the "Rolling Stones" series, each being for a quarter of an hour. This was followed by a third talk about the middle of last year.

SOME FOLK I'D



By
HOWARD MARSHALL

I'M not at all sure that it is wise to meet famous people. Not, that is to say, if you admire them and their work. They are apt to be disappointing. That novelist, for example, who writes such romantic love scenes—you will probably find, when at last you meet him, that he has three double chins, six children, and a masterful wife. That glamorous film star, so alluring on the screen—how much of her fatal beauty does she owe to the make-up man?

I have just made a film myself, and I'm rather suspicious. Why, with plenty of grease-paint they even made me moderately easy to look at, and that's saying something!

I know what I'm talking about. I've met these famous people, these film stars and novelists and adventurers, and I do advise you to be content with seeing them at a distance if you wish to keep your illusions. Not that there's anything wrong with them at all.

They are simply human, like the rest of us. The trouble is that in their books and their films they have a quality that lifts them above the run of average humanity, and that is something to cherish in this hum-drum world.

MIND you, they are not all disappointing. Some of them—your favourite stars among them, possibly—are remarkable people, and well worth meeting. Three in particular I remember who exceeded my expectations. They proved to be greater men than their works had led me to sup-

pose. These three were Bernard Shaw, Thomas Hardy, and Dick Sheppard. Talking to them, it was easy to recognise and respect the quality of genius which was in them.

Bernard Shaw, for instance, chooses to appear before the world as a brilliant jester, though sometimes his most extravagant jests have a profound underlying truth. He is a jester because he knows that by cracking the unexpected joke he can make people listen to him. When they do listen he has plenty to tell them, for really he is a serious and very wise man.

THERE are a number of other folk I'd like to meet. One is Roosevelt, but if I had my way I would pay a round of visits to the dictators of the world—Mussolini, Hitler, and Stalin. It is significant that the present world chaos has thrown up these outstanding individuals, and remarkable that three such extraordinary men should have arisen when their countries needed them.

I do not say that I agree with the policies of the dictators. We should have no use for a Hitler in this country. These men, for all that, are interesting personalities. I would dearly like to catch them off duty, so to speak, and see wherein they differ from their fellows.

There is another man who interests me greatly. Dictators rule by force and vast majorities. This man sways multitudes by personal example, by an extreme simplicity and austerity of life, by his refusal to believe that force and violence can bring good to mankind. He is Gandhi.

Some of us, I know, make the mistake of laughing at Gandhi. We

LIKE TO MEET



think of him as a rather comic, skinny little man wearing only a loin cloth, sitting cross-legged before a spinning wheel.

Gandhi is much more. He is a prophet and a portent. Millions of Indians regard him as a saint. He represents the power of personal integrity and idealism in a bewildered world. Again I am not arguing about politics. Gandhi may be wrong for all I know. But he is a great man.

I should like to meet General Smuts, the South African statesman and philosopher. I think he is one of the wisest men alive, and to make contact with wisdom in these days is refreshing indeed.

I made such a contact recently on a bare hill top in the South Downs, where I came upon an old shepherd. I talked to him for a long time, and learnt a great deal. He was a free man, living a natural life while the fret and fever of civilisation passed him by. His needs were few and he owned nothing but the simplest necessities.

He had never been to a theatre or a cinema, nor had he listened to the wireless. He read no books, and his church was the open sky. Yet I never met a richer man, for he had a great store of contentment and peace of mind and natural wisdom, and these, I think, are the true riches.

THIS memory of the old shepherd turns my thoughts into other channels. I could make a catalogue of the famous people I should like to meet. Mr Anthony Eden, for example, simply to see what manner of young man it is who guides our foreign policy at this critical period.

Mr George Lansbury, the Emperor

of Abyssinia, Al Capone, Babe Ruth, the American baseball king, Joe Louis, the negro heavy-weight—the list would be fairly extensive, and at the end of it I should have an oddly mixed bag.

I have an idea, though, that there are plenty of other folk I would rather meet. They are not famous. Some of them, I have no doubt, are lonely. All of them are decent, kindly people, a little bewildered, sometimes a little scared, but extraordinarily patient and courageous.

I HAVE met a few of them here and there, just by chance, at football matches, in crowded trains, in all those places where we ordinary folk go for our pleasure or our work. They have a title. When newspapers write about them they call him the man in the street.

You will have noticed that the opinion of the man in the street is always quoted when there is a national crisis. What the man in the street says is taken as the quintessence of common sense, and fair-minded common sense at that.

So it is, too, for the man in the street is a far more interesting fellow than many of his famous contemporaries. He can still call his soul his own.

He can speak his mind without fear or favour. He can give his attention to the simple things which make life worth living.

I like to think that I am a man in the street.

Howard Marshall

Friends of the Stars

A HUMORIST tells us that the man who wakes up to find himself famous has never been asleep. There is wisdom in this. But sometimes a person is helped to fame.

Take the case of Les Allen. As a choirboy in Canada, he attracted little attention. One Sunday morning, however, his next-door neighbour realised suddenly that Les Allen had a voice which merited expert tuition. On the neighbour's recommendation, Professor A. E. Cook, of Toronto, heard Les Allen singing. He was so impressed that Les Allen was soon receiving the tuition which led to success.

If John Watt had never gone to the Capital Theatre, Dublin, it is quite possible that Billy Scott-Coomber would never have become famous. He was then an insurance clerk singing shyly on the stage. He has to thank John Watt for his lucky break.

Then there is Pat Hyde. For her success she has to thank her mother. Ivy Hyde was an accomplished musician and concert pianist. She wanted her daughter to be a dancer and spent something like £1000 on Pat's tuition. Pat, however, became a vocalist!

Melba Helped Anona Winn

Another person, however, shares the success for making Pat famous. This is Victor Smythe, of the B.B.C. In order to include her in a broadcast from the Middlesbrough Theatre he demanded her release from a theatre in London. Few artistes in London are anxious to go to the Provinces. In Pat's case it was worth it. Shoals of other engagements followed.

The great prima donna, Melba, heard Anona Winn sing when Anona was a raw student. On the famous singer's recommendation, Lee White included Anona in one of his shows as a light comedienne and vocalist. She only needed a chance in order to make good. Her first job in this country was at Daly's Theatre.

Olive Groves owes her radio fame to her father. One day in 1926 she was walking in the Strand when a portly gentleman stopped and raised his hat. "Excuse me," he said, "but you are Miss Olive Groves, are you not?"

Nobody was more surprised than Miss Groves. "That is my name," she said, "but how do you know?"

"I met your father in Germany," said the stranger, "and he told me of your beautiful singing, and showed me your photograph. I'm John MacDonnell, of the B.B.C. If your voice is as good as he said, I am going to make you a radio star."

Now you know to whom Olive Groves owes thanks for her big chance.

The Strange Case of BETTY CAMPBELL

HENRY WELLWOOD, as usual, was lying on the top of the cliff that morning, watching through his binoculars. He was puzzled. No attempt against Betty had yet been made, though he felt sure that the holiday at Sandiccombe had been engineered for no other purpose. He suspected that that stretch of water near Adam and Eve was to be the scene of this attempt.

He couldn't understand why Lena always went out alone in the motor boat, apparently making no effort to persuade Betty to accompany her, but all the time, he watched like a hawk. His hatred of Mrs Dickson for showing him up and casting him aside was almost unnatural.

This morning something happened that set his nerves atingle. He saw Betty accompany Lena to the tiny harbour, saw her go aboard the Saucy Star. With an exclamation of excitement, he jumped to his feet. Had the time come at last? Was something going to happen now?

He had planned what he would do in an emergency of this kind, and he lost no time in putting this plan into action. He hurried down a steep path which led from the cliff top to a tiny, sheltered cove on the side of the headland away from the beach. Here he had moored a rowing boat. Hurriedly unfastening it, he jumped in and started to row strongly towards Adam and Eve rocks.

There was perplexity in his excitement. He was uncertain yet whether he had guessed the full scope of Mrs Dickson's scheme. He could hardly imagine her taking the risk of deliberately tipping Betty out of the motor boat when there was a possibility that someone might witness this from the cliffs. Still, he thought that something might happen near Adam and Eve. He had every intention of being present when it happened.

The two big rocks, rising steeply out of

the water, were ideal for his purpose. The water was smooth and untroubled. He could take his boat right up to one of them and keep it there, hidden both from the beach and the patch of water in which he thought the attempt on Betty's life would be made. He had only just reached this hiding-place, when he heard the roar of the Saucy Star coming in from the sea.

Standing up in his frail craft, he gradually manoeuvred it, using his hands on the uneven rock, towards the end. Peering round, he saw the motor boat rapidly approaching in a swirl of spray. He saw it strike the submerged rock. He saw Lena dive from it and swim strongly towards the beach.

For a moment he remained still. Hardened as he was, Mrs Dickson's callous plot stunned him. There was nothing to rouse anyone's suspicions. Even if the whole thing had been observed, it was obviously an accident. Lena would be considered lucky to reach shore alive. Betty, evidently, could not swim. Wellwood could imagine how Mrs Dickson would weep hypocritical tears.

Leaving the shelter of the rock, Wellwood rowed swiftly towards the wreckage of the motor boat. He caught sight of Betty's pale face in the swirling water. He grabbed her and pulled her into the boat. Then, not daring to delay because of the search which he knew would be made at once, he got quickly back to the little cove.

Betty lay in the bottom of the boat. She was not breathing, and he was frightened that he might have been too late. When the boat grounded, he leaped ashore, lifted the limp, unconscious figure on to the warm sand, and commenced artificial respiration.

It was long before Betty showed any signs of life, but eventually a faint gasp came from her pallid lips. Wellwood redoubled his exertions. Before long, he had the satisfaction of seeing her breathe properly.

Leaving her, he hurried up the path to the top of the cliff where he had left his raincoat. Half a dozen boats were searching round the submerged rock, looking for any trace of the drowned girl. He chuckled. Mrs Dickson would be certain that she had succeeded this time. He grinned maliciously and imagined her face when he confronted her.

Returning to the little cove, he found that Betty had recovered. She was lying where he had left her, a puzzled expression in her lovely eyes.

"Feeling all right now?" he asked.

"I—I think so," she faltered. "I don't seem to remember. Where am I?"

"Don't worry. Just lie still for a while. You've had an accident."

"Yes!" She tried suddenly to sit up. "I remember now! The motor boat—the water—Lena's terrible words."

"Don't worry, please. You're all right."

"Who are you? Did you—"

"Yes. I had the pleasure of pulling you out. You see, I happened to be fishing quite near."

"And Lena? Is she—oh!" Betty stopped abruptly, and horror sprang into her eyes as full recollection returned. "Oh!"

"Now, please, don't upset yourself, Miss Dickson."

"You know me?"

"I do. I know all about you, too. I know all about this—accident."

"Who are you?" asked Betty again.

"My name is Henry Wellwood. I sent you a letter some time ago, a letter of warning."

"It was you!" Again Betty tried to sit up, and this time she succeeded. "How did you know about it?"

"That's a long story. We won't go into it just now. Your aunt tried to gas you on the night of that storm. I was lucky enough to discover her plan and turn the gas off."

"Then you've saved my life—twice?"

"Looks like it, doesn't it? I felt sure your aunt would make another attempt. I was frightened you wouldn't take any notice of my warning, so I've been keeping an eye on you."

"I'll never be able to thank you."

"Don't try. I'm only too happy to spoil Mrs Dickson's schemes."

Wellwood Has a Plan

"WHAT shall we do about it?" asked Betty uncertainly.

"If I might make a suggestion, Miss Dickson—nothing."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I think we ought to let your aunt get herself thoroughly into the mire. Your cousin, too. If I were you, I should lie low until we've heard what lies they tell about this business. Then you can show up."

"You mean—allow them to think I'm dead?"

"Exactly. Give them rope enough to hang themselves."

Betty shivered. "I—I don't think I ought to do that," she said.

"It's the only thing to do," Wellwood replied earnestly. "Mrs Dickson's a very clever woman. If you go back to her now, she'll find some sort of excuse for everything that has happened. She'll convince you that you're mistaken. And later on, she'll try again to kill you."

"She daren't!"

"She would. She's utterly unscrupulous, dangerous. If you do as I suggest, you'll be safe. Thinking you're dead, she will give herself away. We shall be able to provide proof to satisfy any court of law."

"Oh, dear! It does sound horrible." Betty was very grateful to this man who had saved her life, but she didn't at all like the idea of trapping Aunt Mildred. It was probably the most sensible thing to do, and yet it didn't seem quite right, somehow. "I must see what David says."

"Mr Grant, you mean?"

"Yes."

"Very well." This didn't fit in with Wellwood's plans at all. His idea was to keep Betty hidden away from everyone until he had collected from Mrs Dickson. But he wasn't going to tell the girl this. For the present, it would be as well to humour her.

"We'll get in touch with Mr Grant as soon as possible. In the meantime, you put this raincoat on, and climb up the cliff. I'll get a car and bring it to that little road which runs inland. Know it? Good! There's not likely to be anyone about, but try to keep out of sight if possible. We'll find a quiet village inn a few miles away. There you'll be safe from recognition."

"All right," agreed Betty. "And then I



BETTY
CAMPBELL

can let David know what's happened, can't I?"

"Of course," said Wellwood. "I won't be long."

He hurried away again up the path to the cliff top, and into the village where he found a garage and hired a car. Returning with this along the cliff road, he picked Betty up and drove a few miles inland to the little hamlet of Rudland.

"You'll want some clothes, of course," he said, when Betty was safely installed in a room in the village inn. "Shall I get them for you?"

"I've no money——" began Betty.

"Never mind. I'll see about that. While I'm gone, perhaps you'd like to write a letter to Mr Grant. Then I'll post it for you as soon as I come back."

This seemed to be the best plan. Betty gave him a few instructions about what to buy, and he departed. But when she picked

tragedy at Sandiccombe. He was utterly astounded when Betty told him what had happened. He promised to get out his car and drive to Rudland at once.

The Unexpected Happens

MRS DICKSON thrilled with excitement as she watched the Saucy Star throb out to sea. The great moment had arrived! Not only was she disposing of Betty, but she was doing it in such a way that Lena would be implicated. Dickson & Grant's would be hers entirely. Now she would be free from the menace of that medicine glass.

She was so tense and wrought up that she felt she could not keep still. But there were several people on the little beach and she must play her part before them. She must give them no opportunity to think her actions strange. She lay down on the warm sand, as though lazily sunbathing, and forced herself to close her eyes.

It seemed to her that ages passed. She risked a glance out to sea through half-closed lids, but the Saucy Star was out of sight, and she guessed it must be round the headland. The thing ought to be happening

moments these were speeding out towards the headland. The women gathered, awe-struck, round Mrs Dickson and her daughter.

Lena soon recovered and struggled to get up.

"Let me go to her!" she cried, wildly. "Let me go back and——"

"Lie quiet, child," said Mrs Dickson, soothing. "Boats have gone out for her. They'll soon find her and bring her back. Poor child! You're cold."

"Just a little," replied Lena, her teeth chattering.

"We'd better get you up to the hotel at once."

"Oh, I want to——"

"Never mind. You can't do anything more. Come along."

Willing hands assisted Lena up the steep path from the beach, and very soon she was soaking in a hot bath. Mrs Dickson hovered around, a tragic, careworn figure. Everyone in the hotel sympathised with her, and did everything they could to help.

Messages kept coming up from the beach and watchers on the headland. The wreckage of the Saucy Star had been found, but no sign of Betty yet. The boats were still searching.

Eventually, mother and daughter were alone in their private sitting-room. Lena lay on the settee wrapped in a dressing-gown, and sipped a cup of tea.

"Everything went quite all right?" asked Mrs Dickson anxiously. "You'd no difficulty?"

"None at all. It was perfectly simple."

"And you're sure she's drowned?"

"Well, I didn't stay to see that. It took me all my time to get to shore. But she was struggling in the water."

"There was no one about?"

"Not a soul!"

"Then we're safe!" Mrs Dickson's eyes glittered. "She couldn't swim a stroke. We've done it, Lena! Oh, isn't it wonderful to think that Dickson & Grant's is ours now? That nothing can ever take it from us?"

"Yes." Now that the thing was done, Lena had no qualms, no regrets. She had made sure of Stephen; she would not lose him now. "You don't think anyone will suspect?"

"How can they, child? You'd better stay indoors for a day or two—ill, you know; upset by your desperate struggle to save Betty, a struggle which sapped your strength so that you could hardly reach the shore. That's the idea, isn't it?"

"I suppose so."

"No one can suspect. We've taken the last trick, Lena! And there's just another thing." Mrs Dickson's voice lowered, and she leaned over the settee. "In future, we're going to be better friends than we've been just lately, aren't we?"

Lena knew what she meant. That power she had wielded over her mother was gone. No longer would she be able to demand. She would have to ask for anything she wanted, rely on her mother's generosity. Well, she had realised what she was doing when she agreed to the plan. It was worth it—to keep Stephen.

"Of course we'll be good friends, mother," she replied.

They were still exulting over the success of their scheme when a loud knock sounded on the door of the sitting-room. Perhaps Betty's body had been found. Mrs Dickson hastily composed her features into a suitable expression of grief. "Come in!"

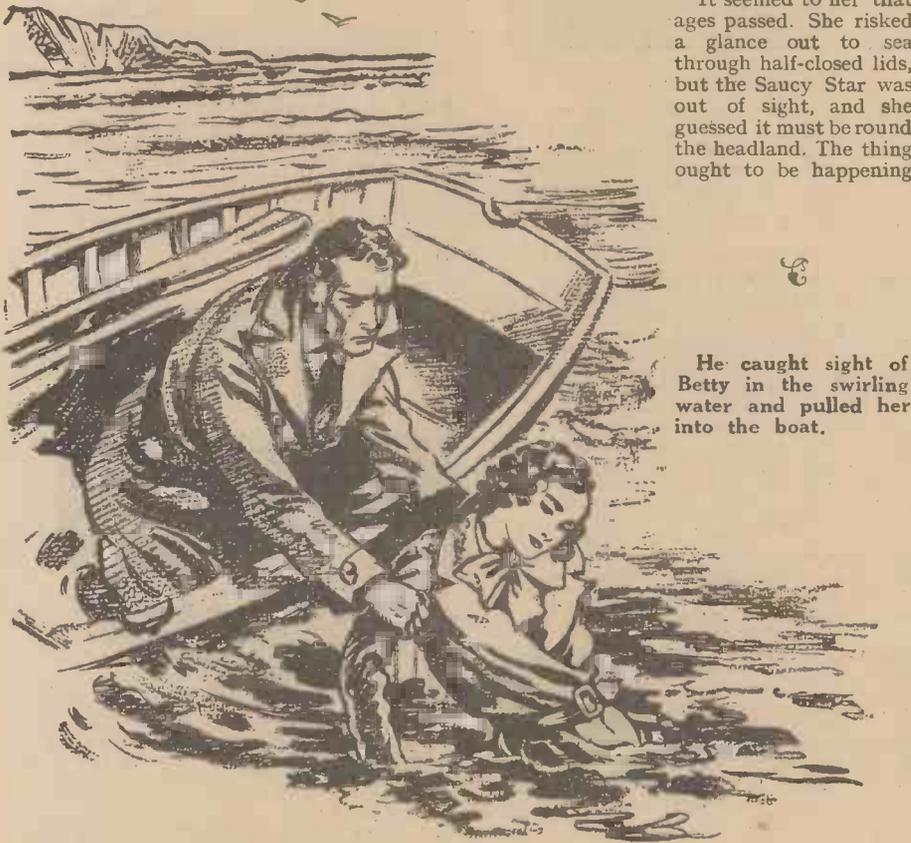
The door opened and a white-haired man stood on the threshold, smiling at her. Amazement showed in her eyes as she stared at him.

"Hello!" he said.

He was real, then! Not a figment of her imagination. Her lips trembled.

"Andrew!" she managed to gasp.

"Sure!" he replied. "You don't seem



He caught sight of Betty in the swirling water and pulled her into the boat.

up pen and paper, a new aspect of the situation occurred to her. Aunt Mildred, thinking her dead, would immediately communicate with David, giving him the tragic news. David would be distraught, for a letter couldn't possibly get to him until to-morrow morning. That wouldn't do. She must either telegraph or telephone.

When Wellwood returned with a large parcel, he found that an unexpected snag had cropped up in his plans. He had intended tearing up the letter to David Grant, thus keeping the girl quiet for a day or two. Now he saw that this was impossible. He could put forward no reasonable objection to Betty's suggestion, and he dare not risk even a breath of suspicion as to the purity of his motives.

He would have to give in, so far as this part of the scheme was concerned. But he told himself that he would still have the pleasure of seeing Mrs Dickson's face when the news was broken to her. He still held his trump card—the knowledge that Andrew Dickson was alive.

He accompanied Betty to the post office, and from there a call was put through to Dickson & Grant's at Bradley. David had not yet heard anything of the supposed

now. She could hardly breathe as she waited.

There was an excited shout from someone on the beach. She opened her eyes lazily and saw what the others had seen—a blonde head bobbing in the water as its owner swam towards the beach. A display of anxiety now would be justified. She sprang to her feet and ran to the edge of the water.

"Lena! Lena!" she called.

Several people gathered round her. Two men hurried into the water and swam towards the bobbing blonde head.

"Lena!" cried Mrs Dickson, in agitation. "What's happened?"

In a few moments the two men returned, supporting the exhausted swimmer. She collapsed in a heap.

Mrs Dickson dropped on her knees beside her.

"What is it, Lena?" she asked. "Where's Betty?"

"The boat——" gasped Lena. "Against a rock—broken—I lost Betty, and——"

Her eyes closed in a most artistic faint. Mrs Dickson was frantic.

"My niece!" she sobbed. "My darling Betty! Oh, can't anyone do something?"

Men ran towards the tiny harbour where several motor boats were moored. In a few

CARS, buses, and motor-cycles roared in a constant stream outside my window. From the loudspeaker came a quiet, almost apologetic voice. Max Beerbohm, celebrated writer, caricaturist and wit, talking on "Speed." He painted a delicious picture of the early days of motoring. Cars were then open to the elements. Air rushed into the lungs, dust into nostrils. Mankind, said Mr Beerbohm, would always love speed. He gave examples—from the Roman chariot races to the march of stockbrokers on Brighton. Delightful polished wit. He told us he had the impression people nowadays ate much faster. Sighed for the old days when, after a leisurely repast, he would stroll home along quiet, safe roads. "Quiet, safe roads!" Beerbohm repeated the words with emphasis.

THEN—a surprise. That voice was still velvet. But the words were vitriolic. He began to attack the speed-hogs. And what an attack! Had the "sporty" merchants dashing past outside heard it, dozens of feet would have stepped off the gas, and the 30-mile sign outside my door would have ceased being merely an object d'art and derision. "Roads are railroads without rails—places for motorists only," was one of the Beerbohm bullets. He spoke of the slaughter of children and old people—"habitual carnage," he called it. To those who argued that speed in itself was not dangerous, he retorted, "A cannon-ball fired from a cannon is not dangerous. It is only dangerous if you step in the way of it." Devastating! I hope we hear Beerbohm again soon.

THE old aural appendages deceived me the other afternoon. I heard a girl singing from North Regional. I felt sure it was a record of Ruth Etting, ace U.S. croonette. I sat back, pleased with my own knowledgeability. The announcement came—"Kitty Masters will now sing—" I was astonished. The likeness between the voices of these British and American "dames that make blues" is uncanny. Kitty's twenty-minute recital was a marvel of variety.

LAVENHAM, tiny Suffolk village of crooked streets and thatched roofs, was on its best behaviour. The great B.B.C. were putting it back on the map. It slipped off about half a century ago when hand-loom weaving died out. Two commentators gave us a neat potted history of the place. I waited eagerly for the relay of villagers from the local pub. Imagined I'd hear an informal history from a cosy group round the open fireplace. Disappointed. Broadcast became business-like and guide-bookish. Two residents, business men, described the inn and the village generally. When the villagers did speak, it seemed as if they were talking against time. I would like to have heard



Cavan O'Connor.

more about Mr Mann's great-grandfather who was jailed for bull-baiting. I wanted more of Ted Ambrose—no, no relation! He covered fifty-two years as a weaver in less than fifty-two seconds! Other villagers were allowed only similar brief periods in which to tell us about themselves. Then the rather dry descriptions of buildings went on.

BAILIFF HARRY HARPER came to the rescue with a breezy personality—and a burr that puzzles even Lavenham folks at times. Said he started work on a farm for nothing! He got a good breakfast, anyway—a half-pint of beer, cheese, and pork. First he "attinded pownies," but he got too "arrfule" for this. They put him to— Burr beat me here. It might have been crochet or crooning! I got his last cheery crack, though—"Thim war the gude old days. But these days are far and away better!" Harry gave us the real spirit of Lavenham. Arrffully he did it!

"ROMANCE IN RHYTHM" was a very rich cake—rather rich, for my palate. Ingredients were of the finest. Geraldo and his orchestra of thirty players, with Olive Groves, Webster Booth, Cyril Grantham, Carlyle Cousins, The Romantic Young Ladies, and The Top Hatters. Yet, with all that talent, the show was only given one little hour. Arrangements, I thought, were on the pretentious side. For Olive Groves' song, "Always," there was a long intro by the orchestra, with tympani-beating, cymbal-clashing, and flute-

trilling. The song itself was a pretty little air, sweetly sung, but it's very simplicity made it an anti-climax to the ornate, opera-like orchestral ongoings. When Olive sang "Songs My Mother Taught Me," accompaniment was far too heavy, and a harp seemed too near the singer.

BUT Geraldo's cake had plenty of enjoyable plums. "Deep Purple," presented for the first time, was splendidly arranged and played. Especially fine solo trumpet and clarinet. "Devil's Rumba," another first-time number, was another high-light. And trust Geraldo to give us something new! The old number "Nola" arranged for six flutes. Those flautists could flaut, too! Items that appealed to me most were The Carlyle Cousins in "Saddle Your Blues," with the other vocal groups and the orchestra's "Rhapsody in Blue."

GEORGE LEVARNE, Birmingham bricklayer, could give points to some B.B.C. men where presentation and composition of gramophone records are concerned. Gave a programme of his own discs from Midland. Famous singers and orchestras were represented. Mr Levarne's comments, crisp, natural and enthusiastic, made one want to hear the record.

"I AM to coax you into new thoughts about books. If you have a good radio set you can escape me." Characteristic of the veteran hero of Dardanelles, General Sir Ian Hamilton. I certainly couldn't have switched away after hearing that terse challenge. Sir Ian began a new series of books. Every line had a punch. "So many listen in to



know what to talk about, to be in the fashion—on the cheap." "You may want to pop your boots rather than your books." Then the General told of a young lady, "Quite nice-looking," in an Edgeware Road library. She told him customers insisted on the latest novels. "They scorned the story of the Flood," ejaculated Sir Ian, "although the ship in it was bigger than the Queen Mary and the passengers in it much more interesting." Sir Ian recounted how he was nearly "chucked out" of a gathering of University big-wigs with brows that ran back to the top of their heads. He had "pushed a lady of high degree between the shoulders" with the crook of his umbrella! Salute the General! If the other speakers are half as good as he was, series will be a smasher.

COMEDY team that handed out the laughs with Jack Jackson's Band were Harry Shalson and Chappie D'Amato. Impersonation of Claude and Jack Hulbert singing "Carry Your Bag To Bagdad, Dad," was superb. Jeanie Dillon, sweet singer who can turn on the rhythm, also merits a mitt.

SZÉP vagy, gyönyörű vagy Magyarorszag. I don't doubt it! It means—Hungary, you are lovely and beautiful. Title of one of the numerous Hungarian tunes played last week. 'Fraid I'm getting tired of the gipsy They're Going stuff. There's a spate of it All Gipsy. just now. Throughout the week I've heard four batches of traditional Hungarian folk songs. Three batches came in the space of a few hours. There's a rush to be Romany. Practically every light orchestra is in it. Organists even have fallen under the spell—and can you imagine a romantic gipsy playing a Wurlitzer? As gipsy orchestras render



The Carlyle Cousins.

them, these melodies are tuneful and attractive. Played by some purely British bands, however, they become dreary dirges. Play to me, gipsy. But not quite so often.

HALF A DOZEN amateur actors from the wee town of Forfar gave me a lump in the throat. A change from the old enemy, a pain-in-the-neck, denoted by some other Scottish radio entertainments of recent months. Forfar Dramatic Club won the Scottish drama festival with Joe Corrie's play, "The Moving And Memorable."

A well-deserved win. The show came over the air splendidly. The play dealt with the life of a family in a Scots mining town. A tragedy of the dole and disillusionment, despair and death. Mary cannot face marriage and poverty. She decides to give up sweetheart Peter. Her family's reaction, her defence of her decision, and how the unimaginative father comes round to her way of thinking, form the fabric of the play. Miss Agnes R. Smith's portrayal of Mary was sincere and beautiful. A lovely contralto voice expressed deep scorn one moment and hopelessness and sorrow the next.

OTHER characters in "The Dreamer" were finely drawn. Dole-dulled father, Jock (Harold F. Adamson), and Kate, his harassed wife (Mary C. Patullo), put up realistic performances. A heartrending scene was the miserable quarrel over Jock's missing his weekly visit to the pictures. I liked particularly, too, David D. Milne's Peter, the honest, stolid miner who tells the father he won't spend much money on the marriage, and goes off to a billiards saloon, while Mary makes up her mind whether she'll give him up or not.



STAR that twinkles brightest is Fred Duprez. A pleasure to hear that mellow American twang wafting out the wisecracks again. Epic of Mr and Mrs Johnson came to us—"twenty-five years married, and no remission for good conduct."

Really Variety. Fred told us they had turtle soup for dinner at the silver wedding party. Till a neighbour came in and asked if anyone had seen her pet tortoise! Despite the waves of laughter that descended on him, not a word was lost. Capping a string of gags that were worth noting, he sang a delightful Duprezian ditty, "I've Got a Nice, Kind Face." Carlyle Cousins, busy broadcasters, and Wilkie Bard, in his charming night watchman sketch, completed a variety hour that really had variety.

A JOY to listen to The Vagabond Lover (Cavan O'Connor) in an artistically-presented 15-minute song recital. Popular numbers, not crooned, but sung, by one of the finest tenors in radio. And the voice of the sweet young thing that introduced said "numbers." Glamorous—glorious! Springtime's got me!

"THE Tryal of Titus Oates" I thought would be a bit of a trial for me. I'm no history hog. Titus was accused of giving false evidence that led to the execution of six Jesuits. This happened way back in 1682. Imagined I was in for a dry-as-dust 50 minutes. The proceedings got me, though. Titus (Edgar Norfolk) won my sympathy right away. The trial was a travesty. Poor Titus was shouted down every time by the Attorney-General (Gordon M'Leod). And, how he could



George Elrick.

shout! The player who impressed me most was Clifford Evans, as the notorious Lord Chief Justice Jeffreys. I could sense the refined cruelty of the "hanging Judge" in the calm, oily voice. Grim geniality as he said to the jury, "If you convict him, and I am sure you will—" Controlled savagery when he added the Court would see no other man would want to commit perjury. I'd hate to face a Judge Jeffreys, accused of having one over the eight, or doing one over the thirty! "The Tryal" was a great performance. Yes, I'd like to hear the same cast in a modern trial.

THEY say Edinburgh folk are reserved. I don't believe it. There was no trace of this when I tuned in on the Theatre Royal show. Harry Gordon was rocking the house. Harry's always worth hearing. He knows how to broadcast from a theatre. And he always comes on the air with something new. This time he was accompanied by another unusual comedian, Jack Holden. Both appeared as gossiping housewives. Jack exhibits 35s ring to doubting Harry and crows, "Oh, no, I haven't been done. I know my onions." "Mebbe so," says Harry, "but ye don't know your carats."

"STRANGE To Relate"—finest feature that has struck British radio for months. Show lasted one hour. Only fault was it didn't last two hours. It had everything—interest, person-

He Got Rhythm! alities, surprise, music, and comedy. First guest was Eric Coates, who sprang the first two surprises. Craze for ball-room dancing during the Charleston era lured he and his wife from their fireside every evening. It even led to his writing syncopated music! I laughed when he told how Jack Hylton danced at a Queen's Hall concert. Can you imagine him doing a Charleston as Eric Coates conducted his own music? Hylton, it seemed, was too engrossed to notice the sensation he was causing!

THERE was lots of general knowledge in "Strange To Relate." Plutarch mentioned a talkative barber 1800 years ago. A girl sang "Fairy Pipers," composed by a brewer, published by Boosey, sung by Butt, and accompanied by Tapp. **Do You Know?** Dame Clara sang song at Bath. Wit of the time added, "The audience were intoxicated until the close of the last bar." Fantastic-sounding facts came in a steady stream that was staggering. Arranger Charles Brewer hinted there might be a second "Strange To Relate" show. Here's Hoping!

YOU have to expect hard knocks at a boxing match—and I have some for the commentator on the bout between Jack Petersen and Jock M'Avoy at the Empress Stadium, Earl's Court. While the fight was in progress, we were treated to details about the previous history of the fighters, and descriptions of the conduct of the crowd. "Somebody in the crowd has something to say," remarked the commentator at one period. How we wished that this spectator was in the commentator's box!

ONCE, just as a round began, we were told something about Mr Petersen's father, which, at another time, would have been interesting enough. Towards the end of the last round we were told that "M'Avoy is still suffering from the effects of that blow." Personally it was the first I had heard of the blow—and I was listening as eagerly as possible in the circumstances. Comments between rounds—given, I think, by the redoubtable Mr Bowman—were brilliant. "Both men are smiling," he observed late on in the contest, "and it isn't really surprising." To prove his point, he proceeded to tell us exactly how many thousand pounds each would receive for their night's work.

IF the only way to hear Nelson Keys was to go to Arabia, I think you would soon see your little friend making the pilgrimage to Mecca. Never before have I heard him so funny as in the Wild West scene from "Tunes of the Town." My laughter was so hearty that friends became alarmed and slapped my back! There were other good things in the show, too. That sketch, for instance, where the girl showed her boy friend the snaps she took on her summer holiday. It was even funnier than watching a left-handed grocer weighing dried peas into half-pound packets. And that's saying something!

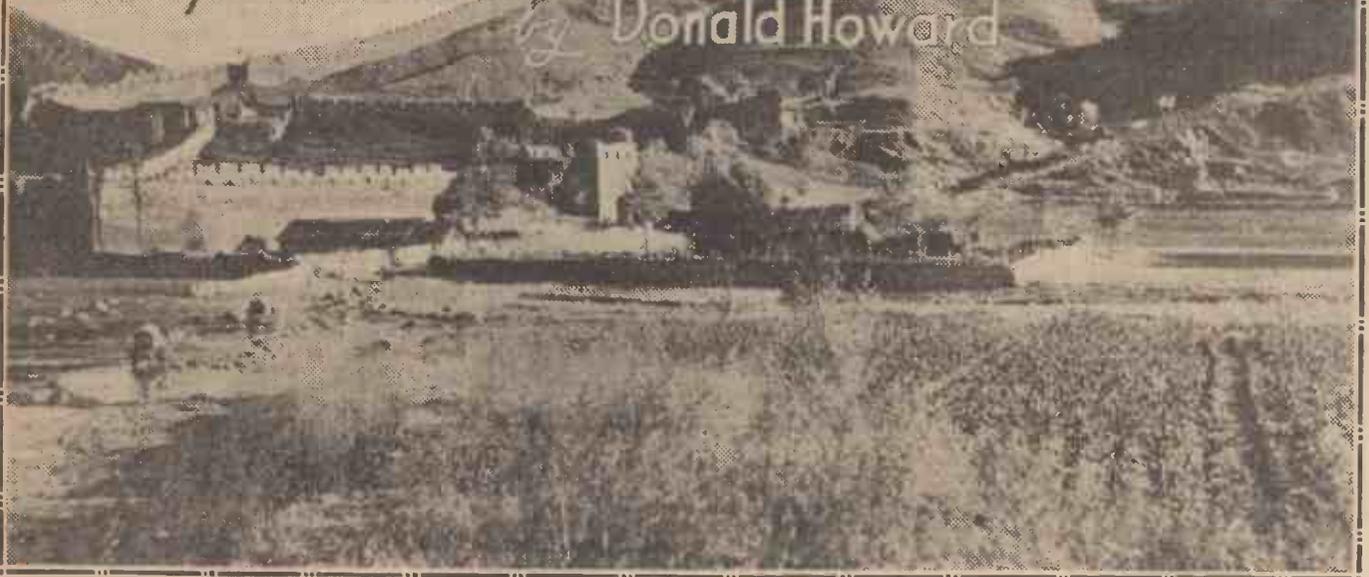


The Three Blue-Notes;

SEVEN WONDERS of the WORLD

— Up-To-Date

By Donald Howard



I SMILE to myself when I compare to-day with the ages that have gone. To think that the ancients called the Hanging Gardens of Babylon and the Great Wall of China wonders of the world.

Of course, it is really only a matter of relativity. Their world was restricted—so "little" in every way.

To-day there is very little that has not been seen by someone or another, though—who is to say?—to-day's wonders may be commonplaces of to-morrow.

I am not thinking of the marvels of science, but of great natural phenomena, which the ancients would indeed have called wonders had they been able to go so far afield.

There is concrete evidence to show that, even before the legend

"Visiting Our Radio Stars." You will think you have been out to tea with them after next week's article!

of the lost Atlantis, there was an even older civilisation in what is now the Southern Pacific.

Antiquarians and archaeologists first began to investigate this fact when the gigantic statues of Easter Island—a lonely isle in the very heart of the Pacific—were discovered.

There they stand to-day, works of exquisite skill, conveying proportions of grandeur far surpassing anything our civilisation, as we know it, had ever known.

For years they remained a mystery till recently, when, while looking over the side of his pearly lugger, anchored in a lagoon in another island, a man discovered that the bed of this "sea" lake was patterned in mosaic—real mosaic.

Investigation proved that it extended for miles, this great buried city under the sea.

There it is to-day, a wonder of the world, revealing standards of architecture, engineering, and artistry as high as any we can boast of. Yet had this country been less than twenty thousand years old, surely there would have been some connecting link.

What had happened? Who were the people of this great race? How did they disappear? Obviously there were millions of them judging from what can be seen of this marvellous city, which some activity on the ocean bed has revealed for the first time.

That is a man-made wonder. Here is another made by a form of life we do not think much about—the humble ant.

In the North of Mexico and South of Texas there are large areas in which man has not succeeded in living happily.

Recently it was found that this was because the ants in the district wouldn't let anything grow which spelt the presence of man.

Now the reason has been discovered.

Just under the surface of the ground there are hundreds of

"cities" of ants, divided into communities, with almost all the procedure of human intercourse between nations.

That is the least of the wonder. These communities of ants—agricultural ants, they are called—actually plant, grow, and harvest seeds for food.

Everything shows incredible powers of organisation.

There are perfect level roads, granaries, and communal grounds.

They have their soldiers, workers, leaders, and other executives, including such things as prescribed rituals for marriages!

The Mexican Department of Agriculture has seen to it that these ants are to be left in possession of their own cities.

They are one of the greatest natural wonders of the world.

On a previous occasion, I told you of the embalmers of the Andes. Now I'll tell you of the adherents of a branch of their culture—the miniature people of the miniature caves.

Just as the embalmers have the secret of reducing their mummies to the size of dolls, without distortion, so have the branch the ability to restrict human growth.

There are some hundreds of these folk on the Andes borders of Brazil—every one perfectly formed and healthy, hardly two feet six inches in height.

They are neither dwarfs nor pigmies, but real men and women who have refused to grow, living as they do in small caves with entrances so tiny that no beast of prey can reach them. They are vegetarians.

On the heights of these same Andes is another world's wonder—a relic of the mysterious Aztec civilisation of the golden children of the sun.

There remains the fortification of one of their secret strongholds—a wall almost 15 miles long, 12,000 feet above sea level.

The wonderful part of this wall is that it is all one stone—no cement or any composition—but one single stone!

Only recently has it been discovered that the Aztecs had the

"Their Dreams Came True." That's the title of one of next week's features.

secret of liquifying stones and moulding it to their heart's desire!

Think what that would mean to us—but the secret is dead.

Only the wonder remains of a winding 15-mile stone fortification that looks as if it will last 20,000 years.

Now to equatorial Africa for another wonderful experience.

To the north-east of the country of "Sanders of the River" is a tribe too small to be called a nation, who live in the side of a precipice 4000 feet high.

Imagine a city of little niches in this mountain wall of rock.

Yet, there they are, happy as sand boys; coming down to the plains in the day to cultivate their crops and returning at night.

(Please turn to page 27.)

MAN WITH A RECORD

AN
AMERICAN SHORT STORY
by
MARK HELLINGER

IT was noon, and the first warm day of the season. Jim Williams stepped from the office building, his overcoat slung over his arm. He was whistling merrily—and it wasn't the weather alone that caused his happiness. He had plenty of reasons to believe that he was just about the luckiest guy in town.

A year ago, he was just finishing a short stretch in the penitentiary. He was a man with a record—and men with records didn't stand much of a chance. Men without records were starving, so where did he fit in? There was little chance that he'd ever land a decent job again.

But luck was with him. George Reynolds, an old friend, had taken Jim into his office. George knew all about the record, but he was tolerant and understanding—and Jim had convinced him that he was going straight.

And Jim had done it, too. He had held down his job with more than fair success, and the past was rapidly growing into nothing more than a bad memory. More, the grandest girl in the world (during the engagement aren't they all?) had promised to marry him. Hooray!

Jim's whistling grew louder. No doubt about it. He wasn't the luckiest guy in the town; he was the luckiest guy in the world!

He stepped into his favourite eating spot, a cafeteria that featured plenty of food at cheap prices. As usual, at this time of day, the joint was crowded. Another man sat at the table that Jim occupied each noon. Jim glanced at him briefly and, while he ate, he studied him from time to time.

The man was nervous about something. Very obviously nervous. He had small beady eyes and a very shifty manner. He turned frequently and looked over his shoulder. He twisted his ring and drummed the table jerkily.

Jim didn't know this mug, but he recognised the type immediately. It would have been strange if he hadn't. He had known so many of them before he had been sent up, and he had met so many others in jail. This bird, beyond a doubt, was a crook of some sort. And he most certainly had something on his mind.

Jim shrugged. Why should he worry about it? The man's presence at the table meant nothing to him; it merely made him uncomfortable. So he said nothing—but he was glad when the chap finally got up to leave.

His own meal finished, Jim put on his hat, picked up his overcoat, and walked over to pay his check. At the door he stopped long enough to put on his coat before going out.

He couldn't have told you why it was that he put on the coat. The sun was still



shining brightly, and the day was still warm. It may have been habit, or it may have been some strange premonition. At any rate—almost instantly—he knew that something was wrong. His hand went into the left pocket of his overcoat, and his fingers touched something.

He drew out the something. He glanced at the article, gasped and quickly dropped it back into his pocket. It was a string of pearls. And Jim didn't need Mr Tiffany to assure him that those pearls represented real money.

At the next doorway, he paused. He looked around quickly and then ducked in. Once

MARK HELLINGER, one of the most popular short story writers in the United States of America, specialises in the cameo story. His effects are gained with an economy of words. He exploits successfully the surprise ending, which in the hands of O. Henry achieved such phenomenal success.

again, he pulled out the string of pearls—and this time he examined it closely. There was a certain lustre, a certain hard smoothness, that made him draw a long breath and nod slowly.

It was entirely plain, of course, how these pearls had come to be in his pocket. The man who had sat at his table in the cafeteria. He had been nervous and worried. Probably someone on his trail. He wanted to get rid of them. He slipped them into the pocket of Jim's coat when he arose to leave. Easiest thing in the world.

The thought of keeping the pearls never occurred to Jim. What worried him so terribly was the thought of carrying around several thousands dollars in stolen property. What if he were picked up?

He was a man with a record. His explanation of how he happened to have the pearls in his pocket would sound extremely flimsy. He knew it to be true, but who else did? There were plenty of men who had been sent back to jail for less reason.

So Jim was definitely frightened. He thought of the job. He thought of the confidence and trust that George Reynolds had placed in him. And most of all, he thought of the grandest girl in the world—and of the furniture they had already picked out for the new apartment.

It was, really, a tough break. Of all the millions in the city, the crook had to pick on him. Of all the people on whom it might have been planted, he had to be the unfortunate one. Something had to be done—and it had to be done in a hurry.

He stepped from the doorway and pushed his way through the noonday crowds. He walked rapidly to a side street where there seemed to be put a few people. Near the end of the block he looked round casually and surveyed the scene.

There weren't many people near him, and nobody seemed to be watching him. He drew the string of pearls from his pocket and, with a quick motion, he bent over and dropped them into a sewer. Then he straightened up and walked on. He walked as swiftly as before, but now his step was jaunty.

For Jim was greatly relieved. He had been badly frightened for a while, but things had turned out well. The pearls that had threatened his peace of mind would never bother him again.

He was positive that no one had seen him. No one had known he had the pearls, except that little crook—and certainly their paths would never cross again.

So everything was hotsy-totsy. Jim was carefree again. There wasn't a thing in the world now to cause him any anxiety. Once more he began to whistle happily.

It was such a beautiful day. Back in the office, George Reynolds was getting ready to go out for lunch. He went to the press to get his hat and coat. A moment later he stepped over to his secretary's desk. And he seemed a trifle annoyed.

"That Jim Williams must be getting absent-minded, or near-sighted, or something," he told the girl.

His secretary looked up. "Why, Mr Reynolds?" she inquired.

The boss shrugged. "Well," he replied, "he walked off to lunch with my overcoat instead of his own. I'm not worried about that, because I know he'll be back in a few moments.

"But my wife gave me a string of pearls this morning. They were a present from her father, and I was supposed to have the clasp fixed. And the pearls are in the pocket of the coat that Jim is wearing now. . . ."

MR TUTT CARRIES ON



MR TUTT hadn't the heart to say "No."

"It's a topping day," Horace assured him. "Come on, dad, let's go off for a bit and get some tadpoles."

"It will do your father good," Esmerelda declared, much to Horace's satisfaction. "A good brisk walk a day like this is just what he needs."

"Let's have sixpennyworth on the bus," Horace volunteered eagerly, "and get off where we can go through the wood, and I'll take a couple of jam jars and we'll get some tadpoles."

"You're not going through the town carrying jam jars!" Esmerelda declared.

"All right!" said Horace. "I'll put the jars in a paper carrier. Only let's be going while it's fine. . . . Come on!"

"And don't forget to put your new hat on—do you hear?" Mrs Tutt called out. "I was thoroughly ashamed of you, Joseph, when I met you the other day in that awful thing that isn't fit to be seen. . . ."

Mr Tutt sighed. "And don't come into the lounge looking like nothing on earth—when you come back, I mean. I expect Mrs Foxe-Marshall in to afternoon tea, so get a wash and brush up. . . ."

It was a perfect spring day. Horace was in high spirits, and he talked incessantly in the bus. When they got out and struck up the lane, his young, eager face was a picture of animation.

There was a lark overhead. There were green flames on the hedges. Sunshine dappled the path shaded by tall trees. Mr Tutt stepped out briskly.

"I'll show you where the pond is," said Horace. "I'll bet there'll be millions of tadpoles in it. We'll get a good few in one jar, and some more in the other, with a few freshwater snails. If you'd let me have that old zinc bath you were going to throw

out I'd make an aquarium of it. I'd love to have an aquarium."

"I used to have one when I was about your age," said Mr Tutt.

"Did you, though? You never told me. Were you keen on tadpoles and things?"

"Awfully. Once I went what I called 'tadpoling,' and had a bit of bad luck."

"Oh, what happened?"

Mr Tutt smiled reminiscently. "Fell in," he said briefly, and Horace roared.

They came to the field where the pond was. A herd of cows had gathered round the pond, and about a score of them were standing in the mud which sloped to the water's edge. Horace and Mr Tutt stood looking over a five-barred gate.

"That's done it," said Horace bitterly.

"Nothing of the kind," said Mr Tutt airily. "Cows won't harm anyone. They are harmless. All we have to do is to take no notice of them."

He was opening the gate as he

was one day to be a doctor. His hands were mud, his clothes were mud,

"We'll have to carry on, Horace," he said. "We've got to get home, my boy—the sooner the better."

They went down the lane, and it was only then they noticed that the sun had gone in and a damp wind sprung up. "We're not fit to go in a bus," said Mr Tutt. "In fact, Horace, it wouldn't be fair for you to sit down on one of the company's seats."

Horace agreed, walking heavily on, his hands behind him.

"I think," Mr Tutt suggested, "we'll walk home, but we might call at Mr Gilmour's—at the farm, you know—and see if he could lend us a mackintosh, or something."

An hour later they set off on the final stage of their journey. Mr Gilmour, having no lads of his own, had been unable to help Horace very much. He had lent him an old overcoat, however, and as it had come on to rain pretty hard, Mr Tutt had borrowed a mackintosh which was about nine inches too long. However, anything was better than nothing, so they made for home.

The rain proved their ally. There were few folk about, and as they slunk between the houses they were fortunate enough not to meet anyone they knew. "We'll do it yet," said Mr Tutt encouragingly.

But their luck forsook them at the last. They were within a dozen yards of home when the front door opened, and Esmerelda and Mrs Foxe-Marshall stood on the path. "Oh, the rain's clearing off," said Mrs Foxe-Marshall. "I'll be quite. . . ."

She stopped and stared. Standing at the gate were two objects, a man in a new bowler and an old mackintosh, his boots covered with mud, the rain glistening on his moustache, his hands thrust deep into his pockets. By him stood a bare-headed boy in a coat which had once been black, but was looking green over the shoulders; his legs and hands all mud, his face smeared with mud, and a jar of tadpoles in his hand.

Nothing could strike the smile from Mr Tutt's face. He raised his hat with a muddy hand. "Good afternoon, Mrs Foxe-Marshall," he said politely. "Perhaps you'll excuse me? I rather think Mrs Tutt wants a word with me."

Meet the Tutts again next week.

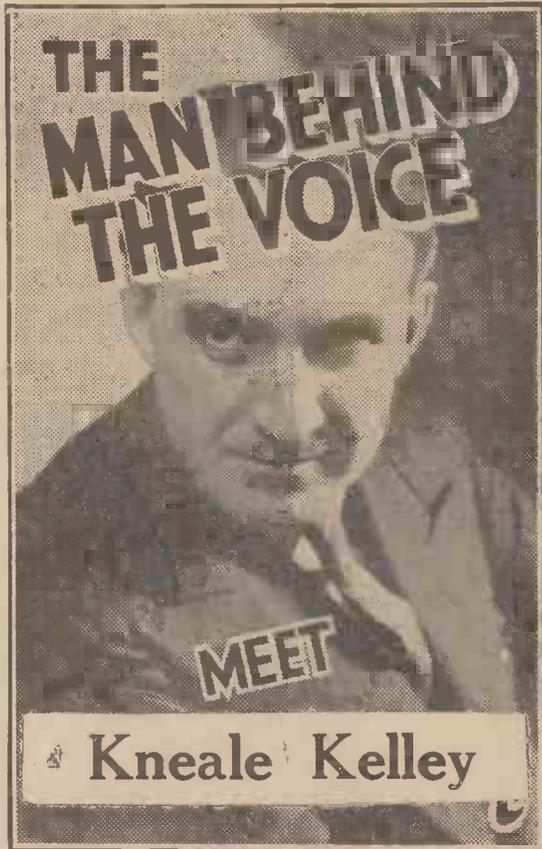
Horace Makes a Splash

spoke. Horace, having been well brought up, allowed age to go before youth. Two or three cows which had been looking the other way turned round and looked at Mr Tutt with sorrowful eyes.

Mr Tutt advanced cheerfully, his neatly rolled umbrella in his hand. Horace plucked up courage. There was mud—any amount of it, but Mr Tutt went boldly on. Horace followed. "I'll keep watch, my boy. You scoop up the tadpoles," said Mr Tutt.

One of the cows lowed. Horace started to his feet, slipped, kicked over one of the jars, grabbed hold of his father's arm, and sat down in six inches of mud and water and tadpoles. Mr Tutt remained an upright man, but one leg went into the water half-way up the calf, his eye-glasses fell off, and his umbrella snapped in two.

Mr Tutt snatched up his eye-glasses and hauled Horace out of the mud. He surveyed his promising son, who



I HAVE just met Kneale Kelley.

It wasn't at Broadcasting House. I might never have passed the commissionaires! I actually "broke" into St George's Hall, where the atmosphere is much less formal—and after searching through innumerable passages found my way to a small, furniture-crammed office near the roof. Here I met Kneale Kelley's charming secretary. A few moments later, who should stroll in but the B.B.C. Variety Orchestra conductor himself, looking extremely fit and happy.

"Do please sit down," he persuaded, in a smooth voice, immediately he had shaken my hand. "There is such a lot of spare room in here," he continued, an eye twinkling rather mischievously, "that I have asked permission for a grand piano to be stored in that corner." I might add that there was insufficient space for a piano accordion!

At least, Kneale Kelley lacked the official air!

He is a short, rather stubby man, with dark hair brushed back in typical musicians' fashion.

"Cigarette," he invited. Then, "Well, exactly what would you like to talk to me about?"

"Your customers, Mr Kelley—some of the queer customers you have conducted for, I mean." He puffed at the cigarette as he concentrated for a moment.

"Well," he admitted, "I don't often have a chance to talk to those for whom I wield the baton. They just flit in, scramble through their acts, and pass out into the night.

"There is not the time in which to get settled down, as there is in the theatre. There, even if the Monday morning rehearsal has failed to balance things—at least by Tuesday evening the show is able to assume a slick schedule.

"But, where broadcasting is concerned, you have to remember there is no Tuesday evening. Everything is always moving, and I often wonder chaos does not arise.

"But then, again, chaos is avoided because the B.B.C. staff has become used to it—even, I might say, fond of—this everlasting bustle.

"Not that that prevents anxious moments, such as in 'Music Hall.'

"To begin with, artistes often do not put in an appear-

ance until the act preceding them is well on its way, and I find then that I am playing the concluding item of an act, when the 'intro' for the next artiste has not arrived! The producer, who is always around, provides relief by joggling two thumbs up to indicate that the missing parts are being rushed upstairs. More often than not, they are pushed before me just as the applause for the former act is dying out.

"Sometimes it is necessary for me to prolong the applause by keeping the orchestra going—by holding on to the final chord. This is an old trick, which I have found very useful. Whereas, of course, with a stage performance, it is possible for the artistes to come forward before the curtain and take his or her time acknowledging the applause, while the orchestra patiently waits to strike up the next item. In radio 'Music Hall,' only the St George's Hall audience see this incident. Bowing, therefore, is cut down to the minimum.

"Even the announcer gets awed sometimes over the unavoidable speed-up, and, in fact, usually takes his cues from me. He is often doubtful as to whether an artiste is ready, and whether he should begin announcing. I receive the 'OK' from behind the scenes, and the announcer takes it from me. Now you can see I have little or no chance to speak to my 'customers,' as you call them.

"When the artiste is a comic, I do have an opportunity to see and listen to the proceedings. Vic Oliver, the American, is a bold broadcaster. He chats with me quite a lot during his act, as perhaps you've heard. This fellow is a great wit.

"One little piece in Vic's act is his story of how he came to be awarded the magnificent array of medals which adorn his chest. One by one he dismisses them with accompanying accounts of the conspicuous bravery which inspired their presentation, and, as his story runs on, the

(Please turn to page 30.)

YOUR FAVOURITES ... AND THEIR LATEST HITS

HARRY RICHMAN

in his 'Hits' from "THE MUSIC GOES 'ROUND AND AROUND."

02161 Life begins when you're in Love. 02162 Moonburn. (from 'Anything Goes'). There'll be no South. Let's Go.

BING CROSBY

in his latest hits.

02143 Sailor Beware. 02144 Moonburn. (from 'Anything Goes'). Some of these Days. My Heart and I. (both from "Anything Goes.")

02179 Touch of your Lips. Lovely Lady (from "King of Burlesque").

THE BOSWELL SISTERS

Hits from "Follow the Fleet."

02165 Let Yourself Go. I'm putting all my Eggs in one Basket.

FRANCES LANGFORD

The Star of "The Charm School." You hit the Spot.

JOE MORRISON

02156 When April comes again. (from "Hollywood Revels of 1936.")

JACK BUCHANAN

in songs from his recent films.

02153 I'm still Dreaming. 02125 Everything stops for Tea. Let's put some People to work. From one Minute to Another. (both from "When Knights were Bold.") (both from "Come out of the Pantry.")

ONLY ON

Brunswick

RECORDS 10 inch, 2/6

Dance band Gossip

AT the moment of writing, Billy Cotton is seriously ill with rheumatic fever. While playing the Empire, Nottingham, he was suddenly taken ill, and was in bed on the Wednesday and Thursday. He got up on the Friday, against medical advice, and appeared with his show. He was not well enough, however, to race for the British Empire Trophy at Donington Park on the Saturday. This was a bitter blow to Bill, as he is very keen on motor racing and had recently purchased a very speedy car from the famous racing motorist, Manby-Colgrave. This particular event was limited to thirty cars.

Down Again

The following week, while playing at the Old Kent Road Astoria, Billy was taken ill again on the Thursday, and has been in bed ever since. What at first was thought to be a mild attack of influenza turned into acute rheumatic fever, and Billy Cotton has nurses in attendance night and day.

Laurie Johnson Conducting

I understand from Arthur Gadsby (Bill's general manager) that, as far as possible, all existing engagements are being carried out by the band, with Laurie Johnson conducting in the place of Billy Cotton. I am sure all readers

will join me in wishing this very popular band leader a very speedy recovery.

The Family Man's Band!

By the way, Bill often jokes about the number of mouths which the outfit has to feed. Apart from the band itself, the office staff, baggage men, wives, and so on; there are twenty-four children. Ellis Jackson, ace trombonist and tap-dancer, holds the record with his family of eight. Two of the other boys, Peter Williams and Mick Burberry, boast trios; then follow the couples, including Bill himself, Clem Bernard, pianist and arranger. Another four or five have one child each.

Brian Lawrance's B.B.C. Date

I hear that Brian Lawrance, the singing and playing radio star, takes his band to a B.B.C. studio on May 2. This band is the star turn at the Lansdowne Restaurant, previous to which Brian Lawrance played at Quaglino's. He is best known to listeners for his work with the "Air-Do-Wells," and with Fred Hartley and his Novelty Quintet. Few people in this country know that Brian Lawrance used to be one of Australia's child prodigies. He used to appear on concert platforms dressed in velvet knickers and a white blouse with a large black bow. This was at a very early age. Now, in England, he is one of London's smartest band leaders and a radio star of considerable importance. Brian has also become a very good film actor.

Peter Yorke

One cannot talk of Louis Levy without thinking of Peter Yorke, the

man who has done so much towards making the Levy broadcasts such a great success. For years Peter has been one of the most brilliant orchestrators in this country. Even the Jack Hylton band owed much to Peter in days gone by, because many of their finest stage arrangements were from his pen. He also played piano in the band.

He's Coming Again

Now Peter has not only made himself famous with the public at large by his association with Louis Levy, but the recent broadcast by his own band caused such a sensation that it is still being discussed. All radio listeners will be delighted to hear that this band, formed out of the cream of London



The Four Aces.

NEWS ABOUT THE

LAST OF A SERIES

SAM COSTA IS BEST MAN

The last in the present series of the "Words With Music" shows will be given on May 7. Bruce Sievier tells me that an apt title for this broadcast might well be "England in May"—this being the basis on which he has constructed the programme and selected the authors.

Bruce will open the programme with a song of his own entitled, "Dear England Mine."

TO MAKE RADIO DEBUT IVOR KIRCHIN AND HIS BAND

Another dance band makes its radio debut when Ivor Kirchin and his band will be heard from the Ritz Dance Hall, Manchester, in the Northern programme on Friday.

This is an eight-piece outfit and the boys specialise in comedy and burlesque as well as rhythm.

Sam Costa, who is heard singing with several broadcasting and recording bands, has a new role on Sunday, May 10, when he will be "best man" at his sister's wedding.

His sister, Roma, is the only daughter. The wedding will take place at Golders Green at 2.15 p.m.

Elsie Carlisle returns to radio after an all-too-long absence in the Music Hall programme on Saturday at 8.30 p.m.

This is an all-star bill with a vengeance, and listeners will also hear Jack Doyle, the singing boxer, and his film actress wife, Judith Allen; and Jack Barty and Robb Wilton.

The Four Aces will be heard tomorrow night in a theatre relay from the Pavilion Theatre, Liverpool, in the Northern Regional programme.



Jack Barty.

musicians, will be on the air again very soon. A programme like this is one of the things which nobody ought to miss.

Les Allen's Reward

I have just read a most interesting letter from a young man in Bayonne, New Jersey. This fellow had been ill in hospital for months and had not heard a radio programme until he was taken home to convalesce. The first thing he heard over the station W.E.A.F. was the programme broadcast to America by Les Allen. He got a great thrill from hearing this and wrote a long and interesting and complimentary letter to Les, which I have just mentioned. For his trouble, he

will soon find himself the possessor of several Les Allen gramophone records, personally autographed by the artiste.

Changing Over Jobs

Two well-known band leaders will change over jobs very soon. Jack McCormick, from the Rialto Ballroom, Liverpool, will come to London to play opposite Joe Loss at the Astoria Dance Salon, whilst Reg Edwards, who already holds that job, will go to the popular palais in Liverpool. I understand that Jack will do another broadcast before leaving Liverpool, and that Reg Edwards will carry on with these broadcasts when he gets up there. Here's wishing them both every success in their new appointments.

Provincials on the Air

Many provincial bands will be heard on the air again within the next few weeks. The famous Fountainbridge Palais at Edinburgh will broadcast its band, led by Joe Kirkham. Then there is Tommy Arnold, from Bolton, who is already so well known. Vincent Ladbrooke, whose programmes of dance music by an all-string orchestra are becoming so popular, is doing another programme shortly, called "Between Ourselves." As before, Dick Barker will be his vocalist. Then there is Les Taylor and his players from Birmingham, whose programme will be entitled "I've got Rhythm," who will be heard early in May.

This Band from Cornwall

Last Saturday's broadcast programme from the West Regional included the relay of a band from the Carlyon Bay Hotel, St Austell, Corn-



wall. This is under the direction of Michael Markham, who is well known in and around London. In addition to this eight-piece band in Cornwall, Michael has a band at the well-known Great Fosters Hotel, Egham. Every celebrity of stage, screen, and radio patronises this place at some time or other, and it is almost impossible to go out there to tea on a Sunday without recognising a host of famous faces.

We're O K, Thanks!

Previously Michael had a band at the Barn on the Barnet By-Pass and at that other famous road-house known as "Show Boat," Maidenhead. He tells me that practically no job in the country would tempt his boys away from the Carlyon Bay. They play right on the edge of the sea all summer, and boast that they have as good a time, if not better, than the actual holidaymakers.

Teddy's Signature Tune

Unfortunately we do not hear much of Teddy Joyce on the radio these days, but nevertheless he is going as strong as ever in Variety. Several people have written me lately to ask if Teddy has a signature tune. Yes, he certainly has, and it is that beautiful old song, "The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise."



Louis Levy.

STARS AND SHOWS

'TREASURE ISLAND'

AS RADIO PLAY

Robert Louis Stevenson's famous book, "Treasure Island," has been adapted for the microphone by E. M. Delafield and will be available on National, Wednesday, May 6, at 8 p.m., and again the following day on the Regional wavelength at the same time.

Teddy Brown will be heard with his xylophone and Clifford Hellier at the piano in a new Sandy Powell Radio Show to be relayed on May 6 and 7.

* * *

The B.B.C. Midland Orchestra, for their concert Saturday fortnight (May 16), will have Walford Hyden as the guest conductor. Walford spent his early days in Hanley.

COVENT GARDEN

OPERA

Opera lovers will cancel all engagements on Thursday, April 30, in order to tune in, on National at 8.5, to Act I. of Verdi's "Aida." This should be one of the most brilliant evenings in Covent Garden's brief opera season.

The principal tenor is Giacomo Lauri-Volpi, ranked by some critics as the peer of Gigli. The part of Aida will be taken by Elisabeth Rethberg, whose fame is universal. Toscanini has declared that Rethberg is the greatest living soprano.

Only the first act is being broadcast, but it includes some of the most beautiful arias in the opera.

* * *

Carroll Gibbons and the Savoy Hotel Orpheans have another session next Tuesday. Brian Lawrance and Anne Lenner will be the vocalists.



Sam Costa.

TOO YOUNG TO STAY UP.

Dear Rex,—Every night at 10.30 p.m. you usually get dance music. I expect there are more persons like me. About 9.30 dad says, "Time you were in bed." Well, off I have to go. My older brother is twenty-one, and he stays up. I am not content to sit in bed and strain my ears just to get the faint strains of it. Can anything be done about it?—"A. M." (Wandsworth).

Evening dance music plans are now slightly altered. Soon you will hear some of the bands well before bedtime one or two evenings a week.

BAND LEADERS' ADDRESSES.

Dear Rex,—Will you please tell me the addresses of the following band leaders:—Harry Roy, Ambrose, Lew Stone, Roy Fox, Jack Jackson, and Gerald?

I think "Radio Review" is a very interesting paper. The best of luck and thanks.—"O. L." St (Helens).

Write Harry Roy at Mayfair Hotel, London, W.; Ambrose at 34 Hereford House, Park Lane, London, W.1; Lew Stone and Roy Fox both c/o "Radio Review"; Gerald at Savoy Hotel, London, W.C.2; Jack Jackson at Dorchester Hotel, London, W.1.

BLIND BOYS' SONG.

Dear Rex,—I have been reading "Radio Review" for three weeks now, and as I am a very enthusiastic wireless fan, find it extremely interesting and helpful.

I have one question to ask you. Does Henry Hall announce his programmes himself?

I should like to congratulate the two blind Birmingham boys, whose song "Falling In Love With You" was played by Billy Merrin on the occasion of his last broadcast.

Best wishes to you and "R.R."—"H. R. H. Fan" (Cheltenham).

Henry Hall shares his announcing with George Hodges (his manager) and Elisabeth Scott.

CORNER FOR PEN PALS.

Dear Rex,—I am 15 years of age and a regular reader of your splendid paper.

Could we have a corner for pen pals who are interested in collecting photos of radio personalities? I am sure there are many readers in support of this suggestion.—"Ambro" (Ackworth).

Sorry—am afraid not.

FROM CANADA.

Dear Rex,—Received your welcome letter for which I thank you. Still enjoying your columns, which are very interesting.

Alec Templeton, the blind pianist, is a wizard of the keys.

At present I think the organ in the Convention Hall, Atlantic City, is the largest. Jesse Crawford is playing on a new organ which has been installed in the N.B.C. Studios, Chicago. Jack Hylton's Variety Hour takes place every Saturday night 7 to 8 o'clock Eastern standard time. Cheerio and lots of luck.—"W. R. R." (Canada).

Many thanks for your letter and interesting notes on Jack Hylton, which, I am sorry, space forbids me to print.

THINKS MARY LEE IS SWELL.

Dear Rex,—I take this opportunity of thanking you for a fine paper. I have been a regular reader from the first number.

Will you please tell me if Billy Cotton's vocalist, Jack Doyle, is the boxer? After reading "E. J. R." (Tottenham's) account of Mary Lee, I disagree. I think Mary Lee is just swell.

Wishing you and your paper every success.—"A 'Mary' Fan" (Birchanger).

No. This Jack is a very fine trumpet player!

HE SHOULD TAKE UP KNITTING!

Dear Rex,—I was very sorry to read "T. D. C." of (Port Glasgow's) letter, and in reply I will tell him quite frankly that he will not have many supporters.

I would also advise him to stop listening to dance band vocalists and take up knitting, as his letter



proves he doesn't know a decent vocalist when he hears one. Mary's rendering of rhythm tunes is the best I have ever heard for some time. Her style is her own and not Evelyn Dall's.

Doesn't it seem strange for a fellow-citizen of a famous artiste to step forward to criticise such a great and talented star? Well, I think it does, and I would very much like him to notice the fact. Wishing Miss Lee and "Radio Review" the best of luck and prosperity.—"Wm. W." (Salford, 3).

Thanks for your interesting letter. You certainly have very decided views on this subject!

AUTOGRAPHED PHOTOS WANTED.

Dear Rex,—Where can I get autographed photos of the following:—Josephine Hutchinson, Conrad Veidt, Judy Shirley, Maurice Winnick, and Leslie Jeffries?—"R. J. F." (Forest of Dean).

Write Josephine Hutchinson, Warner Bros., Burbank, Calif.; Conrad Veidt, c/o G. B. Studios, Lime Grove, W.12; Judy Shirley and Maurice, c/o "Radio Review"; Leslie Jeffries, Grand Hotel, Eastbourne.

"FARMER GILES" OF THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

Dear Rex,—I have been a reader of "Radio Review" since the first issue of this splendid paper. My choice of the four best bands is as follows:—Henry Hall, Lou Preager, Harry Roy and Lew Stone.

Will you answer the following question:—Where can I write to Frederick Chester, the great "Farmer Giles" of the Children's Hour?

Wishing you every success.—"G. C." (Stroud). Write Frederick Chester c/o Broadcasting House, W.1.

BRIAN LAWRENCE'S BIRTHPLACE.

Dear Rex,—I have been greatly interested in your fan mail pages, especially in the discussion of Henry Hall. I am very pleased to hear that you like him, for surely it is obvious to all that his motto is "We Aim To Please."

Would you be so kind as to answer a few questions?

(1) Could you tell me at what theatres Len Bermon will be playing the next few weeks?

(2) Does he sing in the picture "Music Hath Charms"?

(3) Is it possible to see the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra at work?

(4) Can I obtain tickets for the Air-do-Wells?

(5) Will you settle an argument for me? My friend said Brian Lawrence is Jewish. I said he was Irish. Who is right?—"Bermon Fan" (London).

- (1) Sorry, can't supply this information.
- (2) Yes, he sings in the picture.
- (3) Possible, but permission isn't easily come by.
- (4) You can apply to the B.B.C. for tickets, but there is a long waiting list.
- (5) You are both wrong. Brian is Australian born.



Denny Dennis.

HOW OLD IS DAN DONOVAN?

Dear Rex,—I am a new reader of "Radio Review," and I think your paper is topping. Please could you supply me with the following information?

(1) How old is Dan Donovan, and is he married?

(2) Where must I write to get a signed photo of him? Also one each of George Elrick and Bert Read?

(3) Do the members of Henry Hall's band answer the letters they receive, personally?

(4) When applying for autographed photos is there any fee to pay, if so, how much?—"Miss M. P." ("Hill Street.")

(1) He is just thirty. Yes, married.

(2) Write all three at B.B.C. Studios, Delaware Road, Maida Vale, London.

(3) They certainly do.

(4) No fee, but don't forget stamped addressed envelope for reply.

TEDDY JOYCE'S SIGNATURE TUNE.

Dear Rex,—As a regular reader of "Radio Review," may I congratulate you on an excellent paper for all radio and dance band fans.

Could you please inform me—(1) If Teddy Joyce's signature tune is "Dance Band"?

(2) Are Ivor Moreton and Dave Kaye appearing in Birmingham during their tour?

(3) Is Charlie Kunz and his band making a provincial tour?

Wishing you every success.—"S. A. S." (Birmingham).

(1) No. "The World is Waiting for the Sunrise" is his signature tune.

(2) Likely, but your theatre manager will be able to tell you this.

(3) Unlikely, but Charlie himself is touring with his piano.

What Did the Violinist Say?

HERE are the prize-winners in the "What Did the Violinist Say?" competition. The first prize, a magnificent radiogram, goes to ALEX. W. LOWRIE, 19 Nicol Street, Kirkcaldy.

Here is his prize-winning effort:—

The Violinist said:—"I'm playing 'The Bees' Wedding' and here's a galecrasher."

The following will receive handsome consolation prizes:—

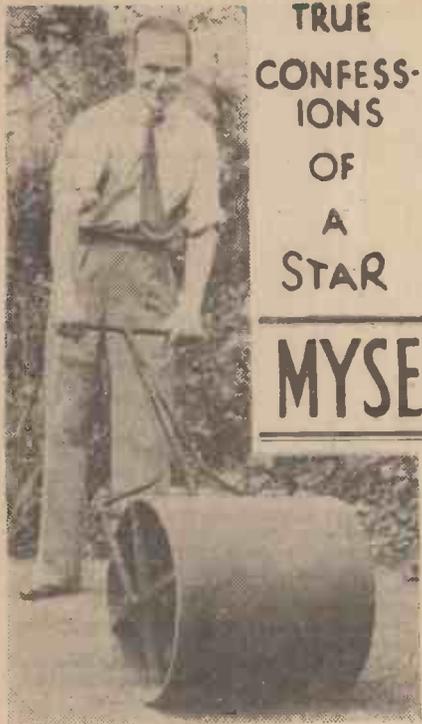
The Violinist said:—"I've got a feeling it's fooling."

—ALEXANDER GIBSON 14b Caird's Row, Musselburgh, Scotland.

"Radio Review," May 2, 1936.

REX KING'S QUERY COUPON

FOR ONE QUESTION.



TRUE
CONFESSIONS
OF
A
STAR

MYSELF IN THE LOOKING-GLASS

By MARIUS B. WINTER

night wondering if listeners had noticed anything wrong.

For if—out of fifty letters of praise—I find one letter which says “ghastly”—the next day will find me “cussing” all through rehearsals, and working the boys overtime.

Yes, I’m sensitive to public opinion. I am not “hard-boiled.”

That last remark might make some people ask, “Then why are you still

But she’ll have to be a very wonderful girl indeed if she’s to be half as sweet as my mother, in my most difficult and ambitious moments . . .

It was my mother who lent me twenty out of the thirty-four pounds when I threw up everything to become a band leader. If I’d finished up absolutely broke she’d have just smiled and said, “Ah, well, it was worth trying.”

THE Marius B. Winter you may have seen, gaily swinging the baton at balls and other functions, is a far different “Me” to the one I see peering back at me from the mirror as I shave by the chilly light of dawn.

I am a restless person—sometimes even a discontented one. When I cease to be discontented I shall know I am getting old.

I realise now that it was my spirit of discontent which brought me success. It was that same urge for adventure which made me a pain-in-the-neck to my form-master at school, which made me try to get into the army at the age of 16, and which made me quit my very comfortable job in my father’s export business. It also made me go into the band business with just £34 in my pocket.

The fact that I have money now doesn’t make me any happier than when I had none—or practically none. I appreciate the comforts of money, but it’s “getting things done,” experimenting, that helps me to get fun out of life.

No, I haven’t got an “artistic temperament.”

I’m just a business man, but like spending money as much as I like making it!

I worry about things, of course. Maybe I worry too much sometimes in my anxiety over details.

When I’m on the air with the band I’m popping about between the studio and the balance room like a cat on hot bricks!

I’ll never forget the time—during one of my very first broadcasts—when the lights failed for twenty minutes. Fortunately, the band was able to play from memory till the lights were repaired. But I lost hours of sleep that

a bachelor? We thought a fellow had to be hard-boiled to stay that way!”

Well, as a youngster I used to bounce in and out of love every few months. But I had a habit of putting girls on a pedestal, so to speak, and expecting them to be too perfect. But when the pedestal tottered, and I found my goddess had feet of clay—well, that was just too bad.

I have said I am discontented.

Maybe I was too discontented to stay in love.

Besides, my life was a gamble. I didn’t want any ties. I wanted to be

You will enjoy
the slightly sardonic
mood which flavours
his views on life.

able to play all the stakes I had, without the fear of anybody else getting hurt if I lost!

The thought of being tied down to domesticity, to safety, “the daily round, the common task,” appalled me.

I like the feeling of guiding my own destiny.

Of course, I don’t mind my friends giving me advice—I like to think they have a kindly interest in my life. But that doesn’t mean I have to take their advice!

One day, perhaps, I shall marry.

The girl I marry (if and when) would have to be a pal with a sense of humour and a love of the simple things in life. None of your ultra-sophisticated ladies for me! For, at heart, that type are shallow, vain, seeking only to make an impression. The impression they make on me is depression!

I like the highlights, the spotlights, the gay crowds. But also I like an occasional contrast . . .

Such as the peace and simplicity of a country garden.

It is only in that garden I can find real peace of spirit. Don’t think I’m coming all over “whimsy”—I just happen to be sincere.

I warned you that I was not hard-boiled, after all.

At thirty-eight I still have a number of ideals left (more so than many “blase” young men of eighteen!). I have ideals in music—yes, and even in women.

I am not afraid of growing old, as are many show people.

One day I shall retire to a country estate in Surrey (but not for a long time yet), and build hothouses and lay out fresh gardens, and forget to be restless.

I’m not afraid of being alone. There is plenty of time to find the right partner. (Anyway, dogs are company!)

The only thing I’m afraid of is finding the wrong partner. I’m a deuce of a difficult person to live with!

SHIP’S SOS PICKED UP BY WOMAN

HOW a Newcastle woman, formerly a telegraphist, decoded a steamer’s SOS, accidentally received while she was listening to a broadcast, was related at an inquiry held in Sunderland into the loss, on November 20, of the Newcastle steamer Sheafbrook in the North Sea.

It was stated that at 9.15 p.m. on November 20, Mrs Scott, while tuning in to Newcastle Broadcasting Station,

heard a message in Morse code from the doomed ship.

Mrs Scott, having been a telegraphist, was able to understand the message. It read:—

“S O S. Sheafbrook. Position, 110 miles E.S.E. of Tyne. Engines flooded. Require assistance. Dangerous list to port.”

The ship’s message would normally have been sent out on a wavelength of about 600 metres. The Newcastle station’s wavelength is 267 metres.

PROGRAMMES AT A GLANCE

WEDNESDAY.—Al Collins and his Orchestra play dance music in the **National** programme at 7.30, and Suzanne Botterell will sing the vocals. Bransby Williams, the famous Dickens character actor, has twenty-minutes session, 10 p.m. to 10.20.

On **Regional** at 6.30 the "Fol-de-Rols" give another hour's entertainment. Then follows a programme from Bristol, "Willow the King," a cricket miscellany written and arranged for broadcasting by Herbert Farjeon. At 8.15 p.m. Ernest Longstaffe presents another "Light Fare" variety programme, and artistes who will appear include Leslie Elliott, who will be making her second broadcast, Nina Devitt, Mabel Constanduros, Pat O'Brien, Wilfred Worden, and Claude Hulbert and Enid Trevor.

Midland have "At the Sign of the Dancing Bear," with, of course, Robert Tredinnick presenting the records. Janet Joye gives some of her impressions. **Western** relay the cricket miscellany, "Willow the King," also available on main **Regional**.

Welsh Region relay part of the Singing Festival by the Calvinistic Methodists of the Lower Conway Valley, from Siloh Chapel, Llandudno. The third of the historic reconstructional programmes on **Northern Ireland** will take listeners back to the year 1839, the year of the disastrous wind which swept Ireland.

* * *

THURSDAY.—**National** relay Act I. from the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, of Verdi's opera, "Aida," at 8.0 p.m.

Kneale Kelley and the B.B.C. Variety Orchestra on **Regional** at 8.20 p.m. have a "Six Great Melodies" programme. Soloists will be Cavan O'Connor, Veronica Mansfield, and Arthur Sanford (pianoforte). Billy Cotton and his band play the late dance music.

Shortly after the First News on **Midland**, Eugene and his Magyar Quartet have their second broadcast from this region. James Benbridge (tenor) will be the vocalist. Harry Engleman's Quintet with Vernon Adcock (xylophone) have a special programme, "Midland Composers."

Martyn C. Webster produces the first of a new series of topical revues, "Mr Mike Presents—" Cora Goffin will star, assisted by Dorothy Summers, Marjorie Westbury, Hugh Morton (compere), Denis Folwell, Warwick Vaughan, Harry Hartland, and a close harmony trio, "Those Three." The B.B.C. Midland Revue Chorus and Orchestra will be conducted by Reginald Burston.

Northern will be "In a Whirl of Melody and Song," with Leslie and Lewis, two entertainers from Wembley. This is followed by "Beauty Queen," a new radio play by Howard Thomas.

Scottish ask "Where Did You Get That Hat?" Ursula Balfour, Billy Davidson, Alan Mackinnon, with Douglas Steen and Campbell M'Phee at two pianos, will take part, and help to introduce the subject of hats. Later we are to listen to the "Trial of Harry Gordon," described as a fantasy founded on no facts! The **Northern Ireland** programme is to be run by Jamie and Rabbie.

A concert by the Barnstable Male Voice Choir, with Joseph Farrington (bass), and Leslie England (pianoforte), will be broadcast from **Western**. Alfred Long is the conductor.

There is a programme of Chamber Music from **Welsh** by the Cardiff Ensemble, with Tom Pickering (tenor).

* * *

FRIDAY.—Louis Levy and his Symphony have a **National** date this evening at 8.0 p.m., and at 8.40 there will be a special May Day feature programme, of which no details are available at the moment.

Regional has its first "Amateurs All" broadcast—given entirely by members of amateur operatic societies. The show will be compered by John Watt, and will be on the lines of the "Songs from the Shows" series. The programme has been drawn up by Mr Pederick and Mr Lloyd. At 9.30 p.m. the Charles Ernesco Quintet will play popular melodies.

Tony's Red Aces come again from **Midland**, with more dance music—after the First News. During the afternoon the B.B.C. Midland Orchestra, conducted by Leslie Heward, will play three symphonies—Boyce's No. 7, Beethoven's "Jenaer," and Raff's "Im Walde."

The B.B.C. Welsh Orchestra play a programme of May Day music from the **Welsh Region**. Esta Stein's Yiddish Chauve Souris Company have "Fifty Minutes' Entertainment." May

Day programmes are available on all regions, and **Northern Ireland** have a programme by the B.B.C. Northern Ireland Chorus and Orchestra, led by Philip Whiteway and conducted by W. Godfrey Brown.

* * *

SATURDAY.—There will be a Music Hall programme at the usual time—8.30 p.m. At 10 p.m. Felix Felton will produce "More Macabre," with more grim stories!

At 7.15, on **Regional**, Brian Lawrance will be heard with his own dance orchestra, and the late dance music will come from the Café de Paris—Lew Stone and his Band. Cambridge Heath Salvation Army Band, which is visiting the Midlands, will also visit the Birmingham studios to give a concert for **Midland** listeners. Colonel G.

WHAT'S ON THE AIR

Fuller is the conductor, and James Doherty (baritone) will sing.

Northern has a programme of light music by the Jack Hardy Novelty Quintet, which for the past two years has broadcast under the name of the Houghton Quintet. Jack Hardy's wife, Sadie Jacobson, is the leader of the quintet.

Western's "Western Cabaret" No. 6 comes, this time from The Palace Hotel, Torquay, with Arthur Askey (entertainer) and Stanley Le Marchant and his Band. The Port Talbot Cymric Glee Society, conducted by J. Bowen Davies, and the Welsh Regional Trio, gives a programme of works ranging from Handel to Kreisler in the **Welsh Region**.

* * *

SUNDAY.—The **National Evening Service**, conducted by Rev. J. S. Whale, comes from a studio. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon, listeners can tune in to Mantovani and his Tipica Orchestra for a three-quarters of an hour programme. At 9.30 there is a programme by Leslie Jeffries from the Grand Hotel, Eastbourne.

The **Regional Evening Service** at 7.55 is a Roman Catholic service from St Richards, Buntingford, Herts.

TALKS AND TALKERS

WEDNESDAY.—Morning talk at 10.45 on **National** is another of Edward Shackleton's chats on "Life in the Arctic." At 2.5 on **National** Rhoda Power starts a new series of talks on British History. The 6.50 talk is in the London Scenes series, when we are to hear Mr St John Hutchinson, K.C., talking of the Law Courts.

At 9.15 there is another entertaining discussion, called "Is That the Law?" The sub-title tonight is "The Englishman's Home"—idea being that, legally, it isn't always as much of a castle as the owner may think.

THURSDAY.—The "At Home To-Day" series is heard this morning on **National**. At 2.5 Frank Whitaker takes up the task of "Discovering England," and he is to start off with his favourite Yorkshire. Professor Eileen Power follows with a talk on "World History." She talks to-day of "The New World of America Takes Shape." At 7.30 C. H. Blakiston tells of the History of Voluntary Social Service in this country.

At 8.0, on **Regional**, Willie Smith gives a running description of the final of the British Snooker Championship, from Thurston.

At 9.25, back on **National**, there is the first of a new short series, called "I Protest." Variety of speakers are to complain about the Little Nuisances of Life—street noises, and so on.

FRIDAY.—At 10.45 a.m. we are to hear an account of a day's work in the life of a "Queen's" Nurse. Gardener C. H. Middleton at 6.50 brings a distinguished fellow-horticulturist to the micro-

The **Midland** afternoon concert is by Coventry Hippodrome Orchestra, with Dorothy Richards (contralto) as vocalist. Then Eugene and his Magyar Quartet, with James Benbridge (tenor), play for thirty minutes.

The religious service on **Midland** comes from St Mary's Church, Nottingham. The **Western** religious service is from St Ambrose Parish Church, East Bristol.

Northern relay the Military Service from York Minster, when the movement from Beethoven's Fifth Symphony will be played by the bands of the 16th/5th Lancers. **Scottish** have a recital of Scottish Psalm Tunes, sung by the B.B.C. Scottish Singers, conducted by Ian Whyte.

* * *

MONDAY.—**National** feature is a programme of music by Terechhaninov, and the singer will be Tatiana Makushine.

Regional present another "Tunes of the Town" at 7.15, and at 9.35 the Leslie Bridgewater Quintet play some light music. Late dance music is by Joe Loss and his band.

Midland have a programme by the Teversall Colliery Band, making their first broadcast. The conductor is J. T. Parkes. Later in the evening Jack Wilson and his Versatile Five play another light programme. Leonard Crabtree has written another radio play, "Reprimand," which is produced to-night by Howard Rosen, and later Jack Wilson brings his Versatile Five to the studio for another light programme.

Welsh relay a concert of Welsh music by the B.B.C. Welsh Orchestra (leader Frank Thomas), conducted by Idris Lewis. Leeds String Orchestra are on **Northern**.

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TUESDAY.—At 8 p.m., on **National**, Carroll Gibbons and the Savoy Orpheans play dance music. At 10.20 there is another "Little Show" programme. The New Georgian Trio take the air at 10.50 p.m.

Harry Farmer's **Midland** organ recital comes from the Granada Theatre, Bedford. Edgar Morgan conducts the B.B.C. Midland Singers in "Songs of the Midland Counties," then comes a light programme by Leslie Taylor and his Players, called "I've Got Rhythm."

Leslie Russell will act as guest conductor of the B.B.C. Northern Orchestra in their concert from the **North Region**.

Western concert is given by the Plymouth Madrigal Society, conducted by Harold C. Lake, with A. Morris-Gilbert (pianoforte) as the solo artiste.

phone—Lady Byng. They are to discuss Alpines, The "Keyboard Talk" at 7.10 is given by Leslie Heward and Victor Hely-Hutchinson. This time they discuss Verdi's opera, "Falstaff."

Late night talk at 10.0 is given by Mr Saunders Lewis, who is to argue the case of Welsh Nationalism in the "Three Nations" series.

SATURDAY.—The Week In Westminster is to be described and commented upon for us this morning by Mr H. Holsworth, M.P.

The Sports talk at 6.30 this evening looks promising. The subject is Cricket, and the talker is George Robey. On **Regional**, between 8.0 and 9.30, there is the usual "Topics in the Air" talk.

SUNDAY.—The short series on Spiritual Healing is continued on **National** at 4.50 to-day by Rev. Father Arendzen. At 5.10 the Rt. Hon. Sir Thomas Inskip, Minister of Defence, will continue the series on "Church and State."

We are to hear an interesting talk at 6.0, given by Miss Grossbard, a Viennese woman journalist and author. She will talk about Vienna. At 6.45 there is another of the "Living in the Past" talks, this time about "Travelling." Talker is Arthur Bryant.

MONDAY.—The morning talk, **National** at 10.45, is in the "House That Jack Built" series—housing problems of the average man.

There is a new series starting at 6.50 under the general title of "This Time Last Year." Various

Continued on opposite page.

Mantovani's Dance Music

Prize-Winners in "Radio Review" Competition

MANTOVANI'S new ideas for dance music gave great pleasure to many listeners.

The competition for the best criticism of the programme, organised by "Radio Review," and Mantovani, attracted a big entry, and the first prize of a handsome wristlet watch, two autographed records, and a personally signed cabinet photo goes to—

**MISS BARBARA SANDERSON,
"ASHFIELD," ROWLEY LANE,
FENAY BRIDGE, nr. HUDDERSFIELD.**

Here is Miss Sanderson's prize-winning criticism:—

I TAKE off my hat to Mantovani for his originality in introducing to us a string orchestra purely for dancing.

"I Dream Too Much," a sweet number, was strongly contrasted with "Where There's You There's Me," which was played immediately after. In my opinion, the orchestra is better suited to playing sweet than swing music.

The vocals were sung by George Barclay, who, I think, is one of radio's foremost singers, but I can't say I'm particularly keen on Stella Nelson.

On the whole, Mantovani's novel broadcast was very enjoyable.

The senders of the following three criticisms will receive four autographed records of Mantovani's latest recordings, and a handsome personally-signed cabinet photograph:—

After listening to Mantovani, I decided that he was certainly a player of "sweet music." I am afraid that the listeners who are "hot music" fans must have been disappointed.

Unlike most dance bands, he brings in the accordion frequently, which, I think, is a good idea.

What I liked most was the way in which the rumbas were played, for somehow Mantovani seemed to get more "atmosphere" into them than the other dance bands.

I thoroughly enjoyed the programme, and shall look forward with pleasure to the

next broadcast of Mantovani and his Dance Orchestra.

Miss E. Crombie, 128 Junction Road, Leek, Staffs.

When listening to Mantovani I was greatly impressed by the novel way of playing "Poor Angeline," changing from polka to waltz time; also "Moonspun Dreams" and "Alone" stood out from the rest.

The accordion part played in the last chorus of "Here's To Romance" sounded



Stella Nelson.

fine, and I would like to hear more of this instrument playing solo.

"Piccolino" was great. So was George Barclay, but I didn't care for the trio.

Good, Mantovani! The band excels in tangos, and don't forget, next time I expect to hear more of that accordion!

Miss A. Jackson, 21 Abney Road, Mossley, nr. Manchester.

Mantovani certainly proved the superiority of "string" over "brass."

This flawless broadcast was all the more noticeable by the performance of the "hot" violin sextet, something new in the dance bands, "Tipica Stomp" being a perfect example.

The presence of a harp and 'cellos, another departure, greatly enhanced the session, while praise must be given to Stella Nelson and George Barclay for the excellent vocal work. The violins, too, were to the fore in sweet numbers, as "Moonspun Dreams," proving the versatility of this excellent violin team.

Thank you, Mantovani!
R. Pole, 39 Manton Crescent, Manton, nr. Worksop, Notts.

The next six readers, whose criticisms are printed, receive two splendid records and personally-signed cabinet photograph of Mantovani.

Mantovani's experiment of cutting out the ever-blaring trombones and trumpets and substituting stringed instruments was a great success.

The stringed instruments played a great part in the majority of tunes, and played them very well.

Listeners had a pleasant surprise, for, instead of those many-times-murdered numbers, Mantovani introduced some new numbers.

I think the best number was "Poor

Angeline," into which George Barclay and the vocal trio put such excellent effect.

A. D. Stark, 28 Delamain Road, West Derby, Liverpool, 13.

Mantovani, in this broadcast, did much to convince listeners that dance music can be just as effective without a brass section.

In a well-contrasted programme, some of the numbers stood out, the high spot being "Moonspun Dreams."

The orchestra was not so much at home with the "swing" tunes, and I was disappointed that more waltzes was not included.

I would suggest that one or two of the older waltzes be included in future programmes.

George Barclay's vocals helped to make entertaining listening.

I, for one, shall look forward to hearing Mantovani's combination again.

Mr L. F. Baker, 56 Westbourne Terrace, Reading, Berks.

On the whole, the first broadcast of Mantovani's Dance Orchestra was very successful.

The rhythm throughout was excellent, and Ronnie Binge's efforts on the accordion superb, as was also his new swing number, "Tipica Stomp."

Stella Nelson's vocalising was not so good, but George Barclay sang well, although he was occasionally almost drowned by the band, which did not fade out sufficiently. The singing of one of the tunes would have improved the tango medley greatly.

The stringed instruments added a touch of romance to a successful broadcast.

Miss Bertha Tocher, 3 Wellington Walk, Henleaze, Bristol.

Mantovani's "no brass" experiment was definitely a success, for his fine string combination provided melody and tone.

They opened with a rhythm number appropriately called "Swing," and did they swing it! The vocal chorus was good, and the accordions were prominent.

For rumba fans there was "Bruna Madonna," in which the drums were heard a lot.

Mantovani's contrasting tango melody was good, while "Tipica Stomp" gave listeners the opportunity of hearing a "hot rhythm" number without the customary brass section.

George Barclay was very good, but I thought Stella Nelson's high notes rather weak. An excellent show.

Mr L. J. Phythian, 11 Larkhill View, West Derby, Liverpool, 13.

When the three-quarters of an hour were over, I almost clapped and shouted "encore." "Tipica Stomp" and "Swing" were real bright spots, showing just what strings can do. The tangos and waltzes were past criticism.

One thing, however, I didn't care for, and that was the singing of the lady vocalist.

On the whole, the programme was good, because no number that has been "killed" was included.

Dennis Lethbridge, 69 Ridge Park Avenue, Mutley, Plymouth.

Well, Mantovani, you experimented with your band idea, and it was a great success.

I am glad to say that rhythm, which could easily be obliterated in a violin crescendo during a tune, was well marked. You gave a programme of sweet music.

The first rumba was a little weak, but the second had the tone essence of a rumba. The harp and violin arrangement of "Moonspun Dreams" was not at all thrilling, and this tune and the story of Angelina were the only ones in which you did not distinguish yourself.

A good beginning to a new idea.
Mr D. Harley, 5 Exeter Gardens, Ilford, Essex.

TALKS AND TALKERS — Continued from previous page.

people are to tell us of how they spent last year's holidays.

The talk on Books at 7.10 is the second of the new series, in which famous people are invited along to discuss other things than current fiction. To-night's talker is golfer Bernard Darwin.

At 7.30 Professor Ritchie of Aberdeen University talks of the changing seasons and their effect on growing things. The late night talk at 10.0 is on World Affairs.

TUESDAY.—Mrs Arthur Webb takes over the Cook's Morning series for a short run this morning. At 11.30, K. C. Boswell takes up the subject of "Diplomacy" where Commander Stephen King-Hall left it last week.

At 2.30, Howard Marshall, regular contributor to "Radio Review," continues to talk about Books. At 4.0, John Hilton comes to chat of "This and That."

In the evening, at 7.30, on National, there is another talk on Empire Affairs. Mr H. V. Hodson, editor of "The Round Table," takes over on this occasion from Professor Coupland, and talks on "The Nature of the Commonwealth."

Memories of the Klondyke Rush and other thrilling episodes are available on Western Regional this evening in the new series called "Personally Speaking," which follows the popular "I Remember" talks. To-night we hear Mr G. A. Street.

Two talks at 10.0. On National, there is the "Down to the Sea in Ships" series, continued by Basil Sanderson. And on Regional is a running commentary on the final of the Gold Glove Amateur Boxing contests, from the Empire Stadium, Wembley.

THE STRANGE CASE OF BETTY CAMPBELL

(Continued from page 15.)

too pleased to see me, Mildred." He chuckled. "I thought perhaps you mightn't be. But I've got lonely in my old age. Australia's no place for a man past his prime. Besides, I wanted to see that daughter of mine." His eyes wandered to the settee. "Is this her?"

Lena sat up, gazing at him open-mouthed. she could not speak. Mrs Dickson, too, seemed as though struck dumb.

"Well?" he said. "What's bitten you both?"

"Is it—really you, Andrew?" breathed Mrs Dickson.

"Sure it's me. Why are you so surprised about it?"

"We—we thought you were dead. We were told you were dead."

"Well, I'm not! I'm very much alive, as you can see. Aha!" Andrew Dickson chuckled again. "I tumble to it. A great disappointment for you, eh? You'd be considering yourself the proprietor of Dickson & Grant's—until that daughter of mine turned up."

"I read about it in the papers, and that decided me to come home. I thought I'd give you a little surprise—though it doesn't seem to be a very pleasant one, I must admit. At The Larches they told me you were here, so I came straight along. Is this my daughter, Mildred?"

Mrs Dickson stood rigid. It seemed to her that something was clutching at her heart, gripping, throttling, stifling her. Andrew Dickson alive, after all! Wellwood

had cheated her. She had been fighting a losing battle all the time. Now she was done—finished. There was no hope. She was beaten, utterly and completely.

"N-no," she faltered, at last. "This is my girl, Lena."

"A fine-looking lass, too," said old Andrew bluntly. "If she hadn't so much paint and powder on her face. Where's Betty?"

They would have to tell him the truth, the truth which had been so wonderful a few minutes ago.

"There—there's been an accident, Andrew. This morning."

"An accident?" Swift suspicion flashed in his eyes. "What sort of accident?"

"She was out with Lena in a speedboat. They—crashed. And Lena only just managed to get ashore."

"And my girl?"

"Well, she—she can't swim, Andrew. The boats are out looking for her now."

"Looking for her! My God!" The man from Australia took a step forward. A terrible look of suspicion flashed in his eyes, but he checked the words on his lips.



Mildred Dickson gasped as she stared at the man. It was Andrew!

He turned abruptly and hurried from the room.

Mrs Dickson watched the door bang after him. She turned to Lena, her face strained and haggard. Neither of them spoke. They had nothing to say.

THE MAN BEHIND THE VOICE —Continued from page 21.

accompanying music grows louder and louder. Last time Vic presented this effect on the air, it caused great concern to the control-box men, who were unaware that the gradually-overpowering music was quite intentional!

"Talking, too, of a comedian reminds me of the first few words I spoke on the air. Strangely enough, it was as the partner in a cross-talk act—and, let me hasten to add, an entirely informal cross-talk act!

"A comedian due for a variety programme confided in me, and asked me to answer him when he asked, 'What's the capital of Spain, Kneale?' with the retort, 'Oh! About one and ninepence, I should think!' That was my radio speaking debut, and it pleased me no end that it went over so well!

"Of the other artistes who seem fond of chatting to me, there is Renee Houston, who, like so many other comics, likes to use the orchestra as a criterion for her jokes, especially at rehearsal.

"To use the orchestra as a foil is a very favourite trick of Renee's, but I was quite unprepared for the onslaught she launched against ME during a recent 'Music Hall' programme, as the incident had not been rehearsed. She is a great artiste. She comments on one's dress, hair, collar, and anything which, if truth is known, is likely to make one feel rather uncomfortable! And how brilliantly quick-witted she is.

"If a violinist picks up his instrument and bow in readiness to join his colleagues in accompanying her, she will snap out, quick as lightning, 'Now then Kreisler!', or some other equally amusing remark.

"I have had the pleasure of conducting for practically every famous music-hall artiste, but have found that very few are composed enough to come and chat across the footlights.

"Without a doubt, it seems that broadcasting is the most nerve-racking experience that can confront any

artiste, and I frankly have never met a performer who is oblivious to its strange power.

"Some are, naturally, affected more than others, but the majority turn green beneath their 'make-up'—oh, yes, in 'Music Hall' shows they usually prepare as though they were appearing in public. Actually, of course, there is an audience when the programme is being relayed from St George's Hall.

"Hands quiver, faces contort, and sometimes words will not come. I had once to get the band to play an 'intro' over and over again because an artiste could not breathe a word or sing a note!

"There is an interesting theory I have evolved for this 'dumb-struck' complaint. Fright, I find, is capable of striking a nerve centre rigid; for instance, singers find their jaws fixed, violinists lose the power in their arms, other instrumentalists in their fingers—and so on.

"Really, though every artiste longs to have a broadcast, many would rather back out on the night if they could. A band-leader who recently experienced his radio debut was not even put at ease by the presence of his players behind him. He positively shook from head to foot, yet at rehearsal I couldn't have imagined a more redoubtable man."

"Mr Kelley, will you please tell 'Radio Review' something of your 'B.B.C. history?'"

"Well, briefly," he replied, "I began broadcasting at Marconi House with the old Wireless Orchestra, then comprising only ten players. This combination eventually grew into the Wireless Symphony Orchestra, in which I was principal violin for nine years.

"I always had an ambition to be a conductor, and when I was permitted to act as deputy conductor on occasions, I kept looking to the day when I would have a band of my own. Now, I find myself conducting everything from Variety to Shakespearian and religious plays, while I am at the moment chiefly associated with the fairly-new B.B.C. Variety Orchestra. I have achieved my ambition. . . ."

DAVID GRANT'S face was anxious as his car pulled up outside the village inn at Rudland. He hurried in. Betty and Wellwood were waiting in the lounge. He took the girl straight into his arms.

"My dear!" he murmured. "So you are safe!"

She smiled, responding to his kiss. "Thanks to Mr Wellwood," she said.

David swung round and thrust out his hand.

"I'll never be able to thank you enough," he said. "Oh, that's all right," muttered Wellwood. He knew that this interview was likely to prove rather uncomfortable.

It was just a bit of luck."

"More than luck, I think," said David gravely. He turned back to Betty again. "Are you quite sure your aunt—planned this?"

"Quite. # you'd heard Lena's voice as she was swimming away—"

"I can hardly believe it. And yet, if she's tried before— You wrote that anonymous letter, I believe, Wellwood?"

"That's right."

"It all seems very queer to me. I can't understand it. Hadn't you better tell us just who you are and what connection you have with it all?"

Wellwood hesitated. Then he decided that a certain amount of frankness would be his best card. After all, he had saved the girl's life—twice. They were bound to be grateful.

"It's rather difficult to explain," he said. "Mrs Dickson once played me a very dirty trick. There's no need for me to go into the details, but perhaps you'll understand when I say that I've been awaiting an opportunity to get my own back."

"I don't follow. But go on."

"Well, I was lucky enough to discover that she was planning to gas Miss Dickson on the night of that storm—you remember? She gave her a drug which would make her sleep, and then turned on the gas fire in her room. I pretended to be a gas works employee and turned it off at the main."

"So that was it!" David's face paled as he glanced at Betty. "Oh, my darling! To think that you might— Why didn't you tell us about this at the time, Wellwood?"

"I wanted to get something more definite on Mrs Dickson—some proof which she could not wriggle out of."

"It was dangerous!"

"I watched very carefully. Because I guessed Sandiccombe was to be the scene of another attempt, I redoubled my care. The fact that Lena Dickson was continually bringing the motor boat near those rocks gave me a clue. So I was more or less on the spot when the thing happened."

"Thank heaven for that! You can swear to the way Lena swam off, leaving Betty to her fate?"

"I can."

"Did you hear what she said as she went?"

"Yes."

"Then there's no doubt about it, is there? We can prove that this was a deliberate attempt at murder. We'll go and denounce her straight away."

Things were not working out just as Wellwood would have liked. He made an attempt to alter their course.

"If you don't mind me suggesting it," he said. "I think it would be better to wait a while before you do that."

"Why?"

"To allow her to incriminate herself still further. You see, at the moment, the thing might be an accident, after all. But if she tells a tale of her daughter's heroism, and states that every effort was made to rescue Miss Dickson, then her own words will prove the case against her."

"You mean that Betty should stay here—"

and let the world in general, and Mrs Dickson in particular, think that she's dead?"

"Exactly."

"No!" David spoke with decision. "We can't do that. There are other people to think of; Mr and Mrs Campbell, for instance, Don't you agree, Betty?"

"I'll do anything you say, David."

Very well. We'll go to Sandiccombe at once. You'd better come with us, Wellwood."

Facing Disaster

IN their sitting-room at the hotel, Lena and her mother waited. They had not spoken since Andrew Dickson rushed out of the room. Each was busy with her own thoughts, thoughts in which no ray of hope could be glimpsed.

Mrs Dickson had broken completely. There was no fight left in her. The sudden shock of discovery coming at the moment of triumph, had been too much. She was beaten. Moreover, she was afraid—terrified of what Andrew would do when he found that Betty was dead.

"Mother!" Lena's voice broke the long silence. "Mother! What's going to happen?"

"I don't know. We're in the soup, that's all."

"We—we've failed, haven't we?"

"Absolutely."

"No chance at all?"

"What chance can there be—unless you feel like killing your Uncle Andrew?"

Lena shivered. "It's all been for nothing. You're a murderer. I'm a murderess. All for nothing." Her voice broke. "And I've lost Stephen. Lost him!"

"Oh, don't start whimpering, child! There may be worse to come yet. If your uncle takes it into his head—"

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Mrs Dickson started nervously as the door was flung open and Andrew Dickson entered the room. His pleasant face was grim, his eyes blazing.

"She's gone! he said abruptly. "Drowned. They can't find a trace of her."

"Perhaps she—"

"There's no chance. They told me a current may have swept her out to sea."

"Oh, Andrew!" Mrs Dickson tried to cry. "It's so dreadful. So—"

"Dreadful! It looks more than dreadful to me," he said. "Down on the shore they are saying your girl could have saved her."

"How can you say such a thing? Poor Lena was in the boat at the time. She was nearly drowned, too."

There was a knock on the door. Mrs Dickson started, and a half-stifled exclamation escaped from Lena's quivering lips.

This thrilling story ends in next week's "Radio Review."

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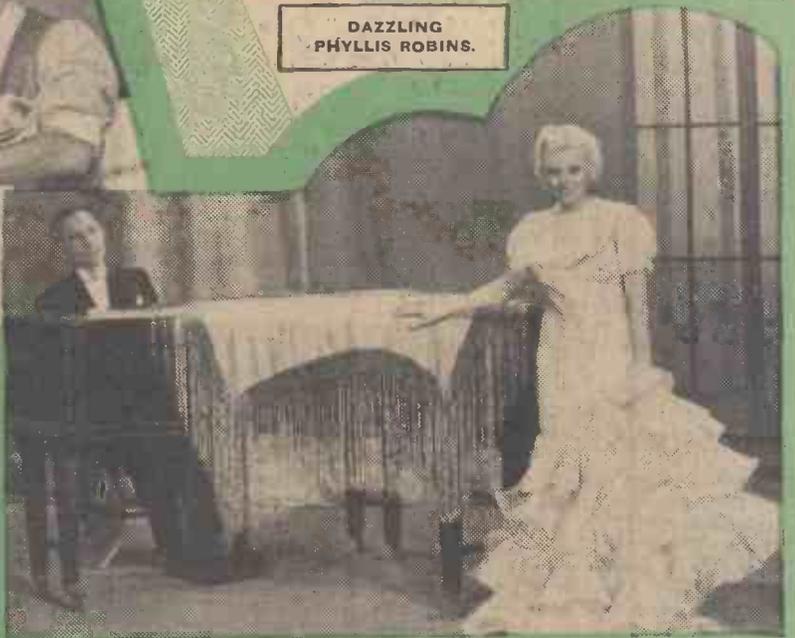
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